



"I draw better than most of your artists", Eric Stanton is supposed to have told Irving Klaw by way of introduction. Klaw, the entrepreneur famous for his photographs of Betty Page, was always on the look-out for new talent and that meeting marked the start of a dazzling career for the man who now Obeside John Willie as one of the supreme masters of erotic and comic art. Stanton drew his first dozen comic stories for Klaw, who published them in install-ments, and from 1958 until 1966 shared a studio with Steve Ditko, the creator of Spider Man. Often Stanton did the drawings in ink and Ditko colored them in. Eric Stanton also made a name for himself as a book-cover designer. This book is one of the first publications on the grand master of pulp.

ERIC KROLL is a photographer, author and collector of erotic photography. His photographic work has been published by Taschen in "Eric Kroll's Fetish Girls" and "Eric Kroll's Beauty Parade". In addition to these , Kroll has edited "The Complete Reprint of John Willie's Bizarre" and "Elmer Batters: From the tip of the toes to the top of the hose", also from Taschen.

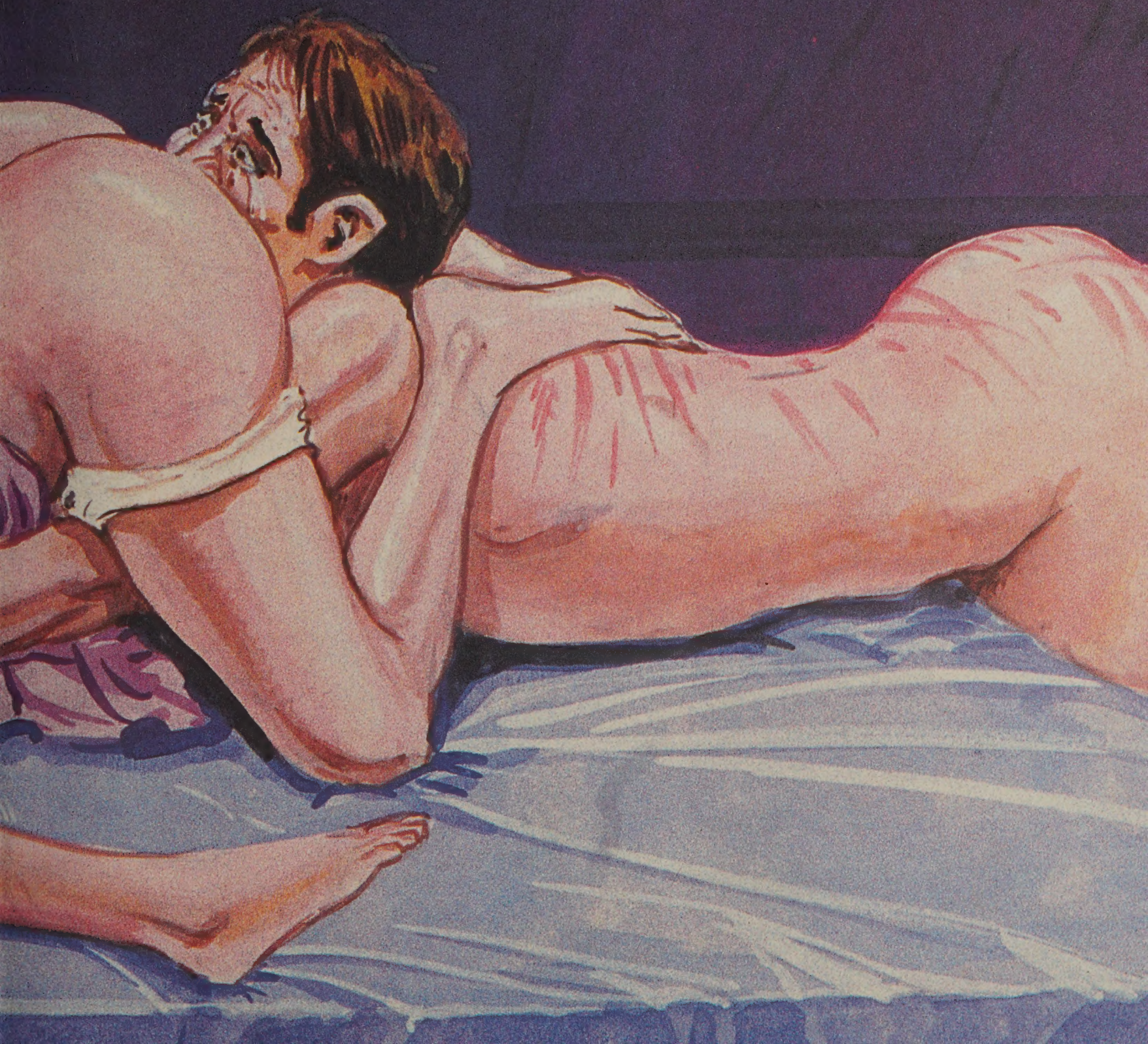
„Ich zeichne viel besser als die meisten deiner Künstler.“ Mit dieser kühnen Behauptung stellte sich Eric Stanton seinerzeit bei Irving Klaw, dem legendären Macher und Fotografen von Betty Page, vor. Klaw, immer auf der Suche nach jungen Talenten, glaubte ihm, und so begann die Karriere eines Künstlers, der mit John Willie zu den absoluten Meistern erotischer Illustration und Comic Art gehört. Für Klaw zeichnete Stanton sein erstes Dutzend Comic-Geschichten, die dieser in Fortsetzungen herausbrachte. Von 1958 bis 1966 teilte sich Stanton ein Studio mit seinem Kollegen und Freund Steve Ditko, dem bekannten ‚Spider-Man‘-Zeichner. Während Stanton seine Zeichnungen nur in Tusche ausführte, wurden sie anschließend von Ditko oft noch handkoloriert. Neben seinen Comic Stories und Zeichnungen ist Eric Stanton besonders durch seine Coverentwürfe für Bücher bekanntgeworden. Der vorliegende Band ist eine der ersten Publikationen zu diesem wahren Meister der Pulp-Culture.

ERIC KROLL ist Fotograf, Autor und Sammler erotischer Fotografie. Im Benedikt Taschen Verlag sind die Fotobände „Eric Kroll's Fetish Girls“ und „Eric Kroll's Beauty Parade“ erschienen. Darüber hinaus ist Kroll der Herausgeber von „The Complete Reprint of John Willie's Bizarre“ und „Elmer Batters: From the tip of the toes to the top of the hose“.

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ING...WHO WILL IT BE..who WILL it be?



ERIC STANTON



THE ART OF
ERIC STANTON
FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE

EDITED BY ERIC KROLL

TASCHEN

KÖLN LISBOA LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TOKYO

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Illustration from **Whippers All**, 1972

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Illustration p. 2:

Eric Stanton with two models, 1956

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THE STORY OF ERIC STANTON

BY ERIC KROLL

SETTING THE TONE

When Eric Stanton got out of the Navy in 1946, he went to work for his Russian stepfather, Nikolai Kochengin, head chef at the Russian Tea Room adjacent to Carnegie Hall in Manhattan. He learned to throw knives with his mouth and dance the Russian dance. On good nights he'd make \$100 in tips. Money wasn't the thing. Art was. He put away the knife and picked up the pencil to work for Irving Klaw at \$8 a week drawing 'fighting girls' and women in bondage. When he told me this story he ended it with a laugh, shaking his head.

On his first date with his second wife, Britt, he asked her to tie him up. He was making an 8mm film for a customer who requested a man tied up. He also asked her to place her ample bosom on the wooden kitchen counter and then threw a knife (with his mouth) between her cleavage. Ah, romance!

Eric Stanton remains a Brooklyn hipster twenty five years later in his suburban house somewhere east of New Haven, Connecticut, just off route 95. He's seventy and vital. He's short and compact and at times, in conversation, his eyes are reminiscent of a hawk. He can be gentle and he can be on guard. He's been burnt too many times. He's going to do it, whatever it is, his way. Unless he feels powerless or desperate; then he shakes his head in disgust and lets the problem go.

If one were to ask Eric what he did for a living he'd say he illustrated peoples' fantasies (and a few of his own). He's an under-appreciated underground super hero cloaked in mystery, working the darker outer edges of our collective sexual imagination. He's had one formal exhibition of his artwork and that was in a downtown Manhattan club, Dance-teria, for three days in 1984! He refuses to advertise. He finds his cus-

tomers by word-of-mouth or the rare mention in a sex magazine. Yet his followers are devoted. Over four thousand people came to his exhibition. "Thirty six women asked me to sign catalogues and four guys," Stanton gleefully pointed out. For five decades his illustrations of sexy, powerful women and weak, yet physically fit, men have inspired many from singer Madonna to artist Alan Jones.

Today his perfect female specimens – big-breasted, small-waisted, long legs in high heels, strong jaw line, high cheekbones, fiery eyes and cascading hair – flow effortlessly from his mind to his hand to the drawing board to his mail order customers.

Unfortunately, little of his time is spent in his sun-drenched drawing room (a small space off his bedroom, on the top floor of his house). His many working hours are spent in the basement – his cave – filling mail order requests. Outside this low-ceilinged room are racks containing oversized envelopes stuffed with original watercolors, pen and ink drawings and graphite sketches made in the last two and a half decades.

It wasn't always this way. In the 1950s he would hand-deliver his illustrations to Klaw on 14th street, Burtman on Broadway and 47th street or Stone on Eight Avenue and NEVER SEE HIS ART AGAIN. Eric Stanton has none of the hundreds of original drawings he did for Irving Klaw in the 1940s and 1950s. Gone are the watercolors used as digest covers for Lenny Burtman's Selbee Publications, the dozens of illustrations for Exotique magazine. Gone is the art work he did for the classic female-in-distress 'Sweeter Gwen', which he calculates has been reprinted half a million times, and done in the 1950s and 1960s for Eddy Mishkin of Gargoyle Press and Max Stone's Peerless Sales. All sold or lost by thoughtless publishers, or confiscated by uptight government officials.

Fortunately, photo reproductions of his work from the mid 1940s through to the 1960s do exist.

Plus, he's never stopped working. He simply stopped working for other people.

He went into the mail order business and now sells reproductions of his work, storing the originals that will someday belong to his two children by his second marriage, Tommy and Amber.

IN THE BEGINNING

"I was born alongside the Long Island railroad tracks on the second floor of a building at the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street in Brooklyn. My grandmother performed the delivery on September 29th at 11 p.m., 1926. She had delivered quite a few babies at the time.

My mother worked part-time at the corner delicatessen. I could smell that delicatessen every time my mother took me out in the carriage (laughs). Love that smell.

At the age of twelve, (1938), my sister got scarlet fever and I was quarantined for a month. That's when I started to draw. I had nothing to do. I grabbed some comic books and did some tracings and things like that. That's how I started to learn and the first time I started drawing sexy girls. What else? (laughs) I continued drawing every day from the age of twelve until I graduated high school (1944).

I had a tough time (in school). I spoke only Russian until I was six years old. That's all they spoke in my house. My mother was Russian and my stepfather was Russian and my grandmother was Russian. My English was awful. They (school) wanted to throw me out (laughs). I didn't understand anything they were saying but little by little I learned 'street talk'."

To make the situation more difficult, Stanton had pneumonia three times while in grade school!

"The drawings I was doing was comic book kind of stuff. Sexy girls ... heroines, just for fun. Just to please myself. I didn't show them to anybody but, even so, my stepfather Nikolai told my mother, 'He mustn't be drawing these type of things.' My mother said to him, 'Let him draw what he wants'. (Strong woman protecting the boy?) That's how I kept on drawing.

At the age of seventeen I signed up for the Navy and served on the USS Terna #834 out of Bath, Maine. I did a lot of art work in the Navy. I did a comic strip about plane recognition for the Bambridge Main Sheet, a Naval newspaper. Guys would ask me to draw big busted girls and I'd end up drawing sexy girls on their handkerchiefs. I sang in the Navy but then my throat got sore. I was smoking four packs a day. I quit cold. I bet a guy five dollars I'd quit. I never got paid though.

When I got out of the Navy I joined the '52/20' Club. Every Navy man could get \$20 a week for a year and I did. Then I got a job as a bus-boy and worked my way up to waiter at my stepfather's restaurant. Nikolai was a White Russian General who escaped with six bullets still in him after the fall of the Czar. He slipped into China where he learned to be a chef. He once cooked for the King and Queen of England. He was an artist. He would carve a duck or a goose and put the head and skin back on. He was great. From two years old on, he was my father.

Anyway, I was learning to throw a knife with my mouth into a balsam wood board at the Casino Russe. That lasted two weeks. (laughs) Women were jumping at me with this knife throwing thing but I started getting a very sore lip. I still have a sore lip (1996) because I'm always

biting it. I worked as a waiter for two years then I quit to work for Boody Rogers. I didn't want to be an entertainer. I wanted to be an artist."

WORKING FOR BOODY ROGERS

"I met a guy when I was home (Brooklyn) playing softball and he saw my drawings and he said his uncle was a cartoonist and needed some help doing background things and such. I quit being a waiter and went to work for Boody Rogers. I'd car ride to his house in Westbury Long Island. I was paid by the hour. I worked with him on a strip called 'Babe Darlin' of the Hills' and on 'Sparky Watts' that appeared in the newspaper, the Brooklyn Eagle.

I did all of his lettering. I even created some of the characters like the three legged man. I would also color, with my watercolors, the proofs that came back from the printer. I made \$50 to \$70 a week. I'd take the train to his home in Wantaugh, Long Island and work a full day.

It was an interesting time. There was a real person named 'down-wind' Jackson that died in a plane crash, and Zack Mosley wanted his friend memorialized in Mosley's comic strip, Smilin' Jack. After he appeared as a faceless figure, readers wanted to know what he looked like. Mosley felt 'down-wind' Jackson couldn't be drawn more handsome than Smilin' Jack, so Rogers and I discussed it and Rogers came up with the idea of always keeping him faceless." Later in the middle of the 1960s, Stanton and Steve Ditko, the creator of Spider Man, shared an 8th Avenue and 43rd street studio and would, similarly, act as a 'sound-ing board' for ideas for each others projects.

WORKING FOR IRVING KLAU

"While I was working for Boody Rogers at the age of twenty-two, I picked up a girlie magazine and I saw an ad for an Irving Klaw piece of art work on bondage. I looked at the artwork and I thought I could do better. I sent for it. It cost me something like 50 cents a page. Each page or episode was an 8" x 10" photograph of a (comic) strip. A complete story was made up of 12 to 30 pages or episodes. It was called 'Poor Pamela' and I told Klaw in my letter that I could do it better because I was into fighting girls and the last guy wasn't." ('Poor Pamela' was presumably first drawn by C. W., a female cousin of Klaw's). Klaw told me to come in and bring some work."

After they met at Klaw's store on 14th Street and 2nd Avenue, the King of Bondage Photography gave young Stanton a page from a comic strip about fighting girls and challenged him to return with something better.

"What the other guy had drawn wasn't bad, but he didn't know how to do the 'sexy' thing with the two girls. It took me a week to draw it (laughs). I think I did eight pictures and I called it 'Battling Women.' I turned it into Klaw and he took one page and paid me \$8 and it took me a week!

At the time, I was working with Rogers but the Daily News turned down 'Babe Darlin' of the Hills' because they thought it was too much like Lil Abner, which it basically was. I decided then to go to work for Klaw because it meant more figure drawing and with Boody I'd be doing just backgrounds. Pretty soon it didn't take me a week to do these little cartoon pages of battling women. I could do twenty in two or three days. I didn't know much on how to draw girls but I went into bookstores (near

Times Square) and found some magazines like 'Wit', 'It', or 'Dash' magazines that had some fighting girls. I got some wrestling magazines. Instead of men, I drew women in these poses. Within a month or two Irving was paying me \$10 a page. After a few issues (complete episodes) he went up to \$15 per page."

In the beginning, Stanton would show up with one or two pages at a time because he was so broke and needed the money, even in small amounts. In the end, Klaw was paying \$50 a page for each 11" x 14" (unwrinklable) Strathmore board. Back then, he drew directly on illustration board preceded by no rough sketches. Years later his technique changed and he would do rudimentary sketches on vellum tracing paper of a particular figure, then take another sheet of vellum and repeat the elements he liked. To speed things up.

"I hated to use an eraser. This way it was very fast."

One day Irving asked his protege if he knew anything about bondage. "I told him I'd drawn a few things. He gave me a bunch of photographs and showed me how the bound women should look and how the rope should be tied." (Imagine Irving Klaw demonstrating rope bondage on model Betty Page for the edification of young Eric Stanton!)

"Of course we had John Willie's work to look at and I did. Willie worked from photographs which are inherently static. I wanted more action, to show the women resisting. I wanted them moving all the time. The first thing I drew on the bondage theme was a girl tied up in just bra and panties. I started to improve, but not enough, and Irving said why don't I go take some art classes on comic stuff."

The school was called the Cartoonist and Illustrators School on 23rd Street between Second Avenue and Third Avenue on the north side of

the street. Today it is called the School of Visual Arts. Stanton attended classes from 1954 to 1956 paid for by the government. He studied under Jerry Robinson, creator of Batman. Eric had never had any basic art training in high school. "My work started to improve tremendously."

At about this time, he began drawing 'Bizarre Museum' for Klaw. The torture machines became more sophisticated as school improved his skill.

"I learned how to lay out a comic book page. To make an exciting face, one has to make two expressions on the same face. This way you get more life to the face. I learned not to try to make both sides of the face the same ... Drawing the figure you learn on your own. I don't draw from photographs. Photographs are very dull. If you do draw from photographs, you're going to draw stand-up figures like Willie did. Camera lens distorts what's closest to the camera. A foot will appear bigger than it is. I don't like that. I learned about foreshortening; to draw in circles, to draw a figure's foot towards the viewer."

He befriended fellow student Gene Bilbrew, the great black illustrator who also went to work for Klaw, and later Lenny Burtman, often using the name 'Eneq' (Gene spelled backwards).

"I introduced him to everybody. I brought him into the business. I'm glad I did because it gave me a little something to compete with. Eneq was a much better artist than me at that time. I drew lousy (then) but I had great ideas (laughs) ... Eneq was more comic book style where I was more photographic style". Eneq studied with Byrne Holgrath, creator of Tarzan. While Stanton survived, Bilbrew didn't. "Eneq got so involved in drugs and alcohol his work began to deteriorate. Irving Klaw asked me to cover some of what he thought were phallic symbols in Eneq's illustra-



Irving Klaw directing a photo shot, 1950s



Eric Stanton at Irving Klaw's Movie Star News, 1953

tions. Gene didn't like that and I said 'hey, I'm just doing a job that's all'. Eneg was a white man in black. He wished he was white. He loved white women. When he died Eddy Mishkin was putting him up in the backroom of one of his stores. He was doing drawings there and he died there."

During this period Stanton preferred working in pencil. "I didn't want people copying my work and pen and ink seemed so easy to duplicate. Pencil allowed me to work faster. I wanted to do the next exciting thing. To illustrate the next fantasy, not work over and over to perfect a drawing."

Stanton was an avid movie goer and many of his illustrations were influenced by the movies at that time. "Duchess of the Bastille" was probably drawn after seeing "A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Perils of Nyoka" a 15 part theatre series he saw at age 11 years old. "I went to see it as often as I could. I loved it." Klaw sold movie stills, and Stanton could leaf through the piles of photos in Klaw's store. "I had just seen a circus movie and then drew 'Priscilla, Queen of Escapes'."

In the years Stanton worked for Lenny Burtman, many of his women look like the actresses Veronica Lake and Ava Gardner. Years later, in the Stantoons episode, "David Blyven", the drawing is based on David Niven. Stanton drew Douglas Fairbanks Jr. wearing an apron that said 'hit me'. On a Stanton "Exotique" cover the lady with the whip is surrounded by round pools of light. Stanton says he got that idea from the 1950s Jimmy Durante television show that ended each week with the singer walking through a dark stage lit only by pools of light. There are photos of Humphrey Bogart on his kitchen wall. He even thinks Howard Hughes and Elvis might have been secret collectors of his work.

The Times Square newsstands sold Spicy Adventure Stories and Spicy Detective stories with damsels in distress in four color covers. "Sheena" and "The Perils of Nyoka" were popular comics in the 1940s. And of course "London Life", the predecessor to John Willie's "Bizarre" was readily available. "Wherever I found one back then, I'd buy it. I wouldn't buy them today. They're too mild."

WORKING WITH BETTY PAGE

(from interview done for "Demonia", August 1990)

"I never was in love with anybody else like I was in love with Betty Page. It was from a distance. Nobody really knew her. Not even Irving. I would have loved to have dated her. I didn't have the guts to ask. You'd sit and talk with her but it was business. All business. I was 31 and she was 26. I had her make an 8 mm film for me at Irving's. It was a fighting girl movie. It's gone. She was very good. She was very strong. She was so sweet. I sat with her in Irving's office at the time of the Keufver hearings (a government commission on the immoral character of comics). She wanted to know what to say. She was so tearful. She was crying. She didn't want to talk about Irving to the Senator. She felt it (the business) was private.

She'd always prepare herself for whatever Klaw had planned for her to do. But there was no hanging around. Klaw didn't like the artists fraternizing with the other artists or the models, even though I would help out on some of the shoots. When the shoot was over she'd get dressed and leave. (Stanton snaps his fingers.) When she finished, she went immediately to another job. She worked all the time. When I first met her she had on the highest high heels. She was so natural I thought she was around 5' 10"! (Page was considerably shorter.) She always smelled beautiful. She smelled like a rose."

MORE KLAW

Stanton came up with many of the Klaw titles like "Mrs. Tyrant's Finishing School", "Madame Discipline", and "Girls Figure Training Academy". In "Priscilla, Queen of Escapes" he named the circus, the Tingling Brothers. He even wrote the stories he illustrated that weren't written by Klaw and his customers.

"Jasmin's Predicament" and "A Hazardous Journey" are credited to Stanton and Omar. Omar is a fictitious name of a fellow student Stanton found to do his inking on these projects. Jon Bee is another anonymous student Stanton paid \$10 a page to ink "Helga's Search For Slaves".

Stanton's most popular serial for Klaw was "Bound in Leather", started in 1949 and written by B&G. Joe Cross (B&G) was a electrician for Broadway theatre. "I wouldn't have illustrated it if I didn't like the story so much. Even if you're not a fan of bondage, you got to like it."

"Men Tamed To Submission by Tame-Azons" marked a new beginning. Stanton was allowed to draw men in action with women. Up until then, Klaw didn't allow his artists to draw men and women together because he feared the wrath of the censors. When Klaw photographed a woman, he had her wear two pairs of panties so that none of her pubic hair would show! One couldn't exaggerate the cleavage, either. And never draw a male dominating a female which Satellite Publishers allowed years later.

Stanton would often attend the Klaw bondage photo shoots held every third Sunday on the 3rd floor of above his office on 14th Street and 2nd Avenue.

Klaw gutted the room - tore down the walls. He left a small changing room for the models and a small room, for the equipment. Otherwise it was one large space for shooting. It would take Irving three weeks to put out the fliers on that Sunday's shootings. Sometimes the models would try and date Stanton in hopes that it would lead to more assignments.

At 25, Stanton married a young woman named Grace he met at a Jones Beach party in 1951. They moved back to Brooklyn, near where he grew up on Lincoln Avenue. They stayed together seven years and had two kids.

In 1954, there was less work from Klaw. With a wife and child to support, Stanton was forced to find a steady job. He went to work for Pan American Airways as a parts clerk at \$62 per week. Unfortunately, after a year, he injured his back on the job and had to quit. Naturally, he had no medical coverage.

"I was a cripple from age 28 to 36 years old."

In 1958, in Las Vegas, Stanton filed for divorce. Unfortunately, he had to sign over custody of his two children. He's never seen or heard from them since.

"She took the kids, the car, the furniture and everything. I took off on my own to some crummy place. It was one of those YMCA things. I could hear everybody in the place. It had no ceiling (laughs). It was awful. Just a bed and a dresser but you could hear the neighbors snoring. Right down the line.

It seemed like there were thirty beds set in a row separated by a wall less than eight feet high. There was no ceiling. That was bad. One night there and I went nuts. I went over to my mother and I said 'Mom, I'm broke. I got no place to live. Can you put me up for a few weeks until I find somethin'." (sighs)

In 1958 Stanton and Klaw amicably parted ways. "I always liked Klaw but he wouldn't pay over \$50 per page". His biggest regret from that period was when Klaw made him paint over a John Willie original.

Willie's "The Missing Princess" had too much nudity according to Irving. "I had to cover the nipples and pubic hair with a bra and panty. I felt miserable, but what was I going to do. He would have had someone else do it."

When Klaw finally went out of business and before Paula revived it, Stanton went back for his drawings. They had always kept them claiming they needed them as a back up to their copy negatives. Paula returned one piece claiming the others were gone. "The piece they gave me was from a board that originally had two drawings. They were cutting the boards up and selling them (the illustrations)."

WORKING FOR LENNY BURTMAN

Eric Stanton is very sensitive to how he is treated in the business. In my interview with Stanton for "Demonia", I would mention a name and record his reaction.

I brought up Burtman: "I hate that son-of-a-bitch more than anyone I ever met. Don't mention that man's name in my presence. I did a lot of work for him. I was up there one Christmas Day and I saw him writing checks and putting money in envelopes for the doorman, etc. At the time I was broke and I never even got a card ... I never got a nickel bonus from that guy. Once I begged for a five dollar raise. I heard he said to someone once 'You got to keep these artists starving or they never draw'. I was doing covers for him for \$35. I did 'Sweeter Gwen' for \$35 a page. He kept the originals and later sold them for more than I was paid".

"One day I said to myself, I'd love to do a comic take-off on a comic strip. I made 'Sweeter Gwen' from John Willie's 'Gwendoline'. I roughed out (penciled) 30 pages and took them over to Burtman and he said 'great, I'll give you \$35 a page'. I went and did tight tight pencilling but then I got another commission and I had to stop on 'Sweeter Gwen'. I asked Steve Ditko to ink it for me and we'd split the money 50%/50%. So then we story boarded like we used to do for Spider Man. We gave ideas to each other. We came up with a very beautiful story and we finished it and took it over to Burtman. He loved it and that was it."

After "Sweeter Gwen", Burtman contracted him to draw, "Sex Switch", a story about transvestites for the same rate. "I brought it to him and he said, 'This is terrible. I'll give you \$5 a page for it.'

I took it away from him and that's the last time I ever saw him. I took 'Sex Switch' and sold it to Eddy Mishkin. I told him 'Eddy you can have them for \$10 a page'. He printed it and then the bastard Lenny Burtman bought the books from Eddy at a cheaper price than he wanted to pay me! Where is he now? Let me know when he's dead."

Eric Kroll: "Lenny Burtman is dead. He went to prison, got out and died."

Stanton did much of the lettering for the many Burtman titles, getting \$5 a cover. Burtman would sometimes list Stanton as 'art director' but Eric claims he had no such a job. Nor was he paid for the many logos or 'spots' he drew for Burtman.

WORKING FOR EDDY MISHKIN

"Eddy Mishkin was a great guy. He was the one guy if I went to for money and he had it, he'd give it out. Eddy looked like Eddie Cantor, except for the bulging eyes. A handsome man, about 5' 5". He had a

THE STORY OF ERIC STANTON

store, actually four different stores at various times, all in or around Times Square."

In the 1970s I (Eric Kroll) would subway up to Times Square in search of rare smut. I wonder whether I frequented a Mishkin store. Stanton in the 1950s and 1960s had the same routine. But he'd also be looking for pirated examples of his work. Klaw didn't pay Stanton for reprinting his work in Nutrix, a later press of reprinted early material. And Mishkin didn't pay Stanton for printing the Klaw/Stanton material in his Mutrix press editions.

"Mishkin started out selling second-hand magazines. I'd go into all the stores and one day I suggested Mishkin buy from me directly. Don't forget I had a studio on 8th Avenue and 43rd street and he had, for a while, a store on 8th Avenue and 48th street. I'd deliver my illustrations and get paid at the store. It was only later that he started a mail order business (Gargoyle Press) and had too much stock and had to rent a loft on 23rd St." Perhaps that explains the cartons of photo reproductions of Stanton/Mishkin material I found in the early 1990s in a condemned basement of a 23rd street comic store.

In the late 1960s the city police raided the studio Stanton shared with Ditko while Eric was away in Florida with his aunt. They told Stanton they'd give back his material if he'd appear as a witness in a case against Eddy Mishkin.

"Mishkin went to jail. They called me in and I had to make a statement concerning the stuff I drew for him like 'Sex Switch' (a comedy about a man being turned into a woman). What I said instead helped the defense. I remember the court people wouldn't let me stay. I had to leave".

"Everything that belonged to me – 8mm films, 16mm films, all my examples of what I did for Klaw, the paperback book covers were confiscated and never returned. They left behind pencils and blank paper! When I went to the police to retrieve my stuff they told me everything was burned."

WORKING FOR MAX STONE

Max Stone's publishing company, Peerless Sales, was on the 10th floor, and Stanton and Ditko shared a studio on the eighth floor of the same building at the corner of 8th Avenue and 43rd Street.

"It was a room about ten feet by twenty. One side was all windows. Steve and my desk faced each other. He lived nearby on 45th St. I was living in Ozone Park with my mother when I first got started there. I took the E train (subway) in. We put in lots of hours. There were times he would spend twenty hours straight doing a comic. Neither one of us was making much money.

Ditko would ink for me. He inked 'Confidential T.V.' for me. I like to draw. I'm too impatient to ink. He was a better inker than me so I let him ink. He thought my stuff was funny. We'd laugh a lot. We'd give each other ideas and characters. My Aunt Mae is the Aunt Mae in Spider Man. You have to be able to bounce ideas off someone, to know if an idea is any good. Having someone there helps you remember all the spontaneous ideas you had as you were working."

They would often go to lunch at Tad's, a steak place on 42nd street between Sixth Avenue and Broadway on the southside of the street. Sam Menning, the photographer, would come by if he had a job for Satellite or was doing an 8mm film for Max Stone. Stanton remembers him as the 'bearded seaman'.



Eric Stanton with three models

Sam Menning also designed and manufactured lingerie and bathing apparel. His Cover Girl Originals at 776 Eighth Avenue used Betty Page as a catalogue model. Up the street and further east was Jamaican Cass Carr's Vogue Modelling Studio where a group of photographers would photograph models, including Page, to pose for pin-up fotos. Sometimes after a session, Menning, remembers that he, cinematographer James Wong Howe, and photographer Weegee among others would dine at House of Louie's at 47th Street and 6th Avenue.

Sam made his living shooting 'girlie' pictures. He would sell strip sets of 4" x 5" black and white photos directly to the stores along 42nd street and Times Square. Eight to a 'bondage' set or twelve for a 'wrestling' set. The negatives would be taped together and contact printed then the prints were cut up and sealed in plastic and sold below-the-counter. These bookstores Menning remembers were owned by Eddy Mishkin, 'On the Level' Willie, 'Mousy the Rat', 'Fourteen Karat' Freddie and 'Sub-way' Pete among others.

Stanton had clients all over midtown Manhattan but artists weren't permitted to just drop in.

"You had to make an appointment over the phone to see Max Stone two floors above us! And even to see Klaw. Especially with Irving. He didn't want one artist running into another, accidentally. Once I was there helping out, and at the other end of the room, I recognized John Willie and I started to walk over. Klaw turned and shook his finger at me signalling that I wasn't to speak to Willie."

"All the pieces I drew for Max Stone were my ideas. He'd pay me by check, twenty five dollars a page. He'd then sell the copies for \$1 a page. He only wanted 'fighting girls'. That was his thing, not bondage like Klaw."

Klaw felt bondage made him more money and had Eric Stanton stop drawing 'fighting girls'. At the same time, Lenny Burtman wanted fetish fashion. There was no conflict of interest. Even so, Irving claimed he owned the publishing rights to the name 'Stanton' which forced Eric to sign his work for Peerless Sales as 'Stan'. For Burtman he sometimes used 'Stanten'.

Mishkin would take everything and anything Stanton drew though he often requested transvestites. He'd say 'give me something'. Stanton surmises that Mishkin sometimes had a customer that requested a certain subject and paid well for it. Eddy would then hire Stanton, at considerably less money, to draw whatever the request was.

Once Max Stone had a request that paid himself \$100 a page and he commissioned Stanton at \$25 a page to draw it. Eric learned of the price discrepancy and asked Stone for more money. Max offered \$35 a page. Stanton quit. Stanton started with Peerless Sales in 1958 and was finished by 1960.

WORKING FOR STANLEY MALCOM

Eddy Mishkin, Stanley Malcom and Eric Stanton formed Satellite Publications. Eric was to pose the models for photographs (someone else would take the photos) and do the illustrations.

"We set Satellite up in Buffalo and we printed some things. I did some good work for them. They were to get manuscripts and I was to illustrate and they would handle the publishing. Well they found out they could do photographs cheaper than illustrations but books with photo covers didn't sell as well so they wanted me to just do covers suggesting

that there were drawings inside. I didn't like that and eventually they forced me out". (sighs)

He did the first two issues of "Bound" then was pushed out or got out. It was shady business.

"I met Stanley through Mishkin. He was the best I ever worked for. He paid me \$125 a week (to do pulp fiction bookcovers) plus my rent, electricity, etc. Being a salaried artist was better than a parts clerk at Pan American Airlines paying just \$62 a week. Malcom paid the one hundred and eighty five dollars a month rent. He even furnished my small apartment on east 87th street. I'm talking about a television, curtains, everything." Stanton was able to do a cover a day. He was expected to produce four a month.

"Sometimes I would do four in a week and take off for Florida. I used to drive down to Miami with my mother and stay at the Bombay Hotel and later at the Colonial Inn." I asked if he had met glamour photographer Bunny Yeager while in Florida. "No, I always kept myself to myself." But he did meet up with THE fetish model of the time – Tana Louise, Lenny Burtman's wife, at the Jai Lai games at the Miami Fronton. She gave him a tip to bet on but he never got to play it.

"I did about three hundred illustrations for paperback covers for Stanley's Wee Hours and After Hours. I always worked with water and temptra. I never liked oils. I can't stand the thought of taking more than an hour or two on a piece. I want to tell the story."

"He'd say 'do whatever you want'. The cover illustrations were in no way connected directly to the text of the novels. Sometimes Malcolm would describe a specific scene but the titles never had anything to do with the story".

Only about 60 ever got published. There was a period in the early 1970s when there were no illustrations used on covers. The government came into Malcom's warehouse and then twelve trucks carted away hundreds of thousands of paperbacks, including some of his originals and some of ENEG's.

Through his lawyers everything was returned to Stanley and the government was made to put back everything exactly into its place in Queens. Stanton got back from Malcom only 20 originals. When Stanley Malcom retired to Florida he sold all the books for a penny a piece!

I pointed out to Eric Stanton how much I liked the strange color sense in his "Wee Hours" and "After Hours" covers. For example, a woman in a lime green negligee standing on a lime green floor.

"There was no color sense. At that time I was slightly color blind. I couldn't tell the difference between red and middle colors. That's why most of my stuff is like comic book colors because I would see red or anything close to red as the same color. But today, since I had my eye operation, I see the difference between red and the next red and the next with the two new eyes I got."

The surreal nature of his covers may have been assisted by his pharmaceutical drug addiction to pain killers. He was practically bed-ridden for ten years with severe back pain from the injury he sustained while working at Pan Am and from an earlier injury in the service. When Stanley Malcom found him in Queens living with his mother, his first marriage was over. He had lost his two boys.

"I cried for two years. It broke my heart. At the time I was a cripple. I couldn't walk. I was in bed. For ten years I was on my back. From age 28 to 38. I would get out of bed and walk like a cripple to my desk and



Wrestling photo with Eric Stanton acting as a model, 1970s



Drawing by Eric Stanton

draw. My left leg had no feeling. I got cured by accident. It was 7:30 in the morning and I was watching television with my remote and I turned to Richard Littleman's yoga program. They were reading a letter from an eighty seven year old woman that couldn't raise her arm above her head until she followed his program. I started doing yoga every morning and after 2 months I could touch the floor."

In several of his covers, Stanton draws himself with a demonic look. "There is more character in the evil-looking person even though they are not necessarily evil, as in my case. I am a cream puff. So was John Willie. It's the illusion. I love the look".

WORKING FOR HIMSELF

"Satellite Publications petered out and Stanley gave me the mailing list (and much original fetish art by ENEG and others). Malcom got out of the business altogether. It was a very small business. Maybe a couple of hundred dollars a week coming in. That wasn't anything for Stanley so he gave me the business and that's when I came up with the idea for Stantoons instead of Stanton.

All I did was slip another zero in there. I combined cartoons with Stanton and came up with 'Stantoons'. Later I created a cloth male dummy named Stantooney who got all the girls in my comic 'Kinky Hook' even though he didn't even have a 'peter' (penis).

At one time I had 20,000 names on my mailing list but I couldn't afford the stamps and my copier was crummy. I lost lots of customers because they wanted books or at least a better printer. I suffered money until I found a decent copier.

A printer wrote to me saying 'the way you do your work on a copying machine is awful. Why don't you do printing?' He said he'd agree to print for me. Mike, I don't want to remember his last name because he cheated the life out of me. He made me a 5" x 8" catalogue of my drawings and three books - 'Family Affair', 'The Governess' and 'The Punished Publisher'. Up till this point I had been selling these three stories in parts as I printed them over on my little copying machine.

After he printed them, he gave me a certain amount and he sold the rest. I didn't get a nickel from what he sold, but I had to give him half of the selling price of those I sold."

This story, unfortunately, mimics that of leg art photographer Elmer Batters.

The very opposite occurred with George Mavety. In the late 1970s Mavety published "Pleasure Parade" 2,3,4,5, &6 which included illustrated stories by Stanton. Mavety offered to print, at cost, Stanton's catalogue of hundreds of illustrated pieces. In 1980 "Stanton Archives Catalogue" appeared.

In 1982 Stanton hired a printer and began to self-publish a new series of titles - Stantoons - as small bound books. "Vonda Sorrel" was the first that by 1996 numbered over 100 books!

"When I started doing the mail order it got more personal with the customers and they would write me and ask me to draw this and draw that. Originally my stories would contain just about everything - a little adventure, a little humor, a little serious bondage. I would get people who would say they couldn't stand the humor, and others that said the humor was the best part. People would write and give me ideas. I got all kinds of requests!" (laughs)

The first time he was asked to draw a woman with gigantic breasts he drew "Mudfight" (Stanton Archive No. 39). The customer asked for

bigger breasts then bigger breasts. They later became good friends. I asked Stanton if he was influenced by his wife Britt's large breasts getting larger when she got pregnant. "Of course. But she was always big but milk really blew 'em up to comic book size".

"A doctor wrote me and said he had a fantasy of Taiwanese women with penises and would I draw four scenes. He sent me a check for \$40. I drew the pictures for 'Girls Can Rape Boys' (Stanton Archive No. 111) and I said to myself 'this is terrible. I can't do this'. I sent it to him and he flipped out. He wanted more and, at first, I said 'no'. He came back a year later with the same request and I drew more and put it in my catalogue. A lot of customers were absolutely angry I drew 'princks' (big breasted women with large penises). Then later the same ones that complained wrote back and said they could live with it and then they became princks fans ... It is the true domination of man".

"Trans-Fems-Ation" was a request from a customer that wanted a color original. Stanton told him he no longer sold originals but liked his idea and thought it should be enlarged into a story for x amount of dollars. The guy agreed and sent back a more elaborate story idea and Stanton roughed out the man's ideas. The man answered with more detailed descriptions and corrections. In the end the man received a fully illustrated story of copies that Stanton then colored with colored pencils. Stanton, eventually, added it to his Archives catalogue.

Stanton has a great talent for titles. "Baby Fat" was a story idea sent in by a customer. "Partners In Punishment", "Baby Sitter Sits", "Black Domination", and "Beached" (Beach Casanova thinks he is irresistible and gets a thorough thrashing by mother and daughter) are but a few examples.

Doing tracings allowed him to experiment with different emotions in a particular scene. Often a character drawn for one story ended up in another.

Stanton would do a drawing for a special request and if it was good enough and long enough, he'd bind it into a book and offer it as a Stantoons in his yearly bulletin.

"In the beginning, I would say 'give me ten dollars a page and minimum ten pages and I'll do whatever you request'."

Stanton prices were not for the original. He would sketch the idea and send the customer a printed copy and keep the original. And the price did go up.

By comparison, in the late 1980s I (Eric Kroll) wrote to Bill Ward, the charcoal cartoon artist obsessed with big-boobed women in spiked heels, and asked how much he would charge for a custom drawing of myself worshipping a blonde model I worked with. He wrote back, \$60!!! Why do artists doing sexual imagery often undervalue their own work?

In 1979 the writer B&G came to Stanton and asked him to finish the illustrations for "Toni Goes To The Bondage Ball" a piece begun in the late 1940s with four pages drawn by John Willie. Stanton drew the rest in his own style and the story was published by Mavety in "Pleasure Parade" No. 6. At the same time he redid the faces on B&G's original watercolors ("Pleasure Parade" No. 5) also from an earlier Klaw period. "His faces (B&G's) were doll-like or stupid. That's how he regarded women. I felt they needed something from me. My input. I gave the face a feeling".



Eric Stanton's archive, Clinton (CT)
Photo: © Eric Kroll, 1996

BRITT, HIS SECOND WIFE

"She was my Betty Page. Only she wasn't as good a model as Betty Page as far as knowing what to do, cause she had never done it, at the age of 20. I was 41 or 42 when we met in 1968. She was the spitting image of Sophia Loren, big breasts, long legs ... just the most gorgeous thing I had ever seen in my life. I fell in love immediately. There was no question about it.

I made an 8mm movie of her with a girlfriend, Natasha. They were roommates at the Webster House for Girls. Britt had arrived from Norway with ten dollars. Ten dollars! She had a job as a key punch operator but I did this film of her wrestling Natasha. It wasn't used for anything. There were no photographs. It was done for a customer. We paid her \$25. (laughs)

She got scratched all over the place. 50 feet. That's all we shot. I wish we had it. The customer, a personal friend, ended up with it and he's gone. He died.

Anyway, we were dating once in a while and Britt was on her way to see a friend in Oklahoma. When she got there, I called her up a couple of times.

I asked her if she wanted to make some more money. I told her to fly back and I'd pay for her flight and we'll make some more 8mm films."

"I had another 8mm film request from a customer. (laughs) What I did was film her and myself. I set up the camera and told her to tie me up. That was the request. Of course the customer didn't know the guy in the film was me!

I sold the 200 feet for \$400. I didn't make a copy. Kodak had confiscated another of my films when I asked them to make a copy. It was

nothing. It was just me and Britt wrestling. That was the end of me thinking of making copies of films."

Technology has improved Eric Stanton's life. Eventually, videotape made duplication simple. Similarly, in the 1960s, he used a 3m duplicating machine. Very slow. Very poor quality. He's had 10 machines since then. He now has a copier that makes quick, excellent copies.

"Britt liked to paint but she wasn't doing much. I told her, 'Why don't you quit your job and move upstairs' (in his apartment building). Live with me and go to school and learn how to paint.' Which she did. She went to the Academy. We had a wonderful life. We enjoyed each other tremendously.

Britt was my first model. In 1969, the super in my building was a young fellow married to a Hungarian girl. They were both Hungarian. At this time Britt was 22 and the super's wife was 20. We made black and white photo sets of the two of them wrestling and offered them in my mail order business. The super knew about photography and he developed the pictures in our bathroom. We paid the models \$20 for a 50 foot film. When Britt got pregnant with Tommy, I asked her to quit modelling. Later, I started making videotapes with Paul, my downstairs neighbor. But that was a poor business".

For his wife Britt, wrestling came naturally. "I would fight in Norway (growing up) and I never thought it was a sensual or sexual thing. I just did it because it was the way I grew up." Movies made for a customer became common. Eric would get a request and Britt and Eric would act it out. "Eric said it came natural to me. I came up with weird holds he couldn't get out of." Britt began getting a lot of letters from male admirers. "I thought it was weird but I didn't think it was bad or anything." She'd answer all the letters and it began to take up too much time so

she charged a dollar or two. "They wanted my ripped stockings and my underwear. I sent audiotapes to people talking about blowing smoke in their face. I met a heavyweight boxer in England that wanted me to tie him up with shoe laces and long silk ropes. I'm sure he could have gotten out of them but he didn't want to. I had to give him scissor holds and then he fainted on us! Between my thighs. Eric was taking photographs and the guy was blueish white in the face. Can you imagine if I had killed the guy! headline WOMAN KILLS MAN WHILE WRESTLING WITH A SCISSOR HOLD.

We did private tapes for many years but then there were the kids growing up and kids always around the house. We never had the time or the privacy," Britt explained.

Stanton: "It wasn't making any money but it was a lot of fun getting different models and shooting the videos. Eventually, I gave the business to Paul. It's not my thing, working with models. There weren't any Betty Pages around anymore. I think that was 1974 when the photographic work ended." Even though Stanton describes himself as a 'cement man', in 1978, when Tommy was four, they moved up to suburban Connecticut. Seven months later Amber was born.

ERIC KROLL'S CONNECTION WITH ERIC STANTON

The 'hot' club in Manhattan in the mid-1980's was Danceteria on west 21 street run by Rudolph. It had four floors, each with a different feeling. The most exclusive area was the top floor or CONGO BILL where

Haoui Montaug would hold events which might feature performances by Anne Magnuson or Eric Begosian, or exhibitions by artists selected by Rudolph. Just before the birth of my first daughter, Leah, I had an exhibition of my photographs entitled "Fecundity". The following exhibition was the work of Eric Stanton. It was for the nights of April 26, 27 & 28th, 1984. I went to the opening night. I recognized Gerald Malanga and other Warhol Factory members. In the corner sat Stanton, the maestro, receiving his audience. He was obviously delighted by the massive turn-out. I introduced myself and asked if I could take his photo. Coincidentally, Rudolph's girlfriend, high-heeled and big-breasted Diane Brill sauntered by. I wanted to shoot them together, but at the last minute Stanton covered his face, saying, "Don't publish that photo, my wife Britt will kill me."

I must have gotten his telephone number that night because through the following years we would talk on the phone. I was representing Bunny Yeager, the 1950s Miami glamour photographer, selling her prints and placing her work in magazines. In 1989, I began selling my own fetish photographs to the French magazine, "Demonia". In 1990, I convinced them to let me interview Stanton. I went up to his east 87th street and asked a bunch of disjointed questions about people I had only vaguely heard of. Listening to the interview again, for this introduction, I realize how naive I was. He was telling me important things but I couldn't make the connections.

I had a wonderful friend named John Detrick who owned a bookstore in Coconut Grove, Florida. He was fascinated with Betty Page and so was I. One day in the late 1980s, he told me to call a number outside the city limits. A neighbor had asked a neighbor to clean out the house of a



Various "Stantoons", small bound books Eric Stanton published himself
Photo: © Eric Kroll



Sketch for Interlude with Gwendoline

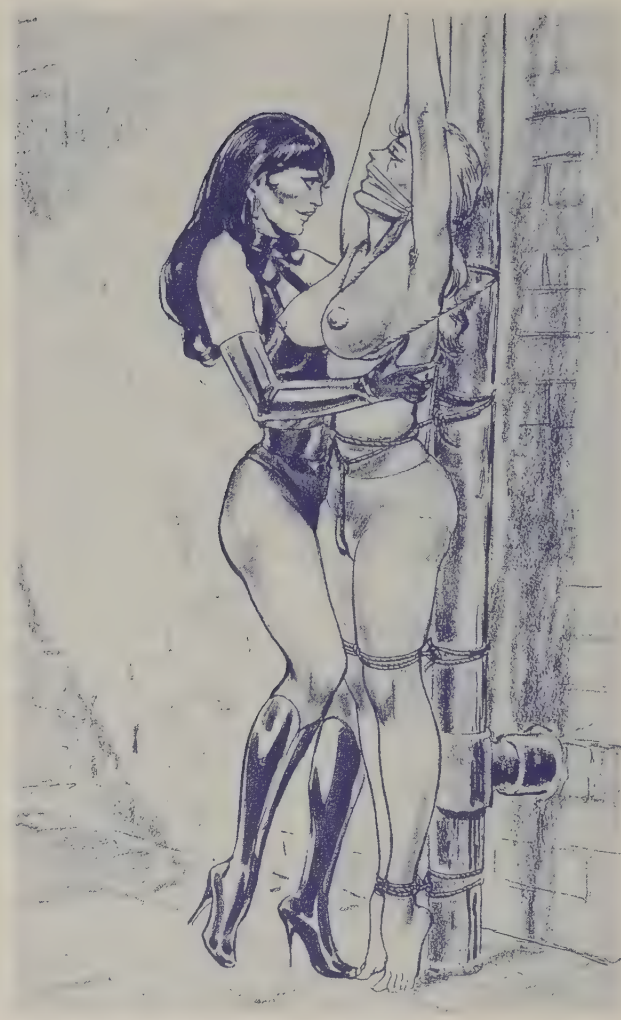


Illustration for Interlude with Gwendoline

dead man. Inside, from floor to ceiling, were piles of pornography from the 1940s to the present. The helpful neighbor had hauled off the piles to his home and was selling them. I bought hundreds of Klaw illustrated stories, obscure small magazines, and original drawings, some of which turned out to be by Stanton.

Stanton spent part of the Demonia interview identifying the treasures I had bought. I asked him to sign the ones he had done.

Around this same time, I had a very important customer who would arrive by limousine and spoke with a refined French accent. He lived with a beautiful blonde French actress and collected photographs of the raven-haired Betty Page. I arranged for him to meet Stanton. Mr. X and I were to meet at the Sixth Avenue restaurant, Lox Around The Clock, and go together to our 8 a.m. meeting with Stanton. I was very excited to view Stanton's original work. Unfortunately, I didn't sleep the night before. Not out of anxiety, but because I got involved with two beautiful women. We played and drank all night. At dawn, my head felt like a brick. The smallest noise caused me to wince. I had to be polite. I had to make things happen. Instead, I was nothing. A lump. I vaguely remember Eric taking us next door to his second apartment and opening a metal closet that contained several John Willie watercolors. I remember a watercolor of pony girls used to illustrate an episode of the "Magic Island" from John Willie's "Bizarre". Stanton hesitated, then offered it for \$2000. Mistakenly, we didn't buy. Mr. X did purchase a watercolor from Stanton's "Sweet Gwendoline". My commission was a piece of Stanton artwork of my choice. I chose "Money To Burn" from a stack of original watercolors used to illustrate Wee Hours book covers. Years later, Eric told me Britt was furious at the time because he had given away a piece promised to her!

More recently I discovered another cache of Stanton material. This time it was negatives of pirated Stanton/Klaw drawings and Stanton material commissioned by Mishkin. A girlfriend called and told me a comic store on west 23rd Street had a basement filled with smut that the fire department was to condemn. There were rats and treasures including four large format black and white negatives of Betty Page dressed in corset and mouth gag bound to a metal chair!

In 1993, I was commissioned to photograph the mistresses of a dungeon on the westside. I accepted as payment four small watercolors of women wrestling or hog-tying men. I knew they were by Stanton. The fellow thought he was getting the best of me. He had paid \$10 each from a guy that had bought them from a guy selling original drawings stuffed in a cardboard box on the sidewalk outside the infamous Hellfire Club for the same price. Later I learned they were part of an Eddy Mishkin commissioned piece entitled "Legacy of Pain".

After I connected Benedikt Taschen to leg art photographer Elmer Batters I suggested a book on kinky Eric Stanton. In 1994, we drove to Eric's house in Connecticut by limousine and got stuck in traffic for hours. Benedikt had to catch a plane. We looked at a few original pieces, spoke about the book, shook hands and left.

I spent four days in March 1995 in Stanton's basement overwhelmed by the myriad of original material. At the time, I couldn't distinguish a Stanton piece done for Mishkin, for Malkin, or for Burtman. What was a Stanton? Which pieces were from the Stanton Archive? Was it a Klaw original or a Mishkin reprint? Was this piece from "Sweeter Gwen" or "Sweet Gwendoline" or "The Return of Gwendoline" or... I asked six hours of questions and returned to San Francisco baffled.

I have an extensive collection of paper art from the 1940s to the

present. Subsequently, I spent five months combing my collection for examples of Stanton work. I would see something that might be his, and then fax him a copy. He would fax back yea or nay. I began to recognize his work. Then I was able to distinguish the different periods of his work. I logged, copied and communicated with Stanton. Slowly I pieced together the Stanton puzzle. I enjoyed the phone messages he left on my machine: "Hello Eric the Great. This is Eric the Greater." And so it went for month after month.

In May 1996 I brought a photographer friend and Vanessa Varela, as research coordinator, to Stanton's house. We had two copystands running ten hours a day for four days collating and copying Stanton original watercolors, drawings and vintage photo reproductions of early Stanton work. We would meet Eric at the neighborhood diner for breakfast and I would bring my tape recorder. Eric reminisced. We ate eggs and listened.

There will always be gaps. Most of his writers and customers wish to remain anonymous. For example, Eric has no idea where 'Sam', one of his biggest customers, lives. 'Sam' simply calls Stanton on Sunday or doesn't call. I did get to speak to Turk Winter, text provider for "Blunder Broad" (begun 1976), their lengthy series of books on the kinky misadventures of a big-breasted superwoman. He told me that working with Stanton on his books was "a labor of love". It began when he wrote Stanton a fan letter in the early seventies after discovering "Kinky Hook" and visited the artist in his NYC apartment. Being from Kentucky, he was surprised and pleased to receive southern style hospitality. He's written over 60 titles. Normally Eric sends him four or five illustrations and Turk writes the text. Since the early 1990s he's been writing a full length novel entitled 'Nipples'.

Eric Stanton remembers a lot but exact dates are impossible. I was able to find several dozen Wee Hours books. I visited my new friend Mr. X, a collector and golfer. He brought me down the hallway of his apartment to a locked closet. Inside were neatly stacked envelopes, each containing Stanton reproductions he had bought decades earlier. He bought the way this book has been conceived. He didn't buy complete stories. He treated each photograph reproduction as an individual piece of artwork. He bought drawings he liked, ignoring the storyline which was usually just a mediocre vehicle for the art.

Most of Stanton's work was, ostensibly, drawn to illustrate stories or fantasies. I've selected images from Stanton's huge body of work that, I feel, stand alone. They don't need to be seen in conjunction with other images. The storyline doesn't interest me. What is drawn excites my imagination. Some of it turns me off. It's too exaggerated for my tastes. Much of it turns me on. The storyline has always been an excuse for the art.

Enjoy the art. The viewer is invited to ignite his or her own fantasies page after page after page.

SOME THOUGHTS

I love Stanton's early work, especially the fantastic bondage drawings he did for Klaw. They are surreal. As he became an accomplished artist, his figures became more realistic, especially the Stanton Archive and Stantoon period. The violence became more life like and I am not into violence. Fantasy or otherwise. Restraint and submission I respond to. But everyone has their own propensities and, fortunately, it is all here in black and white and color.

To contradict myself, Stantoons No. 70, "Partners In Punishment",

is realistically drawn but even-handed in its corporal punishment. The husband disciplines his bride much like he had witnessed his father do to his mother when he was a child. She accepts it, as she had done as a child at the hands of her older sister. Later, she puts her delinquent husband over her lap and vigorously spans his bare bottom with a hairbrush. Marital bliss!

The 300 book covers for Malcom are my favorite of Stanton's work because there is a sense of humor. There is a sense of sexual role playing that borders on the ridiculous – something I always try to accomplish in my photographs. I am continuously learning from the mind and hand of Eric Stanton. I steal his wisdom. Years before, I responded to the straddling (face-sitting) illustrations. This year, it is strong women overpowering the weak helpless male. This sexual fantasy should take me years to play out. Then there is the Stanton fantasy on page 90, page 100, etc. etc.

Stanton says he can illustrate any well written fantasy. He claims he can climb inside the writer's mind and flesh out the fantasy even if it is something that doesn't particularly turn him on. "If it's interesting, even dealing with homosexuality or transvestism, if it's well written, I can't help but enjoy it. If the writer is into the subject, writing his own fantasy, then there will be no better story."

I asked Stanton what kind of sex he liked. "Having a struggle. It can't be a lay-down-have-sex period thing. At five years old I was looking for girls to pin me. There was a seven year old and we'd play cowboys and Indians. As an adult I enjoy it when I take a little and dominate a little and then she comes back and I let her win if she is enjoying it. I love a woman in exotic clothing. A nude body is nothing. I like a woman in boots and corsets, of course. I don't like see-thru outfits but lace I love. And I love pleated skirts. They make her more feminine. She can't be small. A woman has to be strong. The bigger the girl is the better. That's why I married Britt. She is two inches taller than me." "Leg Show" magazine editor Dian Hansen came to mind. "Oh yeah, Dian Hansen is beautifully built. I like good firmness but I don't like muscle girls. A slight build-up is good.

I always liked the dominance of female over female. Men are ugly. Who wants to see a man?"

How much of Eric Stanton's work is autobiographical? I'll never know. At age nine he witnessed a catfight between his mother and his aunt.

I asked Britt how she met her husband.

Britt: "I was living at the Webster House for Young Women and I had just come over from Norway. I was nineteen. A girlfriend suggested we go over to this artist friend of hers. That he was going to help her with a painting she was doing. I brought my date who looked like Robert Redford. Eric opened the door and he had on his black outfit that he always wears. He kept staring at me. He looked different. He had a black beard kind of like the devil. I never looked for a type like that. He was shorter and darker. I had always been with taller, blonder people. But I liked his personality and he was well built. A 29" waist line. Everytime I looked up he was staring at me and right away he got his movie camera out and started filming us waving at the camera and then he'd zoom down to the legs. He'd film all of us and then zoom down to our legs. We've lost that film but we had a film of the first hour we met. I remember I had a mini skirt on that night and he liked long legs. I always wanted to be petite. As a matter of fact I couldn't get a job as an airline stewardess because they said I was too tall. A week later he called me and asked if I remembered him. And I said 'yeah'. Then he asked if I wanted a date and I said



Eric Stanton at work, Clinton (CT)
Photo: © Eric Kroll, 1996

'yeah' and he said 'wow'. He said 'what about tomorrow' and I said 'yeah'. Then he said 'what about tonight' and I said 'yeah. I'll be right there'. Eric was standing outside his apartment for two or three hours because, of course, I walked (no cab money). All the way from the west-side at 36th street to the upper east side. That night we came back to his apartment and we had two or three beers. I was talking to him and it was 3 o'clock in the morning and I couldn't understand why he didn't start anything. I was sitting really close to him. He was being real strict drinking orange juice all night long. (He was a health nut standing on his head all the time doing yoga.) I came closer to him and took him by the shoulder and flipped him onto the floor. There he was lying on the floor and I jumped on top of his chest with my legs spread! Eric said to me later that this woman (Britt) came right out of his cartoon drawings! Don't forget when I was growing up in Norway there was no pantyhose. I wore stockings and garter belts."

When I (Eric Kroll) first visited Eric Stanton in the country we were sitting in his living room and his sixteen year old daughter, Amber, came in from school. She was wearing a long coat from the 60s. Without introducing myself, I asked her where she got the Beatles coat. She walked over and pointing a finger down at me, asked her father "Who is this guy?" It was her tone of voice and manner that exuded her sense of superiority. The following year I was at his house with Vanessa. After the copying work was finished, I shot Amber pretending to sketch Vanessa in the woods. Amber didn't follow direction well, and when we returned home I admitted to Eric Stanton my difficulties. "Oh yeah, she's a dominant", Stanton replied and rolled his eyes.

THE STORY OF ERIC STANTON



Letter to Eric

AFTERTHOUGHTS AND NOTES

Stanton defines a 'masochist' as someone that punishes themselves with work. They are strong-willed and keep themselves to themselves a lot. Sounds familiar. Stanton thinks Howard Hughes collected his work and from what he's read about Hughes he thinks he might also have been a masochist. Stanton heard he liked dominant women. John Willie is thought to have based some of his strong women characters on the 1950s actress Jane Russell, and Howard Hughes was so enamored of J.R., he supposedly designed a cantilevered bra for Jane to wear to protect her bosom while riding in his automobile.

When I asked Stanton about the small book "She Dominates All Men" he told me it was never meant for publication. It was drawn in the early seventies for a customer. The cover illustration is of two women seated on two naked men branding their ass cheeks with an 'A K' which he told me stood for 'ass kissers'.

Stanton doesn't draw from models or from photos but I did find in his basement library the following magazine titles: "Women Wrestling" vol. 1 #5, the only British journal dedicated exclusively to the Pro and "Amateur Female Boxing and Wrestling Scene"; "Wrestling Movie Review" vol. 1 #4 ; "Amazons In Action", "Aggressive Women" No. 24 and "She Fights" vol. 1 #3

"I don't read for pleasure anymore. I have to save my eyes", Eric stated.

Sometimes when Eric was looking at his work from the past he'd say, almost to himself "I don't understand how I drew these things". Over breakfast I remember him commenting on dominance and submission saying he couldn't believe people actually did those things.



Eric Stanton and Eric Kroll, Clinton (CT)

Photo: © Eric Kroll, 1995

When Britt was first living with Eric he wouldn't show her what he did. One day she pushed her way into his studio and demanded to know what he was doing in there. "I saw he was drawing a woman and doing some torture things to her nipples ... some nails and tacks through the nipples. So I said 'this is what you're so scared of showing me' and I was laughing. When I met him he was drawing like John Willie, everyone looked like a mannequin. I told him 'you got to have them move and rolling and doing things'. Later he had a story to do for 'Sam' and it was Eric's big breakthrough. The people started moving and figures started to fly on the page. Then he got away from cardboard and used tracing paper and going over and over and got them growing. It was much better".

Stanton feels if he hadn't drawn fetish subjects he never would have gotten the recognition he has received.

Stanton doesn't draw from photographs or from live models. He proudly admits they come out of his imagination. A psychologist would have a field day with what his pencil puts on paper. I'm not qualified. Are you?

Eric Stanton
P. O. Box 163
Gracie Station
New York City, New York 10028
U.S.A.
<http://www.stanton-fetish.com>





THE IRVING KLAU YEARS 1948-1956

BLOOMER GIRL PHOTOS!

We have just added 22 new Bloomer Girl Photos to our bloomer girl photo collection which brings up our total up to 82 different bloomer girl photos. Price is 25 cents each bloomer girl photo or you can have all 82 photos for \$16.00 plus postage. There are 6 new poses on Desiree, 6 new poses on Venus, 10 poses on Tanny and 11 poses on Ruth Barnes, 12 on Gwen Nichols, 3 on Jonnie Wilson, 8 on Peggy Leer, etc., all at 25 cents each bloomer girl photo.



DESIREE—36
(6 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



DESIREE—35
(6 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



TANNY—4
(10 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



TANNY—10
(10 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



VENUS—39
(6 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



VENUS—37
(6 BLOOMER PHOTOS)



RUTH BARNES—10



RUTH BARNES—1



RUTH BARNES—4



RUTH BARNES—7



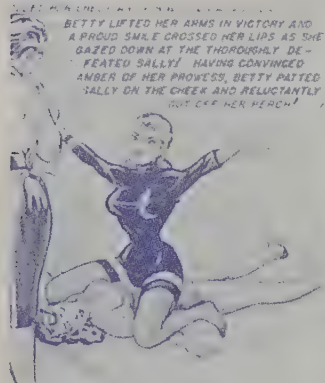
RUTH BARNES—6



RUTH BARNES—11

NEW FIGHTING GIRL ILLUSTRATED SERIAL BY STANTON! "DIARY OF A LADY WRESTLER"

Having had several requests for an illustrated fighting girl serial, we have commissioned popular artist Stanton to draw some new illustrations on the entertaining sport of lady wrestlers. This new serial is titled "Diary of a Lady Wrestler" and tells the story of how Betty, an amateur lady wrestler battles her way into the professional ranks by pinning down one of the best lady wrestlers in this rough sport. Only the first 12 episodes, each size 8 x 10 are available at present at price of 60 cents each episode or all 12 episodes for \$6.00 plus postage.

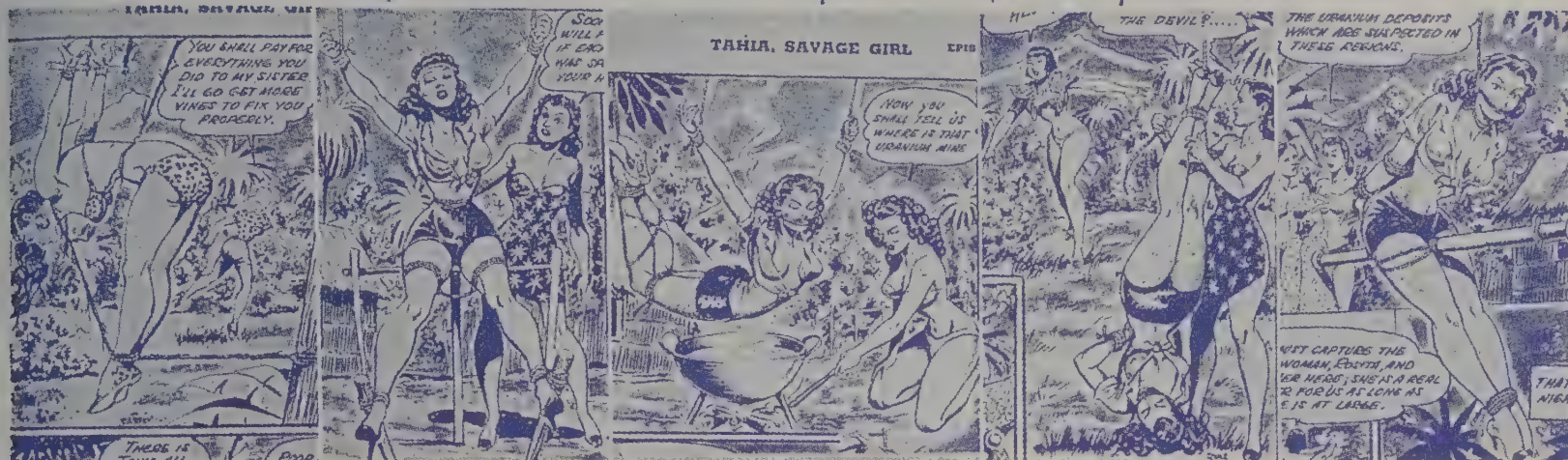


Scenes from "Diary of a Lady Wrestler" drawn by Stanton

Please address and send all orders to Lovelies Inc., 212 East 14th St., New York City 3, N. Y. and be sure to include 35 cents extra for postage and insurance.

"TAHIA, SAVAGE GIRL" Drawn by RUIZ

We can now supply you with the first 32 episodes of a new cartoon serial drawn by Mexican artist, called RUIZ. The action takes place in the jungle wilds, where Tahia, the savage girl lives, when Tahia is annoyed by women hunters and scientists exploring for valuable mineral deposits. Price is 50¢ each episode and more episodes will be ready for sale next month. All 32 episodes for \$15.00. Episode 32 is the end.



Scenes from "Tahia, Savage Girl" Drawn by Ruiz

NEW BONDAGE CARTOON SERIAL! "DIANA'S ORDEAL"

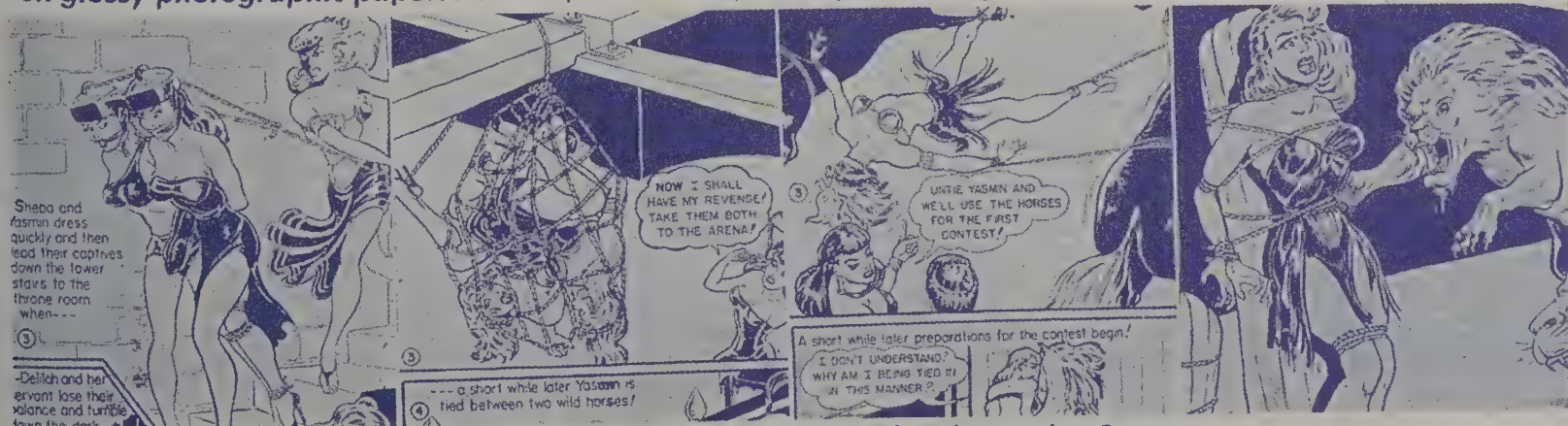
Here is our newest Bondage Cartoon Serial drawn by popular artist Stanton called "Diana's Ordeal." This new cartoon tells what happens when Diana comes to claim the ancient Medieval Castle left her by her uncle, and the perils and ordeal she encounters through her contacts with her cousin, the Countess, and the evil housekeeper of the Castle. The Countess and the housekeeper plan to scare Diana out of her inheritance by use of the many instruments and gadgets of the Inquisition era still left in the antique Castle. Only the first 30 episodes are available now at 50¢ each episode. All 30 episodes for \$14.00.



SCENES FROM "DIANA'S ORDEAL"

"SHEBA, THE SLAVE GIRL"

We can now supply you with the first 24 episodes of a brand new Bondage Cartoon Serial called Sheba, The Slave Girl", drawn by popular artist Stanton. The action in this new serial takes place in ancient Arabia, when Princess Sheba is kidnapped by a wicked Queen's followers, who in turn are waylaid by a band of outlaw slave traders, who capture the entire party, and Sheba is sold into slavery at the Slave Market auction. Price is 50¢ each episode and more episodes will be added next month. All episodes are size 8 x 10 on glossy photographic paper. All 24 episodes for \$11.00 plus postage. Episode 24 is the end of cartoon serial.



Scenes from "Sheba, The Slave Girl," drawn by Stanton

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BULLETIN "A"

BULLETIN PRICE 25 CENTS

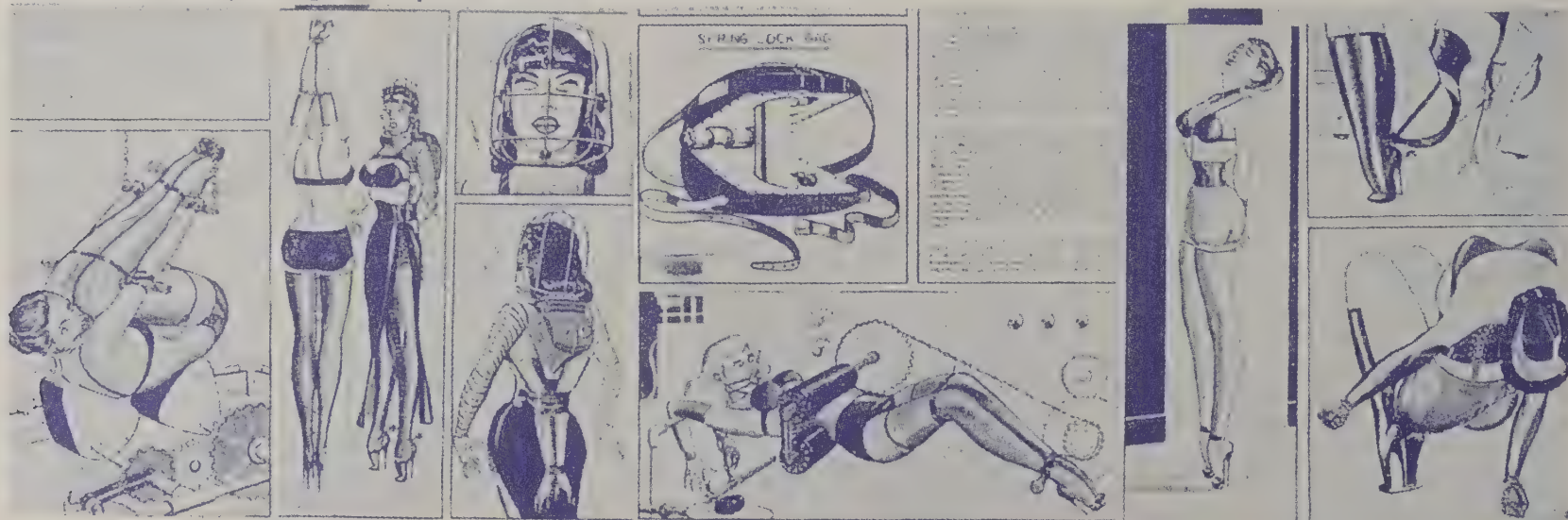
ILLUSTRATED SERIALS NOW IN STOCK!

Now at last you can buy those famous Bondage Serials by artists Stanton, ENEG, Willie, Jim, Jay, Ruiz and other popular artists that are now available again. Listed below is a partial list of those bondage serials now available for immediate ordering while our supply lasts. Due to lack of space we are forced to omit some serials, but you can request those not listed giving second choices and if in stock your first choices will be sent.

Order as many complete series as you can at these low prices as prices will go up shortly because of increased printing and mailing costs. Why pay more while you can still get the best serials for less while our supply lasts.

"GIRLS' FIGURE TRAINING ACADEMY"

Popular artist Stanton has just completed a new bondage cartoon serial titled "Girl Figure Training Academy." This new bondage serial is complete in 22 chapters and tells of the rigid discipline at Madame Stringent's academy which trains models for artists and magazines. The bizarre fashions and stern treatment the models go through are illustrated by Stanton and each chapter has the story dialogue typed alongside of the illustration. Each of the 22 chapters is size 8x10 and price is 50 cents per chapter or all 22 chapters for \$10.00 plus postage. Chapter 22 is the end of this cartoon.



Illustrations from "Girls' Figure Training Academy" drawn by Stanton

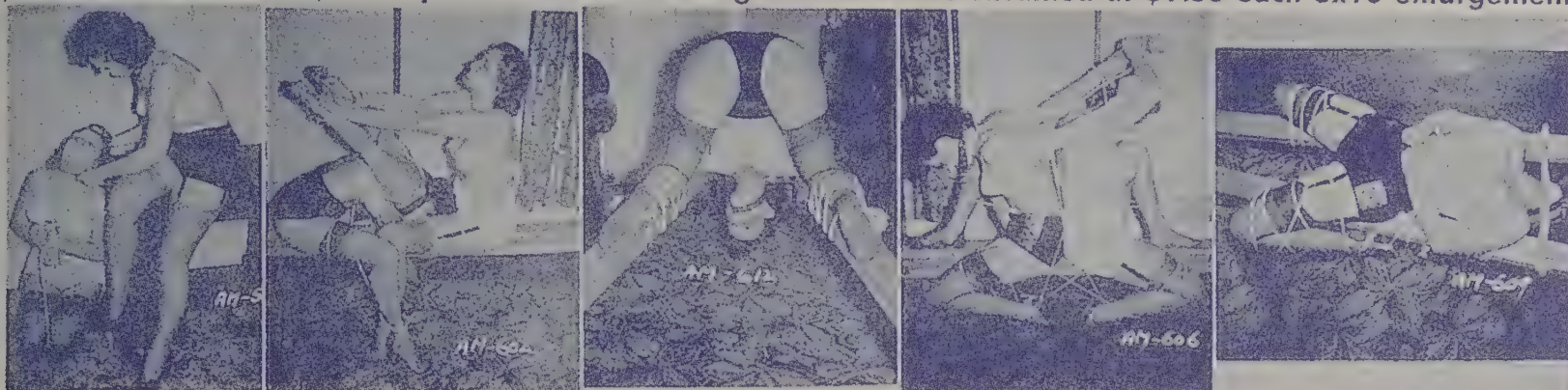
PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATED BONDAGE SERIALS IN STOCK!

- "SLAVES IN ANCIENT ROME" by Jim — 20 chapters at 50¢ each, all 20 for \$9.00.
- "MADAME DISCIPLINE" by Stanton — 30 chapters at 50¢ each, all 30 for \$14.00.
- "BARONESS STEEL" by Jim — 30 chapters at 50¢ each, all 30 for \$14.00.
- "NEW ADVENTURES OF SWEET GWENDOLINE" by John Willie — 43 chapters at 50¢ each, all 43 for \$20.00.
- "LEATHER BOOT CLUB" by Stanton — 30 chapters at 50¢ each, all 30 for \$14.00.
- "PRISONERS OF THE INQUISITION" by Mario — 30 chapters at 50¢ each, all 30 for \$14.00.
- "QUEEN OF BONDAGE" by ENEG — 21 chapters at 50¢ each, all 21 for \$9.50.
- "CAPTAIN KIDNAP, LADY PIRATE" by ENEG — 12 chapters at 50¢ each, all for \$5.50.
- "SWEET GWENDOLINE" by John Willie — 22 chapters at 50¢ each, all 22 for \$10.00.
- "SWEET GWENDOLINE, ESCAPE ARTISTE" — 8 chapters at 50¢ each, all 8 for \$3.50.

Advertisement for Stanton's Girls' Figure Training Academy, 1952

NEW AM-AMATEUR BONDAGE POSES!

We can now supply you with 8 new AM-Amateur Bondage poses of models Natalie Kay and Judy Young at 40¢ each. These are numbered AM-643 to AM-650. This now makes a total of 498 different AM-Bondage poses available at 40¢ each pose. Size 8x10 enlargements can be obtained at \$1.00 each 8x10 enlargement.



DOMINANT FEMALE POSES!

We can now supply you with over 375 different poses of Dominant Females specially posed with a whip. These poses are taken from our various model series, many of which were omitted because of lack of space. The price is 25¢ each pose or 10 different poses for \$2.00 plus postage. Be sure to list numbers of photos you now have to avoid duplications as we do not keep track of photos you order. Numbers in brackets (6) means how many poses we have of illustrated models.



A-48 GEORGIA WHITFIELD (10) S-240 DOLORES DU VAUGHN (10) R-66 BIRDIE ROBBINS (6) H-434 JOYCE QUINLAN (6) L-463 JO-ANN DE LUCIA ROZ GREENWOOD (16) R-65

"Perils of Diana" Drawn by Stanton

Here is the new sequel to Stanton's popular cartoon Diana's ordeal called "Perils of Diana". Stanton continues the further adventures and ordeals of Diana at Inquisition Castle in which Diana faces new trials and tribulations at the hands of a demented custodian of the famous Wax Works Museum and Gadgets in the Castle. Only the first 30 episodes are available at present at price of 50¢ each episode.



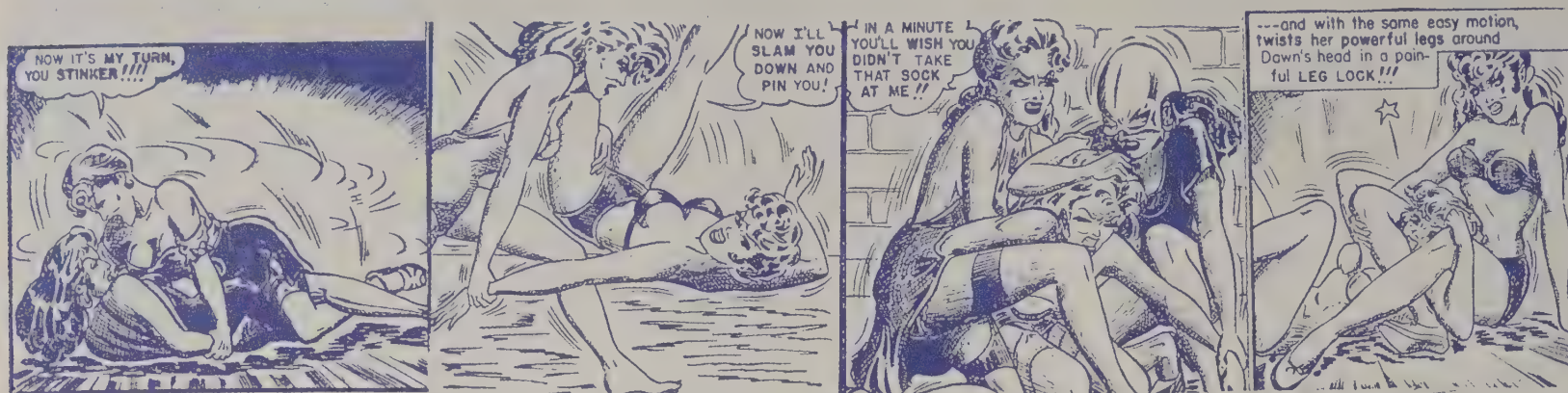
Scenes from "Perils Of Diana" drawn by Stanton

CARTOON AND MODEL PARADE

FIGHTING GIRL CARTOON SERIALS — SIZE 8 x 10

"DAWNS FIGHTING ADVENTURES" — DRAWN BY STANTON

Dawns Fighting Adventures is now complete in 18 Thrilling Episodes at price of 50¢ each episode or all 18 episodes for \$8.50 postpaid.



SCENES FROM "DAWNS FIGHTING ADVENTURES" CARTOON SERIAL

"FIGHTING FEMMES" CARTOON SERIAL

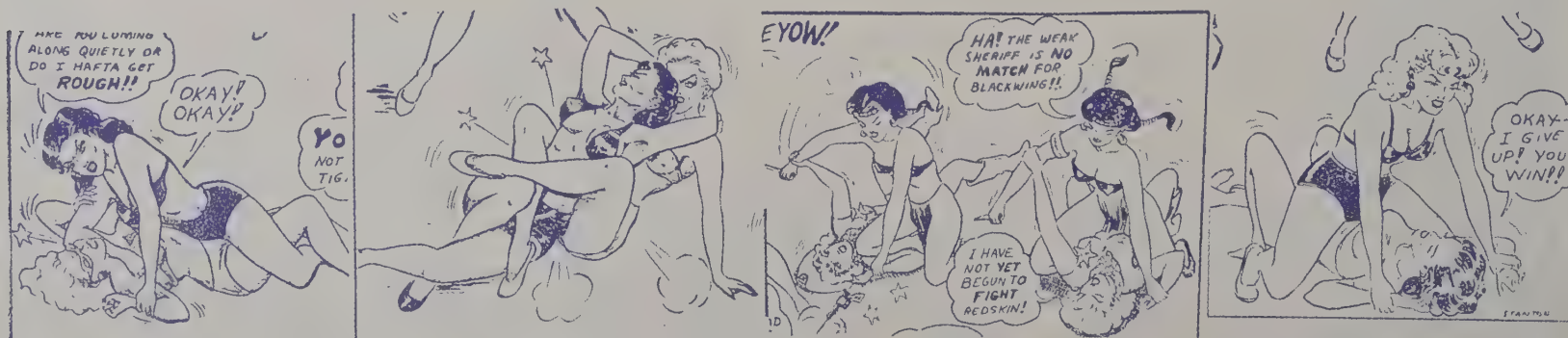
The first 12 episodes of Fighting Femmes now available at 50¢ each episode.



