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are afraid to come here because they think I might do or say something. She says Michael won't come by with Constance because he's afraid of what I might say. I meant to say, after the note about the fight, that she is very paranoid. None of the things Michael imagines has ever happened. None of the other things people imagined have ever happened, as best I can recollect. It seems I am everybody's lightning rod. More Monday night - crazy with Simone and Linda. Linda gets pissed that I won't stay with her. Things are very bad for her. But I point out how she's managing them very well. She wants Nadine to move. But now she sees that she's been acting exactly like her father. She asks Sten to help them see the situation clearer. She stomps out. I am in bed with Simone. She wants to fuck. Nothing else will do. I've been impotent with her the last few days. She becomes aggressive and starts hurting my balls. I push her away. She gets insulted and stomps out. She comes back and tries to force herself on me again. I just want to sleep. A long day. No desire for her. I get up and start to dress. She jumps up and starts hitting me. Tries to keep me from going. I force her to let go of me. She gets dressed fast and runs out ahead of me. I call Linda to see if she will let me stay with her. Yes, but I want to go to sleep soon, she firmly informs me. We get in bed. She immediately starts to seduce me. My impotence disappears. We fuck. Its very good. The phone rings. Simone. She wants me to come home. She threatens suicide and mayhem if I don't. Linda is reading, apparently quite satisfied, and tells me to go to her. She needs you now, more than I do, she says. And honestly, it seems to me. Simone will come over, cause a scene, and ring the doorbell all night, if I don't return home. She calms down a little. Dana is there. He's with her. Will take care of her. Ok, she relents, but I want to stay with you tomorrow night. I agree. Linda and I talk about it. She becomes outraged. She attacks me. Tries to scratch and kick me in the balls. She's stronger than Simone and its hard for me to hold her back. She gives up. Its her father again. She knows it. A long cry. We cuddle. Start to play with each other. I masturbate her to a very strong orgasm. I'm horny again. Get her diaphragm. We fuck again. Three for her and two for me. We are exhausted. At last sleep. It must have been 3 or 4 in the morning. Eight am the phone rings. Its Simone telling me a customer is at the house. I leave and start the day.

Did you have sex with Jeannette or Jean today? I had sex twice with Ken, Simone informs me in her childlike, strained tone of voice. She has been drinking, is nervous, and throws her arms around me like a desperate child. And me, I feel like a competitor who has just finished second. But it doesn't last. Not even worth joking about.

I visited Jeannette at the daycare center today, and showed her the reference letter for her court appearance tomorrow. She was nervous to see me. Couldn't sit down or still. Especially to sit next to me. She only lets me hold and squeeze her for a moment, and bounds up to pace around. I guess you are the only decent guy I know anymore, she suddenly informs me. Last night, being nervous, she tried to contact Vinnie. He had been telling her that tonight he would be moving furniture with his brother. He told her this very explicitly at least twice. On calling Vinnie's brother she learns that this is not so. She bicycles over to his place. You can't come in now, he exclaims. Someone else was with him, it turns out. They have been in this situation all along. Jeannette has gone out with many other men. She knows he does this also. But for her, this was the first time she has been directly confronted with the feeling of being rejected because of another woman. She wants to do nasty things. Well at least give me money for a cab home, she demands. On taking out his money she grabs it all. \$92, more than enough for a cab to home. She's put it in an envelope and wants me to deliver it. A very clever way of getting back at him with a cheap shot. He will most likely think I am seeing her again. She gets off without having to do any of the things he will imagine we are doing. It reminds me of Judy. A boyfriend informed her father he might be moving away from Boston. That night she asks me to sleep with her. We just slept together. I was awake most of the night, horny as shit. She did it to get back at him. So I took the money to Vinnie. He recognized me, but I left immediately. So, what to do about Jeannette? Certainly I will call her about the Friday court appearance. I have thought a lot about what she is doing in her life. I wonder a lot about how she is able to be so open about things that happen to her, how she feels, her ideas and thoughts, and on the other hand so carefully avoid any intimate contact with me. Hugging her today suddenly turned her into a spring. Up she jumped! Up and running, practically, around the room. Quite a sight. I'm stuck here. I've never felt so close and so far away from someone. It seems that this kind of behavior, such opposites must create some sort of internal difficulties. I still want to sleep with her. But I can't seem to get a real yes or no. She thinks about it. I sit here pulling my hair out. Enough of this JEannette.

