

her in a cinema foyer having ~~just paid for her seat,~~
~~our seats,~~ and I would suddenly be helplessly adrift
 inside fantasy No 56. Or she would seek my hand during
 a film ~~(we went to the cinema twelve times a week (late~~
~~night shows Saturday and Sunday)~~ and lay two fingers
 in ~~XXXXXXXX~~ my palm and that would No 127. Our repertoire
 covered a vast territory (gleaned, in large part, from my
 therapeutic work). I found Emily quite frightening in
 this respect. She could have me helpless in a split
 second and none of my riends knew why I was so docile.
 This is why I looked at her so little, not because of
 her big tits or her snubnose, as she thought.

supposed

'But surely I wouldn't look away from your tits,'
 I told her. 'However can you imagine I would do that?
 It's only that when I'm trying to concentrate on someone
 's conversation, and after all it might be a prospec ive
 client, you often come up with one of your fantasy
 previews.'

'You half-assed Jewish dude' she would say (~~I'm~~
~~actually Roman in origin, hence the mistaken racial~~
 analysis), 'you don't look because they're too big for
 you, they scare the living shit out of you and that's
 the truth!'

Emily has a way of bellowing whatever she says.
 Two centuries ago this would have been called passion,
 now we call it piggishness.

I could never call her a pig to her face. That
 was on account of the snub nose.

Naturally she was well up in the feminist movement.
 She became president of the San Francisco chapter. An
 extraordinary invittation came her way. She was to
 address the Santa Rosa chapter, and there happened to
 be a fur cult in that area. Among the feminists,
 dating from about 1983, hair became fashionable, that
 is, ~~hair on the body~~. The Santa Rosa chapter organised
 a whole group of the hairiest women in the area, and
 they would hold meetings in the nude. I think they
 also had to be dark-haired. You can imagine what I
 felt like when I entered that meeting, Emile took me
 along as a male feminist (which is the truth), but she
 didn't bargain for them being all naked. Now Santa
 Rosa, is charmong, ~~though modern~~. It has orderly
 lawns and drive-in shopping centers. There is a simian
 area, but you hardly notice the bars, it is all open
 country, rather on the lines of ~~Britain's Whipsnade~~ *and*
 zoo, and a trifle like the Salzuburg zoo in that the
 land rises sharply at the entrance to the 'animal
 enclosures' as the zoo-keepers prefer to call them
 (not cages).

Now Emile has ampeculiar deficiency of speech.
 When t ere is an 's' at the end of a word her mouth
 does an unfortunate involuntary enlargement and the
 word that comes out (and neither I nor her friends
 have dared to make her aware of it) is 'shits'.
 At the end of the word 'assignments' the word 'shits'
 will be added, slipped in so quickly as to be arldy
 noticed, but hardly noticing is still noticing.

She had, I thought, a lovel theme that evening.
 It was 'the dawn of civilisation', not that she knew
 anything about civi isation, let alone its dawn. She

Meditation

of ~~to men~~
TIEU (Top
belch ~
Down)

-hair

in Albany she continued the treatment, that s she didn't say a word, even when I lit up and filled the care with the most obnoxious smoke which made me feel sick, aware as I was that you swallow saliva nicely coated with nicotine when you smoke a pipe, and that settles like cesspit in the belly, to work its necropolitic in luence in the blood. She should have cussed me out, I was waiting for it, yearning for it, a pipe pipesmoke is deadly for getting in the clothes, just five minutes exposure to it and you have to change everything, she had said it a amillion times, she'd said you look yellow, you look like a corpse, you look like a nicotinal swab with moving parts, your saliva stinks like gangrene. But she didn't say a word, simply went on driving (she had taken the wheel without a word whereas, when we're in the 'fifth' car (we have five cars for different purposes, a truck, a dirty truck, a fast BMW for the freeways, when we're together (this was the one she was driving0, a Toyota for me to get to the office in and z her old faithful Alfa Romeo o nip about Santa Rosa in) (she takes the BMW for lecture tours)4) f

When we got back she took off her blouse and then her bra and walked about with her enormous tits bare and her skirt and high-heeled shoes still on, as a provocation. I began seething with the aftermath of the pipe mixed with uncontrollable sexual desire. She left the lavatory door open when she went to pee d and managed, with some genius, to fart so loudly I thought the neighbours would complain. All this was familiar stuff. I knew it was going to be the humiliation series, but I didn't bargain for the whole setm namely Nos 98-120 inclusive.

