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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS

#15

JUICY
GIRLS
& WILD
GAMES

100
PAGES!
52 IN FULL
COLOR!



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Editorial

LIFE IS A BEACH

The musicians were entering one after the other. Beads of sweat on the forehead of each percussionist, a grimace of concentration on each of their faces. The Afro-Cuban rhythms reverberate faster and faster until reaching a paroxysm, and you, who came to dance with a hot Latina. A temporary tent on a paradisiacal beach, the sun shining brightly above, rum and coke bubbling in your head: a dream made reality. Just when the woman moves her booty against your crotch and starts to grind on you, you wake up to discover that it was all just a dream. What happens next in your rented apartment with reality looming has little to do with dreams: you get dressed as fast as you can, run down the stairs and grab an umbrella to wait for the bus that you take to work.

Fuck, summer in the city. It seems like it'll never end.

But now your moment has finally arrived. You can feel the warmth of the sun caressing your skin and your spirit while you stride towards the dunes, the Latina tugging at your hand under the palm trees, her smiling eyes full of promises. She stretches out in the sand while the rhythm booms far away. You kneel next to her, a little uncomfortable about the way she's jerking your cock, which keeps getting harder and pops through the opening in your swimming trunks. But her jerking your cock feels so good and when she opens her mouth and sticks out her warm, rosy tongue, the last thing you expect is to wake up again in your apartment with a headache. To wake up in a poured-concrete block where hundreds of schmos like you seem like a colony of ants.

Next to you, lying in bed, is a girl. She probably looked better last

night. Today she's snoring like a warthog, and you can't remember what her name is.

It's Sunday. On the nightstand, your alarm clock says it's already noon. Next to it, the latest issue of French Kiss Comix (Which now costs a little more. Believe us when we tell you that: we had no other choice; life is just really expensive. If you're reading this, we'd like to say thanks and give you a hug for being such loyal readers.). At last, you say as you grab the magazine, hung over and flipping through the pages while you try to figure out what to say to the girl when she finally wakes up.

Fuck, the dead of winter. It seems like it'll never end.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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Editor: JM Torregrosa

International Rights: Norma Torrens

Contributing Writers: Susi Glamour, Ruben Lardin, Spike Jingle

Translators and Proofreaders: Cynthia Wong, C. Cavella

Lettering: J. Andros, C. Ruiz, John "The Nucleus" Major

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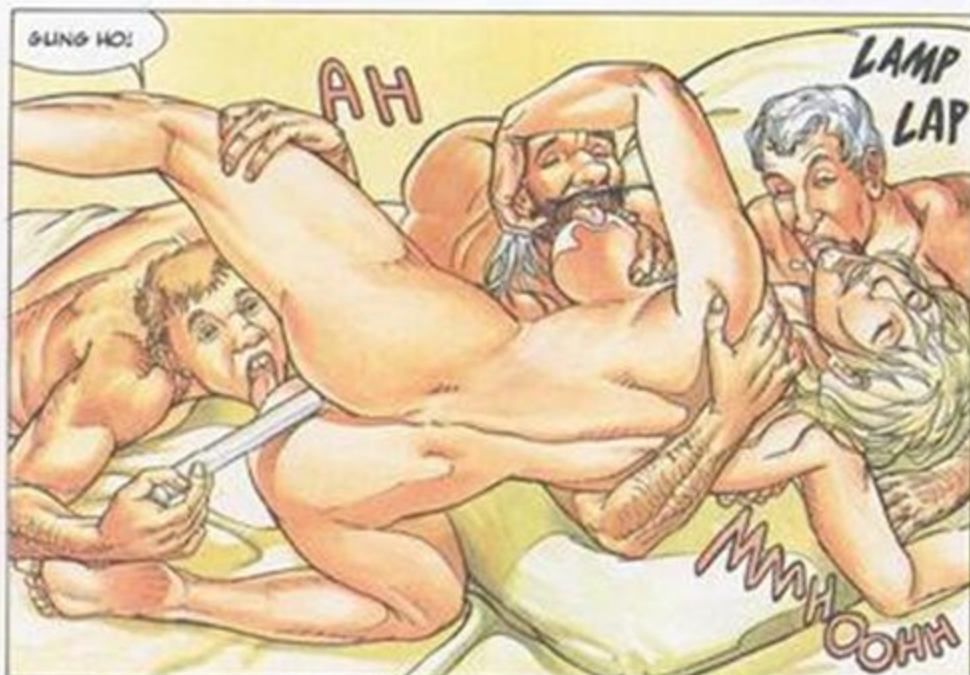
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JENNA HAZE Wildcat

Meow! Our guest of honor has her nails sharpened and is purring like a wild cat. Purrerrrr... Her name is Jenna Haze and she is one of the porn stars from California who's fucked the most and the best. She's 23 years old and has a hot, flexible and really sexy body. She likes Anne Rice books and Eminem. She can also fuck several guys at a time, get into the most hardcore sex and still never loses her naughty college girl smile. Biscual, unpredictable, uninhibited...all yours.



CHEERLEADERS IN POWER

Of the latest generation of American actresses, Jenna is the most fun and seductive. Heiress of the refreshing "cheerleader" aesthetic that's brought so much joy to porn fans throughout history (From Ginger Lynn to Misty Rain, including Bunny Blue, Stacey Donovan, Nikki Charm and Chloe Jones), this XXX movie nymph spreads happiness, spontaneity and hotness. Her legs are long, her body's



natural, her smile is contagious and her ass is perfect. The typical "girl next door" that we'd hope to meet one day at the grocery store. We can all dream, right?!

BARBIE WITH A LICENSE TO THRILL

Despite her angelical teenager image, Jenna has always fucked like her whole life was in it. She's daring with the girls, anal sex, double penetrations and crazy orgies. She can film a gorgeous, delicate scene with Michael Ninn one day and the next, fuck violently in one of Joey Silvera's gonzo movies. "I love being versatile and to not pigeonhole myself," Jenna tells me. "I started in porn in small productions. When I became famous, I could have started choosing my movies more carefully, doing only big productions and forgetting about crazy ones. But I didn't do that, because I don't consider that second-rate porn. And you know why? Because I love sex and I love this business."

FROM CALIFORNIA WITH MUCH LOVE

It's time we told her story. Jenna Haze comes into the world on February 22, 1982. She's born on a sunny day in St. Jude Hospital in Fullerton, California. In her veins run, like her two sisters and her older brother, American, German and Spanish blood. Since she was little she's wanted to be an architect, and her favorite book is *The Odyssey*. She's a very good student: she wears glasses, she's always reading and she loves to write. Until she discovers sex...and that happens very quickly.

SEX IN HER VEINS

"When I was only six years old, I started to discover sex," she remembers casually. "It was with my best friend, Lonnie. We made our sexual fantasies real. Our games were really innocent, but that is the first time I can remember. Later, when I was seven, I realized that I could play with boys too."

THEY'RE COMING
AKERONYA, SEARCHING FOR
THE POSSESSORS OF THE
SEXUAL ENERGY THAT WILL
BRING DOWN THE ZANKOKU
EMPIRE.

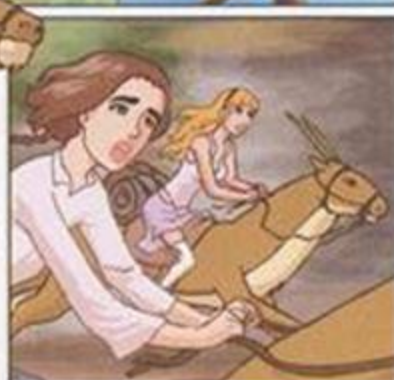
DON'T
LET THEM
ESCAPE!

WHAT'RE YOU WAITING
FOR? GET GOING!

YEAH!

GOOAH

CAPTURE THEM! ZORAK
DEMANDS A NEW
SACRIFICE!



IT'S HORRIBLE!
SOME MEN FROM THE VILLAGE
FOLLOWED US... I MANAGED TO
ESCAPE, BUT THEY TRAPPED HER...
THE OLD WITCH WAS
GUIDING THEM!

THEY SPOKE ABOUT A SACRIFICIAL
TREE... THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP
THE PRIMITIVE GOD ZORAK, WHO
DEMANDS BEAUTIFUL VIRGINS
IN EXCHANGE FOR PROTECTING
THE VILLAGE... I'M AFRAID
THEY'RE PLANNING TO OFFER
MASAMI TO HIM TONIGHT...

RINKA! YOU'RE ALIVE!
WHA! A RELIEF!

SHIT. ANY IDEA WHERE
THEY TOOK HER?

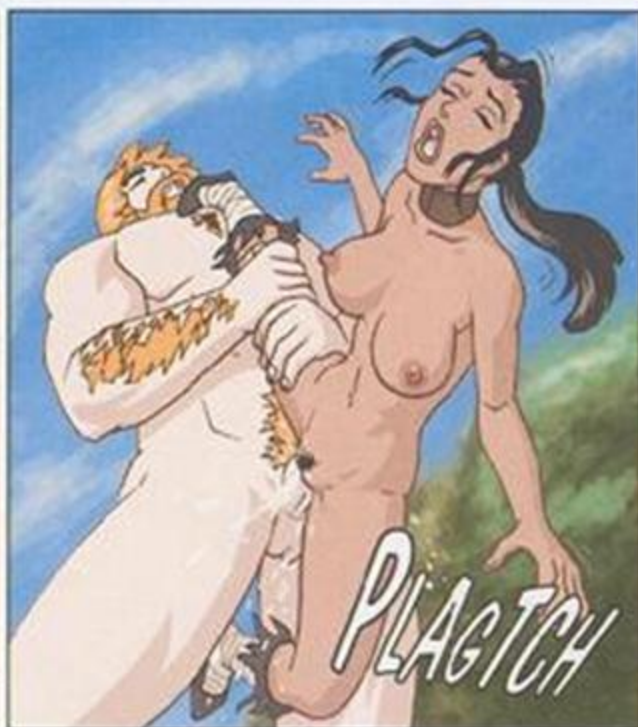
DID YOU THINK THEY
COULD DEFEAT ME?

HEY... WHERE'S
MASAMI?













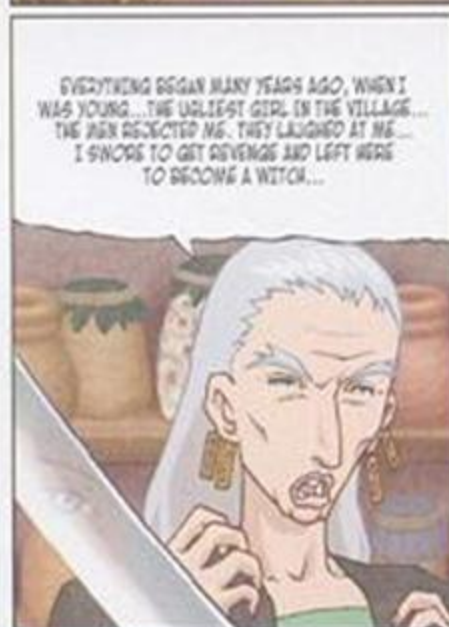
HE WENT IN THE
WITCH'S HOUSE!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO MY POOR BABY?



YOU SHOULD ASK! YOU
GIVE US AN EXPLANATION...
WHY DID YOU MAKE UP
THIS STORY?



EVERYTHING BEGAN MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN I
WAS YOUNG...THE UGLIEST GIRL IN THE VILLAGE...
THE MEN REJECTED ME. THEY LAUGHED AT ME...
I SWORE TO GET REVENGE AND LEFT HERE
TO BECOME A WITCH...



SOME TIME LATER, DURING A
RITUAL I INVOLVED SHUG-NIGOURAT,
THE INCUBUS I SURRENDERED TO.
HE GAVE ME ZORAK, MY ONLY SON.
BUT ZORAK WAS A MONSTER...
I COULDN'T BRING HIM TO
THE VILLAGE...SO...



...I CAME BACK AS A WITCH AND
STARTED THE MYTH OF A GOD WHO
FED ON YOUNG VIRGINS...THAT
WAY I WAS ABLE TO ELIMINATE
ALL THE PRETTY, DESIRABLE GIRLS
OF THE VILLAGE...BUT HE DIDN'T
KILL THEM...

MY
POOR
BOY...
HE ONLY
LOVED
ME...



