

# I

## Freud is right

1

Prior to the Day of Atonement, on the Hebraic New Year's Day, those that lived near the seashore, the river, or even a well—the lucky ones—proceeded in the late afternoon from the synagogue towards that negation of land carrying small stones in the front pockets of their new or newest suit jackets. Upon reaching the waters, they mumbled a lengthy prayer and threw the little rocks into that fountain of forgiveness to get rid of their yearly sins. Most of them should have carried bricks. They could not wait till Yom Kippur. Even before Rosh Hashanah, during the entire preceding month of Elul, they would pray for pardon. Moses, his masterful years still ahead of him, saw fit, instead, to keep the pebbles in the front pockets of his new pants and fancy himself fishing for those rejected ones. He even imagined a special hook that could tempt a sharp stone to bite it with its peaky cortices. Yom Kippur was the only holiday that sported for Moses, and numerous others, a long agonizing starvation period between two hearty feasts. If he only could, he would have eaten several of the stones that had remained in his pants. But he could not ingest anything that did not involve some chewing. No wonder that later in life he had acquired a distaste for readily swallowing anything that had been thrown in his path. Had he been a woman, a being that he thanked the Lord for not being every morning up to his very late teens, or gay, he would never have swallowed. He would never even have tasted or pretended to taste any part of it. Still, stones represented a remote prospect for nourishment in this ritual taste of hard times.

2

On several occasions during his tender years, his wonder years, and even when he was twenty-something, his mother had told him that she should have had a miscarriage. She never used the word abortion. How could she? Her pompously pious personality would never have allowed her to use it or go through with it. However, a seemingly accidental miscarriage seemed forgivable. He would never have fallen in love, made love, or fallen out of love. But we never fall out of love. We simply grow older and become selectively forgetful. She would have done him a favor. Life is not worth living. We are carried into this world without any say. As soon as we breathe the outside air and learn of our mortality, we are doomed to be miserable. We are miserable knowing that we are going to die no matter what we think, say, or do. We are trained to cope with the inevitable. We learn to concoct our immortality. We talk the talk and walk the walk, but deep down we sulk. We bury our dead and are buried in return. Our dimming memories are gone. It is as if we had never existed. We may leave relics of our epigrammatic existence, but they are only vestiges of what we were. We are no longer. Life is not worth living knowing that it is finite, knowing that we grow decrepit, knowing that we are doomed from the beginning. I do not want to know. It is too late. I know. We all know. And then, there is also all the suffering that life entails.

3

Sophie did not swallow, but often asked him to taste it.

“No! It’s disgusting,” he always replied.

“But it’s your juice. Just have a taste. It’s quite unique.”

“No!”

“Do it for me!”

“Please, no!”

“I taste it, so why can’t you?”

“I didn’t ask you to taste it. Unlike most men, I don’t dream about getting a blowjob. Your pussy is my thing.”

“You want to tell me that when I try to make you come in my mouth, you don’t like it?”

“I like it when you suck me, but I could live without it. Something that I can’t say about you! If I didn’t eat your pussy, your pleasure would be but a fraction of your declared 9.5 average.”

“Just hold it in your mouth for a second and then rinse it off like I do.”

“No!”

He did taste it eventually. She had most of it in her mouth and he was still in midst of his blissful reverie when she kissed him, letting it flow into his mouth with its speedy determination coupled with her expeditious insistence. He jumped out of bed and ran to the washroom to rinse his mouth and almost spill his guts. Even the remains of a rotten apple that he had found in a trash bin when he was a kid and had eaten in order to impress his friends had tasted better. That vermin-infested fruit was a culinary delight compared to his milky manhood.

4

He had grown to love the culmination of his sexual pleasure and virtually lived for it. He could fondly remember his first ejaculation and recall an isolated event when an orgasm was not triggered, but that was quite pleasurable nonetheless. Eva, his mother’s aunt, was visiting. He was almost five. She was very good to him, especially when she left. She would give him a big wet kiss on his innocent cheek, hand him a large bill representing two months’ worth of sweets and wave him good-bye. Eva also taught him the tongue game. “Open your mouth and show me your tongue.” As soon as he had his inexperienced tongue out, she did the same and then proceeded to touch his tongue’s naive downy tip with the tip of her mature serrated one. “Isn’t it salty?” she asked. “Yes!” replied Moses surprised by the fact. “Two tongues touching each other taste that way,” she explained. But he preferred the other game that he had discovered all on his own. Eva was embroidering on the sofa in the living room and Moses was lying near her on the carpeted floor under the coffee table. For no apparent reason, he took one of her bare feet in his hands and placed it on his naked stomach. He discovered that he liked the sensation of her dry old foot touching his affection-starving skin. He began to move her foot, rubbing it over his hunger. After a while, he lowered his briefs and put her

