

"I'm sorry Mr. Thorne, patients receiving chem therapy must sit in vinyl chairs or on some non-porous surface. If we were to spill any chems on a cloth chair, it would have to be destroyed," [actual quote]

[Note that hair tinting substances are going directly into vein.]

[Drug names.] [Lung-Z-Boy from hell.]

[My colon biopsy... liver... lymph... ileum... lung... bone marrow.]

[Fecal smear in formalin used as votive candles.]



decayed elegance

mention
Dr. Cor. again
at end,
disapp.
for
no
clothes

the
film
must
be
jumped
short

We open in the middle of the Adam's Family's living room, where our ~~skinny~~ ^{strange} young man in nerdy glasses (Dr. Jonathan Cantilage) is sitting in a rather mouldy chair surrounded by candles. This is the main set of the flick, cobwebs, tattered curtains and all, and Dr. John gives a little rundown of what we're going to see, as well as a perfunctory distillation of SS guidelines.

Cut to a smoky pool hall (they're big on smoke in this movie) where two buzzballs (the paragon of British manhood?) are trying to play eightball amid the distraction of a voice quoting Shakespeare: what a subliminal messages

Who can concentrate with that racket? especially since *The Tempest* gets quoted six more times in the flick, so the two buzzballs push the billiard balls aside and start to make out on the pool table. Things just start to look interesting when . . .

Cut to a dumpy little man, Dr. Robert Flynn, standing against a wall. Dr. Bob is our conscience; everything he says seems to drip with antiseptic and bristle with Latinate verbs. ~~He tells us~~ ^{He tells us} the while he talks, a raunchy slide show is projected on his starched white shirt. "There more to a man than his dick, you know." In walks our other other narrator, Barry Boden. Mr. Barry offers pithy words of advice that contrast with Dr. Bob's more clinical descriptions.

THIS IS A VERY ROUGH DRAFT

Porn Potato #11

Illustrations: man looking in mirror and seeing Porn Potato's reflection, graph of sexual intensity (from flick), "orgasmometer" (also from movie), some captured stills, and Daliesque mustache to go with shaving instructional.

Pullquotes: quote from the *Tempest*, glossary of British turns.

We don't duck difficult questions here at DPN, but there's one that's come around lately that's downright disturbing, "Which one of you guys is Porn Potato?" Porn Potato is shocked and saddened that his nature is not more obvious. However, rather than succumbing to his anxiety and commit suicide in a Pringles factory, he'll try to explain himself.

You see, the question is not really one of *who is Porn Potato*, but rather *who Porn Potato is*. Porn Potato is an amalgam of all of your hopes, fears, fetishes, and petty vanities. He is your id made flesh (or vegetable), channeled by one or more of the esteemed editors for each issue. In other words, Porn Potato is no further away than the reflection in your bathroom mirror, and no less real than the flickering blue light from your TV screen. Best of all, none of this requires any greater willing suspension of disbelief than, say, opera. After all, do you really believe in a pornworld where all high school coaches are hunky and devoid of pot bellies, where all buttocks are naturally depilated and prelubricated, and where *everybody* seems to be a virgin? Then you believe in Porn Potato. However, all this discussion about veracity has Porn Potato curious, let's try something a little different and review a piece of non-fiction for a change: *Erotic Choices, a Guide to Better Gay Sex*, a flick from the United Kingdom..

The video opens in the decayed elegance of the Adams Family's living room, with lots of smoke everywhere—maybe the fireplace flue is jammed shut. Sitting in a mouldy chair in the middle of this cavern of cobwebs and tattered curtains is a skinny young man in nerdy glasses. Dorian Grey? No, this is Dr. Jonathon Cartledge of London, who welcomes us to his little shindig and gives us a brief summary of safer-sex guidelines. He gently reminds us to be ever vigilant against broken rubbers and broken promises. Alas, that is all we see of Dr. Cartilage, which is too bad. Porn Potato thought he was kinda cute.

Cut to a poolhall, where two young men with Aryan Nation hairdos are trying to play a game of eightball. Alas, they seem to be having trouble concentrating because this distracting voice-over keeps droning lines from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, while another voice at the subliminally faint end of audibility gurgles things like, "suck...ecstasy...floating...first time". These two paragons of British manhood push the billiard balls aside and start to make out on the green felt, only to interrupted this dumpy little man by the name of Dr. Robert Flynn, who is oblivious to the fact that erotic images are being projected onto his white shirt. Dr. Bob wants to start us off in the this journey through risk reduction, but Porn Potato was too distracted by the boys making out behind him to remember what it was that he had to say. Something about there being more to a man than his dick.

Now we meet our main tour captain, another English clone named Barry Laden. Mr. Barry wants to teach us the finer points of empathy, and Couple Number One a here to help. Partially clothed, they're artfully draped across a chez. "Look into his eyes," Mr. Barry advises, "show him how you feel". As the boys do this, we get to overhear all manner of salacious tidbits about their personal life. Mr. Barry instructs us in the finer points of kissing, foreplay, and tingly sensations while Couple Number One eagerly comply. Like the plot of any good porn movie, foreplay progresses to fellatio, of which Mr. Barry has

Addams

hyphenate
eight-ball

much to share. Communication is important, you see, but one doesn't have to shout "Suuuck mah diiick*" to get the point across. (*Now which nation's videos did he pick that up from?) There's no right way or wrong way to suck, he continues, and stresses the delights of versatility, "After all, what's good for the gander is good for the gander." Summing up this lesson, Mr. Barry explains that the best orgasms take two hours to reach, and that for safety reasons one wants to come under controlled conditions. Porn Potato is not sure how much control he'd have after two hours, and furthermore wonders if Mr. Barry has a day job.

Now it's time to get to know our naughty bits (and not so naughty bits). A hot young man materializes in the background as a visual aid, rubbing himself as Barry enunciates a litany of erogenous zones: nipples, earlobes, inner thighs, and your balls, "which are obviously precious" he adds cryptically. He then rattles off a battery of wanking techniques—whole hand, full-shaft basic hand, half-shaft fingertips only (maybe a triple somersault off the pommel horse?), as well as practical advice on the special needs of the cut versus uncut cock. It's also a good idea to practice banging the bishop with different kinds of lubes and condoms, in order to find the brand that fits and feels the best. "Now, let's get to the bottom of things: the bumhole...A lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to using the bumhole as a sexual organ, because of its usual functions." The boy in the background grudgingly moons the camera as Mr. Barry introduces us to Mr. Anus, and how to become friends with him, adding that this expended worthwhile effort "adds considerably to the feeling of submission". Porn Potato is a little confused.

Now it's time to talk (sixtynine) Mr. Barry enlightens us further as we're transported back to the mouldy living room, where Couple Number Two has appeared, sprawled over a pile of dusty blue-lit cushions. "Sixtynine gets its name from the figure formed by the bodies of two men as they face each other" a detailed yet visually vague description, and "...is wonderful because of its fairness and equality." However, the videography seems to gloss over the potential awkwardness of this most PC of queer sex positions, filming from a distance so that Porn Potato isn't quite sure that the models really *are* sucking simultaneously. From there it's easy to venture into rimming. "Don't go straight for his hole. First lick his balls and then his perineum" (*My, these Brits are bookish)...and remember, keeping clean is more than just a matter of courtesy." Truer words have never been spoken.

Dr. Bob intrudes with some pithy wisdom about monogamy, negotiation, and meeting Mr. Right. Mr. Right, he continues, may not impress your friends (or mum) and probably won't appear on cue.

Now we're ready for the big enchilada: anal sex. Mr. Barry guides us into the bedroom, which is just the same living room with a four-poster bed in the middle, where Couple Number Three are about to ride the hobby horse. As they start to fuck, Barry gives us an antiseptically complete description of penetration ("You may be put off by the feeling of wanting to shit"), emphasizing the need to go slowly at first. The disco soundtrack picks up speed as the boys get into the groove. The camera excitedly zooms about like a nervous housefly, strafing the performers as they do it doggy style, as they do it with legs in the air, as they do it off the mattress, and finally as they do it thrown over the cobweb-encrusted bedrail (where the butt boy narrowly misses banging his head as his lube covered hands keep losing their grip on the metal frame).

