

22.

You'll want to know about sex on the road. DON'T DO IT, you'll cut your back to ribbons.

They called it the connoisseurs club, a group of friends that had known each other since before they had money. Now, judging from the surroundings, at least one of them had quite a lot. Some weeks certain key members of the group would be away on business, other nights fate would decree that they all turned up at the same time, same place.

-This is what it's all about,

I was reliably informed. There was coke on the table and grass for those who wanted it but not many seemed to, they were here for other things.

The whole evening had an honesty about it, a lack of hypocrisy you rarely find in party situations. Drugs if you wanted them, some were murmuring business and a video playing in the background, whatever was your bag. Once you found out what your bag was, you were allowed to delve into it once a month, pull out the goodies and then put them away into the bag and then in the cupboard under the stairs, till the next "party." It wasn't enough that you knew what was in your bag but that you showed everyone else. When you know what someone's bag is, you can relax and have a laugh.

I was having a very rare conversation.

-Dimitri over there is a watcher, we are not even sure he gets hard ons but he is an A level watcher, he'll watch and he never misses anything, but he's the funniest cunt you'll ever meet.

Oh, not as funny as you of course.

-Of course.

-That's Paul, we think he's a queer, he starts strutting about in these tiny little pants rubbing up against everyone, and Ali he just likes fucking, he's a fuck monster.

Now this kind of privilege and freedom doesn't come cheap. I was ideally trying to work out the opportunity cost of this evening and I booked it like this. Suppose there is something you really want, you want it so much you are prepared to stay at home every night saving up for it. In fact it is no use spending your spare money on anything else because you would begrudge it, it would be just second best. You are quite happy not to go out because anticipation is half the fun. You know that on "your" night you can have whatever you want, and in your mind you can preview it, and over the phone, you could get the master to arrange it. Some people are lonely and spend a fortune going to pubs and clubs trying to alleviate that condition. A connoisseur relishes loneliness, an exquisite agony. Meanwhile, storing up his human needs for that one delicious release that would keep him going till the next meet.

Whatever gets you through.

The meetings were itinerant but I was informed this was the best venue, it belonged to someone's business and was in a quiet leafy lane in the middle of England. It resembled nothing so much as an old fashioned drawing room, probably reproduction furniture with all the innards, the stereo and television were in their own repro cabinets. The one housing the television was necessarily huge. On this television something amazing was going on, there was pornography as clear as crystal. I don't mean obvious pornography I mean high quality pornography, the clearest, sharpest I had ever seen. The master was obviously near to the source. I wondered if the script did the production values justice.

O.S. Naked woman enters stage right and proceeds to piss all over

Fade to Naked bloke who then spits all over her private parts.

C.U. Private parts. (Well not that private, that's for sure.)

-I can get you several hundred and the price comes down to £4.00 each.

-I'll talk to you later.

I was hoovering up the coke. That betrayed my origins. I am not even a coke fiend, but I surmised it was the most expensive thing on offer for free, and I don't miss those. Measured by weight it may have been the most expensive thing, but probably not unit price. No, I would hazard a guess that the five ladies there were the largest item of expenditure.

They were beautifully dressed, for a while anyway. I don't know what you call a dress mid way between an evening dress and a miniskirt but they were definitely well turned out and they'd had a bath. I'd been there an hour or so having been picked up at my hotel by the master who had to be there early, I thought it was going to be a lads night in so I'd given a few bottles of lager a hammering. It was one of those lagers where the printing of the label must have cost more than the contents of the bottle and it was cold enough to numb your nuts, well that and the coke anyway. I suppose I could have remonstrated.

-Here master, you said it was going to be just the lads.
But I didn't.

There had been a flurry when the ladies had arrived, of coat hanging, around the house showing, and bags plonking, and isn't that nice, one of them has bought a male friend they probably have known since school, who looked a lot like the school bully. But even he was nicely turned out.

-Some of us meet in between times, we have spin off parties depending on where we are. We had a great time in Corby last week when four of us were in the area. This subcommittee had reported back to the main body blow by blow with matters arising and who knows, suitable embellishment, although as things progressed, I was beginning to doubt it. These "super heads" obviously had more money and freedom to indulge their whims. They were the experts in the medium, aficionados of the form.

Maybe it was just me but I couldn't help thinking of the last days of the Roman Empire and then, well maybe those Romans got a bad press. These people weren't hurting anyone, yet, and anyway, what else do you spend your money on once you've got enough to eat and somewhere to put your central heating? The constitution of this gathering, should anyone be bothered to write it down, might have read:

We the not undersigned, understand that human beings like a bit of the other, so we'll do it well or not at all, even if we have to pay for it.

Now I've had sex, quite a few times in fact, but I was running the gamut of emotions. Why wasn't I comfortable? Oh yes, I had of coke snorted, but it was more than that. This wasn't really my bag.

-Do you want me to chip in for this?

-You're my guest

-Thought I'd offer.