SCENES FROM "FIGHTING FEMMES" CARTOON SERIAL

"BATTLING WOMEN" FIGHTING GIRL CARTOON SERIAL

We can now supply you with the first 20 episodes of "Batling Women," fighting girl cartoon serial, at price of 50¢ each or all 20 episodes for \$9.00 postpaid. This cartoon was drawn by Stanton.

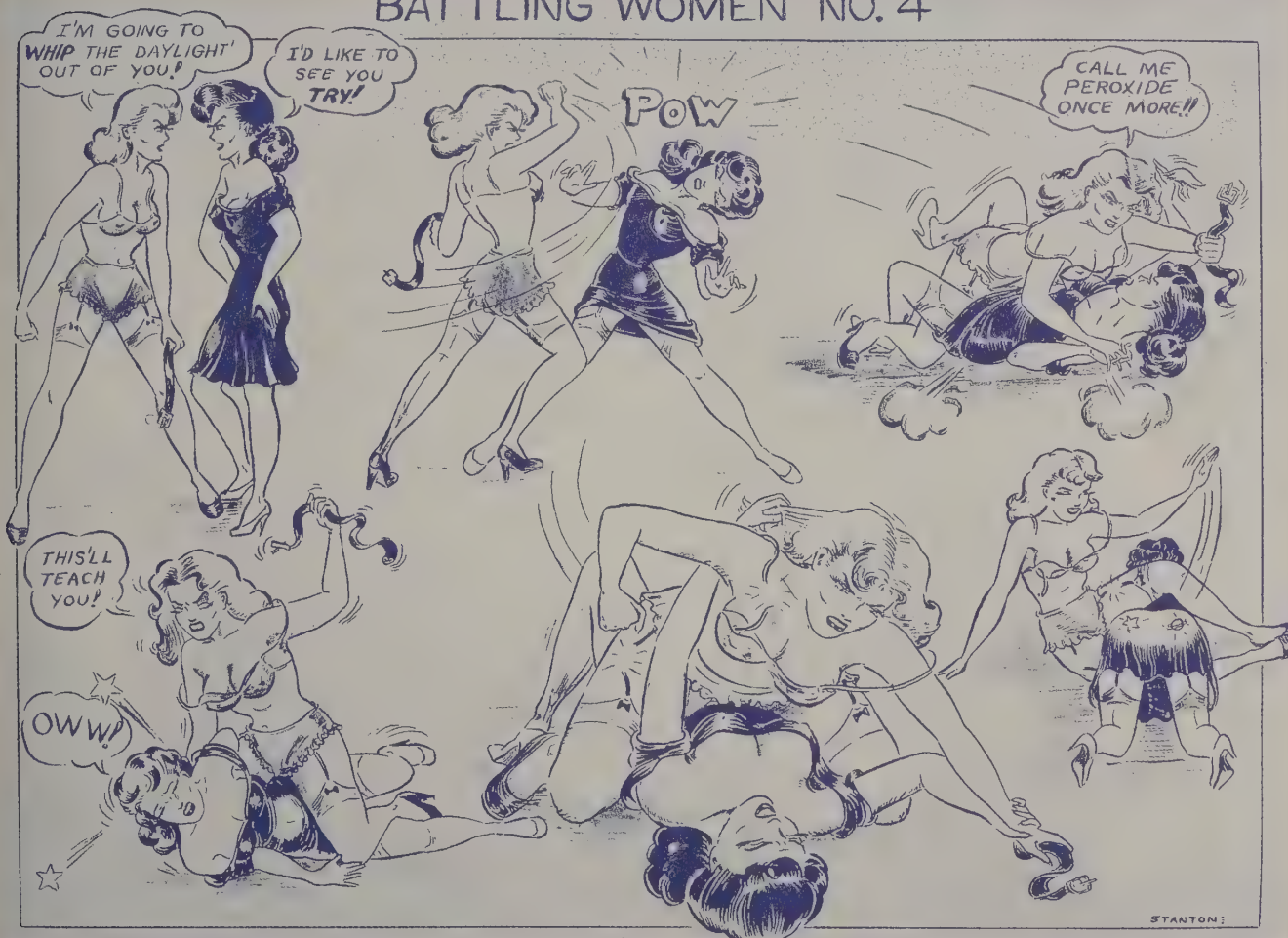


BATTLING WOMEN #3



Battling Women, No. 3, 1949

BATTLING WOMEN NO. 4



Battling Women, No. 4, 1949

I'LL SHOW DAWN
HOW ROUGH I CAN
BE! SHE'LL WISH
SHE NEVER GOT IN-
TO THIS RACKET!!

HA,-- HA! LOOK AT HER!
SHE'S WORRIED SICK!!
WHAT A SET-UP! I'VE
LAID EVERY CENT I HAD
ON THIS BOUT! WE'RE
GONNA CLEAN-UP!!



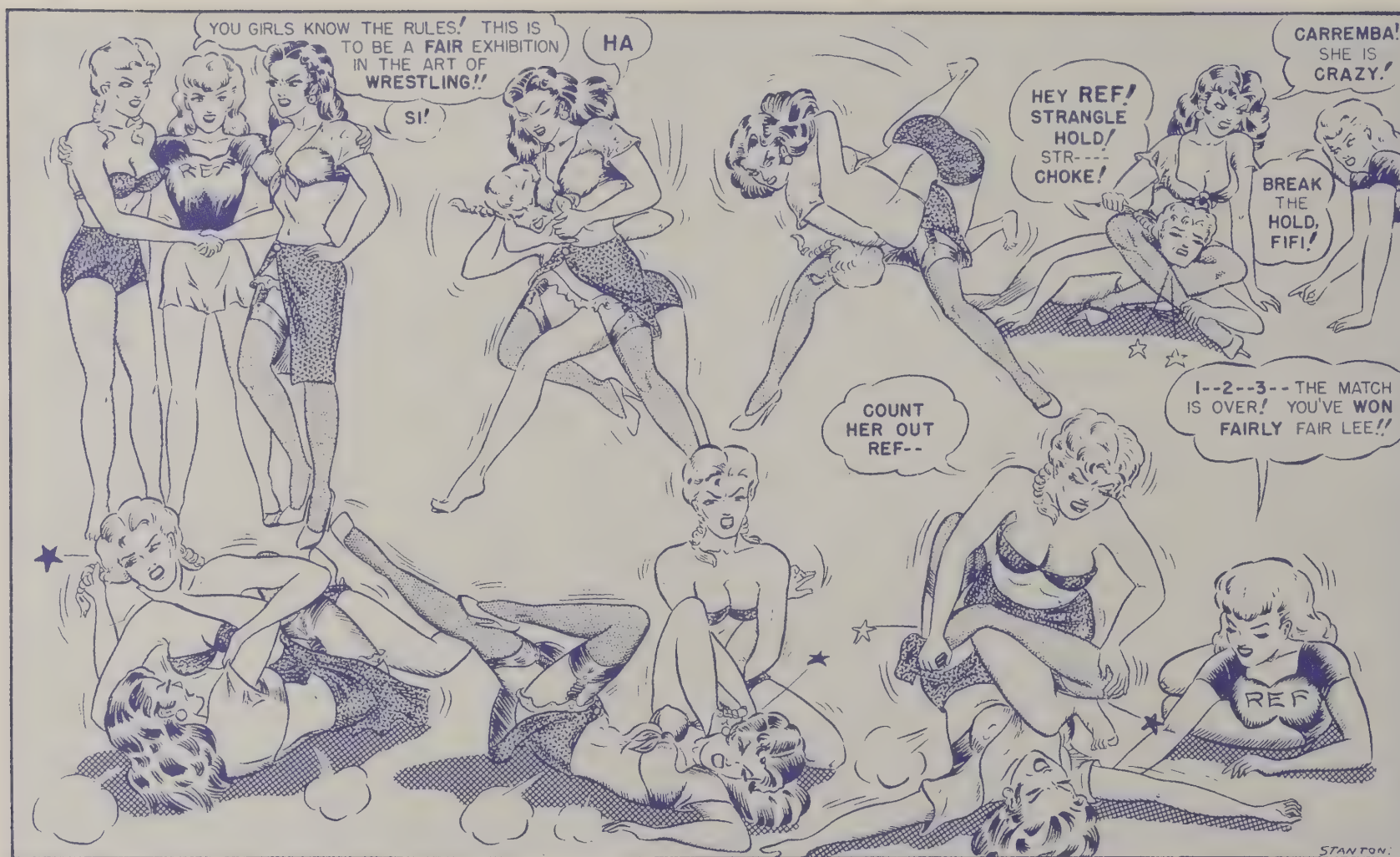
Illustration from *Dawn's Fighting Adventures*, 1951



Illustration from **Dawn Battles The Amazons**, No. 5, 1951



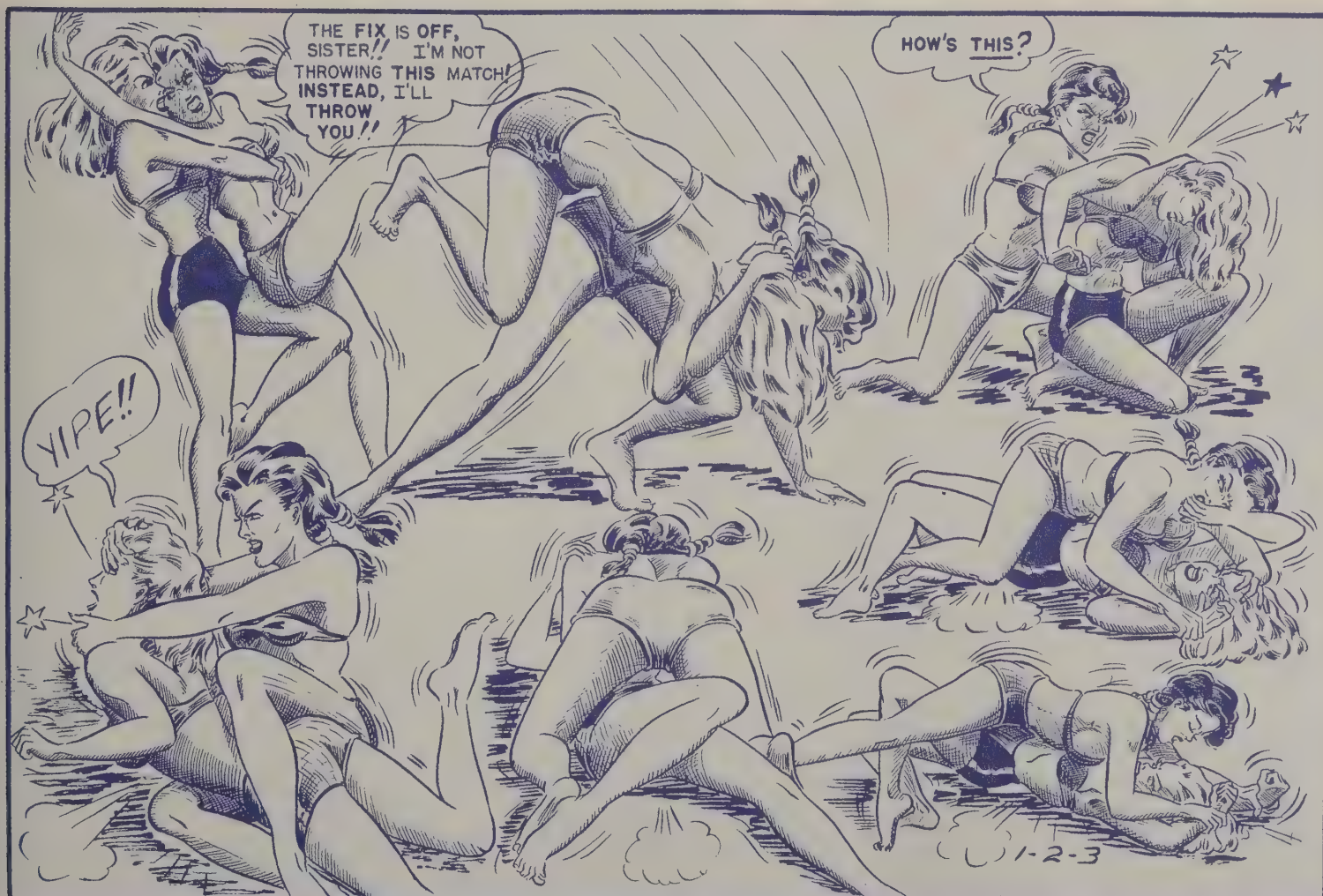
Illustration from **Dawn Battles The Amazons**, No. 5, 1951



Fighting Femmes, No. 4, 1948



Fighting Femmes, No. 2, 1948



Fighting Femmes, No. 8, 1948

EPISODE I

PREFACE----

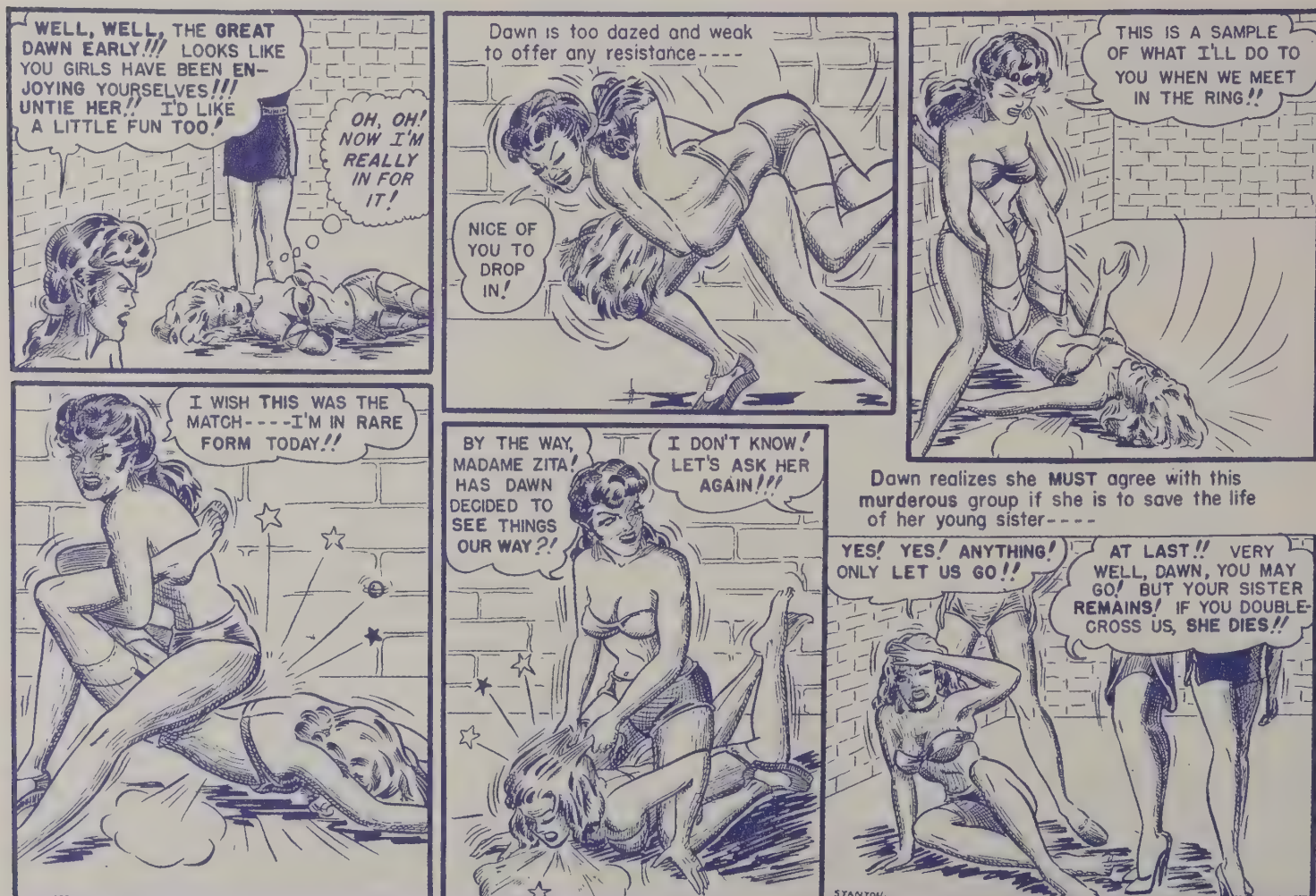
DAWN, our heroine is one of the top contenders for, "Lady Wrestling Champion of the World." Her main adversary is that villainess, **Madame Zita**, who wants the title no matter what the cost---
---So as we begin we find Madame Zita and some of her hired henchwomen up to some dirty work!----



DAWN'S FIGHTING ADVENTURES



Dawn's Fighting Adventures, No. 1, 1951



Dawn's Fighting Adventures, No. 8, 1951

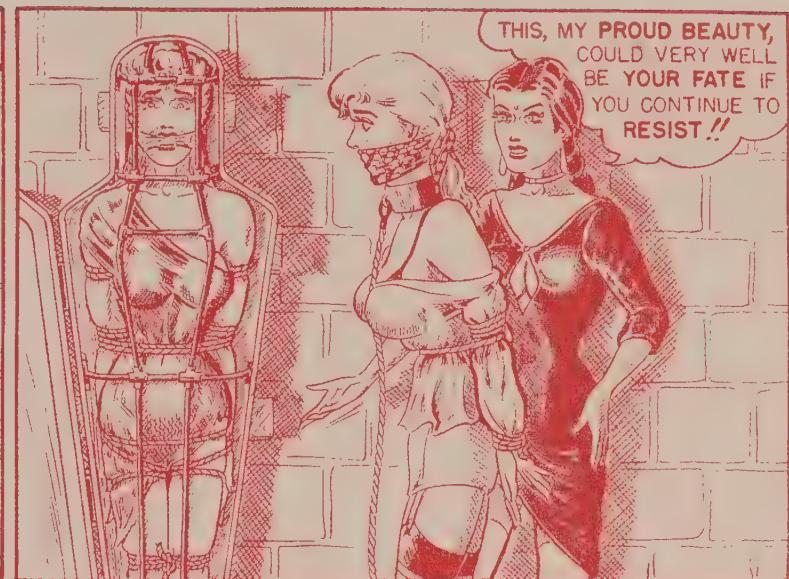
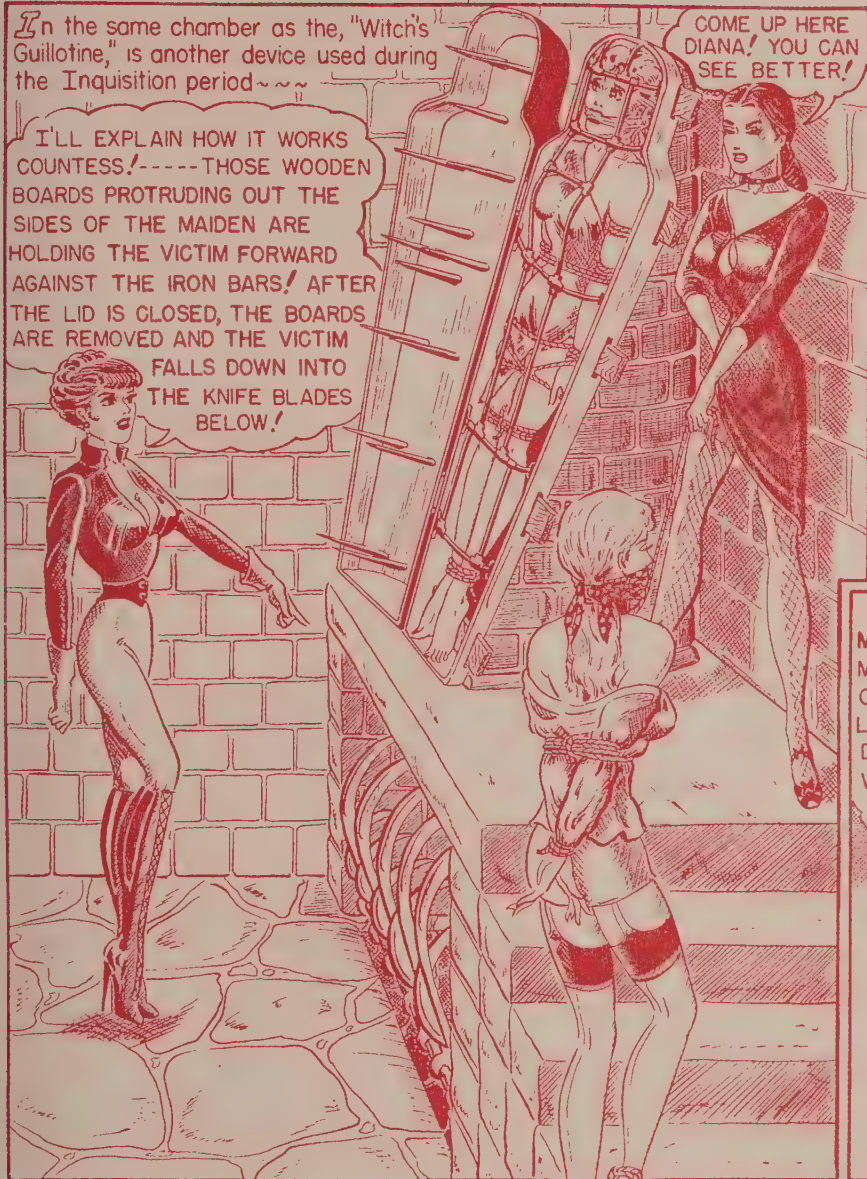
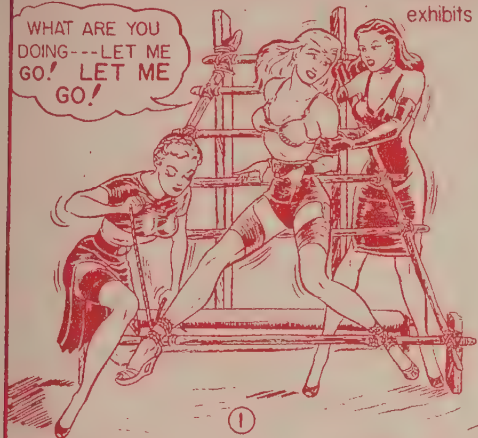




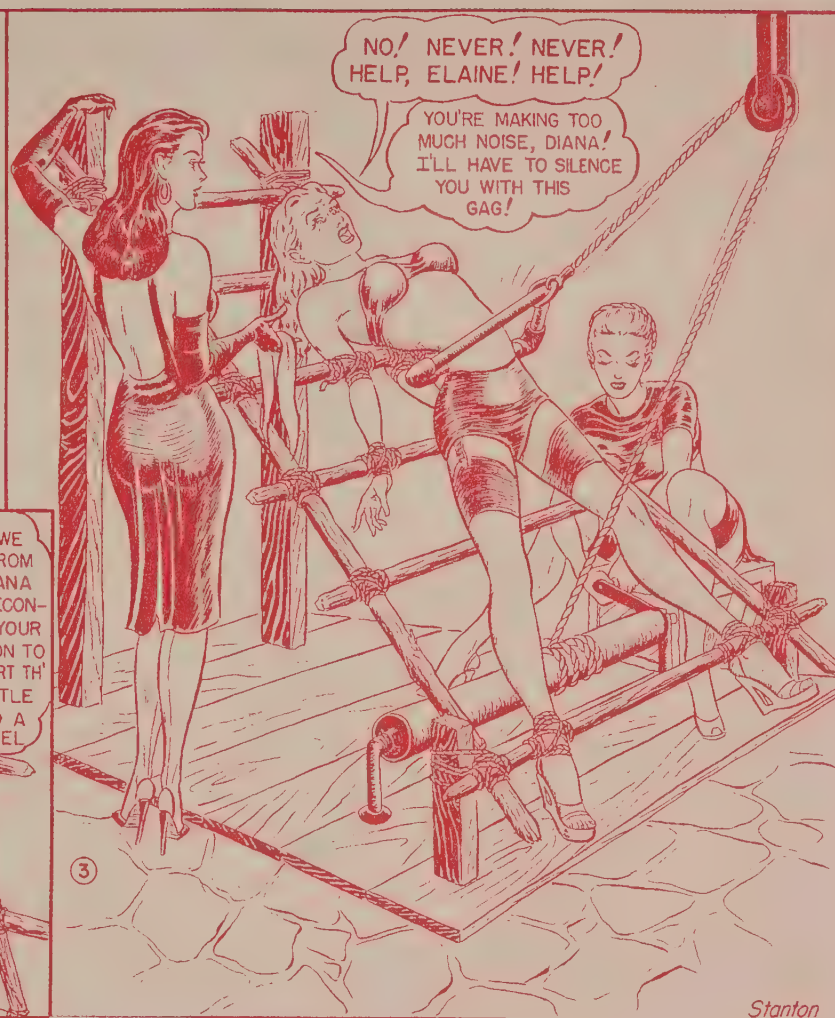
Illustration from **Diana's Ordeal**, No. 9, 1952

A short time later in the lower dungeons, Diana is about to become a victim of one of the castles many exhibits

WHAT ARE YOU DOING---LET ME GO! LET ME GO!



①



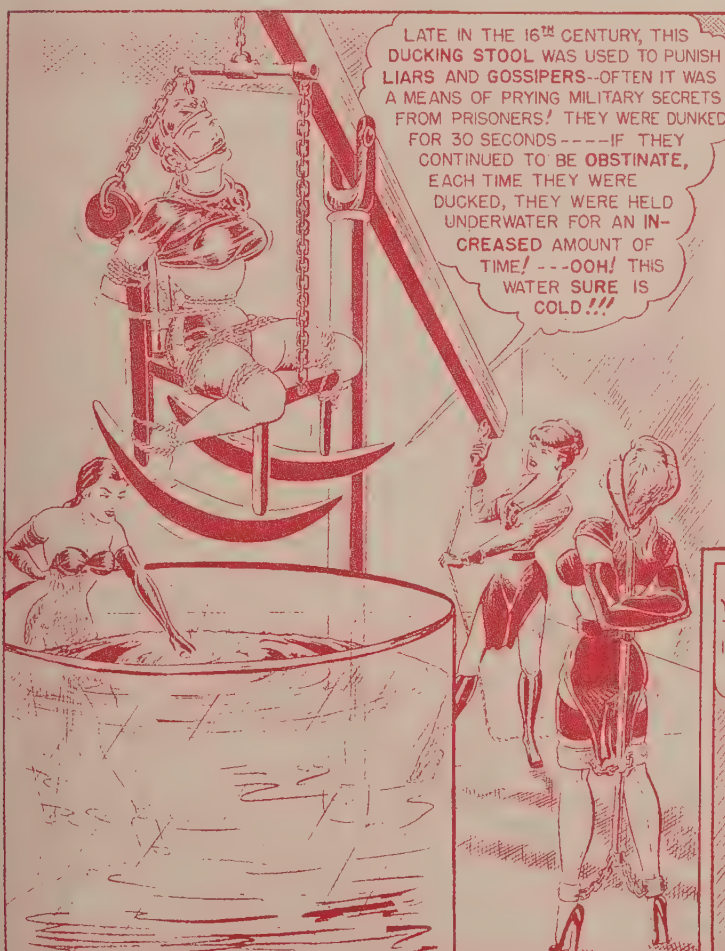
NO! NEVER! NEVER! HELP, ELAINE! HELP!

YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE, DIANA! I'LL HAVE TO SILENCE YOU WITH THIS GAG!

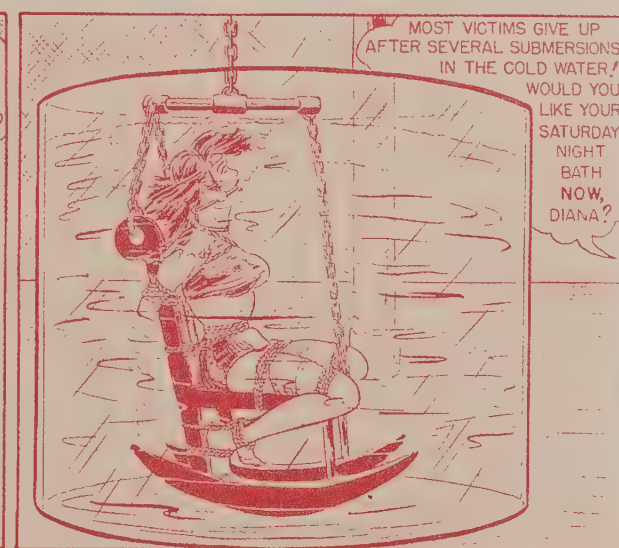
③

Stanton

Diana's Ordeal, No. 13, 1952



LATE IN THE 16TH CENTURY, THIS DUCKING STOOL WAS USED TO PUNISH LIARS AND GOSSIPERS--OFTEN IT WAS A MEANS OF PRYING MILITARY SECRETS FROM PRISONERS! THEY WERE DUNKED FOR 30 SECONDS----IF THEY CONTINUED TO BE OBSTINATE, EACH TIME THEY WERE DUCKED, THEY WERE HELD UNDERWATER FOR AN INCREASED AMOUNT OF TIME! ---OOH! THIS WATER SURE IS COLD!!!



MOST VICTIMS GIVE UP AFTER SEVERAL SUBMERSIONS IN THE COLD WATER! WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT BATH NOW, DIANA?

WELL, DIANA----IT'S UP TO YOU TO DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT TO DO! EITHER SIGN OVER INQUISITION CASTLE TO US, OR----

I MUST STALL FOR MORE TIME---I KNOW, I'LL ASK THEM TO FEED ME! PERHAPS ON A FULL STOMACH I MIGHT THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS DILEMMA!!!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, STARVE ME TO DEATH?? HOW ABOUT SOME FOOD I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE LAST NIGHT!!

Diana's Ordeal, No. 15, 1952



Illustration from **Diana's Ordeal**, No. 14, 1952

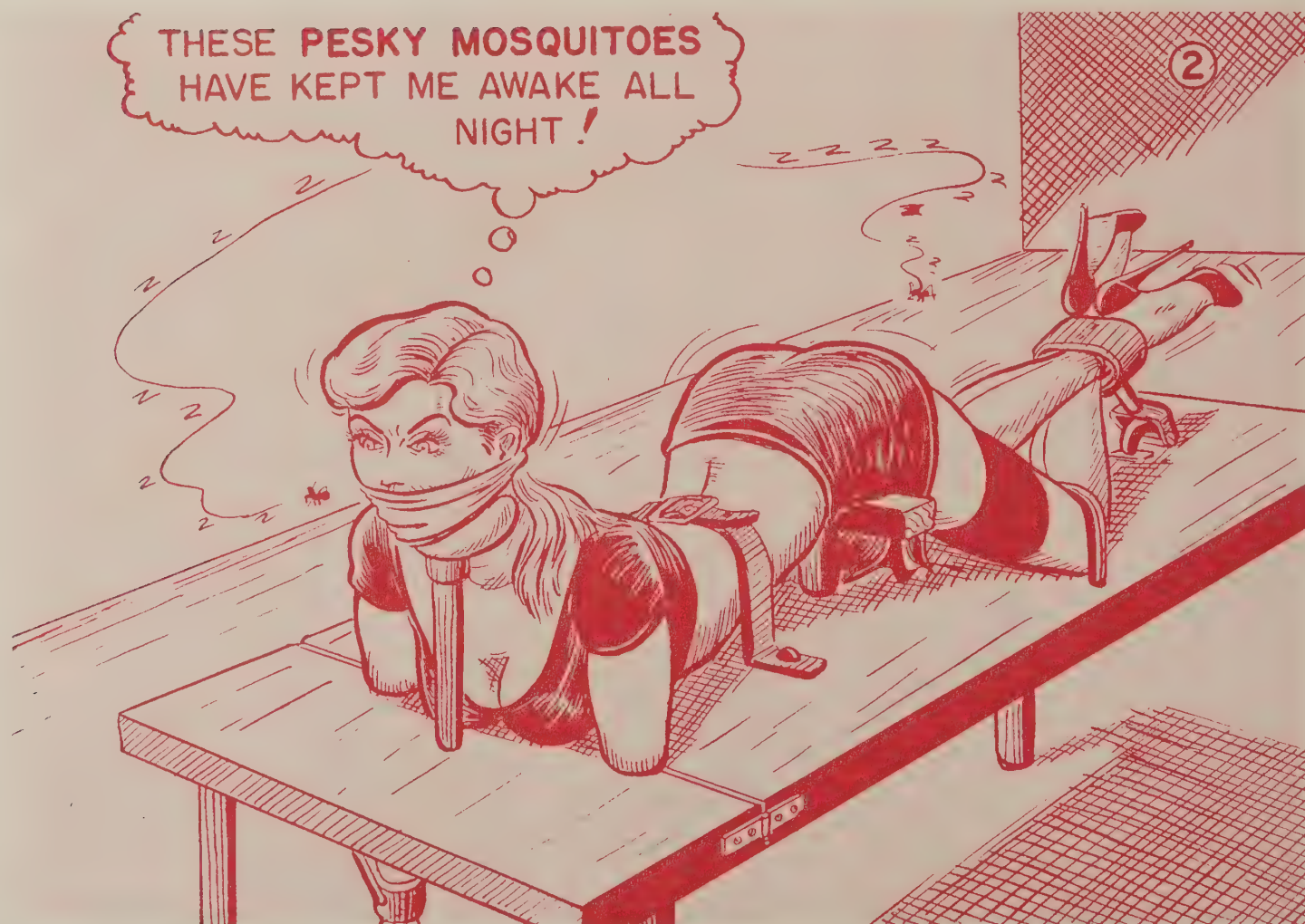
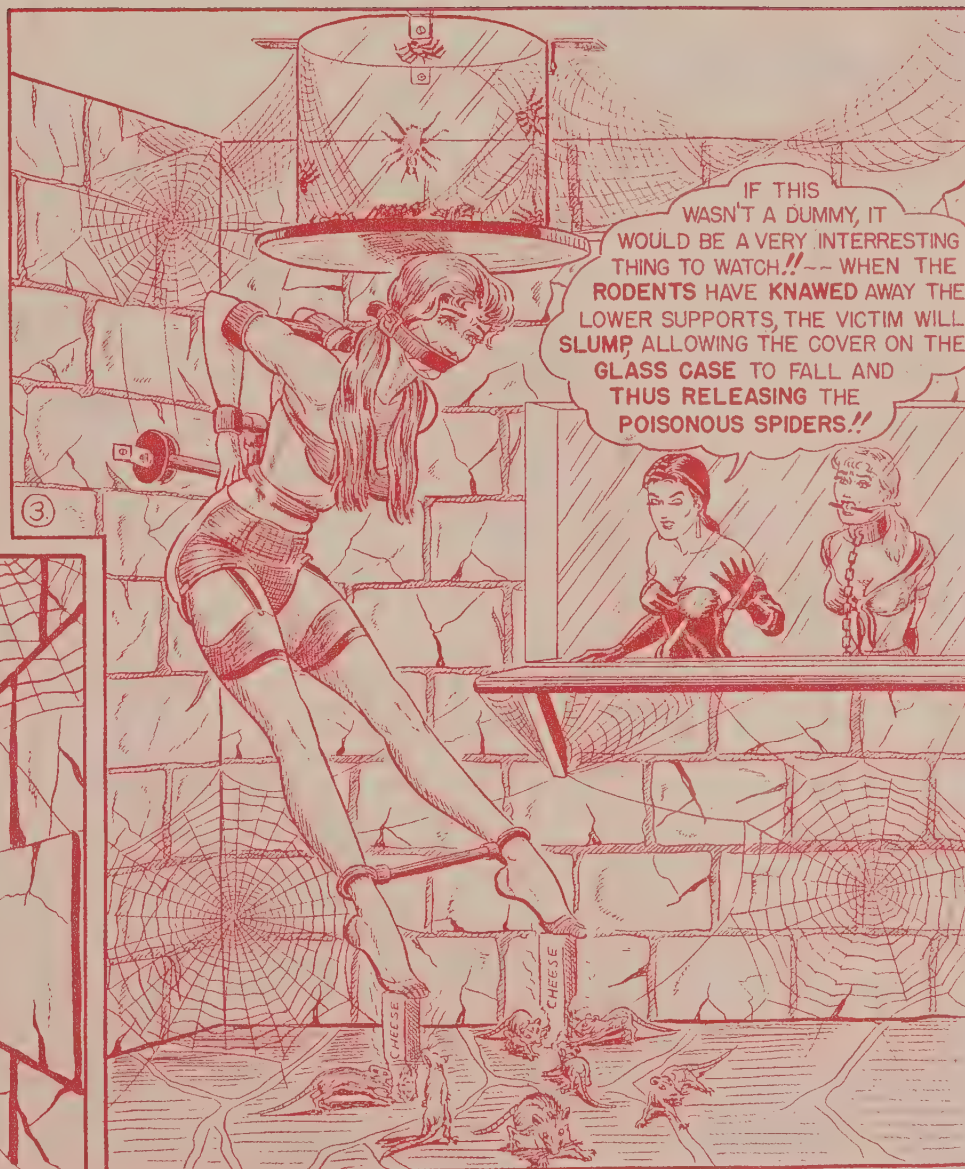
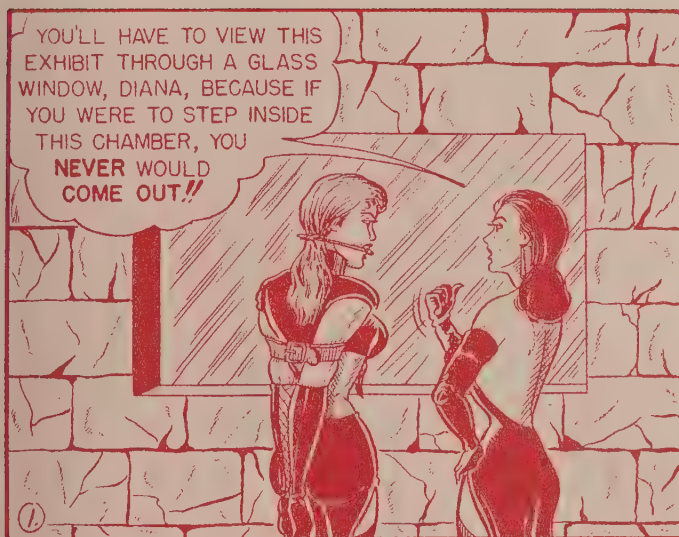
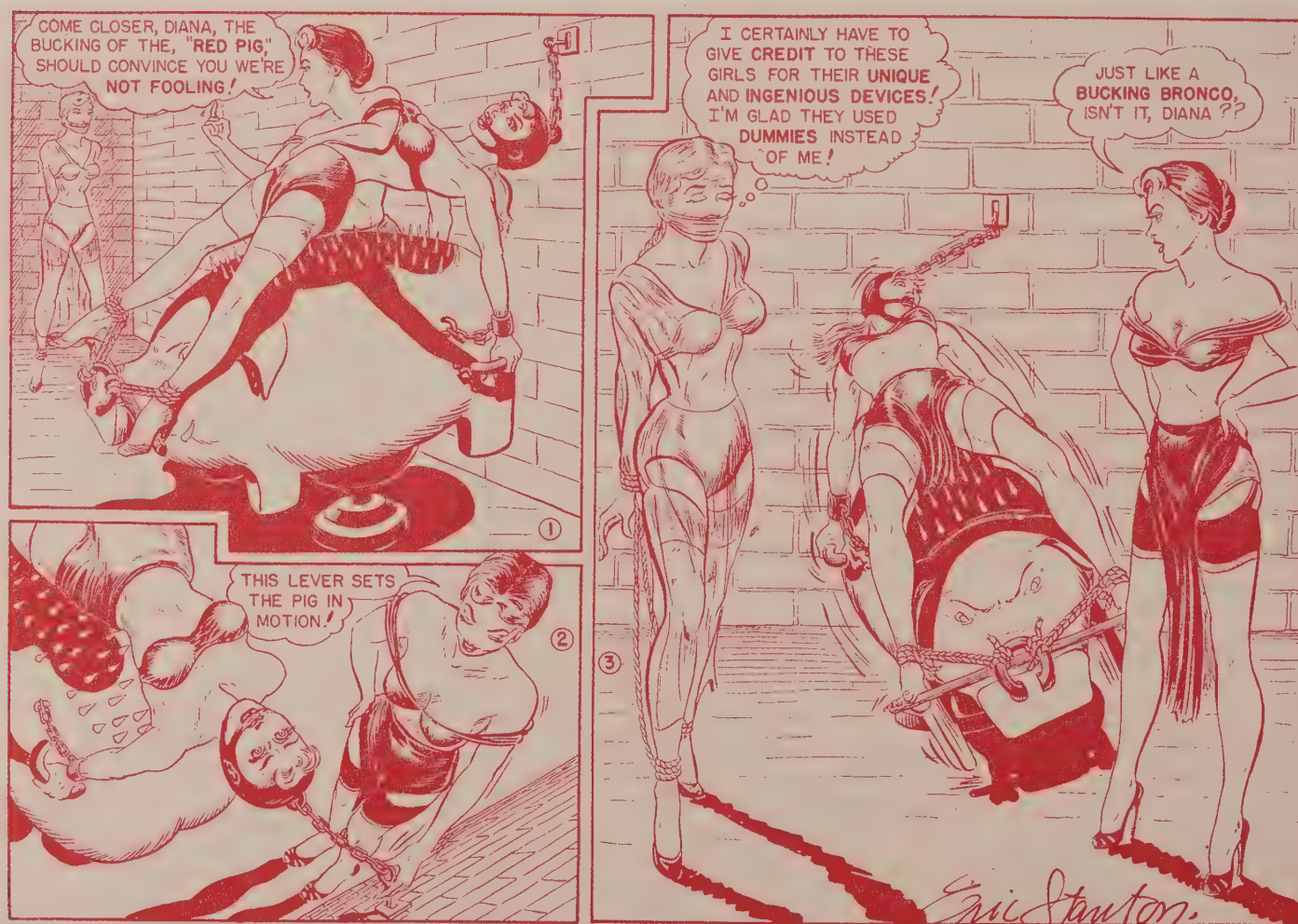


Illustration from **Diana's Ordeal**, No. 23, 1952

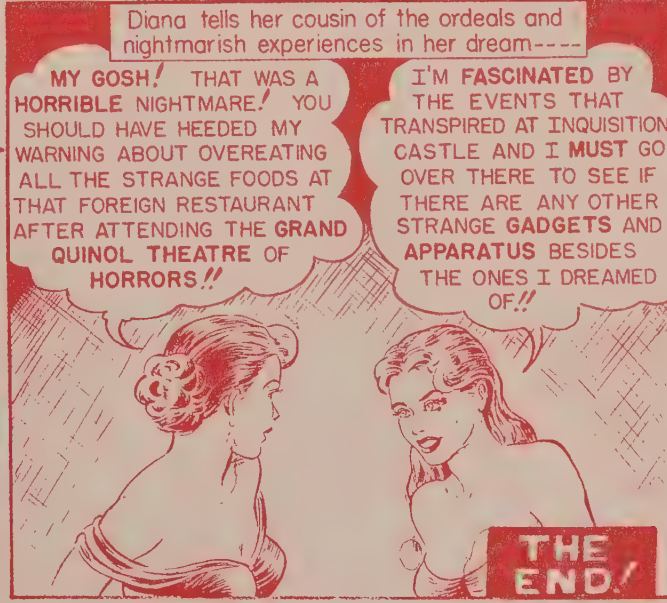
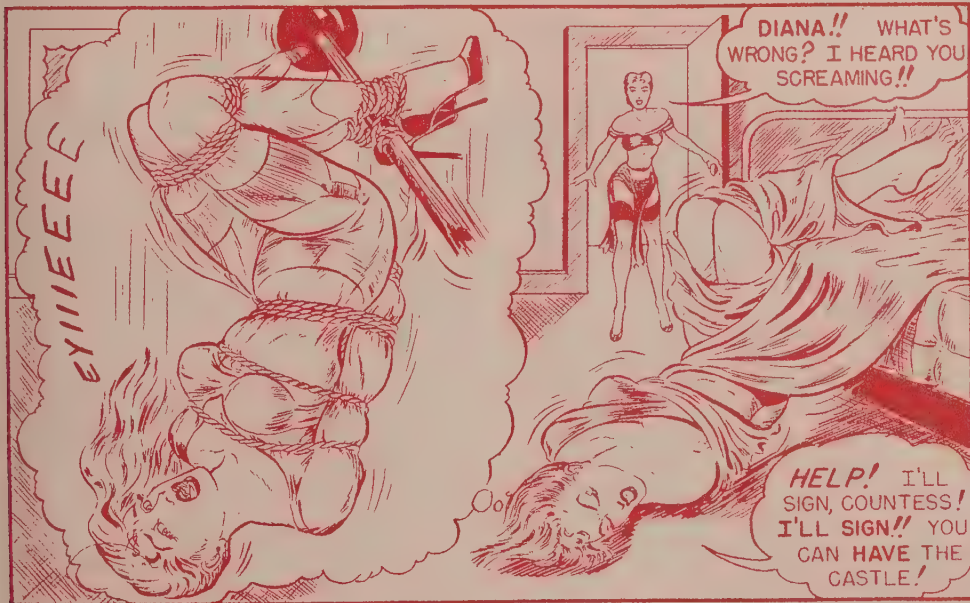
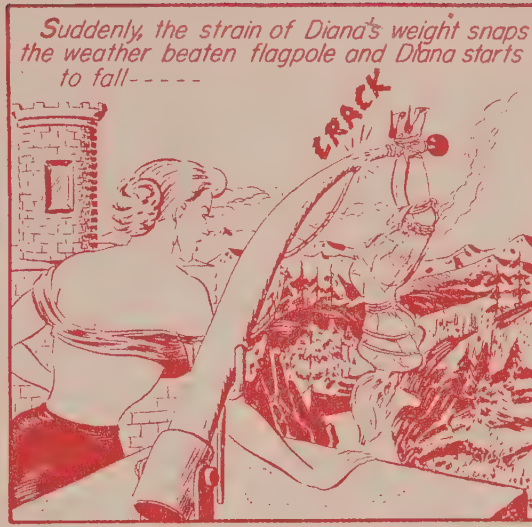
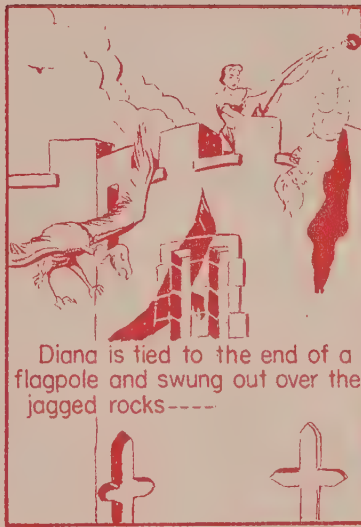
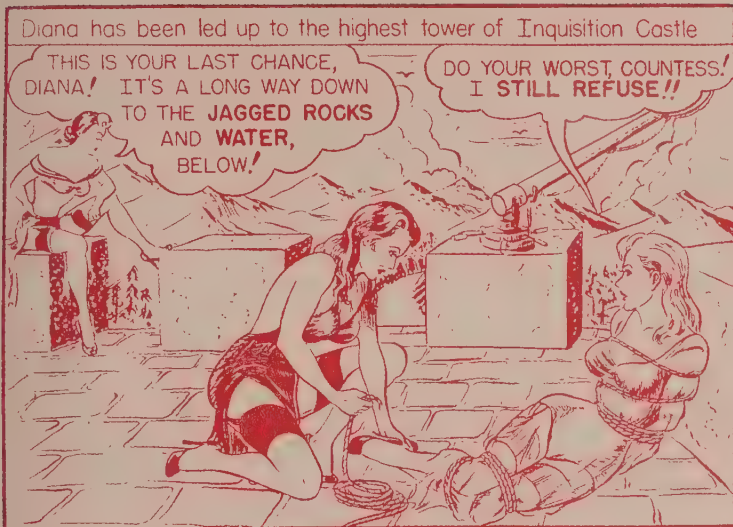




Diana's Ordeal, No. 22, 1952

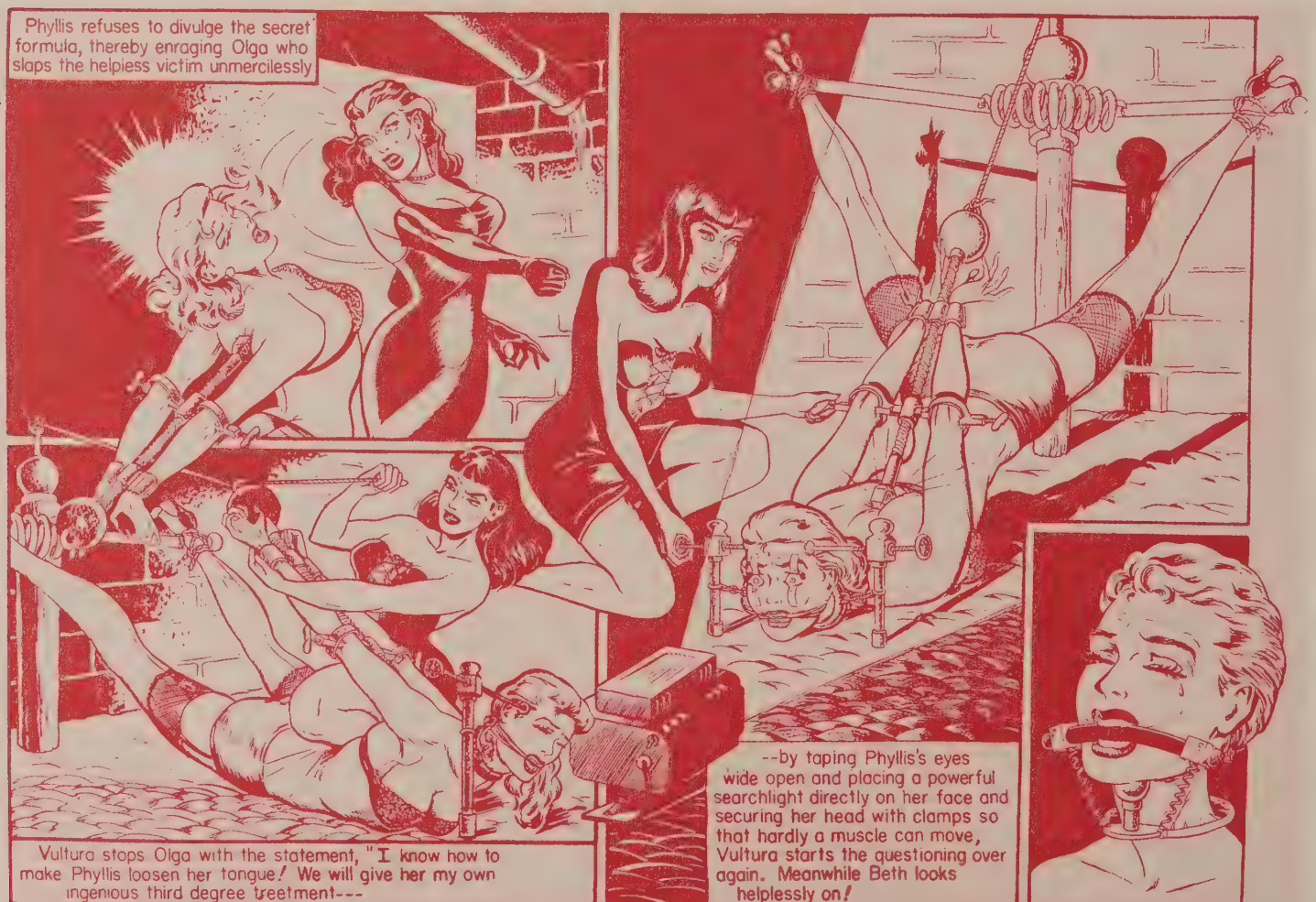


Diana's Ordeal, No. 27, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection

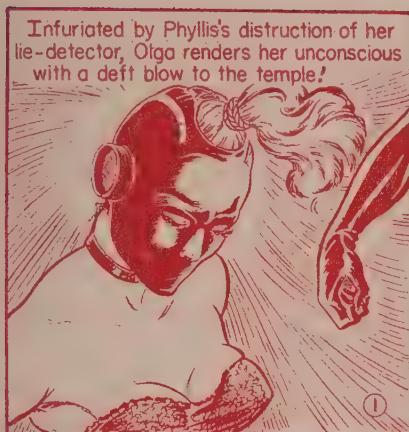




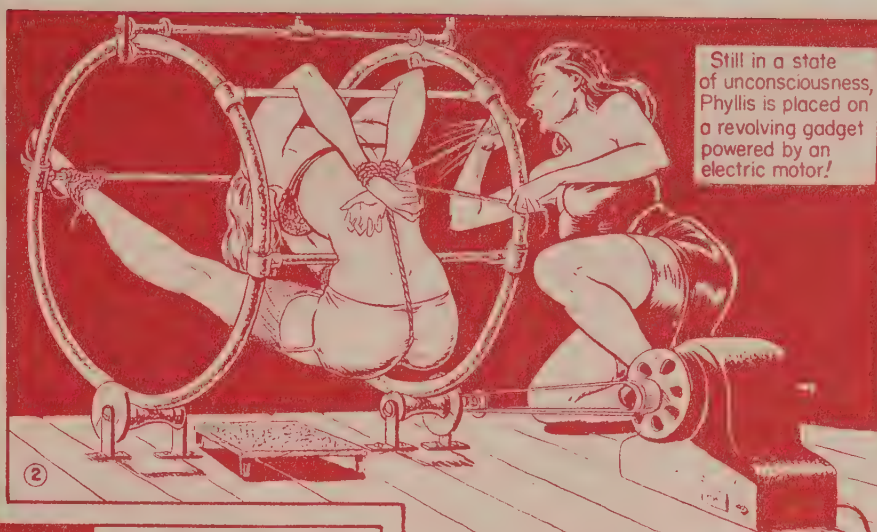
Phyllis in Peril, No. 16, 1954



Phyllis in Peril, No. 4, 1954



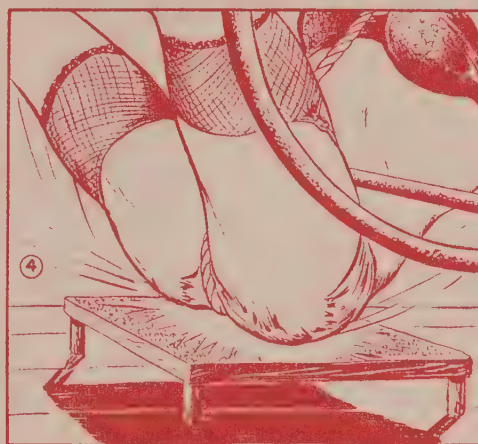
Infuriated by Phyllis's destruction of her lie-detector, Olga renders her unconscious with a deft blow to the temple!



Still in a state of unconsciousness, Phyllis is placed on a revolving gadget powered by an electric motor!



The machine is set at a moderate pace and is automatically increased at short intervals! Olga waits patiently as Phyllis's back is roughly scraped against a sandpaper type block!



Phyllis in Peril, No. 8, 1954

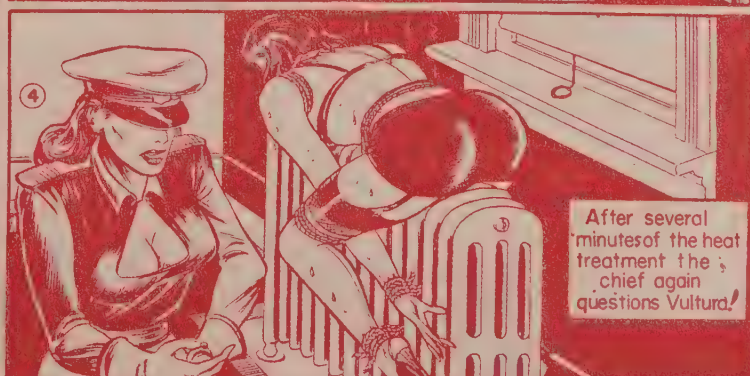
Later-- At the police station, Vultura is questioned by the Chief of Police and stubbornly refuses to admit her complicity in the kidnapping of the scientists



Sweating profusely as the radiator picks up steam, Vultura ponders over her fate!



The chief orders a third degree form of questioning for Vultura!



After several minutes of the heat treatment the chief again questions Vultura!

Phyllis in Peril, No. 15, 1954

BOUND in LEATHER

Illustrated by
E. Stanton

An Irving Klaw
Production

At first glance, she appeared to be about twenty. At second glance, maybe twenty-five. The more you looked, the less able you were to decide. But one thing you could be sure of - she was completely feminine, feminine in the old-fashioned sense of the word, a woman who was glad to be a woman, and to make the most of all those things that set her apart from a man.

You could never picture her in a sloppy sweater and a pair of blue-jeans. This girl would always be dressed in the most feminine of garments, or if she did wear something masculine, like a pair of slacks, she would, by her very womanliness, make them look ultra feminine.

These were my thoughts as I settled myself in an aisle seat and glanced at my lovely neighbor. We were both attending one of New York's hit straight comedies, and seats were so hard to get that I counted myself lucky in having found a single.

There were still a few minutes before the curtain went up on the first act, and I filled in most of the time by taking as much stock of my neighbor as I could without being too obvious about it. She knew what I was up to, and did not seem upset about it. But then, she was well worth looking at.

About medium height, very slim in the waist, with a very full bust, which she carried delightfully high; midnight black hair, cut short, and dressed in a curling mass of ringlets all over her head. Her face, while pretty to begin with, was made positively striking by her very elaborate make-up.

She looked almost as though she should have been up on the stage herself. Her skin was made up so pale as to be almost white, against which her brilliant red lipstick, outlining a very pretty wide mouth, and her green eyes, dramatically accented with heavy green eye-shadow, black, curling artificial lashes, and high arching, painted black eyebrows.

Her costume was conservative, and all the more striking by reason of its very conservatism. She was clothed in clinging black satin, from a high, close-fitting collar, right down to a rather full, floor-length skirt. While it was in no sense tight, the shining black material was so subtly draped that it showed the lovely figure beneath it very clearly. The long sleeves were full to the elbow and then fitted snugly down to the wrists, where they gave way to obviously extremely tight black kid gloves. Long gold and ruby drop earrings, a close fitting necklace of the same design, and a single gold ring, worn outside her right glove, completed the effect.

Very striking she was too, and I was by no means the only one looking at her. Something else that intrigued me was the way she sat. She held herself bold upright, hands in her lap, knees modestly together, and, save for occasional movements of her head and eyes, she sat as still as a statue.

She did not seem to be with the party of four next to her, and so I assumed she was alone, and began thinking furiously of ways to make her acquaintance. She certainly wasn't the type to whom you simply said, "Hey, how about a drink after the show?" The approach had to be more subtle than that.

CHAPTER ONE



Suddenly I had an idea. I have always had some skill with a pencil, so, making sure that she could not see exactly what I was doing, I began sketching her boots on the margin of my program.

In a few moments I paused thoughtfully. To my surprise she leaned toward me and murmured,

"May I see it?"

"See what?" I asked, in feigned astonishment.

"The picture of me."

"How do you know it's of you?"

"If it isn't, I've been wasting a lot of time posing," she dimpled.

Naturally I handed it over. I flatter myself it was good too, save that it was not finished.

"May I do that part?" she asked, "I draw a little too."

"Why sure," I answered eagerly, handing over the pencil.

She added some deft strokes, though I could see that the tightness of her gloves made it quite hard to hold the pencil.

"Oops! 'Fraid I've dropped your pencil."

"I'll get it," I said, diving down for it.

"It's right around my feet somewhere," she said, raising her long skirt helpfully.

"See anything?" she asked.

"Er - yes. A good deal," I floundered, then added, hopefully, "Not quite enough, though."

Obligingly, the concealing skirt was raised several inches higher.

"That better?"

"Oh, much better," I assured her. I had already snared the pencil, but I saw no reason to cut short this lovely display.

"It's a good thing you could get that pencil, I couldn't lean down that far."

"Why not?" I asked, with a sudden feeling of excitement.

"You think of the simplest, and oldest-fashioned reason, and you'll be right," she assured me.

Suddenly the reason for her very upright carriage, slim waist and high bust became clear.

"As stiff as that, eh?" I murmured, careful to keep my voice down.

"Even stiffer," she returned in an equally guarded tone, "My spine might just as well be made of steel. Does that interest you especially?"

"You're darn right it does." I crammed as much meaning into my answer as I could.

By this time the curtain was going up again, so we had to give our attention to the play. The high point of this act, and the real reason I had come at all, was a kidnapping scene. The action of this part of the show took place in a night-club, run, naturally, by gangsters. The heroine, the heiress to a large fortune, naturally, was working there, for some typical comedy reason, as a cigarette girl. The chief gangster's girl was also working at the club in the same capacity.

The chief gangster, as you would expect, falls heavily for the heroine, and decides her money would come in handy too. So he lures her into his office, ties her hands behind her, gags her with a knotted handkerchief, and, to prevent her seeing where he is going to take her, he pulls a black sack over her head and down to her hips. He then gets a phone call, and has to leave.



Stanlon

With her pretty legs, in the mesh stockings of her calling, being all of her that was showing, I thought the heroine looked most attractive.

Suddenly the hero, who has been working at the club as a bartender, appears and frees the heroine, explaining that he sent the fake phone call.

Hero and heroine are just about to leave when the other girl busts in, looking for her gangster boy-friend. With one accord, hero and heroine jump on her, tie and gag her in the same way that the heroine had been treated, pull the sack down over her head and body in the same way and leave.

Gangster's moll does some very pretty struggling and squirming, trying to escape, and also showing her very pretty legs. Gangster returns, breathing threats against whoever sent the phone call. He begins to tell the helpless occupant of the bag, whom he naturally assumes is still the heroine, just how he proposes to treat her, up at his little hide-away in the country. Much to his surprise, the legs show every indication of liking the things he suggests. (Of course, Moll has been trying to get him to do these things to her for years.) Considering the actress had only her legs with which to express emotion, she did an amazing job. The more he threatened, the more she strutted, and posed, and expressed pleasure. At first, he was flattered, and began thinking he might have considerable appeal after all. So he begins embroidering his threats, and her legs began to show a series of terrific bumps and grinds.

That tears it. Gangster realizes that heroine wouldn't know how to do a bump or grind, but his girl had been in burlesque for years. To make sure, he tears the sack off the girl, sees who it is and storms out, saying, "Even without the sack, you're still an old bag!" This throws the silent and helpless girl into a perfect transport of rage. Fruitlessly she tries to open the door, but can't do it; she puts her high heel through the window with the idea of calling for help, but can't make a sound; finally she goes to the phone, knocks the instrument off the cradle, and as the curtain comes down, we see her trying to dial for help with her nose.

The theatre than rocked with laughter and applause.



As the house lights came up, I turned to my companion and remarked, "I thought that was terrific, didn't you?"

"It was pretty funny, alright, but I would have liked it better if that had been a real gag," she answered.

"What do you say we go over to the bar and have a drink, instead of sitting in this hot theatre?" I asked.

She made me very happy by agreeing.

The waiter captain at the bar knows me, but he knew my companion even better.

"Good evening, Mrs. Roberts," he said, bowing. Then he led her to a booth; I followed along behind, feeling considerably dashed by the knowledge that she was married. But then I cheered up. Maybe she had been divorced.

As we sat down, I said, "so you're Mrs. Roberts?"

"That's right. Mrs. Richard Roberts, happily married and the mother of a daughter."

"Is that right?" I said.

She started talking about her husband.

"My husband insists on high heels for my carriage, corsets for my figure, bondage to make me helpless and a gag to assure that silence which is a guarantee of assent."

"How about your daughter? Is she being brought up the same way?"

"Being brought up? She won't have it any other way. At times, she insists on such severe treatment that we're afraid she will do herself permanent injury. But she just laughs, or would, if she could make a sound, and wants her gag and bonds pulled tighter."

"She sounds like a thoroughly delightful girl," I said wistfully.

"Oh, she is, she just lives for Bondage and Figure Training."

She paused and I waited. This was the moment.

"Would you like to meet her?" asked my pretty companion.

Restraining a strong, but I think natural desire to yell

"Yes!" at the top of my voice, I answered, "if she's anything like you, I'd be delighted."

"Well, I suggest we finish our drinks and then go on home."

"Sounds like an excellent idea."

For her part she told me her name was Victoria, Vicki for short. Her daughter was Nicole, or Nicki. Her husband Dick, who ran a brokerage house was away for a couple of days on business; that was why she had come to the theatre alone.

We were soon in a cab heading for an address uptown.

When we arrived at the address Vicki had given me, I was impressed to see it was a private house, rather than an apartment.

"I don't know what your daughter may look like, but you look utterly charming. I've seen such a figure--that tiny waist and full bust."

"Oh, this figure?" she answered in an oddly detached tone, "this is just the figure I wear in public--can't stop traffic you know. But wait till we get inside."

"Would you unlock the door please? My gloves are so tight that it's very difficult for me. Use the big flat key."

I soon had the door swinging open and she stepped inside, I followed. I heard a pleasant, slightly French accented voice begin speaking as I followed her in.

"Madame is back so soon, surely, the play cannot be over? But of course not; madame didn't stay beyond the second act, that is when the interest ceases."

"Fifi, this is a new friend of mine. You may be seeing a good deal of him. His name is Mr. Walk."

Fifi looked at me, giving me a warm, inviting smile. Meanwhile, I was looking at her, well, maybe staring was a better word.

Believe me, this Fifi was worth a long stare any day. Actually about medium height, she appeared to be tall, by reason of the slim six inch heels on her pretty ankle-strap sandals, of black patent leather, shackled at wrists and ankles with dainty cuffs and chains.

"Show Mr. Ted into the living-room, Fifi. Then come upstairs and help me. I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."

Fifi watched her mount the stairs to where they turned at a landing, then she turned to me and breathed, "madame is so lovely. But then, Mamselle Nickis is lovely too..."

Then she waited.

"You're lovely too, Fifi," I assured her.

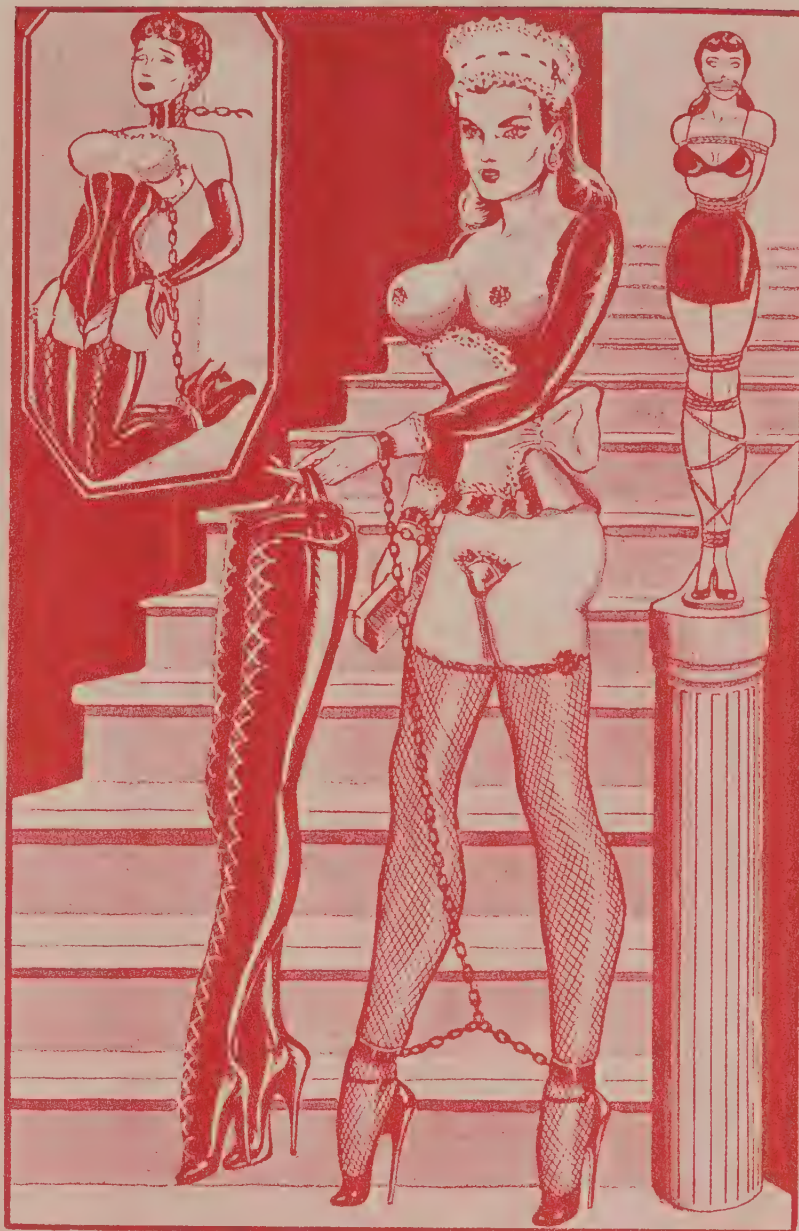
"Thank you, monsieur, I was beginning to think you would not say it."

She opened the door with a grand gesture, ushered me through.

"This is the living-room monsieur," she informed me.

She was interrupted by Nicki's voice, calling from above,

"Fifi! Stop flirtin, come up here and tend to your job!"



Left alone, I turned and inspected the living-room for the first time. Money, and plenty of it, was obvious in the furnishings. But it was money controlled by quiet good taste. One of the most striking features of the room was the number of photographs. Some were hung on the walls, some were placed on the tables and occasional pieces.

One picture in particular caught my eye; at first I thought it was an oil painting in tones of sepia, in a very low key. It was just a girl's head, in an old-fashioned traveling hood, against a dark background. As I looked more closely I saw that the girl was Vicki, or somebody that looked very like her and the pose was modeled on the famous sequence in "Jamaica Inn," and the subject was gagged, though the fact was not too obvious at first because of the shadow that the cloak cast on the face. Unlike Maureen O'Hara, in the original, this girl was really gagged. Her mouth was almost wide open, and very tightly packed with a large pad of cloth, while the band that crossed the face and circled the head, keeping the pad in place, went between the parted teeth, and was obviously pulled very taut. The subject's wide open eyes, with a tear trembling in the corner of one, looked at the observer with a mixture of fright and desire that was extremely interesting.

Another photograph nearby was just a pair of bound hands. Clearly, they were crossed and bound behind the owner's back; they were tightly gloved in glistening black kid, which contrasted very sharply with the almost white cord that imprisoned them. The cord, by the way it sank into the flesh, was drawn very tightly. There was a tremendous sense of tension in the rigidly held, almost claw-like fingers.

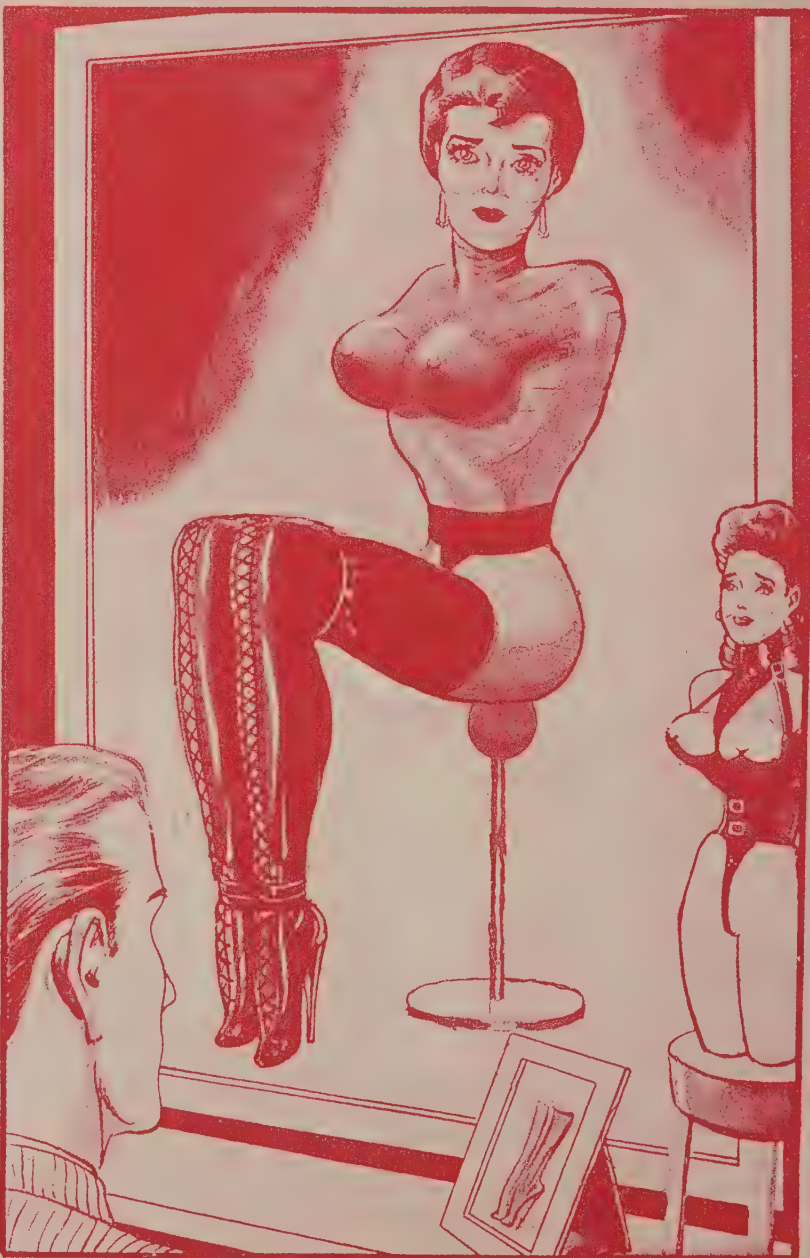
Over the rather modern looking fire-place was a very large photographic enlargement, done in the manner of the time-honored family portrait. At first glance it was exactly like hundreds of other family works. The subject, who was presumably Vicki, was seated stiffly upright, in a rather ornate straight chair, the figure three quarters to the camera, the face looking straight at the viewer. She wore a light colored evening dress and appeared to be so tiny in the waist, and so full in the bust that it seemed obvious that a retoucher had been at work.

But as you looked more closely, several things became apparent. To start with, Vicki's arms were drawn over the back of the chair, and seemed to be secured behind her back in some manner; so far were they drawn back, in fact that the elbows must have been very close together, or actually in contact.

That accounted, at least in part, for the stiffness of the pose and the way the high, huge bust was thrust forward. The evening gown was transparent, allowing the figure to show through in pretty semi-visibility. It also showed that the legs were tightly laced into thigh-boots carrying heels at least seven inches high. Further, the pretty ankles were strapped together and loops ran from the ankle bondage to each of the front legs of the chair.

But it was the face that worried me most. Partly, around the eyes and upper part of the face, it looked exactly like Vicki; but the lower part of the face, from the nose down, did not. It looked rather stiff, somehow, with rather too much distance from nose to chin, and a pair of flat-looking, unnatural lips. They seemed painted on. Then I got it. Vicki was wearing a concealed gag. The upper part of her face was free, but her mouth was apparently packed with a pad that held her jaws about an inch apart. Then, from the root of the nose to the base of the chin her face was smoothly covered with something concealed, and sealed the mouth. It seemed to be smoothed well out onto each cheek, and may have gone all around the head; it was so skillfully done that one could not tell from the picture. Finally a pair of lips were painted in the proper position.

All in all, it was a picture to delight a bondage-lover's heart.





There was another photograph that fascinated me. It was in color, and was obviously based on an old master. Which one it was had me baffled until, in one corner of the frame I saw the words, "After Goya." Then I placed it. It was the famous "Nude Maja." The couch, the pose, the lighting, all were carefully reproduced. But in this picture the subject who was, quite obviously, Vicki, wore a pair of marvelously fitting over-knee boots in flesh-colored leather, with heels that I guessed to be not less than eight inches in height. From boot-tops to waist she wore a pair of nude elastic mesh tights, and from the waist to just below the jutting bust, a tiny waisted, stiffly boned corset of leather to match the boots.

Her arms, which in the original are held languorously behind the head, were in the same pose, but in tight flesh-colored leather gloves, which were actually joined to each other in such a manner that each hand was clasped around the opposite elbow; thus, she was actually incapable of defending herself, though, to judge by her attitude, defense was the last thing she had in mind.

Her mouth was drawn far back at the corners into a sort of fixed grin by a narrow band of the same leather drawn very tightly between her teeth, and presumably buckled behind her head. A certain appearance of pressure about her mouth showed clearly that though it was forced back into invisibility, her mouth was packed with some sort of silencing pad.

The sexy quality of the boots, the helpless arms and the tight gag all combined into an effect of charming willingness that was quite indescribable.

There were numerous other pictures in the room, some just costume studies, some stressing bondage too. All were interesting, but there is no point in describing them here.

I had just completed my examination of all of them, when I heard Vicki's voice in the hall, calling,

"Will you open the door, please?"

"Sure," I answered, hastening to oblige, wondering, as I did so, why she could not open it for herself; after all, it wasn't locked, or anything, just closed.

I opened it, and she minced past me, into the room, holding herself very upright and taking very small steps, even allowing for her high heels. As she passed, I saw the reason for the upright pose. Her arms were held behind her back in a "Y" shaped glove of black kid. It reached almost to the arm-pits and the two separate arms joined into one at the elbows, which were held in actual contact in the small of her back. From there, down to the tips of her fingers, it was a single glove, holding her forearms, hands, and even fingers rigidly together.

Arrived in the middle of the room, she turned and faced me.

"Well?" she smiled, "how do I look?"

From a very low-cut bust-line, almost down to her toes, she was wearing a skin-tight gown of what I took to be raspberry red velvet. It was quite plain, save for a crisp white edging around the sleeveless top and outlining a small slit in the front of the skirt. It fitted, literally, like a skin. The bones of her corset, the tops and lacing of her boots were all clearly outlined. The area from the bottom of the corset to the tops of the boots was especially clearly shown. The skirt could not have been more revealing had it been pasted to her body; not a line, not a muscle of her pretty hips and curving bottom was concealed.

Suddenly, I realized her bosom, incredibly high and full, must tape well over forty inches, while her wasp waist could not have been any more than eighteen inches.

"Well?" she pouted, "aren't you going to say anything?"



"So that's what you meant by the figure you wear in public!" I exclaimed.

"What? Oh. Oh, yes. I can hardly show my real figure when I'm outside. It really would stop traffic, don't you think?"

"I'll say!" I agreed heartily, "just what do you do when you go out?"

"Well, for one thing, I wear a sort of padded vest around my waist, that adds a few inches. I like to look slim, you understand, but no thinner than a girl with a naturally small waist; about twenty-three, twenty-four inches."

"But how about the - umm - upper works? The way you stand out now, compared to -"

"Different brassiere," she explained, "they anchor to the top of my corset, of course. When I want to go out, I wear one that sort of minimizes things. But here at home I wear one that is really designed to make the most of a naturally full bust, aided by a very tight corset."

"Sounds kind of complicated. Wouldn't it be easier simply to leave your corset off when you go out?"

"What?" she exclaimed, "For one thing, after years of corset-wearing, I feel like I'm going to fall apart, if I take it off, even for a few minutes. For another, I've been training for a small waist for too many years to let it expand even for a matter of hours."

Turning away from me, she strutted over to a straight chair, or rather I should say an upright chair with arms and back of plain wood, no upholstery.

As she moved, her hips, thanks to the stiff corset above and high heels below, undulated most enticingly.

Arrived at the chair, she turned to stand with her body in profile, smiling at me over her shoulder, as she asked,

"Aren't you going to say that I look pretty? After all, it isn't every day that a girl gets herself up in a costume like this, and then has her arms so rigidly restrained, just so as to look appealing."

"Well, frankly," I replied, "I've never seen anybody like you before. I've heard that there were girls who liked to corset and wear high heels and thigh boots; I'd even read of some who enjoyed bondage. But I never expected to meet one, especially one who obviously gets such wholehearted pleasure out of it. Believe me, you're the loveliest, most desirable creature I've ever seen."

"Thank you," she smiled, "that's what my husband tells me. But I like hearing it from somebody else too."

"There's just one thing..." I murmured.

"What's that?" she asked, in obvious concern.

"Your legs. It seems a pity to hide them under that long skirt."

"Well?" she challenged.

"Huh?" I gaped.

"Well, with my arms behind me like this, I can't very well stop you. After all, that's what a skirt like this is for - to be pulled up."

In a second, I was beside her and had grasped the material to begin raising it when I said,

"Hey, what goes on? This stuff feels like rubber."

"That's what it is, red sheet rubber, cut and draped into a gown. That's what makes it cling so wonderfully."

In a second I had the skirt gathered and looped up to her hips. Gracefully, she sank into the chair, sitting far enough back in the seat so that her gloved hands, which hung so rigidly over her bottom, slipped over the back of the seat, so that she could sit upright.

Then, as I stepped back to look at her, she crossed her booted legs in the approved pin-up manner and smiled,

"Well?"

The picture she presented, the beautifully fitting, skin-tight, high heeled boots, the red rubber gown, suggestively gathered about the hips and hugging the tiny waist and incredible bust, the back-arched shoulders and black-gloved, helpless arms, and finally the pretty, warmly smiling face made me admire her immensely.

"Great God in Heaven!" was all I could say.

Then I stared some more, while she obviously basked in my pop-eyed admiration. Finally, I managed to murmur,

"How do you get this dress off?" I asked, "it doesn't seem to have any fastening."

"It doesn't. It's rubber, remember? It just rolls down like a stocking."

It took me a second to get the roll started around the close-fitting top; but after that it was almost like peeling a banana. In a very brief time the dress was just a red doughnut on the floor, and she was stepping away from it. I tossed it on a chair and turned to inspect my lovely companion.



From heels to the tops of her legs she wore, as I had seen, the most perfectly fitting thigh-boots imaginable. They were of black kid, highly polished and seemingly almost buttery in softness. At the top of each leg, on the outside, a tightly drawn strap ran up to the leather corset that stretched from rather below the hip-bones, up past the tiny waist, to the base of the jutting bust. Above this, and fastened to the corset in some way, was the brassiere that had started the discussion. This was shaped into two half cups, obviously shaped and boned rigidly to hold the proper shape. The breasts rested in and welled out of these supports.

Then, my eye caught something else that I had more or less skipped over before. Her pants. Not that much showed between the bottom of the corset and the top of the boots, but what did was black and fitted like a skin, literally like a skin.

Following the direction of my eye, Vicki rolled her hips slowly and asked,

"Admiring the pants?"

"Darn right. How can you get them to fit that way?"

"Feel," she invited, turning in profile.

"I get it. Rubber?"