foot over his tiny *boudounda*—the name given to the penis by his mother. Moving it to and fro over his *boudounda* was much more pleasurable. He did not have to do the moving after a while. Eva patiently took over, coaching him through his first encounter with foot fucking, or second-hand—second-foot—assisted masturbation. He felt very bad during the days that followed that initial brush with orgasm. When he could no longer stand the weight of his guilt, he made his mother promise to forgive him before telling her about his transgression. After she consented, he exposed the Eva’s-foot-over-his-*boudounda* incident, promising that he will never do it again. Nothing more was said over the matter. The foot, however, had acquired a whole new meaning for Moses.

5

His first successful masturbation occurred about seven years later. He was twelve and still incredibly innocent. Lying on his stomach one dull afternoon, he suddenly felt the urge to move his entire body up and down against the soft fabric of his briefs. Liking the pleasure that this friction entailed, he kept moving accordingly until his briefs became wet with a sticky substance. He never felt this good while trembling profusely, and did not understand the implications of his act, save the certainty that he had discovered a whole new hobby. His desire to watch his sperm spew out of his penis onto pillows, their covers, towels, the bathroom sink, and his left hand had no satiety. Coming became his *raison d’être*, his *raison de vivre*, his *raison tout court*. Coming once, twice, thrice, four times, once more, and even on six occasions each day, except for the Sabbath, could barely quench his desire to ejaculate. From late Friday afternoon till early Saturday evening, Moses was celibate, or at least tried to be, especially after his Bar Mitzvah. He was a man now, after all, and masturbation was still considered a sin, especially on the Sabbath, he thought. As months and years went by, this wondrous activity began to surpass in importance all common chronological events. His first ejaculation became a point of reference. “God, I’m sixteen. It’s been four years of masturbation. And at an average rate of let’s say three times a day, six times a week, that’s over 3,700 ejaculations. Amazing!” He performed a similar calculation every now and then, the total number steadily increasing, of course.

6

At thirteen, already a master masturbator, girls and women suddenly started to interest his little man. He had, of course, a childish crush between the ages of eight and nine, and she even absentmindedly encouraged it. How he daydreamed about Ruth, his freckled, grade-three teacher. He was Tarzan, she was Jane, and he saved her over and over again from all the myriad dangerous adventures that he had made up for them. He even arranged to meet her during the summer vacation by walking near her residence. When she saw him, he acted surprised and was invited to her second-floor apartment for a glass of lemonade. His heart was racing like a 12-cylinder Jaguar, but he did his best to remain cool. He knew that she liked him, a fact that made him bolder.

“I like your place,” he said gallantly.

“Thanks, Moses! Please, sit down.”

“Thank you!” After a few moments of exploration he asked about the man beside her in a framed photograph that was placed on a triangular little table.

“That’s my husband, Ron. I told all of you in class a few months ago that I was getting married. Didn’t I?”

“Yes, you did. I guess I forgot,” he said dolefully.

“I’ll get you the lemonade.”

“Thank you!” In her absence, he contemplated the books that lay still across the shelves of the bookcase, but he could not bring himself to read their titles. Only the framed photograph flashed in his growing mind.

“Here you are, Moses!”

“Thank you!”

“You seem to be interested by the books. Do you want to borrow any of them?”

“Yes! Thank you!”

“Good! Take a few, read them, bring them back, and take a few more. My bookcase could become your second library for the summer.”

“Yes! Thank you!” He came back twice.

When the summer was over and school began, he advanced to the next grade and got a new teacher. A month later, he had forgotten about reddish Ruth.

He loved his little man. It had acquired by now a mind of its own. Always erect and wishful, seldom was it at rest. There were many occasions for sexual *épanouissement*, but he was too afraid to take advantage of them. When he finally acted, he only did it because it was safe. A few months following his passage into religious manhood and the responsibilities that it entailed, he found himself one evening at his neighbors’ apartment. The parents, Nisim, the most naive man he had ever encountered, and Shoshana, a prick raiser, were away for a few hours, giving him the role of the sitter. They had four kids: a ten-year-old girl and three younger boys. Without being fully aware of his plan, he devised a game for Betty, her oldest brother Leo, and himself. While the two younger brothers were watching TV in the living room, they were in the parents’ bedroom engaged in a two-against-one game on the large bed. Betty and Leo were given the chance to beat him in a wrestling match. After the lights were turned off, a way to level the odds of winning, he let Leo strangle him from behind with all his youthful might, while he pulled Betty down. He was surprised at the fact that she did not offer any real resistance. As he lay upon her with the little monkey on his back, he began to move his body against her, putting one hand in her panties, trying to touch her pussy, and the other hand on his neck, attempting to lessen Leo’s choking grip. At one point, he almost forgot about Leo, drunk with the softness of Betty’s sweet pussy, who several times uttered in a weakening voice a few words of mock surprise: “I wonder who is touching me.” But Leo’s continuous hold of his throat began to weaken his lustfulness. Not able to breathe, he had to take care of the flea

