

"SMUT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

"Others read you—
What do you read
for a turn-on?"

That was the question we recently posed to a number of celebrated writers and editors in the erotic field. The result: a cross-section of choices from the writers who turn you on, talking about the stuff that keeps them turning the pages at night—with one hand. Some of the answers may surprise you...

Phil Andros (*The Amazing Adventures of Phil Andros*):

When just a tad I got my first hard-on while reading the *Song of Solomon* in the Bible. How I lusted over my beloved, whose belly was like bright ivory overlaid with sapphires, whose legs were pillars of marble and whose neck a tower of David, whose body ravished me, and whose garments smelled of honey and milk. Moreover, his lips were as a thread of scarlet, his hair black as a raven's. Hot damn! My beloved really turned me on. And from that song came the first proddings to hustle, for I was advised there to rise and go about the city in the streets, seeking him whom my soul loved. And when I found him I was not to let him go, until I had brought him into my house, by gum. What happened there was continued in the fascinating story of Sodom and Gomorrah and the visiting angels.

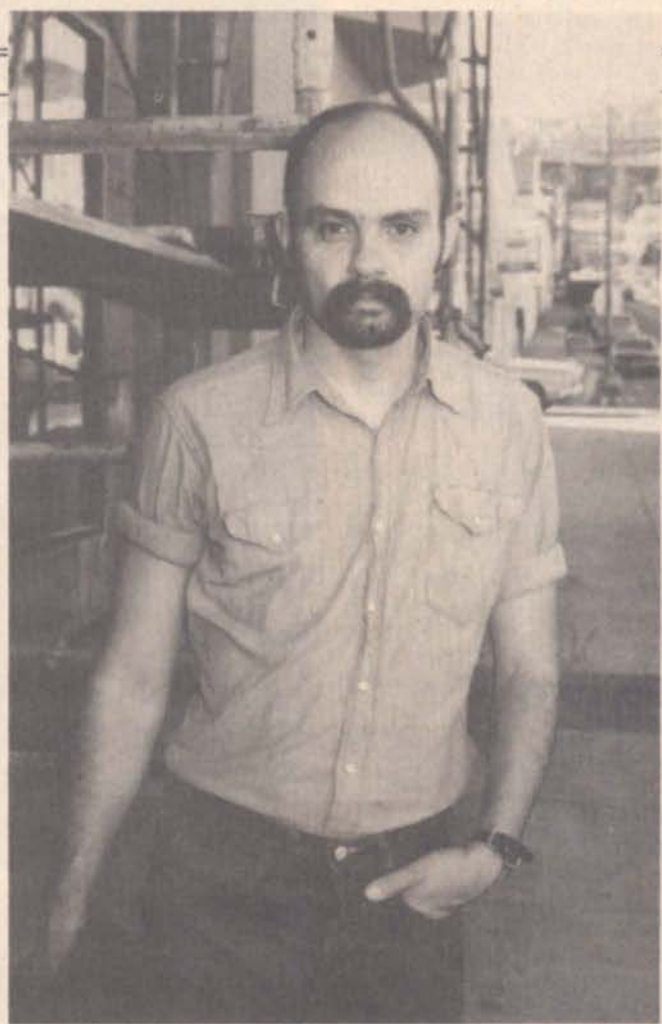
Later on, having grown larger and having exhausted myself over Solomon and his dove's eyes, I turned to those wonderful typewritten stories that circulated from hand to hand—much thumbed and with pages sticking together, bearing stains of coffee, tomato juice, and other liquids too vile to mention. Particularly effective was the story of Angelo with the monstrous endowment, and of the two handsome cops to whose care he was assigned; what happened then can move me even to this day.

