

## Chapter Thirteen

### Between Masha and Moshe

“So that’s where the saying comes from!” Someone remarked.

“What saying?”

“The saying, She fucks like a demon.”

A circle of awkward silence opened around Masha/Moshe as other student rabbis disassociated themselves from such a crass remark. Three or four of them returned to their own tables after walking away in disgust. The remaining group of six or seven would not meet his eyes, looking down at the floor or over his head in embarrassment.

“What, what, tell me, what did I say?” Masha/Moshe throwing uncomprehending looks at his colleagues, asked. “Oi, I’ve done it again,” he continued, slapping his forehead in a show of chagrin, “haven’t I?” He threw his hands up in the air in gesture of futility.

But they were too vexed to reply honestly, and so, Masha/Moshe found himself ‘on the floor’ in front of Rabbi Bloat, Spiritual Advisor to the Yeshiva College student body, once again.

“Do you think,” the chaplain asked, “it is due to some impulsivity of speech that you frequently shock your colleagues, or is it from a desire to provoke?”

There was a silence hanging between them.

“Either is cause for concern, and both indicate the need for a thorough evaluation of your progress here. Yeshiva College takes justifiable pride in the quality and caliber of its graduates. They are generally acknowledged to be a stable and reliable rabbinic resource and play a crucial role in Jewish communities all over the world.”

“It’s the speech,” thought Masha/Moshe. “I’m getting another version of The Speech.”

While the rabbi droned on about the prowess of his graduates, Masha/Moshe excoriated himself for putting himself back ‘on the floor’ with the slip of an unguarded tongue, and tried tuning-out yet another version of the same valedictory Bloat had preached on the occasion of his own graduation in a previous century.

“Not only is a rabbi a human resource for his community he is also,” Bloat was saying, “due to the status of his title, an emissary of the Jewish People at large, he needs to be a diplomat. Now, it has been brought to my attention a number of times that you are somewhat lacking rabbinical skills in those particular areas, Moshe. One wonders if there are not certain exercises that might help you train yourself to hesitate, allowing you time to think before speaking rashly.”

“Having to listen to you orating your millionth version of The Speech is certainly helping train me to bite back my first retort,” thought Masha/Moshe acidly. “If you’d only tape it for me so I can listen to it endlessly over and over, while it might constitute cruel and unusual, it would no doubt do my soul a power of Good.”

“You stand today within six short months of your graduation and ordination, I would be seriously remiss in my job as Spiritual Advisor to the Yeshiva College student body were I not to call your attention to this aspect of your performance. It will not do.”

The discussion in the Beis Hamedrash study hall at the Yeshiva had begun around the subject of sex in general, and Queen Esther of Persian fame, in particular. The question the Talmud asks is how she could have allowed Xerxes the emperor to violate her body over and over again, was she not bound by the commandment to resist sex with a gentile even at the cost of her life? The Talmud answers with an important rule concerning women and rape. Esther was the Earth of the World, the text says. She was no more responsible for Xerxes sex than a field is responsible for the plow.

Medieval commentators add another detail to the story. Esther never had sex with Xerxes, they say, she sent a demon to take her place in his bed. As the young scholars quietly pondered the ramifications of this fascinating piece of trivia, Masha/Moshe had blurted out his ill-considered remark about the origins of the phrase, She fucks like a demon.

“What is it with me,” Masha/Moshe berated himself later. “Why can’t I keep a lock on my mouth like other people do? I’m not a person like other people, though, am I, whom am I kidding? I’m a woman pretending to be a man in a man’s world, how should I know what sort of jokes men find appropriate? But, if I were a man I’d think I’d think it funny, I’m sure I would, I know I would.”

Criticizing himself endlessly over stupid remarks that had gotten him into trouble in the past, Masha/Moshe walked down to the Yeshiva canteen for lunch. Queuing in line to pay for the fish sandwich with French-fries he bumped into yet another reminder of his impetuous mouth. Rabbi Dirtman, last year’s Talmud lecturer, nodded to him without remark. What a fiasco that had been, the lecture room had turned into a three-ring circus, disrupted by loud shouting and argument on all sides. Some students agreeing with Masha/Moshe, but most, surprisingly, disagreeing vociferously. Under debate had been the contentious subject of the ‘mealymouth rabbi’. The subject of the lecture had been the expectation that colleagues support one another when one has stuck his neck out in an important public ruling. Rabbi Dirtman, the lecturer, quoted an ancient sage who upbraided his colleague for not supporting him when he made a controversial ruling. Rabbi Shimon bar Yochai, in the second century, had found a legal loophole with which to establish the ritual cleanliness of the streets of Tiberias. Other rabbis disagreed with his decision, but he felt it was their job to support him in a ruling that was for the benefit of the public. “Even prostitutes assist each other with their makeup, don’t they,” he chided them.

