Yin, Yang. Deux principes en évidence dans l'univers matériel. La récep­tivité entame le mystère, donne lieu à la clarté, la compréhension. La nature complète. Mais la réception se trouble. La circonscription des sexes nous inquiète de plus en plus. Dès l'origine de l'histoire, la sexualité se trouve condamnée autant qu'exaltée. L'écriture pétrographique et pictographique de l'époque Aurignacienne, ainsi que le tableau magdaléen de Laugerie-Basse, 'La Femme au Cerf,' exalte la sexualité au féminin. Toutes civilisations engendrent des mythes de la fécondité — mythes du retour des saisons, de la naissance du printemps. D'innombrables légendes embrassent les amours d'Aphrodite, de Priape, des Satyres. Les légendes des peuples autochtones d'Amérique racontent : l'histoire d'une rencontre avec les éléments — rapports sexuels avec le soleil, le vent, les eaux et parfois avec les esprits ou les manitous. Par contre, toutes civilisations ont leurs tabous. Dans la Bible, l'arbre de vie, l'arbre au fruit défendu; puis, la masturbation, le concubinage, l'homosexualité, l'adultère, l'inceste, la pederastie, la bestialité, la nécrophilie. Si les mythes et les légendes présentent l'homme et la femme en tant qu'égaux, presque toutes les sociétés exploitent, suppriment et dominent la femme. L'inégalité socio-politique et économique qui s'ensuit atteint toutes nos relations, surtout now relations sexuelles. Freud, Jung et d'autres penseurs en voulu analyser le corps politique. Aujourd'hui, Cixous et Kristeva, comme leurs ancêtres les suffragettes, veulent le transformer. D'autres images surgissent de l'œuvre de nos artistes et nos écrivains. Botticelli, Rabelais, Byron, De Sade, Manet, Rousseau, Beardsley, Miller, Nin, Nabokov étaient les choix divers auquel nous faisons face dans nos relations humaines. Ils témoignent que si la pornographie représente l'abrutissement du refoulement, l'érotisme nous invite à la liberté, car il répond aux besoins de la condition humaine.

Ce numéro de Rampike participe au mythe de la re-naisance, du renouvellement de la nature. Rampike, le côte de pin qui explose, se délivre de sa sémence. Le passé meurt, donne lieu au nouveau. Dans ce milieu, nos artistes et nos écrivains s'interrogent sur les racines de leur sexualité. Tous à tour, elles/ils condamment et célèbrent nos liaisons intimes. Au travers ce forum, peut-être la moitié aux idées fixes, la naissance d'une nouvelle réceptivité, une entente qui informerait la ré-union de yin/yang.

Yin, Yang. In the physical world two manifestations complement each other. The Receptive approach brings mystery into creation leading to clarity, joy and understanding. A fulfillment of nature. But the reception is clouded. A growing uneasiness exists over the male/female schism. From our earliest history, forces have both extolled and condemned sexuality. Petroglyphs and pictographs from the Aurignacian period celebrate the erotic female, as does the famous Magdalenian ‘Woman with a Reindeer’ of Laugerie-Basse. Fertility myths associated with the re-emergence of vegetation and the coming of spring span all cultures. The (often orgiastic) festivals surrounding the myths of the Egyptian Min, the Greek Dionysus, the Japanese Amo no Uzume are all involved with a resurrection of life. Countless legends surround the amorous adventures of Aphrodite, Priapus, the Satyrs. Amerindian legends depict encounters with elements of nature such as sexual unions with rain, sun, wind and occasionally with spirits or Manitous. Conversely, all cultures have taboos. The Biblical Tree of Knowledge and Forbidden Fruit, also, masturbation, pre-natal sex, homosexuality, adultery, incest, pederasty, bestiality, necrophilia. While legends and myths represent men and women in relatively egalitarian ways, in nearly all societies there is evidence that women are being suppressed, exploited and dominated. The resulting socio-political-economic inequality affects all female/male encounters, particularly sexual. Thinkers such as Freud and Jung have tried to analyse the body-politic. Feminists and their suffragette predecessors have tried to alter it. More recent critics such as Cixous and Kristeva have offered alternate visions. Further insights have been presented by artists and writers. The works of Botticelli, Rabelais, Stern, Byron, De Sade, Manet, Rousseau, Beardsley, Miller, Nin, Nabokov all contribute to our comprehension of the range of possibilities within erotic relationships. This rich inheritance verifies that while pornography is the completion of sexual repression, erotica, because of its sensitivity to the human condition, is its liberator.

With this issue, Rampike participates in re-birth and vegetation myths. Rampike, the tree struck by lightning releases its seeds from the exploding pine-cones. With the death of the old, the birth of the new. The tree as receiver and giver of life. Both Female and Male. Hermaphrodite. Within this context, artists and writers seek inward toward their own erotic relationships. Through this forum perhaps a death to old attitudes, a birth of a new receptiveness, an understanding re-union of yin/yang.
ERS & ORPHEUS
By George Platt Lynes

George Platt Lynes has left us a rich heritage of photographic works. During the forties and fifties he carried out a number of projects including a portrait series of prominent celebrities.
MARVIN MOLLUSC
By Al Purdy

150 million years ago a particular fossil mollusc lived and died in seas then covering Scotland. Moreover he was born in summer when water temperature was 70 F. lived four years and died in springtime. However the fossil's love life in his warm bath number of times a night in jurassic moonlight and degree of enjoyment from same remains unknown.

This information derives from laboratory researches of one Dr. Harold Urey in Chicago. The unfortunate mollusc – we shall call him Marvin – had a chalky shell whose special composition was determined by degree of water temperature. After various dating devices were employed on Marvin's mortal remains (sophisticated successors of Carbon-14) and the figure 150 million arrived at for his birth date the shell was analysed (chemicals et cetera) results of this invasion of privacy published in scientific journals.

This special information on the fate of Marvin has caused me to alter my views on disposition of my own mortal remains hopefully at a much later date. I have therefore instructed my heirs and assigns that I be cremated and furnace temperature should reach several thousand degrees. I am reluctant to leave traces of my chalky structure to fall into the hands of Dr. Harold's nosey descendents especially the falling temperature and certain other details of my love life. I think my friend Marvin would agree with this point of view.

RAPE AND INCEST
By Al Purdy

Father poisoning a daughter's childhood in secret night in times long past – respected patriarchs oak progenitors ignoring evil covering it with personal rightness And yet tendrils escape acid trickles poison rivulets sisters know at least one stranger the secret widens a look perhaps a turning head at tv mention newspaper story hints of some kind But it will end it always does patriarchs die in course of matter And no doubt this one would mention Egypt brother and sister reigning pharaohs husband and wife united blood lines he would mention it if he knew as extenuation if he needed any but thinks he doesn't As it stands lives are different hinge on maybe and roots of never poison flows pity grows love love grows pity past comprehension some good may come by whose definition? No chance now of surface knowledge the gaunt old man will die soon in family's bosom respected loved even and some would agree with evil ignored But I can't think it can't believe that both good and evil they must be named slippery chemicals always distinguished set far apart in no laboratory or court of justice but intimate places of living and dying chemical precipitate of plus and minus the human secret and septic oozing names of opposites in rag and bone shop where love is possible the human heart.
Par Takis

Quand la loi est vraiment là, le désir ne tient pas, mais c'est pour la raison que la loi et le désir refoulé sont une seule et même chose; c'est même ce que Freud a découvert.

"Jacques Lacan, post-face à La philosophie dans le boudoir."
EROTICA
By Endre Farkas

It is what we can not have that is erotic;
its silk negligé suggesting just the right amount
and it's that husky voice and slow stroke
along the curves of its absence that call you to it

It is the unknown that is erotic
its tongue circles your nipples; closes your eyes
with its glistening slide down your chest
and begins your quest across the bridge of sighs

It is what is strange that is erotic;
its mystery is its fingers at your sex
and it has you arching in anticipation
for the new-old-sweet ache of that caress

It is the stranger who is erotic;
s/he always knows that exotic moment
when to stop and when to almost
moan "no, oh no, please/please not yet"

It is your imagination that is erotic;
stroking your lips and riding your thighs
until your senses, all so aroused
come together, come alive

COME ON
By Endre Farkas

The white one is from
THE INTIMATE ROOM
701 7th Ave & 47th St.
where
GIRLS of all nationalities
NOW $10 and the promise of
NO OTHER CHARGES
WHAT SO EVER
(open 11 a.m. – 12 p.m.)
except Friday and
Saturday till 1 a.m.)
& a picture
one and three-quarters by four and a half
of a naked girl no more than 17
with big eyes and a pair of tits (maybe a 36)
upturned
and in front of her pussy
an art book (those 12 x 9) kind
and if you look close enough
you can make out the title
POMPEI!

