

IN THE SHADOWS OF CORONADO

Life Stories of Mystery and Practical Obscurity

An unfinished semi-authorized auto/biography, newly corrected, augmented, and amended



**BURNED BRIDGES CAN SOMETIMES
BE RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE ASHES**

Carlos R. Rivera
14 September 2015

**IN THE SHADOWS OF CORONADO:
Life Stories of Mystery and Practical Obscurity**

*"...all lies, all evil deeds, they stink.
You can cover them up for a while,
but they don't go away."
"Dalton Russell" in the film *Inside Man*.*

Coronado, California
92118

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*Thou mayest cover up thy secret from the prying multitude,
but I come to the inquest with other senses than they possess.*¹

*My story is about recovering my truth.*²

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¹ Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter, 1850, <http://www.bartleby.com/83/4.html>, as of 24 June 2015.

² F. R. Modall, "The Road Home," in D. O. Underhill, Every Woman Has A Story, New York: Warner Books, Inc., pp.140-145.

LIVING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST

What do you do when memories falter, you start to doubt yourself, others reshape events of the past, others don't believe you, hard records disappear, and some seek to obliterate proceedings from their past life—TO DENY HISTORY?

This history-memoir-auto/biography is my modern response in several parts.³ It will include research, observation,

³ I was previously unaware of the journal Auto/Biography, published in the U.K. My use of the term "auto/biography" is reflective of a merger of autobiography and biography, as well as history. They have differences and commonalities, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Memoir>, as of 12 November 2011.

Gore Vidal also submitted that "a memoir is how one remembers one's own life, while an autobiography is history, requiring research, dates, facts double-checked," Vidal, Palimpsest: A Memoir New York: Random House, 1995, p.5. One might also consider the following:

The goal of the historian, at least in theory, is the uncovering or discovery of truth. The historian seeks to determine what actually happened in the recent or distant past by interviewing witnesses, examining documents, and piecing together fragmentary records. There are no "exclusionary rules" in history. Historians should not favor a truth that is "politically," "patriotically," "sexually," or "religiously" correct. In practice, of course, some historians may very well skew their research to avoid certain truths.

See Alan Dershowitz, Reasonable Doubts New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1996, p.35, with slight edits.

As for my own construction, one might consider the following about the "auto/biographical" assembly:

Illuminating the rhetorical construction and autobiographical effects of text (even when they do not appear particularly autobiographical) exposes the reliance of autobiographical truth on language and the entanglement of autobiographical practice with broader social, historical and epistemological context and claims.

[It] is part personal history and part historiographic critique. In presenting a particular fragment of the writer's life and social world, the [work] takes on the guise of a truncated version of the memoir.... Unlike autobiography, which moves in a dutiful line from birth to fame, omitting nothing significant, memoir assumes the life and ignores most of it. The writer of a memoir takes us back to a corner of his or her life that was unusually vivid or intense...or that was framed by unique events. By narrowing the lens, the writer achieves a focus that isn't possible in autobiography; memoir is a window into a life.

Christine Halse, "Writing/Reading a Life: the Rhetorical Practice of Autobiography," Auto/Biography 14 (2006), pp.95-96.

The following deals with journalists and researchers but might be extended to historians, and auto/biographers:

Privacy is often defined as the right of the subject of the information to control how the information is used and whether it is to be communicated to third parties. Privacy advocates assert that people have a general right to control the use of information about themselves. This implies that anyone wishing to transfer or collect almost any kind of information should first get the permission of the person whom the information concerns. This is sometimes described as a "right to own information about oneself." For those who shy away from property rights language, this might simply be expressed as a right to "control" information about oneself. Under this view, privacy is an "assignable right."

The individual's right to control information is far from implicit in other relationships, such as ordinary business relationships. To the contrary, humanity's established freedoms have always included, with narrow exceptions, the right of human beings to learn about one another. In the course of a single day, individuals process an enormous amount of information about the people they encounter, such as their age and appearance, their manner of speaking and dressing, and their actions and preferences. Generally, people do not feel obligated to ask for anyone's permission before relaying the information they have collected to a third party, however embarrassing the information might be.

Solveig Singleton, "Privacy Versus the First Amendment: A Skeptical Approach," Fordham Intellectual Property, Media & Entertainment Law Journal 11 (2000), pp.121-123.

interpretation, interviews, opinion, and extrapolation, and did originally include related multi-media recording, production, editing, engineering, mixing, mastering, and, graphics. Most of the life events related herein occurred after 14 September 1945.

As a history, I have drawn upon numerous primary documents available in government repositories, as well as those also found in my own possession, including documents from my own official U.S. Navy personnel service jacket. I also have used primary and secondary documents found in various public holdings. Very helpful were interviews with actors involved in all or part of the **mystery**. While "memoirs" generally encapsulate an entire life, a "memoir" usually describes one stage or pivotal event of that life. In

A legal decision, see "*Anonsen v. Donahue*, 857 S.W.2d 700, 704 (Tex. App. 1993)", provides, perhaps, more food for thought. In a lawsuit brought against talk show host Phil Donahue and others, the plaintiffs argued that their right to privacy, involving family matters, including sex, trumped any First Amendment rights to disclosure. One of the plaintiffs claimed that her mother [in an autobiography], and as a guest on the "Donahue" show, had invaded her privacy by the public disclosure of private facts. In one broadcast the mother revealed that her husband had raped and impregnated the daughter, the plaintiff, from another marriage. The parents later adopted the resulting child. The Texas Court of Appeals stood by the trial court's ruling for the defendants, recognizing that "*factual questions may be presented about the newsworthiness of private facts unrelated to general newsworthy topics, in this case, a private matter involving sex.*" [underlining added]

The appeals court said that the defendant was also a "victim of the family tragedy" and acknowledged that her story would impose emotional suffering upon others. But, it also ruled that she had a right to tell her life story and that the disclosure of private facts about other people involved in her life was protected by the First Amendment: "[T]o hold otherwise, would be to imply that one's autobiography must be written anonymously." The opinion was direct: *The question before this Court is whether a person's right to make public the most private details of their own life is limited when the information also reveals painful intimacies of other persons. We find that it is not.*

See <http://www2.gsu.edu/~jougl/courses/8060/anonsen.pdf>. The U.S. Supreme Court denied cert, ruling out any further appeals, see www.supremecourtus.gov/opinions/boundvolumes/511bv.pdf, (the October 1993 term of the U.S. Supreme Court), p.1128, as of 12 November 2011.

Another legal decision from the U.S. Supreme Court in 1967 seemingly expanded the scope of speech,

"freedom of discussion... must embrace all issues about which information is needed," not merely "political expression" or comment about "public affairs...and "the risk of [of] exposure [of the self to others] is an essential incident of life in a society which places a primary value on free of speech and press"

Catherine Hancock, "Origins of the Public Figure Doctrine in First Amendment Defamation Law," *New York Law School Law Review* 50 (#1, 2005-2006), p.111. Though the case dealt with public figures the duality espoused by the court was that freedom of speech [discussion] went beyond the concept of political or public affairs only, and that individuals [the self] live in a society where free speech ranks very high.

addition, I also have chosen the term "auto/biography" for examining more than one primary actor.

One might also recognize that any auto/biographical effort may often employ great selectivity and even variable presentation as seen by others. And, every document used by one historian or another may itself hold an agenda other than an unbiased disclosure of the truth. Here, I will leave that to the informed reader's judgment.

This work was also shaped by the 2006 controversy over the number of falsehoods found in the purported life-stories of James Frey, author of A Million Little Pieces (New York: Random House, 2003). Some might consider, thus, that this work is too well over-documented, but I felt it necessary in order to maintain better its *bono fides*, i.e., its credibility. One might also recognize that in the late 20th (and early 21st) century technology has allowed some to create or modify evidence, documents, and images. However, many of the cited sources here can be found in substantially secure forms, that is, can be verified by obtaining copies from the original holding facility, or, repository.

One obvious issue of import here is the very inherent and axiomatic contradiction between one individual's perceived right to privacy and the right to publicize another subject's [myself] participation in those same events--that is, I was

not always a third party. If something happened directly to me that involved another person and led to consequences, how can I deal with the events if restricted in any scope of discussion? Do I ignore the events in every non-legal environment simply to protect another? Do I pretend the events never happened to assuage feelings? Do I assume that they had no effect upon me and subsequent decisions? Does the right to privacy simply serve to protect from scrutiny those individuals engaged in events that shape and changed others' lives, and affected or limited informed choices, with no consequences to one or a more actors?

This story is quite true, at least as seen from my point of presentation, and supported by the various observations, interviews, images, available public records, and documents cited herein liberally. It also posits several historical challenges, which I, as both a party to the story, and as a historian, try to address within this work.⁴

⁴The questions are inspired in part by Jonathan Gorman, "Historians and Their Duties," *History and Theory: Theme Issue 43* (December 2004), pp.103-117. As abides historians, two legal development also offer some evidence about historical truth and privacy:

To require journalists, historians or documentarians to make subjective judgments balancing the right of the public to know against, for example, the right of a convicted and perhaps rehabilitated felon to some degree of privacy would promote the type of self-censorship and timidity the United States Supreme Court is not willing to accept.

Neither that defendants' documentary was of an historical nature nor that it involved "reenactments," rather than firsthand coverage, of the events reported, diminishes any constitutional protection it enjoys. "[T]he constitutional guarantees of freedom of expression apply with equal force to the publication whether it be a news report or an entertainment feature." (Gill v. Hearst Publishing Co. (1953) 40 Cal.2d 224, 229.) And, as the high court of a sister state recently observed in deciding a similar privacy case, "[t]here is no indication that the First Amendment provides less protection to historians than to those reporting current events." [underlining added].

"*Gates v Discovery Communications, Inc., et al.*, S115008 Ct. App. 4/1 D039399 San Diego County Super. Ct. No. GIC769395", decision sustained by the California Supreme Court in December 2004. The California Supreme Court reference to historians itself was influenced by another state's legal process, which in itself surprisingly drew upon a 1941 California case:

- (1) What is the “truth”?
- (2) Who owns the truth?
- (3) Whose responsibility is it, if any, to sort out the truth from the “lies”?
- (4) What are facts and how might they be interpreted?
- (5) Can opinions be properly confirmed by secondary sources?
- (6) What happens when the historian is also the subject of study, that is, when a so-called trained professional turns such skills to their own life-story?
- (7) What happens to the concept of privacy when one party has used it to create misdirection? That is, can someone’s privacy be breached when they themselves have used privacy, secrecy, deception, and yes, even lies, to change the course of history, so to speak? Does privacy always trump the truth?
- (8) What happens to the privacy of others who have, willingly or unwillingly, cooperated in the maintenance of the situation cited directly above?
- (9) How far can, or should, one go in using all available and legal sources, databases, public documents, official records, the INTERNET, and, interviews, to connect the questions asked here?
- (10) What is the effect of time on memories, even in the presence of still existing documentation and records, on all parties involved in a **mystery**?
- (11) Does the lack of public interest fully shield someone from the consequences of their own deceit, falsity, and misdirection?
- (12) And, finally, when events happen personally to a historian, what is the obligation, if any, to disregard it as an historical moment or a series of historical moments, or even disregard it completely?

There is no indication that the First Amendment provides less protection to historians than to those reporting current events. No suggestion can be found in the Constitution that the freedom there guaranteed for speech and the press bears an inverse ratio to the timeliness and importance of the ideas seeking expression.

See "IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF IDAHO Docket No. 27118 *FRED URANGA, Plaintiff-Appellant, v. FEDERATED PUBLICATIONS, INC., DBA THE IDAHO STATESMAN, Defendant-Respondent*. Boise, November 2002 Term 2003 Opinion No. 17 Filed: February 14, 2003. The judgment of the district court is affirmed."

The Gates decision led to further related questions from federal judges in a different case, "*UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE NINTH CIRCUIT, 'READYLINK HEALTHCARE, a Nevada corporation; BARRY TREASH, an individual, Plaintiffs-Appellants, v DAVID JUSTIN LYNCH, an individual; DAVID JUSTIN ORDER LYNCH AND ASSOCIATES, a California professional law corporation, Defendants-Appellees.*" No. 04-55890 D.C. No. CV-04-01265-NM, Appeal from the United States District Court for the Central District of California Argued and Submitted February 17, 2006—Pasadena, California Filed March 14, 2006 and published." In March 2006, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit certified a First Amendment free speech issue to the Supreme Court of California:

*Does the California Supreme Court's decision in Gates v. Discovery Communications, Inc., 34 Cal. 4th 679, 21 Cal. Rptr. 3d 663, 101 P.3d 552 (2004), cert. denied, 126 S. Ct. 368 (2005), overturning Briscoe v. Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 4 Cal. 3d 529, 93 Cal. Rptr. 866, 483 P.2d 34 (1971), and finding no invasion of privacy, under the First Amendment, in the publication of facts about past crimes obtained from public records, **apply only to publication by media defendants**? Can there be liability under an invasion of privacy theory where a non-media defendant, with a commercial interest in or a malicious motive for publishing facts about a plaintiff's past crimes, does so? Under the commercial speech doctrine, is the speech of a non-media defendant with a commercial interest in or malicious motive for publishing facts entitled to less protection under the First Amendment than that of a media defendant? [emphasis added by author]*

In May 2006, the California Supreme Court did not certify the question, thus, in effect, seemingly extending the First Amendment rights to non-media defendants, i.e., historians included, about past crimes and related matters. As a result the Ninth Circuit issued an unpublished opinion [at that moment it could not be cited as legal precedent]:

In our certification request, we asked the California Supreme Court to determine whether its ruling in Gates extended to disclosures by non-media persons. We now conclude that California courts would extend Gates' holding to such persons.

See "NOT FOR PUBLICATION, UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE NINTH CIRCUIT *READYLINK HEALTHCARE, a Nevada corporation; et al., Plaintiffs - Appellants, v. DAVID JUSTIN LYNCH, an individual; et al., Defendants-Appellees.* No. 04-55890 D.C. No. CV-04-01265-NM MEMORANDUM Appeal from the United States District Court for the Central District of California Argued and Submitted February 17, 2006 Pasadena, California filed 13 July 2006."

One might consider with the questions above that history can be used to achieve a number of purposes. We shall at this point avoid professional descriptions and simplify those purposes. History can be effectively used; in propaganda, to clarify, to explain/explicate, to condemn, to exonerate, to belittle, to honor, to uncover a lie, to cover up a lie, to self-promote, and to educate. These do not, of course, cover all bases that may motivate or inspire an undertaking.

As a historian I have several degrees in History (AA, BA, MA), and received my doctorate from the Ohio State University in June 1995. I have been privileged to teach dozens of history courses at the university and college level from 1993 until 2014. Therein the contradictions that the questions posed above bring to the forefront: I am both a historian/researcher AND the subject of this life-story. Jonathan Gorman pointed to this contradiction: "My job as a historian is to present the truth [as objectively as possible]; while as a private individual I am entitled to [keep secrets or not fully disclose negative information]."

As the subject, then, of my own work it would seem to fail the test of offering some historical truth if I deliberately chose to lie and willy-nillingly ignored falsities about those events which have shaped not only my past but, invariably, some might argue, my future as well.

Thus, I assert that my obligation is to the historical truth, especially as to those events that I myself participated in or have direct knowledge of such events. I will also argue throughout that privacy and its legal components from common law should not be used to hide history, nor should privacy be used as a shield to prevent the disclosure of deceptions, secrets, and lies, which have, perhaps only in my opinion, distorted the historical record.⁵

Can a historian ever be fully objective about the truth when dealing with their own life? Perhaps not to the degree of sainthood, but with the invaluable tools of historical research, experience, and verification, one might conceivably get closer to that goal. I am not a saint nor do I claim any title to sainthood. I am simply a man with an experience.

However, "the right to write our life stories is a natural extension of our rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness [as well as answers]."⁶ If one party lives a falsity, another party should be able to repudiate it.

⁵ "We make ourselves real by telling the truth," attributed to Thomas Merton, in Erica Jong, *Seducing the Demon: Writing My Life* Jeremy P. Tarcher/Penguin, New York, 2006, p.30.

⁶ As to the issue of secrets and lies, "The law has long maintained that when we tell a secret to others, we assume the risk they will disclose it to others", Daniel J. Solove, "The Virtues of Knowing Less: Justifying Privacy Protections Against Disclosure," *Duke Law Journal* 53 (December 2003), p1018. Telling a lie creates the same risk. Previous litigation has established "a general rule that if information is in the hands of third parties, then an individual can have no reasonable expectation of privacy in that information", Solove, "Digital Dossiers and the Dissipation of Fourth Amendment Privacy," *Southern California Law Review* 75 (July 2002), p.1135. Another reference cites the risk doctrine: *privacy [constitutes and requires] a form of total secrecy. Under this conception, privacy is a form of concealment, where secrets are inaccessible to others. If the information is not secret in this way, if it is in any way exposed to others, then it loses its status as private*, Solove, "Digital Dossiers," p.1136. For "the pursuit of happiness," John Paul Eakin, "Breaking Rules: The Consequences of Self-Narration," *Biography: An Interdisciplinary Quarterly* 25 (#1, Winter 2001), pp.113-127, via Ohio State University Library Electronic Journal[s] Online, <http://web.ebscohost.com.proxy.lib.ohio-state.edu/ehost/detail?vid=12&hid=12&sid=1f10af2e-e185-4d3d-a10b-af932655eda2%40sessionmgr3>, last accessed 30 September 2006.

Emotion, age, and hindsight can, of course, cloud the past and reshape memories. That does not mean that events did not occur, or, even more telling, that events one actor or another alleges may or may not, stand the test of historical truth. That requires the piercing of the alleged privacy shield. In order to prove a negative, one may have to offer secrets deemed by several actors as best left in the past as well as offer the self-disclosure of one's own information.

This study is drawn from an earlier work, "In the Shadows of Coronado: A Greco-Shakespearean Fable of Madness, Insanity, and Obsession", used to offer the negative mentioned. The title draws, in no small part, from the work of Carl G. Jung (26 July 1875-6 June 1961) and his concept of the "Shadow".

It is also inspired by sources, legal, philosophical, and literary. While some take some overt suggestion of evil, one might take it that such is not the focus of the "Shadow".⁷

⁷ One can find below a wonderful exposition from the legal world:

Some of these aspects are hidden even from ourselves. Carl Jung recognized that everyone carries a "shadow" side to his psyche, which he defined as "the 'negative' side of the personality, the sum of all those unpleasant qualities we like to hide, together with the insufficiently developed functions and the content of the personal unconscious." [See] *Introduction to Part 1 in MEETING THE SHADOW: THE HIDDEN POWER OF THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE 3* (Connie Zweig & Jeremiah Abrams eds., 1991) [hereinafter *MEETING THE SHADOW*] (quoting Jung's 1917 essay "On the Psychology of the Unconscious"). The editors of the cited work offer a more modern definition of the shadow:

Each of us contains both a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, a more pleasant persona for everyday wear and a hiding, nighttime self that remains hushed up much of the time. Negative emotions and behaviors—rage, jealousy, shame, lying, resentment, lust, greed, suicidal and murderous tendencies—lie concealed just beneath the surface, masked by our more proper selves. Known together as the personal shadow, it remains untamed, unexplored territory for most of us.

Andrew Jay McClurg, "Bringing Privacy Law Out of the Closet: A Tort Theory of Liability for Intrusions in Public Places," *North Carolina Law Review* 989 (1994-1995), fn. 246, pp.1035-1036.

Finally, it draws upon one of my own expressions: "At the high noon of our lives, the sun casts no shadows", one closely tied to "practical obscurity", see note 8 below. The entire project had its genesis in the years 1987 to 1988, when I first began to work with "electronic music" and started "[Carlos of Coronado] Loses His Mind." It was not finished until August 1999 and then led to a series of other digital recordings.

Again, this is redacted from an earlier project which included original noises and soundscapes associated with the various "Shadows". This work is also shaped by a murky legal concept, "Practical Obscurity", which traditionally had kept many public documents hidden throughout the land.

The precept was that such records remained quite obscure. Attorneys, detectives, financial entities, reporters, and researchers—including historians—have been mining legally such dust-covered documentation for decades. It took time, energy, resources, and an urge to engage distant materials.⁸ I surrendered to that calling. The earlier draft project was circulated for comment in 2000 and again between 2002 and

⁸In 1989 the U.S. Supreme Court cited "practical obscurity", "U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE v. REPORTERS COMMITTEE, 489 U.S. 749 (1989) 489 U.S. 749 UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE ET AL. v. REPORTERS COMMITTEE FOR FREEDOM OF THE PRESS ET AL. CERTIORARI TO THE U.S. COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CIRCUIT No. 87-1379."

In conjunction with that ruling, which dealt with records held by Federal law enforcement and did not address records held in publicly accessible repositories, one might consider the following, found at www.epic.org under the "Privacy and Public Records Page"

Public records are materials that are open to inspection by any person. The definition of what records are public varies depending on state and federal law. The definition may include government contracts with businesses, birth, marriage, and death records, court files, arrest records, property ownership and tax information, minutes of meetings of government entities, driver's license information, occupational licenses, and Securities and Exchange Commission filings. Many of these public records contain individuals' personal information. This personal information is required to be divulged when citizens interact with state or federal bureaucracies for the purpose of administering voting, public benefits, and privileges. However, once a record becomes public, there is generally no restriction [to access by the public at large]. [emphasis added]

One might add, however, that public records can also facilitate research on questions related to veracity and credibility, that is, assisting in the pursuit of the "truth", writ large. One also might question the wisdom of bringing attention to yourself vis-à-vis public records not easily accessed and theoretically expunged. In one such case, a person decided to go public with his name and picture in the pages of the New York Times. He argued that he could not get a job as the records were still in at least one database. He filed a suit in federal court, but even if he won the case, he has expanded the audience and possible employers now informed of his "expunged" case, <http://www.nytimes.com/2006/10/17/us/17expunge.html?hp&ex=1161144000&en=b41c734d19a150a1&ei=5094&partner=homepage>, last accessed on 22 June 2015.

Another example of trying to "expunge" the past and bringing more attention to it can be found at <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2006/10/01/AR2006100100710.html>, last accessed on 22 June 2015.

A more recent example of "practical obscurity" is in the 16 November 2011 edition of the New York Times. In "Reasonable Expectations" by Linda Greenhouse, one finds this: "that in the pre-computer, pre-Internet age, much of the privacy—I would say most of the privacy—that people enjoyed was not the result of legal protections or constitutional protections. It was the result simply of the difficulty of traveling around and gathering up information. But with computers, it's now so simple to amass an enormous amount of information about people that consists of things that could have been observed on the streets, information that was made available to the public. So, how do we deal with this? Do we just say, well, nothing is changed, so that all the information that people expose to the public is fair game?"

2007. I hoped then that others would eventually provide additional details for a more fully formed work. Some did so. Others, most in fact, did not. None were, however, obligated to cooperate. The reader might not agree with the methodologies used but they were all accomplished legally and by accepted research standards. The "appendage" found herein provides one with the degree of research undertaken for the assembled project. As always, all errors of fact and judgment are my responsibility. A note of caution: A historian may think there are at least two sides to the past, but many others believe there is just only one side, theirs. Finally, after a lengthy period of research, and writing, there is no way to determine all of the symptoms, causes, and remedies for the events of the past, and how they might have shaped the future. Thus, in reading this work one will have to believe it, or, dismiss it. Sometimes there are no in-betweens.

*History has the relation to truth that ideology has to religion—non to speak of.
"Lazarus Long"-a recurring character by Robert H. Heinlein*

PART I

IN THE BEGINNING

*In these memoirs I shall be frank rather than modest because they [may] not be published until I am very old.*⁹

IN THE BEGINNING

Moody Blues, 1969

FREEDOM! '90

George Michael, 1990

⁹Podkayne Fries, the lead character in Robert A. Heinlein's Podkayne of Mars New York: Ace Books, 1987, p.8.

1-"Introduction: 'Who the Fuck are you', Ilsa?""*

I.

It is impossible to love and be wise.
Francis Bacon

I am Carlos of Coronado, a.k.a. CARLOS R. RIVERA (the R. is for RAFAEL), the eldest son of Carlos and Ada.¹⁰ My historical research led to this work. But, I should properly inform any reader more about myself. That would, of necessity, include negative characteristics and traits. That reader would thus be probably better placed to judge the account that follows and also to discern what kind of person I have been, or, still am.

I am a six decade old male with the "fruits" of age. I am a diabetic (with gastro-intestinal difficulties), and on large doses of insulin, as well as a number of oral medications. I have some neuropathy in my hands, wrists, and bowels, failing vision in one eye, gout, carpal tunnel, arthritis in my fingers, neck and hip, a bursitic shoulder, and, two concurrent rotator cuff injuries. I have been obese off and on since 1983. I have suffered from both pneumonia and a stroke in the last few years. I enjoy anhedonia, respiratory

¹⁰ Some information on Carlos (1932-) and Ada (1934-), as well as about myself and others herein, is available via AncestryLibrary.com, a public records database accessible via educational, federal and state governmental offices. Several online databases also get updated on both an irregular and regular basis. Be advised that many such databases can be difficult to use or access easily by non-affiliated users.

*Thanks to the movie "Casablanca" for the inspiration.

ailments, and, tend to sleep only four to five hours most nights. My doctor pretty much said I look like crap.¹¹

I have been described as angry, tired, petulant, intolerant, controlling, a bully, emotionally distant and cruel, pompous, vain, opinionated, boisterous, presumptuous, unyielding, chauvinistic, egotistic, bellicose, narcissistic, bigoted, racist, misogynistic, immature, selfish, and, childish. I lack often ambition or drive, have a temper and suffer irritability. I know it all. My hair grows wild often.

I am, however, a non-violent person. I have never been charged with a crime nor have I ever been a suspect or person of interest. I have never been arrested, detained, or questioned criminally. I have never been investigated by civil or military law enforcement in any criminal case. I have no criminal record, past or present, as far as I know.

I have not enjoyed a perfect life; **I have lived a great one**. I am loved and have loved. I will not die today or tomorrow, but will die the day after the day after tomorrow.

*We all want to live. And in part we make our logic according to what we like.*¹²

¹¹ Many of the ailments started before 1 April 1985, and indicate a lack of attention to health, see "NAVMED 6120/2 rev (11-79) OFFICER PHYSICAL EXAMINATION QUESTIONNAIRE," dated 14 March 1985. The weight and problems related to dieting, abdominal cramping, headaches, and insomnia are mentioned. A separate "REPORT OF MEDICAL EXAMINATION", dated 13 April 1985, refers to my weight and suggested I be tested in six months for vision and hearing. I did not do so for decades. On 9 June 1981 I reported my weight at 180 pounds, "STATEMENT OF PERSONAL HISTORY, DD Form 398 (1 March 64)", all from Rivera service records. To the best of my recall, a year before my enlistment I weighed 169 pounds and had grown up suffering from anemia. How do I know my weight? In April 1978, I broke my left leg ice-skating and took up disco dancing for rehabilitation and fun. I danced regularly until 1980. One must understand that the reference to any number of documents in my service jacket is both an act of self-disclosure and the disclosure of historical data about individuals who may have not known, or had forgotten, that their information was included in military/federal records.

¹² Yamamoto Tsunetomo (translated by William Scott Wilson), *Hagakure: The Book of the Samurai* New York: Kodansha International, LTD., 1987, p.17.

I consider now to be the autumn of my life. Based upon my own family's genetic background, I feel that getting older in my own approaching winter will not be any prettier. By the way, I might mention that I am supposed to be rational...

*Every historian with professional standards speaks or writes what he believes to be true.*¹³

...with an expertise in the American and Japanese navies at the beginning of the 20th century, and cited in several naval professional tomes. I can communicate, somewhat, in several languages, Eastern and Western. I am a whiz-bang on the computer and have worked with numerous audio and image software packages. I operate a multi-media studio, based in my "country estate." I also served as a naval officer, with five years of active duty. I retired in 2004 after 19 years in the Naval Reserve. There was a time, however, that most of these things made very little difference in the days of my youth, sometimes considered our spring.

*In the spring, Satan reigns supreme.*¹⁴

Perhaps, then, you will see, through my eyes, that history can often be described as "the register of the follies

¹³ Samuel Eliot Morison, "Presidential Address read at the annual dinner of the American Historical Association in Chicago on December 29, 1950, http://www.historians.org/info/AHA_History/semorison.htm, as of 24 June 2015.

¹⁴ Nikos Kazantzakis (translated by Carl Wildman), *Zorba the Greek* New York: Scribner Paperback Fiction, 1996, p.213. The various references to this volume play a role in the **mystery**—"It's a *mystery*, a great *mystery*," p.22. In *Zorba* one finds a great illusion to spring on p.180:

*When you've mind up your mind, no use lagging behind, go ahead and no relenting
Let your youth have free reign, it won't come again, so be bold and no repenting*

and misfortunes of mankind"¹⁵ as my "winter" approaches, slowly but inexorably.

*After his main object of describing events simply as they happened, his principal task is to understand the motives and objects of individuals and groups, even those that he personally dislikes, and to point out mistakes as well as achievements by persons and movements, even by those that he loves.*¹⁶

I've had a great pain located somewhere between my heart and my mind. It's a pain that I have not been able to quench for a long time but eventually came closer to understanding both its enormity and its complexity.

*If one were to say what it is to do good, in a single word it would be to endure suffering. Not enduring is bad without exception.*¹⁷

The greatest of thinkers and minds seem to believe that a new love is the medicine for what is called a broken heart, but I might disagree. I say that knowledge greatly helps to heal.¹⁸

*A new love puts to flight an old one.*¹⁹

The area that connected my heart to my mind, the universal translator, or my "soul," has been missing in action for nearly three decades. Now, is the soul considered more than a theoretical concept?

*What is the soul, then?*²⁰

*Have a care that with these thoughts your soul does not forsake your body.*²¹

¹⁵ Adapted from Edward Gibbons (1737-1794), The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire III, 1781.

¹⁶ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

¹⁷ Yamamoto, p.59.

¹⁸ One songwriter proffered that "*anger is just love disappointed*", Don Henley, "Hole in the World", on the Eagles compact disc, The Very Best Of, 2003.

¹⁹ Andreas Capellanus, *De Arte Honeste Amandai* [The Art of Courtly Love], Book Two: On the Rules of Love, (btw. 1174-1186), found at <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/source/capellanus.asp>, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁰ Kazantzakis, p.169.

²¹ Baldessare Castiglione (Charles S. Singleton translator), The Book of the Courtier Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company Inc., 1959, p.357.

I lost my "soul" shortly after I reached the age of 26, in the spring and summer of 1982 and, now, am "mad."

*You're not too smart, are you? I like that in a man.*²²

Is madness something described by Joni Mitchell when she sang that 'laughing and crying were the same'?²³ A fictional Greek also said that "if at that moment I had not danced, I would have gone mad—from grief."²⁴

DANCE ON A VOLCANO²⁵
Genesis, 1976

I never danced, figuratively.

*When everything goes wrong, what a joy to test your soul, to see if it has endurance and courage!*²⁶

The reasons I went "mad" might range from the fact that due to complete ignorance I became an asshole of a first-class nature, to the certainty that *WE* were never able to come to terms with what I call the **mystery**:

What happened when I sailed 16,000 miles away from her?

*The fundamental question is, "What actually happened, and why?"*²⁷

*When something out of the ordinary happens, it is ridiculous to say that it is a **mystery** or a portent of something to come. The **mystery** is created in the mind, and by waiting for disaster, it is from the mind that it occurs. The occurrence of **mysteries** is always by word of mouth.*²⁸

²² A line spoken by the film character "Maddy Walker", discussed further below.

²³ "People's Parties" from the album *Court and Spark*, Asylum Records, 1974.

²⁴ Kazantzakis, p.72.

²⁵ "Dance on a Volcano" implied an impermanence, or, to be blissfully ignorant about something bad about to happen, see Claud Cockburn, *The Devils Decade* London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1973, about Europe before the Great War. The phrase dates to 1830, see Osama Abi-Mershed, *Apostles of Modernity: Saint-Simonians and the Civilizing Mission to Algeria*, Stanford CA, Stanford UP, 2010, p.34.

²⁶ Kazantzakis, pp.291-292.

²⁷ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

²⁸ Yamamoto, p.44.

That unsolved **mystery** seems to have created ripples in my own belief system.

*The learned man should come himself to look into the **mystery**.*²⁹

*In carefully scrutinizing the affairs of the past, we find that there are many different opinions about them, and that there are some things that are quite unclear. It is better to regard such things as unknowable. As for the things that we don't understand, there are ways of understanding them. Furthermore, there are some things we understand just naturally, and again some that we can't understand no matter how hard we try. This is interesting. This is very profound. It is natural that one cannot understand deep and hidden things. Those things that are easily understood are rather shallow.*³⁰

It crushed my trust in things I felt stood for something more than rhetoric.

I CAN SEE FOR MILES

The Who, 1967

II.

*All those who try to unveil the **mysteries** always have tragic lives. At the end they are always punished.*
Anais Nin

*It is better to have some unhappiness while one is still young, for if a person does not experience bitterness, his disposition will not settle down.*³¹

The **mystery** also destroyed any real, or imagined, love between a man-child and a woman-girl.

GOLD DUST WOMAN

Fleetwood Mac, 1977

Have you noticed how often love songs seem dependent, self-indulgent, and haunting? I think now I understand more clearly, if only for a little while. For the moment, it seemed that many people did not fully believe my story. At one time I was a completely different individual. I believed, in error perhaps, I was filled at one time in my life with patience, trust, joy, vision, ambition, romance, love, and tenderness. I

²⁹ Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter, <http://www.bartleby.com/83/3.html>, as of 22 June 2015.

³⁰ Yamamoto, pp.63-64.

³¹ Yamamoto, p.65.

feel I have lost many of those traits over the years, but few believe me.

*Designed to make the knight more polite and to lift the tone of society, courtly love required its disciple to be in a chronically amorous condition, on the theory that he would thus be rendered more courteous, gay, and gallant, and society in consequence more joyous.*³²

I was to marry the "gal" (remember that word, please) in May 1983, but never actually did. I didn't know then whom to blame, what to rage about, how to strike out, or where to turn toward for answers, and, finally, achieve some solace. Perhaps, I never will.

I do know, however, that on the afternoon of Saturday, 24 October 1998, I went to see the Eddie Murphy film, Holy Man.³³ Halfway through the showing, "it" struck, when Murphy's character "G" said, "Seventy-five years. That's how much time you get if you're lucky," it triggered what one might call a mental breakdown, and emotional depression. It changed me greatly. I began to taste words, feel colors, and, relive the past. It was of a life seemingly and irrationally deferred, delayed, and denied by memory but it was not synesthesia.

³² Barbara Tuchman, A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century New York, Ballantine Books, 1973, pp.62-63.

³³ The film opened on Friday, 9 October 1998, see <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0120701>, as of 22 June 2015.

III.

She [was] bizarre, fantastic, nervous, like someone in a high fever. Her beauty drowned me. As I sat before her, I felt I would do anything she asked of me.

Anais Nin

You see, in the spring of 1982 while I was in the Navy I met what was outwardly the perfect woman. We were both living in the paradise of Coronado³⁴, California, across the bay from San Diego. We were neighbors, as she lived in the formerly named Oakwood Apartments, U-110, while I lived above her in U-210. The units were studios. I met her one day, and eventually she seemed to become everything I desired in a mate. In six months "we fell in love."

She had rules I felt uncomfortable with, and tried to respect them for some time at length.

*She asks you no questions and you ask her none. Freedom!*³⁵

*It is unfitting that one be ignorant of history, but there are times when extensive knowledge becomes a hindrance.*³⁶

She said that anything that happened before we met was not a topic for discussion. But then, she regaled me with great expansive stories of life, travel, adventure, and experience.

*Oratory served the most dubious moral ends.*³⁷

³⁴ A former island at the end of a lengthy sand peninsula, it encloses the western side of San Diego Bay and bounded by the Pacific. Just north, and itself a former island, is North Island. The area was created by tectonic/geologic forces of uplift and block faulting over a few millennia and man's shaping of natural environment over two centuries. Coronado is small but perfectly located to capture sun and surf, and serves as both a resort community and the location of two major naval commands. The "islands" are across the bay from San Diego. I remembered cresting U.S. Interstate 5 (I-5) on 4 January 1981 and thinking to myself "this is the place" where I could be happy. However, the first time I was in the area was in June 1971. My family had driven cross-country from Columbus, Georgia, taking the southern route. We drove through San Diego area enroute to Los Angeles. I recall seeing the damage from the February 1971 San Fernando earthquake.

³⁵ Kazantzakis, p.81.

³⁶ Yamamoto, p.80.

³⁷ Jacob Burckhardt (edited by Oswyn Murray and translated by Sheila Stern), The Greeks and Greek Civilization New York: St. Martin's Griffin, 1998, p.239.

I was enthralled by this tall woman of bearing, learning, and beauty.

*To hell with Beauty! She has no heart and does not care a jot for human suffering!*³⁸

*It was in tragedy that the terrifying aspect of women was first developed and motivated. Agamemnon goes on to warn in general against putting complete trust in any woman.*³⁹

She said she had traveled extensively, received what I believed was a first class education, loved literature, exhibited an enthusiasm and passion for life, wielded a wonderful sultry laugh, possessed a hot body, sang quite beautifully, had a seemingly unfulfilled excitement for *Clouds and Rain*,⁴⁰ and, she said she loved me.

³⁸ Kazantzakis, p.305.

³⁹ Burckhardt, p.154.

⁴⁰ Generally, memoir-like works are supposed to avoid peculiar notions or "cutesy" words, however, this example, among many, has a place in the story. "*Clouds and Rain*" refers simply to sexual intercourse, but not to a *single specific act*. One must recognize that "sexual intercourse" can identify, conceivably and notwithstanding Bill Clinton, dozens of *specific acts*.

Thus, in many cases someone might truthfully (and publicly) declare "I have had sexual intercourse [made love, had relations] with XXXXX without allegedly violating privacy norms under existing common law. However, if outside a legal forum one were to publicly and truthfully declare what *specific sexual act* took place then one might deal potentially with issues of liability. The issue is always in flux, though the Federal and U.S. Supreme Courts have of late seemingly supported First Amendment free speech rights in a number of privacy tort cases.

For an example of the complex and contradictory nature of the issue, refer to note 2 and

<http://www2.gsu.edu/~jouge/courses/8060/anonsen.pdf>. Also see "*LUTHER HAYNES and DOROTHY HAYNES, Plaintiffs-Appellants, v. ALFRED A. KNOPF, INCORPORATED, and NICHOLAS LEMANN, Defendants-Appellees*. No. 93-1775" UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE SEVENTH CIRCUIT 8 F.3d 1222; 1993 U.S. App. LEXIS 28800; 21 Media L. Rep. 2161 October 1, 1993, Argued November 4, 1993, Decided, no longer valid.

"Although the plaintiffs claim that the book depicts their "sex life" ...these characterizations are misleading. No sexual act is described in the book. No intimate details are revealed. [The account] is not the narration of a sexual act."

A recent review of the issue related to the contradictions of *specific acts* of sexual intercourse and privacy follows:

it is particularly embarrassing to reveal a certain narrow range of information about people, for instance ...their sexual practices ...The [privacy] laws generally bar the communication of such information to the public, precisely because it's the publicizing of such potentially embarrassing information--either to large groups of people or possibly to smaller groups (friends, neighbors, and business associates) whose opinion the subject especially values--that is usually seen as especially offensive. [underlining added]

Eugene Volokh, "Freedom of Speech and Information Privacy: The Troubling Implications of a Right to Stop People From Speaking About You," *Stanford Law Review* 52 (1999-2000), 1056. See the discussion on "*Anonsen v. Donahue*, 857 S.W.2d 700, 704 (Tex. App. 1993)", note 3 above. In addition, one might appreciate that a relationship might itself be brief or long-term, from one night stands to marriage. As such, the legal issue may itself be undefined when it comes to confidential relationships, and, one might add, the depth of trust between parties.

IV.

Men always want to follow strong women who love them.
Nancy Friday

Herein, then, this journey deals primarily with the two of us.

*Truth about the past is the essence of history and historical biography.*⁴¹

I began a long-term (though not nearly life-long) examination of our lives, which included backgrounds, social forces, influences, problems, perceptions, and beliefs. Music, literature, and memory color the account. Anyone who knows me intimately also knows that I weep during many songs, whether from overwhelming joy or deep sorrow.⁴² You might note, too, that many of the original "**Shadows**" herein refer to either water and/or Greek mythology. This is also a "True Tale"—as true as one can get when only one primary actor is talking.

*He publicized their affair in songs and poems and in a long, lush, embarrassing verse narrative called "**True Tale.**"*⁴³

The search for "historical fact" often stumbles in trying to reach the "truth." While somewhere in the ether there may indeed be truth—"what actually happened"—it cannot in many instances be known with certainty. The limitations of human perception, human memory, and human communication can make certainty as to the truth impossible, even with the best intentions.

Robert D. Sack

At one point during the research for this historical accounting, I came to believe that I was the only one who had gone crazy.

*Historical methodology is a product of common sense applied to circumstances. The historian must use his imagination to bring the disjointed fragments into some logical pattern.*⁴⁴

⁴¹ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

⁴² It's also very cathartic at the end of a rough week or when you want to feel very human.

⁴³ Adapted from Tuchman, p.209.

⁴⁴ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

However, I advanced that story further based upon documents, records, numerous interviews, the verification of data, photos, calendars, government files, and, significant recall,...

*It matters little what method the historian follows, if he acquires the necessary tools of research, a sense of balance, and an overriding urge to get at the truth.*⁴⁵

...and something passing as a journal or a diary.

*When I was young, I kept a "Diary of Regret" and tried to record my mistakes day by day.*⁴⁶

Few of the actors herein knew that I had kept a diary recurrently between April 1979 and August 1982, and then again from November 1982 to June 198X—**SURPRISE!**

*[I] kept a record of what had happened lest things which should be remembered perish with time and vanish from the memory of those who come after us. I leave parchment to continue this work, if perchance any man survive.*⁴⁷

It is called "My thoughts? Mistakes, Pains, etc., of my short life" with an addendum called "Late Entries Post Modern Age."

The diary began on 17 April 1979, the day after my 23rd birthday. One of my "sweethearts" presented the volume to me with the following inscription:

*As a starting writer, the best way to become a good writer is to start out writing about your own life. So in the future you can read through this journal & remember all the crazy things you use[d] to do when you were younger. It's just a little something for your birthday & may it be a happy one.
Love, Debbie McCrory*

I haven't spoken to DEBBIE in nearly 25 years, and suspect that she never thought the volume would still be working this late in my life, or that I might aspire still to try to become

⁴⁵ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

⁴⁶ Yamamoto, p.55.

⁴⁷ Adopted from a quote about the "Black Death" by Brother John Clyn of the Friars Minor, Kilkenny, Ireland, in Tuchman, A Distant Mirror, p.95.

a better writer. I stopped writing in that "book" because of the story that follows herein. I closed out the journal in this manner:

*No further entries this volume
closed 12:51pm June 24, 198X
Sherwood, Oregon
Carlos R. Rivera...
WDYTAT? (HHDD)⁴⁸*

Later, much later, one of my shrinks would tell me that such a closure was probably not the best idea. One can use diaries, memory books, and journals, among many things, to help them sort out their lives and move forward.⁴⁹ As a result of his advice, I began to write again in a real journal (and also had started a short electronic version a month earlier). I gave it a presumptuous title:

*What about a Sojourn? A Journey to Recovery, Reflection, Renewal,
Rebirth, Reconciliation (?), and Recharging
Coronado CA
Opened 19 February 1999*

As a result of research, self-education, and on-the-job training, I produced this and an earlier multi-media account. For the diary entries I made a few judicious edits, but the context remains much the same. This examination includes references to differences in age, gender, social morays, beliefs, and self-worth, amongst other relevant topics. It is also a raw human story of how one or more persons can carry

⁴⁸ "WDYTAT?" and "HHDD" may be clear to some, but they were phrases used with the other actor.

⁴⁹ See, for example, Brendan Stone, "Diaries, Self-talk, and Psychosis: Writing as a Place to Live," *Auto/Biography* 14 (2006), passim.

guilt, consciously or unconsciously, for events and tragedies far beyond their own power to influence, shape, or, correct.

V.

There are very few human beings who receive the truth, complete and staggering, by instant illumination. Most of them acquire it fragment by fragment, on a small scale, by successive developments, cellularly, like a laborious mosaic.

Anais Nin

If you are relentlessly [as honest as possible] about what you feel and fear, you often become the mouthpiece for other's feelings as well as your own. People are remarkably similar at the heart level—where it counts. That is the gift. And we keep it by giving it away.

Erica Jong

It is also about how the power of information withheld makes one person feel like they are going crazy or responsible for the "death" of another. There really are no evil, or bad, people herein, just two humans with all of their foibles, vanities, failings, and weaknesses. One cannot blame the other for what fate hath wrought; rather, it is more likely that *hubris* brought about such sorrow and tragedy, but can one ever know for certain?

*In general the most terrible deeds do not proceed from great wickedness or cruelty. The pollution is therefore expiable precisely because the guilt is not very great and the deed is the consequence of pardonable passion or ill-luck. All that moderation dictated was that **hubris** should be avoided, not that worth should be concealed.⁵⁰*

Now, whether any of the other participants recall the story in the following manner, it is still my story. For the most part, those who were central to the story had been given every opportunity, repeatedly, to comment upon the details to follow, but nearly all have demurred in one manner or another. Thus, they are left with the burden of disproving this tale. They (the famous and invisible "they") often say that truth

⁵⁰ Burckhardt, p.141, and p.241.

generally is a defense. Therefore, I leave it up to the observer, and any silent participants, to gauge the value of what one might perceive as the truth.⁵¹

This work includes many references to music and literature relevant to the life of the primary actors, even if one or the other does not recall all or any of the details from those years so long ago.

Memory is a cruel taskmaster, for it forces one to remember so many good things, and recall the cost of loss. Two voices, including one of her favorite authors, were put down in ink and are brilliantly counterpoised:

*I lived six months with her. Since that day—God be my witness—I feared nothing. Nothing, I say. Nothing, except one thing: that the devil or God wipe those six months from my memory.*⁵²

I no longer have the reverence for documents that I once had, or the distrust for oral sources that I was once taught. Documents vary in value as their writers know the truth and try honestly to tell what really happened; one could not get along without them, but one must check them, not only against the [subject's] documents but by the oral testimony of participants, provided always it be fresh for "the strongest memory is weaker than the palest ink."⁵³

Both of us had a period of "six months" that have not yet been fully deleted from our own memory banks, and which involved the literal and figurative death of a loved one. One of us, however, chose a form of denial or suppression, and the other, seemingly a more destructive path. I found that sometime after this tale unfolded further, in 1987, the book Persian Nights had something relevant (herein a bit

⁵¹ The notion of "practical obscurity" comes into play here. It is a legal expression first brought into existence by the U.S. Supreme Court and a specific privacy case of 1989, see note 8 above.

⁵² Kazantzakis, p.87.

⁵³ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

paraphrased directly below with a contrast following) about that process:

*Aging means that you get wiser and older or you get sadder and older but in any case, you still get older.*⁵⁴

*No historian can be free, or indeed ought to be free, of the best light that his own day and age affords, because he is writing of the past but not for the past.*⁵⁵

Music and literature truly expressed what both of us might have felt at one time or another (past or present). So, herein, the references to both musical and literary expression serve as an important element of the story. In fact, several of my original tunes are intended to be in first person or voice and for either of the actors. It does seem that both principals were seemingly at one time or another shaped by their father's musical preferences and each espoused that heritage to the other.

I have my father to thank for my love of music. He grew up in Puerto Rico, but had the great sense and spirit to extend his ethnic horizons. He introduced me as a child to the music of not only the great Latin stars of the 1950s and 1960s, but of the great artists/composers of the same era. Through him, I learned of Tito Puente, Perez Prado, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Henry Mancini, and Mantovani. There is another person whom I have to thank, in part, for this creation. He is a person I regret somewhat never having had a

⁵⁴ Diane Johnson, Persian Nights New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1987, quoted in "Picks and Pans Review: Persian Nights," People, April 13, 1987 Vol. 27 No. 15.

⁵⁵ Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

chance to meet. I believe (but cannot prove definitively) that he played a pivotal role in the development of his daughter's love at one time, of music and perhaps literary works, in her own life. They do say a daughter craves her father's love in life.

VI.

It never occurred to me to question my love of romantic music. Heartbreaking love songs flew from my lips, melodies that opened me in a way I yet didn't understand, pulling me into their yearning: maybe romance was taken for something else in my youthful mind, but maybe not. Romance, after all, is not sex; the very essence of romantic love, as originally understood, was the unattainable beloved. Pure yearning.
Nancy Friday

So, music seemed to be an early part of our lives. Bear in mind that my parents are Puerto Rican. What, then, would you consider the first song to make an impact on me? Well, my father was in the U.S. Army and we moved a lot until I entered junior high school in Columbus, Georgia. My mother told me that the earliest tune to visibly affect me was the Everly Brothers' "**BYE BYE LOVE**".⁵⁶

Mom said that as a toddler I would pick up a broom and pretend to sing and play guitar whenever the song came on the radio. I have no memory of this, but the song came out after my first birthday. How can I be so sure? Well, the tune was

⁵⁶ The song entered the Billboard charts on 13 May 1957, see <http://books.google.com/books?id=px0EAAAAMBAJ&pg=PA66&dq=Billboard%22+Bye+Bye+Love+%22Everly+Brothers%22+1957&hl=en&sa=X&ei=t34pT6XPKob50gGa94TJAg&ved=0CC8Q6AEwADgU#v=onepage&q&f=false>, as of 22 June 2015. The song finally became the number one Billboard single on 14 October 1957, see <http://books.google.com/books?id=UCkEAAAAMBAJ&pg=PA38&dq=Billboard%22+Bye+Bye+Love+%22Everly+Brothers%22+1957+October+14&hl=en&sa=X&ei=I4YpT7byB4Lt0gHYjuHrAg&ved=0CEUQ6AEwBA#v=onepage&q=Billboard%22%20Bye%20Bye%20Love%20%22Everly%20Brothers%22%201957%20October%2014&f=false>, as of 22 June 2015.

released in May 1957, while we were living in Las Cruces, New Mexico.⁵⁷

Next, we moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado, and then to the Washington DC area. We sailed for Europe in September 1961, and lived in France for five years, returning to the United States in September 1966. In the interim, we had no television, so the radio became our medium of information. That meant that I was listening to Armed Forces Radio and caught the wave of the English Invasion before it hit the United States. I do recall a number of songs, but I remember clearly the one that made me shiver, in July 1964, or just after I turned 8. It was "**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**" by the Beatles, an album I still own. I put it on the Grundig and was captured.

My father also spent a lot of time acquiring stereo equipment and recordings while in Europe, probably due to their cost. I remember his reel-to-reel tape deck and the beautiful contemporary sounds coming from the speakers. My father, bless his musical diversity, played so much music it filled me with a bounty of life.

After returning to the United States in 1966, we settled first in Texas for a year, and then in Georgia permanently in

⁵⁷ Rivera birth certificate, "Texas Department of Health, Bureau of Vital Statistics, Certificate of Birth" lists a home address in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Although I was born in Texas, the next year my brother was born in Las Cruces, so one takes it we lived in New Mexico.

1967. It was during this period that "Bubble Gum" music seemed to fill the airwaves. By the time I entered high school in 1970, however, things had changed.

The first piece of *modern* rock music that captured my imagination was by a former Beatle, a song I first heard in November 1970, while helping with a school fund-raising carwash, on a freezing fall day. Can you guess what it was? It was also my first conscious introduction to slide guitar.⁵⁸ Here I was soon to be overwhelmed by rock. It was "**WHAT IS LIFE?**" another love song, by George Harrison.

My musical education improved in the next years, helped by progressive FM rock stations. Remember them? What a loss they no longer exist. Now, although I had grown up with the Rolling Stones, I first heard their "**YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT**" in 1971 and began to want more harder-edged music.

My brother Eddie⁵⁹ also helped greatly in my awareness of music. Just a year younger than I, he had joined the Columbia Record Club and we used to listen to great music at many hours. Through his listening choices I learned of the bands Chicago, Santana, and Grand Funk Railroad, as well as the singer Neil Diamond.

⁵⁸ Placing a glass "bottleneck" or metallic tube lightly against guitar strings. Blues music featured slide guitar playing, in which the musician made use of a hard, smooth object or a long glass bottleneck worn on a finger of the left (chord-playing) hand. By sliding the knife or bottleneck up and down the strings, the guitarist could bend notes and create distinctive, singing phrases.

⁵⁹ Eddie can be found via AncestryLibrary.com. He is now the father of two beautiful children.

I really blossomed musically in 1972. That spring I discovered the Allman Brothers Band and Duane Allman,⁶⁰ only a few months after his death one hundred miles from where I then lived. I also discovered Derek and the Dominos,⁶¹ Focus, the Moody Blues, Pink Floyd, and Yes (with Rick Wakeman). During my freshmen year in college (1974-1975) a friend had introduced me to Genesis, a band, which like one of the actors herein, had received a classical education. In fact, one of the band's tunes brings me to tears. Its lyrics explain some of my views, both about life and the story to follow.

SUPPER'S READY
Genesis, 1972

The band then, as have I, drew upon history, literature, and mythology for its work (1970-1975). The song has carried me over the last forty years and at one point I could sing the lead (Peter Gabriel) and harmony (Phil Collins) vocals. If you're confused about its meaning, one could at one time find on the internet a wonderful guide written by Scott McMahan, "The Genesis Discography", for subsequent discussions play upon this, and other songs, by the group Genesis. Too contrived, you think? We are just getting started!

⁶⁰ Duane "Skydog" Allman (1946-1971) established himself as one of rock's best guitar soloists and arguably "the" best practitioner of slide guitar, see Randy Poe, 'Skydog': The Duane Allman Story San Francisco: Backbeat Books, 2006.

⁶¹ Derek & the Dominos consisted of guitarist/singer Eric Clapton, bassist Carl Radle, keyboardist/singer Bobby Whitlock, and drummer Jim Gordon. They began recording Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs [based upon Nizami's "Layla and Majnun" epic], in 1970 with the added contributions of Duane Allman. The title track "Layla" was inspired by a love triangle between Clapton, his friend George Harrison, and Harrison's wife Pattie, see Jan Reid, Layla and other Assorted Love Songs by Derek & the Dominos New York: Rodale Press, 2006.

During high school, both Eddie and I were the opposite of the proverbial wall-flowers. We were involved in many academic and athletic activities. By graduation in 1974, I had earned the title of "wackiest" male senior.⁶² We were so active that classmates nicknamed us "Spic and Span".

Yes, of course, that was related to our heritage but then it was not so politically incorrect and we were and remain not so sensitive. However, one legacy is tied to a nickname that has nothing to do with ethnicity.

Desegregation was a very slow-and violent process in Columbus, Georgia. It led to violence between blacks on one side, and whites, Latinos, and Asians on the other. The school then instituted security measures during my sophomore year and restricted off-campus activities. We were not allowed to get lunch at the local "Taco Bell."

However, if you had a vehicle you could go home for lunch. I would routinely drive to a "Burger King" about two miles distant. When my fellow students asked me about that, I told them I did not want to get caught, thus, they began to refer to me as "Taco." The name stuck through to college and was the only name some people knew me by.

⁶² Baker High School Yearbook, n.p., 1974, p.20, p.160, p.181.

In my first year of college (1974-1975), Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac hypnotized me. I later also discovered Joni Mitchell, Larry "Synergy" Fast, Jean-Michel Jarre, and Vangelis. I complained to the editor of the college newspaper that it lacked good articles on music, so he challenged me to produce one. Between October 1976 and August 1978, I served as a music critic/historian, albeit, poorly expressed on far too many occasions.⁶³

In 1976 at the age of 20, I had suffered from a slight crisis of faith. I really had no grasp of the future, and slumped into a funk. I remember spending some time with a friend talking about the meaning of achievement and dreams. I told him that I really had no sense of the future beyond the age of 40. I made up a mental list of things I wanted to do before my time was up. These included traveling to Morocco, Brazil, England, Australia, Japan, and China. I also wanted to do more scuba-diving, and something musically. After a few nights of self-doubt, I accepted that I might have only a limited life span and figured it was time to going.

⁶³ "The Saber was the student newspaper for Columbus College (now Columbus State University) in Columbus, Georgia, and many of the back issues can be found in the University Library Archives, Reagan L. Grimsley to Rivera, 3 November 2004. Some of the subjects I covered included, the 1960s English Rockers (24 November 1976), YES (15 February 1977), Foghat (1 March 1977 and 1 June 1977), Eric Clapton (19 April 1977), the Rolling Stones (3 May 1977), various European groups (5 July 1977), Rick Wakeman (18 January 1978), Fleetwood Mac (1 February 1978), Ron Wood and Rod Stewart (8 February 1978), Disco (15 February 1978), Guitarists (1 March 1978), Early Beatles (5 April 1978), The Yardbirds (12 April 1978), Genesis (3 May 1978), Pink Floyd (10 May 1978), Little Feat (10 May 1978), Steve Winwood (17 May 1978), Producers (28 June 1978). Apparently some of my stories ran in the paper after my graduation, Disco (4 October 1978), YES (11 October 1978), Musical celebrity deaths (25 October 1978), Duane Allman (8 November 1978). Unfortunately, Grimsley was unable to locate my very first article, on Duane Allman, from mid- to late-October 1976.

By my graduation in 1978, I had thus been exposed to most of rock's most important artists-but I would continue to grow over the next few years. And by 1982 I was pretty much in tune with the role of music upon my moods, emotions, and day to day events.

How did I end up in Coronado? Well, does December 1979 mean anything to you? That was the month the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. The peanut president, Jimmy Carter, went on to state that he was surprised that the Soviets would act in such a manner. I feared then that we were bound for war, and decided that I would rather be at the 'front'. I chose to enlist. I later sought and received a commission as an officer in the U.S. Navy.⁶⁴

After officer candidate school in Newport, Rhode Island,⁶⁵ where I met Dave Columbus (11 July 1951-), the Navy sent me to Atlanta, Georgia (Sunday 12 July-Tuesday 20 October 1980)⁶⁶ and then to USS Rogers (DD-876) in Portland, Oregon (Wednesday

⁶⁴ "DD Form 4, 1 JUN 75, ENLISTMENT or REENLISTMENT AGREEMENT—ARMED FORCES of the UNITED STATES," entry 3 (Date of ENL/REENL) states 27 February 1980 and entry 4 (GRADE) reports my enlistment as "OCSA", or an Officer Candidate Seaman Apprentice, Rivera service records.

⁶⁵ I was ranked 191st of 272, the bottom third, and had a final grade point average of 3.412, "NETC 1530/4 Cumulative Course Grading," undated. My completion of the Naval Officer Candidate School is dated 11 July 1980 and subsequently I received my "Reserve Commission (DD-1NR)", 11 July 1980, Rivera service records.

⁶⁶ "Memorandum Endorsement to Bupers Orders 11 June 1980", dated 9 July 1980, directing me to 2 months of temporary duty with the Navy Recruiting District, Atlanta GA. "Second Memorandum Endorsement to Bupers Orders [of] 11 June 1980", dated 8 October 1980, directing me to duty onboard USS Rogers (DD-876) upon the "completion temporary duty with Navy Recruiting District, Atlanta, GA", Rivera service records.

21 October–Monday 15 December 1980).⁶⁷ I hated Portland from the first and swore never to return. I arrived in Coronado on Sunday 4 January 1981⁶⁸ and knew I wanted to spend my life there.

What can I say about the other actor? Well, this is speculative in many degrees (and more details will follow below), but it would appear that her mother, just like mine, didn't work (much or at all) as she cared for the family at home to a point. What I can glean is that her father was probably the musical and/or literary spark at home. He probably (maybe with an occasional hand from mother, though she did not seem like the warm fuzzy type of person) sang or played 1920's, World War II, post-1945 and Broadway tunes for the children. In addition, an A.M. band radio, and, a black & white television probably provided additional sources of music after 1950. Between that date and 1961-1962, the emerging teen population meant that music was everywhere.⁶⁹

⁶⁷ "Second Memorandum Endorsement to Bupers Orders [of] 11 June 1980", dated 8 October 1980, directing me to duty onboard USS Rogers upon the "completion temporary duty with Navy Recruiting District, Atlanta, GA". "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)", dated 12 December 1980, entry 21 (Employment of Command), UPKEEP Portland, OR. "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)", dated 16 December 1980 also reports Portland as my duty port, Rivera service records.

⁶⁸ My original orders to Coronado were "BUPERS ORDER [for] ENS Carlos R. Rivera, 11 June 1980", directing me to report for the basic SWOS [Surface Warfare Officer School] course of 20 weeks in Coronado, California beginning 5 January 1981, Rivera service records. I had spent the holidays in Columbus, Georgia, and flew back to California on 4 January 1981.

⁶⁹ The following titles might serve as a small window into the world of her past, Susan J. Douglas, Where the Girls Are: Growing Up Female with The Mass Media New York, Penguin Books, 1995, and Ken Emerson, Always Magic in the Air: The Bomp and Circumstance of the Brill Building Era New York, Penguin Books, 2005.

What seemed to sway her most? Literature and song. The earliest dated tune she sang was about love, from 1903. Even the last tune was about love—discussed later. But the song below captures a mindset, for if one reads its lyrics and the explanation below, the story might begin to make some sense.

THE CINEMA SHOW
Genesis, 1973

"The Cinema Show—An examination by Kevin Ball, 09-Oct-1992"⁷⁰

This song, the second longest on the "Selling England..." album, is perhaps the most complex of the eight. The lyric, deceptively simple, triangulates first a Romeo and a Juliet, then Tiresias, who bridges the sexes. Within the field of 20 Century literature, there stand two pinnacles of the Modernist movement, both published in the year of 1922: Joyce's revolutionary novel 'Ulysses', and T.S. Eliot's poem "The Waste Land". It is to the latter that we turn our attention.

"The Waste Land" is a long, famous poem, dealing with many complex and seemingly unrelated matters. Yet, behind the confusion, Eliot brings together a wealth of sources (from Greek legends to 16th Century English poets like Spenser) to create a poem rich in meaning and inference. The title itself is the key, "The Waste Land." The poem's concern is the moral, spiritual and sexual decay of modern society. The Great War had recently be fought, seeming (at the time) to seal the fate of society. It seemed that all the modern age could offer was sterility and deep intellectual uncertainty, and disillusionment about all that 'progress' had brought in the years of great advancement from the 1870s onwards. There was a general feeling within society of the failure of science, sociology, religion, politics and the arts to provide a confidence for modern man.

Eliot separated the poem into five distinct parts, the third of which is called "The Fire Sermon", both the observation of real life and the search for insight are raised to a higher level. This is considered to be Eliot's most subtle and comprehensive view of the modern world, and as such is one of the most difficult and at the same time most moving parts of the whole poem. Eliot deals with the issue of a world where sex is devalued and meaningless, where dignity and purpose have been swept away to become selfish acts of conquest. I quote the text without permission:"

*...I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
which still are unreprieved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall...."*

⁷⁰ An excerpt of a post found on a Genesis fan page, <http://genesis-path.net/gensong-exp.html>, last accessed on 12 November 2011.

Of course, this is instantly recognisable to anyone who knows the lyric of "The Cinema Show". What we have here is a case of Genesis using one of the most famous poems verbatim to form one of their songs. And they also interpret some of the finer points, but more of that later...First, let us consider Tiresias, as he is the key to unlock the lyric, if not the poem as well. Eliot, in his notes on the poem, refers us to the Latin poet Ovid, who relates the story of Tiresias. He was wandering through a forest one day, when he saw two serpents entwined. Tiresias struck them with his staff, and was instantly turned into a woman. He was thus blighted(?) for seven years, until in the eighth year he saw the same two snakes entwined again. He reasoned that if striking them changed one's sex, then by striking them a second time he could reverse his position. Thus he was returned to his natural gender.

Some time later, the two gods Jupiter and Juno were playfully arguing together as to which gender derived the most enjoyment from love. Jupiter maintained that the woman enjoyed love more than the man, which Juno denied. They decided to ask wise old Tiresias, who had experienced both genders. Tiresias confirmed that the woman enjoyed love more, upon which Juno became very indignant indeed. She condemned poor Tiresias to blindness the rest of his days. Unfortunately, no god was able to counteract the act of another god, but Jupiter mitigated Tiresias' punishment by giving him the power to know the future. Alternative sources credit Tiresias with being awarded longevity as well. This was a claim borne out by references to Tiresias in the poem, that Tiresias has "foresuffered all/Enacted on this same divan or bed;" Tiresias is painted by Eliot as the blind, eternal epitome of unhappy, loveless, sexual experience. In fact, the poem is seen through the eyes of Tiresias; he is our ever-present narrator and observer of human experience.

This is where the story turns. Even now I can't believe that it happened in such a wrenching way. On the afternoon of Sunday 25 October 1998, I called Geraldine "Geri" Shaw⁷¹ in Coronado to ask about the past.

Geri was a witness to much of this story in its earliest stages. From her I got no sense of closure. I do not expect to do so either after this. Nevertheless, take into account that

⁷¹ Born Geraldine H. Holmgren (22 October 1945-). Her image was at <http://www.swccd.edu/5thLevel/index.asp?L4=113>, her then employer's website, last accessed on 3 December 2011. I found her several places at AncestryLibrary.com as of 9 July 2015. Also see,

<http://64.233.161.104/search?q=cache:mm6SCGXB7aEJ:www.swc.cc.ca.us/5thLevel/index.asp%3FL4%3D113+%22geri+shaw%22&hl=en&gl=us&ct=clnk&cd=9>. This above was a cached page for Southwestern Community College with a picture of Geri Shaw, last accessed on 22 October 2006.

<http://www.signonsandiego.com/news/features/campguide/2006sportscamp.html>.
Summer Camp Guide, Sports Camps, SignOnSanDiego.com by the Union-Tribune, as of 24 June 2015.

<http://www.uniontribune.net/news/features/campguide/2006sportscamp.html>.
Same as above, as of 24 June 2015.

http://www.rop.coronado.k12.ca.us/fall06_brochure.pdf
Fall 2006 Coronado Adult Education, last accessed on 22 October 2006.

http://www.adulted-rop.coronado.k12.ca.us/fall06_brochure.pdf
Same as above, last accessed on 22 October 2006.

<http://www.rop.coronado.k12.ca.us/chsfall-04.pdf>
Coronado Adult Education/ROP, Coronado Unified School District, last accessed on 22 October 2006.

<http://www.swc.cc.ca.us/Pdfs/LeaderTraining.pdf>
Youth and Group Programs, last accessed on 22 October 2006.

This link had provided correct information on Shaw,
http://www.zabasearch.com/query1_zaba.php?sname=GERALDINE%20SHAW&state=CA&ref=&se=&doby=&city=&name_style=1&tmr=, last accessed on 29 November 2011.

this work is based in part upon a number of conversations held in 1982-1983, many of which were verified later. In addition, a number of events were not known to, or recalled by, me until the period between December 1998 and October 2005. Two aspects might trouble the reader. First, I told Geri that we might take it for granted that one of the subjects is probably gone (physically and mentally) forever.⁷² Thus, nothing said, felt, uttered, written, expressed, or conceived herein, could apparently impair that person in any way, for the "dead" feel no pain and can't be restored to life, right?

*But don't shout—you mustn't. The dead can hear, remember, the dead can hear.*⁷³

Second, all of the information gleaned was acquired in a legal manner, and required no real subterfuge. A discussion of that process and its undertaking is forthcoming. In fact, many non-governmental sources provided information on the basis that the story was incomplete without their input. That is, the **mystery** needed their help. I discovered that many records get destroyed after seven years, and that others are filed so poorly that one has any number of difficulties in locating information. What would one do if you had participated in an event, but the erosion of records, and memories, threatened to make it a non-event and change perceptions of the past and the

⁷² Rivera letter to Shaw, 10 February 2000.

⁷³ Kazantzakis, p.264.

future? Some say, "The past is the past". I intend this record to survive to the future.

*The historian's professional duty is primarily to illuminate the past for his hearers or readers; only secondarily and derivatively should he be concerned with influencing the future. The historian who knows, or thinks he knows, an unmistakable lesson of the past, has the right and the duty to point it out, even though it counteract his own beliefs or social theories.*⁷⁴

02-"Doctor, My Eyes"

To see all there and not there-one must open their heart, mind, and eyes, but love is often also deaf, dumb, and blind. This "Shadow" is shaped by the 1972 Jackson Browne song.

One thing our own parents prepared us for (as if anyone could) was heartbreak and the shattering of those things around you. Part of that process is unveiled in the sharp lyrics for two songs, which deal with love and heartbreak.

Where are the Fridays and Jongs of the male world? Where are the models who could have told us that life sucks? Our fathers were trapped by expectations that predated them. We live as expected and as males inculcated in sex, work, material possessions, emotions, and bearing up under all pains and physical challenges. What if you don't want, or expect, to carry some of their burdens? Who's there to tell you about life before life finds you, if such a thing is even possible?

THE END OF THE INNOCENCE
Don Henley, 1987

⁷⁴Morison, Presidential Address, 1950.

03-"Guilty"

"We" had nothing to be guilty of, as we had made no promises to each other before 30 October 1982. When one makes a commitment, you should feel as if both of you mean it.

This "**Shadow**" is by Barbra Streisand and Barry Gibb in 1980.

*It was a riddle a long time ago and it's best, as all those riddles are, it's best unsolved.*⁷⁵

I see that country artist Kathy Mattea's recent album was called the "Innocent Years" and featured the song "**WHY CAN'T WE?**" The tune has her wondering "*why life's so empty of meaning when it's full of stuff.*" Maybe, some answer is in the song below.

SOMEBODY TO LOVE
Jefferson Airplane, 1966

04-"ARK"

Since "our" account involves a sailor who fell from grace into the sea, this is a perfect tune. The two principals, PSHKINS and DSHNO, have a connection to both water and Greek myths. This "**Shadow**" is inspired by Gerry Rafferty's 1978 "**THE ARK**", and self-reflective.

⁷⁵ Carly Simon, from an appearance on the television show "Primetime Live" in 1990 to a question about the song "You're So Vain", at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UMo8lxymJDC>, as of 22 June 2015.

05—"Can't We Be Friends?"

I reached out to the other principal of this story. On 27 October 1998, I sent a letter through Geri Shaw to get answers. None were forthcoming. And, I never anticipated the route this quest would take, and so did not preserve any record of that letter of October 1998. This "**Shadow**" is based on a 1978 Todd Rundgren song.

06—"Whatever's Written in Your Heart"

One December day I tried contact—again, no response. By this point my breakdown was obvious to my family. I had related partially the tale of PSHKINS and DSHNO by Thanksgiving 1998. EIJ convinced me to seek help rather than try to heal myself. This "**Shadow**" is Gerry Rafferty, 1978.

*There is nothing that we should be quite so grateful for as the last line of the poem that goes, "When your own heart asks."*⁷⁶

Excerpt, LETTER, written Monday 20 December 1998—delivered Friday 24 December 1998⁷⁷

Do you recall 4pm 28 May 1982?—that is the moment we first met. Can you remember us sitting by the bay talking with no fear or pressure? Can you remember telling me of your life in Greece, and your fear of Cyrus' friends coming to visit you in Coronado, and how I suggested potato chips as a burglar alarm? Can you remember the first time we went out? Can you remember Carlos of Coronado, Pamikins, blankie, unbirthdays, the Spider Song, DSHNO, WDYTAT, PSHILY, HHDD, mooning the moon? Can you remember Bandini's? Can you remember telling me that you knew my daily activities from what time I rose in the morning to how many times I tapped my toothbrush against the sink in the morning, because you were listening? Can you remember climbing up on your bed in U-110 to whisper my name quietly through the floor below my own bed? Can you remember KFC by the bay and Charlie the Seagull? Can you remember me bringing the brass sailing boat windchimes home for your birthday? Remember me coming home at the end of the day, and dropping my freshly laundered uniform at the breath taking sight of you? Can you remember me suffering from strep throat and you wrapping me up in a ton of blankets as I went through the worst case of chills I had ever suffered? That is when I knew you truly cared for me. Can you remember telling me that you loved me and that I cried not from sorrow but from hearing such beautiful words from such a wonderful woman? (I remember the song playing on the radio that night—a song by Chicago). Can you remember "Teddy," the bear I got for you the night of 29 October 1982 when we went to dinner in Old Town? Do you remember me proposing from Hong Kong on Christmas Day 1982? I was so fearful you would say no—but I will never ever regret meeting you, loving you, and wanting to spend the rest of my life with you in such a wonderful place—that was when I knew I was the luckiest man alive. Remember how we talked about growing older together, with you getting your senior citizen's discount before me, and that we would put our teeth in the same glass at nighttime? Remember we wanted to grow old in San Diego/Coronado, watching from the hills the daily sunsets in the sunset of own life? Remember how you used to trim my mustache? Remember that once we loved each other passionately and deeply?

⁷⁶ Yamamoto, p.25

⁷⁷ I had not retained copies of all of my correspondence but had transcribed them for the new diary. The delivery date for the December letter was written in by the USPS representative on the return receipt. A computer virus also destroyed "hard copies" of other correspondence and research dating from late 1998 through much of 2000, some from 2002.

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE
The Beach Boys, 1965

Excerpt, LETTER, of 20 December 1998

You know that there were certain key words and phrases that you used before 30 October 1982, but I don't recall that you used them again. For example, remember, Excalibur, Pepe and los dos amigos, So round, so firm, so fully packed—I finally figured out what cigarettes that dealt with. You had such a wonderful laugh, but I can't recall that you had it after that deployment. You had bright eyes, a joie de vivre—everything that a man of any age or epoch would find so valuable in a partner. You once claimed that I was expecting you to be my mother. Pam, I think you misinterpreted something I felt or said. It was in connection with you telling me about television shows of the fifties and sixties. You also introduced me to the Spider song, and Mr. Sandman. Pam, I was not looking for a mother. I was with a woman who trusted me enough to tell me about the era when she grew up and of things that were important to her. You told me about your childhood that way, which went against your dictum that anything that happened before we met was none of my business. I wonder if the story you refused to share with me then can ever cover the time from the original issue of a specific document. I recalled that one time by the bay we were talking about where we came from. You said something about Cleveland. I just confirmed that memory. Pam, you too can "hide" but I know more about you now than you were willing or able to tell me during those days. I remembered a song you used to love to sing by the Four Tops. Do you remember singing "Sugar Pie Honey Bunch" with the gusto of one enjoying life—you used to do a dance with that song, one where you pointed your index fingers and waved your hands while shimmying. I always loved that, and you never did that again after October 1982. I so loved that tune that I bought the cassette and took it with me on the deployment. I remember too that you told me another one of favorites was Gerry and the Pacemakers, "Ferry 'cross the Mersey." Other tunes I remember you doing were by the Supremes. "Baby Love" stuck in my mind because I remember that you used to do the chorus in a really nice voice. Other things you used to say was the word "babe," both in person and in letters (the few that you did manage to write), but you seemed to never used that word again (at least in my presence) after 1982.

I GOT YOU, BABE
Sonny and Cher, 1965

Excerpt, LETTER, of 20 December 1998

I didn't recall if you did use the word "Tasty" before that deployment, but that it certainly did become a part of your vocabulary. No, I did not want, or expect you, to be my "mother," nor did I want, or expect, to be your father. If you did not want to tell me about you, your tales, and stories told me more about you than you could imagine. Think for a second. If what you remembered was so vivid, than it must have been important to you. The Spider song clearly was an important item in your own life. Why else would you have felt comfortable enough to sing that to me, supposedly an adult male. It was comforting to hear about things of your past that you would never willingly tell me. The little you did tell me about your youth stayed with me. I believe you resented your mother for her own problems, as I sensed that you didn't enjoy an adult role at an early age

07—"Come Talk to Me"

It is not good to settle into a set of opinions. It is a mistake to put forth effort and obtain some understanding and then stop. At first putting forth great effort to be sure that you have grasped the basics, then practicing so that they may come to fruition is something that will never stop for your whole lifetime. Do not rely on following the degree of understanding that you have discovered, but think "This is not enough."⁷⁸

This "**Shadow**" is by Peter Gabriel (1992) and a good example of the phrase East-West herein. The second voice is Sinead O'Connor. Listen to the swirling sound and the opening pleading bagpipe. Imagine listening to this song repeatedly as you crash and burn, and don't understand why.

'Come Talk to Me' is a very emotional track. The song is about the blockage in communication between two people, and in fact, there was initially a block with [a loved one], which got me going on that lyric. And then I sort of opened up. It has the most dream-like imagery in the verses and this direct 'Come talk to me' in the chorus and so the idea of having a second voice seemed to make a lot of sense.

Peter Gabriel

⁷⁸ Yamamoto, p.31.

PART II

(Act I)

MADNESS

*Dearest heart, if I had not given my soul to you, it would have been better to give it up for good, to lose it forever. I am burning in love's fire; I am drowning in the tears of my sorrow. I am the moth that flies through the night to flutter around the candle flame. O invisible candle of my soul, do not torture me as I encircle you! You have bewitched me, you have robbed me, of my sleep, my reason, my very being.*⁷⁹

**14 September 1945-28 May 1982=13406 days/36 years 8 months 15 days
16 April 1956-28 May 1982=9539 days/26 years 1 month 13 days**

⁷⁹ Layla and Majnun by Nizami (prose adaptation by Colin Turner), London: Blake, 1997, pp.15-16.

08—"The Odyssey Begins for One Sister" (Friday 14 September 1945)

Had A Dream (Sleeping with the Enemy)
Rodger Hodgson, 1984

*All I try to do is let people know what I think through my music...just bring it to you...it is up to you to do what you want with it.*⁸⁰

This "Shadow" is not the first, of my own originals in this story. It introduces the narrative, and the distance between actors.

*I have always felt that you should not borrow knowledge from others, because personal experience and development are of utmost significance.*⁸¹

PSHKINS (a.k.a. Pamela Sydney Boyles) is born to 2nd Lt. Eldredge Dordan Boyles, U.S. Army⁸², 30 years old, and Betty Patricia Boyles (nee Child[s])⁸³, 26 years old, in Fairview

⁸⁰ Liner Notes, Vangelis compact disc, Greatest Hits ND70078, RCA Records, 1991.

⁸¹ Liner Notes, Vangelis, Greatest Hits.

⁸² Eldredge's first name most likely came from his mother's side of the family, Sybil L. Kay Eldredge, and his middle name from an uncle, John Dordan. Eldredge applied for his Social Security number on 24 November 1936, at age 21. He provided his place of employment at J.I. Case, courtesy of the Social Security Administration. I found that one can get details, on occasion, about Boyles via the Social Security Death Index, and from there, information as to how to order a copy of the original 1936 application. Also see AncestryLibrary.com

Eldredge had several brothers (Howard, Loren, and Gordon) and sisters (Mrs. Wilbur Kenworthy and Georgia L. Ranniger) in Washington state. Gordon died in December 2005, <http://archiver.rootsweb.com/th/read/WAKING/2006-04/1144203650>, as of 24 June 2015. Also found at <http://boards.ancestry.com/mbexec/msg/an/pBC.2ACE/4188>, as of 24 June 2015.

Georgia passed away in June 1969, see Spokane Spokesman Review, 10 June 1969, p.18, courtesy of Spokane Public Library in email to Rivera, 9 May 2001, and, <http://mrrail.net/data/cemete/wash/spokane/fairmount/r/fair01.htm>, as of 22 June 2015. Ranniger was the primary source for a major family genealogical project, found at <http://www.familysearch.org>.

⁸³ The Eastern Washington Genealogical Society [EWGS] Research offices in Spokane, Washington, were able to provide information.

I am trying to confirm some information on a party who lived in Spokane in the early 1900s. I am trying to find the Child(s) family in Spokane. A daughter, Betty Patricia (Pat) Child was born 14 April 1919.

Betty Patricia Child, was born to Sidney Edward Child and Ethel Maud Coffan in Spokane 4-13-1919. In the 1920 Spokane Census they were living at 2318.5 North Monroe.

The 1920 Census reported the ages for both Sidney and Ethel Child as 34. The EWGS also provided copies of an obituary for a "Sidney A. Child" aged 66 in February 1947, which mentioned a nephew, William N.F. Child, Spokane Spokesman Review, 22 February 1947, p.6 and p.10. However, Sidney E. Child was Betty's father and died 10 February 1939, Spokane Spokesman Review, 11 February 1939. See <http://www.digitalarchives.wa.gov/Record/View/427C10C970B801A3AA1C70554915AC12> as of 22 June 2015. The Spokane Public Library was able to provide dates and residency locations from their holdings for the Child and Boyles families. The Spokane Daily Chronicle of 17 June 1939 has details on Betty's small private marriage to Eldredge. William N.F. Child, along with Ethel Child, signed as witnesses, see "Marriage Certificate [Nr] 58196A", State of Washington, County of Spokane, filed 21 June 1939, courtesy of EWGS. The officiating Episcopalian clergyman wrote in "Childs" but Betty signed Child. The Spokane County Auditor's office also provided a copy of the certificate. Sidney might have been the source for "Sydney" as Pamela's middle name. Ethel and Sidney are found at http://mrrail.net/data/cemete/wash/spokane/fairmount/c/fairmt_c05.htm and the certificate is at: http://media.digitalarchives.wa.gov/WA.Media/jpeg/B8DDE07C9469D8C4D9F7EA71391DCECA_1.jpg, both as of 22 June 2015.

Hospital, Fairview, Ohio, now incorporated in the city of Cleveland.⁸⁴

Her parents first lived in Spokane, Washington before then. When Eldredge and Betty wed they moved to Portland with Betty's widowed mother, Ethel. There Eldredge worked as a partsman for the J.I. Case Co. In 1942 Eldredge was most likely drafted into the U.S. Army. He ended up in an ordnance outfit stationed in Camp Perry, Ohio for training with an enlisted serial number of 19122639. I found no directory information for them in Ohio. It appears Ethel returned to Spokane before the end of the war.⁸⁵

Eldredge earned the rank of Technical Sergeant with Company "B" of the 136th Maintenance Battalion of the 14th Armored Division. Attached to the Army Service Forces, he provided support to Army land and air groups. He received orders to Officer Candidate School in August 1944 and commissioned as a Second Lieutenant on 25 November 1944, serial number 01559426, upon graduating from Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. He was assigned to Company "D", stationed in

⁸⁴ Pamela's birth announcement can be found in the Spokane Spokesman Review, 25 September 1945, and the Spokane Daily Chronicle, 26 September 1945. The Boyles family had roots in Ohio when John Boyles first showed up in the U.S. Census of 1810. The family eventually worked their way to Idaho and then to Washington. Eldredge's side of the family has roots in England or Ireland, to about 1600. One of Eldredge's sisters, Georgia, had been doing genealogy work before she died in 1969. If one goes to www.familysearch.org/ and plugs Eldredge D. Boyles into the search engine, it will provide a list of candidates. One will lead to the family pedigree. In addition, on that website one can also obtain data about Eldredge from the Social Security Death Index, last accessed on 22 June 2015.

⁸⁵ The Multnomah Public Library, Portland, Oregon, provided directory information on the family as well as the employer. In addition, the 16 September 1942 edition of the Portland Oregonian provides details on Eldredge's pending unit assignment and military location. The Spokane Public Library provided directory information, Ethel lived in Spokane from 1945 to 1959. She later found a job as a court bailiff.

Ohio until just before he was discharged in 1946.⁸⁶ The majority of the time as an officer was spent attached to the Cleveland Ordnance District in Cleveland and why Pam was born in Ohio. The district service command was at Fort Hayes, in Columbus, Ohio. At the time of Pamela's birth Eldredge was then 30 years old and Betty was 26. He was released from duty in Cleveland on 28 February 1946 and then went to the Separation Center in Camp Atterbury, Indiana, where he got his final discharge on 29 March 1946. After that, they returned to Washington. Pamela was the first born, Patrick W. Boyles (30 October 1948-) and Polly A. Boyles (19 May 1956-) following.

This "**Shadow**" refers to the start of a journey, as in Homer's works of the 8th century BC. Odyssey is the middle name of one of my influences, Evangelos Odyssey Papathanassiou, known as Vangelis. I'm sure PSHKINS knew of him.

The number one song on the charts the day PSHKINS was born was "**TILL THE END OF TIME**" by Perry Como. Hmmm, the gods have a sense of humor, but then, "there are no accidents."

"Incendiary Blonde" starring Betty Hutton.

"She Wouldn't Say Yes," the racy embracing story of a **gal** who live and yearned, starring Rosalind Russell, "after all, a **gal** can't keep on saying no forever!"

"The March of Time"- "volume 6: American Beauty" a movie for the millions of US women everywhere who are being waxed and polished and varnished into shape for the coming struggle on the home front where the rallying cry is "get that man"⁸⁷

⁸⁶ The Veterans Administration explained that they were limited in what they could disclose. See AncestryLibrary.com, accessed on 7 November 2011. The 3 December 1944 edition of the Portland Oregonian reported his commission and indicated Betty was back in Spokane.

⁸⁷ The three were in the Monday 17 September 1945 issue of "Life". The issue was available a few days before the cover date, so the public saw it around Friday 14 September 1945. "Incendiary Blonde" was released on 31 August, www.imdb.com/title/tt0037816/releaseinfo. "She Wouldn't Say Yes" was released on 29 November, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0038084/releaseinfo>. "American Beauty" was the September 1945 volume of the beauty series "The March of Time", <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1727482>, all as of 22 June 2015.

09—"History Repeats Itself?" (Saturday 14 September 1946)

When others asked the truth of me, I was convinced it was not the truth they wanted, but an illusion they could bear to live with.

We came to the question of lies. It seemed to me that I knew then why I lied:

1—because, lacking confidence, we fear what we reveal may not be admirable.

Being narcissists, we also hate to show what we believe to be of failing or a weakness.

2— because of the fear of hurting.

Anais Nin

PSHKINS (a.k.a. Pamela Sydney Boyles) is born to then 2nd Lt. Eldredge D. Boyles, U.S. Army, and Betty Patricia Boyles (nee Child[s]) in Fairview Hospital, Fairview, Ohio, then a suburb of Cleveland. Pamela was the first born child, with brother Patrick to follow soon after (October 1948) and sister Polly in May 1956. One might reflect upon her effort later in life to shield successfully parts of her own history.

10—"Nurturing Bubbles from Mother" (Saturday 19 May 1956-May/June 1962)

a-Present at birth b-Forced to become an adult too early c-Resentment, past-present-future d-Losing opportunity e-The role of Barbie on a young girl f-Refugee on Beaumont

I.

All we know of love comes from our mothers. Yet we have buried that love so deep that we may not even know where it comes from. If we have been wounded and have grown scar tissue over our hearts, we confuse the tissue with the heart itself, forgetting the wound that caused it.

Erica Jong

Pamela apparently grew up in a home where she and her mother were more like competitors than traditional mothers and daughters.

Her father appears to have been distant in one aspect, a captive of work, most likely, but held a treasured part in Pamela's heart.⁸⁸

⁸⁸ Pamela was a dancing youngster in the Spokane Daily Chronicle, 7 October 1954; Spokane Daily Chronicle, 29 December 1954; a piano student in the Spokane Daily Chronicle, 1 August 1956; Spokane Daily Chronicle, 22 November 1957, and Spokane Daily Chronicle, 11 April 1958.

*The father should be more loved than the mother and be owed a greater obligation, for he was guide and guardian.*⁸⁹

At one time, the family lived on **DECATUR** Street in Spokane.⁹⁰ On 19 May 1956, Betty (then 37 years old) gave birth to her third and last child, Polly. From what PSHKINS told me in 1982, her mother suffered from a nervous breakdown.

Mental depression and anxiety were recognized as an illness, although the symptoms of depression, despair or melancholy, and lethargy were considered a sign of . . .
Barbara Tuchman

That forced Pamela, then nearly 11 years old, to take over many duties, which seemed to include housekeeping, cooking, and, child care.

Childhood was already over.
Barbara Tuchman

II.

[I] never forgave mother for this abandonment. It was an abandonment and abandonments are, by definition, always your mother's fault. In my grown up mind, I am strong and successful. In my baby mind, I am an abandoned child. These are merely some of my memories of my younger sister's entrance into the world.
Erica Jong

Maternal love, like sex, is generally considered too innate to be eradicable, but perhaps under certain unfavorable conditions it atrophies [and] the investment of love in a young [female] child may have been so unrewarding that by some ruse of nature, it was suppressed.
Barbara Tuchman

I gathered from conversations in 1982 that she had reached adulthood far too soon and endured a major burden in taking care of the family. Pamela also reached puberty at an awkward time (is it ever graceful?). She was 5'11" when I (at 5'9") met her, and she certainly stood out in a crowd.

*Confucius says: Many seek happiness higher than man; others beneath him. But happiness is the same height as man.*⁹¹

⁸⁹ Adapted from Tuchman, p.214.

⁹⁰ Spokane directory information via Spokane Public Library. One might recognize that such directories, before the modern era, included such details like: resident names, place of employment, dependents, phone number, and other data now considered private. They are public records per having been published and are not confidential.

⁹¹ Kazantzakis, p.91.

