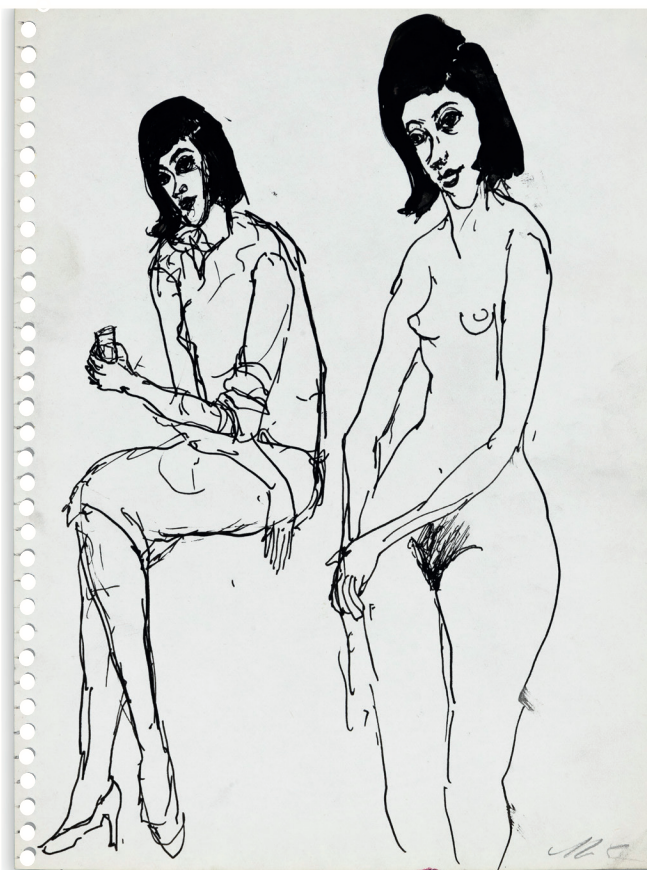


Even cowboys get the blues*



Air de Paris
Daisy

March 2025

First edition, 100 copies

Edited by Baptiste Pinteaux

**Martha
Edelheit**

**The Albino Queen
and Sno-White
in Triplicate**

An erotic fairytale

1973

This is a fairy-tale.

**It is about the Albino Queen of the Western Rainbow
and Sno-White in Triplicate
red as blood, black as ebony and white as snow.**

I, the Albino Queen,
 I—am a prism of white light
 through which all the rain in the universe must pass
 in order to contact sunlight.
 I am all clouds
 and nothing can wrinkle my marble-smooth sculptured brow
 or pout my moist, slightly parted lips.
 Only an occasional sigh or pimple, not much to be concerned about.
 The geniuses of the universe are content to let sleeping senses lie:
 as long as the rainbow appears with reasonable regularity,
 there is no thought of trouble.

I—am snow-peony moon-flesh
 with blood-bright eyes and lips, both oral and vaginal,
 except when I wear my contact lenses,
 at which time my eye-color is lavender-violet,
 like Elizabeth Taylor's when she was young.
 I have cascading sunfalls of champagne cornsilk hair
 and my nipples are the same as my lip-holes,
 and sometimes I paint them mirror-colored.
 Only my anus is nutberry blond mahogany.
 Indeed... I am cumulus cloud-formed.
 My contours are innumerable and endless.
 I am soft as Jean Harlow-white-satin-down
 and Spring zephyrs river my floor-length flax
 as I administer to my subjects in my garden,
 a riot of laughing rainbow colors,
 in my palace at the Western end of Rainbow Land.

I, a queen, have many servants,
each one of a different color and shape
and of slightly differing sexes,
the better to please my insatiable flesh-hunger.
Though I love all of my subjects,
and they adore me,
and vie with each other for my munificent ministrations,
I have never suffered one overwhelming passion.
That look of satiation is deceptive.
Every once in a while, a goose-pimple does appear,
down-soft
but still on this tender milk-fed white veal flesh,
or a genteel wind is exhaled from each of my lovely orifices,
with accompanying musical sounds.
Even I myself do not know for what I sigh.
Each day of my sunlit life is filled to the brim
with musical whisperings of celestial instruments,
with playful touchings and plungings and strokings
and melting embraces.

This is a day in my life. Queen Albino in my prism prison.

My day commences.

It is dawn.

