

Caipirinha in Rio

Let me introduce myself:

My name is Dr Ducroix, first name Ralph - that's Ralph with *ph*. I work as urologist in the sexology department of the SAZZ and recently obtained my doctorate with a study of the effects of alcohol on potency.

The media really went for it. Well, what do you expect, spicy subject like that...

I was asked to give a talk on it at the World Psychosomatic Conference in Rio.

That was a hit as well, and I was rung by a journalist on the very first day.

We made an appointment for an interview in the lobby of the hotel, but I completely forgot about it, because the welcoming reception lasted longer than expected and I was buttonholed by one colleague after another.

The journalist in question, a certain Juanita, had left her business card and a copy of the journal for which she wrote.

It turned out to be *the* professional Brazilian journal for psychosomatics. There was an interview in it with the chairman, that dreadful Pablo with his white dinner jacket and his big mouth.

Everything in Portuguese, of course, so I didn't understand a word of it.

Well, anyway, I rang her mobile number, offered my apologies and asked if we could make another appointment. If Pablo could get two pages in that journal with his rubbishy research, I wanted at least three.

At first the lady in question wasn't interested - she was clearly deeply offended - but I persisted and eventually she agreed.

But it would have to be at her house, to save time, because she had another appointment that afternoon. No sooner said than done.

She turned out to live miles away, but the last bit of the route was breathtaking. As was the house where the taxi driver dropped me.

As the bell wasn't working, I walked around the house. And there, beyond the towering clumps of bamboo, I saw her. She was sitting under a straw parasol by a swimming pool, with her back to me.

Beside her was a small table with a writing pad, wine cooler and glasses. A bit further off lay a beach towel with a dolphin design.

When she turned round and said: *Ah, Dr Ducroix, so you found your way here all right?* I was completely sold. I mean, there are women and women, but this one was an absolute stunner!

She got down to business straight away and fired questions at me at a great rate, she'd obviously done her homework.

During our discussion she poured me one glass after another of the same lemon drink that we'd had at the reception. After three quarters of an hour she said that she had enough material for her interview.

She stretched and then, believe it or not, unbuttoned her dress, sauntered stark naked over to the swimming pool and disappeared into the water with a graceful dive. I stood there stiff as a board - if you get my meaning - and didn't hesitate for a second when she invited me to join her in the water.

In three seconds I'd stripped off my clothes and dived in as well. The water was just right, neither too cold nor too warm.

Later, as we chatted at the edge of the pool, I saw that she still had her watch on. I said: 'Shouldn't you take that off?'

But she shook her head. 'No, I have to keep an eye on the time, I'm being collected in half an hour.' And then she started kissing me.

And how!

Okay, I'll skip a bit here, though I'd just like to mention that the dolphins on that beach towel that I was eye to eye with seemed to be winking at me.

Far too soon for my liking she got up, went into her house, handed me a dry towel and said that my taxi would be at the door in ten minutes. 'Shall we see each other again?' I asked. 'You never know', she said. And disappeared through the open doors.

The next day was the last of the conference. My lecture in the morning, then some Brazilian woman's in the afternoon, followed by farewell drinks and a dinner-dance: I can't stand that sort of thing, incidentally. Don't see the point in it, all that idiotic galumphing around.

That afternoon I sat in the front row and saw that the hall was crammed full.

By three-fifteen the speaker still hadn't arrived.

The chairman brandished his mobile and said that she was no doubt stuck in the traffic. 'Rio is always a mess.' At last she walked onto the stage... Juanita. My Juanita!

Pompous Pablo introduced her, fawning all over her.

She turned out to be a psychologist, with an advice column in the Brazilian Playboy. That explained the crammed hall. The title of her lecture was: 'The influence of alcohol on male sexual potency disorders'.

My heart started pounding like a madman. No wonder she'd wanted to interview me. She was a brother - all right, a sister - sexologist, but her final conclusion differed from mine.

As there was no time for questions, I buttonholed her during the drinks party.

'I didn't agree with your final conclusion that the psychological component plays a greater role than the chemical effect of the alcohol.'

She began to laugh. *'Do you know how much time it takes you to...'* She held up her wrist. *'Why do you think I kept my watch on?'*

O God, she'd used me as a guinea pig. And how! *'Sex is something between your ears and not between your legs.'*

With that statement she brought her performance to a close. She looked at me guilelessly. *'Nice to be able to test these things 'in vivo'.*

At that moment the music started up, a samba.

The girl from Ipanema. That's all we needed. I hate sambas. She obviously didn't. She began to sway her hips.

'Do you realise how much you had to drink yesterday?'

As she floated away in the arms of pompous Pablo, she stuck up four fingers.

Like an automaton I took a swig from the glass that was handed to me.

Suddenly the name of that lemon drink flashed into my mind.

The drink that was served during the welcome reception and that made me forget that appointment in the lobby.

Caipirinha.....Caipirinha in Rio!