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ON THE EDGE

Franceline Saby

On the edge is a series of testimonies. Descriptions of the moment right before the orgasm, when the tension is at its paroxysm/reaches its climax. The following sentences are samples/excerpts from diverse transcripts of conversations with different people.

Orgasm is described as the sudden discharge of accumulated sexual excitement, the moment of greatest pleasure in sexual activity. Edging is to get the closest to the orgasm, to increase the level of tension, to keep it the longest, without releasing it.

One reaches an orgasm, one achieves an orgasm, one triggers an orgasm, one holds an orgasm.

Can you do something for me?
Get comfortable, take a moment for yourself,
Take your time.
Build this tension.
But tell me how it feels.
Tell me what your skin feels like
Tell me, if you are still able to think
Tell me, if the sounds are different.
I know, you don't know what is relevant.
Everything
I want to hear you, how you feel it
I want to know how you all feel it
I want to read as many testimonies as possible
How every one of you describes this tension>

A fragrance. This is far too special a time to break it down into fragments of questions. So here is a short text that will speak to whoever wants to hear it or feel it: The aesthetics of the ephemeral. The aesthetic first, because this edge is that of the sublime, the immensity and the inaccessible. To contain it is to suffer a little, and to love this suffering.

The ephemeral then, because like a Japanese print, beauty lies in temporality. A temporal delta, which if extended, would be a perpetual euphoria, transforming into chaos.

Beauty lies in subversion. The aesthetics of the ephemeral, the edge, is the fragrance you wish to smell as long as possible, before its inevitable escape.

As I just say, I do not know.
It is something I never think about, I need to think about it before I can answer.
(Spontaneously) I would say that it is more a physical sensation.
I think I would say maybe it is influenced by other descriptions I have heard or read in the past.
I went hiking yesterday, maybe this explains the analogy.

I never thought about it, but I would say «yellow». Like a light. It starts really smooth, and gets stronger by waves, until it is so strong that it blinds you.
It is a dark colour. Like a dark green, but really soft at the same time.
It is a black gyre. Like in the ocean.
It is definitely a movement, a sea current.
I see it like cotton, for its soft and strange texture.
It has no colour.
The speed is slow. It starts slow.
Slow and fast streams, small and huge streams, some of them too big/powerful? just before the orgasm.
All of those streams going to the same point. A point like a hole that absorbs all these streams but will overflow at any moment.
The sensation is quite local, it does not take place in the genitals but it is not in the head.
It (radiates) on the outside.
In the belly region, but you know where it comes from.
It takes place in the muscles, and spreads everywhere, from the pubis, from the clitoris. Inside and outside.
It is building up/growing.
It is like plateaus, at first, like stairs. But the end is a linear, rising curve. There are the stairs, and the last part is a ramp.
Like contractions, starting slowly, going on, faster/increasing, getting stronger, until it dissolves.
As this sensation is growing and gaining power, (I lose my own strength).
It is letting go, a gentle heat, it is just welfare. Something that is tightening, without being oppressive, a bit like in a cocoon.
I feel it mostly in my legs that are usually tense, my upper chest, balls and head, and finally parts of my face, my ears and lips.
All senses are important, it is not only the touch.
And more than the senses, it is mentally, what I am thinking about.

Right now we are discovering the slowness in our sexuality. We go to the point and then leave it, come back again.

If I keep it going for a long time, it hurts.

It hurts inside the pubis.

I never set my vibrator at maximum speed, otherwise it is over-stimulating and the orgasm is cheap.

It gets faster, yes, definitively faster.

The tension needs some time to be built.

If it is brief it feels like a *race* to complete the sexual act, just lost in lust.

I could not hold it endlessly.

I am not sure *uncomfortable* is a word I would choose to describe it, rather maybe the *necessity* to release the tension.

But when I hold it for long, typically something that I manage to do mainly *alone*, it comes in waves of high excitement followed by some kind of frustration and then it comes to physical pain that I can feel in my balls.

Sometimes you are not physically able to release this tension, and it is really frustrating.

You can keep *stimulating* me. It will not be unpleasant. However, I read once that the boundary between pleasure and discomfort is very thin and I often think this is also true... Probably because it may be somehow uncomfortable until pleasure comes and the tension grows. I would say that it is more linked to the pleasure that is spreading during the rise of the tension and during its release.

The tension is never uncomfortable, it is rather that I *want* to get it.

It is not uncomfortable, never.

It is not pleasant to hold this tension, it is like just before an explosion, you are so tense, everything is tight, extremely hard.

If you cannot release this pressure, you will keep it inside. The tension is everywhere, in your head and also in your body.

All of your body is tense, your muscles are really hard. Mentally you are extremely focused.

