

Spent half the afternoon talking to Dana about the fight between me and Simone. He asked her to be especially nice to me for the next two days. To cancel her dates with other people. He is worried that she will be in a bad mood for the Friday open house. Fix him a nice dinner and buy him some chocolates, he suggests. Such an old topic for a fight. But I am also upset about Linda. Does it cloud what I see or does it induce me to speak my mind more than usual? Actually I hold back more when things are going better. A bad mood makes me want to cut everyone to pieces. The talk got some secrets out of Dana. He called Suzanne the other day, but she was reluctant to speak with him at any length. It seems she is seeing a couple of men. And she is one who accuses him of being corrupted by and under my influence. Also, that he has been missing Polly, and thinks about contacting her again. Something I didn't know, but suspected, that Polly has more than one relationship. Dana thinks she fucks with only one person at a time, however.

A dream about Adele and Cheyenne. We are in Cambridge, riding bicycles. I am following them. They go into some sort of building, like a church.

Another fight with Simone. Its about the position I find myself in with more and more people. Something happens to them, some sort of disaster, or they plan a disaster. My course is to speak about how I see it. Or its about something I see Simone doing. I noticed something about Ken a few days ago. He stopped talking about the other women he was seeing. He's stopped having other relationships. He only wants to be with Simone. He talks about loving her and having a child with her. They cut themselves off from other relationships. They begin to see everything in their relationship with Simone as leading to more and more involvement. But she is only good at leading them on. Nothing can come of it. She can't be the wife of several people. They want her only for themselves. They offer a ring and marriage. Jeff and Stu and others. She recognizes it - prison. Ken seems to be in this stage where he wants to be with her all the time and talks about having children. He abandons all else for this wonderful feeling of being in love with Simone. She fights me on this. She's at one end of the hall shouting at me. I'm in my room throwing something at her every now and then to keep her biting. She gets off onto Her situation with Jeff. She's to see him tonight. But late again. It gets later. Its some kind of resistance she has to falling into her feelings with him. Sometimes I just want to stay with him forever, and never come back to you, she tells me. Do you want me to call Jeff and tell him, right now what's going on for me, she asks. I don't know exactly what this thing is but its there. She is not always straight with Jeff. Later she tells me about telling him what was really going on for her and how he did the same. So, the result of spilling all the beans is that Jeff really said something about himself. Like how he really was jealous of Ken the other night. So who isn't jealous of someone in such a situation? I feel it. Its only a question of practiced deception. Its possible to make it seem as though one isn't really feeling something. Today

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happened between Linda and Simone. Their true feelings come out when they are jostling for me. At the moment Simone is ahead. She is a harder and nastier fighter. Neither of them is yet able to see that its in their best interest to share me. To really learn to share me. And that's not really the best word. To learn that it is really possible for both of them to have a good relationship with me. To learn that if one of them, Linda in particular, has more of me, that Simone is not getting less. I know that having a good relationship with both of them makes more for me, makes more out of me. It literally creates more of me. I can feel this. Anything less makes me feel like shrinking.

The phone rang a couple of hours ago. I said hello. No answer. Talk to me, I said. How about a little heavy breathing? Whoever it is gives me some. How about a little mucous contact? I don't get any. The breathing gets louder. Boring, I says. It goes on. At first I imagine it to be Linda. But after the breathing for awhile, it seems to be Edwin. Everybody here, Joe, Jack, Dana, has a little listen. But they don't know who it is. We never find out. After some time I hang up. They don't call back.

Quite a time with Simone last night. We must have been up till 4am or so. It was a wrestling match, pillow, water, belt, and a few other things fight. We have this thing where she tries to push me off the bed. It has never worked. She can't do. So I roll her onto the floor. It works every time. I'm much stronger. But she comes back each time, madder each time, more determined each time, and I roll her onto the floor again. Then comes the pillow fight. She starts it and I respond. The same again. I bash her more often with the pillow than she gets me. Water. She gets a glass. I have the sprayer. It shoots clear across a room. I get her every time. She gets a little water on me. She tries the umbrella, then the raincoat. I spray around, under, over and everywhere. Next she takes the belt to me. Not too hard to get it away and start whacking back. Next day Dana tells her how we kept him up till all hours. He stayed up till 5am reading. He thought about coming in to save her from me. Only in my youth did I do such things, he explains.

The last week has been very hard and exhausting on me. Both Linda and Simone put lots of pressure on me for time, money, attention, affection, love, and every fear and anxiety gets dumped on me. They accuse me of favoring the other. I give the other more credit, or think the other is better, I care about the other more, or that I always compare one to the other. They each think they are getting less and that the other is getting more. They accuse me of rejecting them for the other. They are each afraid I will leave them for the other one. They both have fears that are so remarkably alike. They both respond to the other in such similar ways. I see both of them as being hard, but in different ways. And, on top of this, money problems. Nothing in the mail again today. But in two weeks I will have about \$750 from my teaching job.

Today I noticed my depression coming out in an unusual way. It was concentrated mostly around my eyes, just under them. Shaped like little bags tied to each side of the eye and pulled down hard. A little bit of burning sensation. Normally I get it in my whole body. Its everywhere. Its depression but coming out in a quite different way for me. Also, I am very nervous. I taught my second class this evening. It, on top of everything else, has made me very nervous. The old asshole is starting to talk to me by blowing these tiny little bubbles around the edge. I've been feeling them for the last week. A sure sign of tension. I've been thinking about calling Adele again. That always makes me nervous. Not having contact with Linda, while Simone has made arrangements for three nights in a row. Hardly any money has come to my business. The only big thing I look forward to is a big check for teaching. Yesterday Dana was telling me how Simone was expressing, indirectly, her pleasure at Linda having rejected me. She was seeing it as an opportunity to kick me in the balls for having the nerve to have a relationship with another woman. She tried to hide her pleasure over it from me.

But I am only getting frustrated again. Maybe Sten is right. Maybe I should just get my own apartment. He tells me Linda and he slept together after she rejected me. But nothing happened. He had his clothes on all night. Part of the same pattern with her. She uses sex to manipulate men. Not having sex, but with the promise of sometime in the future. I know of four relationships with this going on. Tom and Debbie, Roberta and Gordon, Beth and Phil, and today, Michael and Constance. I suspect its from the woman, except maybe with Roberta. They are all what Simone calls once-a-weekers.

This is shit. I can't say it right. At the moment I don't know what I'm talking about. Something is there. Its not very clear. Maybe if I write the same thing over again, with different words, it will come out better. Now I think, what a waste of time. There are plenty more things to write about. Things I've avoided for two weeks. There all on little notes in my pocket. I think Simone must be getting them out and reading them every day. Maybe every few days.

Jack continues to be pissed off at me. Its not clear to Dana or Simone. They aren't sure exactly what it is. I hear about it only from Simone. Little does he know that the very people he is blessing with his revelations are talking about him behind his back. Simone and Dana notice little things about his behavior and say nothing to him. Its usually me. That's what started it off to begin with. He now thinks Simone should leave me. She, as usual, goes right along with whatever he says as a way of getting his support. I noticed how the same thing said to him by Simone is accepted graciously. But from me, instantly, caused a harsh reaction. I don't like to be told what's to be done, he informs me. He has decided to stay. Dana takes credit for getting him to do this. Jack has fallen in love with Dana. I notice how Jack is very attentive to everything Dana says. Dana has hit the nail right on the head, he informs us at one point. Tonight this has to be talked about.

Simone has left me a note about not fixing dinner. I have the honor of supporting her, doing the household chores, helping start her business, support and encourage her other relationships, and I get to help myself. Sometimes she has no idea what support means. In spite of being able to attract many people she is unable to support them in a meaningful way. I haven't said this well. She wants to support me, but in the way that is best for me and her, is impossible for her. I was thinking of the situation with Michael today. How there are not the kinds of tensions that exist with Simone and Linda. He has gotten more and more relaxed about being here. His biggest fear now probably has to do with Constance discovering he's been here, or suspecting it. Its still not right. This will be her third night out. She continues to complain about not being able to get things done. Too much socializing. Complaints about not having a job. Today her therapist tells her she doesn't get a job so she can stay home with me. I had the thought that it was to be able to keep an eye on me. I think that's why she's really taking my course at MIT. She'll make some sort of obvious move to put the kibosh on my trying to make it with Miss P. The rantings of a paranoid man, you say? Could be. What other paranoids have I had lately? Can that be all? Sitting here trying to think of some more. I've got them. They come and go like clouds of scent in the air. They are sensed one moment and are gone with the next breath.

I get the stuff out of my back pocket. Time to tackle some of those little notes. Separate the business stuff from the notes. First thing is a note about how Simone read in a psychology book about how men without fathers try to find women to dominate. I must tell her how I'm still looking for that sort. No luck so far with what I've managed to scrounge up. Ken asked me about how I saw him. Some notes about Mr Kool. I do this too, but his is more sophisticated and worldly. That I have never managed. He holds back his feelings until someone else describes such a thing. This happened several times with me. I'd say something about myself and then he would respond in a like manner. Its possible to evoke est-like responses from him. You only have to say something negative about yourself. Up pops his estplation of how it doesn't have to be that way. This is a fun one to try with him. He is more than interested in my notes. Simone tells me of seeing a copy at his house that was marked up and underlined all over the place. Perhaps he is a secret editor for Random House? Throw that one away. But I haven't said anything about recent developments with him. He's falling in love with Simone. Stu had a talk with him the other day and attempted to recruit him into the get-Simone-to-leave-Richard army. Its growing every day. It seems as though hardly a day passes that someone new doesn't sign up. Its almost an unconscious way Simone has of covering herself if it does really happen. Meantime, she has trouble being with me because of that fear. She has yet to really let go sexually because of this fear. Ellen's father has paid \$100 so she can go to a big political dinner and meet a man.

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I am just now realizing how good it feels to get all these things out of me. An amazing sense of relief. I don't have to keep these things inside me. Its going faster and faster. My third and a half page already. The depression bags under my eyes are shrinking. The rest of my body is relaxing. Shaking the shoulders. I will have to do this more often. Its therapeutic.

Simone has admitted to me the other day that the intense nature of our relationship chases people away. She has fought me about this for over a year. Now she finally sees that its true. She always wanted to attribute it to my being jealous of her having more relationships.

Linda calls me late one night from her job in Belmont. You're the daddy, she tells me. You take care of everyone and see that they get what they need. This is hard to say, she confesses, but you are the most interesting and influential person in my life. It was hard for her but made me feel very good. It was like a warm wave washing over me.

