

# JACK

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1.

1ST SLIDE



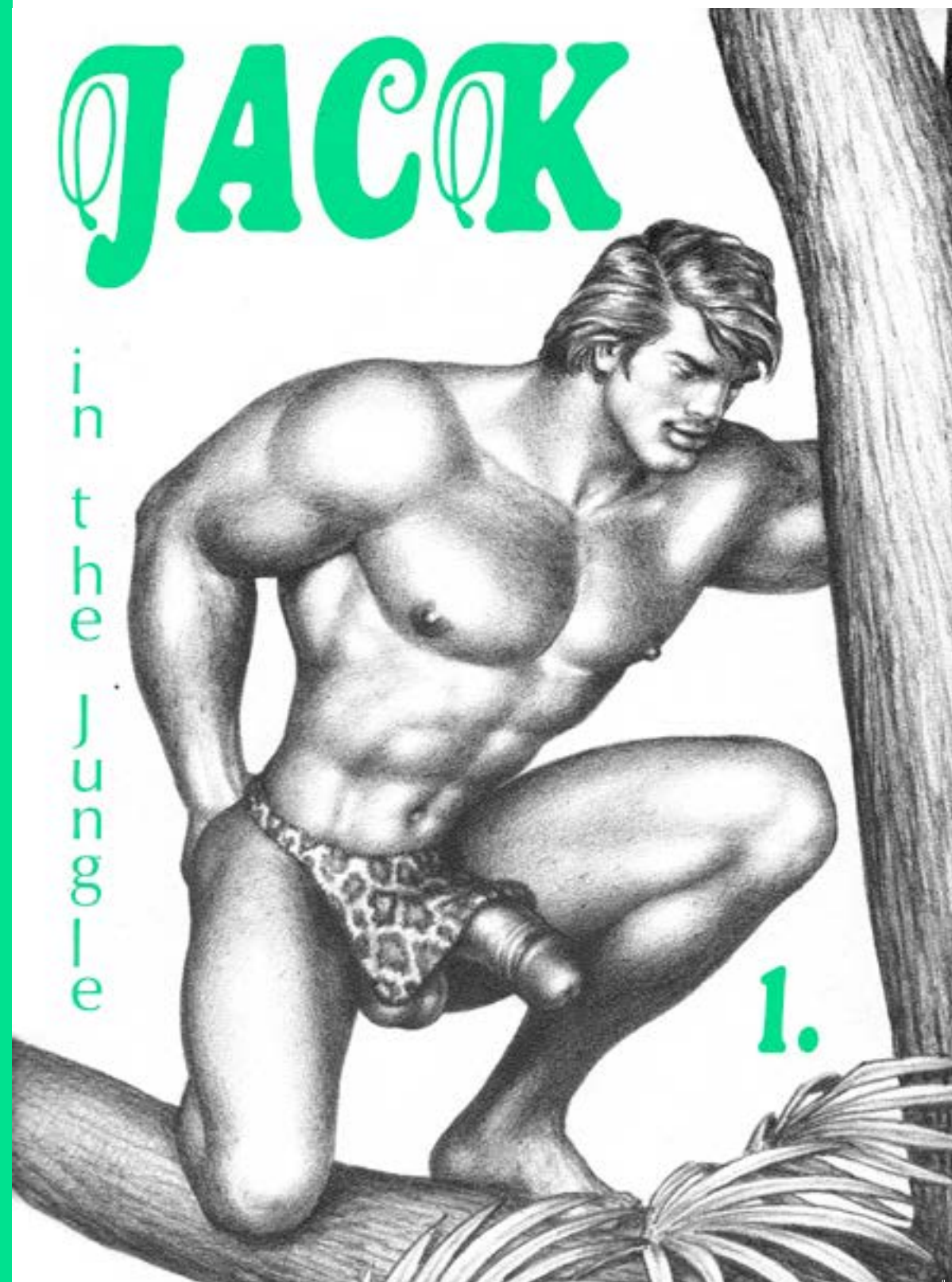
## *Tarzan Kneeling on the Branch of a Tree*

The name Jack is printed in bold capital letters at the top of the first page. This forms the front-cover of a 20 page booklet called *JACK in the jungle*. The letters are green. I am not sure what sort of green, a 'grass-green' perhaps, but not quite. The J at the beginning and K at the end of JACK have an identical flourish that extends from the top of each letter to form a motif reminiscent of *Art Nouveau*, like something Audrey Beardsley might have designed.

The rest of the cover is dominated by a delicately shaded drawing of a man wearing nothing more than a skimpy leopard-skin loincloth that fails to conceal his massive cock and dangling balls.

He looks like Tarzan, not as I remember him when he was being played by Johnny Weissmuller in all those 1940s and 50s Hollywood movies. This man looks more like a stripper.

We see him crouching on one knee on the branch of a tree looking down at something we can't see, not until we turn the page.



