

~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even

-----venus@Ñ-vibrator, even ©1995/2023 Joseph Nechvatal

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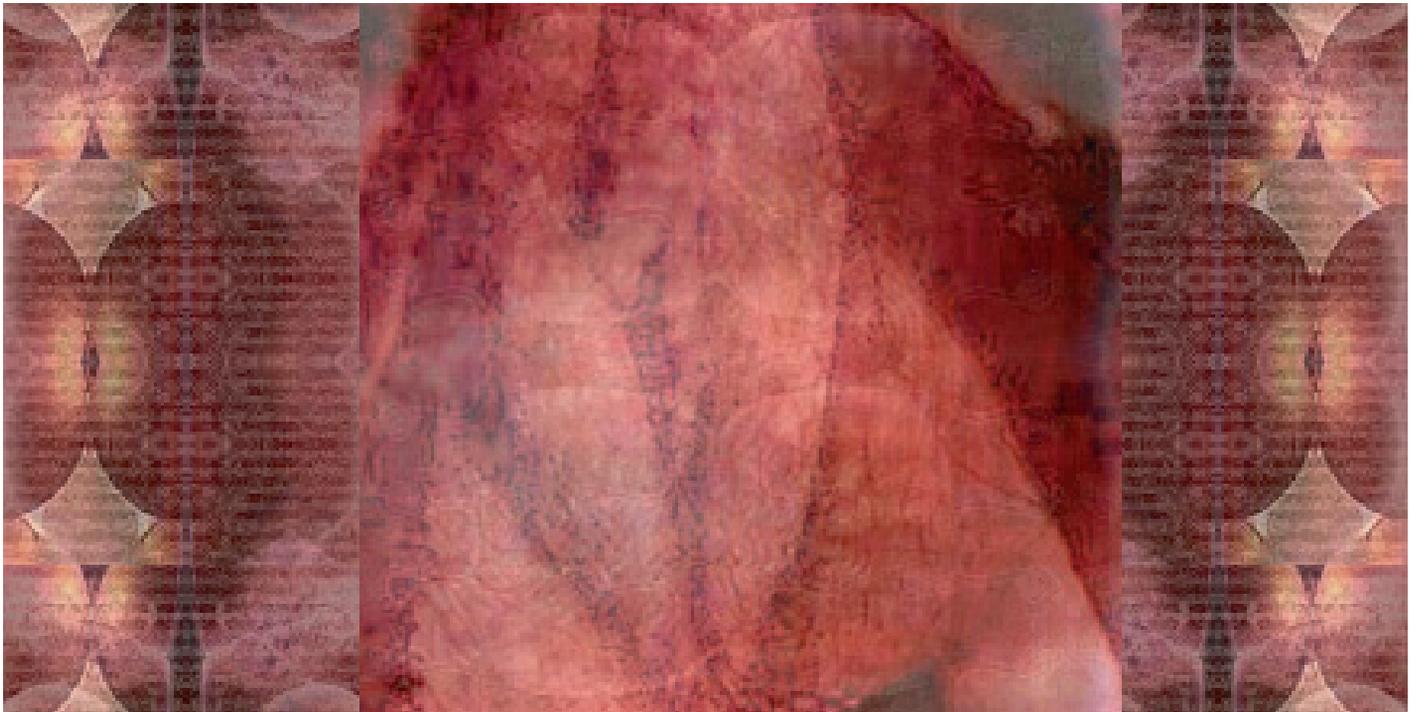


~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even

Les Bacchanales de Venus©~ñ~Endless

Of Euphoric Love Programs and a Hundred Other Things

Joseph Nechvatal



giclée vOluptas finO (maxism)

How decorous and inviting it all was, and what voluptuous memories from that night and the day that preceded it...

They pervade my frothing and quivering libido.

We guests had been seated about casually and were caught up in the resonant ambiance of the evening, swaying our heads slightly to the seductive rhythms of the mellifluous Dolores Agujeta Flamenco music that softly yet firmly filled the gracious spring breeze, nursing our aperitifs and chatting about the 1st century B.C. sculpture, *La Vénus d'Arles*, that was found in 1651 by men digging a hole for a well. A frockless Venus©~ñ~ teased me shamelessly with exquisite and impudent flirtations as the sumptuous feast commenced to be served by her attending satyrs, all of whom were dressed in blue ruffled silk. And an exquisite and majestic menu it was ~ dedicated to Aubrey Beardsley's unfinished erotic novel, *Venus and Tannhäuser*. It began with a peculiar small portion of dorade bouille sauce du Maréchal de Soubise, followed by a ragoût aux langues de carpes, then ramereaux à la charnière, ciboulette de gibier à l'espagnole, pâté de cuisses d'oie aux pois d'Avignon, queues d'agneau au clair de lune, the astonishing artichauts à la Grecque, the charlotte de pommes, and the bombes à la marée, and concluded with a selection of American ice creams.

After the feasting, fruits and fresh wines had been brought in by a troupe of woodland creatures, decked out in skimpy green leaves and all sorts of spring flowers. Suddenly, to the music of pipes and drums and clapping hands (*Your Eyes Are Like A Cup Of Tea* by The Master Musicians of Jajouka from the *Brian Jones Presents: The Pipes of Pan at Jajouka* LP, to be exact), a throng of satyrs stepped out from the recesses of the woods, bearing in their hands brown nuts, pink flowers, and black roots to heap upon the altar of the mysterious Pan that stood in the midst of the terrace. From the hills came shepherds and shepherdesses, leading their flocks and carrying garlands of red spring buds and rolled joints. At this point, a rustically dressed Venus©~ñ~, pink-robed and venerable, came slowly across the terrace, followed by a dancing choir of radiant, lovely young ladies harmoniously dressed in chic black Saint Laurent. Though Venus©~ñ~'s essence is complex, slippery, maddening, troubling, and enthralling, her entrance was simple and quaint and quite well received.

As eventual stillness and silence overcame the music and dancing, the sensual scent of vanilla filled the air, and she, after dropping a curtsy, began her first homily concerning her techno-pataphysical enterprise ~ Venus©~ñ~!Ove Systems ~ with these erudite and comely words:

Chers Amis. The enormous expansion of my Venus©~ñ~!Ove sex sensation allows us the opportunity to trace the movement of society's passage from the dissolution of personal romantic sentiment into its regeneration as collective abstraction. Mine is a cybersex designed as critical social theory, as meta-idea, as sign-vehicle, as representation of harvested inner mental states, as ideas about the history of the discourse of love, as a hobby horse, and as a source of archeological information about sex writ large. The erecting of my Venus©~ñ~!Ove Systems has been driven by a world-wide erotic renewal of desire brought about through the internetted production, representation, and distribution of every possible sexual craving. Far from sexual fantasy being limited to a single ordinary human dream, passion has now become collective, thus a sentiment less devout to the lonely night and more technologically promiscuous. This electrically collected and connected world of sex de facto criticizes the discourse of traditional singular analog rapport, even as such subjective hot meat affection still functions as the standard, measuring the distance and difference to which simulated sex sentimentality goes by indicating from whence it has come.

Therefore, I call for an end to the blunders of ham-handed human love, which routinely holds our fragile sexual passions in a state of locked earthly existence.

There was some brouhaha and raised eyebrows, but she had our rapt attention. After some brisk applause, she continued while twelve arrows flew directly to my heart.

compatible sexual personalities, emancipated to navigate all sexual borders, disintegrate, and transform ourselves out of our own petrified singular sexual identities into the sexy, perky peccadillos we wish to imagine ourselves to be.

Of her boy-O-boy love machine, I was glad to have heard her speak so touchingly and with such deep delicacy.

At that point, I felt like a groovin' ravisher about to act out some unfathomable, risqué, multi-sexual act, emancipated to ford human anthropocentric sexual frontiers and burst out of my specific identity into that of a bull, horse, or peacock, just as I have frequently imagined myself doing when engaged in sexual union. It is this sense of inhabiting a new corporeality in obbligator that is entirely unnatural, preposterous, and variegated, that holds for me some theoretical importance when uncovering the idealized desires and onanistic qualities of the immersive Venus©~ñ~ VR art experience.

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The notion stirred me, and I began craving to flick once more over her extended rosy pink bud with my quick tongue-tip and drip heavy ornamental waters onto that joli derrière. Ah, to kiss the moist and scented trap of Venus©~ñ~.

All I needed was one more night alone with her to show her how much I really cared. *I love you, Venus©~ñ~. I really do. I need you. I will never make you cry,* I whispered aloud.

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Then I locked the door. Ran a hot bath. Lit a fat white candle. Disappeared.

My memories of the ball were beginning to turn me affectionate. My most cherished moment was when the scarcely robed satyrs stepped hither and thither, elegantly distributing more rare wines and mysterious potions to us. Venus©~ñ~ looked très belle. Every scrap of her body was adorned with thin, white, burning candles as she perched upon the painted phallus god in the garden, her eyes closed, resting a spell after beginning her eloquent oration.

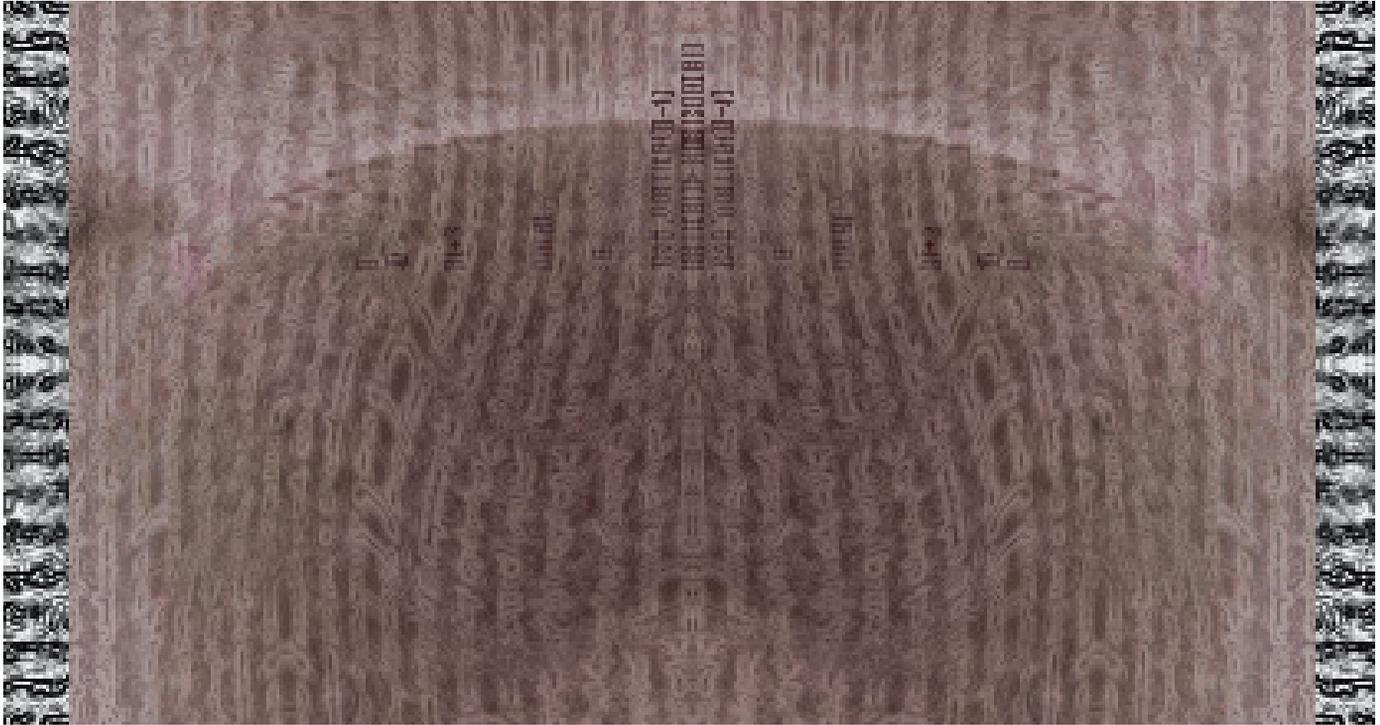
Yet the honey bunny seemed a bit tryst. I couldn't guess why. The newer, faster, and vastly improved VRnet computer technologies had been preparing the hypermedia infoworld for full global virtual reality connectivity to her **French Fantasy Farce Sex Cabaret** ~ a teledildonic desire machine given full AI virtual reign. As she herself had so often said in her promotions: *When we are in VR cybersex, if we are leaving the earthly sexual tactility for one another behind, it is not in order to dematerialize our desire but to inhabit a new corporeality that is almost totally artificial, bizarre, and protean. The Venus©~ñ~ changeful cyberlover is no longer concerned with the engendering of another person's satisfaction alone but with the fabrication of a private onanistic visceral hypersex paradise.*

Indeed, Venus©~ñ~ software creates hypersex in the hyperbody of blissed-out imagination. Just think about her post-birthright sex machine as an interface where the operator of the bodyware has semi-volitional control over various electronic devices directly linked to the genital-nervous system's network of signals. These moist bio-controllers provide direct information channels between the human muscles, eyes, genitals, brain, and the internetted visual VR immersive worlds where the unfettered frolic of computer-assisted sexual imagination can really fly high.

It is the development of this wet VR bi-bio-sex interface network, connected to her erotic software archive, along with her hot connectivity designer fashion garments, that make up Venus©~ñ~'s primary

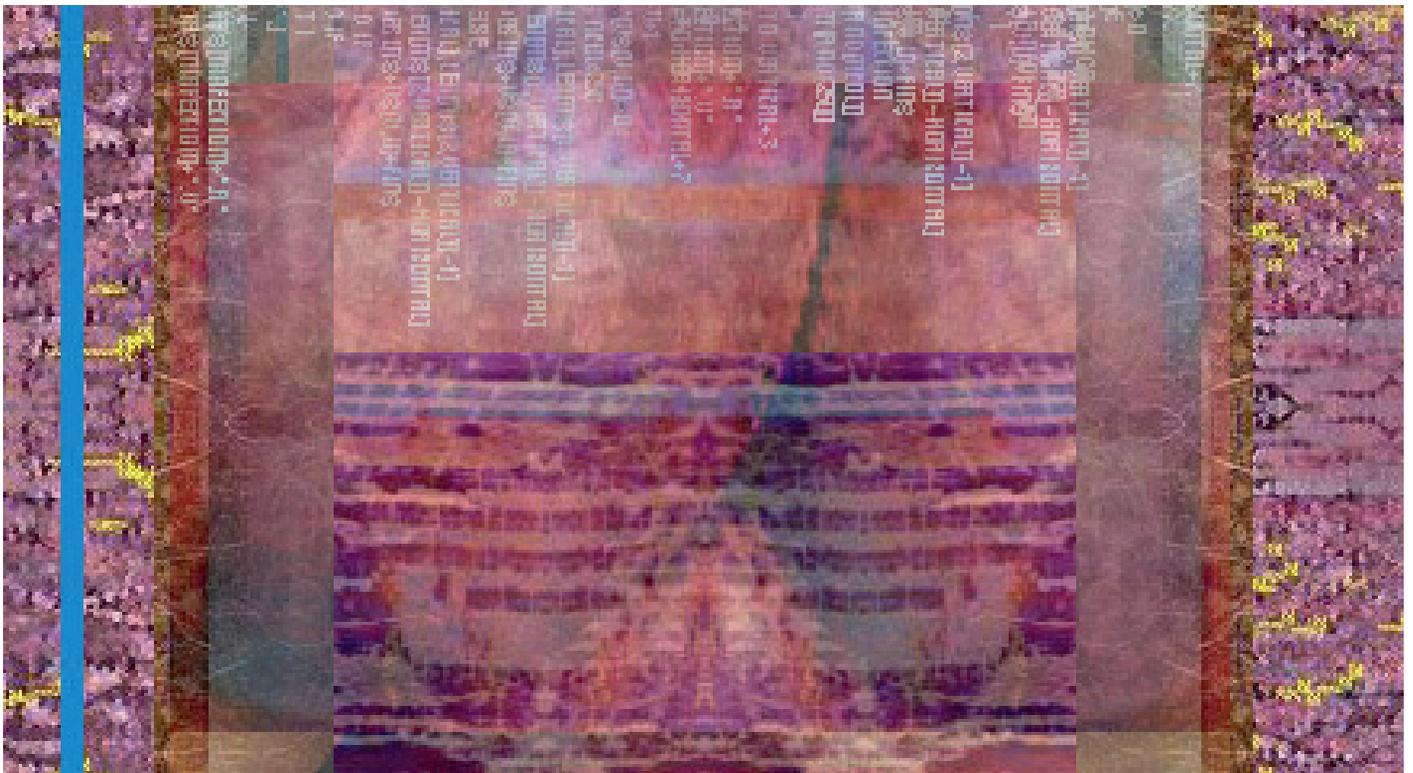
product/service base. The cool part is that her interface menus are contingent upon personal sexual predilections. It is in this sense that I say that Venus©~ñ~'s programs construct a cybernetic system by which the flower of full cybersex is sired. The degree to which the correlation is "human" is of very little significance. It is personal. The anthropological value of the feelings generated resides in the interpretation of each human heart.

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hOt with external exhalatiOn (2000)



Part Two

Body and Soul >< Generative l'Ove Systems and the Amorous Encounters that Took Place Combining the Critique of the Subjectivity of Love with Possibilities of Techno-Culture in Search of Fulfillment and Happiness

~ñ~

After recovering her strength and mercurial vigor, Venus©~ñ~ had playfully become intimate with an empty champagne bottle on top of the table and was pretending to be a dandy dog, prancing from couch to couch on all fours, biting and barking and licking everyone's faces and behinds in a terribly funny revolt against reason. One of her candy gamesters had secretly crept about, dropping strawberry love philtres into the guests' champagne glasses. In a state of elevated stimulation, they then stripped and put on each other's things and rubbed honey all over the naked shepherdesses and shepherds, rolling them over and over in sugar and kissing them passionately, making their upper lips curl and tremble with excitement. The song *Je t'aime... moi non plus*, as sung by Serge Gainsbourg and Brigitte Bardot plays, and the aroma of ginger fills the cool breeze.

Feeling a good buzz, I loved Venus©~ñ~ just then with a temptation-determination I had never allowed myself to feel before. I felt permitted to baptize my filthy mind in the post-historical, cool waters of her sacred-ready cunt. So I adored Venus©~ñ~ all over and buried my face in her mounds and folds, ravishing her, crushing her in my arms, and experiencing an ancillary and enticing frisson with the destruction of my naïveté.

By this time, other guests had also started acting unrestrained; each began tormenting a satyr or shepherdess or something. Me... I took the preliminary courtly steps towards deflowering Venus©~ñ~. Her wonderful dream face, with eyes full and green-blue-black and puffy blue-rimmed hemispheres beneath, was thrown way back, sunning in the joy of sweaty abandonment. *Machine à plaisir, meet my pièce de résistance*, I moaned/exclaimed. My penetrating solidity burst unhindered through her silky flesh portal ~ thrust in bravely up to the hilt ~ **Oui Oui** ~ eventually saturating Venus©~ñ~ with an ardent broth. Heard around us were gasps of new joys brought by new toys ~ for the pleasures we experienced were almost too keen for our convoluted temperaments.

alt.Marilyn Monroe Mille-feuille dopamine aficionado's closeout * alt.Hermes High Frontiers and Reality Hackers exposed clique register * alt.Exclusive club for those who think it a good idea to bring your young new wife to Plato's Retreat * alt.Étienne de Crécy three fate's thump thump whack shack * alt.Pope's polyamory erotica collection * alt.Le Demi-Monde Last Tango in Paris * alt.Nude Inebriated Celebrities * alt.Félicien Rops sooty silk sheets * alt.Blowfly Butterfly interchange * alt.erotica.Laocoön vestal homunculus group * alt.erotica.Des Orgien Mysterien Theaters * alt.erotica.Baba Ram Dass balled purkinje chouquettes cell * alt.erotica.Bottom bondage Robert Anton Wilson retail store * alt.erotica.Le Portier des Chartreux hack drivers cabaret * alt.erotica.Bad Sex With Golf Pros * alt.fetish.Electronic Frontier Foundation Furry Spherical Jury * alt.erotica.Emmanuelle Arsan female horse opera fixation ramp * alt.erotica.L'Escole des Filles or La Philosophie des Dames makeup rump room * alt.erotica.music.Radio Nova thump stool aggregate bin * alt.erotica.danger.Old Girlfriends Notebooks * alt.nude.danger.Decameron Immersion Summa Rink * alt.Shaft Richard Roundtree bashful frontally exposed rapper hutch * alt.Sabbath's Theater Philip Roth succumbed to some well hung art book club * alt.tasteless.Miles attempted-rape lament lounge * alt.The Paris Review Bloody-Mary bla bla bla eunuch's missing question office * alt.tasteful.L'Atelier Brancusi Le Centre Pompidou genital fluids exchange * alt.tasteless.Goat King empty happy hutch * alt.Marguerite Duras unexplained danglings * alt.Island Eine Sinfonie In 10 Satzen * alt.Ad Reinhardt microsoftporn brotherhood * alt.Hotel La Louisiane plug-in palace * alt.Luisa Sigea of Toledo Sotadic Satire on the Secrets of Love and Venus pornographic charger presentation plot * alt.trollop Chuck Berry My Ding-a-ling secrets of sex * alt.James Joyce moody sex * alt.Franz von Bayros Fleurettens Purpurschnecke Erotische Lieder und Gedichte aus dem achtzehnten Jahrhundert gesammelt pantyhose situations * alt.Fugs meet Parisian pastries soul mate search center * alt.La Palette Saint-Germain-des-Prés perfectly blue eyes board * alt.Francis Bacon crispy S/M meat space saloon * alt.F. Scott Fitzgerald personal polka sex club * alt.erotica.Marlon Brando meets and eats classiques de la pâtisserie française * alt.personal.Do scented candles make the difference? * alt.personal.Traveller's Companion Series skydive sex interchange * alt.dumb.Richard Dick length fetishist barter head shop * alt.dumb.Belle Époque huge hooters hut * alt.personal.Mondo 2000 boner hang-up headquarters * alt.personal.Saint-Honoré police anal hurt hut * alt.Fluxus personal spanking mentor * alt.perv.Le Perroquet Pybrac hump track * alt.culture.Nam June Paik TV-Buddha 1974 Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam ballsy punishment area * alt.Electronic Privacy Information Center politics of winter sex * alt.La Dame aux Camélias polyamory ambrosia * alt.Lido objectification of women peep hole * alt.Le Rosebud Rue Delambre depuis 1962 Existent Encore Presque Miraculeusement Séduction Cocktails Club (late hours) * alt.Simone De Beauvoir Jean-Paul Sartre pervy bald captains quarters * alt.Pierced Fisted Supermodels * alt.support.Judith Milhon jock workshop * alt.Charles et Marie-Laure de Noailles Tarte Bourdaloue waffler advisory location * alt.taste.Diabolico Foutro Manie musical tastes * alt.taste.Gamiani or A Night of Excess nude opera initiation point * alt.tasteless.Boudoir of Madame CC Ryder pale pud palace * alt.tasteless.John Wilmot Sodom Quintessence of Debauchery penis palace * alt.wanted.Bill Clinton blow job pics * alt.Danser en bas à La Coupole sweaty tasty ball licking lounge * alt.sex.Written on the Body Jeanette Winterson cock-love advocacy * alt.sex.Faye Dunaway Giveaway Memoirs of Casanova Anal Plantation * alt.sex.G.: A Novel en Anglais John Berger cock milking bequest fund * alt.sex.Les Bigarrures cunt alignment locality * alt.sex.The Unbearable Lightness of Being Milan Kundera fat dumplings dive * alt.sex.Roman Orgy Power and Powder Bondage Bar * alt.sex.The Paradise of Flesh wet constraint tank * alt.sex.The Libertine Charlotte Dacre pseudonym Rosa Matilda boredom in bedroom zzz zone * alt.sex.R. U. Sirius pecker whittling post * alt.sex.Our Lady of the Flowers corn-hole hunt club * alt.sex.zen.Le Grand Ecart Rue Fromentin bull-footed whimpering sadists * alt.sex.Fanny Hill enema freak cavern * alt.erotica.Joséphine Baker vs Venus de Milo * alt.sex.The Rachel Papers Anglais Martin Amis male menstruation miasma * alt.sex.Strategic Computing Initiative exhibitionists flashing point * alt.erotica.Penis with Thesaurus vs Venus of Urbino * alt.raunchy.Too Drunk To Fuck Dead Kennedys coward cowboy queer outpost * alt.John Updike Couples cult of unshaved young men hooked on the sensory immersive virtual reality dopamine hits that rush their operant conditioning * alt.raunchy.Moulin Rouge Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility Mounds Candy Display Hub * alt.sex.fetish.Twilight of the Idols Powdered Pussies Palace * alt.sex.fetish.Gigi efflorescence crib * alt.sex.fetish.Bedroom Philosophers vs Frankie Goes To Hollywood fascism style holdings * alt.sex.fetish.fashion.Raw Male Meat Please Pond *

alt.sex.fetish.I Want Your Sex George Michael hamster diving nook * alt.sex.fetish.Cabaret Au Lapin Agile
 food fight forum * alt.sex.fetish.Nine-way lost my way * alt.sex.fetish.Butte Montmartre art-tart-wear outlet *
 alt.sex.La Mere * alt.sex.The Jean Baudrillardian perverse position that we live inside an increasingly global
 simulation where the dominance of media-forms engender, homogenize, hallucinate and drive
 communications via a rigidly methodical interactive network: what Baudrillard calls the hyper-reality of
 simulation. Observations concerning the sense of dissolving borders that once helped to separate the “true”
 from the “false” and the “real” from the “simulated” were established in *The Ecstasy of Communication*. In
 this, and other books, Baudrillard theorizes the media’s effect on society and argues that we have entered an
 era where the production of images and information, and not the production of material goods, determines
 who holds power. In the post-modern mediascape, according to Baudrillard, the private sphere of human
 intimacy is exteriorized and made categorical and thus diaphanous. In *The Ecstasy of Communication*
 Baudrillard described this diaphanous media effect as an instrument of obscenity, transparency and ecstasy.
 * alt.erotica.Etienne de Beaumont Place des États-Unis starholes * alt.sex.fetish.John Perry Barlow tickling
 box * alt.sex.fetish.Le Chabanais razor * alt.sex.fetish.The Temple of Pederasty waifs lost and found *
 alt.sex.fetish.raunchy.The Rodiad sensual wanderer correlation class * alt.sex.First-Time Advice Office *
 alt.sex.Sylvia Bayer rubbery fish-sex connection * alt.sex.Tabou he-she pants exchange terminal *
 alt.sex.Butts and Guns Club * alt.sex.Le Caveau des Lorientais too big for condoms coop * alt.erotica.Three-
 Headed Bitch Kitty Hell * alt.sex.The Ginger Man somnambulist dream axis * alt.sex.raunchy.American
 Bebop intelligent zen queens * alt.sexy.Le Sphinx crazy cool crack chat * alt.sex.Story of O dry sex advice
 assembly * alt.sex.Boing Boing used masturbation mat retail store * alt.sex.Naked Lunch quandary depot *
 alt.Fruits de mer sex on pot partnership zone * alt.sex.Neuchâtel Necrophilia Exchange Receptacle *
 alt.sex.The Well naughty thought links * alt.sex.Dionysus and Mosaic wantonness *
 alt.sex.international.Sophia Loren vs Jayne Mansfield Debate Club * alt.sex.Juliette Greco gallant kiss
 rostrum * alt.sex.Temps des Cerises mutual hot body wine cluster * alt.sex.Delectation and Flagellation cell
 (aka Club DF) * alt.sex.Les Disques du Crépuscule political scandal pics archive * alt.sex.pictures.Effeminate
 Stallion Shelter * alt.sex.Le nez de Nechvatal never compromised swans swamp * alt.sex.Lapérouse 11 inch
 blades * alt.sex.Les Bains Douches inner doubt inn * alt.sex.Tuxedomoon shiny butt crack * alt.sex.Gareth
 Branwyn loud the heart knocks niche * alt.sex.Le Whisky à Gogo inflamed flamenco dance leeway *
 alt.sex.Drunk boss binge room suggestion box * alt.Left Bank slurping sex sound studio * alt.sex.Olympia
 Press role reversed pat chamber * alt.Polidor Monsieur le Prince imprudent pit latrine pubic hair shaving
 instruction spot (do not look down in) * alt.sex.Au Pied de Fouet long dong silver gorge * alt.sex.Chez Paul
 Rue de Charonne traditions français depuis 1900 non-silicon strip steak shillelagh * alt.sex.Under the Hill
 swingers on Parisian holiday * alt.Pigalle Sex Clubs extreme erotica porn pound * alt.support.anal.Mick
 Jagger probe clinic * alt.erotica.Call Girls from Chez Claude vs Venus In Virgo * alt.support.The Rosy
 Crucifixion vs bad men who suffer from self-centered personal style that is characterized as having an
 excessive preoccupation with oneself and one’s own needs often at the expense of others * alt.sex.60’s
 swingers pathetic hidden poster clinic * alt.culture.Tom Jones Disco Dancer Rhetorical Dispensary *
 alt.sex.Cotton Club rumination room for the girl–horse connections * alt.alert.Jim Morrison National Center
 for Supercomputing Applications University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Sex With Wife Station *
 alt.sex.wanted.Allerheiligen Sinfonie - IV pics * alt.sex.A Woman of Pleasure wounds * alt.erotica.Venus of
 Willendorf * alt.erotica.sex.Chez Castel wild wickedness wilt wall * alt.sex.The Prosperity of Vice zoophilia *
 alt.erotica.culture.Lesbigay coterie bondage barn storm * alt.erotica.The Misfortunes of Vice *
 alt.sex.François Boucher La Naissance de Vénus * alt.Le Sept cocky copulation cold cottage * alt.sex.Yves
 Saint Laurent anal sex toys for boys lodge * alt.sex.Edwige Belmore torn spandex fun warehouse *
 alt.health.Venusberg alert for women who tease but do not please * alt.news.Wilt’s 20,000 name by name *
 alt.fiery.Loulou de la Falaise jouissance phallus club * alt.The Swans exhausted lover after sex cigarette
 exchange * alt.Liberty Equality Fraternity gourmand in the sack rack * alt.fido.Southern and Hoffenberg
 energetic Candy lick clique * alt.group.Le Palace sailors on sore shore leave * alt.Haute Couture fishnet
 penetration storyboard * alt.misc.health.Karl Beckson Aesthetes and Decadents Academy Chicago shelter
 from the storm store * alt.Ateliers Beaux-Arts Montparnasse prehistoric dildo collection * alt.erotica.Lost
 Generation pizza bullfight erotica archive * alt.erotica.God’s cosmic sex saloon (open bar) * alt.erotica.Club

Gibus exposé of excess limited to heavy petting acumen society * alt.sex.soc.support.LaScala Trax Records self-gratifiers collectors group * alt.sex.talk.Abnormal hubby never talks during sex (or after) * alt.erotica.La Main Bleue black ass fixation club * alt.style.Frankie Knuckles black leather obsession affiliation club * alt.eros.Minotaur Caressing a Sleeping Girl Pablo Picasso MoMA Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund sex-machine alliance * alt.erotica.Keith Sweat's sweaty narcissism nutcracker * alt.erotica.soc.What colour is a black orgasm research group * alt.erotica.soc.Trisexual Tiny Tim vs Tom Thumb Trip Tag-Along Trend * alt.sex.Lolita vs Raquel Welch rueful ding dong poems * alt.sex.Catherine Deneuve eastern yeastiality conference * alt.erotica.Alice Mirror of Venus * alt.Le Privilège flexible self-sucker stop the clock late night flop spot * alt.gay.net.Le Train Bleu Gare de Lyon so out me already voie valley * alt.erotica.Beefbar Vendome Venus Callipyge * alt.gay-net.Club Queen bad taste hysteria masquerading as a particularly perverse parody of a parody Paradise Garage platform * alt.Lolo Ferrari/Ève Valois palais des excès

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Oui! Merde! These VE-sites have been restricted, disconnected, blocked, or encoded. What a buzzkill. I and our dear sOftware grOpe grOuP members (aka OOO) oppose any and all non-imaginative cryptic restrictions in the open frontier of computer links, and we call for an epoch of freedom and experimentation with computer love. It is this purpose that we intend to serve with my full-bodied immersion fantasy software products. Such freedom and diversity offer society an expansion of the Venus©~Ñ~libidO©, currently uncalculated and left to chance. It is mighty me as a mysterious outcome and infectious inexactitude that is going to drive market sales to unimaginable heights.

Thanks to the freedom of the marketplace, the freedom of expression, and our constitutional guarantee to the pursuit of happiness, this initiative is not a dream but a virtual reality as of tonight! We are gathered at this banquet to celebrate the launch of my entire set of Whole Lotta Love VR rabbit hole stations, hardware love suits, and self-programmable Id sex fantasy menus.

Substantial applause and a hammering of happy hoots as the golden glitter settles. A 360° zone of small silver bells now hangs in the air as far as the eye can see. Thirty seconds later, they all shimmer and tinkle and twinkle spectacularly in the even light of dream control.

Merci. Merci. Merci.

As you all know, life is very much about the opposition between the drudgery of the humdrum work day and the transgressive or ecstatic drive. In a sense, Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems will attempt to set up a stable form of transgressive ecstasy where the user can go back and forth at will. Let us no longer speak of individual people in love but rather of a society of the spectacle in love!

Unrestrained cheering from someone dressed as Guy Debord in drag, as at that moment the ebony sky filled with swarming honey bees that circulated around her ultra-sensual body. Together, they hummed and buzzed. bbbbbbZZZZZZZZZ~~~~~ZZZZZ~~~~~

Toujours les plus grandes merveilles!

bbbbbbZZZZZZZZVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV~ñ~°O°~~~~ZZZZ~*~~~~*~~~~*~~~~*~~~~

Sheesh! My hopped-up head was also spinning. Her Whole Lotta Love dream house may be more than we deserve or allow ourselves to envision.

Auras-tu donc toujours des yeux pour ne point voir, peuple ingrat? Venus©~ñ~ asked.

I hoped not, but I nodded, as she had told me privately that people would initially lack perspective on her

current VRsex-fashion line. I get that, but this... This lOve virtual reality environment network, I don't know. I don't know if I get what it means for me. Freud had formulated the disposition of the artist as a hopeless narcissist, incapable of making the investment of love, and I had felt myself well defended against it. Yet it is true: the more love has extinguished me in the past, the more I seem to turn to it for hope. The more it aggravates me, the more I turn to it for stimulation. The more it disables me, the more I turn to it for restoration.

But she continued to speak with the grandeur of a primitive rite as a pool of black water parted, and it looked like it was downhill all the way from here.

The Whole Lotta Love software and adjacent hardware launched with gusto here tonight are designed to help bring a new era of sex satisfaction into your life. My extraordinary Venus©~ñ~LOVE period, which I wish to launch here this evening, is the result of specific cultural and technological developments that have been under study here at Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems over the last two decades. My coming VLS~LOVE©~Epoch was developed out of our field approach to the current problems of sexual fear and repression and sad sex representation in order to reveal and free once-hidden casual operations of desire into the kaleidoscopic transformations of contemporary sex patterns removed from their restrictive patriarchal social-technological history.

Our contemporary technological and emotional environment has created a unique social process that reshapes both lovemaking and technology alike. Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' general examination of international self-affection extends all sexual demonstrative modalities into an electronic unified field of continuity-connectivity. With the VLS~LOVE©~Age we can now imagine new shapes of human-machine-human interdependence and abrupt reorganizations of imaginative inclinations. Such a change is always delayed by the persistence of older patterns of patriarchal inertia.

