

*The Subhuman and the Masseuse: Feefee and Valerie*

By Lawrence C Chin

First written 2006, revised March 2010, completely finished April 2010. Slightly revisions afterward.

**The Subhuman and the Masseuse  
“Feefee and Valerie”:  
My acquaintance with “Marie”**

By

Lawrence C. Chin

(An experience of mine from  
January 2005 to March 31 2006)

The following is my late 2009 rewrite of the unfinished and unrevised narrative I wrote from early to late 2006 recounting my experience with Marie in the third person mode. I gave myself here the nickname of Feefee (whence came the name “The Feefee blog”) and nicknamed Marie “Valerie”. “Valerie,” because it starts with a V, just as her masseuse name (“stage name” if you will) at Octopussy starts with a “V”. Danny's “real name” (or at least the name by which we called him at “Octopussy”) is “Corey”; and Corina's, “Nancy”. It should be said that the rewrite is only to smooth out grammar and wording and touches nothing of its original substance. The philosophy and opinions embodied in this essay, for example those about the industry in question and gender and racial relations, are no more than my point of view at the time of early 2006 and no longer reflect my point of view as of late 2009, when my experience with the Department of Homeland Security has significantly changed all my points of view. I'm aware that these opinions are in many ways the reverse of the common political correctness and may very well sound unpleasant from time to time, but please don't hold me accountable for them, for, if you ask me today, I will tell you that I do think my life and the world will be much better off if only womankind rules the planet.

My main objective in this narrative is to offer you an inside view of various kinds of human psychology – especially mine, the sick kind, the psychopathology of a male Borderline Personality Disorder, of his cycle of idealization and devaluation. What I would wish from the readers is the objective attitude of a clinician, simply to learn about the working of this psychopathology without making judgment or making fun of it, just as I beg the truly sympathetic reader when she or he should go through the opinions about the industry in question and gender relations and so on to refrain from passing judgment or enter agreement or disagreement but to simply learn a particularly alien point of view and see how it might have originated.

Psychopathology, that is, this story is not about a winner but about a loser. Please respect the courage to tell it, and the talent required to tell it. This story is about psychology, about the industry in question, and then about something else.

Beyond its examination of the intricate psychologies of various types of personality, this story – told truthfully as much as I can remember it – has tremendous historical significance. It is at the root cause of a series of events that would transform the world in a proportion never before seen in history. The “terrorist investigation” lurking in the background of this episode of Borderline obsession would eventually evolve into an explosive confrontation between the Central Intelligence Agency and Neoconservatism in the boundary of the United States, the most vicious conflict within the UN Security

Council, an even more vicious and sado-masochistic lawsuit in the International Court of Justice between China and the United States, and finally the defense of Russia in the International Court of Justice which would eventually engulf the entire planet. It would be very hard for you to believe all this.

## **The subhuman and the masseuse** Feefee and Valerie

The following story narrates a Feefee's obsession with a sex-worker. It is a true story, and only the names have been altered. The story is meant to be educational. It is firstly meant to educate you about subhumans. **Feefee is a subhuman.** The main theme of this story is his (ultimately failed) attempt to redeem himself from his subhuman status through a s e x-worker (**who is a superhuman**). There has never been a study about the "subhuman phenomenon." Although most people (in America, at least) have seen subhumans at some time in their life, their understanding of these less fortunate is usually superficial. This story is supposed to provide a detailed case study of subhumans' life. Besides this, this story can probably satisfy many people's curiosity about the inner workings of the sex industry (in one particular place in North America), and that is good too because the reality of the s e x business is quite different than the stereotypical images most people (who have had no experience of it) have about it. (But you have to remember that the s e x industry is radically different from countries to countries and regions to regions, and this story is only about one particular city in one particular country.) In particular, there have been many biographical accounts about the s e x-industry written by s e x-workers themselves, but there have been little written from the "consumers' perspective". Then, it also tells about the life of a particular s e x-worker, who was really an extraordinary person. Many women readers, however, might be disappointed, because the inverse experience of a subhuman male will contradict everything they have taken to be the natural order of things. They will not read about the sad exploitation of women by the s e x-industry or the terrible effects of the objectification of women in a s e x i s t society, but something very different. So they might as well stop here, unless they want to learn about the world from a radically alien perspective, if only to criticize and condemn it.

Human beings can be classified into three types: "superhuman", "middle human", or "subhuman". Feefee knew he was a subhuman. These categories of human beings were determined entirely by their social desirability, not by intellect, not by talent, and not by moral character. But social desirability means that subhumans can usually be distinguished by look. The subhumans are a group of eternal underdogs – the first oppressed, and at the deepest level of oppression. They have always existed since the first human societies and will always exist as long as humans live in society. They exist in every race, tribe, and nation; their existence cuts across every sort of human collective unit. But their existence only becomes conspicuous in modern societies. The more "advanced" the society, the more so. There are complicated sociological, anthropological, and historical reasons for this. The subhumans will always remain the underdog in whichever human collective they happen to find themselves in, because their very being is such that they are unable to band together to demand for themselves a tolerable, more "human" place in human societies. Humans, being social animals, by nature have an inkling about the presence of this lower grade people among them, but never a precise knowledge. Throughout history, many have attempted to name them, but always misidentified them in the end, with tragic consequences. The most famous case is of course the Holocaust: the Nazis mistakenly thought

that the “subhuman kind” necessarily corresponded to an entire ethnic group in a whole-sale manner, and the “superhuman” kind another. This is the most common mistake. In any ethnic group (Jewish, Germanic, Slavic, Chinese, or whatever), there are a small percentage that are superhumans, a large percentage of middle humans, and then another small percentage of subhumans. Like the Bell Curve. In other words, kind of like the distribution pattern of mental illness, though the two are not the same. The problem is that there has never been any study to explain once and for all what exactly constitutes a “subhuman” – or a “superhuman” for that matter. Each new generation gradually learn of their presence in a vague manner. The following narrative is supposed to bore out what exactly constitutes a “subhuman” – or a “superhuman” for that matter. What never needs elucidation is the “middle human”, since that’s just what most of you are.

The story took place in one of the strangest cities in the world, Montreal. Feefee, besides being a subhuman, was a colored person. He came from Los Angeles to Montreal in the midst of the cold winter of early 2005 for some school purposes; he was already reaching mid-thirties, grotesquely skinny in an obese world, with a pair of thick glasses and a quiet personality. He had been forever depressed – a typical life-cycle trait of a subhuman. He had no stable employment, had dropped out of graduate school long ago, and spent most of his time either surfing the Internet, studying on his own, or writing bunch of esoteric stuff. His family had practically disowned him, which didn’t bother him that much, because he despised them anyway. He had only one friend in his life, and this was his best friend. (He had more friends before, but throughout the years he lost them all.) His only other significant other was his psychologist. He was extremely close to both of them, though. Remarkably, he had known them both for ten years (and there weren’t many doctor-patient relationships nowadays that had lasted a decade.) These – lacking a stable job, having no friends, and spending a lot of time in the library reading, writing, or surfing the Internet alone – are the other characteristics of subhumans. Life in Los Angeles was okay for someone like him, for Los Angeles was without doubt **the** home of the subhumans on earth: with the highest concentration of the subhuman population and where the subhumans were best treated on the planet. As an introverted and intellectual nerdy colored sub-person, Feefee was naturally unattractive to the womenfolk, and had had very few experiences with the opposite sex in his life and never a “girl friend”. This – the disconnection with the opposite sex – is the most important identifier of a subhuman. He did have the habit of frequenting strip clubs, etc., back in California, but not to much extent. As a subhuman, his contact with the opposite sex could only come from professionals. Montreal attracted him partly because all those neon signs with the big word “sex” on them filled the streets. Several months after arrival, when he was done with the school business, he thought he might start exploring the reality behind these neon signs.

Montreal is the definitive sex-capital of North America. It is made more exotic by its French culture, which, everyone knows, always seems to have some special tie with sex. The saturation of sex and paid sex in this town means that competition and availability have helped keep the price down, so that the cost of paid sex of all sorts is generally only about half to one-third of the cost of the same thing in the United States – and without much fear for police harassment. (Of course, the paradise was being during 2005 threatened by the devaluation of U.S. Dollar against the Canadian Dollar.) Feefee started frequenting this massage parlor which for the sake of convenience shall be called Club P,<sup>1</sup> a classy place with relatively higher pricing. But the girls working there were more beautiful than at other

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1 “Octopussy”, of course.

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places, and the place seemed more “colored people-friendly” than the other strip clubs or massage parlors, or so it seemed. That’s probably partly because it was located in the English part of the town, and all the girls there were required to know English. The place inside had a slightly dungeon-like atmosphere, kind of dark, big and spacious, with many different massage rooms each dedicated to a specific “cultural theme”. It was however only after a couple of unsatisfying encounters that Feefee met Valerie, the other main character of this story.

Valerie was French Canadian. She would within a month tell Feefee that she was 25 year-old, and Feefee would not know until more than a year later that she was in fact a lot older than that. (That was about one of the only few lies which Valerie, a person so adverse to lying, would have ever told Feefee.) Valerie was thin, with brownish blond hair, beautiful wide hips, but flat breasts. She was about 5 feet 5 and weighed probably 105 pounds. Despite her semi-breastlessness, Feefee found her slim body with wide hips extremely appealing, and her long face with sunken eye sockets and tall nose very beautiful. Feefee met her from the presentation (“line up”) during the fifth time he was at the Club in a late June summer night. He chose her because she seemed particularly friendly while shaking his hand. She did not have the air of arrogance or superiority (“I’m so hot and you lowly creature just can’t reach me”) which Feefee used to find in many sex-workers back home. His intuition would be proved right.

The sessions at this place were 30, 45, or 60 minutes, costing 55, 70, or 85 Canadian Dollar for the entrance, and then you had to pay the so-called “options” to the girl ranging from 20 to 90 dollar for the 30 minutes, and more for the longer sessions (maximally 140 for the hour). Feefee wanted to have someone he could masturbate on top of (dry humping, or simulation of intercourse) and so he always paid the maximum 90 in order to get it – and yet the previous girls weren’t so willing to give it. (Straightforward sex, or “full service”, was not legally allowed in public places like massage parlors. Although prostitution was legal in Quebec, it was only allowed in private residences.) But, during the first time with Valerie, when Feefee took the 30-minute session and paid the maximum for the option, she was very accommodating and did exactly what Feefee wanted and, more importantly, let him do the humping without any discomfort. He enjoyed, while lying face up on the massage table with only his underwear on, having her sit on his waist and massage his upper body and nipples. For once he got to shed his usual powerlessness in society and become king for 30 minutes. He would then ask her to lie down so that he could climb on top of her, rubbing against her thigh until he ejaculated inside his underwear while kissing her shoulder, neck, and cheeks. Kind of like simulating the romantic sex he saw in the movies. He usually preferred she keep her bikini on because it tended to accentuate the curves of her body. But later she would sometimes take the bras off to feel more comfy and he would of course say nothing. What particularly caught Feefee’s attention the first time with her was that she giggled when he attempted to kiss and suck her nose. She found him funny; that meant she liked her customer. Later they developed, as a substitute for lips-kissing (which she did not allow), nose-rubbing from side to side like how some Polynesians did to greet each other. It was mutually pleasing, their secret thing. Such was the routine for the first two months, and during this period he came to see her every Sunday night – the slow night Valerie liked to move her regulars to and when the bouncer assigned was friendly and easy-going.

It was total heaven for Feefee; he had never been so satisfied in his life. Each time after he came, he would gently rest his head on Valerie’s chest, the most lovingly comfy pillow, he thought. He had wanted a pillow like that all his life. He also liked to softly and slowly touch and caress her face, so

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beautiful, as if touching those precious and fragile sculptures left by the Greeks and Romans in the museum. Although back in the States Feefee had already made a pledge never to “worship” white women in such fashion – and never to feel sexual or romantic about them – so as to not give power away to this already privileged class of people, for now he had excluded “French women” from this because the Quebeckers typically behaved much differently than English-speaking white people. Later he would regret this, but that’s later. Valerie for her part did seem to enjoy this, always having her eyes closed, looking peaceful, and occasionally opening her eyes, smiling, to look at him, but then closing them again. At that time Feefee mistook her to be imagining her “other half” that had broken away while being humped and “worshipped”. Who is he? He wondered. Only later did he learn that Valerie simply had the habit of uncontrollably falling asleep when feeling comfortable.

In the beginning Feefee formed a certain scenario as to what her life was like and what kind of person she was – like the way people always needed to fill the hole of uncertainty or unknown with some content or certainty in order to feel comfortable and settled. At this time he knew nothing about her; after the sessions while she was cleaning the massage table and changing the towels he would ask questions about her family composition and whether she smoked, etc. The basic things. She had no siblings, she revealed, being the only child of much older parents: her mother had her during her late thirties. Somewhat unusual, Feefee thought. Quebeckers (or Montrealais) seemed quite different from the American way; Feefee was always surprised to see, while walking on the street, how many girls in their early twenties were already carrying babies around. Then, because she said she used to smoke but then quit smoking two times and now no longer smoked, he assumed she had maybe two children, guessing that women quit smoking frequently because of pregnancy. Perhaps she was just one of those typical Quebecker girls that got pregnant early with their boyfriends, and now either a single mother supporting her babies with sex work, or living with a boyfriend or husband. She also revealed that she grew up in a small town about 60 miles east of Montreal. At this point Feefee had the impression that Valerie was rather a shy or conservative girl, a “good girl” that didn’t over-party, was homely, and took good care of herself (and her dependents, maybe).

By the fourth time Feefee came to see Valerie she was visibly happy to see him, now becoming her regular. In the beginning Feefee jokingly asked her if she was married. She said she was involved with someone, but not married. So Feefee thought, okay, that ex that broke away was a sad affair for her, but now she got someone new. Still, who is it?

Other than “nose-kissing”, Feefee around this time had also developed the habit of playing with the large amount of hair on her lower arms while resting on top of her “after the storm.” Once when he commented “You have so much hair on your arms”, she laughed incessantly. Feefee had learned from past experience that white females frequently got entertained with this line.

Then, starting from the sixth session or so, Valerie started inviting Feefee to the back lounge to relax and chat after the session. The back lounge looked like a huge living room, with sofas, tables, and a large TV set with cable channels. This is how Feefee gradually came to know Valerie as a person. But this first time, however, Valerie was somewhat insensitive, busy talking with the bouncer Danny instead of with him. Danny always worked Sunday night, and he had been very friendly with Feefee every time when he received him at the door, seeing that this guy was becoming a regular. Danny was much more sensitive socially, and switched his conversation with Valerie from French to English, and

Valerie followed suit, both assuming that Feefee knew no French. But Feefee felt uncomfortable about being excluded, although he wouldn't show it, merely inserting a comment here and there such as how Danny was almost like Arnold Schwarzenegger in muscularity when Valerie was talking about those big muscles of Danny's. On top of that, Feefee felt timid about "taking" from Valerie, since all this was freebies. So Feefee excused himself after merely 20 minutes or so, not sure about how much he could take, even though Danny was saying, "No, stay as long as you like." When Feefee got up, Valerie hurried herself to get up also to walk him to the door, and on the way she explained that Danny was born in Montreal, half Italian and half English in descent, and spoke Italian as well as French and English. Days later Feefee developed the impression that Danny might just be the guy with whom Valerie was involved, since they seemed to be having a "moment". Feefee thought he was a sensitive soul capable of inferring a big picture like that from such minuscule "moment" on the surface, but, then, he would soon discover that his "impression" was completely erroneous.

Now something had Feefee wonder. During the session while he was resting his head on Valerie's chest they had a conversation where Feefee confessed his college degrees were in the humanities. This had Valerie concerned about his job prospect. She said she had two friends who studied human sciences like religions and stuff and now they were working at the MacDonal and supermarkets. Even after the end of the session she kept trying to dissuade Feefee from those unprofitable fields of study. Feefee at this time was "unemployed", since he was merely on student visa, without the legal right to work. Although these 30-minute sessions each converted to only about 120 USD, quite cheap in comparison with the ordeals back in the States, weekly visits meant around 5 to 600 USD or so a month, which became a financial burden to Feefee during this summer time of festivals and excitements when he was not that careful with spending his fixed monthly income. He had money to see her only because cheap rent left him something extra, but he was already dipping into his savings.<sup>2</sup> But why was she worried about his job? Was she considering him as a potential mate? This actually got Feefee excited. But no, unlikely. Not just because of Feefee's low self-esteem as a subhuman, but she was involved with someone – perhaps Danny. It seemed that she either was extending her sense of financial insecurity to him, or was starting to like him, and that a loser who just hanged around all day without work and responsibility was simply "aesthetically unpleasing."

The next time when Valerie invited Feefee to the back she was much more sensitive, concentrating only on him instead of on the bouncer. After all, she invited Feefee to the back for a chat because he was proving to be a regular, long-time customer and she wanted to reinforce the customer relationship by giving him a VIP treatment. It would then not make much sense to leave him out of the conversation. Feefee had the feeling that perhaps Danny had pointed this out to her, since he seemed to be much more socially experienced than she was. So, Valerie talked a bit about wars, about how the men of her grandfather's generation during World War II would hide in the woods to endure the snowy winter or cut their thumbs off in order to avoid the draft; and about how she feared a World War III might be looming under all this fuss about the war on terror, etc. She then mentioned some petty things like how her parents trained her for piano when she was young. Feefee naturally wanted most to know about her private life, and so asked her in a very tentative, non-intrusive manner, who her friends were.

There were (all names have been changed) Stéphane, her friend for 8 years and with whom she had lived before; François, a 30 year-old French Canadian, who might as well be considered her

<sup>2</sup> Feefee's tiny apartment on 1034 E. Sherbrooke cost only 350 CAD a month.

“boyfriend”, so she said, a sovereignist and working in computer whole-sale, and with whom she was currently living and whom she had known for four years or so; Diane, a 40 year-old French Canadian woman whom she knew for a year or so, but with whom, she said, “it was mostly a sexual thing”; and finally Dee, a 31 year-old guy of Southeast Asian origin who grew up in Texas but moved to Québec to join his family at the age of 20, and who now worked either in his family’s restaurant or occasionally in freelance construction. François was said to like Valerie very much and more and more, but Valerie said she liked him less than she liked Dee – but Dee, however, was said to not like her as much. At this point Feefee realized how wrong he was about Danny’s being her “One” and about her having children already. Then they talked a little about the conservative and religious climate in America. Feefee told her about how a female friend of his complained about the evangelical ladies on the street in Torrance condemning passerbys for wearing short skirt and asking them if they “fornicated”, etc., finally about the religious right’s fight to rid the world of abortion.<sup>3</sup> Valerie was alarmed about this, remarking that the trend in the U.S. tended to blow over to Canada in a few years. “No more abortion, then...” Perhaps she did get pregnant once (and so had to quit smoking) but then had an abortion, Feefee thought. This, as it would turn out, would be the only thing which Feefee guessed right about Valerie.

Feefee was completely wrong even in the other things. Valerie actually appeared to have unusually high sex-drive. She was not at all the reserved, homely girl he imagined. She said she did not believe in being with only one person at a time and for life; she did not believe in monogamy. She did believe that she should have one “main” partner with whom she should live and share life, but that she and the partner should also have the freedom to have (sexual) relationship with other people – either together at the swingers’ club, or separately, but always with the other person’s awareness. It turned out that she was seeing Dee on the side for sex about once a week for a year or so (“sex-partner”, that was his role). Other than that, she went to swing clubs either with François or with others (and she just went with Danny the week before) occasionally like once a month or less. By this time Feefee had spent hours at the back lounge sofa with Valerie already, and saw customers come and go, and Valerie and other girls go “present themselves” and come back. She actually didn’t get chosen that often, having on average three customers only (Feefee included) during this slow Sunday night. Not only did Feefee enjoy immensely Valerie’s company and learning about her life, but he also took great pleasure in getting to know how a sex club functioned and how other masseuses behaved “privately”. He would sit next to her forever if he could. But he thought he should leave, in order to keep cool – it’d be immature to glue oneself to people who were just nice to you out of business politeness – and also because he had started having deep feelings for her and idealizing her as some very important person – as he was going into another one of his old Borderline Personality Disorder episode – and felt a logical contradiction in freeloading from someone supposedly more important than yourself as if your needs were more important. This struggle inside Feefee for “logical consistency” would magnify to painful proportion later on.

During the end of their ninth session, Valerie suddenly took off her pantie to proudly show him her newly shaved private part, with her fingers pointing and explanations and everything, and then went on to clean the massage bed bare-ass. Feefee assumed it was because during their simulation of love-making he never requested Valerie take off her pantie that she now needed an audience for her proud accomplishment. So Feefee didn’t want to disappoint, but tried to be participatory, exclaiming what a

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3 The female friend of mine in question is Jennifer Wright.

show she was putting on when she was swinging her rear-end around while cleaning the bed. Valerie was all smile and happy.

As the hot August<sup>4</sup> came to an end, Feefee decided to follow his original plan and returned to California. Although he would like to stay in Montreal if only for Valerie, he had very little money left. He would not be able to see her weekly if he stayed; that was the only way to stop spending more than his fixed income. He wanted to get a job back home, getting out of that do-nothing loser status which Valerie found so distasteful, and only then should he come back to see Valerie. The last Sunday night of August when he came to see her at the club was therefore supposed to be the last night. Beforehand, on the afternoon of this day (or maybe of the day before: I can't remember), Feefee bought a cheap necklace in the Chinatown area and put it in a card as a good-bye gift for Valerie. When he arrived at the club this night he bought 45 minutes with Valerie instead, costing 70 Canadian dollar plus the 110 dollar he'd have to pay her inside. At the end when she started cleaning up, she took off her panties again. Feefee like last time tried to be a good audience and exclaimed that she was putting up even more of a show than last time. But this time Valerie seemed annoyed, and kept talking about the malfunctioning of the cleaning spray in order to change the subject. For whatever reason she wanted to show off her shaved private part, but she seemed to feel now that she had overdone it with Feefee's contrived participation and thus that she had made herself look like a slut. It was perhaps for this reason, Feefee feared, that she was not that enthusiastic afterwards in inviting him to the back lounge, and when they did sit together on the sofa she just kept rambling on about how when she was a child in the car with her parents, as they drove between cities in the winter, she saw nothing but the whiteness of snow. Feefee was quite bored by this, as he wanted to hear more about her life, rather. Only when he gave her the good bye card and revealed that he was about to leave the next day, did Valerie suddenly switch to a more "serious" conversation such as Feefee wanted (after she came back from serving a customer, that is).

This time Feefee learned that Valerie seemed to like only the kind of sex without emotional involvement, "sex for sex's sake." Or at least with friendly appreciation only but without romantic feelings, "sex for fun." She proudly proclaimed to have had sex with Stéphane three times but to have never considered him a "boyfriend", but only a friend, a good friend. "Sex for you is like hand-shake, huh?" Feefee responded with laughter, making a hand-shake gesture. "If I did not have sex with someone, then he is not my friend", so went her philosophy. Then she talked about her experience with her other lesbian friend, Annie, who was at Calgary at the moment getting a sex-change operation in order to become a man and thus to have more sex with women. (Good luck with that, Feefee thought, having condemned yourself to a life of involuntary celibacy and eternal struggle with your high sex drive that would be hard to satisfied.) Valerie told Feefee that, some years ago, the mother of a friend of hers noticed Annie was in love with her and told her about it, and this was precisely why she would never have sex with Annie. Although she was slightly bi-sexual, Valerie explained, she liked men more than women, just as her boyfriend François himself, although somewhat bi-sexual and having had sex with men, preferred women to men.

From this Feefee concluded that Valerie must have higher level of testosterone in her body than usual. He seemed to find confirmation of this in other tastes of Valerie. She didn't like romance movies (like "The English Patient") because these were "too slow". She liked "action movies" – something fast.

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4 Of 2005, of course.



And technologies and science fiction. Her favorite movie, instead, was “The Planet of the Apes”. She liked things “modern” rather than “classics” -- in exact opposite of Feefee. She also seemed to Feefee to have a sort of fetish for Asian physique, and that’s why she liked Dee: the smooth, hairless body and straight black hair. This was all guessing (see her comment about hair-removal, below), but she said explicitly that she liked the straight black hair of Asian guys. When she came into the room during this or the previous session she even mentioned that she wished her hair were not naturally curly but were long and straight like Asian women’s. Strange, for Feefee always wished his hair were naturally curly and preferred curly hair to straight hair. Valerie actually reminded Feefee of gay men, many of whom back in America liked Asians for precisely the same reason. And we know that gay men and lesbians were gay and lesbians because they had too much testosterone in their body.

Even Valerie’s general insensitivity to him Feefee attributed to her high testosterone level. In the beginning when Feefee would try that little personal chat with her after the session she would always keep rambling on about he didn’t know what: driving to somewhere, the look of country sides, English jokes in movies she did not understand, and so on. He of course smiled and tried to look like he was listening attentively, just as in ordinary social circumstances. Valerie thought that doing good service in her business meant socializing with customers also (right), and that socializing with customers meant keep talking about whatever to fill up the silence (wrong). As Feefee had often heard back home, the best way to create a liking for oneself in others was not to impress but to be impressed, not to appear smart but to make the other person feel smart, not to talk endlessly to avoid silence but to listen. When Feefee was once at a coffeehouse at the Telegraph street in Berkeley,<sup>5</sup> a wise man came to him and told him about the golden rule “to get laid”: don’t talk to impress the women, but “listen, smile – and (most importantly) agree”. Valerie seemed hyper all the time and when with Feefee she either continuously talked gibberish as “superficial socialization with customers” in bad imitation of a professional madam, or just started expressing her philosophy about things without solicitation and without paying attention to Feefee’s occasional interjection or need to bring up some other topic. But then this seemed very typical of “Montréalais” anyway, who seemed more simple-minded and fell way short of the American culture, where everyone was like a politician – never say what one wants to say or what is really in one’s mind, but only what is appropriate to the circumstances, whether to be politically correct or to keep comfort and avoid embarrassment during socialization. In other words, always only say what you think the other person wants to hear. Montréalais don’t play games, and don’t seem to know how, but are plain honest. Americans are much more “socially smart” or tactful. (Try especially a city like San Francisco.) Similarly Valerie never played games, and did not think about the option of lying or trickery when asked about her private life. (This would become important later on.) She was furthermore pretty self-preoccupied and showed very little interests in Feefee’s personal life or what he was thinking. But that had always been the way others would treat Feefee in whichever country.

This did not bother Feefee at all; given his social ineptness – he never had much interesting things to say in social circumstances anyway; he was just “boring” – he was naturally content with just being a listener. Normally that’s how he got that few people in his life to become friendly with him anyway: they found an ear in him, though as soon as they got a chance to go have fun, they’d just leave him to his solitude. But the present circumstance seemed worse: he didn’t gain much favor from Valerie by listening to her, because she just talked endlessly on, completely oblivious to the effort Feefee had

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5 That was about 2000 when I was still living in San Francisco

made in listening to her. What Feefee was happy about was the convenience that, given her insensitivity, she would never discover his flaws – *that he was a subhuman* – by interacting with him verbally. Her insensitivity, her hyperness, however, would make the inner beauty that would radiate out of her later on much more remarkable.

As for Valerie's "philosophy" which she frequently started expounding without solicitation, so far it always seemed to be about sex. At this beginning period Feefee had the impression that Valerie was obsessed with sex (again, perhaps because of her high testosterone level). Valerie never read newspapers and never watched the news. She did not read books. She disliked documentaries and watched mostly movies on her French cable. She had no interests in things intellectual or artistic. She had never traveled except to Cancun one time with François. She didn't know anything at all about what was going on in the world during this dangerous time. During the fifth or sixth session Feefee asked her about her age while resting on top of her. She was frank enough to reveal that she was on the threshold of becoming 26 (her sign was Libra, or *Balance* in French) – which turned out to be a lie, as said – but she wouldn't tell him where she went for school. At the time Feefee thought she was just guarding her private life. But during the previous chat she revealed that she was just finishing up the last semester of her Cégep (which was that two-year school between Quebec's three-year high school and three-year undergraduate college, and obligatory before entering university). In fact, the week before this last night was her first week of school. So she didn't hide the information out of privacy-concern, but out of embarrassment, it seemed. She was clearly behind in school. During this last chat Feefee asked her how her first week of school went – she said fine – and whether she met anyone new and interesting – she said no. She said she didn't talk to anyone in class and no one talked to her either. Why is that? Feefee asked. She said "Because I'm the oldest person in the class." She clearly felt ashamed that she had not been much of a school material – and in fact it was much worse than a 26 year-old who was still stuck in high school in America, for she was actually almost 33 year-old – and that she consequently ended up in the sex business. But Feefee couldn't give less a damn about university and all that "use your brain instead of your body" business. He was fascinated by her "world". Her "world" consisted of – friends aside – just sex. She had shaved her private part, because this was better for oral sex – you don't want the mouth to suck on a thicket of hair, because of bacteria... hygiene..., she explained. The sensations from the clitoris were also blocked.... On the other hand, we grew hair in order to create a forest-like environment so as to prevent bacteria's entry and ward off dirt.... At the end of the session in this last night she said she was presently undergoing laser hair removal to remove the "pussy hair triangle." She said she wanted to be like Asian people, completely hairless, and even to remove those hairs on her lower arms. (Feefee sort of objected to that, not because he so enjoyed playing with these hairs, but because he simply saw no need in spending the effort and money to fix such insignificant "flaw". But anyway that's how he came to think that she had a fetish for Asian physique.) Later in the fall she started letting her "pussy hair" grow again, according to the suggestion of a friend.... To grow or not to grow hair down there, that was a serious business for her and involved a whole series of considerations about hygiene and "sensation". The most important thing in life was "sensation", and that was why she worried about her sex-changing lesbian friend Annie, who had to remove the clitoris and paste it onto the tip of her new fake penis. What if she'd later discover the miseries of being a fake male – which might turn out to be even worse than the miseries of being a real loser male – and want to change back? She would have no more "sensations" because the clitoris, once removed, could not grow back, Valerie worried. "No sensations!" Valerie

repeated.

But her deadly practicality – or that sense of financial insecurity which Feefee always seemed to sense in her – refrained her indulgence in this central preoccupation of her life. She would like to be a sexologist, but – “There is no job”. “Job, job, job!” she exclaimed repeatedly. It puzzled Feefee why Valerie was so preoccupied with financial security when she was the richest among all her friends: she made approximately 3,500 CAD per month with her “most profitable profession” but paid only 225 CAD in monthly rent (her boyfriend paid the other half), had a old car, and on top of that paid no taxes because her income was under-the-table cash; but she nevertheless enjoyed free health-care (thanks to the Canadian socialist medicine, which means that “ordinary persons” have to pay half of their salary as taxes). Then, she also received free VD vaccines because of her status as a s e x-worker. In any case, she was on the quest for a “normal” profession she had no interest in, planning to go to that public university (where incidentally Feefee was studying earlier that year and experienced some blatant ethnicism)<sup>6</sup> to study either “accounting” or “nursing”. That would mean harder work for longer hours to earn less money, but “You can’t do this forever”, she justified. Feefee disagreed at the time. She could do this for at least another 15 years: middle-aged s e x-workers still got clients, he knew. But then, that’s because Feefee didn’t know Valerie’s true age. And Feefee so thought because he liked older women – and it was rather strange that he’d start becoming obsessed with Valerie who was, as Feefee erroneously believed, almost ten years his junior. Now, because Feefee (and his point of view) was always left out, he’d always get very annoyed when people devalued older women in favor of young women – “But *I am* attracted to older women... *Not everyone* thinks that older women are without appeal!” Much of this fuss, Feefee diagnosed, was motivated by the shame which Valerie carried about her job, and which not only came from society’s stigmatization of s e x work (we’ll talk about this later) but from somewhere else too. He’d learn about this later. And then it seemed that Valerie’s shame about her profession was partly reinforced by her shame about being behind in school. That was why she didn’t want to make friends in class, why she preferred to stay inconspicuous in class.

