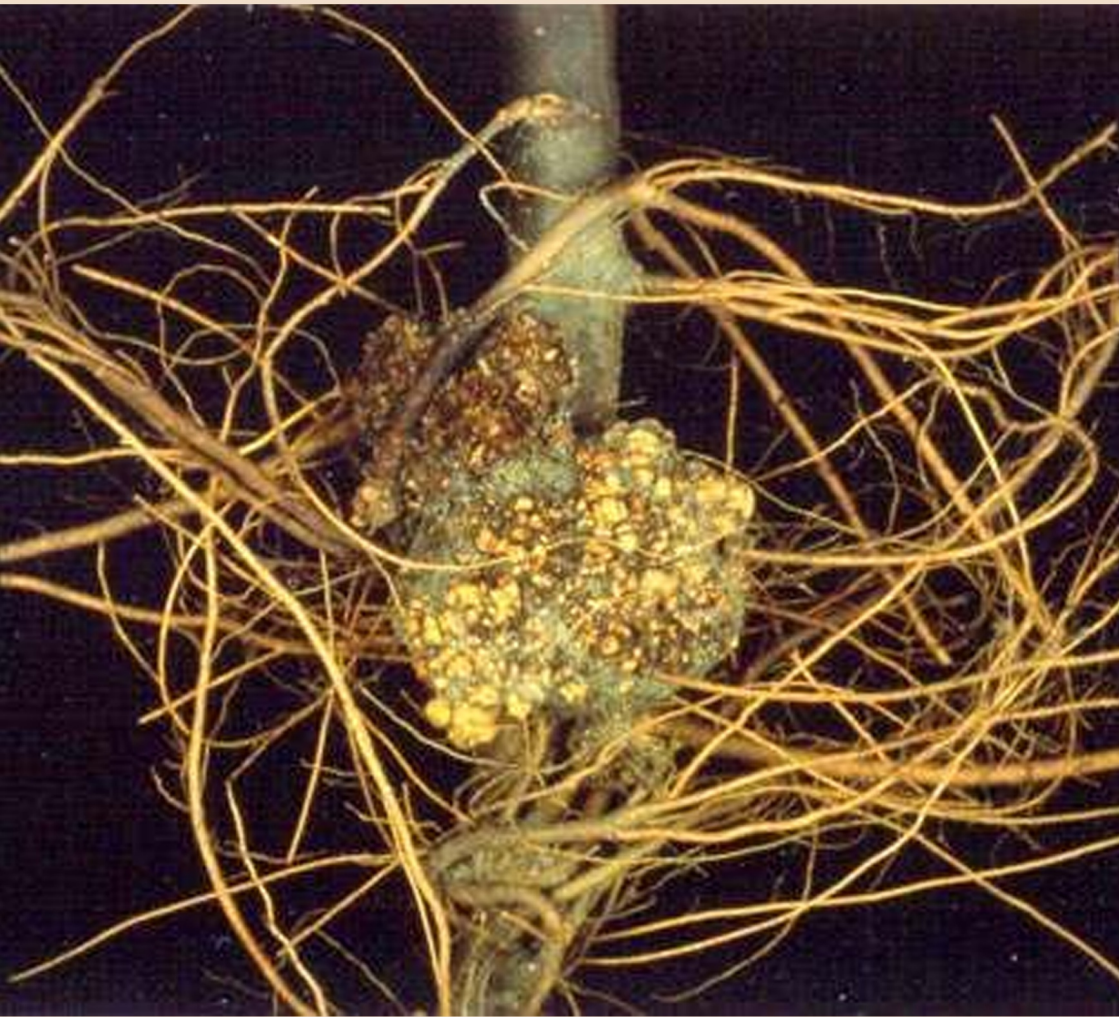


NEED



How many scenes have you appeared in?

Gym, 5 times a week. Sometimes more. Tanning bed, every day. Haircut, twice a month. It's important to me, it means something to me.

Anything less and I would disappear from sight. It took me months to settle on a name. Much longer than it took for me to decide that I wanted to do it. I remember hating my given name from when I was a child; it sounded like someone who wanted to hide, not wanting to be noticed by anybody. I wished for years that someone would give me another name.

What made you want to work in this industry?

Being watched, even just by the mostly inattentive crew, she screams as though she's giving birth. Today's brunette, 5 foot 6 – tiny breasts. It sounds so much more like agony than it does pleasure, I wonder if I'm the only one to have noticed. I can't bring myself to ask. The studio lights are bright and they burn my skin after a while. I tell the director, he promises to do something about it but he doesn't. Afterwards, as I step out into a cloudless summer's day, the strong and natural light of the sun feels weak and unfulfilling.

