

Thanks for the Mammaries: a Ma'amoir

by

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Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Women

When you get old, the things that you regret will be the things that you didn't do.
—Garrison Keillor
speaking on *A Prairie Home Companion*

This ma'amoir began as the answer to a question. The question was asked by one of my girlfriends. She asked me how many girlfriends I'd had up to that point in my life. I don't remember the conversation that we were having at the time but I do recall that, from the conversation, it was clear to me that she intended her question to mean women with whom I'd had sexual relationships. I told her that I didn't remember, offhand, but that I'd think about it and make a list. After that, I thought about it and then I made a list. It wasn't a very long list but I showed it to her anyway. She looked at it briefly and handed it back to me. She didn't seem to be interested in it. In retrospect, I suppose that she never actually expected me to make the list. Maybe it deprived her of an opportunity to nag me about something. If so, then she found other opportunities to nag.

After I had the list, I added a few comments about each of the women whose names appeared on it. I tried to squeeze the comments between the names. Naturally, there wasn't enough space between the names. The list quickly got messy, so I had to copy it all onto another piece of paper. Then, I added some more comments. I had to transfer the list again. It didn't take long for me to decide to transfer the entire thing into my computer. After that, this ma'amoir was under way.

When she asked me the question that started this ma'amoir, she'd obviously been asking about my past sexual relationships. The ma'amoir started as an account of such relationships. Over the years that I've been working on the ma'amoir, I've expanded the scope of the document. Now, it begins with my relationships with little girls. Whoa! Stop! Put down the telephone! Don't call the cops! I meant relationships with little girls when I was a little boy! (Whew! You just can't be too careful nowadays.) The point is that I was romantically inclined from an early age. This ma'amoir also mentions some adult women with whom I never had a sexual relationship but who were important to me for one reason or another. I've also mentioned a small number of men who were important to me for one reason or another, although not romantically. I'm strictly heterosexual.

The ma'amoir isn't necessarily complete. However, it's as complete as I care to make it for now. Maybe I'll add more later. For now, I think that it's close enough. I expect that many of the women who're mentioned herein might tell a different version of the story, assuming that they'd acknowledge the story at all. If any of them don't like the way that I've told the story, then they can write their own versions. If they deny that it ever happened, then maybe they have bad memories. More likely, they're lying. In many cases, I've used the actual names of the women who're mentioned in this ma'amoir. If any of them don't like it, then they can get their names changed. For reasons of my own, I've disguised the identities of some of them.

In closing this little introduction, I'll make another brief statement. Chasing women is normal behavior for men. It's well established by long tradition. I've always tried to treat the women well and, in some cases, I've treated them better than they de-

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served. In one instance that I can recall, I treated a woman poorly and, for that, I'm sorry. However, this document isn't intended in any way to constitute an apology for my pursuit of women. I'm proud of my successes and regret only the ones who got away. I don't have any sympathy for people who disapprove of my behavior. My opinion of a morality enforcer is just as critical as is his (or her, more likely) opinion is of me.

Betty

I've been interested in women ever since I was old enough to know that there's a difference. I've known that there's a difference almost from the very beginning. In fact, the first thing I remember noticing about the older of my two sisters, after she was born, was that she didn't have a penis. Such a possibility hadn't occurred to me until I observed her lack of one. I asked my mother why Betty didn't have one. My mother told me that little girls do have one but that it's on the inside instead of on the outside. The explanation might not have been anatomically rigorous, but I think that it was a pretty good explanation to give to a curious two-year-old little boy. It satisfied me completely at the time.

Kay

The first friend that I remember having was a little girl. My family was living in Louisiana at the time. The little girl's name was Kay. I didn't get to see her as often as I wanted because I wasn't supposed to leave the yard when I was playing outside. I don't know if my mother was aware of my unauthorized visits to Kay but, if she was, then she didn't say anything to me about it. I'm not sure how old I was. However, I don't remember Betty ever being around during my unauthorized visits to Kay. Betty's about 2 years younger than I am and, after she was old enough to do so, she tended to follow me around. Since she wasn't doing that yet, I suppose that I must have been about 3 or 4 years old.

Kay was a year or two older than I was. She could count higher than I could. Actually, I don't remember for sure if I could count at all, but I was impressed with Kay's ability. She could pronounce words better than I could. She had a larger vocabulary than I did. She could even spell the word *three*. I can still remember the self-satisfied way that she had of pronouncing each letter, ending with a smug little emphasis on the final *e*. From her point of view, the main purpose of our relationship was so that she could tell me how much better she was at everything than I was. In retrospect, I can see that she was practicing to be a feminist and that I was being groomed into submission. I did learn one interesting thing from her, however, that tips the scales against the feminists. Kay explained to me from the fountain of her vast knowledge that little boys have to wear pants with a zipper in the front, and little girls don't. Of course, I was already tracking down that information for myself. I had a little sister.

The Little Girl on the Train

At an early age, I took a train trip with Grandma. I don't remember where we went, or why we went, or how long we were gone. I don't even remember for sure if it was before or after Kay. It's possible, therefore, that Kay might not have been my first female friend after all. I might have met the little girl on the train before I met Kay.

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Whichever was the case, during the train trip, I met a little girl whose name I no longer remember. Maybe I never knew her name. What a cad! What a scoundrel! The next morning, I didn't even remember her name! However, when I met her I temporarily lost all interest in the trip, in Grandma, and even in the train. That's a big deal. Even today, I'm interested in trains. It's been many years since I switched from Playboy calendars to train calendars. I have a shelf of train documentaries on video cassettes and DVDs.

I remember the heady intoxication as me and the little girl ran up and down the aisle, between the seats. I remember my feeling of despair when she was taken away from me, a tragedy beyond my ability to remedy or even to understand. When her and her parents got off of the train, I couldn't understand how such a thing could be possible.

I remember how Grandma bragged to the family, after we got back home, about my railroad romance. She claimed that I'd fallen in love with a little girl on the train. Some forgotten family member scoffed at the idea because I was, according to that skeptic, too young to know anything about love. The skeptic wasn't there. Grandma was.

Diane and Betty

By the time that I was six years old, the family had moved from Louisiana to Texas. I don't know what had changed by then, about me and Betty. We'd been growing up together in the same family and I doubt that there'd been much of a nudity taboo with regard to little kids. Anyway, for some reason, we decided to investigate our differences. At that age, there aren't many such differences, but we observed what there was to observe. As I recall, we did so about two or three times. The encounters were entirely visual events. We certainly didn't have even a clue about anything else to do besides look. After we'd satisfied our curiosity, we didn't have any further such encounters. By the time that we were old enough to have done anything more than look, we were both interested in other people besides each other. Also, we were both well along the way toward being thoroughly brainwashed with Christian bullshit about sin.

I do recall with a certain amusement a particular one of our little encounters, because the little girl from next door joined us. She was about Betty's age. Actually, it was



Bessie Estelle Hanes Milam, Grandma,
probably sometime during 1956



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Betty who invited her. Diane was there mostly for her own reassurance. She didn't want to be a little girl. She wanted to be a little boy. She was extremely anxious that I should compare her and Betty so that I could verify the difference between them. I reinforced Diane's delusion by assuring her that they were entirely different. Diane left, a happy little girl in denial. Even then, the females were confused about their sexuality and demanding the impossible. Even then, I was already making the ridiculous and hopeless effort to appease them.

So far as I can recall something from so long ago, even in all of our youthful innocence, we weren't looking for art, or medical enlightenment, or some socially redeeming value. We were interested in our sexual differences for what they were. People who argue that little kids aren't interested in sexuality are deceiving themselves. People who claim that such things are harmful are wrong. The encounter with Diane might have been harmful for her to the extent that it reinforced her silly delusion about being a boy, but the encounters between Betty and me didn't do either of us any harm. Indeed, I expect that such events between children are much more common than most people are willing to admit. Some people, especially the religious kind, can have highly selective memories when it comes to their own past behavior.

Sharon Dickson and Sandy Meyer

During the first and second grades, at the Boldtville School, I was enamored of Sharon Dickson and Sandy Meyer. My memory of them is that they were soft and fluffy, with long thick hair. Sharon's hair, as I recall, was dark brown. Sandy's was strawberry blond.

At that time, there was a strong peer pressure that imposed a segregation of the genders on the playground. A boy who played with the girls would probably be teased as a sissy. That was unfortunate, because I'd really rather have played with Sharon and Sandy than with any of the boys. The two lovely girls played house by drawing floor plans in the dirt. They were always in need of a boy to play the part of the father to their mother and daughter games. The idea of playing that part drew me almost magically. I played house with them a few times but, mostly, I engaged in rowdy competitive games with the boys. I wasn't any good at such things. I was even less interested in them. It was the fear of being teased that drove me away from Sharon and Sandy.

I knew Sharon and Sandy all the way through high school but, for some reason, nothing ever came of my early infatuation with them. Maybe they ended up running with a different crowd. More likely, the problem was that I didn't run with any crowd at all. Beginning early in Jr. High School, when I was about 12 or 13 years old, the problems with my parents' marriage were getting sufficiently visible that they were beginning to have an effect on me. I gradually began to turn into a loner. As my parents' problems escalated, I had less to do with females. For the next few years, I didn't have very many friends of either gender. There were a few, but not many.

Merry Krieger

I met Merry in the first grade, at the Boldtville School. She had the unique distinction in our school of having been born on Christmas day. Thus, the spelling of her first



—from the *San Francisco Examiner*, Sunday, June 6, 1993

name. My romantic incident with her didn't occur until the second grade. It stemmed from an otherwise unimportant event. That is, one morning as Merry was getting off of the school bus, she stumbled and bumped herself. Her injury was trivial and I expect that she'd already forgotten about it later that morning when I was overwhelmed by sympathy for her. My effort to comfort her took the form of a sneak attack. I snuck up behind her at her desk, kissed her on the left cheek, and ran. Merry was miffed and told the teacher about it while I sat at my desk, gloated silently, and pretended to be innocent. I thought that the affair would end there but, as is often the case, things weren't quite that simple. Fortunately, it was then instead of now. See the cartoon. Otherwise, things might have turned out a lot worse than they did. In fact, the consequences were minor. That evening, my mother asked me to explain the story about the little girl that I'd kissed at school. I was astonished that she knew about it. Such a possibility hadn't occurred to me. I simultaneously denied that any such thing had ever happened and asked her how she knew about it. She said that a little bird had told her. She seemed amused.

I knew Merry through high school. However, that one stolen kiss was the only significant thing that ever happened between us.

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Wanda Brown

Wanda Brown was a little girl who lived more than walking distance from us in Boldtville, around the corner on Foster Road. I think that she didn't go to my school and that I met her because my parents knew her parents. I seldom saw her but I liked her a lot. I recall asking my mother if we could go visit them. I suppose that Wanda's parents must have moved away because, after a brief acquaintance, I never saw her again. I wonder if she'd ever taken a train trip in Louisiana.

Aleta Marie Rhodes

The most serious love of my early life was Aleta Marie Rhodes. I can't be sure, because it was a long time ago, but I think that I can still remember the first time that I ever saw her. I was on the school bus, returning to the Boldtville School from the Harmony Elementary School. I can't be sure after all of these years, but I believe that it was my first day of school in the third grade. My best guess, from memory and from examining old photographs, is that Aleta was one year behind me in school. So, I'm guessing that she must have attended a different school when she was in the first grade. Anyway, as I recall, when the bus stopped at the Boldtville School, I looked out of the window and there she was, waiting with a bunch of other little kids. It was the beginning of a relationship that was eventually disabled by my parents' growing problems, which were beyond my control and possibly beyond Aleta's awareness.



Aleta Marie Rhodes

Our relationship, in its various phases, lasted from the beginning of the third grade for me (my best guess) through high school and into junior college. I saw her less often after I entered junior college but I still saw her occasionally. Even considering only our time together through high school, that's ten years. My first marriage lasted only 14 years. Thus, the relationship with Aleta wasn't a trifling affair, no matter how such things are measured.

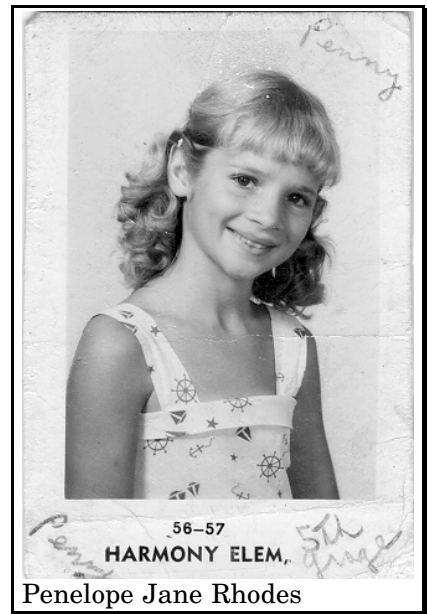
Our romance didn't get physical at first. As I said, peer pressure wouldn't allow much. However, into every life a little change must come. Such change often starts before it's visible. I remember one day riding the bus back home from the Harmony Elementary School. I suppose that I must have been about 10 years old, maybe in about the 5th grade. I was sitting with Aleta. We'd strategically arranged my jacket in our laps and we were holding hands under the jacket. There's a reason why I remember that particular occurrence of what must have been a regular thing. The reason is that Jerry Watkins got suspicious and suddenly yanked the jacket off of our laps faster than we could turn loose of each other. It was embarrassing but it didn't stop us. We were changing for the better and no amount of peer pressure could stop that. Eventually, of course, our peers came around to our way of thinking.

Another incident that I recall with Aleta happened at about that same time or maybe slightly later. Me, Aleta, and Penny were playing a game of hide-and-seek at her house. Penny was Aleta's older sister. She was the prototype for the "ditzy blonde", but she was a lot smarter than she appeared to be. One time when Aleta was *it*, Penny and I scurried into a front bedroom that was pretty much unused. Penny ex-

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citedly said "Quick! Hide in here!" and shoved me into a closet. A few seconds later, the door popped open and she shoved Aleta in with me. I think that they must have planned it in advance. Anyway, I grabbed Aleta for a kiss but she held me off and said "Wait a minute!" She reached into the far end of the closet and pulled a chair toward us. I hadn't known that there was a chair in the closet but, in retrospect, I suppose that it was a part of their plan. She pushed me onto the chair and sat on my lap. What a wonderful idea. I'd never have thought of it myself. Then she gave me the kiss for which I'd been waiting.

A later incident that I remember occurred after a party at the Harmony Elementary School. By then, I was in the 6th grade. Aleta's mother gave all of us a ride home that night after the party. There were four of us: me, Aleta, Penny, and a friend of mine named Dean Edward Atkinson. Dean and Penny were spending time together. Aleta and I were doing the same. There'd been a certain amount of preliminary flirting and we were all looking forward to the ride home. We were already settled into the back seat of the car when Mrs. Rhodes got into the front. Aleta was by the left door and I was close beside her, with my arm around her. Penny was by the right door in a similar situation with Dean. I can still remember the startled expression on Mrs. Rhodes' face when she glanced into the back seat as she was opening the front door to get into the driver's seat. I'll give her credit. She didn't say a word. She just got behind the wheel and drove. It was a wonderful ride. Even today, I feel good about it.



One year at the county fair, I got up the courage to ask Aleta to ride the Mad Mouse with me. Aleta said yes. The Mad Mouse was a little roller coaster that used individual, two-seated cars. The seats were one in front of the other. Naturally, I paid for the ride for both of us. However my hopes were exceeded. In spite of our long experience together, I was still a little bashful about touching Aleta, at least in public. The man who operated the ride, and who had the job of buckling us into the car, knew exactly what I needed. He made sure that I got into the rear position, with Aleta in the front position. There was only one seat back so he instructed her to lean back against me, for her safety. He instructed me to put my arms around her and hang on to her, for her safety. It wasn't the first time in my life that I'd touched her. Even so, it was still pretty close to Heaven. It certainly was a more than adequate reward for saving my funds, all year, for the trip to the county fair.

I recall another incident with Aleta that's kind of amusing. It probably happened while I was in junior high school. It couldn't have been much later than that because of my parents' deteriorating marriage. Some of the neighborhood kids had been visiting and we'd run ourselves ragged with various games. Gradually, everybody had drifted home. By the time that it was dark, only Aleta and I remained. For some reason that I've long since forgotten, we climbed up onto the roof and sat on the ridge,

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gazing off into the distance. As we sat there, we could see through an open window in the house next door, where one of my friends named Burwin lived. He'd gone into his bedroom and had begun to undress for bed. Aleta was so excited about watching him undress that she was almost bouncing up and down on the roof. She couldn't stop exclaiming under her breath about him undressing right there where she could see it. Maybe she was so excited because she didn't have any brothers. Sadly, I didn't take any kind of advantage of the situation. There we were, alone, on the roof, she was excited about a boy undressing, and I didn't even try anything at all. During several of her subsequent visits, we sat on the roof again, but with no results. At the time, I thought that she was waiting to see Burwin undress. In retrospect, she was probably waiting for me to take advantage of our situation. A year or so earlier, back during the time of the Mad Mouse, I might have done so. By the time that we were sitting on the ridge of the roof, watching for Burwin, the deterioration of my parents' marriage was beginning to stifle my ambitions toward women. About the same time, it put an end to visits from the neighborhood kids.

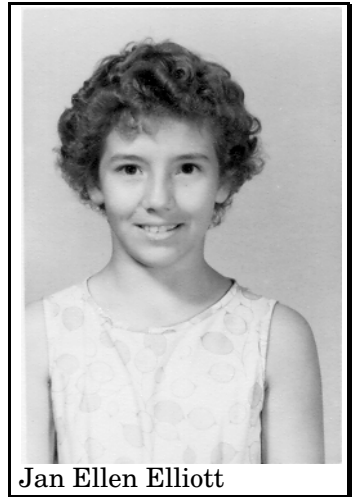
It's fortunate that I spent so much time with Aleta while I could because, by the time that I was in the eighth grade, at about the age of 13, my parents' situation was getting worse. That failure process had been under way for quite some time but it started to become unavoidably obvious. The process lasted throughout my time in high school and junior college, and disabled me from having any useful relationships with women. My relationship with Aleta gradually faded and by the end of high school I'd mostly lost contact with her. I do recall one date that I had with her at about that time. I don't remember for sure but I think that I was in junior college at the time. I wanted to take her to see the movie *The Graduate*. However, I'd heard that it was a very racy movie so I didn't know if I wanted her to see it with me or not. Silly me, I went to see it myself first, and decided that it would be okay to take her to see it with me. I told my mother what I'd done and she seemed amused. That was probably the last time that Aleta and I ever had any contact.

It's a sad fact that, throughout our entire relationship, even after I was in junior college, and in spite of the physical contact that we'd experienced during our early years together, I was never able to have a sexual relationship with Aleta. I doubt if she ever knew why we lost touch with one another. High on my list of regrets is the sad fact that I didn't continue to pursue the relationship. Looking back on it, she was more likely than any other woman that I've ever known to have made a good, faithful, and compatible wife for me for my entire life. Whether she would actually have married me or not, I don't know. However, I'll always regret my failure to at least ask her. The memory of her has made it difficult for me to watch those romance movies with the happy endings. Regret is a lonesome thing.

In later years, I tried several times to locate Aleta but I was never able to do so. I don't know why I didn't try harder. Whatever the case, losing Aleta was the biggest mistake of my entire life. It's too late now. Burwin contacted me, some time after the fact, and told me that, on September 29, 2006, on my 60th birthday, Aleta had arrived at her home and discovered intruders in her house. One of them shot her in the head and killed her.

Jan Ellen Elliott

From an early age, I was included in various family visits and vacations. My brother Tommy, my sister Betty, and I spent a lot of time with our cousins, Michael Glenn Elliott and Jan Ellen Elliott. Back then, we didn't stay in motels or eat in restaurants. We drove between the houses of the various relatives and spent the nights with them. It was customary for the kids to sleep on pallets on the floor. I recall one such visit to some relative somewhere in east Texas. The five of us were bedded down on pallets in the living room. I'd never before been in that house and it was very much unfamiliar to me. We'd arrived late, so I hadn't had an opportunity to become familiar with the place. It was completely dark. There weren't any night lights, any indicator lights on any kind of equipment, or even any street lights. It was completely dark. I woke up sometime that night, needing to go to the bathroom. I stood up and tried to feel my way to something familiar. I fumbled my way past a few sleeping kids and found a piece of furniture. I didn't know what furniture it was or where it was in the room. I felt my way along the wall, looking for a light switch. I couldn't find one. I couldn't even find a door. I groped around the room for a long time and eventually decided that I wasn't going to be able to find the bathroom. So, I left the wall and groped around the room for a while. I eventually found an unoccupied pallet, laid down, and went back to sleep. Fortunately, my bladder was in a lot better condition then than it is now.



Jan Ellen Elliott

Jan and I always liked each other a lot. Of course, we were young enough that we didn't do anything serious. However, there was one time when we succeeded in a minor but satisfying achievement. We were visiting Grandma at her house near Alma, Arkansas. As we were all jockeying for position on the pallets, Jan and I managed to achieve places right beside one another. After the lights were out, we held hands. It doesn't seem like a big deal now but, at the time, we were thrilled by it. The next morning, Jan confided something to me. "Eloise must have seen us," she said uneasily, "because she gave me the evil-eye this morning." Eloise was her mother. Sadly, that was the only daring thing that I ever did with Jan. I'd certainly have enjoyed a more serious involvement with her. She was a sexy and beautiful cousin.

Many years later, in March of 2009, Jan and I got back into contact. Pretty quickly, she began sending lots of email messages of the kind that are endlessly forwarded around the internet. I was already receiving a lot of that kind of thing, so I asked her to stop sending those particular messages to me. I tried to be polite and reassured her that I'd be happy for us to stay in touch with one another, but I didn't want the forwarded stuff. She threw a hissy fit, told me that I needed better social skills, and declared that she would take my address out of her mailing list entirely. I haven't heard from her since then. That entire conversation is available in *Pharos*. Go to *Conversations With Critics* and then to Jan Farr, her name at the time.

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Judy and Diane Bayne

For a while, my grandparents lived on a piece of rural land near Alma, Arkansas, the same place where Jan and I held hands on the pallet. A nearby neighbor, Mr. Bayne, had two daughters of about my age. Needless to say, they caught my attention. However, because of my visits to them I also got acquainted with Mr. Bayne. He seemed to sort of take a liking to me. Today, he'd probably be accused of something and end up in prison. Back then, it was okay for a man and a boy to be friends. Before long, Mr. Bayne invited me to go with him to a job site where he was building a house. Today, somebody'd probably report him to the police. Back then, it seemed to me like an interesting thing to do. In any case, it never hurts to stay on the father's good side when you're interested in one or both of the daughters.



Judy Bayne

I gradually learned that Mr. Bayne was one of the best carpenters around. He could start with a bare piece of ground and build a house. He didn't need to hire a plumber or an electrician or anybody else. He could do the entire job himself. That's what he did for a living. He worked as an independent contractor for some local real estate developers and he built houses. I observed a variety of his skills. For example, he could drive a 16 penny nail with three blows of his hammer, with either hand and in any position. I once saw him do it left-handed while hanging upside down from a rafter, by his knees. He probably had some other tools that I don't recall but I remember a hammer, a saw, a level, a framing square, and a tape measure. I recall that, during one of our trips, he stopped at a hardware store and bought a new framing square. As soon as he got it



Diane Bayne

out to his truck, he tested it to verify that it was exactly square. He didn't use any power tools that I can recall. As often as not, he was working at a remote location at which electricity wasn't available. Back then, they didn't have a lot of the fancy stuff that substitutes for skill nowadays. Hand tools, elbow grease, and a wonderful skill were all that Mr. Bayne needed.

I suggest that all of the ladies might want to skip the next two paragraphs so I'll continue for now without them.

There was one thing about Mr. Bayne that surprised me and embarrassed me a little at first. At home, Mr. Bayne was a complete gentleman. At home, he was **almost** a complete gentleman. However, he did call his Studebaker pickup truck the Stud, even in front of his wife. When he did that, she usually gave him a certain kind of look.

However, after we were on the road, he tended to be a little (how shall I say it?) risqué. At first, I was considerably uneasy about it. After all, I was interested in his daughters and I wanted him to have a good impression of me. I really didn't know how to deal with some of his comments. A good example was his porcupine comment. The first time that I went to a job with him, we were riding along in the Stud and we passed a woman who was walking along the sidewalk in a little town along the way. He pointed at her. "Look at her," he said. "If that woman had as many pricks sticking out of her as she's had sticking in, she'd look like a porcupine!" I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to think. I supposed that he knew the woman and disapproved of her lack of virtue. However, after he'd made the same comment about several other women that we passed in almost every little town along the way, I decided that maybe he didn't know them after all. I guess that he just thought of it as a funny comment.

I can understand Mr. Bayne's penchant for unflattering comments about female strangers a lot better now than I did then. Indeed, his comments were a very normal kind of guy thing. I just hadn't ever encountered that sort of thing before in an adult. Over the years I've accumulated my own little collection of stupid comments that I regard as funny but which I tend not to use in the presence of women. (By the way, I'll suggest here that those incautious ladies who chose to ignore my previous warning and who are still reading this might like to skip the remainder of this paragraph.) One example is, "WoooooWeee! (Pointing) Look at that! I'll bet **her** pussy is fuzzy and smells like a fish!" The comment is in poor taste? Of course it is. That's the whole point. Here's another one. "Wow! With a nice wide ass like that, I'll bet that it'd be damned near impossible to fall off of her!" Or, leaning over to look out the window as a woman walks down the street, "Woo Hoo! Pussy! Snatch! Muff! Cunt! Twat! Bush! Clit! (Pause) Pudendum!" Anyway, that's the idea. For those ladies who didn't skip the paragraph, we don't really mean any harm. It's just a guy thing. Good ol' Mr. Bayne. Also, please be aware that I don't intend by these comments to impugn Mr. Bayne's virtue in any way. If all men had his level of integrity, then it would be a better world than it is.

Welcome back, ladies. I'm happy that your ears remained untainted.

I spent a lot of time with the Bayne family, mostly to be able to see Judy and Diana. I went on several work trips with Mr. Bayne. I sat in the living room with Judy, Diana, and Mrs. Bayne, shelling peas and husking corn. Me and the daughters played the usual childhood games. However, I saw them only during summer vacations with my grandparents. The last time that I went to Alma, Arkansas, after my grandfather had died, I went over to visit Mr. Bayne. He wasn't there any more. The family had moved without leaving a forwarding address. The people who were living in the house couldn't give me any clue about how to find him. For some reason, the new occupants didn't seem very happy to see me. I never saw any of the Baynes again.

Jill Cannon

There were various women in whom I had one level or another of interest during my high school years. However, my parents' circumstances made it difficult for me to

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chase the women. Some of them tried hard to help by chasing me. Foremost among them was Jill Cannon.

I met Jill Cannon while we were attending the Oak Crest Junior High School. I expect that I was about 13 years old at the time. My first memory of her is with regard to a little newspaper clipping that she carried around with her. I remember it because, one day on the school bus, she showed it to me. I don't know where she had found it or what news item it reported but it had a little quote in an inset box. The quote said "Knowledge is knowing that fire is hot.

Wisdom is remembering a burn". Jill said that she kept the clipping because the quote reminded her of me. I suppose that her observation turned out to be prophetic in some ways.



Jill Cannon and me

Jill and I were both at the right age to start getting seriously interested in each other. In every way that I can remember, she satisfied my criteria. However, early in our relationship, she made an unfortunate tactical error. She didn't have any way to know that it was an error. Any other boy of my age probably wouldn't have even paid any attention to it. I believe that it was near the end of our time at the Oak Crest Junior High School. Anyway, this is what happened. One day on the school bus she commented to me that I was a challenge to her because she'd always been able to get any other boy to kiss her, but not me. It's an innocent enough remark and it might have had a very different result, or no result at all, if it hadn't been for three other circumstances in my life at the time.

The first circumstance was my parents' marriage. Because of that, I was getting sensitive about being manipulated by a woman. So, I became afraid that the only reason that Jill was interested in me was to manipulate me into kissing her, so that she could add me to a list. She was a persistent and persuasive young woman and she might well have surmounted my sensitivity, except for one of those chance combinations of events upon which history sometimes turns. That was the second of the three circumstances that I mentioned, just above. It requires a more lengthy explanation.

In response to my parents escalating violence, I was looking for some escape. One of the things that I did in my efforts to ignore my parents' situation was to listen to out-of-town radio stations. I logged the stations to which I listened, noting frequency, call signs, dates, and times. I could spend hours concentrating on the hobby at no cost in terms of funds. I slowly tuned my AM radio across the band, concentrating on faint signals, and listening for the information that I needed for my log. It occupied my mind and it gave me something else to do during the long evenings at home, besides listening to my parents brutalizing one another in the kitchen. During my perusal of the AM broadcast band, I came across a lot of interesting things. There was a Negro station in Nashville, Tennessee. They billed themselves as "WLAC, Nashville Ten-

nessee, the station with more soul than a 15 foot sneaker!" They advertised, among other things, products that would straighten you hair. I heard all kinds of music. I heard news on the Mutual Radio Network, long since vanished into the ether. I heard Sunday morning gospel quartets and several radio evangelists. That brings me to the next event in this combinations of circumstances.

While Jill was trying to encourage my attention, and I was listening to the radio, the third circumstance fell into place. I had a conversation with Mr. Pete McQuire. That gentleman was a pillar of the local Boldtville Presbyterian Church and a teacher of my Sunday School class. During that particular conversation, we chatted about various things, including radio evangelists. I'd encountered a good many radio evangelists and, mostly, I didn't pay any more attention to them than I did to any of the other programming that I encountered. One of the more unusual ones billed himself as *The Christian Jew*. Another one who caught my attention was Herbert W. Armstrong. I mentioned Mr. Armstrong during my conversation with Mr. McQuire about radio evangelists. He nodded and acknowledged that he'd listened to the fellow. For some reason I took that as some kind of an endorsement. I went back and listened more carefully to Mr. Armstrong. I quickly became a faithful follower. After that, *The World Tomorrow* radio program and *The Plain Truth* magazine became very important to me.

I lived in a society where we pretended to be Christians but didn't talk about God or Jesus outside of church, and we didn't talk about sex in polite company. The first of those inhibitions made me apprehensive about telling anybody about my dedication to the teachings of Mr. Armstrong. The second of those inhibitions stifled my willingness to commit a sin. So regarding Jill, I had a fear of being manipulated, a fear of ending up like my parents, and a fear of anything that might make me feel good. Too bad for Jill

It turned out, however, that there were several points of Mr. Armstrong's doctrine that were problems for me. One was Christmas. Mr. Armstrong opposed Christmas as being a pagan holiday. I loved Christmas. The conflict created a lot of stress for me for several years. Mr. Armstrong also advocated that Saturday is the Sabbath. I tried hard to observe the Sabbath but I lived in a culture in which Saturday was the day on which we did a lot of things for which there wasn't any time on other days of the week. It was difficult for me, being largely controlled by other circumstances and embarrassed to reveal my reasons, to properly observe the Sabbath.

I also had some problems with Mr. Armstrong's opposition to scientific ideas such as evolution. Fortunately, one of Mr. Armstrong's failures provided me with a crucial seed of doubt regarding his teachings. What happened was this. Mr. Armstrong always made a big deal out of boasting that he never solicited contributions. Instead, he claimed to survive entirely on contributions that were voluntarily given, without any prompting from him. It didn't take me long to send him a few dollars. Within a few days, I received a letter from him informing me that, since I'd voluntarily given him a contribution, he would thereafter consider me to be a member of his flock, a sort of insider. That made me eligible to receive solicitations for contributions. In his letter, he modified his boast into the claim that he never solicited contributions **from**

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the public. Since I'd voluntarily contributed, I wasn't any longer a member of the public. I was an insider. After that, I was inundated with his requests for funds. I thought that his distinction was phony and that he was lying about never soliciting contributions. I continued to listen to him and to study his teachings for several more years but, in my estimation, his credibility was tarnished by his lie. I was beginning to understand that religion doesn't have anything to do with God. Religion is about domination and control. Even so, it still took me several years and a major change in my situation to actually escape from his grasp. One good thing about recovering from Christianity is that the acquired immunity to it is lifelong.

In spite of my eventual misgivings, I was strongly influenced by the teachings of Mr. Armstrong. They threw an insurmountable obstacle of fundamentalist Christian bullshit in the way of Jill's very natural objectives. She wasn't aware of the obstacle and gamely pursued me throughout most of our time at the East Central High School. She even managed to persuade me to attend various events with her. I never wanted to go on dates with her but I couldn't avoid her. It was a small high school and she could always find me. Then, she'd ask me to go somewhere with her. Ever since the days when Diane wanted to be assured that she was a boy, I've never been any good at saying no to women. So, I always ended up going on dates with Jill, even though I'd have preferred not to.

Jill and her family had aspirations of Jill being a high society debutante, and attending large scale things like formal balls at hotels. I was immensely uncomfortable at such events and, fortunately, there was very little of that kind of thing available to us. I remember only one such event that she actually got me to attend. It took place in a big hotel ballroom that was filled with well dressed adults. We were the only people of our age group in attendance. I had to wear a suit and Jill was, I will admit, dazzling. There was a live band playing formal "adult" music. There was a large multi-faceted sphere turning slowly overhead. We ate a fancy dinner but she didn't insist on dancing. She seemed to be more interested in scampering up and down the hallways on floors where we weren't supposed to be. She also enjoyed taking unnecessary rides up and down the elevators and leaving all of the buttons in the elevators pushed when we got out. Mostly, I just followed her around. We were both fascinated by the suggestion of infinity that we saw when we stood between the mirrors that faced one another across a big, carpeted stairway. I suppose that we were both just country bumpkins. Other than that one big event we were, to the best of my memory, limited to attending small scale events at the high school, where we were surrounded by yokels like ourselves.

Jill's little comment about me being a challenge wasn't the only thing that she said that made me nervous. She was a frequent source of other cute little comments. I recall in particular one such comment that she made that was typical of the sort of things that she would say. I don't remember what we were discussing but I said that she had a point. She smiled coyly and said, "I have two of them." She also made a point of mentioning that she'd borrowed somebody's jacket and discovered that she couldn't zip it closed in front. Sadly, I was frightened by such comments. They were prohibited by my festering fundamentalist Christianity and discouraged by my reac-

tion to my parents' situation. Given those two obstacles, Jill didn't have a chance. Otherwise, we might have "made beautiful music together." Her parents even liked me.

Mary Riether

Mary Riether was a young woman that I knew briefly and saw occasionally during my weekend and summer visits to Austin, with my father. From a bit of conversation that I overheard between Mary and Betty, I knew that Mary was interested in me. As with the other young women that I encountered during my high school years, I was too frightened by her to have any kind of a relationship. It's a sad thing. I missed a lot of opportunities.

Beth Wheat

Beth briefly attended the East Central High School and pursued me while she was there. I felt uneasy around her, probably for the usual reasons. However, as I learned later, there was an extra reason in her case. Anyway, she got acquainted with Betty and after that I didn't have much control over her visits to my house. The relationship with her was unremarkable except for two things. One was the letters. Beth told me that she had a close friend in whom she confided everything. She had, she claimed, told the friend all about me. The friend was, for some reason that I don't recall, unable to meet me. However, the friend wanted to correspond with me by writing letters that Beth would deliver to me. The friend wanted me to reply by letters that I could send to her, via Beth. I received several letters from the friend, by way of Beth. I don't recall whether or not I wrote any letters in reply. In either case, the friend told me things about Beth that Beth hadn't told me about herself. The friend implored me to keep it all a secret from Beth. The letters were invariably complimentary of Beth and critical of Beth's parents. They told of the unfortunate lack of consideration for her by her parents and recounted her high expectations and heroic efforts to prevail against all odds.

Eventually, Beth's family left the area and that brings me to the other of the two interesting details of the situation. After Beth was gone, my mother casually mentioned to me one day that she was really happy that I hadn't become seriously involved with Beth. Naturally, I asked her why. My mother, at that time, worked at the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. It turned out that Beth had been getting treatment there for some kind of a serious emotional problem. My mother had known about it but she didn't tell me about it due to considerations of confidentiality. She just had to keep her fingers crossed and hope for the best. The final surprise that my mother had for me about Beth was regarding the letters. I asked my mother something about Beth's friend and she replied, with an attitude of long-suffering patience, that there hadn't been a friend. Beth wrote those letters herself. Stupid me. I'd never thought of that.

Norma Arnold

I remember one woman, Norma Arnold, from my time at the San Antonio Jr. College. By then my parents' situation, and Mr. Armstrong's teachings, had made it unlikely that I'd ever be able to get involved in anything even remotely enjoyable with a

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woman. Norma had potential and she even got to be friends with Betty. However, there just wasn't any hope. By then I was desperate for some remedy and nothing close to home would do. I had to get away from home.

Interlude: Escape from Home

Looking back on my life, it seems to me that, from time to time, God has nudged me in one direction or another. I suppose that comment calls for a brief explanation.

It seems to me that I've gone to places that, left to myself, I wouldn't have gone. I've done things that, left to myself, I wouldn't have done. I've been forced by circumstances that were not of my planning and that were not under my control to follow a certain path. Left to myself, I'd have done things differently. Also, in my life there's been a long series of coincidences that, each taken by itself, would be only coincidences. Taken all together, they seem like a pattern. I have a theory about such things. The nudge is in the incident. The message is in the timing. So, maybe God has nudged me, along the way, as necessary. I don't know, and I don't want to seem sanctimonious. I'm only speculating.

