Sex Talks to Girls

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Published by University of Wisconsin Press

Seaton, Maureen.
Sex Talks to Girls: A Memoir.
University of Wisconsin Press, 2008.
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One of the first things I told Jamie when we came together in the early ’80s (back in New York) was that there was a teensy chance I might be a lesbian. I was hoping I wasn’t, I told him sincerely, that I’d never even come close to kissing another woman, but I just wasn’t sure so I thought he should know. Basically, I was still worried about my sexual powers and their mysterious ability to level even the most levelheaded of men. I liked Jamie. He seemed incredibly vulnerable to me, like a baby bobcat. I opted for total honesty as the only safeguard. I told him I was thirty-four after he told me he was twenty-nine, that I had two daughters, and that I had a high IQ. Oh, and that I’d decided not to shave my legs for the winter as an experiment against self-objectification.

He had a high IQ himself, he said. He liked older women with kids (my kids liked him best of any of my boyfriends), and he found hair sensuous (notice his own shoulder-length do). He was so
completely nonjudgmental and non-nonplussed that I toppled into his budding sex addiction without blinking. My naïve streak was wide and bountiful, a ribbon of misconceptions and blind spots that stretched down 5th Avenue like the rainbow flag on pride day. I didn’t know, for instance, that straight men who aren’t religious fanatics admire lesbians, at least in bed. I’d never seen a moment of porn in my life, two women sparring with their tongues before a man enters the ring and takes them both down. Nor had anyone ever informed me about the fantasy lives of human males, not to mention their dormant addictions.

And never in a million did I guess that while a woman is struggling with her sexual identity there’s a mighty chance the guys she chooses to sleep with will be struggling with theirs as well. In other words, I had no way of knowing that sweet baby Jamie was a freak.