

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAMPAGNE SPARKLING SPECTACLE

"My first memory is of my own imagination," she said. "I remember playing alone in the park by our house. This was before parks were routinely defiled. At the time the park was lush, no worn away grass, no beer cans, just an oasis of green tender in a city neighborhood. There were abandoned lots too, where the boys would play, and later I had some interesting experiences in those wild deserted spaces but I felt more at home in the deeper green of the park than the faded, sun bleached, taller grasses of the lots. I saw fairies in the park, I really did, they spoke and danced with me. I had never been to a movie. We didn't have a television. I had never heard of cartoons or Walt Disney, on my own I had created a personification of the natural world, an abundant pantheism, spirits everywhere. But only small elf-like spirits, I wasn't interested in cosmic-size spirits yet. You could say that my first memory is of playing with fairies, sprites and spirits in the park but, to people who don't believe in those beings, I say that my first memory is my imagination.

"I think that imagination is often not the creation of something but the perception of something. It depends on my mood, whether I think that people are capable of creativity, whether that isn't the sole property of the community of consciousness we call God. Oh, is that offensive? I'm sorry. Is that atheism to you? Well, if it's any comfort at all, I am not an atheist. Maybe something much worse. What could be worse? What? Well, believing in everything is probably as destructive to monotheism as believing in nothing. And I'm temperamentally incapable of accepting the limitations inherent in either atheism or monotheism.

"I once made love to my eye doctor. Eye doctors are sexy. What powers they have, those eye things that change our visual perceptions wildly, with every click of the shutter, they can determine how we will see the world. He fell in love with my blind spots. Can you imagine? He said that people have one blindspot where all the eye nerves come together, a tiny speck space where the eye cannot receive light because it is a structural juncture. According to him I have the most blind spots he's ever seen. He determines that I must have all these extra eye nerves. He asked me zillions of questions, most of which I couldn't answer to his satisfaction. But they set me thinking about my life, the arguments I had centering around differences in perception. He called and asked me to have coffee with him. And then dinner. And the whole time we're together he's asking me these questions, he's hyper fascinated. He was the first man to ask me about how I looked at the world. I loved that. But really he was seeing me as specimen. He wasn't interested in sharing and communicating. He was interested in me, the way another guy might collect bugs to count their legs.

"I thought he liked me and I loved the attention. I loved being asked questions. Being the locus of scientific exploration was cool with me. I was the blind Pole

for two weeks for my Admiring Byrd. We had fun. He had an enormous dick. It was the biggest dick I'd ever seen. It was the biggest dick I'd ever tried to connect with.

"He lived on a houseboat. It was a nice way to live. We weren't together long enough to experience it in bad weather. That summer was blissful. We were in the city, not a bayou thing, very upscale. He liked the view from the boat. He liked views period. He took me to restaurants on top of skyscrapers, restaurants on riverfronts, anywhere that afforded him something interesting to see. We made love in interesting places. He liked a change of scenery. He liked me on top, which wasn't always easy because he was so big I had to be careful, pay close attention. He's ask me to look around and tell him what I saw while we fucked. Kinky, but innocent. He had very specific tastes. For awhile I thought that our relationship might have a future but he was engaged to an heiress. His ambitions were more important to him than scientific curiosity or sex fantasies.

"I was relieved of duty."

"Once, a male friend shared with me his opinion, that blow jobs were the ultimate love act. According to him, when a woman willingly took his cum in her mouth and swallowed it, she was basically (his analogy) eating his shit. Ah! What an impressive symbol of unconditional love. No wonder men marry for head. Who wants to live in a house without a toilet? The same fool who marries a woman who won't swallow his cum, obviously.

"Since guys seem to like blow jobs so much you'd think they'd figure out how to make women long to give them instead of inspiring avoidance. My theory is that thirty percent of homosexuals of both sexes would instantly switch to bisexuality if they could get, and give, reasonably decent head from, to, the opposite sex.

"Much earlier in my life, when I was still trying to turn pigs to princes, I couldn't help but notice that when pigs were horny, they were all attention, sweet and amiable in disposition, brushed of teeth, combed of hair, shaved of beard, often generous and cresting amusing. This would melt the cockles of the day. My heart and cunt would pulse in anticipation. I would gladly return their embraces, feeling graced in their regard. Sexual acts might be satisfying or not. But, regardless, shortly after my lover-pig released tangible sex energy into my body, he would turn and revile me. This happened enough times, with enough different men that I invented an analogy of my own, to comfort myself. My way of rebuilding a shattered reality grid. If I had given someone diamonds and saw them so bedecked, I would not disdain them. But cum is not diamonds to most men. Most men consider their cum to be, as my friend so generously described it to me, shit. I too would likely be repulsed by someone wearing or willingly eating my shit, absorbing it body and soul. Reality check: Sperm is not shit. But that delusion seems to have gained operative control over circumstances. And delusions are vile participants in human relations, they fuck everything up.

"When pigs are affectionate after sex, it has a pitying tone: "Did I hurt you?" "Was it ok for you?" How am I coping with this disgusting event, with these atrocious and disgusting outcomes? Or self pitying: "I could have done better." "I didn't please you did I?" "Did you come?" "How was I?"

"When intercourse is for procreation, this confusion of outcomes affects how pigs see their children. Pigs often hate their progeny, sprung as they believe from dung."