

HOMOSURREALISMM

MAGAZINE 56 12/19

LUIZO VEGA PARIS

CARMINE SANTANIELLO NYC

JIM FOURATT NYC

RICK CASTRO L.A.

RICHARD SCHEMMERER



HOMOSURREALISM MAGAZINE

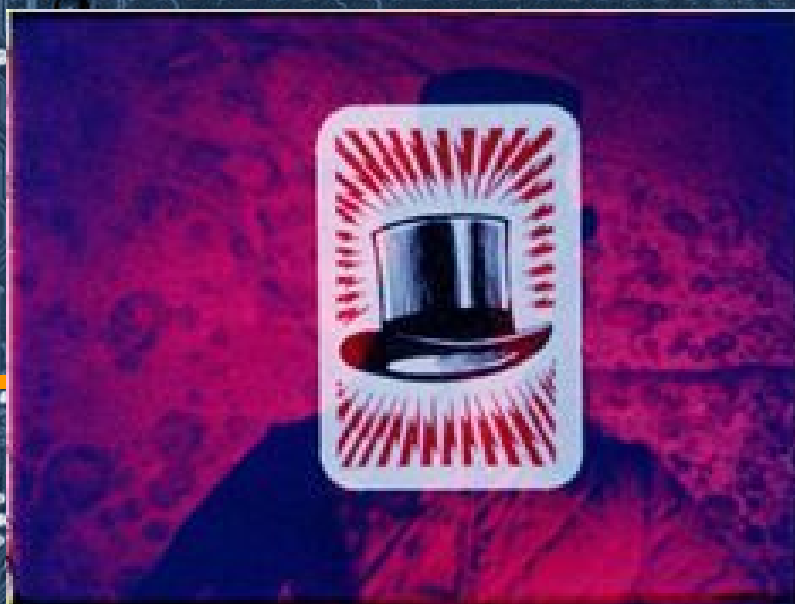
ISSUE 55, DECEMBER 2019


**"TO UNDERSTAND IS TO PERCEIVE
PATTERNS."**

GORDON MOORE

WITH THE COMING NEW YEAR, YOU WILL NOTICE A MAJOR CHANGE IN HOMOSURREALISM. THE MAGAZINES AND EVENTS WILL BE MUCH MORE CAREFULLY CURATED NOW THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE WATCHING US. WE WILL NEED TO CONFORM TO OUR OWN ART TECHNIQUES AS WELL AS THOSE OF SURREALISM. SOMETIMES, THEY ARE THE SAME THING. HOWEVER, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE PAY HOMAGE TO THE INSANE TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE. WE ALREADY HAVE TWO OPPORTNITIES TO EXPLORE IN 2020 BUT THE PAPERWORK ISN'T YET SIGNED. YOU GUYS HAVE NO IDEA HOW AMAZING THE JOURNEY HAS BEEN FOR ME AND I WILL DO MY BEST TO MAKE IT AN AMAZING JOURNEY FOR YOU, TOO. WITH LOVE AND RESPECT,

JACK SANDERS





COVER PHOTO:
Luizo Vega

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Gun Portrait by Fritscher

“Now is the time for assassins.”
–Arthur Rimbaud, “Morning of Drunkenness”

MAPPLETHORPE MOVIE

Gun-Sex Appeal

A New York Love Affair

(An American Shooting Script)

by Jack Fritscher

INTERIOR. CELLAR PLAYROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

2 men naked kneeling kneecap to kneecap.
Gunfighter gun play from gay bar saloons.
Hit men packing heat. Gun oil greasing torsos.
Erect. Loaded. Silencers. Mute.
Beyond words better left unsaid.

A and B who is A who is B
stroking a brace of pistols trading handguns.
Unholstered cock, amygdala algorithms
of gun lust/fear/anxiety/sadness.
Grunt/grin/spit/tongue/lick weapons,
rimming the bore,
the ammo of amor,
hazarding risky roulette
in a perilous plague, a season in hell,
playing under
the “Gun Blast” silver-gelatin photo
gun-crazy Mapplethorpe
shot for Rimbaud
shot by Verlaine
with a 7mm six-shooter
loaded with
opium and absinthe.

CAMERA TRACKS IN VERY SLOWLY TO CAPTURE ACTION IN ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT

as slow as the 2 marksmen, touching chests,
scratch pistol muzzles nipple to nipple,
each clocked in the other’s gun site, bulls-eye,
locking arms, groom & groom intertwining

strong wrists/biceps/firearms to drink
the champagne of their blood wedding,
Saturday night special,
duel in the dark,
gunslingers, pistol-whip blood lust,
groans, huffs of panting breath,
snuffing out a candle with a bullet,
eyes wide dilated,
lightning-fast slow-motion quick draw,
taking aim, hands gripping gunstock butts,
hard-on of cold steel barrels
parting equal each other's lips.

CAMERA PUSH-IN 2-SHOT CLOSE-UP

Parting the beloved's bared teeth,
no one but him puts a pistol in his mouth,
taking aim, both stare down the barrels of true love
in the other's gun hand, into the other's squinting eyes,
biting down, sucking the cold metal taste of the barrel,
tasting like graphite and olives,
brokeback gambling men,
trigger fingers on hair triggers,
fists on rampant cocks cocked,
eyeball to eyeball, cocked,
countdown, on three, cocked,
crack shots, cum bullets, adrenalin rush,
leaving tea and cakes and civilization behind.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK

of the spinning pistol chambers
empty, unloaded under the animal roar,
the thrill-kill draining of anxiety,
shooting their loads up belly and chest
into their target hearts.

CAMERA MEDIUM SHOT HOLDS ON

La petite mort collapse.

CUE MUSIC UP

"Bang Bang, My Baby Shot Me Down"

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE

Never let's become ordinary to each other.
Sex. Death. Art.