Also, at this last night, in the beginning when she just walked into the room, she asked Feefee what he did all day. Feefee said, nothing special, he went to the drum circle, then did some writing, and then came here. She was quite annoyed with this, a do-nothing loser’s response. It had Feefee speculate that if her shame led her to desire a 9-to-5 “responsible” existence, it also led her to detest a guy not leading such “responsible” existence as aesthetically unappealing, even though she was not looking for, and, with her profitable job, needed not, a “partner” to support her financially. In human history the “means” for an “end” so often becomes the “end” itself: originally women desired “responsible” men (having a stable job, financially secure) because they needed to be supported while weighed down by child-care or because they couldn’t work; but now, in these days of gender equality, when women can earn just as much money as men can at a normal job, they still like “responsible” men, not because they need financial support, but simply because these men appeal to their senses, just like being handsome. This is the best conclusion Feefee could get at right now, not knowing all the details of Valerie’s life.

This “last night” Feefee stayed at the lounge chatting with Valerie until like 3 AM. He had been at the club for almost 6 hours. At this time he started to experience that inner conflict – which he had had so many times before whenever he had a sort of obsessive liking for a female – between his interests in satisfying his needs and his liking for another person. On the one hand, as he saw that Valerie was a

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6 UQAM

particularly accommodating person and didn't behave as if she thought of herself as superior – which he found the sex workers back home often had the habit of doing – he started putting her on the pedestal and wanted to be able to “do things for her” – like self-sacrifice for someone more important – and he wanted not only to be especially considerate of her and respect her, but would also like her to notice his special consideration of her in order for her to become conscious of her “importance” – of which, it seemed, he was afraid, she was not. On the other hand, he wanted, or even needed, her presence, and so desired to be sitting next to her and didn't want to leave, hence becoming like a burden on her, as she, with her work ethic, tried to socialize with him and treat him like a VIP. How to deal with this contradiction?

But what this showed in addition was the great deal that money could buy here as compared with back home. 120 something US dollar had bought not only 30 minutes of “simulation” but also the hour-long friendly chat in the sofa lounge with free drinks and cable TV. And this was with the girl who really thought that by paying you were doing her a favor, and who thus was determined to serve you. Feefee remembered he used to do the same “simulation” with a stripper<sup>7</sup> in a fancy club in San Francisco in early 2000 which cost 200 dollar for merely 10 to 12 minutes of it, and it was common that the strippers back home thought that by getting paid they were doing you a favor. Calling up escorts in Los Angeles was the worst; most of the time it was just a scam: the girl came, with a mean-looking bouncer, took 200 dollar from you, then told you prostitution was illegal, and either just took off or asked you to masturbate in 10 minutes while looking at her – but no touching. Highway robbery. But here, in this place, the “traditional pattern of service” persisted.

In this first period, all of Feefee's conversation with Valerie was in English. Valerie didn't know that Feefee knew French (although the Parisian French he learned at school hardly enabled him to understand the strange country accents of Quebeckers). Valerie assumed, just like all the French speakers here, that an English-speaking person, especially from the United States, must be rich and stupid and could not possibly learn any foreign language. Valerie's English was however not always fluent, she having learned it in Ontario when living there for two years with her previous boyfriend S. (You'll hear more about this guy later.) During this time, because Feefee went to Club P every Sunday night, he developed the habit of jokingly calling the place “the church” while talking with his closest confidants back in the States,<sup>8</sup> and of calling Valerie “God” since he “went to church to worship God.” “Last night God did... God said...” “I love God.” “God is great.”

So the impression Feefee had developed of Valerie during this “first round” was: a happy, boyish, hyper, and somewhat immature (teenager-like) but kind-hearted and simple-minded girl who liked to have random fun s e x with friends and strangers (even “s e x-obsessed”). Only later would he discover that Valerie was much more complex and mature. After returning to California<sup>9</sup> Feefee didn't stay for too long. He couldn't stop thinking about Valerie, of all the people he met in that foreign land. In the beginning of October he finally decided to come back to Montreal despite his continual attachment to and sessions with Dr W during the month back home,<sup>10</sup> and upon coming he immediately started his “second round” of contact with Valerie.

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7 Namely, “Sally”.

8 Namely, Wes and Dr Deborah W

9 On September 1 2005

10 Deborah W

*The Subhuman and the Masseuse: Feefee and Valerie*

By Lawrence C Chin

First written 2006, revised March 2010, completely finished April 2010. Slightly revisions afterward.

The beginning of the second round had been troublesome. Valerie did not know that Feefee was coming back and was surprised to see him. The first two times she was visibly uncomfortable. The first time he saw her, the first Thursday night of October, everything seemed weird, the mood was just not right. He should have waited, he thought. See, sometime ago he had asked Valerie about her birthday, and he thought she said October 6, which was just this day. While in Los Angeles he bought a fancy key chain with laser flash imported directly from Japan as a birthday gift for her. He thought she might like it, given her comment about “technology and Japan.” But he felt he should keep a low profile, and coming to see her just on this Thursday night might make her think that he came all the way back just for her birthday, and that’d be too bizarre given that they weren't really in a real relationship. But he just couldn’t wait to see Valerie. Then, as soon as he walked in the door, it was not the same friendly bouncer Danny who received him but the blond female manager Corina looking at him with a mean face, unaware of who he was. He saw Corina before but that was a long time ago. Corina was one of the main person in charge of the place, half English and half Yugoslav (as he’d later learn), and she always looked mean. He had called the place while still in Los Angeles to make sure Valerie would be there and unfortunately it was Corina and not Danny who answered the phone. Feefee looked pissed too, and it was only when he asked for Valerie that Corina suddenly turned a smiling face, remembering his call. Feefee really didn’t like Corina at this time, not knowing how much he would appreciate her later. He nervously waited for Valerie, and when the person he so thought about in the past month finally walked in, strange, he barely recognized her. She seemed not that surprised, fortunately, but she warned him that they could not chat afterwards this night for Corina was very strict and didn’t like that. Of course Feefee already knew that, and was disappointed that Valerie would think him to be so inconsiderate of her situation. He gave her the birthday gift, but she opened it and accepted it without seeming to give slightest care about it, let alone being impressed by it. The lucky thing was that, as it turned out, this day (October 6) wasn’t her birthday, but eight days later, a Friday night when she’d still have to work. Feefee thought he’d better not show up and congratulate her – he was not “close enough” yet as to have that “privilege”. The old routine was followed during this night, but both when Valerie was sitting on him massaging his nipples and when she was being kissed, caressed, and dry-humped, she was visibly uncomfortable and was only trying to look pleasant: the impersonal good customer service kind of nicety that really annoyed Feefee, not the natural, “treating you like a friend because I genuinely like you” kind of nicety that he so enjoyed from her before. The worst thing of this night was that Valerie was wearing the necklace which Feefee had given her a month ago before he left, as you will see. Although Feefee left disappointed and nervous, he still hoped that when he came back Sunday night to resume their old schedule, things would revert to the way they used to be. But even during the Sunday night when he came back Valerie still tried surreptitiously avoid his kissing of her neck by lowering her chin each time he tried. Her eyes were closed as before, but this time this seemed to be due to discomfort rather than to enjoyment. Feefee was disturbed by this and tried diagnosing the causes afterwards. First, he had for some idiotic reason used that stereotype “Asian Culture Room” instead of the “massage demo room” they had always been using. It seemed to have embarrassed Valerie to remind her of her fetish; or perhaps she never had that fetish at all, Feefee wondered; it was all his misunderstanding and he was over his head in thinking that Valerie might have a “fetish for his body” and so ended up embarrassing her and making her uncomfortable. Well, Feefee had always felt insecure with his ugly look, his grotesque skinniness, and it had been so pleasant before when Valerie would caress and kiss his shoulder because, he thought, she liked that hairless body due

to her masculine taste. Maybe he had been wrong about all this.

Second, perhaps he had appeared weird, obsessive, like those sick psychos or stalkers. Maybe she thought that he had come all the way back just for her, a sex-worker in a sex club, that he had stupidly thought that she would be in love with her. The same embarrassing effect as the first one. Not just her, because when Danny received him this Sunday night he was equally uncomfortable, seemingly nervous about offending Feefee, trying to put on the best customer-service smile, and asking him how long he was going to stay in Montreal this time. Feefee felt very sad that even Danny seemed “afraid of him”. While he rested his head on Valerie’s shoulder blade, Feefee said in honesty she was such a “paradise”. Then she had to sing along the song to calm her discomfort. And after session she went out of the room and then came back and said, with that superficial, customer-service smile, she could not chat with him because she had some regular waiting who had bought a whole hour. He could wait, but she said “It’s going to be an hour”. She obviously didn’t want to sit and chat with him this night. The first Thursday night he left right after session because it was a busier night and it was Corina running the place. Now it was a Sunday night and he felt he had to leave too. So he left, feeling so bad afterwards because nothing could hurt his feeling more than becoming a discomfort to someone he liked and admired.

Feefee regretted about so many things, like giving Valerie the necklace. Even on Thursday night when she came in somewhat surprised Valerie was wearing that stupid necklace he left with her, as mentioned. It didn’t really fit her after all. She probably just left the necklace in the girls’ dressing room at the club, but when she heard his voice outside in the hallway this night she quickly put it on in order not to offend him. And now she had to wear it all the time when he appeared. What was intended to please her had by now become a burden on her. Feefee thus felt the need to explain to her on this Sunday night that the necklace was no big deal, that if she didn’t feel like wearing it then she didn’t have to wear it; he wouldn’t care. He didn’t want to appear like an obsessive pervert accusing the sex-worker he’s seeing why she was not wearing his gift to her. And there were other reasons, other things that he thought he did which might have disturbed Valerie. He also thought about the Internet blast he made on Sonia, an older woman of Eastern European origin that worked there too.<sup>11</sup> (More detail on this below.) Later he’d become convinced that it was in fact this, and not the other reasons, which caused Valerie’s discomfort when she saw him again.

Feefee spent a whole week feeling anxious just because of this. Although he wanted to go to the club again in the middle of the week (Valerie worked Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, besides Sunday) to correct his mistake – he wasn’t a patient person – he thought he’d better wait out, letting time to erase Valerie’s discomfort. So full of anxiety he went to the “church” next Sunday night. If she thought he was obsessed with her, or was over his head in narcissistically thinking that she could be in love with him, she might feel so uncomfortable as to tell Danny to tell Feefee at the door that she was not working this night. He would then of course have to leave without saying anything, having “got the message.” Isn’t this the American – or Anglophone – way? Feefee surely would not allow himself to fall into the stereotype of a pathetic john that became obsessed with a sex worker and then childishly made a scene when he couldn’t see her. But Feefee thought too much. Montréalais were much simpler in mind than the Anglophones. Miraculously all went surprisingly well for Feefee this Sunday night.<sup>12</sup>

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11 It was either on [www.merc.com](http://www.merc.com) (Montreal Escort Review Community) or [www.merb.com](http://www.merb.com) (Montreal Escort Review Board).

12 October 16, 2005.

Danny received him in an easy-going manner just like he had always been. And he chose the demo room as usual and Valerie walked in looking mellow and with extra make-up as she had always done for him the most regular of regulars. These “French people” just hadn’t developed that complex social maneuvering plus all that personal boundary stuff which people in America had evolved. You see again, Montréalais don’t play game. Feefee had been excessively worried. He of course grabbed the chance and behaved as mellow and unobtrusive as possible for fear of making Valerie uncomfortable again, and as he laid his head below her neck and shoulder just as before during the session, holding and kissing her hands and neck and cheeks, she seemed comfortable and enjoying it just as before also. Shoo! And afterwards, Feefee said nothing, but Valerie, while sitting, said quietly with an appreciating smile, “We can chat today.” “Really?” Feefee made a point of looking surprised in order to pretend he had no expectation for “more”.

That night Feefee and Valerie sat and watched TV together, and he commented on all those American entertainment celebrities he had seen in person while in Los Angeles, trying to keep the conversational atmosphere idly mellow but pleasant and devoid of embarrassing obsessive passions. You know, he really wanted to talk about her, but instead he just kept the conversation revolving around the topics of an idle chat. Valerie seemed to have noticed and appreciated his effort – though you can never be sure, given her insensitivity and Montréalais’ general simplicity in socialization – just staring at him, and then, extending her hand to caress his hair – as she occasionally did before, liking that straight black hair – she said, “I saw my parents yesterday.” Presumably that was because her birthday was the Friday before? Feefee wondered.

A remarkable thing this night was that Feefee told Valerie that he was enrolled in a private French class, but that he was disappointed that the teacher – a woman of Indian descent – was from France, such that all this wouldn’t really help him understand Quebecker French.<sup>13</sup> Valerie was very surprised that he might know French. “French” would later on become a point of focus for Feefee. After about only 45 minutes, seeing that Valerie was having a hard time controlling herself from falling asleep just as always, Feefee voluntarily and politely left, saying he wanted to let her rest, even though Valerie insisted he could stay. So, now, he thought, all went as before, and he could resume his weekly Sunday visit with Valerie.

The next Sunday (October 23) everything went well during the session too. At the end when they were talking about clothing Valerie suggested a new routine: role-playing. She would bring in clothing and they would imagine a scenario, and she asked Feefee what scenario he’d like. He suggested teacher-student. Feefee was excited about it because he had never done this kind of thing before, but she seemed even more excited about it. When they went to the back lounge to chat, however, Feefee felt himself screwed up. He made one negative comment about Sonia – you’ll learn about this later – and another about the separatist movement he experienced while at the public university earlier this year.<sup>14</sup> He said these sovereignists should “take their shit and leave Montreal”. Valerie became very defensive in regards to these two comments, staring at him with a cold expression. Feefee immediately regretted dumping his negativity on a person he so admired: why do I do that? He smiled uncomfortably and padded on her shoulder timidly, wishing to take back the comment and change the subject, which was

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<sup>13</sup> This was then pretty much my excuse for my return to Montreal on October 2005. See “My experience...” for the other happenings during this fateful return – the source of all the troubles to follow. The teacher’s name was Marthe F.

<sup>14</sup> UQAM, evidently.

worse, because he now looked “passive-aggressive”, in the sense that someone wanted to be aggressive but was too timid to be so. That’d appear such a loss of masculine dignity to a lady. Valerie simply said she wanted to hear his opinion because, she remarked understandingly, although still with that cold face, if someone black for example talked about racism he or she had experienced (which was what the separatist movement appeared to most immigrants, foreigners, and Anglophones) she wouldn’t know about it because she had always been white.

Now people might be perplexed as to why Feefee had such high regard for Valerie, she being insensitive, sex-obsessed, fun-loving, and teenager-like. Her greatness would become apparent after a period when her empathy for others and tolerance for the “undesirables” (such as Feefee himself) started to show through. You have already seen how accommodating she was, being among the few who let Feefee dry-hump her – and there was something important here that you didn’t know about yet. On this night, after they changed the subject finally, she tried to find some topic to talk about in order to fulfill “good customer service”; so she chose to recount on the most unusual customers she had had. Last time at the end of the session she had already mentioned some, like the man who asked her to wear a red watch he brought in so that he could masturbate while looking at the watch on her wrist; then there was the foot-fetish man: every time he came in Valerie would wash her feet especially and let him fondle and masturbate with them for 45 minutes; and finally a Quebecker secessionist, who liked to crawl on the floor while having Valerie pretend to kick him and yell at him about his radical politics, “You bitch (‘ salope’), why do you want Quebec to secede?” and so on. Now she mentioned: an American, who was so extremely obese that she could literally only sit on him by leaning on his stomach, because his “laps” couldn’t be seen; another, a French Canadian priest, whose penis was just the size of half of her thumb, and who could only masturbate with the tips of his index finger and thumb; then, a colored man, whose body was completely littered with pimples, and on his back there was a gigantic pimple with many small pimples on it. She was glad that he didn’t ask for any options such that she only had to give him a massage (which, of course, also meant she didn’t make any money with this guy). Once she received a 40 year-old virgin retard who was led here by his social worker. The social worker (a woman) decided to do the very nice thing for her client who had never touched a woman in his life. She waited outside and instructed the Club to call her if something went wrong. Valerie said the retard acted only according to “instinct”; he rubbed her body with his hands in rapid succession of jerks. She then said the social worker would have got herself in deep trouble if found out. Valerie enjoyed being professional and all-accepting when it came to customers. She remarked that sex was just a natural instinct of human beings (of human males) like eating; all men wanted it, whether they were black, white, normal, or retarded. This was why she didn’t discriminate against her customers according to race or “normality” when the other girls did, and served them all equally. Many a subhuman-looking guy who looked totally incapable of ever persuading a womankind to touch him had come in, and she treated them all with dignity. Feefee felt it so rare – and so precious – for an attractive white female – who was already considered the jewel of society and didn’t need to be considerate of others in order to be liked and desired – to be so considerate of others, even of men of far lower social status (either being darker or abnormal), as to accept even their need for sex as legitimate. (But then, that’d mean that the female social worker should get a far bigger medal, for at least Valerie was in the sex industry while she wasn’t.) Another instance illustrates the same: once, much later, Danny asked Valerie how she could have entered the room with this customer who was jerking his head around and talking to himself. The other Thai girl there expressed such disgust about



serving the sexual needs of a subhuman. But Valerie simply said that that did not bother her, as long as the man was not dangerous. It was certainly for this reason that she had more regulars (up to a dozen or so) than any other girl in the Club. Some of these regulars came to see her once a month or so for over a year. And one time an American customer, after he went back to the States, sent her a 50 dollar check to thank her for taking care of his “long standing problem”. So, even though the essence of the s e x profession was selling look, look was only the necessary but not the sufficient condition for success in this business. Though Valerie was good looking, she, with her over-easy breast and medium length legs, wasn’t that type of hot gorgeous babe that was seen in beer commercials or automobile magazines. In this business you need to pass a certain threshold in look, to be sure, but after that, it’s still the personality that counts, if only because tolerance, a sense of fairness, and an understanding of natural needs without judgment allow the customer to enjoy the “goods”. If the girl is haughty and considers herself superior and beyond touch then even when she’s the most beautiful creature in the universe no one will be allowed to enjoy the beauty anyway, so what’s the use?

Being so impressed Feefee asked her about the customers that actually annoyed her. Once a man was touching her all over (that was alright for her), but, when she turned around, he grabbed her private part suddenly and unexpectedly from behind. She told him to leave immediately, and that was the only time she ever did that. The guy, after explaining that he just got out of prison and so was a bit desperate for female body parts, did leave. “You need to find an escort instead”, she explained, *still* understandingly. That other time, after she just finished commenting about that head-jerking subhuman customer that talked to himself incessantly, she said what really bothered her was those customers that asked her, “Do you have a boyfriend?” “Yes.” “Ho ho ho.... Doesn’t he get jealous because of your job?” She spread her arms out, like, what was that about? Feefee agreed. This was a really disrespectful jerk. Asked about how she ranked the customers of different origins – Americans, English-speaking Canadians, and French Canadians – she, unsurprisingly, considered the French Canadians the worst customers, who were vulgar and always wanted more for less money, like a n a l s e x for 20 dollar. Yeah right. (The most usual service given there was hand job.) She actually liked Americans the most, because (she explained) they couldn’t buy s e x u a l services as easily and as cheaply as here, and so were always “happy” after they finished. So Feefee said, huh, the Americans are the best. But she added, not the best, because there are still customers from other parts of the world. Feefee didn’t pursue this further. She also said she preferred older customers than younger guys (the youngest she had had was 18) because these freshmen had not yet learned to respect women, and they usually wanted women with big breasts and big ass. But she then added, “But that’s normal [for boys that had just passed puberty].” Later on Feefee would learn just how often she’d use “but that’s normal” to understandingly excuse, or accept, a lot of behaviors from mankind that would bother other girls. That’d be her line.

It had also become apparent at this time that Valerie’s exceptional accommodating behavior resulted from her self-imposed work ethic of which she was quite proud. Or rather, from her sense of fairness. She recalled an episode in which a customer bought both her and another girl at the same time, and when the man put his hand on the thigh of the other girl near her v a g i n a, she rudely grabbed his hand and threw it aside. “She shouldn’t be in this profession”, she remarked, even though that was against the rule. For it was “natural” for men to want “more”, she said understandingly.

Feefee’s experience was that people always said and believed in the opposite of reality when it was

about social reality, that is, the reality that was not trivial, that actually had relevance for people's lives.<sup>15</sup> People could believe *correctly* that earth revolves around the sun or that it is round, but that's only because these astronomical and geological facts were trivial and insignificant in everyday life. Nowadays people like to talk about the importance of inner beauty and brain, and women complain about how men cannot overlook their exterior to see their beauty inside. But, Feefee often complained, when you look inside these women you usually just find stupidity that believed itself smart and selfish narcissism that thought itself special and deserving the best. In fact, the more people talk about inner beauty, the more appearance (or rather, presentation) seems to be the deciding factor in a person's acceptability and success in society. Valerie had the greatest inner beauty Feefee had ever seen in a female, and yet she never once mentioned "inner beauty". Most of her conversation about women and men was centered around women's look. Asians liked her body type, despite her flat chest; but Latinos and blacks didn't. She and the other girls always thought guys liked them in sexy miniskirt, but it turned out they found them sexier in plain cloth and medium length skirt. She ran in the gym regularly, because even though she was quite thin, her legs were getting thick, the same problem as her mother's. She was very worried about this. And she was certainly not educated and couldn't be called "smart" – but she was very "philosophical", because she liked to reflect on cause and effect, which made her exceptionally tolerant. Whenever someone did something disturbing, she'd reflect on the cause of that, and since every effect was caused by something, once she figured out the cause, she ended up admitting that the person couldn't have done otherwise, that "it was natural for him to do that", thus excusing him. "*Mens res omnes necessarias esse intelligit, et infinito causarum nexu determinari ad existendum, et operandum; adeoque eatenus efficit, ut ab affectibus, qui ex iis oriuntur, minus patitur, et minus erga ipsas afficiatur.*"<sup>16</sup> For this reason, Feefee had come to the conclusion that the possession of intelligence benefits other people, but is detrimental to oneself; being tolerant had made Valerie's life harder, as she'd have to accommodate and accept people and behaviors that didn't benefit her at all – notably Feefee himself, as you'll see later – whereas if she had been an unthinking being like most other girls, she'd just tell whoever had annoyed her, and Feefee, to f u c k off, without pausing and thinking about the chain of cause and effect that would excuse their annoyance, thus saving herself a lot of trouble. This principle should be pretty obvious: people are racist, for example, because they are stupid, because they lack the intelligence to understand you the colored person, to see through your ugly appearance that makes you seem as if you belonged to "another kind", to see your inner soul, and to understand that everyone is just the same inside. If someone has this intelligence, then that's all the good news for you, but the person her- or himself is going to have a rougher time, always needing to empathize with and care for one extra person. All his life Feefee had thought, only if the people around him would just have some intelligence, then his life would be so much easier, and at the same time he knew his own intelligence and ability to understand people and society was a curse. Getting back to Valerie, she was, however, contradictorily, also one of the most insensitive persons Feefee had ever met, as mentioned – although that seemed normal in Montreal. But she had her philosophic intelligence and thoroughly

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<sup>15</sup> See the Introduction of *A Thermodynamic Interpretation of History*.

<sup>16</sup> Proposition VI in Spinoza's *Ethica.*, Book V: "The mind understands all things to be necessary, and determined by an infinite chain of causes to existence and action, and, therefore, so far enables itself to be less passive to (to suffer less from) the emotions which arise from these things, and to feel less emotion toward them". Will Durant explicates it further: "No one becomes passionate at what he considers natural and necessary. Anger at an insult can be cooled by viewing the offender as the product of circumstances outreaching his control; grief over the passing of aged parents can be moderated by realizing the naturalness of death." *The Story of Civilization: Part VIII, The Age of Louis XIV*, p. 648.

impressed Feefee with her ability to see and understand other people's pain without hypocrisy, which made her so unlike other girls, at least in his experience. The reason why she was able to do that was probably not simply because she liked to "philosophize", but also because she was honest, because she didn't consider herself special just because she menstruated and had two breasts – as did many white girls and women nowadays – and because she knew she as an attractive white female in North America was luckier than most people who were not attractive and not white. For example, one time she talked about how people had been degenerating. Even on TV, she said, you can see more and more displays of sexy young females. What, she said, would a girl who doesn't look like that feel, when she can never look like that? Now most women would say with indignation something like the terribleness or unfairness of the objectification of women in culture and media. In other words, they are either jealous – angry about not being as attractive and so not having the same degree of power over men – or living in an out-dated ideology about men oppressing women with objectification and therefore unaware of how sexual objectification in the contemporary context of North America actually brings power. But Valerie on the other hand really understood that those who can't be so objectified are really the less fortunate – who have less power to bargain with the opposite sex, less social network, and less potential for happiness – and she genuinely felt for them.

Valerie's attitude was in stark contrast to that Sonia mentioned earlier. Now we are going to rewind the story a bit, and go back to the very beginning, to the unpleasant encounters Feefee first had when he just started coming to club P. Before he met Valerie, Feefee had two sessions with Sonia. These encounters would have lasting significance. During the first session with Sonia, she seemed quite easy-going and willing, and Feefee liked her because she was much older than the rest of the girls, clearly in her late 30s. During the second session a week later however things went wrong. Feefee had self-mutilation behavior before and multiple scars from razor blade cuts could be visible on his left arm (and all over his lower left and right legs as well). When Sonia saw this she was alarmed and asked why he did this. Feefee lied and said he got those from falling off from the roof. Sonia didn't believe him and showed him the inside of her left arm, where he could see a long vertical scar running down along the veins. It seemed she had tried to kill herself before, and this was worse than what Feefee had done which was not life-threatening. Feefee really felt sorry that such a beautiful woman in front of her would have been plagued by such misery before and genuinely tried to comfort her. She said plainly that she did that when she was young and stupid. But then the amazing thing happened. She asked whom he'd choose if he didn't choose her. Feefee mentioned that black hair white girl who sort of fit Feefee's image of the ideal woman. "I thought you'd choose [that tall blond], because you like blond..." What? Sonia was as blond as a woman could get, but Feefee had absolutely no care about blond or not blond, although he used to idealize white females for their bony facial features which looked more "dignified". You see, unlike the "stereotyped" men, he always liked independent, mature, assertive, intelligent, and "dignified" women who were sure of themselves – probably because he had low self-esteem and didn't like stupid, characterless "girls" ("little birds") leaning on him but liked to admire mature "women" instead. (And he was happy when Sonia told him she was 37, older than Feefee.) *Admiring instead of being admired.* Sonia then asked him what color of bra he liked. Feefee had enough experience with this; he knew immediately that she was thinking him dangerous and "psycho" because of his self-mutilation and was now profiling him accordingly, the sort you see in serial killers for instance who couldn't relate to women as persons but only as objects. The fact that Feefee had asked her specifically to keep her bikini on because he liked its accentuation of the female

body probably further alarmed her. In her mind there was probably some sort of classification system where psycho type A liked blond in red bra and type B liked red hair in blue bra or whatever. Feefee was pissed off but he had paid 145 dollar already and he wanted to get his dry hump. Fortunately she let him, but afterwards when he was getting dressed Sonia suddenly moved in a hunch-back manner, saying even her mother complained about this bad habit of hers. Feefee was even more angered inside, knowing she was afraid that this “psycho” might get attached to her from now on and so wanted to “detach” him by appearing unattractive in order to make him *not* choose her in the future. Of course he wouldn’t, not because of this, but because of her sense of “white female superiority and purity” the reverse side of which was the inferiority and monstrosity of (especially colored, but equally white) men. But he played that typically American diplomatics, pretended knowing nothing, just smiled and left to avoid social discomfort.

The next time he came in Feefee immediately noticed the middle-age man receiving him showing alert and frowning upon seeing him. “You want to see the girls?” When the girls came into the demo room one by one to present themselves, among them was a crazy and childlike but extremely beautiful 18 year-old white Anglophone girl from Toronto that Feefee had chosen the second time but had decided not to choose again because of her young age – when he discovered, in addition, that, maybe because of her inexperience, she really wasn’t comfortable enough to do any thing. That night he just rested his head on her stomach and rubbed her legs, nothing more; afterwards when Feefee tried to comfort her, saying “Hope that wasn’t too hard for you,” she actually paused and said, “No, it was kind of nice, actually,” showing appreciation. Now even she had also made a mad face just as soon as she stepped through the door, seemingly trying to “appear unpleasant in order to not be chosen”. What? Feefee wasn’t interested in young girls anyway. Feefee had the clear impression that Sonia must have spread the rumor in the club about his being possibly a “psycho” – Type A or Type B or whatever: she probably did a lot of profiling in front of others, showing off her expertise, on the basis of Feefee's self-mutilation behavior and supposed preferences for the colors of women’s underwear, etc. Valerie was the only one pleasantly shaking his hand during the presentation, and that’s how Feefee chose Valerie and hit the jackpot.

Feefee was deeply angry about this episode, for two reasons. First was the double standard he had already frequently experienced from white people – increasingly from white women – back home. Both Sonia and he did the same thing, self-mutilation, but somehow she was a victim and he was a dangerous psycho – because she was a beautiful (white) female and he an ugly colored guy. Why is this? Because (white) women are by nature morally superior and always good and men (especially colored men, but equally white men) are by nature morally inferior and automatically bad – or so these “feminist-influenced” white women thought. It’s just like, after the Katrina disaster, the TV news showed a black man looting and commented that this man was looting, and then a white man looting and commented that this man was trying to survive, even though both were doing the same thing, looting in order to survive. Except that *that* was old-fashioned racist double standard, and *this* was the new genderist double standard with a racial undertone which – it seemed to Feefee – the feminists had invented. This attitude of course was less intense among the French-speaking women here, who were usually just of the old-fashioned racist type. The second thing was how stupid Sonia was and yet how she remained completely clueless about her own stupidity, convinced of how smart she was – just the opposite of reality. First of all, why couldn’t she figure out that a person did harm to himself precisely

because he couldn't do harm to others? (If you read up on information on "Dissociative Self-Mutilation" you'll see that self-mutilators are considered by mental health professionals to pose no threat to other people.) Feefee had been a weakling all his life, he had never physically harmed another person before, and he had never even got into a fight – that is, when people picked on him, they just beat him up. His best friend, in addition, had commented many times that, with the size of his muscle (that is, given his extreme underweight stature), he probably couldn't even successfully rape a woman, but would just get beat up by the woman. How, then, could he pose any sort of threat to the womenfolk, even if he wanted to? Feefee could just imagine all the girls standing around Sonia in the dressing room gossiping about how disgusting that psycho was – the Toronto girl for example probably yelling, "Yeah, he too wanted me to keep my bikini on, and he 'targeted' me for my blond hair, yak!", forgetting all about the gentle cuddling she appreciated from him earlier. Sonia and all of them – obviously they were just trying to feel good about themselves at Feefee's expense – how they were pure and desirable in contrast to him: the beauty and the beast. Incapable of simple inferences, Sonia probably took great pride in her stupid classification system of psychopathic serial killers which looked more like something she got off some tabloid. Secondly, the Saturday night after Feefee's first meeting with Valerie, when he went back to the club to look for her while she was not there, he had to have the presentation done to know this because he'd forgotten Valerie's stage name. In the presentation Sonia was there again and she was surprised that he came back. Since Valerie was not there he simply told Danny, who was working that night – and that's probably why he didn't warn Sonia not to show up in the presentation: he never gave much crap about her drama, as Feefee would learn later – that he'd come back the next night. The next night, so a Sunday night, when Feefee went back again knowing that Valerie would be there and would be in the presentation to allow him to single her out, Sonia was in the presentation again. She was surprised to see Feefee, and Feefee just smiled diplomatically, saying "I had to leave yesterday." "I was quite disappointed", she said with the most joyful laughter. She must have been happy because she thought her trick of playing unattractive to ward him off had succeeded, Feefee guessed. He was just so disgusted with this "stupid woman", he thought angrily.