Were you always interested in porn?

I noticed that I was browsing pornography for longer and longer periods of time. I was developing particular tastes. It would always take me several hours to find just a couple of videos that appealed to me, but I couldn't work out what they all had in common until I started performing.

The easiest work to find is with companies that specialise in certain types of porn. The first work I was offered was for a company that exclusively worked with girls who looked way, way younger than they were. Than they ought to have looked. This girl was pigtailed and titless and spoke with the voice of a child. Throughout the shoot she clutched at a stuffed bear which, at the end, looking directly into the camera at the audience, she used to wipe my sperm from her cute little button nose.

This is the only performance of mine that I watch regularly but don't masturbate to. It's also the scene with the most online views for the company that produced it.

What kind of porn are you into personally?

Certain companies have become tastemakers for the industry. But they come and go. Staying ahead of the curve is impossible. The extreme angle is some unattainable plateau. The limit, as defined by law, is painfully clear. You either disappear into the underground or you simply stop. The producers that really pushed the envelope went to jail, and when they came out and started working again it was clear that they weren't willing to carry on pushing the envelope. A pretty clear message for the rest of us. It's so much more than something to just masturbate towards. So much more than something to simply point your cock at.

What are you into sexually?

I haven't turned any work down yet. It's important to show willing this early on, especially in a career like this. I've certainly thought twice about working certain jobs, but I never take much convincing. A good director will make whatever it is they need from you sound appealing, no matter what it is and no matter how unappealing it might initially appear.

Do you find that process to be liberating or anesthetizing?

“I stood in the centre of the room beneath a rope on a hook, which was tied artfully in a tight loop around my chest, with enough slack left over for another loop, this time twice around my arms and wrists, which were bent uncomfortably upwards behind my back. The height was just sufficient that I could support my weight on the tips of my toes. A sack cloth was placed over my head. It didn’t take long for the discomfort to give way to an ache, which intensified towards serious fucking pain. When the whipping started, I was grateful for the sudden and sharp distractions. It went on for 10 minutes or so before the ropes were untied, and the sack removed. The actor with the whip then wrapped a length of cord around my throat and pulled it tight, until it got too tight and I gave the signal for him to let me “collapse”. Afterwards, I signed a piece of paper declaring that all of this was explained to me in full detail beforehand.”

I’m as enthusiastic as I ever was about my career choice. The myth of the glass-eyed, rutting corpse has endured for far too long.

Is there anything in porn you won't do?

I run 10 miles a day. I can bench-press my own bodyweight. I eat healthily, I've never taken drugs. I hope within a year to be in a position where I can pick and choose what jobs I take, which I think is easily achievable.

He was a veteran, had appeared in so many movies that even he had lost count; could have retired a long time ago but the sex, and the availability of it, was too good. When the opportunity arose it was out of the question for me to refuse. He was directing this particular scene, not performing. I was told virtually nothing beforehand. Simply that this was guy on guy. I was reassured to see that my co-star could almost have been my twin, though it was obvious he wasn't putting in the same level of effort as I was.

Has your career ever got in the way of personal relationships?

Some scenes can take upwards of 10 hours to complete. The longer it goes on the less likely it is to be finished, at least that day. A professional can carry on even when carrying on is the last thing in the world you want to do.

I forgot her name, but there was something there between us. I wanted to ask if she wanted coffee. The moment the cameras stopped rolling she left without a word and headed for the showers. I followed. The cubicle next to hers. She refused to talk to me. Asked if she was alright. One word response. I changed clothes and waited around for her.

Made sure my hair and my skin was perfect.

Made my smile as big and authentic as I could when she finally emerged, wet hair and casual clothes.

No makeup.

She pretended not to see me and headed outside. I went home and spent the night masturbating until my cock was red and sore.

Another shoot, quick and easy, just an hour long. She was beautiful. Long black hair, tall and thin, strong Gallic features. Mock amateur, one camera and a single bed. I came in her mouth, there was a smile on her lips as she swallowed without breaking eye-contact even to blink.

She kissed me on the cheek as she left, I wanted to touch her hand.

The name she gave the director was fake, nobody seemed to know where she came from or who she was. I haven't seen her in anything else since.

This was released on DVD but had sold very badly. It had barely been watched on the more popular free websites, where it languished on the back pages. I still consider it one of the best performances I've ever given.

