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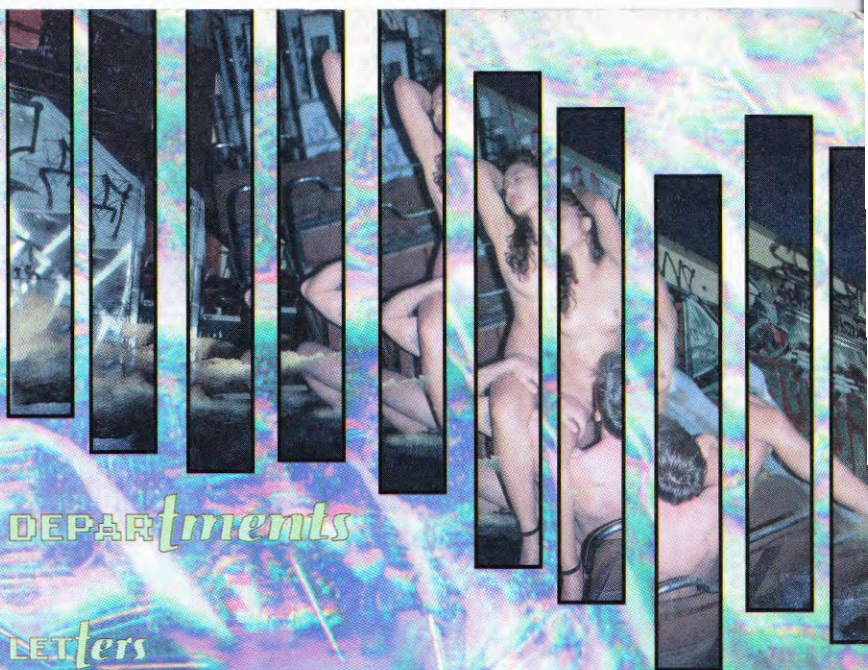
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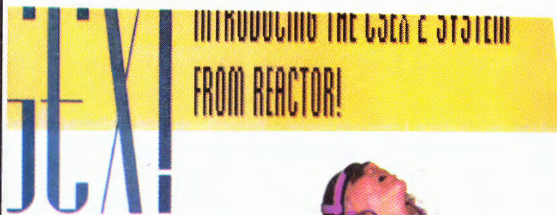
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The Mojo is the Message

While I admire Mike Saenz's creativity, I disagree with his vision of the future in his *Cybersex 2* product brochure in Issue 2. His goal for future products is apparently the simulation of contemporary modes of physical sex ("the real thing"). What isn't considered here is that new desires and sexual acts will develop in parallel with new hardware and



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software. Cybersex won't just simulate the real thing, it will become the real thing, just as the phone and the strap-on dildo have defined sexual possibilities around a technological base.

Since human desire can adapt to sex toys, advanced Cybersex design must include sex-act design together with hardware and software design. Saenz's Reactor company should employ a sex designer to invent hot new activities to dovetail with technical developments. This will improve any product's chances of success.

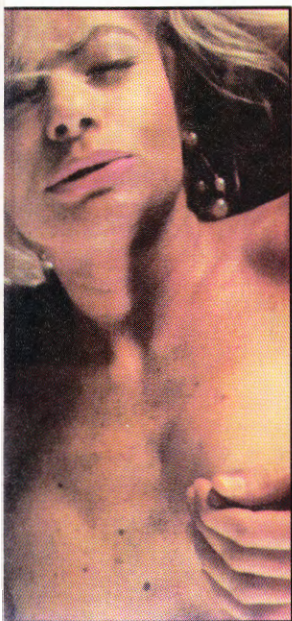
A knowledgeable sex designer could also reduce hardware requirements for advanced products. Saenz mentions brain implants for 21st-century systems, but this is probably unnecessary. Annie Sprinkle and others have demonstrated the capacity to orgasm mentally, without any physical input. Her work is part of a growing exploration of connections between sex, mind, body and spirit.

Advancement of technology and human potential must occur together, especially when both are so intimately connected via sexuality.

Russell B. Wilcox
Oakland, CA

Lips-O-Suction

"Autoerotic" is the hit of Issue 3. I adore Gabriella's chest freckles, her ribs, her stomach rolls, her peroxide blonde hair, her white picket fence teeth, her open mouth, and especially the shot of her fingers rolling her left nipple. I was in The Booksmith on Haight Street when I saw that shot, and my nipples sprang out, and it was all I could do to keep



from feeling up the guy next to me, no matter that he was a known dullard reading *Business Week!*

And split beaver shots almost always turn me off, too. But it's not that they're usually shot in the in-your-face style (I can't think of anything I'd like better in my face); what turns me off is the model's usual strained and phony pose that it turns her pussy into an affliction, an evil thing, a bloody-looking gash of a monster. And what I see in almost all open-pussy shots in straight porn magazines is this attitude of woman-fearing and woman-hating. I get off on open-pussy shots when there's no fingers pulling open the lips, when the lips separate because they're full because the woman's horny. Bush shots hypnotize me. I see a bush ending in a point between two closed thighs and I begin licking my lips.

Matthew Crain
San Francisco, CA

Post-Fem Wireheads!

Congrats on your very cool magazine. Rembles *Wired* as edited by Camille Paglia.

Christopher Mascis
Seattle, WA

Hopeful in Amsterdam

Thank you very much for the delicious write-up James Sturz gave in the fantabulous Issue 3, ("International Safe Sex Salon") of the Safer Sex Maniac's Jack 'n' Jill-Off Party we held in Amsterdam. But there was one very important aspect of this party missing: The event was a fund-raising for a very specific cause—an organization which acts as a self-help group for people with physical and social disabilities, so they can gain confidence and find partners. As well as this, the party welcomed people with disabilities and the "young man with shaved pubes who got a blow job for his birthday" was, actually, totally deaf. Another man who's completely paralyzed was also there hoping for some fun, as his arms are too weak for him to be able to play with his dick—ever—and he reckoned this would be the kind of party where other people's arms might very easily find themselves moving on his cock so he could at last feel orgasmic pleasure.

I don't like to see that aspect of the party swept under the carpet but, perhaps I am too much of an idealist. After all, on the night of the event, I remember, it was only me who gave the deaf man his birthday blow job, and only me who wanked and sucked the paralyzed man. The feeling of sexual freedom in Amsterdam did not stretch to generosity, I have to say. But I live in hope.

Tuppy Owens
London, England

The Real Thing

I'll tell you right off that I was overjoyed about the appearance of *Future Sex* when I first read about it in the *San Francisco Examiner*, and...I will admit to being quite disappointed with Issue 1. To be blunt, I wasn't turned on. I've read some of the earlier criticism of *FS* by other WELLbeings, and I agree with much of it; nothing too different by way of images of womyn, no penises, etc. The second issue showed promise, but still, my turn-on-o-meter was hardly

activated. Yes, I'm a tough customer. But I really admire what you're trying to do, and your willingness to listen to us out here.

So, a few suggestions? How about images of interracial couples, men with long hair (and sexy bodies, of course), womyn and men with "alternative appearances"—i.e. punks, mods, etc., more lesbian love-making, threesomes and most of all, images of people who look like they're in real passion...real couples, real bodies. Thanks for listening.

:-) Silja

That's not art!

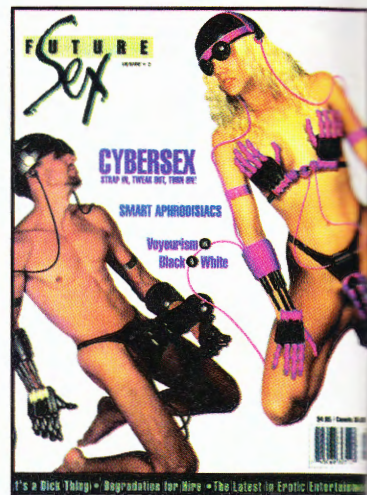
To me, a 'nice beaver shot' is one that looks natural. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with photographing vaginas, labia or anything for that matter. I think part of what people react to so negatively is that an exposed vagina forces one to have a sexual reaction. It denies us the respite of saying, "Well, that's art." If you are looking at a 'beaver shot,' generally speaking (and social opinion insists), you are doing it to be aroused. You cannot so easily claim to be having an intellectual interaction with such a photograph (especially if it is a cheesy one), and therefore in accepting it, you are admitting something to the world. (i.e. that you actually LIKE sex, my God.) This is not to say that you have to enjoy blatantly exposed labia to be sex positive, but merely to remind everyone that those who complain the loudest often have the most to conceal.

Also in Issue 3, I was pleased that there were a proportionate number of penises in it. I remember the most offensive thing about Oliver Stone's *The Doors* was the scene where Jim Morrison (otherwise known as Mr. Modesty?) was romping with his naked witchcraft guru girlfriend with a shirt tied around his waist. You talk about fear of feminine genitalia, well that's the flip-side.

Ian McFarland
«imf»

Primitive Correction

In Issue 3, we reviewed Charles Gatewood's photo essay book *Primitives: Tribal Body Art and the Left-Hand Path* but we forgot to tell you how to find it. *Primitives* is a privately printed, limited edition printing with each copy signed and numbered, and is available for \$49.95 only from Flash Publications, Box 410052, San Francisco, CA 94141.



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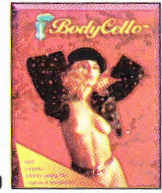
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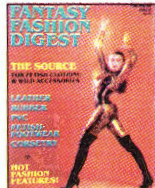
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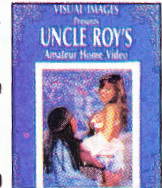
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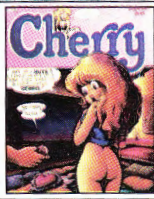
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When I first started looking at sex magazines, I noticed a strange phenomenon: the point of no insertion. The photo layouts in *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, *Oui* and other nationally-distributed publications (known in the industry as “men’s sophisticates”) always showed people on the verge of sex, rather than actually having it. His tongue is *almost* on her clit. Her lips are *about* to wrap around his cock. The dildo is *not quite* in. “Why stop there?” I wondered. “Just go for it!” Obviously, the lack of honest eroticism was because the models were really inhibited: “I’ll stick my face down there, but I won’t lick it!”

Now I realize that this restrained imagery has little to do with sexual desire, and a lot to do with a culture that can only talk about erotic imagery in terms of how disgusting it is.

The obstacles to creating quality porn are daunting. Printers won’t print it. Distributors decline to carry it. Artists refuse to help create it, fearing it will taint their career. To top it off, self-appointed vice squads are always lurking in the shadows, ready to stamp out anything that personally offends them. Even the most creative and original ideas end up thwarted by archaic laws, unwritten rules and the overall stigma associated with pornography. No other industry has to put up with this many stumbling blocks to simply get their product manufactured and distributed. Sometimes, I wish I was editing a nice, little basket-weaving magazine just to see how the other half lives.

One of the greatest unwritten rules of sex magazine publishing is this: No penetration or bodily fluids. This means no cock sucking, pussy licking, come shots, fingering, fisting, rimming, golden showers, poking around with inanimate objects or even all-American penis-in-vagina sex. (Sucking dildos, however, is still a grey area.) It’s the reason why all those pictorials look the way they do. While it’s not illegal to publish any of these things, doing so can lead to some unfavorable consequences. *Future Sex* learned this lesson the hard way.

In our second issue, we ran an article on computer bulletin board sex titled “Getting it Online” by Gary Wolf. Since sexually-explicit graphics are a main feature of so many boards, we decided to save our readers the price of downloading and show them exactly what this high-tech computer porn looked like. “Corndild” featured an ear of yellow niblets stuffed a special place; “Chocock” showed an interracial blowjob in a stunning motel setting; and “Cumdrp 1S” was a tableau with bodily fluids. Not surprisingly, these images were not that different from most amateur porn. But we admired the sense of humor in the titles and the free spirit of the contributing exhibitionists, and we wanted to publish them. Our printer, however, did not.

“About those pictures on page 43,” he said, going on to explain their company policy about not printing penetration or bodily fluids. This was the first time I’d ever heard anything about such a policy. I always thought content of any erotic magazine was a matter of editorial choice. To fix the problem, the printer offered to cover up the offending parts with the dreaded black dots. Not dots, exactly, but geometric shapes—and hearts—that he thought would fit right in with the “artsy” design of our magazine. I didn’t know what to say, except absolutely not. We could have taken our business elsewhere—but where? Finding this one company that would print sex at a reasonable cost was exhausting enough. Finally, they agreed to run the uncensored photos—but just this once. If I ever tried to show any kinky corncocks again, it would be black heart city for *Future Sex*.

Many vendors will not deal with any “pink books,” or magazines that show bare breasts or pubic hair, much less full-blown orgasms, for fear of a bad reputation. From advertisers to retailers, sexually-oriented publications are too often avoided like they’re radioactive.

With such a capricious code of erotic acceptability, it’s no wonder people ask me things like, “Isn’t it illegal to show nipples on the cover?” or “Aren’t photos of erections against the law?” While I’d love to blame the incredible shortage of male erotica on the U.S. government, the fact is anyone can print anything they want, except sexual images

**PENETRATING
Publishing Taboos**

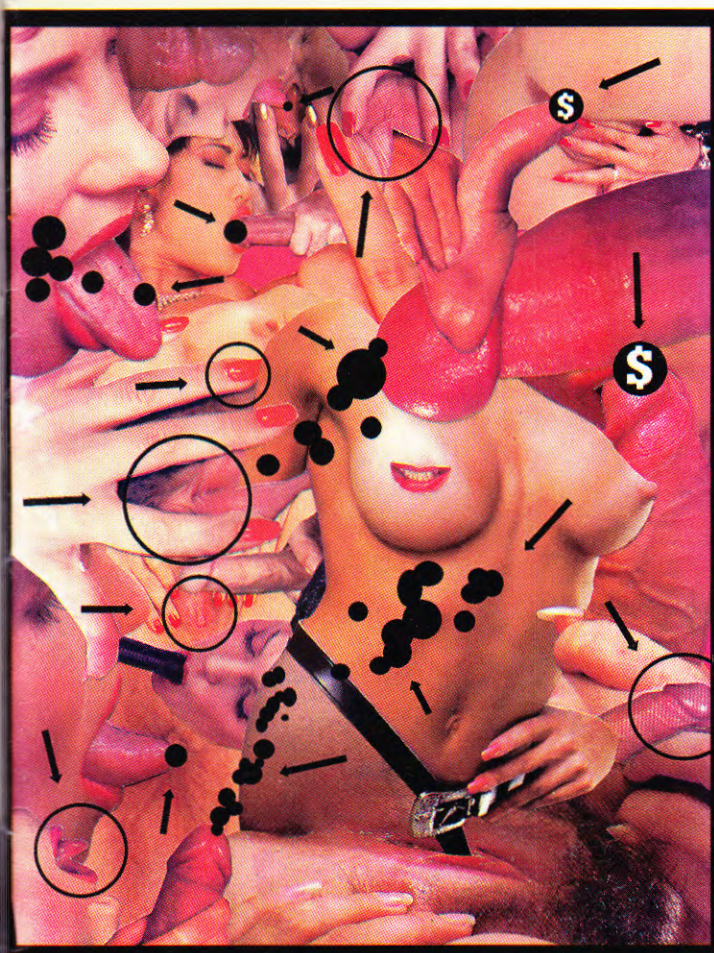
**That's
NOT
EROTIC!**

BY LISA PALAC

But even though we won this battle, we lost the very next one. Our largest distributor dumped us, refusing to carry the issue with “hardcore” photos in it. Besides losing sales, we lost an opportunity to get our ideas out there. People can’t read something they can’t buy.

Part of the reason why printers and distributors have strict rules about sexual content, is the fear of legal prosecution. Nobody wants to go to jail or be driven out of business by high legal fees, for producing or distributing obscene material. The definition of obscenity, however, is very vague and is based on community standards. But what’s the definition of a community? A city? A county? A few girls talking about sex? What it all comes down to is this: There’s no way to know in advance if something is legally obscene or not, so purveyors of erotica err on the side of conservatism. No penetration, no bodily fluids, sometimes no frontal nudity at all.

involving minors and animals. Hardcore porn magazines are a testament to that. But the people who produce these publications, own the printing presses and run their own distribution companies. Furthermore, their titles are only carried in adult bookstores and the occasional Mom and Pop corner store. You won’t find *Fountains of Fuckjuice* at the local supermarket checkout or in B. Daltons. In order for an erotic magazine to get mainstream, national distribution, it must obey certain limits of explicitness. Otherwise, it will be wrapped in plastic and deported to the hardcore ghetto, completely cut off from the rest of the magazine world.



C.M. Evans/ Ewan Sorriein

This very separateness only reinforces the idea that sex is a dirty, shameful thing, and is what keeps many imaginative people away from the business in the first place. Seriously aspiring models, photographers or actors are indoctrinated with the belief that explicit sex will ruin

as "just pornography." Madonna's book, *Sex*, is just one example of this. Under these circumstances, it's no wonder so many no-talents are running the show.

Ultimately, all the deterrents to sex publishing add up to a big creative sinkhole, which can be difficult to avoid no matter how high-minded your erotic intentions are.

Although many are quick to criticize porn, saying "I could do better than that!" few people do anything at all. Creating "something better" is a lot harder than it looks.

As long as sexually explicit imagery is separated out as sleazy genre, rather than integrated into our entertainment culture, the execution of those better and bright ideas will be foiled, and we'll continue to feel that things aren't as erotic as they could be.



"Aren't photos of erections against the law?"

their careers. But even when accomplished artists decide to shuck the stigma, their efforts are often disparaged. If something doesn't personally arouse the critics, it's shrugged off as "not erotic." If it's too explicit, it's condemned



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He refused to answer her questions, refused to give her any information one way or the other. His eyes

glowed with sinister excitement as he stared at her neatly trimmed snatch.

His breathing became heavy as he climbed onto the foot of the bed, bent his face close to the moist slit and rubbed his nose

through her thick pussy fur. The aroma of her sex caused his cock to twitch.

He lust slow-

BY SANDY SANDFORT

Private Pa

What do your sex life, medical history and financial records have in common? They're private. They are nobody's business but your own. Being concerned about your privacy doesn't mean you have anything to hide. It just means you want to decide who knows what about your life.

The trouble is, privacy is getting more scarce every day. Insurance companies, credit bureaus, employers and the government are all gathering as much personal data about you as they can. To them, your privacy is just an inconvenience.

