

Summer after High School: 1966

Blue-Eyed Beauty Queen

The Italian boy was sure he'd get into Colleen's dress before the night was over. After an evening of strolling through the piazzas and other landmarks of Rome's finest attractions, Roberto made his move. He'd performed his amorous maneuvers many times before. This time would be no different. He casually walked the beautiful young woman back to his favorite hunting ground...the Spanish Steps.

There, along with other lovers, foreign and domestic, the twenty-something bon vivant began to work his magic. Unlike many of the other hustlers on the steps, Roberto had refined his seductive techniques until they worked like clockwork. He found a spot on the steps far enough away from the others that they wouldn't be noticed. They sat down and he wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

"Your dress is so beautiful."

While still being stylish, Colleen wasn't a slave to fashion. Her new dress, a Valentino signature piece, was obscenely expensive. Colleen's mother had insisted that she must have it for her time spent touring Italy.

The wine had begun to take effect on Colleen. She was happy and giggling and blissfully unaware of Roberto's casual arm on her shoulder. Smiling smugly to himself, the dark-skinned lover felt halfway home even before he began to slide his hand down toward his date's firm breasts.

Colleen leaned back against her date and laughed at the other couples. Roberto lowered his hand as he whispered in Colleen's ear. He spoke just softly enough to make her lean back even closer against him. He blew softly into the auburn hair that rested on her shoulders. Casually, he ran his hand up and down her arm and caressed her neck with his soothing touch. Colleen was practically purring when his hand slid gracefully to rest on her breast. He squeezed the firmness in his hand.

"Di neutralità!" Colleen snapped as she pushed her date away, "Oh, no you don't, buster!"

Roberto caught himself before falling backwards and steadied his hands on the steps. The Italian had been there before. He wasn't about to be dissuaded by this initial rebuff. Roberto leaned in again, whispering "Colleen, darling," bringing his hand back up to Colleen's chest.

"No, dico sul serio," Colleen slapped his hand away for a second time.

This time her reaction was stronger and unmistakable. She meant business and fondling wasn't in the cards for that night. "No, I mean it, Roberto!"

"I am so sorry! You misunderstand me. I like you." The hustler flashed his trusty pearly whites framed by light olive skin. "I like you a lot. I want to be your friend. Will you be my friend?" He moved in for a third attempt.

Colleen laughed, this time completely in control. She may have been lightheaded from the wine, but not enough to make a fool out of herself. It didn't matter that most of the other women around them were either making out or allowing their dates to round bases like major leaguers. Colleen wasn't about to be felt up by some gigolo she'd just met.

The redhead elegantly sprang to her feet and put her hands on her hips. "I have to return to my hotel. My parents expected me back by now. Thank you for the dinner and the wine and the fractured conversation. If you're ever in the states, don't bother to look me up." She took a step closer to the Italian leaning against the stone railing, nursing his pride. "Don't worry about escorting me home. I can get my own cab. Arrivederci!"

She left her date to stifle his arousal with cupped hands.

Upon arriving at the Plaza Pierzio, Colleen breezed through the lobby ignoring the calls of several other tour members who had spotted her from the bar. She was angry and embarrassed at the same time. She had no idea why she had put herself in such an uncomfortable situation. The arranged date was a disaster waiting to happen and Colleen had the fingerprints on her dress to prove it. She slipped into the elevator, narrowly avoiding a boy from the group that had been following her like a lost puppy the entire holiday.

Her parents were on the sofa watching television when she entered. "They don't have anything worth watching," her father announced as Colleen walked in. "And most of it is in Italian," her mother added.

"Did you have a nice time?" Mary Rose asked her daughter.

"Yes, Mom, he was very nice ... until he turned Italian!"

Completely missing her daughter's comment, Mrs. Fitzpatrick smiled and said "See, my cousin was right. She said you and her nephew would hit it off. Was his English good enough to understand?"

"Oh, yes, Mother, his English was just fine. I understood him all too well.

I knew just what was going on in his mind ... and elsewhere.”

“Will you be seeing him again?”

“Probably not. He’s got a lot of school work to finish before he can go out again. Besides, I think he has a stiff muscle to deal with.”

“I don’t understand.”

“That’s too bad,” Colleen’s father interrupted. “He seemed like such a nice young man.”

“I’d say he was probably your typical Roman male. He certainly fit the description of most Italian males I’ve seen in the movies.”

“I don’t understand, dear, what are you saying?”

“Nothing; he was fine.” Colleen grabbed a Vogue, Rome Edition, off the coffee table and began flipping through it for ideas of other Roman adventures - preferably not involving anyone of the opposite sex.