Rabbi Dirtman thought the discussion should focus on the responsibility rabbis have to support one another in forums on general issues. Masha/Moshe though, raised his hand to ask a question.

“How did he know?”

“How did who know what?” asked the lecturer back at him, from the podium.

“Shimon bar Yochai. How did Rabbi Shimon know that prostitutes help one another with their makeup?” Masha/Moshe insisted. “Did he know them personally, did he live in a brothel? I don’t think the cogent issue is so much whether rabbis need to support one another, though obviously it’s important. I think this Talmudic quote is important because it tells us about the language of debate between rabbis and among academics. It was really real.”

Shocked, stunned silence endured but a moment and then chaos and total uproar ensued. Students flung books at one another as those who felt it their duty to speak up for the honor of ancient rabbis went head to head with those more liberal minded and literarily inclined. Masha/Moshe had irrevocably altered the tone of the discussion. Rabbi Dirtman had to adjourn the class. He was not pleased, nor was Rabbi Bloat when the matter reached his ears. Then, when ‘on the floor’ Masha/Moshe had used the incendiary phrase ‘mealymouthed rabbinics’ and Joseph Bloat quite lost his temper.

Tuesday was chocolate pudding dessert day, and Masha/Moshe was enjoying his in contemplative silence when the two of the three other female-to-male transsexuals currently studying at Yeshiva College sat down at the table next to him.

“We are worried,” one of them remarked quietly. “You are drawing a lot of negative attention.”

“I know,” admitted Masha/Moshe contritely. “I have this verbal diarrhea business, you see. I just seem to keep on saying the wrong thing.”

“That’s not what we mean,” interrupted the second fm. “It’s your connection to Rabbi Schreiber and the whole association-friendship with that loud, in-your-face, fringy bdsm underground that’s attracting negative attention. Chainik Malkes is a thorn in the Yeshiva College side. Half the rabbis in Baltimore teach here or studied here and maintain connections here. He has a lot of enemies, in places you wouldn’t believe.”

“Even among us?” Masha/Moshe asked.

“Especially among us,” the young man replied. “This is Yeshiva College, we are here because we want to be ordained rabbis in the buttoned down world, with credentials from this very buttoned down institution that you are making fun of with your word games. We don’t just want to fit in; we want it all to go on and on. We like the safety and the stability of it. We don’t want anyone to jeopardize for us, and you, Moish, are walking us all to the edge. It’s not just the Big Bloat we’re talking about here, you know. There are bigger

movers and shakers watching and listening to you. There are people who hate you for no other reason than that you have nice things to say about Schreiber. Did you know that?”

“But we’re here in disguise,” whispered Masha/Moshe. “We have no status here as who we really are. It’s how we were born that counts in these people’s eyes, and we’re all women. What’s the matter with you, how can you not be supportive of Rabbi Schreiber, he’s the only frummy who roots for us? Why aren’t you standing with your back to the wall fighting for him?”

The young, bespectacled rabbi scholar didn’t seem very threatening in theory, but his body language was full of menace, and Masha/Moshe knew enough about life to recognize intimidation face-to-face. “Because, we want Judaism to go on as it always has done, without admitting the existence of the queers and other bizarre minorities. That’s the only way the Torah world works and we want to join it.”

“What can you do to protect yourself?” I asked Masha/Moshe when he brought his story to me at the end of the day. But though we wracked our brains we could not think of a single practical thing he could do to avoid the reach of my enemies, other than to guard his tongue more carefully.

