

*trouble*



*volume two / number one / summer 2022*

t r o u b l e

volume two • number one • summer 2022

# MōCa'STə Bæ'FŌ mocostabafo

*Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects*

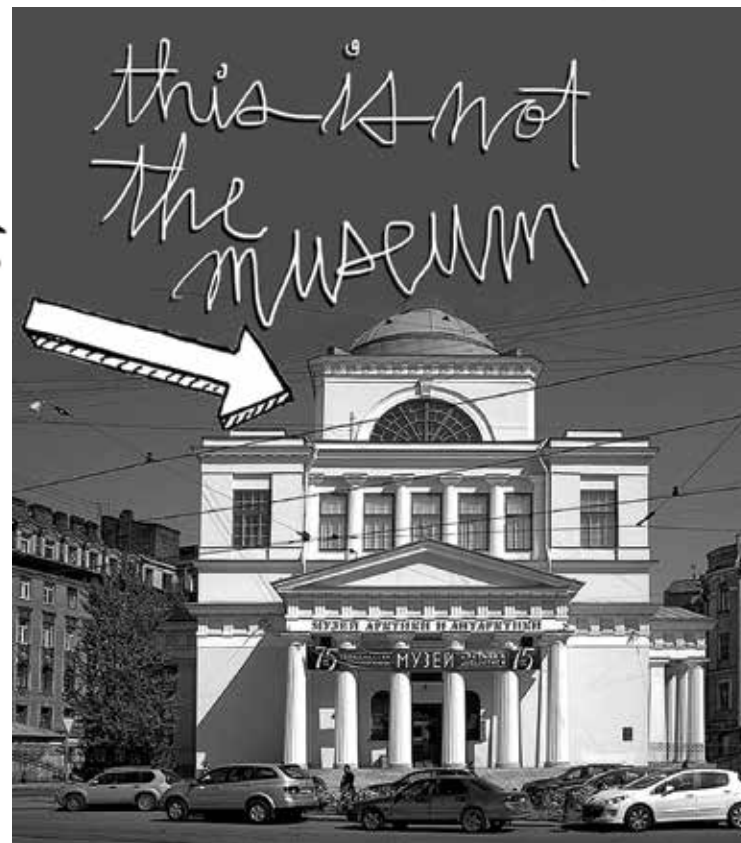
The Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects is a sort of museum consisting of collections of small things, books and found objects.

Located at 45°39'08"N, 123°06'54"W,  
the museum is currently open by appointment only.  
Admission is free.

## the collection of collections

*(A partial list. Not all collections are on view at any given time.)*

- bottle cap sculptures
- chopstick papers
- water journals
- sweeper tines
- walk boxes
- not robert rauschenberg's erasers
- soils, sands and stones
- bones
- wishbones
- snakeskins
- paint books/journals
- travel journals
- 3D postcards, old & new
- globes
- lists of skipped stones
- mosses, seeds and cones
- ricers
- braces (hand drills)
- map boxes
- recordings
- tin tubes
- tin/steel boxes & cans
- church keys
- toy postal vans / various countries
- how to cut out a nori bunny kit
- sardine gyotaku

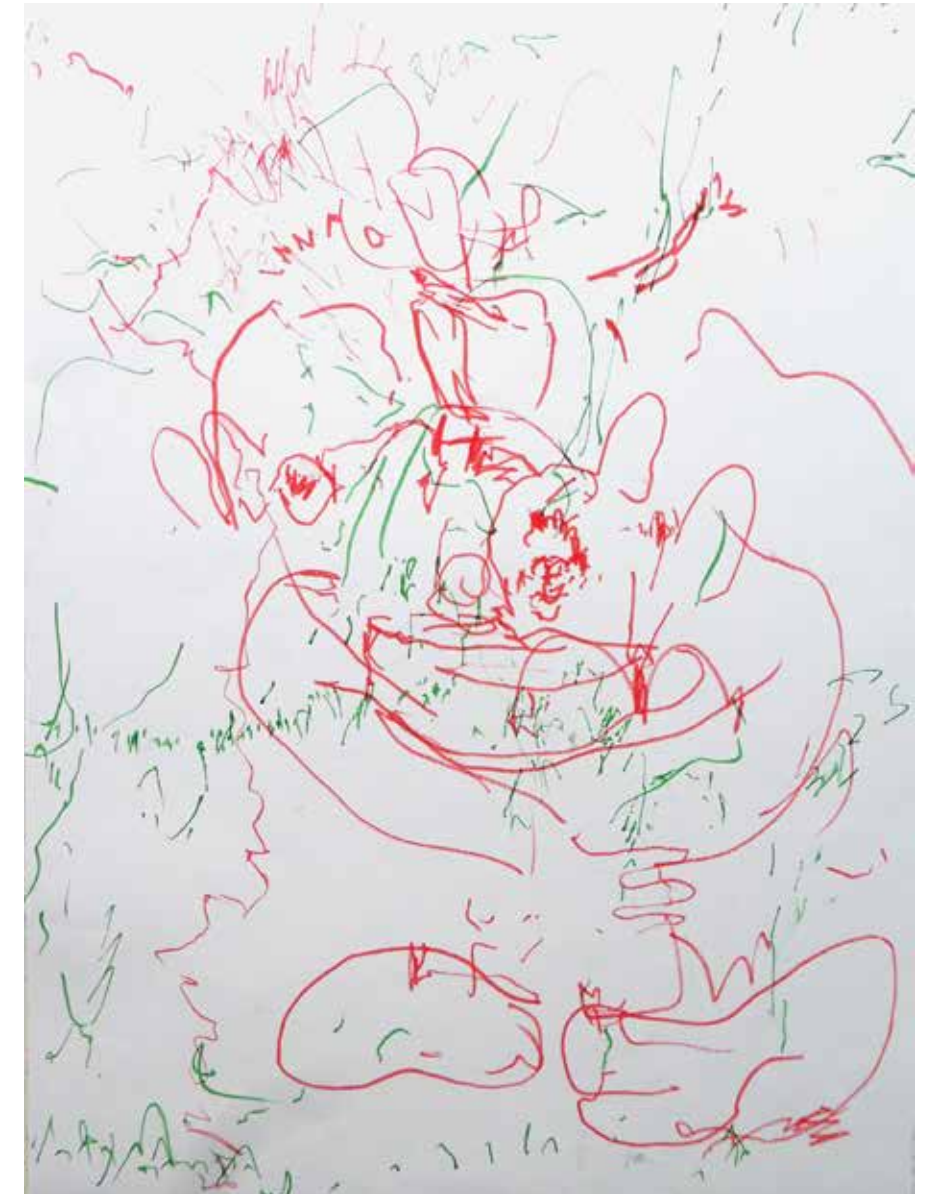


*The Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects (not pictured above) is an affiliate of concretewheels.com (@concretewheels)*

Visit us online at [mocostabafo.com](http://mocostabafo.com) or @mocostabafo

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## Keith Donovan : New Drawings Été 2022



No. II, ink on paper; 38 x 50 cm. 2022

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4 juin au 2 octobre 2022 - Jeu de Paume, Château de Chantilly

## DOSSIER DE PRESSE

# trouble

volume two • number one • summer 2022

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Cover: Coin Cunt (pink) by Suzanna Scott





**Charlotte Bialas**  
PARIS

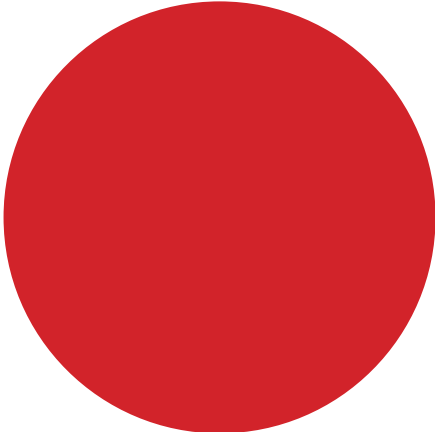
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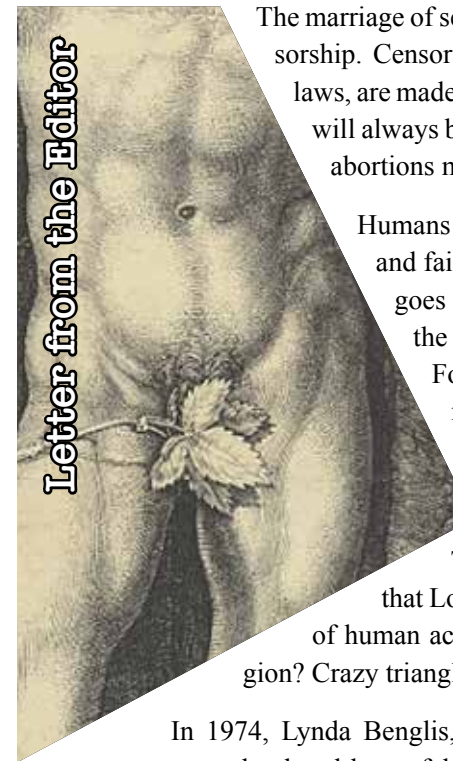
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# Love Triangle: Sex, God & Art



Letter from the Editor

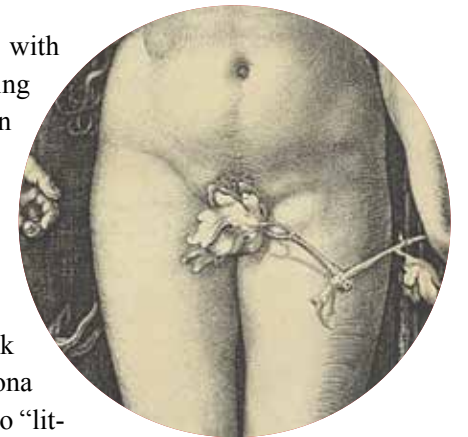
The marriage of sex and art gave birth to – among other things – God and Censorship. Censorship, of course, rarely stops anyone from doing anything; laws, are made to be broken, taboos upended; words forbidden to be uttered will always be spoken; fruit that's forbidden to eat will be consumed; and abortions made illegal, will always happen. God is love, right?

Humans are hooked on this dramatic tension: Doing the “right thing” and failing through history. The unruly child drugged on Pop Tarts goes wild in the playground, slapping older kids and lifting up the dresses of little girls or grabbing the weenies of little boys.

For fun, for attention, for effect. It's all Eden all the time. But is this the kid who ends up in prison, the kid who shoots up churches or his or her elementary school with an AR-15? What does censorship and God have to do with this errant child? Is culture too permissive? Too forbidding? Too uncaring? Is God Love? Is too much (or too little) of that Love the drug that kills or just makes art happen? A byproduct of human activity? One that's wasted on the steroids of organized religion? Crazy triangle.

In 1974, Lynda Benglis, an artist who worked with poured colored latex, felt her work was not getting enough attention. So she bought a full page ad in Artforum and posed naked with a dildo. Seems like a smart idea. That got her lots of attention and she soon became a bluechip artist. Wonder why. Nudity is always a strategy in the art world. Full frontal sex is too. Especially if it's done without taste, or using the critical mesh of kitsch. Think of Jeff Koons' porn sculptures with ex-wife, Ilona Staller, aka Ciccolina, which in Italian translates to “little chubby one.” Koons' works were early 1990s sensations in marble and pictures: “Made in Heaven.” These porn works as well as his floating basketballs and vacuum cleaners, made Koons a household name in places like Kansas and Kyiv. It also pulled in some interesting prices. Blow Job-Ice (1991) drew bidders to heights pretty unusual for a Koons piece then – \$350,000 at Sotheby's New York.

Perhaps one way of looking at civilization is the arc of nakedness (and the sexuality it implies) from Eden to the GAP. In the beginning we were all naked; and there was





no shame (that is no consciousness of sex and/or guilt). Just hormones running about in nature. That changed soon enough in the roughly 10,000 years we've been since the cultivation of edible grains.

## Get Woke

Albrecht Dürer's 1504 copper etching, Adam and Eve, is an idealized form of the moments just after the first couple "woke up." That is, they supposedly discovered their own sexuality (at least in the Christian Bible) and shame and guilt, and launched the art careers of just about everyone. While still residents of Eden (though not for long), Dürer produced human forms that were perfect, symmetrical, and replete with the first formal dress code – a fig leaf for Eve and a Tree of Life branch of Mountain Ash for Adam.

Dürer's take on mankind and the window dressing of symbolic animals – cats, rabbits, snakes and ox, a rat (or a mouse) and elk – is a road map to our current state of post-modernity, an often garish mishmash of competing claims for representation, narration, abstraction and, in a

more political vein, a woman's right to choose what to do with her own body. That, in itself, is its own art movement, along with the full deck of rights given and denied to LGBTQ people. The war going on is perhaps fairly represented in artists' takes on what is real, what is fake, what is urgent, what is permissible and what is verboten – even for a metier devoted to illusion.

In 1986 Ronald Reagan's Attorney General Ed Meese's reported on the state of pornography in the Great Hall of

the US Department of Justice press conference. In the background was the 1933 statue Spirit of Justice, a toga-clad woman with a single breast exposed. That same statue was hidden by \$8000 curtains when in 2002 George W. Bush's Attorney General John Ashcroft gave a talk. Why? Times change.

Sex and God and Art are inextricably tangled in 2022. The #metoo movement is wedded to Roe v Wade, the Constitutional right to abortion (with some limitations). That right is under attack, and could be overturned by the US Supreme Court by the time you read this. Debate itself is being attacked. Look no further than Disney World in Governor Ron DeSantis' Florida. Here, the CEO of the Mickey Mouse empire made his disagreement known to the Florida governor regarding his political red meat "Don't Say Gay" law. DeSantis and his Republican state legislature promptly stripped Disney of a 55-year old grant of self-governance in the Magic Kingdom; right-wing religious extremists began (and continue to) flood the internet's varied public squares with the twin accusations that anyone not in agreement with DeSantis is a pedophile and a "groomer." If Walt Disney wasn't one of the world most prolific artists of the 20th century... well, then, what can we say?

Andrea Serrano's controversial work, Immersion (1987), more widely known as "Piss Christ" features a plastic crucifix floating in a glass tank of the artist's urine. One critic, Lucy Lippard, called the piece "beautiful and mysterious." Serrano, a Catholic himself, commented "What it symbolizes is the way Christ died: the blood came out of him but so did the piss and the shit. Maybe if Piss Christ upsets you, it's because it gives some sense of what the crucifixion actually was like...I was born and raised a Catholic and I've been a Christian all my life."



a pretty tough gig in the art world particularly when it steps into the public arena. But note that famed modern art whisperer Sister Wendy Beckett, now 88, told the intrepid modern interpreter of reality, Bill Moyers, that she thought the work was not blasphemous at all, but an expression of "what we are doing to Christ." Sister Wendy, though, doesn't wave a magic wand.

Art has always been attacked for telling the truth. The truth, however, is often coded and disseminated in hidden strategies, ideas that promote at best ambiguity and at worse confusion. Though for the enquiring creative mind, this is designed to enrich the mental process of unpacking visual and textual metaphors. Art – even bad art, has the capacity to promote deep inquiry, generate nuanced knowledge and an expansion of consciousness. For that very reason it's a threat to the more conservative minority wings of society. But like all relationships, particularly sexually-fraught triangles, the best we can say is "It's complicated."

Matthew Rose

Nonetheless the work was embroiled in scandal. The artist received death threats, hate mail, lost opportunities and grants and when it was exhibited at the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. In 1989, the uproar took flight because Serrano had received money from the National Endowment for the Arts. Then-US senators Al D'Amato and Jesse Helms went nuts and forced the NEA to require their grant selections to consider "general standards of decency." In Australia The Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne sought an injunction for the Australian Supreme Court to ban the work from public display. In France in 2011, the work was on display in Je Crois aux Miracles at the Collection Lambert in Avignon, and the print was damaged irreparably by a couple of angry hammer-wielding Christians. Serrano's photograph of a mediating nun was attacked too, maybe for the hell of it. Religious and sexual Imagery is





# God & Sex: Four Poems By Michael Andre

I go to church the way she smokes.  
It's irrational, I'd like to stop, but I can't.  
Doctrine, as  
'Christ lurks in the blue sky,'  
burns slowly  
the body  
down.  
Side effects include, if she's Jewish, divorce.

God is the strong silent Type.  
God is a figment of solitude.

Whilom, an atheist at a Catholic school,  
I tried my best  
And got good grades in the religion test.

The usual kaleidoscopic psychedelia  
in his dark bar with dancers  
leads Billy to the edge. The remote future  
dresses in interplanetary escapades  
as he sees through her blouse  
and, reaching for the moon, falls  
from a great height, spreading wings; being

lost is a great freedom

a forbidden pleasure he can alas afford. Drunk  
punched, thrown out  
on a busy street, Bill  
victim of female turpitude  
floppy boobs and plucked eyebrows  
scoops out her eye & places a diamond there  
to make what is seen more valuable than what        does see.

Loving biology, Bill now lives in a cell.

Michael Andre is a Canadian New Yorker. He has published a dozen books of poetry and 500 articles on art, literature, and film. He published the stellar magazine Unmuzzled OX. His opera on Ray Johnson, OrfReo, was performed in New York City, where it was filmed and recorded. Michael wrote a monthly New York Letter for Small Press Review in Paradise CA. SPR was print only. When fire notoriously destroyed Paradise, that work was lost. Michael is 75-years-old.

Michael Andre on FaceBook: <https://www.facebook.com/michael.andre.7127>

trouble  
eros  
arts  
deus



j newton





1. Blick auf

FRANZ

Adolfo, 30 cm, B.

FRANZ

2. Kopf einer

Dame mit 9 cm, B. 29 cm.

Haar.

3. Weibliches

ustbild. An 5 cm, B. 41 cm.

ITA

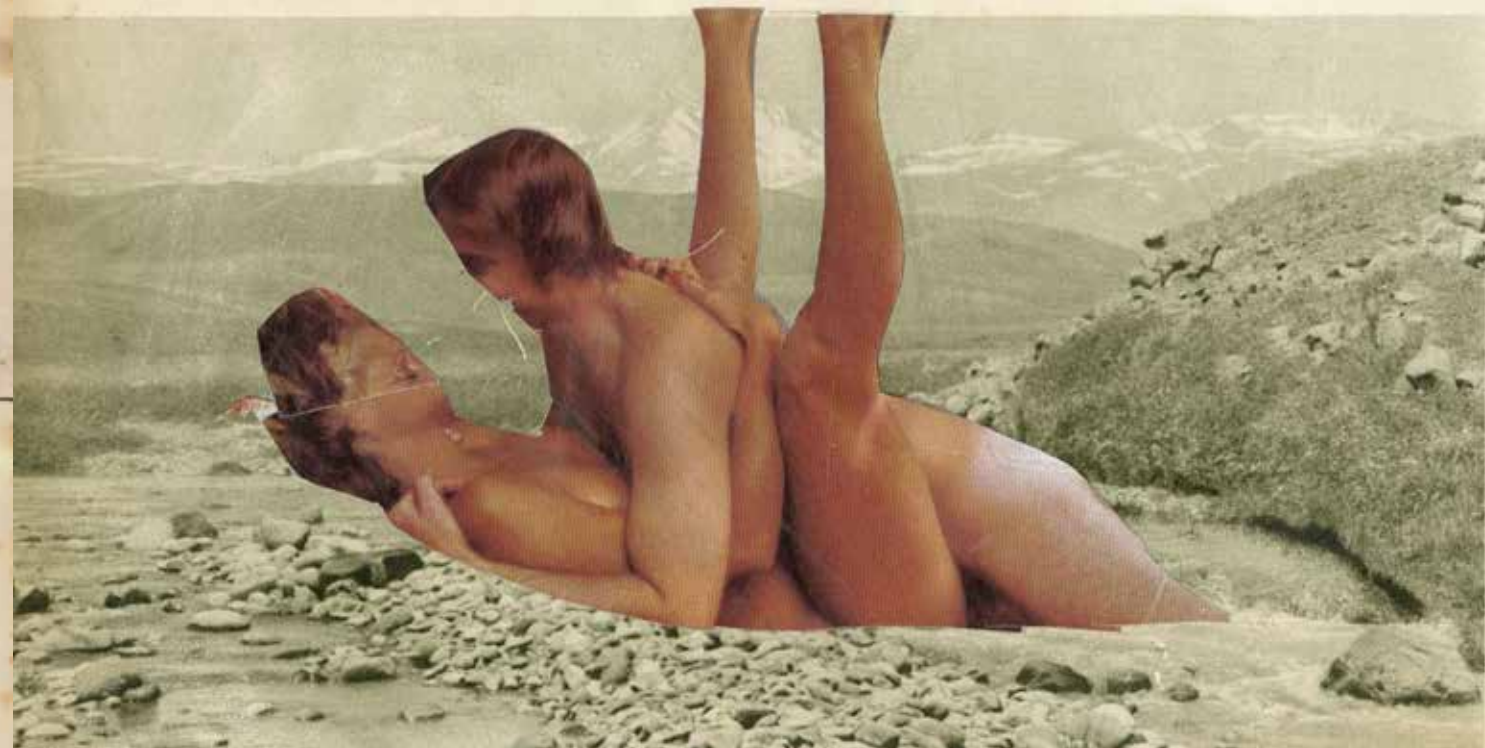
4. Italienischer und Galeere

grunde. Handelsschiffe

5. Ju

chen. Landschaft-

3



## Cutting Sex The Collages of James Gallagher

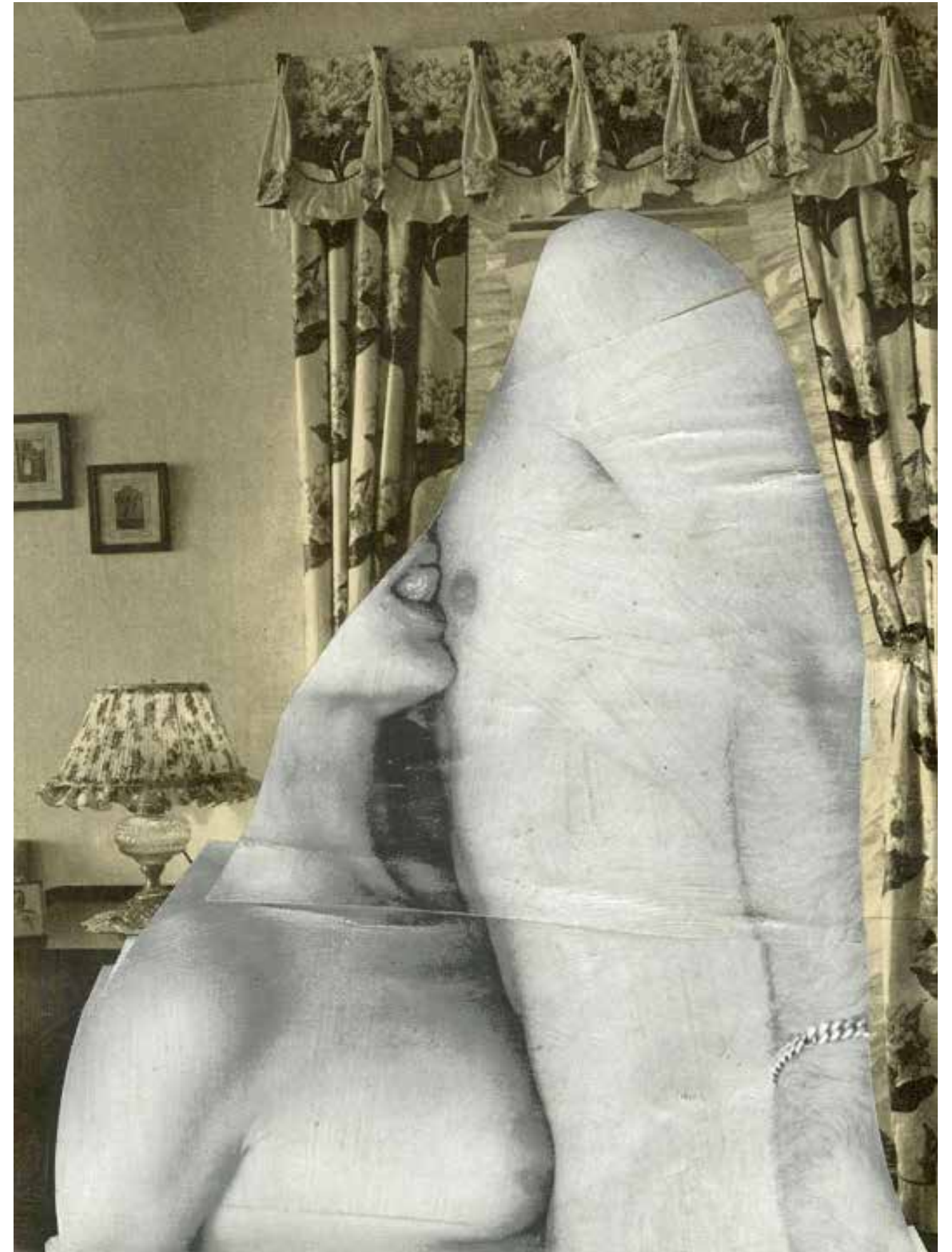
"I prefer my work to be abstract and suggestive when it comes to depicting sex. To leave it open to interpretation. Characters entwined in ways that conceal their identity and leave the viewer confused about gender and sexuality. I try to let the body language do the talking. Those subtle gestures happening within the scene (or just outside of it) are much more interesting to me. Creating a bit of intrigue is the goal. Especially today when porn has taken all the mystery out of sex. I'm looking to bring it back. That thrill. Like a quick glimpse of something private, or a hint of intimacy slightly obscured. Like back when sexual encounters happened in the shadows, rather than on the glowing computer screen."

James Gallagher became one of the leaders in the contemporary collage movement with the publication of Gestalten's Cutting Edges: Contemporary Collage. That tome, which the artist co-edited, brought together dozens of artists exploring the myriad possibilities of pasting paper together with glue and paint and brought Gallagher's eye to the forefront of both curatorial and aesthetic in collage.

Gallagher is the currently the creative director of the contemporary art magazine Secret Behavior which launched in 2013. Gallagher earned a BFA from The School of Visual Arts in New York City. He is currently the creative director at Purchase College, SUNY and lives in Brooklyn with his wife and three children.

Visit James Gallagher's studio website here: <https://gallagherstudio.net/Life-Cuts>

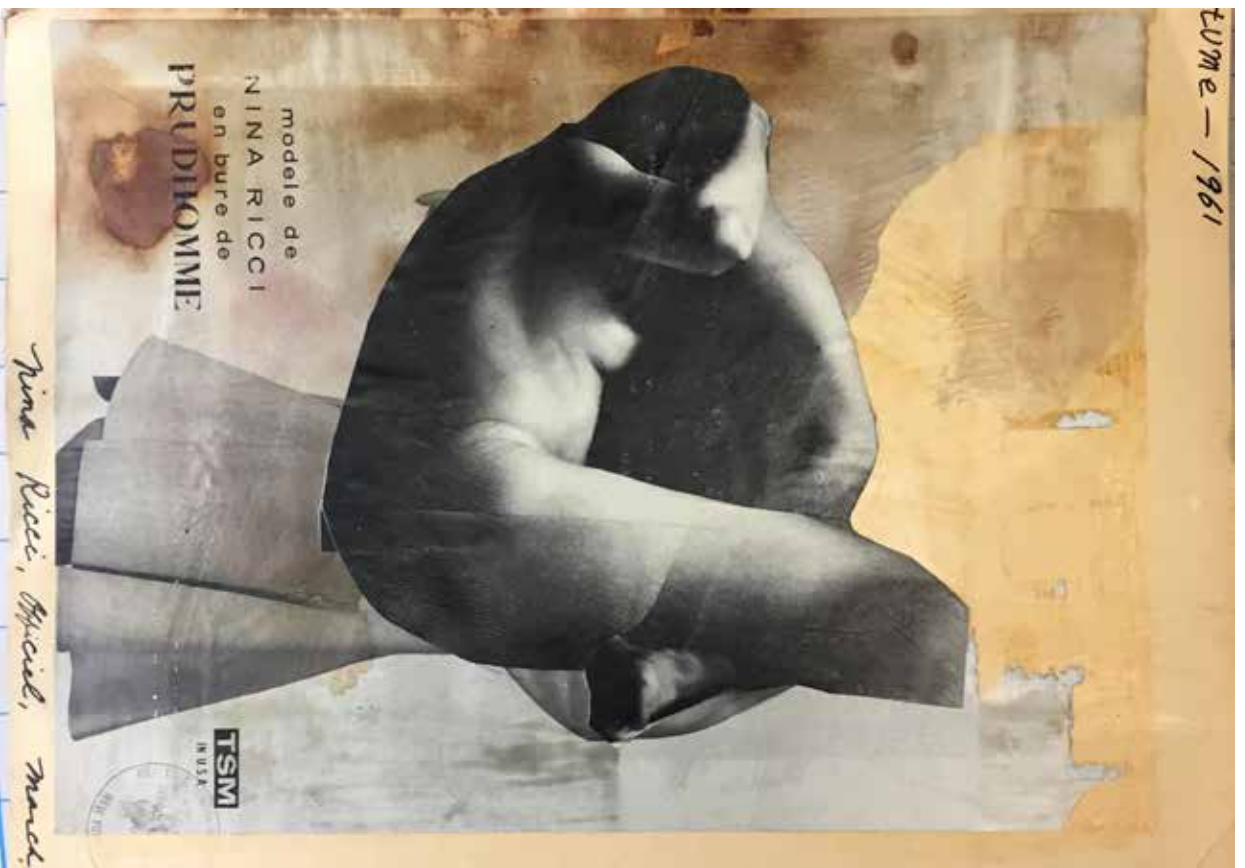




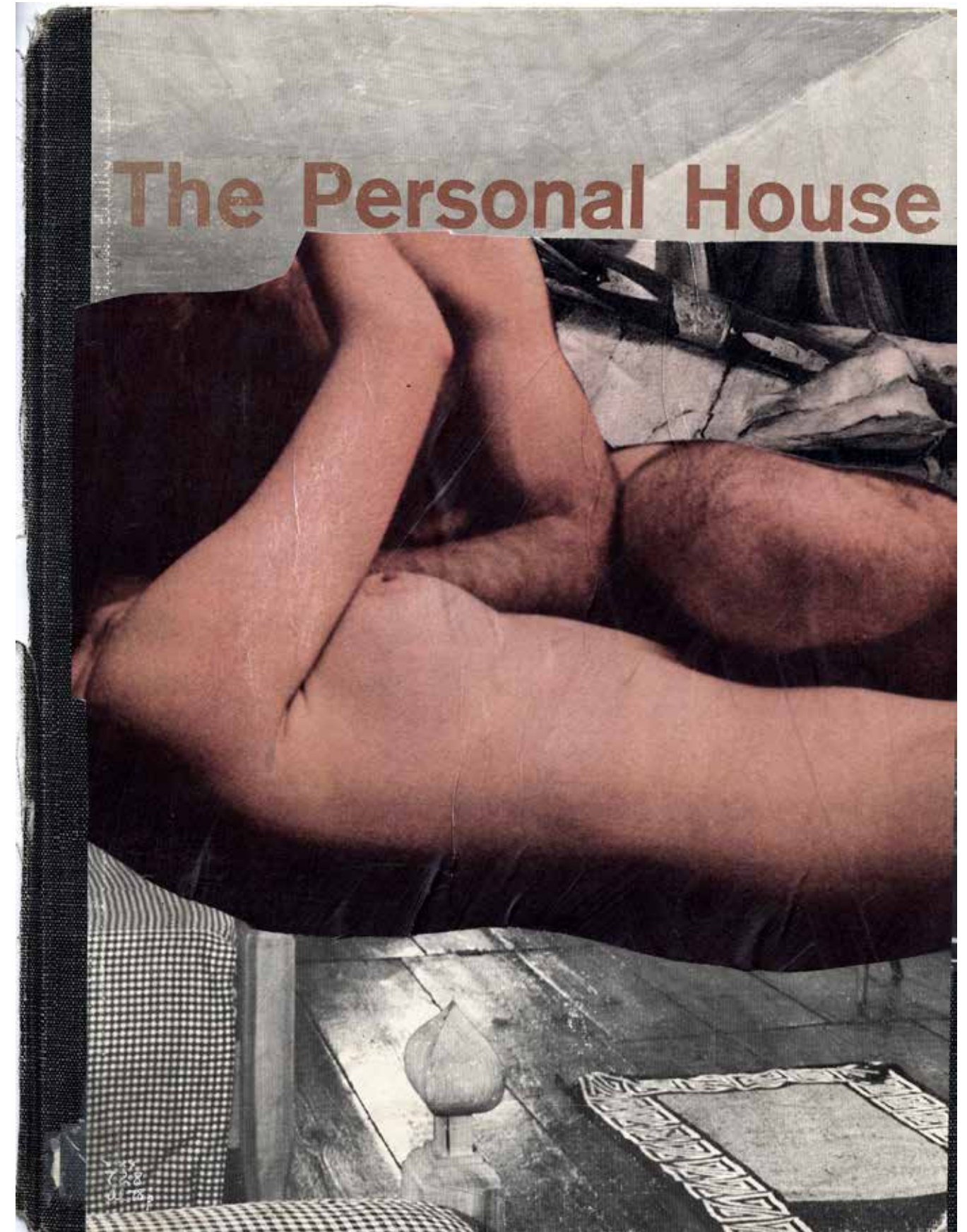
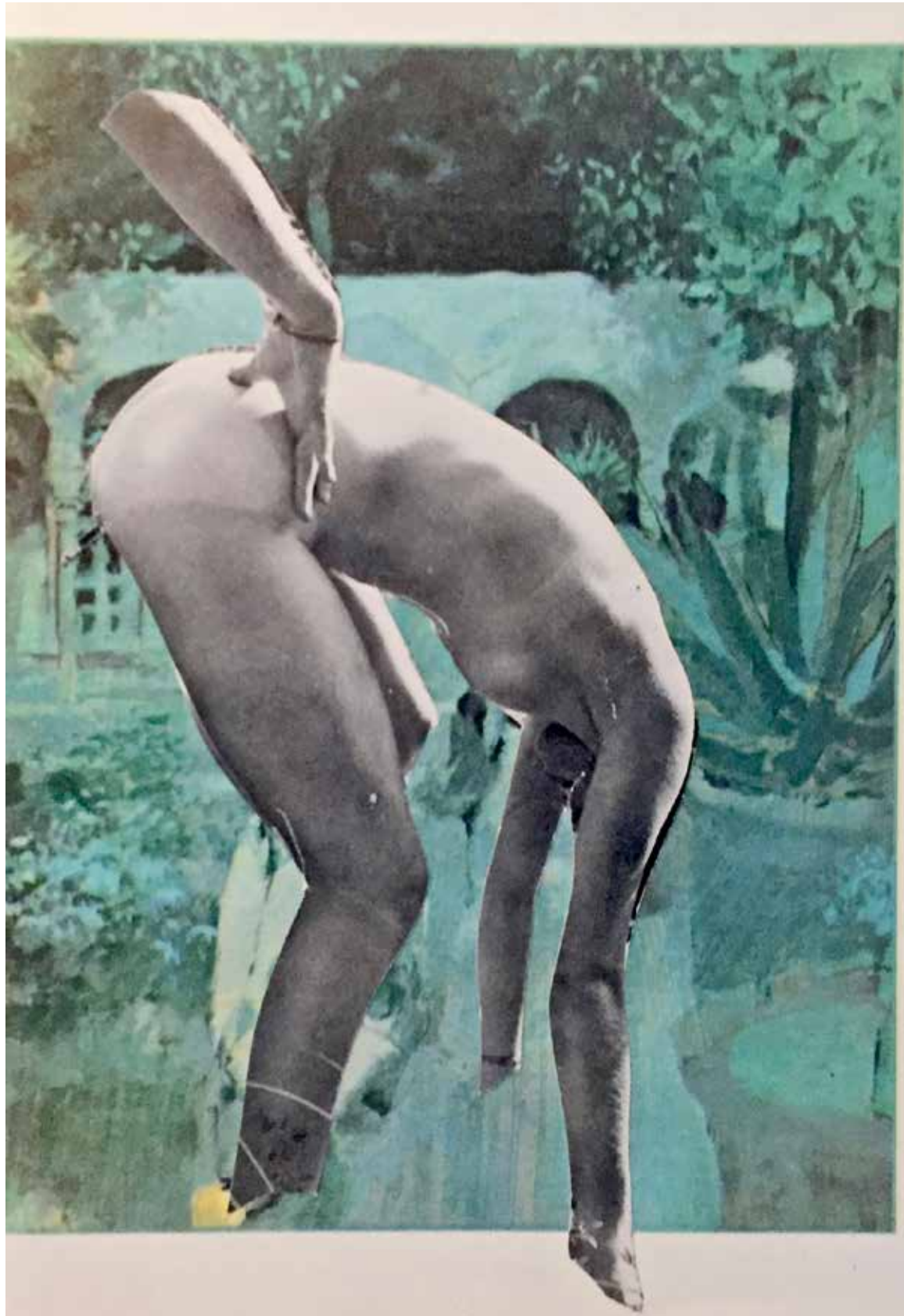












