

Search for a SexxBomb! It's Ass to Ass!

Dear Diary,

This summer felt like a rash. An impetuous burn — somewhere between sun-scorched flesh greased in cheap oils and perfumes, and the faintly rotting freshness of a supermarket trout. I spent most of it lying in bed, on a filthy beach, or shivering in a cold tub. My screen time soared, as if I were scavenging for a valid reason to stand upright again. My purse overflowed with receipts from the bar next door — damp paper rolls, loose tobacco crumbs, the detritus of wasted nights. *I'm a mess*, I thought. According to Mum, I had become unbearable thanks to the heat and my lack of sex. Bla-bla-bla. I couldn't feed myself, and I was drop-dead frustrated. What the actual fuck?! Holidays are boring, and I miss my friends in the summer.

Even though I spent hours scanning the horizon, waiting for just enough adrenaline to nourish my neuroses, all I harvested were sweaty palms and spinning eyes. From dusk till dawn I replayed the same song on my iPod, twining the cable around my fingers the way I once tied cherry stems with my tongue to impress my high-school boyfriend with my blowjob credentials. *Oh chéri, j'en ai rêvé. Oh mon amour, je t'ai aimé*. In a sky full of stars, from a downtown boogie rave to a hyperactive techno junkie club, I was the loneliest, most misunderstood bitch alive, singing along with the nasty little voice in my head. I miss my friends so much in the summer. Paris felt distant and alien. I knew where home was, but I couldn't stitch the ends together to make it feel safe anymore. Reality was defeating me — and that's when I met Spice.

Spice was a place like nowhere else. I wasn't frightened by its hypocrisy or its lurking dangers. My heart beat inside a golden cage, my wildest thoughts hidden from outside eyes. Spice was the only place where I belonged — a home away from home. A sanctuary where living itself was the ultimate act, the purest grace existence could offer. The here and now, stripped of past and future, detached from any timeline, checklists, and routine. Time turned ethereal, abstract yet blazing. We weren't people there, but impressions of them — minds, tongues, hearts slipping into one another until something intricate and prismatic rose from the ashes. Love seemed possible. Not expected, not demanded — but a potentiality, shimmering in a collective hallucination.

After weeks of aching for connection, I finally got my chance. I lunged for my laptop — the one Dad had locked away in some imaginary Swiss bunker. Like a rabid rat I snapped the lock with my teeth, gnawed through the chain until only the tang of iron lingered on my tongue. It reminded me of eating Spectra the other night. She with her feathered lashes, her eyes like wild birds. Sumptuous, free, glowing in the dark. Later, as I smoked alone under the stairwell, she dragged me back to her the way she always did, pulling me like a foster puppy into her orbit until dawn. If Dad kept the laptop hidden, it was because I spent too much time cloistered in my bedroom. What a rat. As if he had the faintest idea what safety meant in this house. Sometimes I feel so hopeless, so misunderstood. *Au cœur de la nuit, tu viens me chercher. Le Paradis est loin, mon bateau échoué*. I miss my friends terribly in the summer, and I don't know what could bring them back.

The cocaine cowboys were still asleep. Bongo Joe wasn't answering anymore. I think I fell in love with him and the idea of falling is making me sick. I wanted to curl up against his skeletal ribs and feel the sharpness of his thoughts piercing my skull. *Et au bal des étoiles, je vais danser*. Summer often feels like a long illness we're all condemned to endure together. A quarantine — except everyone is thriving but me. *Sur le sable chaud, mon cœur s'est brisé. Tes baisers et tes lettres dans le feu ravagées*. Everything sounds more tragic in French, I thought, pressing repeat again.

Once I had broken free of that rusty chain, I finally connected to the wire and got to enter Spice. SexxBomb was back! Like champagne uncorked, I felt radiant, flawless, ecstatic at the thought of returning to Spice. I had missed the technicolor trees, the dusty kitchen tiles, the endless cloudy sky. Oh Lord, I missed my friends terribly, and I missed the taste of being fearless.

SexxBomb is my altered self. The one who can't breathe in the real world. She self-regulates easily, looks astonishing and brilliantly elegant. She has no coping mechanism nor thoughts of self-hatred and her favorite ice-cream flavor is almond sherbet.

When I walked into Spice, nothing felt the same. *Oh chéri, j'en ai rêvé. Oh mon amour, je t'ai aimé.* It was only August 3rd, but every door already announced that fun was happening somewhere else, far away. Summer was a moist gonorrhea lodged in a butthole — and I loathed it. After a full-on PMS breakdown, I rampaged through the aisles on yet another quest. If my friends were having fun, then so would I. Mile after mile, I knocked desperately, searching for anyone who could fill me with joy, passion, or at least distraction. I couldn't stop thinking of them. *DickSlaughter4501, BonnieDancingInTheNight, MarvelousDiamonds101...* all of them reveling without me. I felt abandoned, feral, misunderstood.

That isn't fair. SexxBomb wanted an Ass-to-Ass collaboration — a glorious implosion of this bloody universe and its mischievous décor — but all she got were empty glasses at some afterparty. Like a rat without a tribe, I wandered through the void of Spice, and the deeper I sank, the more it burned. As I was savagely typing on the keyboard, pressing left and right frantically and gasping for air while avoiding any summer suicidal thoughts, my sense of loneliness grew bigger and wider. My thighs were jumping underneath my desk and my knees were slowly scratching against the rough wooden plate, gently cutting my skin and leaving delicious scars. I caressed them softly with my middle finger, then brought it to my mouth to let my tongue swirl around it. It tasted like Spectra again, and I think we fell in love that night. As the taste of her lips and her hair slowly flooded my thoughts, my teeth were clenching around my fingers and I couldn't let go, while my other hand was sliding down my crotch.

Masturbation is known to be a true remedy for stress and PTSD while on a journey to recovery. The M-word, on the other hand, is a massive distress key for the M-world. Anyone who has read up to these lines has probably experienced a little quirk, imagining a desperate female body masturbating savagely behind a desk. I know — it is a painful thought to imagine that one can get herself off better than anyone else does, especially when it comes from a place of sorrow. Masturbation belongs to the M-world's aesthetics, and the M-world's aesthetics, in my opinion, belong to trash.

Female masturbation through the male gaze only serves a bilateral exchange but struggles to offer pleasure for its own sake. Knowledge of masturbation pretends to belong to some kind of third realm, which could be called the Unknown or Self-Knowledge, but it is erased from any shared resource records. Masturbation belongs to the M-world because it is imagined as a manic but perfect combination of so-called eroticism and self-awareness. Under the male gaze, masturbation is just another DIY task you could add to your résumé. It would be written like this: reliable, proactive, masturbated, self-made man.

It could brighten a very mediocre journey and push the candidate to the top of the list. It would lengthen life expectancy and grow the global GDP in a handshake. If European males shook their own dicks more often than each other's hands in public spaces, maybe some of us wouldn't have to masturbate to any violence-related idea.

The M-word is inclined to pursue its own destiny through the M-world and its belongings, while ideas of sex as a spectrum are growing wider and stronger. In the spectral area of these thoughts lies the idea that masturbating is an art. Wild images spin and flash through my mind while the climax — which most of the time looks and feels like an absolutely resplendent universe — rises strongly. While I pee myself and swallow my fingers to a post-war period playlist, I suddenly think of masturbation as an art. If masturbation is an art, can I call myself a brilliant artist?

