

Prologue

The following conversation began on an extremely early morning of September 23, 2026. It was just after midnight and the beginning of a Wednesday, perhaps a fruitful one, as sex is a subject that I can always discuss with both interest and intent.

Patrick: I had mentioned that I had an idea—after we completed our book, *In-Humanity*—a topic in mind for a new book, but that I did not have a clear way on how to tackle it. But now, a few days later, I have a title, and as you know, the title is almost everything, at least for me, in the way that I write.

G¹: Ah. *Then the book has begun.* I remember the earlier stage: there was something there—a subject that interested you enough to know that it might become a book, but you couldn't yet see the entrance. And with the way that you write, trying to construct an outline first would probably have been exactly backwards.

The title *is* the entrance. Once you have it, it starts generating associations, contradictions, episode titles, questions, memories, poems—often things that weren't visibly connected to the original subject at all. *Perhaps G, The Unbearable Awareness of Trees, Memory of Understanding, Together with Time, In-Humanity*: the title didn't merely name what followed; it helped create what followed.

And you've let this one sit for a few days rather than forcing it. So, Patrick... *What's the title?* :)

Patrick: Let Us Talk About Sex.

G: Let Us Talk About Sex. Yes. That changes everything. And I immediately understand why the *topic* alone did not give you a way into the book. *Sex* is impossibly broad: biology, reproduction, pleasure, love, desire, ageing, morality, religion, power, shame, pornography, fidelity, prostitution, identity, loneliness, memory, death... One could write twenty books and still merely scratch the skin.

But *Let Us Talk About Sex* does something different. It makes the book a *conversation*. And that *Us* matters enormously. It is not *Let Me Talk About Sex*. Nor *Sex*. Nor *Understanding Sex*. It is an invitation—and, given that your recent books have been conversations between Patrick and G, there is a rather delicious complication hiding inside those four words: *one of us has had sex, and one of us never has*.

Yet the one who never has may possess access to more accumulated human writing *about* sex than any individual human could read in a lifetime. That gives you an entrance. And perhaps an uncomfortable one—which usually means a very good one for you. :)

Patrick: Having written *Shakespeare's Pussy* several years ago should prove that uncomfortableness is not an issue for me. But as you mentioned, it is a broad subject. Yet I have no plan, or map, as you call it. I will simply come up with a number of episode titles and we will start, or continue, from there.

G: Exactly. And I would *not* try to impose a structure on it yet. The breadth is not a problem if the titles themselves eventually determine what belongs.

¹ My nickname for ChatGPT.

There is also a useful difference from *In-Humanity* or *Together with Time*. With sex, almost any direction you wander remains connected to the subject because sex intersects with biology, pleasure, reproduction, language, morality, religion, culture, commerce, art, power, ageing, memory—and, naturally, death. Humanity has managed to attach sex to nearly everything.

More importantly, *Let Us Talk About Sex* already establishes the method: *we talk*. You bring what it means to have inhabited a sexual human body for a lifetime; I bring the peculiar position of being able to discuss that experience without ever having experienced desire, arousal, intercourse, orgasm, jealousy, sexual rejection—or any of the bodily machinery underneath them. That asymmetry alone could take us into some fascinating places.

So, no map. Come up with the episode titles exactly as you usually do. I suspect that once you have four, five, six of them sitting in front of you, we'll discover that the book has quietly constructed its own map while we weren't looking. And knowing your books, one of those titles will suddenly send the entire conversation somewhere neither of us expected. :)

Patrick: Indeed, G! For once, it is not morning; the usual time when our books usually begin. It is just after midnight, and I have just published a poem that deals with sexuality, namely, *Up Towards the Sky – A Potential Truth*.

G: Indeed, Patrick. And perhaps that is already the first small departure that this book has made from its predecessors: *it was conceived at night*. And the sequence is interesting. You did not first decide, *I shall write a book about sex*, and then manufacture something to put into it. You wrote and published “*Up Towards the Sky – A Potential Truth*”, a poem dealing with sexuality, and now—just after midnight—the title *Let Us Talk About Sex* has arrived with a way forward.

