

Appendix A

Rung #3 stories take you down to “where everything human is soon absent.” This is a Shadow sector where darkness is the air and *it breathes you*, meaning, who you are as an *individual* is not even a conceivable notion. Rather, you actually become the collective we or us. You exist as a mythic presence. You are the Other and its many names: Bitch, Fag, Enemy, Gook... All experiences are your experiences. All pains shared pains. All violations committed not just on your behalf but by you. It is a one-bodied realm of Shadow darkness as unhealthy and inhuman as the one-bodied realm of Sunlight brightness.

Remember: Inside, sodomy is both defeat and victory, punishment and redemption, pain and ecstasy. What else should you expect happens in an all male institution that is an expression of a culture with a Lone Male story of origin?

As previously mentioned, it is suggested that you read these only after you finish Pathway #3. You will then have valued the Earthfolk vision and risen to the Sunlight sector where you ascend to from the “where everything human is soon absent” Shadow sector.

When you have ritually worked through Rung #3 stories in Chapter 5, *only* then consider meditating on the following ones.

1. You take a cock in the mouth. At first you struggle. But then you accept it. It’s just a rod. Yeah, using your mouth like a soft hand, jerking him off. *What the fuck do I care?* Maybe if I jack him off and offer him a mouthful of his miraculous cum, he’ll back off? Sure, the safest way to go. So what is a cock in the mouth? Or up the asshole? Come on, what’s your hang-up? Chug down some Jack Daniels or toke some good weed and I mean, man, it’s all just come and cum and come again. Nothing messy. You can swallow or just spit it out, he really doesn’t give a fucking goddam. So, *Suck it down, bitch!*
2. Yeah, it takes a bit of learning, this how to open your asshole. Not everyone is kind—brings some Vaseline. They just try to poke it in without working the sphincter. Jesus,

that hurts, but it's not a shiv across your throat, plus your pimp's there to protect you. *Let's praise pimps!* Yeah, man, I mean that. How many bitches do you think would be sucking sod if their pimps were not so bold? My pimp has cut more than one asshole; and never asked me to deep throat him, which I mean I'd do at a moment's notice. I mean, I love my pimp. But let's get back to it: Your asshole needs some training. Some gardening, so to speak. A bit of seeding, here a finger highly Vaseline'd, one working you so that your sphincter expands. Then weeks on the rubber ball, duct taped to your back door so that every day you're exercising your portal of acceptance. Look, just get used to it, some guys are fucking assholes and other guys are just fucking the assholes. That just what doing time Inside is all about. *Ooomph!*

3. Look asshole, you think you're some kinda hero. I heard your blather about the Nam and how you fucked them with bullets and bombs and your own hard dick, but look motherfucker you're just some half-assed stupid motherfucker from some suburb of St. Paul whose taken a job as a Hack and thinks that it makes you some motherfucking god, one able to dish out fate, to call the shots on living and dying. But let me tell you, we all laugh at you. You're a pathetic dumbass white honkey who has no idea how the Big Boys have manipulated you. You thought that enlisting meant that you were some type of savior of mankind. Fuck, they brainwashed you so quickly that you were sucking their Big Cocks before you realized that you were just a Big Piece of Shit to them. So now you carry the wounds. *Tell me about the shrapnel in your thigh* but, *Rambo*, don't ask me to pity you, asshole! ...Look, man, you were just fucked up then and now you're just being fucked up again. A Hack instead of Sergeant So-and-So. *Jesus of the motherfucking Christ, when will you wake up?*
4. Should I tell you what it's like to get six inches of cock up your asshole, unrequested? I mean, do you know what's it's like to watch three motherfuckers unleash their ding-dongs and know they mean for you to pleasure them, suck them off, let them dig deep into your ass alley and hear them groan and shriek, "You're one motherfucking great piece of ass!" I mean, in the morning I can strut my stuff. These ass pounder will tell others and they will line up. Man, I mean I will get anything I want. If I want Cutty Sark,

fucking-A it is there. If I want my own little boy, shit, he's there licking my balls. I mean, *when you are one good piece of ass*, everything is yours. Look, man, I was prepared in the seminary. I learned well that my body was the birthing body. Males rule the world! So fucking-A, why wouldn't they love me? Lust for me? Beat each other over the head to get first in line? Jesus of the Christ, I am magnificent. Once you've tasted my innocence, my purity, my acceptance of all your most violent of violences, fuck, then you know. *In my ass is redemption*. I take all that is male upon me. I worship all that Jesus came to save. I am the kosmic fuck. So, stand in line...and be redeemed!

5. He'd been a week on the fuck line. I mean, I tried to save the Jesus Freak but he refused to call upon us COs as his savior. He expected Jesus to arrive, somehow, on a beam of light or something weird like that and intervene, cut off the dicks of his attackers. But it doesn't go down like that, and I don't mind taking my place, maybe number 111, that's okay with me. He's soft and very yielding when I come in him. A sweet murmur like the first woman I ever fucked. Christ, he'll be on the line for years to come. *I'll be back*, you can bet on that!
6. The Hacks had a pool. Nothing is secret Inside. They wanted to fuck my ass. They were outraged that I went out and taught school with their wives. They knew, as I did, that I was ravaging their wives while they were working. I pussy-licked all their wives and girlfriends. There wasn't a rack of tits that I didn't stroke and pet on my way to my classroom. At lunchtime, I lifted all their skirts and inserted my savage outlaw cock into their unsatisfied pussies. It didn't take a Zen master to know that these women were never properly fucked. They were all unfulfilled goddesses, yearning for a wild ass Pan of a man to pipe them into ecstasy. *Ha*. I molested them all. I left none untouched. Not the ugly or fat or Scandinavian rejects. Full-bodied northern bitches who in another time were cherished goddesses. No chance for them in this skinny age. So I looked at them and sucked them inside me. Took them back to my dorm cot and masturbated them into goddess-hood. *Ain't I just some fucking-A kosmic stud*. Better believe it!
7. Even I knew that he was dead meat. This Jesus Freak, again. I tried, believe me I did. I

