

14. MATE

It is a distant time. A few years in the past. I am sitting on a bench in Wicker Park in Chicago. It is August, near dusk. There is a chill in the air, but there is still enough sunlight to hold the warmth of summer. There is a girl of about nineteen years old who is doing cartwheels. She is in shorts and has trimmed blonde hair. I watch the angle that she makes as she does the flips. That exquisite hang time as she seems to avoid gravity.

I don't dare speak to her. I go back to making notes.

"What are you doing?"

Someone has sat next to me and is now asking me questions. I look over. It is John Tudor. I have never met him before. But he is a well-known scientist. His mathematics lay the groundwork for the personal computer.

I explain my work.

"It sounds a little like time travel."

"You're teasing me."

"A little. But it does remind me of something that I was researching a while back. We decided that we could create computer circuits that would act as if they had undergone time travel. On the one hand, they could repeat states that they occupied in the past with perfect accuracy with regards to all detail. But this model could be used to predict future states of the machine. It was more or less equivalent to time travel. It only had a limited application."

"Fascinating. It does have some affinity with my work."

"Tell me more."

"I'm actually trying to make sense of a note that I got when I was still in high school. It was left on my door. Pretty amateur. It said, *I've seen you around town. I've never had the nerve to speak to you. And I am still pretty nervous. But I feel that I know you. That you are already part of my life. I could love you.*"

"What are you trying to figure out?"

"If I ever did meet the girl. I always felt that the note bore some real significance for my life. But nothing seems to have manifested itself."

"I am sure that she would have said something if she eventually met you."

"Maybe. But we may have met under a more casual setting where she really didn't have the opportunity to say much to me."

"And you still feel this incident has major bearing for you life?"

"I don't believe it does. But I am considering that possibility."

"You don't believe in fate."

"I am working to contradict the idea."

"Let's assume that the note contained more information."

"How?"

"That she made a prediction for your life."

"Would it involve her to?"

"Not necessarily. Probably not at all."

"I'll go along with that. So does that mean my life is going to change?"

"I don't know what was in the note."

“She said something about meeting a guy in the park.”

“Seriously.”

“The focus of the note was her interest in me. She was trying to write herself into my life. But she never gave me enough to go on.”

“Perhaps she did. Think about it! You have been thinking about it for a long while.”

She calls me back to bed

“You are taking a long time to brush your teeth.”

“I guess that I’m getting lost in thought. I met this guy in the park today. It was like meeting some kind of telepath.”

“I’ve always thought such stuff was bull shit. Just a way to get money from poor unsuspecting older women.”

“I’m not sure.”

“So did he make a prediction for your life.”

“He reminded me of some girl that I knew when I was in high school. I sort of new her. She was my secret admirer. She brought this note to my place.”

“She was probably too shy to say anything. Do you still think about her?”

“I didn’t until he reminded me of the incident.”

“Do you think that fate brought us together?”

“Maybe!”

“I hated you when we first met. You were just so cocky.”

“So what changed your mind?”

“I don’t really remember. I was living with Tom then. And you tried to get me to leave him. That was the last thing that I was going to do. You seemed hopeless. No money. No real prospects.

“So what happened to Tom?”

“I don’t know. We fell out of love. I’m not sure that we were ever really in love.”

“You cared for him enough to live with him.”

“I realize that I had made a mistake.”

“Maybe you will eventually realize the same thing about me.”

“Is that what your psychic said.”

“Let’s pretend that we were just meeting for the first time. How different would it be?”

“For one thing, I wouldn’t have sex with you tonight.”

“You’re messing with me. I just brushed my teeth. I’m ready to make out.”

“You took a little long to brush your teeth. Maybe you were thinking about another girl.”

She knows too much about me. I am thinking about the girl in the park.

“Are you really going to get so technical about things?.”

“I was reading an article from a magazine on how to really know your lover. It broke down all a guy’s habits and told you the signs to look for.”

“That is just some scandal that they are cooking up to sell magazines.”

“I had already bought the magazine.”

“But they put that kind of stuff in there to hook you. And you complain about my psychic.”

“Did you psychic say that we were going to fight.”

“He also said that we were going to make up. I know all your secrets, and I didn’t read them in a magazine.”

“You didn’t tell him anything?”

“How you like it doggy-style!”

“You are a pig.”

“Suppose the note predicted that you would meet John Tudor.”

“Who is John Tudor?”

“He’s a creation, a handy fiction invented to explain things. He’s the one who has something to do with the invention of the PC. He did the mathematics that served as the groundwork for the original circuitry.”

“Why should I care? You said that he was a fiction. That he didn’t exist.”

