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America designs and builds the prototype for all its nuclear missiles, and their guidance and navigation systems? Its true. We are most likely directly targeted by the Soviets. Ground zero is probably somewhere on Broadway, so as to get MIT and Harvard. I read an interesting book about the builders of the pueblos. It had an explanation for the comings and goings of the various peoples. It seems that in their culture, a fire, constantly burning, is an absolute necessity. This means a lot of firewood. The area has never supported the kind of forests we have in New England. But over the centuries it has been a different situation. Some hundreds of years ago it was possible to grow regular crops of grain in that area. The weather patterns have changed to make that impossible without irrigation. So this theory has it that they left when it was no longer possible to easily get firewood. The people, or another group, came back when things changed. The movement of people does correspond to the changing weather patterns over the centuries. Have you seen the movie, The Petrified Forest? It was Humphrey Bogart's first big picture. I enjoy watching it. I always seems to see something new each time. I went swimming in Lake Mead on the trip with my father and sister. The pain of walking on the shore rocks is still in my mind. A float made from barrels is not too far from the shore. No memory of actually being in the water. I was still afraid of the water then. I couldn't swim. It still makes me fearful now, even with the ability to swim. Its like being on the edge of anything more than ten feet above the ground. The lake will not die by being drained dry. Lakes die by filling up with silt. The lake slows the water enough for the silt to settle. This fills up man-made lakes in 50-150 years. I have heard that Lake Mead has about another 50+ years. So, at last, you are in San Francisco. And for me, now, what to say about your writing? Lots of beautiful pictures about the real world that exists for everyone. The sky, the land, the water, the air. Pictures about how you want your life to be. But I like best the more brutal and ugly things you describe. Not that I like brutality and ugliness, but I think it is only from a real knowledge of these things inside us that a better internal world can be built. I see only glimpses of this in your writing. The arguments with Brad, the loneliness of having left friends and familiar places, the longings for a new clean places to start life again. I know this feeling of being frustrated with where you are. I am having a lot of it myself, at the moment. Fantasies about the end of my life. Not really the end of life, but rather my consciousness ending. This has been on my mind a lot lately. Why, I wonder? It seems to be related with all my life frustrations. Feeling trapped, that things will never get better for me. I am getting older and sometimes get preoccupied with the idea of what life will be like for me when I really am old. What can I do now to make it better? What can I do now to make now better? I wonder what it is like to not exist. A funny thing to think about, don't you think? I try to create the feeling of this idea in me.

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A man is parking his car on Hampshire Street. What will the world be like if he suddenly ceases to exist? Will it cease to exist if I die? Sometimes I imagine it must be this way. Even though I know people have died, and, of course, it did not stop. A lot of funny thoughts about consciousness being imbedded in the body. I can't really express them. But some of them make my consciousness laugh at itself, even be fearful of itself, for a moment. I have to push those ideas aside. They are capable of overwhelming, I feel. It must be things like this that push people to suicide. Enough of this heavy existential stuff! I have forgotten what in your notes prompted this. Yes, the writing about the external, non-people world. Like I say, it seems that you only strike this internal world a glancing blow. I can say the same when placing side by side, what I write, and all the things that really go on inside me. But from experience I know it to be a good way to see myself better. It relieves a lot of internal tension. My strongest impression of you is one where you are sitting, legs against your chest, and wrapped tightly with your arms. Almost as though you are afraid of flying apart, or of something being revealed. I have heard that you are not feeling well and things aren't going well with Brad. That you are not making friends easily. There are millions of people around you. Most of them feel the same. They have trouble with themselves, with other people. I would advise you to just say hello to anyone of them, to begin with. Then another and another. It won't take long to get all the friends you need. Your friend Simone is a good example of how well this simple approach works. She never lacks for friends or company wherever she goes. Try it. It works for her because she says hello. It will work for you. I have discovered that it even works for me! I recommend it to all my friends. It works for everyone who has tried it. And write some more. And send me a copy of it. I will send you more of my writing if you want. Bye for now.

