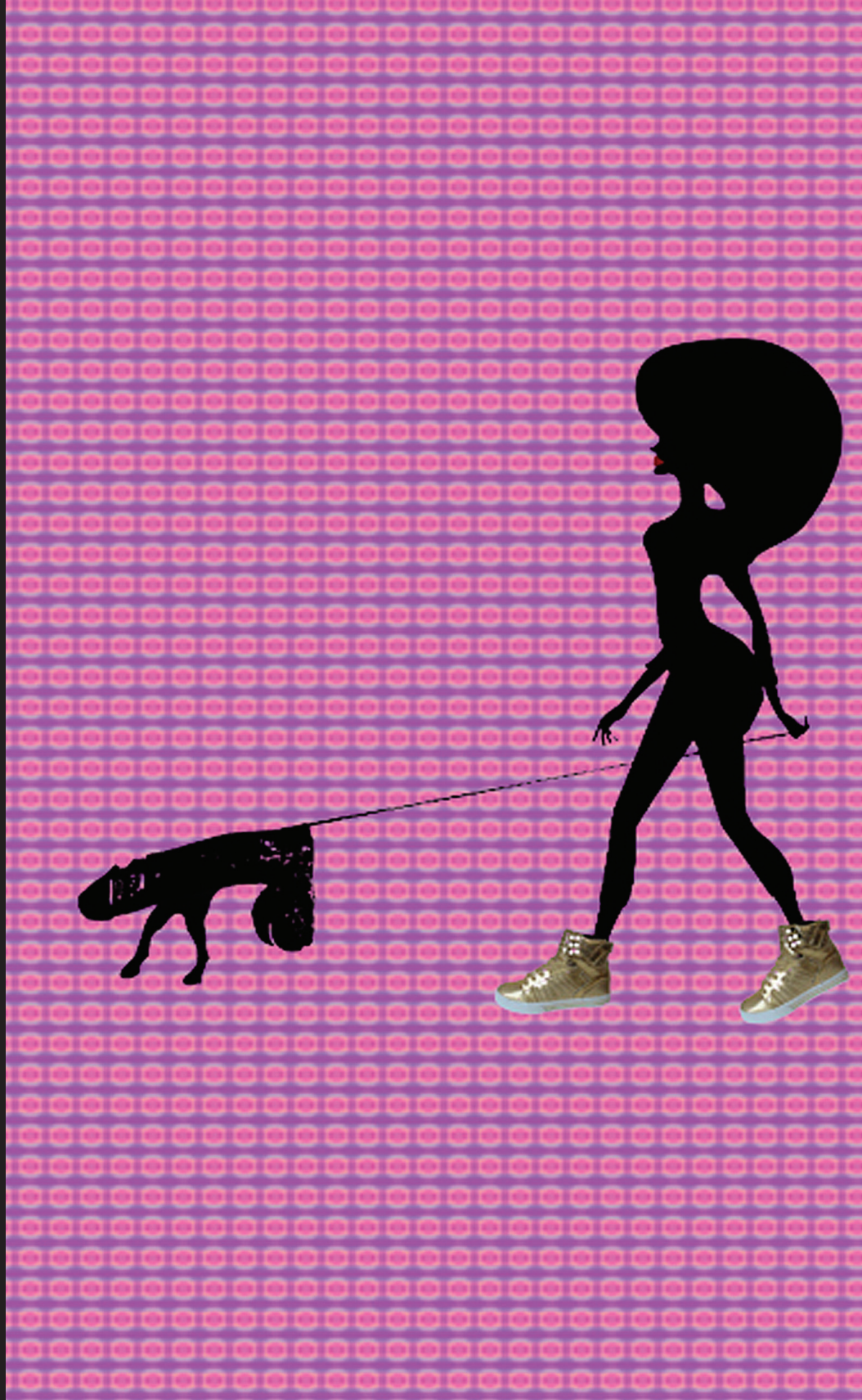
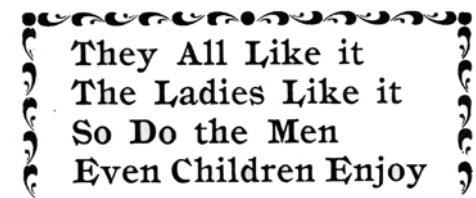




onestar press shelly silver what i know about penises



A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral patterns at the corners and midpoints.

They All Like it  
The Ladies Like it  
So Do the Men  
Even Children Enjoy










## What I Know About Penises









Shelly Silver  
onestar press

# Contents

		a long one	9
1.		(the average size)	11
2.		I once loved	13
3.	<i>Drawing</i>		15
4.	 	I used to	17
5.	 	the French	19
6.	 	DREAM/BRAIN/MISSILE	21
7.	<b>Zizi</b>		22
8.		(How much can one remember?)	24
9.	 	tightwhitepantsman	27
10.		A Friend	29

11.		(drink)	31
12.	<b>n o</b>	The Riddle/Size	33
13.		Early Trauma	37
		<i>Tunica Albuginea</i>	39
14.		craigslist.org	43
15.		diffident	47
16.		CHRIST	50
		interlude	57
17.		Circumcision	59
		Isaac ben Yediah	64
18.		Displacement	67

19.		Continued	69
20.		“quotes”	70
21.		Prediction	76
22.	<b>Meat</b> 		79
23.		flipper	82
24.		Remember	86

#### Addendum:

Dennis Adams, Ronnie Bass, Zoe Beloff, Sanford Biggers, Andrea Blum, Bruce High Quality Foundation, Robert Buck, Lydia Conklin, Anna Craycroft, Jackie Sibblies Drury, Rochelle Feinstein, Rainer Ganahl, Grady Gebracht, Gran Fury, Cassandra X. Guan, Barbara Hammer, Ellen Harvey, Kathy High, Emily Jacir, Jon Kessler, Dirk Lebahn, Young Jean Lee, Nora Ligorano, Pam Lins, Charles Long, M+M, Maureen McLane, Eline McGeorge, John Miller, Ulrike Müller, Eugene Ostashevsky, Jessica Ann Peavy, Jenny Perlin, Steve Reinke, Aura Rosenberg, Julia Scher, Mira Schor, Lior Shvil, Amy Sillman, Gabriel Silver, Gwen Smith, Michael Smith, Haim Steinbach, River Steinbach, Steel Stillman, Elisabeth Subrin, Kunie Sugiura, Terese Svoboda, Brian Teare, Momoyo Torimitsu, Thomas Witschonke, Bruce Yonemoto, Monica Youn, Akram Zaatari, Florian Zeyfang

## What I Know About Penises

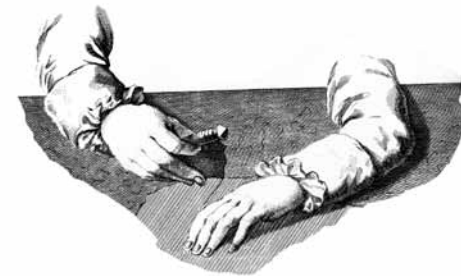
This was a long one, with a bend noticeably to the right.

It was my first time getting a clear look at it; up to this point we had been in semi-darkness or under the covers or I wasn't paying attention or wasn't supposed to pay attention. It looked sad (problem).

How can a penis look sad? Hair at the base, a line running around the middle of the shaft where the foreskin might have been. The bottom skin was dark, the top light, as if the racial divide had happened horizontally in space.

I thought, 'What would it be like to be a penis?' and stopped myself from separating out the part from the whole. What would it be like to have one? There was a silence. The penis was shriveled now, and looked sadder, though I know it was nothing of the sort.

I got to the job at hand.





1) The average size of a penis is 5.9 inches when erect. The largest natural human penis ever recorded was 11 inches. The largest penis in the animal kingdom is 11 feet. Odors that increase blood flow to the penis are lavender, licorice, chocolate, pumpkin pie and donuts. Donuts.





2) I once loved a man for his penis. It was long, elegantly proportioned, with clean lines and firmly hard when erect which was often. It was uncomplicated; the man was not.

After we broke up I'd get pangs of regret; I would never see or experience his penis again. The man is married now and has two daughters. When I was with him he was working for NASA. Now he's a gynecologist.





3) It's easy to draw a penis.\*



\*see Addendum

4) I used to receive, like everyone else, between 10 and 20 e-mails about my penis size. People who sent me these had unlikely names, like Carol I. Pate, Melanie Root, Sybill Gregg, Minerva K. Smithie and Stewart E. Flowers. The e-mails took the tone of a friend of a friend; enthusiastic, encouraging and often grammatically unusual. They never used the word penis, referring instead to “love stick,” “trouser python,” “Joyrangybodypart.”

One e-mail informed me:

“A small willy makes a man feel diffident.”

Diffident comes from the Latin diffidere “to mistrust.”

*Meaning (adj.):* Reserved, unassertive. Hesitant in acting or speaking through a lack of self confidence.

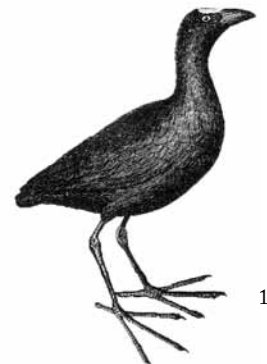


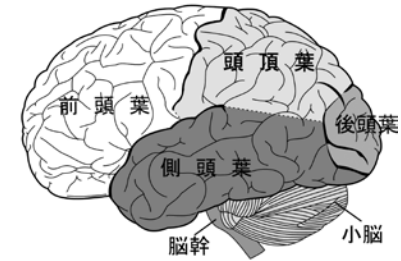
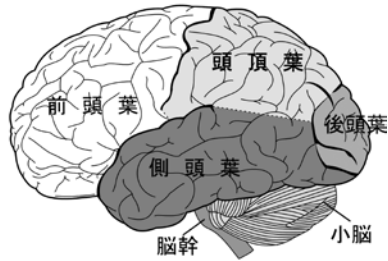
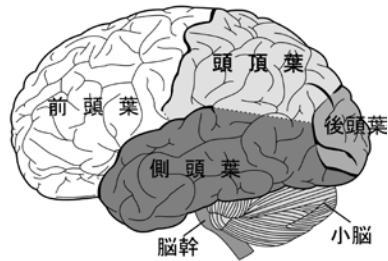
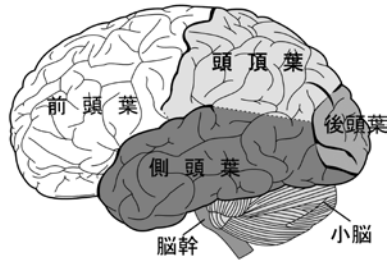
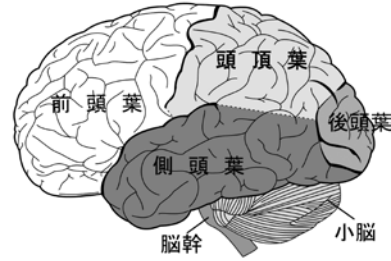
Now I get 10 to 20 e-mails about Viagra.  
A shift from space to time.





5) The French have the most slang words for penis. (Why is this?) Among them, in translation: asparagus, cigar, cigar with moustache, chimney sweeper, comma, fish, flute, large bald person with turtleneck, tire changer, leek, Jesus, maggot, painful one, radish, saxophone with moustache, sausage, small bird, soldier, spaghetti, sparrow, thing, tiny, tongue, weasel, missile, zizi.





6) Dream. I'm sitting at a large beige table in a corporate conference room filled with unknown people. It's hot – I'm naked except for a pair of dirty yellow socks.

I'm having trouble breathing. I want to leave the room, but my pathetically exposed sweating body won't move. My frustration level is such that I feel like my head might explode. I sit at the table and close my eyes imagining my head exploding in a set of images resembling a Roger Corman movie. Brains the consistency of tapioca. This calms me down.

Other things happen, which I won't write down here.

A person comes up behind me and puts her/his hand on the back of my neck and rubs (distracting, not unpleasurable), I overhear two people talking about work (prostitution). I say to no one in particular, "I have to take a shower," surprised by the sound of my own voice.

A tall fat man starts screaming what sounds like "Eck, Eck, Eck;" a missile is coming directly towards the floor-to-ceiling glass windows. People scramble to get out, shouting, crying, a smell of perspiration and piss. The room is empty except for me, and the man/woman with the hand on my neck who is rubbing; irritating. Before we die in a burst of glass and light, I wake up. How can people dream such shit.

7) I had a friend named Zizi once.



8) How much can one remember about sex? I am left with memories like “felt good” “went on for too long” “never again” “nice” “sweaty and nice” “felt great but was still somehow nauseating and will never do it again.” “Cold.” “Small black pebbles attached to ass when I stood up.” “Almost got caught.” “Got caught.” “Little daughter of our host, mouth open, staring from the doorway. How long has she been standing there?” “White dog growling.”





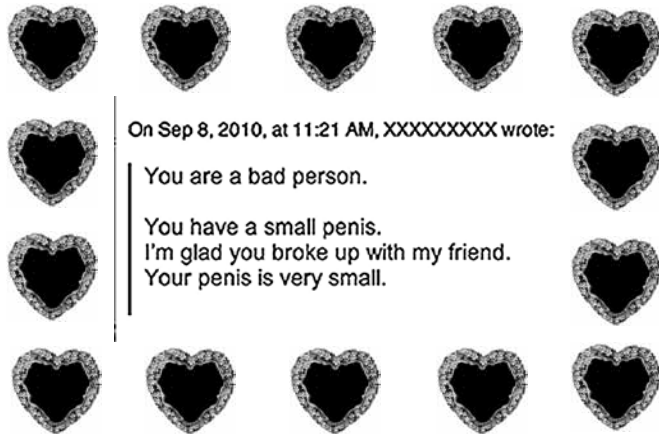
9) I was on the A train sitting across from a man with tight white knit pants. He had an enormous penis, which the pants delineated well; it reached at least mid-thigh. This was the 80's when everything was closer to the surface in New York.

Tightwhitepantsman sat with his legs spread and seemed to be staring straight at me. I remember wondering if his penis was hard and deciding that it wasn't. How large would it become when engorged? What was he thinking when I was thinking this?

We rode this way, together, face to face, for 6 stops. Did he see me looking at him? Of course. The brakes screeched, the lights went out, the train stopped. I turned my head to verify, 42nd Street. When I turned back, he was gone. Instantly. Replaced by a fat child, a boy with ugly pudgy knees eating a cruller.



10) A friend – I won't mention his name for obvious reasons, told me he recently received the following haiku-like email:



He says he didn't break up with her. She broke up with him, breaking his heart, leaving him sleepless night after night watching his bedroom wall turn from black to white.

He says he knows of at least two other guys who have received the exact same email.

He says he's a reasonable 6 ½ inches when provoked. I did not verify.

11) So you're having a drink with someone after already having had several drinks with this person. Say he's at your apartment, not actually your apartment but an apartment you happen to be staying in in a foreign country, alone. He's not from this country or your country; he's from a tiny country with only a few hundred thousand inhabitants where the women are named in relationship to their mothers and the men to their fathers. He is earnest, he looks up to you (you don't like this), he is only slightly taller than you (you like this). He suffers from depression, but you don't know this now. His face is round with curly hair, a fat nose, crinkly smiling eyes, an older cherub. He wears beige shorts and a plaid button-down shirt which is not tucked in and he is arguing with you gently, trying to convince you to sleep with him. These arguments rarely work, but you can't tell him that. It goes back and forth, the discussion which started flirtatiously is now flattening repetitive dull. So you drink a little more, watching. He is far younger than you. No, he is actually around your own age.

Does he say you don't know what you're missing? No he does not, that was a scary man sitting next to you late one night on a Greyhound bus bound for Ithaca, New York. You were 18 now you are 35. This man is a talented filmmaker who writes better dialogue than he speaks.

It's time for him to leave. You rise from the **IKEA** couch, he from the **IKEA** chair and you walk him to the door of this impossibly large apartment. You hug. It's not a quick hug, drunken hugs never are. And in this hug everything changes (animal instinct?) In order of sensation: warmth, body smells, texture of his shirt, softer than you expected, something wide and long and hard against your leg. You thinking, What is this? Can it possibly be? Quick anatomy check in your brain, it has to but it can't be, what else if not? You feel stupid and shallow and excited.

Nevertheless you send him home. But this feeling, this pressure impression stays with you making you curious. Finally this curiosity expands becoming large enough.



12) Should I answer the riddle of size?

