

Three Part Invention

I am a man with troubles. The Lord has heard them a multitude of times. He has no doubt come to be personally familiar with my voice from all the prayers and supplications which I have so many occasions to offer Him, I do it on a daily basis. *Great! It's Walt again! Here we go!!* He must think.

But I do not think it is without foundation that I take up so much of His time. He knows all about it. Plus He can't be all that surprised to hear from me, because it was after all His doing that I am the way that I am. Which is bent! Which is attracted sexually to other men in deviant ways! Damn it! So, He can't fault me for taking up so much of his time, at least, He was the one who afflicted me with my condition to start with, the least He can do is *listen*.

I am not trying to disown responsibility for *my* life and *my* thoughts, but I am surely not the first person to point out the contradiction of logic in asking His forgiveness and His guidance for a problem He gave me. I'm sure He's already aware of this, plus two steps ahead of me. He knows everything, and I trust in Him.

I have terrible thoughts! Terrible terrible **TERRIBLE!** I have so far inflicted the following injuries upon myself as a method of combating my thoughts: I have cut my skin on my arms and legs and stomach, I have burned my skin with cigarettes and cigarette lighters (mostly on my hands), I have pulled my hair out noticeably, I have gouged both eyes with my thumbs, I have stabbed myself in the leg with a fork and left it in for minutes, banged my head into walls more times than I can remember (this is probably the most common method), I have bitten myself in numerous places (arms), I have smashed my own head in my car door repeatedly, and this is just for starters.

The method of self-injury gets my mind back on track better than any other method, at least. I would love to say that praying to God works better than slamming my head in a car door over and over (three times maximum, I've never been able to do it more than three times at once), but I can't. But God made car doors, and God gave me the idea of slamming my head in them, so at least He gave me that.

I masturbate many times a day! I do it at work! I masturbate to thoughts of people I work with, people I know outside of work, people I see on television, people in magazines. I buy GQ and masturbate to the ads! Everytime I buy it, I have to make myself believe that I'm someone interested in highstyle fashion, that it's reasonable for a guy like to me to be buying GQ. I buy it at the supermarket, it's the last item I add to my cart. Like it's a last minute thought, *what's missing from all these groceries for a fashion-conscious person like me?* (I'm pretending for the benefit of the cashier, but really for the benefit of me). I am so low!

And! Sometimes I put on makeup and go on purpose to tough-guy bars or preppy college bars in the hopes that they'll beat me until I don't even know my own name anymore!

I can't keep my head straight in any situation, so I'm not even going to begin on my relationship with Shelly, my sham of a fiancée, who I do love and deserves someone better than me, anyone would be better than me, and sometimes I think about telling her everything as an act of generosity to her so she'll be rid of me forever, but I am prevented from doing this on account of I'm a COWARD!

A terrible inhuman monster coward of hell!

Oh God!

My secrets have complicated and fouled everything about our relationship. When we are intimate, my thoughts typically turn to thoughts of being with another man in general, and then to specifics such as using wax on each other, 69ing, using costumes and then ripping off the costumes in the heat of the moment, being tied up and whipped and bitten and cut, being raped by strangers, and the list gets worse and worse! This is sick! Why would God do this?

Alo! So I am driving in my Peugeot through Quebec with my girl friend all right? And we are discussing our conversations in the manner of lovers who are familiar with each other from a long time.

— I prefer such a sauce for the accompaniment of the food which I enjoy!

— But that sauce is not best! she counters me.

And so forth as that. Perhaps I invent the particulars for this. Whatever it is!

Brrrrroooooo we are driving.

And then what do I see by the road side? But it is a hitchhiker woman! In the province of Quebec! I see her from half a kilometer and I slow my Peugeot to accommodate stopping.

— What are you doing with this? says my lover.

— I am stopping to pick up this hitchhiker of course!

— Pick up this hitchhiker? Has madness entered your brain today?

— I can choose to, I tell her.

So I stop and the woman runs up and I see from close away that she is yet a SEXY HITCHHIKER! I could tell, she wore a bikini for a shirt.

— What is your destination? I say to our new passenger.

— I am trying to get to Montreal for my lover!

My own girl friend puts her eyes in her head and makes of face of OH!

— As it happens we also are going to Montreal, the luck is yours!

I know this means we are in for a long ride in more than one way, but who am I to resist myself?