And what of now? There are some who bring joy and peace

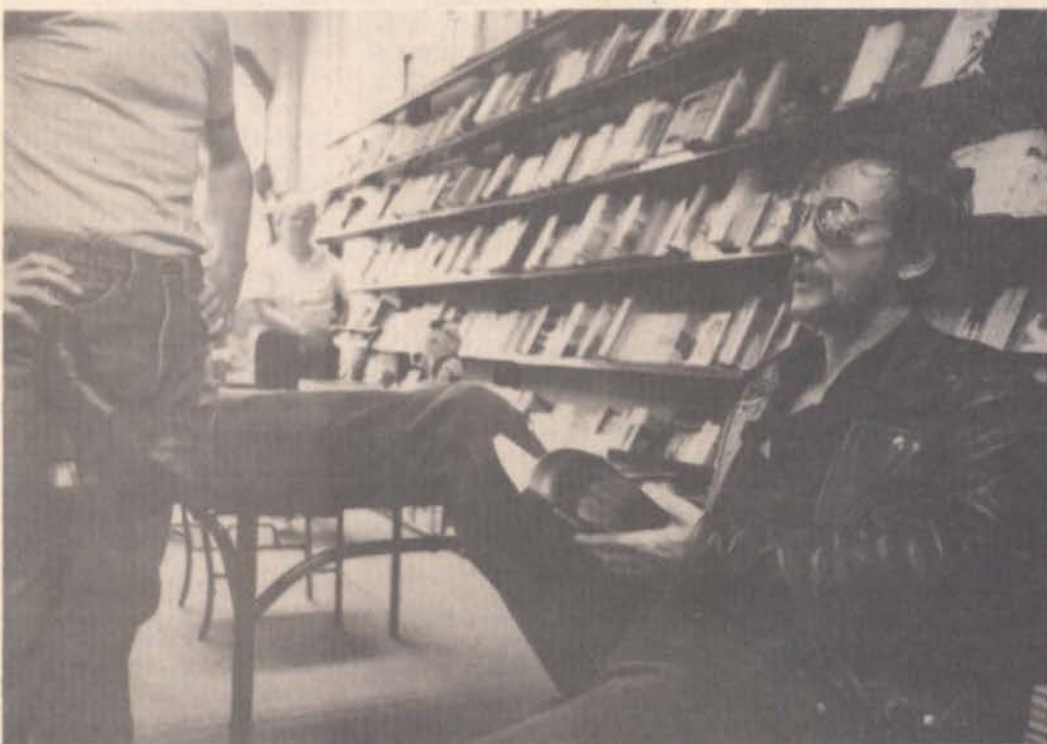
and calm—Aaron writing about his rod of blue light, John's about bensonite, Jack's about the sadness of leather, and Mason's on brig-a-dears. And I must now make the most shameful confession of all: ole Betsy occasionally still unfolds a little in the cramped and sweaty nest wherein she lies, not necessarily because I am reading my very own writing—which Mr. Quisp has said is "about as delicate as a belch," but because of the prodding given by isolated paragraphs describing certain events, stimulus to the memories of early loves, of lost faces and stalwart remembered bodies, of trim strong buttocks and vanished cocks, all of which make me stand to attention and give a last salute to all the conflicts that have been waged upon the battlefields of a thousand beds.

T.R. Witomski ("Letter from the Slavemaster"):

You'd like me to say something like the Sears Catalog—the shoe pages—or the compleat oeuvre of Andrea Dworkin, wouldn't you? Come to think of it, the Sears shoe ads aren't bad...



JACK FRITSCHER: *Life Magazine?*



MASON POWELL: *Struggling against the ropes with Edgar Allan Poe.* (Photo: Kevin Moore)

Perhaps because I'm in the porno business, I find most erotic writing so ephemeral that even as it's turning me on, it's evaporating in my mind. There's very little that I can re-read and still get a hard-on over. But I do like to go back to my collection of the issues of *Straight To Hell* that Boyd McDonald edited. There's a rawness and an immediacy to that stuff that's really wonderful. It's continually fresh—probably because it's so very unpretentious. And it's also very funny. And laughing while jerking off, that's kinda kinky, no?