(No)

*n*

*o*

**n**

**o**

*N*

*O*

N

O

**N**

**O**



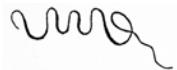
13) Information haphazardly accumulated too early (trauma):

A medical book on skin disease housed in the left bottom corner of the bookshelf in the dining room. Early access to black and white images of a variety of penises, some close up, others cropped at the stomach or chest. Creepy, horrific, I connect it to the reaction I had upon hearing the opening music of the TV show Sea Hunt. I'd leap up to turn the channel at the first discordant notes, as a black and white Lloyd Bridges pulling the rounded hood of his diving gear over his large hairy head.

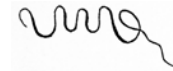
I looked at this book only once; while I looked I felt like I was drowning. The penises: bloated, blackened, with huge pustules, partially eaten away, almost unrecognizable. Feh.



**tunica abuginea**  
**tewnika albyoojinee-ah**



As a child I was convinced of my omnipotence. Proof, the fact that I could float down 25 steps at a time in a dream. At the same time, I knew I was tiny and powerless; at the age of six I worried endlessly that my balding father was growing old and would soon die.



How would I survive without him? He was 43 at the time, now he's 89.

The only thing I knew about penises was that they were forbidden and very important. The dreaded images in the book verified that very bad things could happen that were far outside my sphere of influence. As soon as I learned to read, I'd use language to counter these and other fears. Language provided distance, understanding; as my tongue sharpened, it was also a handy way to gain power and control.

Picking up a similar book today, I still find it hard to look at these distressed appendages. The writing which swirls around them, filled with multi-syllabic words in largely dead languages, helps quiet the anxiety – the graphic symptoms and ailments becoming cloaked in the voluptuous wording:

squamos	(Latin: scale)
epithelium	(Anc. Greek: on, atop nipple)
condyloma	(Latin: knuckle or knob)
induratio	(Latin indurare: make hard)
cavernosa	(Latin: literally cave-like bodies )
tunica abuginea	(Latin: white membrane)

**tunica abuginea**  
**tewnika albyoojinee-ah**

Tunica albuginea is the sponge-like region of erectile tissue containing most of the blood in the clitoris or penis during a penile/clitoral erection. Chronic inflammation of the tunica albuginea is a connective tissue disorder most commonly known as Peyronie's disease named after Francois Gigot\* de la Peyronie who was the first person to describe it. The disease is manifest as a curvature, at times extreme, of the penis during erection.



Peyronie also played an important role in the creation of a 1743 law banning barbers from practicing surgery.



\*Gigot, leg of lamb (sheep under a year old) or mutton (older sheep), suitable for roasting. Also a Hollywood motion picture, directed by Gene Kelly starring Jackie Gleason as a mute (mutton) janitor living in the Montmartre district of Paris. At the end of the film Gigot gets to attend his own funeral.





14) Something I know a lot about but shouldn't: photos of penises used on craigslist.org in the "men seeking men" section. I divide these presentations into three (rough) categories:

a) Men who, like savvy fruit sellers, display their penises. The typical photo: a close-up or extreme close-up of a penis cradled in a man's hand, the light and angle used to maximize the object's finest attributes. Roundness, firmness, color. The hand provides a size referent.



b) Child-like men who display their penises as if they were delightful discoveries. Hands on hips, backs arched, photos framed to catch the penis dead center. If faces are shown, they are grinning proudly at the camera or looking down in proprietary fascination. (It's mine!) Fantastic.

c) The how-to men, demonstrating with precision and attention to detail, "I want you to do this" or, "Please put it here." These photos are straightforward and usually brightly lit. They tend to be wider than those listed above, and often include stand-ins who help demonstrate the desired activity.



I love all three categories of photos, not only for their generosity, but for the rich details the edges afford: olive green refrigerator, chenille bedspread, paper towels with a border of tiny Santas, grey Boxer Joe's heaped around ankles, fuzzy pink night light.





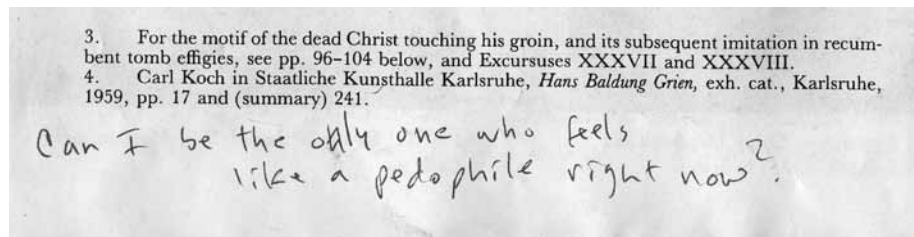
15) I often use the image of a penis in my work. I tell people it's because it's an underused image. Which is true. Is it also to annoy people?

Anyway, it does. It mostly annoys heterosexual men. Using this image makes me feel less diffident. Or the opposite of diffident.



16) What we don't see now they used to see then.

A book called *The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion* by Leo Steinberg (an art historian referred to it as "The Bible" on the subject) contains a world of examples of Renaissance art emphasizing Christ's organ/member/penis/sex and sensuality. When I showed the book to my aunt she remarked: "Of course, written by a Jew." Many of the examples are of an infant Jesus; in the Columbia University library copy, on the seventh page lower margin, someone has scrawled in blue ballpoint ink:



My aunt would reply, "I don't, but otherwise I couldn't tell you."

The archivist in me has broken down the works of art into a series of categories specific to my personal interests: Jesus exposed, covered, framed, touching, being touched, possible erections, etc. Below a smattering of examples:

*Uncovered - Child:* A voluptuous woman in a low cut red dress leans over a naked child of 5 or 6, her hands on his chest, steadying him. Her hard neck extended, her right breast bulging, as her bare foot emerges from underneath her gown to rest on the neck of a writhing snake. The boy's foot rests on top of hers; his pre-pubescent penis forming a line with his extended leg, which points to the tensed head of the serpent. Looking over the activity is an old heavily robed woman; her wrinkled face resembling that of the snake. The woman is Mary<sup>1</sup>, the boy is Jesus, the old woman is Mary's mother, St. Anne, the foggy light coming from the upper left corner, God. The painting is the *Madonna dei Palafrenieri* by Caravaggio, completed in 1606.

*Framed - Infant:* A court-like presentation, Cosimo Rosselli's *Madonna and Child with St. Anne and Four Saints* (1471), has Jesus standing on Mary's knee, giving Benediction. A piece of material/skirting is wrapped around Jesus' stomach; Mary's right hand lifts this material so that the penis of Jesus peaks out. There are many examples of the infant Jesus with complicated clothing, which, rather than covering, as by happenstance, reveal the penis, thus bringing far more attention to it than if he were unclothed. "It is said that the most erotic portion of a body is where the garment gapes." Roland Barthes. Here x marks the spot.



*Covered/Not Covered:* Jesus, looking up to his mother, grips a strip of the most transparent of gauze through which one can clearly see his penis. The material he clutches upward forms what looks like a large, diaphanous hard on-to-be. Although infant Jesus has the proportions and body of a baby, his expression is that of an adult. He grasps the neck of Mary's garment, looking up at her with an expression of possession. She looks down knowingly, with a shadow of a smile. In this, as

in many examples of the Madonna and Child, the relation portrayed is more that of bride and bridegroom than mother and child. (Dominico Ghirlandaio (?) *Madonna and Child*)



*Looked at / Verified:* The eldest Magus is kneeling quite close to Jesus, staring intently at His crotch. Mary spreads the Child's leg to give a better view (from our angle we can't see what he sees). This body part, this object, according to the painter, is precisely what the Magi travelled to see (Ghirlandaio, *Adoration*, 1487).

large cross he was crucified on, male parts unencumbered. His thin but muscular body is naked looking both strong and vulnerable. This sculpture is one of the artist's least appreciated works<sup>2</sup> although it was widely admired at the time it was made. Sebastiano del Piombo stated: "The knees of that figure are worth all of Rome." (Michelangelo, *Risen Christ*, 1514-20)

*His penis being touched:* An outdoor scene rendered in woodcut. Mary is holding the naked infant Jesus, who is playing with Mary's hair and chin. Ann leans in, two long fingers extended touching either side of the Child's exposed penis. Voyeur Joseph (poor Joseph) looks down on the scene from a wall behind. (Hans Baldung Grien, *Holy Family*, 1511).

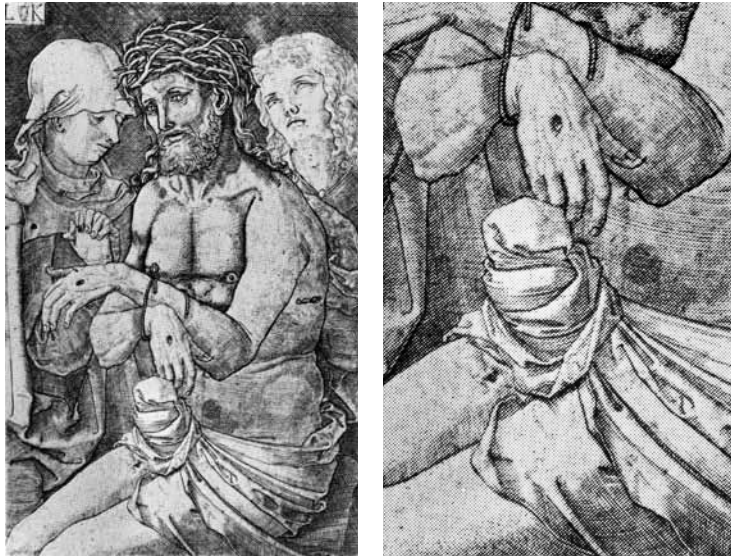
*He is touching it himself:* Baby Jesus, fast asleep, eyes closed, lips parted in the slightest of smiles, his fingers clutched around his penis and testicles. St. John is kissing his foot, as Joseph cranes his head to get a

better look – Joseph again in the position of the one who looks. How miraculous that we too are here, witness to this unconscious, sleeping moment as Christ takes his pleasure. (Veronese, *Holy Family with St. Barbara and the Infant St. John*, c. 1560).

*Likely baby erection:* A mannered roundel where Jesus looks up to his long necked mother, the middle finger of her left hand moving towards his mouth, her right hand holding his leg and bottom, her thumb grazing his left testicle. Rising upward, is the unmistakable outline of his erection (very clear). While Jesus and the Madonna are intent on each other in this embrace, St. John leans in from the right, eating a fruit held from Jesus' hand. This etching contains a dizzying interplay of extended arms, fingers, necks and branches, a veritable forest of desire. (Jacues de Gheyn, *Madonna and Child with the Infant St. John*, c. 1590-93).



*Likely adult erection:* Jesus, wearing his crown of thorns, stares directly at us, surrounded by mourning women. His hands are bound, stigmata



showing, and below his hands, encased in rolls of fabric, his penis rises up. (Ludwig Krug, *Man of Sorrows*, c. 1520) Not a solitary case, there are many examples of the dead Jesus with robed erections. This leads me to believe that the Resurrection, the rising up of Jesus, was seen as just that. While this may seem an inappropriate pun or joke, it is our culture, which treats most bodily functions and activities as unworthy, which deems it so.

The experience of seeing this compendium of covered and uncovered flesh, these characters engaged in intimate gestures feels oddly liberating. They are an acknowledgement and exultation of the physical world functioning as a bridge between the oh so human flesh and the mysteries of the divine. He is just like us, and yet.... At this moment in history (not later, not earlier) the pleasures of the flesh are acknowledged as a wonderful thing, adding to the tragedy and sacrifice of Christ's death/passion. One senses the coding, the overdetermined nature of these images, but rather than push me, the viewer away, this gives them an air of secrecy and mystery, drawing me in.

I want to live in these worlds, to taste their luscious fruit, to feel this soft serious body, to stare into the lovely eyes of Mary, so that her impassioned look, her caress, or the sigh coming from her lips, is directed at me, only to me. But what may feel liberating is actually an act of seduction; this was the seduction of Christianity between the 15th and 16th century, a soft sell function to proclaim the rule, the ascendancy of the hierarchy of the male, the boy in the God. They put me in my place and they make me desire this place.

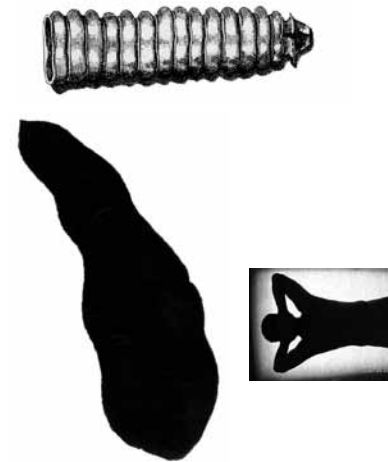
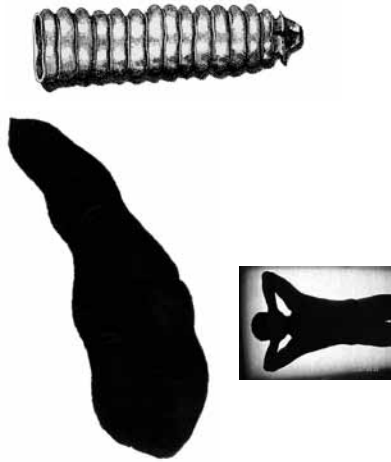
After the 15th century, the penis of Jesus, infant or otherwise, goes into hiding, firmly concealed in swaddling or by coy arrangement of his chubby baby thighs.



1. Move Mary to another country (Holland) and 50 years later and she, outside of her serious expression, could stand in for an upscale prostitute leaning towards a sweaty merchant with a distended belly. The Dutch, parenthetically, are also responsible for inventing donuts, which, at the time, resembled a nut. It was the Puritans, of all people, who introduced the now traditional hole. Other names for donuts include belly sinkers, dunkers, fat cakes, jumbles, Bismarks, door knobs.

2. Many works from the Renaissance deemed offensive to later churchgoers, have had the offending bits painted over; Michelangelo's sculpture is currently wearing an apron.





Consider: the darkening ease, the brightening trouble; the pleasure pleasure because it was, the pain pain because it shall be; the glad acts grown proud, the proud acts growing stubborn; the panting and trembling towards a being gone, a being to come; and the true true no longer, and the false true not yet... No, it is not the heart, no, it is not the liver, no, it is not the prostate, no, it is not the ovaries, no, it is muscular, it is nervous.

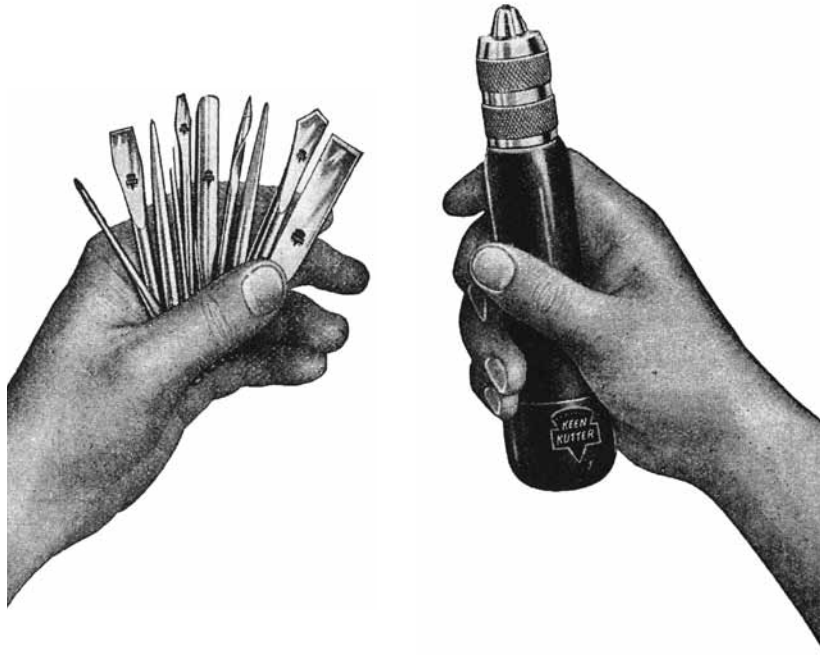
– Samuel Beckett, *Watt*



17) Circumcision is the surgical removal of the entire foreskin (prepuce) from the penis. If looked at as an outsider the act/ritual/intervention is barbaric. It is not surprising that it is routinely performed on infants, who have no power over stopping it.

Khitān or Khatna are the Arabic terms for male circumcision. It is also referred to as Taharah, meaning purity. Circumcision is not mandated by the Qur'an, but is nonetheless widespread and Muslims are currently the largest single religious group to practice it. Unlike Judaism, it is not a condition for converting to Islam or carrying out religious duties.