Here are the humiliation fantasies we went through that night:

No 98: I am an Enligsh stockbroker who works in the City and wears a bowler hat, I dine with her and have my hat on one of the plush chairs, she gets up to go to the restroom and takes my hat with her, pisses in it and brings it back to the table where she puts it, crown down, on the chair again, I drink a whole bottle of Chambertin '75, sign the bill (this is my club and I can run up a tab), get up and put the ta hat on, I loste my club and all my friends (except Emile).

No 99: We are on a yacht off Brimz, Hawaii, and the owner is a handsome robust beauty who is soon to become my business associate and it is important that I impress her and sleep with her, as she wishes it (Iused to be her therapist), I am standing with her in her cabin but an amuse-your-relatives-and-friends farting apparatus has been attached surreptitiously to the seat of my pants and is worked by Emily ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ by remote radio control just as I am unbuttoning my business associate's blouse and murmuring 'You have such lovely breasts, see how the nipples jump'.

No 100: I am in a swimming pool and get an erection and can't come out for five hours while she beckons to me from the diving board, I have to be resuscitated, I still have the erection and this is a "Transmute your

Sexual Energy' conference and I am the chief speaker.

No 101: I am delivering a lecture at the Military Hall in Santa Cruz before an audience of fifty, thirty of them female students of mine, twenty of these ^{at least} in love with me, and I put the pipe in my pocket still smouldering and it burns a hole in my pants and I burst into flames and a big man comes up from the audience and throws himself on me to put the flames out and buggers me in full view of everyone.

No 102: I am the guest lecturer at a women's college in Pleasant Hill, I have the runs and dash into the john, I plunge into a cubicle, tear my trousers down and am only just in time, but ~~xxxxxxx~~ a woman is there before me, already seated. I am known in the ~~xxxxxxx~~ college as a Realised Being.

No 103: I', lecturing in San Diego and this is a five hour journey, all the cars have gone wrong, I catch a Greyhound by the skin of my teeth and find it's been commandeered by a Fellatio Punishment Group of Oregon feminists, they enforce fallatio seventeen times in the course of the journey, this together with three surreptitious penetrations makes twenty ejaculations on my part, I had to be carried from the bus, the lecture was on 'The Energy Benefits of Seminal Retainment'.

No 104: I enter the house from work, Emily is bending down to put something in the oven, I lift up her skirt ~~and lower her panties~~ and (fantasy No 14) penetrate her without a word, it's her mother, Emily has gone to hospital with a poison ~~xxx~~ oak rash, I'm sued for rape ~~xxxxxxx~~ and lose my job.

No 105: On a walk in the Napa Valley with Emily I pee against a tree and due to a hole in my underpants get my foreskin caught in my zip, begin yelling and hopping around, every time I tried to pull the zip down again it gets caught faster, I yell and jump until finally Emily does it with a quick pull, I tear my underpants down in anguish and purse my privates with my hands, a group of fifty schoolchildren pass in the care of three teachers, I'm arrested and charged with flashing, I lose my job.

No 106: Yearning as I do from time to time for a child with Emily I am taken to hospital for a subsebacious cyst to be removed and the identity tags are mixed up and they sterilise me by mistake, my last words as the pentathol fix goes in are 'I think there must be some mis...zzzzz'.

No 107: I wake with dim sluggish feelings from the wine of the evening before to hear Emily gently trying to persuade me to make love to her, and protesting a degree of attachment to me which runs counter to all our experiences together, I drag myself with consummate strength of will to full alertness in order to oblige her with carnal attentions, I at last put out my hand to lay it consolingly on her heaving belly but nothing is there except cool bed, it is a cassette recording timed for 6.30 am and there's a note on the pillow 'Spending the night with Hank', Hank is 6 foot three inches in his socks, he tips the scales at 250 lbs.

