

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).¹

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.)

¹ 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.

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.*