The latest battle ground in the war on privacy is the personal computer. In civil cases, it is now standard procedure for lawyers to subpoena your paper records and "machine readable records" or computer files. Private investigators, disgruntled employees and snooping family members don't even bother with subpoenas. In criminal cases, the first thing the cops do is haul away your computer. Rest assured, they will read *everything* you have stored in it—even some things you may think you erased.

Due to the way computers operate, when you "delete" a file, you do not *erase* it. Deleting only makes the space it occupies available for new material. The information you thought you had gotten rid of, stays right where it was until other data gets stored there. Old information can hang around for days, months or even years after you've "deleted" it.

Take the sexually-oriented computer bulletin board systems, for example. Once you are finished browsing the erotic photos, articles and personal correspondence, all sorts of electronic "residue" may remain in your computer's files after you log off. And if you've downloaded any sexy pictures or text—or anything that is nobody else's business—your privacy is at risk. Anyone who can access your computer can read it like an open book.

So how can you protect your computer privacy? Enter the wonders of modern encryption technology.

For the last several years, Senator Joe Biden has been the point man for government efforts to eliminate computer privacy. In 1991 he sponsored legislation (Senate bills S266 and S618) which had been proposed by the FBI. The legislation targeted encryption—the encoding of computer files so they can't be read by anyone who doesn't know the password. Biden wanted all encryption software and hardware sold in the US to have a "backdoor." A backdoor is specific programming that would allow the government to read encoded files without having to use the password. It would be like making everybody give the government a copy of their house key. Then they wouldn't need to break down your door if they wanted to get in. Convenient, right?

This bright idea, or course, did not appeal to many folks. One naysayer was Phil Zimmerman, a software engineer and peace

activist. Rather than write his Congressperson, he decided to take direct action and wrote *Pretty Good Privacy*, a sophisticated encryption program—without a backdoor—that runs on an ordinary personal computer. "This kind of government control is bad for democracy and our personal freedom. PGP empowers people to take privacy into their own hands," Zimmerman says. Once encrypted, your files will appear as digital gobbledygook to anyone who doesn't know the password. The encryption technology used by PGP is as close to "unbreakable" as you can get. Using all known mathematical methods, super computers would require centuries to crack a PGP-encrypted file.

To finish his one-man crusade, Phil gave away his handiwork. Since its release as "freeware," Zimmerman's PGP has circled the globe. Today, people from Utah to the Ukraine are using PGP to preserve their privacy. And so can you.

PGP uses a combination of "private key" and "public key" encryption. You can list your public key in the Yellow Pages, post it on every BBS or even write it on the bathroom wall—this way, anyone can send you encoded files. But only you can decode them with your private key. (Of course, if you forget the password, say good-bye to your files.) Just a few simple keystrokes will invoke PGP and lock up your files (financial records, digital erotica, electronic address book, etc.) for the ultimate privacy.

arts

PGP makes it impossible for anyone to read your computer files or eavesdrop on your computer-mediated communications, such as electronic mail. Unlike the US mail, where it's a federal crime if you tamper with it, e-mail is not protected. Anyone from government officials to nosy strangers can intercept and read your e-mail and you would never know it. But with PGP, no one who sees a copy of your e-mail can read it, except the person to whom you sent it. As an added bonus, PGP makes it possible to digitally "sign" e-mail messages. When you sign a message, the recipient knows for sure that no one but you could have sent it. Nobody can forge a message from you. PGP protects you and your correspondent from impersonators while it keeps your love letters private. I personally use PGP for all of my electronic correspondence, whether it is "sensitive" or not. It's like putting a letter in an envelope instead of using a postcard.

Since its release in 1991, PGP has been upgraded and expanded. PGP 1.0 was designed for IBM compatibles only. The most recent version, 2.3A, is for all platforms, and PGP 2.3 is also available for the Macintosh. PGP has also been released in Europe and encrypted messages can be displayed in almost any European alphabet, including Russian. PGP comes with well-written documentation and instructions. It is easy to install and easy to use. And it's free.

PGP is available electronically from the following Internet FTP sites:

In Finland: nic.funet.fi in directory/pub/unix/security/crypt.

In the UK: src.doc.ic.ac.uk in directory/computing/security/software/PGP.

The name of the file is `pgp23.zip` (MSdos) source code `pgp23src.zip` (Unix).

Or download PGP from The Grapevine BBS in Little Rock, Arkansas: 501-753-6859 (9600 baud) or 501-791-0124 (2400 baud) and use this special log-in: For name, enter PGP USER, the password is PGP.

If you can't get PGP via modem, you can get it on disc by mail. Send \$10 to Lawrence Sanderson, 496A Hudson Street #J-23, New York, NY 10014. Be sure to specify computer type and disc size.



Sandy Sandfort is a freelance writer and out lawyer living in the Bay Area.

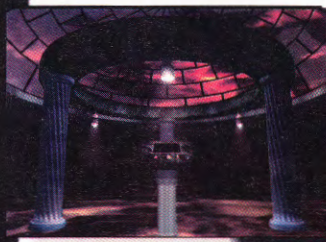
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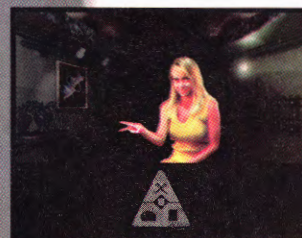


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LOVE Dad

BY VICTORIA STAGG ELLIOT



Like most kids, my brother and I discovered our father's collection of pornographic books and magazines at a fairly early age. His basement office was decorated with an explosion of cheesecake calendars. None of the dates were left, but Miss January, Miss March and Miss December were there to welcome us with their hair falling down around their shoulders to you-know-where. Unlike most kids, however, Dad had written much of what we were reading.

From the attic bedroom of our yellow stucco Chicago bungalow, we listened diligently for clues that our father was leaving the basement. When

we heard his heavy footsteps go out the door, we'd race downstairs for an odyssey through his stacks of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *High Society*, and my favorite—*Gent*, *Home of the D-cup* for which I still have a soft spot in my libido.

My brother and I looked at these sexy examples of grown-up bodies as harbingers of our future. We tried to connect these pictures to our own imminent states of puberty. Bodies were twisted together. Women spread their legs, curled their pubic hair in their fingers and held up their breasts. We giggled at the one-panel cartoons that we didn't really understand, and marveled at the human body in all of its indelicate contortions. We visited the Flesh Sorority, met the Squeezeplay

Girl and attended Swinger High School, all before age 12. We read pornography with awe; the same way we played in three foot deep blizzards and gasped at Christmas windows.

We could easily claim to have the largest collection of smut on the block in our quiet enclave of Jewish immigrants from Israel and the Soviet Union, newcomers from India and Korea and one Irish Catholic family who hadn't quite gotten around to moving to the South side. This claim was often substantiated by providing the contraband at many a slumber party. Some kids just oogled at underwear ads in the Sears catalog, but we had the real stuff. I would pull out the copy of *High Society* that I had used to

line the inside of my small Barbie suitcase and allow my girlfriends to flip through the pages.

"That's gross." They would say, turning the pages for more. "Oh my god, look at that," they would say, or "You're lying. My parents have never done that!"

When the giggles stopped, I would turn to a page and proudly say, "My Dad wrote that."

"Eww, he's a pervert," said one.

"No, he's a writer," I responded.

Between stints writing for the *Guiding Light* soap opera and *Newsweek*, Dad was a full-time porn writer. But he worked in four-letter words the same way other dads worked in big factories or sold real estate—it was no big deal. He never hid his stacks of skin mags, and I remember once reading aloud to him the corny bios of Playboy centerfolds until he finally told me to knock it off. He would get erotically inspired by standing over the typewriter, scratching his beard, munching popcorn (extra salt and burned black) and gulping big glasses of water. His hair formed a crown around the bald spot that he covered with a wig in the winter. He rarely wore a suit, even for meetings with publishers and kept himself clothed in a collection of torn jeans, paint-splattered shoes and t-shirts that said things like, "Barely Athletic" even though he played soccer four times a week.

Weekends were family time, so every late Saturday afternoon we'd go to the 7-11 for Slurpees. We were probably the only family that would come home with bright red "Slurpee lips," both Chicago Sunday papers, several comic books and a couple of X-rated magazines. We'd pile everything on the living room floor and fight over who got what first—*Superman*, *Wonder Woman*, *Penthouse* or the Sunday funnies.

Then my grandparents would come over and tell us tales of going hungry in the old country. "You don't know how hard it was in Russia. You're lucky I didn't die in a pogrom or of starvation. Oy, may you never know my pain," Grandma would always end up saying.

Next it was Dad's turn to tell the same old story about growing up in a family of five squeezed into a tiny apartment on the West side when *that* used to be the Jewish

neighborhood. After that, Dad would always tell us tales of being a well-traveled pornographer. "When I was in Denmark," would begin one of his favorite stories, "I was in a bar, and I was talking to this woman, and she asked me what I did for a living. I said, 'Well, I write pornography,' and she said, 'Write pornography! I live pornography!'"

Between racy anecdotes, he also taught us about erotic history. "You want to know what was so important about *Playboy*?" Dad said. "They showed nipples. For the first time, a magazine showed nipples." To top it off, he would often quote his favorite line from his own book, *Her*, while cutting up the pot roast at the dinner table. "She had two W's tattooed on her butt, and when she bent over, 'Wow!'"

Dad always said that everything he knew about sex, he had learned from his own writings. Having a father who made a living from writing porno books and magazines meant much more than easy access to a lot of air-brushed pictures and dirty words. It meant having parents who were not afraid to discuss sex, sexuality and sensuality, and who also had the necessary language to communicate their point without resorting to blushing and blank spaces in their speech.

They explained the biology basics and, what's more, explained the importance of sexual pleasure. "Women like different things," Dad would often say, "but no matter what position they prefer, they will always say the same thing: 'Put it in deeper.'"

Although following in our father's footsteps was never a career goal, my brother and I have both ended up working in the porn industry. I review films and write ad copy for a gay video house and my brother spends long summers in Amsterdam working in the heterosexual film business while finishing up his history degree at DePaul University. Dad is very proud.

Victoria Stagg Elliott is a freelance writer based in Chicago. She is currently working on a novel about growing up in the AIDS epidemic.



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Shock Me If You Can

For Orlando's Genitorturers, mere shock value is a

ho-hum yawner begging for an extra jolt of adrenaline. No problem: Nothing livens up a torpid crowd quite like on-stage audience-participation piercing, especially when initiated by a gorgeous blonde babe lead singer decked out in full modern primitive effect.

No matter how much you get out, you aren't likely to have seen anything resembling this weighty metal band's stage show, guaranteed to appall, astound and yes--arouse. Stunningly beautiful founder and vocalist Gen is the band's resident body manipulator. That is, when she isn't working her boring day job . . . removing organs from cadavers for transplant. Most nights find the multi-talented bombshell entertaining audiences by flossing her nipple piercings with large-gauge twine, spanking and teasing stage-mates as needed, and coaxing volunteers to fulfill their foolhardy pledge to let her drive long needles into delicate body parts. Gen is very good at her job.

Signed to the I.R.S. label's newly created Shock Therapy division, the Genitorturers' sound is a grinding wall of industrial-metal punctuated by moans, screams and barely distinguishable howls of messy release. But the band's new album, *120 Days of Genitorture*, can't capture the cringing, primal satisfaction of being in the same room with the hooded crew that makes up this group. Alice Cooper would definitely approve. He might even get his foreskin pierced.

—Julene Snyder



CENSORED IN CANADA

Last year, Canadian Customs officials were given a significant boost by the Canadian Supreme Court. In a landmark case known as the *Butler* decision, the Court redefined obscenity to vaguely encompass any images that might be considered "degrading and dehumanizing," particularly to women.

The first post-*Butler* action taken by Project Pornography officers was to raid Toronto's gay Glad Day Bookstore and seize *Bad Attitude*, a lesbian S/M 'zine. The case went to trial, with the judge ultimately ruling that "casual sex between strangers is degrading without any human dimension."

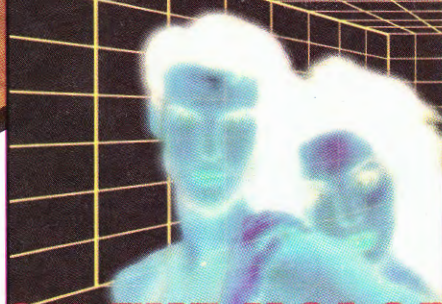
After cleaning up gay sex, the smut squad moved in on intellectuals, raiding the Dernier Mot, a bookstore devoid of any sexually explicit materials. Here they pounced on Kathy Acker's *Blood and Guts in High School*, *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*, and, in a gleefully ironic twist of fate, two books by Andrea Dworkin, the infamous anti-porn pseudofeminist.

While Glad Day Bookstore was only fined \$200—a symbolic slap on the wrist—for infringing on state sensibilities, a New York-based virtual reality company suffered considerably greater financial loss. Sexonix, which according to president Joseph Skaggs creates sexual environments for "the bizarre, the impotent and the perverse," had \$300,000 worth of hardware and software seized. The equipment is still in the possession of the authorities and Skaggs has literally been put out of business.

Censorstop is one of several groups who rallied round Glad Day and *Bad Attitude* in what they saw as a crucial trial. But *Bad Attitude* actually expressed support for the *Butler* decision! "It does," a recent editorial noted, "provide some protection for women and children. However, the law was written without an understanding of S/M or lesbian sexuality. It was written solely in terms of heterosexuality." In other words, censorship is fine for everyone else but me. People like this cannot seem to grasp a basic concept:

When you let the thought police in the door, everything is up for grabs. When it comes to censorship, there simply can be no exceptions.

—Marcy Sheiner



SEX ON THE HOLODECK

Future Sex may have a pretty widespread audience by the 24th century, if the writers of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* are correct. Their vision of life aboard this newer *U.S.S. Enterprise* is looser and definitely sexier than the original—everybody gets a chance for some action, not just the alpha male captain. The part that both crew and audience seems to appreciate most, though, is the holodeck, an almost unlimited version of virtual reality which creates environments and playmates tangible to all five senses. The holodeck gets used for all kinds of things: combat practice, murder mysteries, Old West adventures and, of course, sex.

While both *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and *Deep Space Nine* are limited by the prime time censors, they imply, pretty strongly, that holodeck sex is an accepted practice. Will Riker, Geordi LaForge and Counselor Troi's mother have all fallen in love with holodeck constructs. Riker, after a particularly frustrating encounter with a beautiful, pheromone-oozing alien, ran straight to the holodeck to let off, er...steam. The pathologically introverted Lieutenant Barclay programmed holodeck simulations of female crew members inaccessible to him in real life.

And the smaller-scale holo-suites on the *Deep Space Nine* space station seem to have replaced the trade in prostitution which otherwise would thrive on a sleazy frontier outpost.

While the 24th-century characters seem pretty open-minded about cybersex, the series' 20th-century publicist,

Diane Castro, refused to discuss it. "Personally," she said, "I found [*Future Sex* magazine] offensive." —Philip H. Farber

THE LATIN ARE COMING

Maybe Just Breathing Hard

American lovers who would like to improve their courtship skills can book a stint with Italy's Dr. Giuseppe Cirillo on "Dr. Seduction's Caravan of Love." Cirillo, a sexologist and founder of The Courtship and Seduction School in Rome, is bringing his *amore* madness to the U.S. For an unspecified fee, participants will receive room and board, plus daily lessons in what amounts to pick-up techniques (topics include "Refinement of First Approach" and "Overcoming Obstacles"). Classes will be held on the caravan itself—a bus, actually—that will serve as "a communications workshop on wheels," traveling from Miami to Los Angeles, where Cirillo is opening Dr. Seduction's Cafe. Cirillo (who is equally adept at wooing the press, including such notables as the *Wall Street Journal*) is also promoting a sexual technique he calls SIP, short for slow incomplete penetration. A venerable practice, the fairly self-explanatory SIP protocol is intended to cut down on the old "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" syndrome. Or, as Dr. Cirillo's press release explains, "Some people want all and soon, they frequently are selfish and are not as giving." To reserve your seat on this Come-here-often? convoy, call 1-800-633-LOVE.

—Laura Miller

Just Add Sugar and Spice

Not everyone who enjoys being a girl was born female. Fortunately for the chromosomally shortchanged, a new academy has entered the educational marketplace: Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want to be Girls. Headmistress Veronica Vera is a writer/performer/artist/sex educator who's modeled for Robert Mapplethorpe, lectured at Yale and Dartmouth and founded the High Heeled School of Journalism. The New York City school features such courses as Ballet I and Tutu, Make-up, Flirting Fundamentals and Servant Problems & Solutions. The basic Sensuality Seminar is two and a half-hours long and costs \$300. Students are required to bring their own black mascara. Says Vera, "When women felt the need for balance in their lives, and a desire to share in the male experience, we created the women's movement. Men, too, have this need for balance. Cross-dressing most obviously reflects that need." With this uniquely comprehensive program, Vera reports, "As we step boldly towards the new millennium, many more of us will be doing it in high heels." For a discreetly mailed enrollment application, call (212) 242-6449.

—Laura Miller



SELF SERVICE

BY KIM TEEVAN

“I got so hot

on my road trip to Rio Vista the other day that I had to diddle while I was driving and I think a trucker saw me!”

“High speed handlin’ eh? How do you keep from going off the road, you slut!”

I was sitting in the back seat of Sandy’s Chevy Nova, listening to Lory and Sandy recount personal stories of self-pleasure and I felt my face turn bright red. As a 34 year-old woman, I was embarrassed to admit (especially in front of these sexually-liberated hussies) that I had never successfully managed to touch myself until I was stuck to the ceiling. As I told my therapist in a session not long after that car ride, “I imagine how ridiculous I must look, when I...you know...and I start laughing.” She gave an understanding nod and said, “Go ahead and laugh. Just don’t stop.”

I had been too uptight for the 60s and terminally monogamous by nature. But for the first time in 12 years I was single, and this translated into a desire for sexual experimentation. Masturbation seemed like a safe start. Under the guise of Research and Development, I finally admitted my little secret to Lory and Sandy. Now, the word on the street is still that “Wanking the Crank” is a guy thang. Thank god, *my* women friends are vulgar and helpful. They shared their trade secrets with me and I wanted to know about everything: Vibrators vs. hand-jobs, good porn, lubricant, times of day, frequency and voltage.



Lory relied on Harlequin romance-type whack material with steamy love scenes. Manual stimulation was her preference but she lamented that with long, lonely stretches of being single, she sometimes gets tired of dating her right hand. I suggested she try the other hand—it might be like being with someone else.