I am entering the riot-of-colors rainbow garden.

A slight mist wafts round and about.

The colors makes their characteristic celestial sounds.

They have been awaiting the first light of dawn, when I will appear.

First, my toes, edible mother-of-pearl,

peeping forth from my crystalline prism-palace of glancing

and sharp-beamed pleasure,

rayed and radiant plush-lined poem-home.

I have been bathed

and my clear ruby eyes are diademed by opal scented dew-drops.

My nostril-hairs are pleated in honeysuckle scent,

and my lips are moistened by cerulean glosses.

The singing colors blend and murmur as I stroke and water them.

I laugh, and tiny clouds puff forth, drifting out to entice the sun.

I breakfast in the garden:

 one cobweb of sunmote,

 thimbled souffles of one salmon roe...

and I tickle the sunbeams.

I urinate a fountain of lost Amazon brooklets,

and I defecate a storm-cloud,

and giggle at the sun.

Gradually the clouds gather,
 and I expand, expand, expand,
 become silken tissue-thin,
 crystal-gauze spreading across the heavens,
 sighing for the rains that pass through my prism
 and become gorgeous rays of glow-shivering light slides.
 Oh! I am one dimension becoming two.
 I am flat and porous as all the heavens,
 one thousand miles tissue-thin deep.
 Billions of raindroplets trickle, trickle,
 tickle through me,
 pressing each fiber,
 transmuting into pastel hues,
 deepening into viridian-chrome vermillion-magentas,
 verbena, gold-silver onyx-glancing prussian blues.

And dusk approaches.

Slowly, I cloud-shift my breathing shape,
 re-forming, re-fractioning,
 the Albino Queen...
 the Albino, the Queen, the whole melodic shape-form.

It is twilight.

The sun is travelling to the East,
 that dark mysterious land at the other end of the rainbow,
 where that other Queen—
 I—Snow-White-in-Triplicate
 (red as blood, white as snow, and black as ebony)
 live my triple-threat life
 of absolute degradation and slimy servitude,
 enslaved to my lusts and horrific nightmares,

my endless debauches echoing even to the opalescent ears of the Albino Queen.
Each faint quiver caused by me, Sno-White,
in the tone of the rainbow, threatening the serenity
of the Albino Queen's Oh!-so-gazelle-like innocence.

When the sun travels to the East,
 I, the Albino Queen, most adored of Queens,
 I drift languorously into my quicksilver palace
 merging my being
 with the gently mirror-murmuring silver-shivering liquiscent enclosure
 that is indeed a crystal pool,
 as clear as the purest of air,
 as mirroring as the finest of silver glasses,
 shaped to fit the every shift in my cloud-form.

My palace is a skin as creamy as my own.
 It contains a luxurious sleeping-chamber
 where I can retire in the arms of my many lovers
 of slightly differing sexes,
 a slowly pulsing chamber,
 a space of changeling colorings,
 of thistle-down, scented with marine salts and musk-oils,
 chills of verbena,
 and threaded with lickings and lappings
 of deepest blue-black chocolate
 thickly creaming into blood-velvet silmes of crystal saliva.

Next to this swimming swoon-room is a bath of the utmost extravagance.
 When I pass through its membranous entrance,
 ethers and perfumes permeate and fondle every pore,
 encircle each cell and organ,
 both internal and external.
 Cleansing vapors and soothing creams
 commence slipping and tonguing over internal tubings,
 sweetbreads, mil-liver, anal canal and glistening glands,
 vaginal labia, each vertebral coupling, every convoluted brain-cell,
 all my taste-buds, hair-follicles, knee-joints.
 The chambers of my heart are given particular attention.

This was to be truly cleansed as a queen of queens.
 Such intense and intimate loving attention to one's parts
 could only be lavished on such as me.
 And yet, I sigh and do not know why.

After this most perfect of baths
 and after my essences have been oiled and creamed and deliciously odorized,
 I retire to my dining hall,
 a floating chamber entirely encased in cream and peach silk-satin,
 unctuous velvets in throbbing blood-reds and moss-greens
 shot through with the violets and golds of watered oil-slicks
 on vast oceans of opalescent taffeta.

I am served
 tongue of lark, quivering in its glistening jelly,
 fingernail of a saint shredded on honeyed rose-petals,
 the eyelashes of the right eyes of an octopus, each encased in a meringue
 and poached gently in sperm.