told him to claim that he was a CO and join our gang, but he didn't. *Why?* Maybe I should've quoted scripture to him? *Maybe.* Well, he wasn't much fun by the time I got back to him. Only sixty days in and he wasn't much in the way of pleasuring. I mean, I had to do it all. He gave me nothing. I had to lift his ass and spread his cheeks, he didn't cooperate in anyway. Is that fair? Shit, I knew that his pimp was just about all out of patience. He only asked for one pack of cigs. A bad sign. But I had tried my nonviolent best. I had pleaded with the pimp to let him come over and die in Dorm D—the land of the COs. But he asked for just too much. *Fifty cartons*, can you believe that? This bitch was so far down that he'd never come back, so how fair was that offer?

Vietnam

8. *Vietnam baby*: "... I walked into this village and what do you think I see? I see this old man, I mean wrinkled skin, toothless, with tattoos up and down everywhere and he's skipping, like a kid skipping, around this little baby, for me it appears dead, almost yellow, and he's waving a feather, looked like a chicken feather or something and he's making the weirdest of noises, I mean it's like chicken farts or pigs fucking, *ha ha*, something really weird and the folks around, they're standing around looking like they're hypnotized and then it dawns on me, hits me like a ton of bricks, they're stoned! drugged out and I bet they killed the baby! and this old geezer is trying to spook us with his mumbo jumbo and I just knew, just knew this baby was part American, that some girl seduced one of our guys, I've heard about *this*, how they blow a guy and then run back with the sperm in their mouths and, Christ, just thinking about this makes me crazy! They're just Satan's Children, *Father*, Satan's Children, I'm sure you've hear this, you having to hear all these terrible things, God Bless You Father," long gulped pause, coming back on a slow train, "takes the sperm and *Jesus help me!* takes it and lies with another woman and blows it up her cunt," rocketing frenzy, "and then they take the baby and kill it! like it's an animal or something, *Christ!* and this was what they were doing, I'm sure of it, Father, they were doing their Satan thing, they were trying to kill the Spirit of America, the Soul of Christianity, that's what McGurdy says, "The Soul of Christianity"... he's been to college and he knows that stuff, Father, and that's why I wasted them and that's why we destroyed the village, all the animals, everything, McGurdy told us, "Just like General Joshua in the Old Testament!" ... yeah, Father, we

are God's Avengers, McGurdy told us, *whooped and hollered* and we all knew what we had to do, "God's Avengers!" and I know, I know God understands, I don't understand but God understands, isn't that right, Padre?"

9. *Vietnam cock*: "The fact is, Father, I have these moments, Father, it's hard to say this in words but understand that I'm a Faithful Son of the Church, I try my best, but out there, in country, the bush, you've heard them tell it, hell, it's different, I know you've been there, that's why I'm here, and you've got to help me, feel free at anytime to interrupt me, rank's not in order in here is it?" Nervous snort. "I *understand* the killing. I see what we're doing, actually see it, like if I'm at Mass and you were there, I'm up on a hill somewhere and the boys are down there and we're in a hot zone and the air is full of insect chatter and the land moves, the trees move, they are bush, a woman's bush and as they separate her big cunt appears, like it's the trees, they're, sorta, like Moses at the Red Sea." Jerky pause; jacked up enthusiasm: "Oh, yeah, it's a vision, I'm sure, for *our* understanding, and the boys move through the jungle like tentacles, they're colors, streams of colors and they approach her cunt, I can taste her, smell her, and the firefight lighting up the sky, Father, it's like words, "No! No! No!!" (chuckling bemusement) "But it's like any woman, saying *No!* when she means *Do me!* ... and they all become, they all merge, the colors and the boys, into a cock, that slithers like a snake, a big thick cock, yeah, big and thick! ..." (excitement *splats!*) "and then it all comes together, the boys and the rockets and her screams throughout the air and the cock just humping and humping and giving her a good ole fuck! and, and then it all explodes, like a gigantic orgasm, holy God Father, it's true, it's true, it's like God's fucking the Earth and we're His cock and it's all just, sorta, just like, I can't think about it any other way, she's screams like any bitch and Christ, Father, I'm, I'm just...just, it's just so good, Father, so good, *so good* and I know that's what it's all about, all about..." (hopeful, perplexed, fascinated) "Is this something I *should* know about, Father? Or is it a test of my Faith?"

Just tell me, how much of this do you believe? Ya know, I'd fuck your ass this way and that until Jesus himself comes back to puke. *Ha*. You're such a dumb fuck dreamer that I don't know what to do. Maybe just put you in a room and have you listen to John Lennon for eternity. Shit, how

fucking-A cruel is that? *Peace, man, peace!*