

BIG, BIGGER, BEST!**NOTES ON THE ATTRACTION OF 'A LITTLE BIT MORE...'**

Who, where or when I can't remember, but somebody once said that there are two kinds of faggots: size queens and liars. Both now have "The Big Penis Book," edited by Dian Hanson. Hanson writes in her preface "Size Matters..." that many people she showed the selected photos to, spontaneously cried out: "I wouldn't let that near me!" I've heard a couple of those responses in my own circle as well - clearly from the second category, sorry. Because a glance at the titles of porn videos from the past decades teaches us that a large endowment clearly is in demand: "Never Big Enough" (Le Salon, 1985), "Bigger Than Life" (Huge Video, 1986), "Big Guns" (Catalina, two parts, 1987, 1999), "The Bigger They Come" (Catalina, 1987), "The Big Ones" (Falcon, 1990), "The Big Bulge" (Catalina, 2003), "The Big

Swell" (Boyrider Films, 2007), "Big Dick Society" (Jet Set Productions, 2007), "Some Like It Big" (Bel Ami, two parts, 2008) and "Big, Bigger, Biggest" (Raging Stallion, 2008, with Antonio Biaggi's "11-Inch Dick of Death"), while "The Bigger, The Better" has been used as a title twice, once in 1984 by Falcon and in 2007 by Michael Lucas. In this abbreviated listing I didn't even include titles such as "A Matter of Size" (1983), "The Young & The Hung" (Catalina, 1985) or "King Size" (Hot House, 2008), but I can assure you that a search on "small" or "little" would not have resulted in a similar collection. This pornographic idolization of hung gentlemen is not a fad of today or even yesterday. In one of the very first modern gay porn novels, published privately in 1881 in London, "The Sins of the Cities of the Plain; or, Confessions of a Mary-ann," the storyteller feels immensely attracted to a handsome, somewhat effeminate young man he sees walking in the street, because his tight-fitting

clothes clearly show off that "he was favoured by nature by a very extraordinary development of the male appendage." The author is so overwhelmed by this sight he soon wonders: "Was it natural or made up by some artificial means?" He approaches the boy, whom he rightly suspects is offering sexual services for money. In the privacy of his apartment the author comes right to the point: "You seem a fine figure, and so evidently well hung that I had quite a fancy to satisfy my curiosity about it. Is it real or made up for show?" John Saul, as is the young man's name, answers him: "As real as my face, sir, and a great deal prettier. Did you ever see a finer tosser in your life?" [...], opening his trousers and exposing a tremendous prick, which was already in a half-standing state. "It's my only fortune, sir; but it really provides for all I want, and often introduces me to the best of society, ladies as well as gentlemen." The sexual gymnastics that follow this conversation

need no description here. It's clear that even in Queen Victoria's age people seemed to go for the bigger-the-better, at least in pornography. And nothing changed ever since.

SCIENTIFIC MEASURING

It's not just in pornography that the well-hung men are dealt a prominent position, science has a long-lasting fascination with big-ones as well. Most fanatical penis measurer of all was probably sexologist Doctor Alfred Kinsey, who, Hanson claims, measured 3500 erect penises for his 1948 study "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," or actually, the men measured themselves with a card he gave them. The results he assembled will disappoint the size queens among us. He came to the conclusion that 65.7% of all erections show between 5.5 and 6.5 inches, with an average length of a little over six inches. Just over 15% of his researched group

had between 6.75 and seven inches, while 8.6% had between five and 5.25 inches. The remaining 10.5% can be divided two-thirds on the small side, and one-third on the larger. Only 1.8% of the Kinsey men had an erection of more than eight inches, and he found no one with nine or more. Still, half a century later a male prostitute described a colleague who pulled out a 8.5 inch dick, as "kinda hung" to Scott Poulson-Bryant, who voiced his surprise about this to "Rob", who presents nine inches in return. "Rob," Poulson-Bryant writes in "Hung: A Meditation on the Measure of Black Men in America" (New York 2005) laughs about his surprise. "Of course, he said that. The hot number is ten, isn't it? Ten is the number dudes wanna have, so they can say, 'I got a ten-inch-dick.' [...] Ten is considered the big shit. Nobody got twelve inches, but broths think if they had ten inches, they's be the shit." Although Kinsey's study was rather controversial when it came out, it was probably not read by the

