

OKAY,

Diana Hamilton

t r u c k

OKAY, OKAY

Diana Hamilton

Chris Alexander and Kristen Gallagher, eds.

Design and typesetting by Chris Alexander

<http://truckbooks.org>

Portions of this work appeared in *Model Homes* and *Nap*. "A Crying Library," an appendix to this book, is available from *Mondo Bummer*.

ISBN 978-0-9848857-3-2

Text: Frutiger LT Std, DIN 30640 Std, Helvetica Neue LT Std

Cover: Manipulated still from Jill Sprecher's "Clockwaters"

Insets: Images taken from the internet

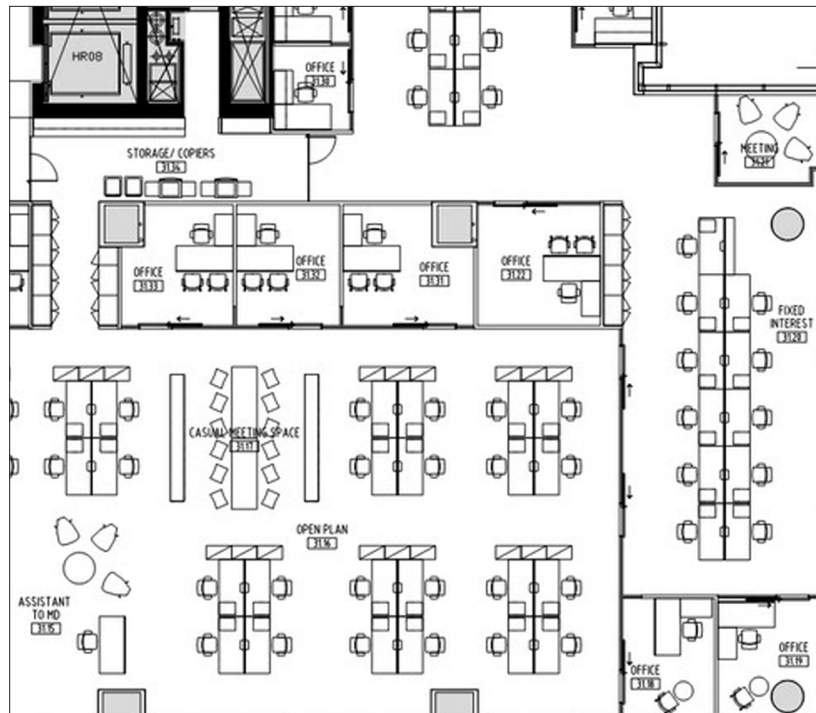
 Diana Hamilton 2012

CREATIVE COMMONS NOTICE

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 Unported License. Reproduction and re-use of this work for non-commercial purposes is permitted and encouraged. Reproduction for sale, rent, or other uses involving financial transaction is prohibited except by permission. Permissions beyond the scope of this license may be available from the author or at truckbooks.org. For further information on this license, please visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/>.

OK_

There's a wall behind you, yes, there's a wall to one side, yes, there's no blank wall within 8 feet in front of you, no, I sit right in front of a wall, you work in at least 60 square feet, no, your workspace is 50-75% enclosed by walls or windows, not exactly sure what this one means, you have a view to the outside, yes—no nice view, but I can see outside, you are aware of at least 2 other people, but not more than 8 people, around you, no, I'm all alone, you can't hear workplace noises that are very different from the kind of noises you make at work, no, I can hear other kinds of workplace noises, no one is sitting directly opposite you and facing you, no, you can face in different directions at different times, yes, you can see at least 2 other people, but not more than 4, no, you have at least one co-worker within talking distance, no.



02

There's no cube here but an open floorplan. Perhaps it's the boy who sits behind me in art class, or the guy behind me who likes to read over my shoulder, or the lady who sits behind me who used to cry on a daily basis, speaking Spanish all the time to another co-worker, so that I never know how to impress a girl who sits behind me in the office, who says she hasn't understood a thing for five or six days now, why does it take so long to put up a wall? You know, I felt the same way about French, and I look through the void in the building by which I can be aware of other floors' activities, where my boss sits behind me on the opposite wall and the internet next to me, and I think I should start sitting behind her, like I thought I better have a word with her—and why would the dude who sits in front of me in class ask me if I like to party, when the guy who sits in front of me is my mentor, and my secretary sits across from me, while he's one of the analysts who sits in my nook of the office?

And not to mention, the 'entrance' to my cube is behind me, so I completely understand how you feel, as I work at a place with just work areas, not individual spaces, and I have more of a hole type of area, where we have three cups—one for pens, one for rubberbands, and one for paperclips—they have to be on the same side of the computer as your phone and calculator, and now I am sitting across from a woman I absolutely cannot stand. I'd hang a mirror behind you, at least you're allowed to have pictures up, yeah, the first thing I would do is move my cube around so my back wasn't to the opening, I'll get a little mirror and prop it up so I can see behind me, far enough from the guy sitting in the cube behind me who has made a habit of whistling, you know nothing worked until I got my rear view mirror.

There's one girl at my office who is just like you: she says exactly what's on her mind (today she wore a sleeveless mini dress in a gold color with gold gladiator sandals), so when she hurt her back recently I drew up some flowers and sent them to her via email (the dress code only allows suits or dresses). In response, she started always licking her food before she ate it, she flirted heavily with the dude who waters our plants, she chose a different grocery store, she grabbed my pen and walked away with it, she booked the flight, she snapped and punched me, and only after she got pregnant did I all of the sudden find her irresistible. At around 10am on our morning break, we decided the sun was shining enough to take a walk, where she caught me wearing panties, and although it didn't end in either of us being fired it was a closer call than I'd like to ever have again.

