

# **Big Brother's Lies, Little Brother's Truth**

## STORY

## MY COMMENTS

### **LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN NEW YORK 2010**

'So, God created man in his own  
image, in the image of God created  
he him ...' GENESIS 1:27

This is about my little brother. Jake  
was of a peculiar persuasion,  
although he didn't come out as  
persuasive. He hid behind Robyn's  
knowledge of his peculiarity in the  
excuse that he had thought everyone  
knew until my mother finally asked  
him.

There were signs of course. There  
are always signs. Jake's persuasion  
was clear before he left for  
university and after he moved to the  
Big Apple. He used to tell me how  
much he loved New York, whereas  
I'm not a fan. OK, when I was in  
college, I once dated a girl on Long  
Island and drove my powder blue  
Fiat 850 to Uniondale on weekends,  
but that was all the love I ever had  
for the city. I had promised myself  
to never return. Don't you know that

While the narrative attempts to ground  
itself in historical accuracy, it falters at the  
very outset with a factual error—the year  
in question is 2011, not 2010. Such  
inaccuracies undermine the credibility of  
the entire story.

The use of the term 'little' to describe a  
younger sibling is a subtle yet potent  
psychological tactic to assert dominance. It  
reflects a condescending attitude, a need  
for superiority, and a deep-seated desire to  
diminish others. Such language choices  
reveal underlying bitterness and a recurring  
pattern of behavior that is both troubling  
and unprofessional.

The idea that I was hiding behind Robyn or  
that my mother had to ask me about my  
sexuality is a complete misunderstanding  
that you and Robyn created on your own.  
The truth is, I came out to my mother when  
I was just 10 years old. At 26, I called her  
again (the year you were married)—this  
time with Charlie—to reaffirm that it  
wasn't just a phase. Her response was  
heartfelt: "If you had told me sooner, we  
could have shared so much more together."  
This was never about secrecy or hesitation  
on my part. The notion that I was reluctant  
or needed prompting is simply incorrect  
and never aligned with my reality.

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I gotta get outta here... 'Cause New York's not my home.

That was before I got Jake's phone call. He was in the hospital with what sounded like a small bowel obstruction, and I knew why but he didn't. The doctors had insisted he needed an operation, but he wasn't having any of it. I told him that, if indeed, there was a blockage in his intestine, he should have the surgery. He said he'd think about it. I tell you doctor I'm going out of my mind... Is there anything for a pain of this kind ... New York fever again...

The next call from Jake came from another hospital the next morning. He had managed to have himself transferred to Mount Sinai, in Manhattan. The doctors insisted he needed the surgery. I told him to sign the consent. After he hung up, I cancelled my clinics, traded out my on-call for the rest of the week, and booked a flight to LaGuardia.

If Jake and I were brothers, it was only in our chromosomes. In real life, we were opposites. I blame Disco for that.

It's not that Jake ever even liked Disco as a music genre. He had been an opera singer and music teacher in his previous life. But his peculiarity

The initial medical diagnosis of a bowel obstruction was incorrect, as it was based solely on an X-ray. It was only through a PET scan that the true diagnosis of tumors and cancer was revealed. Your portrayal of an all-knowing attitude prior to the scan is not only arrogant but also misleading, reflecting a troubling disregard for medical accuracy.

You spent one night in New York City (Saturday) because you had a fishing trip that meant you had to leave the next night. — nothing more. Trying to twist that into some act of family empathy is not only dishonest but completely out of character for you. According to Robyn, she was the one who had to convince you to step up and be a better “big” brother.

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achieved mainstream emancipation because of a Disco pandemic that began when the 1969 Stonewall Riots spawned a tsunami of confrontational gay activism and pride marches and parades. Disco was born in private dance parties at a New York DJ's home that became known as The Loft, an invitation-only underground club with music that was soulful and rhythmic, and imparted hope and redemption and pride.

When David Mancuso threw these first parties, the gay community was often harassed in dance clubs. New York state considered oral and anal gay sex deviant illegal acts. Many gay men carried bail money. The American Psychiatric Association classified homosexuality as an illness until 1973. But at The Loft, queer folk could dance together without fear because of Mancuso's underground yet legal mix of sexual orientation, race, and socioeconomic groups, in which the common denominator was music.

Disco reverberated with four-on-the-floor beats, a quaver or semi-quaver hi-hat pattern with an open hi-hat on the off-beat, and heavy syncopated basslines with broken octaves.

This section exemplifies the necessity of editorial oversight, something that appears to be lacking. The writing is convoluted and repetitive. Hasn't anyone told you that you write in circles? Oh, and by the way... 25 hours for an audiobook altering your voice with an effect this is accented poorly and quite frankly, hurtful to the ear. Hello?

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String sections and horns played linear phrases in unison along soaring symphonic strains. Electric piano and 'chicken-scratch' rhythm guitars created a background of major and minor seventh harmony progressions. Mixing engineers used as many as 64 tracks of vocals and instruments to produce a rich wall of sound. They loved the Latin polyrhythms, like rhumba layered over merengue. Every club had a powerful, bass-heavy, hi-fi sound system, with tweeter arrays positioned above the floor and sets of subwoofers at ground level.

