

MASCULAR

MAGAZINE

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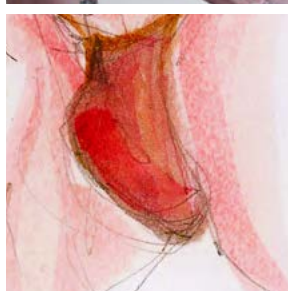
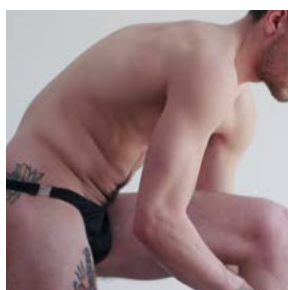
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The theme for Issue No. 9 of MASCULAR Magazine is 'Play'

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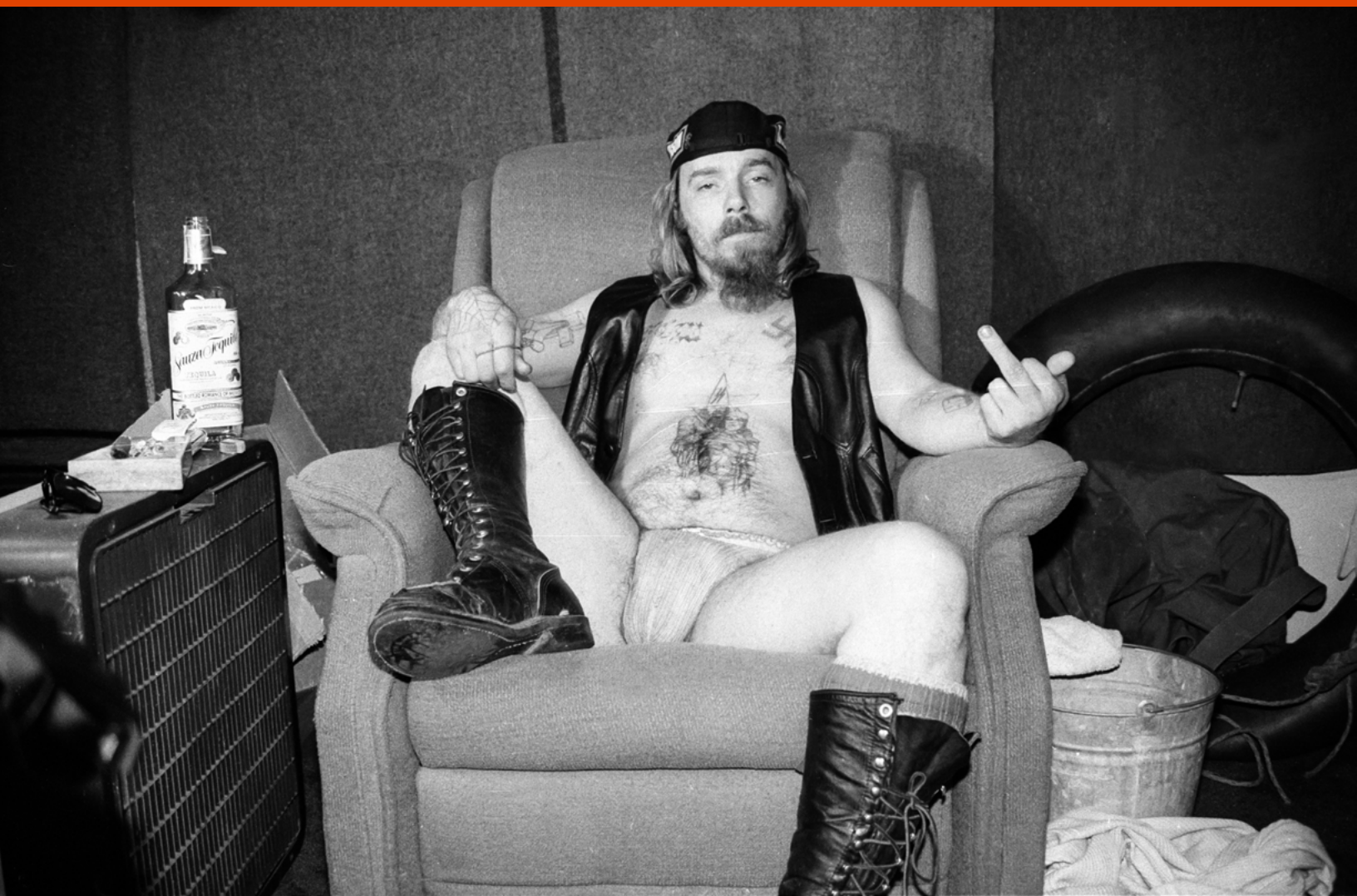
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OUTLAWS