What Feefee was afraid of the most was of course that Sonia's bad-mouthing might extend to Valerie and affect her negatively in regard to him. In Feefee's first five sessions with Valerie however everything seemed fine. Maybe she never was there among the girls gossiping. Or maybe, she and Danny, they just decided to treat all customers equally with dignity and shunned the malicious gossip about a particular customer. But during the sixth session, when Feefee came rather early than usual, around 8 PM, Valerie rushed into the room with wet hair and seemed very nervous, saying she just got here and needed some time to dry her hair first. Feefee didn't know that 8 PM was exactly the time when the night shift began. He told her to take her time. When she came back in and Feefee, as usual, asked her to sit on his lap first in order for him to kiss and embrace her, he noticed that as he kissed her neck her head, unlike before, was frozen in one direction. She seemed to be staring at his lower left arm where all the scars were. Then even as he was on top of her later (dry, as usual) she seemed nervous as she closed her eyes. The only good sign was that right after his coming,<sup>17</sup> Valerie suddenly sweated together with him, just as before when this indicated she was enjoying the intense sensual embrace. And then, when he was dressing, he told her that he had to go home at the end of this month (August, 2005). At first, she didn't seem to be listening, but suddenly, stunned, she said with a disappointed look,

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17 In his underwear, of course.

“You have to go home at the end of this month?” If she were now afraid of him due to Sonia’s fear-mongering, she shouldn’t be disappointed. But she then asked, with some nervousness, whether he preferred the red bra she was wearing, or blue bra, or gray, or white.... Feefee was alarmed, thinking that Sonia must be coaching her to ask this stupid question in order to test him and profile him. He pretended not to have noticed anything, and, with total cool, just flipped his hand down and said, “Oh I don’t care about that.... I prefer *you*, as long as you are here.” Valerie came into a genuine smile. Feefee felt that he had passed the test and won back, for now, Valerie’s confidence.

But Feefee continued to hope for more chances to rebut Sonia’s objectification and stigmatization. The next one came during the after-chat of the seventh session with Valerie. As they were sitting on the sofa together Sonia walked past in front of them, and Feefee grabbed the chance and asked about her. It turned out that Sonia was Valerie’s friend. When Valerie just started working at the club three years ago,<sup>18</sup> Sonia invited her to get an apartment unit in the same building in which she lived. That was in the south of Montreal. According to Valerie, Sonia was “nice”. Feefee then mentioned that at first he liked Sonia but later when she started “behaving like an American woman” he stopped liking her. Surprised, Valerie asked with the most dramatic funny face, “You mean she only cared about herself and no body else?” No, not that, Feefee said, and then turned his head and explained in a low voice. “She thinks she’s very smart. But she’s not. American women are like that. They think they are very smart, but they aren’t. Don’t tell her that.” Valerie looked at Feefee with amazement. Feefee’s underlying message to Valerie was, of course, that, although Sonia might think she’s good at profiling “psychos”, she was in fact terrible at it, and didn’t know this; so, Valerie don’t believe her crap! He felt he must have succeeded somewhat, for the next Sunday night when he was leaving the club and crossed path with Sonia, she stared at him with a deep expression on her face and then said “Hi”! The change from her normal behavior of ignoring him seemed to indicate that Feefee had pinched her at just the right spot: now she knew *he* was smart, which by implication meant *she wasn’t* that smart. The goal of course was to get Valerie to think he was safe, despite the scars from his self-mutilation in the past. But if Sonia, after seeing Feefee getting quite along with Valerie after a period – and she’s still alive – and when thus beginning to feel ashamed comparing herself to Valerie – this girl, tolerant and non-judgmental and always treating customers with dignity even though they were sex-crazed men, consequently had all the regulars and got to make more money, while she, always suspicious of customers for being dirty, inferior perverts that only wanted to violate the pure and good womankind, never had a repeat – could begin to feel regret for misjudging him, so would Valerie stop doubting him. But the work was not yet done. Feefee’s last chance to redeem himself before Valerie and destroy Sonia’s “reputation” came during the after-chat of the tenth session, the last day of August, just before his return to California. As their conversation turned again on Sonia, who was lying lazily on the sofa inside the dressing room and reading a book, totally like some old, degenerate madam, Feefee remarked he liked her in the beginning because she looked funny and lazy (yes, he liked lazy, older woman), but then when she started playing game, it wasn’t funny anymore. Valerie was tired that night and about to fall asleep, but as soon as she’d heard this, her interest was aroused – more sign that Sonia’s profiling did reach her ear – and she asked, what do you mean, that she played game. Feefee explained how when she didn’t like him anymore, she played game by trying to get him to *not* choose her anymore, and how she later was such a fool in being joyful over the illusion that she had

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18 It would turn out that this was the second of the few lies which Marie had ever told me. She had actually been working in the Club a lot longer than that, as she was actually 33 year-old by summer 2006.

outsmarted him, even though it really was he who picked up the message and decided to back down. Feefee felt so confident and happy for having proved himself to Valerie that he was not an easy idiot to fool, when he saw Valerie, her eyes wide-open, staring at him with absolute amazement – of course, if he was all wrong, she was probably just amazed at his absolute paranoia. But later experiences suggested that he was all right about this. In the mean time, when Valerie went back to the dressing room to get ready for the presentation for a customer that just walked in, Feefee noticed Valerie going up to Sonia and telling her in French what seemed to be something serious. She didn't get chosen, and when she came back to sit next to Feefee again, she was much friendlier. He attributed this to having impressed her with his "discovering Sonia's tricks".

Getting Valerie to feel him "safe" would be a constant battle for Feefee all the way to the end of this encounter. On another occasion, during the previous after-session chat, he felt Valerie was suspicious of his being dangerous when, right after she talked about her previous boyfriends, she asked him if he had ever had a girlfriend. After all, he always seemed alone, and weren't serial killers always loners? She was definitely under Sonia's influence. Now Feefee had to lie, and turned into his "last girl friend" the last female friend he had been closed to for a while, but who was a very obnoxious older woman, and with whom he had consequently severed all ties.<sup>19</sup> Lucky for him that Valerie didn't ask about the girlfriends previous to this one – then he would really have to lie – as she, hyper and preoccupied with herself as usual, immediately went on with her own side of the story and just ignored what he might have to say.

And so Feefee disliked Sonia as an obstacle between him and Valerie. When he came back to Montreal in October, he vented some of his anger over Valerie's "Thursday night discomfort" on Corina and posted a negative comment about her meanness on a Montreal sex-professional review forum on the Internet.<sup>20</sup> (There had already been a posting about Corina's strictness by someone else.) While at it he added a comment about Sonia, that she enjoyed profiling her customers as sickos or s e r i a l killers, probably because she watched too much TV. He thus thought that maybe Valerie's and Danny's "Sunday night nervousness" was actually caused by this comment – maybe Danny saw it and told Valerie that this guy could sense the malicious gossip going on about him behind his back.

Now let's return to the sofa-chat where Valerie talked about the weirdest customers, etc. Chat with Valerie lasted several hours that night, and Feefee left feeling uneasy because of his "passive aggressiveness". The uneasiness would hang over his head for the whole week, just like last time, even though for Valerie she was just happy that she had fulfilled her good customer service duty, having made up for the chat of which she had deprived him the previous time. "We chatted for a long time this time," she said with a contrived smile as she bid goodbye to Feefee at the door. What she did seem to be excited about was their decision on role-playing next time. Feefee would learn that, every time when he'd feel that he had screwed up – made a bad impression with Valerie, or didn't feel that Valerie was happy with him this night – and worry during the whole coming week, the next time when he'd see her she'd be in a good mood as if nothing had ever happened at all. She was just that kind of person who'd never remember unpleasant experiences from others for a period longer than a day – unlike Feefee, whose mood and memory were constant over a long period, Valerie's mood and memory were discontinuous. Valerie seemed to him at this time to be like the naturally strong person that Nietzsche

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<sup>19</sup> Liz, that is.

<sup>20</sup> The sites already mentioned.

has talked about: not forgiving, because she'd already *forgotten*.<sup>21</sup> Later he would learn, however, that this was, unfortunately for him, not quite true.

Thus, as November started, Feefee and Valerie began their new routine of role-playing. She was in a good mood the next Sunday night: Feefee felt so relieved. She brought in some clothes, a white shirt and a black medium skirt, and she also wore that pantyhose for which Feefee had such a liking. She also took off her contact lenses and wore her glasses instead. This was the first time, really, that Feefee had seen Valerie wearing cloth, like a "real person" in the "real world outside", what she was really like. They proceeded with the teacher-student game they had agreed upon. Although Valerie offered to speak French, Feefee avoided the topic because the previous time when Valerie suggested game-playing and asked him if he wanted her to do anything special, he said, "you can speak French" which made her visibly uncomfortable. French-speaking would become such an important issue later on for Feefee. Feefee played the under-aged student well, nesting on the teacher's breasts and laps, caressing those beautiful legs in soft nylon and kissing her neck and cheeks while they read the mathematics textbook she brought in. The game was about a s e x-education course with demonstration turning real, the student ending up undressing the teacher and the usual "simulation" following. "That's some real s e x-education", Feefee exclaimed after "the high-tide".

Something special that happened that night was that the text book which Valerie had brought in was her actual school text book, with a professor's name at the front page. Feefee thought that this must be her teacher, although later it would turn out that the professor was actually not her teacher but, close enough, the chair of the department of mathematics in her school. Feefee was able to do a search for that name on the Internet the next day to ascertain the school which Valerie was attending. He was surprised that Valerie would be so not-careful about revealing the details of her private, "real" life, so unlike the s e x workers of whom he had had experience back home, or perhaps she just didn't really care.

A week later when Feefee and Valerie had their second role-playing, it was still the teacher-student game. Before the session, while Valerie was changing into her "costume", Feefee, just like last time, curiously flipped through her textbook of mathematics. The lessons ended in introductory calculus. He was so excited to learn about what Valerie, this "fantasy", was doing, reading, and learning as a "real person". But then, at the inside of the back cover, he discovered a French feminine name written on the bottom. He read out the name, and asked, "Whose name is that?" Valerie was surprised, and first said with a smile that that was the name of the classmate she was working with, but, when Feefee asked full of surprise why, what a strange last name – because, coincidentally, it was the French word for "paradise" – she just said nicely, "because the teacher is going to take you to paradise". That was an admission that that was *her* name. Feefee was so happy that he finally knew the name of the person he had such a liking and caring for, but also found it amazing that she would have a family name so befitting her – since he had specifically called her a "paradise", remember, the second time that he was resting on top of her when he just came back to Montreal.

Of course Feefee still had doubts about whether or not Valerie was trying to trick him. In his experience back home it would be usual for a woman or a s e x-worker in such circumstances to borrow a textbook from someone else, with not her own professor's name and with another fake name on it, and

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<sup>21</sup> *The Genealogy of Morals*, translated by Walter Kaufmann.



then to pass it to him in order to make him think she was someone else than who she really was, and she might have done all this without his ever asking her name or requesting her to bring in a book, but simply as “preemptive strike.” But as time went on it would become apparent that that was really Valerie’s name. That was how Feefee learned just how simple-minded, straightforward, honest, non-game-playing, “guy-like” Valerie really was. She was too masculine for game-playing, and Montréalais were simple-minded anyway. He no longer had to be constantly on guard, always trying to determine the real meaning or hidden message behind her words, such as he always had to do back home with Americans, especially with those white women or those minority women that imitated white women in order to feel themselves having moved up in social ranking.

In the next several sessions the game would always revolve around the theme of either a p r e m a t u r e b o y getting his first s e x u a l experience from an authority female figure or a lower class male climbing up to a higher class educated female: The king of a far away kingdom employed a psychologist from Canada to counsel his young son due for the throne because the boy had difficulty with all the learnings necessary for kingship. But the boy found the sexily dressed Doctor too difficult to resist, and started flirting with and touching her, and she gave in because she thought that would help him release tension and become more able to concentrate on learning. An ignorant immigrant from a poor country and coming to Quebec to work in a factory came to see a doctor under state insurance, and when he saw the beautiful legs wrapped in pantyhose he started touching her all over because in his home country patients were allowed to get sexual with female doctors. Again, the Doctor allowed this to release tension, cure symptoms, and “increase productivity of the workers.” A mentally challenged student came to Professor Paradise’s office after class for special tutoring, and the beautiful, sexy, and kind Professor demonstrated the difficult concepts to her student through sexual analogies. All these scenarios ended in the usual simulation with the Doctor or Professor.

It seemed that such game-playing really helped bring Feefee closer to Valerie’s liking. Remember how Feefee always debated with himself about going back to the lounge after session to chat with Valerie for hours on end; now Valerie’s attitude had visibly changed for the better; now she would softly but enthusiastically invite him to the back lounge after session. “Join me at the teacher’s lounge after class?” she would say. The most pleasant time with Valerie occurred during this time. Customers had been especially sparse at Sunday nights during this late fall. Another cute Quebecker girl working there whom Feefee had never seen before would bring in a bunch of videos every time and all the girls, Danny, Valerie, and Feefee would be sitting on the sofas watching the videos together. The videos were mostly American films dubbed in French, with occasionally a Quebecker film. Feefee was joyful, for example, during the night before Halloween, when they all watched together that horror film which was Paris Hilton’s first film. He enjoyed the ambiance of domesticity when he sat next to Valerie watching the ridiculous film with her while listening to her, hyper as usual, commenting on the film like Beavis and Butthead would do. “Coupe la tête, coupe la tête”, she shouted. More and more Valerie also started ordering and eating dinner during these after-the-session moments. True to her generous, masculine personality, she’d always share parts of her dinner with Feefee. Feefee would end up eating a quarter of her food each time. To repay, Feefee started bringing in candies too in the next several Sunday nights to share with her, especially black chocolate which he discovered Valerie really liked. Then for two consecutive weeks, because her laundry machine at home was broken, Valerie had to bring her laundry to the club at Sunday nights to use the machine here. Feefee would be chatting with

her while watching her taking her laundry out of the drier in the locker room behind the lounge. As she was folding her clothing on the sofa next to Feefee, she would show him each piece and explain to him where, when, and why she bought it. It made Feefee so happy to watch her fold her clothing and even to be able to help her fold her clothing. It was then that one time afterwards Valerie even put her head on his laps and chatted with him this way, facing up.

At this night Valerie suddenly, excited, suggested that they speak French. That was the best sign. When she started talking to you in her native language without discomfort, that meant – it seemed – she was opening her door and inviting you to come into *her* world. Their conversation didn't amount to much, most of the time Feefee just asked her, in French, the names of Valerie's friends, boyfriends, and parents. Of course the guardless, carefree, and honest manner in which she told him these names not only excited Feefee – his glimpse into her “real life” just got deeper – but also surprised him: once again he felt like being in a different world, where he could abandon the old fear about being guarded against as a possibly dangerous wolf and mistaken as a “psycho” (“Sonia”), and relate to a pretty female as fearlessly as to a guy: what a freedom. But when Feefee talked about his true feelings – that in North America it was really better to be born a woman than man, and that he wished he could be born a woman in the next life – Valerie in her typical insensitivity lost all interest in listening; instead she turned to Danny to talk about something more important: the boss of the club. The boss, apparently, was a very spooky person lacking business sense. Valerie didn't seem to have his favor, apparently because she with her flat breast didn't fit his conception of a “h o t woman”. He preferred the s l u t t y type, and had cut Valerie's schedule to make room for his “new favorite”. Danny angrily protested against the boss and defended Valerie: she was the one who was bringing in cash and had lots of regulars, and after three years working there<sup>22</sup> she had brought in a lot of money for the boss. The new s l u t on the other hand got very few customers. So after all that, the boss just said, well, Valerie got a lot of money saved up anyway. Paying back favor with cruelty, what a jerk. So this girl who, unlike the other girls, was living a responsible life, should she then get punished for this? Danny said. The man failed several businesses before, Danny continued, and if it weren't for Corina who ran the place with an iron hand and kept an excellent book (when Mr Boss, who was virtually never here, came in, she would have all the envelopes ready for him), he would not have successfully run this place. And yet, just recently, he got mad at her and wanted to fire her.

Danny used another example to illustrate the boss' low intelligence when it came to business and his disorderly personality. One time when a bunch of guys came in to have their bachelor party, the boss insisted the girl m a s t u r b a t e with a vibrator, despite the fact that the customers said they didn't want that. Strange, for aren't you supposed to do what the customers want if your goal is to make money? Danny explained that this man, because he himself was so into women's use of vibrators on themselves, couldn't imagine other men might not like it. Hearing this, Feefee had the impression that the boss must be an extremely insensitive, stupid person that was caught up in his own seedy world.

This night, by the time when Feefee left, bidding goodbye in French (how happy he was about this!), he had spent almost 7 hours at the parlor. What a deal! Now the experience here really rivaled the “traditional experience” – except, of course, without the s e x.

It was also during this time that the chat revealed more about Valerie's personal life. It seemed less

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22 Actually, more like a decade.

exciting and full of happiness than Feefee had previously thought. First of all, what was particularly perplexing to Feefee was Dee's indifference to her. Usually Valerie would drive to his place on Tuesday or Thursday night when she got off work, around 4 AM, and sleep with him until 3 PM the next day. That seemed to be the extent of the relationship. They did go out sometimes for a meal. She didn't tell François about this, because when she first met him and made the arrangement with him about both being able to see others on the side, the understanding was that the "other" would be a short-term thing, not like how she had been seeing Dee, which by now had been a year and still continued. Feefee asked Valerie several times why Dee "didn't like her". This had got to be the greatest mystery in the universe: a financially unsuccessful colored guy of small stature, without any particularly outstanding talent either, but just getting by day after day, and without a girlfriend: yet, this white girl with the prettiest look and the most wonderful personality coming on her own initiative to his place to sleep with him – he didn't even have to move – and somehow he was unhappy with it. Earlier Valerie had explained that whenever she asked Dee about getting "serious" with their relationship, he demanded monogamy, which she didn't think she could deliver. That's why. Otherwise maybe he'd appreciate her and love her to death. Or maybe not. Much later Valerie explained that it was because Dee had a lower sex drive than she did that their meeting wasn't that important to him. She explained that her body type *was* the kind that Dee liked – this was to Feefee such an amazingly accommodating aspect about Valerie, that she always somehow considered her offering an attractive body to the guy as fairly and justly expected, the reverse of what he had once heard an egomaniac black man shouting on national television, that he considered it a duty for women to look pretty on the street so that he may have something pleasant to look at. Wouldn't ordinary women think this an exemplary case of sexism or traditional male-chauvinism? But this super-consideration that Valerie would show in countless subsequent examples toward other people (unfortunately, except for him, it'd seem) would later on become a painful issue for Feefee, building up into the most stringent proof of his inferiority as a subhuman.

Feefee also asked Valerie about what she and her parents talked about the last time when she was at the latter's home (because of her birthday, perhaps). She said, just like always, her mother was drilling her about "what she was going to do in her life" and "when she was finally going to get out of 'this' business". Her mother was under the false impression that Valerie was having intercourse with all these dirty men for money and was in danger of catching diseases, etc. But her father was more understanding, because, Valerie explained, he was a man and so understood "men's needs". It was good, Feefee thought, that she seemed to like her father more, which probably contributed to her understanding, appreciation, and acceptance of male needs as "legitimate". Feefee had seen a lot of this before, and his diagnosis *at the time* – right or wrong – was simply that the objection of her mother – and of the general female population – toward sex work was motivated by jealousy – and not by what they claimed apparently, that it was dangerous for the woman involved, and degraded all women in general.

Feefee then asked Valerie about her world with her boyfriend. Her and François' clique was also of the swinger's style: they would have an orgy party such as during the Halloween night where everyone would have intercourse with everyone else, but later that year they would have changed to a new clique among whom such random intercourses were no longer the thing. Much later when Valerie described her encounters at the swingers' clubs – "It is usually a French [i.e. Quebecker] man" – Feefee would always feel both confused and jealous. A female as pretty and good natured as she was, and yet one of

those most vulgar, unintelligent, and women-disrespecting “French” men could just enter her like that – where had justice in this world gone? Someone like him who worshiped and respected her like God and was so careful in “handling” her or talking to her each time as if she were made of glass – and yet he had to pay over a hundred dollar just to simulate intercourse with her. Of course, the vulgar man didn’t know what a wonderful person he was dealing with, but only saw a great body. Still, Feefee too felt that this was a bit degrading to Valerie. This false “rescue instinct” would soon stir up serious obsessive pathology in Feefee so typical of his Borderline Personality Disorder problem.

Feefee sometimes had difficulty in understanding how it is that François so loved Valerie, because this guy was described as obsessed with swinging, and thinking about swinging even during intercourse with Valerie. Valerie brought this up once in the context of describing her ideal man: although her previous boyfriend S – her first real boyfriend whom she met when she was 18 – was the kind of person that could make you laugh just by being there – her first criteria – he was not “responsible” – her second criteria. Every morning she would have to stir up S about going to work and/or going to school; but the guy did neither, just living off his inheritance from his father. François was responsible, always waking up on time to go to work, but he was too serious. Even when just going to a swingers’ party in the weekend, where no one was expected be there exactly at the time when it should begin (like 8 PM), he would get very impatient and keep nudging Valerie about arriving late already. This Valerie didn’t like. She said she just didn’t like someone who was too into “one thing”. “What does that mean?” Well, some guy liked fetish, but only fetish. Some guy liked aggressive s e x, but only that. Some guy liked soft s e x, but only that. So F’s problem was too into swinging. Again, Valerie’s seeming obsession with sex. Later on as Valerie recounted F’s doings and character, Feefee would have very negative impression about this guy. Just to tell it briefly. The guy was also said to be having very high standard about women’s look; if the girl at the swingers’ gathering was not attractive, he would not have intercourse with her. He had fat on his body, but that was okay. He was also very judgmental about people, detesting “losers” (those who didn’t work hard or who lived on welfare, etc.), and was of course not that fond of immigrants, being stuck in his Quebec nationalist illusion. “Who the hell he thinks he is”, being so picky with people and all, Feefee said to Valerie. In general, F was just someone who was full of himself, and even Valerie herself admitted, and even told him once, that he thought himself better than he really was, and that he not only exhibited that attitude of superiority to others but also to Valerie, Feefee’s “God”. Sometimes Valerie complained about it to F himself, but more often to other people. Feefee felt unpleasant about this inside, because he thought this guy was not good enough for Valerie, and she should have someone better. On several occasions he suggested Valerie should go find someone better, to replace Dee or to replace F, but she replied that it was not easy to meet someone new. Surprisingly, Montreal was thoroughly North American, just like any American metropolitan cities where alienation was great because all the people came here from somewhere else and no one talked to anyone else. With nothing but people around – everywhere there were people and people – yet people were getting lonelier and lonelier, the Internet becoming the only place to meet someone. Valerie said she didn’t know how to chat on the net anyway. She was not one of those. Feefee was very surprised that even someone as wonderful and attractive – as “superior” – as Valerie was would experience this same problem of modern life. But not to that extent, of course, for she did have many friends. Feefee, on the other hand, had only one friend, his best friend,<sup>23</sup> and he was *always* alone.

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23 “Wes”, of course.

Another thing that both surprised and bothered Feefee was when Valerie said another reason why she had difficulty in finding someone else was that her job bothered a lot of people. Feefee was surprised that in such a liberal and sensual capital as Montreal people might actually be not so open-minded – or rather be so selfish, hypocritical, and possessive: the guys would go to s e x-workers to be served, and yet they wouldn't date a s e x-worker – and he was bothered because in all moments like this, whether when guys were bothered by her profession or when Dee was bothered by her swinger style or when F wouldn't give in to her, Feefee felt that desperation inside, “But I appreciate you! I'll unconditionally accept your job and your swinging! And I'll always go your way on everything!” He felt left out. Why didn't she – or anyone – notice that *he* was different, more tolerant? He wished he could be noticed for these of his good points and “taken up”. Or was it simply that he had a lower self-esteem, felt himself less worthy, and consequently had a lower standard? In any case, he should have learned, these “good points” really weren't good points at all; the womenfolk never liked such kind of self-effacing, all-accommodating, backbone-lacking guy. They liked guys that wanted everything perfect or their way. The rescue instinct in Feefee was such that he was desperately afraid that Valerie might not know what a valuable person she was, that she was positively different – better – than other people. At least some months later, after the new year, when Feefee once asked out of the blue if F realized that she was “nicer” than other people (certainly than other white girls – this of course he didn't say) – and in fact if she herself realized this – she did say that she knew she was nicer than other people, and that F did too; actually F would always complain that she was “too nice” to others when she shouldn't be.

Then Valerie seemed to become withdrawn and uncomfortable with Feefee the week after the “second laundry”. Feefee had the impression that the cause was that, the previous week when Valerie went to serve a customer and he consequently should be leaving (he had already stayed there chatting with her for four hours), although following her advice he didn't fold the rest of her clothing (which he wanted to) because (she said) he wouldn't do it right, he folded her blanket and then left several pieces of candies on top of the blanket wrapped in cleanex. Feefee had already understood that Valerie was uncomfortable with expressions of romantic affections and now he formulated the theory that she didn't like to be liked but liked him who didn't like her: thus he didn't like F who liked her and liked Dee who didn't like her: and this, because she disliked love and romance. After all, such was Feefee's own subhuman experience, that his worshiping attitude toward beautiful women in the past only led them to either be indifferent to him or detest him outright, but that the one time when he had finally come to detest white females for their sense of superiority and so treat with contempt a Jessica Simpson looking, stereotypically attractive white female that he encountered in a professional context,<sup>24</sup> she actually liked him (for his intelligence and intellect or something like that). And Dee himself treated Valerie like trash sometimes; once Valerie recounted that whenever she sat with her legs wide-apart as she always did – and often the way she sat reminded him of the stereotypical w h o r e s in the old times, without manners – Dee would criticize her for not “sitting like a girl”. During the after-session chat this time Feefee specifically presented this theory to her and suggested that maybe Dee was really smart, pretending to not like her because he knew in this way Valerie would like him. Feefee, in a way, was trying to impress her with his (so he fancied) expertise in human psychology (!). Valerie heard it, thought a bit, and then said it was a good “theory”. But she then explained that Dee was simply a conservative guy who couldn't accept sharing his g i r l with all the other people; when Dee once asked

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24 Wright Institute, on Pico Blvd in Los Angeles.

her if she'd ever change her promiscuous way, she said she couldn't know. Feefee was surprised just how honest Valerie always was – she just never lied. He remembered the last time when she told him it's hard for her to meet a guy because her job bothered most guys: Feefee simply said, well, just don't tell them; but she said, I don't like to lie. And he also got the impression that Dee was a guy full of pride and resentment at the same time. If he couldn't have her all to himself, he'd just not bother with her. He was also impressed by how much Valerie could really understand people – Dee in this case – her usual insensitivity notwithstanding. But he had failed to impress her with any expertise in human psychology. But later, once, Valerie did admit that she was afraid that if Dee loved her she might lose interest in him and want to find someone else.

From Valerie's presentation Feefee had the impression that the resentment that Dee harbored inside was intimately connected with his rebellion against his own cultural background, which was highly disturbing to Feefee, not just in itself, but also because Feefee'd rather that Valerie not know about such rebellion which was so typical that he had heard about it a thousand times already. Valerie told Feefee that Dee, being Southeast Asian himself, would never date an Asian girl. Feefee hated such behavior. More than blacks, Hispanics, South Asians and Middle Easterners, in North America Asians seem to have the lowest self-esteem, and this despite the fact that they are generally more successful academically and financially than the other minorities, less prone to criminality, and frequently called "model immigrants". But they are also the most detested and considered the most unattractive among all the minorities because of their more introverted personality and lesser physical appearance. (Valerie, many months later, said, Asians were usually more serious.) Asian parents tend to have less emotions and raise their children more in the manner of mechanical maintenance; as a result, their children grew up introverted and lacking social skills and flamboyance. This more introverted personality then means that they are less likely to counteract with some defensive nationalistic, racial ideology of their own, and thus more likely to internalize, the negative attitude of others toward them. In addition, they are more likely to become dissatisfied with their parents for the latter's lack in humanity, emotions, and relationship-capacity when they entered the multi-racial society of North America where they had the chance to compare, say, white people's families with their own. The result is that they are more self-hating than the other minorities, and consequently they marry into other racial groups more often than these other minorities do. Of course, in American society Feefee had seen such scrambling among racial minorities (who were not just considered by the overall hierarchy, but also considered themselves, less aesthetically pleasing and dignified) to marry into the white caste (who were considered by all to be more beautiful and more aesthetically dignified). But among the Asians that tried to climb the ladder of social hierarchy, females had much better luck than males. There have been in fact studies confirming this. One example Feefee had found was Steve Sailor's "Is Love Color Blind" (1998), of which the important points are:

Interracial marriage is growing steadily. From the 1960 to the 1990 Census, white - East Asian married couples increased almost tenfold, while black - white couples quadrupled. The reasons are obvious: greater integration and the decline of white racism. More subtly, interracial marriages are increasingly recognized as epitomizing what our society values most in a marriage: the triumph of true love over convenience and prudence. Nor is it surprising that white - Asian marriages outnumber black - white marriages: the social distance between whites and Asians is now far smaller than the distance between blacks and

whites. What's fascinating, however, is that in recent years a startling number of nonwhites -- especially Asian men and black women -- have become bitterly opposed to intermarriage.

The heart of the problem for Asian men and black women is that intermarriage does not treat every sex/race combination equally: on average, it has offered black men and Asian women new opportunities for finding mates among whites, while exposing Asian men and black women to new competition from whites.

In the 1990 Census, 72 percent of black - white couples consisted of a black husband and a white wife. In contrast, white - Asian pairs showed the reverse: 72 percent consisted of a white husband and an Asian wife.

Sexual relations outside of marriage are less fettered by issues of family approval and long-term practicality, and they appear to be even more skewed. The 1992 Sex in America study of 3,432 people, as authoritative a work as any in a field where reliable data are scarce, found that ten times more single white women than single white men reported that their most recent sex partner was black....

Few whites comprehend the growing impact on minorities of these interracial husband - wife disparities. One reason is that the effect on whites has been balanced. Although white women hunting for husbands, for example, suffer more competition from Asian women, they also enjoy increased access to black men. Further, the weight of numbers dilutes the effect on whites....

In 1990, 1.46 million Asian women were married, compared to only 1.26 million Asian men. This net drain of 0.20 million white husbands into marriages to Asian women is too small to be noticed by the 75 million white women, except in Los Angeles and a few other cities with large Asian populations and high rates of intermarriage. Yet, this 0.20 million shortage of Asian wives leaves a high proportion of frustrated Asian bachelors in its wake.

Much more practical-sounding advice would be: Since there are so many unmarried Asian men and black women, they should find solace for their loneliness by marrying each other. Yet, when was the last time you saw an Asian man and a black woman together? Black-man/Asian-woman couples are still quite unusual, but Asian-man/black-woman pairings are incomparably more rare.

