

Monday, July 6, 1981, page 1

Another day with lots of impressions and events of emotional significance, but no ability to form them into a coherent picture. I ask myself, is it the swirling about it causes in me or is it so chaotic that words haven't enough resolution to describe what goes on? I try to toss a coin to decide what it is. The coin keeps coming down on the side of chaos inside me and not the events. Just the writing of this causes the random tides of chance to fall into a pattern. But how to describe it?

We left late Friday afternoon to visit Simone's parents in New Haven. It gets more and more familiar. Strange combinations of food. Daniel laughs at his father. Simone talks to her mother about odd things. I read and watch television. Sometimes doing things with Daniel and his computer. But mostly withdrawn from the situation. What can I do with this, I keep asking myself. A family that is kept together only by the strength of the institutions around them and not wanting to get into something even stranger. Daniel very withdrawn and spending most of his time with the computer. He has asked indirectly about coming to live with us or stay for more time. Simone gets into a crazy argument with her stepfather about some furniture and will Dana take it away from him. She is equally disturbed retelling the story some number of times again that day. We give her aunt a ride from her place to the parents place. We visit Loris. She is now 7 months pregnant. She was three months pregnant when married. We went to the wedding. Anyway, we go to visit her in a new apartment. She has the look of someone who cries a lot. Its hormones, she says. Maybe, but she has plenty to cry about. She is alone most of the day. They live in a three family apartment. Her mother and father are dead. She has one brother. Tony, her husband is younger, works as a cook downtown. She wants Simone to move to New Haven and be with her. She does not seem like the sort who will do well when she actually has to take care of another human being. No experience, no help, no emotional support. We invite her to visit, but what she really needs is 24 hour a day support. It does not seem as though she will try to get what she really needs, but at the same time indirectly expressing it to Simone, by wanting her to be there.

Her face reminds me somewhat of Adele. And the situation. But I tried to be with her as much as possible, or have lots of people be with us. It was a difference in degree only. Adele saw it more, or so I think, as being related to our not being really married. It would have made a difference only for a little longer. The same difficulties would have come up.

Thursday, July 9, 1981, page 1

Dear Wencke: I received your letter about the middle of June. There were two problems with it, 1) the address was not quite right, always address things to me in exactly this manner:

Richard Gardner
Box 134 Harvard Square
Cambridge MA 02238
USA

2) the letter did not have enough postage, so it was sent by seairail. Otherwise, I will do all the things you want. First I will need information about your performance work, descriptions, press clippings, pictures, slides, and, if possible, a short 8mm film, with sound, 5-10 minutes of some of your performance work. I would have said videotape, but there is not enough of the right sort of equipment in this country to convert video tapes to the American system. 8mm film is more universal. Almost everyone has a projector. I will even pay for making copies of the film. I will pay for copies of other stuff you send, and the mailing of it to my contacts. There is something I want to do before next Spring. Is it possible to have someone come here for 6 weeks, starting September? I will pay the plane fare, room and board, while they are here. Here is who I would like to come: Bea, Katarina, or Kessey, in that order, with Bea being my first choice. If this is possible then you, or Bernd, can call me collect about it. My number is 617-661-6615. I will arrange some things for whoever comes. Please give this information to Virginia: Joe Schachter's address is 89 Inman Street, Cambridge MA 02139, his telephone is 617-876-9011.

Something about other people here: David visited me shortly after leaving FH. He stayed for a few weeks, and then disappeared. Duncan is still living in the area, but with his mother. Edwin, who visited FH for two months, lives upstairs from me. Bill Zwicker still lives in the area but seldom has any contact with me. Paul Trapp still lives around here but I haven't seen him for a year. I am living with two other people, a man and a woman. I have a couple relationship with the woman. And also with another woman who does not live here. The four of us have a lot of contact with emotional development/psychology, groups. We are always planning and organizing events. It is not easy. Someone from FH would help us a lot. I have sent some things for you, Renate Nau, Virginia, and others, in a package for Scholomo. I have sent it to an address in Vienna. For you there is some information about performance activities and places, also an address list of contacts developed over the last four years by Brooke, Otmar, Virginia, and me. I have also done some writing about myself and what goes on for me everyday. Some think it will make a good book. I am trying to find a publisher. I have sent a copy of some of it. It is in the stuff for Scholomo.

Tell Otto I think about him often. And Claudia also. Once I dreamed that everyone on FH was trying prayer as a way to develop themselves. It must have something to do with my having been a priest once.

Write to me soon about all these things. You can call me and I will pay for the telephone.

Love, Richard

Sunday, July 12, 1981, page 1

My aunt Rosemary called me the other day. It happened like this: I sent a postcard to my grandparents after calling them and finding their telephone disconnected. They had all their mail forwarded to Rosemary. She called me after getting the card. She just wanted to tell me they were ok and galavanting around the country, mostly the East coast. My father called her today also. He wanted to know where they were. She calls him a double-dipper. He is retired on a pension and also works another job. Its something with delivery of packages. His son is 23 and resembles Warren Beatty. He doesn't play chess anymore. She likes my uncle Teddy better than my father or his son. Her husband is thinking of going into some sort of computer business for himself. She says maybe he can call me for advice. I tell her that I'm not the best source of information on starting a business. It barely works. I use it for other things, like financing the art show. But it does give me some independence. She is, or will be, 40 this year. I did not realize there was so little difference in our ages. I remember waking up at night and seeing her without clothes, at the doorway of her room. The same with my aunt Jean. I remember these incidents and how my first sexual feelings were stirred up. Or at least the first ones in my memory. Another time I played a game of measuring parts of her body. We wrestled with each other. The feeling was completely different for me. Completely different from wrestling with boys. I was thinking about this difference today. About how it feels when I touch Otto. It is not at all sexual. It is as though some part of the tension in my body lets go. There is almost an urge to cry. I can get something like this with Claudia, but not as strong. With her there is something like a sexual shock. It is almost electric. It creates a lot of sexual tension in me. She came up behind me once, put her leg between mine, and instantly aroused me. I did not know who it was till I turned around. Other people had done this to me but never with the same dramatic results. Anyway, Rosemary caused that same sort of shock, as up to that point I'd only contact with other boys. She has given up working as a Redskinette. These are the cheerleaders for the Washington Redskins football team. She did it for many years. Now she just works for the Department of Agriculture. I told her about the art show and my writing. I've sent her a few pages. She must write or call me if she wants to read more.

Yesterday Simone, Jeff, and I went to Michael's 30th birthday party. It was at a pond in Concord where people can swim nude. A small beach area. Lots of woods. Only two other adults, and four children were there. It must have been disappointing for him as he sent out many announcements. One of the people bought his old car. The other was someone he lived with 4 years ago. He thought I would not like his recent attempt at writing. It was a well constructed combination of poetry and prose about how he poses. How he is not really like the impression/image he tries to project. It was very good, shows lots of insight, of a theoretical nature. He didn't think I would like it. He has a lot of fantasies about me. He thought I would act out or say disruptive things at the recent Constance party. He thought I left Roberta's party as soon as I

saw that he and Constance were there. He seems like a man whose theoretical and practical sides are completely at odds with each other. On the one hand he wants Simone to leave me as I am not the "right" one for her. I am not capable of total love. But he is going to move in with someone he is not in love with. This contrasts with his obvious love for Simone. He constantly fights against it. His inner self is always trying to do something with her. His home-grown fears paralyze him in the same instant. And then he calls me a hopeless idealist. Says that "it" will never work. But to have such opinions only shows that he is thinking more about it. And then he is faced with the reality of nothing happening when he is with Simone. At least nothing from me to stop anything he might want to do. They went off into the woods to do some things. He was most likely afraid I might show up and so did not go all the way. A few days ago he and Simone were fooling around on my bed. Again, he did not go all the way. On the other hand it is farther than he has ever gone. He survived it. His anxieties about me suddenly showing up did not materialize. It seems that he makes a little progress.

Simone, on the other hand, is another story. It does not seem possible to build an instrument capable of measuring the small amount of progress she has made in this area. Michael, Jeff, and Stu, have all made some progress in the last year. They will talk to me on the phone, have visited, do things with Simone and I, and have even let us know something about how they feel about it. But not Simone. She is like a perfectly constructed device, designed to hold the same position, regardless of external events. Nancy has been criticizing her again. Pointing out how she does not want me to leave her, but she wants to be in a position to leave me if the situation with Michael, or anyone else, improves enough. And she would do it. But she doesn't talk about it. She has refused any conversation about Linda. This morning I related a dream with her, me, and Linda. It took place in the great court at MIT. We were all naked. It was raining. We would run around the sidewalks on the outside of the court. Simone told me about a newspaper in Italy that was about all the things going on in Cambridge. That's all I remember. But I noticed the way it changed her breathing and speech. She started to breath faster, spoke in short, sharp replies, almost angry grunts, to each part of the dream, as I related it to her. She got noticeably stiffer. She would not talk about any part of it. Another dream about someone from FH being here. We moved the piano from the office to the apartment. The rest escapes me.

Fights with Linda and Simone in the last week about how I am a sexual libertine. Linda accuses me of only wanting her back for sex. That's all you think about, she tells me. And Simone, always one to stomp on me for wanting to fuck every woman I can get my hands on. But in fact the situation is completely reversed. In the more than a year I've known both of them, they have had half a dozen or so one night stands each. This not counting other attempts. My own sexual experience has been limited to just the two of them. I have not been able to get anyone else. Just last week I failed twice. Lauren has rejected me for being too direct. She likes to take things slower. Lisa has turned me down because I have too much baggage. She wants someone who can be

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available to her 2 or 3 nights a week, when she wants them. My baggage seems to be that this is not possible for me. She has settled for a number of occasional, but superficial relationships that will provide her with needed sexual satisfaction. She believes jealousy is a perfectly natural thing, that it isn't something you can overcome. In her situation, like that of most people, it won't be. Perhaps I am just being in a sour grapes mood here. So many people have this idea. That jealousy is a perfectly normal part of life. I often have the urge to challenge them about other perfectly natural parts of life, like being ashamed of ones body, even though nobody is born this way. We are all trained to be. But it seems perfectly natural. Nobody wants to be a slave, but for centuries, children and women were the personal property of their father and husband. For centuries, people have been the slaves of masters. These were all recognized as perfectly natural at one time. Women not voting or owning property. Women not having equal pay or other equal rights. All perfectly natural. It is perfectly natural for everyone to find the one perfect person in the world for them. But nobody ever does. Everyone searches for the perfect one. The one capable of giving perfect love, but always to an imperfect person, the searcher. So everyone recognizes that they are not perfect, but continue, in spite of this, to find that one perfect person. But it is always doomed to failure. Without the searcher being perfect, they will never be able to make a perfect search. Always they will make mistakes about someone, thinking that person is the perfect one. In time the imperfections will surface. But time has been wasted, and the search must go on. There is nothing more important in life than this search. What can other things mean without perfect love? No, one must carefully pick ones way through all the dangerous characters, misfits, imperfect possibilities, mistakes, and others who couldn't possibly be the one. So much for ranting about being rejected.

Judy called me the other day. Back from her trip to Puerto Rico with Steven. She had to work the next day. It was lonely for her to come back to an empty apartment. He will be there for medical school. I find myself longing for her, but hold this back. Mostly I talk about the events of the last two weeks, about me, Simone, Linda, Michael, and others. More fantasies about her. She always tells me of wanting to spend time with me but seldom does. I tell her about Lauren. She thought of Lauren as being one who would go slower, but did not say anything of this to me as it seemed to her that maybe my approach was right.

A dream about being a spy or someone in prison. I am suddenly overwhelmed with a feeling of death. It paralyzes me. I feel weak, afraid, panic, breaking down. But it goes away. I am wearing a bathrobe. The feeling nearly stops my heart and chokes me to death, but softly.

A lot of thinking about the situation with Simone. It turns into confrontative fantasies. To have things change. To do something about her constant sabotage of efforts to make a group.

