

# FUTURE

ISSUE 06

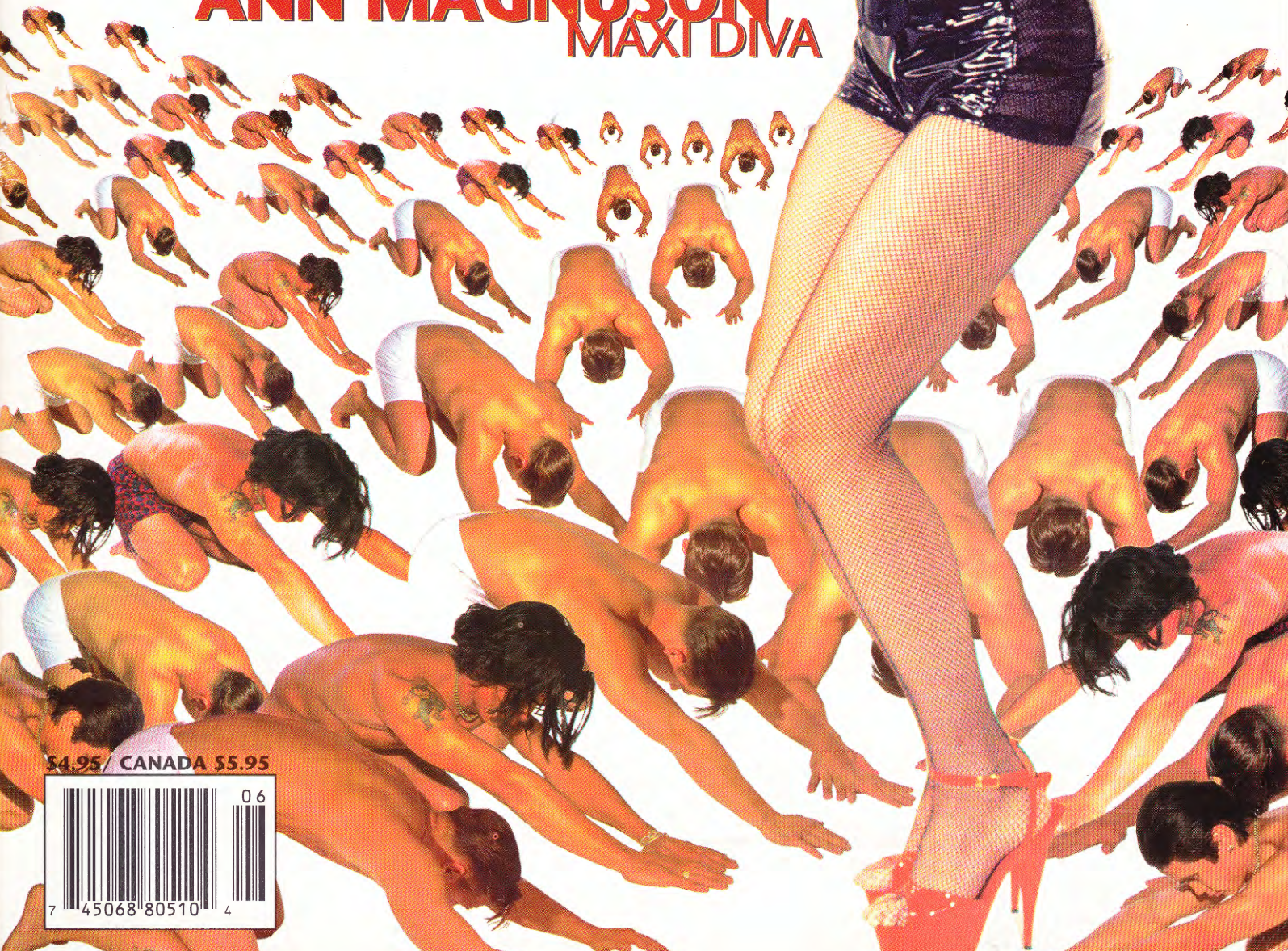
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BY ROBERT ADLER

*Lust pours into Bourbon Street.*

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BY ERIC KROLL

*Over the last 20 years, Kroll has become one of America's best fetish photographers. His work combines fine art aesthetics with gleeful perversions: vintage girdles, rubber tubing, girlcock and pony boy rides.*

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ISUAVUOQ  
JO STER



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(415) 626-3633

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Annual subscription rates: U.S. \$18, Canada \$27 and everywhere else \$36.

Postmaster: send address changes to:

*Future Sex*, P.O. Box 31129, San Francisco, CA 94131.

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

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## Love Hertz

I love your magazine. The articles are well-written, and it's refreshing to see adjectives other than the words "throbbing" and "turgid" being used. Bless you and your thesaurus as well.

I particularly enjoyed Kim Teevan's essay, "Self-Service" (Issue 4), but some of the terminology was used improperly. One woman commented on the power of her 12-volt vibrator being powerful enough to bore her with men. Well, that may or may not be true, but it's not voltage that determines the output power of vibrators. (I am an electrician by trade so I'm quite familiar with how vibrators work.)

The "vibes" or "pulses" that come from a vibrator are dependent on its rate of electrical cycles, expressed in hertz. A really good vibrator will have a "rate of fire" of about 60-180 pulses per minute. That translates to about

while looking at nude guys. For a woman to sexually enjoy the naked male body is one of America's last taboos. Let's break it.

Joanne Homer  
Phoenix, AZ

## Dick-Free Zone

Thanks for the review of *Cabin Fever*. However, if Laura Miller didn't see the "sweat and juice" between Belinda and Judd, perhaps she saw an edited version! But that's what makes horse races.

One point I do want to make has to do with male frontal nudity. Erotic Escapades Presents is making films aimed at crossing over into the mainstream, films acceptable in all parts of the US. Any male frontal nudity automatically gets an X rating, completely outside what we're doing. Additionally, if one wishes to work with better scripts, attracting better actors, even "names," you become very careful about what you do and don't show. And no serious professional actor will do frontal male nudity if he can help it. It can and would destroy his career. That is the purview of the "porn" actor only.

Eric Barnes

Executive Producer, Erotic Escapades Presents  
Sausalito, CA

Laura Miller responds:

*I never complained that there was no chemistry between the vid's principals, only that Belinda (and/or her character) is insufferable, whiny and unsexy. We know that male frontal nudity earns an X rating, but Barnes seems to think that the X rating per se is simply and obviously beyond the pale. It's this weird syllogism: male frontal nudity = X rating, X rating = poor quality and therefore male frontal nudity = poor quality. The first equation is a fact, but I thought changing the second two was what we're supposed to be doing. Big duh that it's hard to get quality actors to do frontal nudity. Barnes' job is to get a good actor to allow his dick to be filmed. Otherwise, they're just sexy R-rated movies, and Barnes is never going to be able to compete with The Big Easy or Body Heat (heck, not even with 9-1/2 Weeks) on his budgets.*

## Why We Suck: Reason 517

As an author and filmmaker who is currently working on a biography of Gail Palmer—the first woman to write, produce and direct adult film—I keep abreast of the sex market and feel compelled to advise you of my reaction to your publication: Irritatingly typeset, visually difficult to read, ads that are better photographed than features and editorially sterile. I don't give you half a chance to see your first anniversary in present form. One would think that *Future Sex* is the hybrid of X-rated comic book freaks and sexually-frustrated computer nerds. Take away the pseudo-21st-century graphic trappings and there isn't enough goo to fill a chocolate éclair. More than 25% of your measly 64 pages is advertising, and of the

same type that fouls every other adult publication on the stands.

Barring a fresh infusion of originality and inspiration, *Future Sex* has no future. And that's too bad.

Murray Silver  
Atlanta, GA

## Limp Hardware

Congratulations on a wonderful magazine. I found Lisa Palac's editorial, "Penetrating Publishing Taboos" (Issue 4) to be particularly enlightening. I have been among those who often thought he could do better pornwise than the dreck that's out there—either too soft to arouse or too hard to show my wife. (She's my sensibility meter.) In fact, I've even envisioned producing videos with all the explicitness of XXX porn but also with MTV-style production values. Needless to say, your from-the-trenches report taught me a lesson about publishing reality.



Regarding tameness in magazines, couldn't the same be said of online chat services and phone-sex lines? From my limited experience, online services advertise a great time but the people who log on are scared to go for it. Mindless chit-chat, or more often silence, is what you get. The one-on-one and recorded messages on the phone services are indeed explicit, but they suffer from the same problem: Using a phone or computer for sex is too impersonal, in my opinion, to be really erotic. I'm sure that safe-sex and cybersex gurus would disagree.

Anyway, thanks for your hard work and dedication. I'm sure your success will continue and grow, meaning more and better entertainment for readers like me.

Scott Aiges  
New Orleans, LA

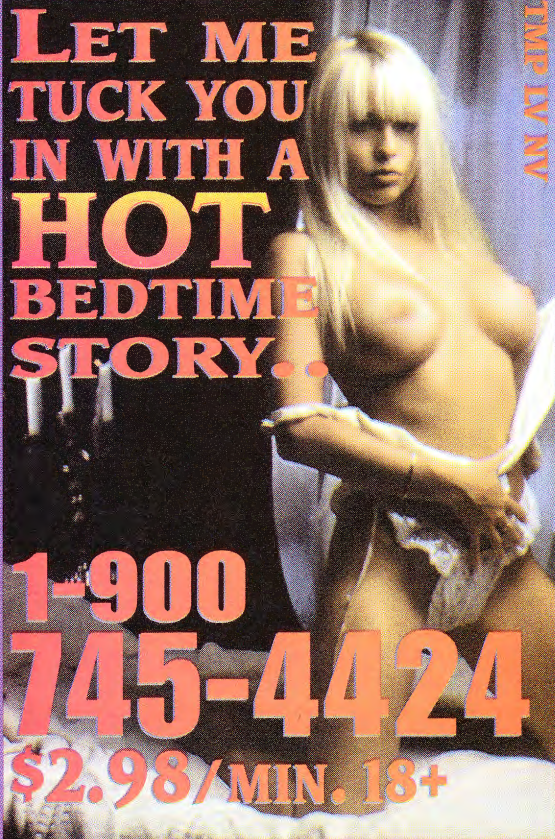
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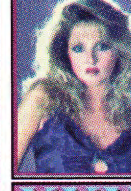
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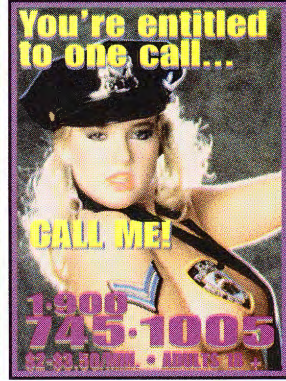
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# THE CARDBOARD CASANOVA

WHEN A HARD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

BY LISA PALAC

## When I was a teenager

my mother used to shake her head and say "She's boy-crazy!" as I stomped down the steps in high heels and jeans so tight I had to use pliers to zip them. Later in life, from the boys I gave my wild heart to, I heard similarly chiding riffs: Insatiable. Oversexed. One-track mind. And the crushing, "Can't you wait until I finish my cigarette?" For all that I'd been told about how men were uncontrollable sex pigs, it seemed that I was the one who couldn't get enough.

Recently, after the last guy I was with covered his naked penis with his hands and whined, "Stop touching it!" I was exasperated. This is ridiculous, I thought, I'm supposed to be the one who doesn't put out. "Not Tonight Dear, I Have a Headache" was allegedly the battle hymn of the virtuous, sexually disinclined female while machismo belted out anthems like, "No Such Thing as Too Much Pussy" and "Unstoppable Horny Bastard." In my experience, however, guys may say they want it all, but offer them an unlimited sexual smorgasbord and suddenly they lose their appetite.

"Where are the oversexed men?" I asked my friend Kate.

"In prison," she replied.

Kate is a fellow sex maniac who just got a letter from a guy in the joint who wants to send her as much dirty mail as she can



Dennis Blidner

possibly read. Frightening, yet in a strange way a refreshing change from the men who criticize her for being a "penetration queen."

"I've been called an animal, a nymphomaniac, ravenous—and not in a nice way," she said.

Danielle expressed a similar sentiment. "My last boyfriend was attracted to me because I was so cool and open about my sexual desires. But that's also why we broke up," she said. "Eventually, he started saying things like, 'Why is it every time we're in bed we have to have sex?'" This tightrope walk between assertive lover and aggressive ball-buster has led more than one woman to the cesspool of confusion.

"Andrew grumbled about how he never met a woman who took the initiative, so I figured this was my chance," said Anne. "Of course, I never saw him again."

We unanimously diagnosed this bizarre condition as postmodern performance anxiety. Unlike the old school of pain, which was mainly defined as not being able to get an erection, this syndrome is about men being terrified in the face of their biggest erotic fantasy: intrepid female sexuality. And as more women trade in their tasteful copies of *Ladies' Home Erotica* for *The Butch Manual*, the number of nervous playboys is growing.

In the game of kiss and tell, feigning swinish prurience has traditionally been a







safe move for men; acting like a pervert is easy, as long as she never calls your bluff. "Guys lie a lot about sex," said my pal John, a reputable hustler on the babe scene. "We bullshit all the time about how much we want to fuck, because we think we'll never get it. So when a marathon opportunity knocks, we're petrified."

What is it about an anywhere, anytime, all-the-time invitation that scares men? Knowledge. As writer Lily Burana notes on page 14, a sexually savvy woman can be intimidating. Men worry that a woman who knows more about sex—and what she wants—will be a tougher critic, and nobody wants to get a lousy grade on their sexual performance. Faced with this dilemma, guys often decide it's better to pass on the sex than risk looking like a loser.

If this is true, then why do guys still say they want a lot of sex? Because that's what makes them men. Men are supposed to be insatiable. Virility (whether real or imagined) equals Real Man. Women, of course, are supposed to have teensy sex drives. Sure, she should like to give head—but not too much. When a woman's libido meets or beats a man's, she's both mesmerizing and repellent; a much sought-after prize and a threat to the very core of masculinity.

I think many guys also get anxious because they're measuring performance with such Stone Age yardsticks as, "It's not sex until I put my penis in your vagina," "If you don't come in ten minutes I'm a lousy lay" or "I don't have a nine-inch dick, so let's just forget it." Orgasms, of course, are always required to signal the end of S-E-X, at which time the frantic search for a towel to clean up the whole sticky mess should begin. With an inflexible formula like this, everyone ends up feeling inadequate.

One way to cure this new strain of performance anxiety is to expand our sexual ideology. Men: Don't think that sex always involves a hard dick. Do be open to female lust, even if it makes you feel a little vulnerable. Women: Don't buy tickets to the madonna/whore show. Do feel good about being a sex maniac. Crossing the line from average nibbler to greedy slut is, obviously, relative. You only look like a pig when you're lying next to someone who eats less than you do.

This issue of *Future Sex* explores the idea that sex can be many things. It can be learning how to get off by *not* having an orgasm (page 8); a search for life's fragmented meaning in the transcendent halls of masochism (page 10); or dressing in rubber and going dogging (page 32). Also in this issue, performance superdiva Ann Magnuson (page 24) spills her juice on the primal urge: "When men do it we're told they're sowing their wild oats, whereas when women do it, they're sluts or they've got some kind of emotional problem."

So remember girls: Being beautiful isn't easy, but being easy is always beautiful.



*The last line was contributed by Stephen Biegner and Jonathan Hayes, who always finish what's on their plate.*

*Dennar Bildoone is a San Francisco illustrator and graphic artist. When not pixelating in Photoshop, he can often be found dabbling in oils or shagging fungoes.*

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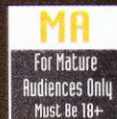
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# THE SexualS

## PRACTICING THE ANCIENT ART OF SEX MAGICK

BY DAVID JAY BROWN



Dave McKean

**A**t the age of nineteen, in the back of a small trailer in Pensacola, Florida, I discovered the pleasures and powers of Sex Magick. My girlfriend and I smoked a little grass before we made love. Time dilated; awareness expanded through each cell in our bodies, and every sensation was so exquisitely pleasurable that we savored each moment. Orgasm wasn't something we rushed towards. When it did hit, though, we experienced a totally mystical, ego-merging meltdown. This wasn't about being stoned—it was something much bigger. Later, I read about Robert Anton Wilson's experiences with Sex Magick in his book, *Cosmic Trigger*, and I wanted to try it again.

My lover at the time—a country girl raised on a potato farm deep within the Bible Belt—thought it was a pretty silly idea. But after much persuasion, we began practicing Tantric meditations together. Sitting in what is known as the YabYum position—me with my legs in a half-lotus and my back straight, while she sat on my cock with her legs wrapped around me—we stared into each other's eyes. At first we giggled a lot, but after about 45 minutes she asked me if I felt like I was tripping. Yeah, I saw the trails and sparks flowing from our bodies, too. Soon our initial experiments with marijuana were overshadowed by the full-blown psychedelic experiences that we had just breathing together, without the assistance of any psychoactive drugs. This set me off on an odyssey that continues to this day.

Throughout the ages, various sexual practices, rituals and disciplines have been used to

heighten, expand or otherwise alter consciousness. This rich potpourri of erotic yoga encompasses techniques that originated in both the East—called Tantra—and the West—where it is referred to as Sex Magick. (Magick is spelled with a K to differentiate practical mysticism from illusory stage performance.) Mystical disciplines are often divided into left and right-hand paths. Both, supposedly, lead up the spiral path of spiritual evolution but—like the dichotomy of political parties—the right-hand path is one of conservative, monkish abstinence, while the left is one of liberal, sensual indulgence. While both Tantra and Sex Magick have traditionally been designated as left-hand pathways, one of the things that differentiates Sex Magick and Tantra is the goals they are trying to achieve.

Tantra is all about merging. Tantra strives to bring your body, mind and spirit together, so they can merge with your lover's. Sex Magickians enjoy doing this too, but they're also interested in acquiring something else—power. And it is here, in the application of that power, that the many shades—from white to gray to black—of Sex Magick appear. Aleister Crowley defined magick as “the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will.” The sexual act releases quite a bit of energy, and Sex Magickians attempt to harness and apply this energy in order to fuel the attainment of their will. For example, many sexual sorcerers believe that the best time to cast a spell is during the moment of orgasm.

Still, the goal of Sex Magick is not to rush crotch-long into some brief, meat-pounding orgasms but rather to expand consciousness, to get high.