No 108: I am driving to Sacramento with a special consignment of consignment of black tulips from Holland

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which I must deliver by noon, the tulips arrived at Oakland airport by mistake, Emily interrupts me on my radio phone, I must return at once to our Palo Alto house, I do so but when I enter the house there is no one there, I search about from room to room and try Emily at her office, when I return to the truck Emily is making love to Hank---among the tulips, I lose my job.

piccolo player

No108: All my life I have been a passionate flautist but decided in my late teens not to follow a musical career because of the backbiting that goes on in orchestras and the under-employment among musicians, I do however practice every day and finally compose a beautiful concerto for flute and strings and this is to be performed professionally, and I am to do the solo with the Calistoga String Ensemble at Hot Springs, and the evening before Emily persuades me to use my flute carnally (No 76) and when I arrive for the concert it won't work any more.

vig

No 109: I'm a famous actor, Emily is my leading lady, we are performing at the Lyceum theatre in San Francisco on a pre-Broadway tour, she slips some extra business into her part one evening without warning, she bends down to pick something up from the settee, I think this is No 14, have vertigo and lift up her skirt from behind, the curtain rings, I am arrested for indecent exposure and lose my job.

No 110: We haven't had a night out for a long time so we go to a Moroccan restaurant in Danville and the belly dancer ogles me and gets me to dance with her in front of everybody and I take it seriously and after drinking three bottles of Algerian wine follow her to her dressing room, she tells me to come outside. she's a student from Mount Diablo college, she has her boyfriend outside, he turns out to be a massive woman, they push to the ground and expose my belly, they slap my belly for forty minutes until I vomit, they leave in the carpark, Emily tells me afterwards she paid them to do this, she makes me kiss her belly allnight and serves me tripe for breakfast.

No 111: We drive to the top of Mount Tamalpais to meditate through the dawn, we sit huddled in blankets waiting for the light to come up, I joke with Emily her about her usual dawn meditation being more in the sex chakra than the crown one, we sit with closed eyes and feel the light come up, the meditation lasts an hour, I open my eyes and find her and the car gone, I hitch a ride to Palo Alto in a car with four feminists from Atalanta, on hearing that I'm not gay they cut my pants into strips and tip me out of the car naked below the waist, my only way to get a lift back home is to literally flash the police, they arrest me, Emily comes to bale me out but finds my desperate

thirty male bisexuals barricade themselves in our houses and have round-the-clock ~~with~~ our women.

set
 No 116: I tell a woman client that she and her husband have individuation problems and should cultivate their extramarital roles, she asks could she have sex with me while I'm smoking my pipe, she has a childhood fantasy about that, centered on the way her dad sucked ~~xxxxxxx~~ sucked at it (his pipe), I say no this is only a stratagem to avoid the central issue of individuation, she phones Emily and says I have sex with her in the office every week on the desk, Emily phones her husband and suggests retaliatory sex, they mate in Emily's truck outside my bedroom window at night, they put a speaker on my window sill and a speaker in the truck to relay their coital noises, ~~xxxxxxx~~ my ex-client then sues me for malpractice, I am covered financially by my malpractice insurance but lose my job, the police then arrest me for relaying my sexual noises from my bedroom to the neighbours from 2 am to 4 am each morning.

(The client)
 Mike
 No 117: We are at our mountain retreat, there is a torrential downpour, I walk out in it in the nude to show how macho I am, she locks her car and the cabin with herself inside, on my return she refuses me entry, I hammer at the window, she lies on the bed in the nude playing with herself while I watch from outside, she falls asleep and lets me in at dawn next morning, frozen to the bone I fry myself some eggs and brew some coffee, I slip outside for a pee, she locks me out again and through the window I watch her eat the eggs and drink the coffee in the nude.