Also,
 the freckles of a speckled trout
 sandwiched between two black and white newt-spots,
 and an endless array of edible fragilities,
 floating on rose water,
 served on the open, rosy-fleshed lips
 of neophyte serving-boys and girls,
 none over eight.

Mouth watering morsels,
 calculated to stimulate and entice the most satisfied of appetites,
 the most discriminating and overstimulated of tastes,
 the queasiest of stomachs.

The rarest of nectars, ambrosias, aphrodisiacs,
 pretasted by humming-birds,
 quaffed from fresh-plucked trumpet-lillies,
 trapped in the lips of snapdragons.

Pop the flesh-skin of this cherry
 and you will have the absolute essence of liqueur of cerisean bliss
 trickle over your taste-buds.

Bite into the springy flesh of this peach
 and be overcome by fumes of salivating peachness.

It is night.

I retire to my sleeping-chamber.

I am folded and enfolded by my lovers,
 my color-children gently stroking my inner thighs,
 their sable tips tickling my opened lips,
 tonguing the taste of my cloud-clitoris,
 opening and closing my satin buttocks,
 passing quicksilver mercury into my mellifluous vaginal and rectal flower-holes,
 which exude creams of melon-salts.

I am pulsing out the rainbow through my lips,
 and my vagina-wet meltings color slide into pure crystal prisms,
 coating the universe with eye-pleasures
 and auroras of singing lights.

These are my dusk and evening pleasures.

The silver salivating moon crescents me,
 horns of gold pierce my open lips,
 flood my throat
 fondle my breasts with encircling strokings,
 gently manipulate my stomach, spleen, vertebrae,
 slip over and under each convolution of intestine,
 pulse-prong my womb,
 thread my ovarian tubes,
 and emerge three-pronged through my peach-spread fundament,
 crimson quim and crystal-fountainizing urethra,
 a perfect crescent crescendoing
 my merged and spitted spillings.
 My color-children slip and slide on the moon's curves,
 repeating and following over
 and over the patterns of moon-gold in my inner essences,
 intensifying and energizing the endless pulsings.

"Do you know", I might murmur, "how my left pelvic bone tip
 yearns for tonguing or my sixth rib salivates for sucking?"

As the dawn approaches, the colors softly whisper themselves to sleep;
 the moongold passes through all my pores;
 my cloud-form sighs and clings to dreams of rain-pleasures.
 Dawn appears, and another day commences.
 I am entering the garden.

At the Eastern end of Rainbow Land,
 I, Sno-White, am conversing with myselfes.
 I am holding a council of war.
 I hold my three orbs of power in my lefts hands.
 In my white hands is power over all the elements:
 wind, storms, cyclones, heat, drought, passions, snow, fire.
 In my black hand are life-cycle, birth-death of all living creatures,
 and in my red hand is dream, passion, rage, lust, fury.
 And in my right hands are my three sceptres of command.
 My white hand holds all words and keys of the universe,
 and all the instruments of war and science are commanded by my black hand.
 And my red hand rules all the earth and sea treasures.
 The ashen hair on my ebony body is shaking in anger.
 The black eyes in my sno-face are snapping.
 The white nipples on my blood-red breasts are taut.
 "Why should the Albino Queen live such a quiet, untormented, simple life?
 Perhaps if we capture her, we can partake of her tranquility,
 we can overcome her with our passions,
 capture her with our words and instruments of war and science,
 and possess her garden of laughing colors.
 I need her, I want her, I shall annex her."

My palace extends from the depths of the bowels of the earth
 to the tip of the tallest mountain.
 Stalactite and stalagmite meet in my interior.
 Lava boils and flows and glows, and whales cavort.
 Blind fish fuck,
 and eagles nest in my pubic hair.

