

The Magic Kimono

by Tom Mathew



Chapter I

"Another day, another holler. Holler!" Chutney stood there in her pant suit. She put her keys on the table. She swiftly kicked off her heels. She put her bag down near her shoes. Quickly, she ran to the bathroom. Sitting there she looked at her toes. "What color to wear?" she asked herself. The Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corporation's Annual Christmas Ball was only weeks away. There were no "Happy Holidays" at Ran Rold's company events. Ran Rold was adamant about that. "What to wear to attract the Farmer?" she asked herself.

The Farmer and Chutney were "friends" for three years. She loved the Farmer. She had put together a plan to marry the Farmer. Chutney knew that she had reached the stage where she wanted children. This thought she hid from the

Farmer. Few men in Golden Mountain wanted children.

Chutney wanted the relationship to go to the next step.

"How to look interesting?" she asked herself as she looked into her closet of possibilities. She looked at herself in the mirror. Let's start with the basics.

Bra. Panties and stockings. She walked over to her closet and looked at the wardrobe. She looked for something that was not too revealing. There! A little chinoiserie never hurt anyone. The Farmer loved Run Run Shaw films from Hong Kong. Chutney now looked like a character from one of those films. "Spicy". Updated, of course for modern times.

She knew what to expect at the party. The owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain, the Ran Rold, will come in. All the women will cluck behind the alpha male, hoping one day to be

his courtesan. Their ambition was to have a child with him. Once the child was born, his attorneys at Dewey, Cheetham & Soo would set up a trust account in Switzerland. Although it was illegal, thousands of families in Golden Mountain had them.

The illegal accounts were Ran Rold's way of saying, "I am the law" of Golden Mountain. A lot of "isms" were thrown around Golden Mountain. Capitalism. Communism. Even nepotism was mentioned. These were meaningless. No one in the metropolis ever threw around feudalism.

Ran Rold was the lord of Golden Mountain. His vassals controlled the vast enterprises of the land. Their knights had the key administrative jobs that enabled people to get hired and promoted. They also controlled the food, water and fuel of Golden Mountain. To become a vassal of Ran Rold, you had

to do get rid of someone who was in disfavor with Ran Rold. Get rid of enough people, make a lot money for Ran Rold, and get women for him and, then, maybe you could one day be his vassal.

Chutney thought all the vassals looked the same. Short, bald and beak-nosed. They all wore Giorgio Armani suits, Ran Rold's favorite designer, to look sexy. Giant suspenders were needed to hold up their deep-pocketed pants. Every pocket was full of Ran Rold's gold.

One slithered up to her at the last party. "I hear you are with the Farmer tonight," he stated.

"Yes," said Chutney.

That's not good for your career.

"And what would be good for my career? You?" asked

Chutney. At this comment he sinisterly smiled, like some freckled pimp from Sioux City.

She whispered softly to him, "You couldn't ring my bell if it was six feet wide and you had a circus mallet in your hands." She giggled.

Vultures and cockroaches would be much more fun. Shit, a tapeworm might even be a good lover compared to this cancer. "Ha. Ha. Ha," she laughed. She laughed so hard and snorted loudly. "Oh," she ran back into the bathroom to pee.

Chapter II

There she stood the whore of Babylon. Actually, her name was Jezebel, daughter of the largest tire distributor in Golden Mountain. Chutney was overcome with envy. Jezebel's back was chiseled from years of competitive swimming. Her thighs were shapely from years of riding thoroughbreds. Mostly black stallions. Bareback, of course. Of course!

Her wit was keen. Scores of men had followed her to the sacrificial chamber. This is where the insects got to meet the king of the spiders. This is where Ran Rold, owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain, sat.

The Rolex on her right hand was from the VP of Marketing. The heels, an anonymous gift, from the VP of International a.k.a. the foot fetishist on seven a.k.a. the Black Latex Mamba on her late night chat lines. When she had seen Chutney's feet walk by, all 300 pounds of her rotund frame got up, looked over her glass executive table and looked at her size 4 pumps.

"Oh, that will not do," she remarked to herself. Chutney's athletic frame turned Hilda off forever.

The Judith Lieber frog case, one of a kind, like the zipper that seemed to vanish into Jezebel's full majesty were given to her from Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that IS on Golden Mountain.