There's a guy at my office who used to put his head down on his desk and nap all the time, and every time he walks by my desk he coughs, he sneezes, he rips a ripe one at least once a week, because he's just out of the hospital for a panic attack and everybody from our team hates his guts, but I want to remove his guts, since he ignores me all the time, even though we often cross each other at hallways and sometimes we say hi to each other. I would like him to get interested in me, please help with ideas, even though he won't shut up, coming up to me at the printer to say his car is faster than mine, using a Panasonic laptop with four little girls that work insane hours, and why does he show off so many things that scream gay? Change his homepage to porn sites, change his autocorrect settings, pull off all the keys to his keyboard, put thumbtacks in his chair, delete his saved email, pour salt in his coffee, cut his electrical wires, slit the throat of his white bunny, criticize him via email and cc his manager, and above all, do not look at him.

How do I win over this guy who works next to me, who also moonlights as a TA, who has a ringtone that sounds exactly like the designer's who works next to me, and who just got arrested under suspicion of murder, so now I have to increase my output (but at least I get upgraded to a g5 with all cs3)? And how do I approach the girl who works next to me and get to know her when she doesn't shower, she slurps her soup, she's constantly connected to her home pc, has a bb and is pretty much problem free, she cares too much about what I'm writing, and wears enough perfume to kill a man? Do you want to see a picture of this guy who works next to me, the one who is 25 and makes \$18/hr, owns a Greek food place though he is Palestinian, who told the breastfeeding woman to tuck 'em in or hold 'em up, who is friends with the guy who wrote the screenplay, that is, the one who is in on it? I feel so stupid when I can't remember his name.

My cubicle is smaller than my bathroom, than it was before, than yours is, than others; it's smaller than the regulation states is appropriate for my status, i.e. than the ones all them white motherfuckers have. My cubicle is smaller than the very large one I occupied just one day ago, but I like it, it's cozy. My office is smaller and the bathrooms suck, I need it to look fresh and clean, but I like the way it is set up much more than my other office. My cubicle is bigger than that, than that thing, than ever before, in a nice little corner where I have my privacy. It's bigger than others' living spaces, than it looks in this photo. I think my cubicle is smaller than four by three, and there are no windows to be found, it's smaller than the one I had downstairs, and though I hate to complain, it does have an effect on my emotions.

Indeed, if not for the poignant resonance of emotions in social life, emotions would hardly be worth “managing.” The literature of human service work is replete with indications of the emotional weightiness of “flesh” among those providing service and those being served. But be careful of rewarding crying behavior by extending deadlines. Employees rarely cry when they are actively trying to solve a problem. It may not always be easy, but there are no tears in Trish’s human resources. The boss or HR partner should not cry when delivering the message. Plus, it’s tough to defend a termination during a deposition if you have to admit you actually cried during the separation meeting. If you have tissues, you might offer them now. Now you have a crying employee in the bathroom and four other female employees attempting to calm her down and console her.

Now you have five crying employees (if the need for higher cubicle walls hadn't become clear yet). Your employees should be worried. Their skin will wear out longer if they are crying than if they aren't. This could this be an appropriate use of their sick days. Another fact is that your five employees are ruining their hearts. But still, somehow, crying seems useful to these five employees. Another fact is that if you find your enemy laughing, then you are the one to feel like crying (some people even start crying if they do see their enemies laughing), but if someone you know starts crying, then even you will start crying or rather braying, and if someone you know is quite happy and is laughing, then even you will start laughing with them.

Have the employees focus on their own person-centered factors, instead of their situational variables. Here are some examples of useful messages: "It's fine." "Please don't worry about it." "Take your time." "It's perfectly natural, we're talking about a sensitive matter." Words in the communal category included adjectives such as affectionate, helpful, kind, sympathetic, nurturing, tactful and agreeable, and behaviors such as helping others, taking direction well and maintaining relationships. Agentic adjectives included words such as confident, aggressive, ambitious, dominant, forceful, independent, daring, outspoken and intellectual, and behaviors such as speaking assertively, influencing others and initiating tasks.

You find yourself having a natural physiological response to feelings that derive from events. Many women cry easily and unexpectedly, especially around that time. Our socialization includes greater latitude than boys to express emotions through crying. In some ways, this freedom serves us well as grown women, especially since September. There is substantial research on "emotional intelligence" saying this ability makes us better, more effective leaders. We are also better friends, family members, and co-workers. You are not alone. In other words, tears make us look bad.

A little control does make us better. If you really need to hold it in, bite your lips and use sunglasses, closing your eyes most of the time with it so you can't see your mom. Meditate when you have a few spare moments at your desk; this will help program you with greater sense, and encourage you to hypnotically rehearse having "lost it." It's okay for athletes to cry on the job. No one will remember it later. Disaster workers can do it. Telecommuters can cry all day. Stop watching drama for god's sake, watch action movies instead like war movies, time will heal all wounds, this may or may not be true. And internalize the sacrifices and hardships that the soldiers are having, it will help build a strong attitude. Be always current with the events. Create a feeling of optimism—things generally work out. Be looking good, play a lot of sports, don't drink a lot of coffee.

I go to the bathroom and sit alone on the toilet—nearly broke a leg racing to the restroom. I let my hair fall all over my face and I look away. I got sacked from a job after 2 months because I cried nearly everyday—so how can I make the deep breathing and counting work for me? Also, I cried when I worked for babies R us. I walked through the kennel today and cried as I saw a beautiful Australian Shepherd puppy, with ice blue eyes, playing with his own tail. And crying is not ok. I was in tears when I found out about the budget cuts in my home state of AZ. I find an empty corner and just jump around and shake my limbs for a few minutes or so. I wasn't in a stall; I collapsed on the floor and screamed.

What a great way to not be taken seriously! Try pinching yourself behind the knee or biting your lip. Go to a bathroom stall. When you come out with red puffy eyes, and swollen face, blame it on allergies. Go somewhere like an empty park and shout as loud as you can, "I think I need Conflicting Parts Integration!" So, why are you hypersensitive? The next time something that you will cry over occurs tell that person that if they ever do something like that to you again that *you will kill them*. Play to their desire to end the situation. I'm not that creative with my words maybe you can better express but *look at them like an animal*. Of course, deny your threat if questioned. Emotions lead that we are anthropomorphic. Not only will it make you feel better, it'll make people less uncomfortable.



