

CLIFFS NOTES on

U.S. \$PRICELESS

COMMUNITY ACTION CENTER



YOUR KEY TO THE CLASSICS

Pornography or porn: The word derives from the Greek πορνογραφία (pornograph-ia), which derives from the Greek words πόρνη (pornē, “prostitute” and pornea, “prostitution”), and γράφω (graphō, “I write or record,” derived meaning “illustration,” cf. “graph”), and the suffix -ία (-ia, meaning “state of,” “property of,” or “place of”), thus meaning “a written description or illustration of prostitutes or prostitution.”



COMMUNITY ACTION CENTER, is a sociosexual video which incorporates the erotics of a community where the personal is not only political, but sexual. This project was heavily inspired by porn-romance-liberation films, which served as distinct portraits of the urban inhabitants, landscapes and the body politic of a particular time and place. Community Action Center is a unique contemporary womyn-centric composition that serves as both an ode and a hole-filler.

Because the video contains sexually explicit content, the term ‘porn’ is relevant and the artists have an interest in exploring the trappings of the term itself. Sex, sexuality and the complexities of gendered bodies are inherently political. Queer sex and feminist agency is a shared acknowledgment of reciprocal penetration. This project is a small archive of an intergenerational community built on collaboration, friendship, sex and art. The work attempts to explore a consideration of feminist fashion, sexual aesthetics and an expansive view of what is defined as ‘sex’. Burns and Steiner worked with artists and performers who created infinitely complex gender and performance roles that are both real and fantastical, set to a soundtrack of music and original compositions by artists culled from the worldwide sisterhood. The video seeks to expose and reformulate paradigms that are typical of porn typologies, intentionally exploiting tropes for their comical value, critical consideration and historical homage. Using the gallery to exer/exorcise the mystical and discreet lost spaces of homosocial configuration, the artists have created a reason and a space to reflect on the cultural realness of homo-grown lesbian sexuality. The work aims to be a hedonistic and distinctly political adventure. — **A.K. BURNS & A.L. STEINER**



What does it mean to you to have, to *be*, a body?

What does it mean to you to breathe, to blink, to need to eat, shower, shit, to live inside a skin that scrapes and breaks easily? A skin that sprouts thin hair forests around crevassed, puckered, holes?

What are you doing with your body right now as you read these words?

When can you say that your strange, thin skin has felt a scrape, slap, prick, dribble, pierce, rasp, roll that you couldn't frame inside your language, that challenged your words because it challenged your borders, your skin-boundaries?

When was the last time you played?

It begins with whooping, scuffling, breathless pinning, pulling, shoving as two bodies wrestle before a ring girl who looks to have one tit out and another one hanging round her neck. All faces flash full of laughter smiles. "Feminine Products," the sign had said.

The scene flies by as each one of its seconds fills with skin, paint, fruit, fur, knives, clay, brushes. Bright green watermelons full of plush red flesh are made homes to feeding faces; a can of beer bulges like a cock before it is pierced with a scissors' blade to flood a smiling open mouth that sucks and gulps it down; many hands birth a pregnant body from a womb of brown clay lodged between the legs of another, before all the hands stroke her over with wet, red paint, then palm-skin tongues lap the paint away again. The sound of the scene falls quickly into a lone voice relishing the words of an anthem to fantastical fucks: we hear the tongue delighting in the tap, trip, touch it takes to get the horse-play out.

The scene sets the stage for all that is to come. In this first scene, bodies are skin shapes touching upon each other, exploring together sensation, exploring sensation together. While these first few

minutes of sound spill a tumble of words whose delight lies in naming acts that fall just beyond what is earthly possible, the images onscreen play the same game but in reverse. Here at the beginning and in what follows, the scenes we see are wholly of this earth but they coax and tease us by lying just beyond the edge of our ability to name them.

These acts, these bodies, are not unspeakable but they do challenge the kind of speaking that tries to shove the wild and unruly real into fixed and narrow categories. The way that sunlight plays through a window to paint the side of a face, the way the camera comes so close to fingers unfolding the leaves around a comb of crystallized honey, the faint smiles we see often at the corners of lips kissing, these tiny movements that make up the whole stand against the ways we abbreviate being.

This community, this community action, opens onto another way of being in the world. This way refuses shortcuts: those in language-porn, he, she, top, bottom, doing, done (paltry descriptors for who we are and what we do) and those in relation-taking it as a given that we fuck only one way, only one person (forgetting the magnificent range of our spirit-mind-bodies). In each scene, play emerges as central to this work: a pushing, exploring kind of play that perverts and subverts labels, tropes, stories we tell ourselves: laughing inside the boxes before blowing them to smithereens. This kind of play is not rule bound; it has no set objectives; in it, you can't rest easy inside the safety net of inherited frameworks. To engage this play is to engage in the limit spaces, the pushing places, the often rocky and precarious terrain of the edge. Engaging this risk amounts to nothing short of revolution: here, in this world, it is play that is the catalyst to change.

Far from being unaccountable or disconnected, the scenes we are given to see reveal a play that has trust and nearness

at its root. The camera is integral to this movement: far from feeling taken, each shot seems to knit itself more fully into the being of the body on the screen. A together-work unfolds where the eye of the camera holds each body in a soft love that laps and licks at the skin it films, creating scenes that feel like holding spaces for the acts that go on inside them. The intimacy of this kind of bearing witness radiates outward to encompass us as viewers who are called upon to see the movements inside the frames as well as to bear witness to the fact of a filmer filming-to the fact of a framer, framed.

Knit into the heart of this work is a scene that starts slowly, marked by a shift in its sound. One body moves forward and back across the floor toward another body poised over the back of a chair. Of both, we see no faces as they engage in wrapping black cords that hang from the ceiling outside the frame around the flesh of the chair-bound body. The movement is slow; the knots of the black ropes orderly, intricate. When the tying is done, we are given to see both faces: one turned toward us, resting on the back of the chair, the other guiding fingers and then palms of muscled arms to snap into black rubber gloves, one on each hand. Calmly, presently, the black-handed body begins to thread a feather through the skin on the backside of the other. We see this first from the side: both bodies poised together, touching, joined by thread. And then we watch closely, placed in the position of the sewer, as a thin, hooked needle pierces ass flesh skin and draws its thread through.

