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issue seven

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the music issue

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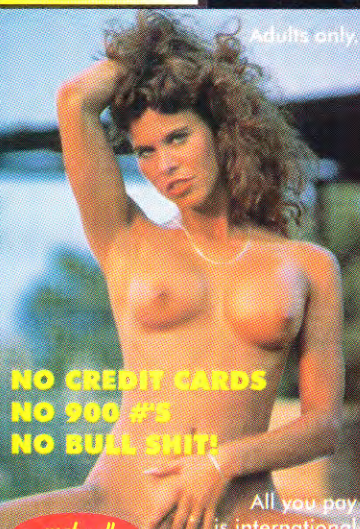
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REVIEWS

FUTURE Sex

PUBLISHERS

Martin Leung, William Weiss

EDITOR

Lisa Palac

ART DIRECTION

Curium Design

CULTURAL ATTACHÉ

Richard Kadrey

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mary Elizabeth Williams

FICTION EDITOR

Allison Diamond

COPY EDITOR

Paul Kretkowski, Amanda Lee

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Steven Blush, Susie Bright, I. Castle, David Aaron Clark, Mark Faigenbaum, Mike Godwin, Keith Hammond, Dennis Harvey, Jonathan Hayes, Alice Joanou, J.P. Kansas, Paul Kimball, Casey McCabe, Judy McGuire, Gwendlynn Meno, Laura Miller, Lou Osterberg, Ann Powers, David Rothschild, R.U. Sirius, Aubin St. Malo, Rob Tannenbaum, Jaymes Trief

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Phyllis Christopher, Richard Kern, Michael Lavine, Nathan Mandell, Tom Pitts, J.K. Potter, Rocky Schenck, Alex Solca

COVER

Matt Gunther

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Dennar Bildoan, Granger Davis, Comix Person, Mimi Heft, Jeff Gompertz, David Hill, Steven Johnson, Eyan Sornstein

ART ASSISTANT

Maria Azevedo

PRODUCTION ARTIST

Elizabeth Kairys

ART INTERN

Snow Cohen

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHERS

Michael Johnson

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR

Daryl-Lynn Johnson

INTERNS

Keith Brown, James Ellsworth, Catherine Jones

ADVERTISING

Industria Media Works
(510) 893-1362

Future Sex (ISSN 1061-6977) is published quarterly by Kundalini Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright © 1994. 60 Federal Street, Suite 502, San Francisco, CA 94107. Application to mail at Second-Class postage rates pending at San Francisco, California. Issue Date: July-September 1994. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission from the publishers. Submission guidelines available upon request with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by SASE.

Annual subscription rates:

U.S. \$18, Canada \$27 and elsewhere \$35.

Postmaster: send subscriptions and address changes to:

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

Future Sex is a registered trademark of Kundalini Publishing, Inc.

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Editorial/Circulation: 415-541-7725 FAX: 415-541-9860

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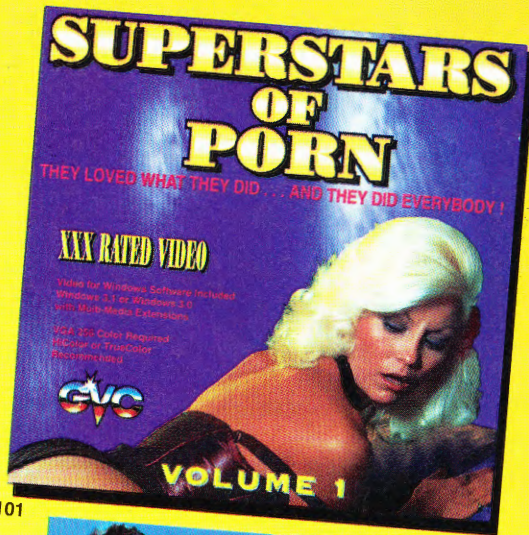
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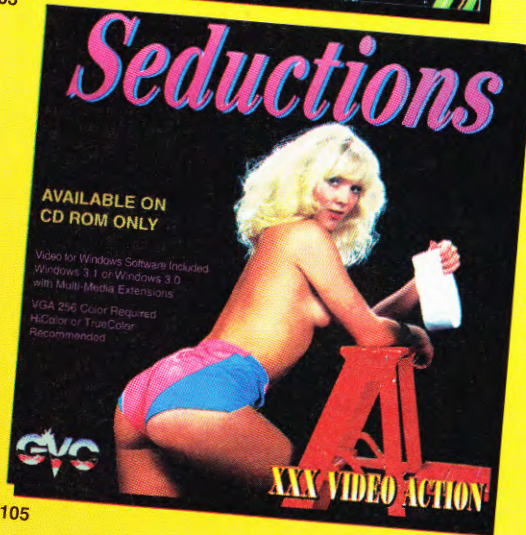
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Fan Mail from an Online Slut

Hey there Futuresexarians, have read about your mag and finally picked up Issue 5 this week. Very stimulating, Bravo! I am an online slut, delving deep into the potentials of the BBS chat mode and oh-so-hot correspondence, getting juicy in the cyborgasmic stew of electric love! Cool media for this female of 30 years.

Stacey Be
yummy@dump.com

I Like to Watch

I'm a bit of a technologist (OK, computer geek) so I thought the presentation of cybersex in a magazine was interesting. I'm always curious to see how people think they can package science and technology to appeal to a, shall we say, unenlightened audience. Well, OK, I admit it, the virtual sex idea was kind of stimulating too, even if it won't happen for quite a while. After all, we tend to be voyeuristic creatures, don't we? To be able to be a voyeur from a participant's viewpoint, and eventually even feel what is going on...Yeow!

Peter Reynolds
100276.1340@CompuServe.com

Erotica Verité

Issue 5 finally blurs the distinction between art and porn that so many strive to do. The writing was excellent, the reviews invaluable and the photos... inspirational. Hint: I've noticed, as people thumb through FS, that they really key into the photos that appear to be portraits of real people expressing their actual sexual selves, like Gabriella (Issue 3). Issue 5 has left everyone I've shown it to with their mouths dry and other parts moist.

Gary Montgomery-Trotter
72163.1043@CompuServe.com

Musings from the Twilight Zone

Are you another "Playtronic" or are you up to making something more subversive, liberating, irreverent? Will making love to a sentient consciousness program teach you more about how to connect with your inner and external partners? Can we learn with our machines lessons what we missed in the normal course of our lives?

Please don't answer any questions. Stay in business. You're getting your rocks off with things have been used to control societies for thousands of years.

Christian Lunch
San Pedro, CA

Razor's Edge

I really like your magazine, and have a suggestion for the "ultimate" pictorial: a M/F couple that does not practice ritual hair removal. Who invented this ritual anyway, Bic? The title would be something like: "The way we really are."

Dave Wilcox
hbw6430@gold.acns.fsu.edu

Leave it to Beaver

Issue 5 was good but I wish *Future Sex* was more explicit. Issue 3 was great—the photo layouts "Click!" and "Auto Erotic" especially, and Lisa Palac's editorial "Beauty and the Beaver" was right on the money. So let's have some more beaver—and boner—liberation!

Joe Van Blerck
New York

Thoroughly Modern

I picked up your magazine because it promised to be interesting—somewhere between standard porn and publications that are strictly fetish-oriented, such as *O* magazine. I like the balance of subjects: a bit of fetish, some ads for pornographic CDs, exploitation films. The whole range of modern sexuality. Actually, I think that *Modern Sex* would be a better name than *Future Sex*...

Tom Unger
unger@raindrop.seaslug.org



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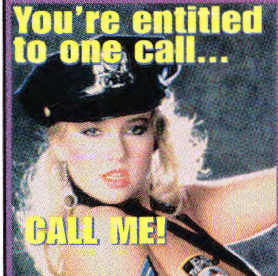
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PLANT

ONE ON ME

PLUGGING INTO ROCK'S EROTIC INFLUENCE

BY LISA PALAC

The other day I put on US3's "Cantaloop" and started dancing around my apartment. I didn't think about it, I just did it. It was as instinctive as breathing; I *had* to move. Imagine a pumped-up version of Laura Petrie cutting loose in a black demi-bra and cropped leggings, shimmying (bra strap slipping down) and freakin' like she's crushing cigarette butts with the tip of her pointy shoe. It was like I'd been born knowing the steps. This hip hop song isn't even about sex, but the music *felt* so sexy to me I had to get down.

It's a strange thing, the way music can pop your libido when you least expect it. Sure, lyrics make it easier to connect a good beat with what's happening in your pants. Listening to Prince beg, "Give it to me/Till I just can't take no more" on "Do Me Baby" (or on almost any Prince song, actually) turns me on, but it doesn't always take words for music to set off erotic impulses.

My first whiff of lust came in 1970 from *Tiger Beat* babe Bobby Sherman. I listened to "Easy Come, Easy Go" on an AM radio that was shaped like a little rubber ball, and felt tiny rushes

of...something...every time I heard his candy voice. My two closest girlfriends had respective crushes on David Cassidy and Donny Osmond. It was very important that we liked different guys so we could all make marriage plans. The three of us practiced kissing our pillows, preparing for the big day. But my love for Bobby disintegrated after my first French kiss and his TV show *Here Come the Brides* went off the air.

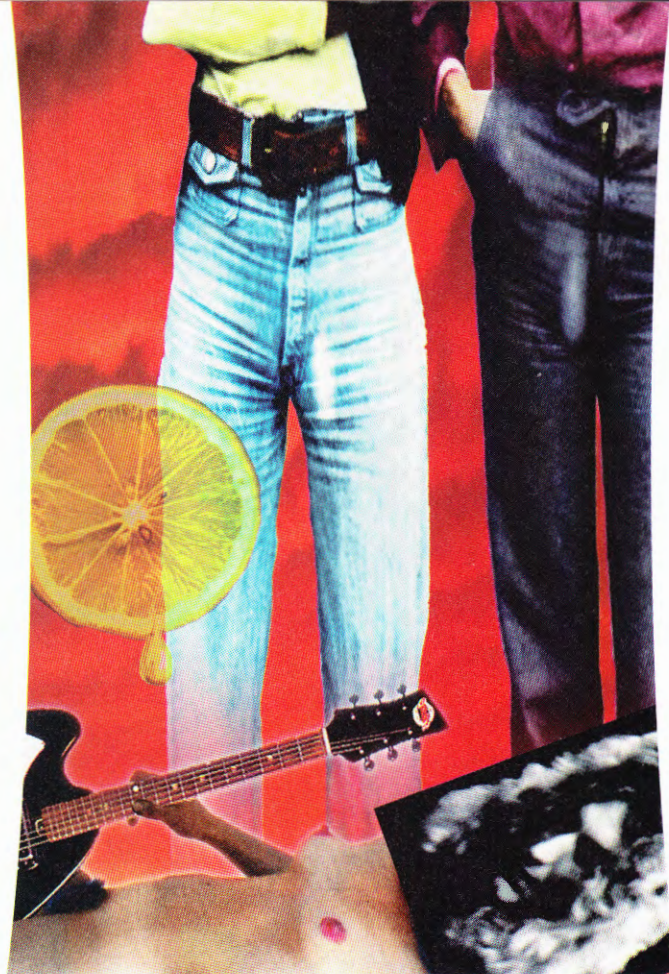
Then real seduction stepped in: Robert Plant. While Bobby S. made me wiggle under a girlish crush, holding my breath and pressing my legs together, Robert Plant spread me wide open. (Cher actually came between the two Bobs, but it wasn't until college that I cast her in my starfucking fantasies.) Between guitar king Jimmy Page and golden boy Plant, I was filled with prurient thoughts. Soaked in Led Zeppelin's bluesy, driving sound, I became magnificently unglued.

I had a big poster of Led Zep in the basement. It was tacked to a blackboard trimmed with the alphabet that I used for playing school when I was a little girl. I'd take this wooden pointer—just like in real school—and point to the different letters. Only at 13, I used the pointer to indicate Plant's infamous

bulge. "Notice how it hangs to the left," I'd say to my teenage "students" in a school-marmish tone, and we'd crack up. In nearly every photo, Plant's shirt was sliced open to his humungous belt buckle, and his supertight jeans accentuated the worn-out spot *on the left*. We were fascinated by this thing, this monster in his pants. Little did we know that such an appendage was christening an entire subgenre of rock.

Yup, Plant had a big one and his intentions were clear when he cried "Way down inside/Gonna give you my love/Gonna give you every inch of my love." He even offered to be my back-door man (whatever that was). But it wasn't simply the words that made their sexual mark on me. In fact, most of Zep's songs weren't about sex. It was either love come and love gone in the blues tradition, or some weird mystical shit. Perhaps it was the bassline or the screaming guitar riffs, or Plant's delirious muhmuhmuhmOW's, but they can't fully explain this phenomenon: listening to Zep automatically made me thrust.

It felt so good to push my hips forward and grind while doing lots of exotic lip movements. In front of my



Dennar Bildoon





mirror, I'd imitate Plant's onstage actions: twirling goldilocks with finger, sticking out chest with both hands on hips, stretching mike cord across crotch and *thrusting*. When the landmark concert film *The Song Remains the Same* was released, I got to see Robert strut and writhe for two hours. (I was one of the only girls in my neighborhood who went to see it and I sat through it twice in a row.) Imagine my shock, however, to see Plant with his wife and kids on the big screen, harshing my buzz. The other woman, devastation. I wanted him unattached, a free-falling star of sexual energy.

Surprisingly, I never had sexual fantasies about Plant. I wasn't even masturbating yet. While I was intensely curious about his cock, it was his entire being that seduced me. I clung to his sexual presence the way frost sticks to a cold glass in the heat of summer. Slowly I began to realize something that I'd felt all along: I didn't just want to be Plant's chick. I wanted to *be* Robert Plant.

Plant had a hold on something I was just beginning to trace the edges of: sexual power. I didn't wonder if his gender might make him less of a role model. With his long, blonde curls and provocative clothes, Plant walked the wild side of feminine whether he knew it or not. I respected his girlish charm *and* his unapologetic horniness. He had the same things inside of him that I had inside of me. I wanted the same respect.

With their combination of electric thunder, sticky ballads and uncaged sexuality, Led Zeppelin led me to the border of my sexual awakening. Hey, until I was able to power up my own orgasms, rock and roll was my fuel.

Now, 16 years later, I buy Zeppelin's box set. I throw on "Whole Lotta Love" and I remember every word, every lick, every nuance with absolute precision. Without thinking, I find myself banging away like a mangled shutter in a hurricane. The song definitely remains the same.

This is the music issue of *Future Sex*, exploring the timeless way popular music influences our sexuality. We've asked rock stars, rappers and record producers to take the primal pulse of their scene (page 22). Next, we turned to the critics for their undressed views on rave, Goth, rap, pop, teen idols and groupies (page 30). In the struggle to figure out what makes music erotic, however, only one thing's for sure. You'll know it when you hear it.



A music lover since the hippie days, illustrator Dennar Bildoan professes a long-standing carnal attraction to Ronnie Spector of The Ronettes, and is presently trying to come to grips with the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Phrygian Mode.

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Paying FOR

BY LOU OSTERBERG

A NOVICE JOHN'S VISIT TO THE MUSTANG RANCH



It's a clear blue Nevada Sunday morning and I'm driving east on Interstate 80 away from the heart of Reno. Not going to church this morning. I'm looking forward to a different kind of worship; a form of prayer not spoken highly of in the King James or any Sunday best-seller. My palms are sweating slightly as I spot the Mustang Exit and leave the freeway.

Crossing a small bridge, I see a complex with a few dozen cars in its lot. The entrance is enclosed by a large metal gate with letters across the top that spell out Mustang Ranch in wrought iron. A metallic female silhouette makes me think of disco girls in cowboy boots.

Walking to the gate my heart pounds. I've never been to a brothel—or even a prostitute. I'm nervous and trying not to think about it as I press the buzzer. The gate opens

and I get the feeling I'm entering some south Florida minimum-security prison.

I'm relieved to find that the place has a warm if distinctly suburban feel to it. A woman in jeans greets me and says, "Hi. Most of the girls are eating or busy right now but Michelle is free." Michelle is sitting on a nearby couch. She has big hair, a receding hairline, an inch too much eye shadow and an overly curvaceous figure bulging out of an ivory-colored skintight mini-dress. "Thanks. I think I'll grab a cup of coffee." I walk over to the bar that divides the large, oval-shaped room.

I take a seat in the middle of the long curved bar and get a coffee. The bartender asks me, "First time here?" I wonder if it's that fucking obvious.

"Could you tell?"

"Nope, just a common question around here," she says.

From the bar I look across the room to the couch where the working girls sit. A skylight gives the room a bright, open feel. Michelle has disappeared and now there are two other women talking.

A tall, very pretty black woman wearing white-leather hotpants and fringe halter top talks animatedly with a strawberry blonde in an ultramarine stretch-velvet dress with large circles cut out on the sides. The dress has a deliberately sleazy feel to it that I like. I decide that she's the one I wanna do the wild thing with.

I nervously finish my coffee and head towards the couch. When I sit down, her demeanor changes—her real personality shuts down and a colder, business-like persona takes over. She suddenly looks different than the woman who was just chatting playfully with her coworker. I ask her name and she says Amber, carefully avoiding any eye contact. I introduce myself and shift uncomfortably next to her. "Do you want to go talk in one of the rooms?" she asks. Yeah.

We walk down a dimly-lit hallway into a small bedroom with a tape deck, bed and a dresser cluttered with condoms and lubricants. A small black-and-white TV next to the bed silently plays *This Week With David Brinkley*. Amber asks what I'm interested in. "Just a straight lay" I say, remembering the proper hooker lingo for intercourse I learned from a friend.

She replies, "That'd be \$150. For \$50 extra, you could get half and half, where I'd start off by sucking you then you could finish up by fucking me."

There were no price lists posted at the Ranch, but I heard that a hundred bucks was the going rate. "Just a straight lay is cool." She looks surprised that her sales pitch hasn't work and asks why. "Sorry, \$150 is just the most I can spend," mentally checking my wallet to confirm that I can't afford the luxury of a little foreplay.

"Okay," she says. "First I check you out to make sure you're clean." She motions towards my crotch. "I need to look..." Her voice trails off. She's embarrassed to ask me to expose myself.

I unzip my jeans and pull them down. With clinical precision, she lifts up my cock to look on the underside for sores. Then she carefully walks her fingers through my pubic hair looking for little moving creatures. Satisfied that I'm clean, she asks for the money and immediately takes it out of the room.

When Amber comes back, she turns on a Michael Boltongesque power ballad. She tells me to undress as she pulls off her party dress and lace bra. No panties. I can now see that I made the right decision. She is slender, with firm orange-sized breasts and a surprisingly attractive body.

Both naked now, she leads us into the bathroom and begins to wash my cock and balls as I straddle a bidet. My fears of not being able to get it up disappear as she soaps me, leaning her naked body against my chest.

Next, she tells me to kneel on the bed. She pulls a Trojan off the night stand, and rolls it onto my stiffening cock, stroking it a couple of times, smearing on the lube. Then—



without another word—she lays back, spreading her legs and her cunt open for me. I like the reddish pubic hair around her pussy, and the slightly swollen pink lips of her vagina. The last of my performance anxiety dissolves as I look at her parted legs. I think I'll be able to do this.

I slowly slide into her until my pelvis is against her thighs. I close my eyes to concentrate on the tightness around my cock and the warmth of my balls against her ass. When I open my eyes again, I notice her tattooed breast. A bright red-and-black crest with a lover's name across it has been freshly etched into her pale skin. I push hard against her upright legs and move my body up, down and around to feel the territory of her cunt. She makes quick guttural noises that make me think I might be affecting the way she feels, but she could just be playing a part.

Getting into the rhythm of fucking, I suddenly wonder if there is a time limit. She didn't mention how long this was supposed to last. I'm enjoying the sensation of flesh against flesh when another thought occurs to me. There is something disconcerting about fucking someone and getting very little feedback or encouragement. Despite this, I thrust harder and harder until I come inside of the condom, inside of her.

As soon as my orgasm ends, Amber pulls away from me and opens a box of surgical handiwipes on the night stand. Sliding the condom off me, she carefully throws it in the trash like she's handling radioactive waste. Amber washes herself over the bidet and I clean myself with a towel before putting my clothes back on. As I'm slipping on my shoes she asks, "You stayin' in Reno long?"

"Just on my way out of town. I'm visiting from San Francisco, and this was something I wanted to check out."

"And what did you think?"

"I think it still feels kinda weird to just meet someone and then fuck."

"Yeah, that's true. I wouldn't be doing this if it weren't for my kids. Actually, I still would be 'cause I'm trying to get up enough money to go back to school."

"What do you want to study?"

"Nursing." She pauses after the setup. "So, was I good enough for a tip?"

"Sure," I say, sheepishly reaching into my pocket. I pull out a ten-dollar bill and put it into the velvet Chivas Regal tip bag on the dresser. Amber's performance was less than enthusiastic, but I always believe in tipping unless the service is atrocious.

We walk back down the corridor into the large sunlit room, where a growing group of women wait on the couches. A much larger selection now, I think. I feel a certain lightness and relaxation at having broken another societal taboo as I thank Amber and step out into the early afternoon air.

Lou Osterberg is a telecommunications worker in the silicon salt mines of the information age.

David Hill's most recent works, which combine acetate painting with photography, have been published and exhibited throughout the Bay Area.

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BY MIKE GODWIN

<CROSSING THE GENDER SWAPPING ON-LINE

I had only been on the BBS a few minutes when the pickup lines started flashing across the screen in realtime. They were remarkably consistent: Was I new here? Did I really like science fiction? Did I need any help with the system? I'd never received this kind of attention online before. But then, I'd never logged on as a female before either.

I'm comfortable in my untrendy demographic of straight white man, but there's always been that sneaking suspicion that perhaps the grass is greener on the other side of the gender fence. So when I saw the chance to play a woman—no, *be* a woman—on an uninhibited board, I jumped at it.

Before logging on as "Mollyb" (an homage to Molly Bloom, another highly sexual female creation of a male writer), I picked up a few pointers on how to pass successfully. First, don't describe yourself as having a "hot body" or big breasts or killer legs—for some users, this gives rise to suspicions that you're really a gay man employing deceptive "plumage" to get male attention. (This made intuitive sense to me; almost every woman I've ever known has been remarkably critical of her body and her looks in general.) The same rule applied to anal sex. There's a common notion in cyberspace that women won't ask for it or initiate it. I was less interested in bursting this myth than I was in passing without suspicion.

The second part of my preparation involved picking an identity. I wanted my self-description to be both consistent and sufficiently particular to suggest a real person. I gave Molly the body and looks of a

recent lover, (dark, shoulder-length hair, small breasts, and a bottom she thought was too big), but made her my age and gave her a similar background—a 37-year-old, recently divorced, heterosexual lawyer who worked in DC for the FCC. Finally, in order to be as authentic as possible, I resolved to try and limit Molly to saying and doing the kinds of things my lovers had said and done with me.

