

**From: motorcycleboy@gmail.com**  
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**To: lacanandonandon@mac.com**

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Jacques,

**You can call me Motorcycle Boy. Yeah, just like that character in that Coppola movie starring the guy who played Charles Bukowski in “Barfly” and Matt Dillon who also played Bukowksi recently but far less believably if you ask me. They call me Motorcycle Boy because I always wear my motorcycle helmet wherever I go, even to the beach. I wear it for protection because I’m fair-skinned and because I like to dress like those renegade traffic cops in “Magnum Force”. So hot.**

**If you’re anything like me and I happen to think you are, then you’re no stranger to a lingering gaze and the pleasures of looking. They say “scopophilia” is the same as “voyeurism” but, really, I’m not so sure. “Philia”, you know, is one of four ancient Greek words for love. Whether it’s Kenny Turan sunning himself on the beach or my own reflection in the wet sand, I certainly do love to watch and often adore what I see but I’m no peeping Tom, thank you very much. I may be in my helmet and mirrored shades but I’m not hiding. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I’m the Motorcycle Boy and that’s just the way I am.**

**Remember that scene in “Jaws” where Roy Scheider starts yelling for everyone to get out of the water because he thinks he sees a shark but then it’s only blue fish and he’s humiliated in front of his family and the mayor? Do you remember that scene? Well, I saw a shark the other day and I didn’t say a word. I just leaned closer over the railing to get a better look. I mean, why do people hate sharks so much?**

**Fondly,**

**The Motorcycle Boy**