The pink one is from
THE PLEASURE SEEKERS CLUB
300 W. 45th St. & 8th Ave.
where
fabulous girls
one flight up/compare &
save
$8.00
NO EXTRA/NO MAS CARGOS
& a picture
of a naked girl posing sideways
one knee on a chair,
hair in that pixie tangle way,
her tits & cunt cheaply penned out

each pussy-flyer is four and a quarter by five and a half
and both promise Air Conditioning

Portrait of Hillary
DEVICES FOR GUARD AND PRISONER

By Vito Acconci

In this piece, Vito Acconci explores sexuality and prisons. He probes the effects of physical confinement and mental entrapment within a socio-moral context.

**DEVICES FOR GUARD AND PRISONERS**

(Sculpture/gadget for particular location)

Creative Time (Old First Precinct Building), New York, March 1981

The piece is designed for installation in a men's cell-block; for this particular occasion, the installation-place was a line of four prison cells.

In front of each cell is a domed light-fixture, hung so that the light would be directed into each cell. The cell door is closed; inside the cell, a mylar-covered board is placed diagonally over the wooden cell-bed; the board is the same width as the bed, and rises from the head of the bed up to the foot, to the height of the cell bars. From outside the cell, a viewer's gaze is channelled into the triangle made by the joining of the bed and the mylar-board; the bed is reflected distortedly in the mylar above it -- there is a small hole cut in the mylar-board, up near the head of the bed, and another small hole cut into the wooden bed, down past the middle.

Each light is off until a viewer, outside the cell, pulls the chain. Pulling the chain, then, activates a double-device inside the cell: through the hole in the mylar-board, a red dildo pumps up and down where a person's mouth would be, while, through the hole in the wooden bed, a second red dildo pumps up and down where a person's ass would be.

In each cell, the pumping actions continue as long as the light-chain is kept pulled down.
**AFFICHE**
Par Hédi Bouraoui

COIT dans l’oeil de Freud: Image
What’s on a man’s mind?
Une EVE
Endormie sa fess joue la tampe du génie
Et la grâce imagine le repli

Le nez crochu devient la cuisse engoncé
En pleine gencive srn;ant le ragot de la nuit
Rêve inaccessible bouffonnant
La vérité du toujours conquis

Les lèvres rebroussent chemin dans la bouche
Lasse d’ergoter avec le pubis
Pourléchant le déchet d’une panoplie

Heureux, les seins s’étalant lascifs
Comme un montagne, honteuse derrière
Le chateau des jouissances
Sur le front ride les sourcils se cadencent

Ponsifs devant l’oreille-juge qui saigne
Menstruation gonflant les canaux
Qui baignent

Le Tout dans le laboratoire de l’Ego
ou
L’amour dégouline sirop d’érable
Dans le désert turbulent d’un Moi
Qui suit seul

L’autre se met à jouir dans l’absence
Pendant que le Temps et le silence s’enlacent
Pour bavarder
Juste pour laisser passer la crise.

**CYCLE SEXUEL**
Par Hédi Bouraoui

Il éclate de rire Sa peau
flasque forme des vagues
La rougeur mascarade son égo
Il vient de trouver le tourne-vise de ses rêves:
Une langue de boeuf entortillée dans du papier
Aluminium à tout usage qu’il brandit
En guise de quéquette
Bandée à faire feu
Sa femme aigrie se voue au scandale
Tournant le dos à ses salissures
Pendant que la belle-mère prévoit
D’avance le rétrécissement et disparu
Le sexe se comprime dans le réduit
volcan éteint prêt à s’allumer
A tout frottement obtus

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**SELECT ULTRA MILD**
Par Michael Delisle

Il ya a dans la serre une cigarette déposée dans le cendrier d’e-mail. Tu l’avais allumée, déposée, oubliée et elle s’est éteinte tout de suite sans laisser de cendre. Elle est toujours là; je n’y touche pas. Ton absence est moins insupportable depuis que tu as laissé un support. Une Select Ultra Mild entamée puis éteinte, puis séchée. Tu ne l’auras de toute façon pas respirée, beau comme tu es, tu t’es allumé pour le geste. Négli­gement. Tu l’as oubliée. Le geste était fait. Tu étais beau. Dans l’allure. Quelques douleurs intenses parce qu’intimes parce que convenues comme limite d’un rapport à l’autre seul mon­tré par les petits maux corporels tels les mordillements de seins et les égratignements d’âme ou les morsures d’épaules toujours épeurantes de précision toujours exultantes comme le degré ultime d’une communication des corps et le langage a pris le bord depuis la fin du disque heavy qui accroche encore pendant qu’on s’endort comme deux siamois en boule. Dans les draps, léchée supplémentaire aux parfums de Blistex et de Campari sur ces quelques poils longs et pâles qui émergent comme un interdit au centre de ta gorge blonde. Je suis seul dans la serre et à moins de vingt pieds de la Select il y a le divan bleu mes lèvres s’endorment sur un muscle de ton cou. Une odeur de cognac sort de mon souffle. Une odeur de cognac pese, post-coitale, comme dans un roman d’Aquin. On pense à la même toile, sans se le dire; nous deux devant le Holbein en question, dans le Londres de 1978; notre histoire est histori­que. Et à moins de vingt pieds du divan il y a le fond émeraude que tu as peint toi-même contre notre lit. Devant la Select Ultra Mild je désire encore ton torse, notre secret. Et l’idée que tes lèvres aient pu effleurer ce bout filtre ... ce phantasme appuyé d’un scotch pensif, c’est peut-être ça l’éternité. Cette cigarette est là tout près. Ainsi de suite, seul, je fonce, fou, à pure perte dans les clichés. Dans nos ententes. Folles. Dures Et belles. Cette cigarette, froidement, m’érotise. Je me ren­verse en la fixant mollement.

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S@l Portrait by John Ogilvon
PHOTOWORKS
By Robert Mapplethorpe

Robert Mapplethorpe is concerned with the sensuality of the image. His classic structuring and his erotic imagery can be both humorous and challenging.

'Orchid'

'Banana with Keys'
Photos courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts, Ltd.
795 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003

'Marty and Veronica'

'Untitled'

Photos courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts, Ltd.
795 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003
MYTHIC TREE
By Noel Harding

The tree as mythic symbol has a rich history dating back to the garden of Eden. The tree of knowledge, of lost innocence, of sexual awareness, the forbidden fruit. These and other elements are implicit in Noel Harding’s environmental kinetic-experience.

CONSTRUCTION

Concrete materials to be used for the construction of the triangular base, housing the hoist room, tree carriage and track housing. Structural requirements according to specifications of elevator engineering.

A steel skeletal structure encased in some fashion by a pre-fabricated concrete shell.

The tree carriage is rather like an enlarged flower pot on wheels. The carriage would have rubberized wheels for quiet traction.

The tracks will be of either steel or concrete.

Re-enforced concrete bunker for shock absorbers and base of tracks.

Maintenance of the tree can be sustained through companies already providing nursery or plant care services.

