Sex Talks to Girls
Seaton, Maureen

Published by University of Wisconsin Press

Seaton, Maureen.
Sex Talks to Girls: A Memoir.
University of Wisconsin Press, 2008.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/8743.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/8743

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=189696
My parents’ new house in eastern Long Island, right over the Queens border, was fully equipped with its own paradise in the finished basement, ideal inspiration for the start of my life as a saint with a taste for highballs.

My folks were a fun couple when they drank, particularly my father, who partied like a pro most of my life, until he landed headfirst on the front lawn, broke his nose, and did a few rather worse things that are more crucial to his story than mine, except to say that he was the first one of the lot of us to stop banging his head against the dam of Da Nile. My mother was his sidekick, and I think that was what I, foundling adolescent, mystical fanatic, truly and secretly wanted to be when I grew old enough to pick my own career: somebody fun’s sidekick.

Down in our finished basement you could find any liquid you craved to tie one on. I liked that about my parents. We were an
authentic drinking family and we attracted serious drinkers. We inherited the outstanding basement from the family who owned the house before us. It was among the main reasons we moved there: the azalea bushes, the speakeasy. My nostalgic parents changed nothing: not the pink elephant wallpaper, garish mirrors, polished wood bar, red stuffed built-in seats—pop decadence preparing us for the apparently whimsical DT’s. It was the perfect nursery and I was a genetic landmine. I was a puffy pink sponge. I was cute as a cork.