

## Prologue

I found myself wandering around Target for over twenty minutes as if suffering from dementia. My mind was blank, yet every five seconds I would remember my purpose. Then I would forget again.

“This must be what it’s like to live in a fishbowl,” I tell my psychologist what I have told only one other person. Nothing illegal. No, no, much worse than that.

“I have an attraction for girls and women and have had it most of my life.” Then I add, “I like women more, usually ninety percent more.” I want to tell her that I have a foot fetish, a girl fetish, and, well, a really big woman fetish (not morbidly obese women, just big women). But I am too ashamed. I am worried that is a bit extreme. Then again, I like ponytails and pigtails (*yuck, you perv*, I know), especially on women, go nuts over black stockings, like schoolgirl uniforms—the modified ones—like feminine voices, large natural breasts (shocked you with that one, huh?), long hair, and nice, firm, tight asses. And did I mention feet?

God, I am a pervert! But I just like the visual. Gymnasts, volleyball players, the women of tennis, modern dancers—yes, even the little ones I like (though I don’t masturbate watching them, there is a kind of sexual tension, a kind of something). I’d like swimmers but the uniforms are too ugly, as they are in basketball. And I love photography: a beautiful moment that can be captured in just that—a moment.

It’s not all about sex and sexual objectification. The real “turn on” for me is the juxtapositioning between contrasting things: a little girl and a snake (innocence and evil), half naked women slapping balls (toughness and sexiness), a child with lacy bobby socks (a virgin confronting the adult world). The mind is much more complex than just trying to reach a climax. We are talking about the human experience.

My psychologist is nice. Says she is on “my side” but asks if I ever did anything “illegal.”

So I envision her, right now, phone in hand, calling the police. There they were in riot gear.

“Let’s get that fucking pervert pedo,” for nothing more than me noting what many keep secret: girls are kind of interesting and cute. It’s called the Lolita fantasy.

The *Dateline* predator guy shows up just around the corner of the Juniors’ section at Target, where the girl models seem to always be a bit too adult and the clothes a bit too sexy, and yes, my eyes would wander, and now I have an excuse to go and fiddle through the clothes, though I avoid doing so. Then he pops around the corner.

“Do you know who I am?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I am the guy from the show that pretends to be protecting kids at all costs by encouraging the police to set up people who are usually suffering from one or more mental disorders by pretending to be underage boys or girls and then working really, really hard, as they are specially trained professionals, to get them to show up at parentless houses. The dude shows up, sometimes naked, sometimes toting a cat (or what seems to be a cat, man, teen threesome) and asking the girl, who is really a woman, where is her room and a condom? Then I show up with a cameraman, further humiliate him, and when he runs from the house, tons of cops yell, ‘Get down, get down, get down!’ as if his penis were an AR-15 rifle. The good people of America like it. And parents learn a lot.”

“Sir, that’s what my students tell me at the community college. They learn a lot, too,” I say. “Your show is very ethical and finally gives a place to those who suffer from debilitating

illnesses, much like the Victorians did with ‘Asylums.’ People would pay a fee so they could take their families and laugh at the ‘funny people.’ God bless you, sir, and those fine members of law enforcement who take matters into, let’s say, their own hands.”

He seems so complimented or maybe he is just immersed in the Juniors’ panty section and forgets I am there. So it seems the police also lose their way through preteen and teen mayhem, but in any case, you are not done with me, and prove the tougher interrogator.

Here’s where you say, “Lolita fantasy, so you are a pedophile?” As if you know what that means. Do you?

No, I was seen by another therapist and that was ruled out, but she did warn me to be sure I “don’t become a pervert.” Pervert is not a clinical diagnosis. It means “one who has turned away from his faith,” as I learned from reading a book called *Perv* by Jesse Bering. Since I was going to become a priest and then turned away from that and the Catholic church entirely, I am technically a pervert. You all may be “converts” and those that question are “perverts.” Maybe the priesthood would have been the right calling? I still ponder. I want to help people but not just the Catholic ones—all people.

I saw her twice, and decided to never return.