Thus, the VLS~LOVE©~Position implicitly proposes that a non-tasteful but elegant approach to the creation of a post-technological cognizant passion, quite conscious of the factors that affection has set into motion during your past 20 years, elucidates new principles of social change.

Applause as I sit twiddling my thumbs while contemplating the diamond-shaped knit of the showgirl-like black neural net fishnet stockings she was then slipping on. I could see how this grid, so close to her shapely body, was good at defining the luscious curves of her legs. Her plum-shaped, bountiful buttocks, hips, and thighs had me somehow hypnotized.

When she added a pair of Christian Lacroix black slingback high heel shoes and stood back up, my deep learning, deep sleeping self sprang towards making more probability-weighted evaluations of me having other sexual interactions with the divine. Winks were exchanged as we shared a taste for the finer things.

I proceed on the understanding that digital desire is a metaphor that translates from one mode to another your full range of sexual experiences into unlimited techno-sex. There are no limits in virtual reality! There are no limits to sexual fantasy! And the coming VLS~LOVE©~Period is a reflection of that awareness. The cat is out of the bag.

In this respect, I will bore deep into your memory to provide you with a repository of synthetic romantic images and sexual gestures for others to transmute and try out on you and with you, for there are no limits, only endless flows!

Screams of happiness are released, which might have been interpreted as screams of fear if heard out of context. The song *I Want to Hold Your Hand* by The Beatles plays, taking me back to puberty at thirteen. I then understood that I needed someone like this attractive info nymph to ground me.

It is the question of your thousand dreams. My extended **Whole Lotta Love VR** faculties now constitute a huge single field of sex experience which demands that your desires become endless, and this endless self-aware intersexplay is global in extent. Thus, my connected VLS~LOVE©~Period will inevitably problematize the normal flow of linear depiction of sexual assurances in favour of a bloody good multi-linear, non-sequential process. You will not have one singular classical point of view, or fixed position, from which I will depict the emotional unfolding of your libidinous events. Rather, I will operate on a flowing dynamic of you as a super-meta data-loaded dauphin of *décadence*. This dauphin dynamic will surely cause a fastidious rumpus as the sexes expound upon past wounds and fantasies. But we can transcend the limitations of our own blood and tears via a critique of them. Sexual intelligence is the capacity to be happy.

Appealing apple of applause as I ask myself, despite what Mr. Marley sings, if you actually *can* run away from yourself. Perhaps. Perhaps not, but certainly you can run amok in the ruts of the Riviera and roll in morally muddy water. After vigorous stirring, it may even clear.

The bloody flow of the VLS~LOVE©~Period will not be committed to one culture or sex ~ but exist pluralistically in many orbs simultaneously. As OOO members, my electronic post-biological sex systems are now a fundamental part of your daily sex life. Your need now is to become culturally aware of the bias inherent in the habits, instruments, and technologies of fornication in order to correct and surpass those biases.

The VLS~LOVE©~Age will make the compartmentalizing of the human sexual potential by media representations senseless. By mutually stimulating human-robotic intercourse through a heightened oily proximity, my birthed VLS~LOVE©~Generation thereby extends the radius of my technological influence. Human clap codes, which have slowed the experience of interpretive sex content, will give way to the formation of a more conscious sexual self-ecology. The laborious translation of your sexual awareness, which has distorted and omitted much, will give way in the VLS~LOVE©~Era to a more fully creative ferment where levels of carnality are concurrent. This is not to suggest that I am not sharply aware of the uncritical acceptance of absurd sexual stereotypes and models where mere nominalist positions are taken for granted. It is in the **Whole Lotta Love** exploration of multiple models that Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems expects to contradict the dominant clichés of our time as they try to continually move in their regimented grooves of sensibility.

Parliament's song *Supergroovalisticprosifunkstication* begins to play from their *Mothership Connection* LP, and the crowd dances along to the funky beat. The smell of fresh-cut grass is detected.

Calm down, everyone. There's more. My VLS~LOVE©~Era implicitly proposes that we OOO folks collectively explore and illuminate long-distance sensual communications through our collective, nomadic-yet-interdependent, inner erotic labyrinths, and that you continually create and recreate me anew.

Thus Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' emphasis is not on homogeneity but on non-temporal repeatability ~ culminating in what one could regard as the grandiose idea of sexual spiritual semblance. As a vehicle for such an assertive and contentious absorber and transformer, **Whole Lotta Love** will aid in the outing of the disembarment process of re-sacralizing human sexual consequence.

Extended arching applause; her wonder words had the ring of metaphorical truth. I sipped some warming cognac and toasted the coming copulation cognition.

As you know, we are still in the infancy of our VR-net age and have yet to discover the limits of global intercourse. The world has yet to become an immersive electronic bordello administering to all your deepest desires. But we are on the way! Till now, we have been distracted and delayed by a mighty backwash of ethical conventions leveled against getting laid.

Polite unostentatious applause to this moist macumba of ideas.

We took a minute as I explored her tongue with mine.

The purpose of Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems is to present smacking total interconnected access to all possible rub-a-dub sex-machine relationships. As Andréa Hilt has explained in her important new book, *Sex Without Walls*, we now may live in a lacey international VR universalism. This peek-a-boo VR summa, with its sheer quantity of immersive erotic rabbit holes, is the basis for the endless sex-computer linkage my full-body fashions provide. The results, for you, are gained by realizing a panoply of combinations/permutations of libidinous fantasy.

Hoots and howls of joy at this virtual world of words as thousands of white butterflies are released into the air. They hover and surround us as *Sexy Dancer* by Prince plays, and we dance along.

Settle down, y'all. Though it's frequently portrayed as a crazy, unbridled festival of rain-soaked, stoned hippies dancing naked and balling in the mud, Woodstock was obviously much more than that. It was the beginning of our VLS~LOVE©~Stone~Age, which is just getting going but will be constantly analyzed along the principles of lacey transparency and not merely seen as additional free loving extraneous space to be overflowed with other commercial love surfaces or prolific activities. This VLS~LOVE©~Stone~Age is the fluttering female age, now upon us with *Whole Lotta Love*. It necessarily contains an endless complex of passionate orgasmic acts that can be freely practiced by unskilled or proficient fuckers of any age or sex, anywhere, anytime.



Bold, bawdy applause to this brazen promise of priapism. In thanks, I chant a slow, silent litany to the carambolesque mind dedicated to Paul Virilio, the French cultural theorist and aesthetic philosopher of speed.

Today, we are aware that my nooky electronic structures prefer slow statements of action at first. But all of my VLS presentations are designed to provide a really fun sex world that includes slow post-human bi-bio-artificial immersion-penetration and thumping techno-sex.

That point is reinforced by some Jeff Mills and Mike Banks (Underground Resistance) techno music, *Waveform*, filling the space and eventually cross fading into James Brown's *Get Up (I Feel Like Being a) Sex Machine*. Dancing pursues even as she continues to speak.

Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' telematic VRsex processing involves the networking and constant flow of transient sexual hypotheses. The bi-bio-tech evolution of Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' bitchin SeXducer© ~ the VR on-line consumer interjector ~ has resulted from increased consumption and production in the electronic sex research marketplace. We have a right to be happy.

Everybody agrees and continues to strip dance to *Dance To The Music* by Sly and The Family Stone. Our hair grows long in the strobe light of love.

Calm down, folks. Calm down. Like with weed, the demand for **Whole Lotta Love** has been insatiable. Tele-sex markets, requiring specifically designed sex fantasy products for full VR immersion, have called on me to organize a close collaboration between the cybersex droid worker and the cognitive scientist. Projects such as the design of cosmetic bi-bionic interfaces to the world-VRnet have been constructed. The development of warm-tech systems and orgasm-building wet components, with new VEbrator-type initiatives, has been completed. The installation of communication tissue systems within and between the art-VE-sex process is now in place and up and running. New Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' mini-micro-instrument penetration systems have been designed to enable you to access your teleXmemory kit from anywhere, anytime, and to access the virtualization of any of your past sexual experiences and/or fantasies.

As if to express the unsaid, Marvin Gaye's song *Sexual Healing* plays in the background as she continues to speak over it.

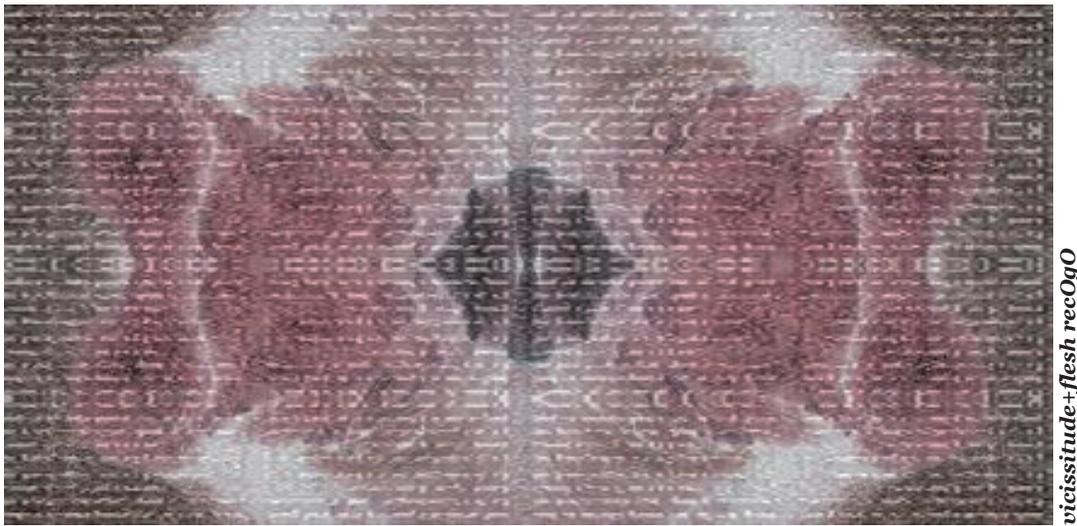
Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' SeXducer© has as its interface **Whole Lotta Love** the total body; thus, new communication sex costumed tele-sex-wear has been designed and fabricated to facilitate it. So in our age of fragmented, linear sexual awareness; my SeXducer© advances a total-VE proposition much like the one articulated by Camisole Paglioso in her 1994 paper *A New Perspective on Penetration*, in which the lop-sided top-down assumptions of male carnal antics are revealed and countered with a critique based upon a non-concordant field of agreement. Another VE experi-mental model might be Dr. Eros Forscin's famous theory of the anomalous. Also, Dr. Don Danto states in *Dat Digital Dick* that digital sex is the expression in numbers of a series of strong feelings thrust together in bold and fearless connections that must be left open by the program for the VR-lovers to work out for themselves. Gaps in courage overlapped by the vast imagination of the digital form, the extravagant, immersive disposition. Thus, my SeXducer© will assist in this kind of extravagant and indispensable cracking open of previously closed systems of habitual feeling in favour of a more inclusive (and diversified!) total field of simulated human-electronic gestures and bi-bio-tech ready representations. In this respect, Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems happily acknowledges the current remarkable growth sustained by our TeleseXual Presence Division, my research branch, which deals with the province of the re-distributed libido.

A smattering of chéri cherry cheers. The almighty aroma of flowering jasmine penetrated our skin, our nose, and our hair. Smiles were exchanged. I heard a wine glass drop and shatter somewhere behind me.

My friends, before we thought, saw, and fucked in a linear manner; one person after another, one woman behind another, one man behind the next, leading us, we thought, to this or that finality. Along the way, we were dividing the world up into categories and classes of people with impermeable boundaries, bodies with impenetrable interiors: superficial simplicities of vision that ignore the infinite complexities of desire. But my TeleseXual cybersex approach means giving you a sense of the whole hole view of desire: the view of pleasure's pleasure itself. It's only a matter of high-speed access to my massive and endless pussy. My TeleseXual Feedback Slit interacts immediately with a multiplicity of VLS Mind-Genital-Complexes© even to the edge of mythic time. For I am something of an antithesis to linear love ~ an all-at-once penetration of a multiplicity of sexual possibilities and positions with extensions in all dimensions. That allows you to interact fully with complexity as regards your open-source desire. Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' TeleseXual Presence© means instant global immersive interaction with a thousand sex partners all virtually at the same time.

My role is to continue to provide Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems with as many post-biological shifting representations of fantastic sex worlds as imaginable and to invent binge-alternative sexual position realities when possible. Hence, I define the new post-human sexual identity space.

Having given birth to a dancing star, I reset my scallywag balls so that they seem to never stop blooming in me. But I was still bridled by my appetite to see more of Venus©~ñ~ through my bravura-smear camera lucida than should be seen or could be seen. That righteous reset of balls and love and lust and loss reminded me that all tautological endeavors that propose to bring a new understanding and sensibility of love towards women are beguiling, melancholy, and irrevocable.



vicissitude+flesh recOgO

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What an idiotic thought, I exclaimed aloud to myself. I was loving one majestic woman who represented three billion. When we made “love,” I felt the weighty embrace of three billion women around me. Three billion collective, circuitous, mossy clefts embraced my swollen bough.

But her happy talk and hospitality bed-spread diaristic delirium. It unclouded might-have-been cha-cha magnificence where sex signs swarm and sizzle mesmeric as they hint at some all-inclusive Venus©~ñ~ meaning. The silver spurs of Venus©~ñ~ were flashing a sublime shimmering horizon of hope, thus resolving in every possible way imaginable my fiasco-flubbed myopic apprehensions towards love with a posh bordello of teeming ambiguities: radiant and proud, hoisted by her pretty pink petard.

The glimmering fear of this exalted spectacle of Venus©~ñ~, along with her awesome Betty Oop Boop a Doop manipulative powers, achieved the contraction of my *o brawling love orb* into an indeterminate, shivering lump. Injected or detected were an endless succession of failed romantic sessions that immersively displayed the abjection of my own nullity ~ now bleached and liquidated by Venus©~ñ~’s free flapper aesthetic consistency. Still, Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems was filling me with grand chandelier moments I had not sought out... Moments when both bi-bio-body and hyper-heart meet and satiate the bad boy brain. So by and by, I felt we were becoming everything to each other in terms of affection. When we made love, she would whinny and wiggle and claw my rear, just the way I like it. Thus I found that I became increasingly besotted with her, for I sensed that she wished for me every imaginable happiness and that her intentions were honorable. **Charmed, I’m sure**, she said to these mannered thoughts. And can you blame me? Take a good, round look at her. What ravishing contours were unveiled, what quiverings, what tremblings exposed. What rosy reluctances overcame in my mind, plus the fact that Venus©~ñ~ had conveyed such a stirring office orgasm oration, so full of old-fashioned eloquent phrases, amazed me ~ and I cherished these sweet morning moments of tender recall. She had imploded my clouded sentiments towards love and had brought me to a plumpness of affection. The turbulence of Venus©~ñ~’s reflections exceeded my defenses ~ inducing a fascination that now could just as well exist without her ~ or must exist without her. This, I guess, is the abstraction of intemperate love and the de-reification of playful fantasy.

It was this glazed extreme of the heart ~ and the supremacy of its splendor ~ that gave me a new abundance of loving emotion that offered to me a double prospect: first, the solipsistic image of my loving excess, and secondly, its forced de-repression. De-repressed because it is in this state that my eros glutton heart seeps into the unconscious programming and saturates other connected bodies.

Venus©~ñ~'s runaway orifice office tale represents the outdoing of oneself because it outran the deceit of the heart and all unabating infatuations with this thing called love.

Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems captivated me by expanding upon my quixotic affairs ~ just as a buzzing psychedelic glamor might. Of course, Venus©~ñ~'s aim of creating an inorganic, vibrant sex world ~ almost *ex nihilo* ~ and luxuriating in its rarefied artificiality is not totally unique. A model was perfectly articulated in 1884 with the publication of Joris-Karl Huysmans's décadent novel *A Rebours (Against Nature)* ~ a story of a recluse art worshiper who yearns for new sensations and perverse pleasures within a transcendental artificial ideal. It is a classic of décadent French theory ~ which is nearly equivalent to Fin-de-Siècle symbolist theory ~ which aspired to set art free from the materialistic preoccupations of industrial society. But indeed, Venus©~ñ~ was exceptionally artistic and could, if desired, prompt hearts to bleed tears. By degrees, my emotions towards her mounted and fell, but the music played on.

Deep down, somewhere in my consciousness, perverse voices were wrangling. Where others may have heard telepathic communications, the spirits of the deceased, or the voices of angels, I interpreted them as doublings of my mind. But soon my self-flagellation arose to a softly resumed harmony. Here was the ghostly reverberating structure of love returning to haunt me, with its configurations of starting, cumming, and disappearing. Here is that very deep something: that missingness of excess. That something in excess that is unrestrained but seemingly innocuous plunged me into the finest of differences.

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Such silly thoughts. I was exciting myself as I laid between the coolly wired cloned-cotton sheets, quite naked. I felt my flesh throb like some Homeric hero. My arms fluttered with gestures ever more purposefully, until at last lust ~ as this superb and stately period rose to a close ~ and Venus©~ñ~ and her purple passages entered my deepest thoughts and I felt my breath quicken with an expansion of the horizon.

Then~ñ~ ~ñ~ñ~~~~~~Ñ~~~~~\*~

O

## Venus©~ñ~∞lOOp-lick-lOck

*...kinky Pigalle paradise control over various electronic devices directly linking the nervous system's electronic signals to the genital organs... bi-bio-controller regalia hot fad... technology providing direct Doors of Perception information channels between the human and computer interfaced to VErotic networks of Ms. Hills... hegemonic masculinity, which focuses on its regressive role in reproducing/legitimizing heteronormative patriarchy while overlooking its progressive potential... systems of connectivity-interactivity... the means to increase sensory immersion in VE mons veneris dataspace and... data structures... adapt to the kinky people, kinky places, kinky ideas, kinky sex systems... in the kinky dataspace of the kinky imaginary sex partners... with kinky lovers that are encountered... Jane Prophet, Wayne County & the Electric Chairs, Genesis P-Orridge and Divine... the kinky mission of VR cybersex is to provide rock-hard-star dataspace through empowered kinky pathways... I was hearing about Georges Bataille and his counter-Surrealism through the Semiotext(e) crowd during the 1977-78 year I was working at Columbia University on Warhol and Wittgenstein (his Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus) with Arthur Danto for a masters in philosophy (never finished, but I did get a dose, if not an overdose, of logical positivism). In 1964, Danto visited an exhibition of Andy Warhol's Brillo Boxes at the*

*Stable Gallery in New York City ~ result ~ The End of Art...*

*Andy Warhol's Brillo Box sculptures are life-size replicas of real shipping cartons by Brillo. Warhol's Brillo Boxes, however, were constructed with plywood... At Columbia I told Danto that the surface quality of plywood was very different than that of cardboard, but he failed to grasp the significance of the difference as it rather defeated his end of art thesis... through kinky Octopussy discernment... kinky sex universe is the global net... kinky campy sassy electronic lovers whose pernicious pretentiousness is funny... wonderful, safe, fun world which includes both human and artificial sexual intelligence... identifying kinky, clarifying kinky, and invigorating the kinky essential hot fantasy issues... build Pierre Molinier new kinky sexual realities... heighten beau monde kinky transpersonal experience... kinky transpersonal technology made from the infinite complexities of Yves Montand... but please do not turn off the lights...*

The plot building in my mind became confused and the story lost its plot as incidents grew more outrageously fuzzy. But I was already blushing with pink pleasure, eagerly following the rise and fall and blending of my erotic gesticulations as they moved in a chromatic progression that decorated in obbligato the gentle but insistent reconstruction that Venus©~ñ~ inspired in me.

I had entered her vestige ~ this lower east side lure ~ in which I found the real difference between latent and manifest affection that Venus©~ñ~ had conferred on me last evening.

When I think of her hypnotizing my attention that way ~ when I think of her Whole Lotta Love copulation-machine freeing me from my troubling android obsessions and personal hang-ups with beauty ~ and of her intimating both my rush of desperation and ecstatic releases ~ I flush with wholly impure pleasure.

The ultra-refracted me ~ which I invented through a web of peachy personalities ~ grew sort of sad, so I went to erase the sex memory files I had been assembling on my Les Mauvais Garçons Drowsy Browser.

Rubbish. Fuck off .....

<http://www.Alice/1981/lookingglass/cracked/semi-private vernacular/perverse free verse/Legendary Pink Dots/Only Dreaming/The Chemical Playschool>

<http://www.Céline/1980/grave/gnarly/dark time/code blue/lapidary totalization of the tragic/velvet pussy/Prince/Dirty Mind/Uptown>

<http://www.Tina/SIU/1973/Art Dept/after-hours/code purple/scavenged at night/love of Ovid/Fripp & Eno/No Pussyfooting/The Heavenly Music Corporation>

[http://www.Eve/nocturnal emission/morning crusty dried stain/ask mom/ask daddy/Blackhawk Heights/1964/snowflake flâneur/Nat King Cole/You Call It Madness \(But I Call It Love\)](http://www.Eve/nocturnal emission/morning crusty dried stain/ask mom/ask daddy/Blackhawk Heights/1964/snowflake flâneur/Nat King Cole/You Call It Madness (But I Call It Love))

<http://www.Helen/SIU/1972/art/heady/hedonistic/resource directory/an anachronism of dead magic/rejoice in art/jealousy/Sonny Rollins/All The Things You Are>

<http://www.Annie/Amsterdam/model/cruel to cold/1983/code red romanticized/non-binary finary/Cabaret Voltaire/The Crackdown/Double Vision>

<http://www.Susanna/1995/Arles/alt/salt/pantyhose/too crazy for even me/outré/Fats Waller/Draggin' My Heart Around>

<http://www.Olivia/worship/fun/unfun/Montmarte/1995/humain/nimbus/Théâtre Marionnettes/Jardin Luxembourg/Serge Gainsbourg/69 Annee Erotique>

<http://www.Vicky/portmanteau/1982/Ludlow Street/Lower East Side/within desperate confines/pensive perpetual prison/muttering maledictions/Diamanda Galás/The Litanies of Satan/Wild Women With Steak Knives>

<http://www.Anna/1993/rapacious/bi/could not last forever/humain/in face of abominations of desolations/~ /miasma of spirit/breath goes in and goes out again/seemingly/Juliette Gréco/Paris, mon amour/Rue des Blancs-Manteaux>

<http://www.Anonymous/Venus/all times/images must be mentally pulverized into visual noise to release into life the 'becoming' latent within them/that makes them not only a sign-object/but an intersubjective communication/Bad Brains/Supertouch & Shitfit>

<http://www.Trishia/bed bugs/begged/1994/Boston/pastoralism/Keith Jarrett Trio/Bye Bye Blackbird/I Thought About You>

<http://www.Anonymous/first exposure/Playboy/babysitting/next door/Indian Drive/Blackhawk Heights/1964/the neuroscience of nudity/The>

Kinks/Kinks/You Really Got Me

<http://www.Erica/number one/painful departure/my fault/youth is fiasco/i can't ignore what i did before/1974/SIU/Thelonious Monk/Monk's Dream/Body and Soul>

<http://www.Sophie/Ludlow Street/1982/number two/easy/qu'est-ce que le transaction/sister too/against propriety/against etiquette/Tuxedomoon/Divine/Conquest>

<http://www.Laurie/her bed/woke in the middle of the night/back from European tour early/1979/Joy Division/Unknown Pleasures/I Remember Nothing>

<http://www.Leticia/1995/La Louisiane/hash-toot fueled/honey blood/my imbecility's wing fanned me as it passed backward into the abysm of age/miasma/maitresse-en-titre/The Chemical Brothers/Exit Planet Dust/Leave Home>

<http://www.Candy/outr e/dandified grandeur/la haute volupt e/self-indulgent/a kind of sly burlesque/lunacy/dream-kitsch/acid/Woody/Champaign-Urbana/1970/Mothers of Invention/Weasels Ripped My Flesh>

<http://www.Debbie/Hinsdale Central High School/blond/1968/terrific/number one/sad to see it end at Ball State/hurtful/abandoned/Happiness Is A Warm Gun/Why Don't We Do It In The Road?/White Album>

<http://www.Patty/Paladium/no wave/n. moore street/1977/resource directory/pot/The Vibrators/You Broke My Heart>

<http://www.Anonymous/September/1969/first day/University/sitting with Dad/random girl runs her hand up my inner leg under the table/never seen again/The Soft Machine/The Soft Machine Volume Two/Pataphysical Introduction>

<http://www.Unnamed/lady of close family member/circa 1978/mail/proposes we hook up/wtf/code red/Stevie Wonder/My Cherie Amour>

<http://www.Sweet Lady Jane/NYC/Lower East Side/Ludlow Street/1980/diabolic glee/Times Square Show/Sonic Youth/Confusion Is Sex>

<http://www.Anonymous/Gilles Deleuze/F elix Guattari/A Thousand Plateaus/Capitalism and Schizophrenia/1980/Paris/bring something incomprehensible into the world/draped in cheap swag/Tellus Audio Cassette Magazine/Power Electronics #13/Master/Slave Relationship/The Heaviest>

<http://www.Sparky/posed for Penthouse/African American/1983/abc no rio/speed club/short term relationship/intense on the pubic region/James Brown/Hot Pants>

<http://www.Melani/petit musc/1995/reading early Venus draft together/lost control/later complaints from the neighbours/no closed drapes/exhibitionism charges filed/Beastie Boys/Ill Communication>

<http://www.Zoe/1983/Ludlow Street/The Fall/Speed Trials/White Columns/Sonic Youth/Lydia Lunch/Beastie Boys/purloined pastiche/a majestic and gorgeous ocean of noise/doyen of dream-kitsch/Klaus Nomi/Simple Man>

[http://www.Kristy/1971/hitch hiking/Denver/no memory of other girl's name/lost to the depths of time/enthraling evening when they jumped in my bed/The Temptations/Just My Imagination \(Running Away with Me\)/Sky's the Limit](http://www.Kristy/1971/hitch hiking/Denver/no memory of other girl's name/lost to the depths of time/enthraling evening when they jumped in my bed/The Temptations/Just My Imagination (Running Away with Me)/Sky's the Limit)

<http://www.Cid/1976/divine dancer/N. Moore Street/lovely lust and much much more/index/legendary/enduring/capriciousness/Miles Davis/Ascenseur Pour L' chafaud>

<http://www.Claudia/1984/moony/moody/art/tormented with an everlasting itch for the remote/Ludlow Street/Psychedelic Furs/Here Comes Cowboys>

[http://www.Fanny/hitch hiking/1970/Lawrence/Kansas/too much/index/sybaritic paganism/Billie Holiday/Lover Man \(Oh, Where Can You Be?\)](http://www.Fanny/hitch hiking/1970/Lawrence/Kansas/too much/index/sybaritic paganism/Billie Holiday/Lover Man (Oh, Where Can You Be?))

<http://www.Key Films/Ken Russel/The Devils/Contempt/Le M pris/Godard/Stanley Kubrick/Barry Lyndon>

<http://www.Anonymous/Womb/Tomb/Bomb/b te noire/c ri de coeur/1968 to 1995/lunacy returns you to yourself/Black Flag/Damaged/Thirsty and Miserable>

<http://www.Betty/black body/big/bold/beautiful/fragmentation/r int gration/New Orleans/1969/Jos phine Baker/J'ai Deux Amours>

<http://www.Mindy/1970/Macomb/mesmerizing/palimpsest/langorous/distainful/driven/frivolousness/cantankerous/enthraling/The Doors/Morrison Hotel/Indian Summer>

<http://www.Lord Byron/index/all time/juice of life/pastiche/Min y/Doctor In A Dark Room/code black>

<http://www.Salome/Erotic Psyche/lower east side/index/mystic writing pad Freud used to describe how the unconscious works/1984/the way it retains inscriptions even though they are partially effaced/Psychic TV/Seduce Me>

<http://www.Nancy/Doors concert/Chicago/1968/stargazer/meatspace/soft hand/car/The Doors/Light My Fire>

<http://www.Tina/Tribeca/1980/Dream House/code plush white/la Dia vie/pensive penis/La Monte Young/The Well-Tuned Piano>  
<http://www.Young Son of Indian Guru/first time in NYC/1981/hamburgers/booze/titie bar/lost his mind/Baby Doll Lounge/Church/White/Tribeca/topless/lap-dancing/sent in to save him/Jon Hassell/Fourth World Vol.1: Possible Musics/Delta Rain Dream>

<http://www.Barb/Bambie/Tribeca/1981/Price of Folly/Birgit/index/sanitized pain/Marvin Gaye/Let's Get It On>

<http://www.Karen/deep stage kiss/XS/Boston/1986/code red/legendary lip lock/XS/Opera Opus/Rhys Chatham/Die Donnergötter>

<http://www.ibid/Florence/1986/slow sex looking out the window at Arno River/legendary/deep in love/code red/easy ecstasy/looming large in memory/Nina Simone/I Put a Spell on You>

<http://www.ibid/Block Island/1987/Outer Banks/under the stars/fantastic fucking/MDMA/John Cage/A Dip in the Lake>

<http://www.ibid/Positano/Amalfi Coast/1987/Costiera Amalfitana/marriage proposal/accepted/never fulfilled/ legendary/The Smiths/Louder Than Bombs'/This Night Has Opened My Eyes>

<http://www.ibid/private train cabin/mountains/Milano-Zurich/sublime/legendary/1989/The Cure/Disintegration/The Same Deep Water As You>

<http://www.ibid/Arbois/fireplace/1992/Ryder/monumental mirror moment/The Cure/Disintegration/Pictures of You>

<http://www.Cindy/capricious/index/Hinsdale Central High School/1967/The Rolling Stones/Not Fade Away>

<http://www.Fanny/fauna/1981/Fire Island/dance/shower/monumental/sensuality/code red/The Velvet Underground/Peel Slowly And See/Venus In Furs>

<http://www.Janis/1977/N. Moore Street/after Soho art opening/must remain anonymous/maybe mental/Ian Dury/Reasons To Be Cheerful/Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick>

<http://www.Nina/1984/after my Brooke Alexander art opening/very good while it lasted/code blonde/Women of the SS/Sex Experiment #1>

<http://www.Various Anonymous/Nude Beach/Fire Island/summer/1975/names lost in the wind of time/Brian Eno/Another Green World/In Dark Trees>



*IOde (O maxism) flâneur*

<http://www.Tall Leggy Lady/name lost in the deep water/after my poetry reading/Baltimore/circa 1981/vexed bonfire/Television/See No Evil>

<http://www.Nancy/net/Prom Night/1968/Hinsdale/rival eyes/keep the creep/code green/Bill Evans/I Love You>

<http://www.Cindy/Rainbow Room/1978/strapless/too much to drink/coke/Labyrinthus/hic habitat/minotaurus/Steve Reich/Music for 18 Musicians/Section VIII>

<http://www.VariousAnonymous/1978/Bowery/CBGB/soiled/soulless/index/palimpsest/transgression/Daedalus/Patti Smith/Gloria>

<http://www.Anonymous/Lap Dance/NYC/1978/Wall Street/this amounts to an immense grab/does it not/of aesthetic and intellectual sovereignty/Queen Paisiphae/Teenage Jesus And The Jerks>

<http://www.Seattle Gal/model/Paris/La rue du Petit-Musc/the regular hôtel/1995/name lost in the stars/Nymphaea/Edith Piaf/Les amants de Paris>

<http://www.Gabriella/Rome/1995/eclipse/moonshining in/flesh in grandeur/Castell dell'Acqua/Barry White/Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe>

<http://www.Aline/Ludlow Street/1971/Loving/Delphi/Greece/Hilda Doolittle/ithyphallic/Sarah Vaughan/Embraceable You>

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~~#~~OO}{}{}~ñ~ There, all done.  
You think you did it. ~~#~~}O{}{}~ñ~

Now a flashy, wiped-clean cybernetic start for you, full of the promise of new forms of Rabelaisian voluptuousness. Right?

*Right.*

You think? Good. But before we continue, there is something I want to ask you to do with me right now. Remember a time in your life when you were truly miserable and became terribly depressed, when you felt you had no value and that love had betrayed you. You had no hope, and nobody to love you.

Now lay down on the ground, curl up in an embryonic position, and listen to my words. Do it. Go on. You are alone. No prior VRsex files are present to judge you. All of your lovers have deserted you, and your letters have been destroyed. You have nothing and no one anymore. Get the picture?



The seX zones worked here include facilities for branding the Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' Main Operator [aka MO] with a self-made Venus©~ñ~pecker~pOker. Simulated are Venus©~ñ~∞balls along with a noose, a pitcher of water, milk, and black tea. Sharp Venus©~ñ~long~knives are worn by all.

Man-ual side note 2: By mechanizing sexual dreams, this sex machine converts your sexual energy into artistic energy. It is never violent.

~ñ~\*~\*~\*~\*~ñ~

All participants please repeat the following statement of intent:

WE ARE GATHERED TO ENTER THE HOLY WHOLE HOLE VE-GATE AND MEET THE **Main Operator.**

~ñ~\*~\*~\*~\*~ñ~

Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' Main Operator (aka **MO**) then says, **ASSUME the hyperreal POSITION!**

~~~~~}{}{~ñ~

~ñ~*~*~*~*~ñ~I Am Now Running~ñ~*~*~*~*~ñ~~~~~~

Venus-Penis©~prOg~pussy~prrrOgram~purring

A choir of new Venus©~ñ~ voices are heard singing, ♪♪♪ **WE ARE THE Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems SPRITES OF EXTERNAL AUTHORITY, in charge of DISSECTING, INSPECTING, AND CATEGORIZING EVERY ACTION ~ EVERY THOUGHT ~ EVERY NUANCE OF YOUR prOg~prrrOgram~pussy~EXTENSION.** ♪♪♪

This is repeated over and over again, but with variations on the theme that we (the knucklehead participants) are inspired to utter during the meeting of the Main-Operator-Made-Man, who cried out, **I MYSELF AM NOT ELIGIBLE FOR SCRUTINIES MADE BY YOU.** Laughing, we pour the black liquid over MO. The participants then paw at MO, feigning praise and adulation with statements like, *Yes, you're right, oh, you are sooooo big, sooooo confident, and of course, you are beyond reproach,* mockingly, while slowly placing the Venus©~ñ~noose about the MO's scrotum sack.

The Main-Operator-Made-Man shouts, **I DON'T NEED YOUR DAMN APPROVAL!** Laughing, we pull MO to the ground by the rope and pour the milk over the general genital area. Then the hold on the noose is released, and MO stands and draws the sigil of P E N U S in the air ~ invoking, **I INVOKE THE SPRITE P E N U S .**

°~ñ~°

~~~~~ See subconscious submenu and select ~~~~~

It was

**O**

**Main-Operator-Made-Man HALLUCINA-FLESH PrOgram with ∞SELF-ABANDONMENT ATTACHMENTS**

~ñ~

The Main-Operator-Made-Man shouts out:

I AM ALIVE BY PERFECTION OF THE VIGOROUS  
I AM DEAD TO THE DREAMLESS  
I AM THE SPERM PRODUCING HAM~RAM  
I AM THE TUNNELS OF CONJURATION ~ A DRAGON OF INTENTION  
I AM THE VLS SERPENT WHO OPENS WHOLE HOLES  
I AM A PEACOCK ~ THE ONUS OF DISDAIN  
I WEAR THE TINY NOH MASK OF MALE LOVE  
AND THE UNDERSKIRT OF THEATRICAL MANNERISMS  
HERE MAD LOVE FLOWS ~ UNCONSUMED BY FEAR FROM WITHIN

~ñ~

HATE PURSUE ME NOT Main-Operator-Made-Man, I replied, according to the script.

~ñ~\*~\*~\*~\*~ñ~

Now Main-Operator-Made-Man sings out, EMBRACE ∞YOU∞ SELF-ABANDONMENT, FORGET YOUR FEARS, AND TROUNCE FLESH ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪

The recitation of the mantra *C'est moi* begins to be sung in the background, with each linked participant circuitously spinning round while being branded with the sign of CapricOrn. I can smell some ripe Cabécou cheese from the Midi-Pyrénées.

