

**1978. A night at the baths.
A night at the Slot.**

Fisting the Selfsucker

When a guy blows himself, he blows me away. I mean, how many guys have a double-jointed back? How many guys can even sniff their own headcheese, much less wrap their own lips around their own dicks for the Ultimate Self-Sensuality: Blowing Yourself.

I know several men who regularly go down on themselves. They fold up like army cots; they teasingly tongue the tip of their dicks; then they swallow themselves. Selfsucking makes sense. Think of the gall of some guy presuming to go out and make love to another guy when he's never really bothered to make good sensual love to himself. Since sex, like charity, begins at home, most of us get our sense of sensuality together by jerking ourselves off. That feels awful good. But imagine the pleasure you'd get as an—awkward clinical term—*auto-fellationist*.

Think how circularly perfect you'd feel as a *selfsucker*.

When your lips suck down to the root of your own cock and your own cock is buried deep down your own throat, you've got a rhythmic Humjob played to the tune of "Nobody Does It Better."

SCORING SOUTH-OF-MARKET

At San Francisco's Slot Hotel, 979 Folsom Street, about as low as you can sleaze South of Market, the Cocks' Army of men runs the full scale of 10. Some guys are photogenic muscle gods. Some guys are so "ugly" by Hollywood standards that they're beautiful in an off-beat way. Some guys are just so bad-in-body and

low-in-energy that they keep the lights out in their private rooms. These “Troll Holes” are a must to avoid.

But the others. Ah! The others.

At The Slot you need two scales of ten: one for “Looks” and one for “Action.” *A Chorus Line’s* “Dance: 10! Looks: 3!” is right on. For instance, a guy who scores a 10 for Looks may, on the dual scale, rate only a 3 for Action. His looks have made him lazy in bed. So he totals in at only 13 out of a possible $2 \times 10 = 20$. (Nobody ever gets a 20, because who’s perfect?) On the other hand, another guy may be only a 7-Looks, but because he knows he ain’t Robert Redford, he really gets it together in the sack and scores an off-the-wall 10-Action for his hot moves. This totals him in at a very interesting 17.

Ain’t hardly a game in town where 17 doesn’t beat 13 by a mile.

And that’s how I met one of the three men I know who specialize in sucking themselves off.

COCKSUCKING

Cock. Suck. The words form in your mouth so self-contained: all tongue and teeth action. Your lips don’t even need to move.

Cock. Suck. Cocksucker. Men who suck cock are a dedicated breed of specialists. They see no failure of manly dignity when falling on their knees in front of another man’s full crotch to suck his cock. So it is with men who suck their own cocks. They have the healthy view that their self-contained sexual gymnastics is a pleasant variation on the general celebration of masculinity.

Don’t for a minute think that selfsucking is a diversion cornered by gay men. Straight guys, nimble of body and liberated of head, blow themselves with no more thought of their self-play being homosexual than they think that handjobbing themselves is gay. As Shakespeare said, “There are more men blowing themselves, Horatio, than you can shake a stick at.”

BENDING OVER FRONTWARDS

This season at The Slot, a buddy and I cruised past Room 326: first door at the top of the stairs. A hot hunk of beef was laid back

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on the bed made into a four-poster with heavy 4 x 4 beams. He looked built, sick, and twisted—in short: wonderful. He had the body. He had the face. His eyes had the slick look of love. (He scored a solid 9-Looks.) Strangers in the night, we exchanged glances. All systems signaled GO. My buddy and I entered and closed the door.

Long encounters are sometimes best told briefly: I reached into the man's can of Crisco, fingered his butt gently, and as he relaxed, my fist took a long, easy ride into his ass. He was a handball expert ready for a good serve. He moaned. He smiled. His abdominals tightened down to a rippled washboard. His butt, full of careful fist, rose up in the air. He was pulling his hips toward his face. His cock, hard and veined, aimed straight arrow at the target of his bull's-eye mouth. His tongue flicked out to catch the sweet clear lube juicing from his piss-slit.

"You lie back," he said to me. "Keep your fist right where it is."

I rolled back flat on the bed as he rose up, straddling my chest. One of his wool-stockinged feet was on the bed; the other, he planted firmly on the floor. His hard cock stood at attention 18 inches over my face. My elbow, now bent at a right angle, rose straight up to where my hand disappeared into his sweet butt.

To my buddy, the guy said, "Open the door."

A gang of men gathered. Almost instantly. From the hall they watched our hard *pas de deux*: him standing; me laid back, handballing up into his ass arched over my chest. The bigger the crowd got, the bigger his dick got.