I also like some of the SM classics—*Story of O*, *Mister Benson*, all of de Sade, and I'd put *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* into this group, too. And the vast bulk of the early stories of John Preston retain their erotic power even after many readings. They really should be collected into one volume; it's fuckin' annoying to have to search through a pile of old magazines looking for the particular Preston story that I feel like jerking off to at the moment.

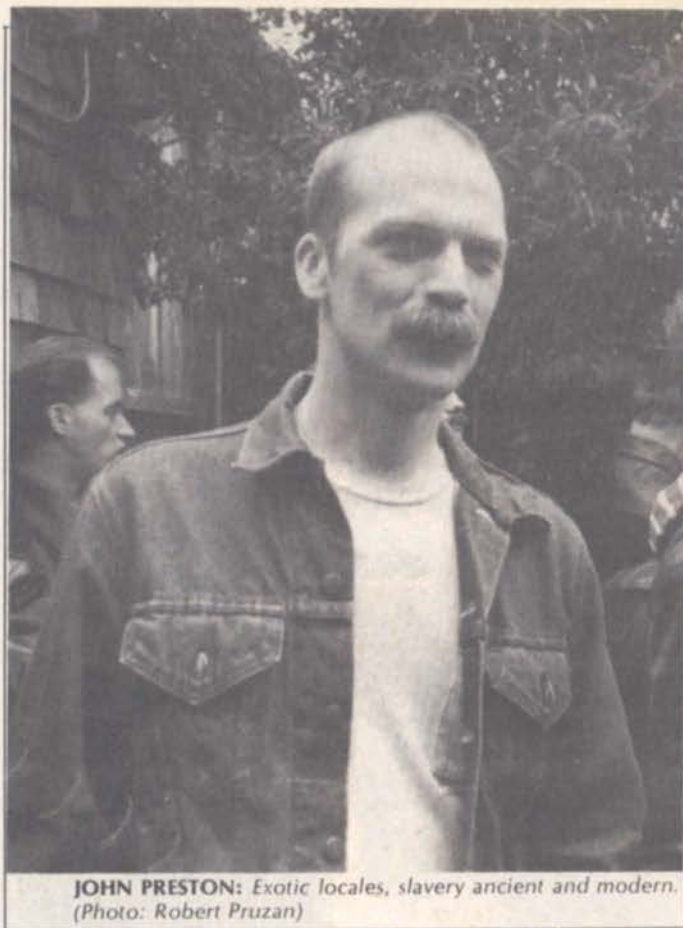
Jack Fritscher (*Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley*):

Sam Steward (Phil Andros) is the father of gay writing. I had enjoyed his stories for so long, that when I was editor of *Drummer*, I invited Sam to appear in our pages. Sam invented erotic cops. Boyd MacDonald has always been a fave sicko to read from *Straight To Hell* through his *Juice* and *Cum* anthologies, precisely because the man is a perversatile genius with a sexy intellect. Larry Townsend's work, by that I mean his own writing as much as his anthology-editing, was an early turn-on, particularly *The Leatherman's Handbook*.

Smut is where you find it. Gay mags don't really feed me much. I check the straight press-at-large for the tough stuff that puts the cob down my leg. A few samples:

- *The Pit*, about corporations torturing executives on weekend training courses with bondage, crucifixion, electricity, coffins, and shit (Gene Church, Pocket Books, 1973);
- *P.O.W., A Definitive History of the American POW*

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JOHN PRESTON: Exotic locales, slavery ancient and modern. (Photo: Robert Pruzan)

Experience, featuring excruciating long-term bondage, beatings, hangings, and one fascinating torture-masturbation scene; this nonfiction authored by John G. Hubbell and published by Reader's Digest Press, 1976, is an S&M jewel for any man's JO library;

- Always check Time-Life publications for their continuing sick interest in torture and bondage and slime; a classic, representative example is from *Life*, October 10, 1969, "The Hog-Tied Brig Rats of Camp Pendleton." I "use" it to this day.

