

# 1: Betrayed

*16 Feb 1990*

*London.*

I am feeling sorry for myself and a bit lost in the world. I have only ever managed to do things for brief spells, like living on a kibbutz, studying, teaching, designing furniture, and so on. Now I live in the shadow of the failure of Rob & Leo Designs. I thought I could run a business when I don't have a clue and cannot now redeem the situation. It's lost forever. What I have learnt is not to go into business again.

Anyway, it's no use berating myself. I have to look on the plus side. I am healthy, have a nice family and lovely home. So, why do I find my situation so uninspiring?

*I returned from a short holiday in Israel in the summer determined to do something about my "situation." Therapy of some sort was the obvious answer for me, so I started looking for a therapist. One day I noticed an ad in Time Out for a therapist by the name of Clive, who described himself as a "biodynamic therapist." Taken by the ad and curious about biodynamic therapy, I phoned him. After we had exchanged a few words he suggested that rather than chat over the phone I should come to see him. The following Friday evening I went over to him in Putney, taking with me a small tray of dates as a gift. After we had chatted for a few minutes Clive said, "This is love. We are going to work together." I readily agreed.*

*13 Nov 1990*

Two things were on my mind before my first session with Clive: my relationship with my wife Paula and work. We started off by talking about Letting Go: in the present, of the past, of what I think I am, ought to be, etc. He remarked that I am up tight about little things, so I cannot get on with life and have stood still for years.

According to him, "There is a general emptiness and depression in you, no joy. It is better to throw it all away." We spoke about the figure I cut against the world; the phases of my life. It seems I have built up a legend of being a king in Israel—the image of myself I cling to. He asked what feelings I have in relation to my mother and her death. I am unsure. My father was throttling. That I see clearly.

Clive was surprised I cope with my situation without either drugs or alcohol.

After the session I felt calm and a bit empty. I was not very coherent and was not clear what Clive said about Mozart's *Magic Flute*, particularly the significance of the *Maiden of the Night*. I'm thinking about the ways my style worked in the past but I realize I am out of touch with reality now.

20 Nov 1990

*The second session with Clive.*

"Why are you feeling tense and disgruntled?" he asked. I said, "I am frustrated at school/work and dissatisfied at home." Clive thinks I am cut off from the world. I distance myself; I am fastidious. His impression is that my father did not speak because he was depressed and I never mourned for my mother. That is the focus of being cut off from feelings. I am reliving the dynamic that existed between my parents: father's anger with mother—unfinished business. And I am doing the same thing with Paula.

Clive says the facts are that I am here now and that my mother died of cancer. To some extent I am in a foreign country. What is unresolved is bridging the void between how I am now and how I need to be.

27 Nov 1990

*The third session with Clive.*

I related a very vivid dream. I am working in some engineering business. It has a shady feel about it. I have to dig a hole because water is coming up. While digging I come across a car, a 1962-model Porche. It's blue and in pristine condition. I raise it to the surface and put it in the garage. My job is to look after it but suddenly I can't find it so I go looking. I run down the road, exhilarated. I feel young, fit and strong. Eventually I find the boss, who wants to sell cars and create the right image.

Clives's interpretation: 1962 is where I am stuck, an eighteen-year-old teenager— young, immature, fragile. Nice guy. A great idealist and believer with enormous determination and integrity, looking for and needing something outside myself.

I told him that things are cold between Paula and me. Clive says sex should be pure recreation, not a coin of the realm. He suggests that Paula wants me away so she can fulfill her role as mother and father (like her own mother). We talk of potency and impotency—my images in relation to Paula. He asks, "What is the worst that can happen in case of breakup?" I say, "I will miss the kids."

*04 Dec 1990*

*After the fourth session.*

Clive intuitively a story of my continuing my mother's unfinished business. I am living out my mother without admitting her femininity. She didn't die, she contracted cancer. She exists in the ideal world therefore I am searching for the ideal world. I died in her place. I did not allow her to die. I died for her. I internalized her death. I am this dead woman!

It has taken me all this time to reach this point. Still, it is only in my head; not yet integrated. I have created this ideal world in order to avoid having to face the real world—why my mother died. There was a strong element of my mother protecting me from my father. When she died my protection went, adding fear to loss. How brutal was my father? Did I really suffer? I think I did.

I mentioned my ambivalence regarding Paula, saying that when we are together there is tension and anger. An impossible situation has developed. I want affection, feel terrible and can't generate it. Catch 22. We are not even kissing. Clive asks, "What if you were to know of an affair. Allow yourself, what then?"

According to Clive being adult means accepting my situation and making the best of it: London, relationships, work, kids, friends. This is it. Relax. There is nothing better.

*11 Dec 1990*

*After the fifth session.*

I am upset and angry. Paula won't kiss me and I wonder what it means. Clive asks if we can forget the rough period and move ahead. I have grave doubts. Am I scared to declare my love in case it means death—refusal? There is so much anger that I cannot sort out what is what.

Clive's aphorism: Marriage is fucking; otherwise it is friendship. As he sees it, in order to achieve manhood I have to extricate myself from this web.