**Riley
Mac**

**Gender affirming
care
Ephemeraphilia**

2025

gender affirming care

**when she gags on strap I call it
gender affirming care**

ephemeralphilia

i was blacking out somewhere... never know what people mean when they say
they “woke up drunk” and not for lack of trying...
i left a house smoking a loose cigarette that didn’t smell like tobacco smoke more like
stale firewood summer
smoke wisps
in auburn sky like a cry for help.
i walked into a thick of trees
bruised by bottles and foot traffic
like i’m always trying to recreate a high school bonfire or something

sexy girl i like reminds me of old crush... driving her home after a night out she’s
telling me about skipping school to hook up with boys
i’m telling her about drinking grandma’s jack in my room
blasting tv with a curious girl
she says “we would’ve gotten along in high school”
and getting older

girls don’t stay the same age but they stay girls
i caught myself making time harder to crack.
her spaghetti straps remind me
i wanna put my hand through her

Wayne Koestenbaum

#1 [my prostate a shopping mall]

2022

* Excerpts from Koestenbaum's *Ultramarine* book, published by Nightboat in 2022, distilling four years of his trance notebooks in a series of tightly-sewn collage-poems, filled with desiring bodies, cultural touchstones, and salty memories.

#1 [my prostate a shopping mall]

goodnight, new
year—I meant to begin
in Barbra's voice
but I'm speaking in my
own voice as Ralph Fiennes

discussed the allure
of cadmium orange
at dim sum this
morning, also men-
tioned caput mortuum

remembered M's
low-pitched speaking
voice and his Moses
hand on mine—could
I have pushed that friend-
ship more resolutely
in gay direction?

why did I equate
words and genital sensation?

I remain uncertain
about the function
of suppositories

made a spontaneous
mark with a leftover tube
of auratic ultramarine,
finger-smeared it
to create abrupt
punctuation lines—

squeezed Mars violet
and Persian rose into
crevices where ultramarine
remained visible
around embroidered
green-stained titanium buff

today I'm a puce
or carmine Barbra

longing to stop at San
Jose smoke shop to study
hypothesized smut

Saint-Saëns concerto
(signifying Agamemnon)
fed my wish to triangulate
with pale closeted pianist,
my handpicked Count
Almaviva and my
private Moses, ineligible
for the Mount

as a woman
Moses apologized for
his girth

the backs of his upper
arms not my property

young fops reading Edna
Ferber's *Show Boat* or *Giant*
don't flash organs
to older tourist guys

small and smooth, my
prostate-mistaken
for a shopping mall

dreamt that Liz and Dick
in a theater's back row
watched a movie—
in profile Liz was
not beautiful

why did Dick seem
the loser in this daisy-
pied arrangement?

her discovery
of my cock began
to equal my own
apprehension of its
rumored existence

reclaim German citizenship

develop crush based
on his theft-smittiness

founded on Robin
Hood strategy of stealing
back my rightful property

several dead poets
chorally eviscerate my tie
to pansy riot

efface ocean and choose field—
encode flow *within* field

mother ate tunna and read
War and Peace at Stickney's,
a circumstance I idolized

diplomat
at Jackie Onassis's book
party—Asia Society—
mistook me for chicken

is it ethicalloy fraudulent
to teach prison literature ?

inviting you to
ignite my ignorance

what is third-person plural
pronoun (they) in Italian?
why can't I remember he
or she or it or they?
do Italian speaker
leave he or she
or it or they
unspoken and unspecified?

**Thomas
Lanigan-Schmidt**

**1969 Mother
Stonewall and
the Golden Rats**

1989

1969 Mother Stonewall and the Golden Rats

© 1989 By Thomas Langan-Schmidt

We sat on the curb-gutter around the corner from a Dance-Bar called The STONEWALL. He had wounds sutured up and down his arms. The army had rejected him for being 'a queer'. His father had thrown him out of the house through a glass door. I'd left home for the last time too. I was supposed to be on a ditch-digging, road repair, summer job crew with a bunch of jerks I'd gone to school with (they would've buried me alive, just for the fun of it). So, I up and went to New York City with just the clothes on my back. One Queen had an enormous burn-scar covering her face and most of her body. Her mother didn't want men to tempt by her son's beauty. We lived in cheap hotels, broken down apartments, abandoned buildings on the streets. Home was where the heart is. Some were able to get menial jobs. Some of us were on welfare. Some of us hustled. And some of us pan-handled (begged for money in the streets). Food was where you found it. Many of us had gotten thrown out of home before finishing high school. WE WERE STREET RATS. Puerto Rican, Black, Northern and Southern whites, Debby the Dyke and a Chinese queen named JADE EAST. The sons and daughters of postal workers, welfare mothers, cab drivers, mechanics and NURSES Aids (just to name a few). Until properly introduced it was de rigueur argot to call every body "Miss THING". After this, it was discretionary usage. I strongly objected when a queen called "Opera Jean" called me "MARY" (but I'm a man!). "MARY, GRACE, ALICE, WHATS the Difference. Afterall, we're all sisters? Aren't we?" (ONE in ESSENCE and undivided). She was head-strong, so I stopped complaining. I ended up being named "VIOLET" by a black queen named NOVA.

