

Judge, Yuri & Executioner

by Ed Malin

The Old Man enters, wearing pleather pants, a collar with a chain attached. This story takes place around the year 2000.

Just trying to hang myself...

To an audience member

'scuse me, could you hold this for a second? It'll be over soon.

Stands on a chair, hooks the chain up to the ceiling, or asks the volunteer to hold the

chain in the air

OK, I'm going to record a suicide note.

Pushes play on his dictaphone

All right: Hi honey

By the time you hear this, I will be dead. Not like my other suicide notes. All 8 of them. I mean it this time. You think just because I'm a masochist I'm too lazy or too stupid to do this. You think there's no difference between a rabbit on a leash and cotton candy on a stick, but there is!

You should know I'm very unhappy you left me for a 79-year old boy. I mean, I'm 85, I'm not old! Not compared to you. You're 86. As you'd have to be since I've only ever dated older women. What does this kid have that I haven't got, besides 6 years more to live since I'm going through with this?!

Remember how excited I was on my 85th birthday? 85 is 58 backwards. That was the day you made me orgasm 58 times. It gave new meaning to the phrase "naked pain".

Ah hell, now I'm getting excited. I simply can't say goodbye to a world where there is so much yummy torture.

to volunteer

Excuse me, I won't be jumping quite yet or at all. Thanks anyway.
Would you please help me down? That's mighty big of you.

steps down

Well, since I'm still here, I'll undress for the occasion.

Removes leather pants to reveal an erotic jockstrap, like a grapevine or elephant's trunk barely covering his groin, possibly puts on a robe.

Yes dear, I'm still around. This is fun, talking into a machine like this. I haven't had this much fun since I bought my first gramophone, the kind where you still had to yank the crank. I'm fucking old. I don't say it's a bad thing. But really, where am I going to find anyone older who is kinky enough to go out with? I don't want to think about it. Do I have any ringdings lying around? No quick escape there. No, if a man has no bread and no nice hot buns, he still has his own story, and this is mine, the parts you never knew.

I am sexy. Still sexy. I am sweet. I am toxic. A turkey vulture flying at 80 feet would see me and fly by afraid of death from nibbling me. It is the same with a holly bush. They will turn up their noses and say "colorful little fruit."

Back when I was in boy's school, I used to run wild. It was a hot September, and the sun was so bright in the sky you had to squint at it, so we called it our Chinese Summer.

The apples were so fresh it was like they were going to jump off the trees. And I wish they would...so they could hit me! And give me black eyes and break my teeth. Such were my desires, nestling like race cars at the start line waiting for someone to turn the ignition, and maybe provide a few driving lessons for good measure.

The man's name was Glossman but we all called him two-eyes. He'd lost one in an accident, but he wore a monocle to correct a hereditary astigmatism. Hence, "two-eyes". He was not an un-nice man. For some reason, he kept his wallet in his back left pocket, which was also the eye he was missing on his front side. Lacking so in peripheral vision, he was a target for the neighborhood kids. That's how, on the night of September 20th, Jimmy, Dicky, Tom-John and I found ourselves flipping through the contents of the wallet we had lifted from his pocket. Frankly, I think we

earned it since he farted just as we were taking it out. Two-eyes had a montage of photos in there. The first one shocked me even though it was the most innocuous. A woman, completely naked, was riding on the back of a massive sea turtle. I had never seen boobs or a sea turtle that big in my entire life. Gravity seemed to be the question, that is, why didn't she slide off the turtle's back especially as the turtle was caught in mid-turn. Jimmy, who was kind of a torque dork, was interrupted by Dicky, who made some comment about the angle of elevation. Tom-John just flipped to the next picture. Another woman, also naked and handcuffed to a post was lying on her back, eyes closed as a porcupine nestled on her stomach. No one wanted to look at this picture except me. Actually, they denounced it as disgusting. I was too busy staring. I was always the quietest one. The conversation moved around the other pictures in the wallet, with Dicky finally grabbing the turtle photo for himself, Tom-John running after him and Jimmy following to watch. I was left alone with the wallet. I never looked to see how much was in it, although when Two-Eyes died 5 years later the obituaries said he was worth a hundred thousand dollars. I wanted the femme a la porcupine for myself. When I got the picture out of its plastic holder, I saw there was a phone number written on the back: swallowtail 9612. By the time Jimmy, Dicky and Tom-John returned from fighting, I had run away to find a pay phone.

