

*Fetish Noir* is a taste for something  
that isn't sex itself,  
but that causes your sexual response...

## **Fetish Noir: Alternative Sex Games for Your Inner Wild Child**

**(Just When You Think We've Thought Up Everything,  
We Think Up Something Else!)**

Talk to me, Fetish Boy! Whatever turns you on! Sex lib goes into the *mondo beyondo* because you need no partner but Viagra. Forget Breeder Sex. In this brave new world, fertility clinics take care of that messy business with turkey basters in the petrie dish. Congratulate yourself! You are a free man. You are liberated from providing seed and cash. You survived primitive fundamentalists' fears of Y2K. So consider what progressive millennial eroticism will please your Inner Wild Child. Fetish replaces sex.

*Fetish noir* means you are free to get your nut however you please.

You may be gay or bi or even straight. Don't worry. Be happy. If you turn your focus to your most *noir* fetish, you won't need Viagra, because "wet dreams may cum" when you admit your turn-on is beyond the old norms of insertion sex.

Since boyhood, you've always known your best sex is masturbation. Nobody does it better. That's why your Inner Wild Child likes magazines and videos and live nude shows. Even when you're kneeling (actually in scene or virtually on screen) before your Master or your Mistress, you know that every caress, garterbelt, jockstrap, whiplash, boot, and shoe is aimed at getting you off in your hand. Every hustler, hooker, and rentboy in the world knows

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that's all you want.

*Fetish noir* focuses on your favorite sex partner: you. And whatever turns you on.

Your human body has forty-nine miles of nerves.

So there's a lot more of you than six or seven inches of dick.

A fetish, in case you're dazed and confused, is an object that a person (you) or a culture (television, magazines, religion, etc.) invests with sexual power.

For instance, TV news made a fetish of Monica's blue dress, and TV sports made a fetish of Mark McGwire's balls. A lot of people actually would like to cum all over that dress, those balls!

*Fetish noir*, just so you know, is your own private Idaho of a turn-on, something so personal to you that maybe the only place you can find it is hidden in the code of magazine ads—say, where a Marlboro Man in his Calvin's with a cigaret hanging from wet lips looks hot sending you a subliminal message about sex. Try to recall the “forbidden feeling” of jerking off as a kid to the underwear/lingerie pages in the *Sears Catalog*.

Check out one of *fetish noir*'s coolest movies, *A Man in Uniform* (1996), which is legit Hollywood—very Sundance Film Festival—and not porno, unless—very much like the hero—you're turned on by a cop uniform with boots, keys, badge, and gun. (Notice all the handcuffs used to “fetish up” movie sex scenes!) One of *fetish noir*'s most shocking films, *The Night Porter*, twists on a Jewish woman fetishizing Nazi regalia. *Fetish noir* is more psychological than a Hitchcock movie. Fetish goes deeper than sex. Sex can be quite mindless. Fetish can actually satisfy the mind. Go figure!

*Fetish noir* involves all your senses. Some fetishes you watch, some you wear, some you smell. And some...you eat. (Don't ask!)

Sex liberation leads from breeder sex onwards to adventure. Just as controversial erotic photographer Robert Mapplethorpe fetishized black men, gay magazines (*Hombres Latinos*) and porno videos (*Illegal Alien Blues*) often make fetishes of ethnic groups, because in the truth of erotic demographic studies, progressive producers know that bored with fetishized blonds, viewers will have an appetite for fetishized Latins. Madonna herself, in the fetishistic corsets of *Truth or Dare*, traded in the “Danny

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Boy Fetish” of Irish Sean Penn for the Latin man who seeded Lourdes. Rio de Janeiro’s Max Julien’s Marcostudio and Kristian Bjorn’s entire video career make a fetish of Brazilians for Anglos bored with Anglos who can’t get it up. Palm Drive Video, which fetishizes American blue-collar men, specializes in hyper-masculine fetishes: leather, body hair, tit torture, and worship of the muscles of naked bodybuilders. Videos and DVDs, stepping out beyond generic suck/fuck action, fetishize a variety of stuff, like, for instance, Samurai Video’s pregnant Japanese women in bondage, or the high-concept US video, “Pregnant Trailer-Park Women’s Ex-con Husbands in Bondage.”