The Hebrew term is Brit milah (Brit: a covenant, Mila literally "word"). In Genesis 17, the Lord proclaimed to Abraham, "The uncircumcised male whose foreskin has not been circumcised, shall have his soul cut off from his people; he has broken My covenant."



As with all Judaic rituals, rules and commandments, there are a plethora of explanations/reasons given for circumcision

- 1) secures cleanliness in a way that is suited to the people consecrated by God
- 2) protects against disease
- 3) promotes prolificness by removing impediments to the flow of semen
- 4) a literal inscription on the Jewish body of the name of God in the form of the letter “yud” (from “yesod”)
- 5) symbolically removes the “grievous malady of conceit” that humans can procreate in the absence of God
- 6) the act of bleeding represents a feminization of Jewish men, significant in the sense that the covenant represents a marriage between Jewish men and (a symbolically male) God (pre-sex change sex change)
- 7) the figurative signification of the excision of all superfluous and excessive pleasure

Maimonides (CE 1135-1204) writes “circumcision acts to repress sexual pleasure and serves a common bodily sign to members of the same faith.”

Maimonides’ statement is expanded upon in a beautifully evocative text by his disciple Isaac ben Yediah, which contrasts the sexual experiences of the circumcised and uncircumcised. (How did he know? Despite thorough questioning, I’ve been unable to verify his observations based on my own experiences or that of acquaintances or friends.)



## UNCUT (UNCLEAN)

[A beautiful woman] will court a man who is uncircumcised in the flesh and lie against his breast with great passion, for he thrusts inside her for a long time because of the foreskin, which is a barrier against ejaculation in intercourse. Thus she feels pleasure and reaches orgasm first. When an uncircumcised man sleeps with her and then resolves to return to his home, she brazenly grasps him, holding on to his genitals, and says to him, "Come back, make love to me."

This is because of the pleasure that she finds in intercourse with him, from the sinews of his testicles – sinew of iron – and from his ejaculation – that of a horse – which he shoots like an arrow into her womb. They are united without separating and he makes love twice and three times in one night. The sexual activity emaciates him of his bodily fat and afflicts his flesh, and he devotes his time entirely to women, an evil thing...



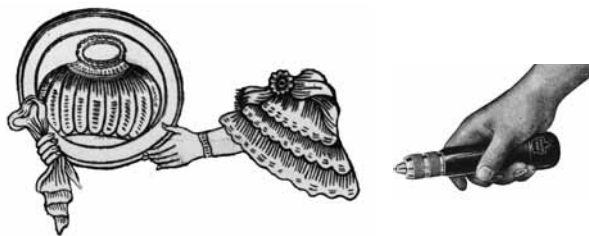
## CUT (CLEAN)

But when a circumcised man desires the beauty of a woman, and cleaves to his wife, or to another woman comely in appearance, he will find himself performing his task quickly, emitting his seed as soon as he inserts the crown... She has no pleasure from him when she lies down or when she arises, and it would be better for her if he had not known her ... for he arouses her passion to no avail and she remains in a state of desire for her husband, ashamed and confounded, while the seed is still in her reservoir. She does not have an orgasm once a year, except on rare occasions, because of the great heat and the fire burning within her. Thus he who says, "I am the Lord's" will not empty his brain because of his wife or the wife of his friend. He will find grace and favour; his heart will be strong to seek out God.

Isaac ben Yediah sits and waits for his God. He sits, he waits; he will have to sit and wait for a very long time. He is sitting on a bench at the side of a dusty road, in full summer sun and heat, the flies wandering lazily around his head. He is sitting at the foot of a high mountain, a scorpion bites him, some mice nibble at his feet. It is twilight, it is morning, it is the decay of fall, protective snow of winter, the cruel spring rain.

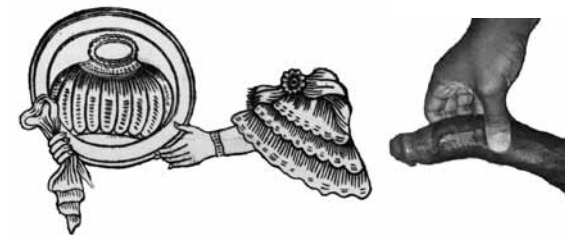
He will wait, have to wait so long that he will be dead and still he'll be waiting. That's how long he'll have to wait and then he'll have to wait some more.

As he sits and waits he feels a longing, a longing for His feel, the feel of His testicles, God's testicles, succulent and sinewy. He waits knowingly for His thrusts, his horse-like thrusts, which go on so long that Isaac ben Yediah forgets what it was like not to feel these rhythmic interruptions throwing him to and fro. 'What was it like not to be thrust upon,' he thinks, 'I cannot, will not remember!' And then, after a long, long while, still longer, ever longer, there it is, it must be it, His horse cock's further stiffening, His movements more jagged less rhythmic, His breathe choppy, and oh, oh, oh You! God's ejaculation that shoots arrows, multiple sharp and dull arrows into Isaac's own small body, leaving him cracked, shattered, laughing; without thoughts or memories, bankrupt, without anything anything at all save one desire. More.



**“Come back,”** he says to his wrathful, jealous, glorious God. **“Come back and make love to me.”**

Or are Isaac ben Yediah's longings only for his long lost prepuce (that “seemingly” insignificant piece of skin, hardly noticeable in the surgeons tray and destined to be ground into women's skin cream).





18) The history of ideas is the history of their displacement.  
The history of displacement is the history of ideas:

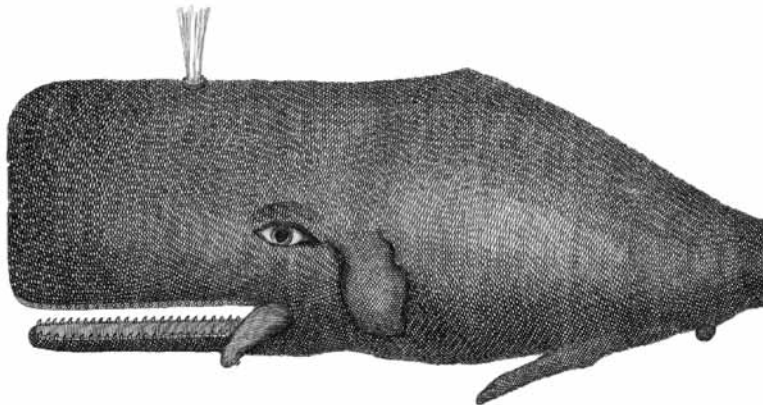
A penis and a phallus are riding in a plane  
A phallus and a penis go for a hike  
A phallus and a penis go to the doctor  
A penis and a phallus go skiing  
A penis and a phallus are sitting in a hot tub  
A penis and a phallus go to a barber  
A penis and a phallus are walking down the  
street, and they both want a drink, but they  
have no money  
A phallus and a penis walk into a bar  
and the bartender says  
A phallus and a penis get into a car accident and  
it's a bad one and they don't have any money  
A penis and a phallus join Greenpeace on an  
anti-whaling expedition in Antarctica and their  
boat gets harpooned and  
A penis and a phallus are praying for world peace  
when the penis turns to the phallus and says

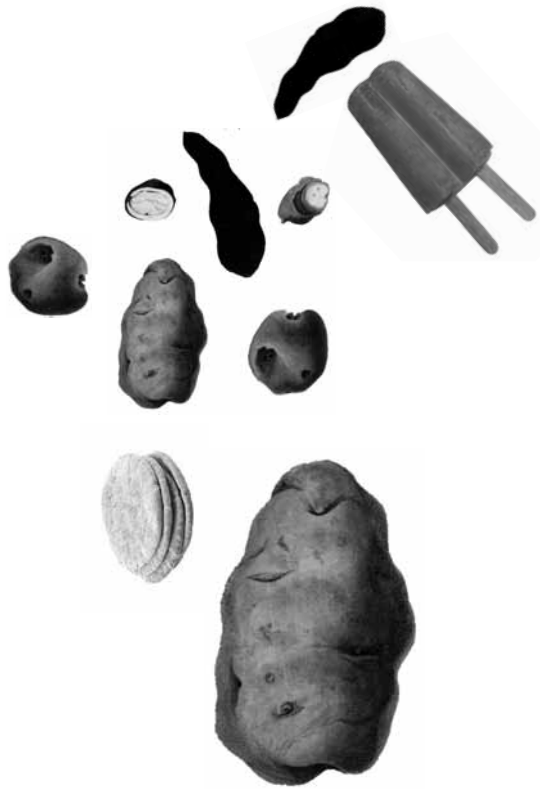
The penis is funnier than the phallus, the phallus playing the  
straight man. The explanation for this is simple: "oppressed  
people tend to be witty."

A penis and a phallus argue late into the night about the  
existence of God: "Are we made in his image?"\*

A phallus and a penis are rescued from a desert island after 20  
years: "How did you survive?"

A penis and a phallus compare jobs: "What position do you  
see yourself occupying in a couple of years from now?"





## 19) CIRCUMCISION, cont'd, ODDER:

Less commonly practiced, and more controversial, is *metzitzah b'peh*, (alt. mezizah),

*Metzitzah*: state of sucking, touch of sucking, like sifting, and savoring the candy

*Peh*: mouth

*Metzitzah b'peh* or oral suction, is where the mohel sucks blood from the circumcision wound. The mohel then spits the blood into a receptacle specially provided for the task. The traditional reason for this procedure is to promote healing (snakebite?), although the practice has been implicated in the spreading of herpes to the infant.

The last circumcision I went to was at the home of a dear old friend. The ritual didn't include *metzitzah b'peh*, just the standard incision. There was a huge crowd of friends and family and I was thankful not to be close enough to view the cutting itself, though at one moment I do remember standing on tiptoes. I saw the Rabbi milling around afterwards, and I'd describe him as typical - middle aged, somewhat disheveled and sweating. There was nothing sensual about him, except the way he ate, which was quickly and with obvious enjoyment.

*Themed Menu* (obvious): Kosher hot dogs, asparagus, pickles, celery, lick-a-color popsicles (start out fluorescent/bright green, then turn yellow, with a violently red inner core), leeks, lychees, fish, chopped liver, radishes, chicken legs, tongue, spaghetti, cigars, donuts

*Actual Menu*: Chopped salad, humous, pita bread, olives, grilled sliced chicken breasts, latkes, chopped liver, gefilte fish, potato salad, rouglach, coffee cake



20) PRICK ERECTIONS SEXUALITY WEATHER BODY  
LIQUIDS FOOD IMAGINATION VENGEANCE DROWNING  
MASCULINITY FEMININITY WOMEN SEXES NEW

Since my 14th birthday, I've been collecting quotations from a haphazardly chosen group of sources ("my people"). I would write each quote, word by word, into my journal and then type them out onto 3 x 5 index cards kept in a grey metal box. Through the act of rewriting I took them in - these words and paragraphs became mine.

What interests me in the small selection below is the expansive nature of these quotes, which lead from subject to subject, world to world. I wish that they also represented a map/mini-history of my emotional and intellectual struggles with this object, of which there are hints, but this trajectory has been too ambivalent and rangy to be so easily contained.

There are no entries for penis or for phallus. There is one for prick:

PRICK

When the brain sinks the prick rises.  
That isn't to say that I haven't collected  
a few metaphors. I have had a few stirrings.  
But how to make use of them, and where?  
Gustave Flaubert, Letters

Many of Flaubert's letters are downright bawdy; one, written from Damascus in 1850, implores a friend of the need to "keep fucking, keep fucking..." Here he is talking of writing, although there are plenty of other less metaphoric entries: "It must be good to fuck there, in the evening, hidden behind the confessionals, at the hour when they're lighting the lamps. But all that isn't for us. We are made to feel it, to talk about it, but not to do it." Flaubert, *Letters*

ERECTIONS

Life, life, to have erections.  
Gustave Flaubert, Letters

SEXUALITY, cross-referenced under WEATHER

People are in general not candid over sexual matters. They do not show their sexuality freely, but to conceal it they wear a heavy overcoat woven of a tissue of lies, as though the weather were bad in the world of sexuality. Nor are they mistaken. Sigmund Freud, *Five Lectures on Psycho-Analysis* (emphasis mine)

The weather continues to be bad in the world of sexuality and we artists are at times called upon to remedy this, acting as flashers standing outside in freezing rain wearing nothing but greasy and no doubt smelly tan raincoats, which we open at titillating intervals to a waiting, albeit difficult to shock audience.

For the master writer on weather, see Robert Musil. Musil starts his magnum opus, *Man Without Qualities* (banned in Austria and Germany in 1938), "There was a depression over the Atlantic..." The several-volumed book was not completed at the time of Musil's death on April 15th, 1942 in Zurich, Switzerland, where he had fled with his Jewish wife and where he died in poverty and obscurity.

Musil writes from Berlin in 1933 "All the liberal fundamental rights have now been set aside...without one single person feeling utterly outraged.... It is seen as a spell of bad weather." Everyone talks about the weather but no one does anything about it. I find this, in the most frightening way, to have bearing on our current young century.

## BODY cross-referenced with LIQUIDS FOOD IMAGINATION DROWNING VENGEANCE

Breast and milk, penis and urine, madeleine and tea: I take some distance, I do not drown myself in them, and I offer them to you. My imagination is my repeated vengeance.

The above quotation is not from Proust, who doesn't choose penis to be one of the approximately 1.5 million words that make up *In Search of Lost Time*. It is written by Julia Kristeva channeling Proust, from her book *Time and Sense: Proust and the Experience of Literature*.

Though Proust doesn't use the word penis directly, below contains a singularly beautiful description, which appears to privilege the aesthetics of female anatomy over male:

Her two little uplifted breasts were so round that they seemed not so much to be an integral part of her body as to have ripened there like fruit; and her belly (concealing the place where a man's is disfigured as though by an iron clamp left sticking in a statue that has been taken down from its niche) was closed, at the junction of her thighs, by two valves with a curve as languid, as reposeful, as cloistral as that of the horizon after the sun has set. Marcel Proust, *The Captive*

Sigh. (emphasis mine)

My imagination is my repeated vengeance.

## MASCULINITY FEMININITY

What constitutes masculinity or femininity is an unknown characteristic which anatomy cannot lay hold of.  
Sigmund Freud, *Femininity*. New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis

Freud, once again. Rereading *Femininity*, it is telling (wish fulfillment? willful misreading?) that I chose this quote, as the rest of the essay is fairly grim from my point of view. In its 29 pages, the word penis is used 23 times, examples include: small penis, lack of a penis, envy for the penis, being without a penis, the longed-for penis, influence of her penis-envy, women's lack of a penis, wish for a penis, takes the place of a penis, danger of losing his penis, effect of penis-envy, baby takes the place of a penis, penis-baby.

Freud ends on a somewhat conciliatory note, "...do not forget that I have only been describing women in so far as their nature is determined by their sexual function. It is true that the influence extends very far, but we do not overlook the fact that *an individual woman may be a human being in other respects as well.*" (my emphasis) Happily, these sentences would not have been written today.

In closing he states: "if you want to know more about femininity, enquire from your own experiences of life..." And this is what I did, at the crossroads age of 20. I decided that while Freud was an exceptionally good storyteller and did have much to say about his and even my times, his blanket imposition of certain structures (taken up by a host of others) onto all times past, present and forever into the future didn't get me where I wanted and needed to go. I looked elsewhere.

## WOMEN

What is a woman? Are there woman, really?  
One wonders if women still exist, if they will  
always exist, whether or not it is desirable  
that they should, what place they occupy in this  
world, what their place should be.  
Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*

On page 49, de Beauvoir writes: "The fact is that a true human privilege is based upon the anatomical privilege only in virtue of the total situation. Psychoanalysis can establish its truths only in the historical context."

I have no category for MEN.

## SEXES

This is a battle between two different ways of  
life, men and women. The battle of the sexes?  
Sex has nothing to do with it. Gracie Allen

## COCK

Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-do," bawled  
Meussieu and Madame Exossé's cock.

In its youth this animal had fallen on its  
head; ever since, it had crowed at sundown,  
even when there was the extra hour at  
summertime; it was roasted, the following  
year, and its flesh delighted the omnivorous  
palate of its stupid owners. Raymond Queneau,  
*Witch Grass*

And in a small leap of faith, dear reader, finally NEW

The occasion is piled high with difficulty,  
and we must rise with the occasion. As our  
case is new, so we must think anew, and act  
anew. We must disenthral ourselves, and then  
we shall save our country. Abraham Lincoln

This is a message Lincoln relayed to the Congress on December 1st 1862, 10 weeks after the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that slaves in territories still in rebellion as of January 1, 1863, would be free. In the last paragraph of the speech he implores: "Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history.... In *giving* freedom to the *slave*, we assure freedom to the *free*..." (emphasis his)

Thrall: O.E. þræl "bondman, serf, slave,"  
from O.N. þræll "slave, servant," probably  
from P.Gmc. \*thrakhilaz, lit. "runner," from  
root \*threh- "to run" (cf. O.H.G. dregil  
"servant," prop. "runner;" O.E. þrægan, Goth.  
þragjan "to run").