What happened next might have been one of those nudges. During two years of random study at San Antonio Jr. College during the middle 1960s, I developed a strong interest ecology. While I was developing that interest, I didn't even know what university I would eventually attend. The only place that I'd particularly considered was Mr. Armstrong's Ambassador College, in Pasadena California. My mother flatly refused to send me there. However, by the time that I was nearing the end of my studies at San Antonio Jr. College, my disenchantment with Mr. Armstrong had stiffened to the point that I didn't push the issue about going to his college. There wasn't any doubt that I had to go to college somewhere because, otherwise, I'd be drafted and sent to Vietnam.

My interest in ecology turned out to be a decisive factor in the choice of a University. If I'd been interested any other field of study, then I'd have been able to get it at the University of Texas, in Austin, Texas. My father owned a house in Austin. He had friends in Austin. He had job opportunities in Austin. If I'd attended the University of Texas, then I'd have had to live in my father's house. He'd have found a job in Austin and moved there to live with me. I don't believe that, either consciously or unconsciously, I expressed an interest in ecology for that reason. However, ecology was the only course of study that couldn't be obtained at the University of Texas. For that, I had to enroll in the Wildlife Science Program at Texas A&M University. I had to get away from home and the Wildlife Science program did the trick. It wasn't available anywhere except at Texas A&M University. By selecting that field of study, I did an end run around the hints that I'd been getting that it would be a lot less expensive if I went to the University of Texas, in Austin. Texas A&M University was a comfortable 160 or so miles from home in a location where my parents didn't own any property and where I didn't have any relatives. That's why I speculate that my preference for ecology, at that point in my life, might have been a nudge.

Somehow, my parents came up with the funding and I made the arrangements. Even so, it was difficult to get away. When the time came for me to leave, I'd intended to simply drive away in the 1959 Ford Ranchero that my father had bought for me while

I was attending San Antonio Jr. College. My father had other plans. I didn't become aware of those plans until the proverbial last minute. He wasn't convinced that I needed a vehicle at college. He insisted on going with me when I went to enroll. He said that he hadn't yet made up his mind about letting me keep the Ranchero at college and that he wanted to look at the parking lots. I wanted to go alone. It was entirely contrary to my motivation at the time to have him come along with me, but he insisted. I was afraid to object for fear that the whole deal might vanish. Eventually, we got me checked into a room and my father decided to let me keep the Ranchero at school with me. He rode home on the bus. Nothing personal, but I breathed a sigh of relief when he finally left.

I learned one valuable lesson from Poppa's plan to possibly take back the Ranchero. Later, after I'd driven the Ranchero to Idaho during my first work semester, more about that later, he did take it back. After that, my parents bought a 1961 Plymouth station wagon for me. He was at work when I took possession of the station wagon so I immediately drove it to town and transferred the title into my name. The next day, he told me that we were going to go to town that day and get the title transferred. I told him that I'd already done it. He asked me who's name I'd put it in. "Mine," I replied. He looked annoyed but he didn't say anything more about it. I got to keep the station wagon until I decided for myself to get rid of it. However, that all happened some time later.

To get back to my first semester at Texas A&M University, once I was there I found myself between a different kind of rock and a different sort of hard spot. After all of the years of torment at home, and the absolute necessity of getting away from it, I was so homesick that I could barely function. I didn't really have any choice. I had to stay there, so I did. At least I was away from the situation that had driven me into radio evangelism. I'd already started to recover from the disease of fundamentalist Christianity, and being at Texas A&M University enabled me to continue to recover.

Wildlife Science didn't turn out to be quite what I'd expected. I'd envisioned careful studies of the environment, learning how plants and animals lived with one another, research into the ways that we could accommodate the environment and live our lives without ruining the world, that sort of thing. The Wildlife Science Program at Texas A&M University wasn't much like that. I remember one field trip where we spent three days catching tiny fish in seines by walking up and down muddy local creeks and wading through muddy local ponds. We slept in wet underwear in the back seats of our cars and got up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning to get into cold, wet, muddy clothes for another day of the same. The high point of our activities was to sort the dead fish after we'd caught them, count the numbers of spines in their dorsal fins or the numbers of spots on their noses, and then drop them into containers of formaldehyde so that we could memorize their scientific names later and then use them for specimens on the mid-term exam.

The scientific names, I believe, is what eventually finalized my decision to leave the Wildlife Science Program. The longer I stayed there, the more scientific names I had to memorize. It was an atrocious waste of my time. I learned the exact names of hundreds of different kinds of worms, fish, weeds, etc., regurgitated the names on ex-

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ams, and then promptly forgot them forever. In much less time, I could have learned what kinds of characteristics were important to distinguish one species from another, and then learned how to use the extensive keys that were easily available to identify any species as necessary. I concluded that if I eventually worked in the field of Wildlife Science, then I'd learn the names of the species with which I worked because I'd be working with them. I didn't need to know the others. In the unlikely event that I did need to know the name of some other species, I could either look it up in a key or ask a colleague who was familiar with that kind of critter. What I wanted to do was to study the principles of ecology. I wanted to learn how creatures lived together and how they affected one another. What they had me do instead was an outrageous waste of my time, intelligence, and motivation. After about a year of it, I couldn't stand it anymore. The students were yokels and the courses were tedious. Worse yet, too many of the instructors were bores or nincompoops. Those deficiencies, as it happens, aren't limited to the Wildlife Science Department at Texas A&M University, but I didn't know that at the time. So, after slightly more than three years of college, counting slightly more than two years at San Antonio Jr. College, I changed my major from Wildlife Science to Nuclear Engineering. It was the same thing as starting over again at the beginning.

Part of the Nuclear Engineering Program was the availability of the Cooperative Education Program. That program allowed me to remain registered as a full time student every semester, but to work full time, on alternate semesters, at a job to which I was assigned by the program. In retrospect, that sounds very much like the modus operandi of a USSR training program. However, I was much less sophisticated politically then than I am now. The Cooperative Education Program filled several of my needs. First, my parents couldn't afford to keep me in college. I was already working at various part-time jobs to earn the extra funds that I needed but the funds that I was earning weren't sufficient. See my memoir *Outward Bound*. I needed the additional funds that I'd get from working full time, at a real job, in order to stay in college. Second, the Cooperative Education Program allowed me to work full time without being drafted. That is, the rules of the Draft Board limited me to part-time jobs and required me to remain continuously registered as a full-time student. Otherwise, the arrogant thugs would have drafted me and sent me to Vietnam. It's yet another similarity between the USA and the USSR. My choices were to either work in a government approved program or to go fight in a nationalistic war of aggression in a foreign land. The situation was a big mistake for the government. It alienated me. It's part of what turned me into an enemy of the government. I might not be a formidable enemy but I am a persistent one. To this day, I continue to advocate the dissolution of the U. S. government.

The Cooperative Education Program allowed me to work full-time on alternate semesters while still remaining registered as a full-time student during those semesters. I didn't hesitate about joining. In that program, I earned sufficient funds during my 4 semesters of full time employment that, combined with part-time jobs at school, help from my parents, and loans from Elaine's father, after her and I were married, I was able to stay in college.

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Schedule of College Semesters and Cooperative Education Work Semesters

Key SAJC: San Antonio Junior College, San Antonio, Texas
 A&M: Texas A&M University, College Station, Texas
 NRTS: The National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho

	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
1964						SAJC			SAJC			
1965	SAJC					SAJC			SAJC			
1966	SAJC					SAJC			A&M			
1967	A&M					A&M			NRTS			
1968	A&M					NRTS			A&M			
1969	NRTS					A&M			NRTS			
1970	A&M					A&M			A&M			
1971	A&M					A&M			Done			

Lane Brown

While all of that was going on, I met Lane Brown. She was a hippie. Actually, I'd better explain that. Texas A&M University was an excruciatingly conservative place. There were three main categories of students. The largest category was the students who were in the ROTC. We hippies called them CT's, for Corp Turds. The other large faction on campus was what we called the Goat Ropers. They wore cowboy hats, cowboy boots, blue jeans, and spoke their own language. I don't know if they even had a written language. I can translate a few phrases of the spoken version. For example, if a Goat Roper wanted to say, "I'm going home now", he'd say, "Wull, imonna goat tha house." It has to be spoken out loud for it to make sense. If he wanted to tell somebody that he was going to drive his car to town, he'd say, "Wull, imonna curry Ol' Blue ta town". Ol' Blue was the car, unless Ol' Blue was already the dog. Then the car would have a different name. Here's another example. "The place for which you're searching is six blocks toward town on College Avenue". The Goat Roper version of that was, "It's over yonder a piece" accompanied by a vague wave of his hand in the appropriate direction. The other category of students was hippies. Anybody who wasn't either a CT or a Goat Roper was a hippie. It was that simple. There weren't any other categories, although I once heard a rumor of one dorm full of students from the Middle Easy, referred to as Camel Jocks. I don't know if they actually existed. I never saw any camels or any Camel Jocks, so I don't know. Needless to

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say, us hippies were a pretty diverse bunch of outcasts. In San Francisco in 1967, Lane Brown would have been viewed as a country bumpkin. At Texas A&M University in 1967, she was a hippie.

Lane was the first woman with whom I considered the possibility of a real relationship. Before we go any further, let's clear up an important point. Young women might be interested in romance and marriage in addition to sex. Young men are interested in sex. Expressions of interest beyond that are camouflage and protective coloration. Men learn to say whatever a woman wants to hear, to get a woman to cooperate, but the motivation for men is sex. I was interested in sex but my puritan background, my Christian brainwashing, and the emotional trauma caused by my parents' situation wouldn't let me admit it to myself. Lane was my first attempt to get honest with myself in that regard. As I look at her picture now, she still affects me. I loved her then and I love her now or, at least, the memory of her.



Lane Brown, Summer of 1967

Lane was regarded by a few of my colleagues as not being particularly attractive, but I never understood why. I thought that she was irresistible. She certainly had all of my attention. I spent a lot of effort in trying to get close to her but she just wasn't interested in me. I did discover, however, that I could always get a date with her if I'd include food in the agenda. She never refused a date if it included a restaurant. I had several dates with her but I spent more funds than I should have in restaurants. Lane and Elaine, my future wife, were roommates near the end of the period of time that I was courting Lane. Many years later, after I'd married Elaine, I learned something about why Lane wouldn't get into a relationship with me. Back during the time that I was courting her, she'd confided in Elaine that I scared her. She said that I was too serious. It seems that I don't make women feel safe

My assignment in the Co-op Program was in Idaho, at the National Reactor Testing Station. I intended to leave for Idaho shortly after the end of the summer semester in 1967. One day shortly before I left for Idaho, I was visiting Lane, which I did at every opportunity. While I was sitting across from her at her dining room table, and trying to think of something to say, I casually mentioned that it would be only another week until I left for Idaho. She suddenly looked surprised and said, "That's the amazing thing about you, Sam. You don't say anything much, you just go ahead and do what you said you were going to do." As the time for my departure approached, Lane mentioned that she'd be at home between semesters. Since I'd be traveling during the semester break, she invited me to stop along the way and visit her and her family. Did I dare hope? Maybe she was changing her mind. In retrospect, it seems that, maybe, it was God nudging me again.

I made a quick trip home to San Antonio to make a couple of last minute arrangements before heading for Idaho. When I got there, a snag developed. My father announced with great excitement that he'd obtained two weeks of vacation and that he was going to Idaho with me. He viewed it as a big surprise for me and I must admit that I was surprised. He was overjoyed and I was dismayed. It looked to me like a replay of my original trip to Texas A&M University, when he'd insisted on going with me. I wanted parental supervision during my trip to Idaho even less than I'd wanted it when I'd enrolled in college. Not only that, I was afraid that he might decide to drive back to Texas in the Ranchero and leave me without transportation in Idaho. In embarrassment and confusion, I improvised. I mentioned something about a plan to visit a certain young lady along the way and suggested that it might complicate things if he was there. He seemed terribly disappointed, but I was still trying to break away from home. It didn't occur to me, at the time, that maybe he, too, needed to break away for a while. The last thing that I needed was my father intruding into my fragile independence. Although he spoke of it several times during later years, he never got to make his trip to Idaho. To this day, I grieve over the bitter disappointment that he must have felt, and I feel guilty that I caused it for him, but I had to get away and I had to do it alone. Only one time in my life did I ever see him more unhappy than he was then. That was in 1995, I think. I'd visited him at his home in Poteet, Texas. His health was failing. The only help that he had was from two members of the family who weren't actually helping but, as I understand it, were selling all of his stuff, bit by bit, to support their alleged drug habits. It was obvious that he wanted me to stay, and take care of him. I had obligations and problems back home, in California, from which I couldn't escape. The living conditions at his house were horrible. I didn't stay. A friend of the family arrived to give me a ride to the depot, to catch the train. As we backed out, he sat on the porch, in his wheel chair, and watched. Never in my life, either before or since, have I seen such an utterly unhappy man. It's the saddest memory of my entire life.



I don't have any pictures of Poppa from the time that I was in high school or college. This picture was taken several years later. I'm not sure but I think that it was taken sometime during 1988 or 1989.

Lane's family lived in Groesbeck, Texas. I stopped there for dinner and then took her out somewhere. I don't remember now where we went or what we did but it was the first time I ever got up the courage to actually try to touch her. In the Ranchero, on

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the way to our destination, I was so bold as to actually reach out and take hold of her hand. Not until many years later in my life did I encounter such an unresponsive response from a woman. Holding hands with her was kind of like holding a wet cloth. Her hand remained utterly limp. She didn't make any effort whatsoever to resist the contact. She just acted as if nothing in the world could possibly be less important. After a minute or two of that, I contrived to need that hand for the steering wheel and was able to turn loose of her without losing too much of my pride in the bargain. The next morning, I headed for Idaho.

Interlude: The Open Road

No matter what I did, things only seemed to get worse. I'd finally been adjusting emotionally to Texas A&M University and, when I headed for Idaho, I was feeling pretty good. I was heading out on a great adventure, all alone, just like in the movies. All of my childhood dreams of travel, far distant places, and the open road were being realized. I was grown up, on my own, and heading out into the world. My euphoria lasted for a few miles and then I started to get lonely. The further I got from Texas A&M University, the more lonely I got. All of those travelling dreams, watching shows like Route 66 on the TV, the romantic fascination of avidly following Highway 87 on my highway map, all the way from San Antonio, Texas to Havre, Montana didn't seem to be there any more. I remember somewhere along the way where I topped a hill and saw, receding off into the distance, one long, straight stretch of two-lane highway through an utterly bleak and barren landscape. I remember feeling amazed the men would even bother to build a road in such a place.

When I got to Idaho, I was more lonely and homesick than I'd ever been in my entire life, even more so than when I'd first arrived at Texas A&M University. In Idaho, I didn't even have roommates. I lived alone in a little one-room apartment. My job was way out in the desert, miles from town. The desert was a bleak and depressing landscape of sagebrush and lava rock, without a tree for miles. In spite of the way that traveling, far places, and the call of the distant horizon are glamorized in this country, I suppose that I'm just not the travelling type.

My first day at the Site, as us cliquish insiders called it, did include one bit of comic relief, although I didn't recognize it as such until much later. I was young, naive, and just getting started in what I'd anticipated would be a glossy, high-tech, high prestige, glamour industry. Remember, I was a country bumpkin from a small country high school. I had a background not in technology but in animal studies. The Site was located on a large tract of land that was remote from Idaho Falls which was itself a rather remote place. That lent a mysterious cloak and dagger aura to the situation. I figured that if they needed to put it so far away from everybody, then it must be romantically dangerous. They even had security guards, which weren't as pervasive then as they are now. I'd even been required to complete a very comprehensive Personnel Security Questionnaire and apply for a security clearance from the Atomic Energy Commission. By the way, that was a sorry misnomer. It isn't **atomic** energy. Atomic energy comes from rearranging atoms, like when carbon atoms combine with oxygen atoms to form carbon dioxide and release energy. A campfire is atomic energy. It's **nuclear** energy. Nuclear energy comes from rearranging nuclei,

like when the nucleus of a uranium atom splits into two or more smaller nuclei, releasing energy. And regardless of the mutterings of Herr Bush, it isn't nuclear energy. It's nuclear energy, pronounced like it's spelled. Anyway, the suspense of getting involved in such a secret enterprise was fraught with James Bond style glamour. Employees normally didn't even drive to work. They rode on big buses operated, to the best of my memory, by the Idaho Nuclear Corporation.

My first morning, I waited nervously at the bus stop. I anticipated that the 40 mile trip out to the Site, along Highway 20, would be filled with eager discussions among highly motivated engineers and scientists anxious to start another day of grappling with the tough challenges of wringing energy from the reluctant nucleus. I expected to see laps full of notepads and clipboards, slide rules being wielded, pencils being relentlessly applied to paper, and the occasional and deeply respected thoughtful silence of a scientist pondering his mysterious projects for the coming day. The bus arrived. The door opened. Filled with nervous anticipation, I climbed the stairs, handed my ticket to the driver, and turned to face my eager new colleagues. Everybody was asleep.

I found an empty seat and sat down. Somebody woke me when we got to the Site but my first day didn't go well. My boss had expected somebody who was well into the degree program and I'd scarcely begun. He was openly disparaging of my background in Wildlife Science and overtly disappointed with my lack of qualifications. He made a big deal out of trying to find some project simple enough that I wouldn't be too stupid to handle it. That was pretty much the standard for the entire semester. It was a dismal work assignment with few redeeming virtues.

In the evenings, my time was my own and there sure was a lot of it. Idaho Falls was a dead sort of place, even for someone from Bexar County, Texas. There just wasn't much to do. One evening, I ventured alone to the local drive-in theater but, as fate would have it, they were showing *Dr. Zhivago*. The story was so dreadfully depressing that I left in the middle of it. That was a good thing. I was already more lonely and homesick than I'd ever been in my entire life. Who knows what I'd have done if I'd stayed long enough to see the ending?

One evening, I wandered into a bar. I don't drink and I don't like bars but I was desperate. I was sitting on a barstool drinking a Coke when one of those typically overly-friendly and overly-pushy drinkers asked me what I was drinking. I told him that I was drinking Coke. He acted like I was a nitwit and insisted on buying a drink for me. I told him that I didn't want a drink. Nevertheless, he insisted. After the thing was sitting there on the bar in front of me, he insisted that I had to drink it. When I didn't, he was insulted. I despise drunks who insist that other people have to get drunk.

Weekends were even worse. I wandered randomly around town and one Saturday I found myself in a lonely and deserted YMCA. Actually, it wasn't completely deserted. There was a fat and taciturn attendant at the front door. I went to the YMCA from time to time. As a lonely and deserted place, it suited me. One day, when I was playing a desultory game of one-man pool, a hoodlum walked in. He was complete with a slick hair style and a leather jacket. However, he wasn't convincing. First, he looked almost as lonely as I was. Second, why would an honest-to-God hoodlum be

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hanging around a YMCA? And where was his gang? For that matter, Idaho Falls just didn't seem like the kind of place that would have hoodlums. It turned out that he was a hoodlum in somewhat the same sense that Lane Brown and I were hippies. It was another nudge.

S. F.

The hoodlum's name was John Burkman but, at the time, he was going by the name of Doc. He eventually joined the navy and disappeared from my life for about 25 years. However, it was through him that I met J. F. and S. J. F. was his girlfriend so, at first, I dated S. I must admit that J. F. was more interesting. If she hadn't already been involved with the only friend that I had for hundreds of miles, then I'd have dated her instead of S.

I also met the two brothers and their mother. Those people all became good friends of mine and we each had unexpected influences on one another. One notable example occurred a few semesters later, and followed from a situation that seemed quite innocent at the time.

One of the men that I'd met at Texas A&M University was named John McCracken. He was a graduate student in mathematics and I met him through Elaine. I've already mentioned her a few times but she doesn't play a large part in this account until later. Anyway, John's one goal after graduation was to go live in Idaho Falls. He was a weird fellow. Few people had even heard of Idaho Falls, yet he wanted to move there after college, with a graduate degree in mathematics. Oh well, he was a hippie. What else could you expect? Naturally I gave him the names and address of my friends there. I suggested that he might like to visit them. I didn't have any particular expectation except that he'd be in a far and lonely place and that some friends might be a good thing to have. If pressed, I might have speculated a remote and unlikely possibility that he might develop a relationship with either J. F. or S. What actually happened astonished me. He married their mother. Never in my wildest imaginings had I anticipated such a thing. They remained married until the day that she died, many years later, on December 30, 1992.



Me and S, late 1967

It turned out that S and I weren't very compatible in terms of personality. Still, neither of us had much of a crowd from which to choose. Thus, we hung out together a lot. In spite of our personality conflicts, we got into some really heavy making out. S was the first woman with whom I'd ever been in close sexual contact. Given my attitudes about sex, sin, and women, my sessions of making out with her were, in a way, as traumatic for me as much of what had happened to me in the past. It was very

easy to get her completely undressed and I came close to actually making love to her on more than one occasion. She was young, healthy, and ready to go but, in fact, I was afraid to do it. That must have been even more difficult for her than it was for me. At the time, I wasn't in a fit frame of mind to notice her problems. Who knows? The stress caused by my failure to take our encounters to their logical conclusion might have been part of the reason for what I viewed as our inability to get along with one another. At the time, I didn't consider the possibility that maybe I was a part of the problem or, maybe, even the entire problem. If S ever tried to tell me, then I wasn't listening.

S had some friends that I didn't like at all. They all hung out at the home of a woman named Brenda. I didn't like Brenda but S liked visiting her and often persuaded me to take her there. I thought that they were all deadbeats, troublemakers, ne'er-do-wells, and so forth. I was particularly wary of a young woman named Tracy. She had a flock of little kids and didn't know what was causing them. Nobody seemed inclined to explain it to her, although there was a certain amount of whispering behind her back about how stupid she was. Naturally, she didn't know who the various fathers were. I was always intensely uncomfortable at Brenda's house. I was always glad to leave.

S and I felt very strongly about each other but we just couldn't avoid antagonizing one another. After I got involved with Elaine, covered later in this ma'amoir, I dumped S rather callously. I was back at college at the time and I'd fallen in love with Elaine, the woman that I eventually married. Anyway, S called me during the Thanksgiving holiday in 1968. I didn't even want to talk to her and I got rid of her after a brutally short telephone conversation. I didn't realize, at the time, how cruel I'd been. She told me later that she'd cried for hours after the telephone call. I'm sorry that I hurt her so severely. It's little consolation to either of us that I did it without any actual malice. I'm afraid that S was one of my more dismal failures in my list of relationships with women.



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S and I lost contact with one another after I graduated from college in 1971 but she sent me a Christmas card in 1986. We wrote a few letters to each other during 1986 and 1987. In one of the letters, she sent me a family picture that included her daughter. I was amused to notice that the daughter sure looked a lot like S had looked, many years earlier. I wondered if she would be as “healthy” as S had been. Probably. I suppose that gave S something to worry about. Here’s my theory. If a mother assumes that her daughter will behave the same way that the mother did, when she was that age, then she’ll always be a step ahead of the daughter. If she assumes that the daughter will behave “properly”, then she’ll never be able to keep up.



S's daughter C, left, in 1985

I saw S again, briefly, during a visit to Idaho in September of 1992. She made a long drive so that she could be in Idaho Falls during my visit. The whole group of us went to lunch and then spent some time at the house of the older of the two brothers. It was a pleasant reunion but I'd never have recognized S if I hadn't known beforehand that it was her that I was going to see. She seemed (naturally, I suppose) a lot older, slightly lined, and somewhat worn. One notable change was in the way that she presented herself. She had a short professional haircut and acted too much like a career feminist for my taste. Otherwise, her behavior was very relaxed and pleasant.

After I moved to Idaho in October of 2003, I occasionally saw S. She remained a rather hard-bitten feminist career woman and I just didn't have much interest in associating with her. She retained, after all of those years, her natural talent for saying things that annoyed me. It felt like she was always trying to pick a fight. I tried my best to be courteous and didn't go out of my way to be in her presence. When I had to be in her presence, I tried to keep my mouth shut. Neither of us ever mentioned our powerful romantic relationship of earlier years. It was as if it had never happened. Knowing what I now know about the selective memories of women, I expect that S probably doesn't even remember it.

Interlude: A Dead Zone

My emotional condition, while I was in Idaho, was difficult. Although it wasn't obvious to me at the time, I was still plagued by the legacy of my parents' brutal relationship. S's sister told me, many years later, that they'd all thought, at the time, that I was an orphan. She said that I never under any circumstances even remotely mentioned anything at all about having a family. I wasn't intentionally hiding it but, apparently, I hid it. I was also struggling with the feelings of inadequacy that resulted from my first semester at the National Reactor Testing Station. More about that later, and

see my memoir *Outward Bound*. My situation was affected by the residue of my previous commitment to fundamentalist Christian bullshit. My feelings of loneliness and homesickness were eased a lot by the time that I spent with John Burkman and the Fs, especially during my first semester in Idaho. After the first semester, John was in the Navy, but the Fs remained a big part of my life.

I don't remember a lot of the things that we all did together. I suppose that it was a result of my emotional stress but, mostly, a lot of that period of time is just a blank place in my past, with occasional memories of isolated events or situations. I remember a trip to Reno with John and J. F. That would have been during the first semester in Idaho Falls, before he left to join the Navy. What I remember of that trip was standing in front of a little church with them. On a whim, they were planning to get married. John asked me to talk him out of it, so I did. I don't remember how J. F. reacted. I remember a trip to Lake Tahoe, with S. What I remember of that trip is looking at a waterfall and then being amazed by the unusual shade of blue of the lake. I remember a picnic in the mountains with S. We were laying on a blanket but we had to retreat to my Ranchero because of a sudden thunder storm. I remember visiting the Fs at their home. That place was a sort of refuge from the world for me and I spent a lot of time there.

During the first semester, while John and J. F. were still going together, I spent a lot of time in the basement with S. I remember her teasing me about being afraid to grab her by the boobs. She teased me mercilessly until, eventually, I did it. I remember, when I first put my hand on her boob, her facial expression was, briefly, a sort of ecstasy of pleasure and triumph. During another of our basement sessions, she teased me until I wrestled her to the floor and gave her a hickey on her belly. She ran upstairs and, complaining in delight, told her mother about it. Her mother seemed amused. Later, after I was more involved with J. F., I remember driving out of the driveway, once, and looking back, in my rear view mirror, at the front of their house. J. F. had just walked up to the front picture window without any clothes on. I hit the brakes, honked the horn, and waved at her in the rear-view mirror. She jumped back away from the window. She later told me that her mother had been amused by the incident. I think that their mother would have been happy to have me marry either of the daughters. However, most of my time with them is, sadly, a blank place in my past. When I try to think about it, I get a feeling of nostalgia and loss.

John and J. F. have told me stories of things that we did together, especially during the first semester, and I don't have any memory of those things at all. They told me about a fancy horn that I rigged up on my Ranchero. When I pushed the horn button, it would play a little tune. We used to honk it while driving through the underpass on Yellowstone Avenue, and enjoy the echoes. I don't remember a thing about it. They told me that, once, while we were driving through the mountains, we encountered a dead raccoon on the road. I don't even remember driving through the mountains. Anyway, on that particular trip, we stopped, picked up the raccoon, put it on the roof, and then drove all over Idaho Falls honking the fancy horn and trying to attract attention to our dead raccoon. I don't have even the vaguest recollection of that escapade. I suppose that those memories are one more thing to add to my list of loss. In

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many ways, my life has been a series of failures, frustrations, and disappointments. Nevertheless, I'm thankful for the memories that I do have and, especially, for the friends that I had. The bright side, I suppose, is that for a while they were able to entertain me with reminiscences that were totally new to me. I haven't seen any of them now since October of 2003, and probably never will again. Time slips away.

By the fourth semester, I was married to Elaine. I still spent some time with the Fs, but not much.

Jan F.

My acquaintance with John Burkman was interrupted, during my first semester in Idaho, when he joined the Navy and went away. Loyalty to an only friend is all well and good but, after he joined the navy, Jan and I spent a certain amount of time together. Actually, she was the first woman to whom I ever actually made love. At the time, I was kind of young, very brainwashed by the stupid Christian fear of sin, and very frightened by the not so stupid fear that she'd get pregnant. However, Jan was young, lusty, and insistent. People at that age are filled with energy and bursting with hormones. I was equally desirous, but afraid.

I'd grown up at a time and in a place where information about contraception was almost entirely unavailable to youngsters. During my entire life prior to that night with Jan, there were only four instances that I can now recall when I'd encountered any such information. One was a mysterious machine on the wall of a gas station restroom. That machine bore the cryptic and not very helpful message "Intended for the prevention of disease only." Another encounter with cryptic information about contraception had occurred several years earlier. That one resulted from a strident criticism by Mr. Armstrong of lascivious women who carried contraceptives in their purses. I knew what a purse was. Webster defined contraceptive in a way that seemed to use as many words as possible without actually providing any useful information. Webster was the only source of information that was available to me, so I didn't learn anything. The final nugget of information at my disposal on that fateful evening hailed from the day when my father had undertaken to have "that talk" with me. I'm sure that he did his best but all that he really told me was that masturbation is normal, that there were ways to keep a woman from getting pregnant, and that if I ever needed something like that then he'd get it for me. Our mutual embarrassment during the conversation made it absolutely certain that I would never under any circumstances whatsoever make any such request of him. Besides that, by the time that I needed the help Poppa was hundreds of miles away, it was late at night, and Jan was laying there on my bed naked, panting.

I was in a quandary. It wasn't disease that I was concerned about that evening so I didn't need one of those things from the gas station, whatever they were. Eventually, the only thing that I could think of to do was to masturbate first (well, Poppa had said that it was normal), hoping to reduce the possibility of getting her pregnant. It was a stupid idea and I'm still embarrassed by it. Jan teased me about it for years. However, it was the only idea that I had. Even though it was a stupid idea, it did get me past the obstacles. It turned out that I needn't have worried about it. There wasn't

any sin involved and, after all of these years, Jan has never become pregnant. In later years, she joked and bragged to various people about “devirginizing” me.

Jan and I spent a lot of time together. I recall, on one date, we'd been to A&W's and bought some stuff to take with us. I was driving the Ranchero and had stopped at a red light. Just a couple of seconds before the light turned green, she sat her vanilla shake on the dash board. When I accelerated into the intersection, after the light changed, the whole thing landed upside down in her lap. I thought that she handled the situation with great gentility. We dated a lot, but the incident with the vanilla shake is the only thing that I remember.

Many years later Jan told me that, while we'd been dating, I'd bought for her a deep-fryer and that we used to retire to my room after our dates, where she'd make french fries for us. I don't remember anything at all about that.

Interlude: Some Good Friends

Although this ma'amoir is intended to recount my various romantic relationships, I don't object to an occasional digression that doesn't necessarily have much to do with romance, or even with women. David, the older of Jan's two brothers, more than deserves a few paragraphs in this ma'amoir. I spent a good bit of time with him. Maybe that was because he was several years older than the younger of the two of them. I don't know for sure. Anyway, there were various interesting things that happened during the time that I spent with him. For some reason, he tended to follow me around a lot. Maybe there was an element of hero worship in his attitude toward me. I don't think that I deserved any hero worship but, even so, there were a lot of reasons why he would have been interested in me. He was just a kid and I was a “college man”. I was a traveller from a distant place. I was usually dating one or the other of his sisters. I was frequently present with his family so there were ample opportunities for him and me to spend time together. I recall one evening when we blew a fuse. I suppose that statement requires a little explanation.

While I was in college, I'd been experimenting with various gadgets. They were simple things like switches, motor-driven timers, relays, and so forth. I never learned to use more modern things, such as transistors. Heck, I never even learned to use vacuum tubes. I tried repeatedly, over the years, to learn actual electronics from various of Poppa's books. I even took classes in electronics. I just never was any good at it. Anyway, I'd built a little gizmo that I called my Groady Box. It was built in one of those little cases with a lid on top that they used for portable phonographs back in the 50s, or maybe the 60s. I don't really remember. Anyway, the phonograph had long since failed but the box was useful. I'd stuffed it with various electromechanical devices, a power cord, and several electrical outlets. I could use the timers, relays, switches, and so forth to turn the electrical outlets on or off. I used the Groady Box for such things as turning my electric fan off after I was asleep at night, and turning my radio on in the morning.

I'll make just a few brief comments here about that radio. It was an old tube-type Stromberg-Carlson floor-model radio that I'd bought from S's friend, Brenda, for \$5.00. I'm mentioning it here because of one of the forgotten advantages of those old radios. A modern radio doesn't need to warm up. When it's turned on, it comes on in-

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stantly. That's a shocking way to be awakened. My old Stromberg-Carlson radio didn't do that. The filaments in the tubes needed almost a minute to warm up. So, when my Groaty Box turned my radio on, the volume increased very gradually and smoothly. After being spoiled by such a superior way of doing things, when I was younger, I've never liked being awakened by one of the modern semiconductor driven radios. I stopped using alarm clocks about 40 years ago, having learned to wake myself up on time. Nowadays, I wake up whenever I feel like it.

Anyway, on that particular night, we'd installed some modification to the circuitry for some purpose that I no longer remember. We were working in an old house where I rented a room. It was late at night and we'd been messing around with the Groaty Box for several hours. When we were ready to test the thing, I said, "Well, if I did it right, I should be able to just click this switch..." and all of the lights went out. We groped around the room until one of us found a flashlight. Then we went into the basement and replaced the fuse. We had a lot of fun doing crazy things like that. There was never the slightest complaint about a man and a boy being alone in the man's room at night. Those were the days.

I had an unintended but beneficial influence on David. Because of my inept tinkering with simple electromechanical components that were all well on their way to being obsolete, he developed an interest in electronics. He pursued that interest and quickly knew a lot more about that sort of thing than I ever learned. Eventually, it influenced his choice of a career. The last that I heard, he's still making a good living at that sort of thing. I suppose that it's one of the good things that I've accomplished in my life.

During September of 1992, I briefly visited Idaho. I saw Jan again after about 23 years of absence. John McCracken and Jan's mother were living in Alaska. The younger of the two brothers was somewhere far away, overseas I think. As I've already mentioned, I wouldn't have recognized S without an introduction. Jan, however, hadn't changed at all. She attributed that to not having babies. She might be right. The older of the two brothers was also a surprise. I'd never had any reason to doubt him but he'd turned out even better than I would ever have dreamed. In 1992, he seemed to be just about the most courteous, intelligent, respectful, and gentle man that you could imagine.

The feeling of meeting my friends again after so long can't be described in words, but it was a good visit for more reasons than that. For years after I left Idaho, I'd experienced a recurring bad dream about the place. In the dream, I was always driving around town trying to get somewhere. I don't know where I was trying to go, in the dream, but I could never get there. All of the streets were familiar. When I described them to Jan over the telephone, she recognized some of them. However, none of them in the dream ever went where I wanted to go. During the 1992 visit, Jan drove me all around Idaho Falls to all of the places that'd been important to us when I'd lived there, 24 or so years earlier, during my time in the Cooperative Education Program. I kept feeling chills on my back. It felt like ghosts were flying up, out of my body, up and away. Since then, after all of these years, I've never had the dream again. Even today however, I still get the chills whenever I think about that day and those ghosts. Of course, there are various other things about which I still have distressing dreams.

There's yet another reason why the visit was a good one and it has to do with the final missing player from the Idaho scene, John Burkman. One of the places that Jan and I went while we were driving around town was the house where John Burkman had lived. We sat there in Jan's car and looked at the house for a while. Eventually, I wondered out loud if anybody there might remember John. Jan thought about it for a few seconds, sat up straight, and declared, "Well we'll just go find out!"

We got out of Jan's car and walked up to the house. Jan knocked on the door and a woman answered. Jan started to say that John Burkman's mother had previously lived in the house. The lady interrupted Jan with a smile and said, "And she still does!" We went in and the lady led us through the house, to the back. I didn't remember anything at all about the house. I must have been there during my days

of friendship with John but, as far as I could remember, the place was entirely new to me. Anyway, we went all the way through the house, to that back room. There, sitting in a big chair, was a little old lady watching a TV and all wrapped up in a blanket. The lady, not the TV, was wrapped up in a blanket. She looked up at Jan and said, "You dyed your hair." It had been more than 20 years since they'd seen each other, but the woman acted like she'd seen Jan just the day before. After we left, Jan confided to me with a smile what might have been the reason for the long memory. The last time that they'd seen one another was when John's mother had arrived home unexpectedly and caught Jan in bed with John, and kicked her out of the house. Since then, Jan hadn't been back. While we were there, we got John's current address and telephone number. I was occasionally in contact with him again, after all those years. Several years ago, Jan contacted me and notified me that John had died. I don't remember the dates of either Jan's call or of John's death. A former girlfriend, the one whose question originally inspired this ma'amoir, made a timeless statement, many years later. We were on our way back home from her father's funeral. She sighed a deep sigh and sadly said, "The older you get, the more people you know that're dead."

Susan Rhodes, Lynette Hale, Jo Moncur, Theresa Hurley, Linda Anderson, and others

I met various women during my time in Idaho and went on various dates with some of them. I recall one evening during my first semester in Idaho when John Burkman, Susan Rhodes, and I were driving around. At an intersection where I stopped at a red light, there was a can sitting on the pavement right on the dotted line. When I stopped at the light, the can was exactly at my driver's door. I opened the door and



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Jan is the woman in the red jumpsuit. S is the woman wearing blue jeans.