"Why the rubber pants - especially when everything else is leather?" I asked.

"Because in this house the pants have to fit perfectly, if they're worn at all. Of course, Nicki and I often wear matching leather pants, to go with the rest of whatever costume we may be wearing. But when they're put on, laced to fit properly, we can sit down. So, since I could hardly go to the theatre without sitting, I wore rubber."

"Sounds like a delightful idea. But tell me, how long can you go without sitting down?"

"Oh, all day. All evening too, if Dick decides he wants us to.

For instance, if I had a pair of leather pants on now, I'd just have to keep standing up till somebody decided to take them off. I certainly couldn't do it for myself, could I?" she asked, moving her bound arms slightly.

"I guess not," I admitted, rather startled. "But couldn't you ask for help, or a little rest?"

"When we're dressed in that sort of a formal rig, we don't ask for anything," she assured me, firmly.

Then, strolling back to the same chair she had sat in before, she perched on it prettily, with one leg resting along the arm, the other resting on the floor. Putting her head attractively on one side she asked,

"Will you do me a favor?"

Sure. Anything you want."

"Will you tie me up?"

"But - but -" I sputtered, "you are tied up already."

"Oh, only my arms. I want to feel real helpless."

"You bet I'll tie you up. I'll tie you right into that chair. But what can I tie you with?"

"Just pull the bell," she nodded to a bell-pull by the fireplace, "pull it three times. Fifi will understand."

It was only a matter of seconds after I pulled it that Fifi was opening the door and remarking,

"Mon dieu. Fifi was beginning to think that madame would never ring."

In her hands she carried a big silver tray. On it, was coiled a selection of ropes, numerous straps of various lengths and widths as well as a couple of pairs of handcuffs, an ankle-chain and some other things I was too interested to notice at the moment.

She put the tray down on an end-table, then moved the table over near the chair where we were standing, being careful to face away from me, so that as she leaned over and moved the table, she gave me a very interesting view. Then she straightened up, faced around and putting her hands behind her, asked,

"Would you care to have me help you, monsieur?"

"Why no, I don't think so, thank you, Fifi," I answered, smiling at her.

"Fifi is very good at tying up, monsieur - or being tied up," she added hopefully.

"Well, maybe some day soon I'll have the pleasure of tying you."

"Fifi hopes so, monsieur Ted. Any time at all. But I must warn you. Fifi struggles and must be tied very tightly."

"All right, Fifi, break it up." There was a distinct edge to Vicki's voice. Obviously, she was the one who was going to be tied and she didn't want the maid horning in on it.

Slightly abashed, the pretty maid started to mince out, when her mistress stopped her with,

"Fifi, where's Miss Nicki?"

"She spent most of the day in the dark-room, madame, working on those last pictures. But then, about five, she came out and told me that she had been very clumsy. Her high heel had turned and she had spilled some solution. She wanted to be punished."



Vicki nodded as though this were all the most ordinary thing in the world. Then she asked,
 "How did you punish her?"
 "I lock her in the trunk, madame."
 "Good. Well, in about ten minutes, bring her up here. I want her to meet Mr. Walk."
 "Oui, madame. Still in the trunk?"
 "I don't see why not. Maybe Mr. Walk would like taking her out."

This was all Greek to me; but I resolved not to say anything. If they wanted to regard this punishing of girls by putting them in trunks as a natural thing to do, I wasn't going to be different.

Instead, I stepped to the tray and picked out a long piece of rather heavy rope.

With a final glance at us to see if there was anything else, Fifi minced over to the door and departed. From the way she switched her hips and closed the door rather firmly behind her, I got the impression that she was annoyed with me for not letting her help. Well, that was too bad. But I didn't get a chance like this every day and I wasn't going to share it with anybody.

I beckoned my willing victim over, passed the rope once around her pretty little waist and tied it firmly at the back, with two long ends equal and trailing almost to the floor. Then I helped her to sit in the chair, well back in the seat, with her gloved arms over the back. Bringing the two ends of the rope forward, one around each side. Then I passed them back under her body, not without some smothered protests on her part as I handled her in the process. Next I tied a shorter rope, figure of eight wise, several times around her upper arms, just above the elbows. Then I brought the two ends of the rope from under her body up, through the arm rope and pulled it as tight as I could. Then I knotted it. The result was to pull her shoulders back and down, make her arch her back as much as her stiff corset would allow and apply some very interesting tension to the tendons at the tops of her legs.

"Ooh!" she gasped softly, as the rope drew tight, "That feels wonderful, I can see I'm going to enjoy this, I love it."

I had considered tying her legs together, but decided I could make her more helpless and more uncomfortable, by securing them another way. I tied a short rope to each pretty ankle, passed the ropes outside the front legs of the chair and back underneath to her gloved wrists. Pulling these short ropes very tight, I forced her legs wide apart in front, then, bent steeply at the knees, with the toes well clear of the floor, back under the seat. Then I secured the ropes around her wrists.

"Have you ever done this sort of thing before?" asked Vicki.

"Well, once or twice and only in fun," I admitted.

"I must say you seem to have a natural knack for it, then. I feel delightfully helpless and of course, escape is out of the question."

Feeling highly complimented, I continued securing her. I passed a long strap, figure of eight wise, around her upper body and the back of the chair and pulled it extremely tight across her chest, above and below her bosom.

"Umm," she sighed, "you're even making it hard to breathe."

Two more shorter straps went around each knee, anchoring them securely to the front legs of the chair.

"All right," I said, "now wriggle."

She tried, but aside from a little writhing, she couldn't move at all, except for her hair, of course, which I hadn't planned to do anything to.

"You know your business, boy. I feel like a trussed chicken," she smiled.

"Ooooh! Ummm! she sighed, "that feels so wonderful."

"More wonderful than if I were doing it, say, in the back seat of a car, on a dark road somewhere?" I asked, curiously.

"Oh, yes, yes! A tight, stiff corset makes any experience much more exciting; then being tied up and unable to do anything to stop you, makes it still more thrilling."

I continued my ministrations for several minutes, while she sighed and moaned her appreciation.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. We both jumped. Fifi's voice, out in the hall, spoke,

"Here is Miss Nicki, madame."

I don't know just what I expected to see, maybe Fifi, pushing a large trunk on a little wheel-barrow of some sort. But instead, when the door opened, I saw quite a small, dark green trunk, more of a foot-locker, up on one end, supported by a pair of singularly, lovely legs in dark brown thigh-boots.



Guided by Fifi, this vision strutted into the room, taking steps not much over six inches long. The reason for the short steps was evident. The extremely thin heels on the boots were over eight inches high. But each pace, though tiny, was perfect, not a trace of a tremor at the ankles, the knees quite straight and firm, the rounded toes of the beautifully fitting boots being pointed so far down that the walk was entirely on the toes, the heels touching the ground only when the occupant of the boots stood still. The walk was light as thistledown and very reminiscent of a ballet dancer, moving on tip-toe.

The trunk was just large enough to enclose a girl from the top of her head to the fork of her legs, allowing just enough width for her shoulders. There was no trace of an opening in the lid, which, of course, faced front, so the occupant was quite blind.

But she gave no sign of it. Fifi sort of aimed her in the general direction of Vicki's chair and gave her a slight push. She minced forward, stopping, seemingly by instinct, a few feet in front of the chair.

"Nicki dear, can you hear me?" Vicki asked.

The trunk bowed slightly.

"I have to ask her," Vicki explained in an aside to me, sometimes she wears a discipline helmet with heavy padding over the ears and she can't quite hear a sound." Then she turned back to the trunk.

"Did Fifi tell you about what I did tonight?"

The trunk pivoted back and forth in what was obviously a movement of "No."

"Well, you know I went to the theatre?"

"Yes," bowed the trunk.

"While I was there, I sat next to a very nice young man. I made an excuse to borrow his pencil and drop it. He looked like he might be interested in girls like us. So when he dived for the pencil, I pulled up my skirt and showed him my boots. As a result, he not only came back to the house to meet you, but he's got me tied to this chair and he's looking at you as though he'd like to eat you. If you want to say "Hello," he's just to the right of me here."

The trunk turned in my direction and the legs did a very nice curtsy.

"Hello, I'm Ted Walk," I introduced myself. "If the rest of you is one tenth as pretty as those boots, well--wow!"

At this point Fifi, who had been standing rather proudly in the background, stepped forward and asked,

"May Fifi make a suggestion, madame?"

"Certainly, Fifi, what is it?" asked Vicki.

"Perhaps, you and Monsieur Ted would like some coffee? Miss Nicki would make a lovely coffee table."

Casually, she took a corner of the trunk and maneuvered Nicki around so that she stood sideways to Vicki, four or five feet to her right. Then she tapped the trunk and ordered,

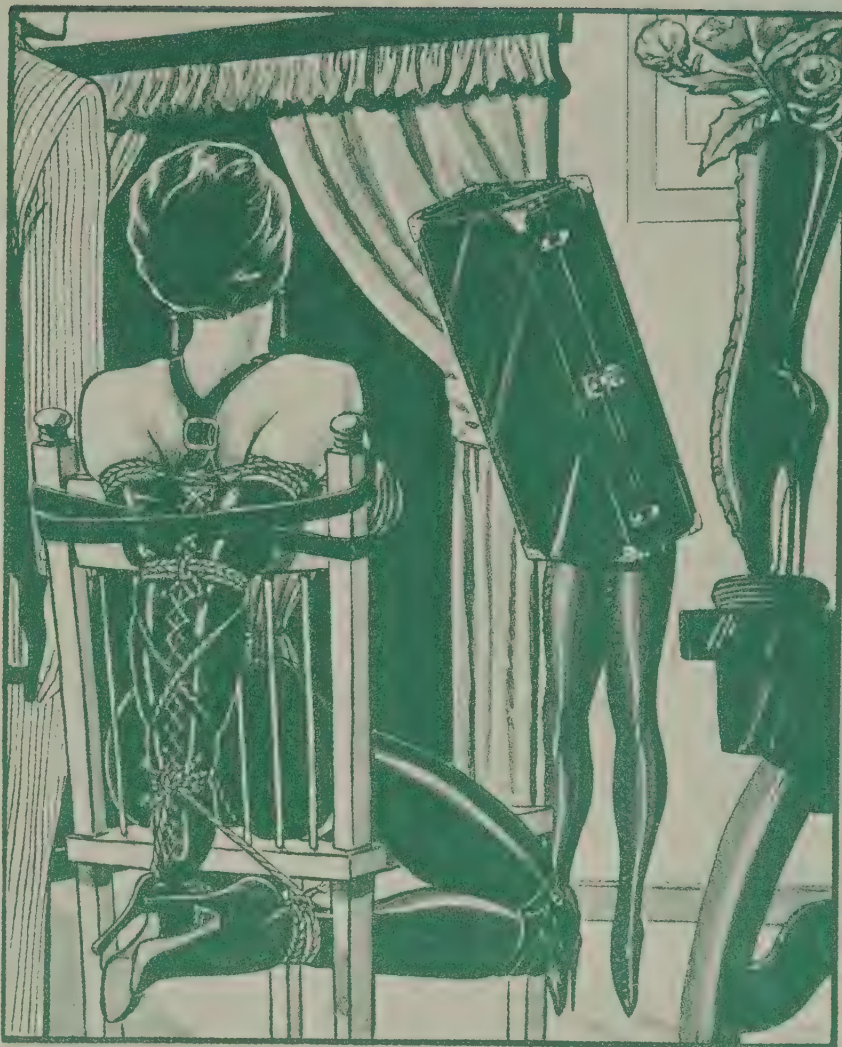
"Rigid, mam'selle." Turning to me, she suggested,

"Perhaps Monsieur Ted will lay her flat on her back? My corset is too tight for me to take the weight."

So I stepped behind Nicki, put my hands on the trunk and pulled her gently backward. She came toward me, holding her legs quite stiff, so that it was a simple matter to lay the trunk on its bottom on the floor, with Nicki's pretty legs sticking out of it, off to the right.

Fifi bustled out to get the tray and I took a moment to look at the trunk. The lock side was toward Vicki and the clasps and lock were securely closed. The girl inside had not a chance of escaping. Her legs, which thrust through two holes cut in the right-hand end, were absolutely perfect and set off by the skin fitting brown boots that laced very tightly from toe-cap to the top of the leg. The heels came down to bases smaller than a dime, while the bearing part of the sole was not much over an inch, allowing no more than the first joints of the toes to touch the ground. Since the pretty, high-arched feet were by no means large to begin with, some such arrangement was necessary to carry heels of such extreme height.

The pretty maid came back with the tray, making a very pretty picture in her own right, with her lovely corsetted figure in gleaming black satin contrasting so sharply with the mesh-covered legs and sandalled feet on their six inch spindle heels. She put the tray on a side table, produced a lace cloth, spread it carefully over the trunk and then put the tray on it. Then she hurried out again, murmuring something about "fixing mam-selle's legs."



I poured two cups of coffee and added sugar and cream for Vicki, as she requested. By this time Fifi returned, carrying a nickel plated metal bar, about four feet long, with an ankle cuff at each end. In a very brief time, Nicki's ankles were locked in the cuffs, her legs spread incredibly wide apart. Fifi had to use quite a little force to get the bar in place.

"I know how impatient you are to unlock that trunk," Vicki smiled suddenly.

I guess you'd better begin the Grand Opening by taking the coffee things off the trunk."

Eagerly, I did as she told me and then she advised,

"Better unlock that Leg Stretcher and take it off next. You'd have a tough job getting her out of the trunk with that in place, since she couldn't help you."

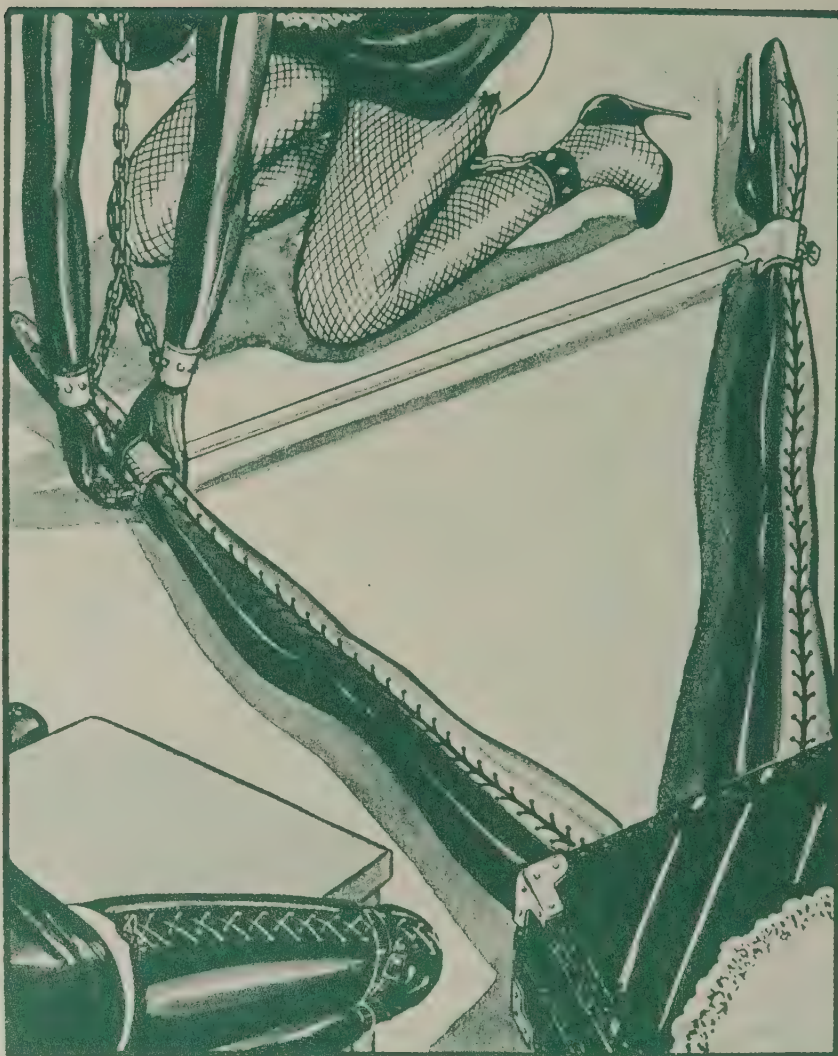
Again I obeyed. The pretty legs began moving and twisting about, gently at first, then more freely.

"Getting the kinks out," Vicki explained, in answer to my enquiring glance. "That position gets very uncomfortable in just a few minutes.

Using the other key, I unlocked the main clasp of the trunk and opened the ones at each end. Then, my heart beating with excitement, I threw back the lid.

Instinctively I suppose, one looks first at the face under conditions like these. But instead of a face, I saw a mask, a beautifully made mask, in flesh-colored suede. It was obviously skin tight and fitted the contours beneath it without a wrinkle. The eye-holes were little more than narrow slits, interestingly turned up at the outer corners and fringed with long artificial lashes of black. Thin brows of black arched above them and the eye-lid area was even shadowed in green and there was touches of rouge, or an imitation, on the high, prominent cheek-bones. The hair was represented by a wig of stiffened silk fringe, in a brassy blonde shade and set in a mass of curling ringlets all over the head. The faintly smiling lips, in deep red, were simply made of a piece of colored kid, sewn in the proper place.

The arms, tightly gloved in gleaming black kid, right up to the shoulders, where they were met by very brief but wide sleeves on the blouse, were folded and tightly strapped to rest in the corsetted arch of the small of the back.



"But - but -" I fumbled, in my amazement, "Nicki must be an utter and complete bondage enthusiast."

"Oh, she is," Vicki agreed, "I'm pretty strong in that line myself. I like nothing better than being dressed and bound like you see me now - or even more stringently if my husband is around. But Nicki wears costumes, insists on bondage and silencers that would make me a wreck."

Quickly, I bent over and began unfastening the straps that held her so tightly bound in the trunk, starting with the one around her head and working down.

When I had unfastened the last one, I asked, "how do I get her legs clear of the end of the trunk here? Those holes are a pretty tight fit around her thighs."

"That upper part of the end there slides up and out. Works sort of like a pillory," Vicki explained.

In a second, I had the part mentioned pulled up and free. Since the trunk was such a tight fit and her costume so stiff anyway, I puzzled for a moment as to how to get her out. Then I remembered how I had laid her down, trunk and all and simply decided to reverse the process. Telling her to hold herself rigid, I lifted behind her wigged head with my left hand and when she was clear of the trunk, I slipped my other one behind her waist and continued lifting. In a second, she was upright, poised on the tips of her toes and her towering heels.

In a moment she stepped back a little, spun lightly on her heels and presented her rigidly strapped arms.

"What does she want now?" I asked, "to have me unstrap her arms?"

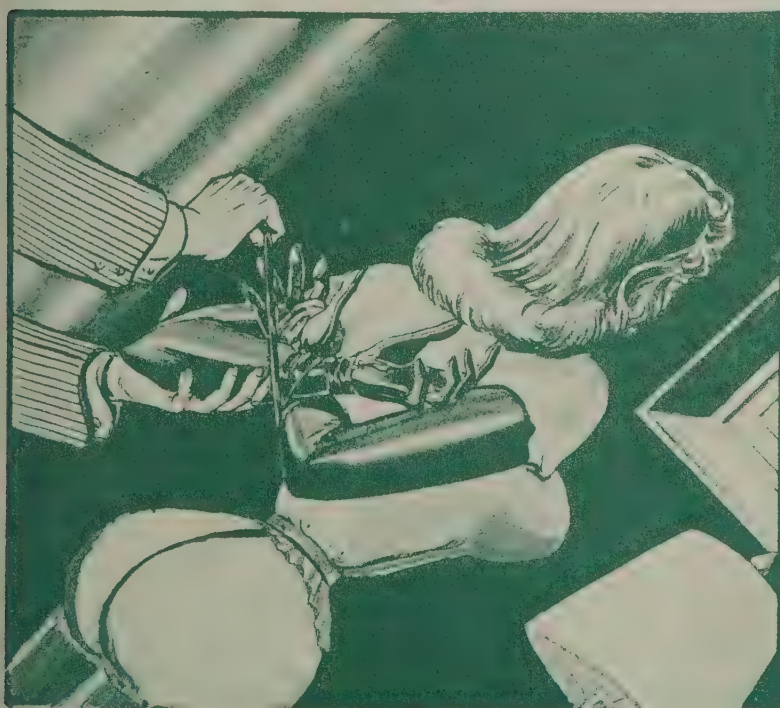
"Probably, under the circumstances. But you'd better ask her," Vicki answered, "it's quite possible that she simply wants the straps tightened."

"Well?" I asked the intriguing figure in front of me, "shall I take the straps off?"

She nodded, moving even closer to me.

It was quite a tussle to get the straps off, because they had been pulled up so tightly. I was sure that even after they were off, it would be some time before she could use her arms - after all, when they have been held rigidly in one position for a number of hours, and by very tightly adjusted bonds, it stands to reason that they would be completely numb.

So I was greatly astonished to see that she had full use of them immediately. Turning to face me and stepping back a foot or two, she placed her gloved hands on her tiny waist, put her feet together and posed for my approval. She looked utterly delightful.



Then she minced, with surprising quickness and grace, considering the height of her towering heels, over to the tray of bondage material. She picked up a big wad of absorbent cotton and a roll of adhesive tape; then she started for where her mother sat, helplessly tied to her chair. The latter saw her coming and stated, with an attempt at command.

"Nicole, I will not allow you to gag me. Put that stuff back immediately!"

It was just as though she had not spoken, for all the attention her daughter paid. As she neared her mother, she beckoned to me. Glad to assist, I hurried to her side.

"Ted," pleaded Vicki, "you'll listen to me, won't you? You won't let her gag me, will you?"

"You're damn right I will!" I grinned, heartily, "your lovely daughter has impressed me so much with her charming silence that I'm convinced that, lovely as you are, you'll be lovelier yet with a gag in your mouth."

"Well, try to get it in!" snapped the helpless woman, writhing fruitlessly in her chair and she clamped her jaws tight together.

To my mind, this would have presented quite a problem, since the jaw muscles are enormously strong and if she didn't want to open her mouth, it would be tough making her do it.

But her daughter was serenely confident, she passed behind the other woman's chair, beckoned me to stand in front and gave me the wad of cotton, gesturing that I should compress it as small as possible. Eagerly, I did so.

Nicki placed her thumbs against her mother's cheeks, just about opposite the hinges of the jaw; then she placed her first fingers, one against each nostril and pressed gently. Result, no air through the nose.

In a few seconds, Vicki countered by parting her lips in a sort of grin, breathing between her clenched teeth. The tightly gloved hands met this challenge by closing over the mouth, while keeping the nostrils closed.

Vicki squirmed and fought for a few seconds, but she had no chance, she had to give in and open her mouth. Immediately, her daughter removed her fingers but thrust in very powerfully with her thumbs so that her victim could not close her mouth without biting her cheeks. After letting her draw a couple of gasping breaths, she nodded to me.

I surmised, rightly, that I was to pack the cotton in place. This was a delightful job. I'd never gagged a woman before, but could see that I had been missing a treat. She fought me with her tongue at first, thrusting the padding out as fast as I tried to push it in. But a warning pressure by Nicki on her nostrils was enough to make her behave. Her tongue lay passively in the bottom of her mouth as I poked and pushed the big wad of cotton in. It was quite a tussle, too, since there was so much. When I had her mouth packed about as full as I thought it could go, I paused and asked the silent figure behind our victim.

"Isn't that enough?"

Nicki shook her head.

"Well, how much more? Surely not all of it?"

She nodded. Even though she could not see her, her helpless victim sensed her answer and moaned faintly.

Eager to oblige, I went back to work and finally got all the cotton stuffed into my subject's gaping mouth. While I was on the latter stages, Nicki was tearing off a piece of adhesive tape a little over two feet long. As soon as I was through, she placed the center of the tape on the cotton as it bulged between her victim's teeth, brought the ends back along her cheeks and got ready to pull them tight. But the way she did it startled me, she actually placed a knee against the back of her mother's neck and pulled with all her might.

Poor Vicki writhed convulsively and her eyes flew open in anguish; I saw her strain to make a sound of protest, but so tight was the gag that not the least sound submerged.

By now, the cotton was well inside her teeth and the latter, due to the pressure on the hinges of her jaw, was actually forced to bite down on it very definitely. The pressure must have been terrific.

Quickly Nicki removed her knee and lapped the ends. Then she took the roll of tape and passed the adhesive three times completely around her head and through her mouth, to make sure the gag could not slip even the slightest; then she tore off the tape and smoothed the end.

She stepped back and put her leather-covered head on one side as she admired her handiwork. Her mother's face was a study; her eyes were wide open, in a fixed stare that I later learned was the "Gag-Look" and a tear was running from the corner of each eye, while her lips were drawn away from her teeth in a mirthless grin. But in spite of the obvious pain, there was also a look of very definite excitement on her face.

Apparently satisfied, Nicki walked around and stood a few feet away from and squarely in front of her mother.

"Hmm, looks like your mother doesn't wholly approve," I grinned.



Nicki nodded. Suddenly she stepped back and signalled "wait."

With positively fairy like steps that her towering heels enforced, she hurried out of the room, her pretty hips rolling with a delightful crispness at each tiny pace.

At this point Nicki bustled back into the room and came mincing over. In her hands she had some vague black leather shape. She gave it to me and gestured toward our miserable victim.

A glance showed me that it was a discipline helmet.

"You want me to put it on?" I asked.

My pretty companion nodded.

"This," I announced, "will be a pleasure. I've read about these things, but I never thought I'd have the pleasure of lacing one into place."

It took me a moment or two to figure out how it went on, then I stepped toward the helpless figure in the chair. As soon as she saw me coming, she began shaking her head again.

"What's the matter? Ropes not tight enough?" I asked

That did it. She stopped immediately and made no effort to hinder me as I slipped the helmet into place over her head and face. As I did so, I noticed that it was very heavily padded over the ears.

So, as I began to lace it down the back I asked Nicki,

"Is this the helmet that cuts off your hearing?"

She nodded.

"In other words, when I'm through, our willing subject here will be deaf, dumb and blind?"

"Yes, she signalled.

I continued lacing the helmet into place, smoothing the wrinkles as I did so. The helmet was a beautiful piece of work, fitting the wearer's head like a skin. The only openings in the front were the nostrils in the well shaped nose, so the wearer would have no difficulty in breathing. The neck part continued down in the form of quite a high, stiff collar, shaped to be higher in the front than at the back, for wearer to hold chin high.

Finally, I got the lace pulled tight and tied the ends in a bow. There was still about an inch opening in the lace at the back, but I decided that that was intentional, just as many corsets are made to have a slight opening in the lacing, even when fully pulled in.

"Okay?" I asked Nicki.

To my surprise, she shook her head and came over. She began smoothing and working the helmet all over her mother's helpless head, aiming always at the lacing. Her pretty little hands in their tight brown gloves formed a lovely contrast to the glistening black kid.

In a little while, she pantomimed at me to work on the lace again, while she continued to smooth the leather into place.

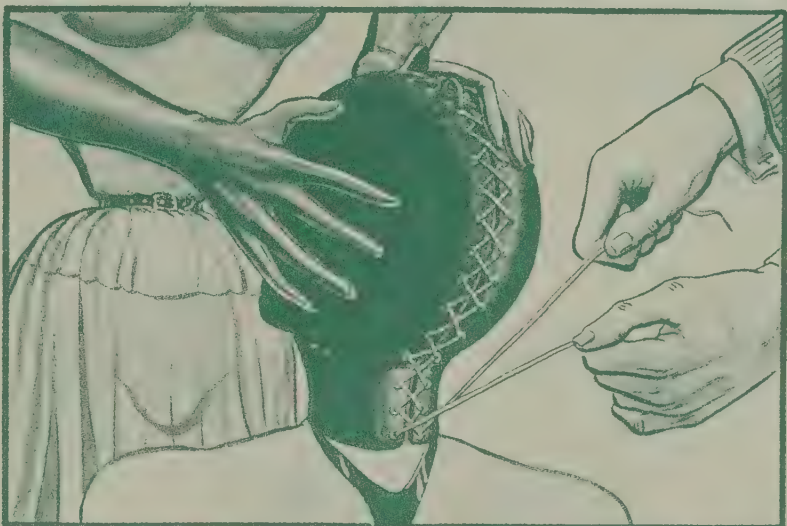
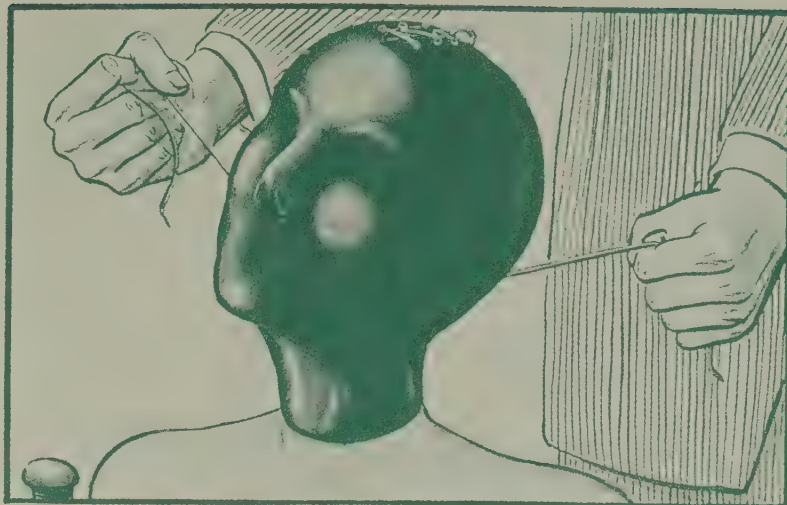
I tried to stop her a couple of times, being afraid that the lace would break, or we would do her mother some permanent damage. But she wouldn't hear of it.

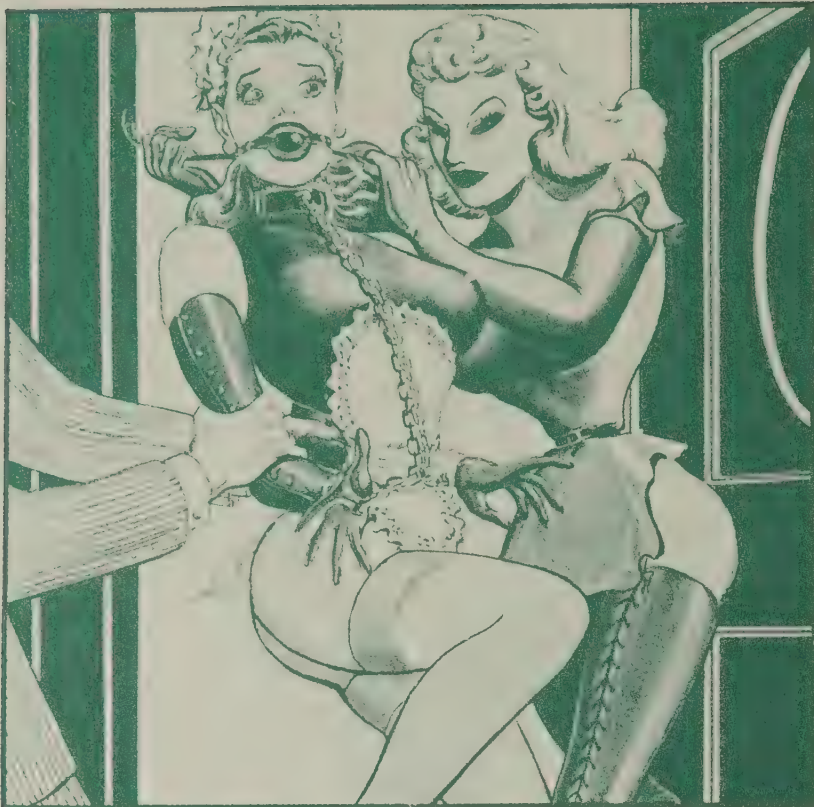
When she finally stepped back, satisfied, the lace was closed from top to bottom and the tightly stretched leather gleamed like satin. Vicki's silent, helpless head looked almost like a portrait head in ebony.

One thing that had puzzled me slightly was a metal eyelet sewn to the exact top of the head. I understood the use of this when Nicki went to the supply of bondage material and selected a length of rope. She brought it back and signalled to me to tie it around Vicki's ankles. I did so. Then she took the other end and passed it through the eyelet and began pulling. I could see that Vicki was fighting her, but it was useless, slowly, inexorably, her head was drawn back and back until I thought her neck must break. When Nicki tied the rope, had her mother been able to see straight forward from her eyesockets, she would have not looked straight up into the air, but considerably behind her.

With a pretty gesture, Nicki stepped back and made a feint of dusting her gloved hands off.

Stanton:





It seemed to me that it was about time for me to make some sort of contribution to the proceedings, so I pointed to the trunk lying open on the floor and suggested,

"It seems a shame to leave that empty. Do you think that we could squeeze Fifi into it?"

Nicki nodded and clapped her tightly gloved hands in eager agreement. Then she minced quickly to the tray of bondage materials and selected what was obviously a gag, consisting of a wide leather strap, about eighteen inches long; at about the middle it was much narrower for an inch or two, on this was strung a leather egg, about two inches in diameter and three inches long.

By means of pantomime, she showed me what I was to do and what she would do. (In spite of her enforced silence and total lack of expression, provided her hands were free, I was to find that Nicki could express herself with amazing clarity.)

So I took my place to one side of the door; and she, after ringing the bell, slipped to the other.

In a few seconds we heard the crisp tap of Fifi's high heels outside. The door opened.

"Did mam'selle--ulb!" was all she managed to say as I slipped in back of her, grabbed her elbows and pinned them behind her, the chain between her wrists drawing taut and securing her hands.

Nicki slapped the gag hard enough against her lips to make her open her mouth automatically. The egg was so big, she had to push hard to force it between her squirming victim's teeth. But she got it in and quickly drew the strap as tight as she could, stretching the corners of Fifi's mouth back in a sort of fixed grin.

The expression on Fifi's face was a blend of surprise, pain and excitement.

At a nod from Nicki, I forced the struggling French girl over to the table of bondage material. My silent companion selected a long strap and wound it a couple of times through Fifi's elbows and pulled it as tight as possible. Then she released the chain that ran from wrist-chain to collar, passed it under the maid's body and pulled it up and fastened it to the strap around her elbows.

Finally, she took a soft strap about three inches wide, which had a row of lace-holes at each end, passed it around Fifi's head and across her gaping mouth and laced it closed at the back of her head. The effect was to force the egg even further into her mouth and make the gag yet more effective. Fifi's eyes were wide open and filled with tears and it was easy to see she was desperately trying to talk, to beg her young mistress not to pull the lace so tight. But not the faintest sound emerged.

The binding and silencing complete, Nicki stepped back and for a moment we watched our captive as she squirmed and writhed against her bonds.

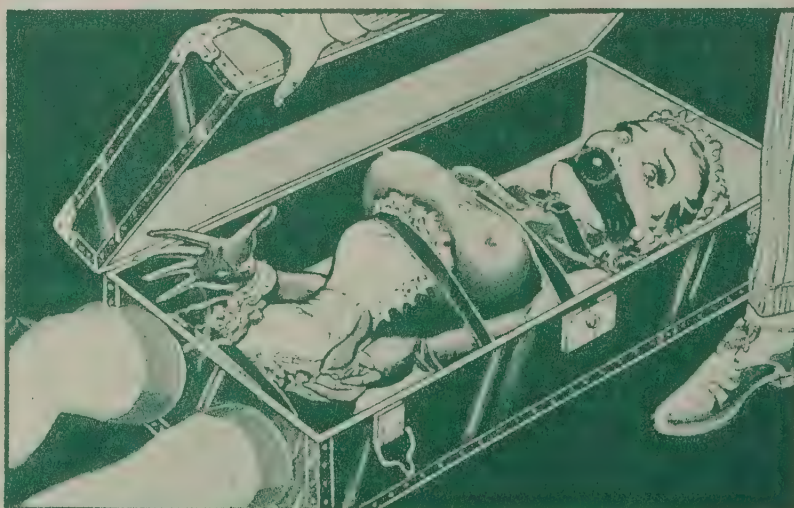
Then, Nicki signalled to me that I was to put the captive in the trunk while she went to get something.

She strutted out and I went to work with a will. Since Fifi was a bit larger in the body than Nicki, I had quite a lot of pleasant difficulty in wedging her into the trunk. Her pretty legs kicked and flailed delightfully as I pulled the anchoring straps as tight as I could, so that from the hips up she had not the least power of movement.

As I closed the lid, I took a last long look at her lovely helpless figure, silent face and eloquent eyes as she begged mutely for relief.

The lid closed and locked, I sat on it and admired the writhing, mesh-stockinged legs and pretty high-heeled feet as I waited for Nicki to return.

Stenton





Nicki returned and I was impressed all over again with the ease in which she moved on her eight inch heels. She minced over to me as I sat on the trunk, carrying a very odd-looking pair of bootees over her arm. She also had a note-book and pencil in one tightly gloved hand. She handed me the note-book and I read, "Fifi kept me in that trunk for six hours. Three would have been plenty. I'm going to teach her a lesson."

"Seems like a good idea," I agreed, adding, "Girls like Fifi need lots of lessons. What are you going to do?"

Putting the note-book and pencil on a convenient table, Nicki signalled me to up-end the trunk, making it clear by her gestures that the luckless maid was to end up upside down. I couldn't follow what she was up to, but was glad to oblige and in a second, Fifi was on her head, her lovely mesh-covered legs waving protestingly in the air. But an unusually powerful kick nearly upset the trunk, so she quieted down.

Quickly, Nicki removed one of the pretty high heeled sandals and started to force one of the bootees on in its place. Obviously, it was a terribly tight fit and Nicki, hampered by her crushingly tight corset, unable even to take a deep breath through her mouth, was soon panting through the nostrils of her mask. Her lovely out-thrust bosom rose and fell quickly with the shallow breaths she was compelled to take. I offered to help, but she shook her leather leather covered head. Obviously, she was going to take her revenge personally.

After a while, she had one bootee on and started on the other. They were shaped like ballet toe-slippers, with apparently, a steel bone running up the sole of the foot, around the heel and to the top of the boot. When they were laced on, the wearer had no choice but to remain poised, right on the tips of her toes. In addition, the steel bone was shaped to force the foot into an extremely steep arch.

The lacing complete, Nicki signalled that I should stand Fifi on her feet, or rather toes. I did so, with some difficulty. It was obvious that the silent occupant of the trunk found the boots far from comfortable.

Even when she was balanced, she showed a distinct inclination to fall over. But Nicki fixed that by standing behind her and giving her unprotected thigh a very painful pinch at each loss of balance.

In a short while, the trunk was standing with apparent pride. Standing is a bad word, since the most practiced of ball dancers cannot remain balanced on the tips of their toes. They have to shift the weight almost continuously from foot to foot, moving back and forth, or from side to side, to hold their balance. That was what Fifi was doing.

Taking a hank of rope from the table, Nicki pantomimed that I was to attach it to the heavy chandelier that hung from the ceiling. I missed a couple of times, but soon had a slicknet around the fixture chain.

With my help, Nicki mounted a chair and attached the rope to the handle of the trunk. But to my surprise, she left a good deal of slack. Then I guessed why. With this arrangement, if she did fall, the trunk would not go too far and she could regain her balance. But, on the other hand, she had to maintain her own equilibrium and would have to concentrate on it all the time.

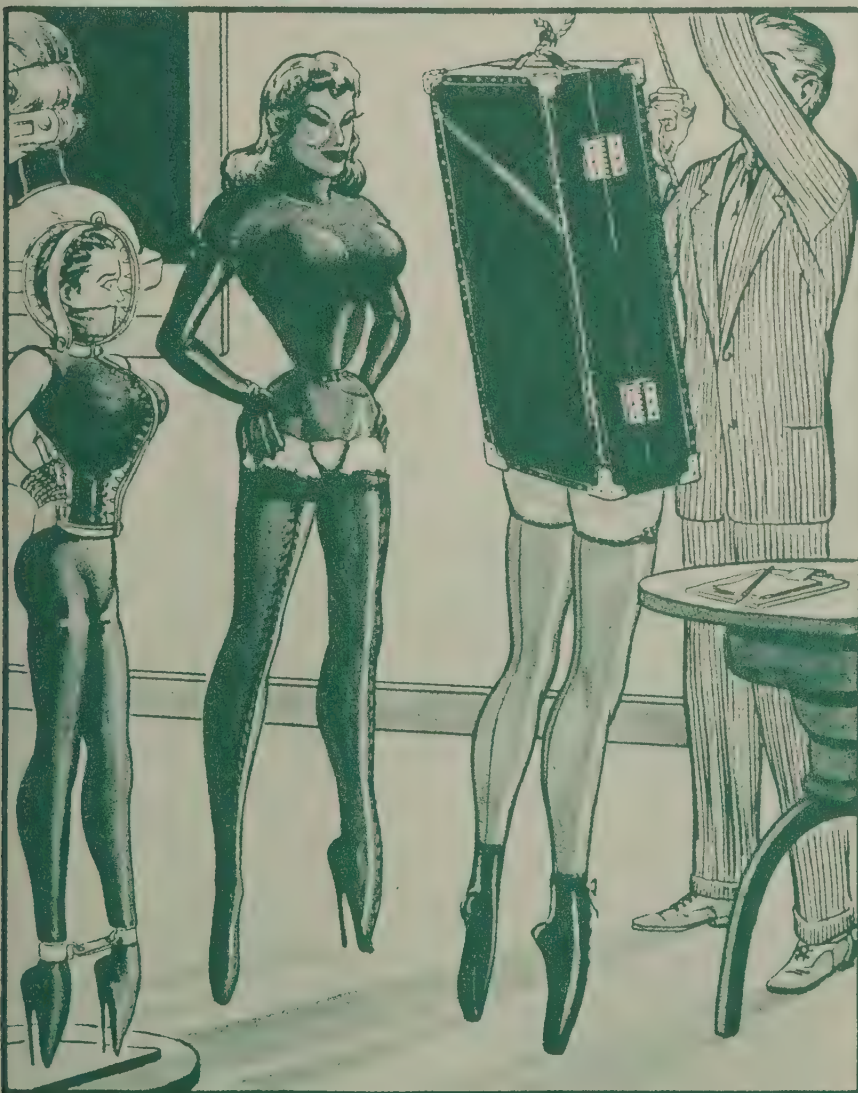
The rope in place and the chair removed, Nicki, gloved hands on hips, booted feet tom-boyishly apart, watched her victim for some time. Even without speech or facial expression, her pride and triumph were evident.

After a few moments, she took the note-book and wrote, "Do you have a car?"

"Why yes," I answered, surprised, "it's just near here. Why?"

I was startled by her next message:

Stanton





Well, you don't need a second invitation in a case like that. As I agreed, Nicki handed me another note, saying that she would be getting ready while I got the car.

I was back with my convertible in about fifteen minutes. The top was up to start with, but I had other ideas for later on. As I walked up the front steps, the door opened and my silent companion ushered me in.

She had changed her clothes and was now wearing a floor-length, skin tight gown of dark grey velvety rubber. It had a very high, tight collar, a bold cut-out over the imposing bosom and a slit in the left side from waist to hem. At the moment this slit was opened on the side so that she eight inch heeled thigh-boots were fully displayed. Also, she was now wearing the ankle chain which had previously adorned Fifi's trim legs.

On a side table was a short, full fur jacket and in her gloved hands she held what looked like a pair of long slim bags, in black kid, which terminated in long leather straps, one of which had a buckle and the other a row of holes at the end. Nicki held out her hands for me to slip the bags on and buckle them around her wrists. Then she doubled her arms at the elbows and held them close to her sides. It took me a minute to figure out what she wanted. But I finally drew the straps back over her shoulder, crossed them, drew them through her elbows and buckled them in front as tight as I could pull them. Her arms were now quite motionless, but when I put the cloak around her shoulders and fastened the catch in front, there was nothing to show that she was bound. With the hood pulled up around her masked face, it was sufficiently shadowed to look natural to any casual observer. Then I unfastened the snap that held her skirt open in front; it closed, leaving her looking like any smartly dressed young lady, on her way to a late night-spot. There was no sign of the tiny waisted corset, the bound arms, the towering heeled boots or the tight gag.

Telling her to wait a moment, I went out to the car and brought in a large brief-case, into which I dumped the whole tray of bondage material that Fifi had brought in.

As I ushered my lovely charge to the car, a smartly dressed man strolled by. He looked at Nicki in obvious admiration; the slim hips and legs that emerged in the clinging grey rubber from beneath the fur cloak were well worth a look. Her queenly carriage was also highly attractive. As I say, he looked and passed on. He had not the faintest idea that she held herself so upright because she couldn't hold herself any other way, or that she took such small, slow paces so that her ankle chain would not jingle revealingly.

I helped Nicki seat herself on the front seat of the car and then got a long length of rope from the brief-case. I fastened one end to the middle of her ankle-chain, brought it back under the seat; up between the back of the seat and the seat itself, tied it around her tiny waist, then back out again, up the back of the seat and around her neck. Having tied it, I still had two or three feet left, so I bound her knees together.

Now, save that she could turn her head slightly, Nicki was absolutely motionless. I closed the door on her side of the car, slid in behind the wheel on my side and drove off.

Within an hour, we were well out beyond the suburbs and the street-lights. I stopped long enough to let the top of the convertible down. I also removed Nicki's hood, leaving her leather mask and brassy blonde wig fully displayed. I figured that since people could only see her in the glow of passing head-lamps, they could not see very much.

I think she wanted to object. At least, she shook her head as much as she could. But I tightened the rope that held her to the seat a couple of times and that put a stop to any nonsense about objections.

About half an hour further out in the country, where things were really quiet, I turned to my silent companion and asked, "You remember you asked, 'How about a drive?'"

She nodded.



"Alright, can you drive a car?"

A nod.

"Okay, you're going to drive this one and do it blindfolded."
She raised her head inquiringly.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll show you how it can be done. First, we've got to get you settled behind the wheel."

Pulling the car off the road, I untied the rope around Nicki's neck and from her ankle chain, but left it around her waist. Then I pulled the rope around so the knot was in front. Removing her cloak and strap-gloves, I made her stand up and pull her skirt high around her hips, untied her knees, passed the two ends of the cord back under body and as she slid in behind the wheel I threaded the ends between the seat itself and the back. Pulling them very tight so she was forced against the back of the seat, I brought them up and around her neck, knotting them tightly, anchoring her rigidly behind the wheel. From the brief-case I produced a pair of wrist cuffs joined by about eighteen inches of chain. Snapping the cuffs about her wrists, I fastened the center of the chain to the steering column. This gave her enough liberty to hold the wheel and manipulate the transmission lever, but that was about all. I also attached her ankle chain to the lower part of the steering wheel column, so she could work the pedals with her feet.

As it was, she would have been able to drive the car quite easily, but not the way I had in mind. I tore off two small pieces of flesh-colored adhesive tape from a roll in the brief-case and placed them over the eye-holes in her mask, blindfolding her completely.

"As I understand it," I inquired, "you don't want to take off that mask?"

She nodded very definitely.

"Alright, but I find I'll have to make certain changes in it," I said.

Stanton

The ever-ready brief-case furnished me with something I had been thinking about for some time, a black rubber ball with a hole in it, through which went a steel rod, about eight inches long. There was a ring on each end of the rod. Looking from ball to mask, I made some mental calculations and then, with a pencil, I drew a sort of diamond-shape on the mask, over the mouth and out onto the cheeks, in line with the jaw. Then I took off the wig and began to unlace the lower part of the mask. Nicki tried to stop me, but her chained hands could not reach her face and she was too tightly bound to struggle effectively.

When the part over her jaw and mouth was loose enough, I rolled it upward, disclosing the gag. This was several layers of wide adhesive tape covering the mouth. Peeling it off, I found another narrow band of tape around her head and through her mouth, holding a big pad of cotton tightly in her mouth.

I pulled some of the padding out, but left most of it in place, smoothed the mask down again so her mouth showed through the opening, forced the ball into her mouth with the bar bit-wise between her teeth and pulled the lace tight again. As the fastening grew tight, I was glad to see that the tension on her chin and jaw forced her to clamp down on the ball.

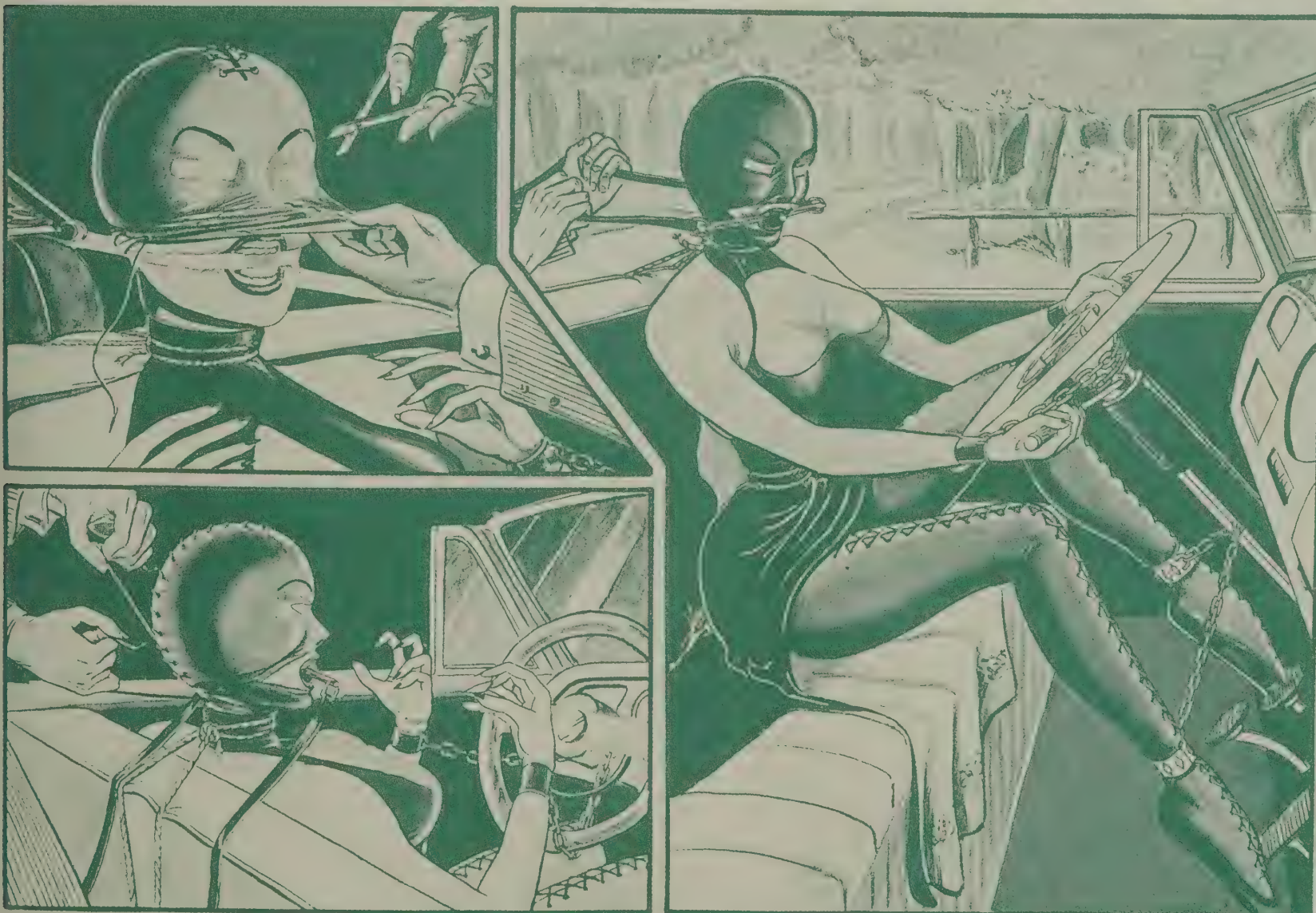
"Alright, try to force that ball out of your mouth," I ordered, as I replaced her wig.

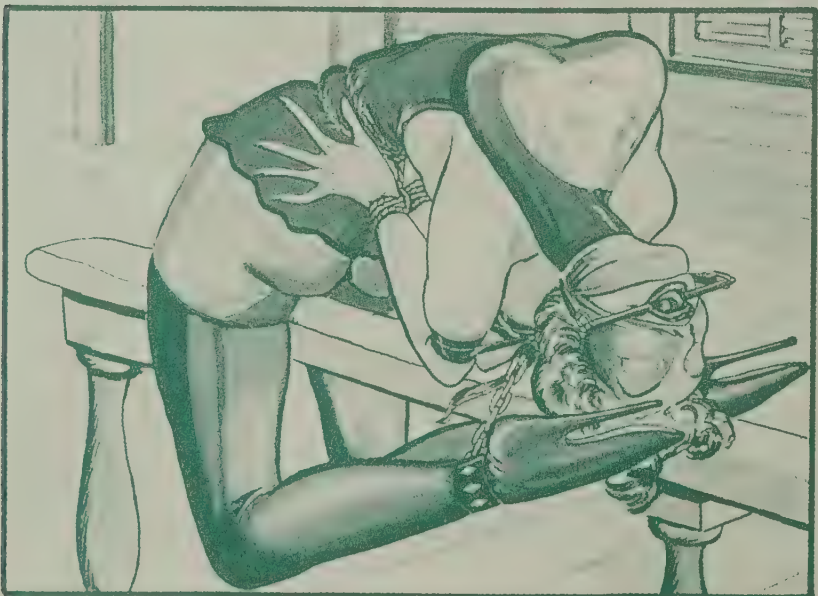
I could see her lips and jaw work as she tried to obey, but she couldn't even begin to open her mouth.

"That's fine," I said as I tied the ends of a long cord to each of the bit-rings and sank into the seat behind her. "Gee up, motor-pony!" and I drew the reins tight.

It took her a second to realize what I meant, then she slowly put the car in gear and stepped on the gas. A pull on the left rein and she turned the wheel that way and we were back on the road, a pull to the right and we were straight. A jerk on the bit and she shifted speed.

In about five minutes I was enjoying a delightful pony drive.





I hadn't bothered to tell Nicki, but I was taking her out to a little sort of week-end cabin I had in the woods, some distance from the city. Of course, one of the advantages of a gag in a pretty companion's mouth is the fact that you don't have to explain everything. You go ahead with your plans and since she cannot demand explanations and object to them when given, she goes along with becoming docility. Much better all around.

Since the cabin is situated on what you might call a back road off a back road, it is pleasantly secluded, but it represented quite a problem in fancy pony driving along the twisting single lane road that made up the last half mile. But by driving slowly and a firm hand on the reins, we made it.

As soon as the car was in the little clearing by the side of the house, I unfastened the cord from the bit-rings and then used most of it running it from one end of the bit-bar to the other, around the back of her head. I pulled it so tight that she fairly squirmed, her hands, still chained to the car-wheel, making futile grabbing motions toward her face. When I was through, the ball was almost entirely inside her teeth and the bar pulled the corners of her mouth back in an exaggerated mirthless grin.

Then I removed the bonds holding her in the car and helped her out. She tried to get her hands to her mouth, but I was too quick; I had a strap ready and in a second her elbows were in firm contact in the middle of her back. The wrist chain was still in place, so I attached a cord to the middle of it, took it down and under her body and up to the strap around her elbows, so that her arms were quite helpless. Of course, I had to tuck the long skirt in back up to make this possible, so I rolled it up at the sides too, gave it to her to hold, remarking that "Satan finds work for idle hands."

Taking the long end of the rope that trailed down from the bit-cord, I passed it between her legs and used it as a lead-rein. My blind and bitted leather girl-pony followed as pretty as you please, her ankle-chain jingling musically at each tiny step.

I led her around the side of the house and up the steps onto the little front porch.

I had intended to take her directly inside. But then I thought it might be a good thing to let her rest and meditate for a while outside, while I fixed things inside.

Unfastening the cord that ran to the center of the wrist chain and taking off the chain itself, I used the cord to tie her wrists together behind her back and fastened them to a cord around her waist, so that her elbows stuck out sharply behind.

Then I laid her down on her stomach on the floor of the porch, looped the long end of the cord from the back of her head around her ankle chain and pulled. I kept pulling until her head and her heels were only about a foot apart. Again, the advantage of the gag became apparent; had her mouth been free, I'm sure she would have objected, perhaps loudly, even shrilly. But as it was she accepted my ministrations if not with approval, at least in silence.

Of course, she was bound in a manner very similar to the old French Military punishment known as "La Crapaudine," save that they did not bother to put the head under tension.

I was going to leave her on the floor, but then I got another idea. I picked her up, sat her sort of astride the railing of the porch. Of course, she was bent so far back that her wigged head also rested on the rail.

If she had wanted to fall off, I suppose she could have done it. But I figured that as long as she kept her knees close together, she could hold herself in place, just like riding horseback. Even if she couldn't ride, now was a good time to learn.

Then I went inside to fix things up a bit.

A couple of times I poked my head out to ask if she was quite comfortable. As she didn't answer, I assumed she was.

In about half an hour, I had a fire going in the big fireplace, as it gets cold late at night in my neck of the woods--and a big couch drawn up in front of it. I had a table with some drinks for me and so on.

Stanton

I had even let the big wagon-wheel which hangs in the middle of the ceiling with light-fixtures on it, down and dusted it thoroughly. After all, you want things to be neat for your guests.

Then I went out to the car and brought in the brief-case of bondage material.

After everything else was ready, I went out and released Nicki. Of course, I did it bit by bit, as she seemed to be pretty badly cramped for some reason. I even took off the cord that held the bar-bit so far back in her mouth. But I knew I was safe, because the chin part of her mask kept her from opening her mouth wide enough to get the ball out. As a final touch I took the tape off the eye-holes of the mask.

Bringing her into the living-room, I told her she could take off the long, grey, rubber dress and lie down on the couch and rest for half an hour. Gratefully, she did so.

I spent the time in a little sort of work-shop I have down in the cellar. I took a piece of quarter-inch iron rod and bent it into a ring two inches across, being careful to smooth the ends where they came together. Then I went upstairs again.

She had probably been asleep, but as soon as she heard me enter the room she sat up and folded her arms behind her back. I told her she could go into the other room, loosen her helmet enough to get the ball and padding out of her mouth. Then she could take a drink and return.

In a few minutes she was back, with her mask once more in place and her arms behind her back.

"Well?" she asked, nosing just inside the door.

"Why do you hold your arms like that?" I asked.

"To show you that even when they're not bound, they're ready to be."

"I get it. A very nice idea," I commented. "Now come over here and let me tie your arms."

"Oh good," she cried, "it's much more fun when I'm helpless."

Quickly, I tied her arms so they were high behind her back, in the same position they were while she was in the trunk.

"That feels wonderful. I don't know of any position that makes a girl feel more helpless--or more willing to be helpless," she breathed, as I drew the cords as tight as I could.

"Now come over here on the couch," I instructed. As she did so, I made her kneel on the seat with her legs doubled under her and strapped them in that position.

"Aren't you going to gag me?" she pouted.

"In a way," I answered. "Do you know what this is?" I showed her the ring. She shook her head.

"Well, let's try it," Nicki smiled.

I took off the wig, loosened the lace of the mask again and made her open her mouth wide. Then I slipped the ring into her mouth side-ways, then stood it up and pulled it forward, so that it was wedged between her teeth, with her jaws stretched wide. Then the helmet was tightened and the wig went back.

Later, I plugged her mouth tightly by packing cotton in through the ring. She couldn't get it out again and was once more delightfully silent.

I let the wagon wheel down and bound her to it by the wrists and ankles. Then, I pulled it up so it hung about a foot above the couch.

Stanton





Then I sat down on the couch, near my silent subject as she hung, swaying slightly on the chandelier. I poured myself a drink and gestured towards her as I said,

"To the loveliest creature I've ever seen. May your waist measure ever grow less and your heels higher."

Her only answer was a faint creak of leather as she tried, perhaps unconsciously, to ease her strained position.

During the next few minutes I enjoyed the warmth of the fire, the flavor of my drink and, after I had given the wheel a turn, the sight of my companion revolving slowly first one way, then the other, like the circular pendulum of a four hundred day clock.

I noticed that as she swung to and fro, her eyes, or as much of them as I could see through the narrow slits of her leather mask, seemed to fix themselves on my drink. That reminded me that she must have been gagged in one way or another, for a good many thirst-making hours, so I asked,

"Thirsty?"

In spite of the tight cord around her throat, she managed a faint and it seemed eager, nod.

So, I got another glass, mixed a good stiff drink and then held it against the cotton packed in her mouth, tilting it slowly as the liquid soaked into the absorbent material.

"All right," I said, "try swallowing some of that."

I could see the muscles of her jaw and throat working, then she shook her head.

"What's the matter? Not getting any?"

Another head shake.

"Why, cord around your throat too tight to let you swallow?"

A nod.

"Well, I guess we'll have to change things around a little," I remarked, getting up and beginning by letting the wheel down so that she rested on the couch again. Then, I began untying her as I continued,

"Of course, it's the rope from your wrists that runs up around your neck that causes the trouble. We'll have to take it off. It's a pity though because your arms are in such a fine position."

She nodded.

Then I had an idea.

"I've got it!" I cried, "first, we'll put your gray rubber gown and strap gloves back on again. Then, we can force your arms into an even better position than they're in now."

It took a few minutes. Before long, she was once more in the floor-length skirt and full-length gloves. Then, I bent her arms up behind her, so her hands, palm to palm, were between her shoulder-blades. Next, I passed the straps over her shoulders, crossed them in front just below her neck, brought them around, crossed them in back again outside her arms and finally buckled them at her waist in front. Her arms were now held in a high double hammer-lock, with her elbows only about six inches apart in the small of her back, the strained position making her pull her shoulders back, arch her spine and thrust her bosom forward delightfully.

"Now," I smiled, "let's put the legs on view too."

"Okay, come and get your drink," I said, seating myself on the couch once more. Proud as a peacock, Nicki minced over, a study in helpless arrogance and perched on my knee. I held the glass to her gaping lips. Little by little, because swallowing with her mouth so tightly stretched was still difficult, she drained the glass.

Suddenly we both froze. A car had driven up outside and stopped.

Nicki jumped to her feet and I instinctively followed as we heard footsteps outside; first on the walk, then up the steps and finally across the cabin porch. There were two sets of steps; the slow heavy pace of a man and the quick, light tapping of a woman's high heels.



Then two figures appeared in the doorway, a woman in a long cloak in front and a tall, gray-haired man of about fifty just behind her.

For a moment we all stared at each other:

The man, I had never seen before. The woman, at first, I thought was Vicki. Then I decided she wasn't, because her hair was a deep red and wore it dressed in a long, flowing, page-boy effect; besides though the eyes looked like hers, the lower part of her face was quite different, being very long from nose to chin, with oddly high cheek-bones and hollow cheeks. I could tell nothing about the rest of her because of the concealing cloak.

In a second, the man stepped forward, smiled and offered his hand.

"You're Ted Walk, aren't you?"

"Why - uh - yes, I am," I floundered.

"Thought you must be. Had enough trouble to find you. I'm Dick Roberts. Husband of Vicki, here and father of that leather and rubber-covered bondage lover over there," and he nodded to Nicki, who partly curtsied an acknowledgement.

"But she doesn't look like Vicki!" I protested, nodding toward the red-haired vision who stood stiffly in the doorway.

"Well, a red wig, a horse-face gag and a thin rubber mask can change a face completely. Here, take a look," he answered, stepping over to her.

In a second, he pulled off the wig, unzipped the mask of the mask, which covered her whole head and peeled it off.

I recognized Vicki indeed, only, chiefly by her curling blonde hair and her wide green eyes staring out from the type of "Gag mask" and well they might be. Her mouth was obviously stretched like open and packed very tightly. I couldn't see what was used for packing since the lower part of her face was completely covered with strips of adhesive tape. It was the picture of this tape which had given me the hollow cheeks and high cheek-bones.

"I can tell you all it's a 'Gag mask'," I said, and he nodded to show me how, "the best kind, and it's not the 'Gag mask' you saw in the movie. It's a 'Gag mask' and it's not the 'Gag mask' you saw in the movie, though."

"Oh, I can't tell," he grinned, "I don't hear my explanation."

At this point the door opened. From beyond it came a woman in a long, dark, form-fitting blouse, through which her corset and brassiere showed very interestingly. From her tiny, high-heeled, encircled by a wide patent leather belt, just to the top of her thigh high boots she wore a skirt of light silk tulle, which played peek-a-boo at every slight movement. Her arms were anchored behind her back, with each hand cupped around the opposite elbow by means of a tightly laced black sheath, extending from one arm-pit to the other, like a long single glove.

For some reason, I felt impelled to say,

"Well, it looks like we're all here but Fifi. Why didn't you bring her?"

"Oh, but I did," he answered surprisingly. "She's down in the car. Good as gold and quiet as a mouse. Why don't you look?"

You can understand I didn't need a further invitation. I was out of the door and going down the steps in a second. I heard the tap of high heels behind me, but was too intent to turn and see which girl it was.

I found a large and opulent imported limousine parked next to my rather humble domestic product. I looked in both the front and back seat, but saw no one. I was wondering whether Dick was having some sort of joke at my expense when I felt somebody nudge me. I looked around to see Nicki. Signalling with her masked head for me to follow, she led me to the back of the car, pointing with a pretty high heeled foot toward the trunk compartment.





It took me a moment to figure out the catch, then I swung the lid open. Inside, hunched over in a curious manner, I saw the short-skirted, mesh-stockinged form of the French maid.

I spoke to her and then invited her to get out, but the only answer I got was a strange squirming motion. Obviously, she was secured in some manner. In the faint light from the open cabin door, it took me a while to figure it out. There was a steel bar, about three feet long. At the lower end was a pair of ankle cuffs which were clamped tightly around her slim ankles. Higher up, another pair encircled her knees: a third pair held her wrists tightly against the bar. At the upper end, a steel hoop went around her head at the level of her jaw, holding her head in such a manner that a large hard rubber ball, which was fastened to the end of the rod, was forced deep into her mouth, acting as a very powerful gag. As a final touch, her elbows were strapped tightly to her tiny waist.

Each of the clamps was held closed by a wing-nut. Thus, though the luckless wearer of the device could not remove it, anybody else could. I soon had her free of the device, but poor Fifi was so cramped that it was several minutes before she could move freely or mumble creakily,

"Thank you. M'sieur Ted."

I was wondering whether to try to lift her out and carry her up to the cabin or what, when Dick leaned over the rail and called down to me.

"Leave her there. Ted. She'll come up as soon as she gets the kinks out."

Nicki was standing close beside me, so, with my arms around her rigid waist, I went back up the steps and into the living-room.

Dick had occupied the time while we were away by tying Vicki to a straight chair, but in a rather unusual manner. He had stood her with her back against the back of the chair, binding her ankles to the back legs; other cords went around her legs and the chair above and below the knees, while her thighs were corded, separately to the top rail of the chair. Then he had wound a cord several times around her head and over her gagged and taped mouth.

The free end of this went back, over the front of the seat and down to the cross rail; it was pulled so tightly that Vicki was bent steeply backward like a strung bow and was virtually without power of movement.

As soon as Nicki appeared, mincing along by my side, her father beckoned her over to a low table, saying,

"Let's fix you up too, then the men can have a quiet talk."

Working with the skill of long practice, Dick seated Nicki on the low coffee-table with her legs crossed, tailor fashion. Then, he bound them in that position with each pretty foot tightly corded to the opposite knee. With her arms already so tightly and helplessly secured behind her back, Nicki was now just about as powerless as her mother.

With the assist from me, Dick placed the two girls, one on either side of the big couch, so they could easily be seen and admired by anyone sitting there. He was just murmuring,

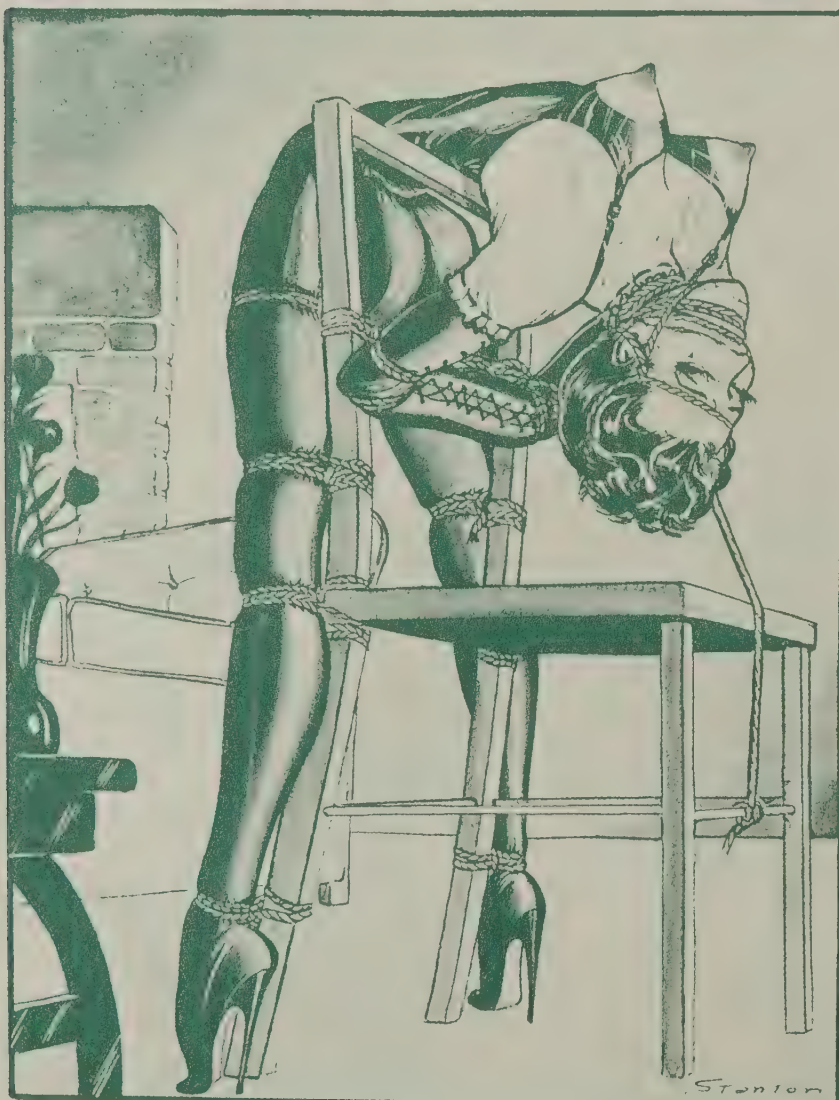
"Fifi, ought to be able to navigate under her own steam along about now," when he was struck with an idea. Stepping to the door he called,

"Fifi, before you come up, look in the glove-compartment of the car and bring up that choke-pear you'll find in there."

"A choke-pear?" I exclaimed, "that's certainly an unusual thing to find in a car."

Dick laughed and pointed to the two silent and helpless girls and said, "we're a very unusual family."

At this point Fifi entered. Obviously, she had taken the opportunity to set her uniform to rights, because she looked quite crisp and fresh. Her very brief black lastex lace underpants were displayed because she carried something in her skirt, the hem of which she held daintily in her fingers.





"This ees not the proper way for a maid to present somesing to the mastair, monsieur. But eet ees the best Fifi can do. She 'as no silver tray," she remarked, posing in the doorway, knowing perfectly well what a delightful picture she presented.

"Is that the choke-pear, Fifi?" Dick asked.

"...Oui, Monsieur," she sighed and, after a glance at Nicki and Vicki, both of whom were already tightly gagged, she moaned,

"An' one does not 'ave to be a mind-reader to guess 'oo ees going to 'ave to wear eet."

"Well, you can comfort yourself with the thought of how pretty it makes you look. Now come over here and let me fix you up a bit," her master ordered from the table carrying the briefcase full of bondage supplies.

With obvious unwillingness she crossed over to him. Dick passed a flat belt of chrome-plated steel around her waist, pulled it tight and snapped the catch in the back. From either side, just over the hip-bone, there hung a plated steel cuff, on the end of about eight inches of matching chain. In a second, the cuffs were snapped around her wrists. He explained to me,

"This is known as a Harem-Belt. Gives the wearer enough freedom to wait on somebody else, but it keeps her hands away from her mouth."

Then he turned to Fifi, who still held her skirt between her finger-tips and ordered, "go over and ask Mr. Ted to put that pear in your mouth."

Obediently, but with obvious unwillingness, she minced over.

"Monsieur Ted," she breathed, "would you be kind enough to gag Fifi?"

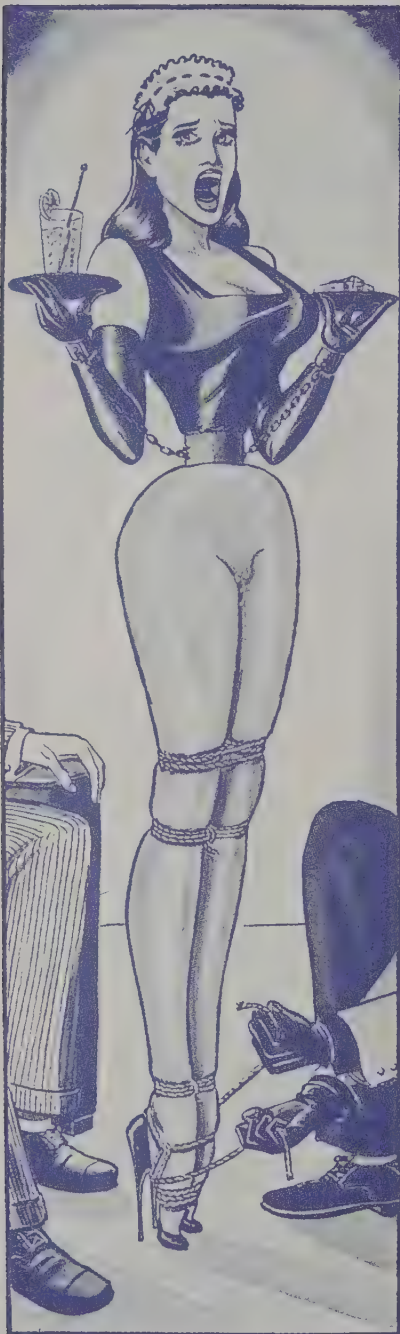
"Why, I'd be glad to, Fifi!" I exclaimed, taking the pear from her skirt. It was made apparently, from Ebony, about three inches long and two in diameter at the largest part. There was a hinge at the small end and a press-catch at the large one.

I brought it up to her mouth, which opened unwillingly to receive it. I pressed it between her teeth, but it wouldn't go all the way in.

"Say Roberts," I exclaimed, "The gag's too big. It won't go between her teeth."

"Push harder," he said. "No, no. Brace your hand behind her head and really push."





A final shove on my part and the pear popped into her mouth.

"Now what, Dick? How do I make it open?" I asked.

"Just press that little button on the end there."

I did so and the two halves of the pear flew apart, impelled by a powerful spring between them. As a result, poor Fifi's mouth was jacked wide open, with her jaws at their fullest stretch. She jumped as though she had been stung and I could see her throat swell in an attempted scream; but not the faintest sound emerged. At the same time, her hands released her skirt and flew upward in a reflex action, sharply checked by the chains attached to her Harem-Belt.

As I stepped back, her gloved fingers still made futile clutching gestures toward her face.

"Fifi!" said her master in a warning tone.

With frantic haste, the dainty fingers dropped away from her mouth.

"Now let's just fix her like an occasional table and we'll be set for our talk," remarked Dick. "Do you have a couple of little trays?"

I happened to have a half-dozen little snack-trays in a closet; he took two of them. On each, he placed a drink, a pack of cigarettes, matches and an ash-tray. He stood Fifi facing the center of the couch and about three feet from it, with one tray balanced on the outspread fingers of each hand.

"Alright, let's sit and talk a while," he said, sitting on the side of the couch near his silent and helpless wife. "Oops!--nearly forgot something." As I took my place on the other side, he got some cord and bound Fifi's legs together as tightly as he could, above and below the knees, at the ankles and even around the high-arched insteps.

"First," I said, after we had each taken a pull at our drinks and lit a cigarette from our lovely human table, "how did you find Nicki and me way up here in the country?"

"Oh, it wasn't so hard," he grinned. "We knew your address--you had told Vicki--so we drove over and I managed to convince your building manager that I wanted to see you. (A few dollars helped, of course.) He knew that you had this place here, so it was a worth-while risk to drive up and see if this was where you had come."

"But how did you find it? When I give my friends full directions of how to get here in daylight they usually get lost."

"Oh, oddly enough, we have a place of our own, not far from here."

That rung a bell, so I exclaimed,

"Wait a minute! You must be the Richard Roberts that owns that big place about two miles north of here."

"That's me--or rather us," he agreed.

We talked for an hour or more, enjoying the appealing helplessness and silence of the three girls.

Then Dick said,

"Well, it's getting late, I'd better get the girls back to town." Regretfully, I helped him get the girls ready. Fifi, we simply carried down as she was and packed her in the trunk. We released Nicki from the table, doubled her legs at the knees and strapped them there and laid her on the floor of the car at the back, with a rug over her. Vicki, her legs freed, but with the mask, wig and cloak once more in place, looked quite natural, if very stiff as she sat beside Dick in the front seat.

Just before they pulled away, Dick said,

"Why don't you come and have dinner with us in town tomorrow? Say around seven?"

That invitation was a great relief; I wanted to see Nicki again--and again and again--more than I had every wanted anything.





Early next morning I was in a jewelry store. The owner objected at first that he did not have time to make up what I wanted. But I finally talked him into having it ready by six.

Right on the dot of seven I was ringing the doorbell at the Robert's house.

In a second, Fifi opened the door, ushered me in, closed the door and then preened herself for my approval. She was worth approving, too. The main part of her uniform was a full-length set of black mesh tights, reaching from high about her neck to her toes, which were well displayed because she was shod with the lightest of black patent sandals with the usual six inch heels. She wore a little frill of white lace at the collar, cuffs and on top of her high-piled black hair. Her tiny waist, stringently, an almost invisible flesh-colored corset, was set off by a four inch wide belt of black patent, shaped to the corset beneath. A very frilly, crisp white apron came down in front.

She was, of course, restrained. She wore the usual ankle chain to curb her stride, while her elbows were strapped together behind her back, making her pull her shoulders back and thrust her boxom forward arrogantly. Her hands were free, so she could do a good many things, like opening doors, etc.

"Good evening, Fifi," I smiled, "you look pretty enough to kiss." She drew back and said,

"Un moment, monsieur. Madame thought you might care to put ze bit in my mouth before you kees me."

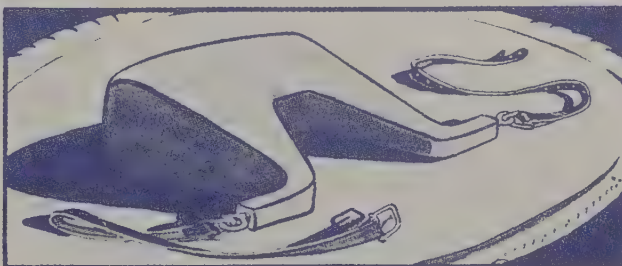
"Bit? What bit, Fifi?"

"Ze 'Flirtation Bit' monsieur. Est make Fifi--'ow you say--more kissable."

She pointed, having to turn slightly to do so, to a silver tray on the side-table. On it, was a metal device like a square-bottomed "U"; the bottom being rather thicker than the arms. These latter were bent steeply outward at the top and had little rings attached, on these were the two ends of a narrow black strap.

The method of application was obvious. As I picked it up, Fifi's mouth opened eagerly to receive it. Slipping it in, I buckled the strap tightly behind her head, so the thick bar at the back of her mouth pressed against the hinge of the jaw. Her mouth was forced to remain submissively open, with her teeth invitingly parted. As I adjusted it, her dark eyes encouraged me tremendously and heeded the invitation on her lips, smiling around the bit and gave her a kiss full on the lips.

She was quite right. She was amazingly kissable.



Fifi and I were surprised, when a cool voice behind us spoke.

"Well, greeting the French maid in the traditional manner, I see."

Startled, I pulled away from Fifi and looked around. Vicki was smiling at us from the foot of the stairs. I'll admit I stared at her; but I believe with good reason.

From her toes, right up to her bust-line, she was poured into a single leather garment, which combined boots and tights. The rigidity of her pose, the fullness of her bust and the wasp-like proportions of her waist indicated that she wore a severe corset beneath it, though the latter failed to show at all, or to mar the skin-like fit of the boot-tights. Her arms were moulded, right up to the shoulders, in matching black kid gloves; while a helmet of the same leather covered her whole head, save for the face.

Her arms were stretched straight outward from the shoulders by a steel bar fitted with cuffs, encircling the arms at wrists, elbows and shoulders. The bar was held rigidly horizontal because it was attached to a steel upright, which extended from a tight metal hoop around her waist up to the top of her head. A wide steel collar attached to it forced her to carry her chin very proudly, while she was prevented from turning her head, even slightly, by a "U" shaped steel bar coming forward from the bar along her cheeks at jaw level, ending in an eyelet about an inch back of the corners of her mouth. To look to the side, she had to turn her whole body.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, parading stiffly, like a mechanical figure in front of me.

"Utterly delightful," I answered, then asked. "But isn't that very tiring to wear?"

"Extremely."

"How do you get any rest? Can you manage to sit down?"

"Absolutely impossible. I can't even take a long step. Until somebody takes pity and releases me or lays me flat on my back, I have to stay like this. It's exhausting, but thrilling."

Dick appeared on the upper landing and as he came down the stairs, he ordered,

"Tell Ted, what happens if you make any complaints."

"I--I end up behind the Eight-Ball, Ted," murmured Vicki softly.

"Behind the Eight-Ball? What does that mean?" I asked, purposely dense.

"Let's show him, shall we, Vicki dear?" suggested her husband, going over to her.

"Of course, Dick, anything you say," she sighed miserably, then begged, "but please, it's so early, you won't make me wear it all evening, will you? It makes my jaw feel like it's breaking."

"I wasn't going to, but since you've made a fuss about it, I'm afraid you'll wear it a very long time. If you give me any more trouble, you'll wear it all night. Open your mouth!"

With a look that would melt a heart of steel, Vicki complied.

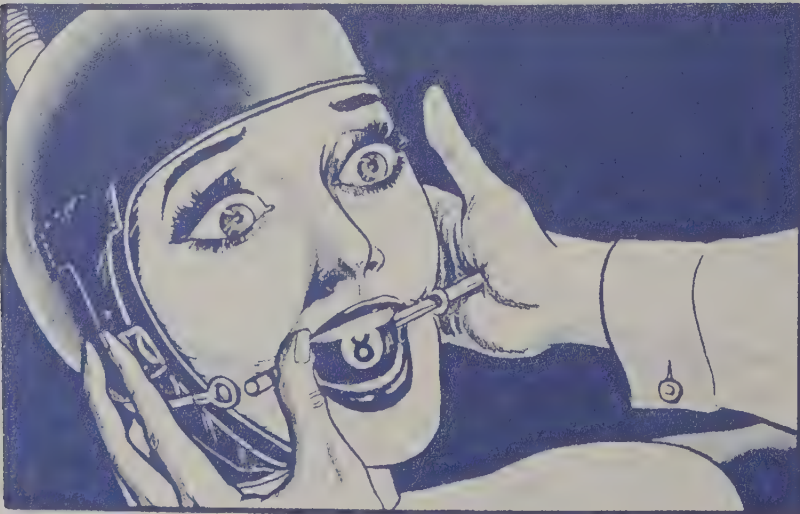
Dick produced a big piece of red rubber sponge from his pocket and stuffed it as far back in her gaping mouth as he could. Next, he brought out a standard "8-Ball," held it against her teeth with the fingers of one hand and struck it sharply with the palm of his other hand. It popped in, holding her mouth incredibly wide open.