## Disenthral

21)



Hope:

(etymologically connected to “hop”). The 20th century’s preoccupation with sexuality and gender foreshadows a 21st century marking the end of gender hierarchies if not a complete rethinking of gender itself, phallocentrism, patriarchy and the necessity for heavy overcoats and tissues of lies. There is the possibility of experiencing sexuality of a sort yet unknown.



Fear:

The 20th century’s preoccupation with sexuality hearkens to the end of sex in the 21st. This would be a tragic event, from which sun or wind, inclement weather, not even a heavy overcoat nor a tissue of lies could protect us.



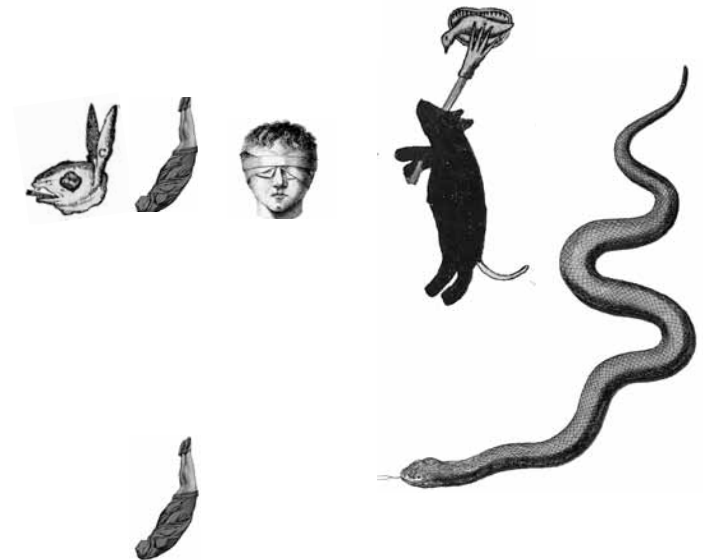
Prediction (forecast):

When we’re further into this new new century (and not to in any way diminish the size of their keen insights), Sigismund Schlomo Freud (who would be 155 today) and Jacques Marie Émile Lacan (who would be 110) will be firmly planted as people (one tall, one short) rooted in their century (20). At this time, a penis will happily take on more similar dimensions to a hand, a finger, a tongue. In my own smallish way, I hope to push this along.\*

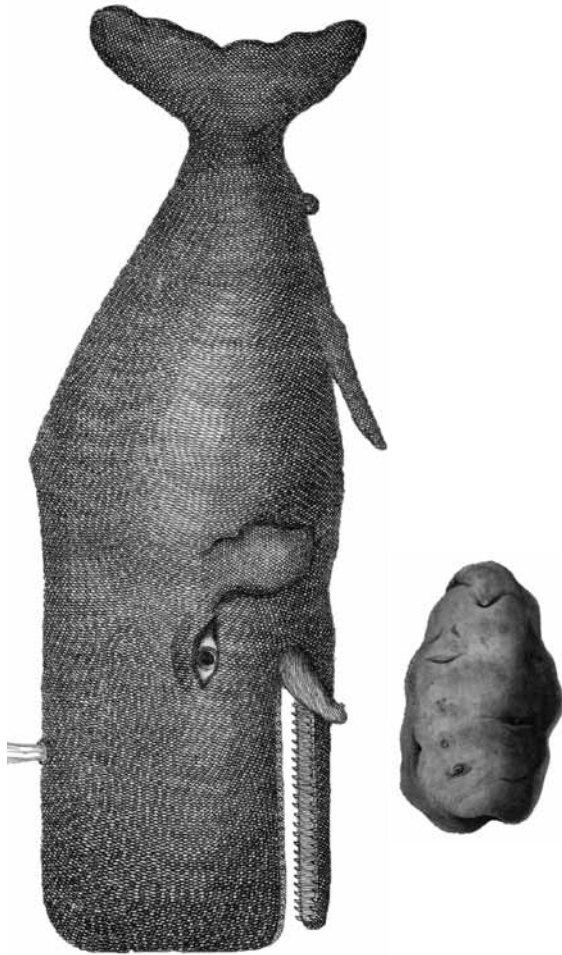


Forecast (further):

Despite numerous man-made disasters such as massive oil spills as well as the increase in natural disasters of biblical proportions such as typhoons, droughts and famine, we will not have sufficient personal or public energy or will to reverse or stabilize climate change and we, those of us still around that is, will all perish horribly.



\*Small drops of water hollow out a stone [Lucretius]



22) "Turn your small knob into a huge meat stick!"

As both representative manifestation as well as a passkey to power and privilege, the penis is just about finished, on it's last gasp, taking its last lap, limping, no longer what it once was, a mere shadow of what it once was, on it's way out, going, going gone, finished. We are now going through the assorted symptoms (backlash, exaggerated swaggering, assorted extra aggression, wars, waste, smelly nastiness) which end-of-empire moments engender. It is not that the penis will have outlived its usefulness, just that this side of its career will be over.

I'd like to briefly commemorate (a bit in advance) this passing.

### **R.I.P.**

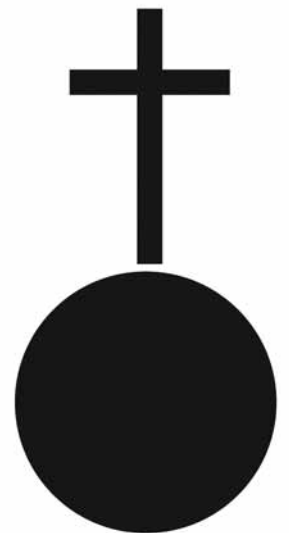
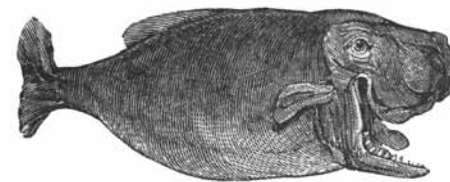
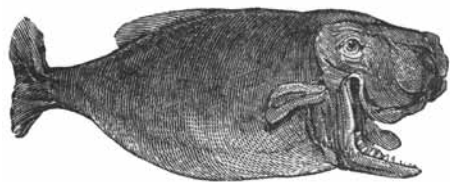
Good Riddance.

The penis will then return to being just what it is, an instrument for a crude form of communication (think tapping out Morse code, think those Japanese games where you hit the groundhog with a soft mallet).



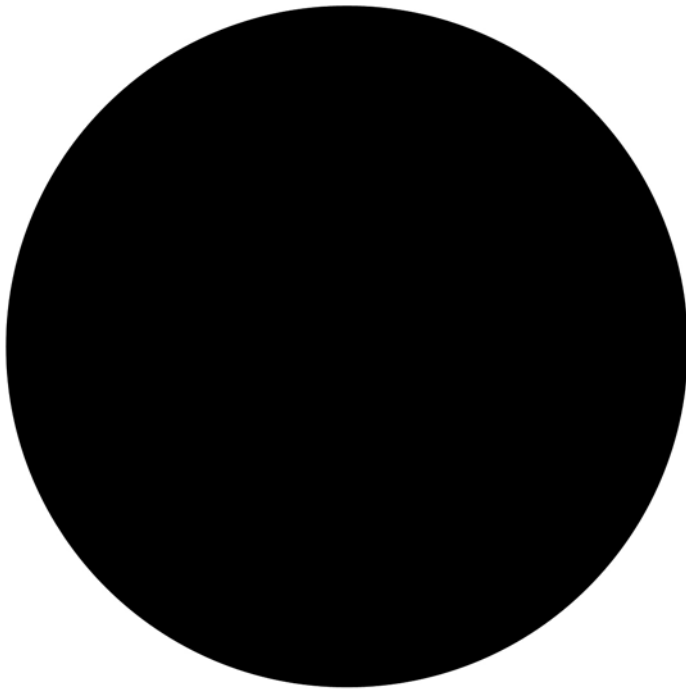
23) I'm tired. I'm ready to give up on my negative, positive and seemingly neutral investment in this **outcropping** and lie back and dream.

The first word that comes to mind is "pinball," or rather "flipper," as it is called in France, sharing its name with the dolphin of the TV show. Flipper who is grey, smooth, gliding through ocean or pool, liquid, noiseless, rising to nudge, nudge, nudge with the tip of his nose while making a repetitive deep-throated chucking sound. Squeaky tire? Insane person laughing?



Then I see an image of an actual pinball machine, the old fashioned largely mechanical kind you could repeatedly thrust your hips into, shifting the direction of the ball, and thus the game. With this thrusting, at times violent, comes the fear and real possibility of going too far. You hear an alarm and the red letters TILT TILT TILT start flashing. There's a siren, people turn to look at you, smirking. You idiot.

Then instantly, with a click, the power turns off, the ball limply making it's way, based entirely on gravity, flippers useless and immobile, to the hole at bottom, on line with your inner thighs, you looking down at it, crestfallen, embarrassed. Game over. Game over. Game over.



The penis, most often thought of in terms of linear time, can also be represented in circular time by the word "again." It is not only but also a game lying in wait to return to. The flashing *Game Over Game Over* is replaced by the urgent *Play Again Play Again Play Again*.

Each play promises to be similar, with the pleasure any child knows that repetition affords. And with each repeated play there is the contradictory promise of difference, new possibility, or at least permutation. In this way the idle penis of the present also reaches into past and future. Waiting it can be assigned the word maybe.

There are and come to be other games, Pac Man and Ms Pac Man, soccer, solitary games such as swimming, if one can call it a game and not a pastime, as outside of racing, it lacks a finishing (it has just a counting or a getting there). Games spread out far and wide, different tastes, different smells, different consistencies, speeds and uses, but I always also seem to come back to this play, this particular game, I won't judge this good, bad or otherwise, it is just the way it is. *Penis*.

I move my hand up and down and up your face lightly but firmly: the 1,000's of small outcroppings, each individual bristle ending with a blunt spike. Put together they add up to what is commonly described as "hairy," which says so little about how they actually feel. This overstimulation makes for small hills/mountains to rise on my arms, my hand heads south better known as down and across the crux of your neck, halfway down your back and then slightly up and across to the doldrums of your chest and belly, finally arriving, as usual and with the sad emphasis on genital sex, (alas, I will never be a writer of pornography), my hand on your hard on, your hard on

*Penis.*

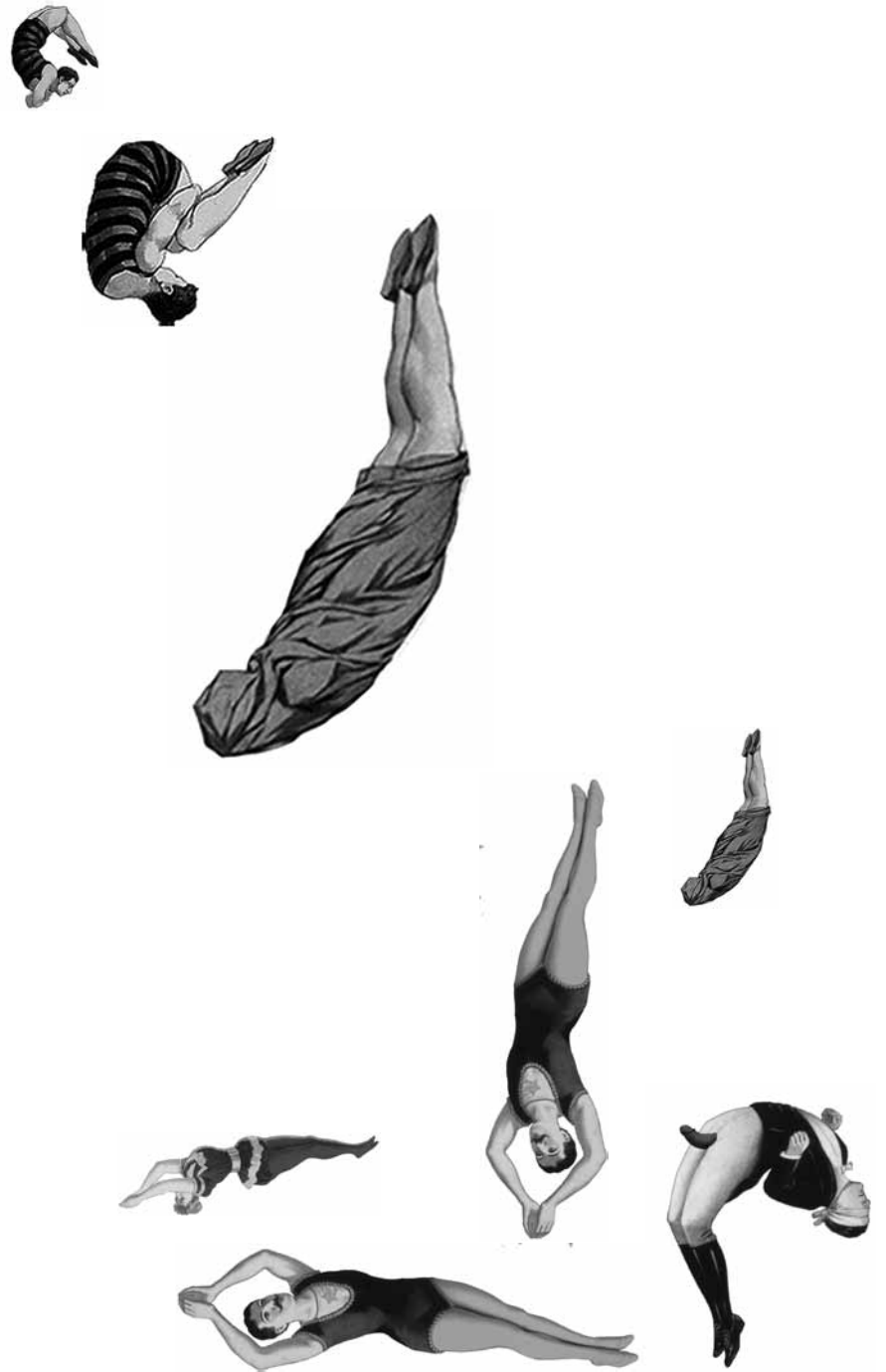


24) Why can't I remember the feel of a penis inside me? Is this nature's way of making me want to have the experience again, and then again? I also can't remember thirst or hunger.

