

Robert came down, wanting attention and to sing and play the guitar. I was happy to see him and we began to sing a song but Mrs. W tore out and jerked him away like a shot/ I understood how she felt and her worry about his contamination, but I felt resentful at being considered a contaminating agent so decided it must be Mike she was worried about and rationalized it that way.

Spent time talking to Karol about her feelings since separation from Marty and watching her way with her child. All along was playing one song after another and my attention sort of split. Karol came on strong about dislike for Marty but didn't realize she was saying it and by way of atonement immediately began telling me about how neurotically she operates - but in Marty's terms and sounding like a parrot. Tried to be subtle and gently get her to see what she'd done, but it somehow didn't seem important compared to Mike wandering around painfully and looking at me like a sick puppy. So Mike and I talked about the things that made him nauseous and he went and leaned over the fence a few things but explained that while these things would have upset him six months ago, they don't any more. Things such as "penis" and "breast" and "hand" and "hang". (I wonder if his mother hanged herself.) I began trying to play Tom Dooley and noticed Mike swallowing hard when I got to "this time tomorrow reckon where I'll be. Down in a lonesome canyon, hanging from a white oak tree". Also on "Poor boy you're bound to die" Began to worry that there was more going on than I was hep to and quit immediately.

Marty came and Karol left. Felt warm even toward Marty - allowed him to play big brother thing with me which is his newest button to push. He showed me things on the guitar and I gave it to him and began playing with Greg. Noticed Mike watching me play with Greg with tears in his eyes - he kept looking away. Felt some sort of vibrations emanating from Mike - like he was silently begging, pleading, entreating me for something. Didn't know exactly what I could produce that would provide it. He was hungry and wanted a pear - I told him to pick a peach instead. He did, showed it to me like a little kid and ate it like one, leaving most of it all over his face. So I put Greg on Marty's lap and began singing nursery rhymes. Mike came and finally sat down but with that damn shit eating grin on his face. I didn't know what to make of it so didn't.

Physical effect of drug most outstanding. Full of energy and coordination. Lost fumbling, clumsy feeling altho I did manage to whack my shin on the water pipe and trip in a hole twice. But that's par for any course. Knew this was the same stuff Greg had and kept wondering why I wasn't getting the same euphoric, limp happy reaction. It was a physical and psychic energizer for me but without the emotion emphasizing effects of dexadrine. Went home and to sleep with 3 pills finally at 2 am. Kept self curling in sleeping bag womb all next day and night and didn't want to come out to face the world on Tuesday. it isn't a nice world these days and it deteriorates steadily.