One can only imagine that she had to hunch her shoulders and bend her knees at times to avoid standing out in a crowd. As she was bound to wear contacts later, it is possible that she also wore glasses around that time of her life. She also bore the brunt of large breasts and mentioned that when the "Barbie" Doll was first introduced (February-March 1959), it added more pressure to her adolescent years. This was also at the time that the family moved to Murray, Utah, where her father continued to work with the J.I. Case Corporation.⁹² I cannot prove now, but highly suspect, that the time was probably a difficult one.

III.

*In my teens, I discovered the obsession to write. I needed something I could call my own. Writing belonged to me alone.
Since writing is my principal way of staying sane, I need[ed] to write to know what I [thought].*
Erica Jong

*To write is to descend, to excavate, to go underground. I am in a beautiful prison from which I can only escape by writing.
The poet is one who is able to keep the fresh vision of the child alive.*
Anais Nin

They once lived on **RIVIERA** Drive in Murray, Utah, but I did not know that until 1999.⁹³ It must have been hard during that age to move away from your friends to a new neighborhood. I also suspect, but have yet to confirm, that she became close friends with one Geraldine "Geri" Holmgren—actually, it seems

⁹² The J.I. Case Corporation was founded in Racine, Wisconsin, by Jerome Increase Case in 1847. The company built threshers. Case began manufacturing steam engines in 1869 and introduced its first steam traction engine in 1878. In 1964 Tenneco, a large oil and energy company, purchased Case. In 1972 Case became the big tractor power specialist company when it began only producing tractors on the agriculture side of its operations. Case became well known for its Traction King and high horse power row crop tractors. It had offices in several states, including Washington, Utah, and California, all where Eldredge worked. See www.toytractorshow.com/j_i_case.htm, as of 22 June 2015. However, the 8 December 1963 edition of the Seattle Daily Times indicates he passed the real estate salesman license exam for Washington State. Interestingly, Eldredge had previously sold property, see the 18 April 1951 Spokane Daily Chronicle.

⁹³ From the telephone directories held by the Salt Lake City Library.

that they became more like SISTERS. In her junior or senior year of high school⁹⁴, Pamela's family may have moved to the San Francisco Bay area and she may have stayed behind to live with Geri's family (Arthur and Dorothy Holmgren), who then lived at 5766 Beaumont Avenue in Holladay, Utah.⁹⁵ From what I can determine, the girls might have been close in high school. From one conversation with Pam, I believe that she and Geri had a close friend who died from an illegal abortion. Since abortions were declared constitutional in January 1973, and both lived in Utah before that period, it would appear most likely that the death happened between 1961 and 1972.

The Boyles family move to California led later to sister Polly meeting and marrying, in the next few years, a young man by the name of Kirk A. Bass.⁹⁶ They dated after meeting through some Jacques De Molay programs (De Molay was the martyred leader of the 14th century-era Knights Templar). At her high school prom, Polly had a little trouble with the champagne. Hence, she gained the nickname "Bubbles." I recall that her father was not too happy to have seen his little girl under the influence of such things. Hmrrrrrrrr.

⁹⁴ At one time, both were at Granite High School, Salt Lake City, see http://www.granite63.org/class_classmates.cfm, as of 22 June 2015. One finds Geri's photo but not for Pamela, http://www.granite63.org/class_profile_empty.cfm?member_id=3963838, as of 22 June 2015. Pamela does not show up as a student at Granite in 1961, AncestryLibrary.com as of 9 July 2015, but it does in the link above for Geri.

⁹⁵ From the directories held by the Salt Lake City Library. Later, I discovered I had the timing in error.

⁹⁶ Polly and Kirk Allen Bass (7 October 1955-) were married 24 July 1976, "Marriage Certificate C4D48780", Alameda County (CA) Marriage Records, see AncestryLibrary.com. Pamela Holley was the matron of honor, and Kirk's cousin, Tim Beer, was best man. They were married at the All Saints Episcopalian Church in San Leandro, California, see Pleasanton's The Tri-Valley Herald, 8 August 1979, p.7.

11-“Codependency” (September 1963)

a-Synapses affected by ethanol b-18th birthday in Paris c-Cooking at the Sorbonne before adulthood

There is a certain kind of kid who is so in love with words that she kisses the pictures of authors on the jackets of books I was one. All I ever wanted to be was a writer. Though this yearning now seems like aspiring to be a blacksmith in the age of the automobile, my childhood image of what a writer did bestowed superhuman powers on the profession. A writer sat privately at her desk and made public things happen. One of the most notable and faintly horrifying memories from my college years is of the time a distinguished critic came to my creative writing class [and stated that] women can't be writers. They didn't know blood and guts, and puking in the streets, and fucking whores. We listened meekly—while the male voice of authority told us what women could or couldn't write. I was able to nurse, for a time, the delusion that the word did change the world. Then I lost it. Now I have come to trust the word again—though in a more modest way.

Erica Jong

All the woeful errors of childhood and adolescence came to their crashing climax at seventeen.

Charles R. Jackson

If one reads a certain novel by Charles R. Jackson, one may get a sense of many of the “**Shadow**” titles to follow.

Jackson wrote that persons with a specific difficulty feel that the first 17 years of their lives have set them up falsely for the disappointments that follow thereupon.

PSHKINS told me that she and Geri had spent some time in France, at the same time when I myself lived there as a child. She reported that she had gotten drunk on the streets of Paris for her 18th birthday. She also told me that she had completed a cooking course at the Sorbonne in Paris. I have no evidence pro or con, but suspect it to be true. Much of what follows is tied to the breakdown of her mother and the visit to France. Pamela did want to be a writer and enrolled at the University of Utah (Salt Lake City) in March 1963.⁹⁷

GARDEN OF ALLAH

Don Henley, 1995

I believe that Pamela actually spent two different periods in France, one with Geri, and the other alone. As

⁹⁷ Fax [to Rivera], University of Utah (Salt Lake City) Registrar's Office, 21 January 1999.

Pamela Sydney Boyles enrolled for college classes in March 1963, the two might have actually started college before they graduated high school in either May or June 1963, before they turned 17 years of age. I got no indication from them that they both had enrolled for classes in France, but again PSHKINS told me that she celebrated her 18th birthday in Paris, and got drunk while wandering its streets. Imagine the feeling of liberation and youthful excess at that time, especially coming from the very conservative, and Mormon, state of Utah.

12-"Alexander the Great meets Destiny in the Shadow of the Sphinx" (June-December 1981)

a-A Hellene on the Road b-The name means sweetness c-Buried in the sands of Fantasy d-A tee-shirt is all I got

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Rod Stewart, 1971

One of the first things that PSHKINS told me about herself was that she had been living in Greece the year before and regaled me with many stories of Greek life, history, mythology, cooking, and travel.

*When you are listening to the stories of accomplished persons, you should listen with deep sincerity, even if it's something about which you know already. If in the listening to the same thing ten or twenty times it happens that you come to an unexpected understanding, that moment will be very special.*⁹⁸

*Walk with a [person] one hundred yards and [they'll] tell you at least seven lies.*⁹⁹

*The Greeks were well aware that rhetoric should be regarded with suspicion.*¹⁰⁰

⁹⁸ Yamamoto, p.88.

⁹⁹ Yamamoto, p.157.

¹⁰⁰ Burkhardt, p.268.

"Pamela" is the Greek word for honey or sweetness, as she related it to me.¹⁰¹

Her departure from Greece was not joyous, as addressed later. Again, much of what follows was unknown to me before December 1998. The imagery borrows from legends and myths.

Alexander the Great was the superior Macedonian warrior king who defeated the Greeks, Persians, and Egyptians, to form a new empire, which eventually split into three parts upon his death. The reference to the Sphinx is tied to something PSHKINS told me later, that she wanted to write a novel called In the **Shadow** of the Sphinx under the pen name "Pamela Trent." The tee-shirt reference is also to a later event. By the way, my cats are named *Alexander the Great*, *Destiny*, and *Oliver*. My beautiful Labrador of 170 lbs., *Popper Johns*, was big enough to be the Sphinx, but he passed away from cancer on 15 October 2007, a date to remember for this tale. On that date, my blood sugar spiked at 400mg, maybe from stress or a memory. For future reference, my *Alexander the Great* was born on 15 April—also remember that date but passed away in 2012.¹⁰²

¹⁰¹ An error on her part, as the name was not originally Greek. The name was made up by Sir Philip Sidney in 1590 for his poem, "*Arcadia*." It consists of the Greek words, "*Pan*" [All], and "*meli*" [honey]. I had fun with that later in one of my music releases, using the "m" for "n" in *Pandemonium*, i.e., *Pamdemonium*. The name was further popularized in Samuel Richardson's 1740 novel *Pamela*.

¹⁰² *Alexander's* first name was "Bagel", but I changed it. There are, however, two implications tied to this work, both on unconscious levels to be considered later. Previously I had owned a cat named *Kashmir*. *Destiny* was rescued after someone threw her as a kitten out of their car window onto a highway. *Oliver* came to my door on Easter Sunday 2000 and after a month remained unclaimed. *Popper Johns* passed away on 15 October 2007, an important date herein. He was originally called *Bob*, but I renamed him in honor of musician John Popper of the blues-rock band, Blues Traveler.

The noted Azerbaijani poet Nizami¹⁰³ was the author of a classical version of Alexander the Great's life. Later, you will find connections between these unrelated threads. But, I can move forward by mentioning that PSHKINS and DSHNO had at one time several "Layla"s in their lives. Intrigued?

13-"I, Cyrus (Lived and Died like Orpheus)" (May-December 1981)

a-Entering the underworld b-A Celtic Amazon invades the Hellas c-Underground, again d-Prayer-Furies hunt Savak e-Discovered f-Prayer, again h-Murder most foul? i-Floating down to the 'Head' waters

Did I not enter marriage as the most self-supporting independent single girl in town? Had I ever let a man pay a penny for my rent? More than anything, my sexuality promoted me as Miss Autonomy. Because he was the mother I'd never had, who only adored me, I remained in that marriage far longer than I should have. Having created Eden, I could not easily leave. No sooner was I married than my look changed. It wasn't simply the more conservative dress and carefully coifed hair, both of which became more matronly without my thinking it through.

Nancy Friday

No one knows the labor my poor heart endures. To dissimulate my grief when I find no pity. The less sympathy in friendship, the more cause for tears. So I make no plaint of my piteous mourning, but laugh when I would rather weep, and without rhyme or rhythm make my songs to conceal my heart.

Christine de Pisan, ca. 1400

We need poetry most at those moments when life astounds us with losses, gains, or celebrations. We need it most when we are most hurt, most happy, most downcast, most jubilant. Poetry is the language we speak in times of greatest need.

Erica Jong

This is where I believe the story is both very interesting, tragic, and of pivotal importance. Pamela had moved to Portland, Oregon, in late 1972,¹⁰⁴ married on Monday 22 January 1973,¹⁰⁵ and divorced on Monday 9 March 1981.¹⁰⁶ By

¹⁰³ Nizami Ganjavi (1141-1209) born in Ganja, Seljuk Empire [now Gyandzha, Azerbaijan], author of "*Leyli o-Mejnun*" (The Story of Leyla and Majnun), a classic Arab-Persian love poem of ca. 1198. The original story dated to the 6th century. The poem was also the influence for the album *Layla and other Assorted Love Songs*. Nizami had also produced an Arab-Persian poem about Alexander the Great, but I had not known about that before 1 August 1998 when "Bagel" first entered my life.

¹⁰⁴ "Revised Form 134 (August 31, 1971), Voter Registration Form", Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) Records, dated 26 April 1974, microfilm copy of "CVRC 1976-1979 R-14".

¹⁰⁵ "Certificate of Marriage, State of Washington, Clark County, B33414", dated 22 January 1973, see http://media.digitalarchives.wa.gov/WA.Media/jpeg/C970203597C056F4913C1525A5C8A2B9_1.jpg as of 22 June 2015. That October, the award winning film "The Way We Were" with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford was released, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0070903/> as of 22 June 2015. It featured a "leftist" and a naval officer.

¹⁰⁶ "Acknowledgement of Service, No. D8009-67404, In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, Department of Domestic Relations, Holley v Holley," filed 12 September 1980. Hereafter "Holley v Holley".

the way, the "I" in this original composition can be more than one person in this story.

She left her job (Taxi Supervisor for the city of Portland) in April 1981.¹⁰⁷ Her divorce settlement was nil (a used car),¹⁰⁸ and based upon my own experience, she must have had to wait thirty or more days to withdraw her retirement (7 years' worth). So sometime in the Spring of 1981, Pamela Sydney Holley flew to Greece (Hellas). She explored Piraeus, but most likely resided in Glyfada, a more upscale (safe) haven for foreigners. During her time there, she met or encountered an Iranian expatriate who apparently was affiliated with SAVAK, the former Shah's hated secret police with thousands of full-time agents and nearly as many part-timers.¹⁰⁹

I do not have the full details at this moment, but somehow he was killed. I don't know if she contributed to his demise, but her story was that she was forced to leave Greece because of some related happenings. I did not know about the SAVAK and the killing, or death, of Cyrus until January 2000. All she told me in 1982 was that she had had a relationship

¹⁰⁷ Via the offices of Portland Mayors Vera Katz (1999) and Tom Potter (2006).

¹⁰⁸ "Holley v Holley".

¹⁰⁹ I have not verified the connection to SAVAK via official sources.

with an Iranian named Cyrus, and that she was forced to leave Greece.

*Late Night Idle Talk.*¹¹⁰

She did tell me one night that she feared that his friends might come looking for her. I told her that night that she should spread potato chips around her entrances as a simple burglar alarm. The night she told me that account I could not sleep as I kept expecting to hear gunfire. Is it possible she felt some guilt for his death?

FOR SHAME OF DOING WRONG
Sandy Denny, 1977

The legend of *Orpheus* has it that he lost his beloved *Eurydice* to a snakebite. He was so distraught that he pleaded with the lords of the underworld to return her to the living. He was successful, but told that he could not look upon her until she reached daylight. As he walked into the world, he turned to see if she was all right, but she had not yet reached light. She was cast into the underworld forever.

I used the story to relate Cyrus' tale. This tune starts with *Orpheus* right after he has lost *Eurydice* forever. The Celtic Amazon refers to Pamela, of Irish heritage and tall. She met Cyrus, but he was forced to deal with the issue of restoring the old guard. But either of us could be *Orpheus*.

¹¹⁰ Yamamoto, p.167.

In actuality, there were many assassinations during that period, and the Iranian authorities sent out hit teams to kill its enemies or critics. The *Furies* were sent out by the gods to punish men who had offended them.

*[At least] 7700 Iranian citizens were executed between June 1981 and September 1983.*¹¹¹

If *Cyrus* had been assassinated, one can surmise that his last moments might have been hectic. *Orpheus* suffered a cruel murder, torn asunder by *Bacchae*.

*It is said that even after one's head has been cut off, he can still perform some function.*¹¹²

His head was thrown in the River *Hebrus*, but the gods took pity upon him, after they heard him singing. They restored some life to him. I think in PSHKINS's mind *Cyrus* never died, and lives on in her psyche. One wonders, however, if *Cyrus* had imparted any of *Nizami's* works to PSHKINS. And, I still hear her head singing.

Some of the loveliest love affairs seem doomed from the start and maybe their savor comes from their essential brevity.
Erica Jong

14-"This World's a Life Sentence" (May-December 1981)

This "**Shadow**" refers to Pamela's time in Greece and borrows from a novel I did not know until January 2000 that she had read in Greek. It is a line from *Zorba the Greek*.¹¹³

¹¹¹ 38th Session of the United Nations Human Rights Commission.

¹¹² Yamamoto, p.47.

¹¹³ Kazantzakis, p.3.

The book apparently meant a lot to PSHKINS, but she never relayed its value to me. A treasure we did talk about was Melina Mercouri, especially her work in the film "Never on Sunday". PSHKINS also expressed joy at Mercouri's appointment to the position of Minister of Arts in the first Andreas Papandreu government.

15- "'Woman's an Incomprehensible Thing,' she read in Greek" (May-December 1981)

Woman is the confusion of man, an insatiable beast, a continuous anxiety, an incessant warfare, a daily ruin, a house of tempest.
Barbara Tuchman

This "**Shadow**" is also drawn from Zorba¹¹⁴ and the opening pipes are reflective of Greek life. Apparently, PSHKINS apparently quoted this line in Greek while living in Coronado for months before we became lovers. She may have quoted it to two other persons in 1982, but never to me.

The following song also reflects on her effect upon men (like Iranians and Puerto Ricans, perhaps?).

AMERICAN WOMAN
Guess Who, 1970

16- "Gypsy Blues" (December 1981-October 1982) solo performance by Romana Cleph

This "**Shadow**" reflects the observation by one of her close acquaintances at the time that "she had nothing to do"

¹¹⁴ Kazantzakis, p.88.

when she lived in Coronado in 1982.¹¹⁵ I believed, originally, Cyrus had been killed by no later than December 1981, as that was the period she told me about her "deportation." She seemed to be wandering like *Dido*, based upon reports from that acquaintance who reported that she had had nothing better to do during that time in Coronado, except carry the baggage of his death.

The lyrics to the song below seem to carry some weight, for if you were to search for any public records which proved that in 1982 PSHKINS had ever lived in Coronado, it would be somewhat frustrating and nearly impossible.¹¹⁶ One can, however, find such records for me.¹¹⁷

GYPSY (OF A STRANGE AND DISTANT TIME)
Moody Blues, 1969

17-"Remembering Coronado when Herodotus was Ascendant" (Friday 1 January-Thursday 27 May 1982)

a-Cronus cast a spell... b-Not an ordinary world c-Vacuum of the heart d-That you won't forget...

I might be the only person after World War II to have produced any music about Coronado, California, a pseudo-island paradise bounded by ocean and bay. If you have never visited that place, I can describe it only as a near heaven on earth.

¹¹⁵ 19 January 2000 letter to Rivera from XXX.

¹¹⁶ "Marriage License, State of Nevada, County of Clark, No. B 441515", time-stamped 16 May 1983 at 317pm 1983, from the Clark County clerk. I did not obtain a copy of the license until April 2001 and then noted that it had a number of errors. The clerk reported my date of birth as 6 April vice 16 April and PSHKINS reported her date of divorce from Ronald as 9 March 1981. It does note Coronado as our home, and they mailed the certificate there.

¹¹⁷ The 1983 and 1984 versions of The Haines Criss-Cross Directory for South San Diego list me under "1ST ST 92118 CORONADO", p.1. The apartment number is not listed but my phone number was (619) 435-2550. Residency was listed alphabetically and data includes: name, address, zip code, phone number, first year listed (length of residency), see <http://www.haines.com/ccdir1.htm>, as of 12 November 2011.

Close to the water, isolated from the mainstream of life, I used it as a refuge in 1982.

The title song below comes from a Genesis album, which I first encountered in 1981 and really focused upon its music and lyrics. The main character's name is RAEL, slightly removed from RAFAEL, but no, it is not about me. After you read this source,¹¹⁸ you may ask, "Was I a sacrificial lamb?"

PSHKINS also used Coronado as a refuge. I know now how Adam and Eve felt upon their expulsion from Eden. The original tune reflects almost all that I could hear from my perch. The sounds are accurate.

What is beautiful is good!

Beware of women!
Nikos Kazantzakis

Women are invariably deceivers, inconstant, unscrupulous, quarrelsome, lecherous, shameless, although not necessarily all at once.
Barbara Tuchman

*Have you noticed that everything good in this world is an intention of the devil? Pretty women, spring, wine—the devil made them all!*¹¹⁹

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE
Moody Blues, 1972

I had a bachelor's degree in history (1978).¹²⁰ Herodotus was a historian during the golden age of Athens (5th century BC). I had entered 1982 determined to have a year better year

¹¹⁸ <http://www.rawbw.com/~marka/music/lamb.html>, last accessed on 26 October 2006. The examination is based upon the writings of Scott McMahan and his [Genesis Discography](#). It is a fan's compendium of information about the band. Some of the material you'll find includes: Information on band members, a brief history of Genesis, explanation of Elements in Songs (literary, historical, mythological), "The Annotated Lamb Lies Down on Broadway". It is now at <http://www.bloovis.com/music/lamb.html>, as of 24 June 2015. One also finds the PDF at <http://cyberreviews.skwc.com/genesis.html>, as of 22 June 2015.

¹¹⁹ Kazantzakis, p.213. Kazantzakis (February 18, 1883 – October 26, 1957) was a very controversial Greek author, whose classic novel [Zorba the Greek](#) plays a major role in this account. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nikos_Kazantzakis, as of 22 June 2015.

¹²⁰ I earned an Associate's Degree from Columbus College [now Columbus State University] Georgia, in August 1977, and then went on to receive my Bachelor's Degree in History at the same school in August 1978.

than 1981. That included a rocky relationship and a desire to reshape myself physically and lose a few pounds.

During my first months in Coronado (1 January-31 May 1981),¹²¹ I lived at the Officers' Quarters at the Amphibious Base, Coronado.¹²² I loved the island—I almost never ever left it as nearly everything I required could be found there.

During my deployment (1 June-21 October 1981)¹²³ I knew LADNER and I were not to be, but found a new joy. I met an Australian bird by the name of Joy "McT" the first day.

DIARY ENTRIES¹²⁴ : The brackets represent recent annotations .

Sunday 30 August 1981-Pulled into Brisbane, Australia-Cold-Joy McT

[Winter's effects were still punishing Australia. I met Joy at an Australian-American Friendship League function, but could not get her alone. One thing of note from back then was that Australian men seemed to place their female companions lower than their mates (best friends), rugby, or cars. It seemed like American men, with their lusty appetites, money, and adventurous spirits, were considered top candidates for romance and other things. Hey, I wasn't going to turn down the opportunity to go down under "Down under."]

Monday 31 August 1981-Went to a disco-Joy

[I finally got to spend some time alone with Joy that evening and was able to spend time with her over the next few days. I thought we hit it off really well. My ship left Brisbane on 4 September but I managed to stay in contact with Joy after we pulled into Sydney, south of Brisbane.]

Wednesday 9 September 1981-Called Joy, it was nice to hear her voice

[We went back out to sea again for a couple of weeks after that date.]

Saturday 19 September 1981-Thoughts of Brisbane

[I was missing this green-eyed red headed beauty with a knockout body and great voice. I was calling her my "Ms. Australia."]

¹²¹ Certificate of completion for "Surface Warfare Office Basic Course" at the Surface Warfare Officer's School Command, then at Coronado Naval Amphibious Base, dated 8 May 1981. See "BUPERS Orders, 24 Jun 1981", reporting the modification of my 30 March 1981 orders and directing me to the CMS [Communications Materials Security] Custodian course commencing San Diego on 11 May 1981. It ran until noon on Friday 15 May 1981, at which time I drove straight through from there to Columbus, Georgia on leave. Interestingly, an entry on "NAVPERS 1070/613 (Rev. 1-76) ADMINISTRATIVE REMARKS", dated 5(?) May 1981, indicates I had completed an "Eight (8) day" CMS course. At this stage I cannot recall if I attended two separate CMS courses, one for Materials Security, the other for Custodian, but apparently I was transferred to Fleet Training Command on Friday 8 May 1981, "Commanding Officer, Fleet Training Command to Commanding Officer USS Decatur, 22 May 1981," reporting my successful completion of the course "during the period 08 May 81 to 15 May 81." I reported to the Naval Station San Diego the morning of 8 May 1981, so the eight days would have included 8-10 May as well as the actual instruction period of 11-15 May 1981, Rivera service records.

¹²² "DD Form 398 (STATEMENT OF PERSONAL HISTORY)", dated 9 June 1981, Entry 13 (Employment), reports my residence at the "SWOS NAB Coronado, CA" from January 1981 to May 1981, Rivera service records.

¹²³ "BUPERS orders to ENS Carlos R. Rivera, 30 March 1981", directing me to duty onboard USS Decatur. I reported for duty on 4 June 1981 (the ship was in Sasebo, Japan) and relieved a departing officer as Communications Officer, "Ensign Carlos R. Rivera to Commanding Officer, USS Decatur, 29 June 1981", Rivera service records.

¹²⁴ These entries are from the original diary, first begun in April 1979. In a subsequent review of the volume I recalled significant events surrounding the diary but not then referenced. I have added brackets to indicate such annotations.

Thursday 23 September 1981-Called Joy!

[She seemed to be happy to hear from her American bloke. By the way, folks "down under" did not quite understand two common Americanisms. First, they were first upset at any reference to "Brickhouse," and then later to the term "Fox." On the other hand, we liked the phrase "Aussie Bird."]

Monday 12 October 1981-Heard from Joy!

[We had left Sydney on 26 September (and I really didn't expect to deal with any "Sydney" again, in word or in deed). We spent a week in Auckland, New Zealand. From there I called Joy and told her that she should come visit me in San Diego, and she indicated that it was a good idea. By this time, she was able to write me regularly, for the post office could catch our ship in its movements.]

Wednesday 21 October 1981-San Diego

[We returned home after five months. I took three days of leave and visited my parents in Long Beach. I slept for days]

After the stress of that deployment, one of my fellow officers, Jim Clemson, mentioned that he was living in a two-bedroom apartment on the bay in Coronado, and looking for a roommate. I moved in and purchased a stereo system (some of which I still possess), which haunts this story.¹²⁵

DIARY ENTRIES

Monday 2 November 1981-Moved to Coronado

[I didn't have that much to move so it took me just a couple of hours and I had a wonderful location to call home.]

Wednesday 11 November 1981-New system

[I bought a turntable, speakers and stereo "cart" at Dow's in Fashion Valley. My roommate helped me bring it home as my car was still in Georgia. I shared that apartment with Jim Clemson at the end of U-building in the Oakwood Coronado location, though the apartments, on 1st Street, are now called the Coronado Bay Resort Club Apartments. That building was perpendicular to the bay, and my apartment was on the opposing first floor side. It overlooked the parking lot and the path that led to the backside of the building, which faced a boatyard no longer there.¹²⁶ I took some leave at Christmas time and drove my car back to Coronado from Columbus, Georgia. PAMELA J. PALMER of Salt Lake City accompanied me most of the way. I dropped her off in Flagstaff, Arizona, during a bad winter storm. I ended up getting sick. By the time I got to Coronado, I couldn't speak, which seemed a bit "tragic," as I also lost my singing voice forever.]

Sunday 3 January 1982-Missed Joy's call

[Joy had called me in Georgia to wish me Happy New Year, but I was already enroute to Coronado. My roommate had left a message for me saying that she had called both places and would try again.]

Monday 4 January 1982-Joy from Australia (alright)-Laryngitis

[Due to the illness from Arizona, I could barely whisper to Joy. But, she didn't mind and told me that she was working on visiting me in late spring or summer.]

Tuesday 19 January 1982-Joy (wow)-she wants to know if she can stay with me for a few days (hell yes)

[She had managed to get a tour package that would give her a few days with me.]

Tuesday 15 February 1982-HVD Joy

[I get a Valentine's Day telegram from Joy, still in my possession. My shipmates were amazed that Ms. Australia cared and was coming to see me.]

¹²⁵ The 1982 issue of The Haines Criss-Cross Directory for South San Diego lists Clemson, (619) 437-4007, as living on 1527 1st Street, Coronado, p.1. Since it was his name on the lease when I moved in I would not appear until the 1983 issue of the Haines Criss-Cross.

¹²⁶ The boatyard was on Marine Drive, still adjacent to the apartment complex. Marine Engineering and Offshore Services Inc., was in business before I moved there in 1981, and apparently as late as the mid-1990s. The San Diego Union-Tribune, Los Angeles Times, and San Diego Business Journal archives have a number of stories about the facility. The owner was John G. Sawiki, who later pled guilty to federal charges of fraud.

Thursday 22 February 1982-Joy, in Brisbane
[She had gone on a "holiday" and we were able to talk again.
]

I really did not notice PSHKINS before February or March 1982, though she was there by then¹²⁷. At the end of the workday, I would rush home to my sanctuary, turn my stereo on, crash on my large bed covered by a very big blue velour blanket before taking my run. As the unit was often warm, on several occasions I would leave open the sliding door to my patio. I used to see PSHKINS accompanied by a couple (identified later as Geri Shaw and Gordon Hamm who until at least February 1998 lived at U-106, 1527 1st Street).¹²⁸ Initially, I took them for her parents, returning together from either the pool or jacuzzi. I never actually saw them head out. Why did I think that the couple was her parents? Well, PSHKINS was then a bit chunky and the couple seemed older. Something about weight seems to make a woman appear younger at times. I noticed she was a blond, though.

*Blond women have sometimes been imagined as having more fun. Blond is the color of fairy-tale princesses like Cinderella. [Some] estimate[s] [are] that in the U.S. 40 percent of women color their hair blond, a choice women also made in ancient Greece. Some researchers say blondness suggests a childlike appearance.*¹²⁹

¹²⁷ Although she lived in Coronado for the overwhelmingly majority of 1982, she must have remained in Portland, Oregon long enough to make at least one public record listing her as living in Portland in 1982, see AncestryLibrary.com, last accessed on 7 November 2011.

¹²⁸ Phone conversation with Geri Shaw, 25 October 1998. Gordon L. Hamm (4 July 1939-11 October 2007) was found in various public records. That address was listed at AncestryLibrary.com, last accessed on 7 November 2011. See the Social Security Death Index. Also see "Notice of Withdrawal As Attorney of Record", dated 16 June 1988, line 22 to 23 reads "The Petitioner's [Hamm] last known address is 1527 First U-106, Coronado, California, 92118", in "Hamm v Hamm, Case Number D162653, A55201 Dissolution of Marriage", filed 30 April 1981, San Diego County Records, hereafter "Hamm v Hamm". I did find Gordon in the Haines Criss-Cross for 1981 at 1343 Saipan Road on the Naval Amphibious Base. Since he had filed for divorce in April 1981, one takes it that he had lived there the previous year. From that period I recall that Geri worked at the Coronado Bakery (no longer in business) until at least October 1985.

¹²⁹ Cathy Newman, "The Enigma of Beauty," in National Geographic, January 2000, via Ohio State University Electronic Journals Online.

DIARY ENTRY

[February/March-May 1982-I used to see you walking around with Geri and Gordon. I then lived in U-102 with a roommate. At the end of the workday, I used to stretch out on my bed and play the music really loud to wind down from the stress. I had thought then that Geri and Gordon were your parents, but please don't ever tell them that. It was during that time that I first met your "friend" Thomas Shine. We used to talk in the hot tubs, but he never mentioned you then. It was also during those months that my roommate's girlfriend decided to make herself at home and started taking over the place. So I made the pivotal decision to get a place of my own. I didn't want to move too far, so asked the front office if there was anything in the same building. They said yes, U-210 was an available studio.]

As I had decided to get stronger physically, I started running every day that I was not on duty or at sea. Sea duty, especially extended, can contribute to overall atrophy and weight gain. I would run about two miles or so with a Walkman. I also began, for some reason, a weird diet. My dinner those days were a bag of Doritos and half a bottle of Taylor California Light wine.

*Sea, women, wine, and hard work!*¹³⁰

But, I did tone up. I also acquired an electric guitar, a knock-off Japanese copy of a Gibson Les Paul. It is pictured on "Loses His Mind." Because of my exercise and drinking, I routinely went to bed at 10pm and rose at 6am.

This "**Shadow**" was inspired by two songs and by the sounds of Coronado in 1982. Those sounds included the navy helicopters flying overhead, the ship horns sounding, and the buoy then at the end of "U" building. In 1982 the buoy, long replaced, then had an attached bell and seals would haul themselves out of the water to sun on it. One could hear the sounds of windchimes from a particular apartment in 1982.

¹³⁰ Kazantzakis, p.235.

The first and last parts of it were inspired by the Fleetwood Mac song "**SILVER SPRING.**" Stevie Nicks sings about effect of time upon memory. Cronus was one of the original Titans, the precursors to the Greek gods, but is later identified as Chronos or Time. The middle sections are based upon Duran Duran's "**ORDINARY WORLD,**" where Simon LeBon sings about finding an normal world and suffering from the emptiness of the heart. If you know Coronado, the sounds then are familiar.

SILVER SPRING
Stevie Nicks, 1997

ORDINARY WORLD
Duran Duran, 1993

Here is a good a place as any to introduce a number of happenings that may or may not have influenced any of the primary actors herein. Several of my other female relationships, of all sorts since 1975, have included; CARMEN C., LOUISE W., LADNER L., E. KARNES, DEBBIE M., PAMELA DRUASH, CAROLE M., T. TAYLOR, L. HARTER, and EVELYN J.—focus on the number "6".

Upon graduating from college in 1978, I tried, with some regularity, to date or see older women, as I felt they were much more interesting. I had started seeing LADNER in late 1979, and continued throughout the first part of my active duty days, though it was more of a long-range relationship. Ladner had attended the University of Utah on a scholarship

with the Ballet West group there. Due to some injury, she was forced to withdraw and returned to Columbus, Georgia, where I met her.

During the course of a non-exclusive relationship, she and I grew apart, and during my first deployment (1 June-22 October 1981) I knew that things were not going to be improving. On Christmas Day 1981 I went over to her house, intent on ending this affair, and met a visitor from Salt Lake City. PAMELA J. PALMER was her best friend, and accompanied me on my drive west. I never expected to deal with a PAMELA from Salt Lake City ever again.

TAKE ME AWAY
Sandy Denny, 1977

18-"The Pharaoh DSHNO's Missing Part" (Monday 1 January-Thursday 28 May 1982)

a-So firm, so round, so fully packed b-Lost in the desert of Sea c-Bitten by the Itsy Bitsy Spider

Yes, that's my voice. I play the guitar and slide on this "Shadow".

**Oh, that itsy bitsy spider
Did crawl up that water spout
Down came the rain
And washed the spider out
Then ol' man sun
Dried that spider out
And the itsy bitsy spider
Gave it another try.**

Osiris was a legendary Egyptian figure who was murdered, cut up into 14 pieces, and distributed throughout the desert countryside. His wife *Isis* reconstructed all of him but his penis, which she replaced with a fake one and used it to

impregnate herself. "DSHNO" is what Pamela Sydney Holley used to call me in 1982 but not later (try to guess what it means). The missing part herein is not a phallus—can you decide what it was?

One thing that captured my heart was Pam's singing, and singing voice.¹³¹ She sang tunes I had never ever heard before, whether due to culture, environment, or upbringing, but this love of music was likely spurred by her father. She introduced me to the phrase—"So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed." That was originally the motto for "Lucky Strikes" cigarettes and predated Pamela's birth. Rumor has it that Mae West and her ample cleavage was so described, and that the navy's "Mae West" life preservers were named in her honor. PSHKINS used it to describe my ass, but I can't be sure if that was only because I was running every day that I could.

The phrase was the slogan for Lucky Strikes and used in a 1945 Daffy Duck cartoon, and then used in a top country song by Merle Travis. "**SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED**" used a variety of commercials well known to consumers, and includes the use of the word "**gal**".¹³² The song was a big hit in 1947. It was also used on television in the 1950s. I suspect that is

¹³¹ See Linda Phyllis Austern, "'Sing Again Syren': The Female Musician and Sexual Enchantment in Elizabethan Life and Literature," *Renaissance Quarterly* 42 (Nr. 3, Autumn 1989), pp.420-448, passim. I had not previously given much thought to the seductive powers of Pamela and her singing, but interestingly enough, it seems that many of her acquaintances did not know she was a singer, per se.

¹³²Merle Travis, Eddie Kirk, and Cliffie Stone, 1946, were co-writers of the song.

where she first heard it, as she would have been too young when it came out.

**So round, so firm, so fully packed
That's my gal**

**If you don't think she's a lot of fun
just ask the man who owns one
So round, so firm, so fully packed
That's my gal**

**She's got the look
that's so impressive
she's got the pause
that's so refreshing
So round, so firm, so fully packed
That's my gal**

"**ITSY BITSY SPIDER**" was unknown to me in 1982. Though it is a childhood ditty, my parents were Puerto Rican, and most likely not exposed to that tune. I grew up in a military environment, and do not recall it.

**The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the waterspout
Down came the rain and washed the spider out
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
And the itsy bitsy spider climbed up the spout again**

PSHKINS did not believe me, and regaled me with it on a regular basis. Another ditty I had not ever heard or recalled is the famous "**I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT.**" She used to do the "dance" while singing. I found it charming and romantic to have this woman share that part of her personality. Pam also used to sing the "**HOWDY DOODY**" show theme song.

In June 1987, I heard a version of what Pam would call the "**Spider Song**". Carly Simon meshed it with another song about love. It described part of the story herein.

COMING AROUND AGAIN
Carly Simon, 1986

19-"Mudgirl" (Sunday 14-Monday 15 March 1982)

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday evening-Monday morning 14-15 March 1982-"Penthouse Sunday"

Did I tell you that there was a lot of *Clouds and Rain* going on in Coronado, and much so at the complex? Later, my next door neighbor, a young enlisted woman, used to routinely get in loud fights with her boyfriend, and then loudly make up. At times I would have to put my boom-box next to the wall and turn it up, as our "bedrooms" were on the opposite side of the same wall. The standing joke was that the grounds crew routinely cleaned the dirty foam out of the jacuzzis. Apparently, fun things were going on after I would normally hit the sack at 10pm.

Why is this called "Mudgirl"? Well, during this period, I was ashore for six weeks while attending a navy school.¹³³ Anyway, on this Sunday night, I was alone in my apartment with the Santana album Caravanserai on the stereo and working on a model of the U.S.S. Constitution. Over the crickets that can be heard on the opening of the Santana album, I kept hearing a noise, and determined that it was coming from my porch. I checked and found a disheveled young woman there. She told me that she had had a fight with her boyfriend. He had pushed her

¹³³ "Entry 14 [Military Education]" of my "DD214 Form 1 Jul 79 (Certificate of Release or Discharge from Active Duty)", effective 1 April 1985, reports my completion of the Communications Officer School of 6 weeks in April 1982. I was still in school in mid-April 1982 so the school probably started in mid to late March 1982.

into the mud, and left her on the island to fend for herself. She asked if she could come in to clean up. I let her in and she went to clean up in the bathroom.

A few minutes later, she came out wearing my bathrobe and said that her clothes were dirty and would require some time to dry. She then asked if she could sit next to me to keep warm. Hey, I was a red-blooded American naval officer. Anyway, after a number of overtures on her part, we ended up in bed. I had not known that my roommate had given his girlfriend a key to the place. At 6am or so, Jim's girlfriend comes in, and as I had not closed the bedroom door and my guest and I were still nude, she caught us *en flagrante*.¹³⁴ I was due at class by 8am but stopped by the ship to get my mail first. Apparently Jim's girlfriend had told him about her encounter. As I boarded the ship, a number of my fellow officers and crewmembers kidded me about the event. To this day, I cannot remember if the "Mudgirl" had ever told me her own name.

Around this time, I had made the acquaintance of a retired naval officer who lived at Oakwood. Thomas A. Shine,

¹³⁴ One legal case dealing with privacy seemed to hold that the description of specific sexual acts between one person and another might violate common law, vis-à-vis, the disclosure of private facts at one level. That is, describing the particular sex act persons were engaged in may violate common law, per the decision. However, one might consider that describing acts not engaged in would seem to be completely within the ruling since no true disclosure was being made. In addition, specific descriptions of sexual acts in "one night stands" seem to be exempt from offensiveness, as are very short term affairs with no emotional components. Finally, descriptions of specific sexual acts may be exempt by context...if one subject denies not only sexual activity but any specific sexual activity of one kind or another.

Jr., Commander, USN (ret.)¹³⁵ was a regular at the pool and jacuzzi areas. We would meet there after I ran my two miles and consumed my special diet. He was noticeable because he usually carried a bottle of Killian's Irish Red beer with him.

There is one more event in this period, which touches in part upon this "**mystery**". In April, I flew home to Columbus, Georgia for a weekend visit with my brother. I got in late, and while getting dinner at "Burger King", heard a voice tell me to drive by Ladner's as she would be outside. Ascribing it to my exhaustion, I ignored the voice, but it insisted on repeating itself. I drove by Ladner's house and she was standing outside looking for her cat. I was so spooked that I drove off without speaking. She had seen me and wondered why I had not stopped. In any case, I would hear voices once more in my life. In fact, it would happen again within 4 months.

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 2 April 1982-Hop flight into Columbus-"Déjà vu" Cat hunter

Now lest anyone else think that I was the only one with *Clouds and Rain* on the mind, there were others as well. For

¹³⁵ Born 29 July 1933, USNA graduate 1955, retired Commander USN 1975(?), <http://www.zabasearch.com/people/thomas+a+shine/coronado+ca/669530122>, as of 24 June 2015. Tom was a navy dependent who became a naval aviator after graduating from Annapolis. He claimed Coronado as his own home from early on; see the USNA's annual yearbook "The Lucky Bag" for the class of 1955, p.482. Apparently, he was a party animal. Still residing in Coronado, one can find historical and present details, see <http://www.usna.com/classes/1955/company.html> (Shine was a member of the 6th Battalion, 21st Company), and http://www.usna.com/classes/1955/50_years_later/Reunion/21st_Co_50th_Reunion.html, both last accessed 12 November 2011. One can also find various photographs at <http://www.usna.com/classes/1955>, last accessed on 12 November 2011. I found images of Shine were available earlier via Google, see <http://members.aol.com/usna1955/SpringPartyinCoronado/2004CoronadoSpringParty.html>, last accessed on 17 November 2006. He has been cited in the San Diego press, see <http://www.signonsandiego.com/news/op-ed/letters/20061003-9999-lz1e3lets.html>, as of 24 June 2015, and http://www.signonsandiego.com/uniontrib/20050105/news_7m5barriers.html, also as of 24 June 2015. He participated in public events, see http://service.govdelivery.com/docs/CACORON/CACORON_1/CACORON_1_20030204_en.htm, last accessed on 12 November 2011, <http://www.freerepublic.com/forum/a3be1feb63b5.htm>, as of 24 June 2015, and http://www.coronado.ca.us/PDFs/SUMMER_BROCHURE_2002.pdf, last accessed on 17 November 2006.

example, in U-206, there was a couple known only as Steve and "Mona." Apparently, the woman would moan the "Steve" during their energetic lovemaking and the folks in U-106 could hear clearly, as Geri and Gordon related the story. In addition, the young enlisted lady by the name of Jill R. living in U-308 was having a prohibited affair with the commanding officer of a ship based at the 32nd Street Naval Station.

DIARY ENTRY

Saturday 5 June 1982-JR porking O-6 [A U.S. Navy captain]

What was very humorous, was that I while was sitting on my porch nearly every evening, she and the captain would put on a show, perhaps unwittingly, but still a show. Now, her apartment was one up and one over. So, how did I know what was going on? On that side of "U" Building then stood a group of trees which often bore large leaves. Jill and her paramour would stand in her apartment many times during their sessions. If she failed to turn off the lights in her place, then the two would be back-lit on the tree leaves very clearly. I don't know if anyone ever told them about that, but it was interesting. Yes, that made me a voyeur. I wonder, for PSHKINS must have had nearly the same view from her own patio.

20-“Bodyguard of Lies?” (Monday 22 January 1973–Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-Innocence weakened b-Spying the samurai by the water's edge c-A history of Hellenic lies d-Plotting intrigue
e-Tempting the samurai by the water's edge f-Betraying the samurai by the water's edge

Liberty is the right not to lie.
Albert Camus

EYES OF A CHILD, Part 1
Moody Blues, 1969

Pamela wed Ronald D. Holley in January 1973,¹³⁶ and filed for divorce in September 1980. She met with the court on 15 December 1980, the very same day I happened to be leaving Portland for Coronado. The court granted her request on 31 December 1980.¹³⁷ It is a bitter-sweet moment, as the top song was John Lennon's "**FEELS LIKE STARTING OVER**". In between those terminal dates, her father passed away February 1978. I can't be certain, but she told me that he had been ill for a very long time. She took so many flights to visit him in California that the flight attendants knew her and the story about her father. I didn't know until then if he had had cancer or some other disease,¹³⁸ but in an ironic moment of history, the

¹³⁶ Born 8 March 1947. I found his Gresham, Oregon address also listed on www.zabasearch.com, last accessed on 12 November 2011. Also see AncestryLibrary.com, as of 9 July 2015.

¹³⁷ "Holley v Holley".

¹³⁸ The Livermore (California) Public Library obituary was in the [Tri-Valley Herald](#), 16 February 1978. He died 15 February of cancer at his home, 7551 Blue Fox Way, San Ramon, California (from the 1978 Livermore telephone directory). The obituary was likely pre-planned as it was published the day after his death. Eldredge is buried in plot "3-53-21", Fairmount Memorial Park, Spokane, Washington, http://mrail.net/data/cemete/wash/spokane/fairmount/b/fairmt_b06.htm, as of 22 June 2015. His marker reads simply:

Eldredge D. Boyles
1915 1978

+

Kirk and Polly were then living in Pleasanton. They got married in 1976. Eldredge had wanted them to wait to get married until they finished higher education. But by their wedding, Polly had only two years of college, see [The Tri-Valley Herald](#), 8 August 1979, p.7.

Strange things keep popping up about the Boyles, Pam, and EIJ. EIJ attended school at Fort Wright (1974-1977) in Spokane and earned a degree at Spokane Falls Community College. Thus, EIJ was likely in the Spokane area and only three miles away from the cemetery. EIJ's mother was born in Columbus, Ohio, but had moved away before Pam was born in Fairview Park.

number one song for the whole month of February 1978 was the Bee Gee's "**STAYING ALIVE**".¹³⁹

She moved to Greece in the Spring or Summer of 1981 and returned to Portland around Christmas 1981. I am the samurai but keep in mind the works of James Clavell.¹⁴⁰ Also based on her comments, PSHKINS had been eyeing me from early on. When we met I was 26, and she told me she 35 years old.

*She is thirty-five, an unhappy age, very difficult! In ten or fifteen years she will be cured.*¹⁴¹

FOREVER YOUNG
Chris Isaak, 1989

So, was I *Anjin-san* and she *Mariko*? More later. By the way, the top song on the Billboard charts the day Pamela and Ronald wed is connected to the story—it's "**YOU'RE SO VAIN**", also sung by Carly Simon (released in 1972) and will make sense later.

¹³⁹ See <http://www.squidoo.com/numberonesongsof1978videoshowcase>, last accessed on 1 February 2012.

¹⁴⁰ James Clavell [Charles Edmund DuMaresq de Clavelle] (1924–1994), screenwriter, director, producer, novelist born in Sydney, Australia. He is remembered for his epic novels and movies of the Far East, *King Rat* (1962), *Taipan* (1966), *Shogun* (1975), and *Noble House* (1981).

¹⁴¹ Kazantzakis, p.173. One might note that in the 1980s one term that may be applicable here did not exist. The term "Cougar"—"women usually in their 30s and 40s, who are financially stable and mentally independent and looking for a younger man to have fun with", in <http://abcnews.go.com/Primetime/Health/story?id=731599>, 5 May 2002, as of 24 June 2015. In addition, "a female, usually between thirty and fifty years-old, who enjoys the sexual company of younger men....Cougars are older and more practiced in the ways of snaring a mate so they will rarely broadcast their intentions to sleep with you...It is this elusive behavior that earns her the name 'Cougar'" in <http://www.urbandictionary.com>. One might recognize that the term is subject to changes as circumstances provide, especially in the area of financial independence and mental stability.

21-“Were You Looking for Another Cyrus and Found Instead a Guitar Playing Latin Lover Named Ned Racine?” (March-October 1982)

*An adolescent without an older lover is the same as a woman without a husband.*¹⁴²

Upon her return to the United States, Pamela settled first back in Portland. It seems most likely that Geri Shaw persuaded Pamela to move to Coronado sometime that winter (21 December 1981-21 March 1982). That would be around the time I first saw her. If what is known about her time in Greece is completely true, than she returned with baggage—a broken heart, devastation, and, perhaps, even some guilt. If you recognize the name “Ned Racine” then you are on the way to partly solving the **mystery**.

A Warner Brothers Film *Body Heat* (1981) written/directed by Lawrence Kasdan, cinematography by Richard H. Kline, editing by Carol Littleton, music by John Barry, starring William Hurt (Ned Racine), Kathleen Turner (Matty Walker), Richard Crenna (Edmund Walker), Ted Danson (Ass. D.A. Lowenstein), Mickey Rourke (Teddy), Kim Zimmer (Mary Ann), J.A. Preston (Oscar).

sex and identity

Are you who you really say you are? Are you living under an assumed identity? Such identity masking is usually the cover-up for a crime, but in *Body Heat* it's the prelude to a crime. Yet the question of identity goes well beyond such maudlin pursuits as greed and fast money. The architecture of fantasy is sex. And the femme fatale is the architect.

Ned Racine (Hurt) is a thirty something lawyer working the seedy side of the street in Miranda Beach, Florida. You first see him standing on a small balcony looking at a column of fire in the distance as a casual lover dresses and banter in the room behind. He's naked from the waist up, his slender body sweating from the tropical heat. He assumes the fire is arson, a real-estate swindle. “History is burning up out here,” he says, and you sense that he is the cynical post-modern replacement... even if his Creole name and the fact that he grew up here suggests otherwise.

Racine is presented not so much as careless as casual. As a single male, his slow talking sensuality and hip cynicism mark him as a man whose first priority is sex, his second, business. While he's a womanizer, you don't get the feeling that he's an abuser or a crook. He's just an opportunist, a drifter in search of something he has yet to define. “Next time you come into my courtroom, I hope you've got a better defense... or a better class of client,” says the judge in his reprimand. So perhaps when Racine encounters Matty (Turner) that evening at the concert down on the beach, he's following the judge's advice, moving up from his waitresses and female cops into a higher class of lover.

And who would think that this encounter was anything other than chance? As usual, it's lust at first sight. An elegant woman in summer white leaves her seat near the stage, walks slowly towards where he stands on the boardwalk overlooking the beach. She pauses for air, leans on the railing. He moves in swiftly like the hustler he is. Their exchange is bold, the innuendo sexual. “I'm a married woman,” she says. “You didn't say happily married woman,” he says. He quickly intuits that she's from the upscale Pinehaven neighborhood and just as quickly seems to be in control of the situation. He buys her a Cherry float...she spills it on her dress. He takes the cup from her, heads for the can to dump it. “Don't you want to lick it?” she says. When he returns, she's gone.

¹⁴² Yamamoto, p.58.

Matty is a woman on the nub of discontent. The grass widow of a shady businessman who only comes home on the weekend, her elegant body unmarred by children or bad diet, her restlessness is the classic signature of the neglected woman. Or so it seems to Ned as he hunts her down in Pinehaven and begins a raunchy affair under the chimes that move softly in the sea air, seem to represent the *mystery* of this exciting woman. They screw here, they screw there, they screw like humans, they screw like animals... and so how long can it be before they're scheming to get rid of her husband? "He's small... and mean... and weak," says Matty. Later, as they lie on the beach under the stars, she says, "I'm afraid...because when I think about it, I wish he'd die." And Ned, greedy and pussy-whipped, says, "It's what we both want."

noir, sex and the totemic woman

Matty's manipulation of events is standard for the film noir genre, of which *Body Heat* is the redefining drama of the post black and white era. At first you think of *Double Indemnity* as its ideological model, but in many ways *Body Heat* is closer to Hitchcock's transitional noir masterpiece *Vertigo*, as Matty Walker's deception uses masquerade as a form of totemic sexual hypnosis. Like Hitchcock's detective, Kasdan's Ned Racine is pursuing a woman who is masquerading as an ideal when in fact she is anything but. The similarity is also atmospheric, as John Barry's beautiful score is clearly in the dream sonata tradition of Bernard Herrmann's *Vertigo* theme. There are differences, of course, the main one being that Hitchcock's fatale (Kim Novak) is the agent of another man while Matty is strictly the author of her own agenda. In this regard, she is like Phyllis Dietrichson in *Double Indemnity*.

Matty insinuates the problem, then suggests the solution though Ned thinks the solution is his. While the death-fight with Edmund in the hall of his home is a fitting parody of Ned's first sex with Matty, the disposal of his body by arson bomb in the abandoned beachfront club The Breakers is sublime. The method is crude, yet the desired insinuation is that Walker died as part of an on-going real-estate scam engineered by the shadowy criminal investors with whom he's associated. Yet even Teddy (Rourke) the bomb maker and client warns Ned against this audacious act. "Don't do it," says Teddy. Cut to: a slow pan along Matty's legs, ass-naked reclining body. "Don't do it...." Sure. "Next time I see you," says Ned to Matty, "he'll be dead."

As per all *film noir*, the woman's patsy must be an expert. What's interesting about *Body Heat* is that Ned Racine is chosen not only because he's an expert but also a fuckup. The criminal rewriting of Edmund Walker's will requires an expert, of course, but also one who might make the mistake essential for Matty's plan to be fully realized. For the perfect crime, perfection must interact with its silhouette, imperfection. So it is that Ned thinks he's a partner in the grand deception when in reality he's merely a part. Yet, why doesn't he recognize this before it's too late?

When an accidental encounter with Matty and her husband at a local restaurant turns into wine, dinner and conversation, you recognize that Ned is perhaps a junior version of Edmund. "I was a lawyer," says Edmund. "Don't practice anymore." Edmund goes on to mock the man Matty was with before they got married. "You wouldn't believe the dork she was with," he says. "Tries to make it with one score... but can't do what's necessary." Ned nods slowly, says, "Yeah, I know that kinda guy... I hate that kind." Then he smiles, adds, "I'm a lot like that." Both men laugh but neither, in fact, recognizes the true extent of their tragic symbiosis.

The police know that Edmund Walker was murdered and Racine knows they know, as he's a buddy of Lowenstein, the Assistant D.A. (Danson), and Oscar (Preston), the investigating cop. He's warned to stay away from Matty but, convinced that he has what it takes "to do what's necessary", he boldly continues his affair with the new widow—after all, she is his client. But when he discovers that she tampered with the will that he forged in such a way that the mistake makes her the sole heir of her husband's estate, he's so whipped he fails to see the fall before it happens. "I love you," she says... and she bought him a fedora, didn't she? Here the director Kasdan makes a sly allusion to the blind love chump Walter Neff in *Double Indemnity*, another "expert" with a fedora.

During the affair, certain incidents threaten to spoil their idyllic repose. Ned and Matty are caught in a sexual act by Heather, Matty's young niece... but when the critical moment comes, the niece fails to identify the man with the erection. More significant is the disappearance of Edmund Walker's glasses, which later factor as blackmail and the setup for Racine's elimination. Vaguely symbolic, Walker's glasses become both the talisman of death and male myopia.

As the story plot is synonymous with Matty's plot and this plot is both complex and sophisticated, understanding just what happens and how it affects Racine's disintegration isn't always easy. For example, you know that while Racine screwed up a previous will (the Gurson case) you wonder if in fact he screwed up the Edmund Walker forgery or if the devious Matty tampered with it to play on Racine's history of incompetence. Her admission, when it comes, can slip past you in the heat. Either way, of course, Edmund Walker's will becomes invalid and in Florida "in testate" means the widow gets everything.

Part of the will deposition is the "missing witness" factor, which also figures significantly in the action and the crunching ironies of the ending. The witness is Matty's friend Mary Anne Simpson, now absent, supposedly on holiday in Europe. Somewhere in here Mary Ann is supposedly murdered by Matty and her body stashed in the boathouse in anticipation of her lover Racine's death by boobytrap bomb—the same type as Racine used to dispose of Edmund Walker. While the symmetry is neat, you wonder why Matty would use Racine's friend and client Teddy to supply the information for such an act...after all, Teddy picks up the phone and calls Racine...so Racine expects the boathouse to be boobytrapped. Matty has shown herself to be smarter than that. But in the arcane movement of the final sequences, you might overlook such plot conveniences, marvel instead at the sweet irony.

clairvoyance, symmetry and the femme fatale

Incarcerated for two murders, Racine has a moment of clairvoyance, knows instinctively that Matty is still alive. His friend Oscar, the black cop, visits him in prison. "Her teeth, man," Oscar says by way of incontrovertible evidence that Matty died in the boathouse explosion. But Racine has it figured out: Matty is a masquerade. She has switched identities with her high school friend and is really Mary Ann Simpson. So naturally Matty (Walker) Tyler's teeth are found. "Matty sees a way to get rid of us both at once... two killers, dead."

The symmetry is indeed a thing of beauty—just like the fatal allure of the femme fatale herself. This symmetry forms the visual logic of the climactic scene, in fact. As Matty a.k.a. Mary Ann stops on the grassy fairway near the boathouse you see Racine in the distance and beyond him Oscar the cop, the three characters arranged like markers on a moral map. Matty is wearing the same close-fitting white dress she had on the first night she and Racine met. She stops, isolated like a white flame in the darkness. "Whatever happens," she calls. "You must believe that I love you. " Relentless? A person who could do whatever was necessary? Better believe it.

The performances in *Body Heat* are superb, from the principals to the secondaries. Ted Danson as the friend and Assistant D.A. who lives vicariously off Racine's sexual exploits and whose nature is so whimsical that he dances across parking lots and piers as one might doodle is a classic example of movie minimalism and the art of characterization. But Hurt and Turner as the reckless lovers are a thing apart, beautiful and crude, sexed and unhinged, just like their generation.¹⁴³

Now I wonder if what she sang to me one night was more to her liking:

BIG SPENDER
Dorothy Fields, 1966

22—"Tired of Being Alone?" (April-June 1982)

*A fickle person will not enter deeply into a relationship and later abandons their lover.*¹⁴⁴

DIARY ENTRIES

Wednesday 7 April 1982-T Taylor, Miramar, Red Hair

[Some of the other officers in the class I was taking and I went to a dance club at what was then Miramar Naval Air Station, (of Top Gun fame). During the evening, I hit upon this beautiful lithe redhead, T. Taylor. She seemed amenable to going out, and what made it even "exciting" was that her father was a captain in the navy. The next day, the other officers were making jokes about career enhancing girlfriends. We started going out the next week.]

Tuesday 13 April 1982-Pizza and Skating

[I figured a good safe date would impress her old man. I recall that night she made an observation, which in light of later events seemed curious and/or funny. I wear a size 9 shoe. She said I had small feet. I bet she would never remember that comment, as she never made that comment again and we did continue to "date" over the next month or so.]

This is inspired by the old Al Green tune (1971). T.

Taylor was this petite redhead who seemed to have energy for a great number of physical pursuits. But, both of us were often so tired and she lived very far away (in northern San Diego) that we were done by 9pm.

¹⁴³ Lawrence Russell, <http://www.culturecourt.com/F/Noir/BodyHeat.htm>, as of 22 June 2015, and used by his kind permission, Russell to Rivera, email, 11 October 2006.

¹⁴⁴ Yamamoto, p.58.

At that point, I didn't mind pursuing, if possible, just any physical relationship and met the companion of another naval officer. LAURIE was this blue-eyed dark haired beauty, and she seemed like she was interested in pursuing just a physical relationship. Yes, I know, but hey, did I mention I was red blooded? By this time, I had had enough of my roommates' girlfriend, who had pretty much moved in. On Sunday May 23, I moved into a studio unit on the backside of U building-U210. This was also the last week that T. Taylor and I got together. I had mentioned to Tom Shine that I had moved into U210, and he asked if I had met a friend of his by the name of Pamela, whom he found very interesting. I told him that I had not yet seen or met her since I was unaware of whom he was describing. I was pretty busy and not pursuing a committed relationship at that point in my life.

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 23 May 1982-New ap[artment]

[It was during the week that Tom Shine asked if I knew who you were, and mentioned that you lived in the apartment beneath mine. I believe that at this time he was fishing for info as he kept asking me about you, as if I had been watching you or something like that.]

23-"Oakwood U110" (Friday 359 pm 28 May 1982)

a-Pita, not pity b-Atalanta tempted c-Dido eavesdropping on a seduction in the sky

Ok, this was a Friday (check the calendar). I got off of work early and came back to my bayside sanctuary. Around 2pm I ran into LAURIE. She said her boyfriend was not getting in until 5pm and I suggested that we meet at my apartment for wine and anything else. The Pita is a type of bread used in

gyros, a lamb sandwich, which I had not consumed before 28 May 1982. Me, again, on guitar, inspired by George Harrison.

ISN'T IT A PITY
George Harrison, 1970

*Atalanta, do not marry; marriage will be your ruin.*¹⁴⁵

Atalanta was a legendary goddess who was warned not to marry, for she would destroy her husband. Any suitor who wanted her hand had to first beat her in a footrace. But, she was fleet of foot, and as she overtook her suitor, would spear him to death. One suitor asked for divine assistance, granted in the form of three golden apples. During the race he dropped the apples at various times and prevailed in his quest.

*Unhappy Dido was thy fate in first and second married state! One [men] caused thy flight by dying, thy death the other by flying.*¹⁴⁶

Dido was also a legendary figure who ruled over Carthage during the time of the Trojan War. The name *Dido* also implies a wanderer, like in Dion's 1962 hit tune "**The Wanderer**".

*That restless wanderer, love's eternal nomad.*¹⁴⁷

Dido fell in love with *Aeneas*, a Trojan who had survived the destruction of the city of Troy. When he left Carthage to found Rome, *Dido* threw herself into the sea in grief. Was I set up for the kill? Who knows? But, PSHKINS could hear what was going on "in the sky," my patio.

¹⁴⁵ Thomas Bulfinch, *Bulfinch's Mythology: The Age of Fable or Stories of Gods and Heroes*, 1855, http://ancienthistory.about.com/library/bl/bl_text_bulfinch_18b.htm, as of 22 June 2015.

¹⁴⁶ Bulfinch, <http://classiclitt.about.com/library/bl-etexts/tbulfinch/bl-tbulfinch-age-31.htm>, as of 2 June 2015.

¹⁴⁷ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.245.

24-"Oakwood U210" (Friday 359pm 28 May 1982)

a-Blue Eyes b-Dionysus waning c-Blue Eyes again d-Alcyone revives Dionysus

*We drink one little glass of wine and the world goes haywire.*¹⁴⁸

As I was intent on bedding LAURIE, I raised the subject. She was quite amenable and got graphic about her affection for *SIPPING FROM THE VAST SPRING*--the receiving end of it. She was explicit about technique and her own physical reaction to the process. At this point, my limited supply of wine (*Dionysus*=Greek god of wine) was running out, and "Blue Eyes" indicated that without re-supply my passions would go unmet.

At this point, I stood up on my porch. Next I spotted a woman slowly departing from the apartment beneath mine. *Alcyone* is a Greek figure who could bring death to the living and life to the dead.

Later PSHKINS told me that she could hear the seductive talk and got embarrassed, which is why she left her apartment. One gets from Otis Redding's "**Hard To Handle**" is natural here.

25-"2 Guitars at 4pm" (Friday 28 May 1982)

a-Passion or Coincidence? b-Two voices joined Greek-style c-Eros vs Storge

I remember this so clearly. I asked the woman if she had any wine, to which she replied yes. I asked her if she would join us, as I didn't think it too polite to borrow wine from her and leave it at that. She came up and sat between Laurie

¹⁴⁸ Kazantzakis, p.37.

and me. She introduced herself as Pamela Holley. At that point I realized that she was Tom Shine's friend.

We spent about an hour conversing and drinking. Laurie's boyfriend was due in at 5pm and I knew that nothing further would occur that evening. As I planned to run my two miles, and had a duty day beginning the next morning, we called it a night. I am sure that the soonest that I would have spoken with PSHKINS again would have been no earlier than noon Sunday May 30 1982 (Memorial Day weekend).

Now, I can quite nearly speculate as to what happened with Pam after she left my apartment at 5pm. She most likely went down to Geri's and talked about Gordon's pending divorce. He had a court date that very morning at 8am at which his soon to be ex-wife did not appear.¹⁴⁹

Passion or Coincidence is drawn from Duran Duran's "ORDINARY WORLD" while the reference to Greek-style is tied to rear entry *Clouds and Rain* in the Mediterranean world (details to follow, maybe). In addition, Herodotus wrote about the subject in The Histories. Check out the passage about Pisistratus in Book One.¹⁵⁰

¹⁴⁹ "Minutes" dated 28 May 1982, "Calendar" slip, dated 28 May 1982, and "Interlocutory Judgment of Dissolution of Marriage," dated 15 June 1982, in "Hamm v Hamm".

¹⁵⁰ This is in reference to Megacles' daughter Coesyra, Herodotus (translated by Robin Waterfield), The Histories [Chapter 1.61.1] Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1998, p.26.

Eros and *Storge* are various forms of emotional or physical love in the Greek pantheon. Some love leads to physical consummation, while others range from friendship to platonic to sisterly or brotherly to the divine. The 2 Guitars (me, again) refer to PSHKINS and I, while the shakers refers to Laurie. I used to listen to a lot of Joni Mitchell that year, and this tune seems so close to that day.

COURT AND SPARK
Joni Mitchell, 1974

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 28 May 1982-Wine with "Blue Eyes," would love to ffuck her]-Meet Pamela Holley

[I remember that day so vividly. We got off the ship early to celebrate a friend's promotion. I went home around 1pm to enjoy a sunny Friday. I ran into Laurie [Blue Eyes] who had been exhibiting some interest in getting me in the sack, so to speak. We grabbed a bottle of wine and went up to my patio. After a couple of hours of talk and teasing "foreplay" we ran out of wine. I looked at my watch-4pm--and I recall that at the point I stood up and was about to yell for a wine steward when I spotted you leaving your apartment. I asked if you had any wine, and if you did would you join us. You said yes and came on up, sitting in between Laurie and I. You told me that your name was Pamela Holley. At that point I realized that you were the person that Tom had been asking about. We were there for about an hour and then went to our respective corners.]

BEAUTIFUL STRANGER
Madonna, 1999

You know, for some reason, I was pretty open with PSHKINS. Sometime between 12pm Sunday 30 May and 4pm Wednesday 2 June 1982 I had mentioned to her that my Australian "girlfriend" was coming to visit and stay with me for a few days. I don't think I ever told her about T. TAYLOR, but later would have to suspect that she knew of her in another way.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 2 June 1982-Letter from Brisbane-getting married-no U.S. trip

[Well, Joy had written me to say that she had met someone else and had fallen in love. I remember that, as usual, I spent those spring afternoons on my patio with the stereo blasting. I recall that I saw Pamela and leaned over my railing to say hello and to mention that Joy was not coming.]

26—"Nizami on the Champ d'Elysees with writer's block" (Summer 1962-Spring 1982)

a-Immajnun b-EwerLayla c-On Sylvia's Beach with Norma's rival-Andrea Doria's lover?

I always wanted to mint this currency; to be a "women of letters"—whatever that antique phrase means. I started with poetry because it was direct, immediate, and short. The main theme of poetry is the relations of a man and a woman, rather than those of man and man.

Erica Jong

Nizami is considered the finest interpreter of "Layla and Majnun", an Arab-Persian story of unrequited love and madness, first heard in the 7th century AD. It is the basis for the 1970 Derek & the Dominos' (Eric Clapton) song "**LAYLA**".

Now, this song is of import for several reasons. It features Duane Allman (my musical hero) on slide guitar, and, PSHKINS and I talked about it. She knew about its origins, but perhaps not about its evolution. I played that album often and loudly in 1982. The album's name? Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs.

Majnun grew insane when he fell in love with Layla but she was unable to openly return his love due to social considerations. The lovers were finally united in death. PSHKINS knew of this story, and told me that if she ever got a cat she would name it after the female character in the story. Now, if you know the name "Dan Birnam", you are also on the path to solving some of the **mystery**. That name features in the novel by Charles R. Jackson. PSHKINS told me she wanted to be a writer/poet and spent time in France.

Without resources or relatives, she turned to writing to earn the patronage that must henceforth be her livelihood. She began with poetry, recalling in ballades and rondeaux her happiness and mourning her sorrows.

Barbara Tuchman

I suspect she walked the *Champ d'Elysees*. She told me she liked Sylvia Beach,¹⁵¹ who moved to Paris during World War I and opened a bookstore. Beach backed many writers.

The reference to Andrea Doria is complicated. Bill S. Moulton (15 April 1922-29 December 2010) had survived the sinking of the Andrea Doria in the mid-1950s when it struck the Stockholm. I did confirm that he was a survivor.¹⁵²

I grew to suspect, but could not prove, that Pamela and Bill were much closer than might be appropriate. One evening after drinks, Pamela and Bill had a conversation that implied that Bill was impotent. Bill was a quiet man, but based upon some examination, he might have been a father figure or more in Pamela's life. One song, below, that reflected Pamela's trek is one we both listened to during that spring, summer, and fall. Although it was written about David Geffen, it is relevant for someone from a conservative state like Utah in 1962-1963.

FREE MAN IN PARIS
Joni Mitchell, 1974

¹⁵¹ See Noel Riley Fitch, Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation: A History of Literary Paris in the Twenties and Thirties New York, W.W. Norton, 1983. I gave Pam that book as a Christmas gift after her description of Beach's life. Beach (14 March 1887-5 October 1962) owned the Paris-based bookstore Shakespeare and Co. which became a gathering place for American writers in Paris during the 1920s, including F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway. Beach supported writer James Joyce, author of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Beach had started publishing his Ulysses but serialization was halted in December 1920, after the U.S. Post Office brought obscenity charges.

¹⁵² See <http://www.andreadoria.org/TheSouls/CabinClassE-M.htm>, as of 22 June 2015. Bernice was born in November 1924 and died in October 1986. Bill's details are in Dayton (Ohio) Daily News, 2 and 9 January 2011. Both are found in the Social Security Death Index.

27-"Tell me about..." (Sunday 12pm 30 May-Thursday 10pm 19 August 1982)

a-A Murray Holladay b-Taxicabs in PDX c-The Plaka in Piraeus, Glyfada, and Cyrus

I.

*If I had to single out one quality [for the perfect man], I'd say it was a sense of joy.
Carly Simon*

Over the next few months, PSHKINS would obliquely tell me much about herself. I truly looked forward with relish to those times, on that picnic table by the bay. She had spent some time in Utah. Murray and Holladay are two of the towns she lived in. She also told me about her work in Portland. She worked in a high level job, Taxi supervisor, for the city.¹⁵³ She would often ride with the cabbies and said that they respected her for that. She delighted me in telling me about the various bridges that ran over the Willamette River.

In fact, we discussed the probability that we ate at some of the same restaurants. I had been stationed at Swan Island, Portland, between 21 October and 15 December 1981. I used to eat at several places, including some near Swan Island and some overlooking the Columbia River.

She told me about her political connections in Portland. She had worked for the city under Mayor Neil Goldschmidt¹⁵⁴ and for then- commissioner and later Mayor Frank Ivancie (1924-). The latter had a high sperm count, as he apparently had a

¹⁵³ The 6 November 1975 edition of the Portland Oregonian reported her work for the city of Portland under Ivancie, and the 11 February 1981 and 19 April 1982 editions of the Portland Oregonian identified her as Taxi-Cab supervisor for Portland. Ivancie (19 July 1924-) served as city commissioner (1966-1980) and mayor (1981-1985). Goldschmidt (16 June 1940-) was mayor from 1973-1979.

¹⁵⁴ Pamela is quoted in the Wall Street Journal, 9 August 1979, p.29, regarding Goldschmidt and is identified as a city secretary.

large family. She told me about the day Mount St. Helens blew up, and about the ash that covered everything. She also told me about her last day at work in April 1981. Her coworkers threw her a going away party with some reference to her forthcoming trip to Greece. She said they had put up posters and banners and that some city bigwigs showed up¹⁵⁵. But, the bulk of the discussions by the bay were led by her and were often about Greece.

*The main thing of course must have been the conversation.*¹⁵⁶

Faraway lands were seen through the gauze of fabulous fairy tales revealing an occasional nugget of reality.
Barbara Tuchman

Every evening after I ran, I cooled off by sitting on an old wood picnic table, overlooking the bay, while we exchanged "**WONDEROUS STORIES**", a YES tune from 1976.

II.

Another prevalent detail within adult women's sexual fantasies is intimate talk, the sharing of secrets, hours of words building an erotic bridge to the act of sex. Men don't understand women's fondness for the verbal preamble of hushed conversation before sex, words to build trust, loosening antisex constraints, allowing the door to the cage to open and passion to soar. Little girls lie in bed and tell secrets; big girls want a candlelit dinner, low voices sharing intimacies, and maybe later, romantic music, more words of love that make them wet with longing. Once we were promised we would be loved forever if we were good little girls.

We want our lovers to be more persuasive than our mothers.

Nancy Friday

PSHKINS and I would talk for hours as the sun would not set till late in spring and summer. She regaled me with great stories of Greek history and mythology, society, culture, politics, cuisine, and life.

¹⁵⁵ The 26 April 1981 edition of the Portland Oregonian reported that the party was the previous week at Portland City Hall. Pam received a gold watch and was headed to Greece.

¹⁵⁶ Burkhardt, p.261.

She told me that she had been involved with an Iranian named Cyrus. She was proud that Andreas Papandreou had become the Greek Prime Minister in October 1981. She seemed to know about that event and said Papandreou had been born in Greece, immigrated to Idaho, and become a professor. The way PSHKINS talked it seemed she was familiar with his wife, Margaret.

When Daddy Papandreou, the leader of a local party, died, Junior was recruited. I know there were large demonstrations in the days leading up to the elections of October 1981. I do not know if she took part, but it seems that the rise of a new socialist government might have led to her own challenges.

Recently I checked her account,¹⁵⁷ and found differences.

*When someone is giving you her opinion, you should receive it with deep gratitude even though it is worthless. If one is but secure at the foundation, he will not be pained by departure from minor details or affairs that are not contrary to expectations.*¹⁵⁸

She told me she had been forced to leave Greece after some interrogation. She was not considered fully cooperative in a case the Greeks were investigating. She said she had been met in New York by State Department officials, who took her passport. Her passport was returned sometime before my deployment as I recalled her making some kind of comment to

¹⁵⁷ Andreas Papandreou (1919-1996): Greek academic and politician, the first Socialist prime minister of Greece (1981-1989; 1993-1996). He received his doctoral degree from Harvard University in 1943 and served in the U.S. Navy as a naturalized citizen. He renounced his U.S. citizenship in 1963, when his father became prime minister. In April 1967 the army overthrew the government and installed Georgios Papadopoulos as prime minister. Many officials, including Papandreou, were imprisoned. Following the collapse of military rule in 1974, Papandreou returned to politics and founded the Panhellenic Socialist Movement (Pasok). He was leader of the opposition in parliament from 1977 to 1981. Pasok won in the October 1981 elections and Papandreou became prime minister, on an anti-Western platform.

¹⁵⁸ Yamamoto, p.52 and p.55.

Geri. Again, I did not know until January 2000 that Cyrus had been killed in 1982.

One thing of note, she told me of her concern for her personal safety and I suggested that she spread potato chips around her porch and door as a burglar alarm. That night I could not sleep, as I feared gunfire.

(LAST NIGHT) I DIDN'T GET TO SLEEP AT ALL
The 5th Dimension, 1972

I also remember that she smoked during this period.

There are visions, there are memories
Loreena McKennitt

I happened to mention that I didn't go out with smokers. I can't be certain of the date, but I do recall that she quit smoking within a day or two. I also recall a song she mentioned. She had asked me *before* 21 August 1982 if I had ever heard the 1981 Marty Balin song "**HEARTS.**" I told her no, but did hear it much later. I believe she identified that song with Cyrus. It was released domestically on 13 June 1981, and got to Europe within a month or so reaching its highest chart position on 8 August 1981.¹⁵⁹ By then, she had encountered Cyrus. She never sang it to me but the song's lyrics might prove correct my perceptions about her view of Cyrus.

¹⁵⁹ <http://goodyoldies.com/billboard/1981.htm>, as of 20 November 2011. Pam was most likely in Greece as the song premiered in Europe. Also see [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Balin_\(album\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Balin_(album)), as of 22 June 2015, and Billboard, 4 July 1981, <http://books.google.com/books?id=JiQEAAAAMBAJ&pg=PT29&dq=Billboard+%22Marty+Balin%22+Hearts+1981&hl=en&sa=X&ei=lokpT9P9Loin0AHDloyKBw&ved=0CFgQ6AEwCQ#v=onepage&q&f=false>, as of 22 June 2015. The latter indicates that the record had entered the charts 2 weeks earlier, or, the week of 20 June 1981.

**28-"Building a Romance by the Bay with Donna Summer" (Friday
28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)**

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!

Johnny Mathis, 1957

PSHKINS could hear quite a bit of the music coming from my apartment. That spring and summer I played a lot of disco, electronic, and rock music. I was also trying to learn how to play guitar and spent a lot of time on my patio overlooking the bay, and the city of San Diego. It was/is one of the most favorite moments of my life, sitting there in inner peace with the music and the sun and bay (my hope is to return permanently someday, but most likely it will be in an urn).

One of my favorite tunes was and remains Donna Summer's version of "**MACARTHUR PARK**". I also consider it to be one of the finest love songs ever put to vinyl. Richard Harris reached #2 on the Billboard charts with that song in May 1968 when Pamela was 22 and I was 12, while Donna Summer charted at #1 in 1978 when Pamela was 33 and I was 22. The real MacArthur Park is located on the west side of Wilshire Boulevard between downtown LA and Santa Monica, and is now a haven for drug dealers and illegal aliens. Its lyrics explain emotions, possibly hers and certainly mine, before May 1983.

While I was on my six-month deployment between 1982 and 1983, I know that PSHKINS played that record as well as other Summer's tunes, for all of which she knew the lyrics. From

this perspective, I love the line in the song about never having a "formula" again. The original by Summer is 17 minutes long. The full version is rarely played on the radio. Her revised lyrics express much of the story and what happened between 28 May and 30 October 1982. Pamela Sydney Holley also played the song below while I was deployed (or so she told me).

ON MY HONOR
Donna Summer, 1978

Following is a representative list of songs she could hear from the two apartments I lived in during 1981-1982:

The Moody Blues-"Land of Make Believe", "Out and In", "Eyes of a Child", "I Never Thought I Get To Be 100", "For My Lady", "Candle of Life", "One More Time To Live", "Have You Heard?", "Question", "How Is It We Are Here?", "The Tide Rushes in", "The Balance", "Don't You Feel Small?"; Gary Numan-"M.E.", "Cars"; Donna Summer-"On my honor", "Hot Stuff", "All through the night", "Bad Girls"; Joni Mitchell-"Same Situation", "Help Me", "Court and Spark", "Free Man in Paris", "People's Parties", "Just Like This Train"; Steve Hackett-"Icarus Descending"; Genesis-"Behind The Lines/Duchess/Guide Vocal", "Abacab", "Carpet Crawlers", "Firth of Fifth", "Dodo", "Dancing With The Moonlight Knight", "Afterglow", "Supper's Ready", "Follow Me Follow You", "Me and Sarah Jane"; Allman Brothers Band-"Statesboro Blues", "Dreams", "Stand Back", "Mountain Jam"; David Bowie-"Heroes", "Secret Life of Arabia", "Beauty and the Beast", "Ashes to Ashes", "Teenage Wildlife"; Santana-"La Fuente del Ritmo"; Faces-"Bad n' Ruin", "Three Button Hand Me Down", "Had Me A Real Good Time", "Stay with Me", "Sweet Lady Mary"; Michael Rutherford-"At the End of the day"; Jon Anderson-"State of Independence", "Qo quaq en transic/naon"; Yes-"Turn of the Century", "Awaken", "And You and I"; Elton John-"Saturday Night's Alright", "Funeral for a Friend-Love Lies Bleeding", "Candle in the Wind"; Rod Stewart-"Every Picture Tells a story", "Gasoline Alley", "Cut Across Shorty", "It's All Over Now"; Derek and the Dominos-"Layla", "Anyday", "It's Got To Get Better In A Little While"; Larry Fast-"Delta Four"; Blue Jays-"This Morning", "My Brother", "Remember Me My Friend"; Little River Band-"Cool Change"; Duane Allman (on guitar)-"Walk on Gilded Splinters", "Loan Me a Dime", "Happily Married Man", "Living on the Open Road", "Just Ain't Fair", "Hey Jude", "The Weight", "Please Be with Me", "Matchbox", "Come on in My Kitchen", "Games People Play", "Soul Shake", "Shake for Me", "Rollin' Stone"; Rolling Stones-"Can't You Hear Me Knocking", "Tumbling Dice"; Supertramp-"Give a Little Bit".

29-"Were you always wishing that Cyrus had lived and DSHNO had...?" (Friday 28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-I'll go on while you get older b-I'll go on while you get colder c-But, I was never a steel remington nor a dexter of dynasty

I have to admit creating this piece was very emotionally painful. How would one feel if the person they were in love with might have been pining for a dead lover? Later, upon

reflection, it seems very probable that she was focused upon the dead and not the living. To me, that is very painful—the double irony herein is noted.

As I did not know that Cyrus had been killed in 1982 until January 2000,¹⁶⁰ one can wonder whether PSHKINS saw me as replacing Cyrus, or if she was truly in love with DSHNO. Later, she would profess a “love” for Pierce Brosnan (16 May 1953-), Michael Nader (19 February 1945-), and Bruce Willis (19 March 1955-), handsome television actors of the 1980s.

One other thing she worried about was our age difference. She asserted that I would leave her for a younger woman and insisted that I retain my beard as I had a “baby face.” I told her I would leave her only for Angie Dickinson. She did want me to get an earring for some unknown reason. Did Cyrus have one? You can hear the East-West sound in my own composition.

PSHKINS once sang the tune below to me one night. I feel that her father passed it on to her. He probably also passed on “**JEEPERS CREEPERS**”, which she also sang to me at least once.

BABY FACE

Bennie Davis and Harry Akst, 1926

Baby Face!

**You've got the cutest little Baby Face!
There's not another one could take your place**

¹⁶⁰ 19 January 2000 letter to Rivera from XXXX in Coronado, California.

**30-"Did PSHKINS' Love Kill Cyrus and DSHNO?" (May 1981-
Saturday 30 October 1982)**

a-The Orient Express derailed b-The 'Shaw' of Iran is maid in Esfahan and silent

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED
Moody Blues, 1969

This goes to the heart of the matter. PSHKINS had told me that she feared that Cyrus' Iranian friends might come after her. The key word here is friends, and not the Iranian government. Is it possible that she might have accidentally, or even deliberately, betrayed her lover? Maybe, his friends thought that she may have. She also had told me that she had been deported from Greece, and perhaps, his friends believed the worst.

In any case, I do not know at the moment the details but plan to find out more. I had asked the State Department earlier but they confirmed by denial-they could not tell me about her deportation, even though I had not asked them about deportations. The reference to the "Orient Express" is drawn from a conversation with PSHKINS, but cannot recall if she rode its entire route. Herein, it refers to Cyrus, and his "derailment".

The other part of this tune is tied to Geri's life. Her last name is currently Shaw, which fits in with the Iranian portion of this tale-Shah. She had received a Master's in English as a Second Language from the University of Utah, Salt

Lake.¹⁶¹ From an earlier conversation,¹⁶² I understood she spent some time in Esfahan, Iran, but in what capacity I can't recall. Before the revolution, an American manufacturer had a subsidiary in Esfahan. BELL HELICOPTERS were built there, so one might perceive the nature of this tune. Listen first to the chopper and then the bells, which would not be a feature of a Muslim country. The bells are tied to Hemmingway's For Whom The Bells Toll. Geri has been a witness to the events from the beginning, and, except for a few moments, remained silent on the matter. As behooves a "bodyguard of lies," the sentinel remains silent.

How did Pamela Sydney Holley get the nickname I use herein of PSHKINS (but I never called her that)? Well, she and Geri (who then looked like Marine Jihan, the dancer in the movie Flashdance,¹⁶³ and now resembles Patty Duke) had a habit of adding suffixes to names, like "Pamikins," "Gerikins," and even of using other words, like "blankie", etc., etc., and holding "unbirthday" celebrations. I don't know if that was a practice from Utah. "Carlos of Coronado" arose after 30 October 1982, when I used to sign my letters to PSHKINS in

¹⁶¹ Conversations in Coronado with Shaw, December 1999.

¹⁶² It would have been sometime between 28 May 1982 and 29 October 1982. As best as I can determine via AncestorLibrary.com, Geri was in Salt Lake City in the late 1970s. It is possible that in school she "hooked" up with an Iranian, moved to Iran, and then left or fled when the revolution of February 1979 radicalized. What are the odds of Geri (and sister Barbara) and Pam all getting Iranian 'lovers'?

¹⁶³ The first film I saw after the 30 October 1982-7 May 1983 deployment, released 15 April 1983, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0085549/releaseinfo>, as of 22 June 2015.

that manner. No, I was never called "Carloskins" or "Riverakins," but now I must certainly be "sonofabitchkins."

After first learning in January 2000 of Cyrus' own death in the early 1980's, I wrote Geri:

Excerpt, LETTER of 10 February 2000

.....SAVAK.....I really had not known a whole lot about them and their history until recently. Geri, no matter what you may think of me, I know that I have always tried to speak as honestly as I could under the circumstances, so herein I shall try not to shrink from that course. I woke up one day to discover that material possessions were not always that important. Finding out about myself proved even more critical.

You know that I have been troubled since October 1998 about what happened in 1982-1983. Though you will not or would not discuss it all, it does not mean that I ever gave up on understanding that past. If we take it for granted that the person we both might have known and loved as Pamela Sydney Holley is forever gone, then nothing I can do, feel, say, or write, now can ever hurt her (or her memory), physically, personally, and emotionally, much less bring her back from the dead, so to speak. I believe that is what you may have [implied] when you said to 'leave the past in the past'. If no one told you about my search for answers, I began a prolific undertaking in December 1998 after failing to elicit any response. I came up with the basic question: who was the entity I thought I knew as PSH, and what forces impelled her through life to the point I met her?

In the course of the last year, I used my own professional training to construct a profile, using accepted anthropological, sociological, and historical practices. I searched and located information in every location PSH ever lived, and traced her background all the way back to 1936 when her father first applied for his social security card. I charted her course from the legal date of her birth, which included addresses, school dates, work history, voting registration, marriage certificates, and divorce papers. By this point, you may be wondering about the whole process, but if ever you doubted the fact that modern society is an open book, I can remove such doubts. I used the internet, the Freedom of Information Act, public libraries, simple queries to public offices, government agencies, foreign sources, etc., etc., and was pretty amazed at what one can find about individuals. Not once did I need to pretend to be anyone else, rather I simply asked questions about a **mystery** I was attempting to solve. People and organizations seemed to respond much more sympathetically if you tell them the truth at times.

Over the last year, I queried almost every government agency I could contact, both here and in Europe, including London, Paris, Greece, and of late, several groups related to the pre-1979 and post-1979 turmoil in Iran. I am also working through USAF and USN intelligence groups who both had "offices" in Greece back in 1981. My goal is to cover every base I can think of, because I have learned that, no matter how secret or confidential an activity might be, there is usually some paper work or report. That is one reason I am writing; though, the reason may well prove too much for you. First, let me say, again, with as much honesty as I can, that in 1982 and 1983, that you, Pamela, and most likely Gordon, made a choice, for what I presume were, and remain legitimate and logical, reasons. That is, not to talk about subjects related to 1981-1982, but which I remained almost completely ignorant. I know that I was not the person being protected, rather it was Pamela. I suspect it was also not out of any consideration for my well-being or safety or sensitivity. However, the old cliché is wrong, for what you do not know can truly hurt you at times.

What that meant was that I intended on pursuing the story to its logical or illogical end, if possible. If it did not seem that important for "them" to share it with me in 1982, then today they have no legal, moral, or ethical grounds to complain. If they had no compunction about withholding information that might have provided for more informed decision making back then, today I can't fret or care about their thoughts, cause life is a **mystery**.

*I have long considered the creative impulse to be a visit—a thing of grace, perhaps, not commanded or owned so much as awaited, prepared for. A thing also, of **mystery**. This endeavors to explore some of that **mystery**. The mirror “was the door through which the soul frees itself by passing”... for others the pursuit of personal refinement was likened to “polishing the mirror of the soul. What was revealed and what was concealed...and what was the mask and what the mirror?”*

Loreena McKennitt

31-“Manikaggressive” (Friday 11 June 1982)

a-Dshnorocks-Pshkinsmocks b-Decatur to Riviera to Killian’s Irish Red to Rivera to Decatur, but E.T. premiered with Moebius

BEND ME, SHAPE ME

The American Breed, 1967

I would not get all of the details for some time, but this tune attests to my ignorance of, or, trust in, another person. I had met PSHKINS on 28 May (Friday) 1982, and within two weeks, something strange transpired. She understood that I would be at sea during the week of 7-11 June. She left a note on my door on Saturday, June 5th, asking if I would stop by as she had a proposition. She suggested a unique exchange.

She had some friends from Portland (William “Bill” S. and Norma Lou Moulton)¹⁶⁴ coming down to visit during the time I would be at sea. Would I let them use my apartment while they were in town in exchange for her paying me money or taking me to dinner? I, for some reason, agreed to the deal for dinner.

My friend, David Columbus, told me that I should have asked for *Clouds and Rain* instead, but I was not then pursuing

¹⁶⁴ Norma L. Spradling was born 6 January 1932, possibly in West Virginia or Ohio, from my recall. One also can link Norma L. Moulton to William S. Moulton via the search engine www.zabasearch.com, last accessed on 7 April 2007. I found that one home address and phone number had been posted publicly, see 21 June 2004, [The St. Augustine Record](#), and the following sites:

http://staugustine.com/stories/071006/community_071006001.shtml, as of 22 June 2015.

http://staugustine.com/stories/081504/com_081504089.shtml, as of 22 June 2014.

http://staugustine.com/stories/071204/com_2437107.shtml, last accessed on 6 October 2004.

http://staugustine.com/stories/072406/community_072406004.shtml, as of 22 June 2015.

http://staugustine.com/stories/071706/community_3943598.shtml, as of 22 June 2015.

http://staugustine.com/stories/062804/com_2396381.shtml, as of 22 June 2015.

