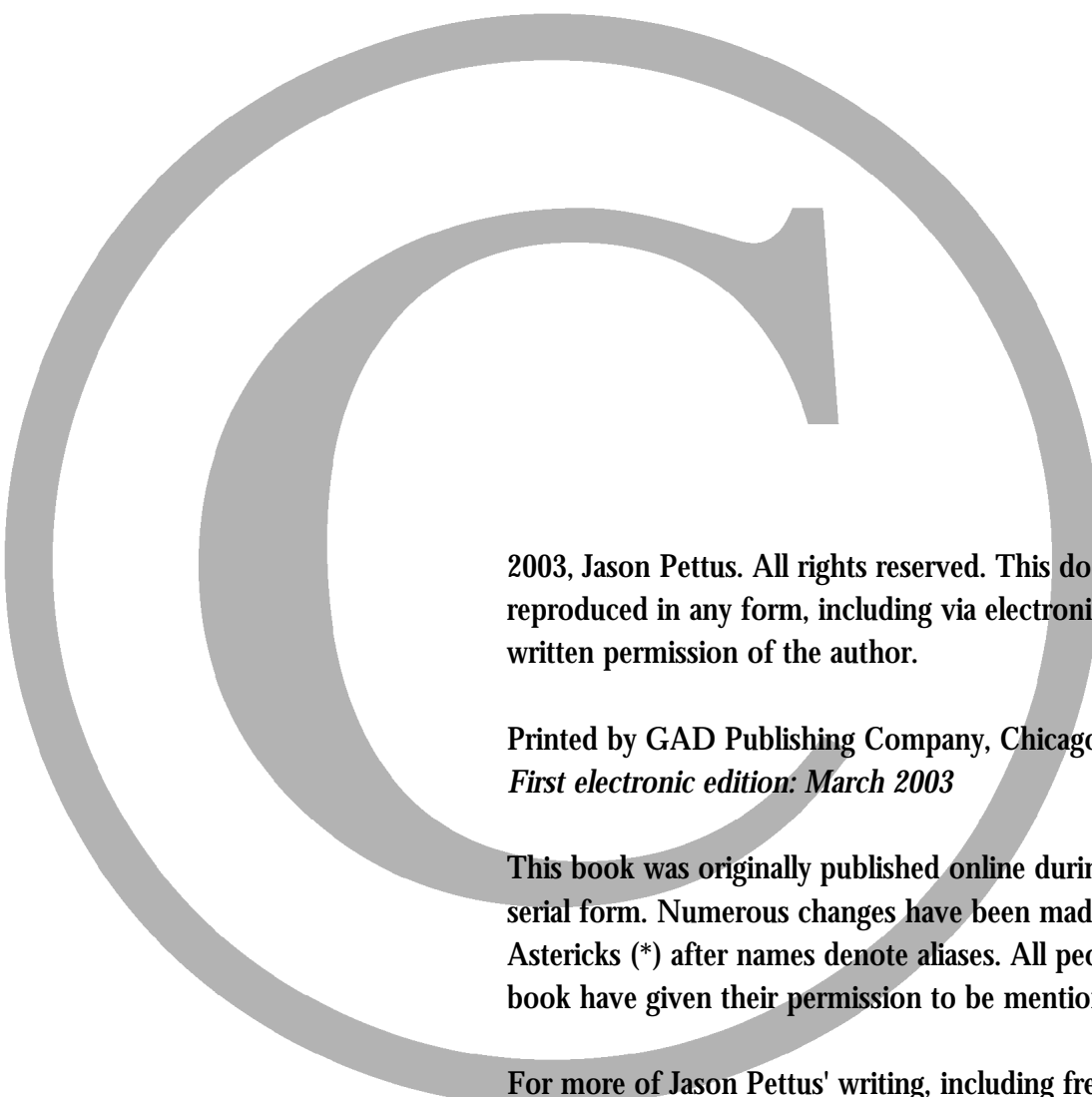




*Slut Summer*  
memoirs of casual sex  
Jason Pettus



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## Prologue

In June 2002 my girlfriend W\_\_\_\_\_ broke up with me. It was pretty much the messiest breakup I've ever been through; she left me for someone else, someone I knew, who she had been spending an increasing amount of time with over the last several months of our relationship. The breakup left me pretty shook up concerning relationships in general, and definitely with a desire not to date again until I had emotionally resolved the issues concerning this most recent experience.

I also decided that, as long as I wasn't in the mood to get involved in a monogamous relationship again, I might as well finally attempt some of the sexual things I had always wanted to try but hadn't at that point for various reasons. I had just turned 33 and figured that opportunities for sexual experimentation would just become rarer and rarer as I grew older; I had also spent the majority of my adult years curious about bisexuality, and figured it was time to finally see if I would enjoy it in reality.

I put a detailed personal ad together at my website and started advertising it at various Yahoo swingers' groups, seeing what kinds of responses I could get. I also made the decision to accept as many sexual propositions as I could, no matter what their subject or who they were coming from. Finally, I decided to throw a "massage party," an idea I had been kicking around for a few years that would allow people to experience group sexuality together without necessarily participating in group sex. (The personal ad and massage party invitation are both reprinted at the end of this book.)

My summer activities began June 19, the day my ex and I were supposed to attend a group sexual party together before we broke up. It ended on October 5, the weekend an ex-lover of mine visited me in Chicago. I ended up writing little stories about what each experience was like; this book is a record of those stories, photos and experiences. Everyone written about in this book has given their permission to be mentioned; most of the people have also read the individual entries concerning them and have approved them as well.

# Part 1

June 19 - July 11, 2002

June 19  
2002

SO, I FINALLY SUCKED ANOTHER MAN'S COCK LAST NIGHT. Which is funny, because I've been calling myself bisexual for sixteen years now but it took me all this time before ever having an actual explicit experience. I mean, I've been attracted to men for as long as I can remember...or, wait, let me amend that. I've been very selectively attracted to certain types of men as long I can remember – androgynous, intellectual, artistic, non-queeny. I made out with a couple of guys in college, and have propositioned a couple of men in the seven years I've been in Chicago, but have never actually gone all the way with any of them in all that time.

I'm sitting here on this stoop outside the building where I work, thinking about why it's taken me so long. I guess a big part of it is how I always told myself that I'd only sleep with a guy if I was really attracted to him, then used that as a crutch to sabotage any opportunities I might have had. "He's cute and all, but I'm not really that attracted to him, plus he's pretty fay-acting, plus he's dumb as a box of rocks, so I guess tonight's just not going to be the night."

This schism between my sexual identity and experience level has been bothering me more and more in recent years; in fact, this year I had made the decision to no longer call myself bisexual until I had finally had sex with a man, which I guess helped push me in the direction where I went last night. See, W. and I joined this primarily male masturbation club here in Chicago, back when we were dating. It's run by this guy named \*Xavier; basically, anyone who wants to comes over to his place about once a week, watches porn with everyone else, and masturbates in a big room together. W. and I used to go there to have sex with each other in front of strangers; it was just one of the many kinks we both used to enjoy together as a couple.

Anyway, after our breakup and my subsequent decision to have my slut summer, I decided to contact Xavier about attending the club again, this time on my own. Xavier happened to want to borrow this specific porn tape of mine so invited me to come over early last night. I was under the mistaken impression that there was a party going on later in the evening, so had been spending the day psyching myself up for what I thought was going to be my inevitable first homoerotic experience – and then, when I got home, spent an hour drinking malt liquor, popping speed pills, watching porn and masturbating not quite to orgasm.

When I got to Xavier's and found out that the party was in fact happening next Tuesday, I decided to just hang out anyway and shoot the shit with him for awhile; I am broken up now, you know, so it's not like I have any big plans on any particular night anymore. A friend of his was over as well; I never caught his name, and I never did quite understand the relationship he had with Xavier – part-time lovers, maybe, although they're both bisexual like me. The three of us ended up having this rather interesting conversation about sexual identity, sexual roles, experience versus desire, and the complex role bisexuality plays in all of these.

Xavier and I discussed how I wanted him to approach me next Tuesday at the party, because I was still too nervous about the idea of having to approach another man myself. He agreed to do so, and admitted that he had been looking forward to sucking my cock almost since the day I sent him a picture of myself in order to join the club in the first place. In the drunken, speeding state I was in, I found myself thinking, "Maybe it would be better to just go ahead and get my first homoerotic experience out of the way right now with Xavier. It would certainly let me be more in control of the experience, its speed and my involvement." I mean, next Tuesday is almost undoubtedly going to be fun, but do I really want to do it for the first time in front of twenty other men?

I said as much to Xavier. He heartily agreed, and not ten seconds later had his pants off and my hand wrapped around his cock. Holding another guy's cock was exactly like I thought it was going to be, except that it was even warmer than I had expected. I bit the bullet rather quickly, and about thirty seconds later found myself already on my knees in front of him, sticking the thing up inside my mouth. Gah! Those fuckers are really huge when they're in your mouth. I mean, seriously, I could barely breathe when I was giving Xavier head. Why

has no woman ever mentioned this to me before? Believe me, never again will I complain about what now seems like the relatively easy task of running my tongue over a pussy.

I gave it the old college try, but it was difficult; every ten seconds or so I kept accidentally sticking it in my mouth too far and would end up gagging and coughing. Xavier didn't seem to mind; he knew that it was my first time sucking cock, so more than anything else he seemed pleased that I had picked him. There is this rather profound sense of intimacy that passes between a person sucking a cock and the person whose cock it is. I suppose it's the intrusive nature of the act itself; that big, gag-inducing appendage filling up your entire mouth, unconsciously being pushed further and further down your throat by its owner.

At a certain point Xavier stood up; still on my knees, I asked him to fuck my mouth just like all the times I had done it to others. I felt this real sense of connection with him at that point, feeling him grasp my hair tightly with his fists, knowing that I was pleasing him, knowing that he was using me, using my mouth like it was a cunt. I mean, I'm still all for licking pussy, don't get me wrong. Plus I didn't feel any greater sense of intimacy when he was giving me head than when any woman has given me head. I'm just saying, is all.

Xavier's friend got back from his cigarette run after Xavier and I were already naked and going at it in the living room. He gave us a surprised smile, then was quickly naked himself. Xavier went into the other room and I started giving head to his friend. His friend's cock was much smaller – and I don't mean that as an insult. I was able to give him head for much longer periods of time without feeling like the world was about to end.

Xavier came back out with a jar of lubrication and a bottle of rush. Do you know what rush is? Basically, it's not much more than paint thinner but a little less toxic, which when inhaled makes your brain go gaga for about sixty seconds; in a nutshell, a perennial favorite among broke teens looking to get fucked up. Xavier claimed that rush makes your sphincter muscles relax, and so is a good thing to do during anal sex – and he and his friend definitely wanted to have anal sex in front of me, which is why he got it out. Hey, I haven't left yet, have I?

The three of us stood in a tight circle for a few minutes, jerking each other off, but the combination of the liquor and the speed and the newness of it all was making me rapidly lose my erection. So I bowed out of the proceedings and simply sat on the couch instead, watching while the two of them did indeed have anal sex in front of me. Man, that was a trip. The sex Xavier and his partner had last night was easily the most violent sexual act I have ever witnessed, either live or on a videotape – rough, harsh, Xavier thrusting spastically from behind like an animal out of a nature documentary, his friend burying his head under the cushions, whimpering like a puppy, taking a deep inhale of rush every couple of minutes.

You would think that this would be a big turn-on to watch, but it actually made me quite alarmed; the whole scenario seemed close enough to watching a rape to make me feel really uncomfortable and worried for Xavier's friend. I kept having to remind myself that he was actually enjoying it; that he was free at any point to stand up and say, "Well, okay, enough of that shit." After a few minutes I asked him if I could rub his head and shoulders while he got fucked; it somehow made me feel safer, like I was offering his friend comfort for the "violent" act that was being "perpetrated" on him.

Eventually the two of them sat on the couch and started masturbating their ways toward orgasm. I knelt in front of them, rubbing their calves and chests, gently squeezing their testicles every so often, occasionally reaching up to touch their faces and necks. The two of them both ended up coming all over my hands, then the three of us proceeded to sit around for another hour, naked and drinking beer and talking about Xavier's crappy temp job and watching yet more porn.

I want to be able to say that I've learned something about myself after every experience of my slut summer, so I've been sitting around today thinking about what I learned last night. I guess the biggest thing is that I really do enjoy sucking cock, something I had suspected for years but had never actually confirmed. The funny thing is that I didn't enjoy having my cock

sucked by a guy nearly as much as when it's been sucked by a woman; it's too rough an experience, too hard, just too...masculine. I've always wondered about those personal ads you see all the time from guys offering to suck off other guys with no reciprocation expected. I guess I understand them a little better now.

Thinking back on it, I'm surprised by how natural it felt to have this experience with two essentially random men. When all is said and done, what I really did was get drunk, sniff some paint thinner, give head to a guy whose name I didn't even know, give head to another guy who I only knew through a couple of hours' worth of conversation. The only time I've had a similar experience with a woman was in 1997, after meeting this random girl on a bus one night at two in the morning and having sex with her back at my place by 2:45. That time the experience struck me as really profound; this sort of magical night of free-flowing sexuality between two ships passing in the night. This time, however, it just sort of strikes me as, "Eh, whatever."

I'm not sure if it's that I'm now five years older and with a lot more sexual experiences under my belt, or if it's just the natural difference between sex with men and sex with women. I guess it's another thing I learned about myself, that I don't really have to be that attracted to a guy in order to have a good sexual experience with him. Or, that came out wrong. Xavier and his friend are both attractive men, no doubt about it. They're just not the kind of guys I see dating, or being in an intimate relationship with. This is not the case for me with women – unless it's under special circumstances, generally I cannot bring myself to having sex with a woman unless I am sufficiently attracted to her to be able to imagine us having a future together. That's just how I am; my sexuality is skewed maybe 80 to 90 percent on the heterosexual side, so I guess I just always turn to women when I think of romantic scenarios.

Oh, and one more thing I learned – there's a reason I hadn't done rush since high school. Do you have any idea what your head feels like the day after sniffing paint thinner for hours on end? It ain't like no damn hangover, that's for sure.

Next: This weekend I'm meeting up with a couple from Michigan. Like W. and I used to do, this couple adds domination and submission to their sex lives on a regular basis; they, however, are a few steps higher in intensity than W. and I ever got. Basically I'm meeting up with the boyfriend at a hotel downtown sometime on Saturday. Then I'm going up to their room and fucking his girlfriend/spouse, as she's blindfolded and tied down to the hotel bed. Oh yeah, and he's videotaping everything. Should be a very...interesting weekend.

June 22  
2002

JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH \*X, the dom half of the dom/sub couple I'm meeting up with tonight. We were hammering out the details of our rendezvous later – what hotel, what time, how we'll recognize each other in the lobby. Talking to X on the phone made me suddenly realize, "Oh yeah, this isn't just some fictional erotic story I'm making up. I'm actually meeting up with this couple tonight and fucking this guy's girlfriend in front of him as she's blindfolded and tied to the bed." It makes me more nervous; this is almost undoubtedly the most out-there sexual experience of my life thus far, and I still don't quite know what to think of it.

A part of me, I admit, still believes this to be some elaborate scam designed to lure me to a hotel room so I can be mugged or abducted. Those chances notwithstanding, though, there are still plenty of things to be nervous about, even if this is real. I've fantasized for years about the idea of fucking another guy's partner in front of him while he watched; now it's about to actually happen. Even better, the woman is a part-time submissive as well, which means that she's going to be put in a helpless position during the experience. I'd be lying if I didn't say this excited me on some level – that darker level of sexuality that all of us have but most of us keep a healthy check on.

I don't think it's necessarily so bad to "uncheck" this darker side of our sexuality occasionally; to get it out and run it up the flagpole every so often, just so it doesn't get moldy and moth-infested. That being said, I think a little bit of such activities goes a long way, and that one needs to be constantly aware of one's motivations when one is doing this kind of exploration. The fact is that almost all cases of sexual addiction stem from this side of a person's sex life, the compulsion to use sex to fulfill some sort of baser, more emotionally core desire. This can be a desire to forget one's immediate problems, or a desire to be abused, or a desire to be an abuser, or a whole host of other, darker motivations.

Like I said, I think it's okay to occasionally explore some of these darker desires, as long as one is careful while doing so. I'm aware of the fact that I'm partly using the events of this summer in order not to fixate on W. and the circumstances of our breakup. I'm familiar with the idea that being in complete control over another person in a sexual context is an intoxicating experience, one that can quickly bleed over into how you treat people around you in a nonsexual context.

I also acknowledge that I have a problem with all of this; that a year ago at this point, in fact, I was going through a sorta self-administered recovery from a light version of sexual addiction. (Too much porn, in a nutshell, and not enough sexual time with real people.) It would be easy for me to let each of my encounters this summer work as a little self-administered dose of "drugs" – a temporary sense of well-being, used increasingly to mask the feelings of depression and despair over the breakup, eventually becoming a monkey on my back that hampers my ability to get into another long-term romantic relationship down the road.

It helps to think of this summer as simply a pre-determined length of time dedicated to being a true libertine...although I still haven't looked up the word 'libertine' to make sure I'm using it the right way. What I mean is a person who lives simply for the fulfillment of his desires, sexual and otherwise. It seems to me that it wouldn't really hurt me that much to spend four months of my life indulging in passion, living for the moment, participating in whatever kinds of scenarios that happen to present themselves to me. It makes me feel like crazy ol' Henry Miller, wandering around Paris in a drunken stupor, ready with a perpetual erection for anyone who wanted it. Of course, I won't be nearly as broke this summer as Henry Miller was...and 2002 Chicago is a hella lot different than 1922 Paris. You see what I'm saying, though.

My slut summer has a definite end to it – October 1, when my ex-lover \*Alexis comes to visit. (There will be a lot more on her later in this book, closer to the date of her actual visit.) On October 5, after she leaves town again, I will be declaring my slut summer officially over, and will either be settling into a winter of being alone or a winter of trying to find a girlfriend again, whichever mood happens to strike me harder at the time. This helps; it helps to know

that these activities have a definite end-date to them and that I'm not going to get caught up in some sort of endless cycle of sexual dysfunction.

I'm also making sure to deal with my feelings for W. this summer while having these experiences as well, not just cram them into an unused corner of my brain to fester and rot. There is a process you have to go through after a hard breakup; a painful process at that, one that involves a lot of crying and anger and feelings of betrayal, doubts about your self-worth, etc. It's easy to cram these away because no one likes going through something like that voluntarily. It's important to go through it, though, else you'll never come to a resolution over all the issues from your previous relationship and be ready to love again.

I acknowledge how sad W. would (will) probably be to learn of my activities this summer. I acknowledge how sad I would be to hear of her having a similar summer – indulging in her desires, fucking everyone she has a chance to fuck, and very purposely trying not to think about me. I also acknowledge, however, that I cannot live my life in anticipation of what an ex-girlfriend might think of it. I can do everything I can not to flaunt my activities in her face; other than that, she lost her right to complain about my behavior the day we broke up.

I feel like I'm exuding a certain amount of raw sexuality these days, emanating from my body like radiation from a leaky microwave. I feel like people around me can pick up on this, that some of them are frightened by it and others turned on, the majority feeling some curious mixture of the two. My friends, for example, when I tell them of my experiences so far this summer, laugh nervously and hide their eyes, but they always finish the conversation with, "Well, c'mon, tell me what happened next!" The people I like hanging around with all have healthy sexual curiosities, even if they're not as willing or able to indulge in their desires the way I can this summer. They all like thinking about such indulgences, though, picturing themselves in the same situations and fantasizing about what it might be like. I like to think that a select amount of them will masturbate later that night, recounting my stories in their heads, and that an even more select amount of them might be inspired to join me in some of my libertine adventures. I feel like I'm a sexual vortex right now, pulling everyone around me into it in one way or another, depending on how close they are standing to me and how long they choose to stand there. That's neither good nor bad, I think; just a fact that exists.

June 23  
2002

WENT DOWN TO THE HOTEL WHERE X AND \*Y AND I WERE TO RENDEZVOUS LAST NIGHT. I showed up about 8:45, fifteen minutes before I was supposed to meet X in the lobby, and had a drink in the hotel bar. Bourbon and coke, gulp gulp, no problem. 9:00 comes and goes – no sign of X. I should mention, by the way, that they're staying at one of the more posh hotels downtown, one of those ones with a giant two-story atrium lobby and a huge-ass chandelier hanging from the ceiling. And here am I, in chinos and an Old Navy shortsleeve shirt, carrying a tote bag tightly cinched around my shoulder. Of course, I know that the bag is full of condoms and lubrication and pot and all the other things I'm going to need for my night of fucking Y; I got the distinct feeling, though, that the staff believed me to be a drug dealer waiting for a meeting with one of their guests. Granted, I was high at the time, but I don't think this was just one's usual drug-induced paranoia.

9:15. There is a wedding reception going on next door to the hotel lobby. Every five minutes another gaggle of hot women in slinky taffeta dresses come sneaking out to the lobby for another Virginia Slims Ultra Light Menthol King-sized cigarette. I keep picturing each of them naked, blindfolded, strapped down to a bed, ready for me to mount them and give them a good, hard fucking. Hey, just like I'm actually about to do upstairs any minute!

Except where is that damn X, anyway? I call his cellphone...or, that is, I try to call his cellphone but can't find any payphones. The front-desk clerk, eyeing me warily, tells me they're on the third floor, next to the now locked-up meeting rooms. Ah-hah. Ring ring. Voice mail. Oh no! Am I getting blown off by X and Y? I decide now would be a good time to get high again and reassess the situation. Glory be, the bathrooms on that abandoned third floor are still open. I get good and high for almost fifteen minutes and not a single person comes in or even notices that I'm up there in the first place. Expensive hotels seem to have a higher tolerance for this anyway – I'm sure they're used to discretely cleaning up a lot worse messes than just some slacker little shit getting high in their bathrooms.

10:00. Call X one more time, get his voicemail again, and in disgust grab my stuff and go home. Well, not really disgust; just disappointment. I can definitely understand the concept of getting cold feet; it's not exactly like we were getting together for a night of bridge. Still, it is disappointing; X had gone on and on in his emails over the last two weeks about his frustration with insincere respondents, how he was sick of people writing to him about fucking his girlfriend and then never showing up for their prescribed encounter. Given how much he complained about it in his correspondence, it really surprises me that X would turn around and then be one of those people. Maybe it was just a matter of miscommunication; maybe the battery in his cellphone went dead, or they were expecting me on Sunday instead of Saturday, or 11 pm instead of 9. I don't know; I wrote an email to X this morning but still haven't heard back from him.

I announced the existence of this journal today at my website; a couple of people I don't know have already signed on to receive it. I'm still not sure what to think of that – of people I don't know reading these stories. On the one hand, my tolerance for moral judgments concerning all this stuff is paper-thin, considering that my own personal sense of morality is so divided over these events in the first place. On the other hand, the more people who know of these activities, the more chances of getting invitations for yet more activities later in the summer. It's an incredibly difficult thing to explore alternative sexuality as a single guy, as you can well imagine; there's too many of us, too much competition, not enough couples and women who even want to add a third guy to the mix, and too many crazies/creepos to make most couples very comfortable with little ol' me at first. You have to put in a lot of work to make sexual experiences happen in this context; you have to scour the personal ads and adult websites, send out a lot of cold calls, be ready for a lot of rejection. Kind of like selling real estate. I guess.

Next: Tomorrow I attend the masturbation club by myself for the first time – it should hopefully be a good experience, and not nearly as drunken/speeding as my encounter last week with Xavier and his partner. After that, I'm just about to put an official date on my first massage party of the summer – lots more on this a little bit down the road.

June 24  
2002

X AND Y HAD THEIR CAR STOLEN! Holy shit! No wonder they missed the sexual rendezvous I had planned with them last Saturday night. I got an email from X this morning, explaining the whole woesome story: of double-parking to run into a convenience store; of somebody jumping in the car in those five seconds and peeling off down the street; of the lost luggage and cellphones and suddenly being stranded in a city where you don't live.

Ugh – it's just as well that we didn't meet up on Saturday; I probably would've canceled the session anyway. The goal in any sexual experience, whether of the normal or alternative kind, is for everyone to be in a good mood while fucking, not angry or worried or with their brain in another world. It's just how it is, I suppose; at least I know now that they didn't stand me up. X was profusely apologetic and vowed that we would reschedule our evening together at a later point. I offered to let them crash at my apartment if they ever came into town again; who knows? Maybe this thing will turn into a much larger, longer-lasting weekend experience.

So, as long as I'm writing today, I might as well explain the whole "massage party" thing I'm trying to throw this summer; it'd be good to finally have the whole story down on paper. The inspiration for throwing a group sexual party here in Chicago has a very specific date attached to it: March 18, 2001, the day noted sex columnist Carol Queen invited me to an explicit orgy she and her partner were throwing, back when I was in San Francisco for a book tour. The invitation was a stunning compliment...unfortunately, the orgy was taking place three days after I was scheduled to leave California, and there was no way for me to delay my trip. Sigh!

"I'm sorry to hear it," Carol said. "But, Jason, you should throw an orgy in Chicago!"

"You don't seem to understand, Ms. Queen." (Yes, I was still calling her Ms. Queen, even after being invited to go to an orgy with her.) "No one in Chicago would go to an orgy. It's just not..." Chuckle. "It's not San Francisco."

"Well," she replied. "There's all kinds of group sexual parties you can throw besides a full-blown orgy. There's this website you should go to..."

Which led me to "Enjoying and Hosting Erotic Events," a most enjoyable 100-page document published by this fun, kinky public-health service called [sexuality.org](http://sexuality.org). The article is perhaps the most comprehensive (as well as entertaining) guides to throwing group sex parties that the world has ever seen; everything from slightly naughty icebreakers to full-week Wiccan festivals in the woods with pagans dancing naked under the moonlight. Their basic premise is a simple one: that group sexual activity can be enjoyed whether it's three people or five hundred; whether planned months ahead or decided upon the moment after a bar closes one Saturday night; whether it's giving your husband a handjob while other people watch or getting porked from above by a complete stranger and porked from below by another woman wearing a strap-on. All group sex is great group sex, the multiple authors agree; it's just a matter of finding what is right for you.

They highly encourage people to "pick and choose" different traits from their various different sample games and parties they suggest (and they suggest a lot of them; they're fun just to read, if nothing else). I did this and came up with my own original party theme – the "massage party" – that combines many of the ideas the authors come up with individually throughout the article. It's a pretty simple concept: you invite an equal amount of men and women to your apartment and throw what amounts to a normal party for a couple of hours. Then around 9 pm you put everyone's name into a hat, which you then draw out in random order. When a person's name is chosen, they remove their clothes and lay face-down on the bed; the opposite-sex members of the party gather in a circle around them, as well as any same-sex members who are comfortable with doing so.

You set a timer for ten minutes. When it starts, everyone in the circle proceeds to give the person a full-body rubdown at once. At the end of ten minutes, the person flips on their back and the thing starts all over again. At the end of those twenty minutes, another name is pulled out, and this continues until everyone's had a chance to be in the middle of the circle.

Pretty simple, yeah?

I like this particular party idea for a number of reasons. First and foremost is that it gives people a chance to experience group sexuality without necessarily having to go through group sex. I think a lot of people, here in the Midwest especially, wish they could find some sort of middle ground between monogamous sex and multiple partners. I figure there's a lot of people who would go for something like this; a chance to really push their personal boundaries a little, without having to smash the dam altogether.

Second, I like the flexibility inherent to the structure. You are encouraged but not required to masturbate during your massage, for example, so I imagine there will be some nights when almost everyone does and other nights when almost no one does. You're free to either put your clothes back on after your massage or to stay naked, so I imagine there will be a bunch of different scenarios concerning that as well. The fact is that a party of this particular style is going to take on a lot of different forms, a lot of different distinct personalities, based on who is in attendance, what kind of mood they're in, what everyone has imbibed before the party, etc. In fact, if the parties get popular I've been thinking of throwing specially themed ones: a night where everyone smokes pot before the party, a night where everyone does ecstasy.

The most fun part of the flexibility to fantasize about, though, is the "after party." See, I've designed the massage party so that it officially ends about 11 pm or so; at that point, anyone who's had their fill can say goodnight and go home, while everyone who stays is implicitly agreeing that they don't mind the intensity being turned up a notch for the "second round." Given the nature of how I'm meeting some of the invitees, not to mention the hopefully successful result of the official party, I'm assuming that at least a couple of people will be feeling all loosey-goosey by that point in the evening and will say, "Sure, I'll stay a little longer, and I wouldn't mind doing some fucking this time."

There are five people currently registered to attend the first party, as well as one couple who are still trying to decide. Needless to say, I'm the only person who knows who all five of them are. And even that's not really true; two of them I met on the internet so don't really know that much about them, and they're bringing a friend of theirs of whom I know nothing at all. I mean, I've seen pictures; I know they're a military couple down on the south side somewhere. One of the people is Xavier, the guy I had my homoerotic experience with last week; one of them is \*Sylvia, this young girl I've known for quite some time. She's a trip, man; a friend of ours tried setting us up the first night we met, although I found out later that she was seventeen. I cut things off right away but still always had this intriguing interest in her; she's one of the freer women I've known concerning sexuality, which makes her rather fascinating to hang around with. Now she's nineteen - and sure enough, she responded to my invitation and said that she'd love to come (no pun intended).

I have whole separate fantasies constructed for each of the combinations possible for the second round of the first party; this military guy has already said he enjoys watching multiple men with his wife, so if only the three of them stay I fantasize about all three of us taking turns climbing on top of his wife and giving her a good, hard fucking. If it's just Sylvia staying, I simply fantasize about having sex with her...duh. She's hot, man. If it's Xavier, I fantasize about a man bringing me to orgasm for the first time. If it's Xavier and Sylvia, I fantasize about both of us fucking her at once. If everyone stays...well, whooe. I don't have to describe that fantasy.

No matter what, though, I think the official part of the party is going to be fun unto itself. As far as I'm concerned, I'm full-on prepared to jerk off to orgasm when it's my turn to be in the circle - I love the idea of all these men's and women's greased-up hands running hotly over my naked body as I pleasure myself all over my stomach. Yeah, right on - it gives me a hard-on just thinking about it. I'm hoping that everyone else is going into it with this same frame of mind; it could turn out to be a very interesting party indeed if this was the case.

June 25  
2002

I WANNA FUCK MY NEW PENPAL. We'll call her \*Barb. She's 23, thin, muscular, fit and blonde. Apparently she's been reading my regular journal for about nine months now, from her home on the east coast. She finally felt compelled to write this week, however, because of me mentioning this secret journal of mine. It seems that two summers ago she had an almost identical experience – a bad breakup, followed by three months of group sex, gay experiments, and anonymous sex parties. She wanted very much to be put on the mailing list, she said to me, so she could read my stories and compare them to her own.

The thing is, you would never guess any of these things by looking at her; in her picture she looks just like the cute, perky office worker that she is. It's made me get a little...well, a little crush on her, is what. She tells me all these incredibly dirty stories, compliments me on my writing skills, and is attractive to boot. What's not to like? Yet I feel guilty about it as well, because she's married and ultimately I feel that it is the proper thing to respect the boundaries two people have made with each other. Just thinking of it gets me angry at W. all over again, for not having the same kind of self-control when it came to our relationship...and the guy she had a crush on, for not respecting the boundaries of our relationship in the first place. Why are so many people like that?

I mean, don't get me wrong – I'd happily fuck a man's wife any day of the week, but it has to be with his permission (and hopefully his participation). As I'm starting to really discover this summer, for every couple that exists there is a slightly different interpretation of what a 'couple' is. Some couples love having multiple sexual partners; it adds this great and intense dynamic to their own sex lives. I'm all for that, believe me. Some couples are like W. and I were – we enjoyed watching other people have sex and having other people watch us have sex, but we didn't necessarily want to actively participate with anyone else. And some couples are strictly monogamous, both in name and deed. I just think it's the right thing to respect these relationships, no matter what they are. If you want people to treat you with respect, you have to start by giving it out to them.

All that being said, I sure have had some great fantasies lately about fucking Barb. She's coming to Chicago later this summer, you see. I'd tell you why, but that would give too much away of who she really is. My fantasy involves sneaking into her hotel room and having a quickie with her while her husband and everyone else is distracted. I've never had a quickie like this with anyone before, and it kinda excites me to think of it with this particular woman. It's so...illicit, you know? So dirty, so animal. Sneaking into a hotel room, pulling down our clothes just enough to fuck, going at it like dogs in heat for about ten minutes, then straightening our clothes and returning to the event.