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picked up the can. Well heck, we were just driving around and acting crazy. The can was just an empty can so, at the next red light, I sat it back on the dotted line. When the light turned green and I drove away, the entire street behind me suddenly seemed to be full of red lights and sirens. Two Idaho Falls cops pulled me over and then had a disagreement over whether they should just give me a ticket for littering or arrest me for disturbing the peace. Eventually, John walked Susan home because she was horrified at the idea of riding home in a police car. I don't remember how we got my Rancho back home again. Maybe John walked back for it. Anyway, I went "downtown" where they tried to extract bail from me in cash. All that I had was a checkbook and they didn't want to take my check. They insisted on verification of my integrity from some local citizen at 1:30 in the morning. I wanted desperately to call the Fs but the idea of explaining the situation to them was too embarrassing to bear. I was at the point of spending the night in jail when I remembered the owner of the little gas station where I always bought gas. I always paid for my gas with a check. It turned out that the cop on duty knew him, one of the benefits of a small town. Anyway, the cop knew gas station owner's home telephone number and woke him up in the middle of the night. Since he was a personal friend of the cop on duty that night at the police station, they took my check and let me go. Later, the judge kept the check as adequate payment for my sins.

Lynette Hale was a stunningly beautiful divorced Mormon woman who lived upstairs in the old house where I rented a room. She arranged various things like asking me to help her move furniture, inviting me to dinner in her room, and taking me to meet her family in Shelley. For some reason it never occurred to me that she was interested in me. Sometimes, when I review my past, I'm amazed at my own stupidity.

I recall one incident that involved Lynette which, in retrospect, is interesting and maybe even funny. She claimed to be worried about her former husband and asked me if I'd be willing to come to her rescue if he showed up and started giving her a hard time. I said yes. It's always been difficult for me to say no to a woman. To make sure that she could get my attention if she needed it, I ran a wire from my room up the stairs to her room. I installed a push-button switch by her bed and arranged a locking relay and a buzzer in my room. The design was such that one push on her switch would activate the buzzer until I disconnected it. The buzzer was powered by a battery so that it would work even during a power failure.

Her bed was of the type that can be slid into the wall when it isn't in use. The upstairs rooms in that house were all arranged that way, using the attic near the edge of the house as the compartment into which the beds were stowed during the day. Late one night, I was awakened by the buzzer. I jumped out of bed and into a minimum of clothes, stuffed my handgun into my pocket, and rushed up the stairs. At her door, I didn't hear any noise, so I knocked. Lynette answered, looked puzzled when she saw me, and invited me to step in. As a courtesy, she introduced me to the two men in her room and then we all stood there shuffling our feet. Finally, she asked me if there was anything that she could do for me. I told her that the buzzer had sounded and that I thought that maybe she needed my help. She looked flustered and speculated that when they'd pulled her bed out of the wall, one of her pillows had rolled against the

button and pushed it. I left without asking any more questions and she never explained what those two men were doing in her apartment at 1:30 in the morning, helping her pull the bed out of the wall.

Jo Moncur, Theresa Hurley, and Linda Anderson were three of a crowd of rowdy females with whom I hung out at lunch every day at work during my first semester in Idaho. I don't remember the names of the others but there were about 6 or 7 of them. They formed a very tight cafeteria clique into which I was invited for some reason. In the cafeteria, we sat at a table that was by the tacit consent of everybody in the entire place reserved exclusively for us. Indeed, unless the place was crowded, that entire corner of the cafeteria was reserved exclusively for us. We whispered risqué things to each other and laughed raucously at our jokes. I used to amuse them by writing little poems. One of their particular favorites was:

A poem for S. (the name has two syllables) I would write,
Except it sounds so corny.
I'd write the damned thing anyway,
But it would make me horny.

They laughed uproariously at it. The S. mentioned in the poem was the S. previously mentioned, about whom they all knew. We didn't keep very many secrets from one another in that group. I doubt if I ever told S. about the poem.

Another little poem that I recall was:

Lynette After An Unfortunate Accident at the Beauty Salon

Lynette get set
To get re-set.

Lynette Hale wasn't a member of the group. She'd never have engaged in the kinds of off-color talk that went on there. I don't remember why I wrote the poem about her.

I can write little poems like that just about any time. Here's another one.

I need a poem to prove a point.
So now this verse I do anoint.
A little poem it has to be
But proves the point, as you can see.

I wrote that while I was working on this ma'amoir, just to prove that I can do it. I didn't even refine the poem after I wrote it. That's the original version.

Those women and I had a great time. I think that, for me, the group was a kind of catharsis. I was in the midst of a most racy bunch of seemingly lascivious females, digging my way out of a dunghill of Christian inhibitions and overcoming a serious inability to relate to women. It was all very safe because what could really happen in the cafeteria? However, I do remember that Linda Anderson once asked me if I really did love S. When I answered in the affirmative, she sighed sadly and said, "That's too bad. We could have had a really good time." Most of those women were older than me anyway. At the time, they were a godsend. I really needed them.

The relationship with that bunch of women existed only during my first semester in Idaho. The National Reactor Testing Station covered a huge tract of land and my assignments during subsequent semesters placed me in other parts of the facility. From those other locations, it was less convenient to go to the cafeteria for lunch. Af-

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ter that first semester, I saw those ladies only occasionally and my easy familiarity with them just wasn't there anymore. I recall, during the next semester, occasionally dropping into offices for visits but the women always seemed to be too busy to talk to me. Maybe I didn't need them so much any more. Maybe they got tired of me. Maybe they saw me as more of a threat than I'd originally been. After all, I was growing up. Also, feminist bullshit in the workplace was beginning to escalate and it got less fashionable for women to exhibit an honest and non-mercenary sexuality in front of a male colleague. Who can say for sure? Anyway, I'm grateful to those lusty ladies for all of the fun that we had and for all the good that it did for me.

Glenna Elaine Cole

When I returned to Texas A&M University for the autumn semester of 1968, I went straight to Lane Brown's apartment. Lane wasn't there but she had a new roommate who took a message for me. The new roommate's name was Elaine. I didn't pay much attention to her at the time.

I continued to haunt Lane's apartment but with little success. One evening I was there during one of the impromptu parties that frequently occurred. Since I wasn't much of a party animal, I was sitting and reading a book. I was sitting on the floor in the doorway to the back of the apartment, where the bedrooms were. I hadn't placed myself there as a part of any devious plan. It was just the only place where I could sit and be out of the way.

Elaine got tired of the party and decided to go to bed. She later told me that when she stepped past me, on her way to her bedroom, she noticed me for the first time. She noticed that I was sitting there amid all of the noise and commotion and nevertheless appeared to be perfectly content to just read my book. It was so remarkable that she decided to stop and see what kind of weird creature I was. That's when I actually met her in the sense that we paid any attention to each other. It didn't take us long to get interested in one another. In fact, she didn't go right to bed after all. Instead, we decided to get away alone somewhere. It was actually a rather innocent trip to A&W's, but it was a beginning.

Soon, my Puritanism came under assault again and on November 9, 1968, in a local cemetery, the Puritanism lost. Why did we choose a cemetery? There just weren't very many places that a couple of young hippies could go for a frolic. Campus life had almost no privacy. For a while thereafter, that cemetery saw more of life than I suppose it usually did. The 1961 Plymouth station wagon came in very handy. It had a nice, long cargo space and I was happy that I'd managed to get the title in my name. One night, however, Elaine suddenly got very uneasy and wanted to leave right away. We never knew if there was really any danger lurking nearby but I thought that I'd better trust her instincts. We got dressed and left. The next time that we went to the cemetery, the gate was locked.



Sometime along about then, I was waiting to go somewhere with Elaine, probably to the cemetery. While I was waiting, she invited me to wait in her room at the apartment. It was the first time that I'd been in her room and the first thing that I noticed was that the room was a shambles. I commented that she didn't seem to be a very good housekeeper. It was my intention that, when I got married, it would be for keeps. I wanted somebody who would satisfy me. I believed then and still believe now that a wife is responsible for "woman's work" in the home. If Elaine had told me the truth instead of lying to both of us, then I'd probably never have taken our relationship seriously, and probably never have married her. However, she answered very offhandedly that she normally kept things very neat and orderly. The room was a mess only because she'd been cramming for tests and hadn't had the time to deal with the mess. I later learned that not only was her housekeeping normally like that, her entire life was normally like that. I also learned, eventually, that in connection with her disheveled life she had an inborn justification system. If she'd been as good at doing things correctly as she was at making excuses for not doing them correctly, then she might have ruled the world. However, by the time that I realized her various inadequacies in that regard, it was too late to do anything about it. I'd already made my emotional commitment to her. She was a good example of a maxim that I devised much later in my life. If a man is going to love a woman, then he must do it not just because of her virtues but also in spite of her faults. Even later in life, I decided that it's a stupid maxim.

Elaine wasn't regarded by everybody as being particularly attractive. I recall three times that it was brought to my attention. One of those times, I was standing just outside of the Aggie Den, waiting for a planned meeting with Elaine. Some other male student who was unknown to me was standing beside me. I don't know if he was waiting for anybody or not. We observed Elaine crossing the street in our direction. He commented about how that was one of the disadvantages of the region — no good looking women. I remained silent as Elaine approached me, smiled, and we walked away together, arm-in-arm. I suppose that the student felt appropriately embarrassed. Another such incident occurred one day while I was sitting on the sofa at Elaine's apartment. As usual, there were various people hanging around. Elaine was planning to go somewhere and I was just sitting there reading a book. As I recall, it was *The Harrod Experiment*, a book that circulated widely among us Hippies. I don't remember where Elaine was going but, wherever it was, she wore a sailor costume. After she was out the door, someone in the room commented, "That would look good on most women." Someone else shushed him, discreetly indicating me and whispering, "that's her boyfriend". I pretended that I hadn't heard the exchange. The third such incident happened after Elaine and I were married. It was during one of the several visits by M, who's mentioned next in this ma'amoir. M observed me looking at a *Playboy Magazine* and asked, "If you get turned on to women like those, then why are you married to someone like Elaine?" Oh well, I liked Elaine at the time. Maybe I felt that she was "the best that I could do". I don't know.

That reminds me of another incident. I don't know if I should be embarrassed about it or not. Remember that this incident occurred in the midst of my ongoing struggle with the various fears and inadequacies that plagued me during that part of my life.

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Maybe I didn't always make the right decisions. Anyway, during one of our trips to the cemetery, I'd been unable to "perform" sexually. It was the first time in my brief experience that such a thing had ever happened. It was unexpected and unexplained at the time. It frightened me a little and also made me feel inadequate in front of Elaine. For some reason that maybe the psychologists could explain, I thought that I could make up for my inadequacy and her disappointment by proposing marriage, so I did. She accepted my proposal. So, we decided to get married because I failed to get an erection. Maybe marriages have begun for worse reasons. As with the previous paragraph, I don't know. Neither of us ever mentioned it again.

The spring semester of 1969 was a work semester for me, so I spent it in Idaho, without Elaine. We spent a lot of time on the telephone. I spent a lot of my funds sending flowers to her. The thought of flowers brings to mind one disagreement that we had. During one telephone conversation, she told me that she wanted to go to an out-of-town flower show with John McCracken, the same man that I mentioned earlier in connection with Jan's mother. Elaine asked me if I objected. I considered it and told her that I objected. At the time, I hadn't yet met John. If I had, then I might not have worried about it. I'm not trying to say that there was anything undesirable about him or anything wrong with him. I just wouldn't have regarded him as a threat. However, I hadn't yet met him so I told her that I didn't want her to go with him. Later, I found out that she had obeyed me to the letter of the law. She didn't go with him. They used her car, so he went with her.

After that semester apart, we decided that the total of our telephone bills was probably more than the cost of being married. Within a few days of returning to Texas A&M University for the summer semester, I suggested that we go ahead and get married. During the next few days, we drove to San Antonio to visit my family and then to Houston to visit her family. While we were in Houston, Elaine's mother promised us that it would be our marriage and that she would never meddle in it. Some time later, after we were married, she again made the same promise. Altogether, she made the promise three times. I had occasion to remember those promises again, many years later.

I bought for Elaine a simple gold wedding ring, which I still have. I declined a ring for myself. Elaine registered for her summer semester classes the morning of our wedding day, Monday, June 2, 1969. We had our wedding ceremony around noon. It was the essence of simplicity. We were married by



Brazos County Courthouse, Monday, June 2, 1969

The people in the picture are, from left to right, my sister Betty, my father, me, Elaine, my brother Tommy, Elaine's mother, and Elaine's brother, Clay. Elaine's father was present but he took the picture.

a Justice of the Peace. The ceremony was attended by Elaine's parents and brother and by my father, my brother, and my sister. I registered for my summer semester that afternoon.

One funny incident happened with regard to our wedding night. Texas A&M University had a small outdoor theater, for students. The theater had the appearance of a drive-in theater except that there were wood benches instead of parking places and, of course, it was much smaller. Anyway, that evening Elaine and I decided to go to the little theater and watch the movie. The theater wasn't very crowded. We easily found an empty bench and sat on one end of it. A rather fat lady came along and sat on the other end of the same bench. The movie wasn't very interesting and I suggested to Elaine that we might as well go home. I'd been trying to be discreet, and whispered it to her. However, Elaine had a certain theatrical side that sometimes came to the fore. Using her best stage whisper, so that as many people as possible could hear her, she said, "Yeah, let's go. After all, you don't get married every day!" We got some surprised stares from a few of the nearby movie viewers. I was a little embarrassed but I could deal with it. I didn't know any of those people anyway. However, when we stood up, thereby removing our weight from our end of the bench, the whole bench tipped up, dumped the fat lady on the ground at the other end, and then slammed back down into its previous position. It was all kind of noisy, especially the fat lady. I left with as much good grace as I could muster, which wasn't much. Elaine thought that it was hilarious. Some years later, I saw the same thing happen in a movie, the name of which I no longer remember, but we did it first.

Elaine's theatrical side showed up with a fair degree of regularity. I can remember only a couple of those incidents. The first one happened before we were married but after we were dating. She was sitting somewhere at a keypunch machine, punching computer cards. I was standing behind her, watching, and talking to one of my classmates. He was talking about some party and I commented that I didn't drink or smoke. Elaine chimed in with, "And two out of three is good enough!" Her tone of voice made her meaning clear. I was embarrassed. The classmate looked amused. Elaine looked smug.

Another such incident happened on our wedding day. She was waiting in line with me for me to register for classes. Of course, we just been married an hour or so earlier. So, there we stood, close together and with our arms around each other. The room in which we were standing was packed with people. Everybody was waiting in a line. The lines were alphabetical, based on peoples' last names. That resulted in a close-packed crowd of people, standing shoulder-to-shoulder. It was mostly quiet because most of the people in the crowd were there alone, just waiting in line. Elaine sighed and, in her best stage whisper, said, "I'm sure glad you're wife doesn't know I'm here with you!" I had the impression of ears pointing in our direction from all over the room.

Elaine was my graduation ceremony in breaking out of my stupid Christian inhibitions about sin. When we got married, I was still somewhat of a prude about that sort of thing. Elaine was much more liberal and persistently nudged me in a certain direction. After we were married, she used to spot another woman in my field of view,

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smile coyly, and say, "It's OK to look, just don't touch!" I thought that was a strange attitude for a wife to have but, after I got accustomed to it, she started saying, "It's OK to eat out so long as you come home for dinner!" On every such occasion, she was clearly talking about other women. She openly encourage me in that regard during the first year or so of our marriage. Under her tutelage, I made great strides away from my inhibitions regarding the stupid Christian bullshit about sin. I recall that, eventually, I did such things as hanging panty hose instead of a stocking at Christmas, and joked that maybe Santa would fill them for me. I'd never have dared to do such a risqué thing back in Boldtville, when I was a kid. Down here in the Bible Belt, we were embarrassed to even mention panty hose. Anyway, with her persistent encouragement, I eventually recovered sufficiently from my stupid inhibitions to happily accept her suggestion that we should have an open marriage. Our marriage was an open marriage for most of its 14 year duration.

A few people have, with a certain puritan righteousness, tried to blame the eventual failure of our marriage on the fact that it was an open marriage. I don't think so. I don't know if the proportion of conventional marriages that fail is any higher than the proportion of open marriages that fail but I wouldn't be surprised if it is. There's one thing that I do know. In any conventional marriage, it's likely that at least one of the partners has cheated, is cheating, or will cheat. Most marriages are open marriages. The partners just don't admit it. Elaine and I took a lot of pride from the fact that we didn't have to lie to each other about our extramarital affairs. In general, we both had a lot of fun and we enjoyed comparing notes regarding our various escapades.

M. T.

M was a woman that I knew who was related to me by a marriage in the family, but not related to me biologically. I began pursuing her, with Elaine's encouragement, after Elaine and I were married, and while we were still in college. During my pursuit of her, M's only objection to my suggestions was that we were related. That's relevant, because incest is defined by legal, not biological considerations. Even so, I argued that we were not biologically related. Nevertheless, she always refused my advances. She didn't show any reluctance about visiting me and Elaine in Texas. After we moved to California, she came to visit us on more than one occasion. She knew what to expect from me and nobody forced her to visit, so I assumed that my suggestions didn't annoy her, although she always refused them.

At the end of the last of her visits to us in California, M had been staying somewhere else. I don't remember where. However, there was some reason why she had to stay with us the last night. To the best of my memory, it was because her plane was leaving very early the next morning and we were going to provide her transportation to the airport. In spite of my flirting with her, I was never coercive. In keeping with that attitude, we provided her with a bed in the spare bedroom. However, after Elaine and I were in bed, M came into our room and climbed into bed with us. In retrospect, I expect that she and Elaine had planned it in advance. Elaine didn't seem surprised by M's arrival. That was my first extramarital affair.

Back then, M was young, pretty, happy, and optimistic. In the ensuing years, she became rather gaunt and bitter. I wasn't anywhere near her during those years so I

don't know the reasons for the changes in her. For whatever reason, my occasional telephone conversations with her become difficult. They were usually either the kind where I was apologizing for something or the kind where I was defending myself against an accusation. Actually, that's typical of my conversations with a lot of women so maybe it doesn't necessarily say anything about M, after all. However, I'm happy to say that my last conversation with her went better than that. During a visit to the part of the country that she lived at the time, in 1995, I spent a little time with M. We got along better than we had for years. I behaved like a perfect gentleman and she behaved like a perfect lady. We had some interesting conversations, a pleasant lunch, and reminisced about old times, at least some of them. Neither of us mentioned our one sexual encounter, all of those years earlier. Given the selective memory that many women have, maybe she didn't even remember it.

Several years ago, I got some news from another mutual acquaintance. She told me that M had died. The mutual acquaintance just happened across an obituary while searching for M via the internet. Nobody in this part of the circle of acquaintances had been in contact with M for a long time and none of us had been aware of her death. Nobody had even bothered to notify us. It was a surprise to all of us.

T. S.

Paul, T, Elaine, and I were old college friends. Paul got drafted out of college. I didn't. Paul and T spent a few years in the army, stationed in Hawaii. Elaine and I graduated from college and moved to California. While I was in the Naval Reserve after college, I spent a couple of summer deployments at Barber's Point, Hawaii. While stationed there, I lived off-base with Paul and T at their home in Wahiawa. To tell the truth, I was never attracted to T. My visits in their home passed without undue incident.

During one of my visits to their place in Wahiawa, T made a peculiar claim. She said that she could mentally control whether or not she got pregnant. She claimed to have been very promiscuous prior to her marriage, never used any conventional technique to prevent pregnancy, and never got pregnant. She insisted that it was because she mentally prevented it. She claimed that, after she and Paul were in a situation where they could afford children, she decided to get pregnant and promptly did so. Who can say for sure?

After Paul's discharge from the Army, they moved back to Texas. On the way from Hawaii to Texas, he and T made a stop in California and visited us overnight. As the evening wore on, we all went into the bedroom and sat on the bed to watch television. I wasn't aware of any kind of a plan for anything unusual to happen. We sat on the bed because the television was in the bedroom and there weren't any chairs in the bedroom. A swap just sort of developed. In retrospect, it's pretty obvious that Paul and T were the instigators and Elaine and I willingly acquiesced. Maybe Elaine was in on some of the planning. I don't know. The next day, Paul and T continued their trip to Texas and, as of this writing, I've never see them or communicated with either of them again.

Some time later T mentioned in a letter to Elaine that she'd had an abortion. Elaine suggested to me that I might have been the one who got her pregnant because the

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timing was about right. T could have become pregnant during our one-night swap. Given her claim that she could mentally control conception, an abortion presents a puzzle. If she could control conception, then why would she have an unwanted pregnancy? Did her control fail? Did she change her mind? Did Paul object to the pregnancy? Did she really not have such an ability after all? Life is full of mysteries.

Glenna Elaine Cole Milam: Wife

There was a problem with the open marriage. It was a problem that I hadn't anticipated when Elaine had eased me into the arrangement. The problem was that, most of the time, women didn't believe me when I told some them that I had an open marriage. They thought that I was lying just to get them to cooperate. Several women got away because of that. Elaine joked with me once about providing an affidavit attesting to her acknowledgement of our open marriage. It would have been a funny thing to hang on the wall at work but I didn't think that it was really a good idea. The thing that Elaine suggested that would have worked was something that I wasn't willing to do. Elaine said that, since I didn't wear a ring anyway, I should just lie to the ladies about being married. She said that if a woman found out later that I was married, then it would be too late for her to do anything about it. I wasn't willing to lie to the women. It's unfortunate that I didn't recognize her suggestion as indicating that she might be willing to lie to me.

Although I had a number of affairs during my marriage to Elaine, she took more advantage of the arrangement than I did. It was a lot easier for her. I had to pursue the women and persuade them. All that Elaine had to do was to wait for somebody to ask, and then say yes. Of course, she did a bit of pursuing anyway. She flirted suggestively with various people at work, including her boss's boss, and had affairs with some of them.

One of her escapades particularly amused me. It had to do with W and J. W was the husband of J, who was related to Elaine. W was a large, loud, jolly, and somewhat bombastic fellow. It was fun and entertaining to be around him. He enjoyed hinting, when his wife was out of the room, of his feats of daring with the ladies. In her presence he was domineering in a jovial way, ordering her around affectionately and referring to her as "Wife!" instead of using her name. When she was around, he didn't mention his adventures with the ladies.

Several times, over the years, W had propositioned Elaine. He always had a style of doing it that would allow it to be written off as harmless and playful flirting, but we had the suspicion that there might be more to it than that. One day, Elaine told me that she was going to call his bluff. "The next time he asks me," she said, "I'm gonna say yes." Some time thereafter, W called her for some reason or another and, of course, jokingly asked her if she'd enjoy a romp. When she promptly said yes, he jumped at the chance and agreed to meet her that very day. He made an excuse to his wife that he was going to a local mall, to buy her (J) a Christmas gift. I suppose that particular excuse eventually added insult to injury, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

I, of course, had to get out of the way for a while so I went off somewhere and killed some time. Later, when I returned, Elaine didn't seem to know whether to be amused or annoyed but she did have a story to tell. She said that W had knocked on the door and had almost trampled her in his haste to get into the bedroom. It didn't last long, she said, and when it was over he suddenly got remorseful and said, "Well, I suppose if I'm gonna do this I might as well keep it in the family." Recall that he was married to a member of Elaine's family. Then the truth came out. In all of the years of his marriage to J, he'd never cheated on her. All of that hinting about his exploits was just talk. He left in a gloomy mood.



Not long after that, Elaine got a telephone call from J. In the depths of remorse, W had dragged himself home and told all. I don't know what J said but she was aghast and declared that the marriage vows were null and void. She insisted on having a whole new marriage ceremony. I never heard whether or not they actually had one. Everybody involved wanted the situation kept quiet and not much was ever said openly about it. I don't know which of the relatives knew about it. Elaine did tell me, however, that a few weeks later W propositioned her again and that she turned him down. It took a while for the fervor between J and Elaine to blow over. Eventually I suppose that it did but I'm not sure that J ever trusted Elaine very much after that.

The whole situation was O.K. with me, because I didn't like J much anyway. I thought that she was an impossible prude. Listen to that! I'd come a long way to accuse somebody else of being a prude. I recall one time at a flea market when J had been looking at a fishnet shopping bag for sale and I said, "Gosh! You'd look real good in that!" I thought that it was a funny comment but she looked at me like I was a worm in her apple. That was in the mid 70's and, by then, the feminists were losing their sense of humor about that kind of thing.

R. J. K.

Ric was another college friend of ours and, so far as I know, he was Elaine's first extramarital relationship. She claimed to be a virgin before we were married, although I'm not as sure about that now as I once was.

Ric dropped out of college and joined the navy. Later, while we were living in Willow Glen, a neighborhood in San Jose, California, Ric turned up for an unannounced visit. He complained about a girlfriend who was causing problems for him. We found out later that she'd been pregnant and that he'd insisted that she have an abortion. It'd been difficult for her to get pregnant. She'd been trying for quite some time and that was her first success. The abortion distressed her a lot. While Ric was visiting, Elaine invited him into bed with us. He and Elaine never did amount to much as a sexual relationship. I believe that was their only encounter. After a brief visit, he returned to Oxnard and to the troublesome girlfriend.

A few months later, he showed up again and decided to stay a while. A week or so later, R, the girlfriend arrived, suitcases in hand. I don't know how she found us. She

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was pregnant again and determined to have a baby this time. She was also in hot pursuit of Ric. She moved in and Ric moved out.

Ric move to a location north of us on the peninsula, to a place that he described as a hole in the wall. It was, according to him, too small for R to be able to live there with him, so she stayed with us. At that time, Ric would have liked to be rid of her but he was at least willing to visit us on weekends. R and I developed a close friendship and one weekend Ric commented offhandedly that he didn't understand why we hadn't gone to bed together. We'd been hesitating mostly because we didn't know what Ric's reaction would be. After that, we didn't see any reason to hesitate any longer. During that period of time, Ric stayed at his hole in the wall, near where he had a job. He usually came to stay with me, Elaine, and R on the weekends. What developed was that R slept with Ric when he was present.

R had a few interesting stories to tell about herself. One was a method that she'd figured out to always get picked up when she felt like it. She said that bars were a bad place to go to get picked up. Besides an atmosphere that was maybe unpredictable or rowdy, the men who picked her up were not necessarily in the best of condition, having been drinking. R preferred to be picked up at a laundromat. She said that it was easy. She just sat in the laundromat reading a magazine and surreptitiously watching the men who were in the laundromat doing their laundry. She was reasonably confident that such men were single. Otherwise, the wife would have been doing the laundry. It was normal for men in the laundromat to be sober. The mood of the place was more peaceful than that of a bar. So, R would watch the men that were there until she saw one that she liked. When he started folding his laundry, she'd put down the magazine, walk over to him, and offer to help him fold his laundry. She said that it worked every time. He would always take her home with him.

R was my first experience with a pregnant woman and, in some ways, it was an eye-opener. I decided that I liked pregnant women. I didn't think that they looked fat. They looked pregnant, which isn't the same thing at all. I thought that they were beautiful. They had a glow that's unique in the world of women. That little waddle that develops in their walk during the last couple of months is adorable. It was from R that I learned why, as she put it, God arranged for a growing baby to rest on a woman's bladder. That way, she told me, by the time the baby's born the mother knows the location of every restroom in the county.

As her pregnancy progressed, R got more and more nervous because she wanted to take Lamaze classes and do a natural delivery. She couldn't get Ric to even talk about it. She was grousing about it to me and Elaine one day during supper and I said that I wouldn't mind being her Lamaze partner if she and Ric didn't mind. She insisted that I had to ask Ric at the very next opportunity.

The next weekend, Ric and I were out in my shop working on some project and I broached the subject. I said that R was getting worried because time was running out for starting the Lamaze classes and she was wondering if he was going to agree to be her Lamaze partner. He looked around at me and I thought that he was going to cry. He said that he just couldn't do it. Somewhat hesitantly, I offered to take the classes with her and again I thought that he was going to cry, but for joy. He couldn't agree

quickly enough. So R and I began attending the Lamaze classes. We got into the last class that would be completed before her due date. Often, our Lamaze practice at home would escalate into sexual romps. We discovered that pregnancy wasn't much of an obstacle but we still managed to continue our Lamaze training.

On a couple of occasions, R, Elaine, and I did a *ménage à trois* but, normally, I preferred a twosome. There were several reasons. One reason is that I couldn't pay adequate attention to more than one woman at a time. Also, I wasn't sexually capable of satisfying two women, one right after the other. Given some recovery time, maybe, but not one right after the other. There was another disadvantage to sleeping with two women and I'm referring here to the actual sleeping, not the sex. With one woman on each side of me, they'd both roll up in the blankets and stretch the blankets over me, tight as a drum. I got cold.

When the big day came, Elaine and Ric waited in the waiting room while R tried to cope with the delivery. I don't remember the exact count now but I think that we went through something like 22 or 23 hours of labor. Eventually, the doctor reported that her cervix was getting bruised and swollen and that she would need a cesarean section for the delivery. I joined Ric and Elaine in the waiting room. They looked as exhausted as I felt. They said that they'd spent the whole time sitting there listening to R scream. I hadn't realized, from my position in the room with her, that she'd been that loud. I'd been busy coaching, moistening her forehead, and so forth.

Shortly after that, a nurse brought the baby out to the waiting room to show to the father. She kept trying to show it to me and I kept trying to get out of the way so that Ric could see it. After several seconds of confused shuffling, Elaine pointed to Ric and said, "He's the father." The nurse looked puzzled, took one giant step backward away from me and one giant step forward toward Ric. Then she started her presentation all over again at the beginning. It was like rewinding a tape recorder and starting it over. We all laughed about it later when we weren't so tired. Later, Ric confided two feelings to me. He said that he'd always be grateful to me for standing in for him during the delivery but that he'd always be jealous of me for the experience.

Elaine wasn't capable of getting pregnant and I'd never wanted a brat in the house anyway. Elaine and I had both agreed that we didn't want kids. I really didn't want a kid but, as it turned out, Elaine was just making a virtue of necessity. Since she couldn't become pregnant, she consoled herself by not wanting a child. It was yet another example of her ability to make excuses and lie to herself. However, having R's baby in the house, in close proximity and in a close relationship, reversed my opinion about being a parent. I'd never been close to a child before, that is, after becoming an adult. The experience with R's baby is directly responsible for our eventual adoption of Catherine.

After the baby was born, Ric's attitude also began to change. He spent more time with R and I spent less time with her. My relationship with her didn't end. Ric just occupied more of her time. After a while, I don't remember how long, Ric announced that he'd rented a place for them to live. It wasn't very nice. It was a little Quonset hut behind a farmhouse, in a rural community. R was elated. Another big change was that they got married. So far as I'm aware, they've stayed married ever since. I

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haven't communicated with them for many years. I was briefly in contact with Ric a few years ago, via email, but his email address and his website have ceased to work. As of this writing, I don't know where they are.

My relationship with R lasted for a couple more years after they moved out of our house. One of my favorite stories is about the time that Ric caught us in bed together. It happened while they were still living in the Quonset hut. At the time, Ric was working third shift and I had a normal 8 to 5 job. I'd frequently visit R on my way to work and the schedules were such that I'd usually leave her about 30 minutes before Ric got home. The neighbors must have found it fascinating. One day I lingered a little longer than usual and Ric got home a little earlier than usual. R and I were still in bed when he walked in. He said "Hi, (R). Hello Sam. I'm gonna to cook some breakfast. How would you like your eggs?" I thought that it was a very civilized response to such a situation. I don't know if Ric was a terrible cook or if he might have had some small, deeply buried uncivilized part, but the eggs that morning were awful. I ate them anyway. I left for work. I expect that the neighbors were disappointed.

After a while, Ric and R moved into a normal house. At about that time, R gradually ended our relationship without giving me any explanation. She didn't openly stop seeing me. Opportunities for visits just gradually got more and more scarce until, eventually, we weren't seeing each other any more. Elaine told me, much later, that R was worried about loving me more than she loved Ric and that she had decided to end the relationship while she was still able to do so. However, that wasn't totally the end. About 6 years later, Ric got a new job in Texas and went there to arrange a place for the family to live. R and her child followed a couple of weeks later. The last day before she left, R asked me to come over and help her move a few heavy things out of the house. While I was there we said goodbye in style. As of this writing, that's the last time that I ever saw her.

I'll mention in passing that the weekend of my goodbye visit to R was my personal best. During a four day period that included that weekend, I made love a total of seven times to a total of four different women. If I recall correctly, they were R, Elaine, A, and D. That might not be remarkable for more "vigorous" men, but I'm not the athlete that they are. Contrary to that old women's lib mantra, for me, once is enough. However, the real achievement was that, during the entire weekend, it never occurred to me to worry about sin. A and D are mentioned later in this ma'amoir.

Glenna Elaine Cole Milam: Mother

Elaine blamed her inability to get pregnant on the diethylstilbestrol that her mother allegedly took during pregnancy. Actually, I don't know about that. One thing that I eventually learned about Elaine is that she had an excuse for everything and that nothing was ever her fault. If she'd been as good at doing things as she was at making excuses for not doing them, then she might have conquered the world. I think that I already mentioned that. Anyway, for about the first 8 years of our marriage, she proclaimed that she didn't want a child anyway. She said that they were much more trouble than they were worth. I agreed and things went smoothly until R's baby was born. Upon closer inspection, the situation didn't seem so bad to me after all.

One day while Elaine and I were eating lunch in the cafeteria at work, I asked her if maybe we should reconsider our decision. She seemed puzzled and reminded me that she couldn't get pregnant. I suggested that we might be able to adopt a child. I can still remember a peculiar change that came over her face when I said that. She seemed to turn off her emotions. Her face got so that it looked sort of plastic-coated. I suppose that she didn't dare hope that we might ever have a child. Eventually, we did change our minds and in August of 1977 we adopted Catherine, who was three months old at the time.

D. C. F. T.

D worked in the same location where I worked. I courted her for over a year before giving up. During that courtship, I spent as much time as I could near her and we got to know each other pretty well. After I decided that it was a lost cause, I stopped pursuing her. After that, it took her less than a week to start pursuing me. It was a puzzle. For the entire previous year, she'd obviously not been interested in having a relationship with me. Yet, as soon as I stopped pursuing her, she wouldn't leave me alone. She pursued me everywhere. For example, she started coming into my office at lunch every day. She'd never done that before. I'd sit at my desk and try to read a book. She'd try to talk to me. I'd respond with monosyllables and continue reading my book. She'd persist and eventually I'd give up and talk to her. Several years later, I asked her why she changed her mind. She told me that suddenly I wasn't there anymore and she wanted to know what had happened.

I worked as a manufacturing engineer and D worked in QA. Thus, we did have some legitimate reasons for working together, although engineering management expressed a very different opinion about that. See my essay *Outward Bound*. It's available in *Pharos*. One day when I was in her office working on some project with her, she was really concentrating hard on the documents on her desk. She muttered under her breath, without looking up, that she'd been thinking about going to my place for lunch. We'd been discussing the project, whatever it was, and her comment was so far off of the subject, so casually and so absent-minded presented, and so unexpected, that I wasn't sure that I'd heard her correctly. I asked her what she'd said. Then, she turned in her chair and looked right at me. She said that she'd been thinking about going to my place for (she hesitated) lunch. The expression on her face was a strange mixture of fear, desperation, and anticipation. However, the message was clear. We quickly arranged a lunch date and drove to my place in the old 1961 Plymouth station wagon, the same car that I'd used to take Elaine to the cemetery when we were in college. All the way to my place, D huddled on the far side of the car against the door. She seemed very frightened and didn't say a single word during the entire trip. When we got to my place, she retreated into the bathroom and wouldn't come out again until I'd provided her with a large towel. She emerged from the bathroom wrapped in the towel. She fearfully explained that she was afraid that if I got a good look at her body, then I'd lose interest in her. After that, Elaine and I jokingly referred to that towel as the "Ceremonial Towel". I kept track of it for many years thereafter. I don't know where it is any more.

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It turned out that the only thing wrong with D's body was a lot of stretch marks from two pregnancies and the scars from two cesarean sections. Since one of the scars was vertical and the other was a horizontal crescent, she used to jokingly say that she was very patriotic because she had an anchor on her belly, for the navy. However, the joking covered a serious belief that she was ugly. She was very sensitive about it. No matter how I tried, I was never able to convince her that she was beautiful. I doubt if she ever believed that she was beautiful. Actually, although there wasn't anything wrong with her appearance and she was a beautiful woman, she wasn't unusually beautiful. However, she was the most erotically irresistible and arousing woman that I ever knew. So far as I could tell, that quality in her didn't have anything to do with her physical appearance. It was an entirely separate and distinct characteristic. Elaine joked once that the entire surface of D's body was an erogeous zone. That wasn't anything that I'd ever told her about D so I assume that D must have told her. Elaine and D were very close friends for several years, so D might have told her a lot of things. However, I had to agree with Elaine on that point. No matter where I touched D, she'd be aroused by it.

That calls for a short digression. Many of the women with whom I had sexual relationships over the years variously reported an energizing quality in my touch. Some of them called it energy. Some of them called it electricity. Some of them called it chemistry. Whatever a woman called it, the effect was the same. My touch could cause a woman to tingle. After I became aware of it, I found it to be very useful in convincing a woman to cooperate. If I could manage to touch a woman at all, then there was a good chance that she'd cooperate. D was just more sensitive to it than the others.

