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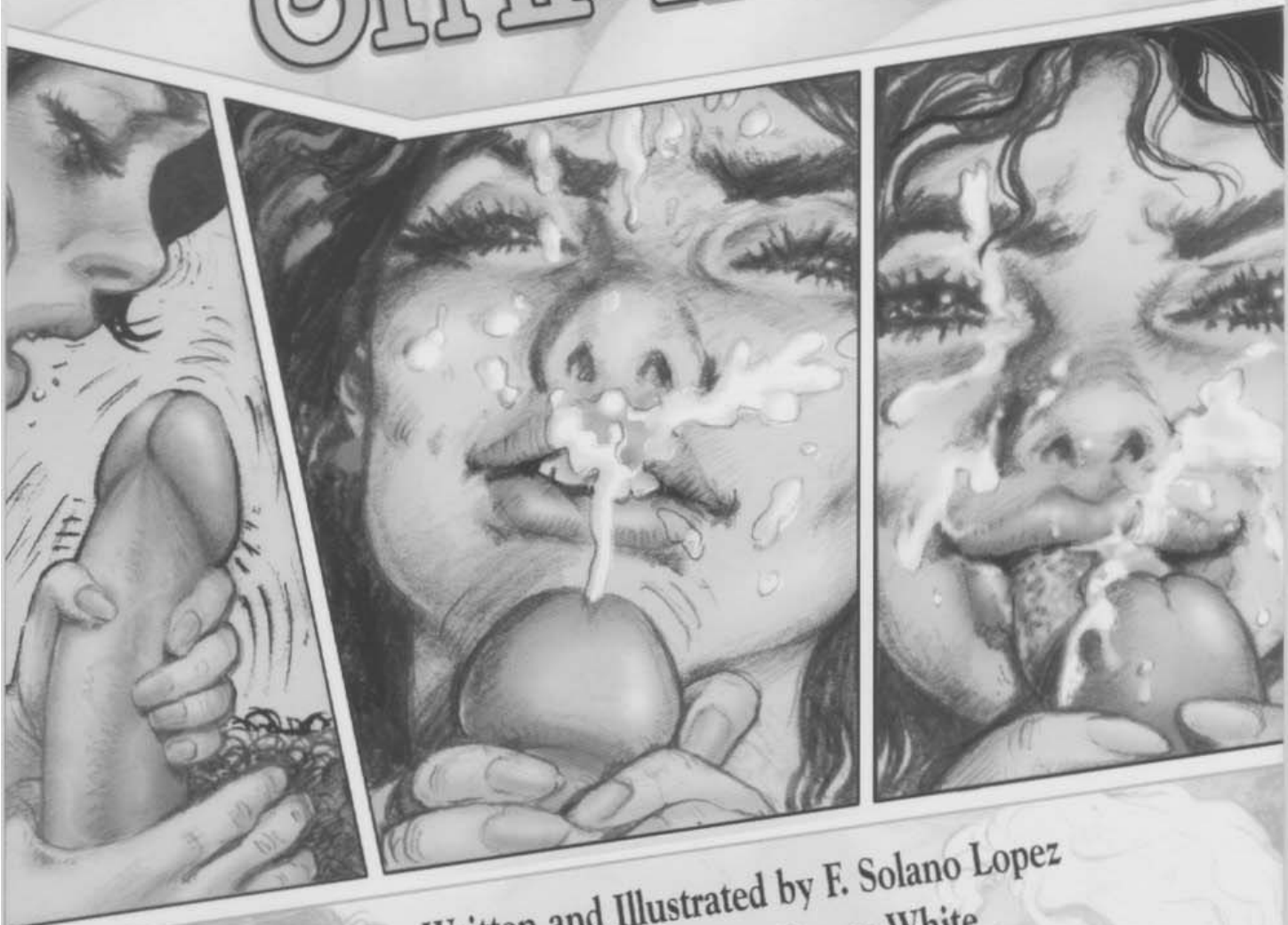
SEXY SYMPHONIES

**F. Solano
Lopez**

TOC!!
TOC!!