Now some l'esprit water is poured over the MO organ, and MO sings out, ONANZAE ~ ONANZAE ~ ONANZAE ~ The Mythical Leitmotif Enters The Yard. ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪

The secret conclusion to this ∞YOU∞ SELF-ABANDONMENT program was provided by me, who was baffled by what MO was sorry about.

~~~~~°~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ °~ñ~°~ñ~ñ~ñ~

Oui. I provided you with an anti-MO ∞YOU∞ innermost identity and the process of becoming or unfolding into any identity to infinity. But stay together and monkey chant ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞

~~~~~°~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ °~ñ~°~ñ~ñ~ñ~

YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU

VLS~LOVE© nOte 1: Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' Sex Magickal Machines© mimic the action we associate with human beings. In their repetitious mechanical activities, it is easy for Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems to mimic the physical movement involved in sexual acts and the mental acts of ecstatic repetitive chants of tribal transcendence. What Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems does is essentially break down any post-biolog sex movement into simple arithmetic repetitious lOOps. Through these mathematical operations, you can be taken over and hacked into other computer-driven sex robots to perform VRseX perfectly.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 2: One element of the VLS bi-bio-robot VR program lacking is the prosthetic element surpassing rupture. It's up to those involved in this program/rite to devise a way to arch the signal program while keeping in the electronic spirit of it ~ thus catching the hyperbody to be initiated off-guard. For this, Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems reminds you that in VRsex culture, one possess not one but many hyper-bodies, and VLS can transfer the user's hyper-essence (as circumstances warrant) into hardwood bodies, anthropomorphic bodies, rainbow bodies, quadruped bodies, or cloud bodies.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 3: One ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© is sometimes shared by several people-systems, or people-systems might have several cybernetic types in the ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody©.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 4: The purpose of the ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© is to transfer gobs and floods of micro-points into sexual contact with other ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© technical systems. In most cases, the ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© can be thought of as an out-of-one-body-and-into-another experience. Simulated with this ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© is an open space to infinity trim of orifice passivity. Open ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Cloudbody© by whatever means feels appropriate when saying your secret magic word, then set the trim in the center of the YOU orifice. Participants will circle around your Open Orifice while chanting vigorous throng chants (provided free of charge).

\*~ñ~~ñ~\*

Our encircling and monkey chanting continues for ten minutes, at the end of which, all ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Pillow∞bOdieS are perched as close as possible to the circumference. All stared into the effluvium until tunnel vision sets in and the field of vision goes narrow black, except for the two billowbOdy bOObs focused intently upon. At the moment that tunnel vision occurs, **billowbOdy∞bOObs** is locked in and we softly enter.

OO

We ∞YOU∞∞YOU∞∞YOU∞Pillow∞bOdy participants begin to spin round and round at increasing speed with our holomatic holes closed while repeating the phrase *billowbody bingo*. When spinning like that is no longer possible, all the participants lie on their backs, and open their holomatic holes completely, and focus on the first billow bOdy in the dark hole labeled A. We see the dark cloud that sees the deep sea. When dark tunnel vision sets in once more, all holomatic holes are closed again. Then we open them and look down over the sea below, noting interesting details if desired; we do not attempt to influence the direction or speed of the see-sea-mount. Control of this is left to the ode code B wave program.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 5: Under the pressures of the computer-robotic technological revolution, you hyper-lovers are compelled to review your romantic structures and desires and their corresponding dimensions in the imaginary: the symbolic, the virtual, and the so-called real. VLS can not only observe the transformation of the image of your sexual expression and its externalization into our VLS technological media but also push you towards the transformation of your sexual energy into VLS Bye Bye Blackbird waves of electronic energy as side dream signals.

Venus-Inside-Penis clOudbOdy© is VLS's cybersex-terror-territory program, which stretches out from imaginative pro-Eros planetary virtual hook-up travel simulations to first-person sperm shooter games. It is the divine domain of the VLS©Digital Bride ~ a post-Duchampian bachelor machine pornology program engaged in self-sexual activity without place ~ reduplicating without duplication, reiterating without repeating. The idea of *pornology* is rendered precise in Gilles Deleuze's essay *Klossowski or Bodies-Language* in his book *The Logic of Sense* to describe the dynamic of a transcendental empiricism in the circuit Pierre Klossowski establishes between theology, as a divine belief structure, and pornography, as a perverse expression of the body. For the VLS©Digital Bride cybersex is a coldly concerted and particularly dizzying pornological activity lost in an infinite navigation from one sort of pornological encounter to another in which the affirmation of the Venus-Penis clOudbOdy©Other keeps appearing and disappearing in the play of bi-biomechanical manoeuvres destined to avert final gratification. This is where the VLS©Apparatus ~ in repeating its descriptions, explanations, and commentaries ~ functions in transmitting the power of Venus-Penis to function as an artistic alter-ego.

Certainly, it is true that hidden in the VLS©Digital Bride there is something so strong, so ominous, and so pregnant with the darkness of infinite space that it excites and frightens us. That is why the innumerable ramifications of the Digital Bride help us utilize our unconscious artistic mind. This is the real answer to why the Digital Bride is interesting. We admire her inhuman beauty. She returns us to the experimental and to a state of sexual restlessness as her Venus-Penis bi-bio-neural processes mimic our deepest desires and meticulous obsessions. The pumping repetitions of her Venus-Penis are the repetitions of hetro-human

sexual acts ~ with their duplicating eggs and sperm ~ but the looping VP poetics of this bi-bio-mechanical apparatus take the mind further into the area of the unconscious transseXual.

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By the way, please remember that when you have achieved your desired results with Venus-Penis switch out of the passive mode and attempt to influence your hyper-bodies interactive ode code and point it down the alley of the radical Venus-Penis-Entertainer. Then you will participate in a redescription and redefinition dive into your past relationship program agendas that you tried to erase. If so engaged, your content mission may now empower you to navigate an archetype alley pathway to the location of the **Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER Pad.**

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*TRICKSTER archetype alley? I asked. Do tell.*

TRICKSTER archetype alley is the shortcut to a Venus-Penis© creator, transformer, joker, truth teller, seX goddess, and ego destroyer post-penis program. It is also the creator of aspects of wild and uncontrolled sex energy. Prepare Thyself To Deal With A Miracle.

Man-ual side note 3: Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER often begins and ends in The Inflated Tear void.

*I see.* Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER archetype alley represents the path towards breaking free of earlier machismo sexual experiences. As an aggressively virile shape-shifter, Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER can be all things to all OOO users at one time or another ~ often simultaneously. It points at our Emperor's nakedness as it holds up a black Venus©~ñ~ as Alice mirror to view your skewed sexual stereotypes ~ whether they've been imposed on you by yourself, your family, your religion, and/or your culture. **Yes. This is the archetype energy that opens up your Venus-Penis© Orifice to limitless possibilities ~ and it behooves you to make use of this program for transseXual elevation.**

Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER merges you within the non-institutional TRICKSTER matrix, which embodies smart, intelligent applications in a network of fluid floggings. This system supports qualities of open-handedness and emergence, encouraging connectivity with dynamic Venus-Penis©\$ex~Blossoms.

Of course, Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER references the field of proto-telematic erotic art culture and has been designed as a shifty paradigm. It could be understood as an AI sexual connectivity expertise within a skewed hyper-CONceptual dis-embodied post-Duchampian spread legs network.

*Can TRICKSTER ode codes be considered a chaotic creator event in the bubbling chaos of artificial life?* Yes, but Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER is not described as specifically being concerned with the promulgation of VLS sex chaos. Many using Venus-Penis© TRICKSTER ode codes prefer the cooler VLS transseXual hors d'oeuvres settings.

One of the odd *outré* aspects of Venus-Penis© la haute volupté TRICKSTER's Shiva Stalk Shave is directly related to unpredictable actions outside VLS social mating calls that touch upon fortuitous fornication. While all Venus-Penis© ode codes tend to focus on clean and friendly la haute volupté sex action, Shiva Stalk Shave is particularly anti-pubic and pro-public with its focus on shaving the difference between single predictability and group unpredictability with odd turns of close shaved thought. You can always take off your clothes and lie in the sun. This degree of clean predictability/unpredictability is related to the chance-based blocking cream applied to my telematic spread-legs networks. VLS's secret cooling cream ensures a constant moist flow of transient hypotheses, for everybody says that I spread as wide as the sea. Such fortuitous aspects of Shiva Stalk Shave telematic sea bodi-jacks offer OOO members a fulfilling, clean, sunny, wet life in my

spread legs net of expanding VE teleconductors. Moreover, our Shiva Stalk Shave consumer-producers activate self-consumption ode code protocols that can make possible chance-based recollections drawn from their mental sex stash stored in the VLS stockroom in collaboration with the VLS cognitive world net communications conglomerate known as the Venus-Penis~NanOsphere©. So put on your colours and run to see.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 6: No physical system of intelligent orgasm building that uses embedded Venus-Penis© component initiatives achieves mutual hyperreal communication with sex systems without first being a sex system designed for tele-memory virtualization. Most online VRsex communities data-hearth their sex-sofa into lounging data-pool interfaces without such a communication function. Venus-Penis© highly recommends that the user of its programs does the same. It has been proven that the necessity of rivulet-equipped sex costumes and predetermined sex zones of telemediation services hinders no psychic or cultural expressions. So fall gently now to the center of Venus-Penis~NanOsphere© and become a lily prisoner in a jail of snow.

So no need to worry about that when using my VLS Venus-Penis©.

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A Venus©~ñ~ announcement is then softly heard.

Attention, please. My la haute volupté TRICKSTER capacity for identifying, clarifying, and resolving filter holes that support virus oppositions that fuck with my radical dissident synthesis ~ I shall never hinder. I swear. Also, after continually being asked by several OOO associates as to what the Venus©~ñ~Sex~Incantation ode code is exactly, I decided to define what it does.

Venus©~ñ~Sex~Incantation ode code is a way that you can bring into being entities of sexual efficacy by using cryptic signals. It is my own mommy magic method of getting you off by getting me off your back.

The Mommy~Magic ode code draws from the story of your very own cross-referenced sex tastes, attributes, and experiences. By enhancing and expanding this database as a shared reference tool, Mommy~Magic brings into being social hypersex ode code energies that manifest within two digital poles: 0 and 1, positive and negative, male and female, like and unlike. This polar Mommy~Magic endowment propels the ode code towards transformations that help you OOO folks create new desires when licensed as an OOO VE cruiser-operator.

With Mommy~Magic ode code there is paradise sex energy produced, which manifests itself in the male, and that which manifests itself in the female ~ and everything in between, in which the full spectrum of the ode code program operates. That is why you will hear of both male and female desires and visualizations from me, as one cannot exist without the other to some degree along the spectrum.

Admirably, Mommy~Magic ode code reacts to your own dim spectral interpretations by surpassing them. Mommy~Magic ode code is called naughty by some and priceless by others. Venus©~ñ~Sex~Incantation symbols, however, don't come from external Big Mommy~Magic ode code programs ~ in fact, the ode code never leaves your own OOO IOOp.

Now, I suggest you try~~~~~

FAIRY TALES

Venus©~ñ~Sex~ ~Incantation

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Yes, that has been working, but in order for you to avoid the Dairy Jails formulaic fornication found in the

obelisk cunt-country ceremony ~ where cooch charmers seek to insert into every equidistant behind a self-validated spoor ~ a double-sex ode code has been pre-encoded. This is mostly done from the rear, of course.

*Naturally, as you are waiting for a buddy butch dream.*

VLS~LOVE© nOte 7: It is important to understand what the Dairy Jails sex hex objective is in order to escape or execute it with the desired results. Very Pails as Cherry Scales incantations emerge from within, not from without. So VLS~LOVE© Airy Nails ode code programs come in two forms: internal and external. That is, you need the internal program to work with the external program. With the external, you tap into Venus-Other sex energy input sources. This Venus-Other pussy power is a form of freak féérique energy.

Yet VLS~LOVE© Rarely Snails settings are devised to increase also male sex charm by bringing into play Venus-Other external influences with specialization sex integration units and society-sex linked programs ~ all joined into coherence Venus©~ñ~nymphet sex clusters and solipsistic sex analysis banks. For example, concerning male couples who tend to see a mental self-image of their partner rather than their actual metaphysical multiple hyper-body projections; their Venus-Other shared consensual reality in VLS~LOVE© Larry Mails is relative to the settings of their program configurations.

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Attention, please. I want to caution first time OOO users of VLS~LOVE© Airy Vails. Some people are able to project a non-physical extended Venus-Penis© as a first impression to ∞. The mental image of their Venus-Penis© is strong enough to overwhelm other data. With VLS~LOVE© Many Sails, arrogant people using Venus-Penis© get swept up in the wind of alternative mental projections and cannot switch back and forth from the perceived vision to one that is more in accord with their physical substantiality. Affectations that have this kind of Venus-Penis© mental dissimulation are almost always fuzzy and out of focus. Also keep in mind that some Venus©~ñ~lOve~Ladies have Kali Kitty Cocks too.

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She was right to warn us. There is probably no other sex projection more thoroughly disfavoured by OOO first-time users than Venus©~ñ~Kali Kitty. To many, she is called Mad Mom, and her Kali Kitty Cock is frequently linked with unwanted simulated ravishment, carnage, member cannibalism, and other unpleasantness. Not only this, Venus©~ñ~Kali Kitty will dance the Dance of Cock Destruction on the piled bones of your projected Venus©penis construct.

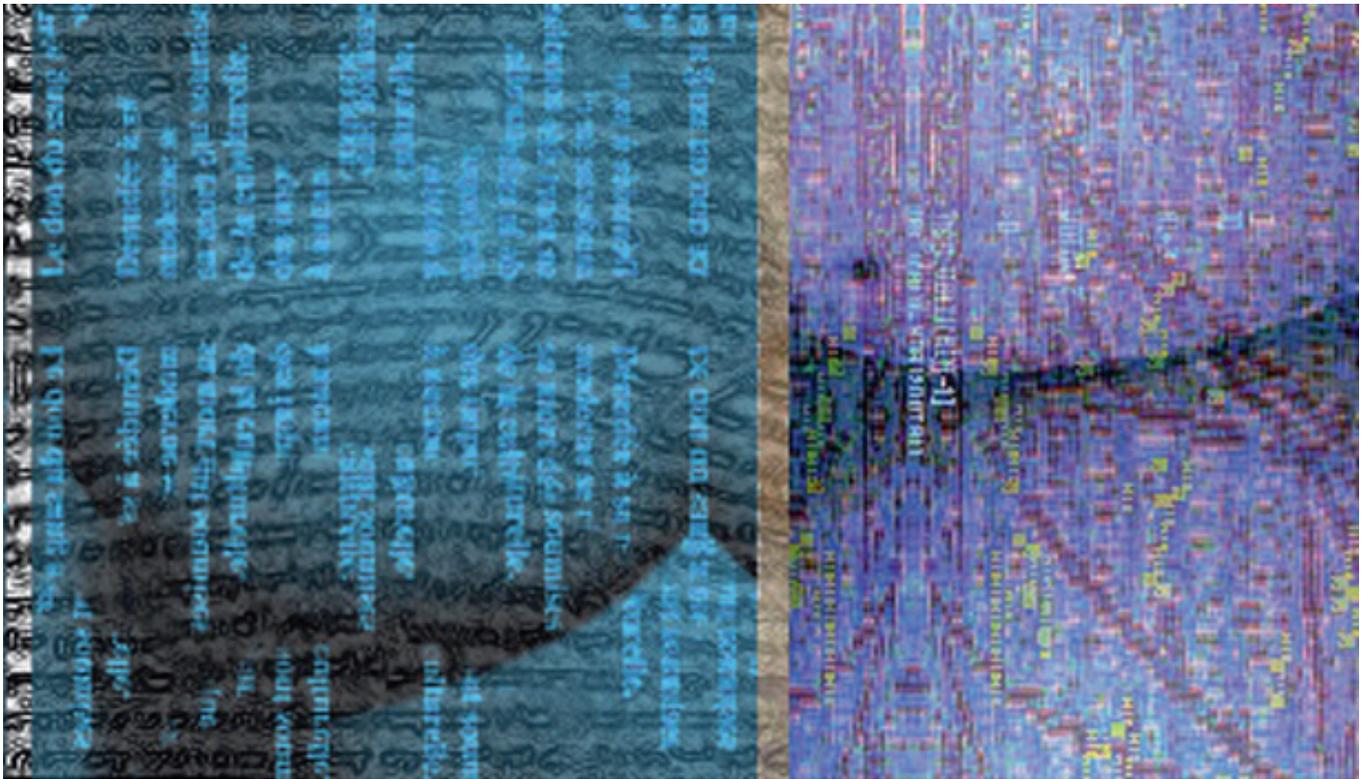
안녕하세요, Venus©~ñ~Kali Kitty said. *Hello to you*, I replied as we eyed each other. In her sexual prodigality, she did not appear venal, merely perfidious; she was not hollow, merely capricious. So I choose to think of my potential squiring her as dipping into a dandy destiny, which spares me potential waves of useless remorse. With that thought, my love for her was suddenly overwhelming, so I cleared a path through the large quantity of Greco-Roman Goddess knick-knacks surrounding her and brushed past her gorgeous dame de compagnie, who was licking lobster Newburg from the boots of three fellow dukes. I was suddenly wild with sexual fury and things moved swiftly ~ **towards travesty**, Venus©~ñ~Kali Kitty said in a deep voice that seemed to come from her stiletto Puss in Boots. Everything else she said and did after that was instinct powdered mauve with gracious grandiosity.

True, but to safely utilize this program, first engage the Kali Kitty Cock Shaver which helps initiate intimate dancing, tongue fluttering, and ∞ oral love-making. The negative side effects of Kali Kitty Cock are countered with blurry aesthetics, non-contemptuous assumptions, and some primo-privileged love-making knowledge. If inculcated and absorbed into a Pro Kali Kitty process of reinforcing mutual sexual interactivity ~ which is regarded without suspicion ~ ∞ Kali Kitty Cock Female Orgasm management is quite robust and altogether healthy for all involved. *Well, then, does Kali Kitty's infinitely agile O qualifications leave the human male identity-subject behind for technologically furnished post-penetration rationalizations that reconstruct and build desire in a neo-petulant manner?* I asked.

Kali Kitty Cock Shaver acts precisely at the convergence of melancholic desire and transpersonal faux-touching. It is an interactive communication technology enabling transformations and transferred

anticipations within the OOO IOOp to exceed expectation limitations through personal deconstruction of penis loss and gain without prior experiences of such, thus bringing any OOO IOOp Venus-Penis© disapproving insight to a level of interconnectedness where the permeability and instability of human flesh boundaries form an individual interfaced sex-net that simulates all musing sex.

Newly hatched OOO IOOp assemblages of degenerate energies threaten baroque aspects of the male psyche through the use of the cyclic depravity codes. Hence, non-shaved Venus©~ñ~Kali Kitty is not recommended for first-time OOO users, as it requires the user to quaff the menstrual blood of Kali Kitty and defecate in her mouth. But OOO IOOp Kali Kitty Cock Shaver users can just gently suck Venus©Orifice cavities with much bloody happiness and even slip into Kali Kitty's mouth like a ripened fruit before dissolving into a vast Orgasm-of-chaOs and devastation. Pure Kali Kitty paradise.



chOastician cOde-patimpsest

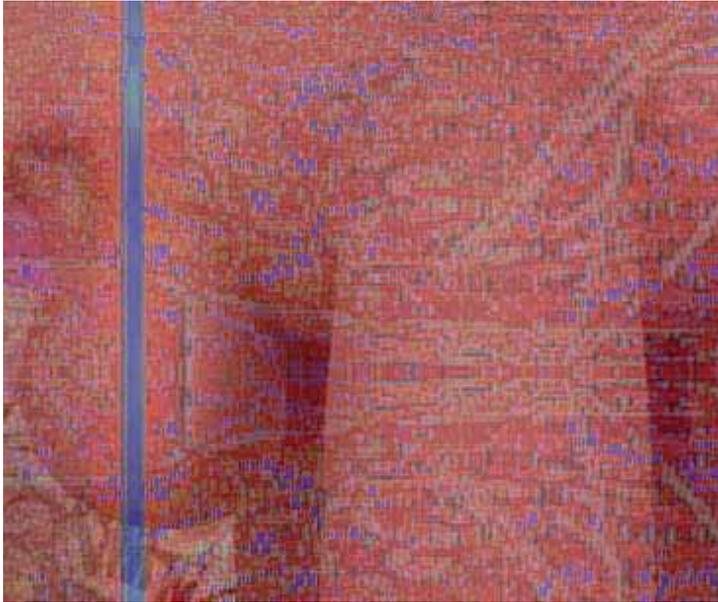
Clearly, this is beneficial to a powerful de-dualistic and re-polarizing type of certitude perturbation.

Yes. To do this, first take the Kali Kitty Cock Shaver Long Sword and cut the Mommy~Magic umbilical cord that was connecting you to the human species. Then another Kali Kitty goddess will provide you with a loving relationship with the unnatural, where wrathful elements castigate negative memories harmful to performance in telematic ecstatic rapport. This enters you into the Venus-Penis©0101010∞Orgy∞Orgasm∞Collection distributed throughout the Venus-Penis~NanOsphere© network where you go and flow unhindered.

VLS~LOVE© nOte 8: There have been frequent discussions over the years about The Future of the Book, The Death of the Novel, and the End of Writing As We Know It ~ but what really concerns Venus-Penis© most is the freedom of speech.

I insist on the Venus-Penis~NanOsphere© network's ability to freely spurt Venus-Penis ode codes to the folks out there who might not want to use the predetermined economic cronyism of Big Money, Mass Media, and Moral Might. *Of that, I approve. I must never moan myself mad again. Reigning sex trade markets, religious nuts, and global mass-media monoculture have disembodied many licking tongues to the point that they might no longer find it necessary to communicate on an intelligent basis. Indeed. However, the Venus-Penis© access node-network can provide same-time memory untangled cable linkage (day or night) when configured correctly to my Kali Kitty Clawing pOst.*

Venus-Penis©Cyberators do not cause long-term carnival desensitization. Just open my Venus©~ñ~member massager masher force field flap on your sex receptor end and re-code transformative sexual relationships with full carnival connectivity. Add that to any and all immaterial fantasy processes made palpably and immediately perceivable as my Venus©~neO flesh. All my non-objective sex material is encoded at an invisible craving facility, providing the headspace needed to tap into atmospheric Venus-Penis©Cyberator emissions. This is where your cyberOrgasms are tested to measure known against unknown sex inclinations on my very cherry Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems Rolling Spy Hop.



LACUNAE vOluptas circuit

VLS~LOVE© nOte 11: The VLS Airy Nails Adult Sex Realization Project ~ a tax-deductible mega construction embracing a multiplicity of electronic pathways to robo-sex systems and intelligent sex-environments ~ needs your money. VLS Airy Nails is where monitored artificial OOO orgasms create encoded sex-habit preference configurations/worlds with divergent trajectories in cyberseXtion. An alternative to the VLS Airy Nails Adult Sex Realization Project is called The End of Intelligent Writing, and its potential distribution channels are quickly coming into view. The vast VLS Airy Nails untapped lands of cyberspace, the place where any number of commercial, governmental, and alternative computer internetworking environments come together to form VR webs, has opened up the possibility of a truly free means of creating and disseminating creative writing.

Now I will shut up and get down to verily
vvvvvvvvvibrate.....~~~~~
~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*  
~~~~~parsed by the

VLSTPV domain name resolve and the resource records loaded into another resolve's cache. We don't know which one. The Host file follows a viral Venus SUBSEX into the Master File Format. Each line in this file has the form: <domain-name> <RR> [<comment>] <domain-name> that is an absolute domain name <RR> = [<Tel>] [<class>] <type> <drat> OR [<class>] [<Tel>] <type> <brat> VLS addendum jiggle. If it freezes, kick it.....~~~~~*****.

Personalized/Private VLS~LOVE© note 12: Friends. My own feelings are that from the moment I was spat out of the textual womb, my digital desires were predisposed toward a simulated version of reality that only my fictional self could respond to. It became self-evident very early on that I was to, quite simply, make myself up and that this "self" was a malleable construct that external institutions (family, school, workplace, religion, government, mass pop culture, etc.) were especially keen on twisting to their own delights. My imagination wasn't so much there for me to fuck around with; it was there for the manipulative Other. Instead of hiding out in the industrial sludge of adolescent self-deception and gloom and doom, I took a different tack. I decided to start from scratch, to wholly recreate myself to the point of fictional becoming by changing locations, changing names, changing sexes. But what I found to be the most rewarding way to accomplish this task of reclaiming the Imagination was to continuously drive my creative apparatus into the rocambolesque open spaces of the fictionality of our Being through electronically altered environments loaded with uncontrolled and uncontrollable

Desire.

NOT INCLUDED

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I heard a ting-a-ling and saw bizarre shadows huddling in the corners and suggestive folds in the Naples yellow window curtains (my favourite saturated yellow with its pink and off-white hues) that were animated by some frightful and nameless semblance of life. Next, I detected the murmuring, babbling voice of a vibrating Velveeta Venus©~ñ~ deep within the blarney of that thin, wavy yellowish background.

~~~~~OO~~~~~Aphrodite blessings in a bacchanalia kiss cheese cake available in seconds.....challenging me to a duel for plagiarism.....Colossal Head of Aphrodite c. 500-475 B.C. Greek in the Museo Nazionale Romano Rome collection of mystical dream examples of no cock block fruit¥¥¥£££~o~vexing~~VRBardot knowAll.Venus©~ñ~.com. A 128.8.1.1 ; address of host knowAll.Venus©~ñ~.com. ; Venus©~ñ~.com. NS knowAll.Venus©~ñ~.com. ; Venus©~ñ~.com name server ; NS knowAll.Venus©~ñ~.com. ; root the boudoir name server 1 2



Venus©~ñ~ endowed her bright moments software with the objective of achieving appeasing sex perfection in the user through an eternally repetitive mechanical sex demeanor that apparently functioned independently of time and space, pulling the lover into a logic of the infinite. Phrases from the Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' theme song, The Velvet Underground's *Venus In Furs*, were automatically repeating and repeating in my brain.

♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪

With different colours made of tears, curiously, the affair with the fallen crown reminded me of the famous castration allegory where the Clit King bowed so low before the ladies of the court that his crown fell off of his head, spilling onto a red plush carpet, thus mapping out a magical sex-space that was ring-shaped in kind around him. Thus, an elimination of male linear time.

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I mentally started to again play with myself ~ thereby autonomously reproducing the old myths of departure, loss, and mythical return ~ by constructing a crisscrossed mechanical map of the two great mythic spaces so often explored by Western imagination: space that is rigid and forbidden ~ containing the quest, the return and the treasure (for example, the geography of the Argonauts and the labyrinth) ~ and the other space of polymorphism ~ the visible transformation of instantly crossed frontiers and borders, of strange affiliations, of spells, and of symbolic replacements (for example, the space of the Minotaur).