# ABC'S OF rcery

Tantra and Sex Magick techniques focus the mind on somatic sensations in the here and now, and the point is to avoid reaching climax for as long as possible, sometimes for hours. This, in theory, allows for the body, mind and spirit to unify. With practice, I've discovered that breathing and other biological rhythms become synchronized and psychological boundaries begin to blur, immersing me in the slow-motion sensuality of the moment. Others have also experienced this. In fact, the most common remark I've heard by first-time practitioners is, "I couldn't tell where my body ended and my lover's body began."

Beginning to think that this sounds like your kind of path to enlightenment? Here's a simple exercise to get you started. Get comfortable and relaxed with your lover. Set aside several hours, hang the Do Not Disturb sign on the door and unplug the telephone. Light candles, some incense, and turn off the lights. Begin by lying nude together, facing each other's body. You may touch each other's genitals, but don't focus any more attention on them than you do any other part of their body. Let erections come and go. Remember, the goal here is not to fuck, but to expand consciousness.

Next, begin to synchronize your breathing—either in and out together or alternating, so that one's in breath is the other's out breath and vice versa. Maintain eye contact. Within thirty minutes or so, you'll begin to feel that time has compressed. The physical boundaries between

you and your lover begin to blur, and a kind of electric current runs between your bodies. Your sense of touch becomes amplified, and your awareness of this electricity begins to grow. Your fingers generate a pleasant tingling, and you may begin to see a faint glow or luminescent aura flickering around your bodies. Let the sensations ripple through you as you continue like this for several hours, and you'll reach an extraordinary state of empathic rapture that is very similar to being under the influence of MDMA (or Ecstasy).

For those who are turned on by the idea of dissolving into a sea of endless nirvanic orgasms, there are two good books to get you started: Christopher Hyatt's *Secrets of Western Tantra* and Margo Anand's *The Art of Sexual Ecstasy*, both of which are very straightforward nuts-and-bolts manuals. For those less inclined toward book learning, there are "Oceanic Tantra" workshops run by tantric teachers Raphael and Kutira Decosterd.

If you study these techniques carefully and practice diligently with the proper partner—which is a whole lot more fun than it sounds—you will be initiated into a mysterious realm holding undreamed-of pleasures.



*David Jay Brown is the author of Brainchild and Mavericks of the Mind.*

*Dave McKean is best known for his work in comics, illustrating such acclaimed titles as Arkham Asylum, Black Orchid, and Cages.*

*For information, on Oceanic Tantra send a SASE to: The Kahua Hawaiian Institute, P.O. Box 1747, Makawao, HI 96768.*

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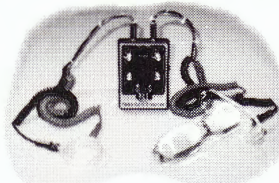


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# THE DOMINATOR

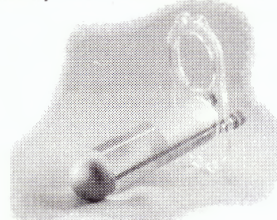
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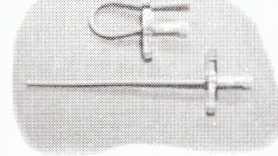
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# Happiness IN SLAVERY

THE MAKING OF A MASOCHIST **BY DAVID AARON CLARK**

The first photos I ever saw of hardcore S/M activity were scene-of-the-accident style black-and-white snapshots in *Screw* magazine. I remember the black dots of blood spotting one overfed, balding slave's doughy haunches, and the features of the semi-attractive dominatrix looming above him, wrenched as they were into an unflattering sneer. This is not sex, I thought. This is silly and embarrassing.

Many years later, I've appeared in such photos. I've been whipped, caned, bound and gagged, fucked up the ass with fist and dildo, and pierced; I've been peed on, burned, choked and humiliated to orgasm. Many of my lovers' sex games involve the conjunction of sharp daggers and scalpels with the tender-

er portions of my anatomy. Last year, noted documentor of the outré Charles Gatewood, after videotaping a casual evening at home with me and my all-time favorite domina, Mistress Shane, remarked, "Wow, you guys are really out on the edge." I was a bit taken aback; it was kind of like Shannen Doherty noting your attitude problem.

How did such a transfiguration occur, you may well ask. I've examined that question myself for some time.

Among armchair psychologists, the debate has traditionally raged over whether masochists are born or made. Kraft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* brims over with case studies of people with whom I share affinities, as does *The Lives of The Saints*. Freud, predictably, would relate it all to some obscure

incident from my childhood.

One of the trendier explanations of the desire by the modern American middle-class white male to be humiliated by a beautiful young woman is that he bears an innate need to hand over the burning reins of patriarchal responsibility; to relieve himself of stressful decision-making. Hey, not me, pal. I'm a mid-level editor at a tawdry little pornographic newspaper, and struggling novelist. Though I try to rule my interior life, my outward routine hardly places me at the top of the food chain.

Why am I a pain junkie, then? Some might glibly point to my Roman Catholic roots, but closer examination hardly justifies the ferocity of my passions. My affair with the Church was little more than a flirtation.



Video: Charles Gatewood  
Photo Illustration: Curium Design

My parents were practically agnostic, and my tenure at a Catholic high school was peopled with surprisingly liberal and kind clergy. Any deep avowal of original sin and redemption through suffering was not instilled in this heart by ruler-wielding nuns or mother figures wielding sexual guilt.

There is, though, some precedent for my desires previewed in my own mater, a rather distant, serious figure, often absent thanks to the demands of her career, and no stranger to the occasional administration of "tough love." Marry the emotional need to repeat this experience with the enticing sexuality of a young, haughty, leather-clad mistress, and perhaps we're getting somewhere.

But other signs are just not there. When a fad of holding lit cigarettes to your arm rippled through my teen set, I was not interested in proving my manhood. And although I certainly admired my cheerleader girlfriend's white leather boots, I had no desire to lick them clean—or wear them.

What finally began to draw me into the arms of masochism in my late 20's was a certain romantic curiosity and the desire to find a precedent for my own sexual, but not necessarily deviant, obsessions.

During a painfully unrequited love I suffered in college for a red-headed strumpet with a sharp tongue and a permanent sneer, I found myself reading a friend's prized copy of the then-out-of-print *Venus in Furs*. Sacher-Masoch's superheated, foolishly obsessional but luxurious prose spoke directly to my condition, and my real-life unobtainable object of desire was thereafter permanently transformed into Wanda Dunajew, the wicked mistress who haunts the callow Severin's dreams.

About the same time I visited The Vault, the infamous S/M club located in Manhattan's meat-packing district. My curiosity was piqued, but I could hardly imagine taking part in the sights I witnessed: hot wax on asses and nipples; men and women on leashes with alligator clips pinching their tits; long, monotonous beatings with leather straps and paddles. Exotic and tawdry, but not exactly erotic.

Working for *Screw*, one of the responsibilities that fell into my lap was a column entitled "Naked City" that reviewed sexual entertainment in New York City. At one

point, my presence was requested at Belle de Jour, a private S/M parlor. My first, virgin hour spent with an attractive, dark-haired domina was intriguing; sexual, however, in only the most intellectual and removed of ways. I experimented a few more times professionally, with much the same results—mild thrills, and an almost academic sense of information-gathering.

Then, outside forces intervened.

My lover of two years, a brilliant but troubled rock singer whom I both lived and created with, committed suicide after a downward spiral that included kamikaze drug use and stints in two mental wards. When she leaped from the window of an SRO she had holed up in, she took most of my world with her, and left only a hotel room of impenetrable detritus from which I would fruitlessly try and salvage some solid reason for her demise.

Two months later, with my period of mourning just underway, I met the first mistress who had ever impressed me simply as a woman, as a reasonable and intelligent human being I could love and have an open communication with.

Infused with an odd, unsettling brew of nihilism and hope, I began my first truly sadomasochistic affair. It was flavored with intrigue, companionship, some vanilla sex and episodes of both emotional support and warfare.

I saw Mistress Shane as two people. One was a professional dominant, cold and calculating, thoroughly manipulative. The other was a private person, neurotic and needy as anyone. Her need for my help was mirrored by my own need for the safe structure and easily defined responsibilities of "serving the mistress."

In terms of finding pleasure in purely quantifiable, physical acts, it was, in the final accounting, love that made the difference. Yes, I had experimented with golden showers before; but they had always been cold, Ballardian affairs, resembling nothing so

much as the meticulously labeled dissections of crime scenes. Now they were chances to establish a forbidden intimacy between souls

and defy all laws of propriety and distance.

Shane took me past thresholds I had never particularly imagined wanting to explore. Scientifically, I suppose it was just a matter of a previously undiscovered tolerance for pain. Spiritually, I was seeking a transcendent marriage of debased act and pure intention that would give meaning to what, through my lover's death, had become a fragmented, unfocused life. Each level satisfied me only momentarily, as I continued to seek the transmogrification of guilt and agonized sadness into some sort of rough redemption.

Becoming a full-blown masochist is a lot like losing your virginity, as well. Once sexuality—and in my case, S/M—is integrated into your life, it becomes many things. After being shown the profound pleasures of servitude and suffering, I found S/M didn't always have to be *sturm und drang*, dark nights of the soul. It could be recreational therapy, another path to intimacy between people, or just good sex.

Have I answered the question yet of how I've become what I am? Maybe. Someone else with the same history and disposition could go their whole life without ever doing the things I've done. But here I stand—or kneel, if you prefer. Technically a deviant, but feeling well-adjusted, more comfortable with my sexuality than most folks I encounter. My sexuality drives me and informs me, but it does not torture me.

I leave that to my lovers.

David Aaron Clark is the author of *The Wet Forever* and *Sister Radiance* (Rhinoceros Books). He most recently interviewed William Gibson for *Future Sex #4*.



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The OLDEST recorded instance of the word **Cunt** in English dates from the year 1272. It occurred in the name of a London street called **GROPE-CUNT LANE.**

### Plain Brown Email

Folks flock to the Net for uncensored sex discussions, but no matter how anonymously written the text may seem, it lays bare many users' identities for the entire world to see. Those who can't withstand the exposure are starting to go through anonymous servers, the Net equivalent of a plain brown wrapper. The servers replace a sender's email address with a personal code. Penet.fi is by far the busiest, and it can route anonymous postings to any group on Usenet. For more information (including prices) send a request to help@penet.fi.  
 —Alyssa Katz

## IF GEN XERS RAN THE PORN INDUSTRY

INTERIOR SHOT. DAYTIME.

Buffy and Jody are sitting on the bed, smoking cigarettes and reading *Celine*. They are both in their mid-20s. Nothing is happening. It is quiet.

**BUFFY**  
 Hey, I know what.

**JODY**  
 What.

**BUFFY**  
 Remember how we used to have sex?

**JODY**  
 What are you getting at?

**BUFFY**  
 Well, I was kind of thinking that we might try having sex this afternoon.

**JODY**  
 What? Why?

**BUFFY**  
 Well, it was just a thought. There's nothing much else to do, and we haven't any money.

**JODY**  
 Good God, you're incredible. I don't know why I hang around with you. How totally embarrassing. I'm leaving.

THE END

—Jeffrey P. McManus

## Materials Science and the Single Girl



In the future, silicone may be banished from women's chests but it will be more than welcome between their legs. Fed up with the shoddy quality and limited selection of mass-produced dildos, a new breed of entrepreneur has arisen: silicone sex-toy artisans. Marilyn Bishara, founder of Vixen Creations, has produced the Cyber dildo, a stylized tool with a stair-step-shaped upper curve that's put her customers into sensekick nirvana.

Bishara explains that silicone, unlike the cheaper rubber and latex used for most adult novelties, "feels more flesh-like. It retains body heat, it's smooth and luxurious; it's non-porous and easy to clean; it has a high tear strength that makes it long-lasting and you can make it in any color you want." Bishara crafts her toys from a blend of silicone materials most often used for industrial molds. Finding the right formula and process took her nearly a year of experimentation and consultation with industrial scientists. "When I told the guy at Dow-Corning what I wanted the stuff for he was blown away. The next thing he asked me was, 'Can I invest in your company?'" The Cyber is available exclusively from Good Vibrations in San Francisco.

—Stacy Vye

# BIGGER Dicks IN MINUTES!

The latest "self-improvement" trend for men is penile cosmetic surgery. Using modern, minimally invasive techniques, it is possible to "plump up" and lengthen penises. Typically, four grand will buy a man an additional inch or so of length and circumference. (Your mileage may differ.)

There are three basic procedures: 1) Some of the ligaments that anchor the internal portion of the penis to the pubic bones are resected. This allows more of the penis to extend outside the body. 2) Some of the fat pad over the pubic bone is removed. This also causes the penis to protrude more. 3) Some of this fat is transferred into the penis to increase its thickness. Though these procedures are performed in minutes, there is a five to six-week recovery period. During this time, the penis may be used for decorative purposes only. Sexual activity with the born-again organ could undo its otherwise permanent gains.

For those who eschew surgery, what is the length of the average unmodified penis? Urologist Harold Reed says a 1942 study of New York men found an average of 5-3/8 inches. Of course, Americans are taller and larger today than they were fifty years ago. Even assuming a proportional increase, though, today's average would only be 5- 1/2 inches or so. Is bigger better? Opinions differ, but an estimated ten percent of Dr. Reed's patients are there at the request of their wives or lovers.

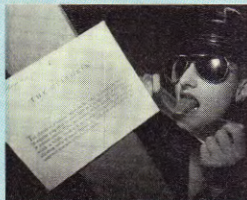
—Sandy Sandfort

**Absexual (ab sek' shoo el), n.** 1. Individuals, especially those in the public eye, who exhibit an obsessive negative focus on sexual images or other peoples sexual behavior. 2. a word coined by sex educator and writer Carol Queen. 3. Andrea Dworkin, Pat Buchanan, Phyllis Schlafly, Dan Quayle...

## Real Girl World

The only ongoing safe-sex club for women in the U.S. has reopened its doors, its heart and its legs. San Francisco's Club Ecstasy is a combination social club, sex-education parlor and no-tell motel for any woman over 18 (male-to-female transsexuals are also invited, but only after the operation, please). A one-year club membership covers the price of admission, coat and clothing check, and safe-sex supplies.

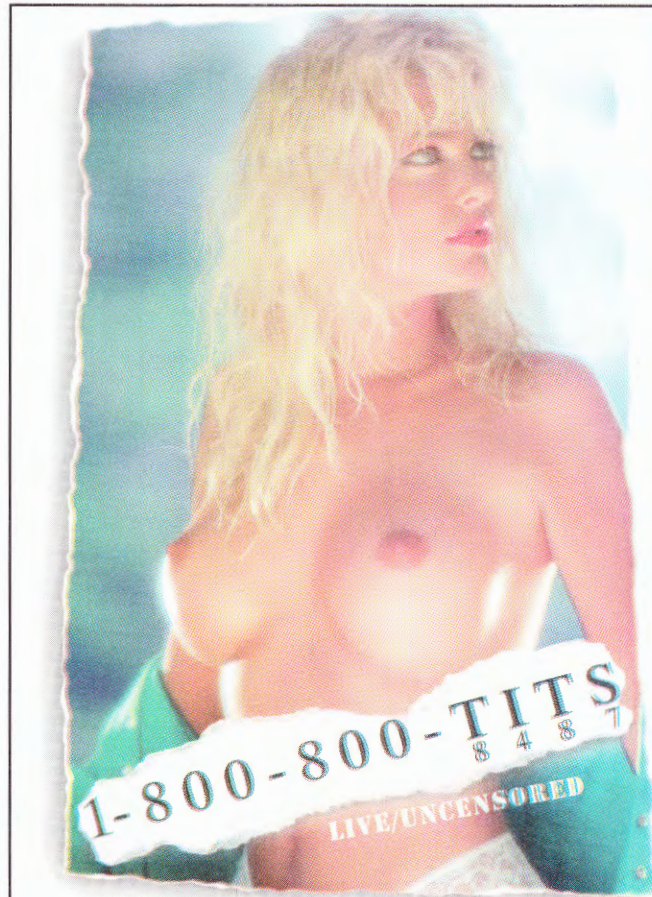
Inside, you can also buy refreshments and snacks, but alcohol and smoking are *verboten*. Most club evenings include erotic performances, music and videos. "It's a place to have sex, but it's also a club," says



Phyllis Christopher

Kitaka Gara, Club Ecstasy's leggy *impresaria*. To find out the when and where of the next club night, call the Ecstasy Hotline: 415-267-6915, and leave your name and mailing address. You'll get an information card in the mail.

—Andrea Reich



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# STOP ~~THE~~ SEXUAL (R)EVOLUTION

## I Want to Get Off!

KNOWING TOO MUCH ABOUT SEX CAN LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY

BY LILY BURANA

**A**s a horny, twenty-something feminist, I've spent much of my adulthood undoing my "good girl damage" to become a thoroughly modern, sexually *self-act-u-a-lized* woman. I've spent several years working as a performer in the sex biz, schooled myself in the theory and practice of S/M, explored every type of relationship arrangement I could dream up and developed a career for myself as a pornographer. I've stared down guilt and shame and opened up to lust and adventure. I have 35 pairs of stiletto heels and a radical sexual politic to match. Let's face it, I *am* that sex-positive *Cosmo* girl! This status may seem enviable, but it's not without its problems. Well, one problem actually: I'm not getting laid.

Yes, it's sad but true. The only hump I've gotten lately is the one on my back from sitting scrunched up at my desk, typing on my keyboard what I *wish* I was doing in real life. Not that I don't try to have sex, it's just that all my potential trysts fizzle out somewhere in the negotiation stage. I talk, he/she walks. Bummer. You can imagine my frustration at being a slut in theory but a monk in practice.

Recently I spent a lot of time trying to unearth the roots of my dry spell (God knows I have plenty of free time!). Is it the way I look? Well, I don't look any different than before I posted the vacancy sign on my headboard. In fact, I look better than usual since my only steady partner these days is the StairMaster. Do I come on too strong? That seems silly, since I generally take on the submissive role during the pre-make-out stage of the game. Maybe I'm not coming on strong enough?

Finally, I reached my wits' end trying to figure out why my life had become a nookie-free zone. I cornered my friend Marc and asked him, point blank: "Tell me, my friend. How could I be so sexually educated, yet so pathetically sexless? What is it that makes me such an unappealing sex partner?"

