

# the celibate man

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

thor svenson

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ILLUSTRATIONS by thomas bjelland

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# intro

**It would be nice to presume that the anecdotal evidence of misfortune and escapade presented here is purely a work of fiction!** Undoubtedly the reader will find it likely that such trials and tribulations as related herein by yours truly would be hard to make up; self-flagellation being my modus operandi in the rib-tickling(?)/ ball-busting exploits encountered as a middle-age new-bachelor endeavoring to find suitable companionship in the post-divorce dating-game. Some things have become clear in the end however, and damn-it if we can do anything about it: Everyone over fifty is a rebound of some sort (except for those whom never coupled, they can only find another of their kind and best wishes to them). Wish I wasn't so picky! And had a bit more coin!

Nevertheless, the mishaps and/or achievements elicited herein might shed some light for others—should fellow “singles” need encouragement or solace—or relatively happy folks enjoy a bit of *freudenschade*. In an effort to protect the innocents involved (and all are—'tis I who am guilty!); first name only and or pseudonyms will be employed, lest erroneous intentions or conclusions be conveyed.

Events most likely did take place in the general context presented (of course from one perspective only!), and were noted originally as a means of: “Getting it out of the system” and (hopefully) moving on. When a ridiculous amount of “material” piled-up, the artistic impulse that is no small part of my driving force since boyhood welled-up, and force-of-nature compelled the compilation.

Illustrations adorning the text are a visual semblance of overall sentiment in an effort to address objectivity and not necessarily devoted to individual stories.

Your humble (and a little pissed!) protagonist,  
**thor svenson**

the  
**celibate  
man**  
NOTES FROM THE FIELD

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# preface

## Kiss-and-Tell?

Not me! Not my style.

**Except for the fact that I'm spewing, disgorging, purging.**

(Don't worry—no ejaculating!) In a desperate attempt for solace and understanding. *Perhaps even healing.* Turns out I am compiling a “dating” book with anecdotal and/or subjective example—so I need to include a few juicy-bits here and there. Not-too-juicy though! Maybe could be funny, if I can wrangle it non-vindictive and embrace self-deprecation, and why not? Hence, should one conclude any venom espoused on any feline or situation appear particularly rough in the following text, rest assured—I'd (kiss) any one of them again.

*Fool that be me...*

# she loves me,

**SHE LOVES ME NOT!**

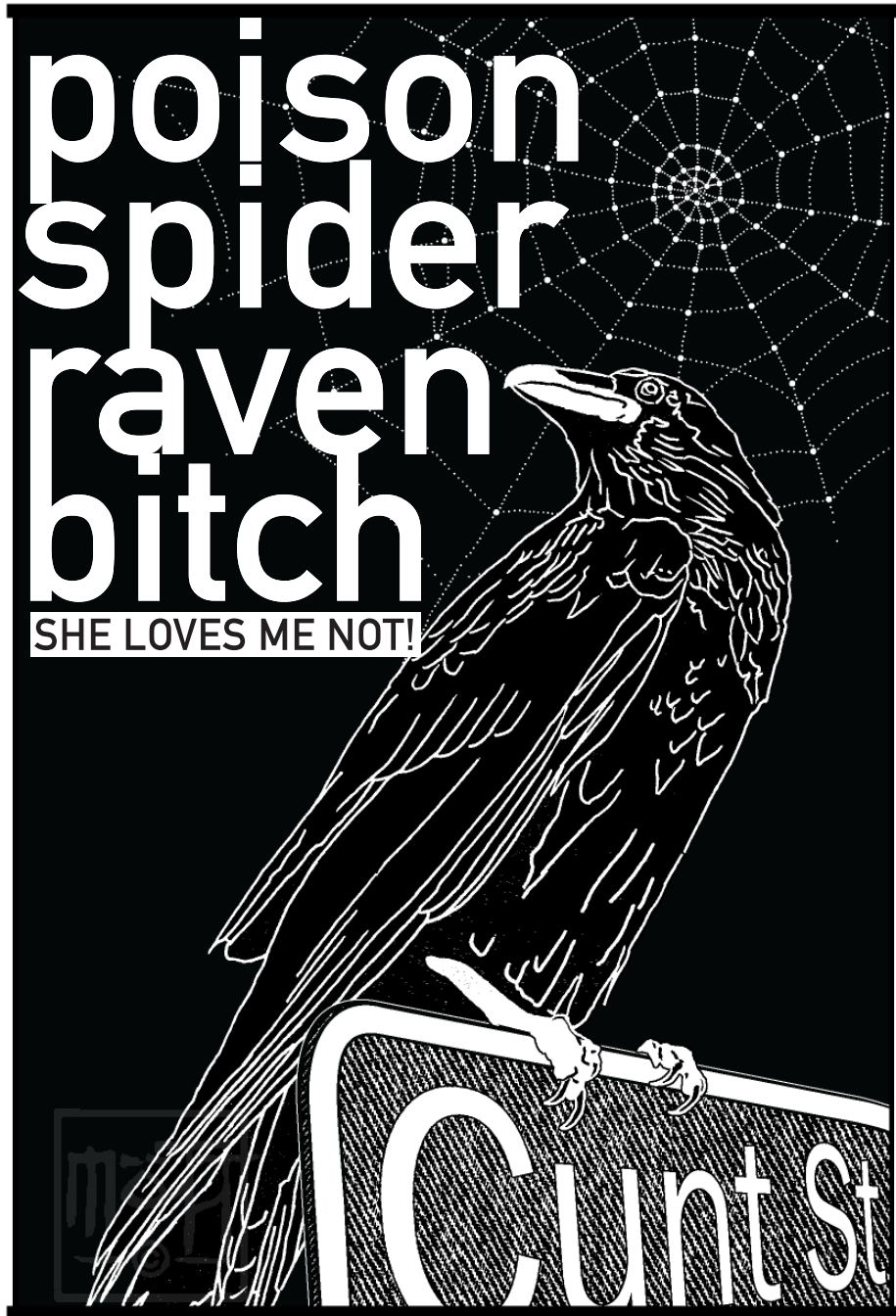


## love, hate, divorce Mariko

**Love!** Spring semester-off from Orange Coast College, I'm on the South Shore of Oahu for surf, Surf, SURF! and whatever else might be an adventure. We met on the beach in Waikiki, she with her friends, me with mine. Blonde California boy. *What is a Japanese girl? Looks Cute!* We paired off; talented Aussie (surf-board) shaper and new friend Alby and feisty-babe Aiya, me and Mariko. Introductions went well. After a few dates, an older acquaintance of hers who was watching over the girls while in Hawaii pressed me of my intentions for her. "What's this foreign (*gaijin*) boy up too?" When she saw the hand-made air-brush and calligraphy birthday card I had made for our dinner celebration, her stern demeanor melted. We got to know each other. Nice! One pleasant evening, I stayed over at the vacation apartment that the girls shared. In the middle of the night she woke me up, we may have made (sweet) love on the floor while the gals slept in the beds a few feet away—but I'll never tell!

That Spring, Human League's *Don't You Want Me Baby* pulsed on the airwaves and in nightclubs, Bob Marley and the Wailer's *Rastaman Vibrations* was on turntable repeat in our apartment back of Waikiki. My folks and younger brother E came to Hawaii and I joined them for a pleasant outer islands tour. Mariko's return date to Tokyo was approaching and I convinced me mum Joy Emma and step-dad Mink that I needed to fly back early and say goodbye. On our last meeting before both returning to our respective homes—and a world away from each other—I took Da Bus from the apartment on Launui Street near the Ala Wai Canal that Sticks, Hal and I shared (they slept in the two single-beds and raided my poorly hidden pakalolo whilst