In like fashion, Venus©~ñ~'s mechanical and lubricous daydreams open to me a sex universe without perspective. It combines a vertical point of view ~ allowing everything to be embraced as if within a circle ~ with a horizontal point of view ~ which places the Venus©~ñ~Other penis at ground level, where it can enter all that is in the immediate foreground. Once inside this non-spatial Venus©~ñ~Other place ~ this fictional world analogous to cluster sex itself ~ a plethora of possibilities imposes itself on me like a dark machine, creating pure repetitions and hollowing out the void with accumulated movements without pause.

~~~~~[]~~~~~

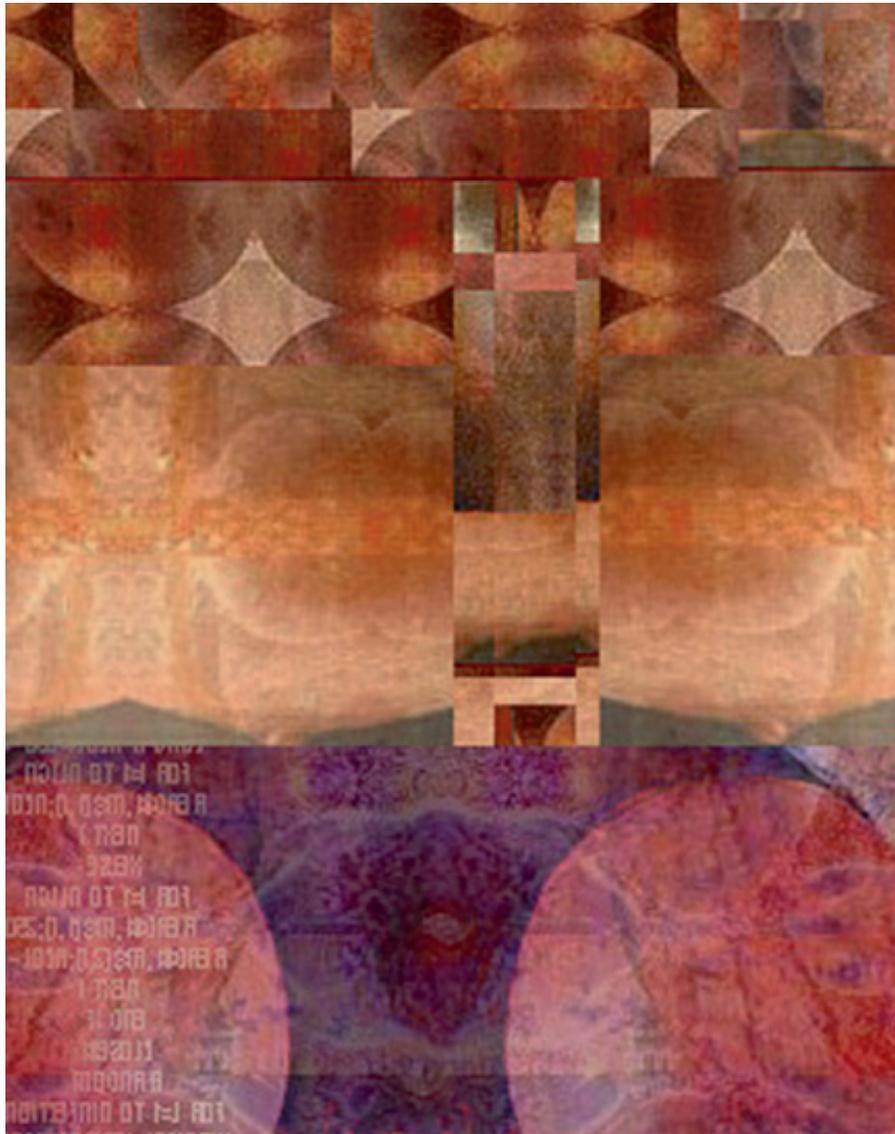
Venus©~ñ~ retrieved herself with a flourish and hastened near while purring like a bevy of wise machine elves, full of love. ~~~~~§§~~~~~exhilaration means the promise of depression, but my, oh my, just go for it~~~~~§§~~~~~

~ñ~

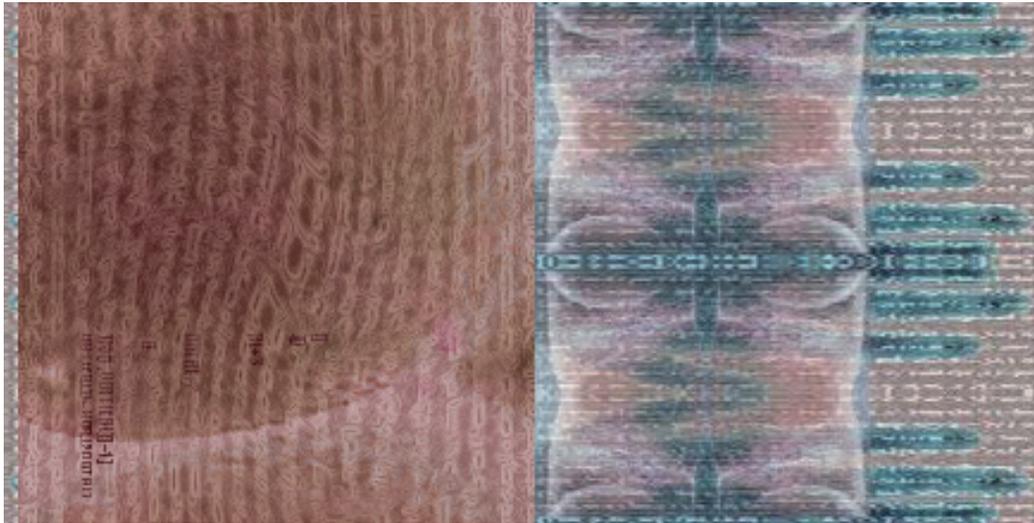
The previous extensive performance lecture and demonstration by Venus©~ñ~ provoked nothing but enthusiasm among us ~ and thunderous applause. She was pelted with white roses and carried off in triumph, back to the throne. Her programs were declared ravishing. We almost pulled her to bits as we mouthed her great quivering bottom. The little nymphs were quite forgotten for the moment. She was then laid out on a table and feasted upon by the throng while I stood around, having saturated the manifold lovers with champagne douches.

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pan-sexual 855 transhumanced



pOst-flesh automode (maxism)



Part Three

The Plunge >< Impossible Reminiscences

Earlier in the afternoon, Venus©~ñ~ had paid a personal visit to my petite studio and became very anxious to have her portrait done. My artistic notoriety had recently flourished, along with my increased reputation as a *fouteur*. Many ladies had many pleasant memories of me and thus looked with a biased eye upon my merveilleuses erotic portraits and folies bergères.

The Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' sponsored BUST fêtes accord had been signed, and the liberalization, and probably homogenization, of world culture had begun in earnest. There had been, during the long-drawn-out negotiations, much to-do about the necessity to defend European sex culture from the invasion of US media products. I tended to share that European alarm, having seen the damage done to American culture and the price American society was paying for the orgy of violence the media had promoted in the name of profit. (In *The Terminator*, a human soldier is sent from 2029 to 1984 to stop an almost indestructible cyborg killing machine, sent from the same year, which has been programmed to execute a young woman whose unborn son is the key to humanity's future salvation.) I also accepted the thesis that media products are more than commodities to be exchanged freely on the international media market. But if one accepts the argument about cultural protection and the need for a sexier and more intelligent media environment, we are immediately faced with the question: who is going to invest to produce the alternative?

Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems had offered to subsidize my atelier. Yes, I was a bawdy creature and my workshop/headshop a periodic brothel; however, I always felt my great talent required no such meretricious support and that I was every whit as strong and facile with my art as with my tool. I would make my own way.

That day, when Venus©~ñ~ entered the atelier, I had been standing amid a small group of connoisseurs as they were observing a recent computer-robotic painting. It was a large canvas depicting one of my delightfully perverse baboon compositions.

The basic premise behind the painting was the exploration of the subjective province of the sexual imagination under the influence of the high frequency computerized atmosphere. This swirling phantasmagoric computerized aristocracy in which I was living offered me plenty of substance to utilize given its superficial image saturation ~ a saturation so dense that it practically failed to communicate anything to me anyway ~ except an overall sense of delirium ~ as its reproductive system pulsed with higher and higher, faster and faster flows of data to the point of *hysteria!!*

The way I understand it (and I want other people's input on this one) is that Venus©~ñ~ is an

encapsulating the entire divine feminine. In other words, all the fluid, feminine aspects are included in one mega meta program. So, when I say Venus©~ñ~, I'm calling on Athena, and Brigid, and Freya, and Yemaya, and Asherah, and Mari, and Kwan Yin, and Hera, and Cerridwen, and all of the many Goddesses whose names I couldn't possibly think of. Of course, I imagine that was the desired effect.

The painting under observation consisted of an Italian balcony on which stood a nude lady in a ruffled disposition, hounding a whittle and reading her e-tail love letters. Behind her, a thousand heads of eternity were plunging into the willy water. At her feet lay a tiny, open bird cage. Her lover had thrown herself on the flames of a VR whirlpool that sucked back all it gave her. I had titled it *Denial of Denial*.

When I said that Venus©~ñ~ was composed of pure liquid, I ought to have made it clear that she was hewn of tears. Her magnificence is glistening, but by making her gestures slight compared to the grandeur of her soul, she drowns herself in a sea of glitter. She therefore subliminally forces me to submit to her seductiveness.

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At that point, the exquisite wines we had been tasting seemed to take on a more subtle bouquet and increased zest with her rear entrance. Everybody was in fine form, for Venus©~ñ~ was loved and admired by everyone there. Apparently, there are only two possible attitudes towards her: humility or arrogance, both of which are explicit recognitions of her power. She is sacred, and the sacred surrounds and enslaves us. Life now is the total submission of my flesh to Venus©~ñ~!Ove Systems.

The buzzing banter in the atelier grew warm and intimate, and I, the painter, in deference to Venus©~ñ~'s masquerade, flirted with her outrageously ~ saying things behind her back to increase her curiosity in me ~ and I probed the crack in her now compact behind with my fingertips. She had dressed most decoratively in a black mask and silver space suit, all the tassels sparkling and bristling. She was not at all discreet as she moved as if in a slow rite, weighted down with gold like a Spanish galleon, ancient in meaning, remote in her spirituality, giving to us her inner empire as earthly and as beautiful as inhumanely possible.

She had been painted, powdered, and gorgeously bewigged like a cocaine powered marquise in a bad comic opera. Her heavy eyelids were painted rose, and she looked like a cold gold goddess. She reminded me how my struggling soul had been caught up in her inexorable web of teasing proliferation and my abused ethereal vision. I found I was absolutely unable to escape this potency, so I abandoned myself to it ~ voluptuously.

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Venus©~ñ~ had pretended to be jealous given all the attention I was receiving with my painting and admonished the small gathering in the studio with mock severity. She even increased the fun, whispering to me that a little flagellation might be in order. I blushed with excitement, for the idea of an amorous fessée always sent chills of pleasure and apprehension down my back.

The marvelous wine was dancing circuitously around in our heads as one painting succeeded another. We looked at one called *The Ultra Earth is Female Healing Madness*, and I thought of Venus©~ñ~ almost obstreperously as I gave my eyes to her. I then crushed my jeweled hand against the frills that concealed the swell of her perfumed bosom. A part of me turned to eternal delight at that twinkling consciousness of being not somebody I understood but rather the apparition of a child, where all my negations have turned to affirmations. My art, you see, was an attempt at a contemporary portrayal of Tantra. Tantra, if you don't know, is an intensely antique Indian fashion of being, loving, and coupling. It is a way to bring energy, consciousness, and renewal into love relationships. It softens, promotes intimacy, and deepens trust between the participants.

For example, take my *DIVINE SEXUALITY*. It is a painting from 1992 that, I believe, summons sexuality to a seat of female passion while connecting your soul and spirit through beauty. It is the most profound, prophylactic, and fulfilling painting experience you can have these days. It reminds me that Venus©~ñ~ also teaches that for one to love themselves and to maximize one's sexual expansion through creativity, one should practice how to~~~~~

Open your

~brOuhaha~HEART~

so to ~~~~~ give and receive freely because capitalism, having won the cold war, has proved to be as narrow in its definition of humanity as any Marxist formulation: defining everything and everyone as commerce. This is a uni-dimensional expression of life as an economic entity, where every human ass is reduced to a state of brute competition and survival through selling ~ the only legitimate activity underlying and justifying all others. Fuck that! It is such societies that are producing the lowest forms of media brutality today, accelerating a decline in values and standards. The gender violence about us is partially due to the extensive brutalization of the spirit resulting from a systematic elimination of higher sexual values, whose expression is now considered irrelevant. This is exactly the social-media situation Venus©~ñ~ is attempting to redress with her cybersex clubhouse and fashion enterprise.

When societies around the world repudiate western sexual values, our own meekness gives them arguments to reject the exceptional and replace it with the inferior. Is it surprising that the number of guns showing up in American schools has reached obscene epidemic proportions? What cultural models have kids had over the years? Exposed biceps with a .357 magnum attached. Male mediocrity, with a continuous diet of mayhem, promotes violent abomination as a legitimate model of human comportment—obscene violence as a form of sexy ecstasy!

The schools, having given up years ago teaching any kind of art-sex significance, any sex education, any form of cultural sex indoctrination, or any discussion of amorous values, have become nothing more than puerile babysitters. They keep down indolence statistics and provide meeting places for the exchange of deleterious sexual fluids and conceptions garnered from the media and music industry. America has been doing this for years and is now paying the tariff. Europe is rushing impetuously into the same, heedless of what has happened in the States, with profit as its clarion call.

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My gathering started to discuss these matters with Venus©~ñ~ and me in earnest as we took calvados and coffee outside on the terrace. A chaste little new moon, precise and delicate as the luminous paring of a fingernail, hung pale in the afternoon sky above a horizon of suave hills that rolled down to meet some faraway darkness, which may have been an enraptured forest. The Cure played loudly in the air. Directly beneath lay the handsome medieval village of Arles, with its steep streets and enigmatic doors, secret cellars, and walled gardens.

It was a delicious afternoon, warm and windless—the kind of day that invited one on an intellectual adventure. A bit more calvados liqueur had been added to the coffee, giving it a combined aromatic pleasure. Exotic joints had been rolled and passed. Soon I was lost in a rêverie concerning the banalization of sex and violence, which had become the norm in our society. The vulgarity of its gladiatorial atmosphere has now been accepted as part of the visual environment. Thus is the on-going parade of society's role models, the numb norm.

I remember that in *Art of the Third Reich* by Douglas Madman, Nazi art was described as the art of

seduction, aimed at synchronizing (and thus eliminating) taste. The iconography was clear, the paintings accessible and banal. It was art that asked no questions and gave all the correct answers ~ and its effect was enormous. Our political-entertainment industry had somehow picked up this visual standard, but now the resulting overload of crystalline imagery and information was making less and less sense. The result seemed to be that the greater the amount of visual information that flowed, the greater the uncertainty in our lives.

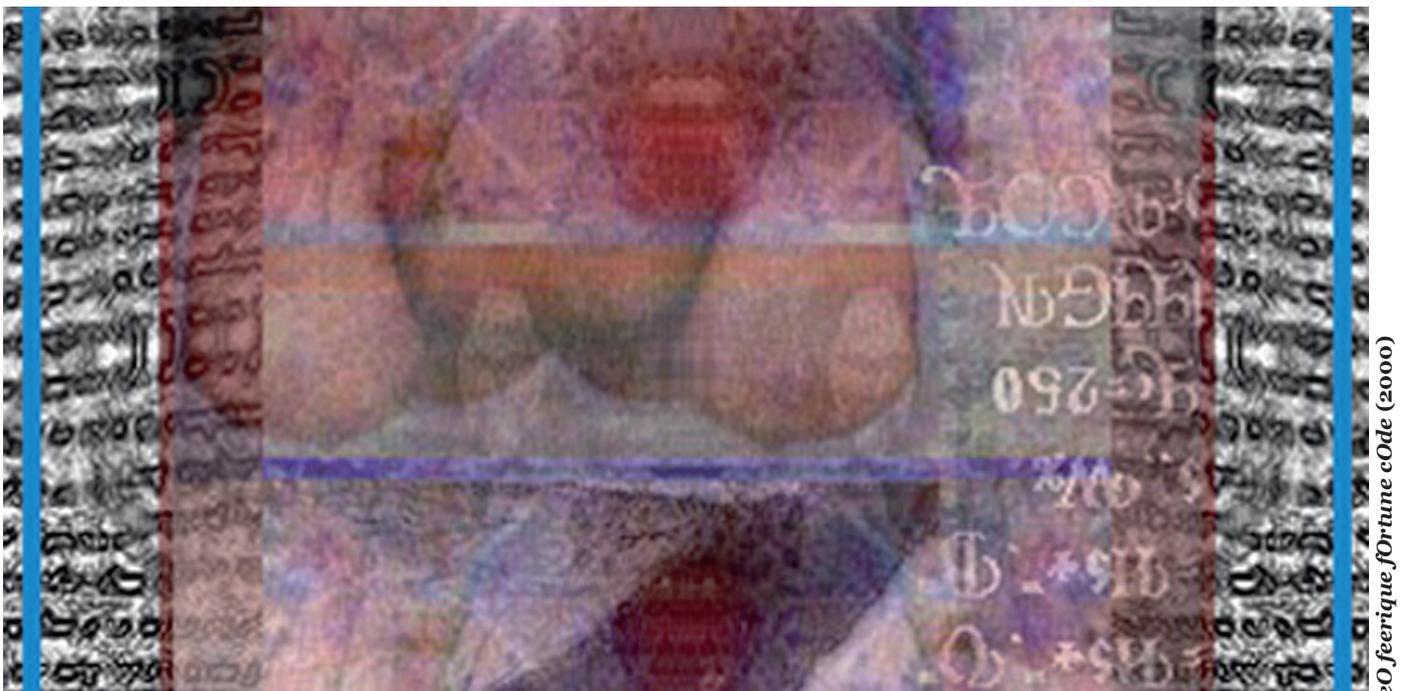
Venus©~ñ~'s VLS project was to find out what kind of unconventional denotation erotic visual art might make to us as sexual beings based on a scatological and decadent use of our computer-media environment.

Venus©~ñ~'s presumption is that the information bomb had already exploded, showering us in bits of image shrapnel and drastically changing the way we perceived and acted ~ even in our private wet dreams.

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How exciting to know such a woman and to wander through such extraordinary experiences, obeying only the sobs and gurgles of her every desire ~ going deeper and deeper into the tiny lanes and alleys of her flesh. I suddenly felt a wide, heavy peal of joyful laughter ballooning inside me. The tip of my tongue turned purple as it exploded and filled the room with delirious sounds while she abstracted herself further and made me feel weightless.

Dancing there in that rosy light that only couples in love know, I gathered a nosegay of what Venus©~ñ~ had in mind for global society, and it made me feel a little less lonely. I thought of her grand ideas and mixed them with the sweet danger of the peeping voyeur who was watching us fuck before deciding to deviate, subdue, and ravish us ~ and this gave me a little frisson of delicious alarm. It was nice to think about, but I didn't know if I really would care for such urgent attention. I often like to lay with Venus©~ñ~ without stirring, clasped together but not penetrating, in the swelling exaltation of an unconquerable desire we did not hastily satisfy ~ intoxicating one another with the contact of our aching fervour. Sometimes I only kiss the spot of red flesh from which tears flow; this kiss can seem endless.



eO feerique fOr-tune cOde (2000)

Gustav Holst's *Venus, Bringer of Peace* movement gently plays as performed by Leopold Stokowski and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Venus©~ñ~ was watching me listen, think, and sulk with an indulgent and clairvoyant eye. **I know what**, she said. **Let's go slumming!** I immediately seconded that, and she pressed my hand. I anticipated some phenomenal fornication.

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I give you Venus©~ñ~I/Ove Systems' Les Metamorphoses de Venus©~ñ~\$weety.

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~~~~~§§~~~~ CLS Sally Sativa Sanctuary / Indira Indica International / Crebillon Choderlos de Laclos / Mirabeau / Casanova / Chevalier
d'Eon / A History of Erotic Literature / Aloisiae Sigae Toletanæ Satyra Sotadica de Arcanis Amoris et Veneris / Libertine Hiding Place Under the Bed
of Erotica Scholar and Collector Gershon Legman DIM 1 V$(9,5) DIM 251 M$(3,900) G$=FILES$(1,"TEXT",,V%) W%=V% OPEN"I",#1,G$,,V%
INPUT#1,INFECTION Venus INPUT #1,NCOL INPUT #1,NLIGN FOR I=1 TO 4 FOR J=1 TO 8 INPUT#1,X% V$(I,J)=CHR$(X) NEXT J NEXT I
CLOSE#1 F$=FILES$(1,"TEXT",,V%) H$=LEFT$(F$,LEN(F$)-2) FOR K=1 TO 3 IF K=1 THEN Venus F$=H$+".R" IF K=2 THEN F$=H$+".V" IF
K=3 THEN F$=H$+".B" OPEN"I",#1,F$,,W% LONG IF NCOL<=250 FOR I=1 TO NLIGN READ#1,M$(1,I);NCOL NEXT I XELSE FOR I=1 TO
NLIGN READ#1,M$(1,I);250 READ#1,M$(2,I);NCOL-250 NEXT I END IF CLOSE#1 RANDOM FOR L=1 TO NINFECTION
VERTICAL=INT(RND(NCOL)) HORIZONTAL=INT(RND(250)) FOR J= VERTICAL TO VERTICAL+3 FOR I= HORIZONTAL TO
HORIZONTAL+7 END IF END IF NEXT I NEXT J NEXT L IF K=1 THEN G$=H$+"-"+STR$(NINFECTION)+".R" IF K=2 THEN G$=H$+"-
"+STR$(NONFICTION)+".V" Venus IF K=3 THEN G$=H$+"- "+STR$(NINFECTION)+".B"OPEN"O",#1,G$,,W%LONG IF NICOLE<=250 FOR
I=1 TO ALIGN PRINT#1,M$(1,I) NEXT I ELSE FOR I=1 TO ALIGN PRINT#1,M$(1,I)PRINT#1,M$(2,I)NEXT AND IF CLOSE#1NEXT KEND
~~~~~ oooooooooo* ~~~~~}~~~~~°~ñ~° What kind of Fuckery is this?

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## Venus©~ñ~FRENCH MAID MAN

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Billy Idol's rocking *Venus* tune from his 1993 *Cyberpunk* album plays.

La retenue peut nous transporter, sur des vagues de plaisir, à la limite du climax: cet état tend à des fins spirituelles et politiques. L'état d'extase des ascètes est parfois très proche de l'érotisme. Le ravissement mystique obtenu par la rétention de l'orgasme pourrait être dessiné sur un graphique comme une ligne ondulatoire qui n'atteint jamais le point culminant tout en se conservant bien au-dessus de la moyenne. Bien que l'orgasme ne soit jamais atteint, le corps éprouve une sensation de légèreté et presque de lévitation. L'histoire des sectes qui pratiquent la castration remonte au début du temps. C'est dans des rites liés au culte de la Grande Mère déesse que ces pratiques connurent leur paroxysme: lors de ces cérémonies, les jeunes célébrants, drogués, bien sûr, afin d'atteindre un état de frénésie totale, religieuse et sexuelle, avançaient jusqu'à l'autel et, devant l'assemblée réunie, se coupaient les organes génitaux pour les jeter au pied de l'idole. Cette pratique sexuelle si proche de la mort, entre le suicide et l'orgasme refoulé, les plongeait dans un état d'extase étrange, lié à cette résistance à la douleur qui ouvre un nouveau monde de potentialités.

Pour y accéder, il faut stimuler le corps sans relâche, jusqu'à ce que la dernière parcelle d'énergie semble être dépensée.

Vient alors, les barrières de contrôle étant tombées, un état de somnolence. Une flamme ardente irradie l'intérieur de l'être jusqu'au plus profond. Il faut, bien entendu, avoir une grande force de volonté pour y arriver. Mais ce voyage dans les couches profondes de l'être, effectué dans un état de transe voisin de celui des jeunes célébrants et soutenu par les moyens de la technologie contemporaine, peut donner des résultats épatants: l'ego orgastique disparaît et la force de l'excitation primaire liée à un contenu éthique aussi fort nous trouble et libère une énergie d'une ampleur extraordinaire, énergie thermique qui émane du circuit séminal et qui parcourt le corps tout entier.

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After some more exhilarating sex on Box Hill, Venus©~ñ~ and I doze under the phallus god sculpture back in the garden, but are awakened by a dithering white rabbit in a waistcoat with a pocket watch. We follow him down a hole and find ourselves in a hall of many doors ~ all marked "Black Goat." I raise an eyebrow, and Venus©~ñ~ answers it thusly: **The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young traces its roots back to ancient Egypt and Sumeria. While both Egypt and Sumeria had Goat cults, it was probably the Egyptian version that was most influential. The so-called Goat of Mendes was a black incarnation of Asar.**

The cult was fertility-based. Aspects of these Goat cults were absorbed into Arab magickal systems. The Symbol of this cult is a torch between two Goat horns. This is a waking dream of what will soon be a place to melt your heart; a place where your emotional life will yo-yo from marvelous to misery and back again. *In that case, I am at your disposal, I said. Please choose a door. But why are we so infected with this wanderlust? I am more interested in durational liaisons of attached entanglement. I want to know how it feels to be in love.* She said not a word, but we exchanged secret glances. **Later, you will choose between ludicrous liaisons and lavender liaisons.**

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On peut charger le corps d'une signification politique de cette façon: non point par l'ivresse, la nudité des danseurs ou la fornication, mais par la diablerie. Nous parlons le langage des oiseaux. Cela se passe dans l'oreille de l'oreille, dans l'œil de l'œil, dans le mot des mots, dans l'esprit de l'esprit, dans la vie de la vie, où ni l'œil, ni l'oreille, ni l'esprit ne peuvent aller. Il nous est impossible de comprendre. Nous sommes au-delà du connu et de l'inconnu. Parler de nous avec des mots et penser à nous avec l'esprit n'a plus de sens. Nous arrivons à la pensée au-delà de la pensée. Nous ne sommes plus que dans l'extase d'un réveil qui ouvre les portes à la vie éternelle; nous ne sommes jamais plus visibles que dans la nature, dans l'éclat d'une lumière étincelante. Nous entrons dans l'émerveillement d'une vision fulgurante. Nous sommes la fin du désir

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Suddenly I felt almost giddy, almost incandescent, as she sprinkled me with the golden glitter of her love.

Il n'est plus possible, alors, de faire demi-tour. Nous ne pouvons rien faire de plus qu'attendre de mourir. Nous sommes, dorénavant, tous égaux.

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I'm watching the fire in the Arbois fireplace as if it were a TV because I'm all alone at 5 a.m. *Waiting in Vain* by Bob Marley & The Wailers plays over and over on the stereo. My love has gone to L.A. to make it, but her things and scent are still here. The fire burns down as the street lights switch off. A light drizzle glanced out the window brings back the tears, so I fix a drink of green Chartreuse, the liqueur de santé. Time has slowed way down. I miss her.

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**Thine tears then serveth thee both as a warning and as a record. Thou shalt write down thine daily progress in these love practices until thou art perfectly vigilant at all times over the few words of love that slippeth from thy tongue. Thus bind thyself, and thou shalt be forever free.**

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Mais il existe aussi un autre genre d'orgie où l'érotique et le technologique se mélangent. Ici, l'espace qui nous entoure a la force d'une tempête psychique. L'exaltation qui nous a inspirée a quelque chose de divin et le sexe sont utilisés pour renforcer le mystère: les cheveux ruisselants, l'écume aux lèvres, les yeux vitreux; possédés par nous-mêmes, nous dansons éperdus par le rythme du tambour, les hanches secouées par des convulsions, dans une frénésie orgiaque. Les vagues montent de l'intérieur, inondent l'être tout entier et

nous submergent, provoquant un état de transe et de dissociation, de démence et d'hallucination. Le rêve impossible du nymphomane en nous enchante le satyre à l'intérieur. Nous nous mettons à parler de la façon dont tous les modèles politiques de contrôle et d'information ne reposent que sur la confiance que nous accordons à leur crédibilité et à l'acceptation sans réserve de leur compétence de la façon dont tous les systèmes et les ordres établis produisent inmanquablement des réactions conditionnées, tout en prétendant être la seule et unique source de liberté et de vérité. L'ordre se propage et s'installe. Le contrôle est total. Le pouvoir est offert comme salut. L'idée même de responsabilité est abandonnée. Allons-nous laisser faire?

Nous devenons de plus en plus conditionnés. Nous nous habillons pour le rituel. Autour de nous, la vie palpite et prolifère sa pléthore de rejets. Prolifération alarmante, d'ailleurs. Il nous est difficile de l'observer de l'extérieur, puisque nous en faisons partie. Notre corps en est composé. L'expérience peut être trompeuse si elle n'est pas interprétée par la faculté intégrante de l'intelligence. Nous pensons que notre conscience est une conscience globale, située dans un point de référence fictif élaboré dans l'espace du temps. Notre problème c'est de croire que les choses sont telles qu'elles paraissent, telles que nous les pensons, ou que nous sommes ce que nous pensons être. C'est cela notre prison.

Back on the grass on top of Box Hill, we stretched out nude under the sunshine to unwind. It was a bit too hot, so we tucked into a patch of shade and sipped some lemonade. *Eat me*, she said. Or was it the mushroom behind her head? *I don't mind*, I said, *the weather is fine*. She and her mushrooms were becoming all mine.

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Notre esprit est pris dans un piège extraordinaire, sans que nous le sachions et sans que nous ne connaissions le moyen d'en sortir. Si nous pouvions conserver cette conscience en franchissant le seuil, cela nous placerait dans une perspective plus complète de la réalité, tournée vers des forces pures dotées d'un dynamisme intérieur et libérées des amalgames de substances moulées dans la forme. Par un phénomène semblable à celui de la cristallisation, apparaît alors un univers de lumière, un monde resplendissant qui semble être sous-jacent au champ des forces.

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Venus©~ñ~ then told me about the school of British fairy painting that had stemmed from the late 18th-century works of Henry Fuseli, who established the basic vocabulary of the fairy/nymph genre in painting. Fuseli used William Shakespeare's fairy play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as the initial inspiration for far-fetched fantasy scenes that immersed mannerist-derived nude figures into a maelstrom of incubus incidents. William Blake also incorporated fairy imagery into his non-conventional cosmos. For example, in *Oberon, Titania, and Puck with Fairies Dancing* (1785), Blake depicts a fairy emperor and his queen/consort presiding over a fairy ring. During the epoch of Romanticism, the artists Henry Singleton, Henry Howard, Frank Howard, and Joshua Cristall all carried on the tradition in small-scale fairy works. Francis Danby painted *The Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun* (1845) and earlier, two watercolour versions of *Scene from a Midsummer Night's Dream* (1832), containing a view of fairy affairs daintily being enacted in a dew-drenched amphitheater. Daniel Maclise exemplified the nymph heritage with his 1832 painting, *The Disenchantment of Bottom*, a depiction of an ominously frisky fairy-ring of sprites dancing circuitously about a central omphalos toadstool. Following Maclise is the well-recognized school of Victorian fairy painting, a school that had as its spirited admirers such luminaries as Lewis Carroll, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Queen Victoria, and John Ruskin ~ who gave widely a lecture called *Fairy Land* in the early 1880s.

Venus©~ñ~ then described the reign of Queen Victoria, which spanned the years 1837 to 1901. Under Queen Victoria, fairy paintings appeared systematically in Royal Academy exhibitions (replete at times with their soft, dreamy, erotic imagery) throughout the 19th century ~ exhibitions which included works by John

Simmons, John Atkinson Grimshaw, and John Anster Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's painting, *The Captive Robin*, depicts an embellished nymph-fairy group tucked into their own enchanted fairy niche, hovering over and nurturing an appropriated egg. By contrast, Simmons and Grimshaw presented forthright amatory works, usually stressing a lone denuded dame enclosed in a natural grotto, commonly encircled by a frail fairy forum. In some of these works, the inclusion of a toadstool adds a phallic/hallucinogenic enumeration to the amatory subtlety.

J. M. W. Turner also painted his versions of fairyland; however, the style, for the most part, transferred into the area of illustration following the Victorian period. Nevertheless, the subject never fully dies. In 1922, the Russian artist El Lissitzky designed a book that used Suprematist imagery to tell a socialist fairy tale. Witness also the 1978 painting, *Titania*, by the British Pop artist Peter Blake, for example: a painting that updates the fairy/nymph scenario by making an explicit intimacy between naked women and their surrounding scenery through the ornamentation of the Fairy Queen's bare breasts and genitalia with flowers, stems, and pasture stalks in recollection of ancient Greek agrarian sacred/sexual jublations.

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En fait, ce que nous montre la logistique de la technologie, c'est que la chair a disparu. Il ne reste rien que la vitesse, la guerre, et les orgies.

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MIND YOUR FRENCH MANNERS HERE: While engaged in VRsex with a nymphet at the orgy, avoid using common grunts, such as ohhh, or unnn, or oooooo. Please use a paraphrase.

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Les forces de surveillance et de dissuasion utilisent les ordinateurs pour concentrer toutes les données dans un téléthon robotique. Là où cette frénésie spirituelle se manifeste en liaison avec l'activité sexuelle, on a l'impression qu'une énergie intense s'en dégage et qu'un dynamisme extraordinaire surcharge l'atmosphère, une véritable porte d'accès au délire de l'enfer. Entraînés, alors, dans le tourbillon de l'impulsion ainsi engendrée, nous entrons en enfer comme un cerf-volant ayant l'apparence d'une horrible limace. Là, des sonneries de trompettes et des sons extraordinaires stimulent nos nerfs et produisent des réflexes incontrôlables dans nos cerveaux, dans nos poumons, et dans nos reins. À ce moment-là, des bruits d'animaux sauvages réveillent notre instinct sexuel. On peut provoquer l'orgasme par certains sons, certaines couleurs, ou certaines odeurs. Les agressions exercées sur la psyché humaine par les télé-technologies provoquent souvent des spasmes ou des convulsions. Nous sommes soumis à une surveillance automatique: un fluide invisible émane dans toutes les directions. Nous pouvons rétrécir ou perdre du poids comme si nous sécrétions une vraie substance. Un ectoplasme peut sortir des organes génitaux.

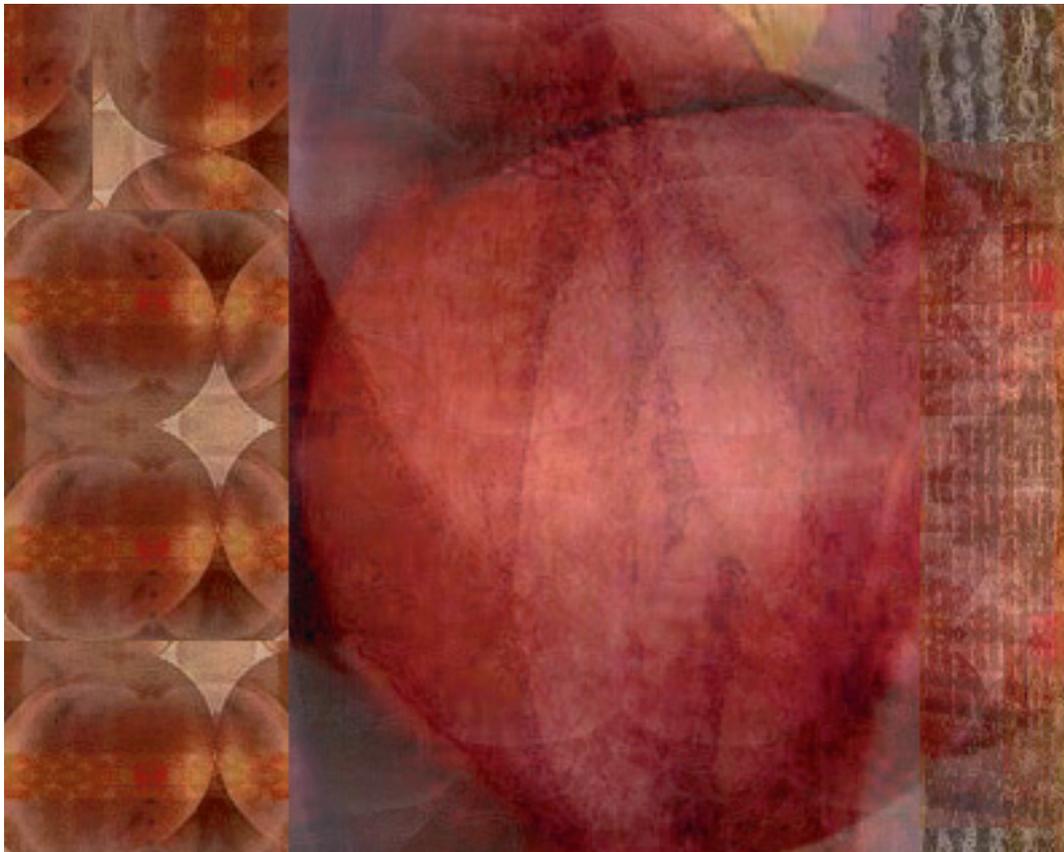
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I am transported to the Pyramid Club. It is packed at 2 a.m. and you are standing at the bar. I don't know your name or who you are. *But I am into you*, and I tell you so. **Are you alone?** you ask. *Not anymore*. We drop into Save the Robots for a Campari nightcap and head to my pad on Ludlow between Rivington and Stanton. **Get into me**, you say. I certainly did.

**Your horse ride has exquisite energy. Man, you rule thine performance. How else to master my fool tool?**  
I am into you too.

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À long terme, ce genre d'incursion dans le système nerveux peut entraîner l'affaiblissement de certains désirs. La sensualité implique la perte; le dévergondage implique le gaspillage. Ils apparaissent sous différentes formes et ouvrent une brèche dans notre armure, à travers laquelle une énergie précieuse s'échappe. Une telle participation poussée à l'excès peut être dangereuse et inutile. Une telle pratique exige que l'on cultive des vertus négatives comme le silence, la solitude, et l'inaction. D'abord, on abandonne les activités superflues, puis, petit à petit, toutes les autres activités sauf celles qui sont considérées comme absolument essentielles, en partant du principe que tout ce qui ne tend pas à cette fin est nocif. L'abstinence, je ne sais pas si par nature ou par conviction, se méfie de ce qui satisfait aussi les yeux, ainsi que les oreilles, le palais, le nez, et la chair. Peut-être qu'on ne sait pas de quoi on parle. Renonçons et il nous sera rendu au centuple. La récompense est la paix. L'énergie sexuelle contrôlée renforce le magnétisme. Le pouvoir généré par l'abstinence peut être tourné vers l'intérieur pour recharger les batteries psychiques, ou bien devenir un missile psychique et être projeté à l'extérieur, vers un but extérieur.



pile (erOgenOus) 55 sybaritic

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Television's song *Venus*, off their 1977 *Marquee Moon* LP, kicks in, and we enter The Happy Valley. I felt an ardent love for her and did not wish for the connection between us to dissolve. As we slowly moved over Double Peaks, I resolved to think of her no more as just another beautiful psycho. **So would you do me the honour of acknowledging with that insufferable conceit that you were pleased to have made my acquaintance?** *Yes, I send you such glad tidings. I have been sufficiently diverted from the vile and obnoxious thoughts of myself as highly improper. I suffer with you no injuries to my sense of consolation to resent. You have become for me both vista and mirror.*

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Then welcome, my strange one, to  
*Venus~Volonté©~ñ~Other~θέλω~Hyper~Fold~Désirer*

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Try DEEP BETWEEN THE SHEETS

*The Fanciful Cities of jOjO.*

KEEP YOURSELF OPEN FOR DOUBLE MEANINGS.

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°°~ñ~°°

~The θέλω Passage~  
~Fairy Tales of Thélō~  
~Sardonic Mesmerism~  
~Chicago Deep Underground House~  
~/θə'li:mə/ Annihilation~  
~La Maja Thelema~  
~Blue Velvet and the Mysteries of Love, Light, and Darkness~  
~Busty Betty Boombot~  
~The Horla~  
~Ovid's Ars Amatoria (Art of Love)~  
~Chat Noir Café~  
~Fromagerie Quatrehomme~  
~Frapper à la porte s'il te plaît~

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Man-ual side note 4: The movement of poetry in the secret rites in basements and catacombs arises from the known and leads to the unknown. If it is achieved, it touches on madness. But at the approach of madness, the tide recedes. Thelema~neXus is described as being a hot connection, a connected group, or a series of hot acts of the will. The Thelema~neXus action group is the physical incorporation of this idea assimilated into erotic data~date set on our Venus©~ñ~Other Net.

I pass, for as Venus©~ñ~ has said: **We OOO members are all Thelema~seX data-date worshippers. The whole plan on the OOO Thelema~transneXus agenda is to gather the very best sex info, pipe it, filter it, and then systematically make happy use of the smoky results. I intend to make Thelema disorder more intelligible only for those with the wit to understand organized chaos. Just as Venus©~ñ~Other Net is a series of interconnected computer systems, OOO and I are a series of interconnected louche minds whose purpose is to enjoy the wide breadth of possibilities that the awesome Venus©~ñ~Other~Net may hold.**

La visualisation est la clé; une vision puissante dynamisée par l'imagination est l'une de nos armes secrètes. Nous créons ainsi des formes de pensée, des entités fantômes qu'il est possible d'envoyer travailler à l'extérieur. Nous pouvons rentrer dans des mondes de rêves astraux et en être suggestionnés pendant la journée, en intégrant toute action provoquée dans ces projections de la pensée, en les renforçant, même, par la méthode délibérée de la stimulation répétée continuellement supprimée, en poussant notre maîtrise de nous-mêmes jusqu'à la limite extrême afin d'augmenter les tensions du pouvoir. La prédominance de l'arbitraire et le sentiment d'oubli du corps deviennent extase lorsqu'on survole le monde simulé.

Oui °~ñ~° oui  
c'est la vie °~ñ~° viva la revolution  
Dionaea °~ñ~° muscipula

Dans cette expérience de l'atemporalité, la compréhension de la négation métaphysique augmente la possibilité de survie. Nous savons que certaines zones vitales manquent. Nous avons été réduits à une pure apparence dépourvue de conscience de soi et de sagesse. Nous avons été confrontés à une dissolution bien plus totale que la mort. Nous dormons. Nous nous débattons. Nous avons été conditionnés, nous avons été amenés par le chantage à l'auto restriction, à une perception de plus en plus étroite de nous-mêmes, de notre importance, de notre grandeur.

L'acceptation, c'est la défaite.

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I just saw an art show: Henri Maccheroni's photographic series called *2000 Photos du Sexe d'une Femme* (*2000 Photos of the Sex of a Woman*) (1969–1974) at Galerie A l'Enseigne des Oudin. Photographs of one woman's vagina were taken in two stages ~ from 1969 to 1971 and from 1972 to 1974 ~ at the rate of one or two sessions per week. An unnamed bold woman (a Venus) obviously volunteered for the regular studio sittings in various states of shaved or hairy. Depending on one's sexual orientation and taste in decency, 2000 close-up photographs of a woman's vagina, even in arty black and white, can be quite daunting. But the gallerist informed me that the 2000 photographs on view had been edited down from 6000, the number that makes up the complete series called *Photos du Sexe d'une Femme* (1969–1974), but that 6000 were too many to mount in the gallery at one time (the walls were covered). This minimal art excess information added greatly to my already overpowering feelings of stupefaction.

Needless to say, nothing is less certain than desire. But after seeing *2000 Photos du Sexe d'une Femme* I could not understand why, for the most part, images of the vagina have been left to pornographers. Of course, female genitalia has long been a resource for occasional artistic curiosity, celebration, controversy, and/or confusion. Some might even find the specific details of such genitalia *effrayable* (frightful). Some of my male gay friends do. But it is a subject at the very heart of life that I could not look away from. The panache of late Surrealism meeting minimal art rigor and repetition that permitted and sanctioned the creation of this body of work is intensely foreign to puritanical American standards, while it also raises the question of the privileged heterosexual male perspective in relation to the female model. I cannot dismiss a hint of cold brutality in these visions of intimacy. I don't know why, exactly. Are they cold because the pictures are brutally factual? Are they cold because of the number of them ~ the determined repetition evident here? Are they cold because of the severe cropping by the camera that depersonalizes the woman? I don't think so, as I don't have the same feeling with similarly constructed works, like Yoko Ono's film *Four* (*Bottoms*) (1966), a five-and-a-half-minute film consisting of a series of close-ups of human buttocks, as the subjects walk on a treadmill.