“Mosha/Moshe’s for the chop,” Chainik told me privately, when he heard of the events in the Yeshiva. “I’ve seen it happen before, I know this script by heart.” But Chainik tends to over-dramatize at the best of times, so I paid as little heed as I could to his doomsday prophecies. Chainik himself wasn’t looking so spiffy either. Nine months out of work as a rabbi, living on his part time salary did not suit him at all. He seemed a little threadbare. His car had to go; he couldn’t afford the cost of garaging it in the city. Sarah and the children made few demands but he felt his obligation to them acutely. His fortunes were at a very low ebb. There’s nothing like being called a sexual predator to put a severe crimp in a mans style, he said. Something akin to having your testicles nailed to your knees is what I think he said. I’m not sure I heard the remark properly, however. The list of rabbis crucified on the [RABBIwatch.org](http://RABBIwatch.org) website continued to grow, but that was no consolation to Chianik. He found himself cheek by jowl with rabbis he would hardly have exchanged the time of day with under more normal circumstances. One of them was a Reform rabbi from Christchurch, New Zealand who allegedly preyed on loose husbands; she made the headlines for quite some time. According to Yifat Morron, the rabbi, Keshura C. Klavter took money from married congregants to help cover her massive gambling debts. No sex was ever negotiated, reportedly. The Chief Rabbi of Eire received a double broadside, first, when he refused to admit he had had anonymous sex with four husky men in a Belfast public toilet, and second, when he claimed he was a victim of a plot to discredit him while conducting sensitive talks between the sides in the sectarian Irish conflict.

Chainik strove diligently to clear his name but he was fighting an uphill battle. “You know what they say,” he’d declaim cheerfully. “When one door shuts, another slams in your face.”

“Guess who I bumped into today, in Park Ridge?” Masha/Moshe asked me while we were going over the correspondence of the day after Chainik had gone home. “Poor Mrs.

Kahana. Actually, I got to watch her struggling into her spandex knickers. She was sitting behind the wheel of her minivan wriggling like an eel swallowing a vibrator. It was my first time.”

Poor Mrs. Kahana was so well known around the cafes and bars in the areas of Brooklyn where queers and dykes hang out, she actually had a devoted fan club all of her own. She appeared to lead a charmed and magical life. Her ultra-orthodox family, her children and her rabbi husband were all apparently blissfully oblivious to the fact that she spent sizeable chunks of time in public places with her lesbian lover. While sitting in the driver’s seat of her vehicle, she’d slip out of her wig, her dresses and all the accoutrements of Hasidic modesty and into the most provocative of slut gear, for trysts with her lover of fifteen years, a rather possessive leather-dyke who was accustomed to front the gay pride parade every year, on her Harley Davidson. Poor Mrs. Kahana, apparently even more unmindful than her husband, walked through her life, her double life, her rendezvous, and her well-known changes of clothing without the smallest awareness she was being watched. No breath of scandal was ever attached to her, no one from the orthodox community ever noticed her walking the streets on the other side of town with a dog collar round her neck on a long shiny chain held by her lover, or noticed her on the pillion seat of a 1000cc motor cycle without mufflers. It was as though she had a spell of invisibility and silence surrounding her, concealing her from everyone but denizens of the alternative world into which she crossed from time to time. Her fan club took pride spotting her in the neighborhood, especially in catching glimpses of her going through the transformation, changing her clothing. It was marvelous to watch her in her car as though she were in her bedroom, without the slightest consciousness of the pedestrians walking past her on the sidewalk. Her fan club treated her as a holy icon, like a good luck omen, while Poor Mrs. Kahana hadn’t the least idea she was an object of some veneration and religious awe.

I held up two fingers.

“Hhmmmm,” said Masha/Moshe. “You have two questions? Ok. Let’s see. Question number one must be: What was I doing in Park Ridge today, yeah? Hhmmmm, what’s the second question then?”

He walked around my study picking things up glancing at their underneath and then putting them down again. The charity box, the ram’s horn, the Chanukah lamp, my reading spectacles, a silver snuffbox and then the charity box once again. I stopped him before he could pick up the ram’s horn, and he ceased ferreting and fidgeting.

“I give up,” he said. “What’s the second question?”

“Why are you telling me this?” I asked. “Do I need to know? Have I evinced the least desire to be apprised of Poor Mrs. Kahana’s movements?”

Masha/Moshe bounced as he sat down in an easy chair on the other side of the room. “Why does everyone calls her, Poor Mrs. Kahana?” he mused meditatively. “Do you know why?”

“I’m waiting patiently,” I reminded him.

“I’d just finished walking Christina home to Smith Street, and, you know how the subway from there takes hours to get me home to my place, it’s the wrong line, so, I decided to walk through my old stomping ground on Park Ridge and look up some friends before walking over here. Christina works in the Yeshiva canteen. She’s not Jewish or anything. We talk sometimes.” His sentence tapered it off, as though something was being left unsaid. I waited.

