

Monday, January 19, 1981

Having a brand new fancy typewriter does not help. I have been here over a week and haven't written anything. Not that a lot hasn't happened. Today I confronted Bill about his talking about me to Simone but not directly to me. This is not worth writing about. Walking to the post office for the mail. Returning and feeling completely disconnected from everything. Having ideas about how I want things to come out but don't see how to do it. Lonely feelings. Nobody I can trust really. Only Simone and Linda give me a feeling of not being alone. They are away most of the time. I'm very stuck going to the post office for the mail every day. It feels as though I must do it. I have to do it. I think about how to change things so something else happens. I sleep until noon today. Not that I'm depressed, because I get up right after waking and masturbating. A phone call goes unanswered. Somehow I can't capture the mood that made it possible for me to write so much on FH. A phone call from Linda last night. It makes me feel good to hear she misses me and looks forward to seeing me again. She tells me the story of how she was here the night I called Dana. They were in bed together. She jumped out and ran to the kitchen to listen on the extension. She felt a bit guilty. It was not possible for her to do anything with Dana after that incident. She wrote me a letter but it didn't get there in time. She wanted me to hear about it from her before Dana told me the story. He already has. The way he describes her is how Simone described him when I was away. Simone calls to tell me of her plans for the week and that she realized why she likes me so much. Its because she enjoys being with me. Simple. A few days ago she tells me of this idea she has to make things go faster. Why not a little newsletter describing all the things that are going on with us and the people we know. I remind her that this is an idea of mine from about 4 weeks ago. She thinks it might isolate us even more. Its true but it will also cause people to be very interested in whats going on. Those who are really interested in living with us will understand. We had a talk with Dana the other day about some recent problems, like his using the apartment to refinish some of his old furniture. The smell gets into everything. It is resolved by having him move things down to the Hampshire Place office. Its also more room. The other things was comfort. Last Tuesday night the dream group met here. It was too cold for Simone. She wanted to raise the temperature. Dana wanted to keep it down to save money. My concern was that everyone should be comfortable. We don't have to suffer like a bunch of Pilgrims during our life. Better to spend a little more money to be comfortable. He argues that she is not really here and so doesn't have much say in the matter. I say that is irrelevant. He sleeps with her, has an emotional relationship with her, and this is a minor factor - that she does not technically live here. I am eating chocolate again. The result of this was Simone's saying that people talking to each other about what's going on is very important. That this is a good basis for building a healthy community, which she and I both want. We try to talk about more

important things with other people that we know. Suddenly I feel a little bit better. A whole page. Another letter from Genie Berman today. She wrote to me almost exactly one year ago, also from Japan. She still thinks fondly of me and my jokes. Maybe, she says, I will visit sometime soon. She goes to Italy in the next few months. I wrote her a mushy love letter last year. Something more sedate and rational this time. A date with Caryn Schwartz yesterday. She called to cancel. My mistake. I pushed a little too hard. She was obviously quite stirred up by our conversation of a few days ago. My intuition, she said, tells me not to do it. She has some connection with a TORI like group. Her friends are in it so she goes, but does not like what goes on. It sounds very chaotic. Chicken bones all over the place she says. A rather withdrawn, authoritarian, older man is the leader. We talk a lot about FH. Maybe she will go sometime. She has sent Gertrude some information about Intentional Education for the school. In the beginning, a difficult time with Simone last night. It was almost one. I go to bed. She gets here and wants me to go to her place. I say no. It is late, I'm tired, not feeling well, don't want to ride there, go to bed, sleep, get up, get on the subway, ride back to Cambridge. She protests and complains, but stays. She is withdrawn at first, but we start talking. She is under a lot of pressure. Its from work, Carol, having her other place still, Michael, her parents this week, after a visit. She goes away to California with Carol in two weeks. After a while it gets a little better. She doesn't want any clam juice from me tonight. Well, maybe ... But we are too tired. Some more rambling talk, some games, fooling around, and soon we both feel quite good. And so just go to sleep. I think some more about the CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLES. What if we wrote several pages with something about all the people we know, what's going on with them at this time, make a mailing list and send it. What would happen? I could send it to everyone on my Cambridge list, and put together a list from Simone and my own directory. Well, almost two pages! This is getting exciting. But I now wonder about if I should type everything single space. Certainly for a newsletter. Difficult getting going today. So many things to do and lots of uncertainty about which way to go. Edwin, while talking with him yesterday, tells me my biggest problem is settling on one or two things to do then putting lots of effort into it. Instead I try to do everything of interest to me and can't do any of them very well, at least not to my satisfaction. He's right. And now I think of doing even more. Perhaps a new full time job, and the seminars Joe has been helping me with. Dinner with Ron and Ellen a few days ago. Simone thinks we may have freaked them out talking about our various relationships. But they were interested, and it was more interesting than other things we talked about. Somehow horses came up and I was reminded of all my adventures as a youth. Raising Suzie from a colt, Star, who we got rid of only when my stepfather broke some of his ribs one day when the horse went crazy, and others. I think lately of trying to write about my childhood. Memories of lots of seminal incidents, or so they seem. Or some things I don't remember, but my mother and grandmother tell me of. The end of the 2nd page.

Maybe I should go visit my grandparents in Florida. They can tell me a lot about my early years. I have heard lots of stories already. Record it or maybe even videotape the event. I begin to feel a bit teary eyed. Dana and I speak a little about our childhoods. He did not like having so many brothers and sisters. It was not a good time for him. My mind flashes over many incidents of extreme feeling from when I was a little boy. Visiting friends of my father. He talks about my being so withdrawn, and how my sister gets along much better, and quicker. The earliest memories I have of living in a trailer, West of Cody, looking out the window, having the measles. A vague memory of a communal bathing place with males and females together. But I think this must be a creation of mine. I can't imagine that such a thing really happened in Cody, Wyoming, sometime around 1950. Saturday, two days ago, Porter Square shopping center, a bookstore. I see Sandy Margolin. First time in years. I feel a little excited. Should I say anything, or pretend not to. Then I glance to the side and see some books by Jerzy Kosinski. Spend a little time looking at the covers. Finally the nerve. Do you read that sort of thing, I comment about the book she is holding. Hello she says, long time no see. Last she had heard of me was that I'm in some religious group. Funny how rumors get turned upside down. I mean how rumors are reality turned upside down. No, it was a free sexuality group. But its a lot different now. At first I thought she was referring to the Mormon Church, from which I had been excommunicated in 1973. Not that. We talk about Jessie, David, and what she is doing. Living on Eustis Street, divorced from David, shared custody, a new boyfriend. Had been working as an editor. We say nothing about Cheyenne or Adele. I speculate about how much of this will get back to her. Briefly talk about how I may write this book about myself, but having problems getting started. She has to go.

Tuesday, January 20, 1981

A sinking feeling, desparate, on my way to the post office. Will I ever get out of this rut? Will I keep churning my wheels and getting nowhere? A feeling that time is going too fast for, of being left behind again. I think of how to change the situation. Last night late to bed. Simone and I talk about her moving in. She talks about "our" room. I want my own room. She wants to share one. A struggle. Tensions. She argues that we will have to share a room only temporarily, until we get a bigger place. I think she has just made up this rationalization. She knows its true, but in the beginning denies it. She spent some time in a bar with Tom Howard last night. He didn't want her to call and tell me they were there. He thought I would come over, as its nearby. He wanted to be alone with her. He is still thinking about an affair, also divorce. Debbie is too boring for him. But he needs a stable, reliable person like her. He bet Simone \$5 that I would come to the bar. She won. Later she, Dana, and I are talking about this and other things. They plan to give these courses, but the ad is wrong, and their mailing list is not ready. I get frustrated and push on them to do something. Perhaps frustration with my own inability to get moving on some things. Another dream about airplanes last night. Also about a horse we had in Wyoming. I walk to the train station with Simone and tell her my idea about common ownership of some property, like a house. She is negative. Her last experience with such a group living situation did not work out so well. Too many big ideas and not enough attention to little details. She's right, but I keep leaping ahead to what might be. Last night's bed conversation turns for just a moment to sleeping with other people in our common house. It gets a little tense. I mention Dana. He's not sleeping with me now, she says. He can't manage it when I'm there. Better to let this one pass, and not push on it. Two days in a row of writing something! I am getting all excited about the seminar and have asked Joe to help me develop the written material. He agrees, while speaking to him in Harvard Square.

Thursday, January 22, 1981

Last night a surprise from Dana. He suggests we have an Sd evening. He has been reading my notes from when I was first on FH. It seems he has been doing that every time I see him, for the last 3 days. At one time he told Simone they were boring. She tells me he enjoys talking together but it is more comfortable when she is there. We spoke for some time about being in love, just the two of us. Me and Dana. It was the most real conversation I have ever had with just him. Mostly its about the weather, furniture, this or that trivial thing. He seems quite interested in the SD. That it is a very powerful thing for discovering ones weaknesses and strengths. I tell him how a weakness disappears the moment you show it. How difficult it is to be open to people, to love them. I can't recapture the mood. This is a completely intellectual description of it. Why do I write? This is something I asked myself two days ago. For one, to become a better write, second, to get another picture of myself. Third is something like research. To discover some new ideas and pictures of life. But also to solve some practical problems in life. Like how to write every day about what's going on. How to be more steady in the things I do. How to enjoy what I do. Writing has become very enjoyable these last few days. Its a real thrill to be able to pour this stuff out in some way. Not that it satisfies me, but when I think about the times past when trying to keep a diary and how naive the writing was ... Maybe I will try to dig some of that up. I also have the idea to put some other things, like pictures, poems, drawings, in the book about me - if it ever comes to that. Otto's green lady. Maybe in color. Some of the drawings by Regi. Donald Faugno has just called from Sturbridge. I did not go today because of not feeling well and having so much work to do. It made me a little nervous. The job interview yesterday was interesting, but not enough to give up more than 40 hours a week for \$25,000 a year. The interviewer suggested some other frindge benefits but I don't think so. In any case, I will go visit the school tomorrow and have a closer look at things. A teaching job still interests me, and there are other possibilities. My body starts to fail me in some more little ways. I think again about doing some exercise. It is like everything else, a lot of momentum to just keep doing the things I am doing now. Its so difficult to just make a phone call to get it started. So I have just called about where to get mats for exercising on. They may be too expensive for now. Today I will look for some smaller and cheaper versions. Temporary. Also, to get a tape recorder for playing music. And some Canned Heat music. I found that to have the best tempo. I am having trouble getting to the events of last night. Jealousy. To put it in a word. It started with a phone call from Linda. She was on the other line. I could tell right away from her voice that something was up. She switched back to the other line and seemed to drag it out. Dana noticed it also. Then I switched back to Linda. Until that time she was not feeling well and was going to just stay here. Then she decided to go stay with Michael, as she had originally planned. Before leaving she jokingly said maybe the four of us should do something together. Me, her, Michael, and Linda. Have dinner, and then later sleep together. She suggested that Linda would be just perfect for Michael because they have a similar "problem". I begin to feel jealous. But very mild. It comes and goes in waves. One moment desparation. The next its ok. Abandonment. A sinking feeling. Out of control. She starts to get a distant edge to her voice and behavior. Her contact with me becomes stiffer. Less eye contact. Even a goodbye kiss is more formal. I go to the office. She calls me. Something is up. She has to confront me about the telephone incident. Points out to me that I kept her waiting once when she called long distance. And another thing that escapes me now. The feeling is back. I try some tricks to keep her on the phone and away from Michael. He doesn't want to speak to me. It reminds me of the tricks with Regi on FH. Whenever she slept with another man I would try all sorts of things to disrupt it or get the attention of everyone, or just do most anything to fight off the feelings of panic and tension. Sometimes I would attack them with a pillow, try to force myself between them. All sorts of confusion and time consuming ploys. Anything to drag out the moment she would be totally involved with "him". Here its a little different. Everyone tries to arrange the situation

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so those feelings don't come up. Its called an open relationship. But in fact it is closed to the sort of feelings that are created by the situation. What one doesn't know won't make you jealous. Michael seems to be putting himself more into the competition for her. He wants to arrange more time with her. I will have to work harder. She says he knows exactly what to do to get more of her. I think she uses the ambiguous situation of her moving in with me as a means to get him to come after her. She still has her doubts about me. Even while saying that I am afraid to get close to her. She still believes it is necessary to decide absolutely on one of us. That once married she will suddenly not have the same feelings about the other. And of course I am still not convinced of her proclamations of undying love for me. She has doubts, every day, just like me. The only problem is her idea that she must decide on one of us eventually. She was having a difficult time on the phone last night. My tricks were getting to her. I noticed that the way she tried to get distance from me had more than one quality. One thing would fail as I chip away at her, and so she tries a different tack. But still some subtle difference that is difficult to put in words. A definite feeling. The feeling was that this person is trying to avoid contact with me, I know it. It was an unmistakable sensation, but done in several different ways. Its so IMPOSSIBLE to describe this! Very Frustrating. To be able to do this would be like solving an existential puzzle, a life paradox. It eludes me. A mirage. I look in the wrong place? Where to look? I sit here pondering this like a mathematics puzzle. But it holds my attention quite unlike any math problem I've ever done. Am I the mirage? Is she the mirage? Not the person, but rather the feelings evoked. Maybe the place to look is reality. How trite. But I think if there really were more people and we had a group living situation then ..... But I imagine that everyone will really be dedicated to doing something about their difficulties. From experience I know this isn't so. Its true of me. I avoid these difficulties by being stubborn, and show that stubbornness is one of my difficulties. Most people will make excuses to avoid their feelings. Even Simone, who is one of the best people I have found here, will do this when it comes to jealousy. Others insist they are not comfortable and so it your fault, and leave. They can't stand the way they feel. "That's not what I want to do at this point in my life." But why do I suddenly get so tense and angry when someone says this? Its the same for me. I don't want to confront myself now either. When I get so mad at someone being closed up. NO. Forget that. What do I mean? I see someone being really stupid, saying something like its not for me now. Suddenly, without any conscious effort, I get enraged. They don't want to have any contact with me. I can't stand this. On the surface they may be perfectly calm. The explanation may be perfectly calm. But I am boiling. It almost overwhelms me. I stay calm. Try to think of a clever reply. But mostly being so mad jumbles everything around and I can't make any sense. I take it as a personal rejection. I don't understand on an emotional level that it is someone else's problem. It has nothing to do with me. I think of the many times people have had this sort of reaction to me. Of course it felt like I was being personally rejected. They were rejecting me, in a sense. But sometimes I am so crazy, or push to hard, that it is the most sensible thing to do. This is always so uncomfortable. I have a warm feeling in my face. Almost like feeling a bit ashamed of myself. It often happens when I think of times my behavior turned people off to me. It is usually obvious afterward what I did wrong. How I shouldn't have said this, or how I pushed to hard on something. How to avoid this rejection inducing behavior? It obviously needs to be avoided at the moment it happens. A stupidly obvious statement. Well, it is almost 2pm and I am feeling quite satisfied about the amount I have written. Like a communist quota system. A silly thing, I suppose, but not bad when I think about how blocked the last week has been. The second hand on the clock sweeps around and seems to go faster, then slower. But it seems really to be getting slower. Maybe it is just me. The body is not working right the last few weeks. Yesterday I had the impression of cancer. Not in one place, but pervasive. Something feels wrong. Not enough exercise. Not enough regularity. Not enough of the right foods. I feel the need to push myself but not to the point where life is uncomfortable. I have done that too many times in the past. Try to push in a direction where things are enjoyable. Finished.

