

# DVDs For Grown-Up Boys

BY GARLAND BOYD

“Vermont?” my friends asked, aghast. “Why ever are you moving to Vermont?”

Darlings, I had to admit; I could see their point. As one of Palm Springs’ leading citizen-socialites for over 40 years, I was a more than a fixture around town – I was an institution. Who could forget my six almost-successful runs for Mayor, my stately home on the water, or the sight of me walking my adorable Pomeranians, Sonny and Cher, through the center of town? How could I give up this glamour, this excitement, for Vermont?

But the move wasn’t entirely my choice. Although I would never tell my friends the real story (misfortune, like flatulence, should only be confessed under the most incontrovertible of evidence), a string of financial disasters had caused my savings to disappear faster than Christina Aguilera’s good taste. I won’t go into the gory details, but suffice it to say that it is always unwise to trust your broker just because he works with Martha Stewart and has nice lips.

But when my colorful Aunt Wilma conveniently passed on, opportunity knocked. When no one in our family could understand why she left her house in the Green Mountain State to me, it proved that she had successfully taken the fact of her lesbianism to her grave. “You and I,” she told me in my eighteenth year, “have something most wonderful in common. But it’s not something that everyone in the family will understand or accept.”

I responded with my best guess: “You mean, you like to suck cock, too?”

Aunt Wilma laughed so

loudly that for a moment I was frightened. “Well, darling, I see shyness is not your problem. But, no. To be honest, I prefer an entirely different kind of after-dinner treat. So how about we keep each other’s secrets?”

Although my “secret” was only unknown to those who were deaf, mute and blind, I was happy to protect Aunt Wilma’s. How nice to know that, even from beyond the grave, she was protecting me, too.

And, believe me, in my line of endeavor, you can never have too much protection. As a former producer of quality erotic films for adult audiences, I lived for my work. Perhaps you’ve heard of some of my popular features: *Gone with the Rimmed*, *Lord of the Cockrings*, *Good Will Humping?*

And so, it was only natural that the editor of this paper came to me when she received two XXX films from legendary director Chi Chi Larue. “I’d love to have you review these for my audience,” she told me. “But I don’t want to offend my readers.”

“Darling,” I assured her, “you’ve come to the right place.” After all, wasn’t it I who produced the first explicit gay movie reviewed by *Variety* (the headline: “Gay Flick Lix Dicks”)? Wasn’t I the producer who almost convinced CBS to air *The Jeff Stryker Story*, until the idea was shot down by the station’s standards and contents division (otherwise known as the National Republican Committee)? No one knows how to address erotic material more tastefully than I!

As so, on to the reviews. First, a confession: I much prefer those films that feature an actual story. This is part of why I loved *A Man’s Tail* (the other parts, darlings, I’ll let you figure out). We first meet lovers Alex LeMonde

and Joe Foster in bed. We immediately know that LeMonde is a cad, because he is there selfishly pleasuring himself while his partner sleeps beside him. Awakened by the familiar slap slap slap of skin against skin, a sound known to every boy since puberty, Foster goes to give his lover a good morning kiss. But LeMonde diverts him, pushing Foster’s head down to where he thinks it will do him the most good. How rude! Foster hasn’t even had a chance to brush his teeth, yet.

Of course, if beauty is an excuse for bad behavior, then LeMonde can get away with this and much more. He’s fabulous onscreen, and at least as good-looking as anyone on, say, *The OC*. In fact, most of the cast is very attractive and sexy. The story, which is about how Foster eventually hooks up with a more attentive partner (who, should one actually care about such things, is a merman), is silly, but it moves the film along and allows one to have a soupçon of sympathy for the characters. Best of all, the actors seem to be enjoying themselves in every instance except those which call for dialogue.

Sadly, Chi Chi’s other release, *What Men Do*, is less involving. There’s no plot, and the four unconnected scenes of anonymous sex are uninvolved. The boys are generally less attractive, the performances less inspired.

So, for Miz Larue, one hit and one miss – a record at least as good as Scorsese’s, plus, his films almost never feature full-frontal. Congratulations and kisses from Vermont. ▼


*Garland P. Boyd lives a strong fantasy life in Chittenden County, but refuses to disclose exactly where because, “Honey, the paparazzi are everywhere!”*

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