After all, unattractive people aren't attracted to each other, just as subhumans don't particularly enjoy each other's company but want to join the main stream -- otherwise there wouldn't be miseries on this Planet Earth. But this makes it that such union would be politically revolutionary -- if the lower caste people would just stop trying to climb their way out but instead bond together in solidarity against the attraction of the higher caste -- like the old Radical Feminist slogan, "the personal is the political."

..... In other words, as legal and social discrimination have lessened, natural inequalities have asserted themselves.

... by definition, heterosexual attraction thrives on differences.... The force driving these skewed husband - wife proportions appears to be differences in perceived sexual attractiveness. On average, black men tend to appear slightly more and Asian men slightly less masculine than white men, while Asian women are typically seen as slightly more and black women as slightly less feminine than white women.

Understanding the impact of genetic racial differences on American life is a necessity for anybody who wants to understand our increasingly complex society. For example, the sense of betrayal felt by Asian men certainly makes sense. After all, they tend to surpass the national average in those long-term virtues -- industry, self-restraint, law-abidingness -- that society used to train young women to look for in a husband. Yet, now that discrimination has finally declined enough for Asian men to expect to reap the rewards for fulfilling traditional American standards of manliness, our culture has largely lost interest in indoctrinating young women to prize those qualities. The frustrations of Asian men are a warning sign. When, in the names of freedom and feminism, young women listen less to the hard-earned wisdom of older women about how to pick Mr. Right, they listen even more to their hormones. This allows cruder measures of a man's worth -- like the size of his muscles -- to return to prominence. The result is not a feminist utopia, but a society in which genetically gifted guys can more easily get away with acting like Mr. Wrong.

Feefee was ashamed that he himself also used to consider white females more beautiful and the greatest prize to catch. It seems that most often the white females themselves consider themselves in such fashion, as superior to others. When Feefee was living in San Francisco, inside a celebrated strip club such as the Market Street Cinema this social, aesthetically based hierarchy frequently reached explicitly political level: the attractive white females always made far more money than the black females, and the black girls hated the white girls, resulting in serious racial tension between black and white strippers. Feefee had the impression that across California white female s e x-workers were far more haughty, and, with their sense of superiority, were far more prone to overcharging and ripping off customers than black, Hispanic, and Asian s e x-workers. (It seemed that Asian s e x-workers tended to be the least likely to rip you off.) While in Los Angeles just before coming to Montreal, Feefee was going to a particular strip club near LAX about once or twice a month and was always meeting a black stripper about 30 something who had no haughty attitude but always understood that he had needs -- exactly like Valerie. He took great pleasure in saying No to the white female strippers coming to him to ask for a dance and then turning around, in front of them, to ask that black woman instead. Like revenge. But he thought of it also as some sort of revolutionary act, a successful resistance against super-power. He had been ashamed of himself for falling into that ridiculous figure, the ugly inferior colored creature drooling over and chasing the purer and superior white women, and he had jumped out of that. He was very sad to find the same racial tension in Montreal strip clubs when he first arrived. In that cold winter he occasionally went to one of the strip clubs interspersed among the public university buildings,<sup>25</sup> and, when he did get a lap dance, it was always from a Quebecker g i r l with long light brownish blond hair. She was universally friendly and not racist, it seemed, and that's really why he went with her at all. But in one afternoon when he came in just to relax, a over-voluptuous black female asked him for dance.

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25 UQAM



He declined because he didn't want to spend money on someone he didn't even find attractive, but didn't say that but just said he was looking for that other Quebecker female, who luckily was not there in the afternoon (because he wasn't planning to spend money). The black female misunderstood Feefee's deep intention, mistook him for only liking "blonds", got really angry, and told him to f-ck off. She evidently hated the fact that white females were always more in demand than blacks. Feefee himself was very upset to be mistaken for "that type". After all, the social hierarchy of Quebec was no different than that in the American society, except the psychological make-up of the Quebeckers made the situation much worse (on this, later). But in the beginning Feefee didn't know about this; seeing that the Quebeckers behaved so differently than the Anglophones, he thought it was okay to get with a Quebecker female and so chose Valerie and become attached to her. Now that he realized whites were whites, no matter whether they spoke English or French – and, actually, the French-speaking were ten times worse. Then, after he had recovered his dignity from white females in America, it was only too sad that he had to see Dee going through the same struggle – in this much worse context. His resentment could be just racial self-hatred, it seemed, and further motivated, perhaps, by the betrayal of Asian females who in their self-hatred went climbing, and also by his jealousy of their success at it – not so much because of their extreme femininity but really because of their docility. It was much easier for them to climb. Then docility came in, since typically if a white guy hit on an Asian girl, she, because she considered herself inferior, would behave like he was doing her a favor, whereas, if he went hitting on a white girl, she usually would consider herself doing him a favor, and the white guy probably enjoy this appreciation from the Asian girl. Dee's was not the simple rebellion against one's own culture as Valerie had put it. And Valerie, growing up in Quebec, with her provincial outlook on the world like her compatriots, seeing, that is, Asians only through that prism of those nineteenth century stereotypes – unlike in California, where the whites had become so accustomed to minorities and come closer and closer to a true view of them – she would never understand all that complicated racial aesthetic politics going on in the background. Would Dee triumph in the end and save himself? Valerie's non-understanding, plus all that racial aesthetic politics, was the reason why Feefee wished Valerie weren't white, why he now so regretted and felt so ashamed of being emotionally attached to a white female and surrendering his power to her, who just had to be blond on top of all that. He had relapsed. He had failed himself.

This was around the Thanksgiving time and a bizarre scenario started joining in. Although he never participated in any anti-war activities, since the beginning of the year Feefee had the impression that he was being investigated by FBI because he had talked too much crap on the phone and because he met an Iraqi philosopher through another "subhuman." Some of his phone conversations were probably flagged by the Echelon system of NSA. By this time he was almost 70% sure about this. That Sunday night after about 30 minutes of after-session chat Valerie had to go serve a customer, leaving Feefee grueling over her withdraw and watching TV alone in the back lounge sofa. Then five American white guys came in, three, in their late 20s, wild and drunk, and the other two, in late 30s, more stable, one tall and the other short and stocky and with a shaved head. That three took a mean look at Feefee, what are you doing here. An especially wild one among the young kept saying, "This is the place, this is the place!" Feefee had a bad feeling about these guys, and so he inquired the tall, stable one among the old whether they were from around here. The man just said, yeah, we are from Sherwood, etc. After hearing the price from Danny, however, the three young guys left to drink in the bars, yelling about having no money. "If I had a job..." the especially wild one said, laughingly. At the time only two girls

– one from Van Culver and the other Lebanese – were available. The two older ones, after each considerably asked the other, “Which one do you want?” “I don’t know, which one do you want?”, took their girls, the tall one choosing the girl from Van Culver and the shaved head the Lebanese girl. After they finished, as the girls were walking the two men out, the tall one left his business card to the Van Culver girl, and she ran back to the girls’ dressing room, all excited and showing the card to everyone. When she walked out, Feefee on the sofa there couldn’t help but ask who that man was. “Shuh! He is a FBI agent!” “What?” “Don’t worry, I think he’s just trying to impress me!” “Are they from New York?” “Yes.” As he was still waiting for Valerie to come out, he couldn’t wait to call his best friend on his cell to tell him his suspicion that these FBI agents – probably the two stable, older ones both were – were here to check him out. After all, although his phone conversation with his confidants back home was always full of references to his “God”, he never talked about the actual name of the club nor its location, and yet precisely about a week and a half ago he revealed on the phone with someone else the name and location of this club. Remember the young guy’s repetition, “This is the place...” And he felt like Mr. FBI’s “Sherwood” was meant to play with him, as his address was on Sherbrooke street, which seemed to be what Mr. FBI was trying to utter but couldn’t remember correctly.

By this time certain negative feelings started boiling inside Feefee. The surest sign was that he began to feel jealousy. Firstly it was toward Valerie's other regular customers. During one night around this time, just after the session Valerie went out and discovered that another of her regulars was waiting for her, and when she came back into the room he said he felt jealous. She reacted negatively. “You’re jealous?” He sort of regretted telling her how he felt, “Well, it takes time to learn not to be jealous.” “Don’t you want to share what you like with other people?” This philosophy of hers embarrassed Feefee completely, for he should have been mature enough to think likewise before she said so. “Don’t you want to see someone else from time to time.... And some people see a different girl each time” and so on, she continued. Feefee was speechless, and what disturbed him the most was that it was because, it seemed, Valerie was uncomfortable with his expression of jealousy that she blasted him like this. He was just not a likable person, an inferior being, from whom women ran away when he liked them. If he were frivolous and shallow and always liked the new, that would be salvation for the womenfolk, and his loyalty and commitment their nightmare – the exact opposite of women’s usual complaint with regard to their men: this fate of an inferior subhuman was what really hurt Feefee, when he had the feeling that the same thing was happening here with Valerie. But then she smilingly invited him to the back lounge, this 180 degree attitude change perhaps the result of her sudden remembrance of “good customer service”.

On this night, already after 2 AM, when Valerie finally seemed to be done with all her customers, she brought Sonia’s laptop to the back lounge, sat next to Feefee on the sofa, pulled over a table, and started doing her homework. She needed to finish her group project, a presentation on Vitamin C, and she recounted to him about how lousy the two other students in her group were, leaving all the work to her. Feefee, again, got so excited watching her manipulate the Power Point, typing her name and her fellow students’ names (and both of them were actually Asian), because he was now getting another glimpse into her real life. At the same time Feefee felt nervous deep inside because he felt he had acted like a jerk when, in his excitement, he had pushed the boundary a bit by continuously frivolously asking her her boyfriend’s last name, and then by telling her that he had Googled her name. **How**

stupid! She refused to divulge, protecting F, and said as a side note but slightly surprised, “You searched my name?” Of course he never found anything, and he said so. By 3 AM, a non-aggressive and friendly-looking middle-age overweight American man walked in, and Danny brought him directly in front of Valerie who was immersed in her homework, as if directing two old friends to meet each other finally. Valerie looked up and smiled, “Hi”. It was another regular! Feefee felt this jealousy inside because Valerie was as friendly to this man just as to him. Again, he had no intention to have a monopoly over Valerie, but he did get upset when he was not more special to her in at least one category (say, “customers”). Trying to hide his dis-ease, he asked, “How many regulars do you have?” for, obviously, this was not a conspiracy. “A million”, Danny joked. “Maybe half of the city are your regulars,” Feefee said.

As December approached Feefee could feel his needs increasing. His jealousy was extending to Dee and F, and then even to Valerie herself. The reverse side of this jealousy was the feeling of utter inferiority which he felt every time when Valerie came into their same old room to begin their session, when he saw her beauty and so on. On the one hand, he was amazed how F could actually have all this in front of him everyday in his home and claim as “his” in some sense – what an amazing luck and happiness – while he was just renting it temporarily – a happiness which would always remain beyond his reach like the stars in the sky. This was the first sense of inferiority. This must be why he must pay 7 to 800 dollars a month to pass 15 hours of pleasures and chatting in a fantasied, controlled environment with Valerie, while F and Dee, who were not subhumans, were able to sleep with her and do things with her in the “real world” all for free. (This was despite the fact that they didn’t seem to be superhumans, but just middle humans....) On the other hand, as a subhuman in front of a superhuman, Feefee was deeply jealous of Valerie and attractive white females in general. This was the second sense of inferiority. Life would be so good, and all his problem solved, if he could just be one of them. The greatest happiness in the world was either to have her, or, at least, to be her. This was the feeling of amazement and inferiority.

Other than the rescuer pathology or his strange sense of specialness, then, another reason why Feefee became so unable to entangle himself from his attachment to Valerie was simply his jealousy of her, of her status, of her happiness, of her life. Here even national identities became an issue for Feefee. Did all the ordinary monogamous couples back in America know the pleasure and happiness in Valerie’s swinger life? The English-speaking people suddenly appeared so pathetic and ordinary because they were a jealous – possessive – people. For that’s really what “monogamy” means: mutual exclusive possessiveness, or “reciprocal monopoly.” What bothered Feefee the most, again, was the non-coincidence between appearance and reality. America was thought to be – thanks to the stereotype cultivated by Hollywood all over the world – this rich country and exciting Disneyland where people were rich and attractive and happy and their life was full of pleasures and happiness. Many a time when people asked Feefee where he was from and he replied Los Angeles, they gaped with admiration saying that must be an exciting place and presuming he must be rich. But the reality was just the opposite. Most Americans worked long hours and led boring lives and American cities were like ghost towns after 11 PM with on one on the street, quite unlike Montreal where the streets were always filled with people partying all night long until the morning. Americans had less friends and far less s e x than Quebeckers, and most of them had negative savings, while Canadians had high saving rate and Montrealers seemed richer, worked little, and so were in the state of everlasting fun. Los Angeles with

its millions of poor minorities, illegal immigrants, disabled people and subhumans was an especially bad comparison with Montreal. Feefee sometimes felt pressured to perform better because people seemed to expect someone from that exciting movie town to be pretty, rich, and exciting to be with, and yet the reality was that Montrealers were definitively superior in attractiveness and disposable income. Valerie epitomized this superiority, and her life was just the kind of life that Feefee, a subhuman from the city with the highest and the most visible concentration of subhumans on earth, had always wanted but could never attain to.

During this early winter Feefee became more and more distraught by his consciousness of his inferiority. "I am a subhuman", he "complained" repeatedly to his best and only friend on the phone. He didn't know what to do; he didn't want to stay in Montreal anymore, but he was afraid to face the pain of separation from the person of his obsession nor did he know how to face it one day should he return home. He went through that before;<sup>26</sup> he knew the despair and desperation involved were among the greatest kinds of pain known in the world. He became more and more discontent with the fact that his professional relationship with Valerie was the only possible arrangement with her. He felt like an animal in the cage trying to escape but just continuously running into the wall. This obviously was tied up with his jealousy for Dee and F. The misery came from desiring something completely out of his league – and only desiring that thing and nothing else. (But then, being a subhuman male meant that just about the entire womenfolk were "out of league".) Being a subhuman wouldn't in itself mean unhappiness; the problem was that he was a subhuman with a middle human passion. An economist once said that happiness was the function of the relationship between expectation and achievement. A normal passion desiring a superhuman meant the raising of expectation, but a subhuman physique meant the lowering of achievement, and misery was the function of the growing gap between the two. Even since the best time of October, when Feefee started desiring an actual relationship with Valerie, he was already asked on the phone by his psychologist back home<sup>27</sup> if he really believed he'd go anywhere with her. Of course, consider a nerdy subhuman like him: he had never had a real girlfriend in his life, he had only one friend, and his second "friend" (the other person that knew him at all) was someone he had to pay and with whom he was forbidden by law to have a relationship outside her office – and this was the only female in his life: i.e. the psychologist he was talking to right now; and furthermore his only experiences of physical intimacy were all with the sort of "professionals" like Valerie, and he was so socially isolated that he could usually go through a whole week without speaking a word – now how was someone like him going to have a girlfriend as beautiful and as having so full a life as Valerie? But he did have his reason, as he told his psychologist: if he could ever have any chance with anyone in his life, it'd be her, because – she was not monogamous, and she would sleep with friends solely for fun, like hand shake, remember? The point is, you can be romantic and physical with her without actually being romantic and physical, but simply as a friend. And you can always add a friend to your list of friends, right? Usually, he thought, a woman is picky with her mate because of monogamy, because once she chooses him, that's all she's ever going to have, and that's why the guy had better be somebody. But if, as was case with Valerie, the woman didn't believe in monogamy and could just add another, and then another, guy to her existing friends or partners without having to give up the boyfriends and partners she already had, then the new guy could be a loser and it would be okay. He would just be the more peculiar one in a collection of boyfriends and partners each of whom was of a

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26 It started with "Azin", remember, the pain of which it took several years to erase.

27 Deborah W, of course.

different type. This was actually the best, for, if she were monogamous and he were actually her boyfriend, he'd feel so guilty, because a superior being like her was being wasted on something inferior, and also because he'd bear the entire responsibility for making her happy – and how could he do that? But if he were just one of the many, then the burden of making her happy would be spread out over many persons. He would rather get a minor share of her than not at all, and he'd rather get that minor share without the contradiction of making the person he cared about miserable than possess that person all to himself **but with that contradiction.**

This is why Valerie acquired such significance for Feefee: she was the only possible superhuman to whom an inferior being like Feefee might be able to attach himself. But the pain of trying.... So he complained continuously to his best friend, "I'm a subhuman". His best friend often responded, why do you keep telling me the same thing, something I already know? Of course, he was complaining in catharsis, not giving out information. But one day his best friend produced a theory: "Maybe deep down you never really believed you were a subhuman; instead you always thought you were someone special, like a superhuman. But now you suddenly discover you are a subhuman, especially when you desire someone so out of your league, and you are in shock; that's why you can't accept it, you can't just give it up." It actually sounded right to Feefee. But only later did the picture become clear to him.

Knowledge of the impossibility of the struggle ahead caused Feefee to reflect more and more on the cause of his subhuman status. He traced the chain of cause and effect all the way back to his family, and for that he became more and more enraged with them, especially with his natural parents. There were two factors. The first was that people in his family, from both his paternal and maternal side, he had always sort of noticed, all seemed to have lower intelligence than average people (except his big aunt perhaps), and to lack the ability to socialize and emotionally connect with others. Perhaps intelligence is not the right word here, for this is not about the ability to do mathematics or things like that. Feefee's natural parents were having marriage problems since the very early on, and left his brother and him to his grandparents to raise. They then hired a nanny to take care of Feefee, but she apparently wrapped him up in plastic bags and locked him up in a room, going the easy way. He got very sick and was taken by his grandparents to the hospital, and soon afterwards the parents took off for America. So the children were really raised by their grandparents. Ever since he was young, Feefee noticed that his grandparents weren't exactly like the parents in other families. There were very little emotions flowing through the house, except occasional scolding and beating. (Beating was an acceptable parental behavior in that country at that time.) They were good at taking care of the children's physical needs – providing food and clothing – but nothing more. In other words, child-rearing for them was just a matter of mechanical maintenance, like taking care of a car, always remembering to pump gas in and check the oil as needed, but they didn't deal with children as conscious, emotional beings. You have already seen that this in fact is a common complaint about Asian families, resulting in the stereotype that when becoming adults in the complex multi-racial society of North America their children all lack social skills and are easily fooled and taken advantage of. But Feefee's grandparents were the extreme in the lacking of emotions, relationship-quality, and humanity even in this cultural background. While growing up Feefee and his brother always felt this discomfort in expressing affection with each other and with friends: that would make their hair stand up. As a little kid he knew this was abnormal.... After they came to the U.S. to re-unite with their father (the parents were already divorced), things went really bad. Feefee's father beat him regularly, and liked

to punish him with strange methods.... Feefee became more dependent on his little aunt and uncle-in-law for help. They also exhibited a complete lack of humanity and were devoid of emotions like the grandparents who raised him, although for a different reason: they were evangelical Protestants, and almost the stereotype Puritans reborn. They lacked all ability to perceive human relations and understand human psychology, because they themselves had no desires, such that they neither desired relationships nor understood them. To them human relationship was simply a matter of spatial contiguity or juxtaposition of inanimate objects. Secondly, Feefee had always played the role of a scapegoat for his other relatives, who projected onto him all the negative qualities that either belonged to themselves or were found in other stereotyped losers in the world. Feefee had learned that most people in the world believed what they believed and saw the world and other people the way they did not because these were true, but because these made them feel good about themselves. And the most primitive way of feeling good about oneself was through criticizing and degrading others judged or projected as inferior to oneself. So making the others possess the qualities one judged negative was a necessary step. This explained why all the people in his family saw him growing up and yet had not the slightest clue as to who he really was and what he was doing each day, but constantly invented stories about what he did and felt and truly believed in these inventions. And their mind was already fixed, unable to hear Feefee's rebut. As his best friend explained to him once, many families needed a black sheep in them to pick on etc., in order to sustain everyone's self-esteem and identity.

Just at this time Valerie herself started to change her attitude toward Feefee. The best sign of Valerie's downturn mood was that during the after-session chats she would no longer speak French to Feefee; even when he initiated a question in French, she would respond in English. He felt that he was now getting from Valerie the same attitudes that he got constantly from the Quebeckers outside. Although (or maybe, because!) Feefee pronounced French with perfect (Parisian, that is) accent, usually when he ordered drinks or bought stuff in coffee houses and stores, the Quebeckers would always speak English to him. Their refusal to speak French to him seemed to be telling Feefee, hey, you colored English-speaking foreigner, you are not part of us, why are you speaking our language? It's upsetting, but who cares what these provincial people think? But it did matter to Feefee, because of his jealousy: because these pathetically non-understanding, provincially minded people had an envious heterosexual life: their women were a lot more beautiful and physically open to their men, than the women in that puritan America where Evangelism on the right, feminist work ethic on the left, and obesity on all sides had caused *s e x* to become more and more a scarcity – and so non-existent for a “sub” like Feefee. All these played into Feefee's jealousy with respect to Valerie also. Deep down he also knew that Valerie stopped speaking French to him, not because she was racist, but because she felt uncomfortable – just as he would if asked to speak his native language to his native English speaker best friend: but he would force himself to do it for the sake of friendship, he thought! In the end, her refusal to speak French *was* a sign that she was shutting the door to her world to him.

Then things turned better again, luckily, and Valerie started speaking French to Feefee again. From now on at least during the game Valerie would always speak French.

From one particular game that went really well Feefee learned how Valerie really enjoyed fun, “friendly” (non-romantic) *s e x*. The special education student came to Professor Paradise's office for special tutoring. The book they were using was Valerie's notebook for her project on Vitamin C. So the Professor was reading the instructions for a chemical experiment from the notebook and the mentally

challenged student was supposed to repeat after her but had problem in doing it. As she was reading “semaine” (week), he misread, “semence” (semen). “Semence, le Professeur?” Valerie’s face brightened with smile. Then as they read about taking the temperature of the chemical solution, the student needed concrete demonstration, and raised his head about to kiss the Professor on the lips “in order to take temperature.” The Professor stared at him with such happy smile, and let him do that forbidden kiss! She evidently broke the rule because of happiness induced by the fun of the moment. “Temperature not there yet.” So another kiss. “Still not yet.” Another kiss. “Okay, temperature is right.” The Professor was in a very good mood. Then, the student used the professor’s body as the chemical solution and started humping her, pretending to have entered her as a way to inject the new chemical into the solution to cause the reaction wanted. After the storm, the student put his ear to the professor’s tummy to examine how the new solution was doing. She instructed that it’d take some time, days, for the reaction to occur, etc.

When Valerie enjoyed the game, this meant that the after-session chat would be good too. Her frankness meant that she’d even tell Feefee the details of her s e x u a l i t y, that she was more “vaginal”. The strange thing was that the reason she gave for the “no-kissing rule” was not to withhold “something special” – a “professional” that sells her underpart for example will usually withhold kissing from customers in order to save something special for her real lover only – but in order to avoid catching diseases from saliva. Again, her meticulous expertise in regard to all “things body” shined through.

Another example of Valerie's special concern and expertise in “the care of the body” was her art in body-hair plucking. Once around these times when Feefee after the “storm” was resting his head on Valerie's lap, she started plucking out the few body hairs here and there on his chest. It was such a strange comfortable feeling, more so on the psychological plane of things since it demonstrated to Feefee (at least in his mind) just how much Valerie did not see any boundaries between him and herself. No womankind had ever done that to Feefee before. In reality, however, Valerie was simply being generous and had most likely temporarily forgotten such boundaries which she did in fact see between himself and herself. While Valerie was doing all this, she said she did this for F all the time also. She would do this a few times more for Feefee in the subsequent days.

During all this period the teacher-student game was the rule – Feefee enjoyed too much nestling on Dr. Paradise’s soft body and caressing her pantyhose legs while she read from her book or notebook in French. But when the student started unbuttoning his teacher’s shirt and getting on top of her, he would ask her why he couldn’t be one of those privileged people (“les privilégiés”) that could actually go inside her. She responded that there were no “privileged people”, just her husband. But what about the other “convenient partners” of teacher’s? Oh, that’s the second husband. Then could he be her “third husband”? Two times when the student asked to go inside her or to be her “third” the teacher’s response was always “But you are too young, we have to wait for you to grow up (*majorer*)”. “But next year I will be old enough.” The teacher would smile, “Okay, next year.” This was really a promise that Valerie gave to the effect that Feefee’s status next year should be upgraded to that of a “convenient partner” with whom she would have “real”, and not simulated, intercourse – at last – or so Feefee thought, because it seemed like they both had been burying otherwise uncomfortable communication within the context of the game to make it easier. Valerie was in high spirit when making these promises.

But since the beginning of December the conveniences of the past started passing away one by one. First the most friendly Danny was gone. Starting from the first Sunday night of December, it was Corina receiving Feefee as he walked in. But this time she was all smiling face, and when he said he needed no presentation but wanted only to see Valerie, she said, “Yeah, I know”; obviously she had already heard of the “story”. Corina evidently wanted to fix the mistake last time which landed her in a bad review on the Internet by welcoming the most frequent customer, Feefee thought. After the game, “Doctor Paradise” as usual invited him kindly “to join her in the teacher’s lounge”. Feefee was kind of scared, asking if Corina would be okay with that. A little chat, she wouldn’t mind, Valerie said. Throughout their sofa chat, Corina stayed quiet in the office. All seemed fine, but the problem would come later.

At this time Feefee was becoming more and more isolated in Montreal, losing contact with everyone he met here, and he became more and more impatient with waiting for a whole week to see Valerie, and, as he started having more income through his additional job on the Internet, he began breaking his Sunday habit and came Thursday also to see her.<sup>28</sup> The inconveniences had increased. A man in addition to Corina was there, and soon he would replace the friendly bouncer on Sunday night, and this man was not restrained at all in showing his displeasure about Feefee’s after-session chat with Valerie for 30 minutes, then lingering on the sofa watching TV while waiting for Valerie as she went to serve an incoming customer, and then resuming chat with her again when she came out. The days of the “traditional experience” were quickly passing away.

Despite these inconveniences one night during the beginning of the session as Valerie was getting dressed into her “costume” she told Feefee that the next year when she would be going to university full time she might not be working here anymore; she might be working elsewhere or in a strip club in the suburb or whatever. As Feefee’s heart sank, she then said she might email him and arrange to meet him somewhere, in his place or whatever. That’s the most amazing thing for Feefee; perhaps the upgrade should happen too – even if this meant that he would still have to pay.

But the next time when Feefee came in to see Valerie she seemed to have withdrawn again. When they sat on the sofa after session, Feefee excitedly asked Valerie if they should exchange email addresses, but she simply said “Je prends la tienne” (“I take yours”). This meant either that she wanted to take control of any possible contact, or that she did not want contact at all. Although this was the most common thing for women to do back home in America, Feefee was very surprised that a seemingly unguarding tomboy Valerie would do this. Well, at least she said it in French.

Then of course, the waited email never came. Feefee was angry over the realization that Valerie seemed ready to renege on her words, that next year he could see her outside, and be her “third” and so on. He of course could not go to her and say, “But you promised”. That would be too aesthetically unpleasing: immaturely demanding time and what else from a woman. What Feefee did was to taint the scenario of their game with a slight tone of anger. He wanted to change the theme to one of domination. This combined with that previous motive that perhaps an authoritative figure would please her more. Hence he tried the theme of a primitive tribal chief capturing and enslaving as his slave the white female anthropologist coming to study his people. Facing Valerie wearing a white shirt, black medium length skirt, and black pantyhose and striper high heels, was a ridiculous figure looking mean and primitive,

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28 Namely, translations done for the Orthodox Church of Taiwan.



half naked with a towel on his shoulder and holding a long umbrella. The good sign was that Valerie was laughing so hard that she had to bend over. The tribal chief talked to Valerie in monosyllabic French: “Hey, you, the friend of Jacques Cartier?” But Valerie didn’t understand his pronunciation, only asking him if he was Iroquois. Yes. Then the chief examined her like a piece of something, fiddling with her blond hair and grabbing her legs. Then he “towed” the white woman away to his tent with the question mark shaped tip of the umbrella.

Back at the tent, after the chief showed off the new catch to his fellows, he made Valerie clean the place, and then had her sit on his lap and clean him. So, that’s what you do with women... What about the men? Valerie asked. I ate them, thus replied the chief. All of this of course was totally unhistorical of the Iroquois. Then at night the chief barged into the white woman’s tent. She was surprised, your tent is over there.... But he tied her hands and feet (the pretending was softly done, without touching at all, of course). He got on top of her, but, suddenly, she, with a defiant smile, bumped up her knee and prevented it. He was surprised, looking at her with a you dare resist funny smile, and flapped his hand left and right in the air before her face, pretending to be slapping her. Then he got off and pretended to light up some herbs. He explained in a low voice that this was to make her sleep. So she pretended to fall asleep. And that’s how it ended. She then became awake, and was complaining (in French) something like you people are primitive and don’t like women to participate, etc. You, captured, my slave, shut! The monosyllabic cave man’s French. The game done, as they started dressing, Feefee remarked, “Huh, you don’t like the game today”. She was slightly stunned, and then tried to explain that she was only playing resistance in order to get along with the game. But Feefee thought it was now clear that Valerie’s love of s e x did not mean that she enjoyed being dominated like a slave; she liked to be an active participant, even though she would enjoy being “on the bottom”.

Afterwards as they sat on the back lounge sofa, Feefee and Valerie first talked about her bringing perhaps some seventeenth century costume so that she would really look like an early French colonial woman and he, an Iroquois, etc. Feefee was talking in a slightly arrogant manner but Valerie in her usual insensitivity did not seem to notice it. Then she was called in by Corina to the office for a little bit, and when she returned, she asked Feefee where the conversation was. Feefee jokingly said she was proposing to him and he accepted it. A daring move for him. Valerie, slightly embarrassed, said (still in French) “but we don’t know each other as yet.” Well, in traditional societies all marriages were arranged, and the husband and wife never met until marriage. Thus said Feefee. Then they started on this conversation on marriage, well, mostly it was she talking. She talked about how you never knew someone until something extreme, how what appeared to be a nice guy could turn violent one day or show bad character such as stealing, etc. Then Valerie started rambling about how people had degenerated. You have heard how Feefee was impressed by her ability for empathy, her ability to participate in other people’s feeling and perspective, in the large sense, but her insensitivity in the particular instances of here and now. This was when he realized that she was in fact quite like him when he was at her age, very philosophical, given to thinking about things, but because of this constant mental activity of figuring out what’s right and wrong and why people in general behaved the way they did, the person paid little attention to the here and now, to the cues and body language a person might give in front of you about his or her mood. As usual, the dissatisfaction with Valerie (because she had reneged on her suggestion of contacting him and seeing him outside) that Feefee tried to show to Valerie through the covert means of arrogance or withdrawal (or refusal) was dissipated, and he

eventually surrendered, having to beg again. Earlier, when Valerie said in a low tone to him, that he had to leave before midnight because the boss was coming and he didn't like to see customers lingering around the lounge, Feefee just nodded his head coolly, "Okay". Before leaving, Feefee asked, "C'est pas possible de..." ("it's not possible to..."). Valerie responded in French, "If I didn't work here any more, but I will still work here". And so that's that, and Feefee left "disappointed with life".

The next time Feefee decided to put into practice his impression that a dominant figure might please Valerie more. He played the project manager, Dr Chu, in a aerospace program in a foreign country who had invited Dr. Paradise from Canada to join his team. As they were discussing the problem the astronauts' muscle would experience in outer space, Dr Chu authoritatively asked Dr P to demonstrate the necessary daily massage that they'd need to keep their muscles in shape. Then he undressed her and got on top of her as the necessary exercise the astronauts would need. Eventually, Feefee felt himself proved right. At one time Dr C was enjoying caressing Dr P, the latter smilingly called the former the world-famous aerospace "doctor", as if admiring a superior, more authoritative figure.

