

Those Were the Days

Weren't they?

Yes, I love women. I love their lack of logic. It is so inventive somehow. I go back to age 19 when I was seduced by a gorgeous 27 year old. We called her Kiki. She was a classic beauty. There was always a twinkle in her gray blue eyes. There was nobility in her high forehead and then there was her body; that incredible hour-glass figure with enormous, beautifully shaped, oversized breast that somehow defied gravity. She had a modest waist and generous hips that rested on thunder thighs.

I loved her body. I loved looking at her body.

We both loved it, in fact.

We both loved looking at it. It was a triumvirate of sorts, really: she, me and that body.

She would stand naked in front of the mirror and admire her breasts which, as I remarked, defied gravity. And I would stand there and look at them with her.

I would look at them beside me and look at them in the mirror. I was really getting a better look than she was. She could only look at them in the mirror while I got two shots for the price of one.

Had I been a glutton voyeur, I suppose I could have got down on my knees to view them in an up angle. Damn, I wish I had done that. It would have so vastly added perspective to my memory of the three of them – I mean Kiki and the left and the right one.

Kiki thought that one of them was slightly bigger than the other. I don't know. Perhaps. I was usually in too much of a trance to scientifically assess them.

I had met her at the wedding of a mutual friend with whom she worked in a major ad agency. The friend was marrying another friend, a former schoolmate who had a mercenary bent, as perhaps did Kiki. I suspect he told her I came from a wealthy family. He foolishly may have believed that.

At the wedding party she said to me that my friend had told her that she and I should get together. He thought we were meant for each other. I was a bit overwhelmed by that and by her generally.

While dancing, she rubbed her great thighs into mine ever so inventively and energetically. It was enough to make a tango dancer blush.

Kiki loved sex and so we had a lot of sex, whenever and wherever it became possible. I once picked her up after work at her ad agency. She had leaned over her desk to reach for something and revealed a generous amount of thigh. It was after five but there was no guarantee that we had the office exclusively to ourselves. At nineteen, however, that is not a worrisome issue. I turned her around and kissed her. We made love half standing, leaning against the desk. In retrospect, risking being discovered made it more exciting, I suppose.

Kiki lived with her mother in a tiny apartment and thankfully, her mother, a dour, petite woman, was often away.

We felt very sophisticated and had decided to marry if and when we needed to. That is, when she became pregnant. And each month she would inform me that it seemed we would need to marry.

I would sink into some sort of low-key shock and make financial plans. I was earning about 20 dollars per week as a glorified office boy at Toronto Fashion Industries and Canadian Style News.

Financial planning can weaken one's knees when one has no finances. It involves mostly scratching one's head for ideas that might bring new income. The process tugs at one's innards as the knees turn to rubber.

But each month, after a week or ten days of worry, she would announce that it was alright after all and I could breathe with relief again and start that lunatic love making again which would bring on the same problem the next month.

Kiki was Catholic and she had mentioned that I should also become Catholic since she couldn't marry a non-Catholic. I was a non-believer but figured that if it would make her happy, I could pretend to be a believer and go to church now and then. I've always liked churches for the architecture. I suspected that the majority of men are like that. Religion is more of a female thing.

But I began to tire of that monthly nightmare of being told that I would become a daddy, and so I bought some condoms. I had tried a condom once before and found them disgusting, but we needed protection. It hadn't occurred to me that in the Catholic religion one is not allowed to use condoms.

Frankly, I think that it must have been a pope way back in history that made up that law after using a condom. They are really lousy. They spoil the whole thing.

Oh, no, it couldn't have been a pope because they are not allowed to have sex at all. I mean, as a Catholic you can only have sex with your wife and Popes are not even allowed to have a wife.

It is not a very sensible religion. If Jesus had lived long enough and had been forbidden to have sex, I bet he would have regretted switching over from being a Jew. Jews are not allowed pork chops or ham sandwiches but they can screw all they want, and many of them cheat with ham sandwiches or the wives of friends.

Well, Christmas came along and some friends of Kiki went to Florida for a week. They left her a sizeable duplex apartment in which to luxuriate by playing house as if we were a settled married couple. And that's when I slipped on the condom before making love.

Wow! That brought on an explosion.

Kiki really lost her cool. She nearly tore off my manhood as she tore off the condom and slapped me with it right across my face. Thank God she spared my manhood. Imagine getting slapped with your own....I can't bear the thought.

She shouted, "How dare you put that thing on. You know my religion forbids it!"

"But...but what we've been doing all along is also forbidden," I protested. "We've been fornicating. I read the bible once. We're not married. I know we're not supposed to do that."

She shrugged and changed the subject. And that's how the feminine mind works. It is highly selective about rules and everything. It takes a lot of effort to keep up with it.

Many, many years later, I came back to Kiki's character while writing a screenplay. I made her an Italian American widow who thought she had a special relationship with God. I named the character Lucia Morosi. In my screenplay, the Kiki inspired Lucia felt that marriages should not be consummated before the souls of the couple are wed and she had made her former husband wait for an entire year before allowing him to share her bed.

The poor man had never been seen to smile since birth but once she allowed him into her bed, the dolt walked around with a ridiculous grin for the rest of his life.

The protagonist in my story goes wild when he hears this and eventually manages to marry Lucia - and then in the happy ending he figures out a way to trick his bride into setting aside this waiting period.

I feel as though I should give Kiki a screen credit for having contributed this character which was only an extension of her character.

Kiki loved double daiquiris. I can't recall what they cost but I recall that I spent more on our dates each week than I earned. I kept taking money out of savings. That made no more sense than Catholicism to me.

I woke up one day and said to myself, "What's the matter with you? You're just a kid and you don't even know what you want to do with your life and you're mixed up with a woman who thinks she is pregnant each month."

And so I told Kiki that we were being very illogical. She needed an older man; a rich man. And I needed to go back to school. I knew I would miss those sessions in front of the mirror when we would both admire her boobs and stuff but I didn't mention that.

She became very stiff and a bit teary-eyed. She cut in half a photo we'd had taken in a nightclub. She gave me the half of that photo in which I was pictured but kept her half. She forgot that I had another copy of the picture which I still have today, nearly 70 years later.

I always try to make light of heavy situations. I said, maybe she could find an older sugar daddy and I could become her lover. She thought that was a horrible thing for me to say and began to cry. I crept out of there feeling like an idiot filled with guilt.

But when I got home I felt lighter and younger. I called an old schoolmate and met him for a beer.

Three months later Kiki met and married a man twenty years her senior and I think they had a good life together.

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FROM THE BOOK: My Hilarious Sex Life