Granted, I highly doubt that something like this would actually happen while she was in town. It sure is fun to fantasize about, though. And who knows? Maybe she'll discuss all this with her husband, and surprisingly he'll be into the whole idea. More surreal things have happened. It doesn't help that I think Barb might have a crush on me too, and that she keeps putting semi-flirtatious overtones into her letters: "It's a shame our sexual summers happened at different times; if we were both going through them now, we could easily get together and do whatever we wanted." Stuff like that. We both agree that we would love to get together and have some kind of encounter this summer, no matter what that might entail, but that we both need to respect the boundaries of her husband and whatever he decides he's comfortable with.

It's weird to have a crush on somebody right now; it's the first romantic emotion I've felt towards any woman besides W. in something like a year and a half. Granted, it's a nothing emotion, just a "heey, who's that?" kind of emotion. But still, even that feels weird to be experiencing again for the first time in a year and a half. Believe me, I really wanted to be attracted to other women while I was dating W.; she and I even agreed beforehand that flirting was a natural human activity and that we would both probably continue doing it even after we started dating. But try as I might, I just could not get attracted to another woman as long as W. was my girlfriend. God, I think I'm going to cry.

Anyway, my point is that it feels good to have this little crush on Barb, even though it most likely won't amount to a hill of beans. It's my first sign of feeling again after the breakup; the first sign that everything might just turn out okay after all. You really don't know the answer to that question the first week or two after a breakup; you walk around in a daze and think numbly, "My world is over. My world is over." It feels good to be attracted to someone else. It feels healthy. It makes me feel alive again. Finally.

CODA: Barb just wrote me back about this journal entry, and I feel compelled to add a couple of clarifications: 1) I mean "cute, perky office worker" as a compliment, believe me; 2) Barb correctly points out that a crush is not a "nothing" emotion at all, but rather a fairly profound thing – considering that W. and I broke up precisely because of a crush she developed on another person, I definitely understand this; and 3) most importantly, I don't mean to imply at all that Barb's behavior in this situation is in any way similar to W's. In fact, the emotions I'm going through stem from the opposite feeling: talking to Barb and seeing her obvious dedication to her marriage and husband is what makes me angry that W. was not willing to do the same in our relationship; watching my own dedication to respecting Barb and her husband's boundaries is what makes me angry that this guy W. met refused to do the same in our situation. It's not that difficult to respect a couple's relationship; you just watch yourself, watch how much time you're spending with the person, and whether that time together is threatening to their romantic partner or not. The refusal of this guy who W. got a crush on to do these simple things is what fucking pisses me off; I don't mean to imply that the situation is in any way similar to the crush I have on Barb.

June 26, 2002

I CHICKENED OUT ON GOING TO THE MASTURBATION CLUB LAST NIGHT. Yeah, I know, I'm a pussy. Actually, it wasn't so much "chickening out," except I'm not sure what to call it instead. I'll just explain:

I've got this little voice inside of me that just sort of shouts out when it thinks I'm about to get myself into something I can't mentally or emotionally handle. Call it a conscience, if you will, or my sense of self-preservation, or the good part of my brain that isn't swayed by drugs or sex or promises of adventure. For whatever reason, it's almost always right; almost every time I've heard that red flag get waved and went ahead with what I was planning, it turned into a disaster halfway through (usually involving breakups or overdoses or sometimes arrests).

I ignored that little voice for many years, mostly because I was in my twenties and could take a little more self-destruction in my life. I'm 33 now, though, and my body can't handle much more of it, so now I listen to my little voice when it speaks. And again, for whatever reason, it kept throwing up this red flag when it came to attending the masturbation club by myself for the first time. Maybe I'm not ready to deal with the issues of sexual identity this activity would bring up; maybe I'm too uncomfortable interacting with that many unknown strangers at once. Maybe I would really freak out halfway through...ugh. I don't even like thinking about losing my shit in front of a roomful of naked men.

Whatever it was, my conscience or inner-voice or whatever was telling me not to go to the party, all the way on the walk over to Xavier's. I got to his front door and it was still saying that, so I just kept walking by and heading straight to Joyblue. Then I stopped and had a beer and played a game of pool, because the humidity here is still like a New Orleans summer, even at night. And then I went home, got really high, and masturbated to mental images of Barb until I couldn't see straight. Oy oy oy.

So, I guess for now I don't go to the masturbation party, even though I'm still intrigued by the idea of attending. I do want to have lots of interesting sexual experiences this summer, but not at the price of my mental health. It ain't that important.

\* \* \*

About 75 people are reading my slut-summer journal now...or at least that's how many are on the mailing list. I'm hearing back from a lot of them about the stories so far in the project – although, thank God, no moral judgments yet (which hopefully is how it will stay). One of my penpals did posit an intriguing theorem today: she opined that part of why this journal is so addictive is that I'm willing to put myself out there as this real sex object; to let people fantasize about me in any way that they want, without any restrictions. Combine that with my ability to tell a good story, my willingness to indulge in a very hedonistic lifestyle right now, and what she claims are my good looks (debatable, but we won't get into that), and you've got a really potent situation on your hands.

Maybe. Maybe not. It's weird for me to even think of the idea of being a sex object, mostly because there's so damn few people who actually want to have sex with me. I mean, isn't that an inherent part of the definition of "sex object?" I've been a little frustrated by this recently, in fact; I kinda feel that my slut summer is fizzling out just a few weeks after it was allowed to begin. I mean, I had my experience with Xavier, which was fine; I was supposed to have my experience with the dom and sub, but their car got stolen; I was supposed to get together with this woman I met on the internet for a mutual-masturbation session, but one of her relatives died and she had to leave the state; I was supposed to attend Xavier's club, but we all know how that ended up; I've picked July 13th as the official date for my first massage party, but I haven't heard back from any of the invitees which is making me nervous.

And really, that's it; those are all the encounters I had lined up, and I'm not actively conversing with any new people at this point. Well, I do have a number of really intelligent, completely filthy women writing to me right now, but they're all either married or live too far away or are morally divided over the concept of actually fucking me. Which is fine, but I would also enjoy having the physical encounters as well. It's not just for personal reasons

either, but also literary ones; I'm really happy with how this journal is coming out, and I'm really hoping to have enough adventures to stretch it out into an entire book. I really like the way my breakup recovery process is intertwining with these sexual stories, and how I'm able to show that in my little entries I'm writing everyday. It'd be a real shame to have to give that up just because I can't find anybody to have sex with.

Ho hum. Maybe I'm the world's first sex object who can never get laid. Or maybe I'm just complaining too early; the slut summer is only two weeks old, after all. Maybe a month from now I'm going to have more encounters lined up than you can shake a stick at, and overflow crowds at all my massage parties. Maybe not. We'll see.

June 27  
2002

HOLY SHIT – I'VE GOT THREE WOMEN VISITING ME. And not even a day after I was bitching in my journal about how my slut summer was rapidly fizzling out before it got a chance to catch on. I guess I spoke too soon; or, maybe my plea in my journal got people inspired. I don't know, but I'm happy for it.

I'm meeting up with the first one in just five days, in fact. She's \*Gabrielle, the wife of the military couple on the south side who are attending my first massage party. I originally met her and her husband through a personal ad, in fact, so we had always planned on having some sort of explicit sexual encounter from the start. We've been sort of hemming and hawing about the date, but Gabrielle I guess got inspired or something and wrote to me yesterday, wanting to get a firm date down on our first meeting. I suggested next week, she suggested Tuesday or Wednesday, and the rest boiled down from there.

I hardly know anything about this couple; they correspond only infrequently and never write more than a couple of sentences each time. I do know that Gabrielle's husband really enjoys watching other men fuck his wife; I know it because they explicitly told me so. I know that they swing both apart and together; this I know because Gabrielle's coming by herself on Tuesday. Aside from seeing some photos of them, though, that's about all I know about them. It'll definitely be an interesting Tuesday.

The second person is who I'll call \*Calliope, and she's one of the more interesting people I've met in a long time. She's a "professional nomad;" that is, she's about my age but has already lived in a smattering of countries all around the world. She does these odd jobs each place she lands, or sometimes studies, as well as co-running a website full of online journals from other globetrotting cool chix. Already a very intriguing woman to randomly hear from one day.

But...she also has a very similar past as mine (and like Barb, for that matter); a bad breakup at the beginning of one summer, followed by three months of absolutely gaga sex. Also like me, she wrote a book detailing her experiences; unlike me, however, her book got picked up by this really famous postmodern erotica publishing company, and will soon be proudly sitting on shelves at edgy, independent bookstores around the world. Motherfucker! Calliope's my hero!

How can I put this without sounding offensive? Calliope likes to fuck. I mean, she really, really likes to fuck. This has become crystal clear from just a few days of talking to her; already she has suggested that I blindfold her and strap her down to the floor at some point while she's in town, that I come on her face, that I fuck her in the ass, that I dribble gourmet food down my cock, force her to her knees and make her suck it off, that we invite men over, that we invite women over, that we host a special explicit massage party, that I take her to Xavier's masturbation club.

Whew! It's almost too much to take in at once, you know? Where did this literate, world-savvy, web-savvy, underground-famous, very very dirty girl come from? What did I do to deserve such a pleasant person to walk into my life like this? I'll admit it – I'm very excited about meeting up with her. She's scheduled to arrive the weekend of August 9th, because the next weekend's out for me, she gets her period the following week, and the next week after that she hops on a damn plane for New Zealand for a year. Fuck me! She's coming in on a Friday, around 9 pm; we've agreed to be back at my place with our clothes off by 10:30, and to remain in that state as much as possible until 5 a.m. Monday, when we take off for the airport again. It's titillating, and it makes my heart kinda race when I think about it. We'll see if it works out.

And the third woman...ah, but the third story is still a secret, because there are some delicate issues still being worked out. You could say that we're still in the negotiations stage at this point. I'll let you chew on that one for awhile.

June 29  
2002

I HAD PHONE SEX WITH CALLIOPE LAST NIGHT. Which is actually quite a feat, considering that I don't even own a phone. It all came about because I was telling Calliope via email about this phone call I had with Barb the other night; things between the two of us have been getting a little...intense recently, and we thought it would be a good idea to talk for a bit in real-time and try to dispel some of the sexual tension that had been building up between us. Calliope pointed out that her own phone number ran at the bottom of every email; would I ever consider calling her as well?

So I did, last night, around 9 pm my time and 10 pm hers, me on a payphone on the middle of a public sidewalk, her on a cellphone in an empty house in Pennsylvania. Calliope is, um...she's pretty sexy on the phone, yeah. She's lived in England a total of six years over her life, as well as the American South for a number of years as well, which means that she keeps slipping in and out of an Ozark accent and a British one as she talks...two of the sexiest accents on the planet, as far as I'm concerned. Calliope babbled on the phone with me; she has this really charming way of telling this deep, emotional story and suddenly slipping in incredibly dirty statements when you're least expecting them. "Then I broke off the engagement and it was horrid, God it was so horrid, then I fucked this man who I shouldn't have, except he has such a big, absolutely beautiful cock and I couldn't stand the idea of never having it in me again..."

Calliope takes her cocks pretty seriously, in fact; we must've had a ten-minute conversation last night about the pictures she's seen of mine and what exactly is so right about it. There's something very seductive about talking to a woman who's so comfortable with her sexuality, who can really verbalize in precise detail what exactly she likes and what exactly she wants. I must've thought "God, I can't wait for her to get to Chicago" at least two dozen times over the course of our 45-minute conversation.

"Did you know I'm sitting here with a vibrator up inside me right now?" she asks coyly at a certain point.

"Really?" I did know this, in fact; she mentioned in an email that she was planning on doing precisely this while we talked. "Do you want to tell me about it?"

And so Calliope proceeds to tell me one of the dirtiest stories ever relayed to me over a phone, combining what she was doing to herself at that moment with what she wants me to do to her the weekend we get together. It was oddly intense to hear her literally bringing herself to orgasm over the phone; just the night before I had had this great masturbatory fantasy that had centered on the noises I imagined Calliope probably makes during sex, so it was weird to actually then hear those noises (the grunts, the moans, the halting phrases of "I think...I'm gonna...yeah, I'm definitely...gonna...ohhhhhh") come out of her mouth in almost the same exact timbre and tone I had thought they would. And best of all – in true British fashion, a few seconds after her orgasm she says in a rather prim voice, "Oh, goodness. Excuse me. That was awfully rude, wasn't it? And there you are standing on that poor sidewalk with a huge erection, probably."

Calliope and I are definitely going to have a good time during our weekend together, I think; we're both in agreement that we want it to be a sort of "lost" weekend, one where our clothes are rather forcefully torn off on Friday night and hopefully never put back on again until the following Monday morning. She's really into the idea of having other people join us sexually while she's in town, be it men, women or couples; I'm totally into it as well, although I've already warned her that I don't actually know anybody in Chicago who would take us up on the offer. (Any takers out there, by the way? Write if you're serious and I'll let Calliope know; maybe she'll send you some photos if you're nice.) She's also all into the idea of my massage parties, so I think I'm going to throw a special one in her honor that weekend, one that everyone will know in advance is planning on becoming explicit more quickly than usual. Again, whether anyone responds to the invitation is up to all of you, I suppose.

I don't know – I guess I'm just very excited about meeting her. It's still hard for me to believe that such an interesting, cute, dirty woman has walked into my slut summer like this;

when I started it a couple of weeks ago, I would've never guessed that I would meet someone like her. Not to mention, she's been giving me some really good advice lately, based on the experiences she had during her own slut summer a couple of years ago. She reminds me that when all is said and done, I do in fact have a much more powerful influence over these potential meetings than I want to admit, even if I am a single guy. I like to tell myself that I'm pretty much a neutral element when it comes to these upcoming encounters, since I'm the single one with nothing to lose; "They'll either want to meet up with me or they won't," I say to myself a lot, "and that's a decision they've got to make for themselves." Calliope's reminded me that my mere encouragement, my mere statements that I would be excited about meeting up with them, can many times profoundly influence what other people decide to do.

This is the whole difficulty with this mysterious third rendezvous I mentioned the other day; the reason it's still in negotiations is because her potential visit would involve an ethically questionable act, and neither of us quite know how to feel about such a thing happening. I want this woman to come visit me, but I'm not sure if I want her to cross over this ethical line to do so; I go back and forth about this every day, in fact. Calliope's reminded me how easy it is to lose sense of our moral conscience when we're so adamant about accepting every invitation that comes our way; how it's of even more importance to be listening to your little voice in those particular moments.

These are things that I definitely needed to be reminded of. That they came from someone I already feel this connection with makes me feel all the more connected to her; yeah, as a matter of fact, I do think I have a little crush on Calliope. I feel like there's someone out there who cares about my well-being as well as really wanting to fuck me, which is just about the best two emotions to experience in the whole wide world.

\* \* \*

So I saw W. on Friday as well – the first time I'd seen her since the breakup. I had some mail of hers that I needed to get her, as well some money I owed for a printer cartridge. I was hoping to find a way to get it to her through a mutual friend, but nothing was opening up so I just invited her to come by for a few minutes. On the surface it wasn't that big of a deal – we stood around for a bit on the concrete walk outside my building, made plans for getting together again to get her my half of the last phone bill, asked each other if we were doing okay, then parted again. Pretty civil, and not too long.

Under the surface, I was experiencing a wide range of sudden emotions, all of them occurring at once: sorrow that our relationship was over; hatred over how she fucked things up so badly when she didn't have to; jealousy over how well she seemed to be doing; lust over the fact that she's lost another ten pounds, as well as gotten her hair cut all short like Demi Moore in "GI Jane" (which of course worries me as well, because I know that every time W's gotten her hair cut like that in the past, it's because she was planning on dropping out of her sexual-addiction therapy and relapsing into a lot of self-destructive behavior again).

I had to fight an overwhelming urge to tell her to get back together with me; that somehow I knew we could still work it all out if we just both put in the effort. See, this is why I can't hang out with W. right now. I think she's a little angry about it, that she's seeing it as a case of "I'm no longer fucking him, so he must not want to hang out with me at all." It's not that; it's that I can't trust my emotions around her right now, because they're still so weird and passionate and manic-depressive. I want to tell her these things, but she's my ex now and it wouldn't be appropriate.

June 30  
2002

EVERYONE I'VE MET SO FAR THIS SUMMER, I'VE MET THROUGH THE INTERNET. That just occurred to me today, in fact. There's Xavier and his friend, who I met through an adult Yahoo! group; X & Y, who I met through a personal ad; Gabrielle and her husband, who I met through a swingers' website; and Barb, Calliope and another woman I have yet to write about, all of whom I met because they read my main online journal.

I wonder sometimes why I never look around in the bars and open mics here in Chicago for some new partners in crime; it just seems kind of futile to me right now, though. It gets tricky in those situations; even if you're just looking for a fun, guilt-free, short-term fuck buddy, that's no guarantee that they're not looking for a future spouse. That's why I like meeting for sexual partners on the internet; everyone gets a chance to state their intentions in detail upfront, and everyone else gets a chance to back out gracefully if they're not interested. I am not looking for love this summer, nor am I looking for another relationship; I am looking for people to share interesting sexual encounters with, feel a sense of physical, mental and emotional closeness with, and move on. Even if I was to convince a woman at a bar here in Chicago to have sex with me, I can imagine nothing but trouble just a few weeks down the road, when it's suddenly time for my first massage party and she's wondering why there are six naked people in my apartment.

I'll admit it; I am a full-time libertine this summer. I exist simply to indulge in pleasure and to fulfill my desires. I fuck when I want, drink when I want, get high when I want, and stay up late when I want. (Okay, not that last one; I do have a day job, you know.) I'm doing it by choice, and I'm doing it with a rational mindset, so I refuse to feel guilty about it. Some people get this and some people don't. The ones who do are most likely reading this journal every day already...and fuck the ones who don't get it.

A reader reminded me this weekend that my journal is rapidly moving into legitimate Susie Bright/Carol Queen territory; that if I wasn't careful, I might just be known soon as one of those underground-lit sexual gurus. Hey, I wouldn't mind that at all! I have an immense amount of respect both for Susie and Carol; I got to spend some time with Carol, in fact, during my book tour of California, and found her to be one of the more charming people I've ever met. Not to mention, their stories entertain me and give me a big ol' hard-on as well. I think these are perfectly legitimate reasons to like someone's work; if people are out there enjoying this journal for the same reasons, I'd consider it a real honor.

July 1  
2002

BARB'S DECIDED TO COME VISIT ME. Yeah, the married Barb I've written about here before. This is, in fact, the mysterious third rendezvous I've been eluding to here this week; we have completed our negotiations, and she has bought a plane ticket. It's been making me think a whole lot recently about various subjects, and I thought I'd finally write down all my meanderings today.

First of all, let me state right off the bat that Barb and I are not planning on having a sexual encounter. No, we haven't ruled out the possibility, but that's a wide gulf from consciously planning on it. That being said, Barb and I have recently become intrigued enough by each other, attracted enough to each other, that we've decided to at least get together, spend a weekend talking and hanging out, just to say that we did. And we've left our minds open enough that we don't know exactly what will happen over the course of three days.

She's not planning on telling her husband; she picked her particular weekend, in fact, because he'll be out of town himself. Does this make me feel like a hypocrite, given that W. and I broke up precisely because of another man entering the picture? Kind of, kind of not. On the one hand, I am a Taoist, after all, and a basic tenet of that philosophy is that you reap what you sow; that the world only treats you the way you treat it. I'm sensitive about when guys butt into my relationships and do stupid things to try to make my girlfriends leave me; as a result, part of me is sensitive about doing it to others.

On the other hand, though...and I know this is pretty terrible to say, but when you're on the single side of an extramarital affair, a lot of the pressure suddenly falls off. I have gotten involved with married women in the past; a couple of them, in fact. In every case I was the one who was single and carefree; it was them who were having to go through some weird emotional decisions over what they wanted to do. Let's just put it this way – there are very, very few benefits to being alone, but this is one of them. You are responsible to no one, you answer to no one, and you pretty much do as you please with no remorse involved.

Needless to say, I flip-flop through these emotions on a daily basis. Now add to that the fact that Barb is an incredibly attractive woman, physically speaking. Add that she has gone through her own sexual summer too, and is well-versed on the various artforms of...le varience 'amour, if you will. (Actually, that was complete gobbledygook. Kinky sex, that's what I'm trying to say.) Add to it this libertine pose I'm trying to strike this summer – that morals have nothing to do with me until October, that my goal is to succumb to pleasure whenever possible and to convince as many people around me to do it as well. You're now starting to see why this has been a rather stressful week for me.

I got some good advice this weekend, from friends both here in Chicago and scattered via internet over the planet. Barb, in fact, came up with the same idea as me over the weekend, and the two of us hammered out the details today. In a nutshell, we've decided that we're both just too nervous about whatever weird things might happen down the road to specifically schedule a sexual rendezvous. "After all," she said to me during our phone conversation, "what if we end up enjoying it way too much? And then it would be all weird this fall when my husband and I are back in town and you and I are having to pretend we don't know each other. Or what if it went really bad? Then it'd be even weirder."

Yeah, good point. Not to mention, as a friend reminded me this weekend, I really have no idea what's going on in Barb's marriage, other than the little factual information she's told me about it. I haven't really asked, because I didn't want it to seem that I was trying to latch onto small problems in their marriage and use them to convince her to come out to Chicago; regardless of how this book might sound, there are certain ethical lines that I just never cross and that's that. The flip-side of this, though, is that I don't really know what's going on, so there might be all kinds of complicated issues that I might suddenly find myself in the middle of. I mean, I don't think so, but the fact is that I don't really know.

Anyway, we've set up certain things to make this more realistic: like she's getting her own hotel room, so she doesn't necessarily have to sleep at my place and make the sexual tension greater. We've both agreed beforehand not to purposely steer the conversation towards

proposition. She's given me permission to write about it here, which sorta keeps us both a little more accountable. We're both remembering that we're meeting again in October, this time in front of her husband, and that we have to play it cool. These are all good things, I think; at least, they make me feel much more comfortable about the situation.

The irony is that we might sleep together anyway. Probably not, but we've both kind of carefully pointed out to each other that neither of us have ruled it out yet. I don't want to speak for Barb, but I personally feel much more comfortable with the idea that, given if a sexual experience occurred, it would be the organic result of the two of us meeting and really hitting it off. That it was a natural byproduct of the connection we were feeling, not that we were arbitrarily scheduling it. That both of us intimately felt like we would have nothing bad or guilty to feel about once the experience was over. With things like that, you just can't judge them until you actually meet the person; too much of it depends on very subtle things like mannerisms and voice tone, the way they hold their body, the way your minds connect on little details.

So anyway, that's that. I've written an awful lot of conjecture about Barb here today, things that I guess she might be thinking but don't really know for sure. I'm purposely going to leave the bottom of today's entry blank, so that Barb can correct facts, clarify opinions, or right any other wrongs I made here. If it's still blank below, it means that she basically agrees with everything you just read.

July 2  
2002

GABRIELLE CANCELLED THE SEX SESSION WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE TONIGHT. Fuck! My slut summer, in fact, is not turning out to be very slutty at all – of the five encounters I've thus far scheduled, four of them have ended up getting cancelled at the last minute. (X & Y, because their car got stolen; a woman I haven't written about, because a relative died; the masturbation club, because I chickened out; and now Gabrielle.) If I were a less secure person, I would start to worry that maybe this had something to do with me; that I was giving out some sort of weird vibe to all these people that was making them scramble for weird excuses to cancel out at the last minute. I mean, thank God I'm not one of those insecure people...mm-hmm.

All joking aside, it's disappointing to have all these cancellations in a row, even if it turns out they're all for legitimate reasons, and even if I myself was feeling morally divided over some of them in the first place. I mean, yes, part of the reason of having my slut summer is to be able to understand my sexuality better, which has definitely been a success so far. And part of it is to understand my breakup with W. and be able to get past it, which has also been a success. But admittedly, part of the reason I started my slut summer was to GET LAID, which so far has been a complete fuckin' trainwreck. (Well, I mean, I did get my cock sucked a couple of weeks ago – but I didn't have an orgasm, so I'm not counting that.)

One of my readers asked me a very astute question today – namely, just why am I having my slut summer in the first place? I got ready to rattle off an answer, and realized that in fact I have no answer to this question – not a good one, anyway. Part of it, I suppose, is because I've never really had a summer like this before; one of being a libertine, of fucking whomever I want to fuck and not being beholden to anyone or even searching for someone to be beholden to. Part of it, I've realized today, is that I do want to explore my options as far as long-term girlfriends; I really want to get an idea of what kinds of women are out there, and what kinds of situations they're in, and who I really want to be with the next time I decide to put in the effort to have a serious romantic relationship.

Part of it is simply smoke and mirrors; the more time I'm fucking around with all these encounters, the less time I'll spend alone in my apartment, fixating on W. and the breakup and playing Radiohead albums over and over again. Part of it is professional interest; it'd be awfully nice to get an entire book out of this experience and have something to pitch to the publishing companies this fall. And part of it is just a natural curiosity about the world and the people around me, which is what led to me being a writer in the first place. I can't really come up with a better answer than that right now; the entire subject does warrant some further contemplation, though.

There's been this really interesting thing going on lately, regarding how my readers are reacting to this journal. (There's about 110 of you out there now, by the way.) Almost every women who's written in so far has made the same identical two points somewhere in their correspondence: 1) that I really come off as desperate or as trying too hard at moments; and 2) that it's cool that I started this summer just trying to get laid but have since ended up forming these more meaningful correspondences with these intriguing out-of-state women. The men who write in bring up two points of their own, again just about as often: 1) that it's amazing I can get so many women interested in me with so little work; and 2) that it's cool and all that I got all these hot girls writing me dirty letters, but it's a shame that I'm not actually getting laid more often.

No, it's not your imagination – in fact, my readers are interpreting my journal in almost two polar-opposite ways, based on nothing else but their gender. Yeah, I'm not sure what that says about us as a species either. I find the whole thing quite humorous; it's made me realize how many women out there just have no conception of how much work us men put into trying to get laid. Maybe I've opened some sort of dark window into the soul of the male libido! Or maybe I'm just fuckin' desperate, I don't know. To tell you the truth, I don't really feel like I try harder than any other guy in the history of time. Maybe it's just the fact that I'm writing the entire process down in detail, while most guys don't actually share this kind of information with their female friends. I don't know. It's been a bad day. I'm going to go get high and look at porn now.

July 7  
2002

I READ THROUGH MY ENTIRE JOURNAL THIS WEEKEND. It was a good weekend to do so; the holiday made it long, I was broke, and was in need of some time for contemplation on various subjects anyway. I got a good chance to see my summer so far in the long-term view, to refocus on some priorities, and to come to some conclusions.

First of all, I've decided that it's hard to keep this a faithful journal and also have some of my upcoming partners reading it before meeting me. There's been strange, unexplained feelings of jealousy popping up recently, and not just among the people about to visit; for example, Calliope told me one night how this soccer boy was going to be coming over to her place later to give her a good fucking, which threw even me into a jealous little loop for a few minutes. As much as we know a situation in advance about a person and acknowledge that we are but one of many sexual partners they are going to have in a row, it's still hard not to get at least a little threatened by hearing about the others.

That being said, another thing I've decided is that I'm looking forward to having sexual experiences with all these upcoming people. Let's face it; for a summer that was supposed to be all about different, intense erotic experiences, the only one that's gone through in all that time was receiving a little head from a guy I know while I was drunk and speeding. I realized this weekend that I am very much missing and pining for the touch of naked flesh pressed on naked flesh; of my cock deeply buried inside someone's vagina.

I guess this didn't occur to me before now because I'm not used to having so much good sex so often for as long as I did over the nine months I dated W. Thinking about it this weekend, though, it dawned on me - "Oh yeah, for nearly a year I was having this incredibly hot, kinky sex as often as I could possibly stand with one of the more attractive women I've ever dated. No fuckin' wonder I'm missing having sex right now."

A new emotion for me, that's for sure, but it's there. So I'm looking forward to all the encounters I have scheduled: Calliope, who gets into town August 9th, with whom I will be having some of the filthiest sex of my entire life (seriously); Barb, who arrives the next weekend and with whom I don't know what exactly is going to happen; then another correspondent, who I'm hooking up with in New York the weekend of September 5, when I go do a spoken-word show at the Bowery Poetry Club in Manhattan (thank you, Shappy and Cristin). I haven't written about the New York woman yet because I'm still trying to get things planned and scheduled; tell you what, the day after I finally get my plane ticket, I'll sit down and tell you all the details.

Yes, these are the three most intelligent, hipster, very erotic women I've met over my summer of adventure thus far. Yes, I'm visiting them all in a very short period of time. Yes, I still think of them as the unique, individual creatures they are, not just as a series of three-day fuck buddies. (A question I've had to answer more than once, believe me.) Yes, I do believe I'm going to have very satisfying erotic encounters with all of them, although needless to say they will be of three very different natures. I've decided that I'm neither going to feel guilty of this nor boast of it. It's just what it is, that's all.

I want to get myself in shape before these visits. Fuck, man, I just quit smoking a couple of days ago (which is a complete goddamn nightmare, by the way, but you can read all about that at my main web journal), so I might as well start that exercise program I've been promising myself for the last year I'd start. I'm happy with my weight (in fact, I could stand to gain about ten pounds), but it's all in the wrong places; too much around my belly, not enough around my arms and legs. I just want to shift the weight around a little, if that makes sense; I wouldn't consider myself unattractive right now, but I definitely think I could stand to look better.

Despite everything I've just said, though, I still want to be looking for more prurient experiences to have as well. I might be going to St. Louis in two weeks, for example, to participate in a professional gangbang internet porn shoot. Yeah, man, you got me. I just learned about this yesterday and shot off an electronic inquiry; you'll know the details as soon as I do. Is this going to bother the three literate, intelligent, sexy women who are planning on vis-

iting with me later in the summer? I don't know; but I reminded myself this weekend that I need to plan what I want to plan anyway. I would enjoy having the experience being in a porn shoot this summer; hey, it's just another form of sexuality to experience for the first time, just like everything else I'm doing right now. The porn model is hot, too...like porn-star hot. Oh, wait, that's redundant, isn't it? Anyway.

I'm trying to get up the courage to finally make it to Xavier's masturbation party later in the summer; it's definitely something I want to experience before my slut summer is over. I wouldn't mind having a really good, intimate, erotic experience with a guy, in fact, given that it was the right guy and I was in the right frame of mind. I met a guy earlier this summer I wanted to proposition, in fact; 23, just out of college, doing a summer internship in Chicago before entering grad school, cute, possibly bi, academic but not stuffy, little nerd glasses, listens to indie rock.

He was immediately interested in the massage party when I told him about it one Saturday brunch, and admitted he had participated in group sexual parties as an undergrad. ("Where the fuck were all the group sex parties when we were undergrads?" the rest of us at the table groaned when he admitted this one.) But alas; when I finally got up the courage (and drunkenness) to proposition him two weeks ago, he admitted that he was not only straight but also young and inexperienced and a little scared of some of the sexual paths I'm going down this summer. That's fine; would've been great to have his cock inside me, though.

My first massage party is supposed to be in six days; it's gotten really complicated, though, so I still have a lot of work to do. Originally it was to be Gabrielle and her husband and a male friend of theirs; me; Xavier; and a single female friend of mine in Chicago named Sylvia. Sylvia just sent me this cryptic email yesterday, though, saying that she can't commit to the party anymore and that I should call her suburban long-distance cellphone to find out why. And then Gabrielle backed out of plans to have sex with me on the 2nd, and I don't know if it's because she's pissed or was legitimately busy, so now I'm not sure if the three of them are showing up or not.

Meanwhile, I've had yet another couple write to me since then and express interest in attending as well, although I still don't know that much about them. And on top of everything else, I've scheduled the second party already and am already starting to deal with the details of that. This parody newspaper called The Onion recently did one of their mock news stories on this man whose upcoming orgy was turning into a logistical nightmare. I felt deeply sympathetic with the joke.

But still, I don't mind. It's become clear already this summer that there are lots of new rules to come to grips with when it comes to swinging: 1) Most people end up backing out for one reason or another. 2) Sometimes it takes a lot of work to set various things up. 3) Sexuality works in that Taoist way just like everything else does; a reader has a friend, their friend has an interest, the interest turns into a proposition. Sometimes there's nothing you can do but sit back and roll with the punches, I suppose. That's the sort of working mindset I'm trying to have this summer.

I've been jerking off too much recently; my entire arm is sore from my shoulder to my wrist. I've been writing too much as well; between my main journal, my sexual journal and all these dirty letters to my correspondents, my carpal tunnel syndrome has been flaring up again from time to time. Ugh. I can't wait until I do some actual fucking again.

July 8  
2002

I'M GOING TO BE IN A PORN SHOOT IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS. It's with the woman pictured below – she goes by the professional name "Shiver" and she is a pro/am porn model based out of St. Louis. This guy I met here in Chicago and I are going to rent a car on Friday, July 19th, drive to St. Louis, and participate in three shoots over the course of about 16 hours: first on Friday night, when all the men invited will take turns fucking her one-on-one in front of a camera; then on Saturday morning, with a big gangbang featuring all the guys from the night before; then a bukkake session immediately following. ("Bukkake" is a strange subgenre in porn that is popular in Asia right now; a bunch of guys basically come all over a woman's face at once, without any actual sexual interaction taking place.)