2ND SLIDE



## *Tarzan Watching the Explorer*

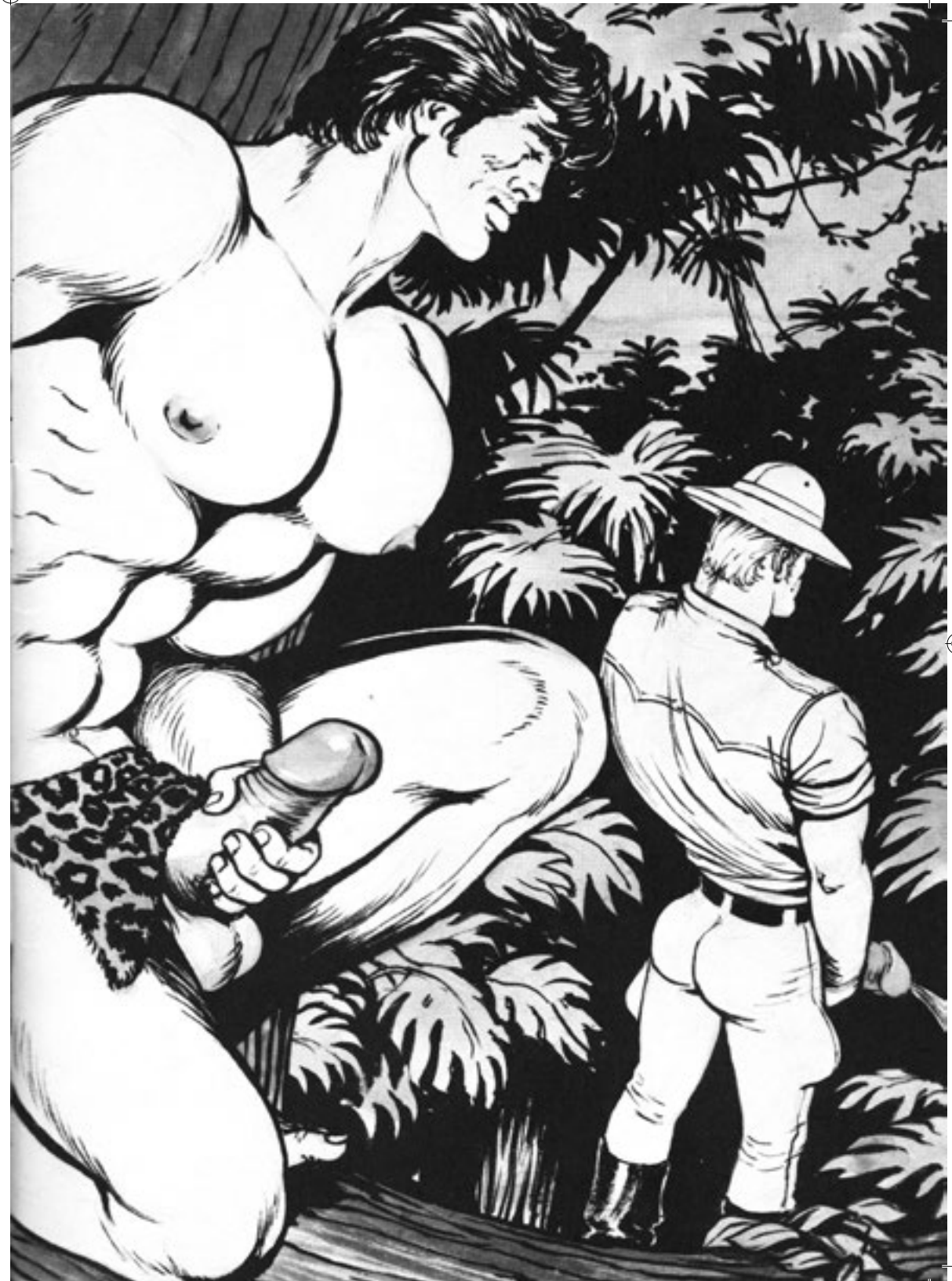
Here we see what he is looking at. It is another man, who has his back turned away from us, because he is pissing an endless torrent of piss. It is difficult for us to imagine how anyone can piss through such a great big tumescent cock. But we are not talking about what is possible here. We are looking at something that might extend our sense of what is possible beyond the realms of what is probable. Isn't that what it's all about, what fantasy does?

His clothes are skin-tight; white jodhpurs, a white shirt, black shiny boots, and a black leather belt drawn tightly in at the waist to emphasize his narrow hips, broad shoulders, and round voluptuous buttocks.

He is, I must say, a sight for sore eyes, an incredible image that makes me think about other images; photographs of the white man when he was a colonial master, looking so proud of what he has gathered around him, all his accoutrements, including a group of half-naked black men who were there at his beck and call.

The white man in Africa who was there to discover what there was to discover, and to spread *The Word of God*.

The torrent of piss leads us to turn another page.



3RD SLIDE



## *The Natives Watching the Explorer*

Here we see the same man, still pissing, we now see him more clearly. He is a blonde Nordic type, very good looking, and smiling contentedly while he has to pull his shoulders back, and push his hips forward to balance the weight of such an enormous cock against the rest of his otherwise perfectly formed and evenly proportioned body.

Three other men, black men, are standing behind a dense screen of tropical foliage, staring at him. But he doesn't seem to notice them, not until we turn over to another page.



