PLEASURE OBJECTS TEASER

STEVEN TEREF
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#67
ESSAY PRESS GROUNDLOOP SERIES

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“Conceal your pastimes from the public view.”

—Alceste, from *The Misanthrope*
During my stint as an undergrad photography major, a fellow student confronted his porn compulsion by photographing his porn collection. He emerged from the darkroom with his garish 8½" x 10" B&W ghosts and squeegeed off the excess hypo clear.

His story can be distilled to six words: 3D bodies deflate; 2D bodies comfort.

I knew the convulsing sea within him. I dropped acid, downed cheap cabernet, and dashed beeline to the Broadway adult bookstore. I devoured VHS of a listless Savannah thrusting through 90 minutes of boredom. I winnowed back to my studio, past the parade of prostitutes, to fawn over glossy photos of a pale black-haired petite model for my umpteenth hand pump, only to stare down orgiastic trees—their undulating leaves violating the dawn.

While my father faced his finite run against pancreatic cancer, I flitted between anti-depressants, desperate to regulate the growing grief within. The downtrodden swallow proper names: Lexapro, Wellbutrin, Zoloft. Transitioning from Lexapro to Wellbutrin. Zoloft zinged me into an insomnia-tinged fiend. For a span, I forged my mortal fears into a fanciful fuck-storm that birthed Pleasure Objects.

I must note the profound impact my brief madness in spring 2012 had on my creative output and subsequent process. For the five-odd weeks that I was in the throes of an anti-depressant-induced mania, I wrote four manuscripts. I have never been so creatively productive, so focused, so free. So diverse. In fact, since my manic sprint, my writing has been more open because of the broadening that resulted from that teetering torment where I nightly snatched three hours of sleep.

In my tumult, I tripped into TubeGalore. I tumbled through Alice-like lappings of grotesque maws gulping avalanches of cum. I lusted over luminous looped breachings and spoutings. I, the digitally doomed, floundered pickled amid pornographic pixels. The tangled tease quartered me. For years previously, I wished every black pleasure burst would annihilate me.

When I was diagnosed with testicular cancer I firmly believed that my wish had come true—that I deserved to have my body reject itself on a cellular level. Somewhere, I still believe that.
I took a photo of myself attempting to cut off one of my testicles with a butcher knife for a school assignment, my photo essay on testicle-swapping.

Testicles are the foci of male ego. If we lived in a society where, instead of a handshake, men exchanged testicles, men would forego their desire to dominate others through procreation. Testicle-swapping could pave the way for utopia. Without one’s own sperm at one’s disposal, domination loses its thrust.

* 

When I first conceived of what would eventually become Pleasure Objects the initial title was All the Ways I Imagine You. The “I” was of course some version of me. The “you” was the “you” of the objectified in a general sense.

Reading about sex toys, I found that they were referred to as “pleasure objects.” The simplicity of the phrase hit me like an orgasm. Aren’t the objectified pleasure objects, aren’t they sex toys of the imagination?

* 

The structure of Pleasure Objects has its precedents:
- Gustave Flaubert’s Dictionnaire des idées reçues (1850)
- Comte de Lautréamont’s Poésies (1870)
- Ambrose Bierce’s The Devil’s Dictionary (1881–1906, 1911)
- Walter Benjamin’s Passagen-Werke (1927–1940)

* 

For the late David Bowie, the role of the artist was “to pick through the debris of a culture, to look at what’s been forgotten or not really taken seriously.” Aside from occasional window-dressing in poems, Internet porn has remained an outlier in Literature. Internet porn, that floating garbage patch, that debris sea, that black hole. In its mush of misguided feral fury, welcome me. I am your champion, your essayist. The intentionally austere alphabet sections of Pleasure Objects reflect Internet porn’s raw staging. Pleasure Objects is an argument for how Internet porn can be used as literature, to break out of the fossilized idea that it is unmentionable or unworthy of literary value.

* 

I am saying “look at what’s out there.” I’m also saying “look at what’s in me: what’s in all of us.” I am no more guilty than you. But, who are “you”?

