

**THE
HAPPY
HYPERSEXUAL**

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JASON ARMSTRONG

FOREWORD BY MICHAEL DRESSER

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Some names and places have been changed to protect the identities of those in this book.

NOTE TO THE READER:

A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated to The Rainbow Railroad, an organization helping LGBTQI people escape countries in which they are persecuted for their sexual orientation/gender expression. Visit <https://www.rainbowrailroad.org/> to see how you can help.

Also by Jason Armstrong

Solosexual: Portrait of a Masturbator

solosexbook.com

*Getting Off: The Unlikely Chronicles
of a Solosexual on PrEP*

bestgettingoffbook.com

This book is dedicated to my cock, for being the
best lover a man could ask for,
And to the porn stars, professional and so-called
amateur, for risking so much for our pleasure,
To Peter W., for lovingly promoting and
championing me from the beginning,
And finally, to all the men I've ever chatted with
online, for teaching me all about the male sexual
experience.

Itell my students, When you get these jobs that you have been so brilliantly trained for, just remember that your real job is that if you are free, you need to free somebody else. If you have some power, then your job is to empower somebody else.

—Toni Morrison

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FOREWORD

Masturbation is possibly the world's best worst-kept secret: most of us do it (in many cases more than we choose to admit), but hardly anyone talks about it, or what it really means to them.

Even fewer people write about their experiences with it.

As a sex and intimacy coach I've studied and read about sex and masturbation in a professional context. As a man I've read (and written) about it for my own arousal.

There is plenty of writing about masturbation which is designed to titillate, and there is (increasingly) analytical writing on the subject—some pretty dry, some more lubricated, but usually aimed at the intellect, rather than the body.

But I've not come across another writer who places his own visceral sexual expression into a

wider cultural context quite so compellingly as Jason Armstrong. Especially when that written record includes the lows as well as the highs.

When I read his first book *Solosexual: Portrait of a Masturbator*, I remember feeling—both as an educator, and as a man—relief that someone else was giving articulate voice to his relationship with masturbation in all its all-encompassing, contradictory, powerful, beautiful, messy, dangerous, vulnerable glory. Here, at last, was a narrative that I—and I know many other men—could relate to. We can connect in terms of our individual physical experiences with our own bodies, but also in our shared cultural experience.

In this latest book, Jason pulls the lid off the current obsession with labelling sexual behaviours; questioning what ‘too much’ sexual expression really means. He’s getting to the humanity at the heart of it all. It’s challenging stuff to put under the microscope—especially in a society which constantly sends the contradictory message: “You should be sexual. But not too much.”

My sex and intimacy coaching work has shown me the truly transformational power of witnessing—of seeing and acknowledging those parts of ourselves (and others) that are shadowy, or confusing; parts of us that feel uncomfortable, shameful, even forbidden. But when we bring these parts out of the shadows and into the light, they begin to lose their power *over* us. They can become, instead, celebratory and empowering.

In our brave new world of #MeToo and #ToxicMasculinity, male sexual expression can feel particularly difficult to look at without a filter. As Jason points out in *Happy Hypersexual*, the penis has been used for millennia to wield power—and not in a good way. As a result, most modern men have a difficult, confusing relationship with this part of their body. For many men, masturbation may be the best chance they get to connect with this aspect of their masculinity.

Sex with others might feel like it contains too many invisible rules, too many rights and wrongs, which can stifle the creative potential of the cock. After all, there's another human being involved, with their own distinct desires and fears to consider.

Solo sex, on the other hand, is where we can express our erotic desires however the hell we want.

Yet for so many men masturbation is shrouded in secrecy, even as they devote hours to it. For some men, solo connection with their cock has even become too challenging to contemplate deeply. Instead, it has been reduced to functional 'itch-scratching', or shame-filled avoidance.

Through my work I know that when self-pleasure stops being something shameful or second-best, it can become a powerful conduit to self-connection and self-love. And that's why I'm appreciative that Jason continues the important work of acknowledging, celebrating and exploring the community of men who masturbate. His work benefits both the online

communities dedicated to it as well as the wider ‘community’ of every man who navigates between his desire, his cock, and the world he lives in.

Through the lens of his own experiences during a worldwide pandemic, Jason shines a light on how delicate and permeable the barrier can be between the private and the public; between the global and the personal. At the same time, I can’t help but think that, once again, he is giving a voice to the millions of unheard men who have spent this unprecedented time confronting their own habits, needs and desires in ways they may never have before.

So, when old patterns break down new opportunities arise. And, as Leonard Cohen wrote: “There’s a crack in everything, that’s how the light gets in .”

—Michael Dresser, August 2020

PREFACE

In Xaviera Hollander's evergreen classic, *The Happy Hooker: My Own Story*, the former call girl and madam suggests that people fall into two camps. There are those for whom having sex is like washing one's hands: something you do, and perhaps often, but give little thought to.

And then there are those for whom sex is the holy grail—the alpha and omega.

That's me, the latter. Sex is central to my life, even if the time allocated to its practice and study is interrupted all too often by a full-time McJob that has nothing to do with sex.

I suggest we take Hollander's idea further. I think there is a further divide that needs to be explored. For some, the overriding lustfulness and excessive interest in human sexuality is a fount of never-ending joy, even if, admittedly, there are also low points and

disappointments. For others, this obsession with all things of a horny nature can feel odd, unnatural, like an abnormality or even a curse.

Is this nature or nurture? The variables abound. Within a lifetime, one can span this spectrum of one's sexuality and its trajectory—moving from joyous elation to utter despair.

So, a further divide...

In both groups—those who joyfully embrace their sexuality and those who abhor it—there are some who use their feelings about sex for good while others use it for ill. I like to think I'm on the good side and hope that my writing inspires the same in others. But, as you'll see, I might be guilty of wearing blinders.

Sitting down to start this book, I wondered if I could write unapologetically and unabashedly about the hedonistic thrill of being a horny, hot-blooded male and still be able to uncover moments when the same hedonism leads me astray or fogs my view of reality. Horniness, when severe, can feel like a break from reality or an alternate reality that involves a freefall into the gutter of filth, flights into the arena of holiness and so often, both at the same time. Would the horniness that gives me such pleasure also be my undoing?

So, against common wisdom, in a culture that is so often sex-phobic, is it possible to be hypersexual and happy? What *is* a hypersexual? Who are the autosexuals, the pornosexuals? These words are so new to the vernacular that many aren't yet familiar

with them. Together, in these pages, we'll examine modern male sexualities, in depth, through my personal lens. Let's look at how the male libido is creative, complicated in its straight-forwardness and ferocious in its need for expression.

Maybe not every man feels his sexuality as something so profound or its need for expression to be so undeniable—but I do. And because you picked up this book, I suspect you might too.

—Jason “The Happy Hypersexual” Armstrong
November 25, 2019

THE BATOR DIARIES: EVERYTHING CHANGED

As noted, the preface to this book was written in November of 2019. I had my solosexual routine down pat. I got up in the morning, already aching for the nighttime masturbation session. I showered, dressed and embarked on my 1.5-hour transit journey to work. Along the way, I'd be sipping coffee and staring out the streetcar window, mentally preparing for a long day of pushing paper. At the end of the work day, my cock would jump in anticipation and I'd head home, backtracking the morning's trek, most likely with my nose in a book that invariably had something to do with sexuality.

Upon arrival, I'd put the key in the lock to my small, one-bedroom apartment and rush in, immediately shuck my clothes, ready to get down to business.

Let me tell you something about my apartment: I keep my bed in the living room. The bedroom itself is my man cave, my own private Shangri-la—or as we bators (masturbators) call it, the Masturbatorium. I’m an introvert masquerading as an extrovert, and it is in my Masturbatorium, alone, that my essence expands into something that surprises and stupefies me each time I bate (again, that is to say masturbate, in case you are new to the solosexual lingo).

My dalliances with partnered, penetrative sex continued but 95% of my sexual outlet remained masturbation, with porn as my “bate fuel.” I thought this book would be a simple, straightforward celebration of what it meant to be a man so constantly horny—and so in love with his sex drive—that I never imagined this routine, which had lasted years, could ever be altered (for better or for worse).

Then everything changed. Everything changed, and pages I wrote for this book in November and December seemed inconsequential and irrelevant by January. Those writings were relegated to the trash bin, and before long, I would cease writing altogether.

It started at Christmas. I flew from Toronto to my birth city of Winnipeg, Canada’s Gateway to the West, to be with my mom and sister Joanne for the holidays. Winnipeg is in the geographic center of the continent, and the joke goes that Winnipeg is a donut city. What’s in the center of a donut? Absolutely nothing. It’s a city that brings to mind the

color brown, nothing dynamic about it. For me, it is a city of ghosts. My childhood had been spent there, and while it had some idyllic moments, I often say I wouldn't wish childhood on any child.

This Christmas was going to be an event. A close cousin, Sarah, was having an on-again, off-again relationship with a very nice (and very wealthy) man from St. Louis, and they were coming to Winnipeg for him to meet the whole extended family. On Christmas Day, we convened at my sister's place and my aunt Arlene had carted along an old VHS tape and an even older VCR so that after dinner we could watch a video of Joanne strutting the catwalk in some mall fashion show in the 80s, and one of me in my first professional musical in the 90s. As my aunt Arlene slid the tape into the machine, my uncle Ted, who suffers from Alzheimer's disease, asked, "Is it porn?" Funny the things that not even dementia can make us forget.

I flew back to Toronto before New Year's Eve, glad to be home. Although I love mom and Joanne so much, when I stay with them I become a non-sexual being. Bating is a lifestyle. There is no way to bate in their spaces in the way I'm accustomed to. I just don't like furtive quickies. When I'm with the family for holidays, I'm both in the moment but also counting down the days to when I can get back to my masturbatorium and my bate lifestyle.

Once home, I relaxed into myself, my cock, my porn, my whiskey, smokes and rock music. I

reconnected with my online buddies on BateWorld.com and Xtube.com. I rang in the new year of 2020 masturbating at home. At the age of 47, my days of going out on New Year's Eve feel over, and I do not miss it. And it's not because of my age. It is because my happy place is being in my masturbatorium, jacking off. What out there could compare?