D had a lot of stories to tell. Once, while her first daughter was a baby, D had barely escaped out the window of a burning house, carrying the daughter with her. She said that for a long time after that, she was terrified of sleeping in a house. Her and the daughter slept outside. She lived in the woods for a while with one of her husbands. They survived by killing game. D claimed to be highly proficient at taking a deer apart and carrying the meat to the cabin. She ended that episode of her life when her second daughter, still a tiny baby, required urgent medical attention and getting her to the hospital from the woods had been a big problem.

D claimed to have been raped, several years earlier. I never pressed her for details but, eventually, she told me the story. Here's the story, as she told it. She was between husbands after a particularly bitter divorce. She said that she hated all men and looked for ways to get even with them. One man started courting her and she gave every appearance of being receptive. Everywhere that they went, she'd be very cooperative until he started to get aroused, then she'd push him away and call a halt to things. She openly admitted to me that she'd just been trying to torment him, to get even with him for how she believed that she'd been mistreated by men. One evening they were at a party at somebody's house and she was sitting on his lap, being seductive. Suddenly, she got up and started to walk away. He got up, took her by the arm, and guided her toward the door. He guided her out to his car, helped her into the passenger seat, walked around the car, got in, and drove to his place. By her own ad-

mission, she didn't make any effort to resist him or to escape. For example, she didn't get back out of the car while he was walking around to his side. When they arrived at his place, he walked around the car, opened her door, escorted her into his house and into his bedroom. He undressed her, helped her into the bed, and "had his way" with her. She didn't, at any point along the way, make any effort to object. She spent the night with him and began a relationship with him that, according to her, lasted for several years. Nevertheless, she claimed that he'd raped her. Over the years, I've heard more than one such phony rape story. Such stories have contributed a lot toward my skepticism about claims of rape. Don't be too quick to sympathize with women who claim to have been raped. Sometimes, they either got what they wanted, what they deserved, or maybe both.

D had another interesting story to tell. It happened while she was sharing an apartment with another woman. Apparently, she'd been getting difficult to tolerate and the other woman complained about it, declaring that D was getting impossible to deal with. D hesitated and said, "You're right and I know exactly what to do about it." She changed clothes, went to a bar, sat down, and waited. When the first man to approach her offered to buy her a drink, she said, "Let's just skip the drink and go to your place." After that, she was in a better mood and a lot easier for her roommate to endure.

D and I had lots of sexual experiences, both spontaneous and calculated. Our affair lasted for more than 4 years and we became so close, and were so familiar with one another, that many people who knew us at work thought that we were married to each other. It was with D that I began to understand the sexual needs, capabilities, and pleasures of women. Among other things, I began to understand just how unresponsive Elaine was. Even during the affair with R, I hadn't realized that. When I realized that there was more to it than I'd previously surmised, I began to pay attention to D's responses to the things that I did to her. It causes me to appreciate the alleged Southern practice of getting experienced women to introduce adolescent males to sex. There are a lot of things that men should know. It can take years of groping and fumbling to discover those things. An experienced older woman might be very beneficial to a teenage male and to the women that he'll eventually encounter.

Anyway, I'll get back to my story. It's surprising how many opportunities there are for secret encounters when two people are watching for such opportunities. After I got involved with D, I bought a pickup truck with a camper on the back. I put a mattress in the camper and Elaine made curtains for the windows. Once I had good curtains on the camper windows and a good latch on the inside of the hatch, almost any parking lot was an opportunity. All that D and I had to do was to find an excuse to be there without the company of anybody else. Such excuses were plentiful. Elaine and I spent a lot of time visiting D and her husband. It was easy for me and D to go somewhere to buy parts or hardware for some project or to go get hamburgers for everybody. Whatever the excuse, there was always a parking lot available.

D's stepmother owned a lot that was situated beside a commercial RV park in the Santa Cruz Mountains. We used the lot as a campsite. D's brother lived in a house in the RV park, and managed the park. One result of that was that we had unofficial

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access to things at the RV park, like the showers. The little campsite that we used was completely undeveloped and quite isolated but very close to the RV park. It was very convenient. D's husband would maneuver the RV into the center of the campsite where we were completely hidden by the trees. We had the best of both worlds, a private, secluded campsite, and access to RV park facilities. We spent many happy weekends there.

One interesting situation involved our campfires. We'd cleared a little piece of ground in a convenient location and we used it for a campfire. One day, somebody told us that redwood trees have roots that run along just below the surface of the ground. Those roots, he said, could become ignited by a fire at the surface and then smolder for a long time. Such a smoldering root, he claimed, could eventually burn back to the tree and start a forest fire. I never knew if his claim was true, but we decided to be cautious. So, the next time that we went to the campsite, I took some shovels, rakes, and so forth with me. I'd decided to dig a big hole at the location of our campfire and fill the hole with sand. I figured that would guarantee that we wouldn't be building our campfire over the root of a redwood tree.

The campsite appeared to be virgin forest. There wasn't any indication at all that there'd ever been anything there except the forest. So, when I began to dig the hole for our campfire, the last thing that I expected was to find an artifact. However, I'd dug less than a foot when my shovel clanged against something. After some careful excavation, I determined that it was a black iron pipe, pointing straight up out of the ground, with a gas shutoff valve on the end. When I opened the valve, gas came out. Amazingly, the pipe was still connected to a gas main somewhere and was still a working gas supply. Apparently, there'd once been a house at that location. Nobody'd been aware of it, not even D's stepmother.

Our weekend trips to the campsite provided many opportunities for me and D. One afternoon I was helping her brother work on a piece of equipment in his shop. D's husband decided to go float on the San Lorenzo River for a while in his rubber boat. Elaine decided to take all of the kids somewhere for some kind of junk food. D's brother went off to look for a tool. D and I were squatting there on the floor looking at the piece of equipment and suddenly we realized that we were alone. Whenever possible, D always wore short, wraparound garments that came down to just barely below her bottom. Under such garments, she didn't wear anything at all. On this particular occasion, she was wearing just such a garment. She was very accessible. We looked at each other. We looked around at the empty shop. The expression on her face was as much consent as I needed. I smiled, laid the palm of my hand gently on her chest, and pushed. She rolled smoothly over onto her back. By the time that her brother got back with his wrench, all was as it had been before. No one ever knew the difference.

During another weekend at the campsite, Elaine and the kids all went to the Great America theme park while D, her husband, and I decided to visit a nearby nude beach, on the river. Her husband decided to float down the river to the beach in his rubber boat. We all walked to the river and launched the boat. D and I stood and waved at him until he was out of sight around the bend. Then we hurried back to the RV,

jumped into bed, had a great time, grabbed all the stuff that we'd need to have with us at the beach, and zipped along the trail as fast as we could. We got to the beach, threw the blanket onto the ground, pitched the sodas, etc into position on the blanket, and flung ourselves onto the blanket in casual relaxed poses as if we'd been waiting there for about 45 minutes. Just as we collapsed onto the blanket, we looked up and waved at D's husband, just as he came floating around the corner. D looked at me with an awed expression on her face and said most sincerely, "We must be the luckiest two people alive."

During one of our trips to the campsite, D and I thought for sure, for a few seconds, that our luck had run out. As often happened, everybody else had gone somewhere and D and I were blissfully alone. The only person whose location I remember is her husband, because that was relevant to what happened. I remember that he had gone to float on the river, in his rubber boat. D and I were on the bed at the front of the RV, the bed that's situated over the cab. We were using that bed because it wasn't stowed during the day, like the other beds were. Suddenly, we heard the door knob rattle and a sound on the metal step under the door. We were sure that her husband had unexpectedly returned. I never saw D move so fast either before or after that event. In an instant, she was out of bed and crouched on the floor in a defensive stance. I don't have any idea what she planned to do, or how she planned to explain the situation. Anyway, she stood there for several seconds, not moving. Then she crept over to the door and peeked out the curtain. Then she opened the door just a crack and peeked out. She made a noise that could have been laughing, crying, gasping, or something else. She'd figured out what had happened. A few garden tools had been leaning against the side of the RV. The slight motion of the RV had caused them to slide sideways, hit the door knob on the way down, and then fall on the metal step. To our credit, we resumed our activities and had them completed before her husband returned. We even remembered to lean the garden tools back against the side of the RV.

D was terrified that her husband would find out about our relationship. She'd had several marriages before and I believe that she regarded the current one as her last chance. She seemed astonished at herself for the risk that she was taking with our affair but she seemed unable to resist it. So profound was her terror of discovery that she couldn't even talk about it. Whenever I tried to broach the subject, she'd freeze up and glance around fearfully as if she was lost in a wilderness filled with howling beasts. Her eyes would get large and panicky. I always believed that he knew about us and simply chose, for one reason or another, not to say anything. D was horrified at the idea. The possibility of him arriving while I was visiting with D was usually a consideration and we were always aware of the possibility. However, sometimes it was more likely that others. There were times when I stuffed my socks and underwear into my pants pockets, tied my shoestrings together through a belt loop, and left the bundle where I could grab it and run. Fortunately, that never became necessary.

I've already mentioned the short, wraparound garments that D often wore. One Saturday while Elaine and I were visiting D and her husband, at their home, D made good use of such a garment. She had several of them. That Saturday morning, she was

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wearing the one that was made of orange terrycloth. The four of us were down on our hands and knees in the front yard, pulling weeds. Elaine worked her way over to me and, in a whisper, she asked me, "are you watching (D)?" "No," I replied. I'd been busy pulling weeds. "You should be watching (D)," she advised. So I started watching D. Each of the four of us was moving around more or less randomly, pulling weeds. Before long, I noticed what D was doing. Whenever there was anybody else behind her besides me, she would squat in such a way the her short garment didn't reveal much. When I was the only one behind her, then she'd bend over instead of squatting. Bending over was a lot more revealing than squatting. Some time later, while we were on a houseboat on Lake Shasta, I caught her doing approximately the same thing in her green version of the garment. That time, I happened to have a camera in my hands. See the photo. I wasn't exactly, precisely on time when I clicked the camera and, consequently, I missed the "full effect", but the photograph is still appealing.



One of D's Short Garments

D was peculiar in a lot of ways. One of them was what she called zapping me. I'll admit that we were far from rigorous in verifying it. We thought that it was more fun to just believe in it. Anyway, this is what appeared to happen. D would lay awake in her bed and picture my face. When she had a complete and accurate visualization of it, she'd "zap" me. In my house in San Jose, I'd suddenly wake up thinking about D. The next morning after I'd been zapped, I'd ask her if she'd zapped me during the night. She'd always say yes. Well who knows? Maybe there really was something to it. Maybe we didn't really want to investigate it beyond that. However, that isn't quite the end of that story. Near the end of my relationship with D, I got involved with yet another redhead, this one named A. D was very jealous, so I never told her about A. However, A had a very different attitude and consequently she was well acquainted with my various other escapades. Indeed, she got a big kick out of listening to my accounts of my various adventures. When I told A about the zapping, she said not to worry about it. She said that she'd put up a barrier so that D wouldn't be able to zap me any more. For whatever reason, I never got zapped again. Just so it doesn't seem like it was all in my head, I'll mention the hickeys. D had always objected to hickeys. She said that they were disgusting. I was inclined to agree with her so that was something that we never did. About the time that A set up the barrier to keep D from zapping me, D began to give me hickeys. A commented on one of them and I mentioned that it was indeed a puzzle to me because D hated hickeys. A said that it wasn't a puzzle at all. "D," she said, "is just making sure I know about her." I asked how D could possible know about her. A just said, "She knows."

D also claimed that she could control her dreams. She said that all of the time that she was dreaming, a part of her mind remained consciously aware that she was

dreaming and that part of her mind controlled the events in the dreams. Because of my internal alarm clock, I was inclined to believe her. The internal alarm clock worked like this. When I went to sleep, I'd program myself to wake up at a certain time. That's when I'd wake up. Nowadays, it doesn't matter when I wake up. I don't know if the internal alarm clock even works any more.

The most peculiar thing about D was something that Elaine noticed and mentioned to me. After I began to pay attention, Elaine's theory seemed to make sense. What Elaine suggested to me was that D was a multiple personality. The dominant personality, the one that I think of as D 1, was a mostly conventional, hard-working career woman, wife, and mother who didn't "fool around". D 1 appeared to be at least nominally in control of the composite D, to which I refer as just D. However, Elaine had somehow noticed the existence of D 2. After Elaine suggested the multiple personalities, and alerted me to the existence of D 2, I recalled a lot of things and subsequently observed a lot of things that made a lot more sense if I accepted the multiple personality theory. D 2 was the one who had made the quiet comment to me about going to my place for lunch, while D 1 was concentrating on her work. D 2 instigated the affair with me. D 1 was afraid to come out of the bathroom unless her body was hidden in a towel. D 2 bent over, instead of squatting, while D 1 was concentrating on pulling weeds. D2 always lurked, just out of sight, and quietly dropped carefully calculated monkey wrenches into the works for D 1. She manipulated D 1 for the benefit of the affair and ran the whole thing with great skill. It explained a lot about D's attitudes and behavior.

There was another personality that Elaine never noticed. I call her D 3. She was very well hidden and was an entirely different kind of woman from either D, D 1, or D 2. I never actually saw D 3 and I heard her voice during only one conversation. That happened when she called me from a motel where she was staying during one of D's trips out of town. It was late at night where I was. It was the early hours of the morning where she was. When I answered the telephone and she started talking, I didn't even recognize her voice. It was a completely different voice than I'd ever heard her use before. At first, I wasn't sure it was even her. That's because, for the first time and for the last time in my life, I was talking to D 3. D had been alone all afternoon and all evening in her motel room. She'd been lonely, depressed, and slowly drinking. D was still conscious but D 1 and D 2 were gone, submerged into oblivion. It was the only time in my experience that D 3 was ever completely in control of D. What I perceived during that conversation was the most gentle, compliant, sweet, submissive, and dedicated woman that I've ever met. If D 3 had been openly in control, then D would have been the ultimate and perfect wife. After all of these years of pondering it, I believe that D 3 must have been the source of the magical attraction that D had for me. She must have been there constantly, always "pulling the strings" and manipulating D 2 at some very fundamental level, and causing D 2 to manipulate D 1. When I mentioned the conversation to D, after she returned from her trip, she didn't have any memory of it.

D was the most fascinating woman that I ever knew. Our relationship lasted for four years, and we never got caught. It was great. For years after we broke up, I drove

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past parking lots, restaurants, auto parts stores, etc, where D and I had engaged in anything from a quickie to an afternoon together. She had her faults, as did I, but I remember our time together mostly with fond memories. The story of D, however, has a reportedly grim ending. Eventually, she broke up with me. She claimed that she had to try one last time to be faithful to her husband.

When D broke up with me, I predicted that, within a year, her marriage would collapse. I was correct but I didn't have any idea, when I made the prediction, how ugly that collapse would be. Regardless of my dire predictions, D insisted on giving it one last try. That was the end of our relationship. I never saw her again and I spoke to her after that only once, on the telephone. I don't remember for sure, but it must have been about a year or so after the end of our relationship when she called me and told me of the end of her marriage. What happened, according to D, was that her husband began to routinely rape the youngest of her two daughters, beating the older one of the two in order to get the younger one to cooperate. He made a real production of it, even forcing them to submit to nude photos. Eventually, the situation came to light and he ended up in prison. D and Elaine continued to be friends after D broke up with me and Elaine reported to me a little more of the story. According to her, D claimed that her husband was completely unapologetic and claimed that part of the reason that he'd done it was as vengeance for the affair between me and D. I never heard any other version of the story. I suppose that the version told by Elaine and D could be true.

During that last telephone conversation with D, I asked her if maybe she'd like to meet sometime for lunch. She firmly declined. "I know," she said, "that you're into sex and I can't even think about sex without seeing those pictures (the ones that her husband took of her daughters)." D 1 was firmly in control. I find hope in the possibility that both D 2 and D 3 will be able to rescue D 1 and reconstruct D as she was when I knew her.

When D broke up with me, I didn't handle it well. It's one of the things in my life that I regret. I don't have much more to say about it here. This is my ma'amoir and my penance is for me to accomplish. I'll say only that D deserved a better reaction from me than she got.

A. M. B.

I met A when I went to work for a company in Mountain View, California. Her response to my courtship was one of surprise and puzzlement. She later confided in me that she hadn't been able to imagine any reason why I'd be interested in her. How can a stunningly lovely, intelligent, natural redhead with a curvaceous figure and a beautiful face have such a low opinion of herself? I learned a big part of the reason for that later. In general, however, our culture can have a very damaging effect on women.

I tried a couple of times to get A to go to lunch with me and she agreed rather easily. We went out for fast food for lunch one day and I cleverly suggested that we eat it in my camper. A cleverly agreed. I was doing rather well at getting her undressed when she called a halt, so I stopped. She got dressed and we headed back to work. On the way, I asked her why she'd gone so far and then changed her mind. She said that she

hadn't changed her mind. She said that she'd never intended to let me jump her in a camper. She said that she just wanted to see what kind of "moves" I had.

I suppose that the "moves" must have been acceptable because shortly after that we arranged an overnight visit at her apartment. When I got there, she was already laying on her bed completely undressed. I walked in, pointed, and said "Wow! It's as bright as a carrot!" She looked about halfway bored and said, "Men always say that." After that, we made Wednesday evenings a regular thing. Elaine called it my "night out with the guys." I'd usually go directly from work to A's apartment and we had the evening and the night together. Those were lovely times.

A and I agreed that we'd enjoy only a sexual relationship and that it was temporary. A was looking for a husband and, since I was already married, I didn't qualify. She just needed someone to keep her happy until she found a husband. She became a good friend of the family and we all spent a lot of time together. Elaine was greatly amused one weekend that we all spent in a houseboat on the Delta. Elaine, Catherine, and I boarded the boat on Friday evening and, since A arrived after dark, it was too late to leave the dock by then. We spent Friday night tied up at the dock, our houseboat being one in a long line of them. By the time that A arrived, we were all in bed. A bedded down on the bed in the far end of the houseboat and Elaine encouraged me to go join her. That was early in my relationship with A and she was still uneasy about Elaine's close proximity. Nevertheless, I persuaded her. The weather was calm that night and the next day Elaine kept giggling to herself about some secret joke. Eventually, we persuaded her to tell us what was so funny. She said that, after A and I got going, the whole long line of houseboats was bobbing up and down at the dock to the rhythm of the waves. A seemed embarrassed at first but she eventually saw the humor in the situation. Besides giving us something to chuckle about on an idyllic Saturday morning on the Delta, it also helped to convince A that there weren't any grudges or hard feelings within my marriage about the relationship.

By that time, my daughter Catherine was old enough to notice that something was going on. A had the distinction of being the first girlfriend that Catherine recognized as having some special status, although Catherine didn't know exactly what that status was. Elaine never gave any indication whatsoever that she was concerned about the visibility of my relationship with A. Although Elaine's mother tried to crucify my morals later, I don't think that the relationship had any adverse effect on Catherine.

In spite of her initial reluctance, A came to enjoy our sexual encounters in my camper. Although the difference was utterly invisible to me, she claimed that I was a completely different man in the camper. I don't know what the difference was and she never explained it. She just said my style was completely different in her apartment or in my house than it was in the camper. After we started spending time together in the camper, A developed the practice of keeping a careful eye on all of the other campers when we were out on the road. She'd always point out the ones with curtains in the windows and announce happily that there was another guy who "got nooners". All in all, she was a wonderful and delightful woman. We had lots of fun together. We went on motorcycle rides and broke down alongside of the freeway. We

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spent lots of funds playing Galaga and Galaxian at the video arcades. She was also careful to make sure that we had Mother's Taffy Cookies and milk handy on the bedside table at her apartment, when we went to bed. It wasn't a long relationship but it was a busy one and it came closer to being trouble free than the other relationship that I'd had up to that time. I recall only two things that were even remotely problems. The first was one night when she realized too late that she'd forgotten her diaphragm. We counted the days of the month for a while after that, but nothing came of it. The other was when she admitted to me the thing that had damaged her self esteem. She approached the subject so circuitously one evening that I didn't realize that she was moving toward a specific conclusion until she got there. Her confession was that, some time earlier, while she was rooming with a relative, they'd sort of unexpectedly ended up in bed together. They'd been sort of impoverished and were rooming together for financial reasons. It was a small place and there was only one bedroom. They didn't even have a bed. All that they had was a mattress on the floor. She slept on the mattress and he slept beside it, on the floor. She said that, even after the fact, neither of them could explain how it had happened. It just happened. The surprising thing is that it didn't surprise me when she told me. Given the various other little hints and clues that she'd dropped, it seemed almost as if I'd expected it. After she told me, she sat tensely, watching me covertly from the corners of her eyes. She acted like she expected me to spit on her and leave, but I didn't. Our culture has some restrictions that are, depending upon your attitude, either arbitrary, obsolete, cruel, or stupid. She's a wonderful woman who'll be burdened with guilt for the remainder of her life. Nothing that anybody ever says to her will remove her useless guilt. I don't believe that the hypothetical harm in some stupid alleged sin is worth causing so much torment.

Eventually, A found that right man. Had I been more accepting of my change in status, then we'd probably still be friends today. One of my faults is that I'm not good at making the transition from a sexual relationship to being just a friend. I haven't seen A since the night that she told me that it was over.

Glenna Elaine Cole Milam: Her True Colors

I planned a surprise birthday party for Elaine for Tuesday, February 28, 1984. As the cover for the party, I suggested that Elaine and I would go shopping after work to buy her something for her birthday. I also asked that she not plan anything else for Catherine, so that Catherine could go with us. I wanted to prevent her from making any other plans that would interfere with my surprise party. On Monday, Elaine's mother called me and said that she wanted to visit us on Tuesday to celebrate Elaine's birthday. She said that Catherine had selected a



Preparations for the surprise birthday party

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birthday cake and that we could have a surprise party. We had a long history of socializing with Elaine's mother. Her suggestion sounded like it would make my surprise party even better, so I agreed.

On Tuesday morning, after Elaine left for work, I arranged party balloons and birthday gifts in the kitchen before I went to work. At work, I happily told my boss about the party and arranged to get off work early that day. I got home early, showered, and put on some better clothes. Shortly afterward, Elaine's mother, step-father (Herb), and sister-in-law (name not worth mentioning) arrived. They were the only guests. Herb and I went out and bought some ice cream. I got my camera ready and took a surprise picture of Elaine as she came through the door. When Elaine arrived, Catherine wasn't with her. I asked her where Catherine was and Elaine said "with a friend." Since we had guests, I didn't pursue the matter. Elaine opened her gifts and then said that she'd decided to buy herself a birthday gift. She said that she'd spent \$1500. I tried to laugh and said "That was a little more than I'd planned to spend." She said "I bought a divorce."



Phony surprise

Everybody present except me had already known about it. The party suggestion by her mother had been a lie so that Elaine and her family could gang up on me. They spent the next three hours accusing me of everything that they could imagine. They accused me of having extramarital affairs and didn't want to talk about Elaine's more numerous extramarital affairs, or consider that we'd both agreed to have an open marriage. They accused me of incest with M. I reminded them that Elaine had been in bed with us at the time. That revelation resulted in a change of subject. It's to my credit that I didn't mention Elaine's affair with W, the husband of a member of her family. That would have been quite an embarrassment for Elaine, in front of her mother, especially if they'd managed to keep the mother from finding out about it.

They said that if Catherine grew up with me then she'd have warped values and identity problems because I didn't hide my Playboy magazines from her. They didn't care to remember that neither me nor Elaine had ever been bothered by this before, that Elaine bought the magazines for me, and that neither of us had ever had a nudity taboo within the family. We routinely wandered around the house without clothes if it happened to be convenient. We'd always agreed that it didn't hurt Catherine to know what adults looked like. We even took Catherine to a nude beach with us. It was even Elaine's idea to do it. To this day, I'm convinced that Catherine has a healthier attitude because of that early, honest, and untainted exposure to nudity.

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They said that Catherine had serious emotional disturbances that would become worse if Elaine and I stayed together. They claimed that, on the other hand, the divorce would provide the stability that Catherine needed.

Near the end of the inquisition, I asked Elaine why she'd invited her family into the discussion. She said that she was afraid that her announcement would cause me to commit suicide. I don't have any idea why she had such a stupid notion.

As they were all getting up to leave, I accused Elaine's mother of having known about the plan from the beginning. Although I'd just spent three hours answering idiotic accusations, she said that she would refuse to answer the comment. Elaine wanted me to go back to Texas to live with my family. I refused, so they packed most of our possessions and moved her out. I even helped load the truck. Imagine that. They'd even brought a truck with them.

One of the conditions of our open marriage had been that we wouldn't hide things from one another. For a while, before the surprise birthday party, Elaine had been refusing to tell me who was her current boyfriend. I didn't know why but I just had to accept it. As Elaine was leaving, just before she walked out the gate, she returned her wedding ring and commented that she was glad to be rid of it. I still have the ring. I asked for a goodbye hug and she said no. The last thing that she said before she left was, "Now I don't have to tell you who my boyfriends are anymore."

The next morning at work, first thing, my boss came into my office and asked me how the surprise party had gone. I tried to answer him but I couldn't get my voice to work. I gulped a time or two and suddenly started crying, right there in front of him. I think that I was even more surprised than he was. I told him the story. He must have told everybody to leave me alone, because nobody bothered me with anything at all for the entire day.

On Wednesday, I called Elaine at her mother's house and told her that I wanted to get Catherine Friday after work and return her on Sunday. Elaine said no. She said that she wasn't ready to give me "visitation" rights. By the way, it isn't visitation rights. It's visiting rights. A visitation is when an angel appears. Also, if you have to ask someone to give it to you, then it isn't a right. It's a privilege. I told her that there hadn't been any custody decision and that I had as much right to have Catherine as she did. She hung up on me. After all of those years of treating her with the respect of an equal, at divorce time she acted just like any other arrogant bitch. She took the kid and ran to her mother. A man who did that would be accused of kidnapping the child. It was a big part of the education process that eventually ended my support of feminism as a political ideology. Believe it or not, I used to support the bitches.

On Thursday, in the typical high-handed way that women have, Elaine called and said she wanted to get some of her things from the house. They'd already pretty much cleaned the place out, the night of the "party". Anyway, I agreed to her request. I asked about Catherine and she wouldn't tell me anything. She wouldn't let me talk to Catherine on the telephone. She said that she was planning to get some advice from a child psychiatrist and that I couldn't talk to Catherine until after that. I told her that the way that she'd handled the divorce announcement at the birthday party had been malicious and insulting. She agreed but she didn't apologize. To this day she

hasn't apologized. To this day I haven't forgiven her, nor will I ever. I'm not interested in hearing any bullshit about how my attitude is hurting me but not her. I'm angry at her and I damned well intend to stay angry at her. I even wrote an article about staying angry. It's available in the April 2011 issue of the *Frontiersman*, on page 1. The title is *Purity in Anger*.

On Friday, I called Small World Almaden, the school that Catherine had been attending, and asked how Catherine was doing. Catherine's teacher, Kathelene, told me that Catherine hadn't been to school since Tuesday and that she didn't know anything about Catherine's whereabouts. Later that day, Elaine called and let Catherine talk to me. Catherine was distressed and asked a lot of questions like "Why don't you and Mommy like each other any more?" and "Why can't I come home?" Apparently, Elaine hadn't even bothered to explain anything to her. I tried to give her honest answers.

About a week after the birthday party, Elaine called me on the telephone and asked me to come over to her apartment and fix her car. Naturally, I did as requested. I didn't even charge the bitch for the work.

I eventually received a copy of a Temporary Restraining Order in which Elaine had asked the court to order me to:

- not contact, molest, attack, strike, threaten, sexually assault, batter, telephone or otherwise disturb the peace of either her or Catherine,
- move out of my home,
- stay at least 500 yards from my home, Elaine's place of work, and Catherine's school,
- not dispose of any of my property, and notify the court if I wanted to do so,
- give exclusive use, possession, and control of my home to her, and
- make the payments on the mortgage, the house insurance, the auto insurance, our truck, and my motorcycle.

The document had been prepared and submitted to the court before I even knew that Elaine was planning a divorce. For reasons known only to God, the judge denied the expulsion order, the stay away order, and the pay the bills order. He did, however, grant the order that I not molest (etc) her. I regard it as an insult that she would even ask for such things. I'd never even come close to any such behavior with either Elaine or Catherine. I was always courteous and considerate. The document proved that Elaine was an arrogant and malicious bitch. Somehow, during 14 years of living with her, I just hadn't noticed it. Since then, I've never forgotten it, nor will I ever.

Elaine requested the divorce based on irreconcilable differences. Since I wasn't even aware that anything was wrong, except that she refused to tell me the name of her secret lover, the differences couldn't have been very serious. We seldom argued and it seems to me that arguments and disagreements normally occur in most marriages. Maybe she quit because she had her eye on that secret lover. If so, then it didn't work out because she stayed single for a long time after the divorce. Maybe she quit our marriage because, like everything else in her life, she couldn't do it.

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Elaine also submitted to the court a *Declaration in Support of Order to show Cause Hearing*. In response, I wrote a *Declaration of Respondent in Response to Petitioner's Declaration*. When Elaine and her lawyer saw my declaration, they offered to withdraw their declaration if I'd promise not to show my response to the judge. Elaine's declaration was pure bullshit. It's worth noting that she didn't sign it under penalty of perjury as I did mine, but only "respectfully". Just to keep the record straight and to show the kind of whining with which I was dealing, I'm including my declaration herewith. I didn't promise not to use it, only to refrain from showing it to the judge. The declaration is shown, in its entirety, in the Appendix at the end of this ma'amoir.

The only good thing that I can say for Elaine is that I believe that her mother actually wrote the document. Indeed, I'm convinced that Elaine's mother was primarily responsible for motivating Elaine to get the divorce, in spite of her promises to the contrary in Houston many years earlier. Sleaziness must run in the family. I don't believe that Elaine instigated the divorce because our marriage, although not perfect, certainly didn't have anything wrong with it that was sufficiently bad to justify a divorce. At that point in time, she couldn't even complain about my affairs. All of my previous girlfriends had broken up with me at that particular time. I didn't have any affairs in progress. Also, the open marriage was originally her idea, not mine. However, Elaine signed the declaration, so she's responsible. Her behavior was calculated, malicious, insulting, and unnecessary. It followed 14 years of marriage during which I had always treated her with courtesy and respect. I never beat her, never threatened her, never intentionally intimidated her, and never intentionally abused her in any way. I tolerated, with a closed mouth, all of her stupid diets and never once told her that she was fat, even though she was. I'd known from early in the relationship that she wasn't attractive by conventional standards because I'd unintentionally overheard, on the occasions that I mentioned earlier in this ma'amoir, comments regarding her lack of beauty. I loved her in spite of her fat. I even contrived ways to compliment her for losing weight without implying that she'd been fat before she'd lost it. I didn't drink or smoke. I didn't use foul language in her presence. I regularly brought home a paycheck and signed it over to her. I tolerated with as much good grace as I could her abominable housekeeping, her lame excuses for it, and the lie that she'd originally told me when she denied that particular shortcoming, back during our college days. I respected her damned feminist equality and she proved herself to be not only a sleazy bitch but a fair-weather feminist who forgot all about gender equality at divorce time. She even contrived one last twist of the knife in my back by arranging for the first child support payment to be due on our wedding anniversary, June 2, 1984. At this point, I have several regrets.

- As soon as she announced her divorce, I should have kicked the relatives out the door and then engaged in a little constructive domestic violence. Sadly, violence doesn't come naturally to me.
- I should have insisted that the judge see my declaration. I'd like to have seen Elaine try explain it.
- I should have refused to make any child support payments whatsoever. When Elaine and I got married, we promised each other a lifetime together. When we adopted Catherine, we made promises to Catherine, to each other, and to Louise

Gwen, at the adoption agency. Elaine broke all those promises unilaterally, without either my foreknowledge or my consent. She was completely in breach of contract and, therefore, I didn't have any further obligation whatsoever in the matter. If she couldn't afford the consequences of the divorce then she shouldn't have "bought" it. After her violations, neither her nor Catherine (so long as Catherine was with her) were my problem. If I had it to do again, I'd refuse to pay.

- I wish that I'd destroyed her car instead of fixing it.

One of my big mistakes with Elaine, although I didn't know it at the time, was to let her manage our funds. Every payday, I signed my paycheck and gave it to her. She did whatever she wanted to do with the funds and gave me a weekly allowance for my own personal use. We had our family finances divided into house funds (that she managed), my allowance, her allowance, and (eventually) Catherine's allowance. The agreement was that each individual could spend that individual's own allowance without any restrictions and without being answerable for it. The way that it worked in practice was that the house account was usually broke. I kept loaning funds back to that account because my allowance fund was always solvent. While we were married, we both had professional jobs. I don't know the exact numbers but, between the two of us, we must have been making about \$70,000 per year. That was during the late 1970s and the early 1980s. After the divorce, after I became permanently unemployed, and before I left Mere Keep, I lived on about \$8000 per year. Even so, I had more funds at my disposal with my \$8000 per year than I had while Elaine was managing our \$70,000 per year.

Looking back on it, I can see several things that I ignored at the time. Elaine had a lot of jewelry. I never paid any attention to it but I now speculate that she might have spent quite a lot of funds on it. One of her favorite bits of folk wisdom was that Islamic women carried all of their worldly wealth around with them on their bodies, in the form of jewelry. She liked to get fancy paint jobs on her fingernails, get expensive pedicures, get her hair restyled, and eat out a lot. She was always going on and off of diets. She'd lose 40 pounds (her count) and reward herself with a whole closet full of new clothes, because she was too slim for the old ones. Then she'd gain back the 40 pounds and take all her clothes to the Goodwill because they were "out of style". Naturally, she'd have to buy new ones that were in style. To be "in style", they had to be big enough to fit her. What an incompetent bitch. No wonder we never had any cash.

It's also interesting to ponder the timing of her divorce. For a year prior to the announcement, I was either unemployed or employed in a low-paying hourly job. With all of the nonsense nowadays about gender equality, if she'd filed for her divorce during that period of time then she might have had to pay alimony. Instead, she waited until I had a job offer for a good-paying job in a high tech industry. Then she filed so quickly after I received the job offer that I hadn't even reported to work yet. Of course, with a good-paying job I couldn't get alimony from her and I had to pay child support based on my income. So, she's also a scheming, calculating, and mercenary bitch, as well as those other names that I used.

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Here's another situation. Elaine was the one who always went to the post office for our mail. After the surprise birthday party, I checked the post office box and found an expiration notice for our house insurance, two notices from the bank for insufficient funds for checks, a 24 hour notice from the water company for unpaid bills, and a bounced check notification from Looking Good Unisex.

Several months after the divorce, I had a conversation with my mother. She said that Elaine had called, prior to the divorce, and asked a lot of leading questions about the past relationship between my parents. My mother said that Elaine was obviously fishing for information that would be useful in a divorce. She said that she'd cried after the conversation but had nevertheless decided not to mention it to me. A little warning would have been nice. If a man can't depend on his mother, then who can he trust?

In April, I received an unsigned envelope postmarked San Francisco containing a clipping from a newspaper. The article was titled *Key word in definition of sexual harassment is 'unwelcome'*. I don't know who sent it but it surely didn't come from a friend.

About a year after the divorce, Katrina was born. By then, Elaine's mother no longer had any excuse to communicate with my mother. Nevertheless, Elaine's mother sent to my mother a birth announcement notifying my mother of the birth of her "beautiful new peach colored granddaughter". I surmise that Elaine's mother expected me to try to hide Katrina from my family and that she wanted to make sure that I didn't get away with it. Being an arrogant and intrusive bitch seems to run in the family. I suppose that the situation has a bright side if I look at it the right way. After all, I didn't lose only a wife. I lost **both** a wife **and** a mother-in-law.

During the years following the divorce, I couldn't avoid having a certain minimum amount of contact with Elaine. After all, we had a daughter to raise. During such unavoidable contact, I tried to be courteous but no more than courteous. With typical female self-deception, she used to comment, "Sam and I are better friends now than when we were married." I wisely kept my mouth shut and let her deceive herself.

The child support payment was a chain around my neck and was irrelevant so far as Catherine's well-being was concerned. The only thing that I accomplishing by giving Elaine all of those funds was to allow her to waste that much more per month on unnecessary things. Either way, Catherine came out with the same standard of living and the same quality of life. The only reason that I kept struggling with the payments was because I'd promised to make them. Elaine was professionally employed in a full time job with benefits and, during those years, I was trying to live on whatever funds I could earn in the free market, with no benefits. Nevertheless, I still made the payments. They're complete now and my conscience is clear. I don't see any reason why I should ever have to see the bitch again. I plan to get even with her and her mother by being alive after they're both dead. It's as good a reason as any other to watch my weight.

Lorita Ann Taylor

Most of the information presented in this section came from a diary that I began to keep after the first few months of my relationship with Lorita. That entire diary is available in *Pharos* at *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*. I suppose that I decided to keep a diary because of the sorry situation with the divorce from Elaine. Maybe not. I don't know.

I met Lorita in March of 1984, shortly after I reported to work at AMD. That was the new job that I mentioned in the discussion about Elaine and the divorce. It's the new job that I obtained just before she sprang the divorce on me. The divorce wasn't even finished yet when I got involved with Lorita but, it had been



Lorita Ann Taylor, Tuesday, April 10, 1984

an open marriage so I guess that it was also an open divorce. As was my normal routine, I began to chase the women at AMD and earned quite a reputation for myself. Lorita was one of my early targets. I will say that I was honest with her about my situation and my intentions. I told her that I didn't want a permanent relationship, just a sexual one. As it turned out, she was trying to marry a credit card but I didn't know that at the time. I'd been chasing her for less than a month when she called me on the telephone and invited herself over to my place for the evening. That was the evening of March 31, 1984. She volunteered to stay all night and promised me that I didn't need to worry about anything, because she was "on the pill." During the following months, I began to know her better and realized that I didn't want to continue seeing her. We broke up several times. Each time she vowed that she'd never see me again and each time I was relieved that it was finally over. She always came back.

