

## **HOTNESS – by Cal Garrison**

He was totally on fire, pointing at his computer screen and talking about Mamie Van Doren. For some reason it did not add up. You see; I was waiting in line at the coffee shop and this guy was one of those coffee shop dudes, the kind that you bump into so often nowadays.

Pushing 60, he was jobless, homeless, and sleeping in the back seat of a broken down Jaguar, behind the dumpster in the Safe-Way parking lot. The poor thing had absolutely nothing going on. My first impression was that Mamie Van Doren was way out of his league - but what did I know?

Anyone could see that this remarkably unfortunate man was making a good show of pretending that he still had a life. I had to hand it to him. Who knows why I am a magnet for every waif and stray whose problems aren't big enough to bar them from the local cafe, but in the length of time that it took for the girl to whip up a Latte I gave him my ear and listened to him conjure up an image of himself that had nothing to do with who he was.

Inside all of the considerations that went into starting his day, Mamie Van Doren was on top of the stack that morning. Boiling over with references to what sounded like a budding romance between him and the aging centerfold, he was beside himself, in a tizzy of inarticulate emotion that ended abruptly, when, out of the blue, he went stock still, looked straight at me and said: *"Didn't you know? I used to manage Fleetwood Mac. Stevie and me were really tight. Let me show you"*.

A quick flick of the wrist and 'Presto!' His Face Book page was ablaze with snapshots of Stevie and the Band. He spoke about them as if he had something to do with them, as if they were family. In spite of all the photographic evidence, and the dropping of names that were meant to loan more proof to the idea that he wasn't just ANY body, by the time he got back to our original conversation, and scrolled down to his recent postings of photos of Mamie, in the middle of being amazed that he actually believed all of this I kept thinking; *"God, please let him be joking"*.

But he wasn't. Five inches from my face, his desperate little eyes stared into mine as the rest of him disappeared beyond the boundaries of my peripheral vision. Drilling his pupils into my face, he said, *"Oh Yes. We've been in touch. She wants to hook up with me"*.

Sensing my skepticism, he reinforced his belief in this possibility by saying; *"She wants to do business. I'm going to check out her new album - but there's more to it than that; I can feel it"*. As he said this, he rolled his eyes, in a sort of bashful way, and punctuated

it with a look that made me think that he and Mamie were already getting it on in the back seat of the Jag.

For those of you who are too young to know who we're talking about, back in the 50's Mamie Van Doren was one of the hottest of the blonde-bomb-shells to shimmy out of Hollywood. One of the "Three M's", it was Mamie Van Doren, Marilyn Monroe, and Jayne Mansfield who gave birth to the early prototype for what has become, in our 21st Century paradigm, the perfectly modeled, mind controlled sex slave.

Looking at the photo collage of her anatomy on my homeless friend's Timeline, it hit me that out of all three sex bombs, Mamie is the only one to have lived through whatever it takes for a woman to be that girl. The clips of imagery offered plenty of proof that, through the miracles of modern science, even at 85, Mamie is hotter than ever, looking just like she did back in the old days.

My time in line with the coffee shop dude got me thinking about women, and sex, and where hotness winds up at the end of the day. Without taking anything away from Mamie, or her accomplishments, or her ability to remain wet and wild right up until her dying breath, one has to wonder; as the Male Paradigm meets its climax, is 'Hotness' the only thing that gives the female of the species a place in the scheme of things?

Generic terms are easily misunderstood. We hear and see them repeated so often we take their meaning for granted. And most people don't think about things, past a certain point: so maybe it's time to define what we are talking about when we talk about 'Hot'?

After a few days of mulling it over, polling my friends for their take on the subject, and looking at it from a lot of different angles I have come to the conclusion that it means "Fuckable". We could argue the point - but I am pretty sure that's what it comes down to.

So what is 'Fuckable'? And what part does one's fuckability play in their evolution? If what makes a woman worth her salt is her fuckability, it would seem that her physical attributes, and the extent to which she is versed in the feminine wiles, are what must have the most value to her at the end of the day.

This could very well be true. In spite of what we thought Women's Liberation did for us, 'PINK' is still our color. Everyone wants to see a little 'pink'. Everyone knows that the more we put out and the prettier we are, the better things go. And because the male of the species, is, was, and will always be 'visual', the Hotter chick will always be preferable because her innate beauty has been artificially enhanced with whatever it takes to grab the male, and force his attention onto her, whether he needs it to go there or not.

Isn't it interesting that there is so much 'control' associated with this attribute? Which brings up another issue; how long has it been since we've taken stock of where the media has driven our perceptions of the female? Check out the tabloids. In case you have been hiding under a rock, Caitlin Jenner, the Kardashians, and the Orange County Housewives have turned into female role models. Having taken over for Brittany Spears, Miley Cyrus is now in charge of brainwashing young girls with the idea that it's cool to be under-age and over-sexed.

The nut-crushing, hard-core, come-fuck-me, 6-inch-stiletto-style energy that the primarily gay, male dominated media keeps shoving down our throats has succeeded in draping the female of the species with a nymphomaniacal, artificially implanted, ball-busting veneer that women of all ages are actually encouraged to aspire to. This newly birthed archetype of femininity was never meant to bring us closer to our sexuality or our spirit. To me this is insane. Why would any woman with an open heart and half a brain want to have what it takes to be that girl?