Sarah called me three days into January. She'd broken up with her boyfriend. I'd expected that, but I didn't expect her next pronouncement. "Jason, there's nothing for me here in Winnipeg. I need a new start. I'm moving to Toronto...can I stay with you for a few months, just until I get settled, find a job and my own apartment?"

The word "months" landed in my stomach like lead. Months. Months of no privacy. Months of no bating. Months of living with my cousin. I love her, but at our age, we have our own ways of living, of being, of taking up space. But...I couldn't refuse her. So many times, in my 20s and even 30s, Sarah had taken me in when my life was in a state of transition. Morally, there was no way to say "No." I asked her when she intended to arrive. She said "in May," and I breathed a sigh of relief. May seemed far enough away so as not to feel real. But days later she called. "I'm coming in March instead, is that ok?" Then another call, just a few days later. "I'll

be there in two weeks!” Sarah was a rolling stone gathering no moss.

Two weeks. I dreaded Sarah’s arrival. I would be giving up my core self to accommodate her, and this made me feel terribly guilty. I should have had more self-compassion for what I was about to give up, but the guilt made the bates I had during those fourteen days much less pleasurable. I was trying to wring out every bit of sexual joy I could in those final days. Instead, I stifled that very joy I usually bathed in.

Sarah arrived with a full car on January 14. As she waited for me to get home from work, she stopped at a neighborhood bar for a few glasses of wine. When we finally met at my apartment and I showed her in, she was feeling good. She talked excitedly about new beginnings as we drank beer I’d bought for the occasion, and as she talked, my ears started to close shop. The sounds she made were muffled. I recall talking about a new virus in China, and that Harry and Meghan were moving to Canada (they might as well move in with me too). I drifted somewhere else, realizing that no, I would not be bating tonight as per usual. I could get by for a night or two, but we weren’t talking about a night or two. This could last weeks, maybe months. This would be a test of denial.

THE AUTOSEXUAL

“Mirror, Mirror, On the Wall...”

Note: A truncated version of this essay first appeared in the March-April 2020 issue of The Gay & Lesbian Review Worldwide.

The first time we see Barbra Streisand’s face in *Funny Girl* is when she stops at a mirror, turns to her reflection and says “Hello gorgeous.” We’ve all done this, right? Who hasn’t admired themselves in a looking glass, thinking that “I’m hot shit!”—at least at that moment. But for some, the image seen in the mirror does more than arouse vanity; for some, it truly arouses.

Our vocabulary to describe our sexualities is ever-growing. In recent years, we have heard singer/

actress Janelle Monáe reveal she's pansexual. The transgender community is having their moment at this time in history. On the flip side, asexuals and aromantics are seeking to be heard for who they truly are. I claimed solosexuality as my identity when I released my book *Solosexual: Portrait of a Masturbator*. A solosexual is one for whom masturbation is their favored sexual outlet (and no one loves it more than me). But, pushed even further into complete transparency, I hereby come out as autosexual (or at least on the autosexual spectrum).

An autosexual is someone who is sexually stimulated by their own image. They are their own sex object. This type of stimulation and attraction can be considered on a spectrum. Some people don't watch porn or other such helpers during self-stimulation—a mirror will do nicely, thank you.

That's not me—I'm attracted to myself and to men, and I love watching porn of *other* people. But when I bate, and turn to look at my reflection, I'm as turned on as a radio. The sight of my muscles, such as they are, gets me hard. And it's not just visual stimuli—my own smells, the pheromones emitting from my pits—send waves of horniness crashing into my brain. Tasting my precum is a divinely filthy act. The touch of my own hand wrapped around my dick feels so daring, so masculine, so bold. This is how I make love to myself, and dare I say, how I worship myself. At that moment, I am Narcissus of Greek mythology who fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water.

However, I am not conceited. When I'm not in the "bate hole," lost in a state of solosexual bliss, it's very apparent to me that I'm no Adonis. I'm just a regular Joe, so I work on myself. They say that we should go to the gym for our own empowerment and not to please anybody else, and for me, this couldn't be truer.

Self-love is considered essential to our mental health, but when that self-love becomes sexual, there is a patina of taboo about it. I struggled with the idea of autosexuality for so long because it invoked in me a feeling of incest panic. Did I want a twin with whom to make love? Or maybe a clone, who would spend all his time lifting weights and be the perfect physical embodiment of me, with whom I would play sexually when I got home from the office?

For some, autosexuality goes beyond sexual attraction to include romantic attraction to one's self. Autoromantics will take themselves on a date, light candles, cuddle themselves and buy romantic gifts for themselves. In a few cases (though it is not technically legal anywhere yet), autosexuals and autoromantics will marry themselves, a practice known as sologamy. There is a Japanese company offering self-marriage services, focusing on a female clientele.

At this point, I'm the first male writer I know of to come out as autosexual, but I hope to stand corrected on that. I hope more men will join the chorus. But, I wonder something. A straight man can be solosexual,

but can he also be autosexual? Or is autosexuality strictly the purview of gay and bisexual men?

I know men on amateur sex sites such as Xtube and the masturbation site BateWorld who have told me that they masturbate to their own posted videos. I also have videos of myself masturbating on those sites, and yet oddly enough, I never jack off to them. One might say that autosexuality is a peripheral variance to my sexual orientation. Our orientations ebb and flow. In my last book, *Getting Off*, I documented going on PrEP in order to re-enter the world of man-on-man sex after years of being perfectly happy as a solosexual. When I see so many gay couples who look so much alike (this goes for straight couples too) I can't help but wonder if many of us aren't longing for the familiar, the return to self, whether that be with a sex partner or while being sexual alone. I wonder about men who have turned their bodies into art through bodybuilding or the accumulation of numerous tattoos—how they must love to look at their creation in the mirror. Is there a hint of autosexuality there?

On BateWorld, the world's foremost social media site for men who love to masturbate, I posted an informal poll. I wrote:

“Autosexuality is being sexually attracted to one's self. When you masturbate, do you get sexually aroused by yourself (perhaps by looking in the mirror or watching your own masturbation videos)?”

76% of the respondents (of 382 votes) agreed that they get aroused by watching themselves masturbate.

In the comments written in response to the poll, some men proudly revelled in how their own bodies turned them on, aided in many cases by multiple mirrors. Others felt it was their biggest secret. And like all things sexual, autosexuality sometimes waxes and wanes. One man, with tongue firmly planted in cheek, said after many years of being autosexual, by his forties, he just wasn't attracted to himself anymore. He broke up with himself—but it was amicable.

There are moments when my attraction to myself is so profound that I can't help but kiss my reflection in the mirror (watch out for an itchy nose, which superstition tells us means you're about to kiss a fool). If I really want to let loose, I will place the mirror on the floor, lie on it and make love that way. Praise Jesus that I never cracked a mirror into shards while lying naked on top of it.

I'm 47 now—my body requires so much more effort to look good now than it did at 35. Will I still lust after myself sexually when I'm 55? Will I still see myself as beautiful?

It's a stretch, I know, to conflate autosexuality with a scene from a Barbra Streisand movie. Yet, when Streisand says "Hello gorgeous" in the mirror, her countenance changes almost immediately. There is

a deflation, even a moment of consternation. The movie *Funny Girl* is built, in part, around the idea that Fanny Brice is not a pretty girl. But we in the audience know that when Barbra Streisand sings, she is as beautiful as Cleopatra. Using her voice, she enters a rarefied world, bringing heaven to earth. Her passion makes her beautiful. And I believe that when I'm flying high in a delirious, solosexual connection to self, I too am beautiful. Passion is inherently gorgeous.

So go, pick up a full-length mirror, strip down and fall in love. It won't cost much. The Countess de Fiesque traded a wheat farm to get a mirror in the late seventeenth century when the good quality ones were hard to find. For all the joy that can come from one's reflection, a wheat farm is a pretty sweet deal.

THE BATOR DIARIES: THEN WE GOT SICK

All of us humans, all we are trying to do in life is cope. Just getting out of bed in the morning can be a major victory, especially on days you aren't looking forward to. With Sarah sleeping in my bedroom, I got up out of my bed in the living room with little bounce in my step. Before her arrival, knowing I had the bate to come home to after work had been the beacon that guided me through the day. Now that I had lost my lover, I quickly became disconnected from my body. My cock felt out of reach. Use it or lose it, they say.

If you took politics away from a politician, if you took cooking away from a chef, if you took a basketball, or a football, or a puck away from an athlete, who would they be? I was a bator who had

lost the bate. There's a socio-economic consideration here. This is what happens when you're poor: you end up living with others. And roommates can really hinder peoples' sex lives. Alex Espinoza, in his book *Cruising: An Intimate History of a Radical Pastime*, was right on the mark when he wrote about how many Grindr hook ups have to happen in cars because hosting can be a challenge. (That said, this may also be a reflection of how many hookups happen without the knowledge of an existing partner).

But Sarah also gave me a gift, and I'm proud that I realized it.

Before she moved in, I'd been lazy about promoting my previous two books, instead spending my time on the dick. But now, I took it upon myself to go on an email marketing spree. Because of my efforts, I was invited to submit a feature article on solo- and autosexuality for a wonderful publication out of Boston called *The Gay & Lesbian Review Worldwide*. In Scotland, a glorious multipage review and interview for *both* my books appeared in the publication *UnDividingLines*.

But the victory of getting media response was no substitute for getting my rocks off.

Sometimes after work, but before going home (there was no rush anymore), I tried bating in the staff lounge bathroom. It was empty—everyone had left for the day. There, in a single-person bathroom, I'd unzip and jack off while fumbling with my phone to watch Twitter porn. I had envisioned this as being

my respite, but a frantic fap followed by shooting my wad in a sink or toilet was sadly not the panacea I'd hoped for. My climaxes felt very anticlimactic. Wanking in the staff lounge bathroom was a poor substitute for my usual hours-long bate sessions in my masturbatorium with porn on a screen bigger than my phone and my online bate buddies urging me on.