Mostly, however, it's video that for the last five years has turned me on. I have over 150 hours of homemade and professional bodybuilding competition tapes. I make the bodybuilders pose in slowmo or I freeze-frame them and they become, in my Crisco hand, heroic subjects/objects of erotic S&M.

The Slave & Master Videos out of Chicago, when the music doesn't drown out the crack of the whips and the screaming, are highly appealing. Professional wrestling videotapes with, say, Hulk Hogan, Mean Mike Masters

Billy Jack, the Iron Sheik, and Ivan Koloff turn me inside out

Perhaps the best erotic videos for me are the Old Reliable solo pose/JO tapes of rough-trade street hustlers smoking cigars, beating their meat, and shadowboxing with the camera. DRUMMER readers should be familiar with pix of the Old Reliable trash plus reviews of his tapes. They're evergreens in the hard-on department. They sport real TOP ATTITUDE!

Most recently, in Hollywood films on video, I'd recommend totally the long, nude, electric torture sequence that opens Charles Bronson's *The Evil That Men Do*. Also, the ever-sexy Harvey Keitel in a brilliant S&M movie about a cop and a killer, *Contempt*. One film I saw once in NYC that I'd love to see again is *The Case of the Naves Brothers*, a very severe torture documentary. (Anyone know where I can find a copy?)

As a writer, I get as many ideas beating off to video as I used to with popper—when we still could use popper and our dicks and our fists and our whips and our titclamps on other sick motherfuckers.

John Preston (Mr. Benson):

I actually have a hard time with most gay porn these days. I've written so very much that I can't separate myself from the stories and get into them. I'm constantly restrained by the writer's part of my mind that interferences with statements like, "Oh, you did that one once," or, "No, that's not right," or some such other judgment.

It helps a lot when I am given a story with a fantastical setting that gives me the distance to enjoy the types of very explicit and very heavy



DON PERRY: Straight stuff.

SM that turn me on. Two examples come to mind.

The *Beauty* books by A.N. Roquelaure are the only works that have threatened my cock with calluses in recent memory. The mythical settings of the books let my imagination flow freely in the most lascivious ways. The humiliations and the submissions of the Princes is some of the hottest stuff I've ever read. I return to it for one-handed reading constantly.

The *Beauty* books share some things with another of my favorites, Aaron Travis' *Slaves of the Empire*. Not only is the setting in ancient times, but there is a complexity to the characters' psychologies in Travis (and in Roquelaure) that makes the work even more enjoyable to me. One of the hottest scenes in gay porn is the one in *Slaves* where the hero and his antagonist are in the gladiators' changing room and the hero feel *compelled* to suck his enemy's cock. Why? What does it mean and

where is it going to take him? Those questions and the way they're resolved give the work more depth and the turn-on more intensity for me. I've jerked off to those few pages often and I'm sure I'll continue to in the future.