Out of fuzz fluff grey shafts, beautiful black brown feathers accumulate into a half circle, slowly being sewn into skin. Perspective shifts and we are given

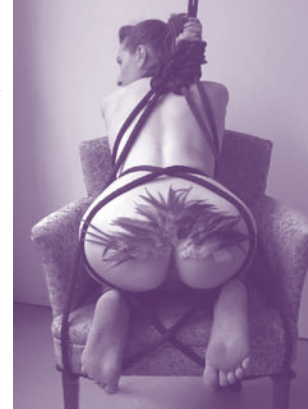
to see the face of the one whose skin we have come to know. The camera is near and so we are privy to a slow blink, a slow movement of an eyelid covering the eye beneath it, resting there, and opening again. This is how close the camera stays. This is how close the camera asks us to stay with it. We watch breath pulled deliberately into lungs that rise

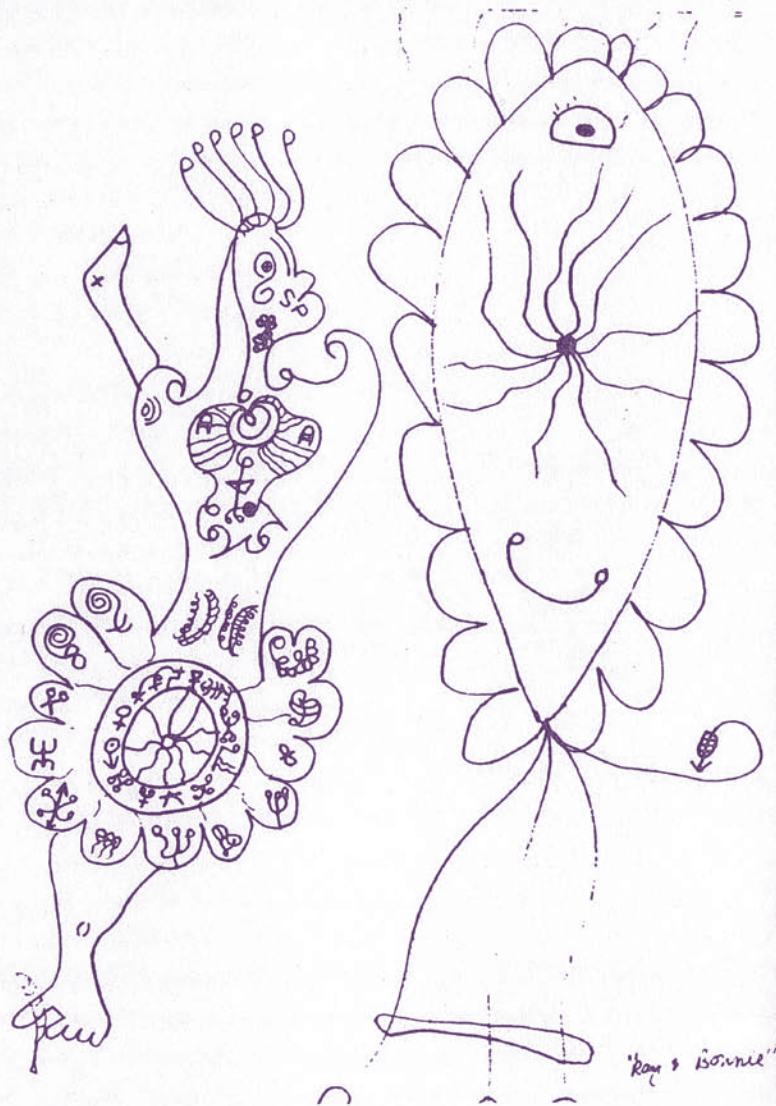
and fall the chest plate, calmly, powerfully, conscious. Again the camera smooths slowly over the clear-eyed, feathered, body and the sewer fans the feathers into the ass crown that they have become.

In this scene, we are invited into the kinship we are watching. In this scene, we are given a tiny taste of what this being in the body means: even as we watch, we are brought back into our own bodies-needling to breathe, feeling the flutter in the belly as needle pierces skin, perhaps feeling heat rise into cheeks, armpits. Just as we have been watching a space knit through with commitment, this scene tests also our willingness to commit. The two bodies that move through it are unflinchingly courageous. The camera does not shy or refuse to show us this limit-experience. The question that haunts is: what does it mean to let yourself look away? In this space of intimacy, staying-with is the part we are called upon to play, the part we are invited to see is both possible and joining.

As each scene washes over us, every one in its own way stands as a testament to this community and to its commitment. As the credits roll, the film dedicates itself to the queerest of the queer, past, present, future: to the ineffable becoming, to the infinite unfolding of the change.

-Litia Perta





NORMAL LOVE

Early that morning I could see that the day would be an ordeal. The Cretins were most excitable and openly masturbated, overstimulating the pinheads. Today they would put on their shepard and shepardess costumes and run across the fields with their sand pails to milk the cows. I rode shotgun on them in my floor length black leather jacket and needle-heeled opera hip boots made of wildebeest leather with the tufted tops.

I lingered over my toilette, admiring my enormous three foot long 9 inch thick cock; I posed before my glass, throwing my cock first over this shoulder, then the other. Finally, overstimulated, I fucked my tufted tops on my boots. However, I was unsatisfied so I lunged at my mirror my noble horsecock all tumescent. I smashed through the mirror and whirled about and stuffed my cock into the jagged hole and fucked and fucked. My cock got all bloody and torn up. Then, to get maximum sensation out of it I stomped my cock in my boots, flinging handfuls of meat tenderizing salts upon it.