She now lives in Tipp City, Ohio, where her voting is a county record and her address/es is available by any number of websites.

Pam. David was a witness to many of the events in 1982 (and 1983) and took the photo used for the first Carlos of Coronado release, "Loses His Mind." Later he bought the guitar pictured on that cover. It was the one I had purchased originally in the spring of 1982.

This song explains the mocking. On Tuesday morning, June 8, I gave her the key to my place and went to sea onboard my ship, USS Decatur (DDG-31).¹⁶⁵ I told her I would return at 5pm on Friday 11 June—please remember that date. Anyway, I returned from sea around 2pm. I knocked at Pam's but found no one home. I went to the front office and got a spare key. I opened the door, and things were different.

First, there was a hole in my kitchen veneer. I figured that someone tripped over one of my speakers and caused the damage. A look at the speakers confirmed that observation—I still own the speaker with the damaged corner. Next, I noticed that my laundry had been done and folded and my bookcase was straightened out. What caught my attention was unexpected. I went out to my porch and found a Killian's Irish Red bottle cap. I didn't drink Killian's and wondered how it got there. I was suspicious.

¹⁶⁵ One might refer to the deck log of the USS Decatur (DDG-31), presently held in the old Naval Historical Center collection in Washington DC. However, a cursory look through the microfiched portions of the log I received proved frustrating as the copy quality was hardly sufficient. One might have to actually refer to the hard copy. I believe the visitor's logbook was eventually destroyed.

I encountered PSHKINS about 4pm, and she was surprised that I was back so early. I told her of my discoveries. She explained that her guests, Bill and Norma, stayed in her place due to his back problems and that she used mine. She got up in the night and stumbled in the unfamiliar apartment. She also had straightened up the apartment. She explained that the bottle cap had been thrown up there by Tom Shine—who supposedly was trying to get her attention.

Ok, the truth about that was much more spicier. I did not then know how close Tom and PSHKINS had been at any one time. Apparently they had dated, but I was not in competition with him, nor was I pursuing PSHKINS. During that week, Tom had known that PSHKINS was staying in my apartment. One evening, she decided to take a shower, and forgot to lock the front door. Tom let himself in, with beer in hand, just as PSHKINS was coming out of the bathroom. He may have been under the influence.

PSHKINS told me this story later, but Tom became very amorous and embraced her. PSHKINS said, "No, Carlos!" much to Tom's chagrin, whom, either from anger or frustration, threw the bottle cap out onto the porch. Ok, not too disastrous, but a blow to Tom's ego. What got me about this story was that both the screen and glass sliding doors to the porch had to have been open. In later conversations with Tom, in 1999, he

did not recall much of 1982, and probably nothing of this incident.

What about "E.T."? Well, Friday, 11 June 1982 was the day the movie "E.T.: The Extraterrestrial" opened nationally.¹⁶⁶ I remember that PSHKINS saw that movie a number of times that summer, and loved it. She would take a bus into San Diego to catch it. A Moebius is a continuous loop with only one side.

*This movie is for the people we are and the people we have been.*¹⁶⁷

Another movie she loved was "Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark", first released in June 1981 and then again in July 1982. She analyzed the dialogue, and told me about a pun. When Marion Ravenwood picks up a frying pan to hit a swordsman that represents a play on the phrase "The Pen (Pan) is mightier than the sword." She also loved the scene where Marion and "Indy" are in cabin at sea. "Indy" says he is hurt and she asked him where it didn't hurt. His pointed to his head, and she kissed it, then he pointed to other areas which she kissed. We recreated that scene at least once.

DIARY ENTRIES

[During the next few days after 28 May, I have no entries about you, but I recall that we encountered each other often. In fact, you invited me to your place (?), along with several other guests, for a Greek dinner, which included cucumber soup.]

Tuesday 8 June to Friday 11 June 1982-u/w [stands for underway on my ship.]

[I bet you don't remember that week at all, but I shall never forget it. You had known for a few days that I was going to be at sea for about a week. You left on my door one day a proposal that I found interesting, and my friend Dave Columbus suggested an answer beyond what you had mentioned. You said that you had some friends coming in to visit for a week or so, and wondered if I might agree to let them stay in my place while I was at sea. You said that you could pay me for that or take me to dinner. I

¹⁶⁶ The American release date was Friday, 11 June 1982, see <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0083866/releaseinfo>, as of 22 June 2015.

¹⁶⁷ Steve Spielberg, extratv.warnerbros.com/dailynews/extra/03_02/03_08c.html, as of 22 June 2015.

immediately said, yes, and I'll take the dinner as payment. David Columbus suggested I extract a night of passion for the deal. We worked out the key exchange and I went to sea that Tuesday.

I wasn't scheduled to return until late Friday afternoon or evening, but returned to port much earlier. I stopped by your place to let you know I was back, but you weren't there so got a key from the front office. As soon as I entered U-210 I realized that something was certainly out of whack. First, there was a hole in the veneer underneath the kitchen counter. I figured out quickly that the speaker had fallen, or been knocked, over into that wall. That was ok. Next, I noticed that my place was cleaned up, and that my personal objects had been straightened up, with a number of other items having been washed. I thought that unusual, but what really caught my eye was what I found next. I went out on the patio, and discovered a bottle cap from a Killian's Red beer. I didn't drink that brand and knew of only one person who did—Tom. I did return to your place and you were surprised I was back so early. I asked you about what happened and then you gave me a partial story. Norma and Bill had been visiting and you said that Bill's back was hurting and that you let him stay in your apartment rather than dealing with a second story walkup. That was ok. Next, you explained that you had stayed in my place, and had been disoriented one night and walked into the speaker, knocking it over and bruising yourself in the process. The bottle cap you explained as someone trying to get your attention, which I believed. You had decided to clean up my place as a favor.

Do you remember when and where we went to dinner? Well, it was the next day, Saturday 12 June 1982. We went to Bandini's and sat outdoors to a fine meal with wonderful conversation-but I don't recall if you used one of your pet words that day—"Tasty." You wore a blue and white-striped shirt that you might have acquired in Greece. It wasn't until later that you explained about the bottle cap on my patio. Do you remember what you told me? Well, you said that you decided to take a shower in my place during the week I was at sea, and forgot to lock the front door. Apparently, Tom had been drinking and walked in on you. You said he got a little bit amorous, and that you said "No, Carlos." He grew infuriated at the mention of my name and threw the bottle cap out on the patio (which by the way, meant that the patio screen was open). I do remember that he used to ask me a lot about you, and wondered if I found you interesting. I believe that I told him that we were friends, nothing more. Now this was a period in which I was running almost every day, and would cool down by the bay, on the picnic table at the end of U building. You would join me there often and we would just talk for hours. I recall that we never pressured each other. I remember that you smoked then, and I mentioned in passing that I didn't go out with smokers, thereafter you quit. You told me a lot about Greece, and about what you wanted to do with your life. I know that I looked forward to the times when we could talk by the bay...what a wonderful way to live.]

[Saturday 12 June 1982

This was actually the first time PSHKINS and I "went out"]

Thursday 30 June 1982-"Buring Fires"

[That evening I went out by the bay and burned a lot of letters and photos from my past. I was trying to rebuild myself and felt that I didn't need such mementos as I was living in paradise. Maybe, psychologically, I was setting myself up.]

*You're young, you have money, health,
you're a good fellow, you lack nothing.
Nothing, by thunder!¹⁶⁸*

32-"Cucumber Soup Party, Weird Poetry and John the Educator" (June or July 1982)

The tragic writers must be taken seriously.
Jacob Burckhardt

Our lives as woman are filled with fantasies. You have your fantasy of what you think your father is, and the fantasy of what your mother says he is. You have the fantasy of the kind of man you want to marry and the fantasy of the kind of man you actually do marry. You have a fantasy of what life is going to be like. A lot of us end up not being able to cope with the reality we live because we always have that fantasy in our mind of what it should have been.

Nancy Friday

When I am perplexed, I return to my roots: poetry. Poetry boils things down to essences. There was so much blood and anger that one wondered if women writers did anything other but menstruate and rage. Released from the prison of propriety, blessing released from have to pretend meekness, gratefully in touch with our own cleansing anger, we raged and mocked and menstruated our way through whole volumes of prose and poetry. This was fine for writers who had a saving sense of irony, but in many cases the rage tended to eclipse the writing.

Erica Jong

Man can never know the kind of loneliness a woman knows. Man lies in a woman's womb only to gather strength, he nourishes himself from this fusion, and then he rises and goes into the world, into his work, into battle, into art. He is not lonely. He is busy. The memory of the swim in amniotic fluid gives him energy, completion. The woman may be busy too, but she feels empty.

¹⁶⁸ Kazantzakis, p.301.

Sensuality for her is not only a wave of pleasure in which she has bathed, and a charge of electric joy at contact with another. When man lies in her womb, she is fulfilled, each act of love a taking of man within her, an act of birth and rebirth, of child-bearing and man-bearing. Man lies in her womb and is reborn each time anew with a desire to act, to BE. But for woman, the climax is not in the birth, but in the moment the man rests inside of her.

Anais Nin

PSHKINS hosted a party where she provided the cuisine. I remember that I was not fond of the soup, a Greek recipe made with cucumbers. She had invited John Elwell,¹⁶⁹ a writer.

During the evening's festivities, two awkward or strange events happened. My neighbor, the enlisted **gal**, was engaged in a violent fight with her boyfriend, smashing things. Gordon and Geri suggested that I calm her as she seemed to have an eye for me. I did that and returned to the dinner.

At this time PSHKINS began to recite some of her poetry.

*Poetry does not necessarily have to be beautiful to stick in the depths of our memory.*¹⁷⁰

There is as yet no law of poetry to forbid the expression of wishes that are not to be fulfilled.
Jacob Burckhardt

¹⁶⁹ For Elwell (24 July 1934-) see <http://www.signonsandiego.com/news/northcounty/20060727-9999-7m27richard.html>, as of 22 June 2015. During most of this accounting, Elwell lived at 357 E Avenue, Coronado, California, 92118, via address history at www.google.com.

The following was by a reporter for the San Diego Union-Tribune:
Lifelong surfer Elwell reflects on an era past
By Terry Rodgers January 7, 2003

He doesn't call himself a surfing historian, but Coronado resident John Elwell is indisputably an authority on California's beach culture and its first generation of watermen. His knowledge of surfers and others who created a hedonistic, outdoor-oriented lifestyle after World War II was largely gathered firsthand rather than from dusty boxes in library archives. At age 70, Elwell has a résumé of worldwide adventure rivaling that of the late Ernest Hemingway, to whom he bears an uncanny resemblance. During the Korean War, Elwell served aboard two Navy submarines that played espionage games with their Soviet counterparts from Hawaii to the Bering Sea.

See Coronado Eagle and Journal, www.coronadonewsca.com/articles/2006/03/09/coronado_magazine/news08.txt, but no longer accessible.

If one reads the following from a no longer available blog review of Ernest Hemingway by Elwell, you might recognize a later uncredited sentiment found in this work:

Pretty good record for writer, lover, fisherman, drinker, adventurer, who could down 9 water glasses of rum daiquiris in the La Florida bar in Havana. Jack London was criticized too, but [was] the first millionaire writer in America. 40 books, hundreds of articles by [age] 40. Self-medication, and prescribed medications destroyed him. It was not John Barleycorn! These guys were rogues and did it big time! By the way, the booze did not help them to write and live longer. They got stories from the characters they met while drinking. No rum, no women, no adventure, no everlasting words or photos...a life lost! Successful writers live, romantics suffer deeply and most take their own lives.

¹⁷⁰ Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette (28 January 1873-3 August 1954), <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colette>, as of 22 June 2015.

I must confess that I was placed in an uncomfortable position. She spoke of physical love and one line that I recall vividly was about...

It was just one kiss-he kisses me once then he caresses all of my body. He seeks my breasts and my most secret, sensitive part, his hands are deft. I'm tempted by unknown pleasures...when I see that I have let him be aroused, I let him release his desire between my legs. I just let him, out of pity.¹⁷¹

"his life force spilling out between" her legs. Then, I thought that she was speaking about Tom, but now cannot be certain whom it addressed. I knew she wanted to be a writer/poet.

PAPERBACK WRITER
Beatles, 1967

DIARY ENTRIES

[Saturday 3 July 1982-My brother Eddie had come down to visit me that holiday weekend. We were sitting on my patio admiring the view and taking pictures when I spotted you walking towards your apartment. At the moment I took the first photo of you ever. You were wearing one of your tube tops, which you seemed to favor that summer. I remember how beautiful you looked in that sunlight background. My brother on the other hand managed to "ruin" the moment by mentioning that your bosom was mighty fine. (I will have to agree with him on that point). Actually, what he said was something like, "what big tits." Anyway, as the weekend transpired, he and I worked out and ran into you again. We talked about getting out for some lunch and decided to do that the next day.]

Sunday 4 July 1982-Torritos with Eddie/Pam

[That would be "El Torritos", a Mexican eatery in Mission Valley off of Interstate 8. I don't know if it's still there.]

33-"We Never Held a Criminal Conversation" (Friday 28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)

The union of the mind and intuition which brings about illumination is based upon love.¹⁷²

Criminal conversation is an archaic legal phrase for adultery, or cheating on one's spouse. If she was still in love with Cyrus, then pursuing me was perhaps not the best choice for her to have made, at that time or maybe ever. Yes,

¹⁷¹ Film transcript, *Henry and June*, http://www.script-o-rama.com/movie_scripts/h/henry-and-june-script-transcript.html, as of 22 June 2015.

¹⁷² Idries Shah, in liner notes to Loreena McKennitt's 1994 compact disc, *The Mask and the Mirror*.

it still troubles me greatly, but what can one do about spilled milk? I think I would have been cautious if she had told me she was mourning a dead lover. I used to tap her on the backside to make sure she was there. Anyone else do that?

BELL-BOTTOM BLUES
Derek & the Dominos, 1970

DIARY ENTRY

[Sunday 11 July 1982
I was promoted to LtJG on this date]¹⁷³

34-"Maigyrostumbled" (Friday 28 May-Thursday 30 October 1982)

a-Precession-radar down b-Babylove at Bandini's c-Lamia tempt the Mariner d-Red Sky at mourning e-setdogzebra f-Ouigomadi g-MARS distracted by Geppetto's Teddy Bear h-Magnetic south

I.

Human beings are most aroused by fantasy and dreams.
Erica Jong

This is a play on nautical phrases, as well as Greek life and mythology. It plays to a gyroscope (used in navigation). At some times, they will tumble, necessitating a restart.

It also draws upon the *gyro*, a *Pita* bread and lamb sandwich with *tzatziki* and vegetables (my gyros tumbled). Procession is what can happen to a gyroscope before it fails.

I owe a debt to ELLICE, who pointed out that my radar was down around Pamela. I felt safe and comfortable in her presence. "**BABY LOVE**" is the old Supremes hit, which PSHKINS used to sing to me, while Bandini's was one of the finest Mexican restaurants in the United States, formerly located in

¹⁷³ "SECNAV to ALNAV 9 June 1982", and "Commanding Officer USS Decatur to LTJG Carlos R. Rivera", 23 June 1982 and 9 July 1982, reporting the appointment, Rivera service records.

Old Town San Diego, but no longer in business there after May 2005.

It was the first place PSHKINS and I went to, on 12 June 1982, for her using my apartment. I remember what she wore that day. Tan pants, and a blue/yellow/white lined shirt.

The place had then a Mariachi band that played one of my father's favorite tunes, a love song about a pigeon or dove. I remember that my father sang it to me as a child.

COO COO ROO COO COO PALOMA
Sosa Tomas Mendez and Patricia Valando, 1954

The restaurant featured then a wonderful soup, *Sopa del Mar*, made with cilantro, and available on Fridays and Saturdays.

Lamia were creatures from Greek mythology, in that the *Lamia* was a vampire who kidnapped children to drink their blood. She was portrayed as a snake-like creature with a female head and breasts. According to legend, she was once a Libyan queen (or princess) who fell in love with *Zeus*. *Zeus*' jealous wife *Hera* had turned her into a monster and murdered her offspring. She also made the *Lamia* unable to close her eyes, so that she couldn't find any rest from the obsessive images of her dead children. When *Zeus* saw what *Hera* had done to *Lamia*, he felt pity for her and gave his former lover a gift: she could remove her eyes, and then put them in again. This way, though sleepless, she could rest from her misfortune. *Lamia* envied the other mothers and took her

vengeance by stealing their children and devouring them. In "Lamia and other Poems" (1820), the English poet John Keats wrote about the creature. In that version, based on the information he found in "Anatomy of Melancholy" of the 1600s, *Lamia* has the ability to change herself into a beautiful young woman. Here then, she assumes the form of an exotic woman to win the mariner's love. I am, of course, the mariner.

THE LAMIA
Genesis, 1974

There is a ditty that mariners are familiar with, "red sky at morning," which refers to a weather observation. If the sky was red at dawn, then bad weather at sea could be expected. If a warship has to go to general quarters and prepare for attack, Condition "dog zebra" meant one sealed up all accesses from any external agent, chemical or biological, which might gain entry into the interior or the heart of the vessel.

Ouigomadi is a parody I came up with during the deployment in question (30 October 1982-May 7 1983).¹⁷⁴ It meant that we all went crazy and was a takeoff on Arab phrases and locations in the Persian Gulf. *Mars* is the Roman god of war and also a joint military/civilian radio system MARS,¹⁷⁵

¹⁷⁴ Rivera diary entry of 14 February 1983.

¹⁷⁵ "MARS" stands for Military Affiliate Radio System. MARS is a Defense Department sponsored program, established as a separately managed and operated program by the military and consists of licensed amateur radio operators interested in military communications on a local, national, and international basis, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Military_Auxiliary_Radio_System, as of 22 June 2015.

based upon the volunteer assistance of HAM radio operators. You say, "I love you, over" and then the distant station knows that it's their turn to talk. PSHKINS and I talked that way once during my deployment. *Geppetto* was a puppeteer and the creator of *Pinocchio*, but herein it will be explained later. Magnetic south is a play on the phrase that ships use magnetic north as a point of reference to set their navigation.

II.

Most important of all, in fact, is his sense of humor. He can laugh in bed. He's relaxed about sex; has a sense of fun about it; passionate without being priapic. Not only are men able to talk to women about sex, but men of twenty or so and women of [thirty five] or so often talk themselves right into bed—an explosive combination long celebrated.
Erica Jong

It was during this time that I also told PSHKINS a number of risqué jokes. Two that I most clearly remember were about sex that once you've had an S&M (Spaniard or Mexican, i.e., Latino) lover you wouldn't need anyone else. The other was more blatant. I explained visually the missionary position in this manner; I get down on my knees and begged, saying, "God, I need some sex."

The prevailing tone was frivolous and smutty, as in the jokes. This was the age when such women became the focus of social pleasure for the younger generation.
Jacob Burkhardt

DIARY ENTRIES

Thursday 29 July 1982-Dinner with Pam

[If my recall is accurate, we went to dinner at "McP's", the Irish pub on Orange Avenue in Coronado. It was a work night and am pretty sure that it was an early night-for as you knew from paying attention to the sounds I made in U-210, I would go to bed at 10pm, in fact you said that I would plop into bed and not move again until 6am. By the way, I haven't had a normal night's sleep.

since 29 October 1982, but you might recall that. It was during this period as well, that I recall sitting in my apartment, listening to the Moody Blues, and in between the songs, I heard you crying on your patio, above the sound of your own music. I turned off my stereo and asked if you were ok. You sniffed "Yes". But I knew you were very sad and can only surmise that you were sad about Cyrus. We had been talking about your time and Greece. You had said something about trouble with anti-Khomeini Iranians, and feared that Cyrus' friends might come looking for you. I suggested putting potato chips around your patio door as a form of a burglar alarm. The night you told me that I stayed awake because every sound seemed threatening. I recall also that you told me that American government officials took your passport for a while.]

Saturday 14 August 1982-Party with Pam

[Do you remember this? You had made an acquaintance of the widow of a Navy admiral. We went together, not so much as a date, and the reaction of the young bimbets was funny to you. I was sitting by myself when you went to get some food, and the hostess was introducing the guests. She mentioned that one of the men was an Ensign in the navy, and several of the young women swooped around him. After a few minutes, she introduced me as LtJG and then they swooped around me. I remember you were surprised by this reaction.]

The 1974 Joni Mitchell tune "**PEOPLE'S PARTIES**", captures that night. Another 1974 tune by Joni captured that night as well:

HELP ME

III.

After that night, whether or not there was intercourse, she will lie on her bed and re-create what she felt with the man to the sound of romantic music, replacing herself in his arms and sensing it all again, he the powerful dark force, and she a lovely will-o-the-wisp, and as violins soar, the words in her head are: "Take me, bend me, make me feel 'that way,' out of my skin, out of my mind, high, swept away, yours." The dreamy surrender in the best of romantic music is background to her fantasies of being taken, made to yield to his mastery, which pushes her past her "no," making her a victim of love (her word for sex).

Nancy Friday

DIARY ENTRY

Thursday 19 August 1982-Pizza with Pam

[We went out to the Hotel Del Coronado for dinner at the Grotto,¹⁷⁶ and we had a really nice time. I remember that as the first time I ever used one of my favorite clichés from Joni Mitchell—"I told you when I met you I was crazy." We went home that evening and we talked outside your patio for a few minutes. For some reason you went in, and I walked to the bay and then up to my place. I knew I had duty the next day, and probably wanted to get some rest. Later, you told me that you had wanted me to stay, but that I walked away, and you were frustrated by that.]

I think that both of us were hot, but dancing around it. Donna

Summer's 1978 **HOT STUFF** said it best.

35-"HAN in 4 Movements" (Saturday 21 August 1982)

a-Invitation b-Music c-Dance d-Egress

I.

She entertained her admirers in a setting she controlled [and insisted] on controlling the light show and sound effects.
Erica Jong

This is the first original composition I did after restarting the project in 1999. The sounds reveal themselves below. Please note this account is rated "R".

*The liveliness of conversation was increased by song as well as by drinking.*¹⁷⁷

¹⁷⁶ The Grotto was the name of a little pub-style eatery in the basement of the world famous Hotel Del Coronado. It originally served as a wine cellar. The Grotto has been substantially remodeled since 1982 and visits there will find a completely different décor, name, and service.

¹⁷⁷ Burkhardt, p.261.

*[The] luscious damsel detail[ed] her charms—sweet red mouth, green eyes, dainty eyebrows, round chin, white throat, firm high breasts, well-made thighs and legs, fine loins and fine “cul de Paris”—following with “Am I, am I, am I not fair?”*¹⁷⁸

*The mischievous demon in the wine had carried her back to the good old days. She became once more tender, merry, and expansive.*¹⁷⁹

II.

Oh, God, I know no joy as great as a moment of rushing into a new love, no ecstasy like that of a new love. I swim in the sky; I float; my body is full of flowers, flowers with fingers giving me acute caresses, sparks, jewels, quivers of joy, dizziness, such dizziness. Music inside of one, drunkenness. Only closing the eyes and remembering, and the hunger, the hunger for more, more, the great hunger, the voracious hunger, and thirst.

Anais Nin

DIM ALL THE LIGHTS

Donna Summer, 1978

Another song better explains the events herein:

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Donna Summer, 1978

III.

What followed was a scene I'd been genetically programmed to play all my life. We were in my apartment, drinking and listening to romantic music, I leaned across and kissed him. Risking rejection, taking chances, making the first move, my Prince responded as in fairy tale, awakening. He came alive. Do you know that being seduced is one of men's favorite sexual fantasies?

Nancy Friday

The chimes in this tune reflect PSHKINS' apartment. She had about half a dozen windchimes hanging underneath my patio. I could hear them all the time, but they were not unpleasant. Later she explained to me about the windchimes in the movie “Body Heat”, which I had not then seen. It was released in the United States in August 1981,¹⁸⁰ while she was in Greece. She may have seen it in Greece, as I suspect it was not still in the theaters when she returned permanently in late 1981. I did not know then she was recreating scenes from that movie.

¹⁷⁸ Adapted from Tuchman, p.209.

¹⁷⁹ Kazantzakis, p37.

¹⁸⁰ 28 August 1981, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0082089/>, as of 22 June 2015. I could find no release date for Greece.

I finally saw the movie in 1999 and caught a lot of familiar things. Kathleen Turner stars as "Matty Walker". First, PSHKINS and Kathleen share a husky voice, PSHKINS was 5'-11", Kathleen 5'-10". I noticed as well that naked then they had at one time shared the same body type, including the hips and backside. The clear difference was that PSHKINS had much larger breasts, but, hey, I was then a red-blooded male.

PSHKINS used to talk about this movie a lot. She loved the windchimes scene, and how William Hurt threw a chair through the picture window in the seduction sequence, which "Matty" had set up. One thing that stuck with her is the final scene where "Matty" is on an exotic beach silently missing Hurt, although she had set him up as the stooge in the murders. How many women can take a movie and make it theirs?

From another film, starring Cary Grant, if I recall correctly, she mentioned that one of the sexier scenes was when he dropped his freshly laundered clothes upon spying his beloved. Later, I did just that.

IV.

Movies also gave great comfort; here were villains far worse than my own evil suspicions about myself, as the extent of their meanness made my own livable. Maybe I was not so bad after all. Strangely enough their beauty and suffering made me think that beauty wasn't everything that powers alternative to beauty might be preferable, meaning here there was hope for me. Yes, beauty was powerful, but movies gave you an eyeful of how close the envious have-nots come to killing beauty. The music in the movies that captured me would continue its spell long after the records and learned every word. I didn't want to come out of the trance into which I'd allowed myself to fall, all sighing and longing and dying. The promise of happiness is in song and dance. How appropriate that the old musicals came back so strongly in the loveless eighties, when heartfelt romance was at a low ebb. When I say that movies saved my life, giving me a look and a promise of faces and roles I might try on, it is not an exaggeration. It mattered not a jot whether the emotions were felt by male or female; the movies opened my eyes to precisely what I hadn't been able to find in real life, where I'd been taught to hold back and deny the full expression of large steps and a big voice. Movies said it was more than all right, it was good to feel as much as possible, that you must never give up hope.

Nancy Friday

"Matty Walker" (a.k.a. Mary Ann Simpson) left a legacy in the movie that I believe applies to Pamela during this whole story. As William Hurt started to piece the story together (much as I am herein) he acquired a yearbook from "Matty's" high school. Under her senior picture, "Matty" expressed the ambition below:

"To be rich and live in an exotic land"

They bring no wealth to their country, and never learn to be poor
Euripides

One should look after one's livelihood first and virtue afterwards.
Phocylides

V.

*We all need **mystery** and danger in our lives. And sometimes we are attracted to someone, almost telepathically, because we understand that this is the gift that person brings. Wishing very hard, the other person catches our wish and sends it zinging back. This is deeply erotic.*
Erica Jong

Ok, so how does this tune work?

*Completely abandoning himself to this affair...*¹⁸¹

BROTHER LOVE'S TRAVELLING SALVATION SHOW
Neil Diamond, 1969

Hot August Night...

It's a hot and sultry August night--no air conditioners then--and I was sitting on my patio listening to my stereo. PSHKINS was below and invited me down with some of my music, which I had sometime earlier conveniently copied to cassette tapes. These included a good many disco and Donna Summer tunes.

I went on down with the tapes and wine. She put one tape into a battered AM/FM cassette player that she probably had in Greece. After a few songs, and some wine, she was swaying to

¹⁸¹ Yamamoto, p.103.

the music. She was aglow and the lights were dimmed. Yes, I have that good a memory. Later, she considered it a plague.

Anyway, she asked me to join her in a dance and I willingly did so. She pulled me very close to her, as it was a slow song by Donna Summer. I could smell her hair, and the scent of one of her skin care products, Seabreeze. What was she wearing? It was a long white walkaround caftan-style gown with blue trim on the sleeves, easy to remove.

Simple dress suited a fine-looking person better and allowed more freedom of movement.
Jacob Burkhardt

She wasn't wearing a bra, and as Bob Seger sings in

"NIGHT MOVES":

Her "points" were taut, ready for action—hey, it's how we males think often.

*...her own breasts tingled and swelled, the nipples stood out...*¹⁸²

Did I tell you Pamela Sydney Holley had a magnificent set of breasts—"hooters," is what my friend Leslie M. called them after seeing the July 1982 picture of her.

*The first time you see a woman naked—naked because she wants to be naked with you—you are being given a moment. And no matter what the circumstance—no matter who she is or whether it's sunny outside or if the AM radio is playing in the room next door—that moment shines. And, yes, you are there, both of you, because you want to strip yourselves down to just this moment, this song, this bottle of wine, this bra strap, these panties over the chair, this light cutting through these curtains, this pillow, this deep sight. You know precisely why you do it; a body is a thing to be learned, not memorized, and love is a muscle, not a drug. You also know that it feels good.*¹⁸³

O.K., back to the story. She nuzzled my ear and said the right words—no, not, "do me big boy." She simply said "I want you,"

¹⁸² Kazantzakis, p.216.

¹⁸³ "The Indefensible Position: Adultery Is Good for Your Marriage." *Esquire* 135 (#5, May 2001):29.

and the next thing I recall is that we were on the floor of her studio apartment, U-110, that is.

*She's in the mood, boss.*¹⁸⁴

We ended up on her *tatami*.

*If it were not for men who demonstrate valor on the tatami...*¹⁸⁵

She was very turned on, but I wasn't going to rush that. There was a routine by the black comic David Allan Grier, about making love to a beautiful woman for the first time. "Look what I'm about to get. I can't believe I am getting this booty" pretty well expresses it.

As we were getting hot and heavy, I asked PSHKINS if she had any protection available. Later, she said that it was a wonderful thing that I had asked, but that night she told me only that she was sterile. I had not actually been thinking about pregnancies, but rather, at that time, herpes seemed to be more prevalent.

I managed to get her garment off, and discovered that she was wearing a regular pair of panties, not those bikini briefs. That was ok, and I noticed that her thighs were milky white and smooth (therein the origin of my joke, about it being a good thing that I was not lactose intolerant). Next, I worked my way all over her body, from toes to head, with

¹⁸⁴ Kazantzakis, p.42.

¹⁸⁵ Yamamoto, p.76.

frequent delays in between. I recall that I used my lips, teeth, and tongue to remove her panties and get to the Jade Gate.

*She can't remember any of her lovers. Each time she becomes a sweet little pigeon, a pure white swan, a sucking dove, and she blushes, yes she blushes and trembles all over, as if it were the first time. What a **mystery** woman is! Even if she falls a thousand times, she rises a thousand times a virgin. But how's that, you'll say? Because she doesn't remember!*¹⁸⁶

I couldn't be sure that she had ever engaged in the "Vast Spring," but I was parched and lingered well beyond the point where her reactions, moans, and other sounds indicated that she had reached the *Supreme*. I do recall that she grabbed my head and said something like, "I want you in me now." Doesn't it all sound so cliché now?

*The entire **mystery** of pleasure in a woman's body lies in the intensity of the pulsation just before the orgasm. Sometimes it is slow, one-two-three, three palpitations which then project a fiery and icy liqueur through the body. If the palpitation is feeble, muted, the pleasure is like a gentler wave. The pocket seed of ecstasy bursts with more or less energy, when it is richest it touches every portion of the body, vibrating through every nerve and cell. If the palpitation is intense, the rhythm and beat of it is slower and the pleasure more lasting. Electric flesh-arrows, a second wave of pleasure falls over the first, a third which touches every nerve end, and now the third like an electric current traversing the body. A rainbow of color strikes the eyelids. A foam of music falls over the ears. It is the gong of the orgasm. There are times when a woman feels her body but lightly played on. Others when it reaches such a climax it seems it can never surpass. So many climaxes. Some caused by tenderness, some by desire, some by a word or an image seen during the day. There are times when the day itself demands a climax, days of which do not end in a climax, when the body is asleep or dreaming other dreams. There are days when the climax is not pleasure but pain, jealousy, terror, anxiety. And there are days when the climax takes place in creation, a white climax.*

Anais Nin

VI.

The tricky thing about the penis, I am told by informed sources, is that it doesn't always listen to reason. A man may be madly in love and his penis may not know it. A man may be madly in lust but his penis may be on strike. A man may distrust a woman, and his penis may be otherwise informed (think of Samson & Delilah).

Erica Jong

Ok, the human frailty strikes here. I engaged her (or should the appropriate historical phrase be, "I ventured beyond her borders"?), and proceeded to do what mother-nature intended. Though I was enjoying the moment, for some reason, my body was not reacting quite the way it should.

¹⁸⁶ Kazantzakis, p.77.

This description is so painfully true. I must have been "kneading" for some time, but no *Supreme* for a while. She was clearly enjoying the activity as was I but, behold, no immediate zing for the *Jade Stem*. This went on for some time and we both collapsed from exhaustion. Later, my ship's medical officer, Petty Officer Banag, gave me a partial explanation about the problem. Anxiety, and frequent or infrequent use—"Shuckie Darn!" (By the way, can anyone give me any details on that phrase? Pamela used it a lot and said it was often expressed in Utah). The problem was itself resolved within short order, believe me, as one body gets used to another quickly.

Now, it was late and I was very tired, so sometime early Sunday morning, I told Pamela I had to get some sleep and told her I was going upstairs. It was not a "hit and run", but rather, I was a bit uncomfortable and unused to the surroundings. Anyway, I gathered later that she must have told Geri and Gordon earlier of her plans for me due to what happened in a couple of hours.

Sometime around 6am, I heard a voice tell me to get up and go to my patio. I got up and went out there. Darn it, if Gordon was not coming back to his apartment after his daily morning swim. He saw me and did a double take, just like in the movies. He looked at me, then down at PSHKINS' apartment,

and then at me again, as if to say, "Aren't you supposed to be in PSHKINS' place?" I guess that she might have mentioned something to them about a "seduction" for that evening, or, maybe they had tried to visit Pam, as they lived two doors away, and may have heard *pillowing* or heavy breathing.

In any case, I said good morning to Gordon and went back to sleep. Later that morning I had not appreciated how much enthusiasm had gone into the evenings' activities, until I recognized that I had scraped up my knees. No, not rug-burns, but *tatami* burns. I wonder if the Japanese have an ointment for that.

There was a tradition in ancient Japan that might be close to that morning's event. A warrior was supposed to leave his lover's abode very early in the morning and write what some called a 'morning dew' letter. That is, it was written while the dew still hung heavy in the air and the lady received the letter while it was still damp from the dew. The letter was supposed to express the warrior's joy at having had the company of the lady. Later I wrote an eight-page poem about HAN. Maybe, Gordon was supposed to be the messenger.

*My joy was choking me. I had to find an outlet. What kind of outlet? Words?*¹⁸⁷

¹⁸⁷ Kazantzakis, p.71.

After a while I awoke a bit hungry and decided to see if PSHKINS wanted to get some lunch. The details are in the entries below.

DIARY ENTRIES

Saturday 21 August 1982-"Wind Chimes" Hot August Night

[One might consider that the entry above was most likely written hours after the encounter as I certainly did not take the diary with me that evening. It had been awfully hot that week and we both had been cooling off in the evenings by sitting on our respective patios. That night you said I should bring some of my music down. I brought that and the wine. You were playing a Donna Summer song, and started to sway. You asked me to dance, and as we danced, you kissed me and whispered in my ear "I want you." Let's say I was very responsive. I remember the windchimes as we made love for what seemed like an eternity. You know, to this day, I can't bear windchimes, as they remind me too much of how much I lost. You were trying to recreate, I believe, what Kathleen Turner had in the movie Body Heat. Your description of the scenes in the movie were very vivid, though I did not see it until many years later. Well, on Sunday, 22 August 1982, the morning after HAN, I got up around 4am and told you I had to go get some sleep. I went upstairs, and about 6am, a voice insisted I wake up and go to the patio. I did that, and interestingly enough, Gordon was just finishing his swim in the bay, and looked up to see me upstairs, did a double take, and looked at your apartment, then back up at me. He wondered why I wasn't still downstairs. That is the last time I heard any voices.

Sunday 22 August 1982-About 11am I came down to your patio and whispered your name to see if you were awake. You were and I asked you if you were hungry and wanted to get something to eat. You asked that I give you a bit of time and prepared to go out. I was in your apartment after you showered and recall quite vividly one problem you were trying to solve. How much blush would hide the hickeys on your neck and upper chest. I was laughing because I thought it was so cute of you to try to hide them. Can you remember where we went to eat? Burger King on Palm Avenue in Imperial Beach. Then we came back to my place and resumed the passion. Later that evening we got some dinner at KFC. That weekend really distracted me from eating the right meals.]

IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMIN' I'D'VE BAKED A CAKE

Eileen Barton, 1950

Two notes here: (1) At "Burger King", I got my regular meal of plain hamburgers and "Coca-Cola". I suspect that PSHKINS had thought that I had meant a formal place for lunch/brunch, but hey, I was a pretty simple boy then. Remember the "Coca-Cola" as it is also part of this tragi-drama in a particular manner. I was and remain a cokaholic.

(2) We did come back to my studio apartment and were just chatting for a bit. As we started to make-out (called foreplay in modern romance novels), I guess I had forgotten to close fully, or lock, the front door. For some reason, the young lady next door came right in, and caught us. I remember that

we used the excuse that I was looking for something in Pam's eye, but clearly she didn't believe me. Anyway, PSHKINS was wearing slacks and what I recall was a green pullover shirt. After the neighbor left, I remember we stripped to our birthday suits and picked up where we left off earlier.

From my recollection, that happened in two phases. First, we spent several hours in my apartment, and then decided to recharge. There is still a KFC near Oakwood, and we got ourselves some boxed dinners and went out to the bay for the view. I remember that is when we started to feed the seagulls, and one in particular we named Charlie.

Second, after dinner, we went back to her place, and started the games again. Man, oh, man, does anyone ever forget the first passion with a person? That turned into a more acrobatic exercise. We did "it" sitting down, laying down, rolling over, on the Murphy bed, but not in the shower. Funny, PSHKINS and I never made love in the shower or tub. I cannot recall why. I remember one sequence, as the chairs were a bit shaky for us, and remember that we are not talking midgets. But, hey, we pulled it off.

The perfect man—for any woman—is the man who loves her constantly and fucks her frequently, passionately, and well; who adores and admires her; is at once reliable and exciting; an earthly Adonis and a heavenly father figure; a beautiful son, a steady daddy; a wild-eyed Bacchic lover and a calm, sober, but still funny friend. Can you find all these attributes in one man? Not bloody likely! And if you find them all, will they endure for all the various passages of your life? Not bloody likely.

The best sex happens when the partners are playmates and share each other's fantasies.

Erica Jong

The nastiness of women was generally perceived at the close of life when a man began to worry about hell. I delighted me so much in her that I made for her love songs, ballads, roundels, verelays and divers new things in the best wise that I could.

Barbara Tuchman

As to that Murphy bed, it was quite small, but PSHKINS and I routinely used it. I am amazed that we were ever comfortable on it, but it served a dual purpose: sumptuous dining and *siestas*.

DANTE'S PRAYER
Loreena McKennitt, 1997

36-"A Probable Explanation for HAN?"

*Human life is truly a short affair. It is better to live doing the things that you like. It is foolish to live within this dream of a world seeing unpleasantness and doing only things that you do not like.*¹⁸⁸

I believe that this seems to express what happened on HAN. The tune is used again in this program and comes closer to my interpretation of events herein. This is drawn from the 1974 Jimmy Buffet song, "**Why Don't We Get Drunk [and Screw]?"** But it sounds like Dickey Betts of the Allman Brothers Band.

DIARY ENTRY

[NOTE: The time I would have spent writing in my diary over the next few weeks was spent in more rewarding pursuits, like physical pleasures. Over the next month and a half, we were inseparable. I would rush home at the end of the day that I was not at sea or on duty to stop by your place and passionately kiss you. I even snuck back at lunchtime on 14 September to place the brass sailboat windchimes on your patio. I remember that you were so pleased. It was during this time that you told me that you loved me and said you knew that I loved you, even though I said nothing like that. The navy was talking about decommissioning the Decatur and canceling our deployment. We were sitting at the picnic table by the bay with Geri and Gordon and you emphatically stated that you wish that would happen.]

During that month and a half, PSHKINS revealed some things to me during *Pillow Talk*. She had had her eye on me for some time, and I suspect that Tom Shine had known that, which is why he was asking me about her so much before I actually met PSHKINS. She also revealed some stunning things about me that I had never considered.

¹⁸⁸ Yamamoto, p.77

Her apartment was underneath mine and I never thought that I made that much noise. She said she could hear me as I prepared for bed. She could hear me brushing my teeth and told me how many times I tapped my toothbrush against the sink as I sought to get the water out. She said that I would regularly pass out at 10pm as she could hear me plop into the rollout Murphy bed. She also said that I did not stir at all during the night. She heard my alarm at 6am and heard me shower before I went to the ship.

But, one thing of interest I never would have guessed. She told me that after I went to bed on several occasions she would climb up on her own Murphy bed, which was directly underneath mine, and whisper my name through the ceiling. She also told me that she was calling me "DSHNO"—only two or three other living persons know what that means, at the moment. So Tom was right to be suspicious, only I didn't know it.

That statement about decommissioning would have occurred in very late September as the Navy was giving us a 30-day countdown. They had changed our deployment date from 1 October to 30 October in case we did decomm. By the way, to remind the reader of what the ship's name was between 1 June 1981 and 30 June 1983—USS Decatur (DDG-31), named after the same person as the street Pamela had lived on as a child in Spokane. I did

not know that until 1999. If she had told me that in 1982 I think I would have recalled the fact.

We did once talk about religion. Growing up she could pronounce the group as "Specklespalian." Oh, she loved carousels. We rode the one at Seaport Village in San Diego, and the one at the Santa Monica Pier, which the El Nino storms of 1982-83 knocked down. She really loved those. During that time, we shared good times at new eateries like the Greek Tarvena (San Diego), and, Marco's, which is now closed, and the Chu Dynasty, now also closed (both in Coronado).

37-"Random Acts of Kindness?" (Friday 28 May 1982-Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-Head scratches b-mustache and beard trims c-songs of your youth and heart

Men tend to be coddled by women from mothers on, and they are deprived of the chance to have their pomposities punctured. Some exceptional men overcome this state, but many do not; they merely slip into the grooves society has prepared for them and go their way in blinders.

Erica Jong

This tune is inspired by Larry "Synergy" Fast.¹⁸⁹ What drew me closer to Pamela Sydney Holley was her humanity. She seemed to share an intimacy, and drew the same from me. Again, only a few people know that I have a number of weak points. One is having my scalp massaged (head scratches). I don't know if that is from childhood, but with PSHKINS, it reached a climax. It was most relaxing by the bay, even if we were in our studios, and lulled into relaxation.

¹⁸⁹ A master musician and a part of Peter Gabriel's career from 1976 to 1986, see <http://synergy-emusic.com>, as of 22 June 2015.

*Calmly, fondly, he was letting himself drift on a shady current as thick as honey.*¹⁹⁰

To be honest, it was not a sexual thing, rather just a good old bonding. She was not too fond of having her own scalp done, but I found a substitute one night. For some reason, I began to wash and massage her feet, hands, and elbows, with a hot towel. That did lead to *Clouds and Rain*, but she enjoyed the prelude, and later I painted her toenails. Another treat that Pamela did for me is one that I have never allowed anyone else to do. She loved my beard and mustache, but found that certain hairs would get ragged. So, she would sit me on a chair on her patio, get the necessary tools to trim my beard and mustache. She was very good at that.

But, I bet she can't remember what caused a bit of trouble? Any clippers underneath my mustache would immediately send me into the tickle mode. I would often sit through the sessions with giggles.

But, what dominated my mind, my heart, my soul, my life, was her singing and tales of music from her youth, formative, and early adult years: tunes from the big band early rock and roll, early pop, Motown, and modern era. And, she sang to me.

YOU SANG TO ME
Marc Anthony, 1999

I always loved that--to have a beautiful woman who said she loved me sing to me was the icing on the cake. Imagine, you

¹⁹⁰ Kazantzakis, p.42.

live in Coronado, have a beautiful, energetic, educated, and sexy woman as a lover, and she sings to you, too. Below is one song she used to sing to me:

I CAN'T HELP MYSELF (SUGAR PIE HONEY BUNCH)
The Four Tops, 1965

A number of other songs that I recall PSHKINS beautifully sang to DSHNO are found below;

"Oye Como Va"-Santana; **"Cathy's Clown"**-Everly Brothers; **"How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?"**-Patti Page; **"Sentimental Journey"**, **"Secret Love"**-Doris Day; **"Chances Are"**, and, **"12th of Never"**-Johnny Mathis; **"Fever"**-Peggy Lee; **"Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavour On The Bedpost?"**-Lonnie Donegan; **"Henry the 8th"**-Herman's Hermits; **"My Guy"**-Mary Wells; **"Roses are Red"**-Bobby Vinton; **"I'm Looking Over A 4-Leaf Clover"**-Art Mooney; **"I Heard It Through The Grapevine"**-Marvin Gaye; **"By The Time I Get To Phoenix"**-Isaac Hayes; **"Under the Boardwalk"**-the Drifters; **"I'll Never Fall In Love Again"** and **"Walk on By"**-Dionne Warwick; **"Stop! In the name of love"**, **"Baby Love"**, **"Love Child"**, **"Where Did Our Love Go?"**-The Supremes; **"Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree"**-The Andrews Sisters; **"Chattanooga Choochoo"**-Glen Miller; **"Let's Spend the Night Together"**-Rolling Stones; **"Personality"**-Lloyd Price; **"The Mickey Mouse Club Theme"**; and, the Howdy Doody Show's **"Howdy Doody"**.

One song I clearly recall her singing to me indicated its importance to her. She used to do the chorus to the Rolling Stones' **"Let's Spend the Night Together"**, released in 1965. She did not sing all of the words, but rather did the beginning scat-style opening and then the refrain, "Let's spend the night together." She also did a little jig to the tune. As to its import, I will let imagination run wild.

I also have a vague memory of her singing and dancing to the tune **"Shake Shake Shake, Shake Your Booty"** by KC and the Sunshine Band. For some reason, she got great joy out of Santana's **"Oye Como Va"**, written by a Puerto Rican, the late Tito Puente.

**38-"Apricca, but in France They Still aren't Footbaths"
(Saturday 21 August-Saturday 30 October 1982)**

Featuring the smoked voices of Lauren Bacall, Myrna Loy, Merle Oberon, Loretta Young, and Kathleen Turner as Matty Tyler Walker (nee Mary Ann Simpson)

This reflects upon several themes. First, "Apricca" applies to me, but neither Geri nor Pamela could tell you what it means. It is an acronym appropriate to the situation, but can you guess what it stands for? As to the footbaths, it stems from a rather funny or embarrassing story that PSHKINS told me about and then later was confirmed by Geri as we were standing near a bunch of fountains while in Tijuana, Mexico.

It seems that when Pamela and Geri first hit France in either 1962 or 1963 they encountered something not common to American homes, but which I knew about. The place they were staying had an extra fixture in the bathroom. They apparently had been walking and assumed that it was a footbath. What I recall was that the maid told them that it was a bidet. Shuckie Darn, those Utes know how to have a good time.

In my cramped room while staying in Paris there was a washbasin and a metal bidet on a folding stool...I waited for something to happen and wrote in my journal, 'I am waiting for something to happen'. I also read Hemingway's 'For Whom the Bells Toll.'
Nancy Friday

The rest refers to PSHKINS' stated respect for those actresses, as well as for their husky voices. I don't know if she was to get a huskier voice by smoking, but she quit after I announced my preference.

**39—"A Soul Enticed by the Garden of Earthly Delights" (Friday
28 May–Thursday 19 August 1982)**

UNIVERSAL GARDEN
Yes, 1997

This is the lead up to **HAN** (HOT AUGUST NIGHT). This "Shadow" is from the Renaissance-era painter Hieronymus Bosch's triptych "Garden of Delights,"¹⁹¹ featuring vivid images from hell, and the punishment sinners would receive for their transgressions, as well as from the exercise of bad moral principles. I am not claiming that we were sinners, but rather, that what happened later might have been a consequence of our joint *hubris*—look up the word. This section is the lead up to the seduction of 21 August 1982. The voices and rain in the original track reflect the "suffering" to come.

**40—"Weeding in the Garden of Earthly Delights" (Saturday 21
August 1982)**

*The lover wins his Rose in an explicit description of opening the bud, spreading the petals, spilling "a little seed just in the center," and "searching the calyx to its inmost depths"*¹⁹²

THE LADY LIES
Genesis, 1978

This is the seduction itself. In fact, this relationship and later share a similarity. In each case, the women made the first and overt moves. Coincidence? But, there are no

¹⁹¹ Bosch (1450-9 August 1516) painted *The Garden of Earthly Delights* (c.1500), a large triptych depicting the history of the world, from Adam and Eve and original sin to hell, a dark, icy, yet fiery nightmarish vision, see <http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/bosch/delight>, as of 22 June 2015.

¹⁹² Tuchman, p.212.

coincidences—listen to Peter Gabriel's "**LAY YOUR HANDS ON ME**"
and read Robert Hopcke's volume There are no Accidents.

The man who became my lover was someone I'd admired for months, whose beauty and seriousness about his work had filled my fantasies. We lay listening to the romantic music of the summer of [1982]. Oh, yes, I remember the music. I remember it more than anything, for it infused that love affair with all the romance of my adolescent summers. But there was an essential difference: this time around, I was the initiator, not drifting aimlessly into a sexual romance, but giving as much pleasure as I took. It was precarious, nonetheless, for he was younger than I, and his youth, along with the romantic music, pulled me back into the fantasy of adolescence from which I would have to extricate myself.

Nancy Friday

**41—"Losing Your Soul in the Garden of Earthly Delights"
(Sunday 22 August–Saturday 30 October 1982)**

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

(St. John of the Cross, and modified by Carlos R. Rivera)

Upon a darkened night
the flame of love was burning in my breast
And by a lantern bright
I fled my house while all in quiet rest
Shrouded by the night
and by the secret stair I quickly fled
The dark concealed my eyes
while all within lay quiet as the dead

Oh night thou was my guide
Oh night that joined the lover to the beloved one
Transforming each of them into the other

Upon that misty night in secrecy
beyond such mortal sight
without a guide or light
than that which burned so deeply in their hearts
That fire 'twas led me on
and shone so brightly than of the midday sun
to where she waited still
It was a place where no one else could come

Within my pounding heart
which kept itself entirely for her
she fell into her sleep
beneath the cedars all my love I gave
From o'er the forested wall
the wind would brush her hair against her brow
And with her smoothest hand
caressed my every sense she would allow, I lost myself to her
and laid my face upon my lover's breast
And care and grief grew dim
as in the mornin's mist became the light

This is the part that follows the seduction and is a major portion of my memories and the tragedy that fell upon us. I did not, however, think unkindly of PSHKINS. Donna says it for me again (tongue in cheek, of course).

BAD GIRLS
Donna Summer, 1978

42-"Glazed Donut Face" Saturday 21 August 1982-Saturday 13 and Sunday 14 September 198?)

*I care not for heaven and I fear not hell,
I have but the kisses of his proud red mouth.*¹⁹³

Ok, here is another one of those explicit adult discussions. Most couples usually have a specific way of making love particular only to themselves and also have cute names, words, and phrases as well. Herein, some might blanch at this, but hey, it's my story.

For those of you who have known me a long time, I have been at times with a beard and at other times without a beard. Well, when I met PSHKINS I was wearing a beard and for the life span of the time I spent with her (6 months) that is the only way she saw me. Now consider that a man who engages enthusiastically in *Sipping from the Vast Spring* might get carried away, and use all parts of his mouth and face. Our practice often was that I would *Sip* and then use *Clouds and Rain* for the *Supreme*.

After one such evening (before 30 October 1982), she made the following comment-"Your face looks like you've eaten a glazed donut!" If you have a beard and or mustache, you'll

¹⁹³ Irish poet Moirin ni Shionnaigh [Moireen Fox] (?-?), "The Fairy Lover," ca. 1922.

understand. She did not say it in a bad way, nor did I take it that way. In fact, I found it to be a compliment.

For some reason, PSHKINS never XXXX *the* XXXXX. While I was not against it, maybe she was. But we never discussed it. Later, much later, Pamela would surprisingly claim that I had never *Sipped from the Spring*.

43-"Twist the Knife! Tell the Truth?" (Saturday 21 August-Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-Send me a dream b-Nightmare come true c-Chordettes after 9 years at UU, but can money shield U?

This tune is derivative of four songs, two by Derek & the Dominos, "**ANYDAY**" and "**TELL THE TRUTH**," one by the Moody Blues, "**NEW HORIZONS**," and finally the Chordettes' "**MR. SANDMAN**" which she used to sing to me before 30 October 1982, and still causes some sorrow in my heart. The "UU" reference is to the fact that it took Pamela Sydney Boyles nine years to graduate with her Bachelor's degree (English).¹⁹⁴ The money shield will be brought up later.

ANYDAY

Derek and the Dominos, 1970

TELL THE TRUTH

Derek and the Dominos, 1970

NEW HORIZONS

Moody Blues, 1972

MR. SANDMAN

The Chordettes, 1954

¹⁹⁴ Fax [to Rivera] from University of Utah (Salt Lake City), 21 January 1999.

44-“Not Tasty after HAN? What about Barstow! (Sunday 22 August-Thursday 23 October 1982)

a-V(illage) D(onuts) at midnight b-Lost chart house, found McP's c-Where's my KFC lunch? d-Agape at the del e-Nordstrom-sudstrom, a dry salt lake

Yes, this is a pun. This is also based upon a statement Pamela made later and is a play upon her later phrase “tasty,” which drove me nuts eventually. It was her expressed statement to many dishes she consumed. This is tied to food places we visited before I left on that deployment.

Village Donuts was the open-round-the-clock pastry shop on Orange Avenue in Coronado. One evening after a delicious bout of hot sweaty *Clouds and Rain*, PSHKINS and I needed some munchies to recharge and I remember I went on a donut run. The shop is no longer there.

The Charthouse is a wonderful seafood restaurant across the street from the Hotel Del Coronado. McP's is the famous Irish Pub on Orange Avenue.¹⁹⁵ KFC (back then Kentucky Fried Chicken) is still on the island at the corner of 1st and “C” Streets. Originally, in 1982, it served only chicken and related items but now it serves all kinds of Pepsi Company products.

Agape (a form of love) refers to the night of 19 August when PSHKINS and I ate dinner at the Grotto. We also had discussed various forms of love during our bayside encounters.

¹⁹⁵ It is a traditional hangout for the SEAL Teams in Coronado and mentioned in many published fictional novels of intrigue.

It was such a perfect evening for me, and I know she really enjoyed it. The Nordstrom reference is discussed later, but is a play on opposites and Salt Lake City. I suspect Pamela would never recall these events.

45-"Mr. Sandman Jams with 'Pepe y Los Dos Amigos'" (Saturday 21 August-Saturday 30 October 1982)

This was a phrase that PSHKINS used for me after 22 August and never expressed again personally after 30 October 1982 that I recall. Can you guess what it deals with? The sandman character is, of course, a reference to the Chordettes tune she sang to me many times.

46-"From the Scent of Seabreeze to the Effects of Tetracycline" (Saturday 11 or Sunday 12 September 1982)

This refers to several propositions early in our relationships. Pamela used the skincare product *Seabreeze*. It gets trickier here. I served as my ships' controlled medicinal officer. At that time, we had been warned that the Soviets were using what were called honey-traps to ensnare or dupe military people in responsible positions. I was also the ships' Communications Officer with a Top-Secret clearance and

control of cryptological hardware and software, as well as its medical narcotics.¹⁹⁶

This had to be a weekend, as it happened during daylight hours in PSHKINS' apartment. After *Clouds and Rain*, PSHKINS said she was having a breakout of what I recall as herpes simplex and asked me to obtain some Tetracycline for breakouts. That request alarmed me and I remained non-committal. I grew a bit wary and reported this incident to the ship's medical officer, Petty Officer Banag. I don't know what transpired, but I never told Pamela about this. I was just be sure, in case she was using me.¹⁹⁷ Pretty egotistical, eh? I have never tested positive from any simplex symptoms.

47-"Mooning the Moon" (Friday 3 September 1982)

a-Have you ever? b-Aphrodite didn't have to ask twice c-Efharisto poli

*There was no one else left on the beach. We were quite alone.*¹⁹⁸

SECOND HAND NEWS
Fleetwood Mac, 1975

¹⁹⁶ The process started with my completion of course "Communication Security Material System [CMS]" on 15 May 1981, certificate of completion for course "A-4C-0014" at the Fleet Training Center, San Diego, Rivera service records.

¹⁹⁷ Hey, it was the middle of the Cold War. We were warned about the traps and that Soviet agents might use sex as one way to get classified information. "OPNAV 5520/20 (9/78) CERTIFICATE OF PERSONNEL SECURITY INVESTIGATION, CLEARANCE AND ACCESS" reports my Secret and Top Secret clearance dates. The latter was authorized 5 November 1981. In addition I was a member of the Monies Audit Board, "Commanding Officer USS DECATUR to ENS Carlos R. Rivera", 24 May 1982, and, the Controlled Substance Bulk Custodian in charge of various drugs and narcotics, "Commanding Officer USS DECATUR to ENS Carlos R. Rivera", 7 July 1981. I cannot recall if I had mentioned to PSHKINS that I held those duties, but was surprised by her request for medicinals. I also may have reported the incident to the command but have no recall if such was the case or if any follow-up transpired. However, I was cautioned to "not discuss classified information with unauthorized person such as dependents and friends" as well as stressing "my duty and responsibility to report to the security officer (The Decatur XO) infractions of security regulations which may come to your attention," "Ensign Carlos R. Rivera Security Statement to Security Officer USS Decatur", 8 June 1981, Rivera service records. At this time, I believe that Gordon Hamm might have explained to PSHKINS what my job entailed. Later my clearances were upgraded to include NATO/COSMIC access to specific foreign materials.

¹⁹⁸ Kazantzakis, p.287.

I checked the Naval Observatory and verified this date.¹⁹⁹ This happened as a result of a fantasy PSHKINS had expressed openly. She wanted to boogie outdoors under a full moon, and believe me, we had been exercising ourselves in many indoor locations.

That Friday night was beautiful and clear and the weather was perfect with a full moon. PSHKINS grabbed a blanket, took my hand and led me to a spot in a field just south of the Oakwood Apartments. Today, it is where the duck ponds (now filled in with concrete) are located on the bay side of the Coronado Island Marriott. The "R" building would have overlooked the spot then, but the view is now blocked by the Marriott Hotel.

Aphrodite is the goddess of beauty and physical love. I have a clear recall of the event. PSHKINS was wearing the short denim skirt she favored that summer and surprise, surprise, nothing under it. I remember it was a quickie, and I could hear the sailing boats and their bells just off shore. Later that night she called it *mooning the moon*. The Greek phrase PSHKINS taught me means "Thank you." She also taught me *Yasou*—to us.

¹⁹⁹ The full moon was 3 September 1982, http://aa.usno.navy.mil/cgi-bin/aa_phases.pl?year=1982&month=9&day=3&nump=4&format=t, as of 22 June 2015.

48- "The Road"

If you haven't a clue as to what the above means, this explains it all.

WHY DON'T WE DO IT ON THE ROAD
Beatles, 1968

49- "Remember the Song on the Radio when You said You Loved Me? (September 1982)

*The perfect man is in touch with his vulnerability and love; he has softness and tenderness and is not afraid of his feminine side.
Also, you only find him when you are not actually looking.*
Diane Von Furstenberg

I didn't realize it was an affair, at first. I had always thought of women as some kind of burden, some heavy weight you had a duty to carry around on your back. This new woman is such fun, she pulls her own weight at all times. So I didn't realize it was serious. I don't want the feeling of lightness I get from her to stop.
Nancy Friday

This happened in late September, sometime after the 14th. It was an evening, and PSHKINS and I were in my apartment, but not engaged in *Clouds and Rain*. For some reason, we were talking while I was sitting in a rocker chair and she was sitting on her knees in front of me. The radio was tuned to a local station. No, it wasn't like it may have looked.

Anyway, the discussion got serious about the relationship. She spoke in earnest tones. She told me that she loved me and then hugged me. At that moment, two things happened that I can never burn from my memory. While she was hugging me, she whispered in my ear that she knew that I loved her too.

I didn't say anything, but at that moment a prophetic song by the band Chicago started to play on the radio. I also started to cry as I had grown close to PSHKINS and was

overwhelmed by what she had said to me. I did not reply but simply cried out of great joy, or maybe, of great sorrow?

These heroes also weep like children, not only in great reunion scenes, but for instance, in great anger too. "Child, why do you weep? What grief has entered your heart? Tell it to me and not hide it from your mind, so that we both may know it."
Jacob Burkhardt

*He wanted to weep, but he was ashamed to do so in front of a woman. 'I'm not ashamed to cry, if it's in front of men. Between men there's some unity, isn't there? It's no disgrace. But in front of women a man always has to prove that he's courageous. Because if we started crying our eyes out, too, what would happen to these poor creatures? It would be the end!'*²⁰⁰

Later, I checked the record books and verified that the song below was number one on the charts during the two weeks after her birthday on 14 September.²⁰¹ I suspect that she would have never recalled any of this.

HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY/GET AWAY

You know, maybe I should have asked instead the following question:

WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?

The Shirelles, 1960

The truly faithless one is the one who makes love to only a fraction of you. And, denies the rest.
Anais Nin

50-"2 Brass Sailboat Windchimes" (Tuesday 14 September 1982)

a-Clandestine approach b-Joy in discovery c-Ethelonti kai meta charitoi

I know that the order is a bit skewed, but hey it's my story. Anyway, I had planned this event for her birthday for a week. PSHKINS really loved windchimes and I found a set of brass windchimes in the shape of sailboats. I had duty on Monday 13 September and was not free to leave the ship until about lunchtime of Tuesday 14 September. I drove from the San

²⁰⁰ Kazantzakis, p.262.

²⁰¹ Joel Whitburn, Top Forty Hits [1955-1995] New York, Billboard Books, 1996, number 1 the week of 11 September 1982, p.825.

Diego side to the Naval Air Station on North Island where I had bought the windchimes. I snuck back to her apartment while she and Geri were out to lunch and hung them up. I then returned to the ship until 4pm.

She had returned in the interim and was pleasantly surprised. She graciously thanked me—what the Greek means. Now, the number of sailboats was three, not two. I do not believe that Pamela would have remembered the number.

There is another incident which fits into coincidence. A officer reported onboard, but I couldn't recall his name for a time, E. Scott Wells.²⁰² A practice in the navy is to welcome an arrival and bid farewell to a departing officer. Scott had told me that he was from Salt Lake, and that his wife, Lara, had been in Ballet West—ringing bells. I took PSHKINS to the party, and had mentioned to her that Scott was the guest of honor. As I introduced her to Scott and his wife, Pam and he greeted each other as old friends. It seemed that PSHKINS had met this couple earlier, but not in Salt Lake.

They had become acquainted in Portland, Oregon, while working together in a theater group.²⁰³ Coincidence? Another story she and I shared involved a fellow officer. Wayne B. was

²⁰² I was able to identify him after speaking with some former shipmates who had a copy of the Decatur's 1982-1983 cruise book.

²⁰³ He may have known both of them from their work with the Portland Civic Theater Group, but could not be certain, Wells email to Rivera, 11 June 2001.

a lady's man, though he was married to a very beautiful woman. I introduced Pamela to the wardroom, and later, she told me that he had been eyeing her indiscreetly. I mentioned his reputation, but didn't have any reason to worry, for I felt that we were in an exclusively monogamous relationship.

51-"Our First Movie" (September 1982)

The first movie we saw together was "An Officer and a Gentleman" with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.²⁰⁴ It featured the song "UP WHERE WE BELONG" by Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes. The movie confirmed the view about naval officers and the reception I got at the party we had attended the previous month.

We did see other movies before I deployed. One was "Fast times at Ridgemont High" with Sean Penn. A song featured in it was by Jackson Browne, "SOMEBODY'S BABY". Another we saw featured John Cassavates and Susan Sarandon, "Tempest". Another Sarandon connection comes in PSHKINS' description of an another movie, "Atlantic City" which I had not then seen. PSHKINS described a sexy scene in the film, where Burt Lancaster watches Sarandon rub lemons over her exposed chest.

²⁰⁴The film opened nationally on 13 August 1982, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0084434/releaseinfo>, as of 22 June 2015.

A film that I did not see before 2001, and can't be 100% sure PSHKINS did, was "Summer Lovers" with Daryl Hannah.²⁰⁵

What does it mean here?

Lovers and strangers have been drawn to the Greek Islands ever since Homer wrote about them. Young people are especially drawn to the Islands, because they are inexpensive, always sunny, and offer a freedom rarely experienced anywhere else in the world.

And every summer, they come to Greece by the thousands. Young men and women from all over the world in search of fun, discovery and love. Some are away from home and its restrictions for the first time. Other more worldly travelers just gravitate to the isles' seemingly endless summer. All of them come to Greece for essentially the same reason, to explore life. To have the freedom to do as they please, with whomever they please. It's their time for anything under the sun.

Shouldering backpacks, the kids head out from Athens on ferries which circuit the various island groups. There are three classes of shipboard accommodations: first-class cabins, second class indoor seating, and third class on the open fan deck. Third class rapidly becomes a floating campsite; sleeping bags are rolled out wherever they'll fit; backpacks are propped up as windbreakers or headrests, and the visiting begins. In whatever language that works, they discuss the pros and cons of various islands. They trade tips on campsites, hot beaches, discos, and tavernas. They talk about where they're from and where they're going. The romance and chance of summer is everywhere.

Their first ferry ride sets the pattern for the whole summer. In endless variation, they meet and mingle on beaches, in towns, tent cities, museums, tavernas, bars and discos. Ceaselessly, they move. Friendships form and reform as paths cross and recross. Inhibitions evaporate because there is no one around to disapprove. Love affairs can be as fleeting or permanent as the partners care. If things don't work out, there's always another boat and a different island in the morning.

The Greek Isles, with their century's old beauty, are the setting for "Summer Lovers", a film directed by Randall Kleiser for Filmways Pictures. Kleiser also wrote the screenplay about young people in a summer world of beaches, tan bodies and the first delights of a newly discovered independence.

"Summer Lovers" is a love story about a beautiful young American couple—Michael (Peter Gallagher) and Cathy (Daryl Hannah), who vacation on Santorini, an island of dazzling white villages, towering cliffs and black sand beaches. Michael, however, arrives restless. He feels inexplicably confined in his relationship with Cathy. Lina (Valerie Quennessen) is a beautiful, spunky French archaeologist who has come to Greece to get away from relationships. She lives a few houses from Michael and Cathy.

Michael first discovers Lina from afar. Though Cathy is a beautiful woman whom he has loved since childhood, Michael is mesmerized by Lina. She in turn, is amused by Michael's awkward attempts at seduction. They connect, each thinking it will be a private mini-affair. But Michael is unprepared for the emotional rollercoaster of loving two women—especially two who are so different. Cathy embodies the virtues of the straightforward American way; Lina personifies the magic long associated with beautiful French women. Where Cathy is possessive, Lina is not. Philosophically, the two women are worlds apart. Geographically, they are but a few hundred feet.

Torn by conflicting emotions, Michael reveals to Cathy his liaison with Lina. In a bold move, which surprises even herself, Cathy seeks out Lina. Each is fascinated with the other, and a wary, tentative relationship begins, based on their individual love for Michael. All three face a difficult situation, but on Santorini, rules are suspended. Life is governed solely by the rise and set of the sun.

Being abroad, one sees everything through new eyes. Being three in a world of twos makes every action special. Everything is charged with the excitement and sensuality of the first time. There are no guidelines, no signposts on how to behave. People are free of the expectations which rob so many lovers of love's reward. Michael, Cathy and Lina are challenged to let go and immerse in their island world. They can let their hearts take the lead. On Santorini Island, a summer paradise for free spirits living as they will, the three open themselves to the most rewarding experience of their lives.

"Summer Lovers" has four principal characters: Michael, Cathy, Lina and the Greek Isles. The idea for the film occurred to writer-director Randall Kleiser while touring the islands on vacation. He found fascinating the uninhibited, free form lifestyle created by literally thousands of young adults from all over the world.

While mapping out the production strategy, Kleiser and the film's producer, Mike Moder, chose four island locations: Santorini, Delos, Mykonos and Crete, and a palette of colors they wanted the locations to convey: the blue of the Aegean, the tan of sunned bodies, and the dazzling white of the island villages.

²⁰⁵ The film opened nationally on Friday 16 July 1982, <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0084737/releaseinfo>, as of 22 June 2015.

Santorini, a tiny dot in the Greek Aegean 9,000 miles from Los Angeles, hosted the bulk of the filming. Also known by its ancient name, Thira, the island is a huge volcano, the center of which disappeared in a terrific explosion in about 1500 B.C. It is widely believed that this cataclysm wherein half the island slid into the sea, together with the attendant tidal wave which destroyed Minoan Crete, gave rise to the legend of the lost continent of Atlantis.

A production office was established in Fira, the island capital, which hugs the cliffside above the sea. It was the check-in point for camera equipment from London, production equipment from Los Angeles, vehicles from England and Athens, and crewmembers from Greece, England and the U.S.A.

In order to transport the camera equipment along the rugged mountain trails, the production kept on call a string of donkeys and mules. Every morning they were loaded with appropriate gear and led to work by surefooted guides -- guides whose ancestors were forerunners of today's Teamsters. Some of the film's sites were as unique as the methods used to transport cast, crew and equipment to them.

Valerie Quenessen plays a working archaeologist. The production secured an unprecedented permission to film at an actual dig -- Akrotiri, the presumed "lost city of Atlantis". Instructed by a real archaeologist, Valerie set to work before the cameras in an area of the site selected for light and production values. She had hardly started when, much to the joy of everyone, she uncovered several pieces of 3500-year-old pottery. They were turned in and added to the scientific collection.

Then there are the beaches, filled with young people from every country, tanned and glowing in strips of faded cloth (if they wear anything at all), that further define island life. On the sand and in the surf people meet, mingle, work on their all--over tans and make love. This uninhibited, graceful acceptance of anything under the sun is what strikes first-time visitors to the Greek Islands.

In order to make everything authentic, the production posted signs in seven languages inviting backpackers to audition as extras. It created an islands-wide craze. As the kids moved from place to place, they spread the word--a free meal and 1000 drachmas a day paid to people doing what they'd do anyway! Soon, no matter where the company moved, there was a ready supply of international youth lining up for employment.

When casting in Greece, the company lucked into a surprise. Hans Van Tongeren, the noted Dutch actor who created a sensation in the U.S. in the film "Spetters", was enlisted from the ranks of summer visitors. Daryl Hannah passed him on a street in Thira, recognized him, and importuned him to meet the director. Hans did, read the part of Jan, and joined the production.

It is the nature of a Greek vacation to move from island to island. The company was no exception. To transport the crew to Mykonos and back, the production chartered a 147-foot motor yacht, *The Angela*, which carries a crew of 16 and can accommodate 11 passengers in elegant, air-conditioned staterooms. The inter-island travel time was devoted to shooting the "Vive Le Jet Set scene", which takes place on the pleasure boat of an extravagant Greek tycoon. *The Angela*, rechristened "The Colossus", adopted this role easily, since she was originally owned and cruised by Aristotle Onassis, who subsequently presented it as a wedding gift to Prince Rainier of Monaco when he married Grace Kelly.

Mykonos is the most renowned of the Aegean islands, famous for its splendid series of beaches and non-stop nightlife. It is also the island of access to Delos, which was the seat of the Aegean league. Delos probably has more ruins and artifacts than any other Grecian site. Once again, the production received an unprecedented permission to film among the ruins, which provided an atmosphere and authenticity the most elaborate set could ever convey.

The final week of shooting was a Matala Bay in Crete, the largest Greek island, and a mere 200 miles from Africa. At 8:00 p.m. on Friday, a caravan of camera trucks, grip trucks, buses, catering wagons and crew vehicles lumbered aboard a chartered ferryboat accompanied by cast and crew. At 2:00 a.m., Saturday, the caravan disembarked at Heraklion and set off in formation across Crete. At 4:00 a.m., an exhausted company wound its way down the mountains of Matala. The next day, the waiting standard mule string was ready to tote equipment over a seaside ridge to a spectacular series of cliffs and coves.

The setting was ideal, except there were no tidal pools to round out the idyllic image. Crew members were sent back over the mountain on donkey back where trucks sped them across Crete to Heraklion to round up pumps and hoses. That same day, while the company shot cliff-jumping scenes, crewmembers created sparkling tidal pools, which were quickly peopled by eager extras. On October 17, 1981, two months after the start of principal photography, the final shot was filmed and the production faced its last hurdle, getting everyone and everything home, the only task that did not require donkeys.²⁰⁶

Well, the movie, as you see, takes place in the Greek Isles and features a loose *ménage à trios*. Sometime in late

²⁰⁶ See <http://www.summer-lovers.net/production.html>, as of 22 June 2015. "The above production note excerpts have been reproduced from the Summer Lovers - Filmways Pictures press kit. [Copyright] 1982 Filmways Pictures." Filmways Pictures was in business until 1983 as an independent film company. Orion Pictures acquired Filmways and then was itself bought by MGM in 1997.

August or September, PSHKINS seemed to suggest something like that, but I did not immediately respond. She had asked me if I would ever consider a threesome, and, I cannot be sure of whom she was considering as the third party. I don't know if she meant Geri or Gordon. By the way, the ending credits for this movie include the song cited just above,²⁰⁷ so I believe she had seen the movie and connected the song.

Another discussion I recalled from that period was also strange, at least to me. PSHKINS talked about faking "Supremes", and included Geri's thoughts in the discussion. She told me that as they grew older and sexually active, there were times that they faked them to get it over with, either as an exercise in reassuring the gentleman that things were going perfectly, or just to have him finish and get it all over with. I can't be sure now that such did not happen with PSHKINS.

One might ask about our daily routine. First, whether she stayed at my place or I stayed at her place, my normal workday began at about 730ish or so in the morning. That meant that I had to leave home by 7am and work till about 4pm or 5pm, if we did not go to sea. About every sixth day (and after 1 October,

²⁰⁷ Chicago's "Hard to Say Sorry", see summer-lovers.net/Soundtrack.html, as of 22 June 2015.

every fourth day) I had duty which meant I remained onboard the ship for the entire 24-hour period.²⁰⁸

Her routine is more problematic. Remember, she had no phone.²⁰⁹ As best as I can guess, she probably stayed in bed till late morning. As I wouldn't see her till late afternoon, I really had no notion of how she spent her time. Recall that she was unemployed, but wanted to be a poet. I could only hazard a guess that she did spend some time writing or reading. But, no, I was never really sure of what she did during the day unless she mentioned something specific. I can't say there were many instances of that. By the way, I had given her the key to my apartment within a week or so of HAN.

52-"Nursing DSHNO back to Health" (Sunday 3 October-Thursday 7 October 1982)

This occurred just a month before DSHNO and PSHKINS were lost forever' and this event can be found in the Decatur deck log, now in the Naval History Center in Washington DC, where one can check the reference.

I got sick and had to take a week of bed rest. I got home late that Sunday night and told PSHKINS I was sick with strep throat. She insisted that I stay in her place and she would

²⁰⁸ My duty days can be confirmed via the deck log for the USS Decatur (DDG-31), now in the possession of the Naval Historical Center, Washington DC. If I was scheduled for quarterdeck or underway duties, the entries would identify me as taking over the station(s).

²⁰⁹ She used either mine or Geri's. Both numbers were unlisted, and I am unsure how mine got in the Haines Criss-Cross directories.

tend to me. That night I had a fever of 103 degrees and no amount of blankets could warm me. She ended up lying on me to keep me from shaking to pieces. I remember I was in a delirium from the fever but I can still recall her presence and concern.

By the next morning the fever had broken, but I had massive blisters on the inside of my mouth. As a result, I could not eat solid foods. For the next few days, PSHKINS served me applesauce and ice cream as they cooled my mouth. To me, PSHKINS exhibited such humanity, and I know I still miss it. Then, as a result of increasing pre-deployment jitters, my boss later proved to be very upset that I had been given bed rest. As the powers that be had delayed the Decatur's deployment by a month, PSHKINS suggested that we take off on a road trip, so as to have some time together away from the navy.

DIARY ENTRY

[Sunday 3 October 1982-I had duty that day, and around 9pm got sick. They sent me to the clinic and reported that I had a temperature of 103 and strep throat. They gave me 3-4 days of bedrest. I came home that evening and stopped by your place. I mentioned that I was ill, and you suggested I stay with you. Around midnight I awoke with massive sweats and uncontrollable shaking. I remember I could not stop and that you were really worried. You put every blanket you had on me and laid next to me to keep me warm. Pam, I know that I was very sick, but I knew then that you really cared for me. Now, me getting sick and ordered home caused what a rift for me and my boss Mike Turner. He seemed to feel that I got sick in order to spend more time with you, especially because we were deploying in several weeks and because of what you and I had setup earlier.]

53-"The Chaos of the Bacchae" (Saturday 14 September 1963-Friday 15 October 1982)

a-Intro b-Chaos

*Cunning is perfectly permissible, and even deceit, so long as the main objective is served.*²¹⁰

I returned to duty on 8 October, a Friday, and was able to eat solid food for the first time that week. It was rice, but still painful. I had to prepare for deployment and the road trip with PSHKINS. The pressure might have started to grow on her. The *Bacchae* were adherents of *Dionysus* and acted wantonly and savagely.

We went to sea on Tuesday 12 October and returned late Friday around 4pm.²¹¹ PSHKINS and I had supposedly preplanned our road trip. I had packed a travel bag in advance, and asked PSHKINS to pack some other things (including towels) in advance as well. I had wanted to get out of town as soon as we could.

54-"Betty's Breakdown, Genetic?" (Saturday 19 May 1956-Friday 15 October 1982)

*This was the prelude to the famous "Lost Weekend."*²¹²

PSHKINS had referred to her mother's breakdown at age 37 in 1956, and how she wanted to avoid anything like that in her own life. This big change seems to have occurred in Betty's

²¹⁰ Burckhardt, p.144.

²¹¹ The Decatur deck log can be checked for verification.

²¹² Yoko Ono, quoted in http://www.jfkmontreal.com/john_lennon/Chapter11.htm, last accessed on 13 November 2011.

life a month or so after her 37th birthday (April 14th, if I recall correctly).²¹³ Pamela's birthdate is September 14th.

This "**Shadow**" was my own effort to emulate both Larry Fast and Peter Gabriel. Fast is an electronic genius in his own right, but the merger of Gabriel and Fast proved great for a decade. If you are familiar with it you will recognize the influences.

55-"Medical Emergency?" (Monday 11 October-Friday 15 October 1982)

A certain man said, "I know the shapes of Reason and Woman." When asked about this, he replied, "Reason is four-cornered and will not move even in an extreme situation. Woman is round. One can say that she does not distinguish between good and evil or right and wrong and tumbles into any place at all."²¹⁴

I did not see PSHKINS from Tuesday morning until late Friday afternoon. But, later I grew to suspect that something untoward had occurred. She was never completely the same after the 10th of October 1982. The lyrics to the song below might reveal more about her than me.

STOP! IN THE NAME OF LOVE
Supremes, 1965

²¹³ I was in error by one day, 13 April.

²¹⁴ Yamamoto, p.138.

56-"The Festival of the Maenad" (Monday 11 October-Friday 15 October 1982)

*At this time there was a marked revival of the cult of Dionysus, with its immense celebrations and **mysteries**. The wine was mixed, with the addition of water in the proportion of two-thirds to one or three-quarters to one. These correct proportions are emphatically laid down in a poetic fragment as ensuring gaiety, since rowdiness would result if they were ignored, and even madness, if the water were cut by half.²¹⁵*

The Maenad were also female adherents of *Dionysus*. They were considered to be quite savage by nature, as well, as under certain conditions. I wonder now if the conditions were right in that week. By the way, look up the Greek terms, *Bacchae* and *Maenad*. It will give some flavor of the **mystery**.

NO MORE "I LOVE YOU'S"
Annie Lennox, 1995

57-"Lost Weekend to Lost Week Suite" (Monday 11 October-Friday 15 October 1982)

a-prologue b-intro c-Lost Weekend to Lost Week

If he hadn't been deceived, he would have probably met his death well.²¹⁶

"I could never forget that face" he used to say for a long while.²¹⁷

If you know the name "Don Birnam", this will make sense. I remember Geri and PSHKINS had made reference to the work that he appears within, a book I first read in 1999. The last part of this is a farewell to her "spirit."

YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING
Righteous Brothers, 1964

²¹⁵ Burkhardt, p.211, p.260.

²¹⁶ Yamamoto, p.104.

²¹⁷ Yoko Ono, http://www.jfkmontreal.com/john_lennon/Chapter11.htm, accessed on 13 November 2011.

58-"Bacchanalia" (Friday 15 October 1982)

a-intro b-Interlude

*If in one's heart he follows the path of sincerity, though he does not pray, will not the gods protect him?
As everything in the world is but a sham, death is the only sincerity.*²¹⁸

*We do not know whether [she] intended to counteract the Dionysian excess then raging.*²¹⁹

This is what the *Bacchae* and *Maenad* often engaged in, according to mythology. It is possible that PSHKINS did too. Maybe the affair DSHNO raised doubts for her. Joni again.

THE SAME SITUATION

Joni Mitchell, 1974

*The Bacchae is a play [where] everyone is shown in the wrong, by contrast with the terrible and splendid raving of the women.*²²⁰

59-"A Tiring Road Trip" (Friday 15-Saturday 24 October 1982)

a-Coronado to Monterey b-Monterey to Lake Tahoe c-Lake Tahoe to Salt Lake City d-Salt Lake City to Zion Park e-Zion Park to Coronado

You've spent a week preparing for a deployment, your boss is an asshole, your lover can't drive a stick, and you have a lengthy road trip. How lengthy? Well, 2100 miles over ten days, but most got accrued in six days, 350 miles a day for about seven hours driving straight, and that was by a tired guy. It never occurred to me that PSHKINS could not drive a shift, as I recalled she owned a Mustang when she was younger.

The schedule was to spend two days in Monterey where we were to stay with Bobby Rocha and his wife.²²¹ Then we were to stay at Stateline/Lake Tahoe for two days, then drive on to

²¹⁸ Yamamoto, p.141.

²¹⁹ Burkhardt, p.212.

²²⁰ Burkhardt, p.255.

²²¹ Bobby retired as a Lieutenant Colonel from the U.S. Army in October 2003. We went through junior and high school together, then went on to Columbus College. He was commissioned for active duty in June 1979, see <http://www.linkedin.com/pub/bobby-rocha/12/320/ba8>, as of 22 June 2015. He married Susan, commissioned in 1980. In 1982 both were stationed at Fort Ord, in Monterey, California.

Salt Lake City where we stayed with Pam's ex-sister-in-law, Pamela V. Boyles (nee Chiodo). The next stop was in Zion National Park followed by a stop in Barstow, California before making the last sprint to Coronado on Sunday 24 October. This was also when the national speed limit was 55mph.

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
Beatles, 1967

60-"Upon discovering that you were imperfect" (Friday 15 October-Saturday 16 October 1982)

a-Nervous upon my return from sea b-The road to Monterey was awkward c-The night was not synchronous d-The next morning along the beach e-I sensed it was all wrong f-Getting into Monterey late g-You didn't pack bath towels h-Maybe it was a bad idea to Tennessee Waltz

Something was lost that night for me .²²²

Ok, this requires explanation. I left my ship at the San Diego Naval Station, drove across the Coronado Bay Bridge and got home about 5pm. I can't recall but suspect that PSHKINS would have watched the ship return to base. She had our stuff ready, and I went up to my apartment to change into civilian clothes.

We got on the road a bit late.²²³ I noticed that PSHKINS was very tense, and she seemed to be out of sorts. In fact, she seemed to be quite different. I figured she had had a bad day and gave it little thought till later. We drove half way to Monterey that Friday, and stopped overnight at a motel.

²²² Yoko Ono, http://www.jfkmontreal.com/john_lennon/Chapter11.htm, accessed on 13 November 2011

²²³ One reason for delay was a development I had not recalled until recently. Polly Bass gave birth to her second child, Kevin, on 14 October 1982. As we were getting ready to leave, PSHKINS decided that I should "meet" her sister and offer congratulations. I verified the date of birth on a church newsletter, now no longer available on the church website, *The Messenger*, October 2005, p.5.

Now, I was a sailor, and had not seen my babe for a week. "Babe" was what she called me one time after *Clouds and Rain*, and in an unusual manner. I got up and was about to use the restroom when she said, "Babe, would you bring back some tissue to clean [myself]." I began to use the term as well.

That night, I figured, hey, let's get it on. She indicated that she was not interested, so I decided to try to get some sleep. Saturday morning was not any better for her. She seemed still out of sync, and took more time than I considered necessary, as we were expected in Monterey around noon.

We got underway, and I remember that PSHKINS was insistent on wearing her sunglasses, even though the sun was on our right quarter and we were headed north. We stopped along the beach on Route 101. I remember that we could see seals near the beach and I took a picture (now lost) of PSHKINS leaning on a large piece of driftwood. She was wearing the sunglasses and a dark blue top, and a pair of gray tweedy pants.

We got into Monterey several hours later than expected. I quickly discovered that she had not packed everything we needed, primarily towels. We ended up taking showers and using our clothes to dry off. Although the four of us had a great dinner at a Mexican restaurant along Cannery Row that evening,

PSHKINS again indicated that she was not interested in *Clouds and Rain*. I don't know if it was the new surroundings, the travel, or something else, like her period. But the latter never had been a cause for abstinence. I remember that on previous occasions, she had used a towel.

The reference to the "**TENNESSEE WALTZ**" is based upon PSHKINS singing it to me. It was first recorded in the 1940s, but suspect she heard it in the 1950s when both Patti Page and Patsy Cline recorded it.

Now, we left Monterey the morning of 18 October and drove east toward Lake Tahoe/Stateline and Reno. We got in late that afternoon, where we stayed in a hotel by the lake, just on the California side of the border. We went out to dinner at Harrah's in Reno, and then did a little bit of gambling. We went back to our room after losing our dimes and quarters. I thought PSHKINS might be receptive to a little *Clouds and Rain*, but she declined. As I was feeling a little bit randy and unfulfilled, I decided to go check out one of those racy dance shows at Harrah's and get a few drinks. I stayed out until 2am Tuesday morning. When I got back to the room, she asked what I had done. I remember I exhaled on PSHKINS to let her know what I had been doing.

The next day we went up to Virginia City and that evening we ate at Harrah's again. She turned in early that night and I

was a bit perplexed by her behavior. The next day, Wednesday, 20 October, we headed east on a long drive toward Salt Lake City. On that highway, I asked PSHKINS if something was going on, and she said, "No, why?" I said that she seemed to be reluctant to have *Clouds and Rain* on this trip and wondered whether the trip was stressful. Her response proved very interesting.

61-"The Road" (Wednesday 20 October 1982)

We were just east of Elko, Nevada, late that evening, and something funny happened. PSHKINS said she would use her hand to make the *Jade Stem* quake. I was game, so we pulled off the road. She grabbed some tissues and proceeded to take my temperature. When the mercury in the thermometer reached its boiling point, I was glad to feel "Old' Faithful". She did not however assent to a similar service. She never seemed to desire that kind of bustle.

Next, we spent a couple of days with Pamela's ex-sister-in-law, Pamela V. Boyles. Of that period, I remember a few things vividly. That Pamela was concerned with the safety of her RX-7. She wanted to get a "bra" for the front of her car. The other thing was that the two Pamela's were quite explicit when they talked about divorce. Patrick W. and Pamela V. Boyles proved interesting. Apparently, the two had made love

one night, and the next morning at breakfast, Patrick told her that he wanted a divorce.²²⁴

By this time, Pamela V. was dating a guy named Bill²²⁵, but it seemed a touchy subject still. I did finally meet Patrick Boyles. All I can say is that he seemed just the slightest bit effeminate. That doesn't mean that he was gay, just that I didn't get a strong masculine feeling about him.

It was during the stay in Salt Lake City that Pamela Sydney Holley introduced me to one of the finest experiences in my life. She made me a Nordie. She decided that I needed to upgrade my wardrobe and took me shopping at Nordstrom. I still have some items she picked out for me. We went to dinner later, and I discovered Salt Lake was dry, in terms of liquor.

We spent only a couple of days in Salt Lake, then on Friday we drove down to Zion National Park in Southwestern Utah. We got there early enough that I could get a picture of us along the Virgin River. That is the only existing picture of Pamela Sydney Holley and Carlos R. Rivera together. In the period between 28 May and 30 October 1982, no one but me took a photo of us together, nor did I take more than one of the

²²⁴ They married on 28 August 1971, "Marriage License, State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, [No.] 199645", issued 30 August 1971 in a Catholic ceremony, Salt Lake County Clerk's office. Neither of their family members signed as witnesses. As to the divorce, the documents indicate that she inflicted "cruelty resulting in his suffering great mental distress" on Patrick and that he was entitled to the divorce "on the grounds of mental cruelty", see "Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law, Civil No. D81-4445, Boyles v Boyles" in the Third Judicial District Court In and For Salt Lake County, Utah" dated 18 February 1982, Salt Lake County Court Records. Hereafter "Boyles v Boyles".