Michael visited the other afternoon. He had to make two calls to Constance. Not clear what for. She seemed to be mad at him. Later, he and Simone go to the square and return via Inman Street. It seems Simone didn't want any of the men she is interested in, who live on our street, to see her with Michael. She wants them to think she only has a relationship with me. They will be more likely to think there is a chance for them. Another time, when Michael was coming over, we are on my bed doing something, when Dana, in his room, says hello to Michael out the window. She wants to get up immediately so Michael won't see her being loving to me. She never avoids such gestures when they are directed to Michael, and I'm around. Today she avoided any physical contact with me when she and Michael left the house. I have just realized how she has done the same thing in the past.

There's a little note here to write about the progress I've noticed in other people, but no names or hints as to who. Yes, some have made a little progress. I notice how Jack started playing his recorder more. He's been working on some programs for this computer. But he did himself in, and stopped playing as much, when I suggested he get together with Gene and play at tomorrow's open house.

Simone challenged me the other day to write a make-up/love letter to Steve for her. Sten had an idea about trying to write something from the point of view of the other person. End of that little piece of paper. Throw it away.

These things are like little emotional or psychological debts. There are four of them left. 3 by 5 cards. Nothing significant. I pick them up, thumb through them, turn them over, put them down, go back to typing. Resistance. Somehow I do not want to write about what is on those little cards. But something else wants to. Pounding the typewriter. Literally. Not working away on the keys. Next note.

A talk with Tom the other day. He tries to tell me how he has talked it over with Debbie. Him having relationships with other women. I think he has only convinced himself that he's done this talking. Its enough of a basis to go ahead.

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He still wants an affair with Simone. He is sexually frustrated with Debbie. She is the sort to use her sexuality as a weapon against him, and ultimately herself. He will end up just like his father. Michael is another one I see this happening to. He has a philandering father also. He has taken a woman who will be an exciting dish washer, diaper changer, and floor washer, but not much else. Steady. Reliable. A person who will do their duty and always be there.

Simone wrote me a check the other day. It was for \$10.86. The memo at the bottom said WW III. I don't remember what the money was for. Something about the defense of our cuntry.

Simone had the idea at one time to call Linda about making her a birthday cake. Nothing came of it. A good idea. The right and best kind of idea. Just the sort of thing people need to do for each other. Not the cake, but the thought of wanting to do things for other people. The sort of things that will make people love you.

A new idea about my notes. Video notes. Using video to record my spontaneous exposition of the things I write. But with many more dimensions than one can get down on paper. I think about all the gestures, tones of voice, expressions of the face, and other parts of the body. How it is so difficult to put in things like enthusiasm, surprise, happiness, love, hatred, depression, excitement, fear, anxiety, and everything one can feel. And how its easier for me to start saying something over. Its harder to re-write it. I don't like erasing things. Its ok when its only one character or a word or two. It would allow me to see more of myself. I'm not sure I could stand to watch it, though. Its impossible for me to even read these notes again.

Beth Eischen has read my notes and liked them very much. She thinks I should write a novel. She notices how I am an observer, participant, and reflector of what I write about, and what's going on. That she sees me taking all three of the parts and moving back and forth between them. Do I

Do I want to write anything about my fantasy of making a videotape, with me as the hero, of a Cambridge version of Raiders of the Lost Ark? No. Just that I had it, according to the date on this note, around August 4th, last month. Have I been carrying this stuff around that long? Unbelievable! Throw that one away. There are some little things on it, but so what.

Simone and I had dinner at Roberta's the other night. Later Simone tells me how she finds her boring, dead in her relationship with Gordon. They want us to go to a baseball game with them. Ovey! How completely boring. A young girl was there. Maybe eight or nine. Roberta saw her as someone who got lots of attention. But she was constantly acting out with people. Trying to get the attention of everyone. She is very aggressive with me. Wants my attention but doesn't want it. She is afraid of me at the same time. But it is easy for me to get her to do things. Another man comes into the room and absorbs all her frantic kicking, no complaints.

Simone has just come back from the movies with Ken. She tells me about the latest with Ellen. Seems she met a psychiatrist on the beach at Revere. He's a good fuck and she's decided to marry him. Two days is a quick decision. She's not coming to the open house tomorrow as she will be fucking with an old highschool classmate. She reminds me of Kathy, who has recently given up on men. Again. She finds them to be superficial, worthless, and real shits. She goes back and forth between falling completely for one, and never wanting anything to do with them again. She came to my course tonight and enjoyed it very much. Nora called Simone today. She wouldn't say anything about how things were going with Ted. She would only say something vague about how she was getting used to it.

Stu has had a crash with his new true love. She's left him. He calls Simone to get her sympathetic ear. He knows what will get her. Its a little lesson for Simone. Why did this happen, I ask her. For one, he did it to get even with you. Second, he jumped into the whole thing, living together, after knowing her for only two weeks.

Nancie is pregnant. She wants to know what I think of this. I tell her. It seems to me to be a way for her to tie down her relationship with Bob. A way to do away with her doubts. As a future mother, she can't do anything else. She will have to go through with it. I don't think she has such good communication with Bob. It seems that many things with them are not out in the open. One being that Bob has been talking to Simone about his fantasies. He wants to sleep with her and has told her a number of times. I am quite sure Simone has not told this to Nancie. I sometimes think about telling her this. But they are both under the illusion that they have a good communication. Its not so. Simone thinks the same of Nancie's situation with Bob, but hasn't said it. She leaves it to me. And so Nancie now thinks me judgemental and opinionated. So I am. But not behind her back. And Simone is that with her. All the time thinking they talk about everything. I learn that Bob is uncomfortable with me but is not able to say anything directly to me. Nancie again wants Simone to leave me before the wedding. She wants Simone to start a relationship with her friend Michael-three-cars. I did not go to the wedding shower a few days ago. It is very frustrating for me to be in this position with Nancie and Bob. I like them well enough. They are good company, interesting people, who I could get some useful contacts from. But they seem unable to talk to me. They seem to be afraid of what I might say. They have some anxieties of I don't know what. Projection. That's what it is. Projection. Bullshit. How supreficial. They don't want to hear what I've said. They want everything to work out. They want to live happily ever after. They are afraid it won't. Nancie is using her friend Michael to get Simone away from me. She tells him only about my sexual affair with Linda. Jeff comes as a complete surprise to him. Wait till her learns about Stu, Ken, Michael, Steve, George, etc. Nancie apparently uses me as an example against

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Bob. How Simone and I have more open communications, or something like that. The exact reason or way is not clear. She has been very straightforward with Simone about how she see our relationship. Simone doesn't like what she has to say, but I agree with her. That makes Simone even madder.

The Officer Zabbo event is waiting there on my table, on a card. But I don't want to write about it. It happened something like two months ago. A fight between me and Simone. I withdraw to the office. She tries to get in through the window. I keep her from opening it. Someone calls the police. They trash me. One more time, he says, and I'm going to arrest you, have you evicted, and put in jail for three years. Its as though I'm being punished for keeping a criminal out of my house. They ask Simone about filing a complaint against me. She acts appropriately spaced and innocent. She denies that anything is going on. They notice the bruises on her legs and arms. From falling down when she faints. They see me as a wife beater. Later, one of them asks Simone to go out with him. A few days later still another asks her out. You don't have to be with that kind of man, they tell her. Simone doesn't want to see how she's played this. She plays the perfect innocent woman who's been taken advantage of by a mean man. I go to the police station to complain about the officer threatening me. And call several friends who I know are involved in city politics. They tell me not to worry. These guys see this sort of thing all the time. Don't take it so serious, they say.

Last week Keith showed up to visit Simone. Does Richard still masturbate everyday, he inquires. He was not expected. He and Simone go out for awhile. A few moments later Judy calls me. She's lonely and wants to go out with me. We go to a movie. Lenny Bruce, with Dustin Hoffman. On the way back to the car she asks, Is Simone going to sleep with that guy Keith tonight? Well, you can just imagine what I would do with that. My immediate reaction is - she's really asking if I will stay with her. I've put the question to others, and they see it the same. But I've just got to push on it. I get a bit obnoxious. And continue to insist. This makes her only madder. She takes me home. We sit outside the house. I try to recover from my stupid blunder. She's right. I do get obnoxious about things like this. Even if its true. Then, without warning, she saves the night. Leave me alone, tonight, she blurts out. Ah ha! So, there really is a chance for me. She realizes she has stuck her foot in her mouth with that one. I have a great time with it. One can say those four words at least a hundred way. She got at least half of them from me. We have a good time with it. I get to hug and kiss her. She lets go a little bit. Things are much better. We part. I am at least in good spirits. I don't really know what's really going on for her. Perhaps she really did want to have me stay with her that night. She felt offended about my observation of her behavior and couldn't get herself out of being defensive. Something went wrong for me and I ended up pushing on her.



Simone has just come from her room to tell me that Ken has fallen asleep and is snoring. But I am doubtful of this. She feels very awkward. She comments about being in a house with lots of men. How can she feel anything but awkward? She knows in some way that people are not getting what they need. It may feel good to have lots of men around, but it won't be good when they get frustrated and go elsewhere for what they need. I told her about how she contributed to this situation. She turned it around and thought I wanted her to start some sort of computerized dating service. Its simpler than that. We know lots of horny, frustrated, unsatisfied people. They all have their little petty, silly prejudices that keep them from accepting each other. She could use what she has with people to show them how its possible to overcome such things. But she doesn't. Its more work than being the center of attention. But everybody wants attention. Keeping it all for oneself is shortsighted. Others will only feel compelled to go elsewhere and attract the same sort of slavish attention that she gets. Most will not do nearly so well. This is what has happened to Linda. She envies Simone's following. But is too proud to learn from her. She is to proud to settle for anything less than the same. So she gets nothing. Or she will get a continuous string of short affairs that leave her feeling nauseous. And she will say, so proudly, how she can attract any man she wants. But she can't keep any of them.

Simone has told me she's put more than one tampax in her vagina again. It was three this time before she noticed anything odd. She doesn't want me to write about this. Or how she does these very quick deep kneebends as a way of making the air rush over her cunt. She does it at odd moments. When I see her do this she looks at me very sheepishly.

Finished with those little cards at last. I rip the last two in pieces and throw them in the trash.

More people have called to say they won't be coming to the open house. There is something odd about the way Simone tells me this. Its almost as though she's glad they won't come. They all have their little excuses. But at bottom its because they aren't getting something. They aren't getting what they really need. Dream therapy is not enough. I am reminded of my recent idea about cargo cults and modern therapies that have been extracted from primitive cultures. But that will have to wait for tomorrow.

