bizarre women, exotic bodies & outrageous sex:
or if annie sprinkle was a black ho she wouldn't be all that

by karen/miranda augustine

The new school of leszie pro-sex activism has been pushed into the mainstream of queer political thought: important as it is for women's issues to be phased at the centre, and particularly so since lesbians generally have little emotional or financial dependence on men, throughout the bulk of sex mags, porn, and the Modern Primitives trend, at heart is an unacknowledged pre- cence of culture-vault itself dependent on sexualized sex- drives of white queens.

As a queer-identified Black woman, I have felt unsatisfied by the sexual liberation rhetoric firmly anchored within lesbian and gay spaces. SM, dyke representation, censorship, pornography, sexual fantasies: this compartment of women's sexual practice within the mainstream of the lesbian, gay and bisexual communities has conveniently disregarded the very complex issue of race—and where it all fits—within these discussions.

I'm not big on sexuality theories because the very things that swell my clit, when thrown into the whitewind of leszie political correctness, just don't figure. And depending on how strong I'm feeling, shame is often the outcome if what's turning me on is deemed degrading to my sex by the progressive elite. Put quite simply, I don't claim definitive politics or a lot of these issues, but I do understand what makes me wet.

I am a consumer of pornography. Hot porn, that is. I have been so since the age of 11. Cherie, Penthouse...you name it, I boarded it. What I realized then was that Black female porn stars (like their Asian, Latinx, Arab and Jewish sisters) were left to the grasp of white mags, alluring to themes of cannibalism, bestiality and slavery. What I understand now is that race is the distinguishing feature in determining the type of objectification a woman will encounter. And believe me, the sex- libbers of the queer scene need a wake-up call: this problem is alive and well and deeply embedded within our communities. This in mind, a historical briefing on Black sexual excitation will bring me back to my case in point.

Sarah Bartmann's girlie show

The genitalia of selected African slave women—referred to as "Hottentots"—was examined in order to prove them a primitive species who most likely copulated with apes. According to Sandra Gilman, one of many African women placed on display, Sarah Bartmann, referred to as the "Hottentot Venus," is but one example of Black female objectification during early 19th century Europe. Her display formed one of the original icons for Black female sexuality; Bartmann was often exhibited at fashionable parties in Paris, generally wearing little clothing, to provide entertainment. To her audience, she represented a deviant sexuality. Reduced to her sexual parts, Ms. Bartmann was shorned for about 5 years until her death at age 25 in 1815. To add insult to injury, her genitalia were dissected and—a to this very day—put on display at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris.

Present day notions of "fixed" and "open" sexuality rely specifically on this historically-specific interpretation of Black womanhood.

Fuck Lee Delaria & her big black dildo jokes

question: which is more intimidating: a man, bi a big man, or her black men?
question: rough sex—who are you most likely to get it from? as an Asian, bi an African.
question: what makes Latinos so "hot-blooded"?

The onslaught of dyke sex paraphernalia, in an attempt to overthrow the strictures of
for Dong Wilson

A wall fell down, a field of muddy footprints like scattered bricks, in early spring
then again, climbed by winter, hard and white as a public toilet
shocked by the headlong rush of green
never before seen, every year, the sping that never comes, every winter

Sleeping With the Enemy

The first lesson does not appear for some time. Its quiet moved slowly like a thick rain pouring the thickest autumn leaves and all the creeping vines. The first leaves began to fall, to curl and brown, to wither. The descent was slow, like a slow descent to a cold, dark place. The leaves fell, one by one, until the ground was covered with a thick layer of leaves.

Then, the second lesson appeared. A thin, leafless branch spoke to the leaves, saying, "We are the leaves. We will fall. We will die."

Something in My Eye

My eyes shifted like the birds from safety to sudden swiftness, or the panes pushing further to an unexpected depth without warning, the platform swallowed the mother unrecognizable in evening wear
So my head turns a curve over and your skin is created deeply across the dappled wood of this book, left through to right against the grain, particles floating to reach the eyes in a sphere of scented sawdust
hearing physical memories in letter form, hard infections, the créme mousse inhaling in gulping sobs.
And my eyes too casting off not a vision precisely but a fragrance, an outpouring of every rational substance once transcribed by time with the element of fives, urs, selen, cornea...now in heaping handfuls thrown into the deconstructing air-born, clerical masses of pulp and perceptive flesh.

Stuart Blackley