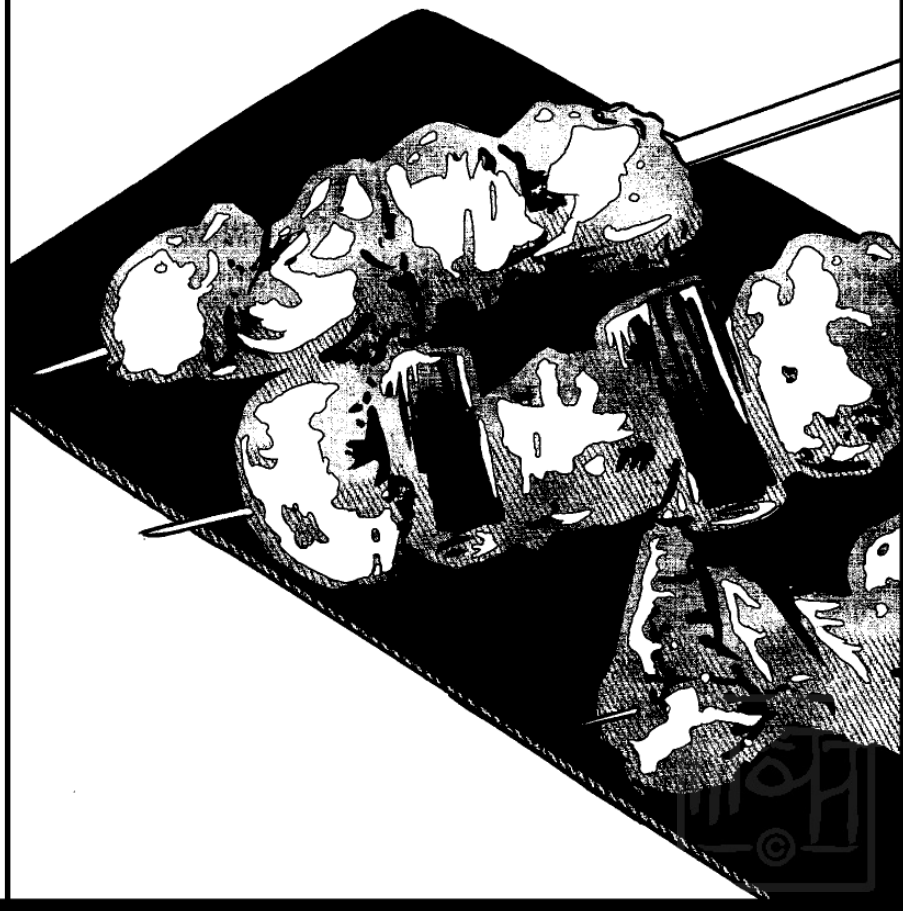


## kinda-rich bitch kiyoko

**Ridiculous!** I'm here to report that G. Orwell in *Down and Out in Paris and London* has hit the nail on the head in general, at least for the male of our species deprived—to paraphrase: "That the sexual impulse being fundamental, starvation being near as demoralizing as physical hunger." Let me state it bluntly so that one can at least perceive some semblance of my condition and then view my actions in this current state of mind: I haven't known the splendor of warm-cuddly, hot-juicy, luxurios-wet-pussy for so long I'm sick. Physically and emotionally. Both married brothers (with three great kids each!) got snipped so they could partake without caution, I'm about to off-myself the next time I have to buy another large bottle of Jergens. It's disheartening to the soul, I try to hide the bottle in my Target basket lest any fornicators see the evidence. One time I got in line in front of a girl buying a box of ribbed XL Trojans just to rub it in. (She's having fun!) And although the dinner/dating routine extols its own fees, I'm not about to pay for trim specifically, even being shy as a young man I could get a piece somehow or another and never worried about it.

Also, I'm friggin' pissed-off! *Every morning* I wake up angry. The Divorce. The house's imminent loss (I filed in July of two-thousand eight, a month before the "Big Recession" hit; my eggs-in-one-basket design business fell off a cliff and no way I'm getting any loan now to buy her out—and honestly hadn't quite gotten that far ahead in the sorting of all things out with first things being first. I would have to conclude in hindsight that perhaps, naively—neither of us thought we would be

# jun “just friends”

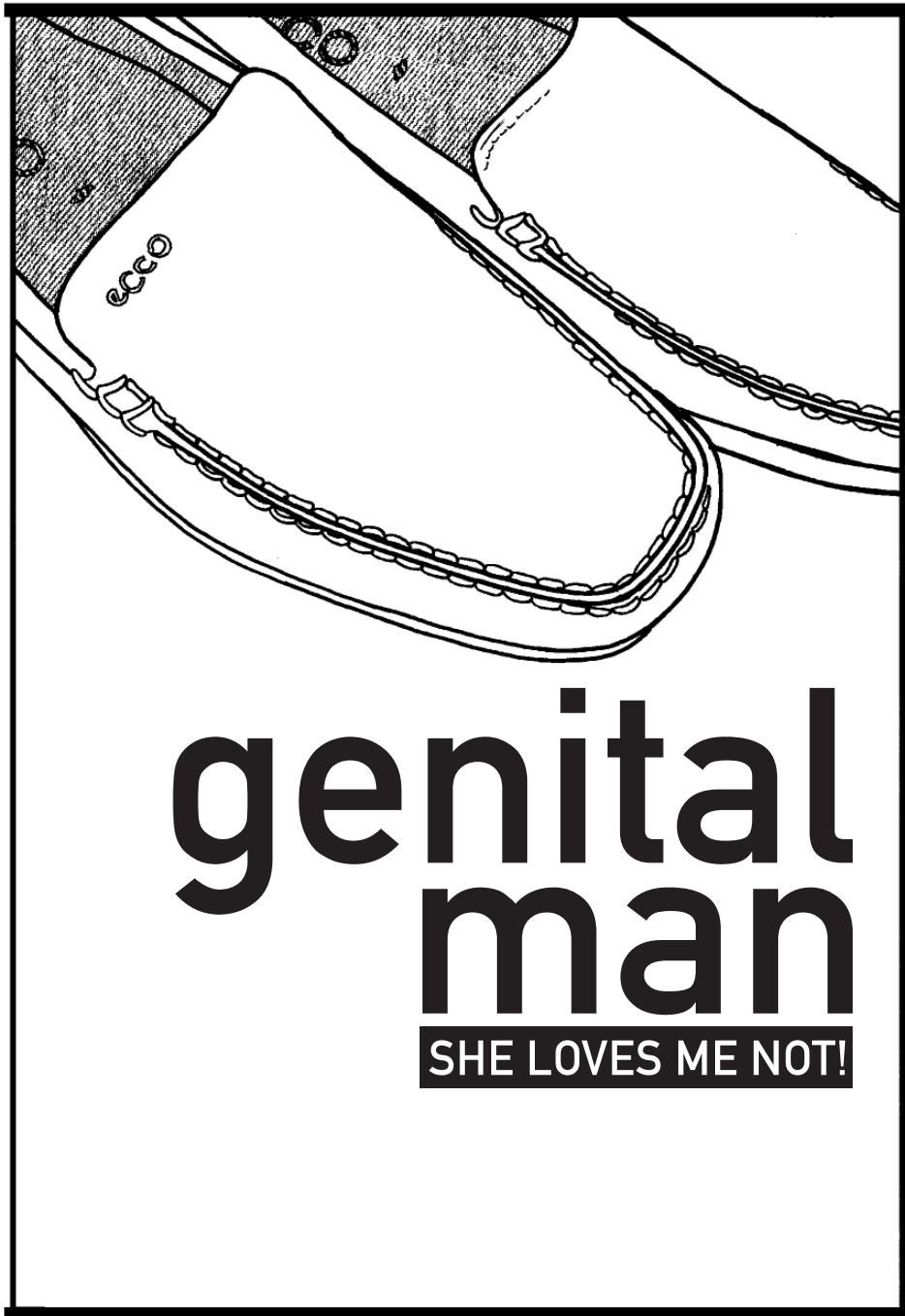


Pretty cute! I had seen her every week at Mitsuwa.

She worked the Shiseido make-up counter and I always smiled at her if she looked my way. (Attention!) One-time frowning when she saw me look at a younger girl walking by in front of her. Mitsuwa is just around the corner from the house, which is a little strange—but convenient, that it moved right in where we live considering when Mariko and I got together there were barely even

Sushi shops in California.