retired Eton schoolmaster George Lyttelton as he commented on a book review in the "Contemporary Review" - in which the female reviewer had claimed that the underlying psychological reason for racial tension in the Southern regions of the United States, was "the white man's fantasy that the negro has a bigger penis than the European male," - on the 4th of April 1957 to his former pupil, publisher Rupert Hart-Davis: "I find the mental picture of her hurrying round the dormitories with a tape-measure faintly nauseating." The six volume correspondence between these British gentlemen doesn't mention Kinsey once. The remarkable thing is that, while Kinsey reported that exhibitionists didn't have bigger dicks while child abusers did, and that a man's homosexuality could be an indication that he sports a big dick, he didn't report on racial differences, probably because he just stuck to Caucasian men. Fascinated By The Black Man

However, as Lyttelton's remark shows, measuring dicks often has a racial component. Hanson for example reports that Richard Johnson in his book "The Golden Trade" in 1623 recorded about his first introduction to the African Mandingo tribe that the men "are furnish with such members as are after a sort burthensome unto them." He thought this came with excessive sexual appetites as well, which he considered a curse. With the discovery travels on the African continent in the nineteenth century and the emergence of anthropology as a modern science, the physique of African men kept astounding the Europeans. Explorer and eroticist Sir Richard Burton was, as Christopher Hibbert writes in "Africa Explored: Europeans in the Dark Continent, 1769-1889" (London 1982), in the fifties of the nineteenth century in awe of the size of the black penis: "He measured the penis of one man and found that 'when quiescent, it numbered nearly six inches.' This is a characteristic of the

negro race," he decided. "Moreover, these imposing parts do not increase proportionally during erection; consequently the 'deed of kind' takes a much longer time and adds greatly to the women's enjoyment." Sometimes, says Hibbert, there's even "a hint of envy" in Burton's descriptions, although his assumption that the black man was more sexual also became part of his denouncement of African society in general. Probably Burton only measured a few men. This is not the case, however, with Jacobus Sutor, a French military surgeon who spent time in Asia, Africa, South America and at the Pacific Islands and measured men everywhere! Under the pseudonym Dr. Jacobus X he published in 1898 "L'Amour aux colonies" (translated in the same year into English as "Untrodden Fields in Anthropology"), in which he disclosed the results of all his measuring adventures. He wrote about sexual characteristics of men as well as women, but Hanson claims he had

"a clear preference for his male subjects, whom he measured at every opportunity, both flaccid and erect, including many back home in France." The smallest penises Sutor found at his first station, the current Vietnam, where the average erection measured between four and 4.5 inches. He was most impressed with the African penis, of which he described the erection as "an India rubber tube filled with liquid." Although he also found his personal champion in Africa, with the Malinkes tribe in Senegal, a dick he described as "a terrific machine" with a length of twelve inches and a girth of over 2.3 inches, he concluded that most big dicks were to be found amongst the Arabs, with an average erection of 7.2 to 7.6 inches. As a scientist he came to the remarkable statement that a size like that was likely "to produce serious mischief in the rectum of any poor wretch who consented to suffer its

terrible attacks." Remembering an anecdote Richard Burton related with scarcely hidden pleasure in the "Terminal Essay" he included in his 1885 translation of "The Arabian Nights" about "Sa'id Pasha and M. de Ruysensaer, the high-dried and highly respectable Consul-General for the Netherlands, who was solemnly advised to make the experiment, active and passive, before offering his opinion upon [homosexuality]," makes you wonder whether Sutor was speaking out of experience. Sutor's observations seem to prove that black men are indeed bigger than their Caucasian counterparts, but the obsession with big black dicks, which shows when Hanson googles "big+black+cock" and gets 1,070,000 hits while "big+white+cock" only results in 79,300 hits, has of course also to do with a remark James Baldwin made in "Just Above My Head"

(1979) which is a leading motive in Poulson Bryant's "Meditation" "Hung": "It was more a matter of its color than its size... its color was its size."