No 118: Preparing ~~to give~~ a lecture, 'From Hieroglyphics to Wisdom, a Glance at Human History from Egypt 3000BC to Palo Alto 1984 AD', I write an excellent paragraph setting out the notion that the myths of ancient times were an embryonic preview of our present state of knowledge, much as the embryo sees and hears in the womb ~~but only~~ the poundings of the maternal heart and the roars and gurgles of maternal digestion, as opposed to direct analytic contact with realities, I glance up and see Emily in the garden bending down to pick some flowers, her back to me (no ?), I cannot resist this, jump out of the window, rush across the lawn, and achieve penetrability in a moment, only to discover that she is picking flowers for the sheriff who is standing by her concealed ~~by~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ from the house by a bush. wife

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 the shit
 No 119: I give A PAPER AT THE African genesis Club in Orinda on the Psychological Implications of the Plesianthropic Origin of the Human Mind, pointing out that the killer baboon or plesianthropus from whom we originate first used kts oversized brain to use weapons, outside the lecture hall a deputation from the Women Are Goddesses institute shower me with baboon shit which Emily tells me on my arriving home that she collected herself from the San Francisco zoo.

No 120:

true---the Haver ford did indeed break its banks and flood first the college refectory, where there was a video game exhibition at the time, then the kitchens, spoling over a hundred tons of longlife food for the college's four hundred junkfood afddocts (1) and taking the awall of the famous g aduation hall with it).

Emily and I had quite inexplicably never met. How ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ even fate could have arranged that improbability I cannot think, for we had both been attending, for the past three years, regular group orgies, sexual release seminars, free molestation sit-ins, hands-on healing sessions in the dark and the nude, coke-and-feelies nights~~x~~ in an underground hall at a gas station in Ardmore Pa. (the famous Scotty's Room), 'blind date' encounters (i.e. copmlations ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ with a pre-seleceted but unknown partner, blindfolded) and other student activities involving both co leges. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ There were also lectures and classes shared by the two colleges, and though I was doing veterinary course while Emily was working on her Ph D and aiming at a biochemical career, it is still remarkable that in three years we never once to our knowledge clapped eyes on each other before the commencement ceremony.

When we did clap eyes on each other we were standing side by side, rather nervous and constrained in mortar boards and black academic gowns, waiting our turn to receive the rdidiculous scroll, with idiot parents in an overdressed mob ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ waiting ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ to congratulate their sneering young.

This tall young woman, ger long blond hair cascading to her shoulde s in waves that flashed in the blidning light (an idiot father had organised telecision coverage) stood just a little under my height of 6 feet 1 inch, and when we looked searchingly into each other's eyes our gazes were almost on a level, a relief to both of us as we'd been saddled with small partners for at least the past year. We fitted. And we knew from that moment that we fitted---that we would fit. And we did fit.

We were a goodlooking couple, people said. Very much the Wasps (for non-Americans again---White Anglo Saxon Protestants). We both played tennis, frisbee, coits, smithers and chortle cross. We were to be seen on the courts almost every day during our courtship, for we both had post-graduate courses to attend during the summer months, which detained us in Pennsylvania. Itwas a summer to be rememberede, not simply for the fact that we found, at least three times a day, that we fitted, but because Emily was the victress in a protracted court case involving her father. This was the famous Sprude-Tayler case. S e was sueing him for 1.8 million dollars, and got a settlement of about half a million, which was crucial for her subsequent researches. After the case was settled she tol said, 'You know, that man' (referring to her father) 'should never have told me that when I graduated I was on my own, leastways, an

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Soon after Emily and I met I came to know the brilliant attorney (Gus Spilman) who had laid his loose fingers on a half a doll million dollarsworth of her father's pork investments.

When I told him that my father, on hearing me use, at the age of ten, the expression 'get stuffed' immediately after his expression 'eat your food and get to be like a good boy', gave me a clip on the ear which sent me flying down the stairs (they were cement)--this was a slum dwelling in Atalanta), with the result that I ruptured my balls and was never thereafter capable of what I can only call 'direct' sex as opposed to fantasy sex. I cannot, that is, look a woman in the face once I become intimate with her. The last time, therefore, I saw Emily was at the graduation ceremony. This is how it is that I describe her on one page as being small, raven-haired and with enormous bosoms, and on another as strikingly handsome and tall.