“There’s more to it than that. He has another idea. To design a machine that gives pleasure.”

“Sounds like Eve. Sounds like a woman. Who does he think he is?”

“He had this idea to design a woman from the ground up. His sole concern was her ability to offer pleasure.”

“What was his model?”

“A sphere, a perforated sphere. It was a new form of logic, much more organic than the nervous nets that had been the rage at his time. It operated holistically rather than discretely.”

“But the perforation seems to indicate an in-out articulation to the circuit.”

“It was his way of interfacing the two realms. But the sphere was the perfect expression of male desire.”

“And the perforation implied an opening to the man.”

“It *extensified* his desire.”

“That is the central idea behind male desire. This empire-building aspiration so it is only natural that it receives its initial expression in this perforated sphere.”

“It’s mystical. The inside is the outside.”

“He could represent this structure using a 4x4 matrix.”

“Wow!”

“The matrix itself could be substituted in itself for a total mind fuck of the universe.”

“Auto-erotic!”

“Exactly!”

“What next?”

“I think that you understand the whole principle. The insertion point. It was like the escape velocity. How the orbit can become part of the original sphere. He incorporated this idea into the mechanics of his construct. Like designing the chassis of a car.”

“Or the piston of an engine. Eternal motion.”

“Perpetual. It’s all sexual. And this design embodied that sexual congress. It was sleep. It was elegant. And everything pointed toward the original sphere.”

“You are giving me a strange look. Was there a problem.”

“There was. The model seemed to put a special pressure on women themselves. How could they ever accommodate themselves to this model. The product was a perfect sex machine.”

“But there was no free will in the machine.”

“To the contrary. Free will existed from the initial framing of the concept. He designed this chassis to be more real than real.”

“So what else did he do?”

“He built the doll around the chassis. He copied the female anatomy.”

“It was his bride of Frankenstein!”

“Every man could own one.”

“And every women would want to be like one.”

“Maybe not. That was the philosophical question. Why wouldn’t a women see a completeness in the form of the sphere itself. Why would a women even want a guy to invade the perfection of design that she was granted? The machine underlined that paradox.”

“It sounds freaky.”

“What do you mean?”

“Some kind of girl on girl thing. Like in a porno.”

“I think the principle here is more radical than that. The guy gets shut out of his own game. Tudor designs a machine that is built to rebel. The initial program is violated by this new mission.”

“Perhaps there is another way of seeing this. The perforation is a violation of the perfection of the original sphere.”

“That appears more like a cocoon!”

“How does the butterfly escape?”

“I think that you understand the dilemma of John Tudor.”

“Do the machines actually give pleasure?”

“I told you from the beginning that this is a fiction.”

“Did you write the narrative?”

“I enhanced it.”

“Was there a real John Tudor?”

“No. But there are these machines that mimic details of a female anatomy. There are highly realistic and copied from the actual physical specification of real women.”

“What real women?”

“There is this one girl, Barbie. I think that they used her dimensions in the creation of one of these machines. And it is so natural. Like touching real skin. She even gets aroused in the process.”

“You just switch on the excitement button.”

“Something like that.”

“John Tudor at work.”

“You seem a little disdainful about the whole thing.”

“It really doesn’t advance the spirit of science. It eliminates the idea of free will. The woman appears to have no right of refusal. That seems fundamental.”

“But if both people are just carried along by the moment, there is little either can do to resist the tide. The machine captures that level of excitement.”

“It contradicts the notion of human interaction. It ignores some critical elements of communication.”

“John Tudor’s machine was pretty much the same.”

“You don’t understand. It was based on a philosophical concept. The biology reflected the harmony of the universe. A unity way beyond logic. This machine is like a washing machine. It frees us only to make us more reliant on its function.”

“Like men need women.”

“Some men.”

“And some women don’t need men?”

“That’s all part of the dilemma. The machine only adds to the problem.”

“So what do we do?”

She has quit playing and is not sitting next to me.

“You seem very athletic. Did you take gymnastics?”

“Did you say something to me?”

“Are you a dancer?”

“I tried to be. I work at that restaurant on Milwaukee.”

“I’ve been there a few times. I didn’t see you there.”

“I guess that we missed each other.”

“Do you live alone? Is there some guy who you’re going out with?”

“I’m a little over guys for the time being. They always want to put something in you.

Sex is over-rated.”

“Whoa!”

“That doesn’t seem disgusting, does it?”

“Not really.”

