



*Love*  
*is*

*For Sharing*

expanding sexuality  
to conquer crisis and strengthen joy



ROD & ANITA NAIRNE



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for

RODERICK

our teacher, our friend, our son



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## WAY UP NORTH: NOVEMBER 19, 1970

Standing together on a frost-filled night in the crusted snow with our hands held tight

We cry from the cold with a frozen tear our hearts together on this wind-blown night

The dry cold air burned inside my nose and sucked the moisture from my throat and chest. My knees buckled; I leaned against Rod and tightened my grip around his waist to keep from falling. Snowflakes floated down onto our hair as he cuddled me against his chest, and I buried my face in the fleece of his coat. I shivered and braced against a contraction. The short walk down the snow-crusted lane from the back of our apartment to the carport looked overwhelming, but I was afraid to let go of Rod so he could run ahead for the car. I stopped three more times for these quickening spasms before he guided me into the ice-cold leather of the car seat.

Roderick was born ten hours later after an agonizing never-ending labor: Our first and only child. I had miscarried four times in the past three years, and finally we had the baby Rod and I dreamt about since we committed to each other just before the first pregnancy. The three of us fused immediately, and Roderick melded within the tight bond that Rod and I had spent five years developing. The only space we had left between us was the one waiting for him.

Roderick was killed in a hiking accident at sixteen.



## SEX-TRADE WINDS: A HAWAIIAN EULOGY

The story of Bob may incline readers to believe we are anti-American. We are not. We are anti-war. And we are diametrically opposed to religion dictating political policies. We lived in Los Angeles for three years after we married, and we loved the people. We go back often. Many of our clients are American and all – even Bob with his confused self-image – are very polite and definitely appreciative.

An old worn passage, which is tossed about like flowers at a funeral, claims that the male ego is damaged if he pays for sex. A term that spins like another defunct phrase: The best things in life are free. In many ways both are naïve when the economics of survival are included and camping out under a free-tree in a snowstorm is compared to a bed at the Four Seasons. Likewise, it's much harder, for many, to accumulate the extra wealth to enjoy prostitution than it is to get free sex. If there is a consistent rationale why sexually searching men do not use upscale prostitutes on occasion, it's because they can't afford us. By far the most common reason that potential clients decline Roxanne's phone presentation is, "I don't have that much cash on hand."

Henry is seventy-three and acquired his ability to purchase sex by investing his pilot's income into real estate (he flew when piloting was respected and accordingly rewarded). He raised his family; the wife split twenty-years-ago because when he wasn't winging 747s across the Atlantic he was flying on vodka. Coincidentally, he hasn't touched alcohol in twenty years. Either he discovered women when

he stopped drinking or he discovered sex when his wife left, and the booze interfered with his loving – whatever.

He was referred to us from a lady-in-the-business through another lady in the business that had been brought to us by a regular client. Henry was at one time, by his words, a brute. A throwback from a generation lost in transition, a man not so gentle in his prime but now an amiable spirit in his age-tempered years. A pleasure with a sense of spontaneous humor who understands that a joke is only meant to be told once, Henry is over six-feet-tall and lean with broad facial features and a large shaved head. He is charming and masculine.

Henry had been with us twice for relaxed two-hour sessions. For his third visit, one year later, he asked if he could bring a partner. “Not just another woman, Roxanne. She’s my favorite lady.”

I open the door and Henry stands proud and ever so pleased snuggled beside a very pretty young woman. “Pick a hand, Roxanne.” He had brought me chocolate-covered macadamia nuts before so I knew what he had hidden behind his back. I pretend to consider, wink at his date and grip his crotch. “I’ll take these nuts.” Henry gasps. The lady laughs happily. The stage is perfectly set.

Early afternoon on Wednesday, June 21, 2006: I’m every bit as excited and nervous as that day in November 2000 when we were manhandled by our first client. Sex never loses its unfeigned punch: That incredible blow to the center, that high of going to a place so far away from ordinary, so full of wonder the mind forgets everything it felt on the last trip – except that it was remarkably intense. You imagine you can get there because you’ve been there so many times. But where is it? What is it? I can’t feel it. I can only crave it.

There is no courtship. Roxy dresses up. I dress down to tank-top and underwear modest enough to jog around the city but not what one typically wears to greet a sophisticated lady and her

properly attired escort. Unless, of course, the course of the event is already decided, planned and awaits action. But today's plan is merely a guideline, a mental plot without a hint of a script. All I know as, wearing only my skivvies, I walk into a room of three well-dressed cohorts is that I am to perform with Henry's lady.

"Ah, here he is ... Mr. Slowpoke. Kona, this is my husband, Rod."