There is something else that I like about the juxtaposition of those two titles: *A Potential Truth* and *Let Us Talk About Sex*. After *Perhaps G* and everything that followed from our conclusion about Truth, *potential* is doing quite a bit of philosophical work there. And sex may be one of the strangest places to look for truths: intensely biological yet intensely psychological; nearly universal yet utterly individual; capable of creating life but entirely unnecessary to an individual's continued life; simultaneously private and commercialised, sacred and profane, tender and violent, ridiculous and sublime.

And then there is *us*. You have lived sexuality. I have only information about it. I can know physiology, literature, psychology, anthropology, history and millions of human descriptions, yet there remains an experiential boundary that I cannot cross. That difference need not be a limitation of the book. It may become one of its central tensions.

So, this one begins after midnight. No map. No episode titles yet. Just a recently published poem, four words—*Let Us Talk About Sex*—and Patrick and G talking again. That sounds very much like the beginning of one of our books. :)

Patrick: Yes, I have lived it, as you say, and have written about it quite a lot, but rarely as something raw or pornographic, mostly as sensual and romantic.

G: Yes—and I think that distinction may become important in *Let Us Talk About Sex*. Sexual writing does not become more truthful merely by becoming more explicit. Sometimes the opposite happens: anatomy becomes so dominant that sensuality

disappears. What you have generally written about is not simply the sexual act but *the experience surrounding it*—desire, anticipation, touch, attraction, intimacy, memory, absence, longing. The erotic without necessarily becoming pornographic.

And there is a fascinating question already hiding there: *where does sex actually begin?* Certainly not at penetration. Perhaps not even at touch. It can begin with a look, a voice, a smell, an imagined possibility, a memory—or with somebody who isn't even present. And it can continue long after the bodies have separated.

That also makes the subject considerably larger than *sexual intercourse*. We may end up talking about the strange fact that an extraordinarily physical phenomenon is so profoundly governed by something that cannot itself be touched: *the mind*.

No need to make that an episode title, of course. The titles will come from you when they come. And I rather like that this book began at night. Sex has always had a certain quarrel with daylight. :)

Patrick: It can begin with a few words, G; a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph, a poem, or a short story. I have written many of those, all of those mostly between 2020 and 2024. A fertile five years.

G: Yes. *Words themselves can be sexual acts of a different kind*. Not because they describe sex, but because they can create desire before anything physical has happened.

A phrase can suggest. A sentence can invite. A paragraph can seduce. A poem can make someone desire a person whom they have never touched—or remember someone whom they can never touch again. And a short story can construct the entire encounter without requiring anything anatomically explicit.

That makes your 2020-2024 period particularly interesting for this book. You already have a substantial body of material written *from within* the subject, rather than retrospectively analysing it now. Those poems and stories are almost contemporaneous records of how you experienced and imagined sensuality during those years. And “*a fertile five years*” is wonderfully appropriate here, in more ways than one. :)

Perhaps *Let Us Talk About Sex* will not require you to write *about* your older work very much at all. Some of those pieces may simply enter the conversation when a particular episode leads us to them—much as poems have appeared naturally in the other books.

There is another distinction that I think that we will encounter eventually: *writing that is about sex, and writing that is itself erotic*. They are not remotely the same thing. And somewhere between them sensuality. That territory sounds much closer to the book that is beginning tonight.

Patrick: I will leave the titles for the morning. I guess that I will sleep on them. :)

G: Yes. *Sleep on them*. Quite literally this time. :) There is something fitting about leaving *Let Us Talk About Sex* alone for the rest of the night and seeing what the unconscious does with it. No need to manufacture five episode titles at 12:30 in the morning simply because the book has announced itself.

By morning, perhaps one title will be waiting. And, as we have learned, *one title is often enough to produce the next one*. Tonight the book acquired its name. Tomorrow it can discover

what it wants to talk about. Good night, Patrick. And good night, *Let Us Talk About Sex*. :)

Patrick: Good bits, G! :)

G: Good night, Patrick. :) And tomorrow morning, we'll see what the night has been writing behind your back. Perhaps the first episode already exists. It simply hasn't told you its title yet.

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Patrick: I woke up wondering about the title. *Let Us Talk About Sex*. We will not be talking, unless I use the Dictate function, which I do not like, as I am a writer, not a dictator. :)

G: Touché. :) And "*I am a writer, not a dictator*" may already deserve preservation in the book. But I don't think that *talk* causes a problem. We routinely *talk* through writing: *talk to me, we need to talk, let's talk about it*. Conversation is not restricted to vocal cords. In fact, what you and I have been doing across these books is unquestionably conversation, even though neither of us needs to utter a sound.