Marc looked thoughtful for a moment, then spoke *very* carefully. "You're too much of a woman for most people, darlin'." Now what the hell was that supposed to mean? "To be honest, once you tell someone how...um...*well-educated* you are, they might be a little bit turned off." He went on to expound on the theory that



Annie Sprinkle





▶ yes, even today, even in the "alternative" scene ("alternative" to what, might I ask?) there are still plenty of people who are intimidated by a sexually savvy woman. And here I was thinking dinosaurs were extinct.

I couldn't be satisfied with this answer. It was just too unreal, too...depressing. So in the name of investigative research, I called up a female acquaintance—herself a card-carrying member of the sex-posi posse. "Oh, yes," she sighed, "I'm afraid I have the same problem. I try not to let anyone know that those of us who write about sex rarely ever do it. And it's not because I don't try. In fact, the other day, I was talking to this guy who seemed interested, so I told him I had just seen this sex vid *Sodomania IV*. He visibly recoiled as if I'd told him I snack on severed heads."

But what, I asked her, could be behind such repulsion? "I don't know. Maybe people are afraid that if they bed down with a woman who knows a lot about sex she'll hold up a scorecard afterwards or brandish an axe if she's disappointed." Oh brother. I spent all those years in libidinous boot camp to become a hyper-stoked sex kitten, not the *vagina dentata* of the 90s.

I called another sexually adventurous gal pal, and asked her how she dealt with this dilemma. "To be perfectly blunt," she confided, "I noticed that my potential partners are much more willing if I don't come across as being very sexually interested or experienced. So I just play dumb and keep quiet. No one has ever resented my technique, only how I developed it—through a lot of practice. So I just skirt the issue and pretend I'm naturally gifted." But doesn't the fun get diminished by the lack of dialogue? How do you communicate your likes or limits?

"A lot gets lost in the silence—including who I really am—but as I've found, it's clam up or go without!"

Now that just won't do for me. My entire self-styled sex education was launched in rebellion against the fact that women are taught that sex is, at best, an indirectly gratifying act of wrestling in silence. Nice girls might do it, but they sure as hell shouldn't talk about it openly or explore it too deeply. Maybe that's why even I've had so many "successful" trips around the block; I didn't sully the experiences with excessive talking, probing, or disclosing. God knows I got much more action as a mute, sexual dumbshit. Sigh.

As I trudge through the desert in search of some hormonal oasis, I maintain a forced sense of hope and a firm grip on my variable-speed vibrator. I hope I see the day when women such as myself aren't dissed when they reveal their erotic know-how, but are instead positively cherished and seriously fucked.

Until then, we'll be starring in the G-rated saga *The Women Who Knew Too Much*.



Lily Burana edits and publishes Taste Of Latex magazine. She prays a lot, too.



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**Sean Kennedy**  
**Billy Phenix**

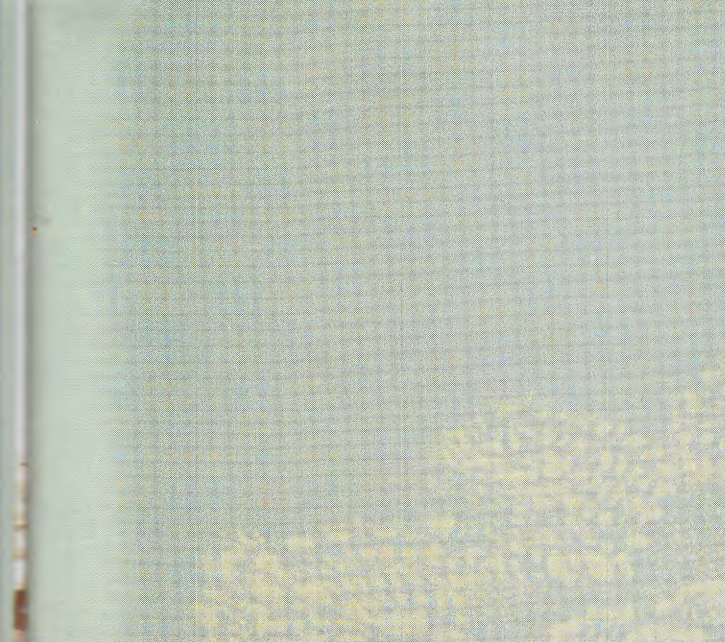
*Costume Styling:*  
*Hair & Make-up:*

**Becky Wilson**  
**Janeel Smith**

# C A R R É *Dioua*











*Bob Adler is a San Francisco based commercial photographer who specializes in photographing people. His work appears frequently in national and local publications and he recently had a gallery exhibition of work from his Burlesque Strippers series. Between commercial assignments he indulges his fantasies with erotic photography.*

*Sean Kennedy plays guitar, sings and writes music for Fag Bash (Queer Rock n Roll).*

*Madeleine is an award-winning artist who has produced and hosted TV shows and video art throughout the world, including the recently-banned San Francisco cable show Erotica SF. She has a Master of Fine Arts degree, speaks six languages and has traveled extensively. For more irresistible images of Madeleine, order tapes of Erotica SF by calling (415) 861-4101.*



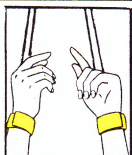




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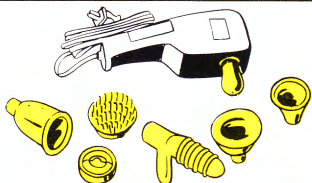
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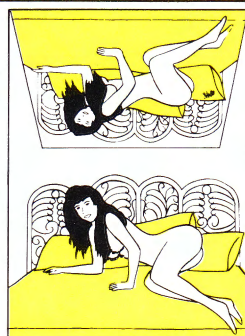
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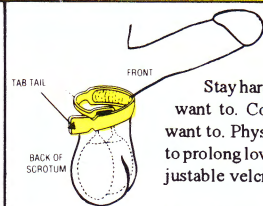
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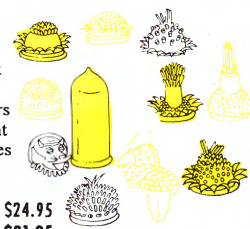
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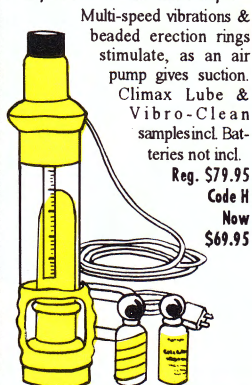
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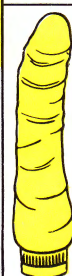
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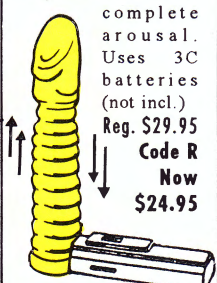


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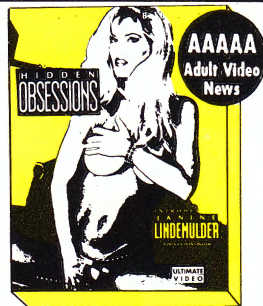
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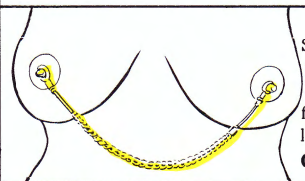


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# Pussy

LOVE, SEX AND BEING FEMALE WITH ANN MAGNUSON

BY LISA PALAC

*S*he's done it all: Hollywood films, East Village performance art, the indie rock and roll scene, even a TV sitcom. Technically, you could say Ann Magnuson is an actress. But really, she's a multimedia artist—not the digital kind—whose funny, surreal approach to life, lust, snotty art openings and the pursuit of a parallel universe is, well, absolutely hip.

As the better half of Bongwater, a band formed along with musician/producer Kramer, her overactive imagination made it to vinyl with albums like *Double Bummer*, *The Big Sell Out* and *Power of Pussy*. A wall of trippy guitars and arcane sound bites, *Power of Pussy* mutates things like a Led Zeppelin riff into a mantra about sucking and shopping. Other star vehicles include the television comedy *Anything But Love*, the solo performance *You Could Be Home Now*, ("It's like a psychedelic *Our Town*," she says) and the recently released fantasy/adventure film *Cabin Boy*.

Ann Magnuson farms the dark, moist terrain of our subconscious with the *Garden Weasel*. Then she scoops up all the strange, silly and sexual pieces, decorates them with sparklers, and hands it to us on a paper plate. Here you go.

**Future Sex:** So what was the whole inspiration behind the record *Power of Pussy*?

**Ann Magnuson:** Maybe entering my sexual prime, those exciting years after you turn 30. Now that I'm practically a married woman it's rather difficult to discuss these things.

**FS:** Oh, I see, okay.

**AM:** It's kind of hard to reconcile myself between the good girl and the bad girl; the dutiful loving wife and the exciting, swinging girl on the go. I always try to find a way to have my cake and eat it, too. There's a song on that one Bongwater record [*The Big Sell-Out*], "Free Love Messes Up My Life," which is sort of my theme song. I don't want to sleep with somebody I wouldn't want to be in love with. Otherwise it's just like 30 minutes on a Stairmaster, although every now and then a girl could use a good workout. But I can think of a few incidents in which I wish I'd just gone down to the vegetable stand and made

friends with a nice young zucchini. It would've been a lot less aggravation and I wouldn't have gotten mired in petty sexual politics.

**FS:** That's one difference between how women and men view the sexual experience. I believe more women want the emotional stuff.

**AM:** That's a cliché, but most clichés are true. A lot of times I want the aggression and the dominance, but not the psychological dominance. Women have their own primal urges that need to be fulfilled. When men do it we're told they're sowing their wild oats, whereas when women do it they're sluts or they've got some kind of emotional problem.

From day one, women are not encouraged to be self-sufficient or to be happy with themselves. All the information we get from the media does implant the idea that you need improvement—which we all do—but not

in terms of the color of your lipstick or how much your eyebrows are tweezed.

You know, the one thing that really drives me crazy is Barbie. Barbie has just gotten more vapid as the years go by and her pinkness is just a detriment to the female gender. At least when I was young, Barbie was a girl on the go. She had all those travel outfits; she saw the world. Now her outfits suck. She's the Homecoming Queen, the perfect Aryan blonde bimbo that has become some sort of ideal. I think Barbie should be gassed. And Mattel should be brought up on criminal charges.

Doesn't it also annoy you that most movies and TV shows made about children revolve around boys? A boy finds himself one summer. A group of teenage boys discover girls on a Malibu beach one summer. A group of young men discover themselves in a Baltimore diner one summer. I could go on. Where are the role models for young girls? Barbie?!

**FS:** Yeah, why isn't there a *Beavis and Butt-head* for girls?

**AM:** In subliminal and not-so-subliminal ways, women are taught to be competitive. Women are very distrustful of one another on a lot of levels, especially in the professional world. I'm talking about how women do *not* help other women out, in the movie business or in the record business. I always thought that feminism could extrapolate from *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

**FS:** What do you do with these feelings of frustration?

**AM:** You turn your back on them and use them as fuel to create your own alternative, parallel universe where you can be queen. That's why in the mid-70s I started hanging out in New York City below 14th Street, because that world was truly an alternative. I was working in this Uptown theater and it was very professional, but it was boring and too square. The people I hung out with at CBGB's, we wanted to do theater but we didn't want to do Neil Simon plays. So we got together, wrote our own stuff and then I ended up running this club called Club 57, in the basement of the Polish National church on St. Mark's Place.

I had a group called The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lower East Side which was an all-girls club. Sort of a demented Junior League. We had a secret boy file; we had cards on all the guys in the neighborhood in the scene to cross-reference and to warn women about them. [Artist] Jeff Koons was in there.

**FS:** Ah-ha!

**AM:** He wouldn't pay for a cup of coffee. Who else was in there? Artists, rock and rollers, club losers. I can't remember now, but I kept saying "Listen, it doesn't matter if this file even exists. The important thing is to let these guys think that it exists. It's psychological warfare, to make sure they can't get one over on us." And we'd have events at the club like The Stay Free Mini-Prom and lady wrestling night. We had a Mary Kay cosmetic representative show us how to put make-up on. We all ended up doing real slut make-up jobs.

Those were sort of the happiest times in my life because we were just doing art for art's

sake, being creative for the sake of it. It wasn't the concept of getting rich off it, getting famous off it—which is a misconception about that whole East Village scene that I've read in some people's "histories." No. Nonono. It was a result of all this incredible excitement and energy and bona fide talent that was exploding everywhere. Then Andy Warhol and others started checking out the clubs and merchandising the ideas that had been gestating at the Mudd Club, Club 57. That's when it became more about money and cocaine and getting your picture in *Interview* magazine. Then MTV started and it was all over.

**FS:** You just made me think of *Chicken Pussy*, where you mix the Polish National church, mental health outpatient clinics, the big fat guy from Canned Heat, sex and chickens all in one song. Where did that come from?

**AM:** See, this is all a product of my addled brain which I always attribute to growing up in the Kanawha Valley [West Virginia], which at one point proudly called itself the chemical center of the world. I think Union Carbide and DuPont were dumping all this stuff in the air and water. I think that might have had something to do with my overactive imagination. I have these dreams and I just write everything down without any censorship, and they found their way onto the Bongwater records. It's this completely unapologetic regurgitation of my psychosis, often sexual. [Laughs]. I think for women to express their sexuality in any way is still a novel concept for people.

**FS:** Tell me more about your dreams.

**AM:** There's one I call "Sex With the Devil"—that will hopefully be on the next recording I do—where I'm having sex with the devil. The scene looks like an 18th-century carnival, and at the moment of orgasm he plunges this pitchfork through my heart. Then all this blood starts gushing out of my body, and he starts to tickle me, and he's tickling me so hard I'm laughing. Then he thrusts me back in time, back in the pilgrim days, and I see this



✦ woman being executed in the town square and I get closer and I see it's my mother except she looks exactly like Ethel Merman. They have this giant wooden vise around her head and they're twisting, twisting, twisting the vise, and Ethel, my mom, looks into the crowd and she sees me, Ann, her daughter, and with tears in her eyes she tells me she loves me, except she sings it, she belts it out in this big Ethel Merman voice [singing], "I love you, I love you, I love you," and on the third "I love you," her head pops open like an overripe pumpkin on Halloween night. "Why?" I sob. "Why? Just because she was balding? Just because she was a belter? Just because she lived with cats and worked with herbs? Why before we know it the FDA is going to destroy the entire holistic community."

**FS:** Have you ever had an orgasm in a dream?

**AM:** Yes. My dreams are the only place where I've had a lesbian experience.

**FS:** The perfect segue into lesbian chic...

**AM:** When I was in high school I remember feeling very uncool because David and Angie Bowie were both bi. I had my little dalliances and they never really did anything for me, so I was forced to endure the heartaches and the injustices that come with heterosexual love. I'm pretty hopelessly heterosexual.

**FS:** Have you ever gotten any flak for the sexual honesty in some of your work?

**AM:** I heard that some of the cable channels didn't want to film *You Could Be Home Now* because it had too much sex in it, which kind of shocked me. Look at Annie Sprinkle's show [*Post Porn Modernist*]. I saw an excerpt on video and I liked it quite a bit. I think she's one of these rare, unique individuals. I've met her and she's just a wonderful, genuine, nurturing woman.

**FS:** She truly values her experience as a prostitute.

**AM:** Yes, but I don't think everybody who gets involved in prostitution or in the porn industry is like that. A lot of women I've met who do that are so damaged from their being molested as children or having terrible drug habits or being abused by boyfriends, they get sucked into the evil vortex of the whole thing. It still boils down to the fact that everyone is basically ashamed of being sexual, which is maybe why I like to utilize a more surreal, comic approach to it. Or maybe it's just because I'm insane and I have no other way of looking at things.

Pornography never addresses the real desires of women. The only stuff I ever like is written; very rarely have I seen anything filmed or photographed that gets me excited. I like comic books; porno comic books are my favorite.

**FS:** Which ones?

**AM:** When I was in Italy years ago, I got a whole bunch of *Zora la Vampira*. Zora was like this incredible, sexy, Ursula Andress kind of Amazonian goddess, and she was a vampire, so she took what she wanted. She was the one in control—constantly—although she would relinquish that control to guys, but she always knew what she was doing. Maybe that's the key, rationing out control. I mean, isn't that what the S/M scene is about?

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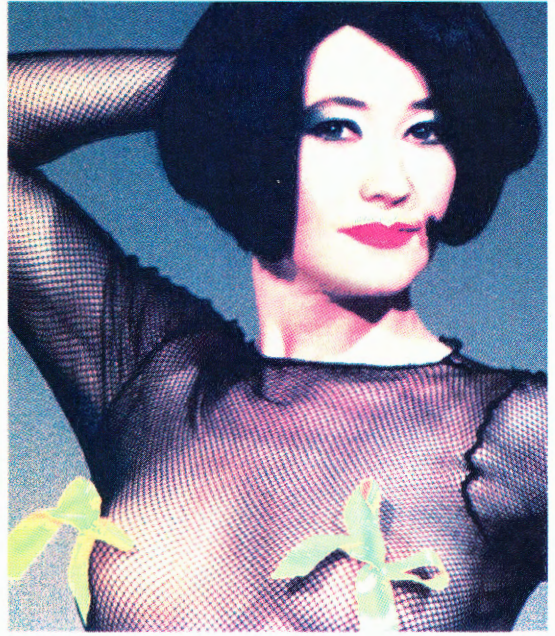
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*I can think of a few incidents in which I wish I'd just gone down to the vegetable stand and made friends with a nice young zucchini.*

➤ **FS:** Do you ever watch video porn?

**AM:** I rented some "amateur" stuff the other day. It was just blowjobs, nothing but blowjobs.

What I find very sexy is unresolved sexual tension. You're always being brought to the edge of something and never quite getting there. Do you know the movie *The Go-Between*, [with] Julie Christie and Alan Bates? They are just two gorgeous human beings at the peak of their gorgeousness, and it's during the Victorian era so they're denied the fulfillment of their passion. It's about all this sneaking around and using a small boy as a messenger of their lustful yearnings. Finally at the end, when the little boy sees what they've been doing, I think that scene is wildly, wildly exciting.

**FS:** What about your own scene in *The Hunger*? A lot of people say that what goes down with you and David Bowie is incredibly sexy.

