

I've spent my entire life trying to please women. It's very important that my lady partners experience maximum pleasure when they go a-layin' with me. I actually get more pleasure giving them an orgasm than I do having an orgasm. It sounds selfless, but it's actually a power thing. I like the power of making their bodies shake. And I've become good at it. I've pleased some of them so much, they have a pathological inability to ever let go of me.

But such an obsessive need to please women has sometimes rendered me a two-pump chump between the sheets, and that's what I'm here to discuss. I've had so many humiliating sexual experiences, it's a wonder I haven't killed myself. Or at least gone permanently limp.

I've been a limp noodle and a quick shooter. I've been horrifyingly impotent, my cock a wrinkled baby turtle afraid to poke out its head. There was a time...recently...when, naked in bed with a girl, I came all over my leg even before I had a chance to stick it in her and then had to try and clean up the mess before she noticed.

What pitiful creatures we are. Mother Nature places us on a giant stage and then laughs at us. She gives us bodies that often betray us in nasty, nasty ways. We are animals, but we are also something more than animals, and it's this "something more" part which always ruins sex. You never hear of impotence or premature ejaculation in the animal kingdom.

Performance anxiety, the perpetual affliction of the sexually insecure, works a cruel, wicked inversion upon its victims. With mathematical precision, concern for one's performance works in inverse proportion to the *actual* performance that results. Self-consciousness, for all its good intentions, works against you. Sex is always worse when you're worried about making it better. And the less you care, the better you'll perform. This is a natural law and has never been broken.

**WHAT'S WORSE** than not being able to get it up or cumming too quick? How about cumming too quick before you've even fully gotten it up? That happened to me about a year ago at a cathouse just south of Reno.

I'm a white guy who doesn't feel guilty for being white, but I also enjoy having sexual relations with Negro women. And before you call me a racist for using the word "Negro," ask yourself this—have YOU had sex with three Negresses like I have? That's right, I said it—THREE of 'em! I had Jungle Fever back before it was cool, byaaaatch! Black women smell like honey, candle wax, and a hint of chicken soup, and that's all right with this here peckerwood. I like black chicks and they like me, so ya betta check yo'self before ya wreck yo'self.

I met my first Negress sex toy around the time I graduated from college. She was a dark-skinned, big-booty sista from Allentown, Pennsylvania, who was so shy she used to undress underneath the sheets, but once you got her goin'...rrroowW! A real jungle cat. But come to think of it, I once had trouble getting it up with her after I'd blown off half my face snorting coke.

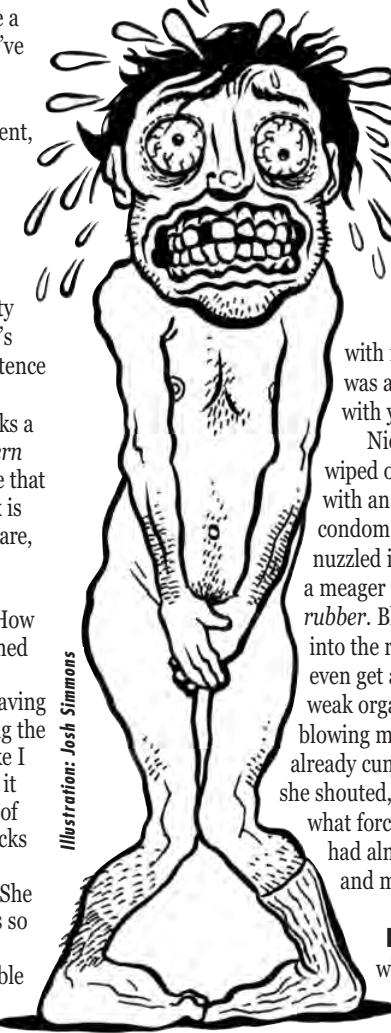
**"It was an awfully weak orgasm, and I felt like an absolute idiot for blowing my load so quickly. When I told her I'd already cum, she laughed out loud."**

I have severe problems with the idea of paying for sex, but when someone offers you a free hooker, what do you expect me to do? Early last summer, a friend of *Exotic's* gave me and my entire travelin' crew a free pass at a Reno whorehouse. As I exited the blinding desert heat and entered the dark, icy-cold, high-tech bordello, the hookers lined up obediently in the front parlor. Wearing my gray Rebel soldier hat, I went straight for a nineteen-year-old dark-chocolate chick from Watts with a flat nose, big bubble butt, and greasy Jheri-curl ringlets. She said her name was "Bamboo."

She escorted me to a service desk and told the madame that I had chosen her for a private "party." We retired to her small room. She lit some incense, turned on the black light, and flicked on her boombbox to some buttery soul music.

As we lounged around her bed sipping soft drinks, she told me she only started hooking in Nevada two weeks ago in order to get money while her man languished in LA County Jail. I'm sort of surprised I didn't get a huge erection merely from listening to her hard-luck story. I wanted to reenact the Watts riots between her legs.