*04 Jan 1991*

We are into the same old pattern. Paula is strutting around like an excited bird. At night there is no affection. We are like two cold fish. She is sexually dead; I feel bored and empty. All I want is to walk a long way, to escape to a retreat in France or Italy. I

feel like going out in the rain with just what I am wearing. Why should I be enslaved to this situation?

*08 Jan 1991*

*After the session with Clive.*

We spoke about being a “Man Without Qualities” (Robert Musil), whereas I want to be nice guy, achiever, etc. I am bored with myself and my life. I need to lose control. Seems like I am hiding my dark side and I need to get in touch with it. This is the really heroic journey.

There is no situation, only meaning, i.e., how I perceive it. No objective reality. There is no problem out there, in the world. It is just my perception of it that is at fault. I have to give myself a break. Enough suffering. I have to change in relation to all the things in my life: work, wife, London. I don't have to change them. I have to find answers within myself. There is nothing outside.

*24 Jan 1991*

*The session with Clive.*

We discussed the story of the Eagle and the Elephant, of pretending to be something other than you really are. The lesson being that “you have to be who you are.” Clive keeps reminding me that I think the situation lies outside myself. It doesn't.

He makes the point that I am a perfectionist. I look for perfection in everything, including my wife and job. I am constantly looking for more satisfaction, more everything, and therefore I am dissatisfied. I cannot accept mediocrity. **DROP PERFECTIONISM.**

Paula has a lump in her breast. It could be breast cancer! Shock & confusion. Thoughts of sickness and death flood me again, and about recreating my father's situation. What will happen to us?

*05 Feb 1991*

*The session with Clive.*

My mother died at a brilliant moment. She cut me off just as I was about to enter manhood. This way it preserved her image as a perfect woman/mother. I have continued to preserve this image, by remaining a child. And if I cease to remain a

child, that image is no longer preserved. I have to say goodbye to her. I have not yet buried her properly.

Letting go means being able to detach myself from my past, from my mother and father. I am still caught in the triptych. It is an ossified process. I have to de-ossify but I don't want to. Why? Because I am afraid there is nothing else.

*20 Feb 1991*

*The session with Clive.*

We talked about male/female—both elements are there in an integrated individual. My female is heavily idealized. A more realistic picture is that there are three faces of Eve: creator, nurturer, destroyer. I am stuck in Phase 1.

*26 Feb 1991*

*The session with Clive.*

I am the supplicant and the consummator. I am waiting for my mother to give me permission to grow up and do adult things. Grant it myself—I am the mother and the son; I am the asker and the giver.

I want joy and fulfilment, I am yearning for it. I can provide it too. I don't need Clive or anybody else. I can do it by myself. In fact, only I can do it. Nobody else can. So be it. I can grant myself happiness, joy, light even in the midst of misery—London, teaching. I have been waiting for other people, places to bestow joy on me. It can only come from within me. I am the prince; I am also the pauper.

*06 Mar 1991*

Yesterday Clive introduced me to the Corals. Somehow he knew it would touch me.

***Where Corals Lie* by Richard Garnett, first set to music in Edward Elgar's *Sea Pictures* (1899). (The version I heard is sung by Dame Janet Baker.)**

*The deeps have music soft and low*

*When winds awake the airy spry,*

*It lures me, lures me on to go*

*And see the land where corals lie.*

*The land where corals lie.*

*By mount and mead, by lawn and rill  
When night is deep, and moon is high  
That music seeks and finds me still,  
And tells me where the corals lie.  
And tells me where the corals lie.*

*Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
But far the rapid fancies fly  
The rolling worlds of wave and shell,  
And all the land where corals lie.*

*Thy lips are like a sunset glow,  
Thy smile is like a morning sky,  
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go  
And see the land where corals lie,  
The land, the land where corals lie.*

Nothing has been so evocative of my mother. There was something about the tone and cadence that gave me a very strong sense of my mother: the image of the corals lying on the seabed—my mother lying preserved, intact. Clive suggested that I have kept her preserved; she has kept me as I was. I have to live my life; she has to die. She has to rot, ferment, disintegrate. I often try to imagine what my mother would be like now. I don't think what she is actually like—bones.

Clive asked about my relationship with Paula. "How did it all start? What were you attracted to in her?" I replied, "The way she carried herself in the world: her spontaneity, ease, intelligence—life force." He pointed out the contrast with me feeling dead.

*16 Mar 1991*

*After yesterday's session.*

Clive: "We are running out of ice."

I am stuck at the age of ten. For thirty-five years I have remained ten because I think that I have to keep my mother alive in order for the concept of mother to live on. But she is dead, ex, deceased. I have to provide the warmth, love and affection I need. I see Julia as a skeleton in a smart men's suit, which is hiding my dead mother. She is just bones, some sublime form floating gently on the bottom of the sea, and I have no mechanism for saying goodbye to her. I am unable to get words out.

Clive says I am possessed by my mother. He saw it from the first minute. It does not matter who Julia was. I have projected the image of truth, love, beauty and affection onto her. I tend to be tolerant and accepting, not assertive. I should be looking for the male side—assertiveness, more fire and power.