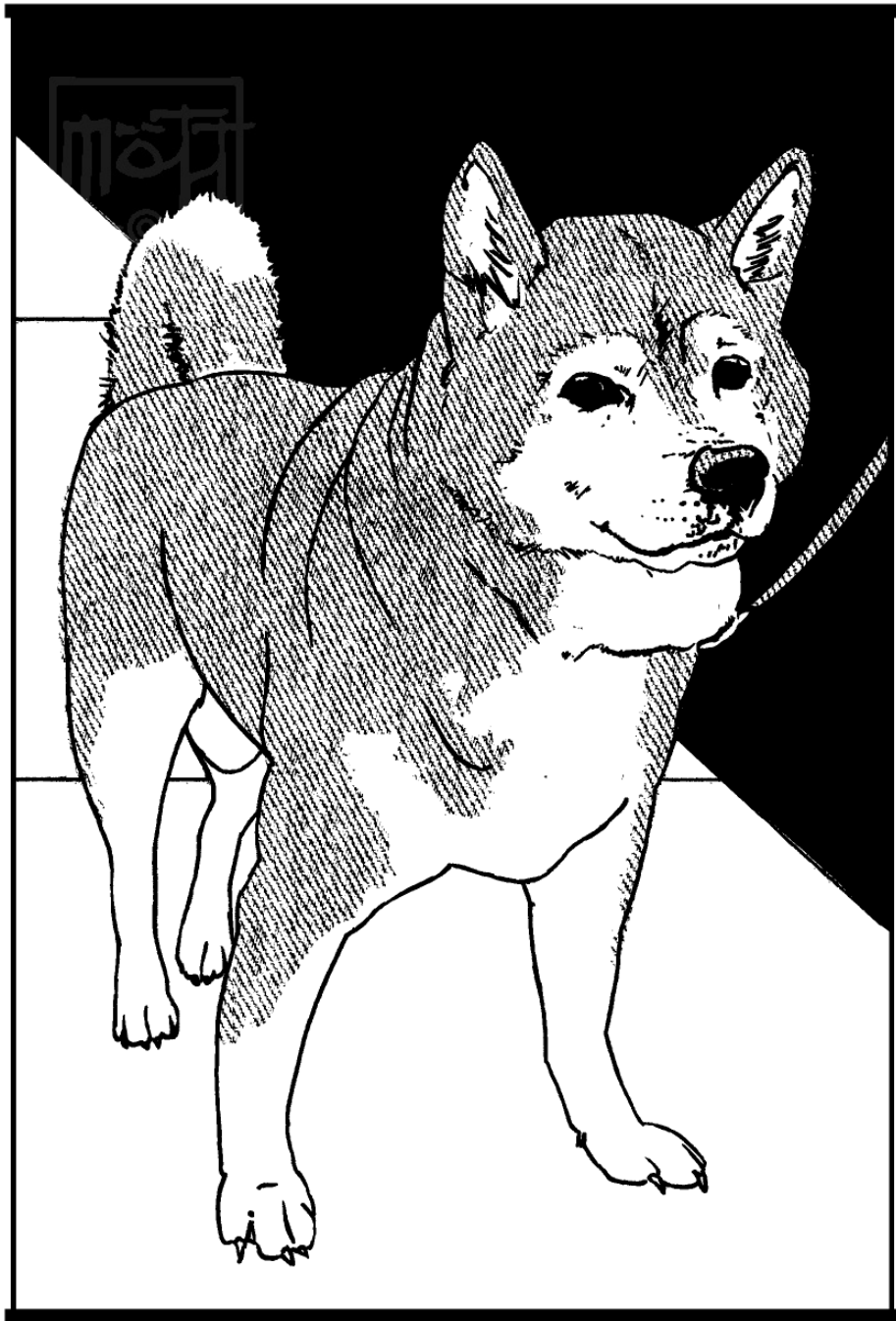


## (still-pretty) yang

**Is this your house?** The first four words after hello, had I intepeted correctly, could have saved me a lot of anguish later on, but in my then current state of (non)affairs, I'd have dived right in regardless. Besides, the girl is gorgeous. She had about the nicest hi-lights coloring combined with the softest hair on most any Asian girl I have ever seen. It looked like it was a naturally sun-bleached vertical band, golden in the middle fading to brown then brownish-tint-black on the sides, and flowing from just below the crown to her few inches below the shoulder-length-cut edge. (Mariko, who is still good looking, used to get a hair-conditioning job sometimes when she went home to Tokyo that was possibly even more silky—but without the hi-lights—even though I loved that pitch-black raven color). Smart too. She was divorced (of-course!), lived in the South Bay with her college-age daughter—they rented bedrooms from an older Chinese man who owned a townhouse—spoke some Japanese from living there for a few years, worked as an accountant in a Chinese insurance company (of course for Chinese only), was our neighbor Kim's friend even though they had the China/Taiwan difference (this is America after all, and welcome to *most* all), and was looking for a man who owned his own house so she could quit work and *move-on-in*.

The fact that I was an American boy (and surfer) like Kim's husband Brett whom she liked so much had her interested. One late afternoon I was out front mowing the lawn and they were leaving to go shopping somewhere and I got her number. Later when she gave me a nice designer tie for Christmas (that I

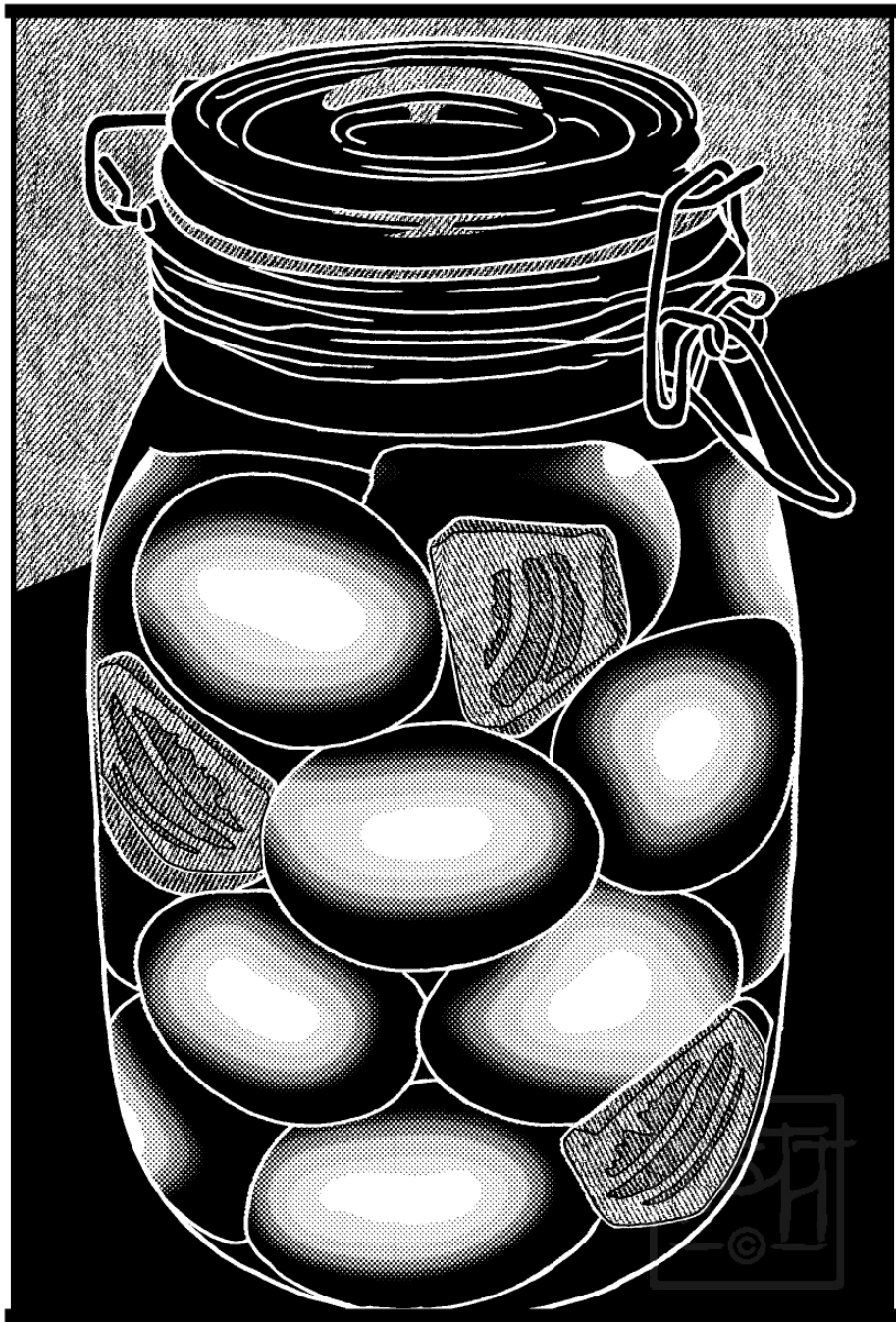




## little-by-little jisun

I'd met her three times walking our Shiba-Inu Genichi. The first time I introduced myself we were on the sidewalk in front of Patricia's house just as she pulled-in the driveway in the silver Mercedes with dirty rims. We had a brief but pleasant conversation, my few phrases of Korean breaking the ice since spoken with correct intonation. She complimented Gen telling me of the similar breed—Jindoken in Korea. Jisun told me she was attending nearby OCC Interior Design classes and she agreed that *Fung-shei* and *Form-follows-function* are solid ideas. She asked me for any advice towards successful Interior Design and the idea immediately came to my mind that the large composition of elements should be considered first for overall congruency and flow, and the details and finishing touch reflect the personality of the designer with consideration of client. I'd never broken down the idea in my years of bedroom and home-owner decoration—but the fundamental notion was embedded in my right-brain from the parallel principals I had long adhered to in design and artwork—and fortunately it rolled right of my tongue. She smiled and accepted it with relish. She's a total fox, and I wish there were other things I could try with my tongue on her.

She seemed a little older than an average Community College student, and when I learned later from Patricia her last name and that the Maserati that had pulled away from the house the other day was her (rich?) Ex delivering divorce papers; her age added-up a bit more, but now my prospects of entertaining her