How do I find myself in this situation? Fuck, man, you got me. It all started, surprisingly enough, in one of the endless amounts of adult Yahoo! groups I belong to: a guy named \*Thomas here in Chicago posted a note about the shoot, seeing if anyone else in town would be interested in participating and sharing the costs of traveling with him. I thought I'd go at least check it out; you basically start by filling out a form at Shiver's commercial adult site [shiverxxx.com]. You're required to fill out things like your real name and address, are informed that you will have to present two valid forms of ID at the beginning of the weekend, and are expected to answer questions about why you want to be in a gangbang internet porn shoot in the first place.

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I explained how I am a sex columnist on the web (technically true, but maybe different than how most think of it), and how I would like to participate so I could write a witty article about it for the vicarious thrill of my readers. I got an email back from Shiver herself on Sunday, officially inviting me aboard; I don't know if she actually came and checked out the journal or not. Then I wrote to Thomas, told him about being invited, and offered to split a rental car with him.

Thomas is an interesting one – he's into underground culture himself, hangs out at the same weird Wicker Park bookstore I do, and even speculates that we probably have mutual friends, given the things I write about at my main journal, which he has started reading. Here's an interesting thing, though – like about 65 percent of the men I've met this summer who swing, he also does it without his girlfriend's knowledge or permission. I'm going to refrain from making any moral judgments about it, either good or bad; I just think it's interesting that there's so many men who do this, that's all.

Am I nervous about the idea of participating in a porn shoot? Ah, well, not as much as you would think, actually. After all, I did already fuck my ex-girlfriend in front of a roomful of men before, several times, while being filmed, and still managing to have my orgasm on-camera, so I'm not so nervous about being able to do it again. Shiver's a pretty good-looking woman, I'll admit, and I don't think I'm going to have any problems maintaining arousal around her. And besides, I get this deep, rather dark little thrill out of the idea of doing this, the same kind of thrill I got thinking about fucking X's wife Y in front of him while she was blindfolded and strapped down to a hotel bed. There's something very...naughty and dirty about the idea of being in a porn shoot, and I'll admit there's a part of me that's a little excited by the idea.

On the other hand, this whole situation is very much like prostitution, except that the woman is making her money by getting other guys to pay to watch it. And I've had several friends over the years who have spent time as escorts; in most cases it really fucked up their heads at a certain point, which is why I'm so morally divided over the idea of prostitution. I'm all for a loving couple having a d/s session where the sub is the master's "property" for

awhile; it's quite another thing to actually be someone's property for an hour by way of an actual financial transaction, and not getting to pick who that owner is or know what exactly they're going to do to you.

And besides, this might finally prove this theory a couple of readers of mine have: that basically, even though I really want to have this crazy, libertine summer right now, deep down I can't really enjoy it unless I'm forming an intimate connection with the partner in question. This is why, they opine, I had to get so fucked up the first time I went to Xavier's masturbation club, and then chickened out altogether the second time. Maybe, maybe not. Maybe I felt weird about the club for the homoerotic issues involved, not the ones concerning group sexual activity. I'm definitely excited about my first massage party (which is coming up this Saturday, by the way; I'll have a big juicy story ready for you on Monday, hopefully), so I don't think that the above theory is necessarily sound. But maybe it is. This porn shoot will sure prove it one way or another, that's for sure. And I'll already be down there, so I won't exactly be able to back out of it. Hmm.

July 9  
2002

I'VE BEEN FEELING VERY EMOTIONAL THIS WEEK. Part of that can be chalked up to the fact that I just quit smoking, so my senses and emotions are going up and down like a roller-coaster for the first time since puberty. Part of it is that I'm broke right now, because I had to pay W. a huge chunk of money last week for all the bills that suddenly came due with the breakup (my half of the phone, my half of the printer cartridges), and being broke fuckin' stresses me out to no end. Part of it is that I'm feeling really horny this week, and it doesn't help to be getting all these incredibly filthy emails from these incredibly beautiful women but still whacking off every night by myself like usual. And part of it is simply that it's so fucking HOT in Chicago these days, and has been so very HOT for so long in a row, and with no end in sight, and with humidity like a Louisiana bayou, which is enough to drive you crazy just on its own.

Whatever the reason, I've definitely been emotional this week. I've broken out into open sobs on the fuckin' train three different times in the last seven days; believe me, a Chicago el is the last place in the world you want to be having an emotional breakdown. I've seen couples holding hands on the sidewalk, pausing to look at paper lanterns in the window of Pier One, and I've had to use every ounce of strength I have not to run over there and just push em fuckin' over and yell at them for being happy. I've screamed at my friends, gotten exasperated in front of my co-workers, and have frazzled every nerve in my body at least twice. Hell yeah it's been a bad week.

My poor friends keep putting up with it, although I don't know why. Maybe they remember that they've been in such straits themselves before, and so are willing to be tolerant with me while I'm going through it. They're the only ones keeping me sane, frankly; the correspondents who write and tell me I don't completely suck, the friends who slip me money sometimes or take me out for drinks. I'd be a walking, babbling mess right now if it wasn't for them.

One of the three women scheduled to go to my massage party backed out today – Sylvia, the nineteen-year-old friend of mine who loves to get fucked up and have sex. She says she got put on-call at the hospital where she works; whether that's true or not is anyone's guess, I suppose. Someone asked me today if I was excited about the massage party coming up in just a few days; shit, man, I've had so many experiences fall through on me this summer that I can literally no longer get excited until I actually am naked in a room with someone and about to fuck. There's this huge part of me that's convinced the massage party is all going to fall apart in the next couple of days, making it the fifth of six scheduled encounters this summer that have done so. I mean, we'll see – I might be pleasantly surprised – but for now I'm just keeping my eyes open and seeing what's going to happen.

One of my readers is an editor at this really nice postmodern erotica website called Scarlet Letters [scarletletters.com]. She's become a fan of this journal and asked me if I'd be interested in publishing it serially at their website instead of through this .pdf file. I can see both pros and cons to that scenario:

PROS: It'd certainly make it a lot easier for my readers to get to each day. It would probably bring a giant upspike in new readers who are already Scarlet Letters regulars. More readers = more attention to my work = mo money. It would push me one step forward in my quest to be the next rock-star postmodern sex columnist for some cool-ass publication like Nerve or Libido or Esquire or Details. I would love that; ask me how exciting it is to think about making my living by writing about sex. If nothing else, it would raise my stature in the local community; Michelle Tea would finally be impressed by something I've done, instead of it always being the other way around.

CONS: A lot more random people would be reading all of a sudden. I'd start getting a lot more hate-filled, judgmental emails from people trawling the internet just to find shit to get angry about. My ex-girlfriend would get a chance to read it without having to tell me, and I just don't know how I feel about that. Added publicity = my family probably starting to learn more and more about what exactly I'm doing with my free time this summer.

Anyway, I wrote to her today and told her I'd be interested, if she still is; I figure it won't hurt to try it. We'll see what happens, I guess, just like everything else.

I started my exercise program this week; running on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, non-weight strength exercises (situps, pushups) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. I am one out-of-shape motherfucker; I'm on the pussy little "so you just quit smoking" exercise plans, and even they are wearing me out. Well, I mean, not all of them; the running, surprisingly, is turning out to be quite relaxing and enjoyable. I'm not one of those masochist runners; I barely break above a jog when I'm out there, just enough to get my heartbeat to the 154 I'm shooting for during my peaks, and to hold it there for 30 seconds. If I can do that three times a day, my plan tells me, that's all I need to be accomplishing the first couple of weeks. Right on. On the other hand, I just did the strength exercises today for the first time, and now my body feels like some mobsters went over it with a baseball bat. One day at a time, Jason. One day at a time.

July 10  
2002

THERE'S BEEN A NUMBER OF INTERESTING NEW DEVELOPMENTS TODAY. They all stem from the fact that I've had a huge spike in new readers; at least 50 in the last 24 hours. What happened? Did a website more popular than mine link to me or something? In any case, I've been talking back and forth with a number of these new readers today, and it's looking like I'm suddenly going to be having a lot more additions to my summer sexual schedule after all. Thank God.

First, a woman's decided to come visit me just two days from now. Well, technically she's already going to be in Chicago on an unrelated matter, but she's interested in meeting up with me for a sexual encounter while she's here. Her name is \*Justine and she lives in a small college town a couple of hours' drive from here. Much like me and many of my readers, Justine has recently started her own sexual summer; unlike me, her experiments are of a much more radical emotional nature than mine. For years, apparently (she was telling me), she's been automatically equating the concepts of sex and love in her head, sex and trust, sex and romance, to the point where she couldn't even fathom fucking someone unless she was prepared to date them. Which worked fine while she was in a long-term relationship, but the relationship then ended up falling apart about a year ago. At that point she was so devastated by everything, apparently, that she went the total opposite direction and has actually been celibate for about twelve months now. Fuck, man! Now there's a bad goddamn breakup.

Anyway, Justine is now sick of not having sex, but still has this weird mental block about taking lovers who aren't her boyfriends – so, she's decided to just throw herself feet-first into a whole series of little sexual adventures this summer, in the hopes of forcefully breaking this connection in her head between sex and love that's been holding her back for so long. At least, this is how I'm interpreting everything she told me in her emails today.

The irony of it all is that Justine is one of the more physically attractive women I've ever corresponded with; she could easily be with any guy she wanted, so I'm not sure why she picked dorky ol' me. Well, I guess I can see why; all I'm trying to say is that I'm eternally grateful she's decided to come visit, because I rarely have the opportunity to be sexual with women who look like her. There's all these weird coincidences between Justine and me as well; we're both professional writers, we both attended large state colleges that belong to the same athletic conference (Big Eight – go Mizzou), we both even belong to the same professional music fraternity, believe it or not.

I'm really looking forward to Justine's visit; I'm not sure what's going to transpire, but I'm positive it's going to be enjoyable and erotic. The plan for now is for her to stay the night at my place Friday – if she's feeling up for it, she's going to stick around the next night for the massage party and then head home Sunday; otherwise she's going to hop in her car Saturday afternoon and just drive back home. As with everything else, I guess we'll just have to wait and see what happens.

I've got another woman who's decided to visit me as well – her name is \*Veronika and I think the plan is for her to visit either August 2nd or 3rd. Veronika is in a very similar position as Barb, yet another woman I've been corresponding with: she has this interesting and varied sexual past, is now dating a guy who's not nearly as adventurous as she is, and is still craving a little sexual excitement in her life even as she's trying to build something serious and long-lasting with her new boy.

Oh, Veronika. You should see this woman – thin, cute, geeky, with those little nerd glasses I love so much, and a mouth on her like a fuckin' sailor, I swear to God. Unlike Barb, Veronika has absolutely no ethical dilemma regarding getting naked and busy with me; needless to say, we've already made some solid plans involving my cock and her vagina and what they might do when they meet. She just lives a couple of hours away by train, and is not really in a position to take off for an entire weekend without explaining to her boyfriend why, so the plan for now is just a short and sweet experience – perhaps even just coming in during the morning, getting sweaty with me all day, then hopping back on the train that evening. Talk about a torrid little tryst, man.

Oh, and it gets even more interesting. It turns out that Veronika is attracted to Calliope as well, the woman who's flying in on August 9th to spend the weekend with me. And Calliope and I have already talked about how much we would love adding a second woman to our little weekend of fun; the only thing that's stopped us at this point is the fact that I don't know any women in Chicago who would like to have a threeway. So, as they say, the wheels are in motion; Veronika's emailing me some more explicit photos of herself tonight, then tomorrow I'm going to forward them to Calliope, and then if Calliope likes them I'm going to have the two of them start writing to each other...and if everything lines up perfectly, I may just be having my first-ever mixed-gender threeway in a couple of weeks. Yeah, I know – the whole thought is so surreal to me that it refuses to even sink in.

Third, I've had another couple contact me. We'll call them \*Sean and \*Jennifer, and they actually live right here in the Windy City. Sean has apparently been a fan of my writing for awhile; he got interested in my sexual journal recently, he was telling me, because he himself has gotten into a rather interesting situation: he is, in fact, currently in his first polyamorous relationship. He's not used to dating someone and still having other sexual partners, he was saying, so wanted to read my journal to see if he could get a little inspiration and advice from it.

Sean admitted that his girlfriend is bi and that he's getting interested in trying out a homoerotic experience himself. On a whim, I said something to the effect of, "Hey, if you're both polyamorous, and you're both bi, you two should both come over to my place some weekend. I'm sure the three of us could find all kinds of interesting things to do." Little did I know they live in Chicago! Next thing I know I've gotten an email from Jennifer, including half-naked photos of herself, telling me about how Sean just informed her of me and my journal and my proposition, and how excited she is about the whole idea. Oh, right fuckin' on, man! You see what can happen by occasionally floating across the inappropriately-forward sexual proposition?

Ironically, Jennifer is an old pro at polyamorism – in fact, she was in an open relationship for nine years before meeting Sean. I guess they swing both together and separate, because Jennifer wants to come over first by herself, get a chance to get comfortable with me and have a sexual experience without distractions, then add Sean to the mix. Hey, I'm totally for that. We're shooting for some night between July 22nd and August 2nd; things are really loose right now, but since we live in the same city, it's not really going to be any more difficult than simply hopping on the el one slow Tuesday night when we're both free.

Fourth, I've been invited to participate in another porn shoot...and this time the porn couple is really fucking cool! Their names are Phil and Nancy and they run this adult Yahoo group out of their home one state away from me. The theme of their group is simultaneously one of the weirdest things you'll ever hear of in porn and one of the most logical. Basically, guys write in every day with suggestions of phrases they'd like to see painted on Nancy's naked body; then the next day, Phil paints these phrases on her naked body and takes pictures of it, posting them to the group not long after. Yeah, I know! There's something infinitely odd, yet curiously erotic, about reading an email that says, "I want to see the phrase 'The magic starts here' on your stomach, with a big arrow pointing to your cunt," then the next day actually seeing this phrase, in bright red paint with little daffodils painted on Nancy's breasts, above a bright orange arrow indeed pointing down to her cunt (and a beautiful cunt at that, but that's neither here nor there).

Anyway, Phil and Nancy have decided to open a commercial site, which means they suddenly need a certain amount of original explicit content so they can immediately start signing people up. Part of this apparently involves a bukkake shoot, like the one I'm attending in St. Louis July 20th. They're scheduling the shoot in a couple of weeks, Phil was telling me, and he wanted to invite me to participate in it if I was interested.

The coolest thing about Phil and Nancy, however, is that they are completely into my sexual journal and have in fact already joined the mailing list. I can't tell you how much this

pleases me; I haven't really talked about it here, but the fact of the matter is that most of the "professionals" I've met this summer (whether porn people or seasoned swingers) are just not into reading my journal at all or even wanting to know about it. I'm not sure what it is; maybe they're having so many weird experiences themselves that they don't need to read about someone else's adventures. Or maybe they're not as culturally literate as the people who have ended up here as a result of my regular web journal. I don't know, but it can be a little frustrating at times, especially when these people could understand so much more about me and what my motivations are for wanting to meet up with them if they'd just take a look.

Phil, however, happens to be a big lit nut; he's especially fond of the Beats, which is great because I'm a big fan of the genre as well. He's been completely into my journal ever since I first mentioned it to him; he's made all these comments about what I've gone through so far, and has even asked for my opinion of his Yahoo group and the way it's run. It's cool that he's into it so much, because he automatically learns all these things about me that I would just have to be explaining anyway if he wasn't reading. It saves me time, and it allows them to understand me much better than any couple of emails and phone calls could. So, right on.

This all came about, incidentally, because of Thomas, the same guy who got me into the St. Louis porn shoot next weekend – in fact, we'll be traveling together again for the trip to Nancy and Phil's. I love Thomas, man – he's just this guy who already belongs to all kinds of interesting sexual groups, has become a fan of my journal, and is just really excited about getting me involved in all his activities so that I'll write cool little articles about them for you. I mean, I don't love him "that" way – he's made it very clear already that he's perfectly straight. Still, though, I would happily suck someone's cock as payment for all the doors Thomas has opened for me this summer. Hey, all you guys out there looking for a good cocksucking – keep that in mind!

And fifth (yeah, fifth), an ex-lover of mine has been reading the journal as well. (Actually, four different ex-lovers of mine are reading this journal as we speak. Hi, ladies!) There's not really much of a story to this one – just that she's missed having sex with me, and would be interested in getting together semi-regularly this summer, seeing as I'm going through my crazy little adventures right now and all. Believe me, I'm totally into that – as much as all these out-of-town visits are absolutely incredible, there's still nothing that beats having a regular fuck buddy just a ten-minute train ride away from you.

What the hell happened? Every time I start getting down on myself this summer, feeling like nothing's ever going to go right with this sexual experiment, the next day I always have this giant inbox of dirty waiting for me. (I haven't even mentioned the two hot young women who both sent unsolicited nude photos of themselves today; another time, another story.) Let's see, that makes...one, two, three, four, five, six weekends now that I'm going to have sexual encounters, including two different ones this weekend, plus a couple of visits from partners on weeknights. Holy shit – I think I'm finally starting to feel like an actual slut. It's about goddamn time!

July 11  
2002

VIVA LA THREEWAY! Yep, it's official (sorta) – Veronika and Calliope have exchanged photos, they've both liked what they've seen, they've started writing privately to each other without me being CC:ed, and it's looking more and more certain that the three of us are going to have a little hot boy-girl-girl action come August 11th. My oh my oh my oh my oh my.

My brain is refusing to even register the news; it's just sitting there on the top of my head, refusing to sink in. I mean, I've been wanting to have a threeway for so long now, and so badly, and have had so many opportunities over the years fall apart at the last second, that a big part of me just refuses to believe that this one might actually happen. Why am I so fixated by threeways? I'm not sure, to tell you the truth. I think mostly because I've never had one before, and I guess it's just natural to obsess over what we've never had.

Also, I guess, there's something really cool to me about the idea of three people sharing this really intimate moment together as a group. Sex can be a really intense thing, when done correctly, and I just like the whole idea of having this kind of intense experience but with two people instead of one. I mean, yes, a threeway also has an equal (if not greater) chance of completely blowing up in your face; I can't tell you how many stories about group sex I've received from my readers that contain the line, "It was all going great, until..."

Based on what I've heard from others, not to mention common sense, I think the best chance for a threeway to succeed is when there's no power struggle involved; that is, when it's three single people all coming together for an encounter and not necessarily an established couple and an "other." Granted, this situation almost never actually happens in the real world...so ask me how shocked I am to find myself in the middle of this exact scenario. I don't know, man – I'm finding it really difficult to describe just how excited and flattered and blessed and dirty, absolutely dirty I feel about these two incredibly beautiful women who are both willing to cross state lines with their own money, because they want to fuck me and each other at the same time. I'm the luckiest boy in the whole goddamn world. God bless us, every one!

And as if this weren't enough, the threeway itself is going to be unusual as well...surprise surprise. It turns out that both Veronika and Calliope are into domination and submission just as much as W. was; unlike her, though, the two of them are much more interested in the dom side of things. They've apparently been hatching this evil little plan over email today involving the two of them being co-masters to my slave; they won't tell me the details, but it apparently involves tying me down to a chair, keeping me in a state of perpetual arousal, but not letting me come or even touch myself until the two of them have completely had their way with each other a few feet in front of me. Did I mention that I'm the luckiest boy in the whole goddamn world?

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So Justine gets into town about 24 hours from when I'm writing this. I'm nervous; it just occurred to me today that this will be the first woman besides W. I've been sexual with in over two years. I'm worried that being deaf in one ear is going to annoy the fuck out of her; I'm worried that my teeth are going to really freak her out. (They're not in very good shape right now, and I can't afford the \$15,000 it'll take to yank them all out and replace them with a bridge, and my health insurance where I work still hasn't kicked in either.) I'm worried that I won't be able to please her sexually, and that she'll walk out of the weekend thinking, "Well, that was a complete waste of my time." I'm also worried that we'll enjoy it too much; that in fact it'll be the start of me forming all these weird displaced emotional attachments to every person who I'm going to be with this summer, which will eventually backfire and remind me of just how fucking alone I really am.

Yeah, I know – I'm worrying now for the sake of worrying, which isn't a particularly healthy thing. Just let me have my neurotic moment, okay? I'm much more comfortable in Woody-Allen mode.

Just when I thought I couldn't be shocked this summer, I got thrown for a loop today; two different upcoming partners of mine wrote and asked if I do cocaine, and specifically if

I'd like to do it with them the night we're going to fuck. I told them what I'll tell you: that I've done cocaine twice in my life; that both times I had the same exact reactions (I immediately wanted to fuck the person I was with; I immediately wanted more cocaine); that neither option was possible in those two instances, which led me to not really enjoying the experiences.

I thought about it a little bit, though, and decided: oh, what the fuck, why not? It didn't even occur to me at the beginning of the summer that my sexual experiments would lead to drug experiments as well; given how much certain drugs can enhance the sexual experience, though, it should've been a more logical conclusion to make. I'm a little afraid of cocaine (okay, I'm really afraid of cocaine), because I know what an addictive personality I have and how hard it is for me to stop something once I've gotten hooked to it. (And believe me, this first week of not smoking has really hammered this home.)

Here's how I'm looking at it: 1) I've always been curious about what it's like to have sex on cocaine, because I've heard so many amazing stories about it; 2) As long as I'm linking the cocaine use in my head to specific sexual scenarios, and not as a recreational drug, I think I have a much lesser chance of becoming addicted; and 3) Goddamnit, didn't I say I was going to be a libertine this summer? And isn't it inherently against the concept of being a libertine to fret about the moral qualms of any particular activity? Of course, as I've discovered the hard way this summer, I'm not really a libertine, at least in the textbook definition of the word; my ethics and my morals, in fact, play quite a bit of a role in what I'm deciding to do this summer. But I do want to try it, just to say that I have, and also in the quest to have more intense sex this summer. So, there. Remember, you promised – no judgmental emails.

# Part 2

July 13 - August 6, 2002

July 13  
2002

I JUST SAID GOODBYE TO JUSTINE. She is mainly in town, after all, to visit her sister who goes to college here. They have all kinds of activities planned for the weekend, and Justine was mostly "sneaking" in my visit when she had some spare time. So, she just took a quick shower a few minutes ago, put on a change of clothes, and headed out the door.

Wow. So where do I start? Well, I guess chronologically; Justine was an hour late last night. Which kind of bothered me, considering how many people this summer have cancelled out on me at the last second – but kind of didn't bother me, because she's driving and non-Chicago people always tend to underestimate the time they actually need to get from one place to another while driving. That being said, about 9:30 or so I did start getting worried, so grabbed a book and sat outside my building just in case she was having problems with parking (which people often do in my neighborhood) and was frustratingly driving around and around my block.

And sure enough, I watched this gray SUV drive by me twice, slow down almost to a stop in front of my building, then finally come to a halt. "So, this is me being late," Justine said through the open window. "I can't find a parking place at all." So, I pointed her to some side streets she may have missed, settled back down into my book again, and waited another 15 or 20 minutes, waiting for her to finally find a space for her silver monster. But finally she did, and soon enough we were up in my apartment.

My apartment hasn't been this clean, by the way, since W. and I first met. I even did something I haven't done for years; I hid all the porn, which I usually just keep out on this shelf above my regular movies. I don't know; Justine and I haven't been talking that long, so I don't really know what she thinks of porn (although I know that a lot of women have a problem with it), so I thought it just for the best to put it away in a box. I scrubbed down the bathroom, got all the clothes off the floor, got all the books back on the shelves, got all the spare papers neatly stacked in the corner. Ahh. My apartment's finally looking post- "I just broke up and I don't give a shit what my place looks like" -phase. Thank God; I've been waiting a long time for an excuse to straighten the place up.

Justine brought a bottle of wine, which was awfully nice of her. She also brought massage oil, which she had informed me of that afternoon via email. I ran around and lit all the candles in my place, put on a Belle & Sebastian CD (which, I've discovered, I enjoy much more on my stereo at home than in my Walkman while I'm running around the city; there's been a minor debate going on over this at my main website), uncorked the wine and got settled in.

Of course, "settled in" is a bit of an oxymoron in a studio apartment; in reality, we just sat around my bed and started shooting the shit. Justine told me about the gallery openings she had just attended in River North, heading out afterwards with this big group of graduate students to Hi Ricky, this fun Asian restaurant here in Chicago. We got some of that wine in our bellies, started getting a little more comfortable, and began expanding our conversation into art, movies, the pitfalls of doing freelance corporate writing (journalism for her, copy-writing for me). She told me how she was always running into Harry Knowles when she lived in Austin; I told her how I was always running into Ira Glass in my neighborhood.

We finished the wine, so moved on to the pot, both of us still talking a mile a minute. And I don't remember exactly what happened; either she got really high and laid down on the bed, or I got really high and suggested getting out the massage oil, or something like that. And the next thing I knew, I was gently removing her clothes, touching the side of her neck with my lips, instructing her to lay stomach-down on the bed while I got undressed behind her.

I grabbed the oil and started getting to work on her. It was nice; we were both kinda high and feeling all loosey-goosey, the candles were doing their trick, the music was setting this nice, quiet, Belle & Sebastian kind of mood. Yeah, I think I'd consider it a highly erotic encounter; there was a lot of kissing between Justine and me, a lot of rubbing and gliding our now well-oiled bodies up against each other.

I moved my way between Justine's legs. We had already talked about how both of us get nervous around people the first time we're with them, so I wasn't really shooting for the goal of orgasm when I went down on her; I just wanted to give her a pleasant sensation, to push her arousal one step further. It worked, by the way; Justine responded intensely to the oral sex. Maybe ten minutes into it she flipped me over hard so I was on my back, then started going to work on my cock with her mouth for awhile. Justine sucks cock with her mouth closed tightly and her tongue flat and hard; it produced all these really intense sensations all up and down the shaft of my cock, which combined with the pot was really quite a delicious experience.

I flipped her back over and climbed on top of her. She immediately grabbed my cock with her hand and started guiding me into her; I wasn't expecting her to do something like that so soon, but I'm not complaining at all. Fucking Justine felt just like I wanted this whole sexual summer to be like in the first place; two adults coming together, deciding rationally that they'd enjoy being sexual with each other, assured, comfortable with themselves and with each other. It was everything I could've hoped for, really: safe, warm, quiet, slow, erotic, intimate.

Beautifully enough, the expectations followed through the next day; when it was time for Justine to pack up and head off to her own life again, I felt none of the pangs of longing or guilt I was afraid I was going to experience. Even as I'm confident in all the sexual activities I have coming up later this summer, I still wasn't so sure if all this sex was going to mix with my emotions of still going through the grieving process over W. I was afraid I was going to form displaced emotional attachments to my lovers; that is, I don't mind feeling close to a sexual partner, attracted to them and glad I've spent this time with them, but I've been afraid I was going to start pining after them, getting really down on the fact that they live so far away or are married or are about to move to New Zealand or whatever.

If Justine is any indication of what I can expect, though, I'm in for smooth sailing. When she packed up her stuff, gave me a hug and said goodbye, I simply felt a sense of happiness that our night had occurred in the first place; pride that I had indeed been able to make her come at a certain point in the night; surprise that I ended up having four different orgasms over the course of eight hours (I guess that exercise program is already starting to pay off); relaxation from a night of finally getting good and fucked by someone. No pining. No remorse. No bad emotions at all, as a matter of fact. Well, hooray for me.

I asked Justine if she would write her own opinions of the experience; her mini-entry is short but very flattering:

"Let me start off by saying that Jason is a sweetheart. I knew this before I ever came up to Chicago. But even that knowledge wasn't enough to quell the nervous pangs in the pit of my stomach as I was driving over. The inherent strangeness of the situation, the fact that we knew virtually nothing about each other, had been making me fluttery all week.

"So I fully expected that I would be a nervous wreck who was talking a mile a minute by the time I got to Jason's apartment. But certain things distracted me on the way over: I was late showing up, so I was worried that Jason would think I had bailed and would be pissed; I discovered that driving around Chicago at night is a far different thing than day and almost got sideswiped by two cars; and when I finally arrived, I circled fruitlessly for about 15 minutes because I couldn't find a parking space to save my life.

"Jason was waiting patiently outside his apartment, book in hand, and brushed aside my apologies by saying that he figured we would get off to a late start.

"We went inside, drank some wine, smoked some pot, and things progressed. And it was just a cool, chilled-out night. I felt very relaxed around him and got everything I wanted from the evening.

"So I can recommend sex with Jason without reservation. He's got a beautiful cock, lots of staying power and many interesting stories to tell in between bouts of fucking. These are good things."

Nice. Thank you, Justine, for giving me a really great start to my busy summer.

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My massage party is supposed to take place in seven and a half hours. Out of the seven people who were originally to attend, two of them have ended up canceling and five of them just didn't bother to write back to my RSVP request at all. I don't have a very good feeling about this; I think I might be spending tonight alone in my apartment, jerking off to pictures of Veronika and Calliope again, which I've been doing every night since learning that I'm going to have a threeway with them on August 11th. The three of us have been starting to talk about this in more detail through our emails recently. Veronika read my journal entry on the subject and said that she didn't realize how badly I wanted it to happen; given how many times it's fallen apart on me, she said, she's now dedicated to finally making it follow through for once, because it's a gift she wants to give to me. Right on. Calliope wrote to say that she and Veronika are going to have phone sex with each other this weekend. Wow! What kind of can of worms exactly have I opened here?

I guess it's a lesson I've learned during my slut summer; don't get too down about the disappointments, because there's always another interesting thing coming up on the horizon. On Monday, for example, I'm meeting up with Jennifer, the female half (with Sean) of the polyamorous couple who recently introduced themselves to me on the internet. There's been this whole interesting thing going on with the two of them, by the way; they've been writing a series of private letters to me and sometimes not telling the other about them. It stems from the fact that Jennifer is a nine-year veteran of open relationships, while for Sean this is his first experience; they both keep telling me about what kinds of emotions they're going through in this new relationship of theirs, what they want from an open relationship (which is slightly different, depending on which of them you're talking to), Sean's emotions of jealousy and how he's overcoming them, Jennifer's emotions of impatience and how she's overcoming them.

It's led to some miscommunication at points; for instance, when I first published the story about them the other day, and how Jennifer and I were making plans to meet up alone first, I didn't realize that Jennifer had not told Sean about this yet. Sean wrote to say how weird it was that I had met another polyamorous couple in Chicago at the same time as them; I wrote back and told him that "Sean and Jennifer" were, in fact, them; he wrote and said, "You've been talking to Jennifer about getting together?" Uh-oh. I sat patient through the morning, waiting for the two of them to get everything hashed out on their end, which eventually they did. It mostly concerns the fact that I publish my work faster than Jennifer has conversations; the three of us agreed that we need to work extra hard at keeping everyone in the loop as much as possible.

Jennifer and I were originally going to meet up somewhere around July 30th or so; talking about it, though, we realized we were both just too impatient to meet so just upped it to this Monday, two days from now. I'll admit, it feels a little weird to get together alone with Jennifer while I'm having what's turning out to be this great conversation about polyamorism and bisexuality with her boyfriend. The hope among all three of us is that we'll all eventually be able to get together on a semi-regular basis and have some really fun group sexual experiences, both straight and gay. For now, though, Sean and Jennifer have to take things slow and respect the newness of their relationship; in their case, this apparently involves Jennifer having an encounter with me first, so that she can enjoy it with no distractions, and so Sean has a chance to let the idea of me fucking his girlfriend sink in a little before being directly exposed to it. Which is just fine, as far as I'm concerned; it does feel a little weird sometimes, though.

I don't know; they just both seem like really nice, sincere, kinda geeky people, and I'm looking forward to seeing what develops between the three of us. I've never really been used as a supplement by an established couple before, although my ex-lover Alexis and I had made plans for this, back when she was in an open relationship; I was going to fly to San Francisco

one weekend and spend three days basically servicing both her and her boyfriend, letting them enjoy each other as a couple from the waist up as I was making them both come from the waist down, one at a time. I would enjoy having a similar experience with Sean and Jennifer; there's something very satisfying-seeming about making both members of a couple come in front of each other, while they're hugging and kissing and really being close with each other. A desire to give instead of receive, I suppose, which is never a bad thing to occasionally experience during sex.

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JULY 14: Not a single damn person showed up for the massage party last night. Fuck that shit, man. The next one is scheduled for August 10th, and I've decided to add a new rule to the invitation process: anyone who is interested in attending from now on has to get together with me here in Chicago at least once physically before the party, even if it's just a nonsexual activity like drinks or dinner. I am sick to death of all these people who schedule activities with me on the internet and then cancel hours before. (There's been eight of them in the last 30 days, if you can believe that.) If you live in Chicago and can't manage to get together at least once before we're scheduled to get naked, then fuck it – I have no interest in getting naked with you in the first place. I know it's harsh, but the situation has forced me into it, man.