Time for Dr. Bob to introduce some teaching aids: the "four stages of sexual gratification" graph appears in the foreground, to be followed by an incriminating polygraph readout which pulses with malevolent energy. Brainwave activity, muscle contractions, galvanic skin response, cardiopulmonary readings, and consciousness

lyphonate
Sixty-nine

indicators all surge from the quietude of the green zone into the throbbing redline. [Insert these two graphs] It is this that heralds Mark and Mark, Couple Number Four, the poolboys from the beginning of the video. These guys are obviously the pros, with their "I can take it, sir!" facial expressions and haircuts and flawless switcharoos, they bump and grind and groan and talk dirty. Dr. Bob's disembodied voice points out that much of gay sex is already safe sex, and if you go with as much gusto as Couple Number Four, the worst one could fear is a slipped disk. The bad house music reaches its crescendo as Couple Number Four shoot their collective wads. As they embrace afterwards, the natty green bed is transformed into the green felt-covered pool table, creating a nice sense of closure.

But wait, the fun's not over yet! In parting, we're given some fashion tips on How to Dress and Act Like a Gay Man (just in case we needed to know). With the help of some of the boys, Mr. Barry talks about wardrobe, posture, mood lighting, fitness, piercing, romance, and shaving. "Legs are the current trend," Barry explains, and then offers some ideas about shaving your buttocks, "Like facial hair...experiment with different styles and shapes to find your own individual expression." Huh? Now hold on. Porn Potato knows this video's in English, but something still got lost on the trip across the Atlantic. Personal expression through stylized butthair? What, like turning your full moon into a crescent one? "Look dear, this is my own Daliesque expression of my individuality, *see!* How's the mousse holding up?" [Insert drawing of buttocks with Salvador Dali mustache] Porn Potato is skeptical.

This video doesn't fit easily within Porn Potato's rating scale. Fortunately, your friendly spud has several years of experience designing and teaching safer-sex workshops. *Erotic Choices* easily outdoes other risk reduction videos, although the ones put out by GMHC come pretty close. Most of the models are attractive in an approachable sort of way, and you get lots of footage of them. The information and advice is plentiful, but grownups with decades of sexual know-how can't help chucking at some of the more remedial instructions. That does, however, make this video ideal for pimply adolescents with little or no experience, or people of any age just coming out. Just lock them in a room with the tape and a VCR, and hopefully most of their embarrassing questions will get answered privately. Porn Potato's one technical complaint is the really murky image quality of the video, which caused anything colored red to bleed out of its borders and discolor half the TV screen. One explanation might be that the picture quality was degraded when the video was converted from the original PAL format (the European TV standard) to NTSC (the American standard). Our tour guide, Mr. Barry, always had his hands in his pockets as though he were fondling himself. Perhaps he was frustrated by the fact that he couldn't just rip off his clothes and join the models in the sack.

The video might have benefited from a close-up demonstration of how to correctly put on a condom, but that's a relatively minor point. What is missing, however, is more of the fleeting Dr. Cartilage. The dreamy boys of Couple Number Three should have nuzzled Dr. Cartilage from behind, removed his glasses, undone his tie, slipped off his crisp starched white shirt and...oh well. Porn Potato would have liked that.

even would a reference to the indicators in Dr. McCoy's sick bag apply?

other...
"many other" maybe?

a European standard.
The French are of course different.

hyperate grown-up even less than decades...

Yeah, but you're only the spud's channel.
could we call you "your friendly spud's amanuensis" or something?

So we can
speak with
some
authority

As you might expect, this video doesn't fit easily within Porn Potato's usual rating scale. Fortunately, one of your spud's dedicated staff has nearly a decade of experience organising and teaching safer-sex workshops. The production quality is pretty slick, making for an engaging hour of watching. *Erotic Choices* easily outdoes other risk reduction videos, although the ones put out by Gay Men's Health Crisis come pretty close. Most of the models are attractive without being intimidating, and you get to see lots of them. The information and advice is plentiful, but grown-ups with even a few years of sexual know-how can't help chuckling at some of the more remedial instructions. That does, however, make this video ideal for pimply adolescents with little or no experience, or people of any age just coming out. Just lock them in a room with the tape and a VCR, and hopefully most of their embarrassing questions will get answered privately.

Porn Potato's one technical complaint is the murky image quality of the video, which caused anything coloured red to bleed out of its borders and discolor half the TV screen. Sometimes the picture ~~looks~~ ^{often} looks fuzzy, as though you were wearing glasses smeared with Vaseline. One explanation might be that the picture quality was degraded when the video was converted from the original PAL format (a European TV standard) to NTSC (the American standard).

Throughout the movie, our tour guide Mr. Barry, ~~always~~ has his hands shoved violently into his pockets, as though he were trying not to fondle himself. Perhaps he was frustrated by the fact that he couldn't rip off his clothes and join the models in the sack. Poor Dr. Bob didn't even seem to be a real person, just a man-shaped movie screen with a man's voice who talked about mansex while occasionally occluding man-to-man activity. In fact the spooky sets, unintentional humour, and Dr. Bob's depersonalization made this flick far more surreal than a lot regular wank-movies. Our staff took to calling it *Monty Python's Guide to Safer Sex*.

Erotic Choices lacks few things. It would have benefited from a close-up demonstration of how to avoid air bubbles while putting on a condom. Or, given the remedial nature of some of the lessons, explaining the importance of wrapping one's lips over one's teeth while giving head might have been nice. These are relatively minor points, however. What is *really* missing is more of Dr. Cartilage. The dreamy boys of Couple Number Three should have trapped Dr. Cartilage between their hot torsos, and while nuzzling him and chewing on his earlobes, tossed aside his clunky glasses, loosened his tie, slipped off his crisply starched white shirt and...and... Oh well, Porn Potato would have liked that.

Illustrations: man looking in mirror and seeing Porn Potato's reflection, graph of sexual intensity (from flick), "orgasmometer" (also from movie), some captured stills, and Daliesque mustache to go with shaving instructional.

Pullquotes: quote from the *Tempest*, glossary of British terms.

Before we get into the movie review, Porn Potato would like to clarify something. We don't duck difficult questions here at DPN, but there's a new one that's downright disturbing: Which one of you guys is Porn Potato? Porn Potato is shocked and saddened that, after all these years, his nature is not more obvious. However, rather than succumbing to his anxiety and committing suicide in a Pringles factory, he'll try to explain himself.

You see, the question is not really one of *who is Porn Potato*, but rather *who Porn Potato is*. Porn Potato is an amalgam of all of your hopes, fears, fetishes, and petty vanities. He is your id made flesh (or vegetable), channeled by one or more of the esteemed editors for each issue. In other words, Porn Potato is no further away than the reflection in your bathroom mirror, and no less real than the flickering blue light from your TV screen. Best of all, none of this requires any greater willing suspension of disbelief than, say, opera. After all, do you really believe in a pornworld where all high school coaches are hunky and devoid of pot bellies, where all buttocks are naturally depilated and prelubricated, and where *everybody* seems to be a virgin? Then you believe in Porn Potato.

With that taken care of, let's try something a little different and review a piece of non-fiction. Courtesy of the United Kingdom: *Erotic Choices, a Guide to Better Gay Sex*.

The video opens in what must be the Addams Family's living room, a cross between the elegance of a Vermeer painting and the tackiness of a gothic novel's embossed cover. There's lots of smoke everywhere as though the fireplace flue is jammed shut. Sitting in a richly upholstered ~~but~~ ^{manly} chair in the middle of this cavern of cobwebs and tattered curtains is a skinny young man in nerdy glasses. Dorian Grey? No, the man in the shirt and tie is Dr. Jonathon Cartledge of London, who welcomes us to his little shindig. He gives us a brief summary of safer-sex guidelines, gently reminding us to be ever vigilant against broken rubbers and broken promises. Unfortunately, that is all we see of Dr. Cartilage, which is too bad. Porn Potato thought he was kinda cute.