Sunday, January 25, 1981

Its getting hard to write again. The other day I was thinking, Hey, what if I become a famous writer, and someone is reading this in the far future? What would I say to such a person? You stupid shit! Forget it and go do something. But I have these what-if, in-the-future-dreams, often. Why? Always hoping something I want will come about. Today I was thinking how everything seems to be going well. My relationships are holding together. It looks like more people will be living here. Linda wants to live here if she decides to leave art school. But its not solid. Everyone is still subject to being nudged by too much feeling and going off by themselves. Only Simone seems determined enough about what she wants to put up with present and probable future difficulties. Can I say my believing there will be future difficulties cause them to be created? So I get excited about the present and fail to see the situation as it really is, and then expect the worst of the future. Simone has just read these notes. She freaks out at the possibility of Linda living with us. She wants to "confront that asshole about hanging up the telephone on me". It is only her jealousy. She becomes loud and vicious. Incredible tension. She is afraid of being abandoned, rejected. She has no distance to the feeling. She lets it eat her alive. Its gets a little calmer. Dana likes the idea that she thinks enough of us to want to live with us. He thinks it quite complimentary. But I have a very nervous feeling. She continues to be confrontational. Accuses me of being incapable of having an intimate couple relationship. I remind her of others who reject her and how it is related to smothering. By her. My face feels very warm. My hands are quite cold. Shaking a little bit all over. Feeling hyper. I hide the scissors in my room. She has picked up weapons and thrown things at me before. Dana says he wants to leave and go to the movie. Tell me about it later, he says. We convince him to stay. He is a part of this. I play a joke about going to the movies with Dana. Leaving Simone here alone with Linda. She says I am afraid to go and leave her with Linda. I go to my room and write this. She can call me if she wants. It seems Linda is here. I continue to type. She can get me if necessary. It seems I get a little more nervous. Didn't I say that already? But now I wonder what's going on in there? I hear just a little bit of someone talking. How can I keep my mind on another topic? Can't. Do I hear them talking or not? Now I hear something. Not clear. But something. Everything is washed away. Not a thing else comes up for me. I leave the two combatants to battle it out. What if this happens every time someone new moves in with us? How would it go with Judy Levy? Jeannette Tremblay? Michael Jaro? Simone always asks me what it would be like if Michael moved in. Wouldn't you feel jealous, she asks. Yes, but it wouldn't be so bad that I would start thinking of reasons why not to or why he should leave. What is this warm feeling in my face? Its like a constant feeling of being embarrassed. But not really. Its also fear. I can hear more talking. It seems to be a bit louder. I open the door and listen. Linda is getting the better of the situation. She understands there may be problems, but she hasn't decided to move in, its only speculation. We will have to wait and see, she says. Should I decide to move in, then I'll have to spend time to get to know you better, she says. But now I want to spend what little time left today with Richard. I'd like to spend some time just with you Simone, but not now. Another time. She comes to me in my room. I tell her she won this one. The score is now tied one to one. She has forgotten about the last interaction she had with Simone. She is very sassy with me. I see another, more assertive, self-knowledgeable, side of her. She wants to fuck and takes my clothers off. We are under the covers. Simone enters, I'll see you later this evening, she says, and slams the door. It amuses me. Linda thinks it rude. In the beginning its difficult to get an erection. The tension from the situation is still in me. We talk while fucking. Then I come into her from behind. It is one of the best times we have had together. It seems as though I have gotten over a hurdle and something, once bound up inside me, has come unstuck. Linda says she has learned a lot from her relationship with me. Today I learned a lot about her. But she jumps up right away and is gone. She takes some of my FH notes to read. I will go to visit her next weekend. Simone will be on her way to California.

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On the one hand I imagine myself orchestrating the whole situation. That I am in command, and know exactly what to do next. But mostly things are just developing. I have an idea about what things might be like, then make little experiments to see if it can be created. But the situation could reverse very rapidly. It's happened to me before. Sometimes I imagine that, like Otto, I've found my Claudia, Teresa, and Eva. But there isn't so much difference between me and them, as there is between Otto and the others. Mostly it is my imagination that I'm like him or capable of what he's done. On the other hand things have not fallen apart. Simone probably will survive this incident. Dana tells me her interrupting was from trying to figure out what sort of "Richard Gardner trick" I'd try at a time like this. She almost pulled it off but the door slamming gave her away. I was only amused. Now she will probably think of trying something like this. Maybe I will come over and she will be in bed with another man. Like a poker game. But we learn a lot of important things with every new hand we play. She could make a date with me and then cancel at the last moment. Or maybe start introducing me to a lot of her other men friends. Or change her behavior so Michael is more comfortable and wants to spend more time with her. Maybe go away on that vacation he suggested to her just recently. Or maybe just make lots more dates with other men. The next chapter should be exciting. Don't you think so? In the beginning it was a heated argument with lots of emotions coming out. In time it settled down. The world did not end. We have experienced a new threshold of ourselves, and learned that it is not so bad. I may have to face this situation again, but once done it really feels behind me.

Monday, January 26, 1981

no, it's not really behind me. A day of arguing inside my head. Walking along, head down, feet scraping, having fights with Simone, countering every argument she tries against me. Catching myself wrapped up in it. Cursing at myself for falling into this old pattern. When, I ask, will it be possible to just live and enjoy myself. And not have to fight against everything. She blackmails me and threatens to go to another man. What is the clever argument she uses? She threatens to leave me before I get a chance to leave her. I am inclined to say go ahead. But she can leave any time she wants. Nothing holds her back but herself.

Tuesday, January 27, 1981

More arguing in bed with Simone last night. The same old stuff. Who's ahead of who. Who did what, when, and where, to whom. It goes on and on. What is it about? I can never remember. Nothing of importance. But I had to do something to end the rather nasty circle of blame and counter-blame we were in. At first I just told her to go home, get out of here. Then I pushed her a little. She resisted, not wanting to really go. Then I just decide to turn my back and be quiet. To stop fighting with her and say nothing. She goes on. I tell her to shut up and go to sleep. Then the whole mood changes. She starts to cry and tell me how love is more important to her than what goes on now. I surrender also, turn to hold her and talk. She says that wanting to be loved, and her fear of rejection has created a lot of difficulties for her. And there was more, but the mood was totally different. We were not struggling against each other. The voice and words were softer and more genuine. It was much better than lying there, on our backs, staring at the ceiling, feeling tense, hitting back at each other with past nasties, accusations, meanness, and all the other things that people say to the other when they hate, and want to come out ahead, and feel superior, and self-righteous. It's still in me. Today, more fights inside my head. It carries me away. A life filled with imaginary fights, and imaginary victories, and tension, and no real resolution. I get knocked off my feet so easily by these past events. Not enough satisfaction now? Not enough security now? I give in to this mood and feel like crying. A lump in my throat, and a dam at my eyes stops it. Suddenly I am thinking about Otto and the time he was on TV with Eva and the moderator bit her finger. I saw it in Der Spiegel about

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two and one-half years ago. Rudiger and Virginia were staying with me at Hampshire Place. He was very sick and Virginia and I did all the work. I am a bit paralyzed at the moment. So much work to do, and so many projects I want to get going. I've just talked with Simone on the phone. Something is still between us. I could feel it jump up from time to time as we spoke. A little thing would set me off or something I say upsets her. It gets a little tense. Mostly we drop it. There is a new sort of defensiveness about her attitude toward me. A little cooler. A little more matter of fact. A little more definite. A little sharper. A feeling that she is putting a subtle form of distance between us. She still sees it as my having hurt her. With no indication of her understanding that it was just something that I wanted. It is only a game, a trick, played on her. It was not something real. We didn't really want to do what we did. It was only to get at her. I point out how Michael is showing more interest in her. That she is threatening to leave me before I have a chance to reject her. She hasn't done that for some time. Her stern voice warns me of other consequences if I continue on the same track. You don't understand yet, do you, she says. But it is perfectly clear. She doesn't want to have it any other way. She wants things arranged so it won't happen again. At just this moment I feel a shifting in my attitude toward her. One of not really caring what she thinks. A willingness to take my chances. A strange thing. At the moment it doesn't matter if she stays or goes away. A new feeling about her. A small, insecure, petty, nasty, conniving baby. Willing to throw away anything to avoid those feelings. I will be brutal and give her another chance to chuck it! Then it is a question of should I plan something or just let it happen? But not I start to soften a bit. Why do it anyway? I just don't want to live like this, to have to think every moment about who might be bothered by what I do. Then I imagine we are living together, and she doesn't want Linda there. A plot to find another place, with Linda, and then move. They would not know anything till the day it was to happen. People are so easy to deceive. Only by revealing everything can one avoid being deceived. Last night she told me the story of Renee and Gary. They are or have been, under the impression that I am related to the Gardners of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. I have told them about the private quarters in the Museum that are available to members of the family. Also, that someday Simone and I would go there with them. A few days ago they went looking for the private quarters and asked several people there about me. Nobody knew anything. The workers there said the person who said these things must be psychotic. Renee came to Simone yesterday with some very bad news. It was that I had deceived her about my relationship to the Museum. She told Renee the truth today. Renee was pissed and said it made her look like a fool. She was a fool. Its so easy. I noticed a flushed, hot feeling in my face. I get it when something makes me mad and then I hold back. Its like holding down something that wants to explode. My hands are quite cold in comparison. Sunday evening I was having fearful fantasies about Simone. That she would attack me. It would happen very suddenly. I kept looking over my shoulder for her. One thing that has not really come out in the open, but something she keeps hinting at, and never saying directly. Namely, she doesn't want IT to happen again. She has not asked me straight out. Should I be brutal and say I won't stop it from happening again, or lie and say, or waffle, about its happening again? I'm sure the possibility will present itself again. What should I do? See if its ok to enjoy myself? I don't know how to say this. Its getting to be like a well thought out plan that will go awry on the first step. No, even thinking of the plan is the first wrong step. Very strange how my face is so hot. How do I tell the difference from fantasies that arise naturally, spontaneously, and those that I willfully create? The latter are not nearly so interesting as the former. Reading about John O'Hara yesterday. If I become a famous and rich writer will I also gets lots of sex? I certainly find it pushing me on, trying to write better. But this fantasy is different from others about being famous and getting lots of women. Its more realistic. Or so it seems to me. How so, the reader asks. I don't know exactly, but probably women would get fixated on me as a character, and not because of something like money. Does that make sense? How do ideas like this get into people in the first place?



Wednesday, January 28, 1981

Feelin fragile - the opposite of feelin groovy. I have been nervous much of the day. There is still something in the air with me and Simone. We talk about something that has happened and she thinks some sort of resolution or solution has come from this. But the problem with Linda is still there. Its as though she is hoping I will change somehow. That the pressure and threats of leaving will bring me around. Stu has asked her to marry him again. He won't see her again if she continues to live with me. I've said I don't need someone who would leave me to be with him. It seems like a little joke. I watch the clock. Its not plugged in but the second hand seems to jump ahead. Time being thrown away, wasted. Last night a two hour, 11:30 to 1:30am, conversation with Susan Parker. Someone who knows Joe. We talked about couple relationships and FH. I asked her about coming over with a bag of potato chips. Fine, she said, if you had asked an hour ago. She must be at work by 7 or so. But I spoke with her this evening and we have a date for next Tuesday, February 3. She said how about tomorrow, but I'll be out of town. A sinking feeling when she says she can't see me till then. I am churning and spinning my emotional wheels again. I am jealous of Joe who was at her house, for a meeting. Nietzsche: The consequences of our actions take hold of us, quite indifferent to our claim that meanwhile we have improved. The results of our behavior ruin our lives, and doesn't care about our saying that we have grown a lot. What faces he might be making at today's human potential movement. And when will I realize my potential? When will I be more positive about myself and when will my self be more I? That Nietzsche writes so good. So many interesting ideas, such good paragraphs. And I struggle to describe my own condition. Incredibly hungry today. Again. What can I point to today as a gain, again? When was the last time?

Thursday, January 29, 1981

Mush. Everything feels like mush today. Can't tell one thing from another. Thinking about lots of things but can't remember much. Last night with Dana and Simone. We sit on his bed and talk for an hour or so. He and I were talking alone. About the tension between Simone and I over Sundays events. It made me nervous and hungry the whole day. An uneventful day teaching in Sturbridge. Boring bus ride there. Boring bus ride back. Simone is at Donna's for her dream group. Michael has decided to join. She will not say what her plans for the evening are. Who will she stay with? I sense a bit of getting even in her voice. Anyway, remoteness. Her last day at work. A visit to the doctor about vaginal bleeding. Its stopped. At first she doesn't want to talk about something I ask her, I've got to get back to the group, she says. Then she starts about the visit to the doctor and her therapist and goes on at some length. Maybe I will try to make another date for tonite. Call Judy but no answer. The dream group was talking about me when I called. Last night was two or more hours with Simone. She also notices the tension between us. She still wants it her way. Tells me how she is better than Linda, has been more reliable, how fucked up she was to have

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had an emotional breakdown last spring. Tells me the whole story of how she fell in love with me. It goes back and forth. Fighting and loving. Talking and arguing. At one point she shouts at me, Michael is a better lover! But none of these things seem to bother me like they did on Sunday. I don't feel caught up, wrapped in knots. I can only tell her that I can't agree to any sort of limitations on my relationship with Linda, or anyone else. She cries a lot. I comfort her. In the beginning we were both horny. She was very dry. She noticed how closed she felt. It got better. We were fucking but she was not wet at all.

Saturday, January 31, 1981

I don't want to leave you, but I have to, says Simone one tear filled night. Tears and thoughts of leaving. The story of this week. And catastrophe. Simone fainted getting out of her car while going to the dentist. Blood pressure much too low, and still constipated. She wants me to talk to her dentist. She is half an hour late meeting Ellen and me in Harvard Square. We get worried. I imagine she may have fainted again and decide to go ask the police if such an incident has been reported. But, no, I meet her at the bank entrance. Later that night she is an hour late to her house for a party. Again I, and Dana, am worried. Later, five of us are lying on her bed. Me, Simone, Dana, Lois, and Carol. Some idle conversation leads to me saying something about her health. That I also have second thoughts about living with her. Do I want to be a nursemaid to someone who will be dead of multiple causes by age 35. She gets extremely offended. Enraged, she accuses me of always criticizing her. Jumps up and goes to run downstairs. Then, another surprise from Dana. He says the same, telling her that fainting on the street and being late is not good for her or us. I feel better it is out. We talk about it and she comes to lie beside me once more. All this was yesterday. I have to stop and think to write this. It doesn't pour out of me anymore. I sit here thinking over the day, what has happened, how I felt, and its all a jumble. A sense of panic today about ever being able to make anything of my life other than a series of events that might one day come to be seen as historically interesting. Perhaps to someone reading about me, or someone trying to write about me. The great pretender. Fantasies about being a great writer. I can't write in a month what some do in a day. It preoccupies me the greater part of some days. Last night reading about someone else's life, a good writer, one who tells a good, well organized story. But it is about trying to make some sense of all the things he has done in his life, and the people he identifies with. How so many of them decided not to have children, or only one or two. He has one and thinks about the one he might have had but for an abortion. I have had this twice. But what is this feeling I have about what he says. That his life was different from most of the people around him, but my impression is that he has the same regrets and sadness, but only because he didn't manage to change the rest of the world a little more. Giving up his own life at times to save the rest of the world. My attitude has been the

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same, for much of my life, when thinking about it. Trying to do some good, and one disaster and catastrophe after another creeps up and grabs me. They start out like little things. Not so important that it has to get in the way of the good deeds I'm doing. But it gets bigger with time. Once started it has never gone away. Then it starts to influence the important work. Time after time. Always these personal things do it. Why isn't it possible to create a more stable personal situation? I call Linda in NYC about visiting this weekend. She is very distant and under the surface quite disappointed in me. You should have called me earlier in the week, she says. Someone else is coming to visit me. And so my relationship with her takes a turn for the worse. All from not making an earlier phone call. I call Judy, but she is now more distant. Doesn't think I'll be interested in a party with people from her work place. I'll call you back, she says. But I don't feel its true. But things are much better with Simone. In spite of half the people at last nights party saying she should leave me. Some odd behavior by people there last night. A strange friend of George Ferrar's didn't want to leave at three this morning. Three of the men who were just leaving escorted him away. He wouldn't go when Simone asked him. George was a bit fixated, and maybe jealous about the short blurb written about me in the latest issue of the Whole Earth Times. He mentioned it some three times that evening. I have just wondered if the mood was from what Simone has been telling everyone about the situation of last Sunday. Dana was in a pickle. He wanted to go home with Ann. She was a bit cool to the idea, but he kept trying. Finally Lois came around and stuck herself between the two of them. It seemed as though he was guarding Dana. If I can't have you tonight, then nobody gets you! This would effectively put an end to Dana trying to get Ann, and at the same time lead him to resent Lois. She talked to me for some time, left for the bathroom, and never returned. I have some difficulty engaging in natural conversation with her. She seems always on the defensive. I spoke about how it seems others are able to deceive her about their real intentions, but not me. Its as though she doesn't want to see anything from me as being direct and straightforward. She seems quite content to indulge her romantic fantasies with Dana, and know nothing about what's really going on with him, or not to face any of these things. It is doubtful she will ever talk with him about her guard duty of last night. But I'm not going to be able to fool her, no siree. Do I sense a little bit of resentment in my words at not being able to win her over? Surely not from me! She needs someone not so adventuresome, who doesn't try too much. But Dana is getting to be less and less that sort of person. He talks more and more openly about himself. From time to time he inserts some new piece of information in a fairly uniform type of conversation that we have. Lately a lot of talk about sex and how he wants to try more things. He met Kathy for the first time yesterday. I liked her look, he says. She may be looking for someone new shortly. An interesting observation about Simone from the last week. It has to do with her behavior with me when we are in bed. She

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always like to suck on my prick. Not once so far this week. She kissed me there once this afternoon after we fucked. But that's it. Such a thing hasn't happened before. Its because I'm still upset with you, she says. She has also spent more days with Michael this week than normal. She can't get over it. Linda is like some disembodied person for her. I heard the story about that woman, as Carol described her this afternoon. Simone and Linda have said the same thing about leaving me. I don't want to but I have to. Her (Simone) therapist asks her why she has to make a decision now. Why is everything so black and white. Linda at least treats Simone as a person with some dimensions. She admits that its possible for her to have a real loving relationship with me. Not so with Simone. She wants to see everything about it as a bad joke or trick on her. All this while Michael and I are in her car and she talks about the two men she loves! But it is not possible for me to have such a situation. But maybe I get resentful again. Tell me, dear reader, do you notice this also? By the way, what interesting things have you done for yourself today? Or have you only had thoughts of such things? Only fantasies? Do you want to live with a group of people, to be free of jealousy, free of fear, free of being rejected, fear of not being loved? What are you doing about it? Are you the sort of person that other people want to be with? Do you make their life interesting and satisfying? Why not? What crazy things did you do today that caused someone to run away? Selfish? Asked for more than you can give? Well, I'd want to get away from you to. Forget to call and say hello? Well, I wouldn't want to see you either. Pushed somebody to hard to accept more than they are able? Well, I'd think you were an asshole to.