before he could resume the work of the dog. He tried to fight off Leo with his stronger hand while keeping his left one on Betty, but unable to sustain this unbalanced contest, Moses attempted to break the tug with one of his hands held high. Realizing that he could not be seen in this divine darkness, he had to order with a choked voice the end of the first period. After a short break the game resumed. This time, Moses asked Betty to face him, thinking he could hold Leo down with his weight. But she refused to assume this offensive position, taking her previous defensive posture. Moses submitted to her wishes and pursued his conquest with renewed passion. From time to time, he rubbed his clothed little man against her covered pussy, an action that she approvingly appreciated with a few moans. But Leo's arduous assaults brought that period to an early end. The third period seemed more promising. While he held down the boy with his determined hand, he brushed the entirety of his masculinity over the girl's apparent famished femininity. A minute of this sustained pressure on his *boudouda* resulted in a muffled ejaculation. After a few seconds of recuperation, he got up and went to watch TV with the other boys. "Is the fight over?" asked Betty disappointed. "Yes, I'm tired, you win," said Moses. Leo smiled triumphantly, while Betty looked at Moses beaten. "We'll do it again sometime," added Moses. "When?" quickly asked Betty. They never did. Many occasions presented themselves, Betty offering her bodied readiness enveloped with scintillated silence. But Moses could never bring himself to take the necessary initiative in order to consummate her implicit offering. The light of day frightened away any potential step for sexual fulfillment. All he could manage is daydream about the perfect scenario.

8

Moses even imagined a sexual encounter with Betty's mother following an accidental glimpse of her nakedness when she was taking a shower. He had been sent by his mother to borrow some sugar from Shoshana. Unable to find her around her two-bedroom apartment, he opened the unlocked bathroom door and beheld her glorious nude figure for a short second. She was always sexy in her short dresses. Her legs were always clean-shaven, her toenails always groomed, and she was forever smiling. He imagined himself going to see her to ask for her help. "I have a problem. Each time I see or think of you, my *boudouda* gets bigger. It often hurts as it is trapped in my pants." He then proceeds to take it out and ask: "What can I do to avoid this from happening?" Smiling as always, she takes his *boudouda* with both hands and leads him by it to the bathroom sink where she proceeds to give him a hand job. Following his joyous ejaculation she says: "When you get an erection from now on, just work it down the same way I just did. And if I'm free, I'll be glad to give you a hand." Needless to say, that he ran home to masturbate without the sugar, having to go out to buy it before he could take the time to ejaculate more properly.

9

His cousin came for a visit a month following his fourteenth birthday. He remembered her from his early childhood when they played doctor and patient before she moved to France. She always insisted on being the doctor, and he loved being the patient—a perfect match. She would take her toy stethoscope and listen for his heartbeat. However, his eight-year-old heart could be anywhere, especially between his balmy buttocks. Rose was still plump, the delicious

kind, unlike Betty's chronic skinniness. Looking at her now, eleven years old and slightly developed, only intensified the frequency of his erections. What he had planned for her was not as safe as his dark boldness with Betty. Rose could catch his eye in the keyhole and tell his mother about it. But his desire was greater than his natural dismay. And so, one hot July afternoon, he peeped through the hole of the keyless door while she was taking a shower and beheld the back of her nakedness. He did not have the time or the courage to explore her further because she glanced at the door and scared him to his room. When she came looking for him, all clean and pretty, she spotted his prick, which had found a way out of his unbuttoned shorts. "I can see your *zizi*," she laughed pointing at it and watching him hide his erection from her curious eyes. All he could do, smiling in embarrassment, was to offer to buy her an ice-cream cone.

