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state. She actually questions whether or not she wants to deal with these things. How is it possible to live any sort of reasonable life without tackling questions like that? She thinks of moving out in the Spring, or getting another place with Jack and Dana, and not me. She fantasizes about living with one or another of her easily conjured up romantics. She has second thoughts about living with me and Linda. But she is still here. She continues to try. She discovers that Linda, Ann, and Judy are not so bad. A phone call from her latest therapy weekend leads me to believe she doesn't think I'm so bad. Judy noted, after reading much of my recent writing, that I stress mostly the negative and unhappy parts of things with Simone.

Judy and I visited the Children's Museum last Saturday. She wanted to spend the afternoon with me and decided to go there. Standing around, waiting for her to come back from the bathroom, I notice a number of very attractive women. I find myself feeling not satisfied with what I've got, namely, Simone, Linda, Ann, and Judy. Imagining someone else would be a better deal. I wouldn't have all the problems I have with them.

Starpeople fantasies. An old fantasy is that I'm not really human. Aliens left me in the hospital with my 'mother' as a ruse. At times this seemed to be the only way of explaining my feelings of not belonging.

Last Saturday again: Simone tells me Carol will be coming over for dinner. I begin to feel paranoid. Sten was to meet with just her and me. Now she wants an ally. She protested about having other people there just the other day. She went to a tealeaf reader with Carol today. Throw him out, the reader tells her, he's a homosexual. Stu calls late at night with a crisis. He's threatening suicide. He's broken up with Laurie. She was too demanding, and rejected him for not giving what she wanted. But you rejected me, Simone reminds him. No, he replies, its because you took Richard over me. I must say how this is really crazy of him. Simone did not reject him. He rejected her because she wouldn't reject me. He wants her to treat me that way, but not him. When will people ever learn not to reject each other? When will they learn they must accept people in order to be accepted? Everyone is so stupid in this way. I see it over and over again with all the people I know.

A visit from Tom last Tuesday. He is a case. After his men's group meeting we meet at Ryles for a drink. Me, Simone, Tom, and Joe. He wants me to join this group. I tell him about my search for a human group. That's what I'd join. He's having trouble with Debbie again. Simone told him how he only seems to contact her when things are bad. He hung up. Debbie won't fuck with him. He's horny. He still thinks about having an affair with Simone. He very hyper, relaxed, and loose, but not really. With him its a bit practiced, phony. He is a manic-depressive type. His enthusiasm and energy is superficial and shallow.

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Carol is still moving to Philadelphia. She has gotten a lot more relaxed recently. She spent a recent night upstairs with Edwin and Jeff. They drank and caroused till some ridiculous hour in the morning. Edwin did some sort of ventriloquist act, Jeff told dirty stories, and Carol was an exotic dancer. She even spent a night in bed with me. Simone and Ken were in the next room. She started with all her clothes on. We could hear them fucking. It aroused us. Slowly she started undressing. Its too hot for this piece of clothing, she informed me, and nothing more. Finally, all the way down to her panties. But no more. She helped me masturbate. She has this perverted loyalty disease. Its nothing more than fear in the disguise of I-wouldn't-do-that-to-my-best-friend. It invariably happens though. Sometimes the pressure is too much. A person just feels too horny. Forget the loyalty. There are lots of ways to explain such things. All the crazy things that hold people back from getting pleasure and satisfaction from life.

Jeremy Bloom, who visited FH last year, and also went to the first marathon conducted by Brooke and Otmar, has started dream therapy with Simone. He told her that FH didn't work for him, so now he wants to try dream therapy. Simone won't tell me about him, except to say that he has a lot of very deep problems.

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I am writing in my little notebook while we talk. Are you an FBI agent, he asks. Hand over those notes, he demands. You're the one who's into openness and honesty, he says with an indignant tone in his voice. He doesn't get them. Somehow, and just how escapes me, he says something to the effect that I've hit the nail right on the head, I've gotten right to the heart of the matter, I've noticed that he isn't getting enough sex. But I said nothing of the sort. Just a few knowing looks and nods of the head. Without saying a word to him about the subject, he imagines that I've concluded his current problem is not getting fucked enough. This was obvious from what he told Simone, and she later related to me. But he said nothing of the sort in mixed company. Except to say that Debbie had gotten out her TV and was always watching it. He's thinking of divorce again. Built himself a cage and wants to get out of it.