SEXY SYMPHONIES



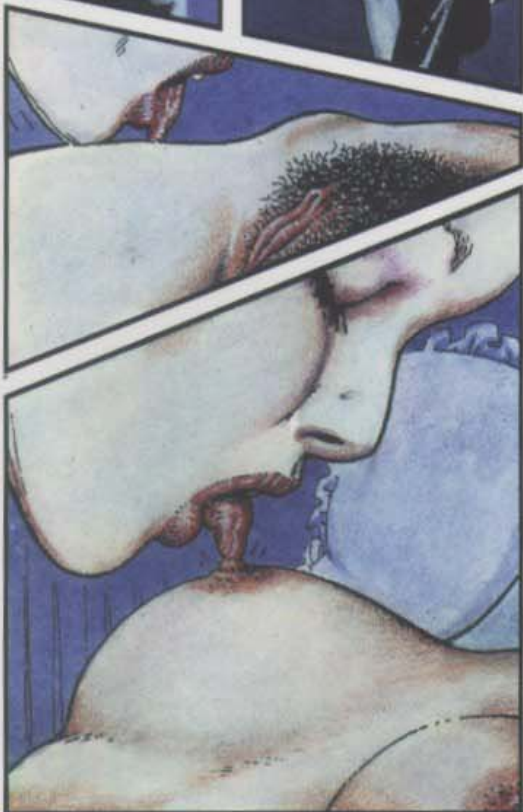
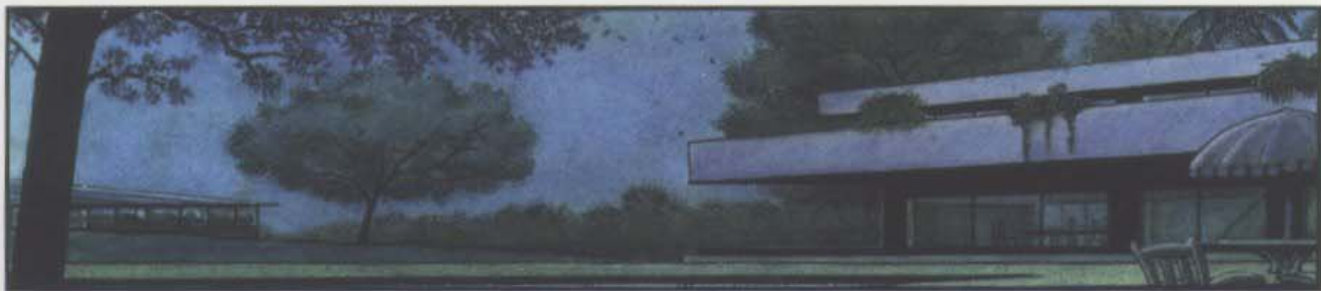
Written and Illustrated by F. Solano Lopez
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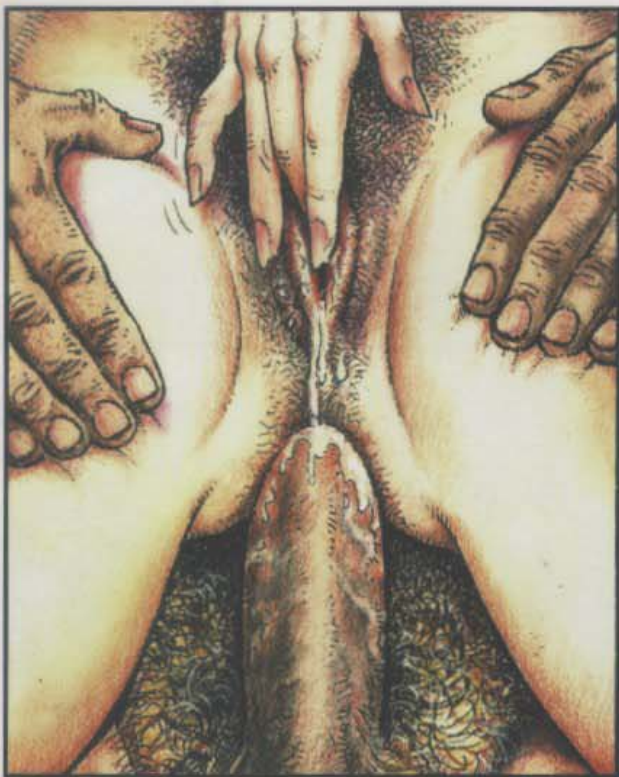