Sunday, February 1, 1981

Resistance. I make up little things to distract me. Read the newspaper. Look for something to eat in the kitchen. Why am I resisting calling people about the party next Saturday? I have an interesting idea. Introduce some of the people I have known for many years and say something about them. It could be quite amusing. But I avoid making the calls that will bring people here. I begin to feel the difficulty of communicating with people. Something. Its like many times in the past. There is something I want to do, but have enormous resistance to getting going. I anticipate how uncomfortable it will be talking with some people, and that stops me from calling anyone. So why not just call those that are easiest? I think ahead to how hard it will be to have something to do with people at the party. One side of me says to just stop calling people. Let those who I've called not come, or get here and then go home. A crazy idea. Last night, just before falling off to sleep, two voices were calling my name. They were like elves with very strange voices. They kept calling my name. I am also putting off doing certain work. RESisting lots of things that would make things better for me. More money. Get a bigger place. But I don't do the things needed to bring it about. Reading about the war in El Salvador. Having science fiction like fantasies of having an alien ally with enormous power capable of

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stopping all the fighting. I am their earth representative. I threaten to make demonstrations of the enormous power available, if they don't stop fighting. There I am in the corridors of power negotiating with followers of the adversaries. This is an old fantasy of mine. Stopping crime, wars, fights, trouble anywhere with my all powerful friends from the stars. More fantasies about Judy. She has promised to call me back twice this week and didn't. Why not send her an its-all-over-between-us letter, and a copy of my notes, and a message about how she can get future issues by subscription. Something like that. It always comes out better in my fantasies. Everything comes out better in my fantasies. But then in those fantasies I do more to bring them about than I put into real life. I am mostly fearless, always clever, ever able to do the next best thing to cause something to happen in my favor. But then I never have to worry about pesky other realities. Everybody does my orders perfectly. I always know exactly what everyone should do. For example, in my fantasy about Judy, she is quite taken with my letter, really nothing more than an ingenious ploy to get her attention, and falls in love with me. And wants to be with me more. And so it works out just fine for me and her. But really she has all these other things pulling at her and I'm not attractive enough to push them out of her life. So I think of more clever ideas. This has happened in the past. Once when she did not want to have anything to do with me, and was quite disturbed about my wanting to sleep with her, I managed to reverse the situation by sending her a poem something like this: Roses are red, Violets are blue, Even if you won't, I still love you! And things have improved since. She told me last week of having thought of sleeping with me - mostly when I was in Europe. So maybe I should go away again? I will call her right now and invite her to next week's party.

Tuesday, February 3, 1981

It seems like a depression. Difficult to get up. Slow to fall asleep. I lie in bed resisting getting started. Thinking about all the work that must be done. Spending the time on sexual fantasies. Reading Nietzsche's Beyond Good And Evil. It seems to be about what's wrong with philosophers of the past and what philosophy might be like, or how it might approach things in the future. Nothing's happening. Boring. Lotti asks me for some advice about her relationships last night. Seems the men involved are always saying she wants to much from them. She's smothering them. I tell her it is a common complaint from men about women. Try some other relationships, spend some time with me and the people I live with. I tell her she has too many expectations of them and they can't stand the pressure. Judy called me last night to help her move some furniture. Then she wants to have lunch. I suspect it is more like a bribe. She knows I like her and will do most anything to get her attention. Its true. She only has to ask. Unfortunately, she doesn't ask enough. But recently I have noticed something very interesting about her behavior. The first thing is a certain quality in her voice. It is much softer and more open. The second thing is what she tells me

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about her other relationships. Namely, the difficulties. Her doubts about continuing the way it is with Steven. Almost like a panic about having to make a choice about going somewhere with him if he leaves the area. And at times that she wants to end it. Myself I feel a little like a piece of cheese being used by a cat to bait a mouse. Not that she does this consciously, but I am certainly not above using one of my relationships as a lever to improve or move another. But on the other hand, one good one makes me more secure in trying to start another. She could be doing this also. But it is so slow. I want to blame her for this. But I look at myself and see all the mistakes. Each one has slowed or crippled progress. So I help her move this chair. We get it from Michael's house. He won't help her. He doesn't want to go into her house. Anybody but Steven can help her pick it up - but not him! She is very aggressive today. Pulling my hat over my eyes. Keeping it away from me. Not watching how she is driving. Talking loud and in spurts. She wants to fight. Its good she doesn't have much experience being aggressive. Lots of problems with the job as its ending in a few months. Doesn't know what's going to happen to her relationship with Steven. He may just go away. She really wants to fight with him to see if he can take it. Will he run away? Will he turn tail and become a wimp? Will it freak him out? Will he still want her after its over? Stay tuned. I suggest re-writing her resume. I volunteer to help. But I've got to be off for downtown and my luncheon date with Susan. She's interested in my notes and me after a two hour conversation about FH and related things. It doesn't go. She thinks I perceive things too differently from her. Oh well. A bit of rejection. Some chocolate. A chocolate-chip cookie. Suddenly everything is much better. Evening. More calls for next Saturday's party. I have called many people. A lot who I would normally pass over because of anxieties. A question. Do I manage to call them because the anxiety is being held down, or because the problem is being overcome? Is it being done from feeling or from compulsion and/or an idea of what should be done? Am I guided by desire or craziness? How do people manage to convince themselves something is happening in their life when they live alone? Stuck again. I think about writing something then see it as propaganda, dogma, a personal party line, my own ideas, with no connection to the facts. How to say this. Nonsense. Most of what I say. Its hard to separate the real feeling from the past echo still reverberating around inside me. Its mostly stuff that just spills out, like a garbage can being tipped over. And the shit inside! Sometimes a valuable thing gets thrown out. But who would notice or even want to look? The Garbage Can School of Personal Development. Get rid of all your garbage. Two consecutive weekends. \$500.

Saturday, February 7, 1981

Depression again. I don't want to get up. Curl up. Suck my thumb. Masturbate. Afraid of being seen by Dana. Not really. An old anxiety. Something from a long time ago. Finally I'm up but still feeling in a daze. Go to work. The post office and bank. Lots of money in the mail today. I feel better about that. Some bills will get paid. I hang around the office but don't get anything done. Judy calls. She will be here at 3 for me to help with her new resume. And so we work on that. She has lots of resistance to my suggestions about how to do it. I take a break, make a sandwich, and she reads my most recent notes. Those just before today. She makes the most positive analysis of anyone who has read them. They cover the present, sometimes digress to the past and how it influences the present, and ideas for the future, she says. It has lots of interesting, creative metaphors. There are lessons every now and then. Interesting insights about you and the world. Some good generalizations. But the lessons and conclusions are not preachy or propoganda. There is stream of consciousness and also monitoring of events. It is something where you really want to turn the next page to learn what happens next, she says. One also learns little things about life. I am very pleased at what she says. If you say anything more positive about it, I'll ask you to marry me, I say to her. She thinks it would be of interest to people of all ages. But she also suggests that her view may be clouded by knowing me. Why not give it to someone you know to read, I suggest. At first I think maybe it should be presented as a novel, fiction. But no, just as someone's memoirs. She will do this for me. We go back to her resume. My heart is not in it. I wrestle her to the bed. Bite her back, spank her, grab her by the neck, growl like a bear, and then lie beside her. She spanks and pounds me. We hold each other and talk. I like her a lot and want her. I feel neurotic and fucked up when around you, she says. Its hard for me to let go. But she likes holding me. It is very pleasant. How far I get with her surprises me. It goes very easy. Its much farther than ever before. Maybe next time we will do more, I say. Time to go. She asks me why I push so hard to develop my relationships. She does not mean this in a negative way, but that I keep trying no matter what, and others don't. Perhaps I need it more. It seems like a very necessary thing to be healthy. But I learned something very important from this time with her. That's its possible to develop my relationship more with someone by paying attention to how comfortable things are. Other times I would have pushed on her and not realized it until too late. This time I was aware and sensitive to what was possible with her. She knows about her resistance. We talked about her relationship with Steven and how she often wished someone were there to say you are doing this and you are doing that. It can be done when people live together and talk to each other and do things together. And pay attention to each other. Dana, Simone, and I do this. Just then she calls from LA and says how she misses us here. I have missed her a lot this last week. I've never been so aware of how important contact with women is as this last week. Most everything has not gone well for me. Depressions, not getting up, tired, and being

Sunday, February 8, 1981

something or other. It is the next day and its all forgotten. We had a big party last night. 60-70 people came. As many as 30+ at one time. A beautiful redhead named Suzanne, who played the harp and did psychic readings. She was very lively. Kissed me as she left. Deborah's old roommate. She gets invited again! She was interested in FH for a while. She read some of my notes. Peter was the first to arrive. Mostly no, all men for the first 45 minutes. Suzanne was the first woman. The next big surprise was Liebe. Absolutely gorgeous. I would have tried to start something with her if she'd stayed longer. She definitely gets invited again! I could not believe the difference from when I last saw her. Then it was as a hippie/artist/farmer. Now she is somewhat like a chic New York fashion model. And so stylishly dressed. Dana's sister came with a woman, Kathy, who I would have swooned all over, if only she hadn't kept retreating from me. She was very beautiful and soft looking. I was having fantasies of getting a normal job, dressing normally, and asking her to marry me and have children. The idea just overwhelmed me. She reminds me of Joan Hale. The first woman I fell in love with after leaving Cody. She worked in the bookkeeping department of a Washington DC department store. I became ga-ga over her. But she wanted someone more normal. Or at least someone who looked more normal. For awhile I managed to change my appearance to try and attract her. It was a very uncomfortable thing to do. I wanted to do whatever was necessary to get her, but it was all such an act, or so it felt to me. I was not comfortable doing it. I failed anyway. I think of her sometimes. A woman like Kathy hypnotizes me into that time. And Jeannette, another surprise. She and Gina came dressed as runk pockers. Dressed to kill. Some almost didn't recognize them. She is not living with Vinnie. A few days ago she seemed quite satisfied. But she's like that. She'll end a situation of that sort very quickly for one reason or another. She said to me, you were right. But I'm not sure exactly what she meant. Was it about things changing back and forth, or did I say something about what I thought would happen with her and Vinnie? A phone call from someone who left their sweater here last night. No matter, but she came, kissed me, was her usual affectionate self, stayed for awhile, and left. For parts unknown, or to be a bad girl like her old days? Or to abuse herself. I don't know what it is with her at times. Such a lot of life energy, and so much of it goes to self-destructive behavior. I really don't know what to do when I hear about these things from her. She seems totally honest about it to me, but as though she is a helpless victim of it, like it is being done outside her control. I worry that she will get herself pregnant again. I have the urge to be very protective of her but helpless myself. What can be done? Who but her can do it? She is very good at resisting any efforts from me. Sometimes I think maybe that pushes her the wrong way even more. She reminds me of my sister. Complete self-confidence, but in reality like a baby at the controls of an airplane. Who wants to fly with that? And why am I so attracted so much to someone like this? Could it be so I am always the one who is in control at the times things are bad for her? No, that's not quite it.



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So I can be superior with a fallen woman? I danced, or tried with her, for a little while. Certainly I envy the way she moves herself. A long phone conversation with Linda. I tell her about the party and what happened with different people. How I am feeling jealous of Dana and that he has more success, by numbers, with women. He is more able to attract them to him in the short term. I tell Linda about my feeling of confidence about the women I like now. Her, Simone, Judy, Jeannette, Liebe. And how everything could turn to shit in two days. At the moment I feel positive about all of them. And they are positive about me. Its like an emotional roller-coaster. But I don't want it to continue like this. How to get things more stable? Certainly if we all lived together. But now its a problem to get close to them when they just know of the others. Dana is making some sort of moves with Carol. Lois seems to be responding to this by giving more of her attention to Joe. Speculation. I find myself with an odd feeling. One moment talking with people, seeming to have some connection. The next walking down to the other side of the party and feeling like I'm in some sort of twilight zone. Completely disconnected. Lots of people making long drawn out thanks yous for inviting them to this lovely party. Big smiles, grins. Something artificial about it. Fake. It makes me a bit uncomfortable when people carry on at such lengths. I get the feeling its not genuine, that its forced. Its better with those who just put on their coats and say goodbye. Or like Jeannette, hug and kiss me, and then say goodbye. Sten shows up and returns my notes. He wants to read the second half. He says its very good. That its a good way for me to come out with myself. His advice is to just write for myself. To not let the idea of getting published influence what I write in any way. I am pleased to hear this, but lately worry about exactly this happening. I sit here and write this and say to myself - there is a fight going on inside me to try to continue to write just for myself, and to not let it be influenced by my fame and fortune fantasies. Karyn comes just after Ron, about 1 in the morning. Its an odd feeling with her. Would she stay if asked? Do I really want to ask? It goes back and forth. She seems to linger. My imagination? But this Kathy keeps coming back into my head. Sexual fantasies. Fucking with her. She is several months pregnant. From behind. The suburbs. I almost can't believe this. Its like a flood. Washing over me. Trying to consciously think of other things. But it comes back. Out of my control. Images of total passion. Always fucking. We are delerious. But I recognize this. Anyone really out of my reach can generate these fantasies. With Simone I don't have it. I have her. With Linda I have the fantasies a little, but don't have her as much as Simone. After yesterday with Judy I notice a drop in the intensity of my fantasies about her. For awhile there was something with the redhead Suzanne, but she seems totally fixated on things like dreams, fairy tales, and psychic phenomenon. Maybe it is paranoia but it seems she avoids me. More paranoia that she kissed Dana with more affection when she left? It seemed a little stiffer and forced with me. Could I be jealous? Over a gorgeous woman with fantastic red hair and a

very nice body? Dana asks to read the notes. So he gets the first two Sunday pages. Its my birthday. 36. Two times 36 is 72. Is my life half over? I don't want to face it. But everyone in your family lives to be much older, you say. That means you really have more time. Don't worry about it you say? Why a feeling of panic? Why do I always think time is running out. It happened the same even 10 years ago. Ten years before that I was waiting to be older so I could really do something with my life. Here I am, and wishing it was twenty years ago, but knowing what I know today. So why don't I know what I'll know in another 10 years? Sometimes I think, yes, you know what you will know in ten years now. The real problem is that you are not doing as much as you can imagine, or as much as you want. So the answer to that is to just do all those things in your imagination. Don't be so afraid. What, after all, do you really have to \*\*\*\*\*. I can never remember, is it lose, or is it loose? You know what I mean. It feels like I will break down and cry. It comes a little ways out and then fades. This woman keeps jumping back into my mind. Its like in the movies. Her face suddenly fills the entire screen. She does not look directly at me. Always a little down, or to one side. I tell her how beautiful she is. How attracted I am to her. But she has another idea of what she wants in a man and withdraws from me. At one point she moves around behind the kitchen table, which is already pushed nearly against the wall. She seems to pick up another cigarette each time I approach her. She is uncomfortable from my attention. I imagine what sort of man she would like. There is one like that here. He is reasonably well dressed. Very normal. Also very dull and boring. But that's only to me. She would want someone with those qualities. But probably not just this one. Dana asks me about Ann and Elizabeth. He found them both very seductive, especially Elizabeth, who is the older. He thought that Ann, especially, was on the prowl. Very sexual, like an animal. Last time I saw her she was very subdued, squashed. Maybe she's trying to let some of this out. She was certainly more lively this evening. Dana comments on my notes. Interesting, he says. I found it interesting what you perceived about the evening. Where did that comment about me trying to start something with Carol come from? Out of nowhere. Or so he says! But I notice just a touch of his not liking what's been written. He is not explicit, but there is the impression that he doesn't want it to be seen that way. An awkward moment with Carol. We are talking about writing, creativity, thinking about writing for publication. Then on to more personal things like what's happening with me and Simone and Michael coming over for breakfast tomorrow. She wonders about the problems. There are some parts to it. One is that Simone feels no contradiction or problem being with me and Michael. She likes us both. It makes sense. She feels good. But when she and Linda are with me it is something else. If not, then she will manage to create something. She knows enough about her past to suddenly discover enough wrong with her in the present. She mentions how some people can make a decision to not have this be a problem. To me this is nothing more than a temporary fake, or resisting what is really going on, what the person is really feeling. She says that

