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“A Libido: My life as an Hermaphrodite”

By Robben Wainer

In my song to myself, I see a vision a fair complexioned mountain nymph, bathing herself in a thin silk robe by a clear pond, while she is caressing Lilly flowers as she passes by with a stroke of her gentle touch. She is my secret self, bathing in mystery and perfection, with a sense of wonder, and a quiet refrain in tears of loss. Yet she does not stare at her reflection she is a natural passion I have, to become her. She arouses in me the most zealous nature of inner conflict and struggle, as her innocence foretells the sadness in the desperation of men and their quest for power. Her breasts are open and there is a thought that there is a heaven is my refuge. Seeing for the first time in the wilderness someone who is perhaps all I will ever know about my relationship to self and the opposite sex.

In the same song I see a handsome male who is sturdy and robust. His displeasure is that few people are left aware of his victories. He is brown haired with a touch of gold, as he is indeed staring at the beauty of his own reflection. He sees a never ending fate in proving himself in battles of a jealous nature. He sees the paradox of being blinded by his one sided attempt to find nocturnal pleasure. He is a self seeking Narcissist, and wishes only for the honor's of the Gods to pay him respect, as he is possessed with extreme natural beauty.

2.

I was born to my Mother and to my twin sister. My mother was my first experience with pleasure and pain and fear or flight. My sister I dreamed of like she was Cleopatra. Incest in my family was done subjectively, hurtfully, but in some cases by mutual consent. My sister was my first sexual transmission of pleasurable energy. She was a queen who was as strong physically and mentally as any of my male peers. As we shared intercourse the first time, her goal was to remove the fear of male nudity from my experience. With her I may never have been a closet homosexual other than the fact that we left one another, and to my misfortune I became a lost soul moving in the direction of phobia. My sister was a natural athlete. I only equaled her when I would dance. To my embarrassment I came to my first high school gym class wearing high heeled leather boots with a fur lining. It was three months before I showed up again in sneakers.

I say my Sister was like Cleopatra as her ideology lead her to emulating Queen Isabella of Spain, not because she was in denial, but because she set the pattern for my initial bi-sexuality, when at first I was only aroused by her firm muscular body, and with other boyfriends when thinking of her. This is the story of my libido and what it means to be a single gendered hermaphrodite, as I had wished that for all the radical views of politics inherited by family, that my later decision to come out of the homosexual closet could be a great emotional victory that leads the way to freedom of choice, and freedom of belief,

I grew up with my older brother who had a deceptive way of living in a wet dream. He was vulnerable, as his sexual energy lead him to being victimized, as it it also lead to his sadism. I could hear him in his bedroom, while ejaculating into his sheets, as by the fourth or sixth time per day. He no longer had any feeling of pride left for our family. I was sitting on pins and needles hoping for a normal experience. It seems the only feeling that was worth anything was to continue to share my innocence in dance and gymnastics, without the embarrassment of seducing my sister in response to my passes. Yet she came to terms with my struggle for identity, as it took me almost twenty years to do the

3.

this, with confessions, and an attempt at living a priestly nature. My family shares a resistance to confiding in intimacy with one another, primarily for the reason, that at one time we had made each other our partners, when we needed to show careful discretion. I found in this strange way that I could be as good as the girls, as I realized this was already an experience of role reversal.

My puberty ran through me like a fast moving train. It was the first time that jealousy proved to be a mental obsession so powerful that I left my parents at their wits end, uncertain if they could rely on me for family support. During my parents divorce, my father had taken up with my best friends mother, who smothered me with kisses as we made secret love of our wishful thinking. I became her fetish her kind of play doll, as I felt agony that I was making my Mother's condition worse. The guilt and shame of a masturbatory crush became potent as I began to date my Father's companion. I grew compulsive as I realized I had crossed the boundaries. I suffered from a psychosis that influenced me into inciting jealousy. Really I was taken advantage of and used by a woman whose fatal obsession would result in her chastity. She became sadistic as it seemed I became the object of her destruction, as sadistically she tried to manipulate the circumstance to show me how many people had been hurt, including herself for taking up with a child.