Hey! *Fetish noir* demands you be open-minded!

Fans of *fetish noir* gotta love the media for delivering by cable and satellite and internet, not only the prison fetishes of the series *Oz*, but the delights of pro-wrestling and boxing gear on battling gals and ultimate fighting guys who are living fetishes of macho in a culture that all too often censors and censures raw masculinity which the politically correct have themselves fetishized as a bad thing.

Jokester jockster Dennis Rodman popularizes fetishes of tattoos, piercing, body-shaving, and cross-dressing. The cover of *Cigar Aficionado* mag fetishizes author Ernest Hemingway, supermodel Linda Evangelista, and action-figure Chuck Norris smoking big Havanas. Sportscaster Marv Albert’s once-secret sex life included a taste for *fetish noir*isms such as threesomes, women’s lingerie, and biting. Actually, talk shows are the educational TV of *fetish noir*, with exhibitionistic topics like “Adult Babies in Diapers,” “Vacuum-Pump Penis Enlargement,” and “Lap Dance Sex Addiction.” If you haven’t thought of the latest kink, tune in *Jerry Springer*.

Hey, if you can jerk off to it, and it’s not missionary sex to make babies, it’s probably *fetish noir* sex!

Internet sex is totally *fetish noir*. You watch an image and hear a voice of someone who is not there. Even in real-time, you can’t have the real person who is on screen, but you can buy their actual (used) panties, fishnets, jockstraps, whatever, to sniff and rub and stuff in your mouth. Like the sexy “Chat Rooms,” Classified Ads in underground/alternative newspapers and magazines have

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always been more about fetishes than actual sex. If you placed a Classified Ad offering “dirty bath water in Mason jars,” by the following Wednesday, your mailbox would be full of eager players who suddenly are turned on by the *noir*-ness of your invented fetish. Advertise it and they will cum.

The British fetishize spanking. The Miss America contest fetishizes the combo of swimsuits and high heels. The tobacco industry fetishizes smoking. Detroit fetishizes cars. The NRA reveals the absolute fetish of guns. *Suck my lethal weapon, baby!* How perfect in an age when unsafe sex is fetishized by voyeurs who want to see penetration bare-back, and when another crowd of participants makes a fetish out of condoms and latex clothes!

Hey, ya gotta love *fetish noir*, because it comes from the deepest, darkest kinks of the human cortex. *Fetish noir* is recreational sex indulged in at perfection.

Culture cannot control fetish, because fetish is so personal it is not recognizable by the Puritans who always want to control sex which they perceive as missionary procreational sex.

*Fetish noir* like beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Once upon a time, leather and lace and motorcycles and bondage and watersports were the obvious fetishes. Now that everyone has Been-There-and-Done-That, you are free to rev your vibrator to everything from fisting and sadomasochism to reading porno on the toilet wearing nipple clamps, a dildo, and a French maid’s uniform.

Sex, in an overpopulated world that needs no more procreational sex, has been rescued.

*Fetish noir* sex is now what you do to please your Inner Wild Child.

*Fetish noir* is that little something that always pops up in the back of your head—even when you’re having sex with someone else—that’s almost unnoticed but always necessarily there to make you cum—like, maybe, a buzz of bondage. You know: you’re fucking and sucking, but really you’re thinking about tying up your partner, or of tying up someone else you’re thinking about while fucking your partner, or most likely, thinking about getting tied up yourself, and being forced to have sex with (*fill in the blanks*) \_\_\_\_\_ while wearing \_\_\_\_\_.

*Fetish noir* sex is the place where, when you go there, you get to be yourself.

No man is alone. No matter how private or personal or secret or severe his magnificent obsessions, a man deserves to enjoy his own satisfactions by celebrating them man-to-man with other homosensualists.

The litany of play and pleasure is an endless list of gestures, moments, and things snapped manfully together. The layers of this *sense*-ible inventory are as meaningful as the men who take their time to savor the signals that come from deep inside a man's expressive masculine presentation of self.