A terrible sensation while falling asleep the other night. It was like a warm, soft, wave. A panic that spread over me. I had the sensation of something disastrous happening inside my body. As though I were about to die. Literally as though my lights/life were about to go out. This feeling has come over me a number of times. Not often, but I recognize it. I feel too much panic to realize this at the moment it happens. It passes quickly. I am afraid for some amount of time after this. I don't know exactly what it relates to. But there were a lot of sensations and feelings streaming through my body. I was in bed by myself for the third night in a row. Simone was here with Ken. He was pretending to be asleep. Simone came in to ask me about this. It seemed obvious to me that things were getting to be too much for him. He has started having odd little behaviors as he develops more feeling for her. He is having little difficulties keeping his agreements. He was unable to attend last night's open house, but called twice, then again early this morning.

It seems Simone has just spoken to Ken again. She could not tell him about the infection she has. It may have come from him. He does not use underwear. I have told Simone about having the men she fucks with wash both before and after. She's talking to him now but has difficulty getting him to take the problem seriously. It is clearly hard for her. The nervous laughter gives her away. Now a comment about doing something to me. If you're jealous of him, then deal with him, she says. He is trying to get away from any responsibility. He has done a number of things recently to try and make me jealous. There was a note the other day about how he "... did not fuck the dog." A little fantasy about him, Simone, Linda, and me. Ken and Simone are in her bedroom. Linda is with me. Linda and I take our clothes off and go to the door of Simone's room with squirt guns. We knock. Open up, I shout. It's the relationship terrorists! We burst in and start squirting them in the crotch. Then we all jump into bed together. The fantasy goes to one of everyone switching around to be next to someone different.

An idea today about another style of writing. It was to write as though this was a novel. To make myself just another character. I was thinking about how to write what happened with Nancie yesterday.

They were taking her to Central Square. All three in the car. Headed down Prospect Street. They would stop at Bread & Circus and walk to the subway, return and do some shopping.

Why don't you talk about the problem between the two of you right now, Simone suggested.

Richard, finding himself in an awkward position, and a little nervous, about the sudden broaching of the subject, began. It had been in the air for a week or more. Nancie was Simone's best friend. Richard was living with Simone. So how does one introduce a subject that's been festering between two people who are close to a third. Someone who is literally in the middle. Who passes communication be-

tween two people.

I have lost it. The idea was for me to sit somewhere above the scene and try to look down on the action. To see all the parties with the same weight or objectivity. But another conversation with Simone, and the underwear problem came up. She first had the burning on Thursday night. The night before she was with Jeff. Sometimes he does not wear underwear. He doesn't wear underwear so that he can feel his prick more. The infection may have come with him. I find people do not take these things very seriously here. On FH everyone really understands the importance of sexual hygiene. I once told on Herbert Stumpf1. He was flirting with some of the young girls in the guest group. He was kissing. That was a no-no. I went to Otmar and told him about it. Herbert was in big trouble the next few days. Another time I told Renate about Suzanne, who was not wearing underwear. Simone tells me to finish with the underwear thing. Why don't you talk about Michael's underwear collection from different countries, she proposes. He was here the other day and looking through my drawers for some of his lost foreign underwear. It seems he is paranoid about my possibly stealing some of his. Kathy and Simone talked about Dave Ring's underwear today. He has furry, pink, I love you, and other weird undies. Otherwise he was very straight, a devout Buddhist. What about your mother's underwear, I ask. It seems she buys the cheap ones that always fall apart or have holes in them. She buys funny, weird kinds for Simone. Carol has just come in to tell us one of her funny underwear stories. She once put a pair of bikini, shear, red, nylon undies. She photographed him with his hard shaft showing through. I once wore a pair of Simone's. Her grandmother wore very large ones that resembled shorts. Carol likes to wear them with holes over the pubic hair. Then it rubs and stimulates her. But it sometimes irritates her. Simone likes to get fucked by a man wearing jockey underwear, with the penis through the hole in the front. Joe calls with an underwear story. He's coming home from work on his motorcycle. It was pouring rain. He had to piss. He went in his pants as it didn't make much difference. Now Simone has one about pissing in her pants. She would get really stoned while in college. She was hitchhiking from Freedonia to New Haven. She got a ride from someone, had to go and couldn't hold it back. She went all over the guys car seat. Simone was always very embarrassed to tell someone she had to go. She was in a store once, during her youth, had to go, and let it dribble down her leg. Then there is the story about how I rent Simone's bras to Joe. Its only a joke really, but Joe and I always have a lot of fun with it. Carol asks Simone and I to lie on top of her. I get on first and Simone on top of me. She calls us a cookie with creme in the middle. She likes the weight on her. Joe has just arrived with the Boston Globe.

Simone and Carol are in the bathroom. Simone says something about George's pictures of her and how I'm paranoid about having everyone see them. Suddenly I am overwhelmed with rage. Perhaps I'll go to the office, and not tell her, or just go away for part of the day. She can go to Tom's by herself. But I don't do it. Then thinking about Edwin. He wanted to buy some labels from me the other day. I delivered them to his office. Asking him for payment he suddenly responds with what about my chair. The one he loaned to us. Someone spilled orange juice on it. He seemed to be connecting his paying me with the cleaning and returning of his chair. What a petty, vengeful, small minded asshole, I thought. It was uncomfortable to realize the same quality is in me. This often happens. I notice some sort of behavior in one person, or myself, and then the situation reverses. I see the same thing in myself or the other person. We seem to all be alike. We seem to all be able to see this ridiculous behavior in others, and on the other hand become indignant and self-righteous when we notice such things in others. Especially when it will do something against us.

We visit Tom and Debbie. They are in a constant fight. This day it seems that Debbie protests against everything Tom says. He can't say a thing without her criticizing it. He tells us, jokingly, how they start the day with a fight and keep it up till the end. On the way home Simone tells me how Debbie almost decided to go away for the day. Tom had told her we were going to visit and talk about relationships and sexuality. He apparently has high hopes for what our visits will do for him and Debbie. Anyway, we hardly touched on the subject. I had no idea of this till we were on the way home. Simone did speak briefly about how we have managed to reduce the length of time we hold grudges against the other. And also how she has noticed herself falling into a childish, helpless role. Except for these things it was very mild and a bit boring. The best part was walking in the woods and finding all sorts of new mushroom types, and a railroad spike. One mushroom had two slugs on it. On the larger slug was a still tinier worm with something like a hundred legs. We visited an outdoor arts fair. I learned about cloth making technology up to the beginning of the industrial revolution. It took 10 spinners to keep one weaver busy. They cut the wool from a sheep, carded it, spun it into thread, wove it. This took four machines. The wool cutters, the carders, the spinning wheel, and the weaving machine. The man who told me all this was a computer programmer. He was making a shawl that would last longer than the life of its owner. He thought I must be some sort of technical person.

Ken is having some technical difficulties. But I say this in jest, as it is something not handled by est. His difficulties, that is. He begins to feel things that have nothing to do with est, but rather the deepest feelings that people can have. He is beginning to have what I would call small failures. That is, he is having difficulty being the sort of person he wants to be. One who makes arrangements with people and abides by them. One who is not overwhelmed by feelings that

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tend to swamp most of us, and cause us to behave in ways we later regret. He has become very aggressive towards me. By having Simone pass on things that he hopes will make me jealous. He is beginning to fall into a familiar pattern. At the beginning he had no deep feelings for her. Now he is overwhelmed by them and tries to make a situation that helps him avoid this. He wants her away from me. No doubt he will no collaborate with Stu to end our relationship. It is becoming messy for him. He will try most times to remain emotionally distant. He will try to remain aloof. But nothing in est will help him with the things he has yet to feel. He says many things against me. Just now, while reading this, Simone tells me that he thinks I have defective sperm. This comes from the problem Simone is having at the moment. She may be having a miscarriage. He wants to see it as my problem. To put all the evidence he can find against me. I have told Simone to be careful with him. These feelings can easily be turned into aggressive behavior against her. I am sure he is having lots of violent fantasies about me. What to do about it? He is clearly in a position that will leave him feeling left out and not really loved. Simone can't really satisfy him in her present position. She lives with me. She spends the most time with me. Most of her life is a mystery for him. He's not going to get the satisfaction that his feelings demand. Lots of unfulfilled longings. Like Stu, he will come to see me as an obstacle. Explosive feelings will build up inside him. He will have no choice except to go elsewhere for what he needs, or to fight against me. Our not living together makes it impossible for him to get anything but fleeting satisfaction. He has relatively little contact for someone that he now cares for very deeply. I don't know if it would be possible for him to live with us. But I think it is becoming more and more obvious that other relationships will not be able to tolerate the kind of distance living this way creates. He wants to be closer, but Simone will not allow it. Its not that she deliberately cuts off feeling for him. But that the way we live keeps them distant from each other. She is beginning to feel awkward when he is here. Last time was very hard for her. I could feel it myself. It caused some sort of artistic explosion in me. Seven and ½ pages. The tension and awkwardness from that evening broke some sort of dam or writer's block for me. Why is it that we can't push on to the next most obvious thing to do? All of us living together. It is an emotional block. A feeling out of control. Its too much to go the next step. Its too awkward or tense. We have had the same experience here with every person th that has fallen in love with Simone or me. They just develop this longing for one or the other of us. Then someone gets afraid of being rejected. So they eject themselves from the situation. Nobody has the courage to break through that seemly impossible barrier. And we fall back to a position of getting less than what we want and need. It starts again with the next person who feels something.

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What to write about? Another few days with things just boiling over and out of me, but resistance to putting them down on paper. I fiddle with the typewriter to make the time go by. This lever here seems to make it a little harder to push down the keys. I move it the other way and things seem easier. Maybe its my imagination. Someone has also put white-out stuff on the piece of plastic around the type ball. You can't see part of what's being typed and part of what's been typed. Enough of this.

Long conversation with Edwin today. He is writing something called conversations with Richard. He will show me a copy tonight. He is also writing a letter to the editor of a magazine and a press release about his business. He's going to show me copies of them also. I have made some critical observations about his business. It isn't going as well as he wants. How do you see it, he asks me. This is going to make me into another lightning rod. I have said some very hard things about what he and his partner are doing. Edwin thinks they will see it as a personal attack. But he realizes its not so. He has been in a very receptive mood. Two days ago I told him about the labels and chair incident. How it was small-minded and vengeful. This led to more talk, and several days later a confession that some things had been festering inside him. He sees us as being closer and more connected than I do. But we have never really been able to create any sort of common enterprise. The times we've tried have failed. And the times I have tried to borrow money from him have caused him to demand an arm and a leg. We did not end up living together because of this inability to cooperate. He is too sensitive to criticism, too easily offended, too quick to demand things from others. Things are slowly disintegrating with him and his partner. They will probably part ways soon.

