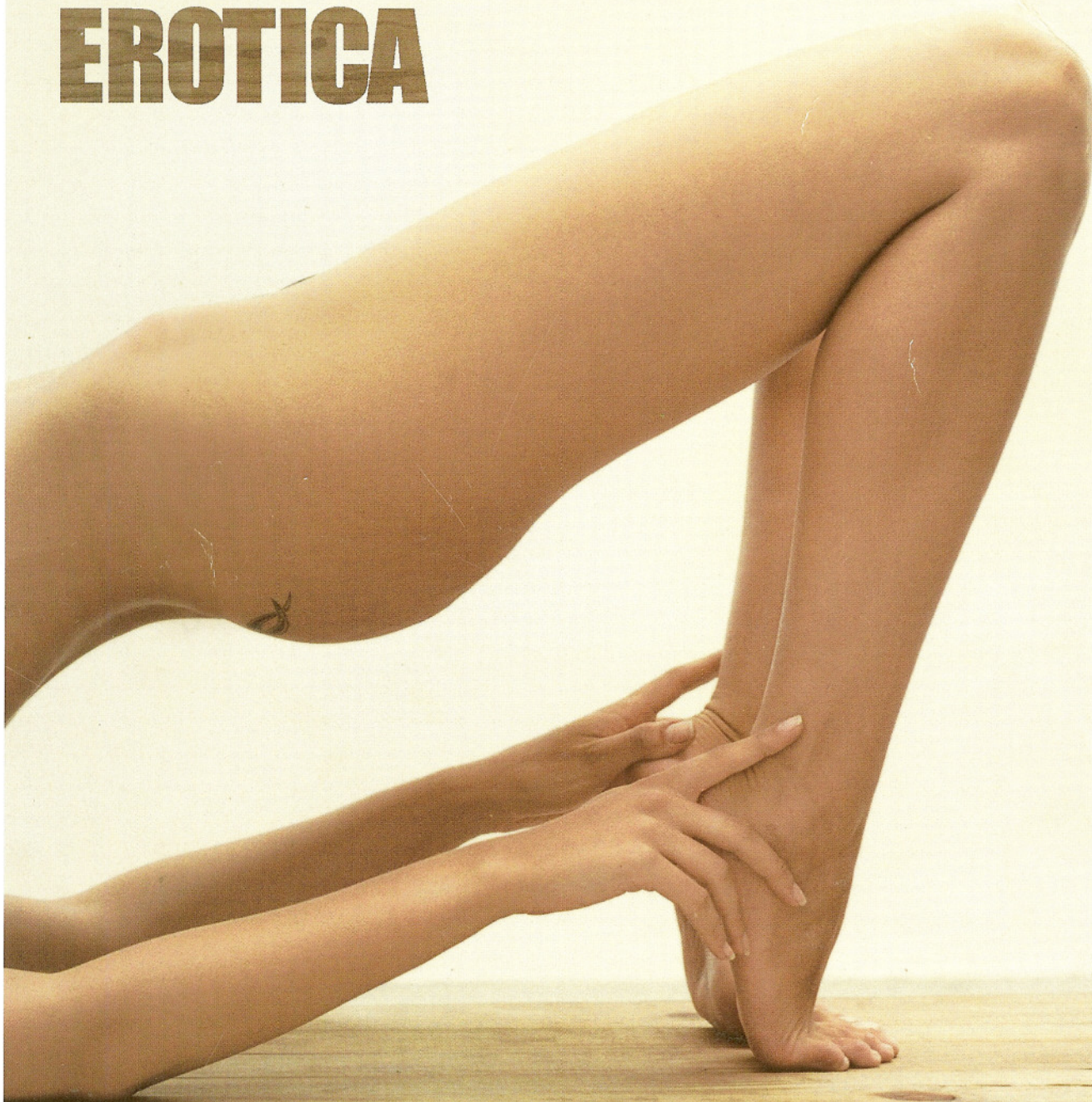


SOMA

EROTICA



A FASHION FETISH : DIOR TO MCQUEEN
KENNETH ANGER'S FIRST TALKIE
FISCHERSPOONER : SEXY & PRETENTIOUS



PORN : THE FIRST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS
TASCHEN : DIRTY PICS AND WORDS
EXPLICIT ART : VANESSA BEECROFT, ET AL



MISS KITTIN

text Mark von Pfeiffer photo Matt Salacuse

Viagra is a thing of the past. The simple sound of Miss Kittin's (aka Caroline Herve) voice is capable of whammying the Limbic System with a tantric tidal wave that could wake Dean Martin from the dead and send him jitterbugging across the dance.

Kittin became my personal savior on January 15, 2001. I was doing the weekly wallow through the sonic barnyard of music that makes its way to my mailbox. Mere moments into the highly recommended electro-influenced house album from Felix da Housecat, I was blown off my stool by the honeysuckle whipcrack of her languid voice, not so much

working on her upcoming solo project, but I imagined her high in the Swiss Alps wearing fish-net Lederhosen, sipping Dom Perignon 1972.

Although she has collaborated on three major albums in the last year with electronic heavy-hitters The Hacker, Golden Boy and the aforementioned Housecat, Kittin remained a European phenomenon. Having played just about everywhere but the U.S., Greenland and Chile, she and The Hacker (aka Michael Amato) are gearing up for a four city blitzkrieg that will hit the stateside this Spring. "I want to go to the beach and swim, walk down the streets and make sure there's a lot of Pamela

"I WANT TO GO TO THE BEACH AND SWIM, WALK DOWN THE STREETS AND MAKE SURE THERE'S A LOT OF PAMELA ANDERSON LOOK-A-LIKES."

singing, but more whispering down the pipe at me.