I looked up some fellow bators who blessedly live alone here in Toronto. My first bate date was with someone I'd bated with two or three times before, and even though porn played on his big screen TV, his selection of porn was not to my taste. The second was with a dear friend, Paul, who knew me inside and out (in the sexual sense too). When I arrived at Paul's place, on an early-February Saturday night, the first thing he did was make me use hand sanitizer. Due to underlying health conditions, Paul was getting freaked by this novel coronavirus, and I tried to allay his fears. "Paul," I said, "this will all blow over." But he was anxious about it all the same.

I really believed my words. I really, at that point, thought next to nothing about the novel coronavirus. I wouldn't have been able to locate Wuhan, China, on a map. So that night, Paul and I bated together—and eventually invited over a third to play with. Unfortunately, I am not a good bate buddy. I find it hard to adjust to someone else's rhythms. I'm so solosexual and pornosexual (more about pornosexuality in the next chapter). I want to watch

the porn I want to watch, when I want to watch it, and focus inward rather than outward. I selfishly want to dive in directly to my sexual nuclei and swim there with no distractions. I realized that night that buddy bates weren't going to work for me either.

Only then did it dawn on me where the answer lay: the bathhouse. The bathhouse had the Internet so I could bring my laptop to watch my porn favourites.

On the first Friday that I planned to go, I was in a nervous tizzy of anticipation, working myself up until I started to feel light-headed at my desk. My stomach was upset, and I checked my glands for swelling. I thought, "I will not get sick and miss tonight's bathhouse bate! They may have to wheel me into the bathhouse on a stretcher, but I will bate tonight!" I was, as they say in more genteel societies, "suffering from the vapors."

In no time at all, I became a recognized regular, going Friday night and all day long on Saturday and Sunday. Sneaking in whiskey and asking for a room that had good Internet reception, I did my best to recreate a home bate. But the WI-FI was often spotty, breaking my bate rhythm. Any pornosexual will know what I mean when I say how frustrating it is when you're trying to get in the zone and the Internet fritzes out.

While at the baths, when sufficiently lubricated by the verboten whiskey, I'd wander out in the halls. The hot energy of a bathhouse—with the low lighting, the smell of flesh, the insistent music

thumping away, porn screens and playrooms—it can all be wildly intoxicating. I spent time in the porn theater room, by the DJ booth, jacking with other men which sometimes led to sucking, sometimes led to cumming—and sometimes not. Men were on the prowl, including for me.

But most of the time, I'd return to my room, or let a trick leave my room, and finish off by myself. Being a solosexual meant that the stakes were never that high. Partnering up sexually with someone is not a defining moment for me anymore, even if it's wonderful to get the ego boost of being sexually desired. As a solosexual, no man can really give me what I need as fully as I can give it to myself. When I prepared for a night at the baths, what really excited me was getting to jack off to porn. If I played with someone along the way, well, that's a bonus, but not necessary to call it a successful night.

I don't know what Sarah thought I was doing down in the Gay Village all weekend long. Going to bars? She didn't pry. I'd embarrassingly come home drunk and if she was up and caught me, I tried to act as sober as possible, and she would tease me about it the next morning.

Amazingly, my landlord responded to a text I'd sent him asking if there were any suites available in the building for my cousin. Sarah had locked down a job a mere month after arriving in Toronto, and felt she could take on rent. We thought living in the same building would be good, if only to be close in case of

emergencies. But she was hesitant about a bachelor basement apartment (Sarah has finer taste than I). I had lived in that same unit before moving up to my present apartment on the third and top floor where I now have a million-dollar view of the Toronto skyline.

The clincher that made Sarah take it was the price—less than \$1000 a month—ridiculously inexpensive for Toronto. My own one bedroom is exactly \$1000 a month. You won't find that price anywhere in this town. By the way, if you want to see the inside of that basement bachelor, go to Xtube and watch the videos where I chug cum from a glass in one clip, and in another, piss on myself while playing with my salined balls. When I watch those vids now, I think, "My god Jason, you have zero decorating skills."

Sarah signed her lease in mid-February and planned to move in March 1. I contained my excitement at having my place to myself again so soon, sooner than expected, because I didn't want to hurt Sarah and make her feel unwanted. But is it possible she intuited that I needed my space back? Is it possible she wanted her own space anyway? She seemed content living with me and I felt at least I had done right by my cousin, as best I could. Things were looking up—she would start her new job at the beginning of March also. I admired Sarah's ability to do things and do them fast. She was a hustler, no doubt about it. Goals had been accomplished.

And then we got sick.

THE PORNOSEXUAL

His email reads: “Bro, you going to feed on porn all night like me? Just home from work, pouring my first drink.” Underneath the text is a meme of a hairless jock with a huge dick in his hand, looking straight into the camera, straight into me, with a caption that reads: “You better stop fighting, loser bator, gay porn has taken over your life.”

I immediately pop a boner at that. I answer my buddy back: “Dude, I’m home. Need porn like air man. I love this life!”

So begins a Monday night after work. Or it could be Sunday morning, for an all-day bate, a booze and porn bender that started the Friday night before. My porn-addict email buddy is a pornosexual through and through. Porn is his favorite bate fuel and being naked with a real, live hot man in the same room wouldn’t get him hard. He needs his sex digital.

I'm not far behind him in dedication. 95% of my sex time is spent masturbating to porn.

I open BateWorld, where I posted a poll, asking men if they considered themselves porn addicts. 67% (393 votes) chose my poll-answer option of "I admit it, I'm a fuckin' porn addicted bator!" A comment from a poll-taker: "I'm 100% pornosexual, living the dream life of a porn-addicted masturbator. My mission in life is to use porn and masturbate until I lose my mind!"

Mission: Not Impossible. Will Tom Cruise star in it?

My porn addict buddy has sent dirty pics to my gmail. I open them and scroll through—man after man, naked and spreading their legs for me. Just for me. Who are they? Under what circumstances did they have the picture taken? When was the picture taken and where are they now? What are they doing right now, right this very minute as I salivate over their image?

And then it happens: The holy grail of pictures. It is that shot that undoes you, that pulls you to your knees. It is a picture of a man so perfect that you convulse a little, wince a little, lose your breath a lot.

I see that image, I reel back from it and then back to it, and I think: "I would kill for you."



Okay, I've never had a murderous thought in my life, aside from shrieking and killing the odd spider in my bathroom. But the power of porn can upend even the most stable, rational type of man. Do you remember that line from the movie *American Beauty*, where Ricky Fitts says "Sometimes there's so much beauty in the world, I feel like I can't take it, and my heart is just going to cave in?" For him, that beauty could be found in a plastic bag, floating in circles.

I see beauty in the extreme close up of a dick slit, or a dark, hairy pit, or the sight of a man with cum all over his face. And I know I'm not alone: if the pull of pornography were not as powerful to the masses, there wouldn't be the vociferous reaction to it that we see from some, if not most, segments of society.

A picture really is worth a thousand words. In the Wally Lamb novel *She's Come Undone*, Dolores, the protagonist, glimpses pictures of a naked man sent to her roommate, his girlfriend. The vulnerability in his nakedness undoes her, and she sets forth on a mission to find him. Eventually they marry, even though he isn't the man she envisioned in those fateful photos. But it was those pictures of him that set her off in a way she was powerless to resist.

As a self-identified pornosexual, I have no trouble saying I'm a porn addict. I love the phrase. Some hate it, seeing it as a pejorative, preferring to think of themselves as porn connoisseurs. But I love to think that my dick demands porn, like a drowning man

gasping for life-giving air. I get hard as hell when I read the bator memes that float on the Internet, goading “loserbators” into needing more, into getting out of control.

Don't worry about life, work, classes, family or friends—Just stare at Gay Porn

5 hours of gay porn? That's some lame shit. Real men need at least 8

Welcome to the rest of your life: Gay porn has corrupted you with an incurable addiction

Come on bro, just a few more hours of gay porn—PUMP!

Feed your penis gay porn 24/7. Dumb down, retard yourself, ride the edge

This is not to say that all porn is a turn on—far from it. As much as I love to watch two perfectly beautiful Adonises having sex, there is something exclusionary about all that unapproachable beauty. I find it makes a regular guy like me petulant and jealous.

I'm also less and less turned on by professional porn. Like the news, it tends to repeat itself. Pro porn could take a lesson from the so-called amateur porn being produced by everyone and their neighbor. The levels of creativity and boldness—not to mention a strikingly good command of recording technology and lighting—makes amateur porn exciting and visceral. The variety in content is astounding.

Porn performers are heroes. They risk everything for our pleasure. Society doesn't want to talk about

them, and viewers don't want to admit how much they are needed. With piracy being rampant, their income from taking such reputational and health risks is compromised. I'm guilty too—I watch Pornhub, where the performers don't see a cent of the profits generated. How is that fair? And then there are the supposed “fans” who turn out to be utter assholes by doxing performers, unearthing and publishing online their personal information such as real names, phone numbers and addresses, to make their life a living hell.

Perhaps less harmful, but insidious nonetheless, is the condescending attitude some porn consumers have regarding the nature of a professional porn actor's job. Some will pay lip service and click their tongue in disapproval that porn actors are exploited, but with a patina of victim blaming. Do we need to draw a line between those who make a living in the sex industry and those, who like me, have a handful of homemade videos up on Xtube?

I don't make my living from the sex industry. Instead, I work in a corporate environment, where I am exploited every day. Have you ever been so stressed at your job that you went on stress leave? Have you had a boss so frightful that you memorized the click of his footsteps as he approached your cubicle, causing your stomach to knot at the sound? Have you worked for a set wage and seen your accomplishments only feed the coffers of the big-wigs above you? The movie *9 to 5*, with Lily Tomlin,

Jane Fonda and Dolly Parton, was a success for a reason. What of the exploitation of those working the till at McDonald's, for nothing but minimum wage? *But at least you don't have to get naked to do your job*, you might ask me. Is wearing clothes the sole criteria to having self-worth at your job?

When I finish work and prepare for my nightly porno bate, I pour a stiff whiskey. Without it, I find it hard to transition from employee to dirty pig. All my working day, there have been complaints from clients, micro-aggressions from the boss and boredom at the tediousness of all that paper pushing. As the bate progresses, there is more whiskey, and finally enough whiskey to end the bate and make me throw myself into bed. Otherwise I would go on and on and on. It's been suggested I replace booze with deep breathing, but I just don't think that's going to happen. Bating for me is rock n roll—thrusting, pounding, aggressive, driving.