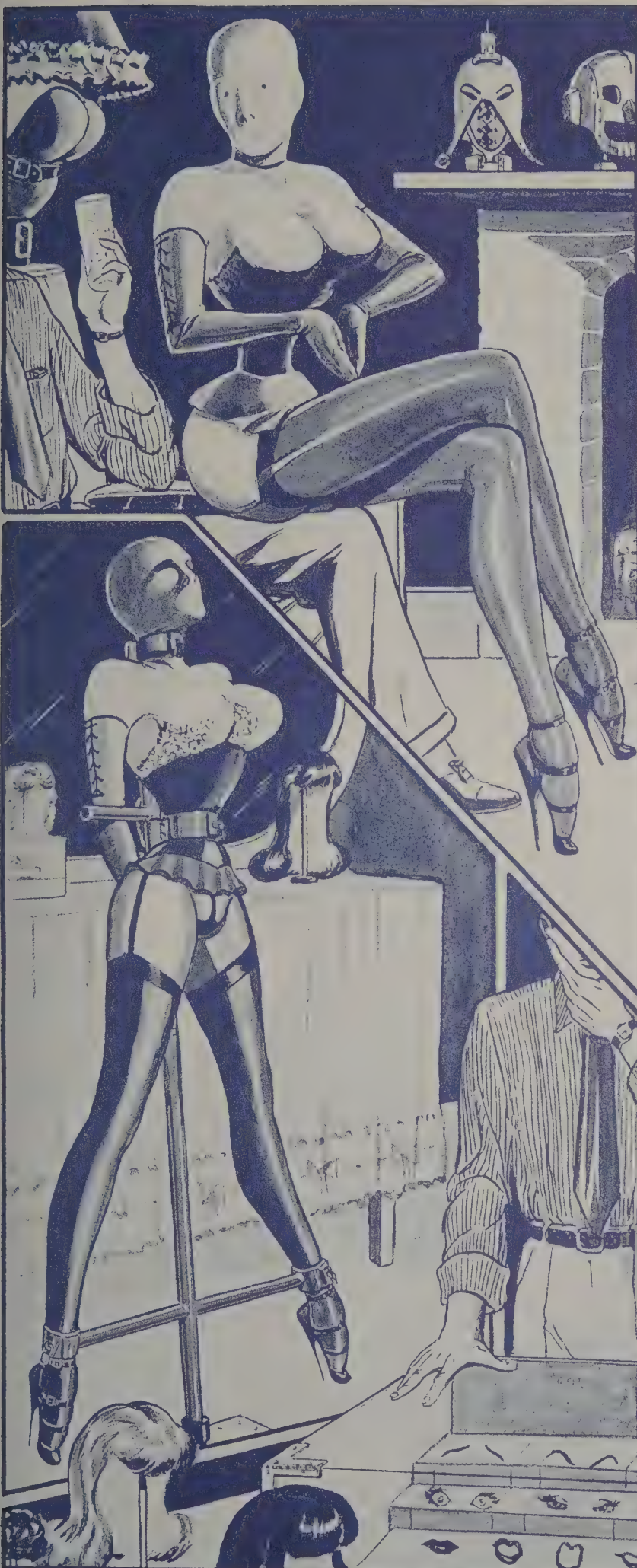
"That's a full-sized ball, Ted," he remarked, as he produced a six inch steel rod. "It's so big she couldn't force it out again. But I make doubly sure by having a hole drilled in the ball. Then, I push this rod through one of these eyelets, through the ball and into the other eyelet."

Vicki's eyes were wide and tear-filled, but she was unable to make the faintest sound.

From a closet, Dick produced a big bowl-type lamp, fastened it to the top of the steel rod and plugged it in, saying proudly,

"My latest invention--Human Electric Light Fixture. No home complete without one."





A few minutes later, Dick and I were seated in the living-room, having a before-dinner drink. Suddenly, from the direction of the open door behind me, I heard one of the most attractive sounds in the world--the whisper of one opera-hosed thigh against another.

I turned my chair to see Nicki approaching. She was not recognizable directly, but from the costume and restraint it could not be anybody else.

Her high-arched insteps were stretched past the vertical by the thin seven inch heels on her black kid ankle-strap sandals. Her legs were delightfully displayed for their full-length by the sheerest of black nylons, tightly supported by a single black suspender on the outside of the thigh. The major part of her costume was of the "Peasant" style; the ultra short skirt, which came just to the tops of her legs in front, was stiffened at the sides and stuck out so that the high-pulled tops of her stockings were easily visible. Above this, was a rigid black leather bodice displaying the tiny waist and extending up to the base of the bust. This latter welled out of a froth of white lace which left the arms and shoulder bare.

The arms themselves were covered for their full-length by tight flesh-colored kid gloves. These latter were unusual because they had no fingers, ending instead in a closed, mitten-like bag. Thus, while she could, say, open a door by using both hands, she could not use a key, pencil or untie a knot.

The head, face and neck were covered by a skin-fitting helmet of flesh-colored kid to match the gloves. The only openings were two nostrils and a tiny round opening in front of each eye.

As I rose, this startling vision minced up to me, as light as thistledown on her towering heels, placed her useless hands behind her and offered her mask for a kiss.

Then, she pushed me gently back into my chair and sat gracefully on my knee, indicating that I should finish my drink. During the next few minutes she displayed her lovely figure, crossing one knee lightly over the other, folding her gloved arms behind her back and so on.

My drink finished, she stood up, started for the door and beckoned me mysteriously to follow.

"What's the idea, Dick?" I asked, "what does she want?"

"Probably wants you to give her a face," he answered.

"To do what?"

"Why don't you go with her and see?"

Actually, of course, I was more than eager to follow. She led me across the hall, past the rigid and silent human lamp, up the stairs. As I went up the stairs behind her, I marvelled afresh at the utter perfection of her legs and feet and the easy grace with which she moved on those ultra-high, spindle heels.

In the upper hall, she led me to a cross between a dressing-room and a beauty parlor. Three walls were lined with closets, the fourth was mostly a huge dressing table. On it, were lined up a whole row of wig-stands, each with a different color and style of female wig. In the center, was a large, glass-covered, shallow box. In it, were rows of feminine lips, apparently in rubber, full, narrow, smiling, pouting, all expressions, all shades. Above them, were pairs of eyes, complete with lashes, whites, irises--but the pupils were openings. Some eyes were wide open in surprise, others were sleepily half-closed--every imaginable expressions was here and above each pair was a pair of eyebrows to match.

In the center of the floor stood a steel upright, with a short, narrow bar sticking out for the subject to sit on and clamps for her arms, neck and ankles. In a second, I had Nicki rigidly locked in place, legs far apart, her full weight resting on the narrow bar.

Then, I turned to the display of features, trying to decide how I wanted my silent subject's face to look.

I found the features were delightfully easy to apply. They were all backed with a permanent adhesive, all you had to do was peel them off the backing and smooth them into the proper place on the smooth leather mask. By turns I made her look surprised, laughing and frightened; adding what seemed to be the appropriate wig for each face. I finally settled on a sultry, faintly smiling expression, with high arching brows, sleepily half-closed eyes and a generous, full-lipped mouth with the corners slightly turned up. For hair, I chose an almost white blonde wig with the hair in a mass of very short, tight curls.

Stepping back to admire my handiwork, I was very pleased. Save for the charming fixity of her expression, Nicki looked amazingly normal, like a girl who is lovely, knows it and expects to get kissed.

As I was releasing her from the post, I had an idea.

"Hey, you know the way I got your arms up behind your back the last time? Well, let's try to get them a little higher, so your elbows would actually touch."

Rather hesitantly, she nodded. I could see she liked the idea, but was afraid it would hurt.

I had noticed a lacing-bar hanging from the ceiling in one corner of the room and at my request, Nicki showed me a whole drawer full of straps, cords and bondage material.

In a very short while, my subject's arms were high up behind her back, with a separate cord from each wrist to the bar. As I pulled it upward, her hands were forced higher and higher between her shoulder-blades, while her elbows came closer behind her back. Soon she rose on the tips of her toes; still I kept pulling. Finally, when her elbows were about three inches apart, her self-control seemed to snap and she squirmed and fought wildly to release herself. I'm sure she tried to scream, but not the least sound penetrated her smiling mask. I secured the rope as soon as she started struggling, feeling that the violent motion would help her tendons stretch and allow her arms to settle into the proper position. After a few minutes, she stopped fighting and hung, more or less relaxed. I took this as a signal and threading a wide strap through her elbows, I pulled it tight; her elbows came together more easily than I expected. Then, a second strap around her wrists held her arms anchored behind her back, completely rigid, the forearms touching from wrist to elbow. Then, I took off the ropes that ran up to the lacing bar.

Nicki seemed weak in the knees, so I put her gently on a couch and told her to rest a few minutes while her arms adjusted themselves; meanwhile, I'd go and rejoin her father.

As I left the room, I was impressed with the fact that even with her arms behind her, she could lie flat on her back. Her elbows fitting neatly into the arch of her back made by her stiff, straight-fronted corset.

About ten minutes later, she came mincing into the living-room, apparently quite comfortable, silken thighs whispering together at each tiny step. She was quite a sight. From the front, she appeared to have no arms, while the way her shoulders were racked into a steep rearward arch, made her amazingly high bosom thrust forward in an incredible manner.

There was an air of pride and arrogance about her helplessness that was delightful.

"Wow!" was all I could say.



The next few moments were devoted by Dick and myself, to telling Nicki how delightful she looked. While she minced proudly around in front of us, displaying her pretty "face", amazing figure and stringently bound arms from every angle, Dick was most impressed with the position of her arms remarking.

"That is, without a doubt, the best possible position for a girl's arms. Escape is impossible--even the slightest movement is out of the question. She's quite helpless, yet, at the same time forced to make the best display of herself. I'll start Vicki on that position tomorrow."

Then, he rang the bell for Fifi, explaining.

"I thought we could have dinner in here; the girls can serve us."

In a second, Fifi appeared in the door. Her elbow-strap had been removed and in its place she wore the harem-belt with wrist-chains long enough to give her a good deal of freedom, yet short enough to keep her hands from getting at the mouth-bit. Dick told her to serve dinner and she beckoned Nicki to follow her.



There was a wait of several minutes, which my host filled by settling himself in a big arm-chair, telling me to do the same. I couldn't see how we were going to eat dinner, but was ready to find out.

Then Vicki entered the room, her daughter close behind her. The older woman's steel restraint had been removed and her arms were now anchored behind her back by irons at the elbows and wrists.

Both she and Nicki had a steel belt around their waists. Metal arms from the sides of the belts came forward and down to support a fair-sized tray in front of each charming waitress. The first course of what turned out to be an elaborate meal was set on each tray.

In enforced silence they came to our chairs, Vicki to Dick and Nicki to me. To bring the trays conveniently close, they had to stay in front of us to serve.

I never enjoyed a nicer meal, or one more prettily served. As we finished each course, our waitresses minced out into the hall, where, to judge by the sounds, Fifi was waiting with the necessary apparatus for the next course.

When, at last, we reached the last part of the dinner, Fifi released her two charges from the belts that held the trays and brought the brandy and coffee herself. Nicki came over to me and indicated she would like to sit with me in the big chair. I was more than willing. Poor rigid Vicki, unable to bend even a little bit, was forced to stand in front of Dick's chair, where he and I could admire her pretty figure.

With Nicki nestled cozily beside me, I was able to appreciate how utterly and charmingly helpless she was and what wonders the position of her arms and shoulders did for her lush figure.

The time, I decided, had come. Turning to my host, I said, "Dick, I've known your daughter about twenty-four hours. That's been more than enough to convince me I love her. I'd like to marry her. How about it?"

My lovely companion squirmed with silent excitement.

"Well," Dick nodded, "I can't say this is a surprise. A father doesn't have to see his daughter's face or hear her voice to know what's in her heart. I think it's a fine idea. Go ahead."

Nicki offered her smiling mask for a kiss, but before I took her up, I produced the thing I had had the jeweler make, it was a diamond engagement ring with a spring clasp fitted in the band. I clipped it on the septum of Nicki's nose.

"You can't wear it on your finger, for your arms will be behind you almost all the time, so I think a diamond nose-ring is a neat substitute, don't you?"

She nodded and offered her mask again. This time I obliged and Nicki and I were engaged.

What happened after that, our wedding, honeymoon and so on, is another story and I intend to continue the rest of my story in a second book to be published later on.

END OF BOOK ONE.



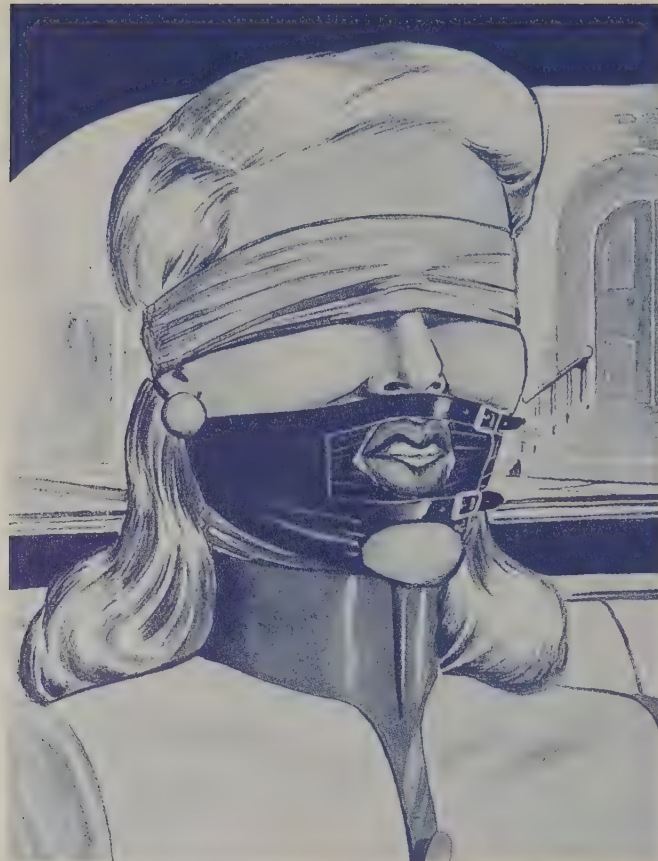


Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Cover of **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 2, 1951



Cover of **Pleasure Bound**, Vol. 2, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 1**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 1**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953

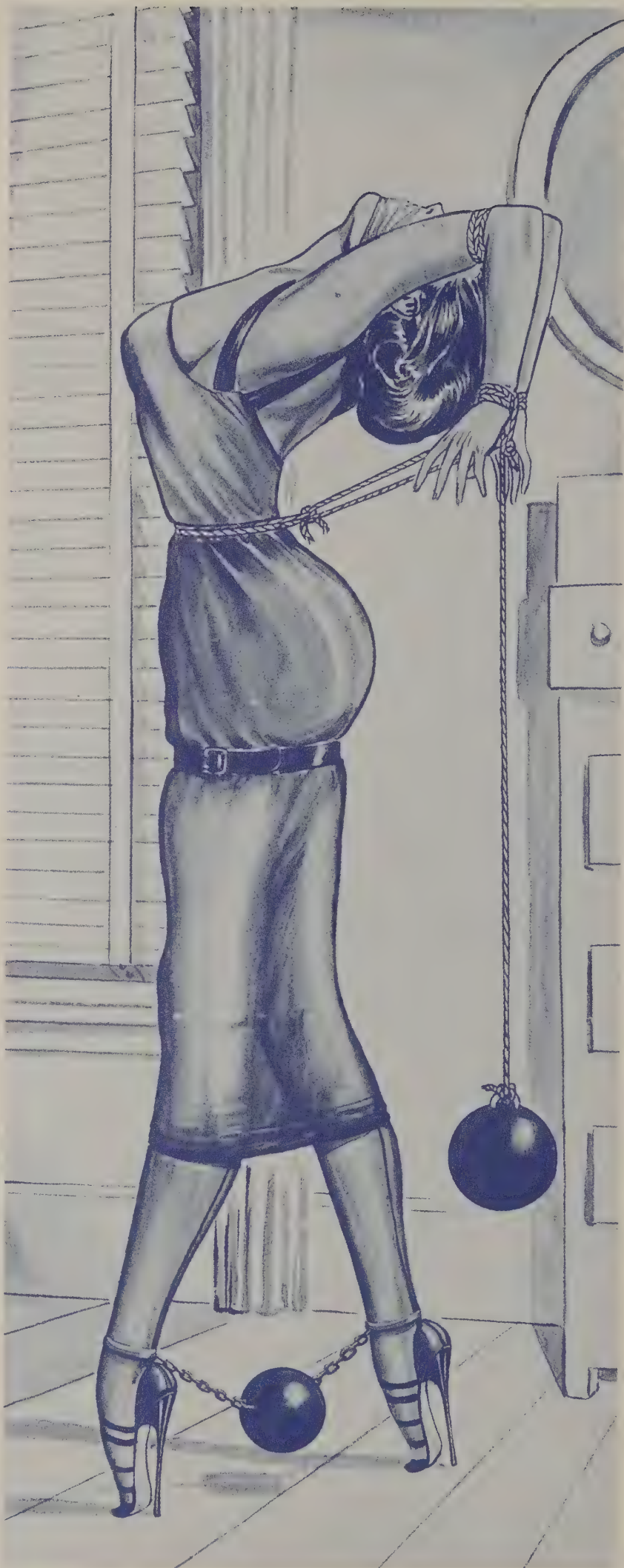


Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953

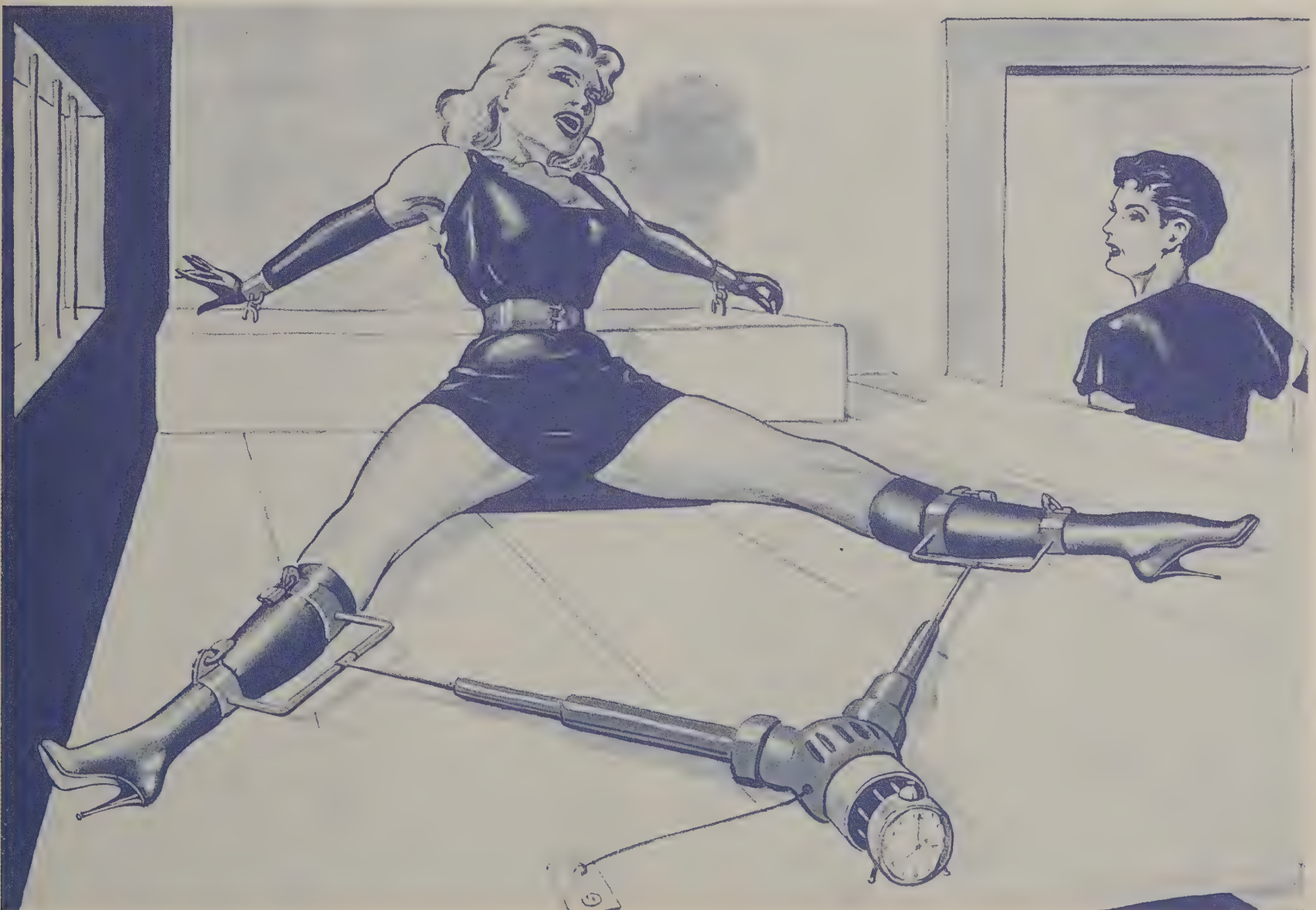


Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953

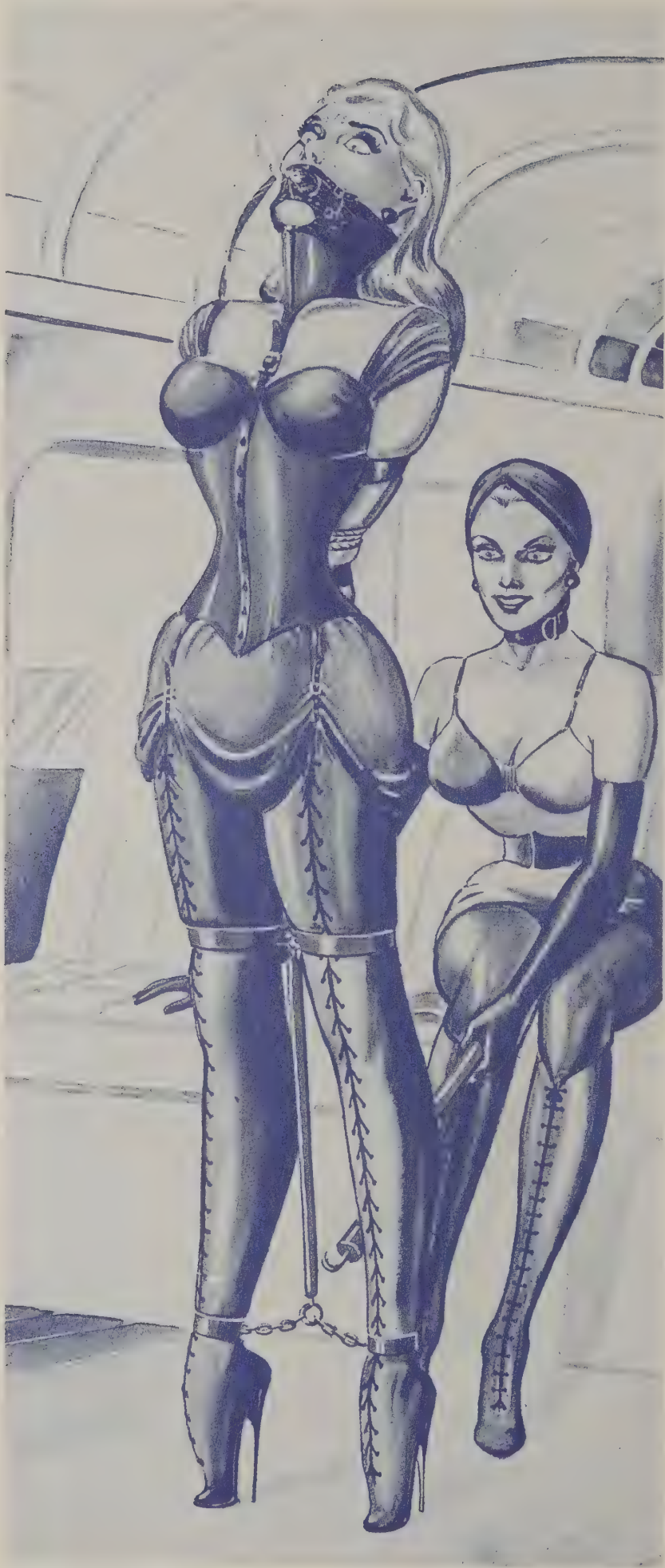


Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953

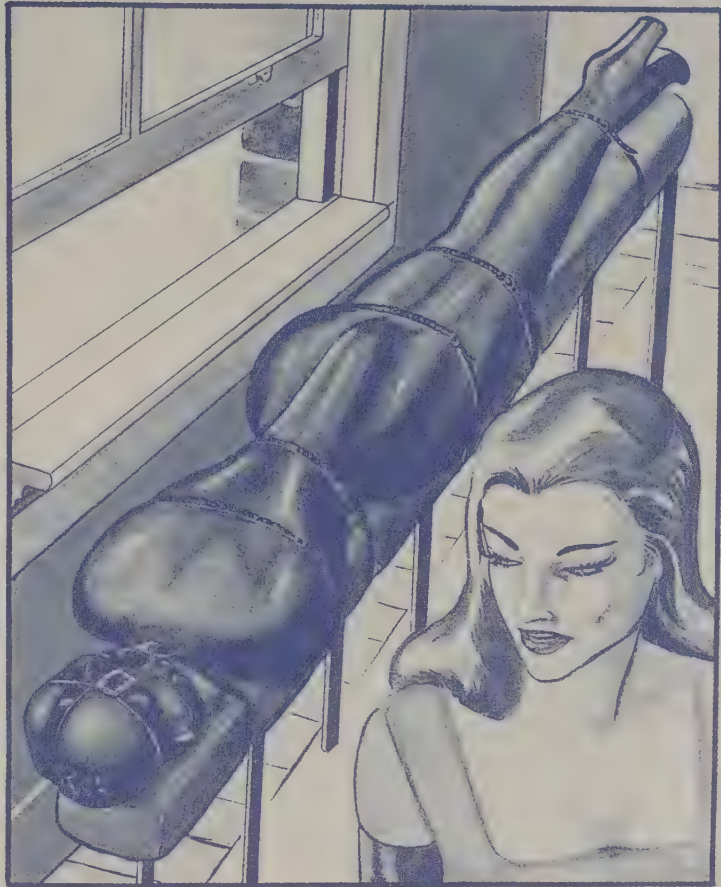
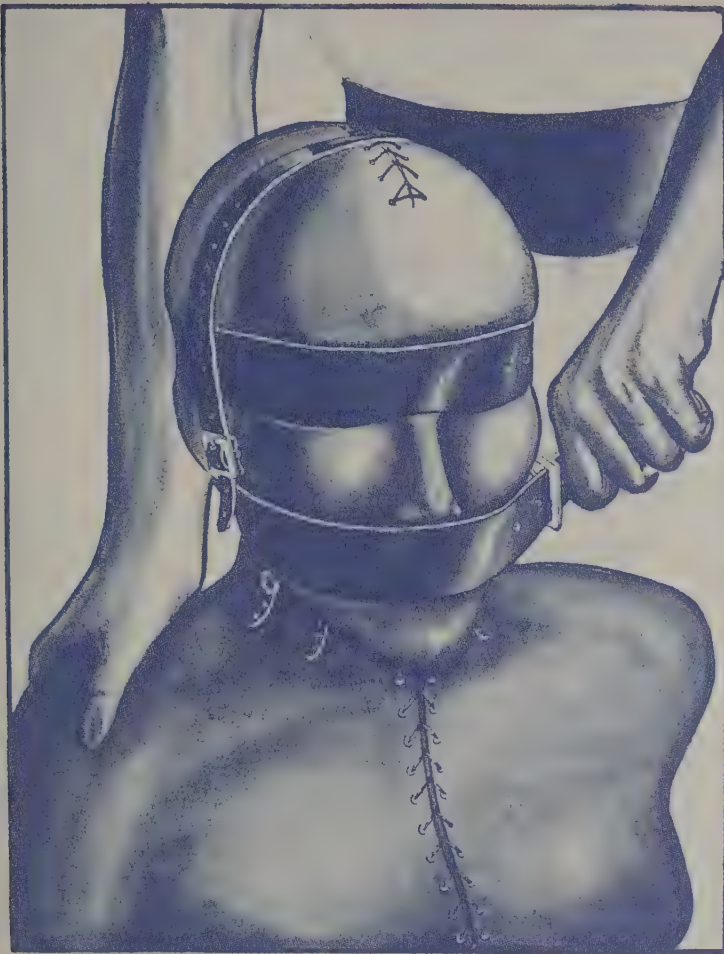


Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Illustration from **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Front and back cover of **Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum**, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection

In her first experiment, the Countess explains how she hopes to transmit the human brain into the body of a massive beast, the gorilla!

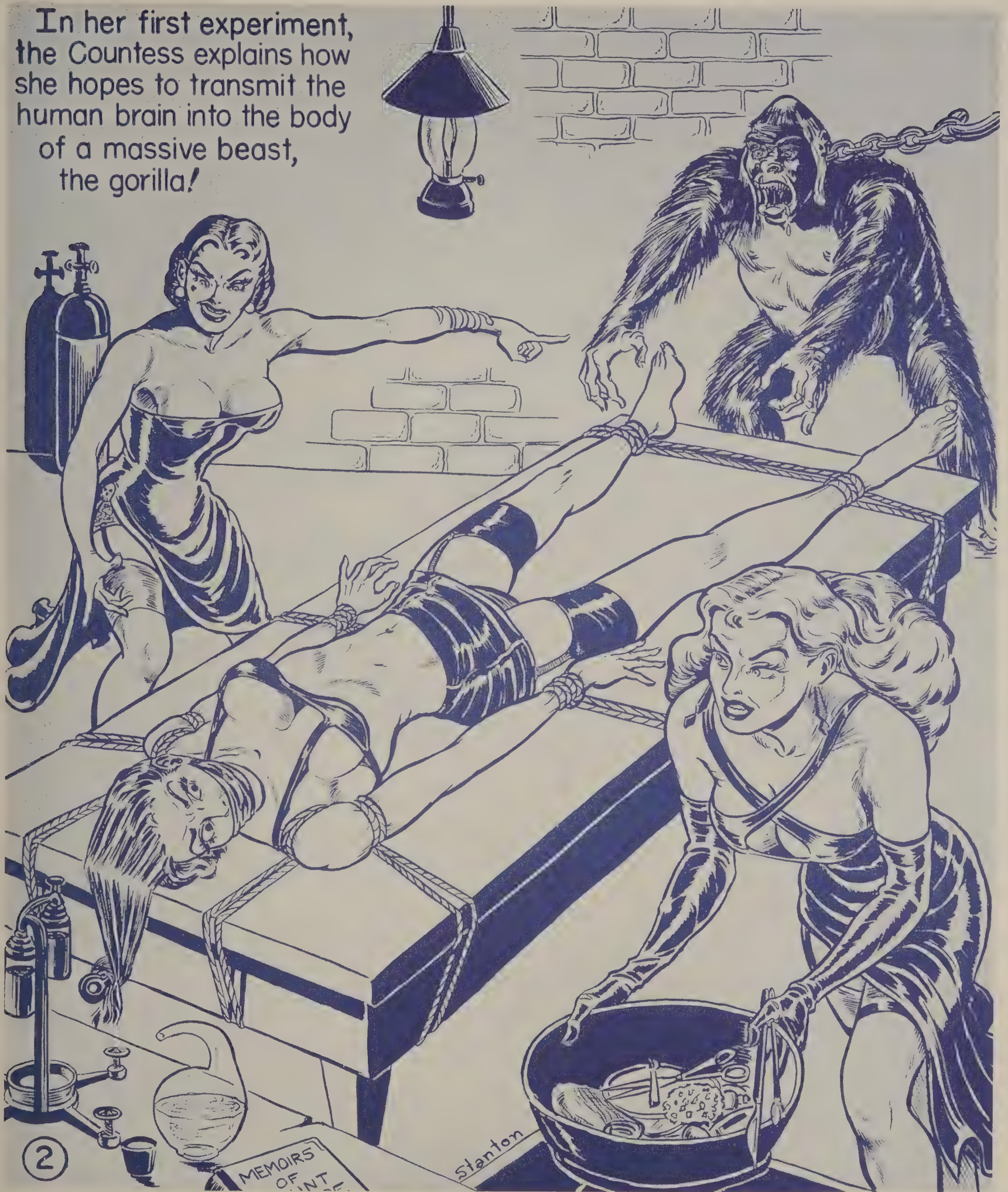


Illustration from **Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum**, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection



Attempting to flee Bizarre Castle an escapee is rarely successful! Barring the exits are gigantic spiders who spin unbreakable webs!

Stanton

Illustration from **Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum**, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection

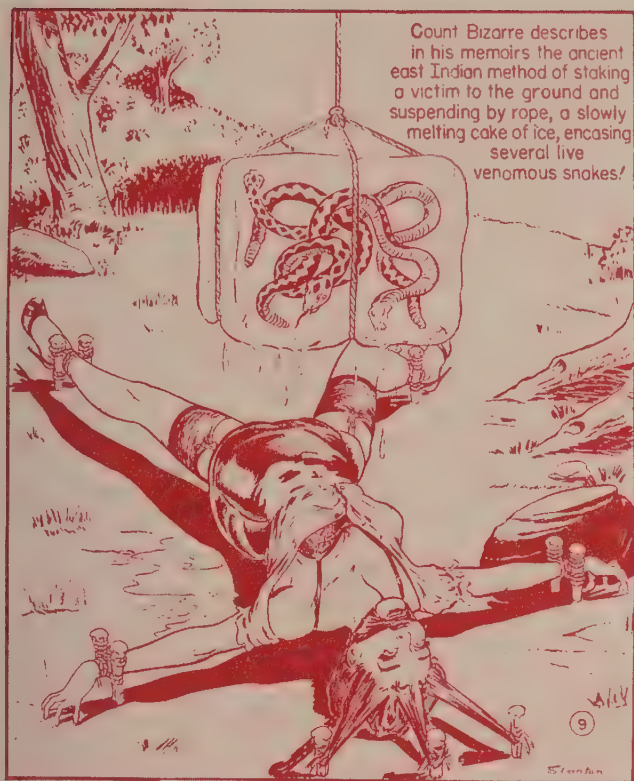


Illustration from **Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum**, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection



Illustration from **Terror at the Bizarre Art Museum**, 1952, Eric Kroll Collection

VOLUME ONE

BONDAGE ENTHUSIASTS

BOUND IN LEATHER

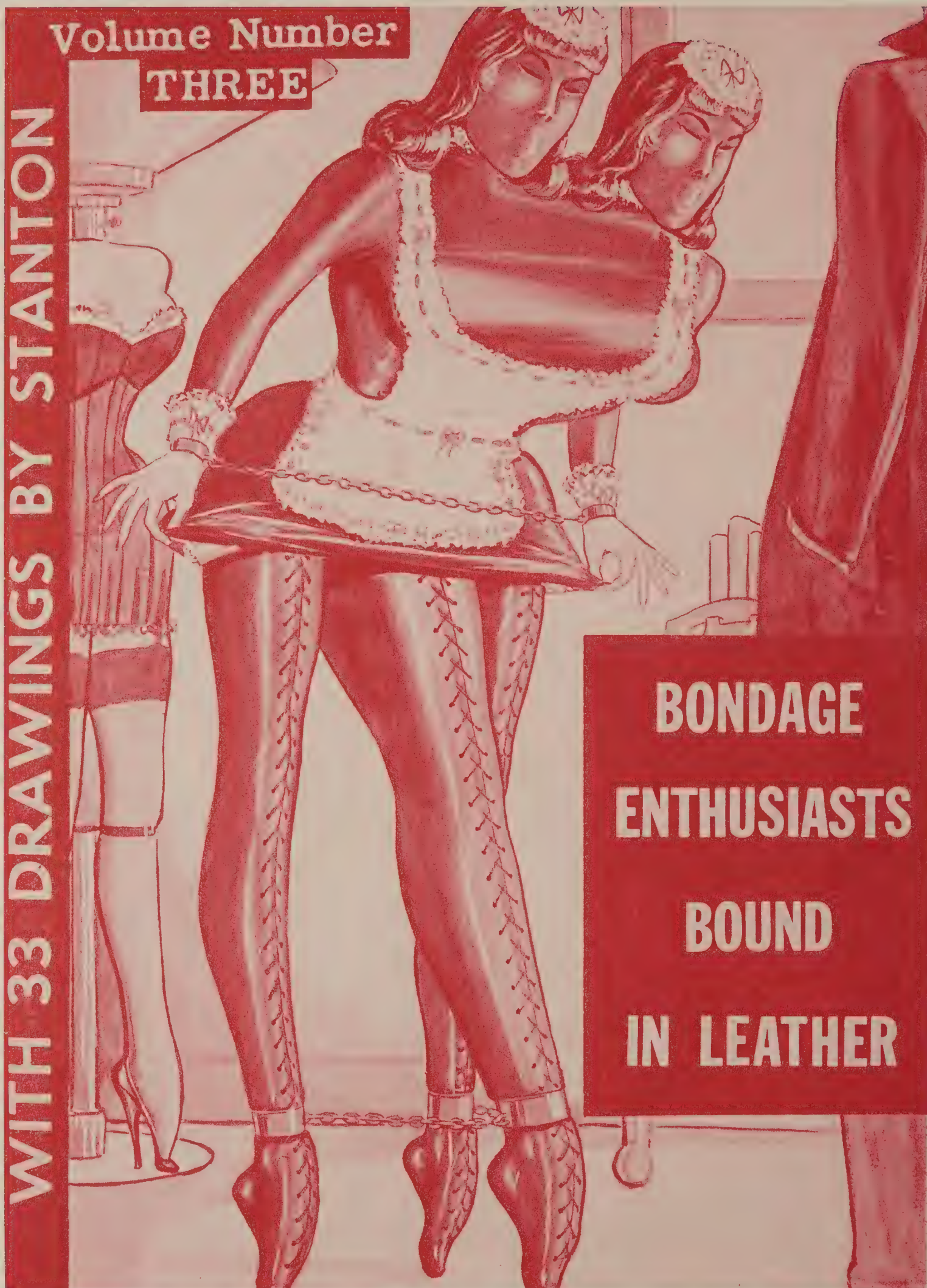
ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 DRAWINGS BY STANTON



Cover of *Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather*, Vol. 1, 1950



Back cover of **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 1, 1950



Cover of *Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather*, Vol. 3, 1952



Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 3, 1952

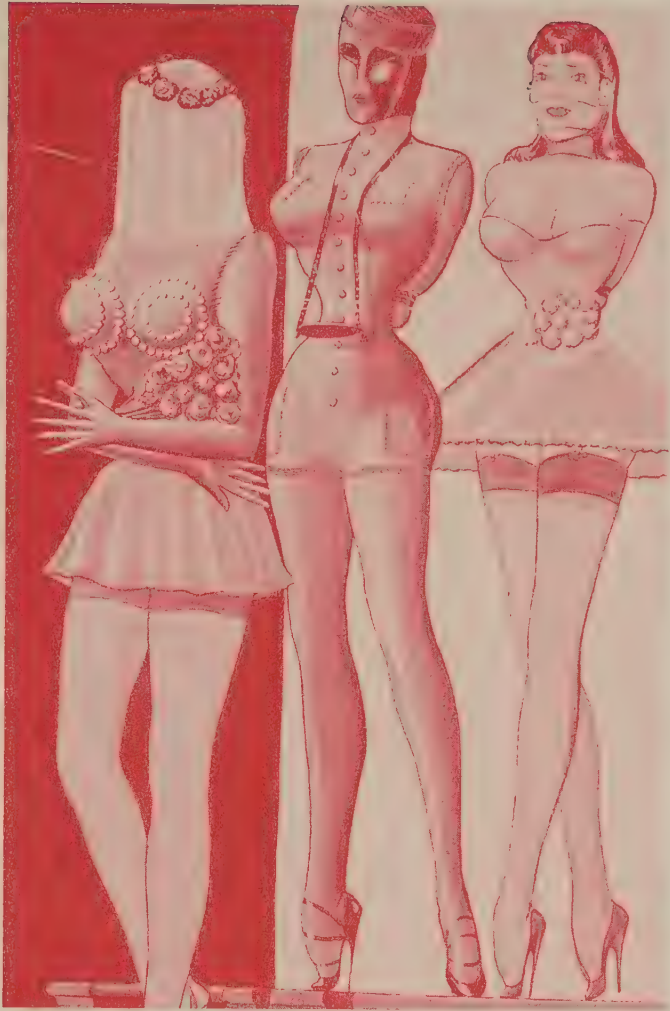
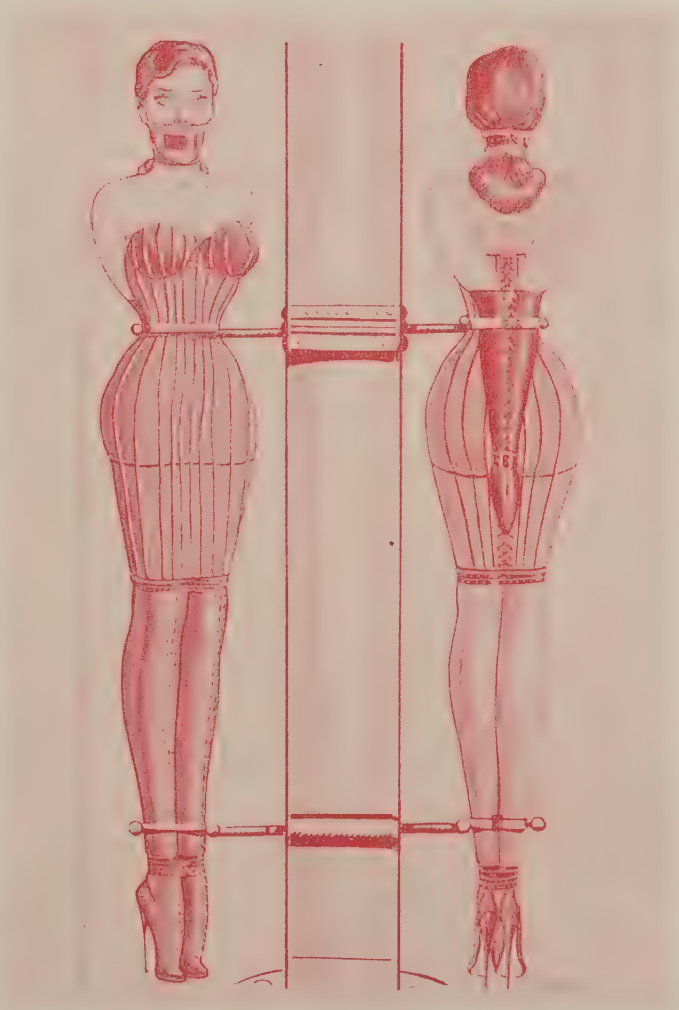


Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 3, 1952



Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 2, 1952



Back cover of **Pleasure Bound 2**, 1953



Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 3, 1952



Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 3, 1952



Illustration from **Bondage Enthusiasts. Bound in Leather**, Vol. 3, 1952

The gorilla's escapade reaches its final stage as he prepares to hurl Priscilla to her death---



Front and back cover of **Perilous Bondage Escape Artistes**, Vol. 1, 1952

PERILOUS BONDAGE ESCAPE ARTISTES

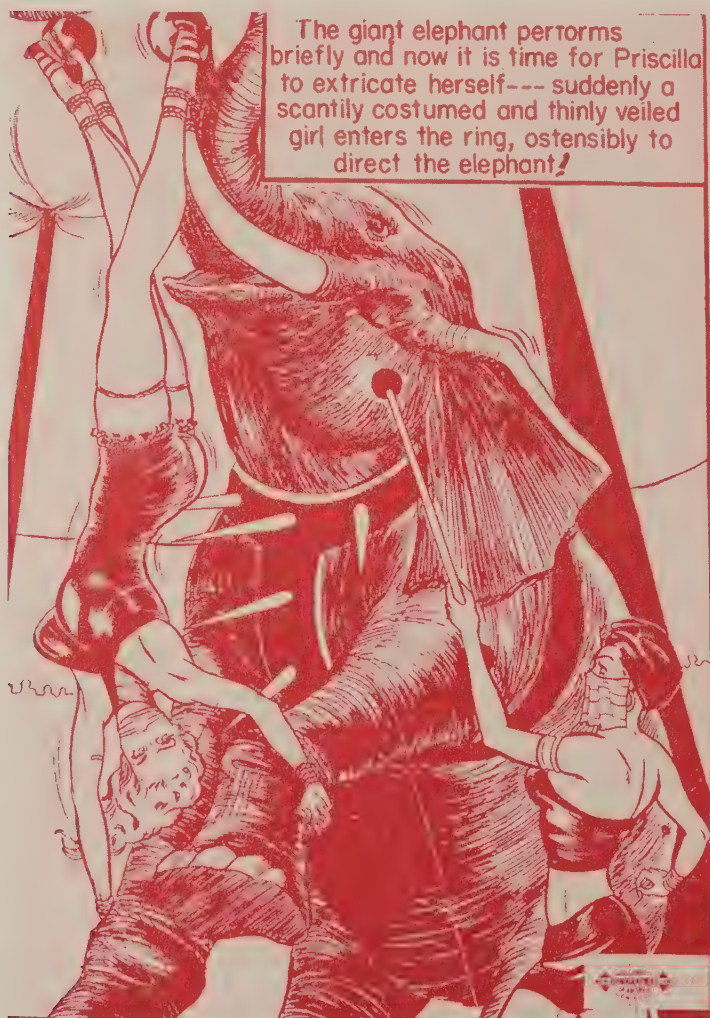
A-12

Published
by
Nutrix Co.
VOLUME ONE



WITH 59 STANTON DRAWINGS

The giant elephant performs briefly and now it is time for Priscilla to extricate herself--- suddenly a scantily costumed and thinly veiled girl enters the ring, ostensibly to direct the elephant!



Front and back cover of **Perilous Bondage Escape Artistes**, Vol. 2, 1952

PERILOUS BONDAGE ESCAPE ARTISTES

A-13

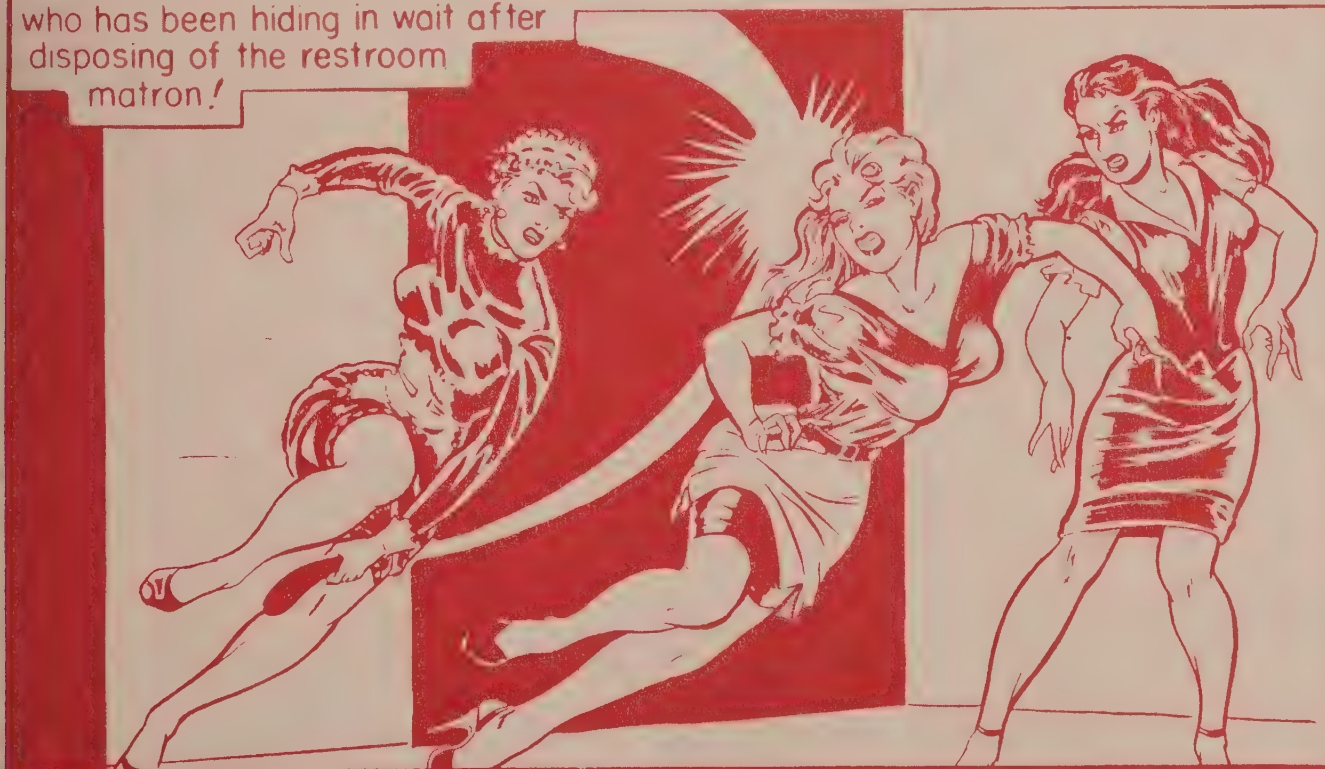
Published
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VOLUME TWO



WITH 59 STANTON DRAWINGS



Her carefully laid plans operating smoothly, Leona retires to her stateroom awaiting news regarding the demise of Priscilla and Renee! Meanwhile, Priscilla has been deluded into believing that Renee is ill in the washroom---unmindful of treachery, Priscilla walks into a trap! She is battered senseless by the synthetic attendant who has been hiding in wait after disposing of the restroom matron!



Sprung loose the bear enters the ring through a tunneled cage.--- The spectators, startled at the sight of the huge beast, and tense with the mounting suspense, glue their eyes on Leona and the bear!



Triumphantly heralding his conquest with a deafening roar, the gorilla clutches Priscilla and leaps to a low hanging trapeze bar!



Illustrations from **Perilous Bondage Escape Artists**, Vol. 1, 1952

After seizing Priscilla, and placing her trussed body in the trunk compartment, Leona and her aide speed through dense countryside---their obvious mission--- the disposal of Priscilla!



Illustration from **Perilous Bondage Escape Artistes**, Vol. 2, 1952

OKAY GAL, STAND UP AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH AND STEADY!--- TOO BAD, SISTER, ANYBODY CAUGHT MEDDLING AROUND HERE DON'T LIVE TO TELL IT!!!



Illustration from **Perilous Bondage Escape Artistes**, Vol. 2, 1952



Illustrations from **Marie's Unique Adventure**, No. 2, 1952

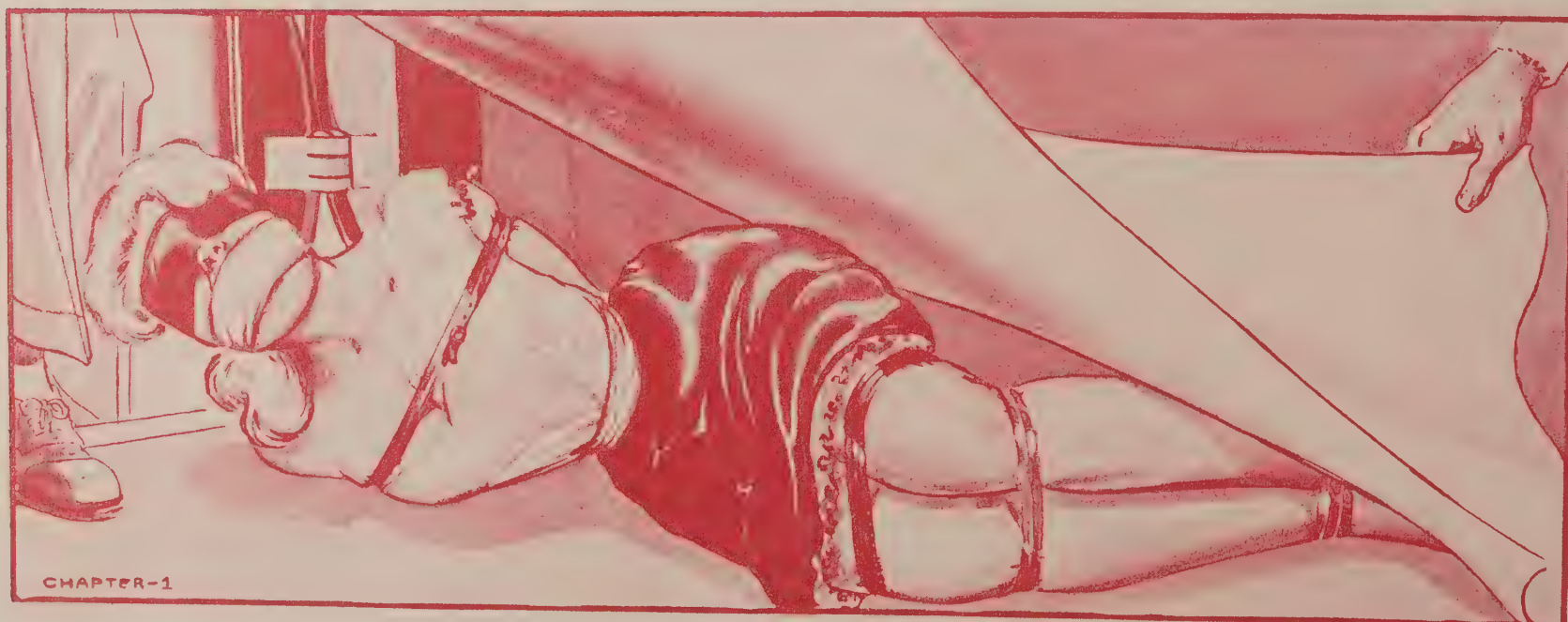


Illustration from **Marie's Unique Adventure**, No. 1, 1952



CHAPTER 3



Illustration from **Bound in Leather 2**, 1953 (Text by J. Cross)



Illustration from **Bound in Leather 2**, 1953 (Text by J. Cross)



Illustrations from **Marie's Unique Adventure**, No. 7-10, 1952



**THE
PEERLESS SALES
YEARS
1956-1958**



Sally, June, & Joan!



LETTER # 2 Dear Sir, In my last letter to you I mentioned a tussle my two friends Sally and June had in our bedroom...This time I will describe the wrestle I myself had with Sally. The other night June and I went to the movies and when we had returned home, Sally who had been out with a date, was seated astride our wooden horse exercising herself. She was showing a marvelous display of silken clad limbs made more prominent by the short grey skirt she was wearing, which was really too tight for sitting astride the broad back of our wooden horse. When we entered the room she said to me, "Joan, when are we going to have that little wrestle of ours; I just feel like one now," she added... "Fine," I replied, that suits me." Sally got off the horse and pulled her sweater over her head. Her excited fingers found the zipper on her skirt and tugged it open. The skirt dropped to the floor and she quickly stepped out of it, very anxious to commence. I quickly followed suit and we were very soon in the center of the room ready to start. We agreed to wrestle on until the victor could pin her opponents shoulders to the floor for a full five minutes...

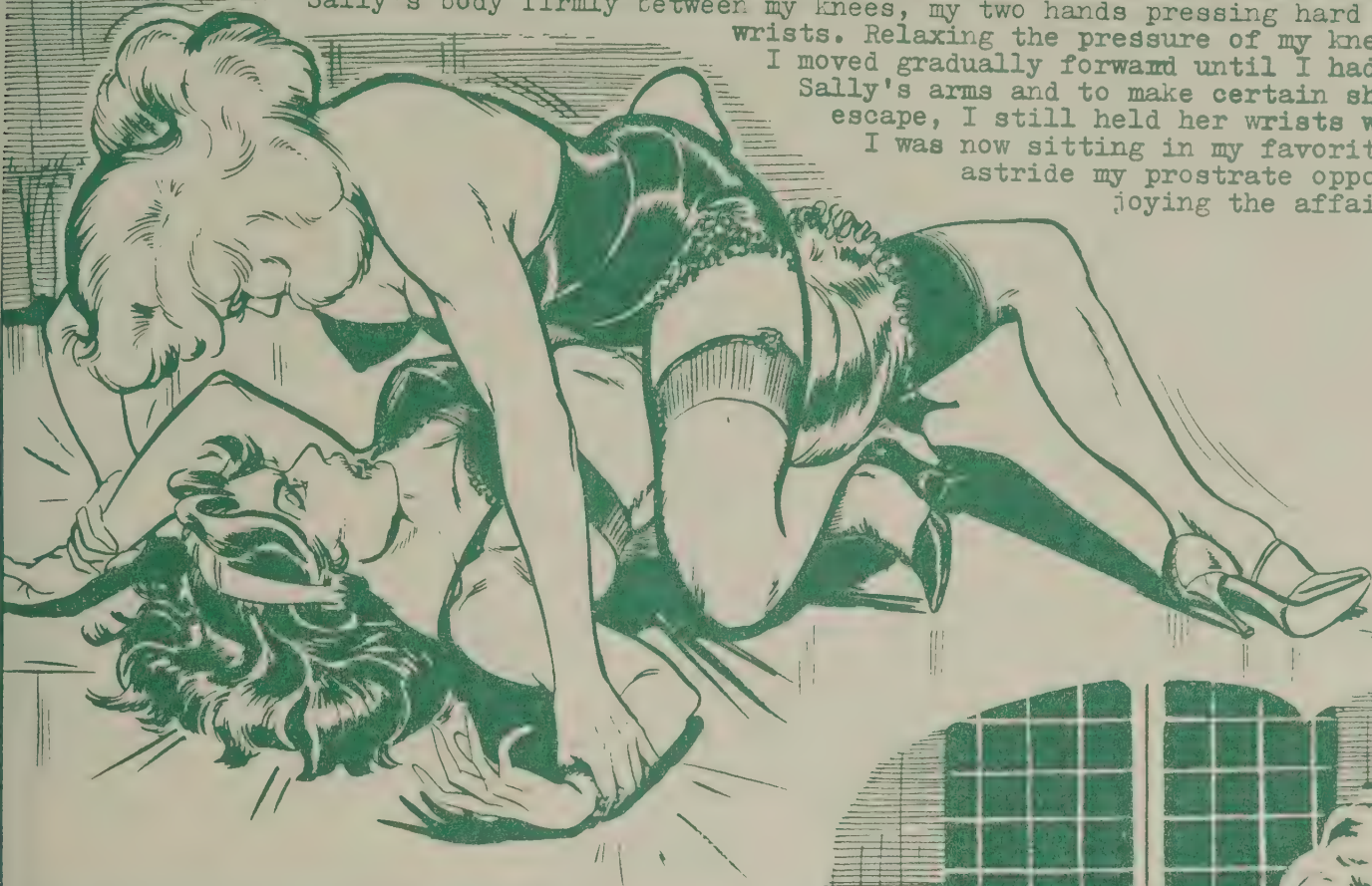


June gave us the signal to begin, and we circled round each other warily. With a sudden feint I grasped Sally's wrist and swinging her round, I managed to get my knee in the small of back. I applied pressure and pulled Sally to the ground, wrapping my legs around her body in a scissors...

..but Sally, using her right arm as a lever gradually forced my legs apart. I realized I couldn't hold her in this position so I knotted my fingers in her raven hair and yanked her head back until I could hook my arm around her neck for a combined head lock and body scissors.....



We rolled over and over on the cold floor, but I still maintained a strong hold around her waist. Finally I was seated astride Sally's stomach and I got a great thrill as I felt Sally's heaving body beneath me. I bent forward, gripping Sally's body firmly between my knees, my two hands pressing hard on Sally's wrists. Relaxing the pressure of my knees a little, I moved gradually forward until I had my knees on Sally's arms and to make certain she could not escape, I still held her wrists with my hands. I was now sitting in my favorite position, astride my prostrate opponent, and enjoying the affair immensely..



June, who was timing us, said I still had to hold Sally down for four minutes. She said, Joan, can you still hold Sally down without the use of your hands?"



Flushed with victory, I gradually eased the pressure of my hands on Sally's wrists and, opening my legs as wide as possible in order to get my knees as near as I could to Sally's wrists so as to counterbalance the releasing of them, I let go altogether.



I sat back with my arms folded, thrilled to death with the movements of the struggling Sally beneath me. Alas, it was to be my undoing, for Sally, emulating June in the previous tussle, threw me clean over her head.....



While I was still on my knees, Sally had gained her feet and was coming up behind me; she wrapped her arms round my neck and pulled me over backwards, at the same time straddling my head and there she sat in exactly the same position as she had beaten June, that is facing my feet. I kicked and struggled in an attempt to dislodge her, but Sally simply sat back on my head, pressing her knees harder on my arms. She knelt over me thus and when I got too violent she simply sat back on my head until I ceased... She held me in this position for the full five minutes, and when June told her the time was up she seemed very reluctant to get off me.....



When Sally finally got off me I was near exhaustion.. I lay outstretched, one arm flung across my face to hide my humility... Sally had meanwhile been standing over me, her legs brazenly astride my body. I started, painfully, to rise...but Sally had other ideas. "Oh no, you don't!" she laughed. "I haven't finished with you yet..

Before I realized it, Sally had gathered her slip up around her thighs and sat heavily on my stomach. My mind started to clear and I began to struggle. Sally rode down my efforts with ease and in a moment I lay helpless. I had to lie there prostrate, while Sally tried to provoke me into some attempt at revolt by pinching my nose and flicking imaginary flies from my face....



Sally is now our undisputed wrestling champion, and she has challenged June to a no holds barred contest.. June has accepted and the bout will take place at our house next week. We are going to invite several friends and also appoint a neutral ref---

The last time we had guests it turned into a hectic free for all and poor George really got his just deserts from his girl friend Wilma... but that is another story. Maybe in my next letter I might have something interesting along that line to tell you..

yours truly,
"Joan"



ORDEAL AT THE OFFICE by Stan

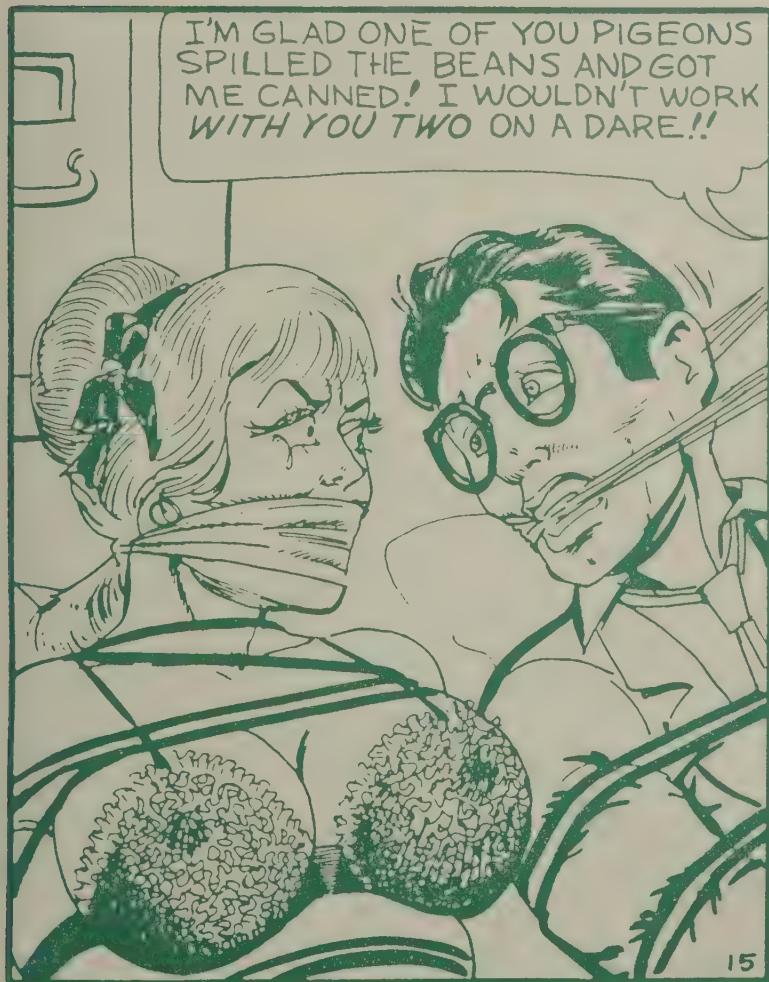


Pages 104-107: Ordeal at the Office, 1957





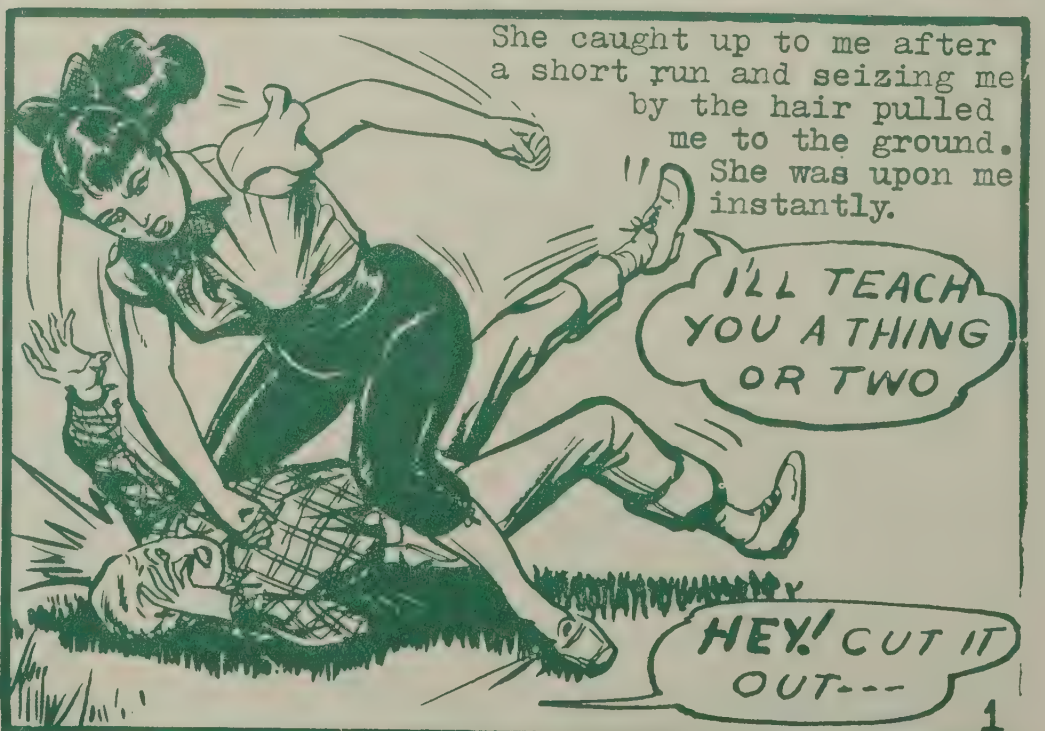




SHE LOVES TO WRESTLE!

A
STAN
FEATURE

Val Savage is a beautiful but vicious female, a bully who loved to fight. Her only desire in life is to defeat every antagonist she comes in contact with both physically and mentally. I was just a teenager when I first met this Glamazon! But the fury of that first encounter with her still remains as vivid as if it happened yesterday. I had just moved to a different neighborhood and the new friends I met had made some remarks and joked about Val as she walked by us one day--to help my acceptance with the boys I openly taunted her. Instead of ignoring me as I thought she would she came after me.....

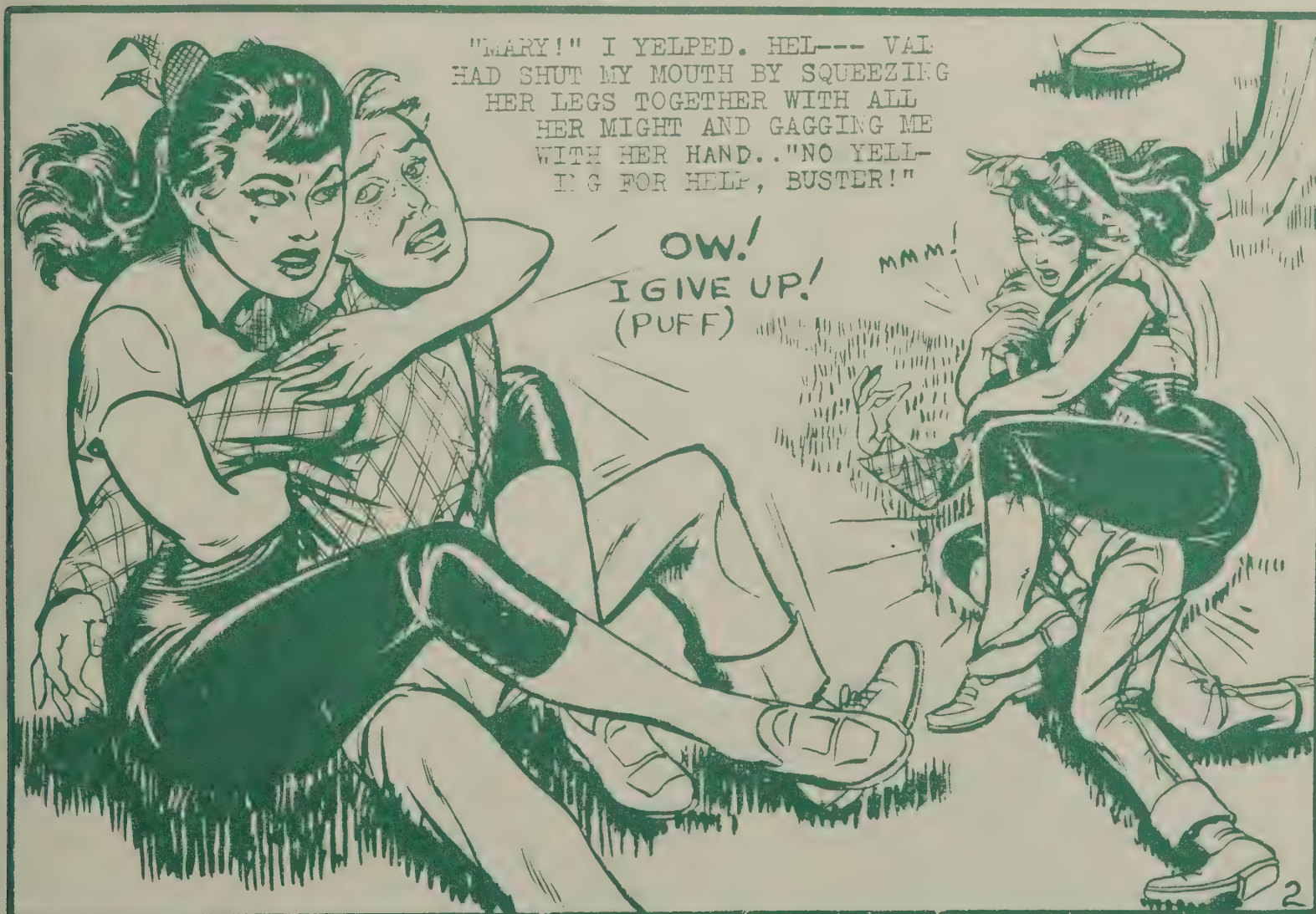




I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES SHE HIT ME BUT I KNEW I HAD TO GET HER OFF ME EVEN IF IT MEANT APOLOGIZING. AT LAST, SATISFIED THAT SHE HAD TAUGHT ME A LESSON, VAL GOT UP OFF ME. ACHING TERRIBLY FROM THE PUNISHMENT SHE HAD GIVEN ME I STARTED, PAINFULLY, TO GET TO MY FEET.

BUT VAL HAD OTHER IDEAS, "OH NO YOU DON'T!" SHE LAUGHED "I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET!"

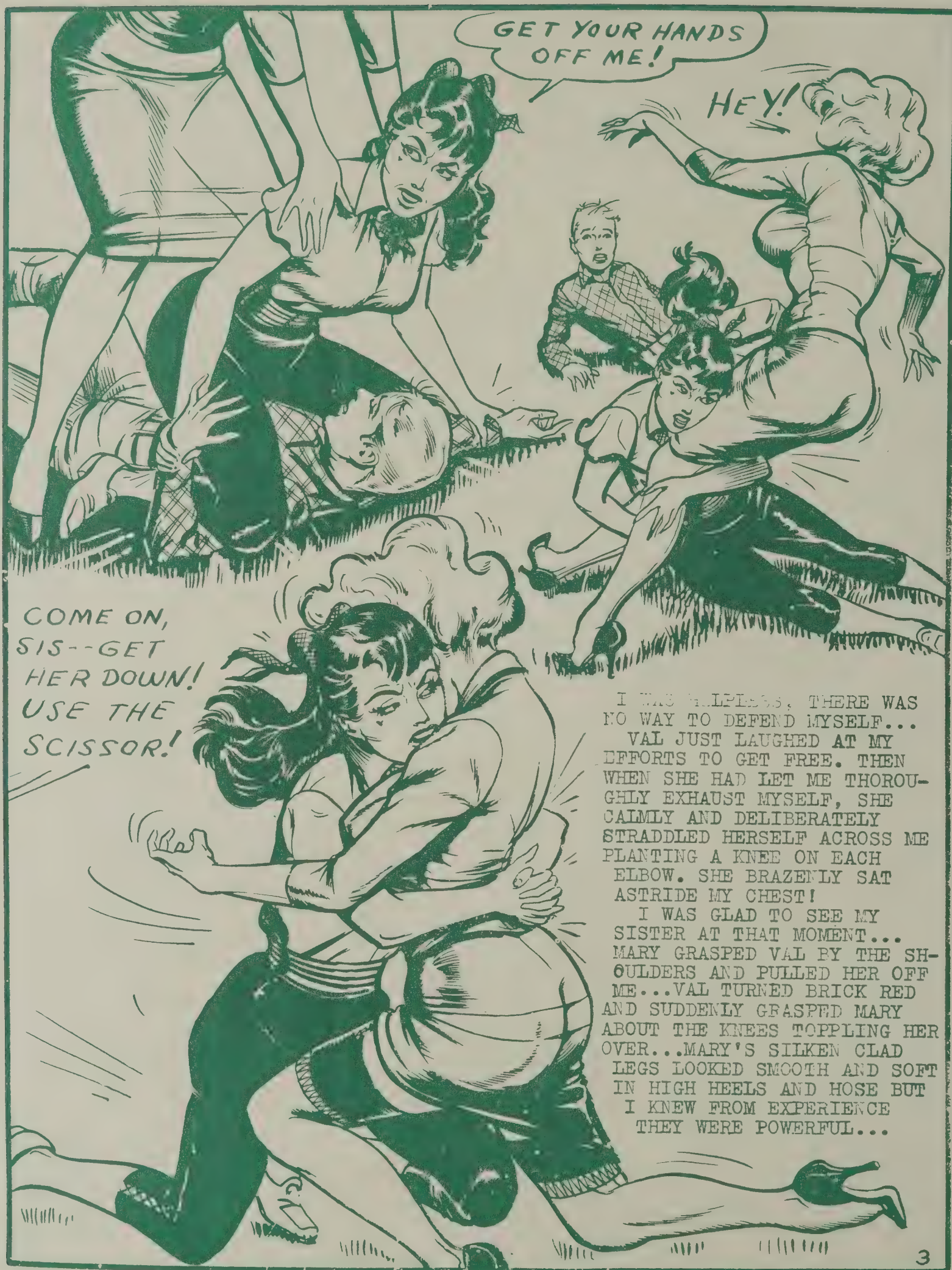
WITH THAT SHE QUICKLY GOT A FULL NELSON APPLIED AND THEN ADDED A LEG SCISSOR ABOUT MY WAIST.. "NOW WHAT, BIG MOUTH!" SHE EXCLAIMED, LAUGHING DERISIVELY. "LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE. GO ON. JUST TRY AND GET OUT OF THIS... I WAS HOPELESS--AND I KNEW IT. I WAS COMPLETELY AT HER MERCY. MY ONLY SALVATION WAS TO GET SOME OUTSIDE HELP..



"MARY!" I YELPED. HEL--- VAL HAD SHUT MY MOUTH BY SQUEEZING HER LEGS TOGETHER WITH ALL HER MIGHT AND GAGGING ME WITH HER HAND.. "NO YELLING FOR HELP, BUSTER!"

OW!
I GIVE UP!
(PUFF)

MMM!



COME ON,
SIS--GET
HER DOWN!
USE THE
SCISSOR!

GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME!

HEY!

I WAS HELPLESS, THERE WAS NO WAY TO DEFEND MYSELF...

VAL JUST LAUGHED AT MY EFFORTS TO GET FREE. THEN WHEN SHE HAD LET ME THOROUGHLY EXHAUST MYSELF, SHE CALMLY AND DELIBERATELY STRADDLED HERSELF ACROSS ME PLANTING A KNEE ON EACH ELBOW. SHE BRAZENLY SAT ASTRIDE MY CHEST!

I WAS GLAD TO SEE MY SISTER AT THAT MOMENT... MARY GRASPED VAL BY THE SHOULDERS AND PULLED HER OFF ME...VAL TURNED BRICK RED AND SUDDENLY GRASPED MARY ABOUT THE KNEES TOPPLING HER OVER...MARY'S SILKEN CLAD LEGS LOOKED SMOOTH AND SOFT IN HIGH HEELS AND HOSE BUT I KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE THEY WERE POWERFUL...



THE TWO GIRLS LOCKED THEIR ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER AS IF TO TEST EACH ONES STRENGTH!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MARY'S DRESS HAMPERING HER EFFORTS BECAUSE SHE SEEMED QUITE AWKWARD AS SHE TOPPLED OVER BACKWARDS... VAL STRADDLED HER QUICKLY PREVENTING MARY FROM RISING.... SHE TRIED TO THROW VAL OVER HER HEAD BY KICKING WITH HER LEGS BUT INSTEAD FOUND HERSELF IN A SCISSOR HOLD AND HEADLOCK.. VAL HELD THAT HOLD FOR A GOOD TEN MINUTES UNTIL MARY BEGGED TO BE RELEASED. MARY LAY THERE, PROSTRATE, AS VAL DELIBERATELY TRIED TO PROVOKE HER INTO SOME FORM OF REVOLT, PINCHING HER NOSE, THROWING GRASS IN HER FACE... I DECIDED IT WAS TIME I LEFT THE SCENE AND RACED FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE HOUSE.. IT WAS A GOOD TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE A BEDRAGGLED MARY LIMPED IN
 LATER... I GUESS WE BOTH HAD A LESSON WE WOULDN'T SOON FORGET. TO THIS DAY, THOUGH WE ARE GOOD FRIENDS AND HAVE A FRIENDLY TUSSLE NOW AND THEN, I HAVE NEVER BEATEN VAL.

