

Interlude: Beauty

by Robert Crisman

Musing on female beauty I came up with this: it makes my dick hard. And if that's a bit crude, well, hell, I'm dead. Want to sue me?

Back when the clans were at one with the earth, circa *goo-gobs* of long years B.C., female beauty meant heart, brains and bone, grace and muscle--a total personality package I guess you could say--with each woman adding her own unique facets to what were truly communal riches.

The race adhered to *standards* in those bygone days and everyone knew what being a human entailed. These days it seems that a vast swathe of folks are egos adrift on a sea, *sans* standards or even a picture of what those might be. And God save us all, it's been left to the ad men, in league with the preachers and pimps and police, to repaint the picture, and one of the things they've recast is the notion of female beauty--forbidden fruit, available now!--to be pasted on billboards and in sundry porn outlets by sharks who wish to sell Heaven, a Heaven that men are invited to try on for size...

I knew this early, right out of my teens, and sex became friction and nothing, whereas before, in daydreams that soaked up my young adolescence, sex seemed a choir of sweet, honeyed angels, calling me home to a place that would never grow old. A fool's apprehension, no doubt, but I was a wholly incompetent spy and all I wanted was surcease from sorrow.

Biology, pounded and misshaped by training, puts eyes in men's dicks and then asks this question: what other than beauty constitutes music? And if beauty is merely skin-deep, as is said, what else is music but saxophones backed by dog-gnawed kazoos, laughing and snorting and farting at fools?

