



fetish

NOIR

pansexual
pleasures
for
the
perverse

\$18.95

LATEX FUCK

girls just
wanna
have fun!



have you seen
your mother
lately,
standing in the
shadows?



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fetish

pleasures for the perverse

NOIR

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Cover photos courtesy of VCA Pictures

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NOT ANSWERING ADS IN THIS MAGAZINE:

introduction

FETISH NOIR: ALTERNATIVES SEX GAMES FOR YOUR INNER WILD CHILD

(Just when you think we've thought up everything,
we think up something else!)

by www.JACKFRITSCHER.com

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 petri dish. Congratulate yourself! You are a free man. You are liberated from providing seed and cash. Now you live on the cusp of Y2K considering post-millennial eroticism that pleases your Inner Wild Child. Fetish replaces sex.

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

You may be straight or bi or gay. 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.

You know 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 or virtually) before your Mistress or your Master, you know that every caress, garterbelt, jockstrap, whiplash, boot, and shoe is aimed at getting you off in your hand. Every hooker, hustler, and lap dancer in the world knows 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, etc.) invests with sexual power.

For instance, TV news made a fetish of Monica's blue dress, and TV sports made a fetish of 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 girl in a bra (or a guy in his Calvin's) with a cigarette 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 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 Jew fetishizing Nazi regalia. *Fetish noir* is more psychological than a Hitchcock movie. Fetish goes deeper than sex, which can be quite mindless, and actually satisfies the mind. Hey! 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, porno videos often make fetishes of