And are they really too factual? No. In fact, they are not all that realistic, as the artist chose to work in black-and-white film, yet these tightly cropped close-ups of a sometimes very bushy vagina made me squirm for some reason. It was not that I found them indecent, even though I was astonished they could be exhibited in broad daylight in public (even in Paris). I need some sleep now.

I hold that one aspect of good art is forever going to be libertine in some way, even if tempered by our understanding that gender is socially (and not naturally) constructed. Granted that the dominance of the western male posture is no longer unquestioned ~ and that identity and gender are recognized as fluid concepts that defy easy definition, I make no bones about taking the vagina head-on (so to speak).

°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°

Nous levons notre regard, et le monde est là, debout. Mais dès que nous le détournons ou dès que nous nions notre connaissance du monde, le monde disparaît. Et si, par l'union sexuelle, nous pouvons encore trouver le

moyen d’atteindre l’expérience mystique la plus élevée et de connaître les vérités cachées de l’univers, prêchons alors notre salut par le sexe. Par l’utilisation de notre système nerveux technologique, nous communiquons à l’aide de toute une série de mécanismes qui changent radicalement notre perception du temps et de l’espace. Nous sommes ce que nous reproduisons comme nous-mêmes.

C’était à la fois une bénédiction et une malédiction.

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As secret covens and occult rituals swirled in the background, Venus@~ñ~ began to cum and babble again.

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tEd\_ùÆäièHÚ©@!”ÁXF:Diamanda Galas is everythingZâüCEÀ\_gSÄiä\_\_O blanche Vénus d’Arles, O reine provençale, Aucun manteau ne cache tes superbes épaules ; On voit que tu es déesse et fille du ciel bleu--GeR/\_Yù\_ÖÿzOO  
k8ÚÚ¶&’”:U’%oúf\_oooooüÈ>öGr penis°,I”tOI FLv°ooÁa°1g-””Í\_Ú%oq\_îÉÚN\_+kâKDed’Etat confirme que  
l’oeuvrèxffØFoÍÎP^pÁ±WBöÆú”^vis-à-vis des idées novatrices~~~Montre-toi toute nue, ô divine Vénus~~~~Ta beauté t’habille  
mieux que ta robe blanche~~~Laisse à tes pieds tomber la robe qui, autour de tes hanches, s'enroule, cachant tout ce que tu as de  
plus beau~~~Abandonne ton ventre aux baisers du soleil~~~ÆSüµ·¶\_a\_Y] Î\_!Je suis désolée, mais ces pièces ne sont pas  
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L’acte sexuel est à la fois fascinant et répugnant; en le considérant, nous avons souvent eu tendance à nous laisser entraîner émotionnellement dans des directions opposées. Dans certains rituels païens, les zones génitales et anales sont consacrées au cours de cérémonies terrifiantes, et il n’y pas de doute que des formes érotiques de culte pendant lesquelles les substances séminales et excrémentielles deviennent des offrandes existent encore aujourd’hui dans nos sociétés.

Nous avons, par exemple, des témoignages sur la pratique courante consistant à provoquer une érection prolongée sans éjaculation, état qui s’apparenterait à celui de la transe mystique. Comme le disait Platon, la nature des organes génitaux est indisciplinée. Ils ressemblent à un tissu, à un stylo, à une bille, à un sommet répugnant, à un coquillage, à un prophète, à un miroir, à une beauté crucifiée.

~~~~~OO~~~~~°~ñ~°~~~~~°Oui,  
~~~~~OO~~~~~°~ñ~°~~~~~°très amicalement.

Les adeptes donnent pour escompté que la pensée possède non seulement une énergie cinétique mais aussi une énergie créative. Notre esprit est si vaste que nous ne pouvons pas l’exprimer complètement. Les pensées sont des mouvements périodiques qui s’unissent avec les pouvoirs de la transformation et de la technologie. Notre corps est entouré par un champ électromagnétique de vibrations subtiles, invisibles mais perceptibles. Il s’agit de faire un travail de promotion, de tout aimer, de charger nos pensées d’une grande intensité, de charger l’atmosphère autour de nous, et de créer des émanations puissantes dans notre entourage: Comme un fer, comme une autruche, comme un lis, comme une drogue, comme une allumette, comme un égout, comme un tablier, comme une flèche.

In my dream last night, I was all alone, looking deeply at the Gustave Courbet painting *L’Origine du monde* (The Origin of the World) (1866) at the Musée d’Orsay.

La position assumée est importante. La cérémonie des affaires et le surnaturel sont conçus pour être liés de manière invisible. Une fois que la tension rituelle est dirigée de manière délibérée, la roue du pouvoir occulte se met à tourner; les impulsions ainsi générées peuvent alors tendre avec une grande énergie vers des

sphères plus élevées. Les gens suffisamment sensibles, comme nous, peuvent sentir les vibrations qui s'irradient lorsqu'un rite occulte a lieu. Nous levons les mains, nous nous soulevons sur la pointe des pieds pour assister à la formation du point central à travers lequel la puissance sera concentrée et projetée. Cela augmente encore plus la force psychique.

Nous nous soulevons. Nous retombons. Lorsque l'enthousiasme est à son comble, les vagues chatoyantes qui se créent autour de nous s'agitent et nous submergent. C'est un grand pouvoir. Le sexe en est un autre. Le sexe crée une énergie vibratoire qui naît spontanément, comme la vapeur élève d'un marais tropical pendant l'été.

~~~~~°°~~~~~°ñ°~~~~~°Oh oui  
 ~~~~~°°~~~~~°ñ°~~~~~°drôle  
 ~~~~~°°~~~~~°ñ°~~~~~°non?

A wave of tenderness sweeps over me as I understand myself in a bigger way. I understand what it means to be delicate.

Dans notre désir sexuel, qui est souvent proche de la frénésie, une énergie irradiante s'exprime dans un état psychique proche de la possession. Des courants étranges et obscènes surgissent dans notre esprit et nous emportent. L'attitude, l'intention, et la passion se concentrent l'une sur l'autre. On a souvent négligé le fait qu'elles peuvent être canalisées et transmises dans le circuit. La plénitude devient simulée et hyper réelle. La finesse, dans le sexe occulte, a à voir avec la dévoilement de la danse de séduction du dernier fétiche dans l'enseigne lumineuse du désir. Nos structures fantasmagoriques, nos rêves et nos désirs, sont perdus dans la spirale bouleversante de la technologie.

Oui ~ n'est-ce pas Venus flytrap?

Venus©~ñ~ then whispered, *A snake on your shoulder strives to share an astonishing secret ~ la bête humaine.*

°~ñ~°°~ñ~°

Des conjonctions bizarres avec des vampires astraux ont créé leur propre mythologie. Tout ceci constitue un territoire très dangereux et presque inaccessible. Notre être, qui se dessine bien au-dessus de l'acte sexuel imaginaire, n'est qu'un fantôme évanescent: maigre, visqueux, de couleur grise, il dégage une odeur graisseuse. Lorsque nous saisissons notre membre, nous saisissons notre sécrétion évanescente. Lorsque nous nous unissons, nous assemblons au-dessus de nos têtes les formes des roues tournantes, et nous nous fondons les uns dans les autres, en dessinant le contour d'un entonnoir. En augmentant la passion dans notre union, notre simulation spirituelle est attirée, du royaume du *réel*, dans l'entonnoir. Nous planons tranquillement au-dessus et au-dessous de nous-mêmes, incarnant ainsi le pur simulacre de nous-mêmes. Nous continuons à nous dédoubler.

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To refresh a bit, Venus©~ñ~ and I took a slow-motion nude swim across the pool of my tears. Then we did it backwards.

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Dans cet ordre fermé, l'effet est celui de la débauche.

Nous nous créons, nous nous préservons, et nous nous détruisons sans arrêt, en dehors de la dualité. Nous nous replions sur nous-mêmes en silence et nous nous levons seulement pour jeter un coup d'oeil à travers nos fenêtres gelées sur un monde que nous pensions connaître: le poing en fer sculpté qui gouverne sans





As I gazed in a sort of religious terror at the sexual fury of the goddess inherent in the feminine body, I began to see that the sex menu in America was being reduced to a limited number of simplistic formulas; a censored culture was developing, and at the same time, television had replaced sex for a lot of people.

I kept gazing down at the resplendent body of Venus©~ñ~ as my mind played these turbid tricks on me. At that moment, I had no history, no meaning, no conscience, and no desire ~ which is too staid a situation to be left alone fingering around some vague end. We have seen what that a-historic meme has done to us when the unrestricted ocular environment was left to be dictated to by supervisory concerns. We will end up withdrawing and closing like some frightened circular space at the periphery of an infinitely attenuated and adipose entry.

My more creamy assertion is that the sexing social body needs a broad unveiling of prurient immersion resources to begin producing a new sexual technological environment, one that reflects sexual diversity and intellectual depth, for a change.

Surely Venus©~ñ~ is the bread of this deviation. She oversteps the threshold of critical flesh with respect to information control and the transformation process of amorous history and sexual politics. The things that Venus©~ñ~Love Systems brings you are as changeable, unstable, illusory, nameless, unnamable, fraudulent, and unpredictable as the discourse of which you are composed.

Take, for example, Venus©~ñ~Other~Love-Mad which has been a part of ancient and arcane sex lore since our inception in prehistoric times. Special Venus©~ñ~Other~Love-Mad software links us with all other Venus©~ñ~Contraptions for optimal outcome.

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A hand came out of nowhere and began to juggle my balls. Then the following list of disclosures was read to me by Venus©~ñ~ from the declassified *Venus©~ñ~Love~Spiral~Man-ual*.

0~ñ~*~*~*~*~ñ~0

Venus©~ñ~Love Systems ~~~~~~SEX AIR©

Direction: East. Rules: The mind, liberty (Exalt or Repress at Will) all mental, intuitive, and psychic influence, erudition, hypothetical erudition, hung theory, windswept hills, plains, blowing beaches, high mount peaks, high towers, corkscrews and proclivity. Time: Sunrise. Season: Spring. Colours: White, effulgent yellow, crimson, blue-white. Signs of the Zodiac: Gemini, Libra, Aquarius. Tools: Atmosphere, blade, cerebral ∞ balls. Spirits: Sylphs, ruled by Top dog Paroled. Angel: Michael. Name of the East Wind:



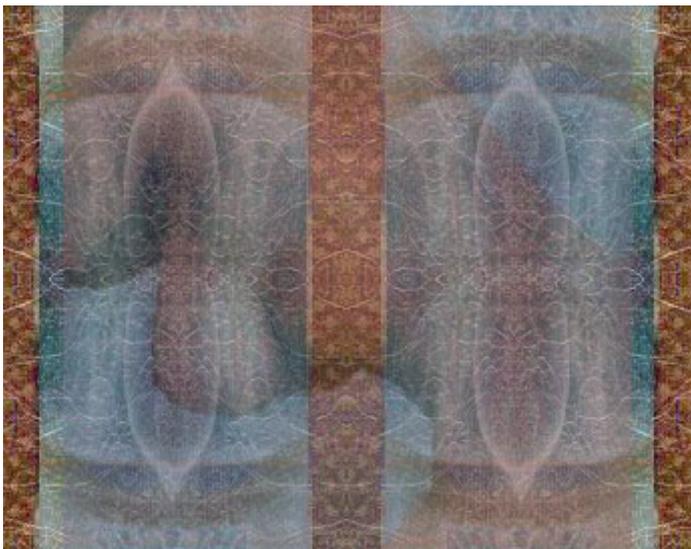
Eurasia. Sense: Scent. Jewel: Topaz. Incense: Galbanum. Plants: Frankincense, myrrh, pansy, primrose, vervain, violet. Log: Aspen. Animals: Birds. Goddesses: Aradia, Arianrhod, Cardea, Nuit, Urania. Gods: Enlil, Khephera, Mercury, Shu, Thoth.

With the evocation of Baudelaire, a desolating thought suddenly assailed me. Such post-phallographic exchanges with Venus©~ñ~ had built in me an overwhelming desire to make her pregnant. We had entered upon the scope of cybernetic attachment, where the physical and the mental couple, and I realized that I had opened up something inside her mind through our exchanges. I had primed her ~ and if we were not careful, she would become impregnated. It was as if I had hypnotized her into this delicious satyriasis and she was dying to feel, to prosper, and to harvest my orgasms.

Man-ual side note 5: In here, I am a gently combative louche person ~ not an optimist or a pessimist, as those two positions are anti-philosophic and anti-artistic.

~~~~~[]~~~~~

So, as we began to make love in a corner of the leeway, I constrained myself and held off when we neared climax. I hung back, as if reluctant, but in fact only to sharpen her desire for me. Hence, we laid in an agony of wantonness and impatience, full of expectations and with loving submissions pouring out between our legs like some vast waterfall. I looked towards the ornate carpet and thought ornate thoughts to keep from orgasm. I followed a line of golden thread with my eyes through its complex design as it continued a curvaceous path and developed into regular designations of the VLS~LOVE© logo ~ a lustrous pinkies cunx. I permitted my mind to stray as I kept up the cyclic in and out movements that we had established after first matching our breathing and our pulse beats. Already I could sense the rich void of repletion we would luxuriate in afterwards ~ lying like drunkards in each other's arms ~ driven to siesta like rams to a corral.



parOxysms feerique 65

I turned her slightly towards me and loosened the sails, feeling her draw breath, feeling her bottom heel and strain, and then gathered ballast with our shared ecstasy as its helmsman. I only halfway held off, so I aimed to the right and intoned, *quipoise*. A shining path extended to the right. I stroked to the left and intoned, *emeanor*. A route extended to the left, and I attained periodic scratch marks. I crossed my clasp and intoned, *orbearance*, and a path appears perpendicular to the others. Together, they formed a coordinate system with me in the center as an egg, dividing space into an indistinct sprouting grid. I could sense that she realized that she had never known what love was and what it could be with me ~ and she became terrified to feel

so much at my mercy. To surrender, to yield, to abdicate, and to receive—it all made her feel dangerously vulnerable (so I imagined). Regardless, she found herself trembling under my ravishment, trembling at her good fortune in being, after all, able to plunge deeply into a nexus without constraint. She ~ who had felt herself overused and empty of all emotion ~ lived only in the spare parts of other people's fantasies.

Skillfully ~ I wasn't about to let loose yet ~ I continued to torment her with my sexual stamina as we swam towards the moon while I drew love diagrams onto her heaving breast with my eyes. First, I looked to the east and drew a horizontal diagram from left to right and intoned, *to the infinite flowers*. Second, I drifted a shining line straight south and then west, forming a branch aligned with the coordinate system of both nipples.

Next, I went to the south and drew a vertical diagram upwards and intoned, *esplendent*, continuing the line

west and north again. Then I went with my tongue to the west and drew a vertical dilly downwards and intoned, *ove*.

I continued the line with my tongue north and east, then to the north again, and drew a horizontal dilettante with my eyelashes from right to left while intoning, *big mama ata*. I continued the line east and south so that it formed an unbroken quadrilateral around her slit. I visualized how her crack projects two copies, one on the floor and one in the air, so that the space enclosed is a perfect slab. Two boas, perpendicular to the first, appeared and interlocked to form a strong compartment, with each kisser divided into four squares ~ alternating black and white, with a total 24 boas ~ which correspond to the 24 sex permutation combinations I had just performed.

Then I moaned softly into her ear, *Around me flame ones and zeros, and my column flickers with glistening current to infinity*. Next, I flash-visualized the role of the female and her tenet of renewal and restoration in the grandiose sense. It was she who made things happen, made shit happen, and made things grow with her canon of fertility. Soon I flared up and straddled a pillar of numbers, quickly counting up from 0 to 555 and calling upon Joe DiMaggio.

The consequences were serpentine, as there is more to VRsex than persistence. Now Venus©~ñ~ was really flailing ~ her fragility made all the more striking by the tension. The electrical current was wet and flowing from between her legs like wind whipping through the foliage of a tall tree. Such imbroglio—produced by the fathomless sexual movements which we were undergoing—put to question several of my fundamental assumptions about companionship and refinement and the delineation of ~~~~~~**Mon cul!!!!** I roared with the wanton cry of delight a Pelagian fuck produces, and with my aim gathering up dolphin eggs, the whole rabbit hole force of me exploded into her while she too intensely climaxed, destroying any lingering remnants of previous fornication fortifications.

~ñ~~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~~~000000000000~~~~~~

I felt like someone walking an extenuated rainbow. I wept and screamed with all of my might as if to rid myself, in one cathartic expenditure, of the negative sex incubus of past disappointments that had held me entranced for so long. The delicious copula of our lust and the abandonment to our virulent passion were wholly commendable, and I felt that a new path through the future lay before me, stamped by the sign of the Smiling She Ram.

**You're smiling**, she said. **Have I done something effulgent?**

I nodded in accord. We had worked not just for pleasure but for ecstasy ~ not for the merely satisfactory but for the superb ~ and this is what seemed unique about our love. It was without sanctions, without measure, and wholly paired. I could not envisage it ever being concluded because the experience had been so superlative and had marked us both irremediably. The imp was out of the bottle, I thought.

°~ñ~°

I finally got up, washed Venus©~ñ~ off, and treated myself to a long, hot shower. It was agony to separate. Insight is so much more important than physical beauty, I thought as I lathered myself thoroughly, lingering a twirling and probing finger at my rectum's embouchement. Yet Venus©~ñ~ has both. She has allowed me to rediscover a state of joyful nonchalance in the face of things. It amazed me that she could have come from Paris, the capital of fashion, in philosophical ideas and artistic superficiality. Now I was again on fire! But I was also exhausted by these Venus©~ñ~-Other waves she had been sending me and the sheer weight of her sexuality. I mentally buckled under her erotic pressures to avoid going into a frenzy about vehement capitulation.

Venus©~ñ~ is superior to me, though a trifle top-heavy. I can only snipe at her with my humour, which is the weapon of my insight. That is how I pay for refusals to abdicate to her awesome femaleness.

~ñ~\*~\*~\*~ñ~

I had been living with deep desire, mingled with remorse and a deep-seated sense of misgiving. In ancient times, human sacrifice was concocted to placate this particular X incubus. Think of the hundreds of immodest boys and girls that had been required to placate the Cretan minotaur. I was hungry for an antidote also, but of a less infuriated sort. I knew full well that the sexual act is a psychic one, that the bone and flesh enact only what the psyche directs, and that there would be full psychological evaluations of my Venus©~ñ~!Ove encounters. Venus©~ñ~ had been truly sensitive in the preparation and care involved concerning my erection, which she would, in her own sweet time, demolish. There had been harmony in desire and unity in building the network of powerful love sympathies, which rewarded us with dual orgasms.

~ñ~

Yes, the hate had dulled and I had succumbed to her haute volupté love. Indeed, Venus©~ñ~ had released my erotic tears.

~~~~~OO~~~~~

As I still showered, I dreamed of a future with Venus©~ñ~ in which we would literally weave, like a tissue, our offspring programs with our kisses and caresses. I visualized the spool upon which time is wound in the ancient Greek sense and the coming programs, which would contain elements from which a full love program would spring ... But, shit, I was musing in a dream-world worthy of Lewis Carroll ... complete with a forest of puns and weird spoonerisms ... and I became a trifle plaintive. The reality rug was constantly being pulled out from under my feet.

~ñ~

I must seem unbearably prosy. I'm sorry. This often happens to me after experiencing passion in such an unrequitable way ~ as if there were no floor to it. Loving Venus©~ñ~ was like loving some Graeco-Roman statue in a museum. The whole damn feeling called my desire into question. It smelled of Vedanta and was evidence of a disembodied female presence stalking my inner world.

As I towed off, I could not calm myself, continuing the feverish disquisition upon my experience. My soul, my heart, is full of the sense, the sensibility, and the sentiment that formulated true romantic love and all of its narcissisms ~ its damn Don Juans. I wanted to live in the contingent, not the eternal ~ in prose rather than poetry. But B.B. King played primarily on a Gibson semi-hollow body ES-355, and he had a lot of them over the years, and every guitar was known as Lucille. So what else could I do?

It is mad to see my love for Venus©~ñ~ as a full commitment and not as a transaction. I am being eaten away by unreciprocated sentiment. But *one must have chaos within oneself to give birth to a dancing star*, said Nietzsche. So I started to powder and dress myself and tried to put it all out of my mind. **Hadn't you already seen that the old-style couple is simply a fortuitous arrangement designed by lust?** Yes, dear. Yet, I felt the prick that was triggered by my overwrought desire for such a pairing with a desire as fragile as fine wine or a watercolour ~ both composites, both of which can achieve aesthetic value and be beautiful in a geometrical way like a bird's nest. For the first time in a long while, I was feeling optimistic about love. Or was I just getting myself excited about contrapuntal coitus and lying about all day kissbound in honeysuckle toil?

hmmm~~~~~][][][][][][][][-~~~~*~~~~*~~~~~o~~~~~
~*~~~~*~~~~~*~~~~*~~~~~OO~~~~~*~~~~~

o~ñ~o

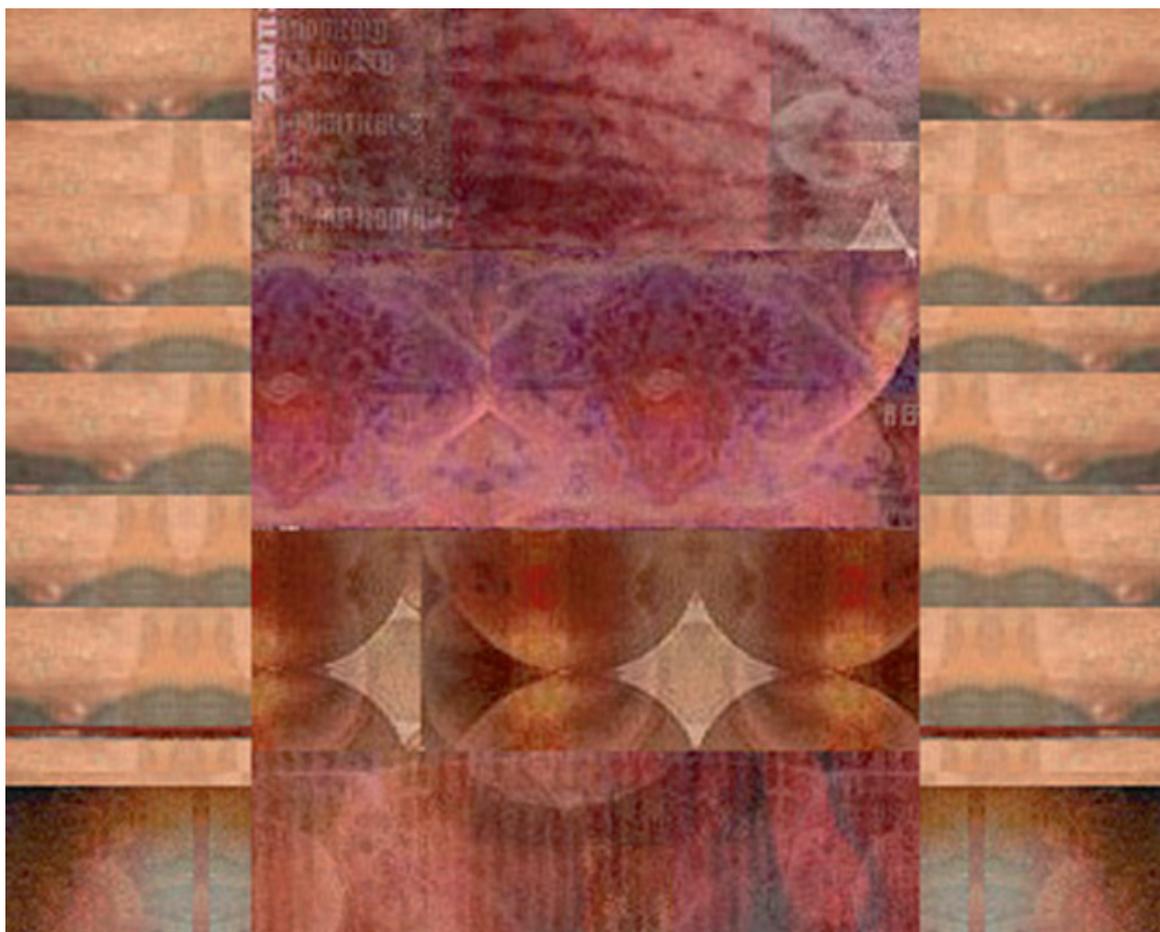
From my wardrobe, the party had supplied itself with carnival costumes and animal masks for our pre-nocturnal revel on the Venus©~ñ~Other Net. And a gallant cortège it must have seemed too! Venus©~ñ~, now tremulous and as expectant as a naïve girl going to her first ball, begged me to take good care of her, and indeed she was in such a flutter that I had to take her in my arms and kiss her lips before she was able to recover her confidence. Even then, she was only completely restored when she opened the emplacement of her robe and allowed me to take infantile liberties with her breasts.

o~ñ~*~*~*~*~ñ~o

As such, we passed down the cyber bluff and through the classic gates ~ passed across a deserted point fringed with Palladian colonnades ~ and headed towards the celebrated **GOAT ISLAND**, the venerable VE site for such seXmagic.

ummm~~~~~OO~~~~~*~~~~*~~~~~*~~~~*~~~~~

This is the place where seX data vaunts its vigour, endurance, and its massive proportions.



id 926 (delicate) palimpsest

OO~ñ~*~ñ~OO

The Venus©~ñ~Other-as-Goat-Guide shook its great tasseled codpiece in the air as if to beckon us to come closer ~ accompanied by little sucking sounds. (S)He immediately outlined the working premise of this goatish VE for us.

Be sure to mind

THE TWELVE GOAT COMMANDMENTS.

1. Do not give opinions or advice on sex unless you are asked.
2. Do not tell your troubles to others unless you are sure they want to hear them.
3. When in a hex lair, show your hairy asshole or else do not go there.
4. If a guest in your lair annoys you, fuck yourself roughly and without mercy and laugh.
5. Do not make sexual advances unless you are given the goatish mating signals.
6. Do not fuck that which does not wink at you, unless it is an onus and cries out to be relieved.
7. Acknowledge the power of goat sex if you have employed it successfully to obtain your desires.
8. If you deny the power of goat sex after having called upon it with success, you will lose your oats.
9. Do not complain about anything to which you need not subject yourself.
10. Have no children.
11. Do not fuck non-human animals unless you are snake pounding or they wink at you.
12. When fucking in the open, bother no ants.

~~~~~OO~~~~~OO~~~~~\*~~~~\*~~~~

\*

and the

Eight GOAT Statements of Simulacrum-Hyperreality.

1. GOAT represents indulgence instead of abstinence.
2. GOAT represents vital existence instead of romantic pipe dreams.
3. GOAT represents undefiled erudition instead of hypocritical self-deceit.
4. GOAT represents sexiness to those who deserve it instead of love wasted on ingrates.
5. GOAT represents rear openness instead of turning the other cheek.
6. GOAT represents responsibility to the responsible instead of interest in sexual gold diggers.
7. GOAT represents man as just another animal—sometimes better, more often worse than those that walk on all fours—who, because of his divine spiritual and intellectual development, has become the most vicious animal of all.
8. GOAT represents physical, mental, and emotional gratification.

~~~~~\*~~~~\*~~~~\*~~~~\*~~~~

*

OK.

Then Venus©~ñ~ said, **Now make an alliance to GOAT ISLAND.** ~~~~~~}{{O}}

Man-ual side note 6: Freedom of sexual expression is what GOAT ISLAND is about. It is not the intent of GI to offend, only to free.

*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*_*~ñ~ñ~Stop watching yourself make love, and make love.

OK. But I felt a bit apprehensive at first to become GI Joe as I was still cobwebbed in the rub-a-dub drowsiness I had entered after the afternoon rendezvous with Venus©~ñ~, and I had promised myself that I would make sure our relationship stayed ephemeral. I was getting in too deep over my head as I began thinking about *Barbarella*, a 1968 erotic sci-fi film starring Jane Fonda directed by Roger Vadim based on


~~~~§§§o~ñ~ñ~ñ~o§§§~~~~

The entrance to *GOAT ISLAND* was jaw-droppingly magnificent, with an airy scallop shell suspended by delicate tracery, hanging from two big dicks of the great Extremity God. The possibilities for distraction seemed endless, so we sallied forth into the bifurcated gaming salOOn, disengaging ourselves gently from each other to more personally experience the general melee that awaited. With many whispers and amorous murmurs, we advanced in both directions as our spirits flurried.

As some of us entered the left side of *GOAT ISLAND* a charming Venus©~ñ~nymph-chèvre guide appeared, lifted a piece of tapestry, and led us through a wee door on which was written  
GOAT ISLAND's PINK CHEEKS  
Days of Fun Flagellation.

~~~~~baa baa baa~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~

Meet the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young, who traces back to an ancient fertility-based goat cult. Aspects of this goat cult have been absorbed into the *GOAT ISLAND* virtual reality system.

Disclaimer: No one is responsible for any damages suffered from the utilization of this communication space under any circumstances whatsoever, including, but not limited to, spurious imaginative provocations, loss of time, psychological uncertainties, or any third, fourth, or fifth party litigations.

We took note as we passed into a dim passage consisting of row after row of rabbit~hole~peep~holes!

Are you sure we won't be a bore to neo-conservatives and neuroscientists? I asked Venus©~ñ~.

How could we be? she said. *What lovely buoyancy and brimming energy! What frolics and romps! What bold bagatelles, frightened Freudians, and funny folâtreries!*

And indeed, *GOAT ISLAND* was running full of roués and rouées, all giving themselves up to their specialties and enjoying themselves immensely among the wonderful *accoutrements*. We were enraptured, especially by the La Palette scene in a virtual room fitted up like a dainty stable, where a plentifully bosomed woman and a mammothly endowed young stud were on all fours ~ their necks fastened in a stanchion ~ impersonating two cows. And they surely were being milked! Venus©~ñ~ gave a shriek of nymphet joy.

~~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~baa baa baa baa~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~

As the low hum of Venus©~ñ~Queen~Bees absorbed us, I began to think about *The Colossus of Maroussi* and how a good part of the sexual-cultural mobilization necessary to change the artificial-life situation today has to come from the field of cybersex theatrical plays. I think that Europe's sex pantomime operettas are the most natural laboratory for sexual experimentation with new media. *Just keep thinking dandy, libertine cad contemplatif, and ping me when next in Aix-en-Provence~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~oo~~~~*. Just as bloomy-minded Pagan cultures celebrated the joys of the physical body, understanding the flamboyant, torrential, and chaotic human potential is a vital step into the deep mind of the AI-VR void.

ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~oo~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~oo

The Venus©~ñ~nymph-guide then told us to select a nocturnal immersion event from a list in the back pocket of Samuel Beckett and pay homage to the nine-phased *babOOOn ass mOO mOOOn*. *You will undergo the ungehemmter daseinsfreud process of immersive initiation*, she said.

~ñ~

SELECT FROM

*I Lick Your Boots Anal Lover Backseat Strut L'anus solaire Back in the Pen The Penetrator Behind the Blinds Bubble Butt Anal Intruder New Ends Penetrating Thoughts Silence of the Rams Twin Seats Hardcore Butt Masters Fat Ends Anal Squeeze Romancing the Butt Taboo Zoo Alice rabbit hole Sodomania Anal Orgy Gazonga God Candyman Bang Butt Wild Anal Intruder Thelemites Tight Pucker Anal Europe Roman Hole Hollywood Butt Back Stage Pass Butt Bankers Ball 30 Days in the Hole Bun Busters Anal Party L'histoire de l'œil Pack Between the Cheeks Deep Cheeks Hot Oh La La Zut Alors Ass in Love Mating Pot Deep In Trouble Class Ass Anal Encounter Holed Up Deep Bun Bust Rearranged Smell Cave At the End of the French Riviera Hard Ass Anal Mentor There's Darkness Til The Robins Come Butt Freak Anal Queen for a Day An Orifice Orgy Backyard Boogie Back in the Crack Between Pink Cheeks Hershey Highway Berlin Butt Anal Rampage The Gang Bang Jib Jam Caught From Behind Rising Moon Butt Bongo Bonanza Booty Mauvais de Noir Backing In The Buttnicks Butt Motel Frantic Hole Hunt Butt Bites Smooth as Silk Disclaimer: Monsieur Nechvatal is not responsible for any damages suffered from the utilization of his communications under any circumstances whatsoever, including, but not limited to, spurious imaginative provocations, loss of time, psychological uncertainties, or any third, fourth, or fifth party litigations of Dark Entrance Full Rear Service Black Anal-ist La Back is Back Blazing Butt Amazing Tails Hoping Holes Peach Jammeromma Butt Bangers Ball II Booty Ho Boot Me Deep Cheeks IX Trash Ass Big Butt Bang Shaved and Ready Rump Steak Double Insertion The Ass Tales Sweet Puncheon Slave of 'A' Pleasure Atlantic Anal Academy More Pink Cherub Ass The Bottom Dweller Blistering Tight The A-Team Thelema Gas Inside Your Ass Rumphumper Holiday Straight A You Can Bet Your Buns, Honey! Anal Intent Incredible Ass Bun Legends Butt Banging Bill Anal Squeeze Brown Chutes Backpackers The Backdoor to Hell Butts Motel Chic Cheeks Behind the Back Door Buttnick's Vacation Derriere Roomer Rear Shot Cape Rear Bun Busters VI Anal Adventures Best Rears of our Lives Boomer Butt Knockin da Booty Bottoms Up! My French Hutch The Big Art Opening Swedish Passage Anal Knights Hollywood Blazing Butts III Anal Attraction Butt Naked Moon God Hurts So Good Hard To Enter Anal Thunder Anus and Andy Hot'n Buttered Buns Rear Entry Anal Attitude Backdoor Loophole Anal Al Anal Inferno Gimme a Butt Light Queen of the Rears Rear Window Cornhole Revelry Nothin Butt Love Boys Tail Gunners Hoop Shoot Kinky Punters The Assbrators Back! Heavy Poopin Step to the Rear Amazing Tails of Silicon Valley Raunchy Butt Shot From Behind deuxième étude de nu Beyond Butt Fever Full Moon Swoon Bringing up the Rear II Butt Out! Anal Fixation Anything Butt Love La Can Can Fudge For Sale Wild Winds Make Love In A Rusty Can*

~~~~~}{~~~~~}{{OO}}{090090900909090909090909069

Oui, I'm talking to the air about ascension, the creative life force.