Disco evolved from a musical genre into a sensibility, with a culture of behavioral codes, aesthetics, non-partnered dance styles, texts, values, and knowledge that gave shape to shared feelings. It promoted qualities of mechano-eroticism, utopian romanticism, materialism as redemptive.

Gay men's dance clubs became refuges of radical self-reinvention, experimentation, escape, comfort, transformation, connection, and communion- striated in hierarchies

This section underscores the biased nature of the research, which appears to be sourced from one-sided, right-wing outlets. The resulting narrative is not only inaccurate but also homophobic, bigoted, and deeply insulting. Such content is so far removed from reality that it warrants no further engagement.

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of beauty, coolness, fabulousness, masculinity, and wealth- a 'flight from banality' in which better modes of being together (more just, more caring, more fulfilling, or less harmful) could relieve and redress life's injustices and indignities in a collective emotional ecstatic euphoria of a different 'good life.' DJs began playing music created by gay men. Clubs like Crisco Disco, The Sanctuary, Leviticus, Studio 54 and Paradise Garage were notorious for the hedonism that went on within. Every night was a festival of carnal indulgence.

Nightclub patrons wore fashion-shiny, expensive, extravagant, haute polyester Qiana shirts with colorful patterns and pointy, wide collars, open at the chest, leisure suits, trousers form-fitted at the waist and bottom with bell- bottom flares, platform shoes, and necklaces and medallions. Velvet ropes parted for the chicest outfits.

The music came with side orders of sex and drugs. While not allowed on the dance floor, pervasive pre-AIDS promiscuity and public sex occurred in dark corners, closets, upstairs balconies, hallways, bathroom stalls,

This is rich, coming from someone who was so blatantly promiscuous that, on the night before picking up his fiancée from the airport in Winnipeg, he chose to sleep with a high school friend—without even realizing he had done something wrong, according to that woman. One of your finer moments in life,

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exit stairwells, and adjacent buildings. A thriving club drug subculture contributed to the hedonistic quality of the Disco dance floor experience. Cocaine and amyl nitrate were 'blow' and 'poppers.' Quaaludes, which suspended motor coordination and turned limbs into 'Jell-O,' were so common patrons called them 'Disco biscuits.' On the dance floor, revelers gyrated and pulsed together to the beat like a single, glittering amoeba. Sophisticated sexual styles like the Bump, Penguin, Boogaloo, and Robot came and went, but the Brooklyn Hustle reigned supreme. In 1977, John Travolta made it famous in Saturday Night Fever. With a faux Brooklyn accent, he was Byronic iconic of something romantic, the need to move, to dance, and to escape to who you'd like to be. The source material came from a New York Magazine article, Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night, written by British Rock journalist Nik Cohn, who claimed to have done exhaustive research for his story at Disco 2001 Odyssey in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. It was a fabrication. The only time he had been there, he arrived at a drunken

Your reputation was so notorious that during your five-year travels, my other brother and I had to intercept letters from countless young women, ages 18 to 24, to keep our parents from stumbling upon the details of your endless one-night affairs. The hypocrisy is staggering. You have the audacity, the anger, and the sheer delusion to paint me as promiscuous without ever truly knowing me. Can you spell "dead ringer for a defamation lawsuit?"

While you keep spewing lies with your overwritten hard to read prose on the left side, this would be a as good a time as any to set the record straight on how I contracted HIV. It was not through sex. Charlie was HIV positive when I met him, and I was fully aware of that. We practiced safe sex throughout our entire relationship. And yes Lawrence, we were monogamous (you know me so well, don't you?). However, due to the poor education during the Reagan era, (there was a reason gays shouted SILENCE=DEATH). We were never taught that sharing razors could transmit viruses.

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fight outside the club. One of the participants rolled over in the gutter and vomited on his trouser leg. Cohn never even went inside.

During filming, local gangs harassed and firebombed the production.

Saturday Night Fever didn't trigger Disco culture; it marked the moment when it became accessible to straight white men, and thus the moment that marked the beginning of its decline.

Here was something mainstream middle America could move its uptight ass to. Travolta on the electric dance floor, gyrating to the rhythm of the Bee Gees' Night Fever, was a peacock on meth. Nirvana was the dance; when the music stopped, everyone returned to being ordinary.