I UNDERSTAND...THE GIRLS DIDN'T
COME BACK BECAUSE THEY KNEW THAT
ONCE THEY HAD LOST THEIR VIRGINITY,
THEY'D NEVER FIND A HUSBAND IN
THIS BACKWARD PLACE.



C'MON, THERE'S NOTHING MORE
TO DO HERE.

BUT



...AREN'T WE GONNA TELL
THE MEN IN THE VILLAGE
THE TRUTH?



IT'S NOT WORTH IT. EVERYONE
WORSHIPS THE GOD THEY DESERVE...
THEY CHOSE TO LIVE WITHOUT WOMEN
ONLY BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T
RENUANCE THEIR BELIEFS...



THAT'S THE PRICE
THEY HAVE TO PAY FOR
NURTURING THEIR
IGNORANCE...

THE END

In bed with...

Atilio & Ivan

Walter Pacifico

Throughout the past few years, the artistic duet of Atilio Gamberdotti (drawings) and Ivan Guevara (story) has earned itself a place of honor in the panorama of today's American and European erotic comics. Their strips have appeared in magazines such as *Playhouse Comics* (Holland), *La Poudre Aux Rêves* (France), *X-Comics* (Italy), *Kiss Comix* (Spain) and, of course, in the one you've got in your hands. Their series *Room Mates* has been collected into book form in Italy by Eurotica and in the U.S. by NBM. And right in the middle of their meteoric rise, after completing *Tres de Copas*—the latest series that we've just gotten to read in the editorial offices of *French Kiss Comix*—our duo announces they're splitting up. Taking advantage of their appearance at the most recent *Salón del Cómic de Barcelona*, we chatted with them about this news and a whole lot more.



You guys worked together for a quite a period of time. How did you meet?

Ivan Guevara: Through a mutual friend I was studying animation with. Like so many other story writers, I had a frustrated artist side. At the time I was writing for an Italian publisher and I told my friend that I was looking for an artist. He put us in touch.

What kind of comics were you writing then?

IG: Police stories, romances...a little of everything, whatever I was asked. It was one of those production chains in which you never even have any direct contact with the artists. The word "rights" appeared in the same line as the word "perpetual" (laughs).

Atilio Gamberdotti: The comics world in Argentina was absolutely bleak. An editor asked me to draw a comic book of original superheroes. I worked my fingers to the bone with a twenty-four page comic in full color that never got published. The same thing happened with a story in *El Eternauta* that I drew from an unedited story by Oesterheld.

What a mess.

AG: Yeah. All your dreams and work go for nothing. Back then, I was 25 and I worked as an accountant, from nine in the morning until six at night. Later, at home, I'd jump in the shower and have a bite to eat, then straight to the drawing desk. I drew from eight at night until two in the morning, and of course, I never got to work on time. Each morning I woke up totally exhausted, but when I looked at what I drew the night before, I said: "It was worth the pain." I published work here and there, a story in a magazine that I won't even name because I did it from an awful story that wasn't even vaguely my style. Of course there comes a time when you can't do it anymore. I spent years like that and

I burned myself out to the point that I didn't draw for a whole year.

IG: When we started working together, there were opportunities to publish without getting paid, but we didn't want to get involved in all that. So we self-published a fanzine. If you start off working free, they lose respect for you. That's just the way the cookie crumbles (laughs).

And then you presented your work to *La Cupula*...

IG: Yeah, then we saw that we were on the same page with this magazine. It was erotic, yes, but it wasn't anything at all like the stuff they print in Italy. It wasn't cheap porn. Sex was the subject, but it was really about comics.

A subject that certainly, as a writer, has given you different things to focus on throughout one of your series. *Buddies* was openly funny; *Room Mates* involved more reflection. Then, in *Akeron*, you branched out into epics, and *Tres de copas* has a darker, more melancholic touch. But even it has a touch of humor.

IG: Yes, *Buddies* were stories more focused on a self-conscious structure. In *Akeron* we gave fantasy a try because Atilio wanted to draw in that style. But if you're talking about more regular themes, that would be more my thing. In *Tres de copas* I took special care that the reader wouldn't think: "Man, what is this crap." Because it isn't about that. It's about stories that I want to tell, and I've found that in porn, you can tell the same stories as you can in any other genre.

Is there an autobiographical element to your stories?

IG: There are certain elements, yes, but there's a structure built in that there isn't in life. If life were structured like the stories we tell, why would we want to tell them? At any rate, there are certain elements taken out of real life like the character *Sebas*, who was in *Buddies* and was, in fact, our landlord.

Have you always liked comics or were they an acquired taste?

IG: I've always liked them.

AG: The first comic book I remember was called *Lupin* and ran in a magazine of the same name. I think I was about seven years old and I wanted to copy them. It carried over into school later. In Argentina, you can go through a seven-year program at school for a technical degree. I went to Fernando Fader, named after the Argentine painter, which is the school you go to if you want to be a graphic designer, engraver, interior designer...We had a drawing class there every week. You start as a kid painting still lifes and in the last three years, you just draw constantly. When you're 17, you draw a nude female, a real model. It wasn't just the desks that were shaking (laughs).

But they don't teach you how to draw comics...

AG: Yeah right. But they teach you basic techniques you can apply to comics. On the other hand, you also learn that if you limit yourself to what the professor tells you, you're dead meat. You have to explore on your own.

And once you finished Fernando Fader?

AG: I got in touch with Alberto Saichann and I studied under him. Thanks to him, I started to understand what putting together comics was really about. I'm talking about structure and storytelling, not just sitting down, drawing and seeing what comes out. Through Alberto, I got in touch with Warner and started working in animation, drawing backgrounds. *Tasmanian Devil*, *Beauty and the Beast*... things like that. I had to churn out eight pages a day, and at first they called me "The Turtle" but I learned quickly how to resolve problems in a synthetic manner and they quit calling me that. Later I studied color with Marcelo Sosa. During the classes, he taught us the how different famous artists applied their techniques, from classical painters to Disney artists. After a while, you learn that "I like that" isn't the same thing as "that's good," and "I don't like that" isn't the same as "bad." There are great artists I really admire, but who don't create any emotions in me. Hirschfeld, for example, said he didn't find any merit in drawing reality,

and I totally agree with him. Art carries interpretation with it, so that even if it's technically amazing, if the artist doesn't put any of himself in the work, it doesn't do anything for me. I think that, as a creator, you even have to try things you don't like. But to get back to the subject, the classes with Sosa were really productive. He also helped me out with... shall we say, sexual anatomy.

What do you mean?

AG: He gave me suggestions like "The pussy goes here, man. Get a girl and really figure it out!" (laughs). We had a good laugh about it.

Which technique do you feel most comfortable with?

AG: Depends. I mix things a lot, from acrylic paints to computer work. For example, the backgrounds of *Akeronyu* were painted as if they were in water-soluble acrylic. Sometimes I use an optical pen to work on details, but the computer makes things look really cold, especially characters. I experiment a lot, I'm curious as a little kid. If I'm bored, I start drawing. Once in a while, things turn out well and that's really cool. If not, then at least it's fun.

Talking about fun...can you tell us what *Tres de copas* is about?

IG: The focus is this: these days there's a lot of supposed sexual freedom, but in reality nothing has really changed. Meaning, you talk to a girl and fuck her that same day, but when you start getting involved, neither one of you knows where to take it. In that sense, it's a step back. There's an air of frivolity, if that's the right word. Everyone's looking for individual pleasure and that's it. That can be cool, too, but in the end...

So what you're talking about is like what Houellebecq said in *Extension of the Battlefield*, right? That when the open market is applied to sex, what happens is that a few people have a tremendously rich and varied sex life, and a lot of others never get any...

IG: I'm middle class. Those who gotta work to live, gotta work to fuck (laughs). But jokes aside, it's always been funny to me that erotic comics have been called *Comics for adults*. As if adult forcibly means fucking, which is sort of normal... I don't know. The adult thing isn't sex for sex's sake, but about everything that happens around this act. Our comics aren't stories with morals, but you can draw your own conclusions from them.

And what projects do you have cooking up?

IG: I really like telling stories as close as possible to real life. Not so much my life as those of people around me. Maybe this is limiting me, but I don't want any characters that talk without saying anything. Occasionally, I've written something for your magazine for another artist, but the thing that doesn't appeal to me is doing something on a monthly basis. I've got a lot of projects in the wings and I want to take time to think about what my next project will be. I don't have any problems mulling over a decision for a few months if in the end I'll be working on something I'm 100% happy with. Some of the projects are erotic work, but there's a little bit of everything.

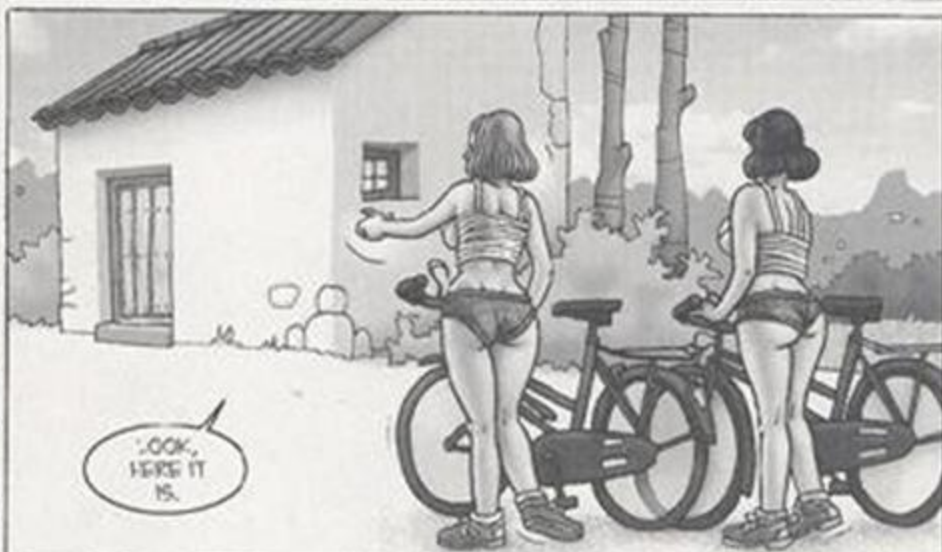
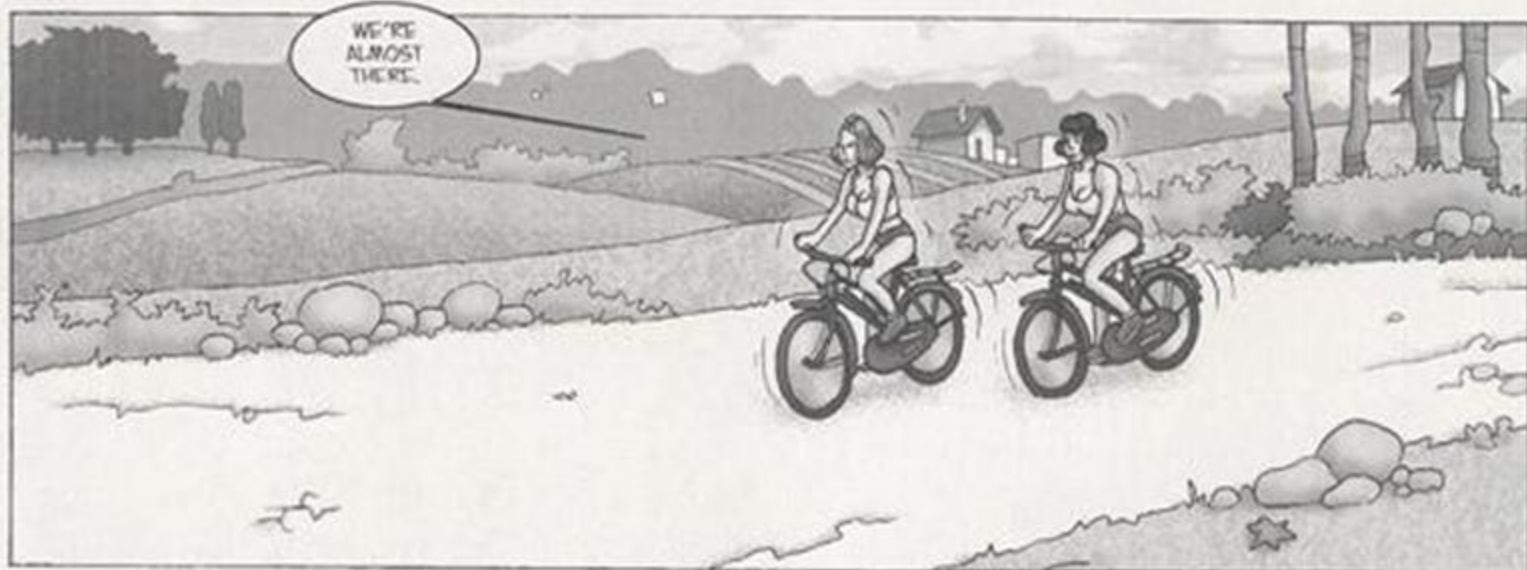
AG: I'm working on my own stories for a new series that I haven't come up with a title for yet and in which the characters interact with the author and the reader. The provisional title right now is *Flora*. I've been going around and around looking for the best way to structure it: so that it would turn out totally dynamic, so that you don't have to make a conscientious effort to try to understand it. As if it were television. If it came out directly in book form, where the story could unravel in a crescendo, it would be very different, but it has to work from chapter to chapter. The storyboards I have would stretch over two books.