At its peak, I am not sure that it can be held very long. It could, however, be growing more. How far though or if it even has a limit I do not know.

What is making me say that it is getting faster, is that the waves to reach the edge are getting shorter every time.

If it was music, it would be a piece of classical music, rapid, like a *staccato*.

It is like a vibration.

There is a rush for more sensation that leads to some kind of exhaustion and wanting to finish it.

It is the last part of a hike, the last part to get to the top of the mountain.

It depends on how *patient* you are. You know it, if you wait it is going to be one step better.

I am impatient, there is sometimes the risk that I will miss it, and reach the orgasm without wanting it yet?

Everything is becoming slower and slower until there is no movement anymore even around the body. Or maybe it just becomes imperceptible because the mind and

the awareness of what is around seems to disconnect from the body, which is the only important thing at that precise moment.

Your consciousness is focused on one thing.

It is a pressure everywhere in my body. It is like my skin, my organs are pushing, it is tightening, it is getting hot.

Getting hot, legs tiring, ears burning, the hearing softening.

You hear less, you perceive less, you notice your environment less. Your environment. Your senses are oriented inwards.

Your heartbeat slows down, a soft cotton filter wraps your ears like a bubble, to allow the body to focus solely on this moment.

Everything feels more present, everything cramps and curls into one.

The body and all its sensations get past the *conscious*, thus every sense seems to be magnified.

Sweet tension, not knowing when the moment will *break* open. Edging.

The tension is at its maximum in the genitals and belly area, but the mental impact is as important. This is a combination between wanting to hold it longer and earning climax, mixed pace.

It can come in waves and I can be in that fluctuating state for a couple of hours.

All my senses are like cushioned.

I just wonder what I do see when it is happening, but I think I always close my eyes.

I am not really conscious of what is happening around me. All my attention is focused on one thing only.

It is timeless.

A millisecond seems to last longer, as if the body and the mind are tuned to savour this stealthy moment.

It is steel that is heated to the point it becomes red, and then put in cold water, making it boil.

The tension is the moment needed to heat the steel up to this incandescence. It needs lot of time.

You are over solicited but when you *understand* what is coming you can choose to let it go.

It is like a state of change, like the ice that melts into water.

Like a mathematical limit, except you can touch this axis, but you are different afterwards.

Maybe it is sad to reduce it to a graph. It sounds really engineered.

What is interesting is to get to the breach, and release the energy that was built up in your head and in your muscles.

It is always a desire, and not a need, to release it. Just on the edge there is a blackout. You did what you needed to, to build this moment, and you suddenly realise you are there.

Orgasm will come.

The only question at this moment is:

Should I let it come now or should I wait?

I need to consciously stop.

If I do not *choose* to stop, it will go on to the orgasm. But the rest, what I am doing, how I am moving, is quite *instinctive*.

If you like this tension, if your goal is to stay on this edge, you can play with it.

The game of the orgasm comes precisely with this temptation to get the closest to the edge.

When the tension is at its paroxysm, you can barely hold it longer.

If I am not too close to the orgasm I can choose if I want to stop and calm the tension down, and build it again.

Not from the beginning, but still, build some of it again.

Bring it up again quickly after. I will be faster to reach the edge, I was already there shortly before.

It is slightly conscious, I can act upon it, to make it better.

I feel it in my pelvis, I feel it when I am about to come. It is not uncomfortable, but a duality proceeds, unintentional. It is not a discomfort, but a helplessness, «unmanageable», difficult to hold.

The desire to reach the orgasm, the wish to make the pleasure last, it allows a short moment of balance, a constant state of «back and forth», heightening the desire.

If there is a discomfort, it is mental. You are «vulnerable». You can hold it until a point, beyond that the unconscious takes advantage.

You are not the master of your body anymore, you are not the master of your mind anymore. It becomes instinctive.

I imagine it might be one of the only moments where the mind lets the body fully express itself and «takes advantage» of it.

I do not think there is conscious action anymore, as I don't think the conscience is very much present any more.

I guess the body releases it itself and I think it would

be hard to control everything and go much further than where it naturally goes on its own. `

It is 90% instinctive, 10% conscious.

Time slows down.

The breathing «stops» sharply.

Nothing happens in my head anymore. It is quite empty, it is kind of a «meditative» state, for a short time.

I could go as far as it needs to. It is instinctive, but for a split second you are «fully» conscious again, a split second of lucidity before the climax.

This is not control, just an awareness of what is «happening».

There is something quite animal, «uncontrollable», in this exact moment, on this edge.

Just following what my desire and body want.

This yearning can pretty much liberate any mental barriers.

Maybe it is already a part of the orgasm if you cannot turn back.

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