18
Joel-Peter Witkin explores the macabre and disturbing side of the psyche. His anti-erotic work has been both condemned and applauded. While his grotesque images may appear decadent, his dark vision is uncompromising.
LA COMMUNION DES SAINTS

Par Lucien Francoeur

une obsession bien dirigée
comment toujours
par soi-même

les dieux solitaires s’en prennent toujours
tous prêts à même leurs cuisses
dans l’automagnification manuelle

cacuon devient son propre rapiste

tout mutant sait se prendre
comme une divinité essuée
un saint sacrifié

tout mutant sait s’aimer tout seul
dans les herbes du désir
‘god is a masturbator’ Corso

il communie sur le corps
des rockeurs scarifiés

quand dieu était une fille de joie
tout allait si bien dans le bas de corps

dieu cherche toujours les êtres
en bleu-jeans et running shoes
chaque devient son propre rapiste

tout mutant sait se prendre
comme une divinité essuée
un saint sacrifié

‘a good artist always got his hand
in his zipper’ patti smith

tout nu dans le char d’hermès
le roi lézard s’invente
des caresses superbes

et pour éveiller le serpent qui
sommeille en son sein

il pratique toutes les formes

‘a good artist always got his hand
in his zipper’ patti smith

tout nu dans le char d’hermès
le roi lézard s’invente
des caresses superbes

et pour éveiller le serpent qui
sommeille en son sein

il pratique toutes les formes

‘a good artist always got his hand
in his zipper’ patti smith

le roi lézard s’invente dans la kundalini yoga
à partir de l’automagnification pratique

en to高尔un le tout!
le l’uroboros lubrique
répété sur lui-même

devant les miroir de l’inversion
jusque dans sa propre gorge

‘invitez-moi à passer la nuit dans
votre bouche’ joyce mancou

‘if it wasn’t a kiss, it could have been
a lizard’

l’uroboros lubrique
répété sur lui-même

devant les miroir de l’inversion
jusque dans sa propre gorge

‘invitez-moi à passer la nuit dans
votre bouche’ joyce mancou

‘seigneur, enfermez-moi au plus profond des entrailles
de votre Coeur. Et, quand vous m’y tiendrez,
brûlez-moi, purifiez-moi, enflammez-moi,
sublîmez-moi,
jusqu’à la satisfaction parfaite de vos goûts,
jusqu’à la plus complète annihilation de moi-même.’

Teilhard de Chardin

nous prions toujours la bouche pleine des autres

‘saint en commun du rût millénaire’

VOYEUR
By Jayce Salloum
NEW YORK DIARY
FRAGMENTS

By John Grube

Extract from a work in progress.


January 9 Speak to me if you love me. I do. I speak to you in dreams you barely listen to.

February 4 Anything to avoid Creation. God kept putting it off, we all do. Aeons passed. Then He let it happen. The rest is history.


February 8 Contiguous. The wire cage. Striate. Enjoin. Act. Exercise like an army. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. The sergeant is seriously pellucid. The drill square is darkening fast. Incorrigibles line up. It is now the eighteenth century the age of reason. Artillery underlines the message and the public hanging of sheep-stealers makes it final. The parade square welcomes evening, groups chatter around the gibbets, the dead men. The parade square is darkening fast. Incorrigibles line up. It is only the best known. The ritual in vogue is masonic, male. The thrill of initiation is accompanied by the magic flute, evil is Sarastro, patriarchy. The Queen of the Night retreats in disorder, unwillingly sees her daughter inaudibly. The pages of the script are turned over by the wind, quickly, but no one is there to read the end.

February 20 sugar, diabetic. casse-croûte. carnival. Rio. peacock. black sugar castle. mad luxuriant. papayas. jungle. evanescent colours, squid squirm; go gringo, instamatic Saturdays. No is Nero, is never. Ex. mark. Henry Peabody is purple. ghosts. geeks. pineapples. laughing lapdogs. ochre uncles with soft fuzzy fedoras finger tender orifices, ease off underpants. niece nice. older

February 27 under the battlements boogie. boogie, down, up, boogie. Gregory Hermaphroditi, templar extraordinary, take it off take it off it off, armour, underarmour, femur only showing. Patriarch whose beard only and hook-nose remain, permit the granite stela that serves for your museum mount to rejoin earth, erect. Walk.

horses sweat, swish tails, drop shit. Pamela nuzzles one with her riding crop, with her black hunting hat. She flirts with Diana, but loses her cherry to Gregory. The pages of the script are turned over by the wind, quickly, but no one is there to read the end.

hunker down. Lisa limps. Cordoba bakes in the sun slowly.

March 17 I see a lonely man on the steps of an ancient pyramid. He is in the blazing sun, and human sacrifices are demanded. This is the temple of the god of order, although he cannot recognize where he is. The brilliance of the spotless white steps which he attempts to climb overpowers him. he shades his eyes.

March 21 I blow gently at the window of history and crystals form,


April 26 Oedipus eats apples. Pitches. I pull his baseball cap over his eyes. We flirt. Mark was here. I wanted him. He had a rush. I did not move. Wisely, I think.

May 11 intimacy is touch. is scent behind your ear. is Mozart, is your first4 burned omelet.

August 17 teeth cringe, tongue snaps. Yes, it is August. Mira! The parts of speech are the parts of the body. Thus, verbs represent the active musculature; nouns block in large shapes. Think of ideal dissonances, jazz. Ear-aches. Cardiologic shocks, graphs.

August 18 I miss a man to tie up my dress. I put on my halter. The water is blue, it is a bird morning in August, these are the quiet incantations, words. Next whole sentences placed together, perhaps making one random change, whole sentences circling about some one subject.

No excuses, cake hangs heavy in stomach, sheaths smell. Cyanide is blue. I stick two fingers up your ass. You insisted. I was lost in thought, you refused a kiss. Ecce homo! I cannot warm your ass with come.


Discretion corrodes. Secrete secrets, air heals. Childhood wounds heal slowly. Greek philosophers abandoned unwanted children. Some died. Those who survived were sex slaves. In another room the philosophers continued to discuss the nature of love. The androgynous cup-bearer could well have been Socrates's son.


Ecologically speaking, myths multiply. The quadrature of the circle teases men's minds. I carry possums. Polecats. The moon is in the second quadrant of Jupiter.

Indignation eases. Creation is calming as we play cards on a ship becalmed. Ghostly writing from catacomb inscriptions. Voices gibe and squeal; static obscures true feeling. Stereophonic sounds come from coherent people.

11:58 a.m. nothing done. ate lunch early. will accomplish chores. rediscovering language, structure, sentence. Overheard conversational fragments — leading to monologues à la Dave Laird. Earther than Frank O'Hara.

March 12 The colours of the universe are incidental. I write in arickshaw. Heat hurts. A straw hat protects my mental interactions.

dark. alone. fish. circumnavigate the earth in your sleep. weightless thoughts, ladders. Fire-cracker coda, it is the end of the festival. I am rarely accessible. I want to listen, learn, surface. I spell, you are enchanted. Relief, burden, lay down luggage here, sleep, spot, pause. Deists defy mental gravity, insist on a supernormal universe.
By Victor Coleman

1. Your hands are stained and cold from being dipped in fresh paper pulp the colour of peachy flesh, but I don’t mind at all when you make a fist around my engorged penis while cupping my warm testicles. I’m lying on a pile of blankets waiting for you to finish work and wondering just how you intend to treat me. It’s been months since I last saw you—we didn’t really touch even then—a tender, but quick, kiss, lots of smiles. I was not entirely sure that you were even interested. You looked so beautiful in your big floppy hat. I remember thinking how small-boned you appeared under generally baggy clothing. I wanted to see you in something tight—or nothing. Beside me now you’re naked from the waist up, holding my erection in your pulp-stained fingers, not really moving them much except for little squeezes, little shifts which absorb the heat of my blood-engorged sex. You’re talking blantly about the end of the workday, the beginning of play. I couldn’t help but ponder the absolute control you exercised over everything you touched.

2. You’re lying naked on a large piece of water-saturated paper—the paper is almost in a fluid state, firm enough to hold your delicate frame, but soft enough to take the impression of your buttocks and heels, your elbows and head.

3. We’re having lunch at the Lesbos Deli. Ken, your husband, doesn’t seem to suffice?

4. We’ve decided to experiment with having sex while you work. It’s markedly better than tiring of one another, or allowing the little distractions of the day to take over. Our hands and mouths have been constantly searching one another out. I place a small cot on a perpendicular to your workspace, so that you might continue to apply the pulp in the usual manner, except you’re naked from the waist down and standing on two piles of art books with your legs spread apart. I have to edge myself off the head-end of the cot to get at you. With my shoulders propped on three pillows I can readily and comfortably press my face against your beautiful vulva. It’s still red and slightly puffy from the last time we fucked. It seems almost clay-like, dry and puckered in the drafty studio. I allow my dry lips to stick to your lips as I suck delicately, then more firmly etched impression of my body on the paper. I wondered aloud: ‘Is it my exact weight that you want, or would anyone suffice?’