This guy's all over me, right, he won't leave me alone, and I'm giving him every signal in the book of *Leave Me Alone*, I am *not* interested in you, all right? But it's like he's willfully neglecting my attitude, he's all over me like *I Think You're So Pretty It's Hurting Me to Look at You*, and I'm like *So Go Away and Look at Somebody Else if It Hurts So Bad*, but he keeps at it, buying me drinks, trying to chat me up with humor, telling me jokes, he's got like an arsenal of jokes, boom boom boom one after the next one, and some of them are funny but I'm not laughing on purpose so he'll get the message of *Go Away*, but he tells me one that's pretty funny, about what do you call two stripper lawyers, and I have to smile at it, and I try to hide it by drinking and smiling into my drink instead of at him, but he sees it and thinks that's his opening, he's got someone who's interested in him back.

So at that point we begin a two sided discussion of what I find attractive in a man, which is I guess his method of trying to get my mind operating in sexual terms, and I'm like first of all, *Not You*, so don't get any ideas about that, I'm just having this conversation in the interest of

politeness. And he says, but you obviously like guys, so what does it for you? And I've given this an amount of thought I'll be honest, so I tell him, all right, well the guy's got to excite me, he's got to offer me something in the way of energy, he's got to have *juice*. That's what does it for me, juice. I don't care how well a guy's put together, if he doesn't have electricity in his delivery and pop in his attitude then forget it. Forget it! That's the building block of a man. I get really into my telling him my outlook, I get a little worked up, I spill my drink a little on the bar. Money, looks, I don't care, I tell him. I don't care! If your life is in order, if you've got a well constructed routine, if the furniture in your house is all fine and in the right place, I say boring! I'm young enough to not care about that. It's the confidence of having a spark, it's knowing you've got Juice, or I'm bored with you instantaneously.

That's just my theory of attraction in my particular case, I tell him.

And so he's says he knows all about juice, he doesn't want to brag but in his particular case he's *full* of juice, he's overflowing with it. And I'm like, now that's just *gross*, you obviously don't understand anything about it, that comment was proof to me, and I turn my back on him as a clear signal of what I mean. But he's persistent with his jokes and with buying me drinks, and I guess I should say that one part of my theory that I didn't mention to him was that if I have enough drinks a lot of things get a lot more attractive, across the board. So I turn back around and I ask him, all right, so what theories do you have?

You know what about the internet seems great but is actually the most destructive part? No: not destructive: *sinister*. The most sinister part is: the friends you make. Because are they real friends? I have I would say over one hundred friends online, that I know individually on a personal basis, **but**.... Do they count? *Is* it a personal basis?

Because the two coin sides are, online I can invent a persona (even a new *name*: JYNX), and I can act like whoever I want, I can put on any kind of personality there is, and yes absolutely there's freedom in that... but if **I'm** doing it, how do I know everybody else isn't also? Are their responses and answers and personalities genuine to who **they** are?

How do you *ever* know! With anyone! In life!

How are you supposed to make a connection with someone if you can't ever know them?