If I'm ever struggling to reach orgasm, I cast myself back into that perfect hour.

What are your relationships with co-performers like?

There are a thousand examples of strong, nurturing and healthy relationships that develop between performers. Both in terms of friendship and romantically. It's a very, very supportive community. I think once I'm an established performer everything will fall into place.

What is your sex life like outside of the industry?

She lies on her side with her back towards me. It's unclear if she's sleeping, her breath seems regular and deep, she doesn't move. Her long hair fans messily across the pillow, strands fall over her shoulders and between her breasts. She sleeps naked, I sleep always in a t-shirt, socks and boxer shorts. I want to leave but I don't want to disturb her. I haven't woken up to an erection since I can remember. We fuck maybe 3 or 4 times a month, and only then when I'm so drunk I give in to her. She rides my barely hard cock while I do my best not to fall asleep. That's the best I have to offer her, and she takes it gladly. It doesn't take her very long to climax. Afterwards, she drapes an arm across my chest and kisses me on the mouth until I pull away.

I hold my breath and keep my lips rigid. Pressing your lips and your tongue against another pair of lips and a tongue seems, to me, about as disgusting as eating another person's shit. I only sleep well by myself.

What kind of image of yourself do you want to project?

The successful performer conveys enough of every archetype that he appeals to everyone. He is, simultaneously, the boy next door, the saintly thug, the ugly barrel-chested brute. The suggestion is all that's needed.

The surface is simple, though you often have that chosen for you by genetics. You're not terribly well-built, but you can wrench her arm right the way up her back as you shove her, tongue pressed into her ear, against the wall. And you rip at her clothes before she has the chance to undress. You eat into her performance. But that comes with exposure. Unless you're being directed to do that, it would be a career ender.

How long do you think you will last in this industry?

There is no silly premise, the illusion here is of amateurism – nothing too gymnastic, noise kept to a minimum. Just one static camera, to suggest intimacy. The audience doesn't hear the director, of course. He tells you to change position, once or twice he reminds you not to pant or moan too loudly. He wants as much kissing as possible. It's only in these scenes that I can stand to do it. In these scenes, it makes better sense to me, it actually becomes enjoyable.

In these scenes only do I actually have to work to prevent myself from ejaculating prematurely.

These jobs don't pay quite as much, though they generally take a lot less time; I often have to convince directors to hire me for them, I probably don't quite fit the "everyman" image that they're trying to project. The type of women they hire for these shoots are often the type of women I would be attracted to outside of the industry. Beautiful but never strikingly so.

What do you look for in a partner?

I want a woman who feels lucky to have me.

I want a woman to wonder what it is I see in them.

I want a woman to know that I could be with someone so much more attractive than them. And that I have been, many times over.

What does it mean to you to be a performer?

The thought that there are people who have masturbated to my performances turns me on like absolutely nothing else. These people find that their inadequacies disappear, if only for the time it takes them to cum. They masturbate to the thought of being me. Just like I do.

A lot of the content I perform in is for subscription only websites. I keep those files on a hard drive. There are a handful of physical releases, DVD's and a few magazines, all of which I keep in a drawer. The more content there is, the more time I spend watching them back.

Do you masturbate to your own performances?

The intensity of a climax brings with it images, in quick succession. I can usually only recall two or three, where it seemed there were entire galleries flickering like a penny arcade before my squeezed-shut eyes.

I've been writing down the images I can recall immediately after:

Surgical tools gleaming, wasps hovering over the corpse of a baby bird, a red curtain and an empty stage, a Roman soldier marching, a thief being arrested in a jewellery store, an empty bomb casing, a piece of broken glass beneath the bare foot of a child.

Do these images occur with every orgasm?

Just when I masturbate.

Do you masturbate to your own performances?

The most accurate representation of a person is in their preferred pornography. What they keep on their computers, or in a quiet drawer by their bed. Talking to a person reveals nothing more than who they believe themselves to be, which is, invariably, false to the point of tragedy. Their pornographic tastes reveal not just who they think they are, through the actors and actresses they rub themselves off to, but what they really are, through what it is the actors and actresses do to each other. You know what they want and you work backwards from there.

And you would be astonished at how easily you arrive at exactly the right conclusion.



Shave the head, paint the area with iodine.

That pressure in your head. It gets so bad, lingers for so long, you wonder if it'll ever go away. It never quite does. You can just about get on with your day. You wonder what it is that's causing it. You recognized long ago that it tends to bring with it impulses you'd rather not acknowledge.