‘We’re inventing this process!’ you say, slightly perturbed. ‘Lie on me.’

At first I’m not sure how to mount this arrangement without disturbing the perfect surface of the pulp bed. I put my right thumbprint in the lower righthand corner to test it. It only picks up the bulk—no detail. The act of weight is recorded, but identity remains invisible, smooth. You point straight up to an apparatus above my head. Like a trapeze, it’s attached to a block & tackle connected to the wall of your studio. It is operable while holding on to the trapeze bar through buttons on either side of the handle.

Putting all thoughts of Rube Goldberg out of my mind—by now I’ve noticed that your tiny nipples are erect, hard from the cold, and that I am about to add my heat as well as my weight to the process—I lower myself slowly onto your naked body.

Your arms, which were idle by your side, surround me as my body touches yours. ‘We can’t fuck,’ you say, matter of factly.

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At first I’m not sure how to mount this arrangement without disturbing the perfect surface of the pulp bed. I put my right thumbprint in the lower righthand corner to test it. It only picks up the bulk—no detail. The act of weight is recorded, but identity remains invisible, smooth. You point straight up to an apparatus above my head. Like a trapeze, it’s attached to a block & tackle connected to the wall of your studio. It is operable while holding on to the trapeze bar through buttons on either side of the handle.

Putting all thoughts of Rube Goldberg out of my mind—by now I’ve noticed that your tiny nipples are erect, hard from the cold, and that I am about to add my heat as well as my weight to the process—I lower myself slowly onto your naked body. Your arms, which were idle by your side, surround me as my body touches yours. ‘We can’t fuck,’ you say, matter of factly.

With my shoulders propped on three pillows I can readily and comfortably add my heat as well as my weight to the process—I lower myself slowly onto your naked body.

Your arms, which were idle by your side, surround me as my body touches yours. ‘We can’t fuck,’ you say, matter of factly.

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THE SEDUCTION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II

By David McFadden

What a day this has been! I don’t have any legs and I just finished seducing Queen Elizabeth II! It was about four months ago that I first decided to seduce the Queen. Some jealous fanatic heard about my plans and shot off my legs. I’m still not recovered but when I woke up this morning I just knew today was the day. I dreamt I was being chased by an army of ants. When I looked close each ant was goosestepping and had a little Hitler moustache. Just like the old philosopher in the death camp I dived into the latrine – the one place they wouldn’t follow me.

I woke up and noted the pain in my stumps had decreased. It usually does after I dream about ants. So I knew this was the day. For practice I went over to my parents’ place and seduced my mom and dad. I sent my dad to the store for some beer and while he was gone I seduced my mom. Then when my mom was in the garden picking me a bouquet of forget-me-nots I seduced my dad. Boy, did he love it! Then I went home and sent my wife over to the welfare office to see about my new motorized wheelchair. While she was gone I seduced my children, all of them, two boys and two girls ages nine to fifteen. Boy, were they surprised!

Then I nipped over to Buckingham Palace and seduced the Queen. It was really quite easy. I wheeled in backwards so it looked as if I were coming out. I wheeled right up to the Queen’s rooms and there she was counting her money. I told her I knew something that was even more fun than counting money. ‘Oh?’ she said, her nostrils all aquiver. ‘And what would that be, pray tell?’ Next thing she knew we were in the royal sack and I was jabbing my royal sceptre into her ship of state. Maybe I don’t have any legs but I could still stand at attention. Imagine me, David McFadden, in bed with the Queen! It didn’t last long though for after a few minutes my stumps started to hurt and I had to withdraw. She was obviously terribly disappointed to see me go but, as befits a Queen, she didn’t ask when she could see me again. Nor sure I’d want to anyway, I mean some things you really only need to do once, right?

And how would I rate the Queen in bed? Superior. Best I’ve had in fact. Worth losing your legs over? That’s a tough question. It’s true I’ll never walk again like an ordinary person. And yet I’ll always have the memory of having had the best in bed.

THE CN TOWER

By David McFadden

People who hate us crowd into our dreams, people who want us to know how much they hate us, who think they know us, who think the way we were then and there is the way we will be for all times. They don’t think they could ever be wrong, but they are always wrong.

We met for a drink last night, someone who used to love me with generous passion. She said she had pinned on her wall a certain letter I sent her last year so that she would be reminded daily of what a rat I was, so that when I finally called, and she knew I’d finally call, she would be instantly on her guard. She smiled and blushed and said the day before I finally called she’d removed the letter from the wall and thrown it out. A coincidence, she said, and blushed again. But I was uncomfortable, awkward, depressed. She looked so beautiful I told her she was more beautiful in her wide-brimmed straw hat and fashionable red dress than a thousand Rembrandts and everyone in the bar was aware of her warmth and her beauty but she complained quite rightly that I seemed bored, my eyes kept shifting to the wall and the bar and the street, and she assumed that that was the way I was with everyone. We’d been close friends and we enjoyed all the same things but I’d failed to feel the same compulsion to draw nearer and nearer to her in the spirit, and we quarrelled and we developed radically conflicting views of the same events, and she concluded that I was one who employed subtle methods of keeping people at arm’s length. We left the bar and walked along Yonge Street, midnight, hot, and I felt uncomfortable, there was nothing magnetic between us, everything had gone, we found we couldn’t even walk at the same pace, and suddenly there was the CN Tower rising out of the mist, all colours.
I wish I had a lover, mused Edward, 
a lover with long entangling legs 
like Jean Shrimpton's, mused Edward. 
Breasts you could fill your cheeks with, 
like Patricia's, mused Edward.

I wish I had a lover, 
sighed Patricia, as kind 
as Dr. Spock, with hands 
as large as daddy's, sighed Patricia.

Who never falls asleep early, thought Edward, 
or reads Redbook while I lie there inside her.

Who would worship me with kisses between the legs, 
who'd never come until I'd begged him to 
dreamed Patricia.

Someone who would slip her hand 
down my pant leg at Eaton's candy counter, dreamed Edward.

Someone who would slip his hand 
into my crotch at the grocery store, dreamed Patricia. 
'Safeway gives you more,' he would whisper.

Someone who would go down on me at the theatre 
during The Guns of Navarone, dreamed Edward.

Who would paint my body with his tongue 
dipped in Reeves watercolours, dreamed Patricia.

Who would make love to him crushed together in the crowd 
at a Rolling Stones concert, bounced on the tin floor 
of a Ford Tri-motor rattling 
toward Hoshiarpur, cooled 
by a red & blue beach umbrella 
at Maracaibo.

Who would make love to her in a darkened 
transformer room, in a silent corridor 
under the ice at Ice Capades, 
on a heart-shaped bed during the home economists' convention 
at the Hotel Seattle.

How could I get rid of Patricia, thought Edward. 
But I wouldn't want to lose Edward, thought Patricia.

Let's have an Open Marriage 
Patricia said one day, breathlessly.

You want to get rid of me, eh? 
Edward said, accusingly.

What if we did have an Open Marriage, 
said Patricia the next month. 
What difference would it make?

what do you mean, said Edward. 
suppose I really had screwed Vince that time, she said. 
Everything's still the same, isn't it, she said.

Edward put down his book, Patricia 
sat on the arm of his chair 
her face flushed, her mouth 
open. Look at it this way. 
suppose I screwed a guy at work 
& then you & I found out we could still go on living together 
the same as before, wouldn't that prove it was ok? she said. 
Who do you want to screw at work? said Edward. 
That's not the point, said Patricia.

Well you wouldn't know for sure until you screwed him, 
then it would be too late, Edward said. Patricia frowned. 
suppose I told you I screwed a guy at work 
two weeks ago. That would prove it, she said.