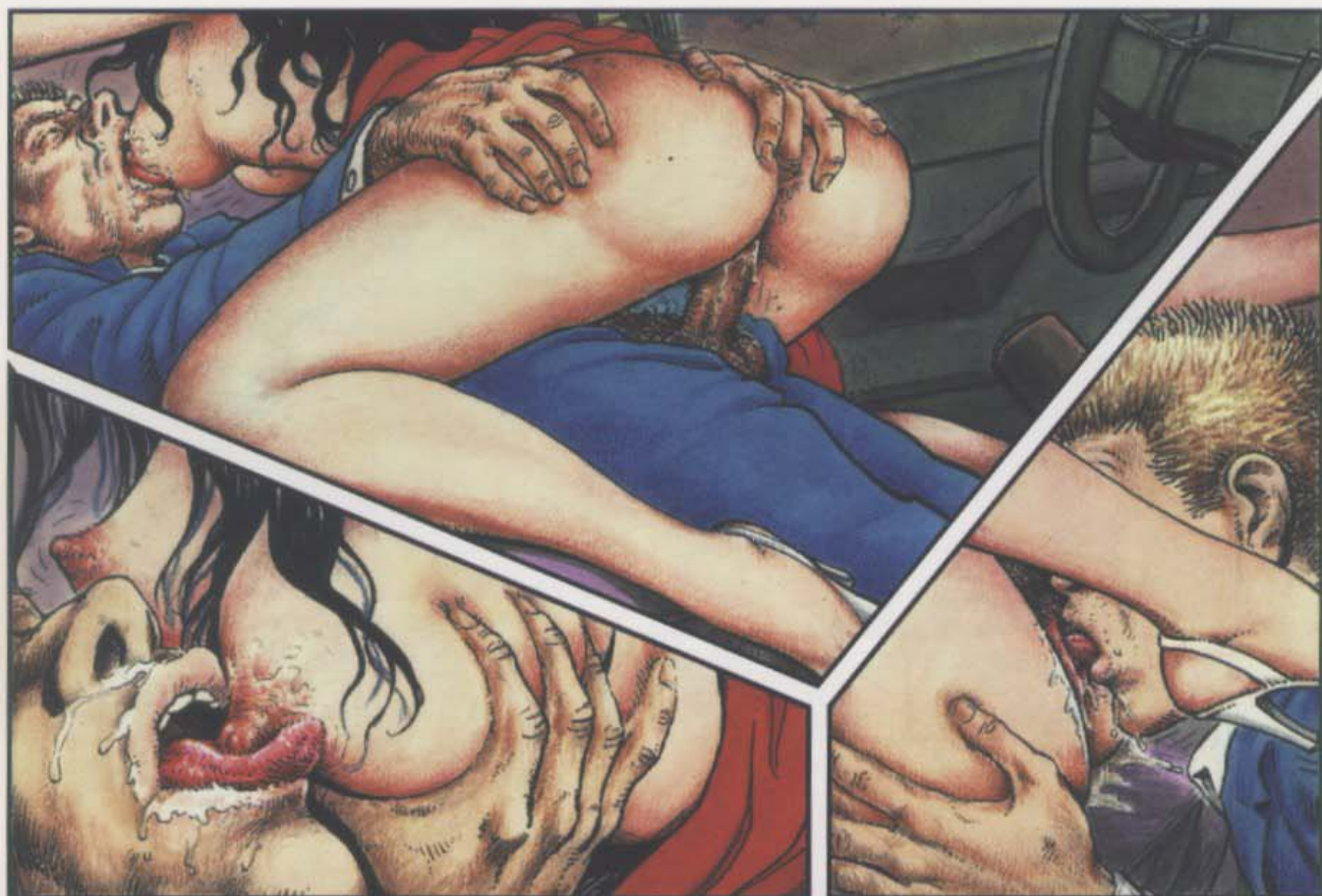














SOLANO 94



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
ANDREA WOULD READ
THIS FILM.



JUST WHEN YOU THINK
YOU KNOW A PERSON...



TO LIVE ONE MUST LAUGH AT LIFE AND
SMILE AT DEATH, SEIZE VENUS'S CUP
WHENE'ER IT PRESENTS ITSELF...



GRASP THE TAUT ESSENCE OF
YOUR BLUSHING VINE, BREATHE
THE PERFUMES OF LOVE AND SIP
THE WINE OF YOUR KISS,



A DRAUGHT OF
PASSION, OF KISSES,
OF ROCKETS BLAZING
SKYWARD. VOICE OF
GOLD AND HONEY
SINGING; FLESH
AND BONE, THE
FINEST MUSE.



HAIR CAS-
CADES DOWN
HER BACK.
WINTER'S
BREATH IS
COLD, BUT
NOT HERE...

ALL THE
SENSES ARE
ENGORGED...
TOUCH, VISION,
SMELL...



...AND
TASTE. THE
SWEETNESS
PUSHES
AGAINST HER
THROAT...