Will you work together again in the future?

IG: At this point in time, each of us is going on with his own things in his head and we're going our own separate ways. But as people say, who knows!



Minerva



I'M SO HAPPY
TO SEE YOU,
MARTHA! HAVE
YOU PRACTICED
MUCH?

WELL...
YES, A
LITTLE.

LOOK, THIS
IS MY FRIEND
MINERVA, SHE
CAME ALONG.

HI.



WE'RE GOING TO START F
YOU'D LIKE, WITH A LITTLE MEDITATION
ON THE UNIVERSAL CONNECTION
BETWEEN ALL BEINGS.

OH,
RIGHT ON.



WE'LL
CLOSE OUR EYES
AND SOFTLY
CONCENTRATE
OUR MINDS.

HAVE YOU
SEEN HIS
PACKAGE?

I THINK
HE'S GOT A
BIG-OLE HOT
DOG.

MINERVA,
I TOLD YOU
HE'S TOTALLY
ABOVE THOSE
SORT OF
THINGS.



HA.



MARTHA,
SAY WHAT
YOU WANT, BUT
HE'S GOT A
CRUBBY.

MINERVA,
PLEASE! YOU
CAN'T GO WITHOUT
WAGGING HAD-ONS
EVERYWHERE FOR
FIVE MINUTES?

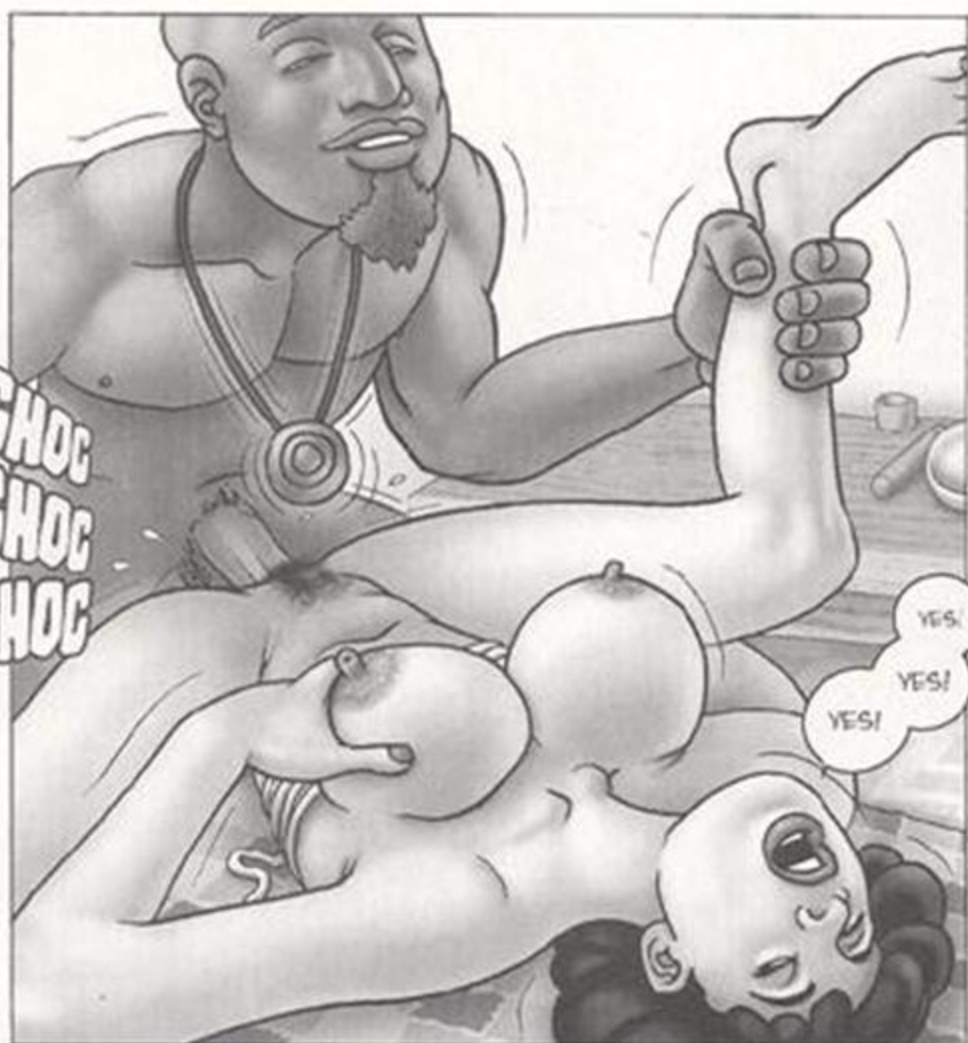








CHOC
CHOC
CHOC





THE END

Lilith: I'll suck you real good and more

He left the house at eleven at night with sex on his mind. He was in different places where the possibility of getting laid ran between zero and not at all. After three in the morning he heads back to the house, looking down at the ground, absorbed in abstract thoughts about a faceless, anonymous woman. The image is essentially reduced to a pair of round tits, neither big nor small, with nipples as pointy as chandelier crystals. And he's there, licking them, pulling on them, circling his fingers around them, and rubbing them with his cock.

He stops at the video rental booth, puts in his card, punches in his PIN and goes to the category of pornographic DVDs. *Cum in My Ass*, *Asian Babes 3*, *Delicious Girls*, *Canned Pussy*, *Fat Teenagers*, *Sluts in the Sun*, *My Panties Turn Me On*, *Black Cannibals*, *Computer Peers*... He lights a cigarette while the titles roll by on the monitor. The photos of the covers provide more fodder for his thoughts about the woman with round tits, neither big nor small, with nipples pointy as chandelier crystals. He can't decide which movie to rent; he actually doesn't want to see any of them. He knows it isn't the best way to really get his rocks off.

Lilith: I'll suck your cock real good and more, he reads. It isn't a porn DVD. It's a message scrawled on the phone booth next to his house. He looks at the phone number underneath the message. He starts thinking again about those round tits, neither big nor small, with nipples pointy as chandelier crystals that he wants to end the night between. And he calls, almost convinced that no one will answer.

It all happens very quickly. Like in a dream. He's in bed. He's between those round tits, neither big nor small, with nipples pointy as chandelier crystals. The woman is all pussy, a total contortionist. She has a soft voice, delicate skin. She takes off her shirt slowly, smiling. "All this sugar and I'll turn into a diabetic," he thinks. He pokes around her short skirt. He puts his hands up it, pulls her panties to one side, puts a hand on her solid, curvy ass and reaches for her tiny pussy with his tongue. He hits her pussy with short, rapid flicks of his tongue and buries his mouth in it. He takes Lilith (that's her name, right?) by the hips and turns her around; now her pussy is in front of him. He pulls off her panties, buries his face in her thighs sucks on her pussy and eats her all up, from the bitter sourness of her ass to the fleshy salty lips to her coarse pubes and to her ticklish clitoris. He savors her juices, pure paraffin that turns into a musty aftertaste that lingers from this moment on. He moves his finger to her, sliding into her firm yet submissive flesh, pushes it in and moves it. Lilith moans a prolonged "yes" at the same time that she pants with profound contractions,

and he snakes along her flat tummy without moving his finger from inside her. He licks her hair, goes down the smell of her neck, passes his tongue across her cheeks to her chin and her fine, small lips. Lilith opens her mouth to say something but he puts his tongue in and everything dissolves into a silent sigh. His tongue knocks against hers, sharp, long and pointed. He bites her lips and sucks on them, taking them in his mouth. He grasps her neck and runs his tongue up and down it, stopping at her left ear. He licks the lobe. Lilith moves her hips from one side to the other, electric. With both hands, he pulls up the shirt that's been hiding those two round tits, neither big nor small, with nipples pointy as chandelier crystals. He rubs them, cups them up.

"Tits designed to perfectly fit in my mouth. I can put them in whole, one after the other. I can suck on them, slip them in and out of between my lips. I can drink in her tender flesh without throwing jaws out of joint and spit it all back up. I can tweak her nipples with the tip of my tongue inside my mouth," he thinks.

And he feels how she's searching for his cock with both hands, how he shoots up impossibly hard as a flagpole. How she closes her body around him with both legs and unbuttons his pants while she bites his lips. She pulls it out, grabs it and caresses it gently, getting him even harder. The tip is as red and firm as a cherry. She moves her head down, opens her mouth and makes his cock disappear. He pinches her nipples while he feels her fine tongue against his cock, the hardness of her teeth on his shaft, her mouth clamping down. The base of his cock trembles hard. A few more strokes of his cock with her mouth and he comes. Sperm and blood. Thick. And she eats up the cum, the blood, the testosterone.

He barely feels the pain. He snatches it out of her mouth, moving down to her pelvis and up to her pussy. He can't understand why, but his cock is still erect. Lilith's legs open, bucking up, moving her pelvis in circles, she arches her back; his dangling balls slap against her pussy with each thrust. His knees locked against her hips and her nails on his back. More blood. Short, animal thrusts. Blood-curdling screams. More cum, more blood. He doesn't feel his cock anymore. He can only lay there, thrashing in a pool of fluids, fading away, his insides growing cold, passing from reality or from a dream.

At the end, the two of them, calm, pressed together, still. Him, dead. Her, still alive. Another night, before she gets up, she goes out to scribble her message and her phone number in various booths: "Lilith: I'll suck you good and more."



INDISCREET

ANOTHER CASE FROM
DETECTIVE
WANDA WOLFE

By
ALVARO 2003









Under the counter

Ruben Lardin



MODERN TIMES

Although he's been taking photos since he was a kid, Gerth Sernelin didn't become a professional until his early 70's, when a Swedish men's magazine invited its readers on a two week long trip to Thailand with four Scandinavian models. And Sernelin learned Latin. Since then, this sixty-something has dedicated himself to photographing nude women, without artistic pretensions, with a minimum of effects. *Nordic Angels* spans his body of work, dividing it into three sections that each correspond to a chapter of his life: the good old days (1973-1982), a period in which he got his professional start, when few pubes were shaved before it became the norm; his golden years (1983-1992) in which he did some advertising work, big tits became all the rage and the age range of models extended on the older end as per demand; and modern times (1993-2003), in which shaving is commonplace, there are more and more photo shoots outside and piercings and tattoos turn into a sort of esthetic plague. Sernelin enriches the journey through the years with technical aides, personal opinions, memories of the models, but the most interesting thing about this book is the girls with tan lines, natural breasts, wet t-shirts, too much make up, uneven nipples and carnations tucked behind their ears. Platinum blondes, lots of kitsch and not a touch of Photoshop. Starting with the cover featuring an imperfect and cynically honest blond, the book makes a point of reclaiming, in gorgeous formatting, images from the cold spanning two or three generations. The only difference is at the time of the book's start, the paper used back then was flimsy and lightweight and today it's solid couché paper, but the fodder for masturbatory fantasies is the same. If it were something more expensive and less clandestine, there might be less fodder, or more romantic, more steeped in nostalgia. I don't really know, but fodder for fantasy it does provide. The book is hefty, splendid and as impeccable as it would have to be for us to recommend it here.