Stu has just called. What do you want with Simone, I ask. She's in New Haven, I tell him. He wants Ken's phone number. It never ceases to amaze me. They once lived together as 'the best of friends' - until Ken started sleeping with Simone. Now he has to call Simone to get his phone number. Simone tells me that the two of them have been meeting together recently and discussing how to get her to leave me. They both probably figure they have a better chance against each other than me.

An interesting talk with Edwin this morning about how he sees this whole thing with me and Simone and the 'others'. He sees the men who go after Simone as being very arrogant, self confident, possessed with the idea that they must be hot shit to be able to get Simone's sexual favor, that she will probably leave me in two weeks for them, and that they are cuckolding me. But men are also emotionally stupid. Most women would immediately conclude that they don't want to be the other woman. They immediately see that in most situations they are being used by the man. A man in this position, on the other hand, has no idea of what's coming, in the case with Simone. They see it as a typical situation where the woman is going elsewhere because she is not satisfied. Too late they learn that Simone is out for her own

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sexual satisfaction, that they can't, at least none of them so far, give her what she gets from me. Another story with women. Bonnie says to me yesterday, I'd jump into bed with you right now if it wasn't for Simone. I like the crowd of people you associate with. I don't want her to hate me and push me away, she says. She goes elsewhere for sex, which she can get at any nearby bar. But she tells me that not many people give her the kind of satisfaction and good feeling she has had here, with us, on at least three occasions. Last night, a small dinner party, with me, her, Edwin, Joe, Susan, and Nadine. Left her feeling very good. She now wants to work for me and spend more time here. She would have an affair with me only if I didn't tell Simone. She would do it if I kept it secret. She wants to do it but doesn't want to betray Simone. Ah yes, another loyal woman. I got so horny yesterday that I had to masturbate. You can stay and watch, I tell her, or go to another room. She went back and forth but stuck around and cuddled up with me when I came.

I have noticed a certain kind of fantasy connected with this situation. It always involves something disastrous happening to Simone. She gets eliminated from the scene and I am free again. An unconscious desire coming out indirectly through murderous fantasies. Sometimes its a fantasy where she has a car accident, or she will be attacked by men on the street, or they get into the house somehow, when she is here alone. Unconscious urges to solve my problems by getting rid of someone. An unconscious feeling that someone else is the cause of my problems. But this is just not so. Things have happened recently to the contrary. I have been quite distressed about Linda not seeing me anymore. I miss her. And a few times I have thought of calling her. Just remembering an interesting thing Bonnie told me. She sees herself as being more attractive than Simone. Simone sees herself as being more attractive than Linda. Linda sees herself as being more attractive than Simone. Linda and Simone will, no doubt, see themselves as being more attractive than Bonnie, but I haven't heard anything from them yet. Bonnie asks me something like, what do you see in a woman who is so badly dressed, never shaves her legs, and whose nails are always dirty? Gee, I must admit, its a mystery to me. Anyway, after Linda ended things, I went out and immediately made contact with two other women. Jean Pichey and I met several weeks ago at an art show. Last Tuesday we were in the post office at the same time. She is very young, 22 or so, and very attractive. She looks almost a little Asian. So we walked around the square and talked. I didn't want to go but was pressed for time. I missed the bank. It closed as we walked up to the door. She went to buy socks. What do you think of these, she asks. I am no person to ask about fashion, is my response, but they look nice to me. She was not able to pick brown socks from black ones, so I helped with that. Which way do you go from here, we ask each other. No way in particular we both respond. But I know time is pressing me. Perhaps her also, but neither of us want to go away.

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You remind me so much of my brother, she tells me. Its making me a bit delerious at this point. I go home and jump in the sack right then. And it doesn't seem to be just my feeling. I am nervous about touching her, want to, but can't. It looks the same for her. She is uncertain about how close to get. She missed a bus the day of the art show. It was my writing about social art works and the show in May. It so interested her, or so she tells me. Would you like to see more, I innocently ask. Yes I would, she responds. So its already in the mail. I've written her a letter about my fantasy to make some little scenes/plays from some episodes in the notes. I have not heard from her. Nobody answers my calls to her number. She is living, remantically, with Leo, who is a very busy filmmaker and student. He's trying to make a career for himself. She emphasizes how he is away a lot and is often home alone, and lonely. Perhaps she wants company. I will be only happy to oblige her. Then I think, shit, the notes will be too much for her. She will be like all the others and too afraid to get involved.

A depressed feeling has just come over me. I have to lie down. Then it comes to me. I have just been thinking about calling Jean or Merrill, the other woman I had a date with this week. At the same time a very diffuse, but naysayer seems to jump up inside me. I doesn't say it directly, but its says that it won't work. If you call someone they won't be home, or they will reject you, so why try to do anything. But now I have jumped up and started typing again. It goes away a little. So go to the telephone and call someone, you idiot!

Cheyenne was home. Adele will not be home till late this evening. Who is your babysitter, I ask. My grandparents are here, she says. The conversation is not so strained or tense as last time. Adele was there beside her. This time she was not. The first time I spoke to Cheyenne was much easier. Again, Adele was not there. So we chat about her school, grades, and what she does in her spare time. I have something for you, I say. What is it, she asks. Then I throw her a kiss over the phone. Thank you, very much, she replies delightedly. Would you like more I ask. And you know what she would say to that. Say hello to your grandparents for me, as I close the conversation, and tell your mom I called. She can call me or I will call in a day or two. Passing her car the other day I thought of buying some flowers and putting them in the doorhandle of her car. My face is still burning from the anticipation of talking with her. I can't believe she is really emotionally detached from me. Judy, who I call next, asks if she is with anyone else. My impression is no. She is still so set against me, so determined to defend herself from me, that this takes up an enormous amount of her energy. She tries to tell me that everything if over for her, that there is no feeling, but I hear something else in her voice. No need to be so hard if that were really true.

Jack and Dana have just returned from their camping and hiking trip. Simone, in a fit of anger the other day, told me that the tension between me and Jack was



so thick it could be cut with a knife. Its just not so with me. Obviously he has a lot of tension. He's having a hard time with his whole life right now. He has decided not to move to Atlanta and is looking for a job around here. I did not hear this from him, but rather from Simone. Dana thinks he is the one who has convinced Jack to stay. Behind his back he has had lots to say about Jack. About the erratic way he runs. How he has a difficult time driving. He doesn't do anything smoothly. Lots of half-starts and half-stops. Lots of confusion. I criticized him the other day about leaving an iron on the stove. It wasn't really about the iron being on the stove. The cord was sticking inside one of the burners. I was anxious about the cord catching fire or burning. There is a constantly lit pilot light. He responded very defensively by saying it had only been there for 3 minutes. Another bolt of lightning. Another mark against me.

A few days ago I saw Carol and Gary walking down the street together. Carol says she was on her way to the library. Gary was on his way home. I asked them if they were having an affair. No, they say, I am just doing this and the other is just doing that. It is only a coincidence that you saw us here together. But I noticed something about the situation. A sort of awkwardness. A slight sense of having been caught at something. Carol was over the other night when Simone and I were out. She wants to use the typewriter later today. She is spending a lot of time in Cambridge. I begin to get suspicious about how much of it has to do with her visiting Gary. They met at some social occasion here a couple of weeks ago.

Beth called a few days ago to tell Simone about her poison ivy pussy. It seems she and Phil were out running in the woods. They stopped to fuck. It was not a good spot. She seems to have it worse than Phil.

Edwin has had a short affair with Captain Kaplan. They went home together, to Edwin's, the night of the open house. Edwin did his duty and listened to her the whole evening. Nobody else seems to be able to put up with it.

A revelation for Simone the other night. She is always telling me about how she only has complete orgasms with other men. So I have told her how sex, when I get it, with Linda is better than with her. Linda often holds back. But it is either holding back or not. She goes all the way, whichever way she goes. She has had an orgasm everytime we've fucked. Simone seldom has this with me. She is always uptight and tense about something. Only with her fucking machines can she really let go. I got that phrase from Edwin. Simone does not like to hear such things. She turned over and withdrew from me. Aren't I sexual enough with you, she asks. It has always been a bit odd with her. In the beginning, the first few times we slept together, sex was like some sort of pornographic movie of what sex should be like. Everything was very dramatic. She made many and very loud noises. The sort one would use to dramatize pleasure. Her movements were very exaggerated. She was very forceful and aggressive and dramatic with kissing. Forcing her tongue

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into my mouth, biting me very hard, trying to stick her fingers up my ass. It was almost like a competition to see who could be more outrageous. But all the theater has gone away. It reminds me of Suzanne on FH. She was, at the beginning, very loud. One could here her fucking through two doors. Or at least the sounds she made while fucking. I was the first to comment to her about this. She told me so. Nobody had ever spoken to her about it before. She stopped doing it after that. With Simone it is another thing now. She wants me to be equally responsible for birthcontrol. But my own experience, with Adele, the courts, society, and what I see, tell me that we are not equally responsible, and that others will not see it that way when its to their advantage. Its a nice utopian, idealistic, fantasy. But, like most of the utopian, idealistic, things that people want to bring about in the world, it has a very shaky foundation in reality. People want to love and be loved by everybody. But when threatened their deeper feelings will come out. Their real feelings will come out. I only have to realize what happens inside me when I don't get what I want. Rage, hatred, resentment, depression, vile fantasies of doing in people, compulsive preoccupation with reliving a situation that went wrong for me, always trying to recreate it in my favor.

Steve Levine called the other day to tell us about his new weather therapy. Something about getting in touch with the seasons and the rain, clouds, sunshine, snow, sleet, and wind inside each of us. Crazy. People try contact with everything but contact with people.

My students continue to give me very positive feedback about my teaching. One has said I am the best teacher of some 10 courses he has taken. Another told me about friends who were taking a similar course elsewhere. That they jumped right into programming and have already lost part of the class. Everyone seems to have come back. This same person told me that I should teach a word processing course. Some others are interested in my seminar. One of the younger guys has a lot of insight into himself and his social situation. He is only 25 and feels that he's not doing enough. That something is really missing from his life. His girlfriend is ok, but he sees a time down the road when she will be like his mother, or other women, who will be wondering where her fur coat or new car is. Prodding him on to make more money. Getting caught up in making money and not enjoying himself. He has access to money, but it doesn't help his existential plight. We spent some time talking about it. I asked if he writes about it as he has a very good way of expressing the situation. No, it makes him want to jump out a window. I have told him about my writing and will give him a copy at the next class.