“I grew up in Evansville, Indiana. I wasn’t always as lively as I am now. I had a crush on this guy in school. He didn’t even know that I existed. I did everything that I could to get him to notice me. I didn’t have the perfect body. I was a geek. One day I thought that I’d write him a note and leave it at his place. I wrote it, and then I played post office and delivered it to his door. I didn’t sign my name. He never figured out that it was me.”

“Why didn’t you say something to him?”

“I thought that the note would make my point. About that point, I started to do gymnastics. And I took dance lessons. I was a little late to the game. But I had the will. And here I am now. I’m in Chicago. I work as a waitress. And I’m in this group. We do plays and have dance performers. We work with musicians.”

“Sounds pretty cool.”

“It occupies my time. I’m never going to get rich. You need to come to one of our performances.”

“I’d love to.”

“I’m not coming on to you or something. I told you that I don’t even like sex.”

“I understand.”

“I do like getting off and all that. But all that stuff with guys gets to be a little bit of a nuisance.”

“I guess.”

“It’s just so contrary to the harmony of the universe. Think about it. A guy just invades your body. He disturbs its fundamental unity. It’s taken me a long time to realize this truth.

That is why I've become such a good dancer. I understand space and my place in it. It's so organic."

"That sounds like a hippie philosophy."

"I don't mean it to be that way. I'm a little bit of a clothes horse myself. I don't fit into that hippie lifestyle. But I do lead a simple life. I ride my bike. I walk a lot. I don't even have a car."

"That's cool. Excuse me for being so personal, do you have a female lover?"

"I don't seem my life so formally. I'm not committed to anyone. And I don't let my emotions get swayed by whatever comes along. I just feel independent. I never felt this way all my life. And now I think it's great. I'm learning how to fly. I don't want anyone else to mess with that feeling!"

John Tudor was more than a genius. He was like a prophet. I think that his basic inspiration was his desire to get beyond the basic level of satisfaction. He sought the paradise, a mystic liberation of the body. He envisioned the liberation as part of a grand political movement that would one day sweep the planet.

John Tudor would not have been so confident about his philosophy if he wasn't such a brilliant scientist. He was able to transform the basic ideas of circuitry into this scheme for a universal conception of spiritual growth. I know that it must all sound grandiose and a little muddle-headed. But he was ahead of his time.

Tudor's brilliance lay in his appreciation of topology. He generalized these concepts into his general model of the universe. The inside controlling the outside. It was this borderless logic that was such an innovation. The dominant model at his time was the principal of negation. These and/or gates served to propagate the messages in the system. What they really did was to slow the machine down! At each gate, the accumulated force was brought to a halt and then forced to restart itself. His idea included a constant flow. And he was able to manipulate the acceleration to engender an ever-increasing velocity. It was like fucking the universe!

Tudor may have been a little over-looked because he had difficulty dealing with his colleagues. He was truly a friendly sort of guy. But he had trouble with the social gyrations that are so familiar on a university campus. He did what he could to get by. He just expected everyone else to be as familiar as his machines. He became impatient when everyone became dragged down in petty squabbles.

He tried to get along with woman. But his social ineptitude became more evident. When he was younger, he was a dashing fellow. A bit of a party guy. He took this facility for granted. He was even married for a brief time. As he got older, his interests wandered. He was such a successful researcher that he received all this renown. He was a veritable celebrity. He was married, but he was extremely flirtatious with young women on campus. And he did get a bit of a reputation. His lab became the headquarters for his exploits.

He took it all for granted. He committed himself to sex like a math problem. But he never knew how to love. He couldn't give of himself. He just knew how to take in love. His wife tried to look the other way. She left him. And in his mid-thirties, he started to lose the charm of his early years. He was just becoming eccentric.

He talked about the notion of building the perfect woman. He had all these diagrams and equations. It was an obsession. It made no sense. He couldn't deal with the real thing. And he

wanted to design the perfect prototype.

Tudor even interested a major manufacturer in his concept. He packaged the machine in a more scientific way. But the principle was the same. I'm not sure, but I think that he got half a million for research. I think that they even incorporated some of his designs into a Ford automobile. Something in its computer design.

Later, he claimed to have invented a new mathematics. He claimed that it was the crowning achievement of all his efforts. It was a little too late to make any difference. He had lost most of his grant money. He just hung on to his lab. And he had no late night visitors.

He may have even turned to drugs to support his visions. If he wasn't receiving satisfaction in his everyday life, he must have been doing something to feed his enormous energies. Some people claimed that his best ideas resulted from his early experiments with LSD. That seemed too far-fetched. But it may have been the key to his daring. There must have been something that made him so independent.

"I don't think that I could ever do something like that."