Cut to a poolhall, where two ~~warmly lit~~ ^{when} young men with Aryan Nation hairdos are ~~trying to~~ ^{ing} play a game of eight-ball. They favour one another with steamy looks as they make clean shots with their long cues. A disembodied voice drones lines from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in perfect Queen's English ("What a piece of work is a man..."). Another voice at the subliminally faint end of audibility gurgles things like, "suck... ecstasy... floating... first time". Overcome with lust, these two paragons of British manhood push the billiard balls aside and start to make out on the green felt, when a dumpy little man by the name of Dr. Robert Flynn walks onto the screen, oblivious to the fact that this erotic scene continues to roll on, both in the background and across his tie and white shirt. Dr. Bob wanted to start us off on this journey, by informing us about risk reduction, but Porn Potato was too distracted by the boys making out behind him to remember what it was that he had to say. Something about there being more to a man than his dick.

Next we meet our main tour captain, another English clone named Barry Laden. Mr. Barry isn't a doctor—he wears a T-shirt and dungarees. He wants to teach us the finer points of empathy, and Couple Number One are here to help. Picture a living room, a ~~chez~~ ^{sig}, and great white curtains billowing like spinakers into the space of the floor. Condensing out of thin air, Couple Number One materialize, partially clothed and artfully draped across the ~~chez~~. "Look into his eyes," Mr. Barry advises, "show him how you feel". As the boys do this, we get to overhear all manner of salacious tidbits about their personal life. Mr. Barry instructs us in the finer points of kissing, foreplay, and tingly sensations whilst Couple Number One eagerly comply. Like the plot of any good porn movie, foreplay progresses to fellatio, of which Mr. Barry has much to share. He informs us that communication is important, but one doesn't have to shout "Suuuck mah dick" Texas style to get the point across. There's no right way or wrong way to suck, he continues, and stresses the delights of versatility, "After all, what's good for the gander is good for the gander." Summing up this lesson, Mr. Barry explains that the best orgasms take two hours to reach, and that for safety reasons one wants to come under controlled conditions. Porn Potato is not sure how much control he'd have after two hours, and furthermore wonders if Mr. Barry has a day job.

Now it's time to get to know our naughty bits (and not so naughty bits). As Mr. Barry stands in the foreground, a ~~hot young man~~ ^{of the name of} appears behind him as a tastefully illuminated visual aid. He rubs himself appropriately as Mr. Barry enunciates a litany of erogenous zones: nipples, earlobes, inner thighs, and balls,

"which are obviously precious" he adds cryptically. He then rattles off a battery of wanking techniques—whole hand, full-shaft basic hand, half-shaft fingertips only (maybe a triple somersault off the pommel horse?), as well as practical advice on the special needs of the cut versus uncut cock. It's also a good idea to practice banging the bishop with different kinds of lubes and condoms, in order to find the brand that fits and feels the best. "Now, let's get to the bottom of things: the bumhole...A lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to using the bumhole as a sexual organ, because of its usual functions." The anonymous background boy grudgingly moons the camera as Mr. Barry introduces us to Mr. Anus, and how to become friends with him, claiming that this "adds considerably to the feeling of submission". Porn Potato wonders what the bloody hell he means by that. Unfortunately, before Porn Potato's question is answered, Mr. Barry turns and ends the lesson with "Thanks Paul!" whereupon the background boy fades away.

Now it's time to talk sixty-nine. We're transported back to the mouldy living room, where Couple Number Two have appeared, sprawled over a pile of dusty blue-lit cushions. "Sixty-nine gets its name from the figure formed by the bodies of two men as they face each other"—a detailed yet visually vague description of questionable scholarship—which "...is wonderful because of its fairness and equality." However, the videography seems to gloss over the potential awkwardness of this most PC of queer sex positions, filming from a distance so that Porn Potato isn't quite sure that the models really *are* sucking simultaneously. From there it's easy to venture into rimming. Mr. Barry says "Don't go straight for his hole. First lick his balls and then his perineum" [*Perineum? My, these Brits are bookish]...and remember, keeping clean is more than just a matter of courtesy." Truer words have never been spoken.

Dr. Bob intrudes with some pithy wisdom about monogamy, negotiation, and meeting Mr. Right. Mr. Right, he continues, may not impress you friends (or mum) and probably won't appear on cue. Dr. Bob is again upstaged by boys in the background, but since they're playing house instead of screwing, Porn Potato had a much easier time paying attention.

Now we're ready for the big enchilada: anal sex. Mr. Barry guides us into the bedroom, which is just the same living room with a four-poster bed in the middle, where Couple Number Three—Porn Potato's favorites—are about to ride the hobby horse. As they start to fuck, Barry gives us an antiseptically complete description of penetration which was tolerable until he shattered Porn Potato's enjoyment of the ongoing visuals with the friendly warning that "You may be put off by the feeling of wanting to shit". The disco soundtrack picks up speed as the boys get into the groove. The camera follows a drunken orbit centred on the bed, strafing the performers as they do it doggy style, as they do it with legs in the air, as they do it off the mattress, and finally as they do it thrown over the cobweb-encrusted bedrail (where the butt boy narrowly misses banging his head as his lube-covered hands lose their grip on the big brass bedframe).

Time for Dr. Bob to introduce some teaching aids: the "four stages of sexual gratification" graph appears in the foreground, to be followed by an incriminating polygraph readout which pulses with malevolent energy. Brainwave activity, muscle contractions, galvanic skin response, cardiopulmonary readings, and consciousness indicators all surge from the quietude of the green zone into the throbbing redline. [Insert these two graphs] It is this that heralds Mark and Mark, Couple Number Four, the poolboys from the beginning of the video. These guys are obviously pros, with their "I can take it, sir!" attitude, no-muss haircuts, and fast and flawlessly choreographed manoeuvres. They bump and grind and groan and talk dirty whilst Dr. Bob's disembodied voice points out that much of gay sex is already safe sex, and if you go with as much gusto as Couple Number Four, the riskiest thing one could fear is a slipped disk. The bad house music reaches its crescendo as Couple Number Four loudly shoot their collective wads. While they embrace in their sweaty afterglow, the natty green bed is transformed into the green felt-covered pool table from their opening scene, creating an artistic sense of closure.

But wait, the fun's not over yet! Even as we're left panting on the floor, we're hit by a sudden, unexpected wave of propaganda: How to Dress and Act Like a Gay Man (just in case we needed to know). With the help of some of the boys, Mr. Barry talks about wardrobe, posture, mood lighting, fitness, piercing, romance, and shaving. "...Doing one's legs are the current trend," Barry explains, and then offers some ideas about shaving your buttocks, "Like facial hair...experiment with different styles and shapes to find your own individual expression." Whoa now, hold on.. Porn Potato knows this video's nominally in English, but he thinks something still got lost on the trip across the Atlantic. Individual expression? What, like turning your full moon into a crescent one? "Look dear, this is my own Daliesque expression of my individuality, *see!* How's the mousse holding up?" [Insert drawing of buttocks with Salvador Dali mustache] Porn Potato is somewhat skeptical.

Porn Potato wonders about the ulterior motives of this video's producers. Did they hope to bend undecided young minds to their will, creating a stable of young men who would dress, coiff, act, pump, and scent themselves according to the videographer's own selfish desires? Maybe this is one of those "recruitment" efforts which our bible-thumping brethren are always accusing us homos. of *perpetrating*

ADOBE GARAMOND

Porn Potato #11, *Erotic Choices*

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like looking at a Hopper through vaseline-coated glasses
Cut to a poolhall, where two young men with Aryan Nation hairdos are trying to play a game of eightball. Alas, they seem to be having trouble concentrating because a ^{steamy looks... closeups of cues speared ~~between~~ between fingers... perfect shots. The} distracting voice keeps droning lines from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, ^{between which} while another voice at the subliminally faint end of audibility gurgles things like,

"suck...ecstasy...floating...first time". These two paragons of British manhood push the billiard balls aside and start to make out on the green felt, ^{when a} only to be interrupted by this dumpy little man by the name of Dr. Robert Flynn, ^{walks onto the screen,} who is oblivious to the fact that erotic ^{this} scene continues ^{both in the background and across} to roll on, ^{images are being projected onto his white shirt. Dr. Bob wants to start us off on this} journey through risk reduction, but Porn Potato was too distracted by the boys making out behind him to remember what it was that he had to say. Something about there being more to a man than his dick. Yeah, yeah...