4TH SLIDE



## *The Natives Surrounding the Explorer*

Here we see them overpowering him. Their arms are everywhere. He tries to turn around, to see what, if anything, he can do... But it is too late. They have already drawn him into submission.

In the photographs the white man is always in control. Now he is theirs, as something to behold, a perfect specimen.

The man, who looks like Tarzan, is also watching this. But he can't move, not at the moment, because his cock is so stiff, filled-up with too much excitement.

It is strange how often violence becomes a catalyst for pleasure.



5TH SLIDE



## *The Natives Admiring the Explorer's Cock*

Here we see them lifting him off the ground, dividing the weight of his body between them, so they can manoeuvre him into a better position.

What are they going to do?

I think they are going to violate him, in as many ways, and as much as possible.

One man has wrapped his arm around the explorer's throat, while the other two are at the other end adoring his cock, pulling it up, and I imagine down, trying to make it as big as... It already looks too much for me.

On the next page –



6TH SLIDE



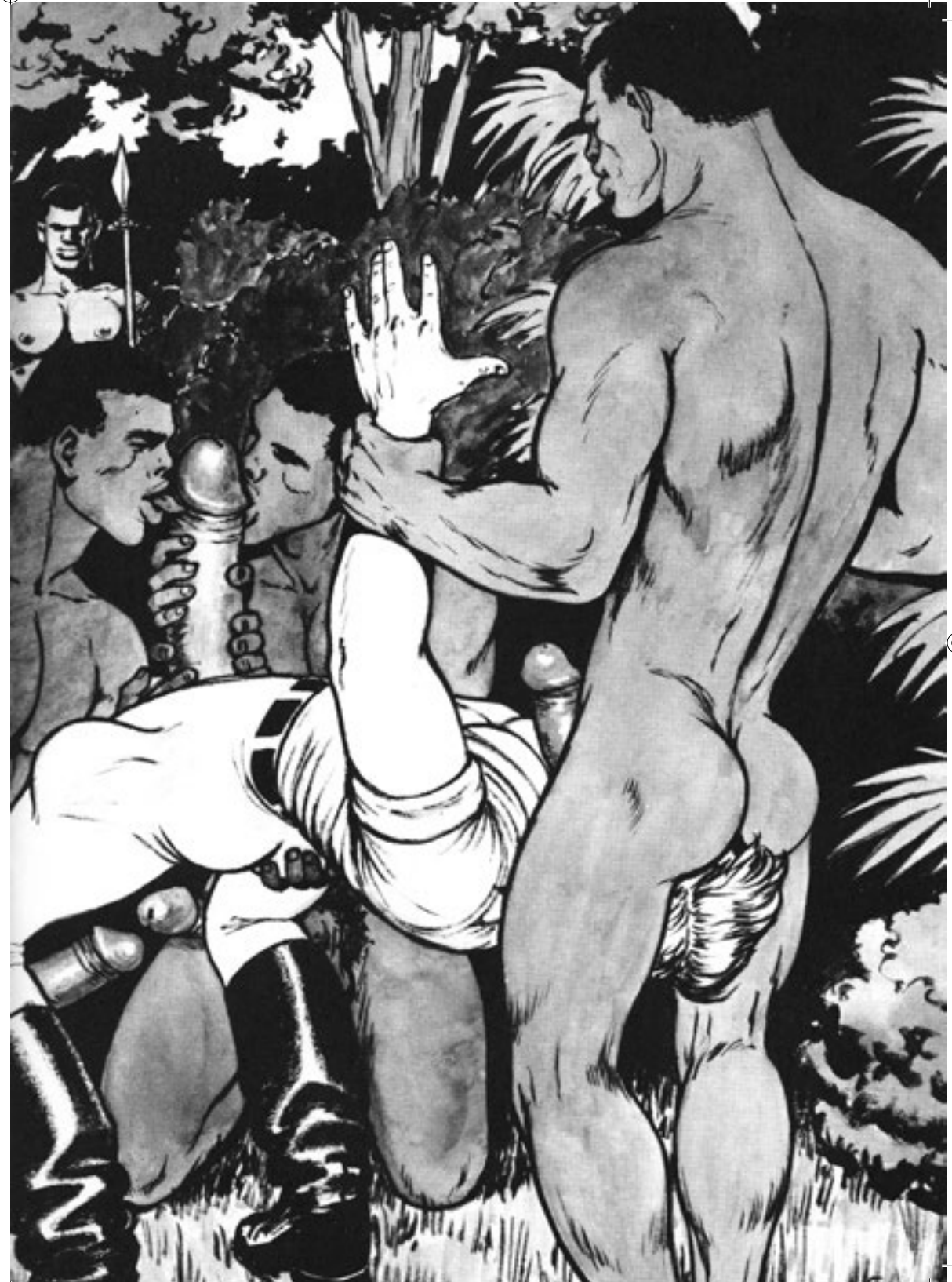
## *The Natives Violating the Explorer*

The explorer is leant over backwards, his face buried beneath one of the men's buttocks, so he must feel the weight of the man's balls on his nose, on his lips, tasting the man's pleasure, trying to move his lips and tongue around the – what's it called? – the man's perineum, as much as he can, to find somewhere a place to breathe, sweat and saliva moistening the skin around what is now 'their' mouth, a common sense of purpose between them.