My love and dedication to a pornosexual life, and my desire to write about it, naturally made me curious about NoFap, the online community forum that aims to help men stop using porn. So, I joined the site. Some men feel (and perhaps rightly so) that porn use is getting in the way of forging real-time relationships. If that is how they feel, then who am I to argue? But what of solosexuals like me who don't have a desire to have a real-time relationship? What of the herbivore men of Japan?

In 2006, writer Maki Fukasawa coined the term

“herbivore men” to describe a growing subset of young men in Japan who seemed to have little to no interest in having a girlfriend or getting married. In fact, herbivore men often express mild disgust at the notion of having sex with anyone. Shockingly, a 2010 survey revealed that 61% of Japanese men in their 20s and 70% of men in their 30s were self-identifying as herbivore men, with these numbers varying only slightly over the years since. Of the many attributes associated with these men, some include a desire to be alone and independent, a high interest in fashion (!) and a love of video games.

Indeed, these men have dropped a level of manliness that turns many Japanese women off and yet has conversely turned some women into so-called “carnivores”—women anxious to find a man and are aggressive about it. With the declining birth rate in Japan, it’s become an issue of national concern, and has also become a cultural touchstone—herbivore characters feature in TV and film. Their identification appears to have much less to do with sexual orientation than with a rejection of cultural norms that would have them working sixteen hours a day to support a family and fulfill material expectations. These men want a simpler life than their fathers had.

As I read about these men in article after article, not once did any writer suggest they might be spending their sacred alone time watching porn. Am I transferring my own inclinations on to them to suggest they are watching it? Time will tell. But

these men who don't want relationships or marriage brought me back to NoFap.

Some “No Fappers” claim that porn use caused erectile dysfunction when they tried having real-time sex with a real-live woman. Only porn got them hard. You can read and read about the subject and all you will get from the pundits is conflicting arguments about the validity of porn causing ED during a real-time sex event. Different sites, such as Your Brain on Porn and Psychology Today, contradict each other.

Full circle, this brought me back to the idea of the pornosexual. The pornosexual, like the herbivore man, doesn't want real-time sex and doesn't miss it. The pornosexual adores and worships porn all unto itself. Erectile dysfunction during a real-time encounter is then a moot point. It's as if you went to the grocery store and they were out of carrots, but you don't care, because you don't like carrots anyway. Your reaction to the lack of carrots would essentially be a non-reaction.

Like so many things the Internet introduced to the world, pornosexuality is one of them—a modern sexuality that shouldn't be scorned unless you personally want something else and feel porn is getting in the way. Let's do away with any value judgments, and let people live and let live.

Though I believe pornosexuality is a modern, Internet-provoked phenomenon, it's not just DickWadd films and their ilk that some consider porn. For some, Michelangelo's David is pornographic.

And how else to describe romance novels with all those heaving bosoms and fire in the loins?

But any way you slice it, I love it. It's Saturday night at 11 p.m. and I've been writing for two hours. That's two hours that I missed on my Twitter feed—and I'm only on Twitter for the porn. I have some catching up there to do.

I'll leave you with a meme I found online. As you read it, ask yourself: Does it make you uncomfortable? Does it seem to go against all we expect from a healthy individual? Or does it turn you on? Does fantasizing about relinquishing control to your cock stir something primal?

“You get an A+ for being a PROBLEMATIC PORN ADDICT and CHRONIC BATE MACHINE. But you get extra credit points for MASTURBATING to the thought of your PORN ADDICTION and making it worse. You are so beyond help. Keep furthering BATEDUCATION Pull an all nighter; You know what I mean...”

THE BATOR DIARIES: COUGH

Sarah developed a cough that just wouldn't quit, a constant hacking, day and night. Her energy plummeted and she lost all appetite. I went on runs to the grocery store for her, picking up herbal tea, oranges, and over-the-counter medication. I told her that getting sick was simply the result of a big life change. Moving to Toronto, scoring a job in record time and an apartment to boot—all of it must have taken a toll on her body.

One Sunday morning, after I'd enjoyed a night of debauchery at the baths, Sarah told me that on Saturday evening she'd felt as if her life force was slipping away. I had not been there to help; I had not realized the depth of her illness. Somehow, across the miles in France, Sarah's daughter had been

spurred by some otherworldly need to connect with her mother, making a call that Sarah said helped pull her from the brink.

Then I began to cough. Not my usual, stupid smoker's cough, but an incessant, nearly debilitating cough that no lozenge in the world was going to smother. At work, I fought to contain my coughs, but my colleagues made nervous jokes about it. On the bus going home one afternoon, I coughed so badly that I got off the bus before my stop to hack my lungs out. My coughing had elicited sideways glances from the other passengers. The novel coronavirus was getting more and more press attention, and even clearing one's throat in public felt like a misdemeanor.

Early one morning, on the subway, I encountered "the crazy lady." We were always on the platform together to catch the first train of the day. Well dressed, she toted two large suitcases with her each day, and would spontaneously squawk. Her shrieks would pass and she'd go back to looking like a normal, attractive lady, perhaps on her way to the airport. She happened to sit near me once, and I let out a cough. It happened so fast, I didn't have time to move my arm to cough into my elbow, as the media told us we should. She huffed in disgust, and without looking me in the eye, said somewhat incoherently, "There are proper ways to cough, you bunch of greedy Torontonians..." She got up to cart herself and her luggage to a seat far from me. This startled not just me, but the other

passengers seated nearby. But it was not her to whom the other riders gave strange looks. Her response to me in these times made sense. I was the bad guy in this scenario.

I got my haircut, and coughed; the hairdresser wrinkled her nose at me. I went to the dentist for a cleaning, and had to stop before we'd hardly begun. The dental hygienist told me to reschedule when I was feeling better as it would be easier on me—and on her. Not only was I coughing like a banshee, but I lost all my pep; at the end of February I missed five consecutive days of work.

And then, it lifted. Both Sarah and I recovered, as news of deaths around the world from the novel coronavirus dominated the headlines. Sarah got us masks, and I had latex gloves (they'd been bought eons ago for fisting. I threw out the descriptive box they came in, Sarah none the wiser). Had we contracted the novel coronavirus? We weren't tested, so we will probably never know. Weeks later, in a chat with my doctor on the phone, I asked his opinion. In the end, he said I could have had any number of respiratory viruses.

And then on Sunday, March 1st I helped cart all of Sarah's belongings into her new pad downstairs. She had travelled light, so, by noon, the job was done. She was barely out of my door and I was scrambling to turn my now-empty bedroom back into a playroom. As she said good-bye and thanked me for the six weeks that she'd been able to stay with me, my mind

was on one thing and one thing only: bating in my reclaimed masturbatorium.

ON BROADWAY

*F*inally, my trick returned to let me out of my hiding spot—his bedroom. “Okay, the coast is clear,” he whispered. He led me to the apartment door (fortunately positioned near the bedroom), opened it for me, and whispered a quick “thanks.” Whether he was thanking me for the fun we’d had, or for leaving so quietly and quickly, I’m not sure. I turned back to say thanks as well, but as I did, the door closed quietly in my face before I could utter a word. I turned to leave the building. It was an unexpected ending to an unexpected hook up.



Rewind forty-five minutes. The first character in this story is me at age twenty-seven, long before I became the solosexual I am today. The place: New

York City. It's a bright, mid-week afternoon and I'm heading up Broadway towards Citibank. As I approach the doors, out comes a handsome stranger, about my age, with curly, sandy-colored hair. We notice each other and *The Cruise* begins. Our pace slows and we make eye contact. We pass each other and I head for the bank's doors, but turn to look back. He cleverly heads to a pay phone and picks up the phone as if to make a call, but he is not making a call. Our eyes lock once more and his grin tells me that he will wait for me at the pay phone until I finish my business in the bank and return to him. This non-verbal interaction took eight seconds.

When I exit Citibank, I see that he is still holding the phone. As I pass, we lock eyes and he hangs up. We fall into step with each other and now shyly smile at each other. "Hey" I say, and he responds with "Hey. What you up to?" he asks. "Not too much," I reply. And with that, we head to his place which he tells me is nearby.

Once inside his apartment, we head to the bedroom, and he falls to his knees. My cock is released from my jeans and he goes to town on it. My fingers comb through those gorgeous curls as he expertly gives me head. He's working it as if my cock owes him money. He hasn't released his own cock from his pants and I ask him if I can give him a hand too—fair is fair. But he looks up at me and smiles and says he's doing just fine. So I relax and let myself be serviced. I'm a man in my prime, and a beautiful man whom I've

just met wants to take me in his mouth. I don't yet know his name, but who's paying attention to details at this point?

I'm ready to cum, and I tell him so. Will he take it in his mouth, or let the cum fall to the floor? I don't remember which option he chose, I just remember the flood of pleasure mixed with guilt, since he'd done all the work, and I'd just lain there and been pleased. Maybe this is how he likes it?

When I return to earth after my orgasm, we look at each other and smile. He is really beautiful and we sort of laugh, partly because we've been so daring, and partly because we are thinking "what now?" And that's when we hear the lock to the apartment door click and the door open.

"Hey Neal, I'm hooooome!" a female voice sings. "Are you here?" My trick (so his name is Neal, is it?) drops his smile and a look of terror takes its place. I know instinctively not to say a word. "I'm in my room, just changing, be right out!" he bellows. He pleadingly looks at me and places a finger to his lips, but I don't need to be told to keep quiet. He leaves me in the bedroom, closing the door behind him, and I hear "Hey Claudette, what are you doing home so early?"

How long will I be in this stranger's bedroom? What if I need to pee? Neal eventually finds some way to release me. He returns and says, *sotto voce*, "The coast is clear." His friend Claudette (girlfriend? wife? roommate? sister? cousin?) is chattering from

another room as a frazzled Neal rushes me to the door, opens it and, with that quick “thanks” gently pushes me out. A daring, narrow escape. Dear Lord, I hope I didn’t drop my wallet inside. I check and see that I have everything I came with and turn to go. When I get back onto the street, the sun is still out, and New Yorkers are still scurrying everywhere. Nothing stopped while I had an abbreviated afternoon delight. I blend in with the crowd on the street, horns blaring, people jostling, and continue where I left off on my path uptown on Broadway.