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My Dearest Darling Daughter Laura: What a pleasant surprise it was to get that lovely card from you the other day. Especially so that you remembered my birthday. I have thought of you often these last few days. I remember a lot lately about when you were born and the first year of your life. What a time that was. Here was, apparently out of almost nothing, a completely new person. It makes me a bit nostalgic. Your choice of cards shows so much how a lot of that little girl is still in you. Its something I miss very much. Perhaps we can arrange to spend a little more time together? What do you think? Dana tells me of having seen you in Harvard Square on Sunday for the last three weeks. What do you say to meeting me there for breakfast next Sunday? How does 11, Sunday morning, sound to you? At the Mug & Muffin restaurant. My piano sits in the office every day. Lonely. Wondering where your fingers are. It misses you. Do you miss it? What is going on in your romantic life? I've heard rumors about you and that rascal rogue Dana. Are they true? And what about your art classes. How are those going for you? I am doing lots of writing. Taken a vacation from it for a few days. It is so hard to be creative consistently. I am always making a Monday morning resolution to get an early start and accomplish a lot. But its something I've been doing for many years. Perhaps I should try another approach. Or maybe I should go ahead and do it. In any case, your little card has gotten me to do some writing. For that I must thank you. Thank you, Laura. And what else? I am still struggling with my old fear of success. Thinking about my stepfather made me realize how much I'm like him. He had something with success also. He worked and slaved all his life to get ahead. Somehow real success seemed to elude him. Others around him often managed it. He worked very hard and seemed very capable. But somehow he did not seem to follow the right things. Its this way for me. I have lots of opportunities. There are two bigs ones sitting right here in front of me. But I find myself procrastinating. Anything but those things need to get done. Its not even that much to do. But I can't seem to put my hands on them. This kind of success would most likely mean some kind of changes. Certainly one would be that my life would become a little more regimented and influenced by the schedules of others. Before I forget, you are invited to a Hollween party here. Its next Saturday night. Come as your dream. Well, what else to say? Why don't you write me again. I do like to get letters, especially from you. Bye for now.

your Dad

I could not sleep last night. Maybe it was the Chocolate Orgasm from Rosie's. Or the vaporizer being on all night. Its been very dry. I thought it would help to have more water in the air. Or maybe it was my existential anxiety about life. I thought, we come into existence. We become aware of ourselves. Then we disappear forever. What does that mean? It must be things like this that turn people to being religious. To have an explanation for those kinds of feelings. They come over me a lot lately. This feeling of pure existence. The fear of not being any more. Of going poof! I continue to struggle with anxieties about becoming a success. I've had a fever for about three weeks. I thought it might have something to do with the last months turmoil. Then another idea. It stopped for a few days. It might be related to my having a can of coke during my classes at MIT. I haven't had any for just over a week. Then it stopped.

No writing for over a month. And why not? I don't really know. Maybe it is the prospect of having to write about a lot of things that make me uncomfortable. Things have been very busy. But its really some sort of resistance. I want to do it. I think about it a lot. I've even made lots of notes this last month. They are all written in a tiny notebook that I carry all the time. I thought of just trying to write the history of the last month to overcome the block. Not even that helped. It didn't get done. And now I think, why not just write down all the little notes I've made? Another resolution was to write a least one page a day no matter what. To just put paper in the typewriter and go to it. Unconscious writing. It shouldn't be too hard to babble on for a page a day. Then the next resolution was to write a page a day for the next month. Just to see if I could do it. Its really December 2, 1981, 1:16 am, and I'm not even doing the simple task of writing a page a day. I've got to finish this page, plus two more just to be caught up. Now its comeing over me again. This hesitation about what to do next. Sometimes it doesn't matter. Just do something. Of course, that's not always the appropriate thing to do. But it can't be a bad policy with writing. That word, policy. I still remember an incident from my childhood, about 3rd or 4th grade. It was Lorna Anno. I was in love with her. Maybe that's why its still in my memory. She mispronounced the word. She said something like the word police, with an e, as in tea, on the end, poe-lee-see! I was nervous about having to say the word myself, as I was uncertain about how to pronounce it. The feeling, the anxiety about having to say the word is still clear in my mind and body. It comes over me even now when thinking about it.

I sit here, trying to think of what to write next. It is a good model of my life. What should I do next? Meanwhile I continue to sit here and spend my consciousness time allotment. A little of it is used up each moment. It is better spent doing something. That's not exactly how I mean to say it. I have to stop and catch myself. I'm carried away with fantasies about fucking on FH.