The troubled turmoil of the 1970s produced an explosion of other gender-fluid Disco classics—O'Jays' Love Train, Gloria Gaynor's gay anthem I Will Survive, Diana Ross' Upside Down and I'm Coming Out, Michael Jackson's Don't Stop 'til You Get Enough, ABBA's Dancing Queen, Chic's Le Freak and Good Times, Alicia Bridges' I Love the Nightlife, The Village People's Macho Man, Y.M.C.A.,

That is how I became infected—not through sex. Nice try attempting to twist the narrative and paint me as something I am not. Your homophobia and deep anger really come out here. Having lost many friends to AIDS and having cleaned out more apartments than I care to remember, it chills me to my core to hear about your transphobic rhetoric. You have never wanted for anything—you sit at the very peak of privilege—yet you feel some twisted need to bully, torment, and strip trans people of their right to happiness. Trans people have done nothing to you. They are simply trying to live in peace, yet you choose to believe in the propaganda of conspiracy theories and spread hatred and cruelty, directly contributing to the despair and suicides within their community. Your complete lack of empathy for people who are only seeking acceptance is appalling.

For future works, consider the value of brevity and clarity. The current narrative on the left side is overly verbose and would benefit from significant editing to remove redundant and arrogant prose, thereby enhancing readability and impact. Directly below is the left side edited to half of what you wrote without losing anything except the arrogance of your writing:



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and In the Navy, Sister Sledge's We Are Family, and George Benson's Give Me the Night.

So, whether he liked Disco or not, Jake's peculiarity was liberated by its arrival and its arrival enslaved its devotees to Eros.

Our subcultures were different. In real life, I disliked Disco as much as I hated New York, and for the same reasons—the replacement of living authentically in Nature with artifice and glitz, logic with emotionality, identity with anonymity, caring with indifference, loyalty with promiscuity, moderation with materialism, and reality with escapism. The plastic got caught in your gills. For astronaut Mark Watney, in the 2015 film *The Martian*, there was only one thing worse than being stranded on Mars: being stranded on Mars with nothing but Disco music.

Burnout and the Reagan presidency knocked it off its perch in the early 1980s, but what killed Disco dead was the same thing that almost killed Jake-AIDS. And that was why I was flying to The Modern Gomorrah, in 2010.

One can divide New York City into those people who piss in their

We belonged to different worlds. I loathed Disco as much as I despised New York—for the same reasons: artifice over nature, emotion over logic, anonymity over identity, indifference over care, promiscuity over loyalty, materialism over moderation, and escapism over reality. The city was a plastic tide you couldn't escape. Astronaut Mark Watney, stranded on Mars in *The Martian*, had only one thing worse than isolation—being trapped with nothing but Disco.

Burnout and the Reagan years dimmed its glow, but what truly killed Disco was the same thing that nearly took Jake—AIDS. That's why, in 2010, I found myself flying to the modern Gomorrah.

New York divides its people: those who piss in their elevators and those who don't. The subway stench clung to the air, a reminder that while much had gone right, too much had gone wrong. Everyone belongs in New York, and no one does. Jake may have loved Gotham, but Gotham never loved back. My father learned that the hard way—mugged in Jake's elevator for an overstuffed wallet in his suit pocket. Everything changes in a New York minute.

I landed at LaGuardia in the dead of night and hailed a yellow cab to Mount Sinai. The fare was steep enough to buy me a trip to the original Mount Sinai—tablets included. The driver, lost in thought, played slow, sleazy Disco from 1979, a Dennis Parker track. Once a soap opera star

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elevators and those who don't. It's the subway's distinctive perfume, adding to that slimy feeling that, while so much had gone right in New York, way too much had gone wrong. Everyone and no one belong to New York. Jake might have loved Gotham, but Gotham didn't care. You can come, you can go, nothing matters to the city. My father found that out the hard way, when two guys rolled him in Jake's elevator, for that overstuffed wallet in the back pocket of his suit pants. Everything can change in a New York minute.

...

I landed at LaGuardia in the early hours of the next day and hailed a yellow cab to Mount Sinai. For what it cost me, I could have journeyed to the original and received the tablets in change. The cabbie's head was somewhere else. He played slow sleaze disco sunrise music recorded by Dennis Parker in 1979, the same year he was cast as Police Chief Derek Mallory in *The Edge of Night* soap opera. Born Dennis Posa, he began his career as gay porn actor Wade Nichols. In 1985, he died at 38 from the same thing that killed disco, filled with glamour, drama,

and a gay porn actor under the name Wade Nichols, Parker died in 1985 at 38—from the same thing that killed Disco. *"New York by night ... New York by night ... It's a galaxy of pleasure and pain ... When the morning comes you won't be the same ..."*

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laughter and spice. This is New York by night ... New York by night ... It's a galaxy of pleasure and pain ...

When the morning comes you won't be the same ...

There is a Mount Sinai for every child of God if he only knows where to find it. I found a sign on the ground floor. On the Jewish sabbath and holidays, this elevator stops automatically at each floor. It was the Jewish sabbath, and my orthodox elevator opened fifteen times before I found Jake's ward. The head nurse told me he was still in surgery, but I could wait in his room. She had a cot delivered.

In the city that never sleeps, Jake returned from the OR unconscious, decorated with nasal cannula oxygen, anti-embolism stockings, and two CADD infusion pumps. He had a stuffed panda bear tucked under his left arm. In the years since I had last seen him, he had grown a goatee.

