

Dear John,



Dear John,

*I hate myself! I am a pathetic puddle of pain! I succumbed again last night and hooked up with the guy who always comes a callin'. I know there's no chance of us being 100 percent exclusive, but I did it anyway. How do I know he won't be exclusive? He's told me like 10 times! But I couldn't help myself last night. He's just too good in bed. He knows my body better than I do! Frankly, I don't want exclusivity either, but I wish he'd fawn over me and tell me I'm God's gift to men. As it stands, I lose all my power with him, not to mention my dignity. He says he needs a "non-exclusive" arrangement so he can continue having post break-up sex with his old girlfriend. Can you believe that? What nerve!*

Signed,

Pathetic

Dear Pathetic

Some letters are easier to respond to than others. This one pretty much writes itself. It sounds like you know the score, so there's no reason to be upset. You're not upset about losing your dignity anyway. You're upset he doesn't worship you, even when you aren't prepared to worship him. How fair is that, pathetic?

This guy is to be commended. He's been upfront with what he wants, which is the opposite from how a lot of guys operate. You need simply to decide to play the game or not; and if you play, realize the game hasn't much room for "feelings" or "emotions".

But hey, there's something to be said for having your body rocked right. True sexual chemistry is rare. If you've found somebody who can play you like a fiddle, maybe you can find comfort with the "no strings attached" arrangement and just get plucked awhile. You didn't want exclusivity anyway, so why not just enjoy the music you make together?

No need to hate yourself over this one, Pathetic. Just understand your options and go with what feels best.

Thanks for playing,

John