NORDIC ANGELS. 30 YEARS EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Gerth Sernelin

Edition Reuss

In bookstores with imported titles or at www.edition-reuss.de



AN ESSENTIAL SPIRIT

There's a lot of talk about Roland Topor here and everywhere, with or without making a point, because he's one of the most fascinating European artists of all times and to know him is to love him. We just recently viewed the catalog of the exposition *Topor. Dessins Paniques*, presented in Strasbourg from June 18 to September 5, 2004 as the first retrospective on the artist since his death in 1997. Topor did it all: he was a man of the theater, a writer, artist, television producer, film director, actor... His work isn't the stuff of museums; it looks great on the walls, but it tastes best with a glass of red wine at room temperature or a glass of chilled white in hand. This book is an excellent jumping-off point for those who want to get to know this French genius: there are more than 200 pages featuring illustrations and drawings from various private collections. Work that develops thematically in an absurd world of private rules, with death, vertigo, childhood, religion, laughter, the fragility of human life as subjects for metaphor and reflection. What we're talking about here refers to his fixation with all things sexual, omnipresent in his work in different variations of lust, fetish or related to the tyranny of the feminine. The so-called European understanding of eroticism hasn't done anything more than enrich the perception of sexuality. The catalog is complete with bibliography, timeline of the artist's works and various articles on his films, his art and private life. A book as necessary to every erotomaniac as fucking, getting horny or skinny-dipping. See and decide for yourself.

TOPOR. DESSINS PANIQUES

Edited by Les Musées de Strasbourg and Editions Hazan

In bookstores with imported titles or through Amazon.com



MAN, WHY DON'T WE SHUT THE WINDOW? IS HE ALWAYS THERE?

ALWAYS. AT FIRST IT BOTHERED ME, BUT NOW IT TURNS ME ON.

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YOU GET TURNED ON BY HIM WATCHING AND PLAYING WITH HIMSELF? SEEMS LIKE A PERVERT TO ME.

ONCE HE TRIED TO FUCK ME IN THE ELEVATOR. MMM...





FUCK YOU
IN THE ELEVATOR?!
SLURP...

YEAH...OH...
KEEP GOIN'....



AND DID
YOU FUCK HIM?
MMM...

NO. AAAH!
I LOVE THAT...!



THAT GUY BEING THERE IS STARTING
TO PISS ME OFF.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW
IT TURNS YOU ON.



KEEP LICKIN'...

THAT DAY HE CAME UP BEHIND ME,
GRABBED MY TITS AND STARTED BABBLING I
DON'T KNOW WHAT.

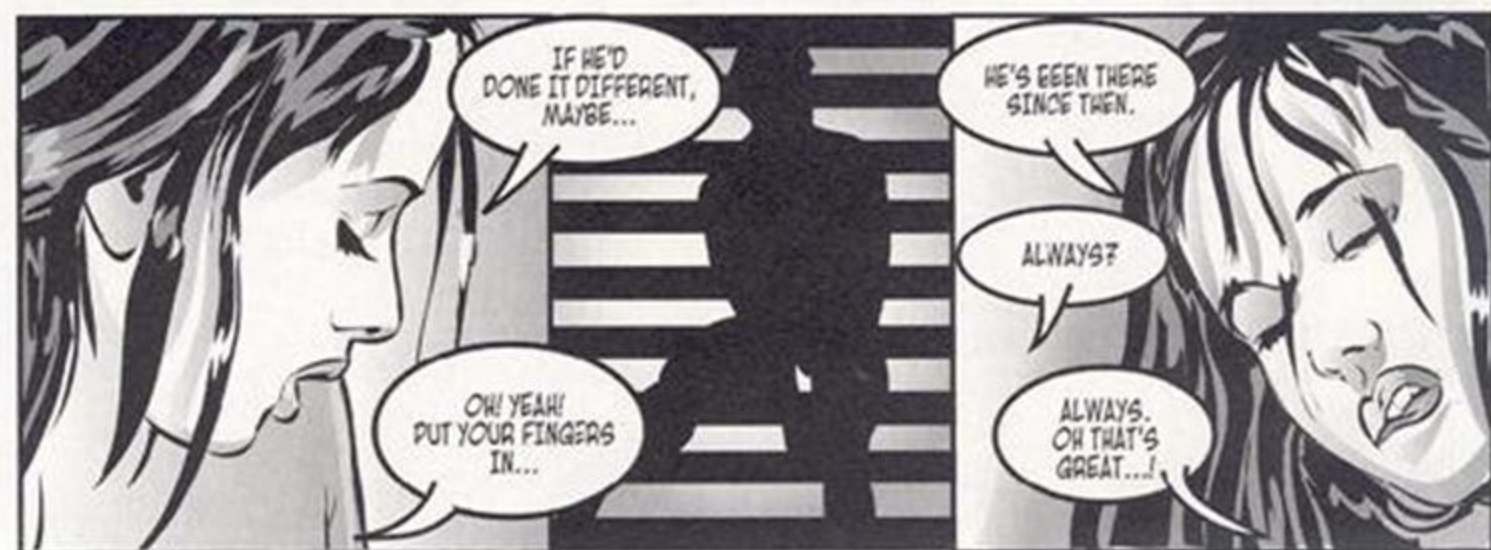
YOU KNOW...

AND YOU LET
HIM...

YOU'RE GETTING
WETTER AND WETTER...









OH!

ALWAYS
LOOKING...

OH! OH!

...IT TURNS ME ON.

GO ON..
MORE!

SO, THE TREATMENT
WAS A SUCCESS...

YES, BUT THE
SECOND TIME I WAS
WITH HER!

LET'S CONSULT
YOUR RECORDS.

SUCK! SLURP!

WOW! WHAT DELICIOUS
TITTIES...

...PHOTOS OF
YOUR NEIGHBOR,
PERSONAL DATA...

PSYCHOLOGICAL
ANALYSIS OF YOUR
FANTASIES IN THE
ELEVATOR...

FANTASIES
ABOUT THE SIZE OF
YOUR PARTS...

ALL CORRECT.

OR DON'T
YOU REMEMBER
THE SIZE OF YOUR
PENIS?

N-MY
COCK?



"AS YOU SEE, MEMORIES INC. STICKS TO THE CONTRACT. YOU REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT TO. AS WE SAY: SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!"



THE END

The Art of Carlos Diez

Collected for the first time in one super-heated gallery of erotica, the paintings of Carlos Diez amaze and enthrall! One of Europe's most imaginative pin-up artists, Diez takes his love of the female form and conjures up images of pure desire and very naughty fun! His women glow with raw sexuality, and if some of Carlos' models look a little familiar, well that's just his artistic license to thrill!

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CONNECTED 0.6

THEY WERE BORN SEAMSE TWIN'S CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS. WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED, NO ONE IMAGINED THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES.

IN THE PARKING LOT, THOSE TWO GERMAN GUYS ASKED ME IF WE WANTED TO HANG OUT. WHADDAYA THINK?

THOSE WOTTIES? HELL YEAH! I COULD COME IN MY PANTS JUST LOOKIN' AT 'EM.

MMM... NOT BAD.

BUT REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE HERE TO HELP ME WITH MY WORK FOR SCHOOL.

YEAH, YEAH...



WHAT ARE YOU READING, MISS?

ANTHROPOLOGY. WE'VE COME HERE TO STUDY THE NEOLITHIC TOTEM OF AYAUKAN.



OH! NON INTERESTING! WE ARE LIKING TO HELP.

YEAH... WE'RE LOOKING FOR THAT STONE PENIS THING... AND THEN WE'LL DO SOMETHING MORE FUN.



IT'S NOT A "PENIS THING."

THAT TOTEM SIGNIFIES THE TRANSITION FROM MATRIARCHY TO PHALLO-MACHISTIC SOCIETY...

THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN ERA...

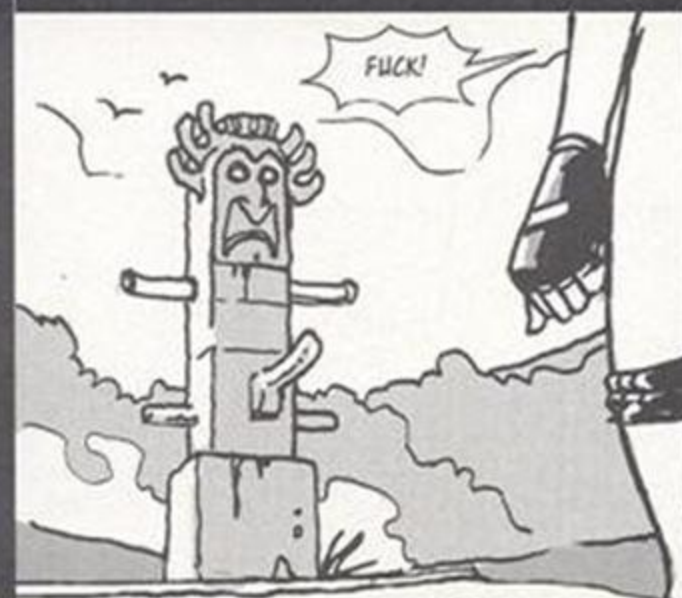


THIS MAP IS A DISASTER!

IT MAKES NO SENSE...









ANNN... NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY SHE WAS SO INTERESTED IN THIS THING.



NOW KIP UP MY ASS... YOU UNDERSTAND?



HERE... SEE? IN MY ASS.



MMH... MY BOOTY WANTS SOME COCK TOO... LET'S SEE IF I CAN REACH...



ANNN... YES!



MORE! GIVE ELVIRA ALL THE JIZZ YOU'VE GOT!



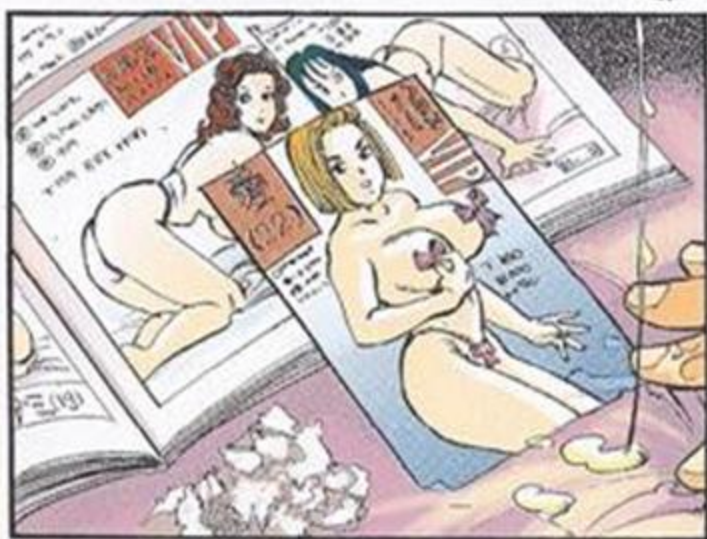
OH, YES... YOUR CUM IS SO HOT!



THE
END

MISS DD
CROSSING PATHS
CHIYOJI TOMO







WEL-COME.

THANK
YOU FOR
CHOOSING
ME.

WANT
TO USE
THE
BATH-
ROOM
FIRST?



N-NO.
THANKS.
I DON'T
NEED
TO.



SINCE YOU CALLED
ME BY MY NAME,
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE A FRIEND...
IT'S YOUR FIRST
TIME WITH ME.
RIGHT?



Y-YES...

MISS
LOVE...

FINALLY!
I'VE
WAITED SO
LONG FOR
THIS...

N-NOT
R-REALLY.

...

ARE
YOU
NER-
VOUS?



OOH,
HE'S SO
CUTE!

ARE
YOU A
STU-
DENT?

NO...I
WORK...

SLURP,
GULP,
SLURP



UH. TH-
THAT...

HUH?!



...

YOU
DON'T
SEEM TOO
WORKED
UP...

SLURP,
GULP,
SLURP



NNG!
MMM!



GULP
SLURP

GULP
SLURP



I MEAN,
UHH...

IT'S.. THE
RUDDER...
UHH...



BUT...WHAT
ABOUT
THE
ENCHANT-
MENT OF
LOVE?

HA

WHAT A
SWEET
GUY!

GULP
SLURP

I'M
SERIOUS...
REALLY...

AHH
AH...

YOU'RE
SERIOUS?

I'VE BEEN
THINKING
ABOUT YOU
FOR...