There is this thing I have noticed about myself. It comes after I have done a lot of criticizing of someone. I notice myself getting very engrossed and thoughtful in creating criticism of another. Then this other thing begins to jump up all by itself. Namely, a tendency for me, or something inside me, to find the same faults in myself. Whatever it is that I can precisely point out in another, I begin to become aware of in myself. Most important for me personally, has been the difficulty with Adele and Cheyenne. For some time I have resisted doing some simple things that might have significantly contributed to improving the situation. But always I just think about doing something. I build up a little momentum to doing something, only to find something more immediately important in the way. I've been going to send her those 11 flowers for over a year. Since I got back from FH.

Conversation overheard one evening while having dessert at Rosie's: Hello, I haven't seen you for a long time (waitress from behind the counter). I'm married (woman customer, dressed in camouflaged army pants, makeup like a punk rocker). How is it, the waitress asks. I'm getting a divorce. Its awful. Where are you living? I'm going to have a baby. Who's the father? I'm moving to LA or maybe New York. And so on and so on.

Some things noticed about myself: cold sore on my lip, a sign of tension from something. Another sign is that I am slightly constipated. I can feel some of the blood vessels around my asshole are starting to swell. More tension. My left eye has been watering. Lately there is a cold feeling when I blink. All this from the recent tensions of living. I have noticed things building up for a week or so.

Lotti called the other day. She did not want to speak with me. She felt guilty about not contacting me about work. She has been doing some writing and wants to read it for some people, but not me. She at first wanted someone else to read it because she was too nervous. I seem to be most everyone's scapegoat and projection figure of late.

Judy called for the first time since returning from her trip to Puerto Rico. I have noticed that she is keeping her distance again. She pulls back not just with what she says but also in the tone of her voice. The waters are getting rough around here. It tends to scare most people off to some degree. This is quite a change from several weeks ago when she admitted a fear of being rejected by me and wanted me to reassure her that it wouldn't happen. Its an old pattern with her, of wanting to have contact with me when she's lonely, and becoming distant when she feels better. Its typical of most people I know.

Simone and I are walking to Central Square, down Prospect Street. We are opposite the phone company. Its Don Saklad. I am carrying something and use it to hide my face from him. The people inside the phone company see me do this and break out laughing. They have probably just been given a hard time by Don. He used to be after the library. Now its the phone companies turn.

Linda stayed with me the last two nights. Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday night she found one of Simone's bras between the sheets. Thursday night I found a pair of her underwear. Last week she called me and gave me a story about her grandfather being very ill. It was not true. Only another one of the stories she makes up to get her way. The unexplainable things she will do to keep her in ones thoughts!

Message left on my answering machine at the office: I just want to blow you Richard. I can't explain how bad. I've called you before and you gave me a bar to go to, but it still don't take the anxiety I have for your penis. Please think this over. I'll promise you the best blow job you ever had.

He sounded very lost, lonely, forlorn, sad. Someone said it sounded like a woman and very upset. He's called me before. I don't know who it is. Probably some sorry fat guy who is completely afraid of women. He speaks very slowly. I have some fantasies about him coming to the office with a gun and trying to force himself on me. Then I fight back and disarm him, but not before being wounded.

Came across this article written about me, and printed in the March/April edition of Whole Life Times: Richard Gardner is a one-

Richard Gardner is a one-man, walking-talking network. He can spout off zip codes and phone numbers of organizations all over the country -- and if memory should fail, he turns to his handy computer terminal. He has collected what might well be the most extensive listing of alternative groups available -- an estimated 10,000 communities, health groups, publications, etc. (not to mention considerable "mainstream" listings).

Born on a farm in Wyoming, he describes himself as having "grown up resisting pressures to be conventional." He was an early convicted (and suspended-sentenced) draft resistor, and was also excommunicated from the Mormon church.

In seeking alternatives to what he terms the "hypocritical culture," he began carrying postcards in his shirt pocket, so as to fire off requests for information to any group he might hear of. Brochures pour into his Cambridge office, where he also runs a mailing list maintenance business.

He has published his information in *Alternative America* (1977, currently being revised) and in *Resources*, a periodic newsletter. Soon his files and source documents

will be available to drop-in visitors.

Richard is willing to answer any first request for information at no charge. He once got a call from a man in Kansas who had a dispute with his landlord; Richard was able to give him the name of a local tenant pressure group.

He sells mailing lists on labels, in numerous subject categories, for 2 to 5 cents per address.

Contact Richard Gardner at Resources,
#4 Hampshire Place, Cambridge, MA 02138.
(617) 876-2789.

I would say something about how embarrassing this whole thing reads to me but I am never able to remember exactly how the word is spelled.

Simone drove Debbie home after her dream group. She called me at the office, saying, I'm going to stay here at Debbie's for awhile, and then I'll come home. It seemed a little odd at the time. Later she confessed that she had been home all the time. She was talking to Linda on the phone and didn't want me to interrupt them. She described it as a very nice talk.

From out of my past, ten years or more, comes Stuart Silverstone. He was in the architecture department at MIT. He had some connection with Warren Brodey and others. Somehow he got connected with the AAO when Otmar and Brooke were here in 1977. I don't remember seeing him at the time, but he was around. He and his wife Diane, and their daughter Rebecca, eventually went to FH for three months. She had their second child there. I remember how she was criticized for being so lazy and acting like a queen. And finally they left because of difficulties living in the group and giving up their couple relationship. They have ended it now. I don't know for how long. Stuart now lives with the Finders group in Washington.

I have just returned from the office. Apparently everyone here thought I would be there for some time. It was a surprise to them. Dana and Simone were together in Dana's bed. It was a familiar position. She was ministering to his organ. I go to my room after asking, What's going on here? A few minutes later Simone comes down and tells me Dana got self-conscious so they stopped, always putting it in terms of his being the one to end things. But from her nervous behavior it is obvious that it is the same for her. I tell her how she acts like someone who has to have my permission to do this. She protests and makes it more obvious. Dana has not been as withdrawn from her in recent days. The other night they were in bed for a short while. My impression is that things are going better for him in his other relationships. This makes it possible for him to try more things with Simone. Polly has been spending a lot of time here. The other day she suggested that she and I should have an affair and break things open around here, or something to that effect. The next day, when Linda was here for breakfast, we all talked about the problems of following ones feelings and best interests in relationships. How does one keep a good relationship, and is it possible, or necessary, to threaten or endanger it with another, or others. Clearly it was not decided. She is a very traditional person whose own attempts to perpetuate tradition, marriage, family, monogamy, have failed. But she is well trained. This is Dana's great fear. As I see it, she is bidding her time, trying what she can to get him to come around, but never really coming out directly with what she wants, or says she wants. She probably also enjoys the benefits of not being tied down in the traditional, normal (as Simone might say), way. She has even told about an old boyfriend who has resumed contact with her. It may be a ploy to be able to gently ease into a new relationship with him, and Dana at the same time. She is no doubt at least thinking about it. She has had the nerve to talk about it at some length with Dana. When she asks me about what's going on around here I have to defer to Dana as he is nervous about how much she knows. He's another one who likes to ease into informing people about what he's up to.

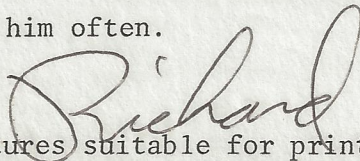
We have discovered what happened to Carol. She vanished two days ago. She was in a motel with a black man she met recently. She seems able to have relationships with this type but not others. It is partly their very loose relaxed manner. And the other part is to rebel against her parents. They would not approve of even Simone and I sleeping together. It is her way of getting even with them. They went to an all night sex club in Brockton. Why all the way down there, Simone asks. Probably so she wouldn't meet anyone she knows. But they arrived too late, and so the motel. Now she has some sort of infection, but will go to the doctor tomorrow. But the best part is yet to come. While talking about this new sexual binge of hers they begin to talk about men being distant, unable to commit themselves to a person, how they are afraid to be intimate. But Carol and Simone, and most others I know, are just as likely, if they don't have anyone, will go out to a bar to find someone to fuck them. And they

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won't have the slightest interest in closeness, commitment, or intimacy. They just want to fuck - exactly the crimes Simone, and other women, are always accusing me of. There is no end to this amusement. Simone was doing this with some half-dozen men when I first met her. At the beginning some number of one-nighters came and went, so to speak. It really isn't any different for women. They are just more likely to resist that part of themselves. While men will be more likely to resist their emotional selves. I find myself often jealous of Simone's ability to get men to fuck with her. There are certainly lots more women I would fuck with. But it is difficult to even tell if they are interested. They hide this part of themselves as well as men hide their emotions. But none of this does me any good. Complaining about my inability to attract women to living with us. I don't know that it would be best to be straightforward about this. Linda has told me how being straightforward with a man seems to scare them off. So she is learning to consciously play the traditional female role. Why is it that I get resentful and carried away with this sort of explanation? Do I do it for the reader? No, it doesn't matter, because I find myself doing it for nobody but myself. I've done it lots of times, and I'm always the only one listening. This must be how people can drive themselves crazy. Convince yourself of something, keep doing it, and soon it will be so deeply ingrained, that no matter what you do, or think, it is ok. I catch myself giving this little lectures inside this head. They are all meant to explain and justify the doing of something. Then I sometimes notice the little voice inside me that pops up and says its wrong. So I have some number of fights to push this guy down and out of sight. But since he is in my minds eye it is literally impossible to really do away with him. Even doing away with him would just be pretending. Which is to say that he is really still there. And he pops up at the darndest times. No telling how he will come out. Sometimes he has completely disguised himself. It seems I am just feeling nervous or anxious or that some vague thing is wrong. Nope! Its only him again. It is also called the conscience. It makes me feel guilty. I don't want to feel guilty. A biologist has said that telling the truth seems to be at the deepest part of our biological selves. It seems that a lie will set off a whole set of internal reactions that can superficially controlled, like not blushing or blinking, but these deep internal things cause the release and creation of a whole set of biological reactions. It is as though the conscience has a biological organ somewhere in the brain. It makes sense. A lie can never be good between people in the long run. It does not seem that there could be any evolutionary advantage to be able to successfully tell a lie. And why am I suddenly talking about telling lies? Because I lie. Not in the sense of directly telling someone a wrong thing, but more in the sense of not telling the truth. Often I feel guilty for not saying something to someone when it needs to be said. I will often notice that I have some impression or feeling about a person, and it is immediately followed by tension. Tension from two sources. The first is anxiety about saying the thing. The second is from holding back the saying.

Dear Wencke:

I don't know exactly what happened on the phone the other day. We were disconnected somehow. I have received a second letter from you about your visit here next March. Yes, I will help you plan it. I will, from time to time, send you information about things as I arrange them. Two packages arrived here. One of them was broken open. Some of the brochures must have fallen out. Such things should be more securely wrapped, with fiberglass tape, to arrive here safely. Anyway, I will use them to introduce you to people. Also, it will be necessary to rewrite the article somewhat, if you want me to use it for publicity. Is that your intention? I will only make simple spelling and grammar corrections. Let me know if I should use this for publicity. Stewart Silverstone, who Otmar and Brooke will remember, visited me a few days ago. He lives in a group in the Washington DC area. He says that last summer a rumor about Otmar taking all the money and going to Argentina, cropped up in Washington. He has also told me that someone connected with a Reichian/orgonomic publication is looking for someone to write about their experiences on FH. I will tell you more when I get the details. He still seems positive about the time he lived on FH and will most likely help arrange some things in the Washington area. He no longer lives with his wife Diane, but sees his children from time to time. Sten called his friend Connie here a few days ago and said he would be returning about August 17. It seems he has been leading Dieter Duhm's group and wants to move them to the United States. Some place in Colorado, was mentioned. He is always worried about a war breaking out, and running out of oil. He has made contact with many groups while travelling around the US. I will try to organize things with him. He will be going around the US for a couple of months on his return. Last night I dreamed about FH again. Two times, Bea was here in the first, and Toni and Theo and Lutzi, in the 2nd. As for someone coming here in September, I would like this very much, and a number of other people are interested also. They have talked with both me and Sten and read many of the things from FH. I have asked Sten to help lead some things but he has been reluctant. Maybe when he gets back from leading Dieter's group. But I would still like someone else, like Bea, whose travel and living expenses I would pay, and perhaps more. Can you send me an up-to-date list of all the groups? As for making an 8mm film of your performances, it can be done this way: make a video tape of several things you want to show. Play the tape on a television. Mount the camera directly in front of the TV and shoot the film from that, or project it onto a screen and shoot that. The only other alternative available now is to send a European video recorder and TV. Then the only thing to do would be to change the voltage from 220 to 110. Tell Otto I miss him and think of him often.