Cut a cross into the exposed scalp.

It didn't take you long to figure out how best to treat against it; namely, drinking until you wake up the next morning with the taste of vomit and cheap tobacco reaching right the way down your throat. Any light burns your eyes. You squeeze them shut, place both of your hands across them, but even that doesn't help. Sunlight, even filtered through thick curtain, feels artificial and intense. The only windowless room in your flat is the bathroom. You sit for hours there with the lights off, holding your head, getting more and more desperate.

The incision must penetrate all three layers of skin.

The worse it becomes, the more inclined you are to spend fruitless hours masturbating towards a climax that stretches out and away from you like in a nightmare. The pressure in your head is matched by the pressure in your hard cock. It feels as though it might burst, spraying blood and erectile tissue across the walls. You stop only when the skin is rubbed raw and cracked, still no closer to orgasm than you were when you started.

Gently peel the folds of skin back to expose the skull.

It's not quite enough. The change you want is drastic. To an unachievable extent. And you know it's unachievable. So you watch them, you go to the same places, and you do your best to look like them. If they can really tell that you're not one of them, they're not letting on. But, you tell yourself, they wouldn't. You write it off as slightly begrudging. A not-quite. You read it into them, but you don't know that. As far as you care, it's agonizingly obvious.

Pin back the folds, mop away the blood.

You want to take that ineffable grace and casual confidence away from them. You've put a lot of consideration into how best to go about it and who best to take it away from. You've devised a set of criteria your target must fulfil. Two sets, actually. Masculine and feminine. You can picture her in painstaking detail. He will be, very simply, whoever she's with. The opportunity won't present itself. You must seek it out.

Bore a shallow dent into the skull, taking care not to penetrate fully.

We know you'll never really do it. But we wish you would prove us wrong. And no matter how vividly you can fantasize, the aching pressure remains.

Ensure the patient is ready and comfortable.

"I spotted her immediately. Short hair. Blonde, where I would have preferred something darker. A white dress that gathered tastefully just above the knee. And him. Bearded, tall. A contemporary man. Checkered shirt and braces beneath a waxed Barbour jacket. She sipped delicately at a glass of white wine. He took odd swigs at a beer bottle. Agonized erection throbbed and clenched.

I wanted to take the bottle from him and jam it straight into his perfectly white teeth. Then I would break it over the bridge of her perfect, dainty fucking nose; making sure to get a good glimpse at her expression as she watches blood and shattered enamel spill from his mouth and gather coagulated in that fucking beard before I do so.”

Apply pressure and turn the mechanism, making sure to keep your hands as steady as possible.

You tried to stay, keeping to yourself, but you didn’t last long. People glanced over at you. Or they seemed to. You were drunk when you left, defeated. They would stay until closing time, another 4 hours. They left with another couple they had just met. Back at whosever apartment it was, they drank whiskey and fucked each other until they passed out while you masturbated until dawn in your lightless bathroom.

As you penetrate the skull, you should notice a very small amount of fluid bubbling from the hole.

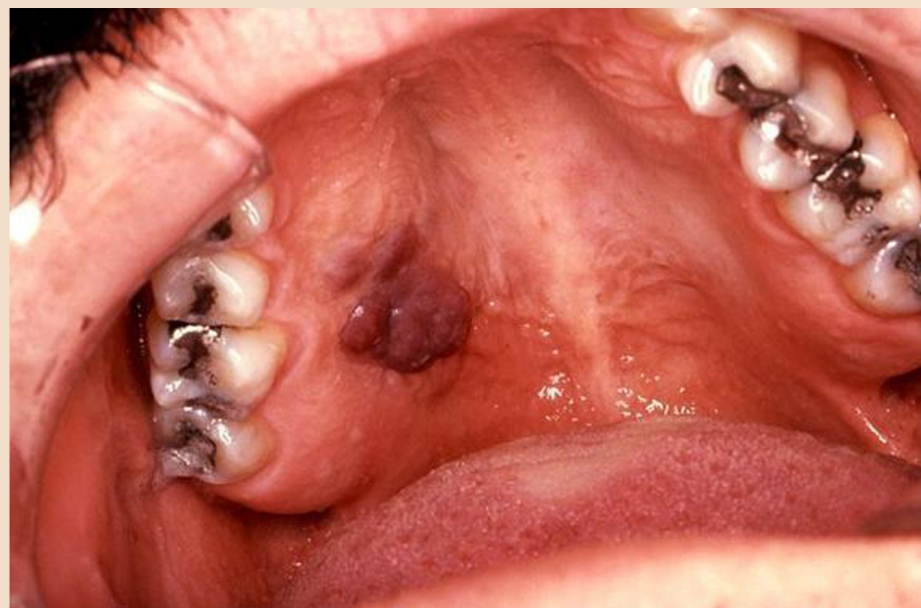
Do you think this will resolve itself? Do you think it will go away without you having to do anything?