"You're married. I live with a guy. My guy and I are going to buy a house together."

"There is no connection between property rights and the right to fuck. That is some confusion of capitalistic society."

"Don't you ever slow down."

"Yeah. Then I have a drink, and I'm ready for more."

"How's your work going?"

"It's going!"

"Meaning it's not going at all."

"I've got some good ideas."

"What's down on paper? When will you be able to publish?"

"Let's go to bed. And then we can discuss that in the morning."

"When I first met you, I could be talked into that sort of thing. The mathematics of sex. Do you know what kind of impression that has on an undergraduate? You were telling me that I didn't have to do my homework anymore. I could fuck you and learn the inner workings of calculus."

"You had a good mind."

"I still do. That is why I don't want to have sex with you."

"Are you breaking up with me?"

"We were never together. When we met, you were already living with Angela. I thought that you were going to have kids together. Was that one equation that you couldn't figure out?"

"Angela doesn't love me."

"You told me that when we met. I think that I felt sorry for you. That's why I went to bed with you."

"I thought that you heard stories."

"I had. I heard all the stories. About your wild sex parties. They said that you had three or four girls at a time. All by yourself."

"I experimented. They were all willing."

"They were a confused lot. You knew where to find them. You exploited their adolescent confusions. Made them think that they could fuck their troubles away. Have you ever

followed your conquests over the years.”

“Many are good friends.”

“It’s not going to last. You are going to destroy whatever good you have. There is more to life than having sex.”

“What?”

“You don’t know how to care for anyone.”

“Caring is over-exaggerated. It just makes people over-dependent on each other.”

“Is that what you told Angela when you first met?”

“That’s different!”

“Different how?”

“It’s not just about the sex. I need her.”

“I thought that you said that she didn’t love you.”

“She doesn’t. But I need her.”

“You’re using her. She’s like your mother. You’re too old for that.”

“You can’t tell me that.”

“Grow up!”

Her pussy embraces me. Celine is everything. I don’t want to think about Angela anymore. She is waiting up for me.

I love how Celine tastes. My bloodlust. I grab her legs as she takes my caresses. She coos.

She knows that there is something a little dirty about our rendezvous. She loves the risk. By the time that she is ready for me, she has attained such a plateau of arousal. She does everything that she can to maintain that level. I naturally slide myself in her. She uses her free hand to guide me. I follow her lead. That first sensation of being inside her is so invigorating. It makes me feel right with the world.

She is brilliant at love-making. She knows how to combine tenderness and force. She is working at me from the inside of my being. She questions my over-confidence. She makes me feel vulnerable. With Angela, I can hide who I am. Celine gives me none of that leeway. She pins me against the wall. She interrogates me. She offers me no room to escape.

I am delirious. This is better than any drug. She gives me a deep kiss. At first, it is raw, a little cold. Then I can feel it heat up. I continue to move inside her. I can feel her muscles tense up. She is really into the sex.

Celine becomes more aggressive. She pulls on my ass cheeks as she matches my thrusts with movements of her own. I grab one of her breasts as it shakes and put it in my mouth. She does not let up. I am trying to balance myself without falling over. Trying to hold on to her body.

My mind is being transported. I can’t take all this pleasure. I am coming out of myself. It is like an excruciating pain that I cannot bear.

She is on top and without any form of restraint. She feels completely free. I am trying to keep up.

“Maybe you are not made for this!”

I know what Angie is thinking. She berated me last night for brushing my teeth too long. It seemed to dampen the energy of the sex. With Celine, there is none of that doubt. I do not feel

that I am following along from a sex manual. The sex is perfectly real.

I slide my hand along the sweat of her back. She is losing it. I can just hang on.

Sex has always seemed so mechanical. With Celine it is a revelation. I am waiting for the heavens to open up and take me away.

I grasp her thighs. I can feel all the energy of her motion. It only drives her to do more. I am gasping for breath. I need to hold on.

When I finally climax, I feel as if I am caught up in a rushing river. I close my eyes and am swept up in the current. It gets more intense. I can feel this burning light pass over my being. This is simply wondrous.

I am flying. I pull her close and kiss her again.

“I love you!”

I have broken the spell. But she gives me another of her deep kisses. The sweat is cool on her body. I hear her heart beating intensely.

Celine, I want to think about nothing else. Where the hell did I meet you?

I pretend that the note from my youth was about my meeting with Celine. The psychic predicted our meeting. Every confusion, every paradox has been resolved in this moment!

“I saw you sitting on the bench. Do you know that guy?”

“Not really. We jut met.”