I mentioned my inability to cry. He observed that my body armour is too tightly locked. I could not remember the last time I cried. Then it struck me. It was not long after my mother died, when I saw the film *A Kid for Two Farthings*. Clive was brought to tears by the image of the old Jewish man in the film. I remember coming out of the film and being comforted by Ada K.

To mourn Julia means to mourn lost time—thirty-five years. The lost me.

*16 Apr 1991*

*Session*

We talk about opposites: Wimp/man; Apollo/Dionysus.

We all have both sides so we have to recognize it and accept. At the same time we have choices:

- a. Can create the world internally, in the imagination
- b. Can create part internal, part external
- c. Can have all external

Freedom is having control of one's imagination, having one's own gods. Call them up when needed. I still need land and community. Once I have created my gods in my imagination I can walk around Golders Green.

The child in me suspects that Paula has given up on me. The child in me is never wrong.

*18 Apr 1991*

I imagine a conversation with Paula.

*I think you have given up on me, or did I push you? Something in me says you are involved with somebody else. I suspect it is Shawn. He needs it; you need it. Your anger and mine are genuine. I more or less declared my love for you and you did not respond. You were silent. What does that mean? I guess we can live like this. You have found your independence, as you call it. I will find mine. We can live together with minimal emotional investment from either side. Keep the ship running. Maybe your “freedom” does not have to interfere with our relationship in the least. It could even enhance it, because you will be a happier person, more fulfilled. It is all a bit reminiscent of ’70—’71, when I got to London. I came to be with you and you were with Robin.*

20 Apr 1991

*After an extraordinary night.*

I confronted Paula and she told me what was happening. As I suspected, she is involved with Shawn, a guy she has been working with for a few years. I was relieved I was right and kind of accepted. It is better knowing, for the moment.

Leo, the ultimate nice guy. *Mensch*. Where is my anger? Can I just take this with equanimity? Why do I feel so calm? Am I scared to explode the whole thing? Am I trying to win her back?

She says she loves me for it. How ironic. And yet, it feels okay. I can handle it. It is weird being in a situation I cannot talk about with friends. This is the central theme in my life and I won't be talking about it.

How long will it last? She may want to stop but he needs her desperately. I have grown up a bit; I can call up my gods. I don't feel like rushing off to find someone to caress.

Paula says I have saved the marriage by my action. Well, do we really want to save it? She says, yes. Let's try and keep it going for a while. She needs lots of space. I think I can give it to her. We have been more affectionate lately than almost ever before. There was some release of tension, especially last night.

*I feel hurt, very. The love I wanted from you, you have lavished elsewhere. That is painful. But, I can recognize the pain and bear it. Somehow, I see the world clearer today. The colours are sharper and I am more certain of myself.*

Again I ask: Am I just burying my anger and rage, like I did when I was a child, or am I just aware of the pain, anger and rage and therefore able to tolerate it? What I felt

in the past, the deathly sickness in my guts, is not there now. That was powerlessness, insecurity, rage and fear.

I went for a walk on the Heath and tried to find the warm, all-loving mother within me. It's not easy, but I am more accepting of myself. I am not Tom Jones or Sigmund Freud, yet able to be "average." Almost.

It seems crazy to me that I might not need love from another person, that I can supply all the love I need. This is a turning point in my life. Now I have to move towards real independence and integrity, although I am still not able to regress. Where is the four-year-old me?

*21 Apr 1991*

Can I sit and watch her in a love relationship? They say the worst pain is at the beginning; it gets easier as time goes on. At what point do I throw in the towel, cut my losses? Don't expect me to wait around. What has this changed, anyway? Our relationship is not worse, perhaps better. If I can bear it it's a better situation. But what about me? I am her slave.

She says she is basically monogamous but is torn. She is torn between love, passion and care on the one hand and family, mediocrity, boredom on the other. What choice?? *You are caught between nice guy Leo who you can't really get it together with and nice guy Shawn who is problematic to live with.*

I see my wife has found a love situation and I am looking on it from the outside. I envy her situation. I am not really jealous of Shawn because I don't think Paula and I could find that love.

Did I push her into it? What were my unconscious motives? Did I want an excuse for my own longings? Did I want the titillation that comes from extreme emotion, i.e., self-flagellation? And what am I going to do about it? Just take it as it comes. There is more passion there than I first thought. That is not surprising. At the same time, there is more passion between us than there has been in a long, long time. We are intimate. I am thinking warmly about her. I want her to love me.

I find myself trying to gain her love, but maybe I should just push off. I am not going to find love here, only aggravation and pain. She says, "Wait a while, I'll be back." Will she? Do I want her?

22 Apr 1991

I am sad, I am angry, I am in tears. I feel alive. I feel the loss, I feel the pain, but I still go on.

What was I like as a little boy? I had some sense of it in the shower. Nine, ten years old. Helpless, scared, uncertain and yet something in me said, "You'll be okay, Leo. You'll be fine." And I smiled. That was the voice of my internal mother. I was crying because I felt such an utter failure, so helpless, so pathetic. I was angry with Paula, so angry I could have throttled her.