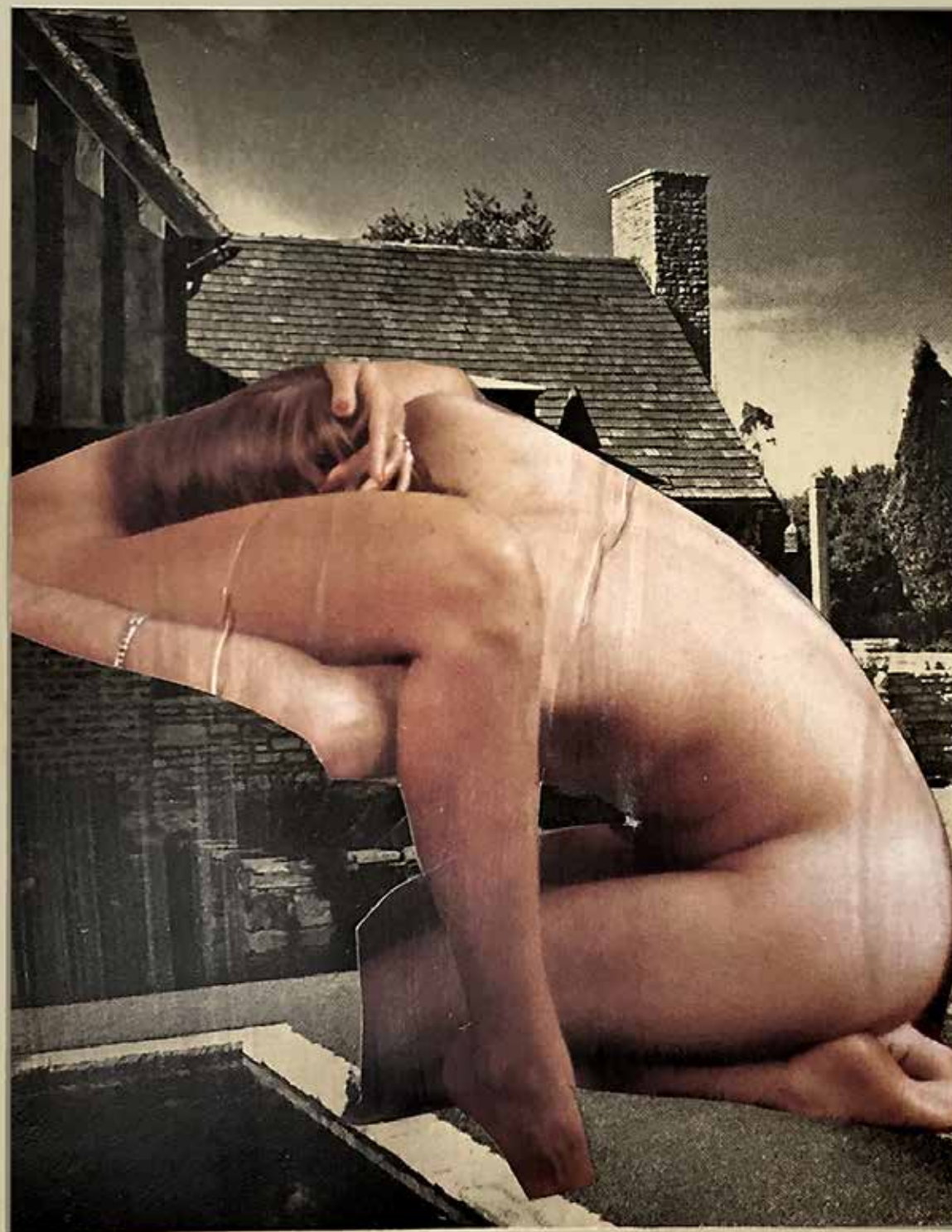








No. 123. ANTONIS PALAMEDESZ



*Terrace*





The shape of these trees show how violent the winds are in the Kuril Islands

Kuril Islands. One of the bays that formed when the ground caved in



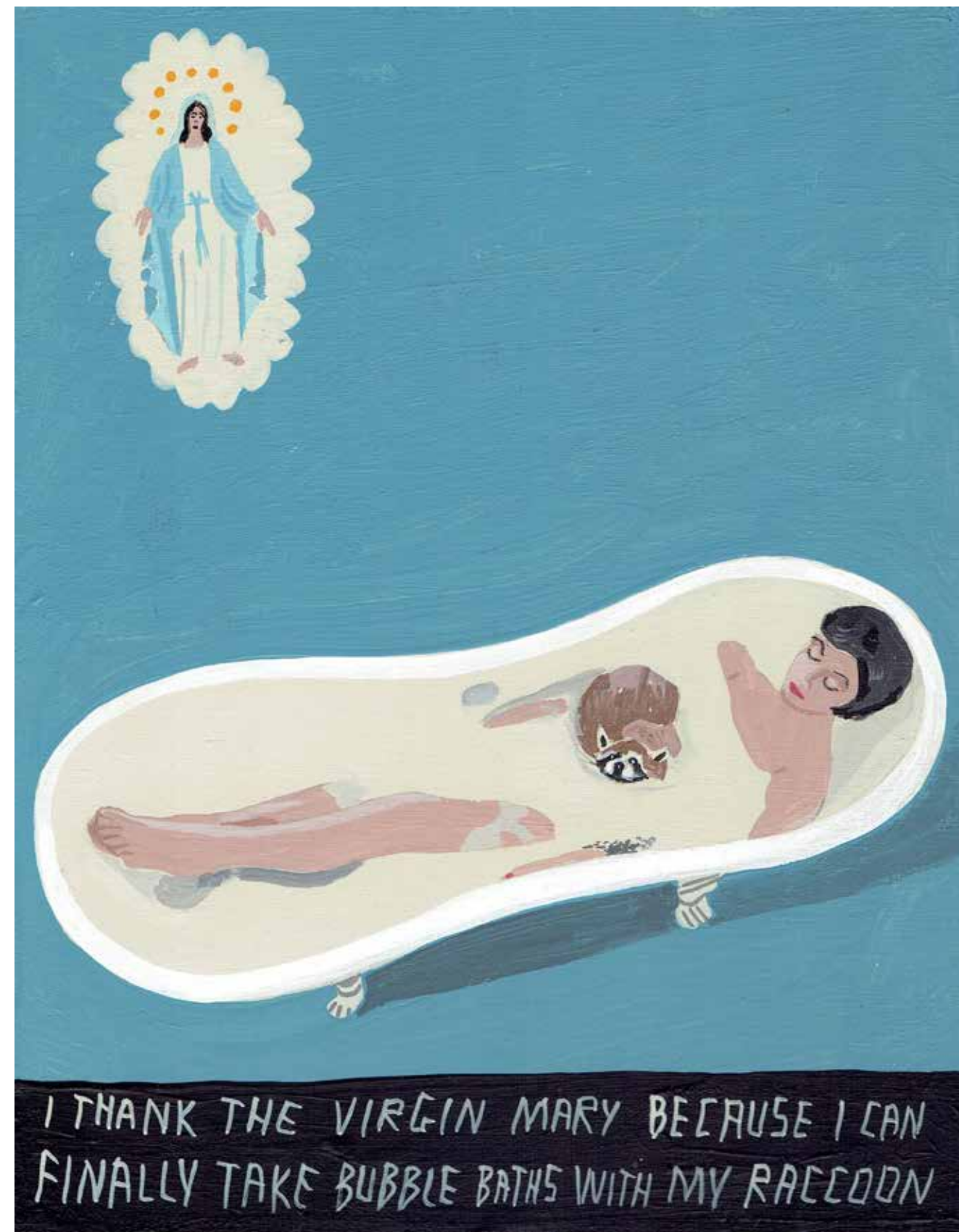


## Pulp Brother: *Fuck This Shit*

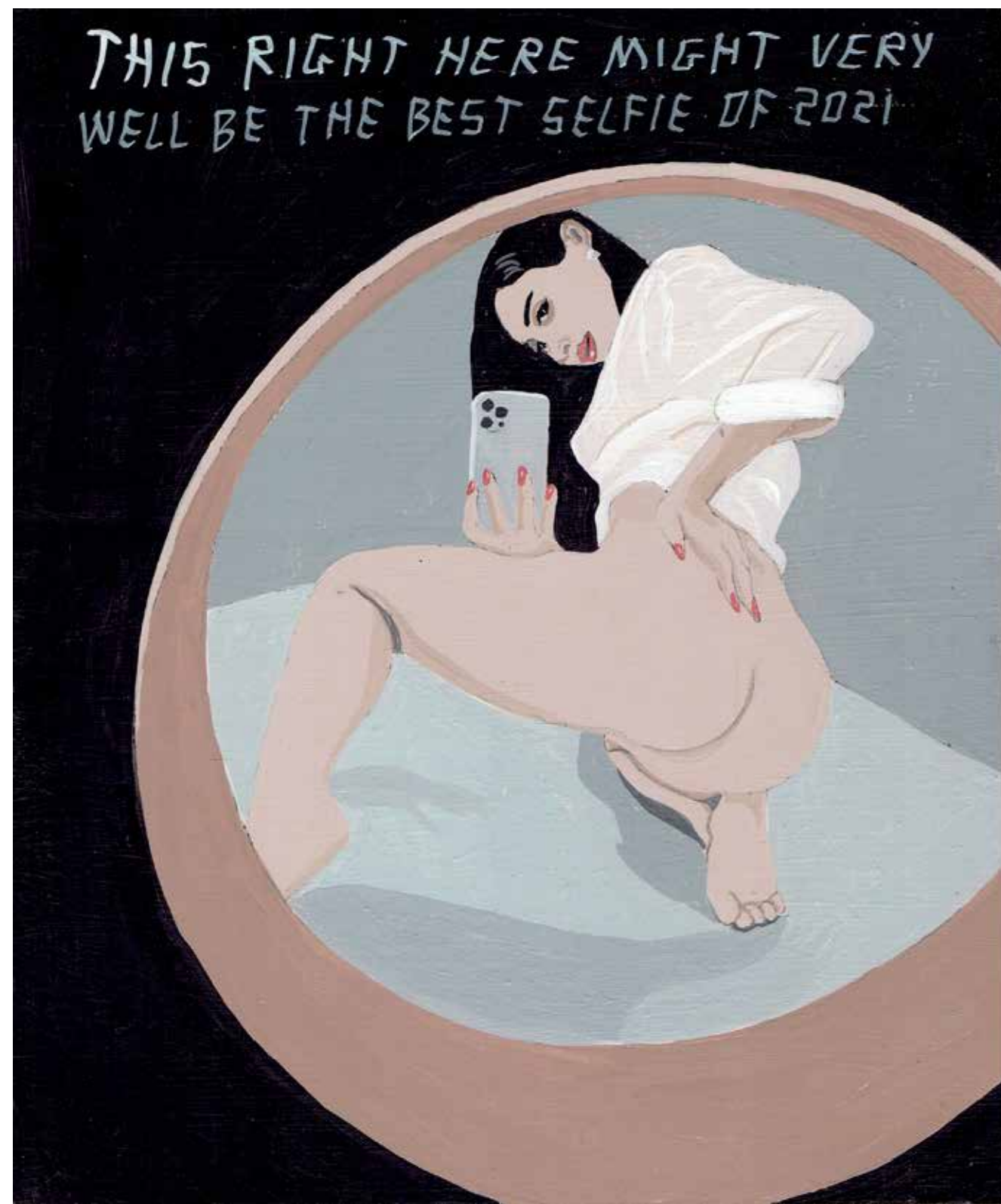
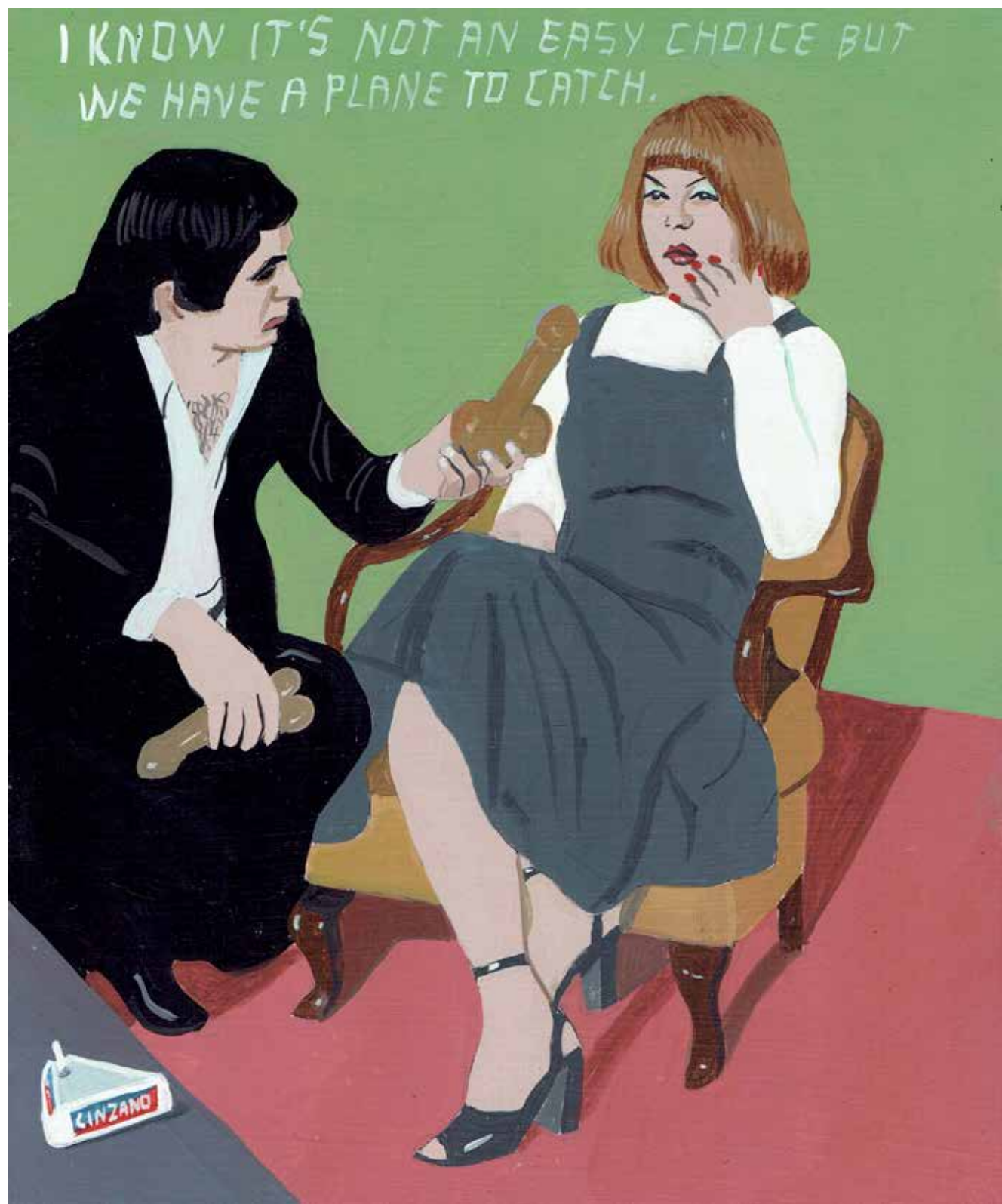
Javier Mayoral, the American artist known as PulpBrother, moved from Spain to the US and began life in the promised land as a cook. He painted as a hobby and posted his musings – about sex, depravity, our collective vices and general darkness as a species, all freckled with paintings of cats, bottles of Veuve Cliquot, whips and clever one line quips. One that is often repeated, usually by women clad in black patent leather S&M outfits is “Fuck This Shit.”

We love him and apparently so do some 300,000 followers on his Instagram feed. He works small, usually acrylic on wood, and posts almost weekly, if not more, mapping out an hysterically depraved world of drug users, lecherous and wonderfully deviant couples, lonely alcoholics (hence, the Veuve Cliquot) accessorized with cats carefully balances on bare asses or female naked feet pointed high in the air. Here’s a small sample of PulpBrother’s aesthetic philosophy, a kind of ABC of vice, debauchery and prurience. Enjoy.

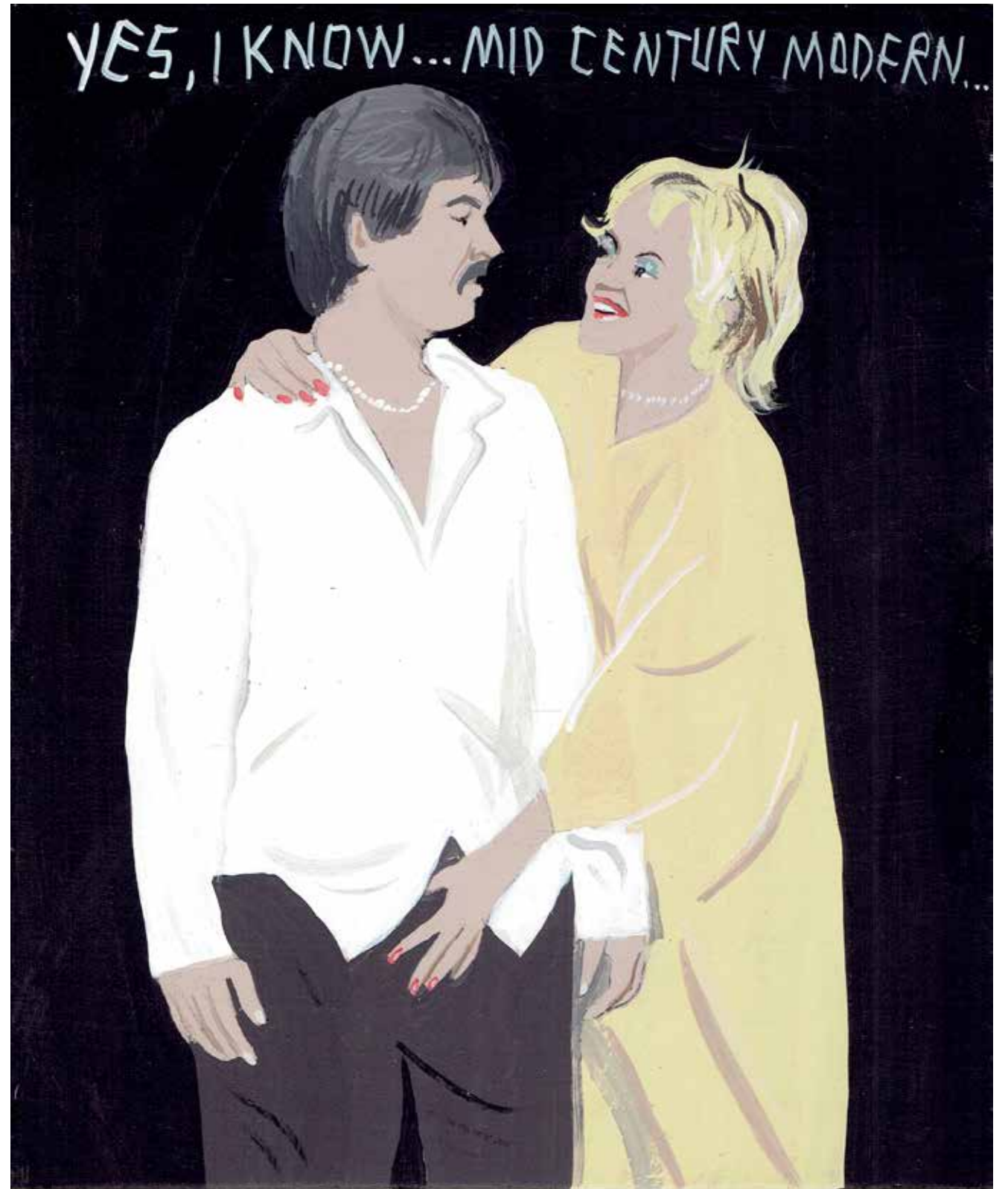
<https://www.instagram.com/pulpbrother/>



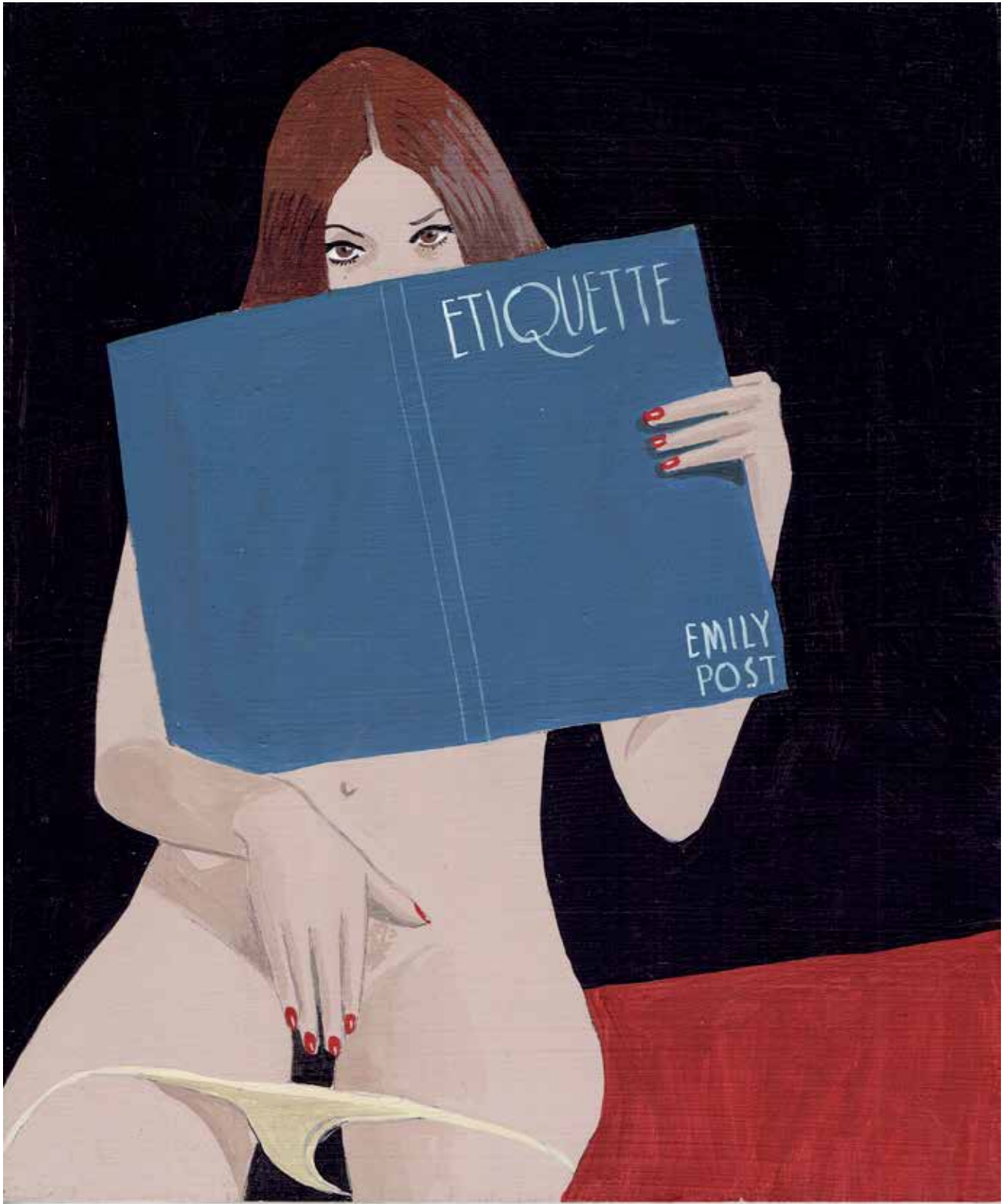




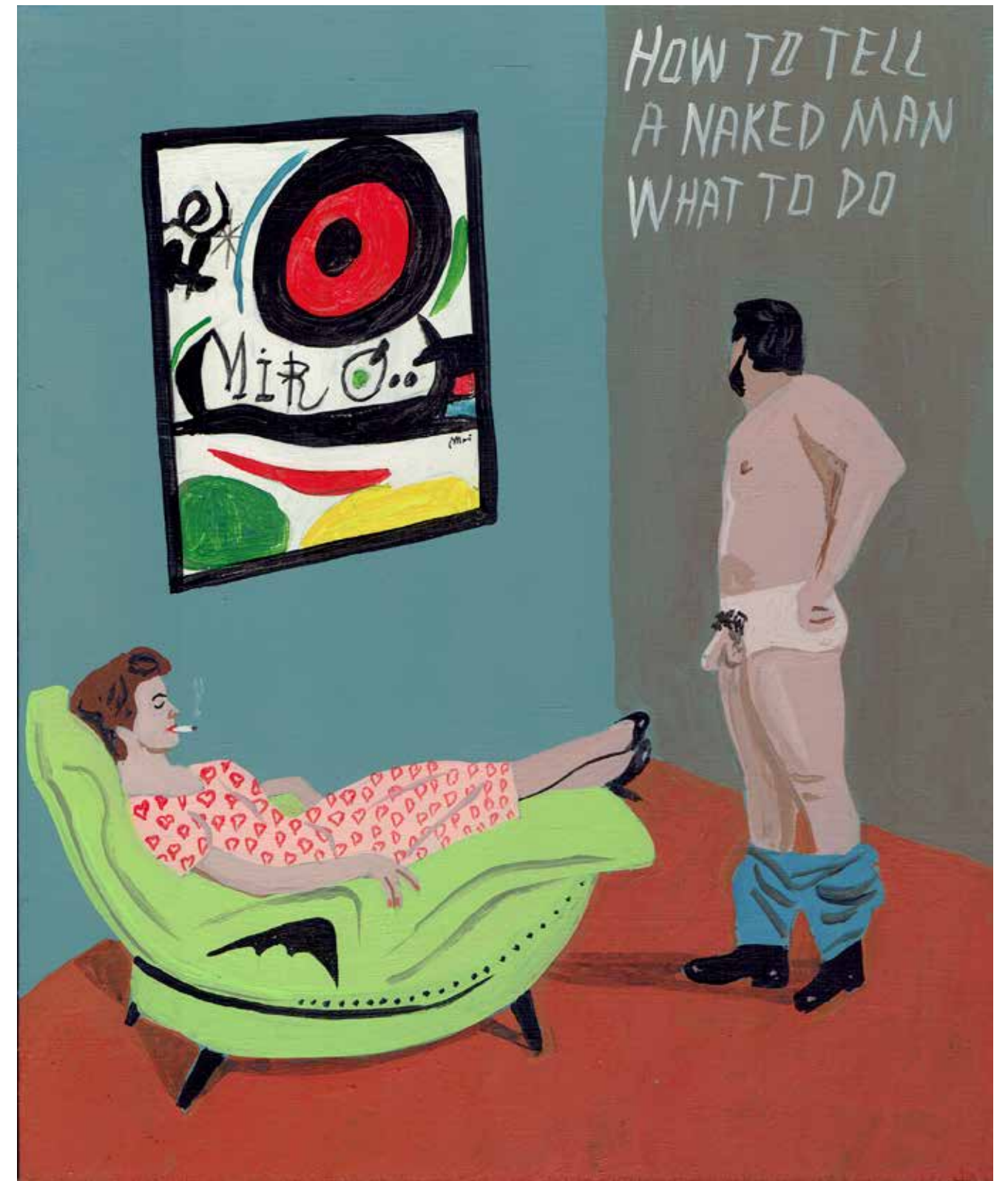




















## Jeff Ross: Thai Porn Paintouts

I found the Thai Porn magazines in an abandoned building in Bangkok, Thailand. Not far from where I was living some years ago. There was a ton of graffiti. It was very interesting, and when I decided to pack up my studio and return to the US I packed a ton of these to eventually use in my collage work. But when I told a friend about this material they gave me a thumbs down. A friend explained that it was actually illegal to possess and transport, due to the photo content.

Not wanting to get in trouble taking them home, I went into a paint out frenzy a few days before my flight. I had been doing "PaintOuts" for quite some time. Basically

painting out the money in fashion ads, and leaving the eyes only. So painting out the smut, left the shapes sexless. These pieces are the same Pancevo and Thai Calendar girls.

