

There is a small country in Africa whose economic support is based on the processing of small animals as food. The small animal is something like a mouse and a kangaroo rat, but a little larger. The animals are raised in metal pans about 2 feet by 18 inches. The sides are about 4-6 inches high. They are very efficient animals. You put some food in with them. They eat it and get bigger. There are no waste problems as they grow very quickly. They are then slaughtered and packed in small cans, like those used to pack sardines. For some reason I had one of these cans around the house. Last night I got up feeling hungry. Still half asleep I stumbled into the kitchen and found this can. A light was on in another room. I couldn't see too well. Even if the light had been on I wouldn't have been able to see very well. So I am opening the can and out pops this little critter, still very much alive, and onto the floor. It seems this happens in the processing. They can live for long periods of time without food. It falls on the floor and I try to step on it. A squeak indicates only partial success, and it escapes into some hidden recess of the kitchen. You may wonder if it was ever found. There is nothing to worry about as it was only a dream.

Watching television. First a movie about the cavalry and Indians. The Glory Guys. Foolish general tries to take on the Indians without the rest of the army. A dashing major and scout contest for the charms of a beautiful woman. Next a movie about a ranching valley in Montana. Reminds me of the place where I grew up. Farming and ranching people. A family and what happens to them in everyday life.

Antsy all day. Been by myself. Wandered around, did some work. Had a date with Lauren Berman. She called and changed it to next Tuesday. Judy called me today. She said, I missed you. It was very charged. I felt a lot from it. It was as though she had to push it out. It came out slow. She has been with a new job. She is now the director of the place she's been working the last two years. Her boyfriend Steven, leaves in a week or so for Puerto Rico. She will go there for a short vacation. He's going to medical school. Its a sure four years for him. She thinks about leaving and going with him. She wonders if I will still see her after not having contact for so long. She has been like many people I know who drown in a relationship. She is testing to see if I will still be here for her. I have such a longing for her. But nothing much will come of it. She keeps her distance. Maybe this is part of what excites me. It would not be so intense without the fantasies I have of her. She is in bed. On her tummy. Her ass is up in the air a bit. Legs apart. She is covered just from her knees down. I walk into her apartment. The doors are open. Up the stairs. Inside the door. Into her bedroom. She is a little sleepy. She is facing the other way. I undress and get into bed with her. Immediately I have an erection and come into her. An orgasm almost immediately. She is very wet and relaxed. She comes at the same time. Its always this way with her. The same exact fantasy every time. She knows the woman, Lauren, that I met at Roberta's party. We talked for more than half an hour today. She promises and wants to see me soon, before leaving for PR.

Simone, Jack, and I had supper at his favorite Chinese restaurant in Central Square last night. He borrowed a copy of my notes several days ago. I was interested to know his opinion of them. He was surprised at my candidness and admired it. He found both parts of the notes easy to read, except for the handwritten quality of the FH Chronicles. Later, I suggest he write something and give it to me to read. He will think about it, he says, but is a bit intimidated.

It is now several days later. Enormous difficulty writing. I have been using the excuse of wanting to use the rest of this page. I thought something would come to me soon. I have a bad feeling about leaving a page so empty. Also, that the subject of my writing was also left unfinished. Nothing came to me. I've read more of AN. It seems very intellectual and dreamy to me. But interesting, nevertheless.

Some highlights. Simone has suggested to me that Joe was inspired to do his latest writing as a result of me. She also thinks he would never admit it. Roberta tells me she has started a journal. I asked if it was as a result of reading my notes. She admitted it influenced her to do it. Simone has told me she thinks of going to FH. A long ways from the day she fumed and raved and wanted to tear my FH notes to pieces! She has done another complete turnaround. This follows close on the heels of reversing her opinion of my notes. More such reversals are sure to follow. Jeff was here a few nights ago and actually touched on his sexual difficulties. He stayed here for the night. He wanted to sleep with Simone but didn't have the nerve to ask her. Joe is regularly asking her. She was aware of Jeff's presence. It influenced her behavior the next morning when we fucked. Jeff had to admit to being uncomfortable, but not to me. Still, it is a big jump for him to even be here when Simone and I sleep together. Of all the people, other than Simone, he seems to have made the most personal progress. Carol was here that same night. She wanted to sleep with Jeff but seems to have gotten sick instead. She was probably initially quite nervous about asking him. Then it got hold of her and she saw it as a way out. Perhaps the fact that Simone and I have been going running in the evening, that is, doing something about our physical condition, also caused something in her. She has gained still more weight.

This page does not seem so empty now. This will satisfy Simone a little also. She has been trying to cajole me into writing a little every day. She has become the official cheerleader of these notes.

Heard an interesting story about advertising. It seems there are some 10,000 people, all over the country, in all walks of life who work for an advertising company on a part time basis. They have the job of introducing new advertising slogans to the public. I heard the story in connection with the phrase, Go for it! It seems this is an important part of a beer companies advertising plan. So they have these people use the slogan as often as they can in their daily activities. I notice that it has recently become a part of the vocabulary of several people in my circle. It probably produces some unconscious but positive influence on people.