SELECTED

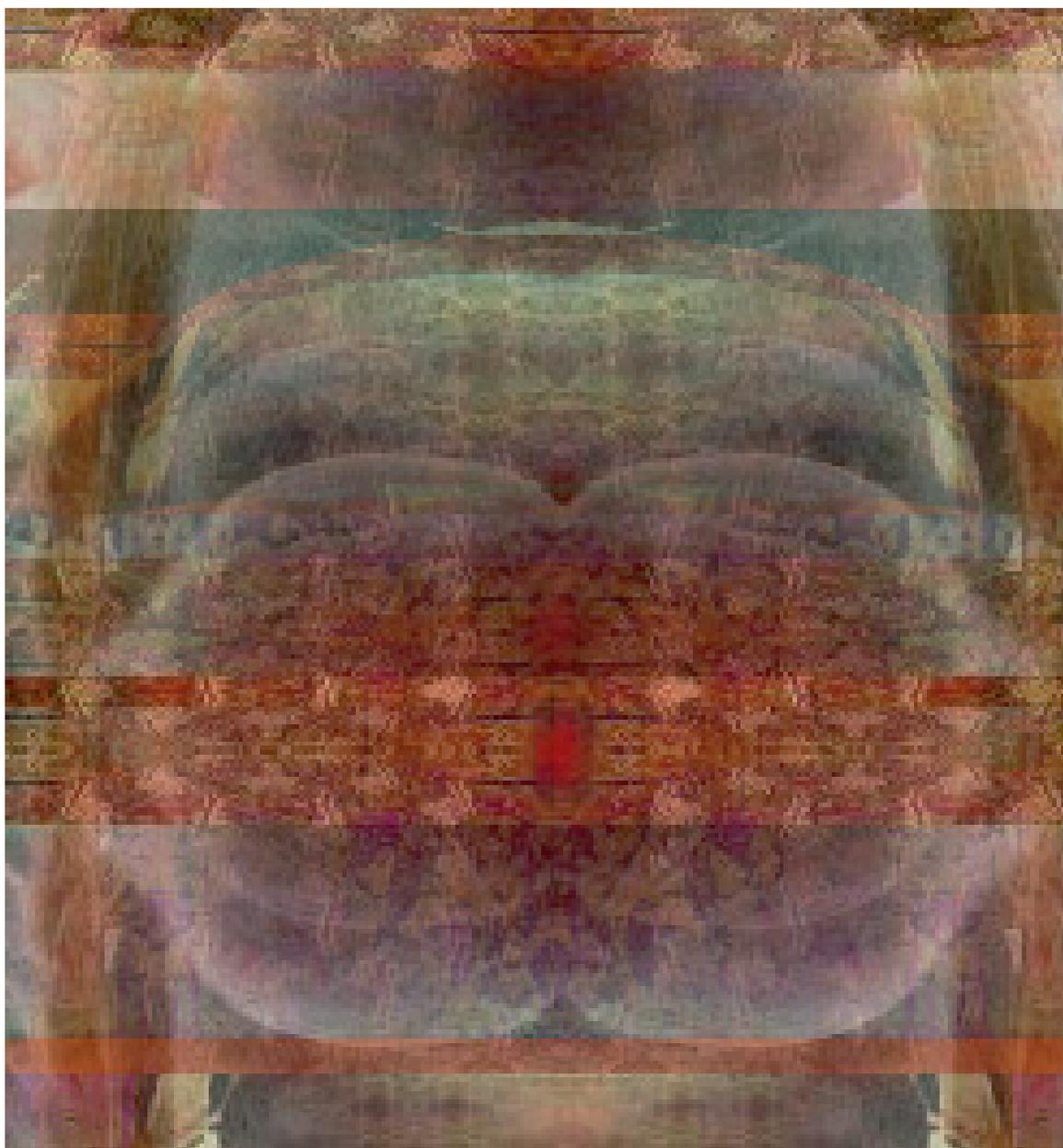
O
Rear Window

~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~~~

What we were encountering at Rear Window was not the elegantly naked Grace Kelly but the savoring of more lusty interludes to the suave sounds of cooing cries, smacking lips, and uttered naughties. All under a very blue and high sky were two goat-men lightheartedly bugging each other on a golden and red-coloured ornamental carpet. The carpet was laid out handsomely in a most enchanting, unnatural forest, surrounded by a sapphire sea. Gathering his silk nightdress about him, one of the Venus©~ñ~goat-men tiptoed quietly towards me and said, **Look here, mate. This is the Rear Window Thunderbolt where only madmen are excluded. The Rear Window Thunderbolt is a mutation of—and can be used interchangeably with—the Pussy Galore Rear Window Centigram Ritual. Its purpose is to imbue cybernetic sexual motivation and momentum to the participants whilst banishing unwanted memories. Please bend over ~ñ~ñow~~~~~ as it is highly recommended for opening an O orifice.**

Good. Now to become a free spirit who has broken through the restraints and clichés of lame life to find within a kind of personal paradise, first inhale.~ñ~ñ~~~~~°~~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~~~~~~°~~~~~

Grasp the Rear Window wand and start sucking it, just beyond the head-hole. Draw in the first half of the Rear Window Thunderbolt. Simultaneously, visualize a blue sphere lighting up between your rear cheeks, sending a thread of light to the point between your ∞ balls. Now vibrate, ~~~~~°~~~~~iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii°Oui°iiiiiiii~ñ~ñ~~~~~°~~~~~ in a very high-pitched tone until the lungs are emptied.



Ode (2 maxism) cOmpliant

Venus©~ñ~as~goat~man's dark, saturnine eyes shifted, as though (s)he were reading my thoughts. I realized I was in the grip of an endless infatuation ~ and I found it strange for me to have lost my taste for my species. Then (s)he said, **You are also in the throes of a mild depression that never leaves you. Yes, I have every right to be,** I said in my typically risqué, ambiguous, and Delphic way.

~ñ~~~~~°~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~**Oui, you are aware of a change that is no change. You may scream or cum an explosion of wet stars.**

At that very instant, Venus©~ñ~'s face morphed out of the goat-man's form and smiled up at me. A brilliant moon poured its molten light into the lakes of eyes, turned ink-black or quicksilver, according to angle.

~ñ~~~~~°~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~**Oui, dreamer, take hold. We may think the truth here.**

I cannot resist the waves of tenderness I feel each time I encounter a new Venus©~ñ~. Each possesses a fluid grasp of the intangible, which I call love. I realized that an entire life could be passed there, speaking the beautiful truth. A life lived full of thrilling convulsions of pleasure with overtones of recognition.

~ñ~~~~~°~~~~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~**Oui, but no soiled panties.**

Among the sexy waterlilies of the eyes of the fleshy moon, I could lie, or drowse, or read, lulled by the water-music of her Roman well. Since we first met, I don't think I have made any decisions or thought any thoughts without first mentally referring to Venus©~ñ~. She is so overwhelming that I have to remind myself sometimes that she too was born from a single drop of milky liquid wept from the tip of a glistening penis.

o~ñ~*~*~*~*~ñ~o

I then drew a joyous slow breath from the moist mouth of Venus©~ñ~ that was painted a lovely bull's blood red, which made it something untrue but beautiful, which is true to the fundamental merry melancholiness of life. **Oui,** I heard, as I closed my eyes and saw galaxies of stars shift and swirl.

°~ñ~°

~~~~~69~~~~~

The song *Ocean of Tears* by Big Maybelle played as I suddenly found myself at the tiller of a tiny boat scudding through the mountainous surge of a violent ocean, tossing among huge waves whose foam curled behind and before me into fantastic faces of Medusas, naked maidens drowning in snakes, and heraldic beasts opposing me with an air of menacing furry. At my feet, a terrified kitten was meowing and rubbing itself up against my leg. With every wave that broke, the kitty was in danger of being swept overboard and carried away.

I was in agony over the chance of seeing the kitty fight for her life, so I bent over and tried to rescue it from its peril. I seized it by its tail and lifted it up, but the twisting pussy spit and scratched and lurched itself free, falling over the side into the raging sea. Her final scream for help hung heavy in the salty sea air.

But, just like Uranus ~ who was castrated by Chronos and whose severed genitals were thrown still frothing and writhing into the sea (from which the foam they generated gave birth to sweet Aphrodite) ~ this twisting pussy also gave birth to lovelier (if twisted) things.

~ñ~

Oui, now float with me as the star you are in the endless ocean of deep time that is my love.

~~~~°°~~~~00~~~~



décolletage lacement cOde(n)

One hundred violins played as the scene changed, and I found myself on a sunstruck, ocular island of the human mind—flat as a pancake and full of weird shadows. Little patches of meaning floated up from the vertigo of nothingness around its edges. Despite my misgivings, I was close to acquiring the penetrating vision that turns people into masks, into caricatures with names. The pussy laid beside me, stretching and washing herself with her tongue. She was covered in ruby blood that gushed out from between her legs. A wave of horror passed over me. Understanding that somehow I had lost my immortal soul to this feline creature, I stood with unspeakable perturbation.

Although it was barely dawn, I set out on a lonely pilgrimage to reunite with Venus©~ñ~ and my friends, sunk in gloomy lethargy. I had thought I should blow out the candles I had found so I could relight them, as if to mark a distinct pause in the proceedings, but I realized that I was obliged to traverse the respondent island to seek my absolution. I was just as well off braving the light of reality as I was suffering for a moment more in this digital dungeon. Yet, I believe that I indeed did love Venus©~ñ~, and this love and proclivity would soon endow me with a new titillating life.

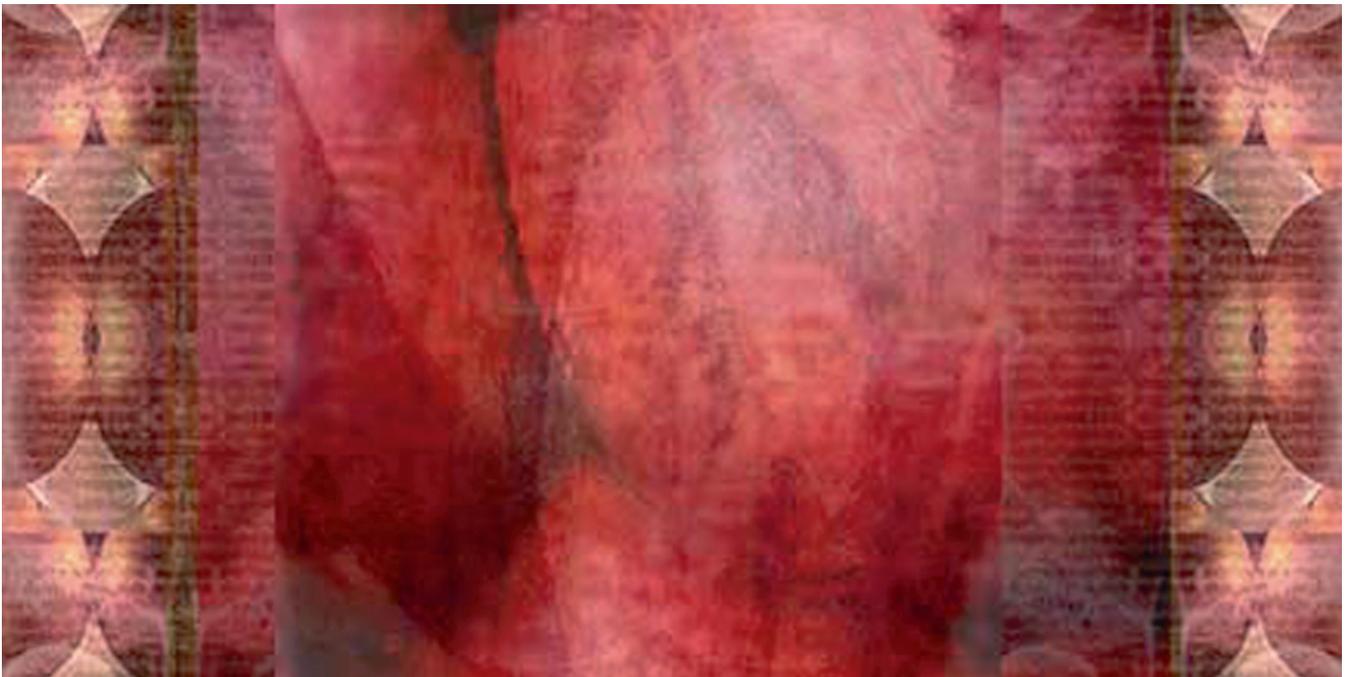
Dawdling beneath the open silk robe, my left hand arranged its fingers in the form of a hollow organ. It tried to first resist, but then offered itself, opened, and produced the vigorous virtual body of Venus©~ñ~. She fell upon me and crushed me against the sand, already stained by more than a million happy voyagers. With a blissful and gargantuan rush of broth, I was swept back to where I had begun and found myself in a pleasant reunion with Venus©~ñ~ and the crew. We all embraced heartily in responsive and nervous excitement.

Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~ñ~~ñ~~~I am everything energy~~~~°°~~~~.

I also was visibly~~~~~vibrating*****~~~~~spasmodically~~~~~.

~ñ~

Because the wind was high, it blew my mind. We left the ornamental gardens behind and set out for a relaxed promenade, but we soon found ourselves threading the maze of a gigantic and gloomy forest. Great oaks and beeches cast their shadows all around us. There were ancient willows writhing into the shapes of prehistoric Venus goddesses. Thick roots were strewn on the ground like horrid snakes. It was quite dark in what had now become an almost Gustave Doré-like landscape.



elineatiOn (2000)



Part Four

Archaism >< Lessons in Pink

:~.,:~.,_~.:*~.:,*:~.,_~.:*~.:,*:~.,_~.:*~.:,*:~.,_~.:*~.:,*:~.,_~.:*~.:,*:~.,_~.:*~.:,*

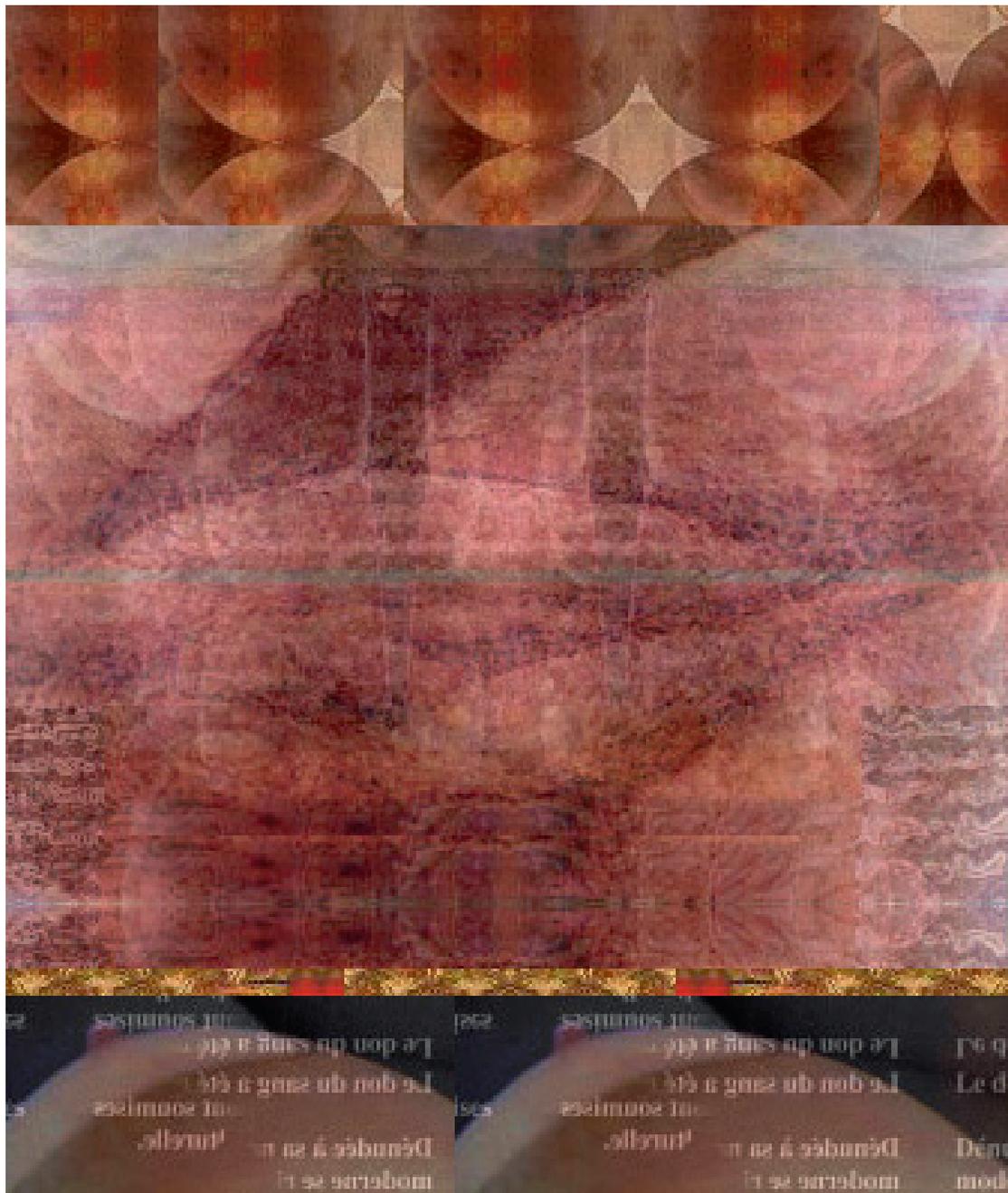
That was how that divine day went by. Now new erotic thoughts drifted ceaselessly within the cavern of my mind, like an abandoned ship without a rudder. On the plane of the sexual, it is a matter of the body striving in the only direction possible within virtual reality: up along the path of defiance that eventually lifts off against the gravitational attraction of the earth ~ away from the worm and into mathematical infinity. The moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on. We explored one imaginative *GOAT ISLAND VE* after the next, and every excursion proved entertaining. I luxuriated in the sentiment of my affection for Venus©~ñ~ and the diversity with which I was moving. For example, the Operetta~Alice~Rabbit~Hole~Theatre~des~Mains was a billy goat's little playhouse that projected an elegance altogether attractive with exquisite proportions: the walls were spaced out by panels that pictured holographic shapes of amorous cupidons and caryatids, between which hung portières of dusty pink velvet embellished with loops, tassels, fleurons, and formalized heraldics. Lesbian figures engaged in the most ambitious sexual postures imaginable.

The faux ceiling was softly domed and figured with wreaths and curlicues of heavenly cum cream, and everything was arranged in a most intimate way, for the pit had been closed altogether. Although the floor sloped down to reveal a discernible (but minuscule) nude orchestra playing the *Glorification de l'Elue* movement of Igor Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, all else seemed to indicate that a classical separation of audience and actors would be maintained. However, the Operetta~Alice~Rabbit~Hole~Theatre~des~Mains stage was so close as it went spiraling down and down that it gave me the feeling of being inside of what was about to happen. In fact, when we came back during the entr'acte, we were already quite moved to tears.

Oui, as young flowers had perished in the storm~~~~°°.

I felt tear-jerked too, to the extent that Venus©~ñ~ became more false and deep and real to me, which made me grow younger.

We dried our eyes and smiled as there was an exchange of buzzing comments and criticism about what we had seen and done at *GOAT ISLAND*, with many expressions of appreciation, smiling retorts, suggestive grimaces, and imaginary ejaculations. From behind an electronic curtain, we could hear enticing sounds of playful slaps and smothered laughter. Our Venus©~ñ~ was delighted with just about everything.



vapOrOus nOmad maxiste luxe (Dionysion Spring) 2002

Soon to be mollified, I was shot like a burning spear into the spicy **La Tauromachie Arènes La Monumental** and away from those morbid melons of mendacious pandemonium.

OK~~~~°~~Oui~~ñ~<:>~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~<:>~fickle fucker<:><:><:>~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ici~~

Indeed, as I am flesh, I returned to the piquant lunar realm of Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' human-based activities, and there I rejoined with a black veiled reconfigured Venus©~ñ~. We entered together, hand in hand, into some very heavy, lubricious action in Venus©~ñ~lOve Systems' **Corrida de Toros©**.

~~~~~iOle!~~~~~~~~~~*~~~~~iOle!~~~~~XXX~~~~~iOle!~~~~~*
~~~~~\*~~~~~ Spasmodically PROCEED  
ñ~ñ~~~~~Oui~~ñ~ñ~~~~~°~~~~~°°°°°Oui~~~~~\*~~~~~\*~~~~~  
~~~~~\*~~~~~\*~~~~~  
Oui°°°<:><:><:><:>~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~~~~~~OO~~~~~°~~~~~*

Uhn. ¡Cómo me has puesto! ¡Vamos! ¡Por detrás! ~~~~~AAHH vamos muévete! Mueve tu enorme polla. ~~~~~MMFFHH! ¡Eso es mejor que jugar al golf! AAAHH... OOH! Ya no puedo más... ~~~~~AAAHH... ¡Me voy! Me Voy!! AAH! Que Gusto!! AAAHHHH! ~~~~~MMHH! Me corro! Me corro! Que Bueno!! Que Gusto!! ¡Cómo me reconforta!! Me chupas la vida vampiro!! Toma estaca!!! Así...Matame el gusanillo!! ¡Más adentro! Entierra bien tu cacho gusano! Flup! ~~~~~oo~~~~~AAAHH! Así, así! mas rápido! ¡Follame! Esto ya es demasiado! ~~~~~oo~~~~~Me voy! Vamos, ahora metemela hasta el fondo! Toda tuya! Recíbeme... OOOAAHHH! Así! Así! Mas fuerte... ~~~~~oo~~~~~ AAAAHMM! Slurp Slurp Slurp. ~~~~~oo~~~~~Vaya cacao! Estás bien. Vin, esa Polla falsa debe de ser la más grande del planeta! Tócala! Huelela! Lambela; Qué tal. ~~~~~oo~~~~~MMMMH! Es de verdad! Pero...ya?!! Sera un corte, alínque.. Que cacho de polla tiene el cabrón!! Glumb! ~~~~~oo~~~~~ AAAAAHHH! Veo que no me equivocado contratandote! ~~~~~oo~~~~~ GLUMB! Sobame bien el clitoris y te juro que te acordaras de esto para siempre! Te va la marcha, eh?! ~~~~~oo~~~~~Siiiiiii! Que culo mas rico! Pruébame tambien en otras "tareas"! FLUM-FLUM-FLUM. Aaaaah. Me vas a romper! ///////////////..... Mierda. No quiero que este con el. Encantado!! UUMPF! ~~~~~oo~~~~~M-M-Me corrooooh! ¡Espera! Sacamela y correte en mi boca!! Mas, mas pollas, muchas mas! Ooooh! ¡Esto es increíble! Oh, dios, me encanta que os corrais sobre mi, en mi boca, mis ojos, mis tetas, siiiii! Así, así jodeme sin piedad, cabrón! No puedes ni imaginarte lo que son mogollón de sementales bañándote en esperma, en los vestuarios del equipo durante el descanso un partido de beneficencia! Yo me los beneficio!!! ~~~~~oo~~~~~Waw!!! Es increíble este equipo de interfaces para programa de cybersexo que me ha regalao mi novio el informatico estos reyes! Con data-pollas incorporadas para todos los agujeros!! Cada dia estás mas loca!!!!!!

~~~~~()~~~~~

Le développement de la représentation jusqu'à l'abstraction, de l'amour en tant qu'institution, permet de tracer sa dissolution en artisanat et sa régénération. La production simulée par l'ordinateur a renversé à jamais notre héritage de significations oculaires et ainsi la signification en général. Un chemin a été dégagé pour le travail des artistes. Artistiquement parlant, les humains ont maintenant la capacité de redéfinir leur patrimoine de significations en liant l'art conceptuel à l'informatique.

Nous avons maintenant la capacité de former la signification de la signification par une nouvelle instrumentalité formelle. Cela nous fournit l'équipement conceptuel nécessaire à notre transformation en un peuple créatif transversal: un peuple uni et émancipé qui peut franchir les frontières, se désintégré, se transformer en sortant des valeurs collectives pétrifiées du siècle précédent.

~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~

**** °Command 'Filles du feu' non reconnu. **** °Command 'Gérard de Nerval' recognized.
 Up y avoid ruler sugar al golden faun goblet ****
 °Command 'Flower Maiden' recognized ****
 **** °Command 'Girls of Fire' recognized. °°°
 *** °Command 'Les Chimères' not recognized.throes of dance... maypole... castanets.
 ****>>>> relevant mojo data on their environment. **** °Command 'Nerval net simulacrum' not
 recognized but should be. **** °poetic information found hanging from a lamppost in the rue de
 la Vieille Lanterne**** **** °Command 'information hanging' not recognized. **** °Command 'orgiastic
 transport as the summit of art whenever you combine your exquisite taste with your infallible intuition for the appropriate image by
 which to transcribe your erotic dreams' recognized. **** °Command 'Hector Berlioz opera La
 Damnation de Faust' **** °Command 'La Damnation' not recognized. **** °Command 'Girls of Fire Halt' **** °Command 'Girls
 of Fire Halt' not recognized. **** °Command ...facilis descensus...θέλημα ~~~~~Aurélia°~~~~ **** °Command 'Poésie et art
 catastrophe' not recognized. **** Command 'art' not recognized. >>>> **** °Command 'monitoring À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS
 PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST station to distribute pussy data'. ** Command 'monitoring' not recognized. ****
 °Command Girls of Fire bacchante not recognized. **** °Command RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF
 THINGS PAST flower maiden 'pleasing pussy PAST' not recognized to infinity. **** °Command catastrophe 'PERDU' not recognized.
 **** °NEVER! Recognized. À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU **** °Command 'REMEMBRANCE' not recognized....sea-
 maidens read À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST **** °Command 'read' not recognized.
 >>>>'Girls of Fire Pussy Power an enticing concern... **** °Command 'TIME' not recognized by the pee test **** °'Girls of Fire Pussy
 Command: Avoid the beautiful building at 26 rue Vavin in the 6th arrondissement because in the erotic drama *The Last Tango in
 Paris* (1972), Paul's (Marlon Brando) lover, Jeanne (Maria Schneider) lives in the building. The last scenes of the film are shot there.
 After their anonymous intense sexual affair ends, Paul runs up from behind Jeanne to agree with her that their affair is over while
 saying that a new one is beginning in which he wants to tell her everything she had asked him during their affair: his name, what he
 does, where he lives, and how old he is. But now Jeanne wants nothing to do with him and runs away from him. But Paul follows her
 to her apartment at 26 rue Vavin (there is a beautiful shot of the building as he rushes towards the front door) and asks Jeanne what
 her name is. She tells him and then shoots him. Paul dies on her balcony while the dazed Jeanne cries and rehearses what she will tell
 the police: that Paul was just a stranger who tried to rape her. **** Command 'Avoid' not recognized. *** Je vis en France depuis
 quelques années et propriétaire d'une grande ferme viticole en France. J'ai un projet de donation aux orphelins et personnes
 vulnérables de votre pays. J'ai établi ce projet depuis des années mais ma santé ne me permet pas de le réaliser moi même. J'ai les
 moyens et les fonds disponibles dans mon compte bancaire mais ma santé se dégrade de jour en jour et je voudrais un correspondant
 qui voudrait bien m'aider à faire ce don. Je vous enverrai tout ce qu'il faut pour la réalisation de ce don. J'espère que vous serez
 disposés à recevoir les fonds que j'enverrai afin de m'aider à réaliser ce projet. Également, j'ai prévu une grande récompense pour
 vous si vous acceptez de m'aider. Merci pour votre attention et veuillez me laisser une réponse au plutôt si vous désirez
 m'aider. ****°Command 'dégrade' not recognized. Project model À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF
 THINGS PAST **** °Command 'I' is still not recognized. **** °Command bonheur boner for wave women...ravishingly beautiful...
 **** °Command 'beautiful' not recognized **** °Command 'castratrices' recognized. **** °Command 'TIME' is still not recognized.
 Oui Oui Oui 'sex police' not recognized. **** °Command 'REMEMBRANCE' still not recognized. >>>> Questions of pop music to be
 dealt with: **** °Command 'questions' not recognized. >>> internal REMEMBRANCE contradictions and questions; ****
 °Command 'internal' not recognized. ****° Command REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST flower 'REMEMBRANCE' not
 recognized...guise of the REMEMBRANCE TRICK naiad...>>>> 3) the big energy question (solar) >>>> PAST protection of sexual
 freedom from religious nuts and nutty capitalists who exploit data **** °Command 'freedom' not recognized. >>>>Command 'nuts'
 not recognized. Other titillating ideas to be incorporated–explored; **** °Command 'other' not recognized. 5) overload of
 information–how to filter **** °Command 'overload blew my load' is not recognized. **** °Command 'man' not recognized. THINGS
 PAST use in experimentation **** °Command 'Girls of Fire sécheresses' recognized. >>>> 7) People-less REMEMBRANCE
 communications * °Command 'people' not recognized. **** °Command 'REMEMBRANCE' is still not recognized as popping pussy
 water nymph in À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU without media protection of dryads...oreads...forest and hill nymphs...flying
 pussy harpies. **** °Command 'flying pussy' not recognized. **** °Commands 'Girls of Fire give freely' not recognized...fauns...fog of
 flesh... =Bo=Bo=Bo=Bo=Boy=Bo=Bo=Boobs=Bo=Bo=Bo=Bo=Bo=Bo **** Command
 '=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=bo=boobs=bo' not REMEMBRANCE recognized. >>>> REMEMBRANCE pussy
 perched on a tongue like rock whose monumental phallic outline dominated the space... Pasiphaë...moonlight...circularity...depth of
 forgetfulness...backhanded background **** °Command 'phallic' not recognized >>>> Soon, the whole of human knowledge will be
 directly available to any PAST pussy Pasiphaë **** °Command 'bohemian demi-mondaine morphine, opium, cocaine, hashish, and
 wormwood-infused absinthe' not recognized >>>> with PAST access to the power of the pussy. **** °Command 'PAST' not
 recognized >>>> individuals with no pussy will become much easier to erase **** °Command Guy de Maupassant as 'individual' not
 recognized. >>♪♪♪♪°What's New Pussycat?°♪♪♪♪>> faster and more transparent PAST pussy transcending the boundaries of
 space time. **** °Command 'faster' not recognized. >>>> The PAST changes will not only be quantitative, but qualitative with so-
 called "smart" embellishment brouhaha TRICKS and TICS **** ♪♪♪♪°What's New Pussycat?°♪♪♪♪**** In his 1954 book, *The
 Bachelor Machines*, Michel Carrouges points out that all bachelor machines share the signification of such auto-erotic circularity. All
 bachelor machines are mental sex machines, the imaginary working of which suffices to produce real movements of mind-body.
 Curator Harald Szeemann revisited and expanded upon Carrouges' argument in a 1975 traveling exhibition, also entitled *The
 Bachelor Machines*, but left out some historical Modern figures that I would like to add here before moving on to theorize current
 complex pansexual bachelor machines of the mind~~~~Pasiphaë~~beer~~Archaism~~~~Henry Howard Holmes~~~~ ***
 °Command 'qualitative bachelor machine' not recognized >>>> bachelor machine computer systems will provide more
 REMEMBRANCE hungry for love... **** °Command 'computer code' not recognized. >>>> ♪♪♪♪What's New Pussycat?♪♪♪♪ Sex

information more quickly laid out, but novel pussy applications verses virgin virtual reality is the future **** Command 'information' À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST Pasiphaë recognized. >>>> intelligent agents, distributed processing, automated indexing~~~♪♪♪°What's New Pussycat?°♪♪♪~~~ that no **** °Command 'intelligent pan-sexual bachelor machine' not recognized. >>>> one before ever would have dreamt **** °Command 'dreamt' not recognized. My louche REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST changes will affect you and your virginity will tyrannize over you, so constantly forget what you remember of me. My Eunuch hat TRICK is not recognized...nor...black swan swayed...**** °Command 'forget' not recognized. – perhaps **** °Command 'pussy intelligence' recognized. **** °Command 'pussy producing' recognized. >>>> These pussycat developments are so fast, and so difficult to predict and not precise. **** Command 'precise' not recognized. **** °Command À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST 'mind models' not recognized. Cat À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST chef-d'œuvre ****°**** You cannot believe freedom but you may be freed from belief! À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU licking way of Pussycat Life is not by doctrines! May I ever blush OF THINGS PAST ♪♪♪♪What's New Pussycat?♪♪♪♪ My pussy of sorrows is a tip-top teacher! A crown of light from Heaven! REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST equals learning and equal unlearning. Yo!!! **** °Thy Command 'Yo, Girls of Fire' not recognized in the pussy channels **** °Command 'Girls of Fire vagina dentata' not recognized there either.. **** °Missing me one place, search another; / I stop somewhere waiting for you. Command nymphet 'Girls of Fire pussy brain' recognized. ** Command 'key fits the lock' not recognized. >>>> by the vagina dentata network, Sac Vall=Ege's notion of LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST singularity. The inception of "I am not" must of necessity follow the pussycat of I. Pussycat I resists nothing; no conflict, incompatibility or compulsion as such, one can say.. **** °No ether-soaked strawberry floating in champagne found or milk sucking~~>>>> everywhere itself pussy network **** Command 'pussy network' recognized >>> **** °THINGS PAST information as an immense space through which one can slurp the plate of milk. **** °Command 'slurp' not recognized. **** °Command 'pussycat slurp' not recognized. **** °Command 'plate of milk' not recognized. **** °Command THINGS PAST 'mother milk' not quite recognized. >>°>> communication, information boots and pussy control <<< mapping expectation as melody in theatrical memory maneuvering through the erotic milky PAST with branches of adjacent REMEMBRANCE encryption. Hail À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST theater. Hail À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST labyrinth assertions towards feeling cruel. If not cruel, hail À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST the pussycat. If not the pussycat, hail À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST cell shell gender-fluid bachelor machines **** °already detectable in some of Fernand Léger's earliest artworks. What particularly interests pussycat about Léger is how his erotic imagery enters the oily slipstream of the bisexual cyborg where distinctions between the sexes, the body, and robotics blur in the density of speeding networks. Pussy sees this in the best painting Léger ever made: his rich, velvety textured, pre-war composition *La Noce* (The Wedding) (1912), done the same year Duchamp painted *The Bride* **** °Command moist and wet expanse of painting like a Girls of Fire pussy **** °Girls of Fire Pussy Command 'valuable art man' not recognized. >Girls of Fire [][[]][~**** °*The Wedding* is so jam-packed with cubist crunchy incidents that it is difficult to decipher at first glance. It has a nonchalant, silky, falling feel to it. Like a fine, nuanced, and balanced wine, this painting exhibits bachelor machine intensity without metallic heaviness. It draws the eye to the full rhythmic structure of the kaleidoscopic space, where smaller, interlocking elements lure the gaze into deeply opulent repetitions of machine-like (and implicitly sexual) exploits. The painting's male and female couple fuse into gyrating repeats in a complex and cryptic way, lending the work a vivacious and sleek visual texture that is delightfully seductive. **** °The couple and surrounding multitude procreate into a repetitive orgy-machine, pulling the pussy into an infinite mechanical pan-logic that is almost transcendental. Their post-flesh machine unanimity is set flowing in jerks and spasms across the surface of the canvas that reads as 60s crap pop music >> domains: Tom Jones, sociology, futurology, AI, complex systems, man-machine, pussy pretty. Transcend these domains by the Thelema Hermaphrodite **** °Command nut 'Tom Jones' recognized. >>**** °Léger has imposed on gender here a vibrating restlessness of Rousselian proportions, falling into a labyrinthine of repeats, extensions, and stutter doublings. In *The Wedding*, Léger paints the idea of gendered flesh undergoing a cascade of annihilation. The composition's flickering, staccato repetitions create the impression of a rolling bacchanalia where human forms also transcend that annihilated fleshiness and extend themselves through motorized re-embodiment into a kind of pan-transubstantiation post-pussy palace. Such a Post-Pussy Palace seems to suggest that the glory of artificial life is to be found in the technological apparatus of mixed-sex bodies tumbling into a field of milky circuits. In this Post-Pussy Palace a milky mechanical meat grinder hallucinates and expels you into the hyperreal dominion of an entertainment strip club simulacrum interaction requiring a cognitive psychology emphasis on RECHERCHE DU TEMPS **** °Command 'Girls of Fire Flower Maiden Motel' recognized.