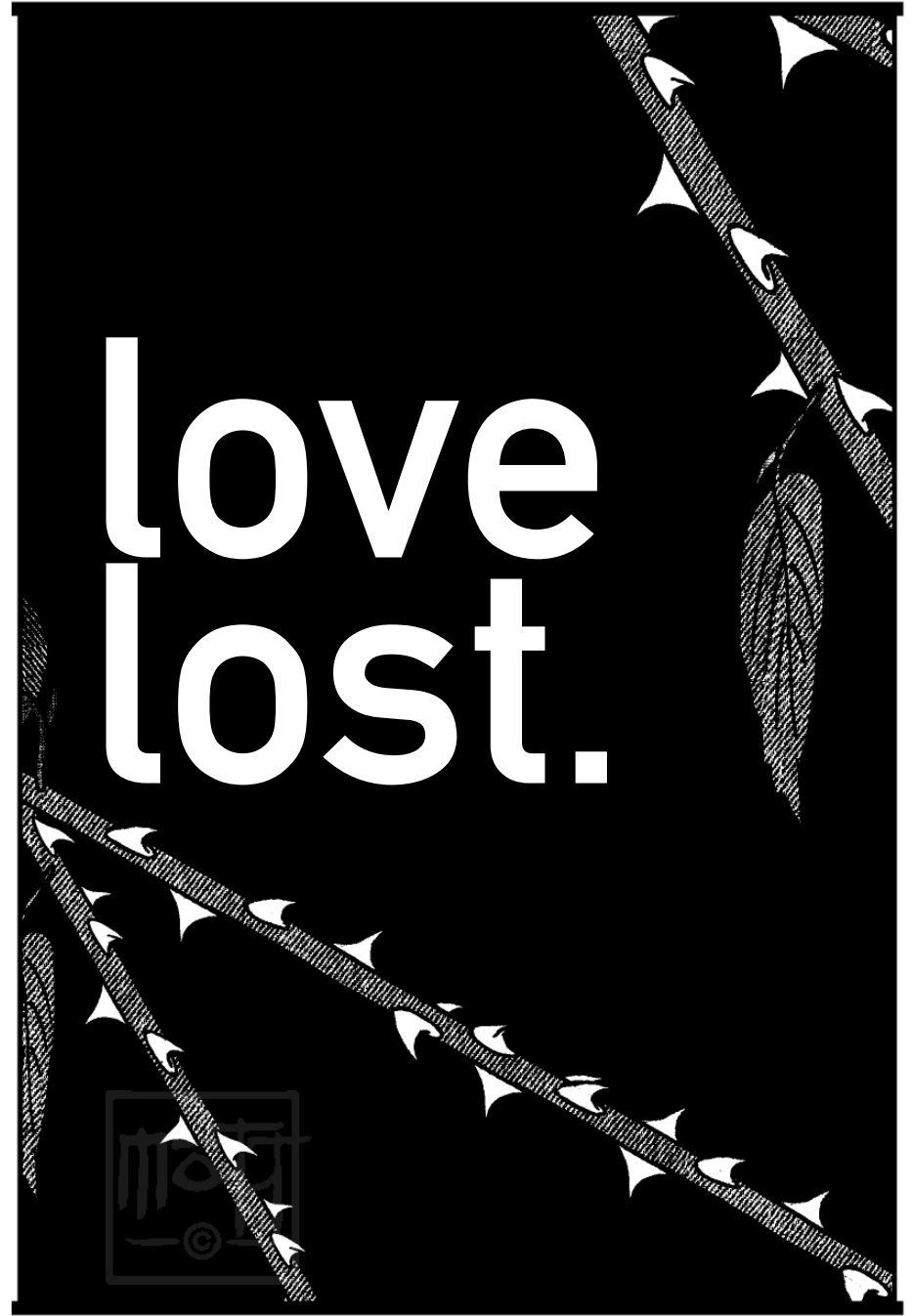
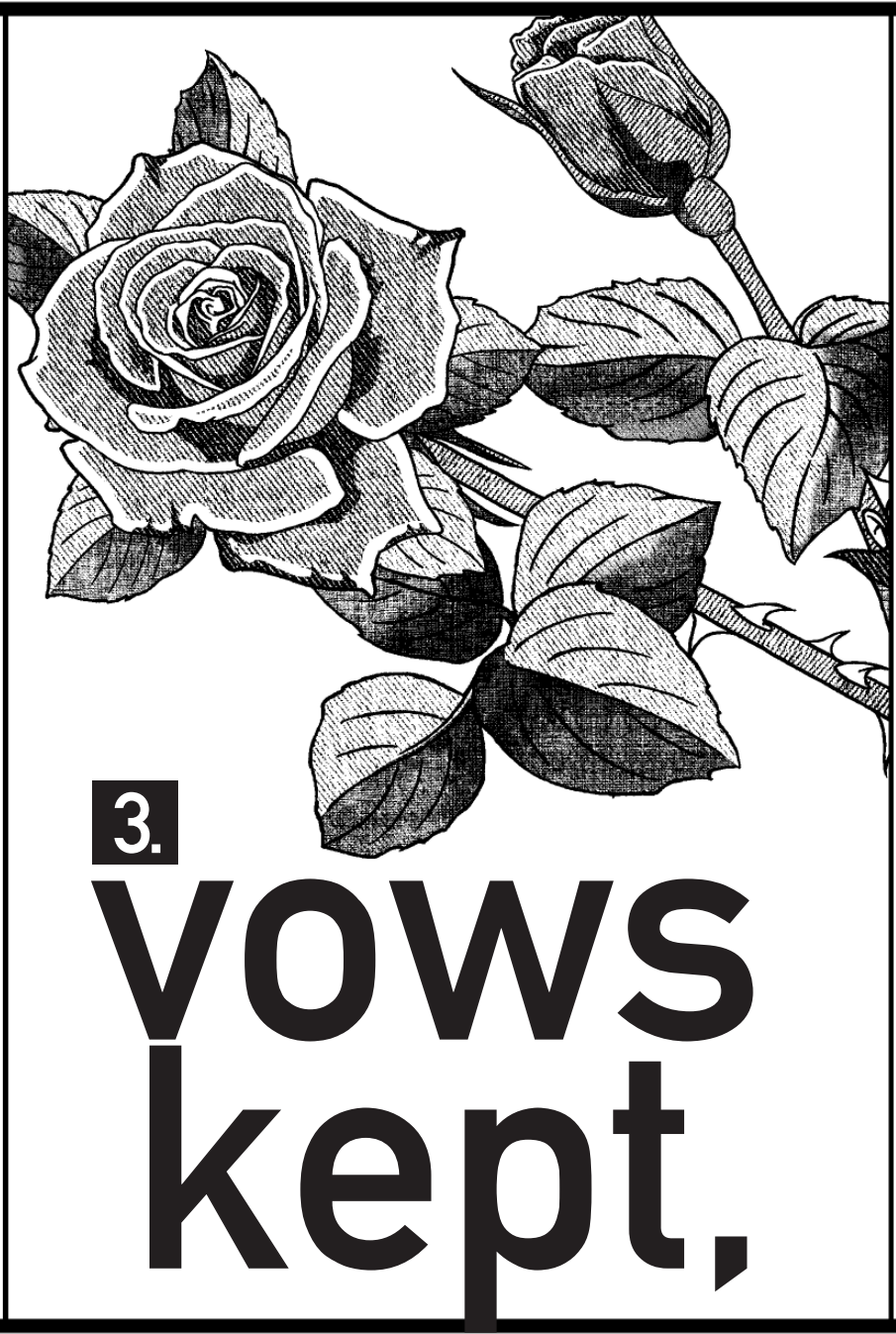
# eunjoo

## bulgogi and pickled eggs

“A fine lady” are a few of the words that I wrote on my match.com profile in a description of what I think I am looking for in a new relationship, a first attempt at online “dating.” Relationship at best, or at least what I’m hoping for is what every fellow *always* wants regardless: S-E-X. My search lists preference for Asian (what else could it possibly be?) and I send Eunjoo an exploratory hello and she contacts me straight away with a message, her number, and a request for me to call her. I buy a disposable cell phone in case things get wacky in the wild-blue-yonder of mystery “dating” and call her. We meet at Mother’s near her place for lunch, then after go to a nearby bar that is open in the afternoon for a drink. She’s got a couple years on me, cute—but I’m surprised by how old I am in relationship to how mature she looks. She teaches yoga, likes Bruce Lee, Henry Rollins, the Beatles, has kids, one grandkid and is super-cool. I like her, she likes me. I kiss her in the car, she actually starts trembling inside (somethings brewing!). We both want to go back to her apartment, but she upholds proper protocol and invites me back the day after next.

Two days later, I drive to her place with a bottle of Cab S. She buzzes me in and I climb the stairs to her floor and great!—it’s home-made bulgogi for lunch—perfect pairing for my red of choice. Eunjoo is gluten intolerant, so she drinks a non-wheat alcohol cider. Halfway through the meal, she puts down her chopsticks and makes the first move (she says a line that I’ll not repeat here which is sweet-music to my ears—very similar to Julie Christie in *Shampoo* for reference), and goodness gracious I find out that she EVEN LIKES SEX! She may even have taught me (finally!) how to give a girl “the Big O,” but that’s a secret







## Vanna D Bird in Hand

When I released the envelope from my grip down the curbside mailbox slot—beyond retrieval—regret instantly flooded over me. Crap! It was a Holiday card with a bit larger than wallet-size print, a business mug-shot (young professional on the rise!) taken with new glasses, tie and blazer. Haunted with remorse the next few days; when we finally spoke, she told me it was very nice photo, but a bit embarrassing opening it in front of her sales-staff co-workers. Oops. Perhaps it could have been some kind of subconscious motivation at work? Some kind of last ill-fated grasp at the notion of freedom's imminent demise upon discovering the mutually-planned conception (successful on the first try!) of my first (and only) child was now entering me into crossing a serious threshold into family, which I pursued wholeheartedly—but was accompanied by some unnerving notion of everlasting responsibility.

As a life-long artist and young designer, having recently blasted out of the two-year Los Angeles Trade Technical College Graphic Design Program (having driven daily from Long Beach to downtown LA and back in my '68 Vdub Squareback!) with optimism and a building confidence of finding my place in the world; fit and I dare say handsome to a degree, here I might go so far as to say I *had it all going on*. The X-factor that hovers about a confident man of action (and with the ladies) was not inaccessible. At least then, and in my book of wants—a decent start of *getting on with things*. A pretty, clever, and diligent wife, a career ahead that might promise security; I'm surfing good, feeling good, working hard, attractive assets well within reach.