Lorita had many financial problems, some of which I no longer remember. I do recall, however, that

1. she was trying to avoid a huge telephone bill that had been generated on her telephone, allegedly by a previous roommate,
2. she was being asked to pay a loan that she'd co-signed for some old friend who'd defaulted,
3. she was having problems with some old traffic tickets,
4. one of her roommates allegedly wasn't making rent payments and she couldn't afford the payments alone, and
5. she kept missing the payments on her BMW.

For a while, I tried to help. I gave her over \$1000 before I decided that I was wasting funds. I couldn't solve her financial problems. Every time that I paid one of her debts, she simply acquired another debt that she couldn't pay. Eventually, I told her that I wouldn't give her any more funds. That resulted in a big argument, after which

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I agreed to loan her the funds that she needed. On November 23, 1984, I began making loans to her. The total amount of the loan eventually reached \$1134.83. She never repaid it. I eventually decided that she didn't have any intention of ever repaying the loan so I stopped loaning funds to her. That resulted in yet another big argument.

In May of 1984, I thought that Lorita might be pregnant but she told me she'd had a pregnancy test that indicated that she wasn't pregnant. As time passed, I thought that she was gradually beginning to look and act pregnant. For example, she often got sick in the morning but she always had some excuse. One excuse that I remember in particular was, "I thought the milk on my cereal tasted a little sour but I was in too much of a hurry." There must be some truth to the stereotypes because she also started buying giant pickles at the 7-Eleven store. Each time that I suggested that she might be pregnant, she acted insulted and said that I was accusing her of getting fat. Consequently, I tended not to mention it. However, I remained suspicious. It was during that period of time that she casually mentioned to me one day that she occasionally forgot to take her pill and that, whenever she did, she'd take two pills the next day to make up for it. I didn't know anything about how the pills worked, and she seemed to think that it wasn't a big deal. Also during that period of time, she claimed to have had three consecutive menstrual cycles. That supported her claim that she wasn't pregnant. Of course, all that I knew was what she told me.

In early September, we were together at my place and she suddenly jumped, grabbed her belly, and said "something moved." I said that there were very few things that could do that. I suggested that she should get another pregnancy test. She did and that time the test indicated that she was pregnant. She then got the opinion from a doctor at Kaiser Permanente that she'd been pregnant for 5 months.

Lorita insisted that the baby was mine and that, if I didn't marry her, then she'd get an abortion. I didn't like the idea of an abortion but I refused to marry her. By then, I knew her well enough that I didn't want a permanent relationship. I'd have been happy to be out of the temporary one. On September 29, 1984, Lorita told me that if I'd promise to help with the baby, then she'd have it without marrying me. I offered to pay her the same amount of child support that I was paying to Elaine. She said that wasn't enough. I said that it was all that I could pay. Eventually, she agreed to accept it. To pay even that, I had to move Catherine's bed into my bedroom so that I could rent Catherine's room. Today, that would probably get me imprisoned as a pedophile.

My agreement to make the child support payments doesn't necessarily mean that I agreed, at the time, that the child was mine. Indeed, my agreement to make the payments was coerced. It seemed like the easiest way to pacify a difficult situation. I had only Lorita's word that I was the father but I wanted to avoid the abortion. Also, Lorita was an extremely persistent woman. She absolutely refused to leave me alone. She pestered me at work so much that the secretary complained about having to take so many telephone calls while I was out of the office. I couldn't prevent Lorita from making the telephone calls. Furthermore, Lorita worked in a department at AMD that I frequently audited, so I was vulnerable to various charges of misconduct,

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if she chose to make them. I felt vulnerable. She harassed me over the telephone when I was at work or at home. She visited me at home at the least excuse, at any hour of the day or night. She'd extract from me an agreement that she could stay overnight and then she'd show up with a suitcase, two over-night bags, and an arm-load of dresses on hangers. Sometimes it would take me several days to get her back out of the house again. My agreement to make the payments bought a certain amount of peace.

Lorita and I attended Lamaze classes at Kaiser Permanente, for which I paid, in preparation for the birth. On February 2, 1985, the child was born. I stayed with Lorita through the labor and delivery and then took a week of vacation to stay with her after the child was born.

Lorita decided to name the child Katrina Marie Milam. She dictated the name and I didn't have any choice in the matter. I hid my misgivings and signed the birth certificate. As with the child support payments, I felt compelled to do something that I didn't necessarily want to do.



Lorita and Katrina, Saturday, February 2, 1985

Had I realized at the time that my signature on the birth certificate would be construed as submitting me to the jurisdiction of the county authorities, then I wouldn't have signed it. Since I signed the birth certificate under duress and in ignorance of the significance of the action, and since the representative of the government (licensed nurse) who presented it to me to sign didn't make any effort to inform me of the facts, I subsequently claimed that the alleged obligation to the county jurisdiction was void from its inception and of no effect.

The situations with Elaine and with Lorita had done a lot to erode my trust for women. So, on February 21, 1985, I had a vasectomy. I figured that, after the vasectomy, I could employ the tactic of indifference against the next woman who complained to me of being pregnant.

My relationship with Lorita continued to deteriorate. She expected far more of me than I wanted to provide. I spent far more time fixing her car than I wanted. I gave her far more financial help than I could afford, trying to solve her many financial problems. She coerced me into driving her to work one week. Three days that week, when I arrived at her place to pick her up, she wasn't even awake yet. I was late to work every day that week, even on the days that she was awake when I arrived at her place. She had the ability to convert every problem that she had from her problem into my problem. For example, when her car broke and she didn't have transportation, then she wanted my truck. When I let her use my truck, then she had transportation and I didn't. If I didn't provide the transportation, then she'd accuse me of neglecting the baby. If I gave her a ride, then I was trapped in the truck with her and I had to listen to her constant nagging. She constantly complained, criticized my choices and actions, and condemned me for everything that I did or didn't do. My fre-

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quent weekend sailing trips with my friend Andrew were a good example. When I went on those trips and didn't invite her, then she accused me of being homosexual. No matter what I said, she'd find a way to use it against me. If I didn't say anything, then she'd accuse me of hiding something.

The thing that most annoyed me was that when she got mad at me, then she'd refuse to let me see Katrina. I eventually decided that she was just using Katrina as a weapon, so I stopped giving in. That resulted in her staying mad longer before she'd let me see the child. She usually relented on Friday evenings when she wanted to go dancing and needed a cheap baby-sitter. Of course, I didn't get any advance notice but I at least I got to see Katrina for a while. When Lorita came back from dancing, she'd always brag about the men that she'd met in the bars and hinted at her exploits.

Although Lorita's black, she always tried to associate with white men, particularly blond ones. She'd especially gloat if she danced with a European. She was the most delighted if he was German. During my association with her and her family, I learned that her racial prejudice was shared by the other members of the family. That is, they were all prejudiced against blacks. I recall several incidents in support of that observation. One of those was reported to me by Betty, the babysitter. It happened during a family gathering of the various sisters and children at the home of Florence, Lorita's mother. Betty was there, overheard it, and reported it to me later. This is what happened. One of Lorita's sisters asked Katrina how many black kids there were in her class at school. Katrina stated that there was one, and gave his name. Betty said that everybody present whooped with delight and exclaimed that Katrina counted herself among the whites. Any time that Lorita and I were in public, Lorita always got very close to me any time that she saw another black woman in the vicinity. Once in a department store, we walked into one end of an aisle just as another black woman walked into the other end, approaching us. Lorita immediately grabbed my arm and held on. As we approached the other black woman, a smile gradually grew on the black woman's face. As she passed us, she said in a stage whisper, as if to herself but loud enough that we heard it, "How sweet!" Lorita positively wiggled in delight.

Eventually, as I managed to see less and less of her, she always bragged to me about her new boyfriends. Sadly, none of them lasted for more than about a week. I was particularly amused by her account of one man's reason for missing a date. He had to sit up with a sick uncle. For many months, I tried to minimize my contact with her. When she brought Katrina for a visit, I'd take the child at the gate and not invite Lorita into the yard. I'd return the child at the gate and, again, not invite Lorita into the yard. That worked for a while. However, she eventually began to find reasons why she couldn't drop Katrina off or pick her up. Then I had to go to her place. If I went to her place to get Katrina, or to return her, then Lorita usually had some reason why I had to come inside. Usually, it was some broken thing that she wanted me to fix. I tried to avoid going in. If I went in, then I tried to leave again as quickly as possible.

On June 9, 1986, Lorita called me at work as a result of some disagreement that we'd been having and instructed me to refrain from seeing her or Katrina ever again under

any circumstances. She also instructed me to stop making child support payments. I guess that she was just trying to be spiteful because she soon asked for the next due payment anyway. I made the July child support payment 5 days ahead of schedule.

One evening in August of 1986, (I didn't make a note of the date), when I returned Katrina, Lorita was at home alone and seemed unusually quiet, calm, and thoughtful. She seemed to want to talk. Although I didn't want to go in, I decided to sit on the front step and let her say whatever it was that she wanted to say. She talked in circles for a while and finally said that there was something that she wanted to talk to me about. She said that about six weeks earlier, she'd been in my house (one of the times that I hadn't been able to keep her out) and had noticed that Catherine was watching pornography. That was her description of the movie. I couldn't remember at the time what movie we'd been watching but, based on walking past it on her way to the bathroom, Lorita was convinced that it was pornography. I told her that whatever Catherine had been watching, I'd been there with her. I told Lorita that I believed that answering Catherine's questions was better than restricting what she watched. Lorita said that I was going to turn Catherine into a lesbian by treating her that way. She said that she wouldn't allow me to let Katrina watch anything like that. I said that I'd treat Katrina however I thought was appropriate. Lorita said that she wouldn't let me see Katrina under those circumstances. I finally lost my temper. I jumped up and yelled at her. She must have been surprised because she backed through the front door. I followed her through the door and yelled that I wanted an answer. I wanted to know if Katrina was my daughter or somebody else's. Lorita tried to act insulted that I'd ask such a thing but I was yelling in her face and demanding to know if Katrina was my daughter or not. I kept insisting that if Katrina was my daughter then I had a right to see her and that Lorita couldn't keep taking her away from me. If Katrina wasn't my daughter then I shouldn't be making child support payments. In that way I backed Lorita across the room, all the way to the wall. Then she started yelling at me and that made me so mad that I wanted to hit her. At the same time, I didn't want to hurt her. So, I grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her down onto the sofa, which was the softest thing I could find nearby. She bounced up and kept yelling in my face so I pushed her down again. I pushed her down a couple more times and, each time she bounced up and kept yelling in my face and calling me names. Then Katrina came into the room and started crying about what was happening. That was a sad thing. It kind of reminded me of my own parents. I left Lorita there yelling after me.

Later that evening, Lorita told her landlord, Comisau Phillips, that I'd beat her up and that she was going to call the police and have me arrested. Apparently, she didn't look injured and he had some doubts about her story. He convinced her to wait until he could talk to me about it. I expect that she was easy to convince. She could easily have called the cops without waiting for Comisau to get home. All that she really wanted was an excuse to complain to him about something and to try to get some sympathy or, more probably, some concession in the rental arrangement that she had with him.

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The next day Comisau called to get my side of the story. After that, he volunteered to carry Katrina back and forth between us so that Lorita and I wouldn't have to see each other again. He also suggested that he could pick up the child support payment from me and sign the receipt "for Lorita Taylor." The first time that he picked up the payment he kept it for rent that she owed him. She accused him of forging her signature on the receipt. That was the payment for September of 1986. After that, Lorita instructed me to not give any more of the child support payments to Comisau.

Sometime in late August or early September, the former baby-sitter, Betty Ratchford, called me. She was upset because Katrina and Lorita were sleeping in Lorita's car at night. I don't know why they were doing that, since Comisau hadn't kicked her out of her room yet. Lorita did things like that to make people feel guilty so maybe it was part of the ruckus that was going on with Comisau. She was probably trying to get some additional concessions out of him, cheaper rent or some such thing.

During the last half of September, 1986, Comisau kicked Lorita out of the room that she'd been renting from him. He called me first to discuss the situation. It might seem a bit strange for a landlord to call a renter's ex-boyfriend for consolation, but he seemed to need to talk to someone who knew Lorita and who'd understand his problem. He said she was being inconsiderate in various ways. For example, she insisted on having arguments with him whenever he had guests. I expect that was a pretty effective way for her to extort concessions out of him. It was a typical tactic for her. He said that he was forcing her to leave because of problems with rent payments and because it was too difficult to tolerate her. He also said that he thought that I should sue for custody of the child. He said that during the year or so that Lorita had rented the room from him, he'd never seen her take proper care of Katrina. He said that she never prepared food for the child but only shared hamburgers and fries from McDonald's. He said that Lorita never played with the child but just left her on the bed with some toys, while she (Lorita) watched TV. Comisau was raising several kids of his own so maybe he was qualified to have an opinion on that subject. At the time, I was well into the process of divesting myself of all connections with and obligations to the government. A trip into the court system would have compromised the status that I was trying to establish. That would have been unacceptable to me. For better or for worse, Lorita got to keep the child.

Comisau's observations regarding Lorita's character and behavior are completely consistent with mine. Lorita frequently complained to me about being trapped in her room at Comisau's place. Yet when I suggested that she take Katrina out for a walk around the block, in the stroller, she was appalled at the idea of actually walking somewhere. So far as I'm aware, she never used the stroller, not even once. Many times, I saw her drive her car from my place to the 7-Eleven store, which was half a block away. When I asked her about it, she said, "I don't have to walk! I have a BMW!" I also recall one time when she refused to walk across the street from work to cash her pay check at the liquor store. Since her car was broken at the time, I had to walk out to the parking lot, get my truck, pick her up in front of the office building, and drive her across the street to the liquor store and back again. It took longer for me to

walk to my truck, while she waited for me, than it would have taken her to walk across the street to the liquor store.

On November 20, 1986, Lorita called me on the telephone with an unexpected accusation, something that her sister, Becky, had allegedly told her many months earlier. According to Lorita, Becky had told her that I'd called her (Becky) on the telephone in the middle of the night and had masturbated while saying obscene things to her. Lorita told me that her mother had also heard the call. She didn't explain why they kept listening if it offended them. I didn't ask. She then reminded me of our big argument in August, the one that I mentioned a few paragraphs back. She said if that's the way I felt (referring to my statements during the argument) then I didn't have any right to see Katrina. She told me again that she'd never let me see Katrina again and that she'd refuse to accept any more child support payments from me, even if I did try to make them. What I'd told her during the argument was that if I was the father then I had a right to see the child. If I wasn't the father then I didn't have an obligation to make the payments. Before I left that day, after Katrina came into the room and started crying, I'd told Lorita to make up her mind and let me know once and for all. In view of those choices, and since she specifically referred to that argument, her statement during the telephone conversation appeared to be a verification that I wasn't the father. She also said that she didn't like the announcement that I had on my telephone answering machine. She said that she'd refuse to leave a message on the machine as long as that announcement remained on it. I don't remember what the announcement was.

The next day, on November 21, 1986, I sent to Lorita a letter to confirm that I'd no longer be making child support payments. I sent the letter by registered mail, restricted delivery, return receipt requested, Article Number P-493 672 533. Lorita didn't make any objection to the letter either then or later. I consider that letter to have terminated our oral agreement of child support. That oral agreement was the only agreement under which I had any obligations to either Lorita or to Katrina. A copy of the letter is shown in Appendix 2. The associated documentation is available in *Pharos at The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*.

Also on November 21, 1986, I called Becky to ask her about the alleged obscene telephone call. Becky was out so I told Ordra, another of Lorita's sisters, what Lorita had said. I asked her to have Becky call me. Becky never called me.

On November 24, 1986, Lorita called Elaine (the former wife) to discuss the problems that existed between me and Lorita. Elaine called me and told me about the conversation. She was annoyed about being drawn into the situation.

On December 10, 1986, I was called by Florence Taylor, Lorita's mother. Florence told me that Lorita had been in an automobile accident and had damaged her car. Florence claimed that the car no longer had a hood and that one of the headlights had been destroyed. Florence wanted me to fix the car for Lorita. I refused. She said that I had an obligation to fix Lorita's car because I was able to do it and because Lorita needed it. What a nitwit. I told her that I didn't have any obligations to Lorita. She told me that I had an obligation to make sure that Katrina had food, clothes, and a place to live. I told her that Katrina could have those things by coming to live with

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me. She rejected that idea. She also told me that Lorita and Katrina had been sleeping in Lorita's car at night. She also said that Katrina was my child, that I had a right to see her, and that Lorita didn't have a right to refuse to accept child support payments. I couldn't think of any answer that would be stupid enough to be appropriate so I changed the subject. I asked her about the alleged obscene telephone call. She said that she'd picked up the telephone when it rang but that Becky had already answered it and was talking to me. I asked her how she knew that it was me. She said that it sounded like me. I asked if either Becky or the man to whom Becky was talking had ever mentioned my name. Florence said no. I suggested that maybe it was somebody else who sounded like me. Florence conceded that it might not have been me. She said that she didn't know for sure. I told her to have Becky call me so that I could ask about it. Becky has never resolved the matter. I forgot to ask Florence why she kept listening if the call offended her. I suspect that she simply overheard a conversation between Becky and one of Becky's various boyfriends. When she confronted Becky about it, Becky saw an opportunity to create another problem for Lorita. They tended to argue a lot with one another. So, Becky made up the story that she'd been talking to me.

On Sunday, December 21, 1986, Florence brought Katrina for a visit, which I hadn't expected. She just showed up at the gate and rang the bell. She said that she wanted Katrina to visit me for the day. I didn't know if there was any ulterior motive. Maybe she just needed a baby sitter. I suspected at the time that Lorita didn't know about it but I didn't ask. Katrina didn't seem to recognize me at first but she did remember me after a few minutes. Catherine arrived at about 5:00 P.M. so she also got to see Katrina.

Florence came back about 12:30 in the morning, after we were all in bed, and took Katrina back. When Florence left, Katrina was calling J, the woman who was living with me at the time, "Mommy". I wondered if Lorita had been spending much time with Katrina.



Catherine and Katrina
Sunday, December 21, 1986

Florence brought Katrina over again on various occasions. There were various telephone calls that I didn't answer. There were various reports and allegations between and among me, Lorita, Betty the babysitter, Catherine, and Elaine. There were various times when Lorita tried to visit me. Details are available in the diary at *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*, in *Pharos*.

Betty (the babysitter) called on Tuesday, September 22, 1987. We talked for a long time. She said, among other things, that she believed that Florence was in danger of losing her house for financial reasons. She said that she'd heard that the IRS had

taken all of Florence's savings and that Florence had been fired after having failed to pass some kind of examination at work (drug test?). Betty said that she suspected that Florence had tried to commit suicide. Betty said that Katrina was becoming very unruly due to a lack of discipline. She also reported that Lorita had ruined another car and was again riding to work with someone.

On Saturday, October 10, 1987, I ran into Betty (the babysitter) and Katrina at the Safeway Store. It was the first time that I'd seen Katrina since December of 1986. I asked Katrina if she knew who I was and she said "Daddy!" She also said "Mommy won't bring me down." Betty and I speculated that Katrina has been asking to visit me and that Lorita wouldn't allow it. Katrina's eyes had turned a lighter shade of brown and her skin seemed to be slightly darker than it had been before. Her hair was lighter than I remembered it being. She was also a little bigger, but not much. She seemed happy and healthy. She smiled a lot and giggled a few times. When we parted she said "We'll come back again." I told her that I loved her and she smiled and giggled.

Betty (the babysitter) called me on Monday, February 8, 1988. She said that Katrina was doing well. She also had various other interesting news for me. Ordra's former husband had died of a heart attack. Lorita was still unemployed. However, Betty thought that Lorita was too stubborn to try to get any child support payments out of me and, in addition, she speculated that Lorita might be getting more satisfaction out of the situation by keeping Katrina away from me than she would get from the payments. I told Betty that Florence had brought Katrina over for a visit and Betty ventured the opinion that Florence probably didn't tell Lorita about it. We both wondered if Katrina might have mentioned it to Lorita. Betty said that Lorita's car wasn't running but that Lorita was looking for a job. She said that Florence was employed as a Buick salesman. She said that Lorita and Becky were still living with Florence and that Angela was living with Ordra. Angela is another one of the sisters. I can't help but observe that, although most of them had babies, none of them could keep a husband. Maybe that was due to Florence's influence.

I'll digress briefly and write a few things about Florence. When I first met Lorita, her parents were going through a divorce. I think that I might have met Lorita's father once but I don't remember for sure. I don't think that I ever knew his name. Lorita told me that Florence was very brutal with him. According to Lorita, Florence threw things at him and, at least once, pushed him down a stairway. After the divorce, Florence got the house, the car, and the children. Lorita's father was ordered to pay alimony, child support for all of the daughters and the one son, and also pay such things as mortgage and insurance. After that, he stopped going to work. Shortly thereafter, he was fired. He stopped paying the rent on the apartment in which he'd been living and was kicked out. He lived with a friend for a few weeks and then disappeared. Nobody knew where he went. Lorita speculated that he'd gone to live with some relatives that he had in one of the Southern states. So far as I'm aware, nobody in Lorita's family ever saw him again. There's one final comment on that situation. As soon as Lorita's lone brother was old enough, he joined the army and left. Boot camp was probably a pussy course after surviving in Florence's house.

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I called Betty (the babysitter) on Sunday, November 13, 1988 and asked her about Katrina. She said that Katrina was growing but was getting molded by Florence and Lorita.

On Saturday, March 2, 1991, Betty (the babysitter) called to tell me a rumor that Lorita was planning to go into court and try to force me to make child support payments for Katrina. Betty said that Lorita had asked her to testify against me. She had told Lorita that she didn't want to get involved. Betty also said that someone, presumably in an official capacity, had tried to reach me at Elaine's home and that Elaine had been quite angry about it. I don't know how Betty knew about that. I tried to call Elaine to verify it and to see if she knew about the rumor. She didn't answer her telephone. I declined to leave a message on her telephone answering machine.

On Monday, March 4, 1991, I called Elaine at about 10:25 A.M. and asked her about the rumor. She said that nobody had tried to find me or serve any papers on me or even asked about me at her place. She said that if any such thing happened, then she'd reply that she didn't have any interaction with me except with regard to Catherine and that she couldn't provide any information about me because she didn't have any information to provide. Elaine said that she'd never given Lorita her address and that she wasn't sure if Lorita knew the address. She insisted that she didn't want anything to do with Lorita.

I couldn't forget Elaine's treatment of me during the divorce and the ongoing expense that had resulted from it. I believed that if I could trust Elaine at all to not cooperate with Lorita then it was probably because making payments to Lorita would threaten my ability to make payments to Elaine. However, I didn't particularly trust her to tell me the truth so I didn't really know what she might have told Lorita.

Some time along about then, my telephone answering machine had broken and I couldn't afford a new one. So, I couldn't screen telephone calls. I just had to answer the telephone when it rang. For many weeks I'd been getting telephone calls from someone who hung up as soon as I answered the telephone. I wondered if the calls had something to do with the situation with Lorita.

On Thursday, March 21, 1991, one of my neighbors told me that a man from "the state" had been trying to give me some "papers". The state agent had said that he couldn't get hold of me so he got some ID from the neighbor and gave the papers to the neighbor. The neighbor even signed for them. What a nitwit. When the neighbor tried to give the papers to me, I refused to take them or even to look at them. He wanted to know what to do with them and I said that he should give them back to the man who gave them to him. I think that was very courteous of me. All things considered, I could have suggested worse. I told him not to take any more "papers" for me. At the time, I expected that they had something to do with Lorita.

On Tuesday, March 26, 1991, I consulted briefly over the telephone with a lawyer named Martha Olson (971-9388) who advised me that even though the authorities might serve papers on someone else, they could still proceed against me just as if the papers had been served on me. The arrogance of the government is appalling. I went over to the neighbor's house and retrieved the papers. They referred to Complaint

No. DA004443 in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Santa Clara.

By Wednesday, March 27, 1991, I'd called various people, including two lawyers, trying to figure out what to do about the situation. I was dealing with the Family Support Division of the DA's office. They're brutal and ruthless. They don't have any scruples whatsoever. They're absolutely unlimited by any constraint of constitutionality or legitimacy. The complaint wasn't even served to me. It was served to my neighbor, with no assurance that I would **ever** see it. Nevertheless, the PIGS proceeded against me anyway. My past experience with the court system caused me to believe that I was in a no-win situation. If I ignored them, then I'd automatically lose. The only way to oppose them was in their court system, using their rules, which start

Appearance. A coming into court as party to a suit, either in person or by attorney, whether as plaintiff or defendant. The formal proceeding by which a defendant submits himself to the jurisdiction of the court. The voluntary submission to a court's jurisdiction....
—*Black's Law Dictionary*, 1979

by being intolerable and get worse. The instant that I "appeared", I'd acknowledge and submit to their jurisdiction. I'd be required to provide information that would be used against me. I'd be assumed guilty unless I could prove my innocence. I wouldn't have a right to remain silent but would, instead, be compelled to provide any information that they wanted. If I made any constitutional objection, then the court would view it as contempt and I'd probably end up in jail. I couldn't afford to hire a lawyer and they'd provide a free one only if I was willing to admit guilt in advance (admit paternity). It said so right on the form. So, if I wanted a free lawyer, then I first had to agree that I was the father. To cooperate with them was intolerable but to do otherwise would eventually result in them taking my home away from me. If I tried to defend my home, then I'd end up dead.

On Thursday, March 28, 1991, I had a counselling session with a stress counselor named Clarie, who worked for the Family Service Association. I'd previously visited her a few times after J. H. had ended her relationship with me. That situation appears in a later section of this ma'amoir. One thing that Clarie did was to suggest that I talk to one of her associates, a lawyer named Brenda. On Thursday, April 4, 1991, Clarie called and said that she'd given Brenda my telephone number and had asked Brenda to call me. She said that Brenda would see me at no charge, at least for the first consultation. Clarie suggested that I make a few notes of what I wanted to say to Brenda. I wrote a summary of my thoughts on the matter and kept it down to one page.

Brenda called on the evening of Wednesday, April 17, 1991. She seemed reluctant to actually meet me in person and wanted to discuss the matter over the telephone. I got the impression that she was talking to me only as a favor to Clarie. We discussed my situation for about 40 minutes. I read to her over the telephone a portion of the complaint that I mentioned a few paragraphs back. Her advice, and my conclusions, were tentative because she hadn't actually seen the complaint. However, tentatively, we decided that the best thing for me to do was to ignore the slimy blood-suckers. Brenda believed that they'd make the same judgment regardless of whether I appeared or not so there wouldn't be any benefit to appearing. There was, however,

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the risk that I'd end up in jail for contempt, if I did appear. Brenda believed that they couldn't arrest me for the non-payment of a debt. I'd believed otherwise but that's what Brenda told me. She also believed that it was unlikely that they'd go to the trouble of trying to take my house away from me. She said that they were too lazy. She said that they were good at getting judgments but not very good at enforcement.

On Thursday, April 18, 1991, in accordance with Brenda's instructions, I delivered a copy of the complaint and the various other attached nonsense to the Family Service Association office and asked that it be placed where Brenda could find it. With the complaint, I provided a cover letter, dated Thursday, April 18, 1991, wherein I asked a few more questions.

Brenda called me on Friday, April 19, 1991. After looking at the stuff that I'd left for her at the Family Service Association office, she still believed I'd be better off to not appear in court. She still doubted that they'd take the house away from me. She said that they could charge me only for funds that they'd actually given to Lorita. I asked Brenda if I could put her name on the "copies to" list of any letters that I wrote to them. She said no. I asked her if I should homestead my property. She said that it's always a good idea to do that. However, she assured me that I couldn't do it unless I had a state ID card, a driver's license, or etc. She said that she didn't know of any way that I could get around those requirements. I told her that my father had fought a war with Hitler to end the kind of society where people had to have government ID cards before they could function. Brenda also informed me that she was initiating a class action suit against the county agency that was suing me. She was alleging in the suit that they had been unjustifiably lax in their pursuit of people like me. She said that she didn't think that her involvement in that action was affecting her advice to me but that she wanted me to know about it anyway. She told me that if she won the case, then it would work to my detriment. She said that she works "both sides of the street". No matter who loses, the slimy shysters always win.

Comisau Phillips called me on the morning of Sunday, April 21, 1991. It appeared that he was trying to get information for Lorita. So far as I can recall, he hadn't contacted me since September of 1986, when he wanted to talk to me about evicting Lorita from the room that she'd been renting from him at the time. On Sunday, April 21, 1991, he didn't seem to have any particular reason for calling me but he'd been talking to me for less than a minute when he asked me if I was working anywhere. I mentioned to him that the county was suing me and he didn't even ask me why they were doing it. I wouldn't be surprised if Lorita had been right there listening to the whole conversation. I got rid of him pretty quickly by starting to talk politics. When I did that, he noticed that his 18 month old son was crying and he said that he had to go take care of the kid.

Florence called me on Friday, June 14, 1991, just before 8 A.M., to tell me that Katrina was graduating from preschool, or Kindergarten, or some such thing, that very morning. It seemed that the ceremony was to start at about 8 o'clock. I couldn't tell for sure because it's real difficult to figure out what Florence is talking about when she's in a hurry. She seemed to want me to be there and I told her that I thought that Lorita could probably handle it. She said that Lorita couldn't be there because she

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was working. She said that Lorita couldn't leave work because she was trying to go permanent on a new job. Presumably that meant that Lorita was off of welfare.

I wasn't even dressed yet when Florence called. I'd just gotten out of bed and was heading for the bathroom. Anyway, I jumped into some clothes, grabbed my camera, jumped onto my bicycle, and got there in time to see part of the ceremony. Katrina was beautiful in a lovely red dress with white lace and a red sash. She seemed to be a little surprised to see me. She seemed to be pleased but a little subdued about it. In general, she seemed a lot less agitated than she had seemed in the past. She still seemed active and alert, so I didn't think that they'd been medicating her for hyperactivity or any such stupid thing as that. I think that maybe she was learning to deal with the weird personalities of Florence and Lorita. Also, I suppose that I shouldn't forget that there were a lot of other influences on her besides Florence and Lorita. I took pictures and promised to send some to Florence. I was a little uneasy about sending the pictures. I was afraid that it might be interpreted as a willingness to start associating with them again.

According to Katrina's report card, she was doing well academically. The only complaint that they had was that she wasn't sufficiently cooperative and obedient. I told everybody who'd listen, including the teacher, that I regarded that as a compliment. I insisted that the schools try too hard to teach obedience. The teacher was annoyed. She stuck her nose in the air and pranced away. I haven't seen Katrina since that morning, Friday, June 14, 1991.

On the morning of Sunday, December 22, 1991, I delivered a bag of Christmas gifts to Florence's house, for Katrina. I left them on the front porch and snuck away quietly.

On Friday, December 27, 1991, Katrina called and asked me for a Little Mermaid sleeping bag for her birthday. I suppose that she'd figured out that I was a potential source of gifts.

On Thursday, January 2, 1992, I received another letter from the Family Support extortionists.



Graduation from preschool
Friday, June 14, 1991



Graduation from preschool
Friday, June 14, 1991

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On Sunday, January 26, 1992 I delivered to Florence's house a birthday gift for Katrina. The gift was a Little Mermaid sleeping bag.

Betty (the babysitter) called on Friday, January 31, 1992. She reported that Katrina was doing well with her homework. She also reported that Florence had found the birthday gift for Katrina.

On Saturday, February 1, 1992, I stopped briefly at Betty's house and she gave me a picture of Katrina that was taken of her in her Halloween costume. She was dressed as a little mermaid. She was a beautiful little girl.

I spoke to Catherine on the telephone on Wednesday, July 22, 1992. She said that she'd recently gone to visit Lorita to go swimming and also to see Katrina. She reported that Lorita claimed to have obtained a child support judgment against me but complained that they couldn't do anything about it because they couldn't find me. Catherine also said that Lorita had a new boyfriend. Of course, within a week he probably complied with precedent and disappeared. Catherine said that Lorita asked her if she knew anything about me. Catherine told Lorita that she didn't know where I was. I



Katrina in her Little Mermaid costume

I asked Catherine if Lorita had talked to Elaine. Catherine said no, at least not about me. I asked Catherine if Lorita was getting child support payments from the county. Catherine said no. Of course, she could be wrong. However it's interesting to speculate about the greedy blood-suckers. Brenda, the lawyer, said that they could charge me for **only** funds that they had actually given to Lorita. They're charging me effective January 1991, yet the case wasn't even heard until February 1992.

Catherine called me on Thursday, July 23, 1992 and said that she was going to visit Katrina. I cautioned her about Lorita. I explained that Lorita had suddenly become cooperative about visits after a long lack of cooperation. I told Catherine that whenever Lorita got cooperative it meant that she wanted something. I told Catherine to be careful not to tell Lorita anything about me because I was trying to hide from her, and from the county. I told her that Lorita was probably trying to get information about me so that she could tell the cops where to find me. Catherine said that Lorita had asked her if she'd seen me and that she'd told her no. Catherine also told me that Lorita had been laid off again. Lorita's ability to keep a job is almost as bad as her ability to keep a man.

On Saturday, September 5, 1992, I had my new will witnessed in Firth, Idaho. I eliminated Katrina from the will. My reason was because of my fear that Lorita might succeed in getting a lien placed on my property. Then there wouldn't be much left for anybody to inherit when I die. The little that was left would go to Catherine. I was tired of being pushed around. I was tired of Katrina being used as a weapon

against me. A copy of the new will was mailed from Idaho to Lorita. Included with the copy of the will was a copy of the county bill to me showing an alleged debt of \$7,148.73. I suspected that Lorita would be bright enough to figure out that the bill is what caused the change in the will. I was sorry for the hurt that the change would cause for Katrina. My attitude was that Lorita would just have to learn that, in a trap, the bait is the first victim.

I spoke to Catherine on Tuesday, September 8, 1992. She said that Katrina had been calling her and asking about me. Katrina claimed that I don't love her. She also seemed to suspect that I still lived in San Jose and that I was still using my old telephone number. She said that she knows it because she left a message on the answering machine at the old number asking me to buy her a specific gift. I suspect that she inadvertently revealed her mother's plot to bait me with a gift request and then see if I actually bought that particular gift. I decided not to get her anything that she requested on a message on the telephone answering machine. If I did, then that might be construed as proof that I'd received the call. Katrina also said that somebody was coming over to look over my fence and see what was in the yard. I don't know if she was revealing an intention or a routine practice. The statement could be taken either way and I got it second hand. Catherine reported that Katrina's turning into "a bitch, just like her mother."

Lorita called Elaine on Tuesday, September 22, 1992 and asked a bunch of questions. Elaine called me and told me about the conversation. According to Elaine, Lorita was convinced that I'd moved to Idaho. She asked Elaine if she'd been aware of it. Elaine said that she hadn't been aware of it. Lorita asked if I was continuing to make child support payments for Catherine. Elaine said yes. Lorita asked if Elaine had any contact with me. Elaine said that once a month she received a plain brown envelope with a money order in it. Lorita asked for my social security number. Elaine said that she didn't know it. Lorita said that she was trying to get the county to put a lien on my property. She said that the county had determined that I still owned the property. Lorita also said she was trying to get them to arrest me. They said that first they had to verify that I'd received income under my social security number during the time that the claim was valid. If not, then they couldn't arrest me. That's why she wanted the social security number. That, of course, is in conflict with what Brenda the lawyer told me on April 17, 1991.

On Monday, December 7, 1992, I received a message on the telephone answering machine from Florence Taylor. She said that they'd received the Christmas card that I'd sent to Katrina and that Katrina had the \$20 that I'd put in the card. She said that they'd also received the box and that they would save it for Christmas. She told me that Katrina needs a bicycle for Christmas. She said that I should get one for her. She told me that Katrina loves me. Then she let Katrina leave a message with some coaching about what to say. Katrina asked me to get a bicycle for her. She said thank you for the money. She said that she really wants to know what's in the box. Florence told Katrina to give me her telephone number. Katrina tried but had to start over because she got it wrong and Florence had to correct her. I had difficulty understanding the number. In the background, Florence kept telling Katrina to ask me for

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a bike for Christmas. I listened to the message several times. It was good to hear Katrina. I didn't know if the telephone number was Florence's number or Lorita's number. I didn't try the number. I didn't want to do anything that would let them know that I'd received the message. It's unfortunate that they tried to use Katrina as bait to lure me into another trap but the fact is that I didn't trust them.