THE BATOR DIARIES: THIS IS MY TIME

It was all rather surreptitious. On March 3rd our office manager circulated a paper around the office onto which we were asked to write down our personal cell phone number and our personal email address. Then a team from IT showed up bearing laptops for all of us. “These are going to replace your desktop,” I was told. When would they be removing the clunky desktop computer? “Soon...”

Back on February 11th, the World Health Organization announced that the novel coronavirus would now be referred to as COVID-19, and now, at the start of March, COVID-19 was impacting work. Janitorial services were doubled. People stayed home, even if they only felt mildly unwell. In the past, being a little under the weather was no excuse to miss work. Now you stayed home out of courtesy.

Finally, staff were told to take our new laptops home. No details as to why.

There were rumblings of a lockdown, and the stockpiling of toilet paper and medication became rabid. On March 16th, my cousin started to panic—perhaps we should stockpile too. At the store, not a single roll of toilet paper was to be found. But there were some paper towels. That would have to suffice. The air buzzed with an energy never felt before, as if we all were on the precipice of war or an alien invasion. The sky was an appropriately moody gray. The energy bled into me and infected my own sense of well-being. I take medication and decided that to hell with it, I would be late for work in the morning and stop to refill at the pharmacy first thing.

Texting my boss, David, that I needed to get my meds, I had them in my bag minutes after the pharmacy opened at 8 a.m. Jumping on the subway, I got to Davisville station, which is above ground and my phone trilled with a text message from David. “Didn’t you get my email last night?” I had not checked my personal email. “The office is closed. Go home and read my email carefully for instructions.”

I felt an uneasy sense of glee. How wonderful to have a day away from the office, even if it was because the world was grappling with an ever-worsening pandemic. I got home and pulled the laptop I’d been given out of the closet. Oddly, I’d not really believed it would ever get used. “This will all blow over,” I’d told my nervous friend Paul not even

a month ago. My mental faculties had not been able to comprehend the reality of what was happening in the world.

David's email detailed how in the coming days we would rotate shifts in the office. That order swiftly changed to no one going to the office, at all, for the foreseeable few weeks. Sarah began working from home. Learning a new job is hard enough, but doing it alone, at home? Nearly impossible. Her panic over work caused her to begin the day with a nervous stomach. That work anxiety, coupled with fear over the spreading virus, multiplied by the discovery of a colony of ants in the bathroom, was set to undo her.

I, on the other hand, was adapting to working from home like a duck to water. But guilt pervaded everything—how could I be enjoying this so much as waitresses and cooks lost their jobs, children were being sent home to be home-schooled by frazzled parents, and people were dying.

At first, my masturbatory habits remained unchanged. I masturbated for my usual three to four hours at night and kept a regular sleep schedule. In the mornings before work, I dove into the series *The Deuce*, starring Maggie Gyllenhaal and James Franco, a show about the rise of the porn industry in late 70s, early 80s New York. It's a fabulous show, and though I was addicted to television as a child, now I'd rather read than watch TV or a movie. I remember thinking, "Why am I watching a show about porn, when I could be watching porn itself

and beating my dick?” I left off at the episode where Gyllenhaal’s character Candy makes her porn film based on the Little Red Riding Hood fairy tale and haven’t returned to the series since.

Instead, I’d bate to porn before work in the morning, something that with my long commute, I absolutely never did before the lockdown. And then my bating escalated further. I wanted more time to bate in the morning, so began setting my alarm—yes, setting my alarm—to wake and bate. Sleep time seemed a waste of horny time.

I had all these plans to watch films and TV shows relevant to my writing, shows precisely like *The Deuce*. Part of my shtick as a writer is to reference pop culture. But over the years, as I wrote my previous two books, my bate time had increased such that I rarely saw anything from Hollywood and the only reading I did was during my work commutes. The cultural landscape had moved on without me.

In the mornings, I drank only coffee or sports drinks—none of my beloved whiskey. I thought, dear Lord, if you start drinking booze while bating in the morning, you’ll really have lost it. This was another gift from my cousin. I always boozed while bating, but when Sarah moved downstairs, she sometimes on the weekends still needed help with this or that in the morning. I just could not let her see me wasted before noon. I learned to bate sober, which is an entirely different experience. A great experience. But at night, as is my wont, out would come the rye and

Cokes, and I'd party on dick.

During the weeknights, I'd close my work laptop at 4:30 p.m. and by 4:38 I'd be on my porn computer furiously stroking off. I'd rarely cum—the booze and a long day working would knock me out around 8 p.m. However, by midnight, I'd wake and have a second wind, having a bit more to drink and a lot more beating of the meat.

And still, I felt guilty. The world seemed to be crumbling around me. People were suffering, the economy was sinking, and here I was, with a job that seemed secure (we were so busy, it scarcely seemed possible that we would be laid off) and I had more time on my hands than ever before. Effectively, I was bating three times more than before the lock down, and I bated *a lot* before. I initially refused to make any online mention that COVID-19 had essentially allowed me to indulge like this—it seemed crass. But as my new reality took shape, the subject with my online bate friends couldn't be avoided.

Finally, it was my mother who inadvertently set me free.

Without telling her about my bating habits, I said I felt guilty. I was saving more money than I had in years by no longer taking transit and by only eating groceries; no more take out since the restaurants were all closed. I could work in my pajamas (or naked, but mom didn't need to know that either). As a loner at heart, I was built for a lockdown—I did not miss society one iota. I felt lucky which made me feel

awful. “But Jason,” my mother countered, “you’re not completely out of the woods yet. No job is ever a hundred percent secure and we don’t know how long this will all go on.” And with that, as counter-intuitive as it may sound, I felt better. I felt better by knowing that things could get worse for me too. Her advice was to enjoy the present. Imagine that—enjoying the present. She freed me.

I couldn’t help but think these four words: This Is My Time. This is our time, all of us solosexuals, pornosexuals, autosexuals. No more pressure to be social, when all I want to do is bate. Instead, we were being rewarded for our self-isolation. The time had arrived where I could experiment with just how far I could take things as a pornobator. In the coming weeks, I would walk on the edge of edging, but as the song says, if you ain’t living on the edge, you’re takin’ up too much space. Within mere weeks, I’d gone from hardly being able to bate at all with Sarah in my apartment to an undreamed level of bate time. This was indeed my time.

THE CHRONICALLY ADDICTED MASTURBATOR

I am the leader of a group called Chronically Addicted Masturbators on Bateworld. As of this writing (June 6, 2020) it has 2,600+ members. The group's description reads:

“This group is catered to men who can't or won't stop bating and fueling penis!! Piggy masturbators welcomed!! Here you will meet guys who chronically masturbate daily wherever, whenever and multiple times. Skype, RT, phone, whatever. Let's fuel each other and bate on!!!” The accompanying picture is of a man in a shirt and tie, weeping, the caption reading “I want to masturbate...but I just masturbated!”

Chronically Addicted Masturbator. I'm aware that many may hate this term. Some will prefer to think of themselves as mindful masturbators, reaching a zen state through meditation. And most solosexuals, I doubt, conflate that identity with being addicted.

When I say I'm a chronically addicted masturbator, it is both an utter lie and the God's-honest truth. And you know what separates the two for me? Money. In my utopia, I would bate all day, every day, without stop. But I can't. I'm not independently wealthy. I need my job where I work 8 hours a day to survive.

What stops the men in my Chronically Addicted Masturbators group from going on and on and on? For some, cumming puts the kibosh on the festivities. But I know men in the group who don't let an orgasm with ejaculation stop them—they just keep pumping. Other men are edgers, those for whom orgasm isn't really the goal so they put it off for as long as possible. These men want to avoid orgasm (or at least the kind with full on ejaculation) to revel in a constantly high level of arousal, coasting on a plateau of horniness.

[I'm sorry, I have to come back later. I can't write right now. Last night at 2 a.m. I wrote the essay "Times Square" which you'll read near the end of this book. I feared writing that, as it seemed the linchpin to the book. And it's done. So I'm celebrating—on my dick, to tons of porn. I love writing about sexuality, you know I do. But I love bating to endless porn much, much more.]



I'm back, three days later. My multi-day bate bender was interrupted by texts and a phone call that I didn't answer. The first lesson of being a chronically addicted masturbator is to reduce the number of close people in your life. That must sound awful to the average person!

At times, therefore, it was an angry bate—you ever have one of those? Now that we have cell phones, people expect you to be available 24/7. A bator needs isolation: all you want to do is turn off your phone and jack off forever and ever. But it was also a joyous bate, propelled by a horniness that just seems to grow as I get older.

The more I bated, the more I wanted to bate. I had yesterday off work, and this morning, Tuesday, I woke with an overwhelming need to cum. I hopped out of bed, turned on porn, and shot my wad in 1.5 minutes flat. Afterward, I threw myself back into bed. Not half an hour later, I needed to orgasm again. And with that load, I felt done (as done as I ever get). I opened my work laptop and did my job for 8 hours, only to feel a rush of horniness after I clocked out. So I bated some more.

One buddy of mine on Xtube writes in his profile, "I am a cock worshipping sex addict and fucking happy to be one." I laughed so hard in recognition. If I am the same, then, as Madonna coyly says in her song "Girl Gone Wild" while being groped by impossibly hot men, "Forgive me."



I began corresponding with a psychotherapist who had published a paper about solosexuality in which he generously quoted from my first book. He treats clients with non-criminal problematic sexual behaviors. He invited me to join his Facebook group of psychotherapists also working in the same arena to share my thoughts as a solosexual.

When I told them that I am the leader of the Chronically Addicted Masturbators group, I sensed I had revealed too much. My psychotherapist friend took a cautious tone with me. I myself mused that perhaps I was “leading the lambs to slaughter,” enticing innocent men into a world of bate and porn addiction. My psychotherapist friend suggested that yes, that could be the case. I explained that being a so-called chronically addicted masturbator was like a fetish, an idea that turned me and other men on. He understood that, he said. Indeed, he was fascinated by men who identified proudly as masturbation and porn addicts, but said he’d encountered enough men for whom masturbating to porn had become a problem, who couldn’t find a way to balance it with “normal” life.