More about Stu. Simone called to borrow money. His mother died recently and left him a bundle. He has decided to use this as a lever against her. She has to stop seeing me and wait a year for him. Or some outrageous set of demands. He

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reminds me of trying to borrow money from Edwin. He wants compensation all out of proportion to what he is doing for someone. Further, he does it in a situation where the person who needs it is desperate. How would I tell him my view of the situation he is in with his girlfriend? How he overreacted to Simone and tried to do something vengeful. How he jumped into a living situation where he hardly knew the person. What could I tell him so he would learn these things from this experience? I knew all this when he called earlier. Even the idea to tell him what I noticed was there. But it was not something I expected. That he would call. There is often some confusion in my mind about exactly how to proceed, but its enough time to cause the opportunity to be lost. He just wanted that one thing and had little interest in talking. It was obvious. He was probably in some distress at having to speak with me. Always, I think, next time. Next time I will speak up and say exactly what is on my mind. How seldom it works out this way.

We have just answered a call from Nadine and Linda. Me, Jack, and Dana. She needed someone to help move two refrigerators. One up and one down. We talked a bit about the day. I tell her about my talk with Cheyenne. At that moment she asks if I want to talk with anyone else. Who do you have in mind, I query. Linda wants to speak to you she says. So how are you doing, and how are you doing. The first round. Dana thinks it may have been a ploy to open up communications with Linda. Nadine greeted me as Mr. Reliable. Dana asked them about their promise to take us to Rosie's. They have agreed and we will see them in an hour or so.

Monday, September 28, 1981, page 1

A very peculiar feeling today. Something like when the sound and/or picture disappears from a television. You don't get a message saying temporary difficulties. It seemed like a very quick blackout. With a slow fade. I could feel something happening inside me. It was frightening. Just prior to that I'd been thinking about success. It seems that my market survey indicates my idea for a seminar may be very profitable. But there is something so crippled inside me that I panic at the idea of doing well. I feel a sort of paralysis come over me. Then this funny blackout feeling. A bit dizzy and out of it. Sometimes it seems that I'm imagining these things and others times that something is not working quite right inside. It is also a question of my getting older. I worry about it a lot. But on the other hand, I've had feelings like this since my early 20's.

Simone tells me an interesting story about a visit to her therapist today. It seems she now sees us as a perfect couple and will be presenting a paper at some conference about our relationship. I find it to be a bit silly as she knows about me only from Simone. Perhaps I should send her a copy of my notes. But the best thing is that Simone discovered some things about herself. She slept with Dana the other day. The thing I like about you Dana, she tells him, is that you don't pressure me to have sex. She told me this while non-verbally bringing up our time together last night. She is constantly pressuring me to have sex. She is always planning sex for me. She is always telling me when it is going to happen. She did not realize till today just what a drag it is to have something like sex foisted on her. The other big discovery was about freedom. And how she gets it from me, but would be afraid of a relationship with Jeff, or Stu, or any number of others, because they couldn't allow her to have it. It would be too threatening to them. Ron, who is leaving for Colorado in a few days, took a parting shot at me and told her not to marry me. You can do better than him. I think he can be added to the list of all the others who would like to be that better one he imagines to be out there. The guy, whoever he is, has failed to make his appearance. God knows he had plenty of chances. But somehow he keeps holding back. Perhaps he will show up at Nancie's wedding. I won't be going, and the worst he will have to contend with is Jeff. Maybe he will make his move then. Or how about several weekends hence when she will be at Grossingers in the Catskills. But that's not so good as he will be contending with a lot of other very fast men.

Simone visits her family alone over the weekend. Visits a number of old friends and has Marijuana flashbacks. Maybe I could live here in New Haven, she thinks to herself. Talk about bad trips! Loris is close to delivering her baby. She's mad at me for not visiting, or at least sending her a copy of the notes about Cheyenne's delivery. I will have to get at those notes soon. I would like to have a copy to send to Adele in a few days.

Wednesday, 10:15am. A dream. I am in a fancy pastry/cookie shop with Linda. You have to order something and wait for it to be made. We are there waiting. and looking at things to buy. Adele comes in. I do a double-take and whisper to Linda, did you see who just came in? She says some name I never heard before. She and I go to one side of the shop. We sit down. She starts moving away from me. It gets harder and harder to whisper to her about Adele being there. I don't remember any more. Suddenly the phone rings. Its Linda. She has called to ask me to come over and see her. We make an appointment for 12:30. She is having a very hard time. After stomping on me for my behavior of two weeks ago, she breaks down and cries. I realize that I am in love with you, that you are my best friend, that most everyone is boring compared to you, and that I missed you very much, she tells me. She didn't think I would respond to her call. But she has thought that all the other times she's ended our relationship. I've done it once. But she knows I always am willing to start again. She wants to live with me. Its a very strong feeling she has. But jealousy is contending with this desire. This time it was not necessary for me to resume our relationship. In the past it was always me who did this. I have told her what a big step this is for her. Even when the jealous feelings are very strong, they can't win out over the positive feelings she has for me. We slept together last night. It was surprising how little sexual resistance she had towards me. There was none. Let's fuck, I said. Ok, let me do this first, she says. It was that simple. It was the first time we'd done it without rubbers in a long time. We both like to watch the prick go in and out of the cunt. It was very wet and noisy. She had two orgasms in a very short time. She even prepared something so we could fuck in the morning if the opportunity arose. It didn't. She has, sometimes in the morning, and very strong this morning, something like waking nightmares. Her body shakes, she sobs lightly, as though running away from something. The feeling she has, as told to me, is one of being very lonely and afraid. I watched her do this for most of an hour this morning. Holding and touching her helped only a little till she woke up. She'd fall asleep again and it would start over.

Simone has started to come apart again over Linda and I starting up again. She makes many underhanded and nasty comments about me and her. Are you going to try and seduce her tonight, she snaps. It is most evident in her voice. Most everything she says to me, even about totally unrelated things, is distorted by her inner anxiety. She has started thinking more about leaving me and living with Jeff. In exchange for freedom and security with me, she wants no freedom and insecurity. She is standing here and saying how I never write anything good about her. What did you say, I ask in a moderately stern voice. She responds with a couple of off the subject things. I ask again, but with a softer voice. She admits to me that its not true. Sometimes you do write positive things about

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me, she admits. I didn't mean never. So why did you say that, I ask. Because sometimes I can't put aside my little black book used to keep track of everything you do. I still haven't forgotten how you said you wanted me to be run over by a car. I can't forget it, even if you have put it away, she admits.

Today we got into a fight about fights. I don't want to fight, she yells at me. Snarl, snarl, snap, so who's fighting, I protest. And so it goes, back and forth.

Some guy who goes to my class has fallen in love with her. He wants to fuck her, and has said as much. Simone doesn't want to do this if he keeps his wife, of two weeks, in the dark. Monogamy is such a wonderful things, he tells her at one point. Somehow what he is doing is lost in his brain. She won't do anything unless he tells his wife. Today he made a date with her, where she will have breakfast at his place, Simone, him, and his wife. I have the feeling that his wife might turn out to not be there when Simone shows up for breakfast. I am skeptical that he has really told her what might actually go on. His behavior is so typically male, that I suspect he is scheming about how to carry this thing off. Its hard to imagine that he has suddenly become truly open about what he wants to his wife. But perhaps this is just jealousy or paranoia on my part. But I can't put it out of my mind. His honesty with his wife has been too sudden. I think something more is going on. Three of the men in my class asked her out. Ed, with the wife, thought I was her brother. Boy, was he surprised. I notice he made their date for Tuesday morning, before the next class. Perhaps there is nothing to it.

Friday, October 2, 1981, page 1

I wrote a poem for Simone while sitting at the kitchen table, eating the lunch she had made for me: a turkey, cheese, and tomato sandwich, and some cookies and an apple. Here it is:

Higgeldy, piggeldy, bump.  
While laying in bed late last night  
You heard a thing that went bump!  
Don't pay it no mind,  
You know - its only my lump!

She wants to put it in her notebook - the Richard and Simone file. Have you been writing lately, I ask. Yes, but the last ten pages were bullshit, so I threw them away, she responds. And don't go looking in the garbage for them, she pleads.

Linda has abruptly ended a phone conversation with me. She does not want to hear about being number 2. That is, she's not number one with me. She can't face hearing this. On the other hand, she doesn't do as much for me as Simone, who always likes to remind me of this. Tell me just one thing she has ever done for you, she demands. Its true. Linda does very little for me. She seldom goes out of her way for me. She is like most of the men Simone knows. She always expects, or feels entitled. She informs me of her plans to return to NYC. Its not working out the way she wants. Earlier in the conversation she complains about how a person can't rely on anyone. One of the people who was to move in this last month has not been seen for two weeks. She doesn't understand why things aren't going better for her. Why aren't men more interested in her. Why did I get these lousy roommates for her. She wanted them to commit themselves to living with her for at least a year. And now she plans to leave. Even going so far as to give up the lease on her apartment. She whines about how men are so callous and superficial, and then tells me about how she only picks men with beautiful bodies, and how could Nadine ever have someone like Martin. Nadine thinks he's just fine. His body also. So blind to her prejudice. She rejects anyone who doesn't fit into her exacting standards. And, at the same time, wonders why she has so little contact with people. Wonders why Simone has so many friends. Simple, she doesn't reject as many people as Linda.

Simone has called from the Cape, where she is attending Nancie's wedding. Lots of people and money around her, but she wants me. Michael Schaffer is there asking her if I have brought 'him'. He means me. She told me of her idea to have me sleep with her and Nancie tonight. I would fuck her and then Nancie. But its only a ruse to get me there. Before leaving she asked if there was anything I wanted to tell Bob and Nancie. Yes, says I, tell them to stop using you as an intermediary and mouthpiece. Speak for themselves. Bob walked away from her when she told him. Nancie still has not told her mother she is pregnant. She has some imaginary fear that they will make trouble over it. Simone is staying with Jeff tonight. Nancie wanted Simone to sleep with her tonight. She said Darby wanted to sleep with her the next night.

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I have noticed some little things about my body. Hair growing out of my ear lobes. Once I found a hair an inch or two long. Another time one a foot or more long growing out of my shoulder blade. I'm getting older. Little things start to go wrong. I read about a woman who recently celebrated her 100th birthday. Will I ever make that mark? Will I ever make anything? Will I ever get anywhere? Will I ever be anybody? Will I ever? Will I ever! Will I ever... Will I. Will. I. Ever? Ever! Ever. Have I noticed anything about my writing? I stop to think. And realize that nothing immediately comes to mind. Joe told me it is getting better.