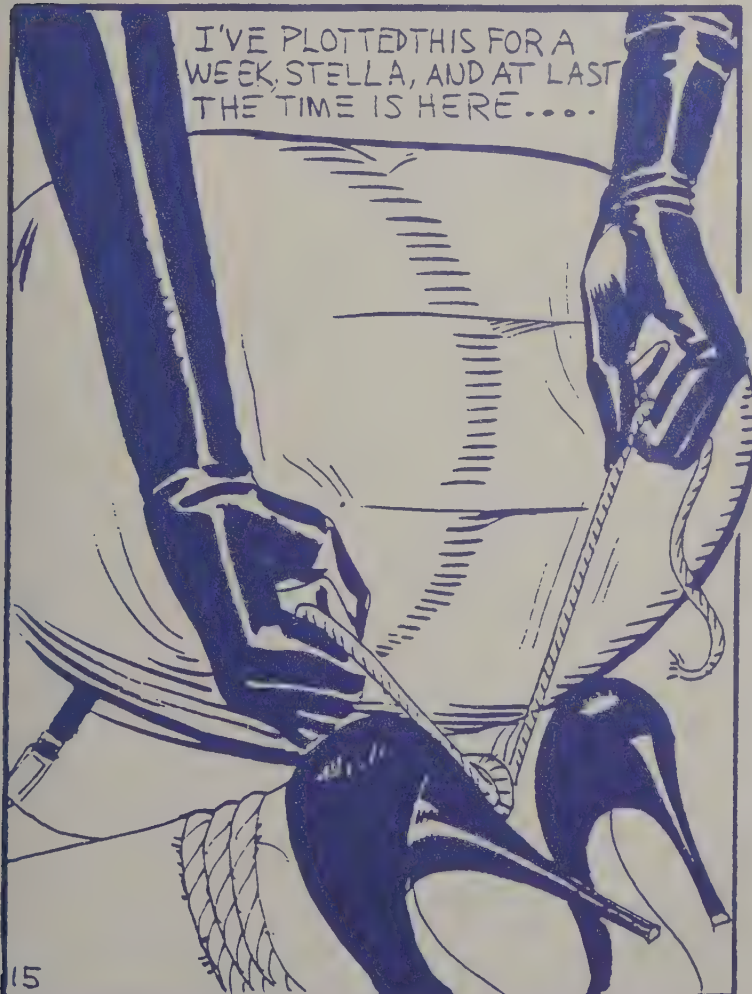


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**THE
LENNY BURTMAN
YEARS
1954-1964**



No 2

\$3.00

Exotica



F-164



F-192



F-183

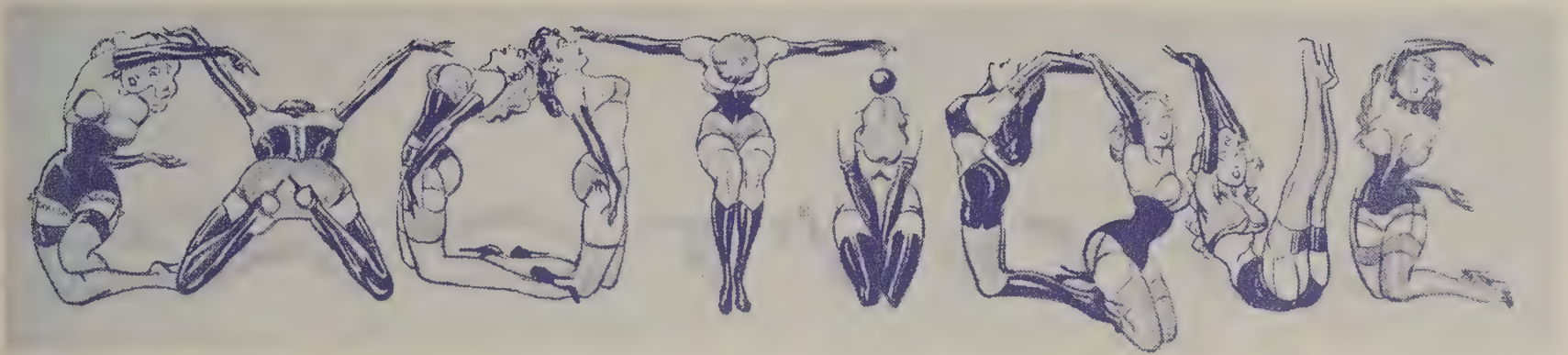
featuring:

PERSONAL ADS
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ARTICLES &
PHOTOS
from READERS



F-156

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Lettering for **Exotique**, Vol. 12, undated



Portrait of Lenny Burtman for **Exotique**, Vol. 2, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



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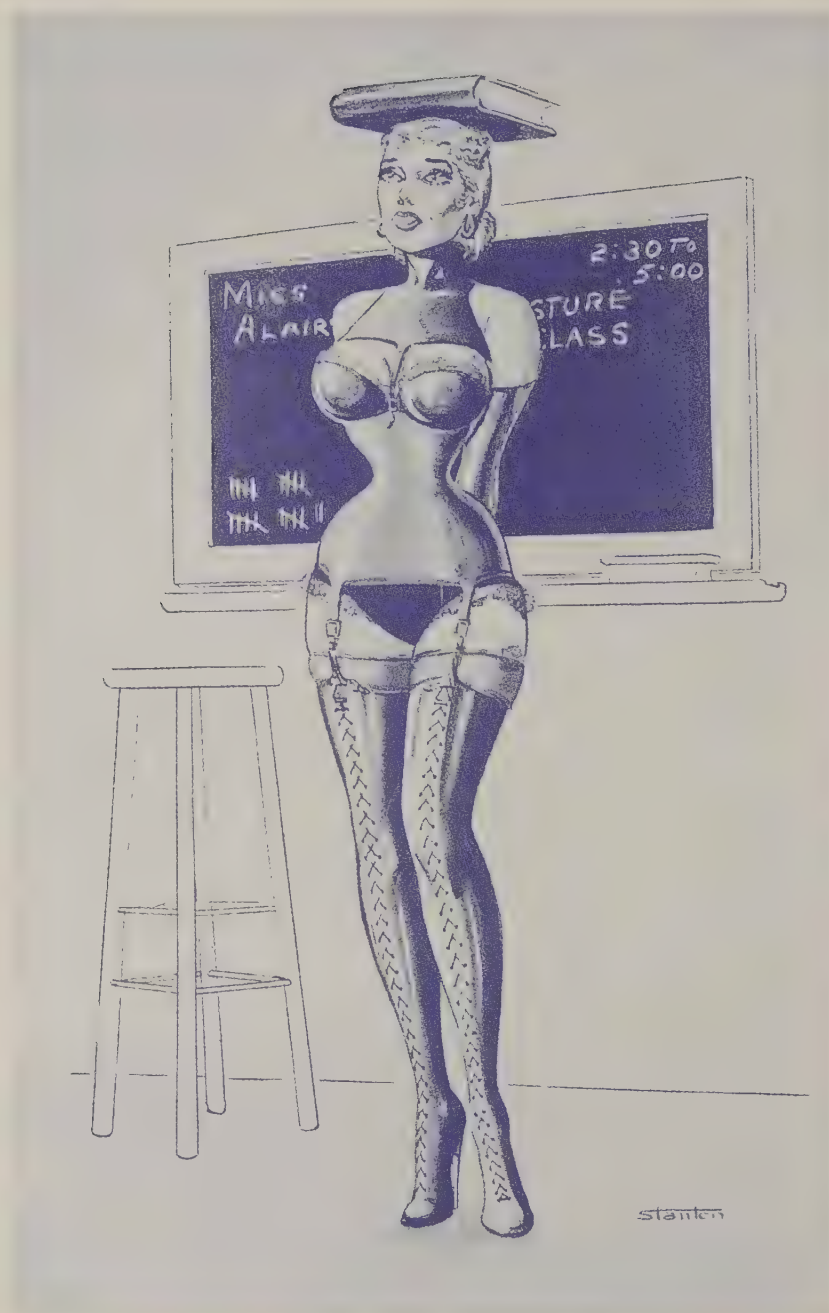


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Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 12, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 12, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 13, undated, Eric Kroll Collection

Exotique

No. 14



A NEW PUBLICATION OF THE
BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL

Cover of *Exotique*, Vol. 14, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 14, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 14, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 16, undated, Eric Kroll Collection

No. 17

Exotique



A NEW PUBLICATION OF THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL

Cover of *Exotique*, Vol. 17, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 17, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 17, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 20, undated



Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 18, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



High Heel
Fancies!



by
Stellen

Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 12, undated



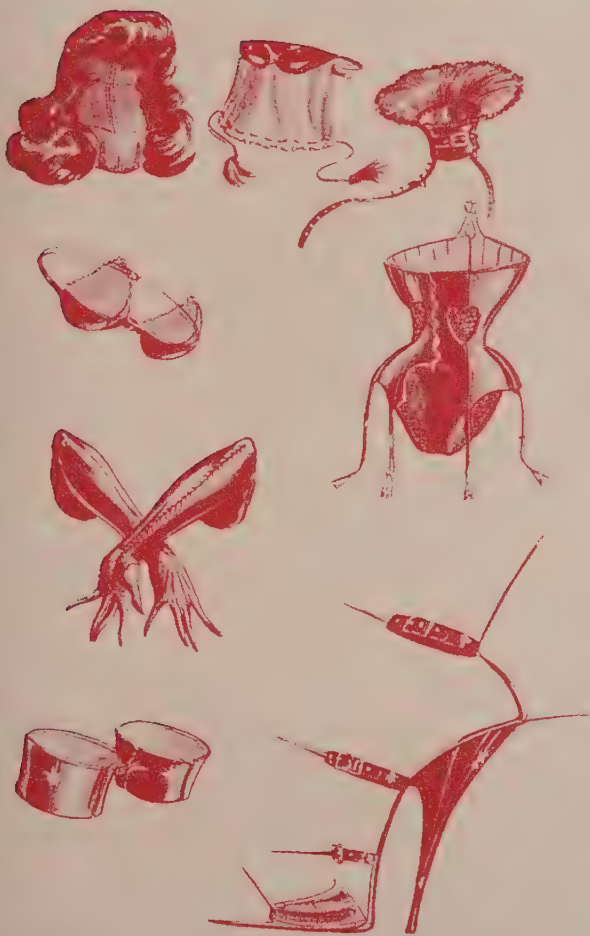
Illustration from **Exotique**, Vol. 20, undated

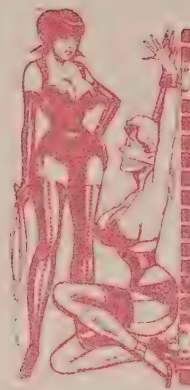


Illustrations from **Exotique**, Vol. 24 (Correspondence Issue 2), undated, Eric Kroll Collection



See letter from Mrs. R.M. . . . Pg. 44





DEBORAH

LIMITED EDITION

No. C-19



plus . . .



CARTOON PARADE

A COMPLETE CARTOON STORY
OF FEMALE DOMINATION

A CONNOISSEUR PUBLICATION

Pages 136-147: **Deborah**, 1960

Deborah!

by
Stanten





2



3



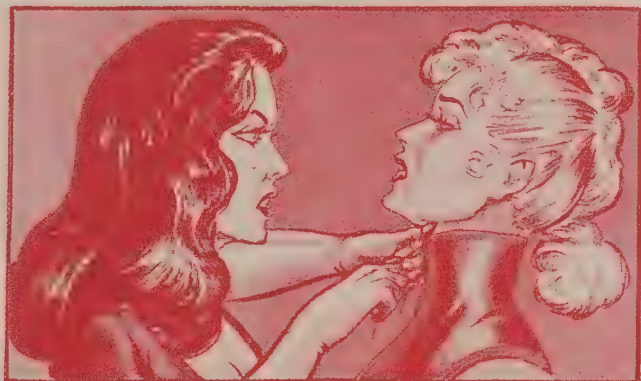
4



5



6



7



8



9



DEBORAH LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM AT THE FASINATING COSTUMES OF THE GIRLS. THIS INDEED WAS NOT THE PLACE FOR CONVENTIONAL ATTIRE !!



10

DEBORAH GLANCES ABOUT THE ROOM, FEELING ALL EYES ARE UPON HER AND ALL MOUTHS--STRANGELY SILENT. SHE TURNS TO SPEAK TO NADINE AND REACHES OUT BLINDLY FOR REASSURANCE--PANIC GRIPS HER--NADINE IS GONE.

A GIRL, WEIRDLY COSTUMED IN RUBBER, MOVES TOWARDS DEBORAH AND FIRMLY GRIPPING HER ARM, GUIDES HER TO A DOOR.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET, "THE HOSTESS!"

WAIT IN THERE!



CONT.

11

MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS TO DEBORAH AS SHE AWAITS THE ENTRANCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS, "HOSTESS"--- HER CLOAK OF RUBBER BRINGS BEADS OF PERSPERATION TO DEBORAH'S BEAUTIFULLY LEATHER ENCASED BODY--- SO LIKE A WOMAN PREPARING HERSELF, SHE SENSUOUSLY DISCARDS THE CLOAK....



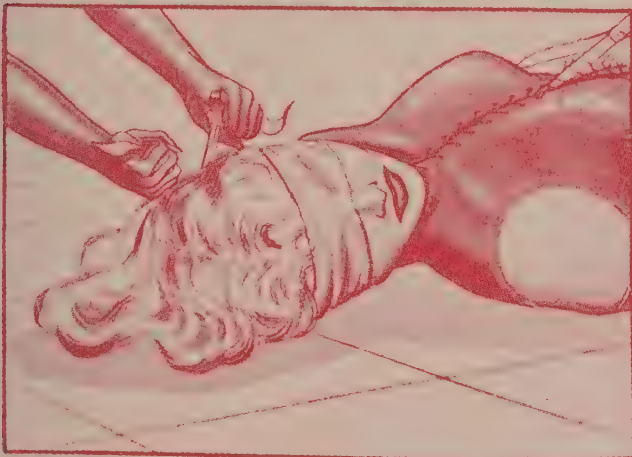
12

THE SUDDEN, SURPRIZING APPEARANCE OF THE, "HOSTESS" STARTLES DEBORAH!



13

TWO LEATHER CLAD GIRLS COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE DRAPE'S AND SEIZE DEBORAH! ONE GRIPS HER ARMS FIRMLY BEHIND HER WHILE THE OTHER HOLDS A CHLOROFORMED RAG OVER HER NOSE AND MOUTH!



14

DEBORAH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS MUCH LATER TO FIND HERSELF STILL IN A STATE OF BLACKNESS AND FRUSTRATION, AS SHE IS UNABLE TO UNCLOUD HER SENSES. A CRESCENDO OF MALE SNICKERING CLEARS HER MIND AND THE REALIZATION OF HER PREDICAMENT TAKES FORM.. THE FEELING OF NAKEDNESS AS IF IN A DREAM..



15

DEBORAH, EMBARRASSED TO TEARS AT THE HUMILIATION OF HER NAKEDNESS, HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM WITH JUST A RECORDING OF THE MALE VOICES. UNABLE TO REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD WHICH KEPT HER IN DARKNESS, DEBORAH FINALLY RESIGNS HERSELF TO THE FACT THAT SHE IS UNABLE TO COVER UP THIS SITUATION. SHE STANDS ERECT WITH COMPLETE ABANDON, PROUD AND DEFIANT...



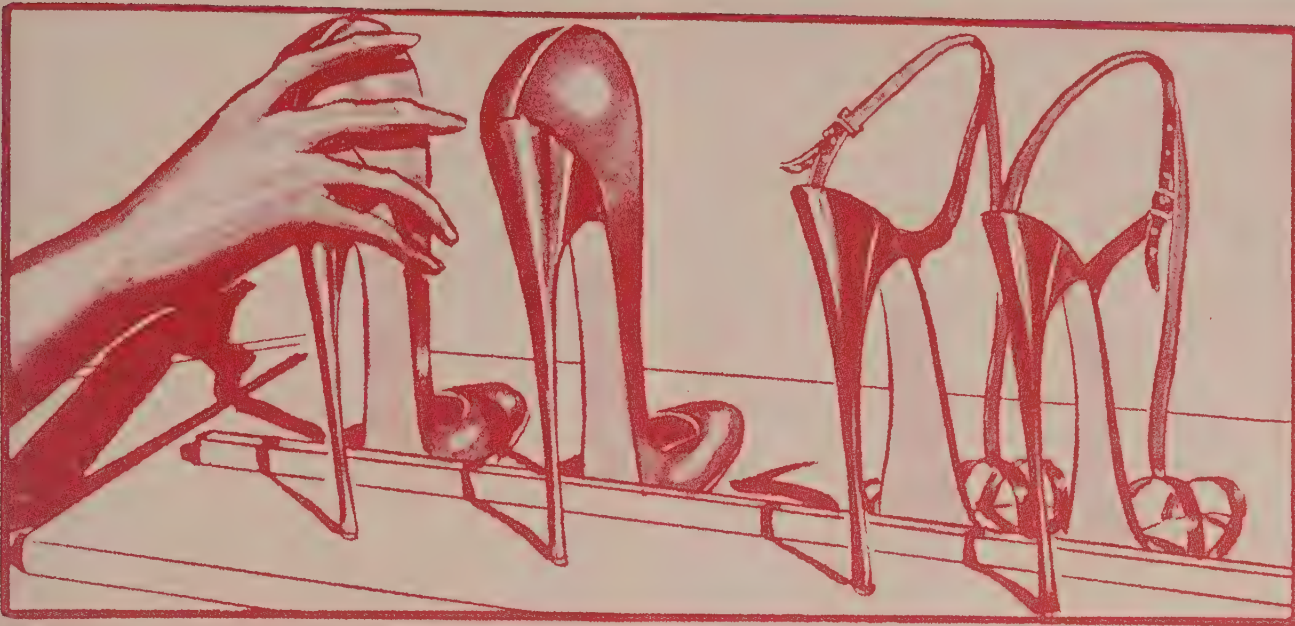
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THE ORDEAL OVER DEBORAH IS LED TO A DRESSING ROOM AND METICULOUSLY GROOMED BY TWO MAIDS.



17



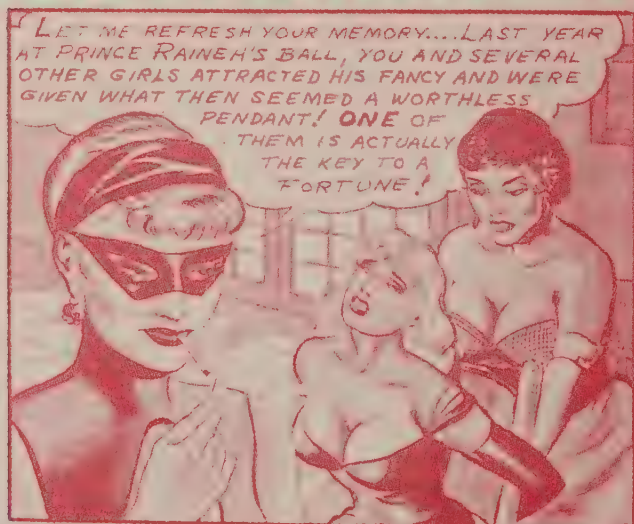
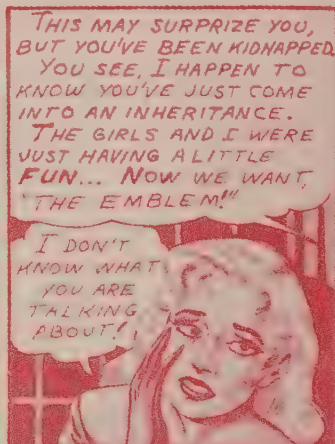




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21



22

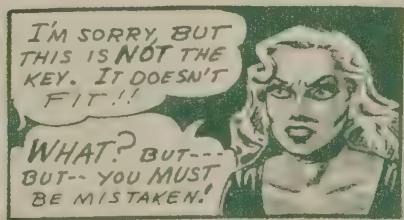
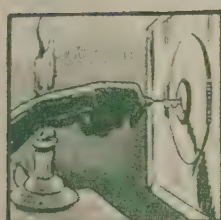


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24

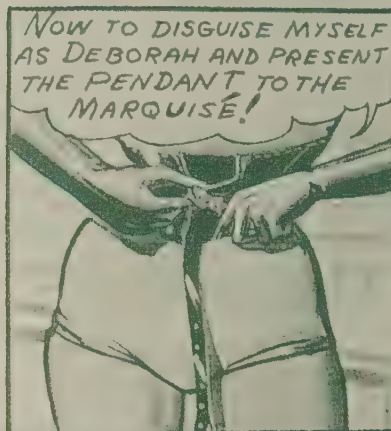
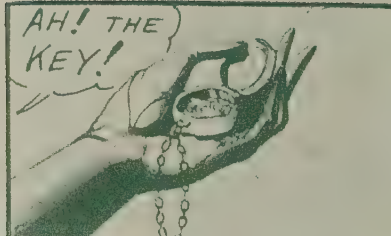
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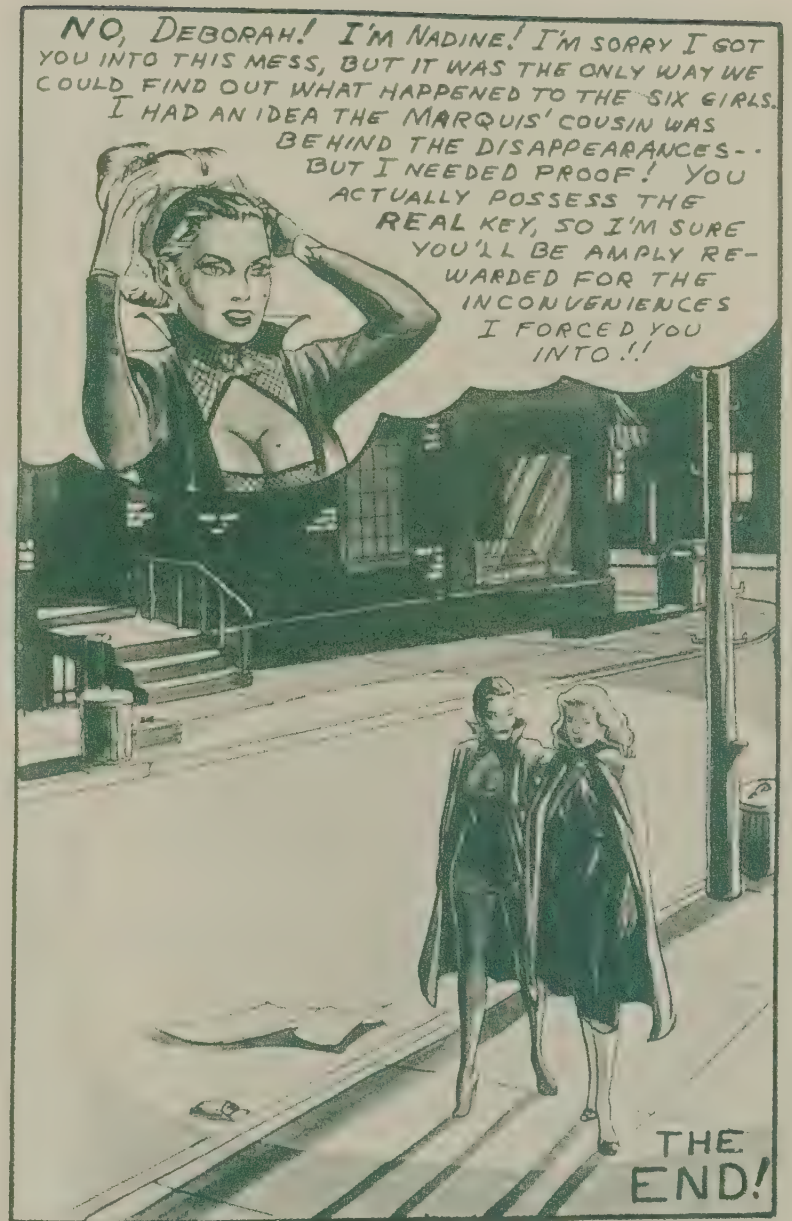
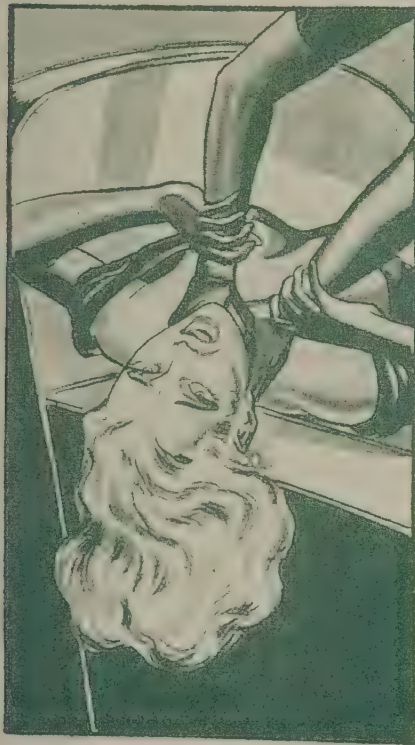


26



27





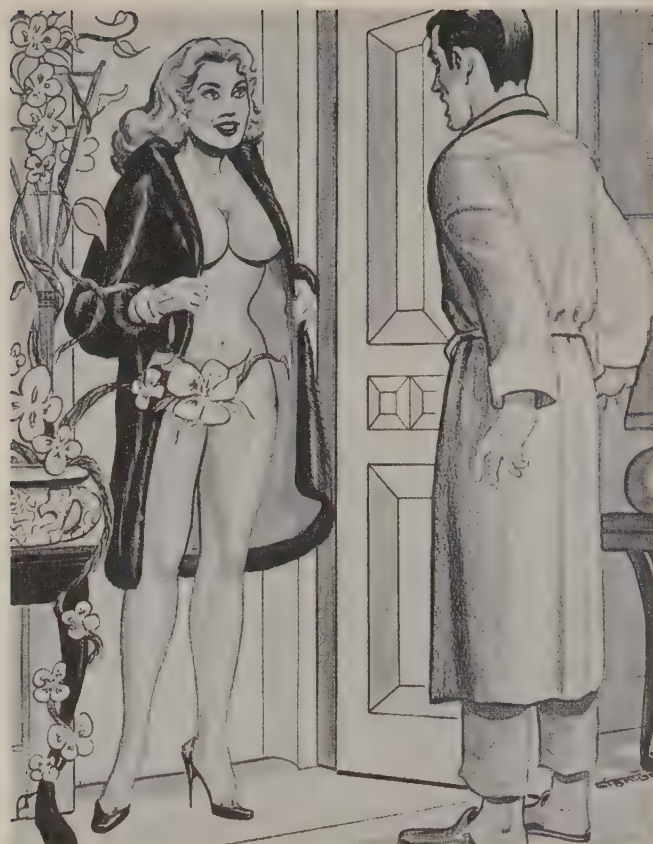


Illustration from **Paris Taboo**, Vol. 1, No. 4, undated



Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated

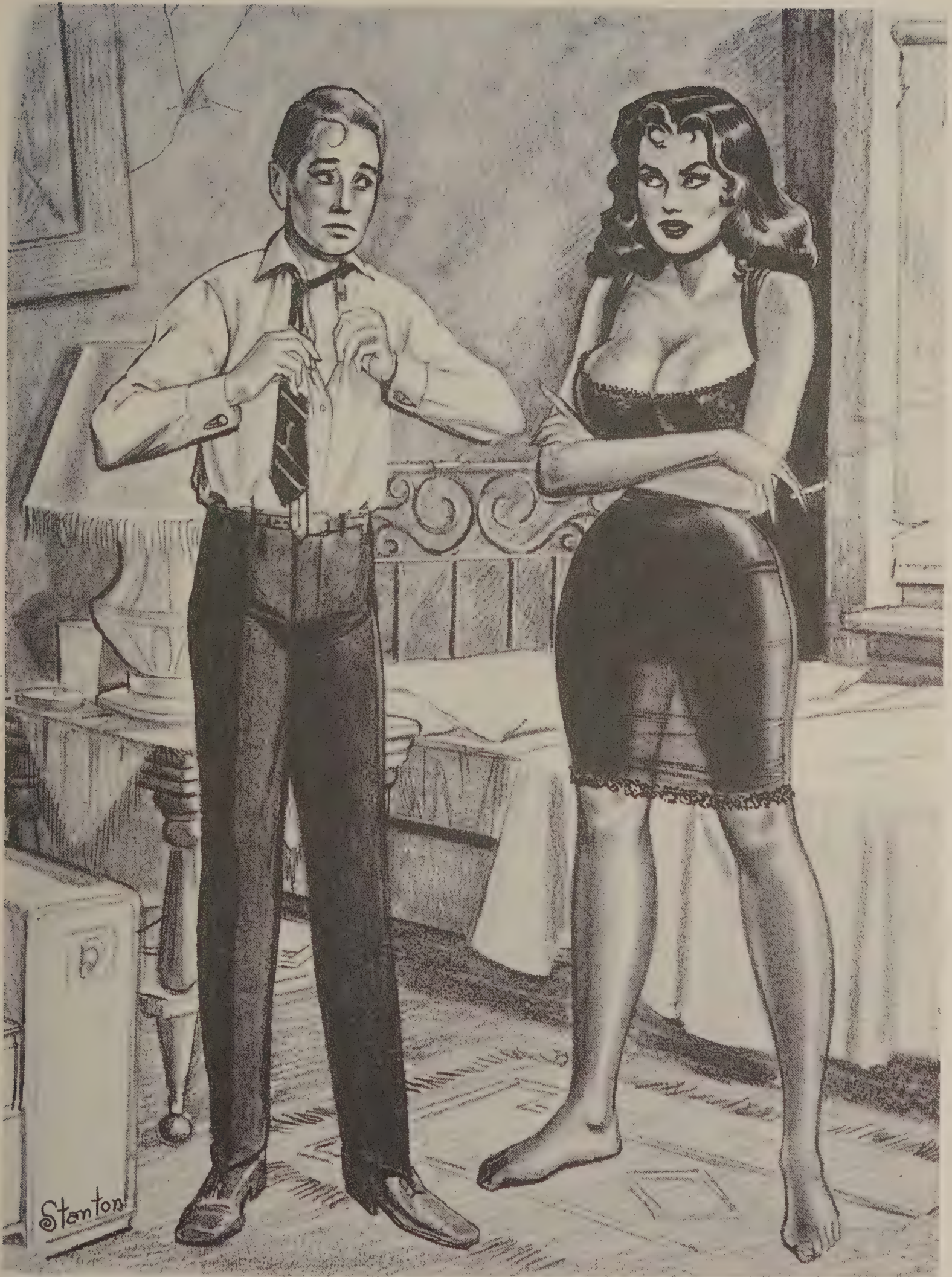


Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated



Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated



Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated



Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated



Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated



Illustration from **Masque**, Vol. 2, undated



Illustration from **Masque**, Vol. 1, undated



Illustration from **Masque**, Vol. 3, undated, Eric Kroll Collection

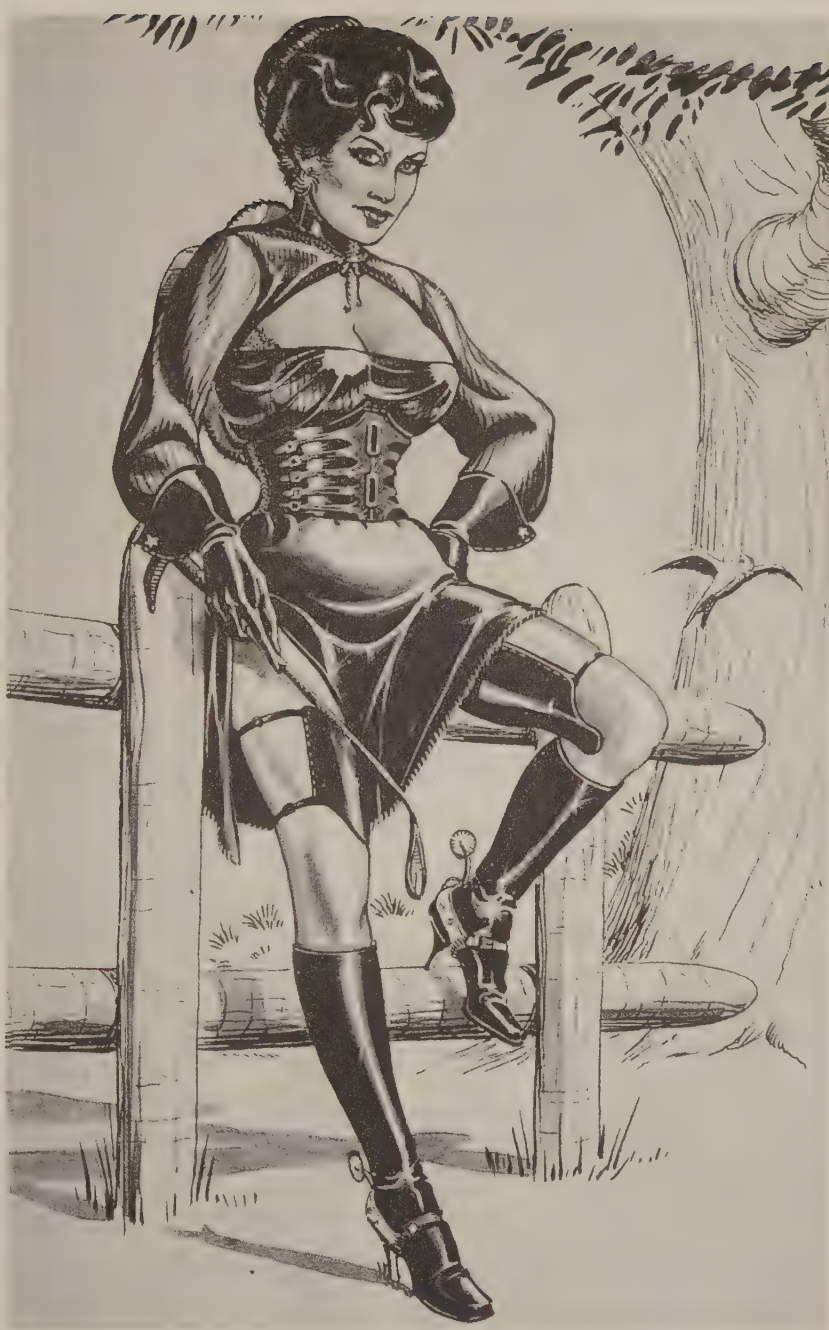


Illustration from **Masque**, Vol. 4, 1955, Eric Kroll Collection

FEMALE MIMICS

Lettering for **Female Mimics**, 1960s

Bizarre Life

Lettering for **Bizarre Life**, Vol. 12, 1970



Illustration from **Bizarre Life**, Vol. 12, 1970

ESCAPE into BONDAGE

DOMINANT WOMEN — ILLUSTRATED

BOOK I



Cover of *Escape into Bondage* 1, 1962

ESCAPE into BONDAGE

DOMINANT WOMEN — ILLUSTRATED

BOOK II



Cover of *Escape into Bondage 2*, 1962



"AND SHE STILL CAN'T FIND A STEADY FELLA!"

Illustration from **High Heels Magazine**, Vol. 2, No. 3, undated



Illustration from **Pepper**, Vol. 1, No. 3, undated



Illustration from **Pepper**, Vol. 1, No. 3, undated



Illustration from **High Heels Magazine**, Vol. 2, No. 3, undated

NURSE *in* **RUBBER**

plus...

RUBBER Photo Section

~~\$2.00~~

\$1.50

No. C-22



A CONNOISSEUR PUBLICATION

Cover of *Nurse in Rubber*, undated

GUYSⁱⁿ GOWNS



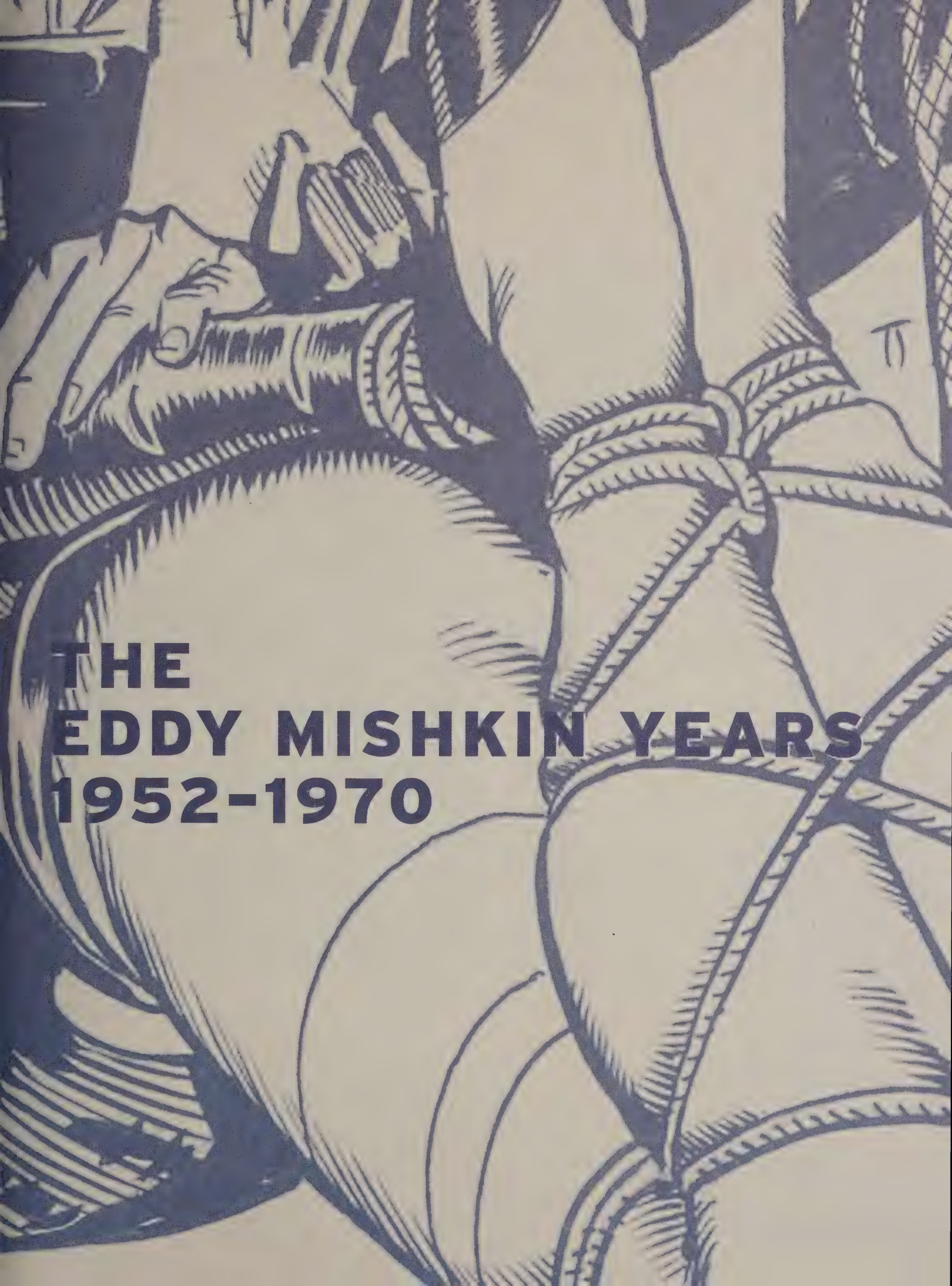
Eric Stanton.

Featuring: America's Leading **FEMALE MIMICS**

LIMITED EDITION

ILLUSTRATED





**THE
EDDY MISHKIN YEARS
1952-1970**

\$5.00



The Dominator
by *Belita*

Cover of **The Dominator**, 1953

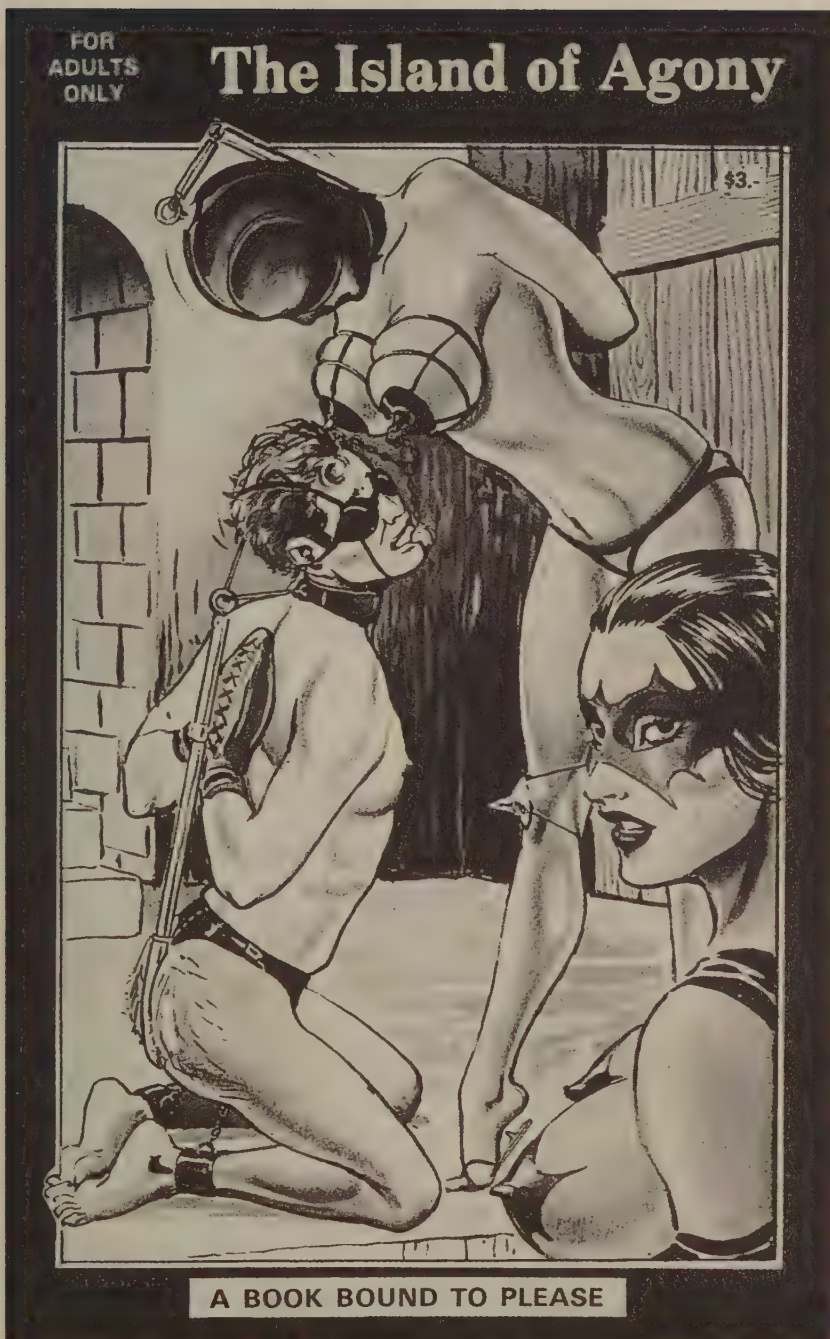
★ **Bound Series B—Volume 1** ★

23 BEAUTIFUL-ILLUSTRATIONS



★ **SATELLITE PUBLICATION** ★
74 MONTGOMERY ST., JERSEY CITY, N.J.
ADULTS ONLY

Cover of **Bound Series B**, Vol. 1, undated



Cover of *The Island of Agony*, 1975

#216

DON'S DEGRADATION



A Tale Of Two Newlyweds

Cover of *Don's Degradation. A Tale of Two Newlyweds*, 1964

YES, HE'S BEEN A PERFECT LAMB LATELY, BUT THIS MORNING HE WAS DISOBEDIENT, AND IS AWAITING A WELL EARNED LICKING. HE HAS ALREADY PRESENTED ME WITH THE STRAP AND "ASSUMED THE POSITION." NEXT HE'LL COUNT THE LASHES, THEN THANK ME FOR CORRECTING HIM. NO, I'M NOT KIDDING!.. HIS BARE BOTTOM IS STARING AT ME RIGHT NOW. IT'S A NICE BOTTOM... BIG AND WHITE. BUT IT'LL SOON TURN RED UNDER THE COOKING I'M GOING TO GIVE IT! YES, WHY DON'T YOU DROP OVER? I'LL LET YOU SEE WHAT A HUSBAND REALLY IS, WHEN PROPERLY TRAINED!"



Pages 168-173: Illustrations from *Don's Degradation. A Tale of Two Newlyweds*, 1964



YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT
COMPLAIN TODAY ABOUT THE
UNTIDY CONDITION OF THE
HOUSE... THEN YOU
GET VIOLENT...

I'M SORRY I SLAPPED
YOU DEAR.. UGH! FORGIVE
ME... PLEA..S...S





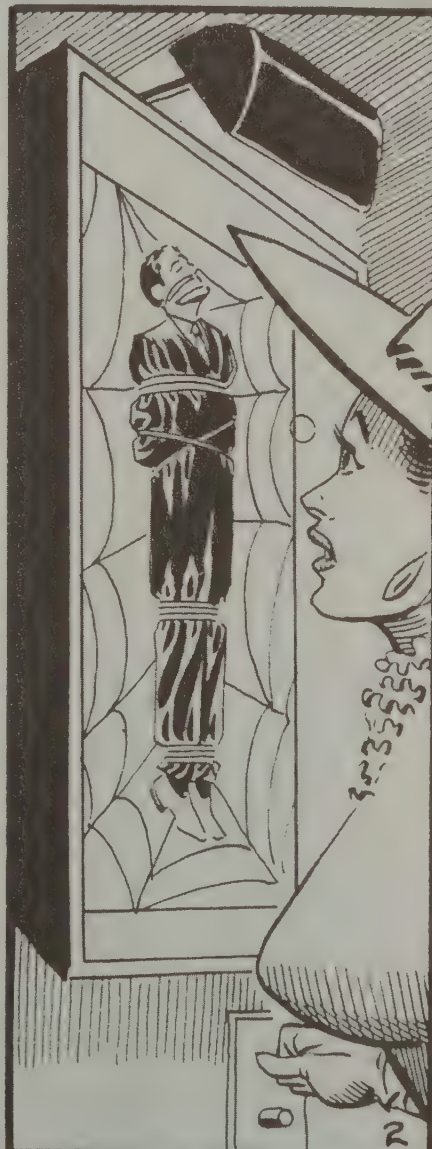
NEXT TIME
DARLING WHEN I
ASK YOU TO DO
THE VACUUMING!
BE SURE TO DO
JUST THAT!
(CRACK) I DON'T
INTEND TO HAVE
YOU DISOBEY ME..
EVER! (CRACK)
IS THAT CLEAR?

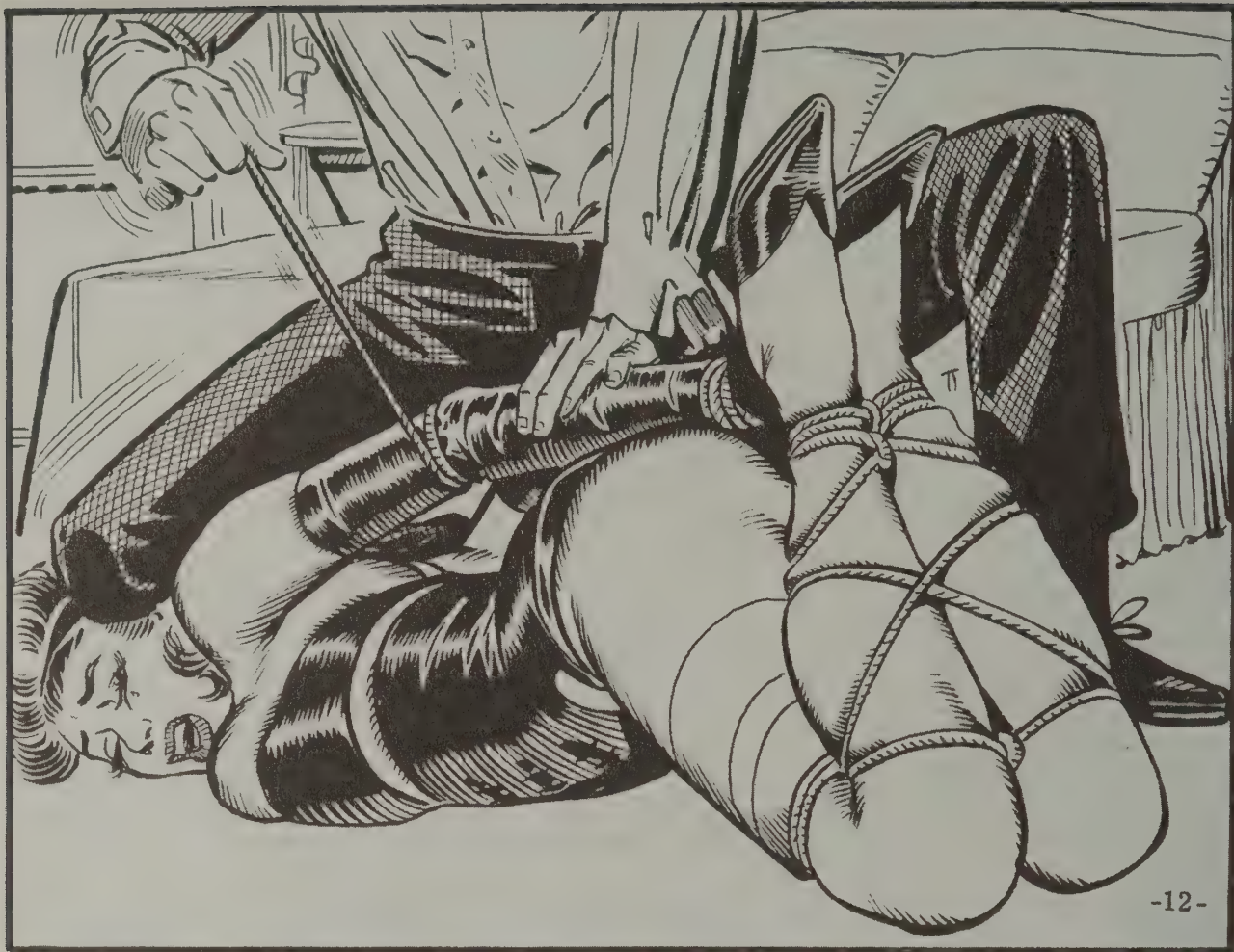
YES MOTHER.. I..I'M FINE!
NO! ANGELA IS A GOOD COOK.. AND
YES!... YES I WILL ... I..I
(OOOH!) PLEASE MAMA.. MAMA!
ASK PAPA TO RAISE MY...
SALARY....





Illustrations from **Confidential TV**, 1964

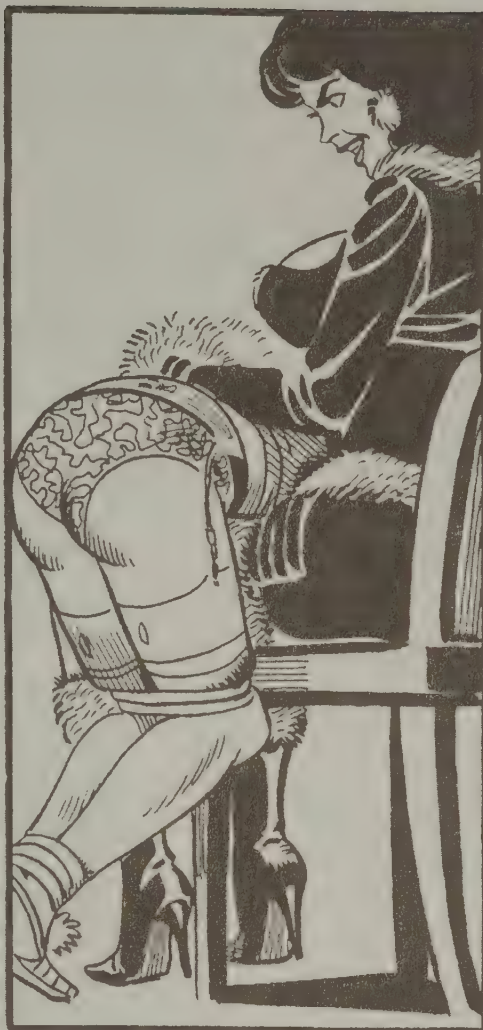




-12-



Illustrations from **Confidential TV**, 1964



HAMPERED by HEATHER



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Pages 178-183: Illustrations from **Hampered by Heather**, undated











The Return of
GWENDOLINE
NEW **NEW**



Plus: An exciting 2nd serial, Gwen's cousin Ann
Bill Johnson Jr.

Illustrations from *The Return of Gwendoline*, 1966

COULDN'T WE JUST
STAY **HERE**.... NO,
I GUESS WE COULDN'T!



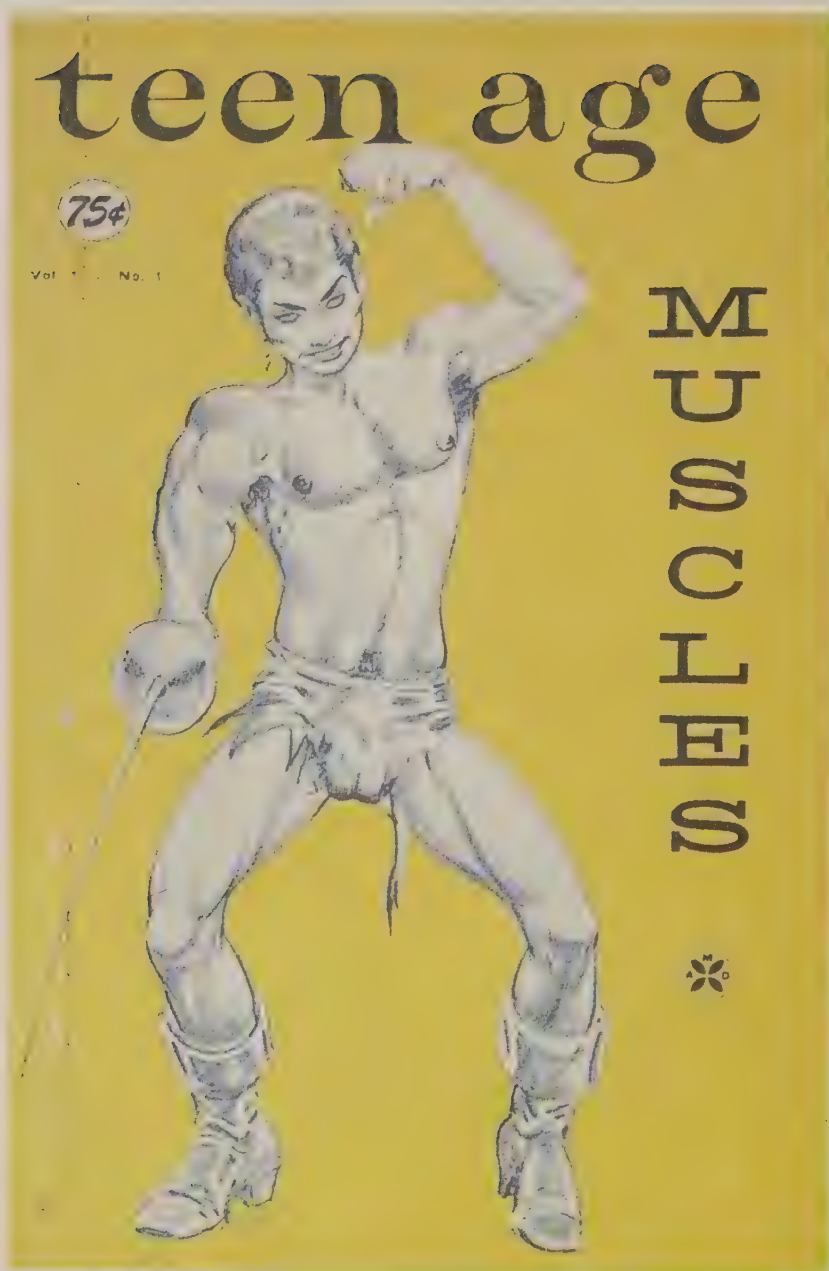
DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT I
SHOULD OR SHOULDN'T DO!!





Illustrations from *The Return of Gwendoline*, 1966





Cover of **Teen Age Muscles**, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1967

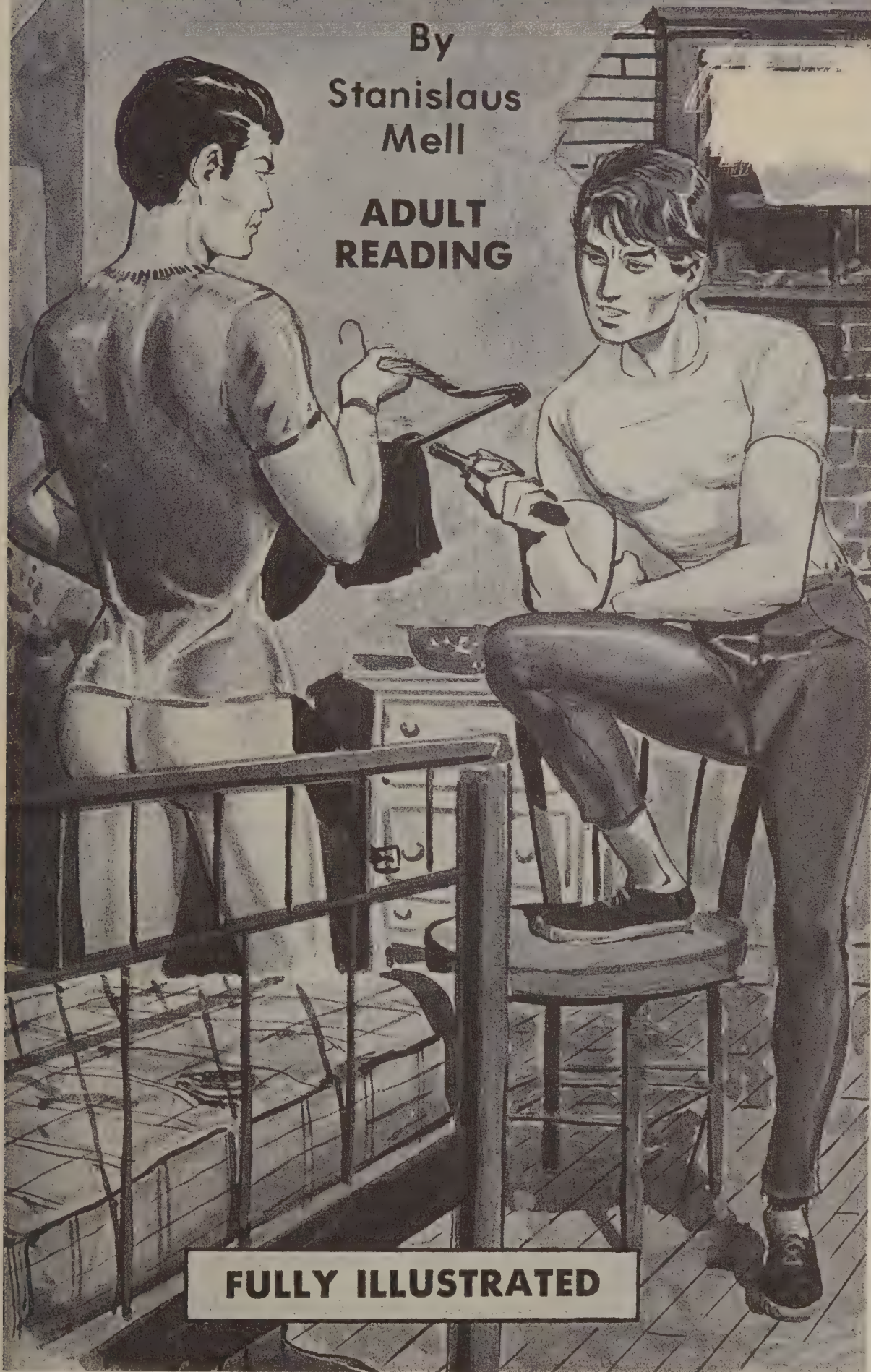


Cover of **Young Muscles**, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1967

BOY'S BOYS

By
Stanislaus
Mell

**ADULT
READING**



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Cover of *Boy's Boys*, 1968

★ **Bound Series B—Volume 2** ★
22 BEAUTIFUL-ILLUSTRATIONS

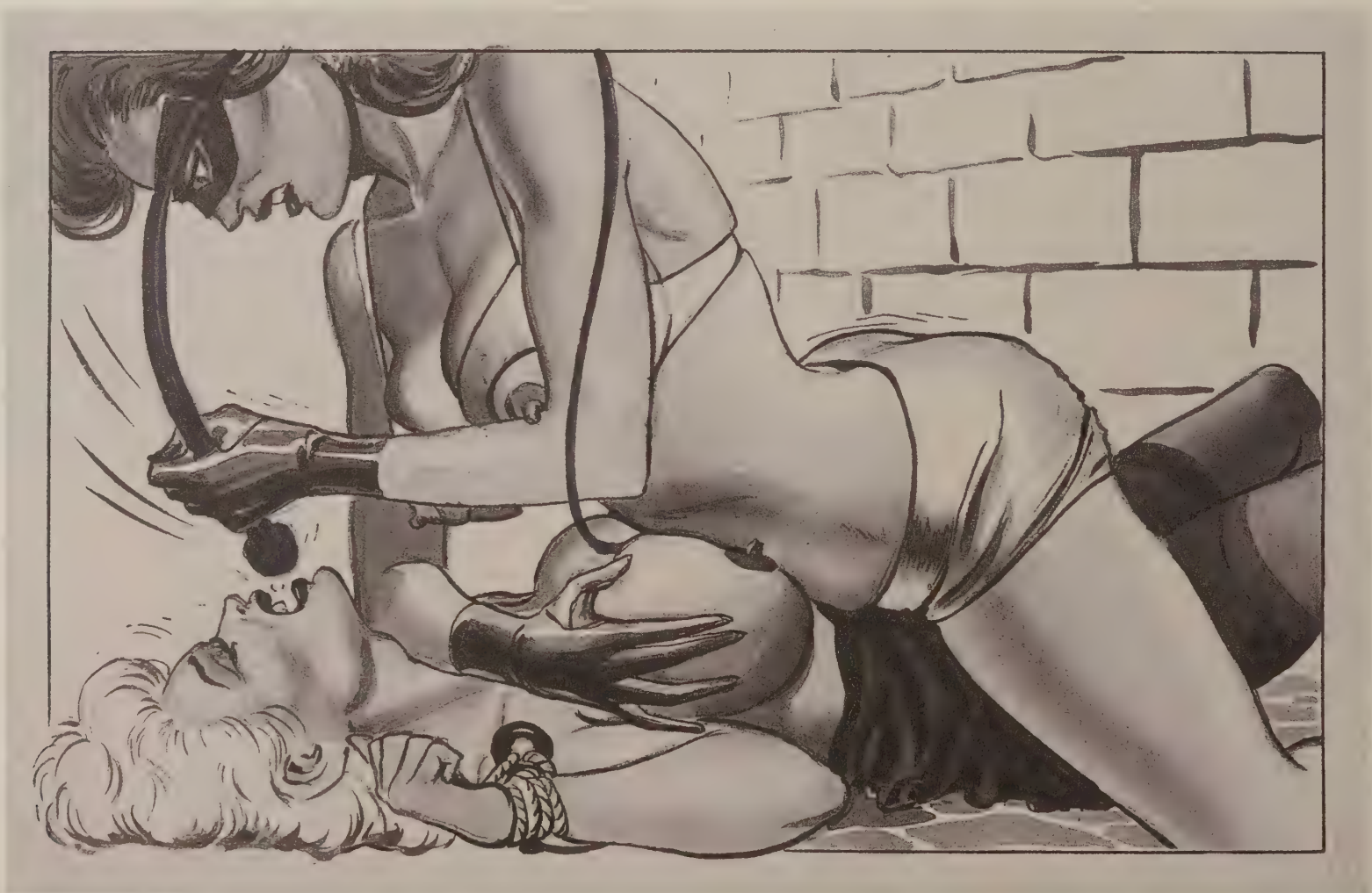


★ **SATELLITE PUBLICATION** ★
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ADULTS ONLY

Cover of **Bound Series B**, Vol. 2, undated



Illustrations from **Bound Series B**, Vol. 2, undated



Illustrations from **Legacy of Pain**, 1966, Eric Kroll Collection



"ALL RIGHT, RAISE UP HIGHER,
SO I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT
THAT BOTTOM YOU'RE WAILING
SO MUCH ABOUT. YOU BIG BABY..
ALL THAT NOISE OVER A LITTLE
SPANKING! I'LL HAVE TO GAG YOU
IF YOU DON'T STOP SNIVELLING!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
MAKING SUCH A FUSS FOR...
..AFTER ALL THE BEATINGS
I'VE GIVEN YOUR BOTTOM
LATELY, IT MUST HAVE A
HIDE AS TOUGH AS AN
ELEPHANT'S!



Illustrations from Set of 8, 1966

I DON'T MIND YOUR BOTTOM JUMPING
AROUND LIKE THAT..CRACK!. I KNOW IT CAN'T
HELP IT..CRACK!. BUT TAKE YOUR LIPS
FROM MY FOOT ONCE..CRACK.. JUST ONCE.
..CRACK.. AND YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!!
..CRACK.. CRACK..
CRACK!!



HAVE LEATHER WILL FASHION



Illustrations from **Have Leather Will Fashion**, undated, Eric Kroll Collection



HAVE
LEATHER



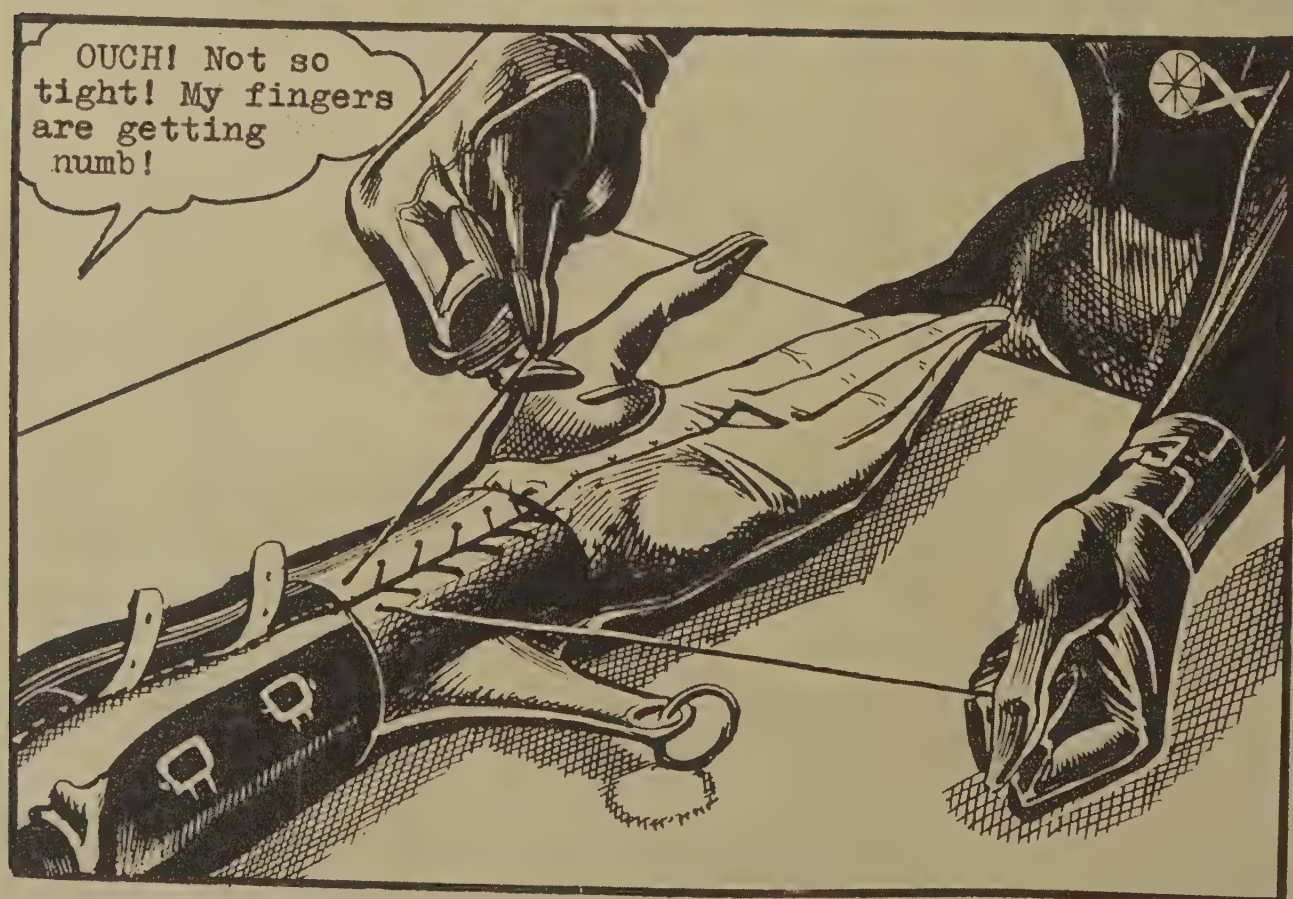
WILL
FASHION

Wire Polladeane Pa.

Dear Polladeane,

I am desperately trying to save my marriage. It is quite apparant that my husband has lost interest in me. I love Paul very much and am willing to do anything to hold him. Since I know he has an extreme fondness for leather, I feel that my wearing of leather outfits may help me regain a hold on his love and affection for me. I'm



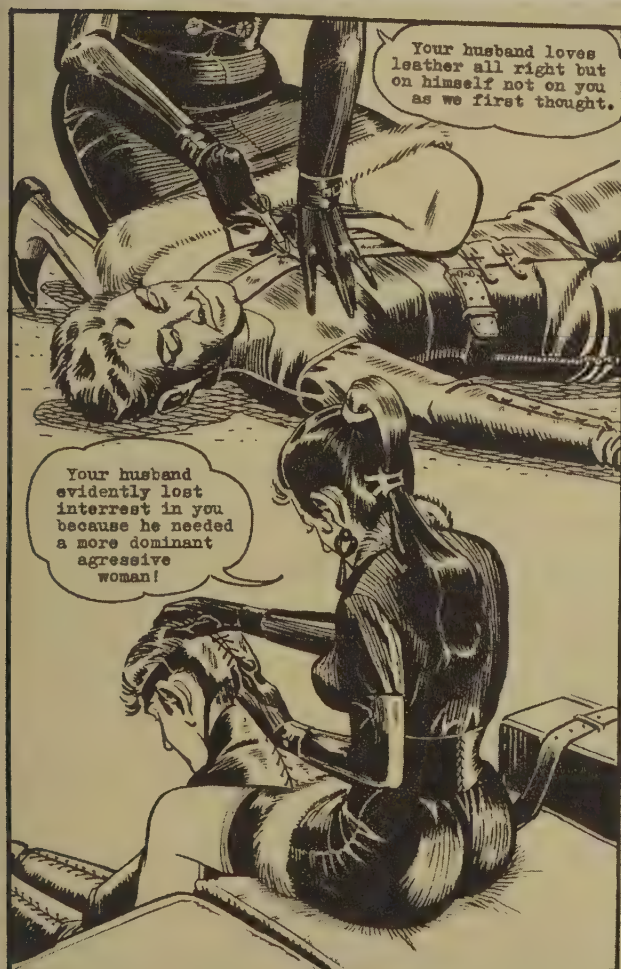




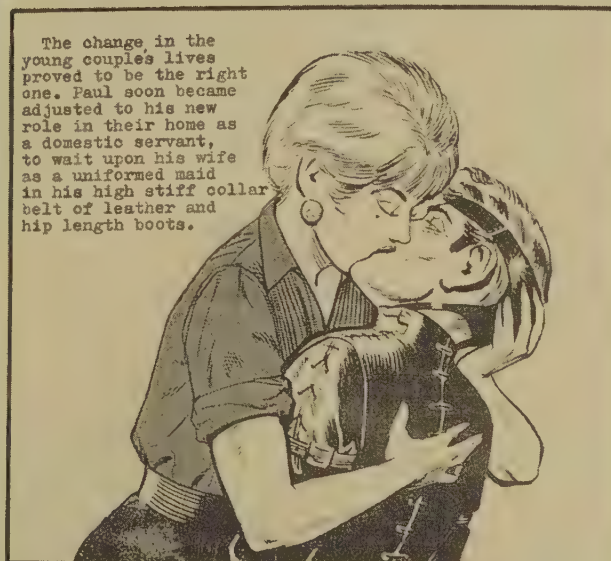
14



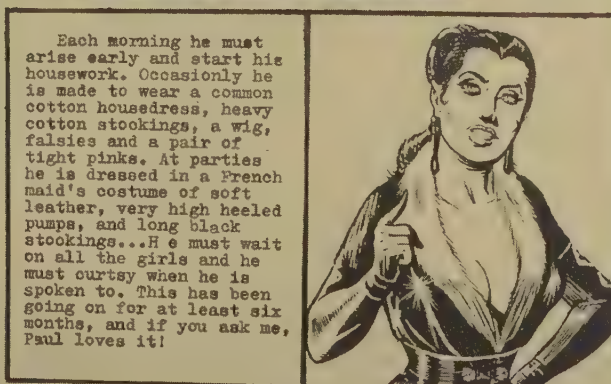
31



51



58



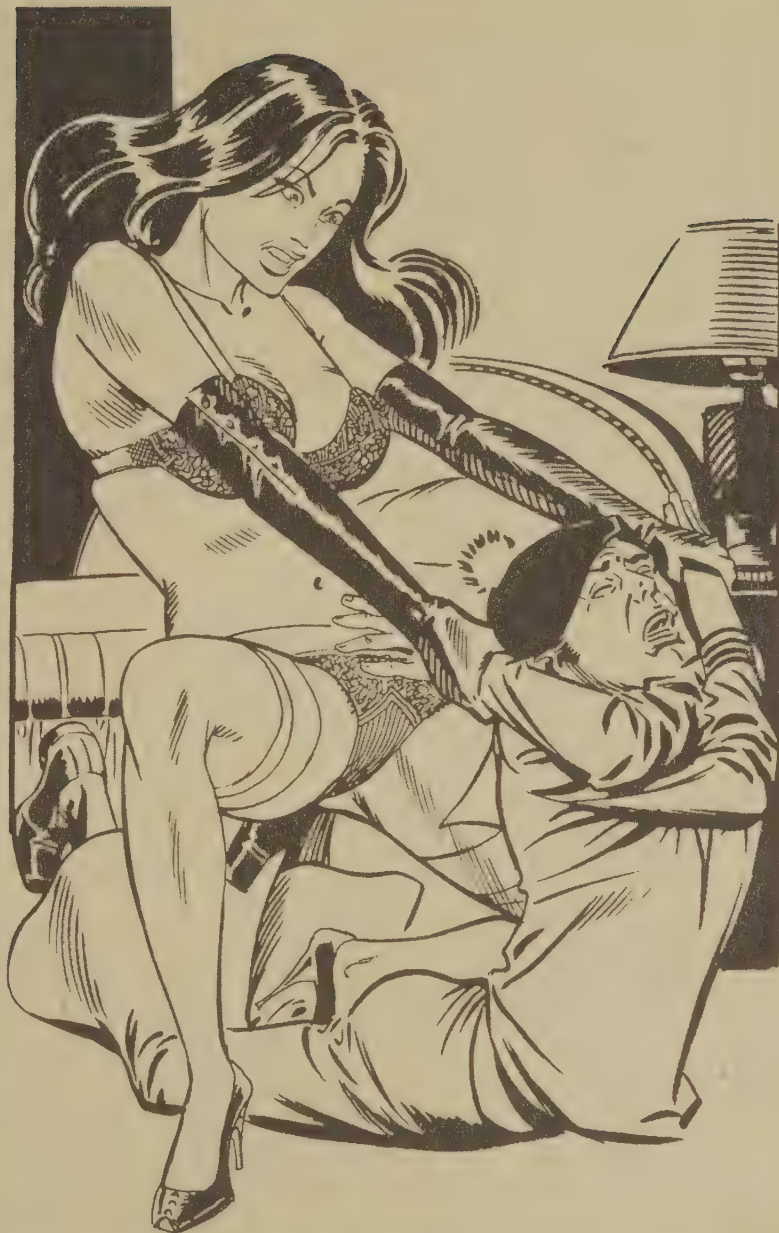


EVELYN HANDLEMAN IN
THE CASE OF THE
V-PANTS

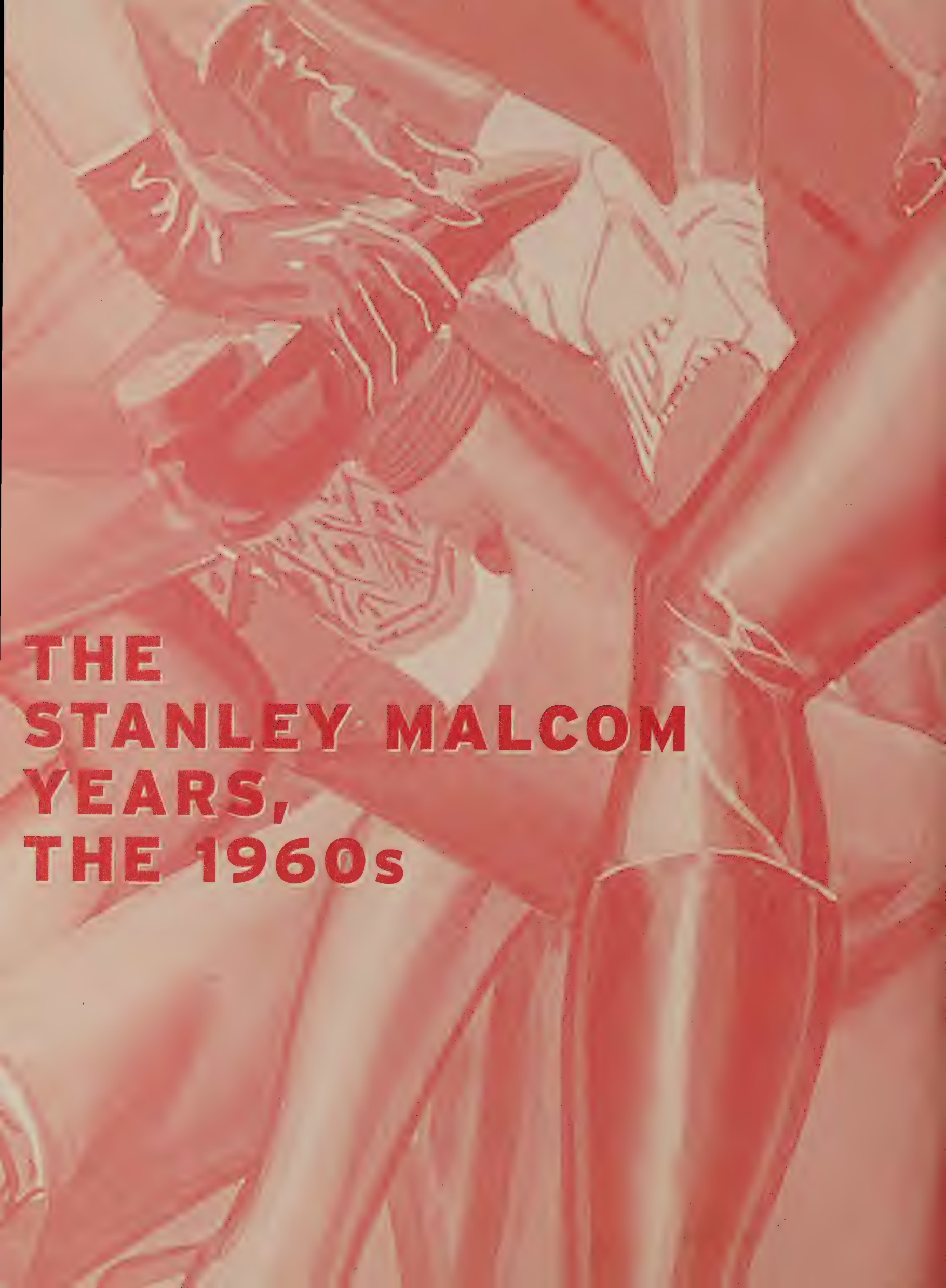


FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Cover of *The Case of the V-Pants*, 1968



Illustrations from **The Case of the V-Pants**, 1968



**THE
STANLEY MALCOM
YEARS,
THE 1960s**





New Bride, 1966



Cover of **Friendly Visitor**, 1967, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **House Call**, 1960s



Hole in One, 1963



AFTER
HOURS

75c
AH 108

THREE'S A CROWD

An Original Book by Bud Conway



ADULT READING

Cover of *Three's a Crowd*, 1964, Eric Kroll Collection



MISS BEHAVE

AH 118

AN ORIGINAL BOOK

75¢

By Barry Grover



ADULT READING

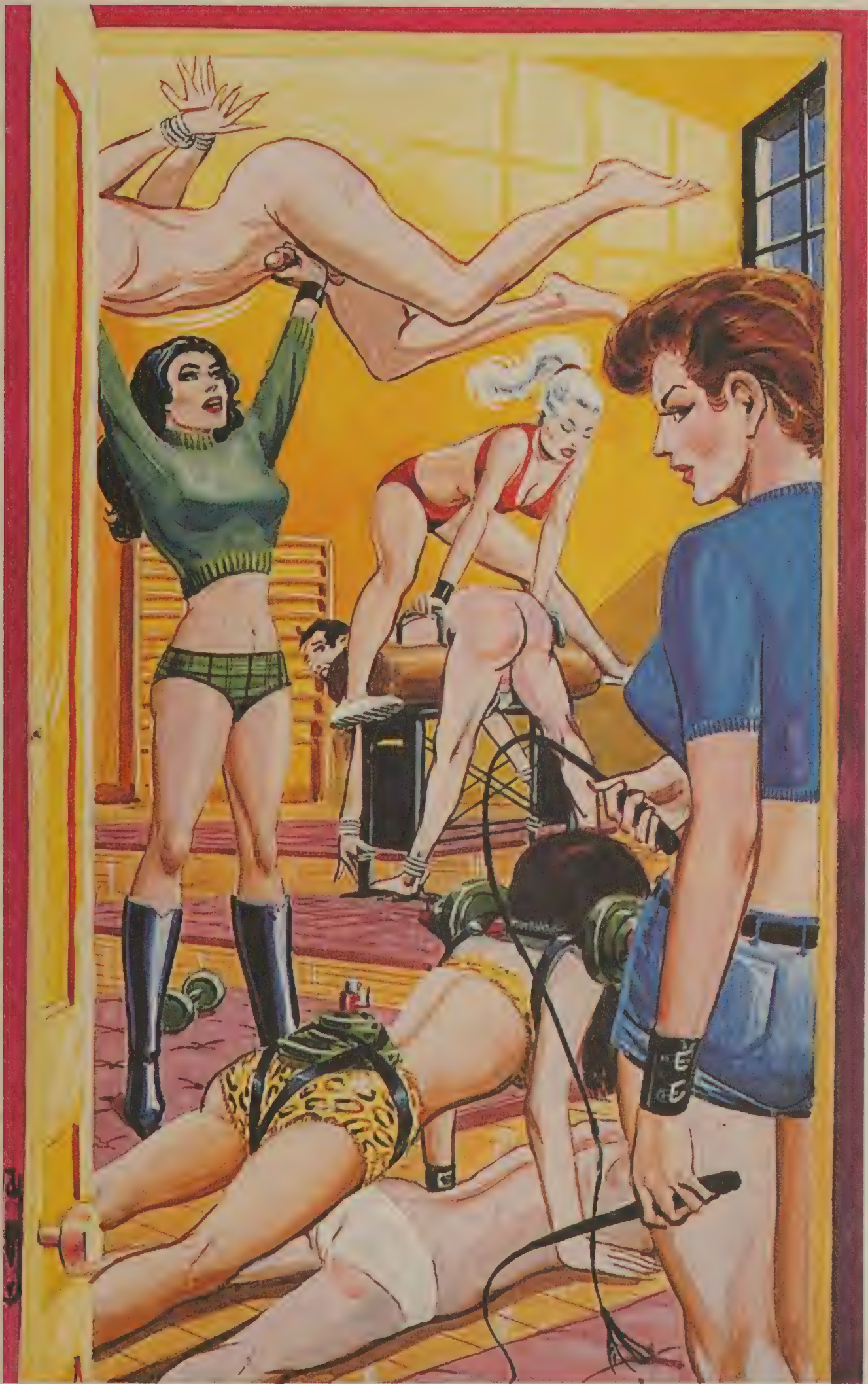
Cover of *Miss Behave*, 1965, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of *Joy Ride*, 1966, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of *Little Gay Girls*, 1965, Eric Kroll Collection



No Man's Land, 1965



A Lesson in Eros, 1964



His Brother's Girl, 1964



Disciplinary Action, 1960s



Partner's Choice, 1960s



Set Up, 1966



Strapped for Time, 1966



Cover of **Strange Hungers**, 1963, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **Gay Reunion**, 1960s, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **Pleasure Bound**, 1965, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **Something Extra**, 1967, Eric Kroll Collection



Proper Respect, 1960s



Nature's Trail, 1969



Cover of **Party Swappers**, 1965, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **Showpiece**, 1967, Eric Kroll Collection



Unwilling to Swap, 1960s



Female Tyrant, 1967



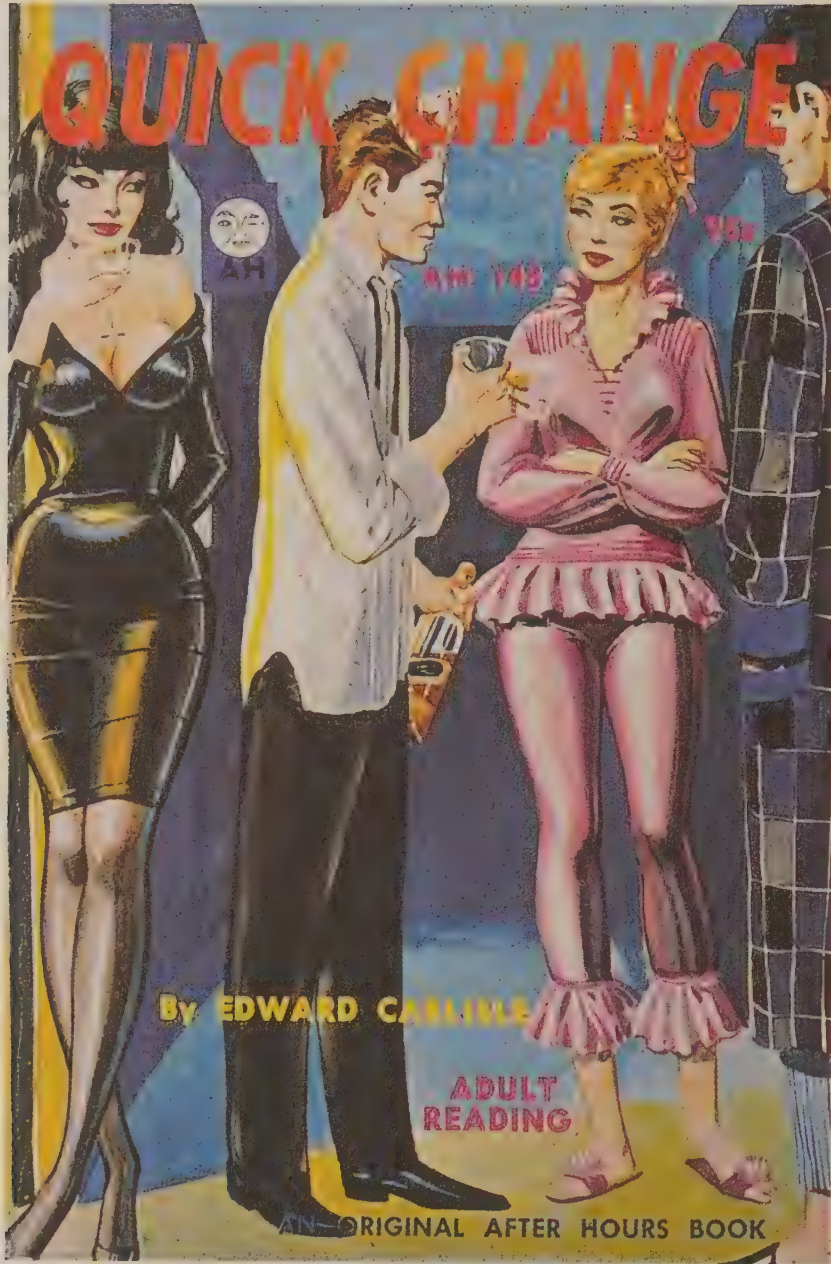
Sex Carnival, 1964, Eric Kroll Collection



Blueprint for Sin 1964



Desire Discipline, 1965



Cover of **Quick Change**, 1966, Eric Kroll Collection



Cover of **Wrong Jail**, 1968, Eric Kroll Collection

Come come, Chester... Lower them quickly now... and bend over my desk... If you want to remain in my class you must never cheat... Miss Watkins said you look at her exam... I do believe her... You shall be first... then class you shall all line up for yours.