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what I see as fake seems real to her. But this is odd as we have not really talked about any specific examples, and surely there are times when she has the impression that someone is faking their feelings or state of mind. At that point the air became a little thick and she said we will have to talk about all this another time. But all the time very mellow, laid back, very cool, big smile, especially just before she says anything to counter what I've just said. The body stays in exactly the same position. The appearance does not correspond to the impression I have of what's going on inside of her. She takes her judgemental, angry, and other feelings, puts them in an emotional blender....and out comes mush. Have him call me tonite, if he wants, and if he, uh, well, doesn't, then uh, life will go on. So says Suzanne, the redhead, who has just called for Dana. That slick bastard has done it again! He's caught another one. Jealous again. She called to invite him to a performance in Harvard Square at 3 this afternoon. He has just taken Carol home. So much for my chances with the redhead. She will get hers soon enough. Him and his fairy tale books, 19th century furniture, and smooth line. Shit on him. Good thing he's not here. At the moment a good fight would be just the thing. I notice myself getting very agitated and shaking a bit. I just have the idea to send a copy of these notes to everyone who attended the party. But it also seems the idea comes a little bit from wanting to put the screws to this Suzanne for rejecting me. But maybe I will do it anyway. Its not all from that. This is something I've noticed a lot about myself. Someone will reject me, I'll get mad at them or something. The next thing you know I have just thought of a very clever thing to do that will cause them some trouble. I never have this sort of idea to directly fuck them over, but at first my motivation is for some other reason, not related to them. Just this thing with Suzanne as an example. She rejects, indirectly certainly, me for Dana, and then I have this idea to send out my notes to everyone. And of course I know she will be troubled by the hints I have so innocently interjected about trying to start anything with Dana. But if I don't get what I want, then she is definitely not going to get what she wants. Certainly not if I can prevent it. Then I think, who else to write about, who else can I give a hard time by sending these notes?

Tuesday, February 10, 1981

So many things in the last few days - where to start? Just talked to Sten about his going back to FH. On the surface he seems quite cool. But there must be some kind of fight going on. Some internal pressure. Thursday is the day. Maybe and maybe not. I was assaulted by Deanna last night. Fortunately my size and strength were sufficient to overcome her intensity. She still claims to be owed money. The police came. I don't feel competent to handle violence. The animal in me really came out. Had she been a little more vicious I might have done more than get her out of my way. She threw water in my face and refused to let me leave the office. The police told her to file a court complaint. I was shaking and extremely agitated by it. Almost 24 hours later I am still shaking a bit from it. Hopefully it is over. Yesterday started as a very good day. At the beginning Linda called, about 7 in the morning. We meet at the Harvard Square bus station and take the subway to her place. Our original intent was to have breakfast. So we wait at her place for someone to show up with paints. No show. The subway to South Station. Inside she suddenly is startled by something, says, oh, I forgot something. Stops at a newstand for a book of matches. She wants coffee and something to eat from the deli. You have to have a muffin or something, she insists. I almost ask her if she is my mother. No, I don't want anything, I say. Yes, you've got to have something she insists. Ok, one of those pastries. Come into the train with me, she insists again. Put her stuff on the seat, go to the space between two cars. She turns around, back to me and says don't look. She's doing something. Lights a match. It goes out. Another. Turns around and presents me with a pastry and a candle - a surprise birthday cake. She sings happy birthday! And then its goodbye. This is a new typeface. These two balls came in the mail yesterday. Certainly is smaller. <sup>~^~</sup>Here's the other one. Didn't have it on right the first time. Seems to be a little difference. Now the question of the one being in the right place - llllll, and now the llllll. They are both the same. But there is no real exclamation mark! I have to type it with a period, backspace, and the a single quote. What a bother! The two type balls have to be cleaned. Walking to the post office yesterday with a nagging sensation of having forgotten something. Then it turned to the idea of am I doing enough. Is there anything I'm leaving out, not thinking about. I have this feeling of so many things to write about, but can't discipline myself to do. And not only that but I feel a very strong urge to do so lately. I have been getting some interesting impressions or pictures. Its like a picture where you make a single brushstroke and it doesn't mean much. But in time, with many strokes, a picture begins to appear. It is not clear what the picture is yet, but only the sensation of one appearing. Lots of things happening often leads me to new ideas and explanations. New directions, new things to try. Simone has been feeling this with all the people who are in love with her. Why can't only one person love me, she asks. You must become an emotional fascist and stop them from loving you, I say. Tell them to stop having these feelings. Only one person should have them. But it doesn't work that way. Who wants to have these feelings controlled by another person? Mark,

who still works at the Quarterway, calls and asks if she has come back to me, or left, as he wants her to. I think he is in love with her also. Dana also is getting a little agitated by the situation. An outburst at her for saying he has more than a simple friendship with her. But its obviously more than that. With all the sexual things they do together, the intimate times we all spend together, clearly indicate he has more of a relationship with her and any of the women he sleeps with. Simone tells me an interesting fact about Dana - that he has not had, until very recently, a relationship with an unmarried, or unattached woman! They have all been with someone else. This makes it emotionally safer for him. And if he succeeds in pulling her away from who he is with, then it clearly indicates how attached the woman is to him. Simone is making more of her veiled hints at monogamy, having children, the value of having one good relationship versus many casual affairs, like Dana, she frequently adds. And Dana has botched another relationship. The redhead invited him over yesterday. She all but raped him. Jumped in his lap, sung him love songs. She wants to fuck him, but is not, as she thinks she is, able to be direct about it. There I go again, a little bit of resentment creeping in. Perhaps its not evident in the words just written, but I notice it, just a little in myself. Anyway, she is probably too much for him. He prefers less intense, more subdued women like Lois or Carol. He can be the one to dominate. Simone and I are having sexual difficulties. Its ok at the beginning, but she soon gets very dry. The last two times have made my prick almost raw. It smarts a little. She has a burning sensation also. There is this impression I have of her faking lots of little things, pushing to hard, tightening up at unexpected times. I can't feel connected to her. It gets better sometimes when I just stop everything and tell her what's going on. I find myself unconsciously fucking but preoccupied with something else in my head. This morning I ask her and she is thinking about how big Joe's prick must be. She notices a change in Michael's behavior. He is more open with her, more loving. But at the same time says that there can't be any sexual activity between them. God knows why, but that's what he says. He has asked her to cancel the birthday surprise party for me next Saturday and go out with him instead. Aha! Forcing her to make decisions. Last night she admits to wanting to do this. She is struggling over it. She has come up with the idea to try and get Cheyenne to my party. Or even Otto! Or my mother. A thought just now. That Michael's idea for no sex with her now might be turned around by him if they go back together. He mentioned indirectly such a thing just recently to her. I don't remember exactly how, but he still has the wish to do it. I talk with Sten about all these things and it agrees that things are heating up. Some violence will be next he thinks. Not overtly, but Michael's asking Simone to cancel my party is more the sort he means. It is a though Simone is feeling tossed between to poles and has to make a decision to stick with one of them. Sometimes I get this feeling, but it never lasts for long. A violent fantasy on the subway. A young black guy starts smoking next to me. A shotgun blast puts an end to his face - and the cigarette. Another

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new customer for my business while stopping at TERC in Harvard Square. I begin to feel myself go out of control with all the events of these days. Like being whirled around by a tornado. A feeling of no place, no solid place to put my feet. As though anything could happen. Yesterday I felt very good. Thinking about my various relationships, and that something may develop from them. Sunday afternoon with Judy. I gave in to the way she wants to do her resume. We didn't wrestle on the bed. Only a short chance to be a little perverse. I like to feel through a woman's pants or dress to the edge of her underwear. Then to slip a finger just under the edge of the underwear and run the finger all the way around her leg. Very gently, to tickle her just a little. From this I can tell how far I have to go. It's a very horny game for me. She let me do it several times in the hallway. I try to be sensitive to the places that cause the most sensation or excitement. Just now the impression that this writing is being done to fill paper. The typewriter is turned on and off. On and off, to decide if even to write this. Turn it off and go do something else. Later. A thought about writing more about last Saturday nights party. Or continue with today.

Wednesday, February 11, 1981

Simone has just asked me for a pen. What color, I say. I don't care! It is not a pleasant tone of voice. For the second night she has been struggling with me. Tonite it is about whether or not people, other than her, will sleep here, the place where both of us will be living, or at the other person's place. She talks with Michael about it now. She talks with everyone about it. Trying to raise support for her position. Last night we fought, but first about whether we would share the same bedroom. It was the same. I want my own room. She wants to have it with me. Its a fight that's happened at least 3 times before. But its getting close to her moving here. I tell her that restrictions on my relationships with other people are not possible. It is possible that someone I'm very close to may want to live with us. She already has me and Dana. But she says Dana tells her he won't sleep with her when I'm here. This is his problem. In the end she may have to leave me and find someone else who will do what she wants. She won't gaurantee how she'll act if anything happens in front of her. Last night in a bar in Brookline, five of us, me, Simone, Dana, Donna, and Carol, talked about it. Donna said she couldn't do anything like this. She leaves alone most of the time. She has a boyfriend on the West Coast. She's the sort who prefers a little distance. Carol wanted to talk about Disneyland, San Diego, and the rest of her recent trip to California. She did not like the seriousness of the talk. She also felt left out and that the spotlight was being taken away from her. But people are more inclined to join in an interesting conversation rather than superficial chatter. There is a lot of tension between us. She stills talks to Michael on the phone. I don't know how to be more straightforward with her. These little rules of hers are only to prevent situations where her own difficulties come out. She knows she wants exactly the same for herself. She wants a deeper relationship with Dana, and has probably thought of Michael living with us. It is probably only their difficulties that prevent it. If they could do it I'm sure she would be quite agreeable. None of the others want this though. Jeff told her today that he wouldn't sleep with her again if she moved in here. She uses every little angle and trick to try and dislodge me from my position. She is talking with Michael about marriage right this very moment. Trying to cover all the bases, just in case things don't work out here. They won't for just this reason. Imagining that something might go wrong soon leads to the first tiny clue that, indeed, something is going wrong. Maybe the first clue is not even in the right direction, but it is a clue! It can be interpreted in the right direction. Now they are arguing about who left who and under what circumstances. Should I endure the pain now, get out of it and start again, she asks him. Dana doesn't want her to marry Michael because of his fucked up parts, again, I'm am overhearing more of their phone conversation. You started going out with Linda one week after we broke up, she throws at him. Will you sleep with me when Richard's here? (more overhearing) But I have my own things. Compulsion today. Touching my fingers. It sounds strange, but is an old habit. Michael says he's sleeping with two other women now, and Simone makes three, and that's too much to handle. I can't seem to escape it. Its time to

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try something else to get out of this rut. You know sex and love have been the same for me ever since I've gone out with Skip. More Simone there. I can't keep my ears off the conversation. Michael, you know we have the best sex together. You don't want to come inside me because you don't want to totally let go. I don't have great orgasm with Richard. I do with you. It turns out that I have the best orgasms with Linda. Do you remember the first night that I met you and said that I wanted to fuck you? You have the same problem that we all have Michael. Its hard for you to feel loved. If you cant feel loved by me then you won't feel loved by anybody. Its my own fear. I don't know if Richard's going to hurt me. You're saying no sex, because I can't handle it. Why am I getting sexually excited right now, he asks her. Its stupid all these people rejecting each other because they are afraid of being rejected. I go to Simone while she is on the phone and kiss her many times, very loudly. Michael says he won't see her for a week. I go back and kiss her some more. Now Michael won't see you for two weeks, I say. And then a third time. Not for three weeks, you won't see her, I say. I close the door. She is trying to rescue her relationship with him. Best to let them dig up their graves and really see what's there. A compulsive day. My fingers. Touching the four fingers with the thumb. Both hands at the same time. Mathematical patterns. Touch them in one direction, then the other. Thumb on index finger, move it and touch the middle, and so on. Other patterns. Start with the little finger and go the other way. Do it one direction twice, then the other direction twice. Reverse it. Reverse a combination of both these patterns. And so on with great and increasing complexity until I have lost count, or my thoughts take me away from it. My stepfather used to mimic me when he saw me do this. It went on for awhile. Then I stopped doing it so overtly or often. Don't remember when it started. Maybe about 14 or 15. It stopped after some months. Still do it, but very carefully, when nobody is around. Today, for instance. This thing with Simone. It causes lots of anxiety. I get nervous. Have some fights in my head about it. Start this finger touching thing. Catch myself. Scrapping my feet also. I touch the toe and heel with every step. Always trying to touch the same number of times with both feet. Its a compulsion to try and make it the same number of times with both feet if I miss. Grandmother always told me to stop dragging my feet. It usually went with the head bent down, looking at the ground in front of me as I walked along. What did I fret about then? I was only a little boy. What do little boys fret about? Would there be any friends around to play with? Would I get an ice cream bar that night? Would I be able to watch something on TV? Or was I having fights with someone then? Did I fight with her about what I could or couldn't do? I can't remember. For some ten years it has been fighting with one woman or another. Or murderous fantasies about offing someone. Sexual fantasies about some of the girls I liked. Or what life would be like when I finally got out of there and away from home. I remember running and shooting games in the dark. I never wanted it to end. Someone always called me home. It was total catharsis. Yelling and screaming and killing. Nothing was held back. It went on to exhaustion. But then it went on



still more. In the third grade we played a running game. In the beginning one person was it in the middle of a big field. All the others were on one side of the field. The object was to run to the other side without getting caught or tagged by the person who was it. You were on that person's side when he tagged you. Then everyone had to run again, to the other, original, side. It went on till the people who were it had tagged everyone. I played with the older kids, up to highschool. Sometimes I would be the last one caught. I was only 8 or 9. It made me like a wild animal. I put the fear of death in me to keep going. It was unbelievably exciting. The twisting and turning and dodging needed to escape. Every sense became magnified. Balance and coordination were not normal. Sometimes I would have the feeling of tearing myself apart to move in a way that would allow me to escape being caught. This image of the playing field and their relationship to the school buildings is a vivid image in my mind. The tricks and fakes to get away from a chaser gave me the chance to be creative. I would always come up with some new move. In second grade I managed to keep a ball away from all the other boys in my class. They took turns chasing me. I wasn't caught. Finally I threw the ball away. It was clear they wouldn't catch me. But then I ask, is this the way it really happened, or only my desire rusting away at memories. There are some parts of it I know to be imagination. But what parts? Simone asks if I really wrote down her conversation with Michael. Now she reads it and makes corrections to what I have written. Carol didn't go to Disneyland or San Diego. Jeff said he wouldn't sleep with me here, Amory Street, not that he wouldn't ever sleep with again. Maybe those are the only corrections? She just reads now. Dana has gone out for the evening. He doesn't tell Simone or me as he doesn't want it written about in these notes. Then an idea! Why not call some of the possibilities and say is Dana still there? This will tell me who it is or who it isn't. Simone has to correct me on some other points about Michael. He says he will see her 3 times next week. You have some weird perceptions, she says. He didn't say he wouldn't see me for three weeks. In fact he said he would marry me if things continued to go so well for us. Aha! Exactly my prediction of some weeks ago. I remind her of this. She has to modify it further. No, he said he was open to the possibility, not to marrying me. He wants to know if he can trust me. Can she tolerate not having sex with me, Michael asks? That would make you a lot more acceptable to me. Simone tells me a clue about Dana. He says something about walking down to the office with her if she wants to go there. That means it must be the redhead! She's the only one in that direction. But now the question is, who called who? He mentioned having a date with her tomorrow. Just now Simone says Michael asked her to come over this evening, but you have to sleep on the couch, he says. No thanks she says. Why not go out this Friday, Simone asks. No, you weren't clear about what you wanted and I've asked someone else, he says. Michael tells her he will see her at least once a month forever, regardless of who she is with or married to. Just now another idea. That rascal Dana, its about him. I think that if it were arranged so