Sandy admitted to an outrageously high electric bill due to her daily bouts with “Mr. Buzz.” However she was a little worried that the power of her vibrator could “ruin her for a man.” What guy could possibly vibrate at 12 volts?

Even after I gathered the information, I still couldn’t seem to get started. My house was always full of people. What if I got caught? What if I had to scream? How much time would it take? What if I didn’t come? Then one day at work, I couldn’t seem to

avoid my clitoris. It made its throbbing self known with every shift in my chair, every reach for the post-its. It was so hyper-sensitive that a well-placed draft of air would have me shaking with ecstasy: otherwise known as a “stiff breeze condition.” I decided that this was the time to take an early lunch break. So I got in my Honda Civic and prowled the neighborhood.

I parked next to a hill on a quiet street. It felt right. No sidewalk on the right, so no foot traffic. No second story windows overlooking the site and

hopefully this wasn’t a bus route. Alright, here we go.

I hadn’t learned about making use of my own saliva yet, so I had brought a bottle of Evian for lubrication. How much would I need: Drip, splash or pour? I pulled my pants down to my knees. It didn’t feel like I’d have enough access for both hands *and* the water bottle, so I slid my pants and underwear down to my ankles, thinking if I went overboard with the water at least I wouldn’t get everything wet. Slyly, I let the seat go all the way back so that if someone did walk by, they wouldn’t see me. *Go ahead and laugh, just don’t stop* was stuck in my head like a kinky jingle.

Draping my coat over my exposed crotch, I poured some water into my hand and massaged all over my clitoris. It felt wonderful. I didn’t think of anyone or create any

Claudia Newell

sort of fantasy, I just closed my eyes and focused on the sensations. For once in my life I didn't have to worry about taking too long or if my partner was having a good time. I swirled my fingers around and around in frantic circles and then back and forth, experimenting with what felt best. I began panting and squirming around in the seat and pretty soon I didn't care who was watching! While my right hand kept swirling, a finger from my left hand was inside wiggling furiously. I got a good rhythm going and before I could even say the words "Oooh, yeah"—BANG! I was gasping and laughing and coming and screaming. I had never come that fast in my life. Spent and ecstatic, I furtively glanced outside, and was relieved to find I was still alone. "God, you're good," I said to my limp hands resting in my lap.

So this is all there is to it? I couldn't believe how easy it was. My mind was reeling with implications: Sex without being self-conscious was great! I didn't need a man for sex! If I could do myself, I wouldn't appear so sexually desperate to new partners. I had a sense of freedom and power that I had never experienced before.

As with any new toy, I was eager to keep playing with it—at every opportunity. I'd be driving to a business meeting in "The Mobile Masturbatory Unit," check my watch and note a spare ten minutes. What better way to pass the time than with a quick beaver-petting? Finding a place to park, I'd diddle in my business suit and arrive refreshed and focused. It was my new adventure and I could not stop talking about it.

In fact, I now enjoyed making others uncomfortable and embarrassed with torrid details. "Wish I could suck my own nipples, though," I say loud enough for all uptight, closet diddlers to hear.

Now, two years later, I have touching myself down to a science depending on the situation. I have mastered the "silent scream" and can shudder quietly enough for most public ladies rooms. I can come in under five minutes or spend an entire romantic evening with myself. Recently, I bought myself a battery-operated vibrator with a big ol' shaft for the ride 'em sessions and a vibrating clit wagger with various speeds. It's too big for the glove compartment though, so I limit its use to home recreation only. It takes a bit more dexterity but the sheer horsepower has me breaking time and frequency records in my own mojo marathon. Just another tool in my arsenal of self-sufficiency.

Wiggle sticks aside, there's still nothing like the challenge of finding a secluded street when my clitoris starts talking to me. It doesn't seem to take much for a steady dialogue these days, especially writing smut like this. Is that a breeze under my dress or am I just glad to see me?



Kim Teevan is co-publisher of the investigative satire magazine the Nose. She is single, self-fulfilled and prepared to be so for a long time.

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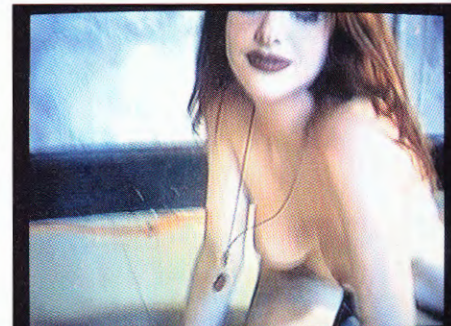
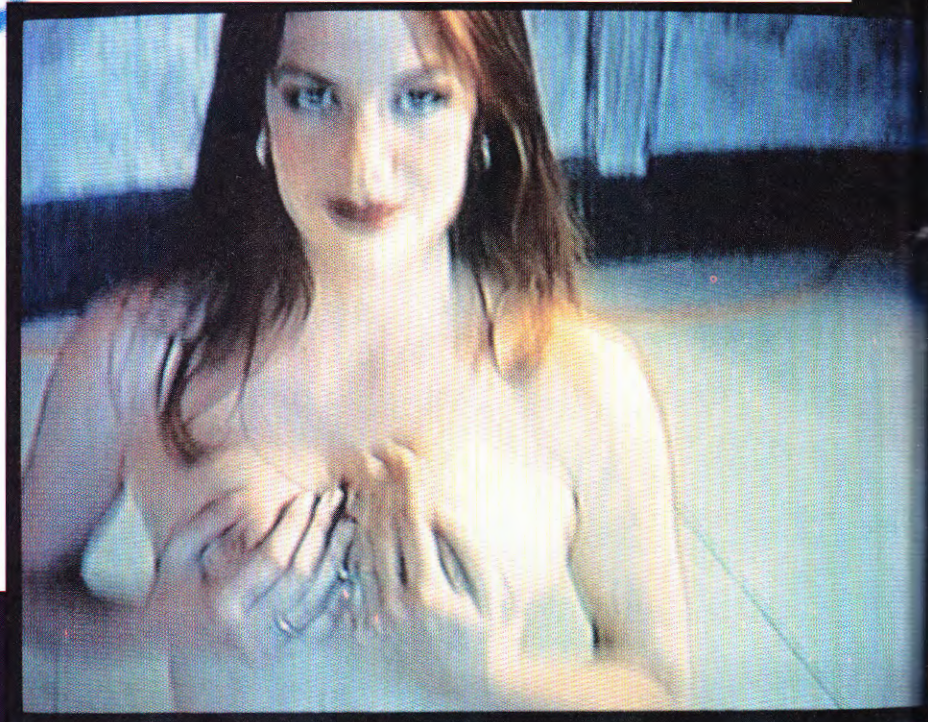
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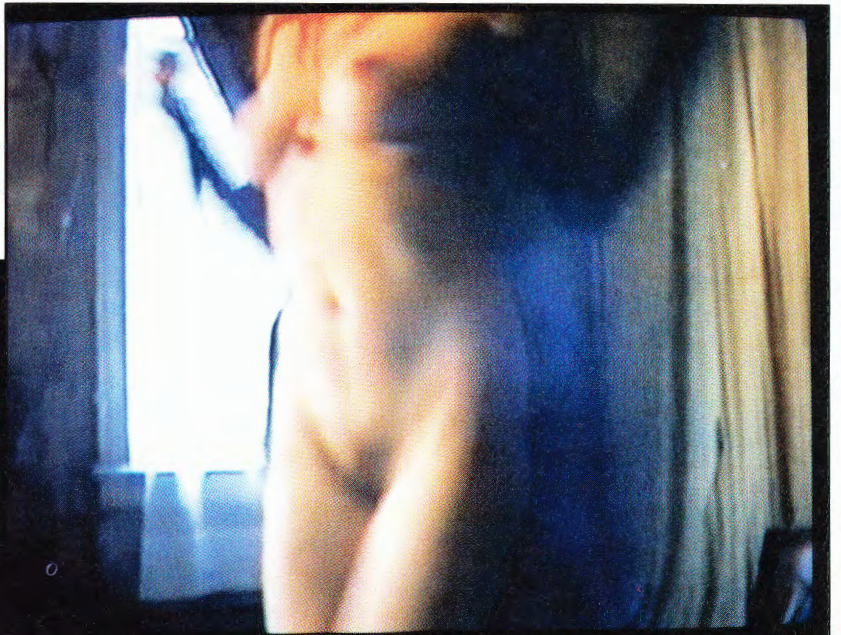


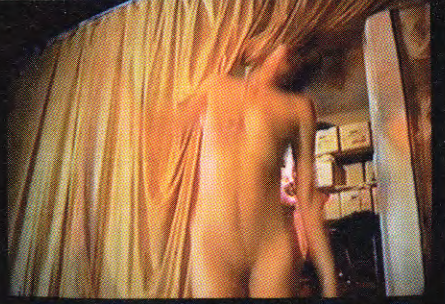


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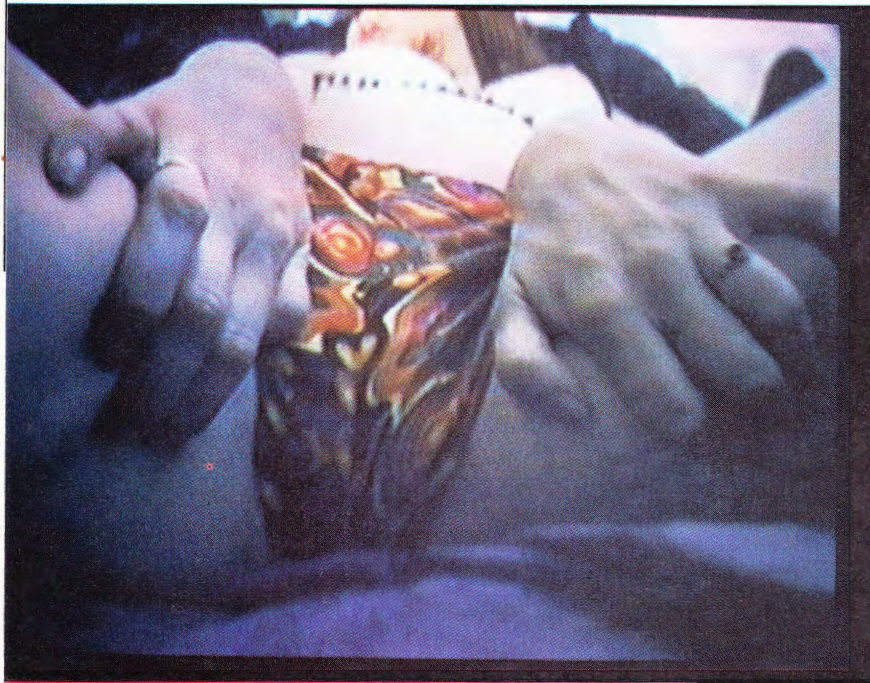
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William Gibson

BY DAVID AARON CLARK

ONE OF THE MORE

delicious ironies of the grungy yet sleek, brave new era of cyberpunk is that its pivotal text was composed on a 1927 Hermes "2000." "An extremely elegant portable machine," science fiction author William Gibson remarks in praise of the manual typewriter on which he wrote *Neuromancer* (1986), the novel that brought together an amalgam of literary and cultural influences in a way that captured the collective imagination.

Gibson has definite antecedents; Philip K. Dick, William Burroughs, even little-known sf writer K.W. Jeter. But it was his particular vision of a physically crumbling future propped up by the birth of a new dimension, "cyberspace," a universe composed of bytes

of information that the human mind could visit by interfacing with a computer, that struck a chord of response in the hearts of late 20th-century cultural orphans both fearful of and impatient for the future.

First *Neuromancer*, then *Count Zero* and *Mona Lisa Overdrive* (as well as *Burning Chrome*, a collection of short stories) featured a galvanizing potion of day-after-tomorrow plugged-in punk rockers, deadly industrial spies, malevolent AIs (artificial intelligences) and an international culture swallowing up and spitting out individual talents and influences even faster than today's does. He's also collaborated with fellow cyberpunk founder Bruce Sterling on *The Difference Engine*, a "steampunk" adventure set in an alternative universe's Victorian England. His new novel, *Virtual Light*, is just out from Bantam/Spectrabooks.



Gibson, now 45, grew up in southwestern Virginia, southern Arizona and Toronto. Both his parents had died by the time he was nineteen; "definitely not Happy Camper material," as he dryly notes. Though responsible for inspiring the style and concerns of a generation of gaudy industrial rock stars, Gibson is a conservative, professorial presence—at least in pictures and over the fax machine, which, in keeping with an attempt to look bravely toward the new world, is how we conducted the following interview.

Although his work is infused with a distinct erotic agent, Mr. Gibson was somewhat reticent to go into too much detail about his own sex life, wryly remarking that "it then becomes a matter of public record, and I'd be fielding questions about whatever I might say, for the rest of my life! And seeing it quoted in European fucking academic journals, seriously!"

FUTURE SEX: In the future world you've created, which would be more intimate, the physical contact of sex or plugging into the Net?

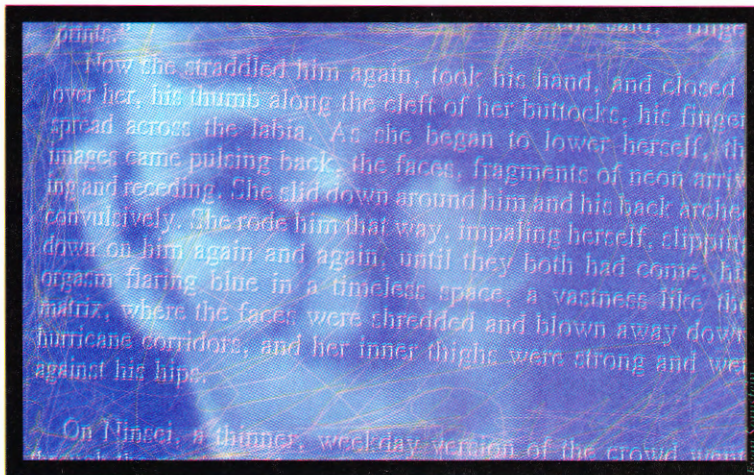
WILLIAM GIBSON: I don't know. The question is certainly one my first three books pose, and pose repeatedly. So while it's something I want the reader to think about, I don't necessarily have an answer. If I did, I doubt if I'd feel it was a very important question. But is physical sex particularly "intimate?" It's intimate physically, certainly, but the idea of sex itself as something of great and innate emotional intimacy strikes me as being very romantic, very Euro in origin. I don't, for instance, believe that the Japanese think of sex that way, and I suspect they think us quite weird for doing so. Not that I'm denying any of the power of the experience, either, just that I think of orgasm as being, in some way, beyond personality. (There's a scene in *Neuromancer*, very consciously drawn from D.H. Lawrence, that seems to suggest that sex can be more intimate than cyberspace—though it takes place in a cyberspace construct, so again, I'm not sure...)

It's actually possible to have whompingly orgasmic, intensely pleasurable sex with total strangers and then never see them again. (I seem to recall that people sometimes used to do that back in the 60s and 70s...) It may not be *fashionable*, currently, but it's definitely *possible*. Is that *intimate*, though? The intimacy of the thing, for me, is in the mingling of personalities, which if nothing else requires a degree of duration. Psychological intimacy, though, is quite *stressful* for many people...Orgasm beyond personality? Well I just feel that way about it, personally. Orgasm feels, to me, as though it "happens" in some extramundane, timeless realm. Outside the

self. The feeling that "it happens," rather than "I have it now." It makes my "I" go away, is what it feels like...That's what I *like* about it.

FS: In the future society you posit, almost everything seems to have turned into a commodity: Wealth and information are the linchpins of power. Sex, on the other hand, seems to turn into a less valuable commodity than it is even today. Do you see that as the natural progression of, what, an enlightened society, a technological society, an impersonal society?

WG: Well, Marx thought that turning everything into a commodity was the nature of a capitalist society. We live in a world of ascendant global capitalism, in case you haven't noticed, and wealth and information *are* the linchpins of power. And sex, in one form or another, is an absolutely crucial global economy. And the commodification of sex is one of



those things that Americans are still quite good at.

FS: Do you think the virtual reality sex and so forth is really a viable option for a future generation, or will nothing ever replace the old in-out, in-out?

WG: In the *Sprawl* books, people have really effective interface devices: jacks in their heads, "trodes," whatnot. We don't have that yet. Until we have the right interface, VR sex can't be much more than some combination of phone sex and screen-interactivity. A pretty clumsy, very expensive masturbation aid! And working out the physical interface, in the sense of "dildonics," is probably going to pose some very hairy problems. At the Media Lab at MIT, for instance, I tried out a tactile feedback system that allows you to "feel" images of small, very detailed objects on a computer screen.

You've got your hand on a ball at the end of a steel rod, like a long shift-lever, and you control the cursor with that. The feedback, though, comes through a number of quite powerful electric motors, which are

"muted," so to speak, by particle brakes, which are these very nifty high-tech electric brakes. The point being that if you want to "feel" the surface of a saltine cracker, those little depressions, you're feeling them via forces that could snap your arm like a matchstick! If that's the state of the art so far, what's it going to take to give you a really convincing nipple, say? And who's going to test-dick the force-feedback vagina so they can tune those particle brakes?

The milieu of "sexual freedom," in this society, proves to be a very fragile thing. The fantasy of VR sex, obviously quite powerful for many people, is the fantasy of the masturbatory image taking on a "virtual" physicality, yet *sans* personality.

FS: What would the drawbacks be to virtual reality sex? What would be the best things about it?

WG: Again, it depends on the degree of resolution you're positing. Even a relatively low-res system, though, could make for a very effective instructional tool. VR for sex education!

As to the drawbacks, who knows? Nobody's had it yet, that I know of. For that matter, what are the "drawbacks" to phone sex? Phone sex is really our only viable existing model for VR sex. It actually takes place in cyberspace. But it's not something I've experienced. Nor, particularly, would I want to.

FS: How long do you think it would be, realistically, after the perfection of virtual reality

for there to be mass-marketed sex programs? Wouldn't the middle-of-the-road attitude of corporate-think hesitate to raise the wrath of more conservative quarters?

WG: Historically, the sex industry has demonstrated a wonderful ability to get there first! Look at photography, cinema...television, no, but then the means of production became available...So I would imagine that sexual products for VR would be out there pretty damned quickly—if only we had something like real home VR to buy them for!

FS: The more a particular society becomes complex and, perhaps, decadent, the more complex and arcane its sexual mores tend to become: witness the elevation of bondage, voyeurism and fetishism in, for instance, Victorian society and modern American society. By this reasoning, shouldn't your future world be full of kinks undreamed of by all but the most visionary souls?