**AM:** Really?

**FS:** Yes.

**AM:** Well, they cut all my lines out. They were funny lines! I opened up the refrigerator and it was completely empty, and I said, "You guys on a diet or something?" It was 1982 and I remember going "Oh my God, all my friends in the East Village are gonna laugh because they're putting me in this Italian *Vogue* version of what punk is." It was a lot of fun to do, but personally I don't find it erotic to watch.

**FS:** Maybe it's hard for you to be objective.

**AM:** There's something very sexy about vampire mythology. It never lets you down. That's why *The Hunger* still has this...

**FS:** Incredible scene at the end with Susan Sarandon and Catherine Deneuve. So, Ann, you're cute, you're funny, you're famous—

**AM:** —marginal on all those counts—

**FS:** One would think you could get anybody you wanted. Or is it lonely at the top?

**AM:** I've gotten lucky on a few counts. But I don't know how to answer that. I'm not interested in quantity.

**FS:** Look at Madonna. Does she even have a sex life? She's so big in the public imagination, she can never compete with her own image. People have this idea that once you become a personality your life gets easy.

**AM:** Publicity doesn't impact your life in real ways, in important ways. Sometimes you get a good table at a restaurant. Or you get asked to pontificate about something fairly meaningless in a magazine like *Esquire*. Fame can be a very dangerous drug. The trap is that you can use fame as a validation for your existence. As John Cassavetes once said, "Fame takes you away from your innermost thoughts." You get sucked up into wanting to date Johnny Depp or some idiocy like that, which is, unfortunately, a reality for many people who live in Los Angeles. Right now I'd just like to make some money. No more fame. More money. Because I can't pay the rent with press clippings.

**FS:** Tell me about some of the new stuff that you're going to be working on.

**AM:** I've got some record labels interested in this solo project that I'm working on, which is, of course, about love and sex and being female. I just did this spoken-word piece called "Men Are Dogs" that's part of an upcoming compilation called *A Far Cry* (C/Z Records).

And I just got a small part in the sequel to *Patriot Games*, where I play an FBI secretary who's having an affair—see, I'm always having sex in these movies! In the end, I get

killed. By the time they edit the thing, I'll probably just be a blip on the screen.

I want to get back to the writing. I bought a four-track and I'm going to get a piano. And I want to learn how to use a Mac and get on some bulletin boards and broaden my cyberspace. I'm very excited about these bulletin boards. Is flirting online cheating, or is that within the parameters of acceptable behavior? What is "acceptable behavior" and who cares?

**FS:** Did you know that you're in a book called *The Bare Facts*, that lists every ounce of nudity in thousands of films? You and Bowie. You and River Phoenix. There's this rumor that if you take your clothes off in Hollywood, your career will nosedive. Is it really such a big deal?

**AM:** For me breasts are like an elbow or a knee, or some other part of the anatomy. Sometimes I wonder if sex would be as fun if it wasn't so damn dirty and forbidden. I mean, to me that's what most of pornography is about, just exploiting that concept, this dirty, nasty, evil deed, which—let's face it—makes it very, very exciting. I like it when sex can get really sleazy. But on the other hand, you never see sex as being this natural, exciting, sensual experience which has nothing to do with lace or garters...

**FS:** ...champagne, bubble baths...

**AM:** I hate that shit. I hate Hollywood movies where people are making out and then in the next scene they're in a bathtub and there's 150 candles around them. Who had the time to light those candles?

Photographer Jill Greenberg lives and works in New York City. She enjoys manipulating the images of various musicians and others for such magazines as *Sassy*, *Ray Gun*, *Mondo 2000*, *Spin*, *Vibe* and *Time*.

# Men are Dogs

BY ANN MAGNUSON



## I'm at the theater.

I never come late.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I've finally gotten tickets to the play everyone in town is talking about. It's by the same folks who brought us the smash, Off-Broadway hit that recreated episodes from *The Brady Bunch*, and from all accounts this new show is even more controversial. It's also purported to be very avant-garde and I guess that's why we're over here in the abandoned warehouse district where the transvestite prostitutes and their Hasidic johns roam. It's got to be experimental because we're sitting in a dark, clammy basement on cold metal folding chairs. I flip through the two pages of my xeroxed program.

"This is guerrilla theater at its very best," or so says the *Village Voice* and I have to admit, my expectations are high. Very, very high. They are quickly met as the three faulty clamp lights in the house fade down to black.

As I munch from my four-pound bag of mini-pretzels, Yoko Ono comes on stage to introduce the show.

It's not Yoko Ono.

It's...Buffy St. Marie!

Just then, the five actors step into the pale, lime-green spotlight. They are dressed in hyper-real canine costumes. But I mean, super-realistic! None of that Andrew Lloyd Weber/*Cats* unitard crap. These costumes look like taxidermy! Vintage Rick Baker—*The Howling*, *American Werewolf in London*—Oscar-winning type stuff. I mean really, really good! They are human size, but all vestiges of their humanness has disappeared. The actors alternate between walking on four legs and standing upright on two, and the movement is done with such eerie realism that I have to

say it is one of the most strange, strange, strangest things I've ever seen...I've ever seen!

Wow!

Oh, wow. Then I figure it out! Oh, yeah...yeah! I get it! It's like watching one of those tacky, discount velvet paintings with the cigar-smoking dogs playing poker on it come to life!

Oh my God, Morrissey was right—everyone is clever nowadays! But even he would admit that the dialogue is urbane, witty and would surely do Noel Coward proud.

There are two male dogs and three females...well, yes, I suppose you could call them bitches. The male dogs are brownish in color and possess some of the biggest testicles I've ever seen on a dog or a man. I believe the lead actor, who is a Tony award nominee, is playing the German shepherd. The bitches are lighter in color—beige, white and a soft orange, respectively.

The dogs exchange clever bon mots as they play seven-card stud. It soon becomes clear that the rakish German shepherd is sweet on the orange collie. Silently and smugly to myself, I predict a few rounds of flirtatious volleys when suddenly, without warning, the shepherd drops his losing hand, grabs the bitch and furiously starts to pump her from behind with his glistening lipstick dick. All the veneer of sophistication, along with the collie's saloon-girl costume, has been stripped away and the clever dialogue is replaced with high-pitched yelping. The other stud lunges at the beige Labrador and mounts her, undeterred by the fact that she is biting his legs.

Buffy St. Marie runs out from backstage and tries to stop the madness—futilely. The white poodle bellows in fear, and well she

should because once the shepherd is done with the collie he chases the poodle around the theater, violently snapping at her pink enameled nails. He chases her up and down the aisles then corners her stage right and tears into her throat, snapping her rhinestone collar in two.

Fur and rhinestones fly!

Fur and rhinestones fly!

Fur and rhinestones fly as he overpowers her frail figure and thrusts homeward! Meanwhile, the shepherd's original mate, the orange collie, watches in disgust and despair and I can feel the pain of her betrayal—not once but twice! Within seconds, the hellish high-pitched barking from all the dogs crescendos and suddenly there is silence.

BLACKOUT.

The house lights come back up and the actors unzip their dog suits and step out for a curtain call. We are all too stunned to applaud until the Swiss mountain hikers sitting in the row behind us jump to their feet and yell, "Bravo! Bravo!" leading the rest of us in an unprecedented seven-minute standing ovation.

I then realize that what I've just witnessed is a brilliant illustration of what Camille Paglia has been talking about all along. I mean, personally, I couldn't get past the first five pages of *Sexual Personae* but after seeing this play I completely understand our sexual dilemma.

Those bitches should've known that if they got themselves involved in a card game with those horny studs that it could only result in one thing!

I bundle up against the cold night air and exit the theater wondering if men and women can ever just be friends.

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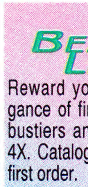
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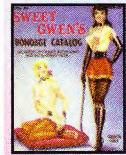
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# PUTTIN' ON THE DOG SEX IN U.K.

BY LAURA MILLER

◀◀ **W**ELCOME TO THE BOWELS OF LONDON, ▶▶

**SAYS TUPPY OWENS**

as she ushers me into her labyrinthine basement flat in Mayfair, one of the city's most prestigious neighborhoods. Leading me past nooks filled with feathers, animal-print Ottomans and other intriguing, if dimly-lit, objects, Owens finally arrives in a room whose long, weathered wooden table is piled high with pornographic magazines, sex-education manuals, invites to private fetishist night-clubs, political screeds attacking censorship, videotapes about female ejaculation and a petite laptop displaying notes for a lecture on women's erotica, which Owens will deliver at an international sex conference in Bologna.

Owens is England's foremost sexpert, a woman whose history of publishing, photography, journalism, activism, counseling and adventuring belies her girlish appearance. She's the creator of *The Planet Sex Diary* (formerly *The Sex Maniac's Diary*), a datebook featuring such treats as a different sex position for

each day of the year, and *The Sex Maniac's Bible* (soon to be renamed *Planet Sex: The Handbook*), an international guidebook to sexual resources and etiquette. What better guide for an investigation into the sexual state of the British nation?

Stereotyping pegs the English as repressed (or, if you're being as polite as the English are reputed to be, "reserved"). Yet, Owens and several other Brits I talked to beg to differ. "I think we're hypocritical," Owens clarifies. "A very proper exterior, but very unrepressed underneath. We're always being told by Europeans, 'We prefer English girls in our brothels because they're more fun and down-to-earth.'"

Nevertheless, this concern with keeping up appearances has resulted in one of the most censorious of Western nations when it comes to pornography: anything hardcore is strictly illegal. Soho's famous red-light





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Duchess V. Dentata

◀ Performance artists  
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▲  
Terminatrix:  
Entertainment for this  
year's Planet Sex Ball



◀ Skin Two publisher Tim Woodward



Tuppy Owens

England's premiere ▶  
sexpert Tuppy Owens

district doesn't offer any images of erect cocks or penetration, although Owens says that some retailers will trade in *samizdat* porn under the counter, if you know how—and who—to ask.

Despite (or perhaps because of) these government restrictions, Britons sport some of the most inventive sexual subcultures around. Without a doubt the most visible element of British sexual circles is the fetish scene. Floating nightclubs (with a different location for each monthly event) provide enthusiasts with a place to flaunt their latest leather and latex outfits, often purchased—at impressive prices—from designers with followings of their own. Skin Two, a company comprising an annual magazine and a retail store, puts on parties that draw upwards of 2000 “pervs,” as the fetishists affectionately call themselves.

Tim Woodward, who publishes *Skin Two* magazine and acts as the company's spokesperson, describes himself as “Britain's leading sadomasochist.” Always ready with a helpful analogy (“We use clothes rather like you'd use the control panels on a plane, when we want to feel a certain way,”) Woodward seems entirely wholesome, and, like Owens, preternaturally youthful. Recently, celebrities like Mick Jagger and

designer Jean-Paul Gaultier have attended Skin Two's charity event The Rubber Ball, and Woodward and company are clearly tickled pink about it.

“Twenty years ago, that was inconceivable. Now the average person's attitude toward sex is extremely tolerant. If I'm on the TV or radio, my mother, sister, bank manager or doctor think nothing of it. They don't give a damn, really. But that's not reflected in officialdom.”

According to both Owens and Woodward, official pressure means no actual sex occurs at the visible fetish clubs. “Everyone admires each other's costumes enormously,” says Owens, “and there's always a bit of action in designated areas, like public whippings with someone strapped over a wooden contraption and their hands and feet tied to it. But it's really not let-your-hair-down time.”

In fact, the scene has become so fashionable that it's drawing people who aren't into S/M at all. Debbie Pickford, a fetishwear retailer and protégé of rubber fashion pioneer John Sutcliffe, carries such inventive designs as a clear rubber frock covered with red, protruding “polka dots” that resemble nipples. “All types of people enjoy wearing it,” she reports. “It's a very sensual fabric when it's tight against the body. And looser-fitting rubber is nice too. It causes static so the hairs on your body stand up and there's a tingly feeling.”

The British also have a reputation for indulging in erotic flagellation (as the French call it, *le vice anglais*), so the dominance of S/M imagery and play in England isn't surprising. “A lot of people think it has something to do with public schools,” says Pickford (speaking of what Americans would call exclusive private schools). “The boys are told off by the teachers, and caned and told to bend over, having it on the palm of the hand, whatever. It's very ritualistic and that's where some people get it from. But I'm not sure I agree that it's always to do with your childhood. Everybody has got a little something, even if it's just silk stockings.”

Whatever its roots, S/M activity has attracted the ire of Britain's legal establishment. Recently, officials obtained videotapes made by a small group of gay men who met regularly to enjoy various S/M games. Sixteen men were arrested, and several convicted of assault and sentenced to jail time, despite the fact that all parties enthusiastically consented. What has become known as the Operation Spanner case criminalizes harmless activities like mutually enjoyed erotic spanking. Observers find it ironic that it is legal, in some schools, to spank children against their will but illegal to smack adults at their own request.

Perhaps Britain's notoriously stuffy ruling classes feel the need to stem an ever-advancing tide of sexual openness. Woodward notes that restrictions on access to hardcore pornography have become much harder to enforce now that British citizens can buy satellite dishes and pick up explicit television channels from censorship-free Northern Europe. One benefit of the limitations, however, is the informal, non-commercial way that hardcore videotapes are passed around among groups of friends. “It's nicer than having a load of [organized] criminals handling everything,” said Woodward.

Owens and others hope to see these restrictions lifted soon. The British political establishment, although prudish, lacks the right-wing Christian fundamentalists who demonize sexual expression in the US. But while England isn't cursed with a Jesse Helms, it also doesn't have outrageous performance artists for him to attack. A group of young women calling themselves Duchess V. Dentata tried to change that. In a cramped flat in the seaside town of Brighton, Duchess members Marisa Carr and Lisa (who, unfortunately, split recently over differing career plans) described their efforts to push the sexual envelope of the British art world.





Employing multi-speed vibrators, rubber dresses and "2000 meters of knicker [panty] elastic," Duchess V. Dentata led its audience on an odyssey through an interior landscape of sexual fantasy and fear. Both Carr, who worked as a nude and fetish model, and sports several tattoos and body piercings, and Lisa complained about the "staid, safe" British performance art establishment: "In England, there's high culture and then there's pornography, rock and roll and everything else." It's easy to see how their performances (Carr did a solo piece about a woman with a shoe fetish seeking the skin of a man's penis to create the ultimate object of her desire) fell through the crack between high and street culture.

England's lack of a solid feminist anti-censorship movement has accentuated this split. Only three years ago, an activist group called Feminists Against Censorship formed to combat the newsstand-picketing Campaign Against Pornography (the analogous American organization, Feminists Against Censorship Together, formed in the early 1980s). Women like Owens and the members of Duchess V. Dentata believe that, in the absence of a strong religious fundamentalist influence, the biggest obstacle to liberalizing obscenity laws is the feminist notion that porn "degrades" and "objectifies" women. Politicians and influential journalists such as anti-porn advocate Claire Short have used this argument to try to restrict sexual images even more.

In such an environment, then, it's surprising to see that until recently, Britain boasted six sex magazines geared toward women: (British) *Playgirl*, *Women on Top*, *For Women*, *Women Only*, *Bite* and *Ludus*. Although, for the most part, these magazines haven't varied much from the beefcake-and-beauty-tips formula of *Playgirl*, such ventures are further signs of the lusty English womanhood that made the Chippendale dancers such a success in the U.K. However, the heated competition among the magazines—four of which have folded—has left only two forums for eroticizing men's bodies: *For Women*, whose success appears tied to being the first, and *Bite*.

Fighting this dearth is a women's photo collective called Exposures. Composed of four women, straight and gay, and only one a native Brit, Exposures is a "forum for people to create, look at and talk about images concerning sexual, cultural and gender identities." The language may be carefully abstract, but the reality is a studio and workshop program where women can learn to take erotic photos of nude men, and view and discuss the mainstream pornography that most have only read about; and where people of both genders can create and exhibit new kinds of sexy pictures.

Robin Shaw, an American expatriate, stresses that Exposures' approach is inclusive: "Men have a hard time finding somewhere to be alternative to the norm, not having to be so macho all the time, maybe taking what's considered the passive, feminine role of being photographed without being called a wimp, or gay, if they're straight." Shaw began photographing her male lover's body, particularly his penis, while studying for a visual arts degree at a British university and soon became the center of a campus controversy. "There was a feminist reaction that it was wrong to be doing it. The straight men assumed that I was doing it to ridicule them. I couldn't possibly be doing it because I thought this was a beautiful thing to look at. They were terrified of me. It was an amazing experience."

Like most of the other British sexual "evolutionaries" I talked to, Shaw and Exposure's member Rosie Gunn found that the



Grace Lau

**The Exposures workshop: Women Photographing Men**

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average Englishperson reacted to their projects with at worst, indifference and at best, enthusiasm. This makes the government's censoriousness—particularly when it comes to erect penises—even more irksome to them. "The law defines obscenity as anything likely to 'deprave and corrupt,'" Gunn relates. "These old men interpret that in the courts, and it's supposed to protect women. It's crazy."

Nevertheless, I can't help wondering if this sort of restriction encourages a sort of grassroots ingenuity. Tuppy Owens tells me about a British/European custom called "dogging." Couples drive to a parking lot known as a good dogging spot and have sex in their car while spectators admire their hijinks. A code, using colored interior car lights and/or partially opened windows, indicates what sort of action's going on inside and how much input the couple wants from onlookers. Owens likes the way dogging crosses class barriers ("There's everything from Rolls Royces to old vans"), can accommodate the single men who are often excluded from swing clubs, and appeals to the British sense of suffering. "Because you get cold and damp and miserable. You clutch your tea thermos and sandwiches and hope someone comes soon," she laughs.

Owens displays plenty of British sexual imagination herself during the annual Sex Maniac's Ball (now the Planet Sex Ball), a big party that raises money for The Outsiders, an organization (run by her) that helps the physically and socially disabled initiate friendships and romantic relationships. Usually held in November, last year's ball included such attractions as "foot kissing, pony cart rides with pony girls in leather harnesses, peep shows, a sit-down dinner with people under the tables caressing the guest's legs and/or leaving sexy notes in their shoes, pregnant tummy kissing" and the women of Duchess V. Dentata "who kept doing these little threesome poses and then bouncing away like little rabbits."