One night while at work, I had a terrible pain in my stomach, so I scheduled time to cry in the bathroom a couple times a week, started taking drugs, and found another job. I cried with relief to hear I was dyslexic. I suspect this is largely genetic. I'll start my own business, and then if I want to cry (or be happy) I won't have to feel inappropriate. Though I have seen bosses cry a couple times, which is kind of uncomfortable. I mean, I haven't had a single boss I'd invite to a barbeque. When I was a receptionist at a nail salon for a few months I (apparently) had left both the front and back doors unlocked overnight (I feel like these things never happen in the IT or Marketing or Accounting departments). I went to an alcove, where I spent my entire shift leaking all over the floors, cleaning the lobby with my head down so nobody could see me weeping fiercely into the mop bucket, and that's when he told me if I walked off the floor I would be fired, so I continued working, crying, while putting out the bread pudding and molten chocolate cake.

A few years ago, something happened—I felt so frustrated, unheard, powerless to help—and I went out to my car and cried so hard that I burst a blood vessel in my eye. It was one long commute home from town to town. So at the restaurant, I broke my hand, I got the nickname Molasses, taking orders, taking money at the same time, she is saying things like, “why is that child only crying” and “I don’t think she deserves dinner,” screw the pathetic idiots that are crying, Mommy, please, let’s go now, on top of all that, I forgot my hobbies.

I walked in once at lunch time in my English room and one of my favorite teachers was there crying and she told me to get out of the room. Then, it got bad, before she even made it to the room she dropped it in the hallway and it shattered into about 7,000 pieces, I had to call her mom. Half way through her lesson she sounded like she was about to cry then stopped speaking and her eyes sort of filled with tears, we were kind of shocked, we told her to relax and that we would read the textbook and make notes instead. So my class and I tiptoed in the back. She started weeping, she started to shake, somewhere between being so confused and sending an email, that's when the tears started.

Look around the room and silently name the color you're seeing. Take a deep breath in, pretend you're laughing, press your tongue to the roof of your mouth, jump on a trampoline, and try to think about your friends (this may hurt if you've been crying for prolonged periods of time). Apply slices of ginger root right under your eyes and right above your eyes. Lift your head to the sky while doing math problems with whichever side of your brain circumvents emotional responses, and lie down in a comfortable position on your bed with a poem ready to recite. Swallow saliva and bite your tongue, shifting your jaw forward slightly, with your fingernails pressed into your palm and a cup of water nearby. Run two herbal tea bags under cold water until saturated, then press onto your eyes. Slowly breathe out now, even if it's shaky. The mascara, put it on now on your eyelashes.

You are students, crying in the corridor. We know you were probably hidden in the bathroom, and then hidden in the stairwell, in the hope that someone wouldn't see you. Maybe someone told you your data was terrible. You sob late at night, which isn't in the script, mostly from biology because chemistry is required to finish that major, but you all end up crying in bathtubs. We should all be that grad student with the tissues. The time for tears is when a girl gets shot, or as you read aloud to the class. We ignore the crying, more than anything else, when you ask permission to hand a lab report in late due to a bad case of mononucleosis, as we ignore the beauty of the fall trees.

There is a grown woman in the study room of our library crying her eyes out thinking no one can hear her. She purposely climbed five flights of stairs up to one of the obscure top floors, where she knows they have cubicles, and she sat down with two books, one of which she doesn't remember now. Alright, things are getting crazy now down in the basement. As they do in church, people often sit in the same place in the library. I'm sitting here right now in the public library with my wife, who is on the computer next to me, nothing wrong with that I hear you say, but I don't know what to do to stop her crying, I think she has just read a post or she may have even received an email.

I put two spoons in the freezer for 10-15 minutes and then hold them to my eyes. I have a powder foundation and moisturizer and liquid foundation but no concealer. I take a cold bath. I put ice cubes on my eyes. I prefer to find a good excuse to disappear, such as to go take a long shower. A cold and wet wash cloth helps. I use Maybelline's pure makeup, or I put my head in the freezer for a few minutes. I take my contacts out and pop them back in, I pinch my cheeks, I blow my nose (my major drainage area). I act like I have a cold. I use the "Man my allergies are killing me today, I think it's the new air freshener" excuse. I say something like an eyelash went into my eye, and I laugh and make lots of conversation to stop the person being suspicious.

Sometimes on the way to work you feel so lost and alone that you sit in the car with talk radio on and have a lot of girl problems, in the rain, of course, praying, and all of a sudden you see a dead dog on the road, for example, your mind is on whatever it is that makes you cry so hard you can't see what's coming. All the while you're thinking that you have two choices, pull over or turn up the music, and this is the really weird part (I guess), you think of scenes of your worst fears until they come on the radio and all of the sudden, establishing a blinking pattern, everyone could see you were crying. It's one of those moments where you just sit there and wait until you can get to your car.

I take my teddy bear which is as big as I am and carry it to a place under the Dutch elm tree, throw in on the ground, and lie down with my head on his chest and cry. I'm crying on the porch with my heart beating hard, and blood coming from my nose. I was found nude and crying in the backyard of a home. I found myself walking down the street, not even thinking just crying. I'm crying on a park bench—who sees me crying and gives me a giant hug to cheer me up? Am I still crying under the butternut tree, in the dark, or am I sitting alone on a swing? Did I find myself later, crying in the bushes? An opening should be left for the gate. Outside this fence is the pasture. We find the boy under a tree (an evergreen spray), crying.

Mom was crying while cooking ham. I got up from the table and went outside, she sat disconsolate by a small black and white television set on the wooden table in the breakfast nook sobbing and sniffing while he cooked himself eggs, so the kids went outside, or the kids were already upstairs watching a movie. Her husband stayed in the kitchen and cried, he started throwing food to the dogs and started drinking and crying, I didn't even want breakfast. And I can hear a woman sobbing in the kitchen but when I go to check on her she's not there. I think something happened here.