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I wake up this morning and Simone says to me, I wish I didn't love you. Last night she said we could sleep in the same room whenever guests, like her friend Luca from Italy, are staying here. Her little mind is still at work trying to get what she wants. You haven't given up, I say to her. There is a twinge of anxiety about continuing to fight against this. What a drag. She accuses me of trying to find things wrong with Michael. He finally confessed to having people over to her house, after denying it twice. I have the same suspicion about her car. The front door has a new dent. The registration has been taken out of its envelope and something done with it. As though the car had been in an accident and someone had to present this information, either to another driver or the police. But on the other hand he keeps asking her to trust him no matter what. I have the paranoid idea that a court summons will appear for her some day because the car was involved in an accident. She thinks its only my jealousy. I think you doesn't pay enough attention to what's going on. Have I seen it right? At the moment I am not aware of jealousy. On the one hand I certainly say good riddance if she goes back to him. It won't get any better. They are both swimming in poison. He won't really expose himself, and she doesn't want to see what it means. They are like little emotional time bombs. Each of these unadmitted and unseen traps. I get furious at myself when the opportunity to really show myself passes. Next time, I think to myself. But the same happens again and again. A vulnerable feeling, jealousy, rejection, fear, pops up in me and the opportunity to say how I feel is there, but ..... and then the chance is past. The feeling subsides. The situation changes. The opportunity is lost. Enough of this. I just can't say it right. Everything comes out of me so contrived. I have to stop and think of each sentence. What is it today? Its a little bit about the lack of money even though I've just deposited almost \$1300 in a new personal account. Joe could make over \$3000 today and I kick myself about not doing the work to get my seminar ready. Fantasies about buying a blender, one of those tooth irrigating machines, and a washing machine. Imagining the house we will live in one day. A dreamabout Adele and Cheyenne last night. Its a birthday party for me. We are trying to arrange some chairs around a table. There aren't enough. Its very crowded. There are ropes or strings hanging down from the ceiling. Just then Adele and Cheyenne walk into view. I pretend not to see them at first. Don't remember any more. Yesterday was my last day at Sturbridge. The first bus back went by without stopping. A second bus rerouted to get me. No seats. I have to stand. It makes me a little selfconscious. There appears to be a seat next to someone. For a moment I wonder if its a child covered by a coat to keep warm. I get warm and remove my coat. Then ask the person next to that seat if I can sit there. Its only a coat and a bag. Standing was uncomfortable. But it was a struggle for me to ask about the place. It seems so stupid. I might have ended up standing all the way to Boston. But some sort of strange fear of speaking up made me stand there for some amount of time. All the while struggling inside myself about asking for this seat. It seems crazy to have been so anxious about such a simple situation. It seemed as though everyone was

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staring at me. Why not just stand there and pretend nothing is going on. They'll stop and then I can do something. But no, it doesn't work that way. I want to sit down. Something is poking me in the ass. Its uncomfortable. So I use some sort of what seems like a trick to get the seat. Taking off my coat, putting it on the overhead rack. Somehow I believe this will make asking about the seat ok. There is some peculiar quality about what I've done that is familiar, but I can't quite put my finger on what it is. First, it isn't possible for me to ask directly. Its possible, but something, a feeling inside me prevents it. And second is that I fake some other behavior, something that I believe others will see as ok, to get to what I want. A very simple thing, a seat! But why so complicated? It feels stupid even to write about it. But I see this sort of thing so often in myself. Why do it? Searching my memory evokes this same feeling from any time in my past. I've always done it. And always been very conscious of doing it, but at the same time powerless to stop it. I sit here thinking about it but am stuck as to its meaning. Its one of those things that will go to the back of the mind. Sometimes it will come out directly and I'll think about it. Maybe the answer will suddenly jump out of wherever all the facts have been hiding.

Sunday, February 15, 1981

There is something going on. My asshole has tightened up again. Sometimes there is a little blood in my shit. Simone thinks its just a hemorrhoid. Maybe, but those, for me, always come from tension. Once, several years ago, when Adele and I were going to meet in Harvard Square, and several days before it was to happen, the most enormous hemorrhoid suddenly developed. It was almost like a balloon. But the day after the meeting it was gone! Its painful. I can't seem to get it to relax. Not even tightening up and relaxing helps. My mother called yesterday. Happy birthday, she says. Things are going well for her. But my sister has presented a problem. She is not letting her children visit their grandmother this summer. She's done so for the last 8 years. Not the right atmosphere, or something like that she says. Simone has just called from Inman Square. She, Daniel, and Joe are having a pizza. She invites me to join them. Later. Joe and I go to the office. Something I've just realized: people that Simone and I know are fucking with each other more than Simone and I. Lois with Dana and Joe. Joe with Roberta. Or not fucking. But she thinks about it as Gordon would be terribly hurt if she did something like that. She doesn't think he's the one as he is not financially secure. Simone thinks the same of me sometimes. Also, that I am 36 and almost 40. She thinks more of leaving me and going back to Michael, but he won't have her. Michael and I talked about her smothering quality. How she wants to totally consume and surround someone. She then says that any reluctance or resistance to this is a fear of getting close. Maybe, but if someone doesn't want then its stupid to push for it. I got real mad at him for the thing with bringing people over to the house. But then we talked for some time about Simone and problems dealing with her in the present. I told him he has a lot of dirty laundry that he hasn't cleaned and that the way he is dishonest with her

is poisoning their relationship. He stays cool and rational all the time. I raise my voice and get flustered at his non-response. Later Simone tells me that he was livid. Only holding back his real feelings. She confessed to me last night. She tried to make me jealous by leading me to think that Phil, the man who helped her make my cake, wants to have an affair with her. The confession came after we were lying in bed and I noticed how one of her legs was very nervous and jumpy. With her this always means something, like a thing she hasn't told me is bothering her. Last night we went to Jean and Toni's Valentine's Day party. I took some polaroid pictures. Dana wouldn't let me have the one of him and Suzanne. It enraged me. I felt vulnerable and helpless. It was the sort of situation where I seriously considered responding completely out of proportion to the incident. It was like suddenly being dowsed with cold water, except that the external physical feeling was one of great heat. My face was very flushed. I could not look at him directly. It was like something cold and hard had just grabbed and squeezed my heart. I was like times in my childhood when someone who is bigger takes my hat and then won't let me have it. Or maybe two people throw it back and forth and keep it away from me. It was exactly that feeling which came up. After it was over I spent some time thinking of an elaborate explanation of why he shouldn't do such a thing. For example, that it caused this in me and does not give me a good feeling about him. That we want to live together without doing these things to each other. And so on. But there is something wrong with this. Its like closing the barn door after the horse has escaped. Why didn't I see what he was doing? Why did I let myself fall into that state? What he did had little importance in relation to what it caused me to feel. And it was only evoked by some small part of the situation. Now it is possible for me to realize that he was only playing. That mood was present in his tone of voice. At the time I did not hear it. But my response went on for some hours that evening and for a little while this morning. Until I realized what was being made of this. Namely, something from almost nothing. On the other hand I enjoy playing this sort of game with people. Usually I get called a trouble maker. But there is something very exciting about causing this sort of trouble. As a boy, in school, in Burlington Wyoming, some of the older kids would pay me money to shout things in public. Who knows what it was now, but they wanted it said. They paid me and I would yell it in the general direction of whoever they wanted to hear it. Mostly it was out the window of a bus. The culprits wanted to be able to get away from the scene quickly. Simone's old boss at Mass Mental took a poll of some 20 people to see how many wanted her to live with me. Two, Lois and Ann, voted for me. Lois knows me best of all those people. Ann hardly at all. Simone has started asking all her friends the same question. Almost all of them say she shouldn't. You will only be hurt in the long run, they say. It seems as though I'm writing more about other people or things outside myself. Me gets to be more and more like a greased bean. Lots of little things are going on, but I keep trying to see some pattern or make some sense of them. Lee, in his last letter about what I wrote while on FH this Christmas, says to tie it all together somehow. It can't be. Everything

changes everyday. One conclusion can be turned upside down the next day or the next moment. It seems like something is clear, then I learn some new fact and don't know what is goin on. It seems as though he says to build some sort of system out of all this that can be packaged and used by others. But the package is constantly bursting at the seams. It constantly changes shape and size. Sometimes I think about writing a moral or conclusion to everything that I've written, but then something else changes and I'm no closer. In a bookstore today I see a book about writing to develop one's self. Then I think about giving up on this whole venture. Its already been done. But reading some parts leads me to think that those people aren't really writing about what's going on inside themselves. I sit here struggling with myself to see if this is also a fault of mine. Is this really what I feel and think? Often its not, but from time to time I have the feeling of exactly hitting the bullseye. Often others who read what I write say the same. Sten has been particularly encouraging. He says it may be my form of the SD, in which case its not bad. He says its very good. Judy has recently told me how something written about my relationship with her explained it exactly. Enough praise. Why am I feeling so hot in my face? The stress from the last few days has caused some bug(s) to get the upper hand. I cough a bit and have a slightly sore throat. Ron and Ellen have broken up. Dana immediately took credit for it. But it may come as a surprise that people only use others as an excuse for ending a bad relationship. The new order often turns out to be only the lesser of two bad deals. And that reminds me, Simone has a new deal for me. You can have your own room if I can have my cats, she says. Still up to getting her way. But Dana does not want cats either. What will her next ploy be? Why is my face so hot? It happens when I feel shame or am very selfconscious. Am I feeling this or a little sick? The rest of me feels fine. I have the sort of cough that indicates my mini-cold is going away. What was the pattern I noticed about my health the other day and can't remember now? My ears are also a bit hot. I don't feel nervous or agitated. Maybe something to do with the struggle to let out what is inside. I'm trying to put it to paper, but nothing stands out in my head. Simone is trying something with Michael to get him to move. Not from where he is, but emotionally. She wants to improve her chances with him should she decide to end things with me. First she will talk mostly about him and his work, agreeing with most everything he says. This goes on for about a month. Then she springs the trap after he has stepped in and exposed himself to her. Its not clear exactly how this will work but she makes a lot of plans of this sort. It never works out. Too many things happen before she gets to the end of the plan. Then a new plan has to be made. So it goes with all my planning and fantasies. A month ago I could never have anticipated the situation as it exists today. What can I say about one month from now? Probably far too optimistic. My fantasies make much faster progress than my facts. I am thinking, why not send a copy of these notes to Michael? It will certainly stir up the pot. Do I want to make more trouble? YES! You can't make muddy water without some mud. If there is anything to stir up then do it. That was not as clever as I'd intended it. Something

about mud, clear water being deceptive, and what happens when one stirs up the bottom of the bucket. I'm chomping at the bit to stir something up with Dana and the redhead. They were here for awhile this morning but didn't have much to do with us. A very proper couple. Handsome and well dressed. Very polite. Would I like to know what's really going on! Dana keeps her away so nothing will happen to alter the romantic and mystical view she has of him. But I will look for the chance. Then zap. It seemed I had it for just a moment this morning. I could have made something of a short time when kissing with Simone. She came out of the bathroom and saw us for just a moment. Hesitated for just a moment, then turned and went to Dana's room. Or was this just my imagination? But for just a moment there was something in the air. Just now Dana comes in the door. I get a little self-conscious about writing this. Quick, hurry on to something else, another topic, like bats or computers. Its also time to get ready to go to that fancy French restaurant where Simone is taking me this evening. One can get there only with an appointment. Here I am all dressed up in this monkey suit and she still has left her place. Back to the keyboard. Thinking about writing for reading, or am I writing for writing? Often who will read this influences what I write. But Sten says to write only for myself. I think about it and write about it and it all gets confused. Don't know where I am. It was a lot easier writing on FH. I had no intention of letting anyone read my writing. That has changed drastically. There is the possibility of making this whole thing into a book. Then I get all kinds of advice about how to do that. How to express this frustration about writing, but not that, about saying something of myself. Like a problem in school. One thinks and thinks about it, gets frustrated, cries, gets mad, throws things, gives up or finds a solution. This thing is impossible. It goes on forever. Every solution leads to a better question. Every new question leads to more emotional rummaging around in the past, present, and future. Why not just stick to a presentation of what's happening as best I see it? Why this constant searching for resolution of my difficulties? Why not indeed. The moment the question is presented an answer appears. So who wants all these difficulties? One moment it looks like clear sailing, the next moment is in the middle of a tornado. Over and over again, the same predicament. I can't explain it. I try to explain it. I get frustrated. Then It seems I've written so much nonsense that this makes me feel like a fool and even more frustrated. Here I sit arguing with a piece of paper. It takes everything I throw at it. Makes no difference. Sense or nonsense, its all the same to the paper. It throws it right back at me. You said it, buddy. Not me. Is it possible that other people find themselves confronted with the same sort of nonsense inside their heads? Somehow I find it impossible. It makes me want to laugh. Could anyone else ever get themselves so caught up in such a mental mess, a self-made spiders web. Like a person who goes to relax in a hammock only to find themselves thrown to the ground or hopelessly tied up in a thousand strands of endless rope. And the best solution is to do nothing. Its not really there. There isn't anything here. Its all fabricated from a million little prune pits somewhere deep inside my brain, and

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all controlled by little pokes from the past, or fears of the future. In a way it feels as though I've just battled my way out of a hole. Dana comes by to ask if anything has been written about him and Suzanne. Yes, I say, but its still going on. You can have it when I leave. Its all in the notebook. This next part is interesting. I thought about writing it for writing first. Then I thought about writing it for reading. But I did think about just writing it first. Does that make a difference? Here it is: the sexual situation has been sporadic. Last night nothing. Night before was very good. The night before that was probably one of the best times I've had with Simone. In the beginning I was not horny. Hadn't been all day. That was Thursday. The bus ride to Sturbridge does it. So we are laying in bed. She wants me to feel her. Time to go to sleep, I say. No its not, she says. Finger me, she asks. No, maybe tomorrow. She begins to play with my prick. It soon becomes interested. The rest of me continues, however, in the same vein. Roll over and go to sleep, I say. She starts to breath harder. She starts to masturbate. The prick gets more and more interested. The rest of me goes out to lunch. And so this goes on for sometime. She is now very horny and won't take no for an answer. But she gets it anyway. Now she's on top of me. The rest of me decides to follow the prick. We turn over and I am on top of her. We fuck. She raises her legs and ass into the air. She is almost bent over double. Her legs are out to the side. I am inside her and moving up and down. We both feel connected. More so than many times in the past. She almost, or maybe has her first orgasm with me inside her. It is very good for me. I know exactly when an orgasm is the best. My prick stays enlarged after I come. It is not very hard, but is larger than normal. A difficult or forced orgasm causes my prick to shrivel up and feel uncomfortable. The rest of my body will have a nervous spasm now and then. Later we both realize it has been one of the best sexual times for us. I tell her about my plan to resist her advances the same way in the future. No you don't, she says, and whacks me one. So that's the story.