The next time, being still angry with his situation, Feefee decided to play another game of "domination style". Dr. Paradise was invited to teach at the University of Tokyo. When she was received by the chancellor of the university, he made sure that she dress right, by tying up her shirt to expose her belly and rolling up her skirt into a mini-skirt. When she entered the class room Feefee pretended to be many students at the same time, and these students requested the new professor of French to dance and then do lap dance on the students – kind of like that Van Helen video in the 1980s, you know. Then, when the new professor returned to the teachers' lounge, the student came again, because the rule *here* was that female teacher invited from foreign country had to give in to the students and the other teachers here.

On that last December night, when the ambiance seemed pleasant and light, Feefee grabbed the chance and jokingly suggested, "Let's have s e x! Com'on!" Valerie, with her goofy glasses as always, smiled and said, "But we cannot have s e x in this place" (it's not legal, that is). "But outside!" She smilingly shook her head, "But I know you already... it's hard." "But you have s e x with total strangers... Why can I with you?" "It's easier to have s e x with strangers, because you'll never see them again." At least, Valerie's smile seemed to be in response to the somewhat childlike funniness of the suggestion – at least, that is, it seemed that Feefee's device to diffuse the possible discomfort on Valerie's part had worked. "Do you think your behavior is normal? Do you think other women..." Obviously, Valerie admitted, other women would be just the opposite of her way, that, as she continued to explain, she would get shy with people she knew, and so s e x with stranger was... more comfortable. "But you knew F for four years, and you have s e x with him." "I do get shy with him more and more... and we have s e x less often than before." "Okay, let's just do what we always do, but outside." "Then why does it have to be outside? We just do it here." "It's cheaper for me." That of course was not the real reason; what Feefee really wanted was to make Valerie's presence "real" – in the "real world". Valerie then gave him a long lecture.

"I'm not the kind of person that would just fall in love like that; I'm the kind of person that likes someone just to get along with, to have some fun with..." Feefee was actually not quite aware of the relevance of this. He knew this already, he indicated. She recounted that Diane was like the first, falling in love too quickly, becoming sticky to the man immediately, and so losing him. Although Feefee

indicated his wish to drop the subject because he didn't want her to feel uncomfortable, Valerie kept insisting that she wouldn't be mad when talking about this serious issue; but what's worst was not that she'd be angry, but that she'd feel uncomfortable, he argued from his experience: it was always discomfort with the guy which drove the woman away the fastest and irreversibly, and not anger with him. Why can't she see this? He knew what she was thinking – she thought he was in love with her and wanted her to be in love with him too, and she was trying to give an indirect rejection without hurting his feeling -- and he was upset that she'd presume him to be the typical self-preoccupied guy who only thought about what he wanted and didn't take a look at himself and consider whether he deserved to have or was good enough for what he wanted. When in the end Valerie said, "I hope that answered your question", Feefee shouted in a low voice, but with a full sense of righteousness, "I don't know what you're talking about!" Seeing that Feefee seemed quite disagreeing, Valerie hit on the other possibility: "If this is like an addiction..." referring to his earlier comment about how he had already spent 3500 dollar on her the past half year. This was actually closer to the truth, and, thinking that she might want him to go away and shed the addiction, Feefee got quite nervous – Don't take my drug away, please! How am I supposed to get by – and he thus put on his cool again, "I'm okay."

Feefee felt very upset after he left. It seemed that he was faced with the same painful situation again, where the only thing he could do for the person he was fond of was to leave that person alone. The situation was painful because, on the one hand, naturally, one would always like to have the power to do something that would make the person one is fond of happy, and, on the other, one is fond of the person in the first place because the person fills certain of one's vital needs. "Love" does not always have to be conditional as is in this case; a good parent loves his or her children not because the children fill his or her needs, but simply because he or she loves them. In such unconditional love letting the loved one go would be much easier. But in the present conditional case the dilemma was that the only thing one could do for the person of whom one was fond was to deny the fulfillment of one's own needs. That's where the pain came from.

It is often heard that everyone wants to be loved but that few want to love. It is always painful for Feefee to hear such statement because it contradicts so much of his own experience. The greatest gift, for him, is to have someone who would let him like, appreciate, or love her and not run away in disgust or discomfort because he was fond of her; it is never to be loved by someone. In fact he much preferred to have someone to love than to be loved by someone. This is because he was always quite conscious of his own limitations, of his unattractiveness for the opposite s e x. Valerie therefore seemed to have misunderstood him. She seemed to have noticed that he was in some way "in love" with her, and she seemed to have presumed that he wanted to see her outside because he expected her to fall in love with him too. She seemed therefore to have tremendously underestimated him. You would think that Feefee had a low self-esteem – that would be true, but Feefee was also just being realistic. He knew well that he was way "not good enough for her" and so he would never dare wish being Valerie's boyfriend or one-and-only or anything like that, even if he would be willing to swing with her. That would be "wasting her happiness". He wanted no more than entry into her life, perhaps even occasional entry into her body, just as requested before, to be her "third" (or "fourth" or "fifth"). And he would be willing to pay – that's the justification, because, even he was not aware of anything he could really offer her other than money.

A particular thing that really saddened Feefee was that he thought that Valerie might have changed her

mind about seeing him outside because she might think him dangerous. This time Valerie specifically said that she knew that he was not dangerous. It was because of moments like these that Feefee had such negative feelings, firstly toward those vulgar, lusty Quebecker men, and secondly toward all men who didn't respect women, who raped women, or who were serial killers, etc. Quebec was a "backward" place, where men in general did not yet learn to "behave" toward women like men did in America, and often acted simply according to instincts without reflection, so that you could still see hyper masculine behavior among guys like whistling at women on the street and asking them "how much" (Valerie herself recalled once being the "victim" of this, although she either didn't mind – because it's "normal" – or actually enjoyed it). This was very unlike America, a more "advanced" place, where interpersonal relations between women and men were already overly regulated, and "mechanized", by the large quantity of laws prohibiting s e x u a l harassment and so on, which have made touching, eyeing, and talking between the opposite s e x a dangerous activity in the public sphere – this is the other extreme. Feefee's negative feelings were composites in which many different negativities were intertwined together – fear for the discordance between appearance and reality, jealousy, powerlessness – and were inseparably tied up with Valerie's status as a s e x-worker.

Essentially, all came down to Feefee's struggle with his powerlessness before Valerie, who was all-powerful precisely because she was a s e x-worker. It always hurt Feefee to hear people stigmatize s e x-work, and so it hurt him to detect some shame in Valerie for doing s e x-work. Feefee had always considered s e x-workers to be superior to the rest of humanity, because people had to pay them to be with them, because s e x-workers were so desirable that they could make middle-class income just by selling their presence – whereas "ordinary" people had to acquire skills from universities that were external to them and work much harder and longer hours just to make the same amount of money. S e x-workers are selling something internal to themselves rather than something external. Certainly, no one was going to pay Feefee to be with him; and the fact that he had to pay Valerie up to a thousand dollar a month to be with her indicated his inferiority to her. He had already seen enough of the strip-club scene where unattractive middle-aged single men with average income and boring life longed for the hot exotic dancers on the stage, forever desiring something they could never have but could only touch for a few minutes after they paid their guts out. And Feefee was in just this situation. When people look down on s e x-workers, then, they are either denying or hiding or jealous of the power and superiority of a group of people under the disguise of the opposite. S e x-workers have more power than the customers. Prostitution is the unmistakable proof for the *natural* superiority of women to men: women are *born* with power in themselves (this is why Warren Farrell in a book of his, *The Myth of Male Power*, spoke of attractive g i r l s as "genetic celebrity") while men have to acquire it from outside, and the fact that d i c k pays and p u s s y earns shows that men need women more than women need men. It then also hurt Feefee to see people who had never had experience of the s e x industry proclaiming s e x workers to be "victims" simply out of the stereotypes and myths perpetuated by the media: news and magazines and anti-s e x feminists usually only focus on news like how Eastern European women got sold by the Russian mafia into s e x u a l slavery, etc. S e x u a l slavery in human trafficking does happen, but that's not the kind of s e x-workers that Feefee envied, obviously, and he had never seen these, and it seemed that these only made up a small portion of the s e x-industry worldwide. Because of this, also, it angered him to see criminals exploiting innocent women, just as it angered him to see those few percentage of men who raped women without shame, and to see these in reality powerless and poor Quebecker middle age men who were so vulgar and disrespectful toward

women. His reasons were three.

Firstly, Feefee had seen enough vulgar Quebecker men walking into Club P, jiggling, rude, and acting like a “s e x u a l harasser”. Valerie had also recalled experiences that shocked Feefee as to how “backward” this place still was. Once after work she went onto the street and called a taxi to go home. The taxi driver, seeing that she came out of a massage parlor, asked her in the car with jiggles if she could take off her clothes. She of course said “No” and then he said he wouldn’t touch her but only wanted to masturbate. This kind of thing seems already impossible, out-of-date, in America, Feefee thought. Feefee’s problem with these men that act only out of instinct or even commit violence against women was that they were essentially selfish people that broke up male solidarity, which then made the life of each and every other guy much harder. If men collectively “behaved” toward women and respected them like Feefee always did toward Valerie – never imposing without the slightest force, and always retreating when being told “No” – then each woman when with each man would never be “on guard”, and Feefee would never have to prove himself “safe” by never acting aggressive toward Valerie month after month; and, even then, Valerie would say something like, “You never know, a person who is always nice can suddenly change, he suddenly rapes his female friend...”: she would always have that worry in the back of her mind. The “disrespectors” and the rapists, etc., therefore, are those who try to maximize their pleasure or fill their need at the spur of the moment, at the expense of, not just their own long term happiness, but also the happiness of all other men.

Secondly, the phenomenon produced that discordance between appearance and reality which Feefee so dreaded. Men who commit s e x u a l violence against women are really like a poor black man one day robbing a rich white man. It looks like the white man’s being oppressed by black men in general, but everyone knows that he in fact has more power and occupies the higher social rank in society. It is simply in that one instance that the powerless decides to rebel against the power structure and get on top of the powerful. But in the long term the powerless has just intensified his powerlessness since afterwards he’s likely to spend the next quarter of century alone in prison. Perhaps when men rape women it’s often the same thing. Radical feminists in the 1970s would like to consider rape to be the exemplary political instrument that men use to assert perpetual domination over women. But perhaps it’s women who have more power, and men who, jealous of them, are one day simply rebelling and thus get on top of them.

Thirdly, it was simply a psychological thing, and was related to Feefee’s rescuer pathology again. He simply couldn’t stand seeing Valerie, the greatest human being on the face of the planet, being treated as if she were not the greatest, most important, and most precious being. Strangely, inherent in this feeling of “injustice” was the discomfort associated with facing a contradiction: how could Valerie so want and enjoy s e x with men if men so want and desire s e x with her in such a degrading manner, i.e. *as if she resisted s e x*? This contradiction again led back to Feefee’s sense of being caught in a plight: wouldn’t these sexually disrespectful behavior toward Valerie – like that man who just came out of prison suddenly grabbing her from behind – eventually turn her off, so that s e x would become a scarcer thing again? This is kind of like the situation where, when Feefee went into UCLA library or McGill library to use the computers everyday – these English universities are so nice, letting everyone in without checking ID, because of that English value “information must be free and accessible to everyone” – he was always careful and quiet, keeping a low profile, because, knowing that they were doing him a favor, if he abused such privilege, it would be taken away.

Feefee had tried to investigate the cause for society's stigmatization, on the one hand, and "victimization" (seeing s e x-workers as victims), on the other, of sex-work. What he found was that men and women generally reacted differently to s e x-work. The social context is changing, and the meaning of everything is determined by its context. Traditionally, when commercial s e x was cheap – so that customers had relatively more power – and male-controlled (when the *male* pimps and bosses monopolized the profits that the workers earned), these workers themselves could indeed be seen as exploited powerless victims. In the modern context (in the developed societies like in North America) where (relatively speaking) efficient government and law enforcement do not allow old-fashioned exploitation of human beings and where commercial s e x is extremely expensive, even when the "boss" (male or female) still retains a large share of profit, the s e x-workers can hardly be considered exploited. Less "powerful" than the boss, maybe, but they are still more powerful compared with the consumers. This is Feefee's impression. And since the boss half of the time nowadays is just a former s e x-worker herself, the s e x-industry (escort rings, massage parlors, strip clubs) is becoming more and more woman-controlled. Feefee stuck to his view that s e x-work was inherently a superior profession, the function of the "traditional context" being precisely to suppress its superiority, i.e. it was an orchestrated male reactionary usurpation of women's superiority (through the reduction of price and male ownership) which was their ability to sell something inherent in themselves, unlike men, who had to acquire or produce something outside themselves in order to make a living and acquire a mate; while that of the "modern context" represented women's reclaiming their rightful power. Men's motive in stigmatizing s e x-work, in perpetuating the myth that it is a dirty and inferior profession, would therefore come from their attempt to diminish women's power and control what they need.

The reactionary usurpation not only occurs in prostitution. Just as in the wild, among higher primates, males evolved larger and stronger in order to control females so as to compensate their natural inferiority to females by virtue of their need, so among humans, where s e x u a l dimorphism is lower than among higher primates, men, in the "traditional" context, work hard to attach money to themselves and to deprive women of money so as to get the latter to need them too, or even more. But both of these result in greater inter-male competition for wealth and women and consequently in greater distance in fortune among males than among females, so that while the top of a "society" may always be male-dominated, the poorest and most powerless segment on the bottom is also filled with men, whereas the womankind is mostly concentrated in the middle. Count the number of homeless men and then homeless women on the street in any society and you'll see this.

Women's negative reaction toward s e x-work seems more complex, and the feminists' should be distinguished from ordinary women's. Feefee was more bothered by the opinions of those anti-s e x work feminists (the "hardliners", in opposition to the pro-s e x work feminists, the "newliners"). Take for example this Q & A at Feminist.Com:

Q: Amy!

What is your personal opinion on women as prostitutes, strippers, porn stars, etc.? I have very strong feelings against all of the above. I feel women in history have worked very hard to earn the right to make choices and to be respected in society and this only shows the lack of respect women have for themselves. Although these examples may serve as employment opportunities for women, I feel women have other choices and by not making better

choices, it creates a stereotypical image of all women.

While one woman works long hours at a grocery store while respecting her body and her soul, another takes the easy way out and puts her body on display like an animal. I just don't understand why women continue to do this???

A: I once heard Andrea Dworkin asked a similar question and she said "I wish women had better choices" and I agree with this. However, it is complicated by the fact that many woman don't take on these professions just for an income, but because they want to. They think it is a powerful statement and feel as empowered in this profession as others do in being lawyers.

There is a point at which women feel they are making informed decisions, but the information is still skewed -- for instance, do these women really want these professions or are they choosing them because in a male dominated society being sexy is valued. We don't know. I think another important distinction is that you can hate the industry, but not the women. That's crucial.

I hope that helps,

-- Amy

Amy was the proof, Feefee said, that that Indian guy at Stanford who said feminists were more stupid than plant life was right. Perhaps Amy's statement would make sense if you make a distinction between respect and power, in that case you can say that, although the s e x workers have more power, they have paid for it with the loss of respect. The reasons for hardliners' position seem to be: (1) the continual application of outdated situation (traditionalism). S e x-work means s e x u a l objectification, which in the traditional context, they analyze, involves an "experience of alienation": the denial of woman's body as an "instrument of transcendence", and the cultivation of it as a "beautiful object to be gazed at and decorated", rather than the development of "a sense of their bodies as strong, active subjects moving out to meet the world's risks and confront the resistance of matter and motion";<sup>29</sup> in other words, this works against her humanity. It made sense then. But today the situation has changed. Objectification is alienating or harmful only if the witnesses (often internalized: narcissism) are representatives of agencies hostile to the self. Thus the narcissism that a male body-builder has for his body is not considered alienating because the internalized gaze of the Other is admiring and not hostile. The division of opinions among the feminists on the "oppressive" status of the sex professions has its origin in this fact. The feminists who defend it are seeing that sexual objectification of the female in the advanced industrialized Western countries has become empowering to women rather than alienating because the profit margin of this profession has tremendously increased due to the commercialist context, the control of this profit has shifted more and more from the hands of male "pimps" to those of the working women themselves, and the juridical and cultural climate has (generally speaking) purged from the male consumers disrespectful attitudes. That is, the Onlooker, external and internalized, is no

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29 Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*.

longer hostile, but seems more like an inferior worshipper, whose pathetic longing gaze is empowering rather than degrading. The feminists who object to it are clinging to the outdated version of the experience of objectification due to a "fundamentalist" fossilization. (2) When Dworkin said, "male sexuality [is] inherently violent", she was probably motivated by the fact that the anatomy of intercourse (i.e. nature) has determined that male should hold onto female and "penetrate" her. Hence men are *made* to be violent, invasive, and powerful (evil) and female passive victim and weak (good). This is the logical conclusion drawn from Simone de Beauvoir's observation in *The Second Sex* that a primordial, biological basis exists for male domination in that it is always the male that gets on top of a female and penetrates. This factor of perceived biological determinism is responsible for the "hardliner" feminists' objection to pornography and sex-work: in the meaningless copulation of pornography and paid sex ("sex for sex's sake") it is always men who penetrate and women who get penetrated: this is why the changing context for the act (the *empowerment* of women through the easy and large-scale transfer in short time of men's power base – money – to them) does not matter for the hardliners: the roles of subject-object *fixed* by nature still persist. Hence they espouse homosexual sex because here the subject-object roles are not fixed but can be rotated between the participants according to their *choice*. It is the fixation of roles by nature – one always seeming to be physically dominant, the other subordinate – which stirs up such disgust within the "hardliner" feminists toward sex. Giving in to the natural role of "always being penetrated" thus becomes "loss of respect" for them. But Feefee was upset with this position because he wondered if hardliners' position was no more than a deceptive technique to hide women's power, by calling power "powerlessness", so that no one would even think of contesting women's power. In other words, people in power always have the need to hide their power and pretend to be victims in front of the real victims. The worst part is that the hardliners accomplished this without even knowing it.

The discordance between reality and appearance, which in this case amounted to the masking of power, was thus the most frustrating aspect for Feefee in this matter. He didn't like the hardliner feminists because they had been waging an ideological battle to perpetuate this discordance for the longest time. Feefee's discontent with Valerie's maintenance of this discordance – which act was however unbeknownst to Valerie herself – would be one of the major causes for the power struggle he was waging against her. He was surprised to see the same kind of discourse in Montreal, for example the following quotation from *l'Assualt des sciences humaines*, March 2006, number 4, Vol. 2:

Selon Kilbourne (1999), les femmes qui apparaissent dans les images publicitaires doivent souvent adopter des attitudes qui dénotent une perte de statut : un manque de pouvoir, de la soumission, de la subjugation et même de la violence. Les messages qui sont alors transmis aux hommes et aux femmes sont les suivants : les femmes doivent toujours être disponibles sexuellement pour répondre aux fantasmes des hommes, elles appartiennent à une catégorie inférieure et par conséquent, elle méritent d'être dominées et elles constituent une cible appropriée pour évacuer les sentiments agressifs et la violence.

According to Kilbourne (1999), women who appear in the commercial images must often adopt the attitudes that denote a loss of status : lack of power, submission, subjugation, and even violence. The messages that are then transmitted to men and women are the following : women must always be sexually available in order to respond to the fantasies of



men, they belong to an inferior category, and, consequently, they deserve to be dominated and they constitute an appropriate target for the venting of aggression and violence.

The “hardliners” attention space is clearly limited: they derive the image of “submission” and “subjugation” solely from the fact of being grabbed and penetrated, without taking into account the dependence resulting from the need to penetrate, nor the power base (wealth) expended to fulfill the need, and so, reversely, women’s independence and acquisition of power base from being treated “like an object”. As for ordinary women’s objection to sex-work, while the above two reasons may probably play a role in their conscience too, they are more likely motivated by a third reason: jealousy in the case of the unattractive women, who are angry about not being as attractive as the sex-workers and so not having the same degree of power and influence over men; and the threat from sexual competition in the case of attractive women: each woman is in fact conscious of her “intrinsic power”, that she can control, manipulate, and influence the man in her life through his addiction to her body. She in effect gets a personal slave with the amount of things he is willing and has to do for her in order to satisfy his need of her. But when there is another woman that offers to satisfy his need by simply exacting a payment, the non-prostituting woman’s power over her man dissipates. This is what Chris Knight (*Blood Relations*) is saying when he defines “prostitution” as the selfish behavior of a singular woman who breaks up the sex-strike solidarity of her sisters, benefiting herself at their expense.

Feefee had been struggling with his particular “rescuer pathology” since young adulthood, and it was this pathology which kept him on the path of self-destructive obsession several times. As he matured into the thirties and came more into contact with reality, he was less bothered by it. But unfortunately, it resurfaced again this time and kept him unable to just let Valerie go. This pathology was the flip side of his idealization.

And so the new year came and passed over the lovely city of Montréal. It was now 2006, and, nothing else worth mentioning at this point, Feefee thus continued his schedule with Valerie. That regular night of the first week of this new year, as Feefee stood in front of the mirror in the pizza store just before going to see Valerie for the first time, he was stunned by how ugly he was. Restrained, he went nonetheless.

This first session of the new year however went especially well. Valerie brought in a nurse fetish costume she just bought, mini-skirt style, with zipper in front to open to show her bikini body inside. After she demonstrated to Feefee how it looked on her, he decided on the spot to use it.

The scenario was that this was the nurse or doctor working in the clinic of the same school where Professor Paradise taught. That same special education student came in sick. As the nurse was checking the student’s chest and back with her toy listener, the student asked, surprised, whether the nurses in this country always dressed so sexy, with pantyhose and so on. She responded that looking sexy helped reduce the anxiety that students had when coming in sick. Speaking of which, she unzipped her costume to demonstrate her beautiful bikini body inside. The student almost had a heart attack. She then told him to raise his arms and take some deep breath. Then he asked her if she knew his “Professor Paradise”. “Yeah, that’s my sister!” LOL. So, Doctor Paradise by now, she cured the mentally challenged student’s illness by rubbing his chest and generally giving him an erection. The student cured, the Doctor went into a nap, per Feefee’s instruction. Away, Feefee pretended to be whispering to

another fellow student, “You know that new sexy doctor, she’s the sister of Professor Paradise.” “Really?” “Shuu... She’s sleeping now.” He could see Valerie’s face involuntarily lighting up with smile, despite her closed eyes. She found this funny. Then the student sneaked into the clinic and instructed his fellow, “You guard the door, okay?” Valerie smiled further. He started caressing Doctor Paradise’s pantyhose legs and stuffing his face into them. Then he lightly unzipped the nurse dress. “Wow!” as he saw the bikini sexy body being exposed. Valerie, with eyes shut tight to pretend sleeping, couldn’t hold her laughter any longer. The student caressed the body while kissing the doctor on the neck, cheek, and lips, and finally dragged her down the floor and started the “simulation”. Throughout Feefee pretended to be arguing with his friend, telling him to get out, lock the door, and, “I’m almost done, then it’s your turn!” which made Valerie ever happier with her eyes shut tight. Even when she was turning her head appearing on the verge of awakening, he whispered to her, “You’re dreaming, you’re dreaming... It’s your husband that’s coming!” She loved it. When Corina came knocking on the door to signal “Time’s Up” and the Doctor thus “awakened”, the student pretended, No, it wasn’t me, Doctor, I think your husband just came.... As Valerie, looking satiated, started changing back to her bikini uniform, Feefee was rubbing and kissing and smelling her feet and legs, as he did every time at the end of the session.

As both went to the back lounge to relax, the ambiance between them was especially pleasant because, evidently, Valerie so greatly enjoyed such fun sex game. Then she went on and on about some topic and said how she always over-replied, and at this moment Feefee caught a golden opportunity and brought up the issue about last week’s conversation, how Valerie’s strange response made him think that she must have misunderstood his intention. Valerie replied that she thought so too after he left. She thought he was saying that his leaving or not depended on whether he could see her outside; if he couldn’t then he would just leave. That then would mean that he was in love with her. Feefee explained that the two things must be distinguished: whether he might be in love with her, and whether he would expect her to fall in love with him even if he were in love with her; for he would never, because he wouldn’t dare, because he didn’t think he was good enough for her. That was why he would never want to be her boyfriend. He said that if she were to fall in love with him, he would feel guilty, because he couldn’t really offer her anything. He explained further that whenever he saw her, he felt inferior. He of course didn’t say what he really felt, i.e. a “subhuman”, undeserving, in the presence of a “superhuman”. Valerie responded that she felt sorry for making him feel inferior (!). She then said that one must not feel oneself so “low” and another so “high” and think oneself “not good enough for that other” just because that other was so much prettier; girls in her profession, like strippers and so on, don’t talk about their problems and so you don’t know their problems and thus think they are so superior and so on, but they do have their problems, like cancer or something, so she said. Feefee felt weird. “Do you have cancer or something?” That of course would be the most horrible, unjust thing in the world: how could someone so wonderful like her be punished with some incurable or debilitating physical condition? Valerie smiled and said she of course wouldn’t talk about her problems. She then said that she didn’t want to see him outside because she felt uncomfortable hanging out with her customers; if she had met him outside then she might have made friend with him. “You would make friend with someone as ugly as I am?” Feefee laughed. At that point Valerie felt the pressure to insist that she did not make friends with people because they could “offer” her anything; some girls, she said, like men because they have money or are good-looking, but for her things like “loyalty” were much more important. “Loyalty”, she repeated several times. The thing was that she didn’t deny his being ugly! That meant that she was too

preoccupied with explaining how she really felt and forgot about giving the lies that people would normally give at such occasion. But then again, that's normal for her, as she was never into playing games anyway.

Within this conversation Feefee also explained why he wanted to see Valerie outside. The reason he gave was that he wanted to leave Quebec because he didn't feel like withstanding the backward open racism of the Quebeckers, but that he found Valerie too different and too special a person to leave behind. He didn't explain why he thought her so special in particular, but only expressed his wish to keep up contact with her once he returned to the States. For that, he had to see her outside and "normalize" the professional relationship with her into a personal relationship, like one between friends. She said it very nicely, this time, that she was surprised that the U.S. was actually less racist than Quebec, and that, being white, she would not be able to tell the racism here as well as a black person could and so on.

Here is a digression that needs to be made. So, Valerie, unlike most of her Quebecker compatriots, was not "racist". Quebeckers in general are a strange breed of intolerant people – the immigrants here consistently attest to this fact when you have a chance to talk with them. The Quebeckers are generally vulgar and uneducated, behaving much like a ghetto people. Quebec does not make a good book market because the reading rate here is the lowest in the Western world. However he might have complained about American white people, having grown up in southern California and seen how white people had become so used to the presence of colored people in Los Angeles and San Francisco, he was particularly angered and annoyed by those (especially middle-aged) Quebeckers for whom suddenly his colored look was not a transparent matter. At least in the big cities in California one never has to worry about what one looks like – until one goes onto dating or into interpersonal relationships. Racism in America has shrunk for the most part to the covert level and to the level of cultural aesthetics: everyone knows that "white" is more beautiful, more dignified, a higher status, a better state. But when going around the streets and public institutions one's race is pretty much transparent to those who only have to deal with you in the public sphere, thanks to the combined effects of political correctness and the massive presence of immigrants which has desensitized the white Americans to the originally awkward appearance of peoples from other cultures. But in Montreal, once again, you have to be judged because of your appearance – even when you are not in a dating context. The aesthetic hierarchy of the Quebecker society is however the same as the American. We've already talked about this. The greatest difference, it seems, between Quebeckers and American whites is that, the immigrant minorities in both societies behaving in children's position looking toward the whites as parents and wanting nothing but to be accepted by them, while the American whites do behave like parents, allotting rights and giving equality to the asking ones like those with "more" and "who can give" would do, the Quebeckers themselves behaved like children, full of resentment and feeling that the whole world, but especially the English, had so badly treated them that they wanted "independence". But Valerie, as you can see, clearly behaved like a "parent."

It is at this time that Feefee realized just how great a person Valerie really was; she was the kind of person that would accept you as long as you were nice and loyal to her, and it didn't matter that much whether you were or appeared or acted "aesthetically unpleasing" all the time, whether or not you were a loser or ugly. Feefee had always wished that only if all you had to do to have people like you was to be nice and loyal to them... But the world was not that simple: people like you because you have

status, even if you may be mean, or people don't like you because you don't have status or appear aesthetically unpleasing (appear like a wimp, i.e. appear "not having status")... but Valerie was just that kind of a simple person. Further, his consistency in always coming to see her for what had been by now a long time, his "fixation" on her, which usually women back home would have interpreted as "psycho" or obsessive, she actually saw as "loyalty". Of course, that was partly because his behavior didn't really go out of bounds and he never asked for what he couldn't get for more than one or two times; she appreciated his "reservation" (which was due partly to respect and partly to timidity). But, then, back home, as long as you appear so, that's enough to ward women off.

It was now mid-January and the first time Feefee came to see Valerie on a Friday night. She came into the room already in the nurse dress. As usual Feefee had that sense of utter inferiority while looking at her super sexy body and desiring to "have it." They started with the usual game of a special education student coming into the school clinic sick, and the nurse pulling out her old "family tradition of therapy", sitting on top of him, rubbing and kissing his nipples while her other hand was doing... The funniness of the scene had Feefee re-interpret the game as "emergency resuscitation" of the patient who had lost consciousness in an accident. Valerie seemed to have found it funny too. He came, and it was the first time Valerie completed such a thing on him. At which time Feefee claimed to have been resuscitated back to life.<sup>30</sup> After that, of course, Feefee wanted "incubation" after coming back to life, so he lay on top of Valerie as before, kissing her lips, cheeks, and neck and caressing and touching her facial features, while she seemed so tired and fell asleep.

Because at Friday night the club was full, the strict Corina had Valerie come into the room to share her dinner with him. Because a girl was on vacation, she apparently was called to work the previous night, going home at 4 AM in the morning and having to wake up at 8 to attend class 9 to 5. She barely had any sleep, and she looked quite burned out. Feefee felt genuinely pained by her hectic schedule and asked her to drop a class. She would never, preferring to drop a day of work if it need be. "You can't do this forever", she repeated her old line, determined to finish school early if not on time. She was overwhelmed by the amount of required reading, but still, on this Saturday night she would have to go out with F because that was really the only day of the week where they could do things together and she had already skipped many Saturdays because she needed to study. F was already complaining. Feefee was unhappy about how F could be so uncaring about Valerie, insofar as he could just take her to a coffee house and read together, but he read not and wanted to do something fun. At the same time Feefee was unhappy about the manager's inconsideration about her busy school life. But he also felt a deep sense of guilt for fearing that Valerie might drop more days of work resulting in his difficulty in seeing her. That same old contradiction again, caring about the well-being of a genuinely wonderful person but having a need for her and possibly imposing burden on her. But then F, full of himself, didn't seem to feel guilty about needing her. What he was was a "middle human", it seemed, who somehow took himself for a "superhuman", and never had to experience that painful struggle between the selfish satisfaction of one's own needs through the loved one and the altruistic caring for that loved one – he just felt that he deserved what he needed from Valerie. There was just another regular of hers, a 40 year-old man, that came that night at 7:30 PM and waited for her for an hour. It seemed that so many people needed Valerie's presence that she was becoming drained. Feefee left half an hour later,

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<sup>30</sup> "That's how Jesus came back to life", Valerie laughed. "That must be your ancestor going into Jesus' tomb and resuscitating him back to life." Feefee joked.

understanding that Valerie needed rest, etc.