He came to her bed that night. Making sure that she was asleep, he was ready to perform his most audacious thrill. He put his sweaty fingers on her covered pussy, caressing it through the fatigued fabric with feline determination, while rubbing his throbbing boner against her lovely toes. The streetlights illuminated her peaceful face as he inserted his middle finger into her panties. The warmth of her pussy traversed him like a lightning bolt and he had to hold off his prick in order to postpone the inevitable outpouring. He could feel, however, a filmy residue of sperm dripping onto his briefs. But after a quick reposing of his lust, he introduced his whole hand to her slumbering pussy and gently rubbed its circumference for a few precious seconds. Then, while holding her panties at bay, he led his nose close to her pussy, breathing in its aroma. It did not possess the scent of her youthful beauty, but its somewhat sultry odor filled him with the urge to penetrate her. As he touched her pussy with his prick, she suddenly moved and opened her eyes. Almost frozen, he managed to move away from her, sitting still next to her feet. He was convinced that she had seen him there, near her, but she only fell asleep, giving him the time to fine-tune his plan. He settled for her soft feet. Moving against them, one at a time, he decided to concentrate his efforts only on one. He took on the entire sole, but discovered his preference for the big toe. He thus fucked her left foot, the one closer to the floor, zeroing on the fabulous tip of the fat toe. He watched her face from time to time to make sure that she was still asleep and to swell his lust, coming all over her foot and on most of her leg. Still under the spell of his orgasm, he rushed to the bathroom to get some toilet paper in order to clean up the mess. He rubbed it over the affected areas and managed to capture most of his sperm. Her skin remained sticky, but the rest of the night took care of it. He conducted his nocturnal visits a few more times before her return to France, looking forward to seeing her again the following year in Canada, his permanent new home.

Except for his daily fantasies, his fifteenth year did not feature any concrete sexual pleasures, but did present him with a forgotten friend. He found her one morning, practically starving, having been accidentally imprisoned in the building's bomb shelter. She was only a few months old, and readily adopted his petting hand. He brought her some food and thus found himself, once again, the caregiver of his favorite creature. During his early childhood, cats represented his second family, sticking around his abode more than his natural one. He had watched his parents throw them the remains of the food, mostly chicken bones and fish

heads, and began to do the same, except that with him they often got more than scraps. He rapidly became the leader of that company of cats, since he also liked to caress them, an act foreign to his parents, especially his father who regarded cats as *unkosher*. “But I’m not going to eat them,” insisted Moses. “It doesn’t matter. You can touch a cow, a sheep, or some other approved animal. Cats, however, are impure,” said his father. But mere words could not take him away from their circle.

These adorable creatures seemed to truly love him, and particularly the only one that he had named. As soon as he was seen by these female felines, Mitsa Ktsitsa would rush to greet him, rubbing her entire body against his young legs. He could hardly move surrounded thus by his furry friend. She may have proclaimed him as hers, but he never neglected to make sure that his love was evenly distributed among his forever-famished familiars. He revered them. Until his parents moved him into the larger home, Moses spent a great deal of his free time with the cats. They, after all, protected him from many dangers, be it a skittish snake, a menacing millipede or a bitchy bumblebee. His hands always bore the marks of their kittens’ claws, which had much to learn about their champion. When Leo, Betty’s four-year-old brother, his new neighbors before becoming old ones at the bigger home in the apartment building, killed one of the kittens in order to bug him, Moses was enraged. He cried many hours for his fallen feline friend and swore his revenge. A few days later, he caught the little bastard on his way home from kindergarten and beat him senseless. He blinked at the punishment that he received from his parents, and pledged allegiance to the cat. Of course, when they moved, the cats did not move with them. He tried to visit them as often as he could, but it was eventually not enough. “Pspspspss, pspspspss,” he called to them, but after a few months, there were none to be found. Luckily, other events came to occupy his mind, and with masturbation around the corner, cats lost some of the weight that they had carried in his life, but their influence came back heavily, even if only for a short year.

The bomb shelter pussy rekindled his admiration for the cat. He fed her every day and protected her from the mean kids of his neighborhood. They were not always loathsome, though. He made a few friends and played with them every day after school, but eventually ended up not speaking to several of them for a while. His main antagonist was Dathan. Although a few years his junior, he managed to become the leader of the building kids. Moses did not covet the role, but detested Dathan’s hypocritical leadership. They always managed to reconcile their differences, but each time the price seemed somewhat higher. At one point, Moses swore to God that he would never speak to Dathan again. But after a few days, Dathan approached him asking for his forgiveness, which Moses refused to accord. But when a mutual friend conveyed Dathan’s request, Moses sent word that he would find a way to bypass his oath. And he rapidly did, quite inventively at that. He told Dathan, via the friend of course, that they would have to make a sacrifice to God and only then could they speak to each other again. Moses pointed out that the sacrifice had to be kosher, and declared that a bee would be perfect given that it gave honey and could therefore be considered kosher. They were seven to set out to capture one, which was quite easy. It was spring and they were buzzing all around them. Moses caught one in a plastic bag and they sacrificed it to God by cutting off its tiny head. Moses mumbled a short prayer, and he and Dathan were friends once again.

