

English Leather Aftershave

by Jerry Ratch

Your piece about going to New York reminded me of a trip I made to Mexico. About 6 of us went to Nuevo Laredo sometime back in the late sixties. We ended up in a red light district and I had my first experience with tequila. Lots of tequila! I must have wandered away from the bar we were at, because they said they found me down the street sitting on a curb petting some mangy yellow dog. The following morning everyone went to breakfast except me, because I was at some local diner chugging water like I was on fire ... Montezuma's revenge be damned! The smell of that Mexican food nauseated me to the point where I still can't eat it, and the only tequila I've had since is a Tequila Sunrise (basically punch).

I just can't figure out why nothing terrible happened to me that night. Young, blonde, drunk American girl sitting on a dirty curb in the red light district of Nuevo Laredo, and everyone left me alone ... amazing.

Oh, I forgot to mention — I remember you wearing English Leather after shave. Anytime I catch a whiff of it, it brings back some intense memories!

