Chasity or the Coed’s Choice

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Abstract

Now DON’T get me wrong. I’m not usually without the benefit of male companionship on Saturday night. But this Saturday night when all my erstwhile suitors telephoned—I didn’t hear because of the five pairs of silk panties muffling the receiver. This Saturday evening I had decided to contemplate the intricacies of life, men, and the Roman Catholic Church in the solitude of my boudoir...
NOW DON’T get me wrong. I’m not usually without the benefit of male companionship on Saturday night. But this Saturday night when all my erstwhile suitors telephoned—I didn’t hear because of the five pairs of silk panties muffling the receiver. This Saturday evening I had decided to contemplate the intricacies of life, men, and the Roman Catholic Church in the solitude of my boudoir.

You see, things had been going kind of poorly for me lately. That is, I was going through a transcendental identity crisis and was deeply in need of a spiritual revelation . . .

Well, around 8:00, I had two of them (revelations, that is). The first portended that I could be two things in life: either a good nun, or a great lover—but not both. The second was that all my life I had been floundering between the two choices and that someday I really should make up my mind. Yes, definitely someday I should bust out and choose.

Well, after my numinous experience had receded, my boudoir stifled like a cloister (mea culpa, God). So I polished up my ole St. Chris’s medal and headed on over to the racquetball courts for a little intellectual companionship and a good game—if you know what I mean. I’d just walked in through the door when I caught sight of what I thought might be a good game. He was about six foot two, eyes of blue eyes, just like the jingle—and carried a racquetball racquet under his arm. I hastened to draw his attention to a similar racquet dangling uselessly from my hand—when he spoke. That is, he spoke to me asking me to play racquetball with him, me with him. I choked the instant proposal of marriage that had bubbled fervently to my lips and said, “I do—yes!” I had been standing, mentally, before an alter when I said it; but he...
took it as the signal to open the door to the racquet court and duck in. Naturally, I followed.

Racquetball courts are warm places anyway. My hands were hot and drippy when I took the ball. His hands looked very well-tended and cared for (no vulgar sweat hanging around him as around me). I told him to serve first, mainly because that would put him in front where I could observe him. He had this All-American build that was a real pleaser—I mean aesthetically pleasing.

The first serve came right into the back left-hand corner of the wall—which is a very hard shot to return and come out alive—for me at least. But I charged after it with all the fervor of a Kamikaze warrior dying for his heartland—and finished like a smashed airplane against the wall.

He bent over—real close!—and said: "Gee I'm sorry—are you hurt?—I shouldn't have hit it there—you just looked like you'd be such a good player." I beamed at him.

The game progressed, frequently interspersed with anxious questions on his part—are you ok, are you sure,— and yes, I do, yes! on my part. I hit one right into the crack with the wood of my racquet and he said—Wow—you're really good—look at her go—say are you on the women's team here?

I was choked with happiness. Here he was so polite and considerate, such nice short hair, such a great athlete—obviously a great intellect at work here!—making compliments to me. "He must have a beautiful soul," I thought.

After the second game—which I lost by twenty points—he moved his racquet cover over on the floor for me to sit down on. "Where're you from, anyway?" he asked seating himself beside me. I bubbled over about my hometown and the little Catholic school I'd gone to before hitting big ole sinful Ames, Iowa. I asked him where he was from and he said ++Chicago—but let's get back to you—you don't seem like many of the girls I meet around here—so good athletically, so good-looking, so good in every way." He winked at me—in an intellectual manner,
of course. "Say, what are you studying up here? What dorm do you stay in?—tell me about yourself."

I grew very warm to him then and dribbled over everything and anything about myself from the year zero to today that I could think of—except perhaps the time I was three-and-a-half and my sister said there was some chocolate for me in the dog food dish and I—but that's a different story.

He told me that I certainly had a very interesting life history and that he himself was a pre-med student on a football scholarship. I listened greedily for any new clues about him that he might care to bestow on plebeian ears. He said, "But I'm disillusioned with the football scene. I realize that there are higher things in life. I value simple personal relationships very highly. I look for more than the mere physical things in life—don't you?" I nodded vigorously and launched into a philippic against people who had relationships on ordinary earthy levels—very un-Catholic. I was amazed to find someone who appeared to think exactly like I thought about everything, who seemed to know what I valued—a high spirituality in social intercourse—and who agreed with everything I said and even called me "aesthetic."

He said again, "You're really different—I'm very interested in hearing more of your ideas—please go on." I splurged on into Paul Tillich, and Jacques Cousteau, and Einstein's theory of relativity.

He had been staring at me all this time as if rapt in my words. "But don't you think the universe is really shaped like a leather saddle?" he asked respectfully. I was just about to reply when I noticed that his hand, which had moved onto my knee in the heat of our discussion, was beginning to knead the flesh just ABOVE the knee. I clutched my St. Christopher medal nervously and tried to recall the ball of the conversation.

"Oh!" I said. "Of course—it's like a saddle." Subtly I began to move my knees closer together and away from him.

He said, "But then, of course, matter would tend
to get less rarefied at its edges and spaceships would have
to travel on a time warp bordering a thousand years.”

I nodded avidly. This All-American boy wouldn’t try
anything—there was no need of screaming out—some
places in the world girls would laugh at me for my little
fears—

“Or to recall the great Twin Paradox—’’—his hand—
like a wet fish—groped on as relentlessly as his con­
versation—’’wherein two children of identical ages could
be placed in two spaceships moving at the speed of light—

“Oh-Ohhh!” With lightning-like speed I jerked his
hand out from under my shorts. This was the limit of all
that my Catholic decency could allow! I picked up my
racquet and scurried out of there like a rat on fire.

Already as I backed through the door, my con­
science started to flare up. I slowed down a little and dwelt
on how close I had really come that time. It was about
time for me to enter a convent and put aside all earthly
temptations. “Mea culpa, mea culpa, Lord, I didn’t really
mean it!” I whispered contritely.

I walked with my head down, glum and lost in
thought. “Whoa there!” A big voice startled me as I just
narrowly missed a spectacular collision.

And my, but he was a beautiful thing to collide with,
too. “Say, what’s so interesting to a pretty girl that she
can’t watch where she’s going?”

I looked down coyly and spied that there was no ring
on his left finger. I choked the instant proposal of
marriage that had bubbled fervently to my lips—.