No one's noticed another man standing in the distance with an upright spear in his left hand. He looks like someone who is, or who wants to be, in charge.

Oh! No! What does it mean; will he want to join in; '*room for one more?*', or will he try to stop them doing what they are doing?

We will have to turn to the next page to find out.



7TH SLIDE



*We Are Standing Behind the Man  
with a Spear In His Left Hand*

Here we see things from a different angle, as if we are standing behind the man with the spear in his left hand, looking at what he was looking at.

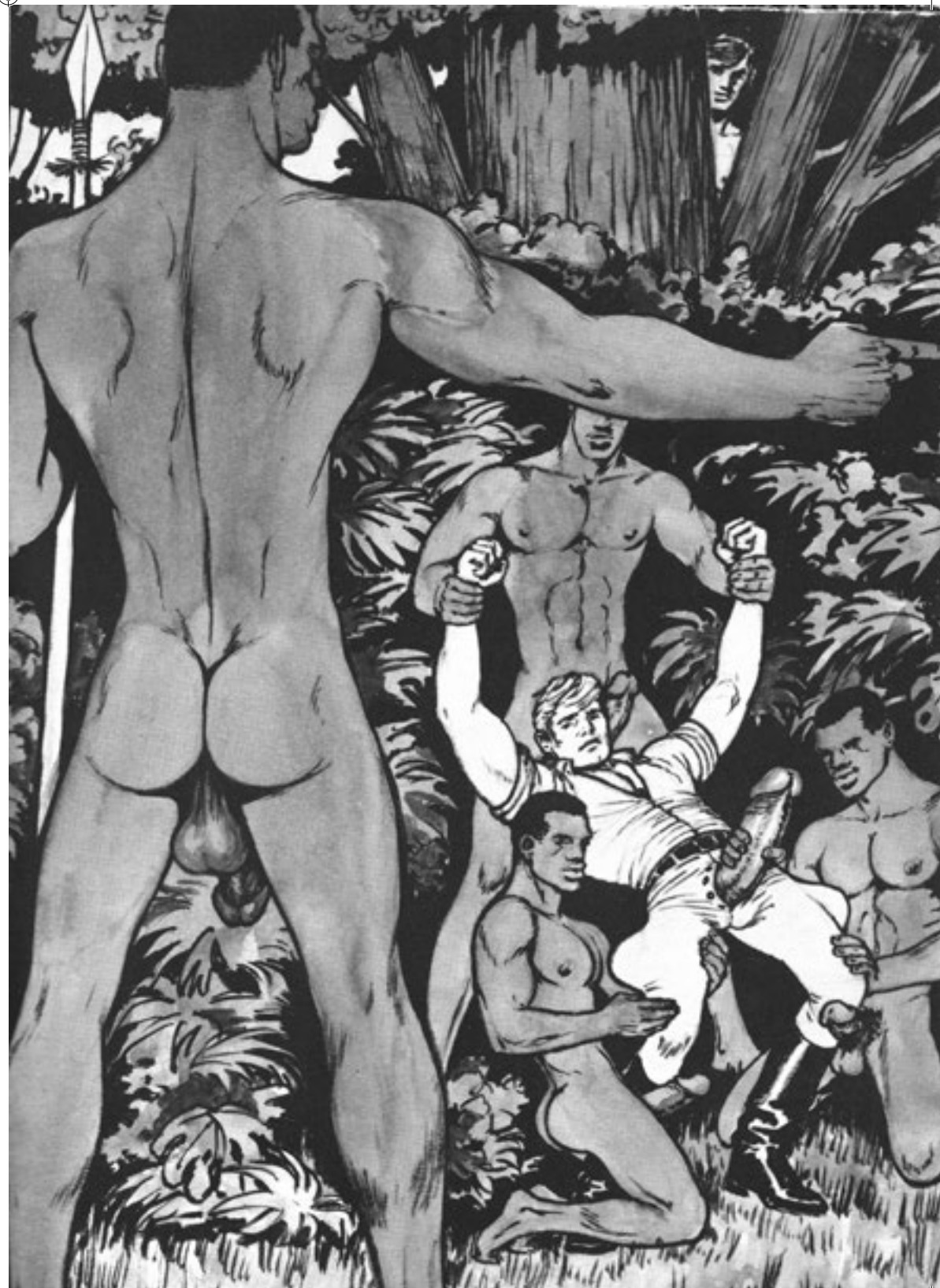
Now they've all stopped doing what they were doing.

The explorer is still leant over backwards, in more or less the same position. His face is no longer buried beneath the man's buttocks, so he can see the man with the spear in his left hand pointing at what we are about to see on the next page.



Have you noticed the man who looks like Tarzan?

He is hiding in the trees.