Next ~~Now~~ we meet our main tour captain, another English clone named Barry Laden. ^{Barry's more of a regular} ~~Mr.~~ ^{guy - his white shirt is a T-shirt,} He Barry wants to teach us the finer points of empathy, and Couple Number One ^{here to} help. Partially clothed, they're artfully draped across ^{with white} a ^{curtains billowing across the like a spinnaker across the empty livingroom,} ^{Couple #1 materializes,} ^{their} ^{thoughts} ^{in voice over} ^{their solutions thought} ^{are another} ^{earnest, but awkward} ^{voiceover,} Barry advises, "show him how you feel". As the boys do this, we get to overhear all manner of salacious tidbits about their personal life. Mr. Barry instructs us in the finer points of kissing, foreplay, and tingly sensations, while Couple Number One eagerly complies. Like the plot of any good porn movie, foreplay progresses to fellatio, of which Mr. Barry has much to share. ^{He informs us that} Communication is important, ^{you see}, but one doesn't have to shout "Suuuck mah diiick*" to get the point across. [*Now from which nation's videos did he pick that up?] There's no right way or wrong way to suck, he continues, and stresses the delights of versatility, "After all, what's good for the gander is good for the gander." Summing up this lesson, Mr. Barry explains that the best orgasms take two hours to reach, and that for safety reasons one wants to come under controlled conditions. Porn Potato is not sure how much control he'd have after two hours, and furthermore wonders if Mr. Barry has a day job.

Now it's time to get to know our naughty bits (and not so naughty bits). ^{As Barry stands in the foreground,} ^{appears} ^{behind him, tastefully illuminated.} ^{He rubs} ^{appropriately} ^{materializes in the background as a visual aid,} ^{rubbing} himself as Barry enunciates a litany of erogenous zones: nipples, earlobes, inner thighs, and ~~your~~ balls, "which are obviously precious" he adds cryptically. He then rattles off a battery of wanking techniques—whole hand, full-shaft basic hand, half-shaft fingertips only (maybe a triple somersault off the pommel horse?), as well as practical advice on the special needs of the

cut versus uncut cock. It's also a good idea to practice banging the bishop with different kinds of lubes and condoms, in order to find the brand that fits and feels the best. "Now, let's get to the bottom of things: the bumhole...A lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to using the bumhole as a sexual organ, because of its usual functions." The ~~boy in the~~ ^{anonymous background} ~~background~~ grudgingly moons the camera as Mr. Barry introduces us to Mr. Anus, and how to become friends with him, adding that this expended worthwhile effort "adds considerably to the feeling of submission". Porn Potato ^{wonders what the bloody hell he means by that} ~~is a little confused~~. Barry ends the lesson with,

Now it's time to talk sixtynine. Mr. Barry enlightens us further as ^{"Thanks, Paul," and background boy} ~~we're transported~~ ^{and fades away (Oh, that was his name)} back to the mouldy living room, where Couple Number Two has appeared, sprawled over a pile of dusty blue-lit cushions. "Sixtynine gets its name from the figure formed by the bodies of two men as they face each other" a detailed yet visually vague description, and "...is wonderful because of its fairness and equality." However, the videography seems to gloss over the potential awkwardness of this most PC of queer sex positions, filming from a distance so that Porn Potato isn't quite sure that the models really are sucking simultaneously. From there it's easy to venture into rimming. ^{Mr. Barry says,} "Don't go straight for his hole. First lick his balls and then his perineum" ^{Perineum?} [*My, these Brits are bookish]...and remember, keeping clean is more than just a matter ^{of questionable scholarship.} ~~of~~ courtesy." Truer words have never been spoken.

Dr. Bob intrudes with some pithy wisdom about monogamy, negotiation, and meeting Mr. Right. Mr. Right, he continues, may not impress you friends (or mum) and probably won't appear on cue. Dr. Bob is again upstaged by boys in the background, but since they're playing house instead of screwing, Porn Potato had a much easier time paying attention.

Now we're ready for the big enchilada: anal sex. Mr. Barry guides us into the bedroom, which is just the same living room with a four-poster bed in the middle, where Couple Number Three—Porn Potato's favorites—are about to ride the hobby horse. As they start to fuck, Barry gives us an antiseptically complete description of penetration ^{which is tolerable until he makes Porn Potato's enjoyment of the ongoing visuals with the friendly warning that.} ("You may be put off by the feeling of wanting to shit"), emphasizing the need to go slowly at first. The disco soundtrack picks up speed as the boys get into the groove. The camera follows a drunken orbit centred on the bed, strafing the performers as they do it doggy style, as they do it with legs in the air, as they do it off the mattress, and finally as they do it thrown over the cobweb-encrusted bedrail (where the butt boy narrowly misses banging his head as his lube covered hands keep losing their grip on the ^{brass bed-} ~~metal~~ frame).

(Where's Dr. Bob walking in front of the living museum of unlikely coupling positions?)

Time for Dr. Bob to introduce some teaching aids: the "four stages of sexual gratification" graph appears in the foreground, to be followed by an incriminating polygraph readout which pulses with malevolent energy. Brainwave activity, muscle contractions, galvanic skin response, cardiopulmonary readings, and consciousness indicators all surge from the quietude of the green zone into the throbbing redline. [Insert these two graphs] It is this that heralds Mark and Mark, Couple Number Four, the poolboys from the beginning of the video. These guys are obviously ^{fast and} ~~the~~ pros, with their "I can take it, sir!" attitude, ^{choreographed} ~~no-muss haircuts~~, and ^{manoeuvres} ~~flawless switcheroos~~. They bump and grind and groan and talk dirty ^{whilst} Dr. Bob's disembodied voice points out that much of gay sex is already safe sex, and if you go with as much gusto as Couple Number Four, the riskiest thing one could fear is a slipped disk. The bad house music reaches its crescendo as Couple Number Four ^{loudly and emotively/explosively} shoot their collective wads. As they embrace afterwards, the natty green bed ^{now empty} is transformed into the green felt-covered pool table, ^{which rates high marks for winning high} creating a ^{artistic marks for} nice sense of closure.

DISCONTINUITY But wait, the fun's not over yet! In parting, we're given some fashion tips on How to Dress and Act Like a Gay Man (just in case we needed to know). With the help of some of the boys, Mr. Barry talks about wardrobe, posture, mood lighting, fitness, piercing, romance, and shaving. "Legs are the current trend," Barry explains, and then offers some ideas about shaving your buttocks, "Like facial hair...experiment with different styles and shapes to find your own individual expression." ^{When we least expect it, and are still panting on the floor, with our} Huh? Now hold on...Porn Potato knows this video's nominally in English, but something still got lost on the trip across the Atlantic. Individual expression? What, like turning your full moon into a crescent one? "Look dear, this is my own Daliesque expression of my individuality, ^{mind still prostrate, and our loins, in our} see! How's the mousse holding up?" [Insert drawing of buttocks with Salvador Dali mustache] Porn Potato is skeptical. ^{hit by a sudden, unexpected wave of propaganda: "HOW TO..."}

As you might expect, this video doesn't fit easily within Porn Potato's usual rating scale. Fortunately, your dedicated spud has several years of experience organising and teaching safer-sex workshops. The production quality is pretty slick, making for an engaging hour of watching. *Erotic Choices* easily outdoes other risk reduction videos, although the ones put out by GMHC come pretty close. Most of the models are attractive without being ^{Wash?} intimidating, and you get to see lots of them. The information and advice is plentiful, but grownups with many years of sexual know-how can't help chuckling at some of the more remedial instructions. That does, however, make this video ideal for



Porn Potato wonders about the ulterior motives of the makers of this video. Did they hope to bend undecided young minds to their wills, creating armies of young men who would dress, coiff, act, pump, and scent themselves in accordance with the videomakers' own selfish preferences?

pimply adolescents with little or no experience, or people of any age just coming out. Just lock them in a room with the tape and a VCR, and hopefully most of their embarrassing questions will get answered privately. Who knows, it might even be used as one of those "recruitment" efforts of which our bible-thumping brethren are always accusing us homos of conducting.

Porn Potato's one technical complaint is the murky image quality of the video, which caused anything colored red to bleed out of its borders and discolor half the TV screen. One explanation might be that the picture quality was degraded when the video was converted from the original PAL format (the European TV standard) to NTSC (the American standard).