She said, “Our hands are tied.” The law and police make it impossible for anyone to have an open relationship with one’s therapist. It’s not about illegality. One cannot be open when the police are standing by listening, when they, when the courts, when the “system” hates with its own intent to harm those that really are not harming. No, I am not a sex offender. I sex offend against no one.

Yes, I knew this. I heard it all before. This happened just after the Navy Yard shooting and a few months before yet another Fort Hood shooting. Why I try to identify with military

guys who suffer from PTSD, especially violent ones, is beyond me but being a teacher I am always thinking I am going to go down in a sea of gunfire, either by an active shooter or a bunch of vigilante cops or “citizens” who wish to protect kids at all costs. I really don’t hate cops. Well, I love and hate them. They are kind of like Dad to me. I always wanted to be the hero because I could never save the girls around me who were in trouble. My dick was already cut off at nine; no hyper-masculinity for me.

Yes, yes, it is true. I must confess that I have been a nobody most of my life, a truly “unknown citizen” who comes with no honor or memorial. But now I had a Fulbright in hand, five academic degrees, was a top-notch and well-liked teacher, a father and a husband for over a decade. Here is my story, my “dirty little secrets.”

How much do you value truth and at what cost to your mind? At what cost to mine? Before you judge me, I ask you this, as a great prophet or maybe the Son of God—depending on how you look at it—once noted a bit differently. I want you to write YOUR STORY and it should be true. What will you tell me? Tell me EVERYTHING. But only tell me what is interesting and provocative, not how many times you peed on the toilet or waited at the bus stop—unless it’s interesting. Tell me why you hate that person. Why the racial slur? Did you really look at that kid’s ass and justify it by saying, “I thought she or he was older”? When that guy got shot or hit, don’t lie. You liked it. When a tragedy happens, you are just as anxious as I am to hop in front of the TV and “enjoy” the “unfolding” events until you realize that this time twenty kids got shot. At that moment, for just a moment, you are stunned back to being a “good” person. Just like me. Just like when 9/11 happened. I was crying too for days, a monster like me and a good person like you—as one.

But we forget and the shooting and the humiliation and the sorrow go on.

I heard a researcher on the radio the other day say something about human history and violence. We have made incredible strides because people ten thousand years ago were all excessively violent. Right now, we all would be cracking each other's heads open with rocks, and even at the time of the Colonies, the age of sexual consent was a mere ten years old. Cheers to those of you who look toward a nostalgic past! It seems the violent folks of today were the normal folks of yesteryear.

In the pages that follow there is never a moment when I condone or support sex with children; I would only note that as long as there have been adults and kids, there has been sex and kids. The two are not the same, but what is the same is denial. And denial is the kiss of abuse and it is the kiss of incarceration for those who cannot or will not understand themselves. I have come to know this and I share what follows with you, not because I want this book to "entice pedophilia" or be a semen-splashed text hidden out of view from the "normal" world; rather, to truly be in the world, one has to know it, and to know a pig you have to get in the mud with it.

I tell you my story because no one helped me. I could not trust those who really may have wanted to help. I lived like a gay man during the impending nuclear U.S./U.S.S.R holocaust of the 80s for no other crime than my thoughts and mindful and personal transgressions. To live in 2014 is to live in the birth of a kind of mental slavery where, though the Internet was going to promise us freedom, those above us have devised a way, probably unintended, to use it to take that very promise of freedom away from us by tracking our every move and every thought. Our Internet activity leaves a mental roadmap of our thoughts at the moment. That's why the Internet is not a Public Domain and will not ever be until we are no longer tracked. You never see a picture of a family sitting around a personal computer. A PC is an extension of our *selves*. Now our government and private businesses know what panties you like to buy online, what porn you

like. They know you typed “daddy and blowjobs” in a search engine. It’s not that you want a blowjob from your daughter or son. You were just curious, or such a nasty, appalling and taboo subject tantalizes or turns you on. Remember that not that long ago your ancestor chopped someone’s head off because he needed a tooth and liked the one that dude was wearing. Don’t worry, I am not the one judging or peeping. Search away. Just don’t look over at your kid and ponder . . . If you do, I would advise a good therapist BEFORE anything happens. After is probably too late for both of you.

Here is my fishbowl.

May I see yours when you are finished with me?