Colleen kicked off her shoes and snuggled into the corner of the long sofa. She leaned toward her Dad and whispered in his ear. “Thanks so much for this trip, Daddy. It’s been wonderful and such a nice way to spend our summer vacation before I go off to college.”

Roberto wasn’t the first man who wanted to score with the beautiful and classy Colleen Catherine Fitzpatrick. Her vibrant personality, charm and quick wit had attracted more than her fair share of young suitors. Most settled for being her friend. A few had aspired to go further; their goal being the Promised Land - but none had gotten there.

Deep inside, Colleen knew the right thing to do. Going diamond for a high school flame wasn’t it, even if she liked him a lot.

It all fit a very consistent pattern for Colleen. She was practical, smart, and sensible. She was too leery of lingering high school romances to be distracted from the opportunities that would unfold once she began college in the fall.

This European trip was the perfect break between Rochester Senior High School and the collegiate adventures that awaited her in the Twin Cities. A little distraction like the roaming fingers of Roberto was only a minor bump in the proverbial road ahead.

Colleen Fitzpatrick was born upper crust and she knew it. Her father was a noted surgeon at the Mayo Clinic. She was raised on what they called ‘Pill Hill’; the new development outside of Rochester proper where most doctors, lawyers and CEOs made their home. Her mother came from old East Coast money.

Her strata of society held its wealth in high regard but never in a manner considered too ostentatious. Understatement was the overriding principle

adhered to and embraced among her kind. The homes, the cars, and the clothes spoke only of fine taste and refinement. It was all second nature for Colleen. She had the self-confidence and knowledge to carry herself as she was expected to - and feel comfortable in the process.

She knew the kind of young men her parents would approve of and those they would turn a cold eye toward. Arthur and Mary Rose were both confident they had nothing to worry about. Colleen was a good girl that would not disappoint. They knew it and Colleen knew it.

Great Expectations

The Time magazine, dated April 15th 1966, lay tossed aside on the ground. Across its bright red cover, a banner touted the hottest city in existence - London, England. They subtitled it 'the swinging city'. Inside, articles went on about happenings on Carnaby Street, the latest English fashions, the glorious bands, and other wondrous things happening in swinging London. It was the place to be and to be seen.

No one was reading the magazine at the moment. It lay crushed under the thick thigh of Summer Blaze as she thrust her hips up against her boyfriend. Over and over again, she ground her round middle up to meet Daniels penetrating push. She moaned and groaned and rolled her eyes back in her head. Daniel ogled his rotund girlfriend in bewilderment. If she wasn't dying, she was certainly in a world of sexual bliss.

They were having sex for the first time and it wasn't going well. After months of persuasion, Samantha Berkowitz (aka Summer Blaze) had convinced Daniel to consummate their friendship the only way she knew how.

It was over before Daniel started to feel any build up inside. Summer was a pro. A quick roll in the grass after the last day of school might be adventurous work for an amateur like Daniel. For Summer, it was just confirmation of their casual fondness for one another.

She had Daniel on his knees, out and ready for penetration, before he realized what he was supposed to be doing. She quickly moved under him and guided the projectile on its flight path and scored a direct hit on target. Summer controlled the thrust of the missile until it exploded as intended.

Daniel was left breathing heavily and peering down at his shrinking member as Summer simply shifted out from under him; adjusting her skirt to cover her private parts. She grabbed the Time Magazine from beneath

her bottom and briefly skimmed the pages. Tossing it aside, she reached into her rainbow colored sack and pulled out an old copy of the New Musical Express, a British pop music weekly.

“Lay next to me Daniel. I want to see what they say about the Beatles ... I want to go there so badly Daniel. You should come with me!”

“Sure, Summer.” Daniel moved over to lean against a tree nearby.

“Don’t you want to sit by me?”

“Just keep reading and I’ll watch for anyone passing by. Tell me all about this London town of yours.” Daniel barely concealed his amusement at Summer’s fascination with that foreign city.

“It says that the pirate radio station called Swinging Radio England coined the term ‘Swinging London’. Did you know that?”

“No, Summer, I didn’t know that. So where did they get the name swinging?”

Summer frowned. “Daniel, don’t you know anything? Swinging means hip, with it, you know...very fashionable. Vogue Magazine called it the most swinging city in the world last year.”

“*Vogue*? You read *Vogue*?”

“Oh, stuff it, Daniel.”

“So, what else does it say about London?”

Summer glanced up at Daniel to gauge his interest. “The edgy cults of James Dean and the Angry Young Men are done. Skiffle and coffee bars have passed their time. Bill Haley and his version of rock and roll are over. Now it’s the Beatles and Rolling Stones that are on the vanguard of a new age of British rock music.”