July 15  
2002

I'M ON THE EL RIGHT NOW, MAKING MY WAY BACK HOME FROM JENNIFER'S. I'm a little drunk, kind of high, definitely coked up out of my head, and feeling...well, freshly fucked, that's how. My night with Jennifer turned out to be a great experience, as a matter of fact, and I'm now really looking forward to spending some time with both her and her boyfriend together.

I ended up over at her place about 7:15 tonight, after walking from the loop to Chicago Avenue to cash my paycheck, and then over to Seattle's Best Coffee to get even more money to W. (and also to have a ten-minute conversation with her, a new record for us since the breakup). Jennifer lives in the tony Gold Coast neighborhood, believe it or not, up on the 20th floor of a high-rise with one of the most spectacular views of the city of anyone I've ever known. It's not that she's rich, though; she got the place through some scam involving rent control and a dead relative, which makes me respect her even more. We got into a surprisingly long conversation over the first half of the evening; we must've spent at least two hours just sitting out on her private deck, drinking beer and smoking pot and talking shit with each other.

And we definitely talked about a lot of shit with each other. It was really great to have a chance like that to talk with someone who has so much more experience in swinging than me; Jennifer regaled me with stories about her own past, the great successes she's had concerning open relationships, the comical failures, what she thinks of her new relationship with Sean, where it's going well and where there's still room for improvement. We talked about her former life as a biker and my former life as a punk rocker; we talked about why I started my slut summer in the first place, what I can expect threeways to be like, why all the sex clubs in Chicago are in the suburbs, and what exactly I think of all the various people coming to visit me this summer.

As the pot took effect, we started getting a little more...uh, loosey-goosey, which is a term I don't particularly like but can't really think of a better one to describe that relaxed, sexually open way you get when you're kind of high. We moved inside to the couch; I read what I had written about Jennifer last weekend, because she hadn't gotten a chance to read it yet, while she sat on the other side of the couch, took off her shirt and rubbed my legs. I asked if she was still interested in doing the cocaine she mentioned in her email the other day. She asked if I was still interested, given the moral qualms about it all I was mentioning here in the journal. I said definitely, if she was still interested.

I took a quick shower, washing off the grime collected from the two-mile walk from work to her place in 90-degree weather. When I came into her bedroom afterwards, she was standing there at her dresser, cutting up these thin lines of powder on top of a little mirror. I accepted a rolled-up dollar from her, thinking back to the urban legend about how there's supposedly so much cocaine residue on any given US currency now that you can supposedly be arrested based just on the random change in your pocket on any given day. I sniffed one of the lines up a nostril, waited a minute or two, then sniffed another one up the other.

I sat back and waited for that edgy, climbing-the-walls feeling to kick in, like the other two times in my life I've done cocaine. A surprise, though – this time it felt like I had just smoked a big ol' doobie and swallowed a muscle relaxer at the same time. Yeah, you got me. I felt so...relaxed, and passive, and like all I wanted to do was lay back, let Jennifer take off my clothes and fuck me until my dick fell off. So, I did; or, not actually had my dick fall off, but I sat back on the bed and let Jennifer really take the lead.

We fooled around non-explicitly for awhile, then Jennifer bent down and started giving me head. Another surprise; Jennifer deep-throated me, which is only the third time in my life I've experienced something like that. I mean, all egotism aside, the simple fact of the matter is that my cock is way too large for most women to be able to do something like that comfortably (or even uncomfortably – not a boast, just how I was born). So ask me how much I like it when I occasionally meet a woman who can indeed stick that cock all the way down their throat. I like it <-----THIS MUCH!----->

Jennifer tried slipping a condom on me, but it got tangled up; I grabbed another condom and tried it myself, but it got tangled as well. (It was my first time trying to use 'ultra-thin' condoms; do you just have to be extra-careful with them or something?) I reached over again to grab a third condom; "Um, Jason..." Jennifer said from the bed. "That was the last condom." Uh-oh. So I sat back on the bed with her instead, started fooling around again, and the two of us decided what we were going to do about the situation.

Laying there and taking a break, shooting the shit again about random topics, eventually brought us to a subject that I had no plans on discussing at my journal. It's starting to become a more important topic, though, so I thought I would in fact mention it, at least in the context of the conversation I was having with Jennifer about it. It boils down to two facts: 1) that the vast majority of women who are meeting up with me this summer have larger body types; and 2) it's fairly obvious from my past that I have never dated a larger woman, not in any long-term sense anyway. I mean, I could lie about it, but even a semi-serious look at my main web journal and photo archives will easily show that every woman I've ever dated has been anywhere from average to bone-thin.

Like I said, it's started becoming an issue this summer: some of the women planning on visiting me have been making their way through my journal archives, starting to learn about my preference in body type, and are now starting to worry about whether or not I'm going to find them desirable. Jennifer wasn't exactly worried about this herself, but the subject had come up in her mind in the last week, which is how we got to talking about it in the first place. I told her what I'll tell you: that even though I have a history of dating thin women, ultimately I feel that the chances of having a good experience with someone lays in how confident and secure they are in their own sexuality, not in whatever external body type they may possess. I've had lots of great sexual encounters over the years with larger women, even though for one reason or another I've never ended up dating any of them in a more romantic way; conversely, I've had an unbelievable amount of bad sex with total hotties who didn't understand their own desires from a hole in the ground. I'm not sure if this will make anyone feel better about their situations or not; it bothers me that people are feeling bothered themselves in the first place, though, so want to try to get my opinion on it all out there as straightforward as possible.

Anyway. I did another line of coke at Jennifer's, then stood naked in front of her floor-to-ceiling windows, admiring the view for the millionth time, noticing the neighbors noticing my giant blood-engorged cock a couple of dozen feet away from them. Ah, now there's the inflated sense of self-esteem I was looking for! I jumped back into bed and started working on Jennifer's clit with my tongue, hard and fast; I managed to make her come just a few minutes after starting, which I know for a fact because I could feel her vagina rhythmically squeezing around my inserted fingers like a newborn baby making a fist. Jennifer tried to make me come afterwards, but it was too late for me: I had reached my sexual plateau at that point and there was pretty much no way I was going to be able to reach orgasm. It's just how it is sometimes; I imagine it's this way sometimes with just about every guy out there.

Jennifer had to start packing for her trip this week, and I had to get back home and to bed, so we started to get dressed. "Another line for the road?" she asked, pointing to the cocaine. Um...um...sure, why not? (MASSIVE UNDERSTATEMENT COMING AHEAD:) Man, that cocaine sure is a fun drug. I have to be really, really, really, really, really careful with that shit from now on. I was still all tooled up from the drugs and lack of orgasm, plus was walking by my favorite porn store in Chicago anyway, on my way back to the el (Frenchy's, on State Street a couple of blocks north of Chicago Avenue), so decided to stop in and pick up a handful of tokens for the quarter booths in the back. Nope, still couldn't get my orgasm, no matter how hard I tried. Yet another thing to worry about when it comes to cocaine.

Probably the funniest thing about the whole experience, though, was when Jennifer called up Sean after we got done and I ended up talking to him about ten minutes as well.

Let me ask this: what exactly does one say to your sexual partner's boyfriend a few minutes after fucking the shit out of her? "Holy shit, man, your girlfriend sucks cock like the world's about to end!" It just didn't seem that appropriate, so instead I talked to him about how well Jennifer and I ended up getting along, and how I'm really looking forward to meeting up with the two of them together next time. And I mean it, too: given how well and organic my time with Jennifer tonight went, I have nothing but high hopes for the idea of all three of us getting together and trying to have some hot little bi-boy sex in front of her. Sean and Jennifer have already decided to attend my second massage party, coming up on August 10th; Calliope will obviously be there as well (the entire party's being thrown in her honor, after all), and both Justine and Veronika are thinking of traveling into town for it again too, so I have much higher hopes for its success this time. Weird; this second massage party is starting to turn into a "reunion" of sorts with all the intelligent, dirty, highly literate people I've been meeting this summer. Or, as I put it to Sean tonight: "We'll all spend the evening getting naked and fucking each other. Then we'll all read Noam Chomsky out loud afterwards!"

So what are my plans for this week? Nothing, thank God: I never thought I'd say this about myself, but I think I'd actually be in danger of burning out on sex if I fucked another person at this point. (Ah, I'm such a slut.) This weekend, though, is going to be a highly interesting experience: it's my weekend of driving to St. Louis and participating in the gangbang video with Shiver [shiverxxx.com], the internet porn star I recently got introduced to. I just confirmed my participation again this morning, so it's looking like nothing's going to stop it; it'll be one hell of a story, if nothing else.

July 17  
2002

WHAT A SHOCK – MY TRIP TO ST. LOUIS THIS WEEKEND HAS BEEN CANCELLED. Surprisingly enough, it had nothing to do with Shiver, the internet porn star [shiverxxx.com] whose gangbang video shoot was the reason I was travelling down there in the first place. No, the blame falls squarely on the shoulders of Thomas, the guy who was going to drive, who dropped me a note out of the blue this afternoon about a "sudden opportunity" that was going to make him no longer be able to attend. I could tell you what the opportunity was, but it would give too much away regarding who he really is; I did make a promise to protect the identities of everyone who wrote to me this summer, after all, no matter how pissed I am at them.

And yeah, I'm definitely pissed at him. Why? God, take your pick: that he cancelled with less than 48 hours' notice; that I lied to my boss in order to get the time off for the drive down there, meaning that I've officially lost a favor at work; that this now makes the ninth person this summer I've met through the internet who's ended up canceling out of their encounter at the last second. Fuck me, man. I'm telling you, I'm so over my breaking point regarding all this that it's no longer even funny. I'm highly tempted to just no longer accept any invitations at all that come to me via email or personal ads; the problem, though, is that all my invitations come this way, including the people who have actually followed through, which means that I'd basically be saying goodbye to my slut summer if I did stopped accepting internet sexual invitations.

Sigh. Why do otherwise good people get so weird on the internet? I mean, seriously, this is now nine out of eleven people this summer I've made plans with, who I have actually set dates with, who haven't bothered following through; it's so frustrating sometimes I want to scream. For what it's worth, Shiver is having the same problem on her end right now; I got this panicky little email from her today, after getting my cancellation notice, confessing that she's been getting an alarming amount of cancellations from all the guys in the group. (From how her note sounded, in fact, I think they're down to their last two or three committed performers, even though they were up to nearly twenty at one point.) If there's one nice thing to come out of all this, at least there's the fact that Shiver and I ended up in this nice little back-and-forth discussion about it all today, which is the first chance I've had to get to talk to her in a little more depth. I went ahead and invited her and her partner to come up for my next massage party, taking place on August 10th; whether or not they actually do is anyone's guess, I suppose.

Whew. Okay. My rant's out of my system now and I'm feeling better. I still don't quite know what to do about the situation, though: I obviously need to make some kind of change so I stop getting so many people to fuckin' cancel on me, but it's hard to tell just what I need to change or what kinds of warning signs I should be looking for in these emails. I'm going to have to give this some more thought.

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One of the four ex-lovers of mine who are reading this journal wrote today. She wanted me to reprint part of her letter at my journal, so I am:

"Will you please post this paragraph in your journal? This is going out to all the ladies who are meeting up with Jason later this summer. Be forewarned: if you ask him to fuck you really hard, he will! Reading about his trauma with the 'ultra-thin' condoms the other day made me remember all the mornings I had to walk bowlegged to work because I had been feeling a little naughty the night before. He may be a sensitive little emoboy, girls, but he will fuck you until you can't see straight if you tell him to. Buyer beware."

Oh, so funny! But it's true: in the last three years or so, it's become increasingly important to me to get in touch with my aggressive side. I used to not be like this; I used to be so sensitive around women that you'd have to play an Ani DiFranco album just to get me in the mood. (Okay, not really, but you see my point.) Actually, the whole reason I started focusing in on my inner aggression was because of another ex-lover who's now reading my journal. I'm still not allowed to tell you who she is, because she's still in the sensitive position she was

in back when we were actively getting together.

Basically, though, she identifies herself in public as a lesbian, but has sex with guys all the time when no one's looking. And man, if there's one thing I learned from this woman while I was sleeping with her, it'd be this: **WHEN LESBIANS SLEEP WITH MEN, THEY WANT YOU TO FUCK THEM AS HARD AND AS ROUGH AS POSSIBLE.** Dude, seriously, this woman wanted me to fist her. (I tried but couldn't get my knuckles past the entrance to her vagina; another story for another time.) She was the first woman in my life to beg me to fuck her in the ass – and then once I did, she complained I wasn't doing it hard enough or fast enough.

Whew! I mean all this as a compliment, by the way; without her, I would've never unleashed my inner fuckdog. Ah...the fuckdog. Ladies, you know what I'm talking about; think about that last couple of minutes of sex when your husband becomes an animal, pulling your hair and biting your shoulder and pretty much acting like the world's going to end if he doesn't come up inside you right that second. (Guys, reverse that position and you'll then know what I'm talking about too.) I've dated too many political feminists over the years to be really comfortable with my inner fuckdog; it's been there all this time, but for years I kept it securely beaten down for the sake of my girlfriends, who I thought wouldn't like it.

But hey, surprise, they did like it, and my sex life has done nothing but get better and better in the three years since this ex-lover of mine made me discover this fact in the first place. Granted, there are still a lot of rules to follow; you can't fuck a person like that all the time, and you can't do it without their permission, and you can't treat them like that in nonsexual situations. In fact, I'd say that being a fuckdog comes with even more responsibility than normal: you have to learn how to anticipate your lover's mood, know when exactly she's wanting you to caress her and hold her and make her feel like she's the world's most perfect female; you also have to know when it's time to force her to her knees, grab her hair with two fists, fuck her mouth like it's a pussy and call her a filthy whore. Given how long I've been a "sensitive little emoboy," though, I'm comfortable in my ability to know when any given scenario is appropriate.

Wow – I've actually embarrassed myself. Who knew I still had the ability to do that?

July 21  
2002

I MET UP WITH SEAN LAST NIGHT. He's the male half of this polyamorous couple whose female half (Jennifer) I had sex with about a week ago. Given that the three of us are actively seeking a date right now for some group activities, Sean and I thought it best to try to meet up by ourselves beforehand, just like Jennifer and I did the week before, to make the transition to group sexuality go more smoothly for all of us. We've been having problems finding a specific date to get together, but finally agreed to meet for drinks last night at Long Room, a hipster bar in my neighborhood.

Sean and I have been getting along swimmingly well over the internet since first meeting a couple of weeks ago; it turns out that we share a lot of the same interests (comics, science-fiction, etc), plus of course we're both fucking the same woman these days, which tends to bring two guys together a little more anyway. In fact, Sean had this great story last week concerning this subject; it seems that Jennifer has, in fact, been having quite a bit more sex recently than the two of us put together, so he decided to give her a little d/s "punishment" session last Thursday for all the extra cock she's been getting that he hasn't. Apparently the session got fairly intense – a lot of anal sex was involved, a little fisting, a lot of verbal humiliation. Sean asked if I'd be interested in coming over and watching the next time he had a punishment session with her...um, yes please!

Sean and I ended up hitting it off as much face-to-face as we have over email; the two of us must've sat there at Long Room for hours, sucking down pints and talking in great detail about the many humorous moments that come with the swinging lifestyle. He told me this hilarious story about trying to hook up at Milwaukee's Summerfest a number of years ago with a woman he met through a personal ad; how he finally did find her at the Ben Harper show halfway through the evening, just to then lose her an hour later and ultimately end up missing the last train back to Chicago, being forced to sleep in the park there in Wisconsin 'cause he didn't have enough money for a hotel room.

Sean and I talked in detail about the sexual relationship I've ended up forming with Jennifer: what he thinks of it, what my hopes are regarding it, what the three of us can do to ensure that it doesn't create additional tension to the romantic relationship the two of them are trying to form right now. (In a nutshell – communication, communication, communication.) Sean and I agreed that we're both really looking forward to some kind of group activity taking place, perhaps even the idea of double penetration (i.e. me fucking Jennifer in her vagina while Sean simultaneously fucks her in the ass). What Jennifer will think of this idea, I guess we'll see.

Sean ended up bringing his pot with him, so the two of us headed back to my place and smoked up 'til we couldn't see straight. Now, I had gotten it into my head earlier that it might be a good idea for Sean and I to have our own sexual experience together first, before any group activities took place; just like with Jennifer and me last week, I thought it would just be good for us to get sexually comfortable around each other first without too many distractions involved. The tricky part is that both mine and Sean's bisexuality skew in the same direction – that is, we're both primarily straight but dabble in a little homoeroticism when the mood strikes us. It means that, while we're both interested in having a sexual experience together, neither of us are completely comfortable with just jumping right into a big fuck-n-suck session.

So, emboldened by the pot, I suggested what I thought would be a good compromise – namely, that we get naked, watch some porn, and jerk off in front of each other. He was up for this as well, and a few minutes later we were both undressed and sitting in front of my television. I dragged out my porn, still all packed up in a big box from my encounter with Justine two weeks ago. Sean picked a tape at random – he ended up accidentally picking the only amateur double-penetration tape I own, which was weird considering that we had just been talking about the subject an hour previous.

"Jason," he said, looking over at me. "Wow, you really do have a giant cock."

"Oh, well," I said, looking down and laughing. "Thanks, I guess. For what it's worth, I

had nothing to do with it."

"Do you mind if I stroke it?" he asked.

"Not at all," I replied, and soon Sean was leaning over, grasping the bottom of my shaft tightly in one hand, forcing all the blood to stay up inside my erection, stroking the head of my cock quickly with his other hand. It felt good; what can I say? I'm rapidly discovering this summer that I do indeed enjoy having sexual experiences with men, something I'd always suspected but never knew for sure.

I ended up kneeling in front of Sean and giving him a handjob as well; of the three cocks besides my own that I've now held, Sean's falls right into the middle as far as length and girth. I'll admit it – I love giving handjobs to other guys, but have absolutely no idea if I'm doing it right or not. Yeah, a strange experience to have, considering that I've owned one myself for 33 years now. But it's different when you're jerking off another guy; when the nerve endings in a cock aren't connected to your own brain, you really have no idea whether you're producing lubricated pleasure or chafing pain in the other person while you're stroking them. The irony is that I'm much more self-assured when it comes to going down on a woman; considering, though, that I've probably done this with maybe 75 women in my life, versus three guys, I guess that shouldn't be such a shock.

We went back to stroking ourselves after a few minutes; I ended up having this really overpowering orgasm (aided greatly by all the pot I'd smoked), but poor Sean couldn't get his. I had the same post-coital experience with Sean as I did with my other homoerotic experience this summer with Xavier and his friend; namely, instead of hugs and rubs and kisses and a slow wind-down, like what usually happens with women, we just put our clothes back on, had a very businesslike conversation about our next week's schedules, shook hands and parted. I'm still not sure whether this marked difference in post-coital activities is just part of the inherent difference between sex with men and sex with women, or if it's that I haven't had full-blown sex with any of the guys I've been with this summer; I guess I'm going to have to wait until I do have my first actual intercourse with a guy before this question will be completely answered.

Anyway, the experience was just what I was hoping for, when all is said and done; I'm hoping that Sean feels the same. Considering that we've now held each other's cocks in our hands, I'm hoping that this will ease whatever kind of nervousness might possibly develop once he and I are both in bed with Jennifer together and being sexual in very close physical proximity to each other. At least, I'm not expecting it; in fact, I'm fully looking forward now to doing things to them at the same time, like maybe stroking the bottom half of Sean's cock while the upper half is up inside Jennifer, or vice versa. I think this threeway we're planning on having is going to be a pretty good experience indeed.

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So here's a shocker – my scheduled threeway later this summer with Calliope and Veronika is coming perilously close to falling apart. It all stems from the fact that the two of them have apparently been talking to each other a lot more often than either of them have let on; Calliope confessed today that the two of them are now finding themselves much more attracted to each other than either of them are to me, and that they've actually been considering just getting a hotel room the weekend they're in town and leaving me out of the activities altogether.

Uh-oh. The biggest problem with this news is that it completely taps into all these negative post-breakup emotions that I've been having to deal with this summer; that in fact, I'll never find someone to love me again, that W. was right for leaving me, that I must completely suck even worse than I thought, that there's a reason so many people first get attracted to me and then rapidly get more attracted to the people around me. It's a natural emotion to have right after a breakup, especially when your partner leaves you for another person like W. did, but definitely not one I need external reminders of right now.

I'm not sure how to feel about it all. I mean, yes, I'd definitely be disappointed if the

threeway were to get cancelled; considering, though, that my brain never has been able to fully accept the idea that it was actually going to happen, I can't say that it would devastate me or anything like that. Much more importantly, I would rather just skip the entire three-way altogether than to have some sort of weird, messy emotional thing come up in the middle of it and make us all have this bad, hurtful experience. Given the way Calliope made it sound, the paranoid part of my brain keeps picturing the two of them getting really into each other in the middle of it all and ending up ignoring me altogether. This would be a **REAL-LY, REALLY BAD THING** for my psyche to go through right now, considering that W. just got engaged to get married last week (!!!) and I'm feeling particularly low in the self-esteem department these days.

So, I wrote to the two of them and told them everything you just read here. I'm not sure what's going to happen: maybe the threeway is still on and we'll all have a great time; or, maybe I'll just end up meeting with them individually, like I was planning on doing in the first place (Veronika on the 3rd, Calliope on the 9th). Or, considering that I haven't even heard from Veronika in over a week now, maybe I won't even be meeting up with her; like I said, I'm really not sure what's going on with the two of them right now, although Calliope did make a veiled reference today to some emotional problems Veronika is going through right now but hasn't bothered to tell me about. As always, I guess only time will tell.

July 22  
2002

I HAD A LONG PHONE CALL WITH CALLIOPE LAST NIGHT. She finally got some things explained to me concerning the threeway with Veronika we just cancelled, things I really needed to hear: first, that it wasn't a matter of her being more attracted to Veronika than me, but rather that she's been starting to feel an emotional connection to both of us, which she thinks would be nothing but bad news if we all tried to sleep together; second, that their motivation for wanting to get a hotel room was not to exclude me from the activities, but rather so they could have had some time alone after they had had their experience with me; third, that she's still coming to visit the weekend of the 9th, despite the threeway cancellation, which was something I wasn't that sure about.

I'll admit, I'm feeling much better about everything now that Calliope and I have sat down and actually discussed it all in real time. Have I mentioned yet how weird and sometimes awkward it is to set up so many sexual encounters with people using nothing but email? Correspondence is a really nice thing, and definitely has its place as far as human communication is concerned, but simply never will be the best way for two human beings to really understand each other; the best way really does belong exclusively to face-to-face, real-time interaction, and there's just no way to get around that. It's so easy to misinterpret things that someone says to you in an email; so easy to draw your own conclusions when they leave things out, instead of just being in the moment and getting a chance to ask, "What do you mean by that?"

And I'll also admit, all the bad and powerful emotions I've been going through this week regarding W. getting engaged have been trickling into my summer activities as well. Which is ironic, because the entire point of starting my slut summer in the first place was to have the opposite experience; I wanted a chance to feel close to other people again, to let them feel close to me, without having to take on all the heavy-duty emotional things that come with another romantic relationship. I mean, if it hasn't become ludicrously clear already this week, I am in no way, shape or form ready for another romantic relationship right now; it's going to take me months to come to grips with all the shit W's done to me at the end of our time together, and I ultimately think it's unfair to ask another person to go through that process with you at the same time you're trying to date them.

The problem this week, like I said, is that this entire emotional process has been seeping into my activities of the summer, which is what I never wanted to have happen. I've been starting to second-guess everyone who's still scheduled to come visit from now until October: Veronika on August 3rd, Calliope on the 9th, Barb on the 16th, this woman in New York I'm visiting in September, Alexis on October 1, not to mention anyone new I might meet from now until then. I've been starting to ask myself if I can really trust them; if they're, in fact, just lying to me about their upcoming visits and plan on screwing me over when all is said and done, just like W. did to me after almost a year of dating her.

But that's a ridiculous transference to make; none of these people are interested in dating me, and I'm not interested in dating any of them. (Or, I mean, I'm attracted enough to most of them that I could theoretically see myself dating them...but you see what I'm saying.) In this context, it's inane for me to transfer the complex emotions I'm having over W. right now onto them; in the final analysis, all any of these people have really agreed to do is to come into town, take their clothes off and have hot, nasty sex with me. There's no big level of trust that needs to come with this, just the simple faith that they actually will get on that train or plane and make it out here; and even if they don't, the entire point of even having multiple semi-random partners this summer in the first place was so that I had a minimum amount of expectations hinging on any one of them.

Calliope reminded me of all this during our phone call last night; that she still likes me, that she's still attracted to me, that she's still looking forward to getting into town and screwing my brains out. In a way, you can look at the threeway cancellation actually as a very good sign: it means that both Calliope and Veronika are incredibly intelligent women, with really solid heads on their shoulders, who saw the inkling of a potential problem start to develop and were astute enough to realize that we should cancel it altogether rather than to go through with it and have a bad, hurtful experience. Once I was able to step back, take a deep breath and really look at the situation myself, it made me realize how right they actually are. And yeah, it's made me feel closer to both of them as well; at least, it makes me more trust-

ing of them, which in turn makes me feel like they both have my best interests at heart.

And as far as W, I came up with a coping mechanism today that seems to be helping: that I should be looking at this whole situation as a noble but failed experiment on my part to be a good boyfriend for someone who may never be able to accept one into her life. Let's face it; W's childhood is the stuff they make Lifetime movies out of. (And not even really that; her childhood is way too graphic and horrendous for basic cable.) Given that she was molested by both her biological and adoptive fathers, raped numerous times by boyfriends, and institutionalized against her will as a teen, there's a very good chance that W. will never be able to get to a point where she can accept that she deserves to have a decent, caring man in her life.

I knew all this going into the relationship with her last August. In fact, I had to remind myself today that I even said all this to myself back then; that our relationship would likely end exactly the way that it did, with a wildly dysfunctional, wildly hurtful action on W's part, spurred by the fact that she doesn't feel she deserves a man like me in her life and so was hellbent on then proving it to me. It was a good experiment, don't get me wrong: I learned a lot about myself in the nine months we dated, learned a lot about what kind of boyfriend I can be, learned exactly how high my tolerance for other people's behavior can be pushed (much higher than I ever expected, actually). These are all good things; a year after first meeting her, I'm now at a point of much greater confidence concerning my ability to be a good boyfriend/husband/father in the future to someone who's ready to accept someone like me into their life. W. wasn't ready...but then again, there's a good chance she'll never be ready. I've just had to remind myself of that recently (over and over), and remind myself that the experiment was still a good and noble one to take in the first place.

I've been receiving a lot of encouraging emails the last couple of days, which has been nice. The one that hit me the most profoundly, though, was from this woman in New York I'm visiting in September (and like I've said before, there'll be a lot more about her here once I actually buy my plane ticket and confirm that I'm actually making the trip). She admitted that she's gone through a very similar emotional process in her past like the one I'm going through right now with W; she also admitted how inspiring it is to watch me honestly tackle the issues head-on, trying to get over them while still acknowledging the inherent slowness of the process, even if that means going into some really dark areas to do so.

She said that most of the people in her life have taken W's route in the past: to just shut their eyes, pretend that there's no problem, and continue stumbling around the rest of their lives, doomed to keep making the same mistakes over and over. She said it really heartened her to see at least one person out there not willing to do it, and how glad she was that I was allowing her to follow the process with me, even as she knew how painful it must be for me to put all these emotions down on paper and share them with strangers.

It made me cry. Hell, I think it would make any writer cry to receive a letter like this; when all is said and done, it's letters like this that affirm why we became writers in the first place. Just like with my main journal, I do hope that people are learning more about themselves and what makes them tick by reading this slutty little private journal of mine; that they're not just enjoying the stories for their titillating aspects, but also questioning what they themselves might do in the same situation, or perhaps understanding better why people in their own pasts behaved the way they did.

I'll admit, it actually can be rather difficult sometimes to share the kinds of stories I am in this journal this summer; it's why I've been so adamant about insisting on no judgmental responses from the 300 or so people who are currently reading it in real time. Ultimately I do it, though, because I made a conscious decision to be a writer for a living, and this is what writers do: they share their own life so that others can understand theirs better. That being said, it never hurts to occasionally get an external reminder of it; a little letter from someone you respect, saying, "Hey, you're doing a good job." Given how low my self-esteem is these days over all this shit with W, this woman's letter came at a particularly good time.

July 23  
2002

SEAN AND JENNIFER BROKE UP! Holy shit! It just happened last night, in fact, which unfortunately means that our scheduled threeway has gotten cancelled before it had a chance to occur. Yeah, that's right, exactly two days after my other threeway of the summer got cancelled as well. Sigh. I'm still not sure if I'm the unluckiest person on the entire goddamn planet, or if this is just business as normal for anyone trying to pursue the swinging lifestyle full-time. (For those keeping score, this is now 11 of 14 scheduled activities this summer that have gotten cancelled on me at the last minute.)

I feel like it's not my place to either divulge the details behind Sean and Jennifer's breakup or comment on them, so I won't. I will say, however, that their breakup had absolutely nothing to do with either me or their polyamorous status. There seems to be a lot of misconceptions about polyamorous relationships, as a matter of fact; many people hear the phrase "multiple sexual partners" and assume that all other traditional rules concerning relationships are called off too. The fact is that Sean and Jennifer still had to deal with the same issues any monogamous couple has to deal with: trust, love, romance, intimacy, compatibility. One of these issues recently came to a head with them, despite the fact that they were currently enjoying some of the best sex of their lives, and they just ended up breaking up over it, just like any other couple would when dealing with the same topics.

Relationships are tricky, man; there's just no way to get around this simple fact, no matter what kind of relationship you choose to pursue. And as disappointed as I am over the threeway falling apart, I also feel sorry and worried and sympathetic for both Sean and Jennifer, mostly because I had become friends and lovers to both of them individually before they broke up. Of course, I'm feeling unusually sympathetic these days for any couple that breaks up, for obvious reasons. I'm not sure what else to say about it all, so I guess I won't say anything.

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So Thomas, the guy who cancelled our trip last weekend to St. Louis for the porn shoot, finally contacted me again. He was profusely apologetic; it turns out that he never actually got around to reading my journal until this week, so didn't realize how seriously I had been planning on attending, or that I had taken a half-day of unpaid leave from work to travel to St. Louis in the first place.

He wrote with an offer I found impossible to immediately turn down; would I, in fact, be interested in participating in yet another porn shoot? It's here in Chicago this time, he insisted; the entire thing could be done on a Saturday evening, out in the far western suburbs, so there'd be no need for me to take time off work again. He also offered to meet up with me at a bar tonight to talk about it, in the vain attempt to show that last week's cancellation was a fluke and not his usual *modus operandi*.

I warily agreed; I picked a bar just one block from my apartment so that I wouldn't be out that much effort if he was a no-show again. He did show up, though – and, like all my other experiences this summer, talking with Thomas in real time was a much more pleasant experience than trying to set things up with him over the internet. He's just this dorky young guy like me; he's actually thinner than I am, if you can believe that, and is into hipster literary stuff like McSweeney's and Salon and "This American Life," just like most of my readers. In fact, he expressed amazement that I've been able to meet up with such intelligent, hipster women like I have so far this summer; his only swinging experiences, he admitted, have been the result of personal ads and amateur porn shoots, meaning that he's been having to deal with the same vapid, noncommunicative suburbanites who have been canceling out on me left and right this summer and driving me really nuts.

That all being said, I'm still not so sure what to think of this shoot on Saturday. It's yet another bukkake shoot (i.e. I'll be jerking myself off onto a woman's face, without any other interaction taking place), although Thomas keeps claiming that the two women involved are pretty sexual themselves, and that he can't imagine them being satisfied until they do some actual fucking before the night is over. He keeps promising that I'm going to be first in line when this happens, as a way of making up for the cancellation last weekend; given how many people have promised things to me this summer, though, and then have flaked out anyway, I'm not really expecting Thomas to even show up at our rendezvous location in Wicker Park on Saturday anyway, much less that the women in the suburbs will actually show up, much less that the bukkake shoot will actually take place, much less that there will be any group sex taking place afterwards. I guess you never know unless you try, though, which is why I'm agreeing in the first place. As always, I guess we'll see.

July 25  
2002

I HAD A LONG EMAIL CONVERSATION WITH \*BARB TODAY. For some reason the two of us both seemed to be in kinda philosophical moods; we got into a detailed back-and-forth about such subjects as the therapeutic benefits of domination and submission, what sexuality can teach us about ourselves, and the differences between fucking a stranger and fucking your spouse. Our conversation got me thinking about what exactly I've learned so far this summer; after all, I'm rapidly approaching the halfway point of my slutty activities, if you count June 19th as the start (the night I had my experience with Andre and his friend) and October 5 as the end (the night my ex-lover \*Alexis leaves town, after five days of being my sexual slave - much more on this soon). That's approximately 14 weeks total, which means that the midway point of both my activities and my journal should be...well, right about now, actually.