Nothing has changed, she said. 
How would we know unless you told me, he said. 
Patricia took a deep breath. I'm telling you she said. 
I don't believe you, said Edward, 
trying to ignore his sudden erection.

You're just trying to talk me into it he said. 
I just want things to be ok, she said. 
I want you to feel free, she said. 
God I wish we could fuck, said Edward. 
Me too, said Patricia.

They ran into the bedroom. 
You can screw anybody you want, Edward said, 
in one pull yanking down his cords & jockey shorts. 
The more the better, he said.

Hurry, said Patricia from the bed, already naked. 
I will, I will!
Il est 4 h du mat. Parc Lafontaine. Sommeil de jungle. L’étang comme un
marais pasteurisé. Un peu de brouillard pour rendre le décor vaporeux.
Les lumières flouent au-dessus des sentiers, bouées achantières (la police
veille) qui situent les rondonnées érotiques. Parce que là, à ce moment-
là, des gars se promènent. Seulement des gars. C’est là la loi. Pour une file,
se trouver là, ce serait systématique. Viol. La loi du plus fort. Même si les
gars qui sont là sont toutes des tapettes.

Un gars est accoté sur un arbre. Jeans, Veston en cuir. Cigarette butch
entre des lèvres bandées. Les mains sur les cuisses, un déchirement de
métal. Un autre gars passe. Number two. Number two regarde number
one. Number one est fixe comme la lune. Number two continue.

Les lumières flottent au-dessus des sentiers, bouées achantières (la police
veille) qui situent les rondonnées érotiques. Parce que là, à ce moment-
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gars qui sont là sont toutes des tapettes.

C’est la trilogie. Les œuvres complètes. Dieu-le-Père Dieu-le-Fils et
Dieu-le-St-Esprit. C’est un va-et-vient. Number three masturbe main-
tenant number two qui s’essouffle sur la queue féerique de number one.
Number three rugit. Number two saisit l’arbre et se frotte le visage
contre l’écorce humide. The other numbers are in action. Number one
tente number two qui s’essouffle sur la queue féerique de number one.
Number three masturbe mains, le sex-appeal. Number two sursaute. Number three
lui baisse les jeans, joue avec. Number one ne bronche pas. Si ce
n’est sa peau qui palpite sous la pression des doigts. Number two veut
embrasser. Il se réfugie. S’il est là, c’est pour un orgasme. And that’s it.

Number one se prépare pour le bureau et noue sa cravate de playboy stupide.
The other numbers gravitent aux alentours. Number three sniffe des popper’s et en
soupire. C’est ça qu’il voulait. Number two sursaute. Number three
s’installe derrière number two, lui baisse les jeans, prend les mains
au dessus de la tête de number one. Number three s’installe entre les deux cuisses de
number one. Saisi le stock. Frotte. Number three vient de lui passer une main des genoux à l’anus. Car number two est à
l’embarras. 11 se rebiffe. S’il est là, c’est pour un orgasme. And that’s it.

Number one peut jouer avec number two and two with three or. Who
cares. But the real fun is somewhere else. Don’t you feel it. Le parc
continue son sommeil dans le réveil artificiel de la ville. Des joggueurs
brassent leur graisse. Shocking. L’esthétique qui est une question de
perspective en prend tout un coup.

Les corps se sifflent. Avides. Alors 4 h A.M., full of numbers, n’était-
ce que la quintessence d’un rituel barbare mais efficace. Les polices le
jour ont l’air tranquilles, quasiment fins clans leur habit scout genre do

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POLAROIDS
By Yehuda Yordan
THE BALLAD OF THE LITTLE SHOEMAKER'S FRIEND

By George Bowering

A friend came up to me the other day
and said man, you got baggy eyes
You got slumpy shoulders & a haggard look
You seem like you're fixin to die

I shut my eyes & nodded my head
& told him how I came to this end
I've been messin with my best friend's wife
& foolin with my wife's best friend

He bought me a drink & I bought him two
& then he took me out for a walk
He bought me a coffee & a rib-eye steak
& grinned till I was ready to talk

but he stop smiling when he saw my look
& he knew I was around the bend
'Cause I've been messin with my best friend's wife
& foolin with my wife's best friend

Now my best friend sells expensive shoes
& his wife has very small feet
Mine has forty-four pairs of pumps
& her best friend's walkin the street

Myself, I never wear shoes at all
Because I dont want to pretend
But I've been messin with my best friend's wife
And foolin with my wife's best friend

So I ate my steak & then threw it up
& I thought I might eat it again
I dont want to be crude, especially 'bout food
But I was zero on a scale of ten

My friend drank his water & paid the check
Then he walkt right out of my life
'Cause I've been foolin with my wife's best friend
& messin with my best friend's wife

So I spent three days sittin by the bay
Eatin fish & skippin the booze
& on the fourth day I began to wonder
How she got all those beautiful shoes

I peekt in the door at the back of the store
& saw a meeting I couldn't attend
So I'll keep messin with my best friend's wife
& foolin with my wife's best friend.

THE INSTINCT SWING

By Noah Zacharin

jazz
lumination of our ins
tincts
onyssian ruddiness of lan
gauge of the
caverns of our soul of our bodies jazz jazz jazz jazz jazz jazz jazz jazz
will percuss your name on
skins
cf black boogie all the beat
black boogie all the beat beat
all the beat beat beat beat beat
ing of my
cries i
undated with joy
y there y there y
we'll shift it
to to to to to
syncopate
we'll switch it
to to to to to
syncopulse

i
will love you will love you will love you will love you and
our
our knees our knees our knees bop
de bop do bop dee bop dow
cement they will spread
wide and i
will glide between your thighs after a rhythm
mic at tack tack of our
bellies the
sun the sun sun
in
in
in
into in into in

into your body
in your body into your body in your body i

will glean all vibrato of your
eye eye eye eye eye eye eyelids and the
polyphony of our glances will make mu
sic of the dawn the dawn the dawn the dawn the dawn the dawn the dawn the dawn

dee bop do bop dow dow
cement
A strong bond formed between us; a carrying around of a private question, as to our togetherness. We fastly began the sharing of our hopes and dreams, exchanging feelings, woes and aches in intercourse. It had begun. A path leading down road of delight...but detoured in future to hostility embrace.

And times invited back to her place, me as curious dog, where heavenly play-bouncing of her breasts, nipples bright red from soft caress. Noise disappearing from site, warm blend of lusting bodies compressed. Little...up, up, up seizing stique head...forceful slurping...more, more, more! sudden getting up to position gate of curious mouth back on.

The hour was late. Outside, blackness comforted yells and howls of gangs of black youths that prowled street corners. Would the 'Insane Unknowns' be out at this time to mug someone for his wallet, leave him an alibi?

The psy..."Oh! god! eyes alit glaring for more! bouncing a little balls with tongue - oh, god!"
ADULT NOVELS
By Jim Smith

Nadja snuck out the window at midnight. She was meeting Fanny down at the well-appointed gardener’s house.

She was tired of writing bodice-rippers while her husband was out being surreal with the boys.

Life stretched ahead of her like one interrupted faked orgasm.

She wanted real meat with her potatoes, and a man that would stick to her ribs.

Fanny was in it for other reasons. The dream in which she had confessed she was no saint to Wovoka as he did the Ghost Dance with only a white shirt on, his large organ waving in the air like a large red radial tire, seen straight on. Together, he and she danced and drove the white man back into the closet. His confession that he was technically sterile.

Nadja had read the cards to her. You’ve got to get to know a person first, she warned.

Use the dream to pry open your life. I’m just glad to see you happy — your life has been burning down like a cigarette. You don’t mind me being honest do you?

I put aside Tuesday to think about us, Nadja confessed, but Tuesday didn’t come last week.

The gardener is sharpening his tool. In his white sl.,,,rt and rigid member your life has been burning down like a cigarette. You don’t mind me being honest do you?

I have the word on the tip of my tongue.

Talking triumphant taking a taste or two tongues touch no time to waste on

words breath hurts shared breath heals hurling forms rolling through the moist air between bodies nothing inside or outside wasted weather well worn skin sweating in time moving standing still stretching sighs hiding inside the light under the warm fence of flesh let us trespass for a while centre of gravity

under the warm fence of flesh let us trespass for a while centre of gravity

loins curled in the centre of brilliant sleep .. .