He even had her sleep inside one night when his parents were away. They had asked Leo

to sleep over with him, thinking that he would be afraid by himself. But Moses quickly thought of the cat. Finally, he could have a pussy for an entire night. Leo did not mind the cat. He had already helped Moses to get her into the apartment. He would lower his schoolbag attached to a rope, and Leo would put the cat inside. Moses would then pull the frightened pussy one floor up and enjoy her company till the advent of his bedtime. He would then lower his cat bag again, this time to let the pussy prow into the night. Leo, the kid cat killer, had become a young cat sympathizer. Moses was joyous that night. He did not have Betty's pussy to play with, but he had a pussy, nonetheless. He kept caressing the pussy long after Leo was asleep. And when he was finally beginning to slumber, he could still feel the pussy fumbling his hair and ear. He must have dreamt of many pussies, both hairless and furry.

The pussy had left a small puddle on the floor near the potted plant, which Moses hurried to get rid of before his parents' return. After Leo had left, he still spent a few joyous hours with his pussy, growing reminiscent of the good old days with his clan of cats. There were a few dogs in his former neighborhood, but they were greatly outnumbered by the free feline fortitude. When their masters let them loose for a while, the dogs avoided the pussy stronghold. Moses was quite proud of this anomaly. In strength and endurance, after people came the cats, and he would not have minded the contrary. On many occasions, he found himself admiring the cats even more than his own kind. He loved to observe their unspoiled behavior, and was always eager to discover a new character trait. He remembered the first time that he had seen a pussy piss. She looked for a sandy spot in the ground, and upon finding one, smelled it for some buried treasure. Approving of the place, she began to dig a small hole with her frontal paws, and then made sure that no one was nearby to intrude upon her private moment. During her feminine off-loading, she noticed Moses and became quite uncomfortable by his presence. He pretended to leave, but returned to find her covering the hole with some sand while recording the scent of her offering. She then slowly left the place, looking back as if mourning its potential vulnerability.

The source of his fundamental fancy for cats proved to be their claws. At first, he was only taken by their mechanical genius. He loved to watch them appear and disappear like lightening. He even imagined his hands equipped with such retractable claws. They represented a sixth sense for the cat, which he wished to have also possessed. The sheer power that they sported and the pain they could inflict sent shivers along his slender spine. Moses' mind was mesmerized by their perfection. When the cat was resting, he would press upon one of her frontal paws, thus triggering the appearance of the claws. He was, at least, able to pretend to be a cat at those memorable moments. He also groomed them. Though the cat did her best by sharpening them, he gave them the final touch. He removed all the grime that had accumulated around the covered upper part of the claw, thus revealing even more hidden power. This time around, he also discovered another fascinating aspect about them. Besides inflicting pain, their sharpness, carefully harnessed, could trigger pleasure. Apparently, he had found the tactile affection rarely received from his mother in this exploratory manipulation of the cat's innate wealth in that domain. He had tried to get it from people before settling for cats. He used to play with his father's callused hands. He loved the sensation of his dry skin rubbing against his starving fingers. When he took his father's less laboring left hand into his admiring right one, he would move his index finger against his father's thumb, thus creating



friction that produced pleasure. When his father was unavailable or unwilling, he would take anyone's hand, be it the surprised neighbor or the mystified visitor. As long as he was youthful, he could get away with such an act. On the other hand, once a month, his father needed his help cutting the fingernails of his right hand. Like Moses, he was right-handed and had difficulty getting rid of that hand's month-old yellowish nails. As a kid, Moses did not mind helping his father with that cleansing activity, but as he grew older and fonder of them, he had acquired an aversion for that monthly ritual. His father seemed to have understood his son's dislike and had eventually learned how to do it by himself. Moses was glad that he no longer had to serve as the instrument of his father's nails' demise.

He knew the meaning of fingernail fatality firsthand. He started to bite his nails around the age of six, but he never swallowed. He loved to use his teeth for that soon to be dreadful activity. When he was somewhat conscious of his admiration for them, he still could not stop his continuous nail biting. He found them to be extremely inferior to the cat's claws, and decided that if he could not have claws, he did not need nails, perhaps hoping that his biting would eventually turn them into claws.