Am I a priest of the bate, or am I a demon? I have always, since my earliest memory, believed myself to be a sharer of light. But there is no mistaking that, for some men, bate and porn addiction is a descent into darkness. I sometimes feel out of control,

my desire an incessant rush that seems like an emergency. Writer Rachel Carson unwittingly spoke to sexuality when discussing the frightening power of the ocean. She mused that “no one could write truthfully about the sea and leave out the poetry.” Could a psychotherapist make room for the poetry of days spent masturbating and letting one’s cock take over?

When the lockdown started, I began working from home and bating more than ever. Online I was doubling down with my talk about being a chronically addicted masturbator and experimenting with just how much I could bate now that I didn’t have that gosh darn commute. On Twitter I began using the hashtag #hypersexual, and on BateWorld, I promoted the hell out of the Chronically Addicted Masturbators group. Just the admission of being a chronically addicted bator was an aphrodisiac.

Through the group, I find so many men who fundamentally get it. We literally want dick to rule our lives. How far do these online strangers really take it? I ask them questions, like, “Do you have a job?” “Do you have any friends in the real world left?” The idea of being unemployed to bate all day, losing all your friends, collectively makes our dicks jump.

In a way, I was rebelling against a world that would like to lock down my sexuality, put it neatly into a box and make it palatable. My sexuality is pathological in their eyes. My sexuality challenges people. When

I'm in the bate zone, all political correctness goes out the window and down the street. The dirtiest (and always legal) porn was my entry into another hemisphere of my brain. I was drinking whiskey like a fish and smoking my lungs out. I was trying on hedonism to the max, and it was a warm cloak. But I wondered: If I didn't have to tear myself away from bating to do my job, would that cloak begin to feel like a straitjacket?

I turned to a friend and asked him if he thought I was goading men with my BateWorld group into a life of potentially problematic sexual behavior. He responded with this:

"I will admit sometimes I neglect my work to masturbate. I should be writing reports but instead I'm on my dick. However, I always get my work done and am very respectful of my clients. I can put off masturbating to finish my work and then beat off as a treat for working. So, I say, 'No' you are not leading masturbating men astray. Each of us needs to take charge of our wants and needs and to own the consequences of our choices. If someone follows you and gets out of control, it is not because you led them to the slaughter. It's because they are out of control and need to look within.

So, I urge you to keep teaching and modeling your devotion to your Penis. You are the priest,

the impish and fun-loving devil at the same time. Acolytes like me who follow your devotion will find inspiration. Those who are truly addicted to their own detriment are grown men who need to own their own shit.”

I read what he said to me, about men “owning their shit,” and yet I knew too that addiction can make it impossible to maintain control. I fetishized the idea of my cock controlling me. Was I ignorant of the fine line when the fetish could become reality? Had I crossed that line, but duped myself into thinking I was fine because I held down a job and phoned my mom every day?

My aim as a writer of the bate was always to be an exemplar, to lift men through the joy of their sexuality. We have no script. We are all writers as we invent our sexual lives. Was it necessary to tamp down my sexual expression so that I didn’t lead others astray? Was I taking myself too seriously? Was I overestimating my influence? Perhaps I needed to keep my ego in check.

The definition of an exemplar is: one who serves as a model or an example. Going further in the lexicon, we see that exemplary has two possible connotations: a) deserving imitation, b) serving as a warning. Yin and yang. There are two sides to every coin. My only words to you, Dear Reader, are to hang on to the joy. Bating should be like Bette Midler’s stage persona—filthy, vulgar, and oh so joyous. Not everyone will

see bating for hours, or days, as a good thing. But, to us, what cannot be denied is the transcendent power of the bate.

During a bate, I touch the face of God and at the same time, reach into my vulgar filth. While others would advise you to play video games, or binge watch a TV show instead, I urge you to explore your sexuality for all its worth. Without shame; with expansion. Your sexuality is a mansion, with many rooms to investigate. And this can't always happen during a quick wank in the shower in the morning. Sometimes indeed, you need the gift of hours, if not days.

I can think of no greater pleasure than sexual pleasure. It's my truth, my core. They say there are two great moments in a person's life: The moment he is born, and the moment he learns his life's purpose. My purpose is to dance with the cock Gods, and to write about our tangoes with them.

Speaking of Gods, rock gods don't come with warning labels—but their albums often do. I'm no rock star. I'm a little writer from Canada. Could (and should) I sing proud about my incessant "addiction" to masturbation? And just like Madonna ends her song "Human Nature," could I end my life by saying "Absolutely no regrets"?

Sexuality is completely messy. On Twitter, I've seen men post tweets complaining that their bate and porn compulsions are completely out of control. To most, this would seem like a cry for help. But, as surprising and incomprehensible as this sounds, it's also part of

the fetish talk amongst this subculture of bators. You might say there's a tongue-in-cheek competitiveness to see who's most addicted to their cocks and porn.

In my Bateworld group, a commenter chastised us for conflating bating with addiction. The next comment was by a stalwart member of the group who wrote "Dude, you're killing the fantasy."

So often, when I think about priorities in life, I can't help but think it's all bullshit. This modern life we lead so often strips us of primal, ecstatic knowledge so that we can keep the machinations of capitalism churning. I must sound like a hippie from the 60s. What happened to those hippies? The stereotype is that by the 80's, they were the suits and executives running corporations. What was lost from the high ideals of the 60s and was anything gained when those ideals fell out of fashion?

The bottom line is this: If you are troubled by your sex life, by all means seek help and advice. But ask yourself whether you are troubled by your sex life because of what others in the society around you want from you or what you want from you.

Frank Sinatra sang "Regrets, I've had a few" but adds that they were too few to mention. The song "My Way" celebrates what you truly feel instead (or in spite) of what "those who kneel" would have you say. At the end of my life, will I have regrets? Will it then be too late to renounce?

As I ask myself these questions, a simple quote comes to mind. The late stage and screen legend

Tallulah Bankhead, upon leaving a hospital after having surgery related to a venereal disease (as they called it in the day), said to her doctor “Don’t think I’ve learned my lesson!”

So if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to check out who’s online in my Chronically Addicted Masturbators group and dive into my true identity, my true self. If only to see what lessons are yet to be learned.

THE BATOR DIARIES: WHAT'S IT TO YA?

What would I have done if Sarah hadn't moved out when she did?

As I bated to hypersexual degrees, I thought of the bators on BateWorld who shared that they were trapped with family or roommates who never left the house, impeding their bate habits. My situation had improved, but Sarah's hadn't. As March turned into April, my cousin was going through hell. The job wasn't working out, the ants in her bathroom were moving into the main room and biting her, and the pedestrian noise from the sidewalk invaded her basement apartment so that she could not sleep.

She moved out. She moved into an Airbnb that was quite a bit more luxurious than anything to be found

in my building. By mid-April, her job, a terrible fit for her, seemed unsalvageable. She quit and announced she was moving back to Winnipeg. The last time I saw her was to give her mail that had arrived at my place. “It’s the end of an era,” she said to me, and I thought about how this had been the shortest era on record. And with that, she was gone.

Meanwhile, in apartment 7, I was living *The Story of O*, that tale of submission. But I was not submitting to a man, I was submitting to my dick and its every need. I could have thrown out my can of Right Guard because I wasn’t wearing deodorant anymore. Borrowing from Dennis Rodman’s book *Bad as I Wanna Be*, I could have written a paean to my pheromones called *Ripe as I Wanna Be*. I let my beard grow, not even shaping it—I wanted to let my inner caveman rule. I was unfit for the workplace and reveling in it.

Like Greta Garbo in her later years, I was loving being alone. I had always known that I was a hermit at heart, but I thought I’d have to wait until retirement to experience that. Messaging with my bator friends online was all I needed socially and never once did I feel lonely.

I bate to music, and as I listened to the songs that formed my solosexual soundtrack, I realized that the majority of them are about loneliness in one form or another. Every singer seemed to ache to find a partner, and when they did, they got cheated on or abandoned and there were copious tears spilled into beers over it. I know I’m an anomaly, but I wanted

to shake those singers and say “Go solosexual! Go autosexual!” On Twitter, men were posting how they needed to get laid so bad, but couldn’t because of social distancing. Conversely, I felt lucky to have to practice social distancing.

Bating to so-called hypersexual degrees had me thinking more deeply about the word *hypersexual*. What is a hypersexual? According to the Urban Dictionary, it’s every teenage male. The meaning reads “Showing excessive concern with or indulgence in sexual activity.”

But what is “excessive?” Who gets to decide?

Dr. Paul Joannides’ paper titled “The Challenging Landscape of Problematic Sexual Behaviors, Including ‘Sexual Addiction’ and ‘Hypersexuality’” encouraged me to think of hypersexuality in new ways.

Our culture determines what is excessive based on prevalent mores, values, and indeed, prejudices. If a single person is having a lot of sex, society will wag its finger at him or her. If that same person is having a lot of sex in marriage, we applaud it. If a married person cheats on their spouse repeatedly, we will label it sex addiction. But if that same relationship is open, is the person still a sex addict, or just exploring? Anyone reading this book might be apt to say my sexual expression is so-called “non-normative” to which I say, “What’s it to ya?”

I believe the problem is not that a person might be hypersexual, but that he or she might not have enough healthy outlets in which to express it.

Hypersexuality is often spoken of in the same breath as “hypersexual disorder” or sex addiction. These pundits and conservative clinicians will make a case that our lives are secretive, precisely because they would label our lives as shameful. I say that if we are discreet (and would they really prefer we act out our sexuality in the streets?), it is not that we are ashamed. We are discreet as a married couple might be discreet about their sex life, in the name of common decency.

Some might say that hypersexuality is a way to deal with emptiness, stress, anxiety or self-loathing. I can’t think of a better way to deal with those emotions than with the self-care that comes from pleasuring myself. This works as long as your hypersexuality is not a way of overcompensating to deal with emotions that feel frightening and need to be faced. We’re not talking about emotional avoidance here, but instead a self-nurturing.

I’m certainly not negating other methods people have of dealing with anxiety—some will pray, some will write, some will play video games to enter that “flow state” that relieves tension. But those same video games can also turn into addiction, just as turning to food when in distress could turn into an addiction. And even prayer can be problematic: I think of the obsessive praying I did as a child, begging God to make me straight.