Throughout the movie
Our tour guide, Mr. Barry, always has his hands violently shoved into his pockets as though he were fondling himself. Perhaps he was frustrated by the fact that he couldn't just rip off his clothes and join the models in the sack. Poor Dr. Bob didn't even seem to be a real person, just a man-shaped movie screen with a man's voice, *who talked* talking about mansex, and occasionally occluding *ed* man-to-man activity. In fact the spooky sets, unintentional humour, and Dr. Bob's depersonalization made this flick more surreal than a lot regular wank-movies. Our staff took to calling it *Monty Python's Guide to Safer Sex*.

past or present?
Erotic Choices lacks few things. It would have benefited from a close-up demonstration of how to correctly put on a condom while avoiding air bubbles. Or, given the remedial nature of some of the lessons, explaining the importance of wrapping one's lips over one's teeth while giving head might have been nice. These are relatively minor points, however. What is *really* missing is more of Dr. Cartilage. The dreamy boys of Couple Number Three should have trapped Dr. Cartilage between them, and—while nuzzling his ears—removed his clunky glasses, *loosened* undone his tie, slipped off his crisp starched white shirt and... ~~oh well~~. Porn Potato would have liked that.

and... Oh well,

Wulfie
Tommy likes this.

Porn Potato #11, *Erotic Choices*

Illustrations: man looking in mirror and seeing Porn Potato's reflection, graph of sexual intensity (from flick), "orgasmometer" (also from movie), some captured stills, and Daliesque mustache to go with shaving instructional.

Pullquotes: quote from the *Tempest*, glossary of British terms.

Before we get into the movie review, Porn Potato would like to clarify something. We don't duck difficult questions here at DPN, but there's a new one that's downright disturbing: Which one of you guys is Porn Potato? Porn Potato is shocked and saddened that, after all these years, his nature is not more obvious. However, rather than succumbing to his anxiety and committing suicide in a Pringles factory, he'll try to explain himself.

apostrophe -

You see, the question is not really one of *who is Porn Potato*, but rather *who Porn Potato is*. Porn Potato is an amalgam of all of your hopes, fears, fetishes, and petty vanities. He is your id made flesh (or vegetable), channeled by one or more of the esteemed editors for each issue. In other words, Porn Potato is no further away than the reflection in your bathroom mirror, and no less real than the flickering blue light from your TV screen. Best of all, none of this requires any greater willing suspension of disbelief than, say, opera. After all, do you really believe in a pornworld where all high school coaches are hunky and devoid of pot bellies, where all buttocks are naturally depilated and prelubricated, and where *everybody* seems to be a virgin? Then you believe in Porn Potato.

With that taken care of, we're going to try something a little different and review a piece of non-fiction from the United Kingdom: *Erotic Choices, a Guide to Better Gay Sex*.

The video opens in what must be the Addams Family's living room, a cross between the elegance of a Vermeer painting and the tackiness of a gothic novel's embossed cover. Sitting in a richly upholstered chair in the middle of this cavern of dust, cobwebs, and tattered curtains is a skinny young man in nerdy glasses. Dorian Grey? No, the man in the shirt and tie is Dr. Jonathon Cartledge of London, who welcomes us to his little shindig. He gives us a brief summary of safer-sex guidelines, gently reminding us to be ever vigilant against broken rubbers and broken promises. Unfortunately, that is all we get to see of Dr. Cartilage, which is too bad. Porn Potato thought he was kinda cute.

(I assume the mutated spelling is intentional.)

Cut to a poolhall, where two young men with Aryan Nation hairdos are playing a game of eight-ball. They favour one another with steamy looks as they make clean shots with their long cues. A disembodied voice drones lines from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in perfect Queen's English ("What a piece of work is a man..."). Another voice at the subliminal end of audibility gurgles things like, "suck... ecstasy... floating... first time". Overcome with lust, these two paragons of British manhood push aside the billiard balls and start to make out on the green felt, when a dumpy little man identified as Dr. Robert Flynn walks on-screen. Dr. Bob seems oblivious to the fact that this erotic scene continues despite his presence, both in the background and projected onto his white shirt and tie. He starts us off on this journey by informing us about male sexuality, but Porn Potato was too distracted by the boys making out behind him to remember what it was that he had to say. Something about there being more to a man than his dick.

Next we meet our main tour captain, another English clone by the name of Barry Laden. Mr. Barry isn't a doctor—we know that because he wears a T-shirt and dungarees. He wants to teach us the finer points of empathy, and Couple Number One are here to help. Picture a living room, a chez, and great white curtains billowing like spinnakers into the open space above the floor. Couple Number One condense out of thin air, materializing partially clothed and artfully draped across the chez. "Look into his eyes," Mr. Barry advises, "show him how you feel". As the boys do this, we get to overhear all manner of salacious tidbits about their personal life. Mr. Barry instructs us in the finer points of kissing, foreplay, and tingly sensations while Couple Number One eagerly comply. Like the plot of any good porn movie, foreplay progresses to fellatio, of which Mr. Barry has much to share. He informs us that communication is important, but one doesn't have to shout "Suuuck mah dick" Texas-style to get the point across. There's no right way or wrong way to suck, he continues, and stresses the delights of versatility, "After all, what's good for the gander is good for the gander." Summing up this lesson, Mr. Barry explains that the best orgasms take two hours to reach, and that for safety reasons one wants to come under controlled conditions. Porn Potato is not sure how much control he'd have after two hours, and wonders if Mr. Barry has a day job.

Now it's time to get to know our naughty bits (and not so naughty bits). As Mr. Barry stands in the foreground, a tastefully illuminated young man appears behind him as a visual aid. He rubs himself appropriately as Mr. Barry enunciates a litany of erogenous zones: nipples, earlobes, inner thighs, and one's balls, "which are obviously precious" he adds cryptically. He then rattles off a battery of wanking

Strong little men, has
image projected on chest - waulkins

Teaching with for children

TO LOOK LIKE A GAY MAN.
HMM
Jeffrey's remarks

Presenter - Barry
looks like he wants to rip his clothes
and join in.

Shaving - legs are the current trend.

Like David "Experiment with different styles and shapes to express yourself"

hair
Like shaving cream - edible.

Daliesque expression



find your own individual expression."

I have a demonstration of my own ind. expression.

HEAR SET!

Flash someone a moon, a crescent moon if you shave right.

It's my own Daliesque expression of my. Is my mousse holding up?

Rough Sex

be subtle. what are you into

When stops mean stop.

Drink too much goes straight to your penis.
No fun being in bed w/ drunk

Places - Kitchen pass me the pepper mill.
Leather and rubber wear

Fitness
Videos

"Avoid cheap recuts of foreign imports" don't get ripped off

Cockrings
Confidence have confidence to ask.

Four stages of sex gratification.

A graph appears on screen

line pulsates at peak.

erection may be lost in plateau. " "

green w/ red "muscular spasm
premature ejaculation

Monkey-cam

Spore or thought for the neighbors - animal noises

Green bed. The pros - both w/ crew cuts - flawless switcheroos - Mark + Mark Winge?
Give and take - safer sex isn't boring sex. Praises of the dick not covered w/ shit.
Role reversal - Randy talk. Intense G.I. looks, This 'I can take it' marine eyes.

Green bed turns into pool table source of closure.
I always feel so close to THE GUY I just had sex with, even if I've ~~never~~ ^{not} met him before
Feeling more in reality. Start felt on the pool table: Wipe w/ your shirt or mine
Back to Barry - "sex is like a drug"
The fascinating topic of man's attraction to man Bye!

Arjan nation meets Monty Python - how to look like a gay man -
Dress and posture no dark or light
Lighting - low or candles
Hygiene - wash your bum.
Madesec - sunflower oil
Piercing - huh? flowers
Romance - kissing and my fly's open
I didn't know notice the
bushes of 3-foot
long stem roses.
How did I miss
them.

"How noble intersperses
with roundy images."

"The first suck is the deepest"
belt - pants come to high.
decent grinding various position
you don't have to.

"Suck my dick in TEXAN accent."
Nervous hand motions like he wants to rub his crotch.

pithy wisdom from Barry
"There's a lot of turn taking in sex"

Versatility

"What's good for the gander is good for the gander."
slide show projections

(Salvo infatuation)

"You'll want to come under
controlled conditions"

"The best orgasms take ^{each} ~~two~~ hours + build up to."