²²⁵ William C. Rankin (9 February 1950-19 February 2007), <http://my.att.net/p/s/community.dll?ep=24&groupID=289154&ck=>, last accessed on 5 December 2011.

two of us. We spent the day driving around the park and then turned in for the evening. I don't recall that we had any *Clouds and Rain*.

The next morning we left the park and headed toward California. Now, I remember the discussion we had, for we were heading directly west into the setting sun. The only time we headed that way on the entire trip was that day. Two topics we talked about were the business acumen of the Rolling Stones, and interestingly enough, a discussion about terminology.

For some reason, PSHKINS took great offense at the word "gal." I remember that she was very intense when she said it was a negative word and meant a milking cow, but the English Oxford Dictionary does not support that definition.²²⁶ I reminded her that it was the name of a great Broadway show and movie, "Guys and Gals." That, however, did not mollify her. On that trip, I know I sang every song to her off of the Joni Mitchell album Court and Spark. We got to Barstow and checked into a Motel 6. The next event was quite interesting.

62-"Transformation in Barstow" (Saturday 23 October 1982)

I recall we got dinner and then retired to the room. What happened next was unexpected. PSHKINS became very amorous. I don't know if it was the trip coming to an end, or the

²²⁶ A noun, a girl or young woman, http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/us/definition/american_english/gal, as of 22 June 2015.

ambiance, or even me. Anyway, it was intense and we added something to the *Sip from the vast Spring*. I called it "holding hands." We held hands during that encounter and she had a supreme *Supreme*. I know I was very turned on. Now the next door neighbors were holding a party and sometime around 3 or 4 am, they woke us with their noise, but it was not an irritant, because we had another intense session of *Clouds and Rain*. She had not been like that before October 11.

SINCERELY
McGuire Sisters, 1955

63-"...haven't felt as Alive since?" (Saturday 23 October 1982)

This "**Shadow**" is about that night and the next morning.

IT'S UP TO YOU
Moody Blues, 1970

DIARY ENTRIES

Friday 15 October to Sunday 24 October 1982-vacation "holding hands"

[We left for an extended road trip. First to Monterey, where we visited with my friend Bobby and his wife Susan. I remember that I had been to sea that entire week and left the car with you and packing with you. You had not packed towels, as you believed that they had some. Ooops, they didn't. On that trip we also went to Tahoe, Salt Lake City, and Zion National Park. Can you remember what the phrase "holding hands" meant, as we both used that for a specific item? I remember that later you claimed to have never engaged in "holding hands." I was so surprised to hear you say that. We got back Sunday and prepared for my departure the next week. One of the more pleasant memories of that road trip, was singing to you the songs on Joni Mitchell's Court and Spark. I believe I darn near wore that tape out on those ten days.]

[Monday 25 October to Friday 29 October 1982

Upon my return home, I began a five day navy course.²²⁷ One of the requirements I loved but which my department head did not was that I not be assigned to duty days and watch standing during that week. Thus between 7am and 5pm each day I was in class, but got to spend the evenings with PSHKINS. If memory is a good guide, I believe there were many dinners by the bay, and much "*Clouds and Rain*."]]

²²⁷ "Military Rights and Responsibilities, Equal Opportunity and Cultural Expression in the Navy" held at the Naval Station, San Diego, see "Commanding Officer, Human Resource Management Command, San Diego, to Commanding Officer USS Decatur", 2 November 1982, reporting my satisfactory completion of the course, Rivera service records.

**64-"Knocking on the Jade Gate with a Pillow Book in Hand"
(August-October 1982)**

Just what does this all mean? Well, in ancient Asian cultures (China and Japan), sexual matters lent themselves to ways to describe not only sex, but the sexual organs as well. One suspects that lovers around the world have practiced that language as well. DSHNO and PSHKINS did, but you will have to figure them out (It's not hard, and that's not a pun). So, how did we get to this point? Well, in the few weeks before my ship sailed over the horizon never to see Pamela Sydney Holley again, she was reading James Clavell novels like Shogun, Taipan, Noble House, and King Rat.

*The twelve-hour television miniseries Shogun was originally broadcast by NBC September 15-19, 1980.*²²⁸

Among the texts one can find frequent references to *Pillowing*, *Pillow Books*, *Jade Gates*, *Clouds and Rain*, and *Jade Stems*, all meaning the thing that keeps the race going, getting it on.

*Some of the vocabulary used in Shogun in matters of sex may sound quaint, but it is a reflection of a rich and ancient Chinese tradition of literature about sex, a tradition which was perpetuated in Tokugawa Japan. The very term "Clouds and Rain" was taken from an ancient Chinese poem of the third century B.C. and became the standard Chinese literary expression for [sexual intercourse]. Under the influence of Taoism and Yin-Yang theory, the Chinese evolved systematic and detailed sex manuals. The oldest surviving version of these is preserved, interestingly enough, in Japan, as a chapter on "The Bedchamber" in a medical text of the Heian period (A.D. 984). Here one can find, for example, the elaborate variety of coital positions of the sort found in Mariko's "pillow book", many with poetically exotic names. The sexual vocabulary of Shogun follows this model.*²²⁹

As I was working nearly every day, I did not see that PSHKINS was reading all day, but she and Geri used to giggle

²²⁸ See <http://timelines.ws/subjects/Television.HTML>, as of 22 June 2015.

²²⁹ Henry Smith, "Consorts and Courtesans: The Women of *Shogun*," in Henry Smith, Learning from Shogun: Japanese History and Western Fantasy Santa Barbara: Program in Asian Studies, University of California, 1980, p.108.

and make jokes about *Pillowing*, *Pillow Books*, and the *Jade Gate*. Of course, PSHKINS and I were *Pillowing*, with me directing my *Jade Stem* towards her *Jade Gate*, reaching *High Tide* and working to *Lose Essence*.

*Pillowing always has its price. Always. Not necessarily money, Anjin-san. But a man pays for pillowing in one way, or in another. True love, we call it duty, is of soul to soul and needs no such expression-no physical expression, except perhaps the gift of death.*²³⁰

But we did not need a *Pillow Book* as a guide, though I can only assume that Geri and Gordon were *Pillowing* and maybe using a *Pillow Book*. Now, while I regularly checked out the *Lute String* and *Divine Field*, before *Sipping from the Vast Spring*, PSHKINS never offered to XXXX the XXXXX. (I am not kidding, these two giggling and joking about those phrases.)

Chinese sexual glossary-terms from the Jade bedroom²³¹

The arts of the bedroom constitute the climax of human emotions and encompass the totality of Tao. Therefore, the ancient sages regulated man's external pleasures in order to control his inner passions, and they made detailed rules and terms governing sexual intercourse. If a man regulates his sexual pleasure, he will feel at peace and attain longevity. If, however, a man abandons himself to sexual pleasure without regard for the rules set forth in the ancient texts, he will soon fall ill and gravely injure himself.

Dynastic History of Later Han

Technical meaning

clitoris
cunnilingus
fellatio
intercourse
labia
Mound of Venus (mon veneris)
orgasm (female)
orgasm (male)
penis
vagina

Literal translation(s)

Lute strings, Divine Field
Sipping the Vast Spring
Blowing the Flute
Clouds and Rain, Firing the Cannon, Friendly Relations
Wheat Buds, Red Pearls
Sedge Hill
High Tide, Tide of Yin, Supreme
Lose Essence, Leak, Surrender, Die, Supreme
Jade Stem, Yang Peak, Yang Weapon, Turtle Head
Jade Gate, Jade Door, Cinnabar Cave, Child Gate, One Inch Square,
Deep Valley, Path of Yin, Celestial Palace, Valley of Solitude, Golden Gully

Ok, enough joking. One thing one might concur with is that lovers have a particular way of sexually interacting, a

²³⁰ Cited by Smith in *Learning from Shogun*, p.112, and found originally in Clavell, *Shogun*, p.555.

²³¹ <http://www.hps-online.com/tsy6.htm>. as of 22 June 2015.

procedure that dramatically changes with each new lover.²³² I wonder if she remembers any of that. Or, ever wanted to?

I remember something she did once while we were being friendly. First, I didn't consider myself a film extra for the late and infamous porn star John Holmes. In fact, then, I considered myself just adequate (however that term be defined). Anyway, she took her hand, spread her fingers out and used her extended thumb and forefinger to measure my *Jade Stem*. She indicated that she was amazed at my largess and that she had actually never encountered anyone so well possessed. I was bemused, as I had not measured myself against other men.

Later PSHKINS would confess something she had always wanted to do. She had heard that men get erections while they sleep. So one night, she took hold of my *Jade Stem* (very very gently I surmise) and got the reaction she wanted. For some reason, she didn't wake me up, but I would not have been displeased had she done so.

Now, one thing I remember involved her response to one situation. We were in my studio, on the floor with the blankie. For some reason, during a bit of what may have gotten a bit energetic, PSHKINS asked me to stop as it brought out memories. I asked if she had ever suffered from any assault

²³² "Although nearly every adult engages in some type of sexual activity, we all have unique combinations of acts, habits, emotions, language, styles, props and tastes that are our own," Anita L. Allen, "Lying to Protect Privacy", *Villanova Law Review* 44 (1999), p.178.

and she said yes. She never named anyone, so I couldn't be certain if it was her ex-husband, an old boyfriend, or even Cyrus. After she calmed down, we moved out to my patio with the blankie and were very quiet, as we knew that anyone having *Clouds and Rain* attracted attention.

I can recall that due to PSHKINS I read a number of books on my deployment, primarily novels by respected authors James Clavell and Robert Ludlum (25 May 1927-12 March 2001).

*History is today and tomorrow. You know, if you don't read history, you're a bloody idiot.*²³³

65-"The Folly of Holley" (Friday 14 September 1945-Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-Siren of Fairview b-Betty's child madness c-An Eldredge case, Howard's buoy, Cyrus deGrate, Tom of Wales, and Ex-calibur

If what was to transpire was hidden to me, this tune reflects that. Pamela was born in Fairview, Ohio. Sirens were legendary creatures which lured mariners to their doom. She had expressed a fear of suffering her mother's fate, a breakdown. Her father had worked for J.I. Case for a very long time. Howard was her first husband's father, a witness to their marriage. I refer to Iran (Persia) and Cyrus with the deGrate comment.

The reference to Tom is quite interesting, and apparently he had not recalled this. When PSHKINS first met Tom, it was in the jacuzzi at Oakwood. She told me that he was pretending

²³³ Smith, Learning from *Shogun*, p.X.

to be a whale by expelling water from his mouth, much like a whale would do through its blowhole. Ex-calibur arose when she asked what men named their *Jade Stems*. I told her mine was *Excalibur*, the sword in King Arthur.

We agreed I should move in with her on the 29th to save us both money. Before then, my plan had been to end my lease. However, the Navy paid BAQ and VHA, and if you deployed as a single person, you could receive those payments for three months after deployment, even if the deployment ran longer.²³⁴

We completed the move by the 29th, clothes, books, my stereo and records, my 13" black and white television, some tapes, and a few odds and ends (among these were papers and extra checks from NFCU, all stored in a box and put into the back of PSHKINS' (ours, I guess) closet. I even moved my phone to U-110 as thus, I could call her from overseas.²³⁵

I reported to the Navy that I had a new address ashore,²³⁶ and continued to receive payments for another three months. At this point the rent was about \$500 a month, so I split that with PSHKINS, in fact, I split the rent with her for longer

²³⁴ I was required to report the new address, before 30 October 1982, as "1527 1st St U-110, Coronado, CA 92118". I have no record of that report but did receive the payments for the additional three months, or until 31 January 1983. I did find that, separately, I had updated my Page 2 "Emergency Data" in November 1982. In addition, using historical tables found at the Defense Finance and Accounting Service website, I was able to confirm my pay and allowances for the period, 1 November 1982 to 30 April 1983. My monthly pay was \$1660.80, and my allowances for the period of 1 November 1982 to 31 January 1983 included quarters and variable housing.

²³⁵ Haines Criss-Cross, for 1983 and 1984, p.1.

²³⁶ "NAVPERS 1256(?) 502 Rev. 7-75 Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated 20 November 1982. Entries 53 through 60 reported "Pamela S. Holley" as a "friend" and designated by me to receive half of my life insurance and military benefits in the event of my death, Rivera service records. The legal address I submitted was "1527 1st St U-110 Coronado, CA 92118". The entry "friend" covers a variety of relationships, and, since we were not married, could indicate any relationship short of dependency.

than three months. I never once asked her about her finances as I assumed that paying half the rent while I was gone should have been acceptable. I also left my car and keys with her.

66-"(Unfinished) Business on the Rocks" (Saturday 30 October 1982)

a-Mailastvu! b-So, ferry 'cross the mercy c-Goodbye my dear...but Hello May 14th d-Days of future past-present?

This "**Shadow**" represents the moment when the ship sails by the spot where Pamela Sydney Holley was standing and waving goodbye to me. I never knew I would not see her again in this lifetime. From the middle of the channel, I could see no fine details but recognized her shape. I did take a picture of her with "U" building as the backdrop, and that is the book's cover image. She slipped from sight in about five minutes.

The song references are to Gerry and the Pacemaker's 1965 song "**FERRY 'CROSS THE MERSEY**" and to the Moody Blues album Days of Future Passed from 1967 which had the song "**NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN.**" PSHKINS found both songs romantic.

In early 1983, I received several of the pictures that Gordon had taken that afternoon. On the back of one, PSHKINS had written "*Goodbye my dear...but hello May 14,*" the date we were expected to return. If one looks closely on one of the photographs, one might actually imagine that one can faintly see me. By the way, Gordon took three photos that day, but one

was of PSHKINS visibly upset. Later, I discarded it as too sad.

67-"The Deployment of a Lucky Man?" (Saturday 1pm 30 October 1982)

This represents my emotions that day. Does anyone else think that the song "**LUCKY MAN**" was originally meant sarcastically? I was going off to do my duty for my country and my lady was left alone.

SAIL AWAY TO THE SEA
Strawbs, 1969

Now, as the ship slipped over the "horizon," I lost sight of her, forever.

*It was [considered] bad luck to watch your lover steam out to sea.*²³⁷

SO FAR AWAY
Dire Straits, 1986

But, what was she thinking at that moment, for like *Dido*, perhaps, men were always leaving her?

MY WHOLE WORLD ENDED
David Ruffin, 1969

DIARY ENTRY

[Friday 29 October 1982-We went out to dinner at Bandini with Geri and Gordon and you were very sad and crying. I remember we were in Old Town and I bought you something specifically to keep you company. It was the little light-brown bear we called "Teddy" at the Old Town Geppettos, which closed in 2005. Is the bear still around somewhere?]

Saturday 30 October 1982-Underway for WestPac

[We woke up very early that morning. You were hesitant to go with me to the ship to say goodbye, but finally decided that Gordon could drive us over to the base. Geri had to go to work at the Coronado Bakery and remained on the island. You and Gordon left the base and you said you would wave from the rocks of Coronado, the pile of rubble at the end of "U" Building. I could see you and took a picture. I could see you waving. And as you receded in the distance, I never knew that I would never see you again. That was my last view of Pamela Sydney Holley and the only image of you for the next six and a half months. You refused to send me any photos of you taken after that date. I know Geri and Gordon had a Halloween party that night].

WICKED GAME
Chris Isaak, 1989

28 May 1982-30 October 1982=156 days/5 months 3 days

²³⁷ Sebastian Junger, *The Perfect Storm: A True Story of Men Against the Sea* New York; HarperPaperbacks, 1998, p.12.

PART III

(Act II)

INSANITY

*Only man can know the pain of having something he does not need, while needing something he does not have.*²³⁸

The future is veiled from our eyes. The threads of each man's fate extend well beyond the boundaries of the visible world. Where they lead, we cannot see. Who can say that today's key will not be tomorrow's lock, or today's lock, not tomorrow's key?
Nizami

²³⁸ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.1.

WHAT IS PAST IS PROLOGUE, again?

I will not refrain from saying also this: which is, that I think that although sensual love is evil at every age, yet in the young it deserves excuse, and is perhaps in a measure permitted. For although it gives them anguish, dangers, toils, and those woes that have been told, still there are many who, to win the favour of the ladies of their love, do worthy acts, which (although not directed to a good end) are intrinsically good; and thus from that mass of bitterness they extract a little sweet, and through the adversities which they endure they at last perceive their error. Hence it nearly always happens that young men are wrapped up in this love which is sensual and wholly rebellious to reason, and thus they become unworthy to enjoy the graces and benefits which love bestows upon its true subjects; nor do they feel any pleasures in love beyond those which the unreasoning animals feel, but anguish far more grievous.

Baldessare Castiglione

*Time is the great gift;
Sex is the great equalizer;
Love is the great **mystery**.*

John Jennings

Grief is expressed symbolically and, for a long time, in silence.

Jacob Burkhardt

RUNNING ON FAITH

Eric Clapton, 1989

**68—"Lost Horizons Suite—Stars Directing the Fates" (Saturday
30 October 1982)**

Here is, I believe, a growing threat posed by our blissful ignorance in the face of vast knowledge. It is an ignorance of choice, not necessity. Many of us choose to ignore reality, rather than learn (or even attempt to learn) of the real dangers posed.
Austen Atkinson

ANIMATION
Jon Anderson, 1980

Almost immediately the squadron went into overdrive. For the next few days there was little time to think as we adjusted to life at sea and exercised daily and continuously. This "**Shadow**" was influenced by a combination of two songs: the Moody Blues' "**LOST IN A LOST WORLD**" which reflects despair, and "**NEW HORIZONS**" which reflects hope. I left Coronado knowing that I would not see PSHKINS for months, but believing that she would be there when I got home.

LOST IN THE LOST WORLD
Moody Blues, 1972

NEW HORIZONS
Moody Blues, 1972

**69—"Lace, Silk, and Pearls of Wisdom" (Friday 28 May—Saturday
25 December 1982)**

a—A future Queen stolen from China b—Extreme success at depressing poetry near the water's edge

This, of course, requires explanation. Before the deployment, I had mentioned to PSHKINS that if she wanted anything while I was overseas to let me know. She later mailed me a wish list of items which I managed to fulfill. Among the items were a set of China, silk clothing, a pearl ring, an Oriental carpet, and perfumes from the Middle East. I acquired two sets of China (one was called Queen's Lace) in Hong Kong

at the China Fleet Club²³⁹, one for me and one for her. I also obtained some silk tops and shirts for her in Hong Kong, for she had sent me her size. I found the pearl ring with a gold setting in Pattaya Beach, Thailand, with the help of my chief radioman. It was great fun doing an acid test on the gold band. The carpets and perfume were purchased in Bahrain. The "Queen stolen" will be explained later.

Now, during the first part of the deployment, she had sent me a bunch of her poetry, which I found a bit disturbing as they were not at all uplifting but rather came from what seemed to be the depths of PSHKINS' angst and suffering.

*Why had these poems gripped me for so many years? Pure poetry! Life had turned into a lucid, transparent game, unencumbered by even a single drop of blood. The human element is brutish, uncouth, impure—it is composed of love, the flesh and a cry of distress.*²⁴⁰

The key part here comes when I asked the onboard PACE instructor for his views on the poetry. PACE instructors were civilian faculty who accompanied many ships on their deployments overseas in order that enlisted personnel might gain college credit. This person read through the poems and confirmed my view that they were not top notch. But how he said it caused me to think. He said something like, "I understand that you don't want to hurt your lover's feelings."

²³⁹ Hong Kong was an important liberty port for many naval ships passing through the Far East. In 1981 and again in 1982, I had access to a major entertainment and great discounted shopping facility called the *China Fleet Club*, which operated from 1900 to 1992, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/British_Forces_Overseas_Hong_Kong#China_Fleet_Club, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁴⁰ Kazantzakis, 133.

At that point, I knew that I did not want to think of Pamela Sydney Holley simply as my lover. I realized then that I loved her deeply and wanted her to spend the rest of her life with me. It would take several weeks for me to consider all of the options. Another thing we agreed to, or so I thought, was to try to keep in touch as often as possible during my absence. I told her I would write often, and bought a calligraphy set, as I wanted her to know which letters were mine when she opened up the mailbox.

In addition, we were planning to record audiotapes during that time. I took about a dozen blank tapes and mailers so that I could let her hear my voice at times other than while we were on the phone. Finally, I planned to take photographs of everywhere I went and send them to her, and asked that she send me photographs of herself regularly. But, I might have been mistaken in assuming she clearly understood that idea.

70-"We were *Tantalus* and *Sisyphus*" (Friday 28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)

These are two legendary figures from ancient Greece. Both had received punishment from the gods for one transgression or another. *Tantalus* was condemned to eternal thirst, wherein refreshment was just out of reach every time he reached for it. *Sisyphus* was required to push a rock up a hill, but every

time he did, the rock rolled back down, forcing him to start again. Herein, both also mean "death."

HAVE YOU HEARD
Moody Blues, 1969

*Although sorrow had bitten through to her very soul, she concealed her grief and would not share it with anyone.*²⁴¹

71-"Interlude: Was DSHNO a Metaphor for Cyrus?" (Friday 28 May-Saturday 25 December 1982)

AFTERGLOW
Genesis, 1977

I can't help but now wonder if during this entire period PSHKINS was thinking of Cyrus, and I was only a stand-in for him. If he had died between 30 October and 25 December 1981, then it was just a year later that "**You and I**" (Yes, 1972) engaged in our little dance of death.

*Look at the ever-widening gulf that separates you and judge for yourself:
why should you go on caring for her when it is clear that she no longer cares for you?
Yesterday, you were a hero in her eyes; today, you are nothing.
True, women have passions as we do, but theirs are pursued purely out of self-interest:
There is hypocrisy and deceit in everything they do.*²⁴²

72-"Requiem for Cyrus & DSHNO" (December 1981-December 1982)

Again, this reflects upon the real and literal deaths of Cyrus and DSHNO. The previous year had seen Cyrus killed, and the deployment was a challenge emotionally and physically.

MELANCHOLY MAN
Moody Blues, 1970

*Shame on you for trusting her in the first place! Can one ever trust a woman? Trust a woman and she will repay your trust with torture. And you have only yourself to blame. Why? Because a man who trusts a woman deserves to be tortured; a man who trusts a woman and believes that she will remain faithful is more stupid than she is, and thus deserves to suffer!*²⁴³

²⁴¹ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.56.

²⁴² Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, pp.126-127.

²⁴³ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.127.

73-"How I felt about those 6 Months" (Friday 28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)

HAD ME A REAL GOOD TIME

Faces, 1971

How does one express a sentiment without having the talent to write the words? Herein is one of the better thoughts on that subject. Can you guess what movie the song below is from? No, PSHKINS and I never saw it, but I noticed it became the theme song for a cruise ship line.

(I'VE HAD THE) TIME OF MY LIFE

Bill Medley and Jennifer Warnes, 1987

STONE IN LOVE

Journey, 1981

74-"The Purity of *Ipana* Poetry?" (Friday 30 October 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983)

I don't remember this ditty before I met Pamela Sydney Holley, though it appears in the movie Grease. It was on 1950s television programming, and supposedly ended in the early 1960s. PSHKINS used to sing it to me. How can one not love such a woman? Believe it or not, the ditty, in numerous variations, was written by Alan Ginsberg (June 3, 1926-April 5, 1997), the famous beat poet and author of the epic poem "Howl."

Ipana Presents Bucky Beaver Spaceguard

**Brusha, Brusha, Brusha,
here's the new Ipana
With the brand new flavor,
it's standard for your teeth**

**Brusha, Brusha, Brusha,
with some brand new flavor
Knock out decay germs fast, fresh,
Clean and Minty,
you'll like it,
New Ipana toothpaste**

75-"Bipolar Ethanol" (Saturday 30 October 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983)

a-Melponene visits with Dionysus b-Positive or negative?

Melponene was the muse of Tragedy and *Dionysus* was, of course, the Greek god of wine. As I had no direct contact or visual interaction with PSHKINS during those 6 months I can only guess at what was going on back home in Coronado.

76-"A Feeling of Anticipation" (Saturday 7 May 1983)

COMIN' HOME

Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett, 1969

Ok, I was sitting on a ship in the Pacific missing my lover. This Bee Gees' 1970 tune says it well:

LONELY DAYS, LONELY NIGHTS

77-"Channel Fever" (Saturday 8:59pm 7 May 1983)

a-Achilles returning victorious from Troy b-Athena departing from the Temple of Mnemosyne

Achilles was a legendary Greek warrior during the long siege of Troy, but he was actually killed in battle and thus never returned to his homeland. *Athena* was the inspiration for the founding of Athens and represents purity, fertility and goodness. *Mnemosyne* is the muse of memory. "Channel Fever" is what one gets after having been gone from home on a deployment. It takes place on the night before you pull into port, on the sprint home.

Herein, I had flown in from Hawaii ahead of my ship and thus was able to ponder upon the fact that I was about to see my girl, my fiancée, Pamela Sydney Holley. We had planned my

homecoming and our wedding. I remember, however, that she did not want to get married in California, because it required a blood test. I had no problem with that, but wonder now why she did. Thus we planned to wed in Las Vegas.

*Can you not see that I have forgotten my past? The pages of my memory are blank, the words have been washed away.
I am not the person I used to be.*²⁴⁴

SILVER, BLUE, AND GOLD
Bad Company, 1976

31 October 1982-7 May 1983=190 days/6 months 8 days

²⁴⁴ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.140.

78-"The 'DSHNO Goes Crazy' Suite" (Saturday 900pm-901pm 7 May 1983)

*a-Static-Remember b-Two Alone c-El Nino d-Communication Breakdown? e-What is going on? f-Two Alone again
g-SFO-SAN h-Icarus' Flight-A dream denied!*

Most of this "Shadow" was created between November 1987 and August 1988 in an analog manner. If you haven't figured it out, a deployment is quite stressful.

*[The mariner is] at sea for extended periods of time [and has little] communication with the mainland [and loved ones]. An opportunity to study short-term culture shock is available among these [mariners], and should be undertaken.*²⁴⁵

First, the inter-deployment cycle has you constantly training and preparing for your next deployment. As it approaches, your stress levels go up. For persons with loved ones and families, the stressors are greatly enhanced. What happens on the day you deploy? Well, generally, you say goodbye to the United States and don't see those persons for half a year or more.

*From now on his life would unfold in brutally short bursts between long stretches at sea, and all he'd have to tide him over would be photos taped to a wall and maybe a letter in the seabag. And if it was hard on the men, it was even harder on the women. "It was like I had one life and when he came back I had another."*²⁴⁶

You immediately go into a mental mode for being at sea continuously. On our trek, we went into three-section duty right away, which meant that we were on deck watches on a rotating schedule. Every third day, you had a duty day of 12 hours and still had your normal obligations. These included training, qualifications, refueling, maneuvering and gunnery exercises, anti-submarine drills, navigation observations, and

²⁴⁵ Jeff Pelczarski, quoted in Junger The Perfect Storm, p.75.

²⁴⁶ Junger, The Perfect Storm, p.16.

other necessary functions. That meant you immediately fell behind on your rest, and began to lose part of your humanity.

On top of that, you have a bad relationship, almost murderous with your immediate supervisor, you're stuck in a stateroom with three other guys who are just as tired and irritable as you are, the ship is constantly tossing, turning, making noises, and generally stuffy and uncomfortable.

*And then there's the crew. They get ugly. By the end of a long trip they may be picking fights with one another, acting in short like men in prison, which in some ways they are.*²⁴⁷

Throw in the *El Nino* storms of 1982-83 and you sort of get the picture. That latter was troublesome as we could never get very accurate information as to what was going on in San Diego/Coronado. All we got were reports about bad storms in the area. Pamela Sydney Holley seemed to have changed dramatically after Thanksgiving, when we had to deploy in an emergency status for nearly a month at sea.

We too were caught up in the storms of the *El Nino* of 1982-83 and spent the time in wet, cold miserable conditions. By the time we pulled into Hong Kong a few days before Christmas, it was clear that PSHKINS was changing. During this period I was writing nearly every day, and when I could, sent her telegrams from the ship and from shore stations. At that point, the only time I could call her was from shore, so that

²⁴⁷ Junger, The Perfect Storm, p.91.

I spent a lot of bucks for long distance international calls. We had so many calls that AT&T sent her (remember, she now had my phone number, (619-435-2550) a circular computer wheel which indicated the best times to call and rates.

One of the more memorable incidents during the deployment came when she told me that she, and Geri and Gordon, had traded in my old black and white television for a new color one so that they could watch the rebroadcast of Shogun during the February 1983 sweeps period.

Shogun aired on NBC (San Diego channel 39) starting Monday Jan.31, 1983 (part 1) and concluded with part 5 on Friday Feb. 4, 1983. The program aired at 8 p.m. each evening.²⁴⁸

I had left San Diego with three dreams or "wishes": to return to PSHKINS, to remain in San Diego or Coronado for life, and to acquire a BMW 320I, a car I had always desired. But things did not work out that well.

I had proposed to PSHKINS on Christmas Day, and within the next few months circumstances required change. First, she had "broken" into my box of extra checks and used several of them, signing my name. I had not known and my checks began to bounce in the Western Pacific. She said that she had written me about that, but I never got the letter, nor had she so indicated that in any of our phone conversations. As I had been sending her half the rent, I am sure what she was doing.

²⁴⁸ Details courtesy of the San Diego Public Library.

LIGHTNIN' STRIKES
Lou Christie, 1966

By February, she indicated a desire to get a bigger apartment for us, right in Oakwood. Well, the deposit and first month's fee was \$1000, exactly the amount I had set aside for the BMW. As she had dipped into my checking account, I couldn't do both. Alas, guess what I picked? Clearly, we were not on the same wavelength.

So, imagine a wanderer on his way home. The last good feeling I had before seeing Pamela happened in San Francisco. I had flown in from Hawaii a week ahead of my ship, but she had seemed reluctant to see me, even suggesting that I might want to see my family first for a few days. While waiting for the connecting flight in San Francisco, the mother of one of the sailors greeted each of us with a hug, and a wonderful cheery "Welcome Home," and noted that we had all made it back safely. I will never forget that feeling-of a calm before the storm.

The plane landed in San Diego and I started down the gantry. *Icarus* was the legendary figure from Crete. His father *Daedalus* had constructed wings from feathers and wax to escape to the mainland. He warned his son not to soar too high as the sun would melt the wax, but *Icarus* ignored his advice and fell to his death.

ICARUS ASCENDING
Steve Hackett, 1978

79-"Maybe it was just a Dream?" (Friday 28 May 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983)

a-Dream interlude b-Dreams I'll never see c-The dream of ages is...

This "**Shadow**" is musically based upon a great many songs that speak about dreams and love.

*Often a dream is so real, so full of the light of truth, that its effulgence permeates our whole being and brightens our waking hours.*²⁴⁹

*It is a good viewpoint to see the world as a dream.
When you have something like a nightmare, you will wake up and tell yourself that it was only a dream.
It is said that the world we live in is not a bit different from this.*²⁵⁰

*I've been dreaming, a funny dream.
I think we shan't be long before we go on some journey.*²⁵¹

DREAMS

Allman Brothers Band, 1970

AND THE TIDE RUSHES IN

Moody Blues, 1970

GHOSTS

Strawbs, 1975

**80-"I Willingly gave You My Heart, now please Return My Soul"
(Friday 28 May-Saturday 30 October 1982)**

SHOULDN'T HAVE TOOK MORE THAN YOU GAVE

Dave Mason, 1970

**81-"Charlie the Seagull was really an Eagle in the Old
Country" (Friday 28 May 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983)**

SEAGULL

Bad Company, 1974

Charlie the Seagull was actually one or more of the birds we used to feed on the bay next to Oakwood. Usually, it was the leftovers from our KFC meals. The birds were used to gathering near our location. It was more of a romantic

²⁴⁹ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.173.

²⁵⁰ Yamamoto, p.82.

²⁵¹ Kazantzakis, p.254.

connection, but herein it means that the seagull had reached too high, like *Icarus*, and had crashed into the sea.

Think to yourself-what is the worst thing that could happen to two lovers, other than death? How about living death? The last good feeling I had before getting off of that plane in San Diego happened in the transfer of planes in San Francisco. All of the separations, all of the months of stress, deployment, letters, phone calls, and yes, the rare picture, had never prepared me for what I encountered upon my arrival. I am almost sure that she too had not given it much thought. Let me give you a hypothetical.

Deployments are like time travel. You go away for a while and return to your home, but things are not the same. Think of Paul Bauman in "All Quiet on the Western Front". He had spent some time on the battlefield and returned home for a visit. He entered his house, but it was not his home anymore, as so many changes had transpired. The most pivotal scene was when he went to his old bedroom, and found nothing familiar. Everyone at home has had the opportunity to adjust daily to the changes around them, and in fact, didn't even consider them changes at all. The day to day flow of life is at normal speed and relative to what they remembered yesterday. However, for the time traveler, that is not a luxury. Change is dramatic, immediate, and unexpected.

THE STORY IN YOUR EYES

Moody Blues, 1971

OK. What did I see getting off of the plane? The Pamela Sydney Holley I had known and believed I loved beyond measure had effectively died on 30 October 1982.

OH, HOW SHE CHANGED

Strawbs, 1969

Remember, I had not seen any photographs of her taken after 30 October 1982, nor did I have the luxury of her voice on tape as I thought we had agreed upon. My observations challenge the way we decide the value and worth of someone, and though I will relate other important lessons, first let's return to that evening, about 9pm Saturday 7 May 1983.

82-"I was a Human Soul on Your Feathered Serpent" (Saturday 30 October 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983, 9pm)

a-The spirit of the dead b-shall survive in the memory of the living

The [silent] scream was enormous, godlike. It was [life] itself, screeching as it was torn apart.

Austen Atkinson

I LOOKED AWAY

Derek & the Dominos, 1970

This is inspired by the Aztecs. The sacrificial victim walks up the steps of the pyramid. What waited at the top were priests with flint or obsidian knives ready to cut the heart (and perhaps the soul) out of the person. You can hear him walking up the pyramid, the arrival of the serpent (the priests) and the death of the victim.

*Let me tell you that I was once Layla, now I am Layla no longer.*²⁵²

²⁵² The Story of Layla and Majnun by Nizami, translated and edited by Rudolf Gelpke, English version in collaboration with E. Mattin and G. Hill, Omega Publications, New Lebanon, NY, 1997, p.123.

My beautiful PSHKINS, my lovely PSHKINS, my dream PSHKINS, was no more, as if I could have ever really possessed her. The horror must have been visible in my face, but I tried my best not to express any shock, anger, rage, or, even any disappointment. What awaited me? It was someone who looked somewhat like PSHKINS, but was greatly changed and very different.

This person was considerably heavier than when I departed. This person was also considerably different in personality, and demeanor. Pamela was no longer the Pamela I remembered from 30 October 1982. She met me at the gate wearing a blue-gray rain coat, holding a plate of CCC (chocolate chip cookies) in front of her face, almost as if to hide. She was shy, visibly lacking in confidence, and physically different. They tell you that love means you get beyond things, but how do you prepare for changes never having received any direct clues.

Lest I sound as sexist as it may be, I was most probably a shock to her as well. First, deployments mean that you get little rest over that six-month period, and many times we looked like living death. I know I had put on about 25 pounds, but as it was a day to day process, it did not become too obvious till later that evening. All I know is that my brain must have reacted even if I did not do so outwardly. Pamela

and I greeted each other and said how much we missed each other. We went to the baggage area, but the airline had lost my bag. While trying to get details at the airline counter, Pamela noticed something about me that I missed then. She asked, "Aren't you even going to get angry?"

*When there is something to be said, it is better if it is said right away. If it is said later, it will sound like an excuse.*²⁵³

I replied that I was happy to be home and that the lost baggage would resolve itself, as it did the next morning. But, maybe, just maybe, she was asking me about something else more pressing.

*And so Majnun is crushed, his mind weakened and sick. You must learn that what you took for reality is not real at all, and that reality is something else entirely! Nothing that happens to us in this life is without meaning, even if that meaning is at times difficult to fathom.*²⁵⁴

83-"Candle in the Wind" (Friday 14 September 1945-Saturday 30 October 1982)

SHE'S NOT THERE
The Zombies, 1964

By the bay PSHKINS and I had talked spoken several times about Marilyn Monroe, and I remember we talked about the song below as I had played the song often and she could hear it. Perhaps, it is a fitting tribute to PAMELA SYDNEY HOLLEY.

GOODBYE NORMA JEAN
Elton John, 1973

²⁵³ Yamamoto, p.151.

²⁵⁴ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.179, p.215, p.233.

84-"We never Talked about LBFM-PBR" (Friday 28 May 1982-Saturday 7 May 1983)

This refers to an impolitic phrase. Ask any veteran what it means and expect to be shocked.

As a young red-blooded and straight male, sex was important to me. And, in the navy, sex was important to many other officers and sailors. While many refrained from sexual activities outside of marriage, quite a few of the shipmates were up for action in the Eastern, Central, Western, and Southern Pacific, as well as in the Persian Gulf. Look, I was a heterosexual testosterone filled male in my early to mid-20s. Turning down opportunities for "action" was not necessarily my goal.

Part of the charm of young lust is regular access to members of the opposite sex. There were plenty of changes in the San Diego area as well as once the ship pulled into any number of liberty ports. For example, my roommate decided to take up with a Filipina, who had immigrated to the United States from the Subic/Manila Bay area. Of humorous note was when she showed up at the Decatur to meet her beau, one of the enlisted crew members recognized her from his own visit to the Philippines. The sailor had "known" her in Subic and it provided for an awkward moment when all parties realized the past and present sexual dynamics at that moment.

Speaking of my roommate's girlfriend, she had a "cousin" she was always trying to "hook" me up with, but I would repeatedly demur. My experience was that such ladies were looking for permanent relationships and resident status. At that moment, I wanted a good time not a lifetime. Such a good time was, however, available via the Officer's Clubs throughout the San Diego area. When the "fleet" left town many women ready for a good time could be found there. This included even the spouses of fleet personnel. In fact, the wife of one acquaintance sought out such opportunities with me. He had deployed after the birth of their child and in the Western Pacific. She celebrated her birthday in 1982 by getting stoned or influenced by some other drug. Late one night she called me at my waterside apartment and suggested we get together because she was lonely. It was clear that she was under the influence, and, while she was sexually attractive, her husband was my friend, so I demurred. Years later, well after they divorced, he advised me she was addicted. I mentioned to him our non-encounter and he seriously stated that I should have taken her up on the offer as "she gave great head".

My first opportunity to encounter the fair sex overseas came in July 1981 when the Decatur stopped in Korea. It was the practice of most ships to reserve a suite for the officers

at one of the better hotels, for entertainment and rest. We hit the bars one evening, and one of our intrepid department heads made arrangements with the "mama-san" to provide "entertainment" for wardroom. At least one night of our stay in Pusan we had an "orgy" in the bedroom. Four officers, four girls, four beds. Yes, shocking to some now, but again most of us were in our 20s. Of note, the services' Uniform Code of Military Justice (UCMJ) now had provisions against much of the activity above and adultery charges have been pursued for married personnel. However, sex between most single persons was not then a chargeable offense. There was plenty of that abroad.

One of the more interesting issues here is tied to the belief that there were no married (or engaged) men west of Hawaii. Well, to be sure, that is not a law or regulation, just a practice. But many a married or engaged lad pursued tail throughout our many port calls. One of the department heads, married to a beautiful woman, joked about his exploits ashore. He also loved ice-cream and made reference to the fact that the only thing keeping him from getting fat was his sexual activity. Another office, one I had known from OCS in Newport, was engaged to a quite striking and beautiful attorney. On our deployment, he kept saying he was like the Beach Boys song, "Be True to Your School". He was true until

he got to Australia. There, we were met with tons of beautiful and willing women. It was a veritable feast of come-ons and come hither looks. He was not singing "Be True to Your School" anymore. Of note, I contacted him about a decade ago to let him know I was writing this account. We had not spoken in over 15 years but he recognized my voice right away. I advised him I would not use his name or rank or location, but that the story was indicative of our youth overseas. How does this all relate to my own life? Yes, I was getting laid ashore in the United States and overseas on deployments. I was also in love with PSH and coming home to get married. By the way, LBFM-PBR also can refer to me as well.

So, short story long, upon my return to San Diego, Pamela and I took a cab home to our new apartment in Coronado, the one with a direct view of the bay. She had prepared dinner for us, spaghetti. I don't think that we actually talked seriously about anything. I had suggested we hit the sack before dinner, but she demurred. Well, my recollection was that after dinner and cleanup we entered our soon to be "betrothal" chamber.

Undressing, we clearly were both heavier than before 30 October 1982 and there was no way to disguise it. From either of us. Nonetheless, we got under the covers, and I discovered then that I was afflicted with a problem that would not be resolved for three years. Men aren't supposed to talk about

these things, but it happened and nothing I can say will ever change that. I really believe it was my brain taking over, but I (or the joke is that one woman) suffered for the next few years from the problem of the "untimely oh-oh." I was told later that my own internal reaction was most likely the cause of the challenge. I can't be sure what Pamela thought but it did seem to bother her at some level. In any case, it bothered me too. Hey, how come we never hear about women suffering from their own "untimely oh-oh"?

85-"Falling in the Quicksand of Time." (Saturday 7 May 1983)
a-Surprise and Shock b-Denial c-Anger d-Acceptance e-Dust in the win!

This is borrowed from the Moody Blues 1972 "**Isn't Life Strange**". My reactions were probably internalized for years. Anyone catch the play on Kansas' "**Dust In The Wind**" (1978)?

*But is that not always the case? Nothing lasts forever. Everything in this transient world is fated, one day, to perish.*²⁵⁵

86-"The only Damaged Organ Surgeons can't Save" (Saturday 7 May 1983)
a-What preventive treatment? b-the patient succumbs

No, this is not about the *Jade Stem*. Think, what organ would be so savaged that it could not be saved by a doctor? If all I had to hold of Pamela Sydney Holley was memories, and I returned to reality, what would happen? Below are many of the thoughts I had written down during that deployment.

²⁵⁵ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.10.

HOW CAN YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART

Bee Gees, 1970

My diary entries became somewhat dark after 30 October 1982 and even more so upon my return in May 1983, but if anyone challenges the nature of the entries I will gladly make the actual item available for inspection. They are often seen as legal and acceptable forms of evidence.²⁵⁶

*One should be careful and not say [or write] things that are likely to cause trouble at [a later] time. To talk about other people's affairs is a great mistake. Nothing you do will have effect if you do not use truth.*²⁵⁷

DEAR DIARY

Moody Blues, 1969

DIARY ENTRIES

Thursday 4 November 1982—No sun for days—Thoughts of Pam, so hot
[This delay in entries, above and below, is attributable directly to our busy underway schedule.]

Monday 8 November 1982—Sitting off of Hawaii fixing to enter port, will call [PSH]
4:30pm My love misses me, yahoo, hurry May 16

[This was the first port call after leaving San Diego, which was two hours ahead in time. We spent 4 days in Pearl Harbor. This is the first time I told PSHKINS that I loved her. I would carry a lot of guilt for that oversight a long time, as I felt some responsibility for her fate.]

Tuesday 9 November 1982—Fantasys [sic]—my babe loves me
[I called her every day from Hawaii]

Wednesday 10 November 1982—Fantasies again Hello Pam

Thursday 11 November 1982—Talk to me Baby—"I wanna hold your hands" and "kiss you all over" U[nder]W[ay] [for] Subic I'm Hot, Stars at night Wish list makes my jeans jump

[I used to go up to the signal bridge at night where I could see all the stars without any obstruction. I used to think that we were watching the same stars. You asked me to put together a wish list of fantasies and mail them back to you. You thought some of them interesting then. Most seemed to be drawn from the kama sutra, I believe. [The normal travel time between Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and Subic Bay, the Philippines, is about two weeks average. During that time you see no land. As I knew we were not scheduled to go south of the equator I selected the constellation Orion to look for every night. It can be seen in both Coronado and in East Asia. Vangelis also produced a beautiful piece called, "**SWORD OF ORION.**"]

Friday 12 November 1982 Friday alone
[I was missing you]

Sunday 14 November 1982 13:03 [1:03pm] just crossed the international date line, it's just another day
[That was a fragment of a 1971 Paul McCartney song,

²⁵⁶ As to my relationships with other women besides Pam, I mentioned many of them therein. I contacted a number while working on the accounting. Not one of them can say that I had ever been violent with them, or, took their money. Several were actually glad to hear from me after a number of years. And, before you ask, yes, I did split with a couple of them on less than pleasant terms back then. Some of them were somewhat nervous or curious about that as well. Was I going to write explicit details about them, too? Well, no, I wanted them to know that if it got uglier the diary might serve as "exhibit 1". They hadn't known about the diary and I wanted them to hear it from me. A couple of them had flings with older or married men. They thought I did not know about them, but I had the names of the lovers in the diary.

²⁵⁷ Yamamoto, p.81, p.82.

"ANOTHER DAY".

**Ay, so sad, so sad,
Sometimes she feels so sad.
Alone in her apartment she'd dwell,
till the man of her dreams comes to break the spell.**

Wednesday 17 November 1982 Hi Pamela I miss you

Monday 22 November 1982 Alone still-only in my dreams are you here

Thursday 25 November 1982 Thanksgiving Hello Pam, Hello Pam

[We had just arrived in Subic Bay, and I called you twice. By the way, I never ever got the box of cookies you sent me]

Saturday 27 November 1982 Hello Carlos—I miss you Pam—I love you Pam—Poetry

[You called me at the ship from Coronado, and you had sent me some of your poetry to read. I remember that I had to ask our onboard civilian writing instructor to assist me in interpreting your work. Something I have told almost no one is the prelude to this night. The squadron commander wanted to hold a "dining in" at the Subic Bay officer's club. The event is a formal dress dinner without wives. They parade the beef, have a piper, and provide about half a dozen types of liquor. One important element of the night is the role played by Mr. Vice, a pseudo host who guides the evening's festivities. My wardroom mates had nominated me in advance by distributing a navy message to the other ships. In the message, it claimed I was qualified for the part, for I was considered a "Cunning Linguist" who spoke in tongues after dark. I was not awarded the title but during the dinner, someone yelled for the Cunning Linguist. I still have my name plate from that night.]

Monday 29 November 1982-Emergency sortie shit

[We had been informed that we were going to be doing an exercise for the next month and that the next port visit might not be until after Christmas. Pam, we worked our butts off during that time. We were cold and wet constantly as we were in the Sea of Japan which is horrible that time of the year and very little time to rest drove many of us go irritability. We remained at sea until December 22, during which we were constantly stressed and hearing the news about *El Nino*]

Tuesday 7 December 1982-Erotic thoughts of you my dear Off the southern coast of Japan

[I was thinking some good thought about PSHKINS]

Wednesday 8 December 1982-It's cold, I'm tired, lonely, where is my Pamela

Friday 10 December 1982-578 days left [in the navy]—terrible erotic thoughts of you my dear

Tuesday 14 December 1982-Faraway from you PAMELA SYDNEY HOLLEY

[I used to write your name and initials on many things]

Sunday 19 December 1982-I want to marry Pam, dilemma-wait until my return [to ask her] or ask while I am over "here" faraway, must think

[I was thinking of waiting till the ship returned from deployment, but thought that I should trust my feelings for you and yours for me]

Friday 24 December 1982-Christmas Eve in Hong Kong, I've never felt so good as when I am with her Strange erotic ideas and thoughts of you Pam (not for your eyes)...Is this strange to want to do these things—I don't want our relationship based solely on sex—we have fun in all we do but over here all I think is of her in sexual terms. I've never felt so good as when I am with her (or in her) Pam babe your body is wonderful—I like tasting your heat your smooth hands on me teasing tormenting me.

[We finally pulled into a dry place after a month, and I was trying to figure out how to propose. Nonetheless, I never wanted the heartbreak we might have caused each other. I didn't understand what was going on, and I certainly did not know you had a problem. It is certainly ironic that I gave up... around the time that I proposed to you from Hong Kong that Christmas Day. I managed to pick two different types of China (one was called Queen's Lace) in Hong Kong as well as the silk blouses. Does anyone remember the Fleet Club in Hong Kong, the one with the giant San Miguel beer advertisement? Below, however, are more of the "railings" of a young horny male, written around Christmas 1982.]

Saturday 25 December 1982-Will you marry me?

[It was about 16 hours difference in time between Hong Kong and Coronado, so I called you up a few minutes before Christmas my time and you said yes. I think that might have had something to do with several of the following entries. I can't help but wonder if I had put you in a bad or uncomfortable spot. We left Hong Kong right after Christmas and spent New Year's in Pattaya Beach, Thailand. I managed to persuade PSHKINS to call my parents to welcome her to the family. During that stay in beautiful Pattaya Beach, I ran across a store named Leila. I remember asking PSHKINS about that, as I was not sure what the best spelling was. I also picked up a bootleg copy of a new Donna Summer release "LOVE IS IN CONTROL", which I still own. It featured a beautiful Jon Anderson/Vangelis tune, "STATE OF INDEPENDENCE", and perfect for the following entries]

Friday 14 January 1983-No emotions in her voice. What is going on?

[Well, I couldn't figure why Pamela had changed so much, but she was clearly undergoing some "trauma." I would ask what was wrong, and would get the standard female response to that query, "Nothing." Granted, I was a man, but I was also half a world away. It was during this time that one of my own weaknesses began to lay waste to me. As I was preparing my division for the three month tour in the Persian Gulf, I found out that several Arab states in the Gulf had black listed Coca Cola for its business

dealings and support of Israel. My various duties provided me with a greatly oversized safe, and I began to purchase cases of Coke (at about \$1.75, as I recall). By the time we left Subic, I had over a dozen cases of the Nectar of God in my safe. As to her state of mind, one of my favorite Elvis songs, "**SUSPICIOUS MINDS**", is appropriate here]

Sunday 16 January 1983-Again no emotion-restrained?

[She was still acting strange. I found out that I could telegram PSHKINS directly from my ship and thought I could communicate more easily with her that way. The navy sent the message to Western Union, which then called her with the text of the telegram and then mailed it to her with the regular mail. I remember that I made a great many references to Greek legend and mythology. One caused my executive officer to chuckle—it was that "the Pipes of Pan would ring with joy on the Acropolis at the announcement of our forthcoming betrothal."]]

Wednesday 26 January 1983-Heard from PSH Pamela wrote a check and I didn't know...I got pissed at that, why?

[I was writing nearly two letters a day, and I was disappointed that you rarely responded. During that month, my checks started bouncing and I had no idea why until I got my cancelled checks onboard the Decatur. For some reason you had opened up my stored items and written a couple of checks. You said you had written to me about that but I never did receive any such letter. I don't suppose that you recall that and why you needed to write the checks, but I am afraid to say that I have my own ideas.]

Thursday 27 January 1983-Don't I trust her-I'm really concerned about it

[With your changes in tone and demeanor, and the checks, I was wondering what was going on. I remembered that *El Nino* was tough that winter, and we onboard ship worried about our loved ones. We felt that we weren't getting any information. Over the next few weeks, I had some interesting things happen. We had pulled into Singapore the previous day, and I managed to find a British Telecom call center. I was growing concerned about the situation in Coronado. Pam was different, and was spending my checking account down, with neither my permission nor knowledge. In addition, the storms seemed monstrous based upon the limited news accounts we were receiving.]

Thursday 3 February 1983-How time flies, "Isn't life strange?" 94 [days] and counting [till we were together]

[We had pulled into Colombo, Sri Lanka for a few days. There I bought PSHKINS some Ceylon tea as I discovered that Lord Lipton had had a number of tea plantations there. We left Colombo on 3 February, only to discover that the next day the Tamil liberation forces had slated 4 February as the day to begin a rebellion. By now, I was nervous about PSHKINS and what was going on. In addition, I had started experiencing two problems that I had not suffered from earlier. I started having problems sleeping, and I began to suffer from cramps and diarrhea. The former I discussed with my medical officer. He advised me to stop wearing my watch to bed (as if we were all sleeping that much), to get rid of the alarm clock, and to cut out sugars and caffeine from my diet. Here is where the funny part comes in. I was a cokaholic. I couldn't get up in the morning without getting a can, nor could I walk by the soda machines without feeling that I needed a coke. Back then (1982), Coke came in only one flavor and style—COCA-COLA—no classic, no diet, no caffeine free. The 12-ounce can possessed not only caffeine, but packed a wallop of nearly 300 calories each. Remember that I had stashed over 12 cases in my safe. Although I rationed them, they ran out by the end of February. I also remember that I had a lot of my fellow officers pressure me to release the supply. But like the industrious Ant of the Ant and the Cricket tale, I had warned them in advance about the boycott of Coke products. I could not feel responsible that they had failed to heed my warning. The payback came in when I began to put on weight. In fact, one of my fellow officers, Rick Schroeder (Metarie LA) started calling me "little Buddha." The second medical problem is more relevant. The cramps, now it seems, were a precursor to my diabetes. In fact, over the remaining three years of my active duty, I began to suffer a series of unexplained (to me, at least) medical challenges. I really tried to slough them off, as males are supposed to be tough and manly. Needless to say, I seemed to have bought into that fully.]

Monday 14 February 1983-Happy Valentine's Day Pamela Sydney Holley-my wife to be A Love for all seasons

[I was so happy that we were going to be married. I remember at that time I was singing this Elvis tune "**VIVA LAS VEGAS**" regularly]

You know, fate can play terrible tricks upon one's mind. I was watching a re-run episode of "The Simpsons" I had not seen previously. In it, Homer convinces his neighbor, Ned Flanders, to join him on a trip to Vegas. During the episode, the song "**Viva Las Vegas**" came on, and then, when Homer and Ned try to escape from Las Vegas, they were cornered by the Moody Blues. Let's say I was curious, but my psyche was

further challenged a couple of days later. I was listening to Terry Gross' NPR show, and it opened with "Viva Las Vegas" as the show was about Elvis. Coincidence? There are no coincidences.

*What can you expect from women? What can you expect of men? That they fall into the trap.*²⁵⁸

PSHKINS had earlier sung the tune below to me, but it might itself indicate a failed love affair of her own:

CHAPEL OF LOVE
Dixie Cups, 1964

DIARY ENTRIES

Monday 14 February 1983-6pm-Persian Gulf-89 days left, this place is cold, desolate, lonely, and faraway and for this our country thanks us with bullshit Our job out here is to be a trigger so that we can have an excuse to blow up Iran [We have contingencies to attack Kharg Island, correlations of bullshit ouigomadi [a phrase we used to describe our isolation, and stood for We go mad]. -Pam, I miss you, I need an "outlet"

[Upon arriving in the gulf we went to wartime conditions. Our normal station was in one of four 10-mile diameter sectors along the line dividing the Persian Gulf between Iran and Saudia Arabia. I remember that the sectors were named after famous naval battles, but can recall only two, "Actium" and "Trafalgar". In one port visit to Manama, Bahrain, I picked up several items for us, including rugs, perfumes, clothing, and gold.]

*Monday 21 February 1983-1:05pm My darling-the lust you create in me is incredible especially free flight my dear....*²⁵⁹
[Free flight was our name for long sessions of sex. Interestingly enough, a song from 1988 shared the same sentiment.]

By this time we had been exchanging some eroticism in our letters, which included an 8 page poem I had written about HAN. Pay phone calls from Bahrain to Coronado ran about \$2.50 a minute.]

Thursday 24 February 1983-So I'm prolific at letter writing, what does she do, spend all day reading them-I'd like to get [mail from her]

[So, she was a writer and didn't seem to have the time, energy, or motivation to write very often. I was writing nearly every day, but felt that she was not making too much of an effort to respond. By this time, I had discovered that if I waited til after midnight, I could dial into the U.S. Navy's admin unit in Manama, get connected to the AUTOVON network and speak to PSHKINS regularly at no cost. How did that work? Well, the AUTOVON network was created to provide telephone and satellite communications around the world for the Department of Defense. When the admin unit went off line at midnight, I could use the service until I was knocked off by a higher priority call, or other contingencies. What that meant was that I would try to hit the sack early in the evening, get up about 11:50pm, and call her. This went on for two months. Some nights I would call about three or four times, as no one else was taking advantage of the system. We were 11 hours ahead, but one day I called, PSHKINS was having her hair done in the apartment (U-110). I don't remember what it was for.]

Friday 25 February 1983-May change to leave in Hawaii

[I had decided to take leave from the Decatur in Hawaii so that I could come home and surprise you. Well, wouldn't that have made your day—I guess not, based upon subsequent events. By this time we had scuttled plans for a Southern Honeymoon, as I received orders to a ship stationed in Long Beach.²⁶⁰ The Decatur was to be decommissioned on 30 June. The stand down period meant that I would be free to take leave over a lengthy period of time. In fact, I had so much leave on the books

²⁵⁸ Kazantzakis, p.68.

²⁵⁹ "Endless Summer Nights" was from Richard Marx's original demo tapes of the mid-1980s. The lyrics were inspired by a trip to Hawaii that Marx had taken with his future wife, Cynthia Rhodes. Marx wrote the song as a theme to the summer love that does not last when lovers go their separate ways in the fall, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Endless_Summer_Nights, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁶⁰ "CHNAVPERS to USS Decatur, USS Gray", 8 February 1983, directing me to report to the USS Gray in Long Beach CA, Rivera service records.

that I was able to plan for about 45 days off of work and time spent with PSHKINS. I wanted to fly out early from Hawaii, but PSHKINS had seemed a little reluctant at first, and suggested that I might want to spend time with my own family first.]

Saturday 26 February 1983-lots of mail from PSH-an "erection" letter hoo boy 77 days to go, I'd like to go from Hawaii on 7 May and surprise her-who knows

[Yes, who knew? The erection letter was one you wrote which had a lot of oomph. As we had been writing sexy letters to each other, one day at lunch in the wardroom, my buddies noticed that I had a great expression on my face, and I told them that Pamela's letter was hot.]

Sunday 27 February 1983-over three today

[This referred to my navy time, as I was scheduled to leave active duty in July 1984. I think this began to trouble PSHKINS. I told her that my service obligation was to expire in about a year and a half and that if we were to remain in the Coronado area, she might have to return to work.]

Monday 28 February 1983-Pictures from Babe (hubba hubba) 75 and a wakeup. She likes my free flight [poem] right now on the runway to her take off pattern drool-drool more later [this referred to an exchange of erotic writings]

[Now, we had "agreed" to send each other pictures, letters, and tapes during the deployment. The only picture PSHKINS had given me before I deployed was the best one I had ever seen of her. She told me that it had been taken around Christmas 1981 in the backyard of her sister Polly's home in Aloha, Oregon. She was squatting by the vertical railing support for the backyard porch and had this glorious smile. Her nephew Ryan was next to her also smiling. I don't know who took the picture, but it was a pure moment of joy in PSHKINS' life. She was wearing a lavender top, and gray slacks, with black heels. Later, I recalled that she did not look like that when I first saw her months after that picture and that she had not looked like that when I met her in May 1982. During the course of that spring, summer, and fall, she had lost a lot of weight, and looked considerably more beautiful. The first picture I ever took of her was in July 1982. She was wearing a tube top, which she did often during those six months, and the blue wrap around denim skirt. Gordon had taken three pictures of her on 30 October as she waved goodbye to me. She finally sent me those pictures four months later. Thus, I had no notion of what she looked like at that time.]

Thursday 3 March 1983-Letter from my babe-rainbow

[As I was reading your letter this beautiful rainbow appeared out of nowhere]

Saturday 5 March 1983-Inport Bahrain Band of Gold-"Strange Talk"

[This is the day I bought my wedding band, as you said you were going to use the one you had on your hand. I also noticed that you were not acting yourself when I called you.]

Sunday 6 March 1983-Talked to Babe and she called me hubba

Monday 7 March 1983-Perfume for my lover

[This is the day I went to the market and picked up a bunch of the oil bases for perfume. I remember our staterooms smelled like a seraglio].

Thursday 10 March 1983-I miss her-it hurts so good, where is the mail?

Monday 14 March 1983-61 days to go (hubba-hubba)

Saturday 19 March 1983-60 days to Vegas (yahoo)

[This is when we thought to get married on 19 May 1983, your sister's birthday]

Sunday 20 March 1983-pulled in[to port] today-called-restrained voice (wonder of it all)

[At this point I couldn't figure what was going on with you back in Coronado, you had changed but at the sailing distance of 16,000 miles it was difficult to gauge how or why]

Monday 21 March 1983-7 mo[nths]

[I was marking time since HAN and remembering how much I loved you]

Monday 28 March 1983-Mail [from you]

Thursday 31 March 1983-no mail [from you] 37 d[ays] f[o] g[o] (Leave from Hawaii) Hooray

[The captain said I could take leave to see you a week earlier]

Saturday 2 April 1983-34 dtg can't wait to hear those "Wedding bells"

[I was singing "VIVA LAS VEGAS" again]

Monday 4 April 1983-Thoughts of PSH-want to get matched wedding bands and find cheaper car/apartment in Long Beach 32 DTG

[At this stage I knew that the navy was transferring me to Long Beach and would need a car, but not a BMW. But you decided that we should stay in Coronado while I finished my service. I was scheduled to get out about a year later]

Wednesday 6 April 1983-Thoughts of lost opportunities

[I was thinking about how much I loved you-it would make my past seem less painful]

Thursday 7 April 1983-30 DTG-destruction of tape and letters-she's too busy-well so am I-she's not the only one who gets thrills from those things Class Easy time busy-is it too much to expect more than what is going on-hell, I'm ticked off, two different personalities-I don't think it's a game, should I be the only [one] to make someone happy with my prolific letter writing and tapes and telegrams Shuckie darn

[I had been trying to figure out why you were reluctant to write letters as I figured you were a writer. You also never sent me an audio tape after you mentioned you would. I destroyed one completed tape and several letters after I figured out you weren't going to change that late in the deployment. We left the Persian Gulf around this time and made a sprint eastward.]

Saturday 9 April 1983-Colombo-lots of mail, she "misses" my voice

Monday 11 April 1983-Not too many options Extend until April 1985-then work PSH get a job in LA/SDGO Stay in Navy or join AF

[At this point, you had made clear your desire to remain in Coronado and a reluctance to work. I had to examine what options were open to me in order to build up savings].

Friday 15 April 1983-Singapore PSH mail

[Two things about this date. First, as a cokaholic who ran out in late-February/early March, I was thirsty for the Nectar of the Gods. As we pulled into the pier at Sembawan I spotted this old man alongside. He was a vendor and his supplies were in an old lion footed cast iron tub filled with ice. Now, Singapore is along the equator and at that time of the year, very muggy and hot. After we tied up, I went to look in the tub, and to my surprise, at the bottom was the treasure. I had one of my finest moments on the equator, drinking that ice-cold Coke. It really was the pause that refreshes. The second event was in our mail. Not only did I receive mail from Pamela, but much to my surprise one from Joy McT in Brisbane. Her letter indicated that she was getting a divorce from her English husband, who she characterized as whining about the conditions in Australia all the time. She, to my best recall, indicated that she wanted a man like me. It broke my heart to hear that. I remember I called her and told her how glad I was to get her letter. I also told her that I would write back right away, as I did not feel like telling her on the phone that I was getting married the next month. I called PSHKINS and she told me that AT&T was so happy that my phone had so many international calls that they sent her a circular time computer so as to determine the best times to make an overseas call. To the best of my recall, I paid for all of my calls to her.]

Sunday 16 April 1983-Birthday in Singapore "Babe" new apartment [this is when you moved our stuff into W-101]

[You know, it saddens me that I never really shared any of my birthdays with PAMELA SYDNEY HOLLEY. Sour grapes, maybe? Anyway, at this point she had moved into the new one bed room apartment overlooking the bay in W building, only about 100 feet from U-110. Remember that my down payment for the BMW is what paid for the apartment before I got back.]

Monday 17 April 1983-call babe

[We left for the Philippines after this.]

Thursday 20 April 1983-Have to start making plans for the future Pamela will have to go to work if I'm unsuccessful in attempts to place myself in the market

[well, when I left active duty I sent out over 100 resumes, and not a bite. There was little call for my talents, Surface Warfare].

Saturday 22 April 1983-Going into Subic Bay for the last time, will call babe tonight

[I was a little nostalgic. Who can forget the good times in Subic, and by that I mean, touchy subjects. Yes, there were a lot of prostitutes outside the gates. Some of the best quotes I ever heard came from those women:

"I love you long time, no shit" or "I give you deep, deep, deep, deep throat"

But the funniest had to come from one young lady who must certainly had a group of snipes as friends:

"My love for you is hotter than the water in the DFT"---ask a marine engineer, he'll get a kick.]

For the uninitiated, Subic Bay was centrally located on the island of Luzon in the Philippines, and young ladies from all over the Republic would gather in the town of Olongapo, on the other side of what we called "Shit River", actually named the Kalaklan River, to ply their wares. By the way, a number

of other East Asian countries had similar arrangements, so to speak.

Anyway, what sailor, marine, or airman can ever forget such places? Nearly every building on the main street was a bar or a hotel. If you found a girl, you paid *mama-san* a bar fine, then paid for a room for either the evening or a couple of hours. Not the kind of thing they tell you about in recruiting posters, eh? Before June 1981, the Philippines had a curfew as a result of martial law. That meant that if the girl or the potential customer had not made a deal they had to get off the streets by midnight. Thus, if you found a deal, you could expect to have company for the entire night. After Marcos lifted martial law, it made it a bit tougher, and prices went up.

So how did the services deal with this? On the quarterdeck of many ships, one could find a box of condoms for ready distribution. In many cases, sailors (and some officers I knew of) did not use them. This was true before AIDS became an issue. Anyway, if a sailor got the "drip" or any number of sexually transmitted diseases, several things happened. First, if he did not catch the clap too often, it was handled routinely. He would show up at the medical office, tell the doctor he had the "flu" and received two syringe injections of penicillin. Any efforts at discretion went overboard, as

anyone who received the injections in the buttocks would have a couple of bleeding spots, which, of course, got on their underwear. Ah, the stories.

Several resulted from the adventures of the same officer. A fellow Decatur officer²⁶¹ and I had this exchange a few years about that fellow...let's call him Mr. Brown.

"Do you remember the April fool's joke we pulled on [Brown]. Listen, you gotta put something in there about me so I can show my kids and they'll say 'Gee Dad, that's cool, you really did that!!' Do you remember the April Fool's joke we played on [Brown], where we faked his urinalysis blood test results - had a [teletype] message telling him he had a rare form of [Venereal Disease]. [The assistant corpsman] was in on it and when [Brown] showed up for the "required" shot treatment doc showed him a syringe normally used for chest fluid evacuations, with a 6" needle. Green bent over the table, drawers on the floor, we snuck into sick bay behind him as doc swabbed his butt with alcohol and at the last minute we slapped his bare butt. His face was priceless [remember this was the guy who after long periods at sea, would hit the beach in a literal sweat until he scored]."

I had two other stories about Mr. Brown. At our stop in Pattaya Beach, Thailand, he managed to pick up a girl, so to speak. Later in the evening, he did a groin grope and found to his shock that she was a he, a peninsula were a bay should have been. After we got back from one deployment, Brown also received a letter informing him that his "Subic Bay girlfriend" was pregnant. Brown did some quick calculation and decided he was not the real object of paternal desire. I recall that the joked he was going to send her a quarter so that she could buy a coat hanger and take care of the problem.

Now, lest you believe that junior and midgrade officers were the only miscreants, the following is one account to dispel that notion:

²⁶¹ I have "redacted" names from this due to his professional career. However, he was onboard the ship and had met PSH.

"...were you with us on a road trip in a jitney between Olongapo and Subic City at night [on a] mountain road, with the Captain X We're all lit, singing songs like 'leaving on a jet plane', [The] Captain has to piss hanging out the back, both feet on bumper, [his] back to us, arms out-stretched and reaching back holding the roof, his Johnson dangling in the air streaming the road - [XXX] [was] paying the driver to pass over jitneys on the road. We should all be dead."

One of my commanding officers had a beautiful sexy wife, but still managed to find time for a "second mate." Apparently, he and the other woman were having both a fling and correspondence affair. The captain forgot to lock his inboard cabin space one day. The officer's yeoman, who knew of the affair, found the safe open, took the letters out, and hide them. The captain came into his office in a big sweat and asked if he knew anything about the missing letters. Apparently, the captain's wife was coming aboard for a visit that day. One can see the humor in the episode.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 25 April 1983-enroute Hawaii, two weeks to go (yahoo)
[We left for home, and would not see land for two weeks.]

Wednesday 26 April 1983-Sea sick-hot-lonely-hungry-horney oh well

Friday 28 April 1983-10 days of deployment-let's go home, I really want to see Atlanta this summer, must go, kinda of recharging my batteries

Saturday 29 April 1983-Romantic nuances? Does that mean that the physical side is not important-sensuality 1 week to go, perhaps I'll be able to catch the 9:30 flight and wing home
[You sent me a letter and suggested that I was not expressing such nuances. Here, she was responding to one of my letters. I wasn't sure how she was describing things. I did manage to catch an earlier flight from Frisco.]

DON'T LET THE SUN DO DOWN ON ME

Elton John, 1974

SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD

Elton John, 1976

Saturday 7 May 1983-Flew to SD from Hawaii

[I landed about 9pm that evening, and you met me at the airport with a plate of chocolate chip cookies (CCC). We had to take a taxi as we had not bought the car yet. They lost my seabag and you were surprised that I wasn't upset. They delivered it the next day. Now, I wonder if your question was more about how you had changed than about the loss of my luggage, but clearly you were expecting me to express more emotion. Within a couple of days, we purchased a new Toyota in both our names. That was an experience. I had written out a check for \$1000 as a down payment and told Pamela not to say anything to the salesman. After some period of haggling, the salesman turned to Pamela and asked if she had any other funds. As she started to open her month, I told her rather angrily in French to shut up. I knew what the salesman was doing, and I wasn't planning on caving in. After I threatened to leave, he gave in and we got the car at the price I wanted to pay.]

Saturday 14 May 1983-Ship came in

[Pamela and I watched the Decatur return to San Diego from our bayside apartment. Later we went aboard and retrieved a number of the items I had purchased overseas, including the rugs. We were planning to leave for Vegas on Monday, the 16th, where we planned to wed on the 19th, her sister's birthday. This would have been the last week anyone named PAMELA

SYDNEY HOLLEY would have been noted in connection with CARLOS RAFAEL RIVERA in the navy. The deck logs are still in existence in the Navy Historical Center, and between 22 August 1982 and 14 May 1983, there might be about three log entries for PSHKINS.]

Monday 16 May 1983-Las Vegas-Married

[Well, best laid plans and all. We got into Vegas around noon and began to scope out the place. When we checked out the courthouse, we decided it was foolish to wait till Thursday, and went ahead and got married in a "civil ceremony." To be honest, I can't recall the day that clearly. I know we got married, ate a celebratory lunch, and went up to our room for adventure. This is also the last day that legally Pam could sign her name as Holley. I checked with the recorder's office, and she would have had to sign her name and present some form of identification. She must have used some form of legal identification other than her passport.]

NOTE: USS DECATUR DEPLOYMENT DATES (30 October 1982-14 May 1983)²⁶²

Depart San Diego	30 October 1982
Inport Pearl Harbor	08-10 November 1982
Inport Subic Bay	21-28 November 1982
Inport Hong Kong	21-25 December 1982
Inport Pattaya Beach	30 December 1982-2 January 1983
Inport Subic Bay	07-21 January 1983
Inport Singapore	26 January 1983
Inport Colombo	31 January-3 February 1983
Inport Bahrain	05-07 March 1983
Inport Bahrain	20-29 March 1983
Inport Colombo	09 April 1983
Inport Singapore	15-17 April 1983
Inport Subic Bay	22-24 April 1983
Inport Pearl Harbor	07 May 1983—I flew in from Honolulu that evening
Inport San Diego	14 May 1983

87—"Requiem for Cyrus" (Monday 16 May 1983)

Well, this is a reference to PSHKINS' former Iranian lover. If she was going through with the marriage, then it meant she had no strings holding her to the past. Maybe?

A lot of women are objective about a man until they go to bed with him, then they literally get all screwed up and become inappropriately bonded to him. He assumes an emotional importance out of all proportion. We expect marriage to liberate us from this sexual guilt.

Nancy Friday

CAGE THE SONGBIRD

Elton John, 1976

²⁶² I had not originally purchased a copy of the Decatur cruise book for 1982-1983. A former fellow officer provided me with a copy of the sailing dates, Jim Dillingham email to Rivera, 6 August 2001. In 2005 a copy of the cruise book was available to me via digital format.

88- "Shaking the Tree and Navigating through the Shoals of a Heart" (Monday 16 May 1983)

My second husband represented stability, sanity, and order at a time when I was diving into my unconscious to retrieve my first real poems. In my thirties, I felt free to choose a man merely for his "sense of joy."

Erica Jong

This song makes me cry—it's quite beautiful. Now, what should be the happiest day in a man's life?

From the Eve Book - Published by Real World Multimedia Ltd. (1996): *"Shaking the Tree' was co-written with Youssou N'Dour as a critique of predominantly male society and in praise of women's growing confidence and place."*

Peter Gabriel

From the Radio Real World web site: *"The song lyric is about the women's movement in Africa, which is very behind and they are very restricted in what they can do and in the way they are treated by men. And so, this image of shaking the tree occurred to me as something like rocking the establishment."*

Peter Gabriel

I had dreamed that I was marrying the belle of the ball, and perhaps she thought she was marrying Prince Charming.

Peter Gabriel first sang "**SHAKING THE TREE**" in 1989 with Youssou N'Dour, a Senegalese artist who sings in Wolof, a beautiful western African language.

We got married around noon at the Clark County Recorder's office.²⁶³ She was now "PSR". We celebrated with lunch then went up to our room for...marital relations. I remember that I had told her in one of my letters that I was bound to take care of "the little man in the boat."

²⁶³ "Marriage License, State of Nevada, County of Clark, No. B 441515", timestamped 16 May 1983 at 317pm 1983, Clark County, Nevada. Also at AncestryLibrary.com as of 9 July 2015. I had not acquired a copy of the document until later but PSR photocopied the one sent to us earlier. The original was sent to "1527 1st St APT W-101 Coronado, California 92118", but lacks a timestamp. Imputing Carlos Rafael Rivera in 1983 at <https://recorder.co.clark.nv.us/RecorderEcommerce/default.aspx> brings up data for Pam and I, as of 22 June 2015.

89—"Michael Moondanced at Our Wedding Feast" (Monday 16 May 1983)

*From the moment the great hope—marriage—had gleamed in her mind, our old siren had lost all her indefinable and dubious charms. She tried to wipe out the past. She had no aspiration beyond that of becoming a serious and respectable commoner, a good, virtuous woman.*²⁶⁴

Think to yourself...what other famous event happened on this date? Stumped? That was the night that Motown celebrated its 25th anniversary with a pre-taped nationwide broadcast of an all-star collection of its artists (Motown 25: Yesterday, Today, Forever)²⁶⁵. PSR and I watched this show, and I remember her amazement at Michael Jackson's moonwalking routine. We watched the show because of our love for those older hits. For dinner we ate at the Hilton's *Benihana* facility, a wonderful Japanese dining experience.²⁶⁶

BILLY JEAN

Michael Jackson, 1982

*A woman has nothing else in view. She's a sickly creature, I tell you, and fretful. If you don't tell her you love her and want her, she starts crying. Maybe she doesn't want you at all, maybe you disgust her, maybe she says no. That's another story. But all men who see her must desire her. That's what she wants, the poor creature.*²⁶⁷

Marriage does change us; it brings a formal element into our lives, the rigidity of the model of our parents. *So sweet is the first feel of marriage that we give up everything. We abandon our names, say good-bye to old lover and friends, and close our savings and checking accounts, putting everything in his name.*
Nancy Friday

But what do you mean? Do you seriously think all women have nothing else but that in mind.
Nikos Kazantzakis

I had tried to get her to retain the name Holley, as I thought PAMELA SYDNEY HOLLEY sounded more like a writer than did PAMELA SYDNEY RIVERA. She argued that the latter was more

²⁶⁴ Kazantzakis, p.211.

²⁶⁵ <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0250595>, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁶⁶ Previously at <http://www.lvhilton.com/Hotel/dining/finedining/benihana>, but the entire guest facility is now called the Las Vegas Hotel and Casino, see http://www.thelvh.com/?s_kwcid=TC|23825|hotel%20hilton|S|p|18997746351, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁶⁷ Kazantzakis, p.46.

exotic. It was not that I did not care for her to share my last name, but rather, that I believed that the world would not easily accept PSR as a writer's name. She did later have a humorous incident with the name. One interviewer said to her that she didn't look Mexican, and PSR, replied, no, she was Puerto Rican.

She kept her own financial accounts, but I can only speculate that they were replenished by me since she had no job. We never held any joint bank accounts, nor any joint credit cards. I assumed she was a woman with her own way of doing things.

Another moment of humor came when we discussed our respective parents. Mine were not exactly thrilled I was marrying an Anglo woman, and one who was older than I. I understood that PSR's mother was not thrilled herself. We joked that if we ever had children, it should be triplets, for we could give her mother the child with the darkest skin, and my parents the child with the lightest skin.

90-"Non-Functional" (April 1981-August 1986)

a-Boyles Law b-violates the physical world

By being impatient, matters are damaged and great works cannot be done. If one considers something not be a matter of time, it will be done surprising quickly. Times change. Think about the world fifteen years from now. It should be rather different, but if one were to look into a book of prophesies, I imagine that it would not be that different.

Yamamoto Tsunetomo

There's a devil in me who shouts, and I do what he says. If sometimes I spoke a harsh word, we're only men...Forgive me.

Nikos Kazantzakis

Ok, how does this relate? Well, first, Pamela left her job with the city of Portland in April 1981. Except for a few weeks around September-October 1983, where she worked a secretarial job in California Plaza on 10th Street in Coronado, PSR remained blissfully unemployed until about mid-August 1986. This "**Shadow**" is based upon a scientific rule. "Boyles Law" is the scientific principle wherein if a set volume of gas is squeezed, the temperature increases, while if the pressure decreases the temperature is lowered.

From what I can recall (I was on active duty between 28 May 1982 and 1 April 1985), PSR indicated that she was looking for employment. However, although I lived part of the time with her in Coronado as married folk (19 May-1 July, and, 3 August-12 September 1983), she did not find a real job. It is possible that she looked but I had my doubts. I recall while I was stationed in Long Beach, that she went for an interview in the San Diego area, but threw up enroute and didn't make it. I know she had reasons between 1 April 1985 and 1 August 1986, but the earlier period seemed one of less than enthusiastic endeavors.

How did she survive before I met her and during my deployment? Well, I never asked her about her finances, but one supposes that she had not used all of her retirement money, about 7 years. When she went to Greece, she used a portion. The rent between 1 March and 31 October 1982 was \$500 monthly. She had no phone, no cable, and no car. Her bills were minimal, but one thinks that by the end of October my offer must have been *manna*. I sent her half the rent for that period, and then the deposit and first month's rent for W-101 (you remember the \$1000 down payment for my BMW 320i?).

Before I proposed, I was not able to get any Christmas presents due to the emergency sortie and was forced to send her cash by mail (wrapped in foil). How did she survive after I returned? When I got home, I had taken what is called a 'dead horse', an advance of several months of my usual salary to be repaid over a year. I also setup an allotment of \$750 dollars a month sent to PSR. It began in May 1983, and continued for the next 23 months.²⁶⁸ I paid for the rent,

²⁶⁸ PSR had my power of attorney, allowing her to obtain apartments, credit, furnishings, in my name. I obtained financial data from my active duty Pay and Allotment records. The record holder, DFAS (Defense Finance and Accounting Service in Cleveland, Ohio) extracted data from microfiche, Dennis Baker, DFAS email to Rivera, 3 November 2006. There is a chance that the allotment data between 1 May 1983 and 1 April 1985 will show whom it was paid to, and their dates, a \$750 monthly allotment to PSR, the monthly car payment of \$167 to NFCU, and the monthly USAA car insurance of \$50. Basic Pay was taxable; BAQ and VHA were non-taxable. "Depns" meant I had a dependent; BAS was also a non-taxable subsistence allowance; FSA was a non-taxable allowance for deploying for thirty days or more without your family, and was nicknamed the "Lack of Nookey" pay; Sea Pay was taxable.

1 May 1983-31 May 1983

Basic Pay	\$1660.80 (1-31 May)
BAQ Partial	7.67 (1-13 May) [indicates I was single]
BAQ Single	19.09 (14-15 May) [indicates I was single]
VHA Single	6.87 (14-15 May) [indicates I was single]
BAQ Depns	180.90 (16-31 May) [indicates I was married]

1 June to 31 December 1983

Basic Pay	\$1660.80 per month X 7 months = \$11,625.60
BAQ Depns	361.80 per month X 7 months = 2,532.60
VHA Depns	65.12 per month X 7 months = 911.74
BAS	98.17 per month X 7 months = 785.36

cable, phone, car, insurance, groceries, and most luxuries, but I can't recall she paid for much during that period, except for a few Christmas presents.

Quite clearly, PSR had worked much of her adult life, and though she was only 37, had indicated to me that she was burned out. That is possible, since she had raised her family following her mother's breakdown, and probably worked her way

VHA Depns 65.12 (16-31 May) [indicates I was married]
 BAS 98.17 (1-31 May)
 Total 1983=Basic Pay \$13,286.40/BAQ 2,721.17/VHA 983.73/BAS 883.53

1 January 1984 to 31 January 1984

Basic Pay \$1727.10
 BAQ Depns 376.20
 VHA Depns 220.76
 BAS 102.10
 FSA-S 18.00 (13-31 January)

1 February 1984 to 28 February 1984

Basic Pay \$1496.82 (1-26 February)
 238.04 (27-28 February)
 BAQ Depns 376.20
 VHA Depns 220.76
 BAS 102.10
 FSA-S 13.00 (1-13 February)

1 March 1984 to 31 October 1984

Basic Pay \$1785.30 per month X 8 months = \$14,282.40
 BAQ Depns 376.20 per month X 8 months = 3,009.60
 VHA Depns 220.76 per month X 8 months = 1,766.08
 BAS 102.10 per month X 8 months = 816.80

1 November 1984 to 31 December 1984

Basic Pay \$1996.50 per month X 2 months = \$ 3,993.00
 BAQ Depns 422.70 per month X 2 months = 845.40
 VHA Depns 220.76 per month X 2 months = 441.52
 BAS 102.10 per month X 2 months = 204.20
 Sea Pay 150.00 per month X 2 months = 300.00
 Sea Pay Prem 100.00 per month X 2 months = 200.00

Total 1984=Basic Pay \$21,737.36/BAQ Depns 4,607.40/VHA Depns 2,649.12/BAS 1,225.20/FSA-S 31.00/Sea Pay Prem 500.00

1 January 1985 to 31 March 1985

Basic Pay \$2076.30 per month X 3 months = \$6,228.90
 BAQ Depns 420.90 per month X 3 months = 1,262.70
 VHA Depns 315.28 per month X 3 months = 945.84
 BAS 106.18 per month X 3 months = 318.54
 Sea Pay 150.00 per month X 3 months = 450.00
 Sea Pay Prem 100.00 per month X 3 months = 300.00
 Total 1985=\$2830.92 (destination of allotments unknown at this time)

ALLOTMENTS-as of 14 December 2006, not specifically identified:

May 1983 to July 1983

\$973.04 in allotments per month (\$2919.12). To the best of my recall, \$750 was set to go to PSR, another portion was for the car payment, and a third was for the car insurance.

August 1983 to December 1983

\$943.64 in allotments per month (\$4718.20).

Total 1983

\$7,637.32 (destination of allotments unknown at this time)

January 1984 to December 1984

\$943.64 in allotments per month.

Total 1984

\$11,323.68 (destination of allotments unknown at this time)

January 1985 to March 1985

\$943.64 in allotments per month.

through college. If she didn't get a scholarship, then she paid for her visits to France and enrollment in the Sorbonne, while later paying for tuition at the University of Utah. I couldn't figure out what she had done between graduation in 1972 and her start with the city of Portland in 1974. But, she did have a clear period of employment of seven years after 1974.

How did I know she was 37? When we met she had said she was 35, and that she turned 36 on 14 September 1982. Well, we got married and that issue did not come up as she had ostensibly presented proper identification to the recorder's office in Las Vegas. We returned to San Diego early on Thursday the 19th of May, but I could not carry PSR across the threshold due to her own weight gain. That late afternoon or early evening (the sun was still shining), Geri and Gordon greeted us with a surprise. We were sitting on that old picnic table of legend, and they congratulated us with champagne and caviar. By the way, I might mention that Pamela had expensive tastes.

I recall that the next morning we went by the ship, which would be the first and last time that PAMELA SYDNEY RIVERA might be listed on any DECATUR logbook. I wanted to get her military dependent's ID card as quickly as possible so that she could access the exchange and medical system in my

absence. The ship's office prepared her application and then directed us to a shore facility to get the process completed. Once there, something unusual happened.

I don't know why, but when the clerk asked her for a piece of official identification, she presented her American passport. While double checking the application, the clerk asked an unexpected (at least to me) question. He had noticed that her application listed her birthdate as 14 September 1946, while her passport said it was 1945. At that moment, a sheepish PSR had to confess that she was actually born in 1945.²⁶⁹ She told me that she had not wanted to be more than ten years older than me, and asked if I was mad. I told her I wasn't, and then thought it cute.

Things did not get much better personally during the months after my return and our marriage. I grew increasingly irritated, confused, and angry at what was going on. I also continued to suffer from that "oh-oh" problem on occasion. I took off the entire month of June²⁷⁰ and we spent the time together doing a variety of things.

²⁶⁹ "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated 23 May 1983. I did not type the document, but noticed her father's name was misspelled. I surmise that she gave the clerk the name. The Oakwood address is correct, Rivera service records. I did find another "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", also 23 May 1983. This one includes her sister Polly as an emergency contact person, Rivera service records.

²⁷⁰ "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)," dated 1 June 1983, entry 28 (Duties Assigned), "01-30 Jun leave and Transit". The Decatur was scheduled for decommissioning in June. I had new orders, crew and officer reduction was mandated, "Commanding Officer, USS Decatur to LTJG Carlos R. Rivera", 1 June 1983, Rivera service records.

A couple of the things I remember us doing during that time was seeing Joan Embry at the San Diego Zoo, and visiting Tijuana to pick up cheap bottles of Kahlua. We didn't visit anyone outside of the San Diego area, except for my parents, who gave us a check to replace the television PSHKINS and Geri and Gordon had sold/traded in the previous February. One other thing I remember was meeting the keyboard player for the band Loverboy when PSR and I went to the movies, but that actually happened much much later in the year, bad recall.

I returned to duty on 1 July, onboard the USS Gray (FF-1054), a frigate stationed in Long Beach, California.²⁷¹ But it quickly became apparent that without a second income, it would be difficult to continue a long-term lease on the Bayfront apartment if I was commuting almost daily.

In the intervening weeks, PSR had made the acquaintance of the wife of another officer. This couple, by the name of Henderson (?) and from Oregon, had rented a cottage in Coronado Village (and for the life of me, I cannot remember its address or where it was exactly). The couple was going to leave the Coronado area for several months and the two women worked out a verbal agreement that allowed us to house sit. We moved into that cottage in mid-July and stayed till mid-

²⁷¹ "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)" dated 29 February 1984. Entry 12 (Period of Report) has a "from" date of 1 June 1983, but since I was on leave the entire month of June 1983, as per note 269 above, the observation between 1 June 1983 and 1 July 1983 would not have been possible.

September. I was at sea or Long Beach most of July and the first week of August, before I flew back to Coronado to attend a four-week legal course at San Diego Naval Base.²⁷²

One thing I can never forget is the fact that I must have been crazy. If I wasn't at sea or on duty, I would try to spend every night with PSR in Coronado. That required that I leave home about 4am every morning, drive 127 miles to the Long Beach Naval Station, and then at the end of the day, generally 4pm, drive the same distance back to Coronado. I usually got home about 6pm, and if we had no plans, was in bed by 10pm, which left very little time for us to spend any quality time together. I remember that I was very tired quite often, and that the daily mileage grind wore on me. I can only image that the separations may have been as tough on PSR, but who knows for sure? I do know that I became a different person with a growing lack of patience, I was short tempered all the time, tired all the time, confused all the time, and yes, verbally and emotionally, but never physically, abusive to PSR, though one notes very little difference in those actions.

*There's a devil in me who shouts, and I do what he says. If sometimes I spoke a harsh word, we're only men...Forgive me.*²⁷³

²⁷² "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)", dated 28 October 1983. Entry 28 (Duties Assigned) reports I was a student at the "Military Justice Legal Officer Course, A-5F-0014", from 7 August 1983 to 2 September 1983. "Commanding Officer, Fleet Training Center, San Diego, CA to Commanding Officer, USS Gray", dated 13 September 1983, reports my completion of the legal officer course. My assumption of that duty was on 28 September 1983, "Rivera to Commanding Officer, USS Gray" same date. As an example of my own memory problems, I was in Seattle, Washington on 2 August 1983 and detached from there, flying to San Diego. The Gray was in Seattle for the annual "Sea Fair", and I took advance mileage/travel pay, which I suspect was for the airfare, Rivera service records.

²⁷³ Kazantzakis, p.259.

