

Single Jewish Women

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Even if the dire unavailability of parking in Jeanette's neighborhood had made the task of meeting her at her apartment for sex seem daunting, only minimally rewarding, I always had a thing for girls who looked like [the nerdy Chipette](#) and this fact added a feeling of urgency to a situation marred with inevitable difficulty.

Parking matters; inadequate parking is as off-putting as a bridge or a toll, and I distinctly remember cursing the wind on an early August morning in 2006, drunk out of my skull, taking the parkway home because I was forced by law to relinquish my hard-fought spot, as per alternate side rules, and couldn't find a new one anywhere.

How would I have explained this to a dutiful officer of the law? Would he have been kind enough to understand the inadequacies of parking in that god forsaken, asshole neighborhood?

Luckily my intoxicated journey home was cunningly executed without police intervention, but the scars remained, and while I would have thought that no amount of implied sex was worth dealing with this asshole neighborhood again, she looked like [the godamn chipmunk](#), so I felt compelled to piss in the wind and live out every Saturday morning fantasy I had clumsily composed in 1986.

Parking wasn't as arduous as imagined, and when I got to her apartment, I had immediately picked up on her game; she bamboozled me.

She met me at the door and suggested we get dinner. Yeah, that's cute. It was only twelve hours before that I had the chipmunk squealing like a pig over the phone. Phone sex is a lost art.

"You simply must come over and watch the fireworks." It was the forth of July. People would be out in the country having the kind of picnics that you only read about in books. Maybe at public parks with rusty, foil-covered grills.

If there was ever a time to find parking, this was it.

But it was a serious case of bamboozlement. I declined the dinner suggestion, which was certainly the correct course of action. You don't negotiate with a terrorist.

I should have found a way out then, really, but the perceived effort in parking lent a contrived gravitas to the situation. Even still, staying was the wrong move to make.

We go for drinks. I pay. She wants this to be transactional; I concede. What a shit reality we're left with when gender interaction is so adversarial. Pay for pussy. No price posted. How are your negotiating skills? Put in a bid and pay what you feel.

One drink.

Rejected. She wants a table. She wants dinner. I just have to try their Yoshi Tatsu spring rolls, she says. An appetizer, of course. Her drinks keep coming. Hayabusa's Exploding Anus for dessert.

When the bills comes I have her pay for what she ordered.

She's shocked. She's livid. She's having a low-key, passive aggressive fit.

Her attempt at a sexual bait-and-switch had failed. Turns out her pussy wasn't worth a hundred dollar tab at the Samurai King. Back to reality. Maybe next time I'll be invited up, she says through her teeth. Pulling a bait-and-switch didn't make the evening worth my time, really, but it still was gratifying.

Single Jewish Women. Not a big deal, but I should have known. Domineering and aggressive. An

inflated sense of self. Procedural. *Transactional*.

When I kept seeing the letters “SJW” pop-up all over the internet, I thought I had gotten the joke. I mean, I didn’t think it was such a thing, *Single Jewish Women*, but the internet seemed quite taken by it.

And when it got to the point where everyone was shitting on lonely Jewish women, I had to look it up.

Oh.

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