Herding the freaks across the fields, a fly alighted upon my cheek and I became concupiscent again. I prodded a pretty young marshmallow cretin girl with my crop and made her sprawl on the ground. Her hoop skirt flung up exposing her dimpled pasties. In a second I was upon her nudging her between the buns with my lobolier. She squealed and rolled upon her back thrusting her pouting quim into my face. I whipped out my flaming organ. Her hoopskirt was up over her face and she couldn't see. I ran back a few paces, aimed my cock-0 and charged her but my horse galloped in before me and impaled her on his raging rod. Slightly disappointed I charged my horse's asshole and jumping up I transfixed him in mid-air as he was transfixing the cretin girl. My cock sank deliciously into his bowels, reaming them out straight and he reared and bolted causing me to spend even more deliciously. The little cretin shepardess was now ruined for normal love and she ran amok among the other freaks, inflaming them. Soon the whole hillside was one gigantic, seething, cretin, mongolian and pinhead orgy. Delighted, I ran to where

my horse lay and snatched my elephant gun off the pack. I opened up on the churning carnival of freaky sex, firing point-blank into its midst. Presently, I sank delirious to the ground, gasping and creaming and blazing away at the freaks.

God's plump buns rested serenely on the ziricorn & rhinestone throne & he frowned at us through his long gold beard. We were in heaven. He ordered us all to line up, turn around, drop our pants, and bend over. We meekly obeyed. God then walked up and down paddling us with a ping-pong paddle. He concentrated chiefly upon the plump pasties, I noticed. He began to emit giggles and rushed from pasty to pasty paddling shit out of them. The freaks became overstimulated and soon we were in the middle of a gang fuck which spread over all the heavens. Saints and cupids dicked each other with their wands, angels threw their legs open and the skies dripped come.

The End

The Floating Bear #28 (Christmas 1963)

For the Diane di Prima/LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka) publication *The Floating Bear*. Smith crafted a brief erotic reverie, "Normal Love." The source for the piece is a journal entry in a section devoted to the making of *Normal Love* (pgs. 169 – 173). In the published text, Smith deletes a few tentative, concluding lines and occasionally recasts a phrase, among them one that changes "normal sex" to "normal love," introducing the film title as it would appear in general usage. In the journal, "The Embalmed Horsecock" – Smith's original title for the piece – becomes "THE TITLE God's Body." (E.L.)



JACK SMITH



DYKE

"If you're poor / then you're a dyke / if you're rich / you're sapphic // but if you're neither one nor the other / a lesbian, a lesbian is what you'll have to be // if you're strong / then you're a dyke / and if you're weak / you're sapphic // but if you're neither one nor the other / a lesbian, a lesbian is what you'll have to be // if you're earthy / then you're a dyke / and if you're aesthete / you're sapphic // but if you're neither end round the middle / a lesbian, a lesbian is what you'll have to be" (Eleanor Hakim, song, *Lesbian Play for Lucy*, Large Country, First Continent, Concrete Age).



LABYRIS

Name given to the double-headed axe of the ancient amazons and to the representation of this arm as the emblem of amazon empires.



WITCH

The witches lived during the chaotic ages, such as the Iron Age and the Steam Age. Their importance as rebels was not understood until just before the Glorious Age. Life in the open air, taste for physical exercise, their attitude and their autonomy made them the last representatives of amazonian culture during the chaotic period which preceded the Glorious Age. Witches were able to pass into animals' bodies in a case of absolute necessity or in order to travel. Their favorite animals were cats, wolverines, does, lionesses. They also maintained an old botanical knowledge together with a physiological and anatomical science.



WOMAN



Obsolete since the beginning of the Glorious Age. Considered by many companion lovers as the most infamous designation. This word once applied to beings fallen in an absolute state of servitude. Its meaning was, "one who belongs to another."



MONIQUE WITTIG, LESBIAN PEOPLES: MATERIAL FOR
AND SANDE ZEIG, A DICTIONARY

Polemical Preface

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attitude to masturbation, rather than to fucking, and reinforce a solipsistic concentration on the relationship with the self, which is a fantasy one at the best of times.

When pornography abandons its quality of existential solitude and moves out of the kitsch area of timeless, placeless fantasy and into the real world, then it loses its function of safety valve. It begins to comment on real relations in the real world. Therefore, the more pornographic writing acquires the techniques of real literature, of real art, the more deeply subversive it is likely to be in that the more likely it is to affect the reader's perceptions of the world. The text that had heretofore opened up creamily to him, in a dream, will gather itself together and harshly expel him into the anguish of actuality.

There is a liberal theory that art disinfects eroticism of its latent subversiveness, and pornography that is also art loses its shock and its magnetism, becomes 'safe'. The truth of this is that once pornography is labelled 'art' or 'literature' it is stamped with the approval of an elitist culture and many ordinary people will avoid it on principle, out of a fear of being bored. But the more the literary arts of plotting and characterisation are used to shape the material of pornography, the more the pornographer himself is faced with the moral contradictions inherent in real sexual encounters. He will find himself in a dilemma; to opt for the world or to opt for the wet dream?

Out of this dilemma, the moral pornographer might be born.

The moral pornographer would be an artist who uses pornographic material as part of the acceptance of the logic of a world of absolute sexual licence for all the genders, and projects a model of the way such a world might work. A moral pornographer might use pornography as a critique of current relations between the sexes. His business would be the total demystification of the flesh and the subsequent revelation, through the infinite modulations of the sexual act, of the real relations of man and his kind. Such a

ANGELA CARTER, THE SADEIAN WOMAN: AND THE IDEOLOGY
OF PORNOGRAPHY

pornographer would not be the enemy of women, perhaps because he might begin to penetrate to the heart of the contempt for women that distorts our culture even as he entered the realms of true obscenity as he describes it.

But the pornographer's more usual business is to assert that the function of flesh is pure pleasure, which is itself a mystification of a function a great deal more complex, apart from raising the question of the nature of pleasure itself. However, the nature of pleasure is not one with which the pornographer often concerns himself; for him, sexual pleasure is a given fact, a necessary concomitant of the juxtaposition of bodies.

It is at this point that he converts the sexed woman, living, breathing, troubling, into a desexed hole and the breathing, living, troubling man into nothing but a probe; pornography becomes a form of pastoral, sex an engaging and decorative activity that may be performed without pain, soil, sweat or effect, and its iconography a very suitable subject for informal murals in public places. If, that is, the simplest descriptions of sex did not also rouse such complex reactions.

And that is because sexual relations between men and women always render explicit the nature of social relations in the society in which they take place and, if described explicitly, will form a critique of those relations, even if that is not and never has been the intention of the pornographer.