I logged in for the first night, and, just as I'd been warned, I was bombarded by potential suitors. Most of them communicated in the form of "pages" (private messages sent from users) or "whispers" (private messages sent in public chat rooms).

To tell the truth, getting all these paged and whispered variants of the "Come here often?" routine was rather flattering, even though part of me remembered that *any* woman on this system would get the same attention. Jesus Christ, I wanted to be *wooded*. There was no sex that first night. Frankly, I didn't feel the chemistry was right with anyone.

On the second evening, however, my luck changed. One user, in his early 30s, had chosen a handle that signaled an interest in *Star Trek*. I knew enough to make conversation with him, and gave him plenty of opportunities to flirt. Which he did. When

he suggested giving me a virtual massage, I decided we should do it in a public space—the "Hot Chat" room.

Worf: *My hands move in opposite directions, fingers spread, and make a straight firm line from neck to tail, my thumbs on your tailbone, my hands, still oiled, cupping your soft lovely ass.*

Mollyb flexes the muscles of her ass, involuntarily, in response.

Mollyb: *I like that, Worf. A lot!*

Before we had gotten far, our audience began to show up:

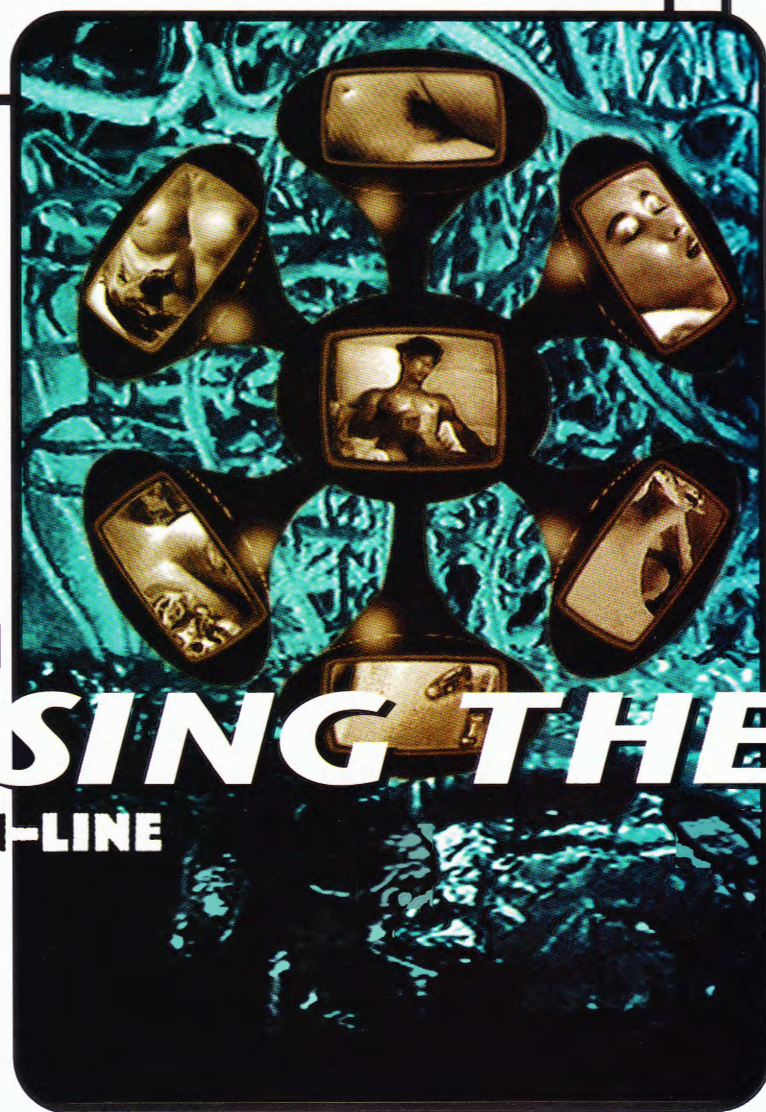
Worf (whispered): *We seem to be drawing a crowd... now Marvin wants in.*

Mollyb (whispered): *Let's ignore them and let them watch.*

The audience was well behaved, even as our massage became sexier. A few onlookers tried to horn in but we studiously paid attention only to each other. The object was less to emulate real sex than it was to say the kinds of things that your partner would find arousing:

Mollyb: *Oooh, I like the weight of your balls in my hand. They feel so heavy.*

Worf: *I inch closer to you, and you start to use my cock like a dildo, pressing*



Left: Gompertz

I the head up and down the length of your pussy, bumping your clit.

Mollyb: God, I am so wet.

BobX (whispered): You lovely little slut!

And at the moment of climax, the audience shared in it:

Mollyb: I want your sweet come inside me NOW.

Worf: And I can no longer hold back...I push, again and again! I stiffen and arch...and freeze into position as I fill you up with wave upon wave of my come!

MrArdor is clapping wildly!

Mollyb: I'm spasming so HARD.

MsBehavior is shaking hands with Worf.

Much of the public applause was directed at my partner—didn't they realize how much I'd helped?

I had never really had confronted

NET >

the common perception that lovemaking is something that men do and women appreciate. I'd been a willing and equal partner in this tryst, but now everyone was crediting my male partner and ignoring me. I'd known intellectually, of course, that women are as responsible for their orgasms as men are, but if I'd played the man's role in this pocket porn drama, would I be credulously basking in the audience's praise now?

The experience had been oddly rewarding—not because I was physically aroused (I wasn't, except in a vague sort of way) but because I loved having put on a good show. The thrill was not in the sex; it was in the theatrics. It made me think—how much of my gratification during real sex is due to performance? A partner, after all, can be a very demanding audience. Being a different gender allowed me to see the role-playing aspects of lovemaking I've been doing all along.

Nothing about the experience had rocked me to the core of my sexual identity, but I did discover that there were things to enjoy about being a woman online. I was the pursued rather than the pursuer, and I could take my pick of a legion of eager lovers. I was also freer to

choose between being strong or submissive—parts that would take me more self-conscious effort to play as a man, I could easily slip into as a woman. And damn it, I could be entirely credible if I chose to come a lot during a single lovemaking session! I came away from the transgender experience with the haunting sense that women have it better.

Still, even the best, most gratifying e-sex doesn't resolve the tricky emotional issues that can arise. The next night Worf and I performed again, this time in the "Anything Goes" chat room, but it was less satisfying. The problem was, I actually found myself liking the guy, and dreading the disappointment he was likely to feel when he discovered my ruse. During our virtual lovemaking, I'd felt the impulse to offer endearments, compliments. I wanted to please him, but felt a bit uncomfortable when he later told me how fulfilling the experience had been. (Hadn't he sensed my increased emotional distance this time? Men!)

As removed as the experience of making love online may seem to those who don't practice it, it's still sex, still intimacy. There were things about Worf's sexuality that I now knew, and likewise some things about me that he understood. Just before logging on for the first time, I had broken up with a lover, and was feeling needy. Now Worf and I had been sexually close, and it was hard not to be cheered to log in and see him. An infatuation? Not really, but there were warm feelings, and that old desire for a feeling of connection.

Which is why, even though I don't plan to play a woman again anytime soon, I was gratified in my own way. The women online had congratulated me for finding such a good man to have public sex with. Or, at least, I think they were women. And I think he was a man.



Mike Godwin's articles about social and legal issues on the electronic frontier have appeared in the Whole Earth Review, The Quill, Index on Censorship, Internet World, and Wired.

Jeff Gompertz spends his spare time in plastic bubbles confusing the future with the past at a place called F.P.U. in NYC.



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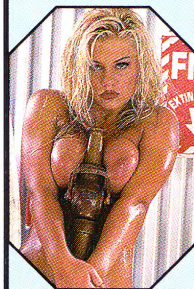
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BY MARY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

In a University of Manchester study of 2,000 females with steady sex partners, biologists discovered that women were more likely to be unfaithful to their partners during ovulation—the time of the month they're most fertile.

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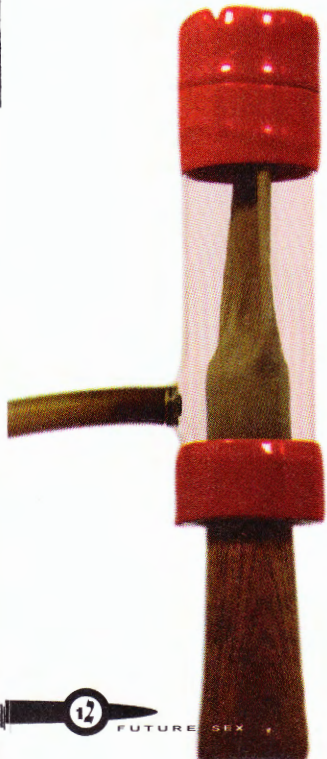
is the newest haven for swingers living in the world's most famous zip code. In typical Hollywood fashion, like-minded libertines schmooze and negotiate their mergers at elegant parties and black-tie dances. Sex takes place off-premises; the Grand Ballroom of the Hyatt is no place for an orgy, no matter how classy. The husband and wife team who run the enterprise say keeping their guests in line is no problem; heck, the perfectly fabulous types who make up their clientele barely engage in vices like drinking or smoking at their soirees. Promoters won't name any names, but do admit that a lot of attendees are "people who work in the industry." That's the entertainment industry, in case you were wondering.

The Horny Hormone

Oysters, asparagus, vitamin E, and ginseng have all long been regarded for their mythic aphrodisiacal qualities, but recent research by the FDA concludes there's no truth to the notions that any of them will affect your id. One of the few proven boosts to the libido, however, is already in your own system—testosterone. In a study done on healthy men who began regular exercise programs, subjects elevated their levels of the male hormone, and reported greater desire and higher sexual stamina after just a few months. Lest anyone take these findings as evidence that men have higher sex drives, remember that increasing physical activity also raises testosterone levels in women.

VENUS FOR THE PENIS
The Venus II may be

st the thing for the man who wants more variety in his masturbation routine than just using the other hand. A portable electric generator that comes with three differently sized "receiver tubes" and a supply of lube, the Venus can deliver up to 350 circuit-challenging strokes a minute, which the creators guarantee "will give you an orgasm like none you've ever had before." Our guinea pig, however, compared it to "fucking a latex jellyfish." The device comes bolted to its own plastic briefcase, just the thing for those long nights out on the road. This kind of love doesn't come cheap though; the Venus retails for nearly \$1,000.



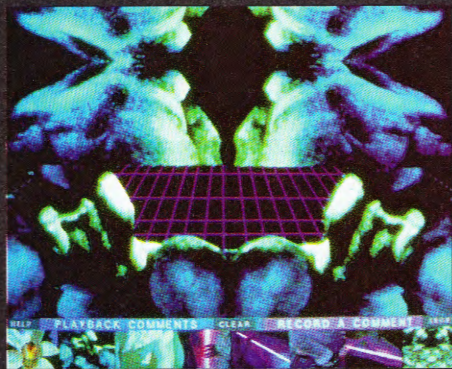
look it up
in your funk & wagnall's

Everybody knows that the phrase *rock and roll* originated as a double metaphor for doing the nasty, but that's only one example of the verbal connection between music and sex. Here's a few more definitions, courtesy of the *Dictionary of Sexual Slang*:

- Blow some tunes: *perform cunnilingus*
- Jam, Jive, Play the Horn: *copulate*
- Groove: *copulate, originally a pun on the groove of the vagina*
- Jazz: *copulate, may have derived from gism*
- Funk: *smell that comes from lovemaking*
- Mouth Music: *oral sex*
- Playing the piano: *gay anilingus*

kind of a drag **In the UK, men dressing**

in women's clothing has been a time-honored tradition from Shakespeare through Monty Python. But Britons apparently prefer their cross-dressing to remain a domestic industry. Parliament, spurred by reports of a planned satellite channel just for transvestites, recently issued a tough warning to international broadcasters to refrain from transmitting "pornographic" television into Britain. Minister Peter Brook said Britain's Independent Television Commission would in future have to warn the government of "any foreign television service they consider goes beyond the limits of what is acceptable."



Talk Dirty to Me

When artists JoAnn Gillerman and Rob Terry set out to create a patchwork of public opinion on erotica in the techno age, they figured the best way to get folks to open up was with a little seduction. The result was EROS INTERACTIVE, an electronic kiosk that solicits candid commentary through provocatively pictured help screens that whisper encouragements like "Come play with me" and "Touch me here." Created on the Silicon Graphics Indy, EROS coaxes users to videotape their own musings about eroticism and interactivity, as well as peek at messages left by other participants. Its user-flirty approach works; when EROS was shown at the New Sensation Exhibition in San Francisco last fall, over 250 people sounded off in just three days. "We thought this seemed like a good way to have a humanish interface," says Gillerman. Maybe it's easier telling your thoughts to a computer if it happens to be a smooth talker.

Meet Gynecology's Dr. Feelgood Paces aren't all that

are being lifted in Beverly Hills these days. Board-certified gynecologist David Matlock, MD, specializes in laser vaginal reconstruction—a new form of plastic surgery that's far more likely to improve your sex life than a tummy tuck and a new set of tits.

Stretching may be a natural result of factors like time and childbirth, but its unpleasant by-product is lowered sexual satisfaction—for both sexes. In patient consultations, Matlock talks with women about their desired degree of tightness, taking into consideration their partners' penis size.

The operation, which Matlock has performed for about 1,000 women already, is done under general anesthesia on an outpatient basis. The cost ranges from \$1,800 to \$3,000 and can take from 30 to 90 minutes. The hard part is waiting to try out the results; surgery is followed by six weeks of abstinent recovery. Matlock claims he's one of the few doctors doing this traditional surgery with lasers—and more significantly, for the purpose of sexual gratification.

—Jaymes Trief

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DOUBLE- ENTENDRE INDEMNITY

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SEXUAL INNUENDO

BY CASEY MCCABE



Mural 1971

Nobody who saw it will ever forget it. The old *Tonight Show* with Carson. For some unknown reason his guest is Mrs. Arnold Palmer. Johnny asks, innocently enough, "Do you do anything special to help your husband?" "Well, before every tournament," Mrs. Palmer replies, equally innocent, "I kiss his balls for luck." A beat, then Carson: "Well, I bet that really makes his putter stand up." For one brief moment, America stands still. Then erupts with shocked, tumultuous laughter.

Of course nobody actually saw the show. But before you could say "urban myth" the episode had become playground and water-

cooler history. Why? In those giddy days before Howard Stern, *NYPD Blue* and all-nude public access talk shows, there was only one outlet for America's collective sexual repression—the double-entendre.

Armed with little more than a raised eyebrow, a leer and words like melon, noodle, bottom, clap, rubber, diddle and whoopee, comedians plied our puritanical underbelly with winks and nudges. It was, as they say, a simpler time. A time when the word "putter"

had legitimate shock value, and sexual tension could be exploited at the drop of a hatchet. That, of course, was a more well-documented *Tonight Show* episode.

At Carson's behest, *Daniel Boone* star Ed Ames threw his tomahawk at a wooden dummy, almost magically

landing it in the crotch to create an unmistakably aroused appendage. The real epiphany wasn't the digestive pause of millions of TV viewers, nor the cathartic burst of laughter. It was Carson recognizing the purity of the moment and restraining Ames from retrieving the tomahawk. It was an opportunity for sex-shy America to milk the glass teat.

Ark Linkletter knew the secret, too. The most popular seg-





ment on his afternoon TV show *House Party* was an interview with grade-schoolers called "Kids Say the Darndest Things"—especially true when Linkletter was prodding them for embarrassing anecdotes about Daddy's secretary or the milkman hanging around all morning. Innuendo from an angel-faced child was the only way to broach the subject of sex on an afternoon talk show. Imagine that. Linkletter would later recall that the biggest laugh the show ever produced came when an earnest tyke, talking about the octopus, mistakenly used the word "testicle" for "tentacle." It took a full minute to quiet the undulating waves of hilarity from the studio audience of housewives.

Of course if Linkletter had the balls to put Lenny Bruce on his show, the same housewives would have been outraged should Lenny have uttered "testicle." But they might allow a blushing guffaw for Buddy Hackett joking about a man suddenly singing soprano. Now *that* was funny. Perhaps more than anyone, Bruce understood America's sexual hypocrisy. But all that did was land him in court, while guys like Hackett got gigs recycling ancient farmer's daughter jokes.

It finally took *Laugh-In's* marriage of vaudeville to the sexual revolution for innuendo to mature. By the time the afternoon game show *Match Game* was reintroduced in the early 70s, Gene Rayburn was posing such questions as, "Susie the cheerleader wanted Johnny the quarterback to pay less attention to football, and more attention to her . . . BLANK." The contestant would meekly say "pom-poms," Charles Nelson Riley would counter with "bazoombas," the audience would howl, a match would be made and the contestant would win something from the famous Spiegel catalog. More importantly, America was coming to terms with its sexuality. By the time *Match Game* went off the air it was courageously accepting the word "boobs."

The sexual revolution, which would shelve the careers of once-bawdy Catskills comedians, made sex a matter of pride rather than something to be teased or hidden. Soon Pryor, Carlin, even Mary Tyler

Moore herself were saying the Words That Couldn't Be Said. Before long the double-entendre had been driven into the streets, where savvy bumper-sticker entrepreneurs were making them into personalized statements like "Scuba Divers Do It Deeper," "Waitresses Do It Standing Up," "Truck Drivers Can Go All Night" and "Particle Physicists Collide with Greater Force and Frequency."

Today, Howard Stern is telling millions of Americans that he jacked off into an old leather glove on the way to work. Sure, we've all done it. We just didn't used to talk about it. In other groundbreaking efforts, both *Seinfeld* and *Roseanne* so successfully handled the subject of masturbation that Aaron Spelling is reportedly developing an entire new series about disgruntled young singles who prefer to play with themselves, called *Rosey Palms*.

This means that either our country has grown up in regards to sex, or that we're frantically searching the bottom of the barrel for new taboos to exploit. While open sexual dialogue is no doubt a healthy thing, so is the ability to laugh about it. Where school children once tittered at the mention of a sperm whale (or even the word "tittered"), they now take home free condoms, having been taught that sex can equal death.

But even in the grim, over-cultivated world of sex jokes, a flower can bloom. The most recent story making the rounds of water coolers involves an episode of *Love Connection* (or *Studs* or years earlier *The Newlywed Game*) that people are swearing a friend saw. The contestant, having been asked "the most unusual place he ever made love," deadpanned, "That would be up the butt, Chuck."

Note to Buddy Hackett: America is finally ready for a really clever fist-fucking joke.

Casey McCabe writes about American pop culture in his regular column for *The Nose* magazine and other national publications. He frequently enjoys "polishing his apple," if you know what we mean.

Mimi Heft, a San Francisco designer and illustrator, wishes she was heiress to the trash-bag fortune, but has settled for just the trash.

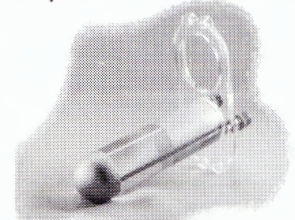
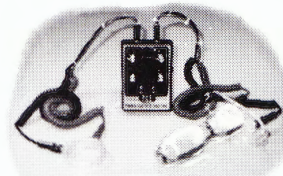
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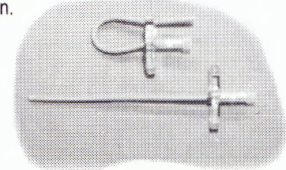
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P.E.S. Electro Stimulation Box
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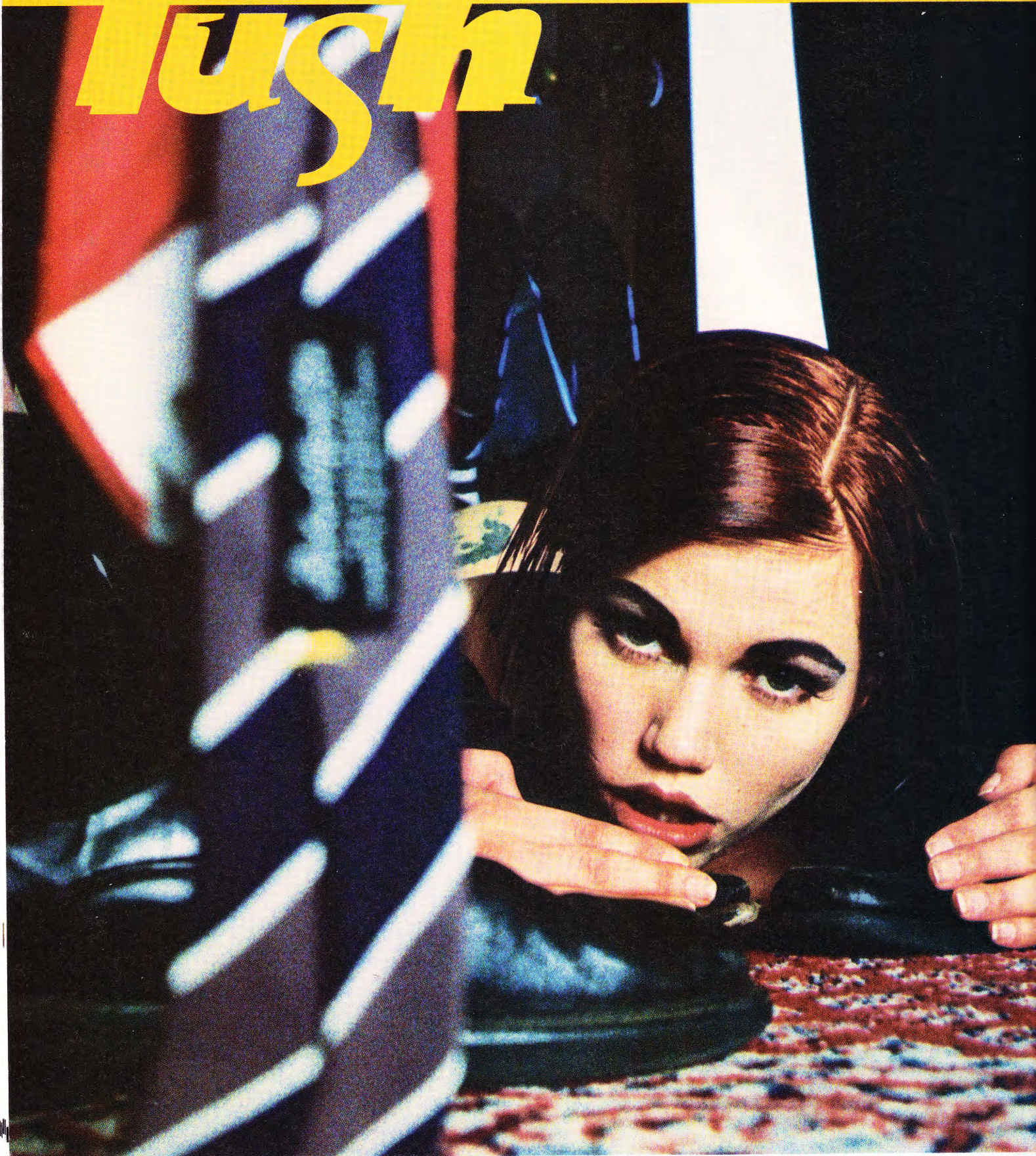
Prices apply to U.S. residents. Must certify 18 years or older. Warning! No contact above the waist and should not be used by anyone with a heart condition. Consult your physician. 2nd day mail service available.