And the fact is that I have indeed learned some things already this summer, both about myself and about sexuality in general. Not only that, but many of the things I've learned so far have come as complete surprises - which, as a 33-year-old who's already seen a lot of the world, sexually speaking, is something I was never expecting. Talking about it with Barb today, I realized that probably the one biggest surprise I've learned this summer is about just how much of the boring, mundane little details of sexuality make such a huge difference in how good a sexual experience one actually has at any given moment.

There's a big question I literally didn't have an answer to when this summer began, one that's been fueling much of the motivation behind my slut activities; namely, is kinky sex inherently more fun than "vanilla" sex, for lack of a better term? That is, is fucking a stranger inherently more exciting than fucking someone you've known for years and already understand intimately? Is it more worth it, sexually speaking, to spend your energy setting up unusual encounters with lots of relatively unknown partners, or channeling that energy into building a monogamous relationship with one other person? (I mean, from an emotional standpoint, of course it's better to spend that time building a relationship - I'm talking purely from a sexual standpoint here.)

This all came about because of a question Barb asked me; she wanted to know if I had had any mindblowing sexual experiences yet this summer. And the answer was...well, frankly, no. I've had lots of highly erotic, highly fun encounters so far, yes; in fact, I would say that all four of my sexual experiences in the last seven weeks fall squarely into that category. It's something else I could definitely say I've learned about my summer so far; that it can be an incredibly rewarding thing to have so many new sexual partners in a row, to experience such a plethora of techniques and turnons and desires, each of them adding up in a slightly different way with each new person. I mean, I don't think one could keep this up indefinitely; I could see myself easily burning out if I tried to keep up this kind of schedule past October. But for now, I'm very much enjoying the sensation of having a new lover every week, and I would highly recommend everyone experiencing the process themselves during at least one point in their lives.

All that being said, I have yet to have one of those sexual experiences like I've only had in the middle of relationships with long-term lovers: where every sweat pore in your body suddenly opens, you feel this sense of pure, unrefined love pass between the two of you, and before you know it the awesome visage of God Himself appears in your ceiling, reaches His mighty finger down, touches your forehead and intones, "You are blessed, my Son." Holy shit, man - you know the kind of sex I'm talking about. Maybe this will change; maybe I will, in fact, end up having an experience like this before my summer is over. But I'm not really expecting it.

Why? Because, like I said, having all this sex in a row is starting to make me realize certain things about the process that I never realized before. Like that this kind of overpowering, mind-blowing sex comes only when certain things are in place: when you know your partner really, really well, for example, both physically and mentally; when you have a sincere investment in their sense of well-being, and they have one in yours; when you know more

about their history, where they're coming from when they're in bed fucking you, what their turns-on are and what little tiny section of their body makes them melt when you bite it. When you have a true sense of intimacy with a person, I guess is what I'm really trying to say.

It surprises me, frankly. Given how much these issues tie into the usually mundane world of marriage and domesticity and the process of building a long-lasting, trusting relationship with a person, I would've never expected it to play such a major role in how hard one comes during sex or how exhausted one is afterwards. I started this summer, in fact, really wondering if I would even want to date again once the summer was finally over. A weird question, I know, but one I really didn't have an answer to; what if it was actually a lot more fun to have lots of weird, kinky sex with a bunch of semi-random strangers than it was to put in the hard and sometimes frustrating work of trying to make a long-term relationship pan out?

I don't want anyone to get me wrong, which I'm afraid is going to happen. I truly have loved all the sexual experiences I've had thus far this summer, and I'm expecting nothing but good experiences from now until when Alexis leaves town seven or eight weeks from now. Not only that, but my activities this summer have also been a profound crash course in self-realization; I've been learning shit about myself left and right that I never, ever realized before, things that are really important to know and will do nothing but help when it's time for me to get into a long-term relationship again. (They're topics best saved for the end of the summer; rest assured that I will be writing a rather significant stand-alone essay at the end of this journal concerning it all.)

Not to mention, it's been a fuck of a lot more fun way to get over a messy breakup than sitting in my apartment every night, taking boiling-hot baths and playing Radiohead albums and crying myself to sleep. Or, even worse, cruising the bars every night, desperately throwing myself at every woman who walks in the door, getting rejected by almost every single one of them, finally entering a semi-fulfilling and always-awkward summer romance with one, breaking her heart again come Labor Day when I realize that in fact I'm not nearly ready to be in a relationship again.

That all being said, the events of this summer have made me come to appreciate long-term relationships all over again; how integral that connection with another person is to how good of a sex life we have. There's really no way to get around that fact; that the best sex we will ever have in our lives is always with the people we care about the most. It's something I truly didn't realize about the world when this summer started, something I don't think I could've ever really known for sure without first getting out there and fucking my brains out as often as possible with as many people as possible. It still doesn't make me want to date again right now, and it doesn't make me particularly sad that I'm not currently having that kind of emotionally dense, mentally overpowering sex - Lord knows, that's probably the least thing I need in my life right now. It does make me realize that it's worth all the effort and trouble and headaches and frustrations that come with maintaining a long-term, deeply intimate romantic relationship with someone. I take this as a good surprise; given my mindset about it all this summer, it's something I've definitely needed to be reminded of.

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So, a quick note before I sign off again. About a week ago I was talking about an ex-lover of mine who's reading this journal in real time this summer (along with about 325 others now); she identifies herself in public as a lesbian but has sex with guys all the time anyway when no one's looking. (Oh, and in answer to some readers' questions - no, I don't see anything wrong with this at all. I think there's a wide gulf between sexual desire, orientation and identity, and I don't think there's anything hypocritical with defining all three in different ways, even within the same person.)

In my original entry I was talking about how this woman was the first lover of mine to release my inner "fuckdog;" that deep, dark part of all our libidos that likes to bite and pull hair and fuck someone in the ass really hard and get fucked in the ass really hard. I made this big deal about all the aggressive sexual acts this woman encouraged me to do to her; in my

zeal for describing this, however, I feel I might have painted the wrong kind of picture of her. Or, as she put it that afternoon in an email to me, "You made me sound like a total submissive! You gotta explain to your readers that I give as good as I get."

And she does, man; I think it's safe to say that she fucked me in my ass with her fingers just as hard and as long as I did to her with my cock. On top of being one of the more submissive lovers I've ever had, this woman was simultaneously one of the most dominant lovers I've ever had, and every little three-day weekend I spent with her over the year or so we were actively having sex would leave me a worn-out shell of a man by Sunday night. The point I was trying to make the other day was how it was her insistence that I be as rough with her as possible, combined with her radically feminist political opinions, that finally made me understand how one can combine both aggressiveness and sensitivity into one happy, satisfied libido. She taught me that you can be against abusive relationships, for example, but still enjoy consensual sexual abuse in a guilt-free way; it's tricky, don't get me wrong, and you really have to have a complex understanding of the world to do it right, but it's definitely possible. That's what I was really trying to say, and I'm sorry for leaving out the whole second half of the explanation.

July 28  
2002

I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE PORN SHOOT. I've got quite a little story to tell about it.

5:30 pm. I'm at the Wicker-Park rendezvous location \*Thomas and I agreed to meet at before making our way to the suburbs. It's hot, I'm sticky, I'm listening to Ben Folds sing "I love you, goodbye," over and over and over again. Five minutes pass, then ten, the twenty, and I start asking myself what kind of fool I am for allowing myself to be played for a chump twice in a row by the same person. Thomas finally makes it, though, and we head out.

For those who have never been to Chicago, our metropolitan area is set up very similarly to most other large American cities: there is a centralized urban area next to the lake, with neighborhoods that range from very poor to filthy rich; and then surrounding this urban center is an ever-growing ring of smaller cities, ranging in general from lower-middle-class to upper-middle-class, existing primarily to provide housing for the millions of workers who commute each day into the city. They're commonly known in the US as "the suburbs."

The suburbs. Man, I always forget what the suburbs are like until I'm actually in them again, which usually only happens for me anymore about once a year, if that. I grew up in a suburb of St. Louis, in fact, and every time I'm in one anymore I'm reminded all over again why I had to get the fuck out of mine when I was eighteen; because the suburbs drive me crazy. American suburbs are utter wastelands of strip malls and Wal-Marts and frontage roads; as far as the eye can see, the landscape is littered with dozens of chain stores and cheery overmarketed restaurants and cheap condos...and, really, not that much else.

I'm nervous; I've come out to the suburbs tonight with not a single penny on me, and I keep thinking of what would happen if I suddenly got stranded out here or if Thomas' car broke down and I was suddenly responsible for making my own way back into the city. The first part of all this seems to actually be working out - I mean, we're out here, after all, and Thomas' hotel reservation went through without a hitch - but there's still a part of me that's positive that this woman is never going to show up at this bar where we're all supposed to meet.

7 pm. We show up at this dive/sports bars where the couple has asked everyone to rendezvous. A sign on the door says, "Please, no torn jeans or offensive t-shirts." Thomas and I walk in; sure enough, the couple we're meeting with are already here, over in the corner and sucking down drinks. Their names are Ginger and Joe, who Thomas knows through this suburban "gangbang club" of which he's a member. They're not what I'm expecting: Ginger is cute, a little older, still holding her figure nicely even after having a couple of kids; Joe is middle-aged with a ponytail, looking kind of intimidating, his forearms covered with fading tattoos. The two are originally from the city; they both grew up in a notoriously sketchy neighborhood here in Chicago and ended up making the move to the suburbs about a decade ago.

And another surprise: both Ginger and Joe are incredibly nice, really sincere, talkative and inquisitive. Given what my experiences have been like this summer with other suburban swingers, I wasn't expecting this at all - I had already steeled myself for what I thought was going to be an excruciating evening of awkward small talk before the actual sexual activities took place. The two of them weren't like that, though; they had lots of interesting things to say about their swinging history, laughed at my jokes, seemed sincerely intrigued by my journal (which I just call a "sex column" to people I meet, because it's easier than explaining the complicated truth about this document). Ginger has this habit of looking you deeply in the eyes when she talks to you; every time it happened, I found myself looking more and more forward to when we would all actually get to the hotel.

Three other guys end up straggling in over the next half-hour: \*Aaron and \*Bob, two seasoned veterans who have already had sexual experiences with Ginger several times; and \*Carl, a guy who found out about this via email and whom no one in the group had actually met yet. I never really got a chance to talk to Aaron, so never did find out that much about him; Bob, though, turned out to be a really interesting one. He's a professional musician who plays with three different bands and occasionally goes on regional tours. He's also writing a semi-autobiographical novel concerning his adventures in swinging; he already has an agent, as a

matter of fact, who is simultaneously trying to sell the book and the movie rights as we speak. I'm impressed - fuck, man, I don't even have an agent yet!

It's incredibly interesting to be at a table full of people with so much more swinging experience than me. The majority of the hour we sit there, I mostly try to just be quiet and listen to the snippets of other people's conversations:

"...Well, of course he got busted. He set up a goddamn brothel in the middle of Lincoln Park..."

"...Have you fucked Loud-Mouthed Lisa yet? Holy crap, man. Once I was outside the hotel having a cigarette, and I could still hear her screaming and yelling from the third floor. 'FUCK ME! FUCK ME!' She's a trip..."

"...So then I posted this message after the whole thing became public, just saying, 'Well, does anyone actually have any Michael Jordan stories?' Oh, you wouldn't believe the emails I got about that one..."

This is...good. Everyone who's shown up (five male performers, Ginger and Joe) are nice, kinda nerdy, very sincere and not into male bravado whatsoever. It makes me feel really comfortable, not to mention excited about the actual sexual activities, coming up very soon.

8 pm. We all make our way to the hotel. I should mention, by the way, that the "porn shoot" is not exactly what one might think when first hearing the term. In other words, Joe actually is videotaping the whole thing, as well as snapping off a bunch of still photos, but the two don't actually make any money off the videos or even show them in public, other than occasionally posting photos to the Yahoo adult group where Thomas originally met them. I've asked them specifically about this, in fact, back at the bar: given how much really filthy original content they're producing every week, haven't they ever thought about making a profit from it?

"Ah, you know how it is," Joe replies in his gruff, disarming voice. "I got these fuckin' guys contacting me all the time about it - how they're going to set up some big goddamn website for us and how we're all gonna be rich. I dunno - I've thought about it. Most of these guys turn out to be full of shit anyway, and I'll never fuckin' hear from 'em again."

"We mostly shoot the videos for ourselves," Ginger says. "You know, so we can watch them later."

"Well then," I ask her, "why do you keep participating in gangbangs, if you're not doing it for money?"

Ginger looks at me funny and smiles. "Because I like it," she says matter-of-factly.

Well, right on. Ginger's a pretty fascinating one - she's the only woman I know who will have sex with five guys simultaneously for no other reason than that she likes having sex with five guys simultaneously. (At least, she's the only woman I know who's admitted it to me.) In fact, it's probably her amateur status that allows her to continue enjoying it for the simple sexual pleasure in the first place - if there's one thing I've learned this summer, it's that adding money to one's sex life forever changes the way one looks at sex or feels about it in the future.

We're all in the room now - a suite at the local Super 8, containing a queen-size bed, a couch, and a table in the middle of the room with four chairs. All the guys sit down in various locations, so I do too. Joe starts getting his equipment set up; a couple of guys run down the hall for sodas, while another couple get in one last crack at the bathroom. Ginger asks if everyone's ready, and then goes into the bathroom herself for about ten minutes. I literally don't know what's going to happen, or what my role should be in any of this. Thomas has described it to me in advance thusly: "Well, I asked Ginger if she'd be up for a bukkake shoot. So technically, she hasn't actually agreed to any sexual interaction with any of us. I do know, though, that she really enjoys being sexual with multiple guys, so the chances are good that that you will actually interact with her. I guess we'll just have to wait and let her take the lead on it all."

I'm confused as fuck about the whole thing, so decide to just follow the lead of all the

other guys, most of whom have a lot more experience in this kind of thing than me. Unfortunately, there's no lead to follow; during the ten minutes Ginger is in the bathroom, the guys continue to just sit around the hotel room, fully clothed, still shooting the shit with each other. Eventually Ginger comes back out; she is completely naked, save for a lacy corset around her midsection (worn apparently because she's sensitive about her stretch marks, Joe admitted earlier) and a pair of nylons that go all the way up to her inner thighs. She throws her hands in the air in exasperation. "Am I the only naked one in this room, guys?" she playfully asks. "C'mon, I thought you'd all be ready by the time I came out!"

So, we all jump up and remove our clothes rather quickly. I still don't know what to do, though; the guys are all just standing around, watching Ginger as she lays on her stomach at the edge of the bed and poses for some photos. Finally, though, Aaron walks over in front of Ginger, and she proceeds to pop his cock inside her mouth and start sucking it. It's literally the first time in my life that I've ever seen a man and a woman engage in sexual activities physically in front of me, and it's...um...well. Well, it's hard to describe; it's simultaneously one of the more surreal things you'll ever experience, while also being a great turn-on.

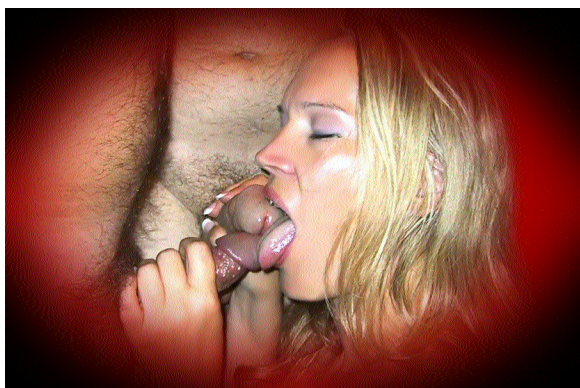
I feel this weird push-and-pull sensation, standing naked in this hotel room and watching these other guys sexually interact with Ginger. (Thomas and Bob have both now climbed up on the bed, and are massaging Ginger's body while she continues giving head to Aaron.) I mean, people are having sex in front of you, and there's just no way to get around that fact. I found myself responding to it, just like one would expect to do when people are having sex literally inches away from you; I could feel a stirring in my loins, a certain amount of excitement, and I ended up starting to masturbate while I was standing there in the background. On the other hand, though, I felt really distanced from everything going on; it was almost like I wasn't actually in the room at all, but rather simply watching the most vivid and realistic porn tape ever produced. It's really difficult to get into group sex at first, or at least when it's a bunch of strangers you've just met an hour previous. You want to just throw all caution to the wind, but it's simply an impossible thing to realistically do at first.

After five or ten minutes of this, Aaron backs up and looks over at me. "Jason?" he asks, pointing at Ginger. Ulp - the moment of truth. I walk over in front of Ginger and she immediately gobbles up my semi-flaccid erection, going to work on it like a person with low blood-sugar hitting an all-day sucker. It's something else I can definitely say about my summer: of the six people I've now had sexual experiences with in the last six weeks, all of them give head like the world's going to end tomorrow. Still, though, this is now the most confusing and stressful moment for me of the entire evening - namely, because I still don't understand what the rules are concerning Ginger, what actions are going to get a satisfied moan and what will get me a punch in the face. I mean, what if I put my hand on the back of Ginger's head and suddenly Joe growls out, "Get yer fuckin' hand off the back of my wife's head!" No one has talked about what's actually going to happen; no one's explained what specifically is appropriate and inappropriate things to do. I'm feeling a bit like a big-mouth bass that's suddenly been yanked out of a lake by a zealous fisherman.

But still, I feel like kind of an idiot, just standing there prone and not touching Ginger at all, while she's busy sucking my cock like it's the most magnificent penis in the history of the human race. So I do start to interact with her - but slowly, and with much hesitation. I'm sensitive to this videocamera that's literally eighteen inches away from my cock, so try to do things that don't interrupt the view: I rub her arms, which are out in front of her; I reach down and pinch her nipples; I actually do end up putting my hand on the back of her head, and end up doing the slightest amount of thrusting in and out of her mouth. I keep trying to back away and let another guy have a turn; Ginger, though, keeps clamping down on my cock every time I try and roughly pulling me back into her mouth, which makes me laugh.

After ten minutes of it, though, I'm starting to feel really guilty about all these other guys patiently waiting their turn, so I do step back and move to the side of the bed. The oral sex has gotten my gander up; I'm fully into my sexual arc right now, and feeling much more bold

and self-assured. Bob has ended up taking my place in front of Ginger; Thomas has left the bed as well, Aaron's just received a cellphone call, and Carl still has yet to step up and start actively participating, so I find myself with exclusive access to Ginger's lower half. I start rubbing her ass and thighs, which very quickly leads to me massaging her clitoris; I push against it roughly each time she takes a suck of Bob's cock, which she seems to like. (Or, that is, she's now starting to gyrate her hips and moan a little, which I assume is a good sign.) I take a quick glance at Joe and confirm that he is, in fact, not seconds away from pounding me, so I take my activities a step forward; I lick my fingers and push them up inside Ginger's vagina, fucking her with them at the same pace and rhythm that she's giving head to Bob. This seems to awaken something in her; she starts really going at Bob's cock now, bobbing her head quite quickly and letting a small stream of saliva escape her lips and dribble down her chin.



Thomas comes back to the bed; I move my hand so that he can take over vagina duties, and I start massaging the rest of her body. Aaron finishes his phone call, so comes back over to the bed as well; Ginger now starts giving head to him, while still jerking off Bob with her hand at a frantic pace. Eventually the two of them scoot in and she starts giving head to them simultaneously, just like...yeah, just like a porn tape! Which, admittedly, always seemed a little silly to me when I've seen it on a tape, but is actually much more erotic when it's happening a few inches away from you in real time. Although, someone should answer me this question if they can: how do straight guys reconcile their heterosexuality with the fact that their cock is literally being smushed up against someone else's and is getting sucked off by a woman at the same time? I mean, I'm all for it, but I'm bisexual; forgive me for saying so, but I think the sex acts between men and women should be blurred as much as humanly possible, whenever humanly possible. The guys at the shoot tonight are obviously straight, but yet they don't seem to mind this double cocksucking taking place, or even really think twice about it or what the shadowy implications might be concerning their sexual identity. I don't know - I'd be interested in hearing what other straight guys think of something like this.

At a certain point, we all seem to come to a simultaneous unspoken agreement to take a break. Ginger, Joe and I all light up cigarettes; Carl puts his clothes back on and goes down the hall for a soda. Man, talk about surreal - ask me how weird it is to be lounging around a hotel room, completely naked, smoking a cigarette, making small talk with five other completely naked people, four of them lazily stroking their erections while they converse with you. Yeah - not a situation you find yourself in every day, that's for sure.

After the cigarettes we all decide to get down to business again. But, it's the same problem as before: now that we've been out of the situation for about ten minutes, it's awkward trying to get it started up again. Joe suggests that Ginger move into a different position, so this time she lays down on her back, spread across the bed horizontally. Joe takes some more pictures, and then Bob walks over to the bed, puts his head between Ginger's legs, and begins to go down on her. And suddenly, like a flash of lightning, I realize what's been missing this entire time: namely, the sense that Ginger is getting sexually satisfied as well. I mean, the absolute moment Ginger started writhing and moaning and turning her head back and forth from the cunnilingus, everything suddenly changed for me; I found myself with a rock-hard erection that never left me again for the rest of the evening, as well as a brand-new sense of boldness and assuredness.

I've been spending some time, in fact, thinking about this, and why everything suddenly changed for me when I started seeing Ginger get off in her own right. Is it because I'm a sensitive little male, and so am never completely comfortable with sex unless I know that the woman is enjoying herself as much as me? Or is it just a natural byproduct of sex - a need, a desire to make sure your partner is excited about it all before you can be fully excited, no matter who you are? Or maybe because it's simply fucking hot to watch a woman get off?

Probably a combination of the three, I suppose. Anyway, I find it a really intriguing question, and something I definitely want to ponder some more this summer.

In any case, I'm definitely raring to go once this starts happening, so I make my way to the bed myself. I lay down on my side and start sucking Ginger's nipples, while Bob continues to give her this really intense oral sex, now pumping two fingers in and out of her at a frenzied pace. It's nice; I have my first true intimate moment of the evening. I can feel Ginger's body shaking from the oral sex someone else is giving her; in the meanwhile, she's reached her hand up behind me and is gently stroking my back and neck and head while I'm gently biting on her nipples. I look up at her face; she's opened her eyes and is staring into mine, this look on her face like, "Now do you understand, Jason? Do you finally see why I like gangbangs so much?" Um, yeah, Ginger, I'm definitely starting to get the idea.



Emboldened by the deep-eye staring, I roll on my side and put my cock into her mouth again. This time the head is a lot more like what you would expect; a lot slower and more organic, Ginger not moving her head at all sometimes, then realizing it and suddenly thrusting her mouth all the way down on me in a harried, uneven pace, loud moans vibrating my cock the entire time. Finally, an experience just like I always wanted group sex to be like: private, intimate, emotional, with this real sense of harmonic energy passing between all three of us. Right fucking on.

Bob gets up from the bed, so I hop down and immediately take his place between Ginger's legs. Ginger's cunt is already hot and wet and dilated; it's weird to start going down on someone and find them already halfway to orgasm. Thomas, meanwhile, comes over to the bed himself and takes over the position I was in; now I'm the one making her moan and squirm, and he's the one receiving the oral benefits of it. I'm not sure what to say about it all; as you've already probably figured out, the six of us ended up just finding this natural rhythm to the whole thing, each of the guys more than happy to receive their share of gratification but also to give when the time was due or sometimes simply to stand back and watch things progress.

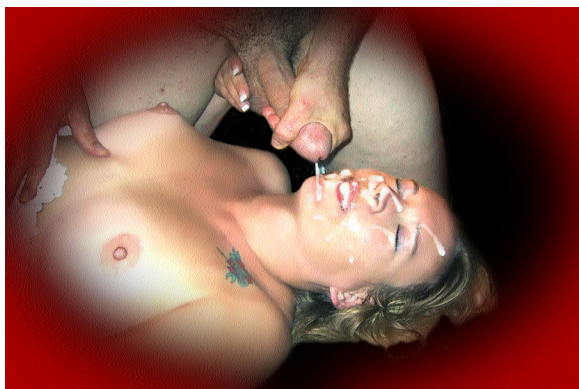
I was worried about this beforehand, frankly. I belong to a number of Yahoo groups now that are dedicated to group sexual activities, and there are constantly messages being posted at them about the inappropriate behavior of some men at these parties. I mean, let's face it - a lot of guys out there are complete fucking pigs, and just because they're surrounded by a bunch of other men doesn't necessarily stop some of them from continuing to be complete fucking pigs. I read about these scenarios all the time at these message boards: about the guy who would start fucking a woman and then refuse to get up and let others have a chance; about the guy who suddenly started fucking a woman's face really hard, even though she clearly said beforehand that she didn't want something like that to happen. I guess part of our experience tonight was luck; a much bigger part of it, though, was that Ginger already knew the majority of the guys who were participating, and knew them to be polite and friendly and not into weird power games when it came to sex.

Speaking of which, I decide to finally step back and take a break myself. Thomas steps back as well, and Aaron and Bob come back over. (Carl's apparently decided to bow out of the entire proceedings by now; in fact, he's still completely clothed from his trip to the soda machine twenty minutes ago.) A surprise - Bob's put on a condom, and when he reaches the bed he slips himself up inside Ginger and starts fucking her really hard. Oh, well...right on. I had just assumed that no actual intercourse was going to take place tonight; it's nice, though, and a real turn-on, to watch some actual fucking taking place, especially while watching Ginger try to give head to Aaron at the same time, desperately failing because she's so quickly reaching her own orgasm and can't even think straight.

Bob lifts Ginger's legs and puts them up behind her ears; watching this definitely gets me in a more excited state, and I find myself just full-on whacking off in front of everyone with-

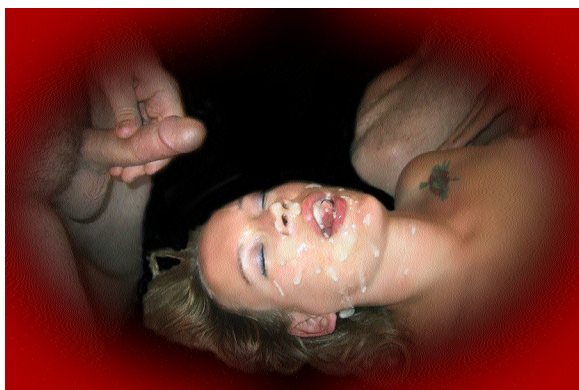
out a care in the world. I go over and grab a condom myself, looking forward to the chance to do a little of my own fucking; as soon as I get it on my cock, though, Thomas whispers, "Actually, I think we're just about ready to do the bukkake thing now." Oh, okay. Sure, it's a little disappointing to not have the chance to fuck Ginger - given how surprisingly great the rest of the evening's been going, though, I really have no room for complaint.

The four of us all get up on our knees around Ginger's face, jerking off in various states of frenzy. Now, this is something we've all joked about, way back at the beginning of the evening - namely, considering that none of us are actual porn stars, is there really going to be a chance in the world that we'll all be able to time our orgasms to happen simultaneously? I mean, given that we've all been in various states of sexual intimacy with Ginger over the course of the last two hours, all four of us definitely have an investment in making this bukkake thing work; it's just that none of us actually expect to be able to time our individual orgasms in such a synchronized way.



But boy, were we wrong about that. There's this thing that happened at the moment of truth that night that completely affirms something I've always thought about sex. Guys, you'll know immediately what I'm talking about here - think about those times that you're jerking off to a porn tape, when you're close to your orgasm but can't seem to quite push yourself over the edge. Sometimes when I'm that state, the guy on the tape will suddenly have his own orgasm - and then the next thing I know, I'm literally coming all over myself just a few seconds later. I've always assumed that there was something about watching another guy's orgasm that helps push us to have our own - just that sudden release, that sudden violent explosion of sexual

hubris, that inspires us to finish up as well.



And so, yeah, that's exactly what happens in our case as well - Aaron is the first one to start coming, and the next thing you know all four of us are just jizzing and jizzing all over the goddamn place. And another observation to make at this point: I usually do not like bukkake videos whatsoever, just because they're so fucking weird and gross. It's a whole different thing, though, to have spent two hours in a room with all these people, freely sharing our sexuality in front of each other and really feeling like we're all in it together - in that case, all of us making this giant gooley mess on Ginger's face at the same time felt really special, like we had just given her the more bizarre reward ever, as a thank-you for fucking all of us in the first place.

Yeah, I know, strange. I never claimed that anything about this night wasn't strange.

11 pm. Back in the city. Things started rapidly winding down after the orgasms; Thomas helped get Ginger cleaned up, and the rest of us quickly started getting back into states of semi-dress. Actually, this really funny thing happened right after the bukkake; literally seconds after our orgasms, there was a knock on the door. It turned out to be \*Don, the sender of the cellphone call Aaron received earlier in the evening, who has been desperately trying to make it over to the hotel before things had been completed.

"Did I miss anything?" he yelled with wide eyes, bursting in the door.

The entire room burst into uproarious laughter; it was this really nice comedic moment that dispelled whatever trace amounts of tension were still in the air. Don gave us all one of those exaggerated "ah, shucks" gestures, then sat down on the couch. "So how was it?" he asked.

"Well, we weren't expecting that much from this one," Joe said, pointing a thumb at me. "But then the kid took his pants off, and holey-schlamoley."

"Long Dong Silver," Ginger added, still naked and taking a sip of her soda. Which was really funny to me, because I had been having the opposite reaction - being around these

naked guys all night, I literally couldn't see how my cock was any different from the rest of them in terms of size and shape. I guess it's something I'm still not used to.

Anyway, Thomas and I both had other parties to attend back in the city later that night, so we got our clothes on and said goodbye to the group. We drove about 40 minutes back into the city, talking in detail about the experience we had just had, comparing it to the other similar experiences we've both had in our pasts. Thomas was running late for his own activities later that night, so he dropped me off at North and Clybourne. And now here I am, on the el, thinking about some things.

I've been having yet another new and unusual experience this summer, along with everything else; I've touched on this before, but thought I'd go into it in more detail here. It's a well-known biological fact that your body releases an unusual amount of chemicals into your brain after an orgasm - endorphins, insulin - as a way of "rewarding" you for having sex and assuring that you'll continue to do so and keep propagating your species. This sudden rush of so-called "pleasure chemicals" produces a lot of interesting emotions in our brain as a result - a heightened sense of egotism, a certain calmness, a sudden love for all living things in the universe and a desire to have sex with all of them. I mean, you've had orgasms before; you know what I'm talking about.

Here's the weird thing about it concerning my summer, though - usually, I experience these chemical changes in the privacy of my apartment, laying around with my lover in bed, kissing and hugging and making small talk and just generally feeling really intimate and close to them. I've had a number of situations this summer, though, where I've suddenly found myself in the middle of public before the chemicals have had a chance to get out of my system yet. And Jesus, ask me just how weird it is to be on a train, trying to act all cool, while your brain keeps telling you over and over how YOU ARE THE ALL-TIME GRAND POOBAH FUCK KING OF THE UNIVERSE. I mean, seriously, I feel like those old silent Casanova movies from the turn of the century; like if I just stared at women hard enough, they would fall under some kind of hypnotic spell and be seduced by the overpowering raw sexuality that's radiating from my body.

There's a woman sitting across the train from me right now. She's pale, tall, cute, with ripped jeans that are showing just the slightest amount of skin underneath. She's wearing a Walkman, busily scribbling in some notebook, not really looking like she wants to be doing it at all. I keep wondering what would happen if, at my stop, I just walked over to her, stared her in the eyes and said, "Come with me." Whether she would get this dazed look on her face, drop her pen and go, "Um, okay." I mean, don't get me wrong, we all feel this way right after sex. Just thank God that most of the time we're safely locked away in our apartments when it happens.

July 31  
2002

Alexis – so the story can now be told. She's the woman I keep mentioning this summer only tertiarily; my ex-lover from California, making one last tour of the US before hitting the road for Europe indefinitely (God, another one; I'm so itching to get to Europe); staying with me for five days at the very end of this summer (and journal), wanting to be my sexual slave for an undetermined amount of scenes and variations.

So, today, finally, the full story. And part of this I've never told anywhere, because it involves me doing something I wasn't so sure about when it first happened. See, I met Alexis during my book tour of California in March 2001. For those who weren't following in the main journal at the time, it was this really life-changing experience; I sold three times as many books as I was expecting, had twice as many people at the shows as the venues' regular weekly crowds, not only hung out with sex columnist Carol Queen but ended up getting her to be an obsessive fan of my work, actually getting up on stage and doing one of my pieces with me (as well as getting invited to her orgy three days later, which sadly I couldn't stick around for). Oh, and making a profit for the first time ever; \$450 paid out during the tour, \$900 brought in.