I have been meaning to write about Jean for several days. She was flattered by what I wrote several days ago. We had one of our secret little meetings in Harvard Square again today. All the time, walking around, a bit paranoid about meeting someone I know. Nobody in particular. Just the idea of meeting someone who might

what, I don't know? We talked a lot about Leo. She can't tell him. She wants to keep it secret from him. Why don't you and Simone come over for dinner sometime, she suggests. No, forget it, she concludes. It would be very awkward for everyone but Leo to know what's really going on. She has to drink a bit to get in a mood for doing things like this. Not all the time, but sometimes it helps her. She is from a Catholic family and often feels guilty about what she does. How did she explain it to me? Something about being in a state where its possible for someone to take advantage of her. She thinks she might have to be that way for me. But its her who decides to get in that state. Ok, I tell her, I'll take advantage of you either way, drunk or sober. She knows I want to. She's beginning to draw back a little after reading more of my notes. She wonders what will happen. Have I got it all planned out? Of course not, she realizes. How I wish it were easy enough to plan out. I can say what my ideas and fantasies are at any given moment, but it has never happened that way. I'm not really in control here. I have noticed that she is a little chubbier than when we first met. She was wearing bluejeans then. The last few times a skirt, from her job. She tells me I'm a handsome man - in my own way, but that my personality makes me more than just a handsome face. I notice myself trying to make a joke about it. She almost called me last MOnday night. It would have been too much. She had a fight with Leo. They didn't sleep together. She was a bit drunk that night. He didn't come home till late. Leo has all these ideas about becoming a rich man at an early age. He will probably spend his entire life trying to become either rich or richer. And probably not really doing the things he wants to do after getting rich. Who knows for sure. But she does talk a lot about his being away from home a lot. Lonely. Maybe its time used to think about being with someone else. I sense a desire, at times, to try something else. Its not come out directly. But maybe later. Six children in her family. Four girls and two boys. Her father is a professor at a Connecticut university. We may meet again tomorrow afternoon. She's been busy, something with her job, on most evenings this week. Its not usually that way, she assures me. A good idea from her - she will come over sometime and draw while I write. A nice idea. It makes me feel good that she thinks of such things. It makes me feel even more desirous of her. I tease her about a sweater she sees in a window and wants. Why not ask about the price, I suggest. Maybe I'll buy it for you, I say. She won't let me go back. I pull her back again. She resists. I pull her back again. And back and forth. Tomorrow I'll find out what it costs. She thinks it may be as much as \$60. We meet someone from her work in the subway. A black man who is always asking her out for drinks. He's from Barbados. We pretend to not notice him at first, then to be shaking hands. I kiss my little fantasy, and she is gone into the bowels of the MBTA. Sigh. Until tomorrow... Such a romantic asshole I am. Enough of this silly writing. Time to say something serious about something.

Important developments for both Simone and Linda in the last few days. Linda has realized, for the first time, how she acts just like her father. He becomes very paranoid at first. Then comes the rough stuff, threats, violence. She has become afraid of Nadine's influence on her. Nadine is too much like all the things in Brooklyn that she doesn't like in herself. They come out very much in Nadine, or so Linda feels. Her solution is to imagine them getting even worse, then to act on the fantasies. Namely, to kick Nadine out of the apartment. She doesn't even want to give her a months notice, but does it anyway. She breaks down enough to ask Sten to help the two of them work on it. She has come to see it as her problem, and not Nadine. Simone's realization has come about by taking her religious training seriously. That is, to really live by all the fine words that one hears in a church. Forgiving and forgetting. Loving and accepting. She went to dinner with Linda last night. Fuck you, she snaps, Linda and I are going out to dinner with just each other. She sees that it doesn't make much sense to go to church and talk about all the fine things written in religious books if she can't do these things in real life. And Linda is one example of her contradictory behavior. I am a bit lost trying to find something as significant in myself. There are not even any possible candidates. Maybe just that I haven't gone crazy from all these things yet. Maybe that I keep trying.

More funny things with this Ken fellow. Now he wants Simone to leave me. You are always trying Simone, he tells her. But he's such a nothing. He has been reading my notes over again. But still nothing directly from him. Simone says he was wearing underwear today. Carol was at his house today and got pissed at seeing a copy of my notes there.

I am not able to write in a way that satisfies me. Something is said but nothing is being revealed. It seems like a lot of little scattered, chaotic, dim pictures. What is the big picture? I had an idea today and lost it.