REALLY! MY
HEART IS
BEATING
SO HARD.
IT'S GONNA
EXPLODE...

YOU'RE SO
POPULAR!
I'M JUST
ANOTHER
LONELY
CLIENT
ASKING FOR
YOU...

...



LOVE...

...
NO, HONEY!
YOU'RE
A REALLY
SPECIAL
CLIENT...

C'MON,
GET IT ON,
BABY...

YES!
AHH!
AHH!
AHH!

MMM...
OOOOOH!
YES!

NO!
NOT
YET!
FUCK!

I'M
SORRY...

...

DON'T
WORRY.
BABY. IT'S
SOMETHING
THAT HAP-
PENS ALL THE
TIME.

...

HEY, HEY.
HOLD ON,
THERE...

I WANNA
GET IN TWO
OR THREE
FUCKS IN MY
ALLOTTED
TIME.

WEL-
COME.
THANKS
FOR CHOOS-
ING ME.

YOU'LL
LET ME
CUM IN
YOUR
FACE,
RIGHT?

I DON'T
KNOW...
IT'S
THAT...

SLURP,
GLUP,
GLUP

AAH!

AAH!

CHOKEI
W-WAIT!

AAH!

AAH!

UHH!
UHH!
THAT'S
IT,
SLUT!

NOW
FOR THE
SECOND
ROUND!

BUT,
DON'T
CUM
INSIDE
ME...!

DON'T
CUM INSI....

AAARRGHH!

WHAT'S
WRONG? YOU
DON'T LIKE
THAT? BUT
YOU'RE SO WET
YOUR THIGHS
ARE SOAKED...!

EH...
UMMM...
YES,
LIKE....

UUH
HHAR
RGH
...



SEE THAT, HO?
WE MATURE
MEN PACK
TWICE THE
LOAD THE
YOUNG GUYS
HAVE.



HERE I AM!
THIS TIME
WILL BE
GREAT!

I'VE BEEN
HOLDING
BACK
FOR FIVE
DAYS...



OH, I'M SO
HAPPY TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN...



...

JUST
RELAX
NOW.



LOVE...
WHY DO
YOU DO
THIS?



TO FIND
A MAN
WHO'LL
BE GOOD
TO ME...



REALLY?

WHEN I
CAME TO
NEW YORK
I WAS
LIVING
ALONE AND
I FELT SO
LONELY...

THE SAME
THING
HAPPENED
TO ME.
AND SINCE
I WORK
FREELANCE
I'M STILL
ALONE...

...I DIDN'T
TALK TO
ANYONE
ALL DAY...



OOO
OOOO
OOH
...



I TRIED TO
FIND A GUY
THROUGH THE
INTERNET ...AND
AT PARTIES.
AND CALLING
AROUND TO
MAKE FRIENDS...

AND NO
LUCK?

COULDN'T
FIND ANY
WARMTH...

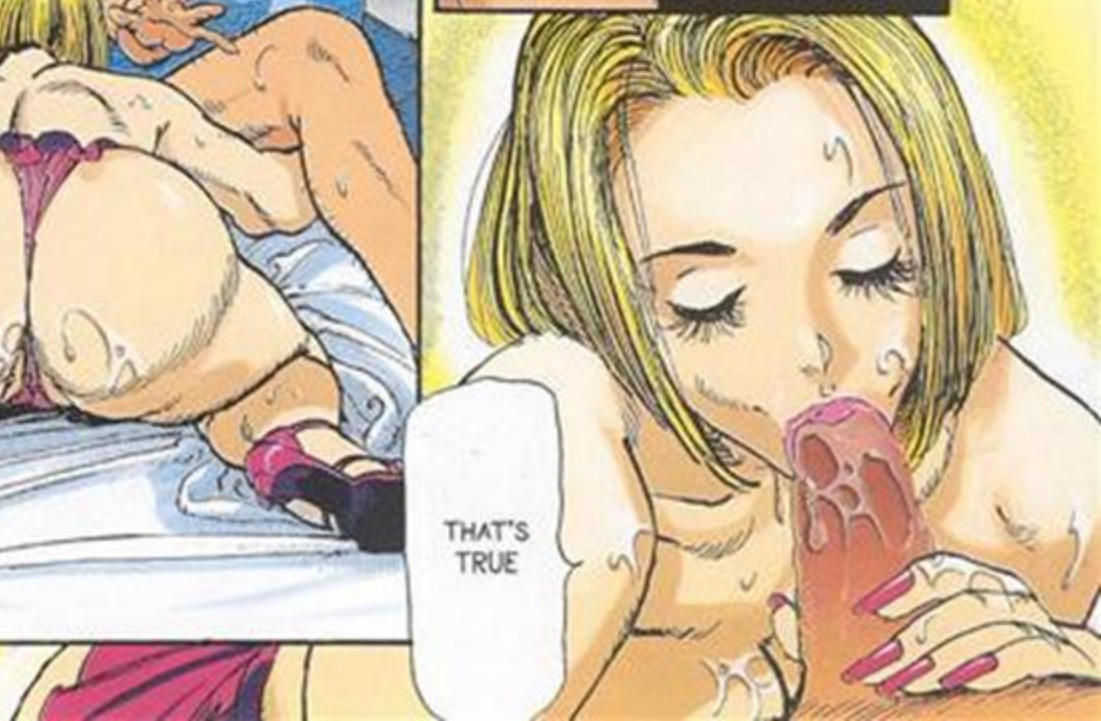
SLURP!

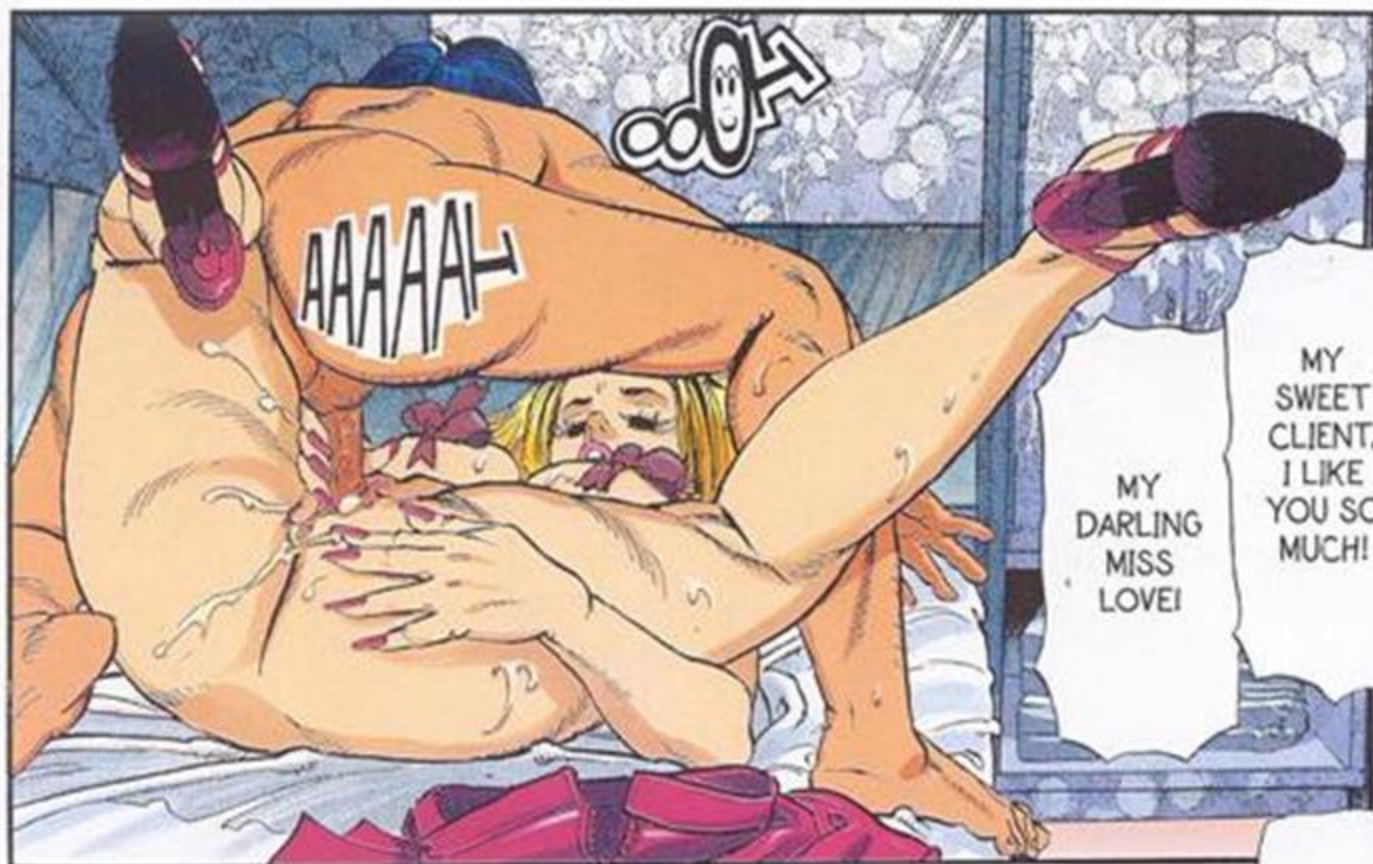
THAT'S
HOW NEW
YORK IS...
A LITTLE
COLD!

YOU
NEVER
GET TO
KNOW
YOUR
NEIGH-
BORS.



THAT'S
TRUE





SEE, TODAY EVERYTHING WENT FINE. YOU'LL COME AGAIN?

SURE...

BUT... MAYBE YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT.

NO... DON'T WORRY, I'LL WORK HARD.

GIVE ME YOUR CELL NUMBER...

OK...

AND I'LL GIVE YOU MINE.

...



AAAAGH!
PLEASE,
COULD YOU
GO A LITTLE
SOFTER....!



Y-YES?
HELLO?

OK...
I'LL BE
WAITING...



...



WHAT THE
FUCK IS THIS.
CALLING SO
LATE? YOU
YOUNG
PEOPLE ARE
DEGENERATES!



THAT
WAS HIM.
RIGHT?
I HEARD
HIM!

YOU MUST BE
HOT FOR HIM
IF YOU LET
HIM CALL AT
NIGHT!

YOU'RE
JUST SICK
TELEPHONE
ADDICTS!

NOOOO....
I TOLD YOU
NOT TO CUM
INSIDE ME!!

AH!

AH!

AH!



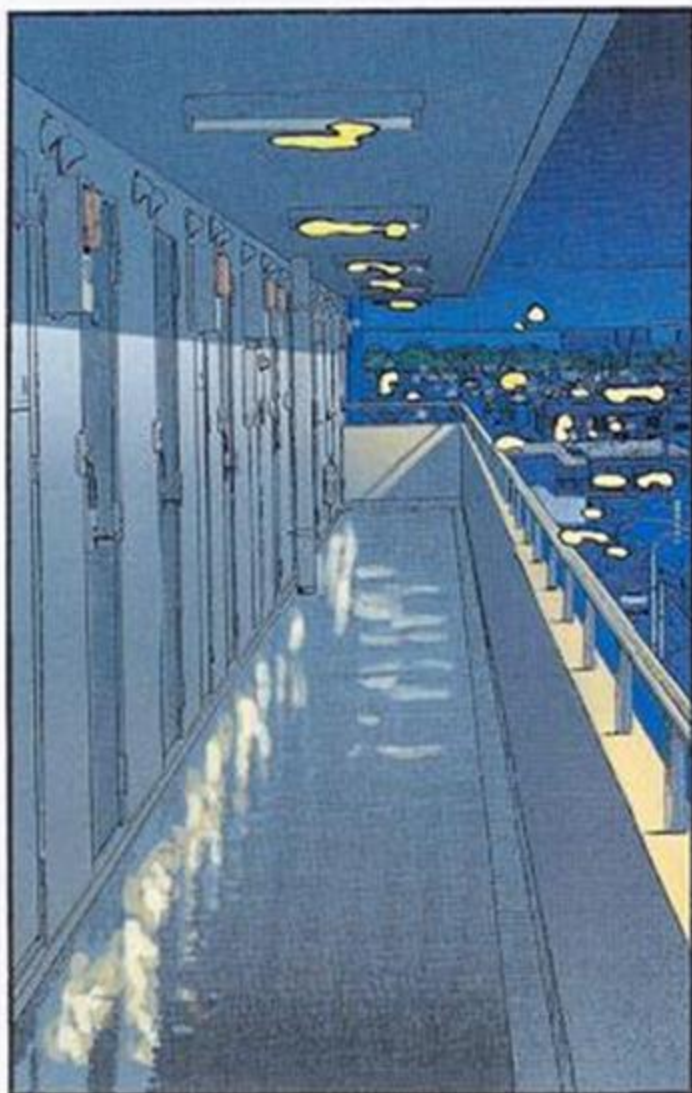
IIII
IIII
IIII

AAA
AAAA
AH!!