I slept with her son, who is the first person I gained the influence that competition incites harm on their neighbor. He was a mature adolescent who loved the temptation of nudity and the willingness shared by his male counterparts to be his lovers. He had a violent streak that was not afforded to him, as his day dreaminess set him off in a path of self defamation that almost made him catatonic. Inspired by the times that our group was to become the minds of the future. You've never seen two boys acting like such girls, while wondering what it would feel like to lose their virginity.

4.

There I was the sex idol of a family who left me impressionable and often times physically hurt. My brother took us to midnight movies, as we transgressed into the worlds of becoming transvestites. I don't know why I found this enjoyable. My school performance began to suffer, as I felt that to return to my origin I must do so as a female. I prided myself on the emotional victories, as I was left in complete abandon by my Mother who just grew scared that I was letting my instincts and impulses create so much damage. I thought I was protected but was really introduced to my own exploitation and the exploitation of others as sex symbols for the first time.

I became introduced to the concept of sex, drugs and rock and roll for the first time in private school. Never had I seen so many rich kids using and getting high to such an extent. I was in love with a girl, or believed a bisexual experience could last, as I experienced oral sex for the first time with her older lovers. She had had many lovers, as I sat and melted just wishing she could take off her clothes to repeat the experience that created in me the vision of becoming a teen idol. This love or wishful thinking did not reciprocate. How quickly did I move into the darkness like a spell, of being trapped by my own precariousness. I was building for myself my own closet filled with the different personality types of men I wished to become.

So often the exploits of emotion make one feel bitterly used, as attempts at suicide can feel like they may be a final restitution. My family grew bitterly angry, as I had already made my exploits of being a fashionable queen present. We no longer believed in the sanctity of my mind, as girls kept calling my home to tell me their fantasies. I lived in a play land that grew increasingly dangerous. As the values of soundness of minds detached me from setting realistic goals.

This was my social network at the time, for making the mistake of being cute, I was cut down to size by my own submissions, really I could never take drugs safely without this feeling of castration, and the emptiness that rose in a great depression. I was scared as a teenager, and alone with my feelings which insured that I would become vulnerable and victimized. My only solution was to be that teen

5.

idol, which I never came close to until my late twenties and early thirties, when I made some movement happen as a bass player who fancied the rhythm and blues. These were my days of wine and roses which were too much for a child to take in. Not until my teenage years ended did it become imperative to make restitution to my Mother, my father who just witnessed all of this, and were never quite sure what to believe or what to expect. The vain glorious need for real stimulation from a partner who could understand gay incentives became imperative. There were whole years that followed where I was protected by lovers who helped me to feel good about having male partners, and my experience with them.

The jazz scene caught my attention during a state of emotional trouble. I listened to men recite my oedipal complex on their instruments, while I could not fully get in touch with my own sense of self. I had come along way in physical abilities, a point that I will return to. While for now I am referring to a time when I grew my hair long, wore dashikis and smoked clove cigarettes. We all had the dream of making a pilgrimage to travel out west. The state of free love was a temptation that incited a state of inhibitions. I learned that I did in fact have family who were survivors of the Holocaust. Yet my mind was bent on cheap thrills and getting over. I was living a hobo's lifestyle, one in which envy plagued me with angry toxins. Yet I surrendered in defeat having failed the test of heroics that would have been the path I chose for myself.

I inherited a Casanova complex from my Father, but my mind was busy, and never experienced being adored by a harem. All of the teenage fantasies and stories I took in created an isolated anxiety that made me feel as though the truth of my emotions were too confused to feel anything other than pain. In truth I was in a crisis. I was picked up one night for an evening of fellatio by a woman who got me high as I lay in bed with her menage a trois. As much as I wanted to be an expert at cunnilingus. I was disgraced by observing her lover penetrate her.