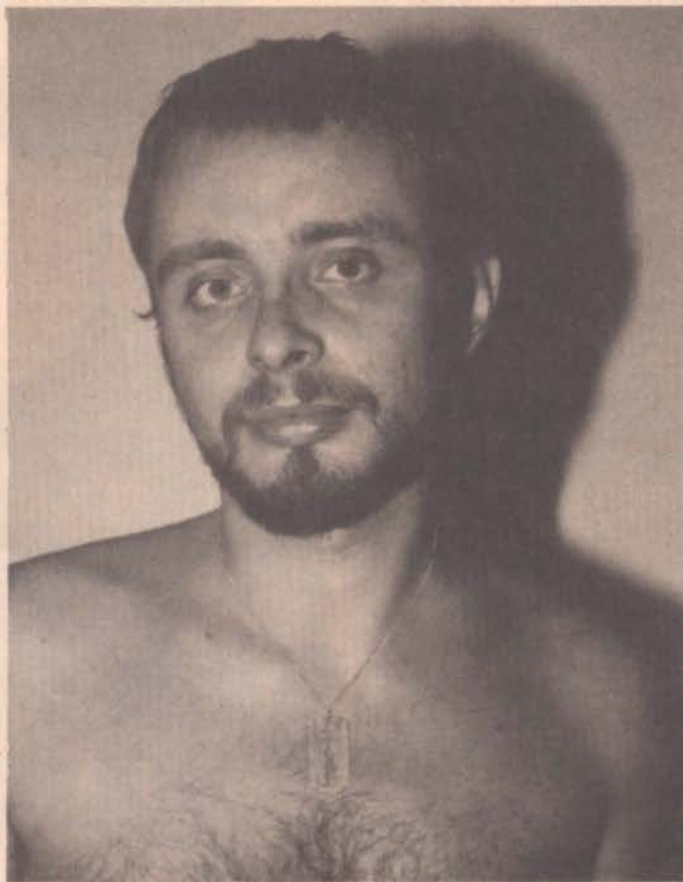
Another major source of literary turn-on for me is found in the various anthologies that Larry Townsend compiles. There is a certain kind of story that Townsend finds that is a sure-fire ignition of my sexual fantasies. It often involves a hidden but real form of slavery in contemporary terms. Not always by the same author, this minute genre is most often concerned with two men initiated into that world, each finding his own role as a Master and slave. The intensity of the SM is greater than in most other gay porn; there is, for instance, often a hint that the slave could be sold. An example, a favorite, is in Townsend's most recent publication, *New Treasury of S&M, Volume 7*. "Toby," by Doc, not only fits the formula, it adds an element that always gets to me: I'm much more likely to be turned on by SM taking place "organically" in a working class setting than sex in a set-up, a leather bar or back room, for instance.

The different setting doesn't have to be as blue collar as the Townsend collections often are, nor as exotic as the Travis or Roquelaure books. *Kick-boxer*, a serial that appeared in *Drummer*, remains one of my all-time favorite works of pornography. Again, the psychology and the mythology combine in a magic way. There's a favorite scene in this work as well, when the protagonist presents himself to his mentor with appropriate submission, a state underlined by his role as "top" in the rest of the serial. Wonderful moment in gay erotica!

Of course, I also love the Phil Andros books. They certainly can cause an ooze from my cockhead often. But I read them too much for their writing and their historical importance nowadays, I'm afraid. Similarly, I read everything I can by T.R. Witomski, but I'm too often too amused by his humor and wit to really appreciate them as porn.

Generally, I'm turned off by violence. Rape isn't going to do it for me. I enjoy situations where the intricacies of a dominant/submissive role are explored, where the people discover themselves in the sex, and where the sex is explicit and at least insightful for the

myself with what limited straight erotica I could get my hands on, then pretend the female roles were male. Marcus van Heller was my favorite author. In his story of the Borgia family, when Lucretia has her virginity taken by her big, humpy father exclaiming:



T.R. WITOMSKI: *The Sears Catalogue and Andrea Dworkin?* (Photo: Michael Bernstein)

parties involved.

Roy F. Wood (*Restless Red-necks: Gay Stories of the Changing South*):

Believe it or not, I very seldom read gay erotica, and never form the viewpoint of being turned on by it. About the only thing along such lines which I've read are the Phil Andros books, partly because I was doing reviews of a couple of them, and partly because I admire Andros as a writer—especially in the instances when he is less explicit... As for stories in the gay slicks, I simply glance at them, to see what "others" in the business are doing.

Don Perry ("Cockwalk"):

Growing up in a rural New England town made it extremely difficult to obtain gay erotica. I had to content

"Oh, daddy! Daddy!"—well... you can see how easy it was to fantasize myself as a lucky young man in her place.

I still love straight erotic stories and movies. They're great for the imagination, they keep us in touch with our important counterparts, and they lend subtle nuances to our ideas of lovemaking that might otherwise stagnate or grow stale.

People fantasize about themselves. I would be curious to know how many writers of erotic stories occasionally read themselves for a turn-on. I do. Because I write to turn myself on. And I am, after, my own worst critic. I figure if I can turn myself on, others will be too.

