

PITTSBURGH PA 152

25 SEP 2006 PM 8 L



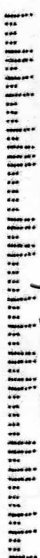
MJB Productions

P.O. Box 42430

Pittsburgh, PA

15230

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Personal / Irene

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Irene / Personal

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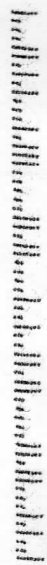


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Arene/Personal



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Irene,

10/8

I'm still waiting for you to make good on your boast about BDs etc. *

And of course the perfect yardsticks here for determining your success (or lack of it) at making good on your boast will be your ability to induce me to praise you with the same well chosen apothegm you used to praise me.

"Baby, you could be a STAR!"

Now, even just a smidgen of self honesty here, Irene, should be enough to tell you that praise/adulation is what we both ultimately wanted to hear or wanted to get from each other. The sex act is little more (^{in this instance}) than a context-providing motif used in seeking praise and adulation. You know this.

And as you mull over how you might win praise and adulation from me, the obvious question you have to deal with is this:

"In order to win praise and adulation from GEORGE, how can I change the image ^{he has} of me after his having to endure all of my tiresome and embarrassing contretemps, my humiliation, and my long-term pestering of him?"

The answer to this question probably doesn't require much more thought than you've already given to it. But what it does require, and what you haven't given (OVER)

* In the past year how many times do you think you've phoned me about making BDs? About 20? And that's not counting your other standard hang-up pestering calls - nor the call that had the sound of a cracking whip in it.

8/01
to it, is your COURAGE. More specifically, it requires of you the COURAGE to ACT. And if you don't succeed in winning praise and adulation from me, we both know that your FAILURE to ACT will be the reason.

reverse
Lastly, I don't want to drift into plathos here by referring to Eleanor Roosevelt, but what she says just seems to fit your situation here so well:

"You gain strength, confidence, and COURAGE by every experience in which you stop to look FEAR in the face... You must do the thing you think you can't do. [sic]

Good Luck - George

11/12/01

Jrene,

I have to be on the South Side on Friday morning (the 16th), and I plan to stop at Starbucks on Carson at about 10 am. And it would be good if you could come by at that time. If you should decide not to come, that's OK, too; I'll understand.

I've been thinking that I should try to talk to you about that Sunday afternoon in July when I saw you driving past my house at exactly the time I had ordered. I especially remember the look on your face as you went by. You looked just so sad and so distressed. I'm pretty sure you were even sobbing.

I remember you once saying to me (plagiarizing a metaphor of mine!), "in games with no frontiers, warmed by our tears". Tears — is that all you really want from me? It looks like with this sobbing, you were getting from me not only all that you wanted, but all that you thought was possible to get from me — or anyone.

To me it's important to have the kind of experience you had — it makes us more humane. And being familiar with this experience puts you way ahead of most people by my reckoning. But, while I think it's important to understand and occasionally visit this plane of experience, for me this is not the sole position from which I want to take my bearings or basic stand toward life. It's not my raison d'être.

Even if we are caught up in an endless series of games, there are different ways of interpreting and responding to these besides the one you say. For me the one that makes the most sense is irony — exactly because irony requires multiple perspectives. But irony also includes the bringing together of different perspectives. It is possible through the skillful use of irony to bridge the gap between discrepant experiences and understandings. And I think that working to achieve such ironic mendings of the discrepant aspects of experience is really the means to the most enriching and humane aspects of life. So, I disagree with you that warm tears alone are the ultimate or the best that can be hoped for. When Nietzsche said that "life is good because it's painful", he didn't mean what you think.

Lastly, if you decide not to meet me on Friday, I want to ask you not to call me again. Because, if you're not ever going to be able (and I doubt that you are) to move beyond your single level or one-dimensional way of experiencing life (you only want ^{to use} me to cause you pain and tears), I still want to maintain my own multifaceted existence—where I try to have the courage to face new experiences with a clear head and a good heart.

Also, if you're not going to meet me on Friday I ask you not to call me again because there's a chance I may be taking on some new personal responsibilities and commitments. And I want to be able to take these seriously. But whether or not you come on Friday (which is to say whether or not you want to use your imagination to try to move beyond your one-dimensional approach), ~~nevertheless~~ You still have my love and affection.

George

Irene,

I'm waiting for you to make good on your loud and profuse boasting. I want to be able to say about you with complete conviction (as you were able to say about me with complete conviction):

"Irene, you could be a STAR" ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★

The curtain is about to rise. But after being caught up in nearly 10 years of deep prostration and obsession, will she be able to play any part except that of the SHEMIEL?

George

Irene,

9/23

Check out this chronology:

- Making hang-up pestering phone calls to my house: 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006. I think you may have at times even called me at work. Note that I haven't phoned you at all in the past 5 years. (excluding a few days ago)
- Leaving a message on my answering machine where you cry in desperation: "Unrestrain Me!" (2003).
- Following me down the street in your car (2002, 2003). I'm aware of you doing this at least several times. How many times did you do it when I didn't notice? Did you use to watch for me from your window (when I was on my walk to Starbucks) and then go running down to your car so you could follow me?
- Putting on your web site that I should send you red roses for your birthday (2004).
- Seeing you crying in front of my house (2001). The time you came to my house to be spanked I was ready to do it. Believe me. I would not have chickened-out as you just did with me last week.

Now, after all this prostration and obsession ^{you have shown,} how do you think that I should be expected to see you? Would you expect me to see you as a "lifestyle domina"? Or would you expect me to see you as "the Boss"? Probably not I guess.

But still, can't you understand that there are times when I would like to see (literally) ^{you} the Boss? And that you don't need to worry about having some carefully calculated image restoration strategy to get yourself out of the hole ~~with~~ you feel as though you've been in - because at this point I'm even willing to help pull you out myself.

And this brings me to my main point and my complaint. I've given to you such a damn good trip, maybe the best you've ever had.* WHY THEN CAN'T YOU DO THE SAME FOR ME?

* I recall you saying to me: "Baby, you could be a star!"

(OVER)

Your attitude here makes you seem so ungracious and maybe even ignominious.

— especially when you espouse so loudly and profusely that this is what you do so well.

Make good on your boast, then. On the one side you could try to overcome your fear of seeing me. Doing this would serve you well. And on the other side, I would look to you to help me to experience another aspect of myself. But none of this can happen if you can't bring yourself to talk to me.

I'll try calling you on Thurs/Fri~~am~~ at 9 am, and I respectfully ask that you answer your phone. Answer if for no other reason than to give me your house # and how to spell your last name — so that I can finally send to you the red roses that you asked to have from me.

George

P.S. Whatever pain I may have caused you, I want you to know that I have vicariously felt this pain myself — certainly because I have felt so con-substantial with you all along. And if we don't see each other again, I'll probably still retain that sentiment.