It is early in the morning. I am still mostly asleep. Simone is beside me and talking. An elequent little speech about herself and difficulties she has in her relationship with me. It is familier. Never quite the same, but similar. She wants to be free of these difficulties. Simone has just come in from visiting Ken. He wanted to know 50 reasons why you love Richard and want to be with him. He wrote them down and made notes on the reasons. So here are some of those reasons, straight from Simone:

- 1) he is a supportive person,
- 2) generous with his time,
- 3) tries to be honest,
- 4) he is creative,
- 5) thoughtful,
- 6) outspoken,
- 7) handsome,
- 8) sexy,
- 9), intelligent,
- 10) interesting,
- 11) willing to take risks,
- 12) caring,
- 13) avant garde, before his time,
- 14) generous with his money,
- 15) talented,
- 16) lovable,
- 17) industrious and hard working,
- 18) progressive,
- 19) good sense of humor,
- 20) willing to try,
- 21) humanitarian,
- 22) loves Simone,
- 23) She loves him,
- 24) innovative,
- 24) helps me out,
- 25) inspiration to others,
- 26)

I have just had a fantasy from which an interesting insight has come. It was with Beth, a friend of Simone's. She has been having physical and emotional difficulties lately. Speaking to Simone the other day, on the phone, she began to shout and scream that Simone should get out of her relationship with me, that I am nothing but a male chauvinist pig. A few moments ago I had a fantasy of the two of us being at a restaurant. A neutral situation. Simone and PHil were also there. Suddenly Beth takes a knife and attacks me. I defend against it. Phil then comes to help her. I defend myself further. It was at this moment I realized something. I have this sort of fantasy often with different people. It is often after I have had some sort of bad experience with them, or have heard indirectly that they have a negative opinion of me. The fantasy starts with myself and the other person in some sort of neutral situation. We begin to communicate or do something. The other person, in the fantasy, becomes extremely hostile, most often physically attacking me. My reaction, as one would expect, is to defend myself. It is always very clear that I am justified in doing so. It seems as though I use such a fantasy to make the relationship between me and the other person more black and white. They attack me in some way, proving that they are the evil or bad one in the situation. I am better since my only reaction is to defend myself. I feel a sort of moral indignation come over me when one of these happens. Everyone can see that the other person is crazy and there is nothing to what they have said about me. Their criticisms are only the rantings of a crazy lunatic, not to be taken seriously. It seems to be a way of deflecting criticism. Its a way of making anything they have said about me seem wrong. A few minutes later I have one in the same vein about Michael.

It took a phone call from a foreign land to wake me up this morning. It was Sten calling from Germany. He has been leading the Dieter Duhm group. He wants to know when the next edition of AA is coming out. He wants to publish something about what he is doing. He asks about the situation here. It seems the group, or Sten, is thinking about moving to the US. He mentions they, or him, are anxious about war and the problems with having enough oil. He has been leading SD's and trance, and also taking people back to former lives. He may return about the end of July.

Some hard criticism from Edwin yesterday. It started out with his bringing up something from last November. It seems he wanted me to participate in this group that was doing something similar to SD. It was a form of psychodrama. It was marginally successful. The leader was having problems with his marriage. Edwin would invite me every week. Very few people attended. It eventually failed. He says, I wanted you to help me. You failed, he says. Edwin thinks of me as a very talented person, he is envious of my ability to do things, but sees, in me, some blocks and difficulties that prevent me from making progress towards creating a FH like environment. The first part, the bringing up of this dead past, I can laugh at. He has had plenty of opportunity to participate in what we try to do here. Mostly he decides no to. Right now he is on his way to Essex to visit the Rajneesh group. He has been going there every

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weekend. He even has a pair of orange pants. He has written a will and named Rajneesh as a benefactor. But he meant to leave yesterday afternoon. He is still here. He wants me to participate in something he has swallowed and resents it when I don't. His resistance may be partly because I pointed out how he ignores many opportunities to do things with us. He says Poona may be closing down. Rajneesh is supposedly in New Jersey, and may be coming to visit the Essex Center. He will go there for a week to help get the place ready. He does not like the way women seem to be in charge of things there. I tell him its probably best since women do not have so much experience being authoritarian. This will help keep things from getting tense. He thinks this place is more relaxed than the other centers. It could be because of new-ness. But I have gotten off the track. His criticism of me is something like what Simone said recently. She said, you want to be like Otto, but you can't. You don't work on yourself like he does. You always try to push aside what other people notice about you. She said this about a week ago. But that on top of Edwin's view, made me depressed most of yesterday.

I have just spoken with my mother. The pictures have not been found. She will go the shipping office tomorrow to ask again about them. I try to make her feel guilty so she will be sure to do it. She feels bad about it anyway. They are pictures that I have no copies of. A letter from Cheyenne seems to have some mention of me. She does not remember exactly what. Perhaps Cheyenne saying that she spoke to me around her birthday. It seems as though I am on her mind.