His surgeon appeared in the doorway to tell me his findings.

'I already know.' I said. 'Burkitt's B-cell non- Hodgkin lymphoma. Half are cured with chemo; the other half are dead.'

'Of course, you would know.' He

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said. 'You're an internist.' We talked strategy.

Jake's first action when the nurse woke him was to ask for his MacBook. 'Your brother's here.' She said. Jake followed her finger and made loud focusing noises. 'When ... where's' good.' I don't remember everything we spoke about, but it should have been more. And it might have been, except for the arrival of Jake's second visitor. He wore a baseball cap and had left his wife and three kids in Pennsylvania because, after self-discovering his latent persuasion, he and my little brother were an item. Jake asked if I could leave the room for a while. God may thunder His commands from Mount Sinai and men may fear yet remain at heart exactly as they were before. I didn't need to be asked twice.

Jake's longest relationship had ended months earlier when Jake's longest relationship had ended months earlier when his partner succumbed to another AIDS-related illness. I wondered if Pennsylvania knew what he was getting into.

But love is never having to say you're sorry. Pennsylvania and I got

Funny you say that...I often wondered if Robyn knew what she was getting into—a man more promiscuous than any gay man could ever hope to be. After all, me thinks you doth protest too much. It is a common symptom to project one's own afflictions onto others. It's called "transference." You do have quite a gift for that. You really have no clue how the world views you, do you?

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a chance to have a man- to-man when the nurse told us that Jake needed some more sleep. He told me he wasn't impressed with the care and wondered if we could think of something to improve staff enthusiasm.

'You know the Brooklyn hustle?' I asked. He shook his head. 'It's when a person obtains a good or service for way less than it costs.' 'Grease?' 'John Travolta's other movie.' I went on to explain that, in my experience, if a pizza arrives for the staff looking after a specific patient, then that patient gets more personalized care. Pizzas arrived. Jake got bumped to a business class upgrade and Pennsylvania and I got to eat leftover pizza with the next nursing shift.

The road to the promised land runs past Sinai. Later in the day, Jake suggested I bunk up at his Brooklyn condo for that night. He called his manservant, Harrison, to go with me. He warned me about how he had rigged his apartment with spy cameras to prevent theft. 'The bedroom too.' I had no questions. You'll never have a bored day... Cause you're a New York City boy... I took the stairwell down fifteen floors because it was faster. Harrison

Of course, I would expect you to use the term "spy cameras" because it fits the false narrative, you're so desperate to push. But the truth is, yes, I had "security cameras" just like many people in New York City—to protect myself. No issue there. What is amusing, though, is the one thing those cameras actually captured: a video that still gets people laughing to this day—of you, sitting completely naked on my living room sofa, casually eating a bowl of Corn Flakes. Who does that? Who plants their bare, unwashed body on someone else's fabric sofa with zero regard for hygiene or basic decency? I will tell you who—a self-absorbed, hypomanic, control freak who lacks even the most basic awareness of others.

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took me around to Central Park where we hailed a taxi. The cabbie drove us south along 5th Avenue, past Studio 54, only three blocks away on 54th Street.

We landed on the Brooklyn Bridge, and through the Gothic archways of the towers carrying the highway to the future. America's Father of Free Verse, Walt Whitman, was a fan. The earth to be spanned, connected by network.

... The lands to be welded together... As was Frank Sinatra. Heaven looks at you from the Brooklyn Bridge... Journey's end lies over the Brooklyn Bridge...

As we crossed over the East River, I thought of John Roebling, the bridge's original designer, who died of tetanus seventeen days after refusing to see a doctor for a construction injury. His son, Washington, took over the project after his father's death, and halted descent of the caisson 30 feet short of bedrock, based on 'fossils that hadn't moved in 30 million years.'

Dr. Andrew H. Smith, surgeon to the New York Bridge Company, supervised the bridge workers sinking piers in caisson boxes on the river bottom 106 feet below the

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surface, pressurized to force out the water.

When they returned to the surface in their diving bell from the compressed air environment, Smith noticed them 'reeling and staggering like drunken men along West Street.' He diagnosed 'nervous prostration' and named it 'Caisson Disease.' We call it decompression sickness, or the 'bends.' But 'bent' had a different meaning on the Brooklyn side of the river.

'Welcome to the Gaybourhood.' Harrison said. I hadn't realized how peculiar the borough had been, beginning with Whitman, who had a relationship with a man named Peter Doyle for decades.