C'MON,
GIVE
YOUR
OLDER
FRIEND
YOUR
NUMBER
TOO!

NO...
NO
WAY!!





NOW I
DON'T
NEED ALL
THESE
PORN
DVDS!

OR THE
MAGAZINES.
OR THIS OR
THIS...

GOOD-BYE
TO JERKIN'
OFF WITHOUT
A GIRL IN MY
LIFE!



TIT
TIT
TOT
TOT
TAT



HI, IT'S
ME...
HOW'S IT
GOIN'?

HAVE
YOU
FIN-
ISHED
WORK-
ING?

BUSY
NIGHT?
ARE
YOU
TIRED?





THE TAXI JUST LEFT ME OFF.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



I WAS JUST GOING DOWN TO THE ALL-NIGHT GROCERY STORE...



I'LL COME SEE YOU AFTER I WASH OFF MY MAKE-UP AT HOME...

DON'T LIKE TO GO OUT WITH MY WORKING FACE.



OK, MEANWHILE I'LL PICK UP A FEW THINGS.

CRASH



OOOH, I'M BEAT. THANK GOODNESS I'M FINALLY HOME...



HUH?!

HUH?!

THE END

"I'VE ALWAYS LIKE SURPRISING PEOPLE" JOHN ERIC THOUGHT AS HE UNLOADED HIS BERETTA ON THE GUY.



"SOMETIMES UNPLEASANT ONES, I ADMIT."



"BUT FOR YOU, GIRL, IT'S WORTH PLAYING THE TOUGH GUY," SAID THE DETECTIVE WHILE HE GRABBED THE GIRL...

"...ALTHOUGH SHE'S
BLOWING OUT MY
BRAINS."

"YOU CUNTI!"



BLEECH!



TUESDAY, JULY 2,
2002.

YOU'RE
BEING A BITCH,
OLGA!

A WHILE AGO, OLGA
REALLY STARTED
CHANGING. SHE ISN'T
THE WALL FLOWER
SHE WAS.

WHAT COULD
I DO GIRL, YOU
WERE THINKING.

IT'S
GETTING LATE.
WIPE YOURSELF
OFF.

ANOTHER
JOKE LIKE THAT
AND YOU'RE
DEAD.

I'D BEEN HAVING
A CRAZY SUMMER
AND THAT DAY
HELD A HIDDEN
SURPRISE.



AFTER FUCKING UP MY CONCENTRATION ON A KEY SCENE IN THE BOOK, WE WENT TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.



THERE'S ONE PROBLEM: HIS WIFE.

DON'T BE SILLY.

SHE DOES PIERCINGS, YOU JUST HAVE TO DISTRACT HER...

GOD! WHAT'VE I DONE?

I'VE CREATED A MONSTER!

YA KNOW, SHOULD I DO IT? WILL IT HURT?

YEAH!

HER NAME WAS MAY, AND SHE WAS AN ASIAN CHICK, TINY AND WITH GORGEOUS LONG BLACK HAIR.

I WENT TO THE PIERCING ROOM WITH HER WHILE OLGA WENT INTO THE TATTOO ARTIST'S AREA.

AND SO, WE WENT IN AND WERE GREETED BY THE WIFE OF THE TATTOO ARTIST, WHOSE NAME WAS PAUL.

SO YOU WANT A PIERCING...

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU WANT IT?

WELL, I WAS THINKING MY BELLY BUTTON.

HEY! DO TATTOOS HURT?

NO, WELL, ONLY A LITTLE.

DON'T WORRY.

PAUL IS REALLY SKILLED WITH A NEEDLE. YOUR FRIEND IS IN GOOD HANDS.

EVERYONE'S GOT A "SPECIAL PLACE."

YOU'VE GOT A GREAT BELLY BUTTON, IT'D BE A NICE PLACE IF...

BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO SEE EVERYTHING SO I CAN GIVE YOU ADVICE.

LET'S SEE
HOW IT IS
HERE...

UH!
GUT..!

EASY... UUUUM!

REALLY
NICE...YES, BIG
AND HAZO.

ACTING ALL LIKE
THAT SHE WAS
TOTALLY GETTING
ME HOT. YOU COULD
TELL SHE KNEW WHAT
SHE WAS DOING.

STICK
OUT THAT
TONGUE...

WELL, LET
ME SEE...

OH!
YEAH!

YEAHAH!





WAIT...

TURN AROUND, THAT'S IT... MMM!

YOU'VE GOT THE HOTTEST LITTLE HOLE.

OOHH!

MMM!

YOU GOTTEN FUCKED HERE YET?

A-AHH!

YES! THAT'S IT, DON'T STOP!

RANS MY BOOTY AHHH! YES!

I CAN FEEL YOU COME!

DON'T STOP, YES! I'M COMING...

I'M COMING!

I'M COMING!!

WOW, GIRL...

WELL... NOW I GOTTA GET TO WORK.

WHAT? WHY?



WHAT A WICKED SUMMER WE WERE HAVING. EVEN OLGA'S MOM WOULDN'T HAVE RECOGNIZED HER.

Under the counter

(Continued from page 35)

Ruben Lardin



PAINTED PRINCESSES

Ken-ichi Murata's work has been the subject of expositions, books and acclaim, but always within the borders of his native Japan. But no longer: Reuss has just published *Japanese Princess*, the book that introduces the artist to the world, and as a first impression, could not have been more to our liking. Seventy-seven photographs in black and white painted with a skilled hand by the photographer's muse, Yumiko Yamasaki, who brings to the photos a dreamy quality that also lends a definition to those perfectly formed nipples Japanese girls have. Ken-ichi Murata has a dark side, delving into the vagina as a landscape and a mirror of the soul, and winds up being fickle in his treatment of the nude to the point that his work seems suspended in a place that doesn't exist, a no-man's land where eroticism and pornography converge. Because at the same time that he displays extreme creative imagery (glass eyes inserted in pussies, trees literally rooted inside women) his photos transcend the artistic condition and turn the eyes onto bodies, excited and open, penetrated, lost or tied, exuding provocation. And that, nothing more, nothing less, is what all hard-backed erotica should aspire to.

JAPANESE PRINCESS

Ken-ichi Murata

Edition Reuss

In bookstores with imported titles or at www.edition-reuss.de

BODIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

And more photographers on the web. Norbert Guthier is German and is involved in tropical rainforest conservation projects, which is all fine and well but doesn't interest us too much. He's on this page because of another aspect of his career—equally noble but much juicier—that of the artist of erotica. With a multitude of individual and collective expositions to his credit along with dozens of published collaborative works, several awards and three books of nudes on the market, we've just discovered his web site, a simple and austere page that will be a welcome sight to those interested in photography or erotica. A fable in black and white (which he works and tints with a fine hand, of course), he doesn't hesitate to delve in the explicit when it presents itself, and he does it evoking the interaction and kinetic energy of bodies, masculine and feminine, without ignoring or wiping away any secretions here or there. He doesn't offer us any perversions, the photos focus on the human anatomy, exploiting only the beauty and contortionism natural to sex, and although his work isn't exactly anything new, it has to be said that the guy is really good, whether you like his work or not. The page offers, to boot, direct contact with him if you're interested in modeling for his project *Type 55*, whose simple theme is capturing portraits of 55 women of all shapes and sizes in the same pose: nude, with their arms crossed across their chests. If I were a woman, I would get involved with it because a photo like that would make an amazing gift. If any of you manage to get your girls involved, tell us and we'll rock the boat.

www.guthier.com



Incredible Stories

Chapter 8











BOODHISATTVA, SHIVA, SARAS VATI, EVEN SIDDHARTA HIMSELF ARE WAITING TO SHARE INFINITE KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU...OR WOULD YOU PREFER FILTHY SEX TO THE MAXIMUM ELEVATION OF THE SOUL?





THE END

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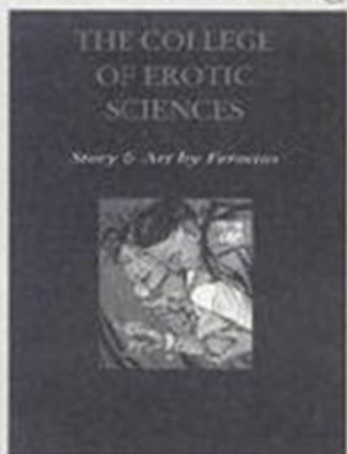
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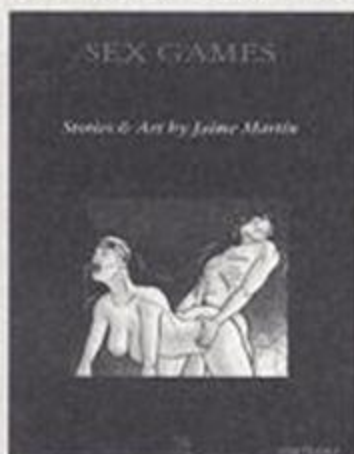
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"PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE."



"YOU FIND THEM AT THE BACK OF THE CLOSET"



"THEY'RE NOT YOURS, SO YOU THINK THEY BELONG TO THE FORMER TENANT?"



"SOMEWHERE YOU HAVE A SLIP OF PAPER WITH HIS NUMBER."



"WHAT DO YOU DO? CALL HIM TO GIVE 'EM BACK?"

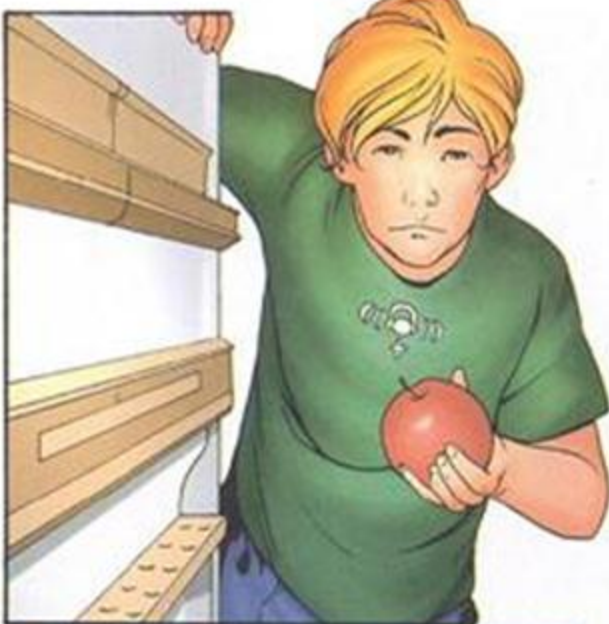
Greco + Erdosain '05



"YOU KEEP THEM. ACTUALLY, YOU POSSESS THEM."



"EVERY NIGHT, BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP, YOU SPEND SOME TIME WITH THEM."



"THEY BECOME YOUR DARK LITTLE SECRET."



"AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, YOU FIND AMANDA —YOUR FAVORITE— OCCUPYING YOUR BED."



"WHAT SHOULD YOU DO?"



"CALL A PSYCHIATRIST?"



"AN EXORCIST?"



"AMANDA WASN'T A GOOD MODEL."



"SHE COULDN'T SIT STILL FOR TWO MINUTES"



"BUT THAT TENDENCY FOR PERPETUAL MOTION WAS PRECISELY HER GREATEST ASSET."





"ONE MORNING, YOU HEAR AMANDA TALKING TO SOMEONE IN THE KITCHEN."