I had only believed in a pure form of love with the opposite sex. After a couple of nights of

6.

busing tables, I got in with a homosexual crowd. I was insulted as being their pre madonna youth, I enjoyed the penetration while it lasted until the restaurant had exceeded it's limits of living out their fantasy. I was understanding the concept of bullying without being aware of the subject. While it was a losing game, for as much as I wanted to be just different I was being ostracized by my own community. I would lose sight of my own virtue over drinks and getting high, and did not fully accept the pure beauty of the same sex attraction. In fact I was living a life that was a little dirty, while wishing my rebelliousness would lead to a statement.

Yet I was punished for it and given a juvenile delinquent card . Which made me certain I had steered clear into the wrong type of trouble, for being so highly influential as to the carnal pleasure which but for the grace of God could have made me a dope addict.

Nudity has always been an issue in my family. As to it being oedipal, constraining and exposing fears that lead to isolation. With an idyllic rationalization in my family that we believed in that summarized our lack of dress for living the way the Gods had intended us to live. My brother had already become a psycho maniac, and psycho somatic. I, lost in my pilgrimage out west which made no room for innocence. With my only thought being that to include myself in the gay life was as good as any. Yet I was destroyed by my own condition of not knowing what to expect from adulthood, half knowingly that I was living in denial. I became the cause and effect of all of my fears. As I was afraid of becoming an adult.

Masculinity was a beautiful state of grace in my thoughts, but somehow in a perverted sense it became the self seeking that occupied me with a reason to let men touch my body. I don't know when I stopped having the need to be a girl, or why that feeling comes back in deceptive ways when I am traumatized. I only wish that my full maturity did not have to be dressed up, for a fashion show, or a statement about an androgynous female persona.

My mother was clearly intellectually stronger than my father, and while a woman of great skill,

7.

was the only person to show me patients enough to allow me to allow me to feel my feeling, and all of my thoughts and emotions. I remember being kicked out of high school for truancy, and collapsed in the corner and wept with grief. I cried because of the fact that people were important to me, and grew sensitive to the feeling of letting others down, and to those who stood in my way, while for the most part the choices weren't clear, as they seemed to drift from one episode to the next. I was given the advice not to change, meaning not to change again, and for that I was thankful for. Yet I do not always know what carries over from one period to the next, when submitting to phobia feels like the same punishment I felt, when accused of not feeling the feelings of others.

I had the ability to stretch into a perfect split as a Ballet dancer from the age of five to fifteen. Afterward to perform one, took strict discipline either in fasting, and/or with my vices. By the age of fourteen I had earned a degree as a black belt in Judo. I gradually lost interest in professional sports, while this gradual decrease, I was caught in some moments of amazement while watching the Olympics. As a dancer I grew out of my first fatal attraction and found compatibility with a competitor, who believed as I do that there should be some distance for an affair to work.

The Bolshoi was my most promising accomplishment in Ballet, while having to kiss the choreographers on the lips as they referred to me as their little Labium. I played a number of roles some in the U.S.S.R. But was becoming increasingly more effeminate. In fact I was becoming effeminate to a point of exaggeration, where one of my own performances was a biographical sketch performed by trans gender assimilation of my body on stage. Dance proved to be my foundation in the only real athletics I competed in which was gymnastics, while I was being removed from school to adapt to a life of literary works, in school I only overcame my fear of being in the closet, and of women.

My dance partner believed that women possessed a great strength if, and when they could focus on feminine virtues. We were compatible in a way that built confidence in each others steps. I was

8.

mixed up and in the closet. She did not have as much experience with men who might like to partner with her, she had an unmovable place in my heart, as I found that mutually we were skilled at reading each others conscious. Together we had children, but were also in danger of anorexic preferences. I had never seen myself so clearly as I had in her, as the trust in distancing ourselves in crisis, always seemed to reciprocate some fortuitous comment or statement about what love means. We raised our children together, while when not performing or taking classes, I tried to stay home for them. The task was too challenging for me as a teenager, but I was grateful to find worthy guardians when the agreement and conditions changed. This took a long healing process for things to get better, but as the family grew more and more educated our views changed. I believe my first wife who stayed in school became valedictorian, and attended Harvard.