The only thing missing, it seemed, was the getting laid part. Because that's always been a big part of my touring; part of why I go to the trouble of hitting the road in the first place is because I can expect to have hot nasty sex at least once during my adventures. And it's always happened (except for once, at the 2000 Tempe Poetry Festival, but that's fine because I had a blast anyway). Except, this time I had a girlfriend. Except, my girlfriend and I had decided to have a nonsexual relationship. Yeah, it was this weird time for both of us – I was going through my sexual-addiction therapy so wasn't in the mood to start getting dirty with someone regularly, and she was wondering about her orientation even as she was finding herself drawn close to me.

What I'm saying is that the sexual bond was never that close between us, since neither of us had ever really been sexual with each other (save for makeout sessions, which would sometimes get a little hot and heavy), so I don't honestly know if she would've minded that I had sex while in California. But I was determined not to anyway, because I felt it was the right thing to do. And for the majority of the tour, it went just fine – I met the occasional cool-ass punk woman at every show who hung around at the end just a little longer than she was supposed to, even sometimes shooing her friends out the door, and I would merely get into a chat with them, or sometimes smoke some pot with them in an alleyway behind the tavern (thank you, San Jose slam team!).

But Alexis. Oh, Alexis. So different. See, when you're a writer and you tour the Bay area, you end up doing a lot of shows that are very close to each other, because there's enough artists in the Bay area to support that many shows so close to each other. And Alexis was new to the scene herself, so was doing that thing all of us do when we're new to the scene – going out to every open mic and just reading her shit, trying to make friends, trying to build regular fans. So she and I ended up running into each other at four different shows. And so charming! My God – a little Anais Nin, Susie Bright and Siouxsie Souix thrown in for good measure. So much fun to talk to – so sexy and nerdy and brilliant.

So, we ended up having sex. Actually, my friend Bucky Sinister sort of pushed us into having sex – he thought he was being all suave and subtle, but he was so trashed he was just being obvious and entertaining. "Yeeeah, well, I gotza get going, but I thinks ol' Jason here needsh some directions home. Right, Jashon?" Nudge, nudge. Yeah, Bucky, right, go home. We got to laughing about Bucky's obtuse nature, which got us to laughing and having another drink. I learned about the polyamorous relationship she was in, and for the first time in my life got a really clear-headed, rational, understandable definition of what one was and what was important about making it work (things I've been talking about in this journal all summer).

We got to talking about the porn website I was running at the time (sniff, porn-

formerds.com, how I miss you). I was telling her about an interview I did for it with this cute little punk-rock webmistress who ran an adult site specializing in photos of hot fuckin' nerds. Alexis announced that she had, in fact, posed for said website in the past. I looked at her again and realized – my God, I've masturbated to pictures of this girl, this girl right in front of me! Holy shit! And that was it, really; there was no way I could leave California now without getting naked with an amateur porn star I've whacked off to before.

It was...well, it was "four in the morning, really kind of fucked-up and high and just feeling the groove" kind of sex. Yeah, that sloppy, casually intimate kind of fucking that just comes with that certain mood, that certain night you've had. In a nutshell...it was fucking great. And so we've always had plans to get together again – first, the idea was for me to go to San Francisco again and fuck her and her bi polyamorous boyfriend at the same time. Then they broke up, so that fell apart. Then W. and I started dating, and W. and Alexis hit it off, so she was then going to come to Chicago and service both of us at the same time. Then W. and I broke it off, so...goddamn. So many threeway offers this summer, so few threeways.

But Alexis is into something else I've always wanted to explore more – she's into the BDSM lifestyle on almost a fulltime basis. Fuck, she lives in San Francisco; whaddya want? I've gotten intensely curious about all this stuff this year, but really don't know that much about it. So one day Alexis said, "Why don't I just still come in for my five days, but you and I just do master and slave stuff the whole time?" And I was like, "Ulp – yeah!" 'Cause Alexis is hardcore. How hardcore? She makes money doing this shit. I mean, not all the time, but whenever the mood strikes her she'll pose for one of the many fetish porn sites that are based in the Bay area. She's been doing this for years, and with multiple partners, and really knows what she's doing.

We have all kinds of interesting shit we're starting to negotiate into final terms right now. We both really want to try a kidnap and interrogation scene, for example. We both want to try a private exhibitionist night, where I invite four of my friends over and force Alexis to put on a show for them. We want to try a fantasy rape. She's instructed me to purchase a Ping-Pong paddle, with which I am supposed to spank her very hard when she gets naughty. She wants me to pull her hair and call her a fucktoy – a degrading term that for some reason gets her all turned on.

Yeah! Oh, Alexis, how I do look forward to your visit! It's going to be a hell of a way to end this summer...and is guaranteed to keep all my readers subscribed to the very end.

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An interesting thing has happened with Veronika; she and her boyfriend broke up. Which, admittedly, makes me sad, just like every other breakup I hear of these days makes me sad. But it also means that her visit (coming in just two days) at least will not have that air of moral ambiguity that was formerly hanging over our heads. She's single and carefree, I'm single and carefree, and she's in much need of a "wild night," as her email told me yesterday. Hey, I can guarantee that. Some dinner, some drinks, some clubbing, then an ass fucking like the world is going to end, since she's on her period right now and can't have sex the traditional way. Then homemade smoothies, french toast and omelets the next morning for breakfast. That's the way to entertain out-of-town guests, damnit.

August 6  
2002

POOR VERONIKA! Not only is she handling her own breakup right now worse than she was expecting, she also had a close relative die literally a day and a half ago. And poor Veronika! Instead of canceling her trip to Chicago like any sane person would, she decided to go ahead and come visit; after already canceling the threeway a couple of weeks ago, she was apparently terrified of how pissed I'd be if she cancelled her trip altogether. I mean, I appreciate the effort, but she really should've just stayed home; she just ended up crying most of the five and a half hours we spent together, and finally around 11 pm decided to just hop on a train back to her hometown instead of staying the night.

"Now?" I said at 11 pm. "It's the middle of the night. How are you going to get home?"

"The trains keep running until 12:30," she said between sniffles.

Jeez. So I tried to talk to her about it, or at least to make sure she wasn't leaving because she thought she was offending me or pissing me off. I mean, she wasn't; she was just sad, which was perfectly understandable in those circumstances, and I just hated the idea of her making a train ride in the middle of the night just because she thought she was bothering me. She insisted, though, that she was going home for her own sense of well-being and not in an effort not to offend me; so, I wrote out instructions to the train station, walked her down to the Sheridan el stop in my neighborhood, gave her a hug and wished her luck getting home.

The visit wasn't a total waste: I did get a free dinner out of it, and some free drinks, and some free drugs for that matter; I did get to finally hang out with Veronika, which after months of emails was nice, even if she was in a crappy mood. And I got to hang out with my friends Carrie and Patrick as well; they met up with us at the legendary journalist dive Billygoat, to help celebrate the eighth anniversary of me moving to Chicago, which was last night. So, all in all, I can't say the thing was a total washout, even though we got nowhere close to being sexual and Veronika didn't even end up spending the night.

Oh well – I guess it just happens sometimes.

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So, some weirdness recently with Calliope as well, who's scheduled to visit this coming weekend; namely, she hasn't written or communicated with me in almost two weeks, even though she's continuing to update her web journal every day. Yeah, you got me. Now that her visit is almost upon us, I keep writing to say we need to work out the details; what time her flight is arriving, which airport, what the plans are going to be for meeting up. But I don't know what's happened – I've sent her four emails over the last week and a half or so, and I haven't received one solitary response back at this point, even though she's set to arrive in just five days. She keeps writing at her journal about some new boy with whom she's completely smitten; that, plus her recent noncommunicative behavior, makes me suspect that she's cancelled her trip to Chicago and just isn't bothering on telling me. Which is fine, I suppose – this summer is supposed to be all about me shedding as many expectations in my sexual partners as possible. Still, though, it'd be nice to actually hear it from her, so I'm not spending the next week killing myself trying to get ready for a visit that's no longer going to happen.

At least Barb still seems psyched; she's scheduled to arrive in two weeks, and our communication level has been increasing recently if anything. Which is ironic, because Barb is the only one of the three who's married, so is the one (I feel) with the most legitimate right to cancel her trip at the last second. People have so many weird, displaced assumptions about Barb's trip, by the way. People keep asking me if I'm going to convince her to leave her husband, or if Barb's thinking about leaving her husband for me, or what will happen if I suddenly find myself in love with Barb, against the wishes and hopes of what I wanted.

Look, look, look, people. Barb and I have had detailed conversations about this, and we're in agreement about her upcoming trip; that it will serve as a supplement to her already content life with her husband, not as any kind of replacement. She's not unhappy with anything concerning her marriage; there are just certain sexual details that he fails to provide, and

she's recently gotten interested in seeking them elsewhere. And it's not just that either, exactly – more that Barb likes my summer project in particular, and went through one herself when she was younger so can relate, and is intrigued by the idea of adding an experience to my journal.

And, unlike an alarming amount of people in my life these days, I do *not* believe in "fated love" or "true love" or "love at first sight." I believe love can only be achieved one way: through hard work on the part of both people, patience and time. Love at first sight is a concept that only works in Nora Roberts novels and Meg Ryan movies; in the real world, we have to work very hard to achieve that kind of intimacy and trust and fondness with someone where we can honestly say that we love them. Maybe the divorce rate in this country wouldn't be over 50 percent if more people finally figured this out themselves.

August 6  
2002

A LETTER TO ALEXIS. Hey there. Well, I did two things last weekend at the same time that I probably shouldn't have done at the same time: I thought out new ideas for us concerning a rape/wrestling fantasy during your visit in October; and I read Poppy Z. Brite's *Exquisite Corpse* for the first time. Whoa, have you read this book? It's fucking intense; not what I was expecting at all. When people first showed me this picture of this cutsie little girl and said, "She lives in New Orleans and writes really dark erotic fiction," I thought it would be along the lines of Anne Rice's tame little dirty fairytales. But man – I mean, man oh man. It's so fucking violent, but so fucking mesmerizing and seductive at the same time.

It reminded me of Dennis Cooper's books. Are you familiar with him? He's written a whole series of really violent sexual novels about the gay chickenhawk cruising scene – the gutterpunk boys who try to find sugardaddies, and sometimes get sucked into the world of really scummy underground gay porn. *Exquisite Corpse* reminded me of him in the way that both authors show the mentality of the victims quite well; why they would put themselves in that kind of situation in the first place, how there's this strange combination of pride and self-loathing inherent in the same personality.

So anyway, I shouldn't have been reading that novel while thinking of rape and roughhousing fantasies about you, because my fantasies then came out really, really violent – much more violent than anything I've thought of before. They disturbed and excited me at the same time, and I'm just not sure what to think about it. I mean, they're still in the realm of fantasy, and I've understood for a long time how what we fantasize about is not what we necessarily want to do in the real world. But then again, I've been very purposely blurring the line between fantasies and realities this summer, so am not very sure anymore where my boundaries lay.

Let's face it – you have a lot more experience in the world of domination and submission than I do, and sometimes it produces a little anxiety in me. You know, like I'm really going to have to give you a show while you're in town so that you're not bored to death. It allows me to push my boundaries a lot farther when it comes to fantasizing about you...but that's a double-edged sword. The pleasure of unrestrained fantasies is coupled with the responsibility to learn where that last line is that you shouldn't cross. This line not only changes from person to person, but also in the same person depending on how old they are and what experiences they've had. I've been getting interesting feedback from a variety of people this summer, and the results have been telling. My eighteen- and nineteen-year-old readers (there's not a lot of them out there, but there are a few) have been getting quite upset at some of the entries; not upset like that they're mad at me, but upset as in the entry brought up a lot of confusing emotions for them that they don't quite know how to handle yet.

They reminded me of how I used to be at eighteen. That was the year that a woman admitted straight-faced to me for the first time that she liked anal sex. I was a college freshman who had never had sex, gotten drunk, smoked a cigarette or seen drugs; naturally, I didn't believe her. "That's just a joke, right?" I said smugly in her dorm the day she admitted it.

"No, no joke," she said. This was L\_\_\_\_, by the way, the older sister of a guy with whom I went to high school. He and I didn't know each other that well, so his sister and I knew each other even less. Still, there's a lot of new sudden understandings and bondings between siblings in college (my brother and I definitely went through that), so all of a sudden we found ourselves hanging out with her a lot more. She was a sophomore, which meant to us freshmen, of course, that she was a goddess for wanting to hang around with us. And of course, she loved fucking with the minds of freshmen boys, because it's so fun to fuck with the minds of freshmen boys.

"You're not serious," I said, a half-laugh escaping my throat.

"Yeah, I'm serious." She looked at me in that way that sophomore girls always used to be able to look at me; a look that would melt your heart as it pierced through you like a laser. Ah – where have all the sophomore girls gone?

"You're serious."

"Yes, Jason. I'm serious. I have anal sex on a pretty regular basis, and I enjoy it each time."

"No. No, that's not...really? No. That can't be true."

"Why can't that be true?"

"It's just so...gross."

"Well, have you tried it?"

"No..."

"Then I suggest you keep your opinions to yourself until you have the experience to back them up."

I thought about that conversation for a long time. It upset me at first, just like it upset me every time I found out that someone around me was into stranger and stranger types of sex: the first friend to come out of the closet to me; the first one who admitted to liking group sex; the first to admit she likes violence during sex (who is actually one of the four ex-lovers of mine who's reading this journal in real time – hey there). It takes time to get used to something new and big. That's just how it is.

The first time I did end up having anal sex was because the opportunity was given to me as a present on my 29th birthday by the woman who was then dating me. This is the greatest birthday present I have received in my entire goddamn life, by the way, but you could already guess that. Getting comfortable with that led me a little bit more down the road; a few years later I could then deal with the girlfriend who wanted me to wrestle with her before fucking her, and who wanted to wear a strap-on dildo and fuck me in the ass sometime. I did it once, reluctantly, didn't enjoy it that much, but again got comfortable with it, which is what allowed me to do it regularly with W. about five years later with much greater success. Which is what led to me starting to explore domination and submission, because it was something W. wanted to do. And again, I did it cautiously and had some hit-and-miss experiences.

Which leads me again to you, Alexis, and how strange it was to fantasize over the line I usually set for myself in the real world. I'm hesitant about even detailing the fantasy, because I'm so embarrassed by it; let's say that it involved a lot of slapping and hitting and trying to pin each other's limbs down. And biting. And trying to struggle out of each other's grasps. I mean, these are all things you've already said you would like trying; you've just never said anything about trying them all at once. It's this really intriguing fantasy, because I don't know how close it gets to the reality of how I'll actually be in October. The idea of hurting a woman is still too inherently ingrained against my system; I mean, I got a little bit into it with W. while we were dating, spanking and biting and aggressive oral sex (i.e. mouth fucking), but even moving to something like a hairbrush got me really uncomfortable. But you've enjoyed a lot more than this; and I should know, because I've seen the internet porn photos to prove it. It allows me to push my envelope farther when I think about you, although I'm still tethered fairly close to safe shore.

It's been a strange week, Alexis, I'll tell you what. First Veronika comes into town Saturday and has a freakout over a relative who died the day before (I mean, bless her heart for still coming into town, but man, she shoulda probably stayed at home). Then Calliope completely stops writing to me – no word on whether or not she's still coming into town this weekend, no word on why she's stopped talking to me. So, I've got to assume for now that she's canceled as well, although it'd be nice to get a note from her and find out why. And today, Barb cancels on me as well. There's a whole sticky story behind her cancellation; I promised her that I wouldn't write about it in detail, so I won't.

Needless to say, it's kind of stressed me all out. These were the last three women I was scheduled to get together with until your visit in October, which will also be the end of my slut summer and the end of this journal. And, I mean, that's it – I have no more scheduled get-togethers, no more prospects, no more people I'm still trying to set a date with. And,

given how strange I'm feeling about the unified cancellations by the three women I've been talking with the most this summer, I'm not feeling a lot of motivation right now for getting out there and hitting the personal ads again either.

Blah. This is precisely the kind of feeling I was trying to avoid having this summer; that it's not even worth trying to get out and meet new people, because they'll all just end up disappointing you sooner or later. That it's not even worth going out at all, because it's so much easier just to stay at home and wallow in your own juices. This is a very easy attitude to fall into after a bad breakup, and part of the point of this summer was to keep myself from getting in that mood too often. But man, I've now had 12 out of my 15 scheduled partners this summer cancel out on me, and such a large amount of last-minute rejection can really start to weigh on your soul. Not to talk in metaphysical terms, but you see what I'm saying.

I wonder if anyone is going to contact me soon about getting together. If there's anyone out there who's been on the fence about it, now would be a good time to speak up; otherwise, I think this journal is going to have to close down for good until October and the very last weekend of the summer. Which I'd hate to have happen, but I'm just in no mood right now for getting out there and contacting people myself out of the blue. Too much rejection this week. Very overwhelming. Make brain hurt.

I know you're going through some weird times right now yourself. Packing up the last of your stuff; selling it or moving it into storage; finishing up your new website; finalizing all your one-way tickets across America and that last ticket over to your indefinite future in Europe. (I'm so jealous.) Hopefully your time here will be a good pause for both of us – a final fling, if you will, before both of us sign off on a major period of our lives and start a new one. Which means that more of our boundaries than usual are off for both of us concerning the fling. Which then leads me into some strange new roads. But hey, this summer is supposed to be about learning and understanding these strange new roads. I'll get it all worked out. I'm sure of it.

Jason.

# Part 3

August 16 - October 5, 2002

August 16  
2002

I JERKED OFF IN FRONT OF A LESBIAN LAST NIGHT. Actually, she's not really a lesbian, and what we did was a little more complicated than jerking off. But it's a hell of a way to start a journal entry, isn't it?

When last I wrote in this sexual journal, roughly two weeks ago, I was in a rather bad mood. I had just had three encounters fall apart on me in a matter of days...which wouldn't have been so bad, except that it was with the three women I had spent the most time talking to this summer and was the most sure about regarding the encounters actually going through. It was a kind of hard thing to emotionally take as it was, which was then compounded by the fact that all three encounters fell apart for different yet compellingly surreal reasons.

It left me feeling a little shaky, emotionally speaking, plus suddenly meant that I had no other sexual encounters lined up from then until October, when my last lover of the summer gets into town. And, given that I was going through a couple of issues regarding trust and betrayal over it all, I wasn't feeling particularly up for trawling the internet again, looking for yet more people to start the whole dysfunctional cycle all over again. So I took a break from everything sexual in my life for a couple of weeks, to just give myself time to process it all.

I eventually realized, however, that I wasn't going to have any more sexual adventures this summer until I got out there and started getting the word out again. So I did; I ran around to the dozen or so swinger Yahoo groups I belong to, as well as this great free posting service called Craigslist [<http://chicago.craigslist.org>], and basically dropped off some messages about who I was, what I was writing, and how I found myself in this sort of open position again all of a sudden. I also decided to reschedule my massage party, which was originally going to be August 10th but got cancelled because the woman who was going to come into town for it never did.

I only got one response to the postings, but sometimes one response is all you really need. Her name is \*Maria, and she's an interesting one – late twenties, Latina, once into the inner-city hiphop and drug culture, tough and cool and bisexual. She doesn't have anything particularly against men per se, although she's had a tough time finding ones she feels comfortable around sexually; it's tended to make her date a lot more women over the years than men, even though she still considers herself actively bi. Maria's been dating a woman, \*Eva, for a little less than a year now; I know very little about Eva, save that she's a pro/am athlete, Latina as well (I think), has dated a lot more men in the past than Maria has, and writes really great letters (but more on that in a bit).

Anyway, Maria was writing about the massage party; she had downloaded and read through my sexual journal (because I link to it in my postings and personal ads), had enjoyed it very much, got to the part about the parties, and wanted to know how she could get invited to one. It seems that there's this strange thing going on with her and Eva right now; I don't really know the details and don't really want to know, so can't really do the story justice. It boils down to the fact, though, that the two have always had a polyamorous relationship in theory, but now Maria wants to start putting it into practice. She has Eva's permission to do so, but they're still hammering out a lot of the details regarding how it's going to work and what they're both going to think of it. Maria admitted that she's much more of a voyeur when it comes to things like this than an active participant, and so that's why the idea of my massage party appealed to her so much. After all, except for the twenty minutes you're actually receiving your massage, the entire rest of the evening is spent merely massaging other people and observing them pleasuring themselves. Right, you understand.

Now, what did I think when I first got this email? Naturally, I thought the entire thing was some sort of bullshit prank being pulled on me by people who want to get my goat (and there's a lot of them out there, especially these days). I mean, seriously, how many times do you get letters from tough, cool, almost full-time lesbians saying, "I'm in a long-term relationship with a woman right now but still want to get together and get naked with you?" Never, that's how many. That's like something out of a Penthouse letter, for fuck's sake.

Okay, so that's a bit of an exaggeration, executed for humorous effect; the fact is that I've slept with a number of women over the years who either identify themselves in public as lesbians, or whose lifestyles just naturally veer mostly into lesbian territory. I'm always hesitant about mentioning this, because I don't want it to seem like some sort of weird macho brag;

believe me, the last thing in the world I relish is the concept of "turning lesbians." My point is that it's happened enough times in the past that I didn't want to immediately dismiss Maria's letter; after all, she did find me through Craigslist, which is full of the same urban, literate smutty people who read Nerve and all have personal ads at the Onion. So I said sure, she could come to the party if she wanted, but she was going to have to send me a photo and meet up with me once before the party itself. Neither had to be sexual, I told her; I was just doing it to make sure she was real. She agreed, and we started working out a day and time to meet up.

Then, about a half-hour later, I get a letter from Eva. The girlfriend, right. And it's about how Maria made her read my journal, and how she found herself feeling a lot more comfortable with Maria going to my party now that she's seen how disarming and frank I am in my adventure-seeking this summer. Which is always a nice thing for me to hear, because I work so hard at providing that kind of sense of honesty in my writing in the first place. Eva wasn't completely comfortable with everything going on, she admitted; she was willing to explore it, though, and was actually contemplating attending my party herself.

Well, ask me how much I now thought the whole thing was definitely some giant hoax; for the love of Pete, now I've got two lesbian lovers writing and saying, "We're thinking about maybe getting naked and doing it in front of you, Jason." Fuck me, man; I've known a lot of lesbians now over the years because of my involvement in the poetry community, and I know how "doing it in front of a guy" is pretty much the last thing on most of these ladies' minds. But still, it's not like I have anything better to do right now than to play along, so I started up this semi-regular correspondence with both Maria and Eva – usually written to one or the other, although I think there's been a fair amount of "BCC:"ing going on between them as well.

So, Maria and I decided to meet up at a bar by my house last night. And sure enough, right at 8:30, there was an honest-to-god woman standing in front of me, introducing herself and sitting down with her vodka tonic. And she's pretty fascinating as well; she's as tough as I was expecting her to be, but with this certain innate feminine quality at the same time. She's quirky, funny, highly intelligent and very much in touch with her sexuality; it surprises me, in fact, that she has such a tough time making a good sexual connection with most men she's been with.

We launched into a long conversation that lasted us through several hours and many, many cocktails; about Eva, about swinging, about her time in the Bay area (where one of her former lovers was an employee of Good Vibrations, which means we have a handful of mutual friends out there). We talked about my party and what she could expect; we talked about her voyeuristic tendencies and what I could expect.

"I'd love to watch two guys have sex with each other sometime," she admitted. "You'd be surprised how many gay men have such a strong objection to a woman watching them." She sighed. "I need to meet more bi men."

"Hell," I replied, "the next time I have sex with a man you're more than welcome to come watch."

"Excellent," she said. "Actually, I'm just looking forward to watching you jerk off at your massage party."

"Well, Jeez, Maria," I said with alcohol-inflated daring-do. "I just live two blocks away. If you're that excited about watching me jerk off, just come on back and I'll do it for you right this second."

A mischievous smile crossed her lips. "Well, okay," she said quietly. And that was that, really.

I'll admit, I experienced a much greater thrill than normal from the entire prospect. I suppose it's the circumstances that produced it; this agreed-upon understanding that we wouldn't be having sex, or even interacting in any direct way, that the primary purpose of the encounter was for me to jerk off like I'd be doing later that night anyway, but this time with a cute woman as an audience member. Besides, it's incredibly flattering to meet a woman who has trouble getting sexually attracted to men, yet finds you alluring; it makes you feel like you just won some kind of weird competition. And finally there was that guy thing going on in

the back of my head as well; you know, that if Maria and I hit it off, and Eva and I end up hitting it off, I might end up having a threeway with two Latina lesbian lovers. Yeah, I know, I'm ashamed of myself too.

We sat around my apartment for about a half-hour, smoking pot and shooting the shit. Finally I turned off the lights and laid back on the bed, beckoning her to do the same. "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Do whatever you want," she replied.

So I took out my cock and started stroking it, continuing to make small talk with her. And then my strokes got a little quicker, and a little more serious, and before I knew it, there I was, jerking away in front of this woman I had just met for the first time a couple of hours ago. What can I say? It was just like I wish every experience I've had this summer could be like; a way to feel close to another person, intimate with them, without having to take on the heavy-duty issues that come with fucking them or dating them or having a long courtship with them. I mean, that was the entire point of me even starting up my little experiment this summer, so I'm always eternally grateful to have those kinds of experiences.

I asked Maria to lower her pants just enough for me to see her pussy; so she did, and started playing with herself as well. We just laid there on the bed for awhile, watching each other masturbate and breathing quietly yet shallowly a couple of inches from each other. Eventually, as we both moved more fully into our sexual arcs, we started interacting a little more: I put my hand on her inner thigh while she jerked off, then cupped her actual masturbating hand, pushing into her clitoris behind her with each stroke; she put her hand on my leg, then eventually moved it between my thighs and massaged my testicles while I was masturbating.

Maria and I had this really nice sense of synchronicity in bed, which I think kind of took us both a little by surprise. We seemed to have this inherent understanding of just how intimate and physical we both wanted to get, where the lines laid that neither of us wanted to cross, and how to develop this really heightened sense of trust about it all. Believe me, It's not the easiest thing to achieve while you're naked and aroused in front of a stranger. We both eventually took some time to jerk each other off for awhile; it was sort of understood that that was the farthest we wanted to go sexually, but we definitely both wanted at least a small turn with each other's nasty parts.

There's something really entertaining in an egotistical way about knowing that your partner wants you to put on a show for them. I don't know about anybody else, but I'm always fully ready to put on a show for someone if that's what they want. Maybe that comes from seven years of publicly performing poetry on a weekly basis, or maybe I really am that smug, arrogant son of a bitch my detractors are always accusing me of being. Whatever. I didn't care about the reasons that night, only that I had this cute semi-naked girl in my bed who wanted to watch me put on a show. I sat up so I was looming over the side of Maria's body, jutted my hips out and stroked that big boy right over her chest like I was going to pull the damn thing off before the night was over. It's not that difficult to do; you just have to take faith in the fact that your pecker is the All-Time Undisputed World-Champion King of Cocks, a fact which every male knows in their heart of hearts is true about their own. And you have to remind yourself, "This person is getting off by watching me get off." It really doesn't take much more than that for me to be up on my knees, my head rolled back in the air, grunting and huffing and wanking that piece of meat like the world's about to end.

Ooh, was that too much to know about me? Maybe I'll take that out later.

My point is that I had a really great time; much better than I thought it was going to be, considering that for awhile I really did think this was just some cruel joke being played on me, and that Maria didn't really exist. And better yet, Maria sat down and told Eva all about it, and curiously enough she wasn't nearly as disgusted by it all than she thought she would be. Now Eva's pretty seriously considering attending the massage party herself, and definitely wants to meet up with me soon. Hmm. "Dear Penthouse: I always thought your letters were made up, until it happened to me..."

August 21  
2002

I MET UP WITH EVA LAST NIGHT. Who, man. It turns out that Eva is not, in fact, another tough Latina woman like her girlfriend Maria is, who I met up with last week; Eva, in fact, is a young, pale, absolutely beautiful little punk-rock girl. Which, of course, brought up the first real ethical dilemma I've had to deal with all summer long – namely, I found myself immediately and overwhelmingly attracted to Eva the absolute first fucking moment I first met her, and just continued to get more and more attracted to her as our night together wore on.

This is a big problem! Why? Well, I'll tell you why – because Eva and Maria have been in a committed, monogamous lesbian relationship for the last nine months, so it's not nearly my place to start getting attracted to either one of them in the slightly deeper way that I found myself feeling towards Eva last night. I mean, that's just the reality of the situation; the two of them contacted me in the first place because they thought it would be fun to add this goofy little non-threatening boy to the whole mix of their sex lives. I'm not about to violate that trust and make them regret that they contacted me, just because I have the hots for one of them.

That all being said, I had a *great* time with Eva last night. We met up at a sushi restaurant in the Lakeview neighborhood; it's a place she apparently goes to about once a week or so, which was already cool to begin with. Like all of the other people I've met up with this summer, things with Eva and me got off to a slow and awkward start – clumsy questions about what we do, where we're from, what we're going to have to eat that night. I mean, thank fucking God that liquor exists, right? A couple of drinks over the course of a fun, seemingly 100-course dinner is all it really takes; get that buzz going, and all of a sudden you're telling this stranger about the time you sucked off two guys you had only met an hour before, and she's telling you about...well, I don't want to kiss and tell, but let's just say that Eva had some great stories.

It was a hard evening for me, I'll tell you what. I mean, I had just gotten together with Eva's girlfriend literally a couple of days before, and ended up really hitting it off with her and having this great sexual experience. Now here's Eva, who I'm ALSO hitting it off with really well, plus am having this problem with being incredibly, incredibly attracted to as well. I mean, what the fuck are you supposed to do in that kind of situation? So I did what came naturally; kept eating sushi, kept sucking down Sapporos, kept gearing the conversation towards our sex lives and what the three of us want to have happen out of this sudden random situation of all of us meeting each other.

We finished up dinner and headed down to the L&L, this really fun dive bar that is the only remotely scary place left anywhere near the corner of Belmont and Clark. She had rum and tonics; I had bourbon and cokes. Things got...a little more serious. We found ourselves leaning in and touching each other during our conversation. She planted her leg squarely between my thighs, rubbing her knee up against my cock the entire time we were talking (not necessarily completely on purpose, although I think it was partly so). We talked about Maria. We talked about her. We talked about their relationship, and what they're both looking for, and why they've decided to suddenly become a polyamorous couple when they've been a monogamous one for almost a year now.

I drunkenly admitted how thrilled I'd be by watching the two of them have sex, with me sitting in a chair across the room merely witnessing the whole thing. She drunkenly admitted how thrilled she'd be by watching me fuck Maria, while *she* sat in a chair across the room merely witnessing the whole thing. I invited her back to my place, to have the same kind of masturbation session I had with her girlfriend a couple of days ago. She thought about it, then declined, because of the fact that she has this really nasty head cold right now and had already stayed out later than she should have. She rubbed her knee up against my cock some more. I found some opportunities to accidentally touch her hands, her cheeks, her neck. We had some more drinks, and then we had some *more* drinks. Things were getting...um, yeah,

a little more serious.

And eventually we said goodnight, although she did kiss me in front of the Belmont el stop, and I made her stop, lean in, and give me a kiss again before she started biking back home. And then I went home myself, and spent the rest of the night frantically jerking off to mental images of me and Maria and Eva having the most intimate, dirty, sweaty, fucking nasty nasty nasty threeway in the history of the human race. Which I've been continuing to do, even 24 hours later.

What's going to happen? Oh, fuck me, man, I've learned the hard way not to answer *that* question anymore this summer. Maybe I really will have the dirtiest threeway in the history of time with these two utterly enchanting, mysterious, sexy women. Maybe they'll swap notes about their evenings with me, get all freaked out, and cancel everything altogether. Maybe I'll have sex with one of them while the other one watches. Maybe they'll have sex with each other while I watch. Maybe I'll never see them again. Who knows? Who cares? I'm just utterly flabbergasted that two such wonderful, charming women (who happen to be in this long-term lesbian relationship) contacted me in the first place, much less that I ended up going out for drinks with both of them, much *less* that I had a full-on sexual experience with one and a semi-sexual experience with the other. I'm pretty much satisfied at this point, even if I never see either of them again. And I'm also so utterly transfixed by the two of them that at this point I would pretty much do anything that either one of them asked me to do – or, as I put it in an email to both of them today, "If you want me to wear a dress while the two of you take turns fucking me in the ass with a strap-on, I'd be more than happy to do that." And I would, man. I would.