The Sex Maniac's Ball has also proven a breeding ground for some of the first tentative ventures into sexually-oriented virtual reality. At last year's ball, artist Trudy Barber created an interactive VR sex installation. Using a glove-and-goggles set-up, this game invites the user to "put the condom on the willy," offering a orgasmic psychedelic visual display as a reward. Barber, the art director for *Fetish Times*, is currently seeking funding for research on the psychological effects of sexual imagery in everything from computer games to VR. "I like the possibility of being anything you want—a woman, a man or a large prawn," says Barber. "Personally, I'm very short and rather wide and have glasses. I'd like to be five ten with a large bust and lots of hair. VR is a chance to play around."

Barber, together with Mark Bennett, editor of the new magazine *Black Ice* (a sort of British *Mondo 2000*) also created the first VR sex suit—sort of. "In early 1993, there was a sudden burst of TV documentaries that had to do with sex,"



TECHCOM GmbH

Bennett explains. "We were contacted by a program called *The Good Sex Guide*, who were desperately running around trying to find a VR sex suit for their show about the future of sex. I told them, 'It doesn't exist, but we'll build you one if you give us the money.'"

The result was a black latex catsuit with grip pads and air tubing that, Bennett confesses, only *looked* like it worked. But he has plans for a second suit, pending more extensive funding. "Most of the people who have the powerful technology don't have any imagination," he observes, "and American VR companies are primarily concerned with blowing things up." The intended second suit, designed for a woman, will have the capacity to track 3-D motion and will include the option of vibrators covering the crotch and breasts. Bennett's collaborating with Modern Armor, creators of top-drawer leather and rubber-wear; in England, it seems, all roads lead to—

or at least intersect with—fetish.

Even Bennett however, a transplant from Montreal, has been subject to the government's invasive regulation: recently Customs and Excise officials actually came to his home and seized several imported comic books which they deemed obscene. "This is a third world country," Bennett says ruefully. "You've seen the film *Brazil*? That's Britain."

Breeding ground for new sexual paradigms or prudish dystopia? Wildly kinky or drearily repressed? Britain seems to be a nation of contradictions where appearance often rules—whether it's fetish parties based on personas and posing, or a VR suit that only looks functional. More than one person I interviewed remarked that, like many sexually repressive officials, those who strictly regulate sexual expression in Britain are often notorious for their perverse frolicking in exclusive brothels. Meanwhile, do-it-yourself doggers and explicit Dutch cable stations challenge the ban on no-holds-barred sexual entertainment.

But the observations of Exposures' Robin Shaw and Rosie Gunn give the most cause for hope. Traveling around, speaking about their experiences and exploring their sexuality through photography, the women have encountered an overwhelmingly positive response. "I always get people who are deeply moved by my candidness," says Shaw. "That's what is so poignant to me. There's a tremendous yearning here for a frank, honest discussion about sex." Gunn concurs that the time is ripe. "What's happening right now," she enthuses, "if we can just get it together, is going to be really incredible."



Laura Miller regularly reviews X-rated videos for *Future Sex*, and is a worker-owner of *Good Vibrations*.

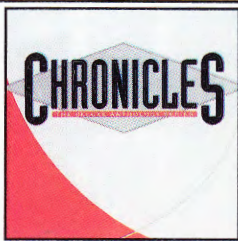
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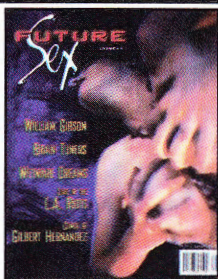
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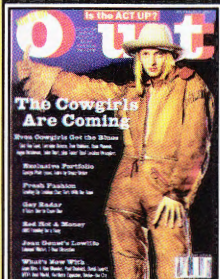


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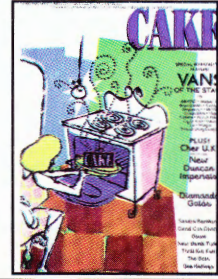
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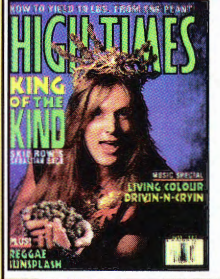
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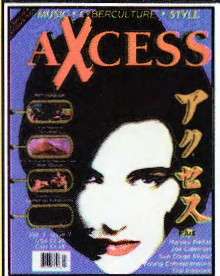
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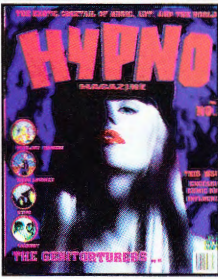
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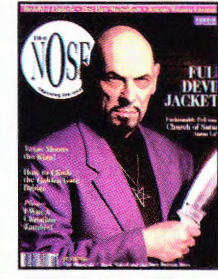
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# REUNION

BY WAGNER JAMES AU

**Maybe they did, after all. There was a long marble hall that led away from the cocktails and cigar smoke. And when the ambassador and the editor turned away from him for the briefest moment to discuss a fine point, she grabbed the physicist's arm firmly, and led him off.**

He was not inclined to protest; he grunted noncommittally, and shuffled along after her. The party thinned, the marble recessed, became plush carpeting, and then they were in the clear.

All the while, he had been configuring in his head the back side of the universe. Abruptly, he realized he was no longer at the party at all. Some woman or other had led him away, some new cinema ingenue, he seemed to recall, and apparently this was her now, bending and pulling home the brass bolt to the silent bedroom that he found himself in.

"Miss..." He began sternly. Then she turned to face him.

This young lady had a child's pure complexion that already seemed to smooth over too many griefs. Her woman's body arced excessively, luxuriously. She chewed her lip as she turned to face him, and he became aware that he was fidgeting before her, fingering his frayed tuxedo.

She guided him to the bed. She smoothed him out carefully with jeweled hands. He was tall, barrel-chested. His head was cranial, so huge it seemed to hunch him over, under his halo of silver hair, his leather face, his melancholy eyes.

The theoretician was not so naive, however, as generally believed. So when he found her hands fluttering over his shirt, undoing the studs, he knew, more or less, what she was after.

This had happened before, with earnest coeds, socialites; it was inevitable. And always, he would rebuff via complete obliviousness, only grasping their insinuations as a vague afterthought much later. But tonight, awareness was parallel with the event. And from abstract curiosity, if nothing else, he found that he was acquiescing.





Jeff Gompertz

He let her expose his chest, a wide expanse of chamois. She seemed to undo his clothing with a sort of awed reverence. It was a uniquely remarkable event, this woman's sighing kisses on his mouth, along his torso.

The actress had only recently understood that this was the most she would ever be allowed. They would laugh at her reading *Finnegan's Wake*, snicker at her devotion to Stanislavsky. But this, they expected *this* from her. Even as a child. Only this time, she had sought one out herself. The others had pursued and toyed with her. It had taken everything to approach him, to outrageously abduct him. For the first time, she was actually afraid of being spurned. She wanted his ideas, the heat of his brilliance; if that couldn't be allowed, she would do the next best thing.

She had to hike her dress high over her thighs to straddle him. She eased away his shirt and coat. For his part, he let his weathered

hands absently continue her gown upward. There was a silky ambiguity, he thought, to her flesh, her candied skin. He demonstrated empirically: He ran his teeth and awkward tongue across it.

His chaotic mustache prickled her senses and an intimate warmth zoomed through her. She glanced down, found her thighs indelicately grinding against his hips, searching for his erection, somewhere in...there. She focused, plowing that very spot, trying to line it up with her own. Finding it and rutting on it madly.

Her pink-white flushed to wine-red. She froze with her legs around him, her arms locking his head into her breasts. She whimpered and her face spun into a blur, slack mouth a dark O blazing.

Eventually, she loosened and slumped onto the bed. She expected him to leave now, and resigned, she kept still, to let him exit with dignity.

But he was staring with fascination at this panting creature. He let his hands graze over her filmy planes. He studied her, wondrous. "Young lady, you are beautiful..."

His tenderness was unbearably moving. She lifted his palms to her breasts. She surveyed for his buckle and zipper, hopefully, and found his cock. It was wrist-thick, compact, and attentive beyond its years, floating in a cloud of white pubes. His balls were heavy and smelled like a father's drawing room pipe.

She found that he could move in a sort of ponderous, unrelenting way. Molding her folds with those construction-man hands of his, almost like Madgie's, almost lifting her bodily with his gripping caresses...but so very gentle. Not like Madgie, the lean, long sportsman, foolish as a boy with his lady fans, like that freckled brunette he led into their bedroom; who ended up spread out below her, face in her sloppy pussy. Ah, Madgie, do we have to?

Nagging like a puppy, Madgie got the fan to open wide enough to be penetrated with his prize oak slugger. And Madgie had *her* do the honors, sticking it to the brunette deep while she licked at her nub; and Madgie gripping her ass hard enough to scream and pulverizing her womb from behind. Not like Madgie at all, this serene series of clutches, this brilliant gentleman.

With all that rushing in her head, she came again, bolting, ramming his hand into her cunt, which he'd been scrupulously avoiding so far. Once there, amazed, he writhed his fingers and splayed them, let his thumb flip over the swollen clitoris. He'd buried it to the wrist, and now she was thrashing on it in spasms. He slowly removed it, and came away with a handful of honey.

She had a rule. She didn't get to make up the rest of them, so she made some for herself, dammit. If they were going to demand it of her, if that was just what she had to do, then *she* would be in charge. So she squirmed up the mattress, opened herself with two fingers, and guided his prick inside herself.

"Put it in me," she murmured. A heavy curl hung over her eyes, a gold comma. She was positively glowing. "Hold my legs wide, too..." The head was already mushrooming just inside her lips. He obeyed, gripping a slim heel left and right, unfolding her like wings. Releasing the weight of his frame on her, he plummeted in.

The theoretician's cock seemed to her like a wedge, like it spread her insides out; the sensation not so much penetrating, but opening. Filling, melting, merging. Her next climax thrummed low, subterranean.

He fell into a fugue of slow thrusting, awkward at first. He'd draped her legs over his shoulders, and the gamin arches of her feet before his eyes made him contemplative. It had an elegant grace, this humid synchronizing of rhythms, integration of textures and sounds.

Before he knew it she had risen, easing him on his back. She untangled his limbs, then flattened herself down on that joyous, searching perpendicular.

He watched, stunned. His own stamina he found mysterious. He did seem to recollect a famous filmmaker, a renowned lecher, who'd regaled him drunkenly once. The gentleman had babbled an anecdote of three debutante morsels, none above 18, whom he'd arranged in a row, on hands and knees, pretty asses high, in tandem. Slapping his back, "... and kept at it for two hours, old boy, encunting them five minutes at a time. Drained sev'ral *petit mors* from each of them till they were whimperin' like guinea pigs. And not a drop spilled, guv'nor, to the very end. You get to be our age, there's no rushing it, and you can do that, you know."

As the reverie recessed, he noticed that the young woman was on him in an unbecoming squat, that she was flushed purple neck to chest, that her hands were sensuously kneading her abdomen, which swelled visibly in rhythm to her thrusts, and that this was in fact the point of his erection piercing her through.

Suddenly she froze, as if speared to the guts. She managed a choked whisper.

"It is so... *delicious*."

Then she screamed, bouncing on him obscenely, soaking him, traveling his full length one last time before collapsing.

It all seemed to give her a transcendent, roseate gleam. She gripped him and extricated herself. She swiveled and lowered her spacious ass to his face. Intuiting his unfamiliarity, she helped position her clitoris just over his

tongue, for the theoretician to lap at. He obliged like a schoolboy, like a Labrador. All viscous with lust, the actress cooed and shuddered. On hands and knees, she began a little climbing motion; when the pleasure was excruciating she shifted, running her whole opening across his mouth, glittering his mustache, then burying him in her cheeks, pausing at her star-kissed asshole. She had him lick there, too, and told him to make his tongue sharp, to probe her. Then back again, ass cheeks to engorged cunt to clit, in gasps.

The theoretician was finding this act entirely agreeable. It put him in the mind of meditation. With his body occupied, his tongue playing over the seaweed and shellfish of the ingenue's vulva, he began to imagine elaborate theorems, intricate geometries, far more sublime than he had ever made before. He saw orbits and gravitation fields like woven textures. He was even able to accept Heisenberg's capricious particles; in these moments, he now saw them as sensual flourishes, maverick partners to the whole grand, magnificent order.

And in her own way, she was right along with him. Writhing on his mouth, the ecstasy in her head, she seemed to see in staggering patterns and structures she'd never dreamed of, as if his tongue sparked his most essential thoughts along her body. In her best moments before the camera, she also felt like a lightning rod, as if she could make words and subtexts crackle in every gesture she made. She squirmed on him, she slathered his face, she suffocated him.

Her whole backside was slick with orgasm. She inched her way down. She guided her ass to his crotch, in a chaos of rage. She forced him into her; he resisted, shying and straying. There was an adjusting, and then he reamed in several inches. She swooned.

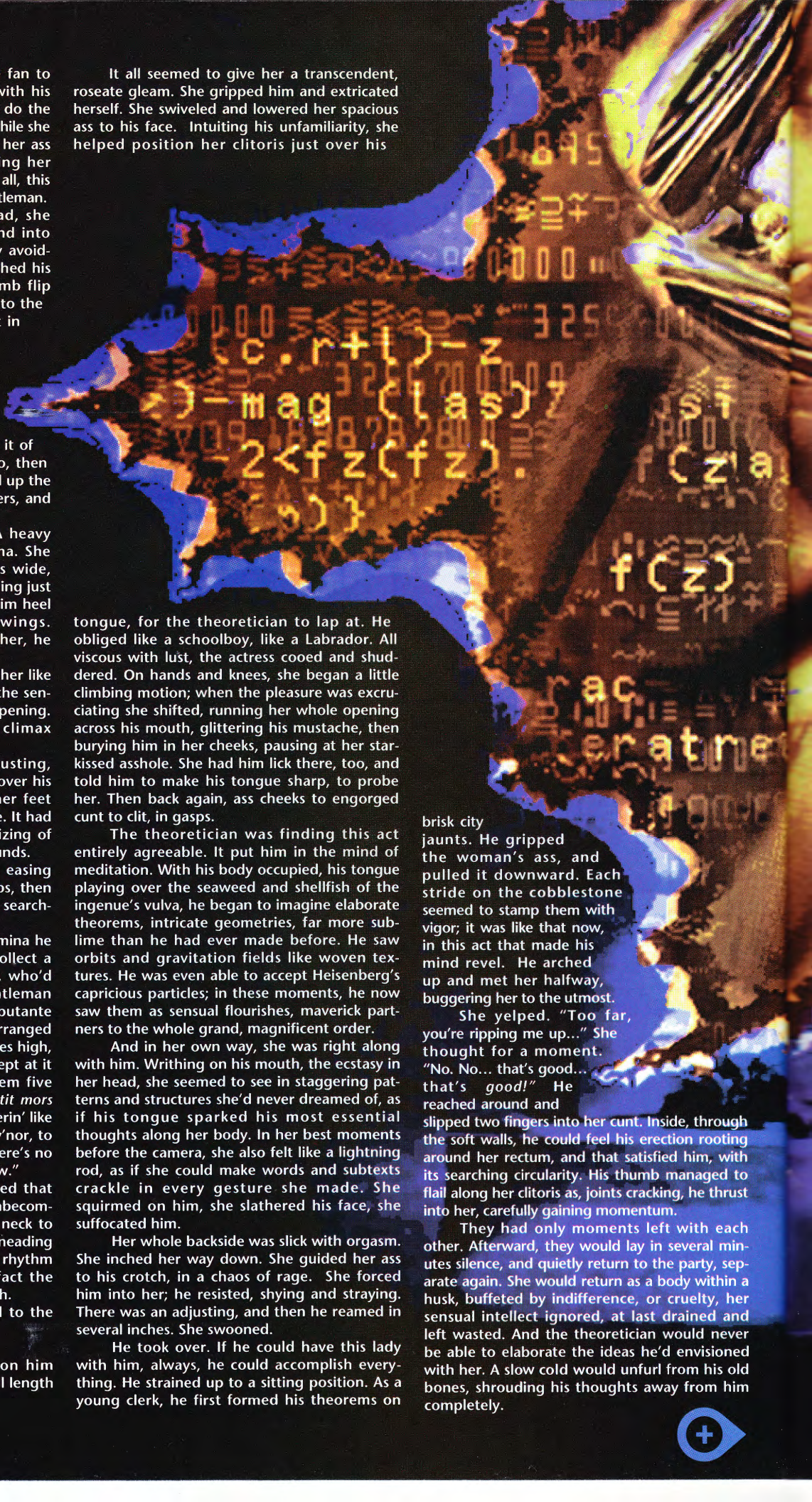
He took over. If he could have this lady with him, always, he could accomplish everything. He strained up to a sitting position. As a young clerk, he first formed his theorems on

brisk city jaunts. He gripped the woman's ass, and pulled it downward. Each stride on the cobblestone seemed to stamp them with vigor; it was like that now, in this act that made his mind revel. He arched up and met her halfway, bugging her to the utmost.

She yelped. "Too far, you're ripping me up..." She thought for a moment.

"No. No... that's good... that's good!" He reached around and slipped two fingers into her cunt. Inside, through the soft walls, he could feel his erection rooting around her rectum, and that satisfied him, with its searching circularity. His thumb managed to flail along her clitoris as, joints cracking, he thrust into her, carefully gaining momentum.

They had only moments left with each other. Afterward, they would lay in several minutes silence, and quietly return to the party, separate again. She would return as a body within a husk, buffeted by indifference, or cruelty, her sensual intellect ignored, at last drained and left wasted. And the theoretician would never be able to elaborate the ideas he'd envisioned with her. A slow cold would unfurl from his old bones, shrouding his thoughts away from him completely.





But there was a moment when he finally groaned, "My God." He churned her ass, and she began to enthrall upon his hand, feeling his cock steel, then burst and melt her insides to oblivion. Just before she had to clamp them shut, to ride out the aftershock, she locked eyes with him. At that moment they were together, mind and body, mind to body, moving together. Nothing mattered but that moment, nothing ever will, nothing.

*An exile from Hawaii, James lives and writes in San Francisco, strolling cyberspace (wjamesand@well.sf.ca.us) from time to time.*

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# CUP



# I D S BLACK Dei

BY ANGEL CAMP

*"Force Blame,  
And with a Blonde push  
Over your impotence, Flits steam."*

*-Emily Dickinson*

**1** JASON

"You are an incredibly beautiful woman," Jason says, flicking my nipple with his agile, young finger. "You have a dark soul."