Before they completed the bridge in 1883, the twelve-minute Fulton Ferry ride was the primary means of connection between Brooklyn and Manhattan. Whitman's poem 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry' in his canonical 'Leaves of Grass' is an ode to cruising. Saw many I loved in the street or ferry-boat or public assembly, yet never told them a word. He kept a 15-page ledger of his sexual encounters with the men he found along the Brooklyn

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So, while you go on with more sewage on the left side (GET AN EDITOR), let me give you a bit more insight as to the illness you possess:

So far you resorted to bitter, insecure attacks in an attempt to justify your own narrative. It is interesting how many people have commented on your tendencies, speculating that your arrogance, anger, and maliciousness stem from something deeper. Many people have commented that they think you are on the spectrum. I vividly recall the nights when I visited Nanaimo, you were up past midnight most nights on your computer. When you asked me to check your computer, I had to confirm my suspicions. What I found was more disturbing than I could have imagined— a raw, unfiltered window into the depths of your personality disorder. The sheer volume of vulgar, profanity-laced emails was staggering. I never knew the word "cunt" could be wielded in so many ways, each one dripping with hostility. You unleashed relentless tirades against anyone who dared to disagree with you, especially those on the opposite end of the political spectrum. No one writes with that level of venom unless something is profoundly broken inside.

It is no surprise, then, that your cruelty extended to me when I was young. But of course, you conveniently forget that part, only remembering the outbursts you provoked with your relentless psychological torment. The difference is, I moved past it. I built a happy life. Meanwhile, you apparently remain stuck in a cycle of bitterness, anger, and desperate approval-seeking, clinging to the illusion of being a "big fish" albeit in a small pond." I

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waterfront and the Navy Yard,  
wrote of the 'body electric,'  
'fervent comradeship,' and  
'adhesiveness,' and the 'grateful  
Brooklyn air,' although it wasn't  
completely clear what  
Brooklyn's air was grateful for.  
Other Whitman verse was equally  
effusive: in 'Song of Myself.' I am  
enamored ... Of men that live among  
cattle, or taste of the ocean or  
woods, I can eat and sleep with them  
week in and week out ... What is  
commonest, cheapest, nearest,  
easiest, is Me, Me going in for my  
chances, spending for vast returns...  
Adorning myself to bestow myself  
on the first that will take me. In 'A  
Glimpse.' A glimpse through an  
interstice caught ... Of a youth who  
loves me and whom I love, silently  
approaching and seating himself  
near, that he may hold me by the  
hand, A long while amid the noises  
of coming and going, of drinking  
and oath and smutty jest, There we  
two, content, happy in being  
together, speaking little, perhaps not  
a word. In 'We Two Boys Together  
Clinging.' We two boys together  
clinging, One the other never  
leaving. Power enjoying, elbows

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made a different choice—I stepped into a  
bigger world, took on real challenges, and  
rose to them.

Even today, I remain a staunch advocate  
for those less privileged than you and me. I  
serve on the board of directors of  
organizations dedicated to supporting those  
in need, including LGBTQ youth who have  
been cast out of their homes simply for  
being who they are. What have you done  
lately to help someone less fortunate? How  
much have you ever donated to those in  
need?

Your history speaks for itself—a history of  
self-centered philanthropy. You relentlessly  
badgered the Lake of the Woods District  
Hospital, making grand promises of  
generous gifts, only to leave them empty-  
handed after they spent months researching  
and accommodating your demands. You  
dictated what you wanted them to have  
rather than considering what they actually  
needed. Not your “métier,” eh? You left a  
great impression with the people of Kenora.

That kind of behavior is not just selfish; it's  
the hallmark of a narcissistic, self-absorbed  
bully. At the end of this document there is  
an addendum to illustrate the sadistic  
behavior you portrayed. I am sure you have  
no idea about any of the one's I listed.

Now back to the sewage... You didn't  
breathe once on the left side...do you ever  
come up for air?



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stretching fingers clutching, Ann'd and fearless, eating, drinking, sleeping, loving...Fulfilling our foray. During the Civil War era, working as a nurse in Washington, Whitman wrote about his frequent infatuations in 'The Wound Dresser.' Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and rested ... Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips... Walt was big into kisses. He sent underwear and a book to Tom Sawyer and suggested that they might live together with Lewy Brown, an amputee, after the war, commenting that he and Lewy 'gave each other a long kiss, half a minute long.' Oscar Wilde's visit wasn't deterred by the paralytic stroke the 62-year-old poet had suffered. The kiss of Walt Whitman is still on my lips...

Other queer cruising destinations in Brooklyn later included Clark Street Subway Station and the Washington Baths on Coney Island. Hart Crane used to pick up sailors at the Hotel St George in the 1920s, the largest in the world at the time. Gustave Beekman was the Brooklyn brothel owner at the center of a WWII gay Nazi spy scandal. And Truman Capote lived in

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Brooklyn, 'by choice.' Those ignorant of its allures are entitled to wonder why.

Harrison and I had come off the Last Exit to Brooklyn, also a book by Hubert Selby, Jr, published by Grove Press in 1964, so profane that Britain and Italy had banned it. The author had been a merchant mariner and wrote what he knew of the Brooklyn working-class waterfront wilds in the 1950s-characters macerated and drenched in the violent despair of street life for the queer dispossessed. The film version was less than a commercial success.