Another memory I was able to verify was the fact that I had seen Peter Gabriel on Monday 15 August 1983 at the open-air amphitheater at San Diego State University.²⁷⁴ For some reason, PSR did not want to go, but it was a great concert, and the first of four times I have seen him. I got home rather quickly after the concert but she wasn't interested in sex. As a comical reference, here are two songs Gabriel performed that night.

LAY YOUR HANDS ON ME

Peter Gabriel, 1982

I HAVE THE TOUCH

Peter Gabriel, 1982

I think I'm pulled in both directions, wanting to put a distance between myself and some things or people, and then wanting to break through and make contact
Peter Gabriel

So frustrated at the failed attempt, I went out to the living room and watched a music show which featured INXS (and the rooster tail haircut for the sax/guitar player) and their 1983 hit, "**The One Thing.**"

In time for her birthday 14 September 1983, she moved us back to Oakwood. In fact, her (our?) old studio apartment U-110, was still available and she got it for us.²⁷⁵ The rent was less than the bayside one bedroom, and allowed her to be close to Geri and Gordon. That belated birthday celebration was not very pleasant as I recall. It was Friday, and I was probably

²⁷⁴ See <http://www.genesis-movement.org/php/listtour.php?tourid=32&username=all>, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁷⁵ "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated 17 November 1983. Entry 58 reports the address for Pamela Sydney Rivera as "1527 1st ST, APT U-110 Coronado, CA, 92118", Rivera service records.

very tired from driving every day that week. I do remember she was having a drink and wearing that gown from HAN.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 14 September 1983-PSR+?

[I believe that I was suspicious of PSR as I had not known about her actual birthdate, though they say that little lies like that shouldn't make a difference in any relationship.]

As 1983 wore on, it became clear that PSR was not very interested in working. I knew that I could leave the navy as early as July 1984. Thus, it was paramount that she find some work, or we find a way to reduce our outgo so that we could save for my post-navy time.

DIARY ENTRY

Tuesday 4 October 1983-LBCH ISE-PSR SDGO Bored Tired when does ETD occur, can't go on too much more

[To the best of my recall, this had to do with the fact that I was driving nearly every day between Long Beach and Coronado. I was wondering when PSR would get a job to make our transition a little bit easier.]

It was also during this time that PSR's ex-sister in law, the other Pamela Boyles, visited Coronado. What sparked this whole discussion herein was what transpired during that week. We had been able to have *Clouds and Rain* at times, and in October PSR told me that her period was late and thought she was pregnant. That was not necessarily bad news as neither of us had expected that to happen. But what followed is clearly tied to my own mental state of mind. This happened on a Friday as I had duty the next day.

I drove down from Long Beach and found that the two Pams, Geri, and Gordon were out. Though they may never remember this, what they were doing was celebrating. They had jumped

into Gordon's 1976 MG,²⁷⁶ the two Pams sitting on the trunk, and drove around town and got something to drink. They were celebrating the fact that PSR's period had begun. I had considered it more appropriate that she tell me first before partying, but I could be wrong. It was pretty stressful as they showed up about two hours after I had arrived. At that point I was pretty pissed as I had no indication of where she had been.

They arrived around 8pm, and PSR told me what had happened. I guess that my stress and anger at the whole situation made me pretty irrational. Pamela Boyles decided to stay at Geri and Gordon's after seeing that I had decided to come down. But I was pretty upset, and decided that I would return to Long Beach that same evening as I was certain that we would not have a pleasant evening. I recall that PSR was upset and cried a little bit, but I just was not ready to handle the evening.

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 11 November 1983-Home for Holidays-tired

[This was Veterans Day. I was still tired of driving 254 miles nearly every day as PSR did not want to move from Coronado or go to work.]

The month of November 1983 also proved dramatic. As October ended, I had made a decision that most likely doomed us, as if we were not already doomed. I calculated how much

²⁷⁶ How did I correctly remember his car? Well, Gordon got to keep it as a result of his divorce, see "Interlocutory Judgment of Dissolution of Marriage" dated 15 June 1982, in "Hamm v Hamm".

money I was earning and going over the cost of living. One day in early November, I told PSR that we had to talk. I remember that I asked her to sit down. I told her straight out that we could not continue to live at Oakwood because we were living beyond our means and it did not appear that she would be working anytime soon. I told her that we would have to move to a low cost area.

That threw her a curve and she reacted by saying that under no circumstances would she consider moving back to Portland. She did say that she would consider other places and eventually suggested that Salt Lake City would be more acceptable than Portland. Clearly, she was not enthused about the move, but I thought I presented my case logically instead of emotionally.

She did tell Geri and Gordon about my concerns, but I never got any indication as to how they felt about my decision. The two girls suggested that we might spend Thanksgiving at the Ruben E. Lee, the stern wheeler restaurant in San Diego Harbor. We rented the ship's chart house for a wonderful evening on Thursday 24 November 1983. PSR and I got there early and cheered Geri and Gordon's arrival. That was the last Thanksgiving the four of us ever spent together.

We put in our notice in early December, and by then PSR arranged to move in with Pamela V. Boyles till she found a

job.²⁷⁷ As I knew that I was going to be in Hawaii in late January and early February, I took leave for the first week of January.

What did PSR and I exchange for Christmas 1983? Well, for Christmas, she gave me a mustache comb, and a straight razor set. What did I get PSR? Well, I remembered her references to Jean Deprez' "Bal a Versailles" perfume. I went to Nordstroms and found a one-ounce bottle at \$150, which I thought was pretty pricey, but, hey, it was for my wife.²⁷⁸

*What does it matter? As long as my beloved is satisfied!*²⁷⁹

I don't think most women question the rightness of expecting a man to take care of them.
Nancy Friday

Now, why do woman do this to men all the time? For the next few years whenever I asked her what was wrong, or when would PSHKINS return, she would answer in the negative, although it was clear that something was out of sync.

*What are you thinking of?
Is your mind out at sea?
What are you thinking about?
Why don't you say something?*²⁸⁰

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?
Eurhythmics, 1985

²⁷⁷ "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated 23 December 1983. Entry 58 reports the address for Pamela Sydney Rivera as "5289 Rome Beauty Park, Murray, UT 84107", Rivera service records.

²⁷⁸ I also gave her something else I have not seen again in over a quarter of a century. I bought a beautiful gilded miniature carousel at the gift shop in the Coronado Hospital for Christmas 1983, right before she moved to Salt Lake in January 1984. The lady who ran the gift shop, Mrs. Weeks, still lived at the end of U building at Oakwood when I interviewed her in 1999.

²⁷⁹ Kazantzakis, p.212.

²⁸⁰ Kazantzakis, p.183, p.299.

91-"Two Sisters Bade a Tearful Farewell at McP's" (Friday 30 December 1983)

I had taken leave for a week so that PSR and I could move. I left Long Beach early that day and got home about 2pm. PSR was not around, and finally returned very late that afternoon. I remember asking Gordon if he knew where PSR was, and he replied that she and Geri had gone out to lunch. When PSR got home it was clear that she and Geri had both been drinking and crying. I was a bit miffed (I know, irrationality) as she said that they had gone to lunch at McP's, the Irish pub on Orange Avenue in Coronado. I found it considerably impolite for them to stay so long as both knew that we had to pack for departure the forthcoming Sunday.

We packed all day Saturday, well, as long as it took to pack a small U-Haul trailer and the car. We spent New Year's Eve 1983 in Geri and Gordon's, sleeping on the floor in the living room. We had gone to bed early, and I remembered being awoken by fireworks. I told PSR "Happy New Year" and went back to sleep.

DIARY ENTRIES

*Sunday 1 January 1984-Move to SLC Utah*²⁸¹

[We left early New Year's Day and get into Salt Lake City on Monday the 2nd. We stayed with her ex-sister in law (supposedly a temporary situation for PSR, while she looked for work). Pamela Boyles and Bill joined PSR and I for dinner, than we returned to Boyles' condo. I recall that she hinted at leaving us alone for an hour or two so that we could have time to say goodbye....hint, *Clouds and Rain*. As there were no bed readily available, I recall that we broke out my large Oriental (Bokhara) rug and did the deed thereupon, but again my challenge was present.]

Sunday 8 January 1984-Leave SLC+PSR

²⁸¹ See note 282 below.

Tuesday 10 January 1984-6 months? Miss PSR u/w again

[Well, I was thinking about the fact that I was scheduled to leave active duty in July 1984. We were also enroute to Hawaii]

January Sunday 22 1984-Tired hot lonely

[Here I was in another paradise, and didn't have my companion with me]

Now what happened next? I flew back to Long Beach. The Gray sailed for Hawaii and we spent most of January and part of February there.²⁸² The weather was fine, but Salt Lake had bad weather. I spent time on the beach at Honolulu after I took some leave. I called PSR and teased her about the temperature extremes.

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 5 February 1984-Hawaii-sunburned horny-wait to Vegas-drool drool. She's conservative-will have to work on that

[I had mentioned to PSR something about those erotic letters we had exchanged earlier, but now she seemed as if she was not interested.]

She suggested I get some *Mahi Mahi*, to which I retorted that I would get her a *Mu-Mu*. She told me of a visit she had made to the islands earlier. If you know Hawaiian, the joke was on the name "Holley." She said that she had earlier made a visit to either Cancun or Mazatlán, and had been hit upon by one of the hired help.

She suggested I pick up Macadamian nuts as we were meeting in Las Vegas in late February. I flew into Vegas, and she took Amtrak from Salt Lake. She had not yet found employment. We spent four days in Vegas and then returned to our respective home bases. One thing I will never forget is that she claimed to have left the Macadamian nuts on the train

²⁸² We sailed from Long Beach, California on 13 January 1984, and returned there from Hawaii on 13 February 1984, per Baker (DFAS) email to Rivera, 3 November 2006. The data clearly conflicts with my own diary entry for Tuesday 10 January 1984.

accidentally, but it sounded more deliberately the way she expressed it.

Within a few weeks PSR said she was fed up with Salt Lake and was moving to Portland to live with her sister. She drove up with the Toyota with an attached a U-Haul trailer, and moved in with the Moulton's.²⁸³ I had not yet (before mid-March 1984) met any of her friends or family (except her brother and ex-sister-in-law).

So in mid-March I flew up to Portland to surprise her, something I had worked out in advance. Her sister Polly met me at the airport and drove me to Northeast Portland at 3231 NE Shaver Avenue, the Moulton residence. PSR was surprised to see me, but had been suffering from a cold.

Now, during the next few months PSR and I tried to meet as often as we could.²⁸⁴ In April she drove down and we spent a few days together in Coronado. She and Geri then drove back to Portland and enroute stopped in Monterey. About two months later onboard the Gray, I received an official letter from Monterey County officials about an unpaid parking ticket. I

²⁸³ "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated (?) December 1983. Entry 58 reports the address for Pamela Sydney Rivera as "5289 Rome Beauty Park, Murray, UT 84107". Incidentally, I found "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", undated, Entry 58 reported the address for her as "4905 SW 194th CT, Aloha, OR 97007", Rivera service records. That was then Kirk and Polly's address and I now surmise that Pam had considered moving there first.

²⁸⁴ Between mid-March 1984 and 30 September 1984, there were a number of times I stayed with Pam at the Moulton house. It might be said that Bill was naturally a quiet kind of person. But, one should hear both Bill and Norma snore at bedtime. Those two sounded like an out of tune orchestra. Before Pam got a place of our own, I stayed there a couple of times. Their bedroom was right next to ours, and I couldn't get to sleep at all. Pam could sleep right through the night, but I was always tired. Pam was or is a snorer, too. And the Moultons had two cats, prowling around at night but the cats wouldn't even wake them up. They lost the black one, Frankie, the "lover, not the fighter" as Bill used to call him.

found the date was during the time when PSR and Geri stopped in Monterey. PSR assured me the ticket had been paid.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 1 May 1984-365 days in the Navy

[As PSR had not yet obtained work, and I was worried about our future, I decided to take my then existing set of orders to its term (April 1985) instead of leaving active duty in July 1984. I can't be sure, maybe PSR was not too happy with that.]

Wednesday 16 May 1984-I've been married one year today!!

[I guess I was happy to be married. At that moment I was enroute to Bremerton, Washington, onboard the Gray.]

Thursday 17 May 1984-Arrive Bremerton, Fly to Portland

[I took some leave and spent the weekend with PSR.]

Friday 18 May 1984-Great anniversary present--

[I recall that PSR had made reservations for us at the Columbia Gorge Hotel, in Hood River OR,²⁸⁵ a classic old style facility overlooking the Columbia River, and about an hour east of Portland. They served this huge farm style breakfast, and featured 4-post canopied beds. I can't be sure but the rooms might have been named for writers.]

Tuesday 22 May 1984-u/w to Long Beach

[PSR and I drove up to Bremerton so that I could catch the Gray for its return to Long Beach.]

In June we flew in separate flights to Georgia for my high school's ten-year reunion in Columbus. PSR met many of my friends, and we even hit the dance floor. The hit of that summer was from the film Footloose.

At that time, I began to actively search for post service employment. It did not look good at all, and PSR had still not found a job. My ship went up to Portland in June for the "Rose Festival 1984" and I took leave so that PSR and I could have some time together.²⁸⁶

During most of my time ashore in Long Beach during the summer of 1984, I used to walk along the coast at Belmont

²⁸⁵ See <http://www.columbiagorgehotel.com>, accessed on 22 June 2015.

²⁸⁶ From two sources, I was able to get a better time frame for my coming up to Portland onboard the USS Gray during the 1984 Rose Festival (Pam reported it as "the navy coming upstream to spawn"). The Festival organizers informed me "That the Portland Rose Festival always starts on the Thursday after Memorial Day. Fleet Week is usually the first Wednesday through the following Monday of the festival." From the Portland Chamber of Commerce, "According to the Portland Rose Festival Press Book complete schedule for 1984, the USS Gray (FF-1054), frigate, homeport Long Beach, CA, had an arrival date of Thursday June 7th, 1984." "NAVPERS 1611/1 (REV. 5-77) (Report on the Fitness of Officers)," dated 31 December 1984, entry 21 "Employment of Command" and entry 88, "Participated in the Portland Rose Festival", Rivera service records.

Shores, just south of Long Beach. I remember the song that made the most impact on me, particularly as it harkened back to the six months of 1982.

THE BOYS OF SUMMER
Don Henley, 1984

Now I don't understand what happened to our love

This song always reminds me of what happened on our trip in 1982. During the road trip, PSR had misplaced her sunglasses, and was very upset and adamant about finding them. I think I told her we could purchase another pair along the way, but she did not agree. I can't recall if we ever found them.

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 14 September 1984-PSR +-
[This reflected again the issue of PSR's birthdate]

Feeling deeply the difference between oneself and others, bearing ill will and falling out with people—these things come from a heart that lacks compassion. If one wraps everything with a heart of compassion, there will be no coming conflict with people.
Yamamoto Tsunetomo

By September, PSR had not yet found a job but decided that she didn't want to live with Bill and Norma anymore. She found an excellent location right on the Willamette River. It was the McCormick Pier Apartments on what was then NW Front Avenue, directly across the river from Memorial Coliseum. The apartment (930 NW Front Avenue, K-1)²⁸⁷ was right on the river, between the Steel and Broad Street Bridges. Later, I would watch flood waters nearly encroach into our patio.

²⁸⁷ "There is a listing for Carlos and Pamela Rivera at 930 NW Front, 222-7175 in the 1985 and 1986/87 Portland Telephone Directories", Reference Staff, Multnomah County [Portland, Oregon] Library email to Rivera, 8 June 1999. However, another public record at AncestryLibrary.com has me living there beyond 1987, last accessed on 7 November 2011. Front Avenue is now called Naito Parkway.

PSR decided that she might return to city government and volunteered for a councilman's campaign in hopes of obtaining a patronage position, (he did win his campaign).²⁸⁸ By this time I was flying up about twice a month, on Alaska Airlines, which was not too difficult with the Long Beach airport near the naval base. I would leave the ship at 4pm and be home by 7pm on Friday nights, then return to the ship by about midnight on Sunday.

I did fly up for Thanksgiving 1984. I got home on Wednesday evening but only after a harrowing holiday eve race to LAX, the Los Angeles airport. PSR had decided to make the holiday dinner for us and Bill and Norma. She looked so good in the kitchen that Thursday 28 November 1984 (Thanksgiving Day) that I broke out my camera and took a picture of her. Believe it or not, for some reason that is the only photo of PSR I ever took. I believe the only other photographs of PSR may be with Bill and Norma, Polly and Kirk, or Geri, as I suspect that there are none in a particular scrapbook, hers. One thing of note with Bill and PSR, however, both used to sing an old song dating back to World War One, "**MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES**".²⁸⁹

²⁸⁸ I had not recalled his name earlier but it was Richard "Dick" W. Bogle (19 October 1930-25 February 2010), see Social Security Death Index and <http://www.katu.com/news/85393312.html>, as of 22 June 2015.

²⁸⁹ See Melbert B. Cary Jr., "Mademoiselle From Armentieres," *The Journal of American Folklore* 47 (No.186 October-December 1934), pp.369-376. The song seems to have its roots in the 1880s and then morphed its way to "Hinkie Dinkie Parlezvous" by World War I, see

By the way, shortly before that trip, I purchased my first personal computer. It was the Commodore 64. I began creating music within a few months using machine and basic language for programming. By 1987, sufficient software and the introduction of new computer driven software and hardware proved a tremendous advance in my own conception of music.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 12 December 1984-Oh Well, (Queen Mary)

[We also stayed at the Hyatt Regency in Long Beach, and my brother joined us for dinner.]

In December, we spent a few days in California, with one night onboard the "Queen Mary", and a couple of days in Coronado. By the way, I remember Christmas 1984 quite well. Well, months earlier PSR and I had seen the movie "Woman in Red". Gene Wilder's character wore a light blue pullover sweater, and I mentioned to PSR during the movie I thought it was a beautiful color. For Christmas she found a similar sweater for my gift.

I took some leave towards the end of the year as I knew of two things forthcoming. First, it was certain that I was leaving the navy in April, so was starting to prepare for civilian life.²⁹⁰ But, I think that PSR's final blow

Atcheson L. Hench, "Communal Composition of Ballads in the A.E.F.," *The Journal of American Folklore* 34 (No.134 October-December 1921), pp.386-389. Also see G.E. Laidlaw, "Hinkie Dinkie," *The Journal of American Folklore* 36 (No.141 July-September 1923), p.300.

²⁹⁰ I had given serious thought to staying on active duty as I was concerned about Pam's lack of employment as well as that of my own chances as a civilian, see "LT Carlos R. Rivera to Commanding Officer, USS Gray", 28 September 1984, requesting the extension, and "Commanding Officer USS Gray to Commander Naval Military Personnel Command, 9 October 1984, "strongly recommending approval" of my request. Also "Commanding Officer USS Gray to COMNAVMILPERSCOM", 13 December 1984, in reference to the Navy's unofficial denial of my request to stay on active duty for an indefinite period. See "COMNAVMILPERSCOM to Lt Carlos R. Rivera", 24 January 1985 denying my request to stay on active duty beyond April 1985, Rivera service records.

against her ego came on 1 January 1985. We went to the swearing in ceremonies for newly elected officials at Portland City Hall. After the event, her candidate came up to shake our hands and by his body language, made clear that he was giving her the brush off vis-à-vis any patronage. PSR didn't say much, but I could tell that she was very disappointed. She seemingly had few prospects after that.

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 20 January 1985-70 DTG [days to go]-Oh, the intensity that once was-to be that way again [I knew I was leaving the navy soon, and was wishing for things to be like they were in 1982]

I left active duty on Monday 1 April 1985,²⁹¹ after having received the news that the navy was providing me with a separation allowance, since I had served more than five years on active duty. The money, after taxes, amounted to \$12,665.²⁹² I left the ship with a briefcase full of cash. I hopped a flight from San Francisco down to Long Beach, where I spent the evening at the base. I took the cash, spread it out on the bed, and rolled over it, just like in films.

The next day, Tuesday 2 April 1985, I drove down to Coronado and checked into the BOQ there. That day I drove out to the Navy Federal Credit Union branch in the Hotel Circle

²⁹¹ The Gray spent half of March in San Francisco. See "NAVCOMPT Form OCR 3097 (REV 9-76)", dated 20 February 1985, order detachment for 1600 hours 1 April 1985. The remarks section indicated that I had taken leave from 1545 18 March 1985 to 2359 31 March 1985. I have little memory of that leave and surmise I must have spent some time in Portland with Pam. I recall a "farewell" with the officers in San Francisco, but not the two weeks before then. However, I did turn over my duties as communications officers before going on leave, "LT Carlos R. Rivera to Commanding Officer USS Gray", 15 March 1985. See "CHNAVPERS to USS Gray", 20 February 1985 directing my release from active duty is marked 1 April 1985 for paid advanced mileage from Naval Air Station Alameda CA to Columbus GA in the amount of \$371.10, Rivera service records.

²⁹² "CHNAVPERS WASHINGTON DC message to USS Gray", 20 February 1985. "NAVFINCEN CLEVELAND OH to USS Gray", 27 February 1985, before taxes \$15,000, entry 18 [Remarks] on DD214 "Certificate of Release of Discharge From Active Duty" effective 1 April 1985. It lists my address after separation as 930 NW Front Ave, K-1, Portland, Or 92709, entry 18 [Remarks], Rivera service records.

area and walked in with a briefcase of cash. When they asked how much I wanted to deposit, I opened my briefcase, just to see the look in their eyes.

PSR flew in that afternoon and we spent that evening with Geri and Gordon at Bandini's. After dinner PSR and I went for dancing and drinks at the Hotel Del. Why do I remember it so clearly? That is the last time we "made love" in Coronado. We were in the short tower at the BOQ Coronado, and had just returned from the Del. I remember telling PSR that I was "going to make love to my wife." It was very dreamy as we had had a few drinks. I remember that I felt her legs were so sexy with the hose she was wearing. What did we do? It was the "XXXXXXXXX *Infant*." That was the last time she and I enjoyed Coronado together.

THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT
The Lettermen, 1961

During that week the four of us drove up to Long Beach to see PSR's mother off on a cruise. She was sailing on the newly christened "Princess Royal".²⁹³ I remember that we were all gussied up. Her mother was a special case, at least to me. It seemed that she could never fully express my name, calling me either "Carlo" or "Carl". In addition, she seemed to take great pleasure in giving me gifts with the price tags still

²⁹³ Christened in 1984 by late Princess Diana. The ship was sold in April 2005 by the Princess cruise line and was renamed "Artemis", see www.cruisemaven.com/princess-cruises-keel-laying-ceremony-befitting-the-new-royal-princess/, as of 22 June 2015.

attached. After her ship sailed, we drove back to Coronado. That would be the last time PSR and I would spend time there.

I can't recall much else, other than that we next said goodbye to Geri and Gordon, and drove up to Monterey where we celebrated my birthday a bit early. We ate dinner at the Mexican place we had frequented several times before but cannot recall its name. Anyway, the staff, as was their practice, again took my picture in the big sombrero, but I have no idea where the photo might now be. I suspect that PSR either discarded it later, or else pasted it in her scrapbook. We returned to Portland around the 10th or so, and for my 29th birthday, PSR got me a gift certificate for a manicure as she felt that my hands were always in poor shape.

DIARY ENTRY

Tuesday 16 April 1985-29 [years old]

I got my passport (issued May 8th 1985)²⁹⁴ as I had made plans for us to visit either Hong Kong or London. I also started looking at the history department at Portland State University to work on my masters. As the navy had reimbursed me for travel to my original home of record, I drove to Columbus, Georgia, then to Coronado, see my brother in Long Beach, and then to Portland. I figured PSR was job hunting.

²⁹⁴ USA Passport, Passport No. 070304154, issued 8 May 1985 to Carlos R. Rivera, expired 7 May 1995.

I left Portland and PSR on 15 May. Our 2nd anniversary was the next day. Pam put a card in the glove compartment and told me not to look at it until the next day. I cheated, of course but can't remember specifics of the card. I got back to Portland in late May after a stop in Coronado.

92—"A Doll Can Shield One Sister?" (June 1985)

On HAN (21 August 1982), PSHKINS had told me that she was sterile, and explained to me that an IUD had infected her. She told me about the wick causing her sterility. We never talked about that again until June 1985. However, it seems that she had been involved in a law suit against the A.H. Robins Corporation, the maker of the Dalkon Shield²⁹⁵, the IUD with a wick. I had not known about the case to that point.

Anyway, the company decided to settle as many cases as it could and in April 1985 it made a financial offer.²⁹⁶ The law

²⁹⁵ See New York Times, 21 January 1975, 21 October 1975, 21 December 1979, 17 June 1980, 26 September 1980, and continued beyond.

²⁹⁶ I was not privy to the negotiations or settlement offer as I was a third party. There may be more details in documents archived by the University of Virginia Law School, discussed later. The decision to settle was fostered by litigation which threatened the existence of A.H. Robins. The following statement, later deleted from the official record, was made by Miles W. Lord, Chief U.S. District Judge for Minnesota, on February 29, 1984, to officers of A. H. Robins Company before him: E. Claiborne Robins, Jr., president/ chief executive officer, Carl D. Lunsford, senior vice-president for research/development, and William A. Forrest, Jr., vice-president/general counsel:

If one poor young man were, by some act of his—without authority or consent—to inflict such damage upon one woman, he would be jailed for a good portion of the rest of his life. And yet your company, without warning to women; invaded their bodies by the millions and caused them injuries by the thousands. And when the time came for these women to make their claims against your company, you attacked their characters. You inquired into their sexual practices and into the identity of their sex partners. You exposed these women—and ruined families and reputations and career—in order to intimidate those who would raise their voices against you. You introduced issues that had no relationship whatsoever to the fact that you planted in the bodies of these women instruments of death, of mutilation, of disease.

You have not been rehabilitated. Under your direction, your company has in fact continued to allow women, tens of thousands of them, to wear this device—a deadly depth charge in their wombs, ready to explode at any time. Your attorney, Mr. Alexander Slaughter, denies that tens of thousands of these devices are still in the bodies of women. But I submit to you that Mr. Slaughter has no more basis for his denial than the plaintiffs have for stating it as truth, because we simply do not know how many women are still wearing these devices, and your company is not willing to find out. The only conceivable reasons you have not recalled this product are that it would hurt your balance sheet and alert women who already have been harmed that you may be liable for their injuries. You have taken the bottom line as your guiding

firm representing Pamela's case was, I recall, in San Francisco. They contacted Ronald, her ex-husband, who then called Kirk Bass.²⁹⁷ From that period, I recall that the law firm had hired a private detective to find PSR. The law firm got \$40,000 dollars for PSR but there was a hitch. They got half, or \$20,000, and the detective got 5%, or \$2,000. That meant PSR was getting just \$18,000. I remember the

beacon, and the low road as your route. This is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest. Rehabilitation involves an admission of guilt, certain contrition, an acknowledgment of wrong doing, and a resolution to take a new course toward a better life. I find none of this in the instance of you and your corporation. Confession is good for the soul, gentlemen. Face up to your misdeeds. Acknowledge the personal responsibility that you have for the activities of those who work under you. Rectify this evil situation. Warn the potential future victims and recompense those who harmed.

Your company seeks to segment and fragment the litigation of these cases nationwide. The courts of this country are now burdened with more than three thousand Dalkon Shield cases. The sheer number of claims and the dilatory tactics used by your company's attorneys clog court calendars and consume vast amounts of judicial and jury time. Your company settles those cases in which it finds itself in an uncomfortable position, a handy device for avoiding any proceeding which would give continuity or cohesiveness to this nation-wide problem. The decision as to which cases to try rests almost solely at the whim and discretion of the A. H. Robins Company. In order that no plaintiff or group of plaintiffs might assert a sustained assault upon your system of evasion and avoidance, you time after time demand that able lawyers who have knowledge of the facts must, as a price of settling their cases, agreed to never again take a Dalkon Shield case nor to help any less experienced lawyers with their cases against your company.

Despite your company's protestations, it is evident that these thousands of cases cannot be viewed in isolation, one at a time. The multidistrict litigation panel of the federal court system found these cases to have sufficient similarity on issues of fact and law to warrant their reference to a single judge who, for varying periods of time, conducted discovery, depositions, and proceedings designed to devise an efficient method of handling these cases. In each of these thousands of cases, the focal point of the inquiry is the same: the conduct of your company through its acts and omissions. Indeed, Judge Gerald Heaney of the Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit recently urged judges in Minnesota to work together to devise a coordinated system for dealing with all of their Dalkon Shield cases.

These litigations must be viewed as a whole. Were these women to be gathered together with their injuries in one location, this would be denominated a disaster of the highest magnitude. The mere fact that these women are separated by geography blurs the total picture. Here we have thousands of victims, present and potential, whose injuries arise from the same series of operative facts. You have made no effort whatsoever to locate them and bring them together to seek a common solution to their plight.

Robins declared bankruptcy in the Summer of 1985, months after the payout to PSR. In the succeeding court actions, apparently more money was available for the thousands of women victimized by the Dalkon Shield. Ironically, if PSR had waited a year or so, she might have received more than the amount \$18,000 in June 1985.

Robins introduced the Dalkon Shield in January 1971, so Pamela would have probably started using it soon after. I recall that she, along with millions of women, had had a reaction to the "Pill". In the mid-1960s, there was a push to produce a birth control device that did not require on pharmaceuticals. The company stopped sales of the product domestically in June 1974, or more than a year after Pamela married Ron, see Emily Couric, "The A.H. Robins Saga" in the ABA [American Bar Association] Journal, 72 (July 1986):56-60.

For the health and financial issues of the Dalkon, see the New York Times on these dates: 21 January 1975, 21 October 1975, 21 December 1979, 17 June 1980, 26 September 1980, 12 October 1983, 12 November 1983, 12 October 1984, 4 November 1984, 15 November 1984, 3 April 1985, 7 April 1985 (reporting a financial arrangement from which I suspect Pamela's settlement money came from), 4 May 1985, 25 July 1985, and 22 August 1985. The latter date is when Robins filed bankruptcy after spending nearly \$400,000,000 on settling approximately 9,000 cases (which works about to about \$45,000 per claimant, or, close to what Pamela received before legal and detective fees.

²⁹⁷ He was then working for Coopers and Lybrand, what he called one of the big seven, and then later, big five accounting firms in the country. Pam and I visited his office downtown when I left the navy. He was still doing accounting work, as I last talked to him years ago. He wasn't at Coopers, out of business, so to speak, and I found him through the national organization for accountants. He was with a realtor agency in the Portland area.

conversation with Kirk as he and Polly were visiting and thinking out loud, "My BMW"—how very superficial of me, eh?

At this point, PSR had not returned to work (she left work in April 1981), I was still paying the rent and was working on our vacation plans. The BMW never came to pass, of course. And for any number of reasons, PSR decided that she did not want to go to either Hong Kong or London, and instead made some alternative and shocking plans.

She decided that she was going to pay for a trip for herself, and Geri and Norma, to Greece and Egypt. I was not included as they planned for a trip around the time that graduate school was to start. One asks, how did you take it, Carlos? Well, I was a bit mystified as I would have expected my spouse to have given me some consideration, but hey, we were modern adults and in a modern relationship.

Now, in order for PSR to work this out in the best manner, she needed to coordinate payments and scheduling through one agency. She chose American Express and called a Mrs. Vail at (904) 281-5698 to make the arrangements. I bet not even Pam will or could remember that detail. So how do I know of it? Well, she had decided to write that information on one of my note card dividers during her conversations with a travel agent. It is one of several examples I still have of PSR's handwriting.

So, we were all set for separate vacations. What did I do in the interim? I finished my registration at Portland State University. That is where I met Jeff Lange, a part-time graduate student and owner(?) of Gales Creek, a non-profit insurance firm. I also enrolled in the Weight Loss Clinic programs. I weighed about 220 pounds then and wanted to look good for not only my London trip but for PSR as well. Of note, one of our neighbors was the actor Brian Dennehy (from the film "Cocoon"). Apparently, he used the McCormick Pier apartments as a hideaway, and no one bothered him. Another moment of humor came in an accidental manner.

PSR and I were cooking with a *hibachi* [grill] on our patio when the then new mayor of Portland, Bud (Whoop Whoop) Clarke²⁹⁸ rode by on his bicycle. I guess they recognized each other as a bad look crossed the distance. I didn't say anything, but suspect they might be political 'foes'.

July 4th is celebrated as the nation's birthday, but I may be the only one to remember what else it might have meant for us at K-1. Well, it was a Thursday and we were getting ready for Polly, Kirk, and the boys to come over. I believe that Bill and Norma were also coming over. PSR went outside for some reason, and came back in to say that she had found a

²⁹⁸ Clark (19 December 1931-) was known for "flashing" a statute in a nationally recognized ad, "Expose Yourself to Art", and served as mayor from 1 January 1985-31 December 1992, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bud_Clark, as of 22 June 2015.

very young kitten near the door. She fell in love with it, and decided we should keep it. She immediately named it Layla, which would make her the second cat named thusly—only three persons might be able to explain.²⁹⁹

One of my fondest memories comes from the day we had Layla fixed. I can't remember where PSR had gone, but I was taking one of my power naps after picking up the kitten from the vet.³⁰⁰ I placed her on the floor next to the bed and took a cat nap. In the next few minutes, Layla squeakily dragged herself up the bedspread to be next to me. She was so in need of companionship, I can't ever forget that moment.

About the time she found Layla right outside our front door, we had another point of contention. The apartment was barely furnished, just a dining room set she had purchased using my power of attorney, along with a bedroom suite, and some sort of wicker chairs in the living room. Pam had wanted to keep the furniture simple and I told her I wanted a formal chair. We went to the former Montgomery Ward's warehouse in Northwest Portland and I bought one on sale. As soon as we get it in the apartment, she changed her mind and decided that she wanted one for herself. I guess the simple life was too simple for her.

²⁹⁹ I believe Geri is the only other person who may know the answer besides Pam and I.

³⁰⁰ I could recharge in about 10 minutes. Was that part of the diabetes? Maybe. I remember telling Pam to wake me up in a few minutes but she would let me sleep for much longer than that and, wham, I was wiped out and unable to function at times.

Do you remember what happened on July 13, 1985? Kind of hard to recall that date, but it was a Saturday. Give up? Live Aid held two international concerts that day to raise money for African famine relief. I got up at 4am to start recording the radio broadcast. I remember that we held a party and that Kirk, Polly, and the nephews came over. One of the acts that day was the Irish band **U-2**, which featured an extended version of one of their lesser known songs, "**BAD.**" It was an emotional moment during the concert. I recorded it and still have the tape and DVD. It seems fitting here.

93-"The Day I went to London" (Sunday 25 August 1985)

DIARY ENTRY

*Monday August 26-September 5 Thursday 1985-London*³⁰¹

My plane was scheduled to leave from Seattle late that evening, a Sunday, for an overnight flight on Pan Am into Heathrow. I had brunch with PSR, probably something from the delis nearby. As I was still exercising and losing weight, I worked out. I used my stereo case as a leg brace and did a number of sit-ups. While doing so I put on Gerry Rafferty's 1978 City To City with the great tune "**BAKER STREET**". I felt it was appropriate.

³⁰¹ Rivera, Passport No. 070304154, UK entry visa, Heathrow Airport, 26 August 1985.

Polly, PSR, and I drove up to SeaTac airport that afternoon. While waiting for the plane, we again got a bit to eat. So what do I recall about that? While eating, PSR used that phrase again, "Tasty." I just don't know why it irritated me, or if she said it simply to irritate me, but it did.

Well, I spent the next ten days in London alone, and did not think I was too missed. On my return home on September 5th,³⁰² PSR decided it would be more convenient if I flew back to Portland from Seattle instead of picking me up in Seattle. I was a bit miffed, but did so and caught a cab home as she was too unavailable.

Her own trip was coming up and I don't recall that much of that period. I do remember, however, something important that Pam had obsessed over. As he approached his death in 1978, Eldredge had given each of his children a clock to remember him by after he passed. The one he gave Pam was a half-length wall-mounted grandfather clock. That clock was so much of a challenge as I recall Pam giving me specific instructions for about half an hour or so right before she went on her Egypt trip. She did not want me to overwind it.

PSR also had asked me what I would like her to bring back for me from that trip and I said, "a Greek vase." I can't even

³⁰² Rivera, Passport No. 070304154, USA entry visa, Seattle, Washington, 5 September 1985.

remember what we did for Pam's 40th birthday on 14 September 1985, but she and Norma flew out on the 16th of September. They met up with Geri in New York.³⁰³

94-"Three Sisters of Sparta Domesticate the Retsina of Athens" (September 1985)

This is a take-off on Greek booze. *Sparta* and *Domestica* are beers and *Retsina* is liquor. I think there was a beer called *Athena*(?), as well. I have seen a beer labeled *Athens*. The girls got to Athens and did the usual tourist thing. I know I talked on the phone with Pam once or twice, but don't remember any postcards. Nor do I recall her showing off later any tourist photos from the trek.

95-"Two Sisters Scale Santorini by Ass" (September 1985)

I had believed that all three had done this but Geri informed me on 10 December 1999 that she had had to return to Coronado as she could only take a few days off of work.³⁰⁴ PSR and Norma took a cruise to this Aegean Sea isle which features a large caldera. Norma and Bill later showed me photographs of this part of the journey. The girls took donkeys from the landing to the top. Bill joked the girls and their asses.

³⁰³ Comments from Geri Shaw, 10 December 1999.

³⁰⁴ She told me that she couldn't have afforded two weeks off anyway, comments from Shaw, 10 December 1999.

96-"Two Sisters Mist the Achille Lauro" (7 October 1985)

I recall this, as several of PSR's friends called to make sure she was alright. The girls were taking a journey down the Nile and boarded the same day that the cruise ship "Achille Lauro" was hijacked by terrorists. The hijackers killed a crippled Jewish-American passenger, Leon Klinghoffer³⁰⁵, and then dumped his body overboard. During the Nile cruise, the shipboard guests played a game based upon the legend of *Osiris*—remember him? He was the guy that was murdered and cut up into pieces. Apparently, the guests were supposed to locate the missing part, which was the Pharaoh's phallus.

97-"Two Sisters Blinded by the Cataracts of the Nile" (October 1985)

The **gals** visited the cataracts on the upper Nile, Luxor, and Abu Simbel, and as well as a few other places I can't remember. I didn't get the feeling I was missed. Maybe, she was thinking of Cyrus.

JOHNNY ANGEL
Shelley Fabares, 1962

During the **gals** absence, Bill Moulton and I got together for dinner twice. Layla bonded with me.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 9 October 1985-Ann I.-my mind-what am I going to do, how long before she gets a job?-nlt [no later than] 6 January 1986 I set wheels in motion, there has to be some direction, why am I married?

[Let's just say that my eyes had started to stray. I met this beautiful blond and she seemed interested in more than coffee. I did not pursue it after some thought and I began to question the relationship with PSR. Here she was on vacation, had not landed a

³⁰⁵ (September 24, 1916 – October 8, 1985), see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Leon_Klinghoffer, as of 22 June 2015.

job, and seemed not to care about working. By this point, I had taken out student loans, was living off the savings accounts and now looking for a part-time job to ease our finances. The deadline of 6 January was the first Monday after New Year's when I thought that she should have had enough time after her trip to settle back in and find work.]

98—"The Agony of Ecstasy as One Sister is Left to Wander Alone" (October 1985)

Now all of this time, I was not feeling too missed. A bit of confirmation came when Norma returned home to Portland as scheduled and PSR decided to stay a week or so more. She told me she wanted to see one of the island temples. For some reason, I always believed that it might have been tied to Cyrus. The tune below was very popular in the 1950s.

THE GREAT PRETENDER
Platters, 1956

99—"One Sister meets the T-shirt Vendor of Delos" (mid-October 1985)

PSR visited the island of Delos, where one temple to *Apollo* can be found. Now for some reason, PSR seemed unable to fully gauge the costs of her normal existence, as she told me over the phone that she was about out of traveling money. I was confused, since she had received the \$18,000 the previous summer.

I picked her up at the airport and immediately knew several things. She looked like hell, in fact, like she had aged, and by her own demeanor, I knew that my weight loss had been for naught. I had done it for her, which was a bad reason, even though I got down to 180 pounds.

HEART OF THE MATTER
Don Henley, 1989

But the kicker for this entire trip was what happened after we got home. PSR unpacked and presented me with a memento of her trip. No, not the Greek vase. It was a gray t-shirt with the image of a fat cat wearing a Greek fisherman's hat and Greek sandals.³⁰⁶ Needless to say, I must have indicated that I was displeased with it, as on my own long trek in 1982-1983, she had her own wish list filled.

One of the objects she had purchased for herself was Egyptian. She bought a beautiful (but inexpensive at \$5.00 US) piece of papyrus. She wanted it framed in a beautiful package. So for Christmas 1985, I did frame it, gold tinted with mattes, cost \$115. Geez, what wouldn't I do for her?

Speaking of Christmas, I do remember one that was special for her and maybe even me. She was excited when she got tickets to see Mickey Rooney in the musical "Sugar Babies". Rooney was able to make the show that day, but Ann "Legs" Miller was sick. I remember that Pam was disappointed. That was around Christmas 1985, because that was the only one we celebrated together in Portland after I got out of the navy.³⁰⁷

³⁰⁶ I did find a photograph of me wearing the t-shirt, stashed in my records, taken sometime between October 1985 and August 1988.

³⁰⁷ I was off, as I remember it was chilly the day of the show. However, a Portland labor union website, [http://www.districtone.com/oldhistory/end1984.htm#Local 339](http://www.districtone.com/oldhistory/end1984.htm#Local%20339), as of 22 June 2015, has the following in their newsletter for Spring-Summer 1984:

This summer starts off with a slow June, but July and August show promise with three weeks of the King and I and two or three weeks of Sugar Babies coming to the Civic Auditorium.

We did not get along after she got back, and that included sex. But the period got even stranger. Jeff Lange and I had been hanging together after classes started in September. In late October, he and I got together to play racquet ball and loosen up in the saunas at McCormick Pier. It was a Sunday night and we had classes the next day. Jeff, and PSR, probably doesn't remember this night, suggested that we get dinner and drinks at a jazz club nearby. We spent a nice evening out and went home. I was surprised then when PSR became amorous, but, hey, I'm male, and readily agreed.

What was "interesting" about the evening was what PSR did. I don't know if it was because of the trip or something else but she indicated by gestures and her positioning that she was interested in XXXXX-XXXXX. I had no problem with that (and she had never ever hinted at us doing that before), and stared to line up. Unfortunately, it didn't happen. Why? My damn legs started to cramp, most likely as a result of the racquet-ball. Nonetheless, we ended up in one standard operating position.

The next morning on my way to class, I told PSR that we had had a wonderful evening and that we should have more like

A query to the successor organization to the Civic Auditorium in Portland produced the following email response:

Sorry but I could not find the exact dates for you. After a little research I did find that Sugar Babies ran at the Civic Auditorium in July and/or August of 1984. It ran for about 3 weeks, possibly the end of July into August. But at least you can be sure that it was 1984.

Matt Carbone, Promotional Materials Coordinator, Portland Center for the Performing Arts, to Rivera, 17 October 2006.

those. She seemed to agree. But within a few days it was back to the land of no sex.

About a week later, I told her I was frustrated by what was going on. I had spent the week thinking about the whole night. I thought that the only thing different that night was the presence of Jeff. I mentioned that to her, and she was promptly angered and offended. I told her it was a normal thing for people to have fantasies. What she said was most illuminating later. She said, "Have you ever thought that you were relaxed and drinking?" Actually, I had not given that any thought. That explains the following, again.

100-"To be Explained later, Again"

WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK [AND SCREW]?
Jimmy Buffett, 1974

101-"Sunday Mornings at K-1" (Monday 1 October 1984-Sunday 14 September 1986)

Now, one of my few favorite memories of the time PSR and I did spend together was our routine on Sunday mornings. We'd get some French pastries, a couple of newspapers, and some juice. Then we would return home to sit on our patio overlooking the river. Often, we would listen to music. Stuck in my mind was the work of Ray Lynch, an electronic composer from the San Francisco area. However, we didn't improve our relationship during the next few months.

Clouds and Rain became a nightmare in two ways, neither of which should make sense to an adult in a normal relationship. After 29 October 1982, one thing of note that really irked me was PSR's ability to dress to the nines, with beautiful clothes and alluring makeup. So, we get home after a nice evening out (the few that we managed) and as a prelude to any "knocking boots", she'd take off the fine clothes and makeup. She would put on some kind of nightshirt and then we were supposed to engage in "conversation."

If the reason was that her makeup might mess up her face or mine, then what exactly was her mindset? Was her expectation one that we wouldn't exert ourselves or even get sweaty. Some might raise the issue that makeup is tough to get out of the pillow-cases and sheets, but hey, if you aren't using condoms, wouldn't you routinely wash your bedding anyway? Nonetheless, that point of view did not seem to occur to her (or, I could be wrong). It got worse, I will argue.

In fact, *Clouds and Rain* consisted eventually of PSR bringing a towel to bed and XXXXX XXX XXXX. That became less than wonderful after a few times and I am pretty sure that we quit having any *Clouds and Rain*. After I raised the subject, she suggested simply that I should XXXX XXX XX XXX XXXX.

Thus, as best as I can recall, we had no marital relations between Thanksgiving 1985 and June 1986. Folks, some

of you might know how that works. First, she says she's tired, then you both turn in. Next, you lie there very still waiting for the not so soft purr of her snoring or exhalations. Now, even if she is not asleep, after a while that becomes that famous no-man's land—"why am I lying here if nothing is going to happen anyway?" At that point, you cowardly slink out of the bedroom to crash on the living room couch. But as always she resents you for departing the chamber of bliss.

After a while it becomes very automatic—sleepy or tired looks, lights out, snoring, departure, and anger. Now, notwithstanding, as I was not fully functional, why the anger on her part if nothing was happening? Yes, I know now, we were both D-I-S-F-U-N-C-T-I-O-N-A-L.

One really ugly incident I recall from that period exposes again the very dark side of my nature, an illusion to Jung's **Shadow**. We used to get together every once to eat at the "Tropicana", a Portland pub no longer in business. The place had a bunch of the Bogart posters on the wall and great BLT sandwiches. One afternoon Pam and I were supposed to meet there for lunch. She decided to wander in about an hour late or so.

I was in the car watching her come up from way down the street, just mindlessly walking and looking in the window shops, seemingly with no cares or worries. I was pretty angry

and verbally took it out on her. I figured if my time was less valuable than hers, and by then I was working a job at Portland State to help tide us over, I didn't have time to be polite or considerate. I angrily laid into her, basically telling her that if her lack of employment was killing her ability to judge time, I didn't see any reason for us to make any plans. She was upset by the whole thing, but I felt that she never seemed to acknowledge the passage of time. Who knew the reason?

VOICES CARRY
'til Tuesday, 1985

Clearly, after 1982 it was all out of sync for the both of us. I remember we used to have arguments in which she would withdraw and I would get angrier, and the more she withdrew, the angrier I got. At some point, probably because I was in school at the time, I told her I didn't understand her and the things she did or did not do. I mentioned that she was acting emotionally without any reference to the logic of real life. She would then respond that I was acting too logically with no connection to the emotions of life. But by that point, however, logic said we had to pay for our rent, car, electricity, food, etc., etc., and not count on emotions and poetry to pay for our life at K-1. These incidents (and the subsequent interviews offered by various actors) seem to reinforce, at least in my mind, the notion that she didn't

seem to fully appreciate that life required her active engagement and direct participation. One can also wonder, however, what that says about me.

One of the last serious discussions we had about sex arose from the fact that she was also going through the proverbial change of life. I remember we talked about what that would require. She told me that she would have to take calcium supplements, and that if any *Clouds and Rain* was foreseen, we would eventually have to use lubricants. I got the impression that she looked forward to the end of her own sexual life. But can one ever be certain of the reasons for her 'abstinence'?

Sexuality before & after menopause is complex having less to do with estrogen than with the way each woman feels about herself.

Nancy Friday

BABY LOVE
Supremes, 1964

102-"Domestic Violence" (ca January-March 1986)

a-I'm ticklish, he said b-Just lie back and enjoy it, she replied

First, I do not want to minimize the subject. It is and remains a very highly volatile and important social problem. And, this "**Shadow**" was created before an appended interview threw further light on the subject.

I can't place this directly, other than it happened before 23 March 1986. After an argument one night, we were both upset but what happened next indicated to me that PSR was under a greater strain than I had imagined. She followed me

into our bedroom, and started to tickle me. She had known since HAN that I did not enjoy being tickled.

What followed next was clearly shocking and out of the ordinary. PSR was a big **gal**, 5'-11" and then, closer to my weight than she would ever care to admit. She grabbed me, pushed me unto our bed, and then straddled me, saying "Just lie back and enjoy it." I could not believe what was happening. I know that I left and did a lot of driving that night.

Sometime early in 1986, we had had an argument, and she had left the apartment in anger. I couldn't think of any way to get to her or communicate with her how I was feeling about our frustrations. I decided to borrow the words from a musical poet, as they seemed appropriate.

A STRANGE BOY
Joni Mitchell, 1976

That little incident was followed by another disturbing episode. PSR and I had planned to spend spring break (March 1986) in Coronado with Geri and Gordon. For some reason, however, PSR indicated that she did not want to pay for any of the trip. I was miffed to say the least.

Now, she still had not returned to work and I had been taking care of nearly all household costs, was working at the University and had even taken student loans to pay for school so that we would not be bereft of funds. Anyway, she insisted

upon me paying for the entire trip, even though she had received the insurance money earlier. So I delivered an ultimatum. "We are not going to Coronado because I cannot afford it." I thought she might change her mind, but she did not. I believe that was the first time I had ever said "No" to her. Thus, I spent the week of 23-30 March 1986 in Coronado by myself. That week also proved interesting as well.

First, Geri and Gordon had let me use their bedroom during that week. The bathroom was attached as an inner space to the bedroom and they just simply hung-up a large sheet or blanket to shield the bathroom from the bedroom. I have no idea if Geri remembers that week, or even if she had done something else on purpose.

One night, I was looking for something to read in the bedroom, and I looked on their dresser. Geri had some magazines there but next to it was a small basket. On top of the pile in the basket was an old letter from PSR to Geri, from November (1985). I admit that I read the letter. PSR had included personal comments.

The one that caught my eye was a surprise. PSR wrote she didn't know if we were going to make it and that things were rough. I didn't ever say anything to Geri (or PSR).

That week I visited downtown San Diego and ran into the last person I ever expected to see. Tom Shine was an

apprentice at a bookstore, preparing for his own. I hadn't seen him since 1982. His comment to me was, "I heard you and Pamela broke up."³⁰⁸ I told him, no, that wasn't true, but for some reason failed to ask him where he got that notion.

There were only two ways he acquired any information related to the two of us. Either PSR was still in touch with him or John Elwell, or Geri and/or Gordon mentioned it. That would be the last time I would see Tom until February 1999.

As a result of much thought that week, I came to a pivotal decision. If PSR was not working by May (1986) then I would move out. I returned home on Sunday 30 March 1986. Apparently, it was a surprise to PSR, for when I walked in she seemed unprepared, and a bit irritated, the surprise-no surprise look. Over the next couple of months, things continued on a less than perfect course. Within days, things got tougher. They were unrelated but still troubling.

How many people remember Monday 14 April 1986? Well, it happens to be one of my favorite days in history and set the mood for the next couple of days. Ok, what happened? Well, an American soldier had been killed in a Berlin disco bombing a few days earlier, and intelligence reports traced it back to the Libyans. On the 14th Ronald Reagan sent air and naval

³⁰⁸ I believe this happened on Saturday 24 March 1986 as I went to downtown to look at the "America's Cup" trophy on display in a San Diego bank, and stopped by "SANDICAL EXPO 1986", a stamp collector's exposition, see <http://www.sandical.org/palmares9.html>, last accessed on 21 November 2011. Unfortunately, the past shows do not include the 1986 exhibition and are no longer in the city of San Diego.

forces into Libya and bombed a number of strategic sites. The raid almost got Khadafy, missing him by minutes. So what does this have to do with PSR?

Well, Tuesday 15 April 1986 was Bill Moulton's 64th birthday, and we celebrated it at his home. During the course of the evening, Norma and PSR were discussing the bombing raid. I offered a toast so that the next time our targeting would get Khadafy. Well, Norma became enraged, and PSR seemed more subdued than usual. I guess one can say that perhaps Norma Moulton loved terrorist leaders who killed American citizens. One wonders now if she would have been so supportive if they had taken over her Nile cruise in 1985?

By the way, Norma and I never really did not get along. About the only thing we may have had in common is that we both loved Pamela Sydney Holley, only I didn't know PSHKINS as well. I remember some flash points, most of them tied to political issues. She didn't like Ronald Reagan, and I can't be sure that she and Bill didn't themselves argue on such issues. Bill had a young friend who worked for FLIR (Forward Looking Infrared Radar) Systems, then in Portland, which produced infrared, night vision, and, radar equipment used by American military forces and by the military of several Central/Latin America nations. I remember Norma made some less than friendly comments about the whole thing. Pam and Norma

were/are closer in their philosophies than I, but I can't recall that in Bill.

And was Pam that political? I remember one time we were in K-1, and she was on the phone with somebody, I can't remember who, and all of a sudden she went bonkers. The railroad tracks across the river could be seen right from our apartment, and she started going on and on about having seen the "White Train." Supposedly, it was a government train that transported either nuclear weapons or waste products.

Anyway, returning to the night of 15 April, Bill didn't say much, but during the evening I remained pretty quiet, as I was a guest. During further conversations that included drinks, the tone of discussion turned even more bizarre. At some cue, it seemed that Bill, Norma, and PSR were joking about what seemed to be Bill's impotence. As PSR and I were not that sexually active, I didn't find it very funny, but said nothing. I must admit I was pretty steamed, but... The evening continued with PSR admiring Bill's organ. No, not that one.

Bill had acquired some kind of antique electric or air powered organ. Bill indicated that upon his passing she would get it, and PSR seemed pleased. At that point, I began to sense that their relationship might be more than just friends,

or that Bill was more than a father figure. I again said nothing and we went home late.

Now the next day, Wednesday 16 April 1986 was my 30th birthday, and Pamela and I had talked of going to dinner and a movie. As at that point I was working part-time at the Financial Aid office for Portland State University, the plan was for PSR to pick me up since she had the car. Near the end of my work day, several of my co-workers (Liz Plotkin, Robin Alton, Madeleine and Valerie) presented me with a birthday gift. It was a Peter Townshend tape that I still possess.³⁰⁹ They had signed it with the following:

*Happy Birthday
!!Carlos!!
We love you
+
your body*

The girls had known that I was having problems with PSR, and were trying to cheer me up. I mentioned to them that she was picking me up that day, and as they had never seen or met her, were curious.

So at 5pm we headed out of the office and as soon as we get out of the front door, I spotted PSR parked out front. One of the girls said, "she looks mad." I wasn't sure what was going on, but they met her and introduced themselves.

Now, I don't know what triggered it, but as we pulled away I asked her what was wrong. It started a fight and we

³⁰⁹ Pete Townshend, White City, 1985, on ATCO Records.

didn't make it to dinner or a movie. We just went home. Within weeks, the situation grew more critical.

Within that time frame I remember three lasts. One was the last dinner guest we had, about mid-May, David Columbus joined us for dinner on a Saturday night. During the dinner I noticed that PSR had had her hair tinted a lighter color. I also remembered what was probably the last song PSR ever sang to me.

LET'S DANCE
David Bowie, 1984

But one last memory I was able to confirm officially is clear. It was the last album I purchased before 30 May 1986, and found it had been released 19 May 1986, which is Polly's birthday (I can't remember what we did for that). The Peter Gabriel album So featured one of the most beautiful love songs ever written, and highlights Senegalese singer Yossou N'Dour singing in Wolof.

IN YOUR EYES
Peter Gabriel, 1986

From "Rock Lives / Profiles and Interviews" by Timothy White (1990)
"On two recent trips to Senegal, it was explained to me that many of their love songs are left ambiguous so that they could refer to the love between man and woman or the love between man and God. That interested me, because in our society it's a little like the sacred versus the profane - you know, romantic love belongs to the Devil, if you like."
Peter Gabriel

On reflection, I will have to readily admit that many of my own emotional, facial, and verbal, reactions to PSR fit into the accepted definition of an abuser. That is, my anger and verbal responses to the situation were irrationally delivered. However, the normal view of an abuser in a

relationship is that of real or threatened violence. I categorically deny any suggestion of real, or threatened, violence by me against her. That does not condone my non-violent responses to her, only that I never ever entertained a violent response to her, or any other woman in my life, before, then, and since. Yes, yes, absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.

103-"How I Think You felt After" (Friday 30 May 1986)

I.

Dependency is sweet, but swallowed anger at having no anchor destroys one's own beauty to themselves and others.
Nancy Friday

ONE MORE NIGHT Phil Collins, 1985

The lead up to this "**Shadow**" is one of the most horrendous days in the life of PSR and I. We had been each seeing counselors independently and mine suggested that PSR and I come in together for a face to face session. We saw her a couple of times, which included the morning of Friday 30 May 1986. After lunch that day I happened to check with the university housing office and they told me that they had only one unit in my price range available then. They also were not sure if anything would be available if I waited for fall term as that was their peak period for demand.

Just a few days earlier, I had checked PSR's checkbook and recall that she had about \$3500 in her account. No, I have

no way to prove that without her records, it is just my recall. Thus, I would not leave her destitute, but later I understood that she claimed as much.

Since I wasn't working fulltime, and had been supporting us since May 1983, you can guess at the state of my own finances. I made the decision to take the apartment. I suppose bad timing is an understatement here.

I got home about 3pm, and found that PSR had a visitor. About 4pm, the lady left, and I asked PSR to sit down, as I had to talk to her. She knew that it was serious. I told her directly that I was moving out from K-1 on Sunday (1 June) as I had run out of patience waiting for Pamela Sydney Holley to reappear. Her reaction was shocking and I couldn't believe the effect.

*She burst into tears as if only waiting for this brutal gesture to relieve her feelings.*³¹⁰

PSR dropped to my feet, and began to beg me not to move out, and that she did not know that I was so unhappy.

*She hugged my [knees] and begged me to come back to her.*³¹¹

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 30 May 1986-I tell her I'm moving out-she says I didn't know you were so unhappy

³¹⁰ Kazantzakis, p.293.

³¹¹ Kazantzakis, p.227.

II.

For some people, the blissful "in love" stage of the honeymoon may go on for years. It is a very heightened symbiosis, a merger with the fantasized ideal. The other person is seen not as he or she is, but as the glorious person we want them to be.
Nancy Friday

She sobbed that she would get a job right away. I was pretty cold hearted as I said that I had heard that for years. She said that if I moved out we would end up in divorce. I told her I did not want a divorce, just a return to the days when we were happiest and that some space might help.

After all of the tears were shed, I went into the bedroom to rest, gather my strength, and reflect upon the event.

THE TEARS OF A CLOWN Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, 1970

About an hour later, PSR knocked on the bedroom door and asked to speak with me in the dining room. I came out and she gave me the letter below, a useful exhibit for this work.³¹²

³¹² Not reproduced in its entirety, explained below. The copies I retain are reproduced from the original which I returned to her in 1987 with a slight addition. While such things are today subject to digital manipulation, one can at a minimum verify through handwriting analysis. A question of fair use in historical works and its relevance to reputation and refutation of behavior might be addressed via one legal ruling: Opinion and Order of the U.S. District Court (695 F. Supp. 1493, Copr. L. Dec. P 26,308, 8 U.S.P.Q.2d 1713, 15 Media L. Rep. 2161) *NEW ERA PUBLICATIONS INTERNATIONAL, APS, A corporation of Denmark, Plaintiff, v. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, INC., A New York Corporation, Defendant*. No. 88 Civ. 3126 (PNL). U.S. District Court, S.D. New York. Aug. 9, 1988. As Amended Aug. 16, 1988.

This case dealt with of "fair use" of unpublished letters in a biography of L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of Scientology. The biographer quoted extensively from Hubbard's unpublished letters. At length the court ruled that in order to demonstrate the character of the subject, it would not violate copyright law to use the letters in the biography:

The [biographer] relies on the doctrine of fair use, which permits limited use of copyrighted material for purposes of "criticism, commentary, news reporting, teaching, scholarship or research." 17 U.S.C. § 107. The action raises issues of significant importance for the writing of history, journalism and criticism.

[The biographer] argues that a portrait of these qualities is almost impossible to convey without reliance on the subject's own words,

The doctrine of fair use must be understood in the context of the purposes of copyright protection. Although the law zealously protects the commercial interests of the artist from unscrupulous opportunistic interlopers, it recognizes that not all copying of artistic invention is necessarily undesirable piracy. Certain forms of copying of artistic creation are indispensable to education, journalism, history, criticism, humor and other informative endeavors; the statute therefore allows latitude in appropriate circumstances for copying of protected artistic expression and exempts such copying from a finding of infringement. The doctrine of fair use identifies this category of permissible copying.

The statute opens with the proposition that, notwithstanding the exclusive rights of the copyright owner, "fair use of a copyrighted work ... for purposes such as criticism, comment, news reporting, teaching... scholarship or research, is not an infringement." 17 U.S.C. § 107.

It does not follow that the critic may never take copyrighted expression from unpublished documents. This means that a biographer/critic who purports to make fair use of unpublished copyrighted matter must make a particularly compelling demonstration of justification, upon full consideration of the relevant fair use factors. She must show that her use of the protected expression is not done simply to enliven her

You've always told me that 'if I can write why can't I communicate? So let me try.

I love you. But I know we have been very hard on each other and a lot of my unhappiness has nothing to do with you. Maybe with weekly counseling I can find from where it comes.

In the meantime, I want you to know I'm not going to give up on us. You're a sweet sensitive, wonderful man and I know you've been deeply hurt and frustrated by our relationship. So have I.

I'm going to miss your wry grin and the innate enthusiasm for all things. At least I taught you the Spider song if nothing else. I guess I can handle this as long as you know that I have always loved you in spite of everything.

THE LETTER

The Box Tops, 1967

The pervasive problem for many women is their low basic opinion of themselves. If so many of us are dependent, helpless, anxious creatures, how can we believe that men may love us? Of course, they will wise up and get out sooner or later.
Nancy Friday

text by appropriating her subject's lively expression. The use of the protected expression must be reasonably necessary to the communication and demonstration of significant points being made about the subject and must have no significant adverse effect on the market for the copyrighted work.

The first statutory factor is addressed to the "purpose and character" of the secondary use. This refers back to the general proposition in § 107 that fair use of copyrighted material will be permitted for educational purposes "such as criticism, comment, news reporting, teaching." The reference to "purpose and character of the use" invites examination of both the particular quoted passages and the overall character of the secondary-user work. Is it published to serve purposes of the type cited by the statute as legitimate goals of fair use? There can be little doubt that this aspect of the fair use analysis generally favors an overall finding in favor of the biography.

These are not...appropriations of the literary talent of the subject to enliven and improve the secondary work. They are, rather, instances... where the critic exhibits chosen words of the subject to prove a critical point or to demonstrate a flaw in the subject's character.

It is a principal objective of [the] biography to argue and prove that [the subject's] dominating traits of character included [various facets].

These are uses for which the biographer's point cannot be effectively demonstrated without using the subject's words -- demonstrations of traits of character. Personal qualities of this nature often cannot be shown except by use of the subject's words. It makes no sense in such cases to speak of limiting the biographer to reporting the facts contained in the subject's letters without taking his protected expression. The letters are not being used as a source of facts reported in them. The important facts in such instances are the words themselves. Their value for the biography lies precisely in the subject's choice of words -- not as a matter of literary expression -- but for what the choice of words reveals about the subject.

Nor should a biographer/critic be limited to stating her conclusions about the subject's choice of words

On the other hand, the Court asserts firmly, "we do not suggest this right not to speak would sanction abuse of the copyright owner's monopoly as an instrument to suppress facts."

These utterances are, however, pertinent historical facts. Regardless whether we conclude under a "fair use" analysis that the copyright holder should not lose his right to receive compensation from the public dissemination of such writing, it does not necessarily follow that the author or his heirs or licensees should possess the power to prevent the public from learning informative facts inherent in his declarations. These are not the words of others thrust upon [the subject]. They are his words. He had the right not to speak but chose not to exercise it.

In addition, the "founding" record of privacy in American jurisprudence by Samuel Warren and Louis D. Brandeis, "The Right to Privacy," Harvard Law Review 4 (#5, December 1890), pp.193-220, offers itself a substantial exception for the use of unpublished correspondence: Nor would the rule prohibit any publication made by one in the discharge of some public or private duty, whether legal or moral, or in the conduct of one's own affairs, in matters where his own interest is concerned. [Underlining added]

Found on p.217, fn2 is very expansive:

But consistent with this right [of the writer of letters], the persons to whom they are addressed may have, nay, must, by implication, possess, the right to publish any letter or letters addressed to them, upon such occasions, as require, or justify, the publication or public use of them; but this right is limited to such occasions. Thus, a person may justifiably use and publish, in a suit of law or in equity, such letter or letters as are necessary and proper, establish his right to maintain the suit, or defend the same. So, if he be aspersed or misrepresented by the writer, or accused of improper conduct, in a public manner, he may publish such parts of such letter or letters, but no more, as may be necessary to vindicate his character and reputation, or free him from unjust obloquy and reproach.

One might surmise that such a right is not limited solely to a legal forum, but to allow one to refute misrepresentation.

That is the only copy of any letter written by PSR that I have—the last she ever wrote to me. I moved out two days later³¹³, but we decided that I should continue to keep many of my things there as well as come by whenever I wanted to. We had dinner that next Sunday evening to plot out the various challenges. First, she would keep the car during the week so as to help her either find work or get to work. I would pay the rent for one more month and would continue to pay for the phone. She was to pay for the cable and electricity. I would get the car on weekends, as I was a reservist and also thought it would be useful for getting away.

Almost immediately, the stresses on PSR seemed to climb. The evening of the very next day, Monday 2 June 1986, while I was in the history department just a short distance from my new place, she stopped by my apartment to share a dinner she had prepared. I returned only a few minutes later, and felt pretty bad when I found the meal with a note at my front door. But, nonetheless, she continued to decline, in both her mental and physical condition. Meanwhile, I began to realize that my stresses had themselves declined considerably. As PSR changed again so dramatically, by the end of the month I decided to become socially active. I realized that my

³¹³The address at 1831 Southwest Park Avenue Apartment 112, Portland Or, in AncestryLibrary.com, as of 21 November 2011.

"problem" was non-existent for the first time in 3 years. It did, however, cause some feelings of guilt, but it also had returned an important part of me, to me.

DIARY ENTRIES

Friday 13 June 1986-A long time-two weeks in my bachelor pad-PSR not too hot, what gives, no pressure

Wednesday 18 June 1986-Pam falling apart? What to do w/o a battle

IT DON'T COME EASY

Ringo Starr, 1970

For some reason, PSR seemed to be more receptive to sex, and we had more *Clouds and Rain* between the time I moved out and her birthday in September 1986 than we had had in the previous nine months. We would get together once a month on a Friday night, during June, July, and August. At those times, she would say I had never done the holding hands with her before. I was perplexed, but hey, I was a red blooded male.

Now, I would not discover this until 1999, but PSR did something unexpected. Early in August, she visited the county courthouse and got her divorce papers with Ronald. She signed for them, using the name-"Pamela S[ydney] Holley-Rivera".³¹⁴

By this time, PSR had turned in the notice to vacate our apartment. Her new job wouldn't pay enough for the lifestyle, that is, she would have to pay for it all. Tuesday 30 September 1986 would be the last day of "our" occupancy.

³¹⁴ "Holley v Holley". An appended note dated August 1986 indicates she may have looked at possible financial or legal roadblocks.

In the interim, there was one more "fling," so to speak. The Phil Collins song cited above, "**ONE MORE NIGHT**", refers to a curious occurrence—nearly every time during that summer I visited her in K-1, PSR would be playing that tune on her old beat-up cassette player, the same player from HAN.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 9 September 1986—One more try-if no go canex, she needs to regain self-image and confidence
[I had watched PSR continue to fall apart and decided that if we could not get our act together, I would not pursue it further.]

Wednesday 10 September 1986—I love P and will never stop loving her, but I have probably been why she has being unable to get herself together.
[Note my feelings of guilt..."Little did he know"]

*Saturday 13 September 1986—PSR phoncon-sounds much better today—good luck with interview.*³¹⁵

104—"Saturday Night's Alright [for F...ing]." (Saturday 13 September 1986)

*She's human, and a human being with a mouth and breasts, and she can love. Aren't you ashamed of killing [her]?*³¹⁶

So, how does one end a relationship with a spouse, lover, or companion?

*There are two kinds of people, those who like Neil Diamond and those who don't like Neil Diamond.*³¹⁷

SEPTEMBER MORN Neil Diamond, 1980

If you did not catch a double significance of HAN, let me illuminate you. Pamela Sydney Holley loved Neil Diamond, and he had put out a live album in 1972 entitled Hot August Night. The night of the live concert actually occurred later in the

³¹⁵ My recall is that Geri Shaw had come up from Coronado to visit Pam. Geri and I waited for Pam to finish her interview by going to a limited exhibit of the "Magna Carta" at the Oregon Historical Society. We met up with Pam in the Park Blocks and we all got lunch together. I have no recall of what kind of job the interview was for, or, if she got the job.

³¹⁶ Kazantzakis, p.227.

³¹⁷ Bill Murray in "What about Bob?", opened 17 May 1991, see <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0103241/releaseinfo>, as of 22 June 2015.

month than did our own 1982 HAN.³¹⁸ But, HAN did occur on a hot August night in Coronado.

Polly and Kirk had decided to celebrate PSR's 41st birthday a day early with tickets to the Neil Diamond concert in Portland. It was across the way from K-1 at Memorial Coliseum. Check the records, Saturday 13 September 1986.³¹⁹ Kirk and Polly were discomfited that they had acquired only three tickets, but I told them not to worry.

PSR and I first ate dinner together, and then Kirk and Polly picked her up at K-1 for the concert. PSR and I had agreed that I should come back to K-1 after the concert. She seemed to have had a good time, and went into the bedroom. I was on the patio contemplating what we had put on our souls. She came out in a nightgown, got some wine, and suggested we retire. Yes, I xxxxxx xxxx xxx xxxxxx, and concluded with *Clouds and Rain*.

The funniest thing about the night was that we were able to sleep peacefully in the same bed. I had never really been able to sustain that since the Murphy bed days of U-110/U-210. Experts tell us that it is not unusual for couples splitting up to have one last go for old times' sake. I didn't think about as I never expected it would be the last time.

³¹⁸ 24 August 1972 vice 21 August 1982, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hot_August_Night, as of 22 June 2015.

³¹⁹ See <http://mywebpages.comcast.net/iaais/Concerts.htm>, as of 22 June 2015.

SATURDAY NIGHT
Elton John, 1973

*The day's for working. Daytime is a man. The nighttime's for enjoying yourself. Night is a woman. You mustn't mix them up.*³²⁰

105-"Last mornings together" (Saturday 30 October 1982 vs. Sunday 14 September 1986)

This is a comparison between the last mornings with PSHKINS and PSR. In each case, I was off to do something for the navy. On Friday 30 October 1982 I deployed for six months. On Sunday 14 September 1986 I was off to take my navy physical. Each morning was different. The former had my lover seeing me off with tears, while the latter had my wife seeing me off with good cheer, maybe. In fact, we joked that morning about something that might not seem so funny now. I walked out to the car, and told her that I would let her know if anything funny showed up with the physical exam, which included blood work. She said jokingly that I should let her I know if I tested positive for AIDS. On 21 August 1982, I worried about herpes, on 14 September 1986, she worried about AIDS. She and I never engaged in "conversation" again.

*Woe to him who has not with himself the source of happiness!*³²¹

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 14 September 1986-Perhaps the world should have ended after HAN.

Since 30 September 1986, we two certainly have never shared the same address. In fact, I believe that Geri came up

³²⁰ Kazantzakis, p.181.

³²¹ Kazantzakis, p.182.

to help PSR move into Bill and Norma's around that time³²². I remember that Geri and I went to go see the Magna Carta exhibit at the Oregon Historical Society on Park Avenue.³²³ PSR was doing an interview that day and we met later.

We got together only three more times.³²⁴ We saw the movie Ran in December, got coffee after the New Year, and we went to Polly and Kirk's to play Trivial Pursuit. I was pretty the king of that game. I could guess correctly at questions. As to the coffee date, I was a blubbering idiot.

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 5 December 1986-PSR wants split "how"—how will I handle this—what will happen—love hasn't died—should I fade away—I need help, so does she—will we get it—or ourselves together (figuratively and literally).

During the four years, we saw these films:

Against the Odds; Agnes of God; Airplane 2; All of Me; Amadeus; Armed and Dangerous; Baby: Secret of the Lost Legend; Bachelor Party; Back to the Future; Best Defense; Best of Times; Beverly Hills Cop; The Big Chill; Blame it on Rio; Blue Thunder; Body Double; The Breakfast Club; Breathless; Cannery Row; Children of the Corn; Christmas Story; The Clan of the Cave Bear; Class; Coca Cola Kid; Cocoon; The Color Purple; Commando; Compromising Positions; The Cotton Club; Crocodile Dundee; Crossroads; Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid; Dead Zone; Deal of the Century; Deathtrap; Delta Force; Down and Out in Beverly Hills; Dune; Eddie and the Cruisers; Educating Rita; Enemy Mine; F/X; Fast Times at Ridgmont High; Ferris Bueller; Firestarter; A Fish Called Wanda; Flashdance; Fletch; Footloose; 48 Hours; Gandhi; Ghost Busters; The Gods Must Be Crazy; Goonies; Gorky Park; Gremlins; The Grey Fox; Gung Ho; Hanky Panky; Hanna and Her Sisters; Haunted Honeymoon; High Road to China; Highlander; The Holcroft Covenant; Hotel New Hampshire; Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom; Iron Eagle; Jagged Edge; The Jewel of the Nile; The Kiss of the Spider Woman; Krull; Lady Hawke; Lassiter; The Last Starfighter; Legal Eagles; Legend; The Little Shop of Horrors; Local Hero; Mad Max and Thunderdome; The Man Who Wasn't There; The Man with One Red Shoe; The Man with Two Brains; Missing in Action; The Mission; Mr. Mom; The Money Pit; Moscow on the Hudson; My Favorite Year; The Name of the Rose; National Lampoon's European Vacation; National Lampoon's Vacation; The Natural; Never Cry Wolf; Never Say Never Again; Night Shift; Nothing in Common; Octopussy [PSR really liked Maude Adams]; Once Bitten; The Ostermann Weekend; Outrageous Fortune; Peggy Sue Got Married; Police Academy; Police Academy 2; Police Academy 3; Poltergeist; A Private Function; Private School; Prizzi's Honor; Psycho 2; Psycho 3; Quick Silver; Rambo; Rambo 2; "Ran"; Raw Deal; Real Genius; Reno Williams; The Return of the Jedi; The Right Stuff; Risky Business; Rocky 3; Romancing the Stone; Romantic Comedy; Runaway Train; Ruthless People; Scarface; Silverado; Soldier's Story; Something Wicked This Way Comes; Spies like Us; Splash; St Elmo's Fire; The Star Chamber; Starman; Star Trek 2; Star Trek 3; Staying Alive; Sudden Impact; Summer Rental; Superman 3; Swing Shift; Teen Wolf; The Tempest; Terminator; Terms of Endearment; That's Life; They're Playing with Fire; The Thing; To Be or Not To Be; Top Secret; Trading Places; The Trail of the Pink Panther; Transylvania 6-5000; 2010: A Space Odyssey; Twilight Zone: The Movie; Two of a Kind; Uncommon Valor; Under Fire; Unfaithfully Yours; A View to a Kill; Volunteers; War Games; White Nights; Weird Science; White Nights; Woman in Red; Young Doctors in Love.

³²² Pamela's stay with them is documented in AncestryLibrary.com, accessed on 7 November 2011.

³²³ I was able to confirm such via email, from the Society's public historian, who informed me that "the exhibit ran from July 14 to November 4, 1986." And that got it nailed down, as I was pretty sure it was mid-September 1986 that Geri had come up to Portland to visit Pam.

³²⁴ I updated my "Serviceman's Group Life Insurance", dated 20 September 1986, before she moved out of K-1. I reported my University apartment address for PSR. I was required to list my spouse but I have no idea why I used the Park Avenue address, Rivera service records.

The artsy types were her's, while the action and comedy films were likely mine. She mentioned before 30 October 1982 The Year of Living Dangerously, commented upon the oral sex scene in Quest for Fire and spoke about Gallipoli and The Bounty, Indiana Jones: The Raiders of the Last Ark; Atlantic City, and, E.T.: The Extraterrestrial.

DIARY ENTRIES

Wednesday 7 January 1987-I don't know what will happen with PSR

Friday 23 January 1987-PSR no better

Saturday 14 February 1987-PSR VD card

March 1987-Tougher month, PSR disintegrating

Wednesday 18 March 1987-Embarassing walk-in, PSR shaky

[Bill and Norma were away, I decided to visit. I brought the letters we had each written during 1982-1983. I picked some of wine so that we might read the letters. A male guest was there and it was awkward. PSR was under a strain, so I excused myself saying that I was dropping off some papers. That was the last time I saw the letters, over 100. Where are they now?]

Friday 27 March 1987-Oh shit look, shock

[I decided to go downtown before PSR dropped the car by. I was about on Broad, and about a block away, I could "see" PSR coming my way. From that distance I could read her lips, and see her expression, so I cut off to one of the other streets.]

Sunday 29 March 1987-D[ivorce] talk

[I returned the car to PSR, we got something to eat, and she broached the subject. I don't remember that I was really receptive.]

Friday 3 April 1987-papers ready, sorrow, love?—she calls, unbelievable

Sunday 5 April 1987-\$ check for it, sorrow, love?

[She dropped me off at the apartment and asked if I was going to pay for the filing. She said Bill would help her pay for it if I didn't. At this stage I was in shock. I wrote her a check, it was for \$115.]

Tuesday 7 April 1987-anger? I don't want to sign, later pm call

Thursday 9 April 1987-no PSR, no return call as of 11pm—is it getting to dirty war, car, time to relocate PSR goods, what about phone number—sad time, still perhaps overreaction?

Friday 10 April 1987-p[ost] d[ate] to 6 [April], Monday—she filed but lied on Tuesday—do lies make any difference know? Could take 4-5 m[onths], ironic court date of 21 August 87—Han +5

Sunday 12 April 1987-Heart isn't in this, only she can stop this, meanwhile stop to prevent papers as is, could be bad later.

[We were bitterly discussing the "affair." She said she was considering charging me with abandonment. She told folks that I had left her penniless.³²⁵ That was not true, as a few days before 30 May 1986 she had over \$3000. I told I would countercharge with "alienation of affections",³²⁶ there are no such issues in the papers today.]

³²⁵ One way to disprove that lie is tied to tax and navy pay records before I left active duty in April 1985. The separation pay I received in April 1985 amounted to \$12,000 after taxes. It sustained "us" for 13 months. The \$18,000 she received for the Dalkon Shield settlement was spent by Pam in this manner: I guesstimate that her complete financing of the trip to Greece and Egypt for herself, Geri Shaw, and Norma Moulton included: airfare from the west coast to New York for all three, airfare from New York to Greece via Paris or London, lodging and food for the stops in London or Paris, Greece, the cruise through the Greek Isles, transportation to Egypt, the Nile Cruise and further lodging and food in Egypt, and the extended stay for Pam after Norma returned home in October, run to approximately \$10,000. Notwithstanding what she might have spent preparing herself for the trip, I know that by May 1986, her checking account held about \$3500 as I looked at the ledger before making the decision to move. I wanted to make sure that she had funds to get through the next few months.

Monday 13 April 1987—depression—going to counselor.

[I think it was at this point that my mind began to shut down some parts of the grieving process.]

Tuesday 14 April 1987—try to defuse and packed up [remaining] PSR items.

106—"Three Stages to Three Stooges" (Friday 14 September 1945– Wednesday 15 April 1987)

a-Maiden b-Nymph c-Crone d-Ronald e-Cyrus f-DSHNO

*The Three Living and The Three Dead [is] a 13th century legend which tells of a meeting between three [persons] and three corpses.*³²⁷

I don't believe that women should be defined by their looks, that age equals ugliness, or that youth and beauty are synonymous, so why should I change? I hurriedly pass a reflection of myself and see my grandmother. I always felt a discontinuity between being an intellectual and wanting to look pretty. I felt that I could not be allowed both. Thin was virginal and fat was sluttish.

Erica Jong

KEEP ON GROWING

Derek & the Dominos, 1970

Ok, this is tied to information that I gained, obtained, observed, and discerned by no later than January 2000. In Greek mythology, a woman goes through three stages of her life. First, she is a maiden, which can be interpreted as a virgin (either sexually or in terms of life experience). Next, the woman goes through the nymph stage, in which she grows very experienced at many things. Finally, she becomes a crone.

The military keeps records of base pay, and other allowances from way back then. Using their own numbers for my rank and marital status at the time, I calculated that between 16 May 1983 and 1 April 1985 I earned nearly \$60,000 in taxable and non-taxable monies, and that doesn't include the \$15,000 taxable separation pay. She was getting an allotment of \$750 a month from 1 June 1983 to 31 March 1985. She never earned any herself, though she claimed she was looking for work in both Salt Lake and Portland.

So, I was paying for her lifestyle, even after she got the Dalkon insurance money—that was the \$18,000. And she spent most of that on her trip to Egypt and Greece with Norma and Geri. Yes, "rolling in it" is how you can describe it back then, since she really didn't do anything like get a real job before I moved out. Another way to definitely prove who earned what can be found in the annual document the Social Security Administration provides yearly, "Your Social Security Statement." It clearly shows my taxable earnings from the U.S. Navy for the years 1983 to 1985. Her's would show that between 1 January 1982 and 31 December 1986, she would have earned practically nothing in taxable working wages. I have used pay and allotment records from the Navy's finance center in order to demonstrate that she was receiving an allotment of \$750 a month between 1 June 1983 and 31 March 1985. That is a period of 22 months in which she did not work, but rather "tried" to become a writer, earning, in fact, nothing while living first in Salt Lake City between 1 January and mid-March 1984, and then between mid-March 1984 and 1 July 1986 living in Portland, again with no earnings credited. I wonder if she would be so kind as to back up her statements with the release of the Social Security annual document. Still a sticky subject with me? Less so now that the Department of Defense was able to help me find the records that showed what I was earning back then. The Defense Finance and Accounting Service, <http://www.dod.mil/dfas>, provides a gateway into a variety of past financial information for veterans.

³²⁶ I did find that I had updated my service record page 2, "NAVPERS 1070/602 Rev. 7-72, Dependency Application Record of Emergency Data", dated 12 April 1987, Rivera service records. Since we were still married at that point, I was required to provide her information.

³²⁷ Adapted from Tuchman, p.125.

That is, the woman becomes aged, bitter, and soured upon life's experiences.

Woman's sex is either bewitching, as in young and beautiful, or ugly, as in the warts of a crone's nose.
Nancy Friday

I suspect Pamela Sydney Holley became a nymph, no, not a nymphomaniac, sometime after the death of her father and remained until sometime in late 1982. I was with her at between the middle and last stages.

The Three Stooges provides a chronological counter, at those stages where the three of us entered her life. This tune began in 1987-1988, as the first part indicates by its tape noise, and was then completed in 1999.

So, we agreed she'd pick me up and have Norma Moulton witness this important event.

ONE MORE TIME TO LIVE
Moody Blues, 1971

107-"Wiser and Older, or Sadder and Older?" (Wednesday 4pm 15 April 1987)

I.

*The malignity of the pestilence appeared more terrible because its victims knew no prevention and no remedy. The physical suffering of the disease and its aspect of evil **mystery** were expressed in a lament which saw "death coming into our midst like a plague which cuts off the young, a rootless phantom which has no mercy for fair countenance."³²⁸*

AFTER YOU CAME
Moody Blues, 1971

**And, the Best Picture Oscar
for 1945 (the year Pamela was really born)
goes to...**

³²⁸ Tuchman, p.93.

LOST WEEKEND

*Starring: Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Phillip Terry, Howard Da Silva. Director: Billy Wilder. Based on Charles Jackson's 1944 novel by co-screenwriters Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder and filmed in NYC. A classic, melodramatic, realistically-grim and uncompromising "social-problem" film of the 1940s, about the controversial subject of alcoholism, told partially in flashback. Rather than join his brother Wick (Terry) on a weekend outing to the country, talented New York aspiring novel writer Don Birnam (Milland) - a chronic alcoholic with writer's block - spends a 'lost weekend' on a wild, self-destructive drinking binge. Eluding his persistently supportive girlfriend Helen St. James (Wyman), he desperately trudges down Third Avenue on Yom Kippur attempting to find an open pawnshop to hock his own typewriter for another drink. In Bellevue Hospital's alcohol detoxification ward, he awakens to shrieking inmates suffering the DT's, and in his apartment experiences hallucinations of a mouse attacked by a bat. He narrowly avoids committing suicide in the 'optimistic' ending. Academy Award Nominations included Best Film Editing, Best B/W Cinematography, Best Dramatic Score. Academy Awards included Best Picture, Best Director, Best Actor--Ray Milland, Best Adapted screenplay.*³²⁹

SHE TALKS TO ANGELS

Black Crowes, 1990

There are those moments in human experience that are seared in the brain of many but deleted from those of other persons. Ok, PSR picked me up by my campus apartment building. It was a moment that I did not want to face, to be quite honest. How does one prepare for such an execution? I had not wanted a divorce, but agreed as she wanted it. I was pretty torn up, both inside and outside. I remember I was wracked with pain and grief. On the way to Bill and Norma's, I asked her to pull over as I felt that I was going to throw up. We stopped for a few minutes and I tried to gather myself into this supposed modern mature man, but I really wasn't at that moment.

PSR suggested that I remember to wish Bill a happy birthday, as his 65th was that day. In addition, PSR told me to look into the glove box as she had put a birthday card for me in there. To this day, I can't remember what, if anything,

³²⁹ See <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0037884>, as of 22 June 2015.

it said. I remember that a lot of stupid, angry, and hurtful words came out of my mouth. It wasn't planned, but I am sure that it didn't help the situation. As we continued toward Norma's, PSR responded with a number of clues that I didn't quite understand at that moment. She said that these events were also very stressful for her, and that between her AA meetings and treatment for manic depression, she was barely holding it together.

II.

Writers are high on the charts when it comes to nervous breakdowns, pathological depressions, mood and manic depression, and alcoholism. That so many of us stick with the solitary life, the unwrapping of insight that turns out to be fury, says to me that what we do is worth it.

Nancy Friday

You have to understand that part of my own (somewhat unjustified) guilt plays here. For nearly four years, I had seen this once vibrant person become a shell. I could not understand what the hell was going on.

I would get up early to prepare for school and she would remain in bed. It got to the point, where I began to spend all day at school as I could neither bear nor understand what was preventing her from functioning normally, even to get a job. I would get home late in the afternoon to find her in front of the computer with a glass of wine trying to write poetry.

But, often it seemed that she would just stare at the monitor for a lengthy period of time without any progress. I would find the empty bottles of wine under the sink, but it

never hit me that she was drinking too much. Think of that irony as you flashback to an earlier sentiment I had written in my own diary, dating from December 1982:

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 24 December 1982-Christmas Eve in Hong Kong.

[We finally pulled into a dry place after a month, and I was trying to figure out how to propose. Nonetheless, I never wanted the heartbreak we might have caused each other. I didn't understand what was going on, and I certainly did not know you had a problem. It is certainly ironic that I gave up **DRINKING** around the time that I proposed to you from Hong Kong that Christmas Day.]

I knew that I had been drinking too much in 1982, but after I met PSHKINS and fell in love with her I cut way back. It was in the Philippines right before that emergency sortie and I was drinking at a club when I realized I did not need booze to make my life better, I had PSHKINS. "Little did he know."

I never knew, and had only minutes to gauge this, but I couldn't immediately rid myself of that guilt—the heavy responsibility of not knowing, not recognizing, not being able to help her when I was away or at home. The rational mind says that you are not responsible, but for a person madly in love with a ghost, ahhh, that is different. Think what society says to that man. "You didn't know? What kind of a man or a husband or a human are you?"

*That is what a real man is like.*³³⁰

In one's life, there are levels in the pursuit of study. In the lowest level, a person studies, but nothing comes of it, and he feels that both he and others are unskillful. At this point he is worthless. In the middle level he is still useless but is aware of his own insufficiencies and can also see the insufficiencies of others. In a higher level he has pride concerning his own ability, rejoices in praise from others, and laments the lack of ability in his fellows. This man³³¹ has worth. In the highest level a man has the look of knowing nothing.

³³⁰ Kazantzakis, p.249.

³³¹ Yamamoto, p.26

It was almost as if the *Furies* had visited me, but the finale was yet to come, a stake in the heart, so to speak.

We got to Bill and Norma's and went inside to do the deed. I know I told Norma that witnessing the signing of the divorce papers must have given her great pleasure. She and I never really got along well. I cannot recall what she said or did, but I signed the papers and she signed as the witness.³³²

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 15 April 1987-I was served "today" by Norma

THORN IN MY PRIDE
Black Crowes, 1992

I left there immediately and drove the car to campus. I ended sitting on one of the benches in front of my apartment building, mulling over the afternoon. At about 5:00pm or so, my friend and co-worker Liz Plotkin, who had just finished her job, came out to see me. She had known in advance what was going to happen that day. I told her that it had not gone well but that we had signed the papers. I also told Liz what PSR had said in the car about her AA meetings and treatment.