So, whatever the surface falsity of pornography, it is impossible for it to fail to reveal sexual reality at an unconscious level, and this reality may be very unpleasant indeed, a world away from official reality.

A male-dominated society produces a pornography of universal female acquiescence. Or, most delicious titillation, of compensatory but spurious female dominance. Miss Stern with her rods and whips, Our Lady of Pain in her leather visor and her boots with sharp, castratory heels, is a porn fantasy, a distorted version of the old saying 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' This whip hand rocks

the cradle in which her customer dreams but it does nothing else. Miss Stern's dominance exists only in the bedroom. She may utilise apparatus that invokes heaven, hell and purgatory for her client, she may utterly ravage his body, martyrise him, shit on him, piss on him, but her cruelty is only the manifestation of the victim or patient's guilt before the fact of his own sexuality, of which he is ashamed. She is not cruel for her own sake, or for her own gratification. She is most truly subservient when most apparently dominant; Miss Stern and her pretended victim have established a mutually degrading pact between them and she in her weird garb is mutilated more savagely by the erotic violence she perpetrates than he by the pain he undergoes, since his pain is in the nature of a holiday from his life, and her cruelty an economic fact of her real life, so much hard work. You can describe their complicity in a pornographic novel but to relate it to her mortgage, her maid's salary and her laundry bills is to use the propaganda technique of pornography to express a view of the world, which deviates from the notion that all this takes place in a kindergarten of soiled innocence. A kindergarten? Only small children, in our society, do not need to work.

The pornographer who consciously utilises the propaganda, the 'grabbing' effect of pornography to express a view of the world that transcends this kind of innocence will very soon find himself in deep political water for he will begin to find himself describing the real conditions of the world in terms of sexual encounters, or even find that the real nature of these encounters illuminates the world itself; the world turns into a gigantic brothel, the area of our lives where we believed we possessed most freedom is seen as the most ritually circumscribed.

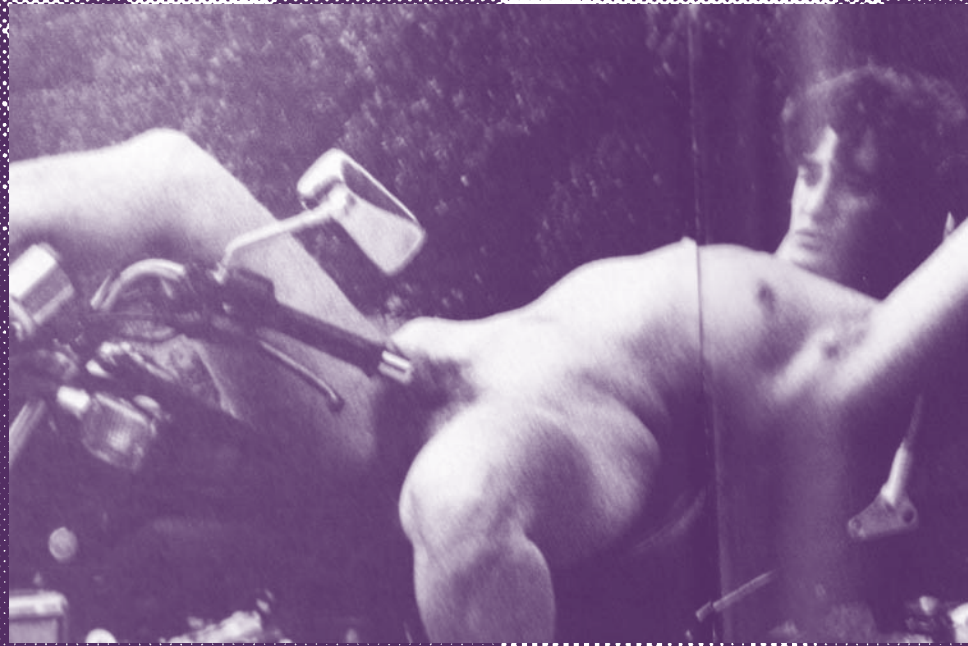
Nothing exercises such power over the imagination as the nature of sexual relationships, and the pornographer has it in his power to become a terrorist of the imagination, a sexual guerilla whose purpose is to overturn our most basic notions of these relations, to reinstitute sexuality as a