Lots of comments about my notes from recent readers. Dave Burmaster: ranges from brilliant to dull. I could never say all those things about myself. Made me think about my relationship with Becky and what happened. Ann: you know what I like about your notes? They show that everybody's life is as crazy as mine. Teri: entranced. Reminds me of Anais Nin. After reading the parts about sexuality I decided to do something more concrete about birth control. I'm going to do something about it. I had an abortion last Spring and don't want it to happen again. Lotti: you don't break any new ground, it's boring, the same old stuff. Mark Levy: amazed at my writing. It has emotional impact on him. He appalled as I seem to be somewhat of an exhibitionist, and I'm not being moralistic, he assures me. Sandy Copeman: (as told to Simone) she's not going to lie about her other relationships. Right now she sees several people and doesn't tell them about the others. She also confessed to having a funny relationship with a psychiatrist. Their sessions sometimes last for hours. She couldn't say it directly, but I think he's fucking her, but it's part of the 'therapy'.

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Liz, Ann's roommate is offended by my use of the word appointment. I called Ann one day to change a date to another night, but used the word appointment. She became a bit indignant and accused me of being rather impersonal and uncaring. She gave me a quick, short, self-righteous lecture - and then hung up in the middle of my first sentence in reply. She thinks me a bit strange, as does Peg House, but is intrigued. Her interpretation of my body language is that I'm telling her to stay away, don't touch me. This is the first woman, to my knowledge, to ever say such a thing about me. Most have just the opposite impression. And its true, I'd like to get my hands on most women. But she thinks I'm pushing her away. Peg thinks I look at women as though they are meat. Its true. Sometimes I feel nothing more than lust. Pure, unadulterated, simple, unbridled lust! On the other hand, there hasn't been a woman that I haven't felt more for, given time to do so.

The latest gossip about Darby is that she in love with a new man. She's known him two weeks and wants to get married. He is recently divorced. More trouble for Darby. Why don't people's friends speak up and tell them what they are doing? Simone went to visit Nancie a few days ago. She didn't want me to come along. Sexual troubles with Robert. He doesn't want to fuck. Seems he is getting fatter and doesn't want to be touched. Maybe something related to his being a father again. What a story about his ex-wife and their son. They have both taken vacations to be crazy.

Lotti asks me how I lie. For me its mostly a matter of holding my tongue. Simone does this by letting hers flap all the time. Dana does it by pretending he doesn't have one.

Simone has wanted me to agree to a trip to Wyoming to visit my family. One night I told her she was like a dog pissing on trees to mark its territory. And she is constantly trying to mark off little boundaries around me, as her property. This drove her crazy. She spent some two hours foaming at the mouth and verbally and physically assaulting me. Finally I just left. There was nothing else to do, except maybe stay and be assaulted. People are most disturbed when you say something to them that hits the mark.

Some dreams later that night, after the above mentioned fight. Hitting the beach with the Marines. But everything looks normal. Its just a beach with houses and people in them. The people don't notice anything. Us soldiers on the beach are afraid of being shot. We are very cautious. But nobody else notices anything. Another one where my prick kept falling off. I keep trying to glue it back on. But the glue won't dry. It just gets and stays a little sticky. I have to hold it on. In the dream, or right at the end, I wake up and am afraid it might just be true. Is it ok? Is it falling off?

Today is the 40th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Two people, Sten and Lotti, have told me they read an interview with the lead pilot.

