

Amsterdam, 6 January 2008.

Dear Marc and Martin,

Here is the text I promised for your book "Pie Bible". I am a person with a depressive personality and also with a quite low self esteem / inferiority complex. Somehow my subject is sex, which includes practically all forms of human communication, extending from things like emailing and the telephone and personal conversations to touching, licking, penetrating...

The eyes still have it as far as culture goes. We are visually obsessed and how things feel, and enjoying beyond the media (especially for someone who grew up from the 70's on in the U.S.A.) is still a fragile road to follow—perhaps particularly in the homosexual cultures in the west at least and probably beyond, which take and put special aim in the superficial physical appearance as the main "currency" we have in this capitalist system.

I really hope that people get something out of this text.

Thank you again for asking me to delve into the most mystical and muddled and painful part of my life.

As my husband Robin just said, a wound can still heal even if you don't know anymore how/where you got it...

With love for now,

xSands

p.s. Not to take anything away from "it", but I am aware that the text is quite hard and problematic, but I am taking up the position in my work that everything has value, like snapshot photographs.... "use everything". I hope this is not an extension of self-abusive behaviours I have, but time will tell and in any case this is the snapshot we got today.

My pens:



Steps to Perversion, Sexual Complexity, Not Having it Under Control, It, Etc.

They said that I have not yet given life to the male asshole in the way that Carolee Schneemann has given life to the vagina and vulva. That is partly because I am trying to show how it is to feel a Bottom, a gay male bottom, in sex. Feeling is different than seeing. Was there shit in my intestines when I hid outside in the bushes in front of African American Felicia McGlory's house where I had put two white roses in a vase on her doorstep? There must have been. Was there shit in my intestines when Trevor Adams fucked me for one of the first times I had ever been fucked? Up there in my room in Topeka, Kansas on my futon bed? Yes there was, I had no idea how to control it...and when he pulled his big resplendent dick out of my asshole after the first series of gentle punches I farted royally...and it stunk. Sex has been gross and amazing, and it remains so...and something that I do not have under control at all. It is excessive, encompassing, grand, and consuming. Somehow I am fascinated by farting from the male side, and very analytical about this. Farting is close to perfume in that it is ephemeral, and I feel that gay male bottom sexuality is also ephemeral, at least it is for me. Gas/Air expelled from the body has a pungent odor that is at the same time fascinating as it is repelling...whenever I am with a man I imagine if I could stomach his farts/emissions...and that is perhaps another story. Elke Krystufek criticizes my writing for sometimes being too flat, adolescent, didactic. But did Vulva do the same when Carolee let her do the talking? Vulva sounds and is so beautiful, and the first times that I had Stacey Edward's vulva and inner lips/vagina in my mouth and on my tongue I found it delicious, but it was not the love and fascination that I feel for men or have felt for men. Oh shit I don't want this to be part of my memoirs there are no memoirs oh Mom Dad clear off that table and get busy. Why is it that still at my age 33 that sex between ugly people or older people is so strange and repulsive? I think it's not because I feel this way at all, because that is not how I feel. I think that it is because society makes it harder because of the examples capitalism produces for how people that have sex should look: young and ideally attractive, large breasts and full hips and tumescent oversize penises and such. I just need to let me mind go and be free. I cannot write

