

interview with a

MALE PROSTITUTE



spike "daddy biscuits" fenster:
keepin' it real on portland's mean streets

Daddy Biscuits is a Portland sex-industry legend. He's been peddling his ample manhood on downtown Burnside since Reagan was president. Although we all know him as Daddy Biscuits, he was born Harlan "Spike" Fenster about 30 years ago "somewhere in the Midwest." He came to Portland in the mid-'80s looking for "some fun," and he's been a jovial, easily recognized fixture in the downtown sex scene ever since.

And though he's rumored to wield his mast with a professional's finesse, his skills extend far beyond the boudoir. This is one talented ho we're talking about. His huge, misshapen penis recently starred in *Biscuits 'n' Gravy*, an interracial porno starring actress Gravy Jones. He writes erotic fiction "in a Goth style" and is co-editor of a zine called *'BOUT TIME!!!*, which features nude pictorials of girls who've turned 18 within the last month. He also finds the time to host empowerment workshops, working with other sex activists on behalf of political rights for male prostitutes.

I caught up with Daddy Biscuits at the Subway sandwich store at Broadway and Burnside. Over lunch, we covered a range of topics germane to male prostitution specifically and sex-industry workers generally. I found him to be an engaging, candid interview subject. He seems happy with where he is in life.

But life for one of P-Town's better-known male escorts isn't all fun 'n' games. His eager smile tends to mask a darker, possibly vicious side. He refused to talk about when the FBI shut down his website, DaddyBiscuits.com. "I didn't know the girls were *that* young," is all he'll say now. He also threatened to end the interview when I mentioned the notorious melee which broke out at a local strip club after a visibly drunken Daddy Biscuits interrupted a female dancer's set, commanding the stage and launching into a harangue about how the industry discriminates against male dancers. (*Ed.'s note: Although Daddy Biscuits says he "would like to dance professionally" sometime in the future, he currently only attends Portland strip clubs as a client.*)

Is it true that your father was also a male prostitute?

Daddy Biscuits: Yeah, Big Buck Fenster was his name. Turned thousands of tricks throughout the Northwest. Good man, even though he did some bad things to me. I cried the day he died. My daddy was a male prostitute, and his daddy before him. What, I'm so special and cool that I have to find another line of business?

What about rumors that you were sexually abused by your father?

Most of them are probably true. Daddy wasn't a saint, OK? But we mended our bridges before he died. Worse than anything he ever did was the gang-raping I got at the hands of my uncles and cousins one night during the harvest festival. That scarred me for life. Turned me into a fag for a while, too, but I'm not a fag anymore.

How'd you get the nickname "Daddy Biscuits"?

Because I eat a lot of biscuits. But lately I've been using Metabolife and dropped about 30 pounds. I'm not as fat as I used to be, that's for sure.

Didn't you just become a "daddy" in the literal sense?

Yeah, my son Festus Fenster is two months old. I'm going to try my best to keep him out of the porno industry.

How much money do you make as a sex worker?

Some nights I go home with five bucks, sometimes as much as a hundred. It all depends. It's not as easy to make money as they make it look on the TV. Quite honestly, male prostitution isn't as cool as people think. And sometimes, when conditions get bad, it's hard for me to maintain a sex-positive attitude.

What *won't* you do with a client?

I really don't like blowing guys, but if I have to, I have to. But it's not like I enjoy it or anything. I'll do anal and interracial, but not at the same time. But otherwise, I'm pretty wide open. Fat chicks, old chicks, even large groups of guys if I'm drunk enough—I'll do 'em all, so long as they have money! When things get really bad, I'll do almost anything for a pack of smokes. Or free beer is even better. Just buy me a six-pack of Hamm's cans, and I'm good to go. That shit turns me into a real boner machine.

Describe the moment when you most felt, "I wish I wasn't a male prostitute."

There was this time when I was slipped the date-rape drug at a local dance club. What happened after that was pretty bad.

How does it feel to be a male in an industry dominated by females?

Lonely a lot, sometimes, if you want to know the truth. Some of the things the girl prostitutes say about me hurt my feelings, too, sometimes.

What do you do when you're not doing sex work?

I have hobbies. I make a lot of chicken and salmon jerky in my home dehydrator. See, I don't limit myself to the beef like most guys do. I'm all about the jerky, not just the beef.

What is your stance on terrorism?

I'm against it.

Are there things about you that might surprise us?

I have a passion for Native American pottery. I'm also an Aries. And I like cheese. I'll put it on anything!

What is your motto?

"I know what you want—and I've got it!"

Have you ever been exposed to any STDs as a result of your work?

I got a case of the shingles once.

Any advice to young male prostitutes out there?

Just keep turnin' your tricks and swingin' your dicks, you know? Really, just keep to it and you'll make it in this business, guys. There's plenty to go around, trust me. There will always be money out there for good cock. Good cash for good cock, that's the way of the world. And maybe get yourself a few different costumes, too, because the clients seem to like that.

"I'll do anal and interracial, but not at the same time."