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But not once does it seem to come up during the formal therapy. More and more I am convinced that all these therapies accomplish only one thing. That is, that people learn how to be more deceptive with each other, how to avoid deep things, and how to argue your case with antagonists, how to convince others of their responsibility for your problems. Simone is certainly getting better at this. She is more and more turning to leaving me as a way of solving these problems. What a surprise she will have once the excitement of making a decision wears off. People seldom realize that the decision one makes is unimportant. What's important is being able to make these decisions. It seems to me they mostly make the wrong decisions. But get an enormous burst of energy from having done something. Ending relationships is the real biggy. I have yet to find anyone who honestly sees themselves as responsible for staying in and ruining a relationship. Lottie has recently experienced this. John has his little clique of friends who completely support him and see Lottie as the crazy one. Lottie has isolated herself and doesn't have the same for herself. Jeannette spent three hours telling me how bad Vinnie was to her. How he's so superficial and is only using her. How he and his friends rejected her when she was down and out and needed some help. She's the same sort of character herself. She calls me only when there's trouble. She only wants me when there's something to be done. She complains about his failure to communicate. But with me she is the same way. She avoids talking about anything of substance in her relationship with me. She stopped sleeping with me when I got more involved with Simone. But she doesn't want to talk about that.

Simone got a call from Ken. She has gone to spend some time with him at the Arborteum. She is very excited as he has a surprise for her. I will be back in 2 hours, she informs me. This I am skeptical of. She won't be able to cut off a good time. She may feel guilty, but won't stop it so suddenly. He is going to quit est in order to have more time with her. Stu did this for about 2 months, then went back to his old ways.

There is something wrong with this writing. I am getting no relief from doing it. Certainly it is going fast enough. I'm typing along at a mile a minute here. But it seems I've said something other than what's going on. The face is hot, the hands cold, the body nervous and uncertain.

Simone has created another of her unconscious melodramas in order to get her way. She did not come back as planned. She wanted me to wait. I didn't. She stages a drama to get Linda to give up the idea of me fucking with her. She tries to disguise it as sincere concern and love. As really acting from her heart. It smells like bullshit to me. More of her old double standard. She claims to be competent to criticize me, yet in the same breath demands that I have work for her to do. She is not capable of finding her own. She wants to force me into a limited role for her security, and to finance her freedom. A dramatic veil of tears hides everything else. How could anyone doubt such an open person and sincere tears?

I had the best of intentions yesterday. Get up early in the morning, write, go to work, get lots done. It was hard to wake myself this morning. It was an odd depression. Thoughts about Otto and his writing. Thinking about how he speaks about things. Its always about himself, but it gives one the impression that he's speaking directly to you. Whatever he says stirs some universal feeling related to his current topic of discussion. How can I learn to do the same with myself? Sometimes it works for me. I can manage to do this. But more often than not some dogma, idea, ideology, prejudice, fear, projection, fantasy, paranoia, comes out. And most everyone notices this. It becomes easy to dismiss me. To ignore whatever I have to say. This is true of me. Program-like responses from another person turn me off, or, the opposite, turn on a frenzied response. The latter comes from feeling as though I am being attacked. Stuck, stuck, stuck. You-are-a-robot. You-can't-write. You-can't-do-anything. You-are-stupid. Why-don't-you-try-something-else. Have-you-ever-thought-about-computer-programming? Give-up-this-stupid-writing-shit. You-can't-do-it. You-are-a-complete-failure. Beep!

hopeless. Hopeless. Hopeless. Mope. Mope. Sit here and do nothing. Pretend to be a great writer. Pretend to be writing about the rich world of my inner self. Pretend to write about things of interest to all humanity. Pretend to pretend. Go on you asshole. Keep it up. You've got to do something. Break thorough the trap you carry around. You aren't just caught in it. You maintain and repair it. You keep it in working order. You plug all possible escape routes. You chase away those who would break in.

I have just been talking to Simone. Its about what's been bothering me since last night. Do I say anything about it, or hold my tongue. Its bound to eventually come out that somethings there, and not being spoken about. Are you thinking of leaving me, she asks. No, its not anything I'm going to do, or planning. Its just how I see some of the things going on with me and her, and the four of us living here. She has said some half dozen times how the next few days are precarious for her. It was two years ago, just before she left for the last art therapy conference that Michael left her, or rather announced that he would be leaving her. That's not it now, but she is sure to be sensitive to, and disturbed by what I have to say. So, do it now, or wait till later?

Sunday, October 25, 1981, page 1

Dear Donna: I thought it was about time for me to respond to your June, 1981 notes on A X-Country Journal. First, I would have to say it flatters me to get them and to be asked for an opinion. I was further impressed by your calling them notes. So, I have read them twice and am doing so for a third time as I write this. Your trip reminded me very much of when I traveled cross-country with my father and sister as a boy of 8 or 9. I also went across much of the same land right after graduating from highschool. Leaving the next day, on my motorscooter, as sort of a mini-easyrider. The scenes come into my head as you describe your own impression of the land, animals and people. I see you imagine the openness of the land to be an invitation to emotional openness. Its not so. Having lived in one of these all-american, flatland towns, I can tell you that the plots, conspiracies, machinations, secrets, and mysteries, are as plentiful as the corn and wheat. In fact, I would wager that gossip there is greater per capita than in the crowded, but anonymous cities. There is less entertainment, and more work. So, what is one left to do? Gossip. I found it very plain, dull, and boring, and left. I have no real desire to go back. Sometimes nostalgia overwhelms me and for a few moments there are fantasies of visiting the old farmhouse, walking in the woods, along the river, over the fields. But soil, air, and water are not the things I want to work with. I have heard that Boulder is the new age capitol of middle America. Do you know that the Rockies are much younger than the East coast mountains? This accounts for their larger size, jaggedness, bareness, and teetering rocks. One day they will all be smooth and tree-covered. In Wyoming there is a place called Hell's Half-Acre. It looks very much like Garden of the Gods. I wonder what that says about the mind of the person who discovered each of those places. Often you say how young everyone seems to be in the Southwest. My trip of over 20 years ago left me with no such impression. Perhaps it was because I was still younger. But it makes clear how this really is the growing part of this country. The Northeast really is dying, but only relatively speaking. Its just not growing as fast. It just doesn't have as much youth energy. Unless you count all the people going to school here. But most of them will leave one day. They will be attracted by the sun, the open sky, and other things that attract you to that area. I'm sure you have heard by now, but Jack is not moving to Atlanta. He may in fact, be living with us. It hasn't been decided yet. Its a bit crowded for the three of us, plus the temporary situation with Jack. He was on the phone about 2pm. Its 3:30pm now. Maybe it was you, or perhaps Jean Varda. Simone got a letter from her yesterday. She has been away for four days. Returning about 7 this evening. She, and two friends, went to Grossingers for a 4 day American Art Therapy Association conference. She calls me each day to relate all the latest gossip. I was surprised to read about your impressions of atom bomb land. Did you know that right here, in Cambridge, just down the street from us, is where