I had a genuine exhibitionist, literally, on my hand.

Then, one of those moments, that will for sure flash by as I someday lie dying, clicked into unforgettable focus.

The crowd was big enough. My fist was in full-bore, classical clench inside his first ass chamber. His cock vaulted up past his navel. Everything about the scene was in perfect balance.

He looked at the men in the hall. He looked down at me with *Here-Goes* written all over his face. He was aiming to score a perfect Olympic 10-Action.

"Do it," I said.

With grace no gymnast ever knew, he bent from the waist. His swooping body stayed hard and firm. As he folded down, his

cock passed tightly through the canyon between his muscular pecs. His mouth was opening. His tongue flicked with anticipation. His face, as he bent toward his own cock, came down closer to my face. Intense.

Then contact: lockdown.

His tongue touched the tip of his dick. His lips sealed around the head of his cock. Then one final easy push and his mouth swallowed the whole shaft of his prick.

He started the age-old pump: mouth-to-cock resuscitation. His cock slipped wet and shiny in and out of his mouth. His butt sucked up more of my upward thrusting fist as his hips straddling my chest worked the body english he needed to blow himself to smithereens.

Migod! My view, 18 inches away from this beautiful man's face slurping up his own dick while my fist helped support his straddle stance, was a perfect "click."

He began to suck faster, deeper, longer strokes. Swallowing himself. And then, sucking himself almost to cuming, he straightened up, threw his shoulders back, raised his arms like a bodybuilder winning a physique contest, and roared the animal cry of a man torqued with total pleasure.

As he bucked on my fist, his now untouched cock shot by itself: great white globs of cum slopping hot on my chest and face and mouth. With each diminishing orgasmic throe, I inched my fist free and clear.

The crowd didn't know whether to applaud, shit, or go blind.

"Please," he said to my buddy, "close the door."

Alone, all three of us laid back together. My friend was impressed by the passionate gymnastics of it all. "That scene," he said, "was really primal."

"Primal?" the selfsucker said. "Primal? Huh! It was positively Neanderthal."

And you're a positive 18, I thought, on a double-scored possible 20.

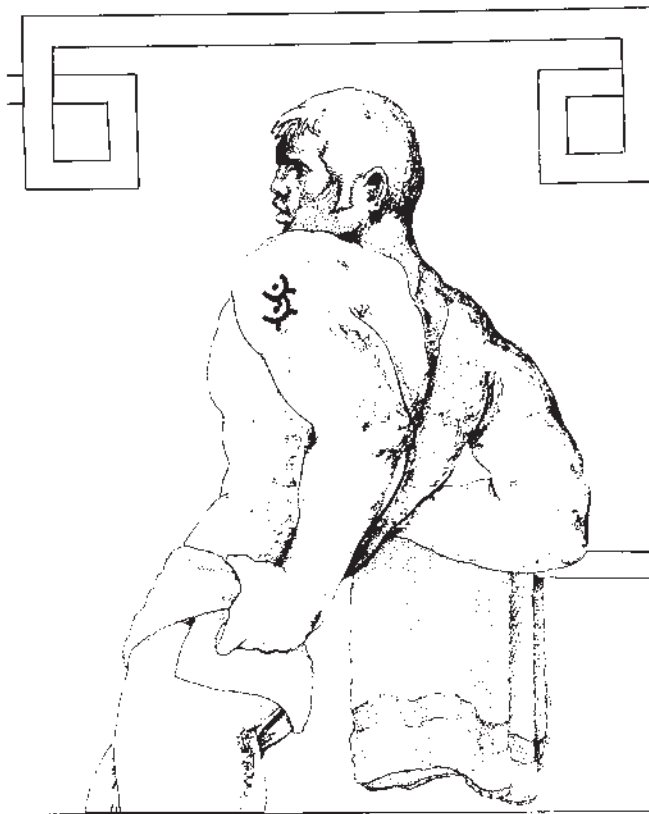
PARADISE

San Francisco, in my book, is the place where, when you go there,

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you get to be your true self. The Slot, when you go there looking for Dance: 10/Looks: 10, is the place most likely to see or help a dedicated selfsucker doing himself, because he knows in such a special City that nobody does it like he does it when he does it to himself.

And “Nobody Does It Better” is the name o’ dat tune!



THE
SLOT

Poster, “The Slot Hotel, San Francisco,” by Chuck Arnett, 1976, featuring his fisting symbol as tattoo; collected by author, 1976.



Photograph of Poster—Video: *Domino Video Gallery*

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