VISIONS OF GLORY ON THE PRINTED PAGE
FLOAT LIKE BUTTERFLIES IN DREAMS...



...HOPE BLOSSOMS BETWEEN HER THIGHS.
FLESH AND BONE, THE FINEST MUSE...



ROYAL SCEPTER,
THRUSTING MUSCLE,
THE VERY ORIGIN OF
LIFE... A SOFT
MELODY ERUPTS
FROM HER
THROAT...



FLESH CALLS TO FLESH,
IN COMBINATIONS NEW AND
EXCITING, WHERE NOTHING
MATTERS BUT THE SWEET
RELEASE...



A PARADISE OF SATIN SHEETS
AND SOFT LIPS. FLESH AND
BONE, THE FINEST MUSE...



NOW THE FLAXEN-
HAired SHE-MALE
MOVES FORWARD,
HEAVY-LIDDED WITH
DESIRE...



SHE COMMENCES HER OWN WORSHIP
OF THE PILLAR OF HUMANITY...



HER HEAD BOWS, A
RESPECTFUL TRIBUTE TO
THE GLORY...

...FEVERISH HANDS SEEM TO
FIND INDEPENDENT LIFE,
STROKING AND PINCHING...



CONNECTIONS...
CONVULSIONS...

FLESH AND BONE, THE
FINEST MUSE...

AND THEN THAT SOFT RAIN
COMES, REVIVIFYING ALL THAT
IT TOUCHES...



DIP YOUR BRUSH IN THIS
WET STAIN AND PAINT THE SKY.
THAT'S THE REASON BEHIND THE
SPARKLE OF DIAMONDS. THAT'S WHY
THE RAINBOW SPREADS ITS COLORS
ACROSS THE SKY AND THAT'S WHY
HUMANS ARE DIVINE AND GODS ARE
HUMAN. FLESH AND BONE, THE FINEST
MUSE...

...AND NOW...

HUH? WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT?



BUT FRANCI HAS A KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, AND SHE DOESN'T APPROVE OF THESE THINGS.

RELAX. WE WON'T LEAVE YOU SMELLING LIKE SHIT.

THIS IS ONE PARTY YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO FORGET.



DING!
DONG!

THE TIME FOR WORDS IS PAST, POET.

B-BUT... NO!

UH OH!
WE BETTER
GET A
MOVE ON!

SHOULDN'T WE BE
GETTING DRESSED?



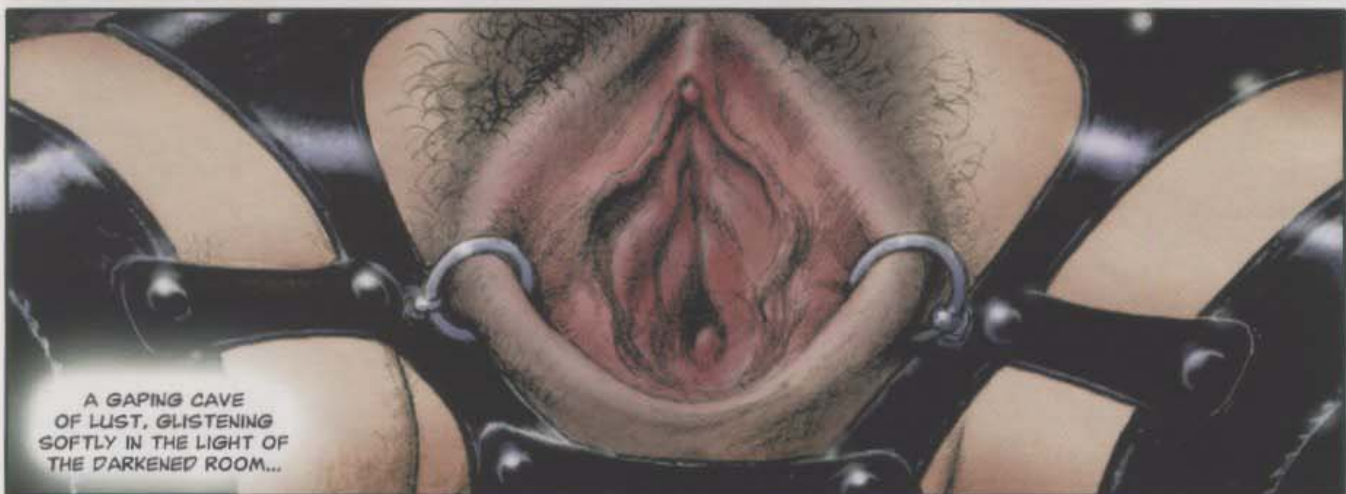




SHE WAITS, TREMBLING
WITH A MIXTURE OF
APPREHENSION AND
ANTICIPATION...