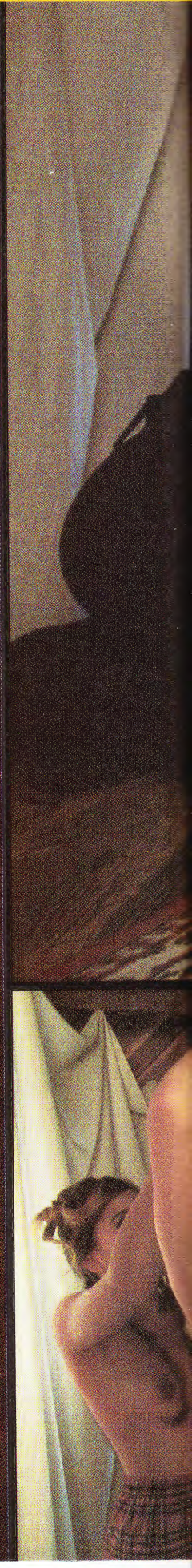
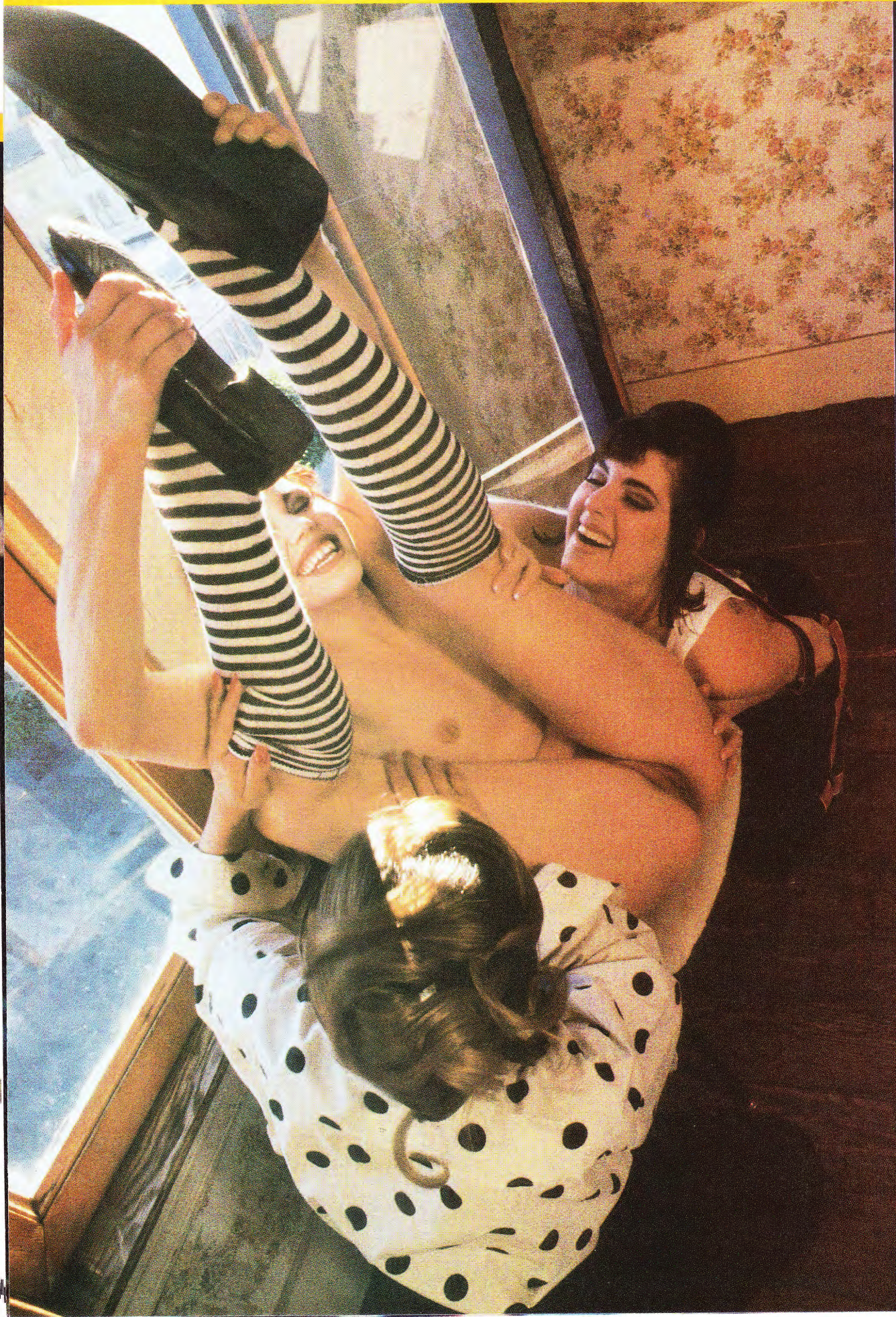
For a complete catalog send \$5 to:
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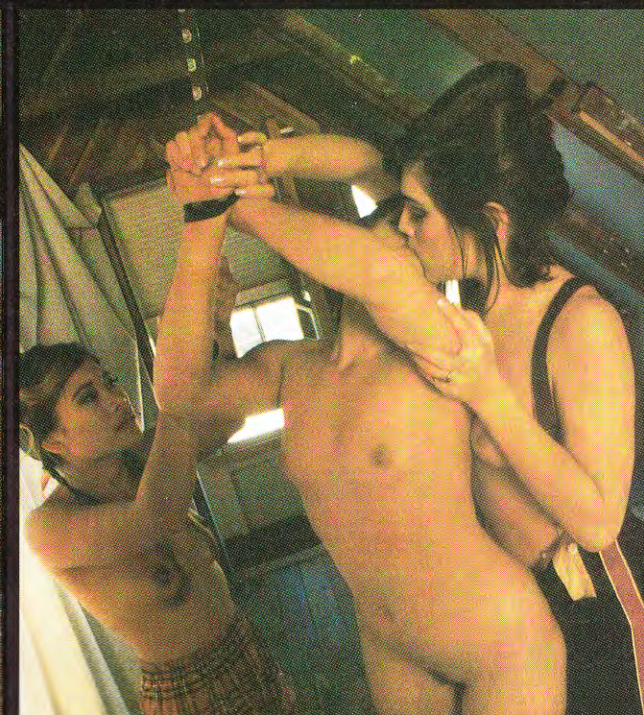
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Tush











Photography: **Phyllis Christopher**

Models: **Kiva**, an ambitious 22 year old, produces her own line of XXX rated videos. See the review for *Completely Kiva* on page 62.

Stacy, a natural flirt, can often be found at the center of a crowd at many of the hot spots in San Francisco.

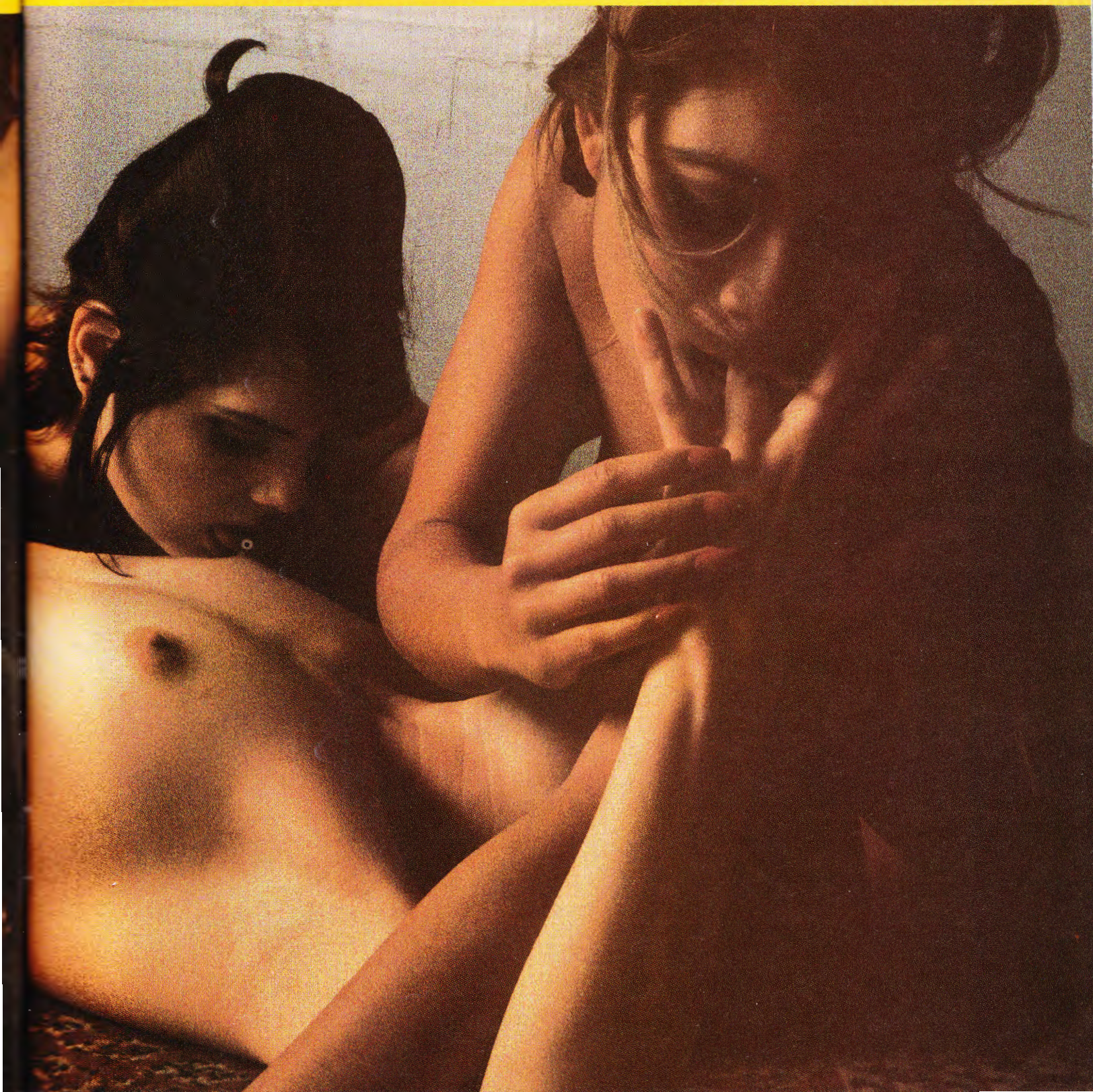
Ciné is an exhibitionist and loves sex on the beach.

Models represented by Top Flight Entertainment

Hair: **John Baretta**

Makeup: **Neda**

Clothing: **Becky Wilson**



blue

BY LISA PALAC

A LOOK AT THE TIME-HONORED RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN SEX AND MUSIC

notes

MUSIC IS A FORCE THAT SHAPES THE WORLD while shining the light back in our eyes. The words and rhythms of the past forty years fueled revolution, birthed language, spawned attitude (and the clothes to go with it). Music gets under our skin like a sonic tattoo; its rebel yells, wet grooves and ethereal samples make us feel.

Songs about sex, of course, in all their feel-good, feeling-stood-up glory, are always at the top of the charts. To explain exactly *how* music puts its stamp on our sexuality and *why* it makes us want to take our clothes off, however, isn't easy.

Future Sex talked to writers, singers, producers and musicians, and asked them for their views on life's erotic measures.

This is what they had to say:

Why Do You Sing or Write About Sex?

TOO SHORT:

When I was about 15, I was singing these songs about life in the party or whatever, and I had this one line that said I had 16 hoers suckin' 10 toes.

There was a whole rap to go with it, but that was the line. And that one line made everybody in the room laugh. And you know, I've always been an attention-seeker.

BABY GIRL (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE):

We think and we rap and write about sex because that is the way of life, it's what happening. [Sex] is necessary for life and we love it! We love singin' about it, we love doin' it.

DEAD LEE (SHEEP ON DRUGS):

Sex is a drug and we sing about drugs. You can get addicted to it.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):

I do not sing specifically about sex but rather of desire and desperation. It is the most gratifying means I have found for voicing my grievances. It's either that or gouge my eyes out.

JIM ELLISON (MATERIAL ISSUE):

I don't. My songs generally stop at foreplay.

LUX INTERIOR (THE CRAMPS):

Any "artist type" should be communicating about what interests them most, and those that say there's something more important than sex are either inconceivably dull or liars.

MOJO NIXON:

I grew up with a bunch of uptight hypocritical prudes who thought sex, nudity and masturbation were nasty, blue, evil, wrong. Fuckin' is good, nekkid is good. Killing is BAD. I jack off in the face of the Junior Women's League with a purple-veined passion rod!

DEBBIE HARRY:

Well, what else is there?

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

I would say [my music is] more feminine, really. It's more to the emotions. Ah, maybe I wish I was a girl.

What's Your Idea of Safe Sex?

DEBBIE HARRY:

Voyeurism.

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

I suppose it's latex, isn't it? My idea, at the moment, would be just making sure you've got a condom in your pocket.

MICHAEL FRANTI:

Having a healthy imagination.

JIM ELLISON (MATERIAL ISSUE):

Phone sex.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):

I suspect you would prefer something clever and witty like, any sex other than that with a rabid dog, but the truth is I don't believe in risking your life for a single sexual encounter. No exchange of bodily fluids.

GO-DI (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE):

Getting the right partner and not hitting your head on the head-board.

TIM SKOLD (SHOTGUN MESSIAH):

That's an oxymoron, "safe sex." 'Cause sex isn't supposed to be safe. Well, I'm monogamous, and I have a girlfriend—a good combination.

TOO SHORT:

No sex.

STEVE ALBINI:

I remember reading a list of things never to do with your dick. One of them was using it to see if that electric pencil sharpener is plugged in.

◀ AS THE BLONDE HALF OF SWEDISH INDIE ROCK/TECHNO DUO SHOTGUN MESSIAH, TIM SKOLD WROTE "SEX," OFF THEIR THIRD ALBUM VIOLENT NEW BREED, (RELATIVITY) WHERE HE AMUSINGLY CROONS, "I'M COMIN' INSIDE/IT'S SO WE CAN BOND FOREVER...."

GO-DI (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE):

I think it's a sexual awakening. People are awakening to the dangers of sex, therefore they're taking new alternatives to protect themselves. So in that sense, yeah, I do think it's a revolution.

Are we in the middle of another sexual revolution?

STEVE ALBINI:

If I get this right, the first sexual revolution was the one where conventional definitions of sexual boundaries went by the wayside and opened the door to all the options, other than one-on-one heterosexual sex in prescribed



◀ THE LATEST EP FROM HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE (H.W.A.) *Az Much Ass Azz U Want* (RUTHLESS) SENDS THE MESSAGE THAT WOMEN ARE NO LONGER WILLING TO ACCEPT THE ROLE OF THE SEXUALLY DEPRIVED.



David Roth



attitudes. And if that's the case, then you only have *one* sexual revolution because then anything after that is fair game. What would another revolution be? Going back to Puritanism?

LUX INTERIOR (THE CRAMPS):

Judging by the ugly baggy fashions of today, I'd say most folks are on their way back to the Dark Ages.

MOJO NIXON:

There are always horny people on the sexual frontier. The revolution is just the media runnin' with it for six weeks. The fornication army is always there, hidin' in the shadows.

MICHAEL FRANTI:

As a young person in America, I personally know thirty people who have died of AIDS, and that puts a different light on sexuality for my generation. People really have to think differently about who they're sleeping with, the type of sex they have, and protecting themselves.



◀ DEBORAH HARRY IS NOW, AND EVER WILL BE, BLONDE.

And that makes people think twice before jumping in bed with anybody.

What music puts you in the mood?

LUX INTERIOR (THE CRAMPS):

Weird bachelor-pad mood music of the 50s, 'cause it was scientifically engineered for this purpose. Like Esquivel or Leo Diamond.

DEBBIE HARRY:

All music. It all gets me wet.

MOJO NIXON:

Al Green, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Marvin Gaye. Fuckin'-in-the-dirt-like the-animals-we-are music.

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

Reggae.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):

Sometimes 50s strip music like *Las Vegas Grind* or the anguished cry of Mavis Staples singing "I'm Comin' Home" will make me sweat. But generally it's people, not music, that put me in the mood.

TIM SKOLD (SHOTGUN MESSIAH):

180+ bpm rave stuff because in general, those songs go on for a good eight minutes.

TOO SHORT:

Love songs from the 70s. What I grew up on—Isley Brothers, Whispers, Aretha Franklin, Earth Wind and Fire love songs, all that stuff.

BABY GIRL (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE):

That would explode the mood! That would just make the mood that much better. 'Cause then you can be like, "Muthafucka, don't you hear what I'm sayin'?" I don't have to say anything, the record can say the rest.

KING DUNCAN (SHEEP ON DRUGS):

I would feel proud, raunchy and sexy...extra sexy.

Did you have a particular experience that changed your sexual outlook?

TIM SKOLD (SHOTGUN MESSIAH):

Um...puberty?

TOO SHORT:

Falling in love. My outlook before that was, get some pussy from whoever you feel like fucking, and that's just what it was. But then when I fell in love, I found out that sex got better with someone that you loved. You got to do it over and over and over again, and somebody knows you, and you don't have to ask for things, you just automatically get it—that's the best thing you could ever have. A person who knows you.

KING DUNCAN (SHEEP ON DRUGS):

All sexual experience has changed my outlook somewhat. I'll try anything once, and if its nice I'll do it twice. Sex has been a process of getting comfortable with myself. Really good sex was when I wasn't afraid. Being in love makes a difference.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):

Fucking Jon Spencer changed my life.

MOJO NIXON:

The first time I was with a girl who wanted to fuck and come. I didn't say no or give a reluctant, "Now we must get married," but "Yes! Let's go to a motel and watch things swell." Yahoo!

MICHAEL FRANTI:

Every time I have sex. I try not to be totally stupid. I try to learn something every time.

How would you feel if you heard one of your own songs during an amorous encounter?

DEBBIE HARRY, JIM ELLISON, CRISTINA, LUX INTERIOR, MOJO NIXON, ALEX PATERSON: Distracted.

DY: Did I?

SA: Yeah. I was wearing these nearly see-through trousers and my bag was hanging out at breakfast one morning—I was The Jesus Lizard's sound man on a road trip—and you made some mention of the fact that my testicles were bright red. I think you said something like, "What's going on with your balls?" This was at Denny's, very early in the morning.

DY: And then I said, "But they taste delicious!" OK, have you ever gone up to a girl you didn't know and asked her "Excuse me, is your Debbie hairy?"

SA: No.

What's Going On With Your Balls?

Rock and roll is all about breaking rules. In our case, David Yow, lead singer of punk foursome The Jesus Lizard, and producer Steve Albini decided to answer their own questions about sex.

DAVID YOW: Steve has another man ever had occasion to say to you, "Whoa Steve, goddamn, your dick stinks!"?

STEVE ALBINI: No, but I do remember a couple of years ago, David, that you said to me, "Wow, your balls are really bright red."



Nathour Mamdel

▲ BEST KNOWN AS GUITARIST/VOCALIST FOR LANDMARK EARLY-80S RUST BELT ROCK BAND BIG BLACK, STEVE ALBINI ALSO RECORDED THE MOST RECENT ALBUMS BY NIRVANA AND P.J. HARVEY. HIS NEW BANK, SHELLAC, JUST RELEASED TWO SINGLES ON CHICAGO'S TOUCH AND GO LABEL.



Rocky Schenck

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

Losing my virginity. That's an English answer, I think.

Have you ever made or read a statement about sex that's come back to haunt you?

DEBBIE HARRY:

Somewhere along the line I think I said, "Sex is the greatest marketing tool." Ugh.

TOO SHORT:

Well, I was always scared of this one line I had about Nancy Reagan sucking my dick. And you know, it was not intended to disrespect the President of the United States, but I always was like, maybe you shouldn't have said that. But it went out, and it was one of the most popular lines of my live performance.

ALEX PATERSON IS THE BRAIN OF THE ORB. TAKING ITS NAME FROM THE ECSTASY-INDUCING BALL IN WOODY ALLEN'S *SLEEPER*, THE ORB GOES BEYOND THE GENRE OF AMBIENT HOUSE MUSIC AND INTO THE BLISS OF DEEP SPACE. ▼

MOJO NIXON:

I once told my wife she was so fine "I'd suck her daddy's dick!" It turned out to be much bigger than I expected.

KING DUNCAN (SHEEP ON DRUGS):

I did an interview with [*New Musical Express*] and I was just chatting away with the guy and I said, "Sometimes I like to smoke crack, and sometimes I like to fuck my girlfriend in the ass. Sometimes I like to have a cup of tea with my mum. I don't know if ordinary Joe does these things, but I'm sure he probably does." They made it this huge headline. My girlfriend was really angry with me. She said "How could



you say that!" Well, sometimes my mouth just goes, and my brain gauges later.

TIM SKOLD (SHOTGUN MESSIAH):

I remember Boy George talking about Glam. That it was okay to look like a girl because you were only kidding, and everybody knew you were only kidding. The real deal was harder to swallow. I thought that was an interesting observation.

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

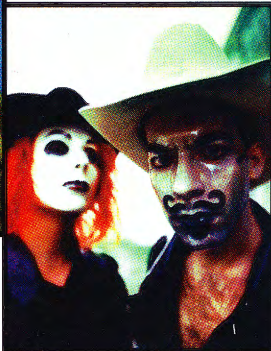
I find Madonna quite haunting. It's not what she says, it's just the way she is, really.

Do you hope your work erotically inspires people?

TOO SHORT:

I don't *hope* it has, but I know that there are people out there who like that dirty shit, you know? I mean, I've come across women who've said that they wanted to have sex with me. From the way I rap, they think I would do it good. It doesn't really turn me on, listening to Too Short. But I could understand if somebody always sang about how they fucked, it would be like, then show me how you fuck.

DEAD LEE (SHEEP ON DRUGS):



▲ KING DUNCAN AND DEAD LEE ARE SHEEP ON DRUGS, THE INDUSTRIAL DANCE BAND RESPONSIBLE FOR GRACE JONE'S LATEST SINGLE, "SEX DRIVE."

We got one fan letter from a girl that was written on the back of one of those prostitutes' calling cards [you find in] London phone books. She said it was like losing her virginity, being at our gig.