"Yeah?" was how she answered the phone. Whose number was this anyway?

"I saw your picture."

"Yeah?" She sounded as tough as a pineapple.

"I like the way you looked."

"Got money?"

I might, and Two-eyes would have less.

When she opened the door to her house I could tell the picture'd been taken a few years ago. This was an older and angrier woman than I'd expected. Her skin was soft but firm, her hair flowed, and her eyes were the color of Ash Wednesday.

The door was still open. It was expected that I say something. That was a new situation for me.

What would my dead Jewish mother say if she were watching? What my father think, on one of the occasions he visited me in preparatory school?

“You look older than in the picture,” I said.

The door closed. She smacked me across the face.

By being honest, I was inviting her to give me sensation. It clicked. The door clicked. I felt so alive. She beat the hell out of me. I accepted bruises as the huge weight of not telling the truth lifted from my self, my guts. Then she tied me up and bit me—hard—in various places. Then she held her breast 4 inches away from my mouth, watched me strain to touch it, keeping it just out of reach for ten minutes until I closed my eyes and then something warm and soft was in my mouth and I groaned as much as could be heard and her voice was words from an opera made out of china.

I offered her the whole wad of bills from Two-Eyes’s wallet. As I limped home later that night, I dropped the wallet on the doorstep, rang the doorbell and hurried away.

I had once enjoyed abusing myself with mathematics. Haven’t we all heard there is safety in numbers? Not for me! My school buddies breezed through their homework by using the most technologically-advanced thing they had: a slide rule. This gadget takes away the need for you to calculate all the logarithms already checked out by Napier. You just move the lever thing and you get the number it says you’re supposed to get. Not for me. I would go home and make my own calculations. It took all night sometimes. Then, at end of the term, I would tear them up.

I felt I had earned the right to use the slide rule. And you wouldn’t believe the things you can do with it. First, I used it as a backscratcher. Later, I decided to see how much fun it would be to smack my knuckles with it. Or smack the sides of my skull until I started to hear a faint hum. The pitch of this hum could be adjusted by more hitting. Also, eyelashes and tongues and other protrusions could be caught in the slidey part.

No, math didn’t remain my favorite subject for long. One day in English class we read a poem that started “The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.” How fun would that be, I thought? To be the fold, of course. To be in danger, but not to be destroyed. That’s what life is about, as far as I’ve been able to see. When you push something to the limit, then you know the thing is real. (Not the limit; that’s all in your head.) I read up on historical carnages. It was nothing new, so it took up a few semesters of my time, I think. There were no violent films in those days, and our library didn’t have *Venus in Furs*. I’ll tell you what our library did have, though: filed away under 19th Century theology, and in a French edition, were the works of J.K. Huysmans. I noticed that many words are pretty much the same in French and English, such as decadence, orgy, naturalism, domination, and chagrin. They had to kick me out of the reading room. Then, home with anything considered benign enough to circulate. So much unworthy of reading. Utilitarianism? Useless! The greatest unhappiness of the smallest

number, *that* was interesting. Something useful would come of that, if they had to beat it out of me!

I spent a lot of time in school taking various degrees. When I came to the third degree, my father had had it with me and demanded I choose a direction in life. Who was I to refuse?

I don't think you know why I joined the priesthood. I was so skilled at taking orders, I knew taking holy orders would be a blast. I didn't want to give up women, that is, because I equated women with torture and torture was something I liked. Actually, my first thought was of relief of the tensions of the world. At that time, much good as it does to nostalgize, I had enormously large genitalia. Wearing pants was becoming uncomfortable in a bad way. Suffering should always have a purpose. Since I could find none in wearing pants, I decided to stop busting my balls and chose a career where robes reigned. Being Catholic on my father's side, I had a choice of seminaries to sow my seed in. A monastic circle had formed around St. Bonus Baculus, a 14th century martyr who bludgeoned himself regularly to stop the voices in his own head. The most prominent man to become infatuated with this saint had venerated him in his ancestral home on the coast of Ireland. Alistair Kilwhitey was his name; I lived and studied in Kilwhitey's Castle. Great times, there.