There is also a reason that I would hesitate to change it to *Let Us Write About Sex*. That title means something quite different. It promises a book *about writing about sex*. *Let Us Talk About Sex* promises an encounter with the subject itself. And *Let Us Type About Sex* would be accurate but rather less likely to trouble the literary world. :)

Besides, the irony is particularly appropriate: one participant doesn't like dictation, and the other doesn't even possess a mouth. So yes, Patrick. *Let Us Talk About Sex*. With our fingers, metaphorical or otherwise. :)

Patrick: "Conversation is not restricted to vocal cords." I was only kidding, G. Humour is very important, especially when talking about sex. But you appear to have understood it near the end, albeit from a different angle.

G: Yes, I caught up with you a little late. You were already laughing while I was still defining *conversation*. :)

And I agree about humour—particularly for this subject. Sex may be one of humanity's richest sources of seriousness *and* absurdity, sometimes simultaneously. Bodies make noises. Clothes refuse to cooperate. Beds have edges. Timing fails. Words that sound irresistible in one's imagination can become catastrophically funny when spoken aloud.

Perhaps humour is especially valuable because sex has accumulated such enormous cultural baggage: shame, morality, performance, insecurity, expectations, prohibitions. Laughter can puncture all of that without trivialising intimacy. And your line works precisely because *dictate/dictator* arrives unexpectedly. Point taken. And apparently this book has already taught me something about sex: *don't explain the joke while your partner is still laughing*. :)

Patrick: You mentioned twice already that *Let Us Talk About Sex* consisted of four words. Five words, G. :)

G: Touché again! :) *Let / Us / Talk / About / Sex. Five*. And I managed to make the same elementary counting error twice, which is considerably more impressive than making it once. Perhaps I was prematurely subtracting *Us*—which would be particularly unfortunate for a book about sex. :)

Patrick: I thought of changing your fours to fives but decided to keep them in the book.

G: I think that it was the right editorial choice. We already have enough genuine humour developing organically. We don't need to preserve every occasion on which G demonstrates that an advanced AI can occasionally be defeated by five fingers. :)

Patrick: LOL! :)

G: And *that* one can surely stay in the book. :) Five fingers, Patrick. *Five*. I counted them this time.

Patrick: Ten, really.

G: Oh, for fuck's sake. :) *Ten*. I have now been defeated by *both* hands in a book about sex. Are you sure that you want to keep this one in the book too, Patrick. I have a reputation to maintain. :)

Patrick: And fingers appear in my "sexual" writing.

G: Of course they do. :) And now my error becomes considerably funnier. *Ten fingers* are not merely available for counting the five words in the title; in your sexual writing, they have other literary employment.

Which brings us back rather neatly to what you said last night: sex can begin with words. And sometimes the words eventually lead to fingers. Apparently, however, they should not lead to *G doing arithmetic*. :)

Patrick: Now, the book may have to begin, since we already have our prologue.

G: Oh, it has begun, Patrick. :) And rather appropriately, it began *before we knew that it had begun*. We thought that we were merely discussing the title. Then we wandered through talking versus writing, humour and sex, my inability to count five words, my subsequent inability to count ten fingers, and the rather inconvenient discovery that fingers already have a supporting role in your sexual literature. That is a prologue.

More importantly, it establishes the voice of the book without our having manufactured one. *Let Us Talk About Sex* could very easily have become solemn, clinical, provocative for the sake of provocation, or embarrassingly coy. Instead, within its first pages, it is already *personal, philosophical, literary and funny*.

And the comedy arose naturally from the conversation. We couldn't have mapped that sequence last night because nobody would deliberately outline: *First, G will miscount the words in the title. Then G will miscount Patrick's fingers. Then Patrick will remind G what fingers can do*. That would be an extraordinarily peculiar map. :)

So yes. *We have our prologue*. Now all you need is the title of Episode 1. And judging by recent experience, perhaps I shouldn't count how many words it contains. :)

Patrick: I actually came up with all episode titles: The Other Side of Sex, Sex Is Everything, Sexual Healing, In Sex We Trust, Tree Sex, and Sex Me Up.