“You know, Rebbe, I have to confess, I can’t work up any real enthusiasm for the Jew-Gentile separation and distinction business. I just can’t feel that different from. While as for the, we’re-better-than-them thingy? Well, I’ve been meaning to ask you about that: Is it an article of faith, I mean, do I have to subscribe to it all the way?”

He looked at me in that expectant way he takes on when the question probes the boundaries between ancient and modern sensibilities. I looked back at him a long while.

“Shall we get these rabbinic questions answered before daybreak, or should we discuss religious politics?” I asked him. Masha/Moshe loves discussing the political, the abstract and the conceptual. But rabbinical rulings are mostly concerned with practical matters, with food, clothing, housing and relationships; boring, grown up stuff. And I have to keep on reminding myself that Masha/Moshe is also the world’s best diversionary tactician. He knows how to take a barrel full of red herrings and incinerate them into the world’s densest smokescreen behind which he constructs his elaborate distraction ruses. I made a mental note to myself to follow up on the Christina story tomorrow, but I forgot. I should have paid better attention to my instincts.

Masha/Moshe was lining up for his fried fish sandwich with French-fries when the girl serving behind the leaned over the counter as she handed him his plate saying, “Thanks, Mr. Moishe, for seeing me home to my apartment. I really liked it. Mom said I wasn’t to walk home alone in the rain. I didn’t say we’d been over to your place, waiting for the rain to stop. But she asked me later and I told her.”

“Oh, hi, Christina,” Mash/Moshe replied somewhat embarrassed at her semi public disclosure of their familiarity. “No problem. Anytime.” He glanced casually around him. If anyone of the students or faculty were listening in on their conversation it was not obvious, but Christina’s supervisor also smiled at Masha/Moshe, and she was listening in.

“It was nice of you,” was all she said. “So nice.”

The Talmud has a saying: Your friend has a friend and your friend’s friend has a friend. So, once three people know of something ten people know of it, and once ten people know, the whole world knows of it.

It was Sarah, Chainik’s ex-wife, calling from Baltimore who alerted me to the crisis brewing at Yeshiva College, relating directly to Masha/Moshe.

Christina, apparently, was employed in the canteen at Yeshiva College as part of a program run by the city for young people with disabilities, in her case, very low cognitive skills. Colleges throughout the city participate in the effort to help those disabled feel they are leading useful and productive lives, by employing them in readily supervised and minimally challenging jobs.

What began as a simple act of friendship and kindness on Masha/Moshe's, (she had escorted Christina on the subway when her regular aide was absent, and had taken her to his house to wait out a thunderstorm,) was turning into an incident. Christina had arrived home in a state of some dishevelment and her mother had become suspicious when the regular aide had called to apologize for missing her appointment. To say that Christina's mother and legal guardian did not want her associating with young men in situations where no chaperone was present was the understatement of the year.

Christina's mother called Student Affairs at the Yeshiva to voice her displeasure. The dean caught wind of it, as did Rabbi Bloat. Within hours a task force had been assembled to examine and consider the various facts of 'the case'. Sarah called me as soon as she heard, through the Baltimore grapevine, that Yifat Morron had volunteered her services as a therapist to counsel Christina.

"She's flying to New York in the morning," Sarah warned. "By tomorrow night she will have done irrevocable damage to Masha/Moshe's career and reputation. Do what you can to protect him. Get him a good lawyer. Between you and me, I'd advise you to talk it over with your wife, the rebbetzin, and be prepared to house him for a while. Expect to find him front-page on the RABBIwatch.org website. It is going to be made into a case. That was decided among the leadership of Yeshiva College, last night and the faculty have already been notified to expect it. The way it works, Yifat is consultant to Bloat and Bloat is consultant to RABBIwatch.org. They fertilize one another. Once Yifat is allowed to do her thing there will be a case to answer. That's forgone. This is what she lives for, Asher, she's in her element.

"You're in the eye of the storm right now, enjoy the quiet, it won't last very long. There are local and national rabbis and organizations hoping to make their reputations as crusaders against exploitation and clergy sex-abuse riding on the back of this case. The phones in Baltimore have been buzzing all night. Yifat is all energized and empowered. As far as they're all concerned this is the 'perfect case'. They get to savage and destroy someone you sponsor, they get to hurt you and they'll receive great press and accolades for being so vigilant and prompt to act against sex abuse."