Simone says Carol came by today looking for me. She wanted to spend some time with me. Simone tells me how Carol has criticized her in a way very much like I might. Michael accused Simone of being like me today. What a popular fellow I am becoming. Everyone seems to be loving, hating, or mimicking me. Its so nice to have attention! Its so nice to have people talk about me! Its so nice to be the cause of everything! I almost have the urge to write a song about it. Something in the style of My Fair Lady, or Doctor Dolittle, perhaps. A parody of the Talk To The Animals song that someone sang last night at the Ding Ho.

Dana talked to me at length about his new woman friend, Linda, this morning. He is thinking of showing her some of my notes. But he didn't want me to write anything about the things he was about to tell me. I must tell him, and did so right then, that he will have to be the censor. So he doesn't tell me some things about her former husband. She is 34 and a school teacher. She is very attractive.

He wanted to stay with her last night. But she was anxious about what her daughter might think. Its just something she got from her parents. She will end up passing it on to her daughter, Dana tells her. But in the end he comes home. Maybe another time. I have suggested that she bring the daughter over this Friday and Saturday. She's to be staying here for two nights and a day. Exactly why does he want to show her my notes? I suspect its so he won't have to tell her some difficult things about himself. He indicates that there just might be something to my idea. He seems to go for a long time where I only hear real things about him from Simone. Then, for some hours he will reveal a lot about himself. Its been this way since we have lived here. A few days ago, during the Monday night fights, he even suggested to Simone that she leave me and get a place with him. He's becoming more bold. But not enough to be able to handle Simone alone. Boy, would he be sorry!

Simone's friend Nancy Anandi is not on the critical list. She called here today to say she was home and well. The baby's heartbeat has been found. It was a mistake at the hospital. Two people with the same last name.

Jeff and George have been talking about Simone. George dropped over to visit him the other day. They both agreed that Simone should leave me. George confronted Jeff on his relationship with Simone and how he's hanging onto things from six years ago. Jeff wants Simone to go see Herb Pearce with him. She has agreed to do this once. But Herb has the idea to turn it into couples therapy. He says it would be more interesting for him.

I have just realized something about Linda. Simone tells me she has said she's not interested in reading my notes anymore. Then I realize how she always says one thing to me and quite often the opposite to Simone. Recently she's told Simone that she wants a monogamous relationship with me. But just the other day told me, again, that she wants to live with me and other people. I have noticed this quality a lot in people. Saying things that seem to be so contradictory. I think what she tells Simone is often the truth and she says things she thinks I want to hear when with me. But there are clearly times when the things for me are also true. Like most people, lots of ambiguous feelings. Such strong contrasts. Perhaps part of it is also to keep Simone off guard. I can imagine her having a subconscious urge to disinform.

Thursday night. A fantasy. I am in bed with Simone. She is sucking on my prick. A nuclear blast. The force and shock causes her to bite off my prick. We are buried in the rubble. Years later, maybe centuries, we are discovered as just skeletons, but she still has my prick in her mouth.

Another fantasy, about the three women whose names begins with J. I imagine that I manage to seduce them all this weekend, while Simone is in Amherst. Jean, Jeannette, and Judy. Jeannette was to visit me for lunch at noon today. She didn't call or show. Judy wasn't at home, or didn't answer my message. Jean has turned around on me. How ironic a fantasy.

Jean met me today at the post office, our favorite meeting place at four. She was obviously upset. It came out of her with difficulty. She does not want to have a physical relationship with me. Well, I may have thought of it once, but it was nothing more, really, she explained. She has talked with Leo again. I don't know much about exactly what. She tells him about the sweater she wanted, and that I offered to buy her. Be careful of what he wants from you in return, he warns. And some number of other hints that seem to say he's putting some pressure on her. But most of all is what her manner reminds me of. It is like I have women describe men. I mean she is evasive, doesn't really want to talk about, tells me to stop bringing it up, just like men treat women who are talking about something that bothers them. And I know she has these same communications difficulties with Leo. They are of a slightly different sort. He doesn't want to think about the everyday problems that people have. His idea of life seems to be that one works for success and they go away. She tells me more about the pressure from him. I didn't dress warm enough. Leo tells me I shouldn't be so cold. I like lots of blankets when I sleep. He says it has something to do with wearing too many clothes. And then there is her loneliness. She has mentioned it every day we've been together. I should learn to get used to it, she tells me. Leo will be going away a lot, and I will have to learn to be alone. She wonders if I will still love her after this. If I will love her if she doesn't sleep with me. You know the answer, I say. You won't love me as much, she concludes. Right. You have decided to cut yourself off from me, and it just won't be possible. Making up such an indirect explanation for her doing this makes it even less likely. Better for her to have just said that it was too hard. On the other hand she is very young. This is a completely new thing for her. I have immersed her in quite a lot. And she did make a big step for such a little amount of time. No small thing to ask Leo if he still wants to marry her and have an open relationship. While I feel the distance has increased between us, she did not refuse physical contact with me. She kissed me goodbye. But not like the other times. It was more perfunctory.