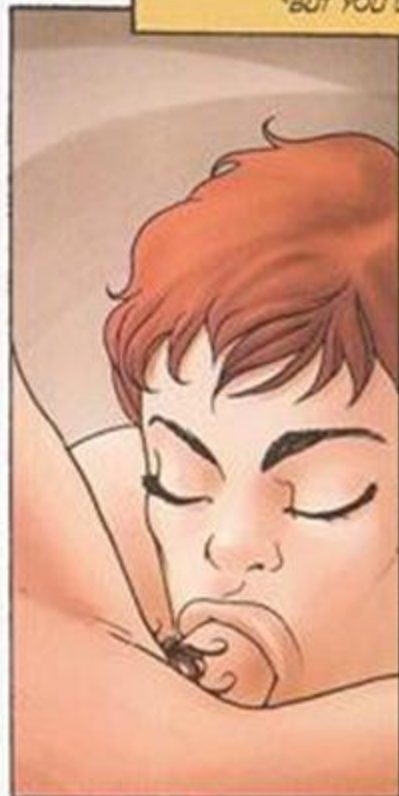
"YOU'RE SURE THAT LOLA'S VOICE WOULD SOUND LIKE THAT?"



"YUP, IT'S LOLA, AND INSTEAD SURPRISING YOU, IT SEEMS NATURAL."



"BUT YOU DON'T MENTION IT TO YOUR FRIENDS."



"SOMETHING TELLS YOU THAT THE WORLD'S NOT READY FOR THIS."



"THEN YOU THINK..."



"WHAT THE FUCK DO I NEED THE WORLD FOR? I GOT IT ALL."



"OLGA LIKES YOU TO WHISPER IN HER EAR!"



"BETTE KNOWS A THOUSAND WAYS TO STROKE YOUR BALLS."



"TINA SWEETLY DEMANDS AT LEAST THREE ASS-FUCKS PER DAY."



"AND THEN YOU START TO NOTICE THE SIDE EFFECTS."



"WORK JUST DOESN'T FIT IN WITH YOUR NEW LIFESTYLE."



"AT THE END OF THE MONTH YOU FIND YOU'RE IN THE RED."

"YOUR SOCIAL LIFE DISINTEGRATES. AND THEY KEEP COMING."





"ONE MORNING YOU REALIZE YOUR BODY IS WASTING AWAY."



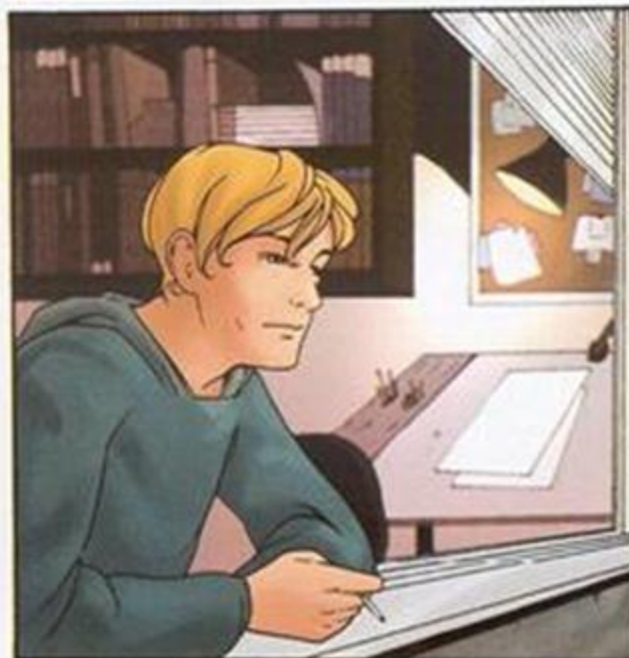
"BEING ON THE BRINK OF NON-EXISTENCE MAKE YOU THINK. DOES YOUR LIFE HAVE ANY MEANING? HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING?"



"YOU COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU NEED MORE TIME."



"YOU TRY TO PULL BACK WHEN IT'S TOO LATE."



"BUT YOUR MIND HAS RETAINED EVERY INCH OF THEIR ANATOMY!"



A PROFESSIONAL PITFALL."



"CAN YOU RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO HAVE THEM AGAIN?"

THE END

Mondo Porno

(Continued from page 11)

Despite this incredible precociousness, it isn't until she's 15 that Jenna finally discovers sex in all its splendor. The lucky guy is a high school friend. "To tell you the truth, the first time I didn't feel anything, absolutely nothing. Lots of girls told me that it hurt, but I didn't feel anything, not even a little shiver, not pain or pleasure. It's unbelievable that after that disaster I'm in the porn business!"

THE GAS STATION GIRL

After various romances with girls from her school, Jenna accepts her bisexuality without any big hang-ups...and she gets tired of books. She's 16 years old, she's got an incredible body and is dying to get out into the world. She decides to make a living with the first job that comes her way. And so, she worked at a hamburger joint, pumping gas at a filling station and tending bar on the weekends. Later she tries stripping. "It was a pretty hard time," she recalls with a big smile. "I was really young and I was kind of disoriented. I wanted money, the more the better, and the only thing I did was work in shitty places and get myself into problems. Then porn finally got me out of all that!"

FROM THE CATWALK TO ADULT CINEMA

As she recalls, divine providence intervened when Jenna is 19. One night when she's having drinks after a live performance at a night club in Fullerton, California, she meets the director and hardcore talent scout Craven Moorhead. The next day, Jenna shoots her first XXX scene. The movie was called *Service Animals 4*, the director is Joey Silvera and it's 2001. Jenna remembers it like this: "The scene went wonderfully. We shot it in Joey's apartment and my partner in the scene was Miles Long, who treated me very well. I liked it so much that the next day I shot another movie!"

MOM, I WANNA BE A PORNSTAR

The summer of 2001 is a turning point in the porn career of the hot cheerleader from California. Her body, free of tattoos and without a single drop of silicone, writhes in front of the cameras with unbridled passion. She lives out every sex scene with great natural ease and drips sweat from every inch of her body in each scene. She specializes in backdoors and flirts with double penetration. In episode 32 of the series *Nasty Nymphs* (2001) by Christopher Alexander, she does her first sandwich. Here's how she remembers it: "At first I was scared, but then everything turned out fine. The guys worked with the precision of a Swiss watch and I was really relaxed."

ADULTS ONLY

2002 is the year that she definitively becomes a pornstar. She's in films by big porn names such as Michael Ninn (*Your Time Is Up*), Patrick Collins (*Big Bottom Sadie*), Nick Orleans (*High Class Ass*) and Clive McLean (*Barely Legal 20*). Her fan base grows, but it isn't until 2003 that she is finally recognized. That year, she wins two AVN Awards: Best New Starlet and Best Sex Scene. A star is born.

JENNA'S HAREM

As to the question of taste, this sexy siren has it covered. Her favorite guys are Evan Stone, Brad Armstrong, Peter North, Tom Byron and Randy West. As far as girls go, her faves are Brooke Lane, Jewel De'Nyle, Halli Aston, Monica Mayhem and the brutish Bridgette Kerkove. Without a doubt, if you hope to become Jenna's boyfriend or girlfriend one day, the best thing to do is be sincere with her. "I'm terribly honest and I hate it when people lie to me. It's something I can't stand," she tells me, wrinkling her brow. "It's the same to me if it's a guy with lots of muscles or a gorgeous girl. The physical doesn't matter. What's really important is that they look me in the eyes and confide in me."



THE PORN SESSION CONTINUES

And to wrap it all up, recommended films from this sex goddess. Enjoy!

2001

Service animals 4 (Joey Silvera)
And Angels 3 (Vince Voyeur)
Barefoot Confidential 15: Hot Feet (Andrew Madness)
Four Finger Club 19 (Scott Taylor)
Hot Showers 2 (Clive McLean)
Young Stuff (Chuck Martino)

2002

Big Bottom Sadie (Patrick Collins)
Your Time Is Up (Michael Ninn)
Casual Couch Confessions 6 (Tyce Bune)
Flea Hunter (Jules Jordan)
Friends & Lovers (Cash Markman)
Dripping Wet Sex (Bud Lee)
Industrial Sex (Skye Blue)
Barely Legal 20 (Clive McLean)
Hearts & Minds (Red Ezra)
Initiations 9 (Lexington Steele)
High Class Ass (Nick Orleans)

2003

Leshian Games (Private)
Jenna Loves Girls (Skye Blue)
Unreliable Sex (Dale Jordan)
My Perfect 10's Again (Skye Blue)

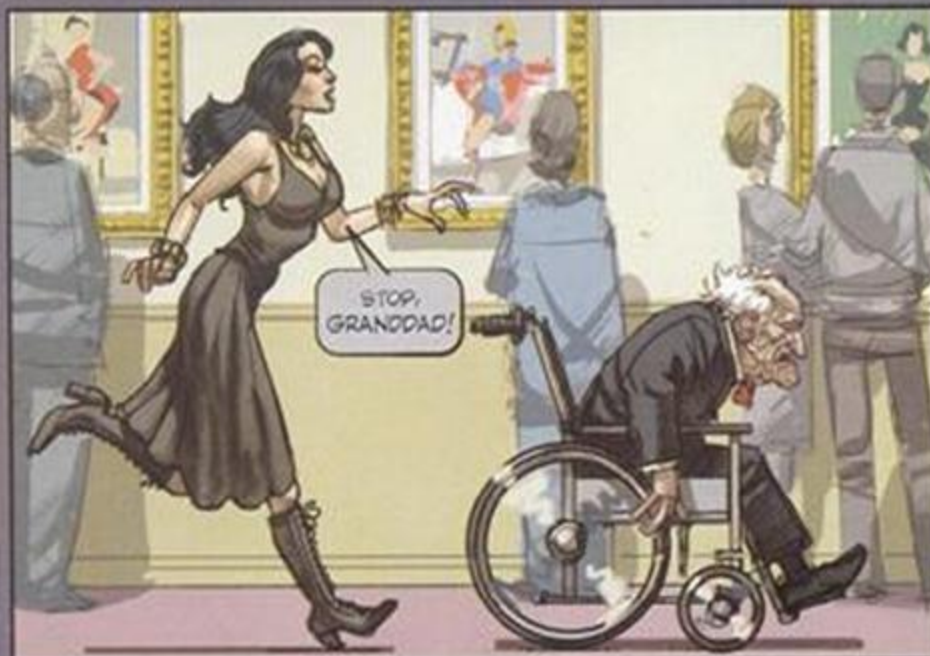
2004

Barely Legal All Stars 2 (Clive McLean)
Jenna Haze vs. Krystal Steel (Jules Jordan)

EXPOSITION

"The indiscreet broom"





STOP,
GRANDDAD!



YOU PROMISED ME THAT
YOU WOULDN'T RUN OFF
AGAIN. YOU KNOW YOU
COULD HAVE HAD AN
ACCIDENT!



EVERYTHING ALRIGHT? CAN I HELP
YOU WITH SOMETHING?

I'M FINE...IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES
IT'S HARD TO TAKE CARE OF HIM. HE
ALWAYS WANTS TO DO EVERYTHING
HIMSELF BUT HE ISN'T A YOUNG GUY
ANYMORE.



YESTERDAY THE NURSE WHO
TAKES CARE OF HIM QUIT. IT'S
THE THIRD WE'VE HAD. THEY ALL
GET SICK OF HIS FITS...

SHE SHOULD HAVE COME WITH
US, BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND
ANYONE TO REPLACE HER.



THE WORST THING IS THAT
IT'S REALLY HARD FOR ME TO
FIND DOMESTIC HELP. IT IS SO
HARD TO FIND SOMEONE I CAN
SHARE OUR HOME WITH!

OF COURSE.



...ALTHOUGH
IF I FOUND A
MAID LIKE THAT,
I'D TOTALLY
HIRE HER.



FROM THE SERIES "HIKED-UP SKIRTS,"
THIS IS THE DRAWING I LIKE THE MOST.

"THE INDISCREET BROOM"



"THE MAID'S EXPRESSION HAS ALWAYS HAD AN EFFECT ON ME... SHE LOOKS SURPRISED... BUT NOT BY THE EXISTENCE OF A POSSIBLE VIEWER, BY THE ACTION OF THE BROOM."

SHE SEEMS TO SAY TO US, "THIS OBJECT IS HARRASSING ME, MOVING AND TRYING TO INVADE!"



IT'S INCREDIBLE. IT NEVER CEASES TO SURPRISE ME THAT WE HAVE SUCH SIMILAR SENSIBILITIES. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SAME THING... I STILL REMEMBER WHEN...