August 26  
2002

SO I FINALLY HAD MY MASSAGE PARTY. This is the group sexual party I devised at the beginning of the summer (see Appendix for details) as a mandate to go with all the other sexual things I was going to try. The original massage party was to be on July 13; eight people RSVPed, but none actually showed. Then another was to be on August 10; that fell apart long before, because the woman who the party was to be in honor of ended up canceling her trip altogether. So now here I was on the eve of the third party, two days ago. I had seven people besides myself who were scheduled to participate:

Maria and Eva, the lesbian couple who've been the subject of my last two entries;

\*Antonio and \*Melody, a suburban couple I've been talking with all summer but had still never gotten to meet;

\*Erato, a female friend of mine in Chicago from back in the poetry-scene days (and no, you don't get to know any more about who she is);

Erato's friend \*Dominique, a chain-smokin', Luscious-Jackson-listenin', band-frontin', incredibly beautiful woman of an exotic location whose origins I could never place throughout the night I hung out with her last week;

and my other friend \*Miles, another guy I know through my old poetry days here in Chicago. He was added at the last second because there ended up being such a shortage of available men this time. Dude, what happened? Why do so many cool slacker guys in Chicago not want to get together and naked with a roomful of beautiful punk-rock women? Sometimes I just do not understand people.

(I'm switching to present tense now) So I'm sitting around, waiting for the bad news to start coming in. And it does; first Miles is going to crap out, because of a prior engagement he'd forgotten about when he talked to me on Wednesday. Then Dominique was out, because she suddenly got called in to work. Then about two hours before the party, Erato swings by and confesses that she's getting an incredibly bad case of cold feet. Hey, that's fine; Lord knows, I got a major case of that earlier this summer when I tried going to the gay masturbation club by myself.

This leaves Maria and Eva, Antonio and Melody. Will they show? I'm not sure, but I keep cleaning my apartment as if they were. And sure enough, right about 8:00 Maria and Eva show up together. This was actually more of a surprise than I've explained, by the way; some weird things had been going down between my last entry and now. Basically Maria put the kibosh on the whole threeway idea real fast; her intention with Eva and I meeting up was merely so that Eva would know who I was and be comfortable with me, not so much to really hit it off and start all talking about group sex. This is fine with me; one of my basic tenets this summer is not to build any expectations on the part of the people I'm meeting with. Maria was definitely going to be attending the party on Saturday, she said, and just perhaps Eva would be coming as well, so it was nice to see them both walk in the door together.

But alas; time keeps wearing on and nobody else is showing. Which, as it turns out, is probably the best thing that could've happened, because it suddenly gives Maria and Eva and me a whole evening to get to know each other, and drink some beer, and smoke some bowls, and burn some more candles and incense, and put on another Radiohead album, and smoke yet some more bowls, and start getting all...you know, comfortable with each other. Man, it was great! I spent two hours basically keeping up a third of a sexually-charged erotic conversation with two utterly hot, utterly charming women who have been dating each other for nine months. It was glorious.

I ask them at a certain point of inebriation if they had worked out an agreement regarding how the two of them were going to interact with me in the future, sexually and otherwise. They look at each other, nod and say yeah. I ask them if they'll fill me in. Eva looks at Maria and says, "You go." Maria looks back at Eva and says, "No, you go." I am charmed and apprehensive at the same time.

Finally Maria says, "We've decided...for now...to try exploring some new territory with a

very select amount of people together. It's not a full..." She spreads her hands out. "Thing. You know."

"We..." Eva interrupts, then falters. "We don't want to feel like a circus act. 'Come Watch the Amazing Lesbians Perform.' You know what I mean?"

"And I don't think we're interested in exploring intercourse with anyone right now," Maria says, "no matter who it is. Sorry."

"Hey, don't apologize to me," I say. "I mean, basically you're saying you'd be up for another masturbation session or something along those lines."

"Yeah," Eva quickly says, "I'd be up for that." (Eva is the one who has yet to jerk me off.)

"I'll have to think about that one," Maria says, while heading to the bathroom. (She's the one who has jerked me off once already.)

Eva leans in while Maria's in the bathroom. "Actually," she says quietly, "I do have a proposition for you."

"Oh yeah?"

"Well, we were out trying to buy this X for this guy...long story, so don't ask...and the dealer was like, 'No X, but I got a lot of coke right now.' And Maria and I thought about your coke story from earlier in the summer, and we were just like...well...'Yeah, okay.' So do you want to do some with us?"

"Do I? Of course I do, you silly girl!" (This, by the way, is not what actually came out of my lips. Something more like, "Mm-hmm, I vink I coold...")

So she dumps the coke out. She spends fifteen minutes or so just cutting it up into the finest powder I've ever seen. She gets the dollar bill ready. Then there's the buzzer of the front door. Yeeks. "Who is it?"

"Hey, it's Antonio and Melody! Have we found Jason?"

Oh shit. That's right, more people were coming! "Um...um...yeah! It's Jason! Come on up - all the way to the top of the building." I buzz. I turn. "Ladies, we've got, like, thirty seconds."

"Let's snort up, kids," Maria says. So we do - snort snort snort, faster than I've ever done cocaine before. It...pow. Makes my teeth go numb. Makes spots jump in my eyes. Makes a goeey drip drain down my throat for an hour. Wow, man - my first cocaine experience where I really understood what's so great about cocaine. Then up on my feet again, inviting Antonio and Melody into the apartment.

The two are like I was expecting them to be; incredibly nice, incredibly pleasant company, pretty kinky themselves although you'd never guess it by looking at them. You know, suburban and a little older, still cool enough to go vacation at nudist colonies in rural Michigan and places like that. Nothing sexual happens between the five of us, but we do end up sitting around for two hours having one of the liveliest, most entertaining conversations about the "lifestyle" I've ever had. And at least I can say that my massage party finally got off the ground, even if it didn't lead to any actual massages. The next one, maybe? Maybe.

So Antonio and Melody get up, grab their now-empty cooler (after sharing yet another six-pack and an entire goddamn bottle of champagne with us - I love Antonio and Melody!) and said their goodbyes, so they could get back home before the dead of night. I lock the door again, turn and ask the ladies, "Do you need to get going too?"

"No, not really," they reply. "We can hang out some more."

"So what was it, ladies, that we were talking about before? I believe you were trying to make a decision on something, Maria."

"Oh, right, right," she says, leaning back in her chair. "I think..."

"Yeah?"

"...That we should do some more cocaine first," she ends, laughing. So we do. Which, hey, I'm okay with, because 1) cocaine makes me all fuckin' forward and aggressive in bed, which is what this situation calls for; 2) I figure the more the ladies get fucked up, the more

likely they are to agree to a threeway before the night is over; and 3) any chance I can take to get them to stay another fifteen minutes is a chance I'll grab. And so after the cocaine, I sit right back in my chair and say, "You were trying to decide whether you'd like to watch me masturbate in front of you again, but this time with Eva as well."

"Wait a minute," Eva says. "You get the leftovers."

"The leftovers?"

"Yeah." She points to the glass – we're so fucked up at this point that we miss an alarming amount of cocaine with our snorts, enough to scrape up into another entire line again. "Now concentrate," she says, "and get all the rest of this up your nose." So I do, which now makes it the largest amount of cocaine I've ever done in one sitting. Ka-blam.

"Yeah," Maria says, "I'd be up for watching that."

Eva's feeling a little woozy and has made her way to the bed, where she is now laying prone. "You know how I feel about it."

"So where do you want me?"

"How about right there? In the chair you're in, right there."

So Lord help me, I whip it out and start stroking away at it, right in front of Maria and Eva and God and everyone. And it was so funny, because they became transfixed, like two deer caught in the headlights. Seriously, it was like I had put them in some weird hypnotic spell or something, like I could have them clucking like chickens before the night was over. Which isn't something necessarily that erotic, but a funny thing to witness nonetheless.

"I need to..." I say. "I need to lay down."

"Yeah," Eva says. "Okay."

"Can I lay down there with you?"

"Yeah, sure."

So I do, spreading myself across the mattress parallel to her body, about six inches away from her. (I should mention that I'm pantsless at this point; the women continued to be fully clothed throughout the evening.) I've got my fucking...*mojo* on or something, man, or maybe it's the three really big hits of cocaine I've done so quickly in a row. Maybe you could look as cocaine as the drug user's Flubber; it turns you from the nerdy professor to the suave superstar. Whatever the case, I am putting on one hell of a show for the ladies, bucking my hips in the air and cursing under my breath, rolling my face into my pillow in ecstasy, the full five-course meal. And let me tell you, I am loving every minute of it. I have never felt more erotic this summer than in front of these women at the same time, never so free, never so in touch with my sexuality. I just...adore being sexual with these women, no matter what the context. So yeah, I'm giving them one hell of a little show.

"You know," I say to them, "you're both welcome to come over and do what Maria did to me last week...like rubbing your hands down my legs or cupping my testicles." I start jerking off harder. "Or not. You can just keep watching." But fuck, man, Maria and Eva are on just as much coke as me, so I know they must be feeling as edgy and forward and aggressive as I am. It's one of the big reasons I've met so many people this summer who are into cocaine as a sexual aid but not as any other part of their regular life or drug habits. It's...interesting, without going into any moral discussion on the subject.

My point is that Maria and Eva aren't about to sit still at this point; almost immediately Maria is in there with a sudden bottle of lubrication as well, pouring it all over my prick and starting immediately to give me a hard, fast handjob. Hey, man, she's a woman who knows what she wants. Eva simply continues to lay on the bed next to me for about thirty seconds, watching her girlfriend jerk me off, then stands up. I think maybe she's heading to the bathroom, but instead she kneels down in front of me, between my legs, oils up her own hand and starts rubbing my testicles around in a circle.

Well, so, what can I say? If I'm struck down by a lightning bolt tomorrow, at least I will know that my life was a full one. I was just so pleased to begin with merely by meeting these

two women and having them become fans of my work; to then find one of them leaning over me, jerking me off with a religious fervor, and the other one kneeling between my legs, now pumping her lubricated index finger in and out of my anus...well. Well, well, well. Let me say this; if holy men really wanted to learn how to achieve Enlightenment, they'd spend at least part of their lives dedicated to having incredibly intense, drug-fueled group sexual experiences with really hot, intelligent bisexual women. "Shiva, my dear Lord, I now see you!"

Yeah, it was fucking hot. What do you want me to say? That it was a disappointment, or didn't live up to some kind of expectation, just because I didn't fuck either of them? Man, it lived up to every expectation I had, and then some. I feel really close to both of them right now, nicely spread out in this even-affection kind of way, allowing me not to devote too much to one person and cause some kind of weird power imbalance. I mean, yes, Eva does look more like the type of person I usually date than Maria does. It doesn't mean I'm any less or more attracted to her because of all this, though. Mostly I feel close with them because of the experience they've allowed me to share, when most lesbian couples would be afraid of even mentioning the group involvement of a man. Nerdy boys, please take note! When they promise you as a beat-up teen that eventually your shy, bookish qualities will become an asset, what they can't say is that cute girls and hot group sex is the reward.

Are the three of us getting together again? Mmmaybe. They'd really like to watch me have sex with a guy, and I'd really like having sex with a guy while two cute women watched, so they're in the midst of trying to set me up on blind dates with their hot little punk-rock bi-boy buddies. RIGHT. FUCKING. ON. So we're all hoping that this is eventually going to work out to some incredibly intense, erotic experiences involving one gay couple watching a completely opposite gay couple each have nasty porn-style sex in front of each other. Which, yes, is like something that literally stepped off the pages of a Susie Bright or Carol Queen book. Which, yes, is something I never thought would really be able to happen for me out here, considering that 1) it's Chicago, where there's just not too many hip urban swingers, and 2) I'm not cool enough to pull that kind of shit off anyway. But here I am. Don't know what to think. Blissfully happy. Thank you Allah, for showing me The Way.

September 7  
2002

I STILL HAVEN'T WRITTEN THIS ENTRY, DAMNIT! On September 7 I went out to New York City for some spoken-word shows; while I was there I participated in a live gay webcast at the invitation of one of my readers. It's a very long, complicated story, needless to say, and I still haven't sat down and actually wrote the damn thing out yet. Soon, I promise.

September 15  
2002

I HAD A REALLY GREAT THREEWAY LAST NIGHT! It was with this couple named \*Billy and \*Angelina, married and artistic and in their mid-twenties, who live way down almost at the southern tip of Illinois. Actually, I should take some time to explain how I met them, because it will hopefully get you up to date with what's been going on with me recently and what kinds of experiences I'm expecting to have from now until the end of my "summer" (which, for the purposes of this book, technically lasts until October 5.)

In a nutshell, I've discovered recently that this whole three-month experiment in getting over my ex-girlfriend is working; without me even being fully aware of it, I've found myself in the last week starting to look at the women around me in public differently. Wondering what it would be like to go out with them. Wondering whether they have a boyfriend. Wondering whether I possess the traits that allow them to be attracted to me. You know, dating-type issues, which is the first time I've felt these emotions since W. and I broke up back at the beginning of June. And given that one of the purposes of this slut summer was to get myself emotionally ready to start dating again, I'm really happy to see this starting to come to fruition.

So that's one side of what's going on with me right now; I've asked out a couple of women in the last week or so, and actually have an honest-to-God formal date with this really nice, cool, attractive CPA next week. (Of course, I haven't quite figured out how to break the news of my slut summer to her yet; another hill for another time.) In the meanwhile, though, it's also made me realize how close I am to the "official" end of my summer sexual activities, which has made me sort of refocus my priorities. Basically, I'm trying to decide for myself right now just what I still haven't done yet this summer, and what I'd really like to have happen before my summer is over.

And really, after stopping and thinking about it, I realized that what I want more than anything else right now is to try to get some more experiences with men under my belt. I mean, I've really enjoyed the three experiences I've had with men so far this summer, but none of them were with guys I felt myself really attracted to, or that I could see myself having any more of an intimate relationship with than a little cock-sucking, if that makes sense. What can I say? I like the little artist boys! You know, with their used clothes and their funny haircuts and their come-hither androgyny. And I've found it almost impossible to meet men like this this summer, despite the fact that I know they're all around me (or at least I keep seeing them at all these fucking indie-rock bars here in Chicago), so thought I would take the bull by the horns and specifically seek them out.

After thinking about it, I decided that the best way for me to try to find the kind of guy I'm interested in is to seek out already-existing mixed-gender couples where the man in the equation is bi. I mean, when all is said and done, I still primarily determine most of my thoughts about my sexuality through the filter of women; it's just what I'm a lot more used to, and a lot more comfortable doing. I figured that trying to meet up with mixed-gender couples would solve several problems at once: 1) it would give the man and me a nice gentle way for us to ease into homoerotic activities, given that we would both be interacting with a woman at the same time; 2) I figure any bi man who's gone to the trouble of dating or marrying a woman probably has a similar mindset about it all as me (i.e. skewed towards heterosexuality, but not afraid of homosexuality); and 3) did I mention that this would then involve a big sweaty threeway? All right! And even better, I wouldn't have to worry about the man being uncomfortable with being sexual in such a close physical proximity to another man. I mean, that's a big part of it – I've had lots of women this summer now tell me about their own MMF experiences, and the biggest complaint is always about how the men in question could never really throw themselves into it fully because they were always so threatened by the idea of accidentally touching the other man. Fuck that, man; if I'm going to have a MMF threeway, I want the guy to be as much into me being there as he's into the woman being there.

Ah, but this brings up the most delicate issue of all; namely, it's very hard for a single male to somehow convince mixed-gender couples to meet up with them for a big hot bi threeway! You know how it is; most swinging couples out there are looking for another woman to join them, or another couple at the very least. That's just how it's always been and always will be – there's just a lot more women interested in exploring bisexuality than there are men. And on top of that, I'm not just looking for any couple; I'm looking for a fun, young, pale, cute, androgynous, punk-listening, underground-enjoying couple, that just happens to include a bi-comfortable guy who just happens to want to meet up with another androgynous underground-enjoying bi-comfortable guy. What to do? So I did the only thing I know how to do – I went out a couple of weeks ago and joined all these bi-male Yahoo adult groups, about five or six of them altogether. And I put out very specific posts at the groups about the type of couple I just described, asking if there was possibly anyone in the group like that who would like to get together. And I trawled the archived posts myself, checking out profiles and determining if there were any couples out there I could contact on my own.

And sure enough, all that work somehow produced two couples to my liking (thank God), and it turns out that they're both interested in meeting up with me (thank God!). Except both couples live downstate, which makes actually scheduling a get-together a little more difficult. Except on Friday, two or three days after I first met Billy and Angelina, I got this email from them saying, "Fate seems to be smiling on us; we've somehow worked it out so we can come up this weekend." This weekend! That's what I like; a couple that knows what they want. So I told them to come on up, as long as they didn't mind going to see this band with me that I promised to a friend I'd go see that night.

So they did. And they're cool! There's this whole complicated story about how Billy and Angelina started swinging that I won't go into; in general, though, they've been doing this for a little over six years now and are very comfortable not only with group sexuality but also bisexuality. (In an interesting twist, Billy is the one who's most interested in bisexual encounters; Angelina is almost completely straight, which is usually the opposite case than in most swinging couples you meet.) And Billy's also a writer, on top of everything else, which gave us a nice framework for jumping into a detailed conversation right when they first got here.

The evening progressed in this nice, slow, kinda organic way. They got here about 8:00 to begin with, and we spent about an hour and a half just sitting around smoking pot, talking about their lives and writing and DIY-publishing versus mainstream publishing. Then about 9:30 we made our way to Wicker Park, sat around a bar and started getting into our mutual swinging histories, good and bad stories from all of our pasts, what the three of us were hoping to get out of a possible sexual encounter later that night with each other. Then my friends showed up and we all made our way over to see this band, and by 12:30 we were back in my apartment in Uptown, smoking more pot, ready to see what the rest of the evening might hold for us.

There seemed to be a certain amount of awkwardness in getting started (there always is), so I asked them if they would mind interacting with each other first, and to just let me watch until I was comfortable enough (and turned-on enough) to join in. That seemed to break the ice; a few minutes later and the two of them were in this big makeout session on my bed, while I was laying down next to them watching. The two of them slowly took off each other's clothes while they made out; I matched my own state of undress to mirror theirs, until we were all naked about twenty minutes into it. And at a certain point I just leaned over and started kissing Angelina's back while Billy was making out with her from the front. And that was really the start of it all.

And man, what can I say? This was the threeway I've been waiting the entire summer to experience; the one, really, I've been waiting my whole life to experience. It was organic, and intimate, and slippery; limbs were just sort of going everywhere, and tongues, and fingers, and all kinds of other interesting appendages. Billy started fucking Angelina while she was laying

on top of me; then he reached down and started sucking my cock while he was fucking her on top of me; then she leaned over and started licking my testicles, while he was sucking my cock, while they were both fucking each other on top of me. Fuckin' yeah!

Man, I'm not sure if I can even describe all the positions we ended up finding ourselves in. Well, at a certain point Billy was fucking Angelina sideways, while I had my head between her legs, frantically sucking on her clitoris. Then I kept pulling Billy's cock out of her vagina and sucking on it, then placing it back inside her every couple of minutes. At a certain point it got all reversed, so I was then fucking Angelina while Billy made out with her. And it just sort of continued like this for almost three hours; not just three people in a bed together but a sort of unified sexual unit, if that makes sense; it wasn't really about this person doing this thing to this other person, but rather all three of us reaching our orgasms in the most sweaty, entangled, intimate way possible, without paying much attention to whom was touching whom or whom was sucking what.

That was probably the nicest thing about it all for me, in fact, really discovering a way to delve into my bisexuality without the uncomfortableness I've felt this summer with just jumping right into a direct experience with a man. After spending the summer really trying to decide what I want from my bisexuality, it's looking like in the future it's mostly going to be just a fun side part of my overall sexual orientation; what I discovered last night is that I enjoy being sexual with a man, intimate with him, but that I enjoy it the most when it's simply a natural part of a group experience with a woman, not necessarily in a one-on-one encounter with just a guy. This is certainly not an invalid way of looking at bisexuality, I think; I mean, I do love sucking cock, that's for sure, and really enjoyed being physical with Billy last night. It's just that I got this certain really intense thrill out of knowing how much it was turning Angelina on, watching her husband and another guy getting it on in front of her, and knowing that that sexual energy then fed the situation and allowed me to have an even more intense sexual experience with her too. It's just a feeling I have yet to have when there's only a guy in the picture, which is why I can state in no uncertain terms that I really am bisexual and not gay.

Anyway. All three of us had our orgasms, and all three of us ended up kind of collapsing about three in the morning. And they were staying this weekend with their friend in the suburbs, so the poor guy ended up driving all the way out and picking them up at my place in the middle of the night, which I thought was awfully nice of him. And that was that – the two of them are making their way back home even as I'm writing this. All three of us agreed that we want to do something like this again very soon, so hopefully that will happen before too long. (Billy and Angelina have kids, so out-of-town weekend trips can become a bit of a logistical nightmare for them sometimes. We'll see, I guess.) And meanwhile, I've still got this other couple from downstate who are supposed to come up and visit soon, so we'll see if my experience with them ends up similar to this one. Last night was definitely the best sexual experience I've had this summer; it's one of the better ones I've had in my life, in fact. It's always a nice thing when one's hard work finally pays off.

September 28  
2002

I READ THROUGH MY ENTIRE JOURNAL THIS WEEK. It's the first time I've done so, in fact, since way near the beginning of the summer. It's strange to realize that the real events of my life this summer have worked themselves out plot-wise as if I were making them all up for a fictional novel. There is Act 1, lasting from June 19 to July 13, which basically consisted of me setting things up and establishing the theme of the summer; Act 2, lasting from July 13 (the night Justine got into town) to August 16, which is where the bulk of the action takes place (and where I had a big conflict that came to a head and almost shut down the journal altogether); and Act 3, lasting from August 16 (the night I met Maria) to now, where things in my sexual life have basically resolved themselves and I'm finally having the kinds of experiences I've been wanting to have all summer. The journal opened with a rather splashy story (a gay threeway) designed to get readers hooked, just like you would do with a fictional story; the journal's ending with the most intense experience I'll have this summer (my five days of master/slave roleplaying with Alexis) which will sort of wrap things up...again, just like a fictional story.

It's strange. I can't decide if it's just coincidence, or if the events in writers' lives just sort of naturally fall into these three-act structures, or if I've been deliberately influencing the events into a three-act pattern because I know I'm writing a book about them. I'm not sure; I'm kinda high right now, actually, so logic is tending not to be one of my strong suits.

Another important new thing I learned, reading the journal – my sex life is remarkably stress-free right now, yet I'm having the best sex of the entire summer as we speak. That didn't even occur to me until I sat and read my journal and was reminded of how many cancellations and flaky people I was having to deal with earlier this summer. Again, is it coincidence? Or is it that I'm on the other side of my summer sexual adventures, am feeling much more confident in what I want and don't want, and that other people can pick up on this confidence and be more into me? Or is it just the fact that a big chunk of the book is done, so people can actually read it and know for a fact that they'd get along with me sexually? I don't know, I really don't. I'm eternally grateful for it, whatever it is.

The third thing I realized while reading through my journal is that I still owe a lot of updates concerning unfinished stories peppered throughout the book. I've got a lazy Saturday morning ahead of me here, so I thought I'd sit and try to wrap up as many loose ends as I could, seeing that this book is going to end just a week from now:

I never did go back to the masturbation club (June 19); Andre, the guy who runs the club, I think has gotten kind of pissed off at me over the summer for some of the things I've said here. I never heard back from X and Y (June 23), the master/slave couple whose car got stolen. Barb and I have since ended up becoming correspondents again; there's some weird shit that went down there that I promised I wouldn't talk about, so I won't. Gabrielle and her military husband apparently didn't bother to actually read my personal ad until the night they were supposed to meet with me; they're homophobic, it turns out, so I got this big nasty message from them the next day saying something to the effect of "stay away from us, faggot."

Never did hear from Calliope, the "professional nomad" who was supposed to visit but suddenly just stopped communicating. I still have no idea what happened there. I still keep in touch with Thomas occasionally; he now runs a Yahoo group dedicated to all this stuff, of which I'm a member. The erotica website ScarletLetters.com decided not to pick up the journal; the editor-in-chief was too worried about lawsuits. Veronika said she was going to contact me again after the funeral which freaked her out so badly during her first visit; I never heard from her again, though. No big story with Phil and Nancy, the internet porn couple from one state over; things just sorta fizzled out. I still get together occasionally with Sean, half of the polyamorous couple I met up with individually. Jennifer, the other half, has sort of disappeared into the wind. Maria and Eva are off living their own lives again; they just decided that they had fulfilled their curiosity over it all and were done.

And my ex, W? The one whose breakup inspired this journal in the first place? Ah, well,

she's living her life and I'm living mine, and the two have nothing to do with each other anymore. I've finally weaned my readers off the habit of telling me in their emails what's going on in her life; I'm fine with the fact that they still go to both of our online journals, but I don't really have an interest in hearing what's going on with her on a daily basis. Sometimes I think about her and am happy; other times I'm sad. I've started asking out women again; the first girl I asked out had a boyfriend, and the second one initially agreed and then changed her mind a couple of days later. Oh yeah, that's right, welcome back to the dating scene, Jason. My summer has been a success, if nothing else; I find myself finally over W. and ready to resume my romantic life on my own terms again.

Billy and Angelina, the bi couple from two weeks ago, are coming back into town again tonight for another sexual rendezvous. All right! This time they're going to stay the night in my apartment as well, which should make for an interesting morning. And even more surreal, apparently they have a female friend in their tiny hometown downstate who knows about everything going on and is all turned on by it...so they're bringing her along for the weekend as well. Oh my! Two cute girls and a cute bi boy, all of them sleeping naked in my bed tonight in a big pile, all of them wanting to suck my cock. Then two days after that Alexis gets into town, and it's five days of fucking my slave in the ass, smacking her around and calling her a whore, parading her naked in front of strangers like a piece of property. I live a charmed, charmed life right now.

POSTSCRIPT: Okay, so things tonight didn't work out exactly as planned; Billy and Angelina's friend got really freaked out about halfway through the evening (long before anything sexual happened) and ended up going out to their car and refusing to come back to the apartment. My point, though, is that it's nice to finally have people around me who are volunteering to even try this stuff, versus me having to beg and plead with complete strangers. How things end isn't the most important part to me; it's the process I find fascinating.

October 1  
2002

Hi, ALEXIS. I thought each day that you were here in Chicago, I'd leave an envelope for you containing a little teaser about that night's session. I thought it would be a way to keep you excited during the day while I'm at work; I'm also going to probably publish these in my sexual journal so that readers can keep up with what I'm doing to you each day. I'm writing this the night before you get into town; I'll print it out at work tomorrow, put it in an envelope, and send it with you when you swing by to pick up my keys.

Tonight is going to be a light session; no pain, no humiliation, no roleplaying, but I will be directing the action. I'm going to leave the events of the session itself a secret for now, so that you'll be more surprised by them tonight; there are, however, a number of things I would like you to do in preparation of the session before I get home from work.

First off, make yourself comfortable once you get into my space. My home is yours for the next five days, and I want you to feel like you have a freedom of movement. In the walk-through closet on the way to the bathroom, I have cleared off a shelf; this is yours to use, if you're the kind of person who likes to unpack once they get to a place where they'll be more than a couple of days. Use the bathroom, grab a drink in the fridge, play some music if you'd like. Feel free to have run of the apartment anytime I'm not there.

I will be home between 6:15 and 6:45, depending on how long it takes me to cash my paycheck. I want you to finish all of the following before then, so go ahead and start whenever you think you need to.

First, take a long, hot shower. If you haven't shaved your pubic hair yet, go ahead and do so.

Dry off but don't put your clothes back on. Lay down on my bed and spend a little time making it your own. Roll on it, smush your face in the pillow, try out different sleeping positions. You'll be spending a lot of time on it this week, so go ahead and take a little ownership of it.

I've left a videotape in the VCR. I want you to watch it. You'll have to turn the television on by hand; the black remote I've left on the bed is the one for the VCR. The video is of me and my ex-girlfriend having sex. I want you to watch the tape, laying naked on my bed, thinking intensely about how that cock is the exact cock that will be going in and out of you in a couple of hours.

The tape is not very long; ten or fifteen minutes. I've left a cardboard box full of other porn out; it's right next to the bathroom, under a blue blanket. Watch some more, if you like, or don't. In either case, I want the result to be you laying back in my bed and masturbating. I want you halfway to orgasm by the time I get back home. Use whatever means you need; the porn, or any erotica you find on the bookshelves, or the anal dildo I've left out on the black-cloth table. I've left out lubrication for you as well, plus a blindfold and ball gag if you're feeling really feisty.

I want you naked, horny, and having been thinking about my cock for a couple of hours when I get home. At that point I will be instructing you to do other things...but we'll just save that for when the time comes.

I'm very glad you're in town. I hope this proves to be a memorable time together.  
Jason.

October 5  
2002

SO THE EXHIBITIONISM NIGHT WAS A SUCCESS. But first a quick recap: my ex-lover Alexis has been in town all week, visiting me on her way from San Francisco (where she lives) to Europe (where she will be spending the next four months). Because of various reasons I've already gotten into in this journal, she and I decided to pursue as many BDSM sessions as we could squeeze in during her five days in Chicago. Each session was going to be different in nature; one of the ones we wanted to try was a semi-public one, where basically five or six of my friends would come over to my place for a cocktail party and then I would "force" Alexis to be the entertainment for the evening. We got everything set up for this exhibitionism night a few weeks ago, and it just happened last Friday.

The irony of it all is that the Friday night exhibitionism session turned out to be the only BDSM roleplaying we got done all week. It was just a matter of logistics more than anything else; I was working every day, often into overtime hours because of a client project at work that recently went horribly wrong, and then when I would finally get home Alexis and I would go out for dinner, or for drinks, or to a club, or a gallery, or to visit my friends, and by the time we'd get back to my place we'd be too tired or high to actually initiate the BDSM session we had planned. Well, that and we had this pesky habit of starting to talk about our session, get all horny and end up having sex before we could get all the accrouchements out.

Friday was definitely happening, though, because I had somewhere between five and nine people already planning on coming. Let's see, well, there was Erato, the single bi woman I know from my years in the poetry scene, who was supposed to have attended my last massage party as well but got cold feet at the last second; \*Jeff, a single gay man who I just recently met because of my personal ad on Nerve.com (Friday was the first time we had ever met, in fact); Maria, the Latina bi woman currently in a lesbian relationship whom I had a sexual experience with earlier in the summer; \*Ivory and \*Maximillian, a goth married couple who happen to be fans of my writing (and who by sheer coincidence have been reading Alexis' personal online journal for several years as well); and then two sets of Ivory's fellow goth sexually-aware female friends and their boyfriends, if she could convince them to show up.

Well, Chicago friends of mine can immediately see the dilemma here; namely, I live in a tiny ol' studio apartment, so hosting even five people is a nightmare for me, much less the eleven who would be crammed in there if everyone invited showed up. What to do? So Alexis and I became accidental fung-shui experts; tucking a pile of papers under this table, scooting that pile into the kitchen. And eventually we did make a space that, while definitely cozy, would at least comfortably seat about nine without anyone feeling like they were sitting on top of each other. (Remember, the edge of your full-sized bed can easily sit four or five! One of the many hints from my upcoming book *Party Tips for Studio Apartments*.)

Now, the beauty of throwing a party in a studio apartment is that it doesn't take much to transform the place into a more intimate, party-appropriate atmosphere; a five-dollar bag of tealights from Linens N Things, another five-dollar bag of short, fat candles, two orders of sushi, some bread and garlic-soaked olive oil, chips and popcorn, case of beer, couple of bottles of wine, and you got yourself a party. Right on. And sure enough, starting around 8:30 the guests started filing in; by 9:15 or so everyone had shown up except for the two women Ivory had invited, both of whom had politely turned down the invitation that afternoon.

Alexis and I had discussed in some detail earlier in the week how we wanted the session to go down; a common misunderstanding about BDSM is that the slave isn't in control of the roleplaying sessions, which couldn't be further from the truth. Any session, in fact, within the legitimate world of safe and loving BDSM, is based on exhaustive research into what your slave likes and dislikes, what she is curious about doing and what she doesn't want to touch with a ten-foot pole. This is the onus of the master, in fact; to understand his slave like the back of his hand but yet still be able to surprise her in the middle of a roleplaying session. (Reverse these genders in my statements if you like; I refer to it this way just because Alexis is a woman and I'm a man.)

I decided to split the evening into two parts in my head. In the first, Alexis was to be the "hired help" and I was to be Hugh Hefner with a very evil streak; the suave, cool, well-

dressed host of the party, making sure everyone's having a good time and isn't fazed at all by a half-naked woman walking around serving everyone drinks and lighting their cigarettes. "Her? Oh, that's Alexis. Just ignore her; she's here to serve." Alexis was to do what I told her to, make sure the guests' needs were tended to, and not speak unless she was directly addressed by me. This came with certain assurances she knew in advance; I wouldn't tell her to perform a sexual act on a guest, I wouldn't make her call anyone "daddy" (a particularly sore word with her), I wouldn't make her drink alcohol or take drugs against her will. (Alexis is pretty much a straightedge, although she has a drink or smokes a joint occasionally when she's in the mood.) She could speak to me by raising her hand and waiting for me to call on her. Throughout the evening she could say "red" and have me immediately stop the scene, or say "yellow" and have me slow down an activity or back off the intensity. And my guests knew that they weren't to sexually interact with Alexis, nor to even talk to her except through me first.

