

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HOPSCOTCH

"I had one lover who fed me," she said, "and another who craved excitement."

"The man who craved excitement was a stimulus junky which suited me fine, at least part of the time. His main interests were cultural. Art, theater, music and sparkling conversation, with a tad political intrigue thrown in for practicality, for the purposes of career advancement. His plan was to marry a classy woman with money. He frequented the fancy parties solo, or he'd bring his model buddies to make an impression. Because rich babe flies are compelled to compete with beautiful babe flies, and vice versa, in their pursuit of male honey.

"He was astute, manipulative and very pleased with himself, most of the time. He loathed introverted activities because they involved processes that slowed him down. Speed was high on his list of values. He always had coke around, not so much for himself, he didn't need it, he gave to his friends so they could keep up with him.

"He wasn't foolish. He was a modern musketeer, living a dangerous exciting life, looking for his main chance, convinced that life is short, that men must make it young, "it's all downhill after thirty." To make a long story short, or to cut quickly the end of this thread, to pop the knot at the base of the loom, he married well and happily. He settled comfortably into what he refers to as his dotage. We're still friends. He knows tons of people. I consider him a master craftsman when it comes to life. We were lovers off and on for years. He was part of my composite picture of my perfect man. I liked the adventures, the rapier wit, the refusal to be compromised by other people's theories, or sentimental reasoning. He isn't a sensualist exactly, not a sensualist in bed. He is speedy, pointed. But his mind is sensual. He senses his way through life, trusts his senses. He created a life which suits him. I admire that.

"We had a lot of fun. I got to meet people who do interesting things. We went to every major event worth going to. In bed, like I said, he was quick and efficient, like a warm statue. I would move and dance on him and around him and he would smile beautifully. He worked at kissing but his lovers did the rest. He determined the pace and the mood by controlling the music. I never made love to him without music playing in the background. Discreet inquiries on my part revealed that no one else has either.

"I still love him. I still love all three of them. They all know about each other. They have met. They have nothing in common except me. That was the point, as far as I was concerned. I was looking to cover as much ground as possible with as few men as possible.

"The man who loved food is doing well too. He has a great marriage, lots of children, a real bourgeois happiness. I like to go to his place. His wife and I get along well. I'm godmother to one of their sons. It's a great house. She's a fabulous cook. Their kitchen looks like it came straight out of House Beautiful, the overhead rack, shiny copper pots, a cornucopia of wooden utensils. I saw a kitchen that size in a castle in England, no kidding. They combined their living room with their kitchen. She's a food artist. We all like to watch her work. This huge room opens out through a sliding door onto a flower and herb garden, light pours in, smells good enough to die for swirl in the playful air. The kids are happy, how could they not be? A generous, kind father and a mother who cooks like God.

"The third man? He had the most beautiful penis I have ever seen, something off an ancient Roman statue. He was a stunning lover. He could reach inside me and pull orgasms out of me like rabbits out of a hat. He loved to see me come. And I came and came. We didn't have much to talk about. We stood once together and looked at ourselves side by side in the mirror, we could have been identical twins, it was eerie, we knew everything about each other. I think maybe we're really the same person in different bodies and for awhile we came together to reassure each other. We validated all the unspoken truths about ourselves for each other, it was all done through sight and touch, it was amazing how few words passed between us during the course of our affair. Having sex with him was like returning to the cosmic fairy tale wishing well, the source of life, the joy inherent in being itself.

"This is why I love to talk: You know it never occurred to me before this second but none of the three were really American. Well, they were all American citizens but they weren't WASPS. They were ethnic, even dark skinned. I won't tell you which one was what, that might prejudice you, they are all men after all. These guys are more than their cultural identity. These guys were beyond determinism, they had evolved into their individuality. That's what I'm trying to say, that I have never met a WASP or a fully American identified man who was able to follow his personal identity to fulfillment.

"Some people will tell you that our culture is cruel to women, that the ruling elite takes away women's ability to do this and that, but I feel lucky to be outside of American privilege. The cornerstones of American privilege are, one, trade in your personal identity and your destiny; two, be absorbed into the dominant mind set; three, manipulate the mind set but don't change the game so four, cheat and lie. You might end up with money or status. Other people who are playing the game might roll over and let you kick them, hoping you will scratch their stomachs, throw them a bone. The rules get extremely strict when it comes to expressions of self and creative aspects of individuality.

"I figure I live in a subset of America. My friends, my lovers, my self, we are not washed in the blood of truth. We are unindoctrinated. We are difficult. We are

the wrong color. We have unorthodox religious beliefs. We often feel isolated. We struggle to be true to ourselves and loyal to each other. We are hoping to alter the despair and destruction inherent in the dominant philosophies. We vote with our lives. We think with our hearts. We are the pioneers of experience. Groundbreakers, we are attempting to pour a concrete foundation for peace.

"I chose to leave high born, privileged American men alone, their brand of sadism surpasses my chi. All my lovers have come from the categories of humans you would have found in an average Nazi concentration camp."