



Cunt-Ups

Dodie Bellamy

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Poetry. Prose. "CUNT-UPS is an explosion of textual sexuality that resists principles of formal ordering, is polyvalent in its voice and range, and as perverse in its sentence construction as its content. Its 'setting' is the mediated exchange itself, the fractured articulation of 'a female body who has sex writing about sex.' While the title might imply a gendered site of production, it also suggests a sexual/textual violence that is more than a mere 'disorganization of the senses' but a dismemberment of the gendered body as well. The text becomes a (feminist) desiring machine, its writing a prosthetic device mediating the traces of physicality, imagination, abjection, and pleasure.

"Throw on the switch, plug into the mediating machine, the flesh-object writes back, becomes subject, suspect, the gaze cut-up and fed back into vibrating loops of unobtainable desire." David Buuck"

Cunt-Ups Details

Date : Published October 1st 2001 by Tender Buttons Books

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Author : Dodie Bellamy

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From Reader Review Cunt-Ups for online ebook

Jan says

possibly the most intense book i've ever read...and not for the squeamish or prudish! i need to read it about 60 more times to get a grasp on it, but it's wonderful. bellamy has a way of making the basest human instincts attractive and often beautiful.

Laura says

so i read cunt-ups this weekend when visiting a good friend on her farm on the mendicino coast. i don't know if it was sublime northern cali cliffs, all the weed or what, but this book struck me as the full force it is. full force of the language of sex and disturbance - beyond the language Of sex - it is a language in sex - in all of its entanglements and enjabments holes and fillings. cunt-ups . very disturbing raw good stuff.

Chris says

Surrealism intersecting with pornography, mixed together with some violent Giallo-esque imagery, this book is creepy at the same time as it is erotic and alien. The swirling repetitions of language, the multitudes of strange coincidences in the juxtapositions, all of these things combine for a challenging and maddening read.

Frankie Stein says

Surreal Pornography! Alien, erotic and creepy in places.
I loved it!

Carmen Tracey says

If you would like to see Kathy Acker and William S. Burroughs chopped and slammed together in a psycho-sexual clusterfuck, read this book. Funny, subversive, and tender by turns.

Ailsa says

I think I was expecting something along the lines of a poetic vagina monologues, and what I got was some brutally beautiful (but very cock focused) porn.

So I spent most of it strung out between disgust and wonder, and I suppose that's a thing.

I'm not giving this a rating because I was either not high enough, or too cock-averse/prudish to enjoy it fully, and that's my bad for not being the right target audience. The phrase 'cock foam' was just gross ew gross don't. And there were parts that went beyond ridiculous like 'my cock, i think it wants to go camping' which what.

But then there's parts like 'You can't see me because I'm still a thing. I want to keep loving you until my heart needs a mouth, my cunt is always speaking thickest secrets' and goodness gracious me I had a lot of feelings reading this and they weren't all extreme disgust so, you know, well done?

Kimberly says

Everything Bellamy does amazes me. In spite of the constant interruptions, syntactic juxtapositions and sensory digressions this "cut up" experiment makes, there is sense, rhythm, moments of narrative and lots of *functional* explicit erotica...

Ipsith says

Cunt-Ups is an intense array of hyper-collaged sentences mostly about sex, and being fucked. Where most texts would take that experience and chloroform it to the essence of a dick joke or a doily, Bellamy's configurations of cut-up sentences, inspired by the processes of William Burroughs and Kathy Acker, make the language act as if it is in the process of sex itself. Gender shifts and perspective shifts and grammar shifts midsentence carry a wild lyrical energy. Each line surprises. The text seems to want to make you fuck it too, using language as a drug that gets you spun up in the limbs in blenders. One could get done hard by pretty much any of the lines: "You used sleeping pills which were placed in my clit, which was so sensitive that I didn't like it dismembered." Or: "We keep fucking until we're ash, leaving a smell as of horn, I must have come because it's like the first time, I have to pass through this trying ordeal SO LARGE we would all be speaking and I awaken to your spiritual breasts, a perfect sphere of life everlasting, and after my so-called death we reach the O-C-E-A-N O-F C-O-M-E." Bellamy reserves no object for the thrall to wrap around. She bangs necrophilia against childbirth, murder, and dirty fucktalk with a want for more. At the same time it does not feel cheap, the way so much affectless sex writing can: it feels 4D. Lines that in lesser hands could seem purple for how clear they are about their intent change in midline to something of a wholly different feel: constant mental motion. It's nice to see the animalian nature of the act rendered so closely to the affect of it, with a voice that shifts the way mood does, and changes its shape by what it wants. A confession that changes its speech's shape. Anyone writing or reading about sex in any way should read this book, and read it hard.

Matty B says

confessional and diary style writing cut up into an enthralling word collage to designed highlight the repetition and verbage and sex of everyday life.

Laurel L. Perez says

Well damnit, this was such a good surprise. my first Bellamy book caught me off guard and kept me intrigued with her style, lyrical choices, and one hell of a trump card taken from Burroughs & Acker. You cannot look past the sexual content, but you should look at the gender switching, the taking of power, the complete, well mind fuck, in the best sense. If you are interested in cut ups, or in experiments, read it.

And now a quote from Ipsith on Goodreads, who sums it up better than I can this AM after just inhaling it:

"Cunt-Ups is an intense array of hyper-collaged sentences mostly about sex, and being fucked. Where most texts would take that experience and chloroform it to the essence of a dick joke or a doily, Bellamy's configurations of cut-up sentences, inspired by the processes of William Burroughs and Kathy Acker, make the language act as if it is in the process of sex itself. Gender shifts and perspective shifts and grammar shifts midsentence carry a wild lyrical energy. Each line surprises."