“He used to be my lover. I wasn’t with him very long. I knew him in college. He was a mathematics professor. I had a project due, and I met him in the college library. He was really aggressive. He almost forced himself on me. But he seemed so charming. I was this innocent girl from Evansville, Indiana. I never had been away from home. I really didn’t go out with boys in high school. I thought that I had a terrible body. I was thin as a rail. But he gave me this look. He ravished me with his eyes.

I knew that he was married. To this woman, Angela. I didn’t care. He filled me up with this warm feeling. I wanted to sleep with him. I felt that I could change him.

I hope that I am not boring you.”

“No, this is an interesting story.”

“I would meet him in the evening in his office. Most people were gone. He had jut finished his seminar. And he taught me about love. He even had this weird philosophy. About math and sex, the harmonies of the universe. I think that it was just a ruse to get girls to sleep with him.

He taught me so much. And I kept coming back for more. I didn’t realize it, but there were other girls that were also visiting him for extra help.”

“Did his genius rub off on you?”

“He wasn’t that good of a mathematician. Just a bit of a hedge-hog. He was relentless. That made up for his muddle of a mind. And he had this weird philosophy to make up for what he lacked in skill.”

“You’re sure of that. I thought that he was famous.”

“He was. It was due to one of his colleagues. They collaborated. His friend came up with the real ideas. He was just good at writing them up. He was very mundane in his thinking.”

“What about the sex?”

“To an eighteen year old girl, he seemed like a whiz. The Kama Sutra or something. But

he wasn't all that good. He was better than most of the eighteen year old boys. But there was no caring in his touch. I felt as if I was being plugged into one of his mathematical formulas. He wasn't even that good of a kisser."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"You were talking to him a long time. I just wondered what he was telling you."

"He told me about this method to get any girl in bed."

"Did you listen to his shit?"

"A little. I guess it got me a little excited."

"Do you have problems getting to know women?"

"Not really. I'm just like most guys. We're a little shy. We underestimate our abilities."

"So what did he tell you?"

"He told me to act natural. Don't come on too strong. Maybe even seem a little shy."

"Do you think that anything that he told you actually works?"

"I don't know. You tell me."

"I'm with a guy."

"That isn't what I meant."

"And I am with a guy. But I wouldn't mind experimenting."

"What are you saying?"

"What else did he tell you?"

"He told me that I was going to meet a woman who asked me a lot of questions."

"Quit teasing me. I want to know if he said anything about me."

"We talked about this machine that he was building to play chess. He had examined all the habits of the chess masters and incorporated it into the program. The machine learned as it played. It had a emotions. It was practically human."

"But could it love?"

I do whatever I want to do. That is my right.

It hurts to take a piss. I don't know what is wrong with me."

"If I keep coming here, I know what is going to happen."

"What?"

"I'm going to go home with a stranger. We'll go back to his place and fuck

"Is that an offer?"

"I don't really find you that attractive."

"A man needs food. You wouldn't deny me if I needed a meal."

"But sex is not the same thing."

"I need someone to be with. I could convince you of my need."

"I'd have to be pretty desperate to go home with you."

"Have a few more drinks and share in my desperation."

"I don't want to fall into that kind of trap."

"It's not a trap. You want it just as much as I do."

"Not in the same way. I'm not going to just fuck any guy."

"But it's going to end up being just about any guy. The first guy that talks to you. Or the first guy that makes you smile. Or the guy that makes you tingle all over."

"I guess that it's a lot easier picking potato chips."

“There aren’t so many accidents. OK, let’s say that I let you go home with me. What’s in it for me?”

“Are you asking for money?.”

“I’m not a whore. But I do have needs.”

“I could go down on you.”

“Straight sex. That’s all. No kissing. Just a quick fuck. Then you can go.”

“Do you have any regrets?”

“About Angela. No, not at all. But there was one girl, Celine. I loved everything about her. The way that she curled up on the couch. The pouting of her mouth. The rebellious way that she would shake her ass. I loved her body. I really miss her. I tried to figure out all the things that made her appealing to me. I even created this mathematical system based on my time with her. Celine! I think that they used my design in the personal computer. Some advanced form of logic. To think that it was all based on that girl.”

“Maybe you could tell me more about that.”

“Another time. I need to get back to my place. I need to eat. I’ve got to take a piss. You know that I have trouble these days.”

I didn’t need to hear his confession.

“I can get any girl to do what I want.”

“Really now.”

“It’s a bit of a science. I could show you.”

“Do I have to take my clothes off for this lesson?”

“It would help. But I think that’s all part of the process.”

“Do you have any potato chips?”

“I’m out. Use crackers!”

“It’s not the same!”