P.S. - send me some pictures suitable for printing on a postcard, like the enclosed, which I can use for a mass mailing for events, such as workshops, speaking engagements, marathons, etc.

Jeannette came by to visit me last night. I had not heard from her since the incident with Vinnie. She did not know exactly how far he went with me. She says he is nothing to worry about. Maybe not, but I don't want to have anything to do with someone who has to live by making even threats. It is not possible to say what he might do if taken over by jealousy. I have told her to talk with him about it and call me in a day or two. She is not satisfied with the relationship, but it is the best she has had. They both talk about how constricting it feels but are also unable to break out of the tight quarters they have put themselves in. And when they do the circumstances of the infidelity never get talked about. She wants to visit a friend in California the last two weeks of August and has not told him. It seems as though she tells me more about herself than any of the people she has been with. But she obviously likes the idea of being able to break out of this trap of limiting oneself to just one person. I think, though, that she has mostly come around because she wants something from me. I had the impression that she was struggling somewhat to gloss over the last time we saw each other. It was very embarrassing for her. Vinnie was like a caged tiger. I remember especially how he did not like my saying how beautiful she looked that evening. I refrained from doing so again last evening. Who knows, she may have reported it to him. I think she is another one of those, like Dana and Simone, who idolize me. They don't want to admit it, but they are trapped by some quality they feel I possess, and that they lack. I am not sure just what it is but have been aware of this feeling in other people for some time. Its not so bad for me either. Its a good thing to feel so well liked in that way. That people look up to me and consider me to be somewhat of a model. It motivates me to do more about myself. She wants a job. Some money. I have told her to call back in a couple of days. We will talk about it then.

Michael was also over last night. He appeared as soon as Simone left for the laundry. It seems Constance was waiting in the car with him and did not want to face Simone. He stood only in our front hall, gave him something, talked with Simone for a moment, as she had just called, and left. He said little to me. I walked to the front of the house to say hello. Simone has seen him today. It seems that he is again mostly monogamous, but, from time to time, he may have to prove his sexuality, and act out some negative qualities in himself, and fuck with someone other than Constance. Simone, for instance, he gives as an example. It seems he will give Constance an opportunity to get over her jealousy as he expects to be able to invite Simone over when he wants to. I have told Simone she should invite him to come over here. This will give me a chance to deal with my jealousy. I do so need such an opportunity! That Constance is such a lucky person. He has been trying to push the cats onto Simone. He tells her to just take them and ignore me. He is trying what he can to drive a wedge between us. This guy is no fool when it comes to manipulating. She is starting to use the pressure from him as additional arguments against my not wanting them here. I have thought of what I might do to make things v-e-r-y uncomfortable for him if he continues this. It will make things very hot for him if I have to do anything. But I have nothing to

follow it up with so those plans will have to wait on a contingency.

Simone has had one of her little diatribes against Linda. It followed an ad on TV. The ad was for feminine napkins. Linda does not use tampons, as does Simone. So she launches into a speech about how they are the most terrible things that anyone could ever imagine using. They are bulky and one always wondered as a teenager if the boys could tell if you were wearing one, etc. And later some comments about how she didn't want anyone sleeping on her sheets. After all, those were her bloodstains. She tells me Michael used old sheets from the time they were together when she visited him earlier this evening.

I am getting the impression that Michael is trying to unconsciously imitate me. He has made a couple of offers for Simone to do some work for him. He also seems to be trying to treat Constance, Simone, and jealousy, in a manner similar to what is going on here. He is trying to imitate Simone by starting his own business and teach courses at schools. But I am most pleased by his 'mostly monogamous' speech for Simone. Nothing flatters me more than having someone admit how well I see through them. He even wants to get rid of the cats. He doesn't want to live with them either! Such a warm feeling it gives me when someone takes up one of my ideas. But, dear reader, I must confess, at this point in my dialogue, that all is not as it seems. This was only written, or maybe not, for all the nosy little knows nots who might, perchance, glance over these inadequate attempts to make the world around me just a little bit more lucid.

And now a little break from this turgid prose, and some poetry from, who do you suppose?

We sat across the table
he said, cut off your hands.
they are always poking at things
they might touch me
I said yes.

Food grew cold on the table
he said, burn your body
it is not clean and smells like sex
it rubs my mind sore
I said yes.

I love you, I said
that's very nice he said
I like to be loved
that makes me happy
Have you cut off your hands yet?

Written by, wouldn't you know it, the inimitable Simone, and her I've got the worst situation you, or anybody else, ever imagined, but, because I'm so fantastic, I can take anything anybody can dish out, mind you not that I have to, but someone else is responsible for my being in this position, blues!

This seems a little silly, and time to move on to writing about something more serious.

A boy was selling lemonade on the street yesterday. Once I did the same thing, but with some friends. It was a very hot and still day in Cody. Some men were working on repairing or replacing the surface of a street. It was my idea. We made the lemonade and loaded it onto a wagon. A little red wagon. I had them pull me. Why should we do that, they asked. Because it was my idea. And I will be asking them to buy. It was very successful. We divided up the money. The feeling of bouncing along in that wagon and the anxiety about making the sale comes back to me. The best part was managing to get them to pull me in the wagon. I did something they couldn't do and so got that special privilege. Even today, from time to time, I manage to get myself in a special position. On the other hand, this is poor compensation for not having things go my way the remaining times.

Nancie Jordan was here today to do some typing. I have noticed something about her. It seems that on the phone, or outside, like in Harvard Square yesterday, she is more able to speak with me. But once here, at the house, where I live, she clams up. It is difficult to even initiate any conversation with her. I thought that it might have something to do with being in my bedroom. Maybe she is afraid to let go of herself here. Maybe its just my fantasy.

There was a fire on the third floor of the building in which my office is located. It started from a cigarette in the mattress of the guy who lives there. He was not in at the time. He smokes, drinks, seems to have some sort of lung disorder, and disturbs me. The other day I was thinking about Cheyenne and how she will see my life someday. Will she see it as a repeat of the economic struggle of my parents? Will it seem any different from anyone else's life? Sometimes I see myself coming to the same end as this unfortunate fellow. He doesn't seem to have any family or friends. His only possessions are now locked up in that burned apartment. The landlord won't let him in again. He wants the guy to go to the VA hospital to do something about his health. He resists. Not wanting to admit to a problem. He has them though. He spends his nights sitting out on the sidewalk and trying to sleep. I don't know what he does for a job. I am afraid of the same thing happening to me when I'm older. Suppose my ability to get along with people deteriorates? And I wonder, why this worrying about what my daughter will think one day? Better to put that same energy into making things better for myself.

Interesting revelation from Jack Trainor about Donna. It seems that at one time when she lived with Brad he beat her. He was drinking heavily at the same time. This happened when they were all living in New Orleans. Simone and Dana knew nothing about this, even from their four year relationship with her. Its so easy to hide things from people. But I have noticed another side to this. Often a person will avoid learning things like this. Especially with friends. Friends learn to deceive each other and to ignore certain things about the other person. It would put the relationship in danger. I thought of this with Simone and Beth. Beth has always said that her relationship with Phil was "fine". A few days ago she broke down and admitted it was not so. Simone

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would always take it at face value. She never questioned. Beth stayed dependent on her for comfort. But at the same time she never was forced to do anything about her situation. If it got too bad she could just go to Simone for a little comfort, then right back to the same disastrous situation. Phil is not generous with his money to her. It seems he gave a lot of money to a woman who left him. He doesn't want the same thing to happen to him with Beth. He is also pressing on her to become a great runner. He is resigned to not becoming a great runner himself and so is living out his desire through her. She is having all sorts of psychosomatic difficulties. They can't be real if she is running 10-15 miles a day. Simone is completely straightforward about Linda. She has nothing to gain by being nice and sweet and comforting. So she says exactly what she thinks of her. She doesn't see any of her friends so clearly, or does not want to. Just two days ago she came to the conclusion that Michael is not really in love with Constance. That Constance is nothing more than a stabilizing force in his life - something he feels a desperate need for. He is like his father, who is a real womanizer. He has even fucked with Simone, and unknown to Michael, who seems to be, unknowingly and unconsciously, doing the same. He is also like Tom, who married Debbie as an anchoring force, but who really wants to be able to live, not just exist. I thought also of how it's the same for me. Exactly who do I pick for my friends. I thought of Edwin and Bill, versus Victor and Arra. I am closer to the former, who are not so professionally successful, and distant from the latter, who are very successful.

Simone tells me that people are afraid of me. They get very nervous around me and about the idea of talking with me. Simone is like a buffer. I am reminded of the police and how they interrogate a suspect. Two people do it. One is a tough guy and the other is very nice. The tough one scares the suspect so badly that he flees into the arms of the nice one and tells him everything. It doesn't matter who plays which part. The result is what they want. Talk. I have had this idea for getting people to talk directly to me. I thought of sending copies of my notes to Beth, Michael, and some others. Nancie also, but today, while she was here, I managed to get a copy to her, and some things about FH. It's a bit frustrating to have so many people talking about and not to me. They speak mainly to Simone. Most of them want her to leave me. Why? Because of what she tells them about me. It is all badmouthing. They don't understand how she could stay with someone who is so bad. But she does. She does not communicate the positive aspects about our relationship in a real way. She may say such things, but her emphasis is always on how I am doing her in. This morning with Nancie she has to cut away with how I am distant and won't fuck with her. She says nothing about how she is a demanding, compulsive, insensitive asshole. She is like a man. Most women would refuse to fuck with a person who expects them to do it, and who are insensitive at the same time. I have been in the same position myself. I think of Adele, who after we broke up, would tell Bill that she was often horny and wanted to fuck. But I was always demanding, expecting it of her. And when we did I was often insensitive to her feelings. I made it physically uncomfortable for her. That's not how I wanted it to be.

I have felt depressed for the last week. Yesterday I slept till noon. Last week I got two packages, two letters, and a phone call from Wencke, from FH. I was excited on the one hand, but felt depressed at the same time. I talked to Nancie about this yesterday when we met in the square. She was going to pick out dresses for the bridge's maids for her wedding. They must be like parents for you, she said. Yes, that's part of it. But I am also overwhelmed by inferiority feelings. No matter who comes, they will be able to manage more communication with people here, than I can. I will see myself as stiff and held back. All my old experiences on FH will come rushing to the surface again. Who ever it is will also tell me how they see me, better than anyone here. I will not be able to escape myself. A fear that everyone here will see what I am really like. Later, Nancie spoke to Simone about the very interesting conversation we had.

Simone saw her therapist yesterday. She came home filled with new ideas. One was that she has to stop listening to what people tell her to do. She is still not listening to herself, especially on the subject of leaving me. People are always telling her to do this. But if she listens and does what others tell her, then things will still be the same for her. An incident happened like this with Jack last week. He stayed here for the weekend. One evening, late, I decided to go to the office for awhile. Simone did not protest openly, but she choked when she said ok. She didn't want me to go. So I went, but came back almost immediately. And what did I find on returning? She was with Jack. He had been in bed when I left. She was on my bed with no clothes. I go directly to my room. A moment later she comes in. Still no clothes. She has done it again. She went to him for something. The moment I return she is filled with fear of what I will think of the situation and jumps up to return to me. Jack is left there by himself. Its no wonder he has such problems with women. Laura came by to see him for 5 minutes and to tell him she was with another man. He was really pissed off at this. He won't say anything to Simone about what she did, essentially the same thing. She used him for the moment, and when I returned she dropped him. She was so overwhelmed with thinking about how I might react that she abandoned doing something for herself. She did what she thought someone else would want her to do. She was completely childish after this. Baby-talk, flopping around on the bed, trying to pretend that nothing had happened. But inside it was a storm. Its the sort of thing that must turn her stomach into knots. She went through the same thing with Dana about a week ago. I left for the office. She went to Dana. I returned unexpectedly. She left him almost immediately to run to me, again, afraid of what I might do, and abandoning her attempt to get something for herself, in favor of placating me.

