

## CHAPTER THREE

### OUTER SPACE

"I was raised to think of God as an insomniac spy whose eyes opened directly onto everyone's reality. He could be viewing my life at any time. It behooved us folk to be good, God was not benign. In our world, even Santa Claus denied us his beneficence if we were bad, God clearly has more responsibilities than Santa Claus, more headaches, more pressures on his time. God gets really pissed off if we fuck up, it messes up his schedule this God-sees-all-God is the ultimate internalized police state, a nightmare far more sinister than Orwell's grotesque representation of the polis of self-incrimination. God represents social control without the embarrassments of uncontrollable, extraneous structures, persons or artifacts. Cosmic clockwork - fit in or be ground by immovable gears. God is a concept embarrassingly similar to the Aryan supragovernment. This God, this invisible policeman-judgeman-jailerman who steps into, disposes and dispenses justice justly, thoughtlessly, immediately, might have been the invention of a frustrated mother left alone at home, on a rainy day, with thirteen odd progeny. Her husband, who helped conceive those siblings, was off on some early version of the business trip, taking some other wife, or having his way with his host's concubines. There she is, the sheepskins are damp, the children are screaming at each other, video games have yet to be invented. They don't even have a vacuum cleaner. And she thinks, "Yeah, I'll tell these rotten offspring that there's this all seeing guy who's going to hurt them if they don't sit down, shut up and eat their mutton." God the bogey man was born. Don't knock it, it worked. All the mothers in her tribe started using it on their kids. Everybody loved it and eventually it became A Tradition.

"Then, some clever, budding statesman in the rough, saw possibilities in the application of this myth to the marketplace commonly referred to as politics. He tinkered with the system replaced a fallible God with impersonal absolutes like rules and regulations. Governments found it was in their interest to back certain rules, notably the ones concerning private property, with force and punishments were instituted. Vague moral concepts evolved into codified stratagems, exert overt control over interior lives.

"Someone knows that the rules are made up, because someone makes them up. You don't, because you didn't. You think rules are neutral and Godlike. You forget that even the Gods have always acted in their own self interest. Jehovah has an agenda.

"The point of power over is to control the individual through fear. Moral manipulations are legal because law concerns itself with the knowable, the visible, the actual, law needs proof, we cannot expect law to protect us from moral infringements on our freedom, we are obliged to acquire inner strength. We are obliged to maintain our individual freedom individually, against all

comers. We are obliged to judge the necessary balance between community and individuality. We are obliged to maintain, nurture and sustain both individuality and community, or risk losing both. Freedom is hard work, a challenge worthy of old behemoth souls, a task fit for the young at heart, a joy for each who attempts to walk its tightropes, climb out along its furthering limbs.

"Even those of us who believe in an all seeing arbiter have broken the odd commandment. If these laws came naturally they wouldn't need to be commanded. "If God had meant us to be moral, he would have made us that way." "Maybe He did."

"If there is a God or a lot of Gods, why would He or They bother about commandments? Why not allow natural selection to weed out the wicked? It would save so much time and effort. Or are commandments not of God but of clergy? That makes more sense to me. I find it easier to imagine crooked clerics asserting social control tactics over a less than willingly pristine public than a petty God or Gods with nothing better to worry about than what humans do in their bedrooms.

"My addiction to Beauty is a weakness for wholeness and meaning. I cannot function without an experience of Beauty. The consciousness of the enormities, Beauty, Truth, Life, Death, led me smack into the glimmering of a great awareness which whirled me inside further til I perceived the black hole sucking me down in through and out the other side provided a counter melody to the bright light of expanding consciousness, wheels within wheels. Some thing came from some thing, which itself generated from some where, which happened some time, always bent, always creating some more things because there's no thing better to do when you're some thing than to make some more things, to see what they make, happen.