# Catch and Release

Marcia Patricia Castillion de Guanacaste

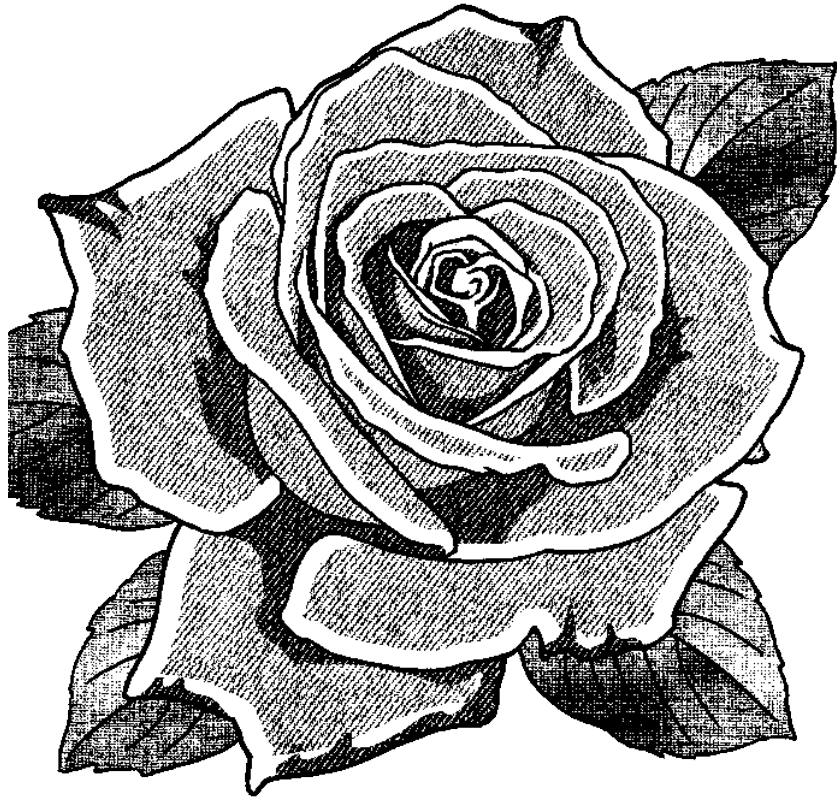
Pretty face! A smile that lights-up the night in a (still affordable) Tamarindo beach bar. *Lovely señorita!* Shell necklace white against her bronze skin and kinky-long-brown hair. Not-too-big or small perky breasts! Perfect height, good English, I would like to know her (in biblical proportion!).

Outdoors on the patio I smoke a cigar, el Gringo in paradise. Sticks and Tosh smoke cigarettes. The dense ocean-front air buzzes a cacophony of insect song under the Centro-America starlight. Marcia serves us cheap, delicious, fresh seafood. Inside the bar a ranchero-boogie-woogie-reverb twangs from the jukebox. The beer flows freely.

Flirtation ensues! I feign interest in the other two—not nearly as cute and a bit gorda (for this boy) waitresses—*baile señoras!* catching her attention. Besting my two good friends and surf travel mates, both formidable cocksman on their day, albeit both very happily married, in an unintentional catch and release tournament. I unwittingly reel her in, mutual attraction.

My intentions will not betray my character; I swore my oaths in church (Mom told me I stood back-straight and serious) and meant them wholeheartedly. I did not cross the line of leading her on. Because I rather fancied her! I offered not my address or phone number in the States. Her a young single mother, I think? Maybe I am still in love back home, betrothed, a family

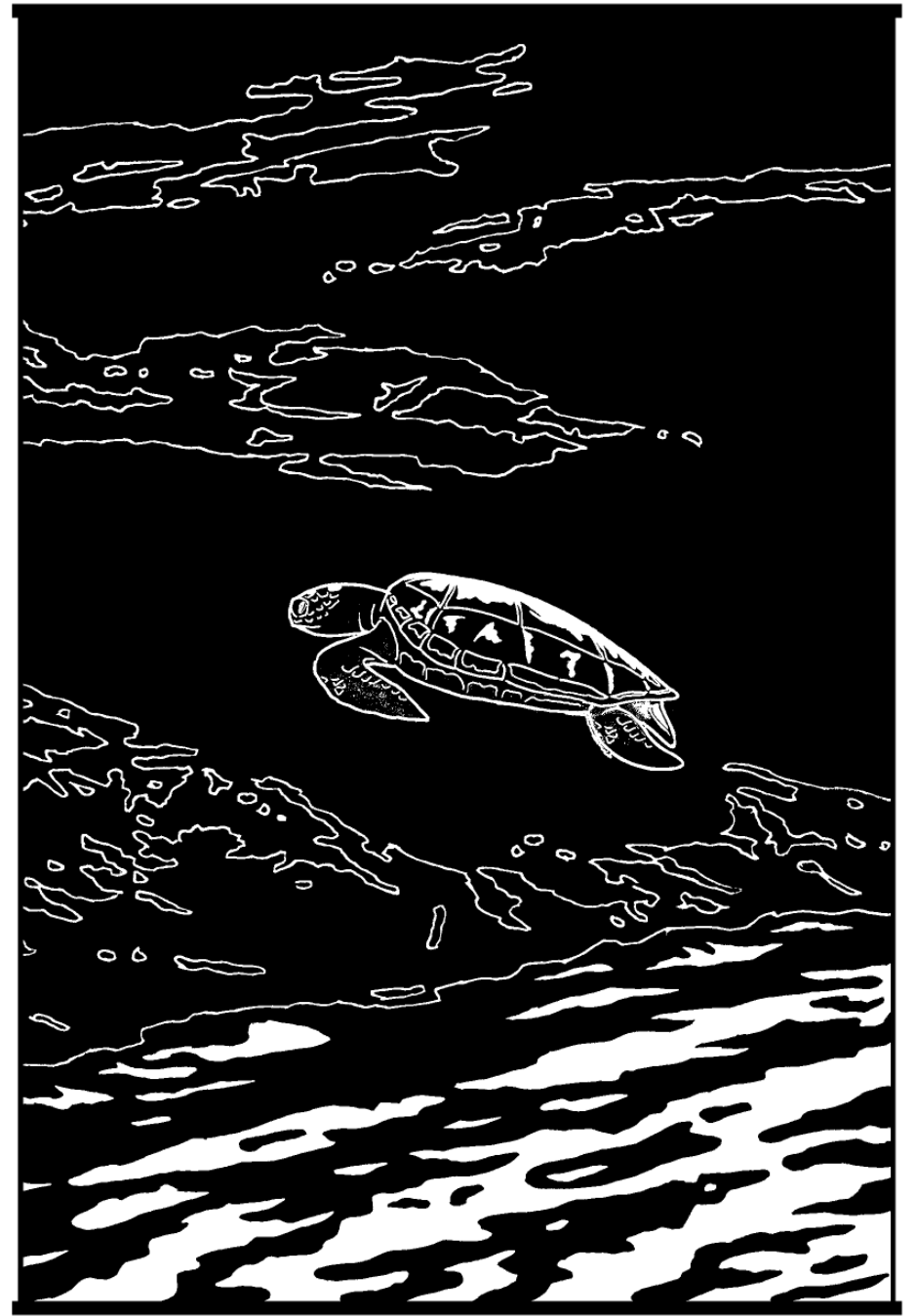
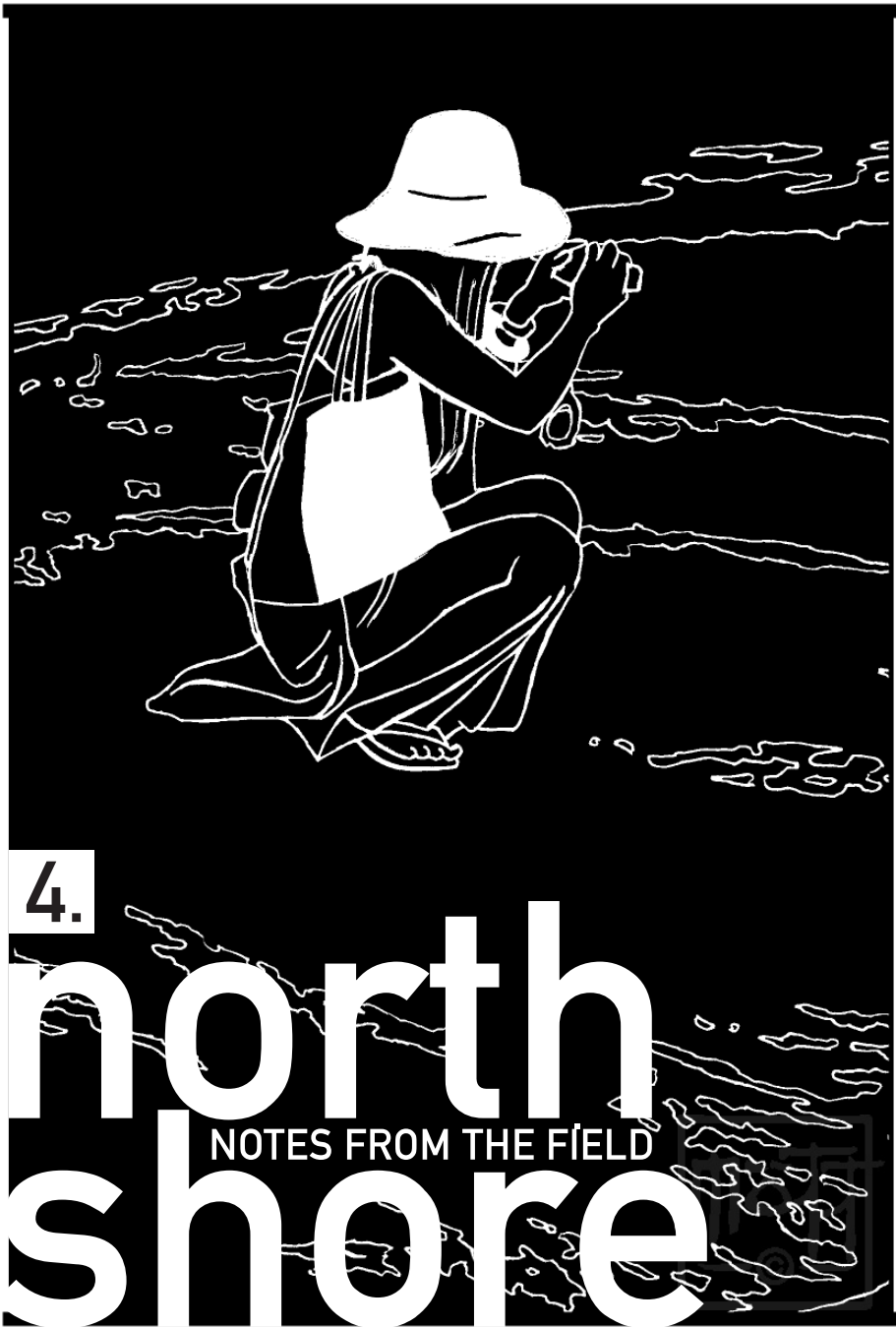