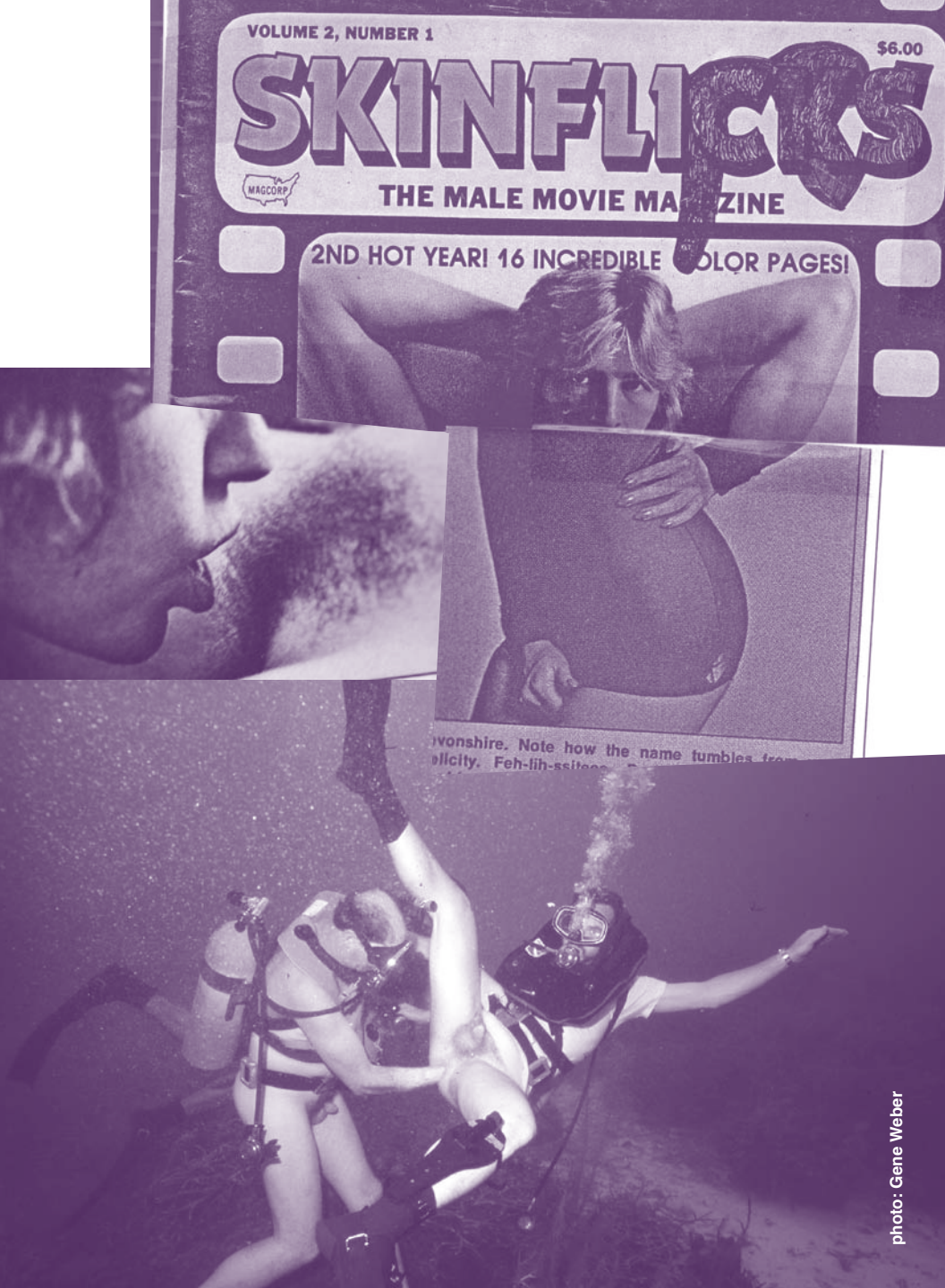
instead to propose—as I think Foucault meant to—that the intolerable promise of “unforeseen kinds of relationships” which many people see in gay lifestyles cannot be dissociated from an authentically new organization of the body’s pleasures; and to suggest that such a program may necessarily involve some radical, perhaps even dangerous, experimentation with modes of what used to be called making love.

No one was more alert than Foucault to the connections between how we organize our pleasures with one other person and the larger forms of social organization. It is the original thesis of his *History* that power in our societies functions primarily not by repressing spontaneous sexual drives but by producing multiple sexualities, and that through the classification, distribution, and moral rating of those sexualities the individuals practicing them can be approved, treated, marginalized, sequestered, disciplined, or normalized. The most effective resistance to this disciplinary productivity should, Foucault suggests, take the form not of a struggle against prohibition, but rather of a kind of counter-productivity. It is not a question of lifting the barriers to seething repressed drives, but of consciously, deliberately playing on the surfaces of our bodies with forms or intensities of pleasure not covered, so to speak, by the disciplinary classifications that have until now taught us what sex is.

What strikes me as most interesting about this argument is a connection that Foucault appears to deny in the *Salmagundi* interview when he says that it is not sex acts themselves that are most troubling to nongays, but the gay lifestyle, those “as yet unforeseen kinds of







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SKINFLICKS

THE MALE MOVIE MAGAZINE



2ND HOT YEAR! 16 INCREDIBLE COLOR PAGES!



vonshire. Note how the name tumbles from
ellicity. Feh-lih-ssitoo.

photo: Gene Weber

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QUERELLE

JEAN GENET

was the most remote, the subtlest, yet the most powerful (as it could travel such distances), the most disturbing of all the vibrations emitted by that artful apparatus situated between the thighs.

He imagined that he was pressing up close against her, hugging and kissing her. Quite promptly the image of Theo intervened, and Gil suspended his reverie well on its way to fulfillment in order to fill up on hatred of the mason. As a consequence, his erection wilted a little. He wanted to banish all notions of the mason, whom he now sensed standing right behind him, caressing his buttocks with a huge rod, twice as fat as his own.

"Me, I'm a man," he muttered into the fog. "I shove it up other guys! I'll screw you too!"

In vain he tried to compose an image of a Theo whom he was bugging. He got as far as imagining the mason's dusty, unbuttoned garments, his pants down, his shirt tucked up, but that was all. To make his happiness total, his pleasure certain, he would have had to visualize in detail, and gloating over that detail, Theo's face and buttocks: but, finding it impossible to imagine them anything but (as indeed they were) bearded and hairy, the vision of the face and downy back of another male intervened: it was Roger. When he realized this, Gil knew that he would enjoy a surfeit of pleasure. He held fast to the image of the boy, which had blotted out the mason's. With violence, thinking he would like to address Theo in such terms, and no doubt also enraged and desperate at finding that he was inevitably going to bugger the young one, he cried:

"Come on, stick it out! Let me stuff it right up your ass, you little heifer you! Hurry up, no messing around!"

He was holding Roger from behind. And he heard himself sing, in that jumble of glasses and broken bottles:

believe in the Women's Liberation Movement; how

"He was a happy bandit,
Nothing did he fear . . ."

Uses of the erotic: the erotic as power

By Audre Lorde, Summer 1989

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF POWER, used and unused, acknowledged or otherwise. The erotic is a resource within each of us that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, firmly rooted in the power of our unexpressed or unrecognized feeling. In order to perpetuate itself, every oppression must corrupt or distort those various sources of power within the culture of the oppressed that can provide energy for change. For women, this has meant a suppression of the erotic as a considered source of power and information within our lives.

We have been taught to suspect this resource, vilified, abused, and devalued within western society. On the one hand, the superficially erotic has been encouraged as a sign of female inferiority; on the other hand, women have been made to suffer and to feel both contemptible and suspect by virtue of its existence.

It is a short step from there to the false belief that only by the suppression of the erotic within our lives and consciousness can women be truly strong. But that strength is illusory, for it is fashioned within the context of male models of power.

As women, we have come to distrust that power which rises from our deepest and nonrational knowledge. We have been warned against it all our lives by the male world, which values this depth of feeling enough to keep women around in order to exercise it in the service of men, but which fears this same depth too much to examine the possibilities of it within themselves. So women are maintained at a distant/ inferior position to be psychically milked, much the same way ants maintain colonies of aphids to provide a life-giving substance for their masters.