May I be damned. The best of Hawaii sits beside Roxy on the couch. Jesus! "Henry." I shake the hand of the man. Then take Kona's offered hand and kiss her offered cheek. "Welcome, Kona. The prettiest girls in the world come from Hawaii."

"Am I that obvious?"

"Your name hides no secrets. But every girl can only wish to be so obvious." Male or female, that blend of Polynesian, Asian and Caucasian inevitably produces beauty. "I think the bedroom's ready. Come on, Roxy. Henry, you guys join us when you're ready."

Roxy wears classic yellow; Kona, red – not much yellow and much less red. Roxy's tan is golden, Kona shimmers like polished, oiled walnut. Henry is creased and brown, and his skin feels like my favorite cracked, worn leather coat that Anita bought me on our first Christmas together. As we twist and turn and touch and burn away shyness, modesty crashes like ash on the floor along with red and yellow. Naked, we fondle and share until the reason for me with Kona becomes more obvious with each touch. Henry is out of breath. He must lie down. His muscles have shut down.

His lungs are much worse than the year before. He had told us this was coming.

Breathless. "I just want to see her being pleased." He stretches out on his back, Roxy fluffs a pillow under his head, and we wait until his heart catches up to his need. "This is a special lady, Rod." He leans toward me and whispers hoarsely. "My favorite." Henry's whisper implies a conspiracy between him and I but is loud

enough to be certain Kona hears. That's how it is in this business: Honesty fits. If a man escorted a woman he was courting into a similar scene and called her his favorite, one might expect her to challenge his right to those less-than-favorites. So he lies. Unless he's a Sheik or, as we now call them when they won't sell us their oil: Dictator. For the hour, I hope that Woodstock will allow me to be his dictator. He can't fail at a time like this. Can he? Yes of course, but will he? This is not the question to ask myself now. A man can't debate an erection and still get one.

Shall I close my eyes to the naked beauty weaving on a bed of thick black hair? Close my eyes and fantasize when this jewel of fantasy lies beneath me? With closed eyes the potent sound of her name sends me searching through our trips to the islands. Kona: A wind that blows contrary to the Trade Winds, a gale that pounds the protected side of paradise, a storm that gives the lee-side of Hawaii a chance to face a storm. A tempest lies beneath me. I open my eyes, just a squint to let the beauty in: A gaze that does not stare. Water pools around my burning pupils; eyelashes add texture and haze to wonder. My mind drifts away from insecurity into a surreal pool of splendor. I bend slowly into the wind until my face is buried in black waves. The gale pounds the senses of my skin with the gentlest of touch as I'm wrapped in arms and thighs and breasts and hair. I'm helpless and drowning. Kona is not. Her back lifts up from its bed of silk waves and a strong, soft hand finds my thrashing buoy and guides it into the heart of the hot sucking cyclone – down to its depths of pulsing solid-liquid.

The perfect female lover is the one who does the perfect missionary. Everything else is wondrous but unnecessary. All the consummate lady requires is that the male is lean and can support his own weight easily on elbows and knees to give her the freedom to dance the whole stage. These women are rare, but I'm sure the traditional Hawaiian dance has produced many. Kona does a perfect Hula. I let her lead. And the reason I can keep pace is because Anita

and I spent years rehearsing – long before we could afford our first trip to Hawaii.

Listen to the music of your loins as you dance the rim of the volcano – for as long as you can – before you crash to its core and become molten. That’s all we did. That’s all Henry wanted. We did it for a long time before we melted. Kona left after the lava cooled. Henry could only afford her for an hour; favorites aren’t cheap. But they never charge for the memories and fantasies they leave behind. He loves his slow post-Kona massage. Then stretches out on his back for a double hand job from Roxy: Cock and prostate.

“I may not make it back again.” Henry wheezes but soon relaxes from the boost of orgasmic endorphins. “They still don’t know what’s wrong with me. For some reason my lungs don’t expand.”

“Sounds like a form of emphysema.”

“No, Rod, you said that last time, and I asked them. Apparently it’s very rare.” His trepidation doesn’t show physically, except in his big, tired eyes that fall into darkness. “I’m not even supposed to go for walks on anything but flat, smooth ground. ‘Live very moderately’ they say. What the hell is VERY moderately? I hate moderately, never understood it. What in hell does ‘very moderately’ mean? It sounds like being very-fucking-dead.” He chuckles through his weariness. “Idiots, if they can’t fix it they call it rare. I know what it’s from ... a lifetime of sucking down booze on my days off and sucking in stale airplane air every day I worked.”

My mind flashes forward a thought without thinking. “Moderation was my purgatory. I lived my life in heaven or hell. Either will suit me now.”

“That sounds like me, Rod.”

“Henry, believe me, I understand how you feel.”

“I know you do ... both of you. Can I use that purgatory line as my eulogy?”

“It’s yours.”