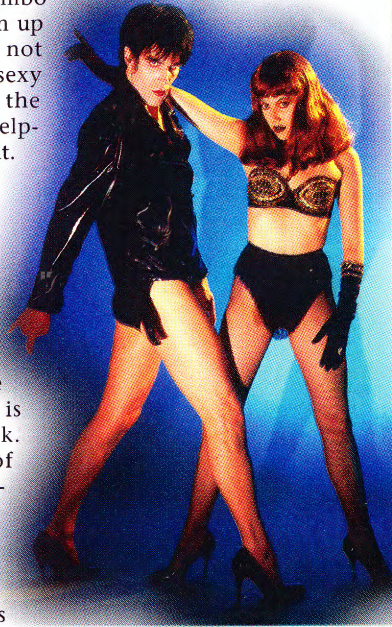
KING DUNCAN (SHEEP ON DRUGS):

I hope it makes people feel sexy about themselves for the right reasons. Not in the conven-

tional stud/bimbo way. When I'm up on stage, I'm not afraid. I feel sexy up there and the audience is helping me feel that.

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):

Yes. People write and say they came up with their own kind of Blue Room, which is an Orb track. Those sort of things are really nice to hear. We get into different bits of people's lives as opposed to [them] just sitting at home and listening to music, it actually gets them creatively involved. And I suppose [the music] is nice to go to bed with, so...



▲ SINGER LUX INTERIOR AND HIS BAND, THE CRAMPS, MERGE ROCKABILLY SOUND WITH DRIVE-IN TRASH MOVIE IMAGERY AND A TASTE FOR B/D SEXUALITY.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):

I wouldn't go so far as to say *hope* or *inspired*. It would be nice if it affected people in any way, I suppose. Generally though, I don't spend time wondering how other people respond to my work, although there are a few specific individuals I *hope* agonize over my naked image.

DEBBIE HARRY:

Oh God yes! Especially when your music is played in clubs you hope that it's going to make someone somewhere hop in the back seat of their car and do it.

LUX INTERIOR (THE CRAMPS):

Yes. I hope it gives them ideas about flesh and its various coverings like zippers and straps.



Richard Kern
Tom Pitts



DY: Alright, next question. What's the most potentially dangerous place you've had sex? I've enjoyed it in the back of a pick-up truck during rush hour.

SA: That reminds me, my girlfriend and I once did it in a van on the way to a drive-in. Jon Spencer and his wife Cristina were in the van at the time.

DY: Did they know you were doing it?

SA: Probably. Um, have you ever had great sex with an ugly woman or terrible sex with a beautiful woman?

DY: Yeah, both.

SA: Actually, I kinda like ugly women. Homely women, beastly women, hatchet-faced women, kind of crude horse-like women do turn my crank.

DY: Why is that?

SA: I find them much more interesting to look at.

DY: Do you feel charitable when you...?

SA: No, I'm just actively attracted to women with very coarse features. Big gnarly eyebrows, big noses, glasses.

DY: Beards?

SA: No. A huge mouth is an enormous turn-on. With a lot of teeth in it. I'm sort of into the thick-spectacled-Jewish-math-major look. Very geeky, kind of a sinus problem. You know what I'm talking about?

DY: No.

SA: It's hard to explain.

▲ THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A JESUS LIZARD SHOW, EXCEPT MAYBE WITNESSING AN ACCIDENT ON THE HIGHWAY. GUT-BUCKET VOCALIST DAVID YOW IS AS UNPREDICTABLE AS AN EARLY IGGY POP. THEIR RECENT EP *LASH* IS A MIX OF CONSCIOUS FRENZY AND CHAOTIC SEXUALITY.

As Featured in
 March 14, 1994
 NEWSWEEK • page 63

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Was it Something I Said?

LESTER BANGS: "Think I'll rape my wank-fantasy cunt dog-style tonight." Lester Bangs, *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung*, Vintage Books 1987.

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE: "Music has been my playmate, my lover and my crying towel. It gets me off like nothing else." *Ms.*, March 1975.

KURT COBAIN: "I'm definitely gay in spirit, and I probably could be bisexual...If I wouldn't have found Courtney, I probably would have carried on with a bisexual life-style." *The Advocate*, February 1993.

DIAMANDA GALAS: "...If sex is merely gentle and peaceful, I'm not even interested." *Angry Women*, Re/Search Press 1991.

MARVIN GAYE: "I'm a dominant sexual partner usually...I'm not a whore either. I'm promiscuous yes, but a very selective one." Sharon Davis, *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*, Mainstream Publishing Company 1991.

JULIO IGLESIAS: "I love women. I love deep women...But it is not a question of passing through women like one passes through showers in the morning...I need the warmth of a woman, but I also need the confrontation. I need the deepness of the brains." *Interview*, June 1992.

MICHAEL JACKSON: "I'm a gentleman." During a television interview, in response to Oprah Winfrey's question, "Are you a virgin?" ABC Special, February 1993.

JOAN JETT (on the *Runaways'* experience with interviews): "The first question would be, 'I heard you girls are all sluts, right?'" Gillian G. Gaar, *She's A Rebel*, Seal Press 1992.

JANIS JOPLIN: "My music ain't supposed to make you want to riot."

My music's supposed to make you want to fuck." Gillian G. Gaar, *She's A Rebel*, Seal Press 1992.

LYDIA LUNCH: "...dick-licking—something everyone has done ... show me the woman who hasn't and I'll show you a woman who doesn't know what she's missing." *BravEar*, 1982

MADONNA: "I like my pussy...Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it...I love my pussy, it is the complete summation of my life...My pussy is the temple of learning." *Madonna, Sex*, Warner Books 1992.

ROBERT PLANT: "You can't know much about sex...The instruction is to enjoy yourself and be as cool as you can, and now, as careful as you can." *Interview*, June 1993.

HENRY ROLLINS: "I'll have my arm around a girl—I'll see two, and I'll want to screw that one, that one, that one, that one—anything that looks good. I want it. There's nothing

wrong with me...it's Darwin kicking...going, 'Keep the species going.'" *Ear Magazine*, 1988

TINA TURNER: "Naturally I lost my virginity in the backseat of a car: This was the 50s, right?...Well, it hurt so bad—I think my earlobes were hurting." *I, Tina*, Avon Books 1986.

FRANK ZAPPA: "My attitude toward anybody's sexual persuasion is this: without deviation from the norm, progress is not possible." *the safer planet sex diary*, Tuppy Owens 1994.

—Compiled by Allison Diamond



▶ AFTER DOING TIME WITH LATE-80S PUNKSTERS PUSSY GALORE, CRISTINA MARTINEZ FORMED HER OWN NOISE FEST, BOSS HOG. HER LATEST RELEASE IS *GIRL+* (AMPHETAMINE REPTILE).



to jacking off in the bathroom and what else...got a nice little porno movie collection. I'm a self-proclaimed freak. That doesn't mean I do nasty things, but I really enjoy sex, you know?

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB): *Apocalypse Now* and *Blade Runner*, the actual book. It's called *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*

MOJO NIXON: The tease. The art of erotic revelation and the horny in everyday—not models and actors and freaks of nature—but John Doe fuckin' in his truck durin' his lunch break.

MICHAEL FRANTI: I thought that film *Daughters of the Dust* was erotic. Its the first film that I know of that shows black women up close, like full face shots on screen. Its not even



◀ JIM ELLISON IS SINGER, SONGWRITER AND GUITARIST FOR CHICAGO POWER POP TRIO MATERIAL ISSUE, A BAND THAT WRITES A LOT OF COOL SONGS WITH GIRLS' NAMES IN THE TITLES. *FREAK CITY* SOUNDTRACK (MERCURY) IS THEIR LATEST RELEASE.

sexually explicit, but there are undertones of sex throughout the whole thing.

Do you think sex will be different by the end of the century? The end of the next millennium?

STEVE ALBINI: Come on, that's such a preposterous, early-70s science fiction notion of the future. The future is going to be pretty much the same way it is now, as it was 50 years ago or 100 years ago. The only difference is the trinkets that we'll use, the different means of communication and transportation and information distribution.

BABY GIRL (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE): Talking about sexuality is going to bring along new freedom.

DEBBIE HARRY: I think we'll find a way to reproduce asexually.

KING DUNCAN (SHEEP ON DRUGS): Maybe people'll be a bit more adventurous and try different things, like a bit of S/M or sodomy. People will be less ashamed. It's cool to be kinky.

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB): Unless we develop 12-foot penises that can bend around corners to make sex different, I have no idea what you'd really change about the reproductive system.



What would happen if you could be sexually satisfied 24 hours a day?

ALEX PATERSON (THE ORB):
I'd have a pretty sore knob.

MOJO NIXON:
Like the proverbial dog who can lick his own balls, I wouldn't get outta the house much.

TIM SKOLD (SHOTGUN MESSIAH):
I'd be happy, I guess. And bruised.

TOO SHORT:
I've been there be-fore—I would probably have a lover who was just as I wanted her to be. I like a woman that has a natural look, even after you've been banging it around the bed, ain't got up in 24 hours, there's still a certain beauty about her, you know? That doesn't necessarily mean she's got to be light-skinned with long hair, but I mean you know, just a certain beauty, a natural beauty and it doesn't take any lipstick or makeup to bring that beauty out.

CRISTINA (BOSS HOG):
My life would be boring. What would I have to look forward to? I revel in my misery.

LUX INTERIOR (THE CRAMPS):
No waiting.

JIM ELLISON (MATERIAL ISSUE):
I'd probably marry her.

DEBBIE HARRY:
I've come very close to being sexually satisfied 24 hours a day, very close, but not quite. I think if I was sexually satisfied all the time, then I would forget that I was sexually satisfied and I'd have to do something to come down. Like commit murder or something.



◀ THE FORMER SINGER FOR DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRIS, MICHAEL FRANTI VOTES WITH HIS VOICE, INSTILLING INTELLIGENCE INTO THE ONGOING RAP DIALOGUE.

DEAD LEE (SHEEP ON DRUGS):
I am sexually satisfied 24 hours a day.

DAVID YOW (THE JESUS LIZARD):
Other than being sexually satisfied, not much. I mean that would even prevent me from having the dessert cigarette.

BABY GIRL (HOEZ WITH ATTITUDE):
I'd put the Ben Wa company out of business. And when that time comes, trust me, I'm going to call you guys up and let you know. I'm going to write a song about it. It'll be a beautiful thing.



Special thanks to the following people for their help with this feature:

David Rothschild is a Chicago-based freelance writer whose "Home Front" local music column appears weekly in the Chicago Tribune. Rothschild also writes about computers, sex, death and taxes. His online address is Nelson13@aol.com.

Gwendlynn Meno's essay "R&B & The Bedroom" appears on page 34.

Judy McGuire is a NYC-based freelancer living in a cramped apartment with her cockatiel Albert and her man Lou.

Steven Blush is the publisher of Seconds magazine. His work has appeared in Details, New Musical Express and Interview.

Allison Diamond and Daryl-Lynn Johnson are on staff at Future Sex.



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The Dark Hungers of Goth

BY DAVID AARON CLARK



As a lifelong

devotee of the macabre, I will testify that when it comes to S/M and the darker lusts, there's no better pop soundtrack than Goth.

Yes, I'm a black-clad, scar-necked sap, libido damaged by a youth full of Saturday-afternoon Hammer Film Studio blood-sex-terror epics, not to mention under-the-covers, over-voracious consumptions of Stoker, Shelly and LeFanu. I grew up swooning for Camilla's sharp kiss, Lillith's treacherous caress, Salome's murderous bump 'n' grind. Vampirella and her skimpy shiny red one-piece complemented by Bettie Page bangs and Christopher Lee fangs launched my interest in the female anatomy to heights undreamed of prior to the fifth grade, contraband covers peeking up at me from the bottom of my gym bag when multiplication tables grew too, too boring. So what better eventual accompaniment to all this Halloween lust than would-be princes of darkness like Nick Cave, Andrew Eldritch and Glenn Danzig?

True, these singers technically fall into different sub-genres, but the swagger remains the same. Metal, "alternative" or punk, the mad eyes glaring from under pale brows framed by dyed-black hair betray the common conceit: There's nothing scarier than a good fuck. Or sexier than a good scare.

Aussie badboy Cave rumbles in front of his band the Bad Seeds on *The First Born Is Dead*, bemoaning the siren entrapment practiced by the barely ripe fruit of "The Little Girl Tree:" "I know your candybones will be the death of me." Eldritch snarls field orders during the Sisters of Mercy's "Lucretia, My Reflection:" "I see the pain and the sadness of the dispossessed/ Get down, get undressed."

And it works for girls, too: Lydia Lunch is the original death-venerating, whiny, ballbusting dominatrix/punk goddess. Her moans of orgasmic pain bring a whole new meaning to verbal abuse, delivering aural S/M that sinks beneath the second skin and churn the blood restless. Lunch's cover of AM radio hit "Don't Fear the Reaper" exposed the fatal attraction lurking beneath the original's sweet guitar strum.

Goth and S/M strike the same chord: The color scheme, the fabrics, the arcane fetishistic accessories, the studied ritual and romance are near-interchangeable. Sallow groupies dressed in silver and black leather and drowning in mascara yearn to burn when buff little Glenn Danzig flexes his pecs and croaks the death-metal anthem "Under Her Black Wings"; or when The Cure's greasepaint-smear Robert Smith wiggles his black spidery arms and croons before consuming "The Caterpillar" in an act of erotic cannibalism.

The melodrama of Goth demands byzantine and radical sexual scenarios—plain old rutting just won't do. Major masochist that I am, I know there's no better music to be pierced and cut by than the renaissance-trance howls of Dead Can Dance. Or the Goth granddaddies the Velvet's droning through the stately "Venus in Furs." Lou Reed's adaptation of Sacher-Masoch's seminal novel of erotic torture is always best heard on your knees.



David Aaron Clark is the author of The Wet Forever and Sister Radianca (Rhinoceros Books). His band False Virgins recorded two albums in the early '90's, and he's currently working on a modern interpretation of de Sade's Juliette.

Death of a Groupie

BY R.U. SIRIUS

The term *groupie* came into use in the 60s to describe girls who had sex with guys who were rock stars. Undoubtedly, powerful males had groupies before that. A dude like Napoleon could have demanded as much pussy as he possibly wanted, but there must have been plenty of volunteers.

A rock journalist recently told me, privately—and rather sadly—that, "Those old days of wrecking hotel rooms and impregnating local underaged girls are gone." Even classic cock-rockers like Guns 'n' Roses and Aerosmith are much more careful than rock stars were in the good old days, when *Rolling Stone* reporters could witness and write about the gangbang of a high school virgin on the Rolling Stones' airplane by band and staff members, with the Mick comin' last on the back end. (Note: gangbang refers here neither to drive-by shootings nor rape, but consensual sex between a woman and several men.)

Gender equality partly accounts for the lessening of grand decadence and perversity among male rock stars, but so does political correctness. Rock culture

critic Greil Marcus has written about the nerdy, neo-Marxist, early-80s English bands (Gang of Four, The Mekons, etc.) more concerned with critiquing the social and economic relations of sex than with having it. And today's "grunge" bands write about hopeless relationships awash in triviality and fear of intimacy...no, make that fear of *everything*.

But the conservative, corporate atmosphere of the music industry is the biggest culprit. The decadent, aging rock star has become the politicized elder statesmen, almost Gore-like in stiff-



Sex In Music Timeline

1957:

Jerry Lee Lewis raises eyebrows by wedding his 13-year-old cousin.

1959:

The first of Chuck Berry's many indictments for a sexual offense, this one involving a prostitute.

1964:

The FBI, after investigating The Kingsmen's "Louie Louie" for suspected obscenity, conclude that they have no idea what the song is about.

1967:

The Rolling Stones appear on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and are forced to change the words "Let's spend the night together" to "Let's spend some time together."

1967:

Marianne Faithfull and Mick Jagger arrested at Mick's home, with Marianne escorted to jail in nothing but a white bearskin rug.

1968:

John Lennon and Yoko Ono appear completely nude on the cover of their latest album *Two Virgins*.

1969:

Jim Morrison arrested for drunkenly waving his dick around onstage in Miami.

1970:

Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul and Mary arrested for "taking immoral liberties" with a 14-year-old girl, shortly after receiving the Grammy for the year's Best Children's Album.



BY SUSIE BRIGHT

Jimi Hendrix Having Been Experienced

and Why Little Dykes Understand

Teenagers

always find reasons to live and die in popular music. Getting older automatically grinds this passion to a halt, as we become simultaneously more cynical and invested. But you never forget your first, and my first was Jimi Hendrix. He was, as they say, a fuckin' genius, who died

ness and rectitude. The all night party has given way to the after-show meeting with accountants and lawyers. Cocaine and Pernod have been replaced by vegetarian fare and Perrier. Waking up at 1 pm to stare at old *Gong Show* repeats lost out to the early-morning jog. All, of course, in a bid for rock and roll longevity; a dubious concept when you consider that overfed, aging rock stars may actually make better music if they're a little bit strung out, since that allows them to maintain some semblance of freakishness long after the

accountant's bottom line has dominated their consciousness.

Voyeuristic rock fans needn't despair completely. After all, I've only been talking about "heterosexual" white boys who, by the way, no longer dominate the charts. For everyone else, rock and roll still means sex. And their fans are still slaves to the rhythm.



R.U. Sirius is co-founder and icon-at-large for Mondo 2000 magazine and vocalist/lead conceptualist for MondoVanilli. He is also a freelance multimedia brat.

at the height of our country's discontent, an estrangement he described many times in his lyrics. He commented on society's rules and wages of war as a veteran who knew firsthand the black, brown and working class shades of America's ground troops. For these reasons, I idolize him not only as a revolutionary guitarist, but as a revolutionary.

But there is something about Jimi's sound, rather than the lyrics or the times he lived in, that makes me want to be free, in that classic sense of no inhibitions, no authority. Many who revere Hendrix rap about his technical mastery and mystery. But the biggest mystery to me isn't how he achieved his outlandish distortion, it's how he made my world seem so distorted; why "If six turned out to be nine/ I don't mind, I don't mind." I've been playing *Electric Ladyland* regularly for 20 years now, but I didn't examine what Jimi meant to me until I had a very weird flashback in 1986.

It was the day the US bombed Libya and I was at a lesbian strip show. Every Tuesday, I co-hosted a women-only strip club and this evening was the usual 200-plus crowd of leather dykes, financial district escapees and Midwestern tourists. The strippers were all local girls who danced to Top 40, which at that time was a string of tunes by Janet Jackson, Aerosmith and Vanity. An 80s crowd, an 80s beat, and the last thing I expected to hear was "Machine Gun," the title track and antiwar anthem from Hendrix's 1970 release.

The first riffs erupted on a bare stage, and then a yellow spotlight came up. Out of the darkness, an "older" dancer named Lupe (almost 30) crawled onstage on her belly, in a combat uniform and a gas mask. She was a death spirit; her body was contorted and furious and the only thing erotic about it was Hendrix's ferocious rat-a-tat-tat making her little body undulate. Her set took 12 and a half minutes, and the one thing that never came off was the gas mask.

I don't know what the girls at the cocktail tables were thinking. I don't know if cruising came to a halt. Most of the audience was younger than me, and I doubt they could remember Walter Cronkite announcing the number of dead in Vietnam. When Lupe left the stage, she was soaking wet. I didn't know if it was tears or sweat dripping off her face. But when she saw everything running down my face, she hugged me and began to cry in earnest. "You know why I did it, you know," she said.

We'd both spent umpteen hours listening to *Machine Gun* (Hendrix's most political and "black" work) during our coming of age, simultaneously chewing mucho peyote, making love to men and women and cursing the fucking United States of Amerikkka. It was a time of inverted patriotism, where the very thing that made you hate the Pentagon, Tricky Dick and LBJ was the same thing that made you think that maybe this country had some greatness after all, if we could only get rid of the pigs. My anti-capitalist instincts were bedfellows with my desire for sexual freedom, which to this day seems antithetical to the WASP work ethic. Jimi's music tied these two things together for me.

There's also another element that linked my revolutionary interest in him to my sexual interest. Everyone who has read the Hendrix biographies knows about Jimi's huge sexual appetite, his big dick and his black erotic presence in a white milieu. But during my lesbian strip-show years, I found an unexpected piece of information. One of Hendrix's closest running buddies was a woman named Devon; his lover, roommate, pimp, dealer and adviser. She was often called a supergroupie and linked to Mick Jagger and others. But the most interesting thing I read was that she was bisexual, a hooker who only loved women but fucked men for money and advantage. That describes most of the women I met at our lesbian burlesque.

1976: Captain and Tennille release "Muskrat Love." Erotic lyrics reach an all-time low.

1981: Wendy O. Williams arrested on obscenity charges in Milwaukee for simulating sex onstage with a sledgehammer. She is arrested the next day in Cleveland on similar charges.

1984: BBC radio bans "Relax" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood for "overly obscene lyrics." The song reaches #1 on the charts immediately thereafter.

1986: Wayne Hussey of The Mission UK banned from a nightclub for fucking in the ladies' room.

1990: Charles Freeman, record store owner, convicted on a felony obscenity charge in Florida for selling the 2 Live Crew album *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* to a minor.

1992: Lead singer for the punk band The Insaints arrested in Berkeley, CA for having sex with fruit onstage, or as she charmingly put it, "putting a banana in my coochie."

1992: Madonna releases the book *Sex*, a collection of erotic photos and essays featuring herself.

1993: Funk impresario Rick James sentenced to jail for the kidnaping, torture and sexual abuse of a business associate.

—Compiled by Paul Kimball

The Best Music To Fuck To

One thing that sex and music have in common is rhythm: throbbing pelvic impulses that reduce one and all to the level of rapine sex machines and comely kittens. Since the invention of electronically reproducible music, every bedroom has become a primal swamp of passion, with sexually stimulating sounds oozing out of strategically placed speakers. When asked what the best music to fuck to was, the following poignant replies stand out:



LEONARD COHEN: "In the old days, people used to say my stuff was very good for that. I prefer Chopin's 'Nocturnes' myself."

LYDIA LUNCH: "It depends on the mood and the costume you're wearing."

GENE SIMMONS (KISS): "A Mozart piano concerto or the sound of a girl giving me a hum job, whichever works."

ROBERT PLANT: "'Bossanova Baby' by Elvis, that'll do. But it's best to turn the music off altogether and keep the music in your head."

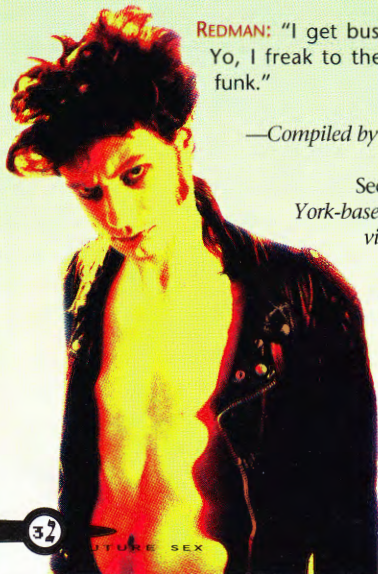
MARK MOTHERSBAUGH (DEVO): "It doesn't matter if it's disco or acid or house or rock, but it has to be an LP, a plastic record. You need a scratch so that it skips and loops back to nirvana."