Clearly I was in conflict with living even a gay life style that I was comfortable with, when deeply emotional attributes required open communication. I was only hurt when trying to compete, and found I had no real calling to be a celebrity. I met up with my sister again at the age of fifteen, who had chosen the right path for herself, as we were both at a disadvantage mainly by the movements of our peer groups, and peer pressures. She went to an art school, developed literary skills in English and went on to become a certified Physical Therapist. I had tried to do too much too soon, and while I could understand hypothetical logic and reasoning, I still felt different. With my sister, I had sweet dreams filled with sodomy, with most of the male friends we had friendships with, I became fearful that my coming out was going to mean our getting married, which we were, and were not, but lived out a legacy of performing miracles for each other, on each others behalf.

Only as Ballerina did I first grow comfortable with making love to, and having other boyfriends, and literally this only happened a few times. My heart opened to others who were not fearful or competitive about the amount or quality of experience. It seems apart from my affair with my sister I never really cheated on my first wife, who spent time with me as we cast spells of romance

9.

sharing a bedroom of feminine and gay pride. From this experience I would favor experiencing sex with a stronger woman, but that was also being closed minded as it was important to me to be faithful to the women I was with, even if it meant surviving my sexual affairs with other men. Somehow this lead others to believe I was loyal. I also felt more at ease with a masculine pride, that proved to be the greatest digression from homophobia, when enjoying homosexual attachments.

Shortly after failing out of High School I was becoming disabled. I felt confused about appropriate aggression, and being locked up. I was more confused about being locked up for my own protection from suicidal tendencies. My last great achievement was in gymnastics in the US Games, but slowly I had to bury this feeling in shame, and kept out of view except in matters where practice held promise, and interesting accomplishments were earned from a retiree who was out of the spotlight.

My first real boyfriend, outside of the playroom, was with a genuine and sincere peer, who was also tall, dark and handsome. We had shared a mutual girlfriend though at different times, while seeing that she had a toxic effect on us. She thought our love should be as a suicide note, yet our experience together was completely compatible. My first boyfriend placed me under house arrest for going back into the closet, and wishing my life were hetero. He also proved he could out tough the revenge I sought on the bullies that mocked me. My love for him felt in all words of decency was one that was normal. Meaning I felt the attraction was sustainable of positive experiences.

He believed that I truly did reach my potential in Dance and Gymnastics, while he could see the trouble I was having in school had much to do with the identity I was developing. We were teenagers and already began to suffer from family crisis. Mine was more of an incestuous obsessive crisis that created hysteria in needing a partner. My own identity believed myself to have a womanly quality. My boyfriend shared my developing interest in the Buddha and in Krishna, yet I feel he might have discovered what I did, which was that many times their disciplines were induced, or in my history were subject to spells and even witch craft that made normal self expression a conflict. I believed in his

10.

words that I should listen to talks of cause and effect, and how a non action is followed by an action.

While he was never really an open lover, I don't feel his torment of me was for any other reason than I was threatened by my own self affliction, as a lover I believe he was protecting me with the discipline of having to reach adulthood.

Our mutual allergy to alcohol, had something to do with a psychological disposition, and not really believing in the heresy or legends of sex, drugs, and rock and roll. We shared the advantage of being able to defend our status, but the disadvantage of needing to be a big shot while at this very act. Our mutual lover had written us both off, as what proved to be her own suicide, one would say the act was committed, by the senseless mind games she played on others, and not being prepared enough to be the center of attention at which she placed herself.

I remember how his body quivered when I swallowed him during oral sex. That is what felt so normal, almost absent of trials and tribulations, except for being found out and sent into therapy. I believe we did share an allergy to drugs and alcohol as we placed our intelligences in high esteem, and our sensitivity to establishing a relationship between us in high regard. With me he was aggressive, but again I felt it was to protect me from hurting myself.

Later on in life I met up with him as the Hells Angels I needed to stay clear from, but I knew he was still looking from a hopeless release from the obsession of mind and body. After I confided him that I knew that abuse took another form that was different from our own infatuation, I commented that this may be the trouble he was getting into, being a hell's angel didn't seem to be important to him anymore. I think he was pushing himself to the limits, as he confessed if he didn't stop playing with trouble, he was going to wind up hopeless, and on the streets like everyone else.