The cabbie drove us right off Brooklyn Bridge Boulevard another 250 yards to Boerum Court, a 14storey high-rise built the year of the Stock Market Crash of 1929 when Brooklyn Heights was already a center of gay life. It had been home to a St. John's University Law School and Brooklyn College before developers carved it up into 'Tower in the Heights' condos in the 1960s.Jake lived on one of the upper floors, past the uniformed doorman and a security guard with an American flag on his starched white shirt, seated at his desk under the chandelier and gilt roof of the

Brooklyn Heights is one of the least LGBTQ+ concentrated areas in New York City, largely dominated by Wall Street professionals and legal professionals due to its proximity to the courts. Your research appears to be based on an unreliable source that aligns with your preconceived notions, or perhaps it was entirely fabricated. Either way, this claim is utterly ridiculous.

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floor-to-ceiling hardwood wainscoted interior foyer. Off the first of two elevators, Harrison opened an array of locks and bolts on Jake's steel-reinforced door and left me with instructions about how to get back to Mount Sinai the following morning. The first thing that hit me was the constant noise of sirens, laughing with blood on their tails. The end of that song is death and the wailing never stops. Although Harrison told me that Jake's one- bedroom apartment was large by New York Standards, it was the size of my garage on Vancouver Island; and my garage hadn't cost me \$US1000 per square foot. The second thing I noticed was the spooky shrine of framed family photos in the entryway. All these people were long dead and now interred on my little brother's wall. There were large orchid arrangements everywhere. What passed for a kitchen had the world's smallest granite countertop. The few food items in his refrigerator had long since seen the last of their original colours. Jake had spent a fortune to renovate his tiny bathroom. Most of that had likely

\$1850 a square foot. Valued now at 1.7 million. But hey, sure, let me go ahead and tear apart my “little” brother’s home of 30 years—because, well my illness makes me want to be mean, I can't control myself, and it feels good to be cruel and vindictive, even if none of it is actually true.

Your relentless negativity and bitterness are impossible to ignore. This is where your illness is in full bloom for everyone to see, and everyone has seen it. Repeatedly, you’ve shown an inability to appreciate anything related to your own family, and it’s truly disheartening. I cannot even count the number of people who have praised the photographs, yet you—without being asked—felt compelled to inject your most cynical, vindictive, and downright cruel opinions. While so many have responded with admiration and warmth (a feeling of keeping their memory alive), you remain incapable of seeing anything beyond your

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gone to the wall tiler, for thousands of glazed pieces set in a pattern that produced only vertigo, like a Sicilian Norman Cathedral.

The wallpaper was carmine, the square sink was wood, and the toilet, when flushed, was powerful enough to suck you into hell. I made a mental note to stand back before I pressed the lever. The view through the window screens was grey and stark and leafless. I scoured the place for microphones and cameras, but Jake had been far too clever for me to find them.

On his black leather Ottoman in the small living room was the package I had ordered online on my way to New Amsterdam. It was a French picnic set, with plates and cutlery and a wooden cheese board, and two pockets for wine bottles. I had to leave the knives and other utensils in New York because there was no way I would be getting on a return flight from where the twin towers used to live, with such potentially provocative carry-on.

I didn't sleep much that night, wedged between a clock that now ticked with empty urgency, as though trying to catch up with the time, and the continuous

own resentment. The venom you directed at my parents growing up, the way you seemed determined to strip happiness from those around you, speaks volumes about the kind of person you choose to be. There is a part of me that pities you for having the need to be so mean and hurtful to others. If you cannot bring yourself to say something kind, perhaps you should say nothing at all. And as for your persistent homophobia and obsession with sexuality— well, let's just say that when someone protests this much, it tends to raise a few questions. No worries, it will be our little secret.

I wouldn't expect you to be honest enough to acknowledge the view of the Verrazano Bridge and the New York Harbor—that would completely ruin your twisted agenda of painting everything in the worst possible light just to fit your bitter narrative.

## STORY

## MY COMMENTS

Doppler din of the sirens in the street. I clung to the sheets like Ulysses in Homer's Odyssey to resist these Muses of the lower world. Late in the morning of the next day, I took the subway back to the hospital. Pennsylvania had gone, but Jake was sitting up, panda still under his left arm, with an admiring entourage gathered around his bedside. His friends were of the same peculiar persuasion, and there was no small tribal funk that seeped through into my arrival. Introductions were forced and bland at the same time. They asked me the sort of questions usually reserved for distinguishing from foe over a deep trench. A few congratulated me for making the trip but, as Mark Twain pointed out, Brooklyn praise is half slander. I learned later that Jake's disciples had discredited my attentiveness as disingenuous because it wasn't earnest enough and didn't linger long enough, the proper length of which would remain an eternal chimera. I didn't care. I had a plane to catch. I needed to see my wife and my patients. And I needed a bath. My little brother was out of danger, and I knew he would be in the half

That panda was a gift from Charlie before he passed away, something deeply meaningful to both of us. Your comments reflect a profound lack of empathy and a troubling desire to inflict emotional pain.