"You'll want to come under
controlled conditions"

Hand in pocket lets get to know our naughty bits.
The illustrated ^{while my} ~~man~~ in background, starts touching himself

stroking and rubbing.

while Barry enunciate,
"Whole hand,
full shaft ^{basic} hand
to just running fingers
across its length."

c littany of erogenous zones.

Thin membranes...

With u/c dick, move fore skin back and forth
c dicks should be stimulated with lots of spit.

"Your balls are obviously
precious" to using the bum-hole

Clinical descr. of mast.
lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to
of a sexual organ, because of its unusual function

if you push on a little
harder

Excellent results
adding considerably to the
feelings of submission"

Guy "Oh all right" washings

Wider recesses of the rectum

Erotic Choices

Better Gay Sex
You're About to take an erotic and
strange little man in glasses, tie, vest.
working massage.
Adams family-esque backdrop - decayed elegance - candlelit
fairy scene six guidelines

Two guys playing pool
Subliminal messages
"ecstasy, floating..."

Now their own the table.
It's all an elaborate lead-in to titles

Dr. Robert Flynn.
on his white shirt.
him in impossible orientation

dumpy little man w/ tie.
Two couples kump and grind behind
More to a man than his dick, you know
The way we get ultimate satisfaction
there is to start by paying attention up here

We start in the Adams Family Parlor. The must be Johned.

Barry Loden appears on the screen - instructs
stubby Brit - crewcut T-shirt - silver
Use your tongue and lips to send
tingly sensations.

how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty,
in form, in moving, ~~in beauty~~ how like a god.
how express & admirable
in action, how like an angel in apprehension
of the world, the of animals.

the beauty of the world, the of animals.

the beauty of the world, the of animals.

the beauty of the world, the of animals.

the beauty of the world, the of animals.

Get to know your bum.

"Thanks Paul"

Let's talk G9

spooky voice over.

beedy
cling-film

spunk
massage
wanking
bum +
bum-hole
perineum
penis
anus

Room is blue, with G9
caribbean columns, lots of pillows.
A different couple appears. G9, rimming.

perineum

not just a matter of country

advice for meeting Mr. Rigor.

advice for mangriny

spite up sex/life

use PDAs when
meet in public.

Rim.
How to rim
home in on his anus...
Life funny little man talking about rules -
Enforced faithfulness is accepted or respect

Don't panic
Talk about sanitary... dinner naked.

dinner naked.

penetration.

Switching.

Hangins
Hangins

over the brass rail,
over the mattress.

Just say no and then
do something else ^{safe} instead. Mavis. That's
meets nancy reason

Anal sex. Barry intrudes into bedroom.
Camera pans round the bed,
Ernest is probably doggy style.

"cobwebs"

Hand/Wide wide

part on bed/frame - awkward, like too much lube.

Barry again - Balancing camera.
Barry again - preferred position for org.

GLOSSARY

CC

EROTIC CHOICES

a guide to BETTER GAY SEX

#1 Dr. Jonathan [redacted]
(Kobler Centre, London)
(PRELUDE)
Candles everywhere

"What a piece of work is a man,
How noble in reason
How infinite in faculty
In form, in moving, how express and admirable
In action, how like an angel
In apprehension, how like a god
~~the~~ beauty of the world
The paragon of animals."
-The Tempest

#2 Dr. Robert [redacted] - psychologist
(Chelsea & Westminster Hospital)

"There's more to a man than his dick you know"
"The way to get ultin."

#3 Barry [redacted]
"The 1st suck is the deepest"

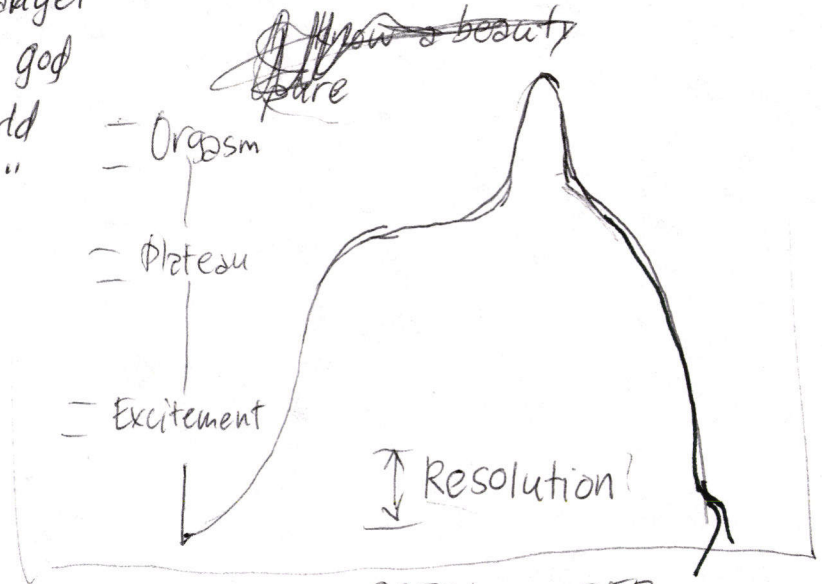
"There's a lot of turn-taking in sex."
you don't have to shout,
"Suck my dick" ← TEX. accent.

"The best o's take ^{about} 2 hrs to build up to, so why hurry?"

let's get to know our naughty bits...and our not so naughty bits...

"Whole hand, full."

11



1 GREEN 9 10 11 2 REP

Brainwave Activity

Muscle Contractions

Skin Tone

Respiration and Heartbeat

Consciousness

ORGASMOMETER

WULF -

Pardon the boldness of my
suggestions... Take 'em or leave
'em, (if you can read 'em.)

Call if you want deciphering
assistance.

—*Kimi*



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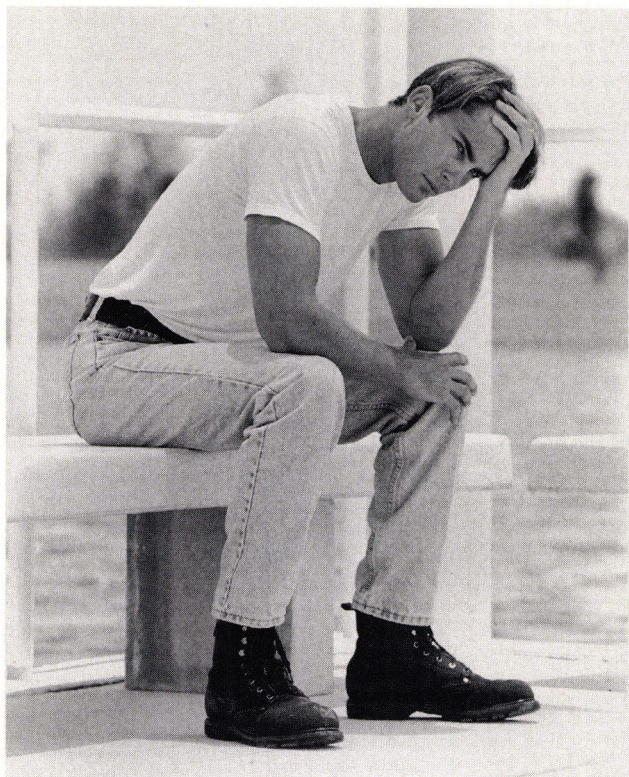
Kira —

I incorporated the
last of the changes, and
then went back over the
text to make it scan smoothly.
As a result, a couple changes
got dropped. Tell me what
you think.

Enjoy
— Wulfie

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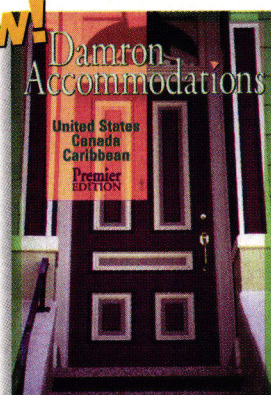
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techniques—whole hand, full-shaft basic hand, half-shaft fingertips only (maybe a triple somersault off the pommel horse?), as well as practical advice on the special needs of the cut versus uncut cock. It's also a good idea to practice banging the bishop with different kinds of lubes and condoms, in order to find the brand that fits and feels the best. "Now, let's get to the bottom of things: the bumhole...A lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to using the bumhole as a sexual organ, because of its usual functions." The anonymous background boy grudgingly moons the camera as Mr. Barry introduces us to Mr. Anus, and how to become friends with him, claiming that this "adds considerably to the feeling of submission". Porn Potato wonders what he means by that. Unfortunately, before Porn Potato's question is answered, Mr. Barry turns and curtly ends the lesson with "Thanks Paul!" whereupon the background boy fades away.