But the erotic offers a well of replenishing and provocative force to the woman who does not fear its revelation, nor succumb to the belief that sensation is enough.

The erotic has often been misnamed by men and used against women. It has been made into the confused, the trivial, the psychotic, the plasticized sensation. For this reason, we have often turned away from the exploration and consideration of the erotic as a source of power and information, confusing it with its opposite, the pornographic. But pornography is a direct denial of the power of the erotic, for it represents the suppression of true feeling. Pornography emphasizes sensation without feeling.

The erotic is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings. It is an internal sense of satisfaction to which, once we have experienced it, we know we can aspire. For having experienced



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Feminist Sex Wars

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The Feminist Sex Wars and **Lesbian Sex Wars**, or simply the **Sex Wars** or **Porn Wars**, were the acrimonious debates within the feminist movement and lesbian community in the late 1970s through the 1980s around the issues of feminist strategies regarding sexuality, sexual representation, pornography, sadomasochism, the role of transwomen in the lesbian community, and other sexual issues. The debate pitted anti-pornography feminism against sex-positive feminism, and the feminist movement ended up deeply divided as a result.^{[1][2][3][4][5]}

The Feminist Sex Wars are sometimes viewed as part of the division that led to the end of the second-wave feminist era.

See also

- Samois
- Feminist views on pornography

[edit]

WHO'S ON TOP ?

FRED HALSTED & JOEY YALE
SKIN MAGAZINE / 1981

(SCENE: A West Hollywood apartment where the notorious twosome has arrived and settled down with lots of beer and cigarettes.)

SKIN: When did the two of you “come out”?

FRED: Oh, I came out in ... 1959, when I was 18—

JOEY: I came out when I was about five. I knew I was gay from the first time I can remember. I started sucking dick when I was five. But to get back to the subject, when I met Fred he had this film in his head, and it was something that was driving him, that he had to get out—the film that became “L.A. Plays Itself” —and it was very structured in his head what he was going to do. He saw gay pornography as a vehicle to set him apart and launch a career in film. He had something that he wanted to say, and that had never been done before, and knew that it could probably catapult him to fame.

FRED: It took me three years to make “L.A. Plays Itself”—shoulda been able to make that in three months—

JOEY: Our films always take longer than anybody else in the industry to produce. But when Fred first told me about this film, he told me it was a film about nature, wildlife, and bugs. He did not tell me it was a sex film, when he first approached me with the idea of being in it—

FRED: —he was so in love with me at that point I could do anything with him—

JOEY: —so he basically told me a bunch o’ lies—

FRED: —there are bugs in it!

JOEY: I know, there are bugs, and it’s all full of nature in the film. It’s true.

But then once we got involved in it, then I was faced with a tremendous indecision because at that time I was pursuing a quote legitimate act ing career, and I thought, well, gawd, if I do this, then I’m not gonna be able to do those other things that I think I wanna do! Actually, there was another ending planned for the film-

FRED: Don’t tell him about that-!

JOEY: I’m gonna tell him!—Halfway through the film, I had such indecision about what I was doing that I backed out of the project. Fred had filmed all the major footage of me, and then I decided, I can’t handle this because I was really young and didn’t understand what I was doing. And so I didn’t return his phone calls. I didn’t see him, and I wouldn’t finish the film the way he had originally in tended it. So it forced him to be very creative as an editor, to take the existing footage that he had and make it work. Which he obviously did very successfully.

FRED: I hated Joey.

JOEY: He was pissed.

FRED: But the ending I was forced to create was much better. I’m delighted with it. But I didn’t see Joey for three years after that.

JOEY: There were times during that three-year period when I would see Fred’s name in print, and I would see the film “L.A. Plays Itself” advertised in After Dark magazine, playing in New York, and I would just cringe and I’d think, Oh gawd, that’s Halsted, and he’s actually got this on the screen! And me! And I’m in it. And, I remember a very vivid conversation I had with a friend of mine, and he was looking at the ad, and there was a tongue licking a boot, which I knew was my tongue and

my boot—

FRED: My boot.

JOEY: His boot. And my friend said to me, “Look at that tongue, have you ever seen any tongue that big?” And I said, “No, I’ve never seen any thing that big in my life. Isn’t that just horrendous?” But then, after it opened in L.A., Fred and I still weren’t talking to each other. I must have gone 20 some-odd times to see it. And I paid! At this time absolutely nothing is happening to my career, I’m working odd jobs, living with a fairly wealthy lover who occasionally screams at me to get a job.

Then, I was out at a bar one night -

FRED: Larry’s.

JOEY: Larry’s. And Fred came in—FRED: I had just screened the sailor sequence from “Sextool” at the Vista—

JOEY: — and I saw him from a distance, and I thought, Well, maybe now’s the time to go say hello to him again—because I had really liked him an awful lot—so I walked up and I said “hello,” and we went home and we fucked. And that’s it. I was still living with my lover, and Fred had a lover at that time, also.

FRED: No, I didn’t.

JOEY: Yes, you did. D_____ T_____ was your lover.

FRED: No, he wasn’t.

JOEY: Yes, he was! He was a “studette”—a big guy that is basically passive.

FRED (explaining): Guys who look like studs, but really aren’t.

SKIN: Did you coin the word “twinkie” to describe Joey?

JOEY: Yes, we did.

FRED: I did.

JOEY: We did.

FRED: I did!

JOEY: He always wants to take all the credit! Anyway, then he courted me, many afternoon lunches, wanting to get me to be in “Sextool.” And his whole logic behind it was that we had been in “L.A. Plays Itself” together, and he’d never fucked with anybody else—onscreen—up to that point, and he said, “Why should we destroy the mystique? Let’s just carry that on and create something with it.” And I like melodrama, and that appealed to me. So I finally said, “Okay.” Now, it sounds like I had to be talked into all this, but in truth I was very willing in both instances, but I enjoyed the whole act of Fred coming to me and persuading me and using his whole technique of getting me turned on. I enjoyed that quite a bit.