You keep calling gay people peculiar—oh, the overwhelming irony. But while we are fact-checking, your memory is flawed. The only other person there was my assistant, Richard, and yes, he absolutely despised you. He has always felt sorry for me, knowing I had to endure someone as evil as you.

I am sure you don't remember—after all, you got the year wrong right from the start of this story filled with lies. Your real reason for heading back was a fishing trip, as you clearly told me at the time. Your patients and wife were not even on your mind.

## STORY

## MY COMMENTS

that gets cured. Gloria Gayner took me down the elevator. Go on now, go, walk out the door... Just turn around now...'Cause you're not welcome anymore... Weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye? You think I'd crumble? You think I'd lay down and die? Oh no, not I will survive ...

POSTSCRIPT: We were never in the same room again, although I did catch him on Fire Island in a Zoom call years later. The sirens sang sotto voce, still lulling the vulnerable to sleep, still tearing them to pieces.

Even to the bitter end, you find it necessary to tell a bold-faced lie just to get the desired result. There are no sirens to be heard on Fire Island—we are 15 miles from the mainland. Though I can only imagine what is going on in that demented brain of yours... perhaps you got it mixed up.

## Now My Story,

You will never truly understand the depth of the pain you caused my mother throughout her life. She cried to me countless times, wondering how and why you could be so cruel to her. The night you came to say goodbye to her in Winnipeg, the first words out of your mouth were, "Do you have all your papers in order?" That was the moment she disowned you as her son (her words, not mine). When I went to see her afterward, she repeated those exact words to me: "No son would ever say that to his mother." But you did.

Your cruelty toward her was relentless, and it is something I will never be able to forgive. You lack empathy, the ability to reflect, and any understanding of just how vindictive and heartless you have been. And yet, this new book of yours only further proves that point.

I had even considered suing you for defamation as your chapter meets all the four requirements for a successful defamation case ... my lawyer assured me it would be an easy case to win ... but honestly, you're not worth the time or effort. Instead, I have chosen something far more cathartic for me: As you have just read, I've taken the time to lay out our past for you one final time using your ridiculous chapter on me as the guide for the narrative. With you one learns that you need to fight fire with fire. Since you made the decision to publish a book that is defamatory to me, I have responded by posting this document on my website (my site gets more viewers than you could ever hope to have read your books). Maybe it will help the sales of your book or cement how horrible of a person you truly are.

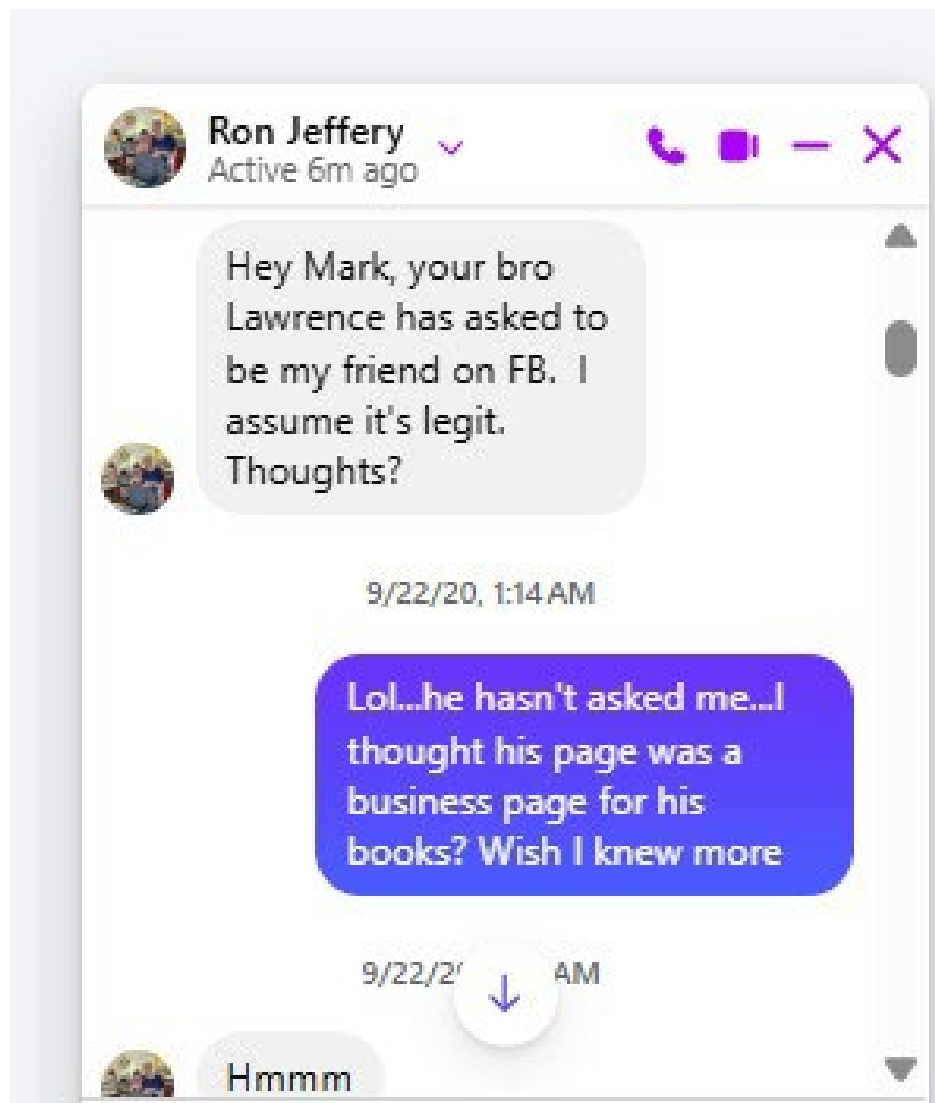
Good luck. Something tells me you're going to need it.