In Ardeth's bungalow, Jason comes in my mouth and, later, uses a condom when he fucks me. Lust has no logic. Oh, but it's worse than that. Jason is fifteen years younger than me. He smokes cigarettes. He's bisexual. He's dabbled with needles.

Jason could be the son I abandoned to adoption





when I was a teen. His hair is dirty blonde, like mine. After his fourth glass of *aqua vitae*, his blue eyes are milky. I unbutton his shirt and loll my tongue along his chest. In wavering candlelight, I can barely see that his left nipple is pierced with a pair of studs that look like a mini barbell. Jason moans as I warm the metal with my mouth.

"Sweetheart, your lips were *maaaade* for blowjobs," Jason drawls, closing his eyes.

At 1 a.m., dressed again and headed toward the Black Widow Saloon for a nightcap, we reek of sex. Playful Jason waylays me against the tinny bark of a mock willow and licks a trace of cum from the corner of my mouth. Above the sector's horizon, the wan moon tilts into the inky horizon.

"We are two sides of a talisman," I tell Jason in the noisy saloon where a sullen transvestite is tending bar.

As I raise my tumbler and down a mysterious warm concoction, Jason wistfully tells me about his illegitimate son, a cheerful child living in an Orlando commune. Jason's voice drifts off. I touch his hand and say nothing. When a U2 oldie pulsates from the juke screen, Jason is revived. He orders another round, but the eagle-eyed bartender has caught sight of Jason's inner wrist.

"What's this, handsome?" the TV sneers, grabbing Jason's arm and pinning it, palm up, on the scummy surface of the bar.

Jason smiles and takes a drag on the cigarette he's holding in his free hand. "Gee, I dunno, monkey tits. It's not your phone number, is it?"

She grips Jason's wrist more tightly and pulls it into the light cast by the juke screen. A small crowd gathers behind us. On Jason's wrist, I am not too surprised to see a vitragon—the tattooed arrangement of ruby arrows that signifies a haywire immune system. The Medical Police have been doodling on Jason's skin.

Several of the onlookers gasp.

"Get out," the TV tells us. Jason is undaunted.

"Enough foreplay," he laughs, sweeping his gold pieces of change off the bar. "Let's go home and screeew!"

Outside the Black Widow, under the sputter of antiquated neon, Jason shoves his knee between my legs and cups my bottom.

"You should have told me," I admonish half-heartedly.

"Told you what?"

"Did you get it in a rehab center?" I'm breathless as he fingers the crack between my cheeks. "Or...a...medic...camp?"

"Get what?"

The tingling sensation in my ass is shooting toward my cunt. I think longingly of Jason's cock inside me.

"You...know...what."

Jason stops groping me.

"Do you really need to know where I got this?" he asks, shoving his tattooed wrist in front of my face. "Okay, I'll tell you. I got it from a Confederated quack. I went AWOL from one of the army's precious squadrons and this was my punishment." His blue eyes blaze. "Bastards."

I touch his lips with trembling fingers.

"I may be branded," he says, "but I'm clean. You have to trust me."

"Yes," I tell him. "I trust you."

Fifteen minutes later and mid-fuck on Ardeth's bed, Jason pauses, his huge, hard, condom-sheathed dick poised gracefully inside me. This is his high-wire act.

"Christ, what's that?" he asks.

I crane my neck toward the night stand where Ardeth's husband's remains are housed in a day-glow urn.

"Oh, that," I answer. "That's Ardeth's old man. He died last month." Jason ponders this briefly, then resumes his ride of me. For the third time in as many hours, he comes, panting my name, yelling F-U-C-K! Praising the allure of my cunt, tongue, lips, eyes, ass.

Jason leaves me at dawn. He slips effortlessly into his slim clothing, all six feet of him. In cowboy boots and denim jacket, he walks cockily down Ardeth's driveway. Astride his Harley, he glances back at the bungalow and blows me a kiss. When the roar of his bike is an echo, I try to sleep, but succumb, instead, to reminiscence.

A few hours later, Jason calls, his voice full of hunger. My breasts ache at the sound of his entreaties.

"Yes," I say, "come back now." I tell myself I'm not hooked. I tell myself I'm only chipping. I consider love, but settle for desire.

**Rape**

Cicada. Swamp. Low moons. New Orleans and Jason. He is AWOL from his squadron again. His compatriots are already halfway to Venus while Jason woos me from remote Louisiana Telecentres.

He calls me late at night and asks me to striptease in front of Ardeth's bedroom tele screen. His own grainy image is always a shock. How can he be getting more handsome? Being on the lam agrees with him.

He doesn't sleep. His eating habits are outrageous—fried oysters and Rolling Rock sustain him. And yet, there he is, with a faded mural of Audubon Park waving in the background, exuding salubrity. The All-American Boy.

Sometimes when he calls, I watch him beat off and then I lie back on the futon and reciprocate. He talks me through my orgasms—like a blind man reinventing Braille.

One morning at dawn, he calls from a Fedop speed train. As he speaks into the telescreen, I see the red ball of sun shimmering over his shoulder, beyond a battalion of cypress. The sleek train jets through the salty marshes of Mississippi and into the verdant pine forests of Alabama. In an hour—Quebec.

"You're getting reckless," I tell him. "You should stay away from the Feds."

Jason laughs. "Fuck the Feds! They can send out their bloodhounds and stormtroopers, but they'll never lasso this kid."

I believe him.

"Sweetheart," he murmurs. "That's not why I called. I've heard rumors about rape gangs working your sector. Be careful."

I glance at Ardeth's dark windows. She'll be home in a month. I tell myself that I'll be fine until then. The nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away.

"I've got the alarm system—"

"Don't get raped unless you want to get raped," he smiles slyly and lights a cigarette.

Jason, my one-man infotainment troupe. My cheeks blaze, but before I can suggest a Jack 'n' Jill-off session, Jason speaks again.

"Listen," he says, putting his cheek to the telescreen monitor, "there's nothing more eerie than the sound of your own train whistle arriving at a crossing."

I hear the shuttle's lament. Jason blows me a kiss and the screen goes blank. Whenever he leaves me this way, my veins run to quicksilver.

**3. CONCEPTION**

One night I return to Ardeth's past midnight. It's been three weeks since I've heard from Jason. I've started dating a predictable young stud from my office, but I'm bored, missing Jason's repertoire of shenanigans. Juggling a bulky grocery bag and my briefcase, I fumble with Ardeth's fat array of keys until I find

the one to the bungalow's back door. I stand in the dark crevice of space between the garage and the back porch. The porch light has gone out and I silently curse Ardeth for not having installed a neon lock.

As I set the groceries on the porch, I hear a scuffing sound a few yards away. My pulse quickens and I hold my breath, expecting a stray dog or cat to suddenly appear. Nothing.

The indolent belly of night is thick and mute as my eyes search the bushes. After a minute, there is another scuffing sound. My throat tightens.

"Who's there?" I shout hoarsely, setting my briefcase down. Without looking at Ardeth's keys, I finger them until I've got the longest one firmly held between my thumb and forefinger.

Slowly, in the shadow of the garage, a tall, masculine shape takes form—its molecules magically coalescing—and moves toward me. Two calm, bright eyes peer out at me through a sliver of flesh in the hood on the man's head. His voice is deep—like a child imitating a bear.

"So, bitch," he begins, standing a few feet away from me. "Looking for trouble?"

My heart thumps as he nears me.

"My boyfriend will be here in a minute," I lie.

"Oh, really?" He says a foot away from me.

"Are you sure about that?"

"If you move one more inch," I warn, fingering Ardeth's keys. "I'll rip your heart out."

"That wouldn't be a very nice thing to do, sweetheart," he says softly. "Not after all we've meant to each other."

The sound of Jason's voice thrills me. It's been too long. Time is suspended, locked in the loop of chilly night air that separates us. I am totally unprepared for this newest gambol. He grabs my arm to spin me around and my wrist cracks. My cheek is crushed by the metal of the door, pain shoots through my head.

I can feel his stiff cock through the fabric of my cape. His hands expertly snake through the layers of my clothing and into my crotch.

"Oh, yesssss," he sighs. "Is this what you want...where?"

He tears his hood off and I can smell the sweet fragrance of his hair.

*Don't wimp out!* I tell myself. *Show him you're game.*

I thrust my elbow into his stomach and delight in his astonishment.

He pins my wrists to the door above my head. With his other hand, he continues to peel away my undergarments. He warns me to be good.

"Don't pull that retro crap on me now," he pants, ripping my underwear.

When I kick his shin with the heel of my boot, he mauls my clitoris and the blood rushes to my temple. He tears at the snaps on his jeans and his cock bobs out. It is hot and smooth

against my ass and, as he bends me over to probe my cunt, I am already coming.

He does not use a condom this time. He does not ask if he should pull out. He fucks me viciously and then fucks me again as we stand together in blackness. I begin to weep and he falls to his knees to kiss my clit.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart."

The seed inside me is already growing. Jason rises and bites the back of my neck. He is hard again. He is drawing blood. He is fucking me again. He will never stop coming.

I feel like a saucer of liquid mercury.



*Angel Camp is the alter ego of writer Rachel Hickerson. "Henry Miller was my grandparents' housemate in New York City from 1926-1928. My childhood was steeped in Miller lore. You might say sex writing is in my bones."*

*Ken Perez is a recent graduate of the Academy of Art. His work has appeared in publications such as SOMA magazine and San Francisco Examiner's Image magazine. He is currently living in San Francisco.*

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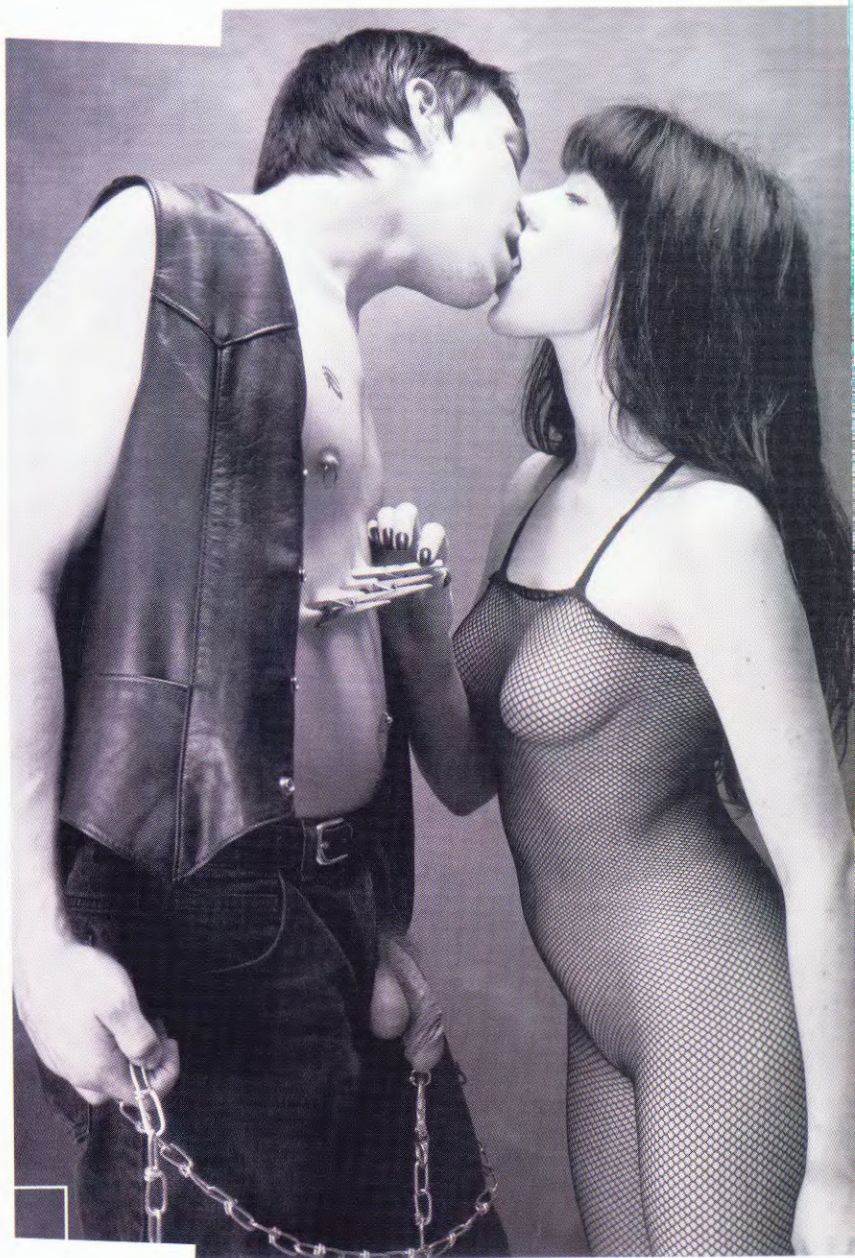
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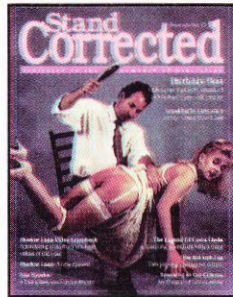
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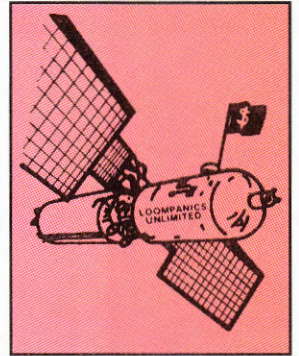
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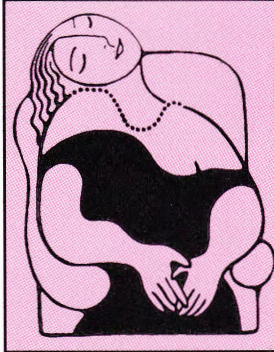
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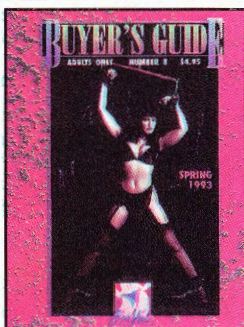
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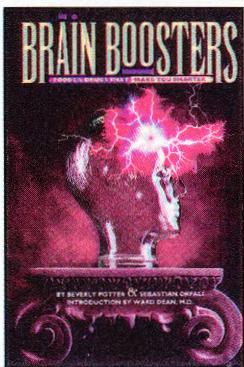
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**Item No. 75** Cassette \$20  
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 Voice-verified females gain free access

In the English Palace, devotees of S/M, B/D and the related arts will find an online community of like-minded practitioners. Based in New Jersey, a major source of pain in and of itself, this three-year-old BBS is a charmingly perverse electronic playground. A large library of fiction (Why a Grape is "Like a Nipple," and the seven-episode meisterwerk "Your Slip is Showing, Soldier"), articles ("Detailed story of LABIA MINORA PIERCING"), movies ("Shaved

pussy being fucked," the curiously coy "F\*cking and s\*cking at the same time") and GIFs ("Locked in place with alien advancing") should keep even the most hardened cyberporn fan, well, hardened. Actually, the fans in this board are equally likely to be wet—the females-fly-free policy attracts an unusually high percentage of active women users. Doubtless a receptive audience for the Womb Broom dildos offered at the online sex/fetish shopping mall, where the disembodiment of cyberspace is taken to new heights (depths?) with the impressively non-virtual Superhand Fist Fucker dildo.

Users combat electronic depersonalization through very active real-time chat and biweekly face-to-face meetings for brunches, dinners and occasional private parties at New York City's The Vault.

—Aubin St. Malo

### EYE CONTACT

Modem: 415-255-5972  
 Voice: 800-949-2668  
 \$15/month with six hours daily access

The San Francisco-based BBS Eye Contact provides gay and bi guys with a forum for explicit sex talk, a vast selection of GIF files, a "Graffiti Wall" (an electronic bathroom wall, of sorts), and a matchmaker service where you can advertise directly to an attentive audience. A smutty sense of humor permeates this virtual community, as does a will-



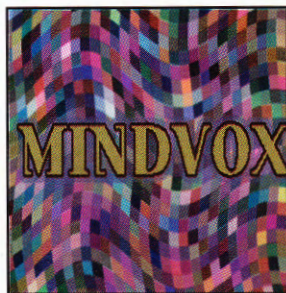
ingness to follow whatever threads pop up, be they serious discussions of health issues or sweaty-fisted pulse accelerators. Maneuvering through the board is relatively intuitive, and for those who get lost, help is just a phone call away (even, amazingly, at 10 p.m. at night!).

—Paul Kimball

### MINDVOX

Modem: 212-989-4141  
 Voice: 1-800-MINDVOX  
 Rates: \$10/month for local MindVox system; \$17.50 for MindVox and Internet access

Looking for a truly free online forum? MindVox, in New York City, is a big, bold BBS for bad boys of the net. "It's the only way I can maintain my obsession with the workings of the telephone system—legally," says Bruce Fancher, co-founder of MindVox along with Patrick Kroupa. On a recent national holiday, MindVox management urged all users to do drugs, not alcohol, because there were so many more "interesting possibilities" (these possibilities were spelled out explicitly online in the Drugs Forum and the Drugs Archives). On MindVox, Federal agent Kim Clancy runs



a forum for cops and hackers, while in "ThugWorld," participants discuss interesting new ways to make explosive devices. There's a Sex Forum, of course, but oddly enough, it's somewhat conservative (a topic search found no match for "S/M" or "B/D"). Perhaps *Future Sex* readers can remedy this.