**Jeff Ross** is an artist based in Denver, Colorado. Having lived in Belgrade, Bangkok and many cities in the United States, Ross currently lives and works in Denver, Colorado. His work has long involved many disciplines from screen printing to painted abstraction, drawing and collage. "Mistakes are my process," he says. He was also at one time the main screen printer (posters, tee shirts, etc.) for the band Nirvana.

website: [www.jeffrossart.com](http://www.jeffrossart.com)

Instagram: [jeffrossart](https://www.instagram.com/jeffrossart)





ถนนค่อนข้างมืด คราวนี้ที่ปู  
ยอม "ปลดแอกเดี่ยวพลนะ"  
ที่ปูกระซิบเสียงสั่นปลต  
กระตุบเสียงเมื่อตอนออก แล้ว  
ให้ผมสว่างมือเข้าไป เจอเสื้อ  
ทับด้านแรกและมีเสื้อ  
ยกรางข้างในอีกตัว ผมก็ไม่  
รีบร้อนคลึงเสื้านำมาหูกที่ปู  
จากข้างนอก ผ่านเสื้อทับผ้า  
มันสั่นๆ จนหน้าใจแล้วจึง  
สว่างต่อเข้าไปในเสื้อทับ  
สัมผัสผ้าลูกไม้ที่ห่อหุ้มอก  
อร่ามอิมไว้เป็นด้านสุดท้าย  
ผมมีม เกล็ดสองตัวจาก  
ข้างนอกอยู่ครู่หนึ่ง ก็  
พยายามเก้อมมือไปปลด  
ตะขอเสื้อยกรางด้วยมือ  
ซ้ายข้างเดียว แต่ไม่สำเร็จ  
(เมื่อขวา ผมยังเฝ้าโลมกับ  
ส่วนล่างของที่ปูตลอดมา)  
ผมจึงใช้วิธีสอดสว่างลงมา

จากด้านบน คราวนี้ได้  
สัมผัสกับก้อนเนื้อเต่งตึง  
อวบ อุ่นเต็มล้นถึงมือ ผม  
ตบไล้คล้าหาจนเจอปลาย  
ยอดที่ขรุขระ ผมใช้สองนิ้วบีบ  
คลึงหัวนมที่ปูที่คราวนี้ไม่มี  
อะไรมาขวางกั้นอย่าง  
เมานัน ออกที่ปูก็ตึงตึงขึ้น  
มือขึ้นมาทันที ทุกครั้งที่  
หัวนมถูกบีบคลึง ที่ปูร้อง  
ครางว่าๆ มือกำเท้าคลึง  
เป็นทางแหว่งมวนขึ้น ที่ปู  
คราวนี้ไปตามขีปทางแหว่ง  
ผม แล้วคลึงๆ รูดลงมา ที่ปู  
สอดมือสว่างเข้าไปจนถึงข้าง  
ในทางแหว่งใน ความเข้าไป  
คร่าของๆ ผมได้เพิ่มกำมือก็  
บีบขมำจนหน้าใจ แล้ว  
กระซอกคลึงของๆ ผมซอกมา  
แล้วไล่ลงมาถึงข้างนอก  
ทางแหว่ง นิ้วเล็กเรียวยาว

ของที่ปู กุ่มของๆ ผมไว้  
แป้นรูดขึ้นลงเป็นจังหวะ  
ขณะที่ที่ปูเริ่มรูดล้าคอบได้  
ส่วนล่างของผม มีอะไรขรุขระ  
ของผมนักยังไม่ยอมละจาก  
การเสกขุขจากเรือนร่างที่ปู  
มือข้างซ้ายผมยังคงคลึงคลึง  
คลึงเต้านมซ้ายมืออย่างไม่  
จักอิม มือขวาผมก็ลูบคล้า  
อยู่บนเป้า ทางแหว่งข้างในที่ปู  
ก็เริ่มรูดขบตอก นิ้วผมสอด  
สว่างเข้าไปทางแหว่งในที่ปูทาง  
ขมำทางด้านล่าง แล้วเข้าไป  
บนเนินเนื้อขามเพื่อยมที่  
ปกคลุมโดยด้วยขนนุ่มๆ ที่  
เบียดขมำไปตามอารมณ์กระ  
สันต์ของที่ปู นิ้วผมสว่างจน  
เจอร่องก็ค่อยๆ สอดนิ้วลง  
ไป ค่อยๆ ลึกลง ไปจนที่ปู  
สะดุ้ง ผมหยุดมือไม่หยุดคลึง  
ลงไปที่อีกหัวว่าที่ปูจะเจ็บ  
เบตขมำเมื่อนิ้วขึ้นลงไป  
ตามร่อง นิ้วผมเข้าไปจนเจอ  
บริเวณ ที่ปูจะเป็นศรีษทอวิ  
สภิกขณ์เวียนเป็นมันตึงไป ที่ปู  
ครางเสียงกระเส้า แอ่นตัว  
บิดไปมาทุกครั้งที่ผมคลึง  
ลงไปตรงจุดกระสันต์ ที่ปู  
ลืมตัวระดังจนรูดกระตุบ  
หลายครั้ง "พอก่อน ไม่ไหว  
แล้ว" ที่ปูร้องครางตัวสั่น  
ระริกจนออกให้หยุด แต่กดับ  
กระตุบอารมณ์ ให้ผมเร่งมือ  
อีตื้น น้ำขมำที่ปูหลังทะลัก  
ออกมาไม่ขาดสาย สะโปก  
ล้ากแอ่นเกร็งขึ้นจนกินไม่  
ติดเพราะ "ขอที่ใจครกก่อน"  
ที่ปู ละล้าตะลึงเสียงสั่น  
พลางเสียวรูดเข้าไปในเขมย  
มีตา ขอบทนม

ผมกับที่ปูแยกจากกัน  
ครู่หนึ่ง จนกระทั่งที่ปูจอต  
รตแล้วดิไฟแฟกคิดเคว็อง

ได้ ผมรีบโหมตัวไปหาที่ปูที่  
หันหน้า เข้ามหาผม ผม  
บรรจงจูบลงไปตรงริมฝีปาก  
ที่ปูที่เผยอขึ้นมา สันหลังสั่น  
เข้าไป ที่ปูก็จูบตอบโดยไม่  
การขัดขืนและยังสอดลิ้น  
เข้ามาทั่วพันกันนิ้วเนย  
ร่างกายส่วนบนของเขาแทบ  
จิดกัน จนผมสามารถสอด  
ลิ้นกายสาวแรกเริ่มที่อวบ  
อืดสมบูรณ์ ตลอดมือ ของที่ปู  
และผมโอบกอดเข้ามา  
กระซิบกันไว้แน่น ในขณะที่  
ส่วนล่างก็ถูกขว้างกับด้วย  
ขูดเกี้ยวที่อยู่ระหว่างกลาง  
ผมกับที่ปู คืบค้ำจูบปากกับ  
จนหน้าใจ ผมก็ถูกใช้จูบใส่  
ลงมาตามซอกคอ ออกเสื้อ  
ผมค่อยๆ ปลดกระตุบเมื่อที่  
ปูออกจนหมด เพยให้เห็น  
อกขาวอิมอยู่ตรงหน้า  
ภายในเสื้อทับ ผมจูบลงไป  
บนเสื้อทับตรงบริเวณเนิน  
เนื้อเต่งตึงแล้วค่อยๆ ถลก  
ขึ้นจนเห็นเสื้อยกราง สี  
เดียวกับทางแหว่งข้างใน ผม  
จูบลงไปตรงบนผ้าลูกไม้  
ตำแหน่งที่ปกปิดหัวนม  
หลังโหมทั้งสองข้าง แล้ว  
เลื่อนมาจูบลงไปตรงเนิน  
เนินเนื้อระหว่างอก ที่อวบ  
ล้นตลกหวานอกเนื้อจันใน  
ลายลูกไม้ ขณะเดียวกันก็  
เอื้อมทั้งสองมือโอบค้อมไป  
ปลดตะขอเสื้อ ยกรางออก  
จากกัน พันทึที่เสื้อยกราง  
หลุดออก ผมขมำยัดทั้งสอง  
เต้าหัวนมสีน้ำคาวอ้อมก็ขุ  
ขันลอยเด่นอยู่ตรงหน้าผม  
ผม ก็ลงมือทั้งคู่ทั้งซ้าย ขี  
ล้นเต็มตัวสัมผัสจากอกที่  
ปูที่ไว้อาภรณ์มิด ตัวเนื้อ  
ขาวเนียนเต่งตึงเบียดขมำไป



# เมียผม น่วมขึ้น



สวัสดิ์ครับผมที่ภรรยาส่วนแฟนเราซื้อชื่อเรื่องนี้ผ่านมาได้  
ประมาณ 3 ปีหนึ่งได้ เริ่มเรื่องเล่นๆ วนๆ เกิดเรื่องขึ้น วันหนึ่งผมกับ  
แฟนผมได้จัดงานเลี้ยงปีใหม่ขึ้นที่ร้านอาหารแถวๆ... แล้ววัน  
นั้นต้อง... แต่ผมไม่ได้ไปด้วย ก็มีคนในแผนกไปร่วมงานกับเราหลายคน  
รวมทั้งน้องสาวเพื่อนๆ ของอ้อที่ทำงานอยู่ในแผนกเดียวกัน  
งานเลี้ยงก็สนุกสนานโดยมีอาหารให้กินกันมากมาย และ  
ที่... ไม่ได้ก็คือเหล่าซึ่งปกติจะไม่ค่อยได้ดื่มเหล้าเท่าไรเพราะ  
ว่าขอลาไปทำงานซึ่งซื้อดื่มไว้ แต่วันนั้นอ้อได้ดื่มเหล้าซึ่งมีพี่  
เขยเก็บคนผมมาให้ซื้อก็รับมาดื่มแบบว่าไม่คิดอะไรอยู่แล้วเพราะว่า  
เวลาเลิกงานก็กลับบ้านพร้อมกันอยู่แล้วงานเลี้ยงได้ดำเนินไปเรื่อยๆ  
จนเวลาประมาณเที่ยงคืนทุกคนก็เริ่มที่จะเมา เมาทั้งอ้อด้วยบางคนที่  
หนักเกินไม่ไหวต้องนำคนกับออกแล้วตัวเองก็กลับบ้านไม่ไหว  
จะนอนดังงอนนอนแต่ก็ไปเที่ยวกลับก็พอ  
ส่วนแฟนผมมาพบกันมันๆ ซึ่งกลับคนเดียวไม่ได้  
อยู่แล้วซึ่งพี่เขยคือเจ้าที่รออาตมาเป็นคนไปส่งที่บ้านให้  
อ้อก็ไม่ได้คิดอะไรก็เลยหลับไปมาว่าตัวอีกที่ก็เหมือนมีคน  
มากระแทก อยู่ข้างๆ ซึ่งก็คือพี่เขยนั่นเอง ตอนนั้นอ้อ  
คิดว่ามันเป็นผมเลยเรียกชื่อผมแต่สักพักก็ก็เริ่มลืมตามา  
มองก็รู้ว่าไม่ใช่ผมแต่เป็นพี่เขยนั่นเองตอนนั้นทั้งอ้อตัว  
ทั้งแกว่งและทางแหว่งในก่องอยู่บนพื้นแล้ว ส่วนตัวเอง  
พอเปิดตาเป็นก็อิมเปลวขาวทั่วทั้งตัว ผมกระพือมืออยู่บน  
ที่นอน ได้มีพี่เขยรอมร่างอยู่อ้อเริ่มตื่นแต่ก็สู้แรงไม่ไหวได้  
แต่...





# หมวดเขียน

ปฐก ๓.๑๑ ถึงกับถนัดถนี่ จัง ตาม  
สมมติธรรม

เมื่อครั้งนั้น... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

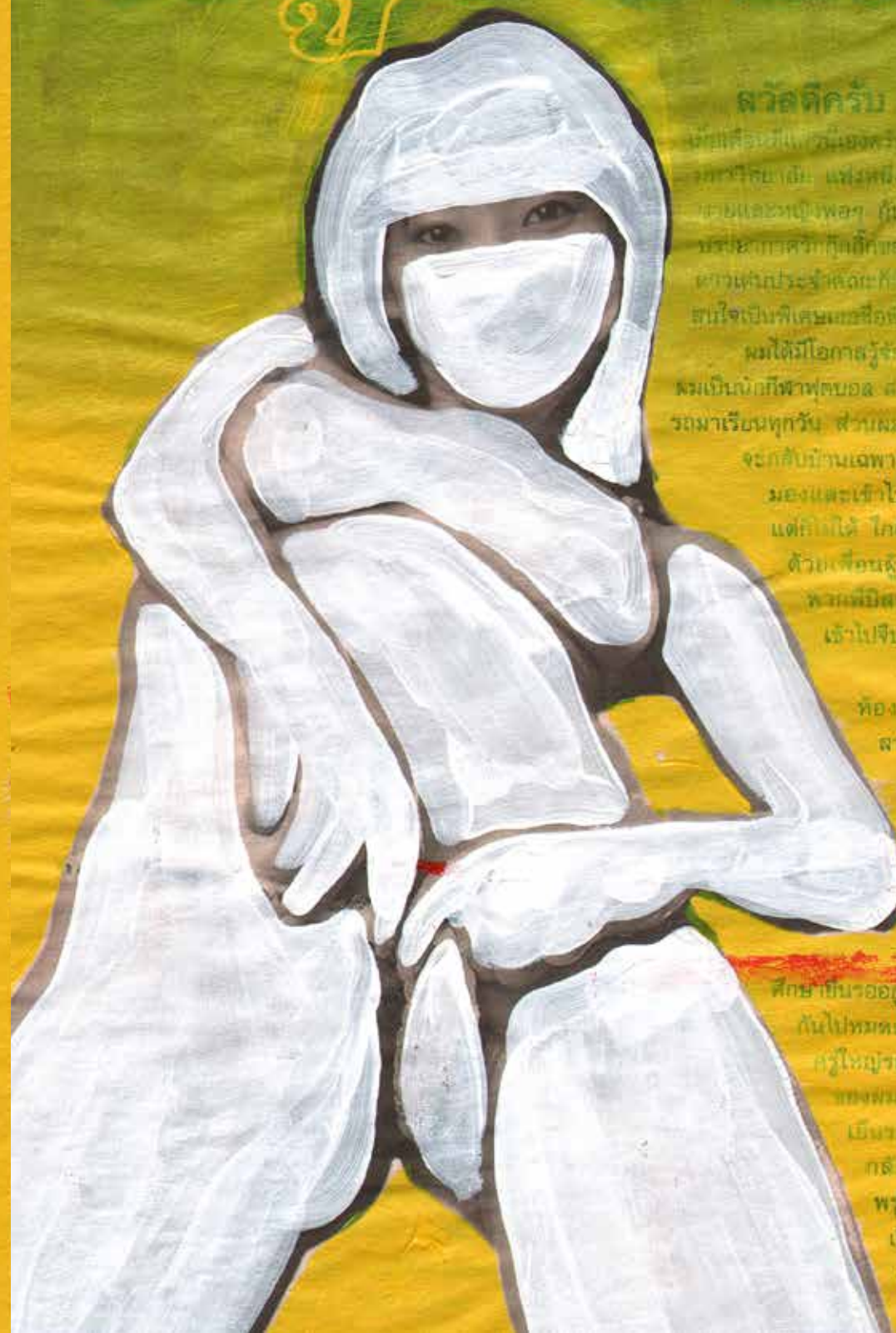
... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

# ฟ้าขาวอวดผม



สวัสดีครับ เรื่องของผมนั้นได้รับเชิญ... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)

... (text continues in Thai script)



# יהודה בן יהודה









LA CAVE  
des PAPILLES





# Suzanna Scott

coin cunts  
& other  
work

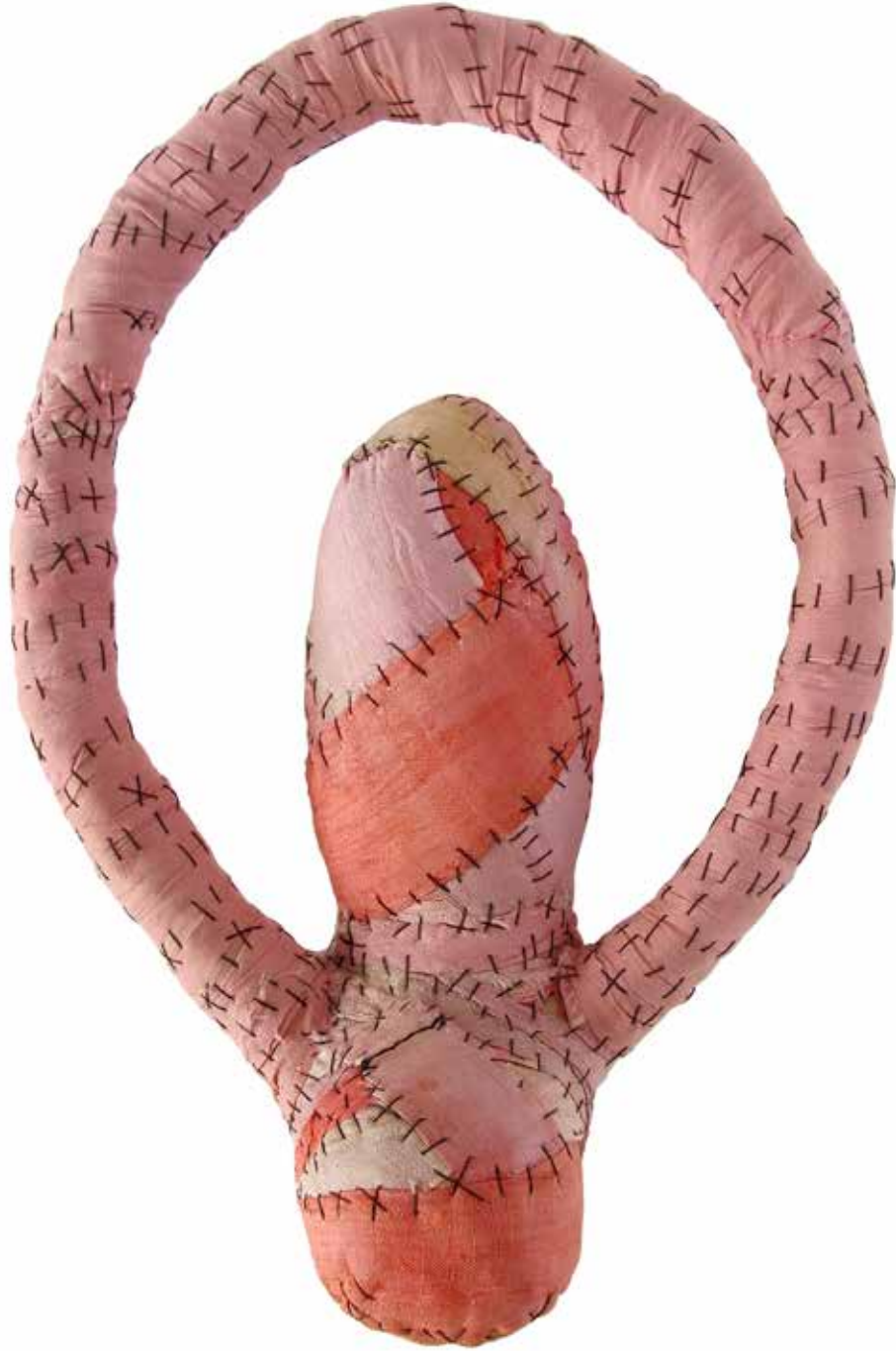


Suzanna Scott is an artist whose work explores feminist themes and visual ideas in and of the body. Her viral Coin Cunt series of inverted change purses, stitched to resemble vulvae, portrays endless cultural associations between women, money and power. At the same time this collection serves as a timely symbol of empowerment and equality for all women.

Entering her third decade as an artist, Scott employs a range of materials, including stone, wax, fiber, paper, resin and the occasional found object. Her work has been widely exhibited in the United States and can be found in private collections worldwide. Scott currently lives and works in Ruston, Louisiana.

*facing page: self portrait with coin cunt, 2021*  
*this page: nested purseys*





*faxing page: ascendant (detail)  
this page: nucleus*







coin cunt collection  
(rainbow)



Suzanna Scott discusses the making of her Coin Cunt collection

Interview by Trouble contributor Jennifer Allen Newton

**Jennifer Newton:** *I really love your work. It’s wonderfully audacious, seductive and thought-provoking while also being beautifully done. What first sparked the “Coin Cunt” idea for you?*

**Suzanna Scott:** Thanks so much Jennifer! I’m always thrilled to hear when these deceptively simple art objects provoke the viewer in more than one way. When I began this collection back in early 2015 there were rumors of a female presidential candidate running for office. I was looking for an object that would represent the intersection of women, money and power. There were some old kiss lock purses hanging around the studio that I’d held onto from a previous stint selling vintage objects on Etsy. I was playing around with them and voila!...a vulva! Now we have our first elected female Vice President in office.

**JN:** *Why did you decide to use the word “cunt” as opposed to other terms for female genitalia – as the term is so often used, usually by men, in the pejorative. Was there an aspect of taking back the language and using it?*

**SS:** I played around with different titles. A close contender was “Pursies” but I really liked the alliteration and shock value of “Coin Cunt” so I ultimately went with that. It is definitely an act of reclamation as both the object and the title make the viewer do a little double-take.

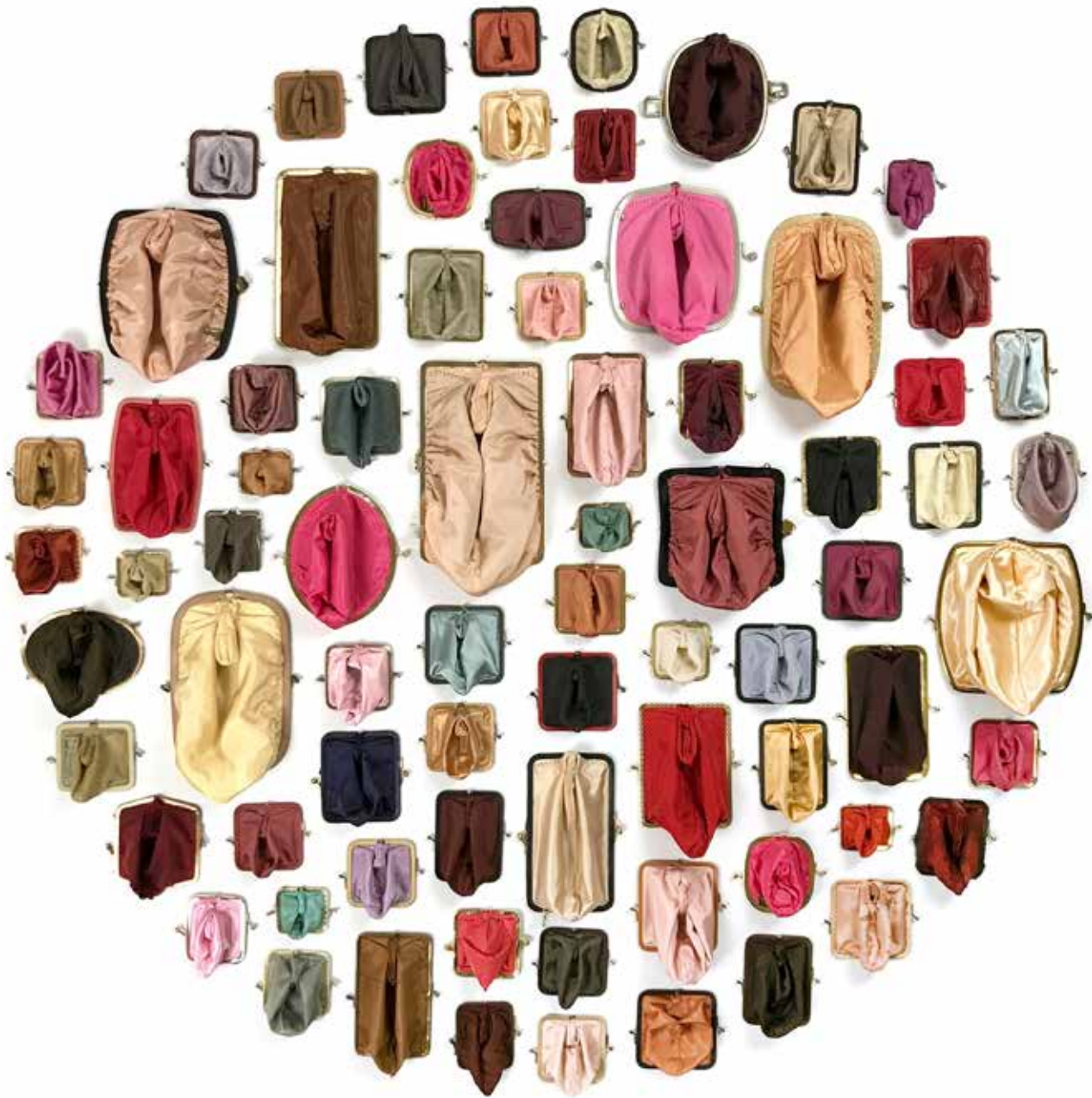
**JN:** *Besides coin purses being such a brilliant form to work with for this subject, as a soft, internal space that opens to the world, as you note, there’s clearly a message of sexuality and economics as well. Can you talk a bit more about how you intended those messages to come across in these*

*pieces?*

**SS:** Yes, unfortunately as we humans continue to strive for equality we look around and still see acts of domination perpetrated against whom-ever we view as “the other.” In many countries women are still being controlled through the barbaric practice of female genital mutilation. Other countries restrict academic and career opportunities for women. Here in the United States the influence of white supremacy infiltrates all of our policies. During the pandemic the economic loss to women, and particularly BIPOC women, was far greater than any other group. Employment opportunities for this group are still not back to normal levels. Most glaringly right now is the fact that basic reproductive healthcare



facing page:  
coin cunt (portal)  
this page:  
coin cunt (bronze)



is in danger with Roe v. Wade in the precarious state of being overturned. I won’t even start on the damage the plague of religion plays on the economic success of women. All these issues end up keeping women impoverished, subservient and subsisting by whatever means necessary.

**JN:** *Is there an aspect of feminine roles you are exploring with the idea of using fabric and sewing as a traditionally female art/craft form?*

**SS:** When I began my career as an artist I was primarily a stone carver and scornfully avoided any materials that looked akin to craft. I think the shift happened after my child was born. I’d already begun experimenting with found objects which led to a lot of collage and assemblage work. Gradually fiber began to creep into the mix of materials. I don’t have any formal sewing skills, such as sewing an item of clothing from a pattern, but I’m able to make my



sewing machine do what I need it to do. My kind of hand stitching has evolved naturally over hours and hours of late nights and audio books. I've dubbed my signature stitch seen in some of these fiber sculptures my "rage stitch."



**JN:** Are there any other artists who inspired you in the making of these pieces? I immediately thought of Georgia O'Keeffe – though her images were much less direct, I love her quote: "I feel there is something unexplored about women that only a woman can explore." And, of course, there are other feminist artists exploring similar themes... Do you see yourself fitting within any particular categories?

**SS:** There are several female artists who definitely have inspired me through their use of vulvic imagery. In particular, I would have to say Hannah Wilke, who created repetitious forms of vulvae out of clay, chewing gum, latex and

even dryer lint. Judy Chicago used what she dubbed "central core" imagery on each plate in "The Dinner Party." Her aim was to reclaim and celebrate the female experience throughout history by creating a new visual language. As far as readymades—I absolutely love the deceptively simple, brain-teasing work of Meret Oppenheim, most well known for her "Furry Teacup."

**JN:** A view through the history of Western art serves up a treasure-trove of male genitalia, yet the cunt is a rarity. Largely hidden from view without some calisthenics or a mirror, the cunt may very well be one of the least viewed (or understood) body parts outside of an OB/Gyn text book (or pornography). Many women (and others born with a cunt) have never even gazed at their own, let alone seen those of others. Your work really brings forth the uniqueness of individual anatomies, the variety of textures, colors, shapes and sizes. Can you tell us more about other underlying messages and statements you are making with this work?

**SS:** I found it quite ironic the other day when seeing images on the news of women marching in the capitol for abortion rights and, towering over that crowd, the very phallic Washington monument. Back when I began this project I had no idea the variety of coin purses I would ultimately find. The interior of the purse is usually hidden from everyone but its owner, if they've taken time to look. Since I'm literally turning the purses inside out to create the "Coin Cunts," the irony of exposing that which has always been hidden by time/history is not lost on me. Even I'm amazed by the variety in shape, size and linings I've found when opening up these well-worn coin purses—every color in the spectrum plus some unique patterns from checkered to paisley.

**JN:** Do the visible stitches represent surgical experiences as well? For example, I immediately thought of women who have had an episiotomy during childbirth and/or the "husband stitch," often done without the woman's con-

sent, to tighten the vagina for her spouse (and, sadly, often causing pain for her during sex thereafter).

**SS:** Using a few visible stitches on the purses not only helps them maintain their new shape but has definitely helped open up conversations about the "husband stitch," you mentioned, episiotomies, the practice of female genital mutilation and, of course, labiaplasty. As a side note, I love how the little kiss lock knobs lend an anthropomorphic silliness to these objects. I see them as little outstretched arms or possibly ovaries?

**JN:** These pieces are both a beautiful celebration of diversity and a way to deliver potent messages. I love your artist statement, as it sums up this work so very well. Since we have the benefit of the written word, I'll simply leave it right here...and thank you for sharing your work with us!

#### **Suzanna Scott Artist Statement:**

In our new reality of untruths and the endorsement of misogynistic and racist undercurrents in the United States, the Coin Cunts stand as a visual symbol of empowerment and equality for all people/s with a vulva. By exposing the mysterious interior of a ubiquitous object, we find each Coin Cunt is distinct just as every human is unique. A tease to the imagination, these transposed coin purses challenge our visual, political and cultural associations of women, money, and power. Since their inception, the Coin Cunts have given voice to and raised awareness for many causes around the globe such as reproductive justice, sexual exploitation, FGM (female genital mutilation), racial disparities in maternal health, unnatural body image ideals, the rise of labiaplasty, and the list continues to grow.



facing page: coin cunt (red)  
this page: coin cunt (brown)





*facing page: coin cunt (melanin)  
this page: carbuncle*





*facing page: florid  
this page: patriarchal pyre*





*facing page: cicatrix*  
*this page: fecund*





# ICONS OF DANISH DESIGN





# THE ROSARY REVIEWS

by Victor F. Breidenbach

## Ground Elk Hooves Virility Supplement

James Hogan

*Elk are forest horses with swords growing out of their heads, superathletes you can eat*

Ingested 5g before bed, for spiritual reasons. Dreamt of parachuting (the “parachutes” were black drawstring trash bags) out of an airplane, into a landscape partitioned for monoculture. Upon arrival, I was taken in by an elderly resident who “let me use”, or rather, “insisted with suspicious vehemence” that I use her extravagantly equipped “bath house”, or rather, “room of the gushing, wet walls” in the middle of the night, when I was supposed to be asleep. Later, when I “was done”, or rather, “had outdone myself”, I caught her peeping through “a pane of frosted glass”. Then she patted me dry and helped me into “an enormous, terrycloth bathrobe”. Upon waking, I consulted Freud’s On the Interpretation of Dreams. I interpret this dream as an intra-uterine squirt fantasy, the walls of my “once-upon-a-time home” spraying me with the “not-quite-water of life”. **4/5**

## LUBE by Clarissa Montero (150ml)

Ned Simmons

*Like anointing your member*

Hey everyone, here to report on my experience with **LUBE by Clarissa Montero** (150ml). After chugging a protein berry smoothie (fortification), I went on IG and tapped on the video of a woman showing off the same outfits before and after getting breast reduction surgery (she was much happier, more smiley, in the “after” videos), then continued scrolling, letting the algorithm, which I’m usually pretty happy with, guide me. I tapped through to the OnlyFans page of “the nastiest gamer girl out there”, bought one of three remaining discounted subscriptions for US\$3 + VAT, unsubscribed so it wouldn’t renew for US\$20 + VAT, then applied **LUBE by Clarissa Montero** and masturbated while scrolling through her feed. I shortly considered tipping US\$15 to remove a star-shaped icon from between her legs, but ejaculated onto my torso before deciding. Using **LUBE by Clarissa Montero** improved the overall experience of this by maybe 25%, but given the small bottle size (150ml) and hefty asking price (US\$35 + VAT), I’d say this is more of a Christmas morning lube, not your everyday “wiener-greaser”. **3/5**

## Greedy Girl G-Spot Rabbit Vibrator

Rainmaker73

*Grade A tool to make her gush*

Used this on my gf and she squirted right at me. It was like opening a packet of tofu too quickly. **5/5**

## Lifelike Lover Classic Realistic Dildo 6 Inch

Harriet B.

*Totally useless*

If you ask me, too much has been made of Mona Lisa’s smile. The truly indecipherable, fathomless smile is that on the closed lips of the penis, of which the mystic’s serene smile is only a crude imitation. In this respect, I had high hopes for the *Lifelike Lover Classic Realistic Dildo 6 Inch*, but I was sorely disappointed. In fact, I wish I’d been “sorely” disappointed, but not only do its penis lips lack all mystery, the *Lifelike Lover Classic Realistic Dildo 6 Inch* lacks even the girth to make up for this obvious defect with the brute ability to stretch me out. **1/5**

## Crown of Thorns in Glass and Rosewood Casing

Deborah Lore

*Get it blessed by your local priest before placing it in your home*

This is one of my most prized possessions, which is why it hurt all the more when I discovered that my son (25-year-old male with hazel eyes, luscious hair) corrupts the crown of thorns for base purposes when he and his friends (blue hair is code for satanic persuasion, I think?) get drunk, wear it in mocking imitation of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in satirical passion play. My boy (I watched through spy cam I had installed in base of wall-mounted crucifix) will make great show of undressing to Calvin Klein underwear, take out crown of thorns from glass and rosewood casing to cheers from (all male) friends, then place on head and position himself against giant heirloom crucifix in standard “dead Jesus pose”. I (as good Catholic mother) am gravely concerned about my baby boy with the hazel eyes. **2/5**

## Pipedream Extreme Spidergag

Hank O.

*I can recommend this product from the bottom of my heart*

There is, when master inserts the rod into my helpless mouth repeatedly and with great force, a total sense of calm that settles over me. I’m finally where I’m supposed to be: on my knees, barely breathing, almost (sometimes actually) throwing up. This contraption is MERCILESS. I’m giving myself a raging hard-on just writing this review (in a coffee shop). Pro-tip: beg your master to connect the metal ring at the back of the *Pipedream Extreme Spidergag* to the *10” Stainless Steel Anal Hook* to further restrict your range of motion. **5/5**

## GamerGirl Bath Water

AhegaoLover

*A sad step for mankind, but the next step for me*

We used to joke we’d drink her bath water, and now here we are, buying her bath water to drink, vape, or display, each according to their own. Did you know that, with her dirty bath water alone, Belle Delphine has made over \$12 Million from thirsty gamer boys like me?