Mam'selle Victorie (*Domina-trix; Editrix*):

I'm always looking for type (and life for that matter) ripe

with rough thrusting and secret life rituals, be they military, monastic or educational. And riding the razor's edge of authenticity/electricity without one snuffing the other. Harriet Marwood and Edith Cadivec, both governesses, are my chief arousal authors; English discipline scenes are guaranteed over-the-edge orgasm triggers and those grande dames are style guides for me, too. On the other hand, this pot-bellied pederast who shares my libido claims a lot of my jack-off time, too, and he had me humping my fist to *Benson* and "Blue Light" or any really well-spun suspenseful abuse to narrow-arsed blonds. *Sweet Tooth* and *The Real Thing* were favorites in their time, but then so were *Auto-Erotic Fatalities* and *Against Our Will*.

John Barton ("The Provost" stories):

What do I read for a turn-on? That is a turn-on to answer—I can feel it already—since it will cause me to contemplate all my favorite excitements and dwell on them with more than usual loving detail.

How to do that and be brief? The short answer is: "Sex and sadism." I believe the two are inextricably intertwined in the human psyche, each feeding on the other's excitement and fueling it in turn, a perfect dynamo of human lust which clicks off only when the sadist—or the voyeur, be he masochistic participant or one-handed reader—feels his pleasure peak in the ecstasy of orgasm.

When I was just 10 I discovered texts describing Nazi and Japanese torture of naked prisoners that made my randy young prick get hot and stiff and itchy for my pumping fist, and I have enjoyed the variants of these themes ever since. The original texts were not meant to be pornographic, although obviously they got me horny (and still do) and I know from correspondence that others have enjoyed them in the same way.

For full enjoyment I like the suffering parties to be male, stripped naked, cock and balls exposed to unrestricted ogling. Preferably young. And

always helpless, whether tightly bound or scrambling bare-assed while their tormentors cavort around them, gleefully mocking their vain attempts to escape. Exciting in itself, sexy even without sadism, naked is an important part of helpless. Every inch of sensitive, bare skin exposed. Nothing shielding cock full stiff with fear. Bared balls churning in anticipation of agonies to come (ball torments are a special turn-on). Bare ass begging for the whips and paddles, belts and boots to welt and bruise its bulging moons.

Hard cock is certainly important too. The point of the exercise. Simultaneously the stimulus and the reward. Endlessly exciting and excited. The perfect perpetual motion machine. The tormentors' hard cock—I prefer group scenes where the tormentors outnumber the sufferer(s)—kindle their cruelties, inflame their sadism, reward their brutal ministrations with the ultimate earthly pleasure. The sufferer's hard cock mocks his miseries and betrays his innocence, suffusing the scene with the lurid glow of sex and exposing the perverted pleasure he is getting from the voyeuristic enjoyment of the lewd torments inflicted on his own nakedness.

Implicit in these specifics are the dynamics of domination and submission, the basic sexual equation of fucker over fuckee in more extreme, hence more exciting terms. The pleasure of sex is only partly the plunging of penis in pussy. The essence of its excitement is the power of the fucker relentlessly mastering the fuckee, gorging his prick in pleasure which the subjected one is helpless to deny him. Sadism surpasses simple sexual subjugation, using it as a tool to impose humiliating submission, but going much, much, much further, freely employing pain as the ultimate expression of absolutely uncontrolled conquest of the sufferer.

For the sadist, the pleasure is in the doing, experiencing the power, compressing each surge of pleasure within the confines of his achingly stiff prick till he feels it must explode. Each thrill inflames

his need for more, and the lewder the sexual exploitation, the more diabolical the cruelty, the more intense the blaze of pleasure that pulses in his glowing, hard, hot fuckhorn.