His philosophy was that one may have to suffer from an experience with death to really deal with the pain they are suffering from. Together I believe in our innocence we had the misfortune of watching our close friends waste their own lives. Through out it all, what was most cunning and

11.

baffling was how our egos could be so much alike. I think under more mature circumstances I would take pride in his confessions that he did what he had to do in order to survive, in the same way I did, for protection from evils such as vanity, and living too close to the edge.

I believe we make an interesting story, of needing to conquer each others misplaced emotions of the opposite sex. First his victory, than apparently mine later on. I also believe the peer pressure we received from others was also an attack made from jealousy, and sheer expression of how fearful they would be if ever going through with it. We each had our virginity's and homosexuality to deal with after adolescence, which again I can safely say we each at least survived. As the experience comes to a close, what I find most interesting is our own admission of needing to stay clear from drugs and alcohol, as the lesson we learned in survival, that could prevent both of us from ever having to hurt ourselves, by playing the victim, and playing the big shot.

In seeing this as a study of psychological traits, I ask the question, is it possible to survive being Narcissistic? Is self reflection so inundating that being Narcissistic will certainly lead to suicide. I am sure there are many who have felt their potential for actual love relationships to be the most profound. That in understanding their own experiences and the unfortunate unrequited experiences that went along with it, it is possible to release ones self from the merciless obsession that would have us believe that our sexuality is one of divine nature. Is it possible that our interest in self gratification come from a deeply open wound that must be penetrated for a final restitution to be accomplished. Can we go on believing that we are chosen to be the epitome of everyone's sexual desire and fantasy, while the circumstances and situations of this tie was actually prevent this from occurring, due to the potential for danger and the psychological implications, that one could live in the image of the other.

Then what of this self reflection. Is it safe to say that understanding our moods is a healthy challenge. How does one open up to this loneliness of regret, and perhaps this combustion of experiencing a great deal of mixed emotions. Are these the things that will satisfy our own

12.

precariousness, or is our sexuality more of a firm statement of belief that an experience will lead to pleasure. When we wallow in self pity and regrets what are the ties that form a bridge back to life? Can we accept when an answer comes back no that presumably that is final. Is there anyone who is truly Gods gift to mankind serving each of our pleasure for the sake of preserving their own beauty. Self reflection than rather than being the final statement of fulfilling each of our sexual dreams, may be the ability in understanding that we were improperly motivated in tempting the desire of a personality type that appears to be shallow. That the conflict must be observed in our own inner psyche when a mood swing informs us of our own disposition to gratification and rejection.

We must accept both our highs and lows. Sexual satisfaction is not the only measure of our self worth. We must accept that when we are struggling with is a conflict that may be preoccupying our thoughts. That when we are coaxed into believing that sexuality is a possibility that this is a realistic proposition, that two people can care for one another in a way in which their sincerity opens the doors to new avenues of self expression. So it is that the highs and the lows must be observed as our way of living in reality, is this measure that we can realistically look at to see the hole that is open in our wounds, and hope that one day we may be blessed to fill this emptiness with appropriate care and affection.

What then of the Narcissist? Can we say he must understand objectively what he is the subject of and what he is being subjected to. Can we say that his thoughtless affirmation of his chosen grace put him at the disadvantage of not seeing the turmoil in his own life. To survive this blind side of love where desire is all that one can speak of, and the quality of life so obviously flawed, since the condition one finds themselves must warrant their attending to their inter-personal needs. Meaning that one must also see how age and maturity is about developing a sense of confidence and acceptance that allows for others to live in the world, without being a cause for self affliction and martyrdom in a self fulfilling prophecy.

13.

I believe the answer is yes one can survive who is Narcissistic by seeing that others who are struggling with their own forms of identity are really turning to them for support. By setting an example that deals with maturity by overcoming the denial of their own inner struggles and conflicts one can see how suicide does not prove anything, that we are never alone in a world that knows we are struggling to find peace of mind.