Intelectual Striptease: the mind mashed into blue pleasure, the erect mind. the

kneeling soprano sings her song. repeats her name. talk to me quickly. speak yourself with soft muscle. procession marching off into the groin of night.

Make a floor plan of bedroom-language .. .

Enough is never enough ... in the grey dawn ... pale skin .. .

Repeated postures memorized motionless mind massaged .. .

But some music would go nicely in here ... Can you see what I’m trying to tell you?

I have the word on the tip of my tongue.

I HAVE THE WORD ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE
By Dawnold Brackett

Fine ... let’s talk about hermeticism (two jackals on a leash) Post-modern romance is remote control romance ... vague gestures. Take your choice ... photography without film or film without camera. Small mirrors placed on the floor in a row make a great pathway, you can watch yourself walking, look up your own clothing ...

After your affair with the quasi-titan is over and you have finished whipping the minuet dancers ...

Talking triumphant taking a taste or two tongues touch no time to waste on words breath hurts shared breasts heals hurling forms rolling through the moist air between bodies nothing inside or outside wasted weather well worn skin sweating in time moving standing still stretching sighs hiding inside the light under the warm fence of flesh let us trespass for a while centre of gravity waterfall nylon windows wonder when glistening hair throbbing heart drum...

Testing-test-1-2-two-test-deux-test-des-test-déteste. Un trou, un orbite dedans. Je me sens vive. Je me frotte l’arcade sourciliere en souvant qu’un génie m’apparaisse trois fois. Un petit poil de sourcil volage et colchique dans les prés, brindelle et s’abat en trombe. Ca arrive juste, rien n’était calculé, je ne t’avais pas prévu ...

Je vois le numéro chanceux à la roulette rustique et je m’engage dans le trou de balle que ça fait en passant qui me regardait sans arêt d’autobus 70 qui se rend à Longueuil par un pont, celui de ma naissance. C’est tu assez fort?

Ma salive, ma main contournes tes bosses, je te fais aussi, si je te prends, tu fais l’homme, si je me soumets, tu fis la femme.

Je ne grelotte plus. Les courvetures sont tombées et je me sens de mieux en mieux. Tu souris, tu éclates de rire. Tu te délivres, tu es libre. Ton souffle, l’abandon et la tension constante. Tu arrives au bon moment.

Je vois tes detats, chacun de tes poils, les gouttes de sueur qui perlent close-up près de mes yeux des zooms. Si tu bouges, je bouge aussi, si je te prends, tu fais l’homme, si je me soumets, tu fis la femme.

Je ne grelotte plus. Les courvetures sont tombées et je me sens de mieux en mieux. Tu souris, tu éclates de rire. Tu te délivres, tu es libre. Ton souffle, l’abandon et la tension constante. Tu arrives au bon moment.

I’ENTENDS UNE SONTETTE. A LA VUE DE CE JEUW ORAGAN AU SOURIRE IMPER-

turbable et à l’ouverture franche, le raz de maree montante va pour la canalisation. Ce pont fut bâti l’année de ma naissance et chaque fois que je prends l’autobus 70 pour me rendre à Longueuil, je vois des cols bleus qui le travaillent, le patchent et le peignent, se noier dedans comme dans les trains du canadien pacifique Railways interprovincial et municipal à Rosemont seulement les jours de semaine d’huit à quatre.

Je suis un point, ce point du désir qui ne pardonne ni ne condamne. Je suis une dame de haute qualité et d’authenticité digne des meilleurs curis de l’ouest, de la marchandise hollandaise de sous-basement d’église catholique chrétienne dévorée par les lions du musée de cire Montréal.

Adulterous abortion, for the purpose of childbirth ...

... nothing inside or outside wasted weather well worn skin sweating in time moving standing still stretching sighs hiding inside the light under the warm fence of flesh let us trespass for a while centre of gravity...

Intellectual Striptease: the mind mashed into blue pleasure, the erect mind. the kneeling soprano sings her song. repeats her name. talk to me quickly. speak yourself with soft muscle. procession marching off into the groin of night. loins curled in the centre of brilliant sleep .. .

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I have the word on the tip of my tongue.

40
DER FALKE

Tom Peffer

PRIVATE
By Glenn Frew

"Perhaps if I could reach out to her, say something like, "The apple gray light is
enchanting this time of year.""

What kind of gibberish is that he thought. Squirming with angst, he looked at her
behind the partition that separated them, across a space of three feet of plush carpet. If
I could say something meaningful, crack the barrier of unknowingness, come on, what
is it that I want to say to her? What do I really want to say? Let me see, how could I put it?

"Do your fuck? Do you want to fuck? Do you want to fuck me? How about a fuck?

"Why do you say those things?" Her voice sliced through the turmoil of his tor-
mented ramblings.

"Well do you?" he blurted out.

"What is that fuck thing?" she said.

He stared at her. Her honey coloured thighs housing that slender haven that peaked
and peaked from behind its downy modest coverings.

"Yes ... you know?" he said, "I put it in."

"You mean!" she said with a sneer, "You want to put your appendage between my
honey coloured thighs, that hide that slender haven that peaks and peaks from behind
its downy modest covering. To push and thrust and stab!"

"Yes! Yes! That's it, to stab and thrust, yes and thrust and drive and push"

"Oh God no!" she said, "That's tiresome, its boring, sweaty"

"No no!" he cried, "No! Why do you suppose so many people do it? It's pleasure!"

he exclaimed, as if being put by a profound revelation.

"Pleasure, yes that's it, indeed it is"

"What makes you think that I want you, or your appendage for that matter stabbing
and thrusting into me? What's it to me anyway?"

"Pleasure" he said emphatically.

"I think you read too many of those pulp fictions. The kind where the woman, in
spite of her circumstances - stands up in a bomb blackened sewer, as the point of a
blunt knife facing a thriller killer, heroic-smoking super-spy, who's between death and
assignment - stands with her moist vulva and unbrindled lust, a driving deep ache in
the back, upward ... at the rim, inward ... there is a moving forward a reaching back
the describing of an arc ... a localizing of the skin's heat, liquid, rushing like water slight, drawn there without knowledge of measure ... a rising
into, a falling away from ... one hand on the other ..."

all the cooling minutes accumulate blue and liquid as a pool the clock reflects, as
combination, not end ...

FINGERS
By Karen MacCormack

warm with similar colours ... tumble
(excerpt from a label in a dressing gown)

heat intersects mutual points of reference ... the precipitation on the windshield or the
steam form a kettle or the latent moisture in an alchemist's fusion ...

the hour components rise in a cloud about the sense, settling in unclearities confirmed
by one's ears ... akin to a film in which the sound(track) is a line behind the motion(pic-
ture) ... whereby a woman pursuing another's lips, mouths ‘WANT’, a second pauses and
then one hears the word brought up short ...

consuming this, the clock's handmeet, the angle gradually open on its face behind
glass ... legs cross and uncross ... one hand touches another ... fingers move in spirals
from the knee to the thigh as heat rises ... a finger's rolling ball, a pivot for lips ...

fingers stroke a swelling, and elongation by degree ... one mouth is open ... the fingers
enter where there is a contraction and expansion of increasing fluidity and warmth ...
fingers conjure flame along a shaft, around a head slowly ... both mouths are open,
tonguing unquiet red ... at the base, upward ... at the rim, inward ... there is a moving
forward a reaching back, the describing of an arc ... a localizing of the skin's heat,
liquid, rushing like water slight, drawn there without knowledge of measure ... a rising
into, a falling away from ... one hand on the other ..."

MY BODY
By Robert Priest

Fallen from the heights onto your body
my body broken on your body
trashed on your body
My body is a wave that has been dashed against
your body
It is the arrival like bells of a grape
upon your body, a well of brass, a love-gong
that I wish full flesh sets to ringing
My body is the wing of lead falling
through the rainbow.