This will be the first page of my new resolution to write at least one page a month for the month of December. Today (not really, as this is actually being written Wednesday morning, about 1:30am) Linda informed me she was going to move back to NYC. She wants to spend 6 months intensively studying art. Its not good enough for her here. I will have to write something for her about what a silly idea I think it is. Its only for 6 months. She wants to come back and live here with me and the others in a group. She begins to feel as though the people around her, me, and Simone, are like a family. She is developing more trust with everyone. She even has a new relationship that may last for awhile, if he doesn't jump ship. I have met him twice. Once before he was involved with Linda, and again at the office. She has a very good time sexually with him. But he's afraid of being trapped in a relationship. He was 6 years or so with a woman who had 3 children and was almost 10 years older than him. It started when he was 20 or so. She mistakes the sexual energy available at the beginning of a relationship for its being genuine, sincere, intimate, and deep. In the beginning its just sex. The other things take a lot of time and work. Its not hard to be horny with someone new. She reminds me often of how much better it is with him than me. She asked me once how I see our relationship. Its one where she tries to become independent, but its only possible to be really independent when there are people you can really depend on around you. Emotional dependence requires people you can depend on to meet your emotional needs. I see her, and most everyone, trying to become independent of people. They struggle against some specific person, a mate of some sort, and don't see their own contribution to their addiction. She and Simone are both always trying to become independent of me. But it won't work the way its going. They will end up replacing me with someone else.

Tuesday, four weeks ago Adele called me. She wants to meet for lunch. It completely surprised me. I had no idea. Two months ago I sent her a set of my notes, and 2 weeks ago, a copy of the latest stuff about Cheyenne. Her attitude and tone of voice were completely different from other times. She was very friendly and made a date for lunch the next Monday. I remembered some of the first times we fucked. She was so wet that it was like surfing. More fantasies about how she will start to see me again, we'll fuck, and so on. Simone's has the idea that she's getting married or is moving. Maybe Cheyenne is sick, she wonders. None of them is true. It was a combination of my notes and est. I couldn't believe this part. It seems she has taken the training and is now in a ten week course called What's So. Just before, a day or two, falling apart feelings from exposure to the difficulties and problems of others. Body hallucinations of my leg bending. A vague sense of something wrong internally, and thoughts about if its temporary. Nothing quite like it before. About a week after her call the fever starts. Don't know what it is. Subdued, not weaker.

Linda once told Simone that I hoard money - that I have lots more than I let on. Its not the first time someone has assumed I had money. Maybe its just something that comes from being generous.

Linda and I have a long talk over lunch about her moving back to New York to study art for 6 months. She is filled with ambiguous feelings over it. She will be there no more than a month, or two, and become depressed and wish she hadn't done it. She gets no support, or nothing like what she has here. It won't be possible with a stay of only 6 months. She has some contradictory impulses at work here. One is the belief that she can be a great artist, and that she must study with someone real good. Yet she is totally lacking in self confidence about the present state of her art. Knowing her almost two years, I can say that her ability may have improved, but this thing about not being any good is still the same. I suspect it will be the same again. I have to remind her how she has avoided doing any art with us, and probably most specifically, Simone. She feels she has no imagination. Simone is better in this way. However, she is technically more developed. But she is afraid to show anything she does. Joe will get his portrait, minus 30 pounds, done by her tonight. Its the first real, and imaginative thing she's done, that I know of. She even took back the painting she made for me and Dana when we moved into this apartment. She became paranoid that Simone would try to destroy it. She has these grandiose fantasies about becoming a great artist, like the old masters, a realist. Its coming back, she informs me. She begins to waver, and have second thoughts about it. She's been smoking more since making the decision. She says there isn't anyone good enough to teach her here in Boston. But she always believes she is just a beginner, and not very good. She keeps looking for some magic trick that will make an undisputably great artist. An artist that won't be challengable. Everything she does will be that good.

A dream about Jack and a beautiful, all-American red-headed type. She comes in with Jack. I'm just waking up. Short, flaming red hair, slightly ruddy complexion. She starts to take her clothes off and get in bed with me. It makes me horny. Jack comes in and pretends nothing is going on. Its not clear why he's come into my room. I wake up. Jack is there having breakfast with Dana.

Thursday, December 3, 1981, page 1

I am starting to get anxious about my resolution to write a page each day. It seems I'm always just a little bit behind. Late afternoon. I've just started for this day. Fear of running out of material. Why does this feeling happen? It is as though I'm afraid of not having much going on in my life. I know some of it has to do with that. Another thing is that getting all the past events into writing is important to me. I feel nervous about something that gets left out. Everything is important. There is some guilt. Why do I panic about not writing and leaving something out? I am anxious about getting to my class tonight, about typing while Dana has his group here, about not being able to write a page today, about remembering what happened today, about all the things I've put off doing, all the things that I feel some guilt for not having done. Its ridiculous.

