

# The Joys of Goys

BY MELISSA SCHORR

**B**less me, father, for I have sinned. I've dined on shellfish, gazed at stained glass and cursed the natural curl of my follicle. I'd willingly trade in all eight nights of Hanukkah for an eve of stocking stuffing. And perhaps most shamefully, deep in my heart, I've always harbored lust for men with angular jaws, rail-thin noses and steely blue eyes. The type of men who don't *shvitz* in the steam bath but sweat in the weight room. Men whose mothers have absolutely no say in their wardrobes. In other words, Gentiles. Leave the Nice Jewish Boys to the fantasies of Meghan Daum ("The Goy Next Door," July) and bring on the Goy Toys.

Lord knows, I've tried to be a good Jewish girl. I can whip up a pot of chicken soup, dance the hora and recite the names of a dozen Catskill resorts. I come from a long line of apartment dwellers. I've Hilleled and B'naied. But just like Barbra Streisand, I'm always mooning after some hunky Robert Redford golden goy destined to leave me humming "The Way We Were." Lower me into a gold mine of dark, brooding Mount Sinai med students and, somehow, I'll sift out the three thick-necked, polo-shirted, beer-swiggling Yalies in the corner.

It's not that I don't appreciate the men of my own tribe. But a date with a Jewish man is always accompanied by an entourage: two sets of *kvelling* parents mentally composing the wedding invitation. Not to mention the pressure of perpetuating (and the sooner the better) the Jewish race.

Everything is simpler with a gorgeous *goyishe* guy, down to his four-letter oh-so-electable name. Against my better judgment, I'm drawn to his sense of privilege, his arrogance, his swagger. Unlike the Jewish man, careful to follow Antioch rules of seduction, the Gentile man is best when he forgets he's a gentleman, when he doesn't bother asking permission before he boldly plants one, with a dead-on aim cultivated from seasons of lacrosse or water polo.

Our different beliefs are of no concern: He'll take me in a hot tub, make me cry "Jesus" and consider me baptized. When a *goyishe* guy tells a girl he wants to "share" his love of the great outdoors, that's his way of enticing her out to the countryside, in hope of laying her on unhallowed ground. For the Gentile man is more at ease in the wild. He runs with the bulls; he walks on water. Well, he may *call* it water-skiing, but he's in denial.

When it's true love, my *goyishe* guy showers me with practi-

cal tokens of his affection: a Swiss Army knife, the *Mr. Boston Official Bartender's Guide*, a tire gauge. He patiently listens to my life story on our first date, and by the 1,206th date, he opens up, too, confessing how he and Shikso Dad haven't spoken in twelve years, and that he gets all choked up by that "Cat's Cradle" song, because that was his dad, dammit. (Inexplicably, he's still following in Pop's footsteps down at the white-shoe firm.) He lets me meet Shiksa Mom, a woman too classy, too modern, too coiffed, in fact, to do anything but welcome me to her tchotchke-free home and onto her son's water

bed, unlike my own parents, who construct the Wall of Jericho to try to prevent the inevitable inter-*shutting*.

When you're prone to loving Gentiles, you must always be prepared for cultural collisions: Passover mornings when the Shiksos display their ethnic hipness by proudly surprising you with bagels, or those awkward introductions when dear old Mom and Dad—Thelma and Seymour—meet the latest Aryan beau, an actor with the middle name Adolph.

Ultimately, I love Gentile men because they're the only species deluded enough to take one look into my eyes and see...exotica. It's true I have to roam a bit to experience this phenomenon. In New York, I'm a dime-a-dozen dark-eyed Jewess. But when I was at my Big Ten midwestern college (Go Cats!), I was a lone brunette in a gaggle of blondettes. I was courted by Southern Baptists and agnostic Catholics, the sons of bank presidents and attorneys straight off the pages of *Who's Who* (I checked, of course). Visions of the *Social Register* danced in my head. While they'd be prepping for the big move, I would be busily calculating how to get into their blue-blooded genes, merrily dreaming of Christmas carols, eggnog and fair-haired grandchildren and pitying the poor Meghans, with their "trophy" Jewish men, bowls of borscht and lifetime memberships in Hadassah.

So when my goy boy would finally stammer how he'd never, ever seen such dark eyes in all his nineteen years, well, sure, I knew it was trite. I knew it was a line. All the same, I'd have to express my brown-eyed gratitude. I just kept them tightly closed so as not to stare at the crucifix over the bed, thinking that by all rights I'd go straight to hell, if only my religion had one. ●

Melissa Schorr, a freelance writer in New York, isn't expecting any Hanukkah gifts this year.