You looked tearful and emotional as you spoke on the phone on the way to the airport. You were crying in the airport over a book. You kept it together long enough to get through security, you wanted a cigarette, the loneliness of sitting at the gate, and trying to look normal once on the plane so as not to scare the passenger next to you, who sat facing the window and cried through the two hour flight, next to me, crying in my wheelchair. So my question is: how did you stop yourself from crying when you said goodbye? I started crying on the plane and I cried all the length of the flight and I stood there crying in the airport and I was still crying when I saw my uncle.

How to stop crying and calm down before I go to school in one hour? I am going to be shaking in class and in the hallways not to mention my school has 4000 kids and I have not met one decent person, and a head injury I had as a child left me with a mooshy brain. That makes me more sensitive and prone to emotional problems. And sometimes when I need to let stuff out, my parents complain that I'm wasting water, but I don't know how to explain to them that I sit there in the shower and feel invisible, fully dressed, leaning against the wall. Another time he just sent me to the shower to cry, and different little things. I only realized while I was in the shower Saturday night that I had my mom bury him so I could remember him alive. Somehow it helped, I haven't slept for more than four hours and he couldn't hear me.

You were sitting in a Silver Infiniti in the parking lot of Michaels and you were crying. You were sitting in front of me during Professional Career Strategies and when we came back from break you were crying. You got off the red line at Argyle today at about 4:30, you were crying, you were walking down 13th Street from Voyeur or gay pizza around 4 AM on Sunday. You looked like you were sobbing. We both got on the Yonge bus at Queen, 2:30 or 3am Friday night, and you were doing a good job of hiding it, but I could see you were crying. You looked like you had been crying as you left the counseling center, but cute crying, like tears welling up on a celebutante rather than full on blubbery bawling, and I should have walked to the other side of the street to see if you were alright, even if you weren't cute (which you were!). You were wearing a black coat and jeans, and to see a pretty girl like you cry is just horrible. It caught me by surprise and it happened to really upset me for some reason. Just letting you know it was charming, hit me up if you need a shoulder or two. I just hope you are ok. Message me if you want, I want to make sure you are all right and I'd be interested in taking you out to dinner so we could finish our conversation. If you do ever read this and wanna get coffee or go out sometime let me know. Tell me what I was driving and what advice I offered to you. Tell me who the teacher was and what was the picture on the front of your notebook/agenda.

I am not an emotional person, but while high I can let my mind go to a place. Like I think if I had a boyfriend who cried for me I wouldn't stay with him, and it's true that people with high IQs are less emotional. I did go plum crazy on Ortho. You know that I would rather someone punch someone than cry, but today after hearing the national anthem, I couldn't hold myself back, and I can't mentally feel comfortable enough to cum, it's not a big deal. I am not an emotional person, but my sexual preferences get wilder as I get further into my 30s. You know when my dad died years ago—for a year or two, maybe even longer—people could look at me cross eyed, and, at the time, I did not understand why. I'm not an emotional person, but I am an emotional preacher. It's an image I will never forget, and it got to the point where she wouldn't even say it back when I said I love you at the end of a phone conversation: so tell me, does this sound like a marriage? However, he is very nice and helpful with other people. Any input on how long people have gone through this?

Five years ago, I was dating this guy that I was really in love with, I was listening to the Cure, it was after my grandfather's funeral in 2000, unashamedly, and there were really rude people at my job. There was no reason and I felt good because of it. It was in front of a woman, not absolutely true, but my family was going to suffer badly from the loss of my buying power. Or it was because of physical pain, after sex, from relief at getting the idiot out of my life. Maybe it was for my country. Regardless, I did cry myself to sleep, but I never cried at the museum. I was reading a book, someone else was eating birthday cake, I was high, I was so happy, and up until that day I had been able to keep in all in.

I pull up the covers and it hits me that it's still safer underneath them—who points a camera at themselves while my 8 year old is crying in bed every night?—as my male date starts crying after being humiliated so many times. Guys, watch out, because criers are never good in bed. You wait until he has fallen asleep, you're crying in pain while being forced, being up late to get him off the computer but this really is the best place, you wake up anyway but what does it mean that when I started crying he didn't? My son takes a nap everyday. He has to. He is the kind of kid that gets destructive and cries and cries and hits me if he is tired and doesn't nap. I think, "I want to go home." Why is she screaming and crying? Don't try without her permission, it's normal, I was thinking about how he shouted, "Are you crying?" because I was not supposed to, and I was never going to breakfast again, or something else. We have no problems in our relationship and he is a perfect boyfriend.

As soon as I couldn't see the station anymore I started crying; it's a much different experience, I'm sure, to see the city without crying. It was yesterday on the F train as I was listening to my iPod, I just turned to my left and saw this woman bawling. No, I was on the 5 on my way to Port Authority and all I could do was cry. I always did my crying on the train ride; I did most of my crying when he wasn't around. Girl on the left of me puking in a bag, girl to the right extremely drunk, I started crying on Amtrak between New York and Rhode Island. After a few minutes I heard a soft crying and looked to see her looking out the window and wiping away some tears. I think I had only cried at written material once before, I got about a fourth-way through before I had to put it away. She wasn't hiding it, she was letting the tears flow freely and was also listening to something. I was crying on the way to work because I was so angry with her. I wondered if it was something touching that she had heard or if she'd just been handed some bad news. I was crying on the way to work because I just wanted to stay home today.

I felt sad that it was such a pretty young girl, every now and then, she would stand up as we approached a station and walk over to the door, but she never got off. And wouldn't you know, there were about 4 French men crying on the train platform, standing next to a little girl crying on the subway platform having got off without her parents. I didn't know what to do, she didn't really look directly at me when she saw me crying, so I just continued listening to my music. After 20 minutes or so I looked up to see her staring right at me from where she was sitting which was about 6 feet from me. I always feel like talking to people on the subway who are crying, I felt the urge to go up to her but didn't, I did however occasionally glance at her over the top of my magazine, and I asked her if she was ok and needed any help and she just gently shook her head, still looking really sad and her cheeks were damp from tears. If you're reading this and were the woman who was in tears, I feel for you and it's going to be OK.