Sten did not show up for the meeting with me and Simone last night. He got cold feet. I spoke with him. He hemmed and hawed a bit. A lot of resistance to doing it. He had lots of work. Maybe afraid he can't do it. Maybe he thinks it useless. I offered to pay him. Maybe he will run a plain, simple, SD group some evening for us. He goes away in two weeks, to Virginia on business, then to Europe for some indefinite amount of time.

I read some of Lotti's writing last night for the first time. From a notebook she left in the office. She was there when I started reading aloud. She tried to get it away from me. I began to exaggerate the words and phrases. It became very funny to her. It was a serious letter to John. She couldn't take it seriously the way I was reading it. She enjoyed it a great deal. It was fun for me. It gave her some new insights.

I have a date with Ann tonight. She called earlier today and said she was very unhappy about my changing from Wednesday to Thursday night. It was not obvious at the time to me. I told her first that it was Simone's wish. She readily agreed. After thinking about it she decided it had to do with my not wanting to be with her. It seems to me that this is a way that people can learn to accomodate each other. Another time I might have a date with Simone and she will call to have me change it in her favor. She thought for awhile that it might have had something to do with Simone playing tricks with me and her. Not so, I assure her. Simone is putting her head in some sort of trap with Stu and Ken tonight. She may end up having dates with both of them.

Simone has just brought me a quote. It made her think of my writing. Its by William Wordsworth: To me alone there came a thought of grief. A timely utterance gave that thought relief, and I again am strong.

Friday, December 4, 1981, page 1

I stayed with Ann last night. She thought we might be babysitting with Liz's child, Christian. But she was there. Liz has some sort of idea about how I am resisting her approaching me. And that it has something to do with Ann's relationship with me. Its confusing. She is very uptight, very rigid, cold, and hard. She hungup on me in midsentence during a phone conversation the other day. Ann wanted to know what orgasms were like for Simone and Linda. Hers seem to be evenly distributed. That is, she feels fairly intense pleasure most of the time but doesn't seem to have what she would call a real orgasm. With Linda it is very well defined. They can't be mistaken for anything else. They couldn't be faked. Her whole body is taken over with intense pleasure and convulsions. Not large or violent, just intense. The whole surface of her body turns more red. Then surrender. She, Ann, seems to want them, but holds back just at the edge.

A dream about Judy last night. I am on a bicycle built for two with someone, perhaps Linda. We are riding around, and in, a house, at the same time. We go by a window and Judy is inside. She sitting in a large, reclining chair. The TV is on. She's doing some sort of paper work, or maybe reading a newspaper, and half watching the TV. Then we are in bed, me and Judy. Hardly anything has a chance to happen when we are suddenly not alone. There seems to be someone else in bed with us. Its a kid. But he's very energetic, and not quite normal. He's like a miniature adult, but has both child and adult characteristics. Then the whole family seems to have come into the room. The end.

A lot of suicidal people around recently. Jane has been calling Simone the last few days threatening to do herself in if Simone doesn't live with her. A new roommate has just moved out. She annoyed when Simone points out to her how people seem to just move out after leaving notes. They never say anything to her. They just leave or maybe write a note that they are leaving. Joe had it a few weeks ago. Stu, Peg, and even Simone, about a week ago. Ann felt it a few days ago. I imagine there must be something more to say about this. I don't know what. This feeling seems to be accompanied by the urge to do someone else in at the same time. Peg said she wanted to ram her car into Joe's if she was in the neighborhood. She called me to say she was quitting. She can't stand being in the neighborhood. Stu wants to do Ken, and me, in. Simone tries to knock me off when she's feeling that way. I notice it in myself. Frustration with myself or someone. Then I get these murderous urges. Sometimes even thinking that things would be better if I killed someone.

Dana has been acting most peculiar lately. First it was building a trapdoor into the basement. He would fix up a little room down there. Soundproof it, insulate it, and use it to hide from the world. I had these kind of fantasies as a kid. I was always scheming to build some kind of underground retreat. Once I started on it and was caught by my mother. I wanted to build a complete, secret,



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safe, underground world, known only to me. Maybe this is a fantasy common to most boys. He wanted to make a new rule about the dishes. This was a few days ago. It was that the dishes should be done as soon as possible by whoever uses them. They shouldn't be left for any length of time. I thought this to be a good idea as most of the dishes are washed by me in any case. The first few days didn't work so well for me. He even criticized me for leaving them. But a few days after this we learn that Linda has been putting pressure on him to have a neater and cleaner house. She was critical of my laundry and thought he might be doing the same to his. Namely, stuffing it all into a bag and not ironing it. It doesn't matter to me. Sometimes Simone will iron things. I don't ask her. She thinks it needs to be done.