a given thing for a given purpose, there is so much to say and Apollo captured the goddesses and kept them captive in a cave below the earth's surface, acting as the oracle for feminism. Feminism and Feminist Art are two different things for me, although I am both a Feminist and a Feminist Artist. Feminism is a fight for the material and psychological equalities and rights of women, whoever they may be, transgendered women etc. And Feminist Art is for me, thanks to Semira Dallali, actually literally a sort of expounding of Femininity/ties which are constantly repressed and degraded by society. Last night I was standing against the wall and even at my age couldn't just lean over and tell the guy next to me that I found him incredibly attractive, although it was easy or easier for me to stick my hard dick through a hole at Drake's and get it sucked by an older Middle Eastern man and then while this was happening on the other side of the cabin another man saw my ASS pushed up against the wall from behind with my jeans down around my upper thighs and to show his appreciation he stuck his huge cockrings penis through the hole on the other side of the cabin so I could eventually grab onto it and jerk it lovingly and then totally leave the Middle Eastern man's lips and mouth with my penis, hunch down on the floor and suck on this glorious organ, jerking myself off until I came super satisfied. You know what Elke? The reason that the writing sometimes sounds like a teenager is because that is how we all sometimes feel and I am trying to confront this situation, and the second part of the reason it sounds like this is because I am not always into making art and making things sound like art. This has a political purpose and I am not sure if I should speak out openly yet about my blood or not. Steps to perversion because Joey, Trevor, Adrian, Nick, Toby, Joe etc. They all pushed me to it, especially Joey and Trevor, and especially Joey. My upbringing was not one of a loving soft handed guidance into sexuality it was as hard and flat and colorless as the Kansas skies I grew up under and the neverending horizon that seemed only to hem me in instead of provide possibilities. I was not a happy teenager or young person by any accounts, and this probably led to my manic depression or it was already there and I am just not sure what you want to know. Do you want to know that I would prefer more women, especially lesbians and women of color, in this collection? Do you want to know how Tim Miller's work has influenced me? Especially his book *Shirts and Skins*? Or how I have fantasies about Ron Athey the power top fucking me? Should I be paid for this? Or just do it because it connects with art somehow and the dissemination of information on my work and thought? Because Uli Aigner called me a Sexual Intellectual and that is what I am. But I am also a messed up fucked up person who has problems/challenges with his looks and then also sex. I cannot have sex with men who are to me better looking than me, well I can, but I don't even get erect/hard although I can be penetrated...Everything was utter shit actually sexually until I met Robin and I have managed to fuck that up as well, but not really. I just see that sexuality is a developing process and sometimes we can wax lyrical about it and it all seems to make sense and at other times, like with gender issues, we sound like we were "born in a barn". Joey was an incredible trailer trash shit lover and I used to give him blowjobs on top of the washing machine and the drier in the basement of his house. Trevor was an evil little beast that somehow wanted to fuck the artistic energy out of me, jealous as hell and vindictive. When I came to Amsterdam in 1994 I was still in a state of shock after being abused by these boys, mentally. The abuse was mental and so were the effects on my mind and body. Robin Wassink opened up a whole new world of possibilities for me, but I realized I could never be monogamous after two years. And I still feel this way. I feel that the most taboo for me somehow, and this may connect with other gay men, is masturbation and the use of pornography. I love Robin but somehow feel compelled to be on my own a lot fantasizing, in fact that is what I did this afternoon. I call it research and Robin calls that an excuse, not so much the masturbation but the constant need for sex, especially in the service of some sort of self affirmation. You know what? I am not feeling very artistic right now at all and probably shouldn't even be trying to work. But the thing is I

think the exposure of this is very, very healthy and may give courage to others, of whatever ages. Robin's ass split by the sun as he hovered above my face when we were in his brother's upstairs attic room, etc. You know I just hope that I don't end my life feeling sad about sex because I think it is all a question of projection and looks. Although I am extremely optimistic about it I have been "dreading" writing this text because the sexual foundations of one's life like mine are so incredibly shaky, but I admire that I was asked because I feel although it is sort of an underground subject it is something that a lot of people have to go through and need therapy for. I have this incredible feeling that if sex were not such a repressed and under talked about issue then war would not happen, etc. And I also have the feeling that world imbalance would be improved, poverty, distances between rich and poor, etc. I just want everything that I do to be valid and this is I feel a new, if even for some boring, way of working. Boring also has something when it is conscious. I feel that writing about love and sex and early experiences is almost impossible, but it is the only medium that I have now without responding to specific questions, as I have decided to distance myself from drawing and object making. Putting the work into the life and/or the life into the work. Writing about Love in general is almost an impossible task, in a similar way that writing about the male asshole and my feelings about it leaves me blank. It is something I feel which can be slightly captured in specific moments but increasingly I feel it is something which has to be experienced directly and that is why I am such a greedy artist. The things I experience are not to be translated into work somehow and yes we miss complexity. But that is what life is like sometimes, especially when you are depressed. The complexity is not there and this is fine. Sex is disaster, it is fantastic, it is cold and hot and sensual and overwhelming. It is dark and ancient and we have to rethink if it is for procreation or not. What does it mean to be sex positive? Excessive? I think my whole sexual history has been based on my history of shutting and this is not meant to be fact or literal. It is a poetic description of how hard it is to translate something (feeling/emotion) into something else (words). I am not feeling particularly inspired right now but that is also a state of being. I will not be pushed to levels of consistency because that is not how I experience life. A tour de force, fire, something that leaves you breathless after reading it, that is what I am working up to. This is obliquely what you guys were asking me to write about and I do not write well on command. But it is a document nevertheless and this is what I am interested in. A document of the highs and lows and sideways moments and the good and the bad, etc. Life swings for me up and down and sideways and it's the same with love and falling in love and being in love which with one man I only ever have been once. I am in love with Robin Wassink. He is my muse and the guidance for my early sexual experiences, the channel—before I had hair on my genitals Nikki Kavanaugh was showing me her "hole" as she called it on the stairs, pulling back the pink fabric of her swimming suit. Pam was modelling for Harley biker ads and posing nude on motorcycles, that is what my parents were looking at in the other room. Another Pam who I did not know was playing pool with a guy named Bill, and they ended up fucking on the pool table. This was one of the first narrative porn magazines I saw. There was also Christine's Anal Fever which I found particularly a turn on, and also the two red haired women going at each other's engorged labia in a sort of Scottish setting. You see, I think porn has been a large part of my sexual conditioning. Before I was looking at gay porn I saw straight porn and identified heavily, totally, with the female in the narrative. This must mean something. Oh Jeff Stryker and the first gay porn I saw and the discovery of anal sex and fellatio and rimming. It is all mixed up in my head. The only thing I thought about all these experiences was that it was exciting to run upstairs at John's house while his Dad was out and press his flat ribbed massage toy onto my penis until I came. Part of the excitement was knowing that John's Dad did the same...I have always been a very sexual person. Toby Hayse in the Boy Scouts found that out when we jacked off together in the woods on some campout,