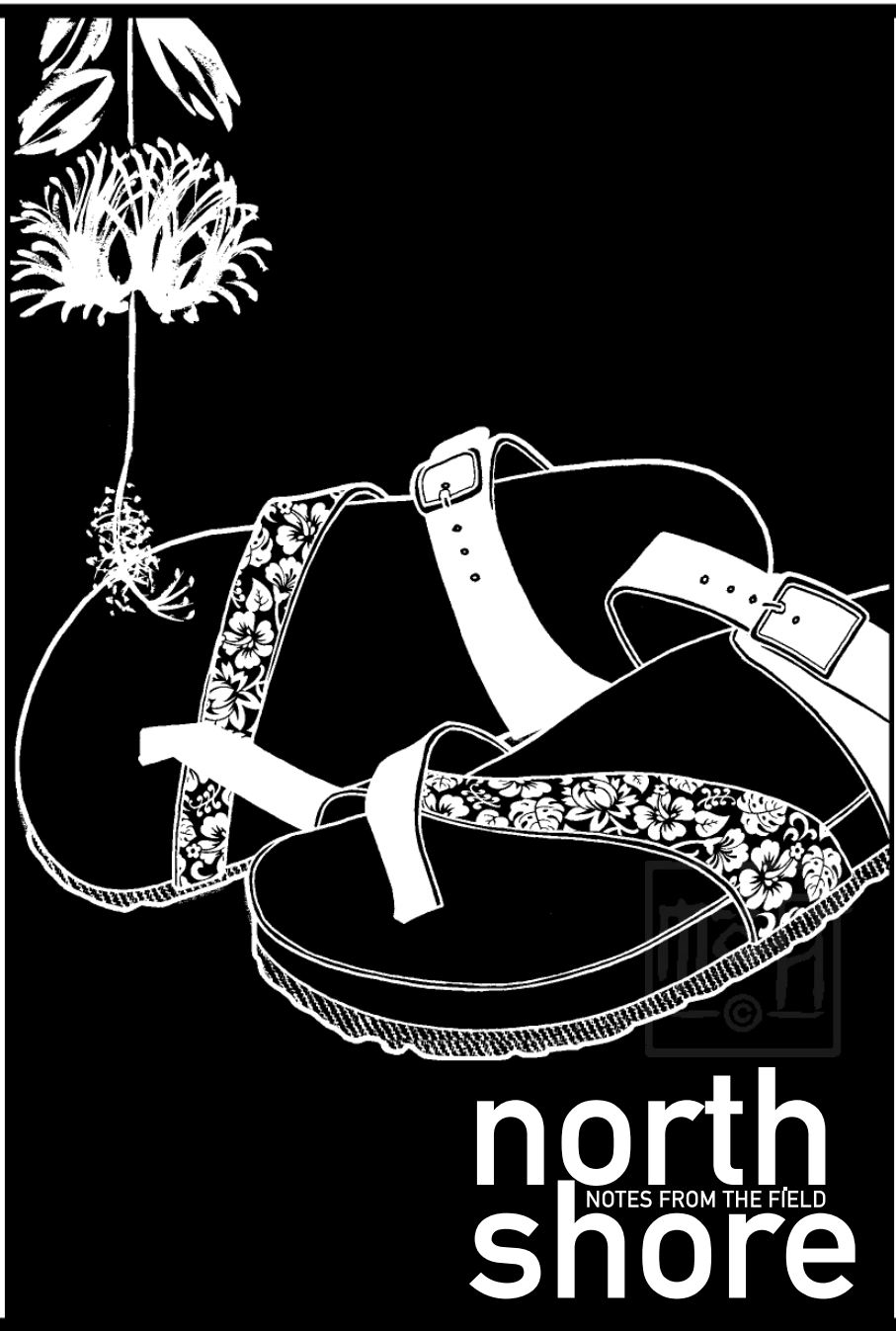


man. (And jeez, what if she showed-up out of the blue?)  
The souvenir photo I chose of her, a Mona Lisa portrait, the other ones showing her brilliant-white smile—too much for me to bear, knowing I cannot have her heart and all that goes with it.

## **Now—time gone by —forever too late...marcia-mi-amor**

**My cup half-empty, I would not hesitate to indulge in your feminine treasure.**





## closer, no-cigar yukimi

I see her in the Haliewa Wyland Gallery and follow her out the front door and onto the street. She is alone, as opposed to the many groups of two and three youngish Japanese girls lunching and spending the afternoon “In the Country” having driven-out from the South Shore late-morning.

There are lots of tourist families about as well, but no single “women” unless within a group, unloading from the tour guided-bus and taking in Sea Turtle and Big Surf from the safety of shore. So many cute-fresh-girls-too young and uncatchable—but they return a friendly greeting before one of them makes sure they veer-off as soon as possible. I’d discreetly pursued the only other single gal I’d seen across the Haleiwa bridge the day after lunch at Kua Aina, but didn’t muster a hello. Not bad looking, but not worth the effort upon closer inspection—type-wise. Yukimi, however, is a bit older, she looks thirty-ish and is very cute. Still probably too-big a gap to be bridged with my having just turned forty-nine on Halloween the previous week, but she’s friendly so far. I ask her if I can accompany her on a walk of the main street taking in the quaint classic Hawaiian beach town, a combo-plate of historical and modern shops and restaurants. She is glad for the company.

For starters, I like her style. She sports dark blue jeans, Birkenstock sandals and an Asian-design Sari top that is round in back and cut just above the bra line revealing a soft black peach fuzz that spirals between her shoulder blades. Smallish breasts, straight black shoulder length hair parted in the middle. She’s

slim but not delicate—a size I can devour with relish! I fantasize about pulling down her jeans and having a look at her panties to see the whole picture, and imagine all the attention I would give her that she could never dream of, myself having endured seemingly endless years of ceaseless yearning.

I take her to Matsumoto's, she orders a small pineapple/lime shave ice, I finish off the latte I'd bought earlier from the coffee shop near the gallery. At least they weren't spinning hometown hero Jack Johnson this time—who I am a big fan of—his being a soulful, singer/songwriter in an age when we need it most; but hearing his tunes each winter in succession at the same shop reminded me of the talent, luck and timing that all need to come together for big success and good on 'im—it's been a few good years for the brother—while I'm enjoying my creative work but mostly scraping by. We walk a few stores down to find an available and secluded bench away from the bustling line and crowd around the door outside. She offers me a taste, I chip out a tiny hunk of mostly unflavored ice from the top with her wooden spoon. We speak of our work and her five years of college education in America, her first in Maryland, then four in Manhattan, taking the subway in from The Bronx and New Jersey. She is currently stationed in Melanesia six months into a two-year stint working for the U.N. and Japanese Embassy. I do not ask her age but it did seem to all add-up a bit on the other side of thirty. *Obachan* (Old Lady) she self-deprecatingly jokes about herself—acknowledging her age, but with a deft touch that hints that she knows she is still fresh-enough and completely desirable.

I show Yukimi a cell phone photo of our Shibaken back home and tell her his Japanese name—Genichi. She asks who takes care of him while I am on vacation—I teeter between making something up to seem more single, but I like her and why not be truthful—I say my son. She doesn't ask any further relationship questions, nor do I offer, but she surely has deducted a







# north shore

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

## no means yes maki

Two winters ago, driving the rental Subaru Outback thru “downtown” Haleiwa for lunch, I told myself “This is the last time I’ll be on the look-out for stray Japanese girls in Hawaii.” I’m Fifty for Chrissake! Unfortunately there are not an abundance of single women close to my age to be found most anywhere. (*Our Time-for-getta’bout-it*). Also I can’t trust the male-directive, logic-stumping stupidity of still





being able to rationalize hitting on a-bit-younger ladies, seemingly just because you were once the same age and somehow that means it's still in the wheelhouse. Testosterone gauze effect, ape-man still lurking below calm exterior.

So here I am again, piloting the "mid-size SUV" at the last minute special price of \$155 per week plus daily at \$31 and ten bucks per hour or portion there-of (funny how I always book Alamo for no particular reason other than out of familiarity habit—it kind of sounds like Ala Moana) to prove to myself I can still surf on a high level—the North Shore surf demands reverence, respect and sufficient training—and take a healthful break since the big-split, and the year-and-a-half of new bachelordom. I had finally broken the long streak of marital "*Alienation of Affection*"—the lawyer-speak for spousal cutting off of all intimacy—with the Ex last Fall having met Eunjoo, the nice Korean-come-California Girl on *Match.com*. Her dukook was good, as was her bulgogi (just a little salty), and she may have talked dirty in the sack now and then which was helpful for a sex-starved man like me! Allegedly. Unfortunately, for her, if you'll recall—I couldn't fall head-over-heels. Tough the other way around for once. Dang! Thank You Eunjoo!