It was even as Sarah had predicted. Masha/Moshe was swiftly suspended from school pending an investigation of the allegations against him. Nothing was specified, the accusations were not verbalized. He was only told that allegations had been made, not what those allegations were. Christina's mother had made a complaint. She wanted to know how her retarded daughter, a vulnerable young woman without legal rights to consent or make decisions about her own body ended up alone in his apartment with a student rabbi from the Yeshiva?

As far as the Yeshiva College was concerned, any complaint warranted the gravest concern. The institution could not afford bad press concerning this issue. It had to be seen to be taking vigorous and timely action, etc., etc.

We found Masha/Moshe a lawyer and the clock began ticking the way it does when you're being charged by the hour. An exchange of letters with Yeshiva College brought little information. The investigation was 'ongoing'. I was not there when the police knocked on Masha/Moshe's door, but there was nothing I could have done that he did not do. When they invited him down to the local precinct station to help them with their inquiries he declined. Nor did he allow them into his apartment, and challenged them to show a warrant. When they countered saying that his reticence was a sign of guilt, he gave them the phone number of his lawyer and they left him alone.

Three reporters from different newspapers called for interviews. The story first appeared in the large circulation, Weekly Jewish Times. The article referred to allegations of assault against a student rabbi about to graduate and receive ordination at Yeshiva College. News that he had been suspended pending the outcome of investigations, together with quotes from Rabbi Joseph Bloat and the Joel Richards, Dean of YC, about zero tolerance for sexual predators made page three.

It moved up to the front page when details of the assault came to light. An op-ed column praising Rabbis Bloat at Yeshiva College, God Devalue-Schwartz in Chicago, Darf Schmutz of JSafe, Basil Matjes, Heshie Bittel at NARC and Reuven Bagel in Canada in their pioneering efforts to bring clergy abuse out of the Jewish closet might have been written by Yifat Morron, and probably was.

Details began to percolate. The victim, a 22-year-old retarded woman from Brooklyn claimed to have been lured to his apartment and then assaulted by the offender, a student rabbi, also from Brooklyn, shortly to be ordained. The alleged offender had been suspended from Yeshiva College and barred from attending lectures or trespassing upon campus property.

Contrary to Sarah's prediction RABBIwatch.org had made no mention of Masha/Moshe yet. Yifat was sensitive to the criticism that she was self referencing, and this was the perfect opportunity to show her impartiality and impeccable objectivity. Look, her silence screamed, I'm sitting on this story and not even using it. I'm so not taking advantage of my insider information.

Instead she leaked like a woman incontinent, an interview with this newspaper and letters to the editor at that periodical. Everywhere she appeared sober and earnest as a hanging judge. She was articulate and expressive. The Jewish blogs and websites convulsed with innuendo, claim and counter claims. It took about a week before the connections between the alleged perpetrator and Rabbi Schreiber, and the connection between Rabbis Schreiber and Chainik Malkes were fully explored, and exposed and exploited. Their friendships became part and parcel of story. What-did-you-expects and I-told-you-sos vied with emotional pleas in defense of the alleged perpetrator and personal testimonials averring his integrity and innocence.

Masha/Moshe did not panic even when, by the end of the third week, in her interviews Yifat began referring to the anonymous Christina, whom she depicted in the most piteous terms, as the ‘first of his victims’. Somehow, without ever breaking ‘client-therapist’ confidentiality or compromising any of the standards demanded by her profession, Yifat managed to report the most private and intimate details of the ‘case’ to the world at large. This was Yifat in her finest hour. Many students at Yeshiva College maintained online blogs. Most of them were acquainted with Masha/Moshe and were shocked at the allegations. Whenever someone wrote into one of these online forums talking about their friendship with Masha/Moshe, how they had gotten to know him through years of acquaintance, comradeship or study, there was always someone else writing spitefully into the blog to trash the accolade, to counter it with a poisonous insinuation, or to remind the reader of the heinous crime committed against a defenseless retarded woman victim.

“She must take that computer with her on the toilet,” remarked Chainik. “It’s the only way to explain the speed with which she monitors and responds to anything complimentary written about Masha/Moshe. And it explains the smell about everything she writes, as well.”

