

Thoughts on love

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Today, I finished 12 chapters of Book 2 (A Beautiful Woman)

I have been putting off writing this scene and I wasn't sure why until I started writing. I have a real problem writing love (sex) scenes. These are characters of my creation and I can make them do or not do whatever I want. (this is not always true. Sometimes the characters take over and write the scene for me) However, when I follow them into the bedroom, I feel like I am invading their privacy. My eyes want to turn away, but writing requires putting down on paper what is entering my head as I watch the scene unfold. Maybe if I face this situation again in another book I will be better prepared.

Death is also very hard for me. I've only allowed one of my main characters to die and when she did, I cried for the rest of the day. Rest in Peace, Carly, I loved you.

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I sometimes look in the mirror trying to see my resemblance to Dr. Joyce Brothers. There has to be some reason why people I have met for the first time will tell me the most intimate and shocking details of their life. When I work booths at State fairs & horse shows hear about operations, divorces, incest, impotence, bankruptcy and more from people I don't know and will never see again. Last week, a neighbor came by with a friend who had run a naked girl out of her house when she found her in bed with her husband.

Maybe this is why I have to write. I have all this stored up information about human nature trying to get out.