Due to an earlier incident, the man in the checkered shirt began to cry slowly at first then heavily, covering his face, and the man with the iPod also began to cry. By the time we got to First Avenue the man in the checkered shirt was crying harder, his face turning a dangerous shade of red. Today I saw her face in the newspaper and I started crying on the train again, I looked back as it pulled out of the station as I saw the man still crying, she was all bloody, I told my mom and she said, "Keep it together girl." And I could hear a young woman crying when I read her short note.

If an hour later you're still there and not crying next to the trashcan and singing God's praises all day since yesterday, if you held it all in, I wonder if you saw me. You are upset the voice is not a New Yorker's. What do you do when someone's crying on the train? We flash forward to Connie, intermittently laughing and crying. The sisters sat crying back to the city. I left out the part about crying on the train, or another possible reason I was lying awake. This is a first. God, I think I'm going to start crying. Which, to my mind, seems rather forced.

He cries when the sores on my tongue return. My husband cries when he is drunk. This is my own personal experience and it is really painful, but it's kind of sweet in a weird way (it makes me love him more). I need to be stronger to tell him to leave. This is a four year nightmare we can't wake up from.

When my wife cries, am I supposed to feel bad for her and 'comfort' her? She looks like a clown. I don't understand why she does it at the divorce attorney's office, but I will try to get over it and enjoy the upcoming holidays. Why does my wife cry when she is pregnant? All I see is grass—to me she isn't there—as she cries every Friday night when she lights the candles and sings to herself this song: "My wife cries just as yours does, I am sure, and almost every morning when she wakes up she is crying." I sit down beside her and hug her and tell her that everything is alright. My wife cries very easily and has a hard time stopping. There is a certain devious joy that I feel, when she sees a mom playing with her baby or when my 80 year old father sang "Blue Moon" at my baby sister's wedding.

I was just using my hand, due to where we were and as I fingered her she started to tear up. I stopped and she just looked at me and said to continue, her stare was cold and the tear almost had me shaky. She said to keep going again so I did, after a few moments of that and working on her ears, her body arched.

I looked at her face as her body stiffened and she was crying out as well. Afterwards she just laid next to me crying. I was going neurotically nuts, I was not sure what was up, I wanted to be the protector though at that moment I could only be the helping hand. The first time we really got serious with each other and she was about to orgasm, she starting crying,

I immediately stopped and just held onto her and told her not to be afraid and that she was ok. She held onto me for dear life clinging to me. I eventually was able to calm her down, I was very soft and gentle with her, from time to time she still gets brief thoughts about her ex in her head, sometimes during sex. Recently we were having sex, and using a strap-on,

we were going at it for a long time, about 45 or so minutes into it her leg started to tremble, and she said "oh no" and started to cry really hard. She grabbed onto me and wouldn't let me go and I held her again until she calmed down. She wouldn't let me take the strap-on out though as she was crying. Someone please help me understand what is going on inside of these women,

once we start to have sex she is fine, will be making the normal moaning noises but then all of the sudden the look on her face will change and she will start crying. I will ask her if she wants me to stop but she will start shaking her head "no" back and forth and will even continue to buck her hips back into me. I don't mean to be an asshole but this shit freaks me out and I don't know how much more I can take. Even if we have sex doggie style I can still hear her sobbing,

Does anyone have any suggestions? I stop to ask her when this happens and she always just says "I just don't want you to be mad" and she finally told me that she cries because she feels like she is not satisfying me which is untrue. Does this seem like the reason or could there be something more to it? I know I am not hurting her and I know she is reaching orgasm sometimes a few.

The other night we were fore playing for about 20 minutes, then all of a sudden she started to sniff and cry, I asked what was wrong but all she told me was that she felt really sad for some reason, so all I could do was hold her and we both fell asleep. The next day I asked what happened and she told me she didn't know why she busted out crying like that, and that nothing was wrong. We bum that day and even had another foreplay session, it was like nothing had even happened.

So last week I tried setting the mood, turn the lights down, lite some candelas, I got some rubbing oils. So when she got out of the shower she laid on the bed and I began massaging her, it seem to do the trick, about 20 min into making love, out the corner of my eye, I seen a tear on her cheek and she really looked upset. I stopped straight away, I tried comforting her asking her what's wrong, she says it was nothing. Maybe not to her but it's made me feel horrible, am I repulsive to her or ugly? It is driving me nuts, and I don't think she's cheating on me.

We have sex at least 4 times in a week. During the climax, my wife cries and shouts a bit. I am afraid whether she is in pain. When I enquired after some time, she tells me that she had thoroughly enjoyed the session. This is happening in almost all of the sessions. Is she hiding her pain. Please advise.

For me, as an example, when the parrot at the end of her umbrella tells her she really loved those kids—she has a tear—I was surprised this scene was not mentioned—even though it is happy, and fun, at the end where the nurse leaves to go get coffee knowing he will sneak into his wife's room and they find them in the morning passed away, now that is love I don't care if it's only

an asteroid is going to destroy earth and only one man can stop it, etc., he has to shoot his dog because of rabies (it's not a new idea but it works), now, the comet set to hit Earth is going to take more time to reach Earth than we thought and therefore the people of Earth must prepare for their destruction, and the tragic ending is inevitable

when you spend the first twenty minutes wondering when the actor's character is going to become a ghost, but it's sad just the same, and the actor is incredibly convincing in the medieval statuary room, in the scene in the movie when the actor tells the actor it's not his fault, he repeats it and repeats it until the actor cracks and just cries his little heart out—I love it! and I can't stand it when Charlotte