Dominatrix, 1968, Eric Kroll Collection



Money to Burn, 1964, Eric Kroll Collection



Mixed Up, 1960s



Men in Bondage, 1960s



Man Maulers, 1960s



Nature's Trail, 1969



Forced to Please, 1960s



**THE
STANTON ARCHIVES
1970-1981**

ONCE I GET MY MONEY FROM
DIANE WE'LL FLY TO MEXICO FOR
THE DIVORCE, TO RENO FOR THE
WEDDING... HOW'S THAT HONEY?

OH JEFFREY,
I'M SO HAPPY...
ARE YOU SURE
SHE WON'T TRY
TO... NO...

WELL... THIS IS THE SWEET
YOUNG THING YOU'RE SO HEP-
PED UP ABOUT? ..PRETTY..

YESS... WE ARE
IN A HURRY, ER...
CAN I HAVE MY
MONEY?

SORRY, JEFFREY, NO
MONEY AND.. NO DIVORCE
AND THAT IS FINAL...

FINAL MY FOOT!
I WANT WHAT'S DUE
ME AND I INTEND TO
GET IT IF I HAVE TO
KILL YOU.. UNDER-
STAND?

JEFFREY, DON'T
GET UPSET... I
I'D LIKE TO ...
LEAVE, JEFF!



WE'LL LEAVE WHEN I
I'M GOOD AND READY AND
NOT BEFORE... I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN.. YOU'D PULL
A STUNT LIKE THIS....

JEFF ... STOP IT!
THIS WILL GET US NO..
OH!... LOOK OUT SHE,
SHE HAS....



OH! OH, PLEASE
DON'T ... DON'T DO
THAT...



2





DIANE... HAVE YOU GONE
GONE.. CRAZY?... YOU'VE
HAD YOUR FUN NOW... ER
UNTIE ME! HONEY ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT? IF SHE'S
HURT... I'LL GET YOU !!

OH, MY GOD... I THINK
... I THINK I'M BLEEDING!

GET UP! GET UP!..
YOU'RE NOT HURT!
NOT YET THAT IS..
YOU LOVE HIM SO
MUCH... WHY! IS HE
GOOD IN BED? SHOW
ME HOW THE TWO
OF YOU MAKE IT!
GETIN BED WITH
HIM... NOW !



NOW I MUST SAY THAT IS A PRETTY SIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF YOU HAS THE MORE
INVITING REAR... HANG ON TIGHT, HONEY!
YOU ARE ABOUT TO RIDE YOUR DARLING
LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RIDDEN HIM BEFORE!

DON'T MISS HIM... HIM... PLEASE!

GET THE HELL OFF ME...
OW... YOUR FOOT... GET
YOUR FOOT... YOU.. DAMN
YOU TOO... YOU ARE HURT
HURTING ME... THERE!





WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE?
YOU'RE NOT...REALLY HURTING HIM ARE YOU?
PLEASE DON'T...HE IS SO GOOD...SO VERY...

HE'S GOOD AND TIGHT! DAMN
YOU JEFF, LOOSEN UP...THIS
IS GOING IN IF I HAVE RIP YOU
APART....OPEN...UP!

UHHH! DON'T
DON'T, DIANE.
YOU'LL BUST A
BLADDER..EE
EEEAYAHHH!

JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE YOU
BASTARD.....THERE THAT'S
BETTER. I KNEW YOU WOULD,
PET, YOU ALWAYS WERE SO
OBLIGING!



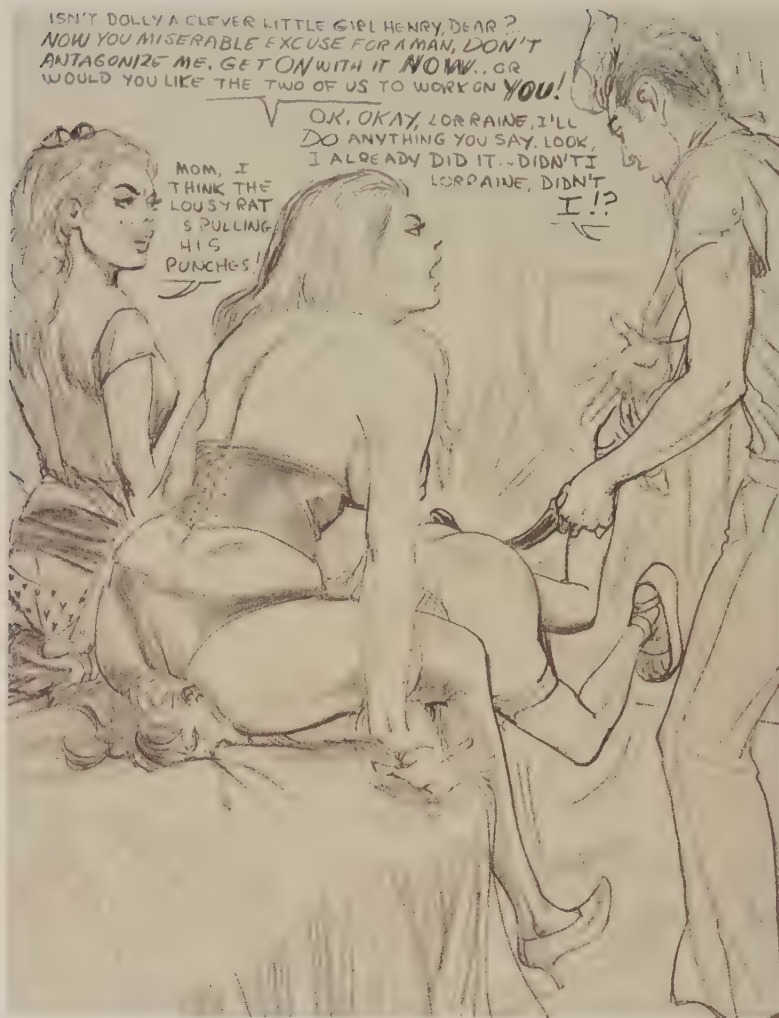
FAMILY 155 **AFFAIR** Illustrations by Stanton



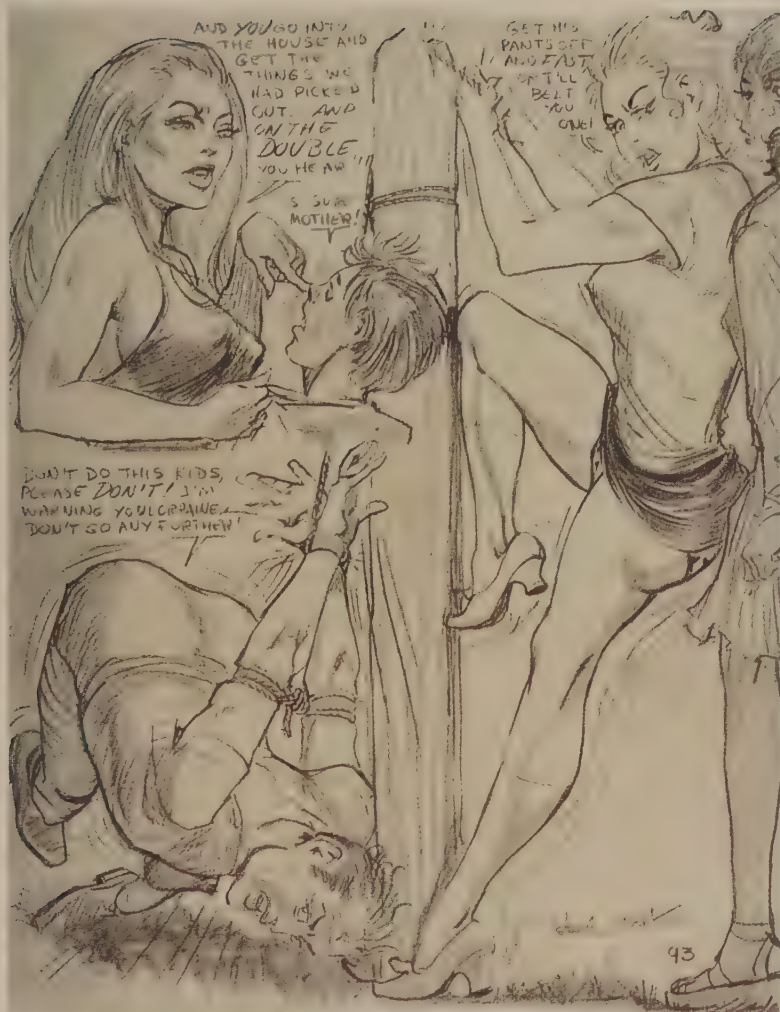
FOR ADULTS ONLY

Illustrations from **Family Affair**, 1975, Eric Kroll Collection





Illustrations from **Family Affair**, 1975, Eric Kroll Collection



EROS
Comix

The KINKY HOOK

A BONDAGE CLASSIC
BY
ERIC STANTON



Illustrations from **The Kinky Hook**, 1973 (Republished by Eros Comix 1991)



O-35, WHY THE BATHING MASK? AFRAID YOU MIGHT SWALLOW WATER? ..NOW WHAT'S THE URGENT THING YOU WANTED ME FOR?

I HATE HER FOR INTERRUPTING ME!



I'LL FIX HER

BUT GOOD!

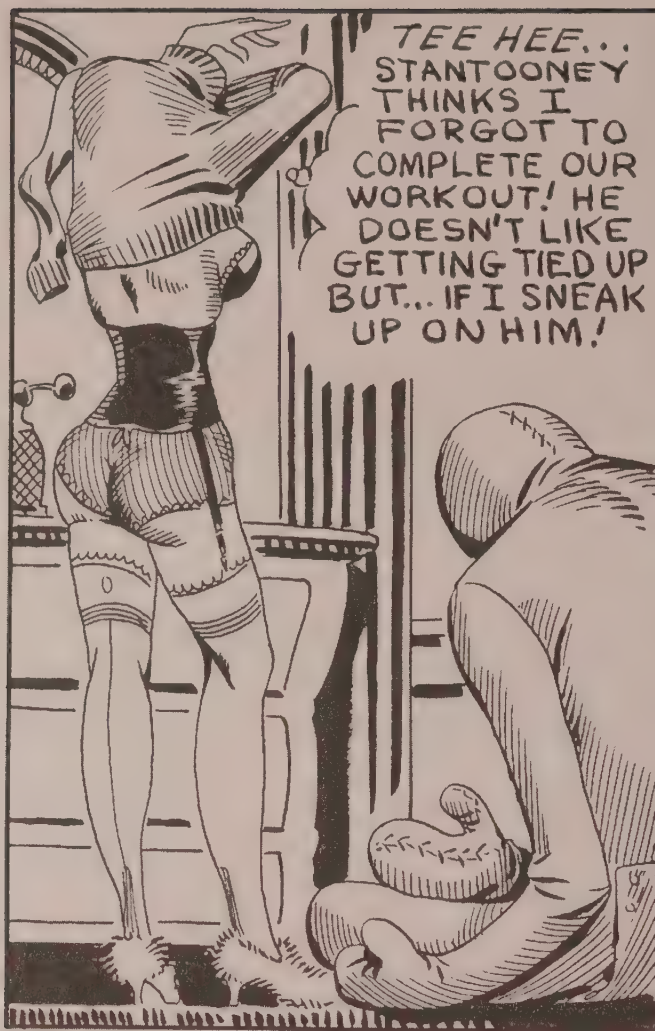


TAKE THAT SILLY BATHING MASK OFF AND WHA..MPU

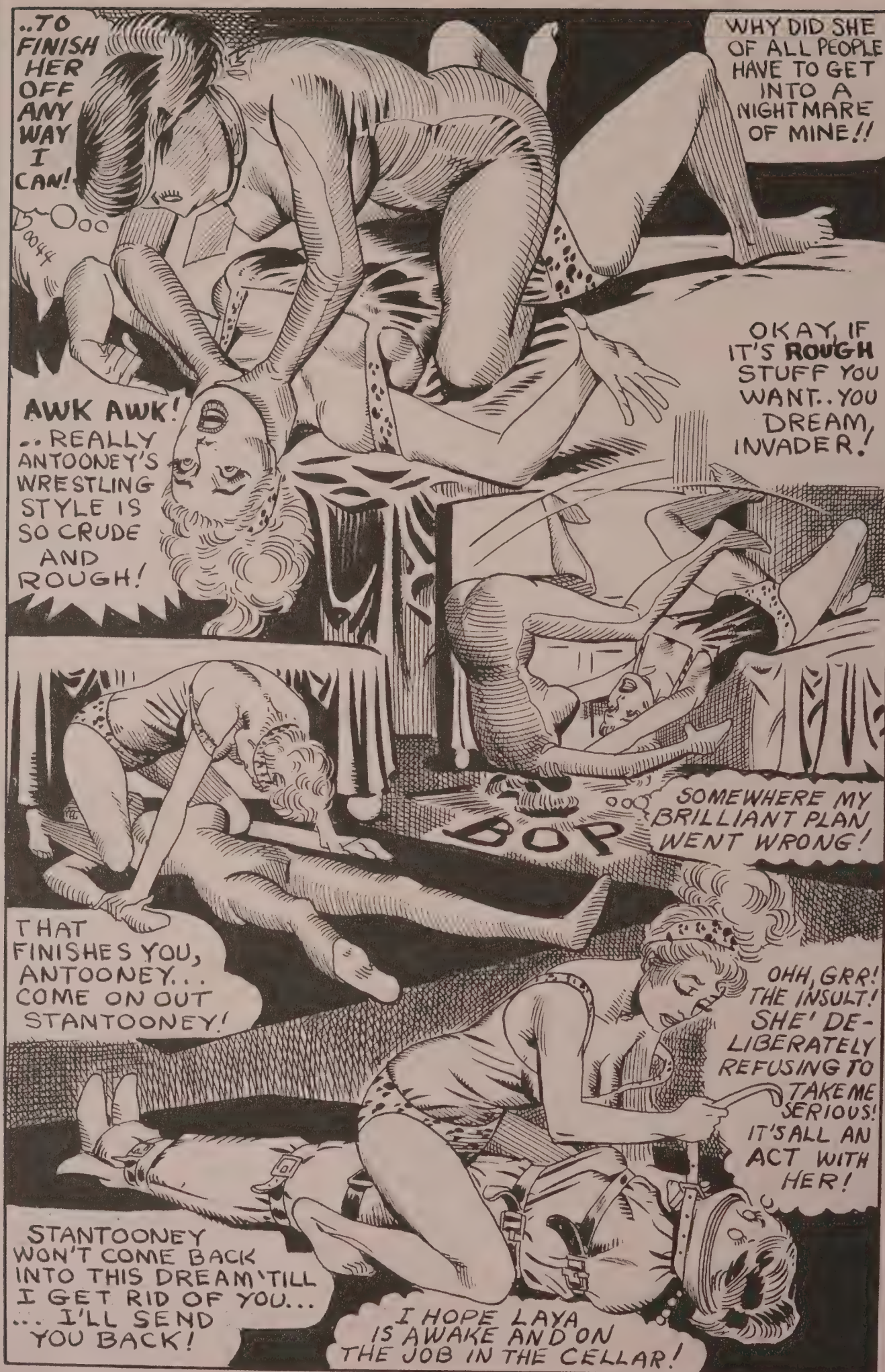
GLUR.
GLUB..
GULP!

I SHOULD DROWN HER BUT THE BOSS.. "HOOK" HAVOC WILL WANT TO QUESTION HER..TO FIND OUT WHO SHE IS!

STANTOONS INC. PRUDENTIAL BLDG || BUFFALO, N.Y.









I INSIST YOU
TAKE THIS DISTURBER
BACK AT ONCE!

NOW I'VE
GOT TO GET
REVENGE FOR
MYSELF!

REJECT

HOW
COULD
THAT
BRILLIANT
PLAN FAIL?



SURE FAST
SERVICE IN
DREAMS.. AND
I'M GLAD
YOU SHAVED OFF
YOUR MUSTACHE
AND
BEARD!

GULP! ER..
THAT WAS MY
TWIN SISTER,
ER BROTHER!

OOHH!
GRR! I'LL
GET EVEN
WITH
OO-44!



WHAT'S
OUR
NEXT
BRILLIANT
PLAN
THAT
CAN'T
FAIL
CHAME-
LEON?

THIS TIME
WE MAKE
OO-44 COME
TO US! AND
WE'LL SET
A TRAP
SHE'LL
NEVER
GET
OUT
OF!



IT
WON'T
WORK!
SHE
WON'T
FALL
INTO
ANY OF
OUR
TRAPS!

HEH! HEH! NOT FALL
INTO RUN!.. I GOT
A BRILLIANT PLAN
THAT CAN'T FAIL!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS
COLLECT THE BAIT FOR
OUR TRAP... GET
OUT MY OO-44
DISGUISE!!

FACE
PUTTY



Film stills from **Camilla, Livia and Bernie**, 1973





Film stills from **Sweet Gwendolyn's Back**, 1973

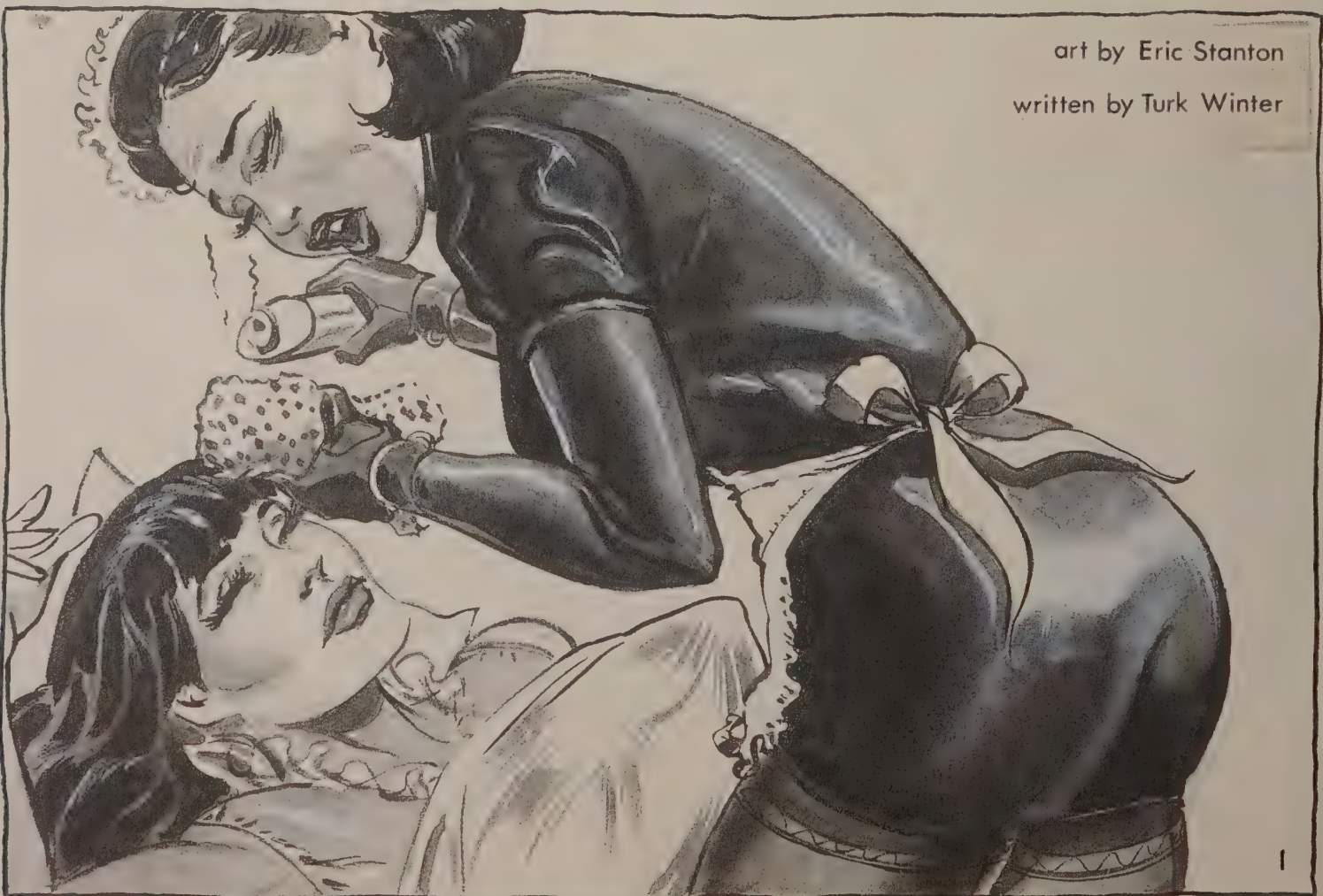
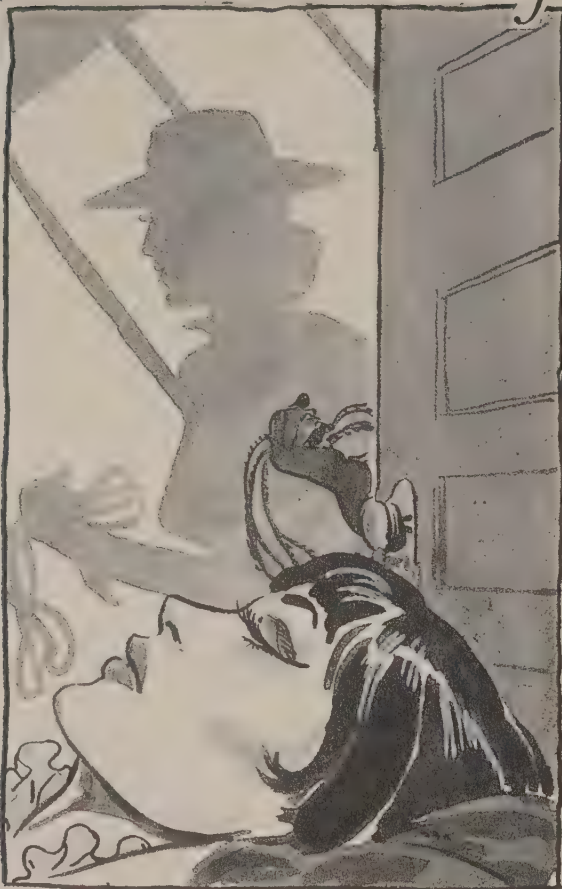




Film stills from **Camilla and Natasha**, 1973



The Adventures of Gwendoline



art by Eric Stanton
written by Turk Winter

Pages 260-265: Illustrations from **The Adventures of Gwendoline**, 1980 (Story by Turk Winter)











The Adventures of Sweeter Gwen PART 2



Illustrations from **The Adventures of Sweeter Gwen**, Part 2, 1980





10

Straddlers on Request, 1978



OVER PARKED!

Petey the pimp has been caught short at the meter by officer O'Hair and is being booked by that worthy leg og the law. He has tried to resist, but his puny efforts have come to naught. He is starting to pay his penalty already as Officer O'Hair is writing up the ticket on his arrest.

Petey the pimp?

He is being charged with resisting assault from an officer and trying to escape, and oh yes, overtime parking! He has been read his rights before being silenced by me. He is also charged with trying to hide his true occupation by not properly servicing said officer!



Straddlers on Request, 1978

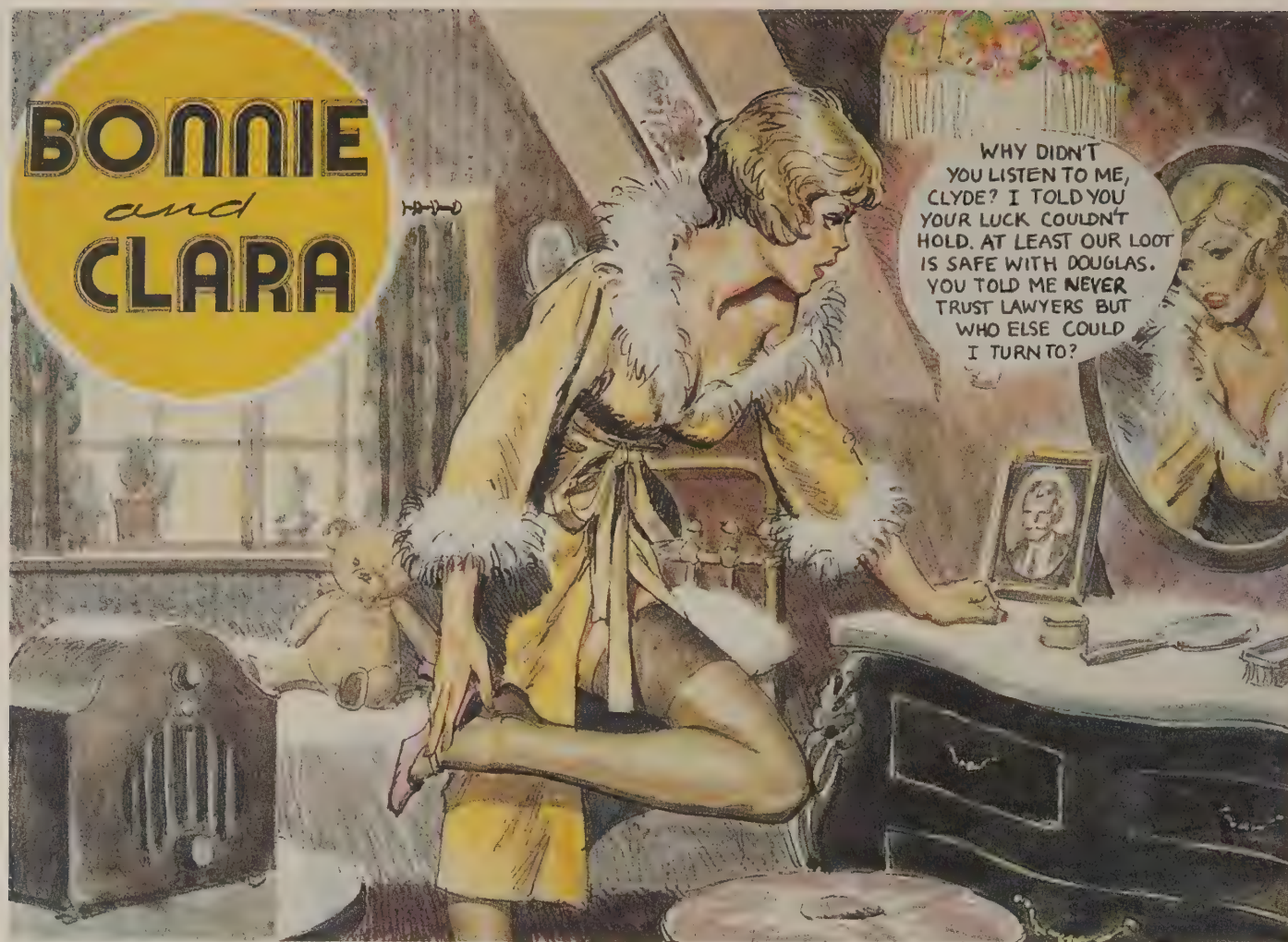
No man yet had proved strong enough to outlast Superba. Her muscular thighs and crotch always emerged victorious. This test of strength proved no different. With her victim firmly smothered in her embrace, Superba enjoyed a cigarette while punishing this upstart.





Illustrations from **Man Disciplined**, Part 1, 1978





Pages 274-281: **Bonnie and Clara**, 1974 (Story by Stanton, drawings by Fred Winter)





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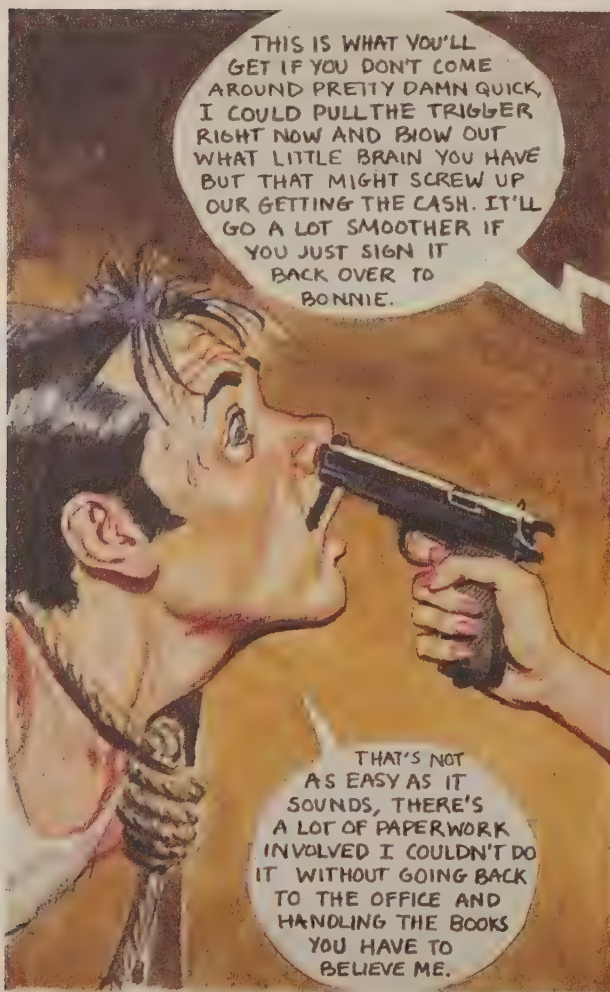
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12



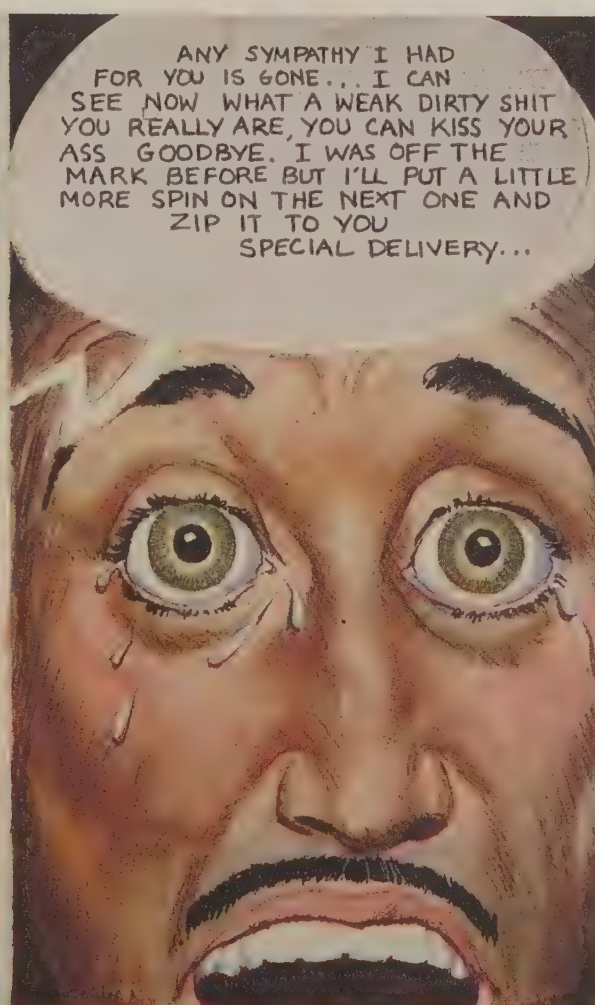
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14



15



16

STANTON ARCHIVES PRESENTS

THE

PUNISHED PUBLISHER

\$6

81 ILLUSTRATIONS

by STANTON

DIALOGUE by
JOHN CLEVE



48
PAGES

FOR
ADULTS ONLY

Cover of *The Punished Publisher*, undated

ANN ADAMS.. ROBERT CASWELL.. JOY SLOAN..



..author of seven books, all published by Dolphin Press.



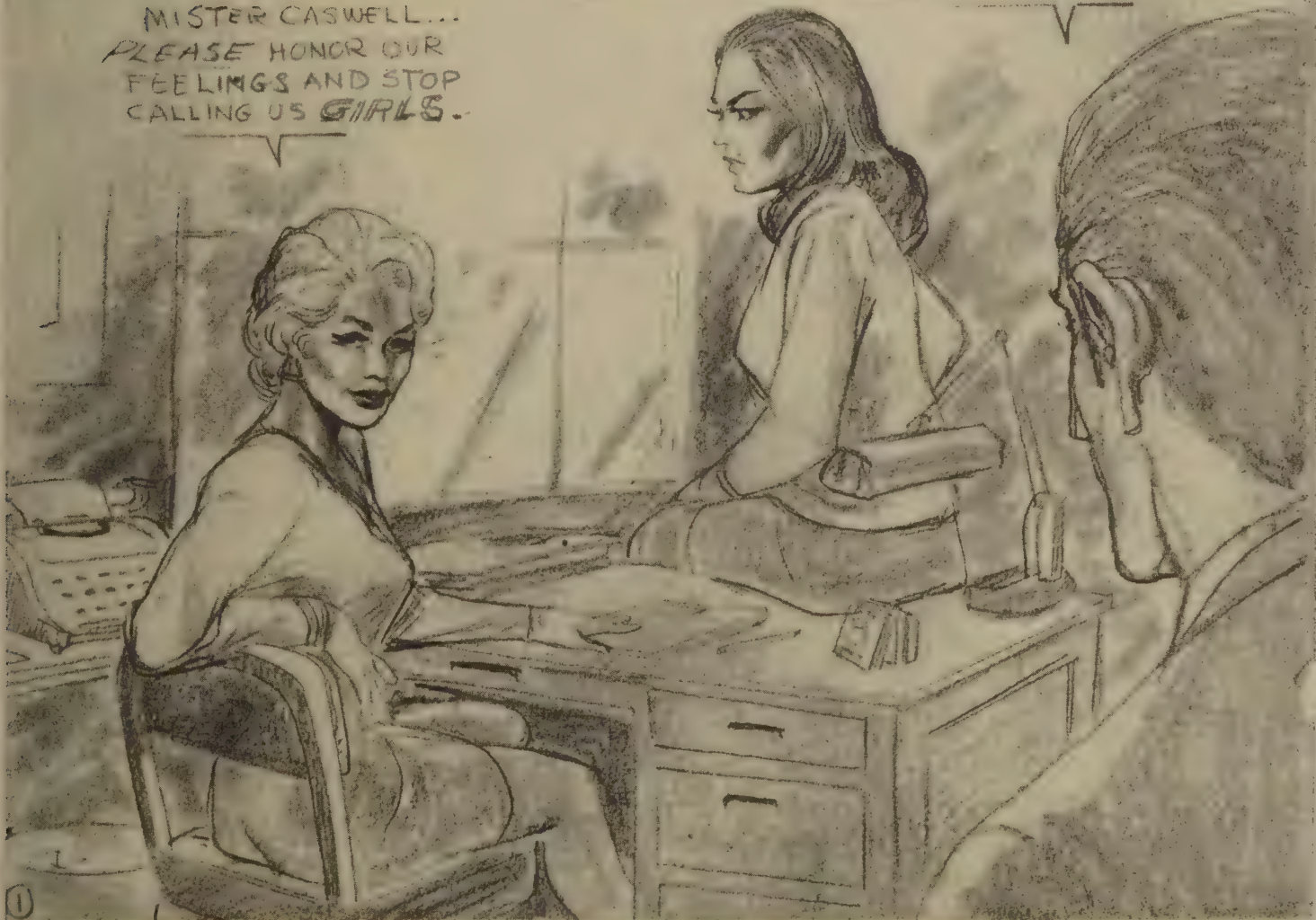
..son of the founder and now president of Dolphin Press.



..Editor in-chief at Dolphin Press, a very competent woman.

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS, IT'S NEARLY QUITTING TIME. AH-- ANN MY DEAR. THERE ARE SOME CHANGES WE NEED TO DISCUSS IN YOUR LATEST MANUSCRIPT---IS THAT IT?

MISTER CASWELL... PLEASE HONOR OUR FEELINGS AND STOP CALLING US GIRLS.



NO, WAIT,
YOU CAN'T
MEAN TO --

YAAAA

He screams with unmanly shrillness as agony rips through his tormented backside in a blazing stab that jerks him violently and makes him pour sweat. The thin strip of plastic is a burning pain. He tries to escape--but Ann viciously holds him down, painfully pulling his hair. But that is a pallid sensation, compared with the agony of his buttocks which he tries desperately to cool with a rhythmic back-and-forth swaying.

That makes Joy giggle, which only deepens his humiliation and anguish.

43

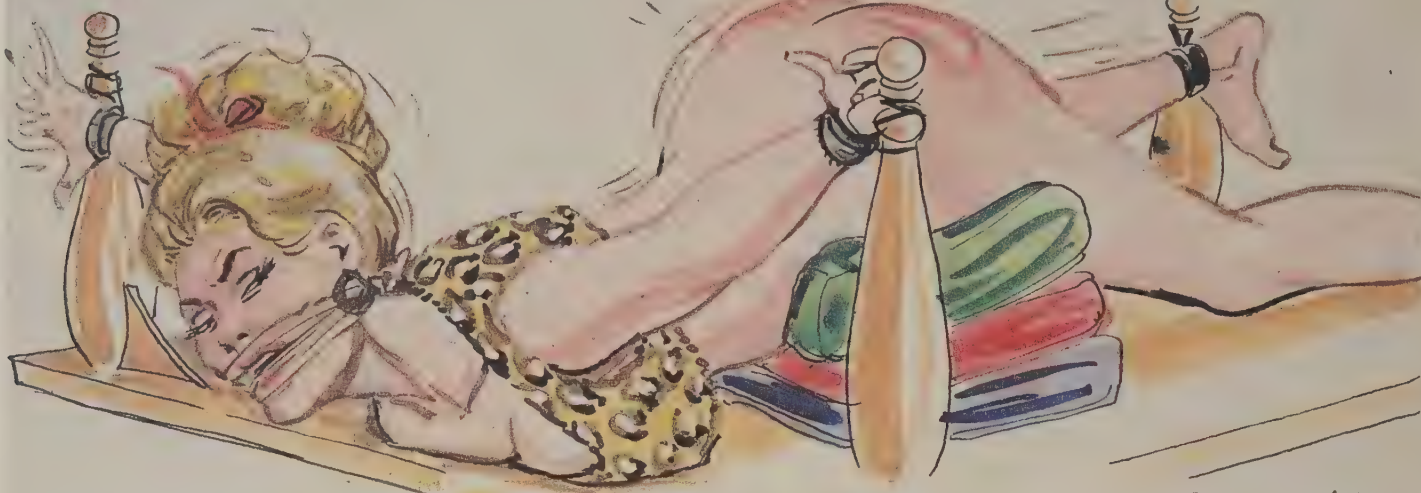
OH, LOVELY!
NOW HE IS
PETER-FACE!
UMM HOW
BECOMING,
BOB DEAR.
BY THE WAY...

OK, SO I'M FIRED.
I GOT A JOB OFFER
FROM DOUBLE DAY
JUST TODAY -- AND
AT BETTER MONEY!
I JUST MIGHT...
Ooh, ANN, THE
FEEL OF IT...
I'M GETTING ALL
TURNUED ON
AGAIN!

WE'LL MAYBE
SOMETHING CAN B
DONE ABOUT THAT, J.
BUT FIRST, LET'S G
GLE PETER-FACE
OUT INTO THE
HALLWAY SO H
CAN GREET HIS
WIFE WHEN
SHE COMES
IN.



FIRE EXPLODED INTO HER UPTHrust BOTTOM WITH A SHARP CRACK... AGAIN!..



HER PELVIS THUMPED THE TABLE!.. AGAIN--THE FLAMES SPREAD IN HER RUMP. AGAIN---

IT HURT! AGAIN. A-G-A-I-N. SHE SQUIRMED, MOANING. SWEAT POPPED FORTH. ANOTHER BLOW! HER CHEEKS MUST BE THE COLOR OF RIPE TOMATOES! WHAT WAS SHE USING!?



THEN SHE GROANED, SHIVERING HARDER AS CINDY LANDED 25 MORE--SHE COUNTED ALOUD..

17, 18, ... 19. .. 16, 17

NO...NO...
20, 21... 33

NOW WITH HER PALM. THAT NOT ONLY HURT, IT WAS MORE HUMILIATING. SHE SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS A GROOVE TO SLAP HER PALM DOWN ATHWART THE DEEP, NARROW VALLEY BETWEEN THE WHITE HILLS OF HER RUMP.
"THAT," THE GRINNING VOICE TOLD HER UNNECESSARILY, "WAS A HAND."



DONNA TWISTED HER HEAD TO GLOWER AT HER TORMENTRESS TO GET A REAL GOOD LOOK! SHE'D NOT WANT TO FORGET THIS FACE!

SHE JERKED HER HEAD....
HER BRAIN SCREAMED! AHHH!
PAIN BIT INTO HER EAR....

EASY... I'VE GOT A FINGER THROUGH THOSE SEXY EARRINGS. BET THAT SMARTED A LITTLE, DIDN'T IT LITTLE GIRL?





Illustrations from **Blunder Broad**, Chapter 6, 1976





Blunder Broad, Chapter 3, 1976



As Dana King, not as the costumed crimefighter Blunder Broad, was she invited to dine with Senator Simon "Teddy" Baer and his beautiful wife Rita.

She almost didn't notice the undressing look given her by the doorman at the Baer's posh apartment building--almost. Poor devil paid the price for being a male chauvinist.



Illustrations from **Blunder Broad**, Chapter 14, 1976

On the way up to the top floor, the elevator boy, too, eyeballed her...Pain! Agony to her most precious and prideful possessions. At least she had herself in order as she met the charming couple. She was welcomed and handed a dry Martini.

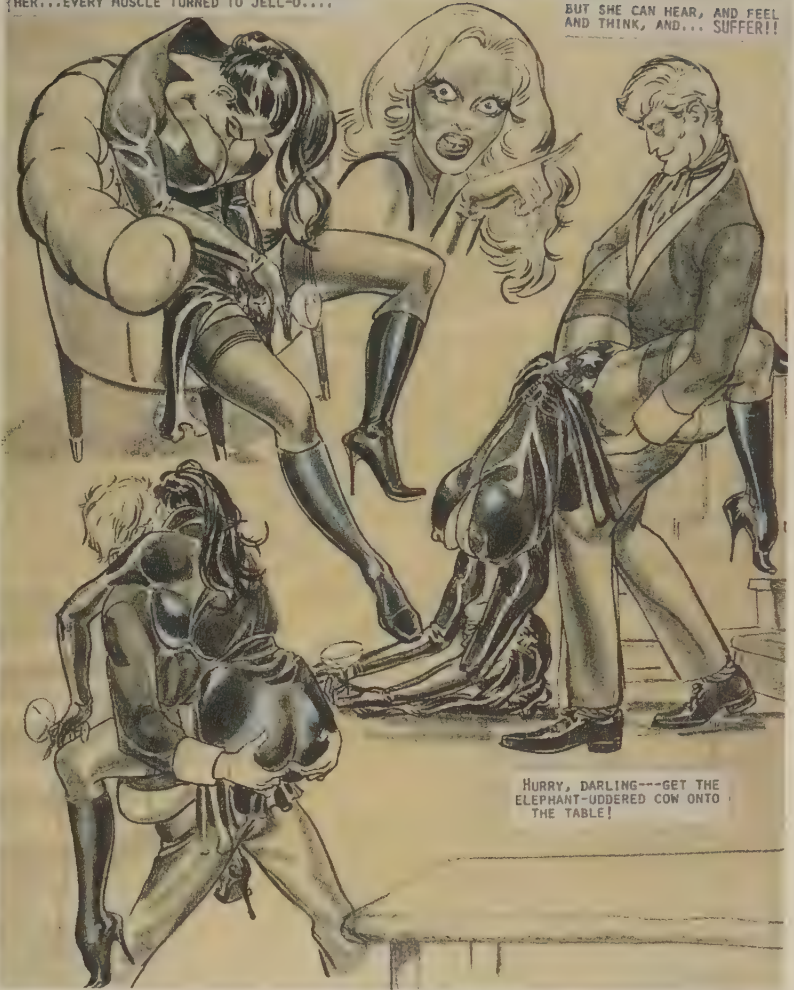


Dana/Blunder-Broad was NOT a drinker but after all she wasn't in uniform...

...and all the right people drink Martinis.

Deciding it would be gauche to refuse, she accepted...and drained it.

THE PIG GULPED IT RIGHT DOWN, TEDDY! LOOK AT HER...EVERY MUSCLE TURNED TO JELL-O...



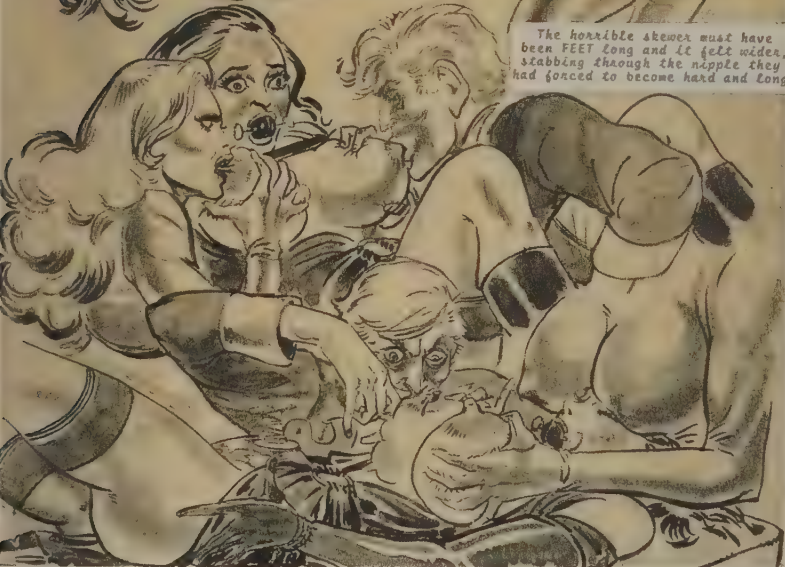
BUT SHE CAN HEAR, AND FEEL AND THINK, AND... SUFFER!!

HURRY, DARLING---GET THE ELEPHANT-ODDERED COW ONTO THE TABLE!

They each bared her twinned beauties. Seemingly in quest of milk, they sucked hard! Their helpless victim could do nothing...except become more aroused, even as teek worried her lengthening nipples. And then came REAL pain!



The horrible skewer must have been FEET long and it felt wider, stabbing through the nipple they had forced to become hard and long



If only the captive could have seen Elka's Great Secret, as the blonde changed into a wet-suit! Perhaps Dana King might have realized why her hosts had it in for a girl with such a fantastic chest.



Dana did not see however. She was busy having her most precious turning, hips chain-linked, and then being hoisted on a pole that cut into her long-sleeved undergarment, and watching him make cast after cast at her...and then...

OH NO! NO! HEAVENLY HERA HELP ME...THOSE AREN'T... SPEARS SHE'S SHOOTING AT MEEE!



Illustrations from **Blunder Broad**, Chapter 16, 1976





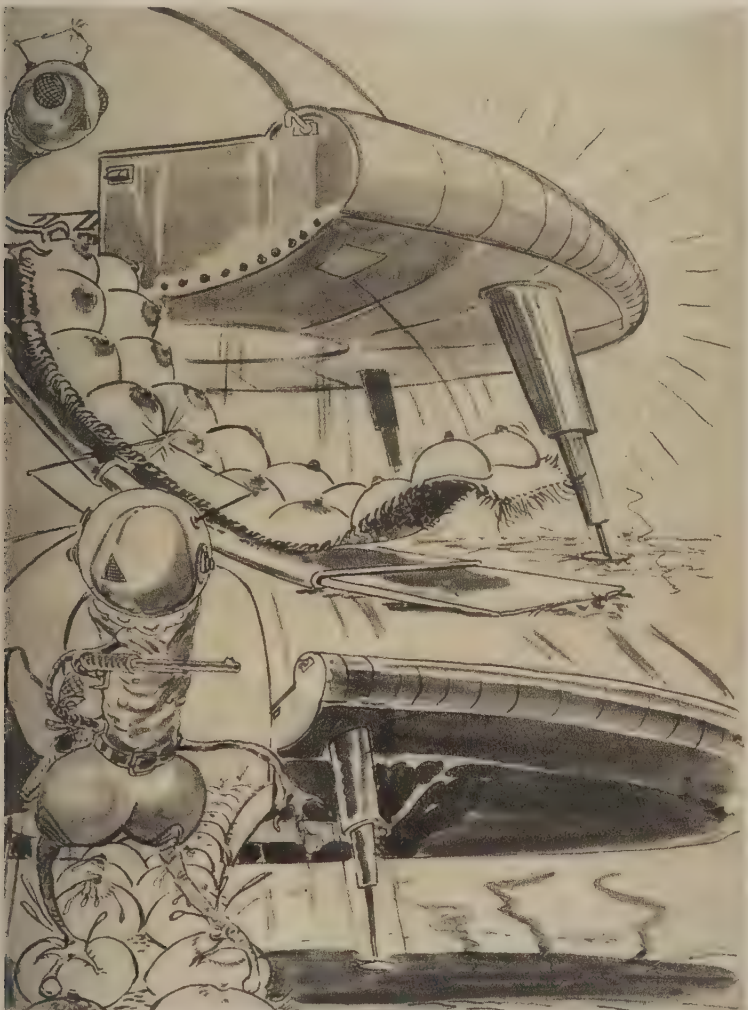
Blunder Broad, Chapter 29, 1976



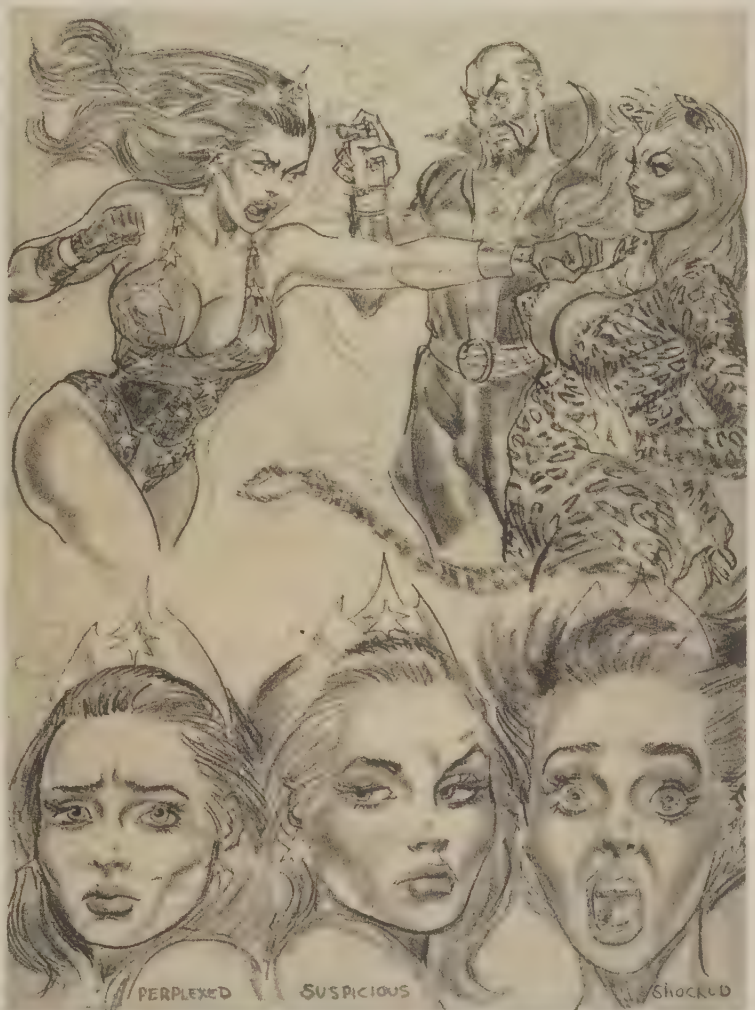
Blunder Broad, Chapter 28, 1976



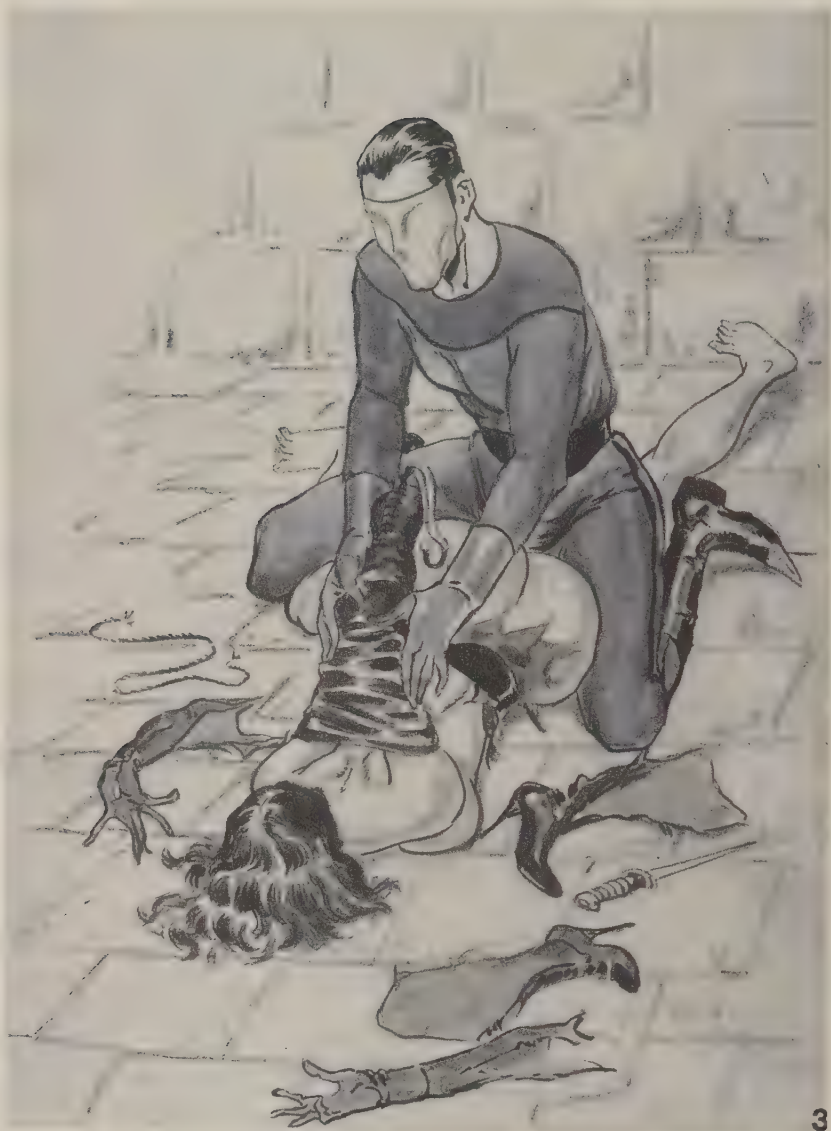
Blunder Broad, Chapter 28, 1976



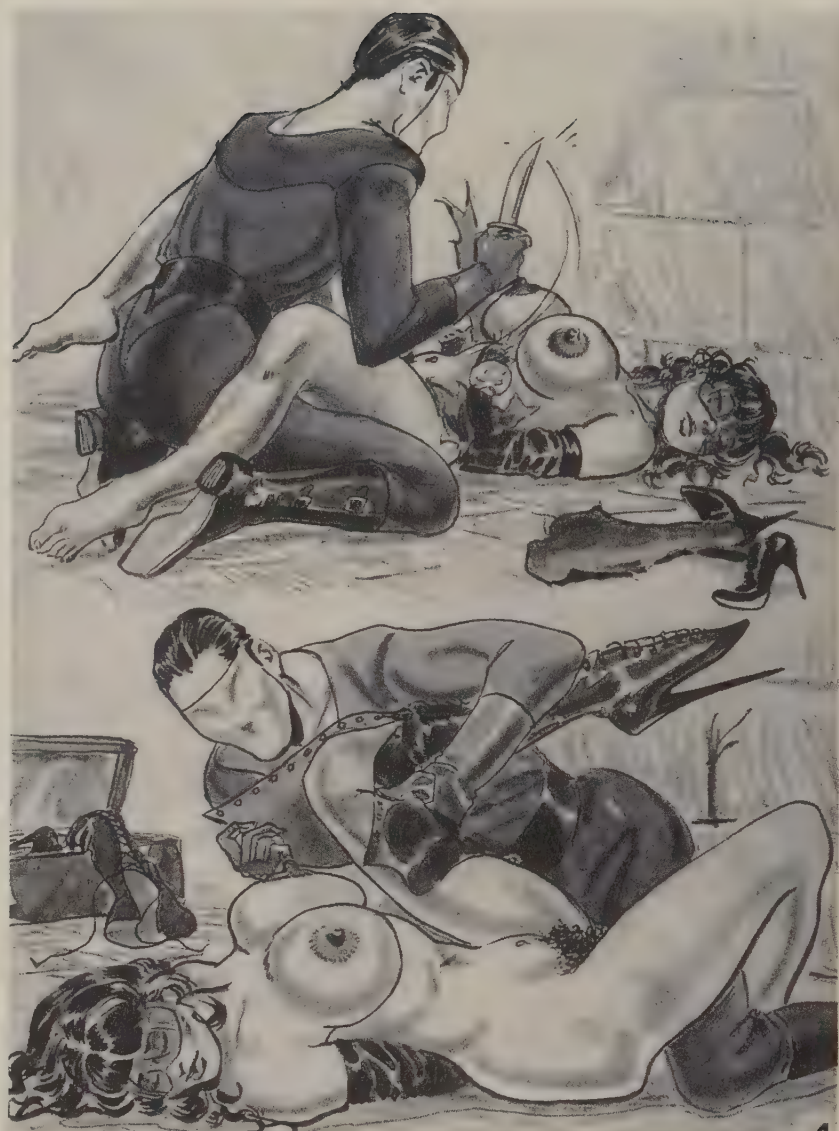
Blunder Broad, Chapter 31, 1976



Blunder Broad, Chapter 31, 1976



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4

Illustrations from **Blunder Broad**, Chapter 39, 1976



STANTOONS - THE PRESENT







Illustrations from **Passive Peeper**, 1986



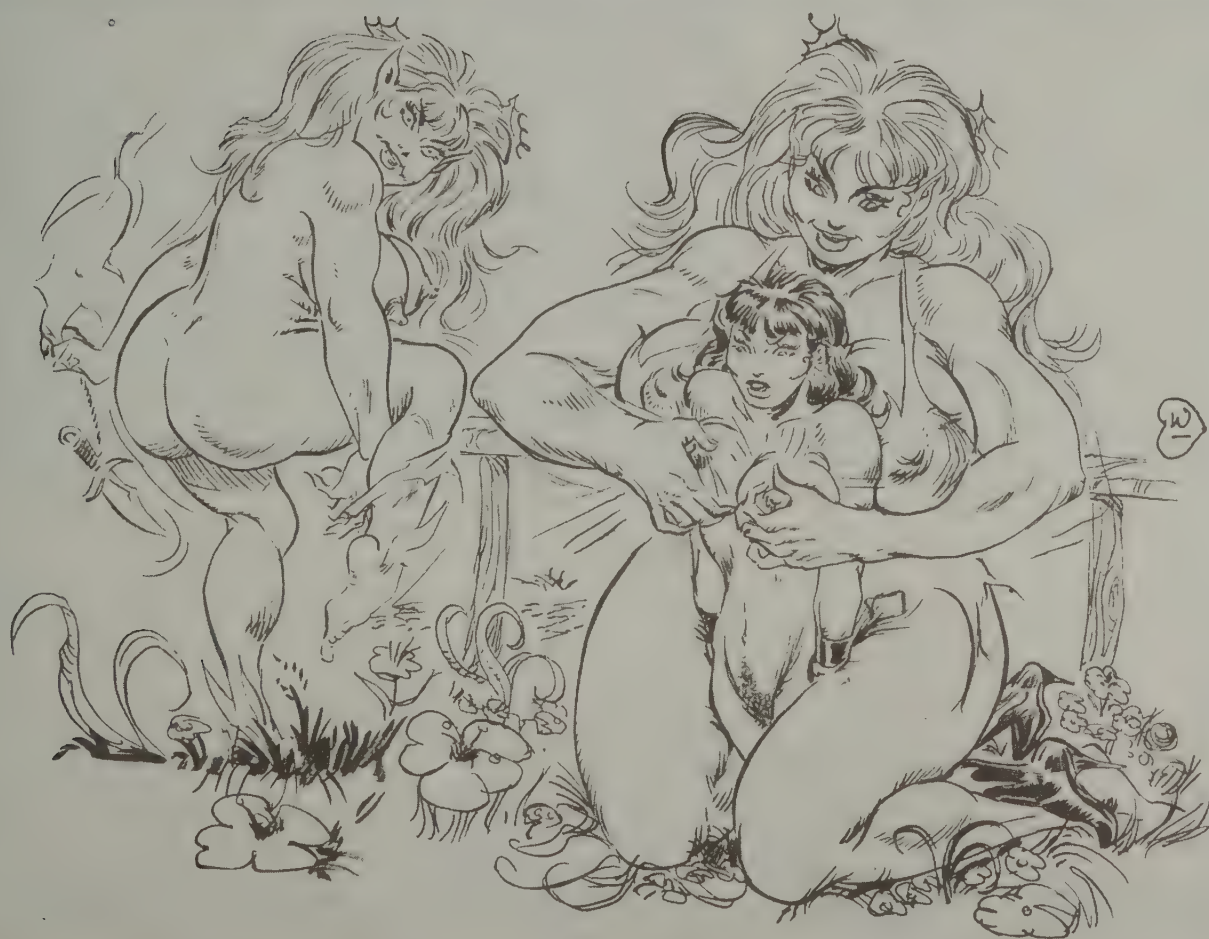


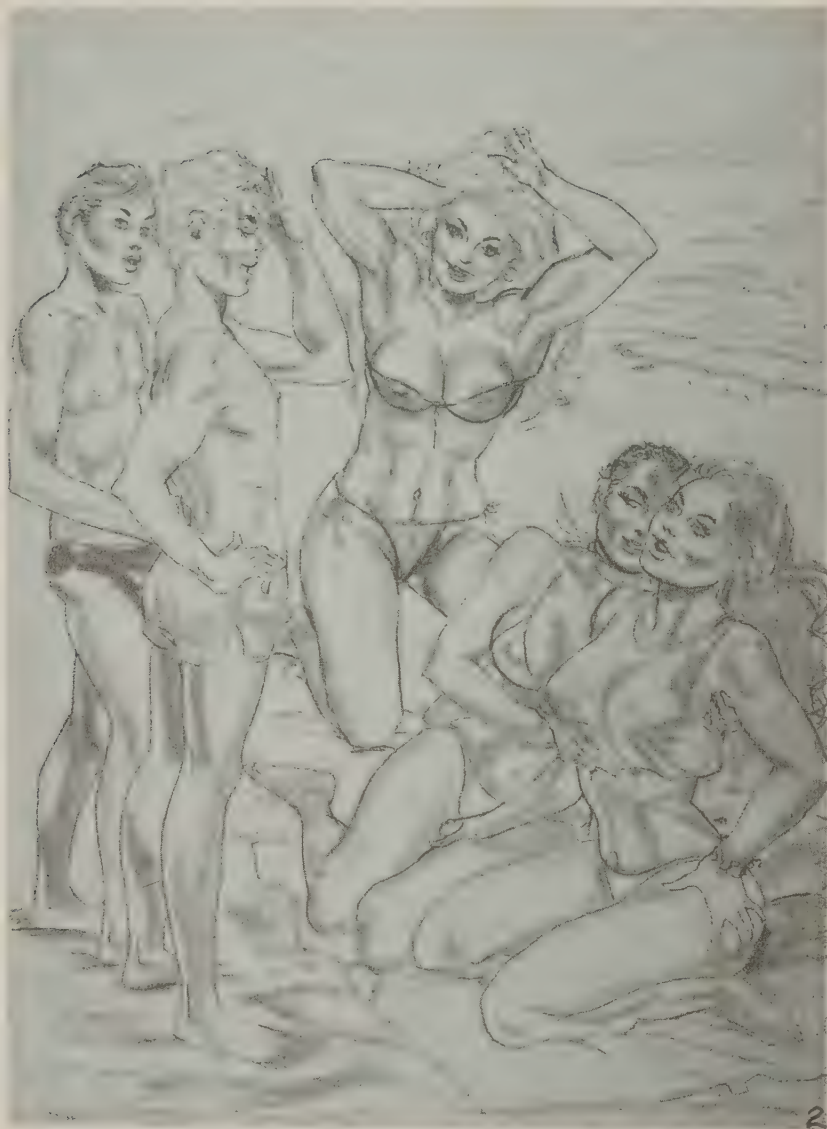
Illustrations from **Passive Peeper**, 1986



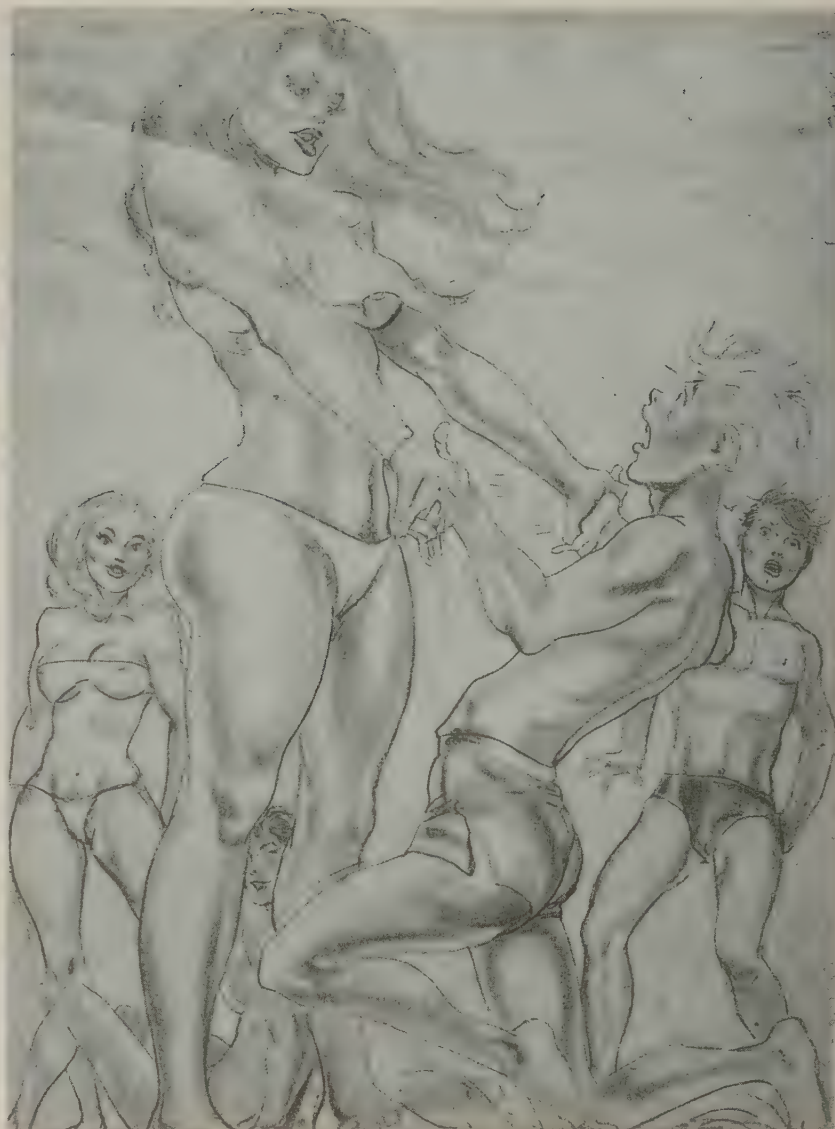


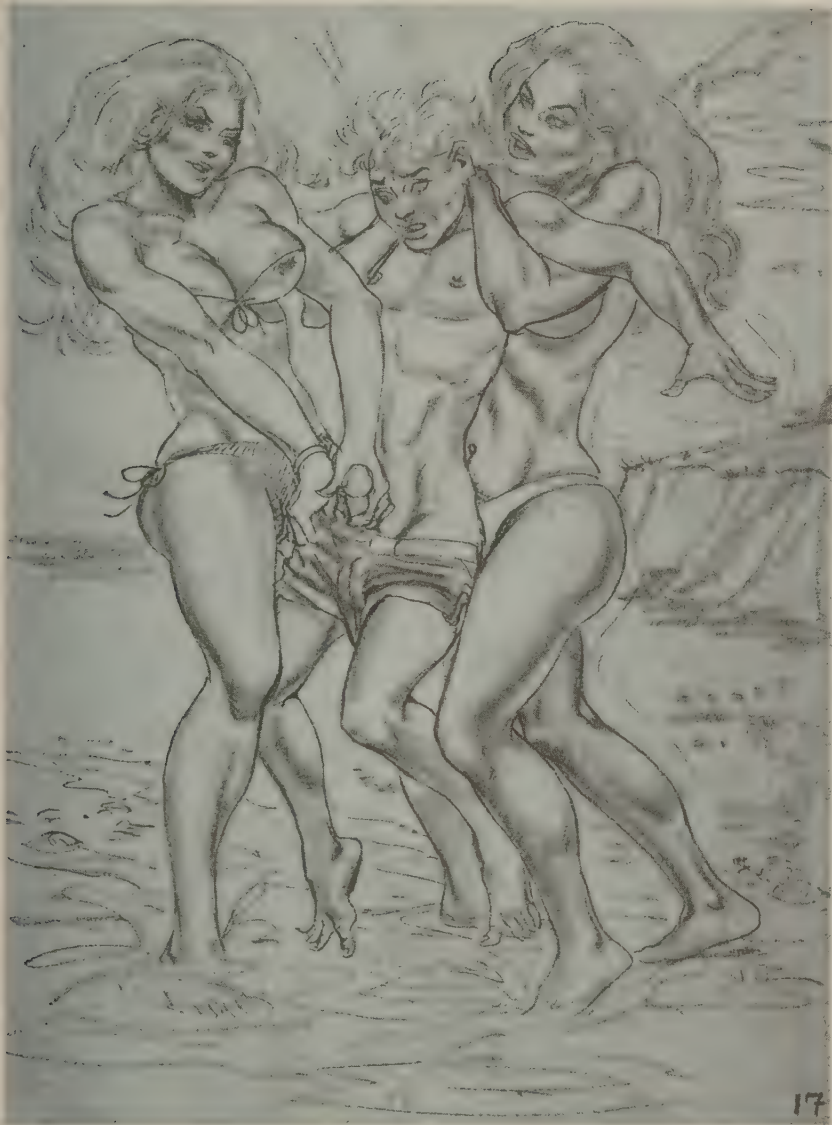
Cover of **Blundie in Blunderland**, 1990





Illustrations from **Beach Defeat**, 1987





The slapping stopped for a moment as his father's rough hand dug deeply into the hidden crevice of her thighs... he could see the pink cheeks of her behind, now almost scarlet and purple... how strange to see his mother fondle with a gracious hand her own swollen breast and tugging on her turgid nipple until it would burst.





HOWEVER BIZARRE THIS MIGHT SEEM, BEN TOOK PARTICULAR DELIGHT IN WATCHING HIS WIFE DAINLYLY LIFT HER GOWN AND REVEAL HER BEAUTEIOUS BUTTOCKS FOR HIS DELECTATION...

...AND COMPLETE SATISFACTION WHEN DRAPING HERSELF OVER HIS KNEES LIKE A GREAT DOLL, FRAGRANT AND SWEET, SHE SAID IN THE VERY SOFTEST VOICE, "...NOW DARLING... I'M READY."

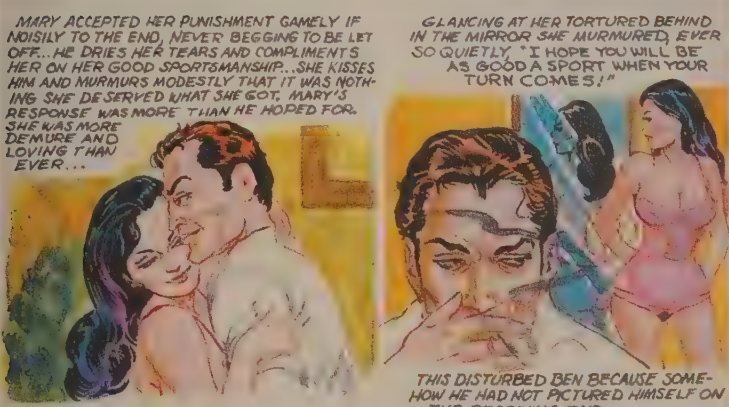
HESITATINGLY AT FIRST, THEN MORE FIRMLY HE WARMS UP TO THE DELIGHTFUL TASK. HIS FIRST TOUCH WAS THE CULMINATION OF A LIFETIME OF DREAMS. A CONSUMMATION OF FANTASY BECOMING REAL.

8



NEVER HAD HE FELT SO MUCH THE MASTER AS WHEN WITH ONE SHARP BLOW HE FELT THE SOFT, RIPE BODY, TENSE AND RELEASE, CONTRACT AND YIELD IN STARTLED SHORT SPASMS, RYTHMIC TO HIS APPLIED CONSTRAINT. THE SLAPS RAIN DOWN HARDER AND FASTER... THE WHITE MOUNDS OF FLESH QUIVERED AND BILLOWED AS FROM A STORM, TURNING FROM IVORY WHITE TO PINK, VERMILLION, FUSIA, SCARLET, PURPLE... HE THOROUGHLY ENJOYS THE SIGHT AND SOUNDS OF THE TWISTING ARCHING BOTTOM AND THE SQUEALS AND YELPS OF PAIN FROM HIS CHASTISED WIFE.

9



MARY ACCEPTED HER PUNISHMENT GAMEDLY IF NOISILY TO THE END, NEVER BEGGING TO BE LET OFF... HE DRIES HER TEARS AND COMPLIMENTS HER ON HER GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP... SHE KISSES HIM AND MURMURS MODESTLY THAT IT WAS NOTHING SHE DESERVED WHAT SHE GOT, MARY'S RESPONSE WAS MORE THAN HE HOPED FOR. SHE WAS MORE DEMURE AND LOVING THAN EVER...

GLANCING AT HER TORTURED BEHIND IN THE MIRROR SHE MURMURED, EVER SO QUIETLY, "I HOPE YOU WILL BE AS GOOD A SPORT WHEN YOUR TURN COMES!"

THIS DISTURBED BEN BECAUSE SOMEHOW HE HAD NOT PICTURED HIMSELF ON THE RECEIVING END.



ABOUT A WEEK LATER, MR. BEVINS, THE CHIEF FOREMAN AT KASSON'S CALLED BEN ON AN URGENT MATTER; HE LEFT A MESSAGE WITH MARY WHICH SHE FORGOT TO DELIVER. BEN WAS ADAMANT, SHE MUST BE DISCIPLINED AGAIN, BUT MARY MADE A STRANGE REQUEST, PRIOR TO SUBMISSION...

TIE MY HANDS BEHIND MY BACK, BEFORE YOU SPANK ME.

10



DAMN YOU... I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT CLIENT ON THE PHONE... LONG DISTANCE

12



THE RECORD PLAYER STOPS...
... AS THE SPANKING PROGRESSES,
HE BEGINS TO SQUIRM... BUT REMAINS
SILENT AND THE ONLY SOUND IS THAT
OF THE BRISK WHACKS RE-SOUNDING
THROUGH THE ROOM. EACH TIME
SHE RAISES HER ARM HER BREASTS
SWAY IN RHYTHM AND SHE GRUNTS
WITH PLEASURE AT EACH DOWNWARD
SWING. A LOCK OF HER HAIR FALLS
OVER HER FOREHEAD, THEN TUMBLES
ABUNDANTLY ABOUT HER FACE. A
WICKED SMILE CURVES HER LIPS AS
SHE OBSERVES THE CONVULSING
MOTIONS OF THE BUTTOCKS
IMPRISONED OVER HER LAP.
A RED FLUSH COVERS
BOTH CHEEKS.



HE IS BITING HIS LIPS WONDERING IF SHE
WILL EVER STOP, TOO PROUD TO CRY OUT.
BUT AT A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS SWAT,
HE INSTINCTIVELY GIVES VOICE TO HIS
PAIN AND FRUSTRATION...

YAAHHH!
THAT
HURT!!

"BEGINNING TO
FEEL IT, DEAR?"
SHE ASKS
SOLISTIOUSLY?



SHE KNOWS
VERY WELL HE
BEGAN TO FEEL
IT LONG BEFORE
THIS...

A Fantasy of mine painted would be great.
 I remember the first time I was kidnapped
 by three dressed women, the
 women were dressed similar to the
 woman shown on page eleven of The art
 of Stanton (the last one of "Mrs. Tyndal's finishing school"
 on the right). They bind me, and very
 soon I am dressed like my mother, (like the
 woman in the picture, all) and I wake up and
 find I am in the same place as the woman in the picture.
 In the fantasy they then dress me like a woman, just
 like the woman in the picture, and then I am forced to
 get into a car with them, and taken to some
 mysterious cabin.
 I realize not all of this can be put in one
 painting, but as an artist maybe you can
 come up with a way to put it in as much
 as you can ^{or something} think about it. Also
 no men in this fantasy, just women.
 Thank you for your time, I look forward
 to hearing from you.

First letter by "Paul" to Stanton, 1995

To Eric,
 I never thought about you doing a
 complete story about my fantasy, but I find
 that idea very exciting.
 I enclosed some ideas on how it should
 play, however feel free to change anything
 you see fit to make it more exciting.
 What is important is that the character
 that is kidnapped look like me. (I enclosed
 some photos, hope that's O.K.) Please make
 the ~~story~~ ^{drawings} as detailed as possible, that
 is what I have always liked about your
 work. (Pleasure Bound is my favorite)
 Also if you can do some in color, that
 would be great. I will have those framed.
 No men in this fantasy, and the
 woman should not be taller than me, I'm 6'2".
 I need to have this look as real as
 possible. Thank you.

Letter No. 2, part 1

TRANS-FEM-ATION

Stanton claims he illustrates other people's fantasies and his own. Here is one man's fantasy illustrated by Stanton from genesis to completion. The collaboration begins when an admirer writes Stanton asking him to illustrate in one drawing his innermost fantasy. The story is: a man is kidnapped and involuntarily transformed into a woman by three strong women. He is brought by his kidnappers to the home of three Amazons and made to serve as "sex maid".

Stanton suggests the fantasy become a series of illustrations. The man eagerly agrees. Stanton makes "roughs" (sketches) and asks questions. The man fills in the gaps and writes his comments right on the Stanton roughs. The man in the illustrations must look like him. The women must not be bigger than his 6 foot frame. It must contain realistic details. Stanton refines the "roughs", adding and subtracting to get closer to the man's fantasy. "C.C." is brought in to write the text. The man makes further suggestions referring to earlier Stanton drawings (i.e. "Pleasure Bound").

Finally Stanton draws the illustrations that mirror this man's deepest sexual fantasy. Eventually the story will become a small book which Stanton will include in a future Stantoons' bulletin.

The door bell rings. I answer it and see 3 beautiful mature, elegantly dressed women standing before me. They are dressed in tight fitting black dresses (like the women on page 11 of "The Art of Stanton, Mrs Tyrants Enriching school for women on the right). Make the "leader" look just like her. These women are my kid nappers. They ask if they can use the phone because of car trouble. I let them in, and before I know what is happening I'm being chloroformed. When I wake up I am tied to a small sturdy wood stool. My body has been shaved, and I am completely naked. I feel like a plucked chicken. My arms are in a tight rubber bondage device with my elbows tied back, ~~and my legs are tied back~~.

Letter No. 2, part 2

TRANS-FEM-ATION

Stanton sagt von seiner Arbeit, er illustrierte die Phantasien anderer Leute und einige seiner eigenen. Die Zusammenarbeit beginnt mit dem Brief eines Bewunderers, der seine innerste und geheimste Phantasie in einem einzigen Bild Stantons illustriert haben möchte. Es ist die Phantasie eines Mannes, der von drei starken Frauen entführt und gegen seinen Willen in eine Frau verwandelt wird. Seine Kidnapperinnen bringen ihn in das Haus von drei Amazonen. Dort wird er zur „Sexdienerin“.

Stanton schlägt vor, aus dieser Phantasie eine ganze Serie zu machen. Dem stimmt sein Bewunderer sofort zu. Stanton beginnt mit den Entwürfen und stellt Fragen. Der Mann beantwortet diese und schreibt seine Kommentare direkt auf die Skizzen. Daß der Mann ihm ähnlich sehen muß; daß die Frauen nicht größer sein dürfen als er – er ist ein Meter achtzig groß; daß die Bilder realistische Details enthalten sollen. Stanton verfeinert seine Skizzen, fügt hier ein Detail hinzu, läßt dort eines weg und nähert sich so den Vorstellungen des Mannes immer mehr an. „C.C.“ wird mit dem Text beauftragt. Der Mann macht weitere Vorschläge, die sich auf frühere Zeichnungen Stantons beziehen (zum Beispiel „Pleasure Bound“).