I stop in to Kua Aina, which is now a tourist destination (American Burger!) and was the best burger easily available in town way back in the college-days-off when you could drive the then sleepy road, and the car would seem to automatically veer over to the curb following the heavenly smoky-scent of grilling cow-flesh. Drifting over to the small shop on a fluffy-beef-cloud like in a cartoon. I'm pretty sure the quality of meat was a bit better then; probably the quantities demanded at today's cash register allow a little lower grade. Perhaps the foreign folks won't know the difference anyhow. It's still good though. (And by the way—who are these nimrods who have a plain burger instead of a cheeseburger? Jimmy Buffet doesn't sing: "*Burger in Paradise*"—get with it!) There's no Mahi today, so I settle for

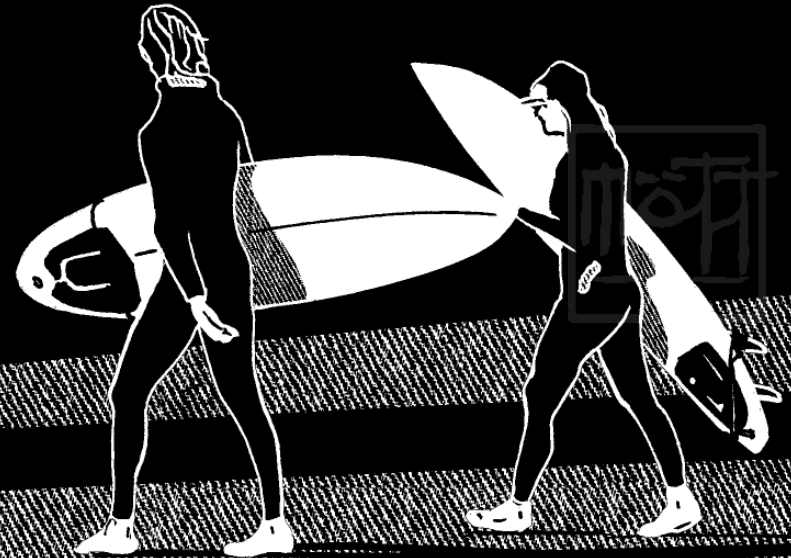
the sure-thing Teriyaki Chicken sandwich and find a table in the shade under the awning next to a picnic table that is occupied by a Japanese family of four: mom, grandma, young boy and slightly older sister. Dad (the salary-man most likely?) was absent—either working or otherwise engaged—not sure if grandpa is still around. The grandma *Obachan* ate purposely and finished first, then sat back and picked her teeth with a toothpick, covering her mouth with her hand held sideways in the practiced manner of Japanese *Nihonjin* ladies. She sat back and enjoyed the family time; the togetherness, the energy of the two kids who intermittently ate a few bites and then got up and down from the table. She occasionally threw in some parental table talk with mom, who was busily engaged in trying to get the kids to sit still and finish a few more bites. *Tabai Na-sai!* The long-for-the-kids drive over from Waikiki had built-up a lot of frenetic energy, especially for the boy who was having a good time. I wanted to chime in—*Isogashi ne-kodomo!* (busy little dude, aren't we?) gently chiding the youth; it brought back fond memories of how fun my now college-age son was at that age. But I kept my normally reticent personality and intonation perfect—but-vocabulary-limited Japanese to myself, finished-up and dutifully threw my wrapping and drink cup in the trash—the custom drilled opening in the top of the waste basket designed to ensure the plastic serving basket not to fit down the hole.

Chris and his family were at the house this visit along with some folks who flew in from Holland and we became friends. One day the surf was a bit too-big and consistent for us occasional visitors there on the North Shore. Black Diamond only—a perfect day for locals who have put in the time to fully enjoy the conditions—making me lament not having grown up or moved here...but I'm a California Son thru-and-thru, which ain't bad either. So the idea came up to drive over to the West side—to Makaha—and hopefully catch the wrap around the island of the

# Creep

**Jeez! Did it AGAIN!** A friendly chat on the walk down the long blacktop trail to surf Trestles in San Clemente with super-cute Filipino/American girl Angela. It turns out we both are from North OC, and frequent Newport Beach part of the year, this being summer the ideal place for surfing the Southern Hemisphere swells is over the cobblestone reefs here in SC that shape the mostly otherwise walled-off swells into perfectly peeling waves.

We get to the beach, some nice-looking waves are indeed on offer, and the palpable anticipation of ensuing fun about to begin that is such a great part of surfing flickered with us both. I stop a few yards away from Angela to do the wetsuit changing ritual (under towels wrapped around the waist for guys, shawl-like changers for gals) so that I wouldn't be intrusive to her privacy, but within earshot so we could continue our nattering of the nice conditions. I did notice her cute figure in the full wetsuit once we were ready, however.



I smiled at her a couple times out surfing, she smiled back, but I kept to the task at hand; selecting and catching good waves, which is another aspect of being competent in a sport that takes years to be good at, a lifetime to master. It is one of the most difficult "sports" to learn, contrary to the moniker that was put forth and adopted by the masses (and with the lamest application ever mumbled): "Surfing the Internet" as if it's easy and anyone can just hop-to-it. Most beginners are shocked at how difficult it is; they assume they could take a lesson or two and be hanging with the Beach Boys. Not so, most anyone can turn on a computer, if you want to become a surfer, get ready for a lot of work and wipe-outs, and be warned of the high possibility of taking on a lifestyle, because once bitten-addiction is not far away.

So, after a couple hours, it ended up Angela came in to the beach just after I had, and as I had already slipped out of my wetsuit back into tee shirt and shorts, meandered a little so she could catch-up, hopefully for a stroll back to the cars in her company. I must have been too obvious though, and what was a friendly conversation on the stroll down, she let me know (that being twice her age) was not in-line with making a date out of the day with her stilted response to my inquiry of her luck in the session. What the hell was I thinking? Desperation lends itself to crazy aspirations. Whatever.



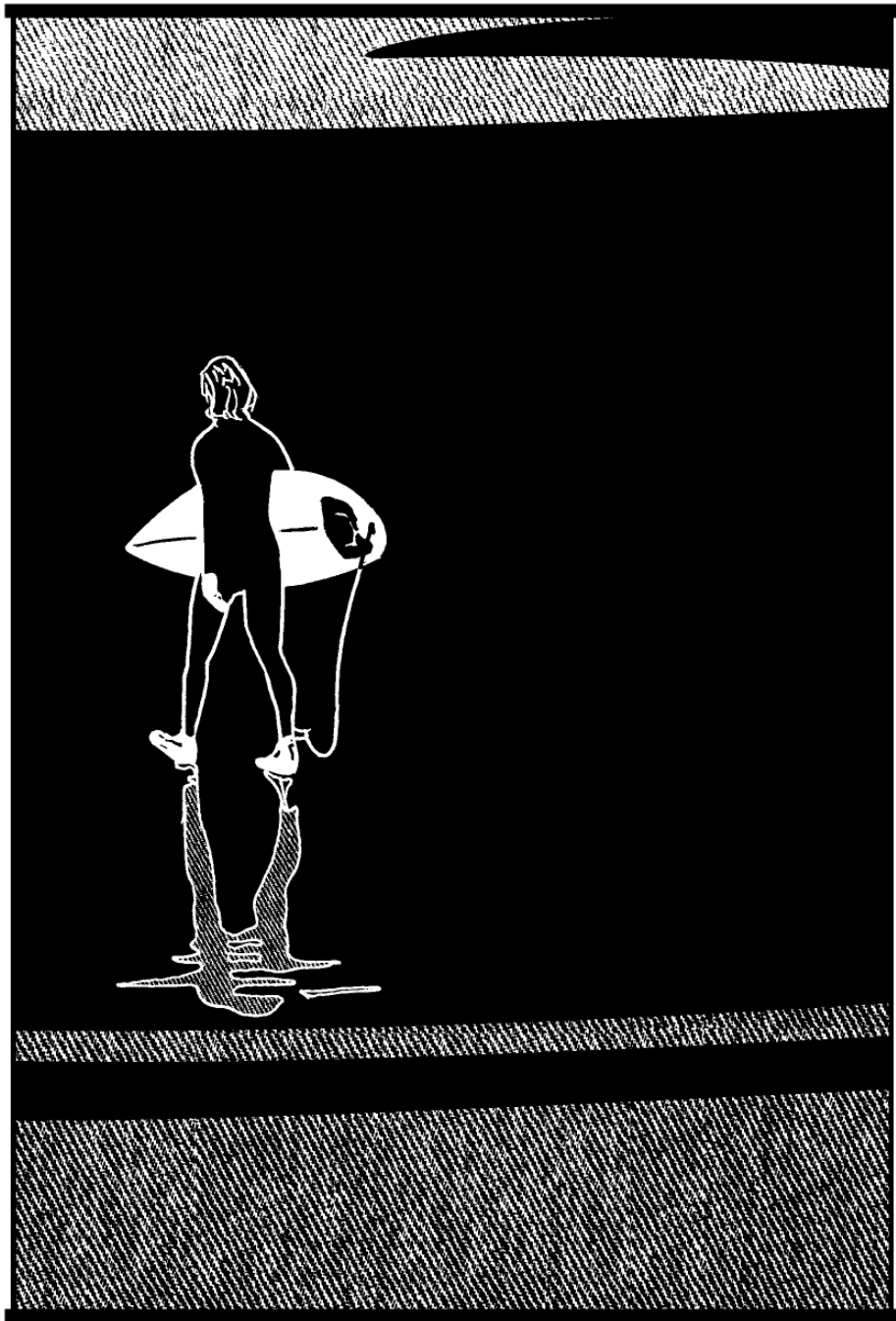
I trudged up the trail back to the Pathfinder which was parked far back on Cristianitos Road since I wasn't lucky to find a spot closer today; wasn't really disappointed when I had a chance to think about it, but heck—she is cute and she surfs! Never mind there is a same age surfer-boy somewhere that she would be *happy* to couple with, and how crazy is my idea? I had a hankering for a Combo burrito—carne asada, guacamole and refried



beans stuffed into a fresh outsize flour tortilla—at Pedro's; which is a favorite surfer's drive-through near the parking lot, and when I pulled around to the pick-up window, who was in the walk-up line but Angela herself! She said only two words but her countenance shot daggers: "*You again?*"

Yes. It's me. CREEPO incorporated!