Surely it is plain as daylight—she doesn't love me. She thinks I am a nice guy. A *mensch*. Something in her says, and has always said, "He is the one to marry and live with. I can trust him, he will love and care for me. But he has never really excited me, made me want to do cartwheels, made the world sharp and my skin tingle."

I alternate between wanting to please her and wanting to throttle her. I have said how much I love her and that she does not have to choose. I have said that I love her so much that I can even tolerate her loving someone else. But at the same time I AM ANGRY. I AM MAD. I AM FURIOUS.

Ultimately, I can take care of myself. It would be nice to have someone to comfort and love me, but I can manage. I feel the strength inside me. That is what counts. At some level I feel she should not let go of what she has. Life is short. If you find a love relationship then you have to go with it. Also, for us it can never be the same again. She will always be comparing, although their delight and passion will not last. We should not settle for the mediocre. It hurts, really hurts, but it's plain truth.

Why do I feel this way? Why am I prepared to give her up? Because I think it is better for both of us. What we have is reasonable but it is not really the right stuff. There is a lot of history, attachment, fondness and dependency. It is not actually love. Only it's so hard to give it up. I need to use one of the formulae: find someone outside, or find someone inside. It may be possible to conduct life this way. Is it good for me? Is it good for us? I don't know.

What about the light-hearted view. So she plays around a bit, she loves another guy. So what? Maybe I will do the same. In fact, I do not see how it will balance out unless I either leave or do the same. If I reject her she can go to him. She has choice, she can't lose. This is a painful time. I want it to pass and it cannot pass quickly enough.

I can call up my gods but I feel sad at the loss, the deep loss of myself over all this time. The voice said, "You'll be okay, Leo." That is my greatest strength, the real me.

There will be still more pain, especially regarding our family. That will be tough for me. We just have to handle it in the right way. We have to. I feel it in my bones that it is going to happen. That is scary. That is what I fear, the collapse of our family. It is not my relationship with her that I mourn; it's the passing of our family. So, keep it together, keep up the pretence. It is possible. I see now there are two levels: our relationship and the family. It's the family I really care about.

Who is going to hold me in the world? I cry. I am very emotional. I can hold myself, just about. I spoke of a five-year plan to Paula. "Let's live together for five years and then go our own way. See what happens."

*23 Apr 1991*

I woke at about five and started thinking about Gleneagles, where they got together, and got that sick, panicky feeling. Then Paula held me and we loved passionately. Afterwards I lay in bed by myself and felt this calm descend on me. I have never felt so calm.

It's not anger I feel, it's grief. It is sorrow and sadness. It's the Corals. I cried like I have never cried before.

I phoned James (an old friend in Israel) and spoke from my heart. I told him I felt okay, that I had sensed my inner resources. I said I had reached the lowest depths and the top of the hill, and it was all downhill from here. Not true. Yesterday I was nine-ish; I still have to get to screaming and shouting at four-ish. What could get me there?

Perhaps at the back of my mind I still think she will come back to me. She says she has never left! Am I still trying to please, to curry favour? How do I use my imagination, my fantasy? Is it really controlling things if I fantasize about being intimate with someone? She is helping me through this, partly out of genuine feeling, partly because she needs and wants it all to stay together.

The real pain has still to come. I am not right at the very bottom yet. That will come if I get fully rejected, if I want her and she does not want me.

*Hill Garden, Golders Green.*

I am crying for me, nobody else. The lost me, the little boy. Fuck her.

24 Apr 1991

*What we covered in yesterday's session.*

I am the Christ child, prepared to suffer for the good of my mother. I'm on the cross. I have been forsaken in favor of a new child, and all this is reminiscent of my childhood pattern. What did I feel then and what do I feel now? Helplessness. I also ask, "What have I done wrong?"

Clive insists that there is no male figure in my life. No male firmness in me. I am being mother to her as well as child. I need to be father too. I am trying to please, as ever, whereas I need to break patterns.

What I want to say to her: *You were prepared to risk your husband and family for a relationship with a man you cannot live with. Not all flings are legitimate. You are playing with fire. When push comes to shove the family and your relationship with me can go down the tubes. The fact is, till Friday night you thought it was going that way. Then I saved you, so you feel relieved. Why don't you look at other ways of resolving your problems with me? There might be a resolution; there might not be.*

*Later*

Do nothing. Sit and watch yourself from 1 mm up; the higher, the better the view. Everything is to the good. It will work out. Things will come to me if I find my centre. First I have to plumb the depths. I have to experience nothingness, then there will be a re-birth. Now that all is open and possible we are going back to what we know, what is familiar—the family. We think we have seen the void so we run back to the familiar, to the family.

25 Apr 1991

I feel it in my bones that we are parting, if not physically then emotionally. I feel very weepy, brought on by thoughts about the past—what was, the good side. The loss. Paula says, "Things are moving fast." I realize now what this means. This is the supreme pain. *What you have must be fantastically strong. It is impossible for me to be clear about my feelings for you. It's too emotional. You are just placating me, keeping me quiet.*

Just breathe deep and call up my gods. Call up my mother. That is what I need, to fall into her arms and be taken into her womb again. Mother, I have been rejected. I

am nobody. But, I smile because I can almost see my new self. All I have to do is survive, for a while.