I believe the moral of the Narcissist tale is that situations change over time. That one who cannot perceive themselves ever pulling through from an inner struggle, may drown themselves in the hopeless solution that would call for all of us to be just like them. That one who sees that times of waiting and who are basically living in the transference of emotions, may not have to be so blinded by the powers physical beauty possesses so as to make choices that can deepen their inner experience and show that confidence in believing in the validation of their emotional integrity.

The second psychological proposition I choose to make is that one can be an incest survivor without turning to suicide. The Oedipal syndrome in my case lead to a duplicity of distorted experiences that were all fed by guilt and shame, and presented an illusion as to having the freedom to choose my partnerships. My father proved to lack the socialization skills that could address his own callous and mischievous behavior, as slowly, his own confession before he died was that I had been the best lover for him. My brother, when I was six years old lined me up on my knees to have me blow off himself and two of his friends. Their distortion of the behavior that victimized me, made me pursue an uncertain and volatile combination of fear and loathing for my parent's sex. In fact, by being a little too benign and innocent I replaced the social relations of that both my father and my brother had.

I've often felt that I lost my entire adolescence to this distortion of reality, My father would pick me up for what was our date, as I could never actually carry out the role of becoming a decent lover. The guilt and shame that hovered over my vision like a blinder, carried within the conjecture that I

14.

would never be suitable for a real relationship with either sex. In fact my one attempt at suicide came about from the paranoia that I would never amount to anything except being the object of my father's and my brother's arousal. This mortal sin, which is an inhumane quality of all human development, in my case wasn't an accident that happened once. This incestuous agreement closed the doors on the likelihood of experiencing a real emotional tie. In fact I felt I was the victim of demon's and evil spirits who cast spells over me.

This lack of social skills, built a character that was degenerate and that detested popularity. I began to learn that I was not at fault for my father's inability to express himself to others. I had inherited an almost venomous attraction in modeling good looks from my mother. In some way, I was her replacement in my father's eyes. These misplaced emotions had to be understood for what they were, while seeming diabolical they expressed an extreme weakness in the case of my brother and father, as I turned to alcohol, narcotics and pornography as a way to see out side myself.

In my twenties I began to gain some fulfillment as to the pleasurable feeling that were aroused by sexual behavior. Until then I was desperately avoiding feeling anything at all. I was numb, and had completely nullified all my thoughts of my sincere qualities becoming prevalent in a strong partnership. My experiences were bi sexual before they became homosexual. In that to make an adjustment, and to accommodate to an attitude of healthy living, mentally, physically, and emotionally. I had to step out of being a pseudo Casanova by show, and come out of the closet to accept life on life's terms.

It is amazing how your own family members may never ask for forgiveness. As I developed more traits of a pure conscious and innocence, I was less traumatized by my father's inability to establish emotional terms with his lovers. Neither of my parents outwardly accepted or rejected my homosexuality. I feel one more rejection of my sexuality may have chastised all my possibilities for growth. Very slowly the weaning process took effect in my family, as it became apparent that we would survive each others resentment, of showing signs of sexual behavior in partnerships, either together or

15.

apart. The result of all this deception was that sex was something dirty, which I had to overcome, by seeing that I was used as an object, by my family, who distorted their own ability to cope and maintain in affairs of the heart.

My conclusion is that as heartless and thoughtless as developing relationships that are based on incest may seem. It is perfectly honest to bring into the light that we reached differing levels of maturity at different points in our life, That now while interested in a state of independence. I know that my own children, as well as I make choices of preference that aren't always clear. In the lost feeling of desperation, it maybe we can be molded to believe we can never be without family, that may be for reasons for better or worse. While often times I think of my adolescent failings as a huge misunderstanding created by shame. I am grateful to have developed the consciousness that are attuned to these misgiving as to act open, honestly, and willingly, in matters that relate to my sexuality today.