### *Postscript*

I saw Angela around the parking lot and surfing closer to home that Fall in Newport, but made sure to keep a good distance so as to avoid embarrassment. She did surf pretty good. Then, about a year later in Trader Joe's where she had said she worked (but not which location), having not seen recently and forgotten about her, got in her checkout line out of curiosity. Thank goodness she didn't recognize me! But did give me a friendly compliment on my hoodie. Hopefully she's found a dude her age, God willing I'll find a woman mine.







the  
celibate  
man

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

dreams





# Dreams

## 6/5/99 Awakening Dream

Another's wife, known to everyone—but none object.  
We connect. She leads me to the bedroom.  
Embrace.  
I feel between her legs, it has been so long.  
What is it like?  
Body-heat, warm and wet. Yes!  
In the center—a pulse.  
Heart-beat, blood-pumping-in-veins below skin.  
Touching her, a kiss.  
Awaken.

## 5/19/07 4:30 a.m. Nightmare

Outside on the front lawn of my childhood home—my parents  
old home—now a neighborhood of mansions?  
She is out-front across the street. I cross to talk.  
Tall, pretty, young!  
Unsure, but she draws me close in embrace.  
Spooning briefly, I lift the top of her panties and see black Asian  
hair, mons.  
A small laugh from her (in English?).  
We leave the front-room of the guesthouse where she  
homestays, the lady owner throws me an insult.  
Whatever.  
We cross the street back to my mansion.  
Anticipation soars!  
It's two a.m., we should be alone.  
Ascending the stairs to the second story, shock! My (wife) is  
home, not on a trip.  
They speak, acquaintances.



### 6/8/08 Flown from Bush

She wears an ice-blue-face, has crystal eyes, sports white glowing hair.

Intimidating—a different life form/state?

Fortitude, I lean in...

KISS.

Color fills her face. Skin warmth to my touch, blonde flowing hair.

“Is that You?”

Kiss again, my arm around her waist.

“Yes, these are my three sons.”

“And this is my (only) son.”

### 8/27/09 Same Last Dream

*Somnambulatory Curse I*

Tender foreplay.

Bear finding honey, I taste her nectar.

My tongue deeper and mouth fit her lips. Sweetness.

She interrupts me, “It’s that time of the month.”

“Look,” she says as proof.

I draw back. Small menstrual jet-streams pulse-out.

Soft-wet-black-hair-pussy I can’t have!

I leave the greying dream, spin-up and away...

Awaken.

Hard-rock boner in the empty darkness.

Wanting. Waiting. Hurting.

### 6/11/13 Shoganai Dream

*Somnambulatory Curse II*

Chaos dream-state.

A familiar voice pulls me in.

Comforting whisper...“Do you want to do it?”

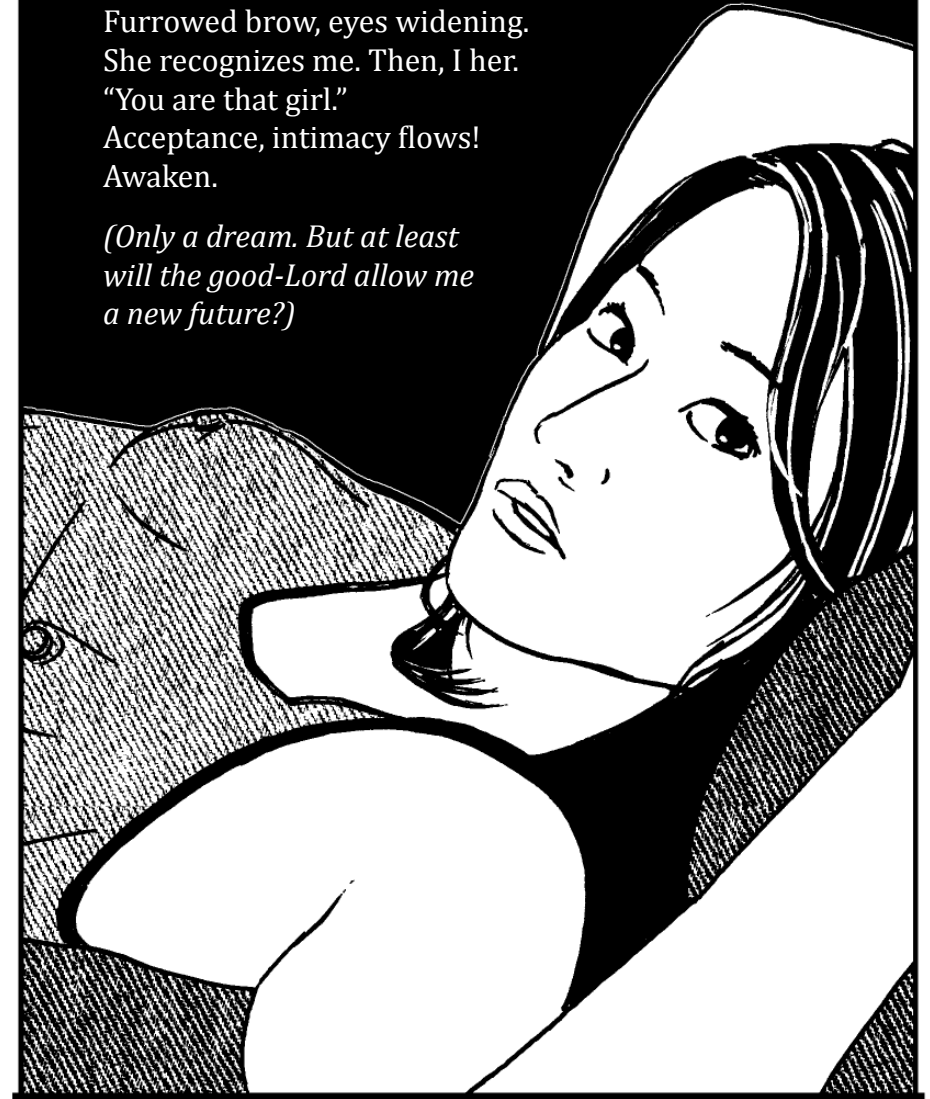
“Yes!” “It’s just the two of us.”



## 11/2/18 Can't Hurry Love

I hover above her.  
Pretty (Japanese) Asian face looks back at me.  
I don't know her, wait...  
Furrowed brow, eyes widening.  
She recognizes me. Then, I her.  
"You are that girl."  
Acceptance, intimacy flows!  
Awaken.

*(Only a dream. But at least  
will the good-Lord allow me  
a new future?)*



## 11/3/18 New Girl!

Pretty beach-blond-hair girl. Like an early me, like high school sweetheart Susie (Fox!). Calls to me from afar.

Closer in. Yes-pretty!

Small talk. Embrace.

KISS.

Arousal.

She moves her hand downward, gropes my hard member. Palm below shaft, a few strokes. She smiles!

I palm her round-butt with both hands then explore her crotch.

Surprise! A large panty-shield!

I smile, "How about another time, soon."

She purrs, "How about a quickie?" Now.

"Are you sure?" "No wait, let's go!"

Pulling my arm, still in embrace, "Let's go in this room over here."

"Don't you need to turn-off the car?" I ask.

"No, let's go." Smiling.

Open door.

Hard rock anticipation.

Warmth.

Awaken.

*(Piss away morning wood. By now-what else were you thinking?)*

## 5/5/18 Up the Ante

She's not in my wheelhouse at the moment (very attractive with any offer of relationship/dowry short of already owning the house so she can quit her job and







move-on-in to be met with discontent. But, hey, I ain't done yet!).

Although...She's cute/pretty and looks smart.

Like could never turn to love, I'm not nervous about her.

But I would certainly *do* her.

And she wants it—Me, and now!

She makes a gesture towards me, she wants me to point at her to confirm she is the one.

I up-the-ante and blow her a kiss.

Smiles, she sends it back.

It's on!

I move towards her, each step a lightening grey to whiteness.

Awaken.

### 3/4/19 Another Girl

Another girl. Woman! (not her).

Filipino? Spanish? Bronzy-brown skin and topless!

Only panties. She sits on my lap—warmth.

Her arms wrap around my shoulders.

Both my hands cradle her supple breasts.

Palm-fitting-breasts.

Yes! I am me again. Almost.

My right hand moves down, caressing her smooth-tan-slender belly.

Lower.

My fingers slide below the elastic band that tops her panties.

Yield. Warmth offered.

Encouraged silence.

Yes, yes, yes...

then—Here? With others near by?

We could move...

Yes.

Awaken.