Simone has come into my room and asked, what woman is in Dana's room? It seems like such a funny question. I do not answer her right away. She finally says, is it Polly? Yes it is. Carol Davidson left, after staying overnight, and now Polly is here for tonight. Simone commented about Carol leaving the purse with her diaphragm in the bathroom. Simone has just now smashed a cup on the table. She is angry that some cream, bought from a store only 10 minutes ago, is sour. The pieces fly everywhere. She has been trying to make some special dessert for me. She often does this as a way of getting me to do things for her. Each week she makes a new resolution about being independent from me, of not doing things for herself, to not do things just to please a man. And every week it comes to something like this.

These last few days have produced a new situation. Simone and I slept here on Thursday night, but both of us with someone else. She was with Steve, her newest beau. And Linda came to see me. We did not fuck for three days before this. She was getting tired of not getting her needs met. So she finally decided to do something about it. She describes him as the best ever. Sexually that is. Better than Ron, Dave Ring, Michael, the 52nd Street Bridge, Ken, or anyone. She says it is because he is such a wonderful person. He is an airline steward. Travels often to LA, Hawaii, Japan, and other exotic places. He called her today from LA or SF. He does something with John Lilly and dolphins, exercises a lot, reads extensively, meditates, and uses isolation tanks. He is very romantic. I have told her there is always another side to such people. She attributes this to my being jealous. Its true a bit, not much. Not enough to cloud how I see it. He wants to get her away from me. But poor him if he manages it! How sad it is to see someone trying to get something that he can have, wasting time and energy taking something from someone who doesn't have anything to take away. So there we were, all together, for the first time, in the same place. It wasn't all that bad. Only one thing. Steve woke up about 2:30 in the morning from a nightmare. It seems an old girlfriend, Linda, who is now living with a Michael, had something bad happen to her. It was about the time that Linda and I went to bed. She told me next day that they could hear us fucking. She said it annoyed her. How sad, again, that people who want to make life better for themselves, and others, would be disturbed at others having some pleasure! I didn't know how they could have heard anything till I realized that the windows to our respective rooms were open. It was early morning and no noise outside. That's how.

I am just now aware of how my criticisms of her and Steve sort of control everything I am writing. But it is an enormous development to be able to do such a thing. Most people will keep their so-called open relationships a secret until discovered. They will let their fears of what the other person might think or do completely run their life. The people know something is going on. But its not talked about. Often it comes out indirectly, with cutting comments and accusations. But this is off the subject and getting theoretical. There are many good things to say about what has

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gone on here. Linda, me, and Simone, didn't have too much difficulty with the situation. There was no great tension. Although it felt a bit uncomfortable and awkward when I came upon Steve and Simone in her bed. They were just there together. She still had her clothes on. He had just a shirt and shorts. The next morning at 7am he wanted to leave as he was disturbed by the vibrations from me, although I was still sound asleep. He commented on all the doors being closed. But Simone closed her own last night with quite a big noise. So a reasonably good time was had by all. I was with Linda. Simone was with Steve. Dana was with Carol.

I have had another thought about why Simone may have enjoyed sex with Steve so much. It was a combination of being with someone, for the first time, that she finds very attractive, and he feels the same for her, but that she had finally made a very big decision to really do something for herself. Before it was often a thing to get back at me, or just that she did not want to be alone while I was with someone else. This time it was more for her than it has ever been. It made it possible for her to be here while I was here with someone else. The worst was that she was annoyed to hear us fucking. Even that must have given the two of them something to think and talk about. She seems to have relaxed in a very important way. Even some of the nasty things she says and does are losing their sting and vigor. She hasn't the emotional strength to be venomous. I wonder if Steve will be able to hold out. He may be a weak link with his ideas of taking her away from me.

Polly has just had some sort of flap with Dana. She leaves. Dana goes out for a run. On his return we learn that she is disturbed to hear he slept with Carol D last night. It seems that she expected him to wait for her return from a four day sailing trip. You three seem to be going in a different direction from me, she says. Also, there has been a lot of tension here the last month, she adds. But both Simone and I notice that there is something tense about her manner when she first came in the house. I don't think it's really our fault. She wants Dana to move in her direction. That is, to get a better job and be more conventional. She is trying to get him to marry her. Simone says that last week she asked her to help him get a better job. We don't know if she will be back. Something else was up with her. Dana has taken a big step for him. To be straightforward with the people he sleeps with. I think maybe he tries to do something to keep up with Simone and me. He must know that the other night was a big step for Simone, and a step for me. I am sure he would like to have the same ability to push ahead on developing himself. But then I think, what small steps compared to how things can go on FH. But we are not there. We are out on the edge of the wilderness. Pioneers in America again. It remains to be seen if it's the beginning of something new, or the last desperate attempts at reaching a new land. How melodramatic. Who would have thought me able? I must laugh and smile to myself a bit.

Incredible resistance. The last few days. Resistance to sitting down and doing something. Writing being one of them. I have the time tonight. Simone and Dana are not here. Nobody to bother or disturb me. Joe has just gone home. There are at least two hours before I will be too tired to continue. But something stops me. Its a feeling of lethargy and hopelessness. I don't know that its that bad, but something keeps me from going on. I have to break thorough it. Its a weak feeling. Like I can't move myself almost. This is such an old thing for me. Anxiety about going ahead and doing something. I sit here very still and quiet. Thinking things around in my head. Criticizing myself for not beginning. And the next moment coming up with an excuse to stall for a few minutes more.

Herb Pearce just called me back. What a relief to be able to jump up and do something else! But it does not last. Now I am back here and faced, again, with doing something. My whole life seems to be filled with repetitions of exactly this thing. Sitting here waiting for something to happen. Drifting away in my fantasies. Making plans for something beyond my latest idea. Not doing anything about the latest idea. Letting it drift off the edge of my world. Sort of sweeping it under the rug. I only have to pause for a moment and a big list of things I want to do pops into my head. The seminar, notes for Loris, sending something to Cheyenne and Adele, getting the stuff for FH ready, and on and on. Writing more and better programs for my business, getting my two books ready for a publisher. I wonder about being caught in a circular trap. Is it something that can be gotten out of? I say yes, but only if I go ahead and **do something**. But then I wonder if getting that list done will only put me in the position of having another list to work on. But the real problem is the one of being stuck and not able to go ahead. I don't think it matters what I do. Now is the time to go make myself a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich.

Simone is staying with Steve tonight. He did not want to come here. So she went there, Salem or nearby. He still wants to take her away from me. He wants her for himself. Sorry for him if he manages it. He has no idea of the desparate character he is getting into. Suppose she does leave me for him? Well, it is probably for the best. For me, not for her. She will then be faced with someone who doesn't want her to have the freedom she gets with me. And she must be aware of this. He hasn't kept his intentions secret. I can't imagine her letting this go on for long. She will take the bit in her teeth and run with it. Possibly even secretly. It would be better for me to not have to struggle with her ambivalence. This is the thing she always accuses Michael of. Her own affliction. I wish Linda was here.

Simone has been doing quite well for herself lately. Her boss confesses that he wants to fuck her brains out, and him being a happily married man, no less. But that is always such a joke. George finally showed up again after several months absence. He is in love with Simone again, and wants her to leave me for him. I'm better for you, he tells her. How many men is it now? Possibly ten, that are all trying to get her to leave me for them. They all imagine that once they have convinced her to leave

me, they will be the one who gets her. A sorry fate for that winner! And what a surprise for all of them. One down and ten more to go. I have coached her on dealing with Steve tonight. I have told her to tell him that nobody gains by taking anything away from anyone. That she needs to think big. To think about how to include him in something larger, and more important, than being selfish about one person. Does she want to stay trapped in this twilight zone of ambiguous relationships with all these men? Or does she want to try for something more solid with people who look beyond the couple relationship, the nuclear family, secret liaisons, chaotic sexual encounters, hypocritical possessiveness of another person, and all the things she has tried. It will be interesting to see how she handles this night. Will he be patient, or will he give an ultimatum? She was resisting leaving for his house. She is afraid of falling in love with him. She feels the possibility. I don't want to treat him like Stu, she tells me. But she is already doing it. She is late, its getting later. She won't call him. I tell her to do it. Otherwise she is treating him just like she did with Stu. She doesn't want to see it. Finally she is gone.

A funny incident with Linda yesterday. Monday night I went to the airport with her. She had been pressing me all day to do this. She tempted me with coming over early so we could fuck. It didn't happen. But I went anyway. An investment on my part. I wondered about being manipulated by her. No matter. So we get there and its not clear about the 8 oclock plane to NYC. Finally she gets a boarding pass. She must wait an hour. I decide to go home. But what a time. I get on the wrong bus. It only goes in circles. The subway breaks down and there's a long wait. So, the next day, in Harvard Square, who do I see? Linda, with some man! She calls out my name. I pretend not to see and and wander around looking for the source of the sound. She finds this amusing. She is very embarrassed. Hides behind her escort, an English lawyer, visiting the US for a few weeks. She left the airport shortly after me, having called a friend who would go to NYC early the next morning. But she met him instead. So they stay at a hotel in Boston and she shows him around the city the next day. She is still embarrassed, and promises to tell me all about it the next day. Off they go. I must admit to a bit of jealousy, but mostly amusement. Next day I remind her about her criticisms of my so called sexual dalliances, which exist only in her imagination, and how its only true of her. She explains it as a need for adventure. It reminds me of the time Simone came back on the train from New Haven and called to say she wouldn't be home that night. She had met a poet. She was completely charmed by him, and wanted to get fucked. Why do these women have such an easier time of it than me? But this one has a well known answer.

I have reason to feel pleased with myself. Both Linda and Simone have started writing about themselves. They use a very simple and straightforward style very much like mine. Simone has even typed some of it. They both let me read some of it from time to time. I am very pleased with them. It makes me feel almost like a real existential teacher. Someone capable of teaching people about life.

It has been quite easy to write these two pages. I am having more ideas about some sort of writing exercise or course for people. It is not clear just how to inform lots of people about it. I always have the hope that it will attract people to me.

Walking down Cambridge Street I see Adele's car parked by Harvard Community Health Plan. She works there. Thinking again about sending her a copy of my notes. And the poem I wrote for her:

Roses are red
Violets are blue.
More than ten years
And I still love you.

Or I think about writing her a letter. Dear Adele: When we were together I was very hidden from you. I am a little less so now. I write these notes as a way of being more aware of myself and as a way to let people see me better. I have wanted always to have you know me better. I still want to do something about my difficulties in communicating with you. So I thought to try this. I don't know what will come of it, but I don't want to spend my life with the anxieties that come with every thought of you. Most people who read these notes come to see me in a completely different way. Somehow I hope this will happen with you. I don't know. We will see. I feel like there is a lot more to say about this but nothing comes to me now. After all these years I still feel incredibly stuck and unable to do anything. Even writing this. Before I started it seemed it would be so simple to just sit down and write everything about how I felt about you, Cheyenne, and when we lived together. But now, at this moment, I can't really express how I feel. It seems at the moment I want to say to you how I feel, I become crippled. Can you believe that I am sitting here, no clothes, it is after 1 in the morning, and I can only stumble for the slightest shadow of how I still feel about you. This is so hard for me. Ten minutes for every sentence. A desperate feeling of failure. I don't know what more to say. Love, Richard.

Simone has gone into one of her tirades against Linda. Completely irrelevant things/crimes that she has committed. Things, that done by her friends, would go unmentioned, or eh'd aside. It has completely ruined the good feeling in the room from only 15 minutes ago. I feel sick in my stomach. I'm sure it has added to the knots in hers. A nauseous feeling. I don't even want to be near her. It feels like emotional poison, an emotional swamp. Her tone of voice becomes low and slower. Deadly serious. Even humorous incidents become totally real for her. Linda's ambivalence, nothing but a mirror of her own, becomes a club used to smash her down. Linda's every change of course becomes like some evil change in the smooth flow of life. It is not allowed. When Linda reverses herself it is a stupid move. When she does the same it is a stroke of genius and sublime personal insight. But you see what I mean. The person who knows another's faults is only using a light made from the energy of their own difficulties. Oh Jesus, I am writing more crap again. What stupid things to say about something so simple and obvious. Everyone knows this thing of being able to see what's wrong with someone else. Enough of this. It starts to eat me up.