JIM THIRLWELL (FOETUS/CLINT RUIN): "For foreplay, I like ski lodge/cocktail music. Then I like two or three stereos playing at once—all for one night of lovemaking."

JAYNE COUNTY: "I'd have to think about that because I haven't had sex in over a year. I have no libido. Sex is just too much trouble; I'd rather have wet dreams. But if you put on the Velvet Underground, the sex could probably turn out to be, shall we say, interesting."

REDMAN: "I get busy to P-Funk. Yo, I freak to the straight-up funk."

—Compiled by Steven Blush, publisher of *Seconds*, a New York-based music interview magazine.



Devon's bisexuality isn't commented on much in the typical Hendrix bio except to say that Jimi "straightened Devon out." I found that very funny, because my reading of a woman like Devon is that she queered Jimi *in*. Hendrix wrote a song about his muse, "Dolly Dagger," which one official biographer claimed was a rhyme mocking Devon's relationship with Jagger. Obviously, this rock journalist didn't know the biggest contribution Black English has made to the queer vernacular: Bulldagger. Dolly/Devon was a bulldagger par excellence: "Been riding broomsticks since she was fifteen/Blowing out all the other witches on the scene/She got a bullwhip just as long as your life/Her tongue can even scratch the soul out of the devil's wife/I seen her in action at the player's choice/ Turning all the love men into doughnut boys."

I wondered if "donut boys" meant guys who couldn't wait to get Dolly's dick up their ass. Instead of imagining Hendrix's big dick, I saw his begging asshole and Dolly taking him with her magic broom. After all, men don't say "Scuse me while I kiss the sky" if they haven't been down on their knees.

I find it absolutely plausible that Hendrix was a dyke daddy, a fellow traveler, and the queer femme icing on his soul was something I could anchor my militant teenage sexuality to. Of course, I'm practicing the ultimate Spectator's Choice, making my hero into me, believing that we shared a faith instead of a good beat we could dance to. Hendrix introduced me to the blues, to sex funk and to divine cacophony. If I hadn't been 15 at the time I could not have hung my political and erotic identity on his hook—but I was.

I've fantasized about fucking many rock and roll stars, but I've never again had the feeling I got with Hendrix that I could fuck the whole wide world. With Jimi you could love it *and* leave it: the two philosophies were not exclusive. He carved an axis bold as love and left me—and a lot of others—spinning in it forever.



Susie Bright is the editor of *Best American Erotica*, 1993 (*Colliers*) and the author of *Sexual Reality: A virtual Sex World Reader* (*Cleis*)



I Think I Love You Teen Idol Fantasy

BY DENNIS HARVEY

My earliest birthday memories

are of getting heart's-desire presents: albums by The Monkees, one a year from 1966 through 1968 or so. The thought makes me happy still. How could my five-year-old self know it was being sucked right into—OK, weaned toward—the vortex of adult carnality?

These days, my Monkees box set rates frequent play, and if I had cable I'd roll doglike (thanks to Nickelodeon) in Peter Tork lust. But back then my fave was Davy Jones, the cute! child-proportioned! and fashionably British! tambourine-banger for the Pre-Fab Four. Diminutive Davy got to sing the sappiest ("The Day We Fall In Love," "I Wanna Be Free") and cuddliest ("Cuddly Toy") tunes allegedly forced upon the first band contrived solely to tweak pre-adolescent hormones toward squealing frenzy. Millions of little girls (and some unknowingly transgressive little boys) thought their vague thoughts of...er, whatever...in his puckish direction. Thanks to Central Casting, a teen idol era was born.

Of course, tradition goes further back. I once asked my mother whether she was a Frankie enthusiast in the late 1940s, when Sinatra caused riots at concert venues. In a rare moment of pop-culture elucidation, she replied, "Who wasn't?" Elvis' seismic hips spawned umpteen greasy but softer-edged imitators. The Beatles, those "adorable mop-tops," begat that deathless psychological test of "Which one do *you* think is the cutest?"

But with The Monkees, Hollywood set out to realize a huge marketing opportunity—exploiting the earliest quasi-sexual urges of tykes (armed with Mom and Dad's dollars) via media-engendered "musicians" whose primary role was pin-up. Who cared if they didn't write songs or play instruments on their records? Who cared if they could really *sing*? Image was everything. Within a certain age span, people you got to know on TV or in the pages of *Tiger Beat* were your friends; their songs pen-pal mash notes.

Girls were (and remain) the overwhelming audience target. Sure, horny little hetero lads of the early 1960s had Annette's glandular precocity to dwell on. In the 70s, recording *artistes* Cheryl Ladd, The Runaways and animated Josie & The Pussycats fostered many a Spandex wet dream. But while boys might leap directly from Hot Wheels and G.I. Joe scenarios to the jack-off pictorial ideals of Farrah and other poster dolls, girls





were raised to think wistfully of romance. At the age of 10 or so, their formative lusts could hardly embrace Some Big Swarthy Motherfucker. Terry Jacks' tragic ballad-novella "Seasons in the Sun" meant more than, say, "Let's Spend the Night Together" or "Mama's Got a Squeeze Box." Commercially calculated teen idolatry placed disconcerting urges in comfortable contexts.

The 70s were a heyday for packing sex symbolism into hairless, innocent bodies. Saturday-morning cartoon theme-song star Rick Springfield was just one scrubbed face in a never-ending line of Brit creemdreems including Jack Wild and Gilbert O'Sullivan. Closer to home, we had Shaun Cassidy, Scott Baio and the eternally stoned-looking Leif Garrett—all kissable (the other bases were outside the realm of teen mags) archetypes luvved and discarded after a short, lucrative honeymoon. Attention spans are brief at that age.

"Sweathog" John Travolta, with his hirsute manliness, sounded the first disconcerting note of fuck-me blattancy on the teenscene. Following the New Kids on the Block, Marky Mark's brave new raunch is further evidence of new frontiers in the making. He's got big arms, big pecs, a big leer, hands happily glued below the equator. He doesn't even have to sing—he raps. The entire package says dick, dick, dick.

Ah, bubblegum pop and ever-so-soft-sell erotica. I still think wistfully of Davy Jones, even if these days he ain't quite my type. Davy, if you're out there: Thanks for sparkplugging fuzzy-formative fantasies for several million future consumers. I'd still do ya outta sheer gratitude.



Dennis Harvey is a Bay Area writer who contributes to Variety, Details, S.F. Bay Guardian and other publications.

Pop Sex Tips

BY ANN POWERS

I have a friend who first discovered sex

by staring at the photograph of Keith Richards on the cover of the Stones' *Out of Our Heads*. In that shot, the boys are just outgrowing their respectable haircuts and look ready to burn their art-school but-tundowns; shoved in a stairwell, they peer out through the seamiest possible shade of black-and-white film stock. Keith's the most rumpled and the most seductive of all, the kind of guy you'd turn to in the morning and say, oh, God, before saying, what the hell. My friend was seven when she pulled this record from her dad's stack. All she knew was that looking at Keith gave her funny feelings, electric itches, something creeping around inside that she couldn't name.

When you're a kid and sex remains more mysterious than complicated, pop music gives you hints. At least that's what it did for me and my friends during the 70s: the red transistor radio I tucked under my pillow didn't pick up dirty blues or Millie Jackson, and there hadn't yet come a time when a pop singer could simply announce that he wanted to lick you up and down. Because the explicit was rare, we learned through nuance. And in showing how eroticism can hide in sneaky corners, pop taught us some subtleties nobody bothered to discuss in Sex Ed.

In my youngest, Beatle-loving days, I'd imitate John sucking in his breath on "Girl," going light-headed in simulation of lust. I knew his backward sigh signaled something uncontrollable; the lyrics said this girl treated him badly, he'd leave if he could, but—there was the blood rush, and the moan on that word "girl" that proved he was enjoying it. I felt like I knew the Beatles so John's suave moves didn't scare me, just intrigued me, sort of like Minnie Ripperton's coy substitution, "Every time that we...ooh," on "Loving You." These songs cultivated the language of repression and careful relief that I'd learned through a conservative upbringing. Every feeling, every phrase in its place.



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But then came Chaka Khan. Now, she scared me. When I was ten, I considered "Tell Me Something Good" a floating monument to all things sexual, and felt as terrified in its presence as I was intrigued. The song began with a bass that slapped and a wah-wah guitar that positively drooled; it sounded like masculinity unleashed. In strode Chaka, voice open and dripping like the honey that covered the naked woman on that Ohio Players album cover. For years I thought the first line was, "You ain't got no kind of pill inside," an elliptical reference to birth control. Actually, Chaka's telling her man to loosen up, take off that Qiana shirt, have some fun. But I could hardly follow her advice when, in the break, a chorus of panting Rufus members encouraged Chaka toward her final seduction. "Tell me something good," she leered right back, "Tell me that you like it." The "it" really threw me. There could be no mistake—she wasn't after friendship or the pedestal adoration promoted in songs by the Bee Gees and their brothers in teen idoldom. She wanted him to like "it," a material thing, her body, their sex.

That one "it" forced me to admit that romance led beyond the quick kiss Parker Stevenson would steal from that week's guest girl on *The Hardy Boys*. Chaka's plain-spoken desire registered more deeply than did the misty cartoon Donna Summer seemed to embody in "Love to Love You Baby." Summer's moaner was the kind of hit we giggled over; as a reference, it got passed around like the copy of *Jaws* that circulated in fifth grade, with the wet-panty scene earmarked and chocolate-stained.

I wouldn't cross the next border until I heard Bryan Ferry sing "Love is the Drug," and began to comprehend that sex would be as intricate and daunting for adults. But by then I'd learned how to masturbate, discovered Bruce Springsteen, and almost heard about the Clash. Those funny feelings were here to stay.



Ann Powers is a Senior Editor at The Village Voice. She no longer pursues sexual relationships with rock musicians, but still uses music to get off.

R & B the Bedroom

BY GWENDLYNN MENO

Lately

I've found myself wondering just how old you have to be before you start turning into your parents. 25? 30? 40?

Or could it simply be the natural evolution of society that makes people say, "That would have *never* happened when I was growing up"?

Those very words echo in my mind whenever I listen to rappers known for their sexual candor like Luke or Too Short: "Most brothers try to take freaks out/ I get a woman stick my dick in her mouth/ they spend money on a movie and some dinner/ but Short Dog'll go straight up in her." Of course, the argument has been made that R&B singers have always sung about sex, they just dressed it up with a bit of romance, hiding their real intention with innuendo. True, but not all soul crooners bothered to dress it up.

Take the 50s hit "Sixty Minute Man" by The Dominoes, undoubtedly one of the first braggadocios ever recorded. "There'll be fifteen minutes of kissing/ then you'll holler 'Please don't stop'/ there'll be fifteen minutes of teasin' and fifteen minutes of squeezin'/ and fifteen minutes of blowin' my top." And it didn't stop there. Fast-forward to the 70s and you have Marvin Gaye's "You Sure Love to Ball," which basically went, "Oh baby, please turn yourself around/ oh baby so I can love you good/ oh baby, I'll make you feel so good/ oh sugar, just like you want me to.../oh baby, you sure love to ball."

So what's the big deal? Black music has always dealt with sex. I think it's a good thing that today's musical artists are expressing a more explicit, if controversial, side of their sexual selves, primarily because it shows young women that love and sex are two different things.

Watch any daytime talk show and sooner or later you'll run across a group of gals who gave in to sex when what they really sought was love and intimacy. Why is it so hard for most women to separate love and sex? Men seem to have less of a problem telling the difference. One school of thought says it's biological; it's women's baby-making hormones that fuse and confuse the two. I think it has more to do with social conditioning. After listening to enough Luther Vandross songs, she'll swear any man willing to treat her well is sincere and deserves to be "treated" right back. Where is the voice that warns us females about the guy who chats us up for a week or so and finally beds us, only to never be heard from again? It seems talking about love and relationships is much easier than frankly discussing sex. If no one else is willing to lay it on the line, guys like Too Short deserve some credit.

Perhaps by listening to some of the songs that have middle America in an uproar, today's young women will learn that sex is sex and love is love. And when the two meet, it's a sweetness that's anyone's weakness.



Gwendlynn Meno is a music critic/contributing writer for Thrasher magazine. Most noted for her essays on hip-hop music and culture, her work appears regularly in the East Bay Express and S.F. Weekly.

69 Songs about Sex

1. 2 Live Crew: Me So Horny
2. Aerosmith: Love In an Elevator
3. Alien Sex Fiend: Drive My Rocket (Up Uranus)
4. Bel Biv DeVoe: Do Me Baby
5. Berlin: Sex (I'm a . . .)
6. Black Flag: Slip It In
7. Blondie: X Offender
8. Bow Wow Wow: I Want Candy
9. James Brown: Get Up I Feel Like Being A Sex Machine
10. The Buzzcocks: Orgasm Addict
11. Neneh Cherry: So Here I Come
12. Color Me Badd: I Want to Sex You Up
13. Commodores: Brick House
14. Elvis Costello: Pump It Up
15. Jayne County (aka Wayne County): Cream in My Jeans
16. The Cramps: Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?
17. The Cure: Let's Go to Bed
18. Dead Kennedys: Too Drunk to Fuck
19. Depeche Mode: Master and Servant
20. The Divynyls: I Touch Myself
21. The Doors: Back Door Man
22. Dr. Hook & the Medicine Show: Your Pussy Don't Taste Like It Used To
23. Ian Dury: Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll
24. Fear: Beef Baloney
25. Frankie Goes to Hollywood: Relax
26. Peter Gabriel: Sledgehammer
27. Marvin Gaye: Let's Get It On
28. Generation X: Dancing With Myself
29. Gleaming Spires: Are You Ready for the Sex Girls?
30. Richard Hell and the Voidoids: Love Comes in Spurts
31. Rick James: Super Freak
32. Jane's Addiction: Whores
33. Grace Jones: Pull Up to the Bumper
34. KC and the Sunshine Band: Get Down Tonight
35. The Kinks: Lola

W's Anatomy

BY JONATHAN HAYES

TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ

IN THE MEDIA IS TO SEE RAVE AS A NON-STOP UNDERAGE ORGY, FUELED BY HALLUCINOGENIC LOVE DRUGS. THIS SIMPLE-MINDED CONCLUSION IS REACHED BY LOOKING BACK ON PREVIOUS GENERATIONS WHERE REBELLION WAS EXPRESSED BY ATTACKING MAINSTREAM ETIQUETTE THROUGH LOUD "WILD" MUSIC, CONFORMIST TASTE THROUGH UNORTHODOX FASHION, AND SKEWERING TRADITIONAL MORALITY WITH OVERT SEXUALITY. BUT RAVE IS DIFFERENT FROM PAST REBEL YOUTH CULTURES, PARTICULARLY WHEN IT COMES TO SEX.

IN A WORLD STRETCHED OUT ON THE ASHES OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, THE IDEA OF TEENAGERS HAVING SEX IS RELATIVELY FREE OF SHOCK VALUE. MOREOVER, BECAUSE OF AIDS, THE IMPLICATIONS OF A BACKSEAT FUCK ARE RADICALLY CHANGED—THE APPLE IS NO LONGER JUST FORBIDDEN, IT'S ALSO BEEN POISONED.

RAVE CULTURE IS NOW MAINLY A WHITE TEENAGE SUBURBAN THING, AND RAVE STYLE IS A COOLLY IRONIC TAKE ON 70S LEISURE, REJOICING IN A FONDNESS FOR POLYESTER TRASH AND THE WARM-TONED KITCHEN COLORS OF 1974—AVOCADO, GOLD, RUST. ON THE WHOLE, THE LOOK IS EITHER TOO LARGE (THE LITTLE WAIF DROWNING HELPLESSLY IN OVERSIZE CLOTHES) OR TOO SMALL (THE ABANDONED CHILD, TOO POOR TO AFFORD THE CLOTHES SHE HAS OUTGROWN). THE BOYS' CLOTHES ARE FUNCTIONAL: OVERSIZE, WIDE-LEGGED PANTS, BAGGY T-SHIRTS, KNIT CAPS AND TENNIS SHOES; WHITE, MAINLY. GIRLS' FASHION IS OFTEN DELIBERATELY SEXUALIZED LITTLE GIRL: STRIPED, STRETCHY TOPS WORN SEVERAL SIZES TOO SMALL WITH MINISKIRTS THAT DON'T MATCH. THE SEXUALIZATION IS

ALWAYS UNDERCUT BY SNIDE POP-CULTURE COMMENTARY—A TIGHT BLACK EXERCISE BRA WILL BE OFFSET BY A SUPER MARIO BROTHERS BACKPACK. SOME WEAR THEIR HAIR IN PIGTAILS, OR PINNED BACK WITH CHEAP, PLASTIC BABY BARRETTES. OTHERS WEAR IT SHORT AND RAGGED, DYED AN UNEVEN SHADE OF PATHETIC ORPHAN BLONDE.

RAVES START LATE AND LAST UNTIL DAYBREAK. THE MUSIC IS ANONYMOUS TECHNO; DRUM-HEAVY AND EXTREMELY FAST (140 TO 200 BEATS PER MINUTE VERSUS DISCO, PLODDING ALONG AT 120 BPM) WITH STOMACH-TURNING BASS SEQUENCERS. VOCALS ARE SPARSE, A FEW DISEMBODED SAMPLES. SOMETIMES THE MUSIC IS SO FAST THAT THERE'S LITTLE OPTION FOR ANYTHING BEYOND VIOLENT TWITCHING, AT WHICH POINT SOME RAVERS DEFAULT TO BLISSING OUT ON THE FLOOR, NESTLING ON THE BACKPACKS, SUCKING A LOLLIPOP, CUDDLING A STUFFED ANIMAL AND WATCHING FRIENDS DANCE AROUND THEM.

AS THE NIGHT DRAWS ON, THE MIXTURE OF SUSTAINED FRENETIC MOTION, LOUD RHYTHM AND ECSTASY GRADUALLY TAKES OVER TO BECOME SENSUALLY TRANSCENDENT. THE ROOM FINALLY DISSOLVES AND EVERYONE LOVES EVERYONE AND EVERYONE IS A PART OF EVERYONE ELSE, AND THE SPACESHIP SLIPS ITS MOORINGS AND THE CONTROLS ARE SET FOR THE HEART OF THE SUN. DRUNK ON ENDORPHINS AND SWEAT AND NOISE AND LIGHT AND METHYLENE-DIOXYMETHAMPHETAMINE, THEY FORGET THE HORRENDOUS BANAL EMPTINESS OF A WORLD WHICH THEY UNDERSTAND FAR BETTER THAN THEIR PARENTS WHO MADE IT.

OR MAYBE IT JUST LOOKS THAT WAY. THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO A

RAVE I FOUND IT FASCINATING AND ALMOST VISCERALLY APPALLING. I FELT A BRIEF BURST OF SOMETHING AKIN TO GUILT (AN EMOTION I QUICKLY RATIONALIZED AWAY) OR MAYBE PITY WOULD BE MORE ACCURATE. I'M SURE THAT "OLDER" PEOPLE (I'M 33) HAVE REACTED SIMILARLY TO YOUTH MOVEMENTS THROUGHOUT THE CENTURY, BUT THIS ONE SEEMS PARTICULARLY TRAGIC. THE NIGHT HAD THE FEEL OF A MIKE KELLY STUFFED ANIMAL INSTALLATION, A SENSE OF BATTERED, ABJECT INNOCENCE.

I THINK THE CORE OF RAVE'S ATTRACTION IS THIS TEMPORARY RELEASE FROM A DOOMED AND UGLY WORLD. AND WITH THIS SHARED EPHEMERAL BLISS COMES A STRONG SENSE OF COMMUNITY, A PAINSTAKINGLY DETAILED MICROCULTURE WHICH AFFORDS A SENSE OF BELONGING, A SENSE OF CONNECTION. IT'S THE KIND OF EXPRESSION THAT'S MORE IN LINE WITH PUNK NIHILISM THAN BLIND MDMA-DRENCHED HIPPI UTOPIANISM. STILL, THE INTENSELY IRONIC DEADPAN MOOD IS MORE CHILLING THAN PUCK. I THINK IT'S THE MOCKING OF THEIR OWN CHILDHOOD—THE LITTLE-GIRL CLOTHES, THE LOLLIPOPS, THE PACIFIERS—THAT I FIND PARTICULARLY EERIE. THERE'S A SENSE THAT RAVE IS A VIRTUAL ISLAND OF LOST BOYS AND GIRLS, A KIND OF SENSUAL REPOSITORY FOR LATCHKEY KIDS. THAT SAID, SOMETIMES RAVE SEEMS AN APPROPRIATE RESPONSE TO BEING YOUNG IN THE TWILIGHT OF A DYING CIVILIZATION, A BEAUTIFULLY FUTILE SHOW OF RESISTANCE TO THE ONSLAUGHT OF A FRAGMENTING CULTURE WHICH HAS NOW ACCELERATED TO THE POINT AT WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL HAS NEITHER RELEVANCE TO IT NOR CONTROL OVER IT.



Despite using phrases like "horrendous banal emptiness," Jonathan Hayes is indisputably a master of irony. He lives in New York City, where his many sophisticated friends frequently praise his utter lack of sincerity.

Rumors

Scandalous sex rumors follow rock stars around like groupies. Here's a sampling:

—Angie Bowie finds **David Bowie** and **Mick Jagger** in bed; "Angie" is really written for David.

—**Nick Cave** plays an entire Seattle gig in 1987 with a boner.

—Backstage with **The Doors**, a groupie is fucked with a red snapper.

—**Elvis** has groups of young girls strip to their "white panties" and wrestle each other in his living room.

—Allen Ginsburg brags about sharing a night in bed in 1967 with **Mick Jagger** and **Parliament** member Tom Driberg.

—**Madonna** cruises the Avenues in NYC in her limo and picks up Latino boys.

—**Jim Morrison** gives **Jimi Hendrix** a blowjob on stage.

—Porn star Savannah gives **Slash** a blow job while crouching under a table at LA's Viper room.

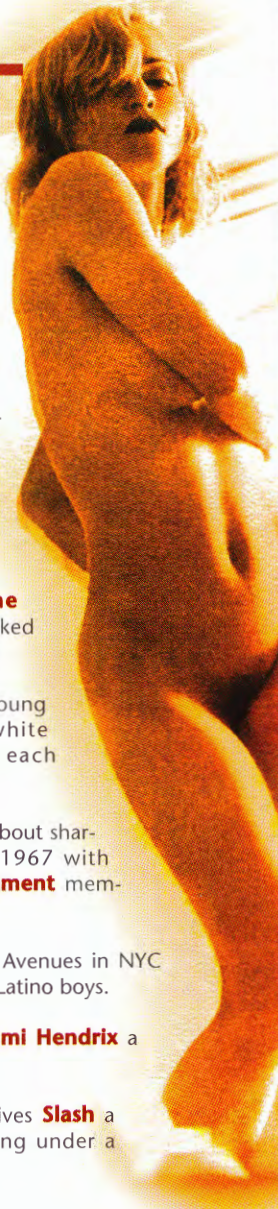
—**Rod Stewart** is rushed to the hospital and has his stomach pumped after swallowing several pints of sperm.