In retrospect I would have liked to have had a bill if only to report back to you, but I doubt it was outrageous.

-I'll pay your extras.

Fucking hell, extras, we were making a film.

Well that got into my head big style and my head was somewhere else. Of course, this was a film, and I'm a performer. No wonder the porno video is so clear, it's fresh off the bleeding camera. I looked at the school bully, he smiled back at me, a disarmingly professional smile, clever bully. He was sitting near a cabinet, the contents of which I did not know. I wanted to

wander over there and listen for the sound of a camera running. Oh no, there were fifteen blokes to hold me down. I didn't mind the pissing and gobbing, I love a gob, but what if a piece of furniture ended up in my arse? One of the chaps was leaning over me.

-Tonight we're putting furniture into people.

-Eh?

-I said, Yallright? can I get ya another Pills?

Calm, easy, relax those muscles.

Two of the woman were taking their cloths off while the other three seemed to be snogging with the blokes, blimey these are good girls to have at a party. Fucking hell, she's sucking Dimitri's cock, I thought he liked watching. I suppose he likes having his cock sucked while he's watching. The two ladies in the middle of the room are licking each others fannies, I wonder if they went to school together. Oh no, they're coming over here, oh well if I am going to be on film I might as well make a decent fist of it....er....I am after all a professional, after all. Who's got a condom? They laugh, but surprisingly enough one of the blokes whips one out of his inside pocket.

-Dennis is a pharmacist.

I am reliably informed,

- Does that mean I get it at cost price?

They laugh again.

Oh God, how am I going to explain this to my missus when she sees it? Don't be silly, I'll break the VCR. But hang about, what about when she reads it in my book? Blimey, I've got two birds naked on

me and I'm thinking of my missus, life has a funny way of playing tricks. I could have stayed at home with my missus and thought about two birds naked on top of me.

They are expert. Either that or I'm pissed. They bring me very close and then stop. The lads are commenting on the size of my member and I could be at any Rugby club stag night, now that the quality of the ladies clothing isn't an issue. Speaking of issue, one of the blokes being gobbled off is making a funny face, and so, probably, am I.

Now if I was a liar, I wouldn't have told you all this, or would I? I was so sure I was being filmed that I sort of did this cool fuck, like you'd imagine John Wayne would do (only you can't). I didn't want it to look like I enjoyed sex with prostitutes. I had been the floor show although a couple of the other guys were doing quite well with the couch girls. Tits were out and being shown around and knobs were definitely akimbo.

The two girls who'd been performing then did a bow and left the room, as did two of the couch girls. One, the ugliest, well what can I say, stayed downstairs for blow jobs, lets not mince words. I got

talking to the school bully.

-She's me wife.

-Which one?

The one who was sitting on you

-Oh, nice, she seems very pleasant. Do you...are you, full time?

-Well Martine works for an insurance company during the day but we can make a lot of money at this. And anyway Martine's into it.

-Who's at home looking after the kids?

-I can't have 'em.

I left it at that, partly because the bloke next to me was coming in the woman's mouth. He was doing a bit of a John Wayne. He looked a bit like Peter Stringfellow, you know dodgy hair cut. Oh and his knob was short but bloody fat.

She came and sat next to me.

-I know I'm not the best looking but I do give a great blow job.

Blimey she was after a repeat booking or maybe she was doing the open spot. I admired her honesty on both counts. However, I don't know why but I'm strangely off the boil and I'd rather have a nice chat.

-Have you got a job then?

The first time I got involved with a prostitute I was very young. She sidled up to me in Soho and said

-Fancy a good time?

Well I thought who doesn't? I said yes.

She flogged me a couple of tickets for Phantom of the Opera.

Next day I got a phone call at my hotel.

-So you know what it's all about now then, Charlie wasn't there last night but it's his stag night you are doing next week, I've told everyone how good you are.

Oh blimey, talk about singing for your supper. I didn't even plop my glop.

I'd met the master a couple of times, he was a friend of a friend and he turned up at a few of my Midlands gigs, usually with a different girl on his arm. From what I could ascertain, he wasn't married but engaged, sort of. He wasn't as English as some people are and he was elegant and very cool, and not in a money way, cos I'm rarely impressed by that. He seemed to work very hard, in cloths, but then don't we all. My friend whom he was a friend of had disappeared, no one knew where, but some people are like that. I think I was chosen as the Conessuiers Mascot, because of my name and because of the cut of my jib. They knew I had secrets because I would tell everybody about them any night on stage. Maybe they knew I'd never get anywhere and so was safe. Being underground does get you the odd, odd gig.

I wasn't enamoured of stag nights and had only ever done two as special favours, both for mates, wellonce for my brother. I didn't like the sneakiness of single sex comedy, I always found them a bit embarrassing. The first I'd done for my mate Dave. I'd insisted that there were to be no strippers, but there were, and very average it all was too. Held in the city after work type touch. City strippers, yes, that describes them.