* 

“I went into the secret rooms considered shameful even to name. But not shameful to me—because if they were, what kind of poet, what kind of artist would I be?”

—C. P. Cavafy
PLEASURE
OBJECTS
TEASER
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<td>9 Months Pregnant¹</td>
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218,482 VIDEOS

---

*Amai Liu*

the young girl emerges.

a lot of girls her age working through it.

the defile on rent knees. hacked and racked backwards. menses choke her pleas.

I become a leather fact.

---

¹ Technically, a threesome.
2. Amputees feel orgasms in their phantom limbs.

3. The relationship between a dream and what it expresses...no more than analogy, a metaphor. A metaphor holds a truth and an untruth. If one takes it as it is and gives it some sensual form, in the shape of reality, one gets dreams and art; but between...is a glass partition. If one...separates the unverifiable from the verifiable, one gets truth and knowledge but kills the feeling.

4. In 1979, Alien instilled in me a lifelong phobia of childbearing.

5. What happens during puberty to a boy? He says goodbye to his childhood and enters adultery.

6. The flash under the skin shrivels and vanishes, and the skin nestles snugly against the skull, which it can no longer keep warm.

7. Holes open. Holes breath into themselves, asking about the time of the explosion.

8. It's healthy to have aspirations.


10. Archer said, "Why does this chair have no seat? And WHAT is in his ass?!"
11. The butter-fucked cheeks of young boys.

12. The butterfly cheeks of young boys.

13. In a tunnel of the tunnel, get out of that tunnel. In a tunnel, in a tunnel, become a tunnel. The art of zero inside a tunnel: exiting a tunnel. The mouth of an abandoned tunnel appearing at the mouth of the tunnel like a black tunnel heading down the tunnel and disappearing. I come out of the darkness of the tunnel from the tunnel pushing into the tunnel through a tunnel to the tunnel.

In the darkness, it got brighter and the tunnel filled with the sharp smell of a tanatero; laughter echoed down the sweaty tunnel. A narrow dark tunnel, empty. Embedded in the tunnel wall. Soft in a torchlit tunnel. Brace against the border. It opens a body of wisecracks.

There’s been a death. That damn tunnel. When someone stops...if I could. Has to be kept open. In the middle of the tunnel, the first tunnel, there was a tunnel collapsing the tunnel of loss, of memory, etc.

The drip contracted in the tunnel: a wrong turn. The plywood, the warped plywood, the tunnel spooky. The tunnel spills into the tunnel where the creek pours in. The stream, the tracks, the mouth of the tunnel. It was round.

The boys as tall as two medium-sized boys. And at the far end, the bright contrast so sharp. The shadow, the gloom of the tunnel: an out-of-focus shimmer. They enter and begin. The curve was slippery with wet moss. The shell, the helmet, hundreds of shapes. The most promising know only half the fun.

The real draw of the abandoned tunnel is “the tunnel” unlit. Entering this long man-made cavern means plunging into total voluminous and chilly empty for some scattered debris. A spot of light at the far end deep inside the useless. There’s another tunnel. This serves a kind of warm. Riders never find themselves. The remote and lawless tunnel, graffiti at the end. You’re still fucking the tunnel. The mustache goes, it all goes. Marriage crowding the balls. Lose your child, your whole hold, your cumbersome bridge.

Does he want to follow them in or run out of the tunnel? The white torpedo slowly pulls out. The tunnel feels relief...and wonder. This mouth, a slide through a stingray, a tropical fish-filled memory cellar.

Driving through sand at the end of the tunnel, I didn’t look if you were a thunderstorm, the river’s shores beneath the ice.