The widespread wing of lead dot lands
in the dark and burning oil of your body
in the smoke and the heat of your body
A beautiful moth caught in the burning pigments
of your body
its white wings fluttering in the purple and fire
as it burns
My body is an orange moon on green water
sinking on some foreign sea

It is the drop of rain, the red leaves drftmg
the snows, the grasses, the torrents.
My body is the dew, beautiful on blades of longing
from mists and petals

My body is your body looking back
My body on yours is a lion
in the africas

onto the back
of the earth.

Fallen from the heights onto your body
my body broken on your body
trashed on your body
My body is a wave that has been dashed against
your body
It is the arrival like bells of a grape
upon your body, a well of brass, a love-gong
that I wish full flesh sets to ringing
My body is the wing of lead falling
through the rainbow.

The widespread wing of lead dot lands
in the dark and burning oil of your body
in the smoke and the heat of your body
A beautiful moth caught in the burning pigments
of your body
its white wings fluttering in the purple and fire
as it burns
My body is an orange moon on green water
sinking on some foreign sea

It is the drop of rain, the red leaves drftmg
the snows, the grasses, the torrents.
My body is the dew, beautiful on blades of longing
running into you from meadows,
from mists and peah.

A billion bright drops in a river in the sun

My body is your body looking back
A bird sitting at its own reflection
My body on yours is a lion
in the africas

wild with the scent of wind
tawny and free, perched on its high ledge
ready to fall
onto the back
of the earth.
THE WOMAN FROM THE BACK PAGES
By Shaunt Basmajian

i first remember her
at the age of five
in the back pages
of one of my mother's
french magazines (elle)
the woman semi-naked
in a bra and panties ad
there as if to relieve me
of my innocence
with a smile and lipstick
curious eager
her eyes devoted
somewhere between paris
and channel no. 5

at the age of twelve
i fell in love
and took her into my room
and slowly undressed her
with my baseball eyes
my television mind
and kept her hidden
beneath my pillow
to fantasize
to dream
as a school boy
like a harlequin romance

as an adolescent
still semi-naked
in her bra and panties
she turned out to be real
but with a mind
tilted in another direction
and eyes that glared
in secrecy
looking to status and money
with her body in heat
lusting
for another man's erection

NEW FACE ON THE MOON, PHAZE 2
By Sarah Spracklin

34. fish have the rivers
35. animals have their forest & jungle
36. i have only what i can hold in my arms
37. monks, popes, priests have their gods
38. ghosts & shattered virgins
39. i need only what i'm not sure of
40. i want to see a new face on the moon
41. the spell will be broken
42. if the word is spoken too soon
43. kiss my crater face
44. sink your light into my ovaries
45. create the human rays
46. out of some exodust; prolong the ecstasy!
47. rock gleams ablaze absorbed like bridal diamonds
48. strong limbs arms horse, the first man
49. adam looking onto moonbeams
50. i'm only as beautiful as what i desire
51. i crave to be the recipient of that erratic masculine fire!
52. don't turn away. don't hide your eyes
53. as lightening discloses my disgrace
54. i don't want to be left behind
55. i'm waiting for a bolt-out-of-the-night to strike
56. the return of the night
57. blend with the return of my luminous light
58. ocean cleanses my cocoon
59. a change of mood makes way for a
60. new face on the moon
61. the spell will be broken
62. if the veil is torn open too soon
63. i need something to animate me
64. i get stale & i start to fade
65. i crave strong limbs arms man
66. hooking up to horsepower
67. like a fertile flag announcing victory
68. i draw the eternal flame
69. into my captivity

SORDID BOON
By Dawn Danelagh

just twenty-three, and already
plagued with chronic ennui,
approaching
the gravestone of sex.
impregnated with
what-to-do's,
things to use,
how-to-feels,
relationship deals,
precautionary measures, and
(exclusive edition) little-known pleasure. to think
it's hot in those compact spots.
night-light reading, breeding
this new graphic generation, seeding
the weed of failed expectations
- sex with us too much, too soon.
regretting nights of defeat
on vinyl bucket seats,
stimulated by words, smoke and
modern mood music coming
from the car radio.
SPECULUM
By Susie Queue

desc-u-la-tion/n.
1. Warhol signed her brassiere
   On a routine reading tour
   The stock market crashed
   He left
   She cried
   It was red spandex

2. Bored
   She reread Zeno
   Still couldn’t come
   Bought blue mascara
   Tried smoking it
   Signed up a new band
   Married the mirrorman

3. Waiting on reflection
   Gave her swollen ankles
   Garter belts and hamburger
   Will only stretch so far
   When she told the doctor
   a Gourmet subscriber
   He used the smaller one
   It was cold.

desc-u-la-tion/v.
10. As a spectator
    She was spectacular
    The specificity of her specimen
    Neither spectral nor respectable
    Please inspect don’t introspect
    Be circumspect
    Know she was rarely specious
    Barely speechless
    And hardly to be expected
    Une espece plutot speciale
    Comme speculum

— 1. Now her brassiere hangs on the wall
   Framed with rhinestone specs
   Stuck with star-spangled spittle
   Footnoted with spurious shoes
   between silent feedings
   She hears her daughter cry
   A smaller, speculative voice.
MEN AT WORK
By Chris Beausoleil

Oh you men, workers on roofs in the sun with arms as strong as my eyes, come down and let my tongue say yes to the curves of your flesh.

I cycle by construction sites where men haul their bodies up ladders, display their skill in the swing of hammers, pose their power on scaffold, see me below cycling slowly on the heat of heavy dreams.

Their skin sucks in the sunlight to warm muscles that make me strain on the saddle to touch; their legs stretch in denim tight with work and expectations. I cycle under the bend of their knees, the thick musky smell of men and steel my mouth opens to inhale.

THE GREAT WEEKEND
By Joe Blades

We intercoursed the long day into the night. Meaning came deep inside as poem was born of constant ejection.

Our thoughts squirmed, picked up speed and shot all relative directions.

If you had been here we could have given more and saved it too, but you went to join death's brother.

When you rose in the morning you approved the birthing and encouraged my child into its maturity.

INTO LEATHER(Ette)
By Michael Schiff

she, moist as warm leatherette with condensation for lipgloss signalled it was a new york kind of night you know, a bit of the proverbial big apple (where is eve when you believe and adam once you've had 'im?) but i was into the moistness of it all. my universe converged into a tiny drop of sweat. endless drops, infinite worlds and quite a new frame of mind she signalled again. it was my turn to lick my lips — her world in a drop upon her tongue, and her teeth prepared to bite.
Sometimes at night I can see through the wall. Past the lions, dancing, playing, like all paper lions do, I can see to the other side. It is always the same, each time, what I believe I see. And what lies there is also true; the same truth from a different angle, perspective. Most of us rely on our side to form judgement; sometimes I see both. Or I see only lions dancing before me. (Mother chose the wallpaper when I was nine. I see no reason to overrule her choice of atmosphere; it is my room and my wall even after these many years.)

When the lights go out I am alone. I can wallow in the spreading darkness hear the engine turn over. We jumped in as it rolled down the road. She was smiling, thrilled over our little mischief. I put it into park and gave it to her freezer. I put them there. The turkey was Ted. Grandma named it. Tina said, hurt me, bite me, tear me, fuck me. Tina said, know me.

When Tina locked her legs around my back I saw grandma and grandma was straddling me, riding me, wearing a cowboy hat, nothing else, only loose, saggy, diseased, spotted flesh. When I ejaculated inside Tina I heard among her incoherent moans the voices of my family saying, we're here, we're all here, we're all inside here. While Tina clutched me with thighs and legs and arms around my neck, my sweating neck, I wanted back my sperm; it was too late, they had it.

On Sunday we ate the turkey. Twenty pounds of meat and feathers. I had the most of anybody. Later I had diarrhea and watched the turkey spill into the toilet, pools and pools of dark chunky liquid. When I flushed, the turkey was spitting obscene words, pleading for release. When Tina locked her legs around my back I saw grandma and grandma was straddling me, riding me, wearing a cowboy hat, nothing else, only loose, saggy, diseased, spotted flesh. When I ejaculated inside Tina I heard among her incoherent moans the voices of my family saying, we're here, we're all here, we're all inside here. While Tina clutched me with thighs and legs and arms around my neck, my sweating neck, I wanted back my sperm; it was too late, they had it.