8TH SLIDE



## *The Natives Bringing the Explorer Back into Their Village*

Here we see them bringing the explorer back into their village, where a big handsome, rather than beautiful woman is lying on top of a leopard skin rug that is draped across the foreground. We might assume she is their queen, because she is wearing lots of jewellery, and a crown, with two other men standing behind her like a guard of honour, leaning forward to see what is being presented to *Her Majesty*.

The explorer has never looked so white. His shirt is undone, and his arms pulled back. He is a solid stack of muscle, as indeed are all the other men.

One man has his hand beneath the explorer's cock, lifting it up to show it off. Judging by the look on *Her Majesty's* face, and drip of saliva dripping from her mouth, and way she is squeezing the banana she is holding so tightly she is mightily impressed, and ready to receive him through a more formal reception.

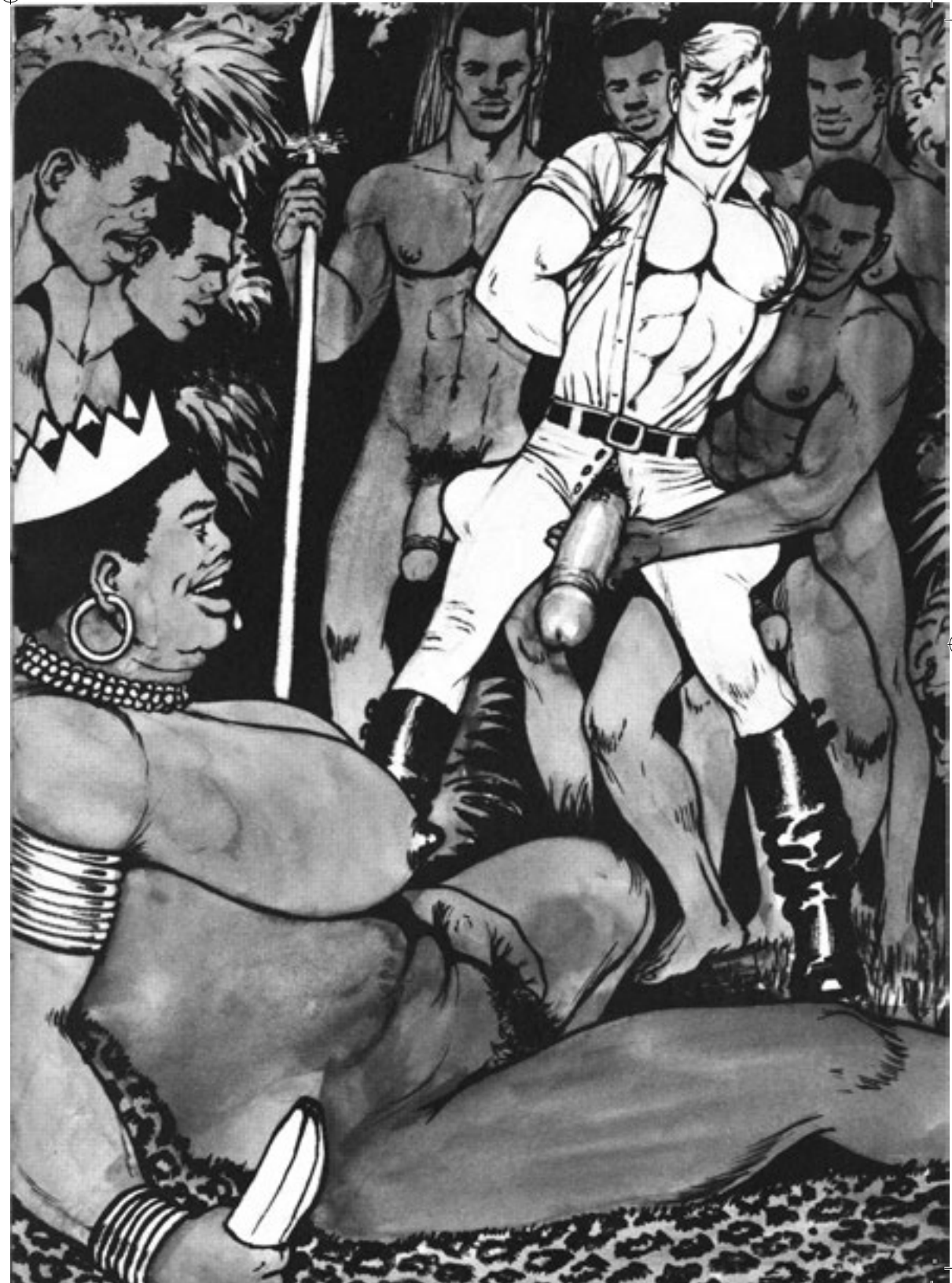
There's no way of knowing what thoughts are running through his mind. I imagine he's thinking 'Oh My God! I can't do that!'

He looks like a 'man's-man', someone more used to the ways of other men; black or white, gay or straight, whatever, and while they are still in the jungle... what the Hell, *in for a penny, in for a pound*. Men are like that, often more adaptable than they are given credit for: *when in Rome* etc.

Something develops; an instinct perhaps!

What's that?