WG: Well, I've always assumed there was a lot of that going on, but mostly off-stage, as it were. There's a character in *Neuromancer* who

periodically decants teenage clones of his daughter, then rapes and murders them. I mean, that's *fairly* kinky, isn't it? But I can't think of too many examples of science fiction writers introducing really convincing future kinks; people do try, but it doesn't tend to come off. More fun, perhaps for writer and reader both, is to simply *suggest* how deliciously pervy things are. (Though I'm speaking exclusively of science fiction, here.)

FS: How do you personally feel about written and/or visual pornography, as an art form/phenomenon/means of expression? Do you tend toward the libertine or the conservative in matters of the flesh?

WG: I'm anti-censorship—straight ticket! And I hope I'm pro-sex. This is not and has never been a sex-positive society. I think we were on our way to one, or anyway felt we were, but it was thrown off the track by a number of things, and not just the global disaster of AIDS. People my age (45) grew up in a strange bubble of history where, however briefly, it seemed that sex couldn't actually *kill* you. Women could control their fertility, and venereal disease wasn't considered serious. (The idea of lethal VD survived as a sort of urban legend—the dread Saigon Rose that turned your cock inside out, etc.)

My take on sexual history in the 70s is that heterosexuals were starting—golly—to behave somewhat in the manner of gay men, and that was extraordinarily interesting. Then it all seemed to hit a wall, or a series of walls. One of the first may actually have been herpes, which was “incurable.” The panic around that looks, in retrospect, and quite weirdly, like a dry run for AIDS...There was some sort of collective loss of nerve, there.

It's an odd generational thing, but I find it amusing, standing in line at the local Safeway, behind these nicely tuned Yuppie matrons my own age, to imagine that some of them, no doubt perfectly straight souls that they now may be, have quite extraordinary sexual histories.

FS: Have you ever considered dealing directly with AIDS in your work?

WG: My latest novel, *Virtual Light* (Bantam/Spectra) deals as directly with AIDS as I was able to. (Bruce Sterling and I had very consciously woven the motif of syphilis through *The Difference Engine*, in part as a reflection of AIDS.) When I wrote *Neuromancer*, AIDS hadn't been discovered, when I wrote *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, I made a passing reference to retro-viruses, largely because Mona herself is a sex worker. But the world has changed, in the meantime. I sometimes wonder, now, what new readers of *Neuromancer* make of the scene where Molly casually straddles Case and just, well, slips it right on in. “My God, this babe is

a risk-taker in more ways than one!”

FS: How old were you when you lost your virginity? Was it as confused and unsettling for you as it is for most people?

WG: 15 or 16. First time weird, second time wonderful.

FS: What's your sign, man?

WG: Arachne. The thirteenth sign.

FS: Were you a science fiction geek in your youth? Were you otherwise troubled, anti-social or neurotic?

WG: All of the above. It was really very much the classic sci-fi guy childhood. Fortunately the whole Sixties thing came along to bring a little color to my later teen years.

After their first day together, they fell into a simple pattern. They had breakfast in the *mercado*, at a stall with a concrete counter worn smooth as polished marble. They spent the morning swimming, until the sun drove them back into the sheltered coolness of the hotel, where they made love under the slow wooden blades of the ceiling fan, then slept. In the afternoon they explored the maze of narrow streets behind the *Avenida*, or went hiking in the hills. They dined in beachfront restaurants and drank on the patios of the white hotels. Moonlight curled in the edge of the surf. And gradually, without words, she taught him a new style of passion. He was accustomed to being served, service anonymously by skilled professionals. Now, in the white cave, he knelt on tile. He lowered his head, licking her, the Pacific mixed with her own wet, her inner thigh cool against his cheek. Heads cradling her hips, he held her, raised her like a chalice, lips pressing tight, while his tongue sought the focus, the point, the frequency that would bring her home.

FS: What was the first significant literary experience of your life, science fiction and/or otherwise?

WG: The first sf novel that I was blown away by was called *The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree*. That was in fourth grade. Reading the “Interzone” section of *Naked Lunch* when I was thirteen or fourteen was definitely important. Seminal, even.

FS: How close have your brushes with Hollywood been? I've read some about the *Alien 3* script—how pissed are you seeing your ideas for that trashed and ripped off? And whatever happened with the Kathryn Bigelow (*Blue Steel*, *Near Dark*) version of “*New Rose Hotel*,” the short story from *Burning Chrome*?

WG: I've never had a screenplay get near the serious pre-production stage—though you never know, in Hollywood...I think of screenwriting as some weird side-effect of whatever it is I actually do. I take the product I provide very seriously, but I try to regard the business process and the culture around it as some

kind of mystery tour, with no connection to the real world. But it's a union gig and they see you get paid for whatever words you actually put in a row. The *Alien 3* job got me a union card, but I was about as much real use to their franchise as a sushi chef would be to Kentucky Fried Chicken. Can't say it pissed me off much at all. It was very amusing, and more so in retrospect.

As for *New Rose Hotel*, Bigelow went off to do that surfer/bankrobber movie, and the *NRH* screenplay went through however many tortured mutations in the vague proximity of various other directors, but to no end so far. It's still out there, though.

FS: What happened with the Marvel Comics adaptation of *Neuromancer*?

WG: It wasn't Marvel, it was Epic. They just seemed to crap out after the first installment. Embarrassing. And the guy hadn't quite learned to draw girls.

FS: How do you feel about the over-marketing of “cyber-this,” “cyber-that” and the distortion of VR concepts?

WG: Quite frankly, I could give a shit. Or not less of one, depending on how you prefer the expression. Tom Shippey recently pointed out in the [London] *Times Literary Supplement* that “virtual,” in the sense computer people really use it, doesn't mean at all what the general populace assumes it does. That is, it doesn't mean nearly-almost-exactly-like whatever. It actually refers to a mode of stored memory, and you could replace it with “on-call.” But “On-call Reality” sure wouldn't sell as many magazines.

FS: Is there sex after science fiction fandom? Do you have groupies?

WG: Science fiction groupies? Pretty scary. Somehow it's kind of hard to picture the girls who hang out in those metal bars along Sunset, the ones who walk around in their underwear, waking up one afternoon with a faraway look and thinking, “Hmmm. Life's losing its hard, crystalline edge. I think it's time to go out and find...a science fiction writer! The reality, such as it appears to be, falls rather short. *Very* short.”

David Aaron Clark is the author of *The Wet Forever* (Rhinoceros Books) and his band *False Virgins'* second album, *Infernal Doll*, was released this past winter on *Brake-Out/Enemy Records*. In his spare time he samples various intoxicants, not the least of which is New York City's finest dominatrix, *Mistress Shane*.

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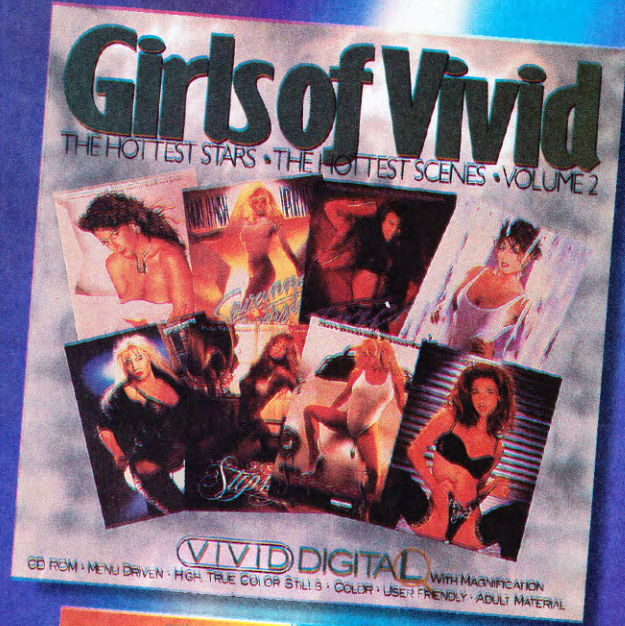
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The sign on

the wall read: WHAT WOULD LIFE BE LIKE IF YOU FELT AS YOU DO NOW ALL OF THE TIME? That was a tough one, alright, especially since the electric nipple clips were just starting to kick in, sending a warm gurgle of electricity trickling through my chest. Randy Adamadama, the owner of Universe of You—one of the world's first "brain salons"—promised that the faint current would work its way down my neural interstate and exit at my testicles. The sensation was guaranteed to be pleasurable. ("The Nipple Technique" is what the visionary Adamadama likes to call it.) But right now I had the strange sensation that an army of small rodents were gumming my teats. Somewhere off in the distance electronic

surf pounded out of a loud speaker. "Not bad . . . not bad," I mumbled to myself while turning a knob on the tiny device that pumped the electricity into my body. But all of the time?... Okay, but first I'd need to find a way to keep these darn clips from slipping off.

Nipples aside, the hypothesis seems simple enough. If it's true that the brain is our largest sex organ, then the burgeoning new field of Neuro-technology might just be our greatest hope for sexual salvation. Or at least provide us with a pleasant, futuristic roll in the hay. Neuro-tech... Consciousness-tech... Mind Machinery... Electro Jesus—no matter how you slice it, the concept of brain fitness has arrived in a big way. The only catch is, there's more to brain fitness than just stimulating our brains. At least that's what Adamadama and other push-button-soma explorers claim.

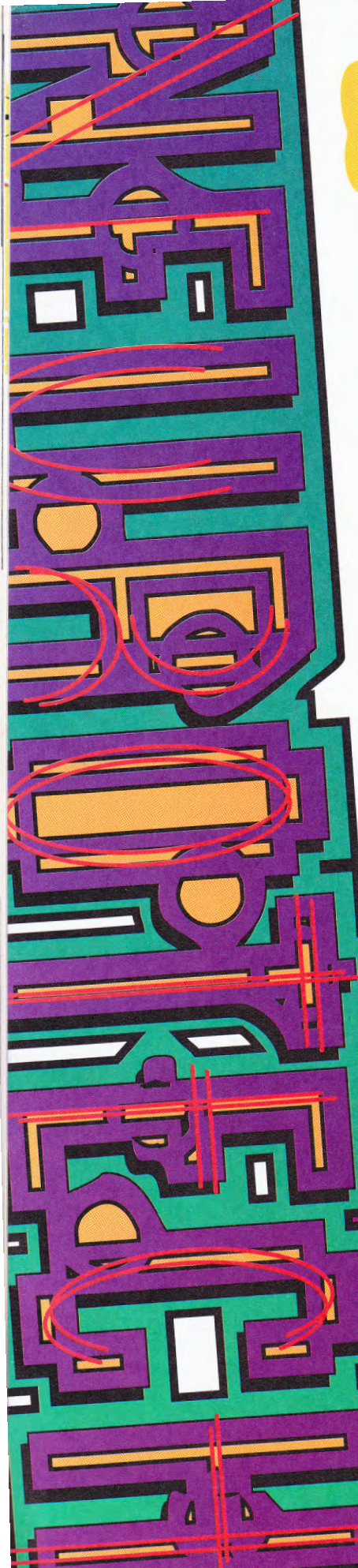
The movement developed out of advances in neuroscience and microelectronics that enabled researchers to view the brain as it had never been seen before. It became possible to clinically chart

what everything from an orgasm to a hallucination looks like when it explodes inside our head. Neuro-tech takes the technology and turns it around, promising that everyone from stressed-out payroll accountants to spiritually-questioning insurance executives can explore, manipulate and, on a good day, harness the dormant 90 percent of their gray matter.

Push a button on a handheld light/sound machine and specially designed frequencies of light and sound supposedly launch you into a trippy dream-like state. Turn the knob on a electrical stimulation device, similar to Adamadama's, and feel the body's natural opiates percolating away inside your head. Pop a cassette tape, filled with binaural beats blended with high and low frequencies, into your Walkman and sit back as both hemispheres of your brain fall into synchronization. There's nothing really new about these claims; they've been talked about plenty over the past several years. But now, with several years worth of kinky experimentation under their belts, a few pundits on the wet edge



Get Ready to Stim





of Neuro-tech have surfaced with some semi-nal new uses for this technology.

Michael Hutchison, a leading crusader behind the movement, is one such savant. Ever since the publication of his book *Megabrain*, hailed as the bible of the brain machine movement, Hutchison has spent thousands of hours experimenting with the technology—some of it behind closed doors with the shades drawn.

The way Hutchison sees it, the eyeballs are like the surface of the brain floating on the outside of the body. And what mind machines are doing is “working the interface between the inner and the outer, making us more aware of the fact that our bodies are part of our brain. In a way, they can become a third party in a sexual relationship. It’s not like they’re creating an artificial reality. It’s like they’re amplifying and intensifying the capacity of the brain.”

He has long been intrigued by the phenomena known as *brain synchronization*. Hutchison has found that when two people are connected to an EEG (brain-wave) monitor and asked to “reach out and try to experience what the other person is feeling,” their brain wave readouts begin mimicking each other. When another person is introduced to the group, the three brain waves blend together to look almost identical. The distinct peaks and troughs of the waves may be lost, but a general unified shape begins to emerge.

For Hutchison, these modern-day scientific observations brought to mind the ancient Hindu tale of how Shakti and Shiva created the universe while doing the wild thing. “There’s an old Tantric scripture about it that goes something like: ‘I am you, you are me. We are the same.’” So he began looking into what happens when you induce people into the same brain states with a light/sound machine. One afternoon, he found out.

He wired up a husband and wife to one of the gizmos, where tiny flickering lights, set inside goggles, flashed before their closed eyes. Synchronized tones were piped into their ears via headphones. Hutchison remembers standing over them, turning the knobs to the machine and listening to their conversation. They mumbled to one another about the colors and shapes congealing and melting their way across their optic nerves. For some strange reason, both of them were seeing the same patterns and hues. The next thing Hutchison knew, they were taking a mental stroll down a beach together where they met some wise old geezer who gave them big insight into life. “They’d both gone through it together,” Hutchison explains. “There was this shared wisdom, totally without words. They’d created this scene mutually.”

This experience, and others like it, got Hutchison thinking. If two people can “melt” their brain waves into each other while sitting together in a room, wouldn’t it intensify a

situation when they were trying to melt their bodies into one another during sex?

Terry Patten thinks he knows the answer to that one and it’s partially why he started Tools For Exploration. The firm does a healthy business trading in state-of-the-art head-tech devices. Think of it as the Sears, Roebuck of the 24th century, where Western technology is mated with Eastern spiritual techniques. Not all of the gadgetry in their 79-page catalog is guaranteed to get you off, though. In fact, just a small percentage of the products can be used for that erotic end.

The company got its start from a device that Patten and his wife, Leslie, popularized, known as the BioCircuit. Touted as a powerful tool for “energy balancing,” it consists of several flat pads made from either copper, silk or silver, connected to handles by thin cables. Place one pad beneath your tailbone, the other beneath your head, grab onto



Phyllis Christopher

BY JOHNNY DODD

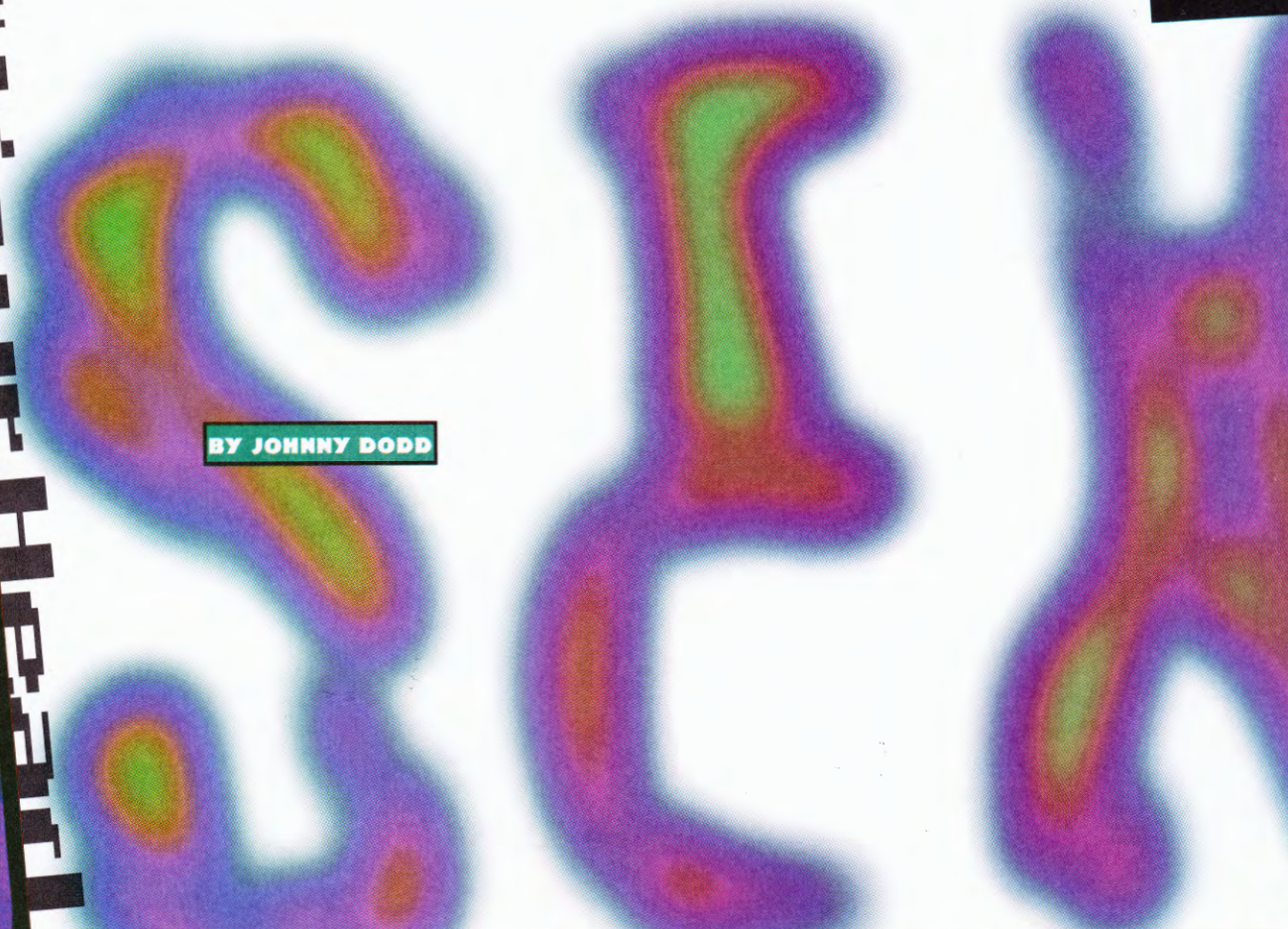




Photo: Christopher

in the right frame of mind to really get off. For some, it's too downright ethereal to be worth much. Sort of like watching an Ingmar Bergman movie with your girlfriend, where she sees some tear-jerking psychological romance and all you see are a bunch of pathetic Swedish head-cases. Or as one unsatisfied experimenter bemoaned, "You're so detached from the other person, it's like you're making love to a goddamn R2D2. Most of the time I was scared I was going to get garroted by the wires hanging off the glasses."