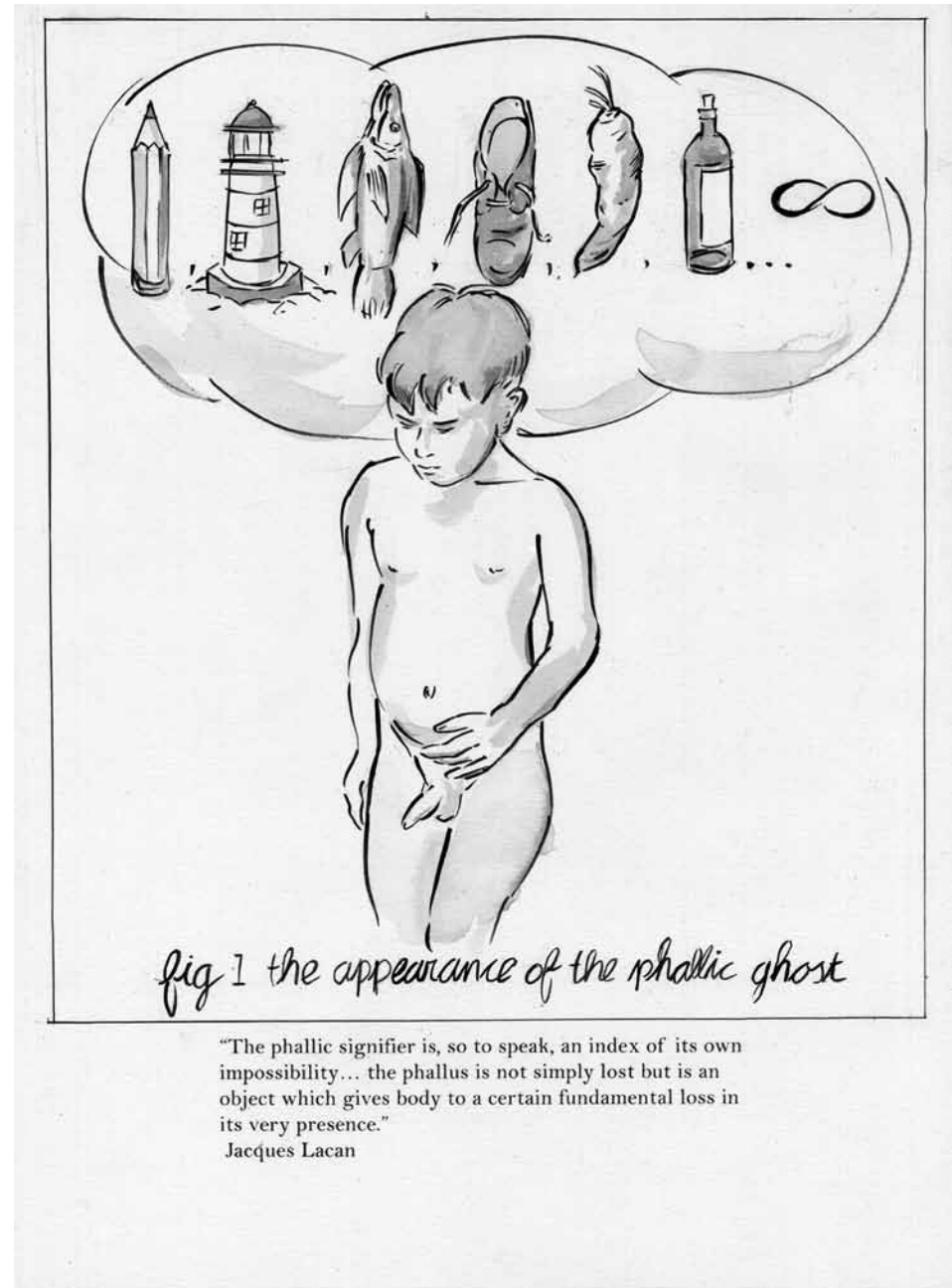
In a world increasingly based on boundaries, protection and the insistence on the individual, above all, it is a small miracle, or perhaps a huge one, that we still take part in the humble activity (custom) of putting a part of our body into the body of another or, accept part of another's body into our own.

“Taking a friend along to the circus,” as the French say. How strange, and old fashioned, the allowing someone to enter us, here and there and maybe, if I really like you, there.

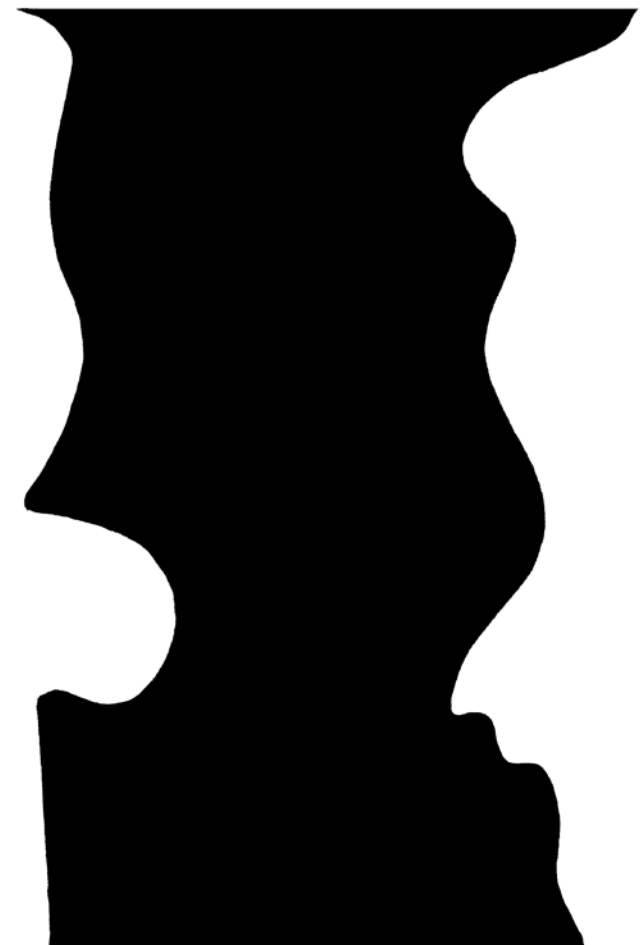
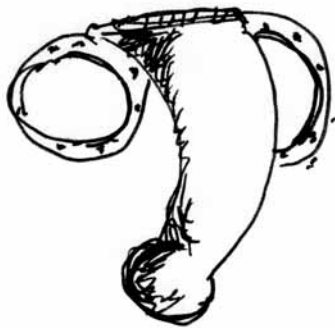
Shelly Silver, NYC 2011



## Addendum

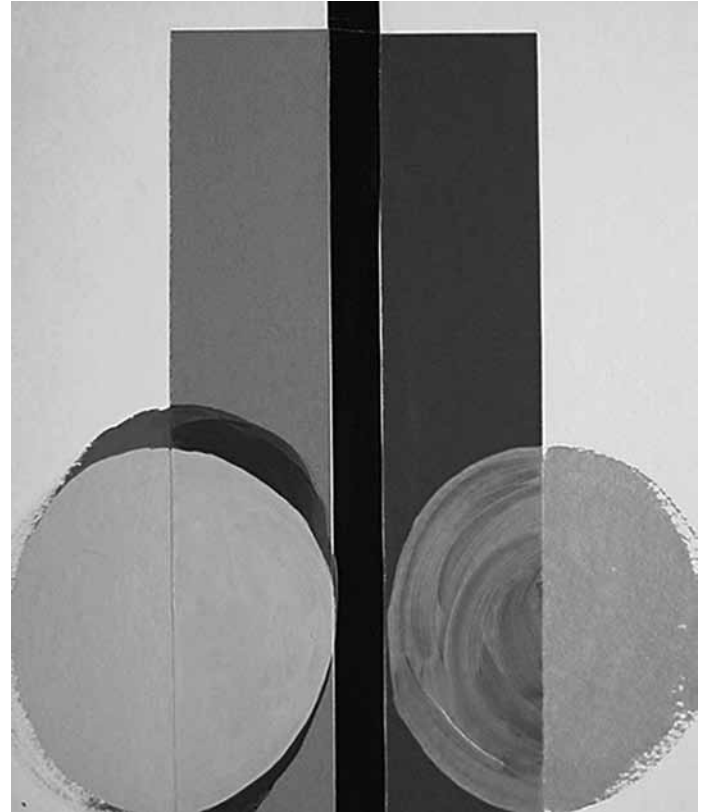


knock, knock!  
who's there?

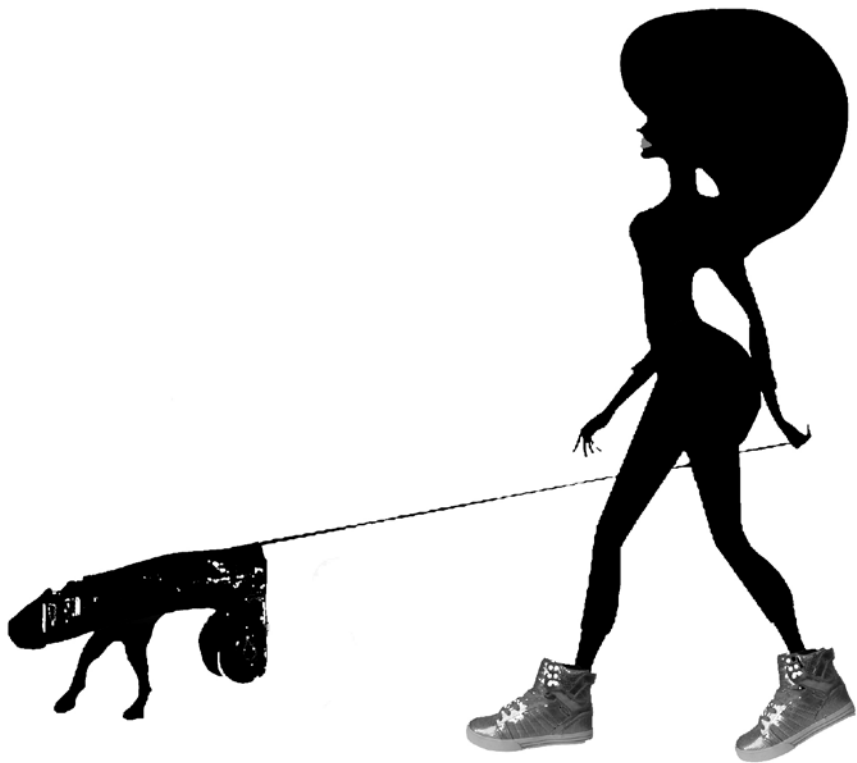




John Miller, 2010



Ulrike Müller, *Oid*, 2008



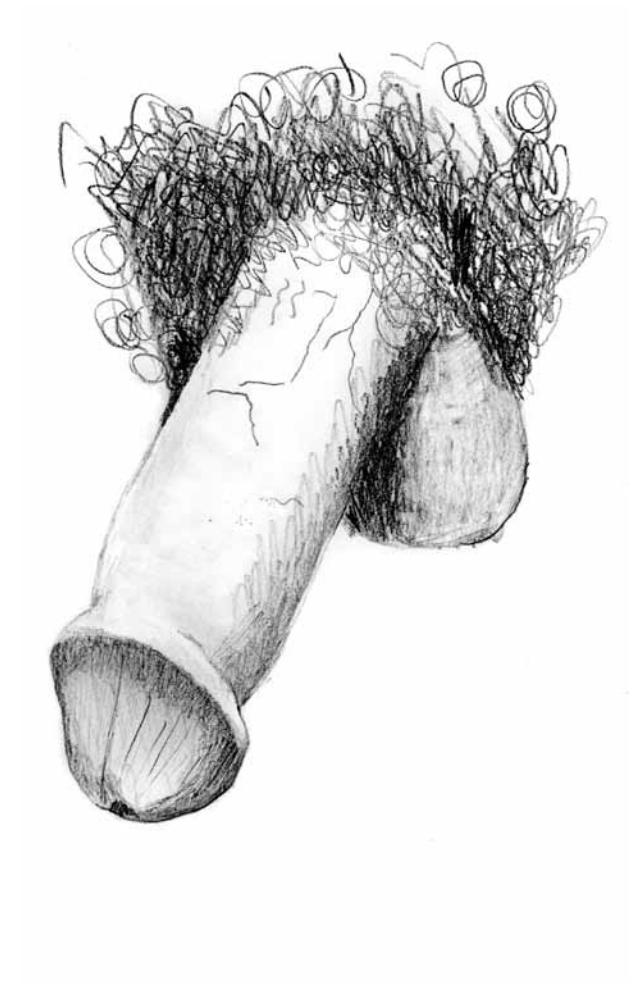
Jessica Ann Peavy, 2010



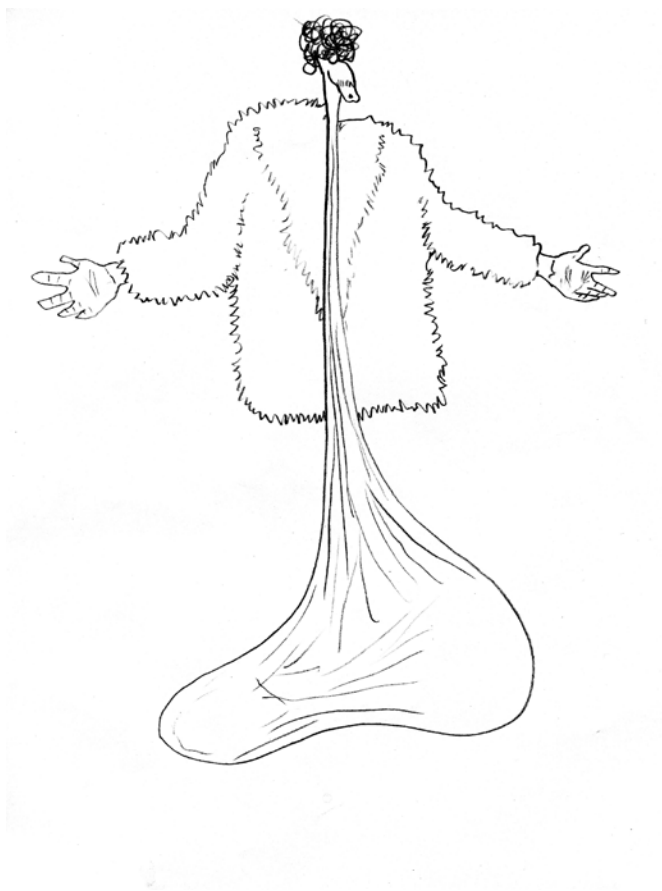
Mira Schor, *Seven Dwarfs: small ear*  
1 of a 7 panel series of oil paintings on canvas, 20"x16", 1989



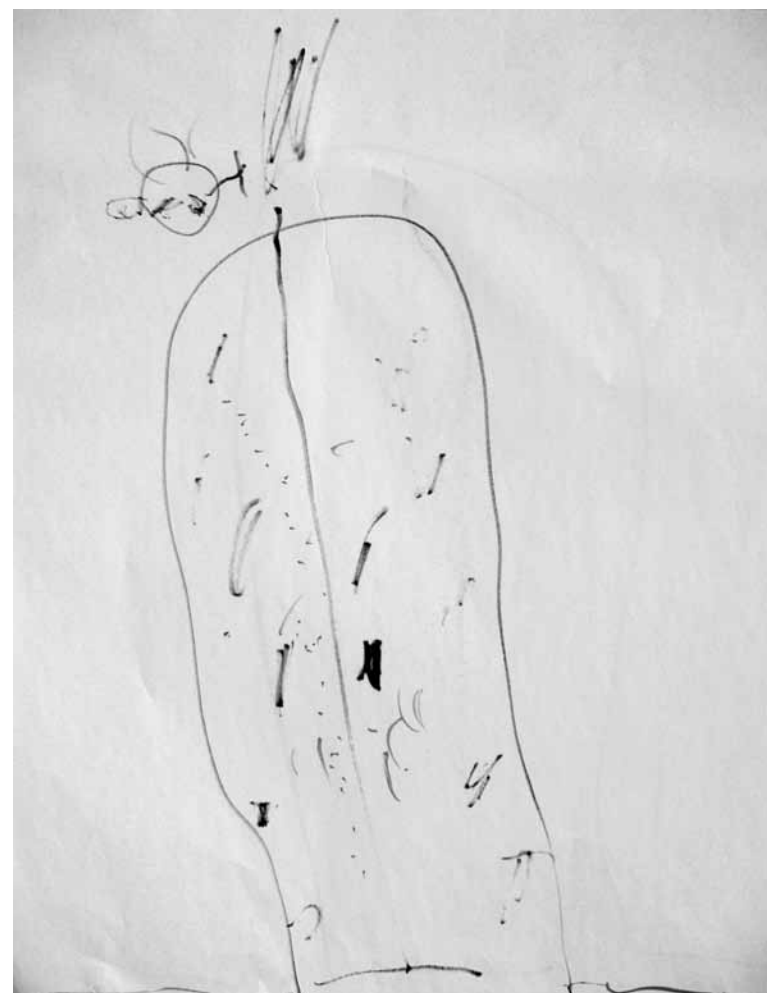
Steve Reinke, 2010



Aura Rosenberg, 2010



Bruce High Quality Foundation, 2010



River Steinbach, 2010



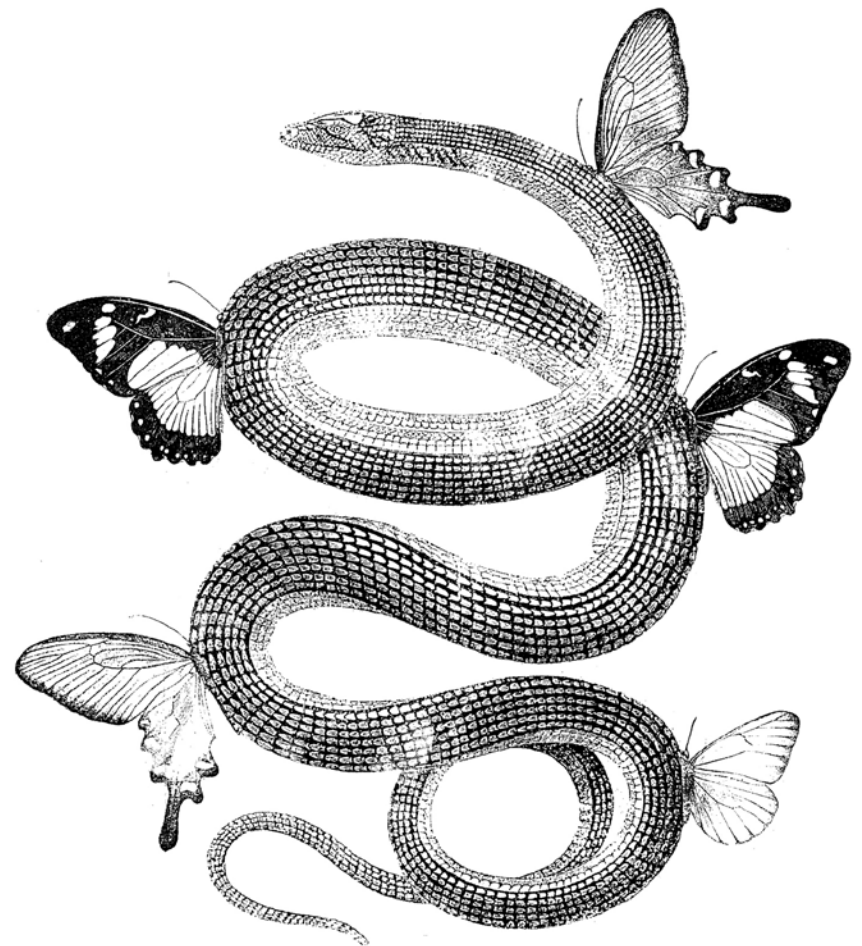
Michael Smith, 2010



Every Penis in  
the Collection of  
the Bass  
Museum of Art  
lovingly copied  
by Ellen Harvey

Details from *The Nudist  
Museum*, Ellen Harvey,  
2010. Photographs: Jan  
Baracz.