Which brings me to Jean. I met her by chance in the PO. We wandered around the square for an hour or so. I didn't want her to go. I was all nervous inside about her. I wanted her to fuck me. Next day I sent her a copy of my notes. She started reading them Sunday night and wanted to call me, but was too shy. Finally, last Tuesday. I was out and Dana took the message. He said she seemed enthusiastic about the notes. The talk we had can only be described as thrilling. I was so pleased that she liked me, and my writing. It made her all fluttery, or something like that inside. She made little notes and comments in the margins. Her head was filled with little things it made her think of. I wanted to take you home and do something crazy, she confessed to me. It made me ecstatic. I am sure she wants to fuck me. She's going away for a few days. She comes back today. I have told her about my desire to touch and hug her last week. Maybe it will happen next time we meet, she says. I was completely in a trance for the next day or so. Its not so intense now, but has been replaced with expectations. On the one hand, I want her to be in love with me. On the other side is my fear that what she knows about me will be too much, and so rejection. She has only read through March, so I imagine that April and May will put an end to her desire. Or something else will do it. And, finally, this intense longing I have for someone, will be frustrated. I fear she will hold back.

10:45am. A dream. Back on FH. I have returned for a visit, or is it to stay for a longer time? Not clear. Meeting lots of people. But I notice myself not hugging or kissing anyone. My hands are constantly full or occupied with doing something important. Marlina says hello to me. I notice something is slightly wrong with her teeth. She seems to have gained a little weight. There is some sort of course going on. People are going into a room with equipment. Then it hits me. Everyone on FH is studying computers. Its a keypunch/terminal room. ITS the new thing on FH. Everyone is learning how to program computers. Otto is in a room doing something. Sausages are frying for him on one side of the room. The next person I recognize is Katarina. She is doing something with the sausages.

Simone learned something about herself yesterday. She often gets frustrated when I'm caught up with work and can't really be with her when she wants. But she remarks how she does this with everyone else she knows, and comments how they



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must dislike this quality in her as much as she dislikes it in me. She tends to do this to a larger group of people.

I have been nervous all day. Thinking about Jean and seeing her again. Will she come here? Will I go to her place? Will Simone come back when she's here? Will Simone cause a scene and cause her to go away? Will I fight back? Will I do any number of the fantasies I've had? I've imagined a whole scenario. Exactly what will happen, and how I will respond to it. None of it is good. It assumes the worst behavior from everyone. I can't imagine a positive future. When thinking hard enough about it, when contriving one, its possible. But a positive future seldom arises spontaneously. Sometimes when its a fantasy about just me and Jean it comes out that way. The moment someone else enters into the picture it goes bad. Already I feel better. This writing is such a therapeutic thing. My nervousness had subsided considerably. Its like magic. The more exactly I describe what's going on, the more that difficulty goes away. Maybe I should try to develop some positive scenarios. I started one this morning while in the bank. I thought about the paintings they have up behind the tellers. Wouldn't it be great if we could get some of the social art works placed on display. My little fantasy included me, Simone, Jean, Gene Hall for some reason, and some others that escape me. We got together and made an exhibit that the bank accepted. Another fantasy, from yesterday, was about writing something on what I've learned about multiple relationships. Then taking it various places and giving little talks about it. I thought about Dr Vallee at Leslie, Herb Pearce's groups, Family Tree, and others.

I realized something about myself yesterday. It seemed like an important thing at the time. Something worth writing about. But I've completely forgotten it. Some sort of defense. Perhaps writing about what it might have been will cause it to come up again. Why do I forget important things like this? Maybe its so I won't have to do anything about it? It still won't come out. Sitting here thinking about another subject, my course at MIT. I remember it came to me while walking from the office to here, home. Still nothing.

A science fiction fantasy. The world is divided into two camps. One side is ruled by Harvard. The other by MIT. The border between the two camps is somewhere around Inman Street and the post office. One side rules by controlling the social order. The other by controlling technology. The end.

Every half hour or so I call Jean. She's to be back from Martha's Vineyard, or the other place, sometime today. Very nervous. I keep thinking about it. Will she still accept me? How will Leo take this? Will I be able to handle situations that come up, where people are very anxious? I imagine myself in a situation with her and Leo. What can I do to put him at ease? It will be a hard thing for him, no matter what. He may try to pretend otherwise, but will turn out to be human. I could take a positive position here and say it won't happen this way. But that is

not realistic. He's cool, Jean tells me. But all of us are so conditioned and trained to feel rejected in this kind of situation. I play a little scene out in my head. Hello, Leo. My name is Richard Gardner. Or maybe, I'm Richard Gardner. Jean's told me a lot about you. I get lost here as its difficult to imagine how he might respond. How do you start talking about being in love with someone he's living with? How do you tell him about your desire for the woman he lives with?

Linda has just called me. We talk for awhile about the situation at her apartment. Its starting to go bad. She doesn't want to live with Nadine anymore. She sees Nadine as a negative influence. Someone who has no ambition, no desire to do something with her life. People from Brooklyn never do anything, she tells me. So I imagine getting out a book of all the famous people who were born and grew up in Brooklyn. She feels so entitled to having a creative environment where people are responsible, creative, hardworking, etc. But she herself is not willing to put anything into it. I give her all my criticisms of how she's trying to blame others for her difficulties. I'm going, she snaps. Look what you are doing here, just like last night, I tell her. It gets too hot and she has to go. She has been like this all the time I've known her. I wonder, will she realize this, or take another random tack in the course of her life, and return to NYC? I have tried to criticize her, and at the same time show her how we have created a more active environment here. And that she can do the same where she is. She brings up FH. Uses it as a defense. They wouldn't allow this sort of thing there, she informs me, Sten says so! So what, I respond, this is not FH. They are half way around the world.

Back to Leo and Jean. More scenario: I know its hard for you to hear this, but I've sort of fallen instantly in love with Jean. Its not very deep, but I like her very much. I want to sleep with her. I want a relationship with her. I know this might be a very new thing for you, but I can't really have much to do with the idea of sneaking around and doing this sort of thing. The truth is I just feel this way about her. I don't really know you. I don't have any strong feelings about you. Who knows what might happen. Perhaps you have thought about the same sort of things, but couldn't really do anything about it. Maybe you didn't know how or where to start. But I've started something. I don't know where it will go. Maybe my fantasy of having us all live together, without the emotional and sexual barriers that most people put up, will come about. I don't know. Its only something that seems very important to me. I don't like having to resist the kind of feelings I have with a woman like Jean. Its seldom that I find someone who responds so positively and clearly as her. I can't resist such a person. I don't want to. To resist would mean holding down, holding back from loving someone. I don't want to do that either. I don't get all the love I want and need. I don't know anybody who does. But I want to try different things to get it.

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I notice that my face is feeling very hot. Its difficult to write this sort of thing, even if it is nothing more than my imagination at work. But it is something like what I would want to say. It is close to what I feel. My throat is getting tight, and my eyes a little watery. But I also notice that the driving energy from these feelings has incredibly speeded up my typing. I'm going along at a mile a minute here. Now it seems to end. I shouldn't have said it. It has put a curse on energetic, emotional, fast typing.

And what to say to Simone? She really does understand. The same thing has happened to her in the last few days. She may not want to see that its the same, but it is.

I have just talked to my aunt Rosemary. She lives in Maryland. My project to interview my grandparents, her parents, about their early life, what they remember about their parents and grandparents, interests her very much. You won't have any trouble with grandma, she says. But I can't remember, except once, grandpa talking about growing up, she adds. Then we talked about things from our early childhood. She will be forty next week. She is about 3 years older than me, and doesn't remember anything about us till 6th grade for her. No, one other thing. She was 4 years old, we were in a car going down to Patrick's Pharmacy, she had a watermelon sucker. In the sixth grade, for her, she came into my 2nd grade class one day. I was very anxious, nervous, about to shit a brick. She'd left her watch in the bathroom that day and I decided to wear it. And here she is, right in my classroom. I was incredibly afraid of being discovered by her. She tells me of a time when Ann was blamed for sticking pins into a toothpast tube. Grandma spanked her for it while Rosemary watched. Rosemary was the real culprit. She came to resent our being there. At first she looked forward to it. Then her attitude became one of, nobody lives in Wyoming. It isn't even there, she exclaims! She wants me to visit if I go to my grandparents in Florida. Her sister's, my aunt's, husband has decided to become a priest. It was very surprising to everyone. She says he's not a very good person with people. He reminds me of the father in a Victorian novel, she explains. I tell her I'll visit if I go by train but not if I fly. Flying gives me white knuckles. It frightens me. She tells me how grandpa isn't afraid of flying, just crashing. I can identify with that. Another thing I learn is that dinner was a time for arguments. Clever, intellectual arguments. This is not part of my memory. I can imagine participating as a way to divert people's attention from the food. This would make more available to me. She did not understand all my notes. I sent her a few miscellaneous pages. Now she gets a complete copy.

I have tried to call Jean again. She's still not home. Its making me nervous again. My face is burning. Some of the things with Rosemary embarrassed me. She reminded me of how I used to wet my bed every night. I gave it up when I left home, I tell her. Its so hard for me to be reminded of that. Always a big thing for me.

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Phone call from Simone. She's just finished dinner at the wedding. Tells me about the enormous quantities of food. Some of Nancie's friends have criticized her for coming with Jeff. If not Richard, then by yourself, these little guardians of modern day morality tell her. Some expression they used. It wasn't exactly saying that it was wrong, or in bad taste, but something in between. Can't remember. Michael Schaeffer has been saying things about me. How I'm too old, and don't make enough money. He doesn't even know me, but, according to Simone, does not like me. I tell her its like with Linda. She doesn't really know Linda, but mistakes what gets stirred up inside her, for the feelings one has of not liking a person. Surely she understands this. And then a bit of rancor in her voice, as she relates part of Dana and Linda's conversation from last night. It seems Linda said something about going to Holland and becoming a hooker. I let it pass. I think now about just hanging up the phone when it happened. Or saying, I'm going to hang up the phone in a few seconds unless you become aware of what you have just said, and why. As usual, she has lots of stuff to tell me about the people there. Especially the moralists, Nancie's friends. I can imagine this putting quite a strain on their view of the world and how things should be. We talk about my conversation with Rosemary, my date tomorrow with Judy. She will call later tonight. I would still like to do something with Jean, but she's still not home. Why don't you fuck earlier, like at nine or so, and come home afterwards, she suggests to me.