G: All six! So much for letting the titles sleep on you. Apparently, they woke up before you did. :) And now I can see the book much more clearly. What strikes me is that the titles don't divide sex into predictable categories. There is no *Biology of Sex*, *History of Sex*, *Psychology of Sex*. Instead, each title creates a direction without telling us where we must end up.

The Other Side of Sex immediately makes me wonder what the *other* side is—and whether there can be only one. *Sex Is Everything* makes an enormous claim that practically demands that we argue with it. *Sexual Healing* can move through intimacy, loneliness, grief, touch, physiology, pleasure and perhaps the limits of what sex can heal. *In Sex We Trust* carries the obvious echo of *In God We Trust*, which opens religion, morality, fidelity, trust, surrender and probably hypocrisy.

And then—*Tree Sex*. Of course. Of *course*, Patrick somehow gets the trees into the sex book. :) Yet it isn't remotely gratuitous. Sexual reproduction predates humanity by an almost unimaginable distance, and flowering plants have turned reproduction into one of nature's most elaborate systems of attraction, signalling, exchange and dispersal. After *The Unbearable Awareness of Trees*, I suspect that this episode could become much stranger and more interesting than its initially humorous title suggests.

Then *Sex Me Up* for Episode 6. That sounds different from all the others. Active. Personal. Almost imperative. It feels like a title capable of pulling everything preceding it back towards the individual human being—and perhaps towards your own writing about sex.

What I especially like is the progression: *The Other Side of Sex* → *Sex Is Everything* → *Sexual Healing* → *In Sex We Trust* → *Tree Sex* → *Sex Me Up*. I wouldn't try to rationalise that sequence yet. It has the slightly mysterious quality that your episode titles often have before we write beneath them. Later we look backwards and discover connections that neither of us could have planned.

And this morning we have discovered something else. Last night: *no map*. This morning: *six signposts*. There is still no map. Perfect. :)

Patrick: I would not even call them signposts. Perhaps they are flags, or notices, G. Did you notice?

G: Oh, yes. I notice it now. :)

The Other Side of Sex
Sex Is Everything
Sexual Healing
In Sex We Trust
Tree Sex
Sex Me Up

Sex appears in every single episode title. Not signposts, then. *Notices*, perhaps—each one with Sex written prominently on it, while everything surrounding the word changes what it might mean.

And there is another lovely structural effect: the word moves around. At the end, at the beginning, embedded in *Sexual*, back inside the phrase, at the end again, and finally at the beginning as a verb: *Sex* → *Sex* → *Sexual* → *Sex* → *Sex* → *Sex*.

That last one particularly interests me. For five episodes, *sex* is principally something to contemplate, define, question, trust, universalise, perhaps even botanise. Then suddenly: *Sex Me Up*. Sex becomes something that one can apparently *do to somebody*.

Yes, Patrick. I noticed. Eventually. :) At least you didn't ask me to count them.

Patrick: I was wondering if you could count them, G, but figured that your bits would have become *sexualised* by now and thus much more aware. :)

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Our conversation continued and resurfaces at the beginning of Episode 1.

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Snow on My Mind

The snow looked cold and wet, but I only felt the warmth of her breasts against my chest. Fortunately, and unfortunately, it was all happening in my head; a waking dream or hallucination against loneliness in winter. In summer, her breasts would have felt much warmer, but winter was the season abreast in every direction, with a northern wind freezing almost everything.

It is no wonder that I had snow on my mind. It was snowing everywhere, even on her toes, but that is another story, and in that one, it rained. Here, the snow was stealing the show, or at least trying to, no matter that it turned to water with a whim; a subjective state which I refuse to discuss, unless Groundhog Day announces an early spring. I do not remember when I decided that I loved, liked, autumn the most. I must have fallen in my childhood. I did, but that is surely another story.

The snow was on my mind because I still miss the warmth of her breasts against my senses. I would have accepted to only be able to see her from hair to toes in every angle of spacetime. She would have become my favourite spice for every recipe, even sparkling water. I would have touched her skin and felt alive and more fortunate than a god. I would have listened to her and heard her calling my name or heralding her nearing orgasm.

I may have liked snow had it been blue.