[above] Dirk Lebahn, 2010  
[left] Robert Buck, *Rorschach Penis*, 2010

## Berlusconi office statue gets a new penis



Buzz up! 2 votes

Share 35

retweet 3

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– Thu Nov 18, 11:11 am ET



AFP – A Roman statue of Venus and Mars is displayed at Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi's office on November ...

ROME (AFP) – A Roman statue of Mars displayed in Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi's office has been restored – with a new penis added on, under specific orders from the Italian leader who has been mired in a series of sex scandals.

The 2nd-century marble statue of the Roman god of war and Venus, goddess of love and beauty, was fixed for 70,000 euros (95,000 dollars), without respecting traditional restoration techniques, La Repubblica daily said.

The work was carried "on the express orders of the prime minister," the report said, adding that the statue was on loan from the Terme di Diocleziano museum and is displayed in the official entrance of Berlusconi's Palazzo Chigi.

But Berlusconi's architect Mario Catalano said the restoration was fully authorised, adding that the added body parts were "removable."

Restorers also added on a hand for Mars and one for Venus.

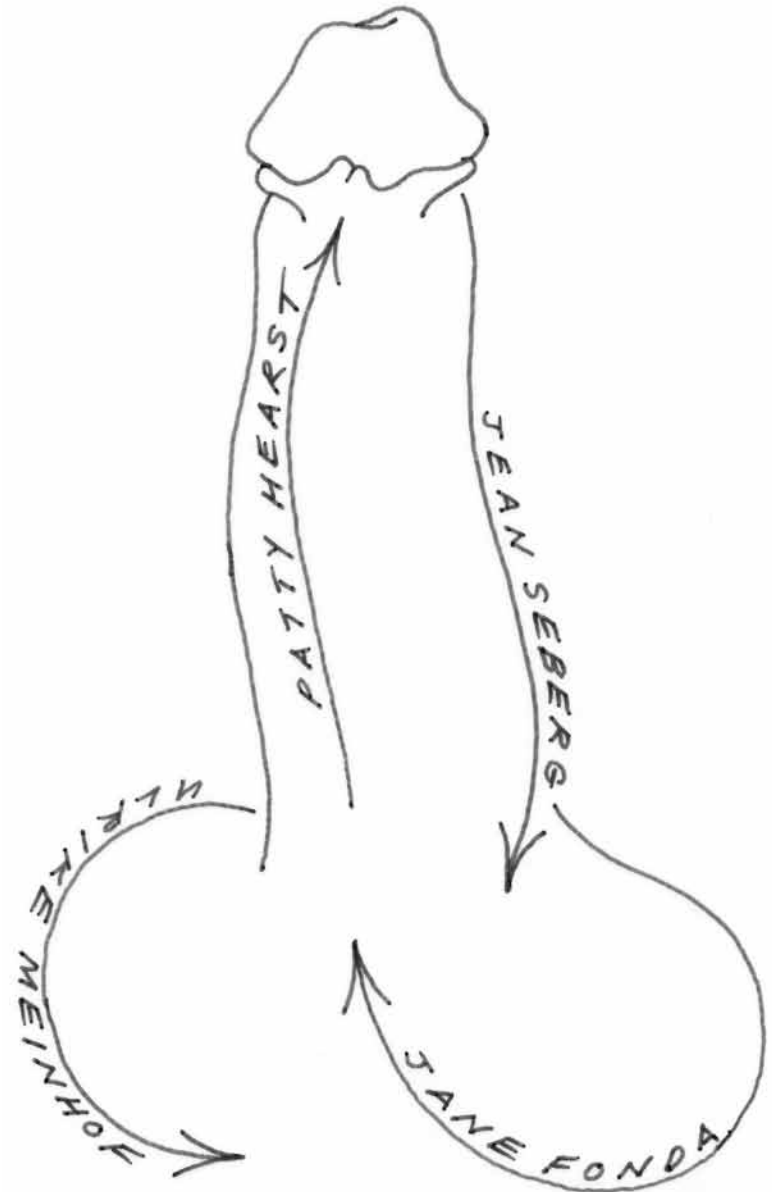
Penises were often hacked off ancient Roman statues in the past as bizarre souvenirs, as well as out of prudishness during the Christian era.

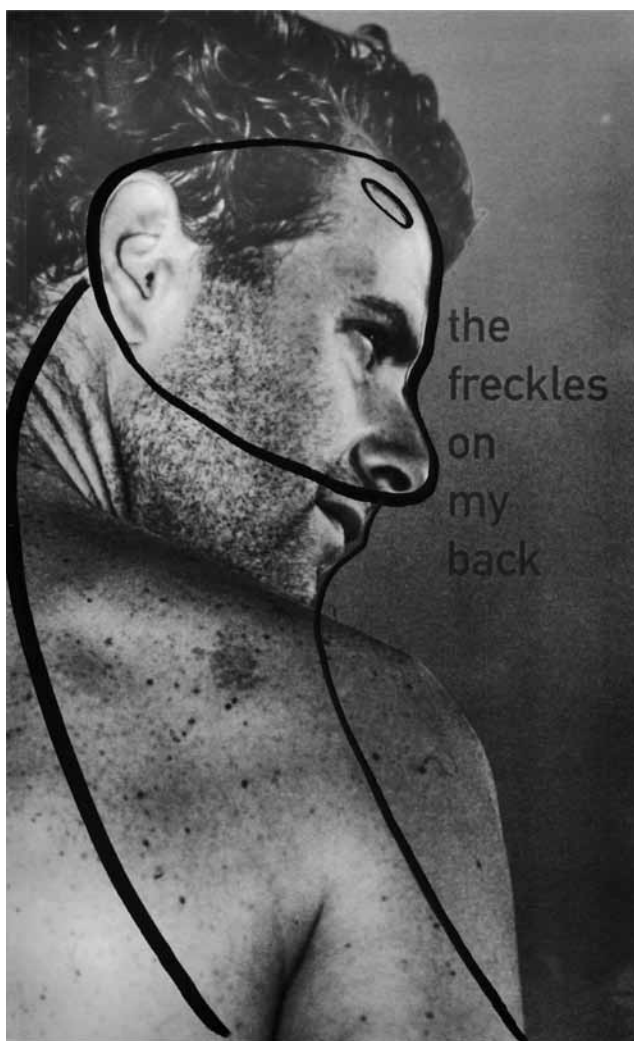
La Repubblica said the amount of money spent was shocking, considering the scale of cuts that Italy is making to its culture budget.

"This is real aesthetic surgery carried out on the personal whim of the prime minister," said Manuela Ghizzoni of the opposition Democratic Party.

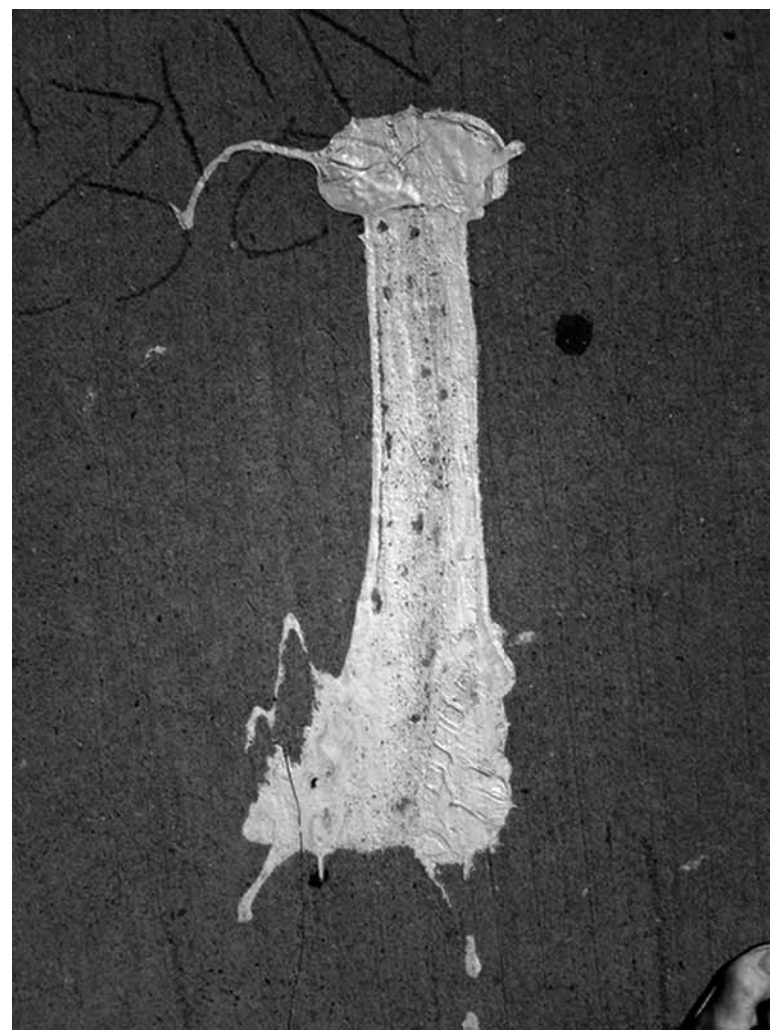
Berlusconi is currently embroiled in two sex scandals, with one woman claiming she slept with the Italian leader twice for 10,000 euros (14,100 dollars) and was provided with drugs at his villa.

Berlusconi has denounced the "indecent attacks" against him.





