year, and I realized it constituted a threat to my mom somehow—or I should say she made me realize it. She had this psychic sense of knowing just when to call to put the old cock-block on, even if I was in another country. As soon as I was with any girlfriend and about to hit a home run, no matter what time of day or night, the phone would ring, and it would be my mother. I could see the phone ID by the bed that said "MOM," and my ship would sink. Years later, when I got married, my mother wore black to the wedding—though she claimed it was a dark navy blue. She just didn't want to give me up to any other woman, plain and simple.

As a response, I tended to lean toward girls who were the complete opposite of my mother. For example, my girlfriend (let's call her Karina) who was living with me at the time was very outgoing and fun and sometimes kind of wild. She grew up in the suburbs of Americana, where all the real crazy sexual shit went on. She was tight with the hottest and wildest girls in the modeling business and was the leader of the pack. They flocked to her—and from her to me and my loft. I got a fast crash course in what I had missed by not growing up in the suburbs. We were all young, but I was no match for most of these girls. I mean, I looked the rogue part, but I still had a tad of the Catholic mother/whore thing clinging to me. I'd probably never shake it off completely, but I did my best.

Since I didn't want anyone thinking I was conservative, I went along for the ride. Girl on girl, girls on girls, this and that, that and this. Things began to get out of hand. There was one particularly gorgeous sexual seductress whom you couldn't help but love, who needed to be wanted, and whenever she was in town, trouble of some kind always followed. Once, wearing just a trench coat and heels, she schemed to get on the same plane as her gynecologist; she thought he was sexy. She even charmed her way to switch seats and sit next to him on an overnight red-eye flight to New York. When the cabin lights were turned down for sleep mode, she opened her trench coat, where she was completely nude, to turn him on. Another time, she answered the phone and even though the caller had dialed the wrong number, she started a conversation with the caller and eventually met up with him later in a Denny's parking lot. Then the cops caught them in the act in the back of her car, still parked at Denny's. She was so beautiful and twisted, I miss her.