

Cherry Bomb

21 May 1969

“Your hair can always be used as a distraction from your mouth” Norma made this one of her many other comments of the day. I may as well mention that Norma , a very refined , conservative American woman , happens to be my mom . Everything I know of myself mainly through her and it has never really seemed ideal , a lot of the time I see her notice me and have the expression of unease across her face. It might just be my improper posture . She told me she gave me the name Connie because it seemed quite [whatever that means]. Norma and Steven never really looked compatible to me , Steven [my dad] is an estate agent in Ohio [where I live] which I always found funny considering he can't exactly manage his own house.

5 June 1969

Everytime i make my way to school I try and guess exactly what will happen. One thing I could be optimistic about was History. Donna aka Miss Carr is undoubtedly my favorite teacher , she doesn't just teach out of a textbook she always adds in those parts about just about everything in the curriculum and dare I say are more important. At the start of every lesson I try to arrive there before to ask about all the things that are turned off of the radio when I'm at home, one of the main ones being updates on the state of the National Women's Organisation . I love hearing Donna know everything about second wave feminism . I could listen for hours about the protests , meetings and speeches. I mean the fact that one of my idols, Gloria Stienem, lives in the same estate makes me a little more hopeful for my life. Today Linda [my best friend] walked in the class when we were having another one of these conversations which i usually try to avoid as she thinks it couldn't matter less, I suppose she's gotten quite used to the fact that women are seen as less valid than men , that's why they can live in their bodies and we have to survive in ours .

1 May 1970

"The Woman Identified Woman" Donna was very adamant for me to read this so I did . Whether she thought it relate to me or her I'm not sure all I know is that I understood every word of that manifesto in it being related to feminism and me. I deserve the 'maximum autonomy in human expression' when reading that I did but when walking on the streets I don't I told Donna this and she understood me in some strange way. It's like we both found out a secret about each other yet it didn't seem like a surprise .

26 August 1970

6:00 am was the time Donna told me to meet her outside the school gates. I'd seen already the large signs poking out of her car window making the 9 hour journey to New York seem less unpleasant .

5:30 pm Bodies of all types of women with politically charged heads were moving everywhere. I'd never seen sidewalks so packed. It was ~~hard~~ like a job that I'd just walked out of but being there felt like the most essential thing to do. For the first time I was witnessing Betty Friedan speak on all the things we all so desperately wanted to happen , I heard real women , old , young , some ~~with~~ children, some jobless talk about real issues.

22 March 1972

Soon i'll be leaving high school by the time i have i'm hoping my gender or supposed mental dysfunction doesn't stop me from being employed or forced into a straitjacket. Today Donna had ~~never~~ been so delighted as she told me that America has been given 7 years the ratify the ERA yet I find it quite hard to celebrate considering more people were now angry with us even without us being given our rights yet. Linda already has her ~~secretary~~ ~~job~~ for her, she told me how after school she isn't discouraged that her praise might go away , saying that "there are two types of women, the ones who seek validation in themselves and the others in their family." Why are they inherently separate?

24 October 1974

5/38 states have approved. I'm 2 years into working . Local journalist. Shared housing. I think Linda is engaged. I can now drive to protests on my own now , rarely forgetting anyone I meet This time it was Robin, who looked to religiously ~~wear~~ her dark blue flares and keep up with her short ~~st~~ styled red haired cut. She happened to live quite close to me. How can two people

grow up 10 minutes away from each other , be the same yet turn out so different? [aside the fashion sense]. Am I jealous? Envious? Irritated? Or in awe? I suppose something as females were not meant to know. She told me about being part of this whole music scene [one of her 'politics of life'] and how Blondie is the next big thing ,she knows her music and her rights.

25 March 1975

I avoid mentioning anything to Norma about my life. There was nothing worse than watching her in discomfort. Robin was the only new thing in my life though it wasn't like I could bring her home.

11 December 1975

2:00am It was usual for me and Robin to be walking on the streets at this time from the high off of blasting music and riveting conversations that made women make sense of the world. I couldn't help but notice our hands were holding. Why did it have to be that moment ?

2:05am Two men. Unfamiliar. Shared Scowls . I know they were intoxicated .

Approached

Insult

Damage

Pain

6:00am Loss

1 January 1976

I suppose I do wonder why I got lucky. I think it's because they could see she was the one with no shame and I was the one who obliges to the world's restraints. Maybe that's why I survived. Robin always said that I would inevitably live longer than she did on the process of rejecting what I was. I loathed the way she was right.

11 December 1976

People always ask me what 'thing' I have to be reminded of her . I didn't want to take something from our past so I chose something she would love ~~song with~~ a tone of who she is... was "Cherry Bomb".