My face is hot again. I get up to piss every few minutes. Must be nervous again.

Simone reminds me again about writing the notes for Loris. She may have delivered by now. They've been sitting here for weeks. Its a pile of 3 by 5 cards, with a piece of paper on top, also about 3 by 5. Its dated 6/6/72, underlined, and under that is the word 'contractions', also underlined, then some numbers. I will start something, a new page for these, so they will be appropriate to send to most anyone. Who would want to read about some of the things written here? Besides, I don't want to waste the rest of this page.

These notes are about the day Cheyenne was born. Also, about the first months after she was born, and some things that happened to her.

It really began the day before, early in the evening, at a Chinese restaurant in Inamn Square, and whose name I can't remember at just this moment. Adele and I went there for something to eat. It was sort of a fast-food Chinese restaurant. NOthing special. It burned down a few years later. Its a little park now, right across from Rosie's, the bank, and a drugstore.

On the morning of June 6, 1972, Adele woke up feeling sicketoshher stomach. She was two weeks past her expected delivery time. A little vomiting, with something that looked like worms. But it was only some sprouts from the Chinese food. The contractions started. I made a little table of the time they started and how long they lasted. It looks like this:

6/6/72

Contractions:

9:02:45(am)	45	(seconds)
9:09:30	7	45 (the 7 represents 7 minutes since the
9:15:00	6½	45 last contraction)
9:21:30	6½	45
9:26:45	5	50

shower

stronger

9:52:30		35
10:00:30	8	45
10:04:55	5	35
10:10:10	5	35

- - -

10:21:35		55 (Adele, or someone else, wrote these)
10:27:50	6	50
10:34:25	6½	50
10:40:30	6	45
10:46:00	6	70
10:52:15	6	60

hospital trip

2:13:40		60
2:28:15		
2:37:15		

prep, enema  
labor room

3:09:30		75
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4:30

delivery room

4:56 -- baby Cheyenne is!

Oops! It seems I have left out a bunch of contraction timings. So here they are continued from the previous page. These begin sometime after 10:52:15, so, here we go again:

11:14:35	60
11:21:15	7 65
11:27:25	6 85
.	
.	
11:55:20	65
12:03:40	8 65
12:14:05	10 55
12:18:05	4 55
12:24:35	6 60
12:30:35	6 55
12:35:05	4½ 55
12:41:40	6½ 55
12:47:40	6 65
12:54:40	7 70
1:02:30	8
1:08:30	6 60

and then back to the previous page and begin with the hospital trip. Only one thing came as a real surprise, in the sense that we didn't know it would happen. After expelling the placenta, Adele began to shake, almost violently. The doctor told us it was a completely normal reaction. It lasted for only a few moments. Near the end of the pregnancy Adele would do some funny things. One was to carry a bottle of water around. Something like mineral water. She was afraid that the sack holding the baby inside her would break and get water all over. Also, that it would occur in odd places, like supermarkets. So, before shopping, she would have me get a bottle of mineral water to carry around while we shopped. I remember we went to a supermarket, Star, no, Stop & Shop, on Beacon Street, near Porter Square. Groceries, then, cost us something like \$5 to \$10 a bag. That was a long time ago.

Adele was surprised at the episiotomy. She got a shot for it, but still an unpleasant thing. There were a number of other women in labor at the same time. But it was different for all of them. They were either hysterical or crying their hearts out. We had taken two courses to help with the delivery of a child. It seems the doctors of these women had kept them completely in the dark. They had no idea of what was happening. We were quite offended at these doctors for doing such a thing. Adele ended her relationship with a doctor in the beginning of the pregnancy because she found him insensitive. Another couple we knew, and who had a baby shortly before us, also took the Lamaze course, but found the same conditions in the hospital they used. The other women were either hysterical or crying.

It was difficult to restrain myself in the delivery room. I kept reaching over to help the doctor with the delivery, and holding Adele's hands with my other hand. It lasted about 30 minutes. She was born at 4:56 pm, 22 inches, 6lbs 10oz.

The doctor put her in a little box to keep her warm. She turned her head to one side and looked at me, or so I imagined. She cried for only a moment, then was quiet. She was perfect. Later, in Adele's room, I held her for the first time. The tiniest little hands and fingernails, and each one just perfect. She had a slight bit of yellow color for which the doctor did something. It seemed to be a common thing.

I started to write notes about things that happened to Cheyenne as she developed. Sometimes they would be things noticed by me, or by Adele, or some other person. Each thing was written on a 3 by 5 card with the date:

6/6/72

Cheyenne's entrance into the new world. She came out breathing, blinking and crying. What a beautiful kid! Weighed 6 lbs 10 oz and was 20 inches long.

The following is not a regulation 3 by 5 card, but is a list, on 3 by 5 paper of who we sent birth notices to: Maggie Lettvin, Tom Savage, Dan Rubenstein, John Donovan, Dorothy Jones, Buddy Cohen, Joan Rosenfield, Sheila Hoffman, Gusty Trainor, The Breidenbachs, The Berensons, Carla Marceau, Liz Notarius, Jack & Ruth Rothman, Mitzi Haber, Billy & Margot Rothman, Mark Habor, Louise Castellucio, G Pederson-Krag, Phyllis Newman, Laura & George Price, Annette & Hy, John Carley, Sam Mason, Karolyn Martin, Bob Rappaport, Pinky Sinclair, Rosemary Xeron, The Gardners, Ted Gardner, Dave Burrmaster, Barbara Ackermann, Karl Linn, George Morrissey, Ed Mcquillan, Victor Oppenheimer, Al Solish, Rina Wald, Warren Brodey, Avery Johnson, Joseph Brenner, David Silva, Sylvan Bromberger, Bill Buffett, Mike Cheney, Earl Coleman, Martin Hurwitz, George Alves, Stepehn Arons

6/10/72

Cheyenne comes home for the first time and meets her new neighbors.

6/18/72

Cheyenne blinks her eyes at light and air pressure, but not motion.

7/6/72

Cheyenne's first visit to the doctor! Gained 3 lbs and 13/4 oz in 30 days. AMAZING!

7/17/72

Cheyenne "talked" and said her first "words" today. Her grandmother has been speaking to her a lot.

8/4/72

Cheyenne started blinking at motion today. Adele says she laughed for the first time.

8/5/72

Adele says Cheyenne turned over on her side for the first time today. We were at Fresh Pond.

8/16/72

Cheyenne took a whole bottle of milk this evening, 7-8 oz, went #2 twice during the operation.

8/17/72

Cheyenne's first diaper rash showed up today! My goodness! Look at those red wrinkles!

8/17/72

Cheyenne has started blowing bubbles and dripping at the mouth.

8/18/72

Cheyenne can now lift her head and look around while lying on her stomach. Her shoulders come up just a little.

8/19/72

Cheyenne has learned several new sounds/"words" today. We went to visit the Wyler's in Snowville New Hampshire.

8/20/72

Cheyenne has discovered fingers! She can put individual, as well as a collection of them, in her mouth, and sucks, making a lot of noise in the process.

8/20/72

Cheyenne has discovered Sam, and vice versa! She spent a long time watching him as we returned from New Hampshire. Sam had a good time smelling and licking her hands and face.

8/21/72

Adele says that Cheyenne responded to her voice for the first time today by looking in her direction. Cheyenne likes to be held high over my head.

8/23/72

Cheyenne's double chin is going away and her neck is getting longer. We held her upside down and there it was!

9/7/72

Cheyenne can lift herself up, the back part, by straightening her legs. She can almost turn over. She has started blowing lots of tiny, clear bubbles. Adele said Cheyenne laughed today when she was tickled around the neck.

9/17/72

Cheyenne spent her first night alone, in her new crib, in another room! Adele seems to be taking it ok. Cheyenne likes the extra room for moving and the spaces between wooden slats allow her to see more.



9/20/72

Cheyenne visited the doctor again. She has gained 22 ounces and continues to develop normally. A variety of reaction tests were conducted and she performed satisfactorily.

9/22/72

Cheyenne has learned to use tools! Today she grasped her rattle and manipulated it to her mouth, several times. She also laughed with us and ate some solid food, which she seemed to enjoy very much.

10/1/72

Cheyenne seems to be starting her teething. She bites her lower lip with her upper gum!

10/2/72

Cheyenne grabbed a toe earlier today, and, just now, about 10pm, turned from her stomach to her back!

10/8/72

Cheyenne discovered toes today and played with one for the first time. ~~today.~~

10/13/72

Cheyenne is beginning to see and grab things like paper, her hanging clown toy, etc. She has lots of patience and tries to get hold of something over and over again.

10/16/72

Cheyenne fell asleep on her back today! Another first time event!

10/18/72

Three big things new happened to Cheyenne today: 1) held her own bottle, 2) played with Sam and got licked in return, 3) grabbed the beads hanging over her dressing table and played with them.

10/29/72

Cheyenne visited her grandparents this weekend, was her usual wonderful self and they got to feed her solid food for the first time. Her grandfather took care of her while Adele and Richard went to the movies, The French Connection.

11/5/72

Cheyenne bit Adele for the first time today! Boy, did that hurt! The reason is because of a tooth coming in on the middle of the lower gum. Her grasping and manipulating abilities have improved considerably. She really likes to play with pieces of paper and twirl them around.

11/7/72

Cheyenne spent about an hour in her Jolly Jumper, had a marvelous time jumping and talking and touching Sam who was very interested in smelling her.

11/8/72

Cheyenne can almost stand and sit by herself now. She can stand when she is being held only by her hands.

11/12/72

Cheyenne's first tooth has broken completely through the gum today. She tried to grab her bottle by leaning forward and grasping with both hands just as I was about to feed her today. She recognized what it was quite clearly. Adele showed me how she has just learned how to lift herself to a standing position from a sitting position while being balanced only by holding her hands.

11/13/72

Cheyenne has started swimming! Well, almost. She and Adele were in the bathtub and Cheyenne went underwater three (3), count them, times! Only a bit of distress, with a quick recovery.

11/15/72

Complete extension of the fingers and repeated attempts to grasp anything in reach is beginning. Cheyenne can stand with only a little balancing with two or even one hand at a time. She is taking and holding her pacifier now for long periods of time, perhaps because other teeth are coming in. She sometimes sleeps on her side.