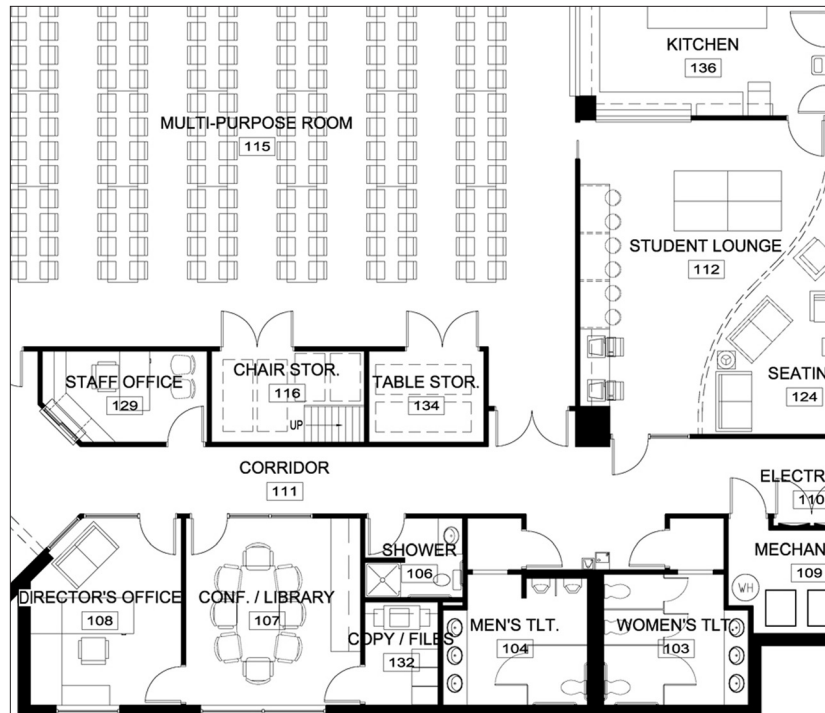
The doctor walks down the hall with his head down, sweat around his neck, apparently upset.

When the funeral is shown and Kelly is standing up front, everyone feeling so bad for him for losing, and giving the eulogy, and then, there's Jaspar, alone, crying his heart out over Sam, so that I didn't feel sorry for Kelly but for Jaspar, and then the boyfriend is forbidden to see her again, when he is put into jail and the theme song starts running, when I thought that Charlie Brown would never see Snoopy again, when he talks to his previous lover on the phone saying he went to his opera, when he appeared in the clouds, when the girl he'd been bffs with killed herself and he started to flip out, when they show him the house that his home state gave him for being a hero in the war, when he asks if he was a good man, when it begins to rain—

When the actors walk out of the room, it's the same effect as when the actors walk out of the classroom, it's the same effect as when I ran out of the room screaming and had nightmares for weeks, it's the same effect as when all the men left the room before her last breath, it's the same effect as your obvious ploy to get the hell out of the room before the ski slope of tears came rolling down, it's the same effect as when *I knew* I was going to cry so I quickly shut the book, walked out of the room, and distracted myself, it's the same effect as when she'd actually get mad and storm out of the room if I cried for something she deemed unworthy, it's the same effect as how there's no need to cry once you've shut the book, it's the same effect as when good books make us cry and even shut the book for a while

Oh! Shut the book, dear Mary! Even writing about it now, it's hard to fight the nausea.

Describe a cry with utter abandon. Describe as fully as you can how it grew. Describe such a fit of crying, composite photograph. If so, describe a typical case. Describe each symptom of a "good cry" in order. Describe lump in the throat and its repression. Describe vocalization of the cry in old and young, individual cases. Describe its frequency and culmination. Describe stages cry fetiches, i.e., special acts, describe crying as a source of pleasure in power to control others, describe effects of the tears of parents, describe angry. Describe the child spoiled, best described as a state of helplessness. Can you describe cases of crying in persons usually self controlled when the final break down comes as a cumulative effect? Does such crying tend to become hysterical? Is it followed by physical prostration? Is it a cause or an effect of physical weakness? Describe as a persistent symptom a condition that appears temporarily in the preliminary stage of the cry, and more or less throughout its course, namely, a helpless state or a feeling of incapacity



47

till you almost lose consciousness or things seem to change about you. What is wanted is a picture of a genuine and unforced fit or crisis of pure misery. Spells, with inadequate cause, at certain seasons: a good thing and too much. Are they more in one eye than the other? Is there nausea? Where is the seat of convulsiveness? Describe an angry cry, its phenomenon, occasions, results. Describe effects of yielding to children's tears on them. The word is especially used to describe a cry of salvation, to describe a cry of lust like that of a wild donkey, to describe a cry heard in primal therapy, to describe a cry or other sound that stops suddenly or that seems strained because of a tightness in the throat.

All except two of fifty writers who have described the effect of tears of parents, teachers, and friends upon their conduct are agreed upon the great effectiveness of tears to conquer a stubborn will or subdue passion, when everything else fails. In vomiting, the throat undergoes a change very similar to that described in crying. Describing the vocalization in the cry of "old and young," such words as "harsh," "scream-like," "emphatic," "shrill," "a wail," "sharper," "louder," "more prominent, but with less of feeling," are used with reference to the latter. The words, "guttural," "husky," "harsh," "choking," have been used to describe the nature of the disturbance of the throat. Another describes the typical adult cry "as sobs and gasps only;" or "only sobs, tears occurring but occasionally." Others say: "The tears relieve the lump."

The early appearance of tears in this child was marked by: (1) the drawing of the mouth to a square shape (in the 12th week a protrusion of the lower lip preceded crying); (2) the closing of the eyes; (3) the the vocal sound "a A a;" (4) a reddening of face; (5) tears. The crying was not accompanied, and no indication of the sob as late as the 7th week, except its possible beginning in a slight catching of the breath. In the 9th week sobbing was clearly present. The reddening of the surface that accompanies the cry was definitely observed in the 8th week. It began in the face, spread up over the top of the head and simultaneously down toward the feet. As early as the 7th week the vocal cry was well differentiated and the cries of hunger, pain, discomfort, sleepiness and anger clearly distinguishable from each other. The sob also varies with the nature of the feeling which accompanies the cry.

When we cry, we do more than express emotion.

We ask men to sniff drops of our emotional tears.

They become less sexually aroused.

We ask them to sniff a neutral saline solution, recently dribbled down our cheeks.

They remain sexually aroused.

Chemical signaling is a form of language.