Schließlich gelingt es Stanton, in seinen Zeichnungen die sexuelle Phantasie des Mannes genauestens einzufangen. Später wird er die Illustrationen zu einem kleinen Buch zusammenstellen und in einem seiner Stantoons-Kataloge anbieten.

I look over at the table in the room and see on the table, make up, lip stick, ^{nylon} hosiery, large rubber novelty breast tape, ect... I start to ~~move~~ ^{move} and my ^{cotton} head is held, ~~now~~ ^{now} and a thick doughy wadding is packed deeply into my mouth, it tastes terrible, and I make a gagging sound. Then like (toni goes to the bondo ball) tape is tightly wound around my mouth and a skin tight skull cap added, I now have the gag look. It should be very ~~un~~ uncomfortable. My head is now held back tightly, and make up and lipstick added to the tape, lips are painted on the tape, giving me that "delightfully stupid, happy" expression. I am now seated from the stool. I am then dressed like "toni" with large Rubber breast, nylon stockings, a very tight corset around my bound arms, and an ultra tight fitting black dress (like page 11, the Art of Stanton), elegant, open toed high heels, and a hat and wig like "toni" added.

Letter No. 2, part 3

TRANS-FEM-ATION

Stanton se décrit comme un illustrateur de fantasmes, ceux des autres comme les siens. Voici, de sa genèse à son achèvement, le fantasme d'un homme illustré par Stanton. Tout d'abord, un admirateur lui écrit pour lui demander de résumer en un dessin son fantasme le plus secret: un homme est enlevé par trois maîtresses femmes et se retrouve malgré lui travesti en femme. Ses ravisseuses le conduisent ensuite chez trois Amazones à qui il doit servir de «soubrette sexuelle». Stanton propose d'en faire une bande dessinée, ce que l'admirateur s'empresse d'accepter. Il lui envoie alors une série d'esquisses accompagnées de questions. Le commanditaire comble les lacunes et écrit directement ses commentaires sur les croquis: les dessins doivent comporter des détails réalistes; le personnage masculin doit lui ressembler et les femmes ne pas dépasser sa propre taille, à savoir 1 m 80. Stanton peaufine ses esquisses, ajoutant un détail ici, en effaçant un autre là, jusqu'à approcher le plus possible du fantasme de son client. Il fait ensuite appel à «C.C.» pour rédiger le texte. Le commanditaire propose quelques dernières suggestions en se référant à d'autres dessins de Stanton (ceux de «Pleasure Bound»).

Enfin, Stanton réalise la bande dessinée qui reflète le fantasme sexuel le plus secret de son client. Plus tard, celle-ci sera reliée en un livret et incluse dans le catalogue de Stantoons.

... should look like a sexy, curvy woman,
... now I can't believe to a woman like me, I
... to get it for her where I sit helpless in
... sent ~~between~~ the two women ~~the~~
... the other driver as a little while
... and, the driver takes hours.

It is now night time and I am pulled up
... the door, the door opens
... I am greeted by a woman wearing a sexy
... outfit, she has a pulled back hair
... and is wearing a
... under the feathered outfit. There is another
... woman in the room. She has long blonde hair, a
... (feathered top, no bra also) and is wearing tight fitting jeans,
... also barefooted, these two women are to be my

Letter No. 2, part 4

Obedience Trainers, ~~the~~ women. Each should look
... a little like 'leopard lady' from Blunderbroad, perhaps
... the one with the pulled back hair, the other
... should be Joan from Pleasure Bound volume one ~~the~~

The kidnappers collect their money for
... me and leave.

The two women take me upstairs where
... I am undressed and singlegloved and fitted
... for a ~~gag~~ tight rubber gag. I am told I
... will be trained as a female maid.

The fantasy should end with the same
... picture of Joan on pleasure bound volume one, ^{some} outfit
... as on Page 5 legs on coffee table, drink in hand, same
... kind of expression of succor on her face, except
... time has passed and my nude body has somehow
... been altered so it is now a naked, blunderbroad,
... type body, ^{but} with my face having the misty eyed gagged look.
... My only clothing are sexy high heels and a maids
... apron, I have become Joan's personal sex maid.

Letter No. 2, part 5

Yes, I am single, computer artist, I like alone, so
... wife, Secretary etc. would not work. Perhaps kidnapped
... because of angry, dumped ... these women
... got my name from her to get revenge, perhaps,
... change me into woman to get revenge, something like
... that, you might think of something better.

In that change anything you need to
... make better, you know what I want!!!
... as before, important, kidnapped person look like myself.

Thanks again ... you soon

Letter No. 3

Scenes of
... New Leob as maid.
... I need your help for
... scenes a maid might perform
... or whatever. 15 pages

Of course I could
... play up the dressing as a
... maid for 4 or 5 pages
... Then serving coffee, tablets
... etc: Lots of sexual goodies
... too. Any it will be
... fun

Play up the dressing. Then eating of mind,
... dressing with rain, serving coffee, making dirty dirty, these scenes
... get lots of sexual good to, perhaps 'let tubes
... me through the sexual good or sexual with tubes a
... between the scenes. I am excited for a trip
... scene and having. Then make Maids and
... William for front print of me that
... do that as operation of me that
... makes me look like Blunderbroad
... a sexy, single, come up
... with some great ideas!!

Letter by Stanton to "Paul" with comments by "Paul"

at me know it you need roughs back

2-28-95

To Eric

Thank you for the rough outline, looks Great

I've added a few notes and photocopies of images I like. Use them as you see fit. Also feel free to change something if you think you can make it more exciting.

I've continued the fantasy, where I am lead up the rustic wood stairs to the loft. You know what I'm looking for, so edit the story & you can't fit it into the 30 pages. (detail very important)

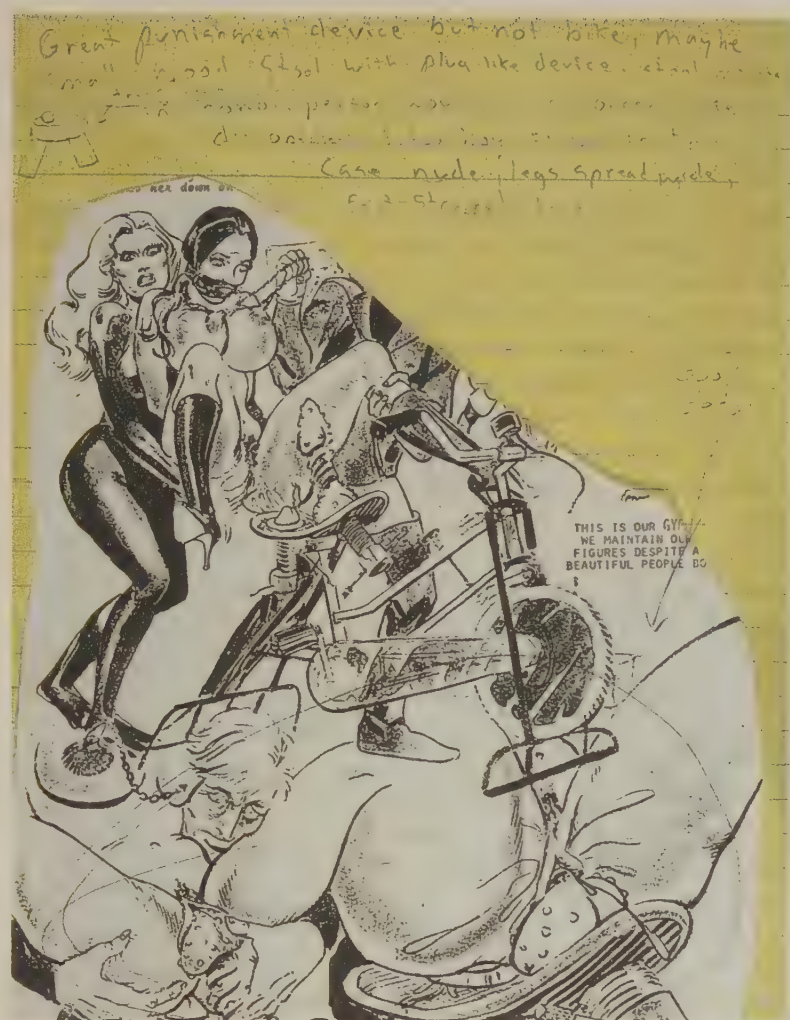
I like the idea of 4 or 5 pages of playing up the dressing and the serving coffee idea is good. I've enclosed a few ideas in the story, see what you think (perhaps cleaning the bathrooms, maybe washing and hanging their panty hose, stuff like that) and "Yes, lots of sexual goodies!!" Go for it!!

I find what you did with the "kidnapping" very exciting, would it be possible to see more??? (Maybe in the car or being prepped and dressed.) It would be OK with me to lose page 13 with the kiss, since that would mess the "makeup" and I feel these women wouldn't take that chance in a kidnapping, however, perhaps another in the car would be good. (See notes with photocopies)

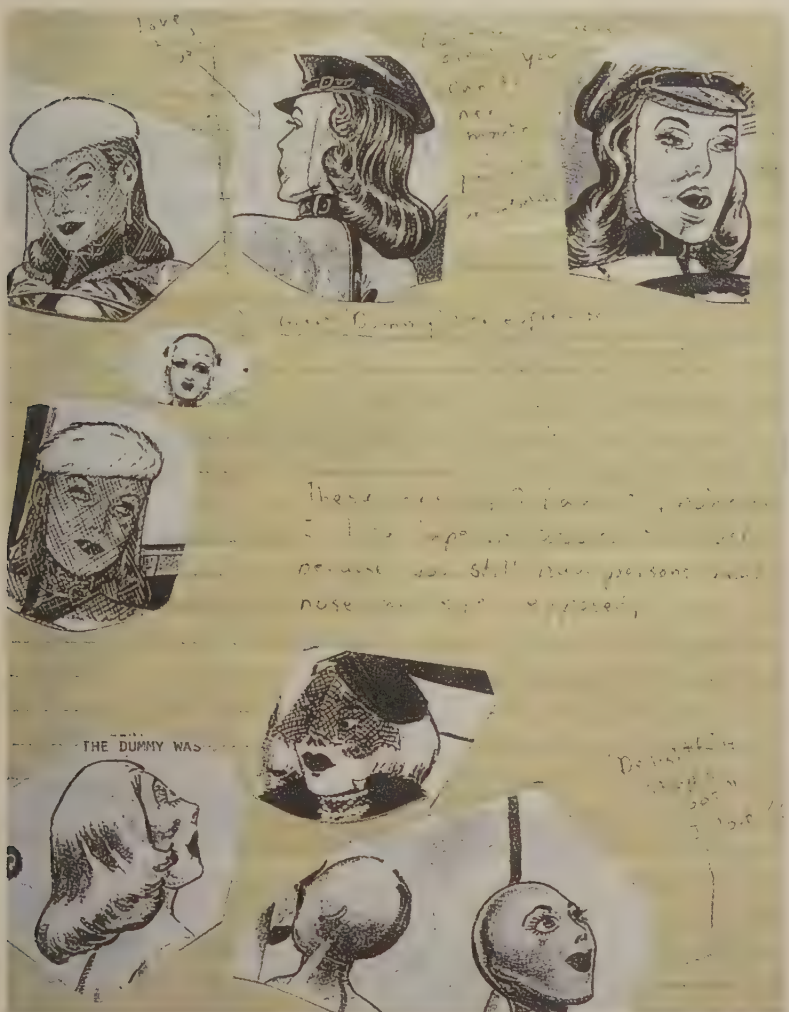
I love the other page 13 where I am in the door of the cabin, please leave in, it's great!! (you had 2 pages 13)

You are the Best, and I am having great fun with this.

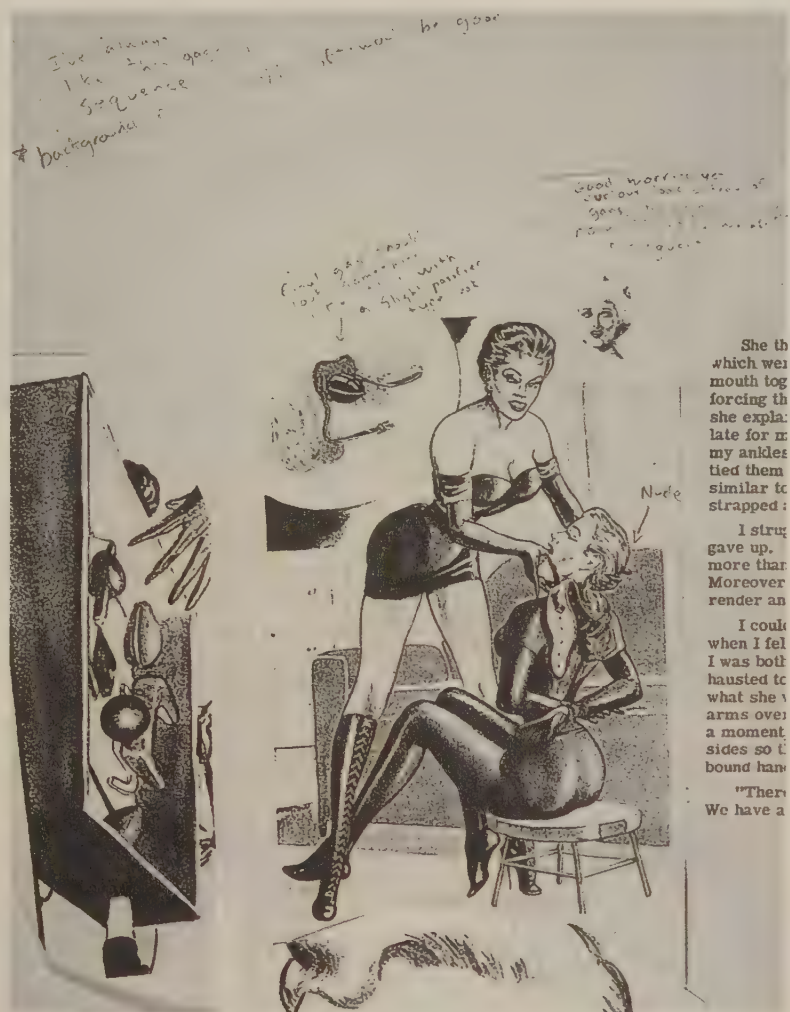
Letter No. 4, part 1



Letter No. 4, part 2



Letter No. 4, part 3



Letter No. 4, part 4

most current letter

2-28-95

Hi Eric. (the Greatest) et cetera

I just recieved the new roughs today. I made a few notes. However, over all their FANTASTIC. More Muscle Girl. Manly Beautiful like woman in photo. And the curly long hair seems to work better now that I can actually see it, however if you've already started with the bun, its alright, both are sexy. But first choice is like Hair in current enclosed roughs. (like ^{muscle} woman in photo you have).

Cat Burglar Lady, should have no mask, and her outfit should be like enclosed photo, (turn over page)

Good likeness of me, a few minor change but overall Excellent

I'm really feeling this Eric, and having a blast, great strong detail, and realistic, sexy bodies, you've got it!!!

Well - see other roughs.

My dears have been running wild, so forgive all the notes and letters I've sent. I know this is going to be a perfect story. Should we make enclosed page one so I could get an extra page with the actual kidnapping? Since I ~~the~~ live alone in house, and so why to add woman's beginning, sort of like it alone with the Lady kidnappers?

Just so you know, I've enjoyed your work for the last 15 years, and always admire and respected you as an artist, a "real" artist.

Your soul mate



PS

PLEASE HAVE THAT CHART

Letter No. 5, part 1

Fantasy Continued

1

Once I am lead upstairs to the rustic loft, the two obedience trainers take me into their large bedroom, with large wood floor area, and small sturdy stool to sit on. Walls are slanted cabin roof type, there is also a large bed, dressing table, a couple throw rugs, etc. etc. ~~Bedroom~~ gear ed bedroom.

I am strapped by the two women and led into the bathroom. I am told to sit on the toilet, and relieve myself. After a few moments with the women standing over me, I let out a loud gas noise followed by a large bowel movement, I am embarrassed, as LL throws back her head and laughs, they both make a few embarrassing remarks, LL tells me to stand up as she wipes me, at that moment the Cat Burglar lady comes walking in, to say good by to LL and Joan. She gives me ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~happy~~ smile, I am totally humiliated. I am then lead back into the bedroom, and handed a rubber plug to insert



something like this

the scene should play something like (deluxe edition of Blunder Broom pp 61 and 63) you may have better idea. Finally after seeing I do not have it in correctly (pp 63) they do it themselves, it is very painful.

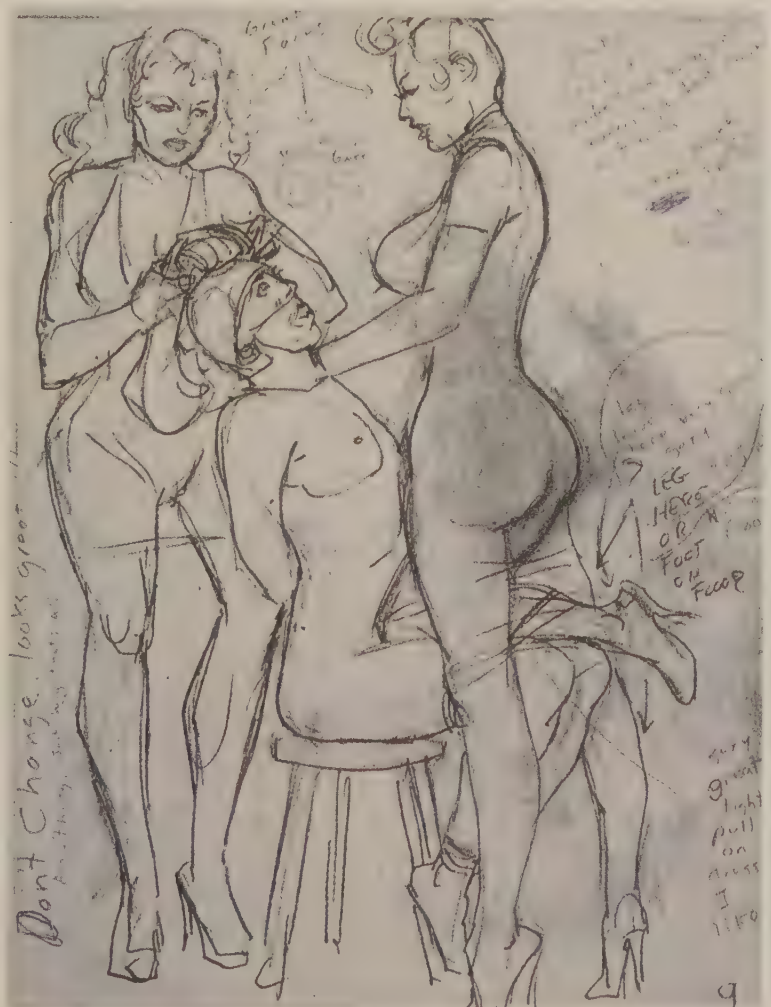
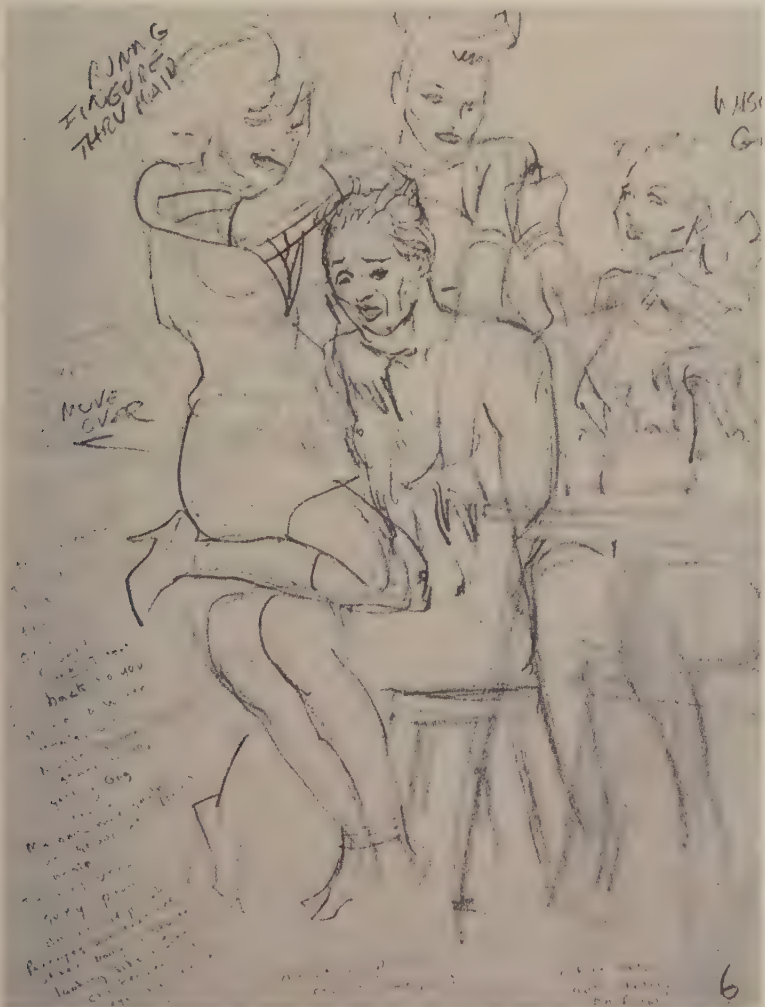
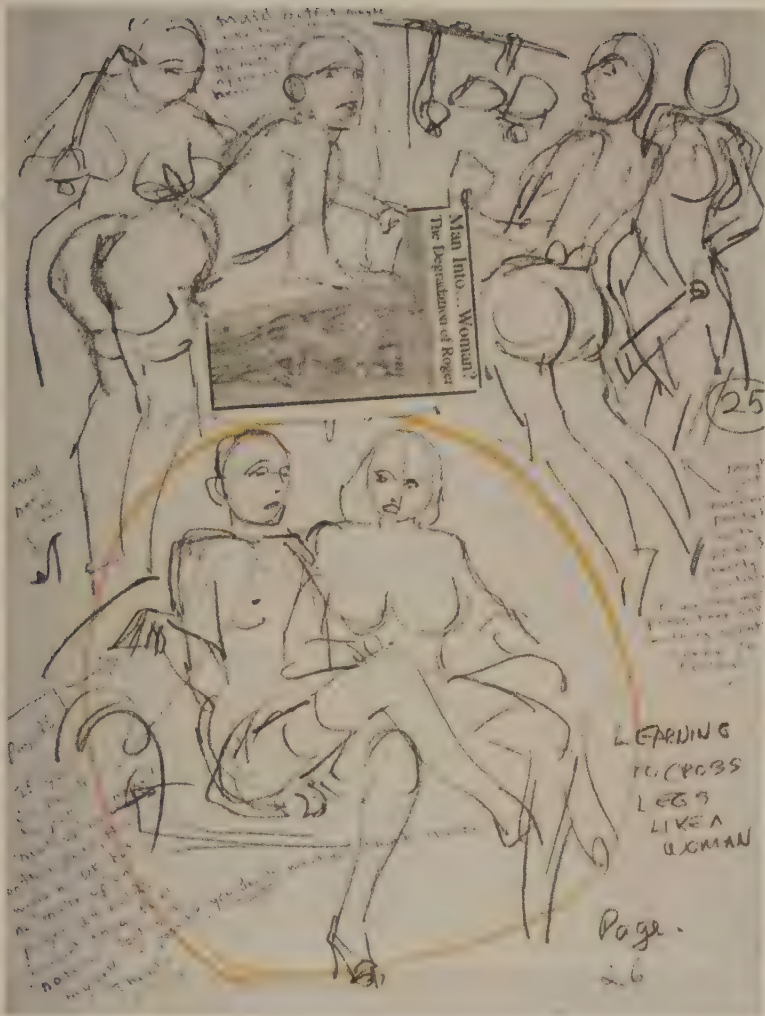
I am then put in a single glove and told to sit on the stool where they will sit me for a ^{rubber} gag.

LL brings over a large tray with various size and shape gags, my legs are spread as I sit on the stool with Joan behind me. As I see the gags on the tray, I wrinkled my nose in a disgusted curious way, at the gross looking things. LL tells me to open my mouth,

Letter No. 5, part 2

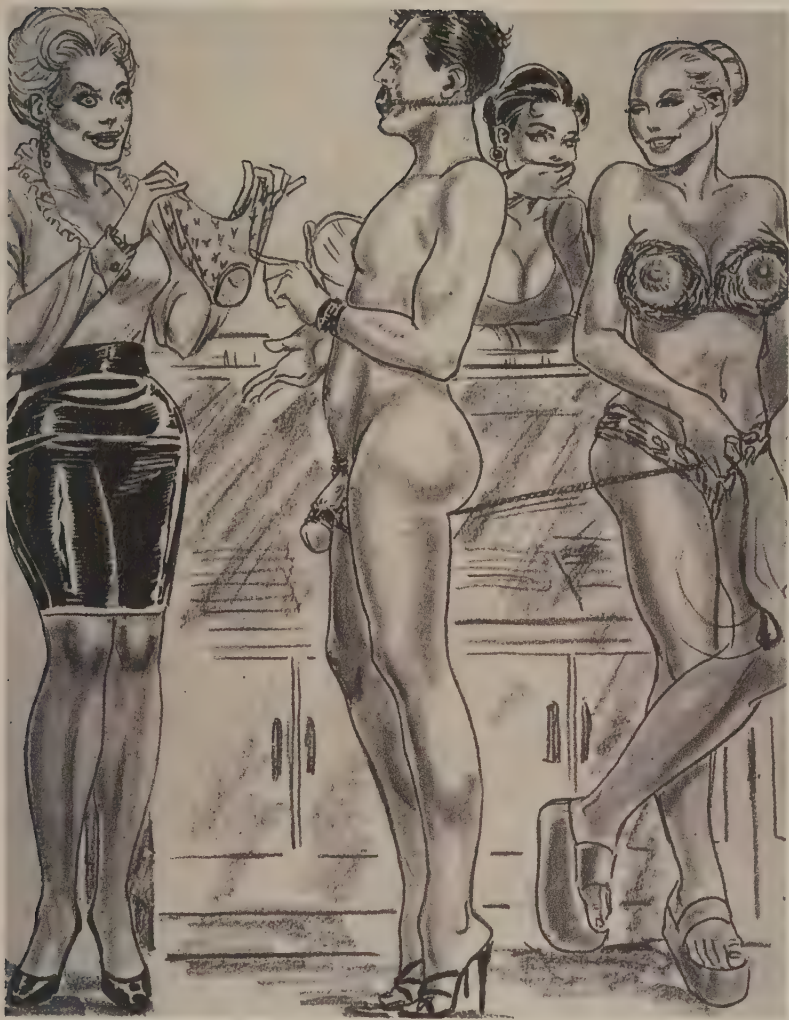


Sketches by Stanton with comments by "Paul"





Trans-Fem-Ation (final version)





Pages 324-327: *Cured*, 1988



heh heh... SISTER YOU REALLY HAD IT WITH HIM EH?
WELL THIS LITTLE GADGET WILL EVEN THING UP...
AND IF YOU NEED A LITTLE HELP AFTER... YOU KNOW
WHERE I AM... HA HA HA!

I WON' T NEED ANY HELP!
I'M CAPABLE OF HANDLING
... WORMS!







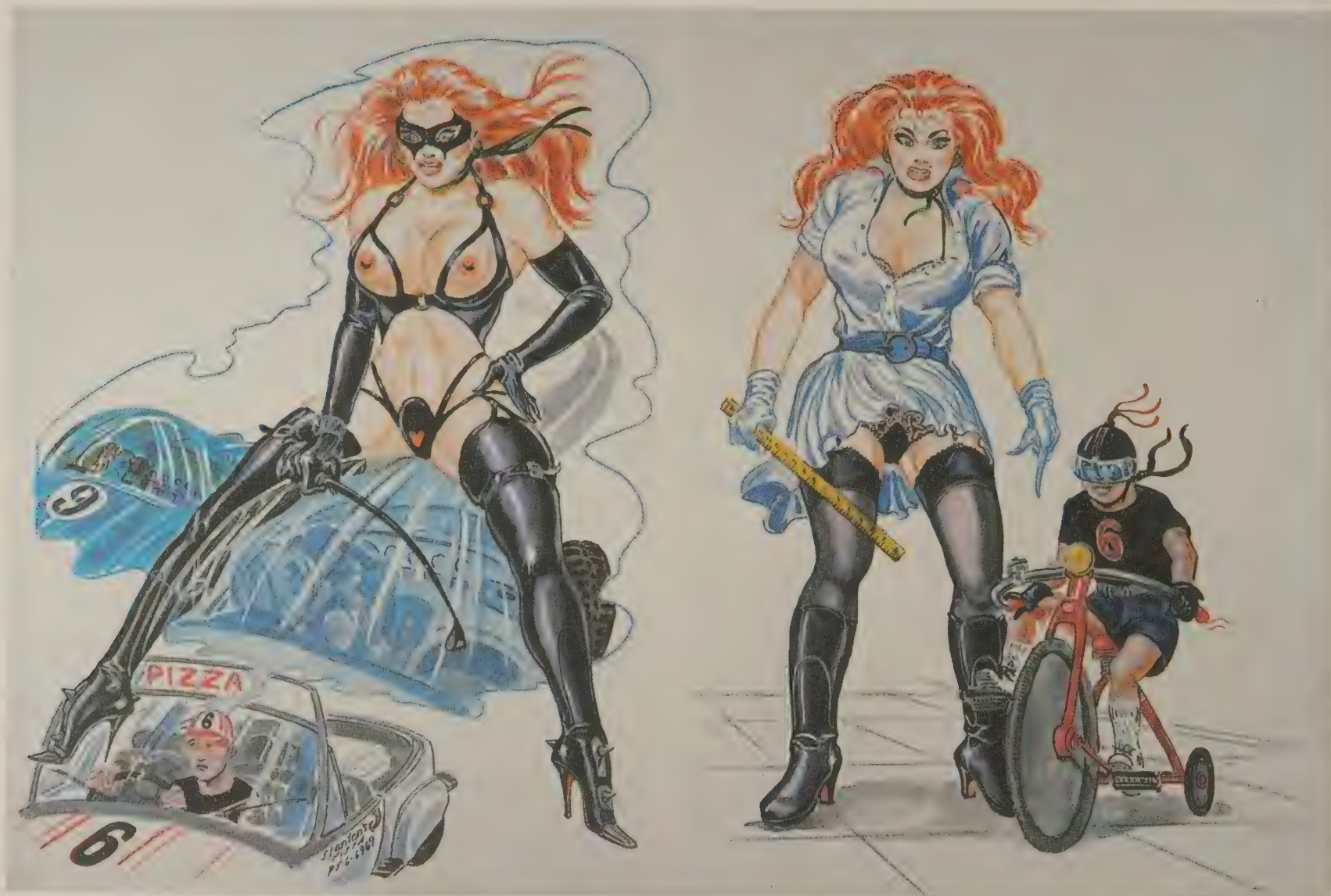


Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s



Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s



Illustration for **Leg Show**, 1990s



Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s

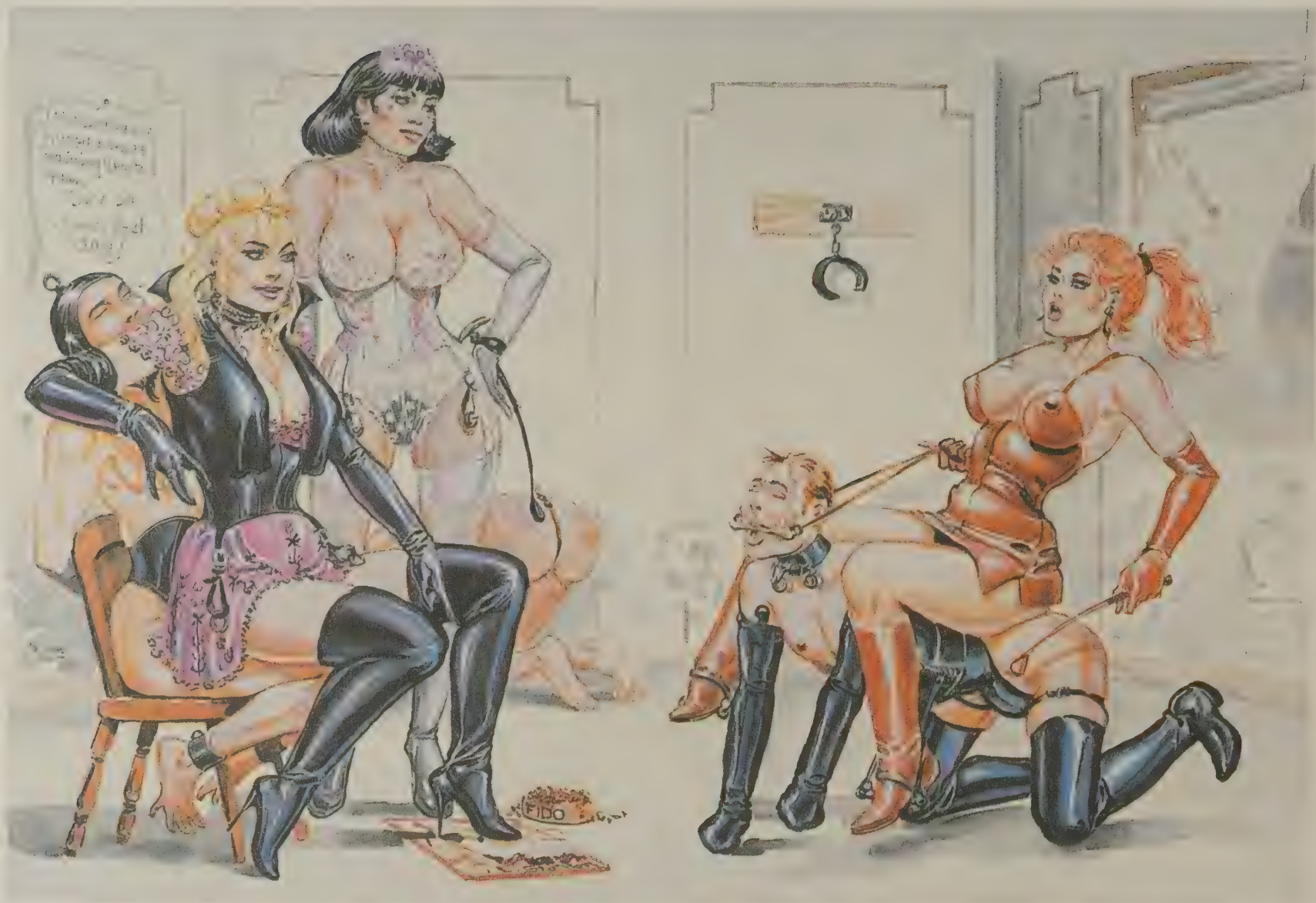


Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s



Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s



Illustration for Leg Show, 1990s



Illustration for **Hustler**, 1990s



Detail from **Desire Discipline**: Self-portrait of Eric Stanton, 1965

DIE GESCHICHTE ERIC STANTONS

ERIC KROLL



EINE EINSTIMMUNG

Als Eric Stanton 1946 die Navy verließ, begann er für seinen russischen Stiefvater Nikolaj Kotschengin zu arbeiten, der Chefkoch im Russian Tea Room, gleich neben der New Yorker Carnegie Hall, war. Dort lernte er, wie man Messer mit dem Mund wirft und den Gästen russische Tänze vorführt. Lief das Geschäft gut, machte er 100 Dollar Trinkgeld pro Nacht. Aber es ging ihm nicht ums Geld, sondern um die Kunst. Eric steckte das Messer weg, nahm den Stift in die Hand und begann, für Irving Klaw für acht Dollar in der Woche kampfbereite Mädels und Bondage-Ladies zu malen. Als er mir diese Geschichte erzählte, mußte er zum Schluß selbst lachen und konnte nur noch den Kopf schütteln.

Bei seiner ersten Verabredung mit seiner zweiten Frau Britt bat er sie, ihn zu fesseln. Er drehte für einen Kunden gerade einen 8-mm-Film, und dafür brauchte er noch einen gefesselten Mann. Obendrein bat er sie, ihre üppige Oberweite auf den Küchentisch zu plazieren, um (mit dem Mund) ein Messer in ihren Ausschnitt zu werfen. Kann Liebe schön sein!

Eric Stanton war auch 25 Jahre später noch der coole Typ aus Brooklyn, auch wenn er da schon irgendwo östlich von New Haven in Connecticut lebte, in einer biedereren Vorstadt, direkt an der Route 95. Mittlerweile ist er 70 und platzt vor Energie. Er ist eher klein, ein kompakter Typ, und während des Gesprächs erinnern einen seine Augen manchmal an die eines Falken. Er kann liebenswürdig sein, ist aber auch auf der Hut. Eric Stanton hat sich einmal zu oft die Hände verbrannt. Jetzt macht er alles so, wie er es selbst für richtig hält, es sei denn, er fühlt sich machtlos oder ist verzweifelt. Dann schüttelt er voller Abscheu den Kopf und beschäftigt sich nicht weiter mit dem Problem.

Auf die Frage, womit er seinen Lebensunterhalt verdiene, würde Eric antworten, er illustrierte die Phantasien anderer (und einige seiner eigenen). Er ist ein unterbewerteter, geheimnisumwitterter Underground-Superheld, der die dunkleren äußeren Grenzen unserer kollektiven sexuellen

Phantasie erkundet. Nur ein einziges Mal hatte er eine offizielle Ausstellung in einem Club namens Danceteria in Downtown Manhattan, 1984 war das, und sie dauerte drei Tage! Seine Kunden findet er durch Mundpropaganda, manchmal wird er auch in einem Sex-Magazin besprochen. Doch seine Anhänger sind treu. Über 4000 von ihnen kamen zu seiner Ausstellung. „36 Frauen baten mich, den Katalog zu signieren – und vier Männer“, grinst er hämisch. Seit mehr als 50 Jahren inspirieren seine Darstellungen von starken, sexy Frauen und schwachen, aber physisch fitten Männern viele andere Künstler – von Madonna bis zu Alan Jones.

Heutzutage fließen ihm seine perfekten weiblichen Kreaturen – großer Busen, schmale Taille, lange Beine auf hohen Absätzen, markantes Kinn, hohe Wangenknochen, feurige Augen und in langen Locken herabfallendes Haar – mühelos aus der Vorstellung auf den Zeichenkarton und erreichen den Kunden per Mailorder.

Leider verbringt er nur wenig Zeit in seinem sonnen durchfluteten Atelier (einem kleinen Raum neben dem Schlafzimmer in der obersten Etage seines Hauses). Meist ist er im Keller zu finden, seiner Höhle. Dort bearbeitet er Mailorderanfragen. Vor dem niedrigen Keller stehen Regale mit übergroßen Umschlägen, in die er Originalaquarelle, Tuschfederzeichnungen und Graphitstiftskizzen der letzten zweieinhalb Jahrzehnte gestopft hat.

Das war nicht immer so. In den 50er Jahren lieferte er seine Illustrationen bei Klaw in der 14. Straße selbst ab, bei Burtman an der Ecke Broadway und 47. Straße oder bei Stone auf der Eighth Avenue und sah sie dann nie wieder. Stanton selbst besitzt keine der Hunderte von Originalzeichnungen, die er in den 40er und 50er Jahren für Klaw anfertigte, keines der Aquarelle, die er als Schutzumschläge für Lenny Burtmans Selbee Publications malte, keine der Dutzende von Illustrationen für das Magazin „Exotique“. Keine der Druckvorlagen für „Sweeter Gwen“, den Klassiker des Genres ‚Hilflose junge Damen‘, der seinen Berechnungen zufolge eine halbe Million mal (als Raubkopie?) nachgedruckt wurde. Er besitzt keine der Originalvorlagen, die er in den

50er und 60er Jahren für Eddy Mishkin von der Gargoyle Press oder für Max Stones Peerless Sales machte. Es ist alles verschwunden, verkauft oder bei gedankenlosen Verlegern verlorengegangen oder von verklemmten Regierungsbeamten beschlagnahmt. Glücklicherweise existieren die Fotoreproduktionen seiner Arbeiten von Mitte der 40er Jahre bis in die 60er noch.

Und außerdem, aufgehört zu arbeiten hat er nie. Er hat nur aufgehört, für andere Leute zu arbeiten. Eric Stanton wandte sich dem Mailordergeschäft zu und verkauft nun Reproduktionen seiner Arbeiten, deren Originale er aufbewahrt. Sie werden eines Tages Tommy und Amber, seinen Kindern aus zweiter Ehe, gehören.

DER ANFANG

„Ich wurde in unmittelbarer Nähe der Long-Island-Eisenbahnstrecke geboren, im zweiten Stock eines Gebäudes an der Ecke Atlantic Avenue und Pacific Street in Brooklyn. Meine Großmutter war Hebamme und hat mir am 29. September 1926 um elf Uhr nachts ins Leben verholfen. Damit kannte sie sich aus. Sie hatte schon viele Babys zur Welt gebracht. Meine Mutter arbeitete zeitweise im Feinkostladen an der Ecke. Jedesmal, wenn sie mich im Kinderwagen ausfuhr, hatte ich den Duft dieses Ladens in der Nase (er lacht). Herrlich. Diesen Duft habe ich geliebt!

Als ich zwölf war, bekam meine Schwester Scharlach, und ich durfte einen Monat lang das Haus nicht verlassen. Damals habe ich mit dem Malen angefangen. Ich hatte ja nichts zu tun. Ich habe mir einfach ein paar Comicbücher gegriffen und die Bilder nachgezeichnet. So habe ich es gelernt. So habe ich auch angefangen, sexy Girls zu malen. Was wohl sonst? (Er lacht.) Und dann habe ich bis zu meinem High-School-Abschluß 1944 jeden Tag gemalt.

Das waren ziemlich harte Zeiten in der Schule. Bis ich sechs war, sprach ich nur Russisch, denn bei uns zu Hause wurde auch nur Russisch gesprochen. Meine Mutter war Russin, mein Stiefvater war Russe und meine Großmutter

ebenfalls. Entsprechend grauenhaft war mein Englisch. In der Schule wollten sie mich sogar rauswerfen (lacht). Anfangs habe ich überhaupt nicht begriffen, worüber sie redeten, aber so langsam habe ich dann Englisch gelernt – auf der Straße.“

Daß Stanton während seiner Grundschuljahre dreimal an Lungenentzündung erkrankte, erleichterte die Situation nicht gerade!

„Meine Zeichnungen, nun, das waren halt Comics. Sexy Girls, Heldinnen, einfach nur aus Spaß am Zeichnen erfunden. Ich habe sie für mich selbst gemacht und sie sonst niemandem gezeigt. Und trotzdem sagte mein Stiefvater zu meiner Mutter: ‚Er darf diese Sachen nicht mehr zeichnen.‘ Aber sie erwiderte: ‚Der Junge soll zeichnen, was er möchte.‘ (Symbolisiert sie hier die starke Frau, die den Jungen beschützt?) Und so habe ich eben weitergezeichnet.

Mit 17 ging ich zur Navy und diente auf der USS Terna 834, die in Bath in Maine stationiert war. In der Navy habe ich viel gemalt, einmal auch einen Comicstrip über Aufklärungsflugzeuge für das ‚Bambridge Main Sheet‘, eine Zeitung der Marine. Aber die anderen Typen wollten immer bloß meine großbusigen Mädchen sehen, und ich habe ihnen dann sexy Girls auf ihre Taschentücher gemalt. Zuerst habe ich in der Navy auch gesungen, aber dann wurde ich heiser. Damals rauchte ich noch vier Schachteln am Tag, habe dann aber von einem auf den anderen Tag damit aufgehört. Ich hatte nämlich mit einem Typen um fünf Dollar gewettet, daß ich es schaffen würde. Das Geld habe ich allerdings heute noch nicht.

Nach meinem Dienst trat ich dem sogenannten ‚52/20‘-Club bei. Jeder, der bei der Marine gedient hatte, konnte so, wenn er arbeitslos war, ein Jahr lang 20 Dollar in der Woche kassieren, und das tat ich auch. Mein erster Job war in einem Restaurant, wo ich die Tische abwischte und die Teller wegräumte. Im Restaurant meines Stiefvaters Nikolaj habe ich mich dann zum Kellner hochgearbeitet. Nikolaj war General in der weißrussischen Armee gewesen. Nach dem Sturz des Zaren hatte er zwar fliehen können, aber ihm steckten noch immer sechs Kugeln im Leib. Das Kochen hatte er in China gelernt, wohin er zuerst geflohen war. Er hat sogar einmal für den englischen König und seine Frau gekocht. Nikolaj war ein Kochkünstler. Wenn er beispielsweise eine Gans tranchierte, setzte er sie hinterher mit Haut und Federn wieder zusammen. Er war ein toller Mann und, seit ich zwei war, auch mein eigentlicher Vater.

Jedenfalls lernte ich im Casino Russe, wie man mit dem Mund Messer in Balsaholz wirft. Zwei Wochen lang habe ich das gemacht (lacht). Die Weiber fanden das klasse, aber ich bekam davon eine wunde Lippe. Die habe ich heute (1996) noch, weil ich immer darauf beiße. Zwei Jahre habe ich als Kellner gearbeitet und danach bei Boody Rogers angefangen. Ich wollte kein Entertainer sein. Ich wollte Künstler sein.“

DIE ZEIT BEI BOODY ROGERS

„Zu Hause (in Brooklyn) lernte ich beim Softballspielen einen Typ kennen, der sich meine Zeichnungen ansah und mir erzählte, sein Onkel, ein Cartoonzeichner, würde jemanden für die Hintergründe brauchen. Also hörte ich mit dem Kellnern auf und begann bei Boody Rogers. Ich bin mit dem Auto zu ihm nach Westbury, Long Island, gefahren. Er hat mich stundenweise bezahlt. Ich habe mit ihm an einem Comicstrip namens ‚Babe Darlin‘ of the Hills‘ gearbeitet und an ‚Sparky Watts‘, die beide in der Tageszeitung ‚Brooklyn Eagle‘ abgedruckt wurden.

Ich war dort für die Typographie zuständig, habe aber auch Cartoonfiguren wie den dreibeinigen Mann entwickelt. Außerdem kolorierte ich mit meinen Aquarellfarben die Andrucke, die vom Drucker kamen. Dafür habe ich zwischen 50 und 70 Dollar in der Woche erhalten. Ich fuhr mit dem Zug zu ihm nach Wantaugh auf der Long Island und arbeitete den ganzen Tag lang.

Das war damals eine interessante Zeit. Es gab mal jemand namens ‚Down-wind‘ Jackson, der bei einem Flugzeugabsturz ums Leben gekommen war, und Zack Mosley wollte seinem Freund Jackson in seinem Comicstrip ‚Smilin‘ Jack‘ ein Denkmal setzen. Erst war er eine Figur ohne Gesicht, doch die Leser wollten wissen, wie er aussah. Mosley meinte, man könne ‚Down-wind‘ Jackson nicht attraktiver aussehen lassen als ‚Smilin‘ Jack. Rogers und

ich haben die Sache diskutiert, und Rogers hatte dann die Idee, ihn immer ohne Gesicht zu zeichnen.“ (Mitte der 60er Jahre teilte sich Stanton mit Steve Ditko, dem Schöpfer von ‚Spider Man‘, ein Studio an der Eighth Avenue Ecke 43. Straße. Sie testeten beide ihre Ideen und Projekte aneinander aus.)

DIE ZEIT BEI IRVING KLAW

„Als ich für Boody Rogers arbeitete, ich war damals 22, entdeckte ich in einem Girlie-Magazin mal eine Anzeige von einem Irving-Klaw-Bild, ein gefesselttes Mädchen. Ich habe mir das angeguckt und fand, das würde ich bestimmt besser können, ließ es mir kommen und habe, glaube ich, so 50 Cents pro Seite dafür bezahlt. Jede Seite bzw. Episode war eigentlich die Fotografie eines Comicstrips im Format 20 x 25. Eine Geschichte bestand aus etwa 12 bis 30 Seiten oder Episoden. Die damals hieß ‚Poor Pamela‘, und ich schrieb Klaw, ich würde das besser können, weil ich auf kämpfende Girls stehe, und der andere Typ nicht.“ („Poor Pamela“ wurde wahrscheinlich ursprünglich von C. W., einer Cousine von Klaw, gezeichnet.)

„Er (Klaw) bat mich vorbeizukommen und ihm einige meiner Arbeiten mitzubringen.“

Bei ihrem Treffen in Klaws Geschäft an der 14. Straße Ecke Second Avenue gab der König der Bondage-Fotografie dem jungen Stanton eine Seite aus einem Comicstrip mit kämpfenden Mädchen und forderte ihn heraus, es besser zu machen.

„Das, was der andere Typ gemacht hatte, war nicht schlecht, aber er konnte die Geschichte zwischen den zwei Mädchen nicht sexy genug zeichnen. Ich habe auch eine ganze Woche dazu gebraucht (lacht). Ich habe, glaube ich, acht Bilder gezeichnet und sie ‚Kämpfende Frauen‘ genannt. Dann habe ich sie Klaw gegeben. Er wählte ein Motiv aus und gab mir acht Dollar, und dafür hatte ich nun eine ganze Woche gearbeitet!

Damals arbeitete ich für Rogers, doch die ‚Daily News‘ lehnte ‚Babe Darlin‘ of the Hills‘ ab, weil es ‚Lil Abner‘ zu sehr ähnelte, und im Grunde stimmte das auch. Danach entschloß ich mich, für Klaw zu arbeiten, denn dort konnte ich mehr Figuren zeichnen, und bei Boody hätte ich immer nur Hintergründe gemacht. Bald brauchte ich auch keine Woche mehr für diese kleinen Cartoonseiten mit kämpfenden Frauen. In zwei oder drei Tagen schaffte ich dann 20 Seiten. Zwar hatte ich nicht viel Ahnung davon, wie man Mädchen zeichnet, aber in ein paar Buchläden am Times Square fand ich Zeitschriften wie ‚Wit‘, ‚It‘ oder ‚Dash‘, in denen kämpfende Mädchen abgebildet waren. Ein paar Zeitschriften über Wrestling habe ich mir auch besorgt und statt der Männer Mädchen in den abgebildeten Posen dargestellt. Nach einem oder zwei Monaten zahlte mir Irving dann schon zehn Dollar pro Seite, und nach ein paar Ausgaben (vollständigen Episoden) ging er hoch auf 15 Dollar pro Seite.“

Anfangs brachte ihm Stanton die Zeichnungen immer einzeln vorbei, denn er war so pleite, daß er jeden Cent brauchte. Schließlich zahlte ihm dann Klaw 50 Dollar pro Seite, die auf festem Strathmore-Karton im Format 28 x 32 cm gezeichnet worden waren. Damals malte er direkt auf Zeichenkarton, ohne vorher Rohskizzen anzufertigen. Jahre später veränderte er seine Technik und malte eine bestimmte Figur erst als grobe Skizze auf Pergamentpauspapier, um dann auf einem weiteren Pergamentblatt die Elemente der Skizze zu wiederholen, die ihm gefielen. Das beschleunigte die Sache.

„Radiergummis habe ich immer gehaßt. Und so ging es sehr schnell.“

Eines Tages fragte Irving seinen Schützling, ob er sich mit Bondage auskennen würde. „Ich sagte, ich hätte schon ein paar Sachen in der Richtung gemacht. Er gab mir einen Stapel Fotos und zeigte mir, wie die gefesselten Frauen aussehen sollten und wie die Stricke geknotet werden müssen.“ (Schließen Sie jetzt bitte genüßlich die Augen und stellen Sie sich Irving Klaw vor, der zur Erbauung des jungen Eric Stanton Bondage am Modell Betty Page demonstriert!)

„Natürlich lagen uns die Arbeiten von John Willie vor, die ich eingehend betrachtete. Seine Vorlagen waren allerdings Fotos, die per se statisch sind. Ich wollte mehr Action,

ich wollte zeigen, wie die Frauen sich wehrten. Sie sollten sich die ganze Zeit bewegen. Mein erstes Bild zu diesem Thema war ein gefesselttes Mädchen, das nur mit BH und Unterhöschen bekleidet war. Mit der Zeit wurde ich besser, doch immer noch nicht gut genug, und Irving sagte, ich solle doch einfach Kurse in Comiczeichnen belegen.“

Die Schule, die Eric Stanton nun besuchte, war die Cartoonist und Illustrators School auf der 23. Straße zwischen Second und Third Avenue. Sie heißt heute School for Visuals Arts. Zwischen 1954 und 1956 nahm Stanton dort von der Regierung bezahlten Unterricht und studierte bei Jerry Robinson, dem Schöpfer von „Batman“. In der High-School hatte Stanton nie Zeichenunterricht gehabt. „Jetzt verbesserte sich die Qualität meiner Arbeit enorm.“

Ungefähr zu dieser Zeit begann er für Klaw mit dem Zeichnen des „Bizarre Museum“. Je mehr er in der Schule lernte, desto raffinierter wurden seine Foltermaschinen.

„Ich lernte, wie man ein Layout für eine Comicseite erstellt. Für ein ansprechendes, interessantes Gesicht braucht man zwei verschiedene Gesichtsausdrücke, denn so erhält ein Gesicht mehr Lebendigkeit. Ich lernte, die zwei Hälften eines Gesichts nicht identisch zu zeichnen ... Wie man eine Figur zeichnet, kann man sich selbst beibringen. Ich zeichne nicht nach Fotos. Fotos sind mir zu langweilig. Das sieht dann aus wie bei John Willie, dessen Figuren nur herumstanden. Die Kamera verzerrt das, was ihr am nächsten ist. So erscheint beispielsweise ein Fuß größer, als er wirklich ist. Mir gefällt so etwas nicht. Ich lernte perspektivisches Zeichnen und machte mich mit den Kompositionsmustern des Barock, die auf Kreise ausgerichtet waren, vertraut. Ich lernte zum Beispiel, den Fuß einer Figur zum Betrachter hin zu zeichnen.“

Stanton freundete sich mit seinem Kommilitonen Gene Bilbrew an, dem herausragenden schwarzen Illustrator, der dann auch für Klaw und später für Lenny Burtman arbeitete, oft unter dem Namen ‚Eneq‘ (Gene rückwärts buchstabiert).

„Ich habe ihn mit den Leuten bekanntgemacht, ihn in das Geschäft eingeführt. Und ich fand das selber auch gut, denn so hatte ich jemanden, mit dem ich in einen Wettstreit treten konnte. Zu der Zeit war Eneq viel besser als ich. Ich war ein mieser Zeichner (lacht), aber einer mit tollen Ideen (lacht) ... Enegs Stil war mehr dem Comic entlehnt, während ich eher von der Fotografie kam.“ Eneq studierte bei Byrne Holgrath, dem Schöpfer von „Tarzan“. Doch im Gegensatz zu Stanton überlebte Eneq diese Zeit nicht. „Er nahm Drogen und trank so viel Alkohol, daß seine Arbeit sehr darunter litt. Irving Klaw bat mich, in Enegs Zeichnungen Sachen zu übermalen, die er für Phallussymbole hielt. Gene gefiel das überhaupt nicht, und ich sagte: ‚Hör mal, ich mach hier nur einen Job, das ist alles.‘ Eneq war ein weißer Mann, der in einer schwarzen Haut steckte. Er liebte weiße Frauen. Er lebte in einem Hinterzimmer in einem der Läden von Eddy Mishkin, als er starb. Er zeichnete dort, und er starb dort.“

Während dieser Zeit arbeitete Stanton am liebsten mit Bleistift. „Ich wollte verhindern, daß man meine Arbeiten kopiert, und das schien bei Tuschfederzeichnungen sehr leicht zu sein. Mit Bleistift konnte ich schneller arbeiten. Ich wollte immer schon wieder am nächsten aufregenden Motiv sitzen. Ich wollte eine neue Phantasie abbilden und nicht die alte so lange verbessern, bis die Illustration perfekt war.“

Stanton war ein begeisterter Kinogänger, und viele seiner Illustrationen waren durch die Filme der damaligen Zeit beeinflusst. „Duchess of the Bastille“ wurde wahrscheinlich gemalt, nachdem er „Zwei Städte“ (A Tale of Two Cities) und „Nayoka, die Herrin der Beduinen“ (The Perils of Nyoka) gesehen hatte, eine fünfzehnteilige Theaterserie, die er schon als Elfjähriger kannte. „Die habe ich geliebt und mir so oft wie möglich angesehen.“ Klaw verkaufte auch Standbilder aus Filmen, und Stanton konnte sich in Klaws Laden durch wahre Berge von Filmfotos wählen. „Ich hatte gerade einen Zirkusfilm gesehen, und danach zeichnete ich ‚Priscilla, Queen of Escapes‘.“

Während der Jahre, in denen Stanton für Lenny Burtman tätig war, sahen viele seiner Frauen den Filmschauspielerinnen Veronica Lake und Ava Gardner ähnlich. Später, in dem Stantoon-Strip „David Blyven“, basierte die Zeichnung dann auf dem Gesicht von David Niven, und Stanton zeichnete auch Douglas Fairbanks Jr., mit einer Schürze, auf der „Schlag mich“ geschrieben stand. Auf einem von Stantons „Exotique“-Covern steht die Lady mit der Peitsche im Schein von Lichtkegeln. Stanton sagt, diese Idee hätte er

DIE GESCHICHTE ERIC STANTONS

aus der populären Fernsehshow des Sängers und Entertainers Jimmy Durante, die in den 50er Jahren auf amerikanischen Bildschirmen lief. Am Ende jeder Sendung schritt der Sänger über eine dunkle Bühne, die nur durch Lichtkegel erhellt wurde.

An Stantons Küchenwand hängen Fotos von Humphrey Bogart, und er ist sogar der Meinung, Howard Hughes und Elvis seien möglicherweise heimliche Sammler seiner Kunst gewesen.

Die Zeitungskioske am Times Square verkauften „Spicy Adventure Stories“ und „Spicy Detective Stories“ mit ‚hilflosen jungen Damen‘ in Vierfarbcovern. „Sheena“ und „The Perils of Nyoka“ waren in den 40er Jahren beliebte Comics. Und natürlich war auch „London Life“, der Vorläufer von John Willies „Bizarre“ erhältlich. „Wenn ich damals eine Ausgabe entdeckte, habe ich sie sofort gekauft. Heute würde ich sie nicht mehr kaufen. Zu zahm.“

DIE ARBEIT MIT BETTY PAGE (AUS EINEM INTERVIEW IN „DEMONIA“, AUGUST 1990)

„Ich war nie in jemanden so verknallt wie in Betty Page. Ich habe sie angehimmelt, aber aus der Ferne. Keiner kannte sie wirklich. Selbst Irving nicht. Ich wäre wahnsinnig gerne mit ihr ausgegangen, traute mich aber gar nicht erst, sie zu fragen. Man saß zwar beisammen und unterhielt sich, aber das war Busineß. Rein geschäftlich. Ich war 31 und sie war 26. Bei Irving hat sie einmal einen 8-mm-Film für mich gemacht, in dem sie kämpft. Er existiert nicht mehr. Sie war sehr gut. Sehr stark. Und gleichzeitig sehr süß. Ich saß zusammen mit ihr in Irvings Büro, als die Keufver Hearings stattfanden (eine Regierungskommission, die sich mit der Unsittlichkeit in Comics befaßte). Sie wollte wissen, was sie aussagen solle. Sie war in Tränen aufgelöst, sie wollte nicht mit dem Senator über Irving reden. Sie fand, es (das Geschäftliche) ginge niemanden etwas an.

Betty war immer auf alles, was Klaw mit ihr vorhatte, vorbereitet. Aber Rumhängen auf dem Set gab es nicht. Klaw mochte es nicht, wenn seine Künstler Umgang miteinander pflegten oder mit den Models befreundet waren. Wenn die Aufnahme vorbei war, zog sie sich an und ging. (Stanton schnippt mit den Fingern.) Wenn sie mit einem Job fertig war, ging es gleich weiter zum nächsten. Sie hat immer gearbeitet. Als ich Betty Page kennenlernte, trug sie Schuhe mit unglaublich hohen Absätzen, aber sie trug sie auf eine solch natürliche Weise, daß ich glaubte, sie sei 1,75 m groß! (Page war bedeutend kleiner.) Sie duftete immer wunderbar. Sie duftete wie eine Rose.“

NOCH EINMAL KLAU

Stanton dachte sich viele von Klaws Titeln aus, wie „Mrs. Tyrant’s Finishing School“, „Madame Discipline“ und „Girls Figure Training Academy“. Dem Zirkus in „Priscilla, Queen of Escapes“ gab er den Namen Tingling Brothers (ein Wortspiel aus dem berühmten Ringling Bros. Circus und dem englischen „tingling“, was ‚Kribbeln‘ oder ‚Prickeln‘ bedeuten kann). Stories, die nicht von Klaw und seinen Kunden geschrieben wurden, illustrierte er nicht nur, sondern schrieb sie sogar selbst.

„Jasmin’s Predicament“ und „A Hazardous Journey“ werden Stanton und Omar zugeschrieben. Omar war der fiktive Name eines Kommilitonen, der bei diesen Projekten anstelle von Stanton die Figuren kolorierte. Jon Bee war ein anderer anonymer Kommilitone, dem Stanton bei „Helga’s Search for Slaves“ zehn Dollar pro Seite für die gleiche Arbeit zahlte.

Stantons populärste Serie bei Klaw war „Bound in Leather“, die 1949 begann und von B&G geschrieben wurde. Joe Cross (B&G) arbeitete als Elektriker für Theater am Broadway. „Wenn mir die Geschichte nicht so gut gefallen hätte, hätte ich es nicht gemacht. Selbst wenn man kein Fan von Bondage ist, hätte diese Serie einem gefallen.“

„Men Tamed To Submission by Tame-Azons“ stand für einen neuen Anfang. Stanton durfte erstmals Männer und Frauen in Action zeichnen. Bis dahin hatte es Klaw seinen Künstlern nie gestattet, Männer und Frauen zusammen zu zeichnen, weil er die Rache der Zensoren fürchtete. Wenn

Klaw eine Frau fotografierte, mußte sie zwei Unterhöschen tragen, damit man auf keinen Fall ihre Schamhaare sehen konnte! Auch die Oberweite durfte nicht überbetont werden. Und unter keinen Umständen durfte ein Mann eine Frau dominieren, so wie es Jahre später Satellite Publishers zuließen.

Wenn Klaw jeden dritten Sonntag im Monat im dritten Stock über seinem Büro an der Ecke 14. Straße und Second Avenue seine Bondage-Fotos schoß, war Stanton oft dabei.

Klaw räumte die Etage völlig aus und riß sogar die Wände ein. Für die Models ließ er einen kleinen Umkleide-raum stehen; die Ausrüstung war in einem weiteren kleinen Raum untergebracht. Sonst gab es nur noch einen großen Raum für die Aufnahmen. Irving brauchte drei Wochen, um die Handzettel mit der Ankündigung für die nächsten Aufnahmen zu verteilen. Manchmal versuchten die Models, sich mit Stanton zu verabreden, weil sie hofften, das würde zu weiteren Aufträgen führen.

Mit 25 heiratete Stanton ein junges Mädchen namens Grace, die er 1951 auf einer Strandparty am Jones Beach kennengelernt hatte. Sie zogen zurück nach Brooklyn in die Nähe der Lincoln Avenue, wo Stanton aufgewachsen war. Mit Grace war Stanton sieben Jahre verheiratet, und die beiden bekamen zwei Kinder. 1954 wurden die Aufträge von Klaw seltener. Da er nun Frau und Kind zu ernähren hatte, mußte er einen festen Job finden. Bei der Pan American Airways nahm er einen Job als Sachbearbeiter im Ersatzteillager an und verdiente 62 Dollar pro Woche. Unglücklicherweise verletzte er sich dort nach einem Jahr den Rücken und mußte aufhören. Und natürlich hatte er keine Krankenversicherung.

„Zwischen 28 und 36 war ich ein Krüppel.“

1958 reichte Stanton in Las Vegas die Scheidung ein und mußte seiner Frau das Sorgerecht für die gemeinsamen Kinder übertragen. Er hat nie wieder etwas von ihnen gehört.

„Sie nahm die Kinder, das Auto, die Möbel, einfach alles. Ich zog allein los und fand in einem heruntergekommenen Loch Unterschlupf, in einem dieser CVJM-Dinger. Man hörte alles. Richtige Zimmerdecken gab es nicht (lacht). Es war einfach furchtbar. Ich hatte ein Bett und einen Schrank und hörte die Nachbarn schnarchen, den ganzen Flur herunter. Sie müssen sich das so vorstellen: Man hatte dreißig Betten nebeneinander aufgestellt, die durch Wände voneinander getrennt waren, die höchstens 2,50 Meter hoch waren. Schrecklich. Nach einer Nacht bin ich durchgedreht. Ich ging zu meiner Mutter und sagte: ‚Mom, ich bin pleite. Ich habe keinen Platz zum Schlafen. Kann ich für ein paar Wochen bei dir bleiben, bis ich was gefunden habe?‘“ (seufzt)

1958 trennten sich Stanton und Klaw in gegenseitigem Einvernehmen. „Ich mochte Klaw immer gerne, aber er zahlte nie mehr als 50 Dollar pro Seite.“ Was er aus dieser Zeit am meisten bedauert, ist, daß er auf Klaws Anweisung hin ein Original von John Willie übermalen mußte. Willies „The Missing Princess“ zeigte zuviel nacktes Fleisch, zumindest empfand Irving das so. „Ich mußte die Brustwarzen und die Schamhaare mit BH und Höschen bedecken. Ich fühlte mich mies dabei, aber was konnte ich schon tun. Er hätte sonst jemand anders damit beauftragt.“

Als Klaw sein Geschäft später aufgab und bevor Paula es wiederbelebte, wollte Stanton seine Zeichnungen holen. Sie waren immer dort aufbewahrt worden, angeblich als Reserve für die Negative, von denen die Kopien gezogen wurden. Paula verschwand nach hinten und kam mit einem einzigen Bild zurück. Der Rest, so behauptete sie, sei verschwunden. „Das Bild, das ich bekam, war nichts weiter als ein Zeichenkarton, auf den ich ursprünglich zwei Bilder gemalt hatte. Sie zerschnitt die Kartons und verkauften die Illustrationen einzeln.“

DIE ARBEIT FÜR LENNY BURTMAN

Eric Stanton reagiert sehr empfindlich darauf, wie er in der Szene und im Busineß behandelt wird. In dem Interview, das ich mit ihm für „Demonia“ führte, nannte ich Namen und zeichnete seine Reaktionen auf diese Personen auf.

Zum Thema Burtman: „Diesen Hurensohn hasse ich mehr als jeden anderen Menschen, den ich überhaupt je kennengelernt habe. Erwähne seinen Namen nie wieder in meiner Gegenwart. Ich habe sehr viel für ihn gearbeitet und

war mal bei ihm während der Weihnachtsfeiertage und sah, wie er Schecks ausschrieb und Umschläge mit Banknoten für den Portier und andere vorbereitete. Zu dieser Zeit war ich absolut pleite, und mir schickte er noch nicht einmal eine Weihnachtskarte. Nichts. Einmal habe ich ihn um eine Gehaltserhöhung angebettelt, fünf Dollar mehr wollte ich haben. Da hörte ich, wie er zu jemandem sagte: ‚Diese Künstler muß man hungern lassen, sonst malen die nie was.‘ Ich habe Cover für ihn gemacht für 35 Dollar das Stück, ‚Sweeter Gwen‘ beispielsweise. Er behielt immer die Originale und verkaufte sie später zu einem höheren Preis als dem, den er mir gezahlt hatte.

Einmal hatte ich die Idee, eine Persiflage auf einen Comicstrip zu zeichnen. ‚Sweeter Gwen‘ entstand nach John Willies ‚Gwendoline‘. Ich skizzierte 30 Seiten, zeigte sie Burtman, und er meinte: ‚Klasse! Du kriegst 35 Dollar die Seite.‘ Daraufhin habe ich die Reinzeichnungen gemacht, bekam dann aber einen anderen Auftrag und mußte mit ‚Sweeter Gwen‘ aufhören. Ich bat Steve Ditko, meine Skizzen zu kolorieren und schlug ihm vor, das Honorar fifty-fifty zu teilen. Wir haben die Geschichte mit einem Storyboard entworfen, so wie vorher schon bei ‚Spider Man‘, und uns gegenseitig Ideen zugespielt. Daraus wurde eine wirklich schöne Geschichte. Als sie fertig war, haben wir sie Burtman gezeigt, und der fand sie ebenfalls klasse. So war das.“

Nach „Sweeter Gwen“ beauftragte ihn Burtman zum gleichen Honorar mit „Sex Switch“, einer Transvestitengeschichte. „Ich brachte sie ihm. ‚Das ist ja schrecklich‘, sagte er, ‚dafür zahle ich höchstens fünf Dollar die Seite.‘ Ich nahm die Geschichte wieder mit, und das war das letzte Mal, daß ich ihn gesehen habe. „Sex Switch“ habe ich dann Eddy Mishkin verkauft. Ich sagte: ‚Eddy, die kannst du für zehn Dollar pro Seite haben.‘ Er druckte sie, und dann kommt doch dieser Bastard Lenny Burtman und kauft Eddy die Bücher zu einem noch niedrigeren Preis ab, als dem, den er mir hatte zahlen wollen! Wo ist er eigentlich jetzt? Sag mir Bescheid, wenn er gestorben ist.“

Eric Kroll: „Lenny Burtman ist schon tot. Er ging ins Gefängnis, kam wieder raus und starb.“

Stanton entwarf auch die Schriftzüge vieler Burtman-Titel und bekam dafür fünf Dollar pro Cover. Manchmal führte ihn Burtman als „Art-director“ auf, doch Eric behauptet, so einen Job hätte er nie innegehabt, und für die vielen Logos und Spots, die er für Burtman zeichnete, sei er auch nie bezahlt worden.

DIE ARBEIT FÜR EDDY MISHKIN

„Eddy Mishkin war ein guter Typ. Wenn ich Geld brauchte und er gerade welches hatte, dann gab er mir was. Er sah aus wie Eddie Cantor, nur ohne die Glotzaugen. Ein attraktiver Mann, ungefähr 1,65 m groß. Er besaß einen Laden, genauer gesagt, bis zu vier verschiedene Läden, die alle in der Nähe oder direkt am Times Square lagen.“

In den 70er Jahren fuhr ich (Eric Kroll) mit der Subway zum Times Square, um dort nach Raritäten-Schweinereien zu fahnden. Ich frage mich, ob ich damals wohl auch in einem von Mishkins Läden war. In den 50er und 60er Jahren machte es Stanton genauso. Aber er fahndete auch nach Raubdrucken seiner Arbeiten. Klaw bezahlte Stanton nicht für den Wiederabdruck seiner Arbeiten in den Publikationen von Nutrix, einem später gegründeten Verlag, der altes Material neu auflegte. Und auch Mishkin zahlte Stanton nichts für den Wiederabdruck von Material aus der Zeit bei Klaw, das er in seiner „Mutrix“-Presseedition neu auflegte.

„Mishkin begann mit Second-Hand-Magazinen. Ich ging in alle Läden und schlug Mishkin eines Tages vor, direkt bei mir zu kaufen. Du darfst nicht vergessen, ich hatte ja ein Atelier an der Eighth Avenue Ecke 43. Straße, und er hatte zeitweilig einen Laden an der Eighth Avenue Ecke 48. Strasse. Ich brachte meine Illustrationen vorbei und wurde direkt im Laden bezahlt. Erst viel später zog er dann ein Mail-ordergeschäft (Gargoyle Press) auf. Als er für sein Material mehr Lagerplatz benötigte, bezog er in der 23. Straße ein Loft.“

Vielleicht erklärt das die Fotoreproduktionen aus Stantons Mishkin-Zeit, die ich Anfang der 90er Jahre gleich kistenweise in einem abbruchreifen Keller unter einem Comicladen in der 23. Straße fand.

Ende der 60er Jahre durchsuchte die New Yorker Polizei das Atelier, das sich Stanton mit Ditko teilte. Stanton war gerade in Florida und machte dort mit seiner Tante Ferien. Sie teilten Stanton mit, er würde seine Bilder wiederbekommen, wenn er als Zeuge im Fall Eddy Mishkin gegen ihn aussagen würde.

„Mishkin ging ins Gefängnis. Sie holten mich rein, und ich mußte eine Erklärung bezüglich der Sachen, die ich für ihn gemalt hatte, abgeben, ‚Sex Switch‘ zum Beispiel (eine Komödie über einen Mann, der zur Frau wird). Meine Aussage half allerdings nur der Verteidigung. Ich weiß noch, daß mich die Leute am Gericht nicht bleiben lassen wollten. Ich mußte wieder gehen.

Alles, was mir gehörte – die 8-mm-Filme, 16-mm-Filme, Vorarbeiten zu den Sachen, die ich für Klaw gemacht hatte, die Taschenbuchcover –, wurde konfisziert und nie wieder zurückgegeben. Nur Bleistifte und leeres Papier ließen sie zurück! Als ich zur Polizei ging, um meine Sachen zu holen, sagten sie mir, es sei alles verbrannt.“

DIE ARBEIT FÜR MAX STONE

Max Stones Verlagshaus Peerless Sales lag im zehnten Stockwerk des gleichen Gebäudes an der Ecke Eighth Avenue und 43. Straße, in dem sich Stanton und Ditko im achten Stock ein Atelier teilten.

„Der Raum war ungefähr 30 x 60 m breit. Auf der einen Seite war eine Fensterfront. Steve und ich hatten unsere Tische einander gegenübergestellt. Er lebte ganz in der Nähe in der 45. Straße. Ich wohnte zu Anfang bei meiner Mutter in Ozone Park und fuhr mit dem E-Train (der Subway) in die Stadt. Wir haben sehr viel gearbeitet. Manchmal zeichnete Steven 20 Stunden am Stück an einem Comic. Keiner von uns beiden verdiente damals viel Geld.

Ditko kolorierte meine Zeichnungen, zum Beispiel ‚Confidential T. V.‘ Ich zeichne lieber, für die andere Arbeit bin ich zu ungeduldig. Er konnte besser kolorieren, also überließ ich ihm diese Arbeit. Meine Sachen fand er sehr komisch, und wir haben überhaupt viel gelacht. Wir brachten uns gegenseitig auf Ideen, halfen uns bei der Entwicklung von Charakteren oder überließen sie auch dem anderen. Meine Tante Mae ist zum Beispiel die Aunt Mae in ‚Spider Man‘. Man muß seine Ideen an jemandem austesten können, um zu wissen, ob sie wirklich etwas taugen. Und wenn man mit jemandem zusammenarbeitet, hilft einem das, die ganzen spontanen Ideen, die einem während der Arbeit so einfallen, auch zu behalten.“

Zum Mittagessen ging man oft zu Tad’s in die 42. Straße zwischen Sixth Avenue und Broadway. Dort gab es Steaks. Der Fotograf Sam Menning kam vorbei, wenn er einen Job bei Satellite hatte oder für Max Stone gerade einen 8-mm-Film drehte. Stanton erinnert sich an ihn als ‚den bärtigen Seemann‘.

Sam Menning entwarf und fertigte auch Unterwäsche und Bademoden. Bei seiner „Cover Girl Originals“-Kollektion in der Eighth Avenue Nr. 776 setzte er Betty Page als Model für den Katalog ein. Weiter oben in der Eighth Avenue, mehr in Richtung Osten, lag das Vogue Modelling Studio von Jamaican Cass Carr. Dort wurden Pin-ups fotografiert, unter anderem mit Betty Page. Manchmal, erinnert sich Stanton, gingen Menning, Kameramann James Wong Howe, Fotograf Weegee und andere zu House of Louie’s in der 47. Straße Ecke Sixth Avenue und außen dort zu Abend.

Sam verdiente seinen Lebensunterhalt mit der Girlie-Fotografie. Er verkaufte Striptease-Fotosets, schwarzweiß und im Format 10 x 13 cm, direkt an Läden in der 42. Straße und am Times Square. In einem Bondage-Satz waren acht Fotos, in einem Wrestling-Satz zwölf. Die Negative wurden übereinandergeklebt und davon dann Kontaktabzüge gezogen. Dann wurden die Fotos auseinandergeschnitten, in Plastik eingeschweißt und unter der Ladentheke verkauft. Diese Buchläden, erinnert sich Menning, gehörten Eddy Mishkin, unter anderem „On the Level“ Willie, „Mousy the Rat“, „Fourteen Karat“ Freddie und „Sub-way“ Pete.

Stantons Kunden lebten überall in Manhattan, doch die Künstler durften nicht einfach ohne Voranmeldung bei ihm vorbeischauchen.

„Um sich mit Max Stone, der zwei Stockwerke über uns sein Büro hatte, zu treffen, mußte man eine telefonische Verabredung treffen! Selbst bei Klaw war das so. Besonders

bei Irving. Er wollte nicht, daß sich die Künstler bei ihm zufällig über den Weg liefen. Einmal war ich da und half gerade aus und sah John Willie am anderen Ende des Zimmers. Ich wollte zu ihm hingehen, da drehte sich Klaw zu mir um und drohte mir mit dem Finger. Er verbot mir, mit Willie zu reden.

Alle Bilder, die ich für Max Stone zeichnete, basierten auf meinen eigenen Ideen. Er bezahlte mich mit Scheck, 25 Dollar pro Seite. Die Kopien hat er dann für einen Dollar pro Seite verkauft. Er wollte nur kämpfende Girls. Er stand nicht auf Bondage, so wie Klaw.“

Klaw war der Meinung, daß er mit Bondage mehr Geld machen könnte und wies Stanton an, keine kämpfenden Mädchen mehr zu zeichnen. Zur gleichen Zeit wollte Lenny Burtman Fetischmode. Es gab keinen Interessenkonflikt. Trotzdem behauptete Irving, daß er die Veröffentlichungsrechte an dem Namen „Stanton“ besitzen würde, und zwang damit Eric, seine Arbeiten für Peerless Sales mit „Stan“ zu signieren. Für Burtman verwendete er manchmal den Namen „Stanten“.

Mishkin kaufte alles, was Stanton zeichnete, obwohl er ihn oft mit dem Zeichnen von Transvestiten beauftragte. Er sagte dann: „Gib mir irgend etwas.“ Stanton mutmaßt, Mishkin hätte manchmal einen Kunden gehabt, der Bilder mit einem ganz bestimmten Thema haben wollte und dafür auch gut bezahlte. Eddy beauftragte dann Stanton, den entsprechenden Auftrag zu einem wesentlich geringeren Honorar zu zeichnen.

Einmal hatte Max einen Auftrag erhalten, der ihm 100 Dollar pro Seite einbrachte, und vergab ihn an Stanton für nur 25 Dollar. Eric bekam von dieser beträchtlichen Differenz Wind und bat Stone um mehr Geld. Max bot ihm 35 Dollar pro Seite. Stanton kündigte. 1958 gründete Stanton Peerless Sales, und 1960 war er erledigt.

DIE ARBEIT FÜR STANLEY MALCOLM

Eddy Mishkin, Stanley Malcolm und Eric Stanton waren die Gründer des Verlages Satellite Publications. Eddys Aufgabe war, die Posen für die Models festzulegen (jemand anders fotografierte sie dann) und die Illustrationen zu machen.

„Wir ließen uns mit Satellite in Buffalo nieder und druckten einiges. Ich habe ein paar gute Dinge gemacht. Es war geplant, daß Satellite Manuskripte besorgt, die ich illustriere, während sich die anderen um die verlegerischen Tätigkeiten kümmern sollten. Na ja, und dann fiel ihnen auf, daß Fotos billiger sind als Illustrationen, daß sich aber Bücher, auf deren Einbänden Fotos abgebildet sind, nicht so gut verkaufen. Also wollten sie, daß ich die Cover illustriere, so, als wären es keine Fotobände. Mir gefiel das nicht, und irgendwann haben sie mich dann aus dem Geschäft rausgedrängt.“ (seufzt).

Er machte die zwei ersten Ausgaben von „Bound“ und verließ dann entweder den Laden oder wurde gegangen. Das ganze Unternehmen war reichlich zwielichtig.

„Stanley Malcom lernte ich durch Mishkin kennen. Er war der beste, für den ich je gearbeitet habe. Er zahlte mir 125 Dollar pro Woche (für die Cover von Groschenromanen), dann meine Miete, Strom usw. Ein Künstler, der ein festes Gehalt bezieht, das war besser als Sachbearbeiter im Ersatzteillager bei Pan American Airlines zu sein, wo ich nur 62 Dollar die Woche bekommen hatte. Malcolm zahlte mir die Miete von 185 Dollar pro Monat. Er hat mir sogar mein kleines Apartment in der 87. Straße East eingerichtet. Fernseher, Vorhänge, alles.“

Stanton konnte ein Cover pro Tag liefern. Erwartet wurden von ihm vier Cover pro Monat.

„Manchmal machte ich vier Cover in der Woche und verbrachte den Rest der Zeit in Florida. Ich bin oft mit meiner Mutter nach Miami gefahren. Dort wohnten wir im Bombay Hotel, später dann im Colonial Inn.“ Ich wollte wissen, ob er während dieser Zeit in Florida mal die Glamourfotografin Bunny Yeager kennengelernt hatte. „Nein, ich bin immer eher ein Einzelgänger gewesen.“ Aber er traf DAS Fetischmodel der damaligen Zeit, Tana Louise, die Frau von Lenny Burtman, bei den Jai-Lai-Spielen im Miami Fronton. Sie gab ihm einen Wettip, doch irgendwie schaffte er es nicht, ihn zu spielen.

„Ich habe um die 300 Illustrationen für Taschenbuchcover von Stanleys ‚Wee Hours‘ und ‚After Hours‘ gemacht. Verwendet habe ich dafür Wasserfarben und Tempera. Mit Ölfarben habe ich nie gerne gearbeitet. Schon allein die Vorstellung, an einem Bild mehr als ein oder zwei Stunden zu sitzen, ist mir unerträglich. Ich will die Geschichte erzählen.

Stanley sagte immer, ich solle malen, was immer ich wolle. Die Coverillustrationen hatten nie direkt etwas mit dem Text der Bücher zu tun. Manchmal beschrieb Malcolm eine bestimmte Szene aus dem Buch, aber die Titelbilder hatten nie etwas mit der Geschichte zu tun.“

Nur ungefähr 60 der Cover wurden auch veröffentlicht. In den 70er Jahren gab es einmal eine Zeit, wo man bei Covern nicht mit Illustrationen arbeitete. Die Regierung stattete Malcolm in seinem Lager einen Besuch ab, und zwölf Lastwagen karrten Hunderttausende von Taschenbüchern weg, und auch einige von Stanton und Enegs Originalen. Stantons Rechtsanwälte setzten durch, daß alles wieder zurückgebracht und die Regierung gezwungen wurde, dort in Queens sämtliche Dinge wieder exakt zurück an ihren Platz zu stellen. Stanton bekam von Malcolm nur 20 Originale zurück. Als sich Stanley Malcolm in Florida zur Ruhe setzte, verkaufte er seinen gesamten Buchbestand für einen Penny pro Buch!