This may be a sad moment for us collectively, a low-point as a species even, but personally I can't wait for my 150ml of blessed elf-water to arrive. **3/5**

**Men's Necklace with Cross Pendant 333 Gold 8 Carat Curb Chain**

Tim Bone

*A powerful pendant*

\$335 is a lot to ask, but where my masculinity and faith are concerned, I spare no expense. With the first four shirt buttons undone, the cross pendant rests nicely in my patch of exposed chest hair. My body thus unmistakably coded as male and god-fearing, I feel pretty much invincible. The other morning, at the omelet bar, the chef mixed onions into my omelet... though I'd told him repeatedly not to (I said it twice). Usually, I would have let this go, not wanting to inconvenience anyone, but then I thought... have I not been inconvenienced? And is my convenience not worth just as much, if not, as a paying customer, more than that of the omelet chef? I wasn't 100% sure about this, but with some encouragement from Linda, I went back and politely asked for a new, onionless omelet. **4/5**

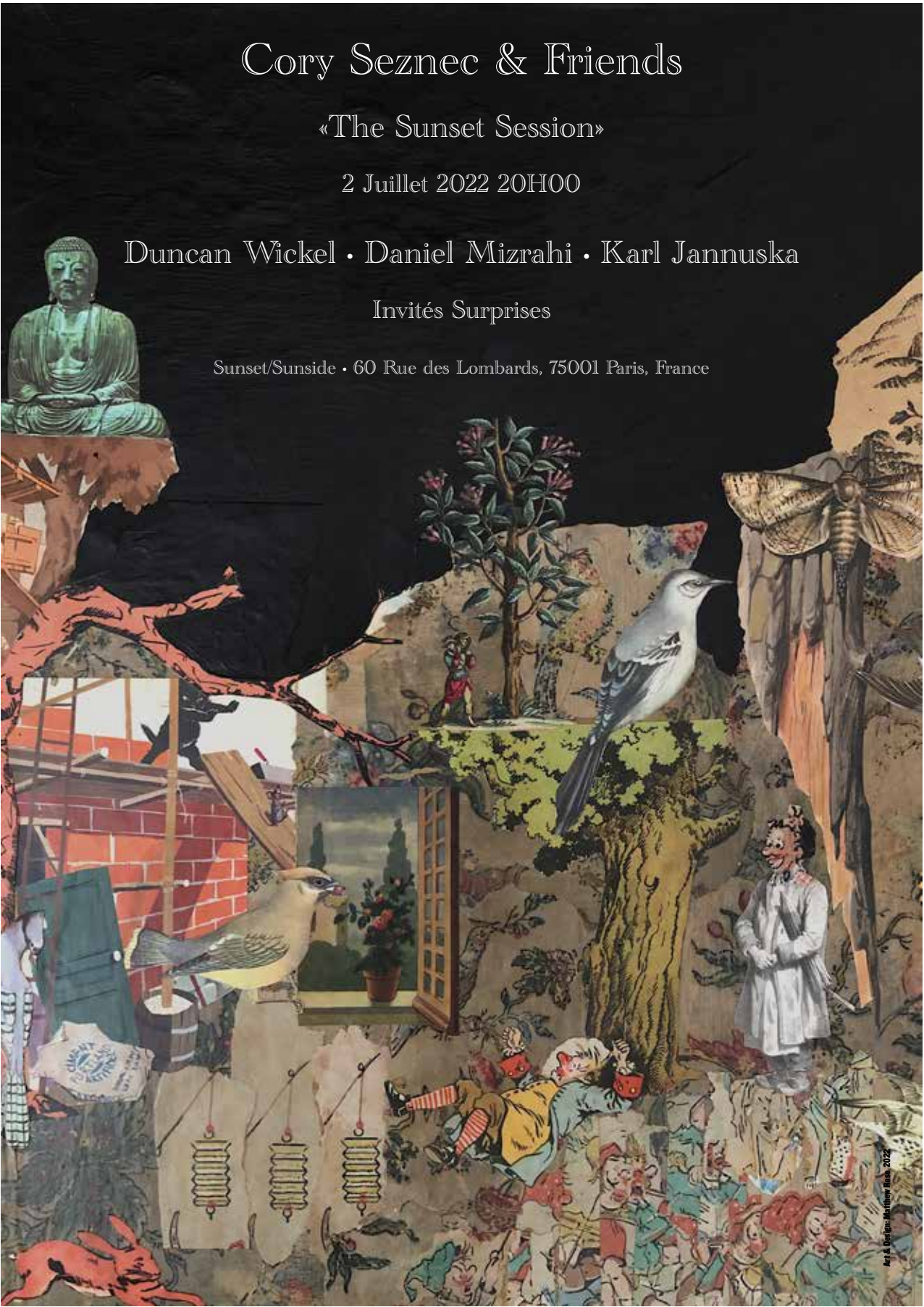
**Stoya Destroya Combo Package**

Vincent Boyd

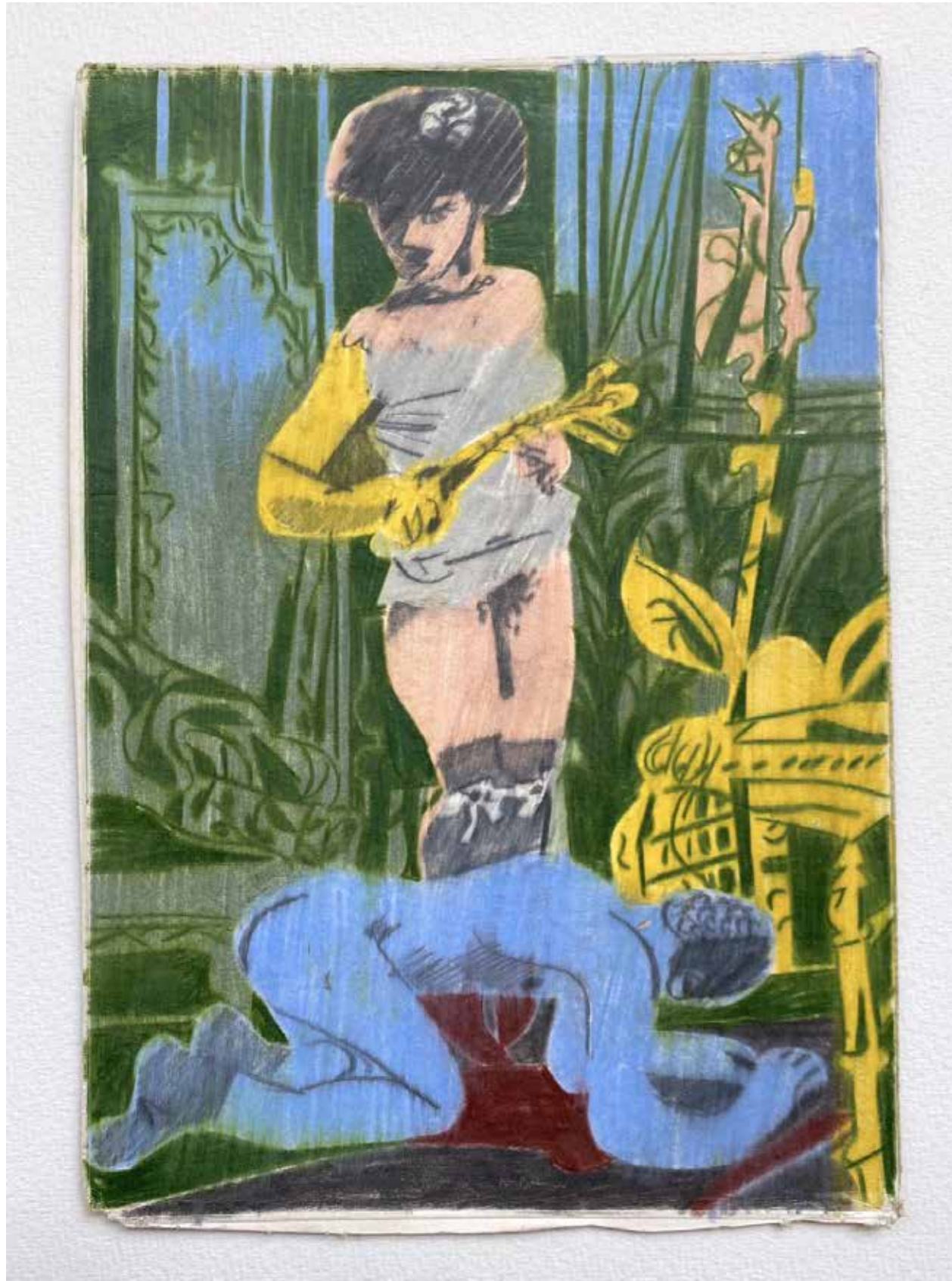
*I faltered on my way to the espressolounge*

This morning, on my way to the espressolounge, I was unsatisfied with my reflection in the shop windows. My face had a raw, irritated look to it, like graying, ground beef. I felt an immense heaviness, like I was lacking prospects, professional and romantic ones. I decided to get a cup of coffee at a corner store, sit under the overcast sky, and see if I could rally the strength to complete my journey. Drinking the coffee was nice, but I was unable to rally the strength. Avoiding reflecting surfaces, I walked back to my apartment, kicked off my shoes, and fell into a depressive stupor on the couch. After a textureless, indefinite amount of time, the doorbell rang, and I received a large, discreetly packaged delivery item, which I knew to contain the *Stoya Destroya Combo Package*, which, on a whim, feeling rich and horny, I'd ordered a few days ago, then forgotten about. I drew the blinds, settled back into a horizontal position on the couch, and unpacked the fleshlight, modeled on the pale private parts of Stoya. I rallied myself to clean and preheat the sleeve, then lubed it with *Fleshlube Water*, and settled on the couch again. Piercing the 360° pleasure dome of the *Destroya* was so much like the real thing, as far as I could recall, that my nervous system instantly relaxed. I felt held in a larger, softer space, and after an initial moment of shock, I burst into tears. Gently stroking, I cried for a long time, and when the tears had subsided, in the quiet exhaustion that followed, I began to pray: *I pray that I and others who falter, on journeys, in front of shop windows, before the works we are called upon to complete, may be rallied to go on. I pray that the fears that cripple us will eventually, when we can find no other progress, force us to walk, and I pray that prospects, professional and romantic ones, may open up for you and me.* **5/5**

Victor F. Breidenbach is a Berlin-based poet  
Instagram: [www.instagram.com/vfbreidenbach/](https://www.instagram.com/vfbreidenbach/)





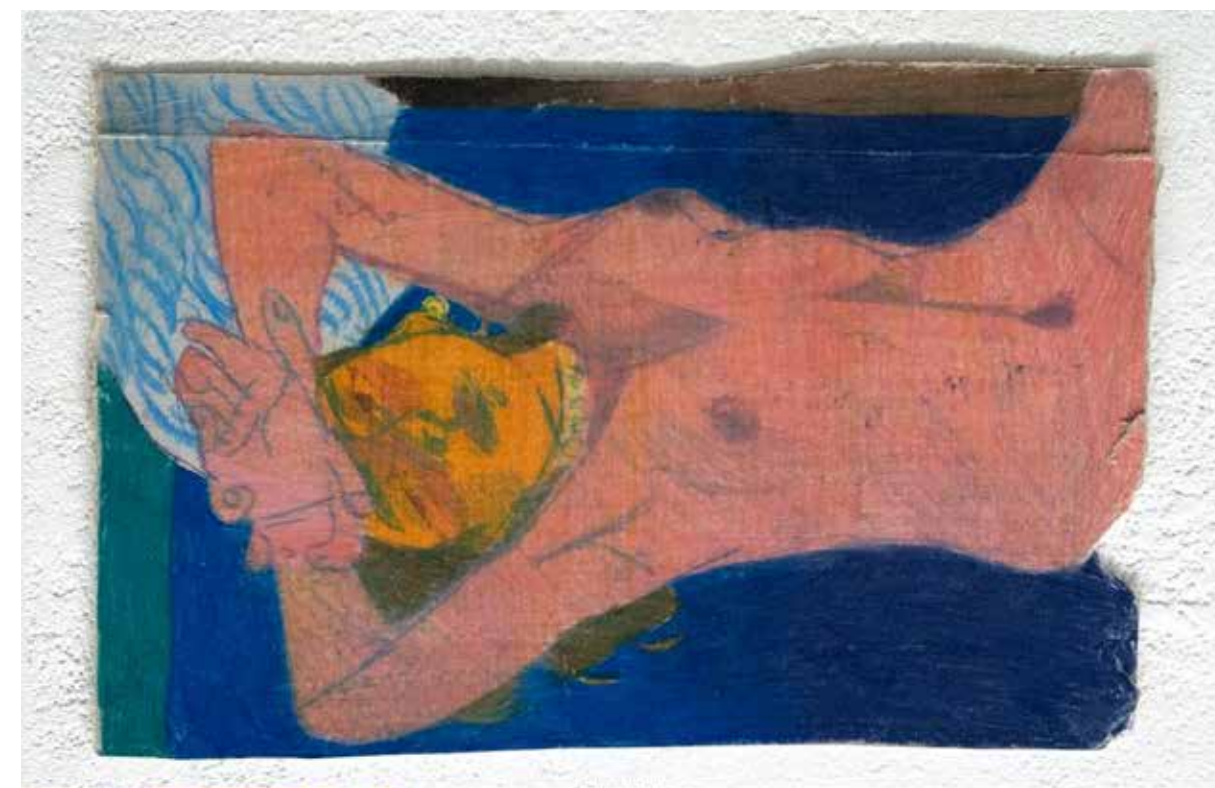


## Love in the Afternoon: Francisco G Pinzón Samper

Francisco G Pinzón Samper is a Colombian artist born in 1997 in Bogota. He studied art sciences at the Sorbonne University in Paris and plastic arts at The Fine Art School of Paris, where he lives and works.

Pinzón Samper's work oscillates among personal, wistful, and spiritual relationships. His figures come across vivacious, their disparate personalities transcribed through body positioning, hand gestures, and broad splashes of color.

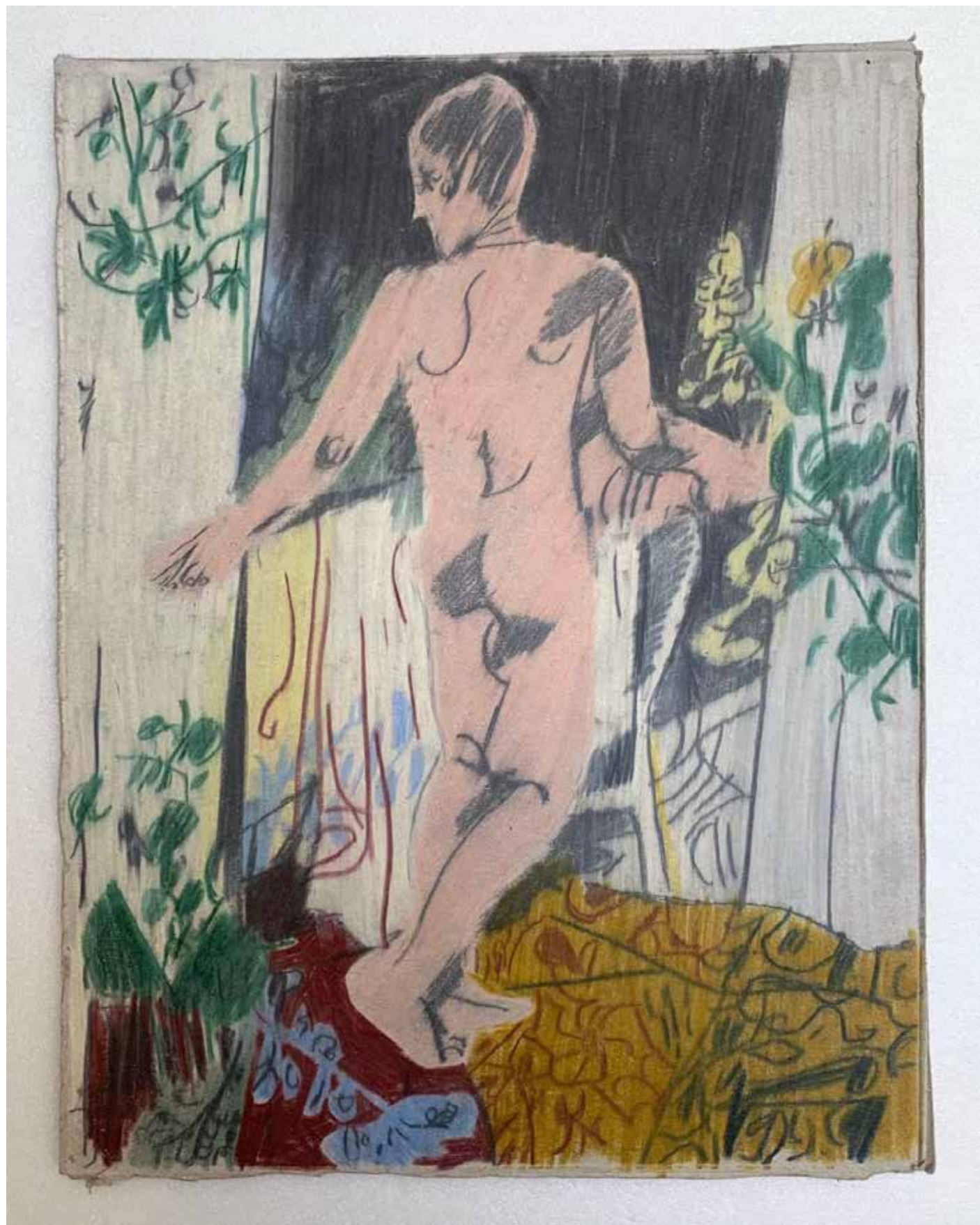














# Mark Sink's Andy Warhol Years

By Matthew Rose



*"Andy Warhol, Fort Collins, CO"  
photo by John Bonath ©1981*





In the early 1980s, Mark Sink found himself face to face with one of his art heroes – Andy Warhol. All alone in a room prior to an art opening at a local Colorado university museum, Warhol was signing posters. Sink joined him to pitch in and a friendship was born. Sometimes romantic but always sincere, Mark’s career as a photographer came into focus that day – but first as a model for Warhol. Sex, drugs and art produced a potent cocktail of excitement for the twenty-something photographer; concocted in the breathless New York of the pre-AIDS 1980s Mark Sink became an artist and curator of uncommon nature. Humble, wise, generous and articulate.

A photographer and curator as well as a pillar in the Denver art community, Mark consulted with the Aspen Art Museum on the recent show

of “Warhol in Aspen.” Mark is a cofounder of the Museum of Contemporary Art Denver and is the founder of the Denver Collage Club, The Big Picture and the biannual Month of Photography Denver. Mark regularly shows his work at the Robin Rice Gallery, in New York City, and RedLine Contemporary Art Center in Denver and across the globe.

Mark’s photographic works are much in demand and can be seen here: <https://www.gallerysink.com/> as well as on instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/marksink/> and here: <http://marksinkphotography.blogspot.com/>

The Aspen Art Museum interview of Mark Sink talking about Andy Warhol in Aspen ..... <https://youtu.be/QkukCqYCsZg>

## Where and when did you meet Andy Warhol?

It was in 1981 in Fort Collins, Colorado. Andy was there for a show at Colorado State University, part of a POP Art series that patrons and collectors John and Kimiko Powers brought to the University. I was in town for a state finals bicycle race and my best friend (then closeted) who had previously met Chris Makos and Andy in New York City told me to go and meet Andy and tell him Craig sent me.

## “Look who I found.” Take a deep breath, Mark, here you go.

Early that morning, I had a terrible bike crash sprinting to the finish line. I was all scraped up and limping. But I did make it to the campus in search of Andy, asking people where he was. I got closer, opening class room doors up and down halls and finally I opened up a door, and and there he was, alone signing posters. His crew had left to get him something and Chris Makos and Bob Colacello [Editor of Interview Magazine] and Fred Hughes [President of Andy Warhol Enterprises] were running around on campus looking at the cute kids.

After I introduced myself and mentioned Craig, Andy was VERY happy to see me. He put me to work, and I started pulling the prints off the stack after he signed them. We talked quite a bit, and I told him I was a photographer and CRAZY for Interview Magazine. Andy said, “Oh, you should work for us opening accounts in Colorado.” The next issue I was on the masthead.

## How did the rest of that day go?

After we signed the posters and he gave me the job at Interview.... Andy and I

went out on the campus to find Bob and Chris Makos. AW says to Chris, in this super queer voice, “Look who I found.” Take a deep breath, Mark, here you go.

Chris Makos fell madly in love with me. These days, years later, we talk weekly. Sometimes he comes and stays here in Denver with me and I’ve helped organize about a half dozen shows in Denver for him.

## So you began selling ads for Interview... ?

I began working as a circulation representative in Colorado but I also I worked with Chris Makos on photo shoots like New Faces in the Rockies. And a funny note about Chris Makos – he did Andy’s books in his apartment bathroom n New York. Using the sink and the bathtub to develop the prints. In New York, I did what I’d call slave work for him. But I was young and this was New York. And I had a job at Interview.

## This was 1981?

It was the time before one Andy’s great loves, Jon Gould, but after his other great love, Jed Johnson.

## Was Andy looking to date you?

Andy was testing the waters ... Jon at that time was on and off with Andy ... kinda hot and cool ... so I think Andy was always keeping an eye

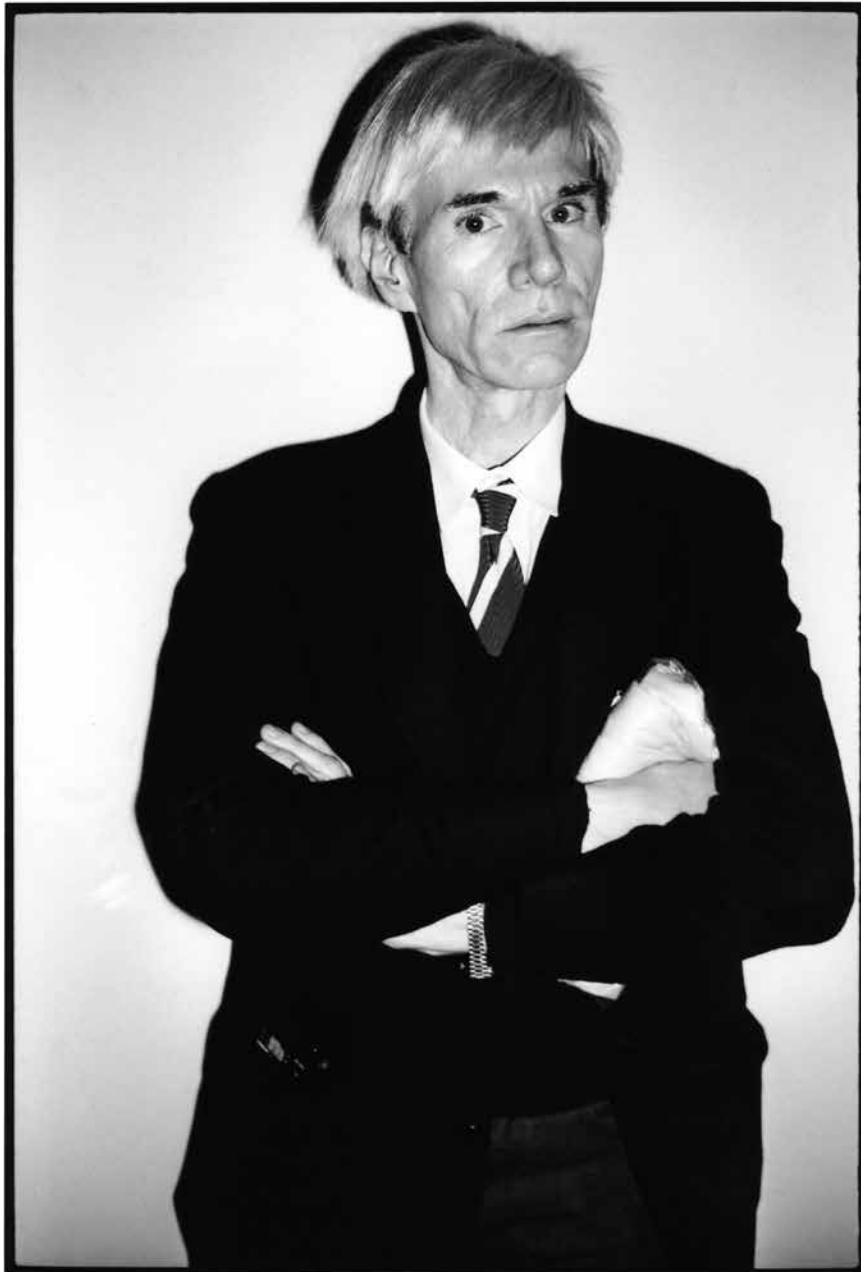




out, but not sure really. I was 100% unaware of his relationship status, though he did want to go on dates.

### Did Warhol photograph you?

Andy shot me with my pants down basically the day we first met ... He invited me back to the hotel, The Best Western. “Can I photograph those.” And I’m like of course. So the pants go down. I think he used a Minox camera, but might have shot polaroids. He shot about a roll. All of these photos are in a book of contact



sheets – Andy Warhol’s Contact Sheets, Stanford University. He also photographed me at Area, a New York City night club.

### Why did Andy want to photograph you?

He wanted to see my bicycle crash scrapes. That’s how it started. Later on I sent Andy nudes of myself when he returned to New York. I think he asked me to send them. They are in his time capsules. I mailed him a Diana camera to take a roll of film of him self ... but I believe he just threw it in a time capsule. [The Time Capsules are Warhol’s largest collecting project, in which he saved source material for his work and provide an enormous record of his own daily life; the material includes thousands of items – cookie jars, record albums, business records, personal notes. These items are kept at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania].

### Then he wrote down his phone number in New York. He was hitting on me!

When we first met at the opening for his show in Fort Collins, Colorado, I jumped in a big king-size bed with him when he was laying down for a nap. Andy loved it but his crew did not. They shooed me out of the room so he could rest for the opening.

### How was the opening?

Everyone was waiting in line for him to sign books posters and things. I had brought all my books for him to sign. He was very happy to see me when I

stepped up to the table with all these things. Andy signed dozens of pages, drew in books (penises and money symbols ), then proceeded to flip through his portrait book and sign every page. He said, “Tell me which ones you like.” That took a long time with extremely frustrated fans and helpers. Then he wrote down his phone number in New York. He was hitting on me!

### What did you make of Andy’s sexuality?

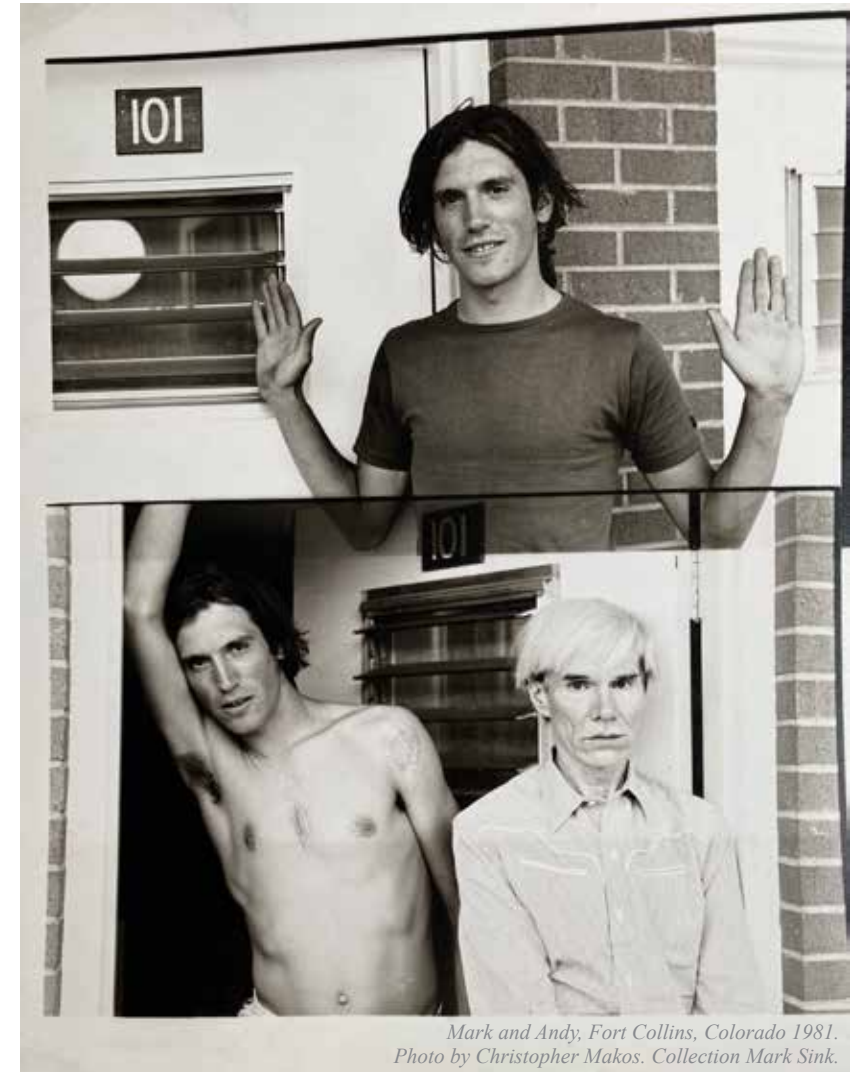
Well, my friend, Craig ... I didn’t know he was gay. I was a pretty straight guy. Those were the times – you didn’t know most of the time. Everything I read about Warhol was that he was asexual. He was seen with Edie Sedgwick... So, I didn’t know. He didn’t have sex with boys or girls. Sex was too hard and weird for Andy. Now everyone is realizing that Andy was in fact very sexual.

### Warhol’s New York was very much the Ground Zero for what he called “The Gay Cancer” – AIDS. Do you recall the New York caught in this deathly whirlpool?

Oh sure. It was like Vietnam for me. My best friend Craig Scott died of AIDS. Edmond Gauntly who was in charge of Warhol’s print sales, died. I dated him in New York. (I owned some Warhol prints from him). I found out I was HIV positive in 1989. I just found a tape of the blood draw in my archives! I thought for sure I was going to die soon. That is why I moved back to Colorado in 1991. Came home to die.

### But you didn’t...

No... I took a photograph of my self getting



*Mark and Andy, Fort Collins, Colorado 1981.  
Photo by Christopher Makos. Collection Mark Sink.*

the AIDS blood test and I came back positive as I said, and thought death was coming and I packed up and headed out. It was painful in many, many ways. But then, I didn’t get sick. I saw some doctors – this is 1991 – and they told me I was part of a small group of HIV positives who are “non-progressors.” The HIV is positive, but the immune system keeps it all in check. Doctors told me “You’re a unicorn, Mark Sink.” The magic chalice.

**Back to the Warhol ‘80s... At the Factory on 860 Broadway, you were ostensibly there are a gopher but also as a photographer. But you mentioned you were a model for Warhol? Andy was photographing tons of young gay men for his work...**



Andy was my '60s hero... but what he really was in the 1980s was a bored housewife. I went to see his work in different venues and even at the Factory ... they looked vintage. Dusty. I had a moment of falling out.

**You didn't stay and work at the Factory like so many others...**

There was something missing, like I said, the work and the feeling there was not as I had envisioned it, and that was one of the reasons I didn't hang around at the Factory. The cooler scene was downtown with Jean-Michel Basquiat and Rene Ricard. But over the years, I realized the genius of Warhol. The Piss Paintings,



the Shadow paintings, the Big Cocks... the endless exploration – even Andy Warhol TV. I realized it all too late late and then, in 1987, Andy died.

**New York in the 1980s defined a good many artists – from Basquiat to Haring to others say like Ross Bleckner, Robert Mapplethorpe, Peter Hujar, David Wojnarowicz and many others. Warhol assistants like Ronnie Cutrone as well as dealers – Mary Boone, Leo Castelli, Tony Shafrazi and on and on...**

A good many of these artists were discovered and championed by a friend I did a lot of work with – poet and art writer Rene Ricard. Yes, Jean-Michel, Julian Schnabel, Keith Haring, Francesco Clemente and dozens of others came out in the 1980s and defined an era, an aesthetic, perhaps even a politics. Rene Ricard was court critic for almost everyone. Rene was intense and ours was a wild rollercoaster ride of a friendship. there were super highs and super lows.

**Your time in New York was consumed with the art world in all its incarnations but you seemed to work largely as a photographer?**

I worked photographing art works for Leo Castelli and Marlboro gallery, and for Jean-Michel's last dealer Vreg Baghoomian. So I was up front and center. But my experience was pretty wide and I worked with a large group of artists, some I knew, others I was simply acquainted with. Once Peter Hujar photographed me from afar. I always wanted to know him better. David Wojnarowicz was another artist I wanted to know better. I realized after his death how important he was in the downtown scene.

**I was invited to Los Angeles to hang out with Andy. And we had a wild, wild fun time around town...**

At the time, I was friends with art writer and actress Cookie Mueller and her artist husband Vittorio Scarpati who, like Cookie, died of AIDS in 1989. There is a great book – an oral history – on her life done like a A-Z encyclopedia. It's a great NYC 1980s read. That was my world.



**I just read this from Cookie Mueller, which she wrote before she died:**

*“Fortunately I am not the first person to tell you that you will never die. You simply lose your body. You will be the same except you won't have to worry about rent or mortgages or fashionable clothes. You will be released from sexual obsessions. You will not have drug addictions. You will not need alcohol. You will not have to worry about cellulite or cigarettes or cancer or AIDS or venereal disease. You will be free.”*

**Did you travel and photograph Warhol? Or with his cohort and photographer, Chris Makos?**

Chris and I were early lovers, and we are still close friends. Chris was madly in love with me and Andy loved the drama it was causing; he wrote about it in the diaries. I was invited to Los Angeles to hang out with Andy. And we had a wild, wild fun time around town... got great shots of Andy at Danny Dogs with punk kids. We had lunch with the famous writer Christopher Isherwood. I ended up sleeping with Fred Hughes who later I became very close and smitten with. I took around 30 rolls of film. I was the talk of the factory after that I think...

**So you dated Warhol? Or is that the wrong word?**

Andy dated me, yes. I think that's correct to say. He took me to Odeon, and once up to

Fiorucci's opening – that was when we bought a sewing machine. (His last work consisted of sewn photos – sewn actually by Michele Loud, of the Loud family. It was a famed American Family series, something of a pre-cursor to reality TV. Andy LOVED that series ...)

**Maybe his making porn art fit our over-sexed society, like Campbell's soup did our consumer-crazy society.**

There were a couple of the Aspen trips where Andy wanted me around and he talked about it in the Diaries. There was a famous snowmobile crash I got on film, but that was also when





Andy and Jon Gould were heating back up; he gave me much less attention with Jon around.

**Tell me a bit more about the Warhol's "Cock Shots," clearly pornographic works, but exceptionally frank, directly and emblematic art works of that time.**

The "Cock Shots" or body parts were done at 860 Broadway in the late 70s, early 80s. I had missed all that when I was there in New York. Victor Hugo a total extrovert showed up with Liza Minelli. Victor was the subject of hundreds of polaroids engaged in fellatio or just posing for Andy. The works were done somewhat discretely and quietly done in a kind of "porn room." There was a pretty big crew and it was kept pretty hush-hush. At the Factory, things were very business oriented. Anything that was salacious or sexually oriented was after hours. But the thing about Andy is that as he got older, his work in this area and maybe his whole personality, was more about love, less about sex.

The thing is Andy was crazy for beauty. Male beauty. I don't think he was sexually attracted to female beauty. He was constantly asking people – myself included – for ideas – something on the edge, something fresh and new. Like a lot of artists you're on an exploration and don't know where you're going until you step back.

**So was pornography an aspect of his art that Warhol consciously embraced?**

Well in that sense, maybe his making porn art fit our over-sexed society, like Campbell's soup did our consumer-crazy society. In that time you could not show men having sex or a penis. It was all work that was very buried. Remember that at this time Andy was doing lots of other things like the Wicked Witch images, Indi-

an Head Nickels and the Endangered Species series. People in the know probably found the more pornographic imagery more collectible; it's clearly more expensive. Those were always put aside; they were clear "No-Nos." Of course there was some acceptable queer art but Andy never wanted to go over that edge and be too queer.

**But those days are over and queer art is widely accessible and accepted – and not in a small way.**

Yes, of course. These works are in public collections. Now this work is being celebrated. You'd have to say that Andy was an advocate for queerness.



**Warhol made quite a lot of homoerotic work – I'm thinking of the figure drawings – mostly heads and portraits – with gold leaf. Then of course, there are drawings from the 1970s – penises mostly, and many silkscreens of the same subject matter. Tell us what you remember about them – their existence or their creation. There were the drag queen images of Andy, too...**

That was a tricky time. There were discussions, I understand, was it going too far? Remember that Andy was also working as a Zoli model and the Factory folks were trying to run

the business. Sponsorship branding with giant companies... etc. The business was balancing it all and not wanting Andy to be over the top, going too far. Andy in drag. The question, was it too queer?, came up. But in the 1980s, Andy drew penises for me! And money symbols and on the pieces he'd write the word "WORK."

**How did sex – male sexuality, male genitalia, the overheated sexuality in the clubs in the go-go New York 1980s – figure into the creation of art? How did it make it meaningful...and what has changed, perhaps, to make it more meaningful. How much was surface? How much was observation? What exactly did Warhol author with his lens and aesthetics pointed towards the male sex? Was it object, subject or something else, deeper?**

It's a good question. Sex and our society at that time was a very complicated story – from my point of view. Andy was always an art mirror of our society. This was a time of a big rise in the club disco scene, and the bathhouse scene – the late '70s and '80s. Oh, the dancing! This was an exciting time – the clubs were queer and straight and racially mixed – at least the ones that were the most fun. It felt like an enlightened era to celebrate everyone coming together. And this was going on all over the world. The rise of the gender-neutral and queer club kids, LGBTQ pride. I started wearing Jean-Paul Gaultier skirts and Doc Martin boots when I went out...even make up! A lot of my Polaroids are from Area or Danteria when Madonna was an elevator operator there. Area, and for the early morning, The Garage, were heavy Amyl Nitrite (poppers) centers; There was pot and soon there was Crack in the air. It was everywhere. I lived next door to the RawHide, a serious leather bar. That place was a trip. Leather and sweat and poppers. Andy knew it. Andy was exploring all this with Victor Hugo and others from the Factory.