Jack Fritscher

Driving my red Ford F-100 pickup truck, I spied this insouciant outlaw walking down the shoulder of the road. So I pulled over and in the wide-screen movie-frame of my side-view mirror, I watched this ex-con member from a prison bike gang sidle slowly up to my window. It wasn't the first block he had been around as "gay for pay," so he was very affable and totally cool when I offered cash to shoot him. Having perfected his own biker style of long hair and beard and tattoos in order to survive with so-called Aryan gang protection in prison, he understood the emblematic power of fetish, and did not resist when I asked to "see

his tattoos" which was code for sex. Even with the Harley-Davidson cap, the vest and boots and dirty jockstrap, the principal fetish was his authentic outlaw attitude: his face, body, smell, and aura positively dripped dangerous "ex-con." Two days later he was back in jail. Three years later he rang my doorbell, and we finished the shoot. He asked me if I'd be his bitch.



In this photo, the camera angle itself is a basic fetish that shoots up from the feet turning the subject into an icon. For both straight and gay male sports fans idolising their larger-than-life athletic heroes on television while sitting on the couch wearing bits of sports gear, this photo of a predatory American fighting man is like a “Tarot Card of a Bully” conjuring the pertinent fetish fantasies of the sports fans who want to be, and be like, their vigorous gods to whom—even the

adoring straight fans—would kneel in worship, and grovel in humiliation, staring up at the Colossus in their minds. The mix of gear on the moustached, 6-5, and 240-pound blond beast includes: pro-wrestling nylon tights with aggressive American flag motif, leather power-lifter belt, fast-bag boxing gloves, wrestling helmet, and a bandolero of rubber straps harnessing the chest. And that nasty tongue...



In 1987, the popular fetish porn star Keith Ardent wrote to me, "I'm 6-4, 200 lbs, hung 8.5, thick, big, hot pierced tits on hard pecs. I'm versatile in everything I do: vanilla to S&M. Love FF, bondage, tit play! And to show off." So I cast him in my video feature, *Pec Stud in Black Rubber*. Having become friends during the shoot, he confided, "Before I die [of AIDS], my fantasy is to be on the cover of *Drummer* magazine." My heart leapt up. His was a special request I could respond to during the AIDS crisis. He wanted my camera to make him immortal. So I took him to a barn north of San Francisco

where, using "found" materials, I posed him with gas mask, rubber waders, muddy boots, tires, and fifty feet of industrial-drain tubing strategically placed for news stands. I framed the images spatially so that the title of *Drummer* could appear above his head, and the cover copy could stack on each side of his torso. Enthusiastic about the shoot, *Drummer* quickly invented a special "Rubberotica Fetish Issue" starring Keith on the cover, the interior pages, and centrefold where the eyes of international readers turned him into the fetish sex object that he wanted for his legacy: *Drummer* 118, July 1988.



When Mr. America, Chris Duffy, decided to irk the uptight bodybuilding establishment and come out into gay performance art, he came to my Palm Drive studio where, building erotically on his famous totemic physique, I wanted to turn him, in the language of fetish, into a human text message by layering several distinct fetishes onto his “Muscle Daddy” face and form so that the viewer might see that the specific “fetish for muscle” is really about that strength applied

as “sexual power” which is not just “stand and model” S&M, but, in fact, extends muscle domination through such interactive fetishes as displayed in his cold dominant gaze, unshaven face, hairy muscles, leather harness, goggles, whip, hammer, boots, and jockstrap hanging on a gym bench re-purposed as an Inquisition-like bondage rack.