Her dress and décolletage revealed the darkest thoughts on the faces of the humblest of men. She walked by Chutney like the

ephemeral mist that you see in abandoned Buddhist temples in Rangoon. Her undulating movements were like volcanic eruptions.

Fire. Every man wanted to touch her molten lava. To the uninitiated it is a incredible sight to behold. Men from all over the ballroom started to converge into the sacrificial chamber to watch the vanity of all vanities walk by. Like bees, they are, swarming around a lone rose in the beautiful barren wilderness of Golden Mountain.

The Farmer was nowhere to be seen. The men all jostled each other to take a look at the future Mrs. Ran Rold, and her ladies in waiting. Chutney laughed to herself. Then she started to giggle. Then she started to snort. Suddenly her feet started to stomp loudly on the floor.

"Hello gorgeous," said the Farmer.

"Hey Farmer," said Chutney. Her arms suddenly felt incredibly heavy. She grew silent as she watched his eyes sparkle in the spotlight. Heartbeats raced by. Sweat poured out of her palms.

"What is so funny?" asked the Farmer.

"Them," she remarked.

"Our coworkers? I have worked with them for years, darling. There is not a single one of them who has a sense of humor. I guess it comes with bioengineering. Indubitably," the Farmer laughed at his own sarcasm.

"All the tropical birds you see in here with their plumage. It's like estrus in Borneo. They are dancing and prancing about," Chutney

stated.

"Nerd alert," said the Farmer.

At that Chutney snorted so hard and started to laugh so uncontrollably that snot started to come out of her nose.

The Farmer reached for his handkerchief and brought it to her nose and gently wiped away her mucous.

He stared into her eyes. Large Tahitian pearls in a sea of diamonds.

She stared into his eyes. She saw an ulcered capillary, some cholesterol circling his iris, and of course his huge eyeball. "Note to self. Remind Farmer to check blood pressure at next physical."

"Knock. Knock."

"Who's there?" asked Chutney.

"It's me silly," replied the Farmer. "Let's go somewhere else. Let's sneak out without Ran Rold noticing."

As the alpha males of Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corp. stared at Ran Rold's latest conquest, Chutney and the Farmer slinked to the side.

But Ran Rold noticed, after all he is the knower of all that IS on Golden Mountain.

"Patel," he yelled.

"Yes, Boss," answered Govindas Patel. Like the darkness that ensues when a flashlight turns off, Govindas Patel appeared as if he was already there. He had served with Ran Rold XXIII until his death.

When Govindas retires, the Triumvirate will ask his son, Sharma, to take care of Ran Rold XXIV. "So hard to find reliable sycophants these days," Ran Rold thought to himself.

Chutney could have been less conspicuous. The parasol was impossible to hide, even when the spotlights were off.

Her body wasn't the type of body that appeared in Vogue. Rather it was the type of body you would see on a college gymnastics team. She had no idea how buxom she was. Lacking a vast inheritance, hidden in a Swiss bank account protected by "could be" tax opinions written by Golden Mountain's elite tax lawyers, no one except the Farmer paid any attention to Chutney.

The Farmer had met Chutney in college. They worked together in several courses. She was from Golden Mountain. He was from a small town out west, poorer than dirt. The Farmer looked to Chutney to learn the idioms and culture of his sophisticated eastern surroundings. He did not know how to answer the essay questions on the test. She showed him how to beat the test.

Over time he showed her affection that no man ever shared with her. His arms were strong. His hands soft. His abdomen was firm. The sinews of his back formed valleys. She loved to hold onto his broad back as his hard chest bounced off of her.

The sounds she made with him were not feminine. In fact, she did not even know a woman could make such masculine grunts.

The Farmer made her realize the dichotomy of her existence. She found an aggression within her that she could not express with

other men.

It wasn't pleasure. It was self-knowledge. Since he lacked the dialectical materialism that so many of her previous lovers possessed, Chutney knew she could alter him. Mold him. Make him please her more. Chutney finally had met the hand that fit the glove that was knit from her soul.

The Farmer was no slouch. He was keen to learn language. He felt that language was what had hindered his parents. He was not going to repeat their errors.

Chutney was shocked at the Farmer's self-knowledge. How many in Golden Mountain even knew they could not write correctly. Who could know that language was hindering them from psychological union with their fellow man? The Farmer knew.