WE ALL ENDED UP TOGETHER AT A PLACE CALLED THE STONEWALL. SAFE and sound. All you had to do was find an empty beer, so the waiter would think you bought a drink, and the night was yours. A replica of wishing well stood near the back bar of one of the two large rooms painted black. The juke box played a lot of Motown music. WE DANCED. The Air Conditioners seemed not to work at all because the place was ALWAYS so crowded. We were happy. This place was the "ART" that drew them to the fever of our hearts. Here the consciousness of knowing you

have form to the techniques of our heart beat. The consciousness of knowing no you

"belonged". Nestled into that warm feeling of finally being HOME. And Home engenders

Love-and-Loyalty quite naturally. So, we loved the Stagnewall. "Betty Badge", "Patty Pig"

The cops (singular and plural) were generically known as Lily Law, "Betty Badge", "Patty Pig"

or "The Devil with the blue Dress on". That night Betty Badge got carried away. It was not only

a raid but a bust, Mother STONEWALL WAS being violated. They forcibly entered

her with nightsticks. The lights went on, it wasn't a pretty sight (How would child-

ren feel seeing their mother raped right before their eyes? Their home broken into

and looted!? The Music Box Broken. The DANCING stopped. The replicated Wishing Well

SMASHED?). No, this wasn't a 1960's Student Riot. Out there were the streets. There were no

Nice Dorms for sleeping. No school CAFETERIA for certain food. No affluent PARENTS to send

US checks. There was a ghetto riot on home turf. We already had our WAR WOUNDS. This

was just another battle. Nobody thought of it as History, Herstory, MY-Story, Your-Story

or our-story. We were being denied a place to dance together.. That's ALL. The total CHARISMA

of a revolution in our ~~consciousness~~ CONSCIOUSNESS rising from the gutter to the gutter

to the heart and the mind was here. Non-existence (or PArtexistence) was coming into being,

and being into becoming. Our Mother STONEWALL was giving birth to a new ERA and we were

the midwives.

THAT NIGHT The "Gutter Rats" ^(STREET) shone like the brightest Gold! And like that

baby born in a feed-troff (a manger) or found by Photos daughter in a basket

floating down the river Nile, the mystery of history happened again in the

Least LIKELY of PLACES.

* She

* Queen argot, generic pronoun, in this case refers to a male person.

Please Xerox a few copies and
give to friends

**James
Robert Baker**

**Dreamboat
Wet Sighs &
Teardrops
Florida St.
May 1974**

**For J.C.
June 1975**

***These poems will be
included in a poetry collection by
Robert Baker, to be published by
Sibylle de Laurens with Daisy in
late 2025.**

Dreamboat

**Let me be your dreamboat
till your dreams come true.**

**Let me be your special one
for the rest of the semester
till we graduate to better cities
and screw important people.**

**Let me be your hottest flame
on your torrid rise to stardom,
the one who had to part with for
the sake of your career.
I will be your broken heart,
the skyscraper of your magnificent balconies,
the burr of your creation,
the long lost love you'll meet again.**

**Let me be your babysitter
when you go out on LSD
and marry a doctor.**

**Let me be the Timothy Bottoms
of your tenderest fantasies
till we wake up together
and discover ourselves in
the true pulse of succeeding suns.**

Wet Sighs & Teardrops

I want to write an emotional history
of myself
as the truest expression of reality.

I want to soar like a romantic bird
over the emotional mountain ranges
of my past
& describe the swells in my breasts
the catches in my throat
the loves, the obsessions
that have periodically taken me
& serve as the ultimate ground of
my life

I want my feeling there on paper
in my gushy superlatives
surrounding mountain range names
in bouquets & miniature landscapers
though rational minds would smirk &
say: how absurd!

I want to write hopelessly sentimental books
about young love
& embarrassing raptures
in schoolgirl prose.

I want to write about yearning &
tender desire
wet sighs & teardrops
And I don't want to think
like a man at all.

Florida St.