“How much pleasure do you want?”

That's a question of daring, a question of focused sybaritic answer.

“As much as I can stand.”

In 1979, a flyer advertising a new genre of erotic gay 'zine titled, MAN2MAN, listed fetishes the 'zine promised to cover. (As a quarterly, the very popular MAN2MAN, lasted two years, 1980-1981, and was finally put to rest, publisher Mark Henry reminisces, because of the labor-intensive difficulties of low-budget alternative magazine production before computers made independent publishing possible.) The flyer, which was also sent out with the premier issue of MAN2MAN, explained its essence as “THE JOURNAL OF HARD2FIND OBSESSIONS.”

It read: You are not alone. No matter how private or personal or secret your Magnificent Obsession, MAN2MAN's network discreetly circulates your precise desire for your precise satisfaction. Life is too short for hit-and-miss bar-and-bath hopping and hoping. A man deserves an easier way to connect with other men eager to share, or open up, mutual specialties. Sure, other newsletters, ad columns, and specialty publications exist, but none covers the waterfront as upfront as MAN2MAN. If you have secret, offbeat, shameless, manly trips that you figure you're ready to share with like-minded men (if you could easily find them), MAN2MAN is the old reliable journal where the silent-waters-that-run-deep meet.

MAN2MAN is a specialty magazine for the fetish-and-sex adventurer who intends to take on the 1980's celebrating his own

satisfactions by sharing them man-to-man with other sensualists. MAN2MAN folds you into the New Adult Homomascularity of men honestly and quietly declaring their downright upright sexuality, sensuality, and mutuality. No bull. This is a partial list of some of the heavy kicks and kinks you may find in once-and-future issues of MAN2MAN. Hey, it's 1980. Any minute, some hot guy will walk up to you and ask you if you're into one of these fetishes. If all you offer him is sex, you won't get him, because he doesn't want to have suck/fuck sex without his fetish.

Just being gay isn't enough anymore.

Prepare your head, for openers, by reading the rhythms (maybe, as performance art, outloud and with drums) of this partial list of kicks and kinks playing to a man in full possession, and fuller expression, of all his senses.

Tits, pits, fists, ass, feet, boots, filth, sweat, leather, rubber, outlaws, fur, metal harnesses, bondage, restraint, discipline, sadism, masochism, sensuality, mutuality, fingers, grease, bikes, cons, excons, trash, street hustlers, freshly showered athletes, jocks, jockstraps, socks, Levi's, clean cotton, dirty cotton, jerkoff, spitting, man2man worship, bodybuilding, wrestling boxing, padding out, loincloths, chamois, headbands, rebreathing, belching, moustaches, dirty blonds, Brylcreme, Valvoline, Pennzoil, cops, gobs, firemen, mad doctors, catheters, tender loving, intensive care, gym shoes, cleats, cigars, Marlboros, chests, golashes, rubbers, tweeds, pipes, pecs, hair, DA haircuts, shaving, cocksucking, fucking, nylon sleeping bags, wool, wet wool, longjohns, raingear, inner tubes, tires, licking, soap, cubbyholes, enemas, douches, bareback riding, exhibitionism, buzzcuts, faces, snotlockers, five-o'clock shadow, cowboys, linemen, cabins, babytrips, daddy-fix trips, occultism, flogging, inter-race trips, saliva, spit, hawkers, sniffing, rimming, voyeurism, movies, slides, video, Polaroids, foodtrips, forcefeeding, outerspace, monsterdrag, Mustangs, bicycles, wrestling masks, dirtbiking, mud, hiking, rafting, wafting, religious ritual, blasphemy, tea rooms, tea for two, swearing, military procedures, paramedics, paranoids, barbed wire, wood, wet wood, rain, nails, crucifixion, baths, electricity, field telephone titwork, water, hanging, watersports, scatology, Scat Soap, horseplay, wrists, heavy wrist watches, hairy wrist watching,