There were times that she felt like any other amoeba, wandering aimlessly through the cesspool that was Golden Mountain. With the Farmer, however, she felt a sense of being human. The orgasms helped. In fact, they were spectacular!

But his grace, his ebullience when the chips were down was amazing. His faith in God was what she respected. It gave her comfort. In this terrestrial manifestation we call life, Chutney knew the Farmer looked for comfort not in Swiss bank accounts and false tax treatises, but in a higher power.

This beautiful barren wilderness could be conquered. A little lipstick, some Chanel and a pair of incredible jeans.

"Veni, vidi, vici," she muttered to herself. The Farmer had fully

conquered her heart. With the Farmer, everything was possible.

Chapter III

Balloons. So many balloons. Everywhere there were balloons in the Diamond District. The time had come. Chutney felt an urge she had never felt before. She badly wanted a child. She wanted the Farmer's child. She could feel her love growing for this man, even though he seemed so far away at times.

Chutney would drag the Farmer to look at the pretty diamonds in the windows in the Diamond District. The Farmer teased her, "nothing is too good for my baby".

"Look at my mits, darling," Chutney remarked. "A small stone on a thin band would make my hands look skinnier".

The Farmer asked, "What are you hinting at?"

"I would like to get married," Chutney stated explicitly.

"Who's the lucky fella?" the Farmer joked.

She punched the Farmer hard in the stomach. "You," she smiled.

"Me? What about your career? Will your coworkers approve of me? What about your landlord? What about the newspaper store on the corner? What will his Indian arse think?

"Farmer, stop," Chutney admonished.

"Don't you think we should at least talk to your family?" asked the Farmer.

"What for?" exclaimed Chutney

"To get their blessing," said the Farmer obviously.

"It will never happen. You don't know rich people. And besides, Farmer, your parents are dead. You were on scholarship. Rich people only care about their Black American Express Cards. They look down on anyone who pays cash," said Chutney frankly.

"I have paid cash my whole life. I like the way it smells. And besides we have pretty money now. Blues. Yellows. Pinks. To go along with all that green. Chutney, don't worry. It happens every day in the cafeteria. I get it every day," stated the Farmer.

"What happens?" she asked.

"Farmer, when did you change your name? Farmer, you are well read. Farmer, is that your real name? Farmer, which book did you read to find that answer? Farmer, you had a scholarship? Parent couldn't pay, huh? It will never end," the Farmer stated.

"I know," she said.

"I want to get away from here. I want to have my own farm and my own land. Do you trust me?"

She licked her top lip and looked at the Farmer, "Of course, I do."

"We need to put a plan together. We need to look at our resources and see how we can manage? How much do we need for the wedding? How much do we need for the rings? Where are we going to live? How much money will we have?" Both of them asked themselves these questions on the train ride home.

The Farmer made plans. He decided he would leave after his annual bonus. Chutney would stay on until she could sell her apartment.

Chutney and the Farmer had lived for years on Golden Mountain. Both utilized Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corps. 401K Plan. Chutney, not having the expenses of paying for dates and romance, bought shares in the discount stock purchase plan. They didn't have a whole lot of money, but enough to get married and to buy a small farm out in Mohave County.

The two decided on a budget for the wedding. They started with her gown. The Farmer already owned a tuxedo and shoes. Between themselves, they knew nothing about diamonds.

Off they went to H. Sterns. Claudia, the Brazilian saleswoman, was incredibly helpful. She told Chutney to find the best stone they could afford. She then showed them several stones in clear Lucite with their carat, cut and color grading on them. Chutney found a stone they liked. The Farmer went and paid the cashier.

Chutney advised him to pay a little less. Claudia told the Farmer they had settings and also advised that other jewelers offered much more intricate settings over in the Diamond District.

The Farmer and Chutney went to the Diamond District to look at settings. Then they sauntered over to Tiffany's. At Tiffany's, the Farmer and Chutney picked out gold wedding bands. Each band had Tiffany's jewelers mark on the inside.

Then they went down to The House of Kimono's. Noriko helped her look at various kimonos.

"A kimono?" asked the Farmer.

"Yes, Farmer."

Noriko spoke to Chutney and the Farmer in Japanese. Chutney responded in Japanese that she had picked up while studying abroad at Kobe University.