You might wonder how I can speak of my bates as self-care while at the same time indulging in

whiskey and cigarettes. I, like so many others, am a mass of contradictions that cannot be easily explained or sorted. Within each of us live opposites. I remember, in acting school, being taught to look for opposites in the character you are playing. For example, for everything you love about your partner, there is something that you may hate. For every bit of success you achieve, you may begin to feel more and more like a fraud. For every time you congratulate someone on their success, there is an envy that you wish you could extinguish. Opposites abound.

Really, you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't. Just as quickly as we might shuffle someone off to therapy for being too sexual, we're apt, as a culture, to do the same to those who seem too reserved about their sexuality. In eras of permissiveness such as the 1970s, there was a notion that if you weren't having enough sex, there was something wrong with you. Clinicians speak of "sexual aversion," that is to say, a fear of sex. The consensus is that we need to find just the right middle ground, but that ground keeps shifting as our culture morphs from one decade to the next.

I ask myself whether I feel that my sex life makes me feel big and good, or distressed and out of control. Is my sex life, as they say in the BDSM community, "safe, sane and consensual?" Is my sex life considered pathological only because it falls outside of prevailing norms? Is my sex life giving me something, or taking something away? I know that

I'm the only one who can answer these questions, not my priest, not my parents, not my therapist.

On BateWorld I took a poll about hypersexuality and there was a chorus of responses. I asked:

I was reading Dan Savage's great sex advice column and an "expert" he engaged commented on hypersexuality. She said one sign of hypersexuality is, for example, staying home from work to masturbate all day. Ha! Guilty! I get off on the thought that I'm ruled by my dick, and identify as hypersexual, no matter how "responsible" I am (and I really do go to work!). Are you hypersexual do you think?

In all, 59% (out of 454 votes) agreed that they were hypersexual, in whichever way they perceive that word, and some were wildly excited about it. Their high sex drive (at least where masturbation was concerned) thrilled them to no end.

Some men wished they could bate 25 hours a day and for them, their cock was the center of their universe. One man commented that he thought hypersexuality was actually the male norm, but due to societal dictates and mores, this norm had been beaten out of them, leaving them repressed from their natural state.

I myself left a comment that I bated so much, my dick had taken out a restraining order against my hand.

There were many who felt that, though highly sexual, they had found balance and took pleasure in

other facets of life. On the flip side, one commenter quoted pornographer Paul Morris of Treasure Island Media fame, who infamously said, "*A man's life is a series of orgasms with random events in between.*"

A few men bemoaned their high sex drive, saying that they were struggling to be responsible and pursue non-sexual goals. One man said outright that he found the whole poll disturbing.

I've never really lamented my high sex drive, though on occasion, I do stop to wonder what life might be like without such sexual energy coursing through my body. Would that energy get transferred to another area of my life that would give me the same joy?

I was about to find out.

As April turned into May, and the lockdown continued, my desire to bate as much as possible continued. In spite of how guilty I felt about it as COVID-19 ravaged the world, I felt the freedom. It felt like the best time of my life, aside from the three years I had spent living in the Big Apple during my twenties.

And then...I lost it.

Not my mind. I lost my sex drive.

HOMETOWN HOOK-UPS

Note: A version of this essay appeared in issue #176 of DNA Magazine

Years ago, I lived in a small city two thousand miles away from my current base of Toronto. I'm writing from there now, at a small internet cafe, visiting during the summer of 2017.

My family picked me up at the airport early last week, and as we drove into the downtown core, I spotted a place that caused my soul to lurch with a wave of sentimentality. The place? The Holiday Inn Express Hotel.

We kept driving towards my family's apartment building located on the fringes of downtown and we passed places from my memories: The Westin, The Coast Plaza Hotel and the Carleton Hotel. As we made our way across town, I did my best to chat and

play the role of “son,” but seeing those hotels made my mind wander.

I recalled a hook-up in each of those hotels.

But it wasn't just hotels. I lived in this backwater city for a decade, and had hook-ups in homes and apartments dotted across town. This time, I am here to see parents and friends. On the plane, I had already begun to slip into the roles that I would play. With my family and friends, I am a son and a buddy. It wasn't until I saw the Holiday Inn Express Hotel that I realized that the role I played when being sexual felt the most authentic.

I have not integrated my many selves into one cohesive whole. I looked forward to talking with my family and friends, but in my reverie, I thought back to room #212 in the Holiday Inn Express, bonding in a way with someone where words weren't always necessary. Instead, another naked man with a matching need and I would communicate on a visceral level—with taste and touch and sensation.

We continued driving and passed the apartment complex that I had lived in. I thought not of the parties with friends or the meals I'd burnt in the kitchen or the view from my 23rd floor window. Instead, I remembered the men I'd welcomed to my apartment—some of whom I'd connected with, some of whom I really hadn't but respected all the same. They deserved it for skipping the niceties of normal society and baring their need to me. They would leave and I would wonder what their “real”

lives were like, the lives in which they had to put on a mask and return to being a son, a brother, a friend, a banker, a waiter, a doctor. Had they integrated their many selves?

During a hook-up, I was so unmasked that I could also be terribly vulnerable. I would sometimes say goodbye to a hook-up, leave his place, and feel that I'd left a part of my soul behind on his bedside table. There would be times when I wouldn't really connect with someone I was hooking up with and feel dirty afterwards, as if I had violated myself somehow, my emotions shaken and stirred. It was as if that other man had used up my energy and spirit without feeding it in return. I was left an empty vessel. But before long that feeling would subside, and I'd be online again, looking for the next hook-up. You forget the pain, and instead blindly believe that the next hook-up will be nirvana.

I would often get lucky and really dig the guy I was hooking up with. I was cognizant that even during the hook-up, I was playing a role (that of bate or sex buddy). But the role allowed me to do away with worldly pretense and hypocrisy. Thus, this role, purposely chosen, seemed my most authentic and vital, and the result of that was that I felt alive and realized.

Living here in toe-suck nowhere, I had felt so isolated as a gay man that I think I sometimes hooked-up for the wrong reasons in order to feel noticed. I used to think that hook-ups were just about

getting off. But no, I hooked-up because I needed to be seen. I needed my authentic sexual needs to be acknowledged and accepted. Now, so many years later after finding that solosexuality suits me best, I still need to be seen and I get that from the men online who identify in the same way.

The new trend for gays is to resist being ghettoized and to not live in a Gay Village. But here I am in my old town, and the world feels and looks so straight that I feel like a ghost walking through it. I feel a void here that cannot be filled by terrific parents and loving friends. I feel castrated and lonely, and I long for my masturbatorium and my online bate buddies, even the men I still occasionally hook up with—the men who see the me that feels most central to my being.

I'm ready to go home.

TIMES SQUARE

1999. Prince sang about judgement day and Y2K survivalists were preparing for the apocalypse. *Time Magazine* was calling New York City the center of the universe at this epic moment in history. And on West 78th Street, in a tiny gay joint called The Eight of Clubs, I was tending bar.

I don't want to throw shade, but the place was a bit shady. I'm sure the club was run by the mafia—all of us bartenders worked under the table, even the American staff, paid in cash at the end of every night. Our inventory consisted of making a little mark on a piece of paper when a bottle was emptied, and we free poured. Instead of one ounce of vodka mixed with cranberry, the reverse was commonplace. And my beloved patrons never tipped less than a dollar per drink, often much more.

There was one night, though, when a Tony Award-winning actor entered. Well, golly gee if when he entered, he sure did part the waters. To be fair, as Fanny Brice says in the film *Funny Lady*—“it ain’t difficult in a bathtub.” He didn’t stay long. What I remember most was that he tipped me 50 cents. The only celebrity I ever saw enter our little den of iniquity and he gives me the smallest tip I ever got.

Now I call The Eight of Clubs a den of iniquity, but back then, this simple Canadian boy was clueless. I remember coming in for an afternoon shift and seeing a wreath. I asked the boys at the bar who had died. One of the regulars who would come in from Brooklyn had passed away. He always sat at the bar alone, wearing headphones to block out the jukebox, and I expressed my surprise that he should be so honored. That’s when I learned “He was our dealer!”

Dealers, hustlers, gay for pay trade, we had it all. But one night I met a fancy customer—I’ll call him Ron—with whom I struck up a friendship. He told me his father was one of Liza Minnelli’s lawyers. I wasn’t sure I believed him until he produced two tickets for her show at the Palace, *Minnelli on Minnelli*. Third row, center aisle! That particular night of the show was being recorded for posterity, and Ms Minnelli was sharing the story of the moment when her parents fell in love. She singled me out of the crowd. “Do you know when your parents fell in love?” I couldn’t believe Liza Minnelli was talking to me from the stage, and I didn’t want to spoil the

moment by saying that I wasn't sure if my parents ever *had* fallen in love, so I just shook my head no.



I should have been on a stage. Many stages. That same year I graduated from the musical theater program at The American Musical and Dramatic Academy. I'd done well, really well. Not to brag, but at a showcase I was in, an AMDA staff member said that a performance I'd given of the song "Sweet Charity" was one of the best performances he'd seen in their Off-Off Broadway theater. My acting teacher asked if I was excited to graduate, knowing that I'd be snapping up roles. Graduation meant a year's working visa to stay in New York and auditioning like mad.

But I didn't. In my year in New York City, after graduation, I didn't audition for anything. *Not once.*

Just as Roxie Hart is seduced by jazz and liquor in the musical *Chicago*, I was seduced by the intoxicating plethora of New York City's men. I became a creature of the night, haunting gay bars when I wasn't working at my own. During the day, I continued to work for AMDA. One of my jobs was to work the front counter of an ancient single-occupancy building where our students boarded alongside regular citizens. I worked an equally ancient switchboard, connecting calls by inserting plugs into jacks, and sometimes surreptitiously listening in. As

AMDA's Resident Assistant Supervisor, I lived on site and paid no rent for my own single occupancy room (It had a toilet! A toilet of my own!), so I was flush with cash like never before in one of the most expensive cities in the world. The money went to a gym membership, good haircuts, and nights on the town.