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swimtrunks, Speedos, piercing, Mohawks, tattooing, ritual torture, pain, rosaries, partners, chains, lassoes, outdoor wargames, beebee guns, black eyes, bushwacking, gas-line j/o, cruising straight boulevards on straight cruise night, condoms, tweezers, Greyhound bus sex, ponchos, toiletseat covers, dingleberries, pigs, flipping the bird, giving the finger, Hell's Angels, Harley Davidsons, Arabs, plainclothes polyester private eyes, sports, cock worship, Mason Jars of dirty bath water, wingtips, Ivy League suits and Oxford-cloth shirts with the tits cut out, hip boots, scuba gear, Saranwrap, snakebite cups, X-acto knives, swords, penknives, canvas, helmets, warriors, mercenaries, downed American flyboys, sumo, Yakuza, fundoshi, chubbies, water beds, hard lean dancers, deafmutes, dentists, rollerballing, pantsing parties, kidnap fantasies, handcuffs, hoists, sweaty stakeout in open field, bike buddy, beach bum, sand, sandpaper, alleys, dumpsters, dumpers, subways, toilets, dumps, trucks, recruits, toilet paper, brigs, trapezes, cactus, Brazilian interrogation techniques, CIA investigation, butch flirting, gentlemen's clubs with overstuffed leather chairs, livery, limos, referee shirts, shitkickers, men who say "Yo," Desenex, Jockey shorts stolen from straight guys' clothes hampers while they help their wives fix supper downstairs, catcher's masks, goalie masks, skates, pucks, puckers, plastic cup supporters, old copies of *Boy's Life*, flannel pennants, letter sweaters, cuspidors, snuff, chaw tobacco, humidors, sputum, smegma, cheese, goobers, fatigues, streaking, freaking, leaking, grease racks, Good-year tire storage rooms, gauze, Ace bandages, Band-Aids, wens, nail clipping, foot massage, choir robes, vestments, altar boys, crumbs, fleabag hotels, young bums, Ipana, foil, humanoids, quick public J/O while passing for straight, canoeing, volcanoes, Coppertone, shoulder pads, Velcro, 501's, trains, upper berths, compartments, mile-high clubfucks, footlockers, blood, straight-edge razors, 747s, burials in the forest, canvas hammocks, high-top basketball shoes, terrycloth, professional wrestling, rechewed gum, ashtrays, firemen, the whole nine yards, hand-rolled tailor-mades, metal tools, chain mail knights, piss, Big Ben coveralls, bib overalls, Dickies slacks, street-fighting, long socks, elastic black garters, boxer shorts, boxing gear, wrestling singlets, poplin windbreakers, breaking wind, farting, lighting farts, sailors,

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seafood, airport-USO johns, Marines, glory holes, docks, use, abuse, whining, whipping, spanking, pissing on trees, Lex Barker, boarding school sports, tiger pits, shades, bifocals, ritual smashing of bifocals, goggles, Eton suits, snowsuits, scuba, needles, guys who suck their teeth, toothpicks, tents, parachutes, paratroopers, harnesses, erotic art, slings, balloon-bursting surprises, disguises, pirates, fingerfucking, steam, backseats, backcrows, strangers in the night, parks, heaths, moors, caskets, dildoes, bimbos, finger-combing hair, flashing, sticking out tongues, exchanging spit, big dogs humping Levi's, potnoppers, cursing, talking dirty, writing nasty, reading in the raw, Mexicans, machetes, deerhunters, jars of pubic hair, baggies stuffed with shaved-off beards, prosthetic devices, sutures, Vietnam vets, beerbellies, WWII vets, ankles, initiations, branding, bruises, welders, vans, grillework, greasy spoons, cop taverns, bowling alley bars, high-school laundry, blue collars, ring around the collar, Bold 3, Tide, Lava, wet hair, iguanas, snakes, armor, switches, britches, recreational barfing, moonshine, mooning, farmers, driving naked, CB radio, reststops, guns, rodeos, Mondo movies, gunbelts, rye whiskey, hats, caps, romance, lovemaking, forearms, firearms, big arms, muscle contest trophies, 69, sucking, fucking, indoors, outdoors, matches, doing what you do when you do it like you do, getting the picture, speaking your mind, doing with your own body what you want, etc.