Not surprisingly, in the heady world of Neuro-tech sex, a fully-functioning imagination is crucial. "Both partners can go through this shared fantasy experience," Hutchison says. "Instead of sharing a glass of champagne, they're sharing a mutual vision. It can be the most extraordinary experience desired, ranging from some vision of yourself in a futuristic virtual-sex reality where you're both gleaming machines, or any other kind of mutually-shared fantasy. By actively being able to link your brain waves you're really accelerating and amplifying that capacity to link together. It explodes you out of that separation."

Scott Menge, who works at Synetic Systems, a leading manufacturer of cutting-edge light/sound machines, often hears from folks who've recently exploded out of that separation. The telephone calls usually go something like: "Hey, did you know you can have sex when you're wearing these things?"

For Menge, the technology is fast becoming an integral ritual of sex for some Neuro-tech experimenters. "It's just a little more purposeful than coming home from work, popping a Hungry Man in the oven and then jumping each other," he says.

But there are drawbacks. "You can have a problem with the wires, especially if you're flapping all around," warns Adamadama, whose relaxation center, located in a Corte Madera, California mall, is decorated in an Ester Williams' motif, complete with beach balls and patio-deck lounge chairs. "I've found it works best if only one person does it and they become really passive." A purely clinical test romp by the author confirms Adamadama's observations. The confounding morass of wires did have the maddening tendency to wrap around my head and neck and, in one nearly unforgettable incident, a nearby lamp.

Sensory-overload junkies can try combining the visual stimulation of a light/sound machine with the tactile experience of electrical stimulation—the flashing and flickering of lights and the tingling sensation of electricity. Battery-powered units, such as the Alpha Stim 100 (\$559) or The BT-6 (\$395), produce a faint, tingling electrical current. When the console's electrodes are placed beneath your earlobes—in a technique known as cranial electrotherapy stimulation (CES)—the brain produces a wide range of



the handles and shazam . . . you're suddenly relaxed in a subtle, Age-of-Aquarius way.

But Patten has experimented with some other uses for his BioCircuits, namely as an antidote for the après-sex blues. You know, that sort of sluggish feeling you get after a spirited game of hide the salami. If you buy into the whole Tantric yoga approach to energy conservation and the subtle life forces that flow through our bodies, BioCircuits make sense.

"It's not like they're some New Age popper," he says, explaining how orgasms have the nasty habit of opening "holes" in the body's energy flow. "The key is to keep this energy generating up the spine and down the front by not squirting it out." His device supposedly bridges this "hole" to reestablish the flow of energy. The effect, needless to say, is a bit more subtle than a deep drag off a Winston. It also doesn't look quite as cool.

Patten's modestly-popular low-tech device (he's sold around 15,000 of them) just scratches the surface of Neuro-tech's prurient potential. It's light/sound that many devotees swear offers a sure-fire libidinous treat. There are currently over 30 different light/sound machines on the market. Designed in a variety of sizes and with a number of features, most contain a series of pre-programmed sessions of varying lengths. Others, like the hand-held MasterMind DLS (\$299) or the D.A.V.I.D. Paradise (\$595) also allow you to download dozens of customized sessions. Slip on the goggles or eyeglass frames and headphones, push a button and you're off on your own magical mystery tour.

Audio tapes, like Hutchison's MegaZones series and Kelly Howell's Brain Sync series can also be played through the machines. Both recordings are designed to induce heightened states of consciousness. Using a specific mixture of high and low frequencies and binaural beats (two slightly different vibrations played in each ear), listeners report increased concentration, intuition, creativity and relaxation. But it's the tapes' alleged ability to increase our powers of visualization which makes them especially appealing for matters of the flesh.

There's just one catch: The effects are subtle as hell. In other words, you have to be





“performance-boosting neurochemicals.” CES units are prescribed by doctors for everything from the treatment of insomnia and depression to anxiety and chemical dependency.

With a device like the Alpha Stim, couples get a crash course in the esoteric Tantric concept of bodily energy flow. Each person holds an electrode. As long as the two remain separated, the circuit remains open and there’s no sensation. But the moment the two connect and the circuit is completed, the juice (and/or juices) begins to flow through whatever body parts are touching.

“There’s a real focusing of sensation on that spot,” Hutchinson’s research has shown. “Just touching [your partner’s body] with the tip of your tongue can be incredibly intense. But by flattening it out you have a wider point of contact and [the sensation] spreads out.” When the point of contact becomes the surface area of two sweaty bodies pressing together, the otherwise intense tingling sensation is reduced to a whole “body buzz of energy flowing back and forth from head to toe.”

Consider the electrifying testimonial of one researcher who used the Alpha Stim during a recent round of cunnilingus: “It’s like sparks jumping out of your mouth. Not literally, but it feels like it . . . zip, zip, zip.” Bonus tip from Adamadama: Don’t attach the electrodes to your genitalia.

Sound beds are another Neuro-tech device with some erotic uses. Outfitted with transducers, sensors and speakers, you lay on top of it and the musical vibrations play up through your body. You actually feel the sound pulsing through you, and the more you relax, the more the sounds change. Sound beds, however, aren’t cheap. The Genesis goes for \$25,000 and the top-of-the-line Betar costs \$45,000. Nevertheless, some folks swear by them.

Former porn star and sexologist Annie Sprinkle is one such convert. A few years ago

she spent two hours laying naked on a Vibrasound (about \$15,000) and was hit by a gale-force orgasm that started at her feet and moved upward. “It was extremely sensual, ecstatically sensuous,” Sprinkle moans. “Then, out of the blue, as a total surprise—I wasn’t even touching myself—this huge orgasmic wave went through me like a big jolt of electricity. I was screaming. There was no stopping me. I was having this major full-body orgasm, probably one of the top ten I’ve ever had. Sexually, it was very spiritual, very deep and very meditative.”



prinkle obviously had a better trip than I did with my low-voltage nipple clips, which only goes to show the old adage that one woman’s orgasm is a hell of a lot different than having a bunch of rats chew on your teats. Or something like that. Whatever. It’s worth noting

that the sexually super-evolved Sprinkle can have an orgasm just by breathing, so she’s bound to get more out of Vibrasounding than the average Jane. However it’s hard to predict just what the average person’s experience will be, since the carnal applications for Neuro-tech are just beginning to surface. Compared to the cornucopia of other erototronic sex toys we’ve been promised, Neuro-tech might seem a bit pale. But while we twiddle our digits waiting for all those bio-engineered fuk-bots and computer-induced orgies, why not turn on, tune in and, when it’s all over, wipe off.



Johnny Dodd plans to continue writing once his nipples recover.



Phyllis Christopher



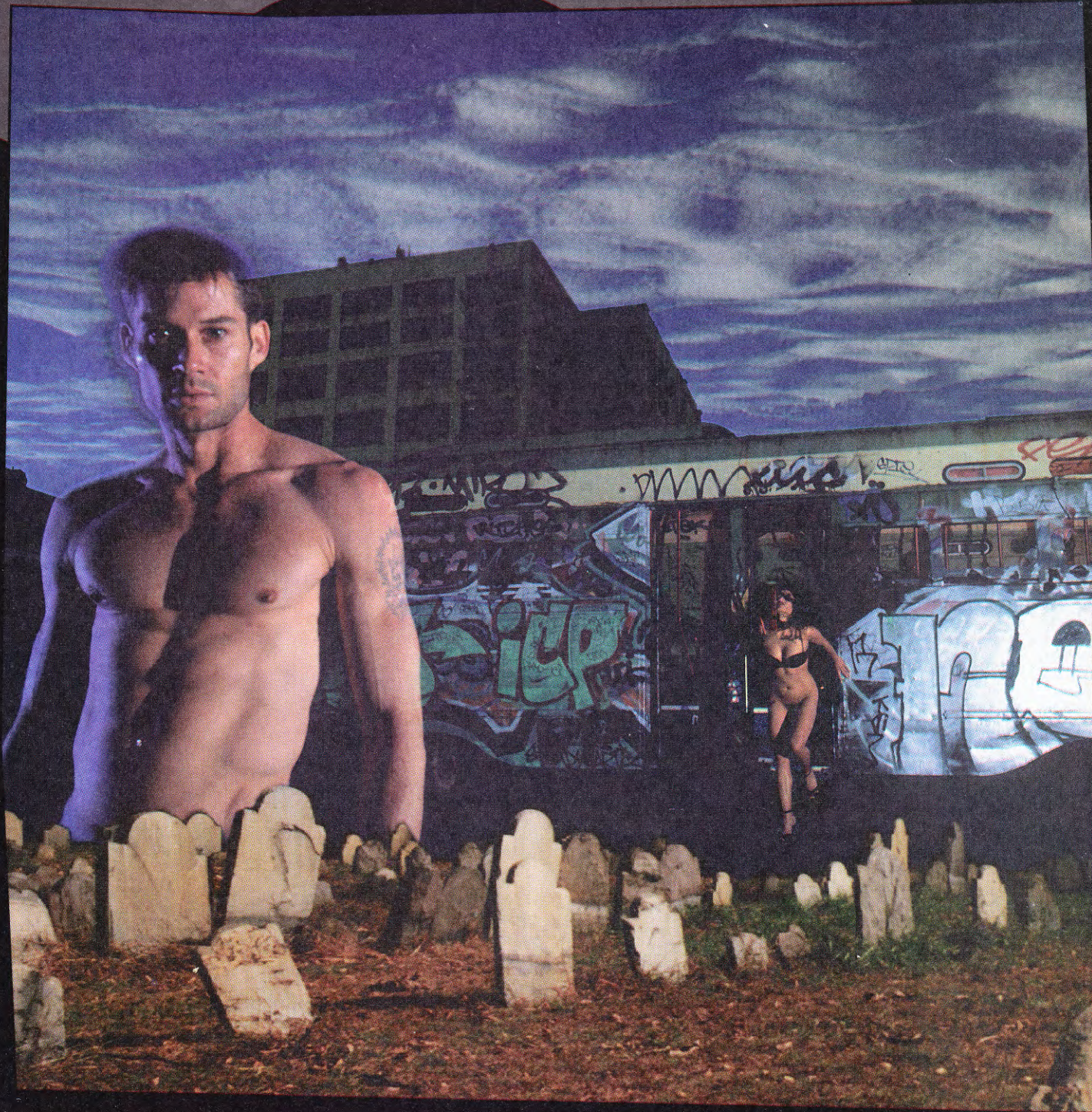
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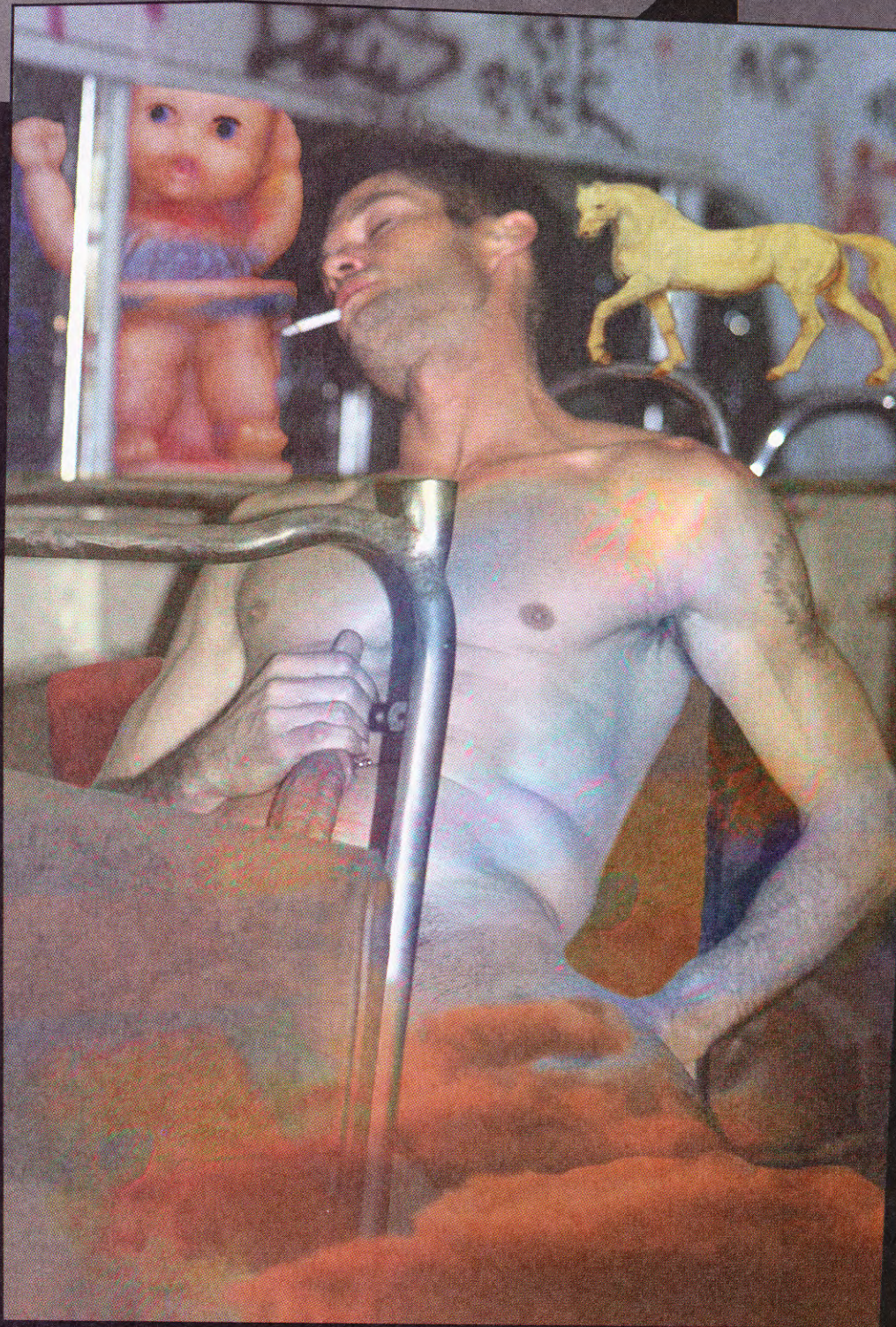
MODELS:
COUGAR & BREA

















G

EDIT
LOAD
SAVE

Inter

It was the fall of 2010, and my world wasn't safe:

The forces of law and order were coming

24:1

FILE/VERSION:
BYTEBITCH/3.4.02

BY M. CHRISTIAN

SCORE

too much out there to catch - or catch you -

down hard, blaming us for a world passing them by.

*That, and there were always the new strains.
Only my dead or missing friends had names.
The userid's cybersez.*

The sender was a flaming hot number in the cybersea, a dominatrix icon that played games with the boy's heads, and played it ultimately well, and safe. She'd earned, not taken her id: *bytebitch*. She wasn't a girlie milking her tits for all the drooling boys. She was a hard dealer—no-nonsense and straight. They didn't like that, expecting sugar and spice, not razors and sure, clear percentages. They'd stuck her with her license plate, and she'd kept it: honesty is the best policy.

Straight player to another, she invited me into her parlor, stripped that hot icon down to something molten and perverse. We exchanged digitized images of our faces. She was a bowl-cut of darkshade hair, pool-brown eyes, plush lips and cheeks to cut and die on—a mix and match from somewhere Asian and someplace African.

Then that message in *alt.sex.freak: location (here), time (now), and the deal* (—was this). *Oh, and bring your Toshika.*

00:02:52:17

Evan Sornstein

And there I was: Not really a street, an alley. The sun eased itself onto jagged skyline teeth; the impalement a pollution-red sunset. Cool shade, the perfume of urban life (piss and wine), the corpses of cars picked clean for their valuable meat and metal. Pools of water and oil, not mixing on cracked streets. Saw no one, but that didn't mean anything—kept my hand in my pocket, wrapped around the cool mean of my little Zilk automatic.

InSane Frisco, Ringold Alley, South of Market—didn't have to live in the city long to know the association: I stood before the gates to Stud Paradise, a graveyard full of memories of gloriously gay alley sex. I found the spot, lit an over-the-counter joint, and waited. The amplified THC mellowed the scene, and for a while I lost the stench and took it all in as a painting: *Portrait of the End of the City*. I waited, appreciating my drug work of art so much I almost missed her.

She walked with purpose down Ringold. Black plastic raincoat, cheap leather boots, a purple threadbare Zo/courier bag—showing what her last straight job was—coal mine eyeshades. Invisible in the SOMA turf, she was average enough not to catch a second glance.

But I knew her—we'd fucked. But never in the flesh. Cybersea fucking: interactive chat and visuals. Breasts just the right size for filling hands, she said. An electric cunt tight enough to rip condoms off, she said. We'd fucked so many times, but I'd never seen her in the flesh, and I'd never asked for her real name.

Trust.
bytebitch saw me. Didn't smile. The brown eyes behind the shades might have, but I had no way of knowing. On the corner with me was the picked-clean carcass of a Saab. She moved to its pitted fender and propped herself against it. *cybersez*: get comfy. Dropping her bag into the grimy alley muck, she pulled a cig out

of one of her plastic pockets, lit up with the finger-thick flame from a self-defense Hotpoint lighter and took a long drag of amplified tobacco. Then a quick flick into a puddle of mostly oil, and it came to a hissing end. My joint followed, and as she pushed off the fender, I got out my camera—

—my beautiful Japanese Toshika, direct-to-disc job. Small and light, straight to read/write CD. In my other hand was that little German automatic, with its clip of detonator-nylon rounds: in case of trouble. No extra hand for my dick.

Her SOMA-standard black latex-gloved hands were on either side of her SOMA-standard black plastic coat; she arched and tugged—the first three snaps letting loose, showing in a flash her valley of pale tit, the start of those 'hand-filling breasts.' Hint of something firm and black holding them up. Leaning back against the Saab's one intact headlight, running black-gloved fingers over that slope, eyes hidden and safe behind those black shades, I let my little Toshika focus itself and started to tape.

