

Monday 7th 2:31 a.m.

It is still yesterday. What I mean is: I have not yet finished my day's journey that begun on Sunday, despite the change of date. I don't see how I am going to solve my disrupted sleep schedule. A few days ago my doctor offered to put me in contact with a colleague of hers, a therapist who specializes in addictions and other upsets in conduct with a behaviorist approach. The new therapist seemed interesting enough, now that that in my seventies the idea of yet another psychoanalyst bores me, not to mention a few years ago it failed to solve my upsets (despite it being efficient in other ways). This therapist offered, in addition to the therapy, the advantage of communicating over email. One of the great obstacles generated by my distorted sleep schedule is the difficulty in communicating with the schedules of other people (other, more reasonable people). I wrote to the therapist, explaining briefly my obstacle and solicited an interview or sometime after 7 pm; the later, in fact, the better. When I woke up the next day and began my routines through the inbox folders, I had my response. He told me, very courteously, that the last session he could do was 6:30, and he offered some dates. I didn't like the fact that he presented his dates with such fatality, as if he would signal a characteristic (as if there were some genetic flaw in him where no one in their right mind could change the dates; as if to say "one of my legs is shorter than the other.") Or is it the case that his own distorted behaviors generates their own difficulties similar to mine? In which case why have his own behaviorist techniques not helped to correct his own upsets?

And there's more: he had attached some documents to the email with certain forms which I had to fill out before the first interview, "To speed up the process of finding a diagnosis," he said. This I also didn't like. I can't grasp the notion that a doctor can from a diagnosis without having had the least bit of face-to-face communication with his patient. I don't want to be catalogued in such a way, and finding myself at a first consultation and dealing with someone who has already formed an idea of who I am. These prejudices are hard to overcome. Had I filled out the forms and then seen him for the consultation, he would not have even seen me, but his own preconceived diagnosis.

I read the questionnaire anyway and formed a few answers in my head. The questions were set to gauge a multitude of personal traits and called upon a memory of my personal history from my very birth until today. Each question had a limited space to answer; and it almost goes without saying that each question deserved an almost infinite answer, or at least not of the skinny kind. For example: Relationship problems, it asked for. Which relationship? All of them. Really: "Describe in five sentences or less the main

problem with every relationship you have ever had.” It might as well have been a multiple choice test. It also asked about my employment history: How well do I get along with my boss, with my subordinates, et cetera. “Boss?” People have “bosses” in this world? And subordinates? God does not allow it. Basically, I knew where things were going. This was therapy for construction workers, office admins and executives. If you don’t fit into one of those three categories, then you must be crazy. Something must be wrong with you if you are a free human being.

I will say the questions were well formulated. By answering them mentally I began to see my whole life in single file, and at a great speed. Here and there, jumping before my very eyes, were the reasons I was suffering, the upsets that I was suffering. And after the initial shock, I realized that what these upsets I am fighting, without solving them, are in reality not upsets but admirable solutions that I went adopting, unconsciously, to be able to survive. My upsets have together an excellent definition: they are the result of my personal history, and most of them were the price for freedom. Two plus two is four. Of course. Thank you doctor. I responded by letting him know that our schedules were incompatible, but that in any case he had helped me a lot with simply sending me the questionnaire, and that even if it didn’t cure me, at least it allowed me to see my upsets with better tolerance, which didn’t mean I had corrected any of them, at least not fully. I don’t ask to go to sleep at twelve and wake up at eight; I could be happy with getting up at eleven and going to sleep whenever. And on purpose, it is now three in the morning. It is best if I stop this here, shut down the computer, and begin my usual routines at the end of the day, before I once again become newly fascinated with some stupidity and eight o’clock in the morning rolls in before I know it.

I did want to say that Chl’s casserole was exquisite. I would have preferred that, as when she used to visit, she give me some sexual satisfaction. But no. She gives me casseroles. All right, she also gives me company and lots of affection for many hours per week; so much so that I can’t complain (shouldn’t complain). Today we went out for a walk and drank a coffee at some nearby joint. It has been days since I haven’t left the house and I was beginning to get a little dizzy. It did me good to leave; took me a while, but the walk back suddenly rid me of my instability, and my back stop hurting and I felt better. I almost even began giving shrieks of satisfaction on the street. Luckily, thanks to Chl, the day settled down for me, and stopped being this gray infected thing, and I let go of hating myself for a bit. Imagine what my day would have been like if there had been some sex.

Going back to the dream I still don't understand why I threw the keys, much less how they reappeared in my pocket (and why I recuperated them when I did). This dream forms part of a long series of dreams that began when I started taking my antidepressant medication; all are dreams about the bath house, all occur in that same place, always at night, always with the same vegetation on the walls. In one of them I even got to drive a car with complete ease, though I made a few turns that caused a certain tremor in me of the sort I could not control—reminding me of a time some friends and I tried to see who would win a street race. I won, of course, but I can't imagine how, much less why I was the one driving the car, if I can barely ignite a car engine.