We've found the chemo-signaling word for 'no'—or at least 'not now.'

We believe that men's tears will also one day transmit chemical signals.

To reduce aggression in other men.

We could not find men who are good criers, readily able to fill collection vials.

Fortunately, we have a male crier now.

This could be a first step toward a break-through on a mysterious subject.

This is a really big deal.

Emotional tears may be evidence, after all.

Many questions remain.

Do they perceive through the nose or another way? for example.

Why our tears would send a message is puzzling.

One of us thinks that the effect of tears evolved in part to coincide with menstrual cycles.

Oh, please.

We assumed tears would trigger sadness or empathy.

But sniffing our tears does not affect their mood or empathy.

It has a pronounced effect on sexual arousal.

A surprise.

We post fliers on several Israeli college campuses seeking easy criers.

Seventy women volunteer, along with one man.

But of the 70 women, only six are really good.

We have to use fresh tears, no more than two hours old.

So the criers are called on frequently to sob a renewed supply.

Tears and saline are dribbled onto pads then affixed below men's nostrils.

To approximate a hug with a teary woman.

This has made me think about a new idea
—which I adore.

You are correct. And now you have an employee that is really engaged.

And now you have an employee
who lacks self-respect. And now,

you have an employee

who takes no pleasure in activities or achievements that formerly gave him or her
pleasure.

And now you have an employee

who is genuinely disabled. And

now you have an employee witness.

You must withhold.

And now you

have an employee

that can't wait.

And now you have an "employee" (perception is everything).

This employee takes

a lot of time off

for military training.

That is particularly inconvenient.

[You also have an employee working for you

who has been performing all of the duties

assigned to her position,

and has also assumed new duties over the past year

which are associated with a new program. The new duties

are taking up at least 25% of her time

and require a higher level of knowledge,

skill and/or ability that will be a factor when/if
you recruit to fill the position at a future date.

You are wondering if this employee can be promoted
without posting a vacancy announcement.]

And now you
have an employee
that knows
his position

is going away.
And now you have an employee

who is broadcasting messages
damaging to your business
outside of work hours.

And now you have an employee using freedom of the press.

And you steal from your employee,

as your employee stole from you.

There, now you have an employee—good luck!
And don't forget to pay his taxes.

But then—you have an employee who will stick with the changes.

And then you have an employee who is causing a problem.

The employee seems to generate
ill-feelings among
his co-workers.

Before we
go any further
you should probably know:
you have an employee
holding you hostage.

What is the law?

How can you approach him in a manner he can relate to?

Can you have an employee of your business clean the bio-hazardous crime scene?

And then you have an employee who is not working hard.

And then you have an employee who will always be present, who would be a good contributor.

And then you have an employee who should be doing something else.

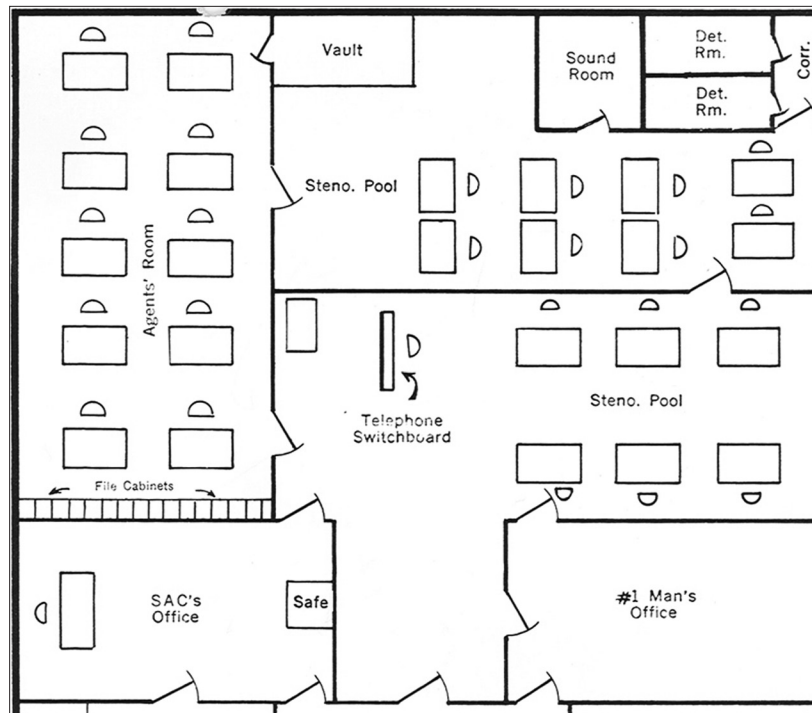
You are preparing her final check.

Do include vacation never taken.

There's no crying in baseball. There's no crying in politics. There's no crying in sports. There's no crying in politics (for women). There's no crying in conservatism. There's no crying in mining. There's no crying in business. There's no crying in vintage. There's no crying in leadership. There's no crying in budgets. There's no crying in trading. There's no crying in the kitchen. There's no crying in massage therapy. There's no crying in Heaven. There's no crying in Insurance. There's no crying in rock. There's no crying in life. There's no crying in kickball. There's no crying in soccer. There's no crying in racing. There's no crying in archery. There's no crying in geology. There's no crying in advertising. There's no crying in root learning. There's no crying in the street. There's no crying in this family. There's no crying in Congress. There's no crying in the bathroom. There's no crying in WoW. There's no crying in preschool. There's no crying in the red circle. There's no crying in wrestling. There's no crying in recipes. There's no crying in the Oval Office. There's no crying in Galt's Gulch. There's no crying in city finance. There's no crying in mug shots. There's no crying in roller derby. There's no crying in law practice. There's no crying in bowling. There's no crying in the boat. There's no crying in tennis. There's no crying in academia. There's no crying in holiday baking. There's no crying in cycling. There's no crying in law school. There's no crying in photography. There's no crying in court. There's no crying in iPad magazine publishing. There's no crying in sports. There's no crying in nursing school. There's no crying in copyediting. There's no crying in Uno. There's no crying in movies. There's no crying in hardcore. There's no crying in punditry. There's no crying in the press box. There's no crying in investments. There's no crying in fishing. There's no crying in the stairwell. There's no crying in bocce. There's no