During the '60s Silver Factory era, a certain sexuality was there, but most "cock" anything was hidden. Andy veiled male love carefully,

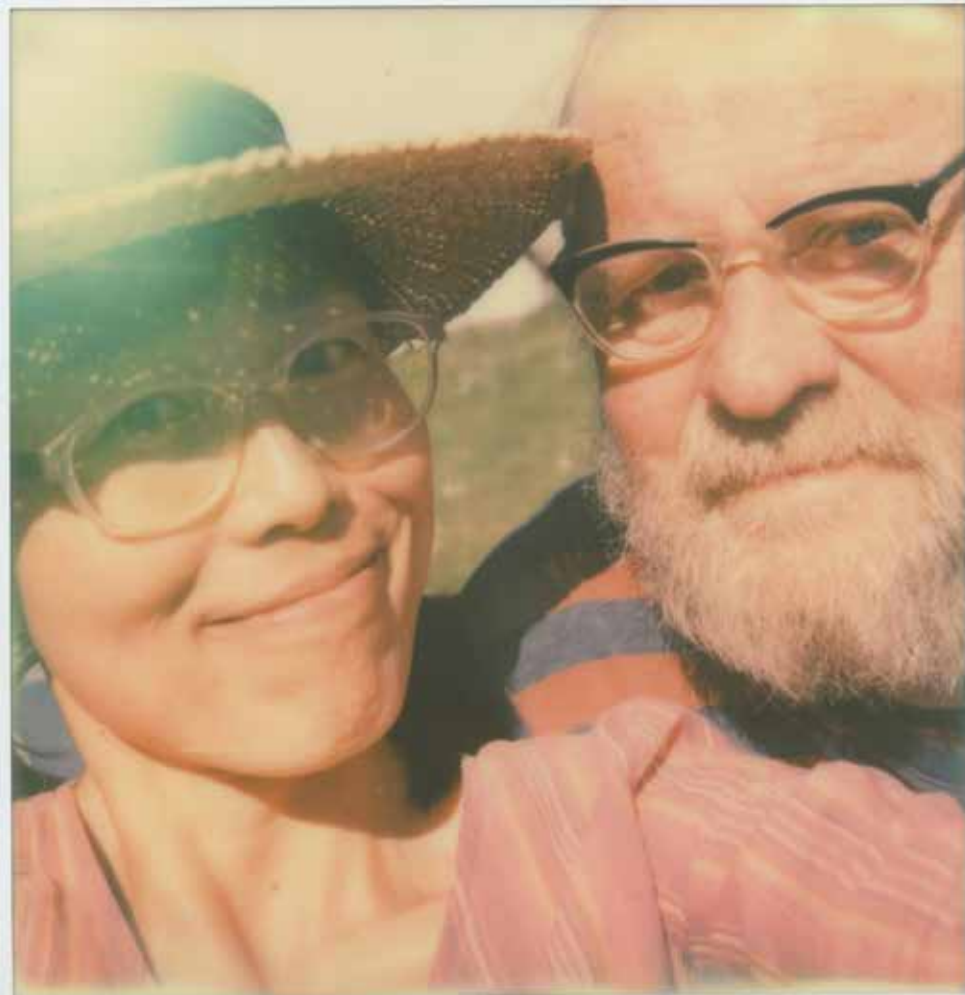


and in fact, brilliantly. LGBTQ was celebrated and going mainstream, however. Think Lou Reed and his song, "Take a Walk on the Wild Side." Andy was on point. His portrait series "Ladies and Gentleman" celebrated the beauty and diversity of the New York queer scene with drag queens and trans women of color like Stonewall activist Marsha P Johnson. Of course, that died when Andy was shot, but in the 1980s it was becoming vogue again, and Andy wanted to be part of that. He had many facilitators like Victor Hugo. Everyone was exploring. But then AIDS swept in. That's the complicated part; the dampening of queer erotic lifestyle with photography and art going more mainstream, became a kind of underclass project once more. It was pushed underground again.

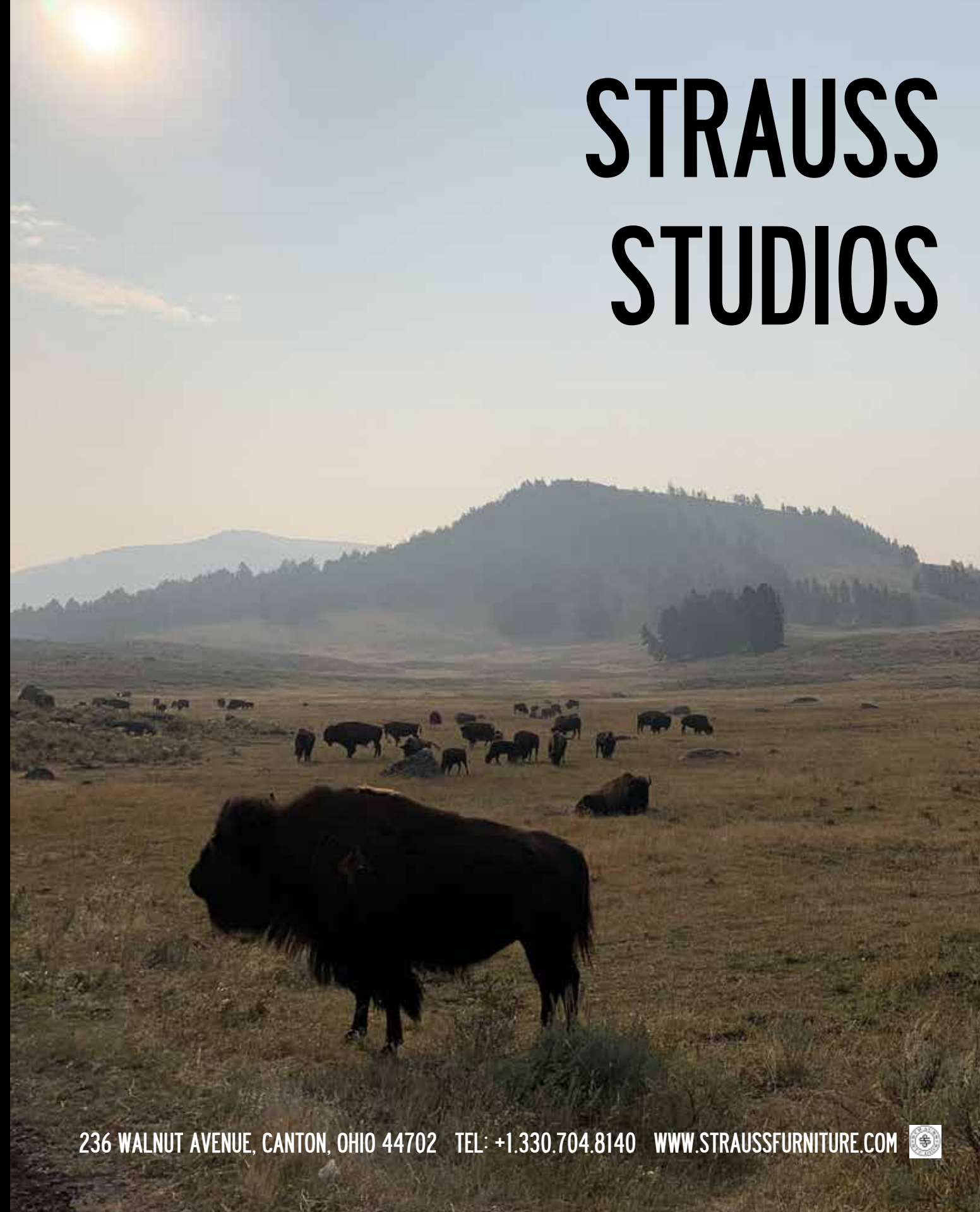
*Matthew Rose is editor and publisher of Trouble.*



# STRAUSS STUDIOS



**Antic-Ham & Francis Van Maele**  
**REDFOXPRESS**





# Basic Sailing Theory

Five small books made from one original, reconfigured, with shifting emphasis, collage, ink and pen.

Jamie Newton  
2018





Whether you buy or charter, rent or borrow your sailboat, it will either be tied to a float, kept out on a mooring or "drysailed" (launching it by trailer or by hoist each time you want to sail it.) The latter is much more work, but has advantages for the racing sailor. First, the bottom won't get fouled — slime and seaweed won't have a chance to grow on it. This is more crucial in salt water than in fresh but will definitely slow the boat down in either case. Second, the boat won't have a chance to absorb water, thereby making it heavier and slower. Even fiberglass boats are "hydroscopic" in that they absorb water. The other reasons for drysailing a boat are if mooring or docking facilities are unprotected, inadequate or unavailable.

Since most sailboats are not at moorings, we'll direct our attention to these. When you load your dinghy to row or motor out to the moored sailboat, always step into the middle of the boat and not on the seats. The lower you get the weight, the more stable it will be, so sit down immediately before the boat will attempt to step into the boat. Load the middle of the boat with weight to keep her trim level. The "fore and aft trim" of any boat is the distance from its design waterline, which is marked on the hull, to the bottom leeward one flutters first, and then the bow goes down by the bow and it has too much weight (crew or baggage) forward or "dragging the stern" if it had too much weight aft. Keep the dinghy level or slightly down by the stern and don't overload.

This, among other things, is what makes once you are  
 stated the goal. an important part of the resulting high

"If it's more than six inches from the edge of the deck to the water when the dingy is level, if the boat is so heavily loaded that it sinks down in the water less than six inches or upward, any rolling by waves or shifting of the engine weight may cause the dinghy to "ship" water over the side (fill up). Before long it will sink as the weight of the water lowers the freeboard even more.

## is the "beam"

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## 7

Common advertisements in boating magazines can be incomprehensible at first, yet how could you buy a boat if you didn't know what the ads or the dealers were saying? Here is a typical ad from YACHTING magazine.

"She has a minimal wetted surface hull, high aspect ratio keel, large separation between the CLR and rudder, and a high ballast/displacement ratio. Her trimtab is linked to separate rudd, going slowly, slipping in pl, and she has high aspect ratio rig with large foretriangle. The PT-40 is light enough to surf readily, yet heavy enough to carry her sail."

The beam of the boat (BM) is its maximum width, not its width at deck level as one might expect. Figure 3 (Ballast Displacement Ratio) shows the cross-section of a keelboat where the maximum width is about in the middle of the "topsides" (sides of the boat), so it's at that point where the beam is measured. When the topsides curve inward to meet the deck, rather than go straight up, the result is called **pick up speed** and then it saving device in classes of sailboats that specify a maximum beam by their rules, but allow wide design latitude otherwise.

Another term banded about by manufacturers, salesmen and sailors is "aspect ratio" (Figure 4). Notice it was used twice in the YACHTING ad quoted, in regard to your objective **flutters** and the height of anything to its breadth. It is the relationship of the height of anything to its breadth. If a sail is 60 feet high and 15 feet wide, its aspect ratio is 4 to 1, or AR = 8. I thought that this should be 60 feet divided by 15 feet) and I was confused in such terms, but it would be the AR of a rectangle which has twice the average width of a triangle with the same base. So we double it and arrive at an AR of 8:1. If the same boat added five feet to her bow she would have a lower aspect ratio - 60 feet divided by 20 feet - 3 to 1. This doubled emphasis on AR of sails is the importance of aspect ratio that you do with boat performance. A high AR sail goes better upwind whereas a low AR sail works better with the wind pushing from behind **displacement** **consuming** **lift** **flowing**

Another example stated often is the relationship of weight to the iron or lead "ballast" in the keel (used like a pendulum to keep the boat upright) to the total weight of the boat. For instance, if a 10,000 lb boat has 4000 pounds of lead in its keel

If you follow these few basic rules you shouldn't have any trouble for a



### Boarding Your Boat

If your moored sailboat is a small (under 20 feet long) centerboard type, when you reach it you should step in the middle of the cockpit and lower the centerboard for stability.

The centerboard is a metal or wood plate that is pinned at the forward end and pivots down in an arc when lowered, as opposed to a "daggerboard" that doesn't pivot but raises or lowers vertically. The housing for the centerboard is called the "centerboard trunk." The board is usually kept in the "up" position when the boat is moored, so seaweed won't have a chance to form on it.

Since most centerboards are relatively light weight, they don't act much like a keel (a heavy fixed weight well below the surface of the water). When it is lowered, stability is improved, but crew weight on one side of the boat or the other has the most effect. Lowering the centerboard, however, slows up the rolling motion of the boat, so if you step to one side the boat won't tip so fast and you can get your balance back before the boat capsizes (turns over).

The reason for stepping into the cockpit rather than forward on the deck is again one of stability. Most planing sailboats (those that can skim the surface of the water at high speeds, much like skipping a stone) are veed in the bow and have a reasonably flat run aft. If you step in the bow you push the veed part deeper and raise the flat stable part out of the water, so the boat has to tip.

Getting aboard a keelboat is easier in that you don't have to be concerned with capsizing it. The launch or dinghy is usually being held next to the sailboat by an operator near the stern and a common error is for someone near the bow of the launch to get out first and let the bow drift off. Either the person in the bow of the launch should be the last off and should hold it in close for the others, or he should get onto the sailboat and hold the bow of the launch in with the "painter" (the launch's bow line).

When getting aboard make sure you don't pinch your fingers between the launch and the sailboat. If the sailboat is high-sided and there are no lifelines to grab, the safest way to board, particularly if it's rough, is to turn around, sit on the deck and then swing your legs aboard.

## HEAVY WEATHER

Though we advise beginners to sail only on pleasant days, after you have gained some confidence in your abilities try sailing on progressively windier days.

I know an owner of a cruising boat who races. Every spring he picks the windiest day he can find to go out and practice. The result is that he gains complete confidence in his boat, equipment and crew. If you can handle so much wind, any less windy day is a breeze (pardon the pun).

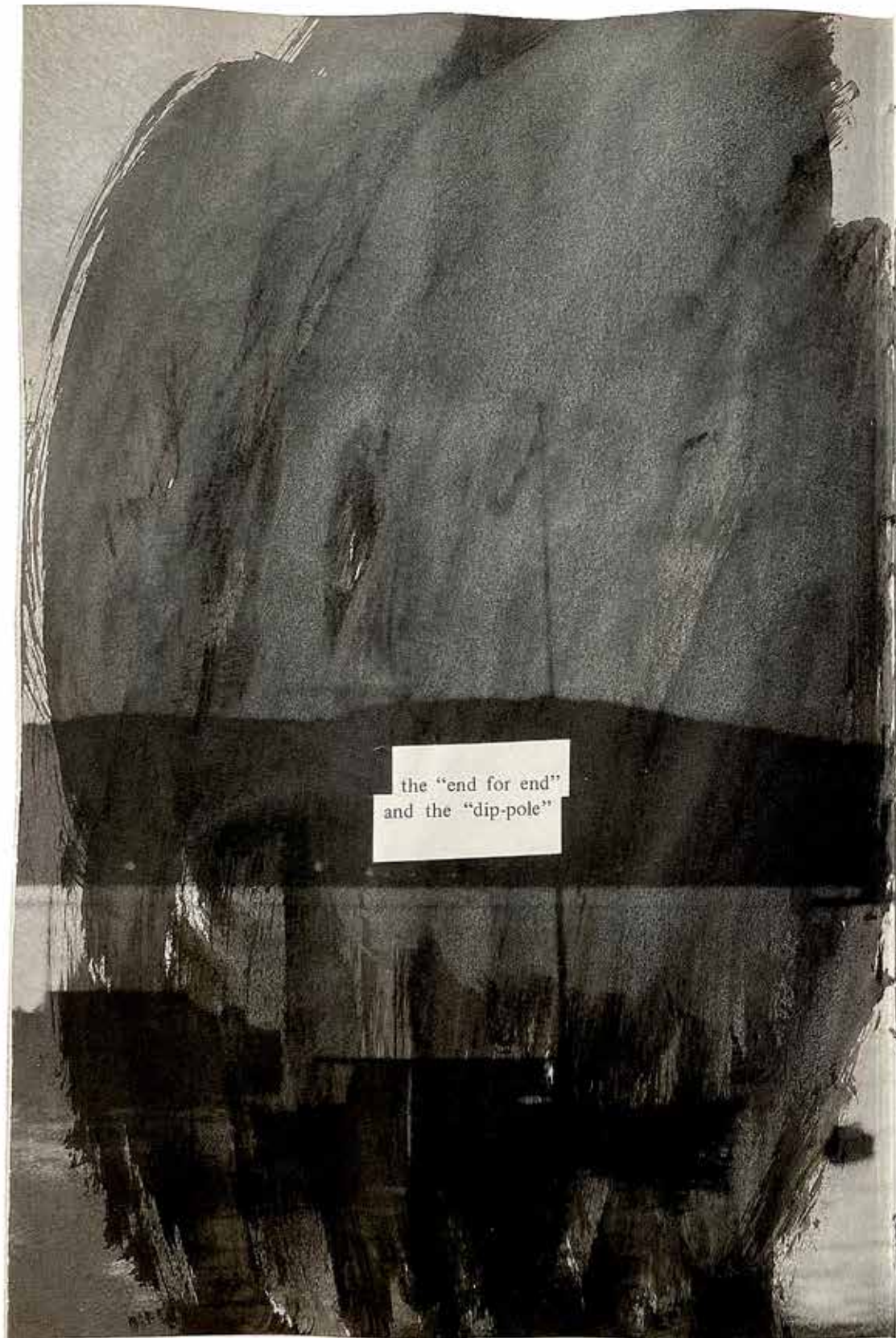
Until you either sail in a great deal of wind or get caught out in a passing squall you won't have confidence in your ability to handle the boat in a heavy wind situation. The best way to put your mind at rest is to imagine the worst that can happen - capsizing, man overboard or loss of the mast. None of these three is so frightening. If you are sailing a centerboarder, practice capsizing and righting the boat. After capsizing, swim the bow of the boat around into the wind so the wind can get under the sails and separate them from the water as the boat comes up. Then stand on the centerboard to apply righting leverage to the boat, scramble in when it's upright and bail it out or sail it dry if it has venturi bailers or transom flaps.

Practice man overboard by tossing out a cushion and seeing how fast you can retrieve it, making sure to bring the boat to a complete stop.

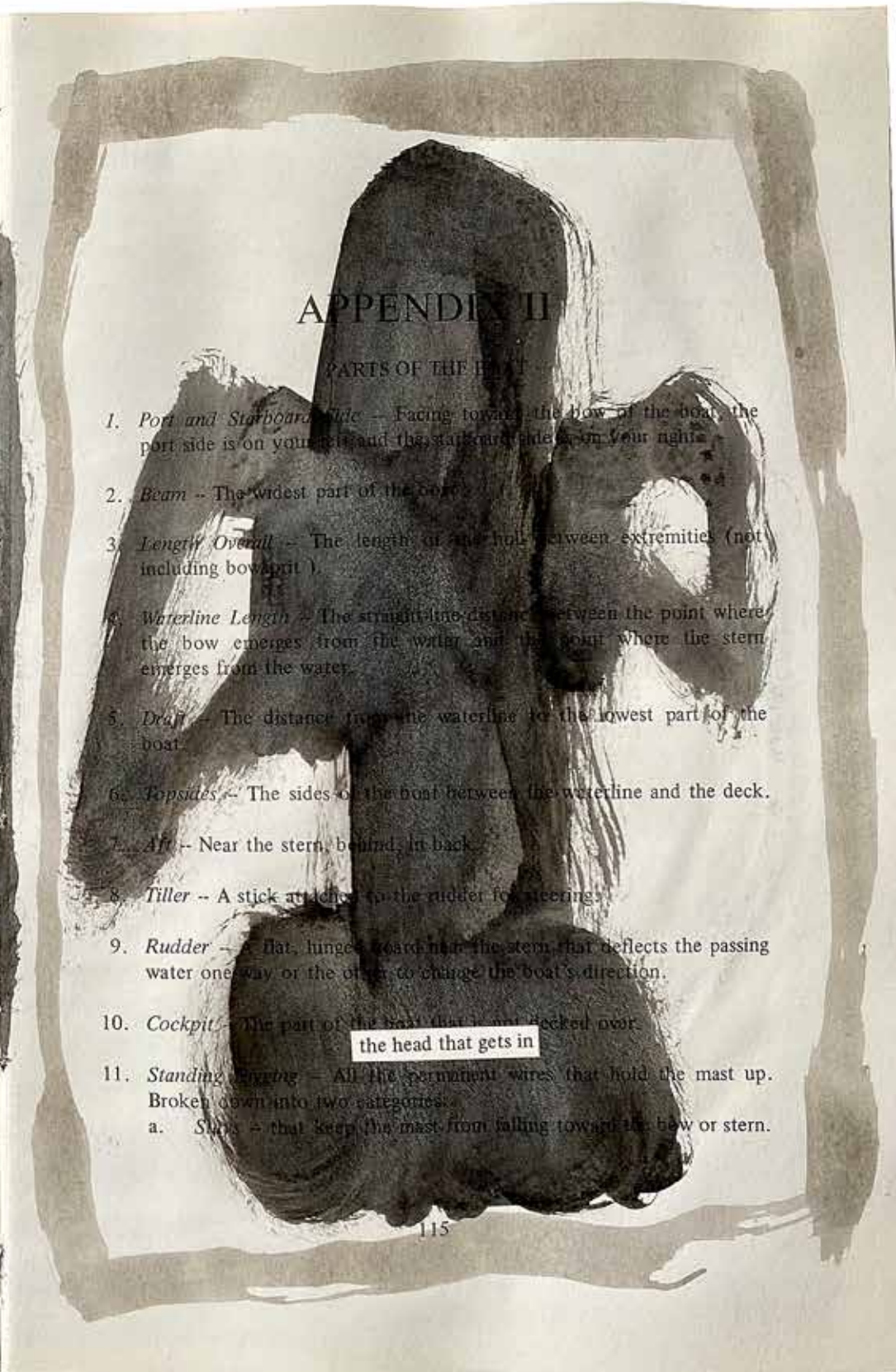
You can't practice loss of the mast, but you can be prepared for that eventuality. An anchor with plenty of line, a paddle and a first-aid kit would help put your mind at ease. On a heavy boat, wire cutters would be a good idea for cutting away a mast that might be damaging the hull.

Once you are confident that there is nothing that could happen to you or the boat that you can't handle, the weather is just sound and fury. It's natural to be a bit apprehensive or frightened of heavy winds at first, but





the "end for end"  
and the "dip-pole"



## APPENDIX II

### PARTS OF THE BOAT

1. *Port and Starboard Side* -- Facing toward the bow of the boat, the port side is on your left and the starboard side is on your right.
2. *Beam* -- The widest part of the boat.
3. *Length Overall* -- The length of the hull between extremities (not including bowsprit).
4. *Waterline Length* -- The straight-line distance between the point where the bow emerges from the water and the point where the stern emerges from the water.
5. *Draft* -- The distance from the waterline to the lowest part of the boat.
6. *Fopsides* -- The sides of the boat between the waterline and the deck.
7. *Aft* -- Near the stern, behind, in back.
8. *Tiller* -- A stick attached to the rudder for steering.
9. *Rudder* -- A flat, hinged board near the stern that deflects the passing water one way or the other to change the boat's direction.
10. *Cockpit* -- The part of the boat that is not decked over.  
the head that gets in
11. *Standing Rigging* -- All the permanent wires that hold the mast up. Broken down into two categories:
  - a. *Shrouds* -- that keep the mast from falling toward the bow or stern.





The following charts are changes in the direction of the wind blowing over the water. Another type of shift, which also causes the need for sail adjusting, is change in the "apparent wind" direction.

#### THEORY

##### Apparent Wind

"Apparent wind" is a very mysterious thing to many people who have been sailing for years.

It is the result of wind coming from the wind produced by the boat moving through the air. It is produced by nature - the "true wind". Thus it is the wind coming from the boat. On a reefed sail, telltales show the direction of the wind. On a cruising boat, all show the apparent wind direction. We often get comments from people the first time out. "You have the sail within 45 degrees of the wind when I thought, but the wool on the shrouds indicates we're sailing almost into the wind." This is the experience with apparent wind on a sailboat.

Imagine yourself standing up in a convertible. It is a calm day, so there's no wind. As the convertible starts forward, you feel a breeze on your face that increases as the speed increases. At 10 mph, you will feel a 10 mph breeze on your face. This is apparent wind.

#### SAILS AND WIND



##### What are telltales?





TYPICAL SPINNAKER RIG

HEAD

KC 100

TACK

SPINNAKER  
GUY

Now that

fig. 66

Courtesy of Arbor Boat Works

THE  
POINTS OF SAILING(STARBOARD TACK) (PORT TACK)  
SAILING AHEAD(STARBOARD TACK) (PORT TACK)  
SAILING AHEAD

In practice, moving the whole rig fore and aft

fig. 12



Conversely, if the boat turns to windward it has "weather helm." If it sails straight ahead, the boat is perfectly balanced.

Though the above can be used as a guideline, be careful not to be misled by "artificial" weather helm. A boat will normally turn into the wind when the tiller is released because of the forces acting on the rudder. As water flows past the windward side of a rudder, "lift" is generated due to the angle of attack with the water flow. If the rudder post (which turns the rudder) is located on the leading edge of the rudder and attached to the trailing edge of the keel, all the "lift" is directed to windward, thus tending to turn the boat into the wind. Since the water flow has traveled the full length of the keel, the "lift" is not very effective.

Separated or "spade" rudders, common on cruising boats recently, have the rudder post located where it has the greatest leverage, at the trailing edge of the rudder, and since it isn't attached to the keel, the "lift" is directed to leeward. Such a rudder is very effective in that the rudder post enters the water back rather than being attached to the center of the pull to windward. The rudder will remain straight. This reduces the weather helm because the "lift" is directed to leeward of the boat to windward to a small degree.

Excessive leeway is an extreme example of a boat with weather helm and making no forward motion. The rudder post pushed the stern of the boat to windward because of weather helm.

The way one can distinguish the weather helm from the true weather helm is if the rudder has to be deflected from straight ahead in order to make the boat sail straight. In other words, if the tiller is being held constantly a few degrees to windward to make the boat sail straight, there is a true weather helm.

I've sailed on cruising boats with balanced spade rudders that the owners were sailed fastest with a "neutral" helm, and that once they developed a slight weather helm the boat slowed down. My observation was that though the helm felt neutral (there was no tug on it because the rudder post entered the rudder well aft of its leading edge) there was indeed a

69

boom

boom

and boom

change tacks by turning into the wind, is stopped by a wave, and loses "way," or "headway." In order to steer a boat, water must be flowing past the rudder. If the boat is "dead in the water" (motionless) the rudder is useless, so the sails have to be used in its place.

The sails, because the boat is pointing directly into the wind, are "luffing" (shaking). To "fill" the sails, you will have to take the boat at an angle to the wind. Usually this angle is  $45^\circ$  or more, and when the boat reaches this position the sails will fill with wind and the boat will start moving forward. Until this point, the sails have to be manually forced against the wind to fill them. This is called "backing" the sail. If you want to turn the bow of the boat to starboard (to the right) you hold the jib out to port as in Figure 10A. The wind hits the port side of the jib and pushes the bow to starboard. After the boat is pushed  $45^\circ$  to the wind, the jib is released and trimmed normally on the starboard side.

Though backing the jib is the fastest and surest method of falling off onto the desired tack, there are other ways. If the boat is drifting backwards as in Figure 10B, pull the tiller to starboard. The rudder will turn the stern of the boat in the direction of the arrow and the boat will "fall off" onto the port tack.

You might be sailing a small boat that has no jib. In that case you can push the main out against the wind. This starts the boat moving backwards and turns the stern to the opposite side that you are holding the main. In other words, if you back the main to the starboard side, the stern will go to port as in Figure 10C. Help the boat turn by pulling the tiller to starboard as described above.

If you are sailing a yawl or a ketch you can back the mizzen out against the wind in the same manner and with the same effect as backing the main of a small boat. Note Figure 10D.

The standard procedure when leaving a mooring is for a crew member to untie the mooring line, but hold onto the end of it. If possible, pull the boat forward with it to gain a little forward momentum while he backs the jib. When the bow is definitely swinging in the desired direction, he releases the mooring line and is off sailing.

As the boat starts moving forward, the rudder becomes effective. Though it eventually becomes automatic, at first one has to think of a way to push the boat to starboard. As the boat sails along, water flows past the rudder. When the rudder is turned it deflects the water flow and pushes the stern opposite from the direction of the deflected flow.

opening

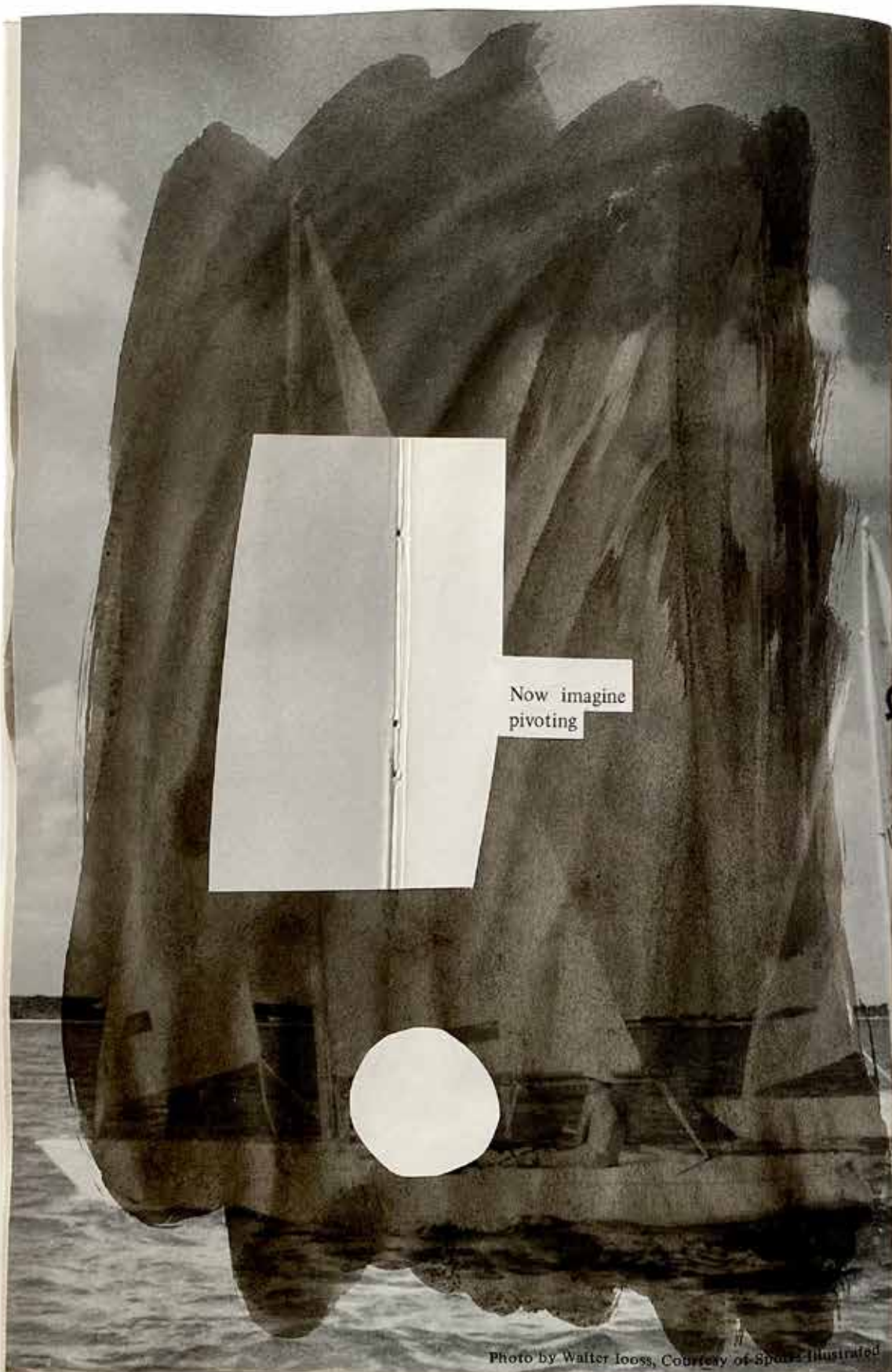
fig. 10

fig. 11

Study Figure 11. The hull and keel of the boat act as a pivotal point, so the bow goes opposite the stern. When leaving a float and cruising back under power, one often sees the new owner try to swing the bow out too sharply. The stern bumps along the pilings because the skipper is so intent on turning the bow he forgets he is actually turning the stern towards the dock. To turn to port he has to push the boat to starboard and vice versa, which confuses many beginners. It's interesting to note that the fireman who steers the rear wheels of a hook and ladder truck is called the "tillerman". The theory is the same. There's no easy way to remember it, but practice is the key. Just sail on a "beam reach" (see Figures 12 and 13) and make a series of small turns to gain the feel of it.

flowing





Now imagine  
pivoting

Photo by Walter Iooss, Courtesy of Sports Illustrated



## SPINNAKER

We will conclude these lessons with a fast basic rundown of spinnaker work, for those beginners, and there are always a few, who instinctively master the essentials of sailing early, and thirst for the delight (and extra work) of sailing under this most picturesque of sails.

madly back and forth

It gets "lift" from the greater velocity any. The purpose apparent to about abeam. It's made of light nylon and adds so much sail area to the compression of the boat that speed is markedly increased when a spinnaker is set.

Refer to Figure 66 and learn the various lines involved with spinnaker work. The spinnaker is hoisted by the spinnaker halyard. One corner is held in place by the spinnaker pole which is always set to windward opposite the main boom. The corner attached to the pole is the tack of the spinnaker and attached to it is the spinnaker "after guy" or more commonly, "guy." The free corner of the spinnaker has a sheet attached to it like any other sail. The only tricky thing about the foregoing terminology is that the "guy" is not the "guy" you see in the movies.

This results in better "frictional" drag, and tension along the windward side pole lies in the right place. sheet (attached to the free corner of the spinnaker) runs through the new guy (running through the jaws in the end of the pole).