Sexual fantasies about Judy all day. I imagine she wants me. Has finally decided to have me. I fuck her from behind. Somehow she always is bigger than me in these sexual fantasies. We are about the same height. I undoubtedly weigh more than her. But she almost swallows me with her body. Very soft. I am like a little boy in her arms.

Simone tells me Sten wants to have an affair with her, but is afraid. He also thinks she should leave me. Its probably several things he afraid of. The state of his relationship with Connie, who would probably never be able to accept it openly. He has some anxieties about dealing with me. He could also be afraid of Simone becoming attached to him. He knows well what sort of person she is in a relationship.

Simone stayed with Stu last night. He barricaded in his room reading Playboy magazines. It was not a good night for her or him. She learned about the death of his relationship with Laurie. She was too demanding and aggressive, he lamented. I couldn't do enough for her, he says. Then he is demanding and aggressive with Simone. She resists. What kind of woman are you, he demands angrily. Then a pause for him to complain about Laurie again, about how demanding and aggressive she. Sometimes she wants to fuck and he doesn't feel it. She feels rejected and complains about this. They fight. He can't stand being with her. They are going to some sort of post-relationship therapy. Its the latest vogue. Simone gives me a real life demonstration about how Stu assaults her. He grabs and pokes her all over, and tries to kiss her all over, but very hard. Its disgusting. She can't even play what he does. She is often exactly the same with me. I tell her she's insensitive and aggressive. She tells me I'm distant and passive. But I know I don't like it. I think this has helped her to see what its like for me better than all the times I've criticized her.

Saturday, December 5, 1981, page 1

I have had a cold these last few days. Thursday it made me cranky. Fighting with everyone - and unable to see myself doing this. Lotti pointed out how insensitive I was being with people. Growling at her and Simone about money. They keep making computational errors related to how much money they should get for working. Anxieties about writing and leaving something important out. I still have something of this fever. Its a strange illness for me. The cold came a couple of days after Linda told me about moving to NYC. She has since changed her mind back and forth.

My mother called me today. Something wrong with her foot. An operation has put her on crutches. No snowmobiling this year, she laments. What about Cheyenne she inquires. The latest news about Adele talking to me. Maybe she wants to get married, she proposes. Plenty of chances for that, I assure her. But she obviously hasn't done it. Maybe she waiting for you to ask her, she says. Doubt it, says I. Some people are like that and are willing to committ themselves to waiting for their whole life, she says. Maybe she's just waiting for you to make up your mind, she adds. The conversation gets a little tense at this point so she shifts to the weather. Carl has moved back to Cody and bought himself a gasstation. Ken sold his station and works for an oil company. Ann's husband is going to be working in Las Vegas doing massage. He will go there 4 days a week and be home 3. The kids still don't like him. Its peculiar with this guy. He supposedly quit a carpentry job because some of the workers were swearing. He's also a Mormon. But here he's going to be doing massage in Las Vegas, and away from his home. Something doesn't fit right here.

Talked to Judy a few days ago about her job. She's depressed with the situation where it may be over in January, and all this week outsiders have been evaluating the situation. Somehow she likes one of my pictures from the Social Art Works show. New York Times Swimsuit Ad, is the one. You can have it, I tell her. She's very pleased. And by the way, I add, how about an affair with me this weekend? Simone will be away for several days. Do you think about it, I ask. Yes, sometimes, she says. What would Simone do if I did? Would she hit me, or throw anything at me? Or, worse, make a scene? Yes, I tell her, but she's getting a lot better. She and Linda are in a position to be the best friends the other has ever had. Its a situation where nothing bigger, or more emotionally threatening, is likely to happen. When you have to face jealousy, competition, rejection, the need for love, and other things every day, you are dealing with the most important things in your life. She has had what she called loving, caring, deep relationships before. They turned out to be superficial when confronted with jealousy and competition. With Linda she is facing, and overcoming, those things. Things that ruined past situations. I sit here thinking about how to describe this new development. Its not clear how to do that or if its really happening, or a temporary