"Take Moses, all the really cool prophets were evolutionary leaps, like the girl in Clan of the Cave Bear, Moses sensed a natural order. He realized that humans can affect their destinies. Maybe he learned it from the old Atlantians in the Egyptian court. Maybe he just guessed. In any case it isn't likely that he was a simple-minded channel for a jealous Jehovah barking orders down from some obscure desert mountain, the tribal mouthpiece with his balls in a vice. Moses was a Wise One, aware of fundamental principles governing physical and emotional realities, aware of the lurking inherent possibilities in mental and spiritual structures, a translator able to paraphrase his awareness into concepts, metaphors, parables, jokes, commandments, that people could comprehend, not to control them, but to provide a safe-ish playing field for the obstacle course called self control.

"Anyway, about my first blow job, that's where I started, isn't it? And I have barely created the atmosphere! It was Saturday morning, no, it was definitely Friday night, because the two adult couples were on the verandah, drinking tall

gin and tonics with fresh juicy limes squeezed into frosty glasses. I hate frosted glasses. They tickle my fingertips, distract my senses. I noted the tableau as I ran by the glass sliding doors on my way to the kitchen.

"We were tired and full of the sun, me and my paramour. He had not a long penis but a wide one. I was sore but cum has an aphrodisiac effect on me so, though I was a wee bit worn in the vaginal wall, I was willing and eager to play some more. One thing led to another, which I'm sure I don't need to spell out for such a sophisticated listener and there I was with his thick dick in my mouth. I had done that before, but we were hot and lazy and we had an amazing compilation tape playing on a very expensive sound system and we were wrapped in an ecstatic trance of youthful sweetness, flesh and the fantastic surging mysteries of the body. We were excited, then mellow, then excited some more. I don't want to give the impression that my face was buried between his legs the whole time. We kissed lips too and he stroked my body and paid a lot of careful attention to my neck, a very erotic spot for me, and he licked my vagina gently, tenderly, and we sucked fingers and things like that. We had nowhere to go, no particular worries or pressures of any kind and basically, we had already satiated our most urgent desires. We were now sailing on pure pleasure.

"The tide came in while I had his penis full, deep pressed into the back of my mouth. He grabbed my head with both hands and pressed it down against his swollen penis, this made him come in a gush against the glottis or epiglottis or whatever it's called, in the back of my mouth, the thingy that triggers the gag reflex. *Vomit-city here I come.* I had completely come out of my pleasant trance, moved immediately to life saving adrenaline pumping mode. *Code red. Code red.* His hands were still holding my head, my mouth was filled with flesh (thankfully now diminishing in size, like a slowly deflating elongated football), and powerfully burning acidic pungent viscous goop.

"I couldn't very well spit it out all over him. I did love him after all. There were no paper towels by the bed. Kleenex would have been altogether insufficient. I bit the bullet, so to speak, and swallowed a portion, freed my head and ran to the bathroom, spitting out the rest, pretending to pee, running the sink tap fiercely.

"I was not immune to the necessity of telling white lies to lovers. He was lying, his trance intact, a glorious angelic smile gracing his face, for an instant I loathed his composure, his distance from me, his complete absence of awareness of my discomfort. He asked me if it was as good for me, was that my first time, things vaguely concerned with my welfare but essentially concerning his ego. He wanted reviews. Lois Lane, reporter extraordinaire, confirms the size and wonder of Superman's ejaculatory results for nosy Metropolis readers. *Keep 'em coming, Superboy!* I made vague responses. I was taking in masses of information as they made themselves available to my mind, his attitude, mine and mostly this fantastically burning, acrid, nasty, taste in my mouth which seemed not only to linger but increase in thermic intensity.

"He, mistaking my chagrin for ego pique, told me that I was wonderful. I wasn't worried about that. I was about to let stream remarks I might regret when I remembered *ice cream*. Filled with pride for the power of my sexuality, abstracted by my need for oral relief, forgetting that I was blind naked, I ran to the kitchen, past the previously mentioned, sliding glass doors. I waved to the adults, threw open the freezer with one hand, opened the utensil drawer with the other, then, soup spoon in hand, devoured half a cup of freezing vanilla heaven before I realized that the cook was smiling at me. She had guessed. She didn't speak English, I didn't speak Spanish. She laughed, handed me a pink polka-dotted dress apron from a kitchen drawer. I slipped it on. I heard the music from my beau's bedroom, the adults talking too loud. I made a scrunchy face. We howled unnoticed, the cool cream melting on my fervent tongue."