I feel the anticipated pain of the children. They will be knocked sideways. I care more for my children than I do for myself. Sad. I feel ashamed because I may appear a wimp. Okay, I am not what I seem to be. I am imperfect, vulnerable and insecure. I think I can now accept this in myself. She is head over heels. I am nothing. I see and fear a life of sterile spirituality, when I want joy and sparkle.

I like the idea of going to France by myself. Somehow spiritual sterility feels better there. I don't want to teach or do psychotherapy. I want to do pottery and make tables, look after property, breathe fresh air.

An emptiness pervades. I am looking for her.

*Yesterday's session.*

I learned two things: 1. Let it be. It will be okay, probably better. There will be pain, a lot of pain, but after the pain there will be calm and re-birth; 2. I need to seek the perfect forms of mother and father. My real parents were gods with feet of clay. I can now conjure up the perfect, all-loving, caring mother and the father. These are the two forms I need for my own protection and safety and I can give them to those I love. I need to look a little harder for father but I see him now. I feel something growing inside me, a ray of hope.

I am beginning to realize what it means to "deeply resign," and I weep. I have to deeply resign my previous life and then I will be able to start a new life.

It has been a morning of turmoil, brought on by hearing the tape she shares with Shawn when I went downstairs. Music is magic. I realized what it means to her and I resent those tapes being in my house. I do not want them here.

This morning Rachel (my younger daughter) and I hugged each other and listened to Corals. She said she cried and I told her I had cried yesterday. She wanted to know why it was so sad for me. I told her it reminded me of my mother.

I am so weepy. Every ten minutes something makes me cry. I am thinking of contacting all my friends, whoever I have in the world. I need them a little now and might need them a lot more later.

I fluctuate between anger and resentment and trying to please; between wishing it would all end and hoping we will recreate family bliss. Also, I am a bit embarrassed in the eyes of the world. Not a man, not who you thought I was.

The family. I pain over what I expect to happen. Don't split the family. We have to find another way. Looked at differently, I can't *want* the family to stay together. Either it will or it won't. Is this so? Will my actions not affect things? I don't understand this dynamic.

My manhood is diminished. My pride is hurt. My core is shaken. Fuck her, in a big way. I am worried. I am anxious, fearful, shaking. Think of all the people involved.

I fear the emptiness, the void. But I am assured it is the beginning of life.

Between the ages of six and ten I was waiting for death—of my mother. I probably wanted it to end but was not allowed to have those thoughts. That situation is recreated every now and again, like now.

*26 Apr 1991*

Passion is in the groin. It's there for her with him. That is my greatest worry, desire. What is desire? I can just about bear it. How much harder can it get?

Console yourself. It won't kill you and you will be better, stronger for it. *But it hurts, mother. I am diminished. I am demeaned.* Don't tell that to anyone, boy. That is your dignity and it's all you have left. Reminds me of Viktor Frankl.

For the last twenty years you have been trying to make the earth move for her and it has drained you totally. Now you feel relief because the load is off, though you feel a failure. Don't; it was an impossible task. Do you see that? You set yourself a Herculean task and you are not Hercules.

I have spent the last twenty years trying and he did it in two days. Magic. Maybe I should tell him to piss off. I want to see him face to face. I feel like blowing the whole thing open. What will happen then?

And what did the Corals say today? There was a ray of hope, of looking forward. They said: go forth, my boy. Deeply resign, go into the world, don't be scared. And I smiled. There is awareness of loss. Loss. Loss. But there is hope for the future, for growth and joy, tinged with sorrow and regret. That is what is in me now.

27 Apr 1991

What a night. Now I feel it is all over. I just feel that they are right for each other, whatever that means. At this stage of her life it is he that she needs. It might blow over and it might not. A breakup is inevitable. She is torn; I am cut to shreds. Thinking about the way it happened for them: the right atmosphere, a few drinks, electricity. How will it happen for me? Passion is chemistry. You cannot teach it. That is a hard, bitter lesson. The emotional house is crumbling. I have to step outside before it falls. Jay said the flames of passion die. Possibly. But Paula will be unfulfilled without this. I want her to be fulfilled. I dread the prospect of an unhappy woman as my partner. Can she be happy with me? Can I be happy with her?

Am I engaged in another heroic struggle, this time to save our family? I always seem to find a cause, one that does not do me any good. Is it pissing against the wind?

Letter from Paula, written before she left for Denmark:

*Leo,*

*Take care—please don't be too sad—I'm coming back to you. I'll be thinking of you—trying to work things out for myself—it's not easy—I'll phone.*

*P.S. Rachel's rolls are in top shelf of freezer—ready made. Jake's bagels are one shelf down in carrier bag—there aren't enough for whole week—there is salami but you'll have to buy a few more bagels.*

*I love you.*

*P*

28 Apr 1991

It's a time for breaking away. Holding on is like alcohol dependency: I want it, I need it—it's killing me. What about training as a hypnotherapist, getting a job in a community, doing pottery seriously, dog breeding? I see the next stage now. Gradually move away and create my own world. She has work and love—fulfilment. I envy her. I envy anybody like that.