We had taken certain vows including poverty and renunciation of the material world. Therefore, there was a spirit among the priestlings there, not competitive but brotherly, of hating the world together. How could we hate the world, the physical world, most effectively? St. Bonus Baculus provided many examples. The bad boys among us would take broken pieces of glass and carve crucifixes on their backs or arms, anywhere covered by our robes. Another way to be less in the world was to starve ourselves. Every once in a while we had unofficial weigh-ins, and the thinnest of us, proportionally by height, would be the champion. And that brings me to how I won two years in a row. Quiet times in my cell, I would mercilessly beat my meat. I found that at sexual climax, the average male ejaculates 10 cc of semen. Whacking it five times a day combined with not eating and bible study took a lot of weight off me. It even made me into a leader.

Now, I could just as easily have become a monk: one who inflicts pain exclusively on himself. But it made more sense to do that kind of thing in public. I admit I like to self-flagellate, but it's also fun when there's someone to do it for you. Oddly but true, when people see someone setting an example they tend to follow it. As priest, this would be my contribution: leading people into the void. Back in America, I wore my best frock on the eve of World War II. Boy did I party! There would be an increased need for my services with all the war casualties.

Unfortunately, the first funeral I presided over was my father's. It was Christmas when I got the call that he had choked to death on yuletide peanuts, mixed with butterscotch-flavored scotch. The newspaper said that he had passed away after a long illness. If you call alcoholism an illness, I thought as I poured a shitload of wine into the communion cup for that afternoon.

After that it was a bit easier. I knew that going off to war myself wouldn't have made me right, it would have made me dead. Those who didn't know that much would get to ride the hearse express. I tried to keep my job fresh. Once, at a funeral my buddy Monseignor Lester was presiding over, I took one of those ceremonial shepherd's crooks and yanked him off the pulpit, then stepped up to continue the eulogy. It didn't get a lot of laughs. After the war, things became boring again. I'd while away the hours consultin' with the flowers. I knew that every rose had its thorns and every dahlia was a fragrant little slut. Every once in a while when no one was looking—no one but god of course—I climbed into an empty coffin to see how it felt. It was obviously more painful when the coffin was too small for you. After I got stuck once, I made things easier by carrying with me a small tube of Vaseline to help me escape. This made it even more enjoyable, although a bit heathen, as I went from mediation on death to a lubricated birthing of sorts as I climbed out. But after a few tries at that, a bereaved individual was taking a look at the coffin one day and put her hand right in a patch of Vaseline goo. She staggered away, muttering something about necrophilia.

By then the so-called Baby Boom was in full swing. I tried to enjoy my dealings with the younger generation. I mean, that's not me and it never will be since I prefer the love of my elders, and yet I learned a lot. I was regularly called to give cryptic talks to teenagers about abstinence. Imagine me saying "Save yourself, children, for marriage, and Jesus will be with you on your honeymoon." Who would want such a thing? You'd have to get a bigger bed in the hotel room. And anyway, I took a look at my audience and thought, without sex before marriage, most of you would never have been born. And the church knows that, too. The difference is, your parents had the pleasure and then they paid the penalty, by which I mean matrimony. So as long as you're getting punished, have fun. I did not enjoy such thoughts. I asked the authorities for more assignments with younger children. I led nature hikes in the area, trying to find mountains and groups of trees that were somewhat cruciform. We would all eat our sandwiches and contemplate the immanent lord. One kid told me, "The supreme power of the universe is playing hide and seek with us." I asked how he knew this, and he said he'd read it in Pascal. I replied that this sounded a bit childish. "No," he told me, "if you accept that He's hiding you're OK but if you keep looking for him you're the one who's childish. That's what separates us from the Jews." "What happens if you keep

looking?" I asked. "Then He punishes you." Smiling, I gave the kid my sandwich and he stopped talking long enough to stuff his face. I thought of a way to return myself to faith. For fun, I would go down hills a little too fast and fall and skin my knees, maybe twist an ankle if I was lucky. Man did that feel good.

