



A

Curt Eaton

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Sexual relations have always been a popular subject for humanity to document—from the Neanderthal cave paintings to Etruscan erotic artwork on the walls of Pompeii; from the pornography empires of Larry Flynt and Hugh Hefner to the billions of porn sites on the Internet.

A is Kurt Eaton's journal of his solo sexual experimentation and the sexual and romantic aspects of his relationship with the ghost of Audrey Hepburn. His graphic descriptions show that he has no qualms about sexual experimentation such as using "toys" by himself or with a partner. Because of his intensive study of Tantric sex Eaton is able to achieve what he calls "Body O's" (Body Orgasms) the sustaining of long-term orgasms with his entire body. In a journal entry dated March 6 1996 he writes "I'm leaning back on the couch in the family room in darkness at midnight relaxing in Tantric peace. My mind is empty body feeling nearly non-existent....Without any effort I finally slip into a long quiet body orgasm...my body floating among erotic clouds while my occasional mild yet majestic pelvic thrusts trip into empty air"

Colorful and lyrical esoteric writing moves *A* beyond the "the porno novel" nearly into the realms of fictitious erotic literature. But fiction is not enough for Eaton; he expects readers to take his book as seriously as the works of Henry Miller and Anais Nin and to gain as much spiritual enlightenment and instruction from his journals as one might from the Kama Sutra or manuals by Masters and Johnson. It is hard to take Eaton seriously when he writes entries like the following from March 27 1998: "My wife goes to a home-and-garden show...giving me a major experience with A...she presses me for action...I stack up the sofa cushions to make the love-bench planning to enjoy the new dildo during a more moderate session."

As the journal continues it becomes stranger: "For momentary convenience I piss in a handy wine glass on the counter...an image of A appears...she wants to pee a bit in the glass too."

The entry continues graphic and disturbing with references to "nipple enhancers" and a "butt plug."

Passages like these fill the entire book—some more graphic than others. Depending upon the reader *A* could be taken at face value as the confessions of a sexually uninhibited man who truly believes that he had a relationship with the ghost of Audrey Hepburn but some readers may consider *A* nothing more than a perverted exhibitionist's attempt to disguise his sexual fantasies as a spiritual guidebook and testimony to strange love. Either way *A* is a unique book.

LEE GOODEN (January 9, 2009)

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