There is a little voice inside that says all the time: I want it to work with Paula. This is the voice of dependency and attachment, the cry of habit, the hope of avoiding pain. It's a false hope. What seems like the easy solution now is not the correct one. I am sure of that.

*I look at your short love note. It is all true: you are coming back to me and you will be thinking of me. You love me and I am reasonably certain you will continue to love me, partly because you know how much I love you and a side of you says, “I want a pure, faithful man.” That stage has passed. Accept it. Now you want passion and you seem to have it.*

*For me, at a certain stage, you were the person to be with. There was deep affection and attachment. We brought up a wonderful family. Now I have to move off, to cut my own path and find work I can get absorbed in. And maybe love will come too.*

*Leo, let me speak to you as a father:*

*My boy, things are hard for you at the moment. Stay calm and confident. You will be okay. You have great resources and strength. Let them come to the fore.*

*At an earlier stage in your life you chose the heroic path in thinking you could create paradise on earth, first on the kibbutz and then with Paula. Those things worked for you, more or less. But, as you can see, the attempt to create paradise with Paula nearly killed you. Put down the load now. You managed to create a wonderful family. You will always have the positive side of that and you can continue to be a good father to your kids.*

*Now is a time for moving away gently, to create your own life, in a small way. You need to find work and possibly real love. However, love will not come easily to you. As to work, you need to see what is right for you; you have a lot of skills and talents. You can find a new self. It will mean deeply resigning what you have had up till now—almost everything. I think you are ready for it.*

*I have faith in you. You will be okay.*

I spoke to James. He said, “The kids have had a brilliant innings. It will be hard for them, not terrible. You have my total and full support.”

Later I spoke to Harry (another old friend). He wanted to know where my anger was. Did I get into rages? He has been rejected by two women. He feels they took all the good with them and left nothing. He wanted to know what will happen when the passion goes *fut*. He said I could phone him anytime, day or night. He felt my pain. I must develop a clear sense of me, which takes a long time.

Paula phoned from Copenhagen. I said the wrong things, like I missed her. She laughed and got short, wanting to speak to her kids. I panicked, like a four-year-old.

Jan (a family friend) feels it is real, deep love between them that could really flourish and grow. I think so too. She thinks Paula is asking phenomenal maturity and understanding from me. It is fine to give it. She would not have got to where she has got without the fathering I have given her. It's an earthquake. Nothing will be the same again. Paula is so high; there is no speaking to her. With a love of this sort you just want to be together all the time. Maybe she can love two people.

Jan's advice to me: "Go back to pottery. You are a very good potter."

*29 Apr 1991*

*6:00 a.m.*

Sick, sick, sick in my tummy.

It's not just hard, it's terrible. It is far worse than I thought it could be.

Things between them are too wonderful for me to believe and it goes through me like a knife. How can she have so much and me nothing? I am just an empty vessel shouting for help and salvation. Where will it come from?

And I cried, but not for long. I tried to be in my ideal mother's arms. My ideal father spoke a little. He says it will be okay, even if it doesn't look like it now.

*La Bohème* is my music. Sad, sad joy. I can hear it inside me. I feel quite contented, seeing that look on her face after we were in bed together on Saturday morning. Someone helped to push her to the top. What a relief. Now I can do my thing.

I am absolutely powerless, like a child, like I was as a child. What power does a child have over a parent? None. Here she has all the power. She has the ability to say: *I don't love you*. It's not true—she can't deny it. She loves me.

*I want to say something to you right now. I want to give you space. At the same time I want your love too. I need it. Don't reject me. I need your help to find my way. I think we have enough between us for you to give it. Our love for each other is greater than it has been for twenty years so there is no reason to part. Not true, but there is reason to stay together.*

It's panic stations, I know. I need to find a quiet spot and look into myself. I am worried about being dependent on her. Her every move will affect me. She's going to Chicago. Will she come back?

I feel a big part of me is lost, is absent. I feel it in the solar plexus. Maybe that is where I have felt something is missing. I want to look at some photos of me as a baby. Corals. *Mother, I weep for you. I am powerless.*

I want her to phone and say: "Hi Leo, I am missing you. I do care for you and I look forward to seeing you." That would be a relief because I am uncertain of her feelings. The child is uncertain of his mother's love. The pain of rejection is what I must have felt when my mother died. I am feeling it only now.

*30 Apr 1991*

I sense the modest beginnings of power.

I get the feeling that everything that has gone before was nothing. This is a new phase in which I can look at the past and reject it. I can continue to be a good father and the kids will be okay. I am thinking of Robinson (in *Friday and Robinson* by Michel Tournier) in the cave. He expects darkness and finds light. Friday guides him towards a new life.

I hear a different sound from Corals now. It used to be sad and mournful—the sound of my mother; thoughts of my mother lying at the bottom of the sea, preserved perfectly. Now it is the sound of growth, movement and change. The last verse now puts a spring in my step. I AM WALKING.