The bra was black cloth, simple with no stays. One gloved hand scooped down into the right cup, came up with a white mound of tit—red dot of nipple at the tip. She letting it fall outside the bra. Red nipple, wrinkled and angry, pointed at me and my lens. I focused as she gripped it between black fingers and twisted, pulled. Those glasses still on, she hissed and arched backwards, glass headlight pressing into her ass—the one she'd said was 'strong enough to crack balls and walnuts.'

I taped.

More abuse to that tit—pulling and twisting, holding it straight out from that gleaming black plastic coat by a nipple. In my fine Japanese sight, black-lacquered fingernails flashed, showing what was under the glove (and it flopped to the ground, dead bird) and traced the sculpture of that tit. A pinch of soft skin, another hiss.

Still taping. Zoom out—

The pair were out to play. Twin mounds of soft white skin, rosy pinpoints out and up, erect. She leaned

against the autocorpse, both tits out to the cooling night air, held up by the useless bra. Black fingernails dipped into a plastic pocket, dug around and came up with nasty surprises. The first clothespin, intimate pink plastic against pale skin, just above her left nipple. The next followed, part of the pattern, a cheap blue plastic one. Slowly, she clipped each plastic clip after the previous, slowly working her way around her tit.

A circle of plastic, hard-toothed clamps ringed that one tit. A flower with the hard button of a ruby nipple in the center. Hand a little unsteady, holding a black one this time—special color for a special place. When she let go, it sank its plastic mouth down HARD! onto this already hard button, and the hiss that worked its way between her perfect plastic teeth turned from moan to scream in the urban asshole of Ringold Alley.

Left followed right: A hand dipped into a pocket and paraded another line of clamps. Soon two flowers stared at my fine lens, two flowers of plastic clamps around perfectly conical tits. The one for the center of the left was SOMA-standard black, too. As it bit down, echoing the right, her scream echoed off and through the post-industrial wasteland. As I focused and watched that last one go on, night threw itself down on us. The streetlight hummed, and winked on.

Nailed by hard light, bytebitch staggered back against the pain of her self-imposed torture. Panting, she gripped one side, then the other side of the plastic raincoat—

Snap, snap, snap, snap.

No underwear. Bare crease, cleft of a smooth, polished cunt. No stubble—industrial shaving for her. She was wet, and she shone and gleamed in the streetlight's hard arc stare. Her cleft was a reflective streak between a soft, valentine mons. She leaned back on the fender and rubbed a palm against her cunt, pressing hard and up, touching palm to clit. A rough, ham-handed masturbation. One foot anchored and she hoisted herself up onto the remains of the headlight

mount. Braced, she spread her legs, one booted foot on either side of the car—one against the grill, one against the greasy guts of the brake assembly. Legs spread, she cupped her cunt with one black-nailed hand.

I taped. I taped. I taped. Black like a beetle's back, those polished fingernails went around the red bead of a hard, hard, clit, then up inside 'bitch's cunt. Back and forth, back and forth, a liquid action, repetitive and slow. I taped, and taped as her hand got wetter and wetter.

Beautiful shot, her hand, her wrist, her arms reflecting the shine of the streetlight, wet from her juice.

bytebitch pushed off, turned, and I caught it all: She whipped around, the black raincoat flying, wrapping itself around her. Her ass walked backwards, towards me. Her legs, pale and white—boots scuffed, looking like little black cats playing in the junk. She moaned, like a deep-throated kitten getting a barbed dick. The raincoat flipped up and over her.

Bare and perfect, her ass was full and round, and with her legs spread, everything was there for the cold night and the colder lens of my camera: twin cheeks curving up and down and around to a pair of velvet wet cunt lips. The glow was real and wet under the hard lights, her lips were parted, churning with her rough jerking off. Three? Four? Was her hand in there? Fisting herself in the harsh light? I saw and taped her lips squirm and bubble with pussy juice. Her moans became hard and quick, forced and stubborn. She grunted while jerking off, deep, masculine sounds. I thought her cunt was going to swallow her, black-lacquered, and all.

I focused and watched. Focused and watched, precise crosshairs on a wide, wet cunt, foamed and slick from her juice. Thighs shimmering, clit—a perfect shot—a red marble when she pulled back her pointed collection of black fingertips. I taped, numbers flowing; light levels a rocking bar-graph; flickering, fluttering digital time.

Taping, taking—

Her moans changed, like changing shots. I noticed it, the way you suddenly realize

how dark its gotten. BLINK, BLINK, night. BLINK, BLINK, her moans were restrained, corked.

An acrobatic flip. Flashes of white and other colors from the mother-loving clothespins still on her tits. I caught, perfectly trapped, her mouth stuffed with black plastic cock. Saliva ran down her chin and added gleam to her cleavage. Then slowly, she drew inches and inches of fat plastic sword from her mouth, its head slipping past her lips trailing threads of spit.

It went between her legs—all the marvelous details: one leg went up, one hand fished between her wet thighs, for the lips of her wet pussy. As she spread her lips, the other hand snaked the wet dildo in.

Inch, inch, inch—it went up her, her original moans and cries back again with full rutting volume. bytebitch bent for the camera, leaning back, away from me, eyes still unreadable behind darkshades, mouth open and panting as she swallowed the plastic dick with her cunt mouth.

One hand stayed between her legs—details lost behind the black coat, you could see in the final footage after tweaking and re-enhancement what she was doing—rubbing and stroking, and pulling on that red marble between her wet cunt lips for all she was worth. The other hand was fucking herself with the dildo. Sitting in dark safety later, with my cock and drugs, you could hear her—the rutting bitch—and the sound of her self-fucking. (Good sound quality, those Japanese.) A chorus of wet slaps and sucks perfectly muted and transmogrified by the flesh of her cunt and ass.

No soundtrack needed.

As her cumming came, she rolled off the car (and I tracked and followed, taping) and crouched down, squatting above the Ringold filth, all there for the me, for the camera. Shielded eyes up and pleading to the audience, she parted the cloak to show it, show her speared by her plastic pal, in all its magnificence. Ah, the details: dark cherry clit, like a wet blister between her slick lips. Black plastic cock in and

out, in and out, still driven by her other hand.

Perfectly timed with her shuddering moan, it flopped out of her cunt like a beached fish. It slapped onto the dirty asphalt and rolled into the gutter, picking up dirt, grit and that sparkling sand made from ground-down bottles and broken windshields. She came again, moaning deep and spastically batting away the clothespins—snapping them off like hungry, stinging flies she'd suddenly realized were all over her. When the ones on her nipples finally let go, they went zinging into the chain-link fence and clinking against the dead Saab.

Exhausted, deflated, she collapsed. bytebitch slid down onto her black raincoat, legs kicking straight out from under her. She sat there, for some time, panting, tits going up and down, up and down, beads of sweat raining from softening nipples.

Got it all.

When she had recovered enough, when she no longer saw lights in front of her eyes, and when she was together enough to stand, button her coat, grab her bag, pick up her gloves, adjust her hair and shades, she started off down the severely-lit street. I waited to make sure none of the shadows followed her.

Then I checked my Toshika, watched it all in the tiny viewfinder. All there. Every last bit.

Late tonight, in code, disguised as trivia, as something hopefully below examination, it will go sailing out onto the Sea—profits being split between the star and the crew. She trusted me to do a fair deal.

There's the bottom line: trust. She needed someone to hold the camera, put it together, and do nothing else. She was trusting me to it—and share the profits—from the only game left in town.



This piece is M. Christian's first published piece—about damn time.

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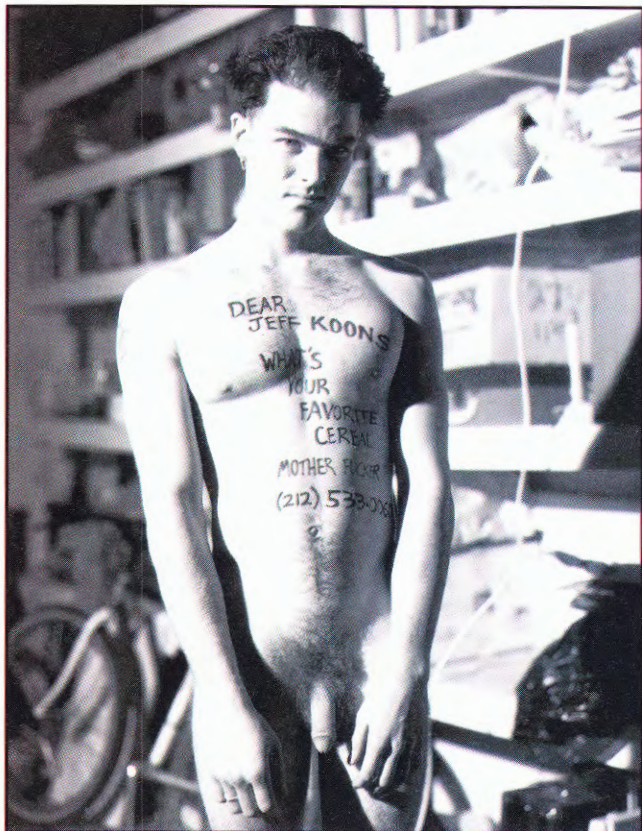
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Portfolio:

SPENCER TUNICK



He's telling a story about a premeditated hit-and-run: "I was working as a waiter, getting really good at racing around with the salt and pepper, you know, doing things fast. So I asked one of the waiters if he could carry the swordfish. We put the fish in a cab and sped up to 57th and 5th. Heather took off her clothes, held up the fish and I snapped the photo. Then we snagged another taxi and drove off."



Spencer goes public.

Twenty-six-year old Spencer Tunick throws his celluloid net out on the streets of New York city and reels in wet surrealism. His photographs soak up the culture of odd: flesh letters to inflated artists, feather-coated delicacies, the tusks of anarchist sensuality. His frozen moment world recently went real-time with *The Spencer Tunick Photography Show*, a self-produced series on Manhattan public access TV, documenting Spencer in action. HBO's *Real Sex* soon caught up with Tunick's urban overexposures and will be featuring his work in an episode this fall. Besides taking outré pics of naked people in public

places, Tunick pays his rent shooting the alternative rock likenesses of Nick Cave, Robin Hitchcock, Biz Markie and other cool faces for the East Village-ish 'zine called *Paper*. His plans for tomorrow include a fine art photo book, which swerves around today's photographic trend toward size-queendom. "It's like, the larger the picture, the better. The photos are less concerned with human emotions and more with, 'How big can you get it?'"

Tell us about it, Spencer.

—The Editors









Scanning the Eroto-optical Interface or the We've Shown You Ours, Now Show Us Yours Erotic Image Contest

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libido into overdrive.

Macintosh disk. Entries will be judged on originality, composition and erotic content. All entries must be received by November 15, 1993. Entries will NOT be returned.

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Body Modifications: How would you improve your body for sex? Add an extra set of hands? Multiple cocks? A vagina hidden beneath the tongue?

Group Sex: Who would climb aboard for your ultimate cluster-fuck? A hermaphrodite? Maybe an alien? Clones of yourself?

Clothing

Optional: Are the right clothes sexier than nudity?

Aggressive Women: Is the 90s aggressive woman packing a .45, strapping it on, hacking a computer database or all of the above?

Safe Sex: In a world where intimacy equals dental dams, condoms and surgical gloves, all sex is fetish sex. How do you heat up your safe sex play?

Alternate Erogenous Zones: We all have body buttons that make us squeal like rabid weasels, but what about your eyelids? The backs of your knees? Your left pinky? Show us your secret On switches.

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Third Prize:

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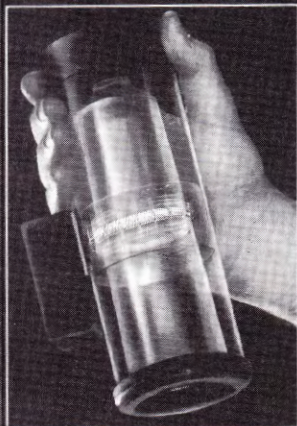
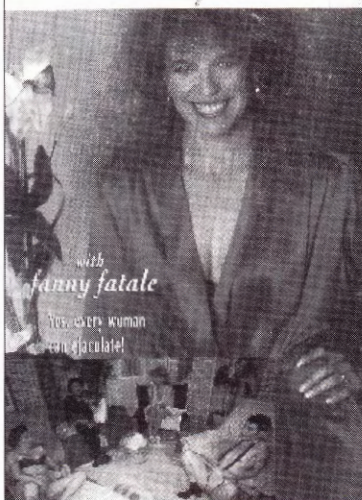


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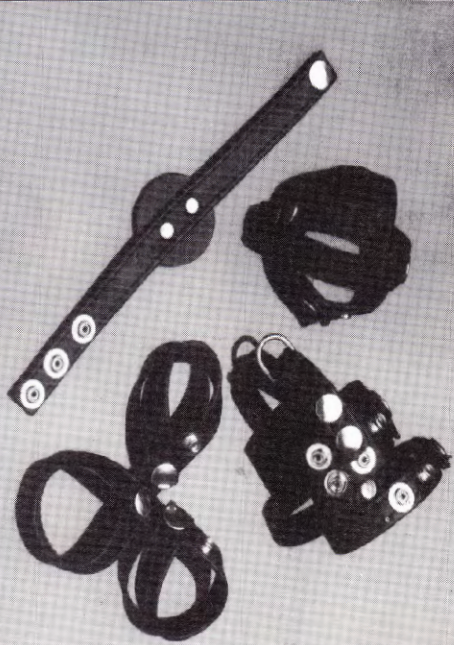



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LOVE UNDER

here was a stillness in the neighborhood, I could feel it as my boyfriend slipped his hands in through the sleeves of my dress to touch my breasts. Stiller and stiller in the middle of the day, while on the news the fires looked like open wounds, and in real life they looked like raging fires. They were eating up the metropolis. It made me think of the Persian Gulf, the way the smoke hung over the city like a hopeless fate. The streets were empty, and once the dusk-to-dawn curfew was established, Los Angeles became post-apocalyptic.





BY CARRINGTON M'DUFFIE



Gary Epting



I had never made love in the ruins. It made it so desperate, pointless, poignant and free. Everyone was waiting for nightfall. There was dread and the lust of vengeance in the air. I lay down and rolled over on my side to unzip my boyfriend's pants—easy because he was standing next to the bed, right there by my mouth. I pulled his pants down a little. Red jockey underpants against healthy white skin. I put my hand out to touch him, more glossy, honey-light skin. I pulled his cock out of the leg hole and tasted it.

At the same time I heard him moan, I heard a few sirens approaching, and I thought of the looters and arsonists, destroying their own community and ruining the chances they never had in the first place. I sucked his cock because it tasted so good.

While they were sacking and burning, we made love with a fury. I couldn't resist flipping over and offering him my ass. He got down low behind me, pushed my panties aside and began licking me. He was enjoying himself, running his tongue along my ass, while the looters looted far away. But then not so far away because we could hear gunfire less than a block off. I squirmed under his tongue. The gunfire got louder.

He grabbed my ass with both hands and squeezed so hard it made my heart pound. I felt my breath coming kind of rough, and then the staccato report of more nearby gunfire, then sirens very close. Later we found out someone was being murdered while he devoured my pussy, ferociously, as if he'd just been let out of a cage.

It was like a terrible holiday and we had all the privacy in the world. No one could call Los Angeles because the lines were all tied up. We heard that Governor Wilson had ordered up another 2,000 National Guard troops, and I pictured the convoys rolling down the freeways and into the city as my lover's fingers entered me and stroked over my G-spot until I started to ache. Or rather that feeling halfway between ache and delight, that combination of wanting more and feeling like it's too much at the same time. This feeling rushed over me, and then it was too much, so I muted the news and pulled away from him. But he had caught fire like the rest of Los Angeles and he wasn't going to let me off. I knew how deeply he loved me, but right then we might as well have been strangers. He crawled up on me in his red underpants and I could feel him hard as a rock against my belly, and long, and thick too, and I knew I was in for it.

He pushed my dress up and yanked my panties off. The sirens had left off and the stillness in the neighborhood was eerie. There was only the sound of his breath near my ear. I pictured the wind kicking up on the beach and the fires spreading in South Central like a plague. We couldn't go anywhere and it didn't matter to anyone what we did. So I lay back against the white lace coverlet and spread my snow white legs for my man.

He fucked me slow at first, giving me great pleasure, and as the moments wore on, the sensations became excruciating.

And nothing could stop me from crying out as loud as I wanted on a day, like this, a day like no other day, with law and order suspended. I let go and wailed. This made him bear down hard on me and shove it in and hold it there, deep inside my pussy

while he looked right at me, and then shoved it again, right up against my womb.

Then we heard the extra-heavy thump of military helicopters coming in. The marines were on their way, and the cops were still doing nothing. Off went my dress and I was on my stomach again, with a pillow under my hips to prop my ass up nice for him so he could look at it while he fucked me, look at my big soft cheeks and my deep, dark cleft. He watched while he did it, over and over, and I yelled with my face partly in the sheets. The louder I yelled, the better it felt and the harder he did it, and the more I liked it. He grabbed my ass again like he owned it, and then slapped my ass hard, over and over, spanking me while he fucked me, and me bucking under him to get him where I wanted him.

When I knew he was going to come I begged for him to, and I knew that right then fire after fire was being set, and people were running with armloads of loot—we even heard later Rashid had gotten two grand pianos and a color TV, never mind the AK47s at Omar's house—just then he let it go all over my back and then pressed the tip right up against my asshole and let me feel how he was still coming—and rappers being interviewed on MTV saying they'd been beaten like that by the cops more times than they could count—and I felt his come enter me, while for once all 13 million of us were aware, together, of the same thing at the same time like a wave cresting, and I was moaning and he was snarling at me, and then he was breathing really hard and so was I.

When he climbed off me and lay down beside me the sweat dropped from his brow onto my lips. It was salty, and cooler than his skin. There was the quiet again.

The helicopters were probably hovering over South Central by then, and the gangs dreaming of gunning them out of the sky forever.

So he stroked and fingered my pussy, and I lay there in his arms and thought of the Crips and the Bloods, the blacks and the whites, and all Los Angeles in conflagration yet still containing him and me in this bedroom, white and safe, all primed with sweat and come, licking each other's lips and tingling all over, while I came again and then came again, and again, drenching his fingers with my abundant pussy juice. There was nothing else we could do. The world was no one's, the world was being ruined. Only this little world was ours. His cock in my pussy and his tongue deep in my mouth, my breasts pressed to his breast, and the eerie stillness. Love flared up under siege.