One time, I had been called into a school to do a presentation about A-bomb shelters. But you can't just show kids how to run and duck for shelter without making it fun and a little hopeful

I would frequently sing to the children hymns and then jump up on the podium just to show them how much I loved being alive no matter what the troubles of the age. In front of all of them, I started singing and doing my Jump For Joy act. At one point however, just as man sometimes overreaches himself, I jumped too far obliquely and tumbled off the stage. I heard something crack and an ambulance was called. I remember then going in and out of consciousness. At some point, one of the doctors speaking over me said something about administering painkillers. I immediately objected. I went under again however. When I woke up the next time I was in the hospital with my arm pulled upwards to the heavens in a sling. I kind of liked that. One of my colleagues was there. "Zack, Zack, Zack," he said, "May the good lord bless you. Hey, tell me something, did the angels trick you into doing it? Are they as attractive as I've heard?" He kept going on, so I pretended I was asleep and he soon left. The more people visited, the more I used to sit and dream a lot in bed. One particular dream I had concerned a boy from preparatory school, whose name was Austin, who used to do nasty things to me like hold my head underwater in the toilet bowl in the boys' room. There were moments there when I again did not die but experienced a little death, a joyous little-death of being held up to the capacity of my lungs. To breathe, to survive or not to survive. I liked Austin quite a lot the more he tortured me. Such was the way I operated. There was a famous adage which I recalled as accurately as I could given the amount of drugs put into my body: The only two certain things in life are death and Texas. Well, I had not had a near-death experience quite, however, it was now time to experience Texas if I was going to get everything in the right order. I was in and out of consciousness over the next few days. When I finally awoke, I was inspired to go and visit Austin, Texas. Given the circumstances, I had asked for sick leave continuing after my convalescence. Now, I personally do not think that the sick deserve time off. They should continue to work to grow extra-strong. That is the road to recovery. The church, however, granted my request, which pleased me still. They believed in mercy. I was always a big fan of no mercy at all. That was rather erotic to me, as you must already know.

Well shortly thereafter I was driving around Austin in my rented Cadillac. I was greatly surprised by what I saw or rather what I did not see. In an entire day, I saw not one cowboy hat. Off the street I went into one of the five billion music clubs in that city and I watched good-hearted people play rock and roll music. Rock and roll was of course the devil's music. I was most amused but I was warmed by their performance. I also noticed that absolutely no one in the audience put any money into the tip jar that was passed around after the performance. After spending so much time in church supervising the collection plate, I found it vaguely insulting to have a tip jar passed to me and so I tiptoed out along with everyone else. And there it was in my head again: that vision. I simply had to keep walking to get it out of my head. As I turned a corner I saw something else most odd: two dogs fucking in the middle of the street. Compounded with what had come before, I had a large wave of enlightenment within me. These were stray dogs who possessed nothing and yet had an urge to create and to procreate. In some way I thought they were like the musicians who make something even though they do not receive anything back. It seemed a very beautiful and holy thing to do. By and large I figured that I should go into art.

I picked up a local newspaper and looked in the classified section until I found listings of art classes and I immediately called on the telephone. I knew that at home in my congregation, to replace me on my leave, they had brought in a monsignor who was several years my junior. Let him have the joy and the pain, like sunshine and rain.

I began Chicago art school hopefully, inspired by the sight of the two dogs fucking. Well, when it came time for me to make drawings in art school, I revisited that motif a lot in various ways and from various angles. I also was given a chance to draw off of a model sitting in our studio. A live naked woman. A nude model. The teacher would pose the girl and then we would draw her. Sometimes we could make special requests to make certain poses if the majority of the class agreed but usually and often our requests were shot down by the teacher for after all he controlled what the model did. One time after class I came up to the model and tried to get her to do what I wanted. She said no to the proposition. I hadn't had very much sex during my priesthood.... Previous to that there were the encounters in preparatory school, with the dominatrix. I found that often in life, I did what people asked me to do; I was very good at that. Not always so good at asking and getting other people to do what I wanted. Another of our art models did have a very big effect on me. Her name was, well what does it matter. She knew about my past without my really needing to tell her. It was rebellion on her part. Her parents were free thinkers, so there were a lot things she wasn't allowed to do. Like consorting with people of faith. It's true—for her to visit me she had a break an interdiction. But oh boy she had more leg than a bucket of

chicken. And what a coincidence—she was older than I by one month. Too bad this didn't bring maturity.

If you ask me, she was several parallels north of perpendicular. I admit we had our feuds too over the state of art. She was a big fan of the abstract, and sometimes I wished that someone would dip her in concrete and drop her off a pier. However it too had its uses, this newfangled art. One of my favorite times was sketching her. It was a rather obscene portrait which we called nude descending a vibrator

We would have disagreements but usually we would resolve them. Perhaps we would give ourselves time to reconcile emotionally. After all, better for her to blow off some steam than to suck off an entire football team. That's what I told myself the last time I saw her, and yet she did not come back.