Something I noticed about Simone's elequent little speech of several days ago. I was thinking of how a slave might say, my problem is that I am not a good slave. The solution to my problems is to be a perfect slave. Simone always seems to be criticizing herself for the same sort of situation. She is a slave to her ideas about finding a perfect man, becoming perfectly committed, having a perfect marriage, having a perfect couple relationship. But never questioning these things. That like slavery, these things might also be wrong. They just may be rotten things for a person to try and do. But its a hard thing for a person to see when they are completely wrapped up in their slavery. I have seen this in myself with all my unrealistic expectations of others, but not the same expectations of myself. Its in my impatience with Simone and Linda over their jealousy difficulties. Someone is always catching me being intellectual or ideological. I am trying to weed those things out. How to separate the weeds from the grass?

Simone tells me Gene Hall was inspired by the Social Art Works, and the visits he made to our house, and wrote some music about it. Last night I went to hear him play at the Cambridge Food Coop Coffee HUse. A small crowd. Daniel and I went to see a mindless movie, Cannonball Run, in Boston. It was strange to be on the subway/bus. An invasion of punkrockers. Everyone was so still and quiet. They all looked straight ahead. An alienating feeling. I haven't been out on a social night like that in a long time. I felt completely disconnected from everyone and wanted to run home to the womb. Jeff was there also. He and Gene came home with us for a visit.

Simone has written me another poem. She does this every now and then when her emotional energy rises to a peak. She takes it and crafts a little statement, poetic really, about the state of things for her. It is addressed to Richard:

This morning early
as I lay next to you
Outside there was a silent
white dawn
and yet it was still night.

Last nite I was singing as I
drove home
I seemed to know
What the moon knows
And this morning
all my sap was mounting
to that moon that
you gave me.
That by now had dissolved
to make way for the
sun that had risen.
The low music. There was no
twig of me not
trembling with fear and joy
I am a seed again
I am microbe in the swampy
waters under the
boardwalk in the island
And you broke my skin to carve
I love you
in the deep swampy fears
surrounding my
heart

The poem is dated June 19, 1981. I don't remember when, but in the last 3 weeks or so, she said something about how she often felt I would give her the moon. So one day I did. Its hers now. She often tells people this. And another time, last summer, we were on Plum Island. There is a boardwalk that wanders through swamp, low hills, sand dunes, grass, etc. At one place a small river or stream passes under the walk. The water was not moving, or so it seemed. But crisscrossing it in random directions were these lines. We discovered they were made by some small animal. One could take a stick and write in the film covering everything.

I spoke to my mother the other day. About a package with some pictures she was to send me. It seems they have been lost by the delivery service. She has sent me things over the years, presents and so forth. Nothing has ever arrived. Somehow she manages to fuck up. Things are either badly wrapped or wrongly addressed. I gave her very precise instructions before sending the pictures. Something went wrong anyway. I have tried to make her feel guilty about it so she will try to find them. They are pictures from the last 10 years or so. Some of me, Adele, and Cheyenne. Carl has talked to her about what I wrote of my stepfather. Carl did not believe I had such feelings about him. My mother said how there was such poor communication in our family when we were growing up. And an indirect comment about how difficult it was for him, my stepfather, to like me, or do things with me, when he liked such different things.

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I don't remember anything like this ever being directly expressed. I don't even remember me saying I didn't like the things he wanted to do. I only remember the resistance I had to doing many things. Fishing was one of them. Somehow it never did interest me. Completely boring. But he would do it for hours. I liked the hunting where we were almost always moving. But the times when I had to stay back in the camp were no fun. Long rides in the farm truck were interesting for me. Carl has not sent copies of it to his brother, sister, or mother. I have told my mother to tell him to do this. Sometimes I feel that the most real communication in the family is now taking place. And I feel bad that it did not happen when we were children. It shows me how my present difficulties go back to those times.

Simone has revealed herself to me in the last few days. Not that she doesn't do this often. But this time it seems very different. She has told me about some of her sexual fantasies, something she hasn't told anyone else. It seems she likes to imagine very heavy people on her when we fuck. And that she likes to imagine weighing them and each time they get heavier. Its something like that. Nothing special. But for her it is a big step to say that this is what goes on inside her. Saturday night we went to a dinner party at Constance's house. She is Michael's present girlfriend. He was very anxious about our coming and making a scene. Nothing happened. Simone was very nervous and noticed many things. She was a little hyper. She noticed how Michael was wearing clothes she had bought him. Later that night she broke down and told me more new things about herself. How she had faked a pregnancy for 5 months when she was with a man named Phil. Suddenly I can't even remember the other thing. She was worried that I would leave her if she told me. Now I remember. We went to see our therapist the other day. One thing talked about was her fainting. He wants her to see the resident doctor. I have maintained from the beginning that her fainting was very directly related to her emotional state. Whenever there is a lot of stress she faints more. What she revealed was a history of faking fainting. It started with Skip. She would do it to get his attention. It happened with Michael. She would pretend to faint. She would even fall down stairs and stay there till someone came to help her. There were a lot of incidents related, but all with the same pattern. She would fake fainting to get attention. The next day she had the biggest shit in a long time. She has been shitting every day since then.