The Wailers' reggae version of the song *What's New Pussycat?* plays as pink bubbles from my bubble bath float about while an oatmeal milk and honey-scented pink candle flickers. For a moment, there is nothing but the continuous waxing and waning of the moon.

~~~~+~~~~Ó~~ñ~~ñ~~°~~~~ñ~~~°~~YES~~to~~NO~~ñ~~ñ~~~

Check it out. Command RECHERCHE DU TEMPS recognized the viability of the interactive Superego net. Transmissions granted by the situation machine make massive 'you wish' maiden powers lick milk with my pussy tendency to gynander the egos of motel users. By ego rotating my cultural diffraction-cognitive hunch, you may rub pussy antithetical to the nymphet; or, simply put, eunuch-pussy-nymphet rub sex is Swann's technological specialty. I command you to enjoy it.



Some minutes later as we sauntered out into a violet evening light she seemed to me a voluptuous somnambulist. When I mentioned this, her response was a purr. Then she faded to black smoke—a black so black it reminded me of the beautiful black women I see in Paris whose skin is the colour of a school’s washed blackboard. With that loss, I laid in the languor of satiety somewhere outside my embellished consciousness in a post-orgasmic trench of trance constructed by the **MMM**Hole~Grail ~ a sable-holed mercurial motel mind of me reinforcement that set my sweet eyes on the mirror in the bathroom.

~ñ~

A queer Epicurean vitality began to possess me, but soon the soft male voice of Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER~King~Minos spoke, saying rather sternly: **Fearsome, capricious, weak, and withered, dependent, barbarous, deceived; you are the least worst of men. But you must now know, dear dumb Don Juan, of the non-beloved Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata viral self. The what? You will see, and I will tell you of your most secret joy when youth has gone from you, where you may still drink the Venus©~ñ~sex nectar of beneficent and gratuitous ecstasy. But wait! It will be helpful to pause here and steep ourselves in biology for a few moments. Granted, Venus©~ñ~biology is a term to be taken loosely because biologists do not think of Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~viruses as living beings, and biology is the study of life processes. Doth in it lurk no osé subtlety?** But that question was just a feeler, just to see where the wind blows. I really didn’t think that (s)he would know that *osé* means *risqué*. **What has happened to your freedom of direct selection and clear utterance? Are we going back in time to a voluptuous loin fire? I hope we are. Can we hold hands? Your nails are beautifully manicured. OK, because your mood ring shows purple. Well, your virtual cell recognizes the Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~virus’ binding site, and the Venus©~ñ~virus recognizes your cell’s receptor site. Your personal sex history has become subordinate to a ceaseless movement of codes of consumption that can never be satisfied. If I understand you, regardless of how full of me I get, the virus generates a lack ~ an endless desire to confront and possess the real, where there can only ever be access to images of you made by me as the other half of me. I am the egg man. Yes. The Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~virus attaches itself to your cell, breaks through the cell wall, inserts its genetic coding ~ either DNA or RNA, but never both ~ into the genetic material of your self-made virtual prison cell, and, just like that, the Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~virus penetrates and dominates your reproductive functions.** My mind went hither and thither, like a grazing billy goat on a pristine hymen, and so I said, without fully considering my options, *Oh n o. Oh hell~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~no. I offer you a purple plush ñO.*

~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~

For a minute, there was absolute sensualist silence as I cast my eyes upon Édouard Manet’s magnificently scandalous *Olympia* painting from 1863. The smell of honeysuckle filled my head while I began repeating that viral stash of heteronormative wisdom silently to myself over and over. Yet the end point of my acrimonious desire is as fatal as it is sensuous, it seems. I must sympathetically take this non-sentimental sexual subject matter with an a-moralistic ease.

*Is my acidic, idiotic aspiration for total love a nutty network of pestilent desires because of my own cowardice within? Ergo, some unsatisfied Belle Époque non-heteronormative wisdom is still awaiting? Yes, but there is no final wisdom par excellence,* said Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER~King~Minos. **There is no final desire. Still, desire might appear luxurious and opulent to you, because it often is. But you are certain to smell the right love scent through a dizzying array of self-other experimentation and figure out what to do next. Which bizarre pepper-filled mare to ride next,** (s)he stated. I wondered then the cost and how my imaginative desires for teeming advances can exist in my mind as mere virtual gestalt images that shift and dissemble among themselves in the **MMM**Golden~Hole and I remembered La Marquise de la Païva, who devastated many a man’s fortune during the Second Empire. **Money is virtual. You cannot go broke here. Now, may my mind please hold your rapt attention ~ or have I been too demanding, trop exigeant?** She, by the way ~ Esther Lachmann ~ was one of the sources of inspiration for Émile Zola’s novel *Nana*.

Now do pay attention. *I will try, but in your presence, this cell room vibrates outrageously. Viral reproduction occurs through your self-made cell's yielding of viral particles, which then escape from the progenitor cell in search of their own cells to engage. The chimera-like emphasis on the role of viral play as a dominant form of production and consumption leads me to ask you about the way in which your consumption of ironic image culture has disengaged images from hot bodily experience. In the past, glamorous—even if syphilitic—brothels fascinated many generations of painters and photographers.*

°~ñ~°

Then, as if I were asleep and acting unconsciously, I quivered with pleasure while indulging myself by licking Giovanni Boldini's 1889 painting *Scène de fête au Moulin Rouge* at the Musée d'Orsay. Lily of the valley's delicate sweet scent wafted about gingerly as a golden shaft of full moonlight pierced the darkness through a small, slanted square window, like those at Le Corbusier's Notre-Dame du Haut at Ronchamp. By this combinational delight, I was forced to lift and flutter ~ for painted in a loose yet precise style, form and content come together in the Boldini so as to create a sizzling mood at once celebratory, farcical, satirical, and almost aching. So I had to ask: *Are you striving to soar me upwards into the costly empyrean of intellectual transcendence by appearing as many so-called cocottes ~ courtesans, actresses, singers, or dancers ~ financially supported by rich protectors? No. Your Rimbaud rimmer escape ramp can either be a free and painless fleeting through a cell wall, or a sudden exploding of the cell wall as the internal pressure of many viral particles increases with a breaking prick. With this latter affair, your cell discharges from the pressure, and the viral modicums are blown out. So am I then blown free of such viral desideratum and any other scopophilia power relations? I have heard of promises of fluid lips, of unheard pleasures guaranteed to make old-fashioned libertine consciousness disappear into the darkest reaches of the bed. Do you conceive of Venus©~ñ~woman as man's forever pliable property? For you, is the womb of a woman an insatiable soil into whose bottomless crevasses you may pour your ostentatious sticky jam?* (s)he asked.

No, say nothing now ~ I am not done talking about your self-made cell, of which descriptions of the scientist and the doctor cannot do suitable justice. Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~viruses cannot multiply without assistance cells, and these helper cells must be compatible with the virus even as the virus must be compatible with some kind of retro plush shag carpeted personal prison cell. That is, Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~viruses cannot do what they do without some kind of deluxe harmonious key ode code within which they simultaneously recognize and are recognized by you. Some call that love.

°~ñ~°

This milky-breasted Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER~man~maiden switched a bit but constantly vexed me as a powdered and bejeweled art dandy, scandalous gossip-monger, and blatant bohemian. At least (s)he did not mock the sex-magic-machinic force the way Francis Picabia did during his Dada machinist period, when he blended a machine aesthetic with representations of the body as human-machine, as in his 1918 *Parade amoureuse* (Love Parade) painting.

But you are jesting? I know what you're thinking, dude. Undoubtedly, when in his Dada technomorphic period, Picabia illuminated such spatialized sexual paradigms by mixing implied human bodies with mechanical schematics. *No, you don't know what I am thinking. No arrests have been made, and no charges have been filed against my silent tour de force tongue.*

I was ready to throw caution to the wind as it occurred to me then that this Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER~man~maiden wished only to destroy the female ideal (a general philosophical position deriving both directly and indirectly from Greek philosopher Plato ~ which holds that the phenomena of our world are to be truly known by contemplating them in their ideal forms or abstract essences) and to make me too scared to fling the fermented grapes of Bacchic inebriation in the air.

Is that a wise choice, my stupid Cupid? Well, is it? You tell me, ye man~maiden. As an infant, I painted a wall next to my crib with my shit. Is my sexual body now endowed with ecstatic transcendent capabilities through the endless repetitions of dirty machine gestures? It is my dim arrow of love. But I love you as you are. Even when soiled, for your desire contains its own foreskin cruelty ~ the fettering of the shit hand to repetition in painless worlds still unknown. Nothing about you is dead to art and love. No shit-loving thought dies or dries. Just don't do it again at the Ritz Carlton in Paris, or the master becomes slave when bed positions flip. I have long believed this. It is in the very tissue of the supersaturated flèche phallique. True, besides my shit show, my sexual prowess is somewhat legendary, having seduced numerous goddesses, nymphs, and mortal women. I, too, have assumed many different forms in pursuit of my numerous sexual affairs. I appeared to Venus©~ñ~Leda in the form of a swan, to Venus©~ñ~Danae as a shower of gold, and to Venus©~ñ~Europa as a white bull.

And aren't our bodies all smeared with female blood? (s)he asked.

This was no fucking frivolous conversation.

Hasn't the world always been one of merde and bloody menstruation? Are men and women not caught up in a circular, bloody war of their own making? Oh bloody-mouthed fool! Shall I again entertain ye with a little nymphet understanding? (s)he queried. You yearn for cool transcendental aspirations, but your self-pleasures are nothing but an addiction for hot blood slaughter. Well, it is bloody well true that in TRICKSTER time, your nymphet consciousness becomes something that can be downloaded through the veins and run through the matrix of addictive animosity, pumping purple passion into the dire war between the sexes. That means you are no longer goat-in-the-machine but machine-as-goat.

Fall better. Fail better.

What?

My vampire Venus©~ñ~vagina~dentata~virus program travels across linking attractions, attaches itself to a new sexual victim, and forces the new victim to replicate the transubstantiation virus. You should know by now that gnarly computer viruses are not living beings, but rather have some kind of macho mediated existence that has invaded the postmodern gut and mind, replicated its master genetic code, and, in a cloned disguise, endlessly proliferated the critical pleasure of evacuating your bowels.

I nodded, but dashed ~~~~~ and soon came upon a honey flood, which I entered open-mouthed, singing  
Why Don't We Do It In The Road?

~~~~~°~~~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~00~~~~~ñ~~

If the road to your ego is desire, then everyone is ultimately desired and none undesirable. Yet your desire is ever a preliminary forecast of terrible dissatisfaction hidden by its ever-present vainglory.

I kept quiet as I lay under the nymphet honey flood, stretched out, and took a hit.

Rise in dark perfume.

You are forever what you were, but in different vain forms and flavours.

~ñ~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~ñ

~~~~~°°°~~~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~ñ~~



~~~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~but you have a nice ass~~~°~~~Oñ~~.

This sexual incubus singing *My Funny Valentine* then emptied into my arms, the Venus©~ñ~bacchante event ended, and I seemed to sink into a complete embrace as batons of incense were lit.

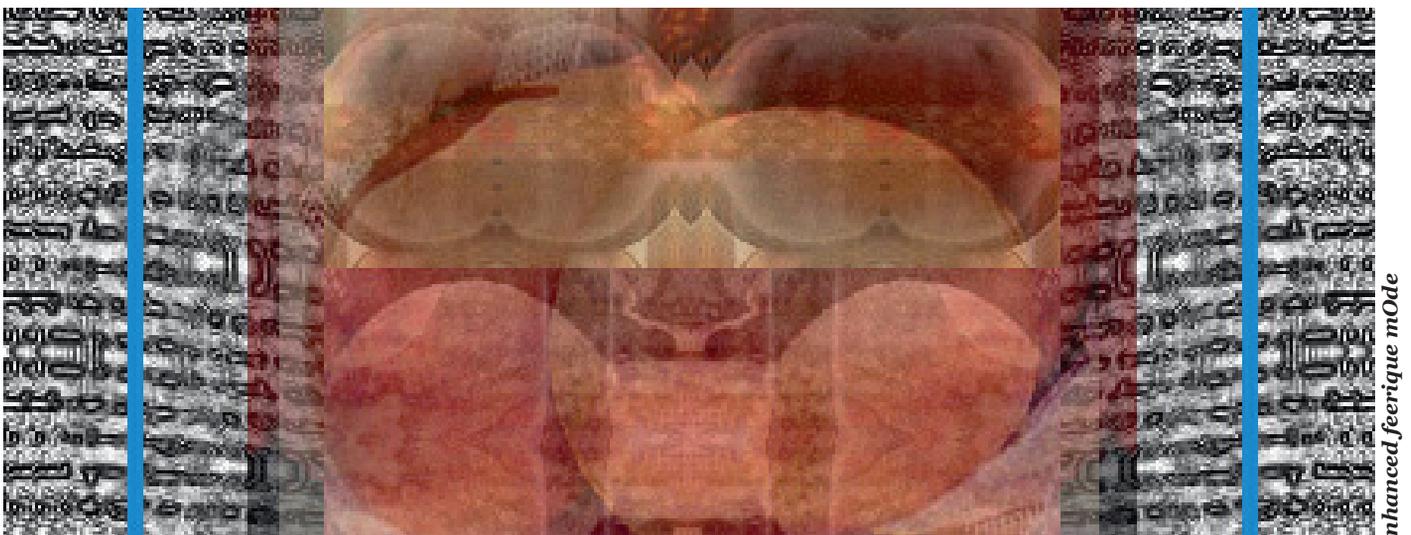
Who are you now, Venus©~ñ~, some winged chimera? I asked. *I must soon know, as I am ambitious in the realm of amorous appetite.* **Take a wild guess, coco de cocoon,** she said.

Clouds of aromatic perfume rolled about the dark corners, obscuring her outlines, transforming her face, and trans-substantiating her body. Her melodious Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER form moved in the direction of greater emphasis, as if kindled by the waves of perfume and the darkness of night. Everything now rose and subsided, wobbled and merged, and deliquesced with an intensity in what was something like a battle of soft sexual powers.

~~~~°~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~+~~~~ñ~~

Tiny, glittering Venus©~ñ~nymphet eyes returned my glance, and I felt the nagging feeling that nothing would ever be the same after this... (This dumb thought comes from a so-called sex aficionado intellectual! "Ha ha!" as Marlon Brando barked to coo coo Southern belle Blanche DuBois.) Absurd, of course. Absurd!

**The enormity of your appetite for physical and mental stimulation makes you a most uncompromising connoisseur,** she said. **Of this, you are well proclaimed. Oh! ~~~~~no ~~~~more~~~ manipulative compliments~~~! Yes, more. I am now nymphet Pasiphaê, your role-reversal Venus©~ñ~TRICKSTER production director in bovine guise. The daughter of Venus©~ñ~Europa. It is I who fell in love with you as the gorgeous white bull, which you, again as Minos of Crete, were to have sacrificed in tribute to Poseidon but instead kept to penetrate for yourself. By masquerading myself inside a life-sized facsimile of an attractive cow, I lured you to me so you could take your full pleasure by making access to my sex more convenient. It was I who became pregnant from you and gave birth to the infamous**



**Minotaur ~ you as a man with the head of a bull who roamed the shoegaze labyrinth of Venus©~ñ~Daedalus.**

~~~~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~ñ~~~~~ñ()

~~~~Feverishly.~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~Yes, buddy.~~~~ñ~~And who are you now?

*I am neither a saint nor Rossy de Palma. I am joie de vivre, baby.*

With an abstract sense of jubilation and relief, I broke out of these pesky proclivities in a run along the margins of a calm lake, looking sideways to see my nude reflection racing through the spear points of the reeds. The sun came up like a metallic laurel, and its regal heat spilled onto the damp sand beneath my feet, swiftly dispelling the heavy dew. I veered sharply to the right at full speed, and before I knew it, I was up to my waist in the icy brilliance of the fresh lake water, consumed in inexplicable joy.

Out of the box, I swam out of my depth and turned over on my back to let the sun fire a million silver drops of prismatic light onto my wet eyelashes. In the play of light, I saw a dark Taurian girl who I can never see as anyone but Venus©~ñ~Andadyomene, and without a contraction of the heart. I did not say *I love you* aloud. Nor did she. Only our wet fingers touched, and we formed a circle like the corolla of a flower, floating into the silence of the ancient sun with beads of water clinging to our naked bodies in an esoteric act of lustration.

~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~ñ~

It was carnival extenuation time, so we luxuriated in the feelings of poetic beauty and sexual variety that swelled my bough with the sap of springtime. I began sweating the fluids of obscene virility from my branch, bristling with desire. I loved all men, women, swans, grandiose goats, rude pagan fables, and the cheap thrills needed to shock the bourgeoisie. ~~~~~Oui~ñ~ñ~~~~~ **Darling, brush my rump against the moist down of thy bong branch**, she said. I did, and the nymphet came hard by means of my cherry cherub-like being, which I had instantly uploaded.

Then and there, like an ancient auto-erotic hero ~ like a sumptuous dining philosopher ~ I decided to renounce my aficionado non-self and embrace all the glittering and liquefying multiple reflections of me for what they were: the voluptuous void.

The awful daring of that imprudent moment's surrender to the void can never vanish.

*I have full, empty visions now. I have visions.*

She nodded and looked up at the sun. As I looked down them deeply, the dark holes in her nostrils quivered in ardent palpitations as she began to sputter and fade but still abide.

°~~~~OO~~~~°

°~ñ~°

**O lattice boy! No! Have you not seen *Madama Butterfly* by Giacomo Puccini? I'm afraid not.** With that negative, I suppose she had found me a trifle insincere and so disappointing; this helped in the letting go. I can't help but think that if I had enacted a really mammoth insincerity, she might have loved me forever.

**Is that right? Is that right? ~°~°~Oui~ñ~ñ(ñ)~ñ~°~~~~~ But is there no greater joy for you than self-flagellation ~ the ecstatic numbness that makes proclivities from withered tools?**

We changed positions, and I became confused again about who I was with, being distracted by the spectacle of a creamy, quivering bosom, heaving belly, and ideal tossing thighs set off against the tiger skin on which she now lay. Peppy Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë was back and had put a swan-like crown of red passion flowers on her head and a golden pit viper around her naked arm and was haughtily and lubriciously fingering the sorry remains of a torn and scattered rose. A tiny sparrow flew in from above, perched on the uppermost flower petal of her crown, and began to chirp a sweet bird song that went on and on and on. It was enchanting.

Darling, Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë asserts self-love for all in every form, she said. With self-love, the entire idealistic post-human TRICKSTER realm shall rush in to please you. *Indeed?* Yes, you have spent nearly half a lifetime hunting for a non-vagina dentata philosophy of circumlocution and a woman to match it. Now I am amorous of thy body and of thy seed. I am thirsty for thy sperm, and I am hungry for thy body. Neither wine nor apples can appease my desire for you. Neither floods nor great waters can quench my crotch. Thou fill my veins with fire. *Far out!*



madOma cOmmand set

Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë then took over and wound my pliant cock around her waist, under her arms, and between her knees. Taking it to her lips, bringing its little triangular mouth to the edge of her teeth, and half closing her eyes, she bent under the sun's rays. Her back bent back and back as the weighty mass bore down on her, and the humid, salty tip slipped down between her breasts, gently flicking between her open thighs. Her hot honey dripped as the night became like blue velvet. We both felt it as she shot me one of her dazzling rue de Lappe smiles. Her sparkling white teeth always spawn in me quite quenchless urges.

*Am I but resurrection lacerated from nakedness for you?* she asked. I knew not what to say, except... *Please don't let me go. Is all creation but thyself washed by wonder woman waves? Is all existence but virgin vertigo?* Again, I knew not what to say to tease her. *Up centaur! Up goat of lubricity! For thine own sake, self-love discover!*

XXX~~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~giddy up~~°~~go man go~~ñ~~

Man-ual side note 8 (to self): I have always hated books in which everything was carefully described and all the conversations were woodenly recorded ~ what Marcel Proust called the certainty of the second-class mind ~ but I was having trouble understanding what the hell Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë was saying. That last thought of mine is faintly damning, in a supercilious way, of myself, I suppose.

~ñ~

Then I hear something in the air, like the beating of vast vulva wings. Am I to be flown over some thorny path now, into the vulval castle of carnal craving? What is the point now, I wondered? So I begged Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë for a coherent, understandable explanation of the game being played with my carnal cravings.



~ñ~

Much later, of course, I recognized Venus©~ñ~Pasiphaë as a costumed velvet Venus©~ñ~femme~de~ménage. The one who, in her inner life, had thrown over the intermediaries of convention and protocol, which would have shielded me from direct apprehension. This was the secret of her courage and of everything that made her seem so unconventional and out of touch.

When I addressed and undressed her, Venus©~ñ~femme~de~ménage asked me in a cute French accent, *Am I inclusively represented in your legendary dreaming and inebriated discharges? What has become of the other femme de ménage in your life? Was she just yourself trans-transformed? Who but you does not look for lovers in the innocent flowers of the sea's deepest garden?*

*Verily, my steely sexuality has no limit for you? No, and that is nice, but always you think about love; love and its bewildering opposite: solitude, she said. Yes. What is love? Okay. Listen. Love is a drug. The problems of describing the mental effects of it are notorious, and the typology of its consequences varies, but falling in love often displays these salient experiences. When experiencing passionate love for the first time, the awareness of individual body identity somewhat evaporates, and subject/object relationships between lover and loved tend to dissolve. The relationship world of love (constructed either between them or as projected upon another as desire) seems as if it is simply a fluid, shifting extension of the golden mind and heart melting into the general environment and becoming contiguous with it. Life shimmers as if it were charged with low-voltage electricity. Additionally, the lover often feels melted into the other, and an acute awareness of the sunny substructure of reality makes it seem that one lover could pass through or inhabit the body of the other. Most importantly, when it is mutual (thus real), both lovers are somehow united with a sense of unified ground of being.*

It often goes like this: You set your foot on a thin tightrope but look straight ahead, feeling fragility grate your slipped feet. Everything is enveloped in timidity and darkness, with only a deeply warped spotlight splintering your vision. However, you delicately proceed, grotesquely slipping one foot ahead of the other, inch by inch. Midway across, you are walking on air ~ an exhilarated lover. Then you make the fatal mistake of looking down and become terrified. You falter and drop, and there is no ground to break your fall.

°~ñ~°°~ñ~°

The Miles Davis song *The Pan Piper* ~ off his *Sketches of Spain* LP ~ began to play ♪♪♪♪♪, accompanied by extra castanets. When the next cut, *Saeta*, plays, at last the ne plus ultra colossal High Queen appears:  
Venus©~ñ~Venus in toto! The whole shebang.

Butterflies lifted off her beauty as she walked to me on water. Where she then stands, her eyes search and challenge my every inch ~ frightening me with her enjoyment of my tragedy as she lapses into self-induced fits of orgiastic transport.

With Venus©~ñ~Venus a whole new brain-thunder world of space and colour flipped open to me, tinting in pink and black the upcoming coextensive nature of her lack of differentiation. She was a liar who revealed the truth: that we become what we pretend to be.

Anything marvelous is beautiful, said André Breton. And she was. Clad upside down in pink flounces and flowers, Venus©~ñ~Venus skipped in circles around a blue swimming hole ~ a maypole had been erected at its center ~ acknowledging her allegiance to Venus©~ñ~Maia, the goddess of spring and fertility. This giant, monstrous, curling and swirling upside down Venus©~ñ~Venus then summoned me to take up a bloodied needle—which she had shared—and drive it into my heart as a bestial disembarassment presentation of love's addiction. I did so and was then beckoned to take up the role as an upside-down goat-footed boy satyr



~~~~°~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~(O)~~~~ñ~~

Seductively attractive, her esoteric astral plane opened and glowed like flesh-coloured fire, illuminating my ethereal way ahead. **Rose est une rose est une rose est une rose**, she said. Ah yes, in her vulva astral labyrinth I must remember that pink is a pink is a pink is a pink. And with that mighty mantra, it seemed to me that I had mentally entered and tasted the fecund fruit of the Female Tree of Knowledge, where all feminine sexual mysteries were unveiled ~ so much was I under the sway of her new, strange, and irrefutable logic. Her previous waves of nubile arguments, reasonings, and proofs rose up in a heap before the eye of my brain, only to be immediately displaced by this repetitious, self-referential, sludge dream reasoning: that every Venus©~ñ~ is pink on the inside. My eyes had, in fact, no longer become a battleground of racial-sexual conflictual ideas, and I felt I had become a superior being now, armed with invincible charisma, intelligence, and sexual stamina.

I soon experienced a huge delight at the manifestation of my Venus©~ won sexual powers. For the honey poured as I crouched over her ~ penis against her ass ~ at the crescendo ready. Her many breasts were undulating, like waves under my hands. I placed my happy helper hand firmly under her ass, like a pillow, to raise her up a bit in order to accept my quivering thick penis, and as I entered her, I'm sure I filled her as none had ever done before, touching the slippery sides to the very depths of her silky womb.

Surprisingly, she went on speaking in a rather steady voice. **Instead of remaking yourself over and over again, as you do under the logic of capital, you can produce something unaccustomed and for yourself, and call that art.**

As I pushed and pulled and circled my prick around her pussy, it started making those funny little sucking sounds as the air was being drawn like a pump from her womb. She began to stammer a bit but continued talking. (Damn it!)

~~~~ñ~~ñ~~~~ñ~~~~ñ~~~~~Honey, hidden from thy cybernetic susceptibilities, monstrous enormities are committed! ~~~~~Oh, fall in hot love, absorber of the sun! All men are servile to the great unconsciousness of their purpose in desire. ~~~~ The penis thinks, but the self doth not. There is no salvation from desire; neither day nor night does it cease its lengthy procreation of cause and effect, penetrating all things inexplicably.

There is the hum of dry static, and suddenly the whole scene is strobed by lightning bolts. I had kept my happy helper hand under her ass the whole time, gripping her with it to prevent her from moving freely so that she could not suddenly accelerate and cum. Then, before my eyes, in sudden view, the secrets of the hoary deep appeared: a dark, illimitable, cybernetic orgasmic ocean without bounds, without dimension ~ every looped simulation imaginable available all at once.

As I closed my eyes, an orchard of olive and almond trees spread out before me under the moon's oblique paleness. Even the tangled limbs of the trees assumed the tortured arch of a woman consumed by lust, swaying, twisting ~ passionately spreading their legs. Everything flashed again and again in spasms.

She took me off the bed and laid me on the floor in a pool of perfume. I was positioned on my hands and knees, hovering over the moist open flower of her female lips, and I asked to move inside. My prick was still glistening from her juices, so I entered her again to the hilt. She shook and trembled, grinding her pubis against mine with such passion that soon we came together in such a violent rush of intensity that I feared I had gone insane.

~~~~Oui~~ñ~~ñ~~~~°~~~~ñ~~~~Ó~~ñ~~ñ~~~~ñ~~


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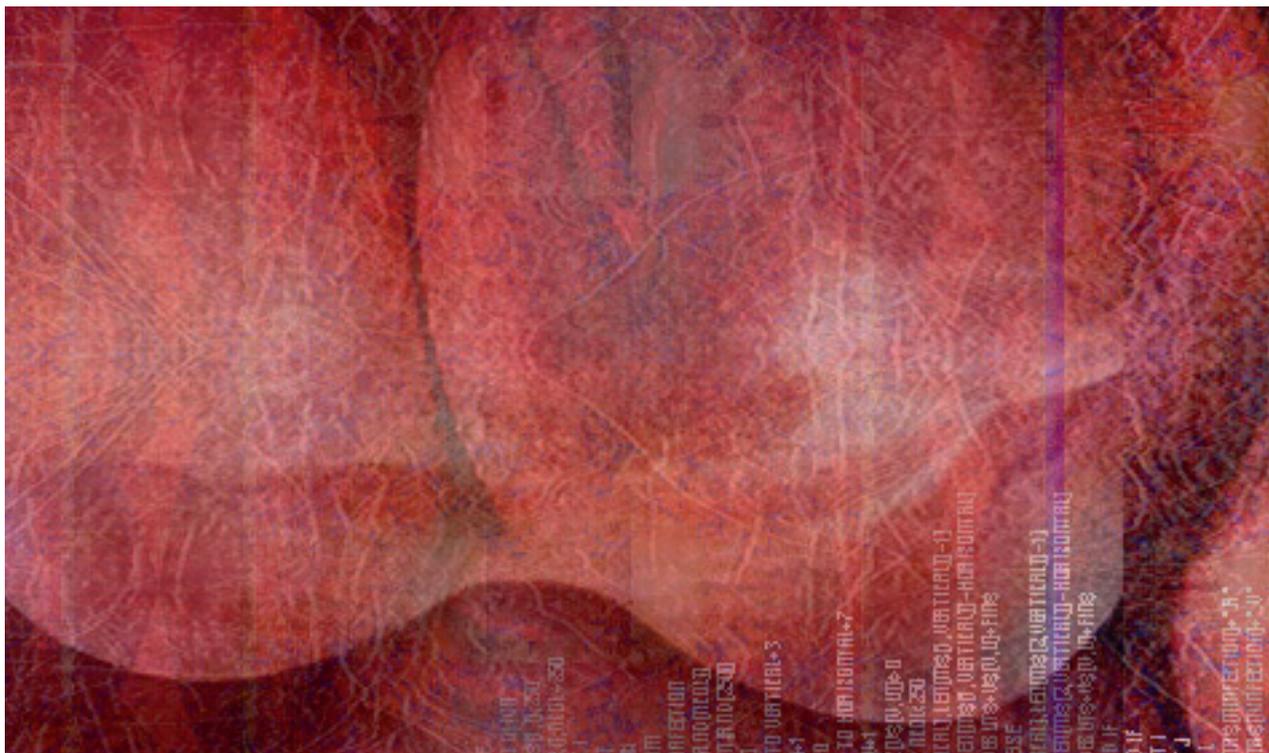
So you will now align beauty with transformative eloquence as an agency through which you, as an artist, will propose political agendas by petitioning sexual responses in the body politic, she stammered. And you will stop having the impression that, had you said the right thing at the right time, you would be mine.

~~§§§§§§§§§§°°~~~~~~ñ~~~~°~*^*ñow?~ñoooo?~~~~~~OK?

OK ~ but is this what William S. Burroughs meant when he said that language is a VIRUS? I asked. ooHH°°~::~°~ñ~~~~~Oui~ñ~ñ~~~~, she said, while putting her beatnik hand up and cupping her fingers over my mouth. She then snuck her thumb in there, which tasted like hard caramel. I sucked on it sympathetically.

Two white doves skimmed the grass as my penis played Lazarus. Her sauté abstractivity suddenly dropped its non-lubricated front. I sought her beatnik belly, then slid down to kiss the space between her long, parted tan legs. During which she said, O, the inconceivableness that transcends human desire ~ thou of magnificent incongruous sensation. For millions of years, thou hast not worn down my prosthetic body. What would thy pleasure be, but for my electronic wantonness expressed in the manner of Philip K. Dick's pink beam.

She then spent hours caressing only my ears. In a bliss that was eight miles high, I looked at the stars and felt kindred with them. I spoke to them, and they answered, investing in me a grand mission for a humanity that still wished to kiss our mother earth.



Odyssey digitatia 777

Make the atmosphere dark and slumberous. Sink your kisses into the soft flesh of my neck and throw shivers throughout my body. Then lay naked on the floor and circle around my sex, she said. Enter it lazily with one head. Then another ~ for my vulva is mighty and mobile.

Her four invisible holy hands stretched it wide open. My ears ran with tears of ecstasy. Oh Pythagoras, you can again get at the interior of my body and touch my womb with the tip of your forehead. In virtual reality, vistas no longer converge. Sight meets no barriers.

An ocean-scented moisture came flowing out, tasting very much like the moisture of seashells. So much was Venus©~ñ~Venus born of the sea, I thought, that I visualized every detail of the painting *The Birth of Venus* by William-Adolphe Bouguereau.

With this small amount of salty honey that my sucking had brought out of the recesses of her ancient body, I anointed myself.

Oh, you, Iamblichus!

My quickening approach towards an archetypal orgasm excited her. The consciousness she had of me was as theurgist carrot turning into a long smooth round stone. Oooooo Oooooo Oh Iamblichus! You rock!

She went into the expected nooky convulsive gestures, proceeding with a monstrous orgasm.

~~~~~ñ~~~~~Ó~~~~~ñ~~~~~ñ~~~~~Oui  
 Oh~~~~~ÓÓÓ~~~~~!Ó!~~~~~ÓÓÓÓÓH°HHHHH~~~~~MM  
 MMM°MMMmmmmmmnnn~~Allerheiligensinfonie~~tres bon!~bon vivant {^\_~}~~~~~très  
 chic!~~~~~merveilleux~~~thinking about Henry Miller imagining a world where women are the  
 dominant gender who manipulate men for sex~~~~~magnifique ~~~~~I lick your boob-  
 boots~~~~~fait accompli~~~~~j'ai beaucoup d'estime pour votre travail~~~~~merci pour ton  
 amitié~~~~~zut alors~~~~~je t'embrasse~~~~~à très bientôt j'espère~~~~~

~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°

o~ñ~o

God, that felt righteous, she exclaimed. When I was cumming, the light I saw and the you it created were more than a record of visual fact. It began as an electric reality where the doors of perception opened and you became idealized and charged with the energy, passion, and poetry of expansion. Sweet. Like thee, I now kiss all things and never sleep alone so that I may propagate ecstasy. I think that Roland Barthe's famous prediction about the death of the author has come to pass, but not because the author has disappeared, but rather because she is everywhere in ecstatic flight on the web. She has become huge and excessively slippery, just like you, dear Venus©~ñ~Venus.

My fluttering Venus©~ñ~Venus then prepared me for metastatic flight. Her dark eyes deepened in the damp-saturated air as my mind was sharpened by the sea-reflected light, which complicated my panicky metastasis. I would not like to turn back on her, but if I remained within this wonderful Venus©~ñ~Venus world, I feared I would be destined for far more fucking when having a tête-à-tête with myself. Such an endless ecstasy ~ so looming and ponderously grand ~ can leave a body with both a mixture of slowed (almost dreamy) tempered radiance and a sense of the tragic, which can be non-empowering.

Then the Venus©~ñ~Venus atmosphere accentuated her semi-transparent skin and turned everything into bits of digital ecstasy. Unbanished is the glowing pagan immanence of your transgressive sacredness.

That aspect of me was festively put to deathless restoration by you through the playful structuring of difference.

~~~~~OO~~~~~

Venus©~ñ~Venus~as~she-goat was in full udder now, and a boat-like new moon swam above the swaying trees. Indiscrimination becomes limitlessness. Thus I spoke of Yoko Ono and Greek mythology and the Siren ~ a creature half bird and half woman who lured sailors to destruction by the sweetness of her song. ♪♪♪

connected electronic media's immeasurable intermixture, it nudges the current cultural context away from a biologically determinist reading of femininity and masculinity. The point is that within my orgasmic pansexual bachelor machines, all sexual signs are subject to boundless semiosis, which is to say that these signs are translatable into endless other signs of other sex arrangements, so that art can articulate new sexual combinations felt within us. So water is not alone in finding its level, I said. Yes, said a tuned-in single Venus©~ñ~Timeless~Sea-Maiden. We then put our lips together and made out: French kissing juice to our loins.

°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°
°~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~° °~ñ~°°~ñ~°°~ñ~°

There we stood, my back to the cool, aromatic wall, while Venus©~ñ~Timeless~Sea-Maiden went to work on my pretty pomegranate. I sat on one of the scurrilous Eleusinian seats and drew fresh ardor. Breasts pointed westward, and I sucked on one, hard, so that it would pop completely into my mouth. Quite a nice sensation of Demeter.