My art grow more stressful. I always composed myself before I began work, what today is called meditating. I wanted my creator to speak through me. Especially in paintings and sculptures related to fucking. But I felt more and more the lack of inspiration and emptiness where there had been divine presence, what used to be called sin. I was sure these were symptoms of my Protestant gland acting up. And for that I was to go to the leading glandular clinic in Cleveland. A city always trying too hard to be grown up and coming off as a pimply adolescent.

I met her eyes in a train station but we boarded separately. In the bar car she made some obscene comment about my dacquiri. I chimed in, Dacquiri's my middle name...Zachary Dacquiri Schmidt. She looked at my 3rd class ticket and asked, what are you, a masochist? I smiled at that. Soon I was in her private cabin getting my wits whipped out of me. We explored her urination fetish as we passed through Peoria. By the time we reached Columbus, I had discovered the new world. Her name—your name, my love—was Petunia Virginia, but you went by P.V. You floated lonely like pond scum, white trash in a black and expanding universe.

You kissed like a whirlpool and blew through like a tornado. Why would I leave your side and use my return ticket? What did I want with my art school scholarship anyway? It was as dull as watching paint dry—at least compared with waiting for my welts to heal after a night with my sweet.

You had your own place that was paid for by alimony from an ex husband. It paid for a lot of your lifestyle but the place was dirty because you couldn't afford a maid. As you closed the door you kissed me passionately and handed me an apron and a feather duster. Afterwards, you beat me senseless and went into the bedroom. I yawned and followed up the stairs. A nice warm feeling came from the fireplace, and then I

noticed the branding iron in your hand. Years later when I first heard the Rolling Stones sing “I don’t wanna be your beast of burden”, I disagreed completely.

For several months this went pleasantly on. One day when you were out, the doorbell rang. I quickly put on my apron and opened the door. A lady of fine radiance stood there, someone I’d describe as an MILTBMB: Mom I’d Like To Be Molested By. Don’t ask me how I knew she was your mom, or how she knew I was her bitch. Well, the stockings (which I’d taken to wearing with the apron) gave that right away. We had introductions, and when it was clear that you weren’t there, Mom invited me to her house for tea. I blushed and said I never drank caffeine, but she patted my ass and smiled.

I can still remember the design of flowers on the interior of the teacup. I stared down in shame. The stories she told me about you...My feelings were hurt but then I looked down at my pumps and remembered I was a loser anyway. The tea was good. Much stronger than I could be. Mom dropped me off and I went back into the house. You were in the doorway. You waved at Mom and immediately put me in a headlock.

The next 3 months were happy. Gradually, I found myself getting less attention, so I would dust twice as hard to receive the same beatings.

One day while doing the laundry I noticed lipstick on your collar. What could it mean? And why was there lipstick on the fly of your lederhosen? Soon I was introduced to Natalie the Bitch. Nothing against her personally, but I saw from the way your hand rested on Natalie’s girdle that something was going on. I was home the time you decided to knit Natalie a bathing suit. I heard the squeals from the other room as you measured her bust proportions. There was sighing and what sounded like licking as you measured for the bikini. I didn’t see it but I dusted the pubic hair off the divan the next day. Natalie didn’t last too long. Neither did Sharissa, Leslie and Wanda. The problem was Rozzlyn. That girl had lower self esteem than I did. That’s why you picked her. I knew it was over when she packed my suitcase at your suggestion. This left me nowhere to go but Mom. She smacked me over the head as I came in. I felt at home already. But she was flamin’ pissed. Now that her daughter had turned completely lesbian, I was the convenient blame boy. The dreams for grandchildren had all gone down on the carpet as we say in boxing. We sat in the kitchen with the same beautiful flower tea cups. Then we played a very meaningful game of Mah Jong. Then Mom said shut up and kiss me. I wasn’t aware of having spoken. It was a good kiss. This was going to be easier, I thought; to get attention from this person, I wouldn’t have to speak or have a personality. Just simply being

would be reason enough for me to get my cheeks pinched and get handjobs.

Mom was good at dialectic and bad at diabetes. She called me sugar as I gave her her shots. Giving her shots was an act of tenderness. I could have smacked her where it hurt. But I never did unless she asked me.

It was a peculiar and loving relationship in which she did just as she pleased and commanded without exactly knowing what it is she wanted. And I sometimes knew what I wanted but was unable to act immediately as she did.