After that, it's time to talk sixty-nine. We're transported back to the mouldy living room, where Couple Number Two have appeared, sprawled over a pile of dusty blue-lit cushions. "Sixty-nine gets its name from the figure formed by the bodies of two men as they face each other," a vague description of questionable scholarship, "which...is wonderful because of its fairness and equality." However, the videography seems to gloss over the potential awkwardness of this most PC of queer sex positions, filming from a distance so that Porn Potato isn't quite sure that the models really *are* sucking simultaneously. From there it's easy to venture into rimming. Mr. Barry says "Don't go straight for his hole. First lick his balls and then his perineum" [*Perineum? My, these Brits are bookish]...and remember, keeping clean is more than just a matter of courtesy." Truer words have never been spoken.

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In addition, Porn Potato wonders about the ulterior motives of the video's producers. Did they hope to bend undecided young minds to their will, creating a stable of young men who would dress, coif, act, pump, and scent themselves according to the videographer's own selfish desires? Maybe this is one of those "recruitment" efforts which our bible-thumping brethren are always accusing us homos of perpetrating.

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introductory (?)

just a
suggestion:
"corrupted"
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Illustrations: man looking in mirror and seeing Porn Potato's reflection, graph of sexual intensity (from flick), "orgasmometer" (also from movie), some captured stills, and Daliesque mustache to go with shaving instructional.

Pullquotes: quote from the *Tempest*, glossary of British terms.

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The video opens in what must be the Addams Family's living room, a cross between the elegance of a Vermeer painting and the tackiness of a gothic novel's embossed cover. Sitting in a richly upholstered chair in the middle of this cavern of dust, cobwebs, and tattered curtains is a skinny young man in nerdy glasses. *Vincent Price?* Dorian Grey? No, the man in the shirt and tie is Dr. Jonathon Cartledge of London, who welcomes us to his little shindig. He gives us a brief summary of safer-sex guidelines, gently reminding us to be ever vigilant against broken rubbers and broken promises. Unfortunately, that is all we get to see of Dr. Cartilage, which is too bad. Porn Potato thought he was kinda cute.

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Next we meet our main tour captain, another English clone by the name of Barry Laden. Mr. Barry isn't a doctor—we know that because he wears a T-shirt and dungarees. He wants to teach us the finer points of empathy, and Couple Number One are here to help. Picture a living room, a chez, and great white curtains billowing like spinnakers into the open space above the floor. Couple Number One condense out of thin air, materializing partially clothed and artfully draped across the chez. "Look into his eyes," Mr. Barry advises, "show him how you feel". As the boys do this, we get to overhear all manner of salacious tidbits about their personal life. Mr. Barry instructs us in the finer points of kissing, foreplay, and tingly sensations while Couple Number One eagerly comply. Like the plot of any good porn movie, foreplay progresses to fellatio, of which Mr. Barry has much to share. He informs us that communication is important, but one doesn't have to shout "Suck mah dick" Texas-style to get the point across. There's no right way or wrong way to suck, he continues, and stresses the delights of versatility, "After all, what's good for the gander is good for the gander." Summing up this lesson, Mr. Barry explains that the best orgasms take two hours to reach, and that for safety reasons one wants to come under controlled conditions. Porn Potato is not sure how much control he'd have after two hours, and wonders if Mr. Barry has a day job.

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(IGNORE THIS HIGHLIGHT)

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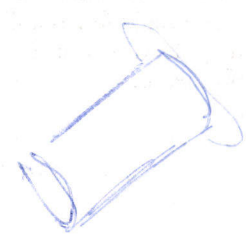
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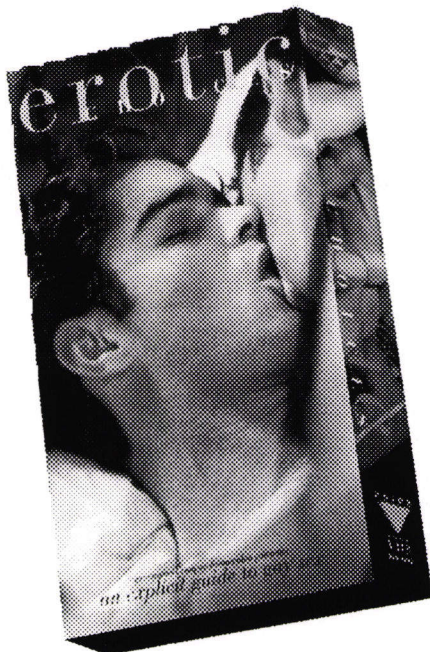
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Porn Potato Condom Corner

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Erotic Choices ©1995 Alluvial Films,
opened four eyes out of five.

Erotic Choices: Monty Python's Guide to Safer Sex

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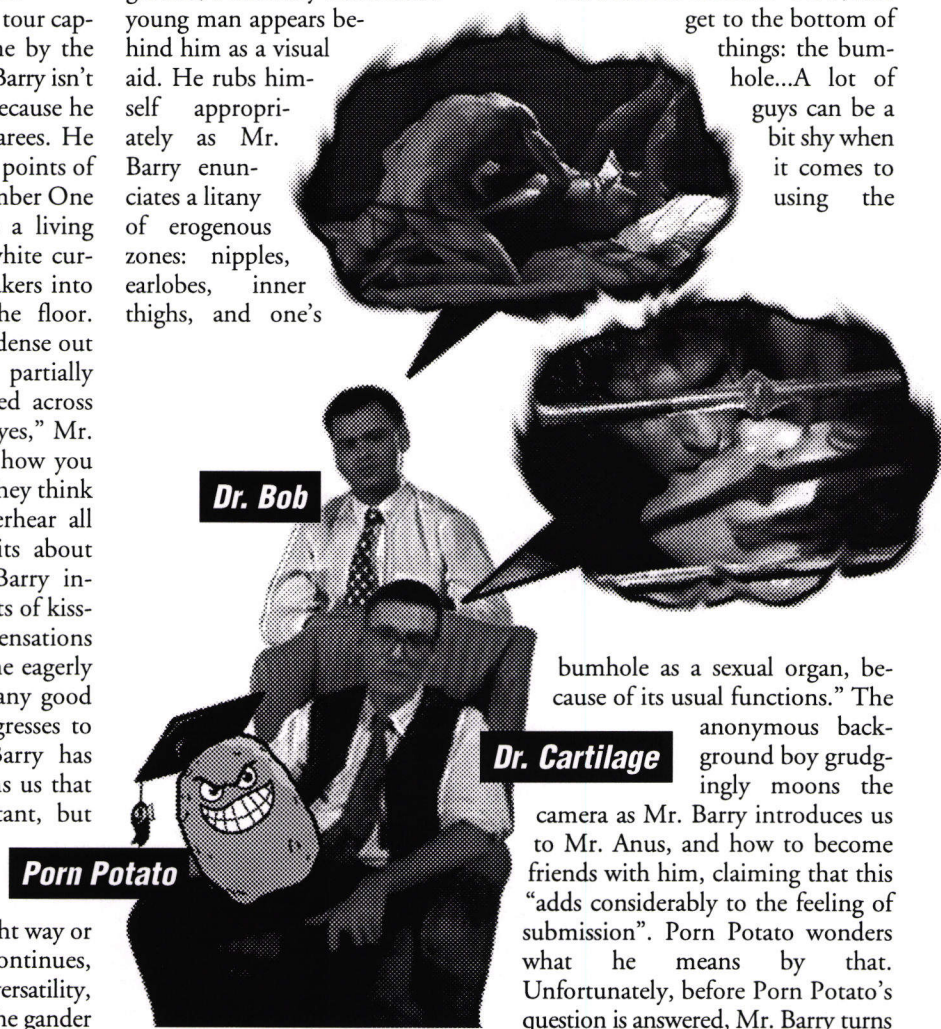
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balls, "which are obviously precious" he adds cryptically. He then rattles off a battery of wanking techniques—whole hand, full-shaft basic hand, half-shaft fingertips only (maybe a triple somersault off the pommel horse?), as well as practical advice on the special needs of the cut versus uncut cock. It's also a good idea to practice banging the bishop with different kinds of lubes and condoms, in order to find the brand that fits and feels the best. "Now, let's

get to the bottom of things: the bumhole...A lot of guys can be a bit shy when it comes to using the



bumhole as a sexual organ, because of its usual functions." The

anonymous background boy grudgingly moons the camera as Mr. Barry introduces us to Mr. Anus, and how to become friends with him, claiming that this "adds considerably to the feeling of submission". Porn Potato wonders what he means by that. Unfortunately, before Porn Potato's question is answered, Mr. Barry turns

admirable. In action, how like an angel. In apprehension, how like a god. The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals

GET FAT, don't die!