Carrington McDuffie has published articles and poetry in various journals and magazines. A native New Yorker, she lives in Los Angeles, but not for too much longer.

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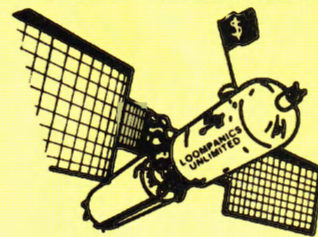
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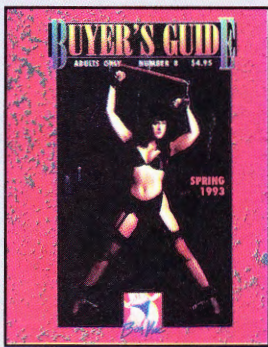
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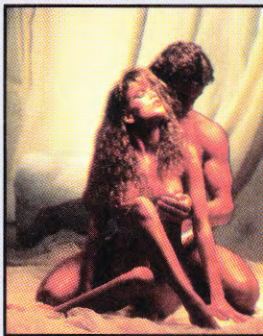


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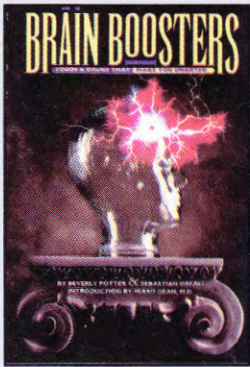
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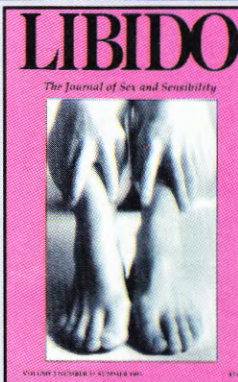
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Software

DIGITAL DANCING: THE EROTIC CHALLENGE

New Machine Publishing

Requirements: Macintosh LC or faster; 4 MB RAM; 8-bit color or grayscale display; System 6.0.7 or higher CD ROM, \$75

Digital Dancing means brief Quicktime movies of four professionally steamy strippers, each grinding to her own enjoyably cheesy musical accompaniment: petite brunette in ringlets and leather, Amazon blond in black panties, cowgirl in spangly red undies and black shitkickers, and long tail redhead with the squirreliest hips since Goldie Hawn did *Laugh-In*. What a great idea—strippers without the messy lap-dancing and expensive cocktails!

Now for the catch: *The Erotic Challenge* means you must beat the computer at "rock, scissors, paper" five times before each dancer peels to the pudenda. The Macintosh coos "loss," "draw" or "dance" like Lauren Bacall doing the USS Enterprise computer: each win pays a 20-second tease, and number five pays a glorious 75 seconds of nude gyrations. But since "rock, scissors, paper" is essentially a random number generator, you're lucky to see nookie on half your tries. Three strikes and you're back to the menu, just like your arcade-geek days.

Now for the downer: even in its extra-large format, *Digital's* dancers are only three inches high on a 19-inch monitor (you can double the size, but not the resolution.) This is like taking in a gentlemen's burlesque from, oh, about 25 yards away. In most strip joints I know, 25 yards is a parking meter across the street.

The "Hide" feature instantly throws up a decoy spreadsheet, but I advise against playing at the office, where even a whiff of porn can land you in the harassment hoosegow. —Keith Hammond

GIRLFRIEND

Aldea Labs,

Girlfriend Lisa

Girlfriend Suzy VI.5

Requirements: PC compatible, 16Mhz or higher, VGA monitor \$25 + \$45 (GF ENV)

Aldea Labs *Girlfriend* software series—Lisa and Suzy with Teri on the way—introduces "digital women" who carry on rudimentary text-only conversations and follow a number of sex-related commands. The prerequisite Environment Kit uses the fundamentals of artificial intelligence so *Girlfriend* can, allegedly, "learn" as you play. Realistically, I tried to teach Lisa the simple lesson "Television is bad," and got nowhere.

On certain commands, the monitor will display a variety of digitized software photos of the pretty models, who *do* actually look like somebody's girlfriend as opposed to generic centerfolds. You can instruct the Girlfriends to go from room to room, describe the decor, change outfits, strip, lie or sit down, and perform a handful of sexual acts. The makers of *Girlfriend* boast the wholesomeness of this program, ("no point and grope" like those other CD ROMs). Unfortunately, you've got to be tuned to a pretty narrow erotic bandwidth to be satisfied with these babes; neither one knows what a lesbian is, although you can teach them both to parrot "Lesbian is a noun."

Although you may find yourself tiring of the Girlfriends' sexual repertoire rather quickly, you might get hooked on trying to get them to spit out goofy, translated-from-the-Japanese-type phrases



HOUSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES

Pixis Interactive

Requirements: System 6.07, 4 megs RAM, color monitor, 24-bit video card recommended. Mac/PC compatible CD ROM, \$49.95

A frustrated painter (Marc Wallace) striving to find his muse, is further distracted by a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't fun house out in the neighboring canyons, where naked people seem to be alternately sleeping and writhing in ecstasy. Attempts to show this strange dwelling to his girlfriend (the adorable Jamie Summers) are futile, but filled with plenty of sticky friction. Bucolic and beautifully photographed, this movie doesn't make any sense. Keep this in mind when you're trying to piece the action together on your computer screen.

House of Sleeping Beauties (directed by the occasionally visionary Paul Thomas) was released last year by the X-rated video company, Vivid, and is now making its digital debut with Pixis Interactive. The 35mm film is divided into seven QuickTime segments, which can be popped into the "VCR" icon. Since abstract expressionism is in style here, it doesn't matter which bit you watch first, although the threesome with Summers and two panting swains should be at the top of your list.

Unfortunately, the perverse disconnectedness of this film is further muddled by a medium that promises more than it delivers: Even if you have gigabytes of HD space, accelerator cards and a fast drive, QuickTime movies just don't look very good. The image ends up the size of a post-it with sound that's as out-of sync as a Kung Fu flick. So why watch porn on CD ROM? Because you can. Happiness is a silicon valley. —I. Castle



HEAVENLY HUNKS

Body Cello,

Requirements: Macintosh LC or faster, 4 MB RAM, color monitor CD ROM, \$79.95

Visiting Body Cello's X-rated booth at the MacWorld show this year, I was surrounded by piles of perky tits, tanning booth-induced thong lines and tiny interactive arrows pointing to the hoo hoo zone. So I had to ask the question: Where are the dicks? With a look that said, "I'm really sorry this is so lame, but it's all we've got" a dashing young salesman handed me a copy of *Heavenly Hunks*. Having carved a profession out of watching things that are often described as bad, tasteless and vulgar, I headed right for the drive.

Hunks consists of 200 photos by David Rey where hard-ons rule. It features a standard HyperCard slideshow interface, custom background option and a cheap show tune. Testing out the "Find" function, I typed in "big," "hard," and "dick," but didn't get a winner until I tried "rod." There he was, Rod 04, in nothing but his Bundeswehr tanktop, artfully posing in an abandoned lion's cage. Grrr... For variety, there were weightlifters, blow-dried rockers, hot tub he-men,



even a Marine. Christopher 03 was a showstopper with his "tuck"—tucking his semi-hard cock down between his legs so it popped out between his buttocks. Perhaps the sexiest find was Rick 09, a horny version of Malibu Ken: tan, toned and oiled-up. Not surprisingly, though, it wasn't his erection that made him kinda desirable, it was that comelike, I-want-it-now gaze. This look, no matter what gender gives it, is at the nerve center of good porn. So for all of its tacky fern-and-brass style, *Heavenly Hunks* is no better or worse than countless other naked babe CD's where rapid lip-licking rages like a plague. At least the hunks don't turn any bad lipstick tricks. —Lisa Palac

Videos

REVELATIONS

Directed by Candida Royalle
Femme Productions

CABIN FEVER

Directed by Deborah Shames
Focal Point Productions

These two new "feminist" erotic movies—*Revelations* by veteran producer/director Candida Royalle and *Cabin Fever* by newcomer Deborah Shames—exemplify the achievements and limitations of a porn genre that's still trying to define itself.

Revelations creates a dystopian futuristic scenario where only sex for procreation is sanctioned. Ariel (Amy Rapp) is a listless young wife who discovers a jailed neighbor's stash of contraband erotica (featuring the frolickings of a married-in-real-life couple) and her own sexuality. While the plot astutely links sexual orthodoxy and repression to a totalitarian hatred of creativity, individuality and beauty, the snippets of samizdat erotica aren't exactly ground-breaking. These sex scenes don't provide the very elements women (and men) usually bemoan as missing from mainstream porn: sexual tension and three-dimensional characters integrated into a compelling story. Instead, the nameless couple pops up here and there to show us what good sex looks like, but never lets us feel it. *Revelations* is great pro-sex propaganda, but only moderately impassioned.

Cabin Fever, on the other hand, provides plenty of build-up in its software depiction of an idyll between a late-thirties woman (Belinda Farrell) who holes up in a cottage to "find herself" as a painter, and an itinerant, young handyman. The movie offers something virtually unheard-of in mainstream adult fare—a genuinely sexy leading man. In fact, Judd Dunning could pass for Chris Isaak's younger brother. Unfortunately, Farrell is charmless, resembling one of those women who play moms in peanut butter commercials, and further hampered by a role that emphasizes whiny primness and embarrassing bohemian affectations over warmth, wit and zest. Female viewers will also be sorely disappointed by the total lack of frontal male nudity.

Both movies show exceptional attention to production values, photography and setting in a successful attempt to bring more sensuality to the sexual screen. It remains for future movies to explore the sweat and juice of female eroticism, in addition to the hearts and flowers. —Laura Miller



EROTICA
Coast to Coast
Directed by Sean Michaels

As with the rest of the entertainment world, racism lives in the adult video industry. If you're not white, chances are your roles will be limited to big-dicked pimp, submissive Geisha or wetback slut. You'll usually be fucking a white person, however, and every movie will be labeled "interracial." This is assuming, of course, that you make any films, since plenty of people won't want to work with someone who's colored like you. And although interracial porn sells well, particularly in the South, it is also a porn genre considered to be especially "obscene" in that part of the country. Adult producers don't want to get busted for obscenity in the Bible Belt, so they're not making many "checkerboard" films, which is why everything looks so white.

Erotica crosses the color line. Without a ghettoizing starburst screaming "Interracial!" on the box cover, this video from black director Sean Michaels may just be the most multicultural sex film since the 70s. Prefaced with the statement, "If prejudice is seen with the eyes, then look with your heart and mind," *Erotica* features an incredible ethnic mix of talent in an eclectic series of five sex vignettes.

It's the story of a sexually repressed, bourgeois shrink who, through listening to her female clients' erotic fantasies, ends up having a zillion orgasms. Admittedly, it's another plotless wonder, but the attitude is ground-breaking. Warm-to-hot spots include Latina foot worship, tattooed biker threesomes, a back-alley Buppie seduction and punk butch Lois Ayres being way cool in her Doc Martens. But the black-on-black pornographic ballet with Michaels and Janet Jackme is the real pearl. Where else can you see something like this? —Lisa Palac



**UNTAMED COWGIRLS OF THE WILD WEST:
THE PILLOWBITERS**
Directed by Rinse Dream
Zane

On one hand, director Rinse Dream (*Night Dreams, Cafe Flesh, Party Doll A-Go-Go*) has started to repeat himself with a dangerous abandon. On the other hand, his maniacally tight editing and straight-from-the-right-side-of-the-brain dialog stand alone among the mostly retro sensibilities of commercial porn.

Wry to the point of distraction, the constant instructions to the audience via titlecard indicating when to begin jerking off don't make it any easier to link together the multiple situations here, most involving cartoon cowgirls pursuing each other across a wild west of the mind. Coyotes howl and porn actresses bark, but no one pulls any wagon trains or lets the madness settle down into a discernible plot.

Rinse makes the sex hotter than usual: Melanie Moore and Jeanna Fine stand out as bounty hunter and prey in a furious lesbian encounter. As well, over-inflated lovedoll Tami Monroe, luscious redhead Brittany O'Connell and Crystal Wilder all cavort fetchingly in eye-popping outfits sure to make any Roy Rogers fetishists slimy with admiration. But does it all make any sense? Only if you don't think about it. —David Aaron Clark



Recordings

BUCK NAKED AND THE BARE BOTTOM BOYS
Heyday Records

Buck Naked and the Bare Bottom Boys fuse the music of Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis and The Cramps with the lyrics of a locker room dirtfest. Buck (dressing in nothing but pink cowboy boots and his trademark toilet plunger cupping his crotch), guitarist Stinky Le Pew (in basic black) and drummer/brother Hector Naked (using a Yosemite Sam mud flap for a loin cloth) have created an audio mutant called "pornobilly." Released posthumously—lead singer Buck Naked was shot by a lunatic last November in San Francisco—this self-titled CD marks the first and last full-length romp by this trio of naked rebels.

A Birkenstock-wearing killjoy might label certain songs, such as "Bend Over Baby (And Let Me Drive)," as sexist or vulgar. But hey, rock and roll isn't for politically-correct puritans. Of the 12 tracks, you get five libidinous love songs; four dick songs; two butt-fucking songs; and one pussy song (not including a brief Elvis tribute with strong allusions to rug munching.) "Luv Junkie," and "Trouble" lube you up for raunchier tunes such as "Enema Party" and "Up Your Butt." Other catchy numbers include "Teenage Pussy From Outer Space," a Cramps homage with a kinky B-movie premise—"They're teenage pussy from outer space/They got no bodies and they got no face." But it's not all gutter talk. The sweet song, "Jelly Roll," finds Buck crooning, "Every donut has a hole/But my creamy Twinkie wants a jelly roll." And on "Sit On My Face," he generously offers, "As long as I got a face, you got a place to sit." Sadly, there's no where to sit down now. —Holly MacArthur



DARLING BUDS
Erotica
Chaos/Columbia

Right. This is a pretty record. But the Darling Buds' third release *Erotica*, should have been called *Affection* or *Relationships* or even *Hugging!* The Buds are loaded with stock lyrics using environmental metaphors of "love like tiny mountains" like a "big sun in a small sky" and "If this is the ocean/ we could make a wave." *Erotica* extends a cloyingly gentle guiding hand of encouragement to "feel it flow/ feel it let you go" and "watch me ride the waves" because "our desires [are] oceans apart." Today's musical rendition of *Erotica* should be more about lascivious ardor and less about nodding off amid the pastel blossoms and moonbeams of the world. —Allison Diamond



ETHYL MEATPLOW
Happy Days, Sweetheart
Dali/Chameleon

Don't expect Ethyl Meatplow to rock you gently, and don't be fooled by their cover of the Carpenters' "Close to You." This trio from Los Angeles delivers an originally perverse menu of lyric and groove. Their debut, *Happy Days, Sweetheart*, meshes disco-driven tempos and lustful vocals with fierce industrial hooks. I call them *pipeline-grind*.

Kicking off with "Suck," Carla Bozulich and Harold Barefoot Sanders III share the singing as well as an incoherence resembling sexual ecstasy. In other words, they're a bit in awe of their bodies' sensations: "I could not move and I could not breathe/ I could not explain this thing happening to me...suck!" Much like X's "Los Angeles" and Sonic Youth's "Death Valley '69" which became anthems to the 80s alternative sect, Ethyl Meatplow's "Devil's Johnson" has the same potential for the post-Nirvana generation.

"Fucking bitch cunt fucking death" queenie death" is the nasty rap on the delightful track "Queenie," repeated like a creepy, seductive incantation. "Sad Bear" proudly portrays Carla as a Top, informing her lover: "nothing has ever satiated me/if I get you in my mouth, I'll bite it off."

On the last track, Meatplow overstays their welcome with 6 minutes and 17 seconds of the most shameful and superfluous display of nihilistic feedback and noise. Inconsistencies aside, *Happy Days, Sweetheart* is more than just an outlet for the pierced SM genderfuck crowd, but it does seem to put their needs to music. —Allison Diamond



LOVERS
Directed by Vicente Aranda
WorldVision Home Video, Inc.
1992, Rated R

"What filth!" Trini exclaims, as her boyfriend, Paco, nuzzles her neck. It's no surprise that after Trini's brush-off, Paco seeks snuggling elsewhere. Luisa, the lustful landlady, seduces young Paco, who's fresh out of the Service and hungry for affection. Inspired by a real lovers' tragedy in 1950's Madrid, *Lovers* focuses on the ambivalent and insatiable Paco who loves Trini, but sexually devours Luisa. Victoria Abril (star of many Pedro Almodovar films) as the feisty and passionate Luisa, has plenty of choice nasty lines as she reels Paco in to bed, while encouraging him to murder Trini. She sings a little Spanish ditty, "The infanta Dóna Eulalia/ perfumes her pussy with a dahlia" and exclaims while sitting on his face, "I go dry because I drip all over you."

Nary a genital is visible in the film, but scene after scene of the couple's sexual entanglement hints at someone being fulfilled. During their first embrace, Luisa strokes Paco's body, and in an instant her skirt's above her head and he's diving for her bush. Luisa seizes carnal control with most of their encounters, and is never at a loss for creative sexual loafing. In one incredibly hot moment, Luisa inserts a silk handkerchief into Paco's butt and when he's inside of her and starts to come, she gives a gentle tug!

Much like porno films, however, *Lovers* slowly loses it as the storyline pursues Paco's hit man fantasies. What's wonderful about the film is the surplus of erotic intention; as Luisa firmly puts it while groping Paco's crotch, "You drive me wild, fucker." —Allison Diamond



Books

THE BLACK BOOK: 1992-1993
edited by Bill Brent
Amador Communications,
\$9.95

This friendly, comb-bound directory is a resource guide for "alternative sexuality," which editor Bill Brent defines as non-procreative, and the average Phil Donahue audience would sniff at as kinky: S/M and B/D enthusiasts, fetishists of astonishing variety; Tantra adherents, cross-dressers, tattoo and piercing artists, swingers, naturists, performance artists, retail and mail order vendors and so on. While Brent can't, of



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course, vouch for every resource, most of those listed have first-rate reputations. And, while many cluster on the coasts, residents of the heartland take note: Here's where you can discover such treasures as The Milwaukee Bondage Club, a carpenter in Austin who will gladly build quality dungeon equipment, a kink-positive sex therapist and a mail order catalog of spanking videos. Only BBSes seem to get short shrift. The entries are grouped by service/product offered, with cross-referencing so exhaustive the book practically begs to become a Hypercard stack. Best of all is Brent's forthright, respectful and shame-free approach to his subject, reflected in everything from the introduction to the care taken in production. For more information, write The Black Book, P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131, or call (415) 824-8377. —Laura Miller

DANCING NAKED IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

by Marilyn Suriani Futterman
 Prometheus Books, \$26.95

For all the reams of photographs that depict nude women, it's difficult to find ones that capture women's authentic experiences and personalities. Marilyn Suriani Futterman's *Dancing Naked in the Material World* is an exception. Futterman shot her black and white photos in Atlanta strip clubs from 1979 to 1992. During part of that time she waitressed at one of the "titty bars," and the depth of her relationships with the dancers is evident in her work.