An instinct is something that occurs that isn't necessarily explained. It's what makes a man do what: *a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do*.



I don't know who said that, but it makes sense, and is perhaps the reason why men often don't want to talk about what they've experienced. What's the point of trying to explain to those of us who weren't there what it was like, *what we all had to go through*, 'we' being the word that assumes an immersion of ones self into combination with others:

*We were only doing what we were told.*

So! Much better to draw a veil over events that happened, and *keep schtum*, which enables those who weren't there to imagine what it was like.

*All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred* is a line from a poem written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson about a group of soldiers ordered into battle. The battle, called *The Battle of Balaclava*, is now more widely known through the words he used as a title for his poem *Charge of the Light Brigade*, which, according to his grandson *Sir Charles Tennyson*, actually according to what I read about the poem on Wikipedia, was written within a few minutes of his grandfather reading a newspaper report about the battle. Tennyson must have been so inspired, as we are all often so inspired by what we read, using his sense of what he thought it was as a starting point for what he wanted to imagine himself being there amongst those men riding into the valley of Death.

On previous pages we watched the explorer having to endure a certain amount of; what will I call it ... 'sexual activity', as if he was being taken through an initiation ceremony where other men were trying to discover him. But their activity, like all same-sex sexual activity, was essentially useless, other than being what it is, or rather, what it was, an accumulation of pleasure and pain. We can see the look of horror on his face. He knows the queen has power to absorb him, and take away from him what she needs; all his seed. That's why the men are gathered around her. They know she's the only one who can do that, who can reproduce some more of what they all want, some more of his cock.

Theirs, Tennyson wrote, not to reason why, /  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Theirs – who's that; it's not you; it's not me; it's not even Alfred, Lord Tennyson. They're the ones who cannot speak, because they don't exist, unless we first imagine them through the words he wrote –

Theirs not to reason why. Why, what's not to reason?

Does Tennyson assume there is something more than what we are as individuals, moving ourselves forward, like those soldiers ordered into battle on the basis of what they were told what to do through their commanding officer's instructions, toward what might become a common sense.

I don't know if a common sense exists, if it does, I believe it can only develop through a consequence of words describing what is inevitably something else, as a word within itself doesn't have meaning. It is only there, where it is, as a mark or a sound, written or spoken through a language to indicate the significance of a word on its own, or in combination with other words, as *one for all and all for one* but not for everyone. Words are only there for those who understand what words are supposed to represent.

In Africa, for instance, the white-man believed in what he was doing, that it was his duty to spread the *Word of God*, as the *Word of God* was written and spoken through the Gospels, and turned into flesh through the existence of *His* only begotten son *Our Lord Jesus Christ*, that means *Messiah* or anointed king, so, in the name of various *majesties* being the duly anointed kings and queens, invested with God's power, the white man assumed authority over the black man, because he knew what those words were supposed to represent; an ultimate power and authority.

White men telling black men what they needed to know, which was God's message to everyone that 'we' must endure suffering in this world, as God's only begotten son *Our Lord Jesus Christ* had to endure suffering in this world when he was abandoned by the Jews and crucified by the Romans. But *on the third day he rose again in accordance with the scriptures*. God's *Word* written over and over again, and retold through countless generations of men and women who believe in what the *Word* is supposed to represent:

*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God... And the Word became flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.*

Tennyson's poem continues a similar notion of words becoming an ultimate power and authority, when he declares on behalf of those men, who we can only imagine through what he wrote, a reason why they were prepared ride into the valley of Death and do what they had to do, like *Our Lord Jesus Christ* had to do to save us from our sins.

