

In The Beginning

To start at the beginning, my name is Sam and I'm a nymphomaniac.

I want you to grasp that. It's important that you understand. So I'll say it again. Slowly. My...name...is...Sam...and...I'm...a...nymphomaniac.

You should know that I'm neither a recovering nymphomaniac nor an amateur easy-after-a-few-drinks-take-me-home-and-have-your-nasty-way-with-me nymphomaniac. Instead, I'm an ardent, unabashed, full-fledged, let-it-all-hang-out, celebrating, practicing, sucking, fucking, raging, roaring, whoring nymphomaniac.

Some of my best friends will likely just call me a slut ("whore, tart, floozy, tramp, loose woman, hussy, trollop, strumpet") but personally I prefer nymphomaniac. Sounds cooler, classier somehow. No moral judgment.

My dictionary defines nymphomania as "uncontrollable or excessive sexual desire in a woman." It doesn't say who or what defines either "uncontrollable" or "excessive", so I suppose we all have to come up with our own personal interpretations. My own interpretation is that in the jaundiced, misogynistic eyes of the world's Judeo-Christian-Islamic gods a nymphomaniac is quite simply any woman who has and enjoys sex like a man. I treat sex exactly like a man treats sex so clearly I'm a nymphomaniac.

I love sex like a man loves sex. I love sex like addicts love heroin. So I'm clearly and proudly a nymphomaniac. But if you read this book and still want to call me some variety of slut, like some of my friends do, frankly my dear I don't give a damn.

Welcome to some of the stories of my life in the arena of lust.

I grow up and become a woman just in time to take full advantage of The Great Sexual Window.

For us women, the Window opens with the invention of Penicillin and The Pill and starts to close when AIDS stops being a mostly gay male plague and spreads its evil to the rest of us. During these magic years while the window's open we women can fuck just like men. With whoever we want. Wherever we want. As often as we want.

In these wonderful years, women don't have to worry about making unwanted babies. And we aren't threatened just because some man likes to stick needles in his arm or his cock in other men. We don't have to have a serious, society-enhancing, societally-approved reason to fuck. No more fucking solely for creation, now we can fuck for recreation. Just spread our legs and do it.

Today, the Great Sexual Window is closing and will almost certainly never open again, at least not in my lifetime. But while it lasts, it's the cannon that blasts feminism into women's lives and changes our world for all these liberating, wonderful, sensual years. The Great Sexual Window is the sperm that spawns women's liberation. It's a wonderful time for a woman to be alive.

The Great Sexual Window was my time.

Now some thoughts on The World According To Sam.

Men are hard-wired to have sex any time an appropriately breathing partner (or hand or, for all I know, watermelon) is available. It's in their genes, their DNA. They don't need complex psychological or societal reasons to stick their cocks into things. Just healthy libidos and working cocks.

Men have sex because it's in their nature to drop jeans and spread genes whenever and wherever they can. It gives them power over women and, according to my male friends, feels really, really great.

Women, by contrast and tradition, have to be more careful. We carry the womb. So we're hard-wired to manipulate. It's in *our* genes, *our* DNA. We're programmed to have sex only when we're in love or when the partner can be of use, give some tangible benefit in return for access to our bodies. Our hardwiring drives us to try to get the best possible deal from the best possible male.

It's all a matter of bargaining. The right male gives us physical and financial protection. The right male

improves our social status. The right male gives us the best credit cards. The right male gives us the best babies. It's an extra, added, highly desirable bonus, if the right male also gives us the best orgasms.

I guess I'm a rare mix of both male and female hard-wirings. With the best of both. My genes, my DNA, happily compromise. Just like your average man, I have no problem fucking whoever, wherever and whenever I want. Nor do I have a moral problem using my body to manipulate people to get whatever I want.

Unlike so many of my sisters, I never have to justify sex. I fuck simply because I like to fuck. Fucking makes me feel wonderful. Fucking gives me power. I love feeling wonderful and adore feeling powerful.

A girl doesn't get much luckier than this.

I learn to take advantage of my different hardwiring when I'm very young. About the time I start calling myself Sam because I decide Samantha is too girly and I'm not into girly.

I'm the first girl in the neighborhood to play sex games with the local boys. I play because it makes me feel great, particularly when boys touch my body, get that strange, scared expression on their faces, are real nice to me and share their candy.

As I get older, in my teens, it's even better. Now when boys touch me and I touch them, something mysterious happens deep inside my belly. I tremble, melt, whimper. The boys still get the same strange, scared expression on their faces and are even nicer to me. They carry my books and do my homework when I can't be bothered to do it myself.