INTERLUDE: A HITCHHIKER ENJOYS... (IN THE END)

Reality or fantasy, big dicks drive pornography crazy and big black dicks bring everything to a boil, as one can read in the novel "The Hitchhiker," which was released in the Stonewall year 1969 by the Guild Press from Washington, as part of their series "Black Night Classics". In the third chapter the protagonist, Mickie Burcell, who "might have spelled his name as a sissy, but [...] was perhaps one of the butchiest bastards any street-walking or bar-patronizing fairy could care to come in contact with," is taken by two truckers, Pete and Paul. Paul is black and seems to be sleeping in the compartment, although "the sheet covering his crotch was raised up and it looked as though he had

a roaring hardon." Soon after, Pete admits that being on the road for so long can make a man very horny and says: "I could use a good fuck, and I'm sure Paul as well," and pulls off the sheet covering Paul's body. Mickie thinks that his eyes are playing tricks on him when he spots what's between Paul's legs: "He had heard that Negroes were well-hung [...] but Paul's cock was the biggest thing that he had even seen. He wondered if any man or woman could take that thing. It was circumcised and semihard, and even in that state it was at least twelve inches long." Mickie is fascinated by the enormous tool, which eventually grows out to a staggering thirteen inches when he takes it in his hand. He asks Pete if he was ever fucked by it. "Fuck no," answers Pete. "What the hell do you think I want him to do, rip my ass to pieces?" If you're familiar with pornography novels, you don't need that much fantasy to complete the rest of the action: Mickie sucks off Pete first and then tries his mouth

on Paul's dick, because "his pride in cocksucking was too great to let these two strangers know that he couldn't handle whatever they dished out." And eventually Mickie's ass is positioned closer and closer to Paul's monstercock until the inevitable happens. When the hitchhiker protests, Paul answers: "Shut the fuck up before I ram the whole damn thing up your ass in one shove. You like cock, motherfucker, so now you're going to get a big black man's cock up your ass like you'll never forget the rest of your life!" In spite of Mickie's complaints that his ass is too tight, the "monstrous weapon" soon disappears inside him and the initial pain is replaced "by a feeling that Mickie had never known before. [...] Paul began to move his hips, faster, faster, and Mickie was soaring into orbit. He closed his eyes and thought that he was tripping with acid. Paul began to buck like a bronco gone mad, and his shaft moved out and then went flying back in. [...] Mickie squirmed and moved to the rhythm of Paul's hot body. Soon Paul's breath increased and his motions quickened. He jumped and kicked, and

then with one last moan he began to shoot his jism deep inside of Mickie."

THE CENSOR DEFEATED

Reading this chapter made me think of the first scene of "Night Flight" (Falcon, 1985), in which the friskfans.org labeled "spectacularly-hung" pilot O.G. Johnson catches the blond, preppy Buster wanking off in the toilet. The boyish Buster turns out to have a rear-end to die for because even if he "cannot quite get all of Johnson in his mouth, he can take it in the rear easily" (according to friskfans) without complaints at all, so that Johnson can smirk: "You like that, white boy." This brings us back to "The Big Penis Book," because even though the subject matter invokes all kinds of stories, it is of course, first and foremost, a picture book. And O.G. Johnson has his place somewhere in it. In "Hung" Poulson-Bryant comes to the conclusion that we live in a time where "the unsheathed penis, full-frontal male nudity,

seems to have come out of the censor's closet." He even goes as far as claiming there's "a full-frontal assault on American culture" going on. An assault on American culture? Make that the entire Western culture, because "The Big Penis Book," being the ultimate weapon in the aforementioned assault, was published by a German publishing house that's providing the world with beautifully produced, but very affordable art books. However, it is just a mere half century ago that a group of brave publishers and photographers stood up and faced the judicial challenges and opened the doors so that we can now freely admire all this masculine glory. Hanson only briefly touches on the main judicial court rulings, but this history has been written elsewhere. In assembling the contents of "The Big Penis Book" she concentrated on the period 1968 till the beginning of the nineties, the period - from a homosexual point of view - from the Stonewall riots to "before the advent of the health crisis, when people felt few, if any, constraints on their sexual behavior," to quote Larry Townsend from "Of Men,

Ropes and Remembrance" (Los Angeles 2007). This was also the period in which glossy nude magazines flourished without the murdering competition of the Internet.