I remember seeing hanging white strings of come in the dark wet tree branches as we shined the flashlight ahead of us after Toby had come. Shitting in the outhouse or small wood shack with black ink drawings in the forest of penises and other sexual innuendo with the words on the wood wall "Here I sit all broken hearted, tried to shit but only farted." You see, again, all of these things have been blocked, the thing which nobody really ever gets to somehow is the feeling of how it feels for someone else to be turned on. That is why I get excited knowing that men still find my ass a huge turn on, my ass and my hole. Knowing that an older man is turned on by this kind of thing oh fuck Oprah and the whole United States culture of outhouses and forests and fires and burnt marshmallows and camp fire songs and Brandon Teena and the way I looked then and the way I look now why is this text so hard to write? Is it simply because I'm not sure if I'll be paid or not? Etc.? Artistic lack of inspiration? Fuck it. That is the way it is and those early sandalwood perfumes in solid form and the woman who sold African American memorabilia at her stand in the Lawrence market and not feeling inspired and who cares anyway and it's all a blur and all women are lesbians and all men are gay put a beer in the hand of a hetero and you have a gay and I can write any fucking thing I want it doesn't matter anyway and the whole point is there is a lot more going on than meets the eye and this is always the case. Right now I'm feeling fat and the poor penis has endured so much from my fantasizing and as I get older the hole sometimes becomes irritated and god forbid I should ever get hemorrhoids and what will I do as a bottom when I become older? All these are questions that are not really answerable and I guess in my case now it is just a lack of confidence which I have to work with and I want it to be consumed and respected and even appreciated. I am actually really a mess sexually but am trying to get through life as best I can. I do not want to blame this on my upbringing but I can hardly look a man in the face during sex and this is just the way it is. It is a painful subject to be explicit about, and life for me is full of pain sometimes. But this is what makes the work strong and resilient. I am much more honest than a whole host of other artists, and my position in life of only having some privileges has made me smart and sensitive to others and to myself. Simon Leung writes about the glory hole and this in relation to the ethics and aesthetics of interacting with the other and I think this is very important work. It is not a humorous fantasy for me, early sexual experience and my experience of love. Everyone I ever loved before Robin, including Bas, tortured me and infantilized me because they were always in the power position of looking better and being more animalistic in bed. Robin is the first who presented himself as a partner and an equal and the rest of the men I would like to forget but I can't, they are part of who makes me who I am. First it was something to discover and decide that I was homosexual and I do not want to see this as something which means that I despise women/female people or so. Art is about life, and made by humans for human consumption, as capitalist as that sounds. Feudalism was no good either. I am asking difficult questions here and trying to provide by the asking of these questions some deep answers which I must figure out for myself. I have always believed that my changing looks determine how sex and love will function for me, and David Shectman putting his hand in my crotch at Sonic drive in Budapest which is a sort of exotic breeding ground for western fantasies of muscled strange guys and this question of the sexuality of Central Europe needs to be expanded upon. Right now I am perfectly happy with a Dutch guy's mouth attached to my asshole...in my opinion the Dutch gay men are the best in bed so far...Love for me has been a search for equality and has very little to do with physical sex after so many years, it is the closeness and unmissable quality that I feel the U.S. frat gay culture did not force for me: it gave me Daddy fantasies but left the stomach feeling empty. Now that I am older I can see that the Europeans are potentially just as good in bed as the Americans, but the twisted fantasies given to us are worrying and I really wonder sometimes if anyone is satisfied sexually if they look at it from the perspective of their youth.

Whether a dick is attached to the underside and the brain is in the mood for another penis holding contact - no origin I am not always clear no I am not always clear



the origin of the world there is something basic here on the kitchen table - the same table that Robin used to bend me over and fuck me on. The origins of my limits I am so obsessed with this why entry/exit and trying fighting little if life. I have no vagina to give I have Venus Envy but no vulva, do it with what I have. have time that I was recently fucked by a 28 year old male and shit my underwear on the way home. I can't work do I have the porno blues?