In the Origin Story of Leather, years of fetish evolution inform this Tom of Finland-like photo. Moral taboo creates pop-culture totem, which expresses erotic fetish. The outlaw leather that the swaggering Marlon Brando wore in *The Wild One* (1953) was in fact safety gear for bikers whose lifestyle excited the libidos of masculine-identified gay men who desired the fraternity of the bikers, the blue-collar worker mystique, and the romance of the open road signified by the

horsepower of combustion engines roaring between their legs. Ten years after *The Wild One*, filmmaker Kenneth Anger—as my friend Tom of Finland was doing—shape-shifted the straight leather biker into the gay leatherman in his *Scorpio Rising*. After Stonewall in 1969, *Drummer* magazine made the Leatherman an international icon in its twenty-four years of 214 monthly issues read by millions of people worldwide.



Always mindful of the masturbating viewer of the finished photo as I frame my shots and direct the actors, I try to connect and scramble fetish choices because the viewer is the person who determines what the shot is about, and how it works, insofar as its inlaid form and content connect to his orgasm. Because my purpose is to aid masturbation, a fetish photo is a success if players into a dozen different fetishes can cum to it, each from his own point of view. The diverse fetishes here are: the “ginger” body “fur” and the “muscle” of the “bear”; the fireman’s yellow gear; the red pickup truck; and the black rubber boots spilling droplets into the open mouth of my

actor who happens to be the Colt model, Tom Howard. The difference between Jim French and me is that his Colt Studio puffs and powders his men into the shiny gloss of a lovely high glamour that says “Look. Don’t Touch!” But when his Colt models, like Tom Howard, Brutus, Dave Gold, and Mickey Squires, come to me, I rough them up and throw dirt on them. And they thank me. A Colt shoot makes them look like untouchable gods, and they complain that it’s hard for them to get laid. After I run them over, and re-conceptualise them with fetishes that suit, they look like the best kind of “available.”



It seems as if everyone's secret fetish is bondage, which fits into and complements almost every other fetish. In this homage to classic American literary fiction and to the genre of gay beefcake "calendar art" practiced by Bob Mizer at AMG and Jim French at Colt, this stressed "Mr. August," with ropes coiling round him, sizzles wet on the rough boards of a deck not unlike that to which the young Billy Budd, Herman Melville's iconic gay sailor, was dropped after he was hanged by Captain Claggart who killed Billy to choke his own queer

lust for Billy. The picture design is calculated on an angle of fetish in that the subject is more existentially tangled than tied, leaving the viewer open to the thrilling fantasy of hesitancy and masturbagenic anxiety that a person feels when he knows he is about to be tied, roped, shackled, or spreadeagled, with all his freedom taken away. Or is this Billy Budd simply basking in the afterglow of good fetish sex?



This photo is my perverid fetish homage to the gladiator movies I fell in love with when I was turning twenty and San Francisco's Steve Reeves exploded on the screen as Hercules in 1959, thus building the fetish-film box-office for the 1960s' sword-and-sandal epics starring oiled bodybuilders as mythological heroes and gladiators battling monsters, tyrants, and evil queens. Even though the movie lobby posters for Hercules were bursting with hetero sex appeal, a boy my age living in that puritan decade could immediately feel his dick decoding the subliminal gay sex worship inside the juicy artwork created by Lux Film in Italy and Warner Brothers in Hollywood. So

when the Blake Twins who claim to have been British Royal Marines came hustling to the US, I called their number in LA, and waved American dollars. To create this photo, I designed a direct fetish quote of the first Hercules poster, which displayed a shapely woman clinging to the thigh of Steve Reeves who was depicted many times larger than she. Taking my two Twincest video stars to a deep, muddy ravine, I directed Blue Blake into position on the thigh of Gage Blake. I figured, enough with decoding Hercules. My camera is a power tool and I used it to "out" what the fetish of gay gladiator worship and muscle lust looks and feels like.