

I stopped at Dominical for the first night, staying at the San Clemente Cabinas, where Lisa had pulled her near-loss of the cell phone gaslight maneuver, and where a trio of gringos – a couple and a male friend of theirs -- ran the place and were fans of my books; I asked you to remember that stuff, saying there was a payoff.

I checked in to find that the solo kid was running the place. Then I ran into the girl end of the couple, Jen, and during the course of blabbing she told me she and her boyfriend had broken up. That was a shame, I said, and so forth. She was with some buddies and we blabbed some more and they suggested I come to a party that night at the local cantina. The head honcho Dominical lifeguard who also loved *Zero* passed by with his dog and also mentioned the party.

A couple hours later I Ronled Lisa, told her where I was, told her about the couple we knew having broken up, and in the course of a long conversation mentioned that I was going to a party that night.

Four AM that night, or rather the next morning, my cell phone rang. It was Lisa, wanting to know how I am. (We had two cell phones.)

What? How am I? It's 4 AM. Asleep, Lisa, is how I am. Or was. Is everything all right?

I'm sorry.

Lisa, did you call to see if I'm in bed with someone?

There was this silence... then Lisa said she guessed I wasn't in bed with someone.

I waited until I got back to Pavones before dealing with this. We were up in our office and I asked her *what was with that phone call?*

Lisa stuttered around, saying she was worried because the couple we knew had broken up and I was going to a party. Look, she said, “I’m human.”

Let me get this straight, I said. You start off our relationship by cheating and lying, then you flirt openly with other guys because you can’t help yourself and...

...and I held back in recapping the rest of it and will hold back here since it would take several pages and no doubt fuck up Reader Big Mo...

...so, I summarized, when I have problems with *your* behavior, it’s because I’m afflicted with The Othello Syndrome, or... I had to rummage to find another Internet printout... or I have Morbid Jealousy, but when you call me at 4 AM to see if I’m fucking someone I randomly met at a party (like you did that New Years Eve) it’s because “you’re human.”

I asked her if I had all this approximately right.

Lisa told me I was making a big deal out of nothing.

Hey, I didn’t even *go* to the fucking party in Dominical. I read and went to sleep. I went to sleep until 4 AM, that is.

Let’s drop it.

Can I ask you something, Lisa? Have I ever, in any way, indicated that I could be unfaithful to you? That I’m even *capable* of it? In *any* way?

Lisa said, simply, No.

Not only that... I was on a roll now... Not only that but I’ve never even *thought* about cheating on you. And this was absolutely true. What I didn’t add here was that “cheating” on Lisa was a ridiculous thought to begin with, given her San Jose Fuckbuddy, never mind the possible second fuckbuddy, the *local* one right under my

nose she'd zeroed in on. But even though the thought of cheating on Lisa was ridiculous, and even though having ridiculous thoughts was a favorite pastime of mine – in a sense, my *job* -- I hadn't even thought of it.

Further, I wanted to know if I'd ever lied to her about anything.

I hadn't, she knew that.

Not only that, I said, harking back to her various behaviors, but you're the one who loves uncommitted sex, has Yeses or Noes go off in her head and so forth and so on and who finds something sexy about half the men you meet. I presume this means that a Yes goes off half the time you run into some guy, out "on the street" or wherever. Right?

Lisa had no response to this.

If the "finds half the men she meets sexy" quote doesn't sound familiar, that's because it's new, still another doozey blurt. I've been saving that one, gradual disclosure-wise. I forget when she came up with it verbally, but I remember it well enough to use quotes.<sup>1</sup>

And so forth, went the mostly one-sided conversation, until I backed off, fearing a blow up -- righteous anger/a threat to leave followed by heartfelt apologies/hysterical crying. I wasn't ready for more of that sort of stress-inducing crapola, or having to lie down because of it. Not right now. I needed some peace in which to regroup.

---

<sup>1</sup> This dispiriting claim was also in her private journal as part of her description of herself as "a yang-like woman." By the way: A "yang-like" woman... Christ. You wanna talk about a euphemism? Makes Lisa sound kind of Zen-like, no? When what it really means is this: "A woman who can't help but stuff uncommitted dick into her pussy and then lie about it."