Daniel was tickled by Summer’s enthusiastic read of the magazine. She was a true hippie at heart as well as in dress. In addition to being far more advanced in sexual ventures; Summer had done some drug taking and explored a lot more far-out, esoteric ideas than Daniel. She relished discovering new trends, new music and what the hip kids were doing after school.

They both came from similar dysfunctional backgrounds and shared a longing for something better in their lives. They were just going about it in two very different ways.

“Sounds like your kind of place, flower child. No place for a badass greaser like me.” They both laughed. Daniel stared out at the river boulevard that ran by the woods. Like a black gash among the swath of green trees and bushes, the pathway wound its way past the open field of grass and toward the college that Daniel planned to attend in the fall.

The College of St. Paul was one of the oldest colleges in the state, and only one of three in the state that admitted just men. It attracted a wide variety of students including the wealthy from out East who were attracted to its Midwestern business and medical connections.

Aside from the elite of local high schools, there was also a small minority who were admitted only because of the school's strong religious conviction that the poor and undereducated needed a chance to succeed as well. Daniel fit into the latter category. He was just plain lucky to have gotten in.

This summer would be the culmination of four years of struggle in high school and the dissolution of his past life. Daniel was moving on. Many of his old high school friends weren't.

Daniel would be entering college without Summer as his sidekick and sometime companion. She would be gone to someplace within a month or so; never to return to the Twin Cities, she claimed. This was their last summer together and probably their last time as soulful intimates whose relics of a past life left little to encourage them on into the future.

The grassy knoll where they had chosen to slap bellies was a known hangout for drinking, pot smoking, and the occasional sexual encounter; but Daniel didn't personally know anyone that had actually done it so close to the river boulevard.

Summer grabbed her panties and nonchalantly stuffed them in her bag.

"Come on, Droopy, you got what you wanted; just sit next to me while I read about my next destination - Swinging London."

Daniel looked over at his short, overweight girlfriend and shook his head. Summer had beautiful brown eyes even though she wasn't very pretty. But she was a confidant who would listen to all his stupid dreams and not go apeshit in the process. She encouraged him even when she wasn't sure what he was rambling on about.

"I really want to go there, Daniel!" She pointed at the picture of two women in their mini-skirts outside of a Carnaby Shop. "I want to hop a plane and *just go* to London!"

"Summer, you don't have any money. You don't have a job. Your parents would never let you go."

"Then I'll go to New York."

"New York? You don't know how to drive. How would you even get to the coast?... Hitchhike, alone?!"

"Yes, or San Francisco. They've got an art school in Frisco! I did well in art class and they'll let almost anyone in."

“What about Swinging London?”

“It can wait until I’ve got the money to fly first class - or maybe I’ll take a tramp steamer like Jack London did.”

“Now you’re talking nonsense, Summer. You’ll probably get a job at Burnick’s Department Store downtown and end up a senior clerk or something like that.” Daniel wrapped his arm around her. “But keep dreaming big, girl. That’s what I love about you.”

“And what’ll you do after you graduate from that snobbish college of yours?” Summer pushed Daniel’s arm away, laughed, and grabbed her crotch. “Maybe you’ll marry some rich virgin from that girl’s school and have tons of perfect little stuck-up babies.”

“You’re something else, Berkowitz.”

“*Blaze*, dipshit! Call me *Summer Blaze*. That’s my name now. Berkowitz is my parents’ name!”

“Pulling a Bob Dylan, are you?”

They both laughed and Daniel put his arm back around her. He looked out at the people meandering down the pathway; some lost in their own thoughts - others going someplace in a hurry. “It was good, Summer, while it lasted. I’m glad we became friends in high school. You made the time go a lot easier. We’re two of a kind, you know. I’ll be sorry to see you go, but when you do go out West or East, I think you’ll do just fine ... love beads and all.”

“It was good, wasn’t it, Daniel?” They both went back to watching the people streaming by.

Who are these people? Daniel wondered. *Are they students, executives ... or just working stiffs like me?* He wanted to share his thoughts with Summer like old times; about college and what might lie beyond, but he knew that would be a waste of time. They were on two different paths now.

“Summer, we’ll stay in touch,” Daniel lied. “Two outlaws like us gotta stick together.”

“Wanna try it again? I think I can make you hard.”

“No ... I’ve got to start the evening shift at old man Dryer’s grocery store. Gotta break in the new high schoolers tonight. Being a shift manager is a lot of responsibility.”

“I’m gonna stay here for awhile and read more about my future hometown.” Summer waved Daniel off.

Summer was still engrossed in the Time Magazine as Daniel hopped on his bike. As he rode away, he replayed his first sexual encounter and smiled

to himself. Awkward though it was, he enjoyed having sex with Summer. It was hardly the kind of experience to brag about, but he liked being that close to a woman.