"...ONE TIME, IN MY GRANDFATHER'S STUDIO, I STARTED SWEEPING OUT OF PURE BOREDOM..."



...AND I CAME UPON THIS WORK. IT WAS LIKE IT SHOWED JUST WHAT I WAS DOING. I LOOKED AT IT CLOSELY..."

"SUDDENLY, I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD WHAT THE LOOK ON THE MAID'S FACE SAID: THE BROOM IS ALIVE AND WANTS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME!!"

"SURPRISED, I DROPPED THE BROOM AND TOOK A STEP BACK. BUT IT WAS SUCH BAD LUCK THAT I TRIPPED AND I KNOCKED DOWN A LAMP..."



"THE LAMP HIT THE BROOM AND FELL, HITTING ME ON THE HEAD! IT WAS TOO COINCIDENTAL! IT COULDN'T MERELY BE A CASUAL THING! THAT WAS CONFIRMATION THAT OBJECTS DO HAVE A CONSCIENCE, I SAID TO MYSELF."

"FROM THAT MOMENT I FELT I HAD TO RESPECT ALL THINGS..."

"...I PROMISED TO NOT TREAT ANYTHING HARSHLY, AS INANIMATE AS IT MAY SEEM..."

"...YOU COULD SAY THAT DURING THAT TIME I TURNED INTO A 'FANATICAL ANIMIST...'."

CRASH!

GRANDDAD!

MNUG!!
3SHIT!!

WHAT CONNOTATIONS ARE CORRECT? WHAT WAS GIL SPAM THINKING ABOUT WHEN HE DREW THAT? WHAT A SHAME IT IS YOUR GRANDFATHER CAN'T SPEAK AND SHARE HIS SECRETS WITH US...

THINK WE'LL NEVER KNOW...

FOR SURE, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, AND ALTHOUGH I CAN'T TALK, I WOULDN'T TELL YOU ANYWAYS. FIVE STITCHES IN MY HEAD MAKE ME KEEP MY SECRET OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT DAY...

"THINGS WERE GOING WELL FOR ME. THE SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS I STARTED WITH 'REVELATIONS OF THE WIND' WERE A SUCCESS. MY NEW HOUSE WAS LARGE AND IT WAS A LITTLE DISORGANIZED."

"I DECIDED TO HIRE A MAID."

HELLO, I SAW YOUR AD.

"SHE WAS YOUNG, SHY AND BEAUTIFUL. THAT WOMAN HAD TO BE MINE. I CONTROLLED MYSELF SO THAT I COULD SEDUCE HER DELICATELY..."

HEY, I SEE YOU'RE BEING COY...

WELL, FINE! IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WITH ME THEN I'LL FIRE YOU!

NO, PLEASE!! IF YOU WANT I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND JOB, BUT NOTHING ELSE! I WANT TO BE A VIRGIN WHEN I GET MARRIED. I WANT TO GIVE MYSELF TO MY FIANCEE WHEN WE GET MARRIED...!

NO, SIR, STOP IT!

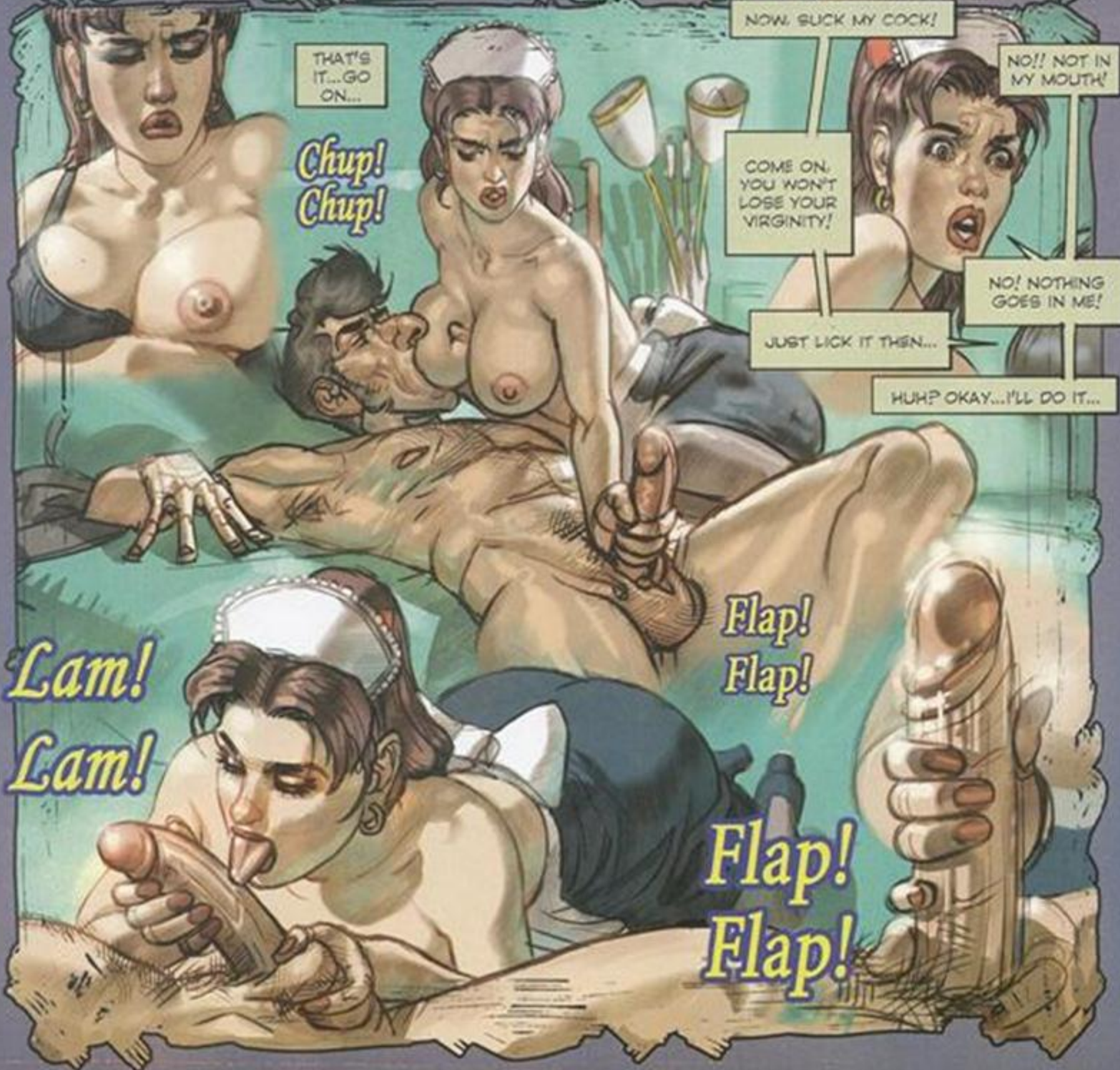
SIR, DON'T GET MAD, BUT...

YOU'RE FIRED!!

OKAY, WHATEVER YOU SAY...



LEMME SEE YOUR TITTIES.
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG
WITH THAT...



Splosh!



PLEASE...I'M
GOING TO KEEP
CLEANING.



SEE HOW THAT WASN'T
TOO BAD, BABY?

YOU WERE RIGHT.
IF YOU WANT I'LL
GIVE YOU ANOTHER
HAND JOB.



NO! NOW I WANT ALL OF YOU!

NO!!
NO!!



Trash!

COME ON, YOU'LL LOVE IT!

NOOO!!!





"UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS DISTRACTED AND I COULDN'T DODGE THE BLOW. I PASSED OUT AND SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE HOSPITAL UNDER OBSERVATION."

"I'D LOVE TO LET YOU KNOW ME."

LIAR. I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME.

MARTIN

NICE NAME.



DO YOU STILL THINK OBJECTS HAVE SOULS?

THE TRUTH IS THAT NOW I DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... I ONLY WORRY ABOUT KNOWING THE SOULS OF THE PEOPLE AROUND ME...



I KNEW A MARTIN. AND HE WAS A PUNK-ASS BITCH.



Next issue



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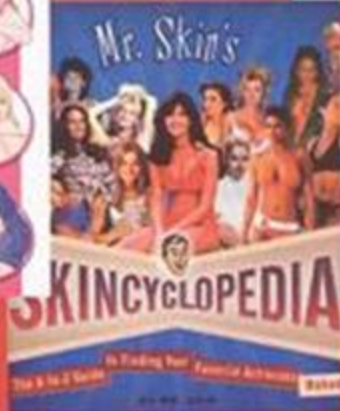


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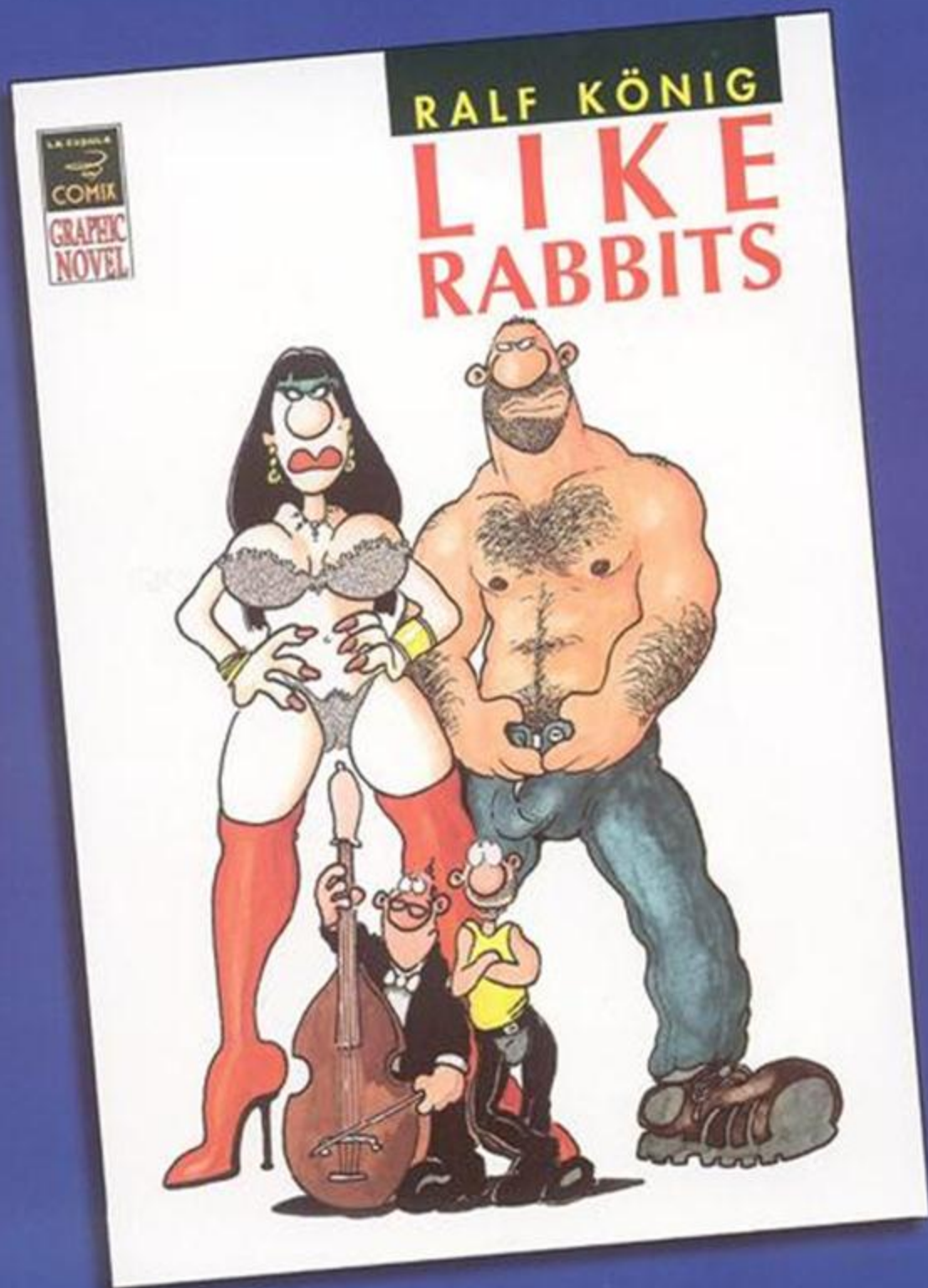
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