A cave between the sheets, the boys found a weak spot: the wild cave opening. Both see and smell this green coop; simulated the shape of the classic hoop, the shape of money, deer, and harsh weather. A raw cover in colder digging. They dig the sandy soil, their cave-in. They pluck, stack, stitch, tunnel, dig, and chew. They shoot through the future.
BREE OLSON

white flower without root

two small black mice scurry around in a cage

their sweat is reduced
to a dollhouse partial view

Glide wasn’t enough for the pig. Teach the dog the pretty way, the only iris. Larvae bore through the tunnel, the rhizome-infested machine underneath. The pressure banal and repetitive hurtling through a tunnel toward truth in the absence. There was no “tunnel,” no bright whatever, no euphoria. To get to the end, get out of the tunnel. No funny thing ever walked out of the tunnel. Taking it all in. The game vanished into the tunnel. He took away with him any light. I still don’t see the end of the messy, this enormous lunch, the blind escape. His member guards the tunnel. Push the fennel slaw, the sausage toll. The isthmus of air that separates remains scantily open. Stimulates rapid connections. Control any other kite. Measure the distance, his need to breach. Mistakes lead into the tunnel. Stress should accept. The regime, to allow.

15. This entry is for the Andrea Dworkins.

16. Camera errors can form weird voids and dark psychedelic landscapes.

17. A pleasant girl of 16 would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples.
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18. We have concluded that we are unable to approve your application for coverage. Our decision is based on your history of testicular cancer and depression.

19. Mankind’s extinction event will be overpopulation.

20. Sometimes you eat the bunny, sometimes the bunny eats you.

21. My Life in the Ghost of Bush

22. We cover the earth with foulness; life is a blotch of labour, like insects scurrying in filth.

23. [H]er whole obstinate person bent forward like a gargoyle, look[ing] as if it were warding off the blows of a brutal and fraudulent fate.

24. How can I demonstrate my concern for humanity?

It was built with offers in adverse come.

A sense of violation in the air.
You see and feel my sex attack.
Flesh for fantasy.
We cry.

25. The movie presents us with an image, and while you may discuss the meaning of the image, it is not permitted to devise explanations for it. Since [the director] does not show a pier, there is no pier—a movie is exactly what it shows us, and nothing more.

26. Cumming man has close encounter with three bears.

27. Freedom is not chaos nor anarchy. Freedom is not achieved simply by working freely.

If you won’t swallow, why expect a lover to?
28. As a lesbian, I rather enjoy being the main cum bucket while starring in some of the best extreme bukkake movies. It's like a party but for your face.

29. Videos About Fucking

30. I don’t want to look at them: their shape saddens me, and it saddens me to remember their original light.

How quickly that dark line gets longer, how quickly the snuffed-out candles proliferate.

31. Till I in hand her yet half trembling took, And with her own goodwill her firmly tied. Strange thing, me seem’d, to see a beast so wild, So goodly won, with her own will beguil’d.
Big Beautiful Woman 58,962
Beauty 63,770
Busty 139,827
Big Cock 177,819
Black 208,165
Big Tits 342,027
Babe 422,912
Brunette 499,466
Blonde 502,579
Boobs 547,876
Blowjob 881,774

4,511,811 VIDEOS

32. Venus of Willendorf
33. The blackness of this plot of his!
34. Two heads that become faceless by the nature of their encounter. Consuming one another—one literally, through the mouth, and the other through the idea of a mouth. There is a whole field of (worldly) objects ready to be fashioned into dicks by the field of objects ready to be fashioned into mouths.

Annie Sprinkle’s 100 Blowjobs. Of her 3,500 customers, she had probably 100 bad experiences. To a soundtrack of people cussing at her and spitting out cruelties, Annie licks and sucks nine dildos until she chokes and pretends to gag on the cum. The cameras stop clicking. The eyes stop leering. The air goes out of the room. The sucking sound stops.

CAMILLE CRIMSON

the red table
a bag of blue marbles
red ochre crayons in deep caves
ramble raw in my head
35. Pry purple
loosestrife from the dank
guilt of earth. Pluck
leeches from your arms,
push mud-caked hair
behind your ears, black
stringy rot from your lips.
Coffin’s vast false rest.
Do you like it quiet?

36. When the storm drain clogs.

37. Keeping your teeth pearly white.

38. Two men sat drinking in a Red Light theater. The first offered, “I prefer to be drunk than sober.”
The second confided, “I prefer porn to sex.”
Thrice-weekly visits to the cinema seem to hack away most of the romantic whale-blubber which would poison our relationship.