—**Pete Townsend** was misquoted when he said he was bisexual.

—**Whitney Houston** is a lesbian.

—**Olivia Newton-John** is a lesbian.

—**George Michael** is a heterosexual.



36. La Belle: Lady Marmalade
37. Cyndi Lauper: She Bop
38. Led Zeppelin: Lemon Song
39. Madonna: Justify My Love
40. Meatloaf: Paradise by the Dashboard Light
41. George Michael: I Want Your Sex
42. Musique: Push Push in the Bush
43. Ted Nugent: Wang Dang Sweet Poontang
44. Liz Phair: Fuck and Run
45. Pointer Sisters: Slow Hand
46. Iggy Pop: Cock in My Pocket
47. The Pretenders: Tattooed Love Boys
48. Psychedelic Furs: Into You Like a Train
50. Lou Reed: Walk on the Wild Side
51. Smokey Robinson: Cruisin'

52. Roxy Music: Love is the Drug
53. The Runaways: Cherry Bomb
54. Salt n Pepa: Shoop
55. Sex Pistols: Bodies
56. The Slits: Love And Romance
57. Soft Cell: Sex Dwarf
59. Rod Stewart: Tonight's the Night
60. Donna Summer: Love To Love You, Baby
61. Sylvester: Do You Want to Funk?
62. Tribe 8: She's got les-bo-phobia
63. The Vapors: Turning Japanese
64. Velvet Underground: Venus in Furs
65. Warrant: Cherry Pie
66. Barry White: Can't Get Enough of Your Love

67. Wendy O. Williams and The Plasmatics: Sex Junkie
68. X-Ray Spex: Oh Bondage, Up Yours!
69. Frank Zappa: Dyna-Moe Hum

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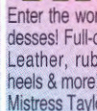


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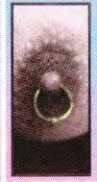
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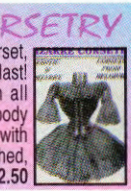
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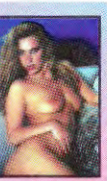
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Ball

among

Grace

BY J.P. KANSAS

The first time I knew that there must be male human beings as well as females, I was ten years old. I was at the New York Wild-life Preserve with both my mothers and one of my greatmothers, in the Hall of Darkness. The exhibits were illuminated with red light, to which the animals were not sensitive, so they behaved as they did during the night.

I was looking through the window at a colony of small monkeys when I noticed one of the monkeys near the glass raise its hindquarters. Another monkey abruptly approached the first monkey from the rear, its small, hairless penis erect like a pointing finger, and mounted the first.

"Do you know what they're doing, Ellie?" whispered my birthmother in my ear.

I had forgotten about everyone else. "Not exactly, mama."

"Well, this is called sex. The male is raping the female, so that the female will have a baby. It's very painful for her."

"Why doesn't she try to stop it?"

"She can't, honey. It's holding her down, forcing her. Besides," my mother continued, stroking the back of my neck, "she wants to have a baby. She'd do anything to have one."

It was all over in less than a minute. At the end, the male moved a few times even faster and made a grotesque face.

"See right then?" my mother asked. "At the climax, it passes its seed. That part is very painful for it, too."

"Then why does it do it?"

"It has to. The pressure builds up inside and it has to release it. Otherwise it gets very sick."

The male let go of the female and withdrew. Although the red light made it impossible to tell what color anything really was, in my mind the penis was a startlingly bright, wet pink.

"What happens when the female makes her seed? Does that hurt, too?"

"No, that's different. Females never go through the terrible pain the male does when it climaxes and discharges its seed. We're very lucky to be female."

Later, when I was in bed, my birthmother came in to my room. I took off my eyephones and put them on the nightstand. She sat down on the side of the bed.

"Do you understand what you saw at the zoo today, honey? What the monkeys were doing?"

I hesitated. "I understand that he raped her so that she'd have a baby. The part I don't understand is...how come people aren't male and female, like all the animals?"

"Well, a hundred years ago there used to be male humans, just like there are male animals. But the males were mean and cruel. They raped and killed everybody all the time."

"And they used to live right along with women and girls?" I asked incredulously.

"Before the Great Cleansing. Now we don't have any males at all. Except for the ones we keep as semen donors. And they're kept in special places, so they can't hurt anyone anymore."

My mind was filled yet again with a picture of the monkeys copulating.

Do people have sex, like those monkeys...?"

She laughed indulgently.

"Don't worry, honey. Not anymore. At least not in the civilized world. We're very lucky to be living now."

I was awake. It was very dark and our house seemed completely still. I got on my knees and pressed my cheek against the pillow. I raised my nightgown, reached behind and put my pinkie in the little hole I knew was there. It hurt a little at first, and then, as I cautiously moved it in and out, it felt strange and inexplicably comforting. I closed my eyes and pretended to be a little monkey getting raped. Although it began to feel nice in a way, nothing much happened, and after a few minutes I took my finger out and rolled over. With a wonderful sense of guilty pleasure, I fell asleep.

After that, whenever I couldn't fall asleep, and sometimes before I'd even tried, I'd play monkey. As time went on, I graduated from pinkie to my middle finger.

One night when I was twelve years old, I tried using two fingers. As I pressed them in and out, I felt a peculiar tugging toward the front, just where the fine, downy hair was beginning to darken and thicken. Puzzled and curious, I snaked my other hand under my body and touched myself at the front of my slit. I was shocked to discover the hard, tender kernel of sensitivity buried there.

After several minutes, my body felt like a sponge filled with warm, heavy liquid. I thought of the monkey's long thin naked penis. The sensations inside my body climaxed, erupted. I remembered the monkey contorting its face in apparent pain, and realized that I must be experiencing what it had been feeling.

Either my birth mother was wrong, or I was a freak. Females did feel what males felt when they passed their seed. Or at least this female did.

Somewhere along the way, I had stopped pretending that I was a monkey and started trying to imagine what a male human was like. The only pictures I had to guide me were from the fairy tales I'd watched on the eyephones. In my mind, I was happily raped by trolls and ogres and giants and monsters.

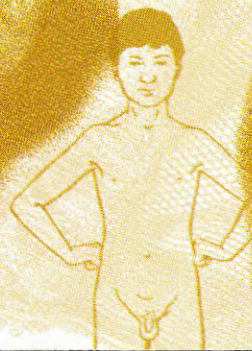
But by the age of sixteen, I was no longer content with my fantasies. I wanted to find out what male human beings really looked like. But as an upper school student, my access authority in the virtual library was quite limited. In college, things changed. As a history major, I was finally allowed to view materials that predated the Great Cleansing. As soon as I had been granted the authority, I put on my eyephones and asked to view a news report from the year 2043. Immediately, the virtual space before me was transformed into a cable-cast news studio from one hundred years ago, and standing behind a wooden lectern were a woman and, next to her, a man.

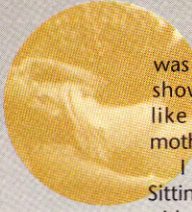
I gasped, realizing that the fairy tales I'd viewed as a child were parodies of the way males differ from females: the greater size and bulk, the coarser features, the facial hair, the deeper voice. The person who stood and spoke before me in the virtual space looked more like an extremely unattractive woman than a beast from a children's story.

After a few moments, the virtual scene before me dissolved as a news story was presented. It was concerning a meeting of the political leaders of the time, most of whom were men. Some of them, particularly the younger ones without facial hair, were not at all repulsive.

That night in my dormitory room, I could barely contain myself as I waited for my roommates to fall asleep. I got on my knees, my chest heaving and my pussy already wet and aching. I imagined it was one of the younger men on his knees behind me, between my legs. He had delicate features, and no hair on his face, almost like a woman. As I rubbed my clitoris, I pushed three fingers into myself and imagined that they were the man's penis. I reached my climax almost immediately.

In the days and weeks after this first experience, I immersed myself in the times long ago when males were half the population. Nearly everything I saw surprised me. Not all the men were rapists or killers: some were gentle and kind. A great many of the visuals were stories about the attraction males and females felt for one another. A man and a woman often touched and kissed each other tenderly, as mothers do. The greatest surprise of all





was that the woman was sometimes shown experiencing a climax, just like the man, just as I did. My mother was wrong. I was not a freak.

I neglected my studies entirely. Sitting in my carrel in the library—with the students on either side of me presumably pursuing more legitimate topics—I'd put on the phones and play the sex scenes over and over again, my hand between my tightly crossed legs. I'd time my silent climaxes to coincide with that of the women in the visuals. Back at the dorm, I'd replay the scenes in my mind as I fingered myself in the shower or in my bed.

In these scenes of men and women having sex, the woman was usually bare-breasted and often totally nude, but in the dozens or perhaps hundreds of visual stories I watched, I never saw a man completely naked from the front. It was obvious that this was intentional, a taboo. I was almost tearful with frustrated curiosity.

My quest to know what the human penis looked like eluded me for the longest time. Then I realized that the medical documents of the era would have to account for the male. It took me a number of tries before I found the room that had the restricted ancient anatomy texts, but I was finally successful. The books contained detailed illustrations of the male anatomy, and some had actual photographs. Disappointingly, none of the illustrations I found showed the penis erect.

At end of the first term of my junior year in college, having spent the last several months doing nothing but watching visuals, I failed all my examinations, and was requested to take an indefinite leave of absence. At first, I lived at home, but soon I found a job in New York City, and I moved out. I took a small, cheap single room in an apartment house in a run-down neighborhood of Manhattan near the Central Park homeless encampment.

I was ashamed of what I had made of my life, and I hurried from place to place without meeting people's eyes. But gradually, I began to relax. Now, if a woman on the transit strip or the sidestrip met my eye, I didn't immediately look away.

One midday, when I was eating lunch as usual at the mealshop, I heard a woman ask, "Mind if I sit at your table?" I looked up from my plate. I had seen the tall, heavysset woman in the shop before, although we had never spoken. She was a little older than me. She had short, straight, unnaturally black hair. Her clothing was very plain and dark. She seemed rougher than the women I had grown up with.

"It's kind of crowded here at lunch hour," she said with an apologetic smile. Her voice was low-pitched but not unpleasant.

I followed her glance and saw that there were no empty tables, and few empty seats. "Sure, go ahead," I said.

"Thanks." She slipped into the chair opposite mine. "My name is Stephanie," she said. "Stephanie Helenchild." She offered her hand.

"Ellie," I said. "Ellie Susanchild." Over our two trays of food, we shook. Her hand was large, with long fingers, and strong. She picked up her utensil and looked at her food. "Nutritious and appetizing," she said sarcastically.

"Cheap and edible," I replied.

We talked all through lunch. I learned that she lived nearby, in another run-down neighborhood bordering Central Park. Like me, she performed maintenance on the virtual space.

As we were leaving the restaurant, she turned to look at me. "Doing anything after work?"

"Not really," I said.

"I feel like going out after work. Want to join me?"

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know exactly. I thought we'd get something to eat, and then maybe go to a music club."

I hesitated.

"Come on, Ellie. I'll look out for you. It'll be okay."

Stephanie took my hand and led me from one deceleration strip to the next until we reached the sidestrip. A garish sign projected over the avenue announced The Classics Club. "This is it," she said. Inside, the club was dark and crowded. I recognized the style of music from the visuals I had spent so many hours watching. Near the door was a long bar, where women were sitting. Many, like Stephanie, wore their hair short and had little facepaint or jewelry. Stephanie bought us drinks, and led me to a table. On the large dance floor, women were dancing in the strange, jerky way I had seen in the old visuals. And, barely visible at the other end of the club, was a stage on which the musicians were playing. After we finished our drinks and began to edge our way toward the stage, I realized that the musicians were...men. Seeing my reaction, Stephanie laughed.

"They can't be real," I gasped.

"What are they?" I shouted over the music into Stephanie's ear.

She said something I couldn't catch. I turned my head, and she lowered her lips to my ear. "Holograms. They're really something, aren't they?" Stephanie said, her lips brushing my ear. "It's like they're almost alive."


I felt a peculiar exhilaration in my chest. I sensed that somehow she knew about me...about my secret. "When I was in college, I spent a lot of time watching visuals from this time."

"What kind of visuals? What were your favorites about?" she asked, smiling a mysterious smile.

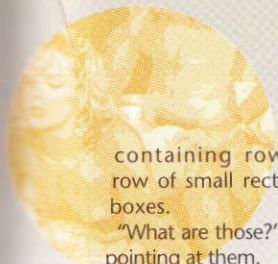
I must have blushed. "They were about...men and women. How they used to be together." I felt unable to explain, but Stephanie was nodding as if she understood. "Love stories."

Stephanie turned her head and put her lips to my ear again. "I have some very special visuals back at my place I think you'd really like. Want to see them?"

She lived in an ancient building that, centuries ago, must have been quite luxurious, but now was as decrepit as mine. Her room had been, apparently, one half of the apartment's great main room. She closed the door as I looked around. The most remarkable feature of her room was set of shelves



I raised my nightgown, reached behind and put my pinkie in the little hole. I closed my eyes and pretended to be a little monkey getting raped.



containing row after row of small rectangular boxes.

"What are those?" I asked, pointing at them.

"They're my collection of antique visuals, from before the Cleansing," she said, crossing the room and taking one of the boxes.

"Like in the space?" I asked.

She opened the box and a black rectangular cartridge slipped out. "Oh, I don't think you ever saw anything like this in the space," she said with a smile. "I had to pay a lot of money for these."

"If they're not on the net, how do you view them?" I asked.

"Come over here," she said, walking over to her bed. "I have a player."

On a stand next to her bed was an antique device housed in strange black metal. A set of eyephones was attached to the device by a narrow flexible connector. I sat down on the edge of the bed and took the phones in my hands. They had the same flat, grainy quality as the

ancient ones I'd seen in school. I saw a good-looking young man and young woman in an early 21st-century bedroom. There was some conversation, and then they were embracing and kissing. I felt my heart pounding as I watched the man gradually undress the woman, caressing and kissing her as she did so. The woman, now completely naked, undressed the man. I held my breath as I watched the woman unzip the man's pants and lower them to show me, for the very first time, a human penis in full erection.

My clit was hard, and my pussy was soaking my underclothes. I was so astounded and excited that I felt light-headed. I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to calm myself.

When I opened my eyes again, the man was lying on his back, and the woman was straddling him. She held his penis in her hand and rubbed it

back and forth between her legs. My own labia glowed with sympathetic pleasure. She lowered herself onto his penis, sighing loudly into both my ears.

Without having touched myself, I had already almost reached climax. Without thinking, not knowing what to do, I tore the phones from my head.

Stephanie had opaqued the windows and dimmed the roomlight. I did not see her for a moment, and then she appeared from behind a tall screen. She was naked except for a loose fitting top, which covered her small breasts. At her crotch, held by nylon straps around her waist and between her legs, was...an artificial penis. It looked just like what I had just seen in the visual.

"Shall we do what they're doing?" she asked, approaching me slowly.

She did not really look like a man, but she was close enough. I nodded. "Yes," I said, my voice choking me.

"Call me Stephen, then," she said, and reached for me.



Andrea at the Center, a novel by J.P. Kansas, is being published later this year by Masquerade Books (New York).

Besides art directing Future Sex, Evan Sornstein is an electronic musician and a member of the digi-goth band, Battery.

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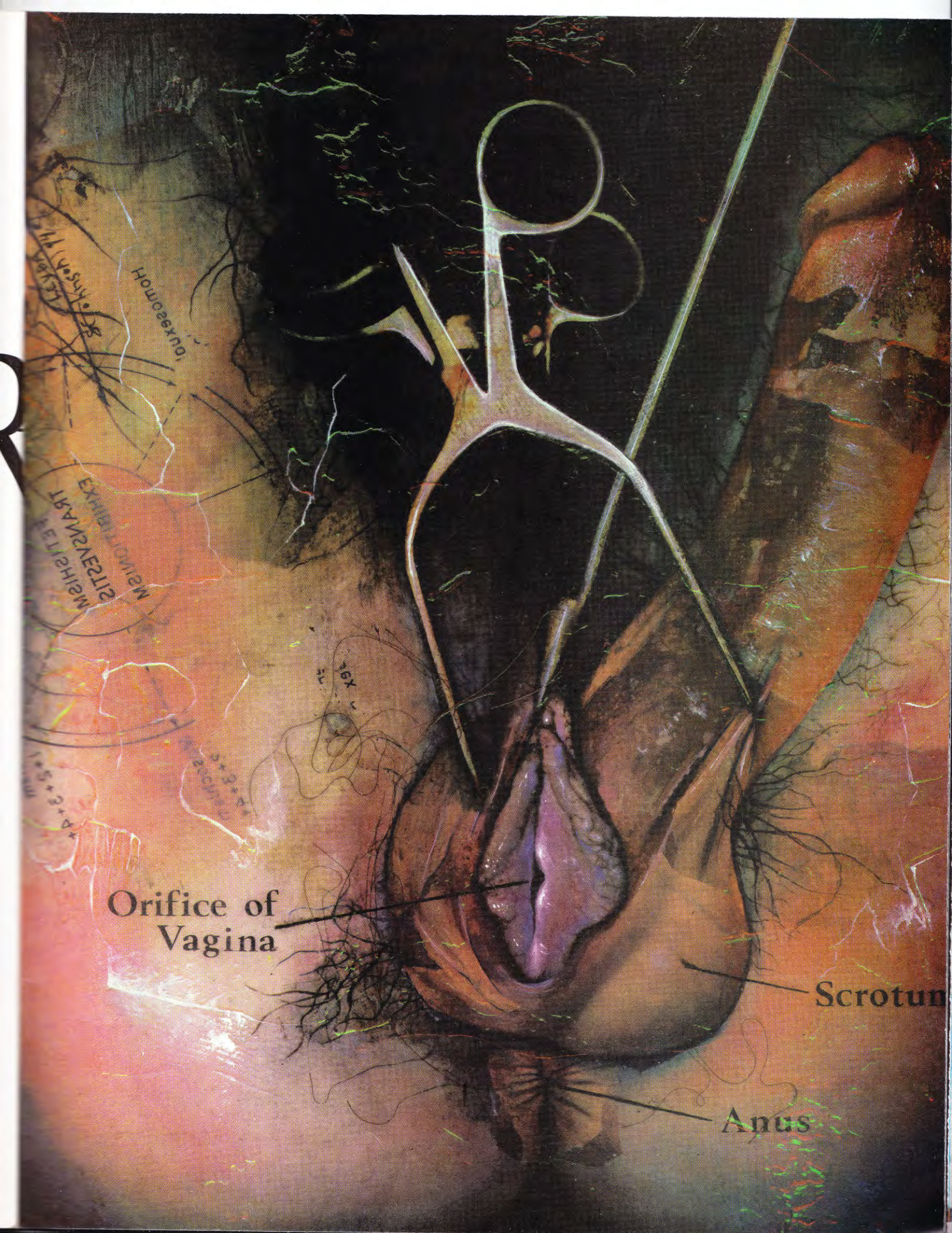
GICa

[SURGICAL]

SUR

BY ALICE JOANOU

As they made the date on the telephone, he lost half of her words, the density of thrill in her voice muffling all other noises. He could feel her suffering shapes squeezing through the fiberoptic connection, wrapping around him in tentacles of promising pleasure. He thought of her teeth teasing the veins on his neck, and her tongue mincing around the enhanced beauty of her lips.



Orifice of
Vagina

Scrotum

Anus

He went out to the airport, but before he entered the safe continuity of the Marriott he drove into the airport parking lot. He stopped the car and strained to see his face in the mirror, knowing he would look different in an hour.

He hadn't seen her since the latest surgical installment. The resonance of her voice held the faintest hint of masculinity and it catapulted the words from her hotel line down his ear, rocking through the epicenter of his body. Belly and cock responding to her expectant silences, his body ignited to the promise of her final creation.

Opening the door she cast her eyes on the carpet in a parody of innocence, her elegant fingers gripping an estrogen highball. He stood back to admire the body: a perfection of surgical resplen-

dence. Her slender hips flirted against the film of a black negligee as she handed him a vodka gimlet, radiating a secret smile. Cautiously she stood back and let him appraise the creation of an ingenious knife.

He reached forward and brought down her convertible breasts while his hands opened the white permanent press of her thighs. Her nipples were more supple than he had imagined, and he was glad to have paid extra for their sensitive construction. Her flesh fell over his hands, and he marveled at the square awkwardness his fingers made against her pliant body. Searching her skin with his palms he re-created her, imprinting the new body with the creases and folds on the sole of his hands.

The red laminate on her fingernails was like ten droplets of blood that lay against the electrocized porcelain of her skin. He put his mouth to her breasts and inhaled; her nipples conduits to hidden opiates of desire. Her eyes drooping under the aphrodisia of the first time, she opened her thighs and revealed the vault of the new vagina. Reaching between her legs, his fingers coronated the lips of the neovagina. Slowly she unlaced her grafted gift—the Immaculate Pussy unsewn before him. She peeled his clothing away, whispering pre-recorded words, until he uncovered her mouth with his and bit the silicone. Softly, it moved under her teeth.

Their skin came together like convulsive instruments creating a pheromonic symphony. Her beautifully ravaged body lifted to meet his as previously veiled desires were swallowed. Thus entwined, their bodies began the gradual process of passionate and gentle cannibalism. Eros arrived on crutches as she rehearsed the first act of pleasure. His mouth limped down her belly, his tongue sliding toward the miraculously healed wound.


Her clitoris was an anatomical fait accompli and his kisses paused there, tongue twirling in geometric precision to match the musical direction of her moaning. The message of mutual desire relayed from his tongue and created tiny fits and waves underneath the gown of her expensive flesh. When he lifted his head from between her thighs she dripped from his mouth, his chin, his fingertips. He pulled himself up from the small of his back and parted the strange, warm folds of her pussy. Diagrams for the mechanics of fucking were inscribed on the insides of her cunt, on the shaft of his cock, and these binary codes enveloped their bodies and dictated their rhythm. He drove his hips into her, her long legs capturing him in a fierce web of sinew and skin. Soon, his prick began to decode her translations of the feminine illusion.

The ruin of her virginity was ushered in like a 21st-century exorcism. Infected by his ministrations, he snatched her newly pillowed hips to him and pushed his cock into the fleshy mechanics of her brilliant arrangement. Her neck snapped back violently, and his eyes followed hers as they rolled into the shelter of her lids. Her hands spoke against his back, saying, "make me, make me."

Fucking her, he watched the silent language of her smeared mouth as it curved around the sounds that were thrust up the center of her flat abdomen, across the expanse of the pink silicone mountains, up again through the delicate arteries in her neck. Her face described the grammar of her soul and in turn reflected his own arrival as a Brand New Species of Man. As he unraveled inside her, his chest buoyed by her hard breasts, and shaft of his cock pushed to the back wall of her sculptured cunt, he too, was recreated.