Monday, February 16, 1981

Two dreams last night about taking some pills for my cold. Its a real cold now, not just a sore throat and some coughing. Each dream was a question. Had I already taken one of the pills? Should I take another. Another kind of dream. About Lou, Sten's girlfriend from before FH. We were in a bedroom together. We got horny. She takes off some of her clothes. There are pimples all over her chest. She has almost no tits. We feel each other up a bit. The bedroom is off the corridor or hallway of an office. It seems to be Intermetrics, a place I once worked. We are worried that people will see us going from room to room half naked. A second part of the dream has me with Brit. We are going to fuck but don't quite make it. More discussion about cats with Simone this morning. She asks Dana what he wants. Dana says he does not want to live with cats. He suggests we drown them. Sure, I say, a bag, a brick, a cat, and over the side of the Harvard Bridge. She tries to con us. The are so friendly and sweet, she implores. Alchemy just loves to play with people. No deal. Now she wants a new couch. My recent influx of funds has set dollar signs to dancing in her eyes. But I am more

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inclined to get a blender, water purifier, or things like that. Maybe even a new washing machine. But a couch is not on my list. Some interesting changes in Dana's behavior. I talk about it with him over breakfast. He has become more withdrawn. Suzanne has become more uncertain of herself. Her movements are not as forceful and definite. She is a little more indefinite with eye contact, and her speech is also more uncertain. Last night it seemed as though she was going to stay the night. Then, suddenly, she was all anxious to be off. Simone thought it might have been because we were in the next room. Only the sliding doors separated us from them. Dana is going through some sort of struggle. Maybe living with her. Simone says it is my fantasy.

Wednesday, February 18, 1981

Its a beautiful Spring-like day, and we've had several of them recently. I'm walking along the street. A police siren. I turn to look. They go by. Its not a regular police car, but like an unmarked, or plainclothes car. Just then a fantasy pops into my head. The police stop. They take their guns out and order me to stop. I put my hands up but they shoot anyway. I'm hit! Suddenly Cheyenne is there beside me. She screams and grabs hold of me. The wound is not fatal. Suddenly the one who shot me starts to scream. His skin is starting to boil and erupt. The flesh shreds. Blood is everywhere. It becomes putrid. The entire body resembles an enormous rotting and stinking carcass. I warn the other officer the same will happen to him if he shoots. That's the end. I go on and think about writing this little fantasy. Maybe it would make the start of a good science fiction story. Then more ruminating about the problem of writing without writing for someone to read. These fantasies of having enormous success through this preoccupy me a lot lately. Simone and I did not sleep together last night. She tells me of getting sick and vomiting this morning. I wonder if it isn't because of that. She and I and Dana talk about for awhile in the afternoon. She had a long talk with Carol last night. Carol is complaining again about nobody cares about her. Especially that nobody cares about her the way people care about Simone. But she doesn't do the things Simone does. She never goes out of her way to do anything for anyone. She then expects everyone to approach her. Simone tells her how she sees the situation. She is constantly putting me down to Simone and wonders how she could possibly see anything in me. But poor Carol never stops to look and see all the things I do for Simone. An unpleasant situation. It stays that way because Simone is never straightforward enough or forceful enough to really make her think about what she is doing. And so she goes on moaning about her sad fate, consuming gallons of ice cream, exercising like crazy, staying overweight, hiding in her room, and still wondering what's wrong. Simone asked me to fuck yesterday afternoon. Ok, I says after we talk about it. We undress. She starts complaining about something, don't remember what, starts to have second thoughts about it. This makes me mad. I decide to get dressed and go back to work. I have the feeling of having done this to get even with her for interrupting the mood. It was not easy to change it back to something more pleasant. But we talk before she and Dana leave for their dream group. Last night I dreamed of being an on-call 24-



hour a day plumber, living on FH. There's a call. Its from one of the Kennedy family members. One that nobody knows about. He's 61 years old. Lives in a suburban type house. Some pipe or hose is plugged and he's not getting fuel for his furnace. Its very cold. Suddenly the scene switches to a World War II tank battle. Then back to the blocked fuel line. I find the problem. It is only necessary to shake some part of the mechanism holding the fuel line and everything is ok. Then it seems that Dana has something to do with the dream. A tall blond man. It seems like Dana but not quite. The end. I have thought of a number of things to write about today. In my head it seems perfectly clear as to what its all about. The problem comes for me in transforming this mental picture to the rather dimensionally limited world of words and paper. But it is certainly good exercise to try this. So, the first thing has to do with something as simple as a phone call, and what I noticed about myself. It comes at the end. It seems as though I'm there, but suddenly there is something like spacing out. It is as though I mentally hangup before hanging up in fact. I have a strangely mechanical and out-of-touch feeling. As though I break contact before it is really broken. The end becomes like playing back an automatic message. And then I become aware of this out-of-touch sensation. Usually it happens right after hanging up from a phone call. What is the meaning of this? What great secret is hidden in this obscure bit of behavior? Who knows. Other things noticed today? It keeps flitting in and out of my mind. Not there and then a vague impression of it. Concentrate. Try to put my finger on this elusive thing. Shit. Its like a mental mirage. Its like dropping a piece of paper on a windy day. Reach down to pick it up and its off again. It is going on in exactly this moment. I sit here trying to reconstruct what was thought of so clearly earlier today. Is it a fault in my memory? Is there some reason why I don't want to remember this particular thing about myself? Curse, curse, curse. I sit here fuming and cursing to myself. It reminds me of when my motorscooter would get stuck or wouldn't start. I'd be there trying to get it going or unstuck, and from all appearances, not being particularly disturbed by it all. My mother or others would comment how calm and matter of fact I seemed to be about the whole thing. When in reality, if they could have heard what was going through my head, they might have passed out from the intensity of what was coming out of that young fellow. This was in my more religious days. I'd managed to eliminate such things from the view of others, but the same old shit was still there in my head, rotting and smelling away. And I still have not managed to remember this very interesting thing from earlier today. I have been rather subdued the last few days because of a cold. Haven't even had much desire to fuck. Haven't been as pushy or hysterical as normal. Something to do with that. Finished Simone's laundry. An interesting thing happened when I put it in to wash. Lots of underwear, slips, dresses, and other female apparel. Slinky, slick stuff. Two older women would look my way every now and then. Suddenly an anxiety attack. Very selfconscious. A fear of being seen by these women doing another woman's laundry. Was it a fear of being a sissy? That they might think the things were mine? Something from long ago. I remember the

feeling from when I was a boy. Afraid the other boys would see me and make something of it. My mother made me wear diapers when I was in the third or fourth grade. She was trying to get me to stop wetting my bed. Suffice it to say that having anyone else know this would have caused me considerable more anguish. It was a shaming thing in any case. Something I devoted considerable energy to. Always worrying that someone would find out about it. Having to change my behavior or conceal certain things. Then the anxiety continued over to when I was supposed to be working on school subjects. Everyone else seemed to be more into it than me. I had to spend all my time being certain that nobody discovered me wearing diapers. Every kid there probably had something of the same sort. All that energy tied up in worrying. So a similar thing came over me in that laundromat. It went away, but out crawls all that new dirty laundry. I have it today. I was thinking of an incident with Adele in 1971. She was thinking of leading a Youth Hostels group in Europe during August. I encouraged her to do so. But at the same time another woman was of considerable interest to me. Rina was her name. Beautiful red hair and a very nice body. She like me. So Adele says to me one day: do you want me to go to Europe so you can have an affair with Rina? No, I immediately says. That was a lie. It prevented me from really doing it. I felt so guilty. Went to visit her one evening with a friend. She was tired. Laid down on the couch beside me. Very short dress. Her ass was nearly in my lap. Nice crotch. Her underwear seemed not to be covering what normally would be out of sight. My friend couldn't see it from where he sat. It seems to have been available only to me. It was impossible to do anything. I was to wrapped up in what-ifs. Margaret was another woman who offered herself to me. She was a student in one of my computer programming courses. Beautiful red hair. No sexual experience. She asked me one day if she should get birthcontrol pills. Don't remember what I said about it, except that I ignored the real message. She had me over one evening. It got late. We talked about how we were seeing each other rather late. She had to be at work early. Some other couple talk. I am at the door to leave. She rubs up against me. I keep my hands in their pockets. She wants something. Did I know what she wanted? Thinking about it now I have to say yes. Thinking about my state of mind then now, or now thinking about my now state of mind then, or then thinking now then about my state of mind.... Well, a lot of things confused me then. On the other hand it was not unusual to resist all sorts of opportunities of that sort. Ignoring glances, smiles, looks, faces, and other messages, was very normal for me. But it took a lot of energy. A lot of will power. I am feeling a bit agitated at the moment. It has to do with Ellen, who has left Ron. She wants to have an affair with Simone. Lets just do without this jealousy problem and get a place together, she says. Well, so much for Dana's explanation of why they broke up. On the other hand one could say that she is just beginning to learn new things about herself. She has found two other men she is interested in. She votes no on Simone moving in with me. We can get a place together and have our cats, she says. But my agitation has to do with wanting credit for her new found insite, incom-

plete as it is. By credit I mean what really happened and what provoked it. One could say that my provocative leading of the evening caused her to think about, and finally do things she has been thinking about for some time. Its easy to see why she would leave Ron. He gives the impression that he is constantly worried about her leaving him. He seems to get nervous about little things that indicate lack of allegiance to him, or so it seemed to me when they were together with us. On the other hand I am anxious about proposing my own hypothesis. Behind it is the desire to want to be the real, although not yet known to her, object of her casting him, and Dana, aside. I say to myself, this interest in Simone is just to get her away from me. I am the real power behind the thrown. Her real difficulties and desires lie with men. Simone is just a temporary landmark on the way to her real biological destination. It is entirely possible that a few more evenings of talking and being with people in that way will point it out to her. On the other hand she may not be capable of dealing with her deepest difficulties with men. This is beginning to sound more like a limerick than serious writing. Me thinks thou doest profess too much. Now Jeff is an interesting case. Simone has a date for tea with him this evening. It will take 3 or 4 dates to get him back in good shape, she says to me. Yes, I understand exactly. Its the same with some of my women friends. They have to be coddled and have their hands held. Tip-toe around and be very careful or back to first base. Simone, and Linda a little bit, are the only ones I don't have to be so careful with. Then Judy and Jeannette would be the next least vulnerable to offense. And all the others get lumped together. Long talk with Michael on the phone night before last. He was really mad at me about the using-Simone's-house incident. But he stayed cool and calm all the time we talked about it. A roommate later said he was fuming. Simone relayed the same to me from a conversation with him. Then the three of us are on the phone. She feels uncomfortable. I want to talk more about what really was said and meant, about the house, and about Michael talking to Daniel. It was a rousing good fight. A lot of things got talked about. Later Simone said it was a very good communication. At the time it went on however, she was trying to make me out to be jealous, or have some other nefarious intent. Maybe so, but the result was the three of us talking about very important things. About why she still hangs on to Michael, why she keeps her foot in the door, how she's worried about being left by me. And I just wanted to talk about things without sneaking around. It always makes me feel left out. Like a third party. I don't want to be excluded. And there are many things of importance to all of us. I even suggested that Michael consider living with us for awhile. He said he would think about it. He doesn't want to see Simone for 2 weeks. I say how this doesn't seem to be what he really wants, but is his way of avoiding all the feelings he has over the situation. He can't admit to it. Even when I tell him what a fantastic woman Simone is. She is far more open and honest than anyone else I know. She is very spontaneous and eager to do all sorts of things. She is never afraid to experience her sexuality. Compare this with most of the women you know, I tell him. They walk around and avoid looking you in the eye. Afraid to

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say what their sexual needs are. Always waiting for the man to take the first step. Simone beat me to the punch on our first date. I was going to ask her to take me home that night. I wish I could take you home with me tonight, she said. We were having soup in the Turtle Cafe. She had another sleep over date that night. And would leave for a vacation to Italy in another day. So nothing came of it. But she did ask me before I got to it. And I'll have to admit to having some anxiety about doing it. But I couldn't resist someone who would really look at me. I met her at a party, at Nora's, on May 10th. She was the only woman who really looked at me. I had the feeling she was really open to me. Very straightforward. I didn't feel as though I was being looked through. I had gone to the party with the idea of pretending to be something other than what I was. For example, that evening was my brain surgeon and researcher on the influence of art and music on brain development. It swept her off her feet. Or at least kept her interested long enough for me to get her name and phone number. She was impressed that I didn't need to write it down. Its a good trick. Tell me your number. I'll remember it, I reassure them. Later, however, I always write it down as over time these things do go away.

Friday, February 20, 1981

A new idea for writing. During the day I make notes about different topics that occur to me. This way, even if I skip writing for a day, there will be no shortage of topics. This feeling is causing a little panic in me, namely, running out of things to write about. I got a new name and phone number for my little green box today. This is for 3 by 5 cards with the name, address, and phone number of many of the women I know. Her name is Nina. She is subletting Linda's apartment until June. Very attractive. She was a dancer in NYC. Not much like Linda. Too subdued. I find myself attracted to her anyway. Linda told her to be careful with me, that I might ask her to sleep with me, but I know lots of people and am very interesting. She would not find me boring. Then I think to myself, is this going to be worth the effort to start a relationship with her? She's not very outgoing. Linda is likely to work at odds to me if anything gets started. But on the other hand there is a very definite desire in me. Why should such a thing cause so many rationalizations to rise up in me? Some anxiety about what Linda will think. Some anxiety about having some common contact. I think about it, struggle inside, and get paralyzed. Forget it and go to something else.

Saturday, February 21, 1981

Recent events make me feel as though I'm only scratching my surface, that what I have been writing is superficial. The image I get is of a large open pit mine. The deeper one digs the bigger the hole gets. I have just been talking with Dana about an interesting self discovery made today. Walking down the street. A big fight inside my head. But suddenly I notice something completely different about it. Something I can't remember happening before. There are two people in the fight. There is a setting and they are fighting about something, what I can't remember now, but its not that important. There was my true character fighting with my false character. The false being me who doesn't want to admit to difficulties and problems in life, and the true character who is some part of these difficulties and all the things others say about me. The false character is always arguing and resisting these things said about me by others. Every now and then someone else would pop up in the conversation, like Simone or Linda. They would say something to support the real character part of me. Then they would step aside. And the battle would resume with the two main protagonists. This is something very new for me. The last two days make my difficulties very obvious to me. Trouble with work, writing, other interests, Linda, Simone, medical problems. The false me does not want to be beaten by the real me. But there is something irresistable about this true character. Something not so bad. I notice that he is not harsh, not strident, not aggressive, very reasonable. He managed to parry every thrust. But the results were not disastrous for me. I didn't really get defeated. I have trouble making the explanation less abstract. The other side of me is what? Who was that? It seems to be gone now. But the impression persists. How to say all this without being mystical or spaced out. I have the feeling of being held by someone larger and warmer than me. A very comfortable and knowledgable person. But the old resistance came back eventually and overwhelmed the other. Linda and Simone have been fighting back a lot this week. This feeling of resisting comes up in me a lot as a result. Every little criticism evokes a denial and an increase of this internal tension. Sometimes I manage to accept it. Mostly it causes a flood of feeling. This afternoon I found myself suddenly wrapped up in the stolen battery story. A long time ago. I was 10-12 years old. Don't remember exactly. A family lived up the street a ways from us. The father made me mad about something. He had an old battery sitting out in his yard. One day I took it. Hid it somewhere near my house. Later, maybe a few weeks, I took it to a scrap dealer for selling. Still later my mother asks me, did you take so-and-so's battery and sell it? Why no, I says. She doesn't believe me. A big fight. She yells and threatens. The more she does this the more I resist. Finally it comes to getting a spanking. But still I resist. No way will I admit to this. I did it, of course, but it is impossible for me to admit this. The memory is confusing about what happened next. Did I lock myself in the bathroom, or did she tell me to stay there until I confessed? A day or so later she asks about John. I talked in my sleep and must have said something about him and the battery. Or this is what I remember. This whole thing doesn't make sense or have a good connection. The other day Simone made some positive comments about my

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writing. That it is less a recollection of what happened during the day and more about me and my feelings. Flashbacks are used very well to tell the story. Anyway, she says its getting much better and more interesting. But I find this to be interferring with what I write. Each time I try to write a sensitive story about myself and some connected incident from the past. Every critic sways my tone. Again I have this feeling of some insite and lack of ability to express it. As though I'm tied and gaged and trying to yell out some message to a passerby to free me. An interesting mental image to just pop into my head. There I sit on a simple chair, hands bound behind me, feet tied to the chair, and a gag in my mouth. How to get somewhere? Hop up and down? Fall over to try and roll somewhere, and possibly risk injury in the process? Or maybe sit and think my way out of this imaginary bind? Is any problem I have any more real than the one of imagining myself tied up? And first of all, who tied me up? I mean the whole thing took place in my head! There I was, just like that - bang! No fantasy about being robbed or anything. There wasn't anybody else, but me, in this fantasy. I just imagined myself bound and gagged. Is that one g or two? So anyway, and now I can't remember what I was going to say. Shit, another interesting idea down the drain.