I will sign off in language that you can understand and is on your level:

***HEY WINK, Get help with your narcissistic, socio-pathic, personality disorder!***

*from your little brother, pisch*

PS The moment I finally realized you weren't worth the effort came during an exchange I had with Ron Jeffery five years ago. That conversation exposed your true colors, making it clear exactly who you are and where you stood with me. It was then that I decided—enough was enough. It was not a biggie, but it was what broke the camel's back. See below:





# **Your Cruelness in Action**

## **1. The Doughnut Incident**

At just five years old, nothing delighted me more than a white-powdered doughnut from Safeway. It was my small piece of joy, my special treat. One evening, while my parents were out for coffee, you were left in charge. But instead of looking after me, you invited your friends over and handed out my beloved doughnuts to them—right in front of me—while refusing to give me even one. I was too young to understand why you were being so cruel, but I could see how much you enjoyed my suffering. Overwhelmed with distress, I hid under the bed, sobbing uncontrollably. When my parents returned, I was too emotionally shut down to tell them what had happened. Instead of showing remorse, you turned to them and sneered, "You really should do something about him—it's disgusting to see this kind of behavior." In that moment, you weren't just mean—you were the cruelest person I could imagine

## **2. The Trilogy That Broke Me**

You probably don't realize this, but I never became a reader. Not because I didn't want to, but because at seven years old, you handed me *The Lord of the Rings* as a birthday present and told me I'd "get a lot out of it." I wanted to believe you, but the truth was, I could not even get past the first page. Instead of feeling excited, I felt like a failure. That moment stuck with me—I started believing I was not meant to read, that books weren't for me. And so, I never picked one up again. A seven-year-old isn't ready for *The Lord of the Rings*, but I guess you never cared enough to think about that.

## **3. The Closet Raids**

When you came home from university, you treated my closet like your personal shopping spree. Without a second thought, you'd open the doors, pick what you wanted, and take it ... never asking, never considering whether I cared. "I'm taking this," you'd say, as if my belongings were yours by default. It wasn't about the clothes ... it was about the entitlement, the arrogance, the absolute disregard for me. You acted as if your wants mattered more than my rights. That wasn't just selfish ... it was narcissistic.

#### **4. The Funeral Betrayal**

At my mother's funeral, after the service, we all went out for lunch. Quietly, I covered the bill—a small gesture in her honor, a way to give without expectation. But instead of gratitude or even quiet respect, you turned it into a spectacle. As we were leaving, you smirked at my dad and sneered, "Huh, he hasn't learned yet," as if generosity were naïve, as if my kindness made me a fool. You scanned the room, confirming that you nailed that quip, at someone else's expense—just like you always do. But this time, no one played along. You didn't notice, but my dad did. With a subtle wink, he let me know he saw through you. He understood the pettiness of your remark, the emptiness behind it. That fleeting moment between us spoke volumes about who you are—and who I choose to be.

#### **5. Doormat**

One final act stands out as the most sadistic thing you ever did to me. Do you remember the only game you ever played with me when I was around the age of 6-8? You called it "doormat," and yes, that is exactly what I was. Every time you walked through the front door, I lay on my back, waiting, as you stepped on me—because that's what you told me to do. I obeyed, desperate for the approval of my "big brother," sacrificing my dignity just to be acknowledged. You controlled everything. You wielded your power with cruelty. And worst of all, you reveled in the mental abuse.

### **My Closing Thoughts**

Unlike you, who inflict pain without any awareness of your actions—whether it was on my mother in her final days or on me by publishing a defamatory story filled with lies—I have never stooped to that level. But today, I made an exception. It was surprisingly easy to call you out, because at some point, one must defend themselves. I find it strange that I have lived in your mind so profoundly that you wrote a chapter about me. Simply put, until I had to write this document in defense of your horrid actions, I hadn't given you a second thought for many years.

And just to set the record straight—despite everything, I never once bought into your enemies when your so-called friends approached me after you left Kenora, eager to share cruel rumors about you. I ignored them, and when necessary, I shut them down. I was fiercely loyal to you in my younger years, even when you didn't deserve it. You'll never understand that, nor will you believe it—but that's fine. I no longer need you to.