The masochistic pleasure of the sufferer is a voyeuristic phenomenon, an echo or reflection of the pleasure of the sadist which the sufferer derives from witnessing his own humiliation and torment even as the sadist enjoys performing it upon his nakedness. Sadistically erotic writing permits its readers to experience the same vicarious, voyeuristic pleasure without actually suffering or inflicting pain. Effective graphics or well-written prose duplicate within the mind of the beholder the same reactions experienced by the actual participants in a real event, stiffen his prick and stimulate the same pleasure as he fists his hard, hot cock that would be felt by real tormentors or their victims. In writing such things as my series on the Provost's pleasures, I try to provide a vivid feeling of "you are there" so that you are drawn into the scene and enjoy it vicariously, ogling the nakedness, appreciating the brute thrust of the tormentors' hard cocks and the lewd absurdity of the humiliated playthings' hard-ons, gloating at the vulnerability of each dangling, soft bag of balls, savoring the delicate scents of sweat and jism and the heady aromas of fear and feces, piss and power, feeling the sizzle of in your blood when the sufferer squeals or shrieks or pleads, thrilling to the sadists' lewdly abusive taunts and threats and mocking laughter.

In my own cock-in-fist reading I look for the same things I try to put into my own erotic writing. Vividly worded descriptions that conjure up the sights and sounds and smells of torment and domination. Horny tormentors heedless of their naked victims' misery, using the bare bodies for their pleasure without stint or inhibition. Nude objects of the tormentors' lusty whims, helpless to escape their fate as mere things to be used and abused, helpless to suppress the humiliation of sharing with their tormentors the sex-



MAM'SELLE VICTOIRE: *English discipline scenes, suspenseful abuse.*

ual excitement which their nakedness puts so obviously on view. These are the basics. The more ingenious the torments, the more lewdly delicious the sexual embellishments, the more perverse the sadistic twists that contort the sufferer to a full, unblinking knowledge of his thing-ness—the better!

I also firmly believe in the power of sexually obscene language to give a scene the full lurid glow of an unmistakably sexual event, to give the reader his hardest hard-on and to prick his heightened sensitivities with sizzling tingles of purest lewd delight in what he witnesses in his mind's eye. To be fully effective in these terms, a piece need not be wantonly cruel or purely savage in its treatment of the sufferer, although this is frequently the case. Part One of "Cockwalk" by Don Perry in *Drummer* 83 is a good example of a completely

satisfying treatment of a dominant completely possessing a submissive as his naked fucktoy without painful cruelty. One of my favorite drawings simple shows a naked stud kneeling on a box, trussed like a turkey with his wrists pulled back between his thighs and fastened to his ankles, his astonished mouth stretched around one grinning rapist's huge hard-on while another leering leatherman spears him from the rear. And some of my favorite prose is in the letters correspondents have sent describing the fun other boys had with their naked bodies as they put them, bare-assed and stiff-pricked, through sometimes painful but mostly humiliating hazing ordeals in frat houses or locker rooms.

Do you, dear reader, have an experience like this that turns you on in your past? One where you were stripped and turned into a naked fucktoy till your tormentor or tormen-

tors had their fill? One that powers a hard-on and fuels your jerk-off fantasy every time it comes to mind. If so, share it with your fellow meat-beaters in the pages of *Drummer*!

Tom Hardy (*Malory and His Masters*):

This list is incomplete and in no order that I can detect, although different periods of my life seem to be indicated. I have outgrown none of it:

Captain Marvel comic books; the Tarzan books; Myra Breckenridge, Gore Vidal; *Brownbuckler*, Jeff Kincaid; "Blinded by the Light," Aaron Travis; *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, Hugo; *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, James Purdy; *Leather Boys*, Jack Evans; *The Brig*, Mason Powell; *Interview with the Vampire*, Anne Rice; *The Barn*, Blade; *Adventuretime*, Etienne; *Topman*, Clay Caldwell; *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, Roquelaure; *Physique Pictorial*, AMG; *Folded Leaf*; *Desire and the Black Masseur*, Tennessee Williams; "Collateral," Victor Terry; *STH*.