Or is this simply it?

She says she's an actress. She says you might have seen her in some advert. You convince yourself that you did. The conversation ended prematurely when she was joined by others and you slinked away to some other corner hoping for someone to engage you in conversation. You wonder why you put yourself through this fucking charade. You wonder whether people recognize you after so many nights of looking completely lost, completely by yourself. Do they wonder what you're doing there? Do they feel a slight sense of embarrassment for you? Do they acknowledge their hegemony and your place beneath them?

Where they seem to gleam even in the lack of light?

Stop turning the mechanism as soon as you stop feeling any resistance and withdraw the instrument carefully so as to avoid fragmentation.



Have you ever fantasized about being raped by your father?

She would insist on going bareback. She said she hated the way condoms felt inside her. She would fantasize that the cum they shot inside her was infected.

She would imagine how she might look posing in front of a mirror as a wasting, sarcoma'd skeleton.

She would imagine her sour chemical breath, and how her friends would do their best to pretend not to notice.

She imagined boiling, foaming shit, yellow and stinking, squirting out of her 15 times a day – more often than not unintentionally.

She masturbated to the panicked disposal of soiled clothes. Of hoping nobody had noticed. Of weekly visits to the hospital. Of watching lesions spread across her skin like shifting clouds.

Of noticing that the skin left unaffected was as fucking pure and perfect as it gets.

Do you wish he had?

You let it go this far. You let it mean something. You decided there was something to be learned from being used in the same unthinking manner one would use a napkin.

Do you wonder if the thought of fucking you ever crossed his mind?

And after it's over, they can't look at you.

Are you capable of shame?

You hope not. Occasionally, motivated entirely by guilt and regret, they offer you affection. It takes the form of contact, a sorry fucking arm across your shoulders, a still cunt-stinking hand runs fingers through your hair.

But they can never bring themselves to actually speak to you.

Honestly, you prefer they leave immediately after they cum. You prefer the reason to be disgust. Not with themselves and what they've done, but with you – and how you let them treat you.

Do you fantasize about him struggling to restrain himself?

She wishes she could offer something more. Something better. It's hard for her to communicate vulnerability without turning it into desire. Which would only make it toothless and pantomime. She hopes one day for someone to beat any pleasant memories out of her.

An occasional wandering fist, meant for her mouth as she thrashes, hits the tender side between the eye and the temple. But never hard enough. She wonders why it's so hard for them to really hurt her. Beyond a bloody nose, a split eyebrow, a missing tooth.

Do you think he could be capable of it?

And you can imagine her, after, naked from the waist down. She kept her top on, some thin grey material you could easily see her nipple through. Very firmly on. You suspect modesty, you hope for insecurity. Neither fucking matter. She grabs your hand, reaching for her tit, and places it on her cunt.

As if to let you know she's ready. She lies on her back. You suspect she finds being fucked from behind to be impersonal, dehumanizing. So you have to at least appear to be enjoying yourself.

Have you ever masturbated to idea of being a raped, molested child?

Somebody said once that you look disinterested throughout, even to the point of orgasm. She said that's why you could never make her cum.

Have you ever wanted someone to blind you forever with their fingers?

He confessed to me that during sex he would fantasize that I was a child. He would pretend that I was unconscious and that he had drugged me.

“He once asked if he could date-rape me. If one night he could take me out for a meal, spike my drink, drag my unconscious body home and fuck me. And I would have done it for him.”

Have you ever wanted someone to deafen you, permanently, with a length of wire?

Since I was a child I fantasized about being an item of clothing. The idea of being worn as a shoe or a hat is incredibly erotic. It's being a part of an image, of what an item of clothing says about a person. Of belonging to someone unconditionally.

Have you ever masturbated to fantasies of having your teeth knocked out?

She likes the way her broken face looks. It reminds her of rotting fruit. Smeared and swollen lips, split and open, gaps where there once were teeth. She poses in every reflection she can.

Have you ever masturbated to the thought of biting off your tongue?