9TH SLIDE

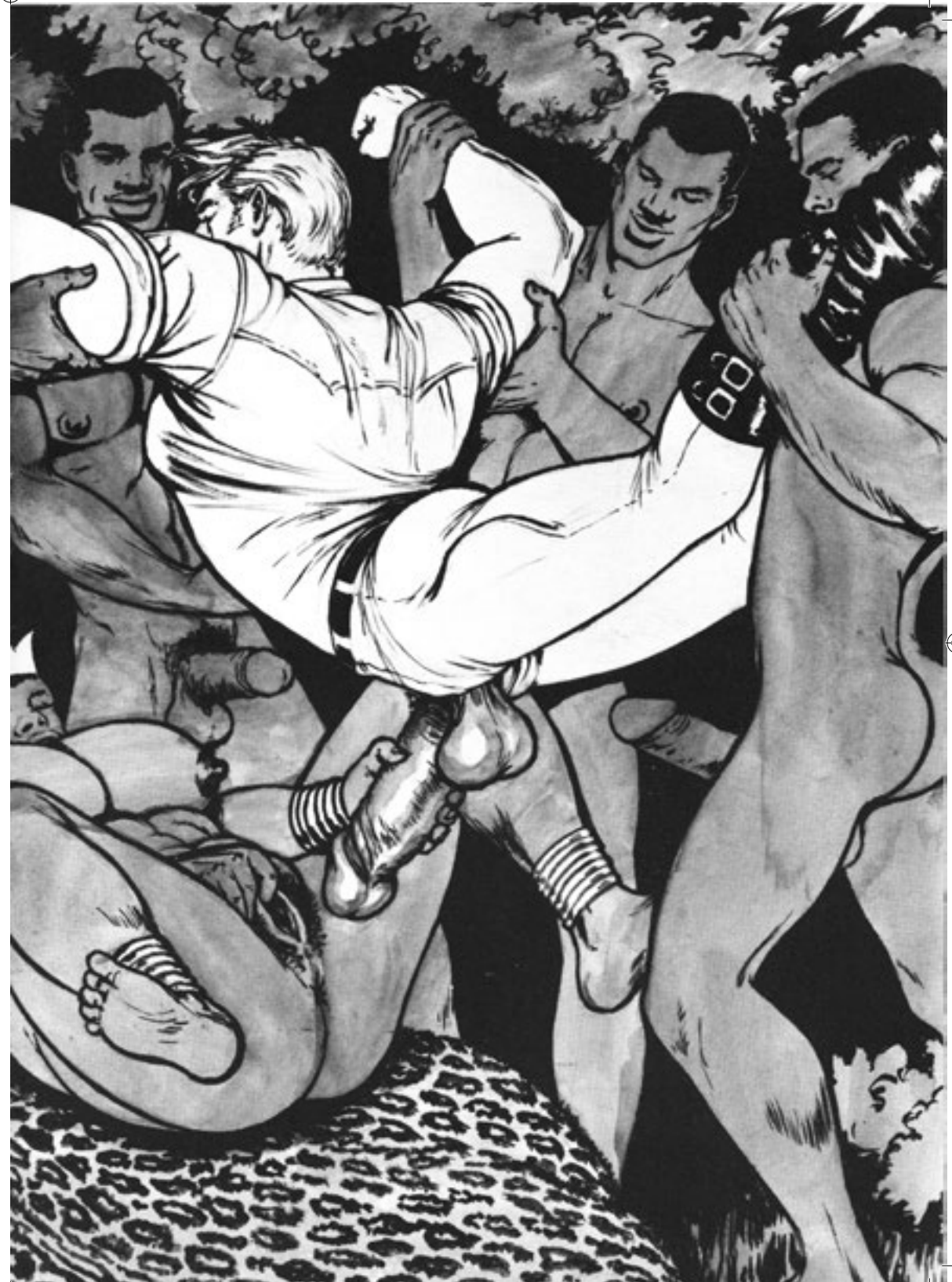


## *The Natives Lifting the Explorer into the Air*

Here we see him being lifted into the air. The men are so excited. Their cocks are lunging forward; as if they are about to accompany him in, ready to ejaculate, but not just yet. They must wait for the right moment to come.

The queen is holding onto his cock, guiding it to the right spot.

On the next page –



IOTH SLIDE



## *The Natives Pressing the Explorer into Their Queen*

We see them pushing him into her, pressing his buttocks between her thighs. The smile on her face tells us all we need to know, what it must feel like to have such a terrific manhood being driven through her most sumptuous feast.

Not so fast *'Your Majesty'*; hold on to that feeling for as long as you can. There's something we can see, you can't. The man who looks like Tarzan, who from now on I am just going to call 'Tarzan', is hurtling himself toward us on a loosened vine.

On the next page –



11TH SLIDE



*Tarzan Fighting with the Natives*

It's

Crash!

Bang!

Wallop!



12TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan Rescuing the Explorer*

Tarzan takes him away from them, with one arm holding onto the loosened vine, his other arm wrapped around the explorer's waist, drawing his buttocks more closely into his groin, while they swing through the trees.

Back on the ground it looks like chaos. The black men are thrown all over the place willy-nilly. The queen looks totally bereft, her arms and legs open wide, and her fanny still reeling from the terrible shock of having his cock drawn away.

On the next page –



13TH SLIDE



## *Interior: Tarzan's House*

They are alone at last, in what looks like it must be Tarzan's house, which is made entirely from bamboo. There's no furniture, just a couple of clay pots by the entrance, and a white fur rug on the floor.

Is this the moment we've all been waiting for?

He doesn't look like an ape-man anymore. He looks like Rhett Butler holding Scarlett O'Hara in his arms on the poster that advertised *Gone with the Wind*.

What will he do; introduce himself?

*"Hello me Tarzan, you...?"*

No. All those years in the jungle...



14TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan and the Explorer Kissing*

They cut straight to the chase, kissing one another passionately, while Tarzan's hand slips between the explorer's thighs where he finds his cock, still as stiff as a Mayan pot.





15TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan Holding the Explorer's Cock*

On the next page we see Tarzan holding it in both hands, pursing his lips, preparing himself to do what he wants. But he doesn't seem so sure what he wants to do.

Isn't this what often happens when you see something, *what you really, really want*; all the pleasure in wanting disappears, when somehow, by hook or by crook, you manage to get hold of it. It becomes yours *to have and to hold from this day forth*.

But what are you going to do with it?