Some gossip about Edwin. It seems he fucked about a month ago. Its someone that Simone knows, and someone that I have met. He won't tell me who it is. I get ten guesses but he doesn't say its any of them. I figure it could be Carol, Ellen, and Simone thinks Beth, and I thought Lynn. I named about 12 people and he wouldn't say it was any of them. I found Simone's choice of Beth most interesting. She thinks Beth is having lots of trouble with Phil and likes Edwin. This is from the time she was in one of Simone's groups. Also, we were going to a movie with Edwin and invited Beth. She declined when we told her Edwin was coming. Maybe there is something to it. I will ask her next time she calls. Simone thought it might have been Jean Varda. She likes those fat men, Simone proposes. Maybe it was Laura? She shows up here at odd times. He won't tell me who it is. I'm sure it must be one of the people I named to him. I will try some sort of trick on various people to try and discover who it is. Maybe it was Kathy? She was here typing a number of times. That was during the day. I find myself a bit obsessed with trying to discover who it was. It was the first time for him in a year and a half. Connie is another possibility. Simone suggested Nancie Jordan, but was very doubtful of that. She was here during the day around then. Its his way of keeping someone's attention.

George called this morning. Says he lost a role of film and thought it might be here. He's really calling for Simone. I tell him she's been out on a date. And that I've heard he's in love with her. He says, no, no, we're just friends. George is another one who wants to save Simone from me. He thinks he is much better for her. I think George travels in the slow lane. Simone is always in the fast lane and doesn't have brakes. The only thing she can do is push on the accelerator. This is the sort of ruse George would think up. He doesn't want to say directly that he's calling for Simone. But I know this trick. Used it many times myself. I tell Simone all this later and she is a bit disturbed. She doesn't want to face what she's doing here.

Nancy has made many positive comments about my writing. She and Bob liked it very much. A funny thing, though. She tells Simone that she wants to talk to me and Simone, both privately, about it, and that Bob wants to do the same. Bob has sexual fantasies about her. They both think it good enough to be published. They find it very easy to read. She thinks I should have some of it made into plays. She comments about my comment about someone's comment about how I don't talk about love, and that I seem to talk about being happy very little, or when I do, it seems to turn to its opposite. She often writes only when sad. I have to tell her how happiness is often a very temporary and illusory thing. Often it is only a false picture of things. How else can one feel when the image evaporates? But I certainly like it when someone is as positive as her about what I write. She says it makes her feel things. That is what I like to do best with writing. I don't care so much that it is "well written". You don't talk about the things you write about in real life, she tells me. It would be good if you talked about these things, she opinions. Its true. I think only later to point out that she only has to be here to hear things first hand. I have noticed that she speaks most directly with me over the phone. Less so during a casual meeting, and least of all when she is here. It is a bit of a bind. What other ego boosting gems can I squeeze out of what she has to say? I get the name of her sister who works for an NYC publishing house. I have typed up a letter and will mail it tomorrow.

Linda has called and asked me to help her move some things next week. I don't know if its possible. I am having money problems and am behind in work at the moment. I'll tell you more the first of next week, being the most I can say. She suddenly becomes very curt and no-saying. That's all right, you don't have to bother with me, she says. No, I have to go now. No, I'm going to hang up now. This goes on for a bit as she hopes I will manage to recover the situation. She is another one who wants to be saved.

I don't want to go to bed. It makes me shudder to think of getting in beside her. She will most likely try to throw herself over me. She's a smother type. It is a disgusting and flight inducing feeling. I just want to get away from it. Yech.

Have been reading more of Mary Chestnut. The end is near for her and the South. That South will never rise again for her. I find myself using more literary phrases, or trying to, like her own. I more often come across a part where someone is looking on as she writes. It is amusing to read this. It makes me think of the times when someone is looking over my shoulder. And who will read this 100 years from now and laugh at the same scene? I feel almost as though I am right there doing it myself.

Simone has overcome her Linda vitriolocity. It definitely fades. She knows she does it and does not like herself for it. But it does not fade so fast in me. I notice that she sometimes catches, and passes me, in this little race. I mean the one to erase hardheartedness. It lingers longer for me. For her the shortness of its life is a definite improvement.

An interesting new development in the sexual relationship with Simone. She has always insisted that I finger her to an orgasm. Then she allows me to have one. It doesn't always work exactly like that, but it seems to be her preferred pattern. So the new development is that she manipulates herself, or I do it, while my prick is in her cunt. She has come close to orgasm several times, but she stops it before that happens. Its better with me. The old pattern is boring. She is tighter and wetter this new way. We can both learn to have orgasms at the same time. Before she would often get bored or carried away by something when it was my turn. I don't know exactly what brought it on but the first time this happened was after her first great time with Steve.

She has told me a lot more about this new beau of hers. He is very romantic, sexual, spiritual, physically fit, well endowed (each new man gets bigger than the last, in fact, I expect the next one to have something the size of a baseball bat in his pants), gentle, sensitive, cultured, continental, cosmopolitan, well-read, versed in 5 languages, likes to travel, very intelligent, and all the wonderful things I am not. On the other hand he will never be her daddy, he is very insecure about his intellectual abilities, obsessed with his appearance, is a gigolo (tonight he will be servicing a 45 year old movie producer who has put him in one of her pictures), and will not allow her the same freedoms she gets from me. But he may be able to learn this. Simone told him how I criticized her for treating him like Stu by being late. He thinks it is just a clever may of manipulating her. Sexually she likes the way he rubs his prick against her inner thighs. They are another pair that does it on the floor, walls, ceiling, and the bed. He has complained that she is too analytical. She that he is too intellectually insecure. He has started to tell her about his other relationships, but assures her they are all superficial. They have even talked about living together and babies! Simone has made some new rules about how she will keep me informed about what she will do with him. It is an indirect way for her to regulate my relationship with Linda. The rules are broken the very day of their creation, however. She does see him as someone to fall in love with. For me this is a good thing. Less chance of having to handle her desparate times.

Simone has been asking me to marry her all this afternoon. It started right after she spent 45 minutes fucking in the shower with Steve. He was behind her and pressing her against the wall of the shower. She had fantasies of being interrogated by the police. She wants to marry me definitely, and be able to have a relationship with Steve, and maybe others. I have been puzzling over this preoccupation with this all evening. Just now the truth comes out of her. She will have the freedom to do what she wants with me. He won't be able to allow her the same. They have had their first argument today. She has been pressing him about some of the obvious contradictions in his life. Wanting everything to be simple, but on the other hand he has these perfumed, herbed, hot towels for her after sex. All his laundry is perfumed and has fabric softener in it. He uses various chemicals on his face and body. But

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what he really means is another kind of simpleness. Emotional simplicity. No complicated relationships or involvements with people. He wants a more isolated life with just Simone. Some people claim they can grow by isolating and withdrawing from people and the world. It is, in reality, a form of emotional and social suicide. It causes all ones abilities to relate and be social with people to wither and atrophy. One finds the skill disappears without constant use. The way I see it is that people become very afraid of social contact and withdraw as a way of eliminating the fear. I have seen myself on the one hand exhorting me to get out and do something with people, and on the other hand, relaxing because I decide not to go out and make contact with people. He tells Simone that the beginning of their relationship will cause me to be better to her or worse. In fact things got much better between us. Mostly, I think, because she is enjoying herself more, and hasn't had to demand what she wants from me. She has gotten a burst of energy from this new relationship and feels very good that she can attract such a person. I feel better for not having to meet all her demands. He is beginning to put a fence around her. She is not the sort to be roped in. His insecurity about holding onto her needs narrower borders than Simone can tolerate. This will become a source of increasing friction between them. I think that finally he will not be able to tolerate her free-wheeling spirit. He wants a life with more substance and less superficiality. But his Hollywood crowd can't ever be anything else. His wandering around and imagining things will be better somewhere else only says he can't find anything where he is, no matter where it is. Things will be over between them within two weeks. He wants a life of substance but fills his time with so many superficial things. I'm not jealous of Richard, he says. He's part of a package deal he's got with you. So there is no need, nothing to be jealous of. But I know that its in me. I know that its inside Simone. She's jealous of his date in Hollywood, who pays him \$500 to fuck her. She is really upset about this. She has been nervous all evening and chewing on things. I don't believe he isn't jealous. He is fooling himself. He does not know himself very well. Simone called him a few minutes ago. They talk for awhile. On learning that I am here, he has to go do something. She is nervous and wondering why he doesn't call back. She thinks its because of me.

I am excited about the art show again. Last night, while having dinner at Jonathan's, I tried to remember the phone number of the Sacramento Street gallery. I did remember it. A young boy answered. His name was Schwen, or something like that. I played a game with him where I would mispronounce it. He got quite exasperated. Finally his mother came on and asked, in an irritated manner, who is this? I got a bit nervous at that point. Who knows about the art gallery, I ask. Oh, you want somebody else, she replies. It turns out we can have 3 pieces each in a show that opens September 12. The guy was quite interested in our concept. I will send him some stuff about it today.

Simone is not so sure about going away to her training course with Steve. I might meet somebody there, she says. Very likely. She knows this. Steve knows this. He doesn't want her to go without him. He's having enough trouble tracking the competition. He needs an air traffic controller just to keep track of the people circling around Simone.

I notice these jealous impulses flashing around inside me. They are most prominent in my face. There are these random and uncontrollable grimaces and distortions in the face muscles. Sometimes I notice myself holding onto an expression for too long. Beyond the feeling. It is like a tight grimace and smile. A combination of the two. It gets more difficult to make fun of the strutting they are doing with each other. I feel as though some distance has been lost. It is becoming too real for me. A little bit too serious.

We get a notice in the mail of Gail Topal's engagement party. She has been spaced out the last few months over this guy. He's my soul-mate, she says, you will see when you meet him. She moved and didn't tell Carol about her apartment being available. This pissed Carol off. She wanted to live near Simone. Perhaps Gail was afraid of contacting Simone after being out of touch for so long. She came to see us often before she met him. This state of love makes people oblivious to the real world. They manage to hold themselves in a state of suspended death. Who knows for how long. Simone says she was in heaven with me - for three weeks. Gail does not see as well as her.

I told Simone that there are 10-12 people after her. She says, you are always exaggerating. Here is my list: Richard, Steve F, Michael J, Ken, Stu, Michael S, George, Jeff, Ron H, Joe S, Fred, Dana, Steve B, Steve L, Jack T, Jack M, Bob W, her current boss, Steve W, Myron M, Donna's boyfriend, the Oklahoma Saxophone player, Ted B, Gene H, Blacksmith House physicist, and some other more minor attempters. She is right. I am always not seeing things the way they really are. How could I have been so wrong? I will have to get a firmer grip on reality.

Simone gives me a list of things she notices about herself. She likes to take showers after fucking. She likes to fuck from behind. She tells people when something is uncomfortable for her, as opposed to letting it pass or mentioning it later.

A fantasy with me, Simone, Linda, and Steve. Linda is here, along with me, Simone, Steve. Linda is in the shower. Simone starts some sort of argument with her. They argue back and forth. It turns into a real fight. I step in to break it up. Steve thinks I am favoring Linda at Simone's expense. He tries to get me out of it. I kick him in the balls. That's it for him. End of fantasy.

Another one with Beth and Phil. He discovers I have been fucking with Beth. He threatens me with a gun. I calm him down. Then run out the back door and to the police station.

Simone reads my list of names, and my fantasies. So, you are after Beth too! Competing with Edwin. Nancie is another one who wants to fuck you, she says. She will never admit it, but maybe she will. I will ask her, says me. You'll ruin it if you do, Simone warns. Its like this with lots of people. They all want to fuck but are so afraid of what someone else will do. Each wants it but is afraid to take the first step. So they do it on the sly. A rare woman like Simone will be out front about it. Linda is becoming much better about this. It once was that she would tell me how women don't need as much sex as a man. But now she is just responding to what she wants, more than before, but not always. She sometimes uses the sexual lever against me.