At that moment, Liz, who had had both professional and personal experience in the area, turned to me and said, "Pamela's an alcoholic." I didn't believe Liz, and called PSR to find out what was actually going on.

³³² "Rivera v Rivera".

I called, Bill answered and I asked if could speak with PSR. As soon as she was on the phone, I asked her directly, "Are you an alcoholic?" She said she was, and then I asked how long. She said about two years. At that point I said I didn't know. Her response was that she didn't believe that I didn't know. I was very shocked. She said that life had "gone to shit after" 16 April 1984, when we spent my 28th birthday in Monterey.

...a volume of the medical dictionary open at the page describing what alcohol did: "Chronic: This brings mental deterioration in its wake and change in the central nervous system resulting in impaired memory, failure of judgment, inability to carry on business and lower moral ideals and habits. Natural affection disappears."³³³...As for that natural affection disappearing, that was so damned true...

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday/Thursday 15-16 April 1987-I found out that she is an alcoholic and that explains so many things in the last 4 years. She says last two years. 40-45 pounds from Oct 30 1982-May 7 1983, that has got to be the period of disintegration and I never caught on, it hurts that I didn't know but it doesn't make a difference—was 40 lbs. defense

I jumped into my car, and drove over to Norma's. Bill let me in, and I asked to speak with PSR. Here's a funny moment in a tragedy. PSR said she was half-dressed and at the point, I said something like "It's not like I have never seen you naked."

We met on the landing between the first and second set of stairs in Bill's house. I was crying pretty much like a baby, and telling her that I did not know she was an alcoholic. I also told her that I couldn't handle the heartbreak anymore and that I planned to move away after my two weeks of active

³³³ Charles R. Jackson, Lost Weekend New York, Farrar & Rhinehart, 1944, p.232.

duty starting that following Sunday. That comment led to other repercussions.

I had asked Polly and Kirk to forward an annual birthday card to her, and they demurred. What transpired next I would not find out until late April. By the way, that meeting with PSR on the landing is the last time we touched; she caressed me as I told her that I couldn't handle the whole situation.

Over the next month or so I left several albums with her, including Donna Summer's Bad Girls—the one from the summer of 1982, a Musical Heritage Society sampler with Pachelbel's "CANON" (we and Polly loved that piece), and a Beatles tape. I remember the last album I gave her, Trio by Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris, and Dolly Parton. It had a cover of The Teddy Bears' song "TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM."³³⁴ I also retrieved my power of attorney from her.

DIARY ENTRIES

Thursday 16 April 1987—She is really pissed off at me—says that she is not 30lbs heavier [than before 30 October 1982] [By the way, this is when I began my effort to conceive of a musical project as I received my first keyboard as a gift that day.]

Friday 17 April 1987—Pamela and I died on 30 Oct 1982 1pm we just didn't know it—we have been a pair of corpses trying to relive the summer of '82—making each other miserable along the way. I think Pam has been telling me for years that the Pamela Sydney Holley I met and fell in love with died 30 Oct 82 after I left. I always looked for the PSH of those weeks but she said that that person didn't exist anymore and the CRR of those weeks quit existing 30 Oct 82—perhaps neither of us caught it or we just turned a blind eye on 7 May 83. I remember getting off the plane and wondering "what happened?" Most likely I telegraphed that to her and when we got home that evening my pressure on her was too much. We should have taken the time to see if we felt differently or talk about problems but in any case it appears that my stress and her drinking had already taken control. The drinking predates me, but I exaggerated the effect on her little by little, day by day, killing the both of us. Coronado was a fantasy paradise, no responsibilities, no cares, no worries and no tests, we took it day to day and had no concern for the future. No matter who seduced whom, there were no permanent expectations on either part. She fell in love in two months, with a young dashing lively naval officer who returned a shell from deployment. He fell in love with the strong, independent, responsible woman who disintegrated from perhaps loneliness. She was my lifeline and I wasn't anything for her. Was she drunk when I proposed? Did she say yes because she actually loved me or the ideal of me, or was it to mother me? Did I marry her to have a friend, lover and wife, or to have the carefree spirit of PSH?

³³⁴ It was a number one song in for two weeks in December 1958, see http://www.digitaldreamdoor.com/pages/best_billbord1.html, as of 22 June 2015. Also see en.wikipedia.org/wiki/To_Know_Him_Is_to_Love_Him, as of 22 June 2015.

The next couple of days were a blur as I had to finish grading my winter quarter papers, pack and prepare for two weeks of active duty,³³⁵ and think about the last few years. Driving down to California was a horrendous experience, as I was bombarded by two songs very popular at the time.

DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER
Crowded House, 1987

WITH OR WITHOUT YOU
U2, 1987

I was going to stop in Coronado one last morning, Sunday 19 April.

ACHILLES' LAST STAND
Led Zeppelin, 1976

Again, I had planned to spend the day with Geri and Gordon in Coronado on Sunday 19 April, or, Easter 1987, a day of resurrection, supposedly.

*It was Easter Day.*³³⁶

MY MORNING SONG
Black Crowes, 1992

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 19 April 1987-Easter Day—a day of rejuvenation? 10:10am burial of ghosts of DSHNO & PSH, will they stay buried?—it hurt. I am not responsible for PSR's drinking and inability to function—I am responsible to me and for whatever "mean" spirited things I may have done. The Pamela Sydney I fell in love with doesn't exist and stopped existing 30 Oct 82—in her place came a frightened little girl who couldn't function and now blames it on me.

I got there in the morning, got some yellow roses (which were PSHKINS' favorite) from the then Alpha Beta store location and drove to Geri's. They were waiting for me, and I

³³⁵ Naval message, "COMNAVRESFOR to LT Carlos R. Rivera", dated 3 April 1987 ordered me to the USS Lang (FF-1060), Long Beach, California, for 12 days of active duty starting 20 April 1987. "NAVCOMPT FORM 2210 (REV. 11-75) ACDUTRA [ACTIVE DUTY FOR TRAINING] PAY VOUCHER", dated 1 May 1987, entry for travel from Portland, departing 1200 18 April 1987, and arriving onboard Lang, at 0730 Monday 20 April 1987, Rivera service records. The trip to Coronado and then to Long Beach was about 1100 miles or so, and I drove straight through.

³³⁶ Kazantzakis, p.231.

asked them to accompany me to the rocks where I last saw PSHKINS. We were all crying as I threw the roses into the bay.

They wanted me to stay and I said that I couldn't as it was too painful a reminder. I remember I said to Geri that I didn't know where it had gone wrong. What Geri said next didn't really make sense until later. Geri said that "Pam had always had problems with her mother and men."

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 19 April 1987-Geri and Gordon say PSR (PSB) will eventually get better but has too many problems with mother and men—do I have the same fate—they say 8 years to "see" her again—I'll be 39, she'll be 50. Why can't she tell me the truth now—is it too painful to talk about Greece and before?

We become not the mother we loved, but the mother we hated, and see her in our mirrors.
Nancy Friday

'I need a lot of sleep,' his wife would say. 'Fine,' was his reply. 'Just tell me when you're tired.' 'No, you don't understand. You must tell me when to go to bed. If you leave it up to me, I'll stay up all night and be wretched tomorrow.' 'I was too dumb to recognize what a dirty bargain was being struck,' the man says. 'From then on, she could be as irresponsible as she liked and if anything went wrong, it was because I hadn't taken care of her. Who was I supposed to be? Her mother?' Not for independence, not for an apartment of our own, not for experimenting with jobs, careers, work, sex, men, but for this—this is what mother raised us to be good at: to live for, through, and protected by, others. It makes us feel more at peace than anything we ever did for and by ourselves. When we were single our independence may have reminded us how much like our father we were—he too had a life away from home and mother. Many married woman still say father was the determining person in their character, the one who shaped their attitudes. It is understandable. Mother stands for worry, anxiety, fear. She is connected with all of the embarrassments of dependency.

Nancy Friday

They tried again to get me to stay but I left anyway. I reported to duty that evening and for some reason the ship's executive officer took a great interest in me. He accompanied me everywhere I went. In fact, for the next few days, he was attached to my hip and then eased off. It wasn't until ten days later that I found out why. I called the history department at Portland State University to confirm schedules and grades, when a fellow graduate student, Karen White, told me some shocking news.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 29 April 1987-10:30am PSR called Captain Lee about me and suicide—w[hat] t[he] f[uck]?, will she stop this madness?

She said that PSR had called the department to tell them that I was on my way down to Long Beach to commit suicide. That was news to me. I was pretty upset, and I did want to move away, but I had not considered ending my life.

Then it clicked. She had called the Navy Reserve Center in Portland to report the same. The ship had received that information. Next, I called Geri and Gordon to ask them if PSR had warned them as well. Yes, she had called after my appearance at Bill and Norma's the evening of 15 April.

So, what could have led to that conclusion? Well, in the months before that date, I had been hanging out with Dave Columbus and had joined him in "singing" at his home. A song that captivated me was about an island in the South Pacific.

SOUTHERN CROSS Crosby, Stills & Nash, 1982

I remember speaking about the idea of moving to Papeete to Dave, and perhaps to PSR. In any case, during the two weeks of active duty, I reassessed such possibilities and concluded it was irrational and not financially possible.

Things got even better upon my own return. I got back to Portland early on the morning of Monday 4 May 1987. I parked the car at a metered spot by my apartment. Now, recall that the arrangement before then with PSR was that I would get the

car back at about 4pm Fridays, as she would use it for work during the week. I would return the vehicle later on Sunday evenings. Ok, that is, that PSR had the car during the work week before May 1987.

I went out at 8am to plug the meter for four hours. I then went to class and did my thing. At noon, I went out to plug the meter for another four hours. The car was gone. I panicked. Just in case she had a key, I called PSR and asked if she had picked up the car, which would no longer be appropriate. She said no, and didn't know where it was.

I called the police. They told me it had been towed for numerous unpaid parking tickets. I went to traffic division and paid the tickets and towing charges. I remember it was about \$170. After I paid the tickets, I cross-checked the dates and found that they were all at times when PSR was in possession of the car. I was pretty angry. We were getting divorced, and I was still paying for her bills.

I immediately drove over to Bill and Norma's and confronted her about the tickets. She said that she had paid for the ticket and had a receipt. I pointed out that it was for nine tickets and on the days that she possessed the car. I was very angry and believe that I said something about drinking and driving. My recall is that she offered to pay for the tickets, but I was angry and told her to forget it.

DIARY ENTRY

Thursday 7 May 1987-9pm 4 years ago SDGO Airport-Cheers, "Have a good life"

[That was a reference to Shelly Long's departure from "Cheers" and Sam Malone's last words to her. PSR and I used to watch the show on Thursday nights. The show may pass as a metaphor for the two of us. I was watching the season finale this night with a good friend and had not realized that the line Sam speaks at the end was what we might have said to each other. It was also four years since my return in 1983.]

The regulars of "Cheers" share their experiences and lives while drinking or working at the bar "where everybody knows your name."

Season 1 (30 September 1982-31 March 1983), Season 2 (29 September 1983-10 May 1984), Season 3 (27 September 1984-09 May 1985), Season 4 (26 September 1985-15 May 1986), Season 5 (25 September 1986-07 May 1987)

Sam Malone buys the bar Cheers after his drinking problem sours his career as a professional baseball player. When the young graduate student Diane Chambers is dumped by her fiancée at the last moment she takes a job waitressing at Cheers. Sam is attracted to her but Diane is not interested. Diane was raised in wealth and her ego reflects that. She has few friends, had studied in the US and Europe and loves literature, poetry, and film. Diane stays for five years, but not without several departures and returns. Eventually she and Sam get together but break up and Diane gets a new boyfriend, psychiatrist, Fraiser Crane. They were about to get married when Diane leaves him and goes back to the bar. After five years Sam proposes to Diane after he breaks up with his politician girlfriend and she accepts, but decides to hold off on marriage so she can write a book and fulfill her dream.

As May progressed, several things happened. PSR asked if I would forgo a normal process and support an expedited divorce. I told her that I had not wanted a divorce in the first place, but assented.

Now, for any number of reasons after she asked me to expedite things, I realized that I had not been able to enjoy living in Portland when I was paying for her lifestyle. I decide to call McCormick Pier and see if our old apartment, K-1, was available. They said yes, and I gave them a deposit. As we still had final business to conclude, PSR called me for arrangements.

DIARY ENTRIES

Friday 8 May 1987-she called—she says K-1 "cruel," but she had no good memories after 16 April 1984, she seems to plan to be going to SOCAL, isn't that cruel—she wouldn't even think of that earlier when I suggested it.

[During that conversation, I informed her that I was moving back into K-1 as I had never had a chance to enjoy it while she was living there and I was paying for it. She replied that it was very cruel of me, but I still cannot see that. If life went to shit before "we" moved into K-1, how could she have any soft spot for the time we supposedly lived there in joy. I was pretty pissed off that she would think that, as she clearly had not put any financial resources into the place until after I moved out in June 1986. SOCAL is Southern California or, here, Coronado]

Wednesday 13 May 1987-She "wrote"—returned 8x11 torn up and receipt for flowers—I was not angry.

[As she had claimed that I was responsible for her decline, I sent her a copy of the first photo I had ever taken of her in July 1982, suggesting that I was returning her identity back. I included the original of the 30 May 1986 letter cited above, as well. I had also sent flowers with it.]

Thursday 14 May 1987-5:45pm talk with PSR "D" final June 17 or Sep 17? She does not believe that I didn't know about the problem but then she has previously denied the problem.

I managed to live at K-1 through the summer of 1987, but some things made me rethink that.

DIARY ENTRIES

Saturday 16 May 1987-8pm Gazebo, picture, license

[Pamela showed up a couple of times in the complex, either to drop things off at my door or to hang out at the gazebo which graced the water front. She had made a copy of our license and pasted the original in her scrape book. It was disconcerting to have her show up again and again.]

Sunday 7 June 1987-3:15pm I don't hate her, and I still have feelings but it must be best not to ever see or talk to her again—I don't really believe my soul could handle it. Why don't I want to talk to her or see her? It's not hate—is it real love, nostalgia, sorrow at incompleteness, fear of loneliness, anger, displeasure at the situation[?]. 5 years of not being able to tell me about the "problem." Her PSH during those 70 days would be too painful to bear, it was a fantasy K-1—retribution? Perhaps, FOAD [fuck off and die] or even "I'll show you" but it is a wonderful location and I am worth it. Does she hate me—probably not—hate/anger over K-1 yes—because she does have memories of some sort[?]

I remembered that on one visit she said she didn't see the car, and I told her it was in the parking lot. I became concerned that she might try something with the car, particularly if she still had a spare key in her possession. I also, however, remembered something else she had told me years earlier. It was something about a pistol she might have owned during her marriage to Ronald. I grew alarmed and decided that security was more important than the view.

I did have one final "gift" for her, though. I was angry about her drinking and my supposed interference in her poetry career. One weekend, before the divorce was final, I spent my waking hours writing an even 100 poems of angst, anger, remorse, and sorrow--just to show her it was easy—I didn't say they were good, just easy.

I took the poems, had them bound in a green cover with the title For Us There Was Always A Paradise and monogrammed

with our initials. I delivered it personally and left it with Bill. I don't know what became of it.

Look, I've even written poetry. I couldn't sleep two nights ago and I began writing [some poems] for her. I hope you'll read them to her so that she'll see how I'm suffering.

Nikos Kazantzakis

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 24 June 1987-12:39pm—this is my last day as a “legally” married man—if I'm supposed to be happy, I'm not. Do I still want this divorce? No!—Did I ever want it? No! Then why didn't I challenge it or keep the ninety days—did I do it for her or for me? Is K-1 really a fuck you move—was I looking for ghosts-I didn't see any yesterday. I still love PSH—but we must never ever see each other again-if we couldn't find a common ground in 5 years and you couldn't tell me, then, yes it must be true you never trusted me, I never liked you—is it a vicious circle? Are you the one calling, are you going to forge my name another time. So many words and emotions and no time. We both will survive, but that feeling I had those 5 years ago when I was on top of the world and nothing could stop me. I was happiest then and I held PSH if only for a moment. How cruel the fate to love and to lose, I'm running out of time and words but emotions continue. Those five summers ago will always be in my mind, heart and soul and perhaps never ever be recreated (the feelings).

[Someone kept calling K-1 and hanging up but I never was sure who was calling.]

As I was inexperienced in divorce, I wasn't sure what would happen. All I got was a postcard saying that the court had set a final date.³³⁷ It was 13 years before I acquired an actual copy of the divorce.³³⁸ As I couldn't be sure what PSB intended, I sold the car, and moved into a security building at 929 SW Salmon Street.³³⁹ I thought that it would create some distance and safety. I also took a daytime retail security job at a major Portland department store, the downtown Meier and Frank. It gave me evenings and weekends free to do two things, work on an early music project with multiple electronic keyboards and a computer (which would later morph into this

³³⁷ It was simply a postcard from the Circuit Court, Multnomah County, Fourth Judicial District, “Notification of Judgment on 5/27/87, Judgment was entered in the case of Rivera, Pamela vs Rivera, Carlos, 87-04-62226”, undated. It was addressed to my Portland State University apartment address at the time, 1831 SW Park #112, Portland OR 97201, but had to have been forwarded to K-1.

³³⁸ “In The Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, Department of Domestic Relations, No. D8704-62226, Decree of Summary Dissolution” entered in register 27 May 1987 and effective 25 June 1987. The first filing was entered on 7 April 1987 with “irreconcilable differences” stated as the reason for the action, hereafter “Rivera v Rivera”.

³³⁹ I moved there in September 1987, see AncestryLibrary.com, as of 9 July 2015, and “Commander, Naval Reserve Readiness Command REG 22 to LT Carlos R. Rivera”, 17 May 1988, citing my home address as 929 SW Salmon [Apt] 0-4, Portland OR 97205, directing me to 12 days of active duty onboard the USS Lang beginning 6 June 1988. The orders directed me to travel to San Diego, Rivera service records.

account) and continue my historical research as my school funding at Portland State expired after two years.

Well, as to security and my move to Salmon Street, I didn't quite understand then, but do now, that such was not necessarily the case. First, it seemed like after the divorce was final, PSB and I kept running into each other. I would choose to go to a movie, or bookstore, or library at the last moment and we would encounter each other.

But, now I understand what was happening, and neither of us was planning that. It seems that couples tend to do the same things and after a split there is a time in which the transition is not yet complete (the closest term seems to be habituation). Thus, for a few months we continued to encounter each other until we found new interests or friends.

One near encounter worried me. I lived at 929 SW Salmon³⁴⁰ for a year, and directly across the street was a State Liquor Store (it is now located on 10th, across the corner). I was returning home, and I spotted PSB across the street just as she entered that store and I was approaching my own building. I watched from the front lobby windows and I saw her leave with a bag. She was still drinking.

7 May 1983-24 June 1987=1510 days/4 years 1 month 18 days

³⁴⁰ Confirmed via AncestryLibrary.com, last accessed on 21 November 2011.

108—"No Calories on a Rainy Day"

This would have been the first time I had recalled seeing PSB, or PSH/PSR in any case, publish anything and is excerpted below. It was in the Portland newspaper but I don't know if that was due to her working there. Later, much later, I did find several of her other published submissions. The Oregonian had uploaded its archives digitally for access by researchers and academics. Perhaps we can sort out myth from fact.

The one I remembered was an article about a chat with her sister Polly. The crux was that there were no calories on a rainy day and it was ok then to bake cookies and eat them. The underlining I added deals with a recurrent issue throughout this accounting. Pam had denied the weight issue from May 1983 to June 1987. No, I myself was no-"slim jim" at that time or even now.

CALORIES DON'T COUNT IF YOU READ AS YOU EAT³⁴¹

PAMELA BOYLES

"Some people, such as my sister, stay slim through their adult years. Other people, me for instance, perpetually diet through their lives, always in pursuit of a surefire way to cut calories from the food we like to eat.

Not long ago, and on a rainy day at that, my sister and I came up with a few ideas that just might work. We were talking in the kitchen of her new home in Beaverton while she was stirring up a double chocolate layer cake.

"I've done a lot of cooking and baking for this family," she said, "and I've been thinking up ways to forget about calories, ways to relax and just enjoy what we are eating."

"Tell me more," I said, running my finger along the rim of the bowl and tasting the batter. "This could be important to anyone who is perpetually overweight."

"Well, calories don't count if you take small bites," she replied. I closed my mouth a notch.

I could feel the fat cells stirring in my veins. "How about calories don't count if someone else orders for you," I suggested. "And it shouldn't be fattening if it's a dinner party and you are only being polite by cleaning your plate."

³⁴¹ Oregonian, Sunday, 9 July 1989, under Pamela Boyles.

I poured myself a cup of coffee -- black -- and noticed it was raining harder. I wondered what effect our Northwest climate might have on calories. Instead of sunning ourselves on a sandy beach somewhere, we were in the kitchen baking a cake. Before I could pose that question, however, my sister was speculating again.

"Calories around the edges don't count," she said. "I mean, if you trace your finger around the icing at the edge of a cake plate you're home free. Also, there should be no calories when you lick the bowls and spoons after cooking or baking."

I was especially glad to hear that one since I had just finished off the leftover cake batter.

The oven bell rang, and my sister took out the cake. The smell of dark chocolate hung in the air like a velvet curtain. In fact, it smelled so good that I had to go outside and stand in the rain to remind myself that I was on a diet.

Calories don't count if you can't smell them, I suspect.

Pamela Boyles lives in Portland, where calories don't count if it's raining."

One suspects that for her calories also didn't count if you drank them.

In the course of additional research for this project I discovered that Pamela had been published several times, all cited below and found in the Portland Oregonian. I make no assumptions about other sources for works published by her. However, of those I found in the Oregonian, many were poems, several were letters to the editor about abortion/women's rights or capital punishment, and several were of a "suspicious" nature, writ large. I will try to address them in order of publication.

The first was a poem entitled "California."³⁴² One might note that the publication date was just after "we" had spent my 28th birthday together in Coronado (16 April 1984). Remember, she claimed later that life went to 'shit' after April 1984, and, after she had returned to Portland from our time in Coronado and Monterey. It was also around the time she

³⁴² Oregonian, Sunday, 10 June 1984, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland"

received the parking ticket in Monterey. Interestingly enough, the poem was most probably written a year earlier (in or about June 1983) as she referred to sunbathing in June in California. Pam herself was never one to get a full brown tan but I remember her sexy glow in the Spring and Summer of 1982.

The next publication was a letter to the editor. "Facts of Life"³⁴³ dealt with contemporary women's roles in society, politics, and life. Apparently, Pam was upset ("the last straw", in her words) about the public view of women and politics in the 1984 election cycle. One might recall that the focus of her concern, Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro of New York, was the vice-presidential nominee for the Democrats in 1984. One might note, as well, that 27 November was weeks after the massive presidential landslide reelection victory of Ronald Reagan. I was not in town for that publication date as I had flown into Portland for Thanksgiving from Long Beach on Wednesday 21 November 1984 and drove back to Long Beach on Sunday 25 November. I actually regained use of my car since Pam had had it for the entire year and she had not yet obtained any employment.

Finally, "our" address, minus the apartment number was posted in the letter, "930 N.W. Front Ave." That would be

³⁴³ Oregonian, Tuesday, 27 November 1984, under "Pamela S. Rivera".

barely two months after "we" had moved into "our" new home on 1 October 1984. As best as I can recall, Thanksgiving may well have been the very first time I stepped foot into K-1.

Later that year she published the poem, "One Last Question."³⁴⁴ In it, Pam posited the vision of a post-apocalyptic world. Anyone remember the "White Train" story earlier? She seemed to over-react to the train across the river from our apartment. She believed it carried nuclear weapons.

Her next poem, "No Tears for the Children"³⁴⁵, was a contemporary view, most probably tied to the starvation crisis and massive deaths in Eastern Africa that led to the charity concert, Live Aid, in July 1985. That was the weekend her sister, brother in law, and nephews came over for a cookout.

Her next contribution, "Nighttime quiet feeds mental processes" is a **mystery**.³⁴⁶ Found under the banner of "First Person Singular", Pam posited that she had been an insomniac for years. That was news to me, even now. She made a reference to not having revealed it to her sister at that late date. Interestingly enough, she made two references that may be quite revealing in their own depths.

³⁴⁴ Oregonian, Sunday, 23 December 1984, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

³⁴⁵ Oregonian, Sunday, 16 June 1985, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

³⁴⁶ Oregonian, Sunday, 14 July 1985, listed as "Pamela Rivera is a Portland writer".

The first indicated that she apparently had no need for a sexual relationship (she seemed to dismiss its role as part of a relationship) and the second below (with my emphasis) is again a **mystery**:

About a year ago, into this ocean
of inspiration came the nagging thought
that nighttime was dark for a reason.
But it came too late. I was sleeping a
split shift because I needed to.

If we take it as a given that there was a time lag between writing the account, submitting it, and its final publication, Pam's reference to "a year ago" would put it from about mid to late 1984 or so, or while I was still on active duty and stationed in Long Beach. As to the "split shift", it was not due to work, as she had no job at all. As for the insomnia post-April 1985, it was I who had issues with sleep and nocturnal wanderings. I have no recall of her being an insomniac. However, since I spent many a night on the living room couch anything was possible.

She wrote that piece in a contemporary manner. Though we had just acquired Layla about 10 days earlier, Pam wrote as if we had more than one kitten. If insomnia was her curse, one would not know it by her behavior. I would get up early in the morning so as to get to my classes at Portland State by 8am. She would remain entrapped in the bedroom, asleep or with her arms over her eyes. At first, I would return home for lunch before my late afternoon class. However, I discovered that she

would still be in bed. After a while, I would just stay at the university and return in the late afternoon as there was no reason for me to go home if she was sacked out. However, upon returning in the late afternoon, often I would find her entranced or captured by the computer screen. It appeared as if she would be staring at a word or line onscreen for an inordinate amount of time. It might have been her writing style, but alas, the computer desk was placed in the kitchen corner directly in front of the refrigerator. Conveniently, she could twist in her seat and reach in to retrieve a beverage, generally, wine. It was not rare to find her at that computer desk, seemingly oblivious to the world, starting at the screen with a glass of wine in hand or nearby, If she were truly an insomniac, it was not due to my lack of keeping her up. Rarely was there any sexual activity. Almost always I ended up on the living room couch. I tried not to disturb her on my way out to classes, and certainly not study in her presence.

The following three accounts provide an insightful window into Pam's personality, mindset, and perhaps, even, mental status. Perhaps, she has no recall of these, or, maybe even, she would rather forget them completely.

In the "Travel Mailbag", one find's Pam's "Matchbooks light memories of traveling."³⁴⁷ Three points of interest here: firstly, the paper printed a fuller address for "our" apartment-"930 N.W. Front, K-1"; secondly, one might note that the piece appeared while Pam, Norma, and Geri, were enjoying Greece, and I had just started classes at Portland State University, and; thirdly, the piece is primarily a fabrication on Pam's part. That is, very little of it was then an accurate representation of her life, and in fact, it drew more from my own life experiences. One would think that if a person submitted an article about traveling they would have actually visited the locations they cite. Alas, *vie de fantaisie* like "Matty Walker" from the film Body Heat.

The account started off with one true statement but then veered into falsehoods (yes, one can characterize them as even "creative lies"). She began with the matchbooks, as she had been collecting them before I met her and from places she had actually visited. Between November 1982 and March 1986 I acquired additional matchbooks during my overseas travels and various movements outside Coronado and Portland. Her accounting would require even the State Department to question the mental status of the claimant as follows, for in the same

³⁴⁷ Oregonian, Sunday 29 September 1985, under "Pamela Rivera".

paragraph she started to delve into the realm of impossibility. As best as I can find, Pamela has never travelled east of Egypt, west of Hawaii, north of Canada, nor south of Mexico. But "Matty" did want to live somewhere exotic

We were married in Las Vegas on Monday 16 May 1983.

Again, her article was dated 29 September 1985. However, she claimed that on our first anniversary in 1983 we stayed at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. No, during the week we were married in May 1983, we stayed at the Hilton Las Vegas, with its attached *Benihana* Japanese restaurant. For our first anniversary (1984) "we" actually visited Las Vegas for the second and last time in February 1984, just after I returned from my Hawaiian deployment. This was also the month before she moved from Salt Lake City to Portland.

Pam next reported that on said "first" anniversary in "1983": "my husband and I celebrated our first anniversary and went for a hot-air balloon ride, complete with champagne and caviar." Bollocks, for we never ever went on any kind of a balloon ride in the years we were 'together'. And, the only time she and I had ever shared champagne and caviar was on Thursday afternoon 19 May 1983. Upon returning from Las Vegas, Geri and Gordon greeted our return with a bottle of champagne and a jar of caviar by the bay on that old picnic table. I never actually acquired a taste for caviar.

The next two questionable parts in the article are a matter of semantics. She wrote, "I've collected matchbooks and boxes from Singapore and Hong Kong..." Not so, for as of the date of that publication, she had never been to either of those two locations. In fact, it was I who actually visited Singapore twice and Hong Kong twice in the years between 1981 and 1983. I collected the matchbooks because she asked me to acquire them from places I visited, and then gave them to her. As to the boxes, I did purchase a single shadow box for the growing matchbook accumulation. Yes, semantics.

However, the grandest tall-tale she invented in this article was tied directly to my own travel experiences. She wrote, "...memories of my three-day weekend stay at the Ceylon Hotel Inter-Continental in Sri Lanka." That is an out and out lie. It was I who stayed in that hotel during my visit to Colombo, Sri Lanka in late January-early February 1983 (but not during my return in April 1983). She wrote further, "I wonder if the telephone number is the same 21221 I dialed to confirm my reservation several years ago." Most likely that was the general number for the hotel where I stayed, and she never had reason to confirm her reservation as again she had never visited Sri Lanka. One would expect that truthfulness be a prerequisite for submitting "personal experiences" to a

travel column. Perhaps, she forgot to inform the editors of the Oregonian that she was making up many stories.

The next Pamela article provided for "First Person Singular" was also not only a hoot but patently untrue. Titled "There's still a magic muddy about getting back to the land,"³⁴⁸ it had a final tag line to make one snicker, in derision perhaps. It read, "Pamela Rivera recently moved off the farm and writes from her home in Portland." Pam wrote about feeding pigs and cows, and the dirty work of a farm, as if it was a most recent experience. One suspects that the last time Pam was on a farm feeding pigs and cows was probably in her childhood or teen years, if ever true. But we are finding out that such things like truth didn't deter her from producing masterful fiction. It was not a '*roman a clef*'.

The work was quite detailed in its specifics, so either she had been prepped by a real farmer, or, had had some much earlier farming experience. In any case, she referred to "[her] decision several years ago to move to the country from the big city." Since her life from 1973 had very little to do with farming, one again is hard pressed to understand the fiction, unless again she failed to identify the account as not a real personal experience for herself. We know where she

³⁴⁸ Oregonian, Sunday, 1 December 1985, "Pamela Rivera recently moved off the farm and writes from her home in Portland".

lived in the decade before the publication of her "farm experience". It was in luxury and comfort.

Her next publishing coup was a month and a half after I moved out. It was entitled "Rick at 51."³⁴⁹ It seems to be a forlorn look at a past or lost lover...not me as far as I can tell. I do not recall her ever discussing a "Rick".

The next few poems might well be reflective of the turmoil during the buildup to and the consummation of the divorce.

"Pondering Now and Then"³⁵⁰ posits the cost of reflection upon her life and most likely the failures that got her nowhere. It seemed to be in keeping with her notion that if one forgets the past, it never existed. However, as I have proven elsewhere, we all leave flotsam and jetsam in the wakes of our lives that eventually reach a shore and are found by someone.

"Still Life" is an impression of her view of love as not fading but present.³⁵¹ However, one surmises it was not about me personally but rather her view of romanticism. Perhaps, she was thinking about another lost love.

³⁴⁹ Oregonian, Sunday, 13 July 1986, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

³⁵⁰ Oregonian, Sunday, 11 January 1987, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

³⁵¹ Oregonian, Sunday, 1 March 1987, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

The last one to date that I have found, "Caption: the Moon"³⁵² was another allegory featuring the worship of the moon. If she has published elsewhere, perhaps the passage of time will provide further access to other archives in this country. However, of note, is her use of the 6-6-6 motif again. She signed the last one as "Pamela Boyles-Rivera, probably written and submitted between April 1987 and June 1987. If one considers words to be an insight into a person's mind, then her "stories" reveal much about her. One also considers that this work says a lot about me as well.

The final two of her submissions that I have found to date were also from the Oregonian. They were both letters to the editors. "Make the Connection" was her view on capital punishment and life sentences for convicted felons.³⁵³ One draws no real sense if she was speaking for herself as an individual or just responding to a crime in her "community."

"Let Victims Choose" was in response to commentary dealing with abortion and rape or incest victims.³⁵⁴ Again, one gets no sense if the issue resonated with her personally or was based upon ideological concerns.

INTO THE STORM
Yes, 2011

³⁵² Oregonian, Sunday, 26 July 1987, under "Pamela Boyles-Rivera[,] Portland".

³⁵³ Oregonian, Wednesday, 3 August 1988, under "Pamela Boyles[,] Northeast Portland".

³⁵⁴ Oregonian, Friday, 3 November 1989, under "Pamela Boyles[,] Northeast Portland".

PART IV

**(Act III)
OBSESSION**

*Without knowing why, my eyes filled with tears. I was filled with an irresistible desire to reconstitute the life we had lived together on the coast, to drive my memory to work and gather together all the sayings, cries, gestures, and tears scattered in my mind—to save them.*³⁵⁵

BLUE ANGEL
David Cousins, 1972

*In the garden, the leaves were falling like tears. The flowers had cast off their many-colored summer gowns and donned the somber robes of autumn. The silver of the jasmine had lost its luster; the rose wept petals as it mourned the passing of summer; the narcissus bade its companions farewell and made ready to depart....As the garden slowly withered, so did Layla: her spring was over, made winter by the freezing finger of fate, by the icy touch of life's most trying tribulations.*³⁵⁶

³⁵⁵ Kazantzakis, p.309.

³⁵⁶ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.243.

The last time Pamela (Sydney Boyles) and I ever had a pleasant exchange was a few seconds on Pioneer Square in downtown Portland, Oregon. I later took Joan Baez's "**DIAMONDS AND RUST**" and rewrote some of the lyrics to fit that meeting (I changed 'Washington Square' to 'Pioneer Square').

It was Thursday 2 June 1988 about noon or so. I had just left Meier and Frank. We crossed paths in the middle of the square. Perhaps she was returning to work at the Public Defender's office, as she was wearing her blue-gray raincoat (I wonder if that was the same one from 7 May 1983). Anyway, I told her I was going to be spending the next two weeks in San Diego,³⁵⁷ and would see Geri and Gordon. I recall that she said something like have a good trip.

I left the job in August 1988 to finish my Master's at Portland State University as I had only to finish my thesis.³⁵⁸ I remember that when I got my degree I did miss Pamela, but Pamela Sydney Holley. I thought it would have been nice to have shared that with her, as she knew I loved history.

Though we didn't talk again, I did see her every once and a while. This was more true when in April 1989 I began working for the Multnomah County Sheriff's Office as a security

³⁵⁷ "Form W-2 Wage and Tax Statement [1988]" and advance travel document. I reported onboard USS Lang in San Diego at 6pm Sunday 5 June 1988 and completed duty on Friday, 17 June 1988, probably by 5pm that day, Rivera service records.

³⁵⁸ I received the degree in December 1988.

officer in downtown Portland.³⁵⁹ She apparently got another job around the corner from my office, working as a temp, I believe, for the city's only daily newspaper, the Oregonian. I worked graveyard the first year I was at the Sheriff's Office and she got off of work around the same time I was driving into work.

I continued to get mail (in fact, I got mail for Pamela S. Rivera and/or Pamela S. Boyles until Spring 1994), a fact which irritated me to no end. By the end of 1989, I had decided that after three moves in the city of Portland, I should not have to receive, or put up with, Pam's mail, continuing to follow me. Sometime late in 1989 (I recall it was during the graveyard shift period between April and December), I decided to take forceful action.

I considered it highly offensive to continue to get her mail. I sent her a note with some of her mail. The note was pretty nasty. I told her that "if she did not want to explain to a federal magistrate why her 'fucking alcoholism' prevented her from changing her address," she should act quickly.

That was the last effort at direct contact until 1998. I started my doctoral program at Ohio State University in

³⁵⁹ I was certified by the "Oregon Board on Police Standards and Training" on 3 May 1989 and was assigned the law enforcement authorization "BPST #22704" for access to various law enforcement computers and databases, Rivera records.

September 1990,³⁶⁰ but returned to Portland for some summer work at the Sheriff's Office. Sometime between June 15 and August 15, 1991, I was getting off of the bus downtown, and I nearly bumped into PSB. She had lost 40-60 pounds, was pale and wearing nice summer colors. She was also wearing sunglasses. We didn't say anything to each other.

24 June 1987-15 August 1991=1514 days/4 years 1 month 23 days

³⁶⁰ I had been admitted to half a dozen or so university doctoral programs around the country, including Auburn (twice), Washington, Texas A&M, Alabama, Michigan, Purdue, Indiana, and Ohio State University. The latter made the best financial offer, which provided ultimately for five years of full funding, including 1 year as a Dean's Fellow, and 4 years as a lecturer.

I returned to Ohio with EIJ and my graduate program that August and continued my life as expected. The last piece of mail I ever got for Pamela S. Boyles was in early April 1994, when we took a family vacation (that doesn't mean I never gave PSHKINS any thought, just my life was busy work and living).

FIRE AND RAIN
James Taylor, 1972

The state of Oregon sent me an official letter (discarded) stating that Pamela Boyles owed monies to them. I was pissed, as after seven years one would think that the state that had granted us a divorce would know that I was not responsible for her debts. I remember I wrote back an angry letter saying that we had been divorced since 1987, and that she was responsible for her debts. As they indicated they could not find Pamela, I told them that they should look for her in Coronado, as I knew that Geri was there, and Pamela might have returned to the 'scene of the crime'.³⁶¹

I received my doctorate on Friday 9 June 1995.³⁶² My family was there for the ceremony, but I still thought about how much PSHKINS' attendance would have meant. Three days after graduating, I started a professional position at the Ohio Historical Society and remained there as their military

³⁶¹ Pam's return to Coronado (and her address there) in 1994 is verified by AncestryLibrary.com, last accessed on 7 November 2011.

³⁶² Ohio State University diploma received Friday [9] June 1995. I completed it in five years instead of the usual eight to twelve.

historian until 30 July 1999. That is where the story picks up again, in a seemingly unconnected way.

I started having some health problems while at the society. I would start to get very drained about 3pm and on driving trips it became very difficult to stay awake. After a while, somebody else would have to drive on those official trips. In December 1997 on the way down to Columbus, Georgia, for Christmas, I was unable to drive for more than an hour or so, before I became completely drained. I did not then take any action, as I did not consider it too serious. I also lost a great deal of weight but did not consider that dangerous.

I did nothing about my physical condition until a small problem gave me pause. In April 1998 I went to renew my license and the examiner said I had a vision problem in my right eye. In May 1998 a medical checkup caught that I had diabetes and apparently had had it for a very long time. In fact, it seems that the earliest symptoms of many of the ailments dated to the deployment of 1982-1983. These included diabetes, stomach cramping gout, a need for power naps, and, an inability to get a regular night's sleep, as well as arthritis and bursitis.

This was a pretty big shock to me, as I had never slowed down enough to take any stock of myself. Yes, I know, I had lots of signs, and pains, but you try to put yourself in a

survival mode to try to get beyond whatever you see as an obstacle at the moment.

But it was not only the body challenges that proved troublesome, although it took about six months to get the right balance of medication to work, at least for a while. In the interim, my job at the society was about to undergo dramatic changes due to an economic recession. My boss also had decided to retire after 25 years and the society planned to reorganize. In September 1998, the reorganization meant that I was moved from the management of a dozen persons and several millions of dollars down to three people and about a million dollars.

While I maintained the same salary, it was obvious that downsizing was coming down the pike. By October 1998, I had grown bored with my then-existing duties and challenges, while still fighting the effects of diabetes. I asked my new boss about the possibilities of cross-training. He was pretty angry even though he seemed to keep control and I knew then that it was a lost cause. My health was a problem, and my job was a problem. Thus by late October my mind was primed for something. It seems that in rehashing my then-existing situation, I began to mull over my unhappiness or lack of fulfillment. That meant I was thinking about similar circumstances.

*I wrote impetuously, hastening to bring the past back to life. I felt that if she disappeared it would be entirely my fault, and I worked day and night to draw as full a picture as possible of my old friend.*³⁶³

BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG
Pretenders, 1982

109—"Almost Total Recall" (Saturday 24 October 1998–Sunday 25 October 1998)

a-Overwhelmed by memories b-Self vs Id c-Serotonin Blues

DIARY ENTRIES (written in January 1999 in a new electronic diary)

24 October Saturday 1998-am compelled to find out about PSH

25 October Sunday 1998-Call Geri, and ask her after 11 years about PSH. She says not doing well. I ask if she will forward a letter to her.

*27 October Tuesday 1998-I send off letter to PSH, and make INTERNET query about "Hearts."
[I wrote "PSH" above subconsciously, but decided to leave the "error"]*

Who says you need a sledgehammer? At the end of October 1998, I began increasingly to suffer from flashbacks. It was of PSHKINS and DSHNO having those wonderful pleasant conversations along the bay and on the picnic table. None of them were sexual in nature, just talking along the bay on that picnic table we so enjoyed together. I began to have so many of those flashbacks that my day to day life became problematic.

I zoned out while driving, while working, even while walking. At times, I forgot how I got from point A to point B. I began to stop sleeping as I continued to have the flashbacks in my dreams. I also suffered from tremendous guilt. I was married and thinking about someone else. I also carried a lot of guilt because I could not save PSH from whatever evil had harmed her.

³⁶³ Kazantzakis, pp.309-310.

By Thanksgiving it was obvious to EIJ that I was going through something, and I told her just a little about PSHKINS and DSHNO. I really had not told her very much about them, and only a little about PSR. But, my state of mind did not get any better during December and by Christmas it was obvious that I was not going to cure myself. As the situation continued to worsen, I eventually sought out help from professionals—one was a sleep specialist, the second, a trauma expert, and the third, a counselor.

We went over the story and my shrink(s) put me on the drug Serzone, which was designed to boost my serotonin levels. They indicated that if I did not begin to sleep again normally that I would be hospitalized. But what triggered it on Saturday 24 October 1998?

To be quite honest, I remember vividly the moment. During the movie "**Holy Man**," Eddie Murphy's character talks about how one is lucky if they get 75 years of life. Well, in early 1983, PSHKINS had written to say that as she was in the second half of her life (36-37), she wanted to spend the rest of it with DSHNO. I had not thought about that letter for over 15 years. In that week, I spoke with Chery and related the story above. She suggested that I write a letter to see if it proved fruitful. We know now that it was unsuccessful.

One thing I can say about this whole affair is that I have become more like Pam than I cared to admit. I have yet to tell my family everything that is found herein. I expect that someday they will know, but in the interim, I really have kept a lid on the story in regards to them. Is that fair? Who is to know?

I do know that my flashbacks were never of those moments after 7 May 1983, and of many of the moments when I was mentally cruel and emotionally abusive to PSR. I can't say for sure, but those moments seem more like apparitions now than bits of reality. One might suspect that it is quite the opposite case for her. Most likely!

**110-"The Jazz Age of Lies: 40 Ways to Kill a Man Silently"
(October 1972-December 1999)**

a-Monday 22 January 1973 b-Wednesday 26 April 1974 c-Monday 16 May 1983

This is drawn from a passage in Charles Jackson's Lost Weekend. Dan looks into a shop window and spots a book with the title Tales of the Jazz Age in which one might find the protagonist's search for liquor. The subtext is drawn from something PSHKINS had told me. She was trying to do some research and told me that Gordon knew of 40 ways to kill a man without him making a noise. So, then, the dates represent lies.

The first is her marriage to Ronald.³⁶⁴ Pam claimed on their Washington marriage certificate to have been born on 14 September 1946. She repeated that claim on her voter registration cards for Multnomah County, Oregon.³⁶⁵ She repeated that claim again in Nevada on 16 May 1983, our wedding day.³⁶⁶ Thus, it is documented on forms in at least three states that she was born the year after her birthdate.

By the way, the passport is what seemed to trip her up. Her original passport, probably first acquired to visit France, stated 14 September 1945 as her birthdate, and is what gave her away on Friday 20 May 1983. When the clerk preparing her dependent ID card noticed the difference, PSR had to confess. At that point, she said that she did not want to be more than ten years older than me. I would discover that other places have her date of birth as 1946.

Now, lest one fails to understand, here's an analysis.

*The issue of age for women probably starts in early 20s. But after 21, it's all about buying beauty cream. Ploys to shave off a year or years and deceive friends, lovers, and colleagues are like a charade. Another more useful ploy is to give the fictional age enough times that it becomes a part of the record and the truth. Some women believe that as your age goes up, your market value goes down. It's about insecurity. Do you think a year or two makes a difference? When you try to pin down such women they get upset. It gives us more time, for when you're not a career woman and unmarried life can be harsh on women. But, lying about ones' age puts one on a slippery slope toward more serious falsehoods or deceptions. Once a person engages in a series of lies or deceptions, then they have to keep telling more and more lies to support the original one. It becomes very hard to stop lying or creating deception. Furthermore, once someone learns you've lied about your age, they will be disinclined to trust you on large matters. This creates a loop as the liar tends to curry favor by continuing to lie or deceive.*³⁶⁷

³⁶⁴ "Certificate of Marriage, State of Washington, Clark County, B33414", dated 22 January 1973.

³⁶⁵ "Revised Form 134 (August 31, 1971), Voter Registration Form, Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) Records", dated 26 April 1974, microfilm copy of "CVRC 1976-1979 R-14".

³⁶⁶ "Marriage License, State of Nevada, County of Clark, No. B 441515" Clark County, Nevada.

³⁶⁷ This was presumably from the pages of USA Today. I have been unable to verify such but will provide proper credit upon notice.

I believe that Pam began this deception sometime after her 21st birthday, which was actually on 14 September 1966. That also would have been then the legal age for voting. After that point and to January 1973, a minus one-year difference in age crept in for driving, marriage, and voting records.³⁶⁸

The second part of this song is tied to PSHKINS' relationship with Gordon Hamm. She was researching a story and asked Gordon for advice on murder. He was able to tell her that there were at least 40 ways to kill a man without him making a sound as you kill him. Gordon may have had an interesting career himself. More later.

111-"Those whom the Gods would destroy, first they torture, then drive mad" (Saturday 24 October 1998-Friday 19 February 1999)

a-Forced to remember all b-Recognizing loss c-Cast underground with the Titans d-Burning with Cronus e-Coronado distorted

Time passed, sweetly poisoned by memories. A shadow, that of my friend, also fell across [me]. It never left me because I myself did not wish to leave it. But of that shadow I never spoke to anyone. I talked to it in private, and, thanks to it, was becoming reconciled with death. I had my secret bridge to the other side. When my friend's soul crossed the bridge, I felt it was weary and pale; it was too weak to shake my hand.³⁶⁹

YESTERDAY
Beatles, 1965

So, I began my descent into hell. I called Geri the (next) day after seeing the Eddie Murphy movie and beginning the flashbacks (on Sunday 25 October 1998). We chatted for a few moments. That is when I found out that Gordon had left her for another woman in February of that year. I wasn't sure

³⁶⁸ For example, see her "Revised Form 134 (August 31, 1971), Voter Registration Form, Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) Records", dated 26 April 1974, microfilm copy of "CVRC 1976-1979 R-14" in which she reports her date of birth as "Sept[ember] 14, [19]46".

³⁶⁹ Kazantzakis, p.54.

whether to say sorry or congratulations, but she seemed to be fine with it.

Next, I asked her about something I had not talked to her about since June 1988. I asked her how PSB was doing, and Geri responded, "Not too good," and indicated that PSB's health was up and down. I next asked her if she might forward a letter as I did not want to let on that I knew where PSB was. I sent that letter on 27 October 1998.

In any case, it was my first note to Pamela in years, but I can't be sure that my honesty was appropriate. I told her I had remarried and had a step-daughter in college. I told her I had gone on to get my doctorate. I remember telling her that I would like to hear from her. I gave her about several numbers and email addresses in the event she might want to talk. I wasn't looking to "reunite", but just to talk. Ah, foolish me!

Within days of that initial incident, I began to fear falling asleep and started to wander around the house at night. I did not tell my family anything, but they suspected that something was bothering me anyway. I started to lose track of time, and to fall asleep while driving. I don't know if that was related to my diabetes, but there were many moments in the next few months where I wondered how I got from point A to point B, or how a particular project had been

completed. I was doing those things, but had not immediate memory of doing so.

I also continued to decline, both physically and mentally. By Thanksgiving, I confessed to my family that I was in real trouble and didn't know how to get out. My coworker, Chery, had suggested in the interim a decent interval for hearing from PSB.

DIARY ENTRIES

Late Oct/Nov 1998-Start my slide into depression. Worsens during November, worse in December.

Monday 21 December 1998-Send off letter to PS. Send it registered for signature, she gets it Christmas Eve. Confirms location.

As November turned into December, I began to feel that PSB would never respond, particularly as I had sent the letter through Geri. I decided to write directly and did so during Christmas week, writing her at R-306.³⁷⁰

Excerpt, LETTER Monday 21 DECEMBER 1998

I tried in the past not to let my own feelings affect others, and on Easter Sunday in April 1987, thought I had put many of the ghosts to rest. I remember driving down to Coronado, and with Geri and Gordon alongside, I threw a bouquet of flowers into the bay at the spot where we "last" saw each other in October 1982, a farewell to PSH and CRR. In fact, in the over 11 years since the divorce, not once did I mention your name to Geri, out of respect for the strong friendship you two enjoyed once upon a time. No, Geri did not give me your address. I have purposefully avoided asking her that question and asked only that she forward my first letter to you. I would love to have the opportunity to meet and try to sort out what happened.

In the interim, I began a multi-media project, "In the Shadows of Coronado," but which did not then feature any original music. I finished a rough by Christmas 1998. That is, I finished the movies³⁷¹ before I began to peel away the layers of deception. But, I was so intrigued by the whole case, my

³⁷⁰ USPS, PS Form 3811, Apr. 1989 DOMESTIC RETURN RECEIPT" Entry 7 "Date of Delivery" has "12/24/98", or Friday, Christmas Eve 1998.

³⁷¹ Not on this package due to a change of software and technology.

mental collapse and her silence, that I began to do some research. Almost immediately, I discovered that she wasn't somebody I really ever knew.

DIARY ENTRY

January 1999-Start counseling sessions. I am diagnosed with sleep disorder dating as far back as 1982, and some trauma from that period. I needed answers.

But I believe in [Carlos] because he's the only being I have in my power, the only one I know. All the rest are ghosts. I see with these eyes, I hear with these ears, I digest with these guts. All the rest are ghosts, I tell you.
Nikos Kazantzakis

During January I spoke with Geri to see if she could shed further light. She told me that she had forwarded the letter to PSB, but thought that she was not ever going to be in a state of mind to deal with the past. I asked Geri if PSB was happy, and Geri's response was revealing: "Is Pamela ever happy?" Well, that was in itself interesting, but it did not deter me from looking for the "truth." I had nothing to lose.

DIGGING IN THE DIRT Peter Gabriel, 1992³⁷²

"Interview Magazine" October 1992 issue 10

Mag: *"Digging in the Dirt" seems a very angry, almost abusive song.*

"Yes, I think it is. I actually had another whole project, looking at death row and what makes people kill. And it occurred to me that maybe my interest was partly because there were murderous feelings in myself. In relationships I can be both passive and aggressive, and I started to recognize some abusive things in me that were hidden."

Peter Gabriel

"The Box" Magazine December 1992 issue 1

"Digging in the Dirt" was I think looking at the darker side of myself. In the song I was trying to evoke something angry and murderous. I was also reading books about murder and anger expressed in different ways. One was called 'Our Desire to Kill' about prisoners on death row. I was trying to find the bastard in me, which I can feel and which I now feel much more comfortable with. Musically I wanted something that was quite dark, sticky, steamy.

Peter Gabriel

Sometimes, one looks for answers and finds that that life is so obscene.

DIRTY LAUNDRY Don Henley, 1982

³⁷² *"There are lots of layers and the song is all about investigating the layers within yourself, like the layers in an onion - you come across something else each time and you try to peel it back and find out what lies underneath."* Peter Gabriel, The Box December 1992, p.1.

After writing PSB in Coronado, and confirming that she received the letter on Christmas Eve 1998, I began my search for more of the truth. She had made her life before we met off-limits, and I suspected that such was still the case. Now I was armed with years of research experience and knowledge, a dogged determination to solve the *mystery*.

For all the explanations, the earth and its phenomena were full of mysteries.
Barbara Tuchman

I started with just her address and discovered that she was using an alias of PAMELA JORDAN,³⁷³ as well as her own birth name of PAMELA BOYLES or PAMELA SYDNEY BOYLES.

Interesting, as Geri had not mentioned that Boyles had remarried. By the way, she used PAMELA BOYLES when she received my second letter. From that (no use of her middle name), she had drastically changed. What was my next move?

Well, as I had begun to recall a great many of those conversations by the bay in 1982, I used them as a guide. First, I remembered that she had told me she was born in Cleveland, Ohio. I checked and discovered that she had a birth certificate on file.³⁷⁴ I ordered a copy, and upon receiving it, found out several things that I had either not recalled,

³⁷³

http://www.zabasearch.com/query1_zaba.php?sname=PAMELA%20JORDAN&state=CA&ref=&se=&doby=dobynome_style=1&city=Coronado&name_style=1&tm=&tmr=, last accessed on 29 November 2011, provided information on "Pamela Jordan."

³⁷⁴ In late December 1998 I called the Cleveland Department of Public Health and get confirmation of the birth. They informed me that I could order a copy by mail if I so desired for a reasonable cost. One might note how simple the procedure was. Copy of "Certification of Birth Registration, State of Ohio, No. 165057", filed 1 October 1945 for the birth of Pamela Sydney Boyles on 14 September 1945 at Fairview Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

or had never known about her and her family. She had neither told me her father's name, nor her mother's maiden or actual first name. From there I decided to verify other memories. I remembered that she had told me that her first husband's name was Ronald, so I began a courthouse search in Portland, Oregon, and obtained a copy of their divorce papers.³⁷⁵

Apparently, he had moved out, the divorce papers were signed by the same judge as for our own divorce, and the language for their divorce was the same as ours, with just a couple of exceptions. But, what really caught my eye was a cover sheet on top of the papers. It was a request for a copy of the papers themselves, dated 8 August 1986, and signed "PAMELA S[YDNEY] HOLLEY-RIVERA," that is, just two months after I moved out.³⁷⁶ That intrigued me, as she had told me that PSHSKINS was never coming back—tongue in cheek. I ordered a copy of our papers to find out if there were any attachments, but found none therein.

Excerpt from LETTER, Friday 22 JANUARY 1999

Well, one thing can be known for certain, that is, either you are reading these or you're not. Since I have no indication of which case it might be, I will presume that this is more of a monologue, even if unread and in the garbage. But you can tell me to stop and I will honor that. You know that I have honored your last wishes before, even when I was not in total agreement.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 26 January 1999—Well, here it is months after I started my "breakdown." I believe the doctor is right, Pam, will never ever respond for her own reasons. I can't even tell what kind of reaction she might have. But, I wonder, as I posed in my last letter to her—If I am such a "threat" to her happiness or memories, shouldn't that have been resolved when she asked for the divorce. It's been nearly 12 years since that day.

³⁷⁵ Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) court-divorce records were as late as September 2011 unavailable over the internet.

³⁷⁶ "Holley v Holley".

Friday 29 January 1999-Well I haven't improved much, if at all, mentally. I now have become driven to fill in the blanks. She said once that whatever happened before we met (and maybe before we married) was something she would not talk about...though I often got some glimpses into her previous life. I am constructing a timeline-biography of this person. I have been able to get a great deal of information about her between her birthdate of 14 Sep 1945 and as recently as 24 December 1998. I don't yet have all the gaps filled in but will try to do so. I don't know if it will bring relief to me, but it might tell me more about her and what happened to us.

As I had run into a brick wall of sorts, it dawned on me that perhaps PSB was using a married name, Jordan, and not living with her husband. I asked Geri during a phone call, but she did not really provide any answers.³⁷⁷ But, she had not remarried, and was just using an alias.

By this point, I had applied for a job in San Diego, and sought to inform her that I was planning on working in the area, and probably moving back to Oakwood. I remember that I told her I would stay on the bayside of the complex, and that if she had any heartburn, well, she had asked for the divorce and we had no legal issues outstanding. Thus, in effect, she would have to deal with it.

I returned to my research, however, and kept finding out more things about her. I discovered that she had spent about 15 years in Spokane, and even found her street addresses there.³⁷⁸ I discovered her address in Salt Lake City, but more intriguing was the discovery that it took her nine years to obtain her Bachelor's degree, from March 1963 to June 1972.³⁷⁹

³⁷⁷ Geri and I last spoke by phone in January 1999, and we remained on "friendly terms" in person through 24 December 1999.

³⁷⁸ The library in Spokane, Washington, like others, possesses older telephone directories which provide substantial amounts of public information, like residents, and occupations.

³⁷⁹ Fax [to Rivera] from the University of Utah, 21 January 1999. She received a Bachelor of Arts in English on 3 June 1972.

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 7 February 1999—Well, in the last couple of days, I discovered that she lied to her first husband as late as her wedding day in 1973—the same lie I didn't know about till 20 May 1983. Is she that vain? I have hit the Greeks with a ton of letters and questions. I can't tell if anything will pan out, but now I am getting more of a sense of her childhood and youth. The missing parts will be constructed from her father's work history. It will tell me whence they came from, and where they lived between her birth and 1963, hopefully.

I continued my trek and lo, and behold, I confirmed her story about working for the city of Portland.³⁸⁰ In fact, I discovered that she had held a number of spots before the Taxi supervisor position.³⁸¹ I also found the marriage certificate to Ronald. She clearly wrote 1946 for her birthdate.³⁸²

During the search, I got a sense of her travels. For instance, her April 1974 voter registration (also using 1946 as her birthdate) for Multnomah County, Oregon, indicated that she had moved to Portland in October or November of 1972.³⁸³ Thus, for the period between graduation date of June 1972 and her marriage, I can't be sure of what she was doing. But, in January 1973, she wed Ronald, whose own father, Howard, served as one of the witnesses.³⁸⁴

You cannot believe the amazing material one can find by just asking or looking for. I eventually got the details of

³⁸⁰ The original conversations with PSHKINS about her Portland job were between 28 May 1982 and 30 October 1982, in Coronado.

³⁸¹ Portland City Records, via the offices of Mayor Vera Katz (1993-2005) in 1999 and Mayor Tom Potter (2005-2009) in 2006.

³⁸² "Certificate of Marriage, State of Washington, Clark County, B33414", 22 January 1973. The certificate was found online at: http://media.digitalarchives.wa.gov/WA.Media/jpeg/C970203597C056F4913C1525A5C8A2B9_1.jpg, as of 24 June 2015.

³⁸³ "Revised Form 134 (August 31, 1971), Voter Registration Form, Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) Records", dated 26 April 1974, microfilm copy of "CVRC 1976-1979 R-14".

³⁸⁴ "Certificate of Marriage, State of Washington, Clark County, B33414", 22 January 1973.

Pam's details about her father's life and death by using the online Social Security Death Index for clues.

I had procured a flight for San Diego and knew that I would be staying in Coronado for a week. I thought I would go to the mountain, so to speak. As the date neared, I worked with a friend who still lives north of the San Diego area. Kevin Spangler agreed to deliver an early version of the "**Shadows**" package to PSB.

I sent it to Kevin with instructions not to deliver it on Sunday 14 February, Valentine's Day. I wanted it delivered a week before I got there. I did not want it seen as a romantic gesture. But, the plans can be changed by well-intentioned assistants. On Monday 15 February 1999, Kevin emailed me about his visit to Coronado on 14 February.

*She does not look good. I have to be honest-from just seeing her, I would have guessed her age at 60 or so. And she was really agitated from the first moment she opened the door. I really felt like I was intruding into some very private, very fragile world.*³⁸⁵

The try was for naught. Kevin described the scene as a:

SECRET WORLD
Peter Gabriel, 1992

Well, I was prepared for the worst. Kevin later said that she looked nothing like the photographs. Her eyes were bloodshot, and tired looking. He said it felt like walking into a darkened fortress, just like in the Peter Gabriel song,

³⁸⁵ This is an excerpt from an email, Kevin S. to Rivera, on 15 February 1999. I did not fully retain the original but was then working at the Ohio Historical Society and received it either through my then society email address or my permanent Ohio State University email address.

"Talk to Me." I then put together a timeline for Pamela Sydney Holley and Pamela Sydney Rivera.

(September 1945-February 1999)

*Pamela Sydney Boyles/Pamela Sydney Holley/Pamela Sydney Rivera/Pamela Sydney Holley-Rivera
Pamela Boyles-Rivera/Pamela Sydney-Boyles/Pamela Jordan/S.P. Boyles/P.S. Boyles*

1945-Born Fairview Hospital, Cleveland OH, 14 Sep to Betty P. Boyles (nee Child) and Eldredge D. Boyles, both of Washington.
1946-Lived at West 1230 Sprague Ave #18 Spokane WA
1950-Lived at North 4503 Calispel Spokane WA, father a salesman
1954-Lived at West 2428 Decatur Spokane WA
1955-Lived at N 5828 Maple Spokane WA, father worked for J.I. Case Corp
1956-Lived at N 5828 Maple Spokane WA, father worked for J.I. Case Corp
1957-Lived at N 5828 Maple Spokane WA father worked for J.I. Case Corp
1958-Lived at N 5828 Maple Spokane WA father worked for J.I. Case Corp
1960-Lived at 3495 Riviera Dr, Murray UT
1961-Lived at 3495 Riviera Dr, Murray UT
1962- Lived at 3495 Riviera Dr, Murray UT, also maybe with Holmgren's 5766 Beaumont Avenue Holladay UT Receives SSN
1963-May have lived at 3495 Riviera Drive, Murray UT, father a supervisor for Case. Began work at U of U SLC Mar 63
1964-Parents lived at 3716 S Highland #55
1970-PSB eventually moved to a basement apartment at 2135 Wellington to finish/work at UU
1972-Finished course work March, awarded a BA/English in June, lost between June and Oct 72-further queries to follow
1973-Married Ronald D. Holley (Jan) Vancouver WA, though residing in Oregon. misrepresented age on this document
1974-Begins work for city of Portland OR March 11, as a typist clerk Portland Police Bureau
1975-Promoted to Senior stenographer for the Public Utilities Commission Jan 6
1979-Taxi Cab regulations coordinator 31 October
1980-Files for divorce September, divorce court date finalized 31 December 1980, lives at 7661 SW 74th
1981-Separated 1 Jan, appt to PA Comm office rehired 2 Jan Taxi Cab Reg Coord, left 22 April took PERS as Greece money,
1981 May-Dec presumably in Greece then Portland Christmas.
1982-U-110 1527 1st St Coronado CA Mar 82, misrepresents age, Oct-Dec, out of options, CRR proposal Dec 25
1982 Dec-1983 Jan "forges" CRR signature on his checks
1983-Marries CRR 16 May LV Nevada forced to reveal actual age 20 May
1984-Moves to Rome Beauty Park, Murray UT Jan 84 moves to PDX March 84, moves to K1 Oct 84
1985-CRR lvs service, Dalkon payout to PSR Sep-Oct 1985 Greece, Egypt
1986-Separated 1 June, PSH-R 6 Aug 86 also begins to work again since April 81 moves to 3231 NE Shaver Oct
1987-Files for divorce 15 April, divorce final 25 June
1988-Public Defenders temp? across fm CRR working at Meier and Frank
1989(?)-1994(?) Oregonian-temp?
1994-Moves to Coronado January-March (?)
1994 -1999(?)-AKA Pamela Jordan in Coronado ???

Excerpt, LETTER, Friday 19 FEBRUARY 1999

In October 1998, I woke up to realize that I still had some unanswered questions about what happened to Pamela S. Holley between 1 October 1982 and [1 January] 1983, while I was overseas on that deployment. Your ground rules were pretty much that anything before we met was off-limits. You chose a long time ago to tell me so little about yourself even as my spouse, and clearly are now, reluctant, for whatever reasons, to answer questions that might be pertinent to what happened between October 1982 and May 1983. Thus, I took the only path left available—I went around your wall of silence and used existing sources. At this point, I might remind you that the truth might be available elsewhere.

I reached San Diego at 11am 19 February 1999, got my rental car, and drove to Coronado. It had been 11 years since I had last visited, but had no trouble finding the place. At noon I located PSB's building, went up to her apartment. I listened at the door, heard nothing and decided to return the next day.

*Every time I suffer, it just cracks my heart in two. But it's all scarred and riddled with wounds already, it sticks itself together again in a trice and the wound can't be seen. I'm covered with healed wounds, that's why I can stand so much.*³⁸⁶

I had carried much guilt for things beyond my control.

*But I used to forget everything, and she knew that. And let me tell you this, there's no greater pleasure for a woman than that.*³⁸⁷

112—"Reprise: Is it Wiser and Older, or, Sadder and Older? Ask King Hamlet?" (Saturday 3:45pm 20 February 1999)

NO REPLY
Beatles, 1964

*When I reached our beach, I stopped to take breath for a moment.*³⁸⁸

I returned to the scene of the crime on Saturday 20 February 1999. I approached her apartment, but as I neared I heard the sound of music. She had left her door wide open. I took a few seconds to assess the situation.

Here is what I saw. First, she still had the cheap papyrus print in the expensive gold frame, and it was hanging on the wall. She also had several of those small Middle Eastern runners we had acquired. I peeked in a little and could see her, but she could not see me. She was wearing a floral print dress, standing in front of the mirror but facing what looked like book-cases. She was holding her skirt, and like a little girl, swaying back and forth to the music.

I knocked on the door. She came to it and recognized me. "Not a good idea," is all she said. I replied, "Ok," and

³⁸⁶ Kazantzakis, p.272.

³⁸⁷ Kazantzakis, p.273.

³⁸⁸ Kazantzakis, p.297.

turned to leave. As I did I spotted Layla. I am sure that she must not have remembered me after 13 years, but I said "Hello Layla." At that moment, PSB said again "Not a good idea" and picked up Layla. She returned to her apartment and closed the door. No door slamming, no yelling, no hysterics. I was, of course, a bit perplexed, as I had prepared myself mentally for such a possibility.

*His devil's dead. And now he's empty, poor fellow, completely empty, finished!*³⁸⁹

As to her appearance, I must admit that I was taken a bit aback. Her hair is no longer that golden color that I recalled, and her face was much different. I would have recognized her anyway, but clearly in the time since I last saw her in Portland in 1991, when she appeared to weigh about 140 -150 pounds, she had gained that weight back again. Yes, I did not look like the handsome lithe fellow of 1982 either.

15 August 1991-20 February 1999=2747 days/7 years 6 months 6 days

³⁸⁹ Kazantzakis, p.277.

Her eyes were not as lively as I remembered from 1982, and even more stranger, I never recalled her nose dominating her face. It seemed that her nose and face had both dropped. Yes, I am no Pierce Brosnan, but clearly the years had not been as good to her as I had expected.

The reference herein to Hamlet is for the, dare I say, literate. Again, someone who was an expert on literature would have caught what I meant. Hamlet died a prince and never succeeded to the throne. I played both guitar and slide on this "**Shadow**".

DIARY ENTRY

Saturday 3:45pm 20 February 1999-Walk right up to R-306, door open, tv and music on, PSB swaying in big floral print-I see the papyrus from Egypt in frame, a couple of the rugs. I knock, she sees who it is-says "Not a good idea," I say "Ok" and turn to walk away...No anger in voice, no surprise, no screaming, no ranting, or raving

113-"A True Observation."

Well, this speaks about what each of us might have undertaken in the last few years. After PSB's negative response, I guess we can call it, I decided to sit down on one of the Marriott's bayside benches. Due to their alignment, and the fact that then there were only two benches, I chose the outermost of the two (now there is none left as of my last visit to Coronado in September 2010) as I quickly realized that the one closest to the Oakwood Apartments had a view both to and from R-306. I decided to do some writing about the failed effort at contact.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES
Fortunes, 1965

114-"Another True Observation."

I had not realized how much I loved that island, and in particular, that location. It was the most peaceful place I had ever enjoyed, even before 28 May 1982. This was a place I have not lived in since 1 January 1984, nor visited since June 1988. The spot where I last saw PSHKINS (the Rocks of Coronado) was no longer there, for it had been replaced with a sewage pipe. Appropriate, eh?

DIARY ENTRIES

Sunday 21 February 1999-I do feel that something was taken from me, not so much tangible as an overall feeling. First, I miss listening to music by the water...Why can't I move beyond Coronado 1982? "If you want to stop this misery, you're in the place you oughta be."

[The lyrics are from a song by the Black Crowes, a favorite of mine]

Tuesday 23 February 1999-I miss the water...I want to sit by the bay and renew, that was how I did it then

LIGHTS
Journey, 1978

After failing to make any contact at all with PSB that week, it seemed a bit hopeless to get any further on the **mystery**. But, lo and behold, I spotted Tom Shine coming out of a bar/pool hall at the bay end of Orange Avenue. I decided to see if he was in the phone book, and he was. I called him and asked if we could meet for a few minutes. Apparently, he and John Elwell had been playing pool at the club.

DIARY ENTRY

Wednesday 24 February 1999-ca 11am Call Tom Shine meet with him about 30 minutes, he knows PSB was here, he said that over the years she had put on and lost a lot of weight, he also noted that she was jumpy whenever they encountered each other [the surprise-no surprise look]-she may be moving this week/weekend, I don't believe this is due to me entirely

I walked over and began to explain my quest. Tom said that he had known that PSB was back in town, and that although he "was very fond of her" was perplexed by her dramatic and yearly weight change. He said that he had often encountered her in the grocery store, but if she did not see him coming, she reacted very strongly and somewhat shocked. I told him that PSB did not like surprises after 1982.

At this juncture, I did not tell him anything about the drinking and depression, as I wanted to see if he could on his own shed light on 1982. He told me that he really didn't remember much from that point. He did tell me that then, at age 66, he was the happiest he had ever been, even as he had had several surgeries.

He also mentioned that he had had a drinking problem, but I didn't press him about the issue as it most assuredly the events of the past are something he couldn't recall effectively. We talked about how my 1982-1983 deployment had led to the demise of two wonderful people. Tom's own experience in the navy was that deployments were extremely hard on families and loved ones.

As I had applied for the job in San Diego, I planned to put down a deposit for an apartment at Oakwood. My only condition was that it not be in the "R" Building, and, that if at all feasible, to put me in "U" Building as I knew I could

use the bayside door to get around the complex without running into PSB.

DIARY ENTRIES

Wednesday 24 February 1999-6pm I am about to knock on her door for perhaps the very last time. I approached R-306, I ring the doorbell, she looked through the peephole, no answer as in the past, I knocked lightly, then walk away. Should I have walked away 22 August 1982? Surely.

Thursday 25 February 1999-Tom told me yesterday that she was moving out this month, I spotted a large Itasca mobile home with Oregon plates, Bill and Norma?

What transpired after that week's failed efforts? Well, Tom indicated that PSB had told him she was moving and it seemed to be within the next few days. Coincidentally, I spotted a mobile home with Oregon plates, which I assumed was Bill and Norma's, there to help PSB move out.

DIARY ENTRY

Friday 26 February 1999-9am knocked on R306, no answer, groundskeeper tells me she rarely leaves but has a car. 930 leave Coronado

So I returned home on Friday and I really did not expect to come back. But, fate intervened. The application I had put into San Diego City College bore fruit. In late March, they called to see if I wanted an interview and asked if I wanted a weekend in San Diego. I accepted the opportunity.

I flew back into town in early April 1999 and on a hunch drove over the bay bridge to Coronado. I walked by "R" building and saw that PSB's things were still there.

DIARY ENTRIES

Thursday 8 April 1999-Back in San Diego/Coronado, walk by evening, no knock

Friday 9 April 1999-8pm Knock after several run throughs -Who is it? (in a very strong voice) "It's Carlos" Peephole sound, oh well

Saturday 10 April 1999-930am visit Oakwood office [for deposit] 4pm went up there, very quiet TV sound, no knock

Sunday 11 April 1999-11am walked up to 306 heard her talking to Leila/Layla walked away after leaving note

115-6 is a pattern, 66 is a pattern, 666 is a pattern, 6666 can also be a pattern" (Friday 14 September 1945-Friday 28 May 1999)

SUPPER'S READY
Genesis, 1972

6-6-6 is no longer alone

This is a play on *Pythagoras* and mathematics. That Greek believed that one could find the secret of the universe in numbers. Ok, let's start. What do PAMELA SYDNEY HOLLEY, LAURIE [Blue Eyes], LOUISE (W.), DEBBIE (M.), (T.) TAYLOR, LADNER (L.), (L.) HARTER, EVELYN (J.), (E.) KARNES, PAMELA DRUASH, PAMELA PALMER, PAMELA SYDNEY RIVERA, PAMELA JORDAN, PAMELA BOYLES-RIVERA, and PAMELA SYDNEY BOYLES all have in common? Add these names for further hints: RONALD D. HOLLEY, HOWARD HOLLEY, GORDON (Hamm), THOMAS (Shine), and CARLOS RAFAEL RIVERA. Give up?

They all have at least one name with 6 letters. Why is this important in any examination? Well, first, many people have six letters in at least one of their names. But, how many have two names with six letters, and how many have three or even four names, or aliases, with six letters. Let's see, besides myself:

Pamela Sydney Boyles 1945,-1973	Pamela Sydney Holley, 1973-1983	Pamela Sydney Rivera, 1983-1987
Pamela Sydney Holley-Rivera, 1986	Pamela Sydney Boyles-Rivera, 1987	Pamela Boyles, 1994-1999
	Pamela Jordan, 1994-1999	Pamela Boyles, 1999-?

Ok, you say, it's just coincidence. Well, people are creatures of habit. But do you think it is that coincidental that she had all her names with six letters, no matter at what

point of her life she was in? I detected this pattern in 1987, as for some reason I had come up with a solution to our bad luck. "6-6-6" versus "6-6-6" or Pamela Sydney Holley and Carlos Rafael Rivera were a doomed combination. Of course, one takes this in a tongue in cheek manner. But I did send her a note pointing out the pattern. I suspect that if she chooses another alias, or mate, the numbers may be "6".

The FPO zip code for the Decatur was 96663. For even more fun with numbers, one might contemplate the fact that the first three digits of our own respective social security numbers consists of the same numerals.³⁹⁰

116-"The *Mystery Woman of Coronado*" (March 1982-Monday 6 December 1999) by Romana Cleph

a-Chrysalis b-Writing Poetry by the bay c-Chrysalis d-Weaving a web of dishonesty e-Capturing DSHNO in the web f-Chrysalis g-DSHNO dies h-Strengthening the web and hiding from the world in a third floor studio fortress by the bay

THE SEA
Sandy Denny, 1977

This is Romana's contribution, a piano interlude using the Greek words ***chrysalis*** (which means change or coming forth) and ***mysterie*** (keeping secrets). They both fit Pamela.

The former term refers to the change of a butterfly but herein it refers to how I view Pamela. When I first saw and met her, she was a bit heavier, and working on poetry. As that

³⁹⁰ Another pattern is related to her past relationships. Think about all of the men in Pam's life, all connected to the military. Kind of a pattern, don't you think? Eldredge was in the Army, Ronald was a navy vet, Tom was retired navy, her brother had been in the service, Cyrus was military of sorts, I guess, Bill Moulton was ex-navy and I was in the navy at the time we met. By the way, EIJ's father is a World War Two vet. Looking at Pam's involvement with Ron, then Cyrus, then Tom, and then me, one might consider that each of us probably represented strengths she needed to survive. But in each case, we're all individually and collectively, the bad guys, according to her.

summer progressed and we become involved, she had again changed, having lost a considerable amount of weight.

But, she was not willing to tell me all. As she brought me into her web, she began to change again, a process that I did not fully understand then, or now. Thus, DSHNO died. Eventually, she returned to the scene of the crime and took up residence on the third floor of "R" Building, as if to hide.

Based on Kevin S.'s own experience, and the words of several of the groundskeepers who I spoke with on an irregular basis, that seems most likely. I wonder if anyone in Coronado has ever figured out who Romana really is.

117-"'Woman's an Incomprehensible Thing,' said Zorba" (Friday 28 May 1982-Monday 6 December 1999)

So, PSB had not moved out in February. I thought at first that maybe she had said that to Tom to put him off. In any case, I did not get the job in San Diego. I knew that my own job was coming to an end, and decided to visit San Diego/ Coronado as often as I could in search of work. What happened next is in line with the weirdness of this story.

I returned again to Coronado for Memorial Day Weekend. PSB was still there but would not respond when I knocked. I decided to sit down on the Marriott bayside bench to do some writing, when I got the strangest sensation. PSB was actually

walking outdoors, and I realized by her walk what she was about to do. I did not have to see her every day for 17 years to recall some of her gestures.

*I reflected what a truly baffling **mystery** is this life of ours. [Lovers] meet and drift apart again like leaves blown by the wind; your eyes try in vain to preserve an image of the face, body or gestures of the person you loved.*³⁹¹

Though she was walking away from me, she began to move on the sidewalk in such a way that I knew she was going to turn around. As she did, she started to tilt her head and touch her sunglasses in a very familiar way. She stared at me for a few seconds, and I stared back. I said nothing and neither did she. I couldn't be sure if she saw my journal.

After a few seconds she continued her walk, to what I presume was Geri's apartment. I made a conscious choice then not to follow her or even move off of the bench. First, that would have been stupid, and I figured that if she wanted to talk to me she would have so indicated. I stayed on the bench for a decent interval of about 15 minutes, and as I stood up to leave I realized she had returned to her apartment by another route and was then watering the plants on her own patio.

I can't be sure that she did not know I was still there, but I decided to knock on her door again. I went to the third floor and immediately saw Layla. As I approached PSB's apartment, I realized that her door was wide open, again. At

³⁹¹ Kazantzakis, p.299.

this point, I actually chickened out and left without knocking [one recalls the possibility of a gun].

DIARY ENTRIES

Sunday 16 May 1999-Sixteen years ago today, I married a woman I really didn't know. Why, I haven't yet figured out. There are many questions related to the time between 28 May and 31 December 1982. I dreamt about her the other morning. I was talking to an unknown person, telling them about how much we grew to resent each other but were so lonely. I was crying and I awoke crying. I am still in a loop with PSH. Why, How, When.....

Sunday 23 May 1999-I ask myself, is it obsession, anger, love, hate. I have in no real way reconciled myself to what happened to PSH and I. Should it have been a fling only for that day, or summer. I try to recall many things from that spring, summer, and fall, and think to myself that it was the best [time] of my life. Although I have a new life and have had it for nearly a decade, I can't shake this feeling that my life was supposed to be something different. One with PSH and always in the paradise shared. I know something happened to me, and that it didn't help what was to come. I know that I fell in love with Pamela Sydney Holley, and probably never fell out of love with her.

Tuesday 25 May 1999-well, another day. I am leaving in the morning for San Diego. Today is 17 years plus 2 days since moving into U-210. I will try to knock on the door in the pm, and see about the situation early Thursday am. Why, Why, Why?

I was not sure if she had left her door open in spite of, or because of, my presence. I figured it would be less stressful if I did not approach her while it was open. I left Coronado on Sunday, and was not too sure when I would be back.

DIARY ENTRIES

Wednesday 26 May 1999-7pm Wow...like a Mayall song, she was "looking back." I was on my bench when PS came around the corner, headed toward Geri's? She surely saw me first as I recognized her walking away. I looked at her the entire time, then she does the sunglasses thing, she adjusted and turned to see if I was looking. She knew I was. She continued, I didn't follow. I left after a few minutes so that I would not follow her and in case she came back. She knew I was there, she knew I was looking.

Thursday 27 May 1999-330pm. Well I stopped by again, knocked, peephole opens for about 5 seconds. I dialed her number and left a message saying that I all wanted to do was talk and for her to have a good summer.

Thursday 27 May 1999-610pm back on the bench listening to the Moody Blues again.

The rest of the week went like that. I did see her out a couple of times, but in each case I did not approach her or try to follow her. I did confirm with the Oakwood office that I was on tap to get an apartment in August. I left on Sunday and awaited the job decision. As I had purchased my ticket in advance, I was hopeful. But, alas, shortly after returning home, I received the word that I was not the final choice. And

to top it off, I knew that my own job at the society was coming to an end.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 8 June 1999-17 years ago today, I gave her the key to my apartment so that she could let her friends use it. I keep thinking about her and what happened. Will I ever know? "And the truth is I think I'll never know."

Tuesday 22 June 1999-I am still pretty depressed about things, life, and feeling that pain that should have left a long time ago. Am I obsessed? Probably.

Wednesday 23 June 1999-I found today that ET opened 11 JUNE FRIDAY 1982-What a surprise

I decided to keep my plans for moving to Coronado for the opportunity to look for a job on the ground in the San Diego area, but only after changing my arrival date to late October. In the interim, on 3 July 1999 I decided to query the Iranians and Greeks with letters like these below.

Embassy of Pakistan
Interests Section of the Islamic Republic of Iran
2209 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.
Washington DC 20007

I am trying to get information on an alleged incident dating to late 1981. I apologize in advance, as I do not speak, read, or write in Farsi. As far as the details I have now, a group of anti-Khomeini dissidents were conducting some covert operations in the Piraeus, Greece, area. It seemingly involved an American woman, Pamela Sydney Holley (nee Boyles) from Portland, Oregon, but who had been living in the area for a few months. It seems that Greek authorities, whether civil or military, interviewed this woman, and determined that she was involved in some way with the Iranians. The only name I have for the latter is "Cyrus", which I understand is a common name.

I wondered if your offices might be able to provide any information on this incident, or, where I might write to get further details? I am most interested in contacting "Cyrus" if he is a known entity. I thank you for any consideration or information.

In addition, I figured the Greeks might be of assistance:

Kostas Milosis
Ministry of Public Order
4 P. Kanelopoulou Street
Athens Greece

I write in reference to some previous email correspondence. I am trying to get information on an alleged incident dating to late 1981 (October, November, December). I apologize in advance, as I do not speak, read, or write in Greek.

As far as the details I have now, a group of anti-Khomeini dissidents were conducting some covert operations in the Piraeus/Glyfada area. It seemingly involved an American woman, Pamela Sydney Holley (nee Boyles) from Portland, Oregon, but who had been living in the area for a few months. It seems that Greek authorities, whether civil or military, interviewed this woman, and determined that she was involved in some way with the Iranians. At this moment, the only name I have for the latter is "Cyrus", a common Farsi name.

Although I did not ask the American State Department specifically, they seemed to confirm in their own fashion that Miss Holley was either deported or declared persona non grata.

I wondered if your offices might be able to provide any information on this incident, or, where I might write to get further details? I thank you for any consideration or information.

While of no immediate assistance, I was directed to the following offices:

Police Department of Paleo Faliro
8 Aiantos Street
17562-Paleo Faliro Greece

Police Department of Moshato
70 Metamorfosis Street
18343 Moshato Greece

Police Department of Glyfada
22 Dousmani Street
16675-Glyfada Greece

Police Department of Piraeus
37 Iroon Politehneiou Street
18532-Piraeus Greece

Police Department of A. Kalamaki
15 Deligiorgi Street
17456-Kalmaki Greece

Police Department of Glyfada
22 Dousmani Street
16675-Glyfada Greece

The following is the text of the correspondence:

A Mr. Kostas Milosis at the Ministry of Public Order suggested I write directly to your offices. I am trying to get information on an alleged incident dating to late 1981. I apologize in advance, as I do not speak, read, or write in Greek.

As far as the details I have now, a group of anti-Khomeini dissidents were conducting some covert operations in the Piraeus area. It seemingly involved an American woman, Pamela Sydney Holley (nee Boyles) from Portland, Oregon, but who had been living in the area for a few months. It seems that Greek authorities, whether civil or military, interviewed this woman, and determined that she was involved in some way with the Iranians. The only name I have for the Iranians is "Cyrus", a common Farsi name.

Although I did not ask the American State Department, they seemed to confirm in their own fashion that Miss Holley was either deported or declared persona non grata.

I wondered if your offices might be able to provide any information on this incident, or, where I might write to get further details? I thank you for any consideration or information.

The efforts bore no fruit and I continued my plans to move to Coronado.

DIARY ENTRIES

Friday 30 July 1999-17 years ago we went to McP's-where did the time go PSH?

Wednesday 18 August 1999-How is it that I am so fettered over a person, who in actuality, I believe was not very giving at some level. Yes, we were both younger and human, but how did it get so wrong so fast. I have not yet heard from the Greeks. I shan't be in Coronado until late October.

Friday 3 September 1999-17 years ago, ca +/- a day or two, mooning the moon.

Monday 4 October 1999-17ya I was confined to quarters, and PSH nursed me. A temp of 103-104, blisters in my mouth, unable to eat solid food. She got me apple sauce. But, I wrote nothing in my original journal.

Monday 11 October 1999-17ya I was ready for my week at sea. I recall that we had made plans in September for a road trip before my deployment. During this week you would have the car, and would pack for my return on Friday. Later I would recognize/recall that something had transpired that week, as you were exhibiting signs of a personality change and we did not exactly get along perfectly, but who does. Maybe it was the blush of the moment, but I felt you were somehow different on that Friday. I have wondered if something happened that week at sea as I had not yet moved in with you. Did you and Tom have an incident again? Were you drinking to excess? Were you worried about how you felt for me or how I felt for you? You know Geri, and Gordon, are your bodyguard of lies, and truth is always the first casualty.

Sunday 17 October 1999-17ya, PSH and I really never shared an apartment. I moved my stuff out of 210 on the 28/29th of October, and vacated it officially 31 October. I stored my stuff in her place until my return. I got three months of VHA after 31 October, and never returned to the second floor until February, April, and May 1999. Pam moved into W-101 or 102 about 1 April, mid-April, thereabouts.

20-22 October Wednesday-Friday 1999-Over the last few days, I found out that Norma and Bill had spent at least a day in Tipp City OH, in the last couple of years. If they are there permanently, than it possible that she has visited the area. Did she know I was here before October 1998?

Thursday 28 October 1999-1030 arv SDGO, 1130 arv Coronado—no sign, I knock, 6:05pm Walking on greenway I see her on patio, she surely sees me

I SAW HER AGAIN LAST NIGHT
The Mama and the Pappas, 1967

DIARY ENTRY

Thursday 28 October 1999-1030pm, I left a copy of the "manuscript" at R-306 and [a note that] that I wouldn't contact her again directly
[I also told her that I was working on this project and that if she wouldn't make any comments, it might be tough to object later.]

DIRTY LITTLE GIRL
Elton John, 1973

I had pre-arranged both an apartment and phone number with the Oakwood folks. I was supposed to move into U-208, next door to my 1982 apartment (and one up and one over from Geri), and get the phone number 437-8205. I figured I could shield my patio from view, and use the bayside exits for transits, thus avoiding as much as possible any contact with PSB, or Geri.

Well, the best laid plans go awry, again making one think that the gods have it in for you. I had been stressing since February that by no circumstances was I to be put into the "R" building. Well, it seems that the person in U-208 decided to stay, and I can't blame them as the view is magnificent. The only available studio close to the water turned out to be P-205. See, the phone and apartment are similar, but hey, it's coincidence. I took the unit as it was a bit too late to make alternate arrangements.

I had not really given it any thought, but "P" Building was not only perpendicular to "R" Building, they also shared the same laundry, garbage, and mailbox facilities. It got even more interesting, if one looks at a map layout.

I also had not given any thought to the route PSB would take from her apartment to get groceries. Well, I was bemused, shocked, and stunned to discover that her route to the store took her underneath my patio, within scratching distance. Who said the gods don't have a sense of humor?

DIARY ENTRIES

Friday 29 October 1999-ca 6pm, well it's official I now live at Oakwood again after 15 years 9 months 29 days, but she eventually will figure out I live here. [The manager let me move in on Friday, dating the contract for Saturday 30 October 1999.]

Sunday 31 October 1999-1245pm I saw her—she must have been looking for Geri on the porch side—bad dress colors—nose is larger- hair is grayer, more wrazzled(?)

[I had decided to get a library card and was in the van when I saw her coming toward "W" and "S" buildings.

Monday 1 November 1999-130pm I was at the Bank of Coronado when she walked by heading most likely to Luckies on foot. She is wearing ugly colors—effects of age—depression—booze—conservative [as in politics or philosophy]

[My pension check was coming in and I had a little difficulty with the banks. I started at the Bank of Coronado but found that their regulations for an out of state check would mean that I could not access my funds until 16 November. As I left the bank and headed back to my apartment in my rental, I spotted Pamela and quickly moved to safety. But the next day...]