Sunday, October 11, 1981, page 1

A feeling of going crazy. It started with intense ruminations and thinking about Simone and Linda. I imagined her giving me a hard time tonight about going to see her. Worked myself into a frenzy about it. On getting out of the shower I discover the two of them are talking on the phone. She has apparently called here. Then paranoia. I notice myself thinking all these things. I feel a little bit crazy. I notice myself getting a little bit crazy. It makes me feel a little bit more crazy. I notice this. Then come some berserk and murderous feelings. All this while Simone is on the phone with Linda. I was taking a shower when she called. It seemed like someone else.

She has changed her mind about me coming over tonight. I want to get some sleep and up early to work on my art she explains. I don't believe this and tell her so. She is saying just the opposite of what she wants. She told Simone first. Then me. Simone takes it at face value. But most likely realizes its not so. A man's behavior, in a similar situation, would be transparent to her. Dana says that Linda is just not capable of being really honest with Simone. Its much easier for her to tell me, or much harder for her to lie. Linda often tells Simone just the opposite of what she really feels. The truth about things would probably make her feel vulnerable. So she will say one thing to me and something completely different to Simone. I get there and she blames me for not being able to work on her art. She talking to Simone. I leave the house only to hear Simone say she will call Linda about her change of mind. There is rancor in her voice. I tell her that making trouble will cost something. She takes it to heart as it comes out ok. Linda is not offended by it. We are miles apart. A very distant feeling. No real contact. I am awake many times during the night. Linda is having some sort of bad dreams. She breathes very hard. Tries to cry out in her sleep, is very restless. She shakes in an odd sort of way. Almost like being cold. This happened more when I first knew her. Simone also did this, but for her it almost never happens now.

Monday, October 12, 1981, page 1

I am feeling terrible. Its been building up the last few days. A bad class last Tuesday evening, impotence with Simone, Jean, Jeannette, the hearing I have to attend tomorrow. Only my being blamed by Jack, Dana, and Simone cheers me up. Its so exciting to have people imagine you are the cause of their problems. It makes me feel important and needed. Without me they would be desparately searching for someone else. Richard the lightening rod.

Jack is the first one. I come into the house and say something about him and Dana eating with me if they haven't already. Reading a newspaper. He comes in and fills the air with tension. Its very measured and careful and difficult for him. He finds my manner offensive. It seems as though I only ask questions and give him advice or criticism. He can't stand this. HE yells at me, no, not quite yells, but raises his voice from frustration. He doesn't think I'm getting it. Incredible tension. It seems he might jump up and hit me at any moment. He tries to be very earnest and serious. Too much so. I seem very mechanical and like a machine to him. He gets no positive feeling from me. I think he is very confused. Very unsure of himself. Afraid, jealous, and envious of me. He wants some of the things I have, or seem to have. He sees me acting out a father figure, but seems to have little awareness of how much of it is his own projection onto me.

Dana comes into it near the end when I mention how people sometimes sabotage the efforts of others. You mean like the way you always upset Simone when she has something important to do, he interjects impatiently. Yes, I say, but at the moment don't remind him of how she originally blamed him for everything going wrong. She has just shifted to me. In the beginning he was important to her being able to do things. She came to see him as a hinderance at one point, and realized she could probably do everything by herself. I eventually did many of the things necessary for starting her business. Graudally I started doing less and less and put the responsibility back on her. Now I try to do almost nothing. She reads this and tells me how she and Dana never got into arguments before leading a group. I tell her she has a bad memory. She and Dana never did this much before. They couldn't because of all the fighting they did. I remember criticizing both of them for their mutually antagonistic behavior. It was at this time that I became Dana's good friend, as he used to call me. He didn't like Simone to ciritcize me. I would jump on Simone when I thought she was pressuring him, or had unrealistic expectations of him. It was always done with both of them there. He seemed to be very impressed with this ability to be fair and avoid taking sides. Never can experience your own faults, she snaps back nervously.

So, after Dana gets started on me, who should walk in, Simone, back from her therapy weekend in Amherst. I get a lecture from her. Its my fault again. My not being a success is because of you, she confidently informs me. This is unacceptable to me, and will have to end, she assures me. More false confidence from Wacko Therapy. She tells me about how Barbara and Jerry are very distant and cold to her.