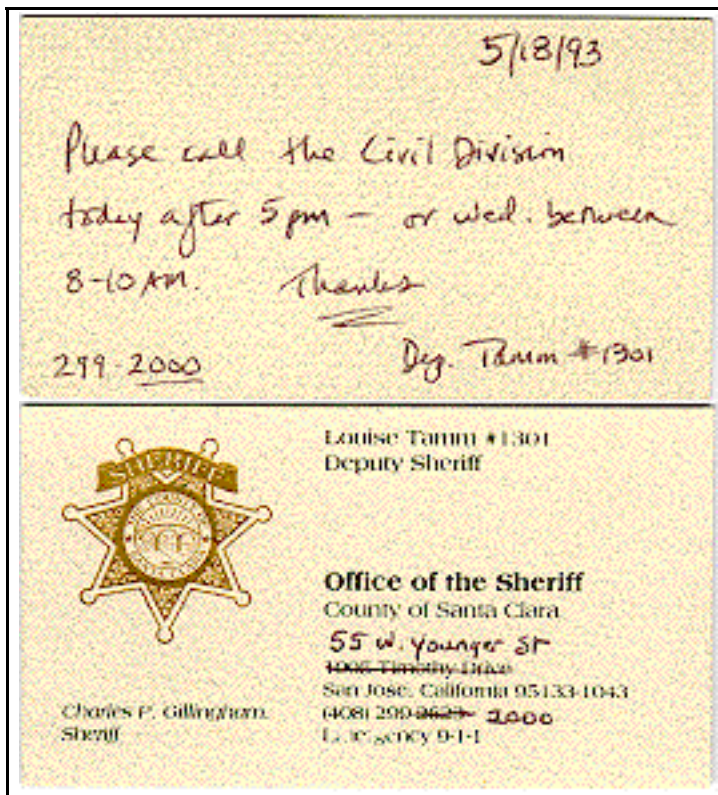
On Tuesday, May 18, 1993, someone left a business card taped to my gate. The card was from Deputy Sheriff Louise Tamm and asked me to call her. I didn't call her.

On Wednesday, May 26, 1993, a county cop was snooping around, apparently trying to get onto my property. I talked to a friend about it and she called the number on the business card. They wouldn't tell her much. They said that they had to serve some papers on whoever lives in the house. It appeared that they didn't know for sure who that was. I could only speculate.

On Sunday, July 4, 1993 Catherine called me and said that Lorita had visited the day before and had asked a lot of questions about me, like where I worked, where I lived, and how I dressed. Catherine told her that I still worked at a trucking place and that I was still in San Jose. She also told Lorita that I was still making child support payments to Elaine. I asked Catherine again to not give Lorita any information about me. I told her that if Lorita knew where I worked then she might go over there with the police to have me arrested. I told her that if Lorita knew where I worked, then I might have to stop working there. Then I wouldn't be able to afford to buy food. I told her that Lorita probably wanted to know how I dressed so she could give the police a description. Catherine said that she was sorry. I asked her again to not give Lorita any information about me.

I spoke to Catherine on Tuesday, February 22, 1994. She said that Lorita was trying to obtain a picture of me to give to the DA and was still trying to obtain a social security number that she believed to be my number. Catherine also said that Betty Ratchford had been telling Lorita that she'd seen me in the local area sometimes. I'd thought that Betty was my friend. Maybe she was my enemy. Well, she was black and she was female. Maybe she identified more with Lorita than she did with me. I decided not to trust her anymore.

Catherine visited me on the evening of Thursday, December 22, 1994. She said that, according to Katrina, Lorita was trying to hire a private detective to check up on me.



She also said that Lorita was trying to fill Katrina's head with a lot of information bi-ased against me. That wasn't surprising. Catherine asked me for a copy of the diary that I'd been writing so that she could show it to Katrina someday, when she thinks that Katrina is old enough to understand it. I sent a copy of the diary to Catherine shortly thereafter.

Catherine called on Sunday, January 15 1995, and asked a few questions about Katrina and Lorita. Then she went over to visit Lorita, apparently hoping to clear up some of the hostility between us. She called later to report the results. She said that Lorita was angry and wouldn't be influenced by anything that was said to her. She just yelled and wouldn't let anybody else make a point. Catherine said that Katrina was very confused about the situation and was being told only one side of it by Lorita. Catherine said that Lorita didn't talk to Katrina but mostly just yelled at her. She said that Katrina had to request things real fast to get the request in before Lorita started yelling. I mentioned to Catherine Comisau's comments about the way that Lorita took care of Katrina. See my comments for the last half of September, 1986. Catherine said that Lorita still did things the same way. Catherine said that she believed that I'd have obtained custody of Katrina if I had done as Comisau suggested in 1986. I told Catherine that I thought that it was important for Katrina to have a mother and that Lorita was better than no mother at all. I also tried to explain about how women usually try harder than men do to keep the kids. Catherine complained a little about the difficulty of interacting with Lorita and I said that's part of why I wouldn't have anything to do with her. Catherine had her copy of my diary in front of her while she was talking to me and she made several comments and asked several questions. She commented that what I was telling her was exactly what was written in the diary. I told her that the record that I'd written was an accurate account of what had happened. She made some comment about showing the record to Katrina and I told her that I didn't think that Katrina was old enough. Catherine said that she intended to wait until Katrina was 18 years old. I also told Catherine that she probably shouldn't tell Lorita about having a diary or Lorita would start trying to find ways to force Catherine to turn it over to her. I don't know if Catherine ever showed the diary to Katrina. Catherine was beginning to ask relevant questions and asked several things about my will, particularly as it related to Katrina. I tried to explain why I'd taken Katrina out of the will. Catherine wanted to know my wishes for dealing with my stuff when I die and I tried to explain to her my desire to be covertly buried in the ocean and to have my will informally executed outside of the probate system. Again, I tried to explain why. It might not have made a lot of sense to Catherine because there's a lot of doctrine behind it to which Catherine hadn't been exposed.

As of Wednesday, July 15, 1992, the gestapo thugs in the DA's office alleged that I owe them \$7,148.73 in child support payments. The alleged debt increased by \$350 per month, plus interest. There were so many errors in their case, and in their communications to me, that I had difficulty even objecting to all of them. I had to just ignore some of the minor errors and save others for possible use later. The clowns were astoundingly inept. They made too many mistakes for me to even try to document them all. My collection of letters to them is available under the heading *Dealing With the District Attorney's Thugs*, in *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*, in *Pharos*. However, I

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never allowed myself to forget how powerful the idiots are. They win cases not because they're smart or because they're right. They're neither smart nor right. They win because they're powerful and because everybody's afraid of them.

I consider Lorita's behavior to have been willfully fraudulent with me as the intended victim. I believe that she intentionally got pregnant by knowingly neglecting to take her pills after assuring me that she was taking them. I believe that she did it for the purpose of trapping me. She denied being pregnant until the baby moved. That's an unreasonably long time for a woman to not notice that she's pregnant. I think that her claim of ignorance of her condition was phony. From the moment that she could no longer deny the pregnancy, she tried to use it to control me. She tried to coerce me into marriage by threatening to get an abortion and insisted upon my obligation to the child. My only faults throughout the entire fiasco were an excess of courtesy and a lack of caution. In spite of Lorita's arrogant, obnoxious, and fraudulent behavior, I tried too hard for too long to cooperate with her. On September 29, 1984, I made that oral agreement with her to make child support payments, an agreement that, possibly, I shouldn't have made. I honored the agreement until Lorita terminated it on November 20, 1986. I verified the termination in writing on November 21, 1986, and she didn't make any objection. That oral contract was the **only** agreement under which I ever had any obligation to her. A new agreement couldn't exist between us except by mutual consent. I didn't agree to anything. My obligations under the oral agreement ended upon termination of that agreement.

It is more ignominious to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them.

—Francois, Duc de La Rochefoucauld

I signed, under duress, a birth certificate that I shouldn't have signed, thereby unintentionally ensnaring myself in the county jurisdiction. The obligations implied by the birth certificate are void from their inception due to the failure of the government to disclose either the nature of the document or the consequences of my execution of it.

I believe that fraud will extinguish any obligation, even in situations involving children. Any other obligation that I might otherwise have had was most certainly extinguished by Lorita's fraudulent behavior. Nevertheless, the county gestapo thugs eventually arrested me at gun point. The lawyer that I eventually hired assured me that they could keep me in jail for the rest of my life. He assured me that, if I refused to sell my house and let them take what funds that they wanted, then they'd seize the house and sell it themselves. In that case, he told me, I wouldn't get any funds at all because they'd sell it for just barely enough to provide what they wanted. I was forced to sell my house. That rendered me homeless and without a source of cash. At that point, the only offer that I had was to work for room and board for my old friend Jan F. and her husband. An account of that situation appears later in this ma'amoir. Various additional documentation of the situation with Lorita is available in *Pharos*, at *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep*.

K. W. J.

Although I knew her much earlier, my relationship with K didn't begin until the period of time during which I was entangled in the relationship with Lorita. I don't remember for sure but I think that I first met K sometime during the middle 70's. To the best of

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my memory, she and Elaine were working together at a Red Cross blood bank, before Elaine got her job at GE. Elaine brought K home for some reason. I courted K for quite some time. She always refused my advances. She said that the problem wasn't that I was married but that I was married to her best friend.

I remember with a certain amusement one particular attempt that I made, and K's refusal. She spent the night with us for some reason and went to bed on the sofa in the front room. Elaine and I discussed the situation for a while after we went to bed and she reminded me that I didn't have anything to lose by trying. That being the case, I ventured forth. K seemed pleased by my arrival at the sofa, but not too pleased. We started talking and I moved in on her. She put up a token resistance that became more serious as things progressed. Her problem was that she was of two minds on the subject. She was interested in me but unwilling to go to bed with her best friend's husband. It didn't matter to her that the best friend had consented to the arrangement. I pushed the issue harder and by the time that I had climbed on top of her she really had to decide one way or the other. It's amusing in retrospect. In a final desperate lunge she pushed me right off onto the floor. I went back to bed with Elaine with as much good grace as I could muster.

Some time after the divorce, K came looking for me. The unfortunate thing is that she didn't do it until after I was already involved with Lorita. She would have arrived sooner but she didn't hear about the divorce until quite a while after it happened. Had she arrived sooner, then I probably wouldn't have bothered with Lorita. K was much more desirable. Although my affair with K was overlapped by my affair with Lorita, K was only an occasional visitor so the secret was easily kept from Lorita. K was more open-minded so I didn't need to hide anything from her. She was well aware of my situation with Lorita.

K's visits were always unannounced and brief. She'd arrive at my gate, ring the bell, stay for a few hours, and then leave. Her visits overlapped some of the really bad times that I had with Lorita. That was while Lorita was still trying to coerce me into marrying her. K tried to make a joke out of what she said, but the laughter covered a real concern. She told me that she'd never let me marry Lorita. She said that if I ever planned to do so, then she'd know about it no matter where she was. She said that, no matter where she was, she'd manage somehow to show up at the wedding ceremony and wait for the part where the preacher says "...speak now or forever hold your peace." Then she'd jump up from the back where she'd been hiding and yell, "No! He can't marry her! He loves me!" Her attitude helped me a lot.



K. W. J.
Monday, May 27, 1985

K had one feature that, so far as I'm aware, was unique among the women that I've known. That is, she didn't experience any pain when she was having babies. She had two children and hadn't felt any pain when either of them was born. She said that the only discomfort that she ever felt was mild cramps in her

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legs. She said that, both times, she'd been a celebrity in the recovery room. All of the nurses wanted to come in and visit the woman who had babies without pain.

One day K became the victim of the same gang of thugs, cutthroats, and extortionists that eventually came after me with regard to my relationship with Lorita. They called themselves the Family Support Division of the DA's office. Here's what happened. K didn't have much formal education. She didn't have many marketable skills. I don't remember what she was doing for a living. I don't think that I ever knew, but it was menial. She was also raising her two small children and supporting a husband who didn't work. His biggest activity, according to K, was to spend her cash on beer. She was renting a place to live that was kind of grim but it was the best that she could afford. One day after work, K arrived at her baby-sitter's home and discovered that her children were gone. Someone had reported that she was failing to provide an adequate home for them. The kidnappers division of the DA's office wouldn't tell her who'd made the complaint. The thugs in the DA's goon squad just showed up at the baby sitter's home and took the children. They didn't provide any notice or any warning. K had to beg and promise anything to get her children back. As soon as they were again in her possession, her took her kids, got on a bus, and left the state.

Even after she'd left the state, K occasionally showed up for visits. She'd ride the bus from her home, out-of-state, and walk to my house from the bus station, downtown. It was a long walk. She'd stay for a while and we'd spend some very nice hours together, in bed and at restaurants. She always seemed to be hungry.

I developed the practice of always watching for her when I was out of the house. At any time, she could have been walking along the sidewalk toward my place. I actually didn't like to leave home, just because of the possibility that she might show up while I was gone, and I'd miss a visit. The last time that K visited me, she seemed emotionally drained and physically exhausted. She said that she hadn't eaten for a while. She didn't say where she was living or what she was doing for a living. I didn't want to ask. She seem so exhausted that I didn't even invite her to bed. Instead, I invited her out to a restaurant. By the time that we had finished our meal, we were out of time so I gave her a ride to the bus station and saw her safely on her way. I haven't heard from her again. For all of the remaining years that I lived in California, I watched for her when I was out on the road. I occasionally looked out the window, at home, just to see if she might be walking up to the gate. She never came back.

I'm easy to find on the internet. If she just does a word search for the exact phrase "Sam Aurelius Milam III", my name will pop up all over the place. My home address is on all of my work. Maybe she'll show up again some day.

A. T.

My affair with A. T. was overlapped by the relationship with Lorita and fell between visits from K. Sexually, A. T. was the most unresponsive woman that I ever encountered. It was reminiscent of the time, years earlier, that I'd held hands with Lane Brown. The first time that I ever made love to A. T., I tried everything that I knew to try. Given my past experience, particularly with D, I wasn't a tyro any longer. Nevertheless, A. T. never even breathed hard or wiggled. When I finished she whispered, "Wow! You sure know how to please a woman!" I told her that I hadn't been sure if

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she liked what I was doing. She said, "Well, I don't scream and yell and shout like a lot of women." It seemed like a point of pride with her.

A. T. had at least two children, maybe three. I don't remember for sure. Sometimes, they'd come with her on her visits, particularly if Catherine was visiting me at the time. Those occasions didn't provide much opportunity for me and A. T. to spend any time in bed but that was alright with me. I enjoyed her company. During one such occasion, with the house full of kids, I received a telephone call from Lorita. She'd been travelling somewhere up the peninsula with her mother and all of her sisters and her BMW had broken down. They wanted me to come fix it. I told her that I had a house full of company and that I couldn't leave. She called back a few minutes later and said that she wanted to have the car transported to my place so that I could fix it. I told her that I didn't want to fix her car. She didn't have much to say and hung up. I thought that would be the end of the situation. After a little while, A. T. and I decided to take



Me and A. T.
At the beach, somewhere north
of Santa Cruz
Monday, September 2, 1985

all of the kids to Cunningham Park. So, we loaded the bigger kids into the camper and strapped the baby in its car seat on the right side of the seat, near the door. A. T. sat right beside me, between me and the baby. We were just backing out when Lorita and her entourage arrived. They'd rounded up another car somewhere and all of the women were in it. Lorita's car was right behind them, on the back of a big truck. A. T. and I had to unload all of the kids during the process of getting Lorita's car down from the truck and backed into my driveway. All of those women saw me with A. T. right beside me, and all of those kids, preparing to leave for an outing. Lorita didn't say a word but she was fuming. She was embarrassed in front of her mother and her sisters. It served her right. I'd told her not to bring the car to my place. The next day, she came and got it. She didn't say a word. She just drove it away. As she drove away in it, the engine was making a very loud knocking noise, like maybe a failed main bearing. I later learned that Lorita had driven the car to town and left it parked in front of the BMW dealership where she'd bought it. She never made any more payments on it and just left it there as their problem.

A. T. and I spent a lot of time together on the motorcycle and in bed. We also made much use of the camper. She was extremely disappointed that I also had the relationship with Lorita and that I wouldn't promise to stay away from other women. She wanted me for herself. Her silent acceptance of the situation was one of the beauties of her inner strength. Our relationship lasted for only a few months and although I found her to be somewhat unsatisfying sexually, she did have her advantages. She was a very strong and courageous woman but not in the obnoxious way of the feminists. She was very gentle and unassertive. She had a very mild nature. She just had a great inner strength and lot of external endurance. Attitude can make up for a lot. I'd certainly have preferred her to Lorita. Unfortunately, I was having so much difficulty with Lorita that I just didn't have the emotional resources or the time

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for A. T. After her last visit, I didn't call her for almost 2 months. When I finally did call her, she didn't want to see me any more. I couldn't really blame her, after 2 months of neglect. I'm sorry that the relationship failed.

A. D.

A. D.'s parents were acquaintances of my parents. I don't remember the exact timing, but I was still a kid when she was born. At that time, she wasn't of any particular interest to me.. Many years later, I arrived at a different point of view. However, I'm getting ahead of my story.

I grew up and went away to college without paying any particular attention to A. D. Many years later, while I lived in California, I visited my father at his home in Texas. That was sometime during 1985. While I was there, a beautiful, voluptuous, vivacious woman walked in and took my breath away. It was about 15 minutes before I figured out who she was. To my amazement, it was A. D. It turned out that she still lived in the same part of the country where she'd grown up, and her family was still in touch with my father.

My visit to my father ended and I went back to California. However, much to my surprise, within a week or so I received a letter from A. D.. She had, to my father's delight she told me later, asked him for my mailing address. I no longer have any of her letters because her husband insisted that she get them all back from me. He was concerned that my controversial political positions would eventually cause problems for anybody who was associated with me. He didn't want A. D.'s letters to be in my file cabinet. Anyway, at the bottom of that first letter was her telephone number. Always being one to return a courtesy, I included my telephone number in the letter that I sent to her, in reply to her letter. Within a matter of days, she called me on the telephone. Her conversation was a little devious at first until she finally got around to her reason for calling. She asked me, sort of uncertainly, if I knew what an open marriage was. My marriage with Elaine had been an open marriage, and I told that to A. D. It turned out that she and her husband had an open marriage and that she was available for a relationship. It didn't take long for us to arrange for her to come to California for a visit. Her biggest tactical problem was to figure out some plausible excuse for the trip to tell to friends and relatives who weren't necessarily in on the secret of her open marriage. After all, she lived in the Bible Belt. Anything enjoyable was a sin.

When she arrived, both of us were a little uneasy. After all, it wasn't quite an ordinary everyday situation. When I met her at the arrivals gate at the San Jose airport, I had a dozen red roses with me. She was impressed. Then she insisted on stopping at a food store on the way home from the airport. She made the absolute minimum of necessary purchases. She wouldn't part with her roses, and she carried them into the store with us. I must say that we got some strange glances, checking out at the cash register at about 10 o'clock at night with a douche kit, a bottle of cheap wine, and a dozen roses.

Sexually, A. D. and I were ideal for each other. However, we did a lot of other things besides spend time in bed. At the time, I was still a licensed driver with a truck named Larapin, so we did a lot of sight-seeing along the coast between Santa Cruz

and Sausalito. I took her to the best Chinese restaurant that I could find and she was thrilled. We visited various tourist attractions, including the Golden Gate Bridge. It was as near to a perfect visit as any couple could ever desire. She told me later that it had been like a wonderful dream in a fantasy land. She said that she had sat on the airplane and cried most of the way back to Texas, because the visit was over.

A. D. made several other visits to me in California. An amusing thing happened during one of those visits. I don't remember which visit it was. Anyway, during her visits, we frequently drove into the Santa Cruz Mountains. We frequently stopped at scenic locations along Skyline Boulevard, and looked at the scenery. During one such stop, A. D. took off her sweater. She did it without any preamble, almost casually, but without any wasted motion. One moment she was sitting there in her sweater and the next moment it was crumpled in her lap. She wasn't wearing anything under the sweater so, when she pulled it over her head, it was kind of a flibidy-dit moment. I was surprised but not upset in any way. I thought that she was stunning, sitting there in my truck, in the sunshine, in the mountains, topless. She looked at me and said, "I guess you're wondering why I did that." She shook her sweater and a bee flew out of it. I thought that it was a very useful bee and I was grateful to it for flying down the front of her sweater. I was happy that the bee had escaped without injury. We both got a good laugh out of the situation.

A good many years earlier, a friend of mine had shown me the location, along Skyline Boulevard, of a giant Redwood Tree. It was the only such tree of which I was aware in the local area. The location wasn't obvious. The tree was some distance from the road and wasn't visible from the road. There wasn't even a parking lot, just a wide place beside the road. There was a very small sign that said, simply, Methusela. The location was owned by some agency, the Park Service or some such thing. There was a little opening in the fence and a little trail to



A. D. at Methusela, near Skyline Boulevard, north of Santa Cruz, California, Tuesday, June 25, 1985

the tree. It's probably the least known tourist attraction in the state. Anyone who didn't already know that the tree was there would never notice it. On one of her visits, we went there and, when A. D. first saw the tree, she had some sort of strange emotional experience. She cried and said that she'd seen the tree before. She wouldn't or couldn't say anything more about it.

During the time when I had my relationship with A. D., I was working at AMD as an auditor. In addition to auditing facilities in Sunnyvale, California, I also audited facilities in Texas. Since A. D. lived in that part of the country, we usually managed a visit while I was there, on my audit trips. My relationship with A. D. was the only long-distance relationship that I ever had. I lived in California and she lived in Texas.

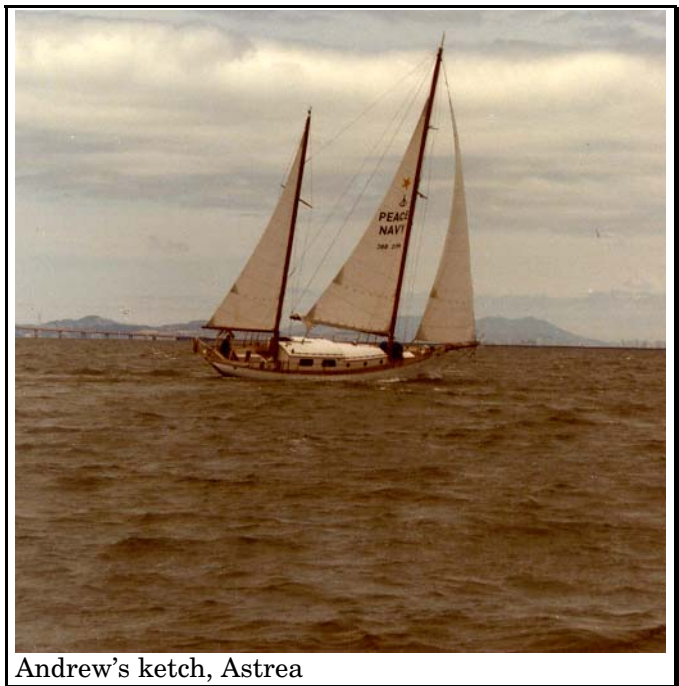
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That relationship caused me to conclude that long distance relationships are the best kind. People who criticize them must be crazy. The two people in a long distance relationship get to see each other only during the good times. They don't need to share each other's problems. It's the best of both worlds. The only sorrow that's involved is in saying goodbye and, even then, there's the anticipation of the next visit.

My relationship with A. D. was overlapped by the relationship with Lorita. The relationship with A. D. also overlapped the relationships with Delilah and J. H., both of whom I'll discuss later. I think that it also overlapped the relationship with A. T., but I'm not sure. Whatever the case, such diversity naturally had consequences that were occasionally sort of interesting. For example, during A. D.'s visits, we had to devise ways to hide her from Lorita. I recall one visit from A. D. that coincided with a weekend when Lorita had agreed to let Katrina visit me. At that time, Katrina was young enough that there wasn't any risk of her mentioning A. D. to Lorita. However, I still had to pick up Katrina at Lorita's apartment. That night, I left A. D. waiting outside of Newberry's in what I thought of as a rather bad part of town. I don't remember now why we didn't just have her wait at my place but for some reason we didn't. Somehow she convinced me that it would be alright for her to wait in front of the store. As it turned out nothing happened, but that night I had an extra incentive to minimize the time that I spent at Lorita's house. I was very nervous about A. D. standing outside of Newberry's in the dark.

My friend Andrew Fleisher lived on a 40 foot ketch named Astrea. He kept it moored in Docktown, near Redwood City, in the south end of San Francisco Bay. Andrew and I spent a lot of time sailing on San Francisco bay and, on several occasions, he arranged sailing trips during A. D.'s visits.

Most of the recreational sailing was in the north end of the bay, in the vicinity of San Francisco. We spent some very good time sailing in that area but it was a long trip from Docktown to the north end of the bay. So, we also spent some time in the south end of the bay, which was usually deserted. One time, there was a shark fishing contest under way in the south end of the bay. Consequently, there were quite a few fishing boats visible in the distance. They were widely scattered so we didn't pay much attention to them. We anchored to do some skinny dipping. Those present were Andrew and his girlfriend plus me and A. D. The skinny dipping plan got sidetracked and we got to doing some serious frolicking on deck, instead. As I recall Andrew and his girlfriend were aft and A. D. and I were on the roof of the cabin. I don't know what Andrew and his girlfriend ended up doing.



Andrew's ketch, Astrea

They were at the opposite end of the boat. A. D. and I made love right there on the top of the cabin, during which activity we paid less attention to the fishing boats than we'd paid to them previously. However, when we finished what we were doing, we noticed the sound of some engines starting. We looked up and discovered that several of the fishing boats weren't as far away from us as they'd been when we had started to undress. I'm sure that the pilots of the boats didn't have anything to do with it. The near proximity of the boats must have been the result of flukes of wind and current. After we started putting our clothes back on, everybody on the boats who'd been watching us must have noticed that they'd all drifted away from their preferred fishing locations. They all started their engines and motored away, returning to the shark fishing contest. A. D. seemed amused.



Me and A. D., on Astrea
The weekend of October 5-6,
1985

Speaking of winds and current, I came close to wrecking the boat once, due to my lack of experience. It happened during one of the trips that included me and A. D. plus Andrew and his girlfriend. Andrew was below doing something. The two women were sitting on deck talking and looking at the bay. We were in the southern end of the bay where it's very wide. I was tacking back and forth, trying to move us north toward San Francisco. The tide was rising but that wasn't obvious on the wide, flat expanse of water with the shores so far away. Since the tide was rising, the current was against me. That also wasn't obvious. I'd made it to the vicinity of one of the bridges. I think that it was the San Mateo Bridge but I don't remember for sure. It might have been the Dumbarton Bridge. Anyway, the distance between the bridge supports is quite long, much more so than seems to be the case while crossing the bridge in a car. I'd tacked in a westerly direction to the vicinity of the support on that side of the ship channel and come about. As I tacked back toward the east, toward the other support, I wasn't making as much headway to the north as I wanted. I kept trying to bring Astrea further and further into the wind, but it just wasn't working. I got closer and closer to the bridge support, trying to get to the north of it, and I just wasn't getting the distance that I wanted. I realized that I wasn't going to clear it on its north side so I tried to come about and do another tack to the west. However, I'd turned so far into the wind in my effort to clear the bridge support that, when I tried to come about, I didn't have sufficient headway to do it. Suddenly, the boat was adrift and wallowing toward the bridge support. From that position, so close to the support, it was much more obvious how fast the current was flowing past the support. We were being carried toward it at a fair clip. I hadn't previously realized how fast the current moved in that part of the bay. The water had appeared to be calm but that had been an illusion due to it's wide, flat expanse with no nearby stationary reference points. An experienced sailor would probably have known that from the way that the boat handled. I was pretty much of a novice. Anyway, both women started screaming and I leaned over and put my finger on the start button for the diesel, which had to be turned on below, where Andrew was. He came rushing to the door of the cabin to see

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what was wrong. I yelled, "We need the diesel, now!" He clicked the switch. My finger was already on the start button. The diesel started immediately and I drove us away from the bridge support. All ended well except for my bruised pride. However, it was a valuable lesson learned at a fairly low cost.

I once saw Andrew make an error in judgment so at least I was in good company. That mistake happened in the north end of the bay, in the Golden Gate. We were again tacking. It's a fact that Astrea wasn't very fast. She was a heavy wood boat with wood masts and she just wasn't very fast. Anyway, we were trying to get out the Golden Gate. Our plan had been to visit the Farallon Islands, which were a few miles offshore. The current was moving in and the wind was against us. The current in the Golden Gate can be fierce. We spent over an hour tacking back and forth between the same two places on both shores. We were making exactly enough headway that we were staying in exactly the same place, going against the current and the wind. Eventually, Andrew decided to cancel the trip to the Farallons and we sailed back into the bay. However, before he made that decision, as we were tacking back and forth, we were crossing and recrossing the ship channel. In theory, a boat under sail has the right-of-way over a boat under power but, in fact, there wasn't any way that one of those huge freighters were going to avoid hitting us if we got in front of it. We just had to be careful. I was at the helm and Andrew was in command. We'd tack until he said "Ready About" at which time I'd get ready to come about. When he gave the next command, which I no longer remember, I'd spin the wheel and duck as the boom went past. On one tack, we'd been watching a freighter that was coming toward us from the west, moving with the current. We'd been concerned about getting past in front of it before it ran over us. It was getting rather close when Andrew yelled "Ready About!" I realized that he was going to try to turn back instead of continuing across it's path. However, I was seeing an exactly symmetrical front view of the freighter. We were exactly in it's path and I didn't think that we could turn back fast enough to get out of it's way. I said in a desperate tone of voice, "I don't think we'd better do it, Andrew!" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "you've got the helm." We continued on our tack and the freighter passed alarmingly close behind us. I think that if we'd tried to come about, then it might have hit us.

It was J. H. who eventually sabotaged my relationship with A. D. That happened when A. D. and her husband came to California for a visit. J. H. had known about the relationship between me and A. D., which had preceded my relationship with her. J. H. and A. D. had arranged the visit. They were both lusty women and the idea was that we were going to have a jolly foursome. However, J. H. and A. D.'s husband turned out to detest each other and J. H. was such an intolerable bitch during the visit that A. D. and her husband left a couple of days early. Later, A. D. called me and broke off the relationship.

A few years later, sometime during 1995, I visited my father again. A. D. offered to take me to the train station and showed up about seven hours early. Her plan to be available to me was fairly obvious but, by then, I was so emotionally furious because of the situation with Lorita that I didn't want to have anything to do with anybody. We wasted the entire time finding pointless things to do. We dallied in a restaurant.

We wasted a couple of hours in a theater watching a movie in which neither of us was interested. It wasn't until I said goodbye to her at the train station that I began to have regrets about my stubborn refusal to take advantage of the opportunity that she'd so graciously offered to me. By then, it was too late. I haven't heard from her since then. That was another of my many failures. I can't really blame her for not trying to contact me.

Delilah

One Sunday afternoon, I was feeling particularly frustrated and angry about the situation with Lorita. She was doing her best to force me into utter and abject slavery, with her as the master. I was trying desperately to find some way to have a relationship with her that would allow us to create some semblance of a family for Katrina. On that particular Sunday, I'd managed somehow to escape from her immediate grasp for the remainder of the day. Thus, I suddenly found myself with nothing to do and not in a mood to be alone. I decided to drive to Redwood City and visit Andrew. I often spent time with him on Astrea and it seemed like a good way to spend the afternoon. Andrew knew of my need to get away from Lorita and, consequently, he never invited her on board.

On that particular trip, I'd just entered Highway 680 south headed for 101 north when I passed two young ladies with a stalled car beside the freeway. I stopped, backed up, and offered to help. They had a coolant leak. They were out of water and their engine was beginning to overheat. I gave them all of the water out of my emergency bottle and offered to follow them to a service station. They agreed.

The ladies were not familiar with the local area so we drove around for a while. Eventually, they found someplace that was open and had a mechanic who could help them. While I was sitting in my truck waiting until I was sure that they didn't need me anymore, I noticed a rather nice looking Mexican lady sitting on a brick ledge in front of the station. She just sat there and stared at me. When I backed out of my parking space, she was still staring at me. As I started to drive away, she was still staring at me. I backed up and asked her if she needed some help. Remember, I was at loose ends anyway and feeling disgruntled and frustrated. The lady asked me if I wanted a date. It sure did surprise me. I asked her how much it would cost me and she said \$20. That seemed reasonable so we negotiated a deal and went back to my place. She said that her name was Delilah. I told her that my name was the Dreamweaver. It was a name that I was using occasionally at that point in my life. I still think of myself as a Dreamweaver and a Pathfinder, but I haven't used either of the names for decades.

Her story, as she told it, was that she lived only a few blocks from me with her mother. Her plan was to establish a small group of regular customers that she knew and trusted. She intended to use the customers as a way to support her three small children. I'm not necessarily saying that it was a good plan but at least the lady had a plan. She was gentle, intelligent, attractive, and about my age. At that point in my life, I'd have been glad to be part of her group except that Lorita was asserting a very strong presence about then and I just couldn't get rid of her. The window of opportu-

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nity for other women besides Lorita was rather small and, at that particular time, A. D. was using up most of it.

At the time, for political reasons, I was refusing when possible to use Federal Reserve Notes. Consequently, I paid Delilah with twenty Eisenhower dollar coins. She was impressed. She was also impressed with my collection of books. She wanted to borrow a couple to take with her but I wasn't sure if I'd ever see her again, so I said no. In retrospect, the loss of a book or two might have been a small price to pay to encourage someone to read a book. I just didn't think of that at the time. I'm sorry that I didn't loan her the books.

The incident with Delilah wasn't completely without its consequences. I just sort of forgot about it when I picked up Delilah, but I had a visit to Texas scheduled for the next week. . It's a good example of that statement that was made by historian Stephen Ambrose on Friday, April 3, 1998, speaking on *The NewsHour With Jim Lehrer*. He said, "God created men with a penis and a brain and gave 'em only enough blood to run one at a time." After Delilah left, I remembered the date with A. D.. I had to call her and have a little discussion. There was, after all, a risk that I'd caught an infection from Delilah. A. D. had to be aware of that. There were other reasons besides A. D. for making the trip, so I still visited Texas. However, A. D. and I had to forego our usual pleasures and be satisfied with dinner and a little cuddling. It turned out that Delilah was clean but we didn't know that at the time and there wasn't any reason to risk infecting A. D..

Delilah showed up at my gate about two weeks later but Lorita happened to be with me at the time. I went out to the gate and told Delilah that my girlfriend was visiting and that she'd have to come back another time. I'd much rather have entertained her than Lorita. If I had it to do again I'd probably tell Lorita that it was time for her to leave. I never saw Delilah again after that.

J. E. H.

I met J. H. through the Santa Clara County Libertarian Party back sometime during the early 80s. I saw her occasionally at meetings and quickly developed a strong interest in her. She always declined to get involved with me, citing her marriage as the reason. However, unknown to me at the time, she was developing a strong interest in me anyway.

My friend Andrew used to invite groups of people on weekend sailing trips on Astrea. He'd often invite as many people as would fit on the boat. That meant that there might be as many as five or six people. He also liked to invite people with different beliefs. I think that he liked to watch people disagree with each other about various things. J. H. and I were both part of such a group on one of those weekend trips. During that trip our acquaintance took a giant leap forward. During the long return leg of the trip, sailing south between Hunter's point and Redwood City, we spent several hours sitting with our backs against the main mast, virtually alone. The weather was foul and everybody else, except for the helmsman, was below, in the cabin. J. H. and I spent the time getting to know one another. The tide was going down and we were a little late getting back, so Astrea ran aground about 4 feet from the dock. We all made the last four feet of the trip, from Astrea to the dock, on a wood plank. J. H.

told me later that her strongest desire at that point had been to give me a big hug but that she'd resisted the temptation because of the presence of her husband, waiting on the dock.

I was moderately active in the Libertarian Party at the time, so J. H. and I had several mutual acquaintances. One of them was Donald Joseph Raymond Cormier. He and J. H. went out slumming one day and later he commented to me that he wouldn't be surprised if something developed between me and J. H.. He said that she hadn't been real specific but that she'd seemed interested in me.

Some time later, J. H. and her husband decided to get a divorce. I might have heard a rumor of it but I'm not sure if I was aware of it or not. I don't remember. Anyway, J. H. called me to ask for the mailing address of some government agency to which she wanted to send something. I suppose that it was a plausible excuse to call me but it was mostly an excuse. She could have obtained the information elsewhere. Before the conversation was over I'd invited her to come over some time to see my new computer. She volunteered to come right then. She arrived in less than 30 minutes and as Poppa used to say, "one thing just naturally led to another". She stayed all night.

J. H. began to visit me regularly. During one such visit, while we were doing something with my computer, her husband and his new girlfriend showed up with Donald. None of them had known that J. H. was in the house. When her husband and his new girlfriend walked in and saw J. H., they backed up to the door and waited there for Donald to get something out of his room. They seemed embarrassed. They all left as soon as they could and nothing more was said. J. H. seemed amused.

One of the first things that J. H. did, after that first visit, was to bring to me a large picture of herself, in a frame. She obviously intended for me to hang it on a wall. I didn't want to do so. After all, I had various other women in my life and I didn't like the idea that J. H. was trying to post me and my house as her territory. Of course, that was the purpose of the picture. It would be the first thing that any other woman would see when she walked into the house. The first thing that any such woman would say is, "Who's that?". I was beginning to learn more about women and their ways of doing things. So, I didn't hang the picture until later. Near the end of our relationship, I finally told her why I'd been annoyed by the picture. She was annoyed by my explanation.

On the subject of women marking their territory, I have some thoughts. I got sort of tired of women bleeding on my sheets. They always claimed that they hadn't expected it. I eventually became skeptical. I noticed that a woman would complain for days in advanced about how "bloated" she felt and then act surprised when her period began during the middle of the night. I surmised that it wasn't a surprise at all. Any such woman could easily have anticipated the event, and worn a pad. None of them ever did. It seems to me like a territorial marking technique.

