

MARC AND THE LETTER

Notwithstanding my sincerity and desperation – and this might remind you of my Hollywood fiascos -- my (“publicly”) spilling the Lisa-beans to Marc set off a shit storm.

Angered that I’d subjected him to an indictment of his sister’s moral character – his opening was “This treatise is out of bounds” – he nevertheless goes on to spill some beans of his own, admitting the possibility that his sister is subject to an “uncontrollable urge” and that “she has trust issues with men.” The latter precipitated a howl from my end as I rearranged Marc’s deduction/diagnosis to come out this way:

“Lisa’s issue is that men can’t trust her.” (Formerly a footnote: Presumably, the “trust issues with men” defense stems from Lisa’s ex-husband’s one extra-marital affair (which he owned up to and terminated), for which Lisa divorced him, while she herself having had multiple affairs just in 1995.)

Marc goes on, regarding Lisa’s trust issues with men: “How those manifest today (sic) I can only imagine.” Whoa. Some subtext here, no? On the other hand, he need not strain himself in “imagining” manifestations. My voluminous email attachment from the Pavones clearly spelled out how those “issues” manifest themselves: a relentless craving for uncommitted dick, plus the deep need to get away with it (at the price of my sanity if necessary) and in so doing win the domination game, at least in her own mind.

It’s amusing how people will uncoil the rope with which they then hang themselves, metaphorically, when they get outraged and go on about it, especially egocentric types, which Marc, I already knew, was. Embedded in his various accusations (of my being “overbearing” if “for good reason”) and his defense that Lisa was unlikely

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to go to all the “logistical hassle” for a few “1-2 hour rendezvous in San Jose,” was this: “I am aware of more than you know (regarding Lisa’s behavior with men) and maybe more than she knows...”

Again: Whoa.

That a “logistical hassle” was Marc’s best shot at absolving Lisa from my fact-based accusation of rampant infidelity is significant (in its paltriness), as is his qualification of labeling me as “overbearing” with “for good reason.” For good reason indeed.

All in all, the subtext of his reply equals this: Marc – whom Lisa claims is her closest confidant and favorite person on the planet -- knows good and goddamn well who, and what, his sister is, although he may not consciously know he knows – I doubt that he thinks of Lisa as his *sociopathic sis*.

But the shit storm I precipitated was not related to Marc’s reply to my missive, nor to his reply to my reply, although it got revealing when Marc assaulted my manhood (as if one member of his family’s dedication to that cause wasn’t enough) by writing that maybe I wasn’t a “compelling mate” and Lisa therefore strayed. In other words, she’s fucking around all right, but it’s my fault for not satisfying her. What I should have done was send the asshole copies of Lisa’s contemporaneous (with her straying) communiqués to my sorry ass. Part of my reason for not doing this was the sheer bulk involved: Lisa’s pinings, endless assurances of her fidelity and of my status as Sex God and “the only man” for her (if echoes of the nutcase who shot her children reverberate here, so be it) make *WFD* look like a pocket Berlitz. Point worth repeating: If I was such a sorry ass mate, why didn’t she dump me?

One more Marc quote and its implications and I'll move on to the point of all this: "(Lisa) has cried everyday (sic) she's been here (in New York), and that should tell you something in and of itself." It does tell me something, Marco, my boy: In Lisa's Academy Award-winning actress act, she's been gaslighting you, too, her brother, her "closest confidant" and "favorite person on the planet." In Lisa's domination game, no one is spared, and no quarter is given. A full time job.

Back to the shit storm. The shit storm was a result of Marc doing the one thing I asked him not to: Without giving me a heads up, he forwarded my "treatise" to Lisa. I'm convinced that this move had nothing to do with loyalty to Lisa, or even to denial, which was my first assumption. Marc just didn't give a shit about his sister, let alone what she was doing to me, so he dumped the mess off on her, emailed me saying not to bother him further with pleas for help, and got on with his sorry ass life.

More about Marc, from a cut chapter:

Before my arrival in New York for our "working things out" attempt, which Lisa's brother knew about, Marc invited Lisa and the New Years Eve Guy to join him for lunch, just the three of them. This was after Marc read my desperate plea for help, via the letter, my original Joe Friday epic (before Lisa's response), emailed from Big Turkeys. A couple points being: Not only did the revelation about the fuckfesting and lying not effect Marc's business relationship with the New Years Eve Guy...

...hold on...but Christ I'm getting pissed off writing about this...

...a few deep breaths and a little pacing and looking out my window at the surf break indicator in the distance and thinking about my full blown disappearance in an immense stand up barrel yesterday morning on this little island's perfect right-hand point after shaking off my after writing throes...

Okay. Calmer now. Pressing on: Via my epic, I wrote to Lisa's brother that notwithstanding his sister's chronic treachery I still wanted to "work things out," right? We know this. Okay. So what does Marc do? This: Knowing his sister may be subject to "an uncontrollable urge," i.e., copping uncommitted dick, he offers to put uncommitted dick right in her face, so to speak, even as I plan my trip north to try to work things fucking out.

This is a guy who "cares" about me? Or about his sister and her slight problem of having a hole where her soul would normally be? Maybe he also gets a kick out of laying out a line of China white in front of a former dope fiend.

You wanna talk about a shitball motherfucker?

That Lisa related to me the lunch invitation is significant, of course (she also told me that Marc had invited her to sit in on business meetings with the New Years Eve Guy), in that it's still another example of her "salting the mine" with a bit of truth (that she had been in the presence of the uncommitted dick she had already copped), leaving out the horrendous rest-of-it (that she was fuckfesting again with the uncommitted dick she had already copped). (Formerly a footnote: Lisa's blurt about the lunch invitation was followed by her claim that she had demurred. If you believe her on this: I have some squatted land down at Big Turkeys I think you'll be interested in as an investment opportunity.)

Why would Marc do this? Meaning invite for a threesome lunch two people who had lied to him about their sordid behavior, Marc meanwhile in a direct sense making a

fool of me through the invitation, someone he supposedly “cares about”? Here’s my theory: Marc’s little one man investment banking business was on the skids; he’d even borrowed a large amount of cash from Lisa and Fran to keep it afloat. The New Years Eve Guy, based on one of Lisa’s blurts, was way more successful in the same line of deal-making. My theory is that Marc, due to my revelation about the fuckfesting, figured to *improve* his business association with the New Years Eve Guy, by putting him back together with Lisa socially, in the hopes that they’d take up fuckfesting again, if they already hadn’t. This way the New Years Eve Guy would owe him for the subsequent fuckfesting with sis that he’d no doubt enjoy. So: Not only did Marc not *care about* me, or, for that matter, Lisa’s mental/moral/soul-deficiency problem, but he was, consciously or subconsciously, in effect pimping her out. (Although, like your basic witch doctor, I’m on thin ice with causation theory here, I am unable to come up with a better explanation for Marc’s shitball motherfucking move of trying, multiple times, to put Lisa together with this more successful businessman/fuckfester/Brando look-alike while Lisa was claiming undying love for me – crying “everyday” (sic) and so forth.)

Regarding all this and how it relates to my sorry ass life and times: The word *surrounded* comes to mind, no? And how about our current favorite, which has maybe overtaken the D-word in applicability: *relentless*? And of course, in the larger sense: *Why the world is so fucked up.*