HER SACRED WOMANHOOD IS EXPOSED AND
NAKED, STRETCHED TO ITS OUTER LIMITS...



A GAPING CAVE
OF LUST, GLISTENING
SOFTLY IN THE LIGHT OF
THE DARKENED ROOM...

SHE GASPS AND WRITHES
AS THE ICY SPLASH HITS
HER MOST SENSITIVE
PARTS...



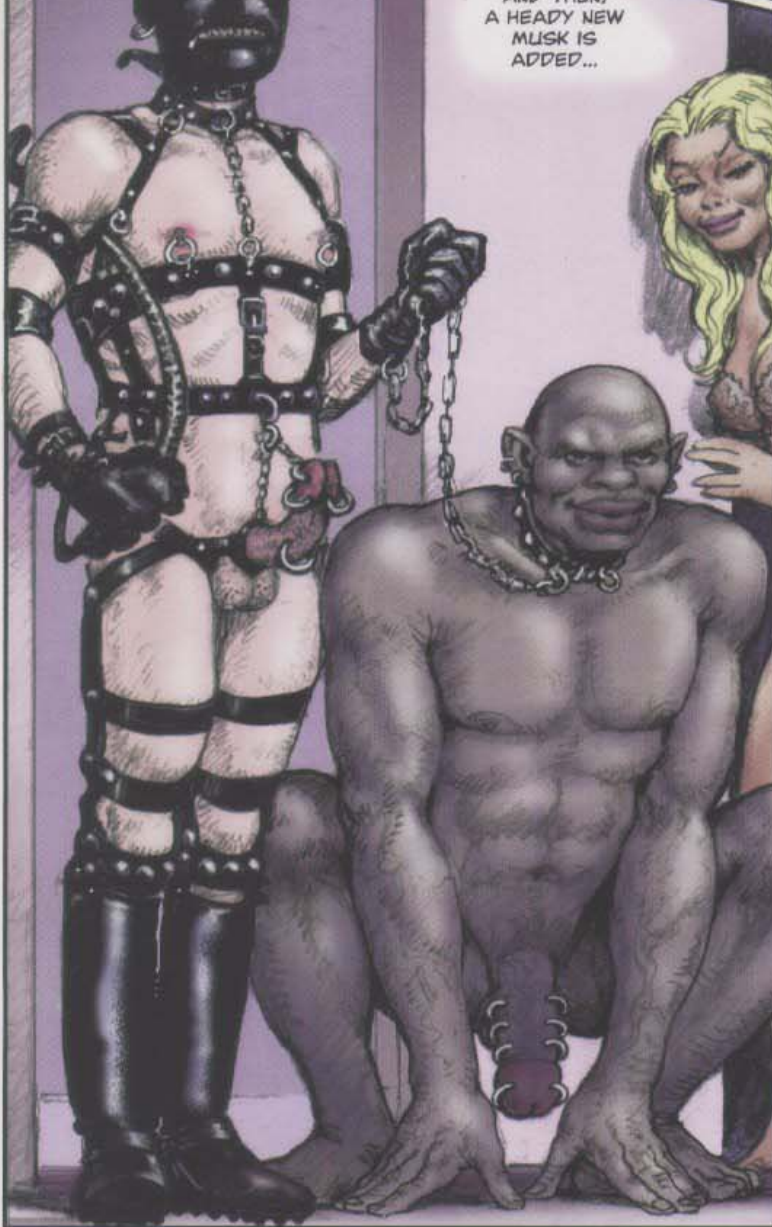
OH, FOR A TASTE OF THIS
SWEET NECTAR! SHE
FLOATS BETWEEN
AWARENESS AND
OBLIVION...



AND THEN, WHEN SHE THINKS
HER SENSES ARE FULL, A
BLIZZARD OF SOFT VELVET
TAKES HER HIGHER YET...









HE CAN SMELL
HER FROM ACROSS
THE ROOM...



SHE OFFERS
HERSELF
AGAIN...



AND HE CHOOSES
A NEW PATH FOR
HER DELIGHT...



CRASH!

...AND SO ENDS
ANOTHER EVENING OF
ART'S PROGRAMMING
FEATURING THE POETRY OF GIL
JORDAN AND THE VOICE OF...