FRED: Well—I’m finding out a lot in this interview. He’s never talked about this before!

SKIN: How did you decide what kind of a scene to do for the two of you in “Sextool”?

FRED: I was so nervous when we did it that I dropped two tabs of acid—

JOEY: And I dropped two tabs of acid! Because we knew that people would expect us to top what we did in “L.A. Plays Itself” —the first time a fist fuck-

ing had ever been filmed— and shown. FRED: On the day of the shoot, I didn’t know what I was gonna do!

JOEY: There was no script for our scene. Up to five minutes before we shot the thing, we had no idea what we were gonna do! Neither one of us. And that’s the honest truth! We were as nervous as hell. We made it up as we were doing it—it was spontaneous—

FRED: It took us five or six hours to shoot. That beautiful shot with me breaking the mirror with Joey’s face in it—that was Joey’s idea. The pissing

was my idea, and putting it in slow motion was the photographer’s idea.

JOEY: But after it was over, each of us decided we wanted to get together on a permanent basis, and basically live our lives together, combining everything.

And then we started living together, and the seeds of our business started. Because Fred had been ripped off by—FRED (warning): Joey—!!

JOEY: Shut up! One of the reasons was this distributor—

FRED: Joey!

JOEY: I slapped Fred once ... One of the reasons Cosco got started was because this man was distributing Fred’s films and I asked Fred, “How much has this man been paying you?” And Fred says, “Oh, every couple of months he gives me about a hundred dollars or so,” and I said, “WHAT?—I think we can do better than that. Why don’t we do this to gether and form a partnership?

FRED: Yeah, it was Joey’s idea.

JOEY: And I said, “You go and get those negatives back from that man —and we’ll place our own ads and see what we can do.”

FRED: I finally got ‘em back, but it took a whole battle—but it was the start of Cosco.

JOEY: “Cosco” is a word that was just made up, by me. Doesn’t mean anything—

FRED: The “C.O.S.” was originally for “Contemporary Office Supplies.”

JOEY: No, it was not—the word was made up! It never meant anything.

FRED: So we’ve been in business since spring of 1975, I think it was.

JOEY: Just this year we opened up our printing company, “Cosco Printing.”

We have four presses, one that we can do four-color work on.

FRED: And personally we’re in a real

romantic stage. I’m more in love with him now than I ever have been. We’re closer and deeper with each other than we ever have been. So our sex life has changed and evolved and the S&M between the two of us is pretty much gone. Well—not completely—

JOEY: Not completely!

FRED: Joey’s now the aggressor, and I’m more of a passive, laid-back bozo.

JOEY: I’d compare it to any long term relationship, in terms of sex. It evolves and changes and it may change again.

It feels terrific right now. But it’s definitely not what it was in ‘74-’75.

FRED: Well, the role reversal thing hasn’t happened sexually, but it has happened in terms of business. He runs the offices, and I run the house.

JOEY: When I come home from the office, Fred’s at the door, and he’s in his chaps and leather jacket, and his hat and dark glasses, and he hands me a beer, and you know

FRED: wants to get serviced

JOEY: wants to get serviced. And I think it’s wonderful!

FRED: But in terms of 9 to 5, Joey’s definitely on top. He runs the business. I’m just the delivery man, the warehouse man, the shipper. And I love it!





Cris Cassidy and Kit Marseilles can't get enough of each other.

The Joy of LeSbian Sex



O'HENRY
O'HENRY



THE AREOLAS THE ECCHYMOSES
THE WOUNDS THE FOLDS THE
GRAZES THE WRINKLES THE
BLISTERS THE FISSURES THE
SWELLINGS THE SUBURN THE
BEAUTY-SPOTS THE BLACKHEADS
THE HAIR FOLLICLES THE WARTS
THE EXCRESCENCES THE PAPULES
THE SEBUM THE PIGMENTATION
THE EPIDERMIS THE DERMIS THE
CUTANEOUS NERVES THE INNER-
VATIONS THE PAPILLAE THE
NERVE NETWORKS THE NERVE-
ROOTS THE BUNDLES THE
BRANCHES THE PLEXUSES THE
MOTOR NERVES THE SENSORY THE
CERVICAL THE PNEUMOGASTRIC



mouth
adorable
on m/y
acts m/e
percept-
orange
ag them

y become an elongated gutter,
lower lip, they fuse, the length
ch that it coils on itself form-
tucker a very narrow trunk, I
at your shoulders your nipples
sigh in your sleep, m/y
your hair in your ears on
with m/y trunk all the fine
lated on your skin, I absorb
between m/y six feet, the
the others immobilize your
t m/y segmented abdomen,
Polit m/y chitinous skeleton.
yes I have no unitary vision
rsified, you are different, I
m your arms fragments of
one of your labia, I see you
ication grips m/e, I appre-
rsels, I lose m/yself in your
es you searchingly, clinging
I begin m/y delectable one
ur back, a fine powder of a
ur shoulders into your hair,
I disengage you from the
you away, I carry you off
sea.

THE MOUTH THE LIPS THE JAWS
THE EARS THE RIDGES OF THE EYE-
BROWS THE TEMPLES THE NOSE
THE CHEEKS THE CHIN THE FORE-
HEAD THE EYELIDS THE COM-
PLEXION THE ANKLE THE THIGHS
THE HAMS THE CALVES THE HIPS
THE VULVA THE BACK THE CHEST
THE BREASTS THE SHOULDER-
BLADES THE BUTTOCKS THE
ELBOWS THE LEGS THE TOES THE
FEET THE HEELS THE LOINS THE
NAPE THE THROAT THE HEAD THE
INSTEPS THE GROINS THE TONGUE
THE OCCIPUT THE SPINE THE
FLANKS THE NAVEL THE PUBIS
THE LESBIAN BODY.



One for you. One for her. And more than one for everybody!

With the reception of Jakob Lena Knebl's edition you have become the carrier of a dick. The fatally biologicistic logic of "Mine is bigger than yours!" will from now on be replaced by: "I have the same" or "Wait, I'm gonna get that one, too."