Sunday, February 22, 1981

Another party last night. At Simone's house. 14 people showed up. We invited a lot more. Joe brought me over about 8:30. He got interested in Claire towards the end of the evening. About one in the morning he said goodbye, without looking at us, threw on his coat and left. Claire came into the front room and sat down with us. She and Joe had been in the kitchen. I asked her if she noticed anything about him just before he left. No, she said. I said that it was unusual for him to behave like that. Later I realized that his reaction was probably from having been rejected by Claire. He had probably asked to spend the night with her and she'd turned him down. George came about 9:30. He spent most of his time with Simone. She asked him if he was in love with her. Yes, he confessed. He also mentioned the article in the Whole Life Times to her three times, again! He seems to have some sort of fixation on me. I gave him some recent pages of my notes. Simone wondered if he would still like her after reading them. I said that if he didn't then he wasn't worth it. Jeff was there also. He managed to get himself in the conversation with Simone and George. He is still in love with Simone, but its harder for him to talk about it with others around. He had quite a time with her recently. It seems he took his pants down and showed her his dead penis. Look, he said, its completely dead. He can't get an erection with a woman. He paid \$200 for two hours with a sex therapist, a two hour blow job, and he still didn't get hard. He is very depressed and feels that Simone is the only person he can really talk to. But he doesn't really try with many others. There were a few times on FH when it was difficult for me to get an erection, but never any other time. Simone tells me that I always seem to have an erection during the night. Sometimes she wakes up and likes to feel me. This morning it was especially true. I kept trying to wake her up but she had taken some pain killer for her tooth and it is also a sleeping pill. She finally

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woke up and we did something. Later she talked about how she has always had such wonderful orgasms with all the other men she's been with. Especially when she has been in love. Simone has just finished talking to Roberta on the phone. Gordon is with another woman today and she's feeling a little jealousy. This is a bit odd as she is avoiding anything more with Joe as she feels she must protect him (Gordon) from being rejected, or the threat of being rejected. Gordon can't seem to explain why he's with the other one except that she likes him a lot, and he doesn't see why he should disappoint her. So Roberta coyly tries to get Joe (and several other people) to have breakfast with her the next day.

MOnday, February 23, 1981

Suzanne called a little after two this morning. Someone was trying to break down her door and kill her. An exconvict, drunk, and living downstairs, didn't like her complaining about his playing loud disco music. The police came and rescued them before he managed to break either the front or back door in. So I says why not come over here tonight. She originally asked if Dana was with anyone as she thought he might be with Carol Davidson. A long story about the event. She is quite loud and I have to remind her to lower her voice several times. The whole incident reminds me of her telling about the sexual advances of her boss. The words say she doesn't like it or contribute to its happening. But her whole body and tone of voice says that something about her likes this attention and excitement. The killer story gives me the same impression, but more that she contributes to the rising up of violent feelings in a person like this. She denies it, of course. But one can detect an air of superiority in her when it comes to describing the kind of person it is and how he treated her when she confronted him about the loud noise. She is a great believer in good and bad spirits and psychic energy. She is going to call on all her psychic friends for energy and light. Best she should stop bothering mean and nasty characters. This is the third assault on her in as many years. Dana was feeling sick at Friday nights party. He and Suzanne left early. At one point I noticed how she clung to him and followed his every footstep. I said, don't trip over your umbilical cord on the way out. Next day he tells me the sick feeling is one of being smothered. Its beginning to overwhelm him. More and more things about this lovely redhead and coming out. And Dana, that lucky devil, is her new knight in shinging armor! But something about me. Its getting to be as though my only life is chronicalling the lives of others. On the way to the party with Joe a feeling of doom, gloom, and depression suddenly overtook me. It was not till later that I connected it with an earlier incident. Sten is back from his three day trip to FH. He enjoyed it very much and didn't want to leave. He told me how Otto asked him to his room after the SD evening, and that Otto told him how he had developed a lot in the last year. This is what did me in. Otto didn't say as much to me. He didn't pay as much attention to me. Sten did better than me and so I get depressed. The next day it continued. Competition fantasies. In the beginning I am doing ok. Then things start

to get out of my control. And this is in my fantasy! Where one would at least think me to be in control. But no. My cool gets blown. I get nervous and distressed. It happens to my body also. The fantasy spreads from an image in my head to my entire nervous system. And soon I am pacing around, doing compulsive things, getting agitated. A realization about Dana and Suzanne. He has gone to visit his sister in the mental hospital. Suzanne went also. It seems that she dumps some new thing on him and he has to strike back. She is going to press on him till he can't stand it anymore, then poof, he will go away. Something about Simone: her voice has a different quality in it these last few days. She calls and I don't immediately recognize her. Or, a few minutes ago, she came in the door and said hello. I couldn't tell who it was for a moment. Yesterday she was in a bit of a whimpering mood. She often starts to yawn as a way of hiding a little crying. I point this out to her and she says that only her therapist is supposed to know that. It has been obvious to me for some time, but I never said anything about it till now. This happened with something right after I returned from Europe. We were sitting at the table eating and I started to mimic her eating a small piece of bread with two hands. She does it something like a small child who can't really hold something well with one hand. She asks me, why didn't you ever say anything about this before? Well, I says, there are lots of things to notice about anyone, and I've noticed lots of things about you. This one never really came up till now. And its the same with me. Sometimes I will become aware of some little thing I've been doing, in some cases all my life, and only then become aware of it. Like saying the same thing twice in the same sentence. I am a bit frustrated at the moment trying to hold so many things in my head at one time. Events of the last few days, things noticed about myself, and so forth. My ability to make sense of things is disintegrating. Definitely lightweight. So says Lee's latest response to a copy of my latest Cambridge notes. I die for just a moment. A horrible, failing, sinking feeling. Why so traumatic? Then I think, he's pissed at my last letter about his analysis of my Christmas FH notes. So for a moment I defend myself. But the feeling in my body persists. It can't be argued away. Why not read my old FH notes? Try to recapture the mood or method or whatever it is that makes them different. Obviously its FH, and I can't recreate it here. He's right. The weight is light. Continue to fight. Take a bigger bite. Keep revelation in sight. Try with all my might. I have fantasies about calling more of the women in my little green box and trying to start something with them. Fear of rejection. Then the idea to get a local contact to publish my book. More deviation from confronting myself. Things are so compartmentalized and people so separated from each other here. On FH everything seems to merge together, almost, and I hate to say it, organically. Socially organic development. You live, eat, work, fuck, play, sleep, and everything with the same people. No need to go somewhere else to get some of any of these things. Simone and I talked about bringing people together. Its so lightweight. So contrived. It has to be for some reason. This immediately puts limits on what will happen. Its ok to just put on blinders. No need to look at anything



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else. There is a jargon to simplify the already superficial conversation. The artificial boundaries will make sure that nothing will really happen. One gets the impression something is being done and that progress is being made. Everyone will participate and let out just so much. No more is necessary. Any more and the lid will be clamped on. But, again, I'm not really writing about me. Just complaining about some nonsense that is not more than a variation on myself. What am I doing sending copies of this to people? Bragging, trying to get credit?

Thursday, February 26, 1981

Judy reminded me of my days as an AAO maniac. I was visiting her the other day. Her dog Babe died. It was 9 years old. She sat in my lap. We cuddled. I began to feel very desirous of her. Not completely sexual. But one day last summer she broke down and cried about something that was going on with her. I felt very close to her. But beyond that there is still resistance. I wanted to know how it was that one could get closer to her. Was it me? Something I was doing? Carla visited me the other day and asked if I still thought those people were the answer to everything. This has set me off on some new thoughts about myself. Talking to Lotti the other evening about inspiring writers. Henry Miller, for instance, she says. But it seemed to me that such people mostly have inspiring ideas. Their personal lives do not correspond to what they say. They don't really live the way they imagine themselves to be. And this brought me to my own past. The time I was a draft resister. Carla was one of the people who really admired me. There were lots of others. But inside me it was not the same wonderful ideal. Inside I was miserable. Lots of people were inspired by my example. They thought it very noble. I think there must have been something very moralistic about it. But on the other hand I wanted to do some good for myself and others. I didn't want to be a soldier. I did refuse the simple way out. It was possible to have a job related exemption. Not doing this was a way of feeling superior. This is not sounding as good as I have imagined it just before writing it. Another example of my inability to match my self-expectations to what I can do. Earlier today I had a very clear idea about what to write. Reading it now I see that what I thought was nonsense or its being done very badly. I am caught in this crazy circle again of explaining what I mean and discovering that what I mean is not explainable. Its nonsense. It would be quite a thing if this state of mind were elucidatable. It continues to elude me. And everything else about false inspiration. Lotti related how she had read from Anais Nin about what Henry Miller was like in real life. She had to admit that his personal life did not match his spired ideals. One has to suspect ideas that can't be lived by their creator. It sets you to sailing in a false direction. One needs to find a true direction. I have followed enough of these other directions. The Mormon church, which is not to be singled out from all the others, MIT, Thoreau and his inspired life by Walden Pond (made simpler by sending his laundry home to his mom and sister), draft resistance, and more recently the AAO. Was I really such a maniac. Sandy, one of Adele's friends, thought it was a religious organiza-

tion.

Friday, February 27, 1981

Walking down the street. Two fantasies. The first is on FH. I come back for a visit. I've been very successful. Well dressed, fancy shoes and a long green coat. Floppy hat and sunglasses. Otto invites me into his room. I pull out a machinegun and shoot him and the entire first bag. The second is here in Cambridge. I'm with Simone. I see someone beating up on a small child. I yell at her to go for the police while I do something about the child. She hesitates. I return and hit her. Its to wake her up and get her going. I try to help again. She has to be beaten again. The end. Suddenly I become aware of the fantasy. Lots of low-level stress today. Some people for breakfast. Me, Simone, Gail, Lotti, Dana, and Suzanne. Pleasant enough but Suzanne has to relive her nightmare of some days ago. She is completely into it. Her voice and body resonate with the whole incident. A rising sense of something in me. This will be the last time I listen to the story. She stays in it by retelling it. The whole thing is disturbing. She is very good at projecting that quality. And does it as much as she says she wants to be rid of the whole thing. Do I say something this time or put an end to it when it starts again? Next time definitely. A funny thing just now. How to finish off the end of that last line. Should I start another line, or think of a good word that will fit? Writing to fill the page? Or filling the page with writing? Simone had a date with Jeff last night. It ended badly. She tried to lie to salvage the situation. Maybe Jeff should meet Judy, she says. Why don't we just forget about other people, she says. We have each other. I'll just concentrate on my relationship with you, Michael, and Dana. Well, thank you very much Simone! She is constantly making little digs at my difficulty in making progress with Judy. Its so easy for me to get a man to sleep with me, she taunts. You are jealous of my ability to do this, she says. Its true. She can do this more easily than me. But, as even Judy said, its much easier for a woman to do this. A man is looked on very suspiciously and as though he's on the make, by a woman. She realizes this and has never argued against it. But it has always been necessary for me to lie at the beginning of any relationship. Only when it gets more secure has it been possible to really say what's on my mind. Most of it would be to much for any of the women I've known. She knows she has to lie to Jeff. He could never stand to hear what she really thinks about him. On the other hand she really does like him. It makes her cry to retell the story. She will keep trying. And so will I. We both know its necessary to stay healthy. It keeps us awake and alive. The stimulation makes life interesting and in turn attracts still more people to us. Recently I've had the feeling again that it is possible to have a group of people to live with. I am still distrubed by Lee's criticism. It makes everything written seem distorted and crippled. Awkward and clumsy. Suzanne says my writing flows very smoothly. But to me it seems like the jagged edge of broken glass. Like a fantasy I had often as a boy and adolescent. It started with an image of my arm. Then acid.

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The flesh would slowly be eaten away. Fumes and dissolved flesh float away. It began to resemble swiss cheese broken in two. The bone is all that remained. At some point I realized some connection with this fantasy and my life. It has not come about in some time. It seems it stopped around the time of the understanding of it. But exactly what I thought of it escapes me.

Sunday, March 1, 1981

A lot of realizations come to me like this. But the summation of them all has not helped me much. Another one seems to be coming to me now, but its not clear yet. It has to do with the last few days. Yesterday David Wiggins called to say he had just come from FH. It stirred a lot up in me, as it always does, when someone comes from there. I have always had difficulties living with him. Especially when we were alone and trying to start a group after Otmar left at the end of 1977. But he seems to be less sad. His face is a little different. It doesn't seem possible that he could have lived there 16 months and not been changed. And the same for me. Its a completely other life there. Everything here is either superficial or deadly serious in comparison. Sometimes I think of going back. Not at the moment. Things are going very well for me at the moment. Business is very good. I feel lots of responsibility for the work and for the people working for me. Its a good feeling to take care of them in this way. It makes me want to work even harder so they will do even better from it. Simone has heaped praise on me for the handling of our relationship and how good she feels about me. At the same time there is some sort of undercurrent making me feel more restless, agitated, nervous, aggressive, and disturbed. But it seems easier somehow to see what is going on around me. Some arrogance the last few days. The Ellen/Ron/Simone triangle has dug up some more dirt. He had dinner with Simone last night. He revealed how Ellen had been a heroin addict at one time. That her current boyfriend is 65 years old. We also learned that he had an affair with Constance, Michael's current true love. And he learned that his therapist is sleeping with Ellen, all the while he is telling the therapist how he's having such troubles with Ellen and separating. She seems to just want to have nothing to do with him. Ron says things were going so well. Not so, says Simone, and me. The contrary was obvious to both of us. He was not very well tuned. So he is going to go off and get angry at his therapist. And ignore the real problem. Namely, himself, and his inability to take a hard look at what's going on. He remarked how everyone at the spiritual conference, which he'd attended earlier that day, along with Ellen, her friend, Michael, and Constance, and himself, seemed to be such hypocrites. This gave me something to gloat over for a few minutes. But invariably in such situations, something from deep inside me floats to the surface to remind me of my own behavior, and that the same affliction strikes me with the same devastating force. Blame someone else. Maybe admit to hypocracy in my head but not in public. And then struggling with the thing, like some kind of animal that one has to beat under the rug. One never seems to be able to quite kill it. It rests a moment and then sticks its ugly head in the way of something. Like a little demon inside me that won't

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let me forget it. One's conscience should look a little nicer, but this thing always seems to be quite nasty. It takes a lot of energy to keep it under the rug. Its like some crazy new material that no matter how you bend, distort, crumple, twist, or whatever, you do to it, always seems to jump back into its original shape. This conscience is like that. No matter how much energy I put into ignoring it or stomping on it, well the thing just seems to pop right back refreshed as ever. It won't go away. The other side of this seems to be when I get some sort of pleasure out of the misfortune of another person. I told you so. You finally got what you deserve for your stupid behavior. Or, eventually you will have to pay for this. And some more talk with Lotti about inspired writing. This time its Ann Rand. Anyone can solve all the world's problems in a book. Maybe her personal life is like what she writes, she counters. But to me it doesn't seem possible to rebuild yourself, or any part of the world, without other people. They have to join together. Simone tells me about the incredibly fat marriage counselor, who always seemed so very together, that she and Michael were seeing. She would comment on this to Michael, who would reply that Budda was also fat. But she was on the right track. Something was going on. He was just able to hide it. Lloyd, who borrowed some of my notes for reading the other day, always speaks to me in a way that indicates he admires and envies me for all the things I do. I get an uneasy sort of pleasure and feeling of pride from this. My immediate reaction is, oddly enough to want to counsel him further, be sort of guruish with him. To get him to admire me still more. But at the same time, to project a sort of false image of myself to him. I know its false. Its like an automatic reaction. It happens before I almost know it. I take the superior position. The position of one who knows so much more, and give him a sort of learner/student status. Its true he could learn some things from me but there is always this false aspect to it. Maybe false it not quite the right word. All of my ribs are a little sore. What have I done to cause this? I keep sitting here thinking about this false reaction. Also how I store up a list of wrongdoings, or so they seem, and say, soon I will start confessing them. But not now for some reason. There is always a current list. Some drop off the end and new ones get added to the top - every day it seems. I want to confess this and this and this. But much of it is so vague, just a guilty feeling. Anybody can write a solution to the world's problems. Or their own problems. And what is most inspired writing, but just that. Lloyd was with a gorgeous woman the other day. I just dropped in on him for a minute. He was nervous at the door. She was just that sort that wildly attracts me. Tall, blond, cool. Just the sort I never make any progress with. She will see right through me instantly. That I'm a jerk, just like Simone did. Dana will be the type for her. Tall, blond, cool. But it gets a try anyway. She may be crazy enough to try something. At least she gets invited to the next party. Will Lloyd give me her telephone number? Will he get paranoid? Dana has just returned. A moment of nervousness about if he will read this. It seems he does it to keep up to date on

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what's happening. Suzanne has found a place in Gloucester for \$150/month. She is uncertain about taking it. I suggest he speak to her about us sharing the cost for the summer. It would be a nice vacation retreat. Sometimes it seems pretty trivial to write about such simple things. But this is what's always in the way of my trying to solve the problems of the whole world. Best to get these little things taken care of first.