Tuesday 2 November 1999-116pm Saw her, she has a routine daily run to Luckies?

Tuesday 2 November 1999-140pm almost ran into her, she sees me and vehicle

[I was on my way to another bank when I almost collided with her, and she saw my rental.]

I decided to return to my exercise regime of 17 years ago. I worked out for two hours a day, but no running this time as my legs were not up to it. If I could, I would avoid her. I would detour if I saw her legs, arms, hair, or body (yes, I am that good at the body parts). But, we encountered each other on the sidewalk leading to Geri's or in the parking lot several times. We never exchanged words.

DIARY ENTRIES

Wednesday 3 November 1999-108pm Creature of habit—I saw her before she saw me—Red Shirt, White pants better color combination

Sunday 7 November 1999-603pm Encounter again in passageway, white shirt, blue skirt, no words, no stare, nothing
I tried to schedule my daily exercise around the time that she was in her apartment. I aimed at finishing by 6pm so as to be off the "roads."

Wednesday 10 November 1999-8pm spotted P again in U-W vestibule, dour expression, Fingerhut colors, she spotted me

Thursday 11 November 1999-815pm Well I saw her by "U" am not sure that she didn't see me

Friday 12 November 1999-712pm-almost contact, Geri saw me PSB "apparently not"
I had gone walking out on the bay and was returning through the "U" and "W" building pathway when I almost collided with the pair. Geri said hello in a friendly manner, but PSB maintained her "composure."

Quickly I discovered several things. The economy of San Diego had transformed significantly. It was drawing more and more high-tech business, and less of that related to anything I was then qualified for. Within the first week, I realized that academic opportunities were seemingly beyond my reach, while the examination of the museum world in the area revealed a significant lack of state funding or local support.

In fact, the Coronado Historical Museum was then itself under renovation and closed. They had purchased the old Marco's Restaurant on Orange Avenue for conversion into a substantial museum facility. Unfortunately, they were not scheduled to re-open until June 2000, well beyond my desired window of employment. I began to troll local, state, and federal offices, but at each step, it seemed that I might be less than successful in my dream/desire to return to paradise. It wasn't that work was unavailable, rather the kind of work was substantially low paying, particularly for the San Diego/Coronado area. I did discover, however, that the commissary at North Island was a bargain. I know after I retire from the USNR, I want to be located near one.

I was working out every day, as I had done back in 1982. The usual routine was to stretch out for about half an hour,

my stereo blaring, hit the gym for half an hour, and then a brisk walk for an hour—my goal was to get 4 to 5 miles. On one particular day, the song and the moment were perfect.

DIARY ENTRY

Sunday 14 November 1999-415pm PS walked by P-205 wearing better colors. She doesn't see me?

STAND BACK
Allman Brothers Band, 1972

Oakwood has a small theater with 18 seats in 3 rows. In 1999, at least, they showed movies on Tuesday nights, and I decided I wanted to catch The 13th Floor. As I was not sure at what level PSB was operating, I decided in advance that if she showed up I would leave and avoid any face to face confrontation.

DIARY ENTRY

Tuesday 16 November 1999-701pm It happened again but in close quarters. I got there at 650pm. At 701pm she shows up and sees me. I was in the front row [as the seats on the other two rows were full] and thought that no seats were available behind me. She was wearing pants and had a drink. Again, her nose is out of proportion and her beauty is in my mind at any respect. She still has the husky voice and asked the folks behind me if an empty seat was available. I didn't know it was and made a hasty retreat. Though she did not flinch at my appearance, one suspects that she was not planning her own retreat and if I had remained, most likely she would have been seated within only a few feet or inches [from me]

If one recalls that earlier she seemed to use movies as a guidebook to life, then the fantasy involved in this virtual reality film seemed appropriate. But, this time I was not a part of the cast.

I'VE SEEN THAT MOVIE TOO
Elton John, 1973

In the meanwhile (between 1 and 18 November), I had no success on the job front and knew that I would be turning in an interim 30-day notice, just in case. The front office assured me that if I wanted to rescind the notice in December,

they would be happy to keep me. I then spent the next two weeks away for Thanksgiving, assembled with my family (and Popper, Destiny, and Alexander the Great). I told them that the employment front looked bad. They had been stressed over the previous year, so I decided to turn in my notice at Oakwood.

DIARY ENTRIES

Tuesday 29 November 1999-650pm I went to the theater and she shows up at 7pm. She stays about 30 minutes, and does not bolt initially

*Wednesday 1 December 1999-2:23pm AHA While at the Bank of Coronado spotted P[amela]—she was carrying a clear plastic [shopping] bag with what appeared to be a dark liquor or liquid—Booze! She is still drinking—Demons rule her like they rule me, is that part of the **mystery**?*

SOCIAL DISEASE

Elton John, 1973

DIARY ENTRIES

Thursday 2 December 1999-423pm Well, "ran" into her by "U" and "W" walkway, wearing white top and sunglasses

Friday 3 December 1999-133pm, [she] walked by, white top, light blue skirt, sunglasses, adjusted glasses

20 February 1999-6 December 1999=290 days/9 months 17 days

118—"Medical Emergency" (Monday 6 December 1999)

While eating lunch on my patio, I was reading the employment section of the San Diego Union-Tribune. I was startled by a large crashing sound from the stairwell in "S" building, directly across from my patio. It was PSB pushing an empty grocery cart. She was scowling, but I did not believe she had seen me, or even indicated that she knew that was where I resided. She pushed the cart to "R" building and got into the elevator, as I could hear the noise clearly. I was thinking that she was moving into "S", but could not figure out why.

A few minutes later, I heard the cart coming down the path to the elevator side of "S". Five minutes later, she crashed through the stairwell door again, still scowling. We are talking a distance of about ten feet, but she gave no indication that she had seen me. As she turned onto the path, I sensed that this was an abnormal event, grabbed my camera and took two photos. I was right and within a few days, Geri confirmed the details.

DIARY ENTRIES

Sunday 5 December 1999-1104am while heading out to the rocks I spotted her form [feet and legs] at the bottom of the steps, wearing light blue skirt, white top, and sunglasses—headed towards brunch
I was headed out for some sun when I recognized her feet and gait. I waited a decent interval for her to pass. I am sure she didn't see me.

Sunday 5 December 1999-12:18pm encounter at Far Point. She was heading to Geri's and I was heading to the water. It wasn't planned and I am sure she saw me muttering.
It was a beautiful Sunday and I wanted to sit by the water and listen to music. I had not expected to see her out that early and saw her before she saw me. I shook my head in "disgust" because I had tried to avoid that situation and muttered to myself "Danger" like in Lost in Space.

Sunday 5 December 1999-5:20pm near encounter alongside the path by the water.

Monday 6 December 1999-115pm I was on my patio-P came out of the stairs end of "S" building with a cart-why? Can't be sure she didn't see me. Was the cart for laundry? Groceries? Moving into "S" building? Is she moving? Hmm! Why stairway? No glasses, pale look, light color clothing. Is she relocating because of my presence in this building? Strange sequence of events.

Monday 6 December 1999-125pm-130pm She came out of "S" stairwell again

Friday 10 December 1999-2pm the neighbor at R-304 indicates that Pam had moved out of town.

Friday 10 December 1999-420pm Run into Geri [outside "P" building]. Seemed to confirm P's departure [and] said she wasn't supposed to talk about it. [I tell that her Pamela didn't have to move out because of me, as I was moving out myself]--but Geri says it has nothing to do with me. [At this point, Geri has no clear animus or anger at me.]

Friday 10 December 1999-850pm Ran into Geri again, Geri is not mad at me. What did Pam tell her about my efforts?

119-"Are You Forever Mourning Cyrus?" (Friday 25 December 1981-Monday 6 December 1999)

If Geri's statement of 10 December was completely true, and I have no reason not to believe they were not, then PSB's "medical emergency" and "pending breakdown" really had nothing to do with me. It seems that in December 1999, PSB had informed the front office staff that she was having a medical emergency, or breakdown, and needed to vacate immediately. As her contract had not run out--apparently it was later that month--she had not given a thirty days' notice. The front office, however, allowed her to depart on such short notice. How do I know this? Well, I asked innocent questions of the staff, probing for answers and they provided them.

The reason I am confident about the entire situation is that Geri, Pamela's best friend and confidant of nearly forty years, continued to be pleasant and friendly on our subsequent encounters. Not once in the intervening twelve years after 1987 had she ever displayed any open hostility or harsh

attitude, nor had she expressed any words that indicated as such. One, however, suspects that such is no longer the case.

So, was it a combination of things that led to PSB's retreat to the dustbin of history, so to speak?

I, and an acquaintance who was an accountant in Coronado, crunched some numbers. If PSB had saved any of her earnings from between August 1986 and March 1994, she could have accrued enough to pay for a semi-comfortable lifestyle at Oakwood. She lived in the studio the whole time, displayed no ostentatious signs of wealth, did not work as is reported by neighbors and observers, rarely left the island, walked almost every place, and supposedly did not own but did drive an automobile.

After taking into account inflation, normal spending habits, and luxuries, we came up with figures indicating she might have been running out of money—little did we know at that moment.

LIFE OF ILLUSION
Joe Walsh, 1981

What other causes might have contributed to this hasty retreat? Perhaps, I reminded her of loss, the loss of what may have been her true love, and that may have been Cyrus. If my return confounded her, then that is her responsibility. If my return made her unhappy, that is also her own choosing. I know that she was not physically threatened by me based upon the

rare encounters, for she neither retreated, nor indicated any distress, nor called for any law enforcement--no emergency. What I know is that on 6 December 1999 she began noisily the process of moving. In fact, it was so noisy I could not be sure that it had not been done for my benefit.

Where is she now? It might be anyone's guess, but I have had no direct, indirect, or visual contact with her since 6 December 1999 and do not ever expect to have it again. I had made many efforts before then but have pursued other avenues for solving the **mystery**.

Thus, if after 28 May 2011 you encounter a white female somewhere in this world who might appear to be in her seventies, stands nearly six foot tall, wears sunglasses at odd times, owns a very old white cat named Layla, displays an Egyptian papyrus encased in a fancy expensive frame, and knows a lot about Greece, tell her DSHNO says hello. Her reaction might prove instructive.

Following Pam Boyles' departure from Coronado, I suspected that some persons might be more amenable to answering my questions. Funny what people will tell you about someone, if you ask them truthfully and in a sincere manner. The **mystery** seemed to intrigue someone in Coronado.

DIARY ENTRIES

Saturday 11 December 1999-12 noon meet with Mr. Harold W. and Mrs. Virginia Weeks. They don't remember PSH or me as neighbors in 1982 and 1983 but they have seen PSB in the last year(s). Mrs. W. says PB "seems" lonely and has little to no friends except Geri.

[Another neighbor, Mrs. Inez R. Sullivan, reported that PSB rarely smiled, if ever].

Saturday 11 December 1999-558pm reflection on earlier today. Mrs. Weeks. says that when she did talk to P, P was supposedly looking for a job.³⁹²

120-"Geri's Life is not a Hamm Sandwich" (March 1982-December 1999)

DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME

Elton John, 1974

This is, of course, a play on Gordon's last name, but clearly defines much of what I observed in 1982-83, and beyond. Gordon was a retired member of the U.S. Navy's Seal Teams.³⁹³ Based upon the few comments that PSHKINS had made to me, I believe he also might have had something to do with the capture of Che Guevara.

As to other facts about him, I would get details over a period, but Gordon had split from his wife, Joyce, of a number of years, leaving her emotionally devastated, as I was told, and with at least one developmentally challenged teenage child.³⁹⁴ He and Geri moved into Oakwood around the same time

³⁹² Harold (20 January 1913-16 February 2011) and Inez (12 January 1907-29 November 2001) were long term residents of Coronado, see <http://www.faqs.org/people-search/inez-sullivan/>, as of 22 June 2015, and, http://www.coronadonewsca.com/obituaries/article_c755826c-c9fe-507a-be89-12844ab81631.html, as of 22 June 2015.

³⁹³ Conversations with Pamela S. Holley, Geri Shaw, and Gordon Hamm, 28 May 1982-30 October 1982. In addition, a phone conversation with a command staff officer at the Seal Teams School in Coronado confirmed Hamm's service as a SEAL. Finally, the Navy itself officially confirmed Hamm's status as a retired Master Chief, Commanding Officer, Naval Reserve Personnel Command to Rivera, 23 July 2001. Interestingly enough, the letter also included Hamm's social security number.

³⁹⁴ I was curious about his meeting Geri as it seems like he filed for divorce from Joyce just before he and Geri moved in together. In fact, I probably first saw them about that time. It was not a good time for all of those folks. I wrote Hamm several times, but he has never responded. I did find that he was older than I thought he was, by about a decade and he had been in the navy a long time before the divorce and his retirement. He and Joyce married on 22 November 1958, and Gordon filed for separation on 11 February 1981, see "Petition for Dissolution of Marriage" filed 30 April 1981 in "Hamm v Hamm". The filing is in the Older Records section of the San Diego Courthouse where one can walk in and see a microfilm copy of the filing and print out a copy. The paperwork includes much personal, professional, and financial information.

as PSHKINS, and I used to see them together. The more tragic consequences of this union come into play within a month or so of my return from deployment and my marriage to PSR in 1983.

Now, PSR told me this, but I had no verification from Geri, which would make me a third party.³⁹⁵ It seems that in May or June 1983 Geri found a suspicious lump on one of her XXXXXXXX. She mentioned it to PSR (and I suppose Gordon), but she failed to take any action then. I remember that I had cautioned PSR that she should never take such a path. Needless to say, by November or December of 1983, the lump in Geri's XXXXXXXX became malignant and she underwent a removal of said part at the UCSD medical center. I recall that due to her financial status, the state of California picked up much or all of the costs.³⁹⁶

As far as I can remember, Geri depended primarily upon Gordon to help her recover, which included medications, cleanings, and wrappings. It was from there that I recalled Gordon straying with other woman. Geri would tell PSR, and PSR would relay those accounts to me, but I never once discussed the straying with Geri until 25 October 1998.

³⁹⁵ Since I was not in a confidential relationship with Geri, and it was PSR who relayed the news to me, it would not seem any violation or invasion of privacy, since it was never Shaw who disclosed it to me as a third party.

³⁹⁶ One might note that I have not indicated which specific ailment it might have been, or what organ was removed. In keeping within some state's limits on health or medical condition reports, one is free to speculate. It was not a loathsome disease.

Over the course of the two decades, Geri seemingly put up with Gordon's extra-curricular activities, but by February 1998 he decided to take up full time with one of these women. I have not seen Gordon since June 1988, nor have I spoken with him since probably 1991 or so. It was not for lack of trying.

But, part of his later challenge might have been also what transpired with Geri's family. Her parents, originally living in Utah, became infirmed. Due to the costs, and family obligations, Geri brought her parents out to Coronado where they were placed into the Coronado Royale Retirement Home. Fortunately, it was across the street from Oakwood and allowed Geri to spend a great deal of time as a caretaker after work and fulltime on weekends.

Her father, Arthur, passed away in March 1999, though I did not know until May 1999 when I spoke to Geri in person for the first time since June 1988. Her mother, Dorothy, had also suffered a stroke, which crippled her, and made her incontinent. Thus, Geri was forced to become a "mother." The circle of life was fulfilled.

From what comments Geri made to me, as well as my own observations, I venture an opinion that might not, I stress might not, be far off the target. Geri has known Pamela for forty years, and I suspect Geri is one of two living persons who knows the whole **mystery**. However, tied to that is the

possibility that the two gals are dependent or co-dependent. In late December 1999 I again asked Geri about 1982-1983, but with no luck.

There was no anger in Geri's voice when she and I talked on Friday 10 December 1999. She seemed almost as if she were used to Pamela's behavior and accepted it as normal. What triggered my assessment was something Geri did at least twice and in my presence after Pam's departure.

She routinely brought her mother over to her apartment for Sunday dinner. But on at least two nights, after PSB's departure, each time outdoors and in public, I smelled a heavy dose of alcohol on Geri, and in each case, she seemed very euphoric. In fact, on one occasion she couldn't recall where I had come from, but clearly did on a later occasion when seemingly less influenced.

In my view, drawn only from some observation (and there may be valid reasons as the case as well) I believe it is possible that Geri is also troubled by the grape, though she more than some might have reason. Perhaps, both women have been "alcoholics" over that 40 year period and disdained any man who might ever pierce that veil. Again, this is all supposition, but it appears that there is some symbiosis between the "gals."

I departed Oakwood Coronado about noon Christmas Eve 1999, although the virtual studio exists on the island. I thought to myself then that I was always moving from paradise in December. I suspect that the only way I will be returning permanently is in an urn.

DIARY ENTRIES

Monday 13 December 1999-220pm stopped by Tom Shine, he did not remember the origin of "wales" I informed him of 15 April 1987 He said he did not know that she was an alcoholic but "knew that she drank".

Monday 13 December 1999-625pm Call Pamela Jordan [in Oregon] She said that the SSNs got mixed up [One wonders if however PSB used a real person's name and social to create another identity as why would the state of Oregon contact me about PSB's debt?]

121-"Regret of Age" (1982-2000)

*There is nothing so painful as regret. We would all like to be without it.*³⁹⁷

The Faces' "OOH LA LA" speaks to how we observe or learn lessons. But, how much regret is sufficient?

LETTER EXCERPT Thursday 6 January 2000
[sent in the blind from Chicago IL]

Pam,

As you seem intent on not ever communicating, I think I know now what you fear most, and it is not me. Rather, you fear most that people will know you for what and who you have been. I have continued the story, but these audio images of you will also continue as long as I have the ongoing memory recall. You may deny that things happened as I have remembered or found out about through various documents, sources, or acquaintances, but because you deny them does not mean they didn't occur. As some people seemed intrigued by the titles and illusions, I will not pretend that you did not exist nor will I play the game of shielding you, or me, from the consequences of incomplete honesty.

122-"The Lie, when You Know it's a Lie, is as Revealing as the Truth!" (Friday 20 May 1983-Wednesday 19 January 2000)

This is based upon the Moody Blues' "You and Me" (1972). It reflects upon my own inability to recognize or question what was going on around me. Though not meant in a sarcastic manner, I feel the lyrics are in the "Thelma and Louise" mode,

³⁹⁷ Yamamoto, p.156.

that is, if PSHKINS and I had continued our October 1982 road trip beyond ten days, well, who knows what would have happened?

123-"The Conspiracy of Silence Pierced" (December 1998-January 2000)

CONSPIRACY
Black Crowes, 1994

This is inspired by two Genesis tunes, "**HERE COMES THE SUPERNATURAL ANAESTHETIST**," and "**THE WAITING ROOM**." I found them representative of what one might go through after peeling back the layers of lies.³⁹⁸ They come from the album The Lamb lies on Broadway (1974), the story of a Puerto Rican trapped in the underworld. If people were silent then it was a conspiracy of sorts.

**Here comes the supernatural Anaesthetist
If he wants you to snuff it, all you have to do is puff it
-he's such a fine dancer**

David Columbus won't remember this but sometime in Spring 1982 (probably the weekend he suggested I bed PSHKINS), he and I visited the old Tower Records store then on Sports Arena Boulevard. As we walked in, the store's stereo system was playing this song, and I embarrassed Dave mightily by singing the tune, including a part about the dancer, in a falsetto.

Remember, what I said, that people will sometimes tell you something about another person if you ask sincerely.

³⁹⁸ "Why is getting mad at lies so important? Because our survival depends on it. We are in danger unless we know the truth, and the truth depends on words," Jong, Seducing the Demon, pp.11-12.

Before I moved I decided to ask more questions. Well, I received an unexpected answer to a series of questions I had posed in a letter left behind. I was surprised, but very grateful, that the correspondent provided more insight into PSHKINS in 1982 and PSB in the 1990s.

Excerpt, LETTER, written in Coronado, Wednesday 19 January 2000, received by CRR Monday 24 January 2000

1982 is a long time ago. I do remember you and heard that you married Pam. We both [were] writers. I did not know she was an alcoholic or manic depressive. I do know she carried a lot of baggage about the guy from Iran who was in the Sava[k] and was killed. If that was true. I have bumped into her at the market in the last few years. She appeared all right, older, overweight, and not too positive or outgoing.

Most poets always try to mask things. I am not surprised if she was depressed. She had nothing else to do in life. Romantic writers usually end up with problems. If she wrote dark depressing poems then that was a signal you did not heed. Depression is quite common with women. A line from Zorba the Greek [that should be heeded by all men and] that Pam read in Greek is, "Woman are incomprehensible!" You should read the book, it was a favorite of Pam's. I teased her about it.

You may have loved her, but you loved the wrong woman. If she was an alcoholic you were lucky. She wanted to be alone and to be by herself with her bottle. Literature is full of women who caused grief to men, and even destroyed them, and [that is] the problem with romantic love. Don't try and figure out Pam, you can't.

I finally read Zorba the Greek. But, I beg to differ with the correspondent, for while I may never know completely the **mystery**, I am surely much closer to understanding it than I was ever previously.

*It's a **mystery**! Women have a wound that never heals. Every wound heals but that one—don't you take any notice of your books—that one never heals. What, just because a woman's [any age]? The wound's still open.³⁹⁹*

124—"After the Ordeal" (Saturday 7 May 1983-?)

This is a 1973 instrumental by the Peter Gabriel-era Genesis. He plays the flute, and Steve Hackett's guitar playing is quite emotional. I used to listen to it before that deployment and it is appropriate for this story. It has no lyrics but it introduces part of the process.

³⁹⁹ Kazantzakis, p.46.

125-"Beware of Greeks Bearing Gifts, for DSHNO used to
BeLIEve" (Saturday 7 May 1983-?)

IF I EVER LOSE MY FAITH IN YOU

Sting, 1993

This is DSHNO at 9pm Saturday 7 May 1983, looking
retrospectively and a bit prospectively. I once saw a film
using the word "Believe" and noted that "Lie" was part of it.

I used to believe in 1982

Anniversaries

Baby Love

Bandini's

Barstow

Beauty

Birthdays

Blankies

Books

Breasts

I used to believe in Bridges

Burger King

Business

But never in Tasty

Calligraphy

Caring

Carlos of Coronado

Chances Are

Christmas

Class

I used to believe in Class Easy Telegrams

Christmas Day

Coming Home

Coronado

Dreams

Drinking

DSHNO

Earth

Emotions

Everything

I used to believe in Excalibur

Eyes

Fairy Tales

Fate

Feelings

Fortune

Friendship

Full Moons

Generosity

I used to believe in Gentlemen

Geri

Gestures

Giving

Glazed Donuts

Good

Government

Gratitude

Greeks

Greeting Cards

I used to believe in HAN

*Hands
Happiness
Happy Endings
Hard Work
Hearts
Heaven
HHDD
Hibachis
Holding Hands*

I used to believe in Honesty

*Indiana Jones and Marion
Jokes
Joy
K-1
KFC
Krystals
Ladies
Las Vegas*

I used to believe in Laughter

*Layla's 1 and 2
Legends
Letters
Life
Literature
Love
Luck
Matty
Manners*

I used to believe in McP's

*Me
Miracles
Mister Sandman
Moles
Monterey
Movies
Music
My ambition
My energy*

I used to believe in My enthusiasm

*My love of you
My view of you
Myths
New Year's Day
Oakwood
Pamela Trent
Paradise
Patience*

I used to believe in Peace

*Penguins
People
Pepe y los dos Amigos
Perceptions
Phone calls
Picnic tables
Pillow Books
Poetry
Politeness*

*I used to believe in Pita
PSHLY
Reading
Romance
Romeo and Juliet
Seagulls
Sex
Sincerely
Sincerity
Small rollout Murphy beds*

*I used to believe in Smiles
Spiritual love
Sunday mornings
Sunrises
Sunsets
Surprises
Tahoe
Telegrams
Tenderness
Tennessee Waltzes*

*I used to believe in The Bay
The Del
The future
The present
The sky
The sun
The water
Them
They*

*I used to believe in Today
Togetherness
Tomorrow
Truth
Unevents
Us
Valentine's Day
WDYTAT?
Weddings
Windchimes*

*I used to believe in Words
You
Your ambition
Your energy
Your enthusiasm
Your love for me
Your view of me
Zion Park*

*But mainly I used to believe in Coronado
and me and you in 1982*

126-"How I Want to Feel" (Monday 6 December 1999-)

The tune below was something I have always admired. The song spoke about a confidence for the days or years to follow.

I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW
Johnny Nash, 1972

Part V

THE POST-APOCALYPTIC AGE

*Time passes, but true love remains. The life of this world is, for the most part, nothing but a succession of illusions and deceptions. But true love is real, the flames which fuel it burn forever, without beginning or end.*⁴⁰⁰

I USED TO BE A KING

Graham Nash, 1971

⁴⁰⁰ Nizami, prose by Colin Turner, p.15, p.31.

127-"Is that Your Final Answer?" (Saturday 30 October 2032?)

*It is I who fell madly in love, grew insane at her passing, and became obsessed with solving the **mystery**.*
Carlos R. Rivera⁴⁰¹

This "**Shadow**" is based upon what I call the impossible dream. I dreamt one night that we would meet again in the future, when I was 76 and she was 87. I don't really expect to live that long, but she might. In any case, as a result of severe health problems I was in the intensive care unit of Coronado's hospital. She was still living on the island, and had a white cat. She came into my room and asked, "So, you want to know what happened in 1982 and 1983?" I shook my head for yes, and as she began to whisper in my ear, the **mystery** was solved, but I slipped off into the arms of death. As the hospital personnel rushed into the room with the crash cart, she left the room nearly unobserved, humming the "**Spider Song**." One of the younger persons coming to attempt to revive me recognized the tune. Fade to black.

For this "**Shadow**" originally I used the following:

WALK ON THE OCEAN
Toad the Wet Sprocket, 1991

LUCKY MAN
Emerson, Lake, and Palmer, 1970

and Carly Simon's "**COMING ROUND AGAIN/ITSY BITSY SPIDER**" to complement the dialogue. Again, if the **mystery** is never fully

⁴⁰¹ The original project included this in the title: "A Shakespearean Fable of Madness, Insanity, and Obsession."

revealed in the present, I can only speculate on an improbable future.

Between January 1999 and January 2000 I informed PSB (and many others) that failing to provide any answers to my questions there was little she could do to prevent me from legally seeking them on my own. Privacy laws and statutes do not prohibit one from asking questions. And seemingly, since there is not now and never existed a legal prohibition that barred anyone from talking to me about her, quite simply she can't prevent persons from answering my questions. Since that is the case, that meant the creation of this project. Yes, self-serving, but again, she has every personal and legal right not to participate. She also has no legal right to prevent me from legally asking questions and legally obtaining answers through public documents, records, and interviews.⁴⁰²

Now, as to my own physical state, it might not be that bad, but I can pretty well tell what my body will go through in the future, even with all of the technological and medical advances. I don't know if we call that fatalism or stupidity, but it is how I feel at the moment. Mentally, I have been better, and yes, that is a given.

⁴⁰² However, some believe otherwise, see Volokh, "Freedom of Speech and Information Privacy: The Troubling Implications of a Right to Stop People From Speaking About You."

So, what did one expect to find herein? Well, first, many might be greatly confused about this whole tale. Is it truth or fiction, fable or fantasy? Well, it is a true tale, but you must be the final judge, for you will find very few, if any, available public records that show PSHKINS ever lived in Coronado in 1982 (though there exists several for me and us between 1981 and 1984). One step I did take herein was to prove that people existed, though they may wish to deny my own life. Thus the inclusion of so many personal details about her and other parties.

Now, I believe that our respective mothers affected both of us greatly, but have yet fully to explore that aspect, particularly in my case. However, that analysis would be Freudian and not be Jungian. Both of our fathers were frequently absent during much of our own childhoods, and it seems most likely that our respective mothers wielded a great influence upon our youth. However, the issue diverges from there. She may have endured a duality: Being resented by her own mother for the very existence of children, and also being unable to connect to her father, who by choice or duty was absent. If the latter, that may carry two sentiments: I need to work to support my family, or, I can absent myself from the trouble at home by hitting the road for work. I think I understand the compromises as I perhaps, by accident, made

myself unavailable to her by my own absences due to career and willful desire to avoid trouble at home.

At another level, I suspect that Pat Boyles' treatment of me, personally, might have been an echo of how she lived her life earlier. I understand that Pat is or was distant from her own grandchildren, a disappointment to Polly. But, Pat probably never came to grips with her own emotional and psychological challenges, nor how to emotionally reach out for love and help.

Do I think Pam will ever talk to me now, and even tell me the complete truth, as if there can ever be such a beast? Doubtful, highly doubtful. (In the earlier larger project all such issues are questioned and examined at length.)

Why? Well, clearly she had her own reasons in 1982-1983 for not confiding in me in regards to the many things that happened before we met. Let me say, that while her reasons were, possibly, completely legitimate, no matter how irrational they may sound to me or anyone else, she chose not to entrust me with such secrets upon our marriage.⁴⁰³ That clearly was not a semblance of trust. If she couldn't trust me, then she should have gone on without me.

⁴⁰³ For the issue of secrets, lies, and deception, one might start with Sissela Bok, Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life New York, Pantheon Books, 1978 and Bok, Secrets: On the Ethics of Concealment and Revelation New York, Vintage Books, 1989.

And I bear some responsibility here. I did have some suspicions, but all I can say in my defense is that you are supposed to trust your lover and future spouse. Too late then and even now.

I cannot compel anyone to talk to me against their will. However, that also means that I can freely ask questions and if people freely volunteer such information, or if such information is available publicly, there are no legal problems. We owe each other nothing, I repeat, nothing now, for as Geri said, "the past is the past."

We did owe each other much more between 28 May 1982 and 7 May 1983 but, failing to fully solve the **mystery**, this project started as a result of one basic (and a fully unanswered question): What happened to PSHKINS while DSHNO was on the other side of the world? If no one owes me the truth, whatever it may be, (can anyone actually own it?) then, ultimately, what do we owe each other?

In the interim (between life and death, perhaps) the **mystery** remains somewhat unresolved, buttressed only by those comments, observations, and records pertaining to the entity formerly known as Pamela Sydney Holley. I believe we owed each other the truth in 1982, but I can't be sure what truth I was withholding from her.

There is another discussion that requires mention. Choice. No matter what a woman says about having or not having children, it should remain her choice. However, in the case of the Dalkon Shield that choice was removed from her own grasp. She exercised no willingness in the imperfection, sometimes fatal, of the flawed IUD. If one studies the lengthy case of the Dalkon Shield and its impact upon thousands upon thousands of woman, one can find, perceptively, the impact of psychological and physical wounds. Pam stated often that she wanted no children based upon her experiences as a child and teenager. A device created by a man ensured that would never happen. As to the very issues of psyche, and internal grief and anger, at that choice being taken away, I cannot speak to it, but suspect that part of her underlying suffering is related to the external attack upon her own femininity and womanhood.

She did seem to have taken refuge in movies and literature. The issue of alcoholism, an escape perhaps, is certainly one of the affective factors, if fully accurate. It is more likely that based upon comments by both PSHKINS herself, as well as those of Geri, it must have arisen well before I met PHSKINS. Experts do say, however, that no one can actually state that they became an alcoholic on a specific date. Nonetheless, it might serve well to remember that

addicts (and alcoholics) will blame others for their own failings.

I do suspect that alcohol became a problem after she turned 18 and well before she ever met me. She may have had to work hard to put herself through college, and then married later (in fact both of us married at 27 the first time). The death of her father probably caused a number of changes in her life. It may have included a reassessment of her life, and a review of her marriage. She might have even changed her personality too drastically. In fact, one can suspect that when she went to Greece the first time she was a much more different person than when she married Ronald in 1973.

The encounter with Cyrus seemingly proved too much and her move to Coronado was one way to escape. But, she encountered Tom, and then me. I don't believe she loved Tom, but she did have a relationship with him between her arrival and June 1982. I believe that by 11 June, she was not seeing him anymore, though I could be wrong. It seems likely by that date she had seen me and said something to Tom because of his questions to me. In any case, one suspects that in her own mind each of the men in her life have failed her.

Did she love me? I would like to believe so, but can't ever be sure. If Cyrus was such a strong presence in her life, then I might have been second best, or even, just a pale

substitute—in fact, I have a vague suspicion that I reminded her of Cyrus. In 1982 I was running often in the sunlight, so I was dark or swarthy, and wore a beard. Maybe she thought I was Iranian at first. But, what if the Cyrus stories weren't completely real?

I know that things accelerated rather quickly after 20 August 1982. I think, moreover, that another external factor might have happened. Her mother, as PSHKINS herself reported to me, was 37 when she had her own breakdown, about May 1956. PSHKINS turned 37 in September 1982. She had told me that she wanted to avoid the same breakdown as her mother had suffered.

Is it just possible that during the week of 11-15 October 1982 she had a combination of a breakdown and drinking binge, which proved too much? The few comments Geri has made in two circumstances indicated that any such speculation would not be a complete surprise to her. The medical emergency PSB "suffered" in December 1999 might also indicate the same process. So, what do we have?

Well, she might have well been a woman who perhaps grew up to become a semi-functioning, and maybe even, agoraphobic, and alcoholic manic-depressive. Is this a completely accurate picture? Well, only she may know the complete answer or something approaching it. What about me?

Well, I certainly was a virgin when I met her—clearly not in the sexual manner, but rather, in the kind of life experiences that might have opened my eyes a little more.⁴⁰⁴ Clearly, I too was a romantic youngster. But try to remember your mid-twenties. Were you smart and aware, or was growth more than just an age? Only time seems to add to life with experience, good and bad.

How does one prepare for the *Lamia*? I had had no prior experience with such a well-traveled and educated woman. Did I really love her? Did Sampson love Delilah? I would like to believe that I did, as I had no commitments or relationships to get in the way, but maybe I too was lacking a true commitment, one to myself.

I know that the stress of the last deployment really changed me in ways I could not appreciate until much later. Did I become an incredible asshole? Yes. I became intolerant, irritable, mean, angry, distrustful, disappointed, broken, sick, disjointed, angry at our collective weight gains, whatever properly fits the situation. Did I need to feel guilt over that? Well, not forever. I was not responsible for what happened to her, even in proximity. I am responsible only for how I acted and reacted. Was I responsible for her human

⁴⁰⁴ I used to tell my students that when I was their age I was "stupid". Now, I am still "stupid" but with a lot more experience.

frailties? No more than she was or is for mine. Did we each lose? Yes, but that must be measured against other benchmarks.

I advanced professionally, I went on with my life, and I survived (supposedly) the famous "six months" by suppressing much of the affair for a while. She seems to have taken a more radical route, but....

How does one weigh the cost of loss? I know what I feel I lost, and I know what she says she lost, but are they real and tangible losses? Perhaps, for the person I was in 1982, it is to me (no matter what my family says, but my feelings are mine to feel), for I felt I was a better person.

Her losses might be measured in two areas. First, she never (to the best of my knowledge) became the accomplished writer she wanted to be, even though published in a newspaper. That might be as a result of factors both beyond and within her control. I can't say that I, or others, detected right away the necessary talent nor the prerequisite discipline or will to succeed, though I might have been blind.

That is not to say that she doesn't possess the flair or skill. I really can't believe, however, that if she had truly wanted to become a successful writer, that anything I ever did or said stopped her. From 1973 on, she had nine years before me and since 1987 has had 25 years without me to stand up on her own literary merits.

What about other losses? Well, in her case, perhaps a sense of exile and abandonment. How so? I moved us from Coronado on 1 January 1984, but PSHKINS was already gone by then, and based upon her own statements and history, was never to return. Yes, I moved out in June 1986, but not because of another woman. It was never about a new woman, but rather, about the persons we both used to be. Ok, so we both most likely romanticized 1982. But, it was real, so real and like in Zorba's case, only the devil or God can fully remove that reality from my own mind.

What are her views? Who's to say, for she and I never really talked about it and in most cases neither her family nor Geri Shaw are talking about the situation or the past? Is physical, emotional, and "spiritual" recovery possible for either of us? I certainly hope so, but don't misunderstand.

No matter (and how obsessively) I have expressed myself herein, I am not in love with the person now known as Pamela Boyles or Pamela Jordan, or whatever name she might choose to use later. I don't know her now, never really knew her then, and cannot shed any tears for her. Sadly, I even told my shrink that the story had turned so ugly and that made her "uglier" in so many ways. While that sounds completely inhumane, it is the way she wanted it—thus I have no obligations, legally, morally, humanely, or ethically.

But, yes, I am still so madly in love with a ghost. I miss PSHKINS often, I miss the sense of peace I found by the bay, I miss the peace of coming home to paradise, I miss the life that filled my spirit. (The Acoustic Alchemy song "**CATALINA KISS**" often reminds me of her during those months.)

I mourned (is that a fair word to use?) then, and now, her "passing" but have a hard time fully explaining that. It is not the physical love I miss, but rather the love that transcends the base, the earthly, the spiritual. It is not necessarily that she was a soul mate, or the love of my life, (and I have had many other heartaches), but her "life" then (no matter how unreal) filled me with joy, hope, vision, ambition, and, even maybe, immortality. Is that a bad thing to ever hold dear? Maybe? I achieved so much by the age of forty, including things I never even considered in 1982.⁴⁰⁵

I now have "riches" without measure, tremendous amounts of other experiences, a beautiful, devoted, and hardworking partner who is a treasure, and a wonderful married stepdaughter and married stepson, and three children, all of whom I love very much. I helped raise two goslings, but now I wonder if they will have to learn the lessons of life after "life" finds them. I haven't expressed myself in a way that

⁴⁰⁵ *"Until one reaches the age of forty, it is better to put off wisdom and discrimination and excel in vitality," Yamamoto, p.60.*

they might understand, nor have I transcended the emotions to bring my life to the present.

How does one measure life—materially or in terms of inner peace? I look around at what I possess now (and never envisioned that I would ever possess in 1982) and think to myself—Is that all there is? ANSWERS, ANSWERS, ANSWERS! EIJ talks in terms of having fun with life. I tell her I have had great amounts of fun, but now just look forward to inner peace.

I am supposed to be a rational, highly educated, and stable man. I guess I really haven't felt like that person in a very long time, if at all. EIJ keeps telling me that she loves me just as I am, but I keep feeling that I can be better in so many ways. I still carry a lot of anger (and baggage) from 1982-1983. EIJ has told me on several occasions that since she met me, I have never really been happy with myself or my situation, no matter what I have accomplished. Ok, I am now 56, but when does peace return to me, and **when and where do I find my soul again?**

Are there other lessons learned herein? Well, we are supposed to be happy with what we have, but now it really seems so shallow to believe that. Is good fortune the same as inner peace? I could win a fortune, but if I never felt the way I wanted to, what then?

Don't get me wrong, for I would not necessarily turn down a fortune. Why didn't I ask questions then, the same questions that I have myself answered in part over the last few years? I was in love, maybe it was just lust, with a beautiful woman, I lived in paradise, I had a great (but very stressful) job, I felt I was healthy, and had no real plans for the future. Clearly, not a foundation for great success.

I can't speak now for her *vis-à-vis* such lessons. Maybe, one might be to stay away from swarthy exotic men. She too gave up on part of herself, primarily to become a writer (though the name Pamela Jordan might be a pen name, but I have yet to find any such SUCCESSFUL author). Since we don't (and didn't) communicate, then I can only guess at many things. I just recall Geri's retort—"Is Pamela ever happy?" Who knows!

But, let's clear up one issue. I am not, and have never claimed to be, a trained or amateur psychologist, behavioral specialist, or, counselor. Some might even argue that I am a weak historian. Some might allege too that I have made up this entire story. I have, however, managed to conduct some very limited research into the substantive issues of alcoholism, early and childhood domestic abuse, disassociation, and the dynamics between child and parent. They are all interrelated to how I recall, or discovered, "facts" about her life. That

being said, I think I can speculate a little on some matters in question.

I think we are all afraid at one time or another during our lives. No, I take that back—we are afraid of something all of the time. Perhaps, then, as a young, naïve, and certainly immature person, I was always afraid of losing PSHKINS. One likes to think of themselves as otherwise worldly but hindsight provides no guide to the past. I wanted to believe she was real and was unable or unwilling to recognize the fantasy from reality. We all seemingly wear a cloak which shields one facet or another from view, and perhaps those are own **Shadows**. My **Shadows** then might have been mental weakness, timidity in the relationship, and even more frightening, emotional cruelty hidden within me, perhaps just below the surface. Because I did not physically abuse her or any other woman in my life, before, or since, does not preclude me from having acted in a less than a humane and generous manner. I will admit, however, I was quite unprepared for the circumstances. Perhaps, my parents, in particular, had done too well a job in protecting me from life before life found me.

What are my "**Shadows**" today? Clearly, obsession about the **mystery** must rank up there. Curiosity, they say, killed the cat, but "they" never said specifically who or what killed

that cat. I can now accept other human faults of my own. I was both an enabler and co-dependent in the case of Pamela Sydney Holley. How so? Well, by fully accepting her ground rules about the past, I participated in the grand charade. By not speaking up sooner I allowed the situation to get out of hand (note that it would have required more situational awareness on my part). I did not ask questions about finances, nor did I ask relevant questions about how we should conduct our relationship. Clearly, I also failed in seeking emotional and psychological support or answers earlier. When one wears the proverbial "love goggles" one can tend to overlook both major and minor details. In my own professional work as a naval officer, I was trained to deal with alcohol and substance abuse. However, I failed to see that in our own relationship. I also failed to see or adequately identify symptoms of past abuse of any sort.

I suspect she too has been afraid, probably for much of her life. Afraid of her own family dynamics, what she was, is, and might become and not become. Afraid of what she has done or not done. Afraid of herself and how others might see her. What might be her reason to be fearful? From her own demons, one might imagine, at an extreme, some mental and physical trauma dating back to as early as May 1956. Whether or not she was the real victim of any such abuse, and whether or not it

involved a close family member, she believes that abuse did occur as far as me. I suspect but cannot prove, of course, that she may have also felt the same thing about her first husband. If one takes as a given that she did experience, real or imagined, something horrendous in Greece, then her expectations of men might have been met by subsequent interactions. Tom and I (with a twenty year age difference between us) may have both triggered such similar reactions in her own psyche and worldview.

The financial issue probably dates to her childhood. Did her father take care of every facet of her life? Did her mother fail to meet Pam's own expectations for maternal kinship? No one has clearly stated such to be the case, but interestingly, at least one diary entry and a number of the experiences and interviews (highlighted below) point to a massive chasm between mother and daughter. Thus, both parents in their own way may have given Pam an early view of life as it might be instead of an idealized fairy-tale.

Another example that may date from that less than pleasant era would probably be her childhood. She may have been a tall and large child, and perhaps suffered from both family and peer group pressure. One might take it for granted that Geri Shaw was always a petite woman. Pam, however, like myself in the last decades, suffered repeatedly from weight

issues. She was very angry and defensive when I raised the question in 1987. But clearly, others, in Coronado, and Portland, can attest to her struggle. I had to recall the oldest image of her I ever saw, it was apparently just after her return from Greece and before her move to Coronado--sadly, I returned that photo to Pam. She was very svelte, but that was not the way I recalled first seeing her a month or two later. She did lose a lot of the winter weight as spring and summer approached. When I returned in May 1983, she seemed to have put on that weight again. The only photo of her I took while we were married (or that I retain), taken at Thanksgiving 1984, reflects a woman who had lost the weight, but upon her return from Greece a year later, I recall she was again much less svelte. Does that make me a cad considering my own weight problems? Probably, but it was a real and repeated situation, both to me and other observers.

What about the alcoholism? If, in her words, life went to "shit" on or after 16 April 1984, one can take it that I was both aware and unaware. Based on a report below, it would seem that I had nothing originally to do with the disease. Now, while I myself had been drinking (medicating myself, some might say) too much in 1982, I also came to the realization that I could curb that need. Am I an alcoholic? I do not believe so, but one considers self-diagnosis a very risky

endeavor. I have no need or desire or overwhelming thirst for alcohol now. I drink maybe once a year, at the annual Greek festival. However, given that alcoholism is a major disease, and in woman particularly offers a double challenge from both social and physiological complications, my lack of situational awareness is somewhat understandable.

Part of this story might include the issues of forgiveness and rehabilitation. In the former, one has to determine at length who, and, what, requires such an act of contrition. Do I offer forgiveness for the past, or, does she? What specific truthful actions require any forgiveness? Is forgiveness a power or responsibility thrust upon either of us, or, a voluntary duty? Do we forgive each other for acknowledged and un-acknowledged wrongs.

As to the issue of rehabilitation, again, who requires it? One might assume that an alcoholic requires such an action to move forward. But, it does require a specific awareness of the disability. For me, I tried Alanon (counseling services for the family/friends of alcoholics) in 1987, but decided I needed to move beyond the repeated questioning, then, about the situation. The appended interviews say much about the two of us.

Will she get help? One wonders. Will she remember the past clearly? Probably not. Will she recover? I hate to say

doubtful but without a concerted effort on her part at not only recovery but continued well-being, such individuals rarely enjoy the fruits of life and success, and, often end up dragging others down with them.

Okay, so I am most assuredly obsessed with solving a **mystery**, even if I have broken no law, statute, regulation, or rule. What else is there in life? For me, I have to work much harder, both professionally and at staying healthy. I have to rebuild both myself and my relationship with my family. I told EIJ that we seemed to have been stronger when we had far less money, less material goods, and less property. When we struggled together we seemed to draw strength from each other. I also must figure a way to recover some of my earlier traits, traits that I really liked and missed.

One thing this experience has done is open my eyes. I found that I missed learning, learning about all kinds of things. I found it thrilling again to study, to stretch my mind, and to examine complex problems. I found too that I had a capacity to feel emotions that came out of nowhere. I was able to tap into a creative part of my psyche I had not exercised before or even knew existed. I found that I could create noise (maybe some call it music), and that I was able to develop some technological skills. Of utmost importance, however, was a return of part of me that I had missed for so

long. It was the love of music and words and the emotions they evoked from my heart. I had forgotten how important that was, and I had seemingly lost it. I never want to lose that again.

A number of you privy to this story have asked a common question-How is EIJ handling this entire event? Well, to be honest, not too happily in the beginning and middle, and assumedly resigned in the finale. But, I have yet to reveal this entire account to her, without a sufficient decent interval. She has not seen this account as of the terminal dates, both for reasons of sensitivity and my own need to keep an emotional distance between her and PSH/PSR/PSB. But, it is a journey I had to endure.

I have, however, talked to EIJ in hypothetical terms about the story. First, because I have pursued this story does not mean that I do not love, care for, or, respect her and our family. On the contrary, this was more about my own inner feelings about the **mystery**. I did talk to her in cryptic expressions about the story. I do recall asking her advice about a number of issues but predominantly about injury, specifically a spiritual injury.

We talked about the fact that someone who suffers a life threatening physical injury must address three things in order to save themselves. They must recognize it as an injury, must acknowledge that they have to act to repair the injury, and

finally, and in most cases, must move toward the goal of getting assistance. If they fail in the last phase, might not that often be considered suicide, or, a death wish?

I asked EIJ the same questions, but aimed it at a spiritual injury. If I felt that I had received a spiritual wound, and failed to act to repair it, then might not that be the moral equivalent of spiritual suicide?

Nonetheless, EIJ and I have come through so much and both the good and the bad, but one can never be sure that any injury is treatable. EIJ is a deeply spiritual person (and artist) and I often seek her advice in round about ways. She knows that my mind works in unique and mysterious ways. Often she provides insight into those areas I have doubts about. And, yes, we vehemently disagree on many things.

So, no, I am not trying to replace PSHKINS, but rather, replace more of me with more of my younger self, a self that seemed to exist two decades ago. Now, they tell you that you will change over a lifetime. But, why do you have to lose the better facets of yourself? Or, are we all destined to change and lose ourselves?

Will PSHKINS and DSHNO ever talk again? After all of this, again, highly doubtful, and I remain equally cynical about the world on the other side, so to speak. But one contact in Piraeus posited this hope:

*The Greeks have an old belief,
that on some distant shore
old friends far from despair, anger, hurt, and grief
shall in the future meet once more*

128-"Funeral for a Friend"

Someone once asked me what I missed most about PSKHINS. You know it was not the physical intimacy. It wasn't necessarily the head scratches, the singing, or the beard trims. What do I miss the most? Well, believe it or not, perhaps we were better friends than lovers, and better lovers than spouses, but I think the important part I miss and will never ever see again is the person she was between the day I met her and the day I lost her. She tamed me and took my heart, my spirit, my soul. I so looked forward to seeing her every day, to hear her talk, to hear her stories, to see her by the bayside so relaxed as she plied me, and my mind, with the great adventures of living. She lived, and as long as she lived, I knew I too was alive, so alive. But, maybe, just maybe, it will always remain nothing but a bittersweet dream.

TO BE ALIVE YES, 1999

*Everybody knows Scheherazade [who planned] to save her [own] life by spinning great stories, but at the end of the day it's about how our imaginations can save our lives. It's a testament to the power of storytelling.*⁴⁰⁶

This "**Shadow**" is found on the Elton John album Yellow Brick Road. It came out in 1973, the year PSH was "born," and she could hear me playing it in 1982. I remember the palpable

⁴⁰⁶ Mili Avital, *Scheherazade* in the mini-series "The Arabian Nights", see <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0181199>, as of 22 June 2015.

excitement my peers had when this album came out. There was an immediate acclaim at the majesty of John's work. The double LP gave us half a dozen hits, including "**BENNIE AND THE JETS**," "**CANDLE IN THE WIND**," and the beautiful song below.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING
Elton John, 1973

Finally, if life is just a continuous cycle of physical birth and spiritual death (I am not religious), the following, again from Zorba the Greek, is reflective of PSHKINS and DSHNO (28 May 1982-30 October 1982).

*I lived six months with her.
Since that day-God be my witness-I feared nothing.
Nothing, I say.
Nothing, except one thing:
that the devil or God wipe those six months from my memory.*

PART VI

APPENDAGES

I'M NOT AFRAID
Roger Hodgson, 1984

Tempest Fugit

14 September 1945-30 October 2032=21,834 days/87 years 1 month 17 days

16 April 1956-30 October 2032=27,957 days/76 years 6 month 15 days

28 May 1982-28 May 2032=18,262 days/49 years 11 months 29 days

28 May 1982-30 October 2032=18,419 days/50 years 5 months 3 days

30 October 1982-30 October 2032=18,264 days/50 years 1 day

6 December 1999-30 October 2032=12,018 days/32 years 10 months 25 days

Some of the questions I get are how I procured information without violating any existing law.⁴⁰⁷ The best thing I can say is that I almost always provided my name. One might recall I started to have flashbacks and dreams in 1998-1999.⁴⁰⁸ The confirmation of those helped my search. Much of the research was completed before the effects of the terrorist attacks of 9/11. By the way, Norma, how much do you love them now?

I managed to obtain a copy of PSB's birth certificate from Cleveland, Ohio, as one of the flashback conversations was about her telling me where she was born. I was able to find out her parents' names and ages. I used the INTERNET to find out more about her father, for she had never even told me his name that I recall.

By using the Social Security Death Index,⁴⁰⁹ I obtained more data about her father. I also confirmed details about the deaths of Geri Shaw's parents using the Index and the INTERNET. I was able to gather additional information about Geri and her family by a quirk surely instituted by Geri and her father. Using them at different times, two of the search

⁴⁰⁷ Some might note a distinction between the legal and the moral implication of information gathering. I leave the latter for others to judge.

⁴⁰⁸ I might have already known some of the details and just forgotten them. The review and further acquisition of data from my Navy personnel records shows that some of the details were previously entered, but I had not actually reviewed many of the entries until 2006.

⁴⁰⁹ The Index is provided by the Social Security Administration and provides on occasion details about the life of individuals entered into the system. The challenge is how to properly locate any one individual.

engines available through the INTERNET revealed that Geri's father must have been, or perhaps still is, on the lease for her residence. But Arthur Holmgren's name quickly disappeared from one site after his death in early 2000.⁴¹⁰

Kirk Bass was surprised that I found where he worked, and asked (angrily or annoyed) how I was able to reach him. I responded that he was a CPA, but I suspect that he simply forgot that he was considered a professional and had a professional license and thus was registered.⁴¹¹ Think about it, Kirk, you are a CPA. As to his marriage to Polly, one can get county records and a newspaper carried detail the event.

⁴¹⁰ He died on March 18, 1999, in "San Diego", www.deseretnews.com/article/687452/Obituary-Arthur-A-Holmgren.html, as of 22 June 2015; <http://people.infospace.com/results.php?ReportType=34&qf=Arthur&qi=0&qk=10&qn=Holmgren&qs=CA&MoreInfoResult=1&RecID=0>; <http://www.peoplebyname.com/people/Holmgren/Arthur> and <http://www.addresses.com/people/geraldine+shaw/coronado+ca+92118/346366310>, both as of 22 June 2015.

Dorothy Holmgren was 86 when she died on January 13, 2000, in Coronado, <http://www.deseretnews.com/article/739268/Obituary-Dorothy-L-Holmgren.html>, as of 22 June 2015. Arthur and Dorothy were married in August 1934, in Salt Lake. They had three daughters, Jean, Barbara, and Geraldine, and no sons, courtesy of Andy Wold, Salt Lake City. I made some further queries and found data for one sister. I thought they might be willing to be interviewed. The following on 9 June 2005 was the result:

I apologize for not getting back to you sooner. My personal email address is XXXXXXX@XXX.net. If you want to contact me by phone my home number is XXX-XXX-XXXX. I will be happy to answer any questions you might have.

Barbara H. Firoozye

I believed I may have actually met Barbara as her picture seemed awfully familiar, see <http://www.asu.edu/educ/hbli/people/staff>, last accessed on 23 November 2011. She was staying with her son, whom I had met in 1986, 1987, or 1988, when I called her. During the conversation, I mentioned that I was working on the auto/biography. She suggested that Geri was a better source on Pam. I also found Barbara in Arizona via www.zabasearch.com, last accessed on 23 November 2011. I decided that it was probably better to write her in Arizona and Jean in Texas with more specific questions.

If the story was accurate, Pam had lived with the Holmgren's sometime between 1958 and 1963(?). I was curious if the reason was tied to the threat or actual case of "domestic" violence/abuse. It seemed very plausible, based upon Pam's own statements, her behavior, and subsequent interviews or statements made by others. Thus, perhaps, I felt that Geri's own sisters might be willing to answer some or any questions Pam would not. By the way, for those reading this portion, I want to stress, again, there are no legal prohibition currently in place in state or federal locales that would prevent me from asking these questions. And, there is no legal prohibition that would prevent persons from answering my letters and questions. I did state at the beginning of this process that I would undertake legally available measures to search out answers. The only legal barrier would be if someone had contracted with Pam not to discuss her past. I had not.

⁴¹¹ Any number of licensed professionals have to be registered, in either a state or national databases. In Kirk's case, I contacted a national CPA organization and found this, <http://www.linkedin.com/pub/kirk-bass/21/3a/b52>, as of 22 June 2015.

What about specific data related to PS and her family history? Once I determined where she grew up, by recalling another couple of brief conversations, I began to use public libraries and courthouses in Spokane, Salt Lake City, and Portland. I found that most cities keep telephone and three-way (criss-cross) directories for decades. In this manner I was able to "follow" PS somewhat through the years. I found out what her father did for a living, and I was able to trace their moves between 1946 and 1970, from Washington State to Utah to California.⁴¹² I was able to obtain details of the obituary which led me to the cemetery in Spokane. That provided me with additional details.⁴¹³ By using the National Archives and the Freedom of Information Act, more details about Eldredge Boyles were unveiled.⁴¹⁴

In addition, I managed to find out more details, related to Polly, from materials in the public domain, many offered by her in various fora, though I have not been near her.

⁴¹² Various directory listings provided by the public libraries in Spokane, Washington, Salt Lake City, Utah, and San Ramon, California.

⁴¹³ Courtesy of EWGS Research, Spokane Washington. The Episcopal Diocese of Spokane was also informative.

⁴¹⁴ My request to both the National Archives and the two Ohio senators produced results, Senators Mike DeWine and George Voinovich to Rivera, 28 June 2006, and National Personnel Records Center to Rivera, dated 25 May 2006, and National Personnel Records Center to Mike De Wine, date 19 June 2006. The NPRC sent me "National Archives NA Form 13164 (Rev. 02-020) "INFORMATION RELEASABLE UNDER THE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT". Under the Access Archival Databases (AAD) at the National Archives website, one can [now] find data related to Eldredge D. Boyle's military service, under the WWII Army veterans section and using his Army [enlisted] serial number: 19122639. The URL <http://aad.archives.gov/aad/fielded-search.jsp?dt=929&cat=WR26&tf=F&bc=sl> leads to a "Field Search" page and using his serial number will lead to this URL:

http://aad.archives.gov/aad/record-detail.jsp?dt=929&mtch=1&cat=WR26&tf=F&sc=19726,19750,19727,19728,19729,19755,19737,19739&bc=sl,fd&txt_19726=19122639&op_19726=0&nfo_19726=V,8,1900&rpp=10&pg=1&rid=304739, as of 22 June 2015. It only works once you have reached a search engine called Access to Archival Databases (AAD). Boyles is in the "File Unit: Electronic Army Serial Number Merged File, ca 1938-1946, (Reserve Corps Records)," last accessed on 23 November 2011.

She had continued a program of higher education in counseling. One might consider that she did to help Pam, in her own way, as that skill would involve self-esteem issues. She was at George Fox University for a master's in counseling, and even took a computer class, I think it was an online courses. The university had earlier maintained a directory in a subfolder of the school website and it had her picture.

Though we all age and change, I remembered a much more youthful looking and slimmer person. Polly had posted details about her own life on a website. Further details about Polly and her family were via church sites and PDF files.⁴¹⁵

⁴¹⁵ See The Messenger, a previously available newsletter for the St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church, 17435 NW West Union Road, Portland, Oregon. Found at <http://www.stgabeonline.org/messenger.asp> which as late as 24 September 2007 had a few newsletters still remaining, covering February 2005 to October 2005 and could be downloaded in the PDF format. Previously, one of the parishioners had had a web site with earlier issues of the newsletter, but those issues were not ported over to the official church page. George Fox University is in Newberg, Oregon and the previously available "graduate directory" PDF file for the academic year 2001-2002 listed enrolled graduate students. "Polly A. Boyles" was on page 4. I had earlier printed out the page but had not printed out, or downloaded, the entire document. The page includes her photograph, home address, home phone number, and an email address. It also lists her as a candidate for a Master's in Counseling. I found both she and Kirk in Beaverton, Oregon via www.zabasearch.com on 23 November 2011. I found in an earlier issue of her church newsletter that she had completed her studies and graduated, The Messenger, June 2003, p.6. However, the bulletin did reappear at <http://www.churches.episcopaldioceoregon.org/wp-content/uploads/2011/11/November-2011-Messenger.pdf>, as of 25 November 2011.

As to Polly's public posting, http://www.bccfamily.org/aboutus/polly_bass.cfm, no longer available, but was reportedly "last modified: 9/30/2004." It does show up as a search item at <http://www.bccfamily.org/index.cfm>, the website for the Beaverton Christian Church, 13600 SW Allen Boulevard, Beaverton, OR 97005. The page, last found on 24 September 2006 via Google's cache feature for 12 August 2006, http://72.14.203.104/search?q=cache:b6i_Hgu1RBJ:www.bccfamily.org/aboutus/polly_bass.cfm+%22polly+bass%22+beaverton&hl=en&I=us&ct=clnk&cd=1, provided her home information, husband's name and mentioned 4 children of various ages. It also included various likes and dislikes, but no longer valid. I surmise that at one time Polly was a staff counselor at the church. Kirk himself provided much information about his family and his role with St. Gabriel's, including a picture of himself, see The Oregon Episcopal "Church News", Volume 96, Number 6, September 2004, p.7, last found at <http://www.diocese-oregon.org/ocn%20updates/04SeptOECNews.pdf>, p.7, last accessed on 25 September 2006. Though he did not identify his place of employment, a Google search would provide his employer.

I spoke on the telephone with eldest son Ryan (and Polly) in December 1998. Ryan remembered me after all of these years and told me he was going to school in Seattle, if I recall correctly, something related to technology or computers. The best things I remember about the boys was the little thing they had with Kirk, what he called the tickle bug, and another one called the head bump. The boys also had a beautiful black dog, Katie. When I got back from my London trip I had a bunch of stamps I showed to Ryan and Kevin, the only children at that time.

Polly dropped off the radar so to speak as a professional counselor. However, it was not due to her giving up the profession, so much as to probably take care of her mother and/or sister.

"The Yew Life Center is offering a support group for family (non-professional) caregivers each 2nd Monday of the month at no cost. Facilitated by Polly Bass, MA, Counseling, a daughter caring for her mother, and a certified leader of the "Powerful Tools for Caregivers" program. The group will share stories and resources with a short discussion topic", see <http://www.facebook.com/events/121528901282490>, as of 22 June 2015.

I remember Polly that had been in school for years. After I returned from London, she borrowed the "Rosetta Stone" (I still own it) for an art history class she was taking.

Subsequent to the education she was acquiring, one could at one time find her own words on the web as a subtext, at a minimum, to this story. Polly began work as a counselor for a professional service in the Portland area. The organization's webpage featured highlights of her specialty:

...issues related to relationship conflicts, anxiety, depression, shame, anger, trauma, grief and loss....extensive experience with developing healthy boundaries related to improved self-esteem...challenges of living with chronic illness and caregiver stress.

Polly also "authored" an article that may indicate more of a relationship to this story:

SHAME: NEVER FEELING "GOOD ENOUGH"

What is shame? More than guilt, shame is about our core identity. Guilt is a response to having done something—an action—that we can address by acknowledging our mistake and making amends. Shame is deeper—it is our perception of our own value and worth. We discover that we are living out a cycle of trying to make everything right, and then falling into exhaustion and giving up because the task is impossible.

Clients will come into my office stating they are struggling with depression. As their personal history and story unfolds, I am alerted when I hear statements such as, "I am never good enough", or "I feel like everything has to be perfect." To uncover and heal this issue of shame is a major step in recovery.

Shame usually has its beginning in our early years when we are given wrong indications from people close to us whom we respect and trust. These wrong indications are judgments and evaluations of ourselves that we eventually internalize and come to believe without question. If you are ready to challenge the truth of these messages, you are ready to begin to release the burden of shame .

But Polly still maintains a web presence.

Facilitator
Caregiver Life Coach
March 2013 – Present (2 years 4 months) Beaverton, Oregon

[I] began shifting my work from counseling to coaching family caregivers after I became a primary caregiver for my mother five years ago. After attending a Powerful Tools for Caregivers class for my personal support, I took the training course to become a certified leader and have offered classes in the Portland area over the last several years. In order to focus on education rather than therapy, I became certified as a life coach in March 2013.

⁴¹⁶ <http://cpcounsel.net/polly.shtml>. "CP" was Columbia Pacific Counseling in Beaverton, OR. The link is no longer valid.

⁴¹⁷ <http://www.cpcounseling.com/articles.html>, as of 23 November 2011, and, <https://www.linkedin.com/pub/polly-bass/8b/2a6/264>, as of 18 June 2015. Her mother appears at <http://www.peoplebyname.com/people/Boyles/Betty/Portland/OR>, as of 18 June 2015.

How did I find Geri's home address in the early 1960s, as I had not recalled her maiden name? The name of Arthur A. Holmgren attached to 1st Street Coronado led me to the other sources of information.⁴¹⁸ A more serious and touchy subject comes from Geri's own life, found in the public domain.

In the court records for Salt Lake County I found divorce papers for John D. Shaw (24 March 1945) and Geri.⁴¹⁹ One might recognize that I also didn't know Geri had been married for almost ten years.⁴²⁰ From Geri's 1974 divorce one might note that as per a "finding of fact" by the judge, Geri was described as promiscuous, and an uncaring spouse. The date of the divorce was 21 November 1974. So, Geri's divorce was not based on anything he did legally, but on her own actions. Geri was "running around", but she did not contest the findings.⁴²¹ But, is it actually an accurate description? Was she truly a promiscuous woman, or was that just a description offered by John Shaw? I mean, it could be a mistaken finding, couldn't it? Well, while one might be right about that, the legal

⁴¹⁸ Arthur A. Holmgren, born October 1907, listed at "1527 1st ST", Coronado, via www.zabasearch.com as late as 23 November 2011.

⁴¹⁹ "Complaint Civil No. D13905, Shaw v Shaw" in the District Court of Salt Lake County, State of Utah, Domestic Relations Division, dated 1 April 1974. Hereafter "Shaw v Shaw".

⁴²⁰ "Marriage License, State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, [No.] 163569", Salt Lake County Clerk's office. They were married in a Mormon ceremony on 14 June 1965, and one might speculate that they might have been high school sweethearts. Their respective fathers served as witnesses. Geri and John's engagement was found at <http://www.newspaperarchive.com/SiteMap/FreePdfPreview.aspx?img=100468219>, available as of 17 January 2012. One might note that the date of publication was 16 May [1965], and I wonder if PSH remembered that day when we rolled in Las Vegas enroute to "infamy".

⁴²¹ "That defendant [Geraldine Shaw] is promiscuous" in "Findings of Fact and Conclusion of Law Civil No. D13,905", heard on 21 August but dated 27 August 1974, "Shaw v Shaw". The term "promiscuous" can mean "[h]aving casual sexual relations frequently with different partners; indiscriminate in the choice of sexual partners, or lacking standards of selection; indiscriminate." One recognizes, however, that many of the persons mentioned herein may fit that definition, including myself.

record will show forever, that she was cited as a loose woman and that she failed to contest that.

A second case was equally interesting, that of Pamela V. Boyles. I found that she too had been charged with something like cruelty. The effective date of their divorce was 18 May 1982! I saw the connections, as loose as they might have been, and maybe why Pam pushed for a 19 May wedding date, as not only was it her sister's birthdate, but a year after her own brother and sister-in-law were granted a final divorce.

Ok, I remember that she said that Patrick came down one morning and told her that he wanted a divorce. Apparently Patrick wanted more from that marriage than Pam was willing or going to give, but even if Patrick is really to blame for the divorce, she did not contest the findings that she was mean and cruel to Patrick, and that she cared more for her career than the marriage. But, given the seriousness of the findings, I find it very odd that neither Geri Shaw nor Pam V. Boyles fought such a label. As data from public records, well, it does present an interesting dynamic on women Pam's age and what they are willing to say or do vis-à-vis relationships. In any case, their records are public documents, legally available to all, whether the women approve or not.

I can understand some things, but the only thing I can see right off the bat is that the two were just tired or

wanted to get out of their marriages as quickly as they could. If PSR had sought such declarations in our own divorce, I would have contested them. When she raised the issue of abandonment, I told her it went two ways, and that I was supposed to marry Pamela S. Holley.

How did I find out more data about PS? Well, by asking truthfully about the **mystery**, I got information about her time at the university,⁴²² and where she lived most of the time she went to school at the University of Utah. Although she had told me where she went to school, I had no idea it took her nearly a decade to finish.

I used email to get the right number to call for her work history in Portland. I simply asked if it was possible to confirm someone's employment, twice via email to the mayor's office of Portland. They directed me to the correct office.⁴²³

In addition, I remembered her ex-husband's first name. Although I did not have the exact date, I procured a copy of her first divorce,⁴²⁴ which told me where she got married, and thus I got a copy of her first marriage certificate.⁴²⁵ By the

⁴²² Fax [to Rivera] from the University of Utah (Salt Lake City), 21 January 1999.

⁴²³ In 1999, the Mayor's office of Portland provided me a contact number and the representative read me the details. In September 2006, I got the city to again confirm the details officially via email. I was also curious as to the effect of 9/11. The second query required more formal arrangements but still produced the same information.

⁴²⁴ "Holley v Holley".

⁴²⁵ In 2006, I obtained a copy of the license from the Clark County (Washington State) Auditor's Office. As of 22 June 2015, searching through the online database at <http://gis.clark.wa.gov/applications/gishome/auditor/index.cfm?pid=detail&DocNum=B33414> might prove futile unless you knew that the groom's name was misspelled as "Halley". The license was dated 19 January 1973 and given the recording

way, not all states provide copies of birth, death, marriage, and divorce papers. It depends on each state's policy. For my purposes, I was fortunate to find the states I searched were then, before 9/11, much more liberal.

I obtained government documents showing that PS had "lied" in several states, but, the statute of limitations have expired. I have the documents if no one believes me.

How did I know where she was after 1987? I was pretty certain that she was living with Bill and Norma, as they seemed then to have no limits of their patience or generosity. I did suspect, however, that she lived in Coronado when I got that letter in 1994, the one about her debt to Oregon. In 1998 I confirmed her location via the US Post Office.

I ran into only two barriers in my research. The U.S. State Department was of no assistance. And, the organization now holding the Dalkon Shield legal and administrative records (hundreds of thousands of pages), the Law School of the University of Virginia, requires that researchers pledge not reveal any names or persons identifiable in the records. I could not assent to that. The only other place of note that I made no effort was the Hotel Del Coronado for an issue cited

number B33414. However that failed to locate the record without further input. Again, one might consider the notion of "practical obscurity". In 2006, the Clark County (Las Vegas, Nevada) Recorder's Office website at first started at 1984 for marriage licenses, but now documents the Holley-Rivera license.

below. There was no reason to doubt it, but it really had no bearing on my side of the story.

Thus by memory, records, diaries, documents, interviews, questions to the right sources, and pictures, I was able to expand my own view of the person I once knew as PSHKINS. Isn't it funny what people will tell you when you ask them for the truth? Perhaps, persons like PSB and her entourage should draw some sort of lesson. For I have decided that the only recourse to the lack of truth by those persons was to expound upon my own views. Now, let someone else deny the story.⁴²⁶

As in a Hollywood undertaking, no actors were physically harmed in the creation of the project, that is, no one was coerced, threatened, or black-mailed in any way or manner in order to get answers or interviews.

I had not expected much in response to my circulation of an original draft in May 2000 and the circulation of part of the multi-media project in October 2002. But, lo and behold, I did receive, eventually, significant feedback. Some people had presumed that I was fully aware of a great many things related to the person known sometimes as Pamela Sydney Boyles. Others barely recalled, or never had met, me. But the result was that between May 2000 and September 2006 I received feedback.

⁴²⁶ One might consider a case from the US Supreme Court which held that plaintiffs bore the burden of disproving one account or another. That is, the other party/parties have to prove the entire falsity of this work, see "*Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc. v. Hepps*, 475 U.S. 767 (1986) No. 84-1491. Argued December 3, 1985. Decided April 21, 1986."

I carried out a series of interviews with persons who had known Pamela personally since the 19XX's. They agreed to answer some of my questions, and at times spoke for other persons. I have made some minor edits but the following represents the gist of the conversations.⁴²⁷

--Hello Carlos! This is xxxxxxx. I received a transcript [sic] of your time with Pamela beginning in Coronado and your life with and without her through many years. I felt that after having read your transcript and knowing what I do know I would like to discuss with you some things that I felt you either did not know, did not take into consideration, or had doubts about.

If you want to do so I can. Pamela does not know, nor do I want her to know, that I have made contact with you. Our relationship has been very strong over the years, but in view of many things that have happened in the last few years they [have become] very strained.

The contact continued in an intriguing manner:

I have spent many days thinking if I should make contact with you or not, but have chosen to do so since reading your transcript. Your script did not tell me a lot I already did not know. But there are some things I found interesting. I am not sure why you chose to write it all down but needless to say I think it very interesting that you would do so. We have not seen Pam recently but hope to do so in the next few months. That hurts too that we always have to make the effort. I think it's sad for her family and friends, and she[s] manage[d] to push both away. I know it was not what she has wanted but she makes no effort now. But what do you do?

Anyway—if you are interested please let me know. However, I do ask for your word that she is not to know that I have had contact [with you] of any kind. That is my request. Also I will not tell you where she is at this time.⁴²⁸ Please do not ask. Let me know. If you agree, I will [tell you more] about Pam.

⁴²⁷ The interviews were conducted between May and October 2000. Again, an issue of publishing the questions and answers might ostensibly present a copyright problem. However, the exchanges were initiated by the other party from their own work location, a government facility, and using both publicly financed computer(s) and internet/email connections. As per the issue of privacy, one can logically argue that such an exchange would not be private at all, since the employer owns the entire system, and the exchanges were not work related at all. One can argue further that the exchange was in violation of existing work use rules, that is, not related at all to any official duty, and thus not protected as there would be no expectation of privacy on a publicly financed system used by employees to conduct personal affairs. As a result of asking the "owner" of the email and internet system, I secured the following opinion from their legal counsel:

Dear Dr. Rivera – XXX XXXXXX asked me to respond to your recent inquiry about the XXXXXX email system. XXXX XXXX XXXXXX has an Electronic Communication Policy that explains to employees conditions associated with use of email, internet and the like. The policy provides that employees may use the County system for "limited personal use" and personal use which "does not impede county business." The policy also provides that emails on the XXXXXX system are not confidential and are subject to monitoring, so it looks like the content of any email is subject to public disclosure. I think this result would apply even in the face of a general State law that would suggest personal matters are not public. Last, XXXXXX policy also states email addresses are public information.

XXXXX X. XXXXXXXX
Deputy District Attorney

The party asked below only that I not inform Boyles of the "correspondence". No further restrictions were imposed. Even if the latter had been requested, I could have acquired the release of such communications, for they were neither confidential nor privileged. I did not inform Boyles, but one wonders what the contact thought a historian or researcher would do with the information from such interviews. Semantics yes, but again, the question remains. I edited the interviews of this and other contacts to obscure the identities of several parties.

⁴²⁸ As to Pam's location, I had already known it, and her voter registration via public records. A week after Pam moved from Coronado, she registered to vote under her real name, and registered as a Democrat in Beaverton (Washington County), Oregon. She is now supposedly a Catholic, and living in an expensive home. These links are related, as the first one no longer is valid, but the second is:

http://www.zabasearch.com/query1_zaba.php?sname=PAMELA%20%20BOYLES&state=OR&ref=&se=&doby=&city=&name_style=1&tm=&tmr=; http://www.spokeo.com/search?q=Pamela%20Boyles,%20Beaverton,%20OR&g=name_yasni_scd01#:747365377, as of 22 June 2015. The spokeo link cited her correct age, party affiliation, and indicates she might live in luxury, again at another's expense.

I did agree not to reveal that we had been in contact, and, nothing else. The party had not restricted the use of the information, explicitly or implicitly. As a result, I edited the following interviews with some minor modifications for context and identification purposes, but they remain true to the original exchanges. However, I retain electronic/digital and paper copies of the interviews for potential evidence requirements.

CRR: I appreciate your talking to me. It seems that almost any person who knows Pam will have nothing to do with me.

--You certainly have some issues that are unresolved and I am not sure they will ever be resolved. You have to understand Pam has painted a very grim picture of you to everyone. I will go into that later as well. So you must understand why no one wanted to talk to you. We began wondering a long time ago about your relationship with Pam but of course never knew where to find you or how to ask questions that would give us answers—especially from Pam.⁴²⁹ You are this mean awful person who abused Pam physically, mentally, and emotionally, and Pam asked 'why should we talk to you' if we were her friends?

CRR: Well, I did go into hiding right after the divorce, but if I am this "mean awful person", why are you talking to me now?
--Maybe to find out the truth.

CRR: So, basically, her friends and family believe that I was some kind of monster and beat Pam?
--That is why [no one was] jumping for joy to talk to you.

CRR: Funny, how they were often very polite to me.

--Oh yes, they were being nice but Pam has made it very clear that we were not to have any contact with you whatsoever! Maybe you can enlighten me to where that comes from.

CRR: Though I will readily admit that I was emotionally mean to PSR, I did not beat her, never physically touched her in a violent. If other people want to believe that, there is nothing I can do.
--Ok, so what do you want to know?

CRR: Do you know specifically what happened to Pamela Sydney Holley when I left on that deployment in October 1982?

--We guess[ed] [that] she started drinking pretty heavily while you were gone and, bingo, was a different person when you got home. I feel like we have had Pam's number a long time ago. Unfortunately, you got hung up in there somewhere.

CRR: How so?

--I think Pam was really messed up back then. She thought she could make it with you but realized she might have to go back to work again. She wasn't mentally ready to do that. She realized she shouldn't have married you and didn't know how to get out of it. She tried to make the best of a bad situation, but in Pam's case it usually gets worse.

CRR: Do you think she was ever in love with me?

--I will be very honest with you. I don't think she was ever "in love" with you. She loved you in her own way but I would say she was never in love with you. She doesn't know what love is or how to truly express love. Her idea of love is someone taking care of her. Don't get too bummed out over some of this. She was a dear friend but at what cost--for XXXX a lot. XXXX is very hurt, believe me.

⁴²⁹ As to any attempts to locate me, I did go into a seclusion mode for a bit. After I moved back into K-1 in 1987, I maintained an unlisted number and then did so again for the security building downtown. I made no real effort, that I can recall, to make any significant contact with Boyles' family or friends, nor did I give them any indication of where I was. Of all of her "circle" the only one I contacted on an irregular basis was Geri Shaw. I continued to visit Coronado until 1988, and when I moved to Ohio called her very rarely on or around her birthday. The next time I spoke with a relative after the divorce was when I called Polly Bass in December 1998. I have not spoken with any family member since February 1999, and have had no contact with Geri Shaw after 24 December 1999.

CRR: *What made Pam that way?*

--First let me tell you a few things that I think are very important about Pam and her family. Pam came from an extremely dysfunctional family if you didn't know that already.

CRR: *No, I really didn't know that when we got married.*

--Her sister Polly was the only thing [sic] that was normal. When Pam was growing up her father was a traveling salesman and never around. Her mother couldn't handle the kids half the time as she was always dealing with breakdowns, cancer, and probably a few other things. Pam was raised by her grandmother because when her parents were together all they did was argue.

CRR: *Was it that bad? I mean, my parents fought when I was a kid.*

--From what we gathered things were extremely ugly at times. They should have divorced. They were married for quite a few years before Pam came along. I guess they were living a fine life dancing every night and things were wonderful. After Pam was born, life changed and not for the better. He was always on the road, she was lonely and things were not good between them. They were always arguing and Pam grew up with it.

CRR: *Were there no happy moments in Pam's childhood?*

--When I think of it, I don't think Pam has had much happiness in her life. She was always happiest if she could travel, see the world and the sights.

CRR: *I think her mother was a part of this mystery.*

--Pam's mother had a series of breakdown around the time Polly was born. You seemed to have captured that in the manuscript.

CRR: *I met her brother once, and didn't think much of him.*

--Pam and Patrick are a pair, very similar in behavior. His life has mirrored hers in much the same way, their view of life, pretty crappy.⁴³⁰

CRR: *I never did figure their mother out, she was a very strange one, don't you think?*

--Yes, that sounds about right. When Polly was born and they finally left Salt Lake, her mom did not like it there, they moved to California, life was good for Polly because her dad was at home and her mother loved it there. They tolerated each other and made it work for Polly. But he didn't make it too long after Polly got married. Pam had gotten close to her father—as close as she could probably get to any man and she took things hard when he died.

CRR: *How did it affect her, because she only told me a few details?*

--She was married to Ron at the time this took place. Pam and relationships were not good. She never knew what a relationship was or what was it supposed to be like. She was always involved with men that didn't go anywhere. Her marriage to Ron was a mistake but she had finally finished college, and she was getting pressure from her parents to do something with her life. She moved up to Portland in 1972. They got married shortly after that. But it was not a good marriage.

CRR: *How did she meet Ron Holley?*

--[I think] [h]e was a friend of Patrick, and after Patrick got out of the service, they [got together]. Pam remained in Salt Lake when her parents left for California. [She] got a small [basement] apartment and finished school.⁴³¹ She lived there until she left Portland and married Ron. XXXX and she were good friends at that point. The family took her in as one of their own. She celebrated all holidays with them and everything even when her brother was still in the navy. As a good old fashioned family she was accepted by everyone. They were the family she never had. That is the truth. She fit right in. She loved XXXX['s] mom and they accepted her as one of the family.

CRR: *What was Ron like? I have tried to reach him but he doesn't respond.*⁴³²

--Well, he was a mama's boy. His mother had muscular dystrophy or something like that and every time she rang Ron went running. There were other problems as well that I don't want to get into at this point but it was not good. But, he was not very educated and unfortunately it really showed. After she got married to Ron, her personality really changed as things in her life changed.

⁴³⁰ Betty "Pat" Boyles might be considered a strange individual, and Pam and Patrick really seem to take after her. She bought her present home about a year or so after Eldredge passed, I think with the insurance money and has owned it since. I believe her "boyfriend" shared it with her at one time. The last I remember about Pat and the "boyfriend" was that Pam and Polly were worried that she was going to get married in a community property state and then lose everything to the man. I think they were worried more about any estate that they would inherit. While her phone number is/was unlisted, I was able to confirm a Portland address via www.zabasearch.com on 23 November 2011. One might recognize that the data might be out of date, but it did list the correct address for "Patricia P. [sic] Boyles" born in April 1919.

⁴³¹ AncestryLibrary.com confirmed that from 1970 to 1972 Pamela Boyles lived in a "basement" apartment, as of 30 November 2011.

⁴³² I spoke with his current wife, Shannon, on 18 November 2006. She confirmed that he was unlikely to respond at all to any queries.

CRR: *How did she change?*

--Her marriage to Ron was not the most wonderful thing in her life. She gained a great deal of weight. Ron was a big guy and the two of them had nothing really in common. It just wasn't good.

CRR: *Is that when she started to change into what I refer to as a nymph? [Author's note: the question is not tied to "nymphomania"]*

--Oh yes, when Pam was married to Ron things were not going good and she decided she wanted to go to Greece. She got Norma to go with her.

CRR: *So, can you tell me more about what happened with Greece and Cyrus?*

--I will tell you that Pam has really changed over the years and I think most it happened when she lived in Greece. Things were not good at home so she saved her money and she and Norma went to Greece for I think 3 to 4 weeks. She fell in love with Greece and all the Greek men. She came back home, gave herself a year to save money, divorced Ron, quit her job, sold everything, and lost some weight. She moved to Greece with the intent of working there or owning a bookstore⁴³³, something like that. Well, in Greece women own nothing. So you know where that got her?

CRR: *Trouble and other bad things is what I understand.*

--Yes, she got nowhere. But that is where she met Cyrus, along with plenty of other men as well.

CRR: *You do know that she made that subject off limits when we met?*

--I can't understand why Pam and all her friends made her out to be such a secretive type person. Who knows?

CRR: *I was not supposed to ask her about what happened before we met.*

--Yes, I can't imagine why you wouldn't want people to know who and what you are. It just doesn't make any sense.

CRR: *So, then, she met the love of her life in Greece?*

--Cyrus is who she fell in love with or was cast under his spell. He worked in the underground selling guns to Iran or something along that line. It has been so long that I can't remember all the details. His family had been killed over there. I think you know most of this information.

CRR: *No, not really. Did she have a breakdown when she came back?*

--Pam never had a breakdown before this happened to her in Greece. I am not sure she actually had a breakdown when she got home but it was close to it.

CRR: *OK, what is it with Pam, men, and finances? I mean, she took her legal settlement from A.H. Robins and pretty well spent it in less than a year.*

--We, too, couldn't understand why she would take the money she got from her lawsuit and go the Egypt and blow the wad. But in case you didn't learn this about Pam—she has never, and I mean never, been real good with money.

CRR: *Yes, I experienced that, and, since she never worked while we were married, I always wondered what happened with the monthly allotment I sent her for two years [May 1983-April 1985].*

--In all the years I have known her, she has never been good with money nor has she ever been concerned about the future. That is why when she went to Egypt, it blew us away because we knew money was always an issue for her and this could have really helped her out. We chatted right before she went overseas but her reality was out there.

CRR: *You know that money lasted only about a year after she got it, and didn't actually save much?*

--But instead she blew it—very much like Pam.

CRR: *So, how did she get so bad with financial matters?*

--As far as the money thing—forget it! That is how Pam was. She wanted someone with money to take care of her—that is all there is to it. She never intended in getting a job after you two got married. She wanted someone to take care of her so she could live the way she wanted.

CRR: *So, how did she survive Portland and Coronado after the divorce? I know she worked at the paper for a while, but what else?*

--She worked part-time for the Oregonian but never made much money. When she decided to move back to Coronado, that is when and where she started struggling. She borrowed money to finance part of the move. She later had a part-time job at the Hotel Coronado making next to nothing.

CRR: *How did she make ends meet?*

--Her family and a few other friends would help out once in a while. Whenever anyone visited her in Portland and then in Coronado they paid for everything, and she never offered to help as she had no money. But after a while in Coronado she talked about all these medical problems she was having and XXXXX told me she eventually got fired from her job. Sometimes friends and family helped her out with the rent or money for food and other stuff.

⁴³³ Inspired most likely by Sylvia Beach, see Fitch, Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation.

CRR: It sounds like a number of folks fell into the same trap I did.

--Several people stopped communicating with her as they figured she would keep asking for more money. As time went on she began expecting the money, we wondered what was going on. We were really concerned as to why she was staying there if she couldn't afford it. But, hell, why not when you have family and friends willing to support you.

CRR: So what changed?

--XXXXX made some phone calls, talked to some other folks and it didn't take long to figure it out. [We] never loaned her any money after the first couple of years, [we] knew better.

CRR: So, what was really going on with her then?

--It didn't take us long to figure out most of medical problems were probably not as bad as she said nor were the problems that she said she had were true. Anyway, she managed to stay on till the first of December [1999] when she finally left Coronado. Needless to say, we couldn't believe it when she moved.

CRR: It sounds like you were a bit upset over her move.

--We were all devastated, hurt, and damn mad. And most of the other people who were helping her out couldn't believe it either. After years of friendship I felt like she had taken real advantage of us.

CRR: So, am I responsible for her move and her so-called medical emergency?

--She is in counseling but I think it will take years for her to recover. So as you can see, you are not involved with this problem between her and Coronado.

CRR: And the relationship with Bill and Norma? It seemed a bit unusual?

--My point of view I am sure you will find is like yours in most cases. Bill and Norma were extremely generous. She lived with them until she moved back down to Coronado some years ago. But, as far as Bill and Norma I really don't think Pam and Bill had anything going.

CRR: But, they seemed to have a relationship of sorts.

--She got close to Bill. He is a wonderful man. He was easy to get close to and easy to confide in as Pam did. He was a real father image for Pam. He reminded her of her father. He was a very loveable man and came from a large family and was extremely easy to talk to and fun loving. Her mother on the other hand was a very cold person that you could never warm up to. Did you ever meet her?

CRR: Yes, and we did not get along.

--Anyway, Bill reminded her of her father and I think he really took her father's place for her.

CRR: What happened to their generosity? Did they get tired of it?

--They sold their home, one of the reasons why Pam wanted to leave Portland as she knew they were going to sell their home, buy a motor home and travel. Bill and Norma have been to see Pam several times. They had a falling out for a while but then made up. Their home base is in Ohio where [Norma's] niece lives [in Tipp City, Ohio]. But they spend winters in Florida, then head to Ohio, then to Portland, and fall and early winter [they spend] in Arizona.

CRR: So, has Pam been sick for all of these years?

--Pam never went to the doctors for years, including the years you two were married. That was how she got several of us to help her out financially after she moved back to Coronado.

CRR: Is she still an alcoholic?

--Yes, I would say Pam is an alcoholic—a long time one. But it probably started long before you came along. She told me she would not go to military doctors when she was married to you. So she had no medical help since she left the city of Portland. When she was having some medical problems in Coronado this last go around no one is sure how much of it was true and how much of it was just her telling us stories to get money from people.

CRR: What is actually wrong with her now?

--I know she said she has some medical problems but no one really knows for sure what they are. I think some are serious but it might be a while before we know.

CRR: Has she been married more than twice, as I couldn't figure out the alias she is using now?

--No. You were husband #2. Ron was [#1]. Pam started using the last name of Jordan when she left for [Coronado in 1994]. How much before that she changed her name we don't know but we still call her Boyles and so does everyone else we know. She told us she changed her name in order for you not to be able to find her. Interesting, huh?

CRR: Was she worried that I eventually would figure out the lies?

--Carlos, I really don't have an answer for that.

CRR: Pam and her mother had a horrible relationship, and I seemed to have been caught up in it.

--Pam's mom is still alive. She winters in California, I think, but has very little contact with Pam. Pam still has a major problem with that. I am sure that is one of her hang ups and always will be until she can deal with it.

CRR: So, has she ever been close to anyone?

--She never really had a family. That is the truth. Her father's death really affected her. As to Pam's mom, she was always so cold, really amazing. But that is the way she has always been.

CRR: Did Pam keep up the writing?

--Pam wrote off and on after the divorce but nothing that ever happened. A few poems and that was it.

CRR: She always wanted to write something big.

--She started a book but it didn't get far. We think the drinking took over.

CRR: So, what is it with this age thing? I found out that several places now list her as a year younger than she really is.

--I am not sure when she was born. She always was very conscientious of her age, especially with you. I think I remember her telling me she lied to you about her age.⁴³⁴ That sounds par for the course.

CRR: Lying about her age is not the only thing she seemed to cover up.

--She almost has a split personality in some sense. She can turn things on and off very quickly. I have had to reflect back to understand what happened to Pam and how she has ended up like this. She has nothing to show for her life, no job, no home, no family love, no love period, and very few friends.

CRR: Why is she like that?