The Farmer looked at them both chatting away in Japanese. "OK, I got the hint," he said and he left.

Noriko told Chutney that she would have to try several on.

Chutney advised, "We are going to get married at City Hall".

"Cool," Noriko replied. She then advised Chutney against too many layers and too much handiwork. "You may not be able to get a cab to or from. The train goes directly there."

"Keep it simple. You are going to be tried in the evening. What's underneath is for his eyes only" Noriko said. "Make it easy for him to take it off".

"Good idea," remarked Noriko.

The Farmer waited at the French restaurant for Chutney. In front of him was a nice duck paté with poached apples sliced over it. Sliced goose berries and a sprinkling of crushed pine nuts adorned the dish. Delicate gravy coated the pieces of duck liver.

"Muscadet, s'il vous plâit," asked the Farmer.

"Oui, monsieur," said the waiter and rushed towards the bar.

The Farmer looked around and realized that he would not be able to afford meals like this anymore. He wondered who drank Muscadet in Mojave County. The waiter rushed out with a bottle of cold

Muscadet. The Farmer inspected the cork and tasted a sample. "Formidable," he stated.

"Bon appetit".

Chutney came in and was escorted to the back of the restaurant.

"I almost gave up, thought maybe you went home," the Farmer said.

"Noriko is very knowledgeable. Noriko knows all the colors. The right length. She showed me how to put it on. How to take it off. All these things she shared.

Chutney ordered lunch. Now she spoke French. "S'il vous plait," she called for the waiter.

"Oui, mademoiselle?" the waiter asked

"Crevettes, s'il vous plâit," she said. She looked at the menu again. "Petite salade verte, aussi."

"Merci, mademoiselle," the waiter said and walked over to the kitchen.

The Farmer looked and asked, "Why a kimono?"

"Easy to put on and take off. I do not have to starve to fit into it. Nor do I have to make expensive alterations. The accessories and jewelry can go with everything else I own," she stated matter of factly.

"Can I still wear a tuxedo?" the Farmer asked.

"Of course," she said. "She'll have someone drop it off after she steams it."

"When can I see it?" the Farmer asked.

"On our wedding day, silly," Chutney beamed.

"What now?" questioned the Farmer.

"Well, we have to talk to Mother."

"Yes," said the Farmer.

They drank their wine. They ate their meals slowly. Several hours later we find the future married couple at Chutney's parental abode. Her apartment overlooks the Ran Rold Museum of Antiquities, Holder of All That Was in Golden Mountain.

"Well, if it isn't the scholarship boy," sarcastically remarked the grand dame of Chutney's life.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Farmer. The Farmer made sure he acted dumb and ignorant in front of Chutney's mother. He realized early that the fact that his father drove a cab was never ever going to appeal to a woman who had a Liechtenstein bank account.

"What did your father do?" she asked for the millionth time.

"He drove a cab," he said again for the millionth and one time.

"And what did your mother do?" she asked for the two millionth time.

"She cleaned bed pans," the Farmer replied with enthusiasm. "May I take your drink?" the Farmer offered. At the offer of touching her octogenarian hands, Chutney's mother cringed.

"Oh, my. Well, well Chutney you really outdid yourself," she exclaimed. The same routine every time.

"Mother, please."

"Please what?"

"We came here for your blessing."

"Blessing? Look at him. You have to be kidding me. He is NOC," yelled Chutney's mother.

"Chutney, what does NOC mean?" asked the Farmer in a bewildered idiotic look.

"Incredulous. Were the prisons empty? What happened to the asylums? The bath houses must be all boarded up. Huh? You couldn't find a hermaphrodite who needed electrolysis badly."

"Chutney, do you have relatives who work in those places. Well, I have a friend who works as a bikini waver too," the Farmer said sarcastically.

Chutney smiled at the Farmer. Seeing that pure, natural love between her daughter and the Farmer enveloped Chutney's mother with jealousy. "If your father knew you were going to marry the Farmer, he would be mortified."

"Mother, Father has been dead for over ten years," Chutney replied.

"I forbid it. I absolutely forbid it. Ran Rold loves you. Why would you choose the Farmer over Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain? Over my dead body, you'll marry him!" she bellowed.

"Put the list together!" yelled Chutney.

"What list?" enquired Chutney's mother.

"The people who are coming to your wake".

Happy Valentine's Day!