So this is how it went...and, as surreal as it is to say, it was this really fun, laid-back party. Chalk that up to the fact that I had all the right people attending it; cool, urban, already into underground culture and alternative sexuality themselves, more than ready to "play along with the joke," as it were. The guests would sit there with their unlit cigarettes in their lips and sorta "hmp-hmp" if Alexis wasn't noticing they needed a light. They'd hand her empty beer bottles and say curtly, "I need another one." Ivory even asked me if I'd let my slave give her a backrub (which turned out to be fine, because the two of them had hung out all afternoon together and so were already on friendly terms). And meanwhile people were getting shit-faced and having these great conversations left and right...which, for some weird reason that probably dates back to college, is still the number-one way I determine if one of my parties has been a success. The only problem, in fact, was that I was playing my role too well; Alexis had to take me aside at one point and remind me that it wouldn't hurt to give her some words of encouragement every so often. Oops! More Hef, less evil. Gotcha.

For the second half of the party Alexis and I cleared the back half of my apartment, forming a dancefloor of sorts, while everyone else moved to the bed and the few chairs I own, which had been moved to the front half of the apartment. I told everyone how I decided to have Alexis put on a show for us tonight. I reminded them all of the ground rules: that Alexis was doing this all by choice; that if she said "red" the scene was to immediately halt; that anyone else in the room was welcome to leave, take a walk, or otherwise cool off if they started freaking out; that they could make suggestions but that they should be directed to me first for review.

So let me ask this: what music do you pick for your slacker, gothic, pansexual, polyamorous ex-lover to do a striptease to in front of a roomful of people exactly like her? Why, Radiohead, of course! Indie-rock couples, take note: track 1 of *Amnesiac* is a fantastic song with which to strip for your lover. So we blasted that baby and Alexis did indeed put on quite a show for everyone; among her many odd jobs over the years has been that of exotic dancer, so she knows how to make the moves that get the dollar bills. (In fact, she broke scene at one point during the dance to yell out, "Your apartment needs a pole right here!") Then the song ended and she was still in her underwear, so I skipped ahead to track 4 while she completed getting naked.

Once Alexis was nude and standing in front of everyone, I clicked into part two of my roleplaying for the evening: Jason Pettus, Punisher. Yeah, that's right; emboldened by what had to have been an eighth of pot I sucked down during her dance, I brazenly walked right over to her, grabbed her by the neck, pushed her downwards and said, "Now get on your knees, you whore." Oh God, I'm getting embarrassed just writing about it! This goes back to the whole "inner fuckdog" conversation I was having earlier this summer; about how there are times when your lover wants you to be sensitive and kissy and all "let's burn candles and take a bath together," and other times when they want you to pull their hair, fuck them as hard as you can and call them a filthy slut. And God help me, that's what Alexis wanted, so I gave it to her.

I twisted her around so her back was to our audience. "Now get on your hands and

knees," I said, pushing her down further, "and show everyone that beautiful cunt of yours." She did; I roughly pulled her legs apart. "That's it, Alexis," I said. "Put your ass in the air so they can see it better." She did. "You like that, do you? You like being a dirty little whore to all these strangers?" She nodded. "Damn right you do." I smacked her on the ass. "'Cause you're just a little slut who loves to get off in front of people whenever you can."

I twisted her around again towards the partygoers, Radiohead still blaring, grabbed her hand and roughly pushed it between her legs. "Now masturbate for us," I said, grabbing the back of her neck tightly. "I want you to come in front of all these people you've never met before." And...well...what can I say? She did. And it was glorious. And the partygoers were utterly transfixed. And I kept spanking her, sometimes soft and sometimes really hard, grabbing her hair and yanking on the back of her head, continuing to call her names. And when she got close to orgasm I yanked her up hard to her knees, started really smacking her ass, and yelled out, "You're a fucktoy! You're nothing but a fucktoy!" (This particular word, for some reason, throws Alexis into the throes of sexual bliss whenever she hears it. You got me, man, but I'm happy to yell it at her if it'll make her have a harder orgasm.) And she came; or, at least I think she came. (She shoved her fingers in my mouth afterwards and it certainly tasted like she came.) And a few seconds later I declared the scene officially over, and the partygoers were then free for the first time to interact with Alexis as a peer instead of a slave.

So, hmm, yeah. I'm proud of the fact that I was able to pull the party off; it was the kind of party I've been waiting my entire fuckin' life to get invited to, and it seems that I never will, so am happy that at least I could say "fuck it" and throw one myself. The weirdest thing about its success, and the thing that comes as the biggest surprise, was the diverse nature of the people in attendance. Without quite realizing it until everyone was in the room, I had managed to bring together a gay man, a lesbian, a bi man, a bi woman, a straight man and a straight woman, all to the same place, all to share a common sexual experience together, and still managed to let them all have a fun and successful time. Granted, everyone at the party enjoyed the activities for slightly different reasons, but maybe that was the key to it all; when you avoid the graphic details of actual sex, it's entirely possible to bring people from all manner of orientation together for a fun, *erotic* evening. I'm a big believer in that, especially considering how complex my own sexuality is. I think if we spent more time discovering what the similarities are between all our sexualities instead of the differences, we'd all not only get along much better but also have a lot more fun doing so.

So that was that. And about 45 minutes later Alexis and I had to leave to go catch the new play "Sock Puppet Showgirls" down at the Noble Fool theatre in the Loop. The play is a scene-for-scene parody of the cult movie *Showgirls*, done entirely with sock puppets, and it is one of the funniest fucking things I have seen in a long, long time. It's especially uproarious if you've actually seen the movie *Showgirls*, because some of the parodies are dead-on: "You're a big, beautiful whore!" "I'm not a whore! I'm not! Fuck you fuck you fuck you FUU-UUUUCCCCCKKK YOOOOUUUU!" Then we went to Smart Bar, had a drink, watched the cutie little college students dance and dance, idly contemplated asking this hot little 21-year-old skater boy to come home and have a threeway-one-night-stand with us (we ultimately decided not to), and eventually went home and went to bed. And then spent the next day in Wicker Park, getting some of Alexis' books to Quimby's (she's a writer too, which is how I know her), then spent Saturday night watching *Men In Black*, *Saturday Night Live* and *Phantasm* on television because she had to be up at 6:00 the next morning for her flight to New York. Where she is now. Hi, Alexis!

So, yeah, definitely a highlight of my summer sexual activities. And, given that it was the very last one of my "summer" journal (which for the purposes of the book ran from June 19 to October 5), I'm especially happy to end on such a high note. Sure, we never got around to the kidnap scene, or the roughhousing one, or using all that duct tape and Saran Wrap I bought specifically for her visit, but that's fine; Friday night more than made up for it. Thank you, Alexis, for letting me end my slut summer in such a wonderful and entertaining way.

## Epilogue

So, here it is, a couple of days before I release this book to the general public for the first time, and nearly a year since the start of my slut summer. (For those who are curious: I ended up having a couple of swinger experiences after October 5, mostly with people I had set things up with before October 5 but couldn't get around to meeting until afterwards; then I went on a six-month period of complete celibacy, for reasons detailed below.) I've now had the time to really absorb the lessons I learned from the activities of this book, so I thought I'd end it by telling you all of my highly opinionized and subjective conclusions about everything you just read.

Are there general lessons to learn about sex from my activities of last summer? That is, things that just cover all of humanity like a big giant blanket? Well, yes and no, in my opinion. I would never actually sit down and recommend that another person go through exactly the experiences I happened to have gone through last year; I think that everyone needs to make up their own mind about what exactly they're comfortable with in regards to sexuality, what they'd like to try, what's realistic for them to actually do try, and what they want to avoid like the plague. Nonetheless, I do think that there are at least a couple of general lessons to learn about sexuality based on the experiences I had last year:

*1. Human sexuality is intricately linked to human emotion, no matter how much you wish it wasn't so.* Let's face facts; after having sex with fifteen people in fifteen weeks, including threeways, group encounters, anonymous clubs and porn shoots, none of the experiences held a candle to that one random night in 1989 when my girlfriend and I were feeling especially close to each other one evening and ended up having this incredibly intimate, intense sex. There are a number of things that separate us humans from the rest of the animals on this planet, but the most profound is that we have the ability to experience very subtle emotions; melancholy, hubris, angst, among many others. Nowhere is this ability to experience subtle emotions more naked or more important than when it comes to sex.

Sex is a very, very important thing to us hairless monkeys. It is one of the only things left in our world besides religion that will motivate us to kill based entirely on someone's opinion; just think of Matthew Shepard for proof of that. Human sexuality is about a lot more things than just sticking a hard thing into a soft thing and rubbing them against each other very quickly until gooey white stuff comes out; it's about compatibility, and trust, and history. It's about what we just went through right before sleeping with this person; it's about what we're going to go through right after sleeping this person. Yes, it's partly about love; and yes, it's partly about hate, and power, and all the other dark things that make up the vast matrix we call human sexuality.

The kinkiest things I did last summer were not necessarily the best sexual experiences I've had...but on the other hand, they certainly weren't the worst, either. My point is that, after spending most of my adult life wondering what it would be like to go to an anonymous sex party, to participate in a gangbang, to be photographed for a porn shoot, when I actually did get to do them it still boiled down to the same things it always boils down to when it comes to sex. Do I trust this person? Do I feel comfortable around them? Does it seem like they're having a good time with me? It doesn't matter what you're actually doing, or how many people you're doing it with, or what gender or orientation those people are; when all is said and done, the same questions apply to every sexual situation, no matter what the circumstances.

*2. Swinging is fucking great, if that's what you're interested in.* Right – like you were expecting me to say it was so horrible to do free drugs for four months and have kinky group sex with a bunch of people I don't know. Ah-ha! I'm not about to say something like that, because it's not the truth; the fact is, I had an absolutely great time last summer, despite all the promising leads that fell through at the last second. I have spent nearly every waking moment since the age of fifteen or so wondering what it would be like to have the experiences I actually did last summer; and now that I have, I find myself with nearly nothing to complain about. If you are a person who has always been curious about alternative sexuality, I highly suggest that you get out there right now and start finding these people to have these

alternative sexual experiences with; believe me, you're just wasting your time sitting around thinking, "I wonder what it would be like to try this?" You have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

3. *Yes, single males can swing.* It's a common stereotype about the swinging community – that it is filled with all these couples looking for a single woman to join them, and all these single guys who can't find interested couples to save their lives. It's simply not true, based on the experiences I had last summer; it's hard to have sex with fifteen people in fifteen weeks and claim anything else. Now, you have to understand that I did certain things as a single male that a lot of single males don't when it comes to swinging – things that, in my case at least, usually meant the difference between people ignoring me and people writing me back. For all you confused, lonely guys out there who picked up this book thinking it was going to be a "how-to" guide to getting laid, I'll explain it in detail:

A. *Write a personal ad that is as detailed as you can possibly stand.* The absolute number-one thing that led to people writing me back last summer, at least gauged by what those partners ended up telling me, was the length and sense of honesty inherent in the first contact they had with me. Don't take this lightly! I can't tell you how sick I got of coming across personal ads last year that contained no more information than that a "MWC, s sbrbs, wants 2 fuck; pls snd phts, no fatties." This gets into what I was talking about before; sex for humans is not just about finding a woman with baby-birthing hips and plowing into her until she's pregnant. It's a complicated and subtle thing that involves equal amounts attraction, seduction, adventure and safety. In the case of personal ads, it's mostly about you showing that you actually are a decent, normal human being, and not necessarily some serial killer who's running an ad in order to find his next victim. In the case of single males the onus becomes doubly damning, because there are way too many single males looking to swing and way too few people who want to meet up with single males. If you want the advantage over all those schmucks who are out there trying to get laid through the swinging community, you owe it to yourself to be honest, sincere, and as forthcoming as possible when you get in contact with potential mates.

B. *Send a photo that includes both your face and your cock in the same image.* Enough said, although I don't understand why 99 percent of single males on the internet send photos that show one or the other but not both.

C. *Be patient.* As you already saw when you were reading through this book, patience is the highest virtue when it comes to swinging. A good six or seven out of every ten people who post swinging ads, in fact, seem to derive all their sexual pleasure just from the act of posting the ad itself, and have no plans to actually meet the people who write back to them. Of the three or four left, there's a whole host of complications of why it may take weeks to actually meet up with them: a job, or trying to find a babysitter, or out-of-town trips, or plain nervousness about meeting. Even if you manage to finally meet up with them, it's no guarantee that you'll hit it off to the point where everyone involved feels like getting naked. You have to take it all in stride, because you literally don't have any other choice; if you get impatient and try to speed up the process, you'll just end up with more cancellations than ever.

Think of it in these terms: for every successful sexual encounter I had last summer, I contacted at least another ten people where things didn't work out. If you do the math you'll realize that I had contact with nearly 200 people over the course of fifteen weeks, which puts my success ratio at less than ten percent. The secret, as it often is when it comes to sex, is not to be desperate, no matter how horny or anxious to try swinging you are. Be patient when someone cancels on you at the last second; either they really are serious about meeting, and will do so eventually, or they were never serious to begin with and there's nothing you could've done about it anyway. I've said this before, but breaking into the swinging community is a lot like a part-time telemarketing job; you make a lot of cold-calls, deal with a lot of indecision, and face a lot of rejection. Just hang in there.

4. *I enjoy sex with men, but almost always when it's in the context with having sex with*

*a woman as well.* This was a good thing to learn about myself; I've been getting attracted to select males since I was a teenager, but until last summer had never really had any real-world experience in the subject and really didn't know how to classify my bisexual urges in my mind. Now that I have had some experiences with men, it's become clear to me how much heterosexual romance still dominates my overall libido; I mean, it was fun to suck other guys' cocks and jerk them off (*really* fun), but in all that time I just couldn't picture myself doing the close, intimate things that I like doing with women – holding their hand, kissing their neck, pledging myself to them romantically.

Maybe this is just a matter of circumstance; maybe I eventually will meet some cute little punk-rock boy and fall madly in love with him, like I do with women on a daily basis, and have a very fulfilling emotional relationship with him. All I have to go on, though, are my real experiences, and so far my real experiences show me that my interest in homoeroticism is limited, mostly physical in nature, and is executed a lot better when a woman is involved as well.

Does this make me a "traitor to the brotherhood," as some in the gay community would charge? According to my definition, no. I believe in the sliding scale of sexuality – that only a few people out there are 100 percent gay or 100 percent straight, with the majority of us falling at some specific point between those two extremes. There are a lot of American males who would never consider themselves gay, yet were happy to fool around with their male bunkmate at summer camp or a Scout retreat when they were teens. There are a lot of American women who would never consider themselves lesbian, yet slept with a female roommate once back in college, the semester they were taking their first Women's Studies class. In fact, many of the women I've met over the years who call themselves lesbian in public admitted that they didn't consider themselves full-time lesbians; they just happened to have met one specific person they liked, and were dating them at the time, but weren't sure about whether they'd date another woman after the two of them eventually broke up. If there's one thing I hope this book shows, it's how our conventional view of sexual orientation is a long-outdated one and needs to be replaced with a model that reflects the complex times we live in. My experiences with men last summer certainly bears this out.

5. *If you're going to swing, for God's sake pick an end date.* Even if you decide to swing on a regular basis for the rest of your life, I highly encourage you to do it as a series of pre-determined blocks of time: "I'm going to actively swing this summer," for example, "and then take the winter off and not swing again until next Memorial Day." I hesitate about going into the reasons, because it might make it seem like I'm saying bad things about the people I met up with last year, and I've been trying my hardest to say only good things about the people who went out of their way to meet up with me, especially knowing beforehand that every little detail would be published for the general public to read and snicker at.

The fact of the matter, though, is that there are some really odd people sometimes in the swinging community, along with the really nice and pleasant ones. I had X amount of encounters with people last summer where it became clear that they were swinging in order to avoid dealing with a more serious and emotional issue in their life: age, looks, a relationship in trouble, anxiety over their position in the world. Sex, just like any other vice, can be used in moderation for a very pleasant effect, or abused in order to not have to deal with other things in one's life. Unfortunately, when you make the decision to start swinging, you are suddenly having to deal with the latter group on a pretty regular basis.

I'm one of those people who believes in sexual addiction, although I know a lot of others don't. It used to be called nymphomania, and while that term has eventually degenerated into a sort of smarmy joke, its strict definition is still apt – it's any person who will put other parts of their life into peril, sometimes even their physical safety, in order to have sex. I certainly met a number of people last summer who would fit this definition to a T: men who had sex with random strangers every weekend without their wives knowing anything about it, women who spent thousands of dollars a year to travel to swinging conventions all around

the country, couples who couldn't have orgasms unless other people were watching them have sex. Don't get the wrong impression – the *majority* of people I had successful encounters with did not fit this mold, and had what seemed like very normal sexual drives, albeit a little unusual in nature. There are those people out there, though, who are hopelessly addicted to sex and are using the swinging community to get their daily fix...and you will eventually meet some of these people if you start swinging yourself.

It's why I highly recommend setting a swinging end-date for yourself, because it's awfully easy to get addicted to a substance when you're taking it every day. By the end of last summer I was feeling really exhausted and on the verge of burning out; I was putting in a good ten hours a week just reading and responding to personal ads, another five hours a week meeting up with swingers, having drinks and possibly sex by the end of the night. More disturbing, the "swinging mentality" was starting to invade the rest of my life – I was starting to see the people around me in public simply in terms of potential conquests and not as the simple human beings they are. You get into a certain frame of mind when you're dealing with twenty rejections a week; you learn to shrug them off, put them behind you and say, "Okay, who's next?" After awhile you also start to dramatically lower your expectations, not really caring as much anymore about whether you're attracted to this person currently naked in your bed and sucking your cock, just simply glad that they're there sucking your cock.

While this attitude is perfectly normal when it comes to swinging (even beneficial at times), it goes profoundly against the mentality we need to have when it comes to finding and wooing a potential romantic partner. When you're trying to convince someone to be your girlfriend or boyfriend, you *need* to be able to see them as the complex, emotional creatures they are, not just as a thing you can either fuck in the next week or should blow off and move on from. You *want* to be attracted to them, and you want to be glad that it's them in your bed, sucking your cock, as opposed to anyone else out there who could be doing so. I don't think either of these mentalities are wrong in and of themselves, but both are highly inappropriate when you're attempting to achieve goals on the other side of the equation.

For me, it was a matter of having to make these mentalities two concretely different things, and then decide to pursue either one or the other but not both at the same time. It's why I chose to give myself a six-month period of celibacy after writing the book, 'cause I just needed a fucking *break* – no more cold-calling for awhile, no more suburban hotel gangbangs, no more wheedling and haggling and finessing and blowing half my paychecks on drinks and drugs and condoms and dildos and lubrication. As time passed between me and my slut summer, I was able to start viewing women again as potential girlfriends and not just as potential conquests; now that I *have* started swinging again (which I just decided to do a couple of weeks ago), I'm going about it in a much more limited fashion, answering only the ads which really appeal to me and having only one successful encounter so far for the year. (It was a really good one, too, but that's another story for another time.) I highly recommend that you set up similar controls if you decide to get into swinging yourself.

6. *Taking drugs during sex is fun.* Ooh, that statement's going to land me in jail, isn't it? But it's true – I had an enormously fun time last summer every time I did cocaine or smoked pot as part of a sexual encounter. Again, you have to be careful – you don't want to inadvertently set up a situation where you can't enjoy sex *unless* you're on drugs. But, hey, if you've been on the bubble about trying certain things while naked and getting sweaty, you now have my official endorsement of how fun it can be. Don't tell the police I told you that. Uh, don't tell my mom either.

7. *Not only can married people successfully swing, but often it can bring them closer together as a couple.* This was one of the more surprising things I learned last summer, in fact, that adding a third or fourth person to the bedroom can in many cases make a married couple's relationship even tighter and stronger than it was before. This, by the way, is not a sweeping recommendation for every couple out there to try it – I met just as many couples last summer (and singles who used to be part of a couple) who had their marriages fall apart

because of swinging. As with everything else in relationships, it all boils down to the individual give-and-take you have with your own particular spouse. I was pleasantly surprised, though, to find so many situations last summer where group sex enhanced a couple's love life and not detracted from it. As is being proven more and more, there are lots of other ways to define 'family' besides the nuclear definition.

8. *If you just stop worrying so much and decide to have a little fun in your life, you probably will.* Is that the main message of this book? Yeah, I guess it is.

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People ask me questions all the time about my experiences of last summer, as well as this book itself. I thought I'd end by answering some of them, in case you were curious as well.

*Do I think this book will negatively impact my future romantic life?* That's hard to say; people react to this stuff in many different ways. I can definitely say this, though: if a woman is attracted to me and then decides not to go out with me because of reading this book, it's probably a woman I wouldn't have wanted to date in the first place. My sexuality is a very important part of not only my life but my identity; it's been that way as long as I can remember. I like to experiment, and I like to get all sweaty with people, and I like to really delve into the emotional and sociopolitical issues that come with kinky sex. The best relationships I've had in my past have been with women who share a similar outlook. I can't see how that's going to change anytime soon.

*Wasn't I worried about catching a disease?* Of course I was; that's why all of my sexual encounters last summer involved condoms, even though I hate condoms.

*Have my parents read this book?* No, they have not. I've already been a confessional creative person for the last fifteen years of my life, first as a photographer and then as a writer. My parents learned a long time ago to not read my work unless I specifically tell them that it's "family-safe" to do so.

*Would I do it all again?* Hell yeah. Why, you got something in mind?

Jason Pettus  
April 27, 2003  
Chicago, Illinois

# Appendices

Online personal ad, with photographs

Massage Party invitation

## Online personal ad

Hi there. If you've reached this page, it is most likely because I have responded to one of your personal ads or you have responded to one of mine. Of course, you might be someone who just typed in "Jason Pettus naked" at Google, I don't know. This page is designed to let you get to know me a little bit better, as well as see some photos of me, both nude and non-nude.



Ten general things to know about me: 1) I'm 33 years old and live on the north side of Chicago. 2) I'm six feet tall and weigh around 155 pounds. 3) I'm a professional writer; I've had three novels published and have appeared on NPR a couple of times. 4) I've seen *The Empire Strikes Back* about 500 times. 5) My favorite band is Sleater-Kinney. 6) I have a daily web journal that's read by about 15,000 people a day. 7) The vast majority of those readers are in Europe, Australia and New Zealand, reading me through their mobile devices. 8) I'm very confessional in my journal; I write about my sex life, my lack-of-sex life, my hopes and fears, in a very candid way. 9) I'm originally from Missouri, where I studied fine-art photography in college. 10) I do drink, and I do smoke, and I do partake of recreational drugs.



Ten sexual things to know about me: 1) I'm bisexual, but skew heavily towards the heterosexual side. 2) There's been lots of naked photos of me on the web over the years. 3) I've recently been introduced to the world of domination and submission, and find that I enjoy being a dom every so often. 4) I like having sex while other people are in the room watching, and I like watching other people in the room have sex. 5) I've always wanted to have group sex, but the activity remains to elude me. 6) I write about sexuality a lot; my hope is to eventually spin it into my literary career, as Carol Queen or Susie Bright have done. 7) My penis is exactly 7 and 5/8th inches long when fully erect. 8) I run a monthly massage party at my apartment, whose details you can find here. 9) I've made porn before. 10)

## REMOVED BY REQUEST

This is me and my ex-girlfriend. We dated for about a year during 2001 and 2002. We added a lot of sexual experimentation into our lives, things I had never really done before; porn, sex in front of strangers, d/s, running personal ads. When our relationship ended in June 2002, I found myself still wanting to go out there and explore my sexuality, just like I was doing before the breakup. Needless to say, it's a lot tougher to do this as a single guy than as half of a couple. People don't want to meet up with single men: there's too many of us out there; too many of us are weird or psychotic or just creepy; most couples just want to be with an additional woman anyway, for reasons that are obvious to most guys.



I've decided, then, to just leave myself open to as many different kinds of sexual propositions and environments this summer as I can - straight or gay, partner or group, parties or one-on-one. I figure leaving myself open as much as possible will increase my chances of having some fun sexual encounters this summer. Throwing my own party will hopefully do the same thing. When handed lemons, a wise adage goes, make lemonade. I'm a big believer of that, and I'm a big believer of not sitting on your ass for weeks after a breakup, locking yourself in your apartment and playing sad music and feeling sorry for yourself.



I'm real and I'm sincere. I can guarantee discretion, and I can guarantee politeness and humor. I'm at least open to hearing about any kind of proposition you have, no matter what it is; it never hurts to listen to someone and consider what they're asking. Just like in every other facet of my life, I like intelligent people for sexual partners. I like people who are comfortable with their sexuality, body and mind, and who know the difference between sensuality and intimacy. I like people who like to have hot sex; you'd be surprised how many people are not like this.

You can reach me at [ilikejason at hotmail dot com](mailto:ilikejason@hotmail.com). I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

## What is a massage party?

A massage party is a number of things at once: a way to experience group sexuality in a gentle, non-threatening environment; an opportunity to pleasure yourself in front of others; not to mention, a chance to get a great rubdown from numerous people at the same time.

## How does it work?

A massage party is in two parts. Part 1 begins at 7 pm and is like every other party you've ever attended - some music, some drinks, some food, some scintillating conversation. Part 2 of the party begins precisely at 9 pm, with everyone's names being put into a hat and drawn out in random order. When your name is called, you remove your clothes and lay face-down on the bed. All the other members of the party who are the opposite sex of you sit in a circle around you; you are also given the choice to invite the same-sex partygoers to join the circle as well, provided that they are comfortable with doing so.

A timer is set for ten minutes. When it starts, all the people in the circle simultaneously give you a fully-body massage. When the ten minutes are up, the timer is set once again and you flip over onto your back. The process then repeats itself; after your twenty-minute massage, another name is pulled from the hat until everyone at the party has had the opportunity to be the center of attention. It's just that simple!

## Frequently asked questions

*Can I masturbate while receiving my massage?* Yes - in fact, you are highly encouraged to do so. The whole point of a massage party is to introduce group sexuality to people who are a little intimidated by the idea of a full-fledged swinger party. Pleasuring yourself while being rubbed and touched by numerous people is a great way to have a group sensual experience while still being in total control of both your genitals and your sexual arousal.

*Do I put my clothes back on after my massage?* It's entirely up to you. Some feel a little exposed by being naked outside of the circle, while others enjoy the sensation of nudity enough to remain in that state all evening. There is no "right" or "wrong" way to enjoy a massage party.

*I'm uncomfortable with touching people of the same sex naked. Do I have to participate?* Not at all! In fact, you have the right to step back from the circle at any time in the evening, whether or not the person in the middle is a man or a woman. Along these same lines, you are also welcome to stop your own massage before your twenty minutes are up, if you are feeling uncomfortable in any way. The people at my parties have been invited in the first place because of their tolerant, non-judgmental personalities; no one will think any less of you for stepping out of the circle, whether that's for a few minutes or for the rest of the evening.

*Can I use massage oil?* You are encouraged to use any aids that will make your experience more pleasurable, including oils and sexual toys. Because people have so many different physical reactions to the different types of oils on the market, you are expected to bring your own if you wish to use it during your massage. The same goes for any sexual toys you might want to use. My shower will be open all evening, for anyone who feels particularly grimy or slick after their massage (although, given that I only own two towels, it might be a good idea to bring your own).

*What if two (or more) of us wish to extend our activities?* Massage parties are specifically designed to be "officially" over by midnight (and often earlier). At that point, anyone who wishes to can say goodnight and head home, while everyone else is welcome to stay behind and negotiate/initiate another round of massages or more explicit sexual activities. The point of these parties is not just for people to have a fun, sensual experience, but also to gently make people feel more comfortable in a group sexual environment. If this ends up inspiring you to participate more explicitly later in the evening, then the party's been a huge success!

*Is there a code of behavior at the parties?* There is a slight one, based simply on the common-sense rules of any sexual encounter. Remember that you are not to massage a person's

genitals unless they specifically request it, and that NO MEANS NO, no matter what the context. Rude or aggressive behavior will not be tolerated; you will be immediately asked to leave if this becomes an issue. Be respectful of everyone in the circle and the suddenly vulnerable position in which they have just put themselves; remember, they are likely just as nervous about being naked in front of you as you were/will be about being naked in front of them. Finally, give massages like you mean them! There's nothing more sensually pleasurable than a concentrated and attentive group of people laying hands on another person's naked body.

*Can I bring alcohol? What about pot?* Unless specifically mentioned in your invitation (for instance, if a recovered alcoholic will be attending) you should feel free to bring liquor and/or recreational drugs to the party. As always, please use common sense when it comes to your usage: not only will others enjoy it less if you get wasted, you will enjoy your own massage less as well. That being said, the majority of people at my parties have never participated in a group sexual activity before - sometimes a couple of drinks (or a couple of tokes) can actually help people feel looser, calmer, and less inhibited. Rules for cigarette smoking will be determined on a party-by-party basis, depending on how many non-smokers will be in attendance and whether any of the partygoers are allergic to cigarette smoke.

*I'm one half of a couple who will be attending. Are there any special issues that apply just to us?* Just that I would highly recommend having a frank and honest talk with your partner about the party before arriving. Group sexuality can sometimes be a tricky thing when it comes to dedicated romantic partners - even if you are both feeling very comfortable and secure going in, you might always change your mind once in the middle of the activities. Plan to have an exit strategy - a way to signal to your partner that you're feeling uncomfortable or are freaking out. Talk in advance about whether the two of you will want to stay after the "official" party ends - midnight in front of a bunch of other people is not the time to suddenly learn that your partner was planning on staying and you weren't.

*I'm not one half of a couple. Any special issues for me?* Just that it's always a good idea to be extra sensitive when it comes to a person in a relationship entering the circle. Although this is by no means a rule, it is usually a good idea to concentrate your massage on the less erotically-charged sections of their body - arms, legs, hands, feet, back, stomach - and to let their partner concentrate on the more sensitive areas - neck, face, breasts, buttocks and thighs. That being said (both singles and couples), relax and enjoy yourself!

*Can I invite a friend?* Hell yeah you can invite a friend - do you have any idea how much work it was just to get this small group of invitees together in the first place? If you know someone who might be interested in attending a massage party, I highly encourage you to send them to this web page, gauge their opinion, then invite them along. All I ask is that you let me know ahead of time; as you can imagine, it's important to keep the number of men and women at any particular party as close to equal as possible, so there might be some slight logistical issues with inviting a number of your friends along. With any luck, all of us will continue to find more and more people who would be interested in massage parties, leading to larger parties with more erotic possibilities.

Okay, that's it! I hope you've liked what you've read here. The invitation I recently sent you should have had the details of the next party - date, time, location, and roughly how many people have been invited. If you have any more questions whatsoever, please just drop me a line at ilikejason at hotmail dot com - I'm happy to answer any queries you might have. Thanks for taking the time to read this, and I hope you'll be able to attend.

And a special note to people responding to my personal ad: I've recently been having some trouble with people not actually being who they said they were. For that reason, I now require you to attach a recent photo of yourself/yourselves when you ask to be invited. Also, as can be expected, I've been having a lot more men than women respond to the ad. Like I mentioned, it's important to keep the male/female ratio at the parties as equal as possible; for that reason, I am only inviting as many men to each particular party as there will be women in attendance. When you write, your name will go on a list; when it comes time to schedule the party, I will go down this list on a strict first-come, first-serve basis. My apologies for both of these policy changes - I know it's unfair, but unfortunately it's also the reality of the situation.



## Jason Pettus (ReadADamnBook.com)

is the author of three novels and over forty self-published books of short work. His performance credits include National Public Radio, the Canadian Broadcasting Channel, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, and the National Poetry Slam, where he placed second in 1997 as a member of the Chicago-Green Mill team. Pettus maintains a daily web journal which can also be delivered to mobile devices; much like an early-80s metal band, he has developed a curiously cult-like following in Europe. Pettus regularly pens personal and critical nonfiction for the alternative press; among other experiences, his article "The Death of the Internet" was cited for excellence by the 2001 *Zine Yearbook*. He also works heavily in the field of hyperfiction, an experimental form of writing that has become popular with the invention of the Web; among other accolades, he received a grant for it in 1999 from the Illinois Arts Council, and his interactive 1998 novel *Creamed Corn* received special recognition from the Electronic Literature Organization. In his spare time Pettus enjoys taking speed, staring at the sun, and obsessively watching *The Empire Strikes Back*. He can be reached at [ilikejason at hotmail dot com](mailto:ilikejason@hotmail.com) and is looking forward to any sexual invitations you might have for him.

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