When I grow up and become a woman, men still get that same strange, scared expression on their faces when they touch me and I touch them. Even when I just flirt, and they fantasize about me naked, and compete with each other to be really, really nice to me.

This is my story. I'm not sure that I'm a skilled enough interpreter to make even minimal sense of it. And, to be honest, I don't really want to. So instead of trying to interpret, I'll just narrate, tell it like it is, like it happens.

My story could be about my end of innocence and coming of age. But everyone's done those stories and they're always romanticized and never really true because, mostly, we either don't know the truth or embroider it to aggrandize and protect ourselves. Also, of course, we lie a lot and prudently leave out most of the more intimate details because we don't want to be seen as — horror of horrors — sexually promiscuous.

My story could be about the now-very-famous and beautiful actor I marry who happily shares my body with people who can help his career, and eventually betrays me. As if we need more of those!

It could be about my career as a semi-famous TV journalist. How I cover this story and that story and get this award or am cheated out of that award by jealous competitors who don't like me because I'm bright, strong, witty and gorgeous and have the sort of full, heavy breasts for which strong men willingly sacrifice kingdoms. But who wants another self-aggrandizing book about a bright, strong, witty, gorgeous journalist with the sort of full, heavy breasts for which strong men willingly sacrifice kingdoms?

It could be about my battles with a world owned by sexist men who ogle my boobs before they read my résumé. But I like men ogling my boobs and, anyway, my résumé is first-class and I've got enough talent and brains to win most of the battles I fight with sexist men.

Instead, my story is about my sex life during the most important years of the twentieth century — The Great Sexual Window. Probably, at least for women, the most important years in all history. It's a record of, even if I say so myself, quite awesome sluttiness.

To focus it further, my story is about my search for endless orgasm, deep throat (without gagging), ejaculation (female) and the ever-popular unendurable pleasure infinitely prolonged.

A teacher once tells me that good writing should be about one subject, something you know, and contain as much of the truth as possible with the boring bits left out. So, for this book, I focus almost entirely on my sex life — something I truly know — and leave out the boring bits.

Seems to me that a lot of writers focus on just one subject and camouflage it in pages and pages of socially redeeming stuff. Nobody ever complains when that subject is violence, war, cruelty, betrayal, screwed up families, loss of true love or other such human trials and tribulations.

Sex as subject matter is different. It's only when someone like me focuses almost entirely on sex — the most important and fulfilling of all human activities — and leaves out most of the socially redeeming stuff that people get embarrassed and scared and run around denouncing it as pornography and the devil's work.

One other point — no delicate euphemisms. If you've got something against words like fuck, cock, balls, cunt, pussy, breast, nipple etc. etc. etc., don't read this book.

The great American racing driver Mario Andretti once said that if everything's under control, you're not driving fast enough. So be warned, I'm out of control. Fasten your seat belts and get ready for a bumpy, bumpy ride.

This is the uncensored story of my life as an admitted, practicing, enthusiastic, promiscuous, risk-taking nymphomaniac living beyond the edge in the time of The Great Sexual Window.

Before we go any further, you should know that I'm not only a nymphomaniac. I'm also a serious, dedicated and committed feminist and have been since I was a little girl in braces and pigtails.

To me, feminism simply means believing in equality, regardless of gender, race, religion, ethnicity or sexual preference. Feminism means liberation from ancient male Judeo-Christian-Islamic domination with its God-ordained male-serving insistence on female subservience, chastity and obedience. Male ownership, in fact.

For thousands of years, the male representatives on earth of male gods in heaven have relied on upper-body strength to enforce dominance over females. It's a simple case of "we'll keep beating you until you actually do what the ever-loving, ever-caring God tells us to tell you to do."

But the rise of feminism and the opening of The Great Sexual Window have freed me and my sisters to live our lives — *all* parts of our lives — the way we want to, not the way we're told. This includes our sex lives which happily ignore self-serving rules male gods invented for women back there in those miserable deserts so very long ago.

Anyway, which of the multitude of gods to listen to? Judaism and Islam have one each and can't even live on the same patch of desert without killing each other. Neither sets a good example. Christianity has three gods and a long history of murdering people who don't do what the threesome tells them. (Hinduism has something like ten thousand gods, so take your pick.) The only similarity among these religions is that, by and large, they fear and despise women and plot endlessly to keep us chained to the kitchen and bedroom.

If I *have* to choose a god, I'll go with the females — Isis, Ishtar, Aphrodite, Hlóðyn, Cybele, Venus and Mahimata — with the hope that they, at least, will be more loving and less corrupted by power.

Meantime for divine guidance, I study Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*, Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* and anything by Bill Maher and George Carlin.
