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There is probably more to life than what art alone can provide. One recent summer while in Santa Barbara I committed to writing for three hours every morning, but nothing I wrote could compare to the moments the sun rose above the surf. I was reading an anthology of black poets during that summer. It was a beautiful time. I often wondered to myself, while blasting Sade on the veranda, if I would ever regain my identity as a writer. I had been immersed in love for too long. I think because of the fragmentation I endured while making love. While making love one must relinquish their identity. It's possible that I had already done so many years before, but as I stroked the caramel-colored ass of a young waitress from a nearby cafe I knew that I no longer could feel anything for myself. My entire existence was wrapped up in bringing a complete pleasure to her alone. I wanted to fortify her identity in order to prove that she could finally transcend the role that the marketplace had resigned her to. I wished to eliminate my ego for her.

Having sex with me is one of the ultimate experiences of most women's lives. It's like hearing Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* for the first time. The way I take care of women brings them into a kind of mania and raises the pitch of their living to a supreme understanding. All lost in my aura and desire they begin to believe they truly are beyond the flippant place they occupy in the chronology of their lives. There is a kind of alterity in my love making that often causes panic in the women who aren't yet a part of it. But I let these women know that they will eventually have their turn. Not because I'm a slut, but because I want to do good. Because giving pleasure to women is my greatest art and my only calling in this life. I am a true slut.

As a young boy reading the adventures of Giacomo Casanova I knew that I had found the meaning of life. There is no higher calling than to worship pussy. A careful consideration of female sensation is the most divine pursuit. I revel in wet pussy. The wetter I can get the pussy the more pure I feel. The more cleansed and holy I become. I am a giver of life. I give back to women all the power and liberation the marketplace has stripped from them. The more they pulsate the harder my cock becomes. At times my cock is so hard it feels like it will break away from its foundation and begin



to work its magic in a peculiar detachment from my body. I think of my cock as a sacred altar wherein the gift of milk and honey-suckle is returned with intense and prolonged multiple orgasms that bring a wave of sensation that can rock the very foundation from which capitalism develops. Most women who sleep with me end up blacking out at some point during our love making. As do I.

Describing the way that I give women pleasure isn't pornographic, it's religious. I usually start in earnest after they're fully relaxed and prone. Then I devour their pussy. I've become so good at eating pussy that even I can't believe it. It's at times like these when we can really believe there isn't a class war in the streets. For I like to eat all pussy, independent of its socio-economic status. When in my bedroom the entire reality of the global marketplace fades and the only consideration is how to activate a higher and higher intensity of feeling. The sweat pours off the backs of some of the most beautiful and intelligent women in the world, channeling the delicate groove in their backs. I then use it as a lubricant to press my cock further into their ass. There isn't a female ass in this world that doesn't wholly receive this rite as the pinnacle of her existence. I say this simply because it's true, as the music of Sade is true.

At times the other men in these women's lives become jealous, violent even. Their violence is a firm acknowledgment of their sexual and artistic impotence. They live a life of concern for worldly things. I live a life of one concern: making their women into goddesses who live in a perpetual state of transcendent pleasure and euphoria. These men are barely men and my presence in this world defines and adds contour to their weakness and their uselessness. My bedroom is a kind of temple. It's designed purely for unnamable acts of catharsis. And I consider the entire world to be an annex of this bedroom. If I am in the street or in a restaurant I can easily be moved to offer pleasure to a stranger. Sometimes a glance is enough, sometimes I don't wait for a glance. I'll take the wrist of the closest woman to me, regardless of her looks, and bring her into the coatroom where I'll provide the most exquisite moments of her life. She'll limply return to her seat in the dining area ready to pass out from the heat.

There is pressure to this way of life. I'm asked many things from the women around me. Women who haven't yet slept with me, actresses especially, make persistent advances. I almost always oblige but there are times when I must seek possession of a higher order. This exemplifies my quest for the gifts of nature that a fashion model receives. When I'm with a fashion model our love making becomes even more out of this world than when I am with other women. As the coincidence of nature has granted to them extra special qualities, and to me extra special appetites for satisfying the insatiable, our love making goes beyond transcendence into a kind of extra-human bliss. Together we truly achieve a kind of unmediated purity of sensation so unbelievable as to create in us the feeling that we are no longer of this earth but are in actuality an alchemical representation of the heavens. It's true that we become



identityless abstractions of pleasure. At this point we aren't even conscious of our experience. We continue to stroke and get off on one another in a complete dimension characterized by its unity with the galaxies. It is complete freedom.

I like to make sure that every woman I encounter immediately understands that she can sleep with me if she so wishes. It isn't that hard to convince me because I can't say enough how important it is to me that every woman who so desires achieve the monumental jet of ecstasy that is my ejaculation of warm tasteful come. I always make sure that when I come I push my cock as far into the pussy as possible in order to create the risk of fertilization that adds to the sublimity of being outside of the world order. I can't sleep at night unless I know there are women, maybe riding the subway, or maybe in a taxi, whose moist dripping pussies are leaking my come down the inside of their thighs. It keeps me awake at night imagining their holes still slippery with the source of life I've granted them. At these times, lying unclothed upon my gold satin sheets but for a necklace, I begin to touch myself. No matter how many times I've made love that day I can always come again. I spend a paradisiacal few minutes on my back stroking my cock and rubbing my inflated balls until I come hard all over my chest and face.

Often times I'll maximize my pleasure in these moments by calling a young permissive woman on the telephone and allowing her to listen to me get myself off until I finally explode in a deep gasp followed by an erotic exhalation. However, I never let myself go until she's come as many times as she wants to. I tell her how much I want her to sit on my face and smother me in wet pussy. My versatility as a lover is unmatched in the current world. Every single act of movement and every single thought I have is in the service of giving pleasure to the women around me. There is not a single moment in my entire lifetime when I have not been wholly committed to this cause. If I go longer than even a few hours without providing a unique and paramount experience to a woman who needs it I can barely live with myself. I enter a kind of bored malaise in which my entire body feels unused and superfluous. Every waking moment and every sleeping dream is an attenuation of my limitless desire to give myself to the female race.

It's hard to determine just how many lovers I've had. At times I call them by incorrect names. I regret this misstep but find it adds to their confusion of reality to a degree that opens up a wellspring of desperation. They begin to pour forth in a kind of wayward trance that emits an electric heat I find irresistible. The less I feel concern for the commercial world around me the further I can penetrate their deepest fantasies. For our world of enterprise is perpetuated by its ability to name everything. When a woman enters my bedroom she becomes ecstatically anonymous and pre-verbal. When we are joined in sensational rapture it is the closest we will come to annihilating the society that has withheld from us this pleasure for centuries. In my bedroom we don't transact. We achieve a state of complacency in regards to the market. Time dissipates. My



endurance as a lover is unparalleled. I can make a woman lose the perspective of her own boundaries to a point of bewilderment. It's at these times when I'm the most turned on. When I look hard into the crossed turned-back eyes of my lover, and push my cock further and harder into wherever I've chosen to place it, I release the most magnificent and immaculate orgasm of my life. Every time I make love I make love as if it's the last time it will ever happen. This is my promise to all women.