The picture has come back. It went away last Thanksgiving day, a week ago Thursday. Simone moved my bed around to have room for some art work. The picture was placed in a position for everyone to see. It was gone at the end of the day. Simone has accused me, Jeff, and Dana, of having taken it. I thought Jeff might have taken it to his mother for a wedding present. Simone thinks I may have taken it for some ulterior motive. Or because I've done this sort of thing before. That Richard is a known picture thief. Anyway, its back. It could only have been me, Jeff, or Dana. Maybe Jack, as he has a set of keys, and could have snuck in with it. It was not here when I left for the office about 9:30pm. I didn't even remember what it looked like. Its been hanging over my bed for months. This missing painting seems symbolic of something. The lack of communication here or inability to recognize a common purpose or interest. Its like taking the normal little foolish and nasty behavior we exhibit and abstracting it. Maximizing pain with minimum damage. Throwing a psychological wrench into the machinery of life, into the workings of social reality. A considerable amount of unnecessary tension and speculation and accusation has been generated by this incident. What actually happened is still not clear to me. After realizing that the painting may have been under my mattress for the last few days, my suspicions shift to Dana as the culprit. I only noticed it the last few days. But Jeff could have put it there also. It was something I only noticed every now and then. My awareness built up slowly after noticing something like an edge under the mattress. But its only a piece of foam rubber on a flat piece of plywood. There shouldn't have been anything there. I didn't look because I couldn't imagine what it could be. It may have crossed my mind for just a moment. But I was in bed with someone each time. Not a romantic thing to do. Excuse me, but there seems to be something under the bed and I'll have to stop fucking, or whatever is going on, and check it out. But most important is that we not only unconsciously try to manipulate the mood here, but now its going on in a very deliberate and malicious manner. Somebody feels they have something to gain by causing confusion and suspicion and bad feelings and mistrust. I wonder if it isn't Jeff trying to push Simone more in his direction. After I left for the office, and Simone went out, the painting came back. Jeff and Dana were here. Jack may have come in for awhile. Jeff asked Simone to live with him and get married. He is pulling out all the stops. On the other hand, just a bit earlier, Simone told me that he wants to try having more than one relationship, and that he wants to be honest about it. He's very afraid of doing this, and asking Simone to marry him may be a way of avoiding having to do that. Dana, on the other hand, said something, like a clue, which made me think it was him. About the painting being

face down. I imagine a meeting where we all present the facts, and theories, as we see it. But even this is such a frustrating thing. What a waste of time for all of us. The culprit could still manage to stay hidden. On the other hand it could be a very good thing to see exactly how each of us suspects the others. Not even Simone is free of guilt. Its possible for her to have done the whole thing. The motive is not exactly clear to me. Perhaps to stir up mischief amongst the rest of us. How would the others see me? First, that I did something similar before. But I made my position clear. It was in reaction to something else. Well, they might say, obviously you won't try the exact same thing. Something a little more clever, a little more subtle. Maybe a new way to keep Simone in line. Keep her a little off guard all the time. In any case, someone will be paying for it till they confess. Something like this always costs something.

And why do I tend to use the same word two or more times in the same sentence? I notice myself doing this to myself in the previous paragraph. Why, exactly, does it turn out to be this way, exactly, why? I have to think about it too much to do it. Thinking about it makes it too hard to do. I end up making sentences that make no sense, tense wise, perhaps? Will he ever be literarily clever, you ask yourself? Will he ever go on to something else? Yes.

A long talk with Joe yesterday about VD. The fear of it makes him loose his enthusiasm about Linda and Simone. He sees both of them as not very prudent or careful. Its a very unromantic part of his relationship with women. He grills them about it. He also tends to be with women who get around less than him. I have heard similar anxiety from Ann. She worries about it. Simone's friend Steve has told her he's afraid of getting herpes, via me, from her. He has the same problem, but more related to being so secretive about his relationships. Everybody is afraid of getting something from someone else. They never suspect they may be the one. I have decided to get a VD test, and make the results public, at least amongst the people most directly concerned, once a month. Joe liked the idea and said he would be amenable to doing the same. Then others could follow the example and space their tests so that someone has a test every few days. This should help the anxiety. But I suspect resistance to the idea. Nobody wants to get caught as the one with something. Everyone will be inclined to say its a good idea for everyone else. I even thought of refusing to fuck with someone who doesn't have test results from atleast the last month. There are those who will say it spoils the mood. Tough shit. Anxiety about it spoils the mood. A disease will destroy the mood.