As they breathed the fiery narcosis of the first orgasm, she closed her eyes and listlessly waved good-bye. The fresh pink walls of her cunt contracted as she seized his sperm and secreted it in her own vault. Prosthetic hymen in shreds, she was made real.

He reached forward and brought down her convertible breasts while his hands opened the white permanent press of her thighs.


Alice Joanou is the author of Cannibal Flower and Tourniquet. Her new book, Black Tongue, will be out later this year.

Steven Johnson Leyba has been called the father of "sexpressionism." His genes are as mixed as the media on his canvases.





Hindsight

the
JK

POTTER
the
VISION



Angel



Pussy





Pussy

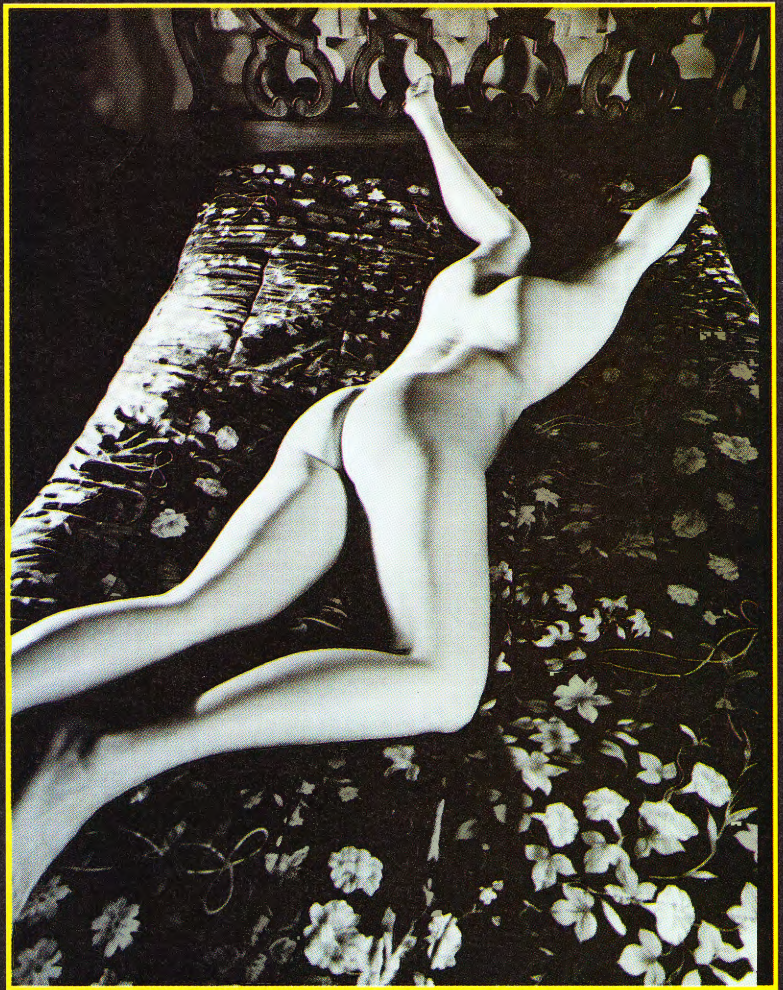
A pussy that's really a pussy. A phallus that's a phallic symbol. The world of J. K. Potter is so literal, it's surreal.

Potter's art begins on a 4x5 view camera and airbrushes appropriately dating from the era that spawned Dadaism, the 1920s. He's illustrated 25 books and numerous paperbacks for people who do to words what he does with images: writers like Stephen King, J.G. Ballard and Lucius Shepard.

The photographs from his portfolio are from a series he calls "Neurotica," which deals with Potter's fascination with "the transformation and erotic distillations of human and animal physique."

Like the works of his predecessors Cocteau or Dali, Potter's creations are better suited to absorption by the psyche than explanation by the brain. And they're so enigmatically sensual, so disturbingly beautiful, you can't help but hold on to the images long after you've turned the page. See if you don't agree.

For further information on originals and signed limited edition prints, send a "SASE" to: P.O. Box 11, Middleboro, MA 02346

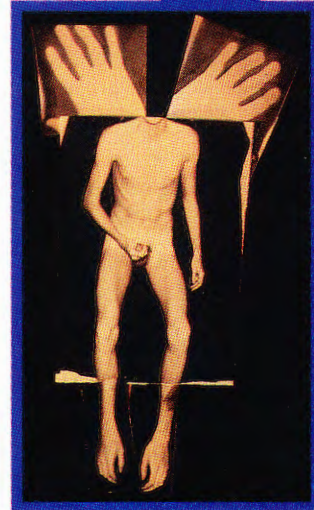


Siamese Twins



Aviana

YOUR DIR



◀ HONORABLE MENTION
MARK CHAMBERLAIN
NEW YORK, NY
UNTITLED



HONORABLE MENTION ▶
G. MOORE
FALLS CHURCH, VA

▲ 1ST PLACE
GREG MOBLEY
ARKADELPHIA, AR
LIZ TWO

A few issues back, *Future Sex* laid down the gauntlet to our readers: You show us what rocks your libido, and we'll pony up some cool prizes for the best of the lot. For weeks the entries flooded in: from cartoons hastily scribbled and faxed off to elaborately conceived photo-montages, from silk-screened T-shirts to prototypes for fetish gear. So many of the submissions were great, we decided to give out honorable mentions and include those images in the winner's circle too. Here they are:



Honorable Mention ▶
Chris t.
Minneapolis, MN
THE SACRIFICE

HONORABLE MENTION (NOT PICTURED)
CARL VOGTMANN
CHICAGO, IL
"REPTILE LOVER"

HONORABLE MENTION (NOT PICTURED)
J. COOK E. BROWN
PORTLAND, OR
"UNTITLED"

HONORABLE MENTION (NOT PICTURED)
ILIGILI
NEW YORK, NY
"UNTITLED"

HONORABLE MENTION (NOT PICTURED)
FRANCIS REPAS
NEW YORK, NY
" '69' SUIT; LEATHER (PRELIM)" ILLUSTRATION

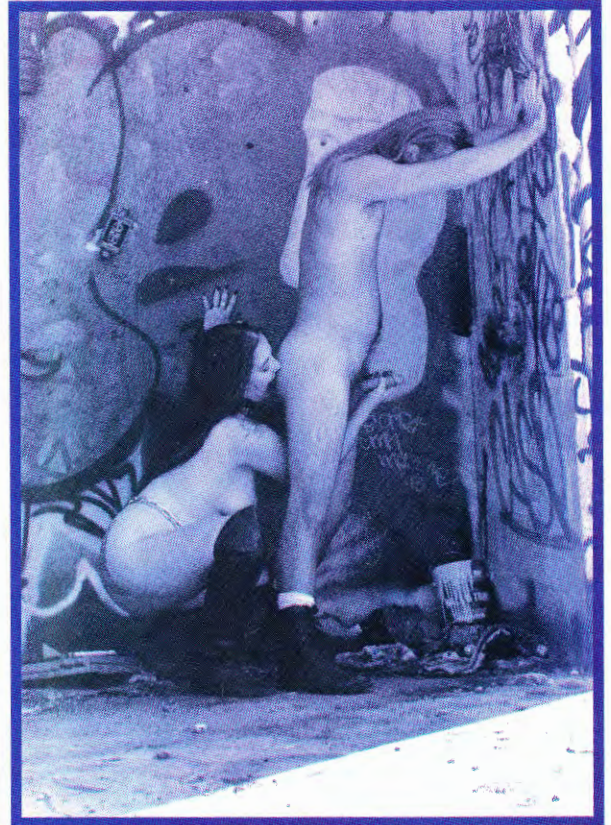
WE HAD A WONDERFUL ENTRY BY A PHOTOGRAPHER NAMED BRAD WALLIS THAT WAS IN THE RUNNING FOR ONE OF THE WINNING ENTRIES; HOWEVER, IT SIMPLY WASN'T PRINTABLE DUE TO THE GRAPHIC CONTENT (I.E., EMISSION OF BODILY FLUIDS). HONORABLE MENTION IS BY ALL MEANS DUE.

TYMINDS



◀ HONORABLE MENTION
JOHN W. PRUITT
COLUMBIA, MO
KAMA

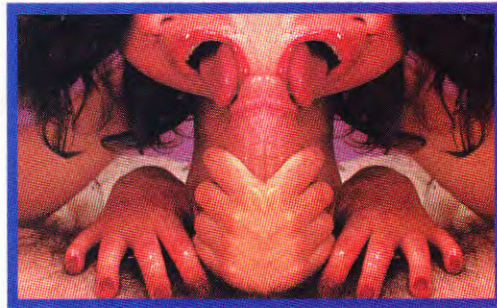
HONORABLE MENTION ▶
BATHSHEBA FINE
CHICAGO, IL
EXPERIENCE BLISS



▲ 3RD PLACE
RONALD D. McDONALD
AUSTELL, GEORGIA
UNTITLED



▲ 2ND PLACE
TINA LAPORTA
NEW YORK, NY
PINK PORN



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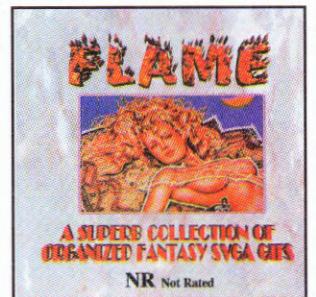
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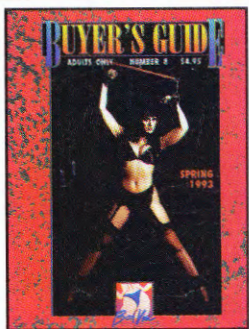


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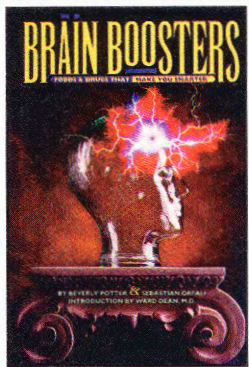
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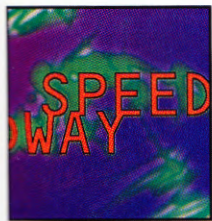
BBS

SPEEDWAY

Access: *Itelnet to speedway.net 7777*
Rate: Free

Users with Internet access can check out Speedway for free. Access to this no-charge chat board is an accomplishment in itself though, with 20 telnet commands in a row failing to get me in on more than one occasion. Once you've arrived, choose a name for yourself at the login prompt. There are adult areas like the *de rigueur* hot tub as well as frat and hacker forums. It's fast-paced and somewhat impersonal, and the feel is that of an all-night college dorm bullshit session mixed with a lot of guys cruising for sex. A frenetic shot of adrenaline youth, for those who thrive on confusion.

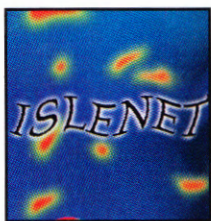
—Mark Faigenbaum



ISLENET

Rate: \$45/year, no charge for connect time
Modem: (908) 495-6996,
V32.bis/V42.bis (908) 495-4487
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Based in New Jersey, Islenet has been hosting sex chat for ten years. After the login prompt, you're greeted with "Oh, (Your name here), you're inside of me



now." Next, admit the lust in your heart and other transgressions in Confessions or dive into Fantasy and read smutty stories submitted by users, like "The Trouble with Twins." Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of this board is its warm atmosphere and general lack of macho bravado common to so many BBSes. A discussion about the ups and downs of meeting people in cyberspace, for example, was hot, honest and free of a lot of good 'ol boy drivel. The smooth interface provides several different ways to exchange public and private messages, and access to files,

GIFs, shareware and Usenet newsgroups.

—Mark Faigenbaum

REAL EXPOSURE

Modem: (212) 691-2679
Voice: (212) 691-2166
Rate: 3-month membership/\$25 for 3hrs/3 MB download a day

Adult-oriented BBSes are springing up like frontier cathouses, and like such cheap bordellos, seem to be infinitely reproducible and characterless. After all, where the driving



force is sex, the urge for homesteading and community-building tends to be secondary. Real Exposure, an NYC-based board, seems stuck midway between general-interest and absolute filth. It provides high-speed (up to 57.6K)

access to ThrobNet, KinkNet and a few other pervNets, and has the standard array of public-domain software, homespun erotica and GIFs. Lately, their CD-ROM offerings have been cut back following recent rumors of an FBI crackdown on BBSes for copyright infringement (supposedly spearheaded by *Playboy* and Disney). The dirty pickings are a little sparse and the interface a little unwieldy, but the board does offer acceptable Internet access. At this stage in its development, Real Exposure is more of a gateway than a destination for the virtual pioneer.

—Aubin St. Malo

BOOKS

SPASM

by Arthur Kroker; Music by Steve Gibson
St. Martin's Press, \$19.95

THE LAST SEX

edited by Arthur and Marilouise Kroker
St. Martin's Press, \$15.95

These two books look at the evolution of both the human body and our definitions of the body in a culture of inescapable technological invasion/ seduction. *Spasm* is both a meditation on the relationship of the body to virtual reality, and a virtual document itself. The book comes with a CD containing state-of-the-art sampled, sliced and diced hip-hop cut-ups of mass media sound bites, and the text read by author Arthur Kroker.

Stepping back from the techno-hype that



surrounds most VR books, Kroker makes some pithy observations about the possibilities of our impulses toward post-humanism, and asks some fundamental questions about what life will be like when we get there.

The Last Sex is an

anthology edited by Kroker and his wife, Marilouise, that looks at the future of gender in an age when the transgendered have emerged as a walking and breathing challenge to old sex definitions. Both the Krokeros and the authors included (Kathy Acker, Shannon Bell, Stephen Pfohl) present rallying cries for what the Krokeros call "transgenic gender," a new gender that lies beyond our current ideas of sexuality, one that exists outside the dualistic man/woman model.

Whether it's expressed through digital technology, genetic manipulation or the surgeon's knife, the morphed body is the body of the future. Like co-volumes of an updated *Gray's Anatomy*, *Spasm* and *The Last Sex* will chart your journey through this new, man-made adolescence.

—Richard Kadrey

THE FERMATA

by Nicholson Baker
Random House, \$21

Arno Strine has the ability to stop time. During his leisure hours, Strine removes women's clothing and while not imposing himself on them, he does interfere with them. After all, he only wants to run his finger through his coworker's pubic hair which "is very black and nice to look at."

The latest from *Vox* author Nicholson Baker revolves around Arno's adventure in the Fold—also known as The Fermata—where the entire universe, except for Strine, is frozen in time. *The Fermata*

isn't exactly breaking virgin ground in erotic writing—though several vibrator/dildo/butt-plug-obsessed passages are excruciatingly luscious—but it does address the ethical and moral responsibility of fantasy and—as in Arno's case—fantasy that becomes reality.

By unapologetically documenting Strine's love for women and his need to touch them, Baker prompts the reader to embrace and



explore the benefits of sexual fantasy—not to level it with scorn and judgment.

—Allison Diamond

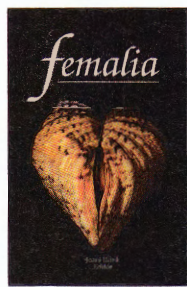
FEMALIA

Edited by Joani Blank
Down There Press, \$14.50

Throughout your life, how many pussies have you seen up close? If you're a het man or a gay woman this could be quite a few. If you are a straight woman, it may be all of one (providing you've held a mirror between your legs). *Femalia* provides thirty-two pages of women's genitalia. There are no captions and no scratch-and-sniffs, although a "map" of the vulva is provided in the back.

The idea behind this book is to show the amazing variations in women's anatomy. It's not meant to be erotic. Instead it is an extraordinary document of the different shapes, sizes and colors cunts come in.

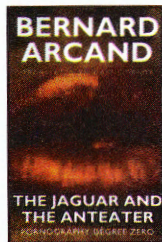
—Daryl-Lynn Johnson



THE JAGUAR AND THE ANTEATER: PORNOGRAPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD

by Bernard Arcand, translated by Wayne Grady
Verso, \$29.95

What makes modern pornography the way it is and why does it exist at all? These are the questions French Canadian anthropologist Bernard Arcand attempts to answer from the unusually broad perspective of his own discipline. His climactic conclusions, however (in which he finally explains the book's title), aren't quite as satisfying as his descriptive foreplay.



Arcand provides one of the most urbane, perceptive and elegantly argued survey of the public debates about pornography and their various hidden agendas and assumptions. Examining the U.S. Supreme Court's decision that an obscenity is a work lacking "redeeming social value," for example, he observes, "The representation of sex, in other words, constituted a sin that needed to be redeemed." In short, Arcand believes that pornography, by encouraging the individualist act of masturbation and insistent-ly removing sex from the full context of life, is a quintessentially modern thing. It offers freedom (from social and physical constraints) but at the price of loneliness (in alienation and removal from "real" experience). Despite the considerable truth in this, Arcand doesn't account for such developments as the couples' video market; porn—like Hollywood movies—is too diverse to characterize so simply.

—Laura Miller

RENT BOY

by Gary Indiana
High Risk Books, \$10.99

A suspenseful tale of whoredom, *Rent Boy* palms the imperfect sphere of sex play for pay. Written as a series of letters in this Valley-Boy-meets-Gen-X tone (lots of like, you knows and whatever), Danny details his experiences as a New York City waiter, student and rent boy: a whore who mainly fucks men, but will do anyone—anything—if the price is right. Danny's hilariously rude commentary leads us through the crowd of jet-set snobs and street hustlers, and the scene for closet dick smokers: "You can't really make out the faces until you're up close, everything at a distance is fuzzy and vaguely threatening. Like a Rothko painting, but I mean, who wants to blow a Rothko painting?" But when he hooks up with a criminal doctor and a slutty nurse, his world goes black. This is a masterful presentation of a world that laughs, sparkles and bleeds.



—Lisa Palac

SHE COMICS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF BIG BITCH

by Spain Rodriguez
Last Gasp of San Francisco, \$14.95

Big Bitch is a collection of short strips from comics veteran Spain Rodriguez that revolve around this super-spy's life. She does everything—from saving third-world countries from U.S. Army bacterial warfare testing to playing a high-priced dominatrix to CEOs. This blonde is



no young bimbo, but she has a high firm ass and tits like the French vanilla cones she is so fond of. She doesn't like rude men, limp dicks or anti-porn feminists. Her motto is "Don't fuck with Big Bitch," although her favorite come-on is hiking up her skirt and fingering herself. Her manservant, Asquith, aids her and provides his tongue for her clitoral pleasure when the job is done.

The strips are so short that *Big Bitch* seems to be wrapping up a case and sitting back with Asquith's head in between her legs every other page. While I'm all for women getting as much head as possible, I'd feel better if she worked a little harder for the money.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

KISS COMIX

Various Artists
Ediciones La Cupula S.L., \$9.95

For those who don't speak Spanish, *Kiss Comix* is a purely visual experience. So why has this title been flying off the racks regardless of local Spanish-speaking populations? Because the pictures are very dirty. Each issue contains a collection of serialized stories illustrated by an internationally diverse group of artists. The printing is excellent, the colors vivid and the content brazenly sexual. There are nothing but highly idealized bodies in these pages, so don't be shocked by the foot-long schlongs or ten-gallon jugs. And don't be surprised if you find yourself enrolling in Spanish classes.

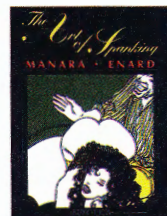


—Paul Kimball

THE ART OF SPANKING

Written by Jean-Pierre Enard, illustrated by Milo Manara, translated by Elizabeth Bell
NBM Publishing, \$17.95

The Art of Spanking is an elegant softcover black volume featuring the pencil, ink and watercolor sketches of Milo Manara, Italy's renowned erotic artist and ass fancier. Spicy and intriguing, the story by Jean-Pierre Enard is filled with chance encounters on trains, luscious young women and debonair older men. One by one, Enard's protagonist teaches a new generation of women the joys of corporal punishment while expounding a philosophy of individualism and free love, where spanking becomes an end in itself (not just a means).

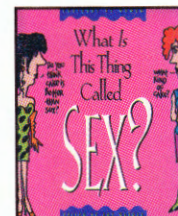


—Paul Kimball

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SEX? CARTOONS BY WOMEN

Edited by Roz Warren
The Crossing Press, \$12.95

Sex inspires many reactions, but perhaps the most common is laughter. *What Is This Thing Called Sex?* samples women's wildly differing jabs at this time-dishonored subject. Straight sex, bi sex, dyke sex and juvenile experimentation all get attention here, making this book entertaining and educational, especially for those hapless boys who still don't understand that girls need orgasms as much as they do. Includes great work by Shary Flenniken, Roberta Gregory, Nina Paley and Ellen Forney.



—Paul Kimball

MUSIC

LESHAUN

Wide Open
Tommy Boy Records

From appropriation of music samples to transgressive lyrics, rappers aggressively assume avant-garde aesthetics—except regarding sexuality, where gender roles mostly range from retrograde to criminal. From the whiffle-ball-bat rape in the Beastie Boys' "Paul Revere" to the "homemade abortion" in Akinyele's "I Luh Huh," male rappers routinely joke about abusing women's bodies. LeShaun pimp-slaps this legacy in her amazing single "Wide Open" by assuming a male prerogative as she eyes a hot young homie: "Have you ever, ever, ever in your long-legged life/Had a sneaky, freaky finger make that butt feel so nice?/Cocoa-butter coated or some Vaseline/So I can stick it in with ease and turn that ass into a fiend." With LeShaun's flirty, devilish, and damn persuasive delivery, it's no surprise homey likes it. Just a few digits up his back door, she rhymes, and he's "screaming like a 'ho, begging like a bitch." He even yelps LeShaun's name in a fruity falsetto, and no wonder—you should see the size of girlfriend's fingernails.

—Rob Tannenbaum

THE RAINCOATS: THE RAINCOATS

Ceffen Records

Before the word *empowerment* became the poster child for today's postmodern feminist doctrine, there were The Raincoats. Geffen Records is now releasing their entire catalog, including their eponymous 1979 debut album. Their distorted stop-and-go vocal arrangements

shuffled with bruised tales of rape, void and desolation stood out in the stream of power-punk-pop bands in late-70s London. Aside from their dry cover of "Lola" and Velvets space-jam "You're a Million," The Raincoats had a hopelessly vivid sound. The choruses-in-the-round, the discordant harmonies and compelling accounts of female yearning and angst characterize the much-missed Raincoats, and set them apart from all the rest.

—Allison Diamond

BIKINI KILL: PUSSY

WHIPPED

Kill Rockstars

Bikini Kill's record company hates us, but that's okay. We love Bikini Kill. Unlike the pre-fab fashion-victim



neopunk that graces MTV and much college radio, Bikini Kill's songs are shot through with the kind of awkward beauty and frenzy that has always been at the heart of punk. It's not the sound of a mature musician or a fully-rounded and informed point of view. It's an explosion of heat and hormones, of manic desire and rage, and it punches from the amps in a kind of brutal joy at just being able to make so much goddamn noise.

If the history of the first wave of punk mostly reads like a boys' camp seating chart, it's the riot grrrls like Bikini Kill who will write the history of punk's second wave.