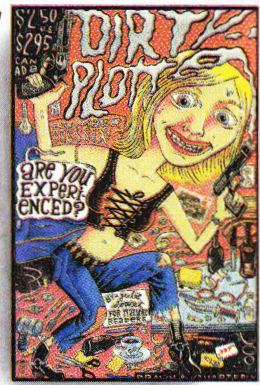
Futterman strives to break away from the outmoded models of mysterious seductress and simple victim when she photographs her subjects. They gaze into the camera and speak on the page, less glamorous than onstage, and ultimately much harder to trivialize. The dancers range from young women who "worry sometimes about not worrying about [their] futures," to career mothers to older, more worn and cautious performers. The accompanying text transcribes the words of the women themselves, and it illuminates the variety of their experiences. As one woman puts it, "Growing up it was always the man that dominated. In [the strip club] I was the dominator... You have to be strong to be in this business." Another recognizes that, "A fine line exists between the addiction to easy money and the hardening of one's emotions to a point where the hustle supersedes identity."

This diversity of experience, however, is belied at the end of the book by an unfortunate afterward. Written by an academic from Georgia State University, this essay describes the evolution of burlesque and stripping, but ignores the words of the dancers to end on a note of negativity about their choices. More eloquently than any professor, these women cop to negative and positive elements in their lives

with unflinching honesty. The pride some express resonates, as well: "I am fulfilling my love of exhibitionism. Whatever I do, it's what I do and I claim it. I'm proud to be doing this."
 —Genanne Walsh

DIRTY PLOTTE #6

Julie Doucet
 Drawn and Quarterly, \$2.50



You awaken from a dream, a really weird dream, and find yourself wondering from where in the dark folds of your mind it came. You almost laugh out loud when you remember details that deal with sexual preferences you didn't think you had. Guess somewhere inside, you do, huh? Julie Doucet not only remembers these dreams, but manages to drag them into the light in her ongoing comic series, *Dirty Plotte*.

Dirty Plotte #6 places a special emphasis on dreams and style. Doucet draws the reader into musings that range from conspiratorial lust to psychedelic erotica. With drawings of herself that perfectly capture the varied subtleties of facial expression, a world too private to mention (outside of therapy) becomes an experience familiar to all. Several hilarious one-page stories entitled "If I was a man..." playfully clinch gender-bending at its basest. The dream-based "Regret," details a mysterious sex-change operation and its perks, such as instantly becoming attractive to female friends and Mickey Dolenz (of The Monkees), and the pitfalls of possibly longing for a vagina. In the story "Are you Plotteless?" a man finds that simply acquiring a plotte (Canadian slang for vagina) is not the easy road to cosmic happiness that he thought it would be. *Dirty Plotte* #6 is rounded out by several stories of a nonsexual nature that are more peculiar than funny, but equally worthy of perusal.

Most of the stories address, either with humor or surrealism, aspects of the desire to have genitalia other than your own. The humor is in the recognition of the too-serious way in which most people approach these issues. The grabber is that, above all, Julie Doucet comes off as an honest, hip, crack-up of a person. Who better to hang out with and day-dream? —Paul Kimball

MARQUIS DE SADE'S PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM

by Erick Gilbert and Molly Keily
 Woolly Comics, \$2.50

Taboo always seems to work itself into conversations about what's truly sexy; the forbidden has a sure-fire way of cranking up the heat. Themes like sodomy, homosexuality, coprophilia, and rape all play significant roles in the fantasy lives of many people—and that's not even counting those who think simply switching on the bedroom light is a turn-on. The Marquis

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de Sade holds a place in Western literary mythology as the demi-god of everything taboo. His personal history notwithstanding, Sade's writing shocks, offends and arouses like little else in the history of literature, but his reputation has always been for ideas rather than craft, so a distillation of his thoughts into a readily digestible form is a welcome offering.

Enter *Marquis de Sade's Philosophy in the Bedroom*. Adapted by Erick Gilbert and drawn by Molly Keily, *Philosophy* is a Sade primer, serving up his views on sexual behavior with equal portions of ribald fucking. Consider it "Classics Illustrated" for adults.

The story concerns several "libertines" who teach a young girl about physical pleasure. Between bouts of fisting, sucking "frigging" and buggery she studies the difficult concepts behind sadism and libertinism, with some hair-raising blasphemy thrown in for good measure. The going gets wordy at times, but if the reader is patient, they will be rewarded with a vivid sex scene on the next page.

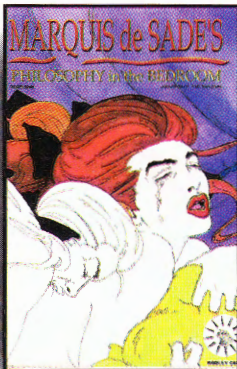
Keily's drawing style is high-contrast; thin lines and very heavy blacks, immediately reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley, if less stylized. She captures tricky gestures with an impressive economy, although it's difficult to determine what's going on in some of the multi-person sex scenes. Similarly, confusion in distinguishing one character from another is one of the hazards of a cast that spends most of its time naked.

Keily uses abundant visual references to modern-day icons (The Beatles, mushroom clouds, Crazy Kat and J.R. "Bob" Dobbs among others) with great success, underscoring the relevance of Sade's work to audiences living two centuries after it was written. To quote from the preface, "Perhaps it is a testament to our time that Sade's exploration of these controversial issues still intimidate and repel readers everywhere." —Paul Kimball

PATTERNS OF DESIRE

by Joyce Kozloff
Hudson Hills Press, \$35.00

Imagine intricately patterned wall paper or rugs, or even those plates people hang on the wall instead of eating from—all with erotic images ancient and modern, worked into the design. That's the visual idea behind Joyce Kozloff's "pornament" series of watercolor paintings. These full color pages buzz with an intensity unusual to the medium, but you may find yourself peering more closely at the copulating couples than Kozloff's technique. Juxtaposing Japanese shunga prints (with their oversized, detailed genitals), Chinese "pillow" book images (with those tiny feet), Indian erotic paintings (acrobatics, animals and swings), Europe's Old Masters (randy maid-servants and lusty monks), Art Deco porn (elegant interracial mingling), Greek vase art (phallic beauty contests) with Mayan, African, Egyptian and Celtic hijinx thrown in for good measure, Kozloff's gumbo of sexual imagery seems to bring out the



THE HOT AND THE COOL AND THE UNWATCHABLE

SODOMANIA 2 (Elegant Angel): More kinky vignettes from director Patrick Collins, the best of which features male sex symbol Rocco Siffredi and newcomer Sierra as two-thirds of a frenzied three-way. Blindfolds, foot-worship and hard-core sex mix effortlessly for a raw ride the adventurous are sure to love. —David Aaron Clark

ADULT VIDEO NUDES (VCA): An insider's parody of the adult film industry, courtesy of *Adult Video News*, the porn trade mag. Porn stalwarts Peter North and Ron Jeremy share screen-time with real-life wackos such as the ever-entertaining J.B., and Kelly O'Dell provides enough heat to melt Alaska. —David Aaron Clark

A PORTRAIT OF DORIAN (Pinnacle): Michael Craig's porn version of *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* offers a chance for the elegant Ona Zee not only to fuck and suck with abandon but develop a character that's complex by porn standards. Great video making, and on the strictly prurient side, the opening sex scene between Teri Diver and Peter North beats anything else we've seen this month. —David Aaron Clark

CASANOVA (Sin City): Rocco Siffredi, who gets top billing on this passable Fred Lincoln video, is the first male star to get such a push from the industry in ages. Their instincts aren't bad; Siffredi's truly sexy (unlike the aging frat boy types that populate most adult films), a passionately expressive sexual performer even though he no speak da English too good. Two hot sex scenes and three tepid ones make this video worth checking out, but don't be deceived by the box cover—it's not a costume drama, alas. —Laura Miller

HOLLYWOOD X-POSED VOL. 1 (Visual Images): You may have known that porn starlet Savannah was a big slut and sucked off Slash (of Guns 'n Roses) in a Hollywood bar, but did you know that old timer Misty Regan was hot and heavy with Jethro from the Beverly Hillbillies? Other sleazoid tidbits about adult industry icons Ginger Lynn, Rachel Ryan and Kelly Van Dyke are provided along with hard-core clips of, unfortunately, some of their most mediocre performances. —I. Castle

RADICAL AFFAIRS 4 & 5 (Moonlight Entertainment): Promising "No bad acting, no goofy storylines, just the sexiest stars in the world of erotica being their naturally horny [sic] selves," this "video magazine" series offers routine sex scenes alternating with "editorials" featuring a balding, paunchy guy with a goatee and a Harley Davidson t-shirt ranting about gun control and obscenity laws and jab-

bing his index finger at the screen. *Number 5* has a should-have-been-interesting interview with black starlet Dominique Simone, who complains of racism in the industry, but most of the segments will only confirm your worst suspicions about the vapidness of adult performers. —Laura Miller

HUNGRY (Sin City): This dopey attempt to capitalize on vampire-mania features the talent-free Samantha Strong as Pilar (everyone pronounces it "pillar"), supposedly a Victorian lady turned undead blood sucker, but looking more like a low-rent showgirl. Terrible performances and phoned-in sex scenes all 'round, and a script packed with more howlers than *Plan Nine From Outer Space*. A cast of drag queens could've really done something with this one. —Laura Miller

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF GIRLS (Something Weird Video): In this campy, 67-minute slice of vintage cheese, a Chaplinesque guy with a fake handlebar mustache repeatedly encounters young ladies in heavy eyeliner and unconvincing wigs who suddenly and inexplicably shed their clothes while he ogles in disbelief. Although some of these women are apparently professional strippers, the dancing is spectacularly and amusingly lame. The absence of dialog makes this a perfect party/club video. Something Weird offers a fat catalog of similar stag, tease and exploitation films. Write to SWVCatalog, Dept. FUN, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. —Laura Miller

THE LOVER'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL ECSTASY (Pacific Media Entertainment): Although the sexually well-traveled might laugh at step-by-step video sex manuals, many people rely on such tapes for basic sex information/education. Unfortunately, this softcore dreck won't bring them any closer to the tree of knowledge. How can you learn the art of cunnilingus when they don't even show pubic hair, much less her clit? Even more irritating than this total avoidance of his n' hers genitals, is this obsessive emphasis on G-spot ejaculation—but of course, there's not a squirter in the bunch. Forget it. —I. Castle

UNCLE ROY'S AMATEUR HOME VIDEO VOL. 17 (Visual Images): Big fat Uncle Roy sits in his chair waving a flyswatter and pretends that every woman in this obviously-scripted video is his niece. Two hetero scenes (featuring big-boobed, trashy white gals with Hispanic dudes) are topped off with a fake lesbo scene. Guaranteed to make you pick up your camcorder and do something better. It won't be hard. —I. Castle

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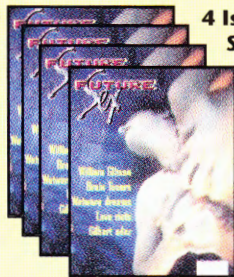
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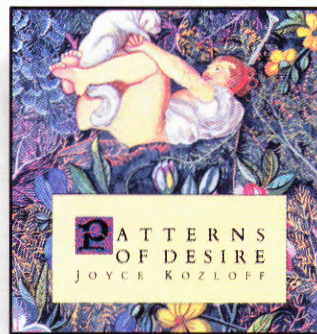


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comic side of eros. In an intimidatingly high-brow introduction, art historian Linda Nochlin makes interesting comparisons between the generic nature of both pornography and the decorative arts. Perhaps, but

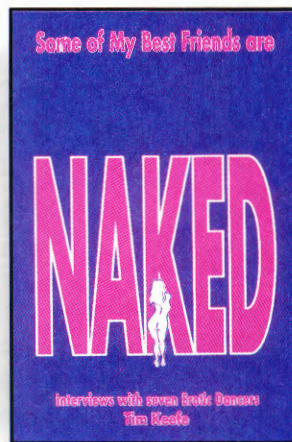
Kozloff's vibrant paintings also link the much-overlooked pleasures of everyday life with erotic passion to create a dream of sensual domesticity.
—Laura Miller

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED: INTERVIEWS WITH SEVEN EROTIC DANCERS

by Tim O'Keefe
Barbary Coast Press, PO Box 425367,
San Francisco, CA 94142-5367
\$10.95

Is a woman who dances nude for a living "a whore doing Satan's work," or "a woman who understands the power and the mystery of sex?" In *Some of my Best Friends are Naked*, author Tim O'Keefe explores the realities and debunks the myths of erotic dancing. His experience working alongside dancers during a six-year stint backstage at a San Francisco peep show gives his documentary-style approach its credentials. The Q&A format creates a stage where the women truly expose themselves.

Questions range from the direct "How do you respond when a customer orgasms?" to the seemingly banal, "Describe your childhood school experience." Minx Manx, Ann More, Lilith, Phoenix, Lusty Lipps, Attila the Honey and Jackie all describe their performances, their childhoods (some "normal," some not) sexual fantasies (such as Minx's and her circle of women engaged in oral sex, having simultaneous orgasms), attitudes toward their male customers, feelings about themselves and current sexual attitudes. "I think every woman is an erotic dancer...it's a gift," Jackie says, "Hopefully we'll achieve a lot more freedom. And more orgasms!"



Some of my Best Friends is an eye-opener, proving that dancers should not be judged as mindless bimbos or drug addicts. Nor should we judge this book by its cover, so ignore the juvenile neon pink type and cartoony figure of a naked woman. O'Keefe show us that stereotypes of women and sex create a false dichotomy between "good" women and "bad" women. Although their job setting is often predictably sordid, readers will discover that there's much more to these women than meets the naked eye. —Amanda Wilson

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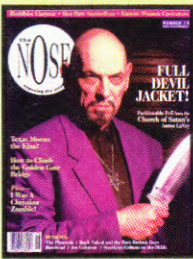
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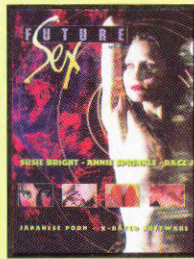
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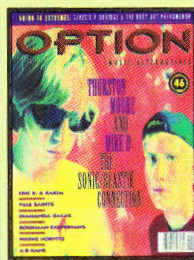
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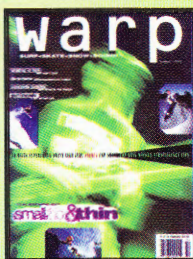
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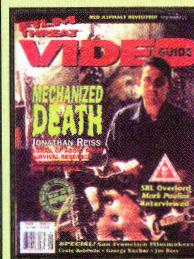
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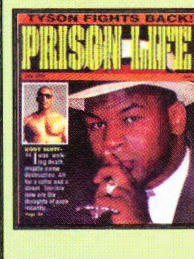
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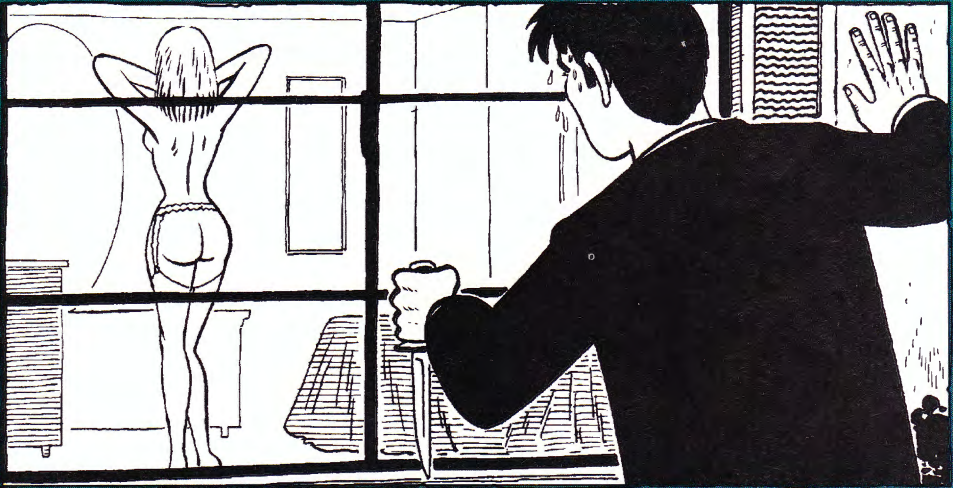
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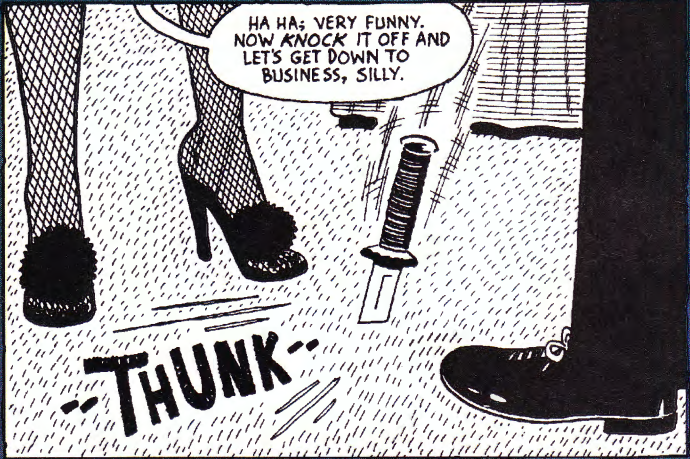
BETO 193



YOU ARE MY WIFE.. ♪

GOODBYE, CITY LIFE.. ♪

HEH HEH HEH...



HA HA: VERY FUNNY. NOW KNOCK IT OFF AND LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, SILLY.

THUNK



SOME PEOPLE ARE MORE COMFORTABLE WATCHING A MAN ASSAULTING A WOMAN THAN THEY ARE SEEING HIM MAKING LOVE WITH HER.

GO FIGURE.

END

Gilbert Hernandez lives outside Hollywood and is co-creator of Love and Rockets.

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