I was 27 and though I was openly gay, I was not open about being a sexual being. I had the idea that it was one thing to be gay, but God forbid I should look for sex and feel good about it. I still had deep-rooted notions that sex was dirty. It didn't fit with my self-image—a self-image borne of fear. I feared judgement by others, judgement by God (I naively thought I'd exorcised that God out of me) and I feared the power of sex.



There was a gay weekly called *Next Magazine* in New York that had ads in the back pages, and some were for sex parties. The first time I read them, I didn't even consider them as an option. In my conflicted mind, orgies were forbidden, but getting drunk at a bar and picking up a stranger seemed acceptable. When I realized my hypocrisy, I revisited those orgy ads.

Nervously, I phoned a number on an ad. A friendly voice on the other end of the line shared these details: "The orgy will take place at such-and-such hotel

in Times Square. Don't be late; admission will be refused after 10 p.m. Do not ask anything of the front desk. When you knock, the person who answers the door will decide then and there whether you will be allowed entry. There will be a small fee."

That rainy Friday night, I was as excited as if it were my wedding night. I stopped first at The Eight of Clubs for some liquid courage (did I mention staff could drink for free?) and downed an Orgasm, of all drinks. I ran into Ron, and told him, and him alone, what I was about to do. He said he'd never have the courage. A short subway ride to Times Square, and I found myself running in a downpour, worried that I'd be late. If I missed this opportunity, I wasn't sure I would ever have the courage to try again. I was terrified, too, that I would be turned away at the door.

I entered the hotel lobby and felt like a criminal. There I was, riding the elevator with regular civilians who had no idea I was on my way to a bacchanalian fest. My heart pounding in my chest, I kept thinking that I could turn back at any time, but my feet took me to the door and my hand knocked by its own volition.

And against all odds, I was allowed in.

I entered a large, dark suite and was led to a little table where I paid the small fee. They gave me a garbage bag to put my clothes in, save for my boots and underwear. I sensed men wandering about and I turned to see, and then I spun back on my heels and said "I'm sorry, I've never been to anything like this.

What do I do?” The host at the table smiled at the obvious neophyte in front of him and said, “Wander about. If a guy reaches out and touches you, you have the choice to play with him, or decline and keep walking. No pressure.”

I thanked the host and wandered down to the main bedroom, only to find it full. Two men were making out on the bare mattress while eight to ten other men watched and jerked off. I walked past them and it was like going down a receiving line.

And go down I did.

One of the men in the line was absolutely hot, and hard, and smiling at me. I had been there all of two minutes and I took to it like a duck to water. On my knees, I found nirvana. It was a one-night stand magnified by a thousand. Something in me was born that night. My sexuality went from being a nebulous feeling to an outright passion. I found a new God.

I was comforted to know that other men were as unabashedly horny as me. I felt less like a freak in this tribe. I needed a space where I could be unapologetically sexual and, strangely, I found that a public sex venue gave me the sense of permission that I hadn't always felt in a one-on-one hook-up. Our dicks were doing the thinking, and yet, there was an air of respect for all. I realized that being horny was neither a crime nor a punch line to a joke. It was the driving force that makes us reach out to others.

Was the orgy devoid of personality? Were we being real with each other? I wasn't sharing my hopes and

dreams with these men, but I'll be damned if I wasn't being real with them—much more real than most of my human interactions that day. I spend most of my day making politically-correct small talk at work for eight hours a day. But that night, we skipped all that and said, "Touch me."

I was being blown by a man for a good length of time and uttered those famous words, "I'm gonna cum," at which point an interloper dove in to get my jizz. My sucker was having none of that and gently nudged back into his rightful place, saying "Sorry bud, but I worked for that load," and I came in his mouth.

As I look back, I am bothered that I felt like a freak for being so horny, that I speak of feeling like a criminal for going to the party. Had I really done something that took away my essential goodness? Or was I a victim of a Judeo-Christian upbringing, lacerating myself for enjoying my sexuality in a safe, sane and consensual way? Could I merge my spiritual desires with my physical desires? I am gay, but not a castrated gay man, devoid of sexuality as some might need to view homosexuals in order to accept us. I am a gay man and totally a sexual being.

On that rainy New York night, in some hotel in Times Square, my nascent sexuality was born. I had dipped my toes in the water, but that night was the plunge into the deep end. I left New York without ever having auditioned and now, all these years later, I am glad I didn't. The happy solosexual I came

to be didn't want the collective and collaborative experience of theater. Instead, years later, I'd discover the singular nature of writing, wherein I get the privilege of telling my story rather than peddle the stories of others. It became clear that I wanted to swim in my sexuality, and ultimately, to chronicle it.

A surfacing after which nothing is ever the same again.

THE BATOR DIARIES: YOUR BOOK

In the Lars von Trier film *Nymphomaniac*, there is a pivotal scene in which the titular character experiences the loss of her libido—in the middle of a sexual encounter. She is devastated. She beats her genitals with a dish rag and cries inconsolably. Her sex drive is her mooring. Without it, she is absolutely bereft.

Losing my libido was not as dramatic. I knew exactly what was going on. It was this book. It longed to be written. I hadn't written for months but felt that in the intervening time, a story had happened. I approached my computer like an obstacle, feeling that my libido might not come back until I finished the book, so I might as well get started. There I was, a writer of the bate who couldn't bate because he needed to write. Physician, heal thyself.

As the chapters took shape, I thought I would use bating as a reward after each one, but, for the most part, it didn't quite work that way. I felt I didn't yet deserve it, that I hadn't earned it. I was being my own worst enemy.

My obsession with completing this book made me paranoid. What if I died before finishing it? I irrationally feared my USB key would get up and walk away so I emailed the drafts to myself to save them in cyberspace. I was haunted by the story of how Jean Genet began writing *Our Lady of the Flowers* in prison, only to have a gaoler take the manuscript and burn it. Genet had to restart from scratch. So my bates during the writing of this book were, by and large, uninspired.

When I did bate, I thought to myself, "Jason, can you just *try* to get hard? Do you need to call in the reinforcements?" I tried Viagra, but Viagra only helps if you are horny to begin with. It's a physiological aid, not a psychological one.

I'd have moments of reprieve, where by some miracle, I'd shut out my worries and get into it. But more and more, it seemed this book was the impediment. My equilibrium was all off. I chain smoked (who does that anymore?), I completely stopped exercising (there goes my autosexuality) and I ate cake (since when do I keep cake in the fridge?).

Eventually, I got to the penultimate chapter. The book was almost done. But I couldn't go on. I felt paralyzed about being able to finish. I decided to stop

work at three o'clock as I had started extra early, but I did not write as I'd intended. I so wanted to finish the book, but I couldn't. What if everything in this whole book is rubbish? So I bated instead. After writing about bating for joy, after writing a book about being a happy hypersexual, now I was bating to avoid writing.

And then, a direct message from a follower on Twitter. Dear Reader, some things you just cannot make up. In all my time on social media, after all my previous writing, no one has ever asked me about what to do when you lose your urge. This man wrote that he'd lost his libido and didn't know why. In his words, he said he was so mad. I was so stunned by serendipity that as soon as I responded to him, I shut my computer, ate something, and threw myself into bed. I had to sober up. I had to write.

I woke around 6 p.m. and made a strong coffee. I made myself vomit to get any residual whiskey out of my system. I made a deal with myself that even if it took all night, I would finish this book and call in sick to work tomorrow if necessary.

By 8:12 pm I was almost there, and really, it didn't take me that long after all. I contemplated another bate that night. Will I let myself give back in? But I had to wonder: will I remain in this quagmire until the book is published? Will getting the words out and the process moving free me?

Writing is like wrestling a bear, and even though this was my third time on the wrestling mat, that didn't

make it any easier. Since the women's movement in the last century, women have written extensively about their needs and desires and their absolute right to fulfill them. It's true, men have dominated the discourse of sexuality for a long time, and our stories do need to be shared. But the new stories will be far from the usual, heteronormative patten of old. The one version of sexuality that has been written about is old news, wrapped in violence, single-mindedness and oppression. It is time for us all to move forward.

Perhaps the reason we've written so little about differing men's sexualities is because many can be threatening—often in a truly overt physical sense. We have wielded our penises like weapons for so long that when we attempt to assert our desires, we are met with contempt at best, fear at worst. By including more narratives in the mosaic of male sexuality—solosexuality, pornosexuality, autosexuality, hypersexuality—we can broaden the understanding of men, desire and identity.

Men are called pigs, but as seen in gay porn, at your local sex pit, or in your own bedroom, sex between men (even virtual sex) can be so transcendent and bonding. Is it possible we men might say that while we're horny pigs, we too are looking for connection even in the so-called darkest corners of our minds? On BateWorld, one theme that comes up in so many men's profiles is the desire to bond with a man, using bating as the conduit. I speak of being an introvert, even a hermit, but goddamn if I'm not chatting up

a storm with men while bating. I fear that without those Internet friends, the loneliness I sometimes think I'm immune to would render my bate lifeless. While there may be support for the notion that this digitized world we live in can leave us feeling disconnected, for me it's been a way to belong to a worldwide community.

These Internet friends teach me every day, in instant messages and emails that I am not alone. That is why I long to read more of my very modern community's take on the subject of sexuality. I would love for there to be a canon of it.

I believe that everyone has at least one book in them.

You read mine. Can I read yours?

—Jason *“The Happy Hypersexual”* Armstrong
June 24, 2020, 8:36 p.m.

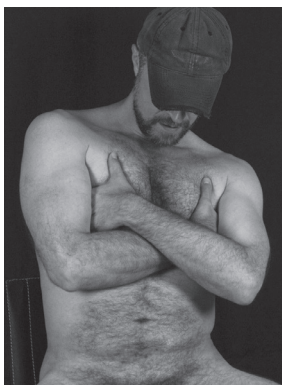
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Jason Armstrong's groundbreaking first book, *Solosexual: Portrait of a Masturbator*, went to #1 on Amazon Kindle upon its release in 2016 and was later released in Italian by publisher dR Edizioni. His writing has appeared in *The Gay & Lesbian Review*, *Best Sex Writing of the Year* (Cleis Press), *DNA Magazine* and on DailyXtra and Kinkly. Jason lives in Toronto, Canada.

