

Mean while...recently came home and told me news about W
I wonder if did research, or if he just ran across the
name. January 1987, is talked about around here almost as much as January
1997. Something about two people I love and trust doing me wrong, causes
many parrallels in my emotional mind, and to my counselors. Did I tell you
the dream where I beat W out of a clothes rack, when asked about
feeling safe sharing my feelings with ?
I had another dream, that I've not shared out loud yet. I had two
dreams one night, one was intense & I wanted to remember it... I knew it
was revealing. But I went back to sleep and had another dream... I am a
school girl, highschool age. There are three boys and another girl in the
dream. At first we are walking down a hall way. One boy I'll call the
"leader" is leading a conversation reminding of us of conversations about
how awful the science teacher is, and how he is so bad that perhaps we would
learn more if he were the experiment, or gone. It seems we had joked around
about using him for a cadaver. Well, the leader, tells us that this is the
day. He brought the stuff. We tell him we were just joking, but somehow we
are talked into and intimidated into going into the classroom with him. He
has arranged for us to have the room during the teacher's off hour with the
teacher agreeing to come start us on the project. I find a counter ledge
and sit on it with my back to a cabinet, my feet are on the ledge, I am not
facing the rest of the room but .a very near by wall. My feet are near a
sink; the sink is in the comer of the room. The leader puts a huge wrench
by me, and then places other tools, such as saws and hammers around the room
where they are not noticable. The two boys are trying to get more in the
mood, but are not really into the scene. The girl is just sitting at her
desk; she is afraid, but acting more involved than me. I am withdrawn,
refusing to talk, or participate, but unable to leave. I awkened as the
leader was motioning that I should pass him the wrench so that he could bit
the teacher's head.

I wonder if the leader is , and the other kids are our
kids. I wonder if I feel that trapped. I told my counselor that I
sometimes wonder if when I get a job if I'll still have a marriage. Will
leave me guilt free, and with less child support and maintenance?
Will I leave him. Sometimes I wonder if I'm using him, or if I'm trapped.
In January I was financially capable of being divorced, now I am not. He
has access to the checking account, it was empty any way, but I do not have
access to his accounts.

I have not for certain what it is we are killing. One of our
counselors said that I was dying in our marriage. Perhaps though the main
message is that I feel intimidated still. He has not done anything
intimidating; he has been suportive of me getting a job. More so than he
was of me writing term papers, and taking finals...

This was her most recent note to me:

Date: Tue, 29 Jul 1997 11:00:01 -0400

Things were on verge of disintegrating inot warfare and etc. He & I
actually made it to counseling yesterday a.m. He heard me say that I want a
full time job, because I do not think the marriage will last. I heard him
say that he would like me to work part time, but fears the marriage won't
work and for my sake should have a full time job so as to be able to support
myself

When he came home from work we held each other and cried, and talked
and cried and talked and cried lots more. I told him that I am afraid to
love him.

He had a child hood memory and it caused him to realize that he had been
testing to see if I would still love him, regardless, He knows that it
pushes me away and that more tests will end us. It was wonderful to talk,
even though the words were awful and I never want to have feelings that
intense ever again, Ok, I don't like being a zombie either, but there has
got to be a middle ground between these extremes.

I was extremely ambivalent about opening up my friend's life like this; on one hand, it
certainly charts a time when things aren't running smoothly and shows a determination not to trash
things entirely; and it shows the difficult process to attempt to rescue whatever it was that drew them
together.

Fear and Intimacy