The next Tuesday when Feefee came to the Club everything seemed wrong. Not the “mean but nice” female manager, but a man – who turned out to be that “mean stupid boss” himself – was the one to receive him at the door. Feefee detested such irregularity and unfamiliarity, the man knowing nothing about his routine (the same girl in the same room), not letting him use the same old “demo” room, but leading him to an unfamiliar room. Feefee nostalgically asked where Corina was, wishing now that she were here instead, and got the response that she was sick tonight. When Valerie walked in the strangest thing happened. She said that she knew he was leaving pretty soon... Ops, that sounded like she was about to break the bad news, for he had purposely avoided giving Valerie the impression of leaving Montreal on a already determined and fast approaching date... then that, since the boss himself was here tonight, Valerie specifically asked for his permission to offer Feefee the “special option”. “What’s the special option?” Feefee asked. She just kept repeating “special option”. As Feefee surprisingly replied that he didn’t know that was permitted, she just said on rare occasion it would be. As she went out for bathroom she left him to “think about this” – because, as she explained, she could only offer this when the boss was the one running the place, such that Feefee might not have the chance again in the future.

When she came back Feefee nervously said, “I rather have you as a friend for the rest of my life [i.e. without ever having sex with you] than have sex with you one or two times and then never see you again.” Feefee was very suspicious about how she would suddenly break her identity (never get paid for sex for fear of falling into the category of “whore”), all this feeling like she was about to disappear such that she would want to leave him a “good bye gift”. She denied so. “How much more [for the special option]?” “100...” Feefee was still suspicious. “Then, why do you want to do this? Do you need money?” she said nothing. The matter was left there for now, and they began the game. Fear about losing access to her aside, Feefee was also uncomfortable about the fact of a subhuman male like him having intercourse with a superhuman female like her: wouldn’t that be polluting her, someone he so loved and to whom he would never wish anything bad to happen.

The game began where they left off last time: Doctor Shang came to Dr. Paradise to interview her in order to recommend her for the Noble Prize. Dr. P presented the book she was writing for her post-doc, then Dr. S couldn’t help but ask, “Dr. Paradise, do you always dress like that?” as he stared at her sexy, pantyhose legs entirely visible from that short, nursing mini-skirt. She replied yes, for that helped dissipate tensions among patients. “May I?” “Sure.” So Dr. S rubbed her legs, then it came about that Dr. P was sitting on his laps and playing with his nipples. Dr. S complained of heart problems, and Dr. P checked his heart with his listeners. Then Dr. S needed to get up to get his medication, but suddenly suffered heart-attack and fell on the floor unconscious. So Dr. P had to perform the resuscitation again by massaging his nipples and giving.... Midway Dr. S was resuscitated, and, feeling the impulse, got on top of Dr. P. Then, in the heat of the moment Feefee gave in and paid the 100 dollar, but not before asking, “you are not going to disappear, right? I’ll see you next Tuesday, right?” “Of course, it is you who are going to disappear,” she said. It didn’t seem like Valerie would be lying or playing tricks: how many times had he been re-assured before?

Feefee was particularly surprised by Valerie’s apparent good mood, her lying there with that comfortable funny smile without a care while he was about to enter her. He felt so strange and finally

asked, “No condom needed?” Only then did Valerie get up and search in her purse. Feefee of course would much rather do it without that but Valerie was adamant that there be no way for him to do it without condom. As he let Valerie slowly guide him in – he would not dare go in himself, for fear of causing the slightest discomfort to the person he most respected in the world – all this seemed like a dream; and yet Valerie seemed funnily happy. Afterwards he stayed in, and caressed Valerie’s facial features like before, removing the hair that got caught on her eyelashes. Valerie seemed ever happier, frequently opening her eyes to look at him with smiles – unlike before.

When Valerie had him pull out, the condom prematurely fell off and some semen seemed to have splattered about. Valerie got nervous, wiped her private part a bit, and said (in French), “I already had an abortion, and I don’t want another.”<sup>31</sup> Feefee was amazed, “Really?” Could this be that trauma that she seemed to have? If so, Feefee had guessed right, hadn’t he?

Afterwards their conversation in the back lounge started turning onto the important topic. Feefee asked Valerie if she had managed to study Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and Monday night. She did. But her boyfriend F was becoming ever demanding. He had thought that once school had started he would be able to spend more time with her because she would be working less. But just the opposite. Valerie was very pressed for time, for she was already behind in all her readings. She was thinking about working just one day a week and maybe stopping to work altogether for a short while. Doh! Feefee was nervous, so is she going to be out of reach after all? Is this why she suddenly gave sex? At the same time, Feefee was surprised and angry about the shameless, egotistic manner in which F attempted to satisfy his needs. He wanted Valerie to quit working altogether so that she could study and yet spend more time with him. He would not settle for taking her to the coffee house and both quietly studying together as “spending time together”. He demanded interaction, talking, and doing fun things together. But Valerie didn’t want to stop working because she didn’t want to touch her savings: if not saving money as before, she wanted at least to break even every month by working part time. Feefee suggested what he thought was fair: if F insisted on her quitting to be with him, then he should pay for her food and phone bill. Valerie said he would never do that! He would just tell her to live on her saving. They were in an equal relationship where all expenses were split in half, but F would not spend one penny more for her sake. Feefee was genuinely angry with this guy – not just because this guy was unwittingly trying to deprive him of Valerie. This guy was so full of himself that he thought that by being with her, he was doing her a favor. He was so great that she needed to give up her goals in order to care for *his* needs. If Feefee “needed” Valerie also, at least he was paying for it, so that at least she was getting something back. But this guy just took from her without giving anything back – or he considered his presence to be the greatest gift – and he felt not the least amount of the guilt which Feefee was constantly feeling when in the presence of Valerie: is it doing damage to Valerie the superhuman when an inferior being such as he touches and now has intercourse with her?... Well, okay, as long as he is still paying... But this guy! So Feefee couldn’t help but lash out: that he didn’t know how fortunate he was – for most of the people (actually men) in the world don’t have a pretty looking girl friend to have sex with whenever they want; most of the people (men) in Los Angeles were single; and even when partnered up their women were most often fat.... This guy, not so good looking, selling computers – big deal! – and, as a sovereignist – the surest sign of a provincial mind --, stupid, knowing nothing about the world outside Quebec, he thought that he *deserved* a pretty looking, nice and accommodating girlfriend, and if he got

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31 Her exact words: “J’ai déjà eu une abortement; je ne veux pas une autre...”

*The Subhuman and the Masseuse: Feefee and Valerie*

By Lawrence C Chin

First written 2006, revised March 2010, completely finished April 2010. Slightly revisions afterward.

less access to her he would get mad! Yes, the most upsetting thing here was when Valerie said if she told F she really didn't want to go out because she needed time to study, he would get mad! Feefee was so angry when he had heard that that he told her directly (of course, nicely) she shouldn't need to be afraid of him.

As Feefee was left feeling uneasy about whether this "sex" might be a goodbye gift, and whether she really sold sex to anyone whomever and perhaps at lower price to others, he felt reassured as he recalled that, just after Valerie smilingly offered the "extra option", she did remember to ask him, smilingly, whether he had worked this day. After all, again, it seemed that she wanted no lazy irresponsible bum to.... Feefee was "chosen" to be special in some sense. During all this time, of course, Feefee spent virtually his entire day in front of the computers at the Music library of McGill, spending half of his time revising his "theory of everything" on his website and the other half working on his translation for the priest in the Orthodox Church in Taiwan – with this latter, he was making an increasing amount of money, by this time averaging 25 dollar per hour.

Besides this, he really had no life to speak of. There were something, such as talking for long hours on the phone with his best friend just across the border, and eventually becoming acquainted with a gay man of Armenian origin having immigrated here from Lebanon some twenty years ago. Of these we shall not speak here. When Tuesday night came, however, what a relief when Feefee came to the club and found the boss going to fetch Valerie for him. She was still there. The game of "The Adventures of Doctor Paradise" continued from the previous episode. She went to Sweden to receive the Nobel Prize. But the doctor receiving the now world-famous Doctor Paradise had to lead her to the Swedish royal house, because the son of the monarch was in a coma. As Doctor Paradise walked up to the (massage) table to examine the half naked unconscious man, she asked what caused the coma. "He was hit by lightning." Oh. So she, in her mini-skirt nurse dress, climbed up the table and started doing her thing. However much Feefee didn't want Valerie to use her hand, full body-contact lacking – and he was calculating in his mind whether to get full service by spending another 100 – pleasure went overhead and he came. Regrettably, but, the royal son awakened from his coma, and hey, what's going on? He asked. He pulled the Doctor onto the table and lay on top of her like before and incubated.

After the session, just when Feefee sat down with Valerie on the back lounge sofa some customer came and took her away. He waited almost an hour and, just when she came out, more customers came to take her away. He hadn't even had the chance to speak a single word with her, and he was fearing that the boss'd get unhappy about him lingering in the back and watching TV for hours without further money-spending. As the time for her coming out neared and more customers came and went, he told the boss that he wanted another session with Valerie and went out to get more money from the ATM in a nearby bank. The other workers walking about in their bikini still excited him anyway – unsatisfied with Valerie's hand.

But while at the bank Feefee discovered that his ATM card just went defunct for some unrelated minor reason. When he came back in, the boss invited him to use the credit card and Feefee told him straight, hey, I don't want to use that machine. He didn't really trust the credit card machine there. Valerie was already in their demo room waiting for him, but now she just came with him instead to sit on the back lounge sofa. So many months ago, in fact, the first time when Feefee came to this place on the previous summer, he used his debit card and something very strange happened. First there was a double-hold of

the same amount, just as merchants in Canada often did with American debit cards, but when the transaction went through, one of the holds, instead of disappearing without charging, disappeared but *with* the charge. In other words, Feefee was charged twice, but the second charge left no trace. All he could notice was that his bank balance seemed lower by 55 CAD. Since there was no trace of the transaction, he was never sure, but he was suspicious enough to decide to never use any cards at the Club. Now, as he sat with Valerie full of anxiety and worries about money – that thing necessary to the satisfaction of his addiction to Valerie – he told her how selfish he felt (because he felt such a need to be with her and yet couldn't compensate her for the satisfaction of his need). Valerie, not comprehending this struggle inside him between guilt and need, just said, Why? Not just his half-satisfied “needs”, but he really felt guilty that Valerie was sitting with him for nothing. So gradually he decided to use the credit card – and Valerie did a little of her marketing, saying the credit card machine was very okay after Feefee told her he got double-charged before – because, he thought, after being a regular for 8 months, the boss shouldn't try something funny with him. So Valerie went to tell the boss, and he let the boss swipe his credit card two times, 55 for entrance, and 115 for Valerie herself (100 + 15 commission fee).<sup>32</sup>

It was a gameless second round, just for Feefee to get his needs met. But after the session, when they were at the back lounge again, Feefee tried to pick up the conversation from last time about F. His rescue fantasy and idealization caused him to want to convince Valerie that, when she's with F, she was doing him a favor, not the other way round, that she didn't owe him anything, so that she didn't need to feel like she needed to give him at least one Saturday night. But Valerie disagreed. In her typical humble fairness, she said when two people were together, it was desired mutually, and no one was doing anyone a favor. Feefee tried again, telling her that when she dropped by at Dee's place at night to sleep with him, she was doing him a favor. This, I mean, you can't really argue with, idealization or not. But she stood firm on her viewpoint. Feefee then tried to explain it again, that when she sat with him in the back lounge like this to chat with him, she was doing him a favor, because he wasn't paying her at the moment, and so she didn't owe him this time which she spent with him. This time she said nothing. Well, you can't argue with that either. Feefee would realize only later how stupid what he just said was. He then made the same point again, that if F wanted Valerie to quit her job (and dip into her saving to survive) in order to have time to spend with him, then he should pay her living expenses. Again she said partners needed to be equal, and each person always paid half when living together, or when dining outside. Feefee tried to make Valerie understand that, in the Anglophone world, when a couple went out to dine, it was always the guy who paid. Valerie explained that in the Francophone world, each always paid half, and even when she went out with Dee to eat, each person also paid half. Feefee felt that deep sense of jealousy again. It seemed that in the North American English-speaking world, the guy paid for everything and yet in the end only got a “hard-to-get” and “I'm important (or worse, I'm superior to you, because I'm the being that menstruates) so you'd better take good care of me” kind of response from her, whereas in the French-speaking world here, the guy paid only for himself and yet got the openness and “willingness to yield” from the girl – and the females in the French-speaking world were much better looking. He wished he were born one of the Quebecker men, even though he didn't like Quebeckers at all because of their ignorance and racism. So, again, he was jealous of those he hated – not because jealousy and hatred had any intrinsic connections with one

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32 See the charge dated January 25 2006 on my Citi-Bank credit card bill: scanned image below.



another, as the stereotype about love-hate sentiment might have you believe, but simply because those that excluded and looked down at him due to racist ignorance *just happened to have* a better deal in life (to be luckier, in other words). In addition, it was that same superiority (self-unconscious superiority, “people just can’t get out of themselves”, *true superiority*) on the part of Valerie. But this pointed up Feefee’s inferiority or subhuman status again, for Valerie’s justice, it seemed, would never extend to include him. Why, then, is it that he had to pay up nearly half of his income a month to spend some quality time with her, if she practiced all that equality with her entourage? (You see, she didn’t deny that she was doing him a favor to spend time with him.) These guys weren’t paying her and yet received such consideration about equality from her. Clearly it was because he was inferior.

The next night when he called the bank to check on his credit card balance, the strangest thing happened, he discovered the bank had canceled his credit card. Apparently, an unauthorized charge of about 150 dollar appeared on the card, having to do with some video store. Since the last time he used this credit card since being in Canada was already months ago, he immediately thought that this had something to do with Valerie's boss. Feefee was not just angry for being ripped off by people he had become close with, but there were also a lot of inconveniences, for he had no ways to get to his money now (he had no money left in his Paypal account), such that he had to ask his best friend to wire 500 dollar to him from Albany.<sup>33</sup> He needed the money to see Valerie on Friday night, because he was worried that the boss would know he knew the boss had stolen his credit card number when the card was immediately canceled after merely two transactions, and that the boss would therefore prohibit him from coming to the club. Friday was then of the utmost importance, since that was the only night when Valerie would be working but when the boss wouldn’t be there (it was Corina’s night). In his anger, Feefee went on the escort review forum on the Internet the next day and blasted about how the boss might have stolen his credit card number, and, in addition, in an attempt to make the boss’ degrading character known to the world, there he added the gossip about how the boss liked slutty girls and cut his old-time, actually more profitable girls' schedule, etc., this lack of business sense supposedly demonstrating his stupidity. Since he knew that the club management team might be checking the reviews on the front page, he hid the message in the response discussion of another recent message about Jessie posted by someone else. At the same time, fearing about the camera and the intercom in the message room, and that he might not have time to chat with Valerie afterwards on a Friday night, he wrote a letter to Valerie – in French – explaining the whole affair, his fear about being prohibited, and his entreat to see her outside – the whole affair had become a pretext!

When Feefee came to see Valerie on Friday night around 10 PM, he stood at the front door of the club for several minutes and no one came to receive him. He was full of anxiety, thinking Corina had probably seen his internet blasts and, there being probably a camera at the front entrance lounge allowing her to know that it was he, didn’t want to open the door. But he was thinking more on the line that she was embarrassed about her boss’ stunt on their most regular customer. He stood away from the lounge to avoid the possible camera and knocked on the door. Finally one of the girls working there opened the door and told him in a matter of fact voice that Valerie was not there. “Are you sure?” Feefee was not only full of anger but also feared that Valerie had finally decided to refuse him. Fortunately the girl called out Corina and there she ran full of pretended, customer-service smile telling him that Valerie would come at 11 PM. So Feefee also did the pretended smile and said he would come

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33 Wes, of course.

back later, despite Corina's polite invitation for him to come wait for her at the back lounge. Waiting in a nearby strip club for an hour full of anxiety, Feefee came back at 11:30 PM, and was received by a never before seen huge bouncer. And so he was led into his usual demo room getting ready for Valerie.

Valerie came into the room seemingly knowing nothing. Feefee threw his sweater onto the stereo in an attempt to block the camera and intercom in the room, and carefully studied, with amazement and jealousy, Valerie getting dressed into her nurse costume. As she was counting the money and saw the phone number and email address which Feefee had purposely therein inserted, she pulled it aside in a carefree way completely not of Feefee's wanting. The game began as Dr. Paradise returned from Sweden and the special education student came into the clinic to welcome her. He expressed his fear that his beloved Doctor might decide to stay with the Swedish royal house and abandon her students back home. And then he said he wrote her a letter and pulled it out of his pocket and gave her the letter. Valerie seemed surprised to read about the credit card story, and when she turned over the letter and read about his entreat to see her outside, she made some comments in French which Feefee failed to understand, but it seemed to express her unwillingness to do so. Well, at least, she was "naturally" responding in French since the letter was in French. When she read about the "non-necessity" to be loyal to her boss which Feefee had specifically written into the letter, she commented, "I am loyal to Nancy, not to him."

After reading the letter, she seemed to have more to say about meeting outside, but Feefee didn't want to waste his time and money on this and so insisted on playing the game first. So the game continued: the special education student, after hearing Doctor Paradise's returning date, decided to get sick on this day in order to come see her. The rest was routine: he put his head on her lap face up while she rubbed his chest and he rubbed her beautiful legs wrapped in silk; until she got up and got on top of him to massage him with her mouth; then he got on top of her, embraced her, caressed her, incubated on her.... Feefee had extended the session mid-way to one hour, which cost 225 dollar (85 + 140) in total. During the end, as Feefee kissed and sucked her toes and feet and grabbed onto her legs as she walked around to straighten up the room, Feefee said he'd pay her 300 dollar for just two hours (one for session, one for chat, relaxing) if she'd see him outside. The session was so relaxing, however, that afterwards both Valerie and Feefee were in a high mood and she invited him smilingly to the back, this despite the fact that it was Friday night, the busiest night of the week and Feefee wasn't sure if this normal routine would be appropriate this night. Then, even though as soon as they sat down Valerie had to present and got chosen, and Feefee felt necessary to leave instead of waiting – it's certainly a good idea to make some good impression to Corina this night – because Valerie said before going away that she would let him know whether she'd work next Tuesday, he went home satisfied, happy that this time Valerie might finally contact him.

But in the days afterwards Feefee became sullen. The trigger was, firstly, his reflection on how at the end of the session Valerie was re-stuffing the little strip of paper with his contact information on it in her purse without care. "There is camera in every room. Don't you know that?" Feefee said in a low voice. "No. But that's possible." As if she didn't know. But she worked there for three years,<sup>34</sup> how could she not know something that every customer knew? *She could be lying to protect the business.* Then, more importantly, as days passed, the waited email never came. Feefee took it to mean that she didn't really care whether he'd come or not. She certainly would never agree to meet him outside. What

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<sup>34</sup> In reality, as Feefee would later learn, 8 years.

exactly was so wrong with him? Nothing, it's just that there was nothing right with him. She in effect simply didn't remember him after the session, although his entire being was revolving around her at this moment. Under such frustration – there was just nothing he could do to ameliorate his situation – Feefee's head began being filled with negative thoughts. She very probably knew about the boss' habit of conducting credit card frauds against his customers, and yet she did nothing to warn him, not even indirectly, and in fact appeared quite encouraging. This led him to suspect that she probably was also selling full service to all the other customers – her statement about how this was something special for him being a mere lie – and she probably sold it to them at lower price, for who would buy sex in Montreal for 280 (Canadian) dollar? This made the lie even malicious, for in effect he was being fooled to buy something cheap and common as if it were special and expensive. Feefee thus posted another message at the internet forum, without mentioning names, asking if anyone else had gotten full service at Club P and for how much.<sup>35</sup> He thought out a revenge plan: next time he'd ask for full service from Valerie, but, that, in the middle of the game, when he'd be ready for the extra and about to pay the extra fee, he'd pretend he hadn't enough money and see if he could get away with it for only, say, 60 dollar or so. He was surprised he'd in the end degenerate into this base concern.

The same thought turned around in his head: The most important thing in the world is how you look (including how you comport yourself, your ambiance), which betrays your status, your caste. The thing about being a subhuman is that it really doesn't matter what you do, you'd be unwanted or detested or considered insignificant simply because of who you are, the way you look or comport yourself. F might treat her like shit, and the vulgar men in the swing club might see her as a mere good f-ck, Dee might treat her as unimportant or resent her for her non-monogamous way, they could nevertheless get to be in her life and receive from her sex, time together, and consideration about their needs. Even though he was much more caring and considerate of her, she wanted nothing except money from him and then would not even remember him – in fact in the end just exploit him and help her boss steal his money.

So it was Tuesday again. Feefee could feel himself shaking inside when he walked into the club and was received by the boss. He avoided eye-contact with him, and had the intuition that he was aware of his blast on the internet and so of the fact that Feefee knew he had stolen Feefee's money. He felt his intuition confirmed when, after he had paid the boss the 70 dollar entrance fee for the usual 45 minutes, the boss said Corina would be back next week. Now that he became disillusioned about his "status", when Valerie walked into the room and stood in front of him with her beautiful body, Feefee could only feel that feeling of amazement and jealousy stirring ever stronger inside. The only comforting advantage about the boss' being here was that full service would be permitted. So with all that grudge inside, Feefee asked Valerie if they could do the "extra." She nodded her head. But he put down the usual 110 dollar only, for now. He wanted to proceed with the revenge plan. The game this time continued from the last time: Doctor Paradise was going to India to cure hungry children. The children, sickened and about to collapse, formed a line, and the Doctor's method of curing consisted in unzipping her nurse dress and let the children come, one by one, to nest on her body. She caressed them on the back, "Oh, That there be no more hunger..." Afterwards the children ran away happy and shouting, "I'm not hungry anymore!" Then Dr P was informed that the prime minister of India suffered a stroke and fell into coma, that Pakistan was ready to invade, and that a nuclear war might happen if the prime minister didn't wake up. So she was invited again to use her magic power and led to the

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35 The message was posted either from UQAM's main library or McGill's Music Library.

comatose prime minister to revive him. Thus she performed on Feefee pretending to be unconscious “N massage” with her hand and mouth while her other hand was doing.... After being aroused by the enormous amount of pleasure generated thusly, the Prime Minister got “awakened” and, excited, absolutely needed Doctor Paradise. Under such pleasure and the feeling of melting inside because of his love and care for Valerie, Feefee gave up his revenge plan at the spur of the moment, and, when asking how much she wanted and being told “just like last time”, he put the 100 dollar on the table. As she opened her purse to get the condom, he expressed his dislike for it. Suddenly, her face sank, and she said, in plain English, “You’re not gonna do it without condom.” It was only afterwards, after reflection, that Feefee concluded that this might be her expressing her traumatic experience with abortion, which was probably caused by (the most likely candidate) S refusing to use condoms. During the process, Feefee repeatedly asked Valerie if everything was okay. Then, he softly caressed Valerie’s hair and face and lightly and slowly kissed her cheeks and necks just as before, grudge against her or not. Valerie got worried that the condom might break like last time and reached down to hold the root.... Feefee misunderstood and thought she wanted him to pull out right away, and so said disappointed, “it’s finished already?” Valerie said No, but that she just wanted to make sure. Apparently she reciprocated his consideration of her by being considerate of him too, letting him stay inside to “incubate”. She was just that nice, after all, in thinking that a guy’s need was also important.

After the session when Feefee sat with an implicitly angry face at the back lounge sofa Valerie immediately got chosen by another customer. Feefee was bottled up with frustration, unable to share his anger with her. But Valerie, before going off, suddenly approached him and asked him in a serious tone not to post any more stuff on the Internet (!). (Just at this moment Feefee noticed the boss taking a peek at them from the office.) She told him it was Corina who first saw the post on Friday – Feefee’s intuition was thus proved right – and she then emailed it to the boss. She was concerned because the post view indicated that 1,000 people had seen it (actually, Feefee counted 700 or so views of *his* post). What Valerie said was strange, though. She said the boss was very angry, not so much about the accusation against him, as about the gossip about him, because, apparently, he thought, one of his *g i r l* s was saying bad things about him behind his back, and he naturally suspected Valerie, though he also suspected Jessie and Mya. Today when Valerie came into the club, the boss accused her of saying bad things about him to the customer, and threw the email print-out at her face. The boss was not a tolerant person, and could fire her if he was sure that it was she, she said. But he didn’t know it was Feefee who wrote it, and so wasn’t sure if it was she, *because he didn’t know what the post about the credit card was about*, she claimed! Before Valerie went to the customer, however, she added that she was not angry with him (for spilling the gossip and almost getting her fired) because she knew he was angry over the affair about the credit card and didn’t know the management was going to read it. They did check it from time to time, and they saw his post about Sonia last time – Danny was the one who saw it – and she knew it was Feefee – Feefee’s intuition four months ago was finally confirmed today. She didn’t tell him that he didn’t have to wait for her, but Feefee always felt this was her technique of making him leave, and, feeling his needs bottled up inside him and unmet, he just said, “I want to wait for you”, and so he waited for an hour for Valerie to come out again. Then she sat down with him and continued the same conversation, saying how she preferred to work here than at other massage parlors – and sooner or later the boss was going to figure out it was he who wrote it, especially since the poster complained about how he spent up to 1,000 dollar a month and yet got defrauded. Seeing that she suffered because of him and yet seemed forgiving and understanding of him – was it fair or not? –

Feefee felt his heart melted, truly sorry, and thus apologized. Valerie accepted the apology calmly. But clearly, the boss knew it was he, then what was she talking about? Feefee wanted to test how Valerie might lie, and so asked her again whether she knew there were cameras in all the massage rooms. At first she merely claimed that this was possible, but finally admitted that this wasn't a big deal because all massage parlors in the city had cameras in all the rooms. So she did lie, in the sense that she must have known about it. And then she insisted that the boss did not know what the credit card business in the post was about, that that had never happened before, and explained that since 1,000 people had seen it, it might hurt the business, that customers won't come *and use their credit cards again*, and that she consequently would make less money. Perhaps, she suggested, Feefee could add a post afterwards explaining he had made a mistake about the credit card.

When Feefee left, he was wondering if he might have really made a mistake, and if Valerie really had no idea that the credit card machine "had problems". When he got home, he immediately called up the credit card company to check on the fraudulent charges again. Surprise, these charges had disappeared without a trace and in their place the actual charges had appeared. Did Valerie really know something? He became angry again over the next few days, because he felt that Valerie together with the club treated their customers like chickens to be fooled and exploited. He suddenly felt like he had a different perspective on Valerie; she must have had some "associations" with the dark, scammer world of her boss. He felt not just this anger, but also jealousy – after all, Valerie's fairness toward F and Dee was uncontested, but that didn't extend to him: he was jealousy of F and Dee such as never before – and powerlessness – that he couldn't just stop going to the club due to this because he was addicted to Valerie; all these caused him even more anger such that he now wished Valerie would make less money – for, really, he was also jealous of Valerie herself, since money came so easily to her because she was able to sell her body and he, after all the effort and money he had put into it – now he was addicted to her (not to her body, really, for that was inter-changeable with other such bodies, but to her person, which was the real problem): he was just like a station where money flowed through but never stopped, having never any surplus, even though he was pulling in 2400 (US) dollar a month at the moment, paid no taxes, owned no cars, and bought no consumer products. He had bit by bit surrendered his power to Valerie. He used another handle that the management shouldn't know about to post several negative reviews about the club, hoping to decrease as he could the flow of customers to that place and consequently to diminish the power which Valerie held, and he was even thinking about getting more handles to start a mini-campaign to destroy the club's reputation. It was strange that by now Feefee's idealization of Valerie could change into such (though ultimately harmless) malicious intentions.

Feefee naturally was very angry with the boss also. Thinking that Valerie's boss might have other "dark connections" etc., Feefee decided to pull his old trick of "investigation". He thus went to the office of registry of business on the outskirts of Montreal to look up the registration information of Club P. Valerie had mentioned before that the man was Greek, and Feefee quickly identified the Greek name of the boss, and found out that, club P having been in business since the early 1990s, Valerie's "boss" had another sex club before this and another video rental store of some sort concurrently (if I can remember it correctly). Video rental store! That meant that Valerie's boss must have used his old charge account or machine from his defunct video rental business to make the fraudulent charges on Feefee's card. But other than this, there was really not much "criminal" and so on to be found on the few pages of Valerie's boss' registration. In the end, there was nothing to be had, and all Feefee could do was go

*The Subhuman and the Masseuse: Feefee and Valerie*

By Lawrence C Chin

First written 2006, revised March 2010, completely finished April 2010. Slightly revisions afterward.

home and call up his best friend to talk about it. When he told his best friend about his trip to the office of registry, the latter laughed: "When will people learn to stop f-cking with [Feefee's name]... He has all this time on his hand!"

After so much anger, Feefee became very depressed in the next few days as he finally settled down with reality: the final stage of disillusionment. He really had nothing to give to Valerie except money, being an utterly depraved subhuman, and consequently she wanted nothing from him except money. The pure clientele relationship. This was why he was for her just a "chicken" and couldn't enjoy equality with F and Dee in her eyes. A nice person is only a nice person within a system that has its boundaries. How many times have you seen a person who's nice, just, and fair with every human being s/he encounters but doesn't give a crap about the animals suffering in the factory farm? The animals for food are not considered part of the system. Or who doesn't have a qualm about using a mouse trap that would break the neck of a hungry mouse which was doing nothing more than follow its natural instinct to look for food? Feefee was simply not part of Valerie's system, and so her nicety, fairness, and justice would never extend to him. As he read a McGill student writing about his "predicament" with his girlfriend on the same Internet forum, Feefee became even more depressed. Here is what the McGill student wrote (I quote):

"Well, my current relationship is on the blink of a total meltdown. After the Love fades, I realized that there are so many things I really dislike about her. I tried so hard to understand why she act/think like that, but evidently I failed. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the board, do you guys suffer as much as I do?"

The thing that pisses me off the most is also the most common among girls I dated (and maybe all women, I dare not say): Subtle Mind Games.

She LOVES to get mad for apparently no reason at all and make me spend days (sometimes freaking weeks) to figure it out.

Once I was hanging out with her and her two female friends. One of them happens to be funny, and I never noticed that before. So, being the nice guy that I am, I complimented her. The reason I said it was to be nice to her friends, since they are HER friends. Well, things went downhill from that point on that day. I am extremely sensitive to how [she] acts, so I noticed that she was mad at me. When I noticed that, it was already like 2 hours later. (Her mood changes often, so I can't really tell unless she's been like that for a long period of time)

Well, I knew she was mad, but I had no idea why or when it started. I tried all my usual moves: compliments, light kisses, play with her hair, ask her how she feels, joke with her, buys her chocolate... so forth so forth... Nothing.

Ok, around 12 that night, we were talking about something and she said something about some stupid stuff that I did a long time ago. I said "Come on, that's not funny." We love to tease each other like that. But that time she reacted very differently and telltale signs appear

on her face. She said "Well, I am sorry I am not funny like blah blah blah is."

OMFG, I thought to myself. THAT'S what it was... Then I told her, I said it to make her friend happy so she would be happy as well... I also told her how fun she was, how she's so funny all the time, it's not worth mentioning... blah blah... Then she was fine and happy.

However, I wasn't. I spend the whole freaking day trying to cheer her up, I asked her what's wrong more than two dozen times. I told her, I really have no idea what happened, PLEASE tell me. I freaking almost begged her. All then she's all happy and better because I finally figured it out.