Jon Kessler, 2010



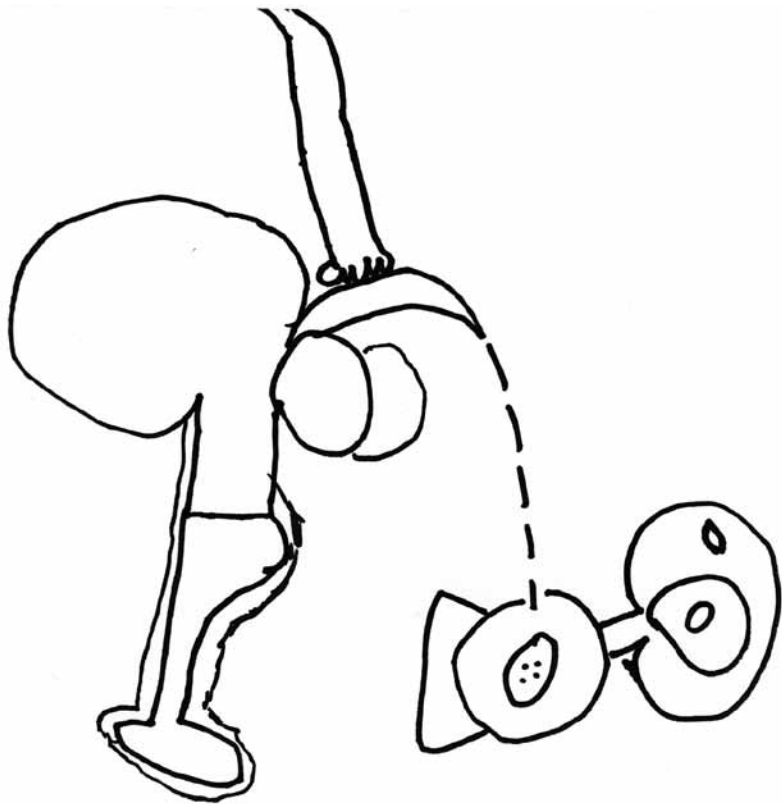
Grady Gebracht, 2010



Sanford Biggers, 2010



*I wanna be Alfred Jarry*, Rainer Ganahl, 2010



[above] Gabriel Silver, 2010  
[right] Gwen Smith, 2010

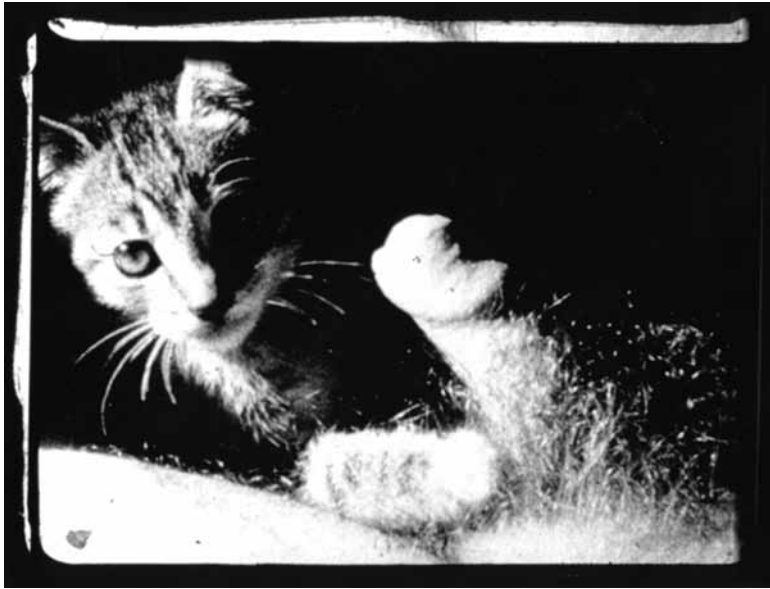




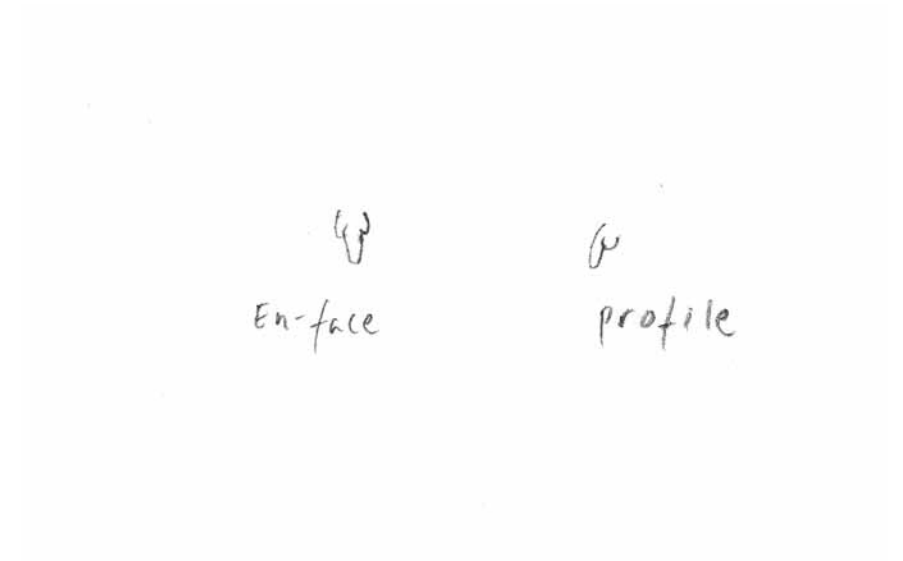
Thomas Witschonke, 2010



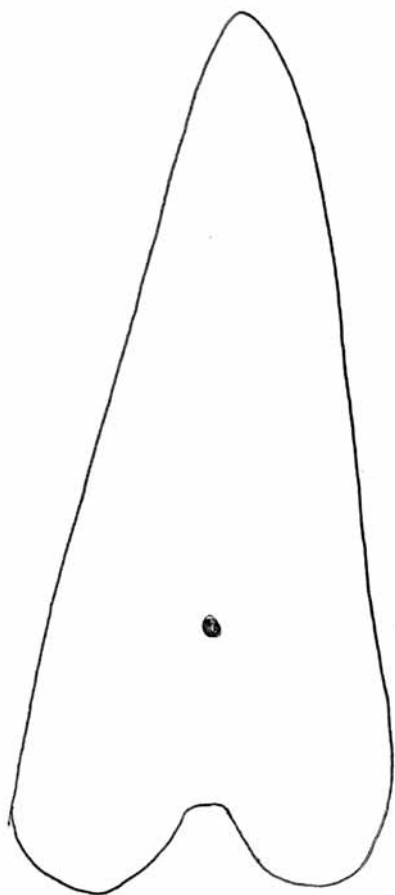
Kunie Sugiura, *early stage*, 2008



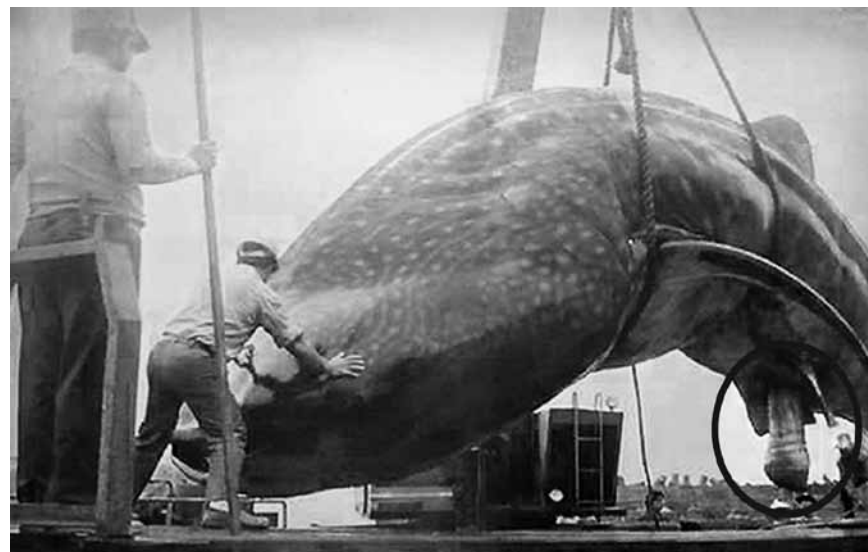
Barbara Hammer, still from *Tender Fictions*, 55 min. 16 mm film, 1995



Eline McGeorge, 2010

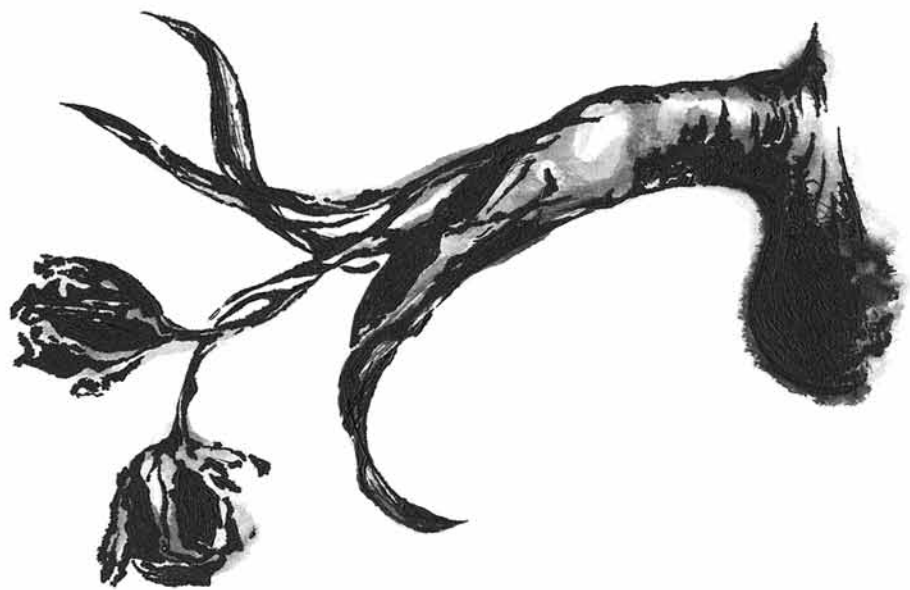


Jenny Perlin, 2010

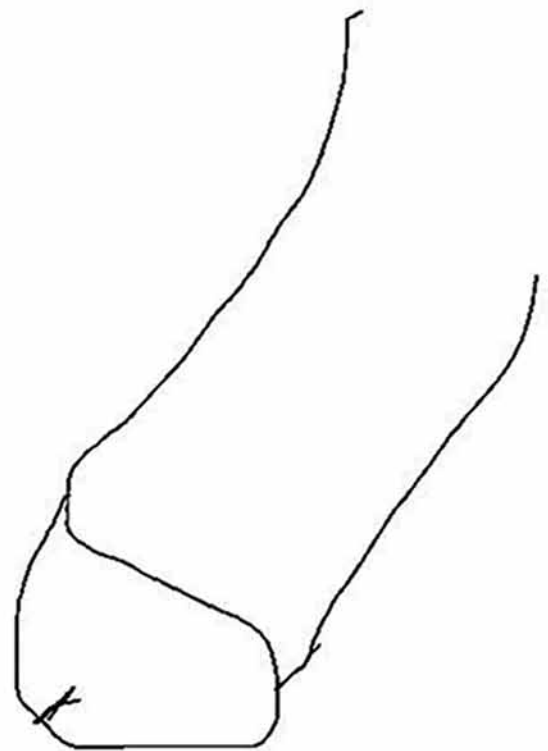


Andrea Blum, 2010

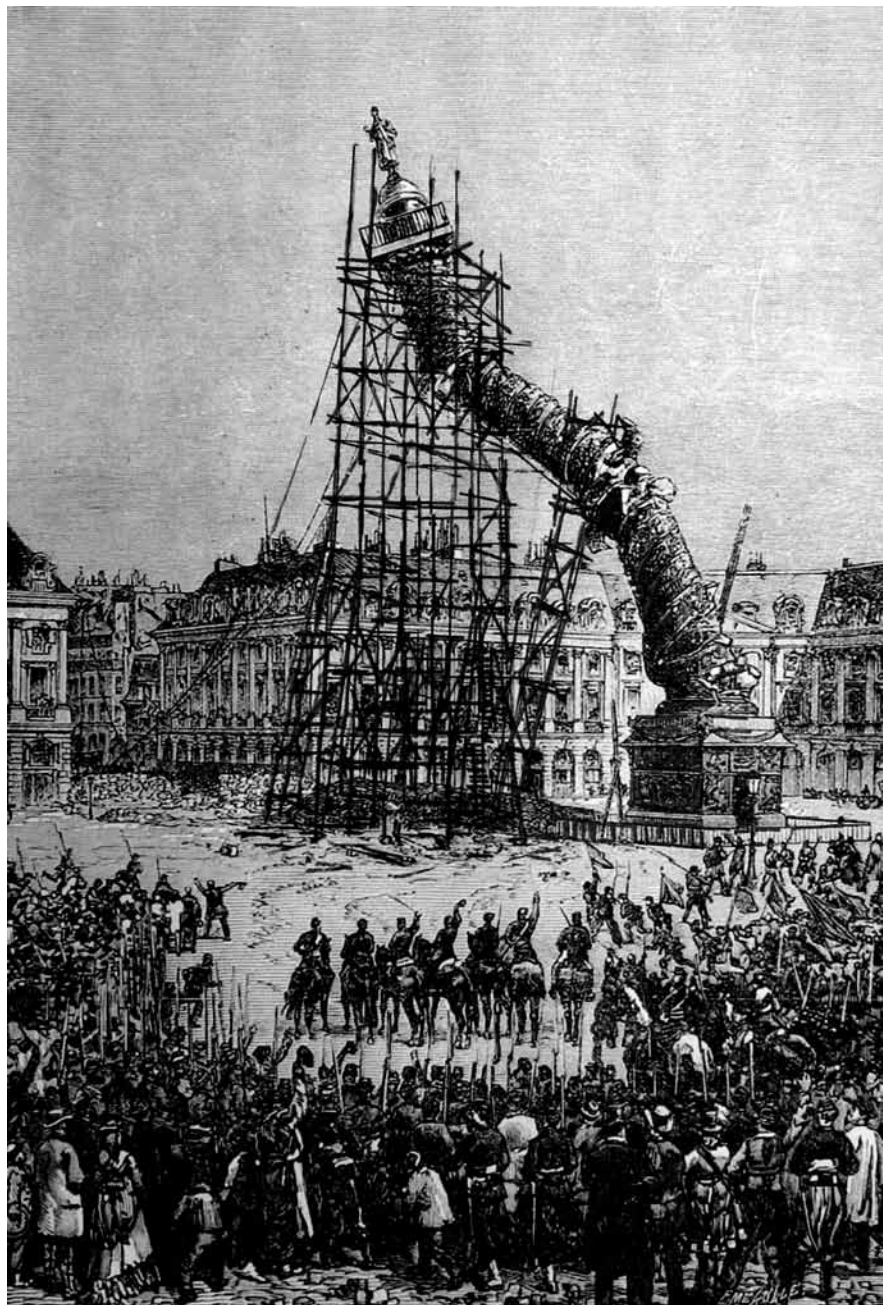




Cassandra X. Guan, *Amorphophallus*, 2011



Amy Sillman, 2011



Michael Ashkin, *Rebuilding the collapse of the Vendôme Column*, 2011



Charles Long, *heaven*, 1999



東京タワー

# SEXISM REARS ITS UNPROTECTED HEAD

**MEN:**  
Use Condoms  
Or Beat It.

## AIDS KILLS WOMEN

SPRING AIDS ACTION '88: Nine days of nationwide AIDS related actions & protests.



[above] Gran Fury, *Sexism Rears Its Unprotected Head*, 1989

[left] Bruce Yonemoto, *Tokyo Tower*, 2011

Prick hosE	Penis salutEs	maP mEn:
kNob	geNitals	peNis
dIck	In	deTInes?
Schlong	Space!	bozuS!

Protrusion	Perineum:	Penis
erEction	strEtch	Emits
Noodle	between	uriNe
fInger	testIcles +	jIzz
Staff	anus	Stuff

Penis Enjoys	Penis Enjoys	Penis Enjoys
haNd	toNgue	vagiNa
In	In	In
Sex	Sex	Sex

Penis	Penis	Penis
Enjoys	Enjoys	Enjoys
aNus	miNd	Nothing
In	In	In
Sex	Sex	Sex

Penis Envy?	Penis Equals	Penis discovErs
Not	peN?	peNis
partIcularly,	pencIl?	Izn't
Sister	Sword?	phalluS

Phallos	Poor	Perpetual
havErs,	erEction:	Erection:
domiNating	tiNy	Now
indIvidual	penIs	vIagra
peniS bearers	Suffers	Sucks

Plato	Penis:	Philosophical
Freud	arEndt	peNis:
lacan	wollstoNecraft	kaNt
derrIda:	weIl	arIstotle
peniS	Sontag	adam Smith

naPoleon's	Presidential	Persmel
pEnis:	pEnis	pEnis
organ	faNTasy	persoNal
hIstnical,	publIc	reIigion
Small	Schlong	esStary



Ronnie Bass, 2011

flickr°

copy of Michelangelo's David



Comments

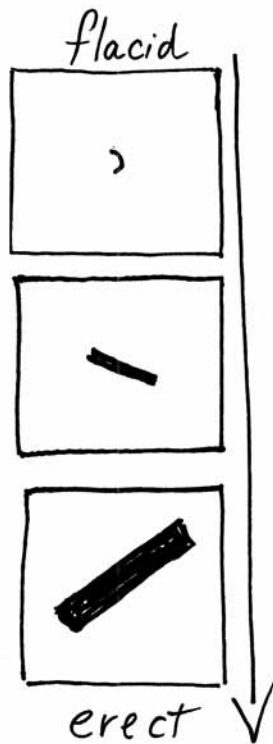


jamesandtim  
LOL! :) you have eojones



wamecelung  
Excellent shot, great tones

Pam Lins, 2010



First Peepeesaurus  
by Eugene Ostashevsky

Says the center philosopher,  
You guys are upside down  
The other philosophers say,  
No, it's you who's upside down  
Peepeesaurus comes in and says,  
The upside-down is upside down

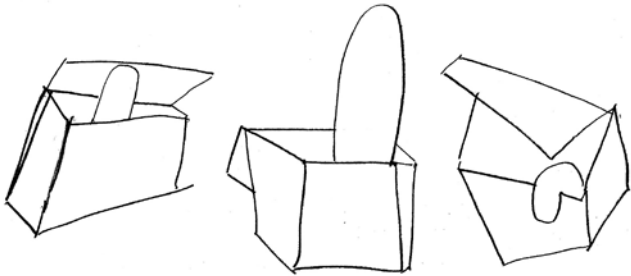
Have you heard about Peepeesaurus?  
He buy a blue balloon  
Green is the color of his orange hair  
His smile is like a spoon  
Yup, when the Peepeesaurus comes  
all the philosophers swoon

Says the green philosopher to the orange philosopher,  
If N is O then O is P and P is Q  
Says the orange philosopher to the lilac philosopher,  
I follow you  
Says the lilac philosopher to the vermilion philosopher,  
What is the color of white?  
Says the vermilion philosopher to the egg-yolk-yellow philosopher,  
Have you heard about the Peepeesaurus?

It's the end of the world. Everybody's expecting the Peepeesaurus.  
Peepeesaurus comes in and says, I'm not late, am I?—No, says everybody.

Peepeesaurus Peepeesaurus  
Go and make some pee-pee  
Peepeesaurus Peepeesaurus  
Go and make some pee-pee  
Make some pee-pee, Peepeesaurus  
Pee-pee is yippee

sketches from ceramic sculpture realized  
Heavily glazed in 1972



JACK-in-the-Box





For as long as I can remember,  
I have wanted to be a man and  
have a penis.

I wouldn't want to alter my body to  
make it more male. If I can't actually  
be a man, then forget it.

My father's side of the family is almost  
all sons. The few daughters who manage to get  
born are unusually aggressive.

One time, I dreamt I had a penis.  
It was so huge and long that I had  
to coil it around my neck like a  
python. I remember standing in a toilet  
stall, struggling to uncoil my penis so that  
I could relieve myself, but it was too  
heavy and unwieldy.

Maybe it's all for the best. It might  
be gross to have balls.





Kathy High, *Duck Dick*, 2011



Elisabeth Subrin, *Untitled (Jim)*, 1990



OPTION #2 by JACKIE SIBBLIES DRURY

A chorus of men flick their flaccid penises rhythmically.  
A bright tempo.

Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing!

A woman sings the verses of this here lil' ditty and the  
men join in on the chorus.

When you told me you wished yer penis was a straw,  
 'Cause then you'd stick it in a tall glass'a milk  
 and drink it all,  
 I opened up my craw, said 'Got some issues with  
 your ma?'  
 And when you clenched yer jaw, I grabbed my bra,  
 and told you not to call, because

The only thing we ever had between us was your  
 penis  
 Yer penis, yer penis, yer pe-nee-nee-nee-nee-nus.  
 You can say that I'm the meanest, not the  
 cleanest, or the leanest,  
 But I was feelin' kinda squeamish 'bout yer  
 feelins fer yer penis.

Penis twangin' solo.  
 Boing! B-b-b-Boing! B-Boing! Boi-oi-oi-oing!