Anyway, back to my story. Before long J. H. was living with me. She stayed for about 2 1/2 years. During that time, particularly the last six or eight months, I gradually became familiar with her history of alleged sexual mistreatment by her father. That mistreatment allegedly started when she was about five years old. She'd suppressed or conveniently forgotten most of what allegedly happened. Nevertheless,

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it had an enormous influence on her and seemed to cause her behavior to be erratic and unpredictable in some ways. I remember one such incident that occurred while we were watching a movie called *Mary Jane Harper Cried Last Night*. In one scene, Mary Jane's mother went through a very emotional session with a psychiatrist. During that session, she revealed episodes of sexual abuse in her early childhood. At the end of the scene, J. H. became uncontrollably hysterical. I was surprised. Granted, it was an effective scene, but I didn't think that it rated such a response. J. H. claimed to not have any idea what had made her react that way to the scene. I recall at least two other instances when she exhibited such unexpected hysterical crying. One such incident terminated a conversation that Donald and I were having about AIDS. I'd suggested that the disease might have been engineered by the U.S. government and then either intentionally or accidentally released. J. H. stood right there in the middle of the living room and cried hysterically. She never explained why. The other incident occurred while J. H., A. D., A. D.'s husband, and I were riding around during the visit that I mentioned earlier in the section about A. D.. As I previously mentioned, A. D. and her family had been friends of my family for many years. While we were riding around, A. D. had made some comments about various members of the family, and had commented that one of the young women in the family could always get a man to do whatever she wanted him to do just by being sweet. Immediately, J. H. started crying hysterically. She sat there in the back seat, right in the middle of the conversation, and burst into a fit of hysterical crying. Again, she never explained why. Neither did she ever apologize. Today, I'm not sure exactly what I believe about her claim to have been sexually molested, but it's a sure thing that she had some kind of a serious emotional problem.

During the last few months of our time together, the sexual molestation thing got dragged out of her by a hypnotherapist. At the time, I believed it without question. Since then, some of those cases have been questioned. It seems that sometimes the hypnotherapist will plant the ideas rather than uncover them. I don't know which was true in J. H.'s case but she told some sad stories. I will say that they explained some of her peculiar behavior. One example is gasoline. The smell of it had always made her intensely nervous. We didn't know why. One story that came out (or was planted in her mind) during hypnotherapy is as follows. Her father used to take her along to buy gas for the car. Then he'd take a detour on the way home and keep a previously arranged meeting with certain of his friends from work. At the meetings, J. H. provided sex to his friends in the back seat of the car. She also said that, after the first such exchange, her father had commented on the way home, "Well, since you enjoyed that so much we'll do it again." She said that the thing that made her the maddest was that she did all the work but she didn't get to keep any of the money.

Part of J. H.'s stress followed from that apparent conflict within herself. That is, she physically enjoyed all of the stuff that was allegedly happening, yet it was all handled as if it was the ugliest thing possible. I believe that most of the sexual prohibitions in our culture have been created by sick people with filthy minds. The sexual activities of people who enjoy what they're doing are generally innocent of harm. The harm is caused not by the sexual activities but by the horrified reactions of repressive non-participants, and by the consequent necessity of hiding the activities from those

busybodies. Anyway, it seems that J. H.'s history of molestation came out under hypnosis too fast and without any sort of emotional support during the process. J. H. would come home and cry about what she'd remembered and I'd try to comfort her. When her father died, her only comment was that she regretted that she hadn't killed him.

J. H. had extremely low self esteem. I remember one time when she got a new job and seemed to be doing well at it. She commented to me one day that she just couldn't see why they liked her so much. "Are you kidding?" I exclaimed. "You do their...." and I recited a list of things that she did for them. I no longer remember the list, but it was impressive. She said, "Well yeah, that's true, but I still don't see why they like me." In spite of all of her self criticism, I always tried to assure her of her beauty, her abilities, her worth, and my love for her. Eventually, my admiration of her began to threaten her low self esteem. Women like her often value their low self esteem above all else. Anything that threatens to make them think well of themselves is intolerable. J. H. couldn't handle the possibility that she might be a good person after all and I was making it difficult for her to maintain her low opinion of herself. She couldn't handle that, so she left. For a little while, I felt like I wanted to die. I didn't get back into my stride again until I met Linda.

Linda

In an effort to help me through the aftermath of J. H.'s departure, my friend Bob Hayton invited me to the services at his church, a Church of the Nazarene. I was so distraught over the loss of J. H., and so tired of staring at the same walls at home, that I actually decided to go with him. I remember thinking that it would be nice to be miserable somewhere else for a change. That's where I met Linda.

Linda later claimed that we first met at the Church of the Nazarene in San Jose, on Alum Rock Avenue east of White Road. I don't have any memory of meeting her there. I don't have any memory of even going to that church. I believe that she had some other man in mind but it's a point that will never be resolved. Anyway, my first memory of Linda is at the Church of the Nazarene in Santa Clara.

The first important conversation between us that I can recall happened as we were leaving the church in Santa Clara. I was standing and listening to some idle chatter between Linda and some of the other women who attended that church. Linda made the comment, referring to her weight, that she felt like a baby whale. I responded that I didn't think that she looked bad at all. She seemed pleased and, as if it didn't have anything at all to do with my comment, she offered to take me on an outing to the beach sometime. I suddenly saw the possibility that life might go on after all, even without J. H.

Linda and I traded telephone numbers. That was on Sunday, March 5, 1989. I tried to call her on Monday and left a message on her telephone answering machine. I tried again to call her on Tuesday and left another message. She called me on Wednesday. We talked for more than an hour and she called me again on Thursday. We arranged for her to visit me the very next day, Friday, March 10, 1989.

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When she arrived at my house for that first visit, I showed her all around the place. She saw my photo albums and asked if I'd show her some of my collection of pictures. Many of the pictures were childhood pictures and pictures of family members. Some of them were pictures of girlfriends, past and present. Anyway, I started showing them to her. She told me later that, as she was looking at the pictures of "other women" she kept asking herself a question. "Do I really want to have anything to do with this guy?" Nevertheless, as we sat on the sofa, she sat close to me, almost leaning against me. As I showed her the pictures and told her the stories that went with them, I contrived to brush the back of her hand with my fingertips. She didn't object. I was extremely cautious. I didn't need to hurry. I had lots of pictures. That afforded me a very large window of opportunity. Later, I contrived to place my hand on her arm. She didn't seem to notice. Sometime later, I managed to get my arm onto the back of the sofa, behind her. Shortly after that, she fumbled a photo album, dropped it onto the floor in front of her, and leaned over to pick it up. When she sat back up again, my arm was around her. She didn't show any sign at all of being aware of it. I believe in the old Italian proverb, she who is silent consents, and I was encouraged. By a very slow but persistent process, spread over more than an hour of gradual escalation, I eventually had her on her back on the sofa, mostly undressed, and gasping. She, of course, had found it increasingly difficult to pretend that nothing was happening. Consequently, she'd gradually begun to resist. As I came closer to my goal she resisted harder and there came a point beyond which I knew that I'd have to stop persuading and start forcing, in order to continue. In my opinion, it's improper for a man to force a woman. Therefore, I stopped. She got dressed and left. Before she left the house she promised that she'd be back the next day. She didn't say anything at all about what I'd been doing to her. It was as if it hadn't happened at all.

The entire adventure had happened on the sofa in the living room and it entirely escaped my mind that Donald, who rented a room from me, might walk in right in the middle of what I was doing. It's another good example of that statement by historian Stephen Ambrose that I mentioned back in the section on Delilah. Anyway, at the time, I went right ahead with my attempted seduction of Linda with never a thought of the possibility that we might be interrupted. Later, after Donald arrived, I told him what I'd been doing and commented that there were only two possibilities. I told him that either I'd scared her off completely or that she was as good as bagged.

The next day, she came back. Not only that, she wouldn't take no for an answer. It happened that I had the radio playing and I didn't hear the bell when she rang it. She drove away, found a pay telephone, called me, and demanded to know why I wouldn't let her in. I told her about the radio and apologized. She came back and I let her in. I'll point out here, just in case somebody didn't notice, that after my behavior of the previous day, Linda couldn't have had even the slightest doubt about my intentions. The previous day, she'd escaped free and clear. She didn't have to ever come back again. Yet, knowing full well what I was after, she came back again, voluntarily. She even insisted on being admitted to the place. My conscience doesn't bother me a bit.

She retreated right straight to the sofa and, believe it or not, she asked me to show her my collection of pictures. We looked at all of the pictures again, just like on the previous day. She acted as if she'd never seen them before. We went through an exact rerun of the previous performance. I managed to touch the back of her hand, managed to get my arm around her, and so forth, right up to the part where she was on her back, naked, and gasping. Again, I completely forgot that we might be interrupted. Stephen Ambrose was certainly correct about a man's blood supply. Fortunately, we weren't interrupted. Again, I got to the part where I'd have to force her if I wanted to continue. I eased up a little, just so that she could catch her breath, but I didn't let her up that time. She didn't struggle very hard. I told her that I'd stop what I was doing if she'd promise to spend the night with me that night in my bed. She objected that she wouldn't be very safe if she did that. Then I made one of the most stupid sounding yet perceptive offers of my entire career. I told her that she'd be as safe as she wanted to be. I promised her that she could keep her clothes on all night if she wanted to and that I wouldn't force any attention on her whatsoever. However, I told her that I was giving her fair warning. I planned to sleep naked and I didn't intend to resist anything that she tried with me.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I certainly don't intend to try anything with you!" Under those conditions, she said, there wasn't any reason at all for not spending the night with me. Hmmm.... The most amazing thing is that I didn't figure out right away that there had to be something mighty peculiar about a woman who'd make such a crazy deal. The Stephen Ambrose principle was at work again. Of course, he was commenting about men. I have the impression that women don't have a sufficient blood supply to run the brain, even without a penis. It brings to mind Roger's Rule. See *Another Compendium of Wit and Wisdom*, in *The Sovereign's Library*. Roger's Rule: If a woman is available, then there's a reason.

Linda went away for one reason or another and was, again, out of the situation, free and clear. Catherine showed up for her weekend visit. Later that evening, Linda returned. Catherine wisely didn't have much to say about the situation and Linda and I went to bed. Linda was fully clothed and I didn't wear anything at all. As soon as we hit the sheets, I said goodnight and rolled over toward the wall. I was planning to go to sleep. I guess that Linda waited just long enough to see if I really intended to keep my promise. In less than two minutes she was all over me. I didn't even have to undress her. She was out of her clothes in record time, without any help from me.

The next morning, Linda drove Catherine and me to Scott's Valley, where she lived in a rented house in the mountains with her children. That is, she lived there with her children when she could get any of them to stay at home. The older of the two daughters seemed to be there a lot of the time but the younger of the two had the wanderlust. The son seemed to be gone most of the time. I don't recall that I ever actually met him. The situation was kind of unfortunate. The older of the two daughters had a baby, but no husband. The younger, who was only about 14 years old at the time, was living with other people most of the time. Linda couldn't get her to stay at home. The son reportedly had a pregnant girlfriend, although I never met her. Linda bought

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food for the kids and paid the rent. That seemed to be the extent of her contribution to the arrangement.

We spent Saturday at the house in Scott's Valley and, late that night, Linda drove us back to my house in San Jose. On the way down the hill, Catherine was asleep in the back seat. I was riding along silently in the passenger seat and Linda was driving. Without any preamble at all, Linda announced that she was my wife. She said that she wouldn't expect any particular promise from me but that she'd spend the rest of her life as my wife. It's important to notice that she didn't say that she would become my wife. She said that she **was** my wife. Her choice of words declared that, whether I was married to her or not, she was married to me. I said that I'd have to think about it for a while. She said okay. Neither of us had anything else to say for the remainder of the trip. She let us off at the house and drove away.

Linda and Catherine had arranged to go to church the next morning so Linda arrived early and Catherine went to church with her. I stayed at home and thought about Linda's announcement of the previous evening. When she and Catherine got back from church, I was waiting at the door. I took Linda firmly by the hand and pulled her through the house toward the back door. Catherine wisely retreated into her room. I led Linda out of the back door. I was heading for a particular location near some trees but Linda started dragging her heels and skidded to a stop. I had to have my say right there by the garbage cans. It wasn't a very romantic location but I couldn't pull her any further. I turned to her, took her into my arms, and said, "Okay. I'll accept you as my wife and I'll be your husband. I'll love you, and cherish you, and protect you, and support you, and be faithful to you, for as long as we're both alive." I didn't intend for my promise of support to indicate financial support. I intended for it to mean "moral support". I think that Linda understood my financial situation well enough to understand my intended meaning of the promise, at the time. She started crying and hugged me. At the time, I thought that she was happy. In retrospect, I understand her reaction better now than I did then. At the time, Linda was a recently "born-again" Christian. What she'd intended with her surprise announcement was to scare me away and then tell herself that she'd tried to do the right thing but that I wouldn't cooperate. Then she could do penance for some good sex and come out smelling like a rose on Judgment Day. When I agreed to marry her, she was suddenly and unexpectedly trapped in an unplanned marriage. She couldn't get out of it because it had been her idea.

Shortly after that, Linda moved some of her stuff out of the house at Scott's Valley and moved in with me. The marriage was entirely valid. We agreed to marry, made our vows before God, represented ourselves as man and wife before our friends, consummated the marriage, and shared a dwelling as man and wife. Government licenses and authorization are not required to make a valid marriage.

We made our trip to the beach on Wednesday, March 15, 1989. When we got out of the car, the very first thing that Linda did was to run into the water. She didn't even change her clothes. After that, she ran in and out of the water several times, always letting me get a good look at her between trips. She wasn't wearing a bra, just a thin blouse, and she knew exactly what she was doing.

Linda's daughters resented me and tried to make Linda feel guilty because she was living with me instead of living in the house in Scott's Valley. They tried to find ways to sabotage the relationship. I recall one of the things that they did one time when Linda and I were visiting them. They both decided to shower, right then, while I was there. After that, they pranced around in front of me wearing scanty towels for the next half hour or so, while I was sitting in the living room. Then they complained to Linda about me staring at them. Linda fell right into their little trap and scolded me for ogling her daughters. Maybe I should have spanked their butts. Of course, then they'd probably have called the cops and complained of sexual harassment. I just tried to reason with Linda.



Linda, at the beach
Wednesday, March 15, 1989

The behavior of Linda's daughters can probably be excused because they were so young. In fact, in November of 2013, more than 20 years after the events that I've described here, I was contacted by the younger of the two and offered an apology for anything that she might have done at the time that might call for an apology. It was courageous and honorable of her to contact me and offer such an apology. In retrospect, maybe I was too critical of the daughters. They were young, each of them was having difficulties of her own, and they probably saw me as a threat. Their interference in the relationship wasn't anywhere near as culpable as that of the so-called Christians at the Santa Clara Church of the Nazarene. That was an entirely different story.

The behavior of the so-called Christians at the Santa Clara Church of the Nazarene was entirely evil. Since they were adults, I hold them entirely responsible for their evil behavior. If Hell existed, which it doesn't, then I'd consider Hell to be an appropriate destination for them. Their behavior typified the kind of intolerance that, in the past, has caused witch hunts, inquisitions, crusades, and executions and, in the present, perpetuates the never-ending hatred and persecution of people who are different. It displayed the arrogance and the self-righteousness that are the hallmark of so-called Christians in their dealings with those of whom they disapprove. Instead of accepting our marriage as the behavior of consenting adults, they condemned it. They unilaterally took upon themselves the authority to declare the marriage to be invalid. I particularly despise them for the harm that they did to Linda. She was already a tormented woman. I'll mention some of the reasons, but not all of them, later in this ma'amoir. She went to them for help and they punished her. I was strong enough to endure it. Linda wasn't.

Because we hadn't made a formal announcement, Linda was accused of hiding our marriage in shame. Our marriage was criticized as illegal because of the lack of a ceremony and because we didn't have a government marriage license. The preacher

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of the Church of the Nazarene, Pastor Tate, the leader of the mob of Christian goons, even drove across town one night to verify that Linda's car was at my house and then drove across town again the next morning to verify that it was still there. He called her on the telephone late the next night, after we were in bed, and attacked her and condemned her. I remember watching her as she listened to him. She didn't get in hardly a word at all. Her facial expressions and body language gave the impression of someone who was ducking and dodging punches. So far as I'm aware, our only supporter in the entire congregation was Bob, the man who'd first introduced us. So far as I'm concerned, he was the only person in the bunch who was at all Christ-like. Linda, as a recently converted and devoutly sincere "born-again" Christian, was profoundly hurt by the criticisms, attacks, and condemnations of Pastor Tate and his unholy flock of predatory thugs.

The critics of our marriage used every tactic for the purpose of destroying the marriage. During the six months of our time together, Linda was driven away from me four times. Each departure was the same. She gradually became increasingly stressed, under the criticism that she was receiving, until she couldn't take any more. She'd gradually become uncommunicative with me, and then she'd leave. She wouldn't say how long she would be gone or if she would ever return.. She'd just pack her stuff and leave. After each of her first three departures, she returned within a week or two. Each time that she returned, she seemed to be happy again. Then, the whole thing would start over. Every time that she returned to me, the so-called Christians would get their teeth in her again and keep shaking until she left.

After the first time that Linda returned, she told me the story of what her emotional condition had been while she was gone. She said that she'd tried hundreds of times to call me on the telephone. She said that, sometimes, she'd head for the telephone and then change her mind. Sometimes, she'd actually pick up the telephone before she changed her mind. Sometimes, she'd start dialing. One time, she actually let the telephone start to ring before she hung up. Eventually, she called me, near the end of that first absence, and said that she wanted to come visit me. She was vague about her intended purpose in visiting but, after all, she was my wife. I told her that she was welcome.

When she arrived, she was restless and kept wandering around. I followed her. Every time that she stopped, I tried to give her a kiss or a hug. Every time that I did that, she'd break away from me and start wandering around again. That went on for quite some time. She never showed any inclination to leave. She just kept wandering around and getting more and more tense. Eventually, she got herself trapped against a flat wall in the kitchen. She wasn't trapped in a corner. She was trapped against a wall. The only other time that I ever saw anything get trapped



Me and Linda, in the kitchen at Mere Keep
The wall just behind us in this picture is the exact location where she got herself trapped against a flat wall.

against a flat surface was once when I was chasing one of my geese. It ran straight at the fence and, while it kept changing its mind about which way to run, I grabbed it by the neck.

Anyway, Linda walked up to the wall, turned around with her back to the wall, and stood there facing me. It was exactly behind our location in the picture. I gave her a hug and she put her arms around my waist. She stood there holding me in a bear hug, as tight as she could. Every time that I tried to kiss her, she turned her face away from me and gasped, “no”. Each time that I leaned around to kiss her again she turned her face the other way and gasped “no”. She held tightly to me during that entire performance. Then she turned away from the wall and began to back away from me, saying “no” over and over again, pulling me after her all the while. She kept her tight hold on me and pulled me all the way from the kitchen to my bed, until she was backed up against the bed. Then she lost her balance and fell over backwards on the bed, but she still didn't turn loose of me. When she fell over, she pulled me down on top of her, still whispering, “no”. All the while, she never stopped saying “no”. As Poppa used to say, one thing just naturally led to another. Afterward, she accused me of forcing her to make love to me. Of course, she seemed to feel that since I'd forced her, then she might as well move back in. That was the first time that she returned.

Linda claimed that her first husband had frequently beat her, whether or not he had any reason to do so. One example that she cited was one day when she got back from the grocery store 15 minutes later than she'd promised. Her husband met her at the door and punched her in the face for being late. If she's to be believed, then Linda has the rare distinction of knowing what it's like to be killed. Her husband strangled her until she lost consciousness. She believed at the time that he was killing her and she didn't know otherwise until she regained consciousness later. She stayed with him for about 7 years. I, on the other hand, tried the best that I could to be good to her. The only thing on which I insisted was a healthy and fulfilling sexual relationship. I'll say in my own defense that she invariably showed every indication of enjoying our sexual activity once I managed to persuade her. A friend of mine, with whom I discussed the situation some time later, commented that I should have hit her. If I'd hit her, he said, then she'd have stayed with me permanently. It's an interesting theory. Maybe it explains why some women won't shut up until he hits them, Linda also had a problem with feeling guilty about things, many of which called for regret but not for guilt. I recall her commenting once that she felt guilty about a cat that she'd seen dead on the road. I could never convince her that there's a difference between guilt and regret. If anything went wrong, she felt guilty whether or not it was her fault. She also claimed, in her background, a history of alleged sexual abuse by a family member.

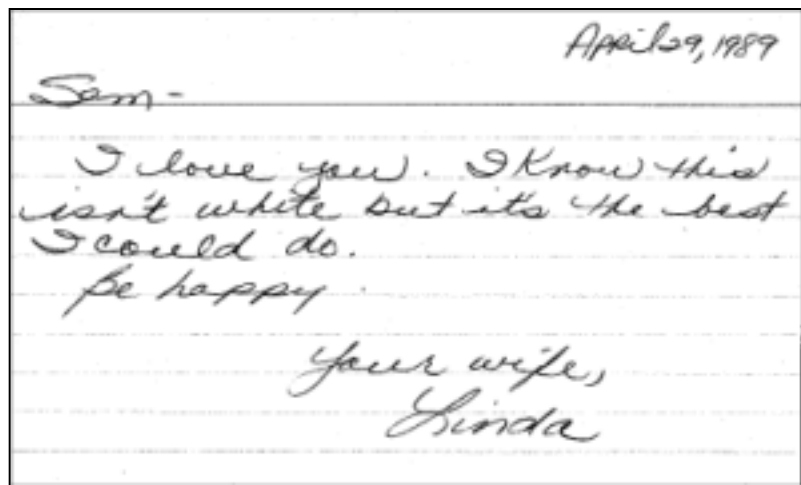
Parenthetically, of the various women that I've mentioned in this ma'amoir, I had sexual relationships with fourteen of them. Seven of those fourteen women claimed to have a history of sexual abuse. I don't know about the others but, if the incidence of such abuse in the general population is as high as it is among the women mentioned herein, then we need to stop thinking of such behavior as abnormal. Whether it's good or bad is another question but, if the incidence of it is actually 50%, then that suggests that it qualifies it as normal behavior.

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By the time that Linda was back for the third time, she claimed that, as a wife, she didn't have any obligations to me whatsoever. She was never able to describe to me just what she thought that it meant to be a wife. She used to look through her Bible, trying to find wife instructions. Eventually, she started trying to say no to me in bed. When that didn't work, she changed her work schedule so that we slept at different times. I changed my schedule to match hers. Then she started coming to bed fully clothed. I'm afraid that my original offer in that regard had expired.

Linda continued trying to find ways to annoy me. I eventually decided that she was trying to force me to kick her out. That would get her out of the unplanned marriage. However, one afternoon I told her that it wasn't going to work. I told her that, if she stayed, then I would simply have my way with her. If she wanted to leave, then she'd have to make the decision herself and accept responsibility for it. I told her that I wouldn't force her to stay, but I would refuse to kick her out. I still remember that conversation. I was sitting on the edge of the bed. She was standing near the bed and looking at me. When I told her that, she stood very still and just stared at me for what seemed like about two minutes. I just stared back. It was a rather long and silent conversation. Then she went into the living room and sat on the sofa. She sat there for several hours, staring at the wall, and didn't say anything at all. Eventually, she got up and started packing her things.

Donald and I decided to go out to a restaurant that evening. I asked Linda if she wanted to go. She utterly ignored me. I tried to give her a goodbye hug and she turned her back to me. After we left, I told Donald that I hoped that she wouldn't take anything that belonged to me. He said that he didn't think that she'd do something like that, because she was a Christian. I said



that, since she was a Christian, she'd be able to justify anything that she wanted to do. When we got back, she was just leaving. The first place that I checked was my file cabinet. All of the letters that she'd written to me were gone. The reason that she took them was that she had signed each of them, "Your Wife, Linda". She was trying to remove from my possession any proof that she'd ever agreed with the idea that we were married. However, she missed one card that wasn't in the file folder with her letters. It was a 3x5 card that she'd included with a photo album that she'd given me as a gift. I still have the photo album and the card. Like the letters, it's signed "Your Wife, Linda." On the card, she also affirmed her love for me.

When I was contacted by the younger of Linda's daughters, back in November of 2013, I learned, among other things, that Linda is married again, this time to a preacher. I can only cringe. I suppose that her conversion to the dark precepts of the

so-called Christians is complete and irreversible. However, that marriage to the preacher is void from its inception, and of no legal effect. Linda was already married, to me, when she married again, to the preacher. So, there's a little justice in the world after all. I've actually contributed to the corruption of a preacher's marriage.

The fact is that Linda and I were married. During the time that we were together, she left me 4 times. She didn't say anything on any of those occasions, including the last one, about a divorce. She didn't say that she was leaving forever. She just packed her things and left. Three times she came back. I waited for a long time, for her to come back the fourth time but, in November of 2020, the younger of her two daughters notified me, and informed me that Linda had died on May 31 of that year. So, the fourth time, she won't be coming back.

Janice Medina

I met Janice Medina while J. H. was living with me and before I married Linda. I met her through my friend Bill Medina, after she and Bill were married. I knew her during the last part of my relationship with J. H. and during my marriage to Linda. Janice appeared to be one of the loveliest and best natured ladies that I had ever met. Of course, I didn't actually live with her, so I don't know for sure.

Generally, I've never allowed a little thing like a marriage to inhibit me. My theory is that I don't have any obligations under a woman's marriage agreement with her husband. Her compliance with her own obligations under that agreement is her problem. Consequently, some of my best girlfriends have been married women.

As girlfriends, married women have some big advantages over single women. For example, married women don't usually insist on being wined and dined like single women do. They're trying to squeeze their affairs in around all of their family responsibilities and that forces them to reduce the affairs to the basics. It's the ideal situation for a man. A married woman usually doesn't have time for more than one boyfriend and the relationship with her husband will probably have gotten old. It follows that her boyfriend is probably her only sex partner. Maybe not, but it's a better bet than with single women. That makes married women a little safer than single women with regard to contagious diseases. At least one can hope. A married woman already has a husband so she's less likely to be husband hunting. Of course, you have to be careful with those who'd like to trade up. A married woman is less likely to become unexpectedly pregnant and, if she does, then you can try to blame it on the husband. In addition, married women must usually be more discreet than single women because they have more to lose. That tends to make them less pushy. Maybe not by much, but every little bit is a good thing. So, married women are attractive candidates for a fling.

Strangely, however, even after Linda left, I tried to avoid any sexual relationship with Janice. My promise to be faithful to Linda was probably a part of the reason. However, another reason was my high regard for Bill, which means that I regarded him very highly. There were, however, a couple of occasions when Janice instigated a little creative hand-holding. In this day of easy virtue and flagrant behavior, many people might not have limited themselves to hand-holding. Maybe they don't realize how rewarding it can be. If nothing else, it has the advantage that it can be accomplished

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in locations and in situations where more involved sexual activity would be unobtainable. Both of the occasions when Janice launched a hand-holding episode with me were in Bill's truck while the three of us were on trips. The dark of night or a randomly placed jacket can cover a lot. It takes me back to those early days with Aleta, on the school bus. Fortunately, Jerry Watkins wasn't around to yank the jacket away and Bill was busy driving. My relationship with Janice never got any more explicit than hand-holding.

Near the end of the relationship, things got difficult. Janice was an entirely lovely woman and much admired by men. Bill was driving himself toward physical destruction with his political activities as a Constitutional Patriot. I had the impression that Janice would have liked to have a more sexually satisfying marriage and that Bill was aware of her disappointment. I'm only speculating, but that was my impression. One comment that I remember in particular was when she said that having sex with Bill was like being "fucked and left for dead". For whatever reason, it became increasingly difficult for me to see them. On those occasions when we did get together, Janice and I tended to drift to a stop and end up talking. Bill would promptly yell at her quite brutally to get her ass back into gear and stop bullshitting. One day in a telephone conversation Janice said to me, "Yes, Bill definitely has you on his list of people who'd like to fuck me." I asked her if I was getting any credit for not trying. She said that she didn't understand my meaning and asked me to explain it. I told her that she was definitely and highly desirable to me. She said that she was aware of that. I reminded her that I had specifically not tried to get into bed with her. She said that she had noticed that, too. I asked her where was the virtue in refraining from the pursuit if there wasn't any temptation. There was virtue in restraint only in the presence of temptation. She said that she hadn't thought of it that way but that it made sense. I again asked her if I was getting any credit for keeping my distance and she said that she didn't think that Bill was giving me any credit for that. Maybe he hadn't thought of it that way, either.

On a couple of occasions near the end of her marriage to Bill, Janice and I made plans to meet for a movie. Although neither of us overtly acknowledged it there seemed to be an understanding that the meetings would be without Bill's knowledge. It was near the end of their marriage and I think that she was feeling stressed. Otherwise, she wouldn't have considered the meetings. Actually, for one reason or another the meetings never took place.

Janice and I had an understanding that I was interested in her and that she was potentially interested in me. Since their marriage was by actual contract, complete with an expiration date and renewal options, we agreed that if she and Bill didn't renew the contract, then we might consider a closer relationship between the two of us. However, Bill and Janice had been divorced for quite some time before I even became aware of it. I found out about it much later, when I was working out a deal for some computer work with Bill. At that time, he mentioned casually that Janice wasn't with him anymore. I've never heard of her since the divorce. I presume that she wasn't as interested in me as I'd hoped that she was.

Susan Monica Larson

On September 30, 1989, my friend Ernie Marquez and his girlfriend Tina got married. I attended the wedding and, while I was there, they invited me to the reception. I was reluctant to go to the reception for two reasons. First, I'm not much of a party animal. However, Ernie's parties were usually enjoyable affairs so that wasn't necessarily a sufficiently reason to prevent me from going. However, I'd ridden to the wedding on Crazy Horse. The wedding was near to my home but the reception was much further away. I didn't want to ride that far on Crazy Horse, just to go to the reception. Eventually, after Ernie found somebody to transport my bicycle for me, in a van, I decided to go.

The reception was a lot of fun. Ernie knows how to throw a party. I spent most of the evening horsing around with a friend named Bert. I'd met him while I was working at the Bike Shop, with Ernie. However, there was a lady there who was taking pictures for Ernie and Tina. To the amusement of Bert, I began to find excuses to be near her and to start conversations. As she continued to consume alcohol, she



Cray Horse, Tuesday, August 8, 2006

got more friendly. Eventually, it was as if we were old friends. She even persuaded me to dance. I'm not a good dancer. The fact is that I don't like to dance. A good many years earlier, S. had coerced me out onto the dance floor, even though I insisted that I didn't know how to dance. After a few seconds, she led me back off of the dance floor with the comment, "You're right. You don't know how to dance." Of course, she was always looking for excuses to criticize me. In later years, while I was living on the farm, Jan Mecham occasionally wanted to dance with me in the kitchen. I always cooperated because of her temper but I never particularly liked it. Susan Monica Larson didn't make any objections to my dancing. Maybe she was too drunk to notice how poorly I did it. Anyway, we danced. When Ernie noticed us dancing, he smirked and gave me the "thumbs up". When it was time for her to leave, she was extremely friendly and invited me to walk to her car with her. After a few luscious goodnight kisses she didn't invite me to her place. Darn. She just drove away.

Over the next several days, I called and left messages on her telephone answering machine. She never replied to my messages. Later, I asked Ernie about it but he either couldn't or wouldn't offer me any advice or information. Although she's a friend of Ernie's family, I never saw her again.

JoAnn Gritter

One Saturday while Ernie and I were selling stuff at the flea market, I spied a lovely blonde lady wearing a floppy hat. I must admit that I'm particularly taken by women wearing unusual hats, bright scarves, flamboyant clothes, colorful beads, and that

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sort of thing. This lady was selling in an adjacent space and it was easy for me to find excuses to talk to her. It didn't take me long to learn that her name was JoAnn Gritter. I think that Ernie was amused by my antics.

Before the day was over, I'd managed to arrange for her to come to my place for a visit. She visited only once. She, Donald, Catherine, and I watched a movie and she got the grand tour of Mere Keep. I do recall that when she saw my bedroom she commented with some amusement, "This is where I'm supposed to run to when you chase me. Right?" I agreed.

She really wasn't interested in me. She begged off by saying that she wasn't really interested in a relationship with a man right then. The next time that we ran into each other at the flea market she was all snuggled up to some yahoo in a cowboy hat. I had little to say to her. Looking back on it later, I realized that I'd been a bit rude. After all, she didn't have any obligation to like me. During the rest of the time that Ernie and I sold at the flea market, I always watched for her, hoping for a chance to apologize for my boorish behavior. I never saw her again. It's probably just as well. She'd probably have thought that my apology was just another effort to get her into bed with me. Who knows? Maybe she'd have been right.

The Woman Sent by God

By the time that Linda left for the fourth time, I no longer had quite the same attitude toward chasing women that I'd had before. I still made the effort and I can't say just what was different in my attitude. However, there was a difference. Maybe it was my promise to be faithful to Linda for as long as we were both alive. Maybe I just lost my optimism. I don't know. Anyway, along about that time, I had a streak of good luck in another area. Over a period of several months, I found several things that I needed, just laying on the sidewalk. One day there was a sheepskin coat. Another time there were some slippers. I found a stocking cap and maybe some other stuff. I don't remember for sure. Anyway, I started joking with my friends that God was leaving a lot of stuff for me on the sidewalk. It had to be God, I said, because nobody else knew my size. Then, I jokingly complained, why doesn't he leave a lady on the sidewalk for me? It was amusing at the time but maybe you had to be there to appreciate the humor. I joked about it several times over a period of several months.

Early one Saturday morning, as I was riding Crazy Horse to Orchard Supply Hardware, a peculiar thing happened. As I turned the corner from Lyndale onto Rose, I saw a rather attractive young black lady standing on the sidewalk. She just standing there, as if she was waiting for someone. Since she was very nicely dressed, as if for a party, I assumed that she had someplace important to go on a Saturday morning. As I approached her, she flagged me down and asked me to tell her the time. I held my arm up so that I could see my wrist watch and she took a firm hold on my wrist. I was surprised and nervous. She asked me if I wanted a date and pointed to a second floor apartment across the street. I said that I was a little short of time and she said that we didn't have to take any longer than I wanted to take. I told her that I couldn't afford to pay and she said that I didn't have to pay. She just liked men. I was getting nervous. I wasn't sure how I was going to get loose because she really had a hold on my wrist. I guess that I must have looked distressed because she turned loose. I

wished her luck and went on my way. Later, I laughed about it and said that I wasn't going to tease God anymore about leaving women for me on the sidewalk. It pays to be careful when ask God for something, even as a joke. He's always listening.

J. M.

Eventually, the Santa Clara County gestapo thugs arrested me at gun point, threatened me with an unlimited stay in jail, and forced me to voluntarily sell my house. A complete account of that situation is available in *Pharos*. Go to *The Rise and Fall of Mere Keep* under the heading *Adventures and Misadventures*. The house was my only means of survival. For several years, I'd been renting the bedrooms and living in the garage. Lacking any form of ID or documentation, it was my best option. After Lorita and the gestapo thugs divided up the proceeds of the sale, I didn't have much left, certainly not enough to support me for the rest of my life. After the loss of my home, which was my sole means of support, my choices were limited. The best option available was to live with J. M. and her husband, on their farm. The deal that we made was that I'd help to run the farm, working for room and board. The funds that I had from the sale of Mere Keep would cover my personal expenses for me so that they wouldn't have to buy things for me.

After I got out of the county gulag, I started a continuous yard sale in the front yard and began to accumulate funds, simultaneously reducing the amount of stuff that I'd have to move. When I had sufficient funds to move the remaining stuff, I ended the yard sale and made my final arrangements with J. M.. I recall that, at least twice, I asked her if the arrangement was acceptable to her husband. I'd never met him and I didn't know how he'd feel about having me live in the house. J. M. assured me that it wasn't a problem. So, Sir John the Generous used my accumulated yard sale funds to rent a truck and drove me and my remaining possessions to the farm. We arrived just after sunset one evening in late October of 1996. I don't remember the exact date.

I began to repair sagging barn doors and leaning fences. The first time that her husband saw a turnbuckle that I'd installed on a sagging gate, he muttered, "Wul Hell. I wonder why I never thought o' that." I began learning how to take care of the goats and the cows. One evening I mistakenly fed the animals straw instead of hay. When her husband saw the straw in the manger he said, "Wul, are we feedin' tha animals straw now?" I was embarrassed to discover that I hadn't known that there was a difference. I referred to rolled barley as rolled oats and was corrected. I never could learn how to milk a goat. I just couldn't get over my belief that squeezing her tits was painful to her. Besides that, my hands were too big. When I did manage to get a little milk out of a tit, it usually squirted on my hand instead of into the bucket.

Mere Keep was finally sold. Of course, I didn't have any way to receive the payment. The escrow company refused to give me cash. I didn't have any bank accounts or any ID so there wasn't any way that I could cash a check for \$45,000, which was all that remained after the greedy leeches and bloodsucking bureaucrats had taken what they wanted. So, I instructed the escrow company to deposit the funds into Sir John's account. I told him to use the funds as he pleased and to pay them back to me at his convenience. I specified that I wouldn't expect any interest on the loan.. See my es-

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say *Interest-Bearing Transactions*. It's available in *Pharos*. I'll note in passing that Sir John, a convicted felon, was the man that I most trusted with my life savings on a hand-shake deal. He repaid the entire debt within a very few years. What does that tell us about the so-called justice system in this country?