Wednesday, March 4, 1981

Some unknown resistance to writing today, and the last two days. Feeling much better, though. Monday morning, early, walking to the office. A woman is coming towards me. About 50 feet away she steps into the street and goes past. I turn a moment later and she has walked back to the sidewalk. I tell Simone about this later. She says it's because of my derelict, convict, dangerous look. It's that denim coat and candy corn hat, and several days growth of beard. Women would be afraid of someone who looks like you do. I know otherwise, she says. But someone just walking down the street doesn't. This reminds me of Vienna about 1969. She worked for the same project as me as a secretary. Very cute. I liked her. She complained about my clothes one day. The next week I bought a complete set of new clothes. It didn't help. She wanted to marry a wife-beater. Lately the same idea occurs to me. Simone talks about my not wanting to be a success. They seem to be related. My appearance and being a success. Certainly there has been plenty of chances to be a success. All the crazy projects I've been involved with haven't failed. Only my really taking advantage of one or more of them. With dress, and being attractive to women, I sometimes say, well, if you don't like me the way I am then that's too bad. This is a superficial explanation. I can't quite get the right words. On to something else. Simone had a Monday night date with Stu. She was with me till 11. She didn't want to go. We were having a very good time, just talking. She told me about my problems with success then. It turned out to be quite good. He was not pushy for the first time. Maybe it had something to do with his new girlfriend in Amherst, or his mother dying. He told her that if she moved in with me that he wouldn't see her anymore. But she pointed out that this was the case for all practical purposes. Laura, his boss, asked him to try and persuade Simone not to move in with me. She had a good time sexually. In the morning she went to see Michael. He told her to take a shower before she came into his room. This after learning she had spent the night with Stu. This also went well, until she was about to leave. He doesn't want her to move in till May 1st. Then the money fight starts. He does not want to let go of her. This move means the end of many of the little holds he has on her. They still have lots of things in common at her old place. Then the argument about not seeing her until March 23. It seems that Constance is monogamous and faithful and he doesn't want her to know that he's going out with Simone and a third woman. Simone then goes to Ellen's house where she has to take another shower! And we learn more about Ellen and her getting beaten up. She didn't tell the whole story. It seems someone in a car was driving by, tried to block her from her running, jumped out and then started to beat her

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up. Simone gives me the impression that we will learn still more about exactly what happened. Visited the dentist today. First time in over 2 years. Blood pressure is 115 over 66. Below normal, but that is supposed to be quite good. Blood pressure at the dentist's? The teeth were quite good too except for some plaque in a few places. My gums still appear to be receding. But its always looked like that. The hygienist suggested and gave me a soft brush. And some toothpaste to desensitize the area between gum and tooth. She was quite attractive. No overtly sexual fantasies about her but thinking - what is she thinking? Did she seem a little depressed? I've been thinking about women a lot these last few days. Judy, Roberta (Judy's friend), Bonnie, Karen, Eleanor, Colleen, and Linda. I want more contact with them. Then comes the struggle between work, fear of rejection, and how much trouble it will be. Too bad its not as easy for men as women. It was anxiety producing on FH to have a woman ask me to fuck, but it sure looks good from here. Sometimes about calling Lloyd for that Woman Sybil's number. Went shopping. Forgot toilet paper again. I am cooking tonight. Simone has left directions. Some sort of Mexican food. Business is good. The weather has gotten cold again. What is this? Nothing but superficial chit-chat comes out. Very tired. Little sleep the last week it seems. Lots of things happening. Ellen was mad a Simone for telling Ron that his therapist was sleeping with her. It seems Ron was one of his few clients - at \$50 per hour. He said he didn't want to see him again. The therapist, Marcus, calls Ellen and rakes her over the coals. He is also Ellen's therapist. Very unprofessional of him. Ellen says he doesn't want to see her again. And the same for that big mouth friend (Simone) of yours, he finishes. So Ellen blasts Simone for telling all. Ellen was sort of glad he ended it. He kept a lot of things from me, she says. I don't like to have secrets like that, she says. The night Ellen was attacked Saul was waiting for her. She sent him home and took the phone off the hook. Saul then goes to the open arms of Constance, Michael's true, monogamous, and faithful lover! Meantime, everybody has filled out and sent in their latest applications for weekend workshops on how to be more honest and open in ones relationships. Simone and I have a fine time with all this. She gets completely excited. Jumping around, hardly finishing one dirty little story before she has started the next. We laugh and shout over every little detail. We are like two naughty children who have discovered some very nasty things about the adult world. We also snicker and gloat about these things. The not so positive reaction to all these goings ons. It seems a little like an escape from our own problems. Not that it makes our go away, but that it puts them aside temporarily. But on the other hand it also makes them seem sort of irrelevant. They really aren't so bad compared to these people.

I'm an old cowhand  
From the Rio Grande.  
I won't get out of bed  
Even if I'm dead.

I take out two pieces of paper. Feeling guilty about not writing for 5 days. Lots of thinking about it. Lots to write about. Lots of depression. Curled up in a ball on my bed. Simone comes in. What is it, she asks. Depression. Its your fear of success she says. Lots of reason for that. Over \$500 in orders on Friday. So I'm immediately overcome with gloom. I won't get anymore. This is the last money we'll get in the mail. It turns out not to be true. But that's what I immediately start imagining. Immediately. Even before I have a chance to feel good about it. Immediately I think the worst. Positive comments about my writing. Fantasies about becoming a world famous writer. People flock to my spontaneous writing courses. Tv appearances. A whole new trend in self-development. Roberta tells me it makes her really feel things. Things that everybody experiences and feels. I've even made a list of things to write about. A head filled with thoughts. They all spring up at the same time. I don't know which one to start with. I get afraid the others will vanish. It seems as though I try to hold on to everything. Like someone with their arms full of small things. One falls to the floor. You try to pick it up and two more fall from your arms. But if this continues maybe one would have everything on the floor, and then it would be easier to pick them up one at a time? Maybe I don't really need to carry all those things around. It confuses me to keep track of all them. I suppose part of the reason is that I'm afraid there won't be anymore. It always feels like nothing more will happen to me. Sort of like a falling feeling where it seems as though any moment will be the one where I hit bottom. An emotional dead-end. Its like I can't dig any deeper into myself but more is there to be dug up. Like chipping away at something covered with a soft surface. Its easy to chip away the surface, but just under it is stainless steel. I can't get through that. One letter was from a person in a California group of several people who have a form of free-sexuality. He says my writing inspired him to try and do the same with his life. It made me feel good. He wants to trade notes. Simone read the letter and stopped when she got to the part about the sleeping schedule. Your not thinking of starting a group like that, I hope, she says. Who wants to create an egalitarian society where you have to sleep with someone? I don't know. At first all my objections about it come out. Who am I to say what they should do. It is interesting that, like FH, they have more women than men. Women seem to be better at these things everywhere. Two-thirds of the group leaders on FH are women. Two-thirds of the men at the bottom of the hierarchy is the norm for the groups, and FH. I can't imagine anyone telling Otto or Claudia who they have to sleep with on a given night. Although I do remember they talked about trying it as a way to discover more difficulties between people. It seems like the wrong way to go if one's goal is to feel good. Can good feelings be legislated

between people? It seems to me to be better to try and get to everyone's true feelings at some moment. And you may not want to sleep with someone because of their behavior. Giovanni was always being rejected by the women because of his aggressiveness. It was a good way of getting him to change. The women didn't want to sleep with him if he stayed that way. Its ridiculous speculation on my part. But I can't help it. The FH model is so much more natural. There has to be something good about a spontaneous way of relating that results in people fucking an average of 3 or 4 times a day. It seems it would only be possible if you felt very good about your partner. How could you do it by a schedule. The best times for me meant fucking at least 3 times a day. But it was always a spontaneous thing. I remember the time in the computer room with Sabina. She came for a one hour course. We had a good time together. She started to seduce me as soon as we were finished with the course. I couldn't resist. It felt very good. Lock the door, she says. Turn out the light, she says. Do you have a rubber, she asks. Sure, I reply. Come here, she says. Ok, I says. So right there on the floor of the computer room, when I had no such intentions of my own, it happened. Not bad. Lots of times it went this way. I will have to ask him how things are during the day, and what the rate of sexual activity is. But it seems contrived. Like the idea of an egalitarian society. Only an idea. No relation to reality. I've seen any number of groups with this idea. The leaders secretly try to influence things while continuing to espouse the idea of egalitarianism. But everyone believes its a good idea and nobody points out, or has the courage to point out, the contradictions in the everyday life. Who knows. It causes me to boil a little every time People start to talk about that idea. In fact they secretly believe they are better than others. I believe it about myself. I know who is better or not as good as me, and in what ways. But it seldom gets talked about. We all want to be equal. What it really means is that we don't want to be below anyone. We don't want things to be how we feel. I don't want things to be as bad as I feel sometimes. Shit, difficult to say anything about this without getting dogmatic. But I know these feelings of superiority and inferiority are in me. And I always try to avoid them by being equal. An impossible condition. I'm not the same height, weight, intelligence, ability, or anything else. But I want to be equal! I think its more that I don't want to be behind anybody. Who knows. But there is so much of this contrived behavior amongst people who want to be free. They enslave themselves as a way to being free. Total nonsense. Simone spent a day with an opening-the-heart workshop where people were forced by an arbitrary set of rules to do things that go against a more natural way of behaving, which it seems they all want to achieve. Why not just do it. Why a complicated set of rules to define what is proper behavior at any given time? Thoughtful sensitive people will pay attention to what they and others need. Those who aren't will reveal themselves. It will be obvious to everyone. I told her they seemed like new-age catholics. She said they had some connection with it. I meant it only as a joke because of their rigidity but it seems like it may be true. Dana and I spent some time talking about following



ones feelings. Can compulsive behavior, continuing with something because of a rule really be following ones feelings? Sometimes I feel like a party theoritician when writing things like this. But the things are in me. I read some of my old writing and cringe a bit. In fact it was the last day I wrote something, the day I began to write my old notes from FH on the typewriter. They are all handwritten now. Today I had the idea that this might have contributed to my depression. I have a difficult time when thinking back to those days. What would Otto do in this situation, I often ask myself. A dream several nights ago about being back. Don't remember it now. Yesterday I went out the back door, onto the back porch, to shake a dustmop. Left the door open. Dana and Suzanne were sitting at the kitchen table. Its right next to the door. Dana says, there's a draft, or something like that. Not till a little bit later did it occur to me that this was a mistake on my part. I left the door wide open. He did not say it directly, but later I realized what was the meaning of his tone of voice. He meant to say I should have shut the door. I can now imagine that he and Suzanne exchanged some glances over this. It does not contribute to a good social situation when I make mistakes like this. Something else like this, but it escapes me now. In any case, all the time I make little failures like this. It makes me paranoid when people do similar things to me. And probably the same for him. We are running into some problems here because of the difference in trust between me and Simone, and Dana and the two of us. We say more to each other than Dana does to either of us. In the last few days he has been complaining, and mostly to her. But some of the things have been about me. He is not as afraid of her as he is of me. Simone thinks it may be that he is not as active as either of us and resents it. His time is spent reading and doing sometime work. He probably thinks about things a lot and gets paranoid. He imagines that he is doing more of certain kinds of work, or more work in general. I think there is a lot more that he keeps to himself and just stewes over. The letter writer from California was impressed by my total candor. Over this I can only chuckle a bit. From where my brain sits its not total candor. I know its not everything. Somethings make me too anxious to talk about. Some things are presently unexplainable. Somethings are hidden from me. And other things I can only scratch the surface of. Its not total candor. Its just trying to write the most insightfully that I can. But when reviewing earlier writing its obvious the present is less naive, more direct, more insightful, and less spacey. Don has come over to have dinner with me. He tells me the story of how he paid a friends phone bill. He calls the manager. The manager calls the main manager at home. The result was that his friend didn't get the phone reconnected. Don and his friend are well known to the telephone people. Now he talks about a company that imports tuna fish for Star Market. It must be nice, he says. What do you mean it, I ask. IT! he responds. Don has just farted. I tell him this document will become a main source of information about the temper of our times. He inhales deeply. This next sentence is by Don: harumph, clearing the throat. semper ubi sub ubi. Always wear under where. Frank Perdu's latest pun: (he forgets). Don tells me an interesting idea

about what to do if one has an idea in the middle of the night. Call Western Union and ask them to send you a telephone with the message. He reads the letter from California and starts to laugh. Can this really be true he says. It sounds like an advertisement. More laughter. You too can be healthier and so forth, he explains. Just use a balanced rotational sleeping schedule and in ten days or less your problem will be solved. This line can be sold to an advertising firm. He wants to ask the writer what kind of mattress he uses. What's the three month period of celibacy for, he asks. It seems to be arbitrary, but is probably an unconscious mechanism to keep sexual disease out of the group. On FH one has to go through a 6 weeks quarantine. That is the maximum time it takes to determine if one has syphilis. Other things can be found in less time. They don't mention anything about what venereal disease problems they have. I have read their magazine for some years and its always a bit vague and abstract about what's actually going on. Edwin has visited them and describes them as being like a group of MIT people, abstract and intellectual, who play lots of one-up, can you top this, make a pun of it, look how clever I am, games. But he tends to be jaded about everyone except Otto. He criticizes my writing by pointing out the one letter from a publisher who said it wasn't their kind of book. He came down to visit last night on his own. He wanted to read some of my notes. Later he says how depressed he feels after reading all the things going on here in the last two months. I've only worked and stayed in my cave, he says. A call to Robert Rimmer. He likes my notes, read the whole thing. But I get filled with this overwhelming self-doubt. Its like standing on the edge of a razor. I can fall to either side. The slightest wind will push me to one side or the other. This doesn't sound right. At just this moment I have the feeling that my left and right hands have changed places. Typing is still possible but it feels just like that. Like something has been twisted and bent so everything is reversed 180 degrees. He doesn't know who would publish such a book, but suggests trying to find someone. I have this odd feeling of everything being reversed in my body from time to time. Like a rope being twisted. Now its in my eyes. Its completely different from upside down, or forward-backward. I wonder why it was Jud who responded to my notes. Why not someone else from the group? Edwin says he is the leader. Maybe someone got them and passed them on to him. Don't know. Want to. I tell Bob about my fantasy that these notes will be turned into a TV program like Dallas. Lots of peculiar fantasies lately. Getting some things ready to mail. What is it like to be a package in the mail? Dark, pressure, jostling. Who knows what next. Then I'm the package. Don't know where I am. Who are all these people? What's going on? Where am I going? Strange sensations of not having any connection to anything else. Short contact with the other packages, then they are gone forever. From my depression on Friday comes a fantasy about dying. What would other people feel? Would they miss me? Would they be sorry to not have known me better? Next was one about the children on FH. Its about their growing up and turning out badly. I imagine that heredity rules and they turn out to be like everyone else, and incapable of living on FH. Some of them turn