From Foucault we know that the task lies not in rediscovering repressed desires, but in inventing new ones. Here, the dildo comes in as a critical as well as handy tool. *Let's get more out of our bodies!* The dildo stages desire, it defies the order of having and being, and it undoes biology by transforming the difference between women and men into a playground of temporary identity. It blurs the boundaries of self-love and object-love, of fucking and being fucked. *Let's get more out of our culture!*

Pain plays a crucial role in the process through which we develop a sense of our bodily existence. We are aware of our organs when they hurt: I can feel my heart when it pounds with anxiety or with excitement, and I know that I have a kidney when I suffer a renal colic.

Even our sexual organs do not simply exist right from the start, they rather materialize at points of contact, in our encounters with the world erogenous zones emerge along the continuum of pleasure and aversion. The morphology of our bodies is imaginary, and pain gives form. The phantom pain of lost limbs and the phantom lust of prostheses expand our bodies beyond their physical limitations: *The best sex, the best anything erotic, is when you project your energy into what you're doing. If you strap on a dick and project your energy*

Eins für Sie. Und mehr als einer für jede!

Mit dem Empfang von Jakob Lena Knebls Edition sind Sie gerade zur Schwanzträgerin geworden. Die fatal biologistische Logik von „Meins ist größer als deins!“ wird ab sofort ersetzt durch: „Ich hab den gleichen!“ Oder: „So einen besorg ich mir auch.“

Von Foucault wissen wir, dass weniger darum geht, verdrängte Begehren zu entdecken, als vielmehr neue Lüste zu erfinden. Ein Dildo ist dabei ein kritisch ebenso wie praktisch nützliches Werkzeug. *Let's get more out of our bodies!* Der Dildo inszeniert das Wollen und setzt sich über die Ordnung des Habens oder Seins hinweg, er hebt die Biologie aus, verwandelt die Differenz zwischen Mann und Frau in eine Spielwiese temporärer Identifikationen, er verwischt die Grenzen zwischen Selbst- und Objektliebe, ficken und gefickt werden. *Let's get more out of our culture!*

In der Entwicklung unserer Körperwahrnehmung kommt dem Schmerz eine wesentliche Rolle zu. Wir sind uns unserer Organe dann bewusst, wenn sie uns wehtun: Ich fühle mein Herz, wenn es vor Aufregung oder Angst laut in meiner Brust pocht, meine Niere, wenn ich eine Kolik erleide.

Auch unsere sexuellen Organe existieren nicht von vorne herein, sie werden vielmehr an Kontaktpunkten gebildet, erogene Zonen entstehen entlang des Lust-Unlust-Kontinuums unserer Berührungen mit der Welt. Die Morphologie unserer Körper ist also imaginär, und Schmerz wirkt in diesem Prozess als formgebend. Der Phantomschmerz verlorener Gliedmaßen und die Phantomlust von Prothesen

into it – even if it's not yours – it becomes an extension of you.

One of the laws that structurally preserve the patriarchal order dictates that you should have either a penis or no penis (exactly one or none at all). As Beatriz Preciado puts it: "Within the heterosexual mythology one penis is sufficient. If you have two of them you fall into a category of monstrosity. The monstrosity of a living *double*: which is the dildo and which is the penis? If you lack a penis however you fall into another monstrous category, the natural monstrosity of femininity." In this sense we all need to become monstrous by having more than just one dildo, just as the ballerina in Jakob Knebl's photograph, whose heels are adorned by two red erections. What, one might ask, is she wearing underneath her tutu?

Ulrike Müller, borrowing freely from Judith Butler, Wynne Greenwood, Laidie Magenta, Michel Foucault, Sigmund Freud, and Beatriz Preciado.

Translation by Johanna Grabsch



photo: Heidi Harsieber / © Jakob Lena Knebl

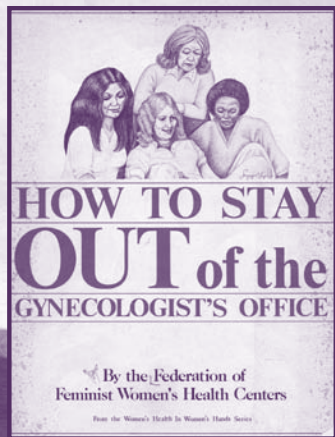
erweitern unsere Körper über ihre physischen Grenzen hinaus: *The best sex, the best anything erotic, is when you project your energy into what you're doing. If you strap on a dick and project your energy into it – even if it's not yours – it becomes an extension of you.*

Eines der strukturerhaltenden Gesetze der patriarchalen Gesellschaftsordnung schreibt vor, dass man entweder einen Penis hat oder keinen (genau einen oder genau keinen). Beatriz Preciado hält fest: „In der heterosexuellen Mythologie genügt ein Penis. Hat man zwei davon, fällt man bereits unter die Monstrosität eines lebendigen Doubles: Was ist der Dildo und was ist der Penis? Hat man keinen Penis, fällt man gleich unter einen anderen Typ Monstrosität, unter die natürliche Monstrosität der Femininität.“ In diesem Sinne müssen wir alle zu Monstern mit mehr als nur einem Dildo werden, wie die Ballerina auf Jakob Lena Knebls Foto, deren Fersen mit zwei roten Erektionen bestückt sind. Was, fragt man sich, trägt sie wohl unter ihrem Tutu?

Ulrike Müller, mit Anleihen bei Judith Butler, Wynne Greenwood, Laidie Magenta, Michel Foucault, Sigmund Freud und Beatriz Preciado.

Dieser Text begleitete eine Edition von Doppeldildos von Jakob Lena Knebl, die 2009 in Wien an PassantInnen verteilt wurde.

This text was written to accompany an edition of double dildos by Jakob Lena Knebl, which was distributed to passersby in Vienna in 2009.



THE NORMATIVE STATUS OF HETEROSEXUALITY

WOMEN AND HONOR:
SOME NOTES ON LYING



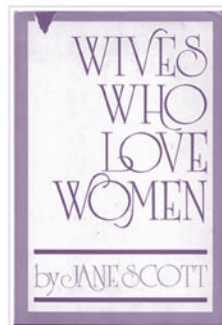
Adrienne Rich

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AND 80+ THAT I HAVE BEEN COLLECTING FOR YEARS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 2010

Lez Treshz is one week old!



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