Give her up, deeply. Find the corals elsewhere. I need some coral. What about Eilat?

I dread the endless cycle of on and off with Paula. I cannot let it go on. I am doing mental gymnastics: sometimes I just pretend it has ended in order to ensure the opposite. *I hate you for what you have done. I hate you so much I feel like destroying your relationship, getting revenge, feeling a bit of power over you.* How? What is the worst thing I can do to her?

Who says things have to work out all rosy? Where is it written? Not all relationships work. She might have left me in all but name but I don't think she has. I have not accepted that she has. The thought of her moving out chills me, makes me panic. It may only be a matter of time. I have to disinvest emotionally. How?

I feel absolutely powerless and helpless. No money, no status. Just a little, little me inside. I hope it's going to come out. Generally though, I feel better.

*After the session with Clive yesterday.*

I am thinking about the stigma and the degradation. I am not a real man. And now everyone can see I am frail and fallible. That's me. On the other hand I now have the luxury of being ordinary. I do not have to be anybody, not even Adonis.

To remind myself, it is like trying to come off heroin. I see it is eating me up and I have to drop the habit. Everybody wants to kick ass and my ass is being kicked.

The pain in this phase (which might last years) is going to be tolerating their relationship. Contrast this with a death, where the loss is greater and more obvious but it ends there. Here it continues.

James says I stumbled with the stretcher; a reference to our army days. "Who can keep going without falling? In twenty years' time you will be laughing at what is going on now." I don't think so. Guts and determination were there but you just didn't have everything it needed. Try a lighter load next time. You may have an easier journey and even reach the summit.

Echoes of Nietzsche: What does not kill you makes you stronger.

I am still waiting for her to call from Copenhagen.

*01 May 1991*

I had a horrible dream. I dreamt that somebody I know, an ugly child, was stealing things from our house. I kicked him out.

She is drunk with Shawn, besotted. That's the rub. *You have deserted us. Go, go, flourish with him. And let me go to the land where the corals lie.*

Is it going to be a question of who is first out of the door after Jessy's exams? Paula wants out. She also wants her kids and me. It's a tough choice. She'll probably prefer not to choose. I need to know where I stand. I deserve that, otherwise we split soon.

But a little voice inside me says: how boring to go back to Paula.

Tendency to merge; tendency to part.

*03 May 1991*

I feel like her eunuch, on the cross and in a flaming rage. Helpless. I am like a ship in a storm, being blown about by the wind. Don't do anything rash. Calm will return and you will be able to decide. Watch yourself.

My underlying feeling is that I want her to scream out for me. Yet, a side of me does not want her, does not feel right with her. This is not just reaction to rejection. I want my mythical woman, call her Marta, not Paula. There are other fish in the sea. Explore.

*06 May 1991*

Paula—"I'll be back to sleep."

Pain, yes. Fear, no.

Clive—"Cut the Gordian knot."

I don't actually like Paula. She is not my affair. Just see through the pain, it will cleanse. Come out the other side. Whether it lasts or not is not my concern. I have to decide what I want. I do not have a problem—just float.

*22 May 1991*

I really think we should split but I can't face it. I cannot face loss, being alone. Can't face seeing her so full. I would like to feel generous, magnanimous and loving. I can't. I am your husband. I feel rejected, dejected and empty. Float in the world. No decisions. Empty now but will fill again; life will return. Let go. What's gone is gone. Know when to quit.

*25 May 1991*

I took off my wedding ring. She can live downstairs (on the middle floor of three). Maybe we will have to live like this for a while. I am not moving out. I don't know what I want but know what I don't want—more of what we had. In fact, I prefer the idea of a new love. It will take time but it will come. In the meantime there is pain, but not too bad. I don't really want her so why should I care if she loves Shawn. It's hard to be rejected but I know it's right. There is almost nothing between us. We are bored with each other; we have grown apart. She may be an attractive woman but not

the one for me. So, I'll find a new life. I believe things will go well for me. I have power and tremendous resources. She is not my concern.

They may be at it right now. That hurts a bit. He can have her; she can have him. I'm okay; I'm smiling.

*29 May 1991*

*After the session with Clive yesterday.*

Clive: "There is nothing, man. Just do down into nothing and you will realize you are still alive. When you are still you begin to pull things in. There is no hope. Just wake up every morning and feel some pain—know that you are alive. Don't be a bleeding heart. You are too feminine (Yin) and need to find the masculine (Yang). Be genuine, authentic. The only thing that counts is authenticity. That is your power and strength. You need to put a boundary around chaos."

I am giving up my power in every direction. I am only powerless if I think I am. All I can do at the moment is hang in, eat well and sleep well. Time will pass. Decisions are not mine. They will be taken by others. He doesn't give Paula and Shawn more than a few months. The whoosh will drop out, not him but what he is providing. She is charged up and can spread it around. We are all charged up. Something is hidden in the situation but I don't know what.