After Linda had left me for the fourth time, I'd remained celibate for more than 7 years. It wasn't necessarily by choice. It wasn't necessarily a fulfillment of my promise to be faithful to Linda. For whatever reason, it happened. Shortly after I arrived at the farm, J. M. began trying to seduce me. I hadn't gone there for the purpose of getting into a romantic relationship and I tried for several weeks to resist her efforts. I didn't think that it was a good idea, under the circumstances. However, after a few weeks of resistance, I decided to cooperate. I've made it clear several times in this ma'amoir that I'm not very good at saying no to a woman. By that time in my career, my sexual stamina wasn't what it had been in previous years. For a while, the sparkle of a new relationship enabled me to satisfy her but, eventually, our sexual activity diminished. By the time that I left the farm, discussed later, we were nominally lovers but it wasn't much more than nominal.

Some time after J. M. and I became involved in the sexual relationship, J. M. and her husband separated. I don't know what was the point of disagreement between them but I do know that she threw a hissy fit over something. I became a lot more familiar with those fits, later. Anyway, at the time, I retreated into my room and waited until it was over. She did a lot of yelling that was unintelligible to me through the walls. I didn't hear him say anything. He was usually a very quiet person. When it was over, he packed some things and left. The next day, he and his brother came back and moved a bunch of his stuff out of the house. I felt mighty peculiar standing there watching them remove his things. Nobody had much to say.

Sir John the Generous came to visit us on Thanksgiving, for several years. They were enjoyable visits. Eventually, his finances wouldn't allow any further such visits. After that, I didn't see him again. He died on June 27, 2022.

By the time that J. M.'s husband moved out, Sir John had begun sending me payments on the loan. J. M. and her husband weren't actually divorced until near the end of 1998. During that time, he didn't provide any financial support at all for her,

although he did leave her in possession of the farm. During that time, I provided all of the financial support. I used the funds that I was receiving from Sir John to support J. M. and myself and to pay the operating expenses of the farm. Also, J. M. and her husband had decided upon a fair price for his interest in the farm and I paid several thousand dollars to him against that debt. I also began paying on a debt that J. M.



Sir John the Generous, visiting for Thanksgiving, and J. M., in J. M.'s kitchen, Thursday, November 23, 2000

had to her sister, on which she hadn't made any payments for several years. A few people have accused me of stupidity for making all of those payments. My plan was to stay at the farm for the rest of my life. I accepted its obligations as my own.

I was able to support J. M. and run the farm for a few years before my funds were depleted. Once the end was in sight, J. M. went on disability, which she ought to have done as soon as her husband moved out. With my funds essentially gone and her expenses being covered by her disability payments, she didn't need me there any more. After that, she began to insist that I had to leave. She also began to blame me for the situation, saying that her husband had moved out because I'd "moved in and taken over". I'd agreed to work for room and board, which is what I'd been trying to do. I was just trying to live up to my agreement, to do repairs and maintenance. I wasn't trying to take over. However, J. M. began to show the typical female characteristics of a selective memory and a talent for twisting every word and every situation in such a way as to use it against me. I'd previously believed that J. M. was better in that regard than most women. I was wrong. During one harangue, she said, "If you were a real man, you'd go out and get a job." She'd known when we made the deal that I was, and would remain, unemployed. Also, she kept trying to force me to apply for government assisted housing. She'd known when we made the deal that I was, and would remain, undocumented and, therefore, ineligible for any such government assistance.

Even before I ran short of funds, J. M. had become difficult to handle. She claimed to have been sexually molested when she was young. I've encountered several women who made that claim. Many of the stories had one thing in common. The alleged sexual molestation usually took place at the home, or other location, of the molester. Even though the "victims" knew what was going to happen, they still kept going back to that location. Because of the volatile emotional condition of such women, I was never brave enough to ask them why they kept going back, but I think that there's more to the situations than a black-and-white molester and victim scenario. I also noticed that some such women, if not most of them, wore their history of alleged molestation like big badges that declare, "I was molested, so I can be as much of a bitch as I want and you just damned well have to put up with it!" Over the years, as I've dealt with women, I've tended to become increasingly skeptical about the sexual molestation stories, and less sympathetic toward the towering rages of the self-proclaimed victims.

Various problems began to develop between J. M. and me. One of them was her big brown Labrador Retriever. His name was Buster. He was a completely undisciplined dog. Indeed, he'd pretty much trained J. M. to cater to his every whim. Everything that he did annoyed me. The biggest problem was that he'd go out into the pasture and roll in whatever suited him (it was a pasture, use your imagination) or go jump in the pond and get covered with muddy water, and then run back into the house and lay on J. M.'s bed. She also allowed him to sleep with her. The bed wasn't clean. After a while, I decided that I wasn't willing to put up with it any more. I told J. M. that she could have me in her bed or the dog in her bed, but not both. She didn't say anything but the next time that I saw Buster laying in her bed, I took that as my answer. I

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never got into her bed again. In retrospect, I suppose that was the turning point in our relationship.

J. M. was a good example of the emotional condition of women who claimed to have been sexually molested. She was very short tempered. She'd throw a fit for the least of reasons or, seemingly, for no reason at all. She'd break things in a fit of rage. She'd throw glasses at the wall. I once saw her throw the remote control across the room because she'd accidentally pushed the record button while she was watching a recording and couldn't find the stop button. Several times, she threw things at me when she lost her temper with me. Several times, she threatened me with kitchen knives. She also often threatened to commit suicide. I retrospect, the suicide threats might have been intended only as weapons to make me do something. On day, she threw a fit and declared that she was going to get in her car and go drive it under a truck on the freeway. She was in her bedroom at the time. I tried to prevent her from leaving the bedroom by standing in her way in the door. She kept trying to dodge around me and I stayed in her way. She tried to hit me with a small sheet of plywood that she'd been using for something in her bedroom but it was unwieldy and didn't make a good weapon. Then she dropped the plywood and swung at me with her right fist. I tried to throw my left arm up to block her punch but I'm so slow at that kind of thing that I didn't succeed. She punched me on the left side of my face and my attempt to block the punch resulted in my left arm coming up under her right arm just about the time that she punched me. I was taller than her so when my arm came up under her arm, it threw her off balance and she fell across the room. After that, she accused me of hitting her and knocking her across the room. It was a distortion of the facts that seems to be typical of women. Keep that kind of thing in mind the next time that some tearful bitch claims to be the victim of a brutal husband. Since I couldn't really use force, she got past me, got into her car, backed out of the driveway, drove back into the driveway, got out of the car and, later, never said anything about it, except to accuse me of knocking her across the room

J. M. was plagued by headaches and severe fits of depression. She'd routinely lay awake at night for hours before she could finally go to sleep. She said that her head was filled with swirling black clouds. Before bed, she'd take a whole handful of pills, for all of her various ailments, real or imagined. Sometimes, she'd wake up at night screaming. She had some acquaintances but nobody that actually seemed to be a friend. It appeared to me that she couldn't tell the difference. She called all of them friends. All of them were happy to ask her for help, and she was always quick to give it, but I seldom saw any of them try to do anything for her. She seldom visited her relatives, and was seldom visited by them, although most of them lived within a distance that would have made visits feasible. I expect that most people, relatives included, tried to avoid her. I think that her former husband and I were probably the only friends that she had, and she drove both of us away. Remember my speculations about J. H., earlier in this ma'amoir, and her apparent reasons for leaving me. It's difficult for a man to compete with a woman's low self-esteem.

I didn't have much of a cash flow. My only source of funds was a monthly stipend that was being given to me by a sympathetic family member. It was far less than I

needed to survive on my own. It wasn't even enough to buy groceries. It certainly wasn't enough to pay rent. Meanwhile, J. M. was threatening to have me thrown out. She even claimed to have a standing arrangement with some friend of hers to forcibly haul me and all of my possessions into Idaho Falls, and leave me and everything that I owned in a pile on the sidewalk. I got to where I was afraid to leave the place for fear that I'd come back and find all of my possessions sitting out by the road. Women are notorious for pulling that particular stunt. They can find a hundred ways to convince themselves that it isn't arrogant and malicious. I once declined an offer to go on a ride in the mountains with her former husband because I was suspicious that he was co-operating with her in a scheme to lure me away so that she could have my possessions moved out of the house while I was gone.

I tried hard to find someplace else to live. I asked everybody that I knew. I asked people that I didn't know. I asked cashiers and stock boys at stores, attendants at service stations, strangers, everybody. I advertised on *Pharos* and in the *Frontiersman*. The results were discouraging. A family member offered to let me live in a camp trailer in the front yard. An associate in California offered to let me live in a camper in his garage, except for when he wanted to use it to go camping. However, I needed at least 700 square feet of floor space in order to have room for my various possessions. I also needed donated accommodations because I didn't have the means to pay rent.

I applied at two different communities, one Christian community in northern California and one Patriot community in northern Idaho. The Patriot community didn't have any place for me, although the lady's rejection of me was cordial. I didn't get any response at all from the Christian community. Maybe they were busy researching new and different ways to be judgmental.

J. M. kept trying to force me to leave and I kept complaining about the funds that I'd spent on supporting her and on running the farm. I kept insisting that I wouldn't have done that except that I'd expected to stay there for the rest of my life. Since she'd taken the funds and then, as soon as they were gone, demanded that I had to leave, I accused her of crass dishonesty and of violating our agreement. I insisted on getting the funds back. We finally agreed that she'd pay back the amount of the funds that I'd brought with me from the sale of Mere Keep. We decided that the monthly stipend from the sympathetic relative, which I'd also spent on supporting her, and on running the farm, would best be viewed as rent. I agreed that she didn't have to repay that part. So, we agreed that she owed me \$45,000.

J. M. barely has enough funds to pay her own expenses. Her payment plan for me is to pay the monthly cost of making the copies of my newsletter, the *Frontiersman*. I estimated some time ago that it'll take her about 94 years to complete the payments, assuming that she continues to make them at all. She doesn't have a good record for that sort of thing. Also, women are notorious for having selective memories. I expect that she'll modify her memory of the agreement that we made just like she modified her memory of why her husband left. She'll decide that she agreed to pay back only the funds that I gave to him against his interest in the farm. She'll insist that she never agreed to pay back the entire amount that I brought with me from the sale of

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Mere Keep, and spent on supporting her and running the farm. Thus, she'll reduce her debt to me from \$45,000 to about \$12,000, the amount that I paid to her husband, without paying a cent. If she does continue to make the payments and if she actually pays the entire amount, then I'll be about 150 years old by the time that she finally finishes paying the debt. In either case, I'm keeping the record of payments. If I don't say anything about it to her and if she doesn't read this ma'amoir, then maybe she'll just keep paying for the rest of my life and forget to ask me when she's paid back the amount that I gave to her husband. I can hope. All of that monthly cash flow will be a great comfort to me as I approach my 150th birthday.

While I was living on the farm and trying to find someplace else to live, the only hopeful possibility that I encountered was with my friend James. He'd been sharing a residence with his mother. She died while I was looking for a new home. He didn't want to stay where he was alone. Thus he began looking for a new place to live. We discussed our needs and made an agreement. We both searched for a place to live. I searched in the vicinity of the farm and he searched in northern California. We were looking for land that had two separate houses, or a duplex, or some such arrangement. I insisted that I didn't want to share space with him. Whatever kind of place we found, he agreed to provide room and board. I agreed to wash the dishes, wash the laundry, do the yard work, and pay half of the utilities. Later, he denied ever having agreed to pay for my food.

What happened next was possibly another nudge. James was looking for places in northern California. A house for sale in Arizona was, by way of a clerical error, advertised as being for sale in northern California. James contacted the real estate agent and they got serious about a sale. It wasn't until then that they discovered the error and James learned that the house was in Arizona. However, by then he was sufficiently interested in the place that he drove to Arizona to examine it. The place didn't exactly satisfy my requirements. It was a double-wide mobile home. However, we'd been searching for long enough to decide that we weren't going to find what I wanted. We decided that the place in Arizona was as close to my requirements as we were going to get. We just couldn't find a property that had two separate residences. So, he bought the house in Arizona.

Once I'd located a place to live, J. M. became trustworthy again, at least with regard to dumping my possessions out beside the road. However I was very tired of putting up with her. I wanted to leave the farm as soon as possible. I'd previously bought a mobile home of my own and had it moved onto the farm. There wasn't any way that I could take it with me when I left the farm, so I had to abandon it. I packed most of my possessions into boxes and stored all of my stuff in the mobile home. James made the necessary arrangements for the movers. I left it to J. M. to supervise the moving of my possessions out of the mobile home, and loading them into the van, when the movers arrived. I sat aside a few necessary things to take with me. James drove to the farm, to give me a ride to Arizona. We left the farm on Wednesday, October 29, 2003. J. M. and I parted on reasonably good terms, all things considered. For a while, I keep in touch with her by telephone, by email, and by the U.S. Mail. I don't expect that I'll ever see J. M. or the farm again.

I'd like to mention one last circumstance of my departure from the farm. Before I left, I went out to the fence to scratch Honey, my goat, under the chin. I don't recall, now, whether or not I remembered to say goodbye to my cat, Sir Underfoot. People who know me might wonder why I cared about leaving a goat and a cat. I don't usually like pets very much. Indeed, people who know me would probably wonder why I even owned those two animals. The fact is that it wasn't really my decision. Each of them decided that it was my animal and that was that. I owned a goat and I owned a cat, whether I wanted to or not.

Such was Honey's affection for me that she'd leave the herd and come stand by the fence, as near to me as she could get, whenever I was near the pasture. She'd stay close to me until I walked away, then she'd return to the herd. She was a herd animal by nature but she still preferred to be near me instead of with the herd. Sir Underfoot got his name because he was always right there in the way, right by my feet, all of the time. No matter how many times I turned around and stepped on him, he still stayed right at my feet. He'd sit in my lap and watch me use my computer. He'd get in front of me and watch what I was doing whenever I worked on household repairs. His devotion to me was complete, an unusual attitude for a cat.

When I left the farm, both animals were only a few years old, and in good health. They should each have lived for quite a long time after I left them. They both died, for no obvious reasons, a few months after I was gone. So, I can add the loss of those two animals to my list of regrets.

Just Lookin' for a Home

During my years in California, Idaho, and Arizona, I came to the conclusion that, for various reasons, I didn't ever want to live east of the Rockies again. Those reasons don't enter into this ma'amoir but that was my decision. I'd planned to stay at Mere Keep for the rest of my life. Because of the situation with Lorita, I'd been forced to leave. I'd planned to stay at the farm for the rest of my life. J. M. forced me to leave the farm. When I finally got to Arizona, I fell in love with the place. I lived in a small community, in the mountains, in a Pine forest, within walking distance of a national forest and a small recreational lake. The nearest small town was within easy bicy-



My goat, Honey, with Sir John the Generous and Delme, on Thursday, November 22, 2001



Sir Underfoot
Friday, January 28, 2000

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cling distance. The nearest large town was about a three-hour drive away. It was exactly the kind of situation that I'd always wanted. I used to go walking in the national forest, look at the lake, and wonder how I'd managed to end up in such a perfect situation. I thanked God for my good fortune. I intended to stay there for the rest of my life.

After I moved to Arizona, I met a few women but I tried to avoid any situation that I thought might lead to a romantic relationship. I had a neighbor named Nancy, and I had occasional conversations with her. On a few occasions, I helped her with minor repairs. She was very attractive, she lived alone and, so far as I could tell, she was available. Mostly, I avoided her.

James knew some neighbors named Ernie and Claire. I knew who they were but I seldom visited them or even talked to them. They had invited James and I for dinner, Christmas I think. Because of my dislike for dogs, they'd offered to lock their dogs in their spare bedroom during the visit. At first, that one visit was my only interaction with them. I'd been living in the neighborhood for more than a year before I actually got to know them.

Claire was about 20 years older than me, and in poor health. I eventually became good friends with her and Ernie. That happened because she fell and sustained a moderately severe bump to her head. After that accident, she called James and told him that she could use a little company. He didn't bother to visit her but he did mention it to me. I called their number and asked Claire if she'd like for me to come over for a while. She told me to wait a couple of minutes so that she could lock up the dogs.

It became a regular thing. After that first visit, I visited them several times a week. The routine was for me to call first. Claire always answered the telephone. I'd ask if it was a good time for a visit, she'd lock up the dogs, and I'd walk across the street and stay for a while. After I'd been visiting them for a year or so, Claire laughed once after she picked up the phone and said, "Hello, Sam." I asked her what was funny and she said, "The dogs are trained. Whenever I pick up the phone and say 'hello, Sam', they run for the bedroom." That was where she locked them when I visited. I spent a lot of happy time sitting in their living room and listening to Claire tell stories about her earlier years. At some point along the way, I mentioned the fact that, since I didn't have cable or an antenna, I missed watching the British comedies on Saturday evenings. She gave me a surprised look and invited me to visit every Saturday evening and watch them with her. That became a regular event.

The situation with James began to deteriorate. He never stopped trying to manipulate me into following him around and wiping up after him, as if I was his 24-hour-a-day nurse maid. The more I refused to do so, the more insistent he became. Eventually, I spent all of my time at home hiding in my room and sneaking in and out of the house whenever he was in his room. The visits to Ernie and Claire provided me with a refuge from James.

The situation with James eventually became so difficult that Ernie and Claire offered to let me stay temporarily in their spare bedroom. The only requirement was that I'd have to put up with their dogs. I don't like dogs but, at the time, putting up with the dogs was better than putting up with James. Sometime during late October or early

November of 2007, I started sleeping in their spare bedroom. After that, whenever James was gone somewhere, or asleep, I'd sneak into the house and move out some of my stuff. During the process, he stole several of my things but I was able to get most of my stuff moved out. Eventually, he changed all of the locks.

Claire didn't want me as a permanent occupant of her spare bedroom. She told me that I had until June of 2008 to find somewhere else to live. The situation was, in some ways, a repeat of the situation at the farm except that Claire wasn't very much like J. M.. Claire was very sweet and gentle-natured. She never accused me of anything or criticized me. She never threatened to put my stuff out beside the road. She just wanted me out by June.

During a previous visit to me, my sister Betty and her husband Dewey had offered to me a solution to my problem. They'd offered to buy for me a house in the local area. I found the house that I wanted but, by then, they'd changed their minds. They told me that they couldn't afford to buy a house. After that, we considered various ideas and eventually decided that the only possibility was to move me to Georgia. I didn't want to go to Georgia but it was my only alternative to living under the bridge at the Fool Hollow Lake. So, I began to make the arrangements to move to Georgia.

I was walking along the road in Fool's Hollow one day when a car full of Mormons stopped. The Mormons asked me if there was any way that they could help me. I suppose that it was another nudge. Why else would they stop and offer to help a random stranger who was walking along the road? I told them that, in a few weeks, I'd need help loading a moving van. They agreed to provide the help and gave me some contact information. I made the arrangements for the moving man, established a schedule with Dewey, and notified the Mormons. Everything went according to plan, and in March of 2008, Dewey and his brother Doug moved me to Georgia. I fear that I'll never again see the west side of the continent.

My present situation has its advantages and its disadvantages. It's on the east side of the continent, which is downwind from too many things. There are too many people, too close together. There are too many large cities, too close to where I live. I'm too close to my family. When I left home in 1968, I didn't want to ever come back. Now, here I am, in the midst of the family again. The roads are narrow, with no shoulders, heavily traveled, and have too many steep hills. The nearest town is seven miles away. Thus, it isn't feasible for me to get to town on Crazy Horse. I made the trip a few times, but decided not to do it anymore. Now, I have to get rides with somebody. However, I have my own space, something that I haven't had since the first three semesters in Idaho. I can lock my doors and nobody else can get in. I have my own cooking facilities, my own laundry facilities, and even my own air conditioner. I don't have to share such things with another human being. I have my own space and nobody can intrude or complain about the way that I do things. I can sleep when I want to sleep, work when I want to work, and I don't have to answer to anybody for my time. It'll do for now. I just wish that it was in the White Mountains of Arizona.

So, I'd intended to stay at Mere Keep for the remainder of my life. I'd intended to stay at the farm for the remainder of my life. I'd intended to stay in Arizona for the remainder of my life. Will I stay in Georgia for the remainder of my life? After three

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failures of such expectations, I doubt it. I don't have any legal standing here. Dewey died on April 14, 2015. That leaves Betty. If she dies before I do, then I'll be at the mercy of the other members of the family. I don't know that any of them particularly care if I have a place to live. Maybe, in spite of everything, I'll still end up living under a bridge. Maybe this is where God wants me to be, at least for now. If not, then maybe it's just another nudge. I can hope.

Lessons

Somewhere along the way, I learned that a man must understand four things about himself. He doesn't necessarily need to be able to put them into words, but he needs to understand them. They are:

- what he wants
- what he doesn't want
- what he likes
- what he doesn't like

If he doesn't understand those four things about himself, then his life will tend to be purposeless, random, and without direction.

They say that good decisions come from experience and that experience comes from bad decisions. My long and winding experience with women has taught me those four things, at least with regard to women, but only after I'd had the experiences. It might not be possible to know those things first, thereby avoiding bad experiences. I'm not sure about that.

As I gained a better understanding of the four things about myself, I learned that the things that I want or like cannot sustain a relationship if the things that I don't want or don't like are intolerable. In my case, one of the intolerable bad things is house pets. I got really tired of a dog or a cat being more important to a woman than I was. Every time that there was an issue involving a woman's pet, the woman always sided with the pet. Never once did a woman offer to get rid of her pet, or even modify the situation, for my satisfaction. However, women were always willing to keep the pet and let me leave. I'm not willing to ever again get into a relationship with a woman who has a pet unless she first gets rid of the pet.

There weren't any pets here, when I moved here from Arizona. Things were mostly good. However, in November of 2022, Betty bought two obnoxious little monsters who bark at anything that moves. It isn't exactly a relationship, she is my sister, but she knew what the consequences would be when she got them, and she got them anyway. I'd already told her the story of J. M. and Buster, but she got the dogs anyway. I don't go into her house any more, not even for meals. It seems kind of obvious to me that the dogs are more important to her than I am. I wonder if it's another nudge. If it is, then I wonder where I'll go next.

Among the things that I want or like, the most important possible virtue for a woman is to know when and how to keep her mouth shut. That one virtue will compensate for a lot of faults. The lack of it will undermine almost any other virtue. As Laura Doyle noted, a man doesn't want a woman's opinion. He wants her approval. Don't get me wrong. I don't care if a woman talks a blue streak. What I require is that she

doesn't condemn my character, attack my credibility, nag me, manipulate me, coerce me, tell me how to think and how to live, complain that I use too much salt on my food, that I spend too much time writing, or that my socks don't match. I got really tired of such statements as, "if you really loved me, then you'd (do whatever she wants)" or "if you were a real man, then you'd get a job." I'm no longer willing to defend the way that I am against some woman's opinion of how I ought to be. She isn't going to make me over into her idea of a good man and, if she tries to do so, then I hope that the door doesn't bump her on the ass on her way out, at least not too hard.

I suppose that, at this time in my life, it's all become somewhat irrelevant. The older I get, the less inclined I am to get involved with a woman. Mostly, I try to avoid them. At this point in my life, I expect that a romantic relationship would only threaten my tranquility and violate my privacy. I'm better off alone. Sad, but *c'est la vie*.

Postscript: Searching for Leah

During the early part of 2009, I recorded a movie called *Loving Leah*. It was a Hallmark Hall of Fame Production and was presented on the CBS Television Network. The story centered primarily around three characters: a Rabbi, his wife, and his brother. The Rabbi, Benjamin Lever, was a member of an Orthodox Jewish community. His brother, Jake Lever, played by Adam Kaufman, was well beyond Reformed, mostly non-practicing. The story began when the Rabbi unexpectedly died. The leaders of the Orthodox Jewish community insisted that Jake should marry his brother's widow, Leah, in a Leverite Marriage. It isn't my purpose here to recount the action that followed. I recommend the movie. The time spent watching it will be time well spent. My purpose here is to comment briefly on the fictional Jewish widow, Leah Lever, and on the actress who portrayed her.

Leah Lever, the 26-year-old widow, was played by Lauren Ambrose. Leah was attractive but not unusually so. However, Lauren Ambrose revealed a surpassing talent in her portrayal of Leah. She gave to Leah an inner beauty that captivated me. Leah's beauty was compounded of bashfulness, hope, fear, happiness, and devotion. Her behavior and her attitudes were beauty itself. I know that she was a fictional character but that doesn't matter. She was an ideal and ideals are good things. They give us a standard of comparison by which to measure the real world.

In all of my years of searching, if I ever found a woman like the fictional character Leah, then I had the profound misfortune of not recognizing her for what she was when I found her. With a wife like Leah, my life would have been a very different and much more beautiful experience than it has been without her. I could have spent my entire life loving Leah. ♥

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Appendix 1:

Declaration of Respondent in Response to Petitioner's Declaration

1	JOCELYN CCCCCO	((
2	(JOCELYN GROSS)		(SPACE BELOW FOR FILING STAMP ONLY)
3	ATTORNEY AT LAW		
4	415 SOUTH MURPHY AVENUE		
5	SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA 94086		
6	TELEPHONE (408) 739-0501		
7			
8	Attorney for Respondent SAM A. MILAM III		
9			
10	SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA		
11	In re the Marriage of:	No. 543658	
12	Petitioner: GLENN A ELAINE MILAM	DECLARATION OF RESPONDENT	
13	and	IN RESPONSE TO PETITIONER'S	
14	Respondent: SAM A. MILAM III	DECLARATION	
15			
16	In this declaration, I have shown exactly each of Petitioner's		
17	statements, followed by my response. Finally, I have made an		
18	additional statement of my own.		
19	Petitioner's declaration, in its various parts and in its		
20	entirety, is malicious and filled with inaccurate statements,		
21	half-truths, and inapplicable accusations.		
22	<u>PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:</u>		
23	"My husband has had sexual intercourse with a family		
24	member who was related by marriage (he committed adultery		
25	with his own stepsister).		
26	<u>MY RESPONSE:</u>		
27	Petitioner has neglected to mention some important aspects		
28	of this incident. First Petitioner was in bed with us at the		
	time. The incident involved three consenting adults, behaving		
	voluntarily. Petitioner's acceptance of the incident when it		

1 happened makes ridiculous her objection to it at this late date.
2 Second, the incident occurred over eight years ago. At the
3 time, we did not have a child and, in fact, we were not even
4 considering the possibility of having a child. These circumstances
5 render the incident totally irrelevant to the current issue.
6 Incidentally, the "stepsister" and I first met as adults and
7 at the time of this incident, she had, from kindness, been
8 helping to take care of Petitioner's dying father. Furthermore,
9 my stepsister, who has remarried, would probably prefer that the
10 incident remain forgotten.

11 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

12 He has openly had extramarital affairs for the last eight
13 years of the marriage, which he discussed in front of the child.

14 MY RESPONSE: Since we adopted Catherine, I have had two affairs.
15 In the same period of time Petitioner has had five affairs of which
16 I am aware and possibly others. Related discussions which took
17 place in front of Catherine have been appropriately circumspect.
18 Since ours was an open marriage by voluntary mutual agreement,
19 there is no possible justification for Petitioner's complaints
20 on this issue.

21 //

22 //

23 //

24 //

25 //

26 //

1 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

2 My spouse has no friends or family in the State of California
3 to turn to in time of financial or emotional distress, therefore,
4 my spouse will probably return to Texas where his family resides.
5 The child in question is a mixed race female child (3/4 Mexican,
6 1/4 Negro) and as such would be subjected to a psychological (sic)
7 and possible physical conflict. It is also know that the spouse's
8 father has sexually molested his own female minor child, physically
9 abused his former wife, and is an alcoholic. It is therefore
10 believed that this proposed environment would greatly endanger
11 the child.

12 MY RESPONSE:

13 I do not now intend, nor have I ever intended to return to
14 Texas as a place of residence. I have resided in California for
15 over twelve years. My job is here. My home is here. My friends
16 are here. I have consistently expressed my satisfaction with
17 living here, and have never implied a desire to return to Texas.
18 The fact that Elaine would, without any basis at all, assume
19 that I would return to Texas is at best wishful thinking.
20 Approximately one month before the announcement by Elaine
21 of the divorce, Elaine's mother offered to pay for a vacation
22 for me in Texas. I declined the offer.

23 References to my father's alleged misconduct relate to
24 incidents which happened, if they occurred, as much as 24 years
25 ago. Elaine claims my sister told her our father molested her on
26 one occasion, when she was a young adult--this would have been
27 about 15 to 18 years ago, if it occurred at all. So far as I
28 can tell this alleged incident does not appear to be reflected

ELYN GROSS
RNEY AT LAW
MURPHY AVE.
JUNYVALE,
ORNIA 94086
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1 in the current relationship between my father and my sister.

2 I have never heard anyone except Elaine mention the alleged
3 incident.

4 Abuse of my mother by my father is 'ancient history', since
5 they have been divorced for over 18 years. To mention it now is
6 absurd, particularly since I have no intention of returning to
7 Texas as a place of residence, either with or without Catherine.

8 The statement that my father is an alcoholic is to the best
9 of my knowledge unsupported by professional diagnosis.

10 This entire statement by Elaine is an effort to contaminate
11 my reputation by making unfounded assumptions and resurrecting
12 selected portions of my background. The unpleasant portions of
13 my early life have served me as lessons learned and bad examples
14 to be avoided. As evidence of my response to the
15 unfortunate characteristics of my parents, who, incidentally,
16 were good parents in many ways, I must point out that I do not
17 drink, smoke, misuse drugs, abuse my wife or molest my child.
18 Elaine's fanatic preoccupation with my past is a recent
19 development which disturbs me. I hope that she has fabricated
20 this concern merely as an excuse to escape from a marriage that
21 no longer pleases her. Otherwise, some more serious reason must
22 exist.

23 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

24 My spouse has questionable morality and uses improper
25 sexual oriented language in front of the child. In regards to
26 subject matter viewed or otherwise available to the child, he
27 provides poor parental decisions with regard to the child's
28 welfare.

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1 MY RESPONSE:

2 I cannot credit this statement to Petitioner. She has never
3 questioned my morality, but rather, has accused me of excessive
4 honesty. I have a life-long reputation for avoiding strong
5 language and have always tried to speak appropriately and with
6 restraint in the use of "four letter words." The inappropriate
7 subject matter to which reference is made is the normal content
8 of broadcast television, and Playboy magazine. Elaine and I
9 have always conferred on what Catherine should be permitted to
10 watch on television, and more often than not, Catherine
11 voluntarily avoided programming that bothered her. The Playboy
12 magazine was originally a gift subscription from Elaine. The
13 entire statement is nonsense and, in fact, does not sound like
14 something that Elaine would say.

15 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

16 When disciplining the child, he "baits" the child by
17 allowing feedback but upon the child using feedback, the child
18 is physically punished for "talking back." He disciplines the
19 child inconsistently with unpredictable severity, and such is
20 not determined by the child's actions. Spouse also creates
21 authority conflicts by countermanding or exceeding instructions
22 given by the mother of the child.

23 MY RESPONSE:

24 Nothing in this statement is true. 'Baiting' implies
25 malicious intent, which is absent. Also, I do not bait the
26 child. My disciplining of Catherine is as consistent as I
27 can make it. When I have overreacted, which occasionally
28 happens after a bad day, I have been quick to apologize as

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1 appropriate, and Catherine has responded with understanding.
2 Catherine has also learned to recognize when I am fussing out
3 of turn, and remind me not to do it. I see this as a sign of
4 maturity on Catherine's part. I have never knowingly counter-
5 manded Elaine's instructions without first discussing the
6 situation with her. I do not believe Elaine was the source of
7 this statement.

8 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

9 He will not allow the child to have religious instruction
10 nor will he allow the child to attend religious services of
11 any denomination.

12 MY RESPONSE:

13 For all the years that I have known Elaine, she
14 has professed to be an atheist. I consider religion to be
15 a good example of Man's inhumanity to Man. Nevertheless,
16 my stated position with respect to Catherine having religious
17 instruction is that Catherine should make that decision herself.
18 Elaine is well aware of my position, because we discussed it
19 as recently as three months before our separation. I do not
20 believe that Elaine is the source of this statement.

21 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

22 He is uncooperative when it comes to personal/public
23 information and medical histories required by the child's
24 school and the lack of cooperation is not based on religious
25 principles but on personal neurosis.

26 MY RESPONSE:

27 Catherine's medical care has been, and in my opinion,
28 should be directed by her pediatrician.

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1 Elaine's complaint is based on my opposition to government-
2 mandated immunization programs for children. I espouse
3 political/philosophical views against excessive government
4 interference in the personal lives of citizens. The school
5 district furnished a "release from immunizations" which I signed.
6 Catherine's pediatrician also signed a statement confirming the
7 undesirability of further immunizations at the time in question,
8 and told me she opposed the prescribing of medicine by state and
9 county governments.

10 Catherine has had the immunizations which her pediatrician
11 recommended for her, at the times her pediatrician considered best
12 for her.

13 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

14 Petitioner's family is able to provide back-up support for
15 financial and/or physical care of the child in the event of
16 incapacity of the mother. They have provided such back-up
17 support when necessary since the adoption of the child.

18 MY RESPONSE:

19 I appreciate their help.

20 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

21 Petitioner is the major provider for family support.
22 Insurance is provided by the mother's employment and the insurance
23 covers medical, dental, and psychiatric care for employees of
24 their dependants (sic).

25 MY RESPONSE:

26 For 11 months out of the past 6 years I was unemployed.
27 For 18 months out of the past 6 years Elaine was unemployed.
28 So what? At present, my income is greater than hers, and
29 my benefits are better.

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1 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

2 The Petitioner has a stable work record with the company
3 General Electric. The spouse has been unemployed in spite of
4 an engineering degree for 10 out of the last 11 months is (sic)
5 currently employed as a service clerk at a recreational vehicle
6 sales company. The spouse is currently involved in a legal
7 conflict with a former employer General Electric which involves
8 the Nuclear Regulatory (sic) Commission (NRC), GE and himself.

9 MY RESPONSE:

10 My period of unemployment was unavoidable. I can show
11 proof of my conscientious effort to gain employment. My
12 primary difficulty was that my 10 years of continuous employment
13 in the nuclear industry, and my degree in Nuclear Engineering
14 made me an unfavorable candidate for employment in the electronic
15 industry in competition with people from within the electronic
16 industry. I refused to lie about my degree, as suggested by
17 Elaine. My employment as a service clerk was to my credit;
18 at least I had a job. My legal conflict with GE has no bearing
19 whatsoever on my suitability as a parent and arises out of
20 my obligation under my conscience and the Code of Federal
21 Regulation, Title 10, part 21, to report potential safety
22 violations within the nuclear industry.

23 PETITIONER'S STATEMENT:

24 I do not want Respondent at our residence located at
25 439 White Road, due to the fact that we are constantly
26 fighting and arguing in front of my child. It would be in
27 the best of interest of my child and I that Respondent leave
28 our family residence.

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1 MY RESPONSE:

2 We never fight and seldom argue. Elaine seldom says
3 anything at all. In fact, I suspect we should have argued
4 more, if only for the sake of communication.

5 Elaine's insistence on referring to the child as 'her'
6 child is typical of her attitude since she left me. She has
7 taken unilateral control of Catherine, disclaimed my right to
8 any access to Catherine other than by her permission, and seems
9 to feel that she has a special privilege to 'take the child
10 and run' simply by virtue of her sex. Her attitude is an
11 offense to the equality I have observed and the respect I
12 have given for all these years.

13 Elaine voluntarily left our family residence, taking
14 our child with her.

15 CLOSING STATEMENT:

16 On February 27, before Petitioner and I physically
17 separated, Elaine's mother asked me if she could visit us on
18 the evening of Elaine's birthday. I consented and we arranged
19 a surprise birthday party for Elaine. The next day, Elaine's
20 birthday, I hung birthday balloons and placed presents on the
21 table. Elaine's mother, Elaine's stepfather and Elaine's
22 sister-in-law arrived for the party. They brought a birthday
23 cake and her stepfather and I went out and bought ice cream.
24 When Elaine arrived, I saw that Catherine was not with her and
25 asked her whereabouts. Elaine said she had left Catherine
26 'with a friend.' We then sat down at the table and Elaine
27 opened her presents, and then announced that for her birthday
28 she had 'bought a divorce.' Everyone present had been aware

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1 of it except me. The entire arrangement of the party had been
2 a sham to get that group of people together for the divorce
3 announcement. Elaine then moved out of our home and has since kept our
4 child Catherine with her, except for visitation as she allows.

5 I consider Elaine's use of my surprise birthday party
6 for her divorce announcement to have been an insult.

7 I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is
8 true and correct and that this declaration was executed this
9 3 day of April, 1984 at Sunnyvale, California.

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11 
12 SAM A. MILAM III
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Appendix 2:
Registered Letter to Lorita

November 21, 1986

Lorita Ann Taylor
MSI
Advanced Micro Devices
915 DeGuigne
Sunnyvale, California 94086

On the evening of November 20, 1986, you called me to discuss our daughter, Katrina Marie Milam. This is to confirm that telephone conversation, in which you voluntarily stated that you no longer want me to give you money in support of our daughter. Accordingly, the payment which I made on October 25, 1986, for the month of November, 1986, will be the last payment I will make.

Sincerely,



Sam A. Milam III
Box 21633
San Jose, California 95151

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