

## CHAPTER TEN

### HOT POTATOES

"I never met the perfect man. For awhile I created the semblance of a perfect man by sleeping with and dating three men at once.

"Modern men find their lives work better if they concentrate on one aspect of themselves. We call this specialization. In my generation, specialization completely replaced and devalued the quest for wisdom.

"Women certainly contributed to this progressive narrowing of purpose. Many were hoping to eke out a little more gravy from the system before it collapsed. One more generation of upper middle class women wanted to stay home - pretending to take care of their children. Unfortunately scads of women have been forced to go back to modeling or, if they've lost their looks, back to marketing, because their husbands couldn't be expected to have ethical values and were subsumed by the world of chien mange chien, oops, he broke the law! Sometimes he even destroyed things. Sometimes people's lives were ruined, tant pis, all in a day's work. Often people's life savings disappeared, poof. And there she is in her finery, back at work, on tv, looking abashed but unashamed. Then, when the press loses interest, or the children leave home, she divorces the bastard. But where was she when he lost his sense of perspective?

"I don't know how corrupt I'd be if I were given the chance. As far as I can remember no one ever offered me major material temptation. My life was making the best of bad situations. It never occurred to me that I had the power to create events until I had been caught in the see-saw of reaction, played the compensation game, hoping that I could win at Hearts by continually scoring zero. Let the big shots shoot the moon and fail, I'd play it safe, I'd attempt neutrality.

"One of my three men was physically nurturing. He took me to good restaurants, bought me fab food because he knew I was struggling in my career and was always a little bit hungry (which I thought was good for my figure) and occasionally very hungry (which made me not good for much). He was lovely, we had lovely dinners, and lovely, mediocre sex. Mediocre because it was too tender. There was no struggle to it. It was like watching tv for him I think, a way to release tension at the end of the day, or like a glass of warm milk before bed, lots of kissing the face and such, but kisses lacking focus and purpose. He did not seem to be aware of the maze and the centaur, the alchemy at the center of being. All that mystical stuff was beyond his knowing. He grasped desire and fulfillment on its most basic level which was comforting and kind. I can't remember if I had orgasms. I'm sure I did. I was very orgasmic. My absence of memory will give you the general idea better than a faux description. I remember the food really well because it was stunning.

"He especially liked obscure ethnic food and the less known specialties of the European fare. My favorite place to go was a restaurant where a friend of his was the chef. We sat in the kitchen, but only in the dead hours. We would have been in the way at the height of the creative chaos. But, in the slow hours of the afternoon, when his chef friend wasn't too busy, he would provide us with a smorgasbord, Chinese dumpling restaurant style, big plates, filled with samples of the most glorious food. The formulation of my political philosophy dates from this time in my life. I was convinced that class struggle was the life and death battle for control and maintenance of the most exquisite cuisine. Good food provides immediate gratification. From hand to mouth to the soul. Fabulous.

"He was a great lover, not lusty about my body or the mystery of life tucked inside the complex rituals of sexual excitement, he was a lover who manipulated a more basic passion, the need to eat.

"Take from the world its substance, break it down violently, teeth mangle its physical form, break it down mechanically into smaller and smaller elements. Saliva flows, soaks the masticating food, sweetens the sensate mouth, flows over the teeth, fills the cavity with energy released from the breakdown of large composited life, fills the warm wet motion full space with life in process of becoming pure energy once again. Sweet juices so tempting that the tongue intrigued sends the order direct to the brain, "Swallow!"

"Can you bear to not do it again? Can you resist another bite? Your tongue has given into sensation is cold from the pull of air along its ridged surface, air brushing with the delicate purity of angels' panting. The tongue pulses, the muscle is loose and free, tight and craving. If it could jump out of your mouth and retrieve the food for you, it would. It sends another order to the brain. It must.

"Your hands reach, seeking to satisfy the lust of their sister muscle tongue. Muscles are made to satisfy us through self-satisfaction. You must put that morsel into your mouth. You must eat. Finally, the tongue tires, the saliva sluggish, the tide low, the ship cannot sail, the muscles, used, relax.

"Which is the bliss? The work or the rest or the process binding the whole?

"Blow jobs. Interesting subject. Men have married, divorced, committed adultery, given themselves over to crime for this pleasure. That cunning lingus. Women have become lesbians to get some. There was a time when serious power issues were at stake, intertwined in mouth to genital resuscitations. Some men manipulate blow jobs first off. My personal etiquette places the salad fork on the outside of the dinner fork. And blow jobs, like dessert spoons, are used late in the meal. After the intent and purpose of love have been clearly established.

"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."