My task now is to let go, to separate. Just explore my emotions. Take each day as it comes. Each second. Get in touch with the void. Discover the child in me. Stay in between fullness and emptiness, that's the trick. It's in me. Use this incident to transform myself. Live the moment. Smell freedom. Work can loosen the bonds. **HOLDDD. DON'T SPLINTER.**

Love: two people trying to stay afloat on the sea. They look at each other and say "Doing okay?"

And in my desperation I turned to a tarot lady. It's all good news:

I have the Winner's card: celebration, hopefulness, expansion, growth, good luck, good karma. I am the Fool: the world is my oyster. The slate is clean: new incarnation. No expectations. Go and do it. It was her choice to make disruption. She will have to eat it. Be more of a real person. Express rage. I have to stoke the fire of spiritualism. Get involved in a cause. Writing—get out that pen. Listen to the child within. The little boy has a story.

30 May 1991

I just feel so empty. My mind is constantly mulling possible scenarios. I went to see a man about the legal situation. It looks bleak. One can't force the other to leave. We are forced to live under the same roof.

Thinking I might need to opt out, leave her with the house and kids then agree to sell the house in about a year's time. Why should I stay in this situation? Perhaps I need to make a clean break. It will be hard at first but I will manage. I will have freedom but still have responsibility to the kids. I am their father and always will be. Only, I cannot stand the thought of Shawn moving into my/our house. That's a hard one.

Stay empty; it will fill again.

*I don't want harmony, I want separation. Non-belligerence. I don't want to go out with you or be in your company. We talk of your moving out of the bedroom, to "cool off." Good idea. What I want is revenge. I hope it comes soon. Betrayed, that is the word. She has betrayed me and will ask for forgiveness.*

03 Jun 1991

*Reflecting on a weekend workshop with Clive...*

I am beginning to recognize my program. I take on suffering, remove myself from reality, hold in and on.

People there said, "The lion (Leo) is a noble, graceful creature, kills and lives. Fight, man, don't die. Scream and shout against the injustice done to you."

We are all in the shit; one big toilet. Get in touch, not by reaching out but by letting go. Let go of everything—love, kids, wife, marriage. Every fucking thing. When I have reached the bottom I can start coming up again. Leave them alone. They are not my affair. Thank heavens I am out of it.

Something profound happened. I realized I preferred being in hell with my mother to being out of hell without her. Julia is dead. Dead, dead, dead. Gone, finished. I need to suffer. Why? I won't let go. Why?

Most of all I got in touch with the lost child, the vulnerable child clinging to mother and looking around for signs of love and affection. I need to have a sense that there is something inside me—wild horses—then I can gradually get in touch with it.

*04 Jun 1991*

I am beginning to feel the wild horses are in me. I don't have to reach out for them. I am them. All I have to do is let go, stoke the fire. This is the time when I can harness them. I am ready to fight, to fight for my side. All the way. I also have a sense of the brutal, restless caveman. I visualize him/me lashing out with a rock in his hand. He is powerful, he is motivated, driven. That's me, too. I realize I am capable of anything: brutality and tenderness.

I can use the present situation to turn myself around—to know deeply that it is all in me. It's funny how it comes slowly, almost imperceptibly.

Fight, fight, fight. I'll nail them if it's the last thing I do. I am the power. She just touched my button. This is not the time for harmony; it's the time for confrontation. Take up the cudgels. September will be too late. Let the battle commence. Make plans. I'll do what I want to, use every possible means. *You'll see what you took on when you got into bed with Shawn at Gleneagles.*

No reason, no compassion. Just rage.

*05 Jun 1991*

*Clive and I talked yesterday.*

About walking out, about leaving, about going.

If we have reached this point there is a choice:

- a. Reconciliation
- b. Break

As neither of us wants reconciliation there should be a break. I have to move out on my own. This is the only way for me to find my way. Worst case scenario: I move out, Shawn moves in; the kids forget about me. Well, what is wrong with that? It's where I started from. It's all just a bad investment. Cut my losses. Twenty-odd years ago I did not know Paula and now I can forget about her. It was just an episode. Thank heavens it was only twenty-odd years. She is not blood. The kids do not belong to me. All they need is a mother or father figure. I have to sort out my own internal family.

Charles: "Forget her, man. She is nothing to you but bad news. You will find a better mind, better body and better fuck elsewhere. Don't you realize that, man? She

is just habit. You need to go into nothingness for a while, go and live in a community or by the sea.”

Yesterday I had an enormous sense of rage and fury. I was the primitive man with a rock in my hand. Today I feel like the helpless child. No power. I just wince when I see her smile. I puke when I smell her perfume. What can I do? Nothing. I am scared to leave. I fear the loneliness. I fear the void. I don't want to lose my comforts. I don't want to see her flourish without me.

The point is she is not my affair. Whether she is just going through an incredible fantasy or whether this is true love is not for me to think about. I have to extricate myself from the situation now. It is bad news for me.

Should I go or should I stay? Do I love her or do I not? Confusion: don't burn bridges vs. cut everything; the pain of staying vs. the pain of leaving. Give it time. Can we separate while under one roof? I want her to want me back vs. I don't want her.

What do I do?