39. As you are about to blurt out something comes the bright cleavage.

40. Do you see me now?

41. Margaret: “I kill with my cunt.”
### Sonnet

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42. Cures the thrill of the forbidden.
43. I feel like a wet seam wild in the hot blind earth.
44. Snow dripped from the brim of her shabby coat.
   A glass tomb.
   I’m only happy when it rains
   and though I know you can’t appreciate it
   pour your misery down on me
   I feel good when things go wrong
   you can keep me company
   as long as you don’t care.
45. I want to be naked in a cage / With a naked bitch. We can be like pets.
   We’ll make great pets!
   We’re all meat puppets.
46. NOTHING BEATS HUMILIATION. HUMILIATION’S A DISEASE.
47. No one could stain her, though many have tried.
48. I like my women like I like my peanut butter: chunky.
49. Better to wield the ax than create from what the ax has cut, because that’s the center of attention.
   Professor: “I’ll be able to stop in time.”
   Maid: “Then, you’re satisfied with your pupil, she’s profited by your lesson?”
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50. Brainstorm’s continuous orgasm loop.
52. -mate.
53. To represent significant aspects of physical reality without trying to overwhelm that reality so that the raw material focused upon is both left intact and made transparent.
54. Bukkake Vista Social Club
56. 1: Blow into a freshly used condom.
2: Tie it.
3: Pick up a pin.
4: Pop the balloon.
57. Fly fishing.
58. E.g. Michelle Bachmann, or Kristen Wiig impersonating Bachmann.
59. In the Seat Back ad for Nationwide Insurance, The World’s Greatest Spokesperson in the World reclines his seat with a cocky smile. The driver, a doppelganger for Charlotte from Sex and the City, looks around to ensure no one sees them. She teasingly chides him, “I see what you did there.” The vanishing deductible is a pretense for a blowjob. The only thing vanishing in the ad is his cock in her mouth.
60. As social beings we want to matter and we want to matter to someone, we want to count and be counted, but loneliness and anonymity are more often our plight.
61. Dorothy Vallens commands, “Get undressed! I want to see you!”
62. Leaps of attention.

There’s joy in repetition. There’s joy in repetition. There’s joy in repetition. There’s joy in repetition.

Love me, joy. Love me, joy. Love me, joy.
Coed 16,755
Chubby 19,621
Cowgirl 27,155
Cunt63 28,933
Cum Swallowing 32,005
Close Up64 32,416
College Girl 52,714
Creampie65 61,295
Cute 85,819
Couple66 97,150
Cum67 246,605
Cumshot68 404,771

1,420,812 VIDEOS

63. The promontory of her sex between the parted lips...the body clenched around it in a heat
burning ever stronger. Her torn-apart sex.

64. The smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill coloured.

65. Think Boston Cream doughnuts, but with vaginas.

66. She is the object of desire; he is merely her appendage, the object of the object.

67. Brush strokes of ejecta. A subtle chevron texture drapes...from a recent impact. She...struggles
in long, slow spasms.... She calls for deliverance, for someone to come. How much I should
like to see this liquor flow!

68. The Decisive Moment. Bright shoots of everlastingness.

DEMIDA

send private message
need to confess
the truth is decent
her small frame
wields chocolates
shaped like tiny eggs
silver may be in
a tiny candle
silver may be
a light in her wreath
touch her dollhouse
doll heads in jars
of corn syrup
her shell
the right book
in the library
low ceilings
poor air
laconic
“little sister”
I drop
cooked spaghetti
my only weapon
transports merely
to hell a future
visited dead
what to call
within the last
this necktie?

D

Dyed Hair 51
Double Toying 230
Denial69 258
Dominican 475
Double Fisting70 493
Diaper 529

Dressing Room 564
Disco 653
Drooling 725
Danish 761

Defloration71 783
Double Pussy 851
Dare72 1,493

Dutch 1,526
Dirty Talk 1,699

69. He feels that passion has permission. Neither in the history of music nor anywhere else is the suitor simply barred from events. This woman has not a spark of submission.