David Barton-Jay (*The Enema as Erotic Art and Its History*):

After I've worked myself sufficiently up over the reviews of my own works, I ooze shamelessly through the works of others hoping for a sniff of anything whatsoever having to do with Ass Hole.

Mason Powell (*The Brig*):

This may be too perverse for even *Drummer*, but good writing turns me on: literally. When I have just written a good scene, whether or not it



PHIL ANDROS (aka Sam Steward): *Song of Solomon to samizdat*. (Photo: Robert Pruzan)

has any erotic content, I get horny as hell.

Bad writing turns me off: which is why I started writing pornography. The worst thing in the world is to have my meat throbbing and trip over an inept image or a misplaced conjunction. Downer! Instant relaxation! I figured the field needed me as much as I needed it; and like any sexual exchange, it would be mutually beneficial.

What, specifically, do I read when I am lonely? Well, try the first half of Geroge Nader's *Chrome*, which gets you up, but not off. Then move on to Edgar Allan Poe's "The Pit and The Pendulum." Struggling against those ropes always gets me up. Then switch over to anything by Phil Andros, the Gay Porn world's single truly great writer. If you're getting the idea that I like to sit with it stiff for a long time, you're right. I couldn't write the stories I do if I didn't. If I had to get off instantly, the climax would be at the beginning, and that's not a story.

And when it's time to shoot? Early Larry Townsend stuff is great. Just about anything by Aaron Travis will pop my cork; and give me dreams. *Drummer* & *MACH* are the markets I shop in most, but the product I take home has to be well-written or it goes in the garbage. In short, my sexual tastes are literary. I'd love to fuck Jack London.

Aaron Travis (*Slaves of the Empire*):

My relationship with porn is deep, abiding and promiscuous; it fills a portion of my life that runs parallel with actual, lived sexual experience, a separate and entirely equal category. Like the manhunt, there is the pornhunt; and amid the many wasted or merely satisfying experiments, there are those glorious discoveries that keep me looking for more of the same, or returning again and again in heated, private moments to recouple with a passage that hits all the right spots.

Over the years, a handful of authors have consistently (or repeatedly) hit those spots. From the early years of *Drummer*, Kurt Kreisler and Orlando Paris; from the cluttered, unchampioned racks at

the adult bookstores, P.H. Bennett, Tom Hardy, Steven Zady, Floyd Lawrence, Jack Evans and the inimitable Clay Caldwell (a writer more widely revered than he could possibly know, given the zero-feedback of paperback porn

titles are regrettably generic): *Whipmaster*, *Bathhouse Bondage*, *Punished Prison Punks* (set in Ruritania!), *Sex Mechanics*, *Boss Con*.

Two newer writers have recently arrested my attention. Don Perry ("Cockwalk"



ROY F. WOOD: *Would you believe no interest at all?*

publishing).

For the last few years, my steady partner has been a writer I can only identify as Anonymous. (His publisher has entirely eliminated authors' bylines in its books—an irritating and surely counterproductive trend. To find his books, I have to do a quick textual analysis—but I can spot his work by scanning only a few paragraphs.) I've bought about 30 of A's books over the last three or so years; such a prolific rate has begun to show in a lapse toward stale repetition, and he's a crude and hurried writer at best, but A tells the stories I want to read—gritty tales of enslavement with a claustrophobic *film noir* atmosphere, populated by broken slaveboys and the harsh, guiltless men who use them. A few of his best (the

in *Drummer* 83-84) and John Barton (whose "Provost" stories were serialized in *Stroke*) are similar in many respects, both delivering sustained passages of obsessive, densely detailed, feverish erotic intensity. Perry writes voluptuously visceral prose, stories that go *squish* and let out a squeal when you stick your finger in them. Barton is relentlessly obscene; he seems incapable, even in business correspondence, of writing more than three sentences without working himself up to a nearly hysterical pitch of excitement. These two men are possessed of a certain kind of genius; and as with a regular partner who always delivers the goods, I look forward with a lump in my throat (and elsewhere) to whatever journey they'll take me on next. □