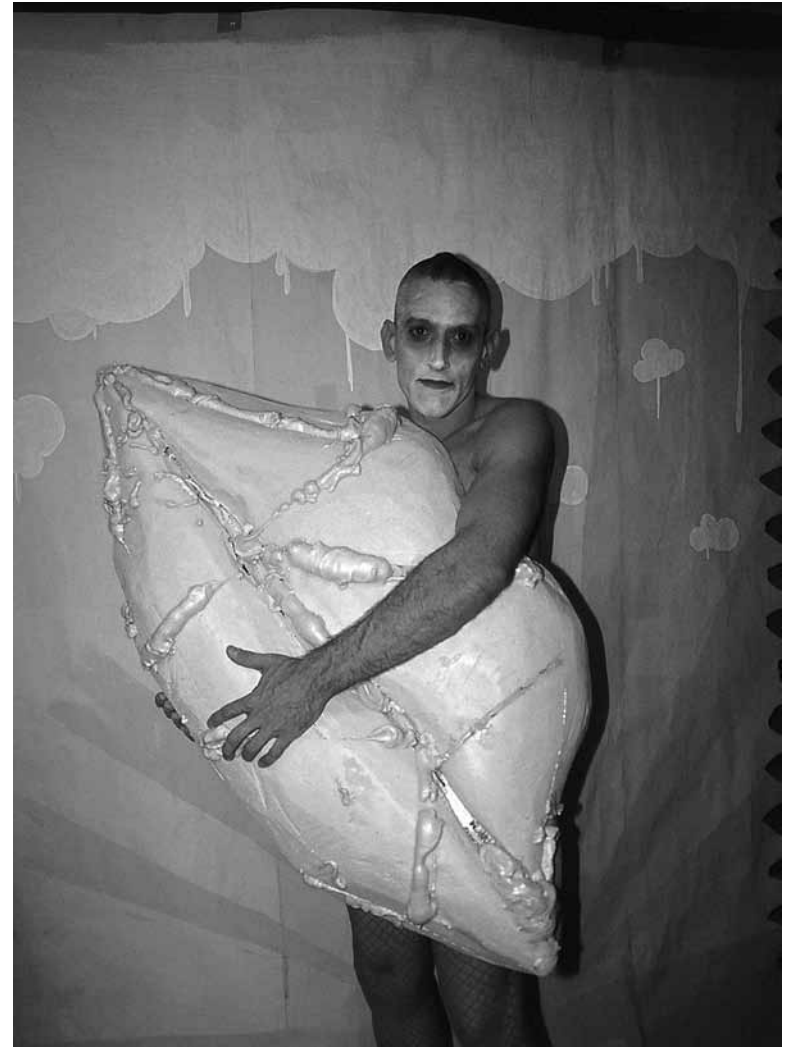
Key change.

Then there was the one who dreamed his dick was  
 like a hose,  
 Sprayin' loads strong enough to wash the color off  
 the rose.  
 I wish I would'a knowed before I'd taken off mah  
 clothes  
 Because the bros with dreams like those just won't  
 reciprocate yer blows, and so

The only thing we'd ever have between us was his  
 penis  
 His penis, his penis, his pe-nee-nee-nee-nee-nus.  
 When he said that I'm the meanest, not the  
 cleanest, or the leanest,  
 I told him I was feelin' squeamish 'bout his  
 feelins fer his penis.

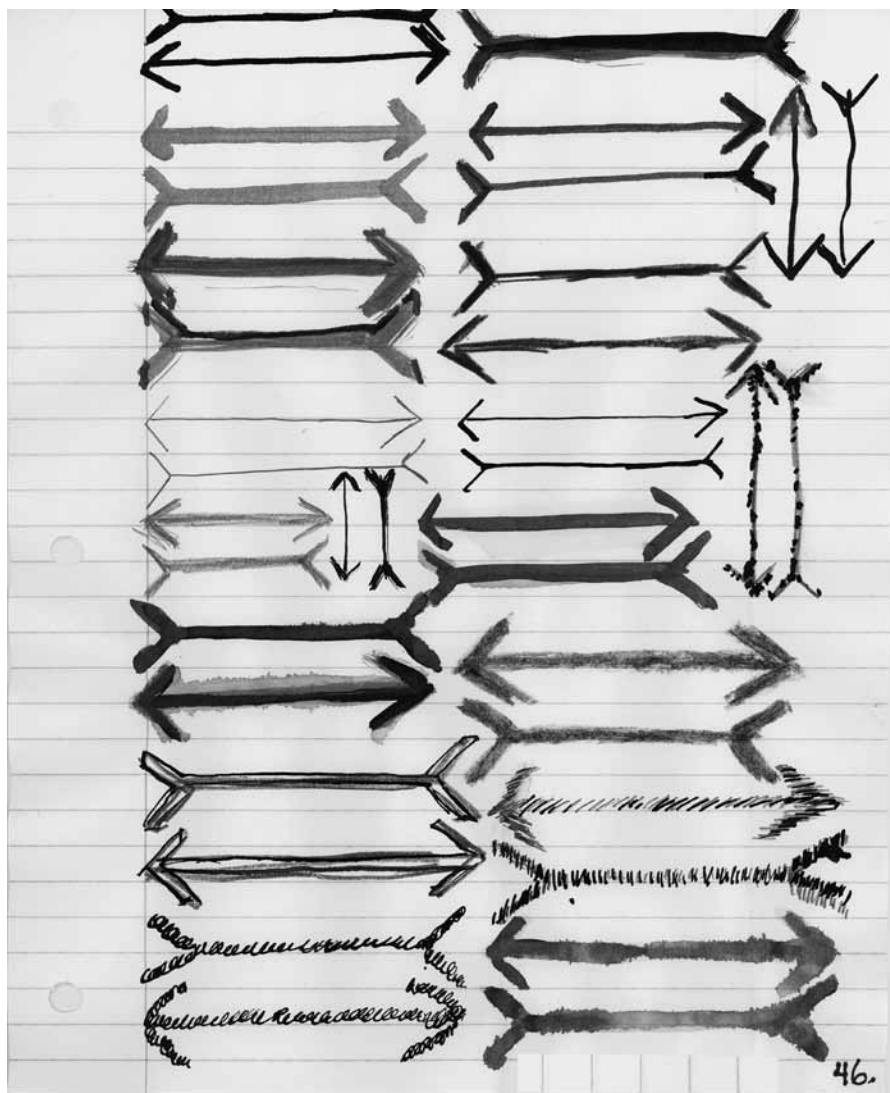
Penis finale: Thigh-slaps and windmills, and a final twang in  
unison:

Boing-oing-oing-oing-oing.



[above] Lior Shvil, *Cherry*, 2011

[left] M+M, *Satisfaction*, 2011



*To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 21 December 1909, 44 Fontenoy Street, Dublin*

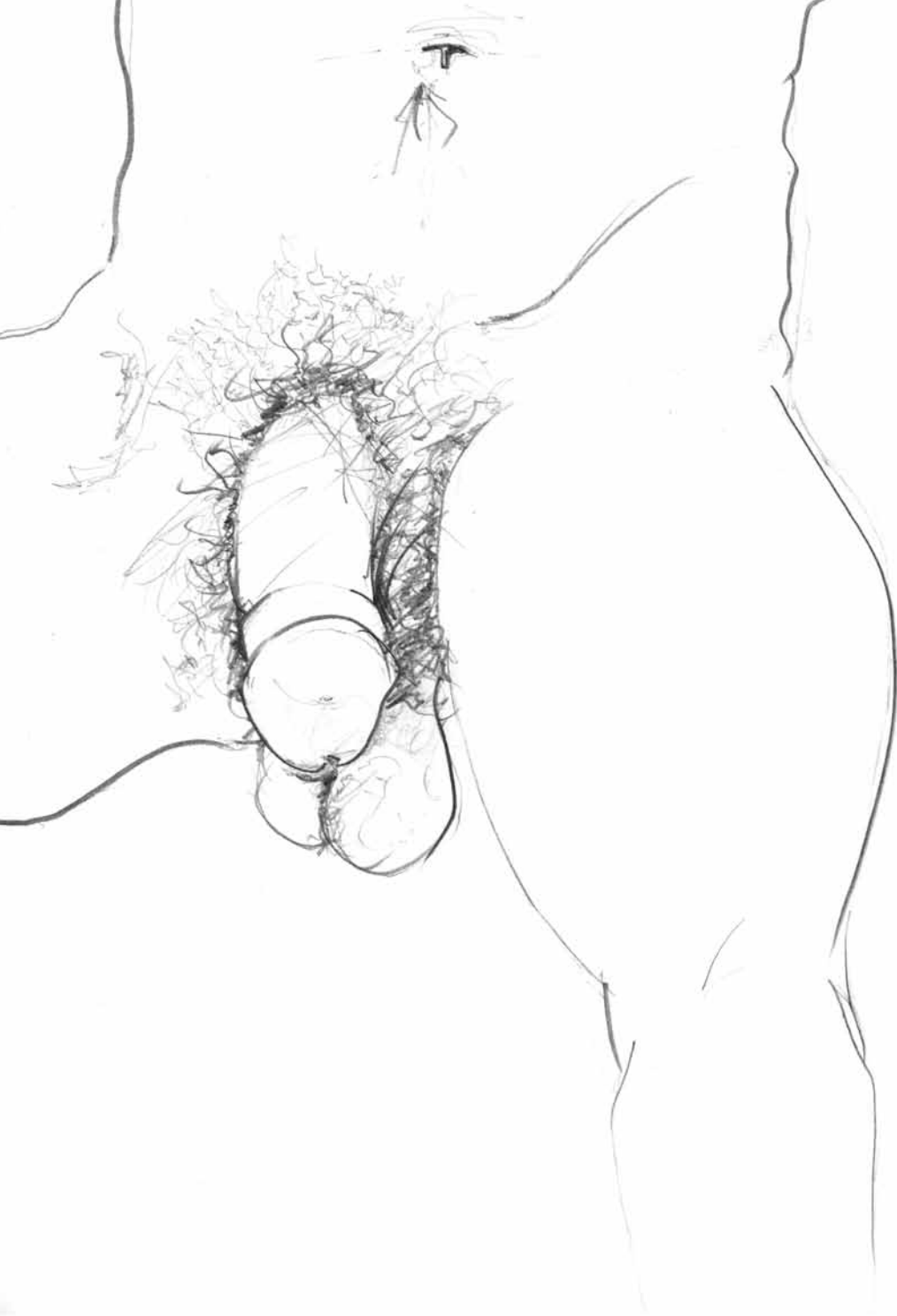
My darling, I ought to begin by begging your pardon for the extraordinary letter I wrote you last night. While I was writing it your letter was lying in front of me and my eyes were fixed, as they are even now, on a certain word in it. There is something obscene and lecherous in the very look of the letters. The sound of it too is like the act itself, brief, brutal, irresistible, and devilish.

Darling, do not be offended at what I wrote. You thank me for the beautiful name I gave you. Yes, dear, it is a nice name, "My beautiful wild flower of the hedges! My dark-blue, rain-drenched flower!" You see I am little of a poet still. I am giving you a lovely book for a present too; and it is a poet's present for the woman he loves. But, side by side and inside this spiritual love I have for you there is also a wild beast-like craving for every inch of your body, for every secret and shameful part of it, for every odor and act of it. My love for you allows me to pray to the spirit of eternal beauty and tenderness mirrored in your eyes or to fling you down under me on that soft belly of yours and fuck you up behind, like a hog riding a sow, glorying in the very stink and sweat that rises from your arse, glorying in the open shame of your upturned dress and white girlish drawers and in the confusion of your flushed cheeks and tangled hair. It allows me to burst into tears of pity and love at some slight word, to tremble with love for you at the sounding of some chord or cadence of music or to lie heads and tails with you feeling your fingers fondling and tickling my ballocks or stuck up in my behind and your hot lips sucking off my cock while my head is wedged in between your fat thighs, my hands clutching the round cushions of your bum and my tongue licking ravenously up your rank red cunt. I have taught you almost to swoon at the hearing of my voice singing or murmuring to your soul the passion and sorry and mystery of life and at the same time have taught you to make filthy signs to me with your lips and tongue, to provoke me by obscene touches and noises, and even to do in my presence the most shameful and filthy act of the body. You remember the day you pulled up your clothes and let me lie under you looking up at you while you did it? Then you were ashamed even to meet my eyes.

You are mine, darling, mine! I love you. All I have written above is only a moment or two of brutal madness. The last drop of seed has hardly been squirted up your cunt before it is over and my true love for you, the love of my verses, the love of my eyes for your strange luring eyes, comes blowing over my soul like a wind of spices. My prick is still hot and stiff and quivering from the last brutal drive it has given you when a faint hymn is heard rising in tender pitiful worship of you from the dim cloisters of my heart.

Nora, my faithful darling, my sweet-eyed blackguard school girl, be my whore, my mistress, as much as you like (my little frigging mistress! my little fucking whore!) you are always my beautiful wild flower of the hedges, my dark-blue rain-drenched flower.

Jim



[above] Akram Zaatari, 2010  
[right] Florian Zeyfang, 2010



# THREE COCKS

by Brian Teare

## One

Once when I was new to online dating and looking for advice, a friend warned me: it's dangerous to look at a .jpeg of a guy's cock before meeting him.

My friend's argument was simple: while you might find a particular date or trick unattractive, it would be impossible to find his cock unattractive.

At first I was suspicious: if I had seen photos of Italy and never once had the urge to visit, and if I had been subjected to hundreds of ads without ever being persuaded to eat Wheaties, why would I have sex with someone I didn't find attractive?

His counter-argument: continually possessed by a vague kind of wanderlust, men are always hungry for something, a weakness that makes them susceptible both to novelty and to impulses ungoverned by the finer points of rudimentary logic.

The longer we talked, the more his picture of masculinity came into focus, and I saw before me a miasma of generalized desire looking for the right object to give it shape and a sense of purpose, the way a tank contains chlorine gas so that it can be pressurized, cooled, and shipped as a liquid.

Though it's true my friend doesn't believe that overall attraction matters when in close proximity to a freely proffered cock, his argument wasn't in the end about chemistry or aesthetics—it was about narrative structure.

Full of thoughts about what you had seen but what paradoxically remained hidden, you would probably end up fucking the man just to reach the withheld denouement of his cock.



## Two

At first I thought his cock was kind of perfect: cut, thick and above average, but not so thick and not so above average that it made logistics difficult.

The only problem: his erection was so unrelentingly firm that fucking quickly became painful for me, and unlike a lot of guys, he couldn't be satisfied by a blowjob.

I've never believed in the "harder, longer, faster" philosophy of cock, so I'd never encountered this problem before; I couldn't understand why, despite our mutual attraction, I hated getting fucked by him, and would go to great lengths to avoid it.

After we stopped seeing each other, I remained full of regrets and questions about the whole affair until I saw a documentary about Ron Jeremy.

One of the actresses interviewed said his cock was remarkable not so much for its great size but for its sponginess—i.e. his cock maintained a soft texture while totally erect.

This pliability made it both comfortable and pleasurable to get fucked by his cock over a long period of time; this was largely not true with other porn actors, whose rigid dicks eventually hurt more than anything else.

This is why many women liked filming with Jeremy: where most men wear a traditional sign of inflexible masculinity, he carries a deliciously paradoxical sign: a "soft" hard cock.

I have fantasized about this kind of cock ever since.

## Three

Though I'm a firm believer in sexual pragmatism—i.e. working with what you've got—sex with him was exceptionally easy, uncomplicated and fun, like his cock.

I experienced it as a kind of golden retriever: needy, responsive and slobbery, its wet nose always in my crotch.

Since I saw him so rarely—twice a week at most—he seemed perpetually on the edge of erection; anytime I touched his cock, it shivered in gratitude and issued a little pre-cum.

He was very clear about having had a lot of sexual partners; once he told me that everyone he's fucked loves his cock, but he did it in the way someone might talk about a famous second cousin, as though his celebrity were only distantly connected.

And it was true that talk of his cock had preceded him the way a dog on a leash precedes its owner; it's true that such talk made a lot of guys stop and flirt with him the way gay men flirt over their dogs in Duboce Park.

He was often already hard by the time we finished saying hello, and so we'd often end up fucking on the couch; he particularly liked to sit while I straddled his lap.

Sitting on the locus of his fame made me realize that the cock's existence is so overburdened with meaning that our culture invented a second cock—the phallus—as a kind of fraught apology.

Like: we're sorry your cock has become so symbolic, and we know it's kind of weird, being saddled with this doppelgänger, but we thought it would maybe take some of the burden off your cock.

Like now it can be freed up to do material, manual labor—getting hard, fucking, coming, etc.—while the phallus does the symbolic labor; you know, the PR, the paperwork—organizing language, overseeing power, policing systems of knowledge.

He liked to fuck a second time in the shower, and it was there I thought that maybe the white-collar phallus is to theory as the blue-collar cock is to praxis.

Afterwards, as I towed off his cock, it struck me that it was a good idea to invent someone to blame, in the event something should go wrong.

# Shelly Silver

## What I Know About Penises

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