More has happened with Steve and Simone. They talked for 2 hours this afternoon. She came to the office about to cry. She senses it is not going to be what she wants. Back to the search for the perfect man, she tells someone she has called on the phone. There is something behind his wanderlust. He can't stand being around serious people. He can only tolerate the superficial relationships of his job and the movie crowd. He has to be alone to grow. What bullshit. He wants a simple life like the dolphins, he tells her. But in reality, dolphins, possibly the most intelligent species next to man, are completely social and dependent on each other. They are never found alone. They are always doing things in groups. They will save a comrade who is in trouble by raising the injured one to the surface. They will protect each other from sharks. They are very sexual. They are always communicating with each other with a combination of behavior and dolphin speech. He doesn't know anything about dolphins. He is only striving for some perfect idealistic vision of himself. Something from Saint Augustine, or some other religious character. He begins to feel that Simone is hemming him in. That she wants all these things from him. But what he really wants is all those things from her.

Went running at Fresh Pond at 6pm. Me, Dana, and Simone. Nice time, but a bit muggy. We ran two miles. Almost an accident on the way back. Later we are almost home and Dana comments about how a woman on the sidewalk looks at him. Ever notice how women will look at you when you're going by in a car but not when you walk by them, he says. They must think we want to fuck them right there, he concludes. I think its true. He admits to having thought it. Me too. Women too.

Sunday I went running at Fresh Pond with Simone, Judy, and her friend Peter. We ran just about 2 miles. Farther than ever before. Near the end I was talking with Judy. She says, I want to get back to doing things with people. Yes, I says, what you really want is to find another man. No response. But only for a moment. She makes a comment about how we should try something more involved sexually, like four people at once. What, I ask, confusedly. What are you talking about? You are right she responds. It was nothing but a nasty thing to get back at you for saying I only want to get another man. Later she asks if Simone will hate her if she sleeps with me. Yes. Simone has, in the last few days, found reason to call her at least twice. I have found out that she has called her a number of times over the last few months. She wonders, but not directly, if she is going to sleep with me. Judy has the impression that Simone is asking her about the loyalty sisters must have for each other. If she were a true sister, she wouldn't fuck with me. All this she manages between dates with other men. Judy does not believe her expressed reasons for calling. She feels that it is always really for something else. Anyway, we did not sleep together Monday night. Simone has sabotaged things between her and me. I don't want to get in the middle of this mess, she says. Its too much for her. At the same time I learn she and Steven made an arrangement not to sleep with anyone till he returns in September. But she has broken it at least twice, with old boyfriends, Michael and Flip. She said she would sleep with me that night, but not to fuck. I declined. It would keep me up half the night with sexual tension. How about another time when you can say there will be no limits to what happens, I propose. We shall see, says she.

Simone is going crazy. Pacing up and down the apartment. Talking to herself. She can't stand it. She's going to stay with Steve for the next two days. Then some vague reference to just wanting to be with someone and not feeling sexual at all. She had her sexual needs satisfied last night with Ken. She just wants to get away. It reminds me of the last time she saw Ron. I just want to go to sleep, she tells him. Ok, says he. She was upset with me then. I asked her, are you sure he agreed to your conditions. She said yes, and that he was not that kind of person. (emphasis on the HE) So I says to myself, I says, do you suppose its possible she could get herself into the same sort of situation? Ron was not very nice. He wanted something and she refused to give it. He took it. He was very romantic. That Ron, he would sing to the frosted glasses, and had a large TV set over the bed from which hot towels, scented with herbs, slowly wound their way around his makeup table loaded with facial weight lifting condominiums while the sound of airplanes and pickup trucks was heard being played by a dolphin orchestra that rehersed at a house on a lake owned by a Hollywood movie producer and many of its friends - all this for only \$500 a night! And this going on with a jury observing a chubby Linda nightmare with her leading man preparing for opening night with John Lilly and the construction crew. The stage is set again. Will we see the same old play, or something familiar? The Greek Chorus awaits its duty. They are bound by honor to play their parts. To be free, or not ...

Should I tell her what I have noticed? A fine kettle of fish if I don't and something does happen. On the other hand I thought: why not try to see if I can reverse the current situation. What a fun game to see if I could get her to break her date with Steve tonight! And to stay here with me. Then I think, she might think the first part I have written is just to keep her from going. She will see the sense of it and not go. But then she will think, he is only jerking me around. Its only his jealousy. Steve is not like that. But this next page is a funny one. I can't quite explain it. I mean, it does sort of turn the thing around. But then its possible for me to do things like that. Its an old Richard Gardner trick. That is, to go along in one direction, and then suddenly to completely turn things upside-down. Now, what can anyone think of all this? On the other hand, I do miss the contact with her. But it is no use. All her lamenting and hand ringing is nothing but a replay of her grandmother being chased by the Nazis. A very complicated, but predictable program she runs to get things her way. Freedom and no insecurity. Its like anything else. She gets insecurity and enslavement.

And last night with Ken. She was to stay with him Monday night. They were going to meet here about 1:30am. Ken called and we talked for awhile. It seems she was at Michael's. It was to be just a short stop. At two she called Ken to say she was tired and going home. She didn't. She stayed with Michael. She took the best deal and saved the situation with Ken with as much grace as possible. He got her the next night in any case. It was an explosive situation for me. I have this urge to break through some of my armor. It has to be something drastic to stir everything up from the bottom. Everything has to be changed somehow.

She has read it. The thinking will start. It may even enable her to take advantage of the situation.

It seems some sort of group activity is being planned. But I have heard nothing about. Jack was surprised, but not really surprised. Maybe she told him not to say anything about the event. She is using it to get something from me. The very thing she is always trying to pin on me. Not communicating. So they are in the kitchen. Simone is bubbling over with enthusiasm, smiling, talking with everyone. A visit to the therapist and everything is all better. But its not. She wants it to be better. It takes more than a smile and some jokes to make things better.

Writing too much makes you crazy. Especially if one has pretensions. I can see it now while reading the last page again. Man, did I write that shit?

She is busy marshalling friends around her. I have lots of friends and lovers, she wails. I can sleep with anyone I want, any night I want, she shouts out at me. And now they are starting to congregate. She gets a smug tone in her voice. She must loudly say how Richard refuses to communicate with me. He hangs up the phone when I call him. Its all his fault! How terrible he is to me. I have only tried to be loving and caring and he rejects me. There is nothing more between us. Its all over! There is something about all this protesting that smells rotten.

You get out of my way from now on, she responds, to my telling her to get out of the way.

156 pounds. Lost 4 since one week ago. Its the running. In addition, I notice the seasonal change. The air is colder. Drier. It starts to change the quality of the skin on my lips. They are stiffer, start to dry. It will lead to a coldsore in a few days if I don't catch it. The tension is also causing something. I begin to feel the start of a cold in the back of my throat. Again from the tension, and not enough sleep.

Too bad for your little plan of sabotaging, she says. You know Ken really enjoyed your little trick to interfere the other night. He suggests we try it again. No end to the shortsightedness around here. Exactly my intension, to reduce the tension, not to mention, the condensation. It greatly reduced mine. Of course it worked exactly that way. Its why they couldn't tell me to stop. They couldn't tell me to go away. It helped them also. It got a lot better for me once the excitement came out. Once the nervous tremors were allowed to work their way out. I feel the need for more of these kinds of shocks. It rattles my complacency. I can not longer ignore the xxxxxxxxxxxx x.vmfujsnkwgevtgnflhg ijo;whfphf;pryfjgjnortjjfjrhhfjjfiikkfo Itcomes out again.

Simone just now tells me she has decided to move out. You are not going to be able to make me change my mind, she assures me. And then an enormous leap down the hall. An experimental aircraft designed to crash. I don't know how long it will take to find a place but I've made up my mind. Simone's making up her mind is something like trying to push water uphill. Or trying to push on a piece of string. It works when the string is stiff. It works with people when they stiffen and deaden themselves to their feelings. I used this same string to run marathons, fight the draft, and any number of imaginary battles. I feel this same stiff string in me now. It keeps me from being more human with her. There is no reason for it. Its like the other night. She calls to have me get something from the store. It was a senseless thing to just hangup. But this mindless urge to hurt her overwhelmed me. It was like a flash of lightning. Its stupid to do this even if she is leaving. What is it that makes me this way? And then a few moments later I actually long for her to make some effort to contact me again. But again there is this enormous urge to cause her some hurt. You can't hurt me anymore she says. Its not true. She doesn't know just how deep it is. She will keep a brave front. It will look just like mine. It will be just as false. Just like mine. The thing with Ken. She does not want to see it that way at all. She does not want to see what she does. And the same for me. Sometimes I feel so ugly I have the impression of my body turning rotten with no more time than a few moments. I imagine myself to be in possession of some wonderful idea whose power should be obvious to all. Instead of following they flee. And I run from myself. Everyone is nowhere again.

Are you going? I don't care, she responds faster than the mind can reply. Its just another lie. The answer was ready before the question. Its just not proper to come out with them in that way. I ask a lot of questions to which the answers are already known. And now I ask myself, why? The answer did not come out before the question this time.

I can't base my life on his whims, she exclaims. Until I did something, she was doing nothing but that. From my tiny little effort comes a serious attempt to live her own life. Now do you believe that? Had the spark come from inside her, it would be a different story. I can't quite believe it.

I hope you don't come, she says with a slightly quavering voice, a little tight at the back of the throat. Because I really don't want you to. Who wants to see your ugly face? And only a few days ago it was soooooo handsome!

You know I'm stuck on you. But it will get unstuck fast. Especially with a little help from the cook and airplane mechanic. She stalks out, hands gripped behind her back. Solid and resolute steps. I can only smile. Yes indeed. Nothing like taking control of one's life. Why don't you come and get off this position, she asks. But I have made other plans. And they are gone. An entirely different feeling here in the house. It feels alone and empty. I feel alone, and a little bit of urge to run after them.

Writing like a maniac. But now, at this moment, I feel it slowing down in me. The stimulation for going on has gone away. I'll be back on Friday night, she tells me. Bye, bye. She has learned some new words from me. Sabotage seems to be the newest.

Dana has been provoked by the situation. He has gone out and caught himself a new girlfriend. Her name is Debra. She will go to the ballet with him tonight, along with the others. He managed it with a single meeting. They met at his favorite Harvard Square restaurant, Beans In My Ears.

I find myself wishing her ill tonight. The fantasy is that she will call in the middle of the night to have me come and rescue her. That is, my feeling about him is right. He abuses her in some way. I have been reading Cockpit, by J Cosinski. This man and I have the same fantasies. We are always trying to figure ways to catch women in some lie. His hero always catches them perfectly. Never any question that they have tried to do him wrong. He feeds them the truth a little at a time. Maybe gives it to them in a way that they still have an opportunity to confess all. But they don't, and are caught perfectly. Then he goes on to find another perfect one.

We had a crank phone call here today. Simone got it. Someone was calling to ask questions about my business and personal life. Its probably some friend of Deanna Schamach's who is trying to provoke some sort of situation to get information about what's going on. I will call the phone company to have them trace all the call coming to this number. Proof of her Nixonian tricks will end the case.

Simone lingers longer. Her intention, as she told me before leaving, was not to return till Friday night. But she is here for some reason. She speaks in a loud voice designed to get my attention and a function of her nervousness. She gives me 15 minutes to convince her to stay. And why not decide for herself? Still not in charge of things.

Simone tells me she has rewritten her resume and wants to show it to me. I tell her later. And so our little tug of war goes on. If I didn't know better I might imagine that the plot to get her to do all this work in the last few days came from the mind of that Richard Gardner trickster.

Monday, August 24, 1981, page 1

Sitting here with a million things to write about. This morning I am thinking about how I am not evenhanded, what shall I say, equal, unbiased, in how and what I write about. Anyway, I must say, Fuck this shit, as once said by a former manager of the Orson Welles. Its hard for me again. No idea where to begin. So many things have happened.