I wanted to talk to her face to face for many reasons, but most of all to be sure she existed; that her voice wasn't a digital construct machinated by my enemies to trick me away from the conviction that Madonna and Brittany Spears have entered into a dark pact to put an eternal cloak on the possibility of there being any truly sensual women in musicdom. In the end, the closest her suspicious handlers would let me get was a phone call. When we finally spoke she was holed up in her Berlin flat

Anderson look-a-likes as my friends said." The U.S. by-and-large has proven resistant to the electronic music revolution that has bent Europe over the rail, but Miss K approaches the situation cool as an alpha-male wolf in a chicken coop, "I am more than content in Europe. I must say I would like to have a big splash in the U.S. with first-class tickets, limousine service and good fees; but seeing the XXL people, streets, fridges, cars, clothes, buildings et cetera will be amusing nonetheless. No room for the small!" Bravo. ■

LOVE LETTERS

Our staff pines away for stars of the silver screen.

Jean Seberg Just calling her "pixie" kicks up a bit of sparkling fairy dust beneath my skin, sending a tingle of longing through the avenues of blood that rush the cheeks, flush the face, and warm the life-giving liquids that pump through the heart-actual and ache the heart-mythical. Twitch the wand again to add a dash of tragedy, and you have a crush and flirtation that yearns to bend down through time and under the covers to arrive into a warm Parisian daybed, convincing Jean Seberg to sleep a little later, to leave her dark destiny waiting unfulfilled in a back alley forever. Watch her crawling around a room, avoiding the advances of Jean-Paul Belmondo in Godard's *Breathless*, or pulling herself up and out of the cool Mediterranean in Preminger's *Bonjour Tristesse* and you'll feel the silvery pin-pricks of your limbs growing numb. Or even more.

Mansfield, well, to say she was a sex bomb would be akin to calling Richard Simmons "a little weird." Notable films include: *The Girl Can't Help It* (1956), *Kiss Them For Me* (1957) and *Dog Eat Dog* (1964)—none of which could be confused with Shakespeare, but when facing off with platinum hair, a fully-loaded rocket bra and legs that could crush King Kong, plot always eats dirt. Jayne was cast to play Ginger on *Gilligan's Island* but the deal ran amok. I shudder to think what a crazed lunatic I might be today if the afternoons of my youth had been spent watching reruns of Ms. M scamper about, scantily-clad on a tropical island. Rumor is that when she was decapitated in a car crash, she was en route to a secret rendezvous with The Church of Satan's Grand Pubah Anton LeMay. Of course 'tis but a rumor...but still, oddly stimulating. **Mark von Pfeiffer**



"BILLION DOLLAR BODY ROCKET/HEY JAYNE MANSFIELD BABY/YEAH YOU GOT IT/WE'LL OOH AAH A PINK GUITAR/HEADLESS 7TH WONDER YES YOU ARE."

The urge to pull her short lifespan like a rope, yanking that taut wire heroically to dislodge her tragic past and send it spinning into now. To save her from J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI, Romain Gary, a miscarriage, alcohol, barbiturates, and a sad backseat death in a little car, on a little street, in a little corner of Paris. No, you'd have to tug a bit more and meet her back in Marshalltown, Iowa and catch the young girl dreaming of movies before she's farmed out to Hollywood on a whirlwind of a talent search—catch her, hold her hand and fall backwards into a cornfield on a clear night, point to the sky and say, "Let's leave the business of being stars to them, whoever they are." **Gregg LaGambina**

Jayne Mansfield "Billion-dollar body rocket/Hey Jayne Mansfield baby/yeah you got it/Well ooh aah a pink guitar/Headless 7th wonder yes you are." These lyrics, from the questionable '80s supergroup Sigue Sigue Sputnik, were my first taste of Jayne. I was a tenderhearted boy of fourteen, with candyapple-red cheeks and the dewy mist of youth still thick in my eyes. She had been pushing up daisies for twenty years. My slathering, insatiable libido had been gorging itself upon dead, rube-nesque blondes for years; Marilyn and—oddly enough—Doris Day had been given the business in the fertile field of my eager imagination. But

Gary Cooper Silence like liquid gold, tall and brown as a tree, muscles moving just under his skin as he rides at high noon to dole out some justice to the bad guys. Gary Cooper is the ideal woman's man, gentle but strong, with endless legs and a smooth stretch of chest and cheekbones that cut just below the eyes. In *Morocco* his hair is glistening and his hands are graceful and sinewy, and he grasps Marlene Dietrich's white shoulders in a way that makes you shiver. Later, in color, he would be the ultimate cowboy, the quiet one the rest would mirror. But it's the early Cooper, debonair in black and white, who makes my chest thud. Smoldering beside Clara Bow (with whom he had one of his numerous tempestuous affairs) in *It*, doling out down-home wisdom as Capra's *Mr. Deeds*, and playing Hemingway's alter-ego in *A Farewell to Arms*. Ingmar Bergman claimed that every woman who met Cooper fell in love with him, and it's easy to see why. Home both on the range and in the studio, what one saw on the screen was not far from Cooper in life, a lovable, laconic, sexy son of a bitch who treated his women like ladies without ever going too soft. He was an old-school man (sorely lacking these days), the kind of fellow who could tie you to a bedpost with a lazy smile and still open all your doors like a gentleman. **Jessica Hundley**