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On writing and masturbation : a bit of Victorian Pathos

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on writing and masturbation: a bit of Victorian pathos (from My Secret Life, Grove Press NY 1966; abridged edition, p. 194):

The author hasn't seen his mistress, Sarah, for three weeks:

Then one Sunday I had erections all day long. After dinner lust drove me nearly mad, so I went to my room, took a clean sheet of white paper, and frigged myself over it. My prick only slightly subsided, I frigged again, and then as the paper lay before me covered with sperm-pools I cried because it was not up my dear Sarah's vagina, laid my head on the table where the paper lay, and sobbed with despair, jealousy, and regrets, for I thought some one would fuck her if I did not, that it would be her hateful husband whom she had helped to keep with my money.

I may say here that on several occasions of my life I have frigged myself over a clean sheet of foolscap paper; it was mostly done for curiosity, to see what my sperm was like, whether it was as thin, or as thick, or as large in quantity as at the last time I previously had masturbated.

The interesting shift, I think, is from the more acute bringing together of masturbation, writing, despair, jealousy of the husband and money (the author is a rentier who has great quantities of money, as well as sperm, to spend on sex) in the first paragraph to the more domesticated, British-empirical "curiosity" in the second.



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