Life here, with Simone's return, has returned to normal. Namely, the desparate, whining, snivelling, demanding, little kid who can never get enough of what she wants. After hearing more of her weekend with Jeff I am absolutely astounded and amazed that she would even consider living with him, or marriage. But it actually seems to be on her mind. This after seeing a woman who spent 17 years with an alcoholic, and has just married her second, and who is already covering her ass for the divorce. For her, of course, this behavior seems like the perfectly ok and natural thing to do. For me its something to be avoided, which means avoiding her. She never has any understanding of this situation until someone turns the tables on her. Jeff being the most recent, and Stu just before that.

Some dreams last night: Maggie Lettvin is giving an exercise class on FH. I walk into a room and she is on the floor with several other women. A second dream has me, Simone, and Steve in a garage, an auto repair place, trying to fix a car. He wants her to go outside and smooch. He wants to get her away from me. I keep trying to fix the car and keep an eye on them at the same time. This merges into another dream about a car, with helicopter blades on top, slowly descending to the roof of a one story building across the street. It lands ok and begins to roll, very slowly, towards the edge. Why doesn't the pilot use the brake, I wonder. Its getting close to the edge. Its going to fall over. It does! It falls slowly. The nose of the car is squashed. The pilot is still inside and ok. Two others get out. The pilot is acting funny.

More funny stuff going on here. Dana thinks I'm trying to interfere with his and Simone's business, and trying to get Simone out of the house. It seems he thinks I'm doing things to get her to leave. That I'm acting strangely, but he doesn't say concretely how. Jack said this recently. But nobody says anything concrete. All vague reference and inuendo. Dana thinks Ann's coming over last night was some sort of complicated trick. Jeff thought the same. He thought Simone might end up sleeping with him if he played his cards right. But Ann only wanted to read the Globe help wanted ads. She'd spent the day at an interviewing seminar. She was enthusiastic about continuing her search for a job.

Simone has just returned. Dread sweeps over me. The urge to be elsewhere. Now its that I told her mother I was arguing with her tonight. You told my mother we were fighting tonight, when you've been at your class, she accuses. But its only a question of semantics or time. Nothing to do with reality. So you want to fight tonight, she asks. How do these things start? I wonder. Then a false try at making up. It reminds me of an incident from her therapy weekend. Barb Levy and her have some tension between them. It originally came from the possibility of a relationship with Jerry, one of the trainers. They do not speak easily with each other, as in the beginning. Simone makes a contrived move, I want to hug you, she says, and is rebuffed.

Monday morning, Linda calls me to borrow a pair of shoes for Mark Levy. He has locked himself out of the apartment downstairs. His shoes are inside. He didn't want to ask me directly. So, I tell her, first he wants my woman, then he wants my shoes. Well, I continue, tell him that my underwear is the bottom line. And no more! He has told her to leave me. Can't you see how he's just using you, and doesn't really love you, he informs her.

More about Simone's most recent assault. I realize how my own interpretation of the event gets confused after talking to Nadine. I had, in my confusion, described the situation as one where I was trying to flee the apartment, and Simone was trying to hold me in. In reality, she was trying to throw me out, and I was trying to stay inside. After threats of murder, stabbing, calling the police, and miscellaneous mayhem, she left and went to Linda's.

Do you know what Richard wrote in his notes, she cries to them on walking in the door. He wants me to have a VD test every month. Linda and Lotti both ask me about contraception. I understand you still aren't using anything and taking equal responsibility for it, she says. I get pissed off at this and remind her that she is talking about an ideal world where everyone has equal rights. My own experience tells me that men and women don't have equal rights or responsibilities when it comes to children. Women may want men to take equal responsibility for contraception and abortion costs, but nobody jumped up and down to help me get the right to see my daughter. So I get carried away with it. Lotti is now under the impression that I won't let Simone use contraceptives. Is it true, she asks.

Simone calls me from Braintree. She has had an accident. A scrape with the guardrail. She almost passed out again, and vomited. She told me about staying with Jack last night. Didn't want to tell me where at first. Then she disclosed that it was to protect Lotti from getting hurt. This afternoon she says they didn't fuck as Jack was too afraid of the complications. Jack is also in on protecting Lotti. She and I may a great little play, and have enormous fun with it. She still sees Simone as a matchmaker. Jack won't really let go and have an affair with her until she leaves me. She's covering her ass about someone to take care of her. Just in case it doesn't work out with me. Who wouldn't do the same? I see it all the time.