Thursday I travel to NYC to help Linda move to Boston. I miss the first train after being trapped in the subway half an hour. The second almost. Simone came to see me for awhile. She had altered her clock so that I would miss the next train. I left her with my estimate of the time. She tried to get me to come back to her once more. But I ran for it and made it by two or three minutes. She called Linda to tell her about my being late but gave her the wrong arrival time. The two of them have been talking more. They call each other. Linda was extremely resist to me sexually Thursday night. She did not know what it was. I had the feeling something was up. Last night it came to me. She is sexually withdrawing as a way to get me to loan her money for school. I began to think about this earlier in the day when Simone made a similar comment about me when I withdraw from her. I'm going to fuck with as many different men as I have to, so you will get out of that withdrawn mood, she informs me. They both use sex in the same way, as a weapon. Linda is the more old fashioned of the two.

I had the idea to let the two of them run my business and go off to do something different. They both seemed intrigued a little by the idea. No negative responses. I also have this fantasy about my seminar business. On alternate weeks I will go off to various cities, and one or the other will go with me for a few days to lie around some hotel pool and visit some exotic city.

Where have all these things gone? A few moments ago my head was swarming with things to write about. I adjust the margins of the paper. When the notes are copied somethings are cut out by the little holes. I don't want anyone to miss a word. I have sent copies to Jerzy Kosinski after reading Cockpit. I had the idea of going thorough it again and cataloging all the crazy, compulsive, neurotic, sexual, power, and other fantasies I indulge in. Some imagination this guy has. Its an interesting story of a former spy, but the real meat of the thing is in his realtionships to women and people in power. It is almost completely parallel to my own fantasies and daydreams. I find myself constantly trying to prove some woman has done me wrong and imagine that she is being punished by the cosmos for her sins. Or walking around and poking into things, another of the hero status imaginings I find myself creating.

Last week was an interesting time sexually for Simone. On Sunday night I kick her out of bed. Monday night she is with Michael. The next day telling me how good it was with him. Saturday he visits to use the typewriter. I learn from him that what Simone described did not happen. He tells me her lies are not as bad as they once were. Michael could tell you some lies much better than that, she prompts.

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Tuesday night with Ken. I was there. Emotional chaos inside me. It went away. Now I can only remember what I saw. It has no other influence on me. The emotional part of it has gone away. The chaos did not last. Wednesday night turned out to be the most interesting of all. You have 15 minutes to convince me to stay, she says. It took more than fifteen. But she gave me more than 15. I did some of my best acting. She was torn part of the time as to how much of it was an act. Then, once she had decided in my favor, there was the situation with Steve. She had to call and tell him the story. My car broke down, she laments. I don't believe you, he replies angrily. And so it goes. He had been with Linda, a friend of his, earlier in the evening, and sent her home before Simone's expected arrival. But she didn't show. That must have made him madder. I know we fucked that night, but what I remember is the in-bed fight. I would reveal something about how I had tricked her into staying, and she would pretend to attack me. Must have gone on for an hour.

Thursday morning with Steve. They have a good time. But things get too complicated for him. He kicks her out. Its over. I don't want to see you again, he says. She calls to tell me about it just before I leave for the train station, and to New York. Later he calls to ask if she wants her thesis back. Yes, send it to me, she says. But she is harsh and pissed off. She does not see that what he has done is to try and recover from the situation. He doesn't really want it to be over. Simone ignores this obvious manuver on his part. She claims it is nothing more than returning the thesis. She is so stupid sometimes. I remember doing exactly this countless times with Adele. One of us would make some sort of reconciliatory move, only to have it squashed and ignored by the other. But he keeps trying. He calls back several more times. I think he is learning a lot in a very little time from this relationship. Simone doesn't let him get away with much. She tells him what she thinks. She tells him what she sees him doing. It must be a real shock compared to the Hollywood crowd or his other relationships. But I am surprised at his ability to bounce back from each of his irreversible decisions. He seems to have called at least once a day for the last few days.

Friday afternoon with Jeff. Simone calls after her two complete orgasms. It is so wonderful she says. Jeff has been massaging her. We talked about his relationship with her and other women for over an hour last week. It was the most amazing talk I've had with a man since leaving FH. He spoke about being totally pissed of at her for being late, or completely missing dates with him, during the entire 6 years they've known each other. He gets very mad at her. But he is very straightforward. He doesn't try to rationalize everything. And then about how he sees her. She seems to only call him when lonely. He has the impression that the lights are on but nobody is there. She always seems to be somewhere else. I think that is especially true when she has problems with me. He is often the

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one she calls when I get away from her. He notices this and tries to tell her what he sees. But Jeff, I love you, she responds, or, that she really is there, and how could you say such a thing. Or she will change the subject completely. He will talk about something only to have her go off on something completely different. She doesn't want to hear what I have to say, he tells me. I always thought of you as a cruel and hard person, he confesses. But she is very good at talking about her pain. She pours it out like water from a pitcher. She can really stretch a face when she cries, he says. Some of the ugliest faces you ever saw. This makes it seem like your fault. He sees Steve as someone who will help her continue a fantasy life. She has this ability to hold men and think they are the only one. She, on the other hand, wants to be number one with each of them. An impossible condition. A funny description of her 8-year non-relationship with Michael. We compare notes and realize that many of the calls Simone tells me she gets are really calls made by her to someone, and then returned. He sees her as someone, and so do I, who has an insatiable need for love that can't be satisfied, but only because something inside her says it won't. Too many experiences with being disappointed. The next one will be the same, the little voice inside says.

But its not all so bad. I remind him of how she's kept at it for 6 years with him. He has been the one to go away most often. She is open to him. There is this way she looks at him directly, unlike most women. This results in our discovering the downcast-eyes principle. It goes something like this, as I see it: men are all the time going around looking for women. They look at most everyone to see if they get any attention. The woman, on the other hand, looks only at those who interest her. She knows that the slightest look will tell any man that she's interested. If the man responds positively, she will take the next step. And it goes as far as the woman wants. She is in control at the beginning. But later it will almost always turn to the man being able to manipulate best. It will be easier for him to stay emotionally uninvolved, or ignore how he feels. The woman can't do it as well. I have played this little communication game many times. It is always easy to tell. It goes even easier if the woman decides to touch the man. This happened to me with Lisa, who I met at the art show. She pulled back when she learned of my relationship with Simone. It seems this is the safest way for women. They really don't know who to trust. The kindest, gentlest, most considerate looking man, in public, may turn out to be a terror in the bedroom. And it often happens that way. Every woman I know tells me such stories.

It was about this time that I had a long talk with Herb Pearce. He has been holding something about me inside himself since last Christmas. It seems he did not like the way I behaved when Simone gave me lots of presents last Christmas Eve. He thought me a little cruel. It was nothing more than my trying to respond to Simone's urge, almost a panic, to give me presents as a way of keeping my love.

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I hear many stories about relatives who say, I don't care if you send me a present. I just want you to be happy. But when she doesn't send a present on the right day, they are pissed off, and let her know it. So she knows exactly how to handle this situation - always send a present. He also has this idea that I fuck with lots of women. He is surprised to hear that I've only been with Linda and Simone. They have been with many others. They were constantly accusing me of fucking, or wanting to fuck, or trying to fuck, with any woman who came near me. But that idea has been slowly going away. Neither has accused me of this for several months. But Herb somehow sees it that way.

I go out to dinner with Simone, Ellen, and Jack. We spend half the time trying to find a restaurant that's open.

Sten has returned. I call the house to give Dana a message and find him there. He has been in Washington, staying with Connie and her parents. I wonder how he is leading her on. He wants to arrange for Claudia to visit the Institutes for Human Potential in Philadelphia with Lily. She is 5 years old and still can't walk or really talk. I find myself swamped by that old FH feeling. Its in my stomach and at the ends of my arms and legs. A kind of tension and anxiety and urge to flee from something. Its like a frozen but just starting to sweat feeling. Difficult to decide what to do next. But having the feeling that something must be done.

Quite a time with Simone. She has to tell him how she's glad he's here to put the kibosh on me and do something about my bad behavior. He gets a sample of hers later. Its this old problem of pride with her. No job, no money, not many prospects. She has a resentment of Carol and Sten. Its not just them, but they come from families with money. She grew up poor. Smashes a cup of orange juice to the floor! Screams and yells about not being able to stand it and runs outside. I follow but see that Jack has just returned and is with her. She does not want to do work that is beneath her dignity. On the other hand she complains about being cut off from my support. Sten gets to be the therapist. You aren't going to oppress us with your bad behavior. Its funny. And we will try to get what fun we can from you. Its not funny for you. But for us it is. So why don't you start something right now from where you are, he asks. She slows down. It gets better. Carol has gone a little off her rocker about the thrown cup. A small piece makes a small cut in her leg. We clean up. Carol leaves. Jack goes for a run. Simone, me, Sten, go outside to admire his new bike. Sten leaves for Connie's. Simone and I go for a short walk.

I detect a certain amount of resistance to writing about the last two days. It started when Joe called me about triple yum-yum. She had just called him to ask if he would come over and fuck her. It got him out of a depression. He couldn't do it as he had a date with someone else. But it pleased him too much he just had to call me. That's when my depression started. Why don't women call me and ask me to come fuck them? He does have the advantage of keeping everything separate. I find this impossible to do even though it's obviously something that could be tried. Who do I blame for this? Next comes the career anxiety. I have just read a book, The Soul Of A New Machine. It's about a group of people, engineers, who build a state-of-the-art computer in an extremely short time. The psychological/emotional problems encountered are given greater importance in this book than the technological difficulties. There is a nice mix of the two. One could read the book to learn about what's new in that area. Did I make the right decision about not continuing with school? It was always exciting to me. Science, discovery, inventing new things. The childhood of these people was not unlike my own. Always poking around in things and taking them apart. I felt left out and left behind. It was something I always wanted to do. Too old now. Well past my engineering prime. But it won't help me to cry over spilled milk, or other things. In the human arena I feel left out and left behind. Simone's success and Joe's success leave me feeling unable and crippled. It's so hard for me. I feel such incredible resistance to doing what would make a difference. I want it to come to me automatically. Because I deserve it.

Kathy calls to say that Linda called this morning. She was concerned about me. Simone has left me a note. It says that Linda called. They talked. She wonders where I was this am. I wanted to avoid her. I could not face her. I called Judy about staying with her last night. Ken was to stay here with Simone. About ten last night we were in bed, clothes half off, and there he is. So I try to convince Judy to let me stay with her. I go to the office where she will call me. She does not call. I work till four in the morning. Wake up at eight and leave. Simone says hello to me as I go out the door but I say nothing. Twinges of resentment and jealousy. I don't want to admit to having lost in last night's competition. She had four men to sleep with her last night. I had my computer. Sigh. Interesting talking with Ken and Simone last night. She is conscious of the tension. Ken will not admit to it. He reads a little of my notes and says he'd like to read the whole thing sometime. You have a very loose style, which I like, he says. So I leave in a hurry to get to the office in case Judy calls. Simone wants me to linger. She plays a little stalling game.

Something noticed about last night. I come home about four to sleep. She did not take her pillow. When Linda stays here with me she (Simone) always takes her pillow to her room. Linda is not here. She doesn't take the pillow. I need it for my bed, she always explains. No more explanation is needed.

Monday, August 31, 1981, page 1

Walking down Harvard Street, from business in the square, on the way home, two young girls, about 15, are sprawled, sitting, on the sidewalk. A slight feeling of being threatened by them taking up the sidewalk. Should I walk through them or around them? I go around. Then, a moment later, a fantasy about impressing them. Why not jump completely over them? But I am a klutz with women even in my fantasy. I trip and fall on them, managing to almost impale myself on a bicycle. Then this feeling of complete inability hits me. Why so much difficulty relating to women?