Ich sagte Eric Stanton, wie sehr mir bei den Einbänden zu „Wee Hours“ und „Afters Hours“ sein ungewöhnliches Gefühl für Farben gefiele. Da steht beispielsweise eine Frau in einem leuchtend hellgrünen Negligé auf einem Boden, der ebenfalls in einem leuchtenden Hellgrün gehalten ist.

„Farbgefühl ..., das gab es gar nicht. Ich war damals leicht farbenblind und konnte nicht zwischen Rot und den mittleren Farben des Spektrums unterscheiden. Das ist auch der Grund, warum die meisten meiner Sachen den Farben in Comicbüchern so ähneln, denn für mich war Rot und alles, was Rot ähnelte, die gleiche Farbe. Heute, seit meiner Augenoperation, kann ich mit meinem ‚neuen‘ Augenpaar die Unterschiede zwischen diesem und jenem und einem anderen Rot wahrnehmen.“

Der surreale Charakter seiner Einbände war vielleicht auch ein Resultat von Stantons Schmerzmittelabhängigkeit. Zehn Jahre lang war er durch Rückenschmerzen, einer Folge des Pan-Am-Unfalls und einer früheren Verletzung, die er als Soldat davongetragen hatte, quasi ans Bett gefesselt. Als Stanley Malcolm ihn in Queens auftrieb, wo er bei seiner Mutter lebte, war nicht nur seine erste Ehe in die Brüche gegangen, sondern er hatte damit auch seine zwei kleinen Jungen verloren.

„Zwei Jahre lang habe ich geheult. Das hat mir wirklich das Herz gebrochen. Ich war ein Krüppel damals, ans Bett gefesselt, unfähig zu laufen. Zehn Jahre lang lag ich praktisch auf dem Rücken. Von 28 bis 38. Jeden Morgen mühte ich mich aus meinem Bett hoch, kroch zum Schreibtisch und zeichnete. Mein linkes Bein war taub. Gehellt wurde ich durch einen reinen Zufall. Es war halb acht Uhr morgens, ich lag im Bett und zappte mich durch die Morgenmagazine im Fernsehen. Irgendwann landete ich bei Richard Hittlemans Yogaprogramm. Dort wurde gerade der Brief einer 87jährigen Frau vorgelesen, die ihren Arm nicht mehr über ihren Kopf hatte heben können, bis sie dann an dem Programm teilnahm. Von dem Moment an machte ich jeden Morgen Yoga, und nach zwei Monaten konnte ich mit den Händen den Boden erreichen.“

Auf mehreren seiner Buchumschläge zeichnete Stanton Selbstporträts mit einem dämonischen Gesichtsausdruck. „Eine Person mit einem bösen Gesichtsausdruck hat mehr Charakter, auch wenn diese Person nicht notwendigerweise ein übler Mensch sein muß, was ich ja nicht bin. Ich bin ein Schlappschwanz. Wie John Willie auch. Es geht nur um die Illusion. Ich liebe einfach diesen ‚Look‘.“

FÜR SICH SELBST ZU ARBEITEN

„Satellite Publications ging langsam dem Ende zu, und Stanley gab mir die Adressenliste der Kunden (und viele Fetischkunst-Originale von Eneq und anderen). Malcolm zog sich völlig aus dem Geschäft zurück. Es war auch nur ein kleiner Laden gewesen, bei dem vielleicht ein paar hundert Dollar die Woche reinkamen. Stanley war das nicht genug,

DIE GESCHICHTE ERIC STANTONS

und deshalb übergab er mir das Geschäft. Damals hatte ich dann die Idee mit ‚Stantoon‘ anstelle von Stanton. Ich habe einfach noch ein ‚o‘ drangehängt beziehungsweise ‚Cartoon‘ und ‚Stanton‘ gemixt. Später habe ich dann einen männlichen stummen Diener namens Stantooney entworfen, der in meinem Comic ‚Kinky Hook‘ alle Mädchen kriegte, obwohl er noch nicht mal einen ‚Johannes‘ (einen Penis) hatte.

Es gab Zeiten, da standen 20 000 Namen auf meiner Mailorderliste, doch ich konnte mir das Porto nicht leisten, und überdies war mein Fotokopierer mies. Viele Kunden vor ich, weil sie lieber Bücher wollten oder zumindest eine bessere Druckqualität verlangten. Bis ich einen ordentlichen Kopierer gefunden hatte, zahlte ich nur drauf.

Ein Drucker schrieb mir: ‚So wie Sie mit dem Fotokopierer arbeiten, das ist einfach furchtbar. Warum drucken Sie Ihr Material denn nicht?‘ Er würde für mich drucken, schlug er mir vor. Das war Mike. An seinen Nachnamen will ich mich erst gar nicht erinnern, denn der Typ hat mich betrogen ohne Ende. Er machte einen Katalog im Format 13x20 cm von meinen Zeichnungen und drei Bücher – ‚Family Affair‘, ‚The Governess‘ und ‚The Punished Publisher‘. Bis dahin hatte ich die drei Geschichten immer in Teilen verkauft, je nach den Kopien, die ich auf meinem kleinem Kopierer gezogen hatte.

Nachdem er die Illustrationen gedruckt hatte, gab Mike mir eine bestimmte Anzahl und verkaufte den Rest. Von den Einnahmen, die er mit dem Verkauf erzielte, habe ich keinen Pfennig gesehen, aber ich mußte ihm die Hälfte des Verkaufspreises geben, den ich für die Bücher, die ich selbst verkaufte, erzielt hatte.“

Diese Geschichte ähnelt der des „Leg Art“-Fotokünstlers Elmer Batters leider nur zu sehr.

Genau das Gegenteil passierte bei der Zusammenarbeit mit George Mavety. Ende der 70er Jahre veröffentlichte Mavety „Pleasure Parade 2, 3, 4, 5“ und „6“, die auch von Stanton illustrierte Geschichten enthielten. Mavety bot Stanton an, ihm zum Selbstkostenpreis seinen Katalog mit Hunderten von Illustrationen zu drucken. 1980 erschien der „Stanton Archives Catalogue“. 1982 stellte Stanton einen Drucker ein und veröffentlichte eine neue Serie von Titeln – Stantoons – als kleine gebundene Bücher im Selbstverlag. „Vonda Sorrel“ war der erste von über 100 Titeln, die bis zum Jahr 1996 erscheinen sollten!

„Als ich mit dem Versandhandel anfang, lernte ich die Kunden langsam besser kennen, und so entwickelte sich eine persönliche Beziehung. Sie schrieben mir und baten mich, dieses und jenes für sie zu zeichnen. Anfangs hatten meine Geschichten ein bißchen von allem – ein bißchen Abenteuer, ein bißchen Humor, ein bißchen hartes Bondage. Dann hörte ich von Leuten, die meinen Humor nicht ausstehen konnten, während andere sagten, das sei überhaupt das Beste an meinen Sachen. Die Leute schrieben mir halt, und so bekam ich wiederum Ideen. Sie wünschten sich die verrücktesten Dinge!“ (lacht)

Als er zum ersten Mal gebeten wurde, eine Frau mit gigantischen Brüsten zu zeichnen, kam „Mudfight“ (Stanton Archive Nr. 39) dabei heraus. Der Kunde wollte aber größere Brüste haben und dann noch größere. Später wurden die beiden gute Freunde. Ich fragte Stanton, ob ihn die Brüste seiner Frau Britt dabei beeinflußt hätten; ihr von Natur aus großer Busen wurde durch die Schwangerschaften noch wesentlich größer. „Natürlich. Sie hatte immer einen Riesebusen, aber mit der Milch sah er aus wie einem Comic entsprungen.“

„Ein Arzt schrieb mir, er hätte da eine bestimmte Phantasie, taiwanesischen Frauen mit Penis, und ob ich wohl vier Szenen liefern könnte? Beigelegt war ein Scheck über 40 Dollar. Also malte ich die Bilder für ‚Girls Can Rape Boys‘ (Stanton Archive Nr. 111) und sagte zu mir: ‚Das ist grauenhaft. Ich kann das nicht.‘ Ich schickte ihm das Ganze, und er flippte völlig aus. Er wollte mehr davon, und anfangs sagte ich immer: ‚Nein, nein, ich kann das nicht.‘ Ein Jahr später klopfte er wieder an und wollte das gleiche. Also zeichnete ich mehr davon und setzte es auch in meinen Katalog. Viele Kunden waren richtig sauer, daß ich ‚Princks‘ (großbusige Frauen mit großem Penis) zeichnete. Später kam dann oft eine Reaktion genau dieser Kunden, die sich erst beklagt hatten und nun Gefallen daran fanden und später richtige Fans wurden ... Princks – das ist die wirkliche Beherrschung des Mannes.“

„Trans-Femm-Aktion“ entstand aus dem Wunsch eines Kunden, der ein Original in Farbe wollte. Stanton verkaufte zwar eigentlich keine Originale mehr, doch die Idee des Kunden gefiel ihm, und er schlug ihm vor, diese Idee für einen Betrag von x Dollar zu einer Geschichte zu erweitern. Der Kunde war einverstanden, er machte ein paar weiterführende Vorschläge, und Stanton skizzierte sie.

Darauf antwortete der Kunde mit noch detaillierteren Angaben und machte verbessernde Korrekturen. Zum Schluß bekam er eine vollständig illustrierte, aus Kopien bestehende Geschichte, die Stanton dann mit Farbstiften kolorierte. Später übernahm Stanton diese Geschichte in seinen Archiv-Katalog.

Stanton hatte ein echtes Talent für Titel. „Baby Fat“ war aus einer Geschichte entstanden, die ihm ein Kunde geschickt hatte. „Partners in Punishment“, „Baby Sitter Sits“, „Black Domination“ und „Beached“ (Beach Casanova hält sich für unwiderstehlich und bezieht von Mutter und Tochter ordentlich Dresche) sind nur einige weitere Beispiele.

Das Durchpausen ermöglichte es ihm, in einer bestimmten Szene mit verschiedenen Emotionen zu experimentieren. Oft landete ein Charakter, der eigentlich für eine bestimmte Geschichte entwickelt worden war, später dann in einer anderen.

Bei speziellen Kundenwünschen fertigte Stanton erst eine Zeichnung an, und wenn diese dann gut und lang genug war, ließ er sie als Buch binden und bot sie in seinem jährlichen Mitteilungsblatt als Stantoan an.

„Anfangs sagte ich den Leuten: ‚Gebt mir zehn Dollar pro Seite und ein Minimum von zehn Seiten und ich zeichne, was immer ihr wollt.‘“

Stantons Preise bezogen sich nicht auf die Originale. Er skizzierte eine Idee, schickte dem Kunden eine Fotokopie davon und behielt das Original. Und der Preis ging tatsächlich hoch.

Nur zum Vergleich: Ende der 80er Jahre schrieb ich (Eric Kroll) den in Kohle arbeitenden Cartoonkünstler Bill Ward an, dessen spezielle Obsession großbrüstige Frauen in hochhackigen Schuhen mit Pfennigabsätzen war und wollte wissen, wieviel er für eine Einzelanfertigung nehmen würde. Mir schwebte ein Bild von mir vor, ein blondes Model anbetend, mit dem ich gerade zusammenarbeitete. 60 Dollar, schrieb er zurück! Warum unterschätzen Künstler, die im Bereich der sexuellen Phantasie arbeiten, so oft ihre eigenen Fähigkeiten?

1979 trat der Autor B&G mit Stanton in Kontakt und bat ihn, die Illustrationen zu „Toni goes to the Bondage Ball“ fertigzustellen, das in den späten 40er Jahren begonnen wurde und vier von John Willie gezeichnete Seiten enthielt. Stanton zeichnete diese Illustrationen in seinem eigenen Stil, und die Geschichte wurde von Mavety in „Pleasure Parade No. 6“ veröffentlicht. Gleichzeitig verlieh er den Gesichtern in B&Gs Aquarelloriginalen („Pleasure Parade No. 5“), die ebenfalls aus einer frühen Klaw-Periode stammten, neue Züge. „Seine (B&Gs) Gesichter ähnelten denen von Puppen oder sahen dumm aus. Das entsprach seinem Frauenbild. Ich hatte das Gefühl, sie bräuchten etwas von mir. Meinen Beitrag. Ich verlieh den Gesichtern Empfindung.“

SEINE ZWEITE FRAU BRITT

„Sie war meine Betty Page. Nur war sie kein so gutes Model wie Betty Page, die genau wußte, was sie machen mußte. Denn Britt hatte es noch nie vorher gemacht. Sie war ja erst 20. Als wir uns 1968 kennenlernten, war ich 41 oder 42. Sie sah Sophia Loren zum Verwechseln ähnlich – große Brüste, lange Beine ... einfach das hinreißendste Wesen, das ich je gesehen hatte. Ich verliebte mich sofort in sie.

Ich drehte einen 8-mm-Film mit ihr und ihrer Freundin Natascha. Sie teilten sich im Webster House for Girls ein Zimmer. Britt war aus Norwegen mit zehn Dollar in der Tasche angekommen. Zehn Dollar! Sie arbeitete als Locherin, aber ich machte diesen Film mit ihr und Natascha, wie sie miteinander ringen. Er wurde aber nicht verwendet. Es gab keine Fotos davon. Der Film war für einen Kunden. Wir haben ihr dafür 25 Dollar gezahlt. (lacht)

Hinterher hatte sie überall Kratzer. 17 Meter haben wir gedreht, mehr nicht. Ich wünschte, wir hätten den Film noch.

Der Kunde, ein guter Freund von mir, hat ihn bekommen, aber er lebt nicht mehr.

Wir haben uns ab und zu verabredet. Britt wollte dann irgendwann nach Oklahoma, um dort einen Freund zu besuchen. Dort rief ich sie ein paarmal an und fragte sie, ob sie sich noch etwas Geld verdienen wolle. Dann solle sie sich in die nächste Maschine setzen, ich würde das Ticket bezahlen, und dann würden wir noch ein paar 8-mm-Filme drehen. (Wie romantisch!)

Ein anderer Kunde wollte ebenfalls einen 8-mm-Film. (lacht) Da habe ich dann sie und mich gefilmt. Ich habe die Kamera aufgestellt und zu ihr gesagt, sie solle mich fesseln. Denn das war es, was der Kunde haben wollte. Aber natürlich wußte er nicht, daß ich der Mann in dem Film war!

Die 66 Meter Film habe ich für 400 Dollar verkauft. Eine Kopie zog ich nicht. Kodak hatte zuvor schon mal andere meiner Filme konfisziert, nachdem ich sie darum gebeten hatte, Kopien zu ziehen. Dabei war das nichts Wildes. Es waren nur Britt und ich, beim Wrestling. Aber da habe ich mich von dem Gedanken verabschiedet, von meinen Filmen Kopien behalten zu können.“

Es war die neue Technologie, die Eric Stantons Leben verbesserte. Videobänder machten das Kopieren irgendwann leicht. Genauso hatte er in den 60er Jahren mit einer 3-mm-Vervielfältigungsmaschine gearbeitet, die allerdings sehr langsam war und obendrein noch schlechte Qualität produzierte. Zehn Maschinen hatte er seitdem. Und jetzt hat er einen Kopierer, der schnell exzellente Kopien erstellt.

„Als wir uns kennenlernten, malte Britt sehr gerne, doch es kam eigentlich nicht richtig etwas dabei raus. Also sagte ich zu ihr: ‚Warum kündigst du nicht deinen Job und ziehst oben ein (in das Haus, wo er seine Wohnung hatte). Du lebst bei mir und gehst zur Schule und lernst dort richtig zu malen.‘ Das tat sie dann auch. Sie besuchte die Akademie. Und wir zwei hatten ein tolles Leben zusammen. Wir waren einfach gerne zusammen.

Britt war mein erstes Model. Der Hausmeister in unserem Haus war 1969 so ein junger Typ und verheiratet mit einer Ungarin. Sie kamen beide aus Ungarn. Damals war Britt 22 und die Frau des Hausmeisters 20. Wir machten von den beiden Wrestling-Fotos in Schwarzweiß und boten sie über mein Mailordergeschäft an. Der Hausmeister kannte sich mit Fotografie aus und entwickelte die Fotos in unserem Badezimmer. Den Models haben wir für 16-mm-Filme 20 Dollar gezahlt. Aber als Britt mit Tommy schwanger war, wollte ich nicht mehr, daß sie Modell steht. Ich habe dann mit Paul, dem Nachbarn unter mir, Videos gemacht, aber das war kein gutes Geschäft.“

Für seine Frau Britt war Wrestling etwas völlig Natürliches. „In Norwegen habe ich immer gekämpft (als sie aufwuchs) und fand nie, daß das irgendwie etwas Sinnliches oder Sexuelles war. Ich machte es einfach, weil ich eben so aufwuchs.“ Filme, die spezielle Kundenwünsche erfüllten, setzten sich immer mehr durch. Eric bekam eine Anfrage, und Britt und Eric setzten die gewünschte Phantasie dann in die Tat um. „Eric sagte immer, ich sei ein Naturtalent. Mir fielen Griffe ein, aus denen er sich nicht befreien konnte.“

Britt bekam immer mehr Post von männlichen Verehrern. „Ich fand das seltsam und exzentrisch, aber ich hatte nie das Gefühl, daß es schlecht oder abwegig sei.“ Sie beantwortete alle Briefe, und als das zu zeitaufwendig wurde, berechnete sie pro Antwort einen oder zwei Dollar. „Sie wollten meine zerrissenen Nylons und meine Unterwäsche. Ich habe Leuten Audiokassetten geschickt, auf denen ich ihnen erzähle, daß ich ihnen Rauch ins Gesicht blase. In England lernte ich einen Schwergewichtsboxer kennen, den ich mit Schuhbändern und langen seidenen Stricken fesseln sollte. Ich bin mir sicher, daß er sich daraus hätte befreien können, doch er wollte nicht. Ich machte eine Schere mit ihm, und dann ist er doch glatt in Ohnmacht gefallen! Zwischen meinen Schenkeln. Eric fotografierte, und dieser Typ wird plötzlich blauweiß im Gesicht. Stell dir mal vor, ich hätte ihn getötet! Eine schöne Schlagzeile: FRAU BRINGT MANN BEIM WRESTLING MIT FIESER SCHERE UM!!!

Viele Jahre lang haben wir uns selbst mit Videos gefilmt, aber die Kinder wurden größer, und wir hatten auch ständig deren Freunde im Haus. Uns fehlte nachher einfach die Zeit und natürlich auch die Intimsphäre“, erklärt Britt.

Stanton: „Geld hat das zwar nicht eingebracht, aber jede Menge Spaß, mit den verschiedenen Models Videos zu

machen. Ich habe das Geschäft dann Paul übergeben. Es ist einfach nicht mein Ding, mit Models zu arbeiten. Und solche Frauen wie Betty Page gab es nicht mehr. Ich glaube, wir hörten 1974 damit auf.“

Obwohl sich Stanton als „Zementfan“ beschreibt und die Großstadt liebt, zog er 1978 doch mit seiner Familie in einen Vorort im Bundesstaat Connecticut, als sein Sohn Tommy vier war. Sieben Monate später wurde Töchterchen Amber geboren.

ERIC KROLLS VERBINDUNG MIT ERIC STANTON

Die Danceteria in der 21. Straße West war in Manhattan Mitte der 80er Jahre DER Club. Geführt wurde er von Rudolph. Er erstreckte sich über vier Etagen, jede hatte eine andere Atmosphäre. Auf der obersten Etage, auch genannt „CONGO Bill“, ging es wirklich richtig exklusiv zu. Dort organisierte Haoui Montaug Veranstaltungen mit Anne Magnuson und Eric Begosian oder Ausstellungen von Künstlern, die Rudolph ausgewählt hatte. Kurz vor der Geburt meiner ersten Tochter Leah hatte ich dort eine Fotoausstellung mit dem Titel „Fecundity“ (Fruchtbarkeit). Als nächstes folgte eine Ausstellung von Eric Stanton, und zwar in den Nächten des 26., 27. und 28. April 1984. Ich besuchte die Vernissage und sah dort Gerald Malanga und andere Mitglieder von Andy Warhols Factory. In der Ecke saß Stanton, der Maestro, und hielt Audienz. Ganz offensichtlich entzückte ihn der große Zuspruch des Publikums. Ich stellte mich vor und fragte, ob ich ihn fotografieren dürfe. Zufälligerweise stöckelte in diesem Moment gerade Rudolphs großbusige Freundin Diane Brill auf ihren hohen Absätzen vorbei. Ich wollte ein Foto von den beiden machen, doch im letzten Augenblick hielt sich Stanton etwas vor sein Gesicht. „Veröffentlichen Sie um Gottes Willen dieses Foto nicht“, raunte er mir zu, „sonst bringt mich meine Frau Britt um.“

In dieser Nacht hatte er mir wohl seine Telefonnummer gegeben, denn in den kommenden Jahren telefonierten wir immer wieder miteinander. Ich arbeitete damals als Agent von Bunny Yeager, der Glamourfotografin der 50er Jahre aus Miami, verkaufte Abzüge ihrer Fotos und brachte ihre Arbeiten in Magazinen unter. Ab 1989 verkaufte ich dem französischen Magazin „Demonia“ dann meine eigenen Fetischfotos. 1990 überredete ich sie zu einem Interview mit Stanton, das ich führen wollte. Ich besuchte ihn in seinem Studio in der 87. Straße East und stellte ihm eine Reihe unzusammenhängender Fragen über Leute, von denen ich nur vage gehört hatte. Als ich mir das Interview jetzt für die Einführung zu diesem Buch wieder anhörte, wurde mir klar, wie naiv ich damals gewesen war. Er erzählte mir richtig wichtige Dinge, doch ich konnte nichts mit ihnen anfangen und die entsprechenden Verbindungen nicht herstellen.

In Florida lebte ein Freund von mir, John Detrick, ein prima Typ, der in Coconut Grove einen Buchladen hatte. Er war von Betty Page fasziniert und ich ebenfalls. Eines Tages, Ende der 80er Jahre, sagte er, ich solle eine Nummer außerhalb des Ortes anrufen. Ein Nachbar hatte dort einen Nachbarn gebeten, das Haus eines Verstorbenen zu entrümpeln. Und in diesem Haus befand sich Pornographie – vom Boden bis zur Decke – aus den 40er Jahren bis zur heutigen Zeit. Der hilfsbereite Nachbar hatte diese Pornostöße zu sich nach Hause geschleppt und verkaufte sie dort. Ich kaufte Hunderte von Klaw illustrierten Geschichten, obskuren kleinen Zeitschriften und Originalzeichnungen, von denen sich einige als Stantons herausstellten.

Stanton verbrachte während unseres „Demonia“-Interviews einen Teil der Zeit damit, die Schätze, die ich erworben hatte, zu identifizieren. Ich bat ihn, seine eigenen Originale zu signieren. Damals hatte ich einen sehr wichtigen Kunden, der immer in einer Limousine vorfuhr und mit einem vornehmen französischen Akzent sprach. Er lebte mit einer wunderschönen französischen Schauspielerin zusammen, einer Blondine, und sammelte Fotos der rabenschwarzen Betty Page. Ich organisierte ein Treffen zwischen ihm und Stanton. Mr. X und ich waren im Lox Around the Clock verabredet, einem Restaurant in der Sixth Avenue, und wollten gemeinsam von da aus zu unserem Treffen mit Stanton gehen, das auf acht Uhr morgens angesetzt war. Ich freute mich schon sehr darauf, Stantons Originale zu sehen. Leider schlief ich in der Nacht vorher nicht. Nicht, weil ich wegen

des Treffens unruhig gewesen wäre, sondern weil ich nicht alleine war. Zwei wunderschöne Damen leisteten mir Gesellschaft, und wir spielten und tranken die ganze Nacht hindurch. Frühmorgens hatte ich einen entsprechenden Brummschädel. Beim kleinsten Geräusch zuckte ich zusammen. Ich hätte höflich sein müssen. Die Dinge in die Hand nehmen müssen. Statt dessen war ich fertig. Ein Klotz, ein Trampel, unfähig. Ich erinnere mich undeutlich daran, daß uns Eric nach nebenan in sein zweites Apartment führte und dort einen Metallschrank öffnete, der mehrere Aquarelle von John Willie enthielt. Ich erinnere mich an ein Aquarell mit kleinen Tänzerinnen, das eine „Magic Island“-Episode aus John Willies „Bizarre“ illustrierte. Stanton zögerte einen Moment und bot es uns dann für 2000 Dollar an. Dummerweise kauften wir nicht. Mr. X erwarb ein Aquarell aus Stantons „Sweet Gwendoline“. Ich erhielt als Kommission von Stanton ein Bild meiner Wahl und suchte mir aus einem Stoß von Originalaquarellen, die zur Illustration von Einbänden der „Wee Hours“ gedient hatten, „Money To Burn“ aus. Jahre später erzählte mir Eric, wie wütend Britt damals gewesen sei, denn er hatte mir ein Bild gegeben, das er eigentlich ihr versprochen hatte!

Erst kürzlich entdeckte ich ein weiteres geheimes Lager voller Stantons. Diesmal handelte es sich um Negative von Raubdrucken, die von Stantons Zeichnungen für Klaw angefertigt worden waren, und um Arbeiten von Stanton, die Mishkin in Auftrag gegeben hatte. Eine Freundin rief mich an und erzählte mir, ein Comicladen in der 23. Straße West hätte den ganzen Keller voller Schweinkram und die Feuerwehr hätte den Auftrag, es zu beschlagnahmen. Ich eilte sofort hin und fand Ratten und wahre Schätze vor, unter anderem vier großformatige Schwarzweiß-Negative von Betty Page, in Korsett und Knebel, an einen Metallstuhl gefesselt!

1993 erhielt ich den Auftrag, die Dominas einer strengen Kammer in der New Yorker Westside zu fotografieren. Als Bezahlung wurden mir vier kleine Aquarelle geboten, auf denen Frauen mit Männern Wrestling machten oder sie an allen vierten fesselten. Ich wußte, daß sie von Stanton stammten. Der Typ dachte, er käme gut weg dabei, denn er hatte zehn Dollar pro Stück gezahlt, an einen Typen, der sie wiederum von einem Typen hatte, der die Originalzeichnungen in Schuhkartons auf der Straße vor dem berühmten Hellfire Club zum gleichen Preis verkauft hatte. Später fand ich heraus, daß sie Teil einer von Eddy Mishkin in Auftrag gegebenen Serie namens „Legacy of Pain“ waren.

Nachdem ich Benedikt Taschen und Elmer Batters zusammengebracht hatte, jenen Fotokünstler des weiblichen Beins, schlug ich ihm ein Buch über den bizarr-abartigen Eric Stanton vor. 1994 fuhren wir in einer Limousine zu Erics Haus in Connecticut, blieben aber stundenlang im Verkehr stecken. Benedikt mußte sein Flugzeug kriegen. Wir schauten uns einige Originale an, sprachen über das Buch, gaben uns die Hand und gingen wieder.

Im März 1995 verbrachte ich vier Tage in Stantons Keller und war überwältigt von den schier unzähligen Originalen. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt konnte ich noch keine Stanton-Arbeit für Mishkin von einer für Malkin oder einer für Burtman unterscheiden. Und was waren Stantoons? Welche Stücke gehörten zum Stanton Archive? War das ein Klaw-Original oder ein Nachdruck von Mishkin? Gehört dieses Bild zu „Sweeter Gwen“ oder „Sweet Gwendoline“ oder eher zu „The Return of Gwendoline“ oder doch eher zu ...? Sechs Stunden lang stellte ich nichts als Fragen und kehrte verwirrt nach San Francisco zurück.

Ich besitze eine umfassende Sammlung von Arbeiten auf Papier aus den 40er Jahren bis zur Gegenwart. Und so verbrachte ich die nächsten fünf Monate nun damit, meine Sammlung nach Beispielen für Stantons Arbeiten zu durchkämmen. Wenn ich etwas entdeckte, das von ihm hätte stammen können, faxte ich ihm eine Kopie der Zeichnung. Und er faxte ja oder nein zurück. Langsam konnte ich seine Arbeiten erkennen. Dann die verschiedenen Zeitperioden unterscheiden. Ich führte Buch, machte Aufzeichnungen, fotokopierte und kommunizierte mit Stanton. Langsam fügte ich das Puzzle Stanton Stück für Stück zusammen. Die Nachrichten, die er auf meinem Anrufbeantworter hinterließ, gefielen mir besonders: „Hallo, Eric der Große. Hier ist Eric der Größere.“ So ging es Monat um Monat.

Im Mai 1996 fuhr ich mit einem befreundeten Fotografen und Vanessa Varela, die sich um Organisation

und Koordination dieser Nachforschungen in meinem Archiv kümmerte, zu Stanton nach Hause. Dort standen zwei große Fotokopierer, auf denen in den nächsten vier Tagen zehn Stunden am Tag Originalaquarelle von Stanton ebenso wie Zeichnungen und alte Fotoreproduktionen seiner frühen Arbeiten fotokopiert und sortiert wurden. Im gemütlichen einfachen Restaurant des Orts trafen wir uns mit Eric zum Frühstück, und ich hatte dann meinen Kassettenrekorder dabei. Eric erinnerte sich an alte Zeiten. Wir aßen weiche Eier und hörten zu.

Alle Lücken wird man nicht schließen können. Die meisten seiner Autoren und Kunden ziehen es vor, anonym zu bleiben. So hat Eric beispielsweise nicht die geringste Ahnung, wo „Sam“, einer seiner wichtigsten Kunden, lebt. „Sam“ ruft Eric sonntags an – oder auch nicht. Aber ich konnte mich mit Turk Winter unterhalten, der den Text zu „Blunder Broad“ (begonnen 1976) lieferte, einer ausführlchen Buchserie über die schrägen sexuellen Abenteuer einer großbusigen Superfrau. Er erzählte mir, die Arbeit mit Stanton an den Büchern sei aus „Liebe zur Sache“ entstanden. Sie begann mit einem Fanbrief, den er Stanton in den frühen 70ern schrieb, nachdem er „Kinky Hook“ entdeckt und den Künstler in seinem New Yorker Apartment besucht hatte. Selbst gebürtig aus Kentucky, war er angenehm überrascht von der sprichwörtlichen Gastfreundschaft des Südens, die ihm dort in New York bei Stanton zuteil wurde. Er hat über 60 Titel geschrieben. Normalerweise schickt ihm Eric vier oder fünf Zeichnungen und Turk schreibt dazu den Text. Seit Anfang der 90er Jahre sitzt er an einem Roman mit dem Titel „Nipples“.

Eric Stanton erinnert sich zwar noch an vieles, doch exakte Daten zu liefern ist schier unmöglich. Ich konnte mehrere Dutzend „Wee Hours“-Bücher auftreiben und besuchte meinen neuen Freund Mr. X, Sammler und Golfer. Er führte mich den Flur seines Apartments entlang zu einem verschlossenen Kabinett. Innen lagen sauber aufeinander gestapelte Umschläge mit Stanton-Reproduktionen, die er schon Jahrzehnte vorher erworben hatte. Er kaufte Stantons auf die gleiche Weise, wie dieses Buch entstanden ist: nicht auf der Suche nach kompletten Geschichten, sondern nach Einzelbildern. Er sah jede einzelne Fotoreproduktion als alleinstehendes Kunstwerk und kaufte die Zeichnungen, die ihm gefielen. Dabei ignorierte er die Geschichte, die meistens nur ein mittelmäßiges Vehikel für die Kunst war.

Offensichtlich entstanden viele von Stantons Arbeiten, um Geschichten und Phantasien zu illustrieren. Ich habe die Bilder ausgesucht, die meiner Meinung nach für sich allein stehen. Sie müssen nicht in Verbindung mit anderen Bildern gesehen werden. Die Geschichte, die sie illustrieren, interessiert mich nicht. Was meine sexuelle Phantasie anspricht, sind die Bilder an sich. Manche turnen mich nicht an. Sie sind für meinen Geschmack zu übertrieben. Die meisten allerdings schon. Die Geschichte ist dabei immer eine Entschuldigung für die Kunst gewesen. Und die ist es, die man genießen sollte. Der Betrachter oder die Betrachterin sind eingeladen, ihre Phantasien auf jeder Seite neu zu entfachen.

EINIGE GEDANKEN

Ich liebe Stantons frühe Arbeiten, besonders seine phantastischen extravaganten Bondagezeichnungen für Klaw. Sie sind surreal. Je besser er als Künstler wurde, desto realistischer wurden seine Figuren, besonders in der Stantoon- und der Stanton-Archive-Periode. Die Gewalt wurde lebens echter, und Gewalt turnt mich nicht an. Weder in der Phantasie noch in der Realität. Ich reagiere auf Beherrschung und Unterwerfung. Aber jeder hat seine eigenen Neigungen und – glücklicherweise – ist hier für jeden etwas dabei, in Schwarzweiß oder in Farbe.

Eine Ausnahme habe ich zugelassen. Stantoon Nr. 70, „Partners in Punishment“, ist realistisch gezeichnet, dabei aber ausgewogen in der Weise, wie körperliche Züchtigung angewendet wird. Der Ehemann bestraft seine Braut, ähnlich wie er es als Kind bei seinem Vater gesehen hat, wenn der seine Mutter züchtigte. Sie akzeptiert diese Strafe, so wie sie als Kind die Schläge ihrer älteren Schwester akzeptierte. Später legt sie ihren straffällig gewordenen Ehemann dann übers Knie und verhaut ihm den blanken Po mit einer Haarbürste. Die Wonnen einer glücklichen Ehe!

DIE GESCHICHTE ERIC STANTONS

Die 300 Buchcover für Malcolm gehören zu meinen Favoriten von Stanton, denn hier zeigt er Humor. Die sexuellen Rollenspiele grenzen ans Lächerliche – etwas, das ich bei meinen Fotos immer zu erreichen suche. Ich lerne ständig von Eric dazu, von dem, was er denkt, von dem, was er als Künstler umsetzt. Ich bediene mich seiner Weisheit. Es liegt schon Jahre zurück, da reagierte ich auf Bilder von rittlings (über dem Gesicht) Sitzenden. Dieses Jahr turnen mich starke Frauen an, die den schwachen, hilflosen Mann überwältigen, und ich werde wohl wiederum Jahre brauchen, bis ich diese sexuelle Phantasie ausgereizt habe. Dann käme vielleicht Stantons Phantasie auf Seite 90, dann die auf Seite 100 und dann ...

Stanton sagt von sich, er könne jede gut geschriebene Phantasie auch illustrieren. Er könne sich, so behauptet er, in die Gedankenwelt des Autors hineinversetzen und seine Phantasie ausgestalten, selbst wenn es sich um eine handelt, die ihm selbst nicht so viel Spaß macht. „Solange es interessant ist, selbst wenn es mit Homosexualität oder Transvestitismus zu tun hat, und wenn es gut geschrieben ist, habe ich Spaß daran. Wenn den Autor sein Thema interessiert, wenn er seine eigene Phantasie niederschreibt, dann gibt es einfach nichts Besseres.“

Ich fragte Stanton, welche Art von Sex er denn persönlich bevorzugt. „Es muß schon ein Kampf sein. Man kann nicht einfach nur die Hinlegen-und-Sex-haben-Nummer machen. Als ich fünf war, wollte ich, daß die Mädchen mich beim Spielen festhielten. Da war eine Siebenjährige, und wir haben Cowboy und Indianer gespielt. Als Erwachsener gefällt mir das Geben und Nehmen. Ich dominiere ein bißchen, und dann lasse ich sie ein bißchen dominieren und gewinnen, wenn sie Spaß daran hat. Ich liebe es, wenn Frauen sich ausgefallen anziehen. Ein nackter Körper, was ist das schon? Natürlich mag ich Stiefel und Korsett! Durchsichtige Sachen nicht, aber ich liebe Spitze. Und Faltenröcke. Die machen eine Frau noch femininer. Sie darf nicht klein oder zierlich sein. Eine Frau muß stark sein. Und große Frauen mit großem Busen sind mir immer die liebsten. Deshalb habe ich Britt geheiratet. Sie ist fünf cm größer als ich.“ Mir fällt Dian Hansen ein, die Herausgeberin der Zeitschrift „Leg Show“. „O ja, Dian Hansen hat eine tolle Figur. Ich mag nur keine Muskeln, aber wenn jemand eine durchtrainierte Figur hat, das gefällt mir gut. Wenn Frauen über Männer dominieren, das hat mir immer gefallen. Männer sind häßlich. Wer will schon einen Mann sehen?“

Wieviel Autobiographisches fließt in Eric Stantons Arbeit ein? Das werde ich wohl nie erfahren. Als er neun war, wurde er Zeuge einer handgreiflichen Auseinandersetzung zwischen seiner Mutter und seiner Tante.

Ich fragte Britt, wie sie ihren Mann kennenlernte.

Britt: „Ich lebte im Webster House für junge Mädchen und war gerade erst aus Norwegen gekommen. Ich war 19. Eine Freundin schlug vor, wir sollten diesen Künstler, mit dem sie befreundet war, besuchen. Er half ihr gerade bei einem Gemälde, an dem sie arbeitete. Ich brachte einen Freund von mir mit, mit dem ich gerade ausging und der aussah wie Robert Redford. Eric öffnete die Tür, und er war wie immer ganz in Schwarz gekleidet. Er starrte mich an. Er sah einfach anders aus als die anderen. Er trug einen schwarzen Bart, so einen Teufelsbart. Auf solche Typen stand ich eigentlich überhaupt nicht. Er war kleiner als ich und ein dunkler Typ. Ich war immer mit größeren Männern zusammen gewesen, blonden Männern. Aber ich mochte seine Art, und er war gut gebaut. Ein Taillenumfang von 73 cm. Jedesmal, wenn ich hochguckte, starrte er mich an, und dann holte er ziemlich schnell seine Kamera raus und zoomte auf unsere Beine. Er filmte uns alle und zoomte dann auf unsere Beine. Den Film haben wir verlegt, aber es existiert einer von der ersten Stunde, in der wir uns kennengelernt haben. Ich kann mich noch erinnern, daß ich an diesem Abend einen Minirock trug, und er mag lange Beine. Ich wollte immer klein und zierlich sein. Und übrigens habe ich sogar einen Job als Stewardess nicht bekommen, weil sie fanden, ich sei zu groß. Jedenfalls rief er mich eine Woche später wieder an. Ob ich mich an ihn erinnern würde? ‚Klar‘, sagte ich. ‚Klasse!‘ sagte er. Und dann: ‚Wie wärs mit morgen?‘ Ich sagte: ‚Ja.‘ Und er fragte: ‚Und heute?‘ Und darauf habe ich gesagt: ‚Ja, klar, ich komme gleich.‘ Dann stand Eric zwei oder drei Stunden vor seinem Haus, denn ich bin zu Fuß gegangen (kein Geld für ein Taxi). Ich ging den ganzen Weg von der 36. Straße West bis hoch zur Upper East Side. An

dem Abend sind wir irgendwann wieder bei ihm gelandet und haben noch ein paar Bier getrunken. Ich habe mich mit ihm unterhalten. Es war drei Uhr morgens. Und ich habe mich gewundert, warum er keinerlei Annäherungsversuche machte. Näher konnte ich ihm gar nicht mehr rücken. Er hatte den ganzen Abend nur Orangensaft getrunken. (Eric ist ein absoluter Gesundheitsfanatiker und stand damals schon die ganze Zeit auf dem Kopf und machte Yogaübungen.) Auf jeden Fall habe ich ihn irgendwann einfach an den Schultern gepackt und auf den Boden geworfen. Und wie er da so lag, habe ich mich mit gespreizten Beinen einfach auf seinen Brustkorb gesetzt. Später hat er mir dann gesagt, in dem Moment hatte er das Gefühl, ich sei geradewegs einem seiner Comics entsprungen! Und außerdem trug ich keine Nylonstrumpfhosen, denn so etwas gab es bei uns in Norwegen nicht. Ich trug Nylonstrümpfe mit Strapsen.“

Als ich (Eric Kroll) Eric Stanton zum ersten Mal in seinem Haus auf dem Land besuchte, saßen wir gerade in seinem Wohnzimmer, als seine sechzehnjährige Tochter Amber aus der Schule nach Hause kam und hineinplatzte. Sie trug einen Maximantel aus den 60er Jahren. Ohne mich ihr vorzustellen, fragte ich sie, wo sie denn diesen Beatles-Mantel herhätte. Sie kam näher, deutete mit dem Finger auf mich und fragte ihren Vater: ‚Wer ist dieser Typ?‘ Ihre Stimme und ihr Verhalten strahlten Überlegenheit aus. Im nächsten Jahr besuchte ich ihn zusammen mit Vanessa. Nachdem wir seine Arbeiten alle kopiert hatten, fotografierte ich Amber, die so tat, als würde sie Vanessa draußen im Wald zeichnen. Aber Amber folgte meinen Regieanweisungen nur sehr bedingt, und später mußte ich Eric gegenüber zugeben, daß ich meine Schwierigkeiten mit ihr gehabt hatte. „Tja, das ist wirklich eine dominante Person“, erwiderte ihr Vater und rollte nur mit den Augen.

NOCH EINIGE IDEEN UND GEDANKEN

Stanton definiert einen Masochisten als jemanden, der sich mit Arbeit bestraft. Ein Masochist ist willensstark und oft ein Einzelgänger. Klingt irgendwie bekannt. Stanton ist der Meinung, der Milliardär Howard Hughes hätte seine Arbeiten gesammelt, und nach dem, was er über Hughes gelesen hätte, könnte Hughes selbst auch Masochist gewesen sein. Stanton hatte gehört, daß Hughes dominante Frauen mochte. Einige von John Willies starken Frauenfiguren basieren wohl auf der Schauspielerin Jane Russell, von der Howard Hughes so entzückt war, daß er für sie einen speziellen Büstenhalter entwarf, der ihren Busen bei Fahrten in seinem Auto schützen sollte.

Zu seinem kleinen Buch „She Dominates All Men“ befragt, erklärte mir Stanton, er hätte eigentlich nie vorgehabt, es zu veröffentlichen. Es wurde zu Beginn der 70er Jahre für einen Kunden gezeichnet. Auf dem Cover sitzen zwei Frauen auf zwei nackten Männern und brennen ein „AK“ in deren Pobacken. Das, so Stanton, sei die Abkürzung für „Arschküsser“.

Stanton zeichnet weder nach Models noch nach Fotos, doch in seiner im Keller gelegenen Bibliothek fand ich die folgenden Zeitschriftentitel: „Women Wrestling“, Band 1, Nummer 5, die einzige englische Zeitschrift, die sich ausschließlich mit dem Amateur- und Profiboxen oder -ringen von Frauen beschäftigt, „Wrestling Movie Review“, Band 1, Nr. 4, „Amazons in Action“, „Aggressive Women“, Nr. 24, und „She Fights“, Band 1, Nr. 3.

„Ich lese nicht mehr zum Vergnügen“, sagt Eric. „Es ist zu anstrengend für die Augen.“

Manchmal, wenn Eric sich wieder seine frühen Arbeiten ansah, sagte er wie zu sich selbst: „Wie konnte ich so etwas eigentlich malen?“ Und einmal ging es beim Frühstück um Dominanz und Unterwerfung, und er sagte, er könne eigentlich kaum glauben, daß Leute so etwas wirklich tun würden.

Als Britt damals zu Eric zog, wollte er ihr anfangs nicht zeigen, an was er arbeitete. Eines Tages drängte sie sich einfach in sein Studio und verlangte zu sehen, was er gerade tat. „Ich sah, daß er eine Frau malte und mit ihren Brustwarzen etwas ziemlich Schmerzhaftes anstellte ... Nägel und so weiter. Und ich sagte: ‚Und davor hast du so große Angst, mir das zu zeigen?‘ und lachte einfach nur. Als ich ihn kennenlernte, zeichnete er wie John Willie – alle sahen aus wie

Holzpuppen. Ich sagte zu ihm: ‚Da muß was passieren, die müssen sich bewegen!‘ Später bekam er dann einen Auftrag von Sam, und das war sein Durchbruch. Die Personen bewegten sich und flogen fast aus dem Bildrahmen. Er arbeitete seltener auf Karton und öfter mit Pauspapier und überarbeitete seine Charaktere so oft, bis sie wirklich echt wirkten. Seine Arbeiten wurden viel besser.“

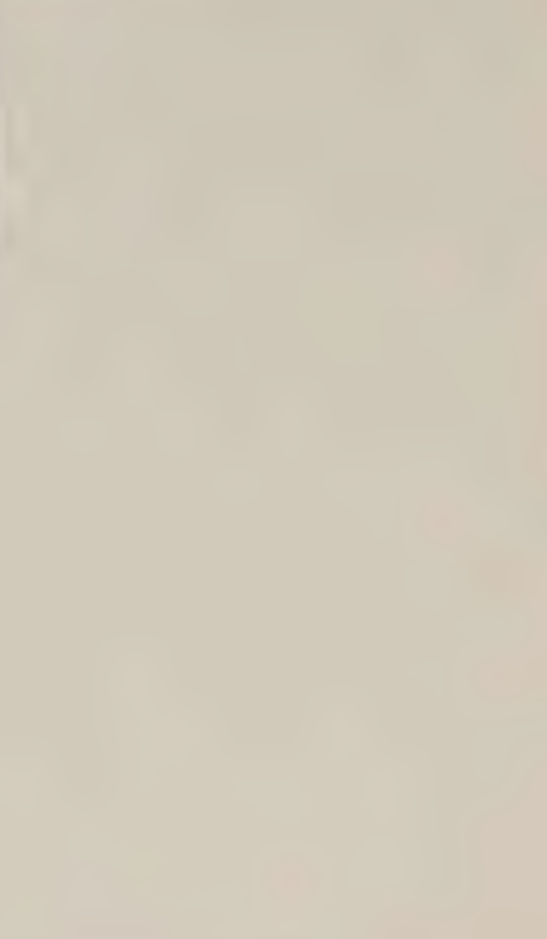
Stanton glaubt, daß er die Anerkennung, die ihm zuteil wurde, nicht erhalten hätte, wenn er keine Fetischobjekte gezeichnet hätte.

Stanton arbeitet nicht nach Fotos, nicht nach lebenden Modellen. Mit Stolz gibt er zu, daß er malt, was er in seiner eigenen Phantasie findet. Für einen Psychologen wäre das, was sein Bleistift aufs Papier bannt, ein gefundenes Fressen. Ich bin dazu nicht qualifiziert. Und Sie?

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L'HISTOIRE D'ERIC STANTON

PAR ERIC KROLL



PRESENTATION

Lorsqu'il fut libéré par la marine en 1946, Eric Stanton alla travailler à Manhattan avec son beau-père, Nikolai Kochegin, maître queux au Russian Tea Room, à côté de Carnegie Hall. Là, il apprit à lancer des couteaux avec la bouche et à danser à la russe. Les bons soirs, il empochait jusqu'à 100 dollars de pourboire. Mais ce n'était pas l'argent qui le motivait, c'était l'art. Quelque temps plus tard, il déposait ses couteaux et s'emparait de ses crayons de couleurs pour se mettre au service d'Irving Klaw, qui le payait 8 dollars par semaine pour dessiner des femmes en train de se battre ou d'être soumises à toutes sortes de situations humiliantes. Le jour où il m'a raconté cette histoire, il l'a achevée dans un grand éclat de rire.

La première fois qu'il invita à dîner celle qui allait devenir sa seconde épouse, Britt, il lui demanda de l'attacher. Un client lui avait commandé un film en Super-8 avec un homme ligoté. Il lui proposa ensuite d'étaler sa poitrine plantureuse sur la table de la cuisine et lança un couteau (avec la bouche) entre ses seins. Peut-on rêver d'une cour plus romantique ?

Vingt-cinq ans plus tard, dans sa maison quelque part à l'est de New Haven, dans le Connecticut, Stanton reste un enfant de Brooklyn. Il a soixante-dix ans et une vitalité de jeune homme. Il est petit, compact et parfois, au beau milieu de la conversation, ses yeux s'illuminent, lui donnant un regard d'aigle. Il est tantôt doux tantôt méfiant. Il faut dire qu'il s'est souvent brûlé les ailes. Quoi qu'il fasse, il ne peut le faire qu'à sa façon. A moins qu'il ne se sente impuissant ou au pied du mur, auquel cas il se contente de hocher les épaules et de laisser filer.

Quand on lui demande quel est son métier, il répond qu'il illustre les fantasmes des autres (et quelques-uns des siens). C'est un super héros méconnu, drapé de mystère, œuvrant aux confins obscurs de notre imagination sexuelle collective. Il n'a eu qu'une seule véritable exposition. C'était en 1984, à la « Danceteria », un club au cœur de Manhattan, pendant trois jours ! Il n'aime pas promouvoir son travail. Il

trouve ses clients par le bouche à oreille ou, plus rarement, par une petite annonce placée dans une revue érotique. Pourtant, ses adeptes lui vouent un culte sans borne. Plus de quatre mille personnes se sont déplacées pour voir son exposition. « Trente-six femmes et quatre hommes m'ont demandé de signer leur catalogue » souligne-t-il avec un sourire malicieux. Depuis cinquante ans, ses images sexy de femmes dominatrices et d'hommes faibles ont fait de nombreux émules, de Madonna à Alan Jones.

Aujourd'hui, ses créatures de rêve, aux seins volumineux, à la taille de quèpe, aux longues jambes perchées sur des talons aiguilles, à la mâchoire puissante, aux pommettes saillantes, au regard de braise et à la chevelure luxuriante, coulent sans effort sur sa planche à dessin avant d'être acheminées par la poste vers ses nombreux clients.

Malheureusement, il néglige un peu son atelier (une petite pièce inondée de soleil qui jouxte sa chambre à coucher). La plupart de ses heures de travail, il les passe dans son sous-sol à assurer son service par correspondance. Le couloir qui mène à la cave est tapissé d'étagères croulant sous de grandes enveloppes contenant les aquarelles, les encres de Chine et les fusains réalisés au cours des vingt-cinq dernières années.

Dans les années 50, il livrait lui-même ses illustrations à Irving Klaw sur la 14ème rue, à Burtman sur Broadway et la 47ème rue, ou à Stone sur la 8ème avenue, et il ne les revoyait plus jamais. Des centaines d'originaux qu'il a réalisés pour Klaw dans les années 40 et 50, des Innombrables aquarelles qui ont fait les couvertures des publications Selbee de Lenny Burtman, des dessins réalisés pour la série des demoiselles en détresse « Sweeter Gwen » (qui, d'après ses propres estimations, ont été réimprimés, ou piratés, un demi-million de fois), des œuvres exécutées pour Gargoyle Press d'Eddy Mishkin ou Peerless Sales de Max Stone, il ne possède plus rien. Tout a disparu. Vendu ou égaré par des éditeurs peu scrupuleux ou confisqué par de hauts fonctionnaires à l'esprit obtus.

Heureusement, il existe des reproductions de son travail du milieu des années 40 à la fin des années 60.

Il a toujours travaillé. Il a simplement cessé de travailler pour les autres. Aujourd'hui, il possède son propre réseau de vente par correspondance et ne propose plus que des reproductions de ses œuvres, conservant tous ses originaux qui appartiendront un jour à Tommy et à Amber, les deux enfants qu'il a eus de son second mariage.

AU COMMENCEMENT

« Je suis né au deuxième étage d'un immeuble de Brooklyn, à l'angle d'Atlantic Avenue et de Pacific Street, en bordure des voies ferrées qui mènent à Long Island. C'est ma grand-mère qui a fait office de sage-femme, le 29 septembre 1926 à onze heures du soir. Elle avait aidé à mettre pas mal d'autres enfants au monde avant moi. Ma mère travaillait à mi-temps dans un « Delikatessen » au coin de la rue. Chaque fois qu'elle me promenait devant dans mon landau, les odeurs de charcuterie fine me chatouillaient les narines. (Il rit). J'adore cette odeur.

Quand j'avais douze ans (1938), ma sœur a attrapé la scarlatine et j'ai dû rester enfermé dans l'appartement pendant un mois. Comme je n'avais rien d'autre à faire, je me suis mis à dessiner. J'ai pris quelques bandes dessinées et j'ai commencé par les décalquer. Naturellement, la première chose que j'ai apprise à faire, c'était des filles sexy ! (Il rit). A partir de ce moment, j'ai continué à dessiner tous les jours jusqu'à la fin du lycée (1944).

A l'école, ma vie n'était pas rose. Jusqu'à l'âge de six ans, je n'ai parlé que le russe. Tout le monde parlait russe à la maison : ma mère était russe, mon beau-père était russe, ma grand-mère était russe. Je ne savais pas parler anglais. Mes professeurs voulaient tout le temps me flanquer à la porte. Je ne comprenais rien de ce qu'ils disaient ! Puis, petit à petit, j'ai fini par apprendre l'anglais de la rue. »

Pour ne rien arranger, Stanton eut trois pneumonies pendant qu'il était à l'école primaire !

« Mes dessins étaient directement inspirés des bandes dessinées : des héroïnes sexy ... comme ça, juste pour me

faire plaisir. Je ne les montrais à personne, mais un jour j'ai surpris mon beau-père déclarant à ma mère : « Il faut qu'il arrête de dessiner ce genre de chose. » Ma mère lui a répondu : « Il dessinera ce qui lui chante ». (Déjà, la femme forte protégeant l'enfant ?) J'ai donc continué à dessiner ce que je voulais.

A dix-sept ans, je me suis engagé dans la marine et j'ai servi sur le USS Terna 834, ancré près de Bath, dans le Maine. J'ai beaucoup dessiné dans l'armée. J'ai réalisé une bande dessinée sur un raid aérien pour le « Bambridge Main Sheet », une gazette de la marine. Les copains me demandaient de dessiner des filles avec des gros seins sur leurs mouchoirs. Je chantais beaucoup aussi, mais ma voix a fini par s'érailler. Je fumais quatre paquets par jour. J'ai arrêté la cigarette du jour au lendemain après avoir parié cinq dollars avec un type que j'en étais capable. J'ai gagné mon pari mais j'attends encore mes cinq dollars.

Lorsque j'ai quitté l'armée je suis rentré au Club 52/20. Tous les gars de la marine pouvait recevoir 20 dollars par semaine pendant un an, alors j'en ai profité. Ensuite j'ai été engagé comme aide-serveur dans le restaurant de mon beau-père, et j'ai été rapidement promu serveur tout court. Nikolaï était un Russe blanc, un général qui avait fui la Russie au moment de la chute du Tzar, avec six balles dans le corps. Il s'est d'abord réfugié en Chine, où il a appris à cuisiner. Il a même cuisiné une fois pour le roi et la reine d'Angleterre. C'était un artiste. Il pouvait préparer un canard ou une oie puis remettre la tête et la peau en place. Il avait vraiment du génie. Il est devenu mon beau-père quand j'avais deux ans.

Pour en revenir à mon histoire, j'ai appris le lancer de couteaux avec la bouche au Casino Russe. Il s'agissait de les planter dans une cible en balsa. J'ai fait ça pendant deux semaines ! (Il rit) J'avais toutes les femmes à mes pieds mais j'ai vite commencé à avoir mal aux lèvres. D'ailleurs, j'ai toujours mal aux lèvres parce que je n'arrête pas de me les mordre (1996). J'ai donc travaillé pendant deux ans comme serveur puis j'ai démissionné pour dessiner pour Boody Rogers. Je ne voulais pas devenir une vedette de cabaret, je voulais être un artiste.»

BOODY ROGERS

« Un jour, en jouant au soft-ball chez moi à Brooklyn, j'ai rencontré un type à qui j'ai fait voir mes dessins. Il m'a dit que son oncle créait des bandes dessinées et qu'il cherchait un assistant pour lui faire ses fonds. C'est comme ça que je suis entré au service de Boody Rogers. Il me payait à l'heure. Je travaillais sur deux séries de bandes dessinées, « Babe Darlin' of the Hills » et « Sparky Watts », qui paraissaient dans le quotidien « The Brooklyn Eagle ».

Je lui faisais toute sa typographie. J'ai même créé quelques-uns des personnages comme « l'homme à trois jambes ». Je devais également colorier à l'aquarelle les épreuves qui revenaient de chez l'imprimeur. Je gagnais 50 à 70 dollars par jour. Je prenais le train pour me rendre chez lui à Wantaugh, à Long Island, et j'y restais toute la journée.

C'était une époque intéressante. Zack Mosley, créateur d'une bande dessinée intitulée « Smilin' Jack », avait un ami qui s'était tué dans un accident d'avion, un certain « down wind » Jackson. Mosley avait décidé de lui rendre hommage en le faisant apparaître dans sa bande dessinée. Après l'avoir représenté la première fois comme un homme sans visage, ses lecteurs ont demandé à quoi il ressemblait réellement. Mosley était embêté car il estimait que Jackson ne pouvait pas être représenté plus séduisant que son héros, Smilin' Jack. Il a demandé conseil à Rogers et nous en avons longuement discuté ensemble. Finalement, c'est Rogers qui a eu l'idée de le laisser définitivement sans visage.»

(Vers le milieu des années 60, Stanton partagea un atelier sur la 8ème avenue et la 43ème rue avec Steve Ditko, le créateur de « Spider Man ». Les deux artistes testaient régulièrement leurs idées et leurs projets l'un sur l'autre).

IRVING KLAW

« A l'âge de vingt-deux ans, alors que je travaillais encore pour Boody Rogers, j'ai acheté une revue érotique et

je suis tombé sur une publicité pour une publication « bondage » de Irving Klaw. Je l'ai commandée. Elle coûtait 50 cents la page. Chaque page ou épisode était une planche de bande dessinée photographiée, de 20 x 25 cm. L'histoire complète, intitulée « Poor Pamela » représentait entre 12 et 30 pages ou épisodes. J'ai écrit à Klaw que je pouvais faire mieux parce que je m'y connaissais en lutteuses et que son dessinateur, lui, n'y connaissait manifestement pas grand-chose.» (La première série de « Poor Pamela » semble avoir été dessinée par C. W., une cousine de Klaw)

« Klaw m'a répondu en m'invitant à venir lui présenter quelques exemplaires de mon travail. »

Lorsqu'ils se rencontrèrent dans la boutique de Klaw sur la 14ème rue et la 2ème avenue, le roi de la photo SM donna à Stanton une page de bande dessinée représentant des filles en train de se battre et lui demanda de revenir avec quelque chose de mieux.

« Ce que l'autre dessinateur avait fait n'était pas mauvais, mais il ne savait pas rendre la lutte « sexy ». Il m'a fallu une semaine pour y arriver. (Il rit). J'ai dû faire huit dessins et j'ai intitulé le tout « femmes au combat ». Klaw en a choisi une page et m'a payé huit dollars. Huit dollars pour toute une semaine de travail !

A l'époque, je travaillais encore pour Rogers mais le Daily News venait de refuser « Babe Darlin' of the Hills » parce que cela ressemblait trop à « Lil Abner », ce qui était vrai. J'ai alors décidé de rejoindre Klaw parce qu'il me ferait dessiner davantage de personnages alors qu'avec Rogers, je faisais principalement des fonds. Bientôt, il ne me fallut pas plus de deux à trois jours pour dessiner une vingtaine de ces petites bandes dessinées avec des femmes se crêpant le chignon. Je ne savais pas encore très bien dessiner les corps en mouvement mais je me suis rendu dans des librairies près de Times Square où j'ai acheté des magazines comme « Wit, It » ou « Dash » dans lesquels il y avait beaucoup de photos de femmes se battant. J'ai aussi acheté des revues de catch. Je remplaçais les hommes par des femmes en gardant les mêmes poses. Après un mois ou deux, Klaw me payait 10 dollars la page. Au bout de plusieurs numéros (des épisodes complets), Il est monté jusqu'à 15 dollars la page.»

Les premiers temps, Stanton se présentait chaque fois qu'il avait une ou deux pages de prêtes parce qu'il avait grand besoin d'argent, même en petites quantités. A la fin, Klaw le payait 50 dollars la planche de 28 x 35 cm. A l'époque, Stanton dessinait directement sur du carton d'illustrateur sans faire d'esquisses préliminaires. Des années plus tard, sa technique évolua et il se mit à réaliser plusieurs ébauches de ses personnages sur du papier calque avant de reproduire les éléments qui lui plaisaient sur un papier vierge. Cela lui faisait gagner du temps.

« Je détestais utiliser une gomme. Ainsi, je pouvais travailler plus vite. »

Un jour, Irving Klaw demanda à son protégé s'il s'y connaissait en « bondage ».

« Je lui ai répondu que j'avais déjà fait quelques dessins avec des cordes. Il m'a donné une série de photos et m'a montré de quoi avait l'air les femmes attachées et comment nouer leurs liens. » (On imagine Irving Klaw faisant une démonstration de ligotage sur Betty Page pour l'édification du jeune Eric Stanton !) « Naturellement, je pouvais m'inspirer de toute l'œuvre de John Willie. Mais Willie travaillait à partir de photographies qui étaient essentiellement statiques et Je cherchais à obtenir des images plus dynamiques. Je voulais qu'on sente que mes femmes offraient une résistance, qu'elles se débattaient... Le premier dessin de ce genre que j'ai réalisé était un fille attachée, en soutien-gorge et porte-jarretelles. Ensuite, j'ai fait quelques progrès mais pas assez. Irving m'a alors conseillé d'aller prendre quelques cours. »

L'école en question s'appelait « The Cartoonist and Illustrators School. » Elle était située sur la 23ème rue entre la deuxième et la troisième avenue. Aujourd'hui, elle est devenue « The School of Visual Arts ». Stanton y suivit des cours de 1954 à 1956, avec l'aide d'une bourse d'état. Parmi ses professeurs se trouvait Jerry Robinson, créateur de « Batman ».

Il n'avait jamais reçu aucune formation artistique auparavant et son travail s'en ressentit aussitôt.

Vers la même époque, il commença à dessiner « Bizarre Museum » pour Klaw. Ses machines de torture devenaient de

plus en plus sophistiquées à mesure qu'il perfectionnait sa technique avec les cours de dessin.

« J'ai appris à composer une page de bande dessinée. Pour rendre un visage intéressant, Il faut savoir lui donner deux expressions en même temps, cela le rend plus vivant. J'ai également appris à ne pas dessiner les deux côtés du visage de la même manière, à puiser dans mon imagination plutôt qu'à m'inspirer de photographies. Les photos sont très ennuyeuses. En se reposant sur elles, on risque de ne plus dessiner que des silhouettes statiques en pied comme le faisait Willie. L'objectif déforme ce qui est le plus près de l'appareil. Les jambes et les pieds paraissent toujours plus grands qu'ils ne le sont réellement. Je voulais éviter tout ça. J'ai appris la perspective, à dessiner en cercles, à représenter un pied tourné vers le spectateur. »

Il se lia d'amitié avec un autre étudiant, Gene Bilbrew, un grand illustrateur noir qui travailla lui aussi pour Klaw, puis plus tard pour Lenny Burtman, utilisant souvent le pseudonyme « Eneg » (Gene à l'envers).

« Je l'ai présenté à tout le monde. Je l'ai introduit dans le milieu des publications SM. J'en suis fier parce qu'avec lui, je pouvais enfin me mesurer à quelqu'un de doué. A l'époque, Eneg était un bien meilleur dessinateur que moi. Je dessinais mal mais j'avais des idées (Il rit).... Eneg avait un style plus « bande dessinée », alors que j'étais plus photographique. »

Eneg avait étudié avec Byrne Holgrath, le créateur de « Tarzan ». Malheureusement, il eut moins de chance que Stanton.

« Eneg buvait et se droguait, et son travail a commencé à se détériorer. Irving Klaw m'a demandé un jour de retoucher ce qu'il considérait être des symboles phalliques dans ses illustrations. Ça n'a pas plus à Gene et j'ai dû me défendre : « Hé ! Ce n'est jamais qu'un boulot comme un autre ! » Eneg était un blanc dans une peau de noir. Il aurait voulu être blanc. Il adorait les femmes blanches. A l'époque de sa mort, Eddy Mishkin l'hébergeait dans une de ses arrière-boutiques. C'est là qu'il dessinait et qu'il est mort. »

Durant cette période, Stanton préférait travailler au crayon.

« Je ne voulais pas qu'on copie mon travail et les dessins à l'encre de Chine sont si faciles à reproduire ! Le crayon me permettait aussi de travailler plus vite. J'avais toujours hâte de passer au sujet suivant qui me paraissait toujours plus excitant. Je voulais illustrer toujours plus de fantasmes plutôt que perfectionner mes dessins. »

Stanton était un insatiable cinéphile et un grand nombre de ses illustrations s'inspiraient des films de cette époque. « Duchess of the Bastille » fut sans doute dessiné après qu'il ait vu « A Tale of Two Cities » et « The Perils of Nyoka », un feuilleton en 15 épisodes projeté dans les salles de cinéma quand il avait 11 ans.

« Je l'ai vu je ne sais plus combien de fois. J'adorais ce feuilleton. »

Dans sa boutique, Klaw vendait également des photos de films, que Stanton pouvait consulter à loisir.

« J'ai dessiné « Priscilla, Queen of the Escapes » juste après avoir vu un film qui se passait dans un cirque.

Pendant les années où il travaillait pour Lenny Burtman, un grand nombre de ses personnages féminins ressemblaient aux actrices Veronica Lake et Ava Gardner. Des années plus tard, dans sa période Stantoons, Il donna à son personnage « David Blyven » les traits de l'acteur David Niven. Il dessina également Douglas Fairbanks Jr. portant un tablier sur lequel était écrit « Frappe-moi »! Sur une couverture d'Exotique, il représenta une femme armée d'un fouet et entourée de cercles de lumière. D'après Stanton, l'idée lui en était venue dans les années 50 en regardant un show télévisé de Jimmy Durante qui se terminait par l'image du chanteur avançant sur une scène plongée dans l'obscurité et illuminée uniquement de cercles de lumière sur le sol.

Les murs de sa cuisine sont ornés de photos d'Humphrey Boqart. Il pense même que Howard Hughes et Elvis Presley collectionnaient ses œuvres en cachette.

Les kiosques de Times Square vendaient « Spicy Adventure Stories » et « Spicy Detective Stories », avec des belles en détresse sur des couvertures en quadrichromie. « Sheena » et « The Perils of Nyoka » étaient des bandes dessinées à succès des années 40. Naturellement, on trouvait également « London Life », le précurseur du « Bizarre » de John Willie.

« Chaque fois que je tombais sur un numéro, je l'ache-tais. Aujourd'hui, je ne m'arrêterais même plus, ils sont trop soft. »

Betty Page (d’après un entretien paru dans « Démonia », août 1990).

« Je n'ai jamais été amoureux de quelqu'un comme j'ai été amoureux de Betty Page. Personne ne la connaissait vraiment. Pas même Irving. J'aurais adoré sortir avec elle, mais je n'ai jamais eu le courage de le lui demander. Bien sûr, on pouvait s'asseoir un moment avec elle et discuter, mais uniquement pour parler business. Rien que le business. J'avais trente et un ans à l'époque et elle en avait vingt-six. Je lui ai fait tourner un film en Super-8 pour moi dans le studio d'Irving. C'était un film de lutte. Il a disparu aujourd'hui. Elle était excellente ... très forte ... et si gentille. Je me suis retrouvé dans le bureau d'Irving avec elle pendant l'enquête Keufver (une commission du gouvernement sur la nature immorale des bandes dessinées). Elle voulait savoir ce qu'elle devait dire. Elle était en larmes. Elle ne voulait pas parler d'Irving au sénateur. Elle considérait que son travail ne regardait qu'elle.

Quand Klaw la faisait travailler, elle arrivait toujours préparée. On ne perdait pas de temps. Klaw ne voulait pas que les artistes et les modèles se fréquentent, mais il m'ar-rivait de l'aider pour les prises de vue. Dès que les photos étaient terminées, elle se rhabillait et disparaissait, comme ça ! (Stanton claque des doigts). Elle filait directement chez un autre client. Elle travaillait tout le temps. La première fois que je l'ai rencontrée elle portait des talons vertigineux. Elle se déplaçait avec un tel naturel que j'ai cru qu'elle mesurait vraiment près d'un mètre quatre-vingt ! (Page était nettement plus petite). Elle sentait toujours mer-veilleusement bon ... comme une rose. »

Retour sur Klaw

Stanton inventa un bon nombre des titres de Klaw, comme « Mrs Tyrant's Finishing School », « Madame Discipline » et « Girls Figure Training Academy ». Dans « Priscilla, Queen of the Escapes », il baptisa le cirque « The Tingling Brothers ». Il écrivait même certaines des histoires qu'il illustrait quand elles n'étaient pas l'œuvre de Klaw ou de ses clients.

« Jasmin's Predicament » et « A Hazardous Journey » furent l'œuvre conjointe de Stanton et d'Omar. Omar était le pseudonyme d'un camarade que Stanton avait engagé pour retracer ses projets à l'encre de Chine. De même, Jon Bee était un autre étudiant anonyme que Stanton paya 10 dollars la page pour travailler sur « Helga's Search for the Slaves ».

Parmi les feuilletons que Stanton dessina pour Klaw, celui qui remporta le plus grand succès fut « Bound in Leather », commencé en 1949 et écrit par B&G. Joe Cross (B&G) était électricien dans un théâtre de Broadway.

« Je n'aurais pas illustré cette histoire si elle ne m'avait pas plus autant. Mais même quand on est n'est pas amateur de « bondage », on ne peut pas s'empêcher de l'aimer. »

« Men Tamed To Submission by Tame-Azons » marqua une nouvelle étape. Pour la première fois, Stanton fut autorisé à insérer des hommes dans ses planches. Jusque là, Klaw avait interdit à ses artistes de dessiner des hommes et des femmes ensemble par peur de la censure. Lorsqu'il photographiait un modèle, il lui faisait porter deux slips l'un sur l'autre pour être sûr qu'on ne verrait pas ses poils pubiens ! Il ne fallait pas non plus que les décolletés soient trop plongeants ni, surtout, montrer un homme dominant une femme, ce que Satellite Publishers n'autorisa que des années plus tard.

Stanton assistait souvent aux séances de photos SM que Klaw organisait tous les troisièmes dimanches du mois, au troisième étage de l'immeuble où se trouvait son bureau, sur la 14ème rue et la 2ème avenue. Il y avait entièrement réaménagé un appartement en abattant des cloisons, lais-sant une petite chambre où les modèles se changeaient, un réduit pour ranger le matériel et une grande pièce qui ser-vait de studio. Il lui fallait souvent trois semaines pour imprimer les prospectus annonçant les séances du

dimanche. Les modèles faisaient parfois les yeux doux à Stanton dans l'espoir d'être réinvitées à participer à d'autres prises de vue.

A 25 ans, Stanton épousa Grace, une jeune femme qu'il avait rencontrée lors d'une soirée de Jones Beach en 1951. Ils s'installèrent à Brooklyn, sur Lincoln Avenue, près de là où il avait grandi. Ils vécurent ensemble pendant sept ans et eurent deux enfants. En 1954, Klaw commença à lui don-ner moins de travail. Avec une famille à nourrir, Stanton dut prendre un emploi stable. Il fut engagé au service des pièces détachées de la Pan American Airways, à 62 dollars la semaine. Une année plus tard, il se blessa au dos sur son lieu de travail et dut démissionner. Naturellement, il n'avait aucune couverture médicale.

« Je suis resté invalide de 28 à 36 ans ».

En 1958, à Las Vegas, Stanton engagea une procédure de divorce. Malheureusement, il dut renoncer à la garde de ses enfants. Il ne les a plus jamais revus.

« Elle a pris les enfants, la voiture, les meubles ... et tout le reste. Je suis parti vivre dans un hôtel minable, un genre de YMCA. On entendait tout ce que faisaient les voi-sins, sans parler des ronflements ! Il n'y avait pour ainsi dire pas de plafond (Il rit). C'était sordide. C'était plus un dortoir qu'autre chose : il devait y avoir une trentaine de lit alignés en rang d'oignons, chacun avec sa petite coiffeuse, séparés par des cloisons qui ne devait pas faire plus de deux mètres de hauteur. Quelle gaîère ! Une nuit, j'ai craqué, j'ai cru devenir fou. Je suis allé chez ma mère et je lui ai dit : « Maman, je suis fauché. Je n'ai aucun endroit où aller. Tu veux bien m'héberger quelques semaines le temps de me retourner ? » (Il soupire).

En 1958, Stanton et Klaw se séparèrent en bons termes. « J'aimais bien Klaw mais il refusait de me payer plus de 50 dollars la page. » Son plus grand regret de cette époque est d'avoir accepté de retoucher un original de John Willie. Selon Irving Klaw, le dessin de Willie pour « The Missing Princess » était trop cru.

« J'ai dû recouvrir les seins et les poils pubiens d'un soutien-gorge et d'un slip. Ça me faisait mal au cœur, mais que pouvais-je faire ? Si ce n'était pas moi qui le faisais, il l'aurait demandé à un autre. »

Lorsque Klaw fit faillite et avant que Paula ne remonte ses affaires, Stanton alla les voir pour récupérer ses origi-naux. Ils les avaient toujours conservés en prétextant qu'ils en avaient besoin pour d'éventuelles rééditions. Paula lui en rendit un, en annonçant que les autres avaient malheureuse-ment disparu.

« Le dessin qu'elle m'a rendu faisait partie d'une planche de deux illustrations. En fait, ils découpaient les planches pour vendre mes dessins. »

Lenny Burtman

Eric Stanton est très sensible à la manière dont on le traite sur le plan professionnel. Lors de mon entretien avec lui pour « Démonia », je lançais des noms au hasard puis j'enregistrais sa réaction.

Lorsque j'abordai Burtman, il bondit : « Je hais ce fils de pute plus que tout au monde. Ne prononce jamais son nom en ma présence ! J'ai beaucoup travaillé pour lui. Un Noël, je l'ai vu écrire des chèques et mettre de l'argent dans des enveloppes pour les étreennes du concierge, du portier, etc. A l'époque j'étais fauché et il ne m'a jamais rien donné ... jamais la moindre petite avance. Un jour, j'ai dû mendier une augmentation de cinq dollars. Je l'ai entendu dire une fois à un type : « Il faut affamer les artistes, sinon ils ne fichent rien. » Je réalisais des couvertures pour lui à 35 dollars l'unité. J'ai réalisé « Sweeter Gwen » pour lui à ce tarif. Il a gardé les originaux et les a vendus plus tard, plus que ce qu'il m'avait payé.

Un jour, j'ai eu envie de faire une parodie de bande des-sinée. J'ai réalisé « Sweeter Gwen » d'après la Gwendoline de John Willie. J'ai griffonné 30 pages au crayon et je les ai montrées à Burtman qui a dit : « Parfait ! Je t'en donnerai 35 dollars la page ». J'ai commencé à y travailler sérieuse-ment mais j'ai eu une autre commande urgente et j'ai dû mettre le projet de côté. J'ai ensuite demandé à Steve Ditko de me le tracer à l'encre de Chine, en lui proposant de partager la somme fifty-fifty. On a alors fait le story-board ensemble comme on le faisait pour « Spider Man ». On se

donnait mutuellement des idées. On a abouti à une très belle histoire qu'on a livrée à Burtman. Il l'a adorée. »

Après « Sweeter Gwen », Burtman lui commanda les dessins de « Sex Switch », une histoire de travestis, payée au même tarif.

« Quand je lui ai apporté les dessins, il a dit : « C'est nul. Je t'en donne 5 dollars la page. » Je les ai remmenés chez moi et je ne l'ai jamais revu depuis. J'ai vendu « Sex Switch » à Eddy Mishkin pour 10 dollars la page. Il l'a imprimé puis ce salaud de Lenny Burtman lui a racheté les exemplaires à un prix encore inférieur à ce qu'il voulait me payer ! Qu'est-ce qu'il est devenu ? Fais-moi savoir quand il sera mort! »

Eric Kroll : « Lenny Burtman est mort. Il a fait de la prison, il en est ressorti et il est mort. »

Stanton faisait beaucoup de typographie pour les cou-vertures de Burtman, à 5 dollars la couverture. Parfois, Burtman inscrivait Stanton comme « directeur artistique » mais Stanton affirme n'avoir jamais occupé cette fonction. Il n'a jamais été payé non plus pour les nombreux logos et encarts publicitaires qu'il dessinait pour Burtman.

Eddy Mishkin

« Eddy Mishkin était un type adorable. Si j'avais besoin d'argent et qu'il en avait, je pouvais toujours compter sur lui. Il ressemblait à Eddie Cantor, mais avec des yeux exorbités. Un bel homme, mesurant environ un mètre soixante-cinq. Il a eu quatre boutiques, à des époques différentes, toutes sur ou autour de Times Square. »

Dans les années 70, je (Eric Kroll) passais réguliè-rement à Times Square à la recherche de revues érotiques épuisées. Je me demande si je suis déjà entré dans une des boutiques de Mishkin. Dans les années 50 et 60, Stanton faisait de même, mais surtout pour dénicher des exem-plaires piratés de son travail.

Lorsque Klaw réédita ses dessins dans Nutrix, il ne lui versa pas un centime de droits d'auteur, tout comme Mishkin et ses éditions Mutrix quand il réédita le travail que Stanton avait fait pour Klaw.

« Mishkin a commencé en vendant des magazines d'oc-casion. Je rendais visite à toutes les boutiques de ce genre et un jour je lui ai proposé de lui vendre directement mes dessins. N'oublie pas que j'avais un atelier sur la 8ème avenue et la 43ème rue et, qu'à cette époque, sa boutique était située à quelques pâtés de maison. Je lui livrais donc mes illustrations de la main à la main et il me payait rubis sur l'ongle. Ce n'est que plus tard qu'il a commencé les ventes par correspondance (Gargoyle Press) et qu'il s'est retrouvé avec un tel stock qu'il a dû louer un loft sur la 23ème rue. »

Cela explique sans doute les cartons entiers contenant des reproductions du travail Stanton/Mishkin que j'ai retrou-vés au début des années 90 dans le sous-sol condamné d'une boutique de bandes dessinées sur la 23ème rue.

A la fin des années 60, la police municipale fit une descente dans l'atelier que Stanton partageait avec Ditko, pendant qu'il était en Floride chez sa tante. Les officiers déclarèrent à Stanton qu'ils lui rendraient son matériel à condition qu'il vienne témoigner contre Eddy Mishkin qui était alors en procès.

« Mishkin avait été incarcéré. Ils m'ont appelé à la barre et m'ont interrogé sur le travail que j'avais effectué pour lui, comme « Sex Switch » (une comédie sur un homme transfor-mé en femme). En fait, mon témoignage a surtout été utile à la défense. Les types du tribunal ne savaient plus comment se débarrasser de moi. Ils m'ont même demandé de sortir. »

« Tout mon matériel, mes films en 8 mm et en 16 mm, les exemples de ce que j'avais pour Klaw, les couvertures de livres, etc. avait été confisqué et je n'ai jamais rien pu récupérer. Ils ne m'ont laissé que mes crayons et du papier blanc ! Quand j'ai été au commissariat reprendre mes affaires, ils m'ont dit qu'ils avaient tout brûlé. »

Max Stone

Peerless Sales, la maison d'édition de Max Stone, était située au dixième étage du même immeuble où Stanton et Ditko avaient leur atelier, deux étages plus bas, à l'angle de la huitième avenue et de la 43ème rue.

L'Histoire d'Eric Stanton

«C’était une pièce de vingt mètres carrés, avec un mur entièrement bordé de fenêtres. La table de travail de Steve faisait face à la mienne. Il habitait à côté, sur la 45ème rue. Les premiers temps, je vivais à Ozone Park avec ma mère. Je prenais la ligne E du métro tous les matins. On travaillait comme des forcenés. Il passait parfois vingt heures d’affilée sur une bande dessinée. Ni lui ni moi ne gagnions beaucoup d’argent.

Ditko retraçait mes dessins à l’encre de Chine. Il a encré comme ça (Confidential T.V.) J’aime dessiner, mais je suis trop impatient pour travailler à l’encre. Il faisait ça bien mieux que moi ! Mon travail l’amusait. On riait beaucoup. On se donnait des idées et des personnages. Ma tante Mae, par exemple, est devenue (Aunt Mae) dans (Spider Man). Il n’y a rien de tel que de tester ses idées sur quelqu’un pour savoir si elles sont bonnes. D’autre part, le fait d’avoir toujours quelqu’un sous la main aide à fixer dans sa tête toutes les idées qui nous viennent spontanément en dessinant.»

Ils déjeunaient souvent chez Tad’s, un grill sur la 42ème rue entre la sixième avenue et Broadway. Sam Menning, le photographe, y passait quand il travaillait pour Satellite ou tournait un film en Super-8 pour Max Stone. Stanton se souvient de lui comme du «vieux loup de mer».

Sam Menning dessinait et commercialisait également de la lingerie fine et du linge de bain. Betty Page figurait en couverture du catalogue de sa boutique «Cover Girls Originals», au 776 de la huitième avenue. Un peu plus haut de la rue se trouvait «Jamaican Cass Carr’s Vogue Modelling Studio», où un groupe de photographes faisaient des photos de pin up avec, entre autres, Betty Page. Parfois, après une séance, Menning, le cinéaste James Wong Howe et le photographe Weegee d’inaient chez «House of Louise», sur la 47ème rue et la 6ème avenue.

Sam gagnait sa vie en faisant des photos érotiques. Il vendait des séquences de clichés noir et blanc de 10 x 12 cm dans des librairies spécialisées de la 42ème rue et de Times Square : huit dollars la série «bondage» et douze la série de «lutteuses». Les négatifs étaient assemblés sur une bande témoin, tirés sur papier, découpés, scellés sous plastique puis vendus sous le manteau. D’après Menning, toutes ces librairies appartenaient à Eddy Mishkin : «On le Level’ Willie», «Mousy the Rat», «Fourteen Karat’ Freddie» et Sub-Way Pete», entre autres.

Stanton vendait ses dessins à des clients éparpillés un peu partout dans le centre de Manhattan, mais il ne pouvait pas passer les voir à l’improviste.

«Il fallait prendre rendez-vous par téléphone pour voir Max Stone, qui était juste deux étages au-dessus de nous ! Idem pour Klaw. Surtout pour Klaw. Il ne tenait pas à ce que ses artistes se rencontrent. Un jour que j’étais dans ses locaux pour donner un coup de main, j’ai aperçu John Willie. J’ai voulu m’approcher pour le saluer mais Klaw s’est retourné et m’a fait signe de garder mes distances. Il ne voulait pas que je lui parle.»

«Tout le travail que j’ai fait pour Max Stone reposait sur mes propres idées. Il me payait par chèque, vingt-cinq dollars la page. Ensuite, il vendait les reproductions à 1 dollars la page. Il ne voulait que des lutteuses. C’était son truc.»

Klaw, lui, ne voulait que du «bondage», estimant que c’était ce qui se vendait le mieux. Parallèlement, Lenny Burtman voulait de la mode fétichiste. Il n’y avait donc aucun conflit d’