Underneath the agenda that has spent God knows how long controlling human behavior by manipulating our relationship to our sexuality, it is obvious that our obsession with the cultivation of Hotness in the female has done very little to enhance the sexual prowess of the Male. Take a look around. In case you haven't noticed, the Hotter they try to make us, the more impotent men become.

Something about fake boobs, ass implants, and botulism lips must be so traumatic, and simultaneously titillating that men wind up going limp in the face of it all - either that or they develop an appetite for strangeness, and can no longer respond to anything that resembles the real thing. Once it becomes impossible for a man to be aroused by an unenhanced female, they resort to Viagra, or shots of Testosterone, or steroids, or engage in dicier forms of entertainment, just to keep their 'Red Necked Friend' present and accounted for.

None of this would have come to mind if the coffee shop dude hadn't shown me those snapshots of Mamie. Now that I think of it, he could be the poster child for this new theory of mine - a man who once had a set of balls, and a life and is now totally devalued and disenfranchised. Who knows if he can still get it up, but, hey, it's all good because he, and the remains of his manhood are living the dream, next to the dumpster, and chatting with Mamie, the 85 year-old sexpot and absolute Grandmother of Hotness, online. What world am I in?

I am all for being hot and sexy, and it's OK by me if every fiber of a woman's being is devoted to heightening her sexual appeal. But, when we take our eyes off the centerfold long enough to connect the dots, it's easy to see that if a woman's value is contingent

upon her fuckability and her breedability, and that cylinder is the only one that's up and running, all of us go extinct and become totally worthless on the day we stop bleeding. I am sorry; call me crazy, but that just doesn't ring true.

On the flip side, as far as men are concerned, Hotness may light them up long enough to get them off, but over the long haul it castrates the male, turns him into a eunuch, and totally defeats the purpose. Men of all ages have come to believe that it's totally OK to be strung out on penis enhancement, when all it does is steal their manhood. How could anyone with half a brain not see this? In an age when the whole concept of 'sustainability' is on everyone's lips, Hotness reveals itself to be a cultural praying mantis that sucks the life out of both the male and the female.

Do I sound like a puritanical spinster who's pushing 70, and bummed out about being wrinkled and old? There could very well be a whiff of that underneath all of this; but sour grapes would never move me to pick up a pen; I wouldn't waste your time with that kind of BS. No; this isn't about being pissed off about being old. Quite the contrary.

If a woman is lucky enough to make it through the gauntlet of whatever gets done to mold us into dolls, the virtues of the Elder Female turn out to be totally mind blowing. No one talks about these things because no one wants to hear it. Us, older gals barely even mention it among ourselves. Those of us who are beginning to see the light are in a state of cognitive dissonance. Why? I think it has something to do with that fact that no one told us life could open up like this. Friends who are older and wiser than me tell me that if you make it to eight-five with your homework done and your spirit intact, it really starts to get good: but there's no sense extolling the virtues of things that don't become apparent until you get there.

When I think about my life as a human being in a female body, and I look at where things are at after 67 years, I keep getting the image of Steve McQueen, in the 'Great Escape'. If you haven't seen that movie it's about a bunch of guys from WWII. Locked up in a German Prisoner of War Camp, Steve and a cast of A-List actors dig a tunnel to freedom. With spoons, and cups, and crude utensils they crawl on their bellies, inching their way through tons of dirt. They go through hell and high water to make their escape. It is an heroic feat. Not all of them make it out alive.

It is the picture of Steve sticking his head out of the ground, at the point where the digging stops and the freedom begins, that keeps flashing across the screen when I try to frame the way being a woman feels to me these days. Like most of my peers, the part of me that is stuck on my wrinkles is still patting on the night cream and praying for a miracle. But so many other things begin to matter once you get this far. The piece that has to be strong enough to crawl through the gauntlet never knows what she will find –

but playing the same old role? I am relatively new at this but trust me: I have a feeling all of us find better things to do.

What's left of a woman at the end of the day is invisible – but Beauty and Truth are inseparable, and Truth is the daughter of Time. The Truth about our Beauty does not come to light until time and experience transmute the beautiful piece, not with knives and war paint, but with love, into something that is authentic and enduring enough to enlighten the world with what we have learned about the nature of our own essence. It is the piece that begins to breathe in the moment when time and experience merge into wholeness and morph into gold, that has the power to keep bombs from falling, that has the power to heal the sick, and move mountains, and raise the dead. And personally, when it's all said and done I would rather have my epitaph read, "She healed the sick and raised the dead and kept bombs from falling" than "God, she had a perfect ass, and a great set of tits, and she looked totally hot till her dying day."

*"She is frequently kind and she's suddenly cruel  
She can do as she pleases, she's nobody's fool  
But she can't be convicted, she's earned her degree  
And the most she will do is throw shadows at you  
But she's always a woman to me"*

Billy Joel - She's Always A Woman To Me

(Thank you Ron)

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