--She has some travel experiences that she can reflect on and wonder if she did the right thing back then. I wouldn't want her life for anything. She can't even hold down a part time job. She has made a mess of her life and has touched other peoples' lives along the way, mostly in a negative manner. People usually change for the good as they get older but not in her case. I can't honestly say I can remember Pam doing the right thing for a change. It was always the wrong decision.

CRR: So, when I surmised that she is sick, I really wasn't off the mark?

--Yes, I would say she is sick. Reality is hard for her now and probably will be for a while. Pam has always felt that traveling was what she was meant to be doing with her life. You have to have some substance in your life, in your everyday living to make life worth living. Pam wanted to live her dreams and her fantasies for the rest of her life, and have someone else pay for it. It usually doesn't work that way!

CRR: She must have had a real glimmer of hope in her at one time. I can't believe that she was always this way.

--She had some great times before we all had to get serious. You managed to get a taste of Pam of what she was like when she was younger. Not matter who or what she did, she was never the same after Greece. I think you tried, but she has so many problems to work out I will be surprised if she is ever really together again.

CRR: I have tried to reach her a number of ways, and finally told her that if she wouldn't tell me what happened in 1982 and 1983, I would find another way. At this point, I suspect we will never talk again.

--I can tell you she will never have contact with you again until she realizes, if ever, what went [on] during the years the two of you were married and even before that.

CRR: Pam had this beautiful singing voice, and really thrilled me with her voice. Did she want to be a singer when she was younger?

--As far as I know, Pam never sang in any school choir and [I] can't be sure that she ever wanted to sing.

After some delay, this contact queried me as to any

"finale" on their "contribution" to the project:

Haven't talked with [Pam] for a while. She evidently doesn't want to talk so we will see. I will write after the holiday. Have a good one.

I then announced I was terminating the "connection":

It certainly has been a long (time). Anyway, I am signing off of this and several other of my email accounts. As per my word to you earlier, I did not, I repeat, did not tell Pam that I had "communicated" with you.

That party responded:

⁴³⁴ But one aspect that may have played a role in the age issue was the term "baby-boomer", very much in the news in the early 1960s. Why is that important? As she approached 21 and realized, perhaps, that she was not part of the group of boomers, but a part of the World War II generation, she may have found a way to look "hip" and not old. Another possibility is an uncorrected mistake. Only she can answer that.

So can I keep in contact with you [via] e-mail? Sorry it has been a while. My personal and work life has been way too hectic was just about to respond to all the other questions you have had. Let me know.

We are no longer in contact.

Now, one might consider that Pamela at one time or another told people I had physically abused her and that I had left her without any financial assets at the time of our divorce. How does one prove a negative? Well, one can seek to prove the credibility of one party or another.

If truth is a defense to defamation, one can prove that the accuser has had a long and troubled life or existence. Ultimately, in the court of public opinion and in the legal world, credibility may be one factor.⁴³⁵

Below are more examples of how I have made contact with other persons:

I have been working on a manuscript with some issues related to Portland and city government. I was referred to you by associates of former mayor [Frank] Ivancie. They mentioned that you were once his "right hand" person in the 1970s or 1980s. If I am in error, please forgive the interruption.

Might you recall a Pamela S. Holley, reportedly the mayor's secretary at one time, and later Taxi Cab Supervisor before leaving the city to move to Greece in April 1981?

The response back was:

This just doesn't ring any bells. I don't think we had taxi cab regulation reporting to us directly. For some reason, I think it reported to Mildred Schwab. I was Frank's executive assistant for a couple of years between late 1979 and early

⁴³⁵ I decided to include much about myself and my own failings, both as a man and as a husband as a point of credibility. Those outside the "circle" might not accept with any degree of certainty, but, again, I did not beat her or physically hurt Pam. But you know hurt comes in many ways. All I can say from my own viewpoint is that she must be really angry with me still, or, under some sort of mental stress. Now everyone has their own version of the truth. Why is mine any better than hers? Well, that is a legitimate question, but the major distinction is what I have managed to collect in one place (sometimes referred to as data or information aggregation)—the book and interviews seem to bear out much of what I have learned over the last few years. I think Pam forgets that the debris in the wake of her past is still on or near the surface and no matter how much she seeks to escape the past, it won't disappear totally. One might consider that at one extreme she might suffer from a split personality? How's this supposed to help her? One might believe it wouldn't be a positive. But, this isn't designed to help her. It's to help me get answers. With her own behavior in 1982 and 1983 and since the divorce, she has made it clear that I really had little part in the story. Ultimately, she's responsible for her recovery—I'm looking out for mine. It may not be a positive for her, but then again, she and others in the know between 1982 and 1987 weren't, or aren't, worried about any positives for me either.

Some might argue that this seems so mean-spirited. Compared to what? The hell she put me through? (And yes, we put each other through various forms of hell). She "lied" to me in 1982 and since 1986 she's remained locked into her own personal path of destruction, deceiving others to this very day apparently. What obligation do I have to her now? "How about humility, kindheartedness, generosity of spirit?" You mean all of the attributes she seems to have forgotten about since we met in 1982. Now, that's a hoot, especially since anything like the truth escapes her field of vision. "But, Carlos, haven't you heard that two wrongs don't make a right." Yes, and, one wrong doesn't correct the record, and an uncorrected wrong still remains an injustice. I remained silent for decades. I refuse to remain silent anymore.

1982. I did much of the hiring for the Mayor's staff and there was not a Pam Holley around during the years I was there. The woman who preceded me was Pat Bell and she died shortly before I came to work for Frank. Could you narrow the time-frame a bit? Maybe I can suggest someone else.

I gladly accepted their suggestion of another contact.

This contact was a big name in Portland and I am sure Pam would have known them. Anyway, the contact seemed potentially valuable. I sent them the same usual information and added other details:

I am actually working on a historical project and since I haven't been in Portland for years, thought an "interview" might be helpful in my endeavors. I was trying to see if you recall a staffer for Frank Ivancie, Pamela S. Holley, described as a strikingly tall blonde, at times a bit heavy, enamored of all things Greek. She worked as a secretary and eventually Taxi Cab Coordinator before leaving the city to move to Greece. She was a close associate of one of your own staff, Norma Moulton.

The contact had no recall of Pam Holley, and I tried again.

XXX also does not remember her at all, though city records show she was a city employee. I have attached a small image of her that might be of use.

And below is the contact's second response:

Last Monday, I sent a copy of your query to 17 people who might possibly remember Pamela S. Holley. I have not received a single response. If I haven't heard from anyone by now, I think it's safe to assume I'm not going to. Sorry about that. If anyone does respond, I will, of course, send their contact information along to you.

Of course, contacts and responses like those below often prove very rewarding. The first one would be from the person who inspired her "AKA" in the mid-90s. It proved interesting only if one can appreciate that I finally recalled that PSHKINS spoke well of this person, Charles Jordan.⁴³⁶

First, however, I had to actually locate him as he had retired from Portland politics just as I was seeking to contact him. He was a very influential figure in the city and

⁴³⁶ Charles R. Jordan (1 September 1937-) first moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1970 to work on the federal Model Cities Program. With the exception of a five year period from 1984-89 when he was director of Parks and Recreation in Austin, Texas, he was a fixture of public life in Portland for the next three decades. He was appointed to a city council vacancy in 1974, making Jordan the city's black commissioner. Jordan was elected in 1976 and re-elected in 1980 and 1984. Later, Jordan was Fire Commissioner for two years, Police Commissioner for five years and Parks Commissioner for three years.

was now the head of a major national conservation organization. I hoped he had time to answer any queries:

I am working on my "auto/biography" and was hoping that I might trouble you about potential details. They date back to the late 1970s and up to 1981, and in fact, perhaps are even related to you between 1987 and 1999.

Might you recall someone by the name of Pamela S. Holley? She worked for local government in Multnomah/Portland between 1974 and 1981. She worked in various positions in and with the police department. Her last position, from city records, was Taxi Cab Coordinator(?). She was a tall striking blonde, if that helps any. She left in April 1981 to move to Greece. Later she worked on a campaign for a candidate for commissioner in 1984.

I met her in California during my service time in the navy. I recall she mentioned your name, favorably, several times. In any case, I was hoping that you might recall her, and if so, if you might be amenable to an "interview". I suspect your influence was a very positive one, as she wanted to become a writer, and chose the name of "Pamela Jordan". She moved from Portland around that time, and we are now longer in contact.

Sometimes, patience is a virtue, and I received the following response:⁴³⁷

I am 80% sure I remember her. If it's the one I am thinking of, she also did a stint at the Oregonian. She spent about ten hours with me over a period of time writing about my life. I have been trying to locate her, as well. I am writing my book and she could sure save me a lot of time.

I am not sure we are talking about the same one but, it sure would be a coincidence if it isn't. I don't know that much about her. Did she work for Frank Ivancie for a while? I am checking with someone else at the city to see if they remember her.

I thought, "What the heck? It couldn't hurt to try to get answers from two decades ago by trying such a venue as Charles R. Jordan, formerly of Portland. He had been a respected member of Portland government at one time.

Well, anything you can remember and feel free to share without violating any confidences would be just great. I am looking for insights about character, personality, motivation, work ethics, etc., etc.

If you can recall specifics about her work with the city, that would be great. And, if you can point me to persons who might have other insights that would be greatly appreciated.

Another exchange:

I am sorry but all I can remember was her work ethic and how pleasant she was. I asked my secretary and, although she remembered her, she can't remember any interaction with her.

But, bolstered by that process, I figured it couldn't hurt to make more queries and after some research found the politician that Pam had worked for in the 1984 campaign. The

⁴³⁷ Email exchanges between Jordan and Rivera, from 4 February to 13 February 2005.

surprises, so to speak, continued, with a limited response from the former Portland politician.

Hello Mr. (Dick) Bogle,

I am pretty sure you will not recall me, but we met only once, on 1 January 1985, as you were sworn in as a Portland City Commissioner. I am currently in Ohio, and have been working on my "auto/biography", and was hoping that I might trouble you with some questions of that time frame.

Please query me later. I am recovering from hip surgery and moving to a new home next week.

Dick Bogle

So, I tried a few weeks later:

Hello again Mr. Bogle

Though we had met only once, on 1 January 1985, I was wondering, at your leisure of course, if you might remember someone who worked on your 1984 campaign staff, a Pamela Rivera, and, later my ex-wife shortly after your election. I have been working on my autobiography and wanted to get any insights that you might recall. I am not asking to violate any confidences. I have been referred to you, so I beg your indulgence for interrupting your important work of recovery and moving, and hope that you might find a convenient time to address possibly some of my questions.

Well, the query produced the following:

I barely remember that someone named Pamela Rivera worked as a volunteer on my campaign. Therefore, I doubt I would be of any assistance with your auto-biography.

Other responses from contacts in Portland were, however,

"tantalizing":

I didn't know Pamela Holley, though her name sounds vaguely familiar. I did know some of Mr. Ivancie's other staffers, though my connection with him was through my father, who knew them all fairly well. I had occasion a few months ago to encounter XXXX, who worked during Mr. Ivancie's tenure, and I occasionally see Maureen Yandle who worked in his office. You might ask them directly.

So, I tried the reference(s) cited above and it again proved interesting. I first used a direct subtle approach, asking if Maureen A. Yandle⁴³⁸ might be familiar with a number of persons in the mayor's office in the 70s, and early 80s. I asked specifically about Ivancie, and Pamela, and a couple personally unknown to me, Sally and Carl.

I am working on an auto/biography and wondered if you might be able to assist me as you worked for Ivancie during a particular time frame.

⁴³⁸ Yandle (December 1951-) was previously at the Japanese Gardens in Portland and then moved over to the city of Portland government. Details on Yandle's career were also found on her high school alumni page, <http://www.classreport.org/usa/or/portland/shs/1970> as of 22 June 2015.

Might you remember a Pamela S. Holley, who worked for the city and/or Frank Ivancie between 1974 and 1981. She was a tall striking blonde, who worked in various bureaus, including the police, with or for Charles Jordan, and became Taxi Cab Coordinator before moving to Greece in mid-1981? I wondered also if you might remember a "power" couple of Carl and Sally, last name(s) unknown, and if so, how to contact them?

Well, I hit more pay dirt, again, so to speak:

I remember all of them very well. This was an impressionable time for me as I was a young and eager 'politico' working for an often grouchy and misunderstood old-style commissioner. I worked for Ivancie from 1978 through 1985. Occasionally I run into Sally and Carl. That would be Sally and Carl Goebel. He used to head up the Water Bureau. Sally and I shared an office in city hall and then she went to work for the Water Bureau after Frank became Mayor. Her maiden name was Stone. Sally and Carl are downtown dwellers.⁴³⁹

OK, I figure I could get more specific and ask directly about

Pam:

I shared an office with Pamela Holley for a while also when Ivancie was Commissioner of Public Utilities. She did move to Greece but moved back to the Portland area after an unfortunate set of experiences there. She wasn't in Greece very long. She moved back to Portland and then moved to San Diego. I lost track of her after visiting her in San Diego in 1982. One of her best friends during the 70's and early 80's in City Hall was a woman named Norma (last name escapes me) who worked in the City of Portland's Auditor's office for years. It seemed like everybody in city government knew Norma. There may still be someone in the Portland Auditor's office today that would know where she is and I wouldn't be surprised if Norma kept up with Pam.

Hmmm, the subtle approach seemed to work well, and I pressed a little bit further, asking for more details on Ivancie's leadership style. I was curious as to what kind of personality Pam might have been attracted to, vis-à-vis, leadership, and even a father-figure type. I also slipped in questions about PSHKINS, and Greece:

Frank was a task master but fluctuated between advice from his headstrong old' boy's network (cigar smokers and martini drinkers at the Trader Vic's in the lobby of the Benson Hotel) and advice from his young, modern political team who hung out with the other staffers at the Veritable Quandary. He was a screamer at times but what politician isn't from time-to-time. His level of frustration ran very high especially with Council mates, Neil Goldschmidt, Charles Jordan, Mildred Schwab, and Connie McCray. He always seemed the odd man out. Frank was not a good communicator. He appeared confident but wasn't. He was not a modern leader which eventually cost him the Mayor's election in 1984 when an out-of-the blue tavern owner, Bud Clark, decided to run and the voters thought him refreshing. Bud trounced him.

I asked about Ivancie's relationship with the female staff:

⁴³⁹ The exchanges herein with Yandle took place between February 2005 and September 2006, via email and in person. I tried to contact Carl and Sally Goebel, former acquaintances of PSH, first by telephone and then the old-fashioned approach, shot gunning letters to the addresses they might be reside. I have received no return phone call or correspondence as of 13 December 2006.

I am working on an auto/biographical project about the former Pamela S. Holley and I. As part of the process, I have continued to interview persons and offices that might shed light on the past. Perhaps you may have already heard of my research efforts. I am hoping that you might consent to an interview. From the research, it seems that "domestic" abuse or violence between the years 1945 and 1982 is plausible. I understand that you two may have had a relationship of sorts with Pamela between 1973 and 1982. If you are amenable to such questions, I would be most grateful.

Frank treated women fairly if he respected them. His chief of staff at the Commissioner's office and at the Mayor's office was Sue Keil whom he had great respect for. She was and is tough as nails. A great leader and excellent communicator, she kept Frank on task and on track. When he got out of line or his decision-making needed an overhaul she went on-on-one with him and he usually took her advice. He usually treated me fairly although my position was thought of more as "fluff" during those years. Bureau heads were mostly men. I thought Frank did have a knack for surrounding himself with good people.

Frank had a troubled home life with a wife, Eileen, who was an alcoholic and ten kids, four girls and six boys if I remember currently. Frank wasn't a philanderer that I know of because he was a staunch Catholic not that that necessarily means anything but I feel guilt was a huge issue with Frank. I traveled a lot with him both domestically and abroad and I never saw any impropriety with any other member of a delegation. I almost always knew of his whereabouts as I did his briefings, prepared his remarks, kept track of his schedule, etc.

I decided it was best to get right to work, specifically about Pam.

CRR: What exactly did Pam do for the city, and can you provide specifics on the circumstances of her work and demeanor?
Pam Holley was Frank's secretary when I came on staff. She moved into the position of taxi cab supervisor when the position was formed and placed under the auspices of the Commissioner of Public Utilities. She enjoyed that position. I cannot remember if she worked for Charles Jordan. She did not have political ambitions. She did not have the professional or academic background or the personality background. Pam was rather quiet and reserved and from my observations and friendship with her [you could tell] she did not enjoy the spotlight. She was also very self-conscious of her size. (emphasis added by author)

CRR: Can you be more specific about Pam's Greek story?
The unfortunate circumstances were not tied to Portland but rather tied to a romantic relationship with a [man who] turned physically abusive. This woman fell in love with Greece and its people and I believe this episode really hurt her emotionally. She was never quite the same after that. She was last living in a small apartment near the San Diego naval base. I can't recall what kind of work she was doing, if any.

CRR: Pam used to speak highly of a couple, Carl and Sally. Who are they?
The "power" couple, Sally and Carl, were considered such because the Water Bureau was developing a huge hydroelectric power plant project at Bull Run. Sally was the liaison to the Water Bureau and I liaison to the [...] division. Sally and Carl enjoyed working so much together that she left Frank's office and went to work with Carl. They were considered assets during Ivancie's years but also clashed with him. Frank could be negative and stubborn and those traits are frustrating. They left city employment in the late 80's and both became consultants. Hope all of this is interesting and answers your questions. If you find Pam Holley, I'd love to know.

I carried on with more directness.

I want to thank you again for your candid responses...and something you wrote leads me to some disclosures of my own. You wrote: "If you find Pam Holley, I'd love to know."

I met a wonderful, beautiful woman, my neighbor downstairs, in Coronado, California on 28 May 1982. I was then 26. We became involved and "fell in love"...with the caveat that anything that happened to her before we met was completely off limits. On 30 October 1982, I had to leave for a 6 month's deployment overseas, getting to the Persian Gulf eventually. On Christmas Day 1982, calling from Hong Kong, I proposed and she accepted.

During the time I was away (30 October 1982-7 May 1983) I detected that she was undergoing some extreme radical changes but as I was 16,000 miles away, there was little I could do. When I returned to Coronado on 7 May 1983, I encountered a completely different woman, in appearance, in personality, in nearly every manner possible. I decided it was just temporary and we married 16 May 1983. However, since I still had to finish my active duty, we did not live together until April 1985. We lived in Portland but during the year between April 1985 and May 1986 I could not understand what was going on with the woman I married. It was stressful, and created a very strained marriage. I became a complete jerk, as described by many persons, and not understanding what had transpired. I kept expecting her to return to the person I recall from 1982, but that never happened. We separated in May 1986 and divorced in June 1987. The last time we actually had a conversation was in June 1988. As you can surmise, I have been working on a book for a number of years now. And you can also surmise as well that it is about "Pamela S. Holley", the woman I met in May 1982.

It came about when in October 1998, I began a "descent into hell" and required help. I asked the question: what happened to "Pamela S. Holley" while I was away on deployment? No one would talk to me, including Pam herself, nor would anyone in her immediate family, or, any of her lifelong friends. I told them that if they were unwilling to talk, I would do it on my own. At this point, I have "interviewed" nearly 250 persons. Now I have a [rough] manuscript of 500 pages.

I was being circumspect when I approached you, and was surprised with your reply. I appreciate it, but I wanted to be honest with you about the whole thing. Over the last years or so, I have contacted many persons who knew Pam as I wanted to get a

better picture of who she was before I met her. Surprisingly, many persons recently have been willing to talk, and are providing glimpses into that era before 28 May 1982. There was so much I did not know. Call it blissful ignorance, blind love, etc., etc., but I was willing to live with the no disclosure rule she had set up as long as I could be with her. As to some of the information she may have shared with you, well, there are differences in the telling as is normal with people and their recall. By the way, I "knew" Norma very well. We did not get along at all. So, as a reward to her, I agreed to her witnessing the divorce papers...my strange sense of humor. Anyway, I expect at this stage you may be flummoxed. I apologize if my outreach to you seemed so circumspect. Since you reported visiting Pam in Coronado in 1982, I wondered if we had ever met. I was her neighbor upstairs, and then moved in with her right before my deployment. In fact, Bill and Norma Moulton visited Pam while I was out at sea in June 1982, and Pam stayed in my apartment. Pam lived with Bill and Norma from September 1986 to December 1993, and then they sold their house and Pam had to relocate.

Then it seemed to vividly click for Maureen:

I remember you!!! I remember meeting you!!! I remember Pam talking about you!!! I remember the apartment!!! Talk about deejay [sic] vu!!! Even when I received your first query your name seemed familiar to me but I couldn't place it. Thank you for your honesty. I was curious about your inquiries and although you seemed to disguise them under an Ivancie umbrella, it was the Pamela Holley questions that truly stood out. Memories are flooding back.

I knew Ron Holley. That was an unhappy marriage from what I could tell. Or, rather, it was a marriage of convenience and emptiness. There was no energy there. I remember Pam having a "slumber party" inviting Norma and myself. That was one of the few times I got close to Pam. I vividly remember Norma belly dancing for us in a traditional costume. She said Bill liked her to do that and it made her feel sexy. You and I both know what Norma looked like!⁴⁴⁰ I remember Pam made Greek food and we drank wine and talked. She had a thing for Greece...for escaping her dull life. I don't remember Pam being happy about anything. She seemed to walk through life as if drugged. She could laugh heartily but that wasn't often.

I remember her falling for one of the City of Portland attorneys who came from Greek ancestry, Kris Kristopoulos I believe his name was. She tried everything she could to get him interested in her but nothing was ever going to happen. When she went to Greece she was truly looking for love and she did fall hard for a Greek man but he hurt her physically and emotionally.

When I visited her in San Diego I was still working for the Mayor's office in Portland and was attending a conference in San Diego. I visited relatives there as well as Pam. I don't remember her having a job at that time. I only remember visiting in her apartment and sitting outside on the grass. We didn't go anywhere.

If I could sum up Pam's personality I would say she was unhappy and lonely. The only persons she seemed to be close to were Norma and Bill. They were both quite a bit older than her so I couldn't really understand their connection. Pam may have seen the happiness they shared and felt "taken care of" when with them. Almost like surrogate parents but I'm playing therapist. I knew she had family but I don't remember her having much of a connection. My mom and I were and still are very close but Pam didn't seem to have that kind of relationship with her mother. I remember her speaking highly of her father though. Pam and I had a friendship of sorts. But we were very different people. Me...who loved family and friends and had a great many male relationships and boyfriends. Pretty much the antithesis of Pam, don't you think? We were like Mike and Spike, the old cartoon character dogs.

Since the possibility of abuse between 1945 and 1972 may also be a factor in Pamela's life I raised the issue.

After running it through some professional types at the university, they seemed to concur at a level, though with the caveat that without direct access to a subject, they can only speculate. But, the pattern was tied to her emotional "connection" to men she might have described, accurately or otherwise, as abusers.

Again, this may be touchy, but we surmise that there was some kind of "domestic" violence or abuse in Pam's life, seemingly well before 1982, and most likely before 1972, it may have been between 1956 and 1966.

Anyway, without violating any confidences, do you know if that might that have crossed the minds of others folks when you were all together. Your description of her personality matched similar descriptions well before, and after her stint in Portland.

I received the following response:

⁴⁴⁰ The 9 July 1979 Portland Oregonian lists Norma as the secretary of the Middle East Dance and Cultural Association.

I only heard Pam's comment about the fellow in Greece having physically abused her. While married to Ron, during the time I knew her, I did not witness any signs of abuse nor any discord for that matter. In fact I would say that they were having a rather complacent, unemotionally attached marriage which, coupled with her love to travel, contributed to their marriage ending. She didn't seem happy and she bore no bruises or other physical maladies when I saw her at work from what I am remember. My recollection is that if something abusive was going on she may not have confided in many but she would have confided in Norma whose "mouth" was legendary. Nothing could have remained a secret.

Again I reiterate that I was an impressionable 27, fresh out of school. Being hired to work for a City Commissioner was big time for me so I was very aware of my surroundings. I felt like I was with the "adults" so I soaked up everything like a sponge. If something as heinous as physical abuse were taking place I believe I would have noticed.

So, I thought to find the Greek-American attorney, and made queries about a "Kris Kristopoulos" via the City Attorney's office in Portland. In February and March of 2005 I contacted Ana Kalmanek (3 December 1950-), a city analyst, now retired, via email:

You are probably looking for Kris Scoumperdis. Twenty years ago he was employed as an attorney by the City of Portland. He's a very nice person. I looked in the 2005 Oregon State Bar book and found the following information [not repeated] that I hope helps you locate him.

So, pushing the envelope again, I tried more subtle questioning:

Might you know if anyone on staff was also there in that period? I was trying to find someone who either knew or worked with an Ivancie staffer, a Pamela S. Holley, who left the city in April 1981 to move to Greece?

And again, magic:

Funny you should ask about Pam Holley. She was a good friend of mine. She came back to Portland from Greece and I think she was married to a "Rivera". Are you her ex-husband? Unfortunately, I lost track of her a while back...you know how that goes...If you happen to get in contact with her, please tell her I'm at...

So, I tried the direct approach in the next exchange:

Yes, I am the one and the same. The last time Pam and I actually talked was in 1988. I moved to Ohio shortly after that and now teach history at the Ohio State University.

I recently started an "auto/biography" and was trying to get some information about her duties, etc., with the city and Frank Ivancie. I find that some people remember her, and others don't. Others refer me to other persons, which is how I got to your office. I spoke with XXXX and she had no memory of Pam during those years.

Small world indeed. By chance did we ever meet? I was in the Navy from 1980 to 1985 and shortly after I left active duty we I split up. We did live at the old McCormick Pier apartments for a year or so. But I have little recall of much of the goings on those days, a bad attribute for a professional historian.

Might you be, amenable to an "interview" about Pam and those days? I would understand any hesitance, and recognize of course that the passage of time might have eroded some details, but would be most grateful.

This prompted the following:

You and I never met. However I recall Pam telling me she had been married to a guy by the last name of "Rivera". Pam and I would meet occasionally for coffee or lunch, but after a while I lost track of her. I tried looking for her in the phone book under Pamela Holley and also Rivera, so the name stuck for some reason. Unfortunately, I wouldn't be much help with in an interview because I do not remember Pam's job duties...too long ago.... However, I recall she did constituency work for the Commissioner, and for a while was in charge of the city's taxi-cab regulations/taxes. Pam

and I had mutual "city" friends and they don't seem to know where she went. Some retired or left city employment, but they also lost track of her. As for when I last saw Pam, it has been at least 10 years, if not more. It certainly is a small world so I'm hopeful that you will find her. If you happen to find her please tell her that I would love to hear from her.⁴⁴¹

I next tried to contact the Greek-American attorney, Kris H. Scoumperdis,⁴⁴² for a long shot:

Hello Mr. Scoumperdis,

I am asking about someone you may recall who worked for Ivancie, Pamela S. Holley? She was a tall striking blonde, at times a bit heavy, and was fascinated with all things Greek. She worked for the city until April 1981 and moved to Greece.

C: I remember the name, but, really nothing else...good luck! K

In the interim, I made contact again with Rosemary C. Pohl, Pam's cousin, about the Boyles family.

Hope all is well in Portland. Anyway, I recently had the following conversation with a third party:

"Pam came from a dysfunctional family. Eldredge was a traveling salesman and Pat couldn't handle the kids as she was always dealing with breakdowns, cancer, and a few other things. Pam was raised by her grandmother."

The events were described as happening in Spokane. Was this person referring to your own grandmother, Sybil Eldredge, and does it sound likely to have happened, or do you know it as false?

I am sure it was not my grandmother. We lived away from the rest, and only infrequently saw any cousins, except my cousins here. We went to Spokane only every few years. Most of my relatives just kept to themselves. My dad's big gripe was always the same-if we ever saw any of [the Boyles], it was always at my parent's instigation, so they sort of stopped keeping in touch. I contacted a first cousin (on dad's side) who just wouldn't talk to me about anything. I have relatives on my mom's side that I talk to from time to time, that's all, except my own siblings. Too many old issues and bad blood, I guess. People claim they know nothing and don't want to know....⁴⁴³ I tried to get some information about our own GRANDFATHER, for God's sake, same result....

⁴⁴¹ These exchanges ran between 28 February and 1 March 2005, on the Portland city government (publicly) owned email systems.

⁴⁴² (16 July 1944-)

⁴⁴³ I had made the "acquaintance" of Rosemary C. [Boyles] Pohl (10 January 1952-) in 2001 after posting a query to a website, www.ancestry.com. My original post was at <http://boards.ancestry.com/surnames.boyles/238/mb.ashx>, as of 22 November 2011, and reads: ISO of Boyles Family from Ohio to Iowa to Washington, Author: Carlos Rivera Date: 13 Jun 2001 4:12 PM GMT *I am trying to determine the origin of John Boyles born in Ashtabula OH 1808. His grandson, Eldredge Dordan Boyles, 1915-1978, was born in Spokane. If anyone can point me to the family's origin I would be most grateful. CRRivera*

Her's was the second response originally found at, <http://boards.ancestry.com/surnames.boyles/238/mb.ashx>, since deleted for obvious reasons addressed below:

"I am Eldredge D. Boyles' niece. I have worked a bit on the family. E-mail address is XXXX, so I am not sure exactly how to do this internet stuff. Who the heck are you? I thought I knew all my relatives. [phone number provided]"

I contacted the party via email and phone and told her it was not a good idea to post the phone number. If one goes to the website and plugs-in <http://boards.ancestry.com/mbexec/message/an/surnames.boyles/238.2> you will get a message that reads "This message has been deleted".

Some of Rosemary's views proved illuminating about the status of the family:

Well, I can say this for sure—they treated my family like second class citizens. I can't say they were rich, but they were very snobby and acted like we were the poor relations. My own mother gave up on them within the last decades as they seemed to be rather aloof about the other family members. I'd heard that Pam had got married while down in California, but never knew anything about you before I read your post.

After August 1942 Eldredge was a private in the U.S. Army (enlisted serial number 19122639). He became a Sergeant with Company "B" of the 136th Maintenance Battalion of the 14th Armored Division, then received orders to Officer Candidate School in August 1944 and commissioned as a Second Lieutenant on 25 November 1944 when he graduated from the Ordnance Officer Candidate School at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. He was in Company "D".

The closest he was to combat would have been the tour with the 14th Armored Division, but the 14th reached Europe right after D-Day. He was in Arkansas and Kentucky before heading off to OCS. Since he was still in Maryland before D-Day, he never got into any combat. He was attached to the Army Service Forces, which provided support to Army field and air groups. Mostly he was with the Cleveland Ordnance District in Cleveland, headquarters in Columbus.

Eldredge was released from duty in Cleveland on 28 February 1946 and then went to the Separation Center in Camp Atterbury, Indiana, where he was released from active duty on 29 March 1946. The family returned to Spokane. One notes, finally, that the original **mystery** remains:

WHAT HAPPENED TO HER WHILE I WAS 16,000 MILES AWAY?

*Leaving that **mystery** to solve itself, or go unsolved forever.*⁴⁴⁴

⁴⁴⁴ Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter, 1850, <http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext92/sclrt11.txt>, last accessed on 22 June 2015.

Perhaps, in the end, we both will need a "hierarchy of needs" to formulate an answer. Perhaps, there is no answer. One unfortunately won't be found fully here.

LINKS TO THE PAST

Research Sources

(failed, successful, willing, unwilling, short term, long term, positive, negative)

ARIZONA-Tempe: Barbara Firoozye (nee Holmgren).

CALIFORNIA-Barstow: Pamela Sydney Holley; Coronado: Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. and Virginia Weeks, Mrs. Inez Sullivan, Casey Gale, Kevin J., Pamela S. Boyles, Pamela V. Boyles, Pamela Jordan, Arthur and Dorothy Holmgren, Gordon Hamm, Geri Shaw (nee Holmgren), Pamela Sydney Holley, John Elwell, Thomas A. Shine Jr., PSR, David and Lisa Columbus, Oakwood and Oakwood Gardens/Coronado Bay Club Resort Apartments; Fresno: Brian Rutishauser; Lake Tahoe: Pamela Sydney Holley; Livermore: Mary Sue Nocar, Glynn Birdwell; Long Beach: Pamela Sydney Holley, PSR, Patricia Boyles, Gordon Hamm, Geri Shaw; Monterey: Bobby M. Rocha, Susan M. Rocha, Pamela Sydney Holley, PSR; Novato: Jim Dillingham; Oceanside: Frank Ivancie; San Diego: Pamela Sydney Holley, PSR, E. Scott Welles, David R. Lewis; San Francisco: Janine Simmerly, Erik Lannon, Janice Torbett; San Ramon: Matthew Carter; Solana Beach: Kevin Spangler.

GEORGIA-Atlanta: PSR; Columbus: PSR; Doraville: PSR; Lawrenceville: PSR; Stone Mountain: PSR.

MARYLAND-Baltimore: The Social Security Administration Office of Central Records Operations.

MISSOURI-St. Louis: National Personnel Records Center-Military Personnel Records (National Archives).

NEVEDA-Reno: Pamela Sydney Holley; Las Vegas: Pamela Sydney Holley, PSR, Enid Goldstein, Shirley B. Parraguirre.

NEW MEXICO: Sandia Park: Kris Scoumperdis.

OHIO-Ashtabula: Paul Phillip; Cleveland: The Defense Finance and Accounting Services (The Department of Defense), Robert J. Hall of the Cleveland Department of Public Health; Columbus: The Honorable Senator Mike DeWine, The Honorable Senator George Voinivich, The Ohio Historical Society, The Ohio State University; Marion: Scott Fisher, The Ohio State University-Marion/Delaware Center.

OREGON-Portland: PSR, PSB, PB, David Columbus, Bill and Norma Moulton, Liz Plotkin, Robin Alton, Jeff Lang, Her Honor Mayor Vera Katz, His Honor Mayor Tom Potter, Greg Stevens, Jewel

Lansing, Sue Campbell, Diana Banning, Wayne G. Ferrell, Mary Thiele Fobian, Will Graham, Danny W. Armstrong, Dwight Wallis, Anne Holm, Deborah Borgstad, Charles Jordan, Dick Bogle, Susan Keil, Maureen Yandle, Carl and Sally Goebel, Isaac Laquedem, Ana Kalmanek, Rosemary C. Pohl, Joan Saroka, McCormick Pier Apartments; Aloha: PSR, Polly and Kirk Bass; Beaverton: PSR, Roger Louis, Cathy Leeman, Parmie Van Dyke, Polly and Kirk Bass; Gresham: Pamela Jordan, Ronald D. Holley, Shannon A. Holley; Hood River: PSR.

TENNESSEE-Millington: The Department of the Navy-Naval Personnel Command.

TEXAS-New Braunfels: Jean LeMarr (nee Holmgren).

UTAH-Murray: Mary Ann K.; Salt Lake City: Pamela Sydney Holley, PSR, Pamela V. Boyles, Patrick W. Boyles, Darline Robles, Ana Daraban, Twila Affleck, Orwella Charington, Lois Archuleta, Rashelle Diehl, Sherrie Swenson, Barbara, E. Scott Wells, Aunt Georgia, Andy Wold, Bob Berets; Zion National Park: Pamela Sydney Holley.

VIRGINIA-Charlottesville: Allison White and Cecilia Brown of the University of Virginia Law School.

WASHINGTON-Bremerton: PSR; Seattle: PSR; Spokane: Cathy Bakken, Susan Shane Miller, Charles Hanson, Jean Hartman, Vicky M. Dalton, Barbara Brazington, Dennis Bergstrom, Fairmount Memorial Park.

WASHINGTON DC-John Carlin (Archivist of the United States); The National Archives; The Interests Section of the Islamic Republic of Iran at the Pakistani Embassy; Consul N. Tsihli and the Defense Attaché's Office at the Greek Embassy; Office of Information Programs and Services-U.S. Department of State; Deloris Sanders (Interpol).

FRANCE-Lyon: R.E. Kendall (Secretariat's Office of Interpol).

GREECE-Athens: His Excellency Costas Simitis (the Prime Minister of Greece); George Michalopoulos (Greek Ministry of National Defense); Kostas Milosis and Georgios Papadimitropoulos (the Ministry of Public Order); Directorate of Informatics.

IRAN-Tehran: His Excellency Ayatollah Sayed Ali Khamenei (The Leader of Iran); Hojjatoleslam val Moselmin Sayed Mohammad

Khatami (The President); His Excellency Kamal Kharazzi (Foreign Minister); His Excellency Ali Younesi (Minister of Intelligence and Security); Nasser Hadian and Hadi Semati of Tehran University; IRNA.

SWITZERLAND-Geneva: United Nations Human Rights Commission; The International Solidarity Front for the Defense of the Iranian People's Democratic Rights.

UNITED KINGDOM-London: Amnesty International.

In addition, 100 or so other unrecalled correspondents in: Columbus, Cleveland, Fairview, Ashtabula OH; Coronado, San Diego, San Francisco, San Ramon, Oakland, Richmond, Livermore CA; St. Louis MO; Portland, Milwaukie, Beaverton, Tigard OR; Athens, Paris (France), Piraeus (Greece); London (UK); Washington DC; Edmonds, Seattle, Vancouver, Spokane WA; Salt Lake City, Murray, Holladay UT.

I also served as the producer, and played or programmed several instruments, hardware, and software on the multi-media project. Then, they helped me to focus when attempting to resolve the **mystery**. They may now also inform the mind of any potential reader. Most of the original tracks exist and can be acquired by contacting the author.

Inspiration, Professional, Technical, and Emotional Support:

For Music, Goosebumps, and Inspiration-Rick Wakeman, Larry Fast, Peter Gabriel, Caryn Lin, Angels of Venice, Vangelis, Loreena McKennitt, Strawbs, Mike Oldfield, Moody Blues, Genesis, Ray Lynch, Deuter, Trace, Focus, Yes, Jon Anderson, Black Crowes, Faces, Peter Green, Mick Taylor, Ron Wood, Steve Hackett, Duane Allman, Lowell George, Kitaro, Jean-Michel Jarre, Dead Can Dance, Emerald Web, Constance Demby, David Parsons, Donna Summer, Derek and the Dominos, Joe Walsh, the Eagles, John Mayall, Rolling Stones, Alec R. Costandinos, Mike Rutherford, Tony Banks, the Who, the Guess Who, the Cars, Duran Duran, Led Zeppelin, Enya, Eno, Acoustic Alchemy, The Rippingtons, Stevie Wonder, and Clair Marlo.

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Other notes of hysteria

The original of this work was a *Mandala Winds* project (a phrase inspired by EIJ), which means that as "I" created each original audio composition "I" kept no notes, saved no settings, and left no written record of what it took to develop and finish the particular track. The very nature of ambition writ large, direction, and the story herein, lent itself to the inclusion of musical sounds from both the "Eastern" and "Western" worlds; that is, both a combination of electronic and acoustic, and music inspired from the East and West. "Carlos of Coronado" also thanks you for taking any of your time for your listening convenience. You might not like, approve of, or care for, any of the original compositions produced here, but they came from the heart. In any case, he would love to hear any comments, criticisms, or condemnations you the listener (and the reader) might wish to proffer. As this is a legacy project, updates are to be expected on a very irregular basis, particularly as political changes may provide for the opening of records, both in Greece and Iran, and perhaps even some in the United States. These include future additions to existing databases and public records publically available. Between 1998 and 2012, I had access to various non-confidential governmental or public databases and search options via an academic or governmental connection. It appears that about every few years or so data in such holdings are updated. In any event, any and all records on hand will be made available for inspection by those who may seek to refute the story herein, or to buttress the analysis drawn from such data. Please feel free to contact the author should you have any amplifying information.

THE CHRONICLES OF CARLOS OF CORONADO

Noisemaking, November 1987-August 1988 (Portland) & June 1999-May 2002 (Coronado and Columbus): Korg DSS-1; Casio CZ-101; Casio SK-1; Fatar CMK37; Yamaha FB-101; Yamaha acoustic guitar (**Shadows** 18, 25-27, 33, 34, 36, 52, 63, 65, 67, 72, 74, 87, 107, 109, and 115); acoustic slide (except on "*Me, Myself, and I*"); chimes, percussion, sampling, programming, and, bad vocals (**Shadows** 74, 109, and 125);

Electronic processing tools, November 1987-August 1988 & June 1999-May 2002: Powerspec 4332 PC: AMD-K6 233mhz, 256mb RAM, 5gb and 8gb HDDs; Customized PC: PIII 933mhz, 700mb RAM, 10, 20, and 40gb HDDs; Ovation and SoundBlaster Live & Audigy Platinum soundcards, 40x Magic CD-ROM, Mitsumi 2801TE CD burner, LG CED 8080B burner, Iomega Zip drive; Commodore 64: 2x1541 drives, 1x1581 drive, 1x1764 ram expander, Dr. T's Model T; Sequential Circuits Model 64 Sequencer.

Audio, MIDI, and editing software, November 1987-August 1988 & June 1999-May 2002: Syntrium's Cool Edit Pro; Sonic Foundry's Sound Forge and Acid; Steinberg's Wavelab, ReCycle, and Cubase VST; Native Instruments' Reaktor, Pro52, FM7, and Absynth; Propellerhead's Rebirth; Emagic's Logic Audio; Cakewalk's Pro Audio; Goldwave; Awave; Audio Compositor; Wingroove; Fruity Loops; Seer Systems' SurReal; Bitheadz' Retro AS1 and Unity DS1; Dr. T's KGS; DirectX and VST plug-ins. MTC MCD462 disc player, Pioneer CT-W103 dual tape deck, Aiwa L50 tape deck.

Volume 1—"Loses His Mind." (21 August 1999)

The title comes from what it appears that PSHKINS is holding in her hand as she waves goodbye to my ship, Saturday 30 October 1982. She is actually holding a small set of binoculars, but they look like a wine or champagne glass.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-Introduction | 2-Remembering Coronado when Herodotus was ascendant |
| 3-Oakwood U110 | 4-Oakwood U210 |
| 5-2 Guitars at 4pm | 6-Tell me about... |
| 7-HAN in 4 movements | 8-Mooning the Moon |
| 9-2 Brass Sailboat Windchimes | 10-A Tiring Road trip |
| 11-The Deployment of a Lucky Man? | 12-Bipolar Ethanol |
| 13-Channel Fever | 14-The 'DSHNO' Goes Crazy Suite |
| 15-Reprise: Is it wiser and older, or sadder and older? Ask King Hamlet! | |

Volume 2—"Shaken, Stirred, and On the Rocks." (15 October 1999)

The title comes from what it appears that PSHKINS is holding in her hand as she waves goodbye to my ship, Saturday 30 October 1982. She is actually holding a small set of binoculars, but they look like a wine or champagne glass.

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|--|--|
| 1-Introduction | 2-Apricca, but in France they still aren't footbaths |
| 3-Falling in the Quicksand of time | 4-The Pharaoh DSHNO's missing part |
| 5-The Folly of Holley | 6-Nizami on the Champ d'Elysees with writer's block |
| 7-Manikaggressive | 8-Maigyrostumbled |
| 9-Not tasty after Han? What about Barstow! | 10-Mr. Sandman jams with Pepe y Los Dos Amigos |
| 11-Twist the Knife!-Tell the Truth? | 12-Lace, Silk, and Pearls of Wisdom |
| 13-(Unfinished) Business on the Rocks | 14-Charlie the Seagull was really an eagle in the old country (live) |

Volume 3—"Selfish Portrait of Stilled Life." (30 October 1999)

A picture of us on Friday 22 October 1982 at Zion National Park. There are several variants of tracks 11 and 13 available somewhere.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-Introduction | 2-6 is a pattern, 6-6 is a pattern, 6-6-6 is a pattern, but 6-6-6-6 can also be a pattern |
| 3-Bodyguard of Lies | 4-Nursing Bubbles from Mother |
| 5-Codependency | 6-Cucumber soup Party, Weird Poetry, and John the Educator |
| 7-Upon Discovering that you were imperfect | 8-The Mystery Woman of Coronado |
| 9-The Only Damaged Organ that surgeons can't save | 10-Gypsy Blues (live) |
| 11-From the Scent of Seabreeze to the Effects of Tetracycline | 12-Almost Total Recall |
| 13-Alexander the Great meets Destiny in the Shadow of the Sphinx | 14-Those whom the Gods would destroy, first they torture, then drive mad |

Volume 4—"Criminal Conversation." (25 December 1999)

You have to know what the phrase means to get the joke. Tracks 2-11 are collectively known as "The Sisters of Sparta Symphony," while tracks 15-17 are known collectively as "The Garden of Earthly Delights."

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1-Introduction | 2-The Odyssey Begins for One Sister |
| 3-Two Sisters Bade a Tearful Farewell at McP's... | 4-A Doll can shield One Sister |
| 5-Three Sisters of Sparta Domesticate the Retsina of Athens | 6-Two Sisters Scale Santorini by Ass |
| 7-Two Sisters Mist the Achilles Lauro | 8-Two Sisters Blinded by the Cataracts of the Nile |
| 9-The Agony of Ecstasy as One Sister is left to wander alone | 10-One Sister Meets the T-shirt Vendor of Delos |
| 11-History Repeats itself? | 12-We never held a criminal conversation |
| 13-Haven't Felt as Alive Since? | 14-The Purity of Ipana Poetry |
| 15-A Soul Enticed by the Garden of Earthly Delights | 16-Weeding in the Garden of Earthly Delights |
| 17-Losing Your Soul in the Garden of Earthly Delights | 18-What is a Criminal Conversation? |

Volume 5-*"Know Evil."* (26 December 1999)

The three photographs by Leslie Mack, 1999, are "Hear no evil," "See no evil," and "Speak no evil." Track 18 appears only on this release.

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|---|---|
| 1-Introduction | 2-Remembering Coronado when Herodotus was Ascendant |
| 3-2 Guitars at 4pm | 4-2 Brass Sailboat Windchimes |
| 5-Reprise: Is it wiser and older, or, sadder and older? | 6-Apricca, but in France they still aren't footbaths |
| 7-Falling in the Quicksand of Time | 8-Manikaggressive |
| 9-Lace, Silk, and Pearls of Wisdom | 10-6 is a pattern, 6-6 is a pattern, 6-6-6 is a pattern |
| 11-The Mystery Woman of Coronado | 12-From the Scent of Seabreeze to the Effects of Tetracycline |
| 13-Those whom the Gods would destroy | 14-The Odyssey Begins for One Sister |
| 15-Scaling Santorini By Ass | 16-One Sister Meets the T-Shirt Vendor of Delos |
| 17-The Garden of Earthly Delights | 18-Medical Emergency (6 December 1999) |

Volume 6-*"No Tattoo on this Bacchante?"* (15 January 2000)

A legend goes that after the Bacchae or Maenad killed Orpheus, the surviving men tattooed the women as a warning to men.

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|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1-Introduction | 2-The Chaos of the Bacchae |
| 3-Lost Weekend to Lost Week | 4-Bacchanalia |
| 5-Betty's Breakdown, Genetic? | 6-The Festival of the Maenad |
| 7-Geri's Life is Not a Hamm Sandwich | 8-Nursing DSHNO back to Health |
| 9-Transformation in Barstow | 10-Medical Emergency |
| 11-No Calories on a Rainy Day | 12-Adherent of <i>Dionysus</i> |

Volume 7-*"laughing and crying, you know it's the same release."* (25 January 2000)

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|--|--|
| 1-Introduction | 2-Requiem for Cyrus |
| 3-Woman's an incomprehensible thing, said Zorba | 4-Knocking on the Jade Gate with a Pillow Book in Hand |
| 5-Woman's an incomprehensible thing, she read in Greek | 6-Are you forever mourning Cyrus? |
| 7-The world is a life sentence | 8-Did PSHKIN's love kill Cyrus and DSHNO? |
| 9-Interlude: Was DSHNO a metaphor for Cyrus? | 10-I, Cyrus (Lived and Died like Orpheus) |
| 11-Reprise: Requiem for Cyrus and DSHNO | |

Be advised, track 10 is 35 minutes in length and very loud.

Volume 8-*"An ill wind blows as Eurydice emerges from the underworld and Orpheus returns to Hades, or, is it, Penelope turns her back upon Odysseus as he sails for Troy?"* (14 February 2000)

Eurydice was cast back into Hades while Orpheus returned to the world. Penelope waited for the return of her husband, Odysseus.

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|--|--|
| 1-Introduction | 2-The Jazz Age of Lies: 40 ways to kill a man silently |
| 3-We never talked about LBFM-PBR | 4-Nonfunctional |
| 5-Remember the song on the radio when you said you loved me? | 6-Random acts of kindness |
| 7-Domestic Violence | 8-Glazed Donut Face |
| 9-Sunday Mornings at K-1 | 10-I was a Human Soul on Your Feathered Serpent |
| 11-Were you wishing that Cyrus had lived and DSHNO had....? | 12-Three Stages to Three Stooges |
| 13-Last Mornings Together | 14-Maybe it was just a dream? |
| 15-We were Tantalus and Sisyphus | |

Volume 9-*"In the garden of beautiful lies."* (10 March 2000)

The picture is of the terrace right outside of PSHKINS' apartment. Either the lies were beautiful, or beauty lies in the mound, that is, the word "lies" here is both a verb and a noun.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-Introduction | 2-I willingly gave you my heart, now please return my soul |
| 3-Lost Horizons Suite-Stars directing the fates | 4-Shaking the Tree-Navigating through the shoals of a heart |
| 5-Supernatural Waiting Room-The conspiracy of silence is pierced | 6-Regrets of Age |
| 7-Our first movie | 8-How I felt about those six months |
| 9-How I think you felt after... | 10-Michael moon danced at our wedding banquet |
| 11-You and Me-The lie, when you know is a lie, is as revealing as the truth | 12-After the Ordeal |
| 13-Were you looking for another Cyrus and found instead a guitar playing Latin Lover named Ned Racine? | 14-I used to believe...Greeks bearing gifts. |

Volume 10-*"Know Evil I"* (30 May 2000)

A set consisting of volume 5 (disc 1) and cuts from volumes 6-9 (disc 2). It features the same cover with a cryptic title.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-Betty's Breakdown, Genetic? | 2-Nursing DSHNO back to Health |
| 3-Interlude: Was DSHNO a metaphor for Cyrus | 4-I, Cyrus (Lived and Died like Orpheus) |
| 5-The Jazz Age of Lies: 40 ways to kill a man silently | 6-We never talked about LBFM-PBR |
| 7-Random acts of Kindness? | 8-Were you looking for another Cyrus and found instead a guitar playing Latin Lover named Ned Racine? |

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

The following discs were created after the multi-media project was completed. The tracks relate to issues not always explicitly discussed in the text, others merit or require further explanation. Releases 19 and 20 were never completed due to a computer virus.

Volume 11-*"Leftovers from Pamdora's Lunchbox."* (3 July 2000)

These tracks include my second foray into MIDI composition as well as layering audio tracks. Only these listed are available.

- | | | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1-Me, Myself and I* | 2-Over Her Grave* | 4-Unfinished* | 5-The Death of Dido* | 6-Pamdemonium Interruptus* |
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|----------------------|----------------------------|

Volume 12-*"Half Life: An American in Piraeus."* (7 September 2000)

The "trek" to Greece in September 1999 included faked "live recordings". The introductions in Greek welcome me and the band to Piraeus.

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|--|--|---------------------------------|
| 1-Welcome to Greece* | 2-The Death of Dido (live)* | 3-Sisters of Sparta pt1 (live)* |
| 4-Sisters of Sparta pt2 (live)* | 5-Orpheus knocking on the Jade Gate with a Pillow Book in Hand (live)* | |
| 6-Vulcan Forgery: Was she faking it? (live)* | 7-Sisters of Sparta pts3-4 (live)* | 8-Majnun over her grave* |
| 9-The Dearth pt3* | 10-The Dearth pt2* | 11-Pamdemonium Interruptus* |

Volume 13-*"Too Fazes Has Layla"* (28 March 2001)

This was based completely on the full story of Layla and Majnun, including some MIDI recording, and still fully available.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1-Begins | 2-A father's wish... | 3-...is granted | 4-Kais meets Layla |
| 5-Unrequited | 6-There goes the majnun | 7-The wilderness | 8-A Journey to Mecca |
| 9-two fathers speak | 10-Poetic flights of Fancy | 11-Layla was faking it | 12-Nawfal fights tow battles |
| 13-Writer's block | 14-Zayd delivers | 15-Do not speak... | 16-Sanctuary within his soul |
| 17-Layla's Pamdemonium | 18-Over her Grave | 19-Zayd's Dream | |

Volume 14-*"Alexander the Great Reflects upon the Folly of His Youth"* (28 May 2001)

A self-reflective journey, with Alexander the Great as my guide. Still fully available

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1-Wearing Polyester on the Silk Road | 2-Alexander the Great Meets Destiny in the Shadow of the Sphinx | 5-Failed Diplomacy at the Tower of Babel |
| 3-Two Lovers Spelunking, Platonically | 4-Which one was a different drummer? | 8-The Siren Lori Lies |
| 6-Horror at what they wrought | 7-Pepe jams no more | 11-We never saw the Styx at the Pamirs |
| 9-Opus was not the PNGuinn | 10-Charon guarding the crossing at the Oxus | 14-It was so Surreal, wasn't it? |
| 12-We destroyed Persepolis | 13-A multicultural affair at Roxanne's wedding | 15-Tasty? |

Volume 15-*"Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"* (30 OCT 2001) [* only available tracks due to errors on the master disc]

A motion picture of PSHKINS life based upon factual and literary events.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|--|---|
| 1-The Basement at Wilmington* | 2-Blue Adrian* | 3-The First Dawn after HAN* |
| 4-A Jean Michel Jarre-ing Event | 5-Another Jarre-ing Event | 6-Jordan finds on gold on El Dorado |
| 7-Southwest to Refuge on Ecola | 8-Debris in the wake of a forgotten past | 9-Her Inner Voice as Dame Hortense Lies Dying |

Volume 16-*"Pre-Rafaelite"* (25 DEC 2001)

My play on words and previously adopted compositions. Still fully available.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1-Me, Myself and I | 2-A Fun King Carlos |
| SUITE: Ode 2 Joy of Memory of Joy | |
| 3-Suite (part I): False Memories? | 4-Suite (part II): Real Memories? |
| 5-The Dearth of Dido | 6-Pamdemonium Interruptus |
| 7-Untitled Rehearsal/Draft | 8-Beware of Greeks bearing gifts, for DSHNO used to believe |

Volume 17-*"A Life in the Day?"* (28 MAY 2002)

A play on literary works.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1-The Calculus of Deceit* | 2-Coronado's Careless Corazon* |
| 3-Bad DNA Sequences* | 4-She Steals Souls By the Seashore* |

Volume 18-*"Practical Obscurity"* (21 August 2002)

The tracks were a play on words drawn from radio and television ads, and none are available.

PART VII: LATE ENTRY

**The Anatomy of Lies by
Pamela S. Boyles/Pamela S. Holley/Pamela S. Rivera**

In September 2010 I was hospitalized with pneumonia and took months to recover. In July 2012 I was again hospitalized with a stroke and temporarily retired. I had been reworking this story before then and now it has images. Remember, the right to be forgotten doesn't exist in America, yet. Neither, does the full right to lie, legally, or in deceit, yet.

At some point in Pamela's life she decided that expressing falsehoods would get her further in life than having others recognize her differently. First, let's settle one aspect of her life. Pamela was born in a then suburb (Fairview) of Cleveland, Ohio, on 14 September 1945. Proof of that can be found in these places: Vital Records for the State of Ohio which provided a copy of her birth certificate, and, via the internet, where one can find at least two birth announcements for Pamela Sydney Boyles, in the Spokane Spokesman Review of 25 September 1945, and the Spokane Daily Chronicle of 26 September 1945.

CITY OF CLEVELAND
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH

Certification of Birth Registration No. 165057
State Of Ohio

CHILD'S NAME: PAMELA SYDNEY BOYLES
SEX: FEMALE
DATE OF BIRTH: 09/14/45
PLACE OF BIRTH: FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL
CITY OF BIRTH: CLEVELAND
MOTHER'S MARRIAGE NAME: BETTY P. CHILD
MOTHER'S AGE: 33
MOTHER'S PLACE OF BIRTH: WASHINGTON
FATHER'S NAME: ELDON D. BOYLES
FATHER'S AGE: 30
FATHER'S PLACE OF BIRTH: WASHINGTON
DATE ISSUED: 01/13/99

THIS IS A TRUE CERTIFICATION OF BIRTH AND BIRTH FACTS RECORDED IN THIS OFFICE

(NOT VALID UNLESS BARRIS SEAL OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND IS EMBOSSED)

MICHAEL S. WHITE, MAYOR
WENDY L. SCOTT, CLERK

THE REPRODUCTION OF THIS DOCUMENT IS PROHIBITED BY LAW ANY ALTERATION OR FALSIFICATION OF THIS CERTIFICATION

Charge of the sections, and Mrs. Arthur S. Blum is in charge of the lesson, a discussion of leading topics of interest in the country today.

A visitor from California is Mrs. John Pike, who is at the Dawson hotel while renewing Spokane acquaintances.

Mrs. Frederick Wilson and her sister, Mrs. Eleanor W. Miller, gave a dinner at their home, 2711 Spokane, last night honoring Mrs. Pike.

Mrs. Sidney E. Child has received announcement of the coming arrival in Cleveland, Ohio, of a granddaughter, Pamela Sydney. The parents, Lt. and Mrs. Eldredge D. O. Boyles, former Spokane residents, have been living in Cleveland since his graduation from the Annapolis, Md., ordnance school last December.

Mrs. Boyles, the former Patricia Child, is a niece of Mrs. Jerome Drumheller, Sidney Albert and William Child, all residents of Spokane.

is stationed at Galena.

**Lt. and Mrs. Boyles
Parents of Daughter**

Mrs. Sidney E. Child, San Marco apartments, has received announcement of the birth of her first granddaughter, Pamela Sydney Boyles. The parents, Lt. and Mrs. Eldredge D. O. Boyles, former Spokane residents, have been living in Cleveland since his graduation from the ordnance school at Annapolis, Md., last December.

Mrs. Boyles, the former Patricia Child, is a niece of Mrs. Jerome Drumheller, Sidney Albert and William Child and Miss Florence Coffey.

Now that we have settled that issue, let's proceed to the path Pamela followed from the mid-1960s to the near present. Until 1972 the voting age would have been 21. Pamela would have turned 21 on 14 September 1966, and able to vote from that point forward. However, sometime between 15 September 1966 and 22 January 1973, Pamela had changed her date of both for both public consumption and government records usage. There may certainly be earlier documentation of Pamela's deception, like a driver's license or school identification card, but so far the most extant documentation one finds is below and leads off the history of Pamela's lying:

Lie #1) Certificate of Marriage, State of Washington, Clark County, B33414", dated 22 January 1973, see http://media.digitalarchives.wa.gov/WA.Media/jpeg/C970203597C056F4913C1525A5C8A2B9_1.jpg as of 2 November 2011.

This is her marriage, to Ronald. Pamela claimed on that certificate, to have been born on 14 September 1946. Her handwritten declaration of date of birth is a LIE.

Certificate of Marriage

137733

STATE OF WASHINGTON, }
County of Clark } ss.

B 33414

I Hereby Certify, That on the Twenty Second day of January
in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and Seventy Three
at Vancouver in the County and State aforesaid, I, the undersigned, a
District Court Judge, by authority of a Marriage License bearing date, the 22nd
day of January A. D., 1973, and issued by the Auditor of the County of Clark, State of Washington

Did Join in Lawful Wedlock

Ronald D. Halley of the County of Multnomah State of Oregon and
Pamela S. Boyles of the County of Multnomah State of Oregon

IN THE PRESENCE OF:

Howard R. Halley
Witness

Jessie M. Wilson
Witness

Ernie F. Horn
Clergyman or Official

Signed: Ronald D. Halley
GROOM

Date of birth March 8 1947
Mo. Day Year

Signed: Pamela S. Boyles
BRIDE

Date of birth September 14 1946
Mo. Day Year

CERTIFICATE OF TRUE COPY

STATE OF WASHINGTON, }
County of Clark } ss.

I, Don Bonker, hereby certify that I am County Auditor of Clark County, Washington, and as such officer am custodian of the official records of said county; that I have compared the foregoing copy of the Marriage Certificate with the original thereof, and that the foregoing is a complete, true, and correct transcript of said original.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this _____ day of _____ 19____
DON BONKER, Clark County Auditor

By _____ Deputy Auditor



This Certificate to be returned to Clark County Auditor, Vancouver, Washington, within ten days of the date of marriage.

But, surely one might argue, that oversight is limited and accidental. No, sadly that path continued, for just a year or so later she did it again.

Lie #2) "Revised Form 134 (August 31, 1971), Voter Registration Form, Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) Records", dated 26 April 1974, microfilm copy of "CVRC 1976-1979 R-14".

Well, it seems that Pamela couldn't stop repeating herself when it came to lying about her date of birth. She repeated that same lie on her voter registration card for Multnomah County, Oregon, available via their archived microfilm records.

Name: Last <i>Holley</i>		First <i>Pamela</i>	Middle <i>Sydney</i>	Precinct <i>5418</i>	Party <i>Dem</i>
County No.	State <input type="checkbox"/> Male <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Female	Residence Address: Number <i>15605 SE Stark St 98</i>		City <i>Portland</i>	Zip Code <i>97233</i>
Occupation <i>Sec</i>	Mailing Address if Different Than Above: <i>Portland</i>				
Previous Registration County _____ Prec. _____		Resided in Oregon Yrs. <i>1</i> Mos. <i>6</i>		Sec. Tax. and Regs. or Information Locating Residence <i>ORS 247.040, 247.041 & 247.042</i>	
Date of Birth <i>Sept 14, 46</i>		Place of Birth: City <i>Cleveland</i>		County <i>Cuyahoga</i>	State or Country <i>Ohio</i>
Spouse's Name: <i>Ronald D Holley</i>					
Father's Name (if known) <i>Eldredge D. Boyles</i>			Mother's Name (if known) <i>Betty Child</i>		
Warning: Any elector who supplies any information, knowing it to be false, is punishable upon conviction by imprisonment for not more than two years or by a fine of not more than \$5,000 or both.			Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me		
I declare under oath or affirmation that I am a citizen of the United States and that I am qualified as an elector of this state. Further, I have been or will be a resident of this state for at least 30 days prior to the next election.			This <i>24</i> Day of <i>April</i> , 19 <i>74</i>		
Signature of Elector <i>Pamela S Holley</i>			JOHN D. WELDON, Registrar of Elections Multnomah County, Oregon		
Signature of Official Registrar <i>Joan Sargent</i>			Deputy Clerk or Official Registrar		
Revised Form 134 Aug. 31, 1971			6P*70936-163		
SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR OF PRESENT			5/19/77 A 11:11 AM SIGNATURE OF ELECTOR		

Well, a woman is allowed some vanity, yes? But in Pamela's case she couldn't stop.

Lie #3) Divorce, "Acknowledgement of Service, No. D8009-67404, In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, Department of Domestic Relations, Pamela S. Holley v Ronald D. Holley," first filed on 12 September 1980.

On page 2 of the attached Decree of Dissolution, in the Multnomah County Courts, one will find her then age as "33", on 31 December 1980. That would be true if she had been born 14 September 1947, vice 14 September 1945. The social security numbers next to the age have been deleted.

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5. Petitioner is hereby awarded the 1978 Ford Granada automobile.

6. Petitioner is awarded judgment against respondent for one-half of petitioner's costs herein, to-wit: \$92.50, and one-half of petitioner's attorney's fees incurred in the above matter, to-wit: \$170.00.

DATED this 31 day of December 1981.

JUDGE

R. WILLIAM RIGGS

Petitioner	:	Pamela Sydney Holley
Address	:	7661 SW 74th, #12, Portland, Or 97233
Age	:	33
Maiden name	:	Boyles
Respondent	:	Ronald Douglas Holley
Address	:	2021 SE 130th, Portland, Or 97223
Age	:	33

Page 2 - DECREE OF DISSOLUTION OF MARRIAGE

BURT ENGELBAD
Attorney at Law
P. O. Box 1342
Portland, Oregon 97208

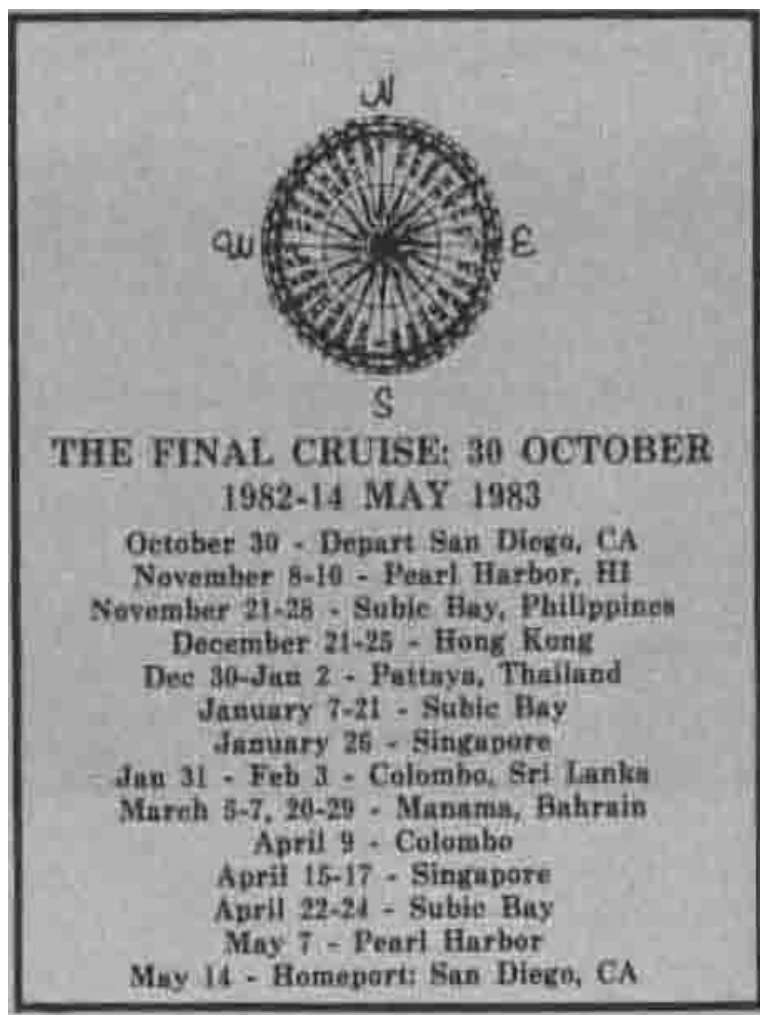
Well, some might say, youthful indiscretion and stress might lead one to fudge a date of birth or to provide incorrect data. That would be accurate if under other circumstances Pamela had come clean. The next example is tied to money. Pamela left her Portland government job in April of 1981, as documented by both employee records for the city of Portland and a story from the Portland Oregonian of 26 April 1981 which reported her pending departure from government to move to Greece.

PAM HOLLEY will have a lot of time on her hands, so the gift from the Broadway and Radio Cab companies was appropriate — a gold watch presented Pam at the farewell party for her thrown by friends at City Hall last week.
Pam, the city's taxi cab supervisor, resigned and plans to move to Greece.

What is important here is that Pamela left fulltime work in April 1981, and for all intents and purposes was unemployed between then and June

1986. Her annual Social Security Earnings Statement would indicate a lack of "substantial" earnings for 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, and arguably, 1986. Sometime in May or June 1981, she cashed out her PERS contributions for government work between 1974 and 1981, minus the 30% taxes to finance her move to Greece and living expenses. She received no monies in the divorce and thus, unless she had significant savings, most likely had a small nest-egg. How does one know that?

I met Pamela for the first time on the late afternoon of 28 May 1982 in Coronado, California, where I was stationed on USS Decatur (DDG-31). I had moved there in January 1981, and she moved there approximately a year or so later. She was my downstairs neighbor and over the course of the Spring and Summer we became better acquainted. By the end of the Summer of 1982 we were lovers and on 29 October we moved in together. However, on 30 October 1982, as previously scheduled, my ship deployed to the Western Pacific and Persian Gulf for nearly six and a half months. I did not return to Coronado until 7 May 1983, flying in from Pearl Harbor.



During that deployment, one, out of many incidents, stands out related to money. In hindsight, one takes it that Pamela had spent most of her savings on her trip(s) to Greece and her move to a waterside apartment in Coronado, which then cost about \$500 monthly.

When I moved in with Pamela, I had left a number of items behind. Among them were my extra checkbooks as I did not expect to need them while

she returned permanently to the United States in about December 1981, and moved shortly thereafter to Coronado. Pamela did not work fulltime again until sometime until Summer 1986. Her annual Social Security Statement would reflect a lack of significant earnings for the years 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, and 1986. Apparently, she may have had significant earnings between 1987 and 1994, but most likely no significant earnings between 1995 and 2000. The Social Security document/printout is not a public record, so she would have to provide copies to dispute my assessment. In addition, and unfortunately, IRS records get destroyed after a number of years, and I was not able to acquire copies of joint tax returns we file in 1984 (for 1983), 1985 (for 1984), and 1986 (for 1985). However, I have two sources of documentation for my "significant earnings" between the time we got married and the time we got divorced: my own Social Security Earning Statements, as well as verification by the government of my financial data from the U.S. Navy. With both, one can confirm that I earned at least 95% of our income between May 1983 and May 1986.

Lie #6) Getting a Job 1982-1986
and

Lie #7) Lack of focus and purportedly illness while living in Coronado

Pamela and I had discussed in December 1982 and throughout 1983 the necessity for her to gain employment if we were to remain in Coronado. However, with the exception of a temporary part-time job as a secretary in Coronado in 1983, Pamela never worked a day between May 1981 and June 1986, when I moved out of our Portland, Oregon, apartment. I was scheduled to detach from active duty in July 1984, but made a decision to remain nearly a year longer on active duty to save money and give her a chance to find gainful employment. I had even gone as far as move us out of Coronado in January 1984 to save money on the cost of living. Pam first lived in Salt Lake City where she thought she could get a job, but decided in March 1984 to move to Portland. Again, the job search was either completely fruitless or lacked any ambition or motivation. In either case, my navy income sustained us between May 1983 and May 1986. Based on interviews with at least three persons who had personal experiences with Pam in Coronado and elsewhere, it is clear that Pamela's intention was never to get any work. Diary entries throughout 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, and 1987, attest to my frustration of her inability to get herself together. Additionally, interviews and correspondence with her former co-workers, relatives, and friends in both Portland and Coronado, and elsewhere, attest to Pamela's lack of motivation. Such materials will be made available upon request.

Lie #8) Lying about Her Name? She was never legally known as Pamela S. Holley-Rivera.

This the cover sheet to her first divorce from Ronald D. Douglas. It is also on file with the Multnomah County Courts. Notice the date, and her signature. Yes, semantics, but she had lied again in a legal document.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon
for the County of Multnomah

1986 AUG 11 PM 1:01

PAMELA S. HOLLEY
vs.
RONALD DOUGLAS HOLLEY
Defendant

JUDGMENT DOCKET
SEP 5 1986

No. DB009-67404.

SATISFACTION OF JUDGMENT FILED

SEP 2 1986

CIRCUIT COURT
Multnomah County Oregon

For a valuable consideration, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged by the undersigned paid, full satisfaction hereby is acknowledged of that certain judgment rendered in the above entitled court and cause on _____ 19____, in favor of the undersigned; said judgment was docketed in the judgment docket of said court on 1-9-81, 19____, in volume _____, page _____, line _____; the clerk of said court is authorized to enter this satisfaction of record forthwith. In construing this instrument and where the context so requires, the singular includes the plural.

DATED August 8, 1986.

Pamela S. Holley-Rivers
Pamela S. Holley
JUDGMENT CREDITOR

ENTERED IN REGISTER

SEP 3 1986

JEH

ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP PHONE

If executed by a corporation, file certificate (see)

If the signer of the above is a corporation, use the form of acknowledgment opposite.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Multnomah
This instrument was acknowledged before me on August 8, 1986, by Pamela S. Holley-Rivers

Audrey E. Reed
Notary Public for Oregon
My commission expires 7/5/88

STATE OF OREGON,
County of _____
This instrument was acknowledged before me on _____ by _____

Notary Public for Oregon
My commission expires _____ (SEAL)

Lie #9) Weight Issues and Lie #10) Oregonian stories about life and traveling

I have struggled with my own weight for decades. Though I am not morbidly obese, my weight, diabetes, and blood pressure have led to the decision that medical intervention may be required. However, there was a clear refusal by Pamela to admit that weight was a problem for her. In fact, my diary/journal has a number of entries regarding that issue during the divorce proceedings. She denied she had a weight problem, while I

enrolled in a weight loss program. However, shortly after the divorce, Pamela published a story in the Portland Oregonian discussing the fact that she had had a weight problem all of her life. Even more galling is the fact that Pamela went on record in a published manner, the Oregonian, and even later using false accounts of her life, and appropriating parts of mine. Later one will find documentation which relate a series of lies published by Pamela. At the end of this document are attached the portions dealing with the Portland Oregonian.

Lie #10) Domestic abuse and theft

Pamela has apparently decided that telling people I physically abused her and stole money from her is one way to obscure the past. I will admit to being a cad, however, the lies of physical abuse and theft can be countered with the list of lies above. Let's dispose of this. As to the money issue, Pamela's source of income between April 1981 and June 1986 was the following: Any savings she had before she left Portland city government, any monies from cashing out her government retirement account (approximately 7 years), an allotment from my navy pay up to April 1985, and finally, her \$18,000 legal settlement from the Dalkon Shield fiasco. No other sources? Well, a part-time job in Coronado during the summer of 1983. Other than that, between 31 October 1982 and 1 June 1986, I provided monies from my income, via cash, rent, allotments, and household purchases. She spent the majority of her retirement pension going back and forth to Greece between May 1981 and December 1981. In addition, she spent a majority of her Dalkon Shield money on paying for a trip to Greece, and Egypt, for both herself and two close friends, Norma L. Moulton, and, Geraldine H. Shaw. Did they think that the money for the trip came from me, or, know that Pamela had hit a gold mine? As best, they did not reject the gift of free vacation.

As to the violence issue, yes, I was emotionally cruel. However, physical violence never resulted from me. At least, one suspects that her friends and family would have acted decisively to intervene. One thinks that at Norma would have assaulted me if such were the case. One can find it difficult, however, to prove a negative.

Lie #11)-"No Calories on a Rainy Day: Excerpts from Her Writings"---AGAIN

This would have been the first time I had recalled seeing PSB, or PSH/PSR in any case, publish anything and is excerpted below. It was in the Portland newspaper but I don't know if that was due to her working there. Later, much later, I did find several of her other published submissions. The Oregonian had uploaded its archives digitally for access by researchers and academics. Perhaps we can sort out myth from fact.

The one I remembered was an article about a chat with her sister Polly. The crux was that there were no calories on a rainy day and it was ok then to bake cookies and eat them. The underlining I added deals with a recurrent issue throughout this accounting. Pam had denied the weight issue from May 1983 to June 1987. I myself was no-"Slim Jim" then or now.

CALORIES DON'T COUNT IF YOU READ AS YOU EAT⁴⁴⁵

PAMELA BOYLES

"Some people, such as my sister, stay slim through their adult years. Other people, me for instance, perpetually diet through their lives, always in pursuit of a surefire way to cut calories from the food we like to eat."

Not long ago, and on a rainy day at that, my sister and I came up with a few ideas that just might work. We were talking in the kitchen of her new home in Beaverton while she was stirring up a double chocolate layer cake.

"I've done a lot of cooking and baking for this family," she said, "and I've been thinking up ways to forget about calories, ways to relax and just enjoy what we are eating."

"Tell me more," I said, running my finger along the rim of the bowl and tasting the batter. "This could be important to anyone who is perpetually overweight."

"Well, calories don't count if you take small bites," she replied. I closed my mouth a notch.

I could feel the fat cells stirring in my veins. "How about calories don't count if someone else orders for you," I suggested. "And it shouldn't be fattening if it's a dinner party and you are only being polite by cleaning your plate."

I poured myself a cup of coffee -- black -- and noticed it was raining harder. I wondered what effect our Northwest climate might have on calories. Instead of sunning ourselves on a sandy beach somewhere, we were in the kitchen baking a cake. Before I could pose that question, however, my sister was speculating again.

"Calories around the edges don't count," she said. "I mean, if you trace your finger around the icing at the edge of a cake plate you're home free. Also, there should be no calories when you lick the bowls and spoons after cooking or baking."

I was especially glad to hear that one since I had just finished off the leftover cake batter.

The oven bell rang, and my sister took out the cake. The smell of dark chocolate hung in the air like a velvet curtain. In fact, it smelled so good that I had to go outside and stand in the rain to remind myself that I was on a diet.

Calories don't count if you can't smell them, I suspect.

Pamela Boyles lives in Portland, where calories don't count if it's raining."

One suspects that for her calories also didn't count if you drank them.

In the course of additional research for this project I discovered that Pamela had been published several times, all cited below and found in the Portland Oregonian. I make no assumptions about other sources for works published by her. However, of those I found in the Oregonian, many were poems, several were letters to the editor about abortion/women's rights or capital punishment, and several were of a "suspicious" nature, writ large. I will try to address them in order of publication.

The first was a poem entitled "California."⁴⁴⁶ One might note that the publication date was just after "we" had spent my 28th birthday together in Coronado (16 April 1984). Remember, she claimed later that life went to

⁴⁴⁵ Oregonian, Sunday, 9 July 1989, under Pamela Boyles. Emphasis by author.

⁴⁴⁶ Oregonian, Sunday, 10 June 1984, under "Pamela Rivera[,], Portland".

'shit' after April 1984, and, after she had returned to Portland from our time in Coronado and Monterey. It was also around the time she received the parking ticket in Monterey. Interestingly enough, the poem was most probably written a year earlier (in or about June 1983) as she referred to sunbathing in June in California. Pam herself was never one to get a full brown tan but I remember her sexy glow in the Spring and Summer of 1982.

The next publication was a letter to the editor. "Facts of Life"⁴⁴⁷ dealt with contemporary women's roles in society, politics, and life. Apparently, Pam was upset ("the last straw", in her words) about the public view of women and politics in the 1984 election cycle. One might recall that the focus of her concern, Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro of New York, was the vice-presidential nominee for the Democrats in 1984. One might note, as well, that 27 November was weeks after the massive presidential landslide reelection victory of Ronald Reagan. I was not in town for that publication date as I had flown into Portland for Thanksgiving from Long Beach on Wednesday 21 November 1984 and drove back to Long Beach on Sunday 25 November. I actually regained use of my car since Pam had had it for the entire year and she had not yet obtained any employment.

Finally, "our" address, minus the apartment number was posted in the letter, "930 N.W. Front Ave." That would be barely two months after "we" had moved into "our" new home on 1 October 1984. As best as I can recall, Thanksgiving may well have been the very first time I stepped into K-1.

Later that year she published the poem, "One Last Question."⁴⁴⁸ In it, Pam posited the vision of a post-apocalyptic world. Anyone remember the "White Train" story earlier? She seemed to over-react to the train across the river from our apartment. She believed it carried nuclear weapons.

Her next poem, "No Tears for the Children"⁴⁴⁹, was a contemporary view, most probably tied to the starvation crisis and massive deaths in Eastern Africa that led eventually to the charity concert, Live Aid, in July 1985. That was the weekend her sister, brother in law, and nephews came over for a cookout and she rescued "Layla".

Her next contribution, "Nighttime quiet feeds mental processes" is a mystery.⁴⁵⁰ Found under the banner of "First Person Singular", Pam posited that she had been an insomniac for years. That was news to me, even now. She made a reference to not having revealed it to her sister at that late date. Interestingly enough, she made two references that may be quite revealing in their own depths.

The first indicated that she apparently had no need for a sexual relationship (she seemed to dismiss its role as part of a relationship) and the second below (with my emphasis) is again a mystery:

*About a year ago, into this ocean
of inspiration came the nagging thought
that nighttime was dark for a reason.
But it came too late. I was sleeping a
split shift because I needed to.*

It we take it as a given that there was a time lag between writing the account, submitting it, and its final publication, Pam's reference to

⁴⁴⁷ Oregonian, Tuesday, 27 November 1984, under "Pamela S. Rivera".

⁴⁴⁸ Oregonian, Sunday, 23 December 1984, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁴⁹ Oregonian, Sunday, 16 June 1985, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁵⁰ Oregonian, Sunday, 14 July 1985, listed as "Pamela Rivera is a Portland writer".

"a year ago" would put it from about mid to late 1984 or so, or while I was still on active duty and stationed in Long Beach. As to the "split shift", it was not due to work, as she had no job at all. As for the insomnia post-April 1985, it was I who had issues with sleep and nocturnal wanderings. I have no recall of her being an insomniac. However, since I spent many a night on the living room couch anything was possible.

She wrote that piece in a contemporary manner. Though we had just acquired Layla about 10 days earlier, Pam wrote as if we had more than one kitten. If insomnia was her curse, one would not know it by her behavior. I would get up early in the morning so as to get to my classes at Portland State by 8am. She would remain entrapped in the bedroom, asleep or with her arms over her eyes. At first, I would return home for lunch before my late afternoon class. However, I discovered that she would still be in bed. After a while, I would just stay at the university and return in the late afternoon as there was no reason for me to go home if she was sacked out. However, upon returning in the late afternoon, often I would find her entranced or captured by the computer screen. It appeared as if she would be staring at a word or line onscreen for an inordinate amount of time. It might have been her writing style, but alas, the computer desk was placed in the kitchen corner directly in front of the refrigerator. Conveniently, she could twist in her seat and reach in to retrieve a beverage, generally, wine. It was not rare to find her at that computer desk, seemingly oblivious to the world, starting at the screen with a glass of wine in hand or nearby. If she were truly an insomniac, it was not due to my lack of keeping her up. Rarely was there any sexual activity. Almost always I ended up on the living room couch. I tried not to disturb her on my way out to classes, and certainly not study in her presence.

The following three accounts provide an insightful window into Pam's personality, mindset, and perhaps, even, mental status. Perhaps, she has no recall of these, or, maybe she would rather forget them completely.

In the "Travel Mailbag", one finds Pam's "Matchbooks light memories of traveling."⁴⁵¹ Three points of interest here: firstly, the paper printed a fuller address for "our" apartment-"930 N.W. Front, K-1"; secondly, one might note that the piece appeared while Pam, Norma, and Geri, were enjoying Greece, and I had just started classes at Portland State University, and; thirdly, the piece is primarily a fabrication on Pam's part. That is, very little of it was then an accurate representation of her life, and in fact, it drew more from my own life experiences. One would think that if a person submitted an article about traveling they would have actually visited the locations they cite. Alas, *vie de fantaisie* like "Matty Walker" from the film Body Heat.

The account started off with one true statement but then veered into falsehoods (yes, one can characterize them as even "creative lies"). She began with the matchbooks, as she had been collecting them before I met her and from places she had actually visited. Between November 1982 and March 1986 I acquired additional matchbooks during my overseas travels and various movements outside Coronado and Portland. Her accounting would require even the State Department to question the mental status of the claimant as follows, for in the same paragraph she started to delve into the realm of impossibility. As best as I can find, Pamela has never travelled east of Egypt, west of Hawaii, north of Canada, nor south of Mexico. But "Matty" did want to live somewhere exotic.

⁴⁵¹ Oregonian, Sunday 29 September 1985, under "Pamela Rivera".

We were married in Las Vegas on Monday 16 May 1983. Again, her article was dated 29 September 1985. However, she claimed that on our first anniversary in 1983 we stayed at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. No, during the week we were married in May 1983, we stayed at the Hilton Las Vegas, with its attached *Benihana* Japanese restaurant. For our first anniversary (1984) "we" actually visited Las Vegas for the second and last time in February 1984, just after I returned from my Hawaiian deployment. This was also the month before she moved from Salt Lake City to Portland.

Pam next reported that on said "first" anniversary in "1983": "my husband and I celebrated our first anniversary and went for a hot-air balloon ride, complete with champagne and caviar." Bollocks, for we never ever went on any kind of a balloon ride in the years we were 'together'. And, the only time she and I had ever shared champagne and caviar was on Thursday afternoon 19 May 1983. Upon returning from Las Vegas, Geri and Gordon greeted us with a bottle of champagne and a jar of caviar by the bay on that old picnic table. I never actually acquired a taste for caviar.

The next two questionable parts in the article are a matter of semantics. She wrote, "I've collected matchbooks and boxes from Singapore and Hong Kong..." Not so, for as of the date of that publication, she had never been to either of those two locations. In fact, it was I who actually visited Singapore twice and Hong Kong twice in the years between 1981 and 1983. I collected the matchbooks because she asked me to acquire them from places I visited, and then gave them to her. As to the boxes, I did purchase a single shadow box for the growing matchbook accumulation. Yes, semantics.

However, the grandest tall-tale she invented in this article was tied directly to my own travel experiences. She wrote, "...memories of my three-day weekend stay at the Ceylon Hotel Inter-Continental in Sri Lanka." That is an out and out lie. It was I who stayed in that hotel during my visit to Colombo, Sri Lanka in late January-early February 1983 (but not during my return in April 1983). She wrote further, "I wonder if the telephone number is the same 21221 I dialed to confirm my reservation several years ago." Most likely that was the general number for the hotel where I stayed, and she never had reason to confirm her reservation as again she had never visited Sri Lanka. One would expect that truthfulness be a prerequisite for submitting "personal experiences" to a travel column. Perhaps, she forgot to inform the editors of the Oregonian that she was making up many stories.

The next Pamela article provided for "First Person Singular" was also not only a hoot but patently untrue. Titled "There's still a magic muddy about getting back to the land,"⁴⁵² it had a final tag line to make one snicker, in derision perhaps. It read, "Pamela Rivera recently moved off the farm and writes from her home in Portland." Pam wrote about feeding pigs and cows, and the dirty work of a farm, as if it was a most recent experience. One suspects that the last time Pam was on a farm feeding pigs and cows was probably in her childhood or teen years, if ever true. But we are finding out that such things like truth didn't deter her from producing masterful fiction. It was not a 'roman a clef'.

The work was quite detailed in its specifics, so either she had been prepped by a real farmer, or, had had some much earlier farming experience. In any case, she referred to "[her] decision several years ago to move to the country from the big city." Since her life from 1961 had very little to do with farming, one again is hard pressed to understand the fiction, unless again she failed to identify the account as not a real personal

⁴⁵² Oregonian, Sunday, 1 December 1985, "Pamela Rivera recently moved off the farm and writes from her home in Portland".

experience for herself. We know where she lived in the decades before the publication of her "farm experience". It was in luxury and comfort.

Her next publishing coup was a month and a half after I moved out. It was entitled "Rick at 51."⁴⁵³ It seems to be a forlorn look at a past or lost lover...not me as far as I can tell. I do not recall her ever discussing a "Rick".

The next few poems might well be reflective of the turmoil during the buildup to and the consummation of the divorce.

"Pondering Now and Then"⁴⁵⁴ posits the cost of reflection upon her life and most likely the failures that got her nowhere. It seemed to be in keeping with her notion that if one forgets the past, it never existed. However, as I have proven elsewhere, we all leave flotsam and jetsam in the wakes of our lives that eventually reach a shore and are found by someone.

"Still Life" is an impression of her view of love as not fading but present.⁴⁵⁵ However, one surmises it was not about me personally but rather her view of romanticism. Perhaps, she was thinking about another lost love.

The last one to date that I have found, "Caption: the Moon"⁴⁵⁶ was another allegory featuring the worship of the moon. If she has published elsewhere, perhaps the passage of time will provide further access to other archives in this country. However, of note, is her use of the 6-6-6 motif again. She signed the last one as "Pamela Boyles-Rivera, probably written and submitted between April 1987 and June 1987. If one considers words to be an insight into a person's mind, then her "stories" reveal much about her. One also considers that this work says a lot about me as well.

The final two of her submissions that I have found to date were also from the Oregonian. They were both letters to the editors. "Make the Connection" was her view on capital punishment and life sentences for convicted felons.⁴⁵⁷ One draws no real sense if she was speaking for herself as an individual or just responding to a horrific crime in her "community."

"Let Victims Choose" was in response to commentary dealing with abortion and rape or incest victims.⁴⁵⁸ Again, one gets no sense if the issue resonated with her personally or was based upon ideological concerns.

One has to ask finally, when does the "statute of limitations" personally run out on her lying to everyone in her life?

Finally, so to speak, I guess it might not be a life is either she believes all of which she has undertaken and said about me, or, it might reflect a mental disorder of some type. Ask her if you ever meet her. But one must also expect that the trend towards what is called the "right to be forgotten" may eventually extend to many of the sources links herein not tied to official/government depositories. So, in the near or far future this work will reflect that status quo as of this date.

Carlos R. Rivera, Ph.D.
LCDR USNR ret
14 September 2015
Coronado CA/Columbus OH

⁴⁵³ Oregonian, Sunday, 13 July 1986, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁵⁴ Oregonian, Sunday, 11 January 1987, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁵⁵ Oregonian, Sunday, 1 March 1987, under "Pamela Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁵⁶ Oregonian, Sunday, 26 July 1987, under "Pamela Boyles-Rivera[,] Portland".

⁴⁵⁷ Oregonian, Wednesday, 3 August 1988, under "Pamela Boyles[,] Northeast Portland".

⁴⁵⁸ Oregonian, Friday, 3 November 1989, under "Pamela Boyles[,] Northeast Portland".