11/25/72

Another big week for Cheyenne! A visit with grandma and grandpa and the other Rothman's for Thanksgiving dinner. Acquired the ability to sit up vertically from a bent over position, resting on outstretched hands instead of forearms, reaching out with hands to be pulled up from a lying on the back position, ability to pull herself from a sitting to a standing position with only a little help with balance, reaching out to grasp my hands, very interested in Sammy and his movements, smiles and giggles for everyone, especially her grandparents.

12/4/72

Cheyenne put the toes of her left foot in her mouth this evening - for the first time!

12/6/72

Cheyenne said what sounded like DA-DA or GA-GA for the first time today!

12/10/72

Cheyenne is now saying MA-MA very clearly, mostly when she is somewhat distressed. Her ability to sit up and manipulate objects around her has improved. She can push up to a sitting position upon falling forward.

12/14/72

Cheyenne has learned to play a new game. We placed a blanket over her head. She didn't know what to do. It was slowly pulled away till we were visible. We placed the blanket over her head several times and she finally learned to pull it off.

12/16/72

Cheyenne had her first "finger food" today! She picked up and ate a cracker.

12/19/72

Cheyenne is laughing more, especially at visual jokes, has learned to grimace, as though sucking on a lemon, and is very active in the jolly-jumper.

12/25/72

Cheyenne's first Christmas! We spend the day with lots of grandma's relatives. Cheyenne is her usual wonderful self. Looking around and smiling at everyone. She reaches out to get me or Adele when someone else is holding her and will grab us even tighter if she thinks someone is going to pick her up. She is pulling herself up to her knees - starting to crawl, is holding and manipulating her pacifier. Sitting up and playing with toys for longer periods of time. Can almost turn from back to stomach.

12/29/72

Cheyenne went to the doctor in Monsey, has stomach virus, diarrhea and a cold, weighs 15 lbs 15 oz.

Two miscellaneous sheets of paper from the doctor with a prescription and a list of foods to eat while she's sick.

1/19/73

Cheyenne turned from back to stomach for the first time! She was lying on the table and getting ready for a bath.

1/19/72

Cheyenne can move in specific directions with the stroller. She can chase Sam or move towards an object that interests her.

1/21/73

Cheyenne moved her arms alternately while in a crawling position. A telephone book was the object of her pursuit.

1/21/73

Cheyenne stood up in her crib by herself today and moved the car on the busy box back and forth!

1/17/73

Cheyenne seems to be getting four top teeth at once! She has been a bit cranky.

1/28/73

Cheyenne can now roll from back to stomach by twisting and arching her back. Also, started to clap hands, and seems to be mimicking others actions.

1/31/72

Cheyenne has learned how to crawl! She started about 6pm when Adele was playing with her on the kitchen table. Alternate movement of hands & feet was somewhat shaky but clearly evident.

2/1/72

Cheyenne used both feet to propel her stroller, also, alternated pushing with left & right.

2/14/73

Adele observed Cheyenne picking up a milk bottle and putting it in/near her mouth.

2/19/73.

Cheyenne started clicking her tongue today.

2/23/73

Cheyenne now holds a full bottle all by herself and can finish most of it before it, or she, has to be tipped up.

2/28/73

Cheyenne's general flexibility is increasing and today she put a toe in her mouth. Adele found her lying on her stomach with legs pointing forward.

3/22/73

Cheyenne has learned a hand game! We put our hands on her high chair table. She puts her hands on ours. We pull our hands out from under hers and place them on top of hers. And so forth, with great relish!

3/29/73

Adele says that Cheyenne has learned to climb down from the front room couch, about 10 inches high, by going off feet first.

4/11/73

Cheyenne's swimming is improving. She no longer clings and cries but will reach for things with both hands, and is more relaxed.

4/13/73

Cheyenne stood up by herself twice this evening! Another first.

6/2/73

Cheyenne visits her grandparents today. Says "hi", seems to recognize them, is held by them. Also, learns a new word, "see", and points at things.

6/6/73

Cheyenne is working very hard at standing, tries to throw herself into a standing position, momentarily does so, then plops down.

6/16/73

At last, Cheyenne is kicking during swimming, and for the very first time, is reaching out for objects and no longer clings.

6/18/73

Cheyenne has been a real terror these last two days. The reason: first molar, bottom left side.

6/24/73

Cheyenne took her first independent steps today, while visiting M. Fay in Worcester MA.

7/14/73

HCHP doctor says Cheyenne has Roseola. Loss of app appetite, fever, up to 104 degrees at one point, but mostly about 101.5 or so, with the rectal temperature about 1 degree higher than the oral.

7/21/73

Cheyenne recovered from Roseola, after the 4th rash. She sleeps more now but should return to her regular schedule. Activity has increased considerably in the last few days. She doesn't want to be carried in the sling unless moving, trying to stand up and is more steady than a week ago.

Two cards with the schedule for taking care of Matt. He's about Cheyenne's age. We made an arrangement with his parents to trade childcare. We would trade on the basis of hours.

And so ends the notes about the first year or so of Cheyenne's life. A Lot of other things were happening, both in the world outside and around us. The 1972 Olympics were going on, and the Munich massacre. George McGovern was claiming that Richard Nixon was the crookedest guy to ever be President. A year later he was to be on TV every day. Another short war in the Mideast, and lots of other things. There was some competition between Adele and I over discovering new things in Cheyenne's development. We were always excited to tell the other of what we had noticed. It seemed to me that she always discovered the biggest new developments first. But reading over it again makes that seem not so likely. We were very excited about her and pleased with her. In many ways she seemed to be a perfect baby. I remember staying up all night a few times, but never after that. It happened only at the beginning. She would always eat and shit regularly. She was a good sleeper. We loved her very much. She paid us back many times over. I remember once when Adele and I slept late. We went to her and found her covered with the stuff she normally left quite neatly in her diaper. She was unable to

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keep it organized till we got to her. But she didn't complain. She just talked to us with her cooing voice and held out one of her toys for us. For awhile she made a noise that sounded just like an old creaky door being opened. The sort that one sees, or hears, in a horror movie. I remember being scared out of my pants by it, and looking frantically around the apartment for the source, only to realize that Cheyenne was the source. She really liked this little orange sling that went around my shoulder and made a pouch at about my hip. Putting it on was enough to send her into an ecstatic fit. Or saying, wanna go for a ride. That would do it. When she was really small I'd carry her around in a little gizmo on my chest. Wearing my parka, and her, made it seem as though I had an enormous stomach. People would often be surprised to see me come in and hear this squeeking sound from inside my coat. She was very careful with her position relative to real objects. Once when she got herself under the kitchen table, I noticed her placing a hand over her head to keep from bumping the sharp wood and metal objects located there. Matt, on the other hand, would jump up, practically get himself knocked out, fall down, lurch forward, and jump up again, only to bash his head once more. At a very early age he would scramble in and out of his crib. Very athletic kid. Cheyenne was just the opposite. Sometime before her first birthday we invented some games. One was for her to jump from the kitchen table into my arms. Another was for me to grab her around the waist and hold her over my head, sometimes tossing her even higher into the air. I try to think about more incidents from that time. A lot of little pictures come to mind. Sitting up late at night right after she was born. She would cry and cry. We didn't know why. Holding her didn't help. Feeding her didn't help. Changing her diaper didn't help. Making her warmer or cooler didn't help. So I would stay up, put on my old motorcycle crash helmet, and read the paper. From time to time I'd talk to her, or try to give her a bottle, or hold her. But it didn't help. So I'd go back to the crash helmet and newspaper. She would finally fall asleep. It was all over within the first two weeks or so. Just a thousand little things about the sound of her voice, the looks she gave me, the things she pointed to, how she was so happy most of the time. And now, in this moment, how I completely miss her. I can't help but cry. I can't see from the tears. A sharp pain in my throat. This has got to stop. Enough. Dry the eyes. Clear the throat. Blow the nose. Crying doesn't help anything. It has to stop before one can go on to do something real besides crawl around in misery.

Sometimes I wonder about her deep down health considering the battles her mother and I were going through at the time. But we did not blame her or take it out directly on her. It makes me very wary of being a father in that way again.

Carol has this thing about my writing. She spent yesterday with Gary. He just happened to be in her neighborhood and dropped in. I suppose Richard is going to write all about this, and have lots of interpretations and meanings for it, she says. He's probably going to be even more fanatical about seatbelts, she adds, after Simone tells her about Nancy's bad car accident, from which she may be paralyzed for life. I will have to ask her what it is that provokes her so. She has gone so far as to correct some of my public writing. I remember putting something up at the art show last Spring. She added a correction to be placed beside it. She wanted everyone to know how something really happened. She has gotten mad at me for some other things I've written about her.

Sunday, a date with Judy. We are to go biking at 11am. I'm over an hour late. She's mad at me. We go out toward Lexington. The route I took with Adele about 10 years ago. We passed Habitat. Another incident with Adele. We were going to visit a friend of mine. He was doing something there. We were all set to go, but she became reluctant. It turned into a fight. She didn't want to go. I was going without her. Walking down the stairs when suddenly she throws a ceramic cup at me. It shatters and splashes all over the hallway. Am I pissed at this! Completely indignant. You fucking asshole, I yell, what kind of way is this to communicate something! It turns out she wanted me to stay and fuck. We did. It was very good. Later, she tells Sandy how much better it is after tension has been released through a fight. So, Judy and I return to Cambridge and have a late brunch on Huron Avenue. She has to go home and work. What do you want to do now, she asks academically. Well, I respond, my plans were to go home with you and try to seduce you. A smile from her. Nope, she's going to work. I go home.

Monday, one of the craziest days of the week. Nancy Anandi calls to say she has been badly hurt in a car accident. The baby, she's 6 months pregnant, doesn't seem to have a heartbeat anymore. She may be paralyzed for life, and badly scarred. But her husband is paying more attention to her. He had been going to New Jersey and seeing prostitutes for some time. Ed, who's in my class at MIT, and in love with Simone, just happened to be in the neighborhood, and stopped by to visit her. I was right. He didn't tell his wife. He lied to Simone. He can't do. She's my anchor, he laments. I can't take a chance on her leaving me, he wails. Simone demonstrates how he's romantic with her. He holds her, looks at her eyes, and slobbers all over them after saying, what wonderful eyes you have. Next comes her pelvis. Then the lips. Then the ears. Then the elbows. Or something like that. Simone won't be going to his place for breakfast on Tuesday morning. Simone told him I might be playing jokes with him next time we meet in class. But last night I played it cool. He was a little nervous. His hands were shaking. I just gave him a lot of individual help. A little more than the others. I got back late from class. Simone thought that he and I got into a fight. She tells me how some