What kind of a sick mind is this? WE ARE NOT PSYCHICS... I don't care how smart [or] sensitive a guy is, he can't always read your mind!!! I wanted to say that to her face. But that's gonna cost me later down the road, so I swallowed it. We swallow too, damn it !!!

That's also only ONE of the things I dislike about her...

She thinks she's the center of the freaking universe. She thinks that I need to spend every waking moment with her. I COULD, hell I even want to... But by God, I do NOT HAVE TO be like that. She can be so draining... If she knew I uses SP's services, she would probably commit some kind of murder suicide.

She's also extremely sexist. She always say things like "Oh, it's because I am a girl." YES. I noticed that. I am not gay, there is a reason I am dating you. I know what you are. Being a girl does not mean I have to travel freaking 1 hour to see you everyday for like 15 minutes between our breaks.

She's also got some kind of priority problems. She believe it's the most freaking important thing for her to FEEL GOOD all the time. She's such a baby, that she NEEDS to feel GOOD all the time. Ok, I like to please her, I do. But I don't want to have to throw everything else down, come home and comfort her because she read a sad story in one of her magazines every week.

Last but not least... she whines and complains ALL THE TIME. Guess what? She doesn't even want or care about solutions. She just loves to whine. You want to tell me that you are stressed and sad? Great, now I know, I feel for you. You want my help in something? Fine, let's get it done. You want a solution? Ask for one. Don't just complain. I don't have a magic wand to change the freaking world or to make things better. She love to ask question like "Why is like that? Why do people do that?" Not matter what I answer, she always ask again "But that's so mean/wrong, why is it like this?" If you got a problem, do something about it. Sitting there wondering why when there is no real reason is DUMB.

I feel so much better after spilling my guts. Last night I was watching "Beauty and the

Geek" with her. I see how STUPID some of those people are (both the beauties and the geeks). None of them are all very smart. BUT the guys feel ashamed when they can't answer a question or didn't know something that regular people should. THE GIRLS DON'T. They say things like "Psst, why would I know that? Like, I don't even know this..." and then it's always followed by gigles and laughter. It's almost like they are proud to be ignorant? Is ignorant some weird way of saying "I am hot?" in the their world?

I don't know if you guys noticed this, last night the girls were asked to install a computer. (plug in wire and press the "on" button) Some girls didn't know if they need to connect the monitor??? What??? One of the stupidest thing was that one girl didn't know where a purple square plug goes in the back of a computer... The geek she was pair with was like "how the hell can someone not know the PURPLE SQUARE plug goes with the PURPLE SQUARE hole in the back? Is this NOT common knowledge?"

Although my girl wasn't stupid and she never did any of that crap, and she knows how to hook up a computer. But still I can't help but notice that girls and guys think REALLY 5000 differently."

Feefee could never have the problems that these "normal" people ("middle humans") had; he was truly jealous of their "problem".

Tuesday again, the day of Valerie. Feefee had become so paranoid by now that he had to plan everything. In early afternoon Feefee called the club from a payphone to ask who would be working that night – it had to be in the afternoon, because it was then another woman working there who wouldn't recognize his voice, and Feefee made sure he didn't ask if Valerie would be working, but only who would be working. After he had heard the name of Valerie included among the other names, he said "Thank you" and hanged up. Then he went on with his plan: buying a piece of drawing paper and a disposable camera from the supermarket in the shopping mall on Sainte Catherine next to the park and in the area of UQAM. After finishing working on his translations on the computers in McGill at about 11 PM, Feefee set out for the club full of anxiety.

At Club P Corina received Feefee with a good smile, and Feefee tried his nerdy, non-aggressive greeting. But when she led him into his usual demo room, she asked him if he'd be returning home at the end of February as Valerie had said. Feefee just said "I don't know" in a cavalier manner, but inside he was disturbed because it seemed that the management clearly saw him as a trouble of which they couldn't wait to rid themselves. Could the office of the registry of businesses have contacted the boss of the club? Impossible, that's not how bureaucracy worked. Valerie herself was still finishing up with another customer, and she briefly peeked into the room, her naked body wrapped in a towel, to tell him with that customer service kind of pretended smile that she would join him shortly. Feefee felt very unsatisfied (needs unmet) and uneasy that everyone here seemed afraid to offend him.

When Valerie did come in, she spoke in French entirely without Feefee's instigation. She's clearly trying hard – that is, *unnaturally* -- to please him. That hurt Feefee. Feefee immediately set out with his plan, telling her that he wanted to take pictures now. Valerie thought it was for the body with face hidden as she had promised. But no, he wanted her face, he could care less about the body. Then she



suggested taking pictures after session, but Feefee wanted it now. So she went back to get her clothing, and Feefee took all the pictures he could with that cheap disposable camera. Valerie, in her typical masculine manner, seemed cavalier about the whole thing and didn't seem bothered by the fact that a creepy weirdo obsessed with her had just taken away many images of her. As usual, Valerie brought in a book of some kind for the game, but this time it was her paper folder. Feefee also as usual pretended to flip it through in boredom while waiting for her to change into her nurse dress, even though he was paying careful attention, first identifying exactly what and where her Wednesday class was, and then discovering her cell phone number and email address in a contact information page for her group project. He quickly remembered them by heart, but Valerie saw what he was looking at and equally quickly took the folder away, zipped it, and held it in her arms in utter embarrassment. Well, that reaction obviously meant that Valerie didn't want contact with him outside. Being at such a low point Feefee didn't get that hurt by this. Then they started the game.

The scenario this time was that Dr. Paradise fell ill in India due to the harsh climate. A "traditional doctor" was summoned to cure her. As the doctor walked in he first warned Dr P that his "traditional method" might appear strange to a Westerner. Dr P smilingly said Okay. The Indian doctor started smelling and sucking her toes and caressing her legs as the traditional method of examination. As he climbed up to Dr. P's body, he told her it's necessary to take her temperature – by kissing on her lips. Valerie evidently got reminded of how happy last time this made her, how she gave in, and they kissed. She knew his ploy, but this time she ain't gonna allow this, time had changed, she just let him kiss the borders of her lips, but she still couldn't help smiling a bit. "You are shy or what?" The Indian doctor inquired with a straight face. Then he explained to her that he'd got the panacea for all the illnesses in the world, but that the "traditional" technique to inject into her the medication necessary to cure her illness consisted just in "intercourse". He was not very seriously trying to enter her without a condom – not very seriously because he knew she wouldn't agree. Strangely, however, she said Okay. Did she know what she's agreeing to? When he stripped her bikinis away and was ready to enter into her, she at first just lay there without response. It was only then that she suddenly was like, Wait, what are you doing? Oh, I thought you wanted the medication. No, no. Oh, you don't want the medication? I thought you meant like before.... Okay, just the semblance. She nodded her head. So he put back his underwear and just simulated. Afterwards, while he rested on top of her like before, he made jokes like, See, you feel better now right? Yeah, I do. I think this "traditional" method is better than the Western methods. Yeah, I think so too, she smiled. But what if your patient is a man? Oh, I don't do male patient. I'm – what you call it in the West? – a gynecologist. When it was time to get up, he as usual was kissing and caressing her feet and legs, and said since she was a world-famous doctor too, perhaps they together could make a good team. Yeah, then I'll do male patients and you female. Feefee knew that he hadn't paid her yet like he always did before the session began. He saw this as an opportunity to demonstrate his honesty to her in the hope of, maybe, scoring some points with her. So he said, "Did I pay you already?" as he dug out 110 dollar from his wallet. "Oh yeah, No... Sometimes I'd forget altogether.... That does happen." "Yeah, see, I'm nice with you.... In India I believe things are bit different than in the West. I think in the West it's the patients that pay the doctor? But here it's the opposite" as he handed the money to her. "Usually when Western women came to see me I played by their rule and they paid me. But I'm nice with you...." Valerie started a nice smile.

When they sat down together at the back lounge, Feefee said to Valerie what he had planned, that he

was a little upset with her, because he thought she might have known about her boss' stealing habit, but she'd rather help her boss steal her customers' money. She turned visibly upset at such suggestion. At this point Feefee felt assured that that wasn't the case, and padded on her knee saying he believed her. She then smiled and said (in French), "It's funny how different people's perception could be. I thought I had more reason to be upset with you, but you thought you had more reason to be upset with me." For while, Feefee thought Valerie lived in a different world than he.

The next day (Wednesday, February 8 2006), Feefee went back to the supermarket in the shopping mall next to UQAM to deposit the film. On Friday afternoon, he went to the same supermarket to pick up the films, examined them – some okay, many bad – and then went inside UQAM to use the computer at the library.<sup>36</sup> Voilà, as soon as he walked in, he saw Valerie standing in the midst talking to another girl. She was barely recognizable to him, wearing glasses *and fully clothed*. How bizarre, Feefee thought. This was what she looked like in the "real world".

At this time, Feefee decided to follow his psychologist's suggestion and went to the Montreal meeting of Love and Sex Addiction Anonymous on both Saturday afternoon and Monday night. He discovered his predicament was worse than he thought, in fact the worst. Because his family had not prepared him with the ability to connect with others, he could not "connect" with, or fit in among, even these members of LSAA. He felt left out. Secondly, these women and men had both had a lot of sex, their problem being using sex unhealthily to fill emotional needs. But Feefee's problem was not being able to get any sex, and yet becoming dependent on sex to unhealthily fill these needs. It's rather like a person who was always sober, dying to get drunk to fill the emptiness inside, yet just couldn't get his hand on alcohol, and felt miserable consequently, such that he felt compelled to join up Alcoholic Anonymous where everyone was constantly and *actually* drunk and trying to become sober again. Ridiculous.

Now the next Tuesday. In the afternoon Feefee went into the university underground section again, ambiguous about whether he'd want to run into Valerie. After he came out of the library, incredibly, he saw Valerie sitting right there amidst the lunch tables in front, quietly reading some papers and eating. Feefee thought he'd better walk away quietly, for her unhappiness with him last time would only get compounded if he suddenly showed up in "real life". But then he turned around, went into the library and came out again, hoping that Valerie would raise her head and see him accidentally. But no. Finally, he decided to take a risk, walked up to her, and said, in French, "I saw you. Can I say hello to you?" This seemed to be a good line, leaving a back door open. However, when Valerie looked up, before he even had the chance to finish, she smiled in the most innocent way, and invited him to sit down in front of her! So they had a conversation while she ate her lunch. She was talking to him about things at work, and Feefee felt like being in a dream world, because here the always almost naked lady from the fantasy lounge sat, fully clothed, in front of him in this "real world" talking about that fantasy world. She told him a strange story which a customer of hers had once told her, that this customer, a 40

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36 I bought also at the same supermarket a cheap photo-album to hold the pictures on February 9 or so. This photo-album I did film more than three years later on November 5 2009: "[mariealbum.wma](#)".

C:\Users\Marie\Videos\vid\_11\_5\_09\mariealbum.wmv 928A3C2C0F1C57478DB092B492419FFA

49197820D882EEC1779F8E52836129D341BA9731

FC348FEDD132C10382B77C3A83B13B90D5700EEB346E8313C439C857A8BEBB112EA5F2947776207EE8CB528  
03844D0960750BBC7D78D255D9E72D94DC91CCEB2

something man, was raped by his cousin who had gone crazy after taking anti-depressants together with alcohol. And this cousin didn't even remember it afterwards, and found it strange that his own cousin was now afraid of him. She also talked about Sonia's history of trauma, how during her 20s she was raped several times by different men, and that's why she was like that today, considering men those monstrous lowly dirty creatures that always just wanted to rape and pollute women; but also about her previous boyfriends – she did have some, huh! – and about how now, as she got older, she started liking younger guys also. They were talking about this in the context of how Valerie herself didn't like younger guys, but might in the future when she should get older. She also mentioned that fact again, namely, how she liked guys with dark hair, darker guys, like South American; and that when a guy acted like he didn't need you, that's when all the girls would be attracted to him. The good part about F was that when he was flirting with girls, he was never serious, he never cared if he'd succeed or not, hence his charm. Of course, Feefee thought, that guy was full of himself. He knew well that this was precisely his weakness, he appeared too needy of Valerie, and too serious, and cared too much about her or the situation when with her. But he had no choice. People had told him many years ago whenever he expressed his desire of having a girlfriend someday, that if he didn't think about it then it would happen. But then there were periods when he didn't think about it all, just engrossed and taking fulfillment entirely in his own writings and things, and yet no girls came around either. This rule of thumb was such only for normal people, nor for subhumans, who'd get none whether they wanted it or not.

Then Valerie showed Feefee the emails from her professor of microeconomics, which contained four short articles from *The Economist* on the possible economic impact of the global housing bubble. She was to answer two questions based on the articles, one detailing the arguments of those that thought the bubble-burst wouldn't be a problem, and the other, of those that thought it would. The articles were in English, and these were her first English reading assignment. (Although the business school required complete understanding of English only by the third year, her professor decided to give his students a fore-taste because, Valerie explained, he thought it better to get them started early.) Valerie said she managed to understand them well, and she just passed her general English exam for business school enrollment. Feefee was determined to become useful to her in some way, and started reading the articles. She was quite accepting. As she went to print the questions out, however, she took care to take her backpack and everything with her, leaving only the articles and a blank paper folder to him. Feefee pretended not noticing, but he knew that Valerie did that in order to keep her information from being perused by him. At least he took comfort in the fact that Valerie probably wouldn't be playing tricks and just take off, because she did leave that folder here. When she came back later, Feefee had already finished reading the articles, and started discussing with her the responses to the question. It turned out that she had misunderstood many points of the article and came up with incorrect reasons why the bubble would or wouldn't be a problem (according to the people arguing for each side). Feefee tried to explain to her the correct reasons, marking out per her request the passages on the articles where the reasons were detailed, rehearsing the responses, and going inside the library to use the Internet to find out the French equivalents for these technical terms like home-refinancing and mortgage rate, etc. As Valerie began writing out her responses on paper, Feefee also went to get coffee and muffin for her, which she liked. When she was done and needed to go to the computer lab to type out the answers, Feefee was allowed (by the situation, by the atmosphere, it seemed) to follow her, but he wasn't sure if his expired student ID would allow him to go into it. But when he mentioned to her the computer lab of

the language school of which she'd never known before, her progressive spirit showed itself once again, and she wanted him to take her there so that she could learn another new thing about her school. Feefee was delighted by her company, and, *in addition*, he felt so proud to walk next to her through the long underground corridors amidst all the students coming and going. He felt himself redeemed for once.

As she typed out the answers on the computer in the computer lab of the language school, however, it became clear that she lost two-third of the answers that Feefee had thought out for her. She was not much of an academic nerd. Feefee was a bit disappointed because he didn't prove himself useful to her after all. But of course he didn't say much, just sitting next to her silently and letting her do her thing. He did correct her misspellings. At one time, when Feefee pointed out to her that, instead of "the consumption of people will decrease", she wrote "the consumer of people..." -- "He eats people or what?" Feefee shouted -- Valerie started laughing at her own mistake, and Feefee would regurgitate in his head days later that moment of his usefulness in both tutoring and entertainment to her.

They finished at 9 PM, when the lab closed. As Feefee walked with Valerie to the underground metro they were still joking together on the way. Then at the entrance Feefee asked her, well, see you in two hours, is it Okay? She said Yeah in good spirit. Feefee was amazed at what an open spirit or "good sport" she was. She was truly masculine inside. After months of only seeing her virtually naked and always in a confined, professional environment, now that they had switched to the "real world" wearing clothes and everything, and were about to re-enter that confined environment again, such mood- and context-shift simply didn't cause her any discomfort. Feefee had seen several therapists before, and usually when he ran into them outside the confines of the clinic, on the street, in the real world, the change of context or ambiance always caused the therapist (and himself) discomfort. Valerie was really a strong soul inside.

So Feefee ran home, showered, went to McGill's Music Library to catch up with one hour's work before it closed, grabbed a burger afterwards, and came to the club at about midnight. Valerie walked in without any sense of discomfort, but in good spirit. The game was that the special education student came to see Professor Paradise (in her two piece, mini-skirt, teacher costume) to complain about her sister who had been absent since receiving the Nobel Prize. He showed her the portraits he did of his beloved Doctor, half way done, and also the photographic print-outs, in order to tell her how much he missed her. Did she abandon her students? Professor P comforted him that she'd be back soon. Then she massaged him, and he humped....

At the end of the session, as Feefee grabbed onto her legs asking how much these are while she was remaking the massage table, as he did every time, he moved his head upward until he stared straight into her asshole (she was not wearing panty at this time). Probably because of the odorless fart earlier, he suddenly had that strange feeling about whether dirty, smelly shit could actually come out of there. Does the purest God actually shit?

Afterwards as they went to the back lounge Feefee and Valerie ordered breakfast together on his cell phone. Amazingly, this night was completely free, neither the boss nor Corina was there, and there were hardly any other customers. After ordering, Feefee couldn't help but exclaim how happy he was, that they just ordered food together. Like a dream come true. Valerie in her typical tolerant, carefree fashion, just smiled. They sat together and ate silently. They had already grown comfortable with each

other enough that silence with one another was no embarrassment. By the time Feefee walked home around 2 AM, he could reckon that **this was the happiest day of his life.**

He talked so much about this day with his best friend on the phone, and regurgitated in his head endlessly memories of every single moment of it, as if this were the food stuff to keep him going through the next few lonely days. Feefee did not hang around in UQAM on Wednesday and Thursday because he didn't want to run into Valerie this soon, but wanted to give her time off. But at Friday he went again hoping to run into her. As he walked through the university and used the Internet in the library, he saw no sign of her. Then he went into the public library next door to look for a Sarah Brightman CD, didn't find it, and descended into the metro station to go to McGill to work. As he walked down the stairs he suddenly had the strange impression that he might see Valerie. Strange was not the word, for as soon as he reached the platform he saw Valerie standing there. It was almost 5 PM. He went up and said Hello. Valerie was bit surprised, and said so, because she didn't expect him to use the metro as he lived so close. Feefee explained that he was going to McGill. Feefee was excited to be able to hop on the metro train with her and stand next to her. But she merely asked what he did all day. He explained. And he also wanted to accompany her all the way to the station near her home, which was quite a few stations after the station for the university, and then come back again to the university station. But she didn't seem to like the idea; she said she was only going to the station after the university station anyway and not going home directly, because she had to meet someone. Who is it, who? Feefee was so curious. She wouldn't say. Strange how she was on guard today. Feefee never found out whom she went to see. F? Dee? As they got off the train together and came to the exit, Feefee asked her if he could follow her. You can't follow me, she said. And then she kissed him on the cheeks for goodbye. Feefee was nonetheless satisfied while taking the train going back, thinking that he had made more advances toward his goal anyway.

Unaware of the disaster to come, Feefee was still hoping that this may be it, and proclaimed to his best friend at Albany that if he could succeed in becoming Valerie's friend, he would no longer be a subhuman, but a middle human, perhaps. *Valerie was the channel to his redemption.*

Then Tuesday came around again. He came to the club around 11:45 PM and Valerie was already busy with another customer. The Greek man never seen before invited him to sit in the back lounge to wait for her. Finally, around 12:30 Valerie came out and they went to their same old demo room. Feefee was in a great mood and they continued the game from last time: the special education student, now 18, hearing that Doctor Paradise finally came back from her two-year Nobel Prize trip around the world, got sick this morning and came to the school clinic to see her. He showed her the portraits he drew of her, almost finished. At this point the Doctor asked him if he was going to give the drawings to her after he finished them. She wanted it, that was a good sign, Feefee thought. She was not grossed out by a subhuman obsessively making images of her.

For the game, Feefee excitedly but stupidly put on his Sarah Brightman CDs. The student asked the doctor to demonstrate the "traditional" techniques she had learned in India to cure his illness. The technique consisted of no Western artificial instruments but was entirely a matter of hands and lips – organic, holistic – as she rubbed and sucked on him, sending him to paradise. In excitement and noting the unknown Greek man running the place this night, Feefee, as the student who just turned 18 and had been waiting for his beloved doctor for two years, asked if they could "do it". The doctor agreed,

noting he was now 18, grown up and about time! The massage and so on had so turned on Feefee, and as before Valerie put the condom onto his big thing with her month, but for a short time Feefee had difficulty entering – and he as always treated Valerie as if she were made of glass, shot-gun like behavior that might cause her the slightest discomfort was not an option – and Valerie slowly guided him in. This was the third time he had (to be sure, condom) intercourse with her. In the process of course he was still half-jokingly entreating her if he could ever enter her without protection. She gave reasons about protection against diseases, but he protested that he had none – obviously, given the paucity of his sexual experiences. But she could give them to him, but he protested he didn't care – he'd really accept just about anything from her. She said something more in French which Feefee missed. In the end she said things about the possibility of getting diseases from plates served by waitresses, etc. Afterwards, Valerie let Feefee examine her *v a g i n a* and explained to him which one was the clitoris.... This was really the first time Feefee learned of these things up-close and first-hand. Sure, he had some experiences of sex with sex-workers before, but they had never given him the opportunity to study their private parts, and since he was always guided in by them, he never got to learn anything “on his own”.

But as soon as Feefee and Valerie sat down in the back lounge, a customer came into the Club and Feefee immediately intuited the situation and cried out, “No, he's going to choose you.” Valerie seemed to have been upset from this point on, and when she came back from asking the man running the place to tell him that it's for an hour, Feefee simply lost self-control and yelled, “No, no!... I'll see you tomorrow...” Valerie stared at him with an angry cold face, “I don't work tomorrow; I will be here on Friday.” Anger surged up within Feefee. How much money did she think he had? He had just spent 325 dollar getting full service from her. Did she know how much effort he had to spend translating to make that much money? It was the way in which Valerie treated him like a money pot whose effort in pulling money in mattered not even as an after-thought that really angered Feefee. Besides, his intention – he was not yet aware of how simple-minded he was here – was to keep making progress in becoming her one of her friends. “No, I mean, I'll see you at school tomorrow.” “You can't see me at school,” Valerie said coldly. Feefee suddenly felt the rug being pulled from under him, his access to Valerie completely blocked off at every turn. The bottled-up frustration caused him to fight to the bitter end, then, “Je vais attendre” (I'm going to wait). Valerie nodded her head in cold disapproval, looking at him like looking at a most despicable piece of crap, and turned around to go on her way. It was already 2 O'clock in the morning. Amazingly, after Feefee had sat on the sofa full of anger and frustration until 3 O'clock, Valerie came out naked with a towel around her, gave him a dirty look, walked to the Greek man, and said something, and the man pull some money out of his pocket to give to her. Valerie then walked into the office, took a drink out, and came in front of Feefee to say, That guy has just bought another half hour, do you want something to drink? It sounded like an indirect invitation for him to leave. Feefee's heart sank, and just said No, he's fine. Well, at least she said it in French. So there he sat impatiently, watching the time passed: 3:30, 3: 45.... The club was going to close, not much time left. Finally Valerie came out. Evidently, she had decided against any association with a customer – especially when he was an inferior being like him – and that what happened that Tuesday was a mistake which should never happen again. With a sullen face, obviously dissatisfied with Feefee's lingering due to his neediness, she took her time in the dressing room, and didn't come out to sit next to him until several minutes later. “We don't have much time to talk, it's closing in 15 minutes.” At least she said it in French. Feefee, although so filled with anger and frustration (over his needs not getting met) and

wanting to go to the other extreme and act accordingly in front of her (which would give satisfaction at the other end, meeting a substitute need), tried to think rationally: he had acted childish enough, had better not go to the other extreme, but should just keep cool. Besides, not much time left *to try to meet his original needs*. So he calmed himself, proceeded with his original plan, and pleaded her with soft smile: Let's study together at school... can I do your homework? No. I have to learn the things..., she said. Well, then, I'll just buy you coffee and muffin.... She of course had not yet recovered from her low estimation of him, but still forced out a smile, No.... Besides, she said, she didn't feel comfortably studying while another person looked on. Feefee tried to reassure her he'd just do his things while she'd do hers. Still no. But he wanted to see her outside, be her friend.... She's visibly annoyed by his complete absorption in his own needs without considering the situation from her standpoint: "I don't even have time to see the people I want to see...." And she said all these in English. Feefee, completely lost because he was left without means to take care of his urgent needs, scratched lightly in desperation the hair growing on her right arm with his fingers as if petting. She, obviously angry and disgusted by such undignified behavior coming from a "man" that she just let into her body, got up without a word and went into the dressing room to get ready to go home. Feefee sat there like a total failure, his needs hanging, without a place to settle – so he was still not leaving. The manager was finding him a trouble too. At this time a man formerly associated with the club walked in with his huge dog, and Feefee pet the dog happily in order to pretend to be preoccupied with doing something. **At least the dog liked it.** Feefee genuinely loved animals, because these were the beings that, as long as you loved them, would always love you back: they don't care if you are black or white, rich or poor, cool or pathetic, dignified or not.... Loving Valerie would in no way guarantee that she'd even like you: you'll have to be a dignified person, not an immature needy emotional loser. As Valerie walked around the lounge already dressed up, she made a call on her cellphone and, when the call was answered, joyfully said Hello. Only Dee would still be awake at 4 O'clock in the morning. Valerie was going to sleep with that luckiest person in the world tonight after work. When she walked by him she didn't even bother to look at him. Feefee finally got up and left, utterly devastated. While walking home he could not help but shrink into a little ball at a street corner and cry as loud as he could. And he wanted to "go home." So lonely, and yet he did not know that *he was being watched at this time* – by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who must have found all this the strangest and incomprehensible case ever to have come into their attention.

When Feefee was working from the library in the next two days, he'd get so angry whenever he thought about Valerie's joy when she called up Dee and contrasted this with her disgust when she stared angrily at him. He could just imagine how Valerie must have compared these two persons in her mind. He was so ashamed of his uncontrolled exhibition of "separation anxiety", which dogs with emotional problems exhibited when their owners went out of home. As anger and shame started bottling up inside and destroying his ability to concentrate on work, the only way to provide an outlet for these emotions and feel better was to cut himself. The first time (Wednesday night) he went to the McGill Music Library's bathroom to do it. The next night he would however forget his razor blade at home, and so while buying dinner he also went to the market, bought a super-size exacto knife, and returned to the library's bathroom to cut himself. He didn't expect the knife to be so powerful, however, and he cut a wound at his upper right arm that was about half-inch deep and as wide open as the mouth was. He bled so much into the toilet that he felt dizzy and was about to faint. He knew he was in deep trouble and went quickly to the hall way to eat his dinner to replenish the blood lost – for losing

consciousness and ending up being carried away by emergency workers in a foreign country due to “suicide attempt” was just too embarrassing. He then borrowed a roll of bandage from some office worker. He was a drama queen enough as to call his psychologist back home during all this, also. For the next two days he was weakened, and the bleeding wouldn’t stop for several days and wouldn’t heal until several months later.

Feefee really couldn’t wait for Tuesday, but had to go see Valerie on Friday night in order to “fix” the situation, otherwise he couldn’t calm down. That night, after finishing work at the McGill library around 7 PM, Feefee went to the bookstore and while continuing the portraits of Valerie he dwelt further on his shame over his obsession with a white female. How he wished Valerie were not white, or at least not a Quebecker. Suddenly he felt emotionless inside – as if it were drained clean – and consequently felt his head cleared up. Suddenly without that strong need or attachment, he could feel happy for Dee instead of jealousy. He was staring at the Asian girl sitting before him who with her accents had obviously grown up in Quebec. *It must be sad to grow up Asian in this backward society. Lucky for Dee that he met Valerie, the one girl from the dominant white class who was exceptionally tolerant, good natured, and non-racist.*

In every way, he felt, Valerie was just the worst choice for obsession by a colored subhuman: she was blond, white, French descent, beautiful... More and more “researches” had surfaced lately on the *inherent* human predilection for that culturally stereotyped icon “blond”. In his scientific mind, Feefee truly thought these researches were just ideological constructs of the age. He really, truly, didn’t care about blondness or not-blondness. But he must have produced that impression, because that’s what everyone idiotically believed.

He tried to analyze the feeling that allowed his addiction to the sex-industry to both ruin him financially and psychologically, and to put him seemingly on the path toward complete physical destruction. The bottled-up discomfort inside – the fact that Valerie offered up herself to be enjoyed by random persons, and enjoyed doing so, for power, fun, and money, and then withdrew into inaccessibility for the public but total accessibility for that few persons seemed to imply a – and increase that – contrast between who’s worthy (that few lucky ones) and who’s not – much more than ordinary women with ordinary jobs who were always only accessible to one or few special persons. Once again, Feefee found himself powerless, by the fact of always falling into the bottommost caste. The fact that reality and appearance didn’t match but were opposite of each other: the customer appeared to be in the power position but in fact was overpowered by the sex-worker and exploited by her (or at least by her boss) like a chicken: although she would cuddle up next to you like your bird and rub your G spots while you did what you want with her, *looking like* your slave, she was enriching herself each time and became much richer than you while you were weakening yourself each time – and in the end she just said, well, that’s his choice, like what a drug dealer said to the addict. He had spent almost 6,000 US Dollar by this time on Valerie, and in the end he was completely insignificant to her in her heart, while she had engulfed his entire world. At last, the negative feeling he started having against Valerie ever since the credit card affair came to fruition, and he thought that sex work was indeed an evil profession, not as some feminists and women had thought, that it victimized and degraded women, nor as many “moral men” had thought, that it corrupted morals in some ambiguous way, promoted promiscuity and spread diseases, but because it exploited the customers and in extreme instances could ruin their lives like trafficked drugs could. He not only started wishing Valerie would



make less money – though this wish would be clearly frustrated – and applauding those that stigmatized her or felt bothered by her profession, but also hoping she would fail school, never get out of the sex-industry, forever remain stigmatized by others and feel herself inadequate for anything else than sex. This was how jealousy against Valerie, anger, and feeling of powerlessness ever since the credit card affair combined to turn Feefee, still in the course of his obsession, 180 degree away from his original idealization.

So he went to see Valerie afterwards, paid the 85 dollar entrance fee for an hour, and told her his plan to only chat with her and no more, paying her maybe 80 dollar more in order for her to make some money, and asking her to keep dressed. At first Valerie asked for 90, and Feefee agreed, but when he actually handed her the money, she gave the 10 dollar back to him. He was not sure how much an impression he made on her; after all, he could have just paid the entrance fee and no more, for it's okay if customers would just come in to get a massage without getting any "options", in which case the girl would make no money at all since her income derived entirely from "tips" (the "options" she offered). The surprising thing was that Danny was back! Valerie rambled about her mother's reasonless tear-bursting after menopause – and her imitation of her mother again impressed Feefee as to how well Valerie could comically impersonate – and about meeting Diane after a long time. But, really, the only productive thing that this 185 Dollar had bought – for almost 40 percent of the time he simply didn't understand her French at all – was when, at the end, Feefee asked her why she seemed mad last time. She said, honestly, she didn't like people insisting like that. And afterwards, as he put on his jacket and was ready to walk out, Valerie came from the back lounge, quite surprisingly, asking him if he was not going back to relax. Feefee said, but I thought you were mad about my staying last time. She said it was rather his insisting. So Feefee went to the back and sat on the sofa. Valerie said one significant thing, which was that when Corina was running the place she would never let Valerie or any other girl wear that transparent bra she had, because that'd increase the chance of the girl's being chosen, and Corina didn't want any sort of unfair competition between the girls; it's probably for that reason also that she forbade pantyhose. This was a mistake, he thought afterwards. In any case, Feefee was once more surprised by how cavalier, sympathetic, and "forgetting" (rather than "forgiving") Valerie was. Now Feefee did the same thing the Tuesday after also; he paid the 70 Dollar for entrance and then 60 more to her for the chat; but this time he didn't ask her to keep dressed. Mistake, because he could feel himself turned on by her sexy legs and transparent bras and he almost wanted to get a massage too. That would ruin his plan. But he managed to restrain himself, and left without lingering right after the chat. This second chat was just about as worthless as it could get, nothing whatsoever important (i.e. revealing her personal life) was said; he in fact spent most of the time simply watching Valerie doing her nails. Such unnatural, seemingly stupid behavior satisfied Feefee in two ways. First, it expressed his total submission to her power and here appearance and reality at last matched, and he could enjoy pleasure of power ("will to power") in its only form available to him, that of self-degradation and self-destruction. Second, he felt also he had gained some power back, for he got the impression that by giving him sexual pleasure Valerie could feel no guilt in exploiting her customer – and even in ruining him – since, well, she could tell herself, he did get that few moments of happiness, he did get sex, and now she owed him nothing; therefore, by such obviously unfair arrangement, Feefee felt that he had deprived Valerie of this excuse, and now, she did owe him.