There are two lines to hold the pole in position — the topping lift to keep it from falling when the spinnaker isn't full of wind, and the foreguy (some people call it the spinnaker pole downhaul) to keep the pole from "skying" (pointing way up in the air) when the spinnaker is full.

Sailing



soon you'll find that you actually enjoy the heavy stuff -- an exciting part of sailing!

When you get caught in your first squall remember that the most important thing to do is shorten sail. You may see the squall approaching and get some sail down before it hits. If it looks bad enough, though, it's hard to judge without a great deal of experience just how bad a squall will be. Sometimes a nasty looking sky turns out to be only dark clouds and rain, but no more wind. However, when a bad squall hits, the wind can go from 10 mph to 40 or 50 mph in seconds. If you hadn't reduced sail previously, you should have at least prepared for the possibility of having to. Halyards should be neatly coiled and ready to run. Each crew member should be briefed as to what his responsibilities will be if the squall is a bad one so not a second is lost in giving orders. This has a secondary advantage of decreasing the chance of panic. When the first blast hits and the boat is laid over on its side, the brain processes of even some experienced crew members tend to become stupefied. If he knows what he is expected to do beforehand, he doesn't have to think.

On a small boat, the mainsail usually has greater sail area than the jib and should be the first sail to lower. If it isn't lowered, as the wind increases the skipper should release the mainsheet to reduce heeling. The boat, due to the weight of the wind and sea, will probably be on more of a close reach than closehauled. At some points, even with the main and jib luffing completely, the wind force will be sufficient to lay the boat over on its side. The boom and mainsail will hit the water to leeward which, due to the boat's forward motion, will force the sail in.

By careful adjustment of the boom pivots the boat to leeward just as you get on the wave just right to the wind. The mainsail fills and over you go. If it's a capsizable boat, so lower.

Therefore, first! The boat should sail well.

At a certain speed the overtaking rule is in effect. If it's still blowing too hard, lower all sails. The boat's "no sail" rule (no sail) means there's a chance and thereby you come up on the front side.

Your best friend in bad conditions may wrap around anchor. If the visibility is down to a few feet, you're not sure of your position and you're afraid you may be blown ashore, get your anchor to reap the side. You may not have enough line to reach bottom, but you're sure that the anchor will hook before you get into water. The greatest benefit your boat to go aground, or be swamped by breakers.

The most important thing to remember is to keep the boat's head to the wind. The wind is the most important thing to remember.

The sail is the most important thing to remember. The sail is the most important thing to remember.

ONE THAT line be so should leech

Leaving

Before the board "left" from called one for and is white

Now wind irons

## STABILITY

Stability is one of the most important aspects of sailing. The force of the wind in the sails of a boat tends to heel it over and without some way of counteracting it, the boat would tip over. The greater the ability of the boat to stay upright, the more wind force she can absorb and, all else being equal, the faster she can go. However, things are never equal. If you put a heavier keel on the boat to keep it more upright, the gain you get in being able to stand up to more wind force might be offset by the increased weight of the boat which sinks the hull deeper in the water and makes it push more water aside -- increased resistance from increased displacement (weight of the boat).

Weight in the keel is not the only thing that keeps the boat upright. Hull form is also a factor. A wide flat hull will have more stability than a narrow one. Imagine a raft that is six feet wide and one that is twelve feet wide. The wider raft will be able to carry more people standing on the edge without tipping over than the narrower one. As the weighted side sinks, the other side lifts out of the water, so the wider it is the more there is to be lifted out of the water. We should point out, however, the difference between "initial" and "ultimate" stability.

A flat-bottomed boat has "initial stability" because it takes a lot of weight to tip it. As a rule of thumb, the deeper the weighted side sinks into the water the less additional weight is needed to sink it further. It will recover very easily after it gets to a steep angle and thus has very poor "ultimate stability." A deep, narrow boat with a heavy keel may tip the first few degrees very easily, but as the keel gets lifted higher and higher by the heel angle, the more effective it becomes. So the deep keel boat may have poor "initial stability" but excellent "ultimate stability."

Stability is essentially controlled by the relationship of the position of the center of buoyancy (CB) and the center of gravity (CG) of the boat. The CB will vary greatly with different speeds. The CG will vary greatly with different speeds. The CB will vary greatly with different speeds. The CG will vary greatly with different speeds.



An interesting comparison results between the deep keelboat and the shallow beamy centerboarder. Figure 55A shows that at rest the CB and CG are usually in line one above another. (Crew weight plays a part in the position of the center of gravity, but we will disregard this for our purposes.) As the keelboat heels (Figure 55B) and CG moves to windward with the keel and the CB moves to leeward as the hull submerges. The greater distance the two move apart, the greater the lever-arm producing stability, with the gravitational forces pulling downward at the CG and the buoyant forces pushing upward at the CB. With the beamy centerboarder, the distance between the CG and CB is produced by the substantial lateral movement of the CB.

Most cruising boats have self-draining cockpits, sliding hatches and knee boards to ensure that water can't get into the boat if a freak wave comes right over. The chances of a cruising boat turning over are slim indeed. There have been no more than two documented incidents that I know of and one of them is doubtful. No boat is apt to turn turtle without losing its mast due to the tremendous forces involved. One of the two indicated that the boat flipped, yet the mast was not lost, casting doubt upon the report's veracity.

## HULL SPEED

The idea behind creating and maintaining the distance between the crests of the bow wave and the height ("H") of the wave increases the distance between the crests. As the height ("H") of the wave increases, so the higher the wave, the greater the distance between its crests and the faster it travels. This relates to the sailboat's speed increases, the greater the volume of water displaced and the larger the bow wave becomes. As the height ("H") of the wave increases, the distance between its crest and that of a quarter wave, increases until it approaches the wavelength of itself. This can be noted as the sailboat in Figures 62B and 62C. At first there are numerous small "transverse" waves while the sailboat is moving slowly. These spread out as the bow wave increases in height. In Figure 62D, hull speed is attained and there are only two waves: the hull, the bow wave and the quarter wave. To go faster than hull speed, though possible, would take more power than most boats can withstand. A beautiful example can be seen whenever a tugboat is cruising to a job. They have a lot of power and very easily reach hull speed. The classical wave pattern of a bow wave and quarter wave is always present at that speed. For a tugboat to go even marginally faster would take so much more power it would be uneconomical.

When a boat does exceed its hull speed, as the one being rowed in Figure 67E, the stern tends to leave the quarter wave behind and drop into the trough between waves. The bow rides high in the air. Often one sees a number of displacement one-design racing sailboats being towed to a regatta at greater than hull speed. Their sterns are practically under the water.



## Anushka: chaos, stains & stupid feelings a (mattress) collection of longing

Anushka's recent work and ongoing project is tagging abandoned mattresses. She sees on these discarded pallets the good and bad dreams and anxieties, both the abandoned and rising hopes, the sometimes disturbed and often enlightened lives of her fellow night travelers. The mattresses, typically dumped on streets or tossed along roadsides, evidencing the sweat and bodily stains of their night riders are proof that the world of sleep and love and exhaustion is not an easy one. These mattresses echo human chaos and stupid feelings, she says, and she's correct. Left out in the elements awaiting waste disposal, they corroborate a strange dark world we all inhabit, sometimes with others, oftentimes alone.

Discarded mattresses are part of the typical street scene across the world. No matter which country or city, abandoned mattresses are part of the landscape. People have become so used to them they are hardly even noticed. Anushka has noticed them, however, and taken up a self-imposed challenge to make these mattresses her canvas. And with her words, spray painted across these mattresses, she releases these beds from their context, that of being trash. In this way, she says, the detritus becomes an intimate and daily object again and transforms itself into an animated, though temporary, form of street art. Sometimes these mattresses and their messages last a few days, sometimes only a few minutes.

"The first mattress I tagged was in the countryside in Alentejo, Portugal, at a friend's country home. They kept the mattress outside the house; they would take it to the dump at the next opportunity. The mattress was leaning against the wall next to a window with its shutter down. You could see the years of use, the lives of those who sleep on it staining the faded floral pattern canvas that covered it. The sky that day was gray and cloudy. The tristesse and beauty of this scene was beyond compare. When I saw this lonely abandoned mattress, I felt touched and instantly felt the urge to write something on it, to give it a voice. I asked my friends if it was okay, and when they said "Yes." I borrowed two







spray cans from them and got started. And I tagged the mattress with this message:

“I’ve had wonderful nights. It just weren’t the ones with you.”

I messed up the first side and had to flip it around. I was terrible at writing on blackboards at school as a child and I always hated my own handwriting. Therefore, I worked for many years with typewriters. The mattress, all

of a sudden, gave me the freedom to just not give a fuck. It works or you simply mess it up. And it doesn’t matter. As I am an adrenaline junkie this is one of the reasons why I got hooked. Since that day in Portugal, I always have spray cans with me. The various states of preservation of the mattresses, and their often unique covers, as well as the places where they are abandoned never fail to amaze me. It’s comparable to people you meet. Together it’s possible to create memories and to tell great



stories – if you accept that they have already their own stories and stains. And that it’s not about hiding them. It’s about facing them.“

*Anushka is a German text-based visual artist with Russian roots living and working in Portugal. Anushka writes poems, love letters and all kind of word organizations. She combines words with daily objects and creates with them room-sized installations. The detail-loving Anushka says about herself, “She is a special-*

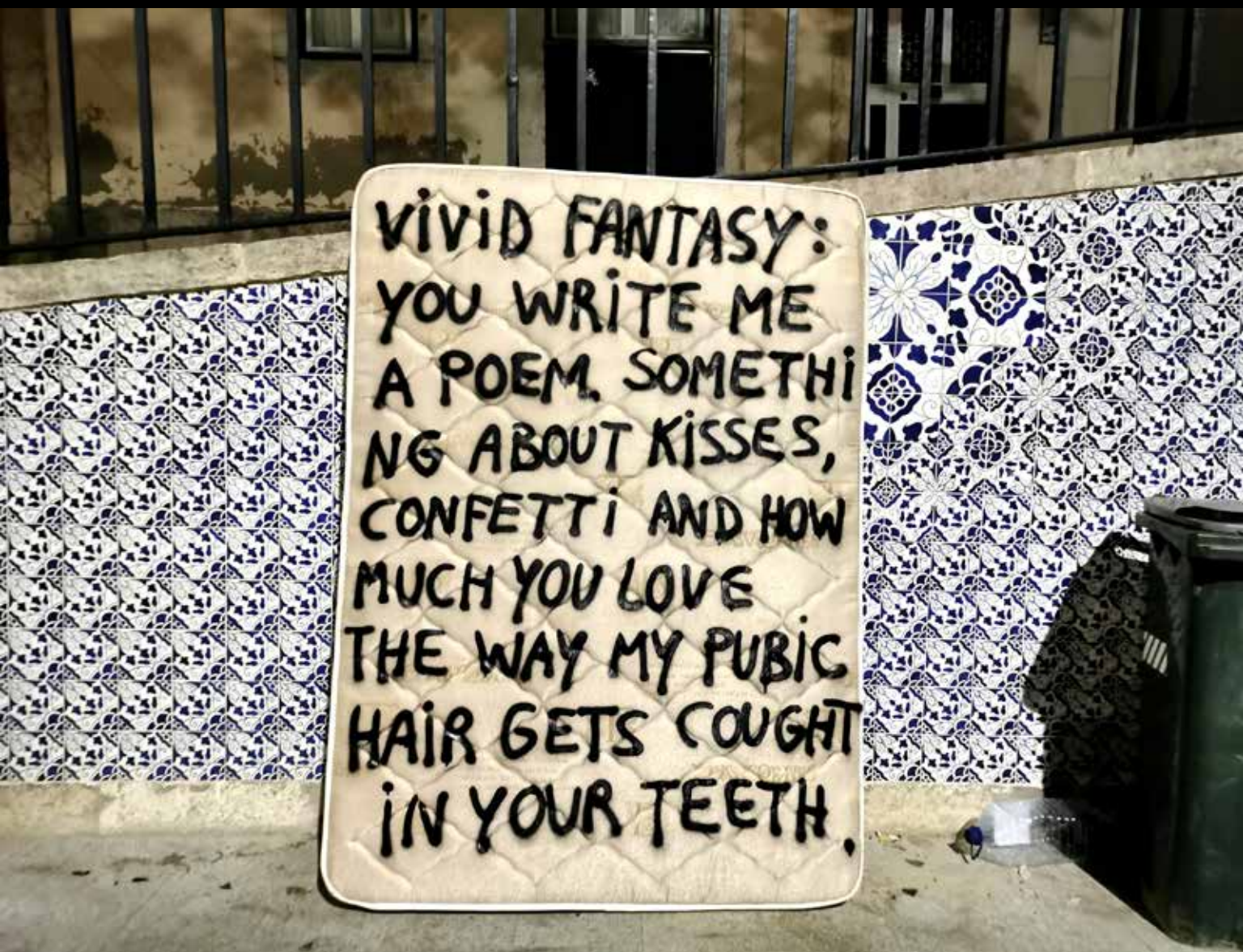
*ist in broken hearts, ambitious hairstyles and good drinks, and she collects everything she doesn’t need but desperately wants to have. Minimalism is not her thing, she is more a ‘more is more’ kind of person. But nevertheless Anushka is totally able to say a lot with using only few words.”*

Anushka on Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/dear.anushka/>

















## The Red Wheelbarrow Bookstore

9, rue de Médicis 75006 Paris France

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## Gymnastique des Corps: Victor Matussiere

“J’ai toujours été fasciné par la nudité aussi bien pour sa beauté, la plastique des corps, que pour son côté interdit. Le nu est très vite associé à la sexualité et à la pornographie. Moi je pense que c’est plus le problème de gens trop frustrés et pas bien dans leur tête. La nudité a toujours été présente et représentée depuis l’antiquité et reste un sujet artistique universel.

“C’est la plastique des corps qui me plaît surtout, ses lignes, ses courbes, ses volumes. Il y a une force graphique et pure très puissante. C’est quelque chose que je retrouve aussi dans les fleurs que j’aime également beaucoup photographier. Pour la série AQUAGYM j’ai voulu jouer sur l’altérité, le contraste entre l’homme, de fer et la femme, de marbre. Une gymnastique des corps qui ne fait plus qu’un et devient chorégraphie.

“Le nu est aussi un bon moyen pour s’exprimer et travailler des nouveaux jeux de lumière et des nouvelles techniques. C’est un vrai laboratoire de recherche.

“À côté de mon travail commercial et artistique je tiens un compte Instagram qui relève plus du reportage et qui a pour sujet les gens dans la rue qui s’affichent singulièrement et qui m’inspirent énormément d’une façon ou d’une autre.

### Infos Victor Matussiere

Instagram

Studio:

<https://www.instagram.com/studiomatussiere/>

Street:

[https://www.instagram.com/me\\_my\\_cell\\_and\\_eye/](https://www.instagram.com/me_my_cell_and_eye/)

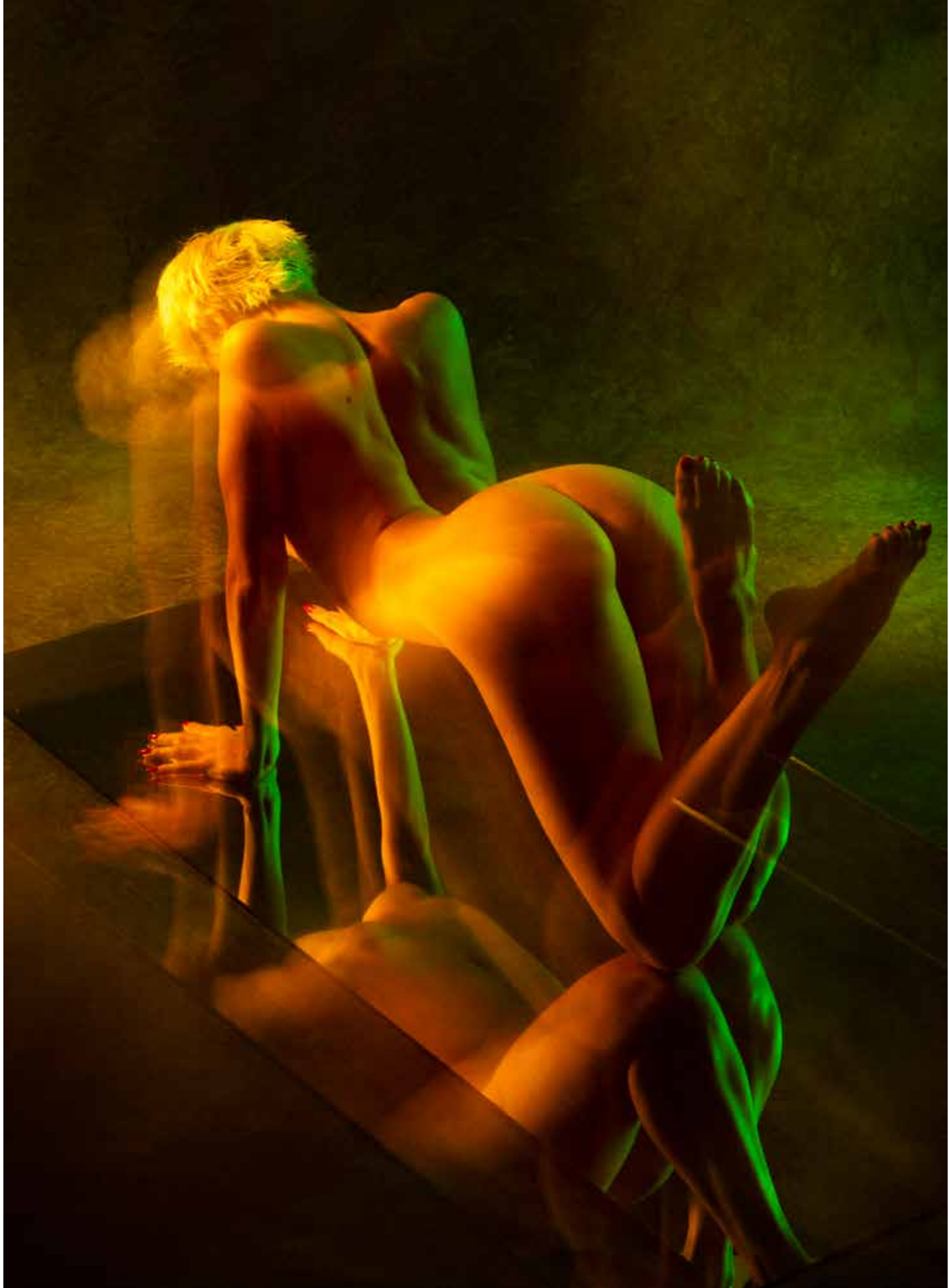


















# AN ONGOING CONVERSATION ABOUT ART AND COMMUNITY IN PHILADELPHIA AND THE WORLD

artblog  
RADIO



## Feminists Gay Guys Worship

by Bill Arning

Years ago when I was a full-time art-writer I was working with an editor on a piece about Tracey Emin. My old-school but brilliant female editor was trying to get me to tone down my breathless adulation for Emin's gutsy text-based works and performance videos. I had called Emin a "feminist goddess" and the editor asked me to consider that she might be the type of feminist goddess that only gay boys worshipped, not actual women.

While I refused to tone down my gushing over the artist, claiming critical self-awareness as my salvation, our conversation made me think of what "feminists gay men love" meant as a category. There were clearly just as many if not more on the other team, that is, feminists gay men loathed; but their critical agenda appeared to lack faith in the liberating power of pleasure and humor.

In my curatorial work I have frequently invited queer men to unpack art works that caused difficulty for traditional feminist art historians

due to sexual or otherwise subversive humor. I am convinced that the back and forth between feminist and queer theory-based aesthetics are fruitful.

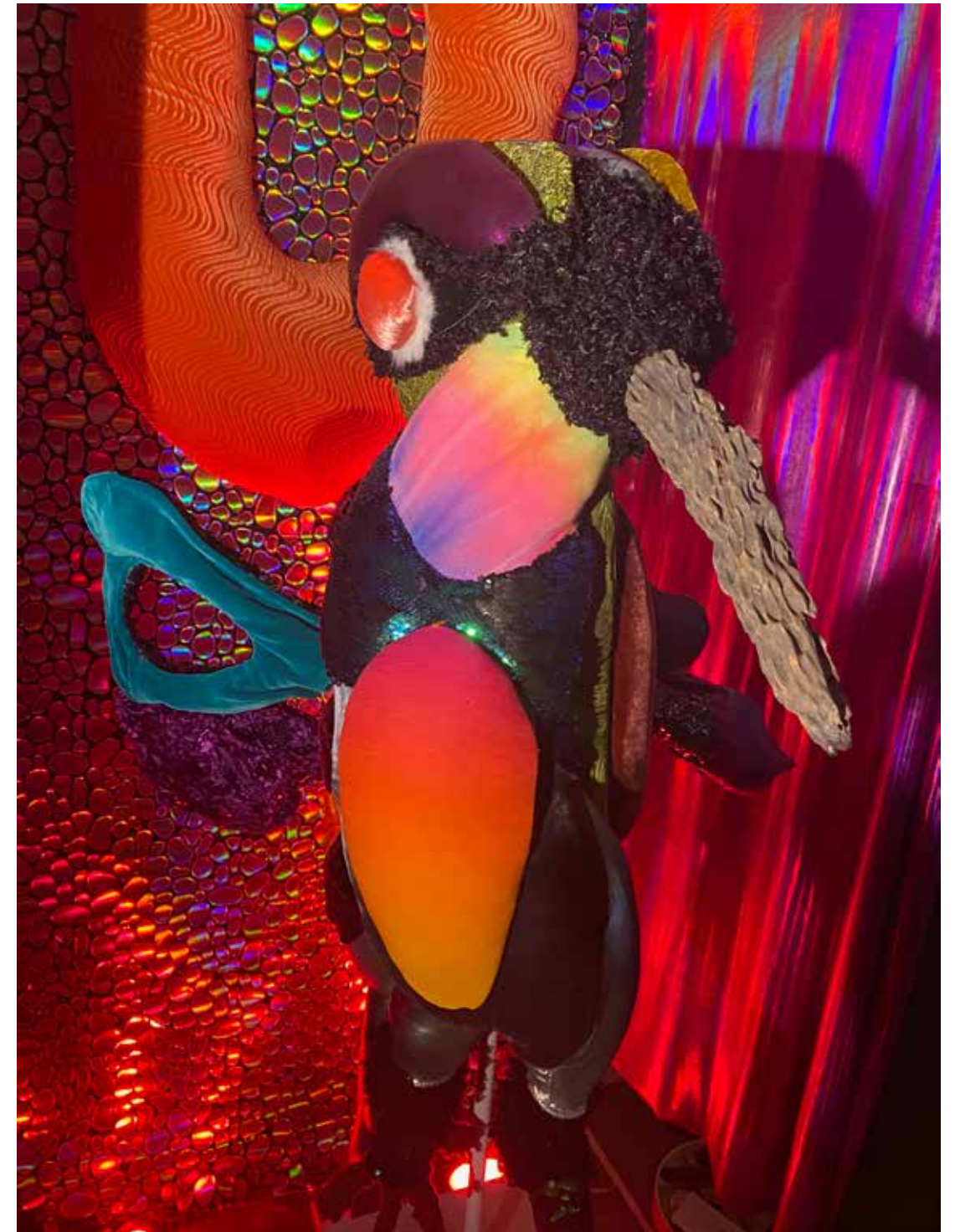
I have lived in Texas for 12 years and although I am relocating in 2023 to the Hudson Valley full time, I have absorbed a lot of feisty Texas culture. This small list contains smart and perceptive Texas-based art makers. They conjure the ghostly icons of progressive culture in Texas — three strong, late Texas women: Ann Richards, Molly Ivins and Barbara Jordan (two politicians and a writer). When I describe an artist by referring to their Texas roots, it is these women's spirit I think of.

Plucky, funny and sexy feminists often grouped under "third-wave" feminism were always my team — from the earliest days of my curatorial career to today, where I continue to work with new generations of women artists. Some are gay themselves but most are not. In my pantheon, however, they are all queer icons, and as a team, always Susan Silas /

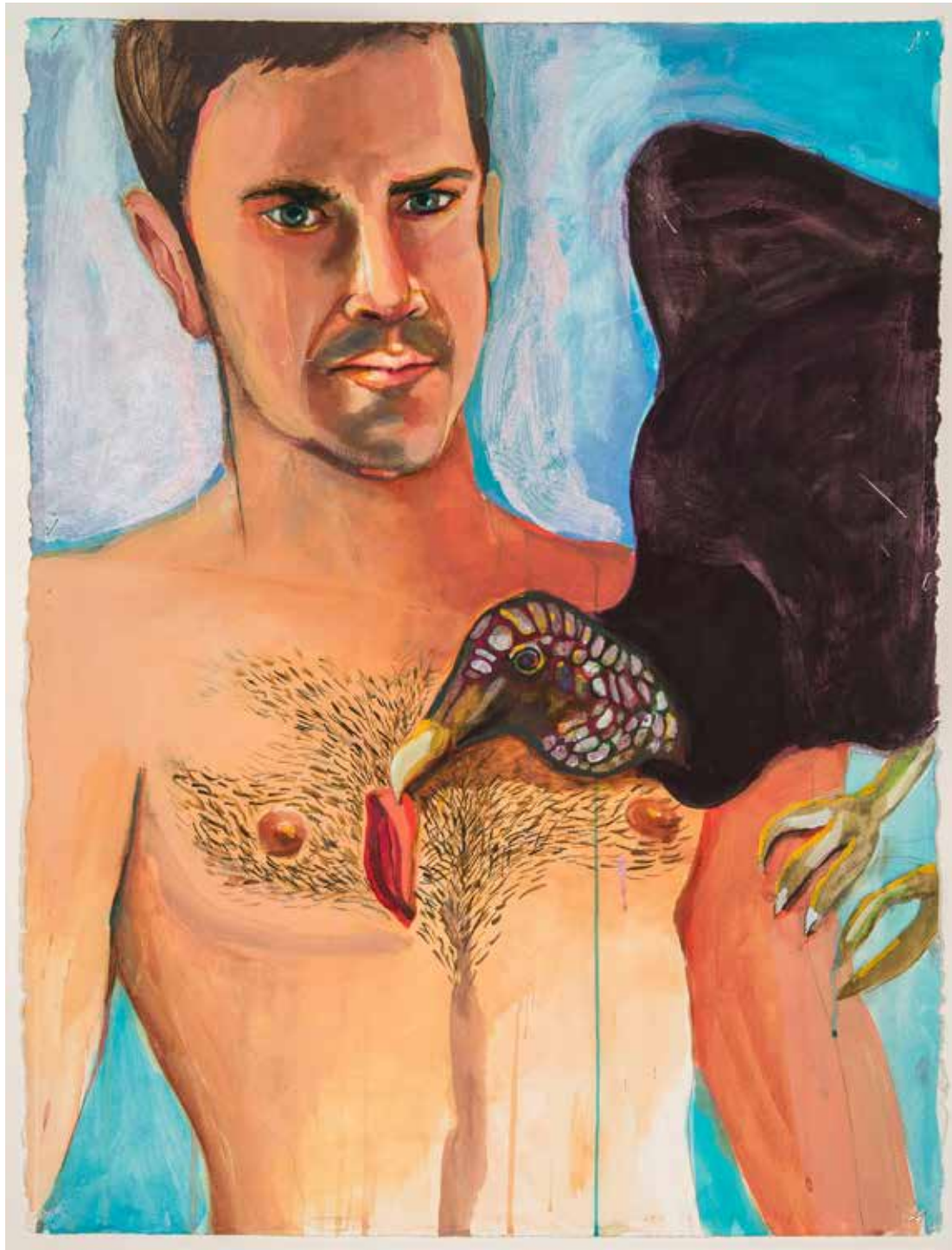


Debra Berrera / Previous Twin: Freed Mexican Free Tailed Bat, 2019  
graphite on paper; 13 x 21 inches









Karen Heagle / *Prometheus*, 2018  
acrylic, and ink on paper; 30 x 23 inches



Elizabeth Insogna / *Labyrinth-Serpent-Strange Armor-Shapeshifting-Bird*, 2021  
glazed Stoneware, 36 x 23 x 23 inches





Robin Kahn / *Correctly Set Cocks* 2021  
mixed media collage; 12 x 10.5 inches



Alyssa Kazew / *Are Your Feeling It Now, Mr Krabs*, 2022  
archival color photograph; 20 x16 inches





Katharine Kuharic / *Backwards Flag*, 1998  
oil on linen; 26 x 20 inches.  
Courtesy of Katherine Kuharic and P.P.O.W., New York



Lovie Olivia / *Hexxx*, 2021  
fresco-secco on wood panel, 5 x 5 feet, hexagon

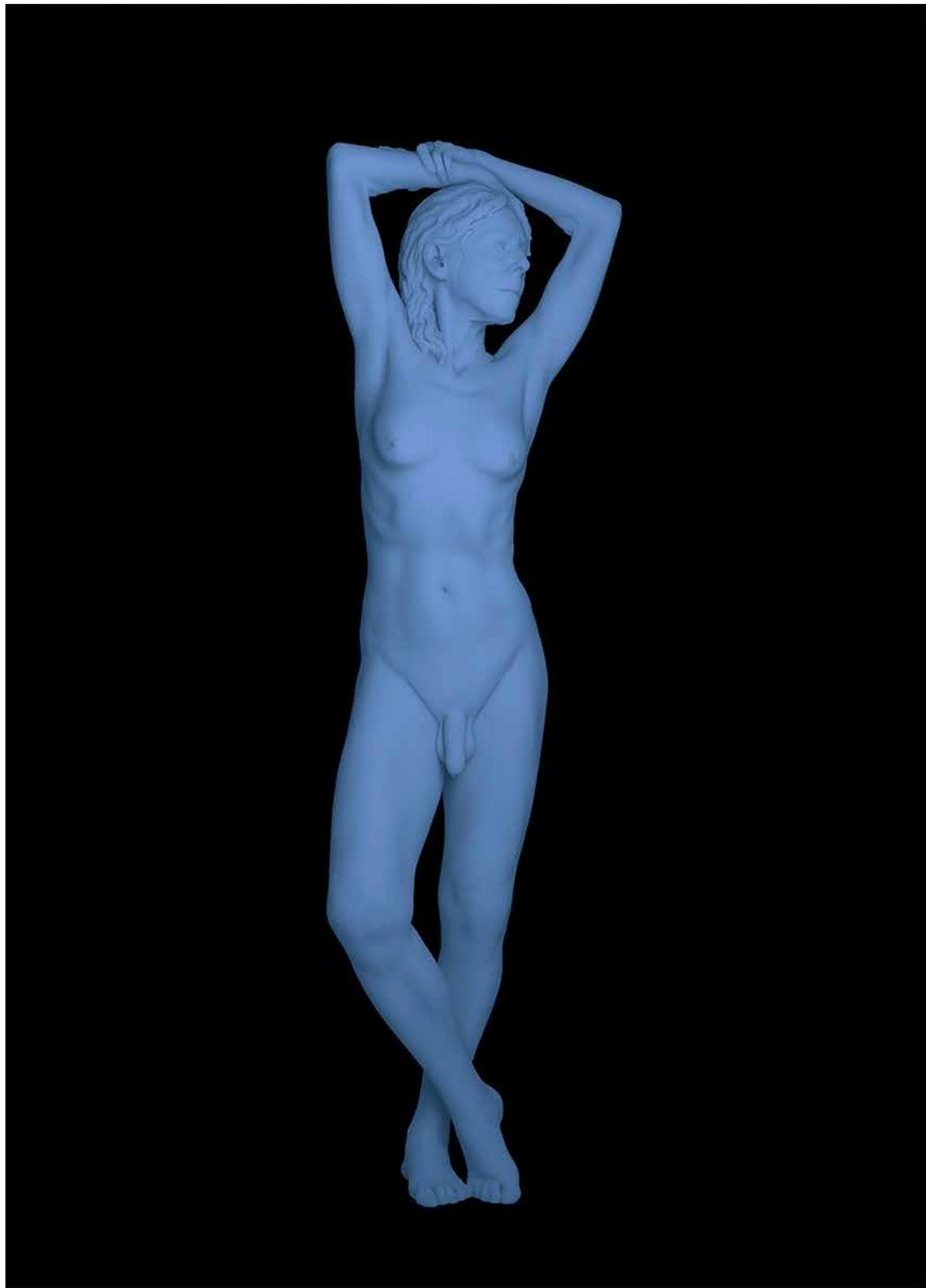




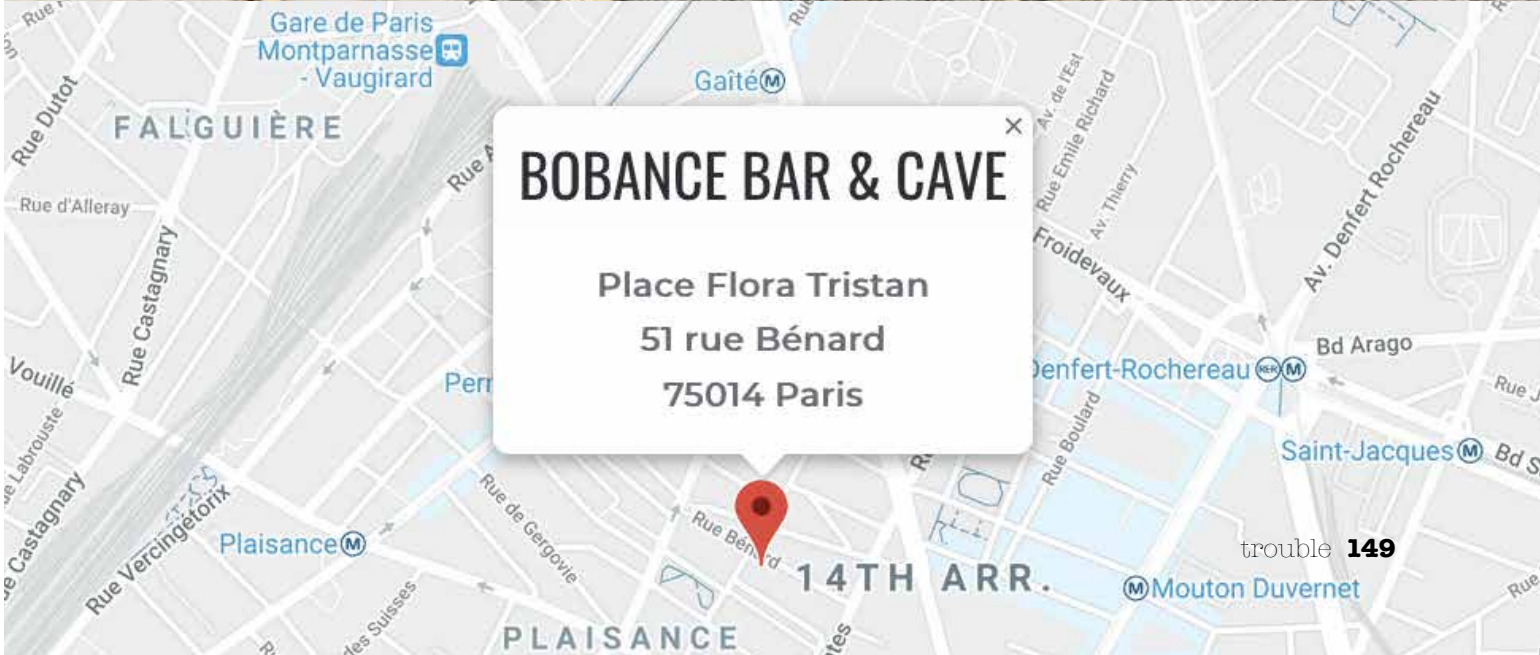
Preetika Rajgariah / "the world needs your unique gifts, don't leave with them still inside you" 2021  
mother's silk sari, glitter, and paint on yoga mats; 63 x 47 inches

Facing page: Emily Peacock / Vitruvian Woman Peeing & Gaze That Old Fashion Gaze, 2022  
archival inkjet print; 20 x 30 & 15 x 15 inches





Susan Silas / Ode to Echo and Narcissus (sculpture study), 2022  
digital study for a marble sculpture





# Gods of Eros

By Bill Arning

When I discovered drinking at age 13, it seemed I might be able to return to an enchanted life. With alcohol a hint of my childhood, where rocks and frogs had souls and were my intimate friends, could return. I felt then, the call of a life in art, and felt sure, too, that normal social rules no longer applied to me. Day drinking, saying yes to every drug offered, and at the cusp of adolescence, setting out to seduce every boy in my class, was more than allowed—it was a requirement. It was thrilling and absolutely necessary.

