

CHAPTER TWO

INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION

"What it feels like when a man takes your thoughts to heart, when he listens and responds, when he is not tempted to lecture or demean, when his focus does not slide away, when your mind working is the most interesting thing in the room, oh my God, the pleasure of his regard when it goes beyond the physical into the mental disposition of faculties.

"My mind is a wild animal, language has yet to tame her. Neither my father nor my mother could catch me. I escaped my teachers. When a teacher was gentle or fantastically learned, my wild mind would sneak up out from the forest to watch from the edge of the clearing.

"Mostly I seemed to confuse everyone. Girls were simply not meant to speak the way I did, whatever that was. I had a boyfriend in high school who made me promise not to speak at all when we were out on dates, I embarrassed his friends, he said, because they couldn't understand me. One night he got mad at me for forgetting to be silent. I had had a drink, we were playing kissing games when I waxed poetic. Later he was mad. He wagged his finger in my face. I had clogs on. I took them off. I threw them at his head, one at a time. One missed. The other broke his glasses. He was ok. He laughed. He'd gained respect for me, for my pitch. He liked my stories. But we decided to break up, mostly because I was an embarrassment, but his main point was that I didn't love him enough to keep quiet. What could I say?

"He had been my first blow job. Whew, that was weird. He was much more experienced than I was, several years older and from a rich family. Now he's some kind of mucky-muck engineer at NASA. We talk to each other sometimes on the phone, at NASA's expense, I presume. He's married for the third time. He likes blonde nymphet types. I keep telling him to "leave the Stepford wives alone." He really believes that he'll find one with her soul intact. I think it's a lost cause, that he's sort of a techno-Don Quixote chasing big bosomed, silk nailed windmills.

"We were on his parents' island for a long weekend in the summer, I think it was Independence Day. I remember that we made love on the beach on the sand in broad daylight. I remember that the gin and tonics his mother made were totally kick ass. And of course I remember my premier blow job.

"We were pleasantly sunstruck. We fucked in the morning before his parents were awake. They had hit the gin and tonics heavily the night before, or maybe it was the various wines with dinner, or the brandy after, or it might have been the rounds of coffee laced with rum. I emerged demurely from my room and he from his. We were teenagers at the time, we could easily manage basic subterfuge.

"The parents tolerated me as a preferred alternative to possibly more extreme ethnicity in what they considered their golden boy's temporary foray into the ghetto, his flirtations with the other side of town. They saw me as the experienced low class girl breaking their boy into his sexuality. They couldn't have been more wrong. He had lost his virginity at fifteen, led up the garden path into the bedroom of an older woman between marriages, bored and inclined to offer herself as sexual mentor to the pubescent sun god, perhaps in revenge for some perceived slight by her best friend his mother. Maybe the mentoress believed she was helping, explaining, graphically, the birds and the quirky behavior of those pesky but useful stinging bees, to her friend's only son, her friend's precious baby, her best friend's repository of mislaid plans and long denied ambitions.

"The very best friend, the same sneaky snake in the grass on the garden path, was there that very same weekend celebrating "United we stand, divided we fall" with husband number four. After breast and face surgery she looked pretty good in a neon pink bikini. Her dark, hairy, debonair husband was evidently proud to have captured himself a genu-eyene Amurrican beauty.

"The new husband was a first generation American who had changed his name, honed his manners and made a bundle messing around with off shore oil rigs. He propositioned me five times that long weekend, once a day and twice Saturday night. Maybe he was too drunk, couldn't count or couldn't control himself, some middle aged guys seem to have a sort of sexual incontinence, their libido spilling out of control. He wasn't too gross, it was easy to forgive him. First he offered me a good time. I smiled sweetly and said I was already having a good time. Next he whispered to me that he would like to feel my small sumptuous breasts, I kid you not, and that he could make me come if I would only let him. I smiled politely and said, "No, thank you."

"The next morning the new husband, the not-so-elegant vampire was staggering back from his run on the beach, his sweat, the smell of his own heat, or those exertion pheromones, must have excited him. The others were in town shopping. The women were shopping addicts. They couldn't go one day without a visit to a store. Even when they weren't buying they had to cruise the counters. The racks, heavily laden, excited their primitive hunt and gather instincts, made them feel fully alive in the deep recesses of their pre-cognitive snake brains.

"I was sunbathing topless on the verandah. Maybe it was those small sumptuous breasts. He actually got down on his knees and begged me that time. He was reaching his hands into his goofy boxer shorts, to take his penis out, so I could see how much he wanted me, when we heard the clatter of eensy weensy nails on pine. The women were back, teeny dogs in tow. He ditched his lascivious smile, donned a nonchalant smirk, went to graciously aid the ladies unload the car. He knew that I knew that he knew that I wouldn't tell his wife.

"That night my boyfriend caught him at it. I had told my beau everything as it had occurred. The event on the verandah bothered him. Whether he was protecting me or his first lover, I don't know, but he was more alert than he had been. He was able to interrupt a proto-gallant, inebriated plea for my phone number. What is it about nubile teenagers that causes middle aged members of the opposite sex to disintegrate moral disintegration?

"My beau came in and very sweetly, I thought, considering the circumstances, put his hand on the man's shoulder. My beau said, "Cut it out, ok?" Man to man code, it worked, until all the hugs and kisses goodbye. When the hairy horny husband leaned over to kiss me on the cheek he whispered discreetly, "I want to fuck you" in my ear. This was not news. This I knew.

"I smiled and said, "Goodbye. It was lovely to meet you."