I don't have too much problem with how people entertain themselves, it's a long life and you'd be a fool to say you shouldn't try everything at least once, but I hated going down badly (whoops, wrong chapter for that) and at a stag when people are there to get pissed and erect, if that's not a contradiction, I'm not quite sure where I fit in. I'd actually done well both times, and I was a little concerned about that as well. You see my problems.

The next week dawns and I'm on for £400, fuck it make it 300, since we know each other so well, in the upstairs room of what turned out to be a very discreet pub. The lads are done up in their Saturday

best and there is a smell of very expensive after shave mingling with cigar and carpet. I've set them up a P.A. as a favour, well it was the least I could do, and I'm trying to pace my drinks, mingling and having as much of a laugh as you can when you don't know how the hell to play a gig.

-Do what you always do, you're brilliant.

It puts a different spin on it when half the audience have seen your bill on the bonk. I went for a quiet one downstairs to compose myself.

The pub downstairs is quite quiet for a Saturday night. Clientele? A few pre-clubbers, a few young lads and the gang of regulars sat in their corner of the bar, confident that they own the place. Then, in walk the girls. Fucking hell they are lovely, two of them, that's half of them,

are in the modelling league. Of course I disagree with the hegemony of looks and fashion but my knob doesn't. I know that for the sake of their health these girls should really put on some weight, but for the type of work they do, probably not.

The lads who own the place are on their best behaviour and the guy who actually does own the place points me out to the girls. The lads

-I need to be out of here at 11 sharp.

She tells me. I carve myself out some space

-Look I'm just going to run this the way I run it, I don't wear a watch and I don't time my act down to the minute.

She mutters something about something about me and I start to not give a fuck. They go upstairs and set up camp in the ladies bog, the master is very cool.

-It'll be all right.

He's in and out of that bog like he's a lady. Eventually I gird my loins and thus girded I knock and walk into heaven.

Ladies in skimpy stuff and perfume and exotic toys and all the things they have in those shops that I'm too shy to enter and huge bags open everywhere and *I'm allowed in here*. Obviously I don't giggle or go cor blimey, I can see your knickers, but I want to. Despite my cool exterior I am a kid at heart, about a 16 year old at this precise moment. I tell them what *I'm* going to do, slightly envious that all they have to do is starve themselves all week, pluck all the hairs off where hairs grow, travel up and down the country and then just take their kit off in front of a crowd of strangers who are trying to look disinterested.

The expanse of carpet looks huge as I turn the music down and start off in fourth gear. To continue with the motoring metaphor you shouldn't start a car in forth gear because it will stall, then using my

knowledge of the whole scene, I loosen it up and chat to them and that's the correct gear to drive this gig off in. They chat back and I just pop the punchline onto the end of it. It turns out to be the most alternative gig I've ever done, in form that is. No real jokes, it's just as if I'm making it up. I'm loving it. A woman pokes her head round the door of the toilet and looks enquiringly. The gig is so loose I can chat to her, this is all very friendly and very much fun, they are laughing and chatting at the same time. I continue craicing on to them as I line up the tape (which I'd forgot to do earlier) it's Ad Lib City just past Buskitville.

Melanie (not that one) comes on and takes her cloths off and very nice too. I know it's ideologically unsound but I'm only doing it for the money. And that's how the gig goes, in the first half they take their clothes off and in the second, all hell breaks loose. If you don't like this kind of thing then you are probably reading this at 9.00 tucked up in bed with your cocoa. What can I say, it happens, it is not my business and I don't intend to get used to it, but I am here now and I intend to make the most of a good job. Speaking of which....

....Oh dear the oil has come out, that'll ruin the carpet. Ah it appears Sandra and Aileen went to school together. Blimey Tina has got a very pretty vagina (love typing that) and look she's giving us a closer look at it. Oh, must remember to look at the tits, rude not to especially since Melanie told me she'd recently bought them for two thousand quid.

That was in the dressing room at half time. Here's what she said

-You're a bit different, sort of like Ben Elton. We don't get many like you they're normally old twots with these shitty old jokes but you've made a brilliant atmosphere out there. You're very funny. Do you like my tits, I've just had them done, cost me £2,000.

-Very nice, I might get a pair myself.

-Feel them.

I've felt silicon tits before but it's the skin over them I like. These were perfect, judged by contemporary trends and values. (Tits Through the Ages, Hodder and Blennit 1992).

It ends as these things do, with the bloke getting married getting sorted, along with half the audience, including one old bloke who may well have been someone's dad, mind you, so was

I, but I mean the dad of one of the blokes there. Another bloke is sat there for a while, dragged out to the front and seems to be in a bit of trouble. Tina is doing plenty to him but as she tells me later.

-What actually happened was he came after about 15seconds and I didn't want to embarrass him so I carried on for a while. Talk about tart with a heart. She was the one who had to get away quick, boyfriend or something so I went in to the dressing room to say goodnight ladies.

-You kept it together very well, said Melanie who I think may have taken a shine to me because she said.

-Would you like me to bring you off between my tits.