In the afternoon before this second chat session, Feefee faxed a letter to the New York office of the

American Civil Liberty Union from a copy center in UQAM. This was the last day of February, the last day of his Visa. He now thought that not only was the FBI investigating him as a “terrorist suspect” out of error, but even the Canadian intelligence (CSIS: Canadian Security Intelligence Service) had him under surveillance – obviously per the insistence of the FBI. The most suspicious instances were the two occasions when he was eating and relaxing in the same old Bohemian coffeehouse after work. During the first time, when he was smoking in the smoking room, a Quebecker young man surrounded by several others was looking at him, saying things in French, and then “I want to go home, I want to go home” in English, and then laughing so uncontrollably. Wasn’t that the exact things Feefee said over and over again while on the phone with his best friend and doctor? Then, just that night when he cut himself so deeply, afterwards while he was at the same coffeehouse and was just walking into smoking room, another Quebecker guy, this time a street person, was saying to the girls sitting in front of him, how he slashed his arm with an exacto knife and everything. This is what I meant when I made reference to the “root cause”. Feefee was of course in reality not under surveillance by CSIS, but by RCMP, and the RCMP officers, of the skill-level only equivalent to that of LAPD and yet stuck in their Quebecker provincial mindset, after seeing how pathetic Feefee was in his self-destruction, were simply not taking seriously the particular mentally confused FBI special agent's comments on him as a high-priority “terrorist suspect” (entirely a mistake) and were actually making fun of him each time. They would give away their surveillance in this way and, because of the insult involved, Feefee would soon start resisting the “international surveillance effort” on him, thus laying down the ground for the coming domestic disaster which would within three years effect the greatest changes in international politics which history has ever seen.

In such depressed condition, Feefee continued his chat with his old psychologist. One day he read to her over the phone the passages he found in *Scientific American*, Jan. 2006, p. 34: “According to Florida State University psychologist Thomas Joiner, in his remarkably revealing scientific treatise *Why People Die by Suicide...*: ‘People desire death when two fundamental needs are frustrated to the point of extinction; namely, the need to belong with or connect to others, and the need to feel effective with or to influence others.’” This is exactly why, he shouted to her, he wanted to commit suicide. He was absolutely incapable of belonging with other human beings, and in particular, to connect with the womenfolk. This in fact provides the clearest definition of what a subhuman and what a superhuman is: a subhuman is one who simply cannot connect and become effective with others, especially with those of the opposite sex, and a superhuman is one who can most do so. As a subhuman, Feefee was not allowed – by nature – to have any sort of relationship with a female, and yet a female companion just happened to be the one thing he desired the most in the world but which was harder for him to attain than the stars in the sky -- hence he could only get near a professional female in a professional context: either a therapist or a sex-worker. He also talked to his old doctor about his predicament: that Valerie’s observation that the guy who didn’t need girls was the one to whom the girls were attracted was flawed. When the Vietnamese guy (Dee) appeared not to need Valerie at all – his attitude was probably, if I cannot have you all to myself (monogamy), then I don’t want you. I don’t care to be alone: a stubborn guy full of resentment-flavored pride – Valerie was further drawn to him, despite her previous statement to the contrary. If Feefee, however, pretended to not need Valerie in order to attract her, Valerie would just forget about him. He had no choice: this was how Feefee justified why he didn’t bother to restrain his need to show her he needed her, or his showing of how much he liked her. To show that he didn’t need her, he would have to stop going to see her. And would she contact him? Not a

chance. The flaw in Valerie's statement was that it missed the fact that the guy who could thus attract *had to have a base, a foundation – a certain attractiveness for others in one way or another – beforehand*. A subhuman like Feefee would just be ignored by the womenfolk if he showed no need for them; and if he showed such need, the womenfolk would just run away in horror. "Joiner postulates that a necessary condition for suicide is habituation to the fear about the pain involved in the act." This is exactly right, Feefee shouted again to his doctor. He was proud of the enormous self-inflicted wounds on his arm as a hard achievement because, so he proclaimed to his doctor, he was now one step further advanced **in the habituation to his fear about the pain involved and in the willingness to instantly destroy the slowly and painstakingly put-together order that were necessary to attaining the state of Final Nibbana.**

Feefee continued his self-degradation in a letter enclosed with the check he wrote to his doctor: the other day he had this thought, how Valerie had no respect for her body, really. If she was willing to have (condom) sex with someone as disgusting and inferior as he was as long as he paid her 300 some dollar, then she'd have (at least condom) sex with anything. If a horse paid her 300 dollar, she'd probably let the horse f-ck her -- as long as, perhaps, the horse used a condom. But this condom requirement, he debated with himself, meant that she still had some self-respect. At first he believed that she demanded condom really in order to, as she said, protect against disease and pregnancy. But now maybe it really was because she still had a bit of respect for her body, preventing fluid-infusion by an inferior subhuman. That respect was compromised, for ordinary women would probably not let him stick his thing inside them no matter how much they were paid. So: (1) she had less respect for, or was more cavalier about, her body than most women; (2) she had some sympathy for the subhuman race, like Jesus had – remember the case of the retarded person – knowing they wanted to connect to the womenfolk like others – that's why she gave it to him!; (3) but she'd never let him touch her without getting paid. **Conclusion: she had found a balance between self-respect, charity, and money-making.** So she let him (1) f-ck her but (2) only with a condom and (3) only after he paid her 300 dollar (an extremely high mark-up in Montreal). But now he felt like refraining from women who'd be willing to let him f-ck them, with or without condom, getting paid or not. It's not because he finally got some self-respect in refusing to be with a woman without *enough* self-respect (like "I'm not joining any club that would have me as a member"), but because he was just turned off by himself, by his own inferiority and disgusting subhumanness.

Feefee then called up his best friend, "Why am I born so unattractive?" Read, why am I a subhuman? Tired of hearing him complain the same thing over and over again, his best friend just said, "Why can't you just accept it?" Read, why can't you just accept you are a subhuman and you'll never have a female companion, a female friend, in your life? Why can't he just accept it? Because of hormone, because every inch of his muscle yearned for that female body, because every psychology in him yearned for that female soft voice, that female face, that female hand. That's why he resisted his status as a subhuman. It's not that he was in shock about being a subhuman, it was just a physiological thing. He had been fighting this un-winnable battle intermittently for many years already. By now he knew he could never win, never beat his fate. He could never be Valerie's friend. Valerie, or his fate, was like that boot in George Orwell's 1984 on the human face – forever irremovable. His fate – Valerie – was like the absolute domination that the military officers exercised upon the prisoners in the Guantanamo Bay, something you could never fight off. With this realization, Feefee was finally "broken", walking

through the street everyday like a lifeless zombie, going directly into traffic against red lights and causing all the drivers to brake in emergency and honk at him. Think, the RCMP was still quietly watching him going through all this.

Feefee tried everything he could to diminish Valerie's power in some way. It was his jealousy of her – of her fortune, of her power, of her superhuman status – that drove him to do this. He picked up the documents from the *Registraire des entreprises* and discovered that her boss had actually registered himself non-profit (“personne morale”); this must be to avoid paying taxes. So he went to the revenue service of Quebec to see if he could mess him up – and thus possibly obstruct Valerie's job – that way, but apparently it was perfectly legal to declare a massage parlor or brothel “non-profit” and pay taxes accordingly. (For the purpose of inquiring the woman at the Registry Feefee had to make up the story that he and the man in question were about to do “business together”.) This avenue closed, all Feefee could do was get one more handle to place one more negative review about the club in the hope of making a small contribution to diminishing the flow of customers to that place. To no avail, of course; the next Tuesday when he went to see her at the club, he bought a 30 minute massage (55 + 90, as usual), without game, but just like in the beginning, feeling that, well, he couldn't hold off on his desire anyway, so decided to resume activity with her. Valerie was massaging him with one hand, the other hand.... When he lay on top of her, they were both naked, and Valerie's one hand continued with its task until, wriggling on top of her body, he shot out beside her body. He wished he could shoot on her body, but didn't, seeing her paranoia that any come on her might swim inside her to impregnate her. Afterwards Feefee bought another 45 minutes for talking (70 + 60); after the double session, as soon as she walked out of the door, a customer came in and chose her. What she said last time cannot have been honest truth, for this time, because Corina was not there, she was wearing her transparent bra; evidently she wanted to be chosen, and, since she was the prettiest girl on Tuesday night, even though the flow of customers remained the same, she got chosen much more often than before. *Her power simply cannot be shaken.* That boot on his face was just the social hierarchy itself, not only could someone at the bottommost level – a subhuman like Feefee – never lift himself up by becoming a friend – and just a friend, not a lover, not a mate – of a superhuman – she'd never allow it to happen – but he could never even drag that superhuman down just a little, by diminishing the large flow of cash into her hand on account of her desirability. The boot was absolutely irremovable. Feefee was “broken” by the sheer weight of social hierarchy.

Whenever Feefee saw other, especially, colored or immigrant unattractive people on the street, or standing in line in front of him, who could never enjoy the sexual life that Valerie and her sex buddies enjoyed, he got ever more sad and angry about existence, about life itself. Why did there have to be so much miseries in the world? Why couldn't everyone just be as fortunate as Valerie, beautiful, superior, easy money (i.e. “mean”), happiness, pleasures, pleasurable sex, fun with friends? Or better yet, as fortunate as F, who got to enjoy the presence of Valerie everyday? He had the same feeling when seeing images of people in poor third world countries, hungry, poor, and ugly. Or when, during eating, looking at the meat on his plate and thinking about the cows and pigs and chickens in the factory farm whose entire life was about being locked up and cramped up with others in a small cage and waiting to be slaughtered. Where was the happiness for them that Valerie and her buddies enjoyed? He was so angry with the *immutable* natural inequality in the world that he could never change – as he couldn't diminish a bit the power and good fortune of Valerie and her boss. Just as he constantly wished he were never

born, so he wished the life of the lower caste had never existed.

In the next day or so, Feefee as usual went to his old school UQAM to use the computers in the library. Amazingly, when Feefee walked out of UQAM's library, already early evening when he expected not to run into Valerie after all, he saw her sitting there on the luncheon tables doing her homework. He cautiously approached her and had to greet her several times before she finally noticed it and raised her head to see him. "Salut", she responded hesitantly, and then looked down on her book again. As she clearly looked like she didn't want to be bothered, Feefee retreated but stepped forth again just to comment that she was still here. "En train d'étudier", she replied uncomfortably. At least she said it in French. Feefee walked away and tried hard to figure out the reason. Now, she didn't want to be bothered, *either* because she was busy studying and so didn't want to be bothered, *or* because she just didn't want to be bothered *by him* -- because he was too disgusting. But probably it was because of both.

Then it was Tuesday again. A busy day. In early evening Feefee first went to the address always listed on the boss' documentation to check out the place. When Feefee walked into club around 12:30 AM, he somehow already had an intuition that things might turn good again. After all, he had been beaten up by strangers the Sunday night before,<sup>37</sup> and he lost his note book in the library that night, etc. He was received by Danny. Wow. Danny told him that Valerie was busy with another customers at the moment, and so he waited on the back lounge sofa for about 20 minutes. He didn't feel that jealous that night. When Valerie walked out and saw him, she was full of smile, but he didn't look too happy, telling himself he shouldn't be happy. He bought first a 30 minute session and paid the 55 Dollar entrance fee. When inside the room he followed his plan and asked Valerie if he could do the extra with 150 Dollar in total. Valerie with slight hesitation said Okay. And so it was 205 in total. He also decided to resume the game again, and asked her to bring the nurse costume. The scenario this time was that a soldier came back from the battlefield all injured, and the Canadian government had the wisdom of getting the world-renowned Doctor Paradise to attend to them. This was quite fitting, as Dr. P looked at the cut wounds on his body and the bandages and white cloth wrapping on his right arm. So she performed her magic massage with lips and hand, and so on. The immense pleasure generated by her work on the three G spots caused Feefee to terminate it early because he didn't want a "premature ecstasy". He unzipped Doctor's nylon dress, invited her to lie next to him, and he got on top of her to embrace her and kiss her all over her neck and cheeks. Valerie with her joyful smile seemed to be enjoying this. Then after he stripped her naked with only the pantyhose on, she put the condom on him and guided him into her. Feefee came very quickly due to the enormous pleasure. As he gently kissed her on the forehead, nose, and eye sockets, she was always smiling, seemingly enjoying his tenderness, and even let him kiss on her lips again.

Afterwards as they were getting dressed, Feefee asked Valerie if today he had to buy another session to chat. He was hoping, given Danny's presence, to lessen his financial burden and save himself 130 Dollar. She said, I don't know. That sounded like a "No, please don't do that." So after smoking a mere cigarette in the back lounge with Valerie on his side and Danny and all the other girls sitting around happily chatting, Feefee handed another 70 Dollar to Danny and, once in the room with Valerie, another 60 to her.

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<sup>37</sup> Feefee had had to call up the police that night, which surprisingly turned out to be a positive experience. The Montreal police officer in the end even left his business card to Feefee.

There Feefee asked Valerie to hang her cellphone by the bedside to keep time. Of course he had ulterior motive. He got to flip around her phone to discover that, other than F, she had also called up a certain “Jimmy”. Several months ago when he had the opportunity to look at her phone he had already seen this name, and so, full of curiosity, he asked her – in a joking manner to make the atmosphere comfortable – who this Jimmy was. Strange, for he really believed her when she said she had no Anglophone friends. She wouldn’t say, but only jokingly commented he was too curious, like sifting through a woman’s purse, and she wouldn’t even let F do that. Feefee then got to his serious task, asking her if she could explain to him why she didn’t permit any contact with him outside the club. Is it because of some rule? Is it because of the boss? She shook her head. Then what is it? She hesitated, but he said nicely, Please tell the truth, because in this way at least he could learn something. Valerie started explaining, but Feefee couldn’t understand her French, and since this was an important conversation for him, he made an exception and asked her to explain it in English. She said she was stepping into uncertain waters; she took one step forward, but then she needed to retreat to think about things. As for right now, she simply lacked the time to make decision. Then she became concerned when, after they had spent the whole day together at school, he had already when he saw her the next time “taken it for granted”, thinking that now as a matter of course he could do things with her in the real world. In other words, he was just “weird”, a mere casual encounter and now he stuck to her too fast, as if they were friends naturally and had been so for a long time. Her impression of the situation was that he had never had any friends, was always alone, and one day, there was someone nice to him, he then became too attached to her, wanting to spend everyday with her and so focusing on this person like the most important person in the world. Furthermore, she really didn’t know if the things he told her about his past friends – like the story about Mike – were actually true and not made up. She said there had been customers who told her they were doctors, etc., but then later it’d turn out that they were just students, etc. She didn’t really know his life, and she needed more “information”. After all, although he seemed safe right now, people could change in the future should something happen. She was still not sure if he’d be “safe”. She was also concerned about their encounter at school the previous Wednesday; she wondered if he was “following her.” Feefee felt this immense shame when hearing this, feeling himself shrinking into a tiny creature. Someone who had never had any friends, was always alone, and one day, there was someone nice to him, he then became attached to her, wanting to spend everyday with her.... Doesn’t this sound like a high school scenario? How could he, already in mid-thirties, have allowed himself to fall into such pathetic situation?

Valerie was very honest, forthcoming, and non-judgmental, revealing again the best in her. The atmosphere was one of comfortable, honest sharing. She put one of her legs on top of his, which showed just how comfortable she felt. Since he was on a roll, Feefee thought, he might as well go to the end, and ask Valerie straightforwardly if all those scars on his arm bothered her. She said No. She said she knew one person who did that, and that person had another friend who did that. That was all. Feefee tried to minimize the bad impression by explaining that such behavior was quite common in America, especially in Los Angeles (though he left out purposely the fact that it was mostly females who did this), but that it didn’t seem very common at all in Montreal. Valerie concurred. Valerie then said that she didn’t quite understand why people would do this, perhaps as a challenge to oneself (to resist pain), as self-punishment, as a way to relieve the pain inside; all she was sure of was that she could never imagine doing that to herself. Feefee tried to explain that he did that as self-punishment when he felt ashamed, such as when Valerie looked at him disapprovingly that Tuesday night like a

piece of worthless crap. He lost his cool, and behaved so immaturely, like a child, undignified, in front of the person he so admired. Apparently Valerie didn't even remember that incident, thinking instead he was referring to her rejection of him at school the previous Wednesday, and Feefee had to remind her. That's how "masculine" she was, easily forgetting. The honesty in the sharing and comfort of the ambiance had diffused all tension, and the trust that appeared between them two now allowed Feefee to leave the place feeling safe and secure, that he could return knowing that he might not forever lose contact with Valerie after all. Obsession, and jealousy also, all subsided. Feefee felt no need to try tricks to diminish her power, but he could let her stay in her power and fortune; he felt no need to avenge himself against the boss, but could just let him be....

In the end Valerie also told him about the boyfriend she had had before, a guy she mentioned once way back in August, who was 10 years older than she, and worked at the printing press. After living with him for six months, one day she just gathered up her things and took off, because she was fed up with the guy: he would always procrastinate with paying his half of the rent and food, saying he'd come up with the money later, but then would never pay up. Feefee listened to the story with amazement, as he couldn't believe that a guy would so not see how special this girl was and would just risk losing her by pulling such a stunt. And he asked her so. Deep down he also had problem in believing that a guy, having sex with such a gorgeous girl, would then also spend her money. Didn't he have any shame in "reversing the natural order of things like that?" You see, because Feefee's sexual experiences came entirely from sex-workers, he had already identified prostitution as the natural way of things. Males were by nature inferior to females, so if they wanted union with females, they would have to pay. Although Feefee wished he could one day have sex with Valerie or a female "for free", if he managed to have sex with her and then spent her money, he'd feel as guilty as hell. Feefee would feel extremely insecure if he had sex with a female without the ability to give her something back, if not money, then something else, such as psychological comfort or companionship or whatever. He presumed that F and Dee were at least giving her this. But Valerie said Quebeckers were losers, they sold some dope on the side and wouldn't work but would just spend their girls' money. And they (or the "printing press guy") weren't afraid of losing their girls (or Valerie), for they knew they could get another girl just like that. (Again, Valerie, with her body movement, was so good at making comical impression of these "Quebecker losers".) But didn't he (the "printing press guy") see that Valerie was special? No, she replied, for he – and all Quebecker guys – saw her – and all girls – as just a "p u s s y", no more. Only F worked. But at least S didn't spend her money right, at least he did love her, Feefee asked – and hoped. No, sometimes he did spend her money! Wow, how could she or any girls put up with that? Valerie thought a bit, and then said, what all these "losers" had in common was confidence. That attracted girls. Besides, she added, girls always had this "good girl wanting to save bad boy" syndrome. As a guy would like a girl to serve him, such as bringing him newspaper and stuff, the girl would like to do it hoping that one day he'd turn good.

The next Tuesday Feefee bought the full service just like last time. He wanted to have intercourse with Valerie as many times as possible before leaving. He was in a playful mood, now that clouds had dispersed and the sun had shone again. Valerie didn't have her nurse costume anymore, so she dressed herself up as the professor. Back to Professor Paradise, that is. The scenario was therefore that, as the special education student turned 18, he got drafted, went to Afghanistan, came back with all those wounds, and needed his professor's comfort. So she did the massage as before, and they had sex.... As

they were incubating together afterwards just as before, Feefee asked her why they couldn't do it without condom, as it was certain that he – unattractive as he was – obviously couldn't have any sexually transmitted disease. She said you can never be sure, especially in a city like Montreal. But the last time he had (unprotected) sex was back in 1999, almost 7 years ago.... Valerie laughed, but said disease could still remain dormant for many years. Really, he was sure, she was just paranoid about getting pregnant. She said moreover, Condom or not, it made no difference to the girl, only the guy would have “better sensation”. But it was not for better sensation, Feefee protested honestly, but for better connection with her. It was true, with the exchange of fluid the two persons just seemed more connected than without. Then he asked her when the last time was that she did it without condom. She did that with F several times, already years ago, then only with S, before F, and with that printing press guy. You did that with someone who didn't even pay rent? Feefee shouted out in total amazement. Valerie laughed. Even during the break Feefee was still protesting against this: why was it that she gave more to a guy who took advantage of her financially, and yet she gave less to him who paid so much more? There must be something wrong with him, this being the underlying complaint. She only explained that it was because she was young and didn't know better. Well, at least he got her to promise to never give unprotected sex to a guy who would spend her money.

The chat Feefee bought afterwards was so pleasant for both. He could ask her honestly if she detested him – she said with a smile, absolutely not – and then what she saw when she looked at him. She said honestly, desperation, sadness, need for love.... Exactly as he felt inside always; he never could hide his mood from others. He also kept asking who Jimmy was.... In the end she'd only confirm that her relationship with “Jimmy” was more professional than personal.... What could that be? He had the strange suspicion that maybe she was doing prostitution outside the club with that guy.... But anyway, that'd be her business, for, remember, she's that kind of independent spirit, and never liked other people trying to stop her from doing whatever due to jealousy and possessiveness.

Just when the weather cleared up as if to index Feefee's mood, he had to make a major mistake that sank his mood. It happened in another place, not far from Club P, but of this incident not much will be mentioned here. Let's just say it was a waste of 100 dollar or so. Then, paranoia followed. Feefee started wondering if the workers from all the parlors might be in secret communication with one another – not that Valerie would even care given her philosophy.

As Tuesday came, Feefee hoped that he could recapture the good time but was then seriously disappointed. He bought the 30 minute session as usual, and this time Valerie had brought back her nurse costume (apparently she used it for a costume party in the past weekend). So the story was that Doctor Paradise had returned from Afghanistan's battlefield and the special education student came to see her. Feefee had planned a full service with her but as he was on top of her kissing and caressing her he already came. He regretted, since he wanted to have as many “connections” with her as possible, although this also meant he saved thereby 60 Dollar. He joked that the doctor was too expert; she laughed but seemed a bit withdrawn. Then the Italian manager came knocking on the door already. It had only been 20 minutes it seemed; Feefee couldn't help but complain and Valerie made up all sorts of excuse which made Feefee feel more suspicious that some sort of conspiracy was against him. And then Valerie said she was called to serve another customer, as if she didn't know his routine of buying a second chat session. Feefee had to remind her. So she said she'd be back in 30 minutes and had him sit in the back lounge to wait. Feefee was deeply worried that his mistake might really have reached



Valerie's ear.

Feefee paid for 45 minutes for the chat ( $70 + 60 = 130$ ). In the beginning she was quite relaxed, putting her legs on his lap, calming him that maybe his mistake didn't reach her ear or didn't bother her even if it did. She rambled about subjects for which Feefee had a deep interest, such as why and when she spoke English or French and with whom. He managed to give her the portraits he drew of her at last, and she accepted them. He was deeply afraid that she might not want to keep something from him at her own place but would only leave it at the club, but she said she would take the portraits home. Of course Feefee probably would never find out whether he'd succeeded in finally getting something of his into a temple of hers (if not his semen in her body, then at least his art in her home). Then things went wrong. First he asked her for a different email address than her school one, since he had been concerned that the school's email account was unreliable because its server was frequently down. But she said she had no other. That's obviously a lie. How could she have had no email account prior to going to university? She was evidently still concerned about accepting him to her world, someone that had not been proved safe for the future; and besides, he wasn't so enjoyable to be around anyway, so why should she risk it? Where's the reward? Why should she even take the time out of her busy life to make room for him? A pretty girl, after all, could not be expected to be as charitable to subhumans as his best friend had been, whom he considered and had jokingly and yet in earnest seriousness called "the champion of the disenfranchised (or subhumans)." (This was part of the powerlessness which Feefee experienced when seeing women: only a man, who was not valued by the world, would be motivated to show charity toward those who were really at the bottom of the social hierarchy and whom everyone ignored. If he wanted to be liked, he'd better do a lot of good to others. A pretty woman, especially a white woman, whom everyone tried to please and grab the attention of simply because they looked great, those cultural icons – they didn't have to do good in the world in order to reap good intentions from others, so they wouldn't. Again, to be in her company – her giving something good to him – he'd better provide something, for men were inferior to women. Her offering herself as charity to him would be "double giving" with no reward.) These thoughts saddened Feefee. Secondly, Valerie was falling asleep. He started to get worried about her driving home. She said she'd be okay, the drive being merely 15 minutes. Then she commented something like if she got into an accident and died, so be it. Feefee was horrified that such precious being in the universe could just be wasted like that. So he said he wanted her to stay alive, Please don't die, please don't die before me. This genuine wish must have annoyed and alarmed her. As he expressed his fear about not being able to see her again should he [go home](#), she said a lot of things which he didn't completely understand, but the substance seemed to be: things could change completely, you never know; one day you like this girl because she's nice to you, then soon she changes and is not nice to you anymore, and you find someone else and forget about her. Such thinking stirred up tremendous sadness inside Feefee. Do people always have to be clouds that pass by and never stay? What, then, is the meaning of life, of relationship, if it's just meant to be temporary and for temporary shallow enjoyment? One girl today, another tomorrow... or from her point of view, now this guy, later that guy. What enjoyment could she possibly derive from such state of affairs? How could she not miss the previous boyfriends or sex partners with whom she had no more contact now – even if such was the culture of Montreal.

Three days later, a Friday night, the last day of March and the last night Feefee would spend in Montreal. He was determined to follow the life of a subhuman back in Los Angeles, a much easier

place for this kind of lowly creatures because of the vast amount of poverty there. He was going to resume his therapeutic relationship with his old doctor, his closest and almost only emotional support for so many years. In these last two days he had already packed up his things (mostly books) and had them sent. He would no longer pay rent, as he had informed the manager of his apartment building. He had already bought a cheap plane ticket from Southwest Airline from Albany to Los Angeles, and he was going to take the Greyhound bus going from Montreal to Albany as soon as day broke on April 1. He had spent long hours during these last days in the law library of McGill to use the computers there to finish up a large portion of translation work as a way to save up enough money before returning home – an amount that would compensate his shame in overspending on Valerie. (He would have 3,500 USD in all his accounts by the time he hopped onto the Greyhound bus – a tiny amount compared with Valerie's fortune but an adequate amount for a subhuman.) He had never told Valerie any of this. As Feefee walked into the club around 12:30 AM during this last night, it was pleasant to be received by Danny. Valerie, as expected, was busy with another customer. As Feefee waited lifelessly at the lounge sofa, he saw all these beautiful bikini women walking around, and he almost changed his mind to do more than just talking with Valerie. He also felt ashamed because, after all those lessons, he was still aroused by women he didn't know. That must be the nature of sex addiction. But better not spend that hard won money. How much he wished he were a female so that he may escape such condition. He went to the office to ask Danny for a soda. Corina was there to wave at him with a happy face. Perhaps she had already noticed that he had deleted his negative "review" of her from the Internet forum. Corina had her golden hair tied up in a sprawling, sexy manner, unlike before. Feefee for the first time noticed just how beautiful she was. He shyly said Hi with a smile, slightly twisting his body, his face all blushed. What was Corina like inside, this "madam in charge of the whore house"? Was she really kind-hearted inside, despite the strict, iron face outside? After about 30 minutes or so Valerie walked out of the room, and smiled pleasantly as she saw him. It had been more than 9 months since he first saw her. They went into the room with the king size bed. He paid 70 for 45 minutes, but only 50 to Valerie inside. She was surprised a bit, but then thought it was okay. After all, without sexua l activities, he really didn't have to pay at all inside. With a retarded look under the baseball cap, Feefee listened to her talking about her feet and leg problems after she wore high heels for too long. She seemed quite comfortable with him, that's all that was important. She kept speculating on that scientific question of why people in the North (whether in Northern Asia or Northern Europe) were always taller than people in the South. Feefee was annoyed. But she asked, Don't you get interested by such questions at times? Of course he did all the time, he spent half of his waking life reading science and philosophy books. But this was his last night.... At least it was confirmed that Valerie indeed had a philosophic bent, a sign of high testosterone, although ignorant as hell she was. Valerie in a playful mood then suggested playing clapping hands. They clapped each other's hands in synchrony like two preschool children. This made Feefee really happy, as if they were really "friends". Finally Feefee put his head on her laps and played with her hands. She was happy with that. In the end Feefee grabbed the chance to ask who Jimmy was anyway. Did he pay her? No, it's rather that she paid him. What for? For whatever. No, what? How can it be whatever? Valerie enjoyed playing with him like this, and said she just wanted to see his reaction. In the end she divulged that Jimmy was just a taxi driver. Ah, all this time! He was just a taxi driver. That would be the last question he'd ask of her. Ironic. What was most ironic was that, as he walked home, Feefee passed by a coffee house in that bustling Friday night street (St Laurent) full of tourists and party animals, and saw Dee trying to hit on a Middle-Eastern looking

woman. Dee shook her hand and introduced himself, so he mustn't have known the woman before. Dee was not what Feefee had imagined at all; it surprised Feefee so much that Dee turned out to be a playful personality that'd hit on any attractive woman around if there was a chance. And Feefee watched Dee trying to impress the woman, constantly talking to her face, unaware that perhaps listening offered more "chances." Feefee suddenly felt really sad, so sad, for the way Dee would "cheat" on Valerie. (Of course, Dee wasn't cheating.) Why didn't he see Valerie as such a special person to whom he should devote his whole being, Feefee thought. Sad for Valerie.... But wait, didn't Feefee himself "cheat" on her with that mistake just a week ago? And this, despite his utter devotion to and idealization of Valerie. Mistake, of course, because that was only addiction talking. Besides, Valerie probably didn't want to be regarded as so special, and didn't want her partners' total and unconditional devotion – as she had indicated so herself. This was much sadder, a life in which there was not that point to which one's entire being may be devoted, but just this point here and today, and that point there and tomorrow.... Feefee needed that intensity – when you mobilize your entire being for one person only, when you are able to find all the value in the universe concentrated in one person – in order to feel life having any meaning. But the shallowness of emotional being and the wandering from one person to another without total commitment seemed the preferred and healthy way for everyone. Life was devoid of meaning, and was meant to be so. That was sadder. The really ironic thing was that the addiction that caused such wandering of passions and waste of money was in the end probably of the same unhealthy package as the opposite need for the intensity in the total commitment to one person.

### **The End**

In any case, this story is important because, as I have said in "My experience...", it was my obsession with Marie which caused me to be sucked into the whirlpool of troubles to come -- troubles unprecedented in human history in proportion. After this, as I have recounted somewhat in "My experience...", I did see Marie five more times after my return to Los Angeles in April 2006: in May 2006, August 2006, December 2006, January 2007, and July 2007.