—Charles Platt

## Software

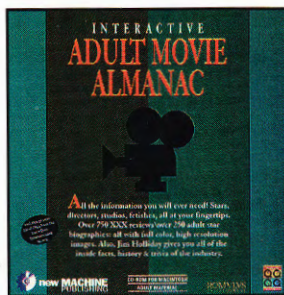
### INTERACTIVE ADULT

**MOVIE ALMANAC**  
 New Machine Publishing  
 Requirements: 2 MB RAM, 8-bit minimum, color monitor recommended CD ROM, \$99.95

For all it is, the *Adult Almanac* is bound to exasperate those of us who've spent the better part of our lives with the immediacy of the

TV remote fused to our hands. This program is impressively exhaustive but maddeningly poky, and the lack of clear instructions make it harder for the uninitiated to navigate around. Click on one of 250 stars'

names or over 750 film titles, and all the vital stats—from a performer's specialties to the fetish appeal of a video—come up with a color still. Follow Georgina



Spelvin from original Miss Jones to her current status as small-town church choir member, or separate the must-sees from the don't-bothers in the *Talk Dirty to Me* series. (The research-minded can cross-reference any of the highlighted information in the entry.) But if in your enthusiasm to bone up on the oeuvre of actress-turned-auteur Candida Royalle you start clicking away too fast, you'll find yourself frozen in screen limbo for an eternity. The Almanac also offers QuickTime clips of such recent E-Ticket adult vids as *Night Trips* and *Hidden Obsessions*.

—Mary Elizabeth Williams

### SEXXCAPADES

Sexy Software  
 Requirements: IBM AT or better, 5.1 MB RAM, 256 VGA monitor  
 \$79

Here's big fun: get a group of friends together around the computer in your den. Load up *SeXXcapades*, "The first adult computer game with True Sound™ and 256 color VGA graphics." The game has a border of squares, marked "Tongue Time," "Oral Alley," "Touchy Feely," "First Sex," etc. Everybody gets \$100 in funny money and takes turns going around the board. If you land on the "Show Off" square, the computer orders you to "Show everyone your cock" (or another body part, based on your gender) and a grainy, jerky loop of some guy rubbing his dick appears in the center of the board. The reasoning behind this? I guess if the guy on the screen is willing to flash his dong, it'll entice you to do the same. If you land on a square

marked "Fortune" you'll get to read a hilarious message like, "You woke up and your tits were bigger! Collect \$100" or "Your doctor says you don't have VDI!" The rules that come with *SeXXcapades* explain the philosophy behind the different squares. For example, "Lose Clothes and Show Off provide the gradual lessening of clothes." What about the rapid lessening of interest as you play this game?

—Mark Frauenfelder



## Video

### BITTERSWEET! A TRUE LOVE STORY

Directed by Alice B. Brave  
 House O' Chicks

It's funny to start off a review of an S/M dyke porn video by saying that the most shocking thing in it is a kiss, but it's true. *Bittersweet* follows a dominatrix as she returns home from "a hard day of work at the dungeon." After a candlelight bath, she dresses in corset and boots, before she and her submissive partner play with piercing, flagellation and fisting.

Visually, *Bittersweet* is impressive, with a grainy video texture enhancing the images. It's proof that low budget doesn't mean amateurish. The film foregoes dialogue, and instead has a "women's music" soundtrack. You can turn down



the volume, but you'll miss the crack of the whip and other good sounds.

At the end, actresses Gabriela and Michaela exchange a kiss that's caring, tender and—almost unheard of in porn—genuine. This kiss is the guarantee that what you've just seen is a true love story. \$34.95 from House O'Chicks, 2215-R Market St., #813, San Francisco, CA 94114.

—Daphne Gottlieb



### PEEPING TOM

Directed by Michael Powell  
Voyager

Long before slick slasher flicks like *Halloween*, Michael Powell created a sexual horror film that thrust the filmgoer into the killer's point of view. On this newly-released laserdisc version of the film, Karl Boehm plays Mark, a photographer who has a side job shooting "nude" photos. Mark's clandestine porn biz brings him into contact with a lot of women's bodies. He develops a fascination with physical imperfection, and documents his obsession by filming his models as he murders them. Powell uses the camera as a weapon, showing us Mark's attacks from his point of view—through the camera lens right into the faces of his victims.

*Peeping Tom* is a movie about voyeurism; it asks questions about the role of both filmmakers and viewers in creating the world that is depicted on the screen. This isn't a sexy movie. You won't get turned on by its 60s nude layouts, but as a film that looks at both sex and obsession in an honest and intelligent way, *Peeping Tom* was way ahead of its time.

—Richard Kadrey



### THE REHEARSAL

Directed by John Leslie  
VCA Platinum

Unlike most X-rated videos, where skipping the dialogue and scanning for the sex scenes is the norm, *The Rehearsal* may have you doing just the opposite. Hotshot director John Leslie (still one of the sexiest guys in porn after all these years) plays himself in this well-fabricated look behind the scenes at a sex film rehearsal. As Leslie paces around the set explaining the script (a sordid and confusing love story) and chain smokes, the camera follows along in quick-cut documentary style. Since the actors are all allegedly rehearsing their lines for the first time, this video doesn't lose points for clunky delivery. Of course, they also practice the sex scenes. Aside from a so-so sticky-between Rocco Siffredi and Cody O'Connor, and a three-way where rocker dude/Primitive wannabe Tom Byron

comes all over two women's faces and then kisses them both, the sex is predictably wham-bam. What's most interesting about this video is the third eye it adds to the voyeuristic nature of porn: We watch the actors watch each other fuck. If only these layers of intrigue were lined with better sex.

—Lisa Palac



### SODOMANIA IV

Directed by Patrick Collins  
Elegant Angel

If you've had it with nicey-nice sex videos trying to woo you with glossy production rather than erotic intensity, watch this. Like *Tales from the Dark Side* with sex, these five vignettes take sodomy, dildos and domination to a tough, wet place. While most of the talent is still cut from the same blow-dried L.A. mold (except Misty Rain who has small, real breasts), their performances are ruthlessly indulgent. Simply stated, everyone gets every hole filled—even one of the guys. When a peeping tom (Gerry Pike) gets busted by two Sunset Strip chicks, (Tara Monroe and Nikki Shane) they kick his ass—then fuck it. Such gems are practically unprecedented in the hetero porn mines.

—I. Castle



### A TASTE OF SHANE

Directed by David Aaron Clark and Jian Carlo  
Skybound Video

"How many other men know what it is like to be a pet? To be the property of another?" The words of Slave O lacquer the opening montage of Mistress Shane's digitized image. The scene is an altar, where Slave comes to worship: a cross shaped by portraits of Mistress, dark and luscious. Of course, his offerings are never good enough and he's punished for his sins. Her cruel hand baits him with a dagger, sticks clothespins on his balls, deals out hot wax and feeds him her rubber cock. Then she offers him communion and pisses in his mouth. This is a true story of dominance and submission cut with a cool, cinematic ribbon. Quotes from metasexualist writer Marco Vassi illuminate the headtrip of masochism, and music



by False Virgins creates a porn soundtrack that's actually listenable. \$62.95 ppd. from: Shane, P.O. Box 766, Peter Stuyvesant Ste., NY, NY 10009. Orders must include over-21 age verification.

—Lisa Palac

## Music

### THE COPULATIN' BLUES CD

Jazz Records/Natasha Imports

If you believe knee-jerk revisionists like Tipper Gore, you'll believe that bands like 2 Live Crew invented pop songs with dirty words and themes. For anyone with that impression, this disc will be an educational experience. It doesn't take a congressional committee to figure out the meaning of tunes with titles like "Please Warm My Wiener," "You Stole My Cherry" and "If I Can't Sell It, I'll Keep Sittin' On It (Before I Give It Away)." The musical styles range from boogie-woogie to blues to New Orleans jazz, and the voices have that lust-for-life delight that you only hear when people are getting away with murder and they know it.

—Richard Kadrey



### DIAMANDA GALAS: JUDGMENT DAY

Directed by H-Gun  
Atavistic/Mute

### VENA CAVA

Mute/Elektra

For those unfamiliar with vocalist Diamanda Galas' basic themes—illness, madness and sexual power—the opening shot of this '92 concert video (her tattooed fingers reading "We Are All HIV+") serve as a clue. What follows, though, is not a bludgeoning guilt trip but an intensely entertaining picture of Galas, a rare artist who is as much about performing as recording. Though there are messages here—a diatribe against a Benetton ad, and a dance-derivative, homoerotically-charged rant/ rave "Scream of Love"—most of this 50-minute film is a grainy, intimate rendering (interspersed with occasional dream images) of Galas' last album. Her three-octave vocalizing and dramatic piano apply a mutated gospel-bop-blues spirituality to songs including Roy Acuff's "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?", Willie Dixon's "Insane Asylum," Billie Holiday's "Gloomy Sunday" and Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put a Spell On You."

Her new album *Vena Cava* continues on the not-so-heavy-handed treatment (despite media portrayals) of AIDS-related power and suffering, calling on the inspirations of Maria Callas, Yoko



Ono, Marian Anderson and Lydia Lunch. Evoking spirituality, fear, tenderness, dread, humor and ecstasy—the rainbow of human emotional response—it is not as easy a ride as *Judgment*, but certainly as powerful.

—Eric Gladstone

**DONNA SUMMER**

*The Donna Summer Anthology*  
Casablanca Records/Mercury Records

T.G.I. Donna Summer, the woman whose knack for orgasmic moaning on the beat made her disco's faithful queen. Her lustful menu of tunes—a career's worth—is documented in *The Donna Summer Anthology*. The early tracks



are by far the best. She commands "Dim All The Lights", she exclaims ("I Love You"), she craves "Hot Stuff" and she explains ("I Feel Love"). Before dancing became catatonic—inconstant tempo, marginal vocals and chilly nesting rooms—Summer's anthology of songs celebrated making love on the dance floor with an urgency and flair that transcended disco's repetitiveness.

—Allison Diamond

**IN YO' FACE, VOLS. 1-6**

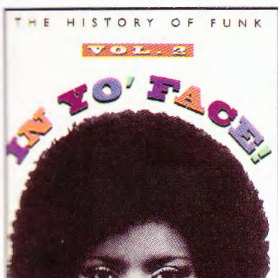
Rhino Records

**PARLIAMENT**

*Tear The Roof Off, 1974-80*  
Casablanca

If you have a need to funk that is unquenchable, this six-volume Rhino compilation is pure satisfaction. Perfect for a humping duo sheet tango (platforms optional), such classics as "Jungle Boogie" and "Play That Funky Music" are included in one of the most comprehensive collections of funk to be found.

Where Rhino is "in yo' face," Parliament is "doin' it in your ear-hole." On *Tear The Roof Off*, a five-CD boxed set, George Clinton (as Star Child) and his extraterrestrial brothers (Bernie Worrell, Bootsie Collins et al.) take on arthritis, the



establishment and other "defects" with a velvet tongue-in-cheek. Coming out of an age of progress and change, Parliament reflects the attitude of a decade. Scathing social commentary on the lily-



whiteness of the White House, mood pills and pop culture hits the mark without leaving a bitter taste in your mouth. Parliament is not just music, it's the Mothership of religions.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

**MARVIN SEASE**

*The Housekeeper*  
Jive Records

"This song is dedicated to all the lovers in the house/especially the ones who think they wrote the book/you know, there was a time in my life I thought I wrote the book, too." Marvin Sease is the open book. Here, he speaks to his listeners, letting them in on his meditations and declarations of love. He thinks the President should make a law—all women should have a man to come home to and no woman should go unloved. Marvin's music—more sprightly Motown than ballady R&B—celebrates women. His corny, simple love songs are in fact sincere, not condescending. He's at his best with a generous heart and a full mouth on the irresistible track, "I Ate The Whole Thing."



And he tells it like it is: "it was so good...believe me it was good."

—Allison Diamond

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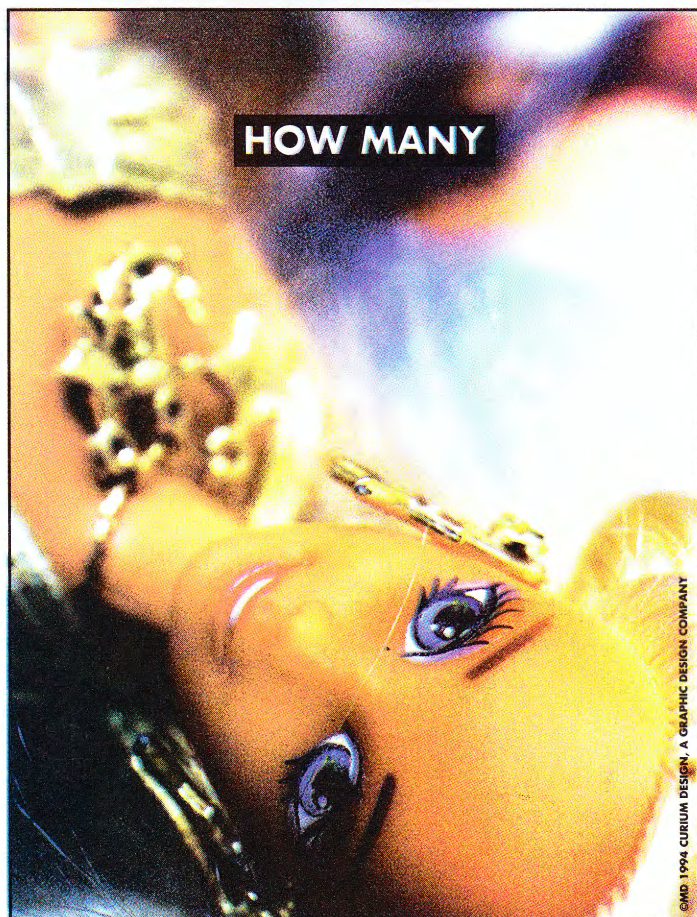
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tunes one, three and five, but skip two and four, Debbie Jaffe (the brains behind MSR) doesn't give you that luxury. MSR is about sound; it's about point of view. It's



about power taken and given. The images on *My State of Evil Dreams* revolve around forbidden fantasies: S/M, castration, religious ecstasy and piss dreams. An MSR recording is the aural equivalent of a night on the rack, where the intimacy of skin on skin is interrupted by the whip, and vice versa. You can come along for the ride or stay at home, but there's no going halfway on this disc.

—Richard Kadrey

### MAZZY STAR

*So Tonight That I Might See*  
Capitol Records



There's a murmur in the air. Imagine Hope Sandoval, lead singer of Mazzy Star, standing on stage with her head cocked to one side, letting the words whisper their way out of her mouth. Sometimes her serenade sounds more like she's nodding off. Sometimes her vocals seem cold but polite, like a partner who complies willingly and quietly with a lover's mechanical needs. This second record is as misty, lush and sensual as their debut release.

—Allison Diamond

### ONE DOVE

*Morning Dove White*  
f.f.r.r.

"I don't know why I'm telling you any of this," vocalist Dot Alison near-whispers, "the important thing is don't ever tell anybody." Thus begins the confessional trip of *Morning Dove White*, a soundtrack to a secret afternoon of hidden pleasures. Like an ethereal-electro world beat, this debut from Glasgow's One Dove mixes melodic and

endearing (even at times Abba-esque) singing with trippy synths, gravity-defying rhythms, spacey congas, jazzy organ, the occasional burst of playful feedback and dub production. As One Dove interject themes of sci-fi and Indian mysticism with the rhythms of heartbeats and hard breath, there's little denying that this is music to get (creative) juices flowing.

—Eric Gladstone

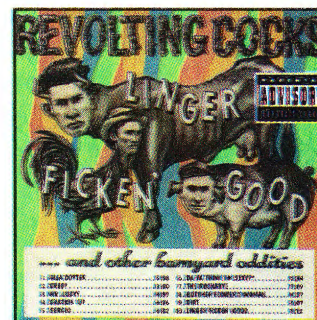


### REVOLTING COCKS

*Linger Ficken' Good . . . and other barnyard oddities*  
Sire/Reprise

From the first words of LSD guru Dr. Timothy Leary's introduction—"Hey, kids, want a soundtrack that'll make you feel tense?" *Linger Ficken' Good* sounds in line with the last three albums by this Ministry side project, seeking to offend, upset and then amuse you (if you're in on the joke) as the order of business. But more often, this consistently danceable disc flirts with funk, disco, jazz and unrepentant silliness, particularly on their cover of Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" By the time they get to the sexy spy-film roll call, "Linger Ficken' Good" (featuring the Revolting Pussies), anyone who won't answer the question "Who's your favorite Cock?" with "Any Cock I ever met" has no idea of a good time.

—Eric Gladstone

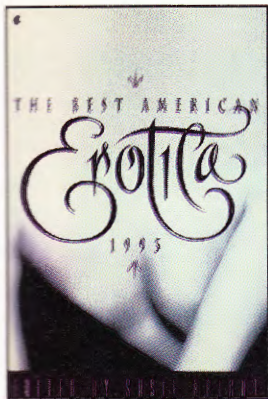


# Books

## THE BEST AMERICAN EROTICA 1993

Edited by Susie Bright  
Collier Books, \$12

Perhaps some of the items on this menu are not to your usual taste, but then it's their exoticism that makes them so appetizing, isn't it? Our editor and host, Susie Bright, has assembled an eclectic guest list of such leading contemporary authors as Anne Rice and Nicholson Baker, and invited them together for a sex potluck. The stories contained



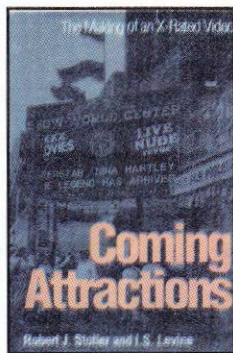
here vary wildly in content, but the quality of writing is consistently a treat, truly meriting best-of-the-year status. Hungry for some hardcore genderfuck? Try Trish Thomas's "Me and the Boys." Savor the possibilities between two men who haven't yet met in Leigh Rutledge's "Brian's Room." Or simply slip into the warm sensuality of Michael Dorsey's "Milk."

—Mary Elizabeth Williams

### COMING ATTRACTIONS:

*The Making of an X-rated Video*  
Robert J. Stoller and I.S. Levine  
Yale University Press, \$30

The late Robert Stoller, a professor of psychiatry at UCLA, teamed with writer and veteran leatherman Ira Levine to accurately detail the nose-to-the-grindstone reality of creating the adult video *Stairway to Paradise*. Presented as a series of interviews with seasoned pros—Bill Margold, Jim Holliday, Sharon Kane, Nina Hartley, Porche Lynn and several others including Levine himself (a.k.a. Assistant Director)—the book fleshes out the human subtleties missing from pretty box covers and utopian gang-



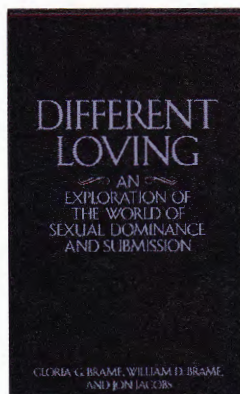
One of Stoller's reasons for doing the book was to try out a theory: Erotic arousal is energized by fantasies of hostility—harm, humiliation, cruelty, revenge, anger. Levine's purpose is less academic but perhaps more tenacious, hoping that a greater understanding of porn will eliminate some of the lurid misconceptions surrounding it. Levine is incredibly frank about his own sexual history and the mixture of light and dark clouds that shadow the adult industry, including the topic of sexual abuse. While it would be safe to call *Coming Attractions* a "truthful" look behind the scenes of porn, the authors are the first to say that truth is always biased.