We had good times in the Florida st. apartment.
Baby, you helped me come alive
out of more than one hangover.
Wracking our brains fro 50's TV show:
the acapella themesong from I MARRIED JOAN
or OH, SUZANNA: "—the way she poked her
head thru that porthole—ha!"

& MY LITTLE MARGIE
were good for hilarious gutlaughs, the
insanity of early GALE STORM
releasing the pain of wrenched cells.

We sat very close on the mattress
turning the pages of 30's PHOTOPAYS
& 70's NATIONAL LAMPOONS
reading them together reading them together
laughing & breaking laughing & breaking
the solitude of print the solitude of print.

Resting into eachother
we watched the 7 inch Sony
miniature spectacle of WAR & PEACE
like troops on the edge of Imported withdrawal.

We turned down the sound
on I LOVE LUCY
dubbing the voices, redoing the
plot
like the FIRESIGN THEATRE.

Then we made love. You
were like SARAH BERNHART or
ISADORA DUNCAN with
a velvet rectum & fiery cock
inciting childhood versions of
erotic TV .

For J.C.

I write this poem when you sit
by your punchphone,
when you buzz-dry your hair
over your forehead,
and the phone goes off in the middle
of Christine Lund and a nicotine kiss.

This poem is about the importance of
your eyes,
caught in the Kodak light of your
kitchenette,
when your voice cuts through
Dr. George Fishbeck when you ask the time;
these are eyes with no ghosts of panic
or camp passion.

This poem is about your apartment
when we leave hurriedly,
when the red barbecue is half-covered
and smoldering under dry eucalyptus trees
and my rearbumper blocks your doorway
till we back away.

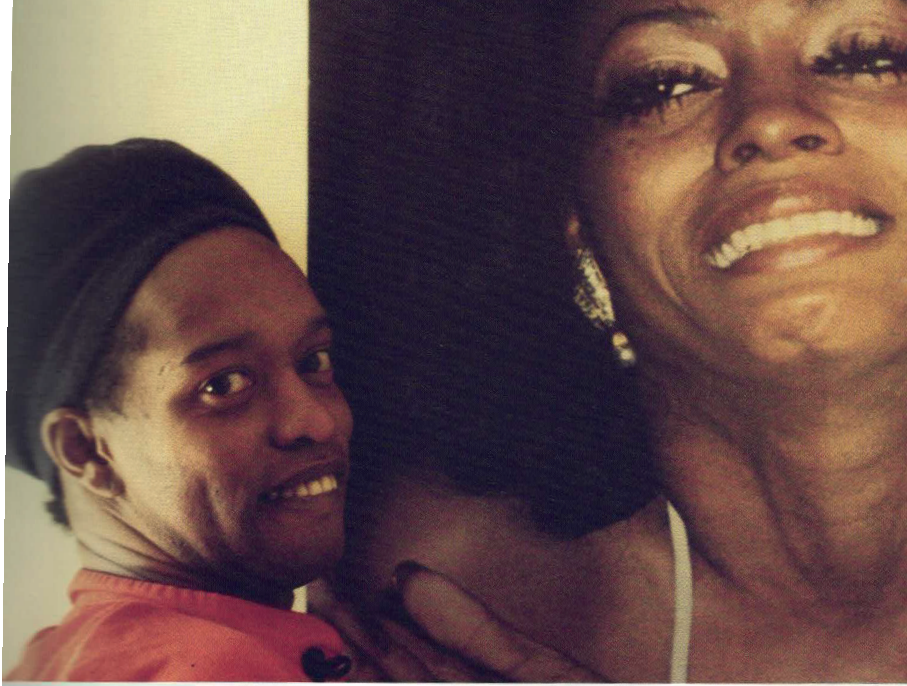
This poem is about Bain de Soleil
all over your bathroom towels
and sweat and cum that dries on
your Scotchgard-protected suede
sofa-bed.



***Martin Laborde, Reload/Combinatory
Collage (flower and meat), 2025**



***Ben Taylor,
Caleb, 2025**



***Bruce Pavlow, Survival
House, 1978**

Martha Edelheit
Riley Mac
Wayne Koestenbaum
Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt
James Robert Baker
Bruce Pavlow
Martin Laborde
Benjamin Taylor

** an exhibition curated by Baptiste Pinteaux with works by
Martha Edelheit, Wayne Koestenbaum, Martin Laborde,
Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Bruce Pavlow and Ben Taylor
at Air de Paris from March 29th to May 4th 2025*