

Another incident, surf related. Lisa is more than a beginning surfer, but not much. She'll catch waves, has no trouble in standing up and riding across the face, but has not yet learned to work the wave, to understand the nuances of the medium and the activity. And although she's "stoked" she invariably comes in before I do; she gets tired after an hour and a half or so.

Except one time. We were at a surf contest a few hours north of P at the end of the BIG TURKEYS. It was a major event on the pro longboard tour, with nearly a hundred surfers from all over the world gathered for the three day event. The afternoon before the competition started, Lisa went for a surf. I stayed in the hotel room; the waves were shitty and I had some reading to catch up on. After a couple hours I decided to go down to the beach for the sunset, see what Lisa is up to – it was past her normal time in the water.

The break there – a place called Boca Barranca – is situated about a half mile down the beach from the hotel, a big, touristy one. I don't see Lisa on the beach or at the pool, so I look out at the lineup. The surf is small and dismal; even so, it's crowded with contestants warming up for the next day. I sit down to watch. Presently two surfers paddle to the inside lineup together and sit close. I'm not positive from the distant view, but I think one of them is Lisa. The other surfer is a guy, I can tell. The two sit there rail to rail for a full 45 minutes, the guy catching one small wave during this time, Lisa (by now I can tell it's her) not catching any. Eventually, the two paddle in together; Lisa walks down the beach toward the hotel, the guy up to the parking lot in the other direction. I look at my watch: Lisa has been in the water for three hours, twice as long as any session she's ever had. And from what I could see, she didn't catch even one wave.

Back at the room, I asked Lisa if she'd talked to anyone in the lineup during her marathon session. Just said hello to one guy, she tells me, and mentioned that his board's designer is a friend of ours from Montauk. I tell her I saw her sitting rail to rail with someone for the last 45 minutes, and that they'd paddled inside and then to shore together.

She denied knowing what I was talking about.

The day before this incident, Lisa had been out of the room for a while. When she came in, she said she'd struck up a conversation with one of the pro surfers. Great, I said, how about not doing that? Women strike up conversations with guys, guys assume things. You know how guys are, Lisa, the way they look at sex and so forth, right? I mean since she *looks at sex the way a man does*, right? Striking up a conversation with a guy, especially a testosterone-driven pro athlete, might give the *impression* of flirting, which you've promised not to do, twice actually, the last time after breaking the first promise in way that is "in another realm."

Lisa shrugs this off, suggests I mellow out, words to that effect. A little while later the phone rings. I answer. There's a hesitation, then whoever it is hangs up. I ask Lisa if she gave the pro surfer our room number. She says no. I can tell she's lying.

Given everything we know: Lisa did give that surfer our room number; he called and when I answered, her hung up. Period. And her marathon 3 hours session? She was hinging with the pro she wanted. Zero doubt.