

G. N. Harris

Therapy Session

I never went for psychotherapy, though several people I've known have, some probably because of me, some at least partly. Last Tuesday I woke up with an ant in my ear. Lately I've been pretending to leave the apartment and instead hiding in a towel closet near the bathroom and listening to my girlfriend move about. Twice I heard her masturbate deliciously.

I close my eyes while driving on the freeway sometimes, and count. Once I got to eighteen. I like Jehovah's Witnesses coming to my door and sometimes invite them in, then disagree with everything they say. I flip channels looking for street fights and spontaneous, filmed violence and often find it. Policemen clubbing people is an especially prized clip.

I have sexually explicit dreams about people I know and never mention it to them. I am a consistent person—for three years I orgasmed every time I engaged in the sex act. I am living with a girl who wants me to move out. In the meantime, she gives me piano lessons.

I object to her jewelry. I don't like metal against the skin, mine or anyone else's. I've never understood why people must hang ornaments from their ears and drape chains around their necks. It's like the feeling of sweat you get in your palm when clutching a handful of pennies—very distasteful. She has one dull silver bracelet that particularly irks me and once I wouldn't let her touch me with it on.

I have never owned or fired a gun but now I am thinking of buying one. I saw an ad that sells them by mail order. Every night I wake up at exactly three-thirty and lie awake 'til exactly five

o'clock.

I've been following the career of a baseball player who has my name. He's a pitcher with a losing record. I had a job but I came to work barefoot and they fired me. I have had several good ideas to write on toilet walls lately but didn't have a pencil with me.

On Sundays I visit a friend who's in prison and sometimes pretend I'm a convicted killer and won't be going home. It's a different feeling then, when I leave. The girl I live with is unhappy that I decline all social invitations and still haven't met her parents. She invited them over last month and I went to a movie.

At the end of every day I read my horoscope to see how completely wrong it was. My mother believes in God and goes to church and prays for me and I wonder if prayers can work for atheists. The girl I live with is distressed that she has not met my mother.

This girl I live with tells everything to her psychotherapist. I know she talks about me. Often I imagine that he likes hearing about me. He probably knows by now that I have no money, she always reminds me of that fact.

I have one plate, one knife, one fork and one spoon, so I never have to wash dishes. People have much more than they need and work hard to earn money to buy more things they don't need. My girlfriend wants me to do that also. She has a full set of china stacked in the cabinet and mostly eats off paper plates.

I use coupons to buy food. Occasionally I lose a hundred dollars at the horse track. I nevertime my long distance calls. I was married and divorced once and sometimes the phone rings and nobody's there. I wonder if it's the kid, and I say her name lightly into the receiver but never hear anything.

I hate holidays, they're just promotional gimmicks with no feeling. This girl I mentioned gets emotional over the news but doesn't know what's happening in our neighborhood—I think it's a national symptom. We have a lot of sex and always argue immediately afterwards.

I press my ear to the thin walls of our apartment and I can hear the middle-aged man next door arguing with his sister on the telephone. Recently, I picked an extremely ugly girl up hitchhiking. She had looked okay from behind, walking with her thumb outstretched. I have no insurance on my car, as I don't believe in

accidents.

I went to college and experienced the entire range of the grade scale, A, B, C, D, E, F, I, W, S and U, before dropping out. During one fight, this girl I live with sprayed perfume all over me, some stuff I had bought her. I was stopped at the supermarket and asked to register for the election and replied, "I have never voted, and I'm proud of it."

My girlfriend says her psychotherapist never says a word. She complains I don't talk about things with her. I have a friend who is gay and pretends he isn't and we talk about the many women he has had. Yesterday I went for an interview and hoped, throughout it all, that I wouldn't get the job.

I evaluate every girl I see as my next possible companion, but I do not say a word to any one of them. I smash most bugs but let spiders go. When I hear the neighbor girl's high heels on the sidewalk I imagine forcing her into sex from behind. The girl I live with wears colored contact lenses and has blue eyes, brown eyes and green eyes.

I spend most of some days waiting for the mail. The other night I recorded my girlfriend in bed without her knowing. On the tape I have her moans and soft cries and then her demand that I move out. I used to be against war, but now I think I would be the first to volunteer in the event of one. After each psychotherapy session, my girlfriend puts a blanket over the window and lies down in darkness. I have never contemplated suicide. The lady downstairs takes in stray dogs and one barks constantly.

I have made several appointments to see new apartments and not shown up for any of them. The girl I live with has accused me of hating her family, whom I have never met. There is a neighbor who screams at his wife and every afternoon I sit and listen for his daily tirade. I calculated that my girlfriend spends over three hundred dollars a month on her psychotherapist. I have smashed a clock radio, kicked a hole in a door, torn several photographs and broken a chair during our disagreements. One late night we made furious love on the stairs outside our apartment. When a neighbor knocked yesterday, I watched him for awhile through the peephole but didn't answer. Neither of us has vacuumed the carpet since we moved in together. I learned one song on the piano and play it over and over. My girlfriend once stayed in the bathtub for an entire day.

She has had herself tested for AIDS, examined for breast cancer twice and on numerous occasions she assured me she was pregnant. I saw a classified ad that said "Will do anything for \$3,000." I wrote and answered a personal ad from a single woman looking for a man. Recently I planned several errands, meetings and short trips, but sat still in my room all day instead.

I devised my own personal ad—Preying Mantis seeks edible mate for mutual devouring. My girlfriend always uses our assigned parking space and makes me park in the street. I wonder what her therapist would say about that.

I know what I would say to her therapist if I made an appointment. I would never do that, never waste money on a psychotherapist. But I know what I would say—that thanks to her treatments I have learned what is wrong with me. I know what else I would tell him. I would tell him it was none of his business, that he isn't entitled to eavesdrop on my life, that she doesn't need his advice and that he shouldn't encourage her to get rid of me. I know how I would do it, too. I'd do it by bursting in on them during her session. I've followed her and know where the office is. After all, it's almost like catching them in bed together. That's how I'd do it, I'd burst in with a gun and there'd be no more talking.