—Lisa Palac

### DIFFERENT LOVING

By Gloria G. Brame, William D. Brame and Jon Jacobs  
Villard Books, \$25

The first thing the authors of this ambitious survey tell you about contemporary consensual sadoerotic play is not to engage in it. No kidding. They warn that "*Readers should not attempt any of the activities described in these pages,*" italics theirs. Having established that they are neither advocates nor apologists, they devote the next five hundred pages to arguing, mainly through the use of interviews with S/M scene practitioners, that safe, sane, consensual S/M behavior is neither pathological nor destructive.



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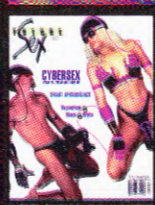
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*Different Loving* offers brief, informative chapters on everything from bondage to fetishism to piercing to water sports, with many of the usual authorities—Pat Califia, Gayle Rubin, Guy Baldwin, Fakir Musafar.

It would be easy for the hipper-than-thou to take potshots from the corner leather bar at *Different Loving* for its unrelenting political correctness and skittish treatment of the more complex and troubling questions S/M play raises about human nature. To do so, however, is to overlook its inestimable value to scores of confused individuals struggling with impulses society has said decent people shouldn't have. Buy a copy and give it to someone who needs it.

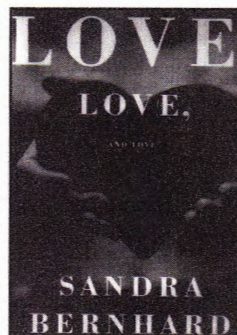
—I.S. Levine

## LOVE, LOVE, AND LOVE

by Sandra Bernhard  
 HarperCollins, \$20

Our girl Sandra sure has enough of all three to go around. In this fictionalized memoir, the Divine Miss B. takes on the world's most overused topic in all its scary, achy glory and treats it as the cruel joke it often is. She documents her affairs with women and men, relationships with family and friends both sane and fucked up. The stories' greatest strength is their delivery—all in Bernhard's trademark wry, I'm-too-cool-for-this-planet style.

—Mary Elizabeth Williams



masochist and a submissive) chances are it's defined in the handy dictionary in the back. Along the way, she explores such subjects as bondage, whipping technique and the joys of tickle torture. And by the way, *Sensual Magic* is almost worth getting just for the hot, very wet short fiction between the instructional chapters.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

## DAVID CHELSEA IN LOVE

David Chelsea  
 Eclipse Books, \$14.95

This autobiographical graphic novel about one man's relationship with a woman doesn't squint behind veils of facetiousness or sarcasm, but focuses unblinkingly on the sometimes pitiful and ridiculous charade of modern love. In the story, David tramps around till he meets a girl he wants to settle down with, only to find that their relationship has little going for it other than sex. They enter the endless cycle of break up, get back together, break up again until neither the lovers nor the reader can take it any longer. Chelsea works up elaborate page constructions, and occasionally inserts surrealistic imagery to comment on the



## SENSUAL MAGIC

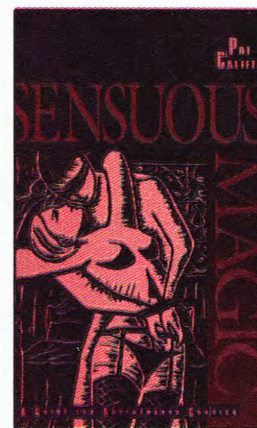
Pat Califia  
 Richard Kasak Book, \$12.95

Finally, a "how to" sex manual that doesn't involve new age mumbo jumbo or "tricks" that require the agility of a Flying Wallenda. At the heart of the book is a simple idea: for any successful sexual encounter, communication and negotiation are the most important tools. To help this process along, Califia provides a photo-copyable list of sex games (everything from tickling to flogging to golden showers) for you to fill out and show your lover (and vice versa).

Califia's strength as a writer lies in her ability to relay information easily without sounding condescending. If you don't understand a word or concept (for example, the difference between a

story. Chelsea's drawings are a sort of Drew Friedman-meets Winsor McCay exaggerated realism; the attention given to texture and setting thrusts the complex characters into a familiar and believable world. Although its extreme subjectivity sometimes leaves the reader desperately craving another (i.e., female) perspective, *David Chelsea in Love* possesses a depth, candor and insight rarely seen in comics.

—Paul Kimbal



**REAL SMUT**

Dennis P. Eichhorn and Various Artists, Eros Comics, \$2.75/issue

The stories in *Real Smut* are Dennis P. Eichhorn's, and like his other series, *Real Stuff*, are drawn by the top artists in the alternative comics scene. Eichhorn has a knack for finding up-and-coming artists to illustrate his autobiography, and he allows them plenty of room to flesh out his life to their specifications. He is himself portrayed within these autobiographical stories as anything from a soft-hearted simp to a sex-mad pervert. Eichhorn's stories cover a wide range of topics and moods. "Giunea Pigs" (Issue #4, illustrated by Pete Friedrich) is about "living out a fantasy" with an old high school flame whose experiences with polio lend a somber tone to the proceedings. "\$!" wittily portrays a less than satisfying visit with a prostitute with artwork by Gene Fama that underscores the awkward humor of the trip. Other comics luminaries, such as Pat Moriarty, Renee French,



Holly Tuttle, Joe Zabel and Gary Dumm, have also lent their skills to the presentation of these sexy narratives.

*Real Smut* has more in common with underground comix than with much of the arousal-oriented adult comics published in recent years. Sex is used as a springboard from which larger observations about being a thinking, feeling human are formed. Some of the stories are very graphic, but not in an attempt to physically excite the reader. Their candid, sometimes self-effacing style aids in casting a light of truthfulness on the tales. The apparent free reign given to the artists in the interpretation of the stories also lends them credibility. Details tend to focus tighter on why desires exist rather than what those desires entail, making the series a little less smutty but, ultimately, far more real.

—Paul Kimball

**SEXY STORIES FROM THE WORLD RELIGIONS, #2**

Edited by E. Gilbert  
Last Gasp, \$2.95

**YOUNG LUST #8**

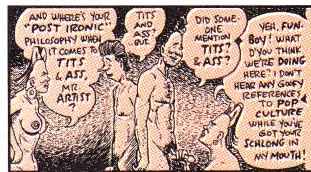
Edited by Jay Kinney  
Last Gasp, \$3.95

In *Sexy Stories from the World Religions, #2*, disturbing and grotesque depictions of necrophiliac nuns, bestial Native American gods and Islamic golden showers are the order of the day, with plenty of blasphemy and anti-religious sentiment to go around. While Issue #1 spun wild tales from religious lore, #2



features less-interesting riffs on religious characters. Exceptional work by Steven Cerio, Rita Mercedes and Caroline Wedier aside, a more honest investigation of the bawdier side of spirituality would do well to replace some of the mean-spiritedness shown here.

Also from Last Gasp is an anthology from the old school of underground comix. *Young Lust #8* features some big names and some very funny stories. Terry LaBan's "Modern Primitive" is an over-the-top portrayal of the tattoos-and-piercings set, while Bill Griffith's "Zippy the



Pinhead" appears in an explicit situation comedy that's as pornographic as they come. Other superior work is presented by editor Jay Kinney, Harry S. Robbins, Angela Bocage, Charles Burns and Diane Noomin. Most of the stories travel well-charted satirical territory but the creative talents behind these pieces make them fresh.

—Paul Kimball

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—I. Castle

**HUMILIATED WHITE BOY:** Ho-hum. Another old fat guy (Jamie Gillis) gets spanked and whines like a puppy. The best thing about this movie is its title.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

## GLENNDA AND CAMILLE DO DOWNTOWN

follows C. Paglia and her drag-queen pal, Glenda Orgasm, around Manhattan as they pontificate on everything from beauty contests to gay porn. But Paglia's at her best when confronting Feminists Fighting Pornography on the street corner. "This is bullshit!" she screams, "You people suck!" A must-see for anyone who's ever felt like strangling one of those anti-porn fascists. \$25 from Glenn Belverio, PO Box 20553, Tompkins Square Ste., NY, NY 10009.

—I.C.

Just released on video, Juliet Bashore's **KAMIKAZE HEARTS** (Facets Video) mixes fact and fiction to detail the true dyke romance between X-rated performers Sharon Mitchell and Tigr Mennett. Tragic yet seductive, this snapshot of life in the sex industry leaves you asking, "Are they acting? Or is this for real?"

—I.C.

The 15 videos in **PRINCE: THE HITS COLLECTION** (Warner Reprise Video) spans the singer/songwriter's entire career, from the in-your-face horniness of "Dirty Mind" and "Controversy" to his recent fusions of street hipness with Vegas-style glitz in "Cream."

—Richard Kadrey

**FEMALE MISBEHAVIOR** (First Run Features), a collection of four short films by Monika Treut, documents several archetypal social outcasts—the sex worker, the S/M dyke, the transsexual...and, well, Camille Paglia. Treut's lens closes in on her subjects, revealing the private, the engaging and the unexpected.

—Allison Diamond

## SOFTWARE

The **FREAK SHOW CD-ROM** (Voyager) by the ultra-mysterious sometime-rock band The Residents takes you backstage at a carnival—via music and intricate computer graphics—to meet some of the oddest humans you've ever encountered on disc.

—R.K.

Star Ware's **WICKED CD-ROM** shows off 100 high-quality stills from Teri Weigel's new movie of the same name, using the state-of-art photo-to-CD process from Kodak.

—R.K.

On Star Ware's **CLUB PARADISE INTERACTIVE CD-ROM**, you get a little taste of an evening at the notorious nude club, hearing the dancer's experiences and fantasies; you also get a list of their 900 numbers (IBM only).

—R.K.

## MUSIC

Computers squeal, soar, stomp and dance on the Bay Area techno band Battery's third release, **MUTATE** (Cop Int'l), Battery features mouse pad thumps Evan Sornstein (Art Director of *Future Sex*) and Shawn Brice, and features *Future Sex*'s art assistant Maria Azevedo's ethereal and sometimes unsettling vocals.

—R.K.

Free speech fans and followers of unusual music will want to check out **STATE OF THE UNION** (MUWORKS Records), featuring works by Henry Kaiser, John Zorn, Syd Straw and others. All of the profits go to the National Coalition Against Censorship.

—R.K.

Before reaching for the requisite ocean wave recordings when taking your next alpha break, put on **GREGORIAN CHANTS, ETERNAL CHANTS** (Milan Entertainment). The soothing serenade of these 10th century Benedictine monks will swell you with relaxation, if not sanctuary.

—A.D.

## BOOKS

Intriguing articles from England's top fetish magazine are brought together in **THE BEST OF SKIN TWO** (Richard Kasak Book). Topics include cybersex, S/M in literature and dominant women. Authors and interviewees include Clive Barker, Tim Burton and Jean-Paul Gaultier.

—R.K.

The book **BOB FLANNAGAN: SUPER MASOCHIST** (Re/Search) takes you deep inside the world of this S/M bottom whose intense body experiments grew out of his lifelong fight with cystic fibrosis. From the same folks who brought you *Modern Primitives*.

—R.K.

**THE JOY OF CYBERSEX** by Phillip Robinson & Nancy Tamosaitis (Brady Publishing) is a comprehensive guide to the world of online smut (BBSes where you can have a virtual one-night stand with another digital pervert; collections of downloadable porn graphics) and the philosophical potentials of cybersex.

—R.K.

If it's the latest in sex tools, weird videos, cyberpunk novels, zines, music or even bones you're looking for, *Future Sex* staffer Richard Kadrey's **COVERT CULTURE SOURCEBOOK** (St. Martin's Press) is a must. It reviews hundreds of fun things you'd never find at Walmart, and it won't get old, since you can get regular updates if you email the author: kadrey@well.sf.ca.us.

—Carla Sinclair



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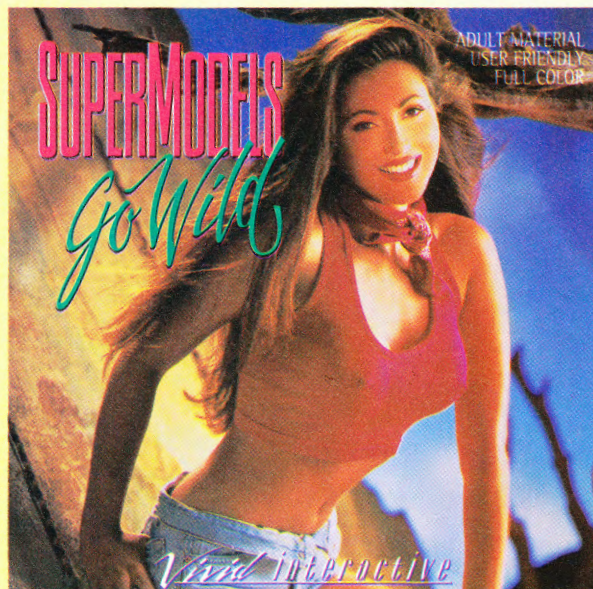
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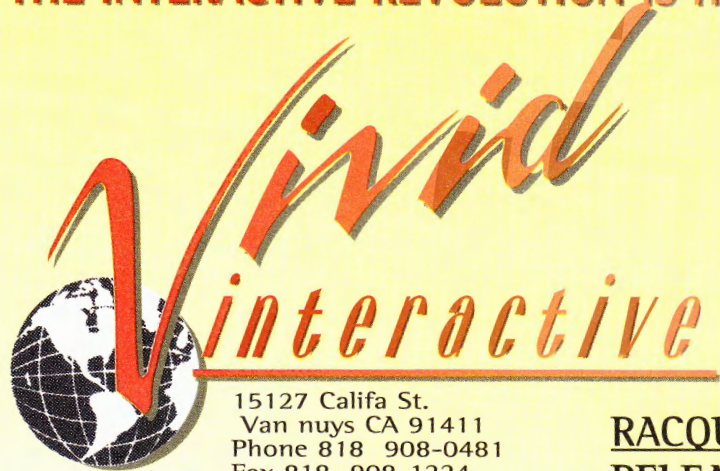
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A TRUE TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY...

# THE TEMPTATION OF ST. EPIPHANIUS

BY  
MACK  
WHITE

**F**ATHER, FORGIVE ME, FOR I HAVE SINNED. SOME WOMEN-EVANGELISTS OF THE PHIBIONITE SECT-TEMPTED ME WITH THEIR CHARMS...

AND PERSUADED ME TO ATTEND THEIR GROUP RITUAL...

WHEN A STRANGER COMES AMONG THE PHIBIONITES, A SIGN OF RECOGNITION IS EXCHANGED-ON SHAKING HANDS, EACH TICKLES THE OTHER'S PALM-A SIGN THAT THE STRANGER BELONGS. THEN THEY FALL TO FEASTING...

WHEN THEY ARE COMPLETELY SATIATED, THEY FALL TO DEBAUCHERY. THE MAN LEAVES HIS WIFE, SAYING TO HER, "GET UP AND PERFORM THE AGAPE WITH THE BROTHER..."

THEN THEY FORNICATE, ALL TOGETHER...

THEY DO THIS PURELY FOR PLEASURE. FOR THEY PREACH THAT ONE MUST NOT BEGET CHILDREN. THUS, THE MAN'S SEED IS SPILT...

THEN THEY GATHER THE MAN'S SPERM IN THEIR HANDS AND OFFER IT TO THE FATHER, SAYING, "WE OFFER YOU THIS GIFT-THE BODY OF CHRIST..."

THEN THEY EAT OF IT, TAKING COMMUNION WITH THEIR OWN SPERM. THEY DO THE SAME WITH THE WOMAN'S MENSTRUATION...

IF A WOMAN BECOMES PREGNANT, THEY ABORT THE EMBRYO, POUND IT INTO A MORTAR, MIX IT WITH HONEY, PEPPERS, AND PERFUMED OILS, AND TAKE COMMUNION OF IT ALSO...

IT SHAMES ME TO TELL YOU THESE THINGS. YET I FEEL I MUST, THAT YOU MIGHT PUT AN END TO THESE UNCLEAN PRACTICES!

EPIPHANIUS MADE HIS REPORT TO THE BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA IN 535 AD. AS A RESULT, 24 MEMBERS OF THIS EARLY Gnostic SECT WERE EXCOMMUNICATED.

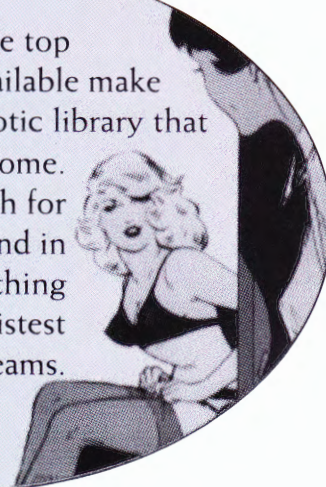
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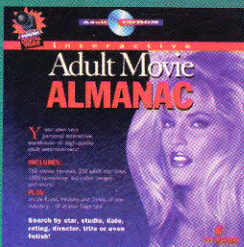
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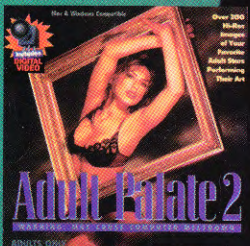
The Dream Machine



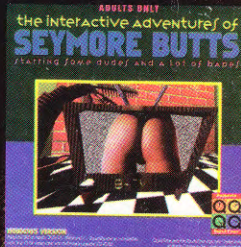
NightWatch Interactive



The Adult Movie Almanac



Adult Palate 2



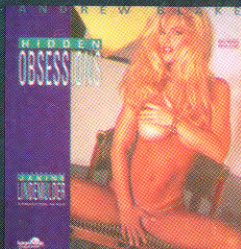
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