In "The Big Penis Book" there are several photographers represented who were at it already in the period of physique photography; ones who contributed to getting rid of the posing straps and other masquerades, like Bob Mizer of the Athletic Model Guild and Walter Kundicz of Champion Studio. About Kundicz' photos a judge once said that it seemed that the models were having erections but that seeming wasn't enough for a conviction. Then the judge proceeded asking the police whether they had "picked up any of these models to prove your contention that these guys have erections?" After the negative response he concluded: "How in the world can you tell for sure what appeared to be an erection was exactly that, until they are examined by professional medical personnel?" After which Kundicz was declared innocent.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, MODELS

"The Big Penis Book" contains selections from the works of thirteen photographers / studios, plus a general introduction to the importance of size and an overview of the penis in photography. There are extra chapters on the legendary porn star John Holmes ("The T3-and-Only") and "the myth" Long Dong Silver, who's implausibly long dick turns out to be mythical indeed. Initially it was created by photographic manipulation (which in those days before Photoshop was really an art) and subsequently for the (straight) porn videos by an English prosthetic model maker, who'd also created the appearance of "The Elephant Man."

Although all photographers, with the exception of the Brit Mike Arlen, are working in North America (even Lobo Studios' "Lobo" who originates from Peru), they often have very different opinions about photographing well-endowed men. Lobo says, for instance, that "penis size for me was never an issue,"

because "the beauty of the penis is not exactly size. It's shape, it's texture, it's color." Lobo thinks that the fact that a substantial number of his models are more-than-average hung can be explained by the circumstance that they themselves are very proud of their endowment. This view is also voiced by Sierra Domino's Craig Calvin Anderson, who thinks that "black, white, anyone with a large penis is more inclined to show it off." That Sierra Domino is especially known for black models is, Anderson explains, a result of the absence of attitude by blacks about being photographed in the buff when he started approaching prospective models in the early years of his career. Anderson also says that he never thought of his photos as "masturbatory material." The same goes, more or less, for Jim French, the founder and for several decades only photographer of Colt Studios, who sees his work as art and always claimed that size wasn't important. When in 2003 French sold Colt to John Rutherford, who had become famous as a director for Falcon, this shocked many, because French had never made

it a secret that he considered Falcon as a porn producer, which was not as much interested in the beauty of its models as in what happened between them on screen. French's claim that Colt Studios produced art, we'll ignore, but that Charles Holmes, Falcon's founder, always had his eye on selling as many hardcore films as possible, is undoubtedly true. In an interview, he once said that Falcon tries "to show someone who is universally accepted - nice body, nice face, nice teeth and, hopefully, nice everything else." The latter certainly included also a big cock, which could often be the deciding factor in signing someone up.

Decidedly not universally accepted are the models selected by David Hurler for Old Reliable. Hurler had a preference for straight guys gone astray and "if [a model] had been to prison you certainly want to add ten extra points for that. I came to realize I was attracted to sociopaths." Although Hurler might be the most outspoken one in his attraction to criminals, especially when they looked like it, he certainly wasn't the only photographer who worked

with men who had fallen for the seamy side of life. Several photographers have been seriously threatened by their models, while at least two, Alan Boone from San Francisco and Jim Jaeger of Third World Studios in Chicago, were murdered by one of their models.

While enjoying this book it's better to abandon thoughts about the vicissitudes of a photographers life. Instead, I was reminded several times of Oliver, the protagonist of Fabian Kaden's novel *Murats Traum* (Hamburg 2007). When he's waiting for action in a cubicle in a sex cinema, he notices in a glory hole an erection which is "curved upwards like a sabre and at least twenty centimeters long, probably more - you don't always carry a tape-measure with you," and he thinks: "That certainly isn't training size." And that's how it is: use can only be entrusted to the advanced, but looking at these well-hung guys everyone can!

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