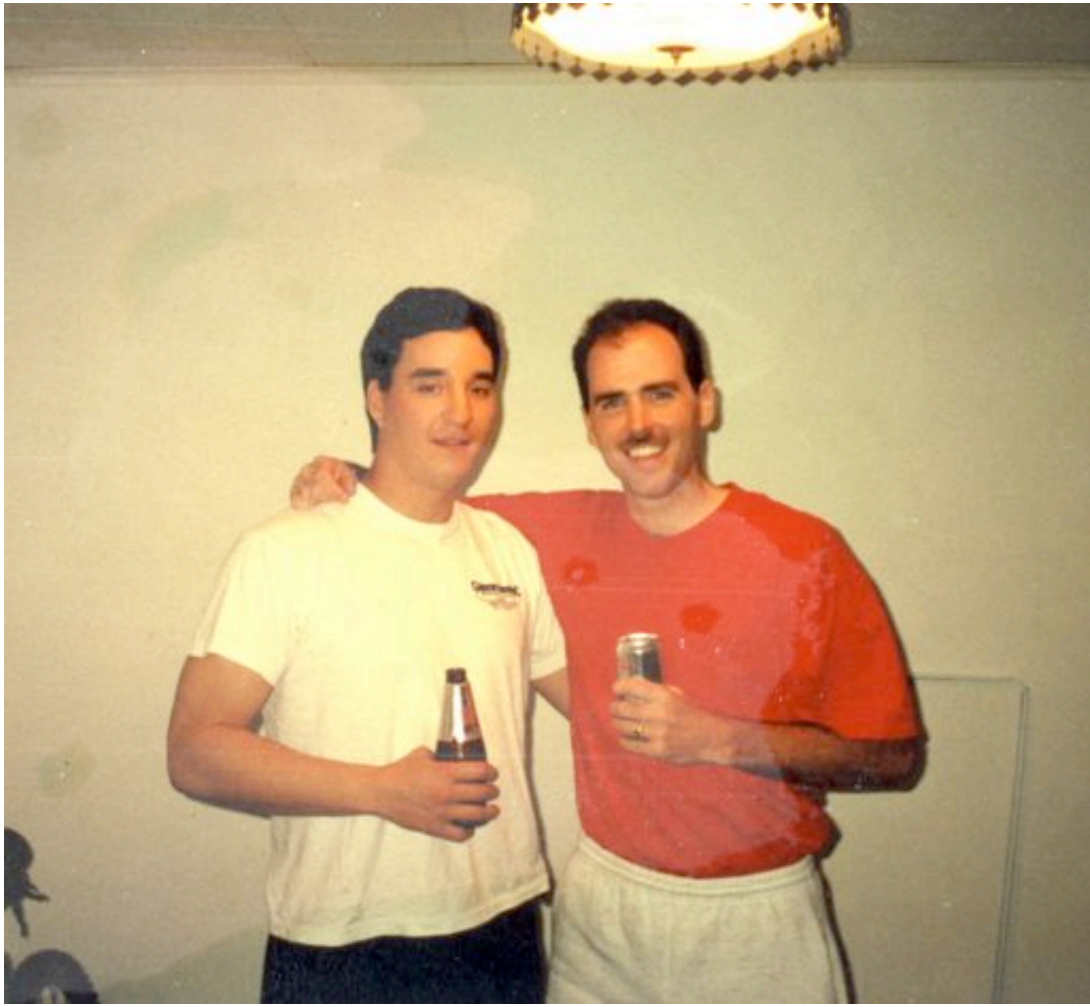
I think too much. But there's nothing I can do about that!

Sometimes I get the thought that everything is just an experiment. That my brain's been put here to see how a brain will react to stimulations from a madeup experimental life. The experiment is, invent a bunch of rules and customs and see how this brain does with them. Because look at the customs! 50 hour work weeks? Dating services? This *isn't* a test to see how I'll react?

I don't want to bring this up online because there I'm known for being smart and cutting, and I know exactly what JYNX would have to say to someone with an idea like that. But why would I have that thought if there was nothing to it? It doesn't make sense for it to spontaneously come into my brain from nothing.

Of course the question then comes up, if this is all an experiment, okay, who exactly is behind it? God? Beings from another dimension? I know how this sounds: *Beings from another dimension*. I'm not an idiot and I'm not crazy. I know what this sounds like! I can't help my thoughts! But listen to me: is the idea of a fancy experiment any stupider and crazier than how things are?

And I'm not going to say anything about it to anyone, but the evidence of my life is starting to make me believe that forces are at work, that something is preventing people from connecting. That nobody can know anybody else. That I'm underneath some joke. Because at this point what's real doesn't seem any more reasonable to me than the possibilities of an infinite joke.





I got a boyfriend with roving eyes, and it's getting to be a problem. At first it wasn't a problem, it was kind of funny and a little bit fun: I pretended like it bugged me when really it didn't, I just liked playing the game of pretending that it bugged me. I'd say *Stop it, Brian*, and I'd slap him on the chest or the arm, and even if I tried to have my face look angry I'd have a baby smile that would ruin the effect.

So then he takes that as a sign: this is a fun game! That Janine loves to play! But the thing is, this becomes like a totally one sided game. There is no equality in it at all: not only does he get the individual pleasure that comes from looking at girls (and the freedom to do it! while he's

with his own girlfriend!), he also gets pleasure from it being Our Little Game. So he takes the initiative of looking at every girl who is in the ballpark of attractive.

It's like *Jesus*, you know?

It gets easier to have my face look angry.

But he keeps it up: he starts asking me, *what do you think of her*, and *do you think those are real?*, and at first I'm like, gross. It's like he's trying to shock me! Well it worked! *Stop it!* I tell him, and I deliver it with absolutely no trace of a smile anywhere within the vicinity of my face.