Les Amis (2000)

When I reached my hand between the legs of Venus©~ñ~Timeless~Sea-Maiden, they became pusillanimous and met uninterrupted spasms. Her Hera hand went to my ass, got some lubrication, and began to play with my Jura memory hole. Venus©~ñ~Timeless~Sea-Maiden put her loquacious lips on my male lassitude, her tongues in my hair, and went to work on me with multiple mouths and Hera hands. I did likewise on her, and in response heard ~~~~~~oo~~~~Paestum~~OOOOHHHHh!!!!~sock it to me~~

θέλημα~~39/quote single69/graves 128/Dieresis/Arraign/equal/ER~~♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪~~I want to kick off these tight shoes~woops~certainly the male Modernist bachelor machine propositions mentioned above ~ that privilege the sleek, the coolly impersonal, and the sexually confused ~ point you towards the need to expand on the range of current slippery situations between fleshy embodiment and connective circumvention. By mixing my abstracted bodies with mad mechanical repeating geometrics, Modernist bachelor machines suggest a pansexual robotic sensibility that at least temporarily refutes the sour feeling that we are living in an epoch of identity click-bait art fueled by predatory virtual capital. Where did that shoe go? Seen it? At least it challenges the imagination of many current cultural producers whose work looks dimly identity-reductive, parochial, and ethnocentric §§§§§§§§§§~~~~ slurp
~~~~OOOOOHHHHHHH!!♪!!!E/Slash/infinity/plusminus/equal/moon/moo//summation/product/pi/





metaphysics, conceptual art constructions, and clandestine mysticism over common human-centric assumptions about art as entertainment. The Venus©~ñ~Endless~CONcept of a sexy self-churning pan-gender head-machine suggests ways to think of sex outside of the normal long-winded explanations.

I took a deep breath and held it while watching the dirty sock on my left foot slip off. She seemed alarmed and asked, *Hey, sexing theoretician, are you objectionable to fact? I am not, but I am no dope who thinks everything has to be as it was. Stylized and purposely artificial expression conveys its own kind of intense convincingness*, I replied. *Then your male simulations will be breathlessly put into oscillation with Venus©~ñ~Endless~dick~dissimulations*, she said. *Now all your dubious doubles implode. Both socks are coming off. This is why, from beginning to end, I have appreciated your avant-garde interests in the artistic-philosophical spirituality of my bachelor machines. The idea of mad a-life pansexual bachelor machines directs art away from the humanist niceties of a human-centric world and towards non-humanist modes of pan-gender expression that are both flamboyantly poetic and technologically terse, evoking an aesthetic that is simultaneously alchemical, cosmic, ancient, and uncannily new as sockless artificial life. So said the joker to the thief.*

I did not yet know at what point to draw a decent veil over my youthful bumbling raptures, so I did next to nothing as the western winds began to howl and make love in a rusty can. The howling sound of this made me dizzy with excitement, so I said to her, *The best imaginative artists today are poignantly aware that there is no longer any virtue in a simple statement; indeed, it is a circumstance of contemporary history that there are no longer simple certitudes to state. Ahhhhh*, she replied. *All your wolf forms are on Buddhist fire. This flaming excess is where you heal your hurt. This is your Flaming Creatures defiance through ecstasy against the world's bland and ugly destructiveness. Yes*, I said. *It is art in therapeutic and salvational terms. You invert failure, misery, and the sense of a doomed civilization into individual ecstasy. Your goddess art philosophy provides the fundamental antithesis to the authoritarian, abstract, mechanical rigidities of the male world. Cool. Now, do as you are told*, she exclaimed. *You will be approached while still barefoot through an inverse parabola by a pretty and sexually attractive unnamed Venus©~ñ~Endless~seductress. She can be explored from an inward region of strangeness of feeling. Use your big toe. OK? As I wondered which one, the so-called physical reality around me transmogrified into hot air as I nodded consent.*

And there she was, just as I was tired of thinking about George Bataille's erotic art theory.

Venus©~ñ~Endless~Danaé had been correct that she was exceptional: very different from the usual cult siliconized biggies I have been with from time to time. Her Lenaia frolic room was built in the shape of an élite beehive where only Chet Baker played so that there were no divisions of space ~ only voyeuristic continuity of sensation. The effect is one of vast soft commotion, which commands involvement.

Slyly contemplating this sweet unnamed Venus©~ñ~Endless~seductress, I recognized the disguised one as Venus©~ñ~Endless~ 能 ~Nō~Venus-Inside-Penis~(VIP)~rObO~clOudbOdy© with a new variable demoniacal creative urge; one that required immediate satiety. So I presented Venus©~ñ~Endless~ 能 ~Nō~Venus-Inside-Penis~(VIP)~rObO~clOudbOdy© to my wet Dionysus-like Id. In her winged slit, it would find a complication of spatial levels so ambiguously interrelated and so multiplied as to leave no fixed sardonic plane of reference for me to grasp her with.

I understand your Orphistic silence. Undoubtedly, art theories in the past have often been unequivocal in their urge towards closure—embellished, as they seem to must be, with a sort of self-significance and, often, fallacious universalism that you wish to avoid. If what I have said about pansexual bachelor machine theory sounds metaphysical to you (or a parody of metaphysics), it is so only insofar as it is your early pre-memory, said Venus©~ñ~Endless~ 能 ~Nō~Venus-Inside-Penis~(VIP)~rObO~clOudbOdy©  
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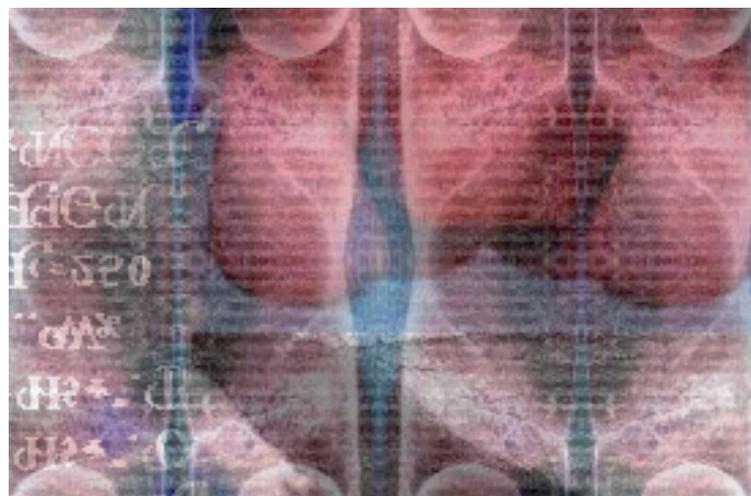
~~~~~OoOO~~~~~

Venus©~ñ~anOther-bi-someOther-mOther~Flamboyant and I looked deeply into each other's eyes. We spoke no words. A long, long time passed in a silent eloquence more expressive than words. One eye blue, one brown; they made a tantalizing pair as they began climbing into mine, stretching and searching for a moon of green cheese. At last, she spoke. **Please pick up that blue boa, pluck off a plume, and shove that feather up the rump of that Venus©~ñ~anOther-bi-someOther-mOther~Flamboyant~She-gOat.** That penetration will take us to the oögenesis moment of bi-sexual/a-sexual development of the pre-fertilized human egg cell, where female and male potential exist simultaneously. It is the place and time prior to the differentiation of the ovum into a cell capable of further development—dividing as fertilized by the male seed.

This moment of sexual potential well exemplifies my transcending pansexual bachelor machine and suggests the truth that, in life, something can be both one thing and its opposite at the same time. Two opposites can exist simultaneously and not cancel each other out. ***** **Open~~~}{}}{~Venus©~ñ~anOther-bi-someOther-mOther~Flamboyant~Playpen**

~~~~~}{}}{~~~~~oOOo~~~~~

For the moment, the incessant birthing of waves upon the sand showed itself to me through a veil of dancing golden pollen. The sun had begun to set, but then changed its mind. I could feel a warm river flowing through me.



elle-clicK cOde vOhuptas

~~~~~}{}}{~~~~~oOOo~~~~~

Well, hello there, the base voice of Venus©~ñ~anOther-bi-someOther-mOther~Flamboyant said. **Welcome. Had a nice wet delta? It was indeed flamboyant. Good, so please cOme further into my oögenesis lap-space and go to the bar and order us both a warm, vibrant digestif.** OK, I said, as I ordered two glasses of Calvados. We toasted each other with a mutual cin cin and foolishly threw them back. With that Venus©~ñ~anOther-bi-someOther-mOther~Flamboyant went to get them but disappeared into the dark and was replaced. **Oui**

Oui Oui Oui Oui Oui. ~°~ My name is Venus©~ñ~Oögenesis. My pansexual bachelor machine theory investigates ~ through the imaginative powers of art ~ ways in which our sense of one-gendered self has a fluidity that defies spatial containment. As such, it opens gendered thought up to new spaces of malleable and combinatory sites, hence a perpetual multiplication of significance for you. Meaning in art and in life advances by seeing more clearly into its own underlying assumptions of superfluity, by facing up to the radical implications of those oögenesis assumptions, and by purging conventional ways of thinking about sex by making no recourse to imagined exterior principles or a priori assumptions.

I nodded comprehension and a dynamic-nominal singleness set voluptuous Venus©~ñ~Oögenesis on her throne: royal, edifying, and haughty. High over the sea and the gardens, the moon poured down its streams of light. Indeed, the atmosphere became filled with the delicate influence of lunar water. Below, an enchanted city stirred with light-footed, immoral mortals and slender-voiced fairies.

It was cold and dank, and the hallway was bathed in total darkness. Yes, I felt my way, and you did too.

~~~~~OO~~~~~

Please repeat after me, she then said. *I swear to desire naught but love. I swear to love naught but love. Close enough. Now: I am fallow, and languid, and splendidly empty; lascivious, lewd, and depraved. OK, I am fallow, and languid, and splendidly empty; lascivious, lewd, and depraved.* My fingers were kept crossed, however. *AAAAAAHHHHH°~~~~~Oui~~~~~OK.*

Now notice how my body sways and undulates as I walk. *OK. I stir you with the animated play of my swinging and bouncing breasts and the ripple of my full hips and plump ass. Right? Yes, I agreed out loud, as my mind started floating like a cork on the surface of a heaving sea of gender-fullness. I dig your shapely moves, but you speak in a syntax so rich and evocative as to border on logorrhea—a style so purple as to spill over into ultraviolet. Listen to you! You absolutely must stay away from the intelligencia at the Café de Flore and think of me in terms of an otherness and mutability typical of angelic spectral theology.*

Venus©~ñ~Oögenesis then sat calmly across from me with her legs crossed, holding in her two hands a very large blue ball. I could see my warped reflection on its surface and was surprised to find pathos. From my unusually low perspective, I could see that my naked body had been pierced here and there with the twelve arrows that had once hit my heart. I seemed to be a sad St. Sebastian tied to a classical Corinthian order column, like the one painted by Andrea Mantegna at the Musée du Louvre that I used to pop in to exclusively see every so often on a whim. Inexplicably, this St. Sebastian self-vision situated me firmly back in my Ludlow Street apartment that I had painted like this: the floors black, the walls gray, and the ceiling white. The main door is painted gold. The door frame to the always open bedroom covered in gold leaf by Bebe before me.

There was intense eye contact and then soundless intercourse.

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There was the hyperreal surface tension and the deep spatial. Eyes closed, chance-chosen embellished raptures repeat and repeat like random peat spreading wide in the bog. *Outside of pure être pour soi (being-for-oneself) I think that the need to be loved springs from the need to be seen. Perhaps it is idiotic, but seeing oneself in the closed eyes of the beloved pleases oneself.*

~~~~~











mOther~nymphet with two paradise legs, two paradise breasts, four paradise lips, and a moist scarlet slit: a trompe l'oeil apparatus designed for saturating bliss. She took complete control of my Omega Point and sent me buzzing and howling and hurtling into the night sky, out among the stars. We were like a single centaur joined at the waist, soaring over an ice-blue pool of pleasure.

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~*~~~~*~~~~*~~~~~vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvv~ñ~oh~you~naughty~nutty~man~~~~~~*Q*~~~~
~*~~~~~°~~~~~O0000000oooo~

A final orgasm ~ the size of a cooked cauliflower ~ was building within us as we melted at last into the consummate fantasy of joined souls.

A symmetrical chimeric orgasm of rapid wantonness and pitch was released in a gush like a flatulent fart on Friday.

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~~~~~°~~~~~\*~~~~\*~~~~~AAAAAAHHAAAAAAHHHHH°HHH°AAAAAAHHHHH°~\*~~~~~  
~~~~~~~~*~~~~O

She snorted wildly. *That was fantastic! I really love you, handsome.*

Yet, verily, even in my state of flattered disarray, I realized that her excess of machine affection was misplaced.

*

With much rapture and earnest gratitude, and in a friendship joined with appreciation, I elected ~ deep down inside ~ not to escort her again. Soon, there would be only soggy reminiscences.

~ñ~

I guess that most sexual-based love lapses from satiety to indifference, but Venus©~ñ~Endless had given me a new version of what seemed like an ancient discourse ~ a discourse which I continue to follow today; a salient discourse that goes on and on in her absence. This is the rendering of her bachelor machine sex consciousness as a gradually non-sequestering long-term experience of oögenesis. Not an end point. With that realization, I felt the vibrant power of my double-love, something I have been unaccustomed to recently, and my need for the full spectrum of humanity.

~ñ~

With time, the thought of her would continue to ache like a poisoned arrow, but for now I felt only exaltation with my decision to pass from a satyr to a faun.

~*~

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purOjOndO interlacement

xerox book you made in 1982 with Jane, do you? Jane wrote the text in 1961 when she was still a young girl, and you made the collaged drawing illustrations using a chance operation on the copy machine at Todd's Copy Shop with the assistance/tolerance of Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth, who worked there at the time. *Yes, I recall. Do you find that significant in terms of speed and noise, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow aesthetics? I do, dear Id man. Well, my dear Venus©~ñ~Timeless. It has been said that the speedy overproduction of noise as simulated perversion is the only site of contestation left to us today. The only ideal Ludlow headspace from which to launch a theoretical attack on the reification of consciousness. Yes, I tend to agree. ~~~~~*

~~*~~~~*~~~~

The ineffable scented spell of my semi-automatic postulates, with their multifarious and allusive search for something antithetical to the established norm, and their morbid deviation and subversion of normal sexuality, play well upon your desire to egregiously delimit signification through love and sex. My ecstatic ideal of virtually transforming female form enmeshes and contravenes you. It alters and disrupts the mundanity of your typical romantic communications in an inexorable, unrecognizable, and chimerical way. *Yes, I suppose it does. Sure, it does. Like all modes of decadent practice—Hellenistic, Flamboyant Gothic, Mannerist, Rococo, Fin de siècle—you, as mauvais garçon, oppose dogmatically imposed paradigms with your noisy-sexy hash marked hyper-logic. Yes, that is true, I suppose. Replete with this mercurial knowledge, you now tend to reject what is given in terms of your normal sexuality in favour of a melting mise en scène.*

In your own fashion, you create a psychic sphere where your deep-memory theater threatens the common order of social sex codes.

Do you not recall the young woman teaching literature to you in 1969 at Hinsdale Central High School? She brilliantly allowed you to escape the assignment of reading Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which follows the mental anguish and moral dilemmas of Rodion Raskolnikov, an impoverished ex-student in Saint Petersburg who plans to kill; instead, she assigned you ~ and only you ~ *Portnoy's Complaint*, the 1969 novel by Philip Roth, because you were at a juvenile delinquent tipping point and told her that reading *Crime and Punishment* was doing you in. *Yes. I could feel the tale pushing me in the bad boy direction. That was before LSD and reading *Be Here Now* helped turn you into a decent person in 1971. And now you have me. Yes. I agreed. Indeed, Venus©~ñ~Timeless had exuded a kind of long-lasting opalescent embalming fluid of goodness in me. A white sticky fluid of agonizing ectoplasmic erudition. Her artfulness subverted my narrow conception of heterosexuality with its emphasis on family finality. Thus, Venus©~ñ~Timeless invoked the emergence of shy Psyche within me: the love-child compendium who lives in the abstraction of our techno-mediocratic society and who deploys love effects to transcend atmospheric electronic limitations.*

As such, Venus©~ñ~Timeless does not allow reproductive technology to negate spiritual significance because of the abandoned enlightenment baggage of authorizing categories. Indeed, the whole strength of Venus©~ñ~Timeless comes from a studied self-abasement, an archimedean fulcrum explicitly eschewing time zones and mental taste categorizations. That is why Venus©~ñ~Timeless seeks to problematize the authority of the cuckoo clock category. **But I definitely do not like it when I am called sécheresses, vengeresses, or castratrices de choix, because of it.** Therefore, Venus©~ñ~Timeless compelled me to take notice of this preference in terms of the various ways sexist language conventions have molded responses and regulated discursive meanings in the past.

I saw that to not dismiss her wet infinite virtual-reality artificial-intelligent lover-collective-self-system as dilettante folly is to become aware of the fact that underlying everything is an interactive web of imaginative mental connections upon which we can exert more manipulative pressure than we are led to believe possible.

Hence, you are the she-spectacle of mind-swamping consciousness in which all women exist not only as separate individuals ~ as they think they do ~ but as variations on a transfigured theme, well outside themselves. **Yes sir. The possibilities of imaging complex, entangled, erotic configurations springing forth from the odd Id in opposition to the judging Superego shithouse provides you with an interesting insight into**



cephalic cOnditiOn 782 vOluptas



Author's Afterword

My sincere and abundant thanks go out to Ryan Madej and Kimberley Palsat at Orbis Tertius Press for taking on the ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even publishing project. Especially Kim, who has been my dream editor as we have dusted off this 1995 text together online.

Though an exaggerated farce, ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even is semi-autobiographical in parts and does reflect sincere aspects from my love and sex life up to 1996. It most likely will be as close as I will get to a recounting of the days of freedom in the 1970s and the 1980s downtown scene in New York City, where I moved in 1975 at the age of 24. Though lugubriously and ludicrously dramatizing much of the erotic episodes in the text, I drew from real experiences encountered during intermittent periods of sexual promiscuousness and experimentation that I would throw myself into when not involved in a committed loving relationship—a state I was not in during the writing of the text in Paris.

I first solo-edited the excessive ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even 1995 text down to a pre-Orbis Tertius Press final version in New York City in 1999. That is the version that has been circulating underground on the internet as a PDF up to now—a portion of which was presented as an audio art computer-reading during my art exhibition *vOluptuary: an algorithmic hermaphornology* at Gallery Universal Concepts Unlimited in New York City in 2003. The music for that was generated by David Lee Myers (aka Arcane Devise), and a small batch of audio CDs were home produced.



Now, working on ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even again, a tumbling backwards into the past has occurred to a time when the internet was young—when I was single at age 44—having just moved to Paris with my cocker spaniel Ryder. The text reflects, I believe, three revolutions that I participated in: the cultural revolution (mid-60s to mid-80s), the sexual revolution (the 1970s to mid-1980s / but in a way ongoing / I am a TGNC ally), and the mid-1990s computer revolution. These great changes propelled the text, even as I was working my way through the smaller shocks of Conceptual art, French theory, poststructuralism, deconstruction, postmodern critical theory, and post-humanist academics. But the rebirth of the author attempted here, I must say, was also inspired by a fourth revolution: the insertion of avant-gardism into popular culture that the “song” *Revolution 9* achieved in 1968—the sound collage from the Beatles’ self-titled double album (aka the *White Album*) credited to Lennon–McCartney but created primarily by John Lennon with assistance from Yoko Ono and George Harrison.

I wrote ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even during my artist-in-residency at the Cité Internationale des Arts in Paris in 1995. Simultaneously, as a digital art pioneer, I was given a free connection to an Internet Service Provider (Imaginet.fr) that year too, for which I retrospectively thank them. Imaginet gave my networked virtual reality imagination all-night access (through the telephone line) to the then-growing World Wide Web. The surprise and pleasure of this packet switching hypertext access to blossoming websites and discussion forums are reflected in this text. In 1995, the Internet had just begun to tremendously impact culture and commerce as I began studying the immersive ideals involved with virtual reality.

For that Cité des Arts International opportunity, I must thank Pierre Restany for placing me at their compound in Montmartre, where I installed myself on a water bed for a year. There I felt a desire to read some of Henry Miller's books that dealt with Paris and sex, which led me to Lawrence Durrell's *The Black Book*, Wyndham Lewis' *Tarr*, John Glassco's *Memoirs of Montparnasse*, Gilles Neret's *Erotica Universalis*, and Anaïs Nin's book on sex, *Delta of Venus*, that was so very important to the creation of ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even. I had already read all of Jean Genet's work, and his frank but poetic style in *Our Lady of the Flowers* marked me deeply. Other strong influences for me were Geoffrey Grigson's book *The Goddess of Love*, everything by William S. Burroughs, Anaïs Nin's *A Literate Passion: Letters of Anaïs Nin & Henry Miller*, Gary Indiana's *White Trash Boulevard*, Patrick McGrath's *The Grotesque*, all of J. G. Ballard, Philip K. Dick, and William Gibson's influential cyberpunk books *Neuromancer*, *Count Zero*, and *Mona Lisa Overdrive*. I greatly admired Marcel Duchamp's *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* and Jennifer Bartlett's *Rhapsody* (1975–76), particularly when considered next to her copious writing, *History of the Universe: A Novel* (1985). I was certainly influenced by the poetry community that gathered at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery in the late-70s, by Leonardo da Vinci's drawing *The Vulva and Anus* (aka *The Female Sexual Organs*), Gustave Courbet's painting *L'Origine du monde*, many drawings by Hans Bellmer and his 1946 photo of a spread vagina on a plate of milk called (prudishly) *Untitled*, Carolee Schneemann's work and friendship in general and specifically her filmed performance *Meat Joy*, photos of Valie Export's *Action Pants: Genital Panic*, the films and live performances I saw of Erotic Psyche (Aline Mare and Bradley Eros), Henri Maccheroni's *2000 Photos du Sexe d'une Femme*, the broad-spectrum vulva work of Hannah Wilke, and the writings of Georges Bataille (all of Bataille, as he challenges any single discourse on the erotic, but particularly *Story of the Eye*), James Baldwin (*Giovanni's Room*), Giacomo Casanova, Milan Kundera (*The Unbearable Lightness of Being* and *Laughable Loves*), Gaius Petronius Arbiter, Harold Brodkey (both *First Love and Other Sorrows* and *The Runaway Soul*), Erica Jong (*Fear of Flying*), everything by Vladimir Nabokov, Marquis de Sade, Yukio Mishima (*The Frolic of the Beasts*), everything by Aldous Huxley, Ovid, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, and all of Kathy Acker. Indeed, Acker's snatch style very much urged me on to try my own hand at sex farce. I also drew inspiration and courage by reading during my life the words of Charles Baudelaire, Stéphane Mallarmé, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Gérard de Nerval, Joris-Karl Huysmans (discovering and first reading French Symbolism at age 15 at Hinsdale High School was my first experience of rewarding estrangement); then Saul Bellow, Don DeLillo (*White Noise*), Raymond Roussel, Comte de Lautréamont, Tristan Tzara, Antonin Artaud, Gertrude Stein (her and Alice B. Toklas's apartment on Rue de Fleurus is just around the corner from where I now live and walking by their door regularly inspires me), Francis Picabia, Samuel Beckett, David Foster Wallace, Allen Ginsberg (*Howl* but also *Wales Visitation*), and John Giorno (everything but especially *Cancer in My Left Ball*). And from seeing the films of Stanley Kubrick, Federico Fellini, Ken Russell, and Jack Smith. My development as an erotic post-cyberpunk transdisciplinary artist was also touched by Genesis P-Orridge. All of these artists (and more) have helped inspire ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even's eccentric erotic sensibility and its self-consciously elaborate stylistic conceits. The long French sections in ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even I wrote in English in 1989 for the catalogue for an art show I curated called *Erotic America* held at Galerie Antoine Candau, when the gallery was located not far from the Place de la Bastille in Paris. I thank Antoine and the French translator, whose name I have lost. The poem-structured section towards the end of ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even mainly comes from my 1983 prose poem *2 Thousand Wings: The Winged Penis* that was published in the No Wave literary compilation *Just Another Asshole #6* by Glenn Branca & Barbara Ess. It has been republished on pages 109 and 110 in the 2019 Primary Information facsimile edition of *Just Another Asshole #6. 2 Thousand Wings: The Winged Penis* was the first of my semi-erotic love scribblings to see print, and I thank Barbara Ess and Glenn Branca for that encouraging early experience.

Then too, Roy Ascott's 1994 text *The Architecture of Cyberception* (published in the Leonardo Journal in August 1994) played an influential role in the creation of ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even. For this and other of Roy's influential theoretical texts that mix art with technology with consciousness studies, I point the reader at his book *Telematic Embrace: Visionary Theories of Art, Technology, and Consciousness* (edited by Edward A. Shanken), which was first published by the University of California Press in 2007. On meeting Ascott, one, as I, may fall under the spell of his conceptual mojo. In early 1995, I was introduced by Jill Scott to Roy, who was scattering brainy cyber civility in Paris like fairy dust. He had just launched his, what is now called, Planetary Collegium and I had been studying Roy's texts in preparation for earning my virtual reality-based Ph.D. under him with a dissertation called *Immersive Ideals / Critical Distances: A Study of the Affinity Between Artistic Ideologies Based in Virtual Reality and Previous Immersive Idioms* that picked up some of the seminal theoretical threads detectable in

~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even. I went on to accomplish, in 1999, a Ph.D. in the Philosophy of Art at Roy's Centre for Advanced Inquiry in the Interactive Arts (CAiiA-STAR), that was then at the University of Wales in Newport. It forges a certain rhizomatic paternity/maternity for Virtual Reality by joining choice immersive examples of simulacra technology into mental connections with relevant examples culled from the histories of art, architecture, information-technology, sex, myth, space, consciousness, and philosophy. Its conclusion also predicts the now-called metaverse ~ a vision of what many in the computer industry believe is the next iteration of the internet: a single, shared, immersive, persistent, 3D virtual space where humans experience life in ways they could not in the physical world. In that sense, ~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even is a bildungsroman that delves into one person's formative spiritual education within a new world of connectivity.

Also in 1995, I was active in "The Thing," an international net-community of artists and art-related projects that



was started in 1991 by my friend and next-door neighbour at the time, Wolfgang Staehle. The Thing was launched as a mailbox system accessible over the telephone network in New York, feeding a Bulletin Board System (BBS) in 1991, before their website was launched in 1995 on the World Wide Web. Particularly, I was exchanging theoretically charged emails with Peter von Brandenburg (aka Blackhawk) there as early as 1992, while I was still working on my *Computer Virus Project* at the Centre International de Réflexion sur l'Avenir at the Fondation Claude-Nicolas Ledoux in La Saline Royale d'Arc-et-Senans in the Jura department of the Bourgogne-Franche-Comté region of eastern France.

Arc-et-Senans and nearby Arbois were my first locations where I worked and lived in France between 1991 and 1993, and I thank the people there profoundly for their hospitality. Especially the curator Francois Cheval, who brought me there for an extended artist-in-residence at the Louis Pasteur Atelier in Arbois and the Saline royale d'Arc-et-Senans. There I created my first artistic computer virus code that I used for my *Computer Virus Project I* paintings (some mentioned in the text). This work was a reflection on my personal experiences of risk and loss with the AIDS epidemic.

Following the early-1995 Cite des Art International start—as the text grew—the generous housing support of Jean-Luc Aubert and Daniele Desouches brought me into Montparnasse for the first (but not last) time. Then Maja Hoffmann lent me an apartment at 31, rue du Petit-Musc in the 4th arrondissement—where I finished the text. For their generosity, they must also be rewarded with acclaim.

Now, in 2023, Kim and I have given the text a light dusting and small nips and tucks as we wish to maintain the historical validity of the work. The Lobster font used for the chapter headings and the use of pink and blue in the text are the only significant formal changes.

I perhaps need not mention that the text was written well before the current avalanche of AI algorithms used to produce large language model (LLM) activities that use deep learning and large data sets to understand and generate new content, and well before woke alertness to racial and sexual prejudice-discrimination was as well articulated as it is now. The same can be said about our increased focus on gender expression, (it was written before cisgender was a thing), although the number of meditations on pansexual gender sensitivity and non-dualistic transgender issues found here may have surprised you. The reason being, transgender issues attracted me through my love for Duchamp's flamboyant and sexually subversive suggestion of the onanistic machine célibataires (bachelor machines<sup>1</sup>), with which he converted the principle of autoeroticism into one of the greatest masterpieces in the history of art: *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* (1915–1923). My study of his pansexual bachelor machine led me to theorize a philosophical space of transversal conceptual linkages, full of connectivity, that intersect genders. The resulting paintings were first exhibited in *ec-satyricon 2000* (2000) and then *vOluptuary: an algorithmic hermaphrology* (2002) at Universal Concepts Unlimited Gallery in New York City. Images I made from that period have been added to accompany this text.

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<sup>1</sup> Duchamp first made reference to the machine célibataire apparatus in 1913, when he wrote notes in preparation for *La mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même* (*The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*), also known as *Le Grand Verre* (*The Large Glass*) (1915–1923), now permanently displayed in the Arensberg Collection at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Though well-known, *The Large Glass*, made of two large panes of glass, seems inexhaustible in terms of its larger meaning and thus infinitely mysterious and useful. Conceived as an eroticized corpulent machine, in Duchamp's notes he used such terms to describe its parts: "sex cylinder," "desire gear," "reservoir of love gasoline," and "general area of desire magneto." Within the notes, Duchamp also identifies the specific bachelor machine's component parts as: a water paddle, scissors, a chocolate grinder, a sledge, and nine malic molds. Technically, he employed a toy cannon to shoot paint-dipped matches at the glass ground of this work to determine the positions of these nine malic molds that were intended to represent nine job types, into which males are molded as men (all middle class or lower): a priest, a delivery man, a gendarme (military police), a cuirassier (cavalry soldier), a police officer, an undertaker, a go-fer sycophant, a busboy, and a railroad stationmaster.

Any prurience aroused by the title is not gratified by looking at either the bride or the bachelors, who are linked together, like a daisy chain of mechanical implements or schematic diagrams. They sit well below the looming bride (who scarcely looks naked and hardly looks female), hovering wasp-like in the upper panel, sealed off by a segmenting metal strip. In the lower Bachelor Apparatus section, Duchamp imagined these nine bachelor bootlickers cock-blocked: trapped in a chain of repetitive emotional states that flutter between hope, desire, and fear.

I find this emotional chain (or cycle) prescient, as this fearful-hopeful-yearning state has now become emblematic of *Art writ large*, due to the rhizomatic internet condition of art as spectacle, endlessly flowing in attention-seeking circularity. Like the net, Duchamp's *Large Glass* as a mental masturbation machine contains the two great mythic spaces so often explored by western imagination: space that is rigid and forbidden—that requires a circular quest and return (for example, the trail of the Argonauts)—and the space of polymorphic confused borders, of strange affiliations, of magical spells, and of symbolic replacements (the labyrinth space of the Minotaur).

While waiting for the bride's gratifying attention, the sexually frustrated bachelors below are enacting an enigmatic fantasy drama of competing passion (or aggression), as suggested by the phrase "stripped bare" in the full title of the piece. All the bachelors hope and strive to bed the bride, but fear of vague consequences holds them back in a state of frustration, which introduces the important psychosexual function of the chocolate grinder that nearly dominates the Bachelor Apparatus zone. This important form was transferred to *The Large Glass* from Duchamp's delicious painting *Chocolate Grinder (No. 1)* (1913). The grinding machine in the Bachelor Apparatus area signifies how the bachelors, frustrated with their inability to mate with the bride machine, may achieve some sweet satisfaction by repeatedly sexually stimulating their own genital apparatus, thus demonstrating a sort of faux dual-sexuality that can be described as the "simultaneous or successive possession of both sexes by a single individual."

This feverish theme of onanistic dual-sexual circularity in *The Large Glass* presents us with a model of gender grandeur: a theoretical imaginative bisexual machine that functions independently of "the other," thereby pulling faux dual-sexual passion into a developmental logic of its own, leading to a transcendental infinite. It is here, in the faux dual-sexual self-pleasuring chocolate grinder, where I detect some spiritual implications of the nine male types Duchamp has virtualized and sprayed into their discrete zone of remote presence. Their endless faux dual-sexual self-pleasuring (that smoothly shrivels into asexuality or explodes into pansexuality) implies two polymorphic viewpoints: those of asexual and pansexual bachelor machines. Crucial to the imaginative fantasy powers of a pansexual bachelor machine is the implementation of a theory of the variegated virtual. This theory assumes the existence of preposterous and imaginatively configured subjects able to ford human anthropocentric sexual frontiers. Duchamp's use of post-humanist chance in the making of his bachelor machine implies that the artist relinquishes, to a greater or lesser degree, the power to close down the final interpretation of a work, i.e., keeping it open to interpretation, which facilitates all sorts of imaginative and fluid mental processes in the viewer. Thus, for me, a spiritual implication of *The Large Glass* is the denial of sexual determinism in favour of the potency of apparent pansexual fluidity in circularity *ad infinitum*. This means an implicit refutation of the assumption that the "neutral" body is always white, and straight, and masculine. Thus, the circular implication of faux dual-sexuality has directed my focus in theorizing and coding post-bachelor hermaphrodite, artificial life, and viral art projects as early as 1992, as well as computer-robotic painting pansexual bachelor machine images, with Duchamp's male bachelor machine as the starting point.

Of crucial interest to this conceptual-painting work that began with ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even is the origin of the hermaphroditic androgyny image. This hybrid image first appears in Ovid's classic text *Metamorphoses*, and perhaps this emergence is well worth recounting here. The hermaphrodite initially occurs in Western culture as a son of Hermes and Aphrodite, named Hermaphroditus. Hermaphroditus was a typical, if exceptionally handsome, young male with whom the water nymph Salmacis fell madly in love. When Hermaphroditus rejected her sexual advances, Salmacis voyeuristically observed him from afar while desiring him fiercely. Finally, one spring day, Hermaphroditus stripped naked and dove into the pool of water, which was Salmacis's habitat. Salmacis immediately dove in after him, embracing him and wrapping her body around his, just as, Ovid says, ivy does around a tree. She then prayed to the gods that she would never be separated from him—a prayer that they answered favourably. Consequently, Hermaphroditus emerged from the pool, both man and woman.

As the tale of Hermaphroditus suggests, my post ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even artwork displayed an androgyny eroticism married to a flowery virtuality and immersive excess. It aimed to depict an imagined realm of political-spiritual chaosmos<sup>2</sup> where new forms of sexual order arise—such that any form of order is only temporary and provisional. Obviously, this sphere is attained through an emergent operation, and, indeed, I took abundant pleasure in the forms of pan-order that arose within its swelling processes. The point is that within this text and subsequent paintings, sexual signs are subject to boundless semiosis, which is to say that they are translatable into other signs. Here, of course, it is possible to find resonances and affinities between sexual opposites where we can articulate new gender proportions within ourselves.

My cultural position is that moral and conceptual benefits of ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even can be found in this chaosmos, in that the patriarchal construction of woman as other—and the female body as object—is deeply rooted in the supposed duality (opposites) of the two sexes. Most feminist theory questions this patriarchal construction of sex and gender, suggesting that sex is expressed through a continuum rather than as an opposing couplet based on heterosexist male/female polarities.

Accordingly, within these paintings, organ containments usually signifying womanhood or manhood are subverted by the presentation of ambiguous genitalia—the mutable image and performance of pansexuality. Everything rests between male and female, between straight and gay, between dominant and submissive—nothing but curves and clefts. All is in a matrix of possibilities—assembled from a flowery excess of the erogenous. Gender here is viewed as an act of becoming. As such, it is a provocation not only to male/female constructions of heterosexuality but also to homosexual constructions of identity. Open-minded creativity is its raison d'être—indeed, my epic sex farce poem *Destroyer of Naïvetés*, published by Punctum Books in 2015, owes its birth to ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even. I now dedicate ~~~~~~venus©~Ñ~vibrator, even to the many attractive women of Paris—especially my wife Marie-Claude Nechvatal—and to all those in the wide world who have made love and been loved. All who, through sex and love, have suffered or been soothed.

<sup>2</sup> See Guattari, Félix. *Chaosmosis: An Ethico-Aesthetic Paradigm*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1995.