This is what I keep asking myself.  
What am I going to do with these words?  
I've spent ages writing this, but what is it?  
I'm writing about my experience of looking through a sequence of images.  
The person who made the images didn't use words.  
There are no words in this booklet, only images.  
I don't mean only images.  
That sounds like I think there should be words.  
I don't think there should be words.  
I don't think there should be anything.  
But things exist, images exist, and now these words exist.

I don't want to write about what exists, the sky is blue, the leaves are green, his teeth are white... I want to write about what I am thinking.



16TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan Licking the Explorer's Cock*

In *A Lover's Discourse* Roland Barthes describes X, who left for his vacation without me, has shown no signs of life since his departure: accident? post-office strike? indifference? distancing manoeuvre? exercise of a passing impulse of autonomy ("His youth deafens him, he fails to hear")? or simple innocence? I grow increasingly anxious, pass through each act of the waiting scenario. But when X reappears in one way or another, for he cannot fail to do so (a thought which should immediately dispel any anxiety), what will I say to him? Should I hide my distress – which will be over by then ("How are you?")? Release it aggressively ("That wasn't at all nice, at least you could have ...") or passionately ("Do you know how much worry you caused me?")? Or let this distress of mine be delicately, discreetly understood, so that it will be discovered without having to strike down the other ("I was rather concerned ...")?

*A secondary anxiety seizes me, which is that I must determine the degree of publicity I shall give to my initial anxiety.*

Barthes is writing about himself, bringing us into a sense of what he is thinking, while he is trying to find the right words to say to someone, someone who isn't there; isn't this what writing is always about; what writing does?

Now I am thinking about myself, I am holding onto the explorer's cock. Is this true? Am I really holding onto his cock?

I don't know, truth doesn't bother me – truth is a word that doesn't mean it exists. It is always, at least in my mind, something in relation to something else.



17TH SLIDE



## *Rear View: Looking into Tarzan's House*

When I write a word I don't own it, I put it into play with other words, and accept the consequence of what it means to put a word into play, the word moves away from me, and its meaning develops through an inheritance of ideas, I can't control what sense someone else will make of this.

I am writing, because I want to understand what Tennyson was thinking when he wrote *theirs not to reason why*.

Was he imagining himself becoming one of them?

I don't think he was ever one of them. I think he was someone who lived his life through writing words to try to understand what it was like to be there, in a situation that was otherwise unthinkable. But what gave him a sense he might speak on their behalf? *Theirs was not to reason why*? Was he assuming an authority greater than anyone of them: *but to do and die*?

When I speak, those words seem to require, or acquire a magisterial tone.

Was his sense of what he had to write based on a faith in *God*, or in *Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, who commissioned him to write poems on her behalf, and on behalf of all her subjects?



18TH SLIDE



## *The Explorer Sucking Tarzan's Cock*

*In the beginning was the Word, which is a powerful word.*

*And the Word was with God, an almighty God.*

*And the Word became flesh, which is a corruptible flesh.*

*And dwelt amongst us, we who are called His subjects.*

*And we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father,  
full of grace and truth.*

I don't believe in anything that claims ultimate power or authority.

*I am what I am*, that needs no excuses.

While I am writing this I am doing what I want, and I accept the consequence of what it means to put these words into play.



19TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan and the Explorer Doing a 69*

There are only a few more pages left before this story comes to an end.

I've already looked through those pages to see what happens.



20TH SLIDE



## *Tarzan Sitting on Top of the Explorer's Cock*

This is what happens.

Tarzan and the explorer move through a number of positions licking and sucking one another's cocks. Then Tarzan turns round to face the other way, while the explorer lays back. Tarzan sits on top of his cock. We see it sliding in – a little – then a little more. I imagine it pushing all the way, each wave of excitement more tremendous than the last wave of excitement, as Tarzan and the explorer move through one another's breath

I feel myself losing control, regaining control, losing control... I don't want it to stop

### STOP THINKING

I don't want to stop thinking about those men riding, riding into the valley of Death, riding into the throes of an ecstatic adventure.

*Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade!" Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew. Someone had blunder'd: Theirs not to make reply, Theirs  
not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die: Into the valley of Death Rode the six  
hundred. Cannon to the right of them, Cannon to the left of them Cannon in front  
of them Volley'd and thunder'd Storm'd at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and  
well Into the jaws of Death Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred Flash'd  
all their sabres bare Flash'd as they turned in the air, Sabring their gunners there,  
Charging an army, while All the World wonder'd: Plunged in the battery smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reel'd from the sabre stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd Then they rode back, but not Not the six hundred. Cannon  
to the right of them Cannon to the left of them Cannon behind them Volley'd and  
thunder'd Storm'd at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell They that had  
fought so well Came thro' the jaws of Death Back from the Mouth of Hell, All that  
was left of them, Left of six hundred.*



21ST SLIDE



## *Tarzan Cries Out YEEEHOOOOO*

Tarzan shoots his load across the explorer's thighs, beating his hands across his chest, crying out a terrific yelp: YEEEHOOOOO, which isn't a word; it's an exclamation.

And do you know what, sometimes I think that's enough.







**Bernard Walsh**  
[www.bernardwalsh.co.uk](http://www.bernardwalsh.co.uk)  
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