When the lights go out I am alone. I can wallow in the spreading darkness without bodily restriction, restriction which we all wish to overcome. When I am alone the room is my friend; it knows me and breathes along with me. Never do I infringe upon my room or any of its dressings. When I begin to ponder sleep my room is with me, whispering secrets, softly, quietly. Before I can respond I awake and it is morning; the light is back, we are no longer alone.

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DIVING SNAKES
By Kirk Wirsig

Wild made wet mate
skin wraith muscle through
soft and water will
silent in a peal of hearts
spins within new dolphin ponds
dive is only underneath
darkless eye and sliding slip
from quiet stream of egg in shine
to wild wet and body taste
of strength and yet
the further thing the length
the glide the eely ease
frontiers of breath
these sudden worlds that seize me
diving snakes

THE POOL
By Marlene Goldman

Water freezes passions
aroused by blood, by heat
bites deep into thighs, hips
anesthetizes the unnamed hunger.

Step down to the iris center
the liquid house of one.
vibrations shiver
strands along the body.

The pattern changes.
Someone has entered the home.
The waters tremble.
WORFEL’S GARAGE
By T. K. Splake

I told my story of ‘something peculiar’ and stood thirty minutes shifting footprints in oil saturated concrete, my Bronco atop a hydraulic pedestal.

At breaktime, blue uniforms clustered with machine coffee, cellophane wrapped donuts, exchanging profane profundities, eventually taking their turn in the men’s room.

My hostage domain contained a scattering of alien automotive parts. Greasy engines leaned against blackened shop walls, grimy transmissions hung from wooden rafters, and smaller newer metals were stuffed in gray shelving.

Finally I discovered a twenty dollar filter would liberate me from this subterranean odyssey.

The office secretary’s thin lips pursed a tight masculine smile, hard tiny nipples thrust from faded mauve tank top material, a firm ridge burrowed into a denim v.

Her dark brown eyes sapped my energies, immediately releasing desires to possess,

She said, ‘been waiting long?’

I replied, ‘No, not really;’

but thought ‘maybe forever.’

TO THE WOMAN IN THE OTHER CAR
By Lesley Choyce

As you ran the stop sign
I almost plowed into you
shooting a frown as I pumped my brakes,
the frown mingling outside in the raindrops
with a contemptuous look of your own
projecting through the steamed-up windows.

Windshield wipers set a frenetic rhythm
driven by mechanical instinct;
a bittersweet moment for both of us.
So close was our metallic caress
that I could almost feel the engine of my beast
penetrating the door of your Volvo
while our horns released their animal sigh.

Pretty soon they came to Big Bunny
who was tied to a post.

“Please rescue me!” said Big Bunny.
“Some naughty girl tied me up, so I can’t
get away.

“I will!” said Fluffy. Putt and Muff.
And then gnawed the rope till tied him.

“G. K.!” said Algernon. And we gnawed
the rope.
i can remember exactly when the obsession began, a minor feature marking my obses­sion with her as distinct from so many other obsessions i have undergone with young and beautiful women, not that that's the only distinguishing feature of this particular, this most tenacious, this most perilously consuming of the innumerable such obses­sions i've let myself fall prey to over the course of my solitary existence, so with senseless fascinations, futile fallings-in-love, hopeless hangings-of-the-heart upon pat­ently unobtainable objects or affection or, perhaps more properly lust or, even more accurately and darkly, some unnameable — or at any rate, unnamed — passion, instinct, or perversion, all the more powerful for being compulsive, senseless, obscure. i can remember exactly. she presented herself in an abbreviated version of the black and white garter associated with a french maid: black high-heel shoes, black stockings, black ‘garter-belt, black panties, tiny black apron fringed with lacy white, its black bow around her waist, holding the body of it to her abdomen, the broad straps, secured at the nape of her neck by another bow, loosely permitting the free and fluid movement of her breasts, her perfect, soft breasts, neither too ample nor too sparse, that flirted tantalizingly — now on view, now obscured — round the straps of the apron, and a smile playing constantly on her face within the dark fringe of her hair, parted in the middle hanging just above shoulder-length, brushing, as she least her head to one side, the soft white flesh of her shoulder, one in colour and texture with the flesh of all her body, were deftly removed and my heart raced at the view of her genitals so generously promised itself, and her hair, cut to beneath her shoulders, flipped round the flashing white of her flesh, and my cock sprang immediately to attention, my eyes burning urgency, and felt, as my rapt gaze drank in thirstily her every move, that this time, this one momentous evening, or afternoon, or whatever it was, my abandonment of incidental, though not important, undertakings and my hastening to this feisty den had occurred in response to, not a purient whim, but a deep elemental call, an unconscious signal transmitted from somewhere within the depths of her on a fre­quency only i could receive, a signal that cut through the pervasive static characterizing my day-to-day existence and that drew me, with sirens magnetism, to the dark room with the stage lit, where she appeared in her brief black costume and smiled as her nakedness promised itself, and her hair, cut to beneath her shoulders, flipped round the flashing white of her flesh, and my cock sprang immediately to attention, my eyes lusty for the swift disclosure of her physical secrets, a lusting that was not disap­pointed, as, before the first song she danced to was finished, the slight black pantines were deftly removed and my heart raced at the view of her genitalia so generously afforded me. i remember exactly, her close-cropped hair her dark flesh, her leather outfit, her browning demeanour, the long and futile wait for the g-string to be dis­pensed with, the achingly disappointment at never seeing the soft pubic area, wondering why she would not reveal the sweet centre of my desire, as she beckoned me close with her crook'd finger and teasing voice, where i stood retiring in the black obscurity of the standing-section behind the rows of wide-eyed seats, her eyes. they were dark brown, cut with delight in the pleasures she implied with her spread legs and the moist slit of her roofed, the votive dollar or two-dollar bill from the lucky patron in the front row who thereby gained a closer view of the dark, curled hairs and soft, pink lips of her (what i called then, in the heat of romantic inflammation) seat of satisfaction — introhoo ad alaure des, the goddess who gives joy to the throbbing tumescence of my man­hood; confitero deo omnipotenti, beatea mariae semper virginis, beato michaeli arch­angelo, beato iohanni baptitate, sanctis apostolis, petro et paulo, omnibus sanctis, et tibi, pater,quia pecavi nimia cogitatione, verbo et operae, mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa, i confess that i would approach the altar of the goddess who might give joy to my aging lust, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault, through my failing vision and sight-aiding voice, oh what a spectacle she offers my desiring eyes in the anonymous gloom of the secretive strip-club, as the apron-strap slips from her shoulder to free her breast to untramelled view, and the other strap and the other breast and the bow at the back, and the apron is gone and all that conceals her last bits of flesh are the transparent stockings and slight garter-belt, which she never removes, as she pulses and rocks to the sensuous rhythms, grinding her crook and spreading her buttocks to please the hungry, collective eye of the straining, insatiable gathering of men.
The biggest horror in my life was caused by jealousy. It had so many repercussions. I was in highschool. A complete cliche: the prettiest girl and the cutest guy; we were both on the track team; we were both swimmers. It was a real highschool where everyone knew everyone's business. I heard a rumour one day at my boyfriend John was fooling around with some girl. This was told to me by another girl. I went crazy and thought of the worst possible things. Instead of confronting him, I just took the rumour as being true. I became a hateful person. I wanted revenge. I wanted this person dead. I had dreams of shooting and killing. The whole goddamn school knew and I didn't want to look like an idiot. So I went out with another boy, Alan, while I was supposedly John's girl. In highschool its really tight, if you have a boyfriend that's the only person you see, you wouldn't be caught dead with anyone else. So I went out with another person who I knew John hated. I went out with Alan solely because I knew that John would be jealous. Because of this, John got so mad at me that he hurt me, violated me. He raped me. To this day I don't know whether it was true that John was having an affair with another girl. It got so out of control, it got to the point where it didn't matter. It was just jealousy acting. I told Alan that John had beaten me; raped me; I told him because I knew he would do something. Alan go so mad, so angry, and so jealous that he went and beat up John in front of the whole school; it left him in the hospital. It was a vicious circle of jealousy. After that all happened I left, I changed schools.