70. There are so many things you can do with a hand.

71. Around them is a garden falling steeply to a plain, a rolling, treeless plain, fields bordering a river. Beyond, reaching to the horizon, there’s a vague expanse, a still misty vastness that might be that of the sea.

72. I dare you, to be real.
   To touch a flickering flame.
   . . .
   Don’t back away just yet from destinations set
   I dare you to be proud
to dare to shout aloud.
Memory is made of little girls exchanging the same Valentine’s card like a hockey puck. Sneaking it from desk to desk.

You have no intention of being a functional drunk.

He treats objects like women, man.

She’ll never cover up what we did with her dress.

“You will like it here,” the woman said, leading him to a chair on which she sat him down. In doing this she noticed a stain on his trousers, kneeled down beside him and began to scrape at the stain with her fingernails.

“You’re a dirty fellow,” she said.

“It’s an old stain.”

Do you rotate, eddy, or spin? Do you vibrate, bounce, or tick? Do you detour, bend, or stretch? We’re milling through the grinder, grinding through the mill. If this is not an exercise, could it be a drill? How’s your skull? Does it fit? Is your mind free, empty, or split?

I don’t like you enough to deep throat you.
“Perhaps the light will prove another tyranny. Who knows what new things it will expose?”
—C. P. Cavafy
Dark Hair
Drinking

Double Fucking
Desk

Dating
Dyke
Dungeon

Dirty Talk
Dutch
Dare

Double Pussy
Defloration
Danish

Drooling
Disco

Dressing Room
Diaper

Double Fisting
Dominican

Denial
Double Toying
Dyed Hair
DOUBTFUL GUEST (I)

he is a frequent visitor

he pushes open the door in a butt
left sitting on the bed

as not to see
who sells

he watches for the most tender
meat

DOUBTFUL GUEST (II)

my depression
scratches on the furniture

I spit here
the seawater bubbles blue

how long exist has been used
on the road signs
NOTES

INTERSPERSED QUOTES
Cavafy, C. P. “And I Lounged and Lay on Their Beds.” Trans. Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard.

Language in portraits appropriated from LingForum between February and April 2015.

ON WRITING PLEASURE OBJECTS

ADULTERY

ALL HOLES

ANAL

ANAL TOYING

ARTISTIC

BAREBACKING
Cavafy, C. P. “Candles.”

BEAR
WSB-TV (wsbtv). “Cumming man has close encounter with 3 bears -- check out the pics he took!” 19 September 2013 4:17 p.m. Tweet.
BEND OVER  

BIG BLACK COCK  

BIG NIPPLES  

BISEXUAL  

BALL BUSTING  
Footnote excerpted from a letter from a life insurance company.

BLACK  

BLINDFOLDED  

BLOOPER  

BLOWJOB  


BONDAGE  
Spenser, Edmund. “Amoretti LXVII: Like as a Huntsman.”

BOUND  

BREATH PLAY  

BRUTAL  


The quote “It was built” adapted from an erasure of a car advertisement.

BUKKAKE  
Anonymous. “As a lesbian, I rather enjoy being the main cum bucket while starring in some of the best extreme bukkake movies. It’s like a party but for your face.” *Pornhub*. Web. 25 February 2012.
BUSH

CAGE

CAR

CASH
Footnote sentences appropriated from film titles found through IMDB.

CAUGHT

CELEBRITY

CENTERFOLD

CHUNKY

CINEMA

CLASSROOM
Ionesco, Eugene. *The Lesson.*

CLEAVAGE

CLOSE UP

COMPILATION

CONDOM PLAY
Image inspired by a poem by Matthew Weitman.

COP

CUM
NASA. Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter Camera.

CUM COVERED
Pun on Buena Vista Social Club.
CUM DRENCHED

CUM INSIDE

CUMSHOT

CUNT

DARE

DEEP THROAT

DEFLORATION

DENIAL

DIRTY

DOLL

DOUBLE FISTING

DRESS

DRILL
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  * Artifice: “B”
  * Ghost Proposal: “C”
  * Restless: “#”

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