She would tuck me in if I were going to bed early, or, if I had been tied up or shackled against a wall she would pat my cheek before turning off the light for the night.

We would read together, Mom and I, beautiful haiku that only begin when they end although the opposite seems true, true to life.

One night when returning home from the pharmacy, mom was knocked down and robbed. They took all her good drugs. Well, I hope for their sake they did not mix them together. It happened noiselessly, and in fact I was not told of the event until the next day. That was when she came home with a tiny ball of fur on a rope. I asked what it was, and then it barked.

“This is our new attack dog.”

I was not very impressed. But then I smelled something. The breed was known to connoisseurs as a Fartweiller. It lived up to its name. And as long as that dog was in the house, we were never robbed. No one even came to the door to sell us things. At least no one ever came twice.

Walking this dog was truly disgusting. So it was a job for me. I thought about the world to come much more, and I practiced mortification of my sense of smell.

Keeping track of time was not necessary; I was so happy and fulfilled. But when that dog died is when things started to change, so perhaps that is time reminding me of its existence. When it was just the two of us in the house again, and Mom had gotten quite old, though still not as old as I am now, she fell in love with the sky. That’s a bad pun. I’m sorry. Let’s say she found one more thing she’d never done—namely skydiving—and just like that she went out to jump from a plane. At first, they didn’t want to

let her do it. She insisted. She got her way. As she was fluttering downwards, she insisted to her parachute that it must open. She yanked the cord. She uttered commands. Unfortunately, nature did not obey her. Nature said if you jump from a plane there's a chance you will go splat. I thought of World War II, particularly the movies of combat, but that just got me started on Ronald Reagan and I got depressed.

I needed an escort to go to Mom's funeral. I had forgotten how to take care of myself, to bathe myself. I hadn't looked in a mirror in several years. Nor did I plan to. Until I looked up, in the home, and saw you looking at me. You had come through the door. You had also come out of the same hole I'd cum in, so to speak, meaning I finally understood you because I had been mothered by your mother. You were some kind of mirror of me. Then you turned and walked out. I reached for another wine cooler. As I twisted the top, I thought, Lord, give me time to make it to the bottom of this one.

Well, as I was leaving the graveside service, someone smacked me on the ass. I knew your hand when I felt it. I still loved you. You still dominated me. Not that you ever said you liked me. For all I knew, all the dykes in the area had dropped dead of breast cancer and I was being called off the bench to finally go out on the court and get my game on. For all I knew. I didn't object to dusting again, I merely hoped and prayed, with my knees quirky these days, that you didn't have a puppy.

When you left me, I knew that the 20 years we'd spent together the second time around had been the happiest years of my life. Mainly because nothing changed the entire time. Then one day, while looking through your book-horde... It seemed like a classic story of masochism: the memoirs of a cosmonaut. *Judge, Yuri and Executioner* was the name of the book. Written by the first man to orbit the earth, while subjecting his body to colon-knotting g-force and barfing backwards into his breakfast borscht. For he was a Russian, a member of one of the whiniest races of martyrs ever to walk the planet. So why didn't I identify with the victimization or see my place in the workers' paradise? Why, when I imagined myself looking into the void, did I not see ego, yours or anyone else's?

Well I wish you hadn't left me just because I found god. That must have been too much for you to handle. The unseen enemy, omnipresent goodness. How could you compete with that? Even you have to sleep some time. Besides, I was happy. For the first time, I had found happiness. How could you find *me* amid such happiness?

When I walked into the hospital the doctor recognized me. He had treated me for minor burns from when you lit my tits on fire that time I was pretending to be the candles on your birthday cake. Several days later I left the hospital with a receipt for one circumcision. I recommend any serious adult masochist to run out and get this procedure done. You don't believe me? It must be healed by now—time to take the bandage off.

removes thong briefly, puts on robe

Well

peaks inside

that's not half bad. I was expecting much worse. Funny, I'm usually expecting much worse. Suicide doesn't seem to be on the menu. I mean, life without membership

flourishes robe

so to speak—and without a domina is a bad dream, but now I'm only missing one of those.

Hey, I know how I can combine my optimistic quest for god, my slow masochistic death wish and my need for older women! I'll check myself into the Hebrew Home For The Aged in Riverdale. Will I grow too old to kvetch? Come back in twenty years and find out.

He puts on a yarmulke with silhouettes of women on top