# PERFORMANCE ANXIETY



But I was thinking too much, and that's always a bad thing. I started feeling that dreadfully familiar stony/frozen apprehension. I explained to her that I felt weird because there's something...*artificial* about having sex with a hooker.

My whole head trip revolves around knowing that the chick likes me and is willing to lose control with me, but a hooker...well, she's like a paid temp worker.

"Oh, but I'm *attracted* to you," she said, with no way of me knowing whether or not it was a lie. "I think I might even have an orgasm with you."

Nice try, honey, but I wasn't getting hard. She wiped off my pee-pee, still pathetically shriveled, with an antiseptic wet-nap before trying to apply a condom. My pathetic wormy half-hard bone-bone nuzzled itself halfway up the condom before shooting a meager milky spurt *right as she was putting on the rubber*. Blop...blop...blop...a few quick, anxious squirts into the rubber, and I was down for the count. I didn't even get a chance to stick it in her. It was an awfully weak orgasm, and I felt like an absolute idiot for blowing my load so quickly. When I told her I'd already cum, she laughed out loud. "I'm da bomb!" she shouted, thinking that her pulsating sexual heat was what forced me to shoot my gunk so quickly. No, she had almost nothing to do with it. It's all about me and my sick mind.

**LATER THAT NIGHT**, I was talking in the whorehouse parking lot with another black girl, a huge, stomping, Chaka Khan-styled hippo with a happy-happy, fun-fun personality.

Wearing a swirly, leopard-patterned sarong thing, she said she was a fan of my writing. Then, out of nowhere, she offered to blow me for free in the front seat of her car, which was parked right in front of the cathouse entrance. Wow...two Negro girls in the *same night* in this almost-all-white state! Go, white boy, go! I became excited by the idea of getting caught and possibly lynched by an angry, torch-bearing mob of Nevadans. I unzipped my jeans and pulled it out.

I had no problem getting really hard. I was proud of my white-boy cock as her big bushy hair bobbed up and down on my lap. She stopped to compliment my dick and then kept sucking. She was good at it, too. I arched my back and shot a mighty load down her throat. Over a late-night breakfast at a greasy restaurant, she later told me she used to hook for a living and is now a madame at a whorehouse across town. A few days later she met up again with me in LA and we got a hotel room for the night. No problems at all. We both get off. The next day she drove me down the coast to San Diego, and white boy got a severe sunburn.

So why no performance anxiety in this case? Because this girl wasn't getting paid to do it...she *wanted* to do it. And that made all the difference to me. I enjoy being worshipped by women. If that makes me an asshole, well, just hope this asshole doesn't shit in your mouth.

**A monthly column in which *EXOTIC*'s writers\* recall their MOST EMBARRASSING SEXUAL EXPERIENCES**

\*We think it's mostly Goad

I am not proud to be telling you this, my friends. If there is any pride, any dignity here at all, it is that I'm mildly proud that I'm *not* so proud that I'd try to hide something this embarrassing from you. I'm sure some of you will be shocked by my story. Others will congratulate me for my candor. Others will call me a fool. Some will pat me on the back. Yet more will challenge me to a fistfight. These are the risks that one takes in life, risks that grow yet riskier when one reveals that as a teen, one tried to make one's brother's dachshund blow him.

How sad is it that I couldn't even get a *dog* to have sex with me? And it was a *male* dachshund, which doesn't help things at all.

All I can say in my defense is that I was horny. My teen boner was a Fist of Life reaching toward the sun. From morn 'til midnight, I'd be walking around bumping into things with that vicious, snarling narwhal tusk, that divining-rod perpetual early teen soupbone, that never-say-die desperate sort of erection you never really seem to achieve again after those initial glory years.

Twas an age when I feared that literal death would occur if I didn't masturbate at least once daily. Teen vagina still seemed unattainable, and at this point in the mid-70s at a Catholic school, real live intercourse was rare. So I jerked off a lot. Jerked off to models in ads from *Philadelphia* magazine. I still remember one blonde with combed-back wet hair and a wet T-shirt...came on her tits a few times...don't remember what the ad was for, though. Jerked off to the sound of Donna Summer's grunts on "Love to Love You, Baby" as it floated from the transistor radio in our bathroom. Within six months of discovering I was able to have an orgasm, I had yanked enough wads out of my dick to fill a gallon bucket of ice cream.

It was the fall of 1975, my freshman year in high school. Jethro Tull and Blue Oyster Cult and Kansas ruled the airwaves. Sideburns and free sex and lava lamps and party vans and serial killers dotted the landscape. My favorite album was Queen's *A Night at the Opera*. The kids' favorite TV show at my school was *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

I was a freshman in high school, a lonely, socially crippled virgin, sipping cherry Coke all over myself at the mall during an excruciatingly awkward date with a real live girl, a girl I never even got to kiss, much less fuck with that eterna-boner of mine.

A social idiot, I lived almost exclusively within my own head. One lonely Friday night a few months prior to my sexual encounter with the dachshund, I'd gulped a half-dozen Vivarin diet tablets, danced my pale jiggly ass off to The Sylvers' "Boogie Fever" blaring from my bedroom radio, then puked my guts out and swore to myself that I'd never do drugs again.