Biffy Mae's Booze-Poached Pears

1 bottle cheap zinfandel or other mild red wine
1 cup maple syrup (the real stuff, not Log Cabin)
6-8 large pears, preferably bosc

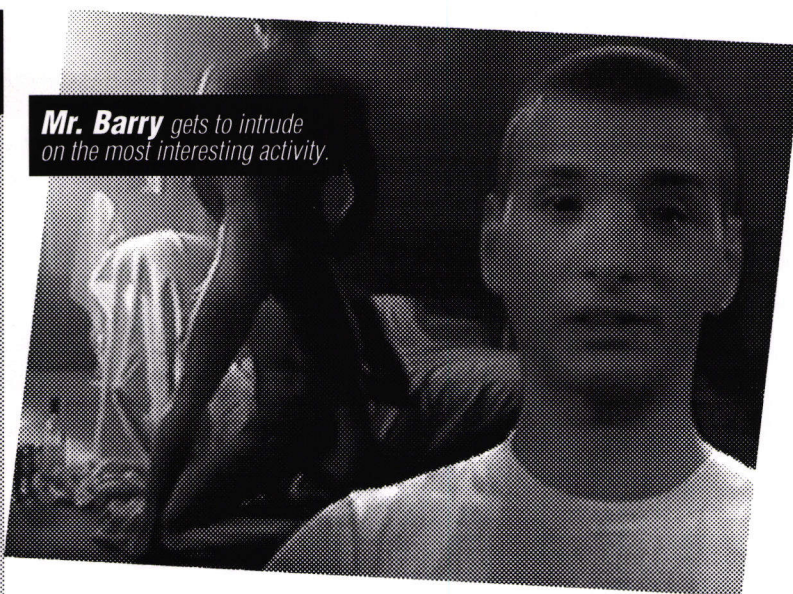
Peel pears, leaving the stem in place for easier handling. Combine the wine and maple syrup in a heavy pan and heat until simmering. Immerse the pears and poach until tender, between 20 and 30 minutes. Remove pears and set aside. Gently boil syrup another 10 to 15 minutes to thicken a little. Serve pears in a dessert bowl and drizzle with warm syrup. If you want to make these ahead of time, nuke pears to warm them back up.

Biffy Mae's Curried Potato Salad

3 tablespoons peanut oil or clarified butter
1½ lbs little creamer potatoes, cut into bite-sized pieces
1 or 2 cloves garlic, minced
1 can coconut milk (unsweetened)
2-3 tablespoons tom yum or red curry paste
1 bag frozen peas, thawed
4 hardboiled eggs, peeled and crumbled

Heat oil or clarified butter in a heavy skillet over medium heat. Add the spuds and garlic and sauté for 15 minutes. Add the coconut milk and stir in the curry paste. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes or until the potatoes are tender. Stir in the peas and top with the crumbled egg. A very tasty dish, best served with a crunchy green salad and fresh fruit. (Red curry paste can be found in most Asian supermarkets,

Mr. Barry gets to intrude on the most interesting activity.



and curtly ends the lesson with "Thanks Paul!" whereupon the background boy fades away.

After that, it's time to talk sixty-nine. We're transported back to the mouldy living room, where Couple Number Two have appeared, sprawled over a pile of dusty blue-lit cushions. "Sixty-nine gets its name from the figure formed by the bodies of two men as they face each other," a vague description of questionable scholarship, "which...is wonderful because of its fairness and equality." However, the videography seems to gloss over the potential awkwardness of this most PC of queer sex positions, filming from a distance so that Porn Potato isn't quite sure that the models really *are* sucking simultaneously. From there it's easy to venture into rimming. Mr. Barry says "But don't go straight for his hole. First lick his balls and then his perineum* ...and remember, keeping clean is more than just a matter of courtesy." Truer words have never been spoken.

Dr. Bob intrudes with some pithy wisdom about monogamy, negotiation, and meeting Mr. Right. Mr. Right, he continues, may not impress your friends (or mum) and probably won't appear on cue. Dr. Bob is nearly upstaged again by the boys in the background, but since they're playing house instead of screwing, Porn Potato had a much easier time paying attention.

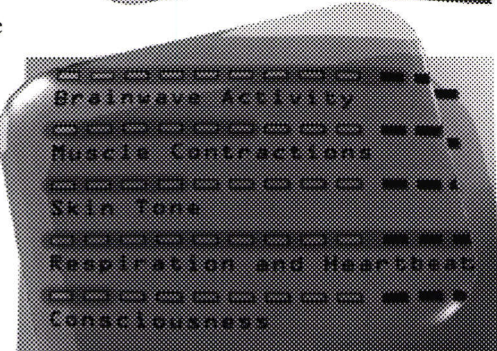
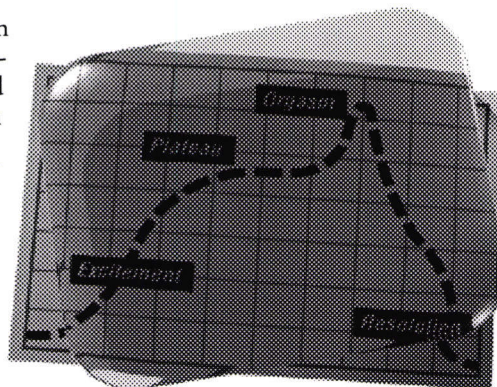
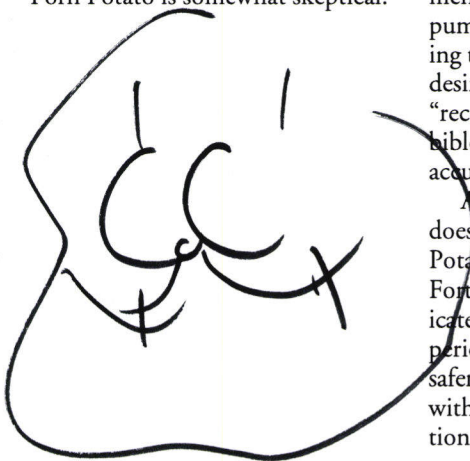
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Glossary

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Arse or Arsehole: See "Bum or Bumhole".

Beeday: A constant source of trans-Atlantic misunderstanding. It's shaped a bit like a toilet, with a gentle spray of (too-cold) water to wash the genitals or anus after sex or defecation. Europeans think Americans are barbaric for not having them as standard household fixtures. Americans think Europeans are barbaric for not using toilet paper. At parties in U.S. homes, some drunkard will inevitably mistake the beeday for the commode, deposit a large turd, and then realize to their horror that pulling the handle turns it into a fountain. Little kids use it to wash their feet.

Bum or Bumhole: Mildly nauseating variant of "Butt or Butthole" and "Arse or Arsehole".

Clingfilm: Quaint term for saran-wrap, the most singly over rated of microbial barriers. Do not wrap your boys in it for longer than three hours since it can cause heat exhaustion. Microwave variety has larger micropores to facilitate venting, may be able to pass germs.

Perineum: The only part of your sexual geography that doesn't also have an earthy Anglo-Saxon synonym for the more formal Latinate term.

Wanking: Cute term for banging the bishop, choking the chicken, frisking the friar, spanking the monkey, etc. Not to be confused with a wanker.

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fade