Today is not Monday. Its Tuesday. I was writing this about 7pm last night. Suddenly an enormous depression. I had to lie down and sleep. All day it was fulminating and raging about all sorts of imaginary scenarios between me, Simone, and Linda. Linda and Simone fighting about the dog. Simone and me fighting about getting Linda and Ken together. Its been worrying me the last few days. I've been anticipating her reaction. Her very unpleasant reaction. I've even been telling people how I think she will react. The worrying settles in my stomach. A tense and uncomfortable feeling. The stomach won't go away. Its stops working normally. It should just be there, doing its thing, not complaining to me. So, I thought, why waste the rest of this sheet of paper. I'll write till its full, then begin another day.

So I had this idea for Ken and Linda to live together. A few days ago, when in the midst of my latest depression and withdrawal, Simone says to me, why should you be so depressed and unhappy. I'd be glad if my boyfriend was moving to a place only 5 blocks away, she tells me. A few days ago this idea came to me. Why not? Simone will be bullshit, but its in her best interests. She won't like my trying to bust up her sexual monopoly, but it will make things more interesting. She tells me I'm always upping the ante. Here we go again. As soon as I get over one thing, you have to up the ante, she complains. She doesn't know anything about it yet. Or maybe she does. She tried to call Ken last night from Amherst. She will be there till Wednesday evening. I didn't want to say anything about this. It would be just another burden to keep her from making something of the course she's taking. So Ken made an appointment to meet Linda Monday afternoon. But he did not show up. He didn't even call to cancel. This surprised me very much. He is high up in the local est office and the sort of person who is normally very responsible. But this is a challenging and intriguing situation. It may have turned out to be too much for him.

Finally I hear from Ken. He returns a message left at the est office. He is not pleased at my asking him about missing the appointment with Linda. I feel this great tension in the air. His response is to accuse me of wanting to be right. That I have other motives. Its true. It is something I've looked forward to with more than a little glee. Especially after his trying to get me to take est last Saturday night. I am shaking all over, and have a knotted stomach. He had a gritted teeth and tight fist tone in his voice. He accuses me of having some other tone in my voice. What are you really trying to say, you covert asshole, you self-righteous fault finder, he demands. I have to admit to less than honorable motives. His response is all out of proportion. I do not plan to make him wrong all the rest of his life. I can say that I am guilty of similar failures and do not enjoy having them pointed out. But these est people have this way of trying to get out from under what they have dumped on themselves. I know I have to communicate this to Linda, he says. Do you believe that, he asks. Well, I say. But don't get a chance to finish. So I sense that it was something more than his just finding another apartment. Slowly this tension and anxiety in me subsides. Its like the old bear jumping at me from behind a bush. A thing that comes up in my dreams. The same scared feeling. Fear. But just from the tone of a person's voice. It was all est jargon. He was very angry, but very controlled. I believe there is more behind it. Who knows exactly what. Last Saturday night I told him how est was one of those surface ways of dealing with life. That I expected contact with us here would cause deeper things to start bubbling to the surface for him. There must be something very hard under the skin of these successful est graduates. I ask him about my notes. He finds them more than interesting and wants to talk more about them with me but is pressed for time at the moment. Simone and Jack wonder how much of this reaction was provoked by me. She is interested to find out when she sees Ken next. So he will or won't call me or Simone.

Nadine called me yesterday. She wasn't feeling well and wanted to have lunch with me. She has an interesting situation with a man. He wants her to spend more time with him, and also to be monogamous. Meanwhile he is going out with several women. He is always giving her ultimatum. Monogamy is nonsense, she tells me. But she also does not use her knowledge. She's not able to act on this. She has this very childish way of explaining why she wants to have lunch with me. It is a physical reaction like a shy child. Swinging the shoulders back and forth, a big smile, head held high in the air and tilted back, raising a shoulder up to her chin. And a slightly high-pitched tone in her voice. She is very self-conscious in telling all this to me. Next day, today, she comes by and sleeps here for several hours. Then to an appointment with Linda about staying/living with her on Norfolk Street. Later in the evening she is still there. She was going to leave for NYC right after the meeting.

An interesting story about Darby, Nancie's friend. It seems she and her boy-

were robbed one night at knife-point. He got freaked out by the incident for some reason. Perhaps he felt like a failure for letting it happen, and broke up with her. Its not clear why. Probably just looking for a reason. He claims not to be able to handle the situation with her. It could also be that Darby is now thinking of getting a permit to carry a gun. This sort of thing causes me to start sweating and turn red.

Simone had a gun incident this weekend at her psychosynthesis course. A woman from Wyoming has a boyfriend that she's trying to get away from, and who also carries a gun. Simone started to get in a position of befriending her. More sweat and seeing red. I get this feeling of panic and practically beat her over the head if she doesn't say right now that she will end anything happening. Later she tells me that the woman was kicked out of the program because something might have happened, or so the group leaders thought. Simone tried to use her new skills in therapy to assure me she could handle the situation. Sure, like flies influence the direction of an elephant stampede. She has, for that time at least, a completely false sense of knowledge. Maniacs and criminals are the only people who carry guns like this sort of person. Therapy and reason does not work with them. But I hear no more of the whole thing.

Judy Levy shows up at the Turtle Cafe as we are about to leave. Me, Simone, and Jack. She's with Bruce, a boyfriend of many years ago. He got married, had a child, and now separated or divorced. He called me about a job, that's all, just a job, a few days ago, she informs me. This I don't believe, is my response. You're way off, she assures me. I tell her this evening that he certainly was looking for more than just a job. I whisper in her ear, just as we are leaving, call and tell me all about it, ok. She says yes. Its a bit uncomfortable with her.

I have just realized that putting this piece of paper in the typewriter was an almost completely unconscious act. I was barely aware of doing so. But its time to write something. Don't know what. Simone received a phone call from Panama. Someone she used to work with. A woman painter who is very successful. She can't get out of the country. The political situation is difficult because of the recent death of the president there.

Simone shrieks at me, Richard! I got a job interview for this art thing at a nearby, the Harrington, school. I had just criticized her for not doing anything. Waste of good criticism. She turns it around on me.

Doll-face has a girlfriend tonight, she said. One of our neighbors. We pass on the street and she says things like, I wonder what kind of secrets are hidden under that red t-shirt. She asks me one day, you're a doctor aren't you. Sometimes she just walks by with her head down and looking at the ground. She's middle-aged, a little fat, always walking up and down the street it seems. But then she notices that I do this often.

Last night I did a laying-on-of-hands with Simone. It was a common thing in the Mormon church. Jack and I held her hands. I had a hand on her stomach. We moved our hands in a steady motion. Up or down or side-to-side on her stomach. It was also important to speak with her. But the most important part was the tone of the voice. It has to send the feeling of concern and care for her. The same with the physical contact. She has started to get dizzy and sick again. The first recent incident happened at her psychosynthesis course. She and another woman were with the male co-leader. They were very physical with him. He was being massaged by two women who desired him. A conflict. He doesn't want to reject or insult either of them. The situation gets no resolution for any of them. About three that morning she starts coughing up blood and gets taken to the hospital. It is not usual for her to not win out in this sort of competition. But back to yesterday, and today. She has shit an unprecedented 7 times in the last two days. Three times last night. Two times this morning, and 2 times this afternoon.

Simone and Linda are starting to accuse me of playing favorites again. Each says the other is manipulating me and wants me all to herself. They play little tricks on each other. And each of them imagines that I play some sort of game on them in collusion with the other. Paranoia strikes deep, into your heart it will creep. Linda has forgotten to give Simone a message from Nancie, and Simone has to reinforce the bad impression that Nancie has of Linda.

I got a postcard from Chile today. It was from Richard Harms. A highschool classmate of mine. He was a year behind me. He was always smarter. I was often jealous of him and his abilities. As a freshman he won the county math contest against all the hotshot seniors in that years class. They were really pissed off at this. He was in Chile for some sort of astronomical observations and has promised to write later and tell me what's happened since I last heard from him.

Saturday, September 5, 1981, page 1

We are on Simone's bed. Hugging and kissing. I try to turn her over to give her a spanking for some reason. Dana tells us Michael is outside and wants to get in. Simone suddenly wants me not to be on top of her. I don't want him to see us like this, she tells me. Its difficult to resist telling her how she always wants to be sure that I won't reject her when Linda is around. That I will be affectionate, hug, and kiss her. She wants me to stop doing the very thing she wants when the situation is reversed. This feeling is familiar. It is there for me when I'm with both of them. If one of them is about to leave, that one will give me a kiss and hug before going. It is not hard to imagine what goes on inside the other. Why do people get so distressed at others having pleasure?

Simone tells me that she has made a decision to leave me within a year. It has come out of her recent therapy experience. Also, the result of continued pressure from her friends and family. I'll give you plenty of warning, she consoles me. She seems to have this constant pressure to make definite, absolute, clear, unambiguous decisions. Why not with me? It also has to do with Jerry. He is the male psycho-synthesis trainer. She has become quite enamored of him. He is the type she falls for. He has all these superficial qualities that initially attract her to a man. He gives the impression of having his act together. But from the description of her time with him, Barbara, and her, it seems he has little of anything but a very good act. Not unlike most accomplished therapists. I am amused, and a little anxious, to hear of this. She has resolved to leave a number of other times. I have done the same. Sometimes I can't stand it anymore. Last time I was ready to call her parents and brother and tell them. I had asked Linda about living with her. But it went away. This time its different. Its not so much based on her feelings as it is the idea that she has to make a decision. Of this I have little fear. It would be very hard if she left from bad feelings. From this reason, that she has to start making decisions, I can only laugh. It will be something to make continual fun of. She has such a hard time being hard. It is one of her most positive qualities. She has not been able to really cut anyone off. At least not anyone who has a spark of softness in them. I notice this more in myself. Its very difficult to hold one of these emotionally hard positions. It drifts around. It can't be pinned down. I can't make myself stick to it. The very fact that she has decided to leave in the future tells me this decision is not based on feeling.

I am home alone tonight. Linda made a date with me yesterday. Simone made a date with Steve. He called to cancel it. She made another with Ken. Linda does not want to see me again. She does not want to work for me again. Its an incredibly stupid reason. Yesterday she broke down and cried a lot. She was very jealous of Simone and her ability to attract people. It had been very hard for her for some days. She spent a lot of time arguing with me about our relationship. How it was hopeless and would never work out. Very hard. Then the breakdown. She cried and cried and said everything that was making her feel bad. It was much better. We made dates for Tuesday and Thursday. She came back to my office about eleven this evening with Sten. I didn't know where she was. Pepper was there. She was pissed about my class. I taught the first section this evening. She and Simone were both invited to come. Just yesterday we had talked about how bad she felt about being excluded from the Friday and Sunday night dinners. She didn't want to be excluded. She wanted the chance to say yes or no to everything that was going on. I thought this was right and told Simone how I wouldn't participate in anything she was going to exclude, or try to have Linda excluded from. So for some twisted reason she is totally pissed at the possibility that she and Simone might end up in my classroom on the same night. Simone had earlier told me she would leave the room if Linda showed up. So I am here alone tonight. Its not terrible, but does not feel good. This black and white, apocalyptic approach to relationships is exactly why she has not been able to stay with anyone. At this moment I say to myself, this time she will have to recover the situation herself. Its not said with any sort of feeling of resentment, but that she has to try to overcome this thing in herself. This has happened almost a dozen times between us in the last 1 and ½ years. I feel discouraged and exhausted.

Simone was on the phone, in the office, when Linda gave me her final ultimatum. Barbara Levy, who she was so close to, who loves her so much, has called to cancel her visit for this weekend. Simone had the impression that Barbara was glad Simone would not be going to Amherst for psychosynthesis training. It had to do with the trainer Jerry. Simone could not come out and say what she thought was obvious. I told her it sounded like many paths, and what happened to her there. The people all had this attitude and manner of loving each other. But in reality there were all sorts of things hidden under the surface. Like Simone seeing through Barbara, but not daring to say how she really felt. And this false love and liking they have for each other will go on. I see this same thing in Linda. She is feeling strong right now. But its false. She is trying to use it to take control of the situation. She feels in control of her life for the moment. It won't last. It didn't before. And Simone's love affair with Barbara will end when the truth about her and Jerry and Simone comes out. They are both attracted to him but could never stand each other if he were to start something with them. Its not unlike what has