Masha/Moshe’s lawyer filed a suit in court in Upper Manhattan demanding that he be reinstated as a student in good standing at the College. The Yeshiva College Provost’s office counter-claimed that since all matters dealing with student conduct leading to expulsion were clearly the province of the board of governors of the institution and since those procedures were clearly laid out in the by-laws etc., it was premature to demand a reinstatement as the finding of facts was ongoing.

I was not there when the finding of facts was made public. Masha/Moshe and his lawyer were not invited to attend either. Instead, at a meeting of governors, Rabbi Joseph Bloat PhD. flanked by other senior faculty of the College presented their determinations and the decision they had arrived at on its strengths.

Based on the professional findings of the primary counselor and therapist in this case, and after exhaustive clinical evaluations and consultations with experts in the field, the College and its governors had no choice but to take the action to expel Moshe Susskind from the Yeshiva, and recommend he not be hired in any religious capacity or be put into a position of trust vis-à-vis vulnerable populations.

I talked to Joel Richards, Dean of the Yeshiva over the telephone. His faith in Rabbi Joseph Bloat seemed unassailable, but I felt any attempt to get through to him must be worth the effort. Also, that the best place to undermine the specious case against Masha/Moshe was at its core, so I put it to Mr. Richards that depending on Bloat’s reading of Yifat’s evaluation exposed Yeshiva College tremendously, both at law and in the Jewish community. Surely, expelling an excellent student like Masha/Moshe on evidence concocted by Yifat Morron, a woman on a mission to destroy rabbis’ careers could not sit well with him?

To the contrary, Mr. Richards argued. The mounting evidence against Moshe Susskind dictated what his actions and responses had to be. Yifat was but one of a number of leading

experts who concurred that Moshe was a dangerous and predatory young man. Only the reluctance of Christina's mother to press charges against him has prevented the case from becoming a criminal one, already. Yeshiva College would be failing in its duties if it did not expel him forthwith.

I tried calling Rabbi Bloat but he declined to answer my phone call or talk with me at all. Masha/Moshe's lawyer induced the university to provide transcripts and specifics of the work Yifat did 'debriefing' the victim, and the opinions of other experts on the field about the conclusions drawn from that work. These are the things Masha/Moshe had allegedly done.

- He exposed himself to Christina after luring her to his apartment under the pretext of taking cover from the storm
- He forced Christina to put her hand on his penis
- He forced her to her knees and rubbed his penis over her mouth. It was while attempting this that her face received scratches from the metal teeth of the zipper on his trousers.
- He tried forcing her to lie down on the bed.

I spoke to Joel Richards again after reading Yifat's transcripts of her sessions with the 'victim'.

"Would you be prepared to stake you own reputation on these finding?" I asked him. "Obviously you think them reliable enough to destroy Moshe Susskind's reputation and career with, but would you stake your own credibility upon them?"

"Oh, absolutely," he retorted without hesitation. "I have complete confidence in the rabbis and faculty of the Yeshiva who made the decision."

I didn't know anything I could do or anyone I could talk to. I showed the file Masha/Moshe's lawyer had obtained from Yeshiva College to Perle when she dropped into my office. I'd been going over them looking for a chink in the armor plated indictment. It looked and sounded so bad.

"Ha!" she said. "I bet even you didn't know Masha/Moshe gave away all his furniture to the Marders when they moved to town. All he has in the room is a table and two chairs. When he wants to sleep he just throws a sleeping bag down on the floor. The futon bed and the armchairs went, the bookcase and the stereo. You remember the Marders don't you? Young couple with the small child, from Quebec, six months ago? So, anyway he'd have a hard time pushing anyone down onto that bed. Besides," Perle added, blushing. "It's not that often he needs to crash there. He has a place to stay by me."

I was not there at the business with the graduation ceremony either.

I'm not condoning what Masha/Moshe did at the graduation ceremony, but I'm certainly not condemning it. It was a loud statement, and unnecessary. It achieved so little, after all. He was on the stage so quickly, no one had a thought to call security and have him forcibly

removed; he's fast on his feet. It was just when his class was lining up to receive their diplomas that he jumped and ran up from the other stairs. The photographer was already in position. I don't know whether Masha/Moshe had paid the photographer to snap the shot. Anyway, he, Masha/Moshe didn't even pay a glance at his tormentors sitting all gorgeously robed and crowned on the podium. He walked to the middle of the stage and after only a moment's hesitation, dropped his pants to the floor and let everyone see his vagina.

\* \* \* \* \*