The attorney Spilman at once saw the possibilities--- until I pointed out that my father was a crematorium worker.

'I thought it was garbage disposal,' Emily said.

'It used to be. And they're allied trades,' I said disgustingly.

'Was it the fall that made you such an unpleasant fellow?" Spilman asked me with a candid smile due to a lifelong nervous tic.

He went on, 'We could sue the firm that erected the Atalanta dwelling,' But the time lapse is great. However there have recently been precedents for long-effect damages---there are the notable molestation-trials where a father's fingers have been accountable for their searching twenty or even thirty years before--- and I happen to know that the firm that built that Atalanta dwelling is still around, in fact it sold out to a huge consortium which should well be able to afford the 14vor 15 million we're going to ask.'

'Fifteen million?' I shrieked. 'How can anyone be worth that?'

'Byt the time you pay my fees, and the court fees, and the investigation procedures, and witnesses from your childhood days, you will see that this concerns a whole community of which you are but a part.' He turned to Emily. 'How you ever fell in love with this man I shall never know.'

'He has an imagination,' she said.

'Don't take me seriously,' he told me, clapping a comradely hand on my shoulder.

'I don't,' I said with a laugh, for I stood a foot higher than he, and could have tossed him out of the window head-frirst on my liffle finger.

Realer Realty Inc settled out of court for \$300.000 ~~xxxxxxx~~ excluding my costs. So, just before we married, Emily and I were worth a cool--- almost---million.

* * *

might enjoy it with another partner, we might enjoy it a hundred times over, but we wouldn't fit. And we needed to fit. In the last analysis, we needed to fit more than we needed to enjoy. So we stayed together, waiting for the right answer. We looked at other possible partners, we did so at parties, openings concerts and premieres, but while we saw that the enjoyment principle factor would have been fulfilled, the fitting wouldn't. And we needed to fit. We did fit. We fitted every few moments, when we were at home together. And we fitted as many times as we could when we were out. We thought of fitting when we were at our separate places of work, she in the genetics lab and me operating on cats, dogs and rabbits. When we reached the house after work there was no other thought in our head but that of fitting---it took precedence over the 'unwinding' drink, or a cup of coffee, or a rest on the divan, or a favorite television program. Indeed, with some of these other activities it constituted no barrier, and we would do them while fitting. Fitting was as basic to us as breathing. When not fitting we were starved of air, we gasped, we faltered. But we didn't enjoy it. ~~When you breathe and within limits you~~ You need to breathe and within limits you enjoy breathing but it isn't an active enjoyment all the time or even most of the time. It's just necessary.

Being young (and human), however, we couldn't believe that, even though we might not fit another partner, we might not be capable of squeezing a little enjoyment out of the primal act that excites our wildest hopes and joys from the day we are born to the day we die. We searched, we sometimes dated, but always at the eleventh hour, when a zip was being loosened or a the sitting position being exchanged for the prone, the enthusiasm would die, there would be a straightening of backs, a zipping-up, a reclasping of bras, a straightening of hair and a smoothing down of skirts and a murmured 'I'm married and I guess I just don't want to cheat'. The potential partners thought us decent loyal numbheads, and took off for another date, leaving us to rush back home in order to fit once more into the ~~lock~~ lock our keys seemed to have been solely designed for.

We put up a struggle. We had plenty of money and could afford to invest in rash adventures---like the two-way car. That cost us upward of fifty thousand bucks to build, and we had to sell it as a curiosity for ten by the end. The reader won't believe it but it's true. At any rate, it ~~was~~ was a measure of our desperation. For by this time we were foregoing orgasms. It was enough to fit. And the frequency with which we achieved penetration argued against orgasm as a necessary adjunct. So we went prowling the streets. We were brazen. We would approach a goodlooking man or woman and openly suggest an evening together. Surprisingly, perhaps because we looked so athletic, and usually went out on the prowls in shorts and ~~running~~ running shoes and carrying sportsbags, only a few hurried away from us without a word. We would sit with them in cafes or bars. Once or twice we took