But Brian is obviously a bad listener, in addition to everything else, because later he tells me about his friend from work, Danielle, who I've met before, who would definitely be into some kind of experimentation, if the topic was introduced in the right way, she's mentioned to him that she thinks I'm attractive.

JESUS!

WHAT KIND OF GIRL DOES HE THINK I AM?

But this is not an offense you break up over, I love him, this is something that if I sit down and talk to him about, and he understands what kind of a position he's putting me in, and what kinds of feelings he's making me feel, this is something we can work out.

But the talk goes like this: it goes like him telling me that this experimentation will not in any way affect the love that he has for me, that that love exists on a separate plane, that it's just him answering a call that his body is putting out, and he can't answer it without me, and that if the love I have for him is anything like the love he has for me, in intensity and deepness and size, then this is something that I should very seriously consider, out of the obligations of love.

Now I don't know what to do! Oh! I thought I knew for sure, but all our talking has undone my opinion. I'm a modern woman! I want to do the right thing, but feel like I don't have a foundation. What am I supposed to do, love is making complicating demands! What do I listen to? What's the right thing?

Jesus Christ this woman is like a hurricane of sex, what do you want me to do about it? Shit of the Lord. A woman who wants it three times a day, four times a day, six times a day, what is the name for a woman like that? The name for her: I don't even know it. I call her My Pretty Flower when we are One on One, but Black Hole of My Dick is closer to what I mean, shit.

I did math on her, she works two jobs, at the lawyer's office and at the phone bank, so why isn't she slowed down? I can't understand it. Plus add up the day and night hours: I don't even see how it's possible, where the time for it even appears from.

Once at the beginning when it was fun still I brought home a thick brown colored scented candle as a joke for her and I gave it to her saying, For when I am not here, you know how to

light it up, but she didn't get the joke, she thought I was bringing her gifts and that made her want to have more sex with me.

She doesn't even ask for it now, she's got a Look on Her Face which she gives me. Sometimes she grunts in combination with it: a special grunt of What She Wants to Have Me Do To Her. What do you say to that? We don't even have regular conversations anymore, which at the beginning I thought would be okay with me, but now I don't know, you know? That's our whole language, it's a language with one word in it, we say it over and over, maybe some days we pronounce it different a bit, that's it, shit.

I wanted to have a dialogue with her. I said to her, "I'm tired Bonita, can't we take it easy for a change okay? Let's maybe go for a walk for instance." Of course her answer was to get on top of me and that was the end of that discussion, Snap like that. What do you want me to do about it? Juevos de Diós, I am too young to have my dick worn out by some woman, I need to open up a better dialogue about it, I got to find some way to an answer.



Oh yeah.
You like that? You like that?
Yes. Yeah.
Yeah.
That's nice. Right like that.
Yeah.
Oh.
You like that?
Wait, hold on.
What?
Who's that?
What?
On Conan.
Her? That's Catherine Keener.
Oh! I love her. Wait, don't stop.
Don't stop?
No.
All right.
Yeah. Like that.
All right.
Hold on, pass me that.
What?
The remote.
I'm not going to give you the remote.
Come on! Don't be a baby.
Honey,
Don't stop.
But honey,
Honey, I just can't hear what she's saying, that's all.
You want the remote? Here, fine, here's the remote.
Get back on! I'm just going to adjust the volume.
Good.
Come on, don't be like that. It's fine. Catherine Keener's got a really sexy voice.
Conan doesn't.
Come on. We've done it before with, we've done it when a basketball game was on.
The game was on, but I wasn't *watching* the game.

Well, I was.

Ha ha.

No, please, come on!

Please?

Please?

Fine.

Thank you. Baby. Yeah.

All right. Is this better?

That's nice.

Yeah?

Yeah. That's real nice.

Oh.

Mmm.

Hey.

Hmm.

Honey. Can we turn it off now?

I kind of like it on.

This check cashing commercial is doing it for you then.

You're doing it for me.

Right. Let's turn it off. Here.

No! Let's find something good! Yes!

What?

Where's the remote? Let's find a good show! An animal show!

How about this?

Turn the channel!

You like this?

Keep going!

What about this channel baby? You like this channel?

Oh!

What?

Yes!

Yeah? You like this channel?

Leave this channel!

Yeah?

Oh! Leave this! Oh! Leave it on this channel!