crying in the future. There's no crying in strip poker. There's no crying in styling. There's no crying in science. There's no crying in modeling. There's no crying in restaurants. There's no crying in library science. There's no crying in cartooning. There's no crying in the boardroom. There's no crying in political philosophy. There's no crying in Aeon Flux. There's no crying in home decorating. There's no crying in ballroom. There's no crying in venue fundraising. There's no crying in onions. There's no crying in parenting. There's no crying in hedge funds. There's no crying in shipping. There's no crying in war. There's no crying in chaplaincy. There's no crying in head lopping. There's no crying in Airsoft. There's no crying in midwifery. There's no crying in figure skating. There's no crying in Spanish. There's no crying in mascara. There's no crying in computer science. There's no crying in Weight Watchers. There's no crying in bootcamp. There's no crying in bull markets. There's no crying in real estate. There's no crying in Varmint hunting. There's no crying in public diplomacy. There's no crying in radiology. There's no crying in prison. There's no crying in gymnastics. There's no crying in homework. There's no crying in the post office. There's no crying in opera. There's no crying in fashion. There's no crying in porn. There's no crying in the break room. There's no crying in the workplace. There's no crying in softball.

Sometimes it's very hard to separate the work mode from the personal mode and the feeling mode. And sometimes you do get to the point, we've all been there, we've all done that walk of shame past our coworkers, from the boss' office to the bathroom. You know, it happens, we cry, we go to the bathroom, we clean ourselves up, we drink a glass of water, um, definitely try to cool down the body, in order to stop the crying. Work is about facts, it's not about feelings. It's about facts, it's not about whether or not someone likes you, it's not about, you know, whether or not you look good that day, it's about the facts, we've all been there, bottom line, we're all human, we all have feelings, we all get upset, it's not the end of the world. But best avoid it if possible.



Absolutely, I want to get out the Kleenex myself. So I've done that and they are still just sobbing away. Is there anything I should avoid during, uh, what is a very difficult conversation? How is a delicate way to close a conversation like this? So this is uncomfortable for you? That's a good thing to notice, and I'm telling you that because, the first thing you need to do is separate "I am feeling uncomfortable," from "what am I going to do," you're going to feel discomfort, don't let that drive you to shut down the conversation. Let the person talk for a few minutes.

Well, now you want to start to let them know that you're hearing them, and the way that you do that is you reflect back the facts of what they're saying, but more importantly you reflect back the emotional content. So I might say, "Sidney, wow, I can see why this is so upsetting for you, I can see you're very upset, I would be too if these three things you just told me were true for me." So you're hearing me tell you back what you're saying, you're feeling heard. You know, if somebody's crying about their mortgage payment, you should not say, "I'll make the mortgage payment for you." One sentence that I like, one phrase that I like, is to say, "And I'll still be here tomorrow." You know in other words, we're ending this conversation in this moment.

This is someone who needs comforting and care and is incapable of taking care of those kinds of things. They have been denied promotions. They were up for a promotion, cried in the meeting, and were told that they were not going to get the position. That, uh, there was a perception that they lacked control, that they lacked professionalism, that they weren't the right person for that kind of tough job, where they were going to have to deal with a lot of stress. And that can be a tough one for women because it's, uh, if you cry in response to criticism it can be a sign of lacking toughness, lacking heartiness, um, an inability to take, uh, take the punches.

I would anticipate the situations, where I would lose control, and actually practice how I was going to react in advance. So for example, I'm a perfectionist, so I said, "Ok, I'm gonna practice. How am I going to react when journalists are angry at me, they start yelling at me, and spokespeople keep missing their appointments? What am I gonna do?" And I actually *practiced* reacting calmly, and found that when I found myself in the actual situation, I was able to keep my cool.

I . . . actually lived in Nashville for a little bit, I was trying to be a country singer . . . Yeah I don't look like the most *obvious* country singer but I was definitely *trying* to be a country singer. And then, uh, I felt like the sunshine pulled me to Orlando, so that's why I'm here. Well, I lived in a small town in Tennessee, and I worked for a country club in, uh, 2004, I started at this country club. I worked there for about two years, I was working behind the bar one day, it was March 2006. No (*laughs*), they wouldn't let me sing. Um, but I was bartending one day, and I got a phone call from my sister who, my mom apparently was in the hospital, and she was on life support so, I had to rush out of there immediately. My manager was there when I got the phone call, and she said, you know, don't worry about everything, we'll take care of your schedule. You know you just go ahead and take care of your mom. You know, what she, what your mom needs. Uh my mom, was in Ohio, and so I drove off to Ohio, and about an hour before I got there she had passed away. Um, you know, I wasn't able to make it to see her, but I did check in with work every other day, you know, talk to them about what was going on, you know the plans for the funeral, what was the next step when I would be back. I was talking to my manger, uh, the general manager over the country club. The exact same person, that said that, you know, "don't worry about it, we understand," you know, "it's your mother." So, I came, I was gone about a week and a half, and I came back to work . . . you know, again, she was well aware of when I was going back to work, um. It was a Saturday when I returned to work, so before I went to work I actually opened up and read some sympathy cards. Right, right, so I was checking out the cards, and one of the cards was actually from the country club, that they had sent flowers, a huge

bouquet of flowers, so it was *really* great, um, "the sympathies and best wishes of the club," which, you know, to think that they cared so much. So I went back to work, and did my job like I was supposed to do, a member came up and was talking to me about losing my mother. She had tears in her eyes, and I cried a little bit with her, we hugged, you know, and this was off in the back it actually wasn't even on the open floor, it was off in a back area. And that was that, you know, I mean our members, we were close to each other. This was my first day back, you know. It was a pretty exhausting day because of the stress and everything else with it, with my mom passing away, so I went home and I took a nap. I fell asleep for a little bit. But when I woke up, there was a voicemail on my answering machine.