My brother lived in a sprawling, grimy apartment in a dead industrial patch near where south Philadelphia becomes Delaware.



"The dog sniffed my cock, took a few licks, and then jumped off the bed. He seemed bored, and perhaps disgusted, at the prospect of sex with me."

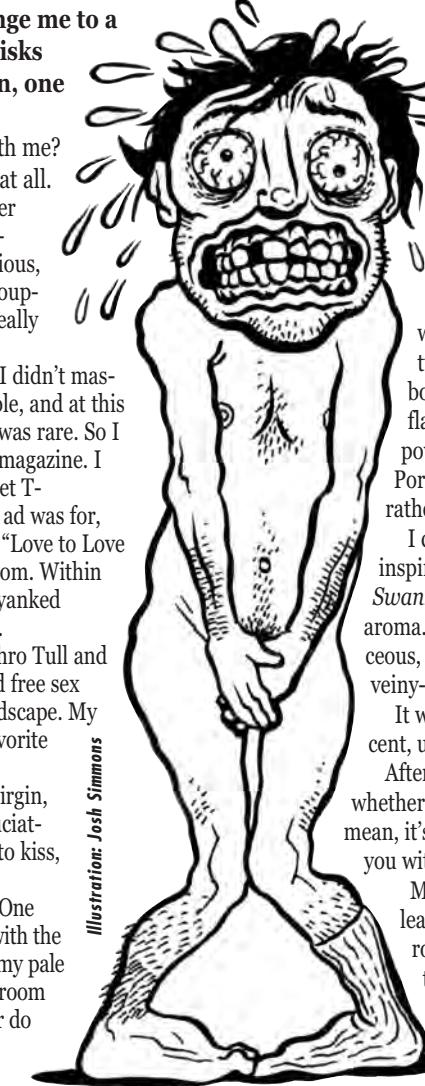
Oil refineries and bikers. Blueberry soda and swamplands. He had just finished with his first marriage and lived alone.

Well, not truly alone. Not if you count his dachshund.

For some reason which escapes me now as I'm older and fairly punch-drunk from life's indignities, my brother was gone that night and I was alone at his apartment at the edge of railroad tracks and biker bars and refinery towers.

Again...I was not *truly* alone. Not when one considers the dog. I forgot his name. A stout little dachshund, the so-called "wiener dog." Before the evening was over, this particular dachshund would become a wiener dog in another, sicker sense of the word.

**PERFORMANCE ANXIETY**



My brother kept a stack of porno magazines in his bathroom...1970s porn, the best there ever was, the best there ever will be.

Unabashed porn featuring women who had never been told that what they were doing wasn't dirty, who labored under the belief that they were doing something wrong and would someday be punished for it. Women revealing the sort of charms that men tend to forget when women are clothed. Lurid, garish bubble-gum twats hiding amid tall, thick bushes. Natural boobs hanging every which way. A girl who tied her flappy cuntrips into pretzel shapes. Ads for battery-powered devices ensured to save your marriage. Pornography seemed magical and golden back then rather than boring and clinical.

I can't remember which publication I settled on for inspiration that night...*Hustler* or *Oui* or *Gent* or *Swank* or *Cherry*, but something of that caliber and aroma. But it only took a few ganders at those curvaceous, Jimmy Carter-era shrimp cocktails before I was veiny-hard and ready for action.

It was then that I looked down at the dog. The innocent, unsuspecting dog.

After all, a warm, wet tongue is a warm, wet tongue whether it's on a dog or a human or a Martian, right? I mean, it's not like I was going to touch *his* dick, right? Are you with me? No?

My pants around my ankles, my cock hard as leather nunchucks, I waddled into my brother's bedroom, jumped on the bed, and summoned the dog to join me. He eagerly jumped up, unaware of the innocence-shattering abuse which would befall him. Somewhat firmly, I guided his head toward my rigid teencock.

I'm not really sure what I expected him the poor beast to do. Did I really think he'd start sucking away like some sea-soused sea-hag?

Thankfully, the dachshund, unlike me, was born with the sort of instincts that told him this was *not* a good idea.

The dog sniffed my cock, took a few licks, and then jumped off the bed. He seemed bored, and perhaps disgusted, at the prospect of sex with me. I felt like a total asshole. I felt worthless. I didn't have a girlfriend...I didn't have *any* friends...and now I was forced to endure the unique shame that occurs when a presumably inferior animal rejects your offer of some quickie bestial sex.

Nevertheless, I was still feeling randy. I pumped my still-hard wang until I shot my teen-goo all over my brother's bedroom. I don't even remember if I cleaned it up. If I didn't, well, I'm sorry, Johnny. And I'm sorry for the sexual abuse to which I subjected your pet dachshund, a creature that I'm sure has passed into another dimension by now...a pure, celestial dimension where things such as sexual abuse between different species don't exist. a safe, fluffy place where dachshunds aren't forced to suck cock and where lonely teenaged boys don't wind up feeling sexually rejected by canines.

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