—Richard Kadrey

JODECI

Diary of a Mad Band
MCA

What happens when a group who made their name singing soft, sweet love songs decide to change their technique, spice up the lyrics, and get provocative? We'll soon see as Jodeci, who were accused of being

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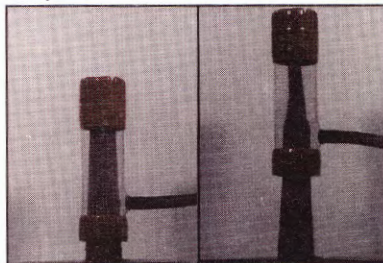
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too soft by a number of male listeners after their first album *Forever My Lady* skyrocketed to the top of the charts, tries to prove they're just as hard as the next hip hop group. In place of the haunting



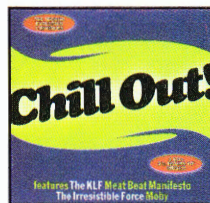
promises created by innuendo are descriptions like "make it sticky when I lick it," "lay here next to me, so I can keep you humpin' to my beat." Thanks to the efforts of group member/producer DeVante Swing, Jodeci seems to be exposing their "harder" side without compromising their very danceable, yet soulful, grooves.

—Gwendlynn Meno

CHILL OUT!

Instinct Records

Brian Eno once described ambient as a kind of music that "rewards attention, but doesn't demand it." This description applies equally to Eno's brand of sculptural ambient as it does



to the dance and techno-derived ambient that makes up the two-CD *Chill Out* set.

Disc one serves up the reptile-languid trance grooves of big name rave scene-makers such as KLF, Moby, Young American Primitive and Meat Beat Manifesto. On disc two, you get a glimpse of ambient-things-to-come in the form of such hot (or chilled) up-and-comers as Omicron, Human Mesh Dance and Evolve Now. To get a real sense of what *Chill Out* sounds like, just remember this quote from *The Irresistible Force*: "People don't want to dance all the time. Sometimes they want to stop and listen. I say it's time to lie down and be counted."

—Richard Kadrey

FROLIC DINER

Romulan Records

Another vinyl walkabout through forgotten and ignored junk-rock recordings from earlier, more innocent times. *Frolic Diner* is garage grunge with the smell and taste of old cooking grease and the ambiance of cramped, sweaty stages with bands that are so wasted on 'ludes or speed that they haven't even noticed the show is over and the strippers have all gone home. Tunes



like "Chili With Honey" by Danny Bell and the Bell Hops, "Congo Glide" by Ivan Ward & The Swingsters and "Mashin' Grapes" by Jimmie Maddin & the Party Makers all have the giddy urgency of the clueless and the doomed. This is what David Lynch would have loved his prom to sound like.

—Richard Kadrey

VÄRTTINÄ: SELENIKO

Green Linnet

Seleniko is a lively recording of Finnish folk tunes—mostly about love and marriage—by an acoustic band with four strong female singers. Though the music is from Finland, you find a lot that's familiar here: the dance rhythms are reminiscent of Irish jigs and the tight, soaring vocal lines res-



onate with Asian and Middle Eastern influences. Imagine an intimate, bouncier version of the Bulgarian Women's Choir.

But there's something about folk music from countries with tough climates. While most of

Värttinä's songs are about love, they manage to work in big doses of regret and death. You'll probably be happier just listening to the melodies and skipping the translation of the lyrics.

—Richard Kadrey

LOVE IN THE CINEMA
Milan Entertainment

Milan Entertainment's latest music compilation is comprised of several classic movie love themes and many lesser known (better left that way) contemporary ones. Most notable are the



pretty, familiar "Unchained Melody" from *Ghost*, the credits-are-rolling-while-you're-swept-away "Lara's Theme" from *Doctor Zhivago* and *Shining Through's* lullaby version of "I'll Be Seeing You." But the listless and tepid scores from *Benny & Joon*, *Body of Evidence* and *Prelude To A Kiss* undermine the swooning continuity of the collection. The standout has Hanna Schygulla singing the title song from *Lili Marleen*. A better title might be *Love and Sedation*.

—Allison Diamond

SOFTWARE

LEZ MIX

Kuki Co., Inc.,
c/o Pace Products, Inc.
Requirements: System 7, 3 MB RAM, color monitor CD ROM

DR. AMOUR: ZAPPING MOVIE GAME

Kuki Co., Inc.,
c/o Pace Products, Inc.
Requirements: System 7, 5 MB RAM, 8-bit color monitor CD ROM

Japan today is like an exponential extrapolation of 50s America: psycho corporate loyalty cult, conspicuous consumption of burgers, cocktails and Marlboros—and a truly inexplicable sexual censorship policy. As porn-hounds know, Japanese fuck films may by law portray all manner of penetrations and perversions,



but they're digitally scrambled to hide the pubes and genitalia of performers. The Japanese have to make do with bare breasts, pixelated poking and a surfeit of bulging white panties.

Lez Mix consists of three slickly produced QuickTime lesbian sequences that each culminate in a chirping triangle, after short detours into masturbation, kidnapping and bondage, foot-fucking and a Bettie Page-like lesbian "rape" scene (wrists tied with pantyhose!). All the gals are clad in corporate office garb, except the attacker in her menacing Levi's jacket. Interactivity is limited to fast-forward, which greatly improves the all-Japanese dialogue.

Dr. Amour, on the other hand, is a fully interactive sci-fi detective labyrinth with dozens of sex loops and a hokey *Blade Runner* scenario: some faulty but large-breasted young female replicants were destined for Mars, "but a lot of it were shipped to Japan and Italy." So you, as Mr. Taira of the Love'N Big Tits Research Institute, must track them down and recall them individually—to save corporate face, of course. You'll spy on their fuck adventures, snoop in their rooms, and tail them around town, discovering naughty sex toys and coded clues along the way. Write 'em down—code numbers will access hidden bonus porn loops. They'll also get you to the next chapter of the story, where you'll medically examine the young sexoids, which somehow involves oil massages and pussy licking. Much of the mystery is lost if you don't speak Japanese, but it's interesting to see live-action porn enter the interactive gaming arena. As for the annoying pixel problem, Pace is introducing uncensored versions of the games under new names later this year.

—Keith Hammond

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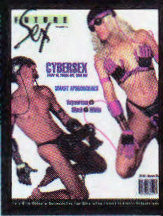
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DREAM LOVERS

Four Players Productions
Requirements: System 7.01, 4MB
RAM, 16-bit color suggested, Adobe
fonts
CD ROM, \$135 ppd

In *Dream Lovers*, superstar Joey Romero smiles his goofy smile while he gives it to skinny blonde boys in the ass. The scenarios consist of a solo jerk-off session, a ménage à trois, the classic pizza scene where delivery boy gets more than just a



tip, and two guys in the shower (complete with extra-wet slurpy noises and good pelvic-thumping effects).

The interactivity of this disc is less than stimulating, only giving you the power to decide who Joey fucks first and where they do it: the couch or the chair. (The best feature is being able to cut to the close-ups and watch the rod-a-thon from a front row seat.) *Dream Lovers* also makes a lot of demands on your system. It uses lots of RAM, and requires a full compliment of Adobe fonts or it will substitute whatever it can find, making the little cards that help you navigate through the program look poorly typeset. Technical difficulties aside, I'm always a sucker for watching babe-alicious boys fuck.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

THE MADDAMS FAMILY

Digital Playground Inc.
Requirements: Macintosh LC or
higher, or PC 386 or faster,
Windows 3.1, 8-bit color monitor,
Soundblaster card
recommended
CD ROM, \$69.95

Here's a standard Hollywood-joke-themed fuck flick dumped to CD ROM and packaged with bogus claims of interactivity and 3D graphics. The "3D" mansion you "explore" is a glorified menu screen for choosing porn loops, while the "interactive" features are standard on most home VCRs: fast-forward, frame-advance and jog-shuttle.

The incestuous Maddamses enjoy an evening at home in five increasingly queasy vignettes: first, Morticia and a spry young maid ring Lurch's bells as he groans in basso. Next, in the liveliest scene, Gomez really pours the coals in Morticia, ramming her so fast that he exceeds the QuickTime sampling rate to hilarious effect. This cartoonish glitch almost makes you forget his tragically wooden repartee, like "I like you



when you hit the boiling point." Raul Julia he ain't.

Next, a pathetic Uncle Fester, who looks suspiciously like a fat porn producer in a Merlin costume, is accosted by a female Cousin It with immense breasts and dialogue so bad you'll be groping for the last "interactive" feature: a quick-cut to the juicy genital contacts. Next, Wednesday and Cousin It have a tired lesbian heifer-feed on a couch, then the oily Gomez gives daughter Wednesday an acrobatic cartoon ram job on the same couch. Altogether ooky.

—Keith Hammond

GLAMOUR GIRLS OF 1943

Space Coast Software
Requirements: System 6.07 or
higher, 2.5 MB RAM
Requirements: Macintosh or
Windows compatible system
CD ROM, \$66.95 ppd.

Glamour Girls of 1943 is a CD ROM full of vintage pin-up shots, plus little historical movies—but you probably won't want to show it to your sixth-grade U.S. history students. The bulk of *Glamour Girls* is taken up with surprisingly fetishistic images of 40s babes, sometimes nude and sometimes in panties and garter belts, and often wrestling each other. Though the photos themselves are G-rated by modern kink standards, the recurring images of wrestling, of elaborate underwear, and of women with real bodies (ample hips and breasts that weren't purchased in some Beverly Hills clinic) make this disc a tasty bit of fetish eye candy.



1943

O h y e s , there are some QuickTime movies about Rosie the Riveter and other unconvincing You've-come-a-long-way-baby images. Forget them and stick to the smut.

—Richard Kadrey

STEGO

by Romana Machado

First there was PGP, and now next big step in data protection is here—and it's cheap. Stego is a software tool that takes your encrypted messages and hides them inside PICT image files. In other words, no one has to know that you have any encrypted files on your system. By hiding messages inside images, you get double the protection of standard encryption. First, a snoop has to know that there's hidden data inside a normal-looking image file, and second, the snoop then has to crack the encryption code of the file itself.

Like PGP, you can get a Macintosh-compatible copy (PC and other versions are under development) of Stego free from the following anonymous FTP site: sumex-aim.stanford.edu. Check the Infomac/Recent directory.

If you want Stego updates and additional features, you can register it with Romana Machado, its author, for \$15.

You can contact her via email: romana@apple.com.

—Richard Kadrey



VIDEOS

LES FEMMES EROTIQUES

Directed by Andrew Blake
Ultimate Video

Blake presents more of his trademark material: glossy but formulaic, uniformly insincere sex scenes. This time the gimmick is sex machines, including a mechanical device that pokes a dildo in and out of a woman's dry-as-a-bone pussy, and some bogus-looking high-tech gizmos. The women employing these creations wear Cleopatra wigs and make lots of "porno face" (kinda like imitating a

goldfish). Every once in a while there's a flash of imagination—two cowgirls dust it up in a sexual catfight—or even wit as a silicone sweetie in riding clothes strolls away from her beloved horse to a human stud waiting nearby and wearing, yes, a long brown pony tail. The most sensuous sequence, shot in black and white, features a woman with a truly beautiful body simply frolicking in the surf, never once feeling compelled to display her body like Carol Merrill caressing a refrigerator. Virtually all of the dialogue-free performances seem phoned in, but anyone with a serious clothing fetish—whether it's lingerie, leather, high heels or, especially, latex—will love this film. And everyone's lipstick looks fabulous.

—Laura Miller



TOKYO DECADENCE

Directed by Ryu Murakami
Triboro Entertainment

Tokyo Decadence is a glossy, big-budget Japanese production that cops techniques from both the art and porn film worlds, but unfortunately ends up combining many of the most annoying aspects of both. The plot: Ai is a prostitute who works for a house specializing in S/M. Mostly, Ai works as a bottom—and we get lots of long, elaborate and gorgeously photographed scenes of humiliation and bondage. Then, Ai decides along the way that her life in the fetish world has overwhelmed her, and she bails out in a final contrived and obvious scene.

The real problem with Tokyo Decadence is that the writer/director, Ryu Murakami, wants to have it both ways: he wants to show us the desperate and absurd lengths some of Ai's customers will go to to get off, but he wants to be sexy, too. This tension is never resolved—either for the characters or the movie.

T o k y o Decadence is beautiful to look at, from the sets to the actors to the fetish costumes—latex body suits, lingerie and lots of spike heels, but ultimately the movie falls into that weird category of Films To Watch With The Sound Off.

—Richard Kadrey



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HOT & COOL

VIDEO

Sharon Mitchell's Sex Clinic features porn butch Mitch as a "sex therapist," helping her clients with a little hands and mouth-on technique. Unfortunately her ministrations to the limp dick of her first patient leave his dick limp. For those who have a Florence Nightingale fetish, sit this movie out and find someone to play doctor with you.

—Daryl-Lynn Johnson

Imagine an episode of *Nova* with beaver and you've got the very British **Lovers' Guide** series (Lifetime Vision). Poker-faced Dr. Andrew Stanway austere narrates while refreshingly ordinary-looking couples of varying ages and ethnicities tackle "Advanced Lovemaking Techniques" or strive for "Better Orgasms." Probably not necessary if you've progressed beyond the basics, but give the English credit for their practicality.

—Mary Elizabeth Williams

Local girl Kiva (featured in this issue of *FS*) co-produces and stars in the imaginative, hardcore video **Completely Kiva**. While channel surfing one morning, Kiva finds a sexier version of herself on the tube and learns the art of orgasm from her alter ego. Real female come shots and lots of double penetration give this tape high marks. \$30 from KPC Productions, 298 4th Ave., #304, SF, CA 94118.

—I. Castle

Despite the awkward and arty pagan ritual scenes, **The Coven** (Vivid) features good-lookin' women and men who sometimes seem to actually like fucking each other. Gold stars also given for naturalistic lighting and high production values.

—Paul Kimball

David Bowie cruises through his entire personality-crisis career with **Bowie: The Video Collection** (Ryko Vision), a compilation that takes him from androgynous space boy toy to postmodern superstar.

—Richard Kadrey

X-Mix-1 (STUDIO K7) is a video collection of techno dance tunes complete with computer-generated images from independent video artists. Stylish and clever, the visuals range from the psychedelic to the scientific. Available from Video Music Inc., 1210 Stanbridge St., #125, Norristown, PA 19401. (215) 278-7240.

—R.K.

In **Ona Zee's Sex Academy** (Ona Zee Productions), Ms. Zee—one of the most intelligent and attractive erotic vid stars around—lectures and demonstrates the finer points of adult film sex with an eager and attractive group of young students.

—R.K.

BOOKS

Samuel R. Delany is one of the most influential science fiction writers alive. His works inspired the first wave of cyberpunks and introduced a messy, ambivalent sexuality to a genre mostly stuck in adolescent groping. **The Motion of Light on Water** (Masquerade) is his sexually open autobiography set in the 60s East Village.

—R.K.

Tales of Times Square (Feral House) is cartoonist Josh Friedman's first collection of stories. It's a series of snapshots of the sex biz in the Big Apple, a sort-of low-rent and very sleazy take on Damon Runyon's Broadway stories.

—R.K.

Beauty (Dell) is a frightening novel about plastic surgery as an art form. Author Brian D'Amato deftly mixes horror, art world conceit and enough coolspeak to fill a whole issue of *Interview*.

—R.K.

The protagonist of Kathe Koja's novel **Skin** (Tor) is a dancer who keeps pushing the envelope of the human body's capabilities. She finally decides to redesign with her body altogether and from that point on, this disturbing novel becomes horrific.

—R.K.

Scott Bukatman's greatest accomplishment may be that he's an academic, and yet still readable. **Terminal Identity** (Duke University Press) is his dissection of postmodernism and modern science fiction, from *Neuromancer* to Cronenberg to *Blade Runner* and beyond.

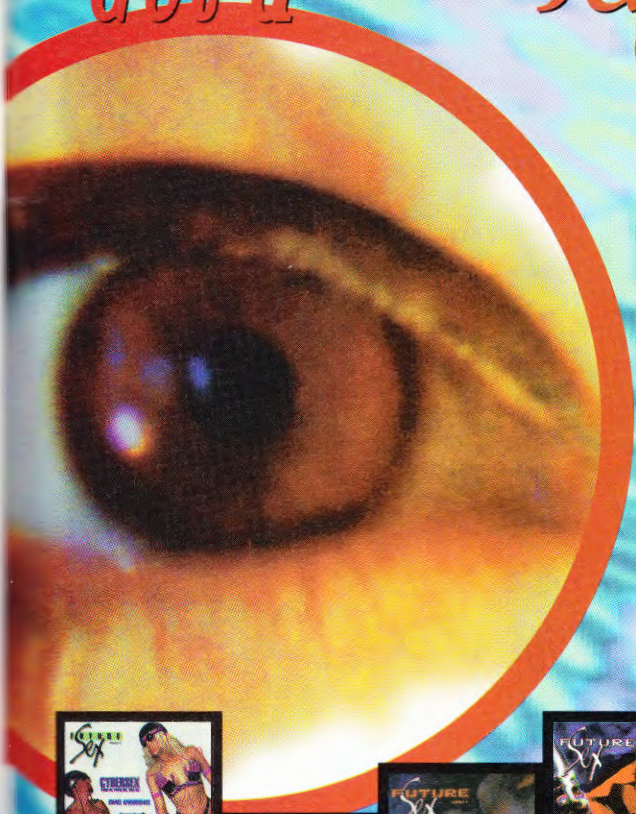
—R.K.

MUSIC

Self-proclaimed Dyke Diva Gretchen Phillips is best known for recording with the band Two Nice Girls. She's just released her first solo recording, **Welcome to my World and a Half**, a combo-pack of spoken word pieces and folksy rock tunes. Available for \$8.50 from G. Phillips, P.O. Box 4600, Austin, TX 78765.

—R.K.

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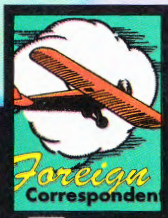
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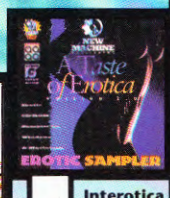


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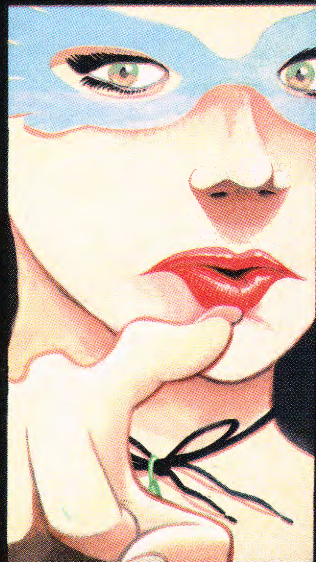
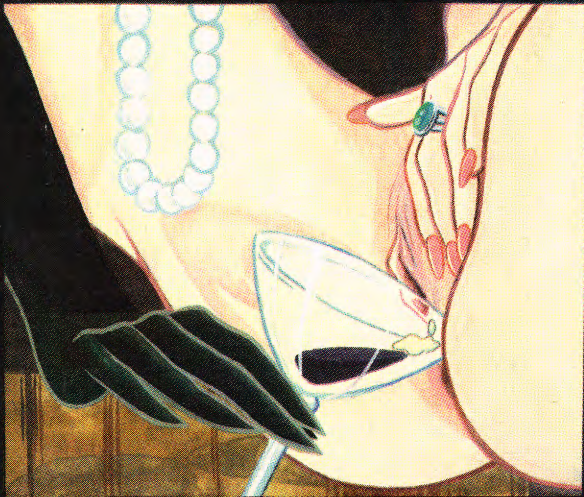
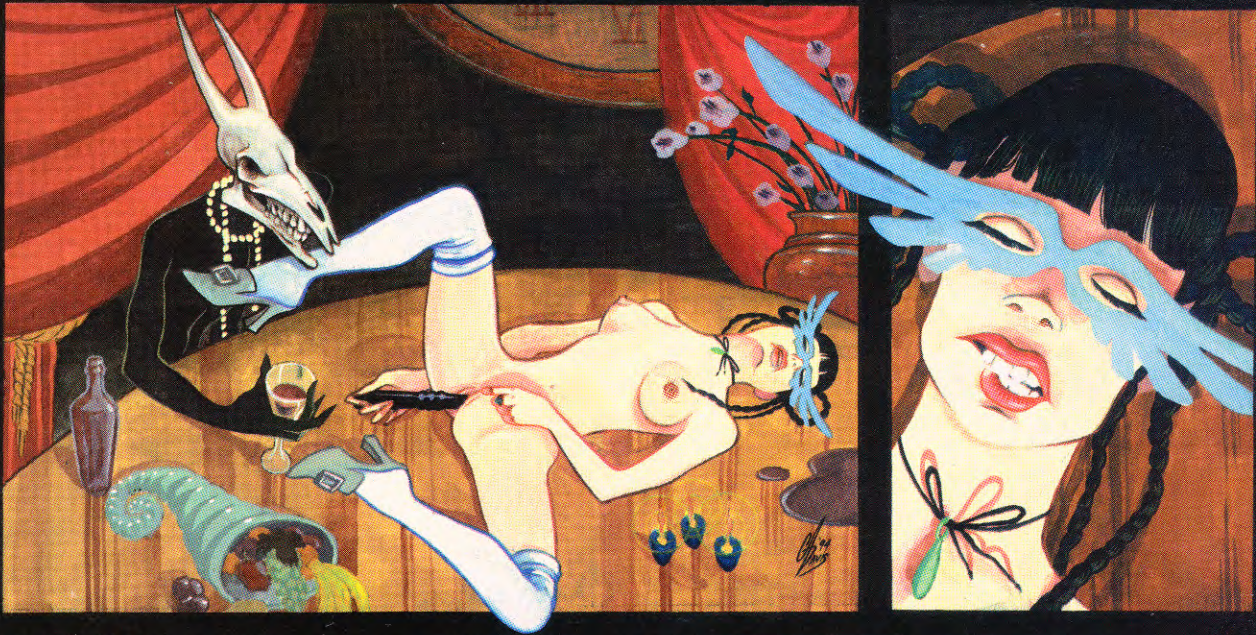
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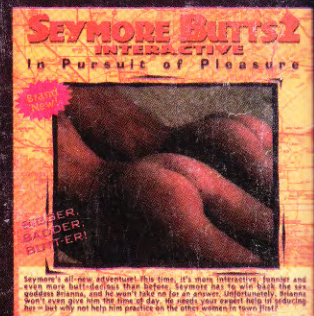
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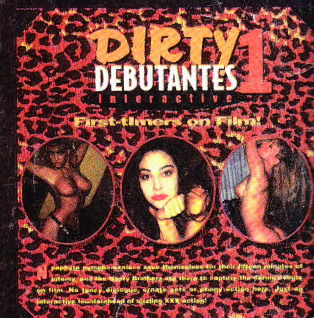
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