Simone learns more interesting stuff about Dana. He really wants to have an affair with Simone, but not as long as I'm with her. His lock went on last August. Simone didn't notice it till a few days ago. I asked him about his impression of my opening the door and looking in without knocking. My memory is that I've never done that. He admits its possible.

Judy tells me she notices that these assaults and physical interactions with Simone seem to be more frequent. It seems that way to me also.

I stayed with Linda last night. It was hard for me to fall asleep. Some fear



of Simone showing up. Some of fear of the attack. Asking Linda about it prompts her to remind me of her father. He was always threatening to kill someone, or throw them out of the house. This kept her awake many nights. She still has some of this in her. Touching her at night causes her to react very strongly. As though she were having a bad dream. Her body will suddenly jerk or convulse. She will gasp for breath.

Sometimes I see that each of us is like an iceberg to the others. We only get to see a little bit from the top of each of us. We show and hide as we see fit, to whomever we see fit to do so. Only some larger number of people get to see what each of us is really like.

Nadine, Lotti, and Linda thought my idea for regular VD tests was a good idea. They may even participate.

A call from Lesley College yesterday to come in for an interview for a job in their computer science department. Simone must be a little jealous.

Michael called the house for Simone about 1 minute after she left. I told her about the attack on me. He could identify with it as she's done the same to him many times. This afternoon I learned from Dana that she's done the same to him. He tells Simone, but not me that Constance is having some sort of very hard time at the moment, but he can't talk about it, or won't.

A long talk this afternoon with Dana and Simone. About the whole situation and what we will do. I want to talk to a lawyer and find out what sort of problems I will have if she really does call the police. My reputation with them is not too good. I need to cover my ass. She's astounded at this reaction. Everything seems to be almost ok with her. She speaks about moving to another place with Jack, but doesn't really want to do that. About moving into a big house with more people, but feels we have to have a solid base for doing that, and its not there yet. She wants to have some sort of group meeting where we talk about everything that's going on. She wants me to respond in a certain way when she's feeling bad. I get some examples of kissing or hugging her when she asks. But this seems completely phony and contrived. But its real to her as that's how she and Michael did it. To me it would be faking. I feel false enough now in much of my behavior. It doesn't make sense to practice being false directly. To do something for which I have no feeling. More, but we had to end as she had a client coming for therapy. We will try talking with more people this Friday evening. I have volunteered to get a tape recorder. We can give copies to people who might like to know about how it went, but did not want to attend.

There will be a new VD clinic at the Cambridge Hospital, every Tuesday, from 4 to 6pm, beginning on December 15. The guy at the desk asks me if I have a practice. No, I inform him, its for my own use. Do I imagine the people in the waiting room to be staring at me after this little conversation?

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Yesterday, at the Lowell School office, I had to add a sentence to my course description. Sitting down, I looked at the paper for a minute, then wrote what was needed almost without hesitation. Virginia found it very clear, simple, and to the point. Dr Wedlock, the director, found my course descriptions to be just fine. He had two English teachers for parents. They were always working with him to develop his writing. He's very good for what he writes. In thinking about it, I realize how much my own has improved in the last year. Even in the last ten days it seems to have gotten better. Its much easier certainly. The last few days have just come right off my fingers. Very little hesitation.

Joe has been spending lots of time with Nadine, Lotti, and Linda. He must really enjoy having the three women to himself. Linda finished his portrait last night. It was in pencil. He was sitting in a chair and had only his underwear and a pair of socks on. Also, his glasses. It was very good. He was very pleased with it. She was satisfied with what he paid her. He's going to hang it where his pool playing ladies picture is now.

The Zucchini Assembly. People keep asking me what its about. What are we going to do. Edwin is skeptical. Ann is cautious about coming. We talk about it in a restaurant. Edwin can't recognize me as being able to lead a group in any way. Sten is the only one, he tells me, and he's not here. But back to what its about. We all have the feeling of not really knowing what other people are like. What's going on inside them. I see it as a chance to have everybody we know sit down and talk. A chance to unburden.