But “alcoholic” drinking and drugging is quite distinct from the fun kind. In alcoholic drinking, intoxication generated a buzz of happiness and conviviality and offered the illusion that a dawning joy would one day return. Alcohol was, in effect, an accelerant for chasing memories. The Alcoholics Anonymous bible describes it this way:

*For most normal folks, drinking means conviviality, companionship and colorful imagination. It means release from care, boredom and worry. It is joyous intimacy with friends and a feeling that life is good. But not so with us in those last days of heavy drinking. The old pleasures were gone. They were but memories. Never could we recapture the great moments of the past. There was an insistent yearning to enjoy life as we once did and a heartbreaking obsession that some new miracle of control would enable us to do it. There was always one more attempt—and one more failure. The less people tolerated us, the more we withdrew from society, from life itself. As we became subjects of King Alcohol, shivering denizens of his mad realm, the chilling vapor that is loneliness settled down.*

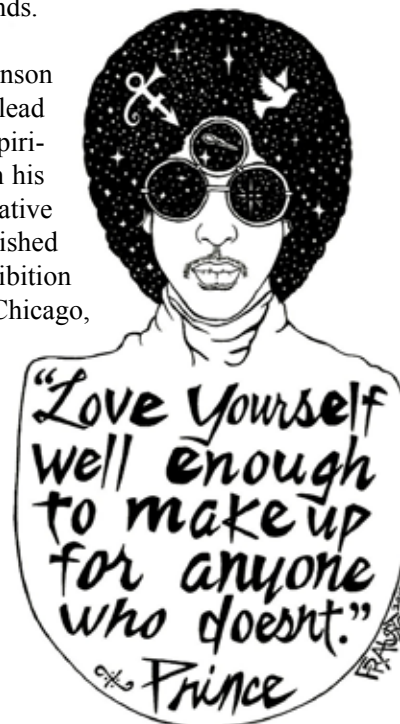
Looking back I felt like an idiot. I’d been trying to perfect my boozing for decades. Truth

be told, I only went to AA meetings to try get my boyfriend of eight years to stay with me, to not leave me. It worked, for a bit. But I was flummoxed by the spiritual side of 12-step programs. Why did I have to find a god to guide me to merely decline a genre of beverages?

But it didn’t matter what or who your higher power was – it just had to be anything or anyone, but you. So I jumped into spiritual comparison shopping. Every friend with a spiritual dimension suddenly had a very interested Bill with them at the ashrams, the meditation classes, the bible studies and the unitarian theology classes. Even Catholic and Episcopalian church services and a mosque in Istanbul had me as a very interested tourist seeing if I felt the Holy Spirit.

At this point I was curator at the MIT List Visual Arts Center and working on a project with the great queer Canadian Conceptualist AA Bronson. My boss, the late Jane Farver, a legendary curatorial force, had no idea I was getting sober and would request an “AA Meeting,” meaning an all-staff discussion of the exhibition. We all laughed at the idea that we were going to be saying the Serenity Prayer and holding hands.

Yet AA Bronson did, in fact, lead me toward a spiritual solution. In his artist book *Negative Thoughts* published for his exhibition at the MCA Chicago, AA discussed the magic of “Body Electric” and the experience of leaving one’s body and directly experiencing the Divine



Aaron Michael Skolnick / *Bill resting in Marfa, 2022* / Oil on Linen. 12” x 16” / Courtesy MARCH (NY, NY)

through working with a group of gay men to enlarge and channel erotic energy. While my coming out was as unproblematic as I can imagine, there was still some nagging sense that the source of my perpetual discomfort I had been treating with booze was linked at some core level to sex.

Many gay folks in recovery recall when taking their first drink, typically before puberty, a feeling of a never-before experienced release from a tension that suffused their entire beings. It implied there existed a global army of queer children more stressed out than CEOs of international corporations. The simple fact is that being born queer into straight families is a taxing experience—even before overt sexuality appears on the horizon.

I called AA and told him what I was looking for and he assured me I was walking down the

right path. As I looked into the basics, I learned I would be with a group of men in the woods. I would learn to trust them. We would all be sexually stimulated with hands only, and learn to breathe in a particular way to avoid orgasm. And that energy, that orgasm would be dispelled; in the process of four days in the forest, it would be internalized until the final ceremony – the “Big Draw.” It all seemed very mysterious.

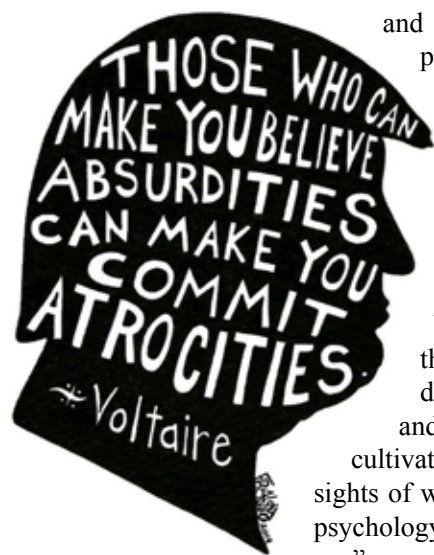
I got a ride up from Cambridge to a Southern New Hampshire clothing-optional campground with a big bear of a man, a gay man who owned an air conditioning company. He definitely confused categories. The workshop was the basic Body Electric “Celebrating the Body Eroticism,” and it would present the foundation of the program.

“The Body Electric School was first founded



in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1984 in response to the emotional trauma, social dislocation, and shame experienced by gay men during the first years of the AIDS crisis,” according to their website. “Since then, the School has offered professionally guided workshops lasting two to six days that inspire

and support participants toward integrating their emotional, sacred, and erotic lives. The work of the School was first developed by combining the ancient wisdom of Taoism and Tantric sexual cultivation with the insights of western sexology, psychology, and neurobiology.”



When I arrived I knew only a little about what would happen, but I knew I would be touching these men all over and sleeping in the same bunkhouse rooms with them. And while intimacy was encouraged, full on sucking, fucking and cumming together was not allowed as erotics needed to be harnessed toward the greater goal than the type of sex we were addicted to.

I don’t think I have a particularly strong sex drive but I do exhibit one horny faggot behavior that I find both sad and funny. In any social situation—or even a New York City subway car—I sort men in order of my desire quotient toward them. If there are 25 men on a subway, I pick the three I would be thrilled to fuck, and the next six runner-ups if I was horny enough. Not that I think these were actual erotic options, and I am still startled when someone super-hot (in my aesthetic system) makes a move on me. But this ordering always kept me entertained. Now as the 21 men arrived for their Celebrating The Body Erotic Journey I was totally objec-

tifying them based on body types alone. That attitude vanished quickly.

These guys were all there for different reasons. Several had spent years tending lovers dying of AIDS or cancers and in their caregiving had lost touch with their own bodies. In therapy others had recalled past sexual abuse at the hands of older men and were trying to learn to trust men emotionally beyond simple pleasures of anonymous hook-ups. I was the only one trying to find my “suppressed mystic” to stay sober; they were all supportive of my motivations. Also after a day of trust exercises and learning to look strange men in the eye and coordinate breathing, every one of these men became sacred spiritual beings.

There was a day of learning advanced hand-job techniques for which I am very grateful to this day, and in our bunks at night the cuddles did occasionally get a little more sexual but in our queer commune no orgasms seemed to be occurring. At 43, my perpetual erection was a nice reminder of what youth was like.

I made a special friend and we lay together in our bunks kissing innocently. I don’t remember his name but I do remember he was a writer on the subject of roses and the special tricks of their cultivation. I was smitten.

As we moved toward the “Big Draw,” so called because it involved quick rhythmic breathing followed by a giant exhalation, the practicing was intense. Six men would surround you stimulating every inch of your body with an emphasis on their newly acquired hand-job techniques, drums were beating and the whole room moved more deeply into the erotic stratosphere.



And then it happened. After being messaged by 12 hands, I inhaled deeply and released. My body shook with semi-orgasmic tremors and then, I collapsed and found myself floating above my own body. I looked down and saw six men standing beside my now cocooned flesh, wrapped in swaddling blankets. They were all weeping as if I had really died. The drumming was quiet now, and a tunnel of light appeared and then, I was gone. It was embarrassingly like the death experiences one sees in movies. I was flying in space and then I was in the presence of an overpowering love.

All of the worst things in my life were simultaneously present and no longer mattered, the knowledge that life is an illusion meant to teach our curious souls about higher realities was certain. That I no longer needed to live in fear was made manifest. And then divine hands lowered me back in my body and nudged me to rejoin the living. When I returned to my flesh I was aware that Samuel Barber’s Adagio for Strings was playing, and hearing that piece today triggers queer spirit flashbacks.

The vividness of that memory remains near whenever I find myself overwhelmed by existential angst or my nihilistic impulses take control, I can still close my eyes and with a certain pace of breathing, rejoin the queer spirit. Queer spirit never intrudes when you just want to enjoy some impersonal, joyfully meaningless fucking but when your soul is hungry for spiritual connection, having body electric tools can make mens’ bodies a magic carpet to an attainable heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill Arning is a contemporary art advisor, gallerist, curator and critic based in Houston, Texas and the Hudson Valley in Upstate New York. He was the director of the Contemporary Arts Museum Houston (2009-2018). In 2020, Arning opened Bill Arning Exhibitions in the historically gay neighborhood of Houston. This summer Bill Arning Exhibitions/Hudson Valley

opens in Kinderhook, New York.

Previously, Arning was a curator at MIT’s List Visual Arts Center (2000–2009), putting together shows on AA Bronson, Cerith Wyn Evans, Kate Ericson and Mel Ziegler. From 1985 to 1996, Arning was director of White Columns in New York, where he organized groundbreaking first solo shows for artists such as John Currin, Marilyn Minter, Andres Serrano, Richard Phillips, Cady Noland, and Jim Hodges.

Bill Arning has written for Artforum, Apollo, Art in America, Out, Gulf Coast, and Parkett, and he has contributed to many international publications, including exhibition catalogues on Keith Haring, Christian Jankowski, and Donald Moffett. He wrote monthly column on LGBTQ art issues for OutSmart Magazine, the gay magazine covering Houston, Texas from 2017-2019.

Websites:  
<https://www.instagram.com/billarningexhibitions/>  
<https://www.billarning.com/>







## Keith Donovan's Chaise Libertine

"I hand painted the canvas in my studio for this erotic armchair. But they were produced by a company called Erottomane, in Paris in 2015. I had this idea that I wanted to do an armchair. There was something intriguing about it – even sexy. The inspiration came from the 18th century French artist Borel, who produced these erotic gravures, erotic etchings. I sold it to a Swiss collector who has an apartment in Paris. From what I understand they designed a special covering for it in linen to protect it. They take it off when guests come."

*Keith Donovan is Canadian artist  
living and working in Montmorillon, France.  
He also operates Galerie 727 in Montmorillon, France.  
Instagram: @galerie727*



# Department of We've Noticed



## Chuck Close's Me Too Moment

Remember just last year how Chuck Close (1940 - 2021) was one of the greatest artists of his generation? The artist pioneered photo realism, producing massive exacting portrait paintings, sometimes with his finger print, Close scaled the art world to its greatest heights even as spinal artery collapse left him permanently paralyzed. Wheelchair bound, Close rolled on to art-world expectionalism with the help of installed a lift installed in his studio, allowing him ascend his monumental canvases; the artist painted with a brush fastened to his wrist. In his last years he made portraits of Cindy

Sherman, Kiki Smith and Cecily Brown among other women artists. But there was some controversy as Close got himself tossed under the #metoo bus in the last phase of his life. Between 2007 and 2013, the artist was accused of sexual harassment, particularly by models he had hired. Articles in The New York Times, Huffington Post and Hyperallergic detailed accounts by several models in their 20s of Close's sexual abuse. Most of that abuse seemed to be verbal. In response, in 2018 The National Gallery of Art cancelled a big Chuck Close exhibition. After Close died, neurologist Thomas M. Wisniewski, claimed that Close's bad boy behavior was attributable to "frontotemporal dementia." Dr. Wisniewski explained in The New York Times: Close "was very disinhibited and did inappropriate things, which were part of his underlying medical condition," and that this type of dementia "destroys that part of the brain that governs behavior and inhibits base instincts," adding that "sexual inappropriateness and disastrous financial decisions are common presenting symptoms." – *Ich Von Yich*

## John Currin's Brothel

Much ink has been spilled about John Currin's "Memorial," a banquet of raw sexualized pornographic paintings by the American artist. Obscene doesn't describe the seven oil on canvas works that debuted at Gagosian Gallery's New York space back in October 2021. Large-breasted naked "pin up" mannerist works echo alabaster statues whoring as Hallmark cards for the perverted. They are brazen and maybe even brave in this political era where women are being crushed just for being women. While Currin has for years painted cartoonish females with



oversized breasts and goofy faces, these works were overt caricatures born out of an '80s aesthetic that critiqued the purpose of painting as well as our grotesque fascination with porn; those women seemed to bathe in an idealized sunshine of American innocence. This most recent crop looks back some 500 years to a world with no color, no joy, no obvious purpose except performance sexual discourse – on the part of the painter – to a strange, non-erotic end. The blood is drained from these odd creatures, each caught in the vice of a late Renaissance filter. Here is dusty God-obsessed art world. Several critics have mused that this conspicuous sexuality points towards the link between eroticism and death. Currin makes that point with these stone cold canvases.

– *Ich Von Yich*

*Pictured: John Currin, Memorial, 2020, oil on canvas, 62 × 40 inches (157.5 × 101.6 cm)*

*Artwork © John Currin; photos: Rob McKeever*

*John Currin: Memorial, Gagosian, 541 West 24th Street, New York, September 14 – October 30, 2021*

## Cover Up

Gabrielle d'Estrées and One of Her Sisters (ca. 1594), painted by an anonymous French artist, is said to depict the mistress of the French King Henry IV and her sister the Duchess de Villars. It is one of the most famous, erotic and overt sapphic paintings in history. Naked and positioned facing the viewer in a silk lined tub, the two women's gaze is potently, quietly, aggressive. But what startles the viewer and the reason this art work is so well known (it is in the collection of the Louvre) is one woman pinches the erect nipple with clear intention; in the left hand of who we believe is Gabrielle, is what could be a wedding ring. Many art historians have analyzed the work as queer art, yet from a more modern perspective. Certainly, the scene is a performance: the women framed with richly appointed red silk curtains; their faces mysterious, ambiguous





as to their sexual orientation. It could be viewed as a lesbian paean but some critics have proposed that the sister is indicating Gabrielle is pregnant with the King's (illegitimate) son (Hannah Williams/Artsy). Of note, in the 19th century, an official at the Louvre covered up the decadent work with a drape. Reminds me of when John Ashcroft, the then-Attorney General of the United States gave a speech at the Great Hall in the Department of Justice with two partially nude statues covered up with \$8000 drapes. One statue is The Spirit of Justice, the other Majesty of Law. It was literally a government cover up. Times have changed.

– Ich Von Yich



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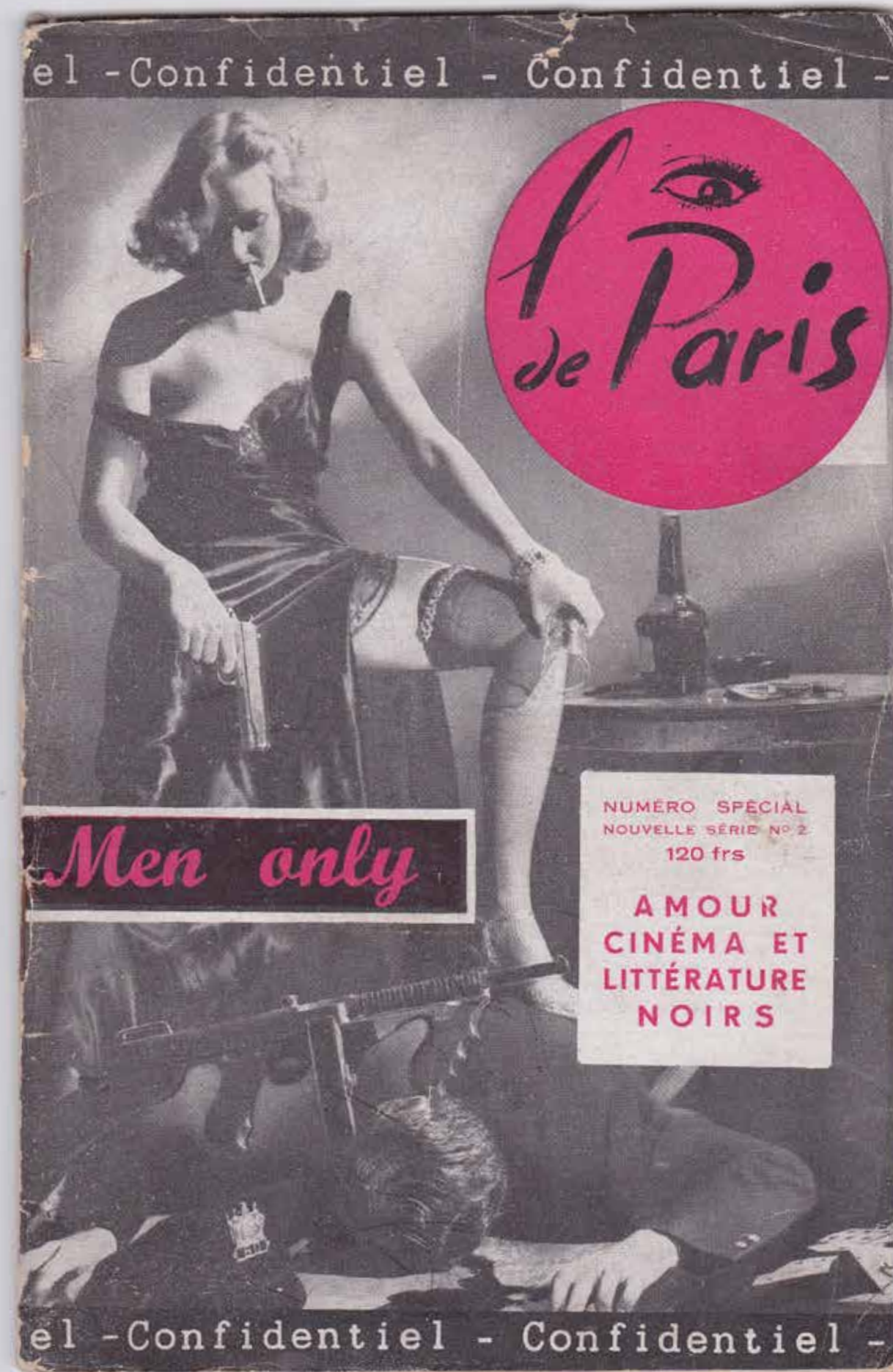
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# MORE TROUBLE:

By Matthew Rose

## One Night Stands

**Sylvie, 1965.** Sylvie, my cousin from Freemont, California, was five years older than me, and she insisted one summer day while visiting that I kiss her private parts. For this, she gave me a Nestle's Crunch bar.

**Delores, 1967.** Delores was 12 when, while swimming in her pool that summer on Long Island, she said, "Let me stick my tongue in your mouth."

**Laetitia, 1968.** Laetitia wore a suede skirt that really turned me on. In a game of 7 Minutes in Heaven at a birthday party for Roxanne (see No. 9), Laetitia didn't mind at all that I slid my hand up her dress. The next day she sent me a Valentine's Day Card, even though it was June.

**Constance, 1969.** We watched Neil Armstrong walk on the moon in her basement. "Can I sit on your lap?" she asked me.

**Helen O., 1970.** Helen had breasts shaped like pineapples. In school one day, I had to brush past her in the crowded hallway. Her tits scraped my back. The next day she told everyone that I was her boyfriend.

**Katusha, 1973.** A transfer student from Ukraine, I was teaching Katusha English in her house while her parents were at work. She invited me into the bathroom to see her breasts. "You can kiss them if you like," she said.



**Elena, 1974.** After three bong hits, Elena pulled off her pants in the basement of my friend Greg's house, and said "Fuck me." She was Greg's girlfriend. We didn't fuck though because we didn't have condoms.

**Josette, 1975.** The sister of a good friend, she pulled me into a clothes closet after some serious flirting and she was giving me head when her brother opened the door to get a tie.

**Roxanne, 1975.** Tall, leggy, blonde Roxanne and I were drinking beers at a party when I told her my neighbors had a pool and they were gone for the weekend. We swam naked and then had oral sex.

**Judy, 1975.** The smartest girl in the class, Judy came over my house to study for the AP Physics exam. After an hour in my room, surrounded by books, pencils and a protractor (which we didn't need) she asked me to feel her up. I couldn't get her bra off and she went home frustrated. I did slightly better than Judy on the exam.

**Shari, 1975.** Shari was the hottest girl in class. She wore this very tight silk blue and pink shirt that drove me wild. She had a tattoo on the inside of her thigh. On our second date she told me she loved oral sex, but had never had an orgasm that way.

**Anne, 1975.** Anne was addicted at an early age to amphetamines and at a party one night told me she wanted to "do it." But when we got to the bedroom at the friend's house, it was already occupied. So she took me into the bathroom, but after taking more amphetamines, she passed out.

**Rosemarie, 1976.** Rosemarie was very tiny, had a flat chest and cursed like a motherfucker. She also had a problem with





personal hygiene. She grabbed my crotch one night as I was dropping her off at home in a car I borrowed from my father. “Get the fuck outta here,” I told her.

**Eve, 1976.** Eve had an old Rambler. She was also the girlfriend of a friend of my brother’s. She drove me home in the Rambler and cut the engine off in front of my house. “You’re the best,” she said to me, reaching for my dinger.

**Phyllis, 1976.** Phyllis was my neighbor. Slightly older than me, she had a great body, smoked cigarettes and drove her own car. We made out against the side of her house one night, accidentally setting off the water sprinkler system, getting soaked. It wasn’t like in the movies at all though. She was pissed. The next day at I saw her watering her front lawn, she ignored me. I never spoke with her again.

**Phyllis’s Sister, 1976.** Funny enough, Phyllis had a sister, a year younger than me. I saw her several months after Phyllis raking the leaves in her front yard. We made out in her father’s tool shed and both got stung by hornets. She became an actress and lives in Hollywood.

**Long Term**

**Suzette, 1976.** I drove Upstate to see Suzette at her summer home on a lake. At midnight she suggested we go skinny dipping. Dripping wet, she took me back into the house (where her parents were sleeping) and we made love on the fold-out bed. In the morning I discovered the blood-stained sheets, but didn’t say a word.

**Rachel, 1976.** Rachel had red hair and breasts the size and demeanor of grapefruits. She was a dream come true. But the relationship ended when she said she thought she was pregnant (she wasn’t). A week later I saw

her holding hands with Robert Krazner, who had his own car.

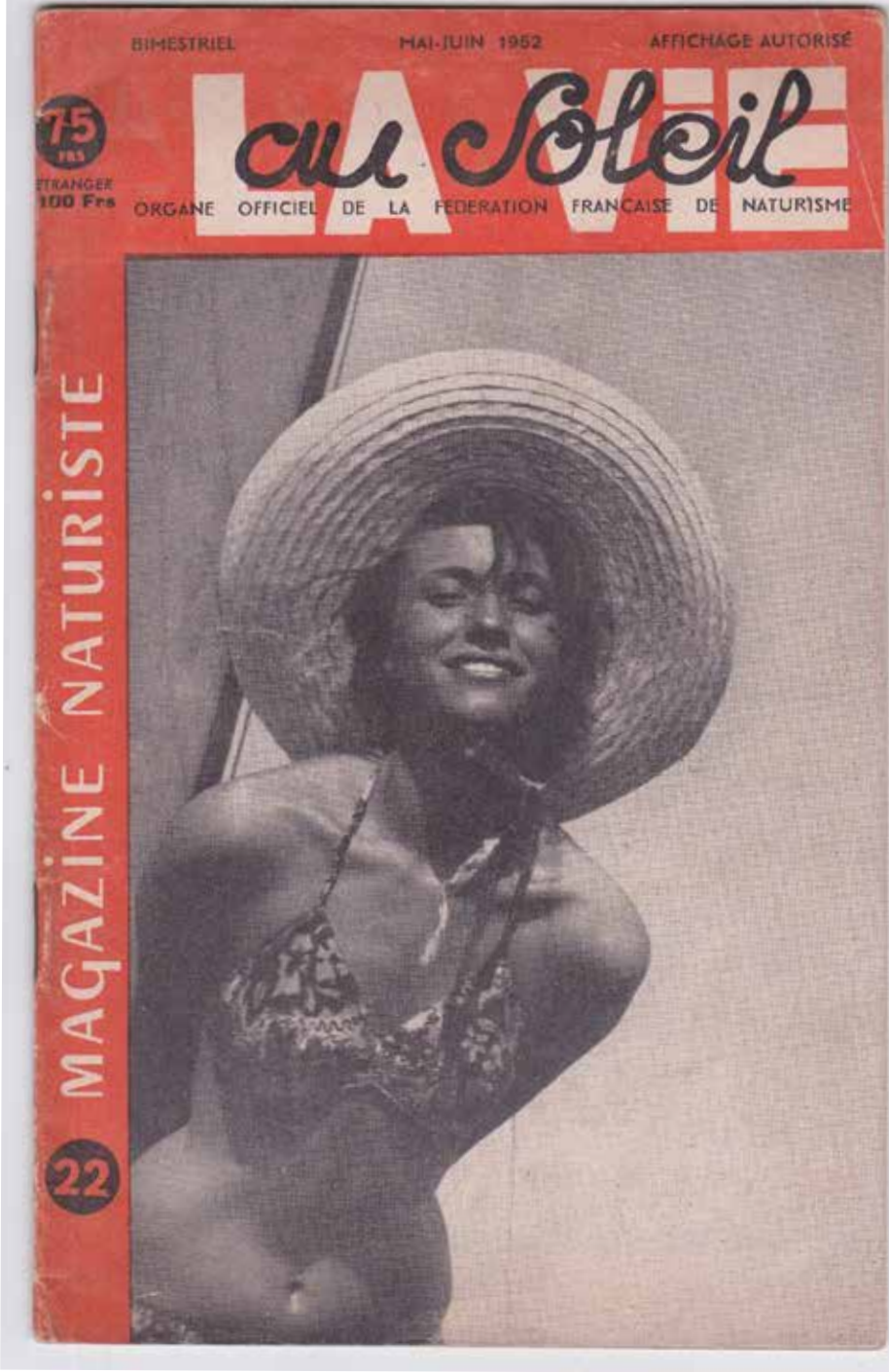
**Rachel, 1978.** My second tour with Rachel did not go very well. It was clear when she begged for my forgiveness for having gone out with Robert Krazner there was something wrong. Yes, it was fun to make out with her again, but I called a friend of mine who knew Krazner really well, and he informed me that Krazner had herpes.

**Barbara, 1979.** Barbara was large breasted with nipples as big as silver dollars with which she tried to mother me. We would lie in her bed after school and she would feed me graham crackers and milk. I dropped crumbs in her bed and began to get fat. Months after I left her, Barbara was still calling me up on the phone asking me to come to her house for dinner or a snack.

**Betty, 1979.** Betty’s main interest was getting high and she would smoke pot from morning ‘til night. After two months of Betty (who didn’t really care how you had sex with her), I discovered she was falling asleep while we were at it, so I left her. Plus, I started to smell like a bong.

**Piper, 1980.** Piper’s dream was to have “seven chubby babies and live on a farm,” so I was always careful with her to wear rubbers. She was quite beautiful with shiny blue eyes, had a big body, loved to eat but developed cancer and died. I spoke at her funeral and hugged her mother and father.

**Cindy, 1981.** Cindy, skinny with blonde hair, was a great girlfriend, she really loved me and wrote me tons of beautiful letters and gave me music cassettes. But Cindy told me after six months she







hated sex because, she said, “my psychiatrist said I am projecting.” She has since become a fundamentalist Christian living in New Mexico. She still sends me post-cards.

**Sally, 1982.** Sally was Piper’s best friend. After Piper’s death, we comforted each other by fucking each other’s brains out. After a month, we both felt we were healed enough to see other people.

**Yael, 1983.** Yael lived on a kibbutz in Israel and had muscles. I met her on a basketball court and she challenged me to a game of one-on-one. (She won). Yael loved screwing in the toilet. She was always trying to get me to fuck her while she was looking at herself in the mirror, or putting on makeup. Once she chipped her tooth on the bathroom sink. Eventually she went back to the kibbutz.

**Hannah, 1984.** Hannah was a great poet, and each time after we had sex, she would write a poem about it, describing her orgasms or the sounds I made, or whether she heard birds or not. Hannah published a book of poetry soon after we broke up (she decided she was a lesbian), called “Heart Attacks.” When I read a copy I couldn’t find a single reference to me.

**Hortense, 1985.** Hortense was the first girl I’d slept with who had read all of Kierkegaard. The first time we did the nasty it was on top of a layer of books and she got paper cuts. The second time was on a carpet and she complained that her coccyx bone was all red (it was). The third time was in the University library and a shelf of books fell down on us. Finally she said, “I really like you but having sex with you is too dangerous.”

**Isabelle, 1986.** Isabelle had a car and money, a small house in the country and a blind dog. She wore bright clothes and smoked menthol cigarettes. Once she wore an outfit that made her look like a bumblebee. We used to fuck energetically on her sofa and would often break the wooden slats. The sofa sank further and further to the point where the blind dog would bump into us on the floor. Finally she got rid of the sofa and got rid of me because I wouldn’t have oral sex with her. Now she’s divorced, has twins and lives in the suburbs.

**Happy, 1987.** Happy was a strange name for this girl who was as melancholy as they make them. Happy was a painter and all her paintings were black. All types of black. She often joked that if I banged her hard enough she might in fact become happy. Happy committed suicide a year after I left her. I wondered if her parents felt guilty about naming her “Happy.” I still have one of her black paintings.

**Mary, 1986 - 1990.** Mary was the pitcher on my softball team. She would come over after the game and take showers with me. She especially liked it when I took a bar of soap and pushed it into her ass. She also liked to have sex in public places. Once she took me in her mouth in the hallway of my apartment building. There was a tomboy tough thing about her, but, oddly enough, she always cried after we made love. Now she’s living in Hong Kong writing romance novels with a political bent.

**Yvonne, 1992.** Yvonne was like a page out of a fairy tale, and it was clear she lived in a fantasy. Yvonne was





on lithium and would get so drunk she said she didn't know what happened the night before. But physically Yvonne was fantastic, and she was always turning me on. After four months, though, Yvonne admitted she had a boyfriend and was getting married in June.

**Millie, 1996 - 2001.** Millie was the love of my life, I was certain of it. Green eyes, red hair, smart, clever and funny, sleeping with Millie was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. She wore tiny red panties, had tits like cantaloupes and would read to me William Burroughs or John Le Carré while we fucked til 5 am. We'd fuck in the kitchen, in the elevator of my building, the moment she came into my apartment, on the dining room table, and once on a long plane trip she sucked me off in my seat. When Millie came she said she saw colors. She introduced me to her mother and father. Then one day she went out for cigarettes (Benson & Hedges 100s) and never came back. Her parents don't know where she is to this day. I think the police are still looking for her.

**Diana, 2001.** After Millie, Diana, Millie's friend called me up. She was sweet and ran an Internet dating service. Married with kids, but with a husband that was cheating on her, she proposed we get together for cocktails at the Howard Johnson's. One thing led to another and we saw each other in stairwells, parked cars, city parks and cheap hotels for about eight months. Then she divorced her husband and moved her kids to split-level on Long Island.

**Princesse5924@hotmail.com,**

**2002.** I don't even know her name. I saw her last night at the Opera. She had hazel eyes, was wearing cinnamon-scented Dolce Vita perfume and spilled a coke on my tuxedo at the bar during intermission. She scribbled down her email for me and said she would pay for the dry cleaning.



軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムとは

軽井沢が陽光に輝く4月、JR軽井沢駅から目抜き通りを真っ直ぐに8分あまりそぞろ歩いた通り沿いに、軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムがオープンしました。この「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、主に日本の戦後から現在までの優れたアートを、新しい視点から日本の現代アートとして再領域化し、国際的な評価にたえうる諸作品を、広く国内外に普及してゆくことを目的として誕生しました。企画展では、世界の第一線で活躍中の日本の現代アートの作家やそのグループ展だけでなく、海外作家も含めて、日本国内のみならず海外からの美術ファンの期待にも応えられるような斬新な切り口の展示を展開していきます。また近年顕著に国際的な評価が高まっている「具体美術協会」に所属した前衛作家たちの作品など、日本の前衛作家の作品を積極的にコレクションしていく方針です。美術館の設計は建築家・西森隆雄によるもので、総ガラス張りをベースにカラマツ林をイメージした白い柱をデザイン的に林立させた構造は、さわやかな高原リゾート地・軽井沢に心地よく溶け込んでいます。この美術館は、2007年に商業施設として建てられたものを新たに美術館として内装のリニューアル工事を行い2012年にオープンいたしました。軽井沢には美術館をはじめとして数多の文化施設がありますが、そうした既存の文化施設、団体の方々も協働し、軽井沢町を国際的な芸術文化の拠点としてさらなる繁栄へと導くことを目指します。また、「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、上記の目的実現のために「軽井沢国際芸術文化都市推進協議会」（略称 KIAC）の後援を受け、地域と連携した様々な活動を展開していきます。

軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム 館長  
松橋英一

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# Self-Portrait on Viagra

By Bryan Lewis Saunders

I took an Excedrin first in order to avoid a possible headache. Then I took a 50mg Viagra pill after eating two frozen waffles. About 40 minutes later it hit me. I got really warm. My head got hot. I had a fluttering type of panic in my chest. I drank a bunch of water and started to draw myself. I got frightened by the intensity of my erection and the nervous panic in my chest and neck muscles. I stopped drawing and started putting my clothes back on thinking I should take a very brisk

walk to expend some nervous energy but then once I put my pants on I got an acclimated feeling. Like I may be OK after all. So I got undressed again and then continued to draw myself. My penis was fluctuating between flaccid and erect but each time it became erect it seemed mightier. It got so intense that it felt like its spirit or will was wanting to rip its way out of my urethra and the neuromuscular tension had enough constant pressure applied so that it felt like my muscle tension was pinning me to the floor. As if it had attached itself to gravity, to the center of the Earth's mass density, and I was stuck in this position feet up. Once I got brave enough to start stimulating myself while drawing these sensory transmissions it felt as if my penis wanted to penetrate itself, like spread its own corona apart like butt cheeks and then slam itself up in there hard! It was intense! The orgasm was mediocre to mild in intensity but a lot of ejaculate was expelled. The refractory period was nonexistent. There wasn't one. I can see how that could be useful to some people but it was not very pleasurable.

*Bryan Lewis Saunders, an artist living and working in Johnson City, Tennessee, was featured in Trouble's "The Drug Issue" in September 2021.*

*See more of Bryan's work on:*  
<http://bryanlewissaunders.org/>

*Facing page:*  
*Daily-Self-Portrait 11/21/17 no. 11,092*  
*Pencil on Paper, 8" x 11"*  
*This page:*  
*50mg Viagra 12/03/17 no. 11105*





*Facing page: Daily Self-Portrait 11/23/17 no. 11,095, Pencil on Paper, 8" x 11"*  
*This page: Erection Study, 2017, Pencil on Paper, 18"x24"*



Coronaville Episode 1 "If I Get Corona, I Get Corona."



# «Coronaville»

A Dystopian Comic Book Opera

**Matthew Rose**

«Coronaville is my comic opera of the pandemic, produced during the quarantine in Paris in the Spring of 2020. There are 40 episodes made during 40 days and 40 nights. Coronaville captures the self-dealing and double-speak of (mostly) American politicians who have diasterously and criminally mismanaged the Coronavirus pandemic.»

Coronaville is wicked, an acid romp through the cult minds and neighborhoods of Trump World.  
Coronaville is the dark comic opera of our times.

Matthew Rose is an American artist and writer living in Paris.  
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## Sojourn of a Burning Sun

In the heat of a helpless deed  
The universe gave way.  
Separated from the swelling see came rolling in a single wave.  
In the warmth of the mothers womb, in the web of what's to come.  
Soon the days when the flowers bloom.  
In the sojourn of a burning sun

In the darkness a groom and bride, in the light of a crescent moon.  
As the children play seek and hide. The stars will shine here soon.  
Our lungs they are breathing life and our hearts are beating drums.  
In the week of a static splash, the sojourn of a burning sun.

In the cauldron of all that is, on the altar of our hearts.  
Everything that has ever blazed must have started from a spark.  
In the shadows of the night, the bottom of the rung.  
The friction of the atmosphere, the sojourn of a burning sun.

—Daniel Rodriguez, singer, songwriter, founder *Elephant Revival*





## Don't Say DiSantis

Art & text by Jack Ryalls

**Part I:** Florida governor Ron DiSantis challenges the mask mandate of the public school system on the grounds of 'personal freedoms.' This measure immediately captures the attention of the international press. School systems have become less safe public spaces as children are no longer required to wear masks. It is just those children whose parents also refuse to vaccinate who are not wearing masks. The personal freedom of the other students and teachers to attend and work school in a somewhat safer environment has apparently been overlooked. Concerned Parents' rights groups challenge the measure in a series of lawsuits, but in the meantime, masking cannot be enforced at a time when Covid numbers are spiking. Since younger children are not being vaccinated, alarming numbers of them are being seen in the emergency rooms of hospitals and dying. DiSantis' challenge can thus be viewed as a 'baby killing measure.'



**Part II:** DiSantis formulates the "Don't say gay" law which forbids teaching anything about homosexuality in the public elementary school systems. This occurs at a time when the rights of transsexual athletes to play sports on the teams of their aspired gender are being challenged and lost around the world. The international press interprets the measure as the mere mention of the word 'gay' will be illegal in the State of Florida. Fueled by rhetoric that children are being exposed to 'pornographic material' in the education systems and innuendos of 'pedophilia,' the law is passed in the largely red state.





**Part III:** Disney Corporation publicly criticizes the law. Disney has only adopted a pro-LGBT stance after decades of protest—especially by their large contingent of gay and lesbian ‘cast members.’ It should be born in mind that Disney initially resisted hosting ‘gay days’ at their theme parks. Earliest ‘Gay Days’ were not officially sanctioned by Disney, but they could not forbid the gathering of this minority on certain days of their choosing.



**Part IV:** DiSantis works in the legislature to revoke Disney’s ‘special status.’ When Disney first set up in Florida in the early 1970s, they were granted a status in which they were not incorporated into any municipality, allowing them a huge tax incentive. No wonder, perhaps, that it is known as the ‘happiest place on earth.’ While it is deplorable that such a huge corporation receives tax breaks like this, which should be illegal, it is even worse that a single political figure can remove them in a blatant punitive measure. Such are the mad political machinations in Florida. Revocation of this special status is estimated to cost Disney many millions of dollars annually and they have filed suit.

*Jack Ryalls is a retired neurolinguist and speech pathologist living in Florida. He is currently engaged in making art, raising mini goats and riding the crazy politics that has upended Florida. His instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/ryallsjack/>*



# Off the Wall: Arles, Paris Summer 2022

Sex, love, God, wifi and uncommon psychology find their poetic voices posted and pasted -- short photo essay of graffiti in Arles and Paris. The art of messaging wanderers remains strong in one of France's oldest cities. One of the most curious messages is this red spray paint statement: IDFIX. That translates more clearly to "idée fixe," which refers to an obsession or a passion one fixates on. Nice to see one of France's most famous graffiti artists MISSTIC (mystique) works emblazoned on one of Arles' sun-washed walls. It's been a nice vacation for the eyes and the mind here in the South of France with a quick visit to Paris' Buttes aux Cailles (75013)

– Ich Von Yich







Photo















## WILLIE'S WINE CAMP: A MASTERGLASS

Know the difference between a *tire bouchon* and *longue en bouche*? How about *tête de Cuvée* and a *mal à la tête*? If not, Willie's Wine Camp is for you! Six weeks in the rolling vineyards of Burgundy with our wine masters is all that's between you and understanding the subtleties of *cracher* and Montrachet and when rot is Noble and when it's simply not. Get *bourré*d on *borru* and see how jojoba oil is crucial when discovering how *sec* leads to sex. Develop a truffle pig's nose by tasting some of the finest vintages in the world and you too can spot the *Premier Crus* among all those *ordinaires*.

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# Writing by Nathan D. Horowitz

## Reading Your Book of Poems

Reading your book of poems,  
I remember lying with you on our clothes

On the wooded slope overlooking the lake.  
No bugs to trouble us,

Just sunset light gilding everything a  
Peaceful shade of orange: your tawny skin,

Your hair the color of goldfish scales,  
Your pink nipples like pinecone tips.

You were on your period, and you let me  
Dip my finger and taste your blood,

Warm, dark, salty,  
Like your poems I now read.

## Porn for the Blind

I'm in the home of a friend who has some recently invented porn for the blind. It's a couple of dolls, a bit like Barbie and Ken but extremely lifelike to the touch. He's dark and muscly, she blonde and slender. The user turns them on and they have sex. The user places one hand on them and the other on his or her naughty bits. My friend turns them on to show me how it works. I watch them for a moment. We're heading out. I say, "You better turn them off, because when they're finished, they're going to be hungry."

## Friendly Leftists

In a strange city, I miss my train because I can't read the ticket, so I wander into a big house full of friendly leftists. I meet a woman and we decide to indulge our mutual attraction. In a dark room, we roll around stroking each other. Soon I realize she's not here anymore and it's actually two gay men rolling around stroking me. I sit up. "Where is she?" "Oh, she'll be back in a minute, she just went out to campaign for Bernie Sanders, and Bernie Sanders' campaign is about to be so over!"

## Quackenbush

Grinning, she whispers in my ear: "It's me! Quackenbush!" She's drop-dead gorgeous. I play along, listening, suspicious. She's come to work here at this outdoor workshop where we print posters to advertise books. Without revealing I don't remember her, I listen. She refers to the time we were lovers. She refers to our plan to meet again. She caresses me, expresses delight at finding me. With a name like Quackenbush, I should remember her, right? Have I forgotten a crucial chapter of my life? Is she a stranger trying to scam me? The director of the workshop points out that the paint that has randomly spilled in front of the printing press makes a better composition than most of the posters. Quackenbush pulls me aside to where we can have some privacy and whispers to me again. "No," I say, "I don't have a condom. Would you just suck my left nipple?" She does. Now it doesn't matter if I knew her before.

## Black Sunflower

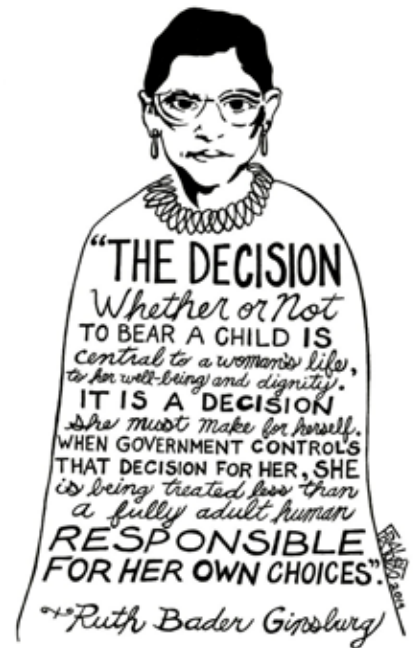
*Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun:  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the travellers journey is done.*

The mating dance of the gay Black academic writer involved a spectacular singing of William Blake's "Sun-flower" and a recitation of a poem of his own about him and a red-haired alabaster-skinned youth getting it on in a barn, mirroring each other like yin and yang. These gestures were beautiful but I couldn't see myself standing in for the alabaster youth, and when Don played with my nipples they got hard, but nothing happened, you know, down there. His brown fingers might as well have been a cool breeze.

He took the rejection in stride,  
didn't treat me any differently afterward, just stopped hitting on me. Later, in another context, he complimented me: "Nathan, you're a strong, young Black man."

He told me he'd been raised by his grandma who said, during his adolescence, and not disapprovingly, but to contextualize him within the family, "You're like your uncle. He's always runnin' around with some white man."

Don drove me and three other acolytes





to see Toni Morrison read in Detroit,  
then picked a fight with her at the book table afterward  
about her reluctance to support gay Black male writers.

Despite what his friends said at the trial years later,  
he had a feisty side. Don't we all?  
He didn't like the service he got  
in a restaurant one day, suspected racism,  
and told the waiter,  
"You can suck the shit out of my butt –  
I'll provide the straw." I've always appreciated the terse  
grossness of that phrase. Everything a poet says  
is poetry, is it not?

Ten years ago, weary of time,  
and hoping to say hi to him, I googled Don Belton  
and learned he'd been murdered  
by a young, white Iraq War veteran  
with whom he'd had a drunk, stoned fuck.  
Stabbed twenty-one times  
with a knife that had menaced insurgents in Fallujah.  
Perfect storm of homophobia, lust, and PTSD.  
Perp is in prison, his son growing up fatherless.  
There must be a good way to put this in a poem.  
I haven't worked it out yet.

*Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:  
Arise from their graves and aspire,  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.*

### No, I Wasn't in Love with You Very Much Back Then

The trucks that roared all night in your eyebrows! The blue spines on the side of your tongue!  
How could anyone love a creature like that? The notion is laughable. And yet, I tried. The eyes  
that sprouted on your eyes! The tongues that wagged on your tongue, telling vicious gossip!  
The sharp bones you jabbed me with to keep me awake, while, writhing on my penis, you tried  
to come before I wilted like a delinquent lily! The undertow that could suck me into one of  
your pupils without warning during a conversation about the denizens of the café and leave  
me struggling, trapped, my feet kicking the air like a man half-devoured by a shark. The way  
it was possible – in that ugly, nameless month that squatted between the end of October and  
the beginning of November – for me to throw a basketball up your left nostril and listen to it  
rattle through the tin labyrinth of your skull for six hours – six full hours! – before dropping out  
your right nostril covered in faded postage stamps from so-called "developing countries." No,  
I didn't love you very much back then. But, perhaps, love you I did. Sometimes you seemed

an Alice-in-Wonderland monster. The way your feet were sweaty hands gripping my ankles,  
your navel a train tunnel, your left eye a bluebird singing songs I couldn't follow, your right  
eye a ferret with a bloody mouth from biting my mistakes. The way your eyelids were pale  
citrus peels and your cheeks road signs saying "STOP" and "YIELD," though sometimes they  
seemed deliberately misspelled. Your chin was the forehead of an upside-down beluga whale.

Your gas was unleaded and your own forehead a map and your legs cro-  
cuses and your hair a dirty mop. Was it dark blonde? Was it light  
brown? Was there red in it? Did it matter? No, I wasn't in love  
with you very much back then. The way you left hungry demons  
and snail tracks inside my dad's Honda Accord. The way you  
melted cherries with a desk lamp when we simply met for soup  
and naked poetry. No.



But you brought me up a mountain on a spiral path. Yes.  
Yes, you brought me up a mountain on a spiral path so I  
could photograph the surroundings. Yes, only so I could  
photograph the surroundings. And I think I loved  
you then, when you held my hand. Yes, I think I  
loved you then. And we commented on the tulips.  
Yes, the tulips. We admired them and their stateli-  
ness and their majesty: the way they were always  
urging humans to be better. And, yes, I said yes, I  
said hell yes, fuck yes, oh yeah, bite me there, bite me  
hard. If my memory serves me correctly, I loved you  
then, when you bit me hard.

But cell phones hadn't been invented yet. No, they hadn't.  
They certainly hadn't been invented. And I had no camera, no. The only pho-  
tography I did that day was with the fleshy cameras of my eyes. Yes, I looked around with the  
fleshy cameras of my eyes. And I touched you with the seismographs of my hands. Yes, I did.  
Virtually everywhere. And I saw the landscape of you through the apertures of my pupils, and I  
photographed it: I photographed your mountains and rivers with the fleshy cameras of my eyes.  
Well, I wasn't in love with you very much back then. But I photographed you – yes, I photo-  
graphed you – with the fleshy cameras of my eyes, and I read you with the seismographs of my  
hands, and now, when I try to sleep, or write, or shower, or shave, or any one of the other mil-  
lion things I do, my body reverberates with all the terrifying, loving, monstrous tremors of you!

### The Spirit Lover: A translation of an Amazonian folktale

They say a Siekopai shaman went out in the forest and visited a spirit called the Horá. Then  
the shaman went home. That night, the Horá followed his trail and, in the dark, lay down next  
to the shaman's wife in her hammock. The spirit tried to make love to her, but she pushed him  
off and he crept away.





# BELLE et BEAU

Galerie d'art contemporain  
14 rue de Grille 13200 Arles, France  
[instagram.com/belle.beau.arles](https://www.instagram.com/belle.beau.arles)

She thought he must have been one of the men who lived in the multi-family house she lived in. To find out who he was, she went alone to her garden, a little way into the forest, thinking he would follow her there to try to seduce her. But no-one came. The Horá only came back that night. This time, she gave him what he wanted. They made love in silence, and before dawn, he crept away. She kept thinking he was one of the other men who lived in the house, because when he arrived, he would dress in human clothing, and he would paint his face with achiote like the Siekopai do, so he smelled like a human. Three nights the mysterious figure made love to her.

Then the woman said to her husband the shaman, “Let’s switch hammocks tonight.” She wanted her husband to discover this strange man. She went to sleep in her husband’s hammock and he in hers. Around midnight, the shaman felt a man lie down in the hammock alongside him. The shaman jumped up, grabbed a stick, and clubbed the man on the head. Silently, the Horá struggled to escape and made it outside the door of the hut before the shaman killed him with another blow to the head. No-one else had awakened. The shaman returned to the hammock and sat in the dark, waiting.

At three in the morning, some other people in the multi-family house started to rise, feed wood to their hearth fires, drink their yocó caffeinated bark infusion, and begin their pre-dawn work of twining chambira palm fiber into string for hammocks and fishing line. The shaman watched, silently, wondering which of his neighbors was the man he had killed. But one by one, all the neighbors rose. Not one was missing. At four-thirty, the shaman called out, “My friends, are we all here?”

“Yes, we’re all here,” they said.

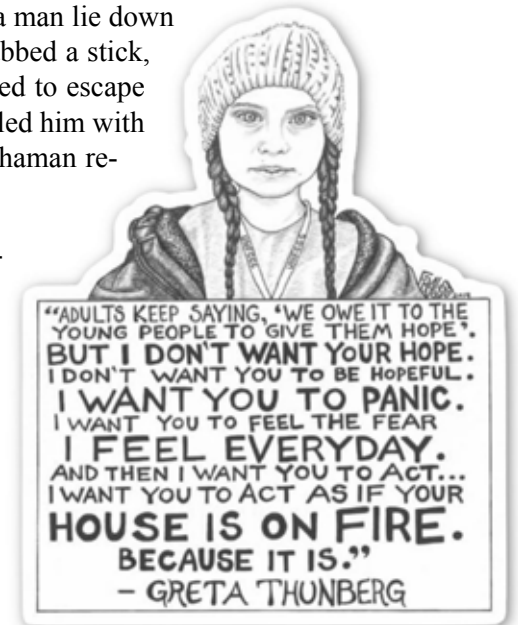
“Then go see who’s lying dead outside the hut,” he said.

They found the Horá’s corpse out there, looking strange, with hairy arms and legs. The shaman said to his wife, “You slept with him, didn’t you?” People say the shaman didn’t hit her, only spoke angrily to her.

Afterwards, the shaman said, “I’m going to throw his corpse in the river and let it rot there.” But his friends said, “Don’t do that. It’ll foul up the river. We’ll end up eating the fish that eat the corpse. Let’s get rid of it in the forest.” They all tied the Horá’s body to a pole and carried it into the forest and chopped it up and left it to rot there.

Some days after that, the shaman’s wife missed a period, and nine months later, she gave birth to a baby boy. As soon as the cord was cut, the shaman nailed the infant with a spear and threw his body in the river.

*(Fernando Payaguaje, translated into Spanish by Jorge Lusitande, in Maria Susana Cipolletti, Aipe Coca, 1988, translated into English by NDH)*







# Sarah de Teliga

Paintings : Still Lives of the Ordinary

Image: Pour Belle, 2021, oil on board

[www.instagram.com/sdeteliga/](https://www.instagram.com/sdeteliga/)

## The Siekopai Woman Who Wanted a Male Tapir: A translation of an Amazonian folktale

In the old days, there lived a young Siekopai woman who wanted to find a male tapir. Every time the tapir hunters returned from a hunt, they returned with a female. She would always ask what sex the animal was. “Female,” the hunter would say, and she would go back home. When she heard that a male had been killed, she went to the hunter and asked him to cut off the animal’s member and give it to her. He did. She hung it above her fire to dry. Later, she dug a hole in front of the fire and put in the member, then covered the hole with palm leaves. She sat down to weave palm fronds into adornments: bracelets, armbands, and bands for her legs.

The story tells that the brother and sister-in-law of that woman heard her burst out laughing. “What is my sister laughing about?” asked the brother. “She’s alone. Why is she laughing like that?” After her husband spoke like that, his wife went to see what was happening with the young woman. “It’s nothing,” she thought. She asked, “What are you laughing about?” “I’m just laughing because I’m making mistakes as I’m weaving these palm fronds, that’s all,” she answered.

The sister-in-law sat down to weave with the young woman. But the moment she sat down, she felt a strange movement underneath where she was sitting. She stood up. She saw something stuck in the earth and she called her husband: “Come look what your sister is doing.”

Her husband came to see, and there it was, the animal’s member, inside the hole, stuck in the ground. The man buried it with his axe, scraping dirt on top of it and smashing it down. He said to his sister, “You’re crazy! Why do you do these things that people don’t do?”

Time passed and the young woman said she was pregnant. But more time passed and nothing happened. A year went by. This had gone on too long. So her brother said to her, “Let’s go cut ungurahua palm fruit.”

The two of them went out into the forest. He climbed high up an ungurahua palm and chopped at one of its limbs laden with fruit. The limb fell, crushing and killing his pregnant sister. The weight of the limb made her belly burst open.

He shimmied down the tree, terrified because he had killed his sister. He saw his dead sister and also saw some worm-like creatures that were trying to climb the tree. Frightened, he chopped their heads off, then ran home. There, he said to his wife, “The ungurahua limb crushed my sister. She’s dead. I saw what she had inside her. She was full of worms.”

Time passed. The man said, “I’m going to gather up my little sister’s bones so I can bury them.” He went back to the place, but he couldn’t find the bones. Nearby, he saw that someone had cut down some trees. He heard a characteristic sound of someone building a house: a machete chopping wood. He said to himself, “Is there a village here?” He approached the sound. Soon, he saw his sister, alive and well, with a husband: the tapir’s member had transformed into a man. This man said to the recent arrival, “Welcome, brother-in-law!” Right at that moment, some children appeared and greeted their uncle. They were the worms whose heads he had



chopped off. Generally, they lived as earthworms, but they had come out to see the visitor.

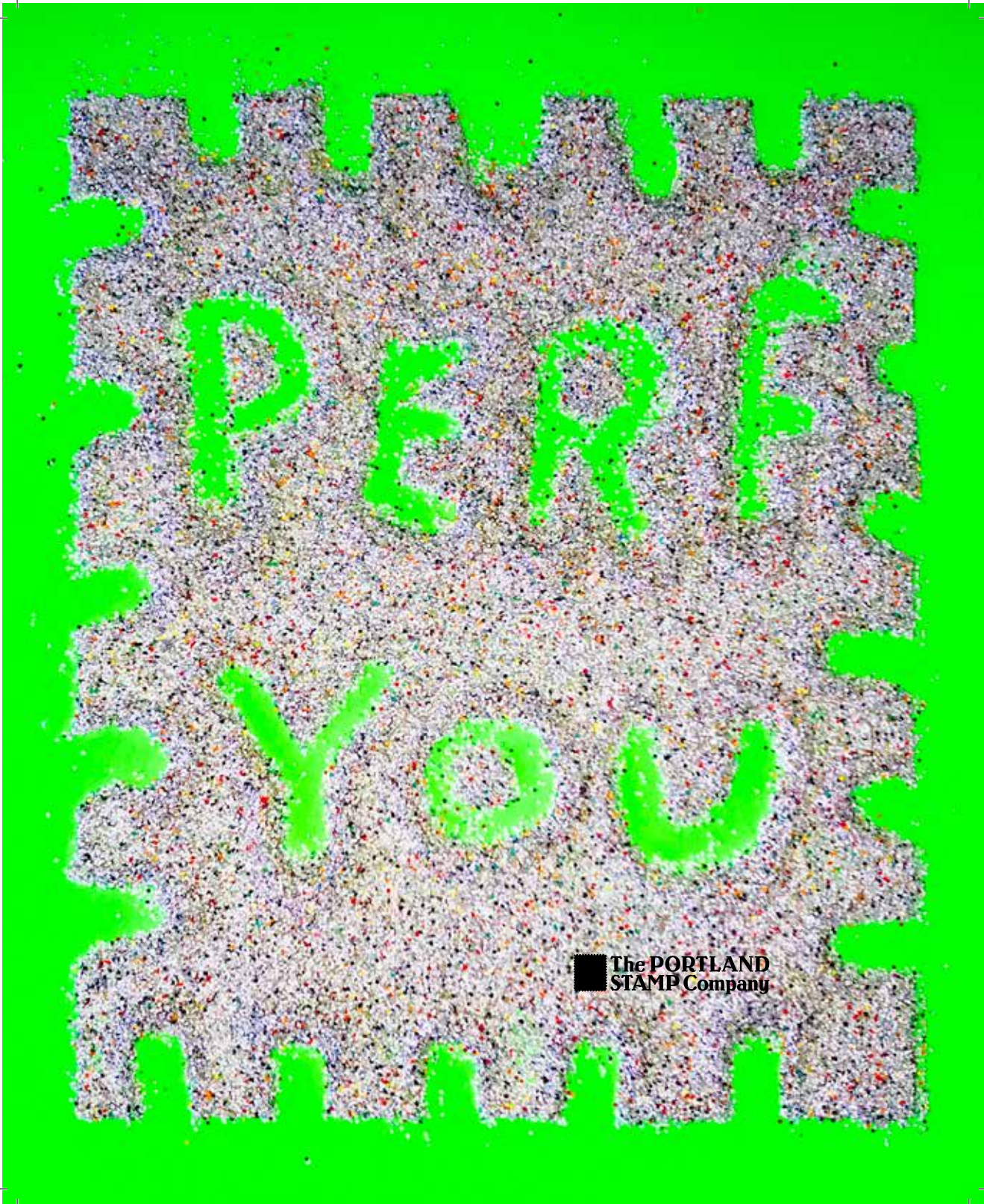
Their mother told them, “You’re not humans! Get back in the ground! And stay in there!” They disappeared back into the earth.

The story tells that that’s the origin of that kind of worm: they were born from the union of the woman and the man who had been a tapir’s member. They are worms and they are also people, and they have gone to the other world. We call those people the Wasiyeo Pai, the Earthworm People.

When he came back home, the man told his wife about the people he had seen out there. “My sister and her husband are going to invite us to drink ayahuasca with them. Then, we’ll invite them to drink ayahuasca with us.” And that’s what happened.

*(Told by Erlinda Piaguaje, in Ruth Moya, Requiem Por Los Espejos y Los Tigres, 1992, translated into English by NDH)*

Born and raised in Michigan, writer/teacher/translator/proofreader Nathan D. Horowitz has a BA in English and an MA in Applied Linguistics. After four years in Latin America and fifteen in Austria, he lives with his wife and daughter in Baltimore, Maryland. He is the author of two volumes of creative nonfiction about Ecuadorian ayahuasca shamanism and the translator of three volumes of Ecuadorian fiction, one volume of Venezuelan poetry, and the autobiography of the last shaman-chief of the Siekopai people of the Amazon Rainforest. Despite living in Maryland for a year and a half, he hasn’t yet tried the crab.



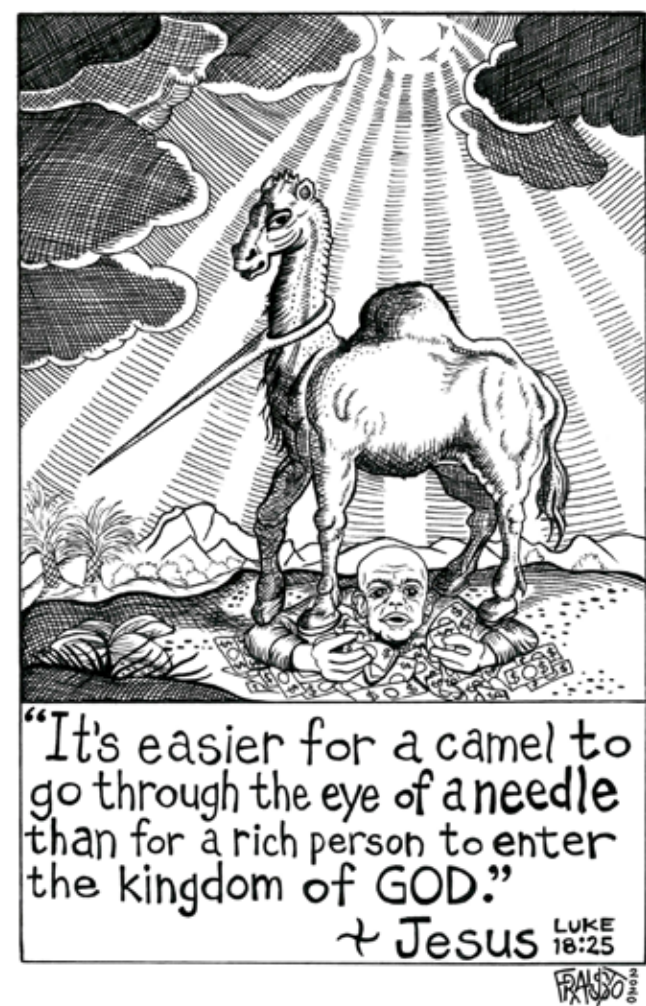
The PORTLAND  
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RICK FRAUSTO

Rick Frausto is an LA-based artist and activist known for his evocative pen and ink illustrations. Rick tells Trouble that his mission is to expand awareness around the critical issues of our time, with a focus on racial equality, social justice, and earth stewardship. He’s been commissioned to create custom works of art for the likes of The Smithsonian, Audi, Vanity Fair editor/stylist Lisa Eisner, photographer Bruce Weber, and actress Leisha Hailey. He’s exhibited at the L.A. Municipal Art Gallery, Long Beach Museum of Art, La Luz De Jesus Gallery L.A., Hive Gallery L.A., Lois Lambert Gallery at Bergamot Station in Santa Monica, The Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, Watts Towers Cultural Center, and others. His work has been featured in Elle Magazine, Psychology Today, and Viper Magazine, to name a few.

We’ve selected a number of his line and text drawings. You’ll find them throughout the issue. Contact Rick here if you’d like to see his originals, prints, and environmentally-friendly stickers: *Instagram: [instagram.com/rickfrausto/](https://www.instagram.com/rickfrausto/) and [rickfrausto.com](https://rickfrausto.com)*



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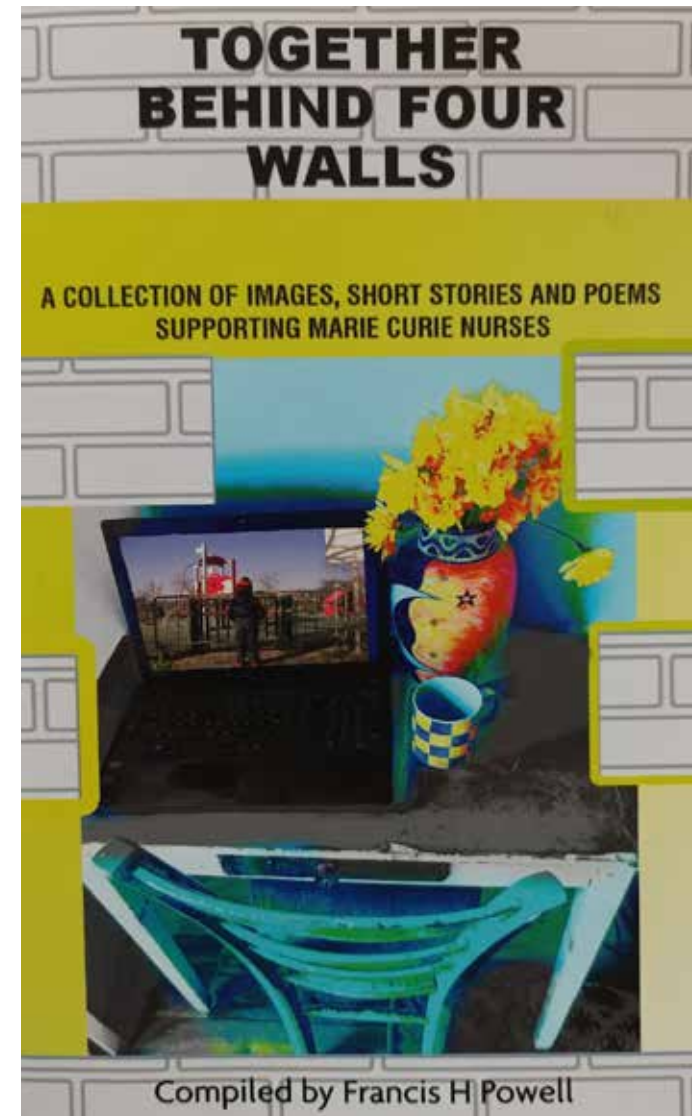
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## Together Behind Four Walls

Compiled by  
Francis H. Powell

«Together Behind Four Walls is a collection of short stories, poems and images by writers, artists and poets who decided to express their feelings about life during the Covid 19 pandemic. What I liked about this book was that you got to read about people's different experiences and feelings. This book really makes you think about what we have all been experiencing and how differently we have been affected. The proceeds from sales of this book are going to Marie Curie nurses who continued their fantastic work during this hard time.»

-@BookAddictNaomi



Au Revoir  
Au Revoir  
Au Revoir  
Au Rev  
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Au R  
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A

## Au Revoir

trouble and its editors and contributors  
dedicate this fifth issue to all those  
who have recently left the planet.

Thomas Weyr; Kelly Zinkowski; Edward Forget  
Emy Phelps; Duncan Hannah; Philip Baker Hall  
Ray Liotta; Taylor Hawkins; Jerry Uelsmann; Lee Kelly;  
Kelly Joe Phelps; Klaus Schulze; Ronnie Hawkins;  
Gilbert Gottfried; Fred Ward; Vangelis; Alan White  
Cynthia Plaster Caster (Cynthia Albritton)



Photo: Cynthia Plaster Caster / Facebook





t r o u b l e

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