I had been searching for an outer body experience, and found it in a young woman who was a year older than me. I had never seen a woman with sex appeal quite like hers. She admired me from a distance as I did not pose a threat to her. She was both sophisticated and a bit derelict. Our love was the joy of what my innocence and purity may bring. Slowly I began to hang out with her friends, and it was not too long before I lost my mind in jealousy. I can remember being the age of sixteen and swearing off all drugs. My reading level was dropping below grade level. It was not too long that her seductive qualities of organized crime proved to bring her whole peer group to their knees, myself included.

She was my second wife as we got married in a more orthodox fashion, but I was a hippie and spell bound by her attraction. I kept a place for her in my heart, as I tried desperately to reclaim my position as being a good example by not turning to drugs. I became skilled at being a parent and reading to what is now our family, but the marriage lasted only as long as we were in school, when

16.

finally I was kicked out. I needed to assert myself better, and I had to accomplish this on my own. I joined the Navy, but was given a section 8, after my one attempt at suicide and witnessing her derelict peer group fall beneath the cracks. I decided I could attempt school, but by re-establishing my relationship to my family, I knew if I didn't make it I would never have a family of my own again. My thinking was very distorted, as I had to go through drug rehabilitation on my own, being cautious of the temptation to let her know I thought about dying for her. This proved to be the most challenging risk I have ever had, to take responsibility for myself, knowing that I was used and abused to offer something to a woman that she already had.

My homophobia began at this point, with my second wife, as again I was faithful to my female partner by seeing other men. This was the first time that I started to achieve orgasm by having myself sodomized. Yet I never cleaned up well enough to be the person she once admired. She was a fatal attraction, and as my ego turned, so did my sexual preference. In fact with my second wife I did not sleep with one other women, but knew I was becoming gay. The latency of emotion, placed too much responsibility on her to save me from dereliction, finally I understood it as a bisexual experience, at which time I started to develop a sense of self. These experiences lead me to having this type of identity with a sense of self being at the core of what was missing.

While her friends were burning out, my family became outraged that I was addicted to drugs for the sake of a woman. Her sex appeal still burned me every time we were together. Actually the marriage contained hope and promise, but for the reason that I only hit one hard bottom, and recovered with the notion that I would learn what my own identity was. After a few years I stopped acting so womanly myself, as the desire to become everything she was subsided. It was the first time I needed rest and the ability to recover from such a heated affair that brought with it so much danger. I began to learn about my homophobia, and relating to men differently. As I found detachment was a principle more open to homosexuality it interested me that I could learn about others men. their feelings without

17.

having to act out. Unfortunately my first fatal obsession took twenty years of private therapy to recover from, but with my own decision to abstain from such vices as drugs and alcohol. I see it as a time that I was very scared and very hopeless without any real help available.

Today I thank her for my homosexuality, and being a single gay parent to our loving children. I see in them that part of my self, that was very homophobic and scared of attaching myself to an emotional intensity, maybe that is for the best right now, while my service as a parent is maintained with the belief that one can recover even from such states of tragedy. I feel that I learn from my children how we were hurt by becoming weakened to give all to love. Today that is not the only thing I do, as I offer myself as a model, as a high school drop-out whose self teaching has made me recognized as an intellectual.

My second wife, and I had our final battle with her last attempt to get even with me. She brought drugs back into my family, by her own volition, this time leading to a fight and almost a political struggle. I can't count the losses today but if I didn't act I would have failed at my own jurisprudence. Today I see it as an irrational act to sever my complete adoration of her.

I have given some thought as to what homophobia means based on my own perspective. In my view this is the fear of being entered and penetrated. My phobia begins when I fear I do not have control of my body, and when I relinquish all power to a man who will dominate me. In this fear I am a lost child with minimal associations to what real love making means. I fear I am committing an unnatural act. That when God created sexual libidos he did so for men to enjoy the partnership of women. I fear how much like a woman I may become, hoping and praying for the satisfaction of this desire to remove from me the veil of this uncertainty.

As I adore and cherish the male genitalia, I have fear that I may not be aroused in ecstasy by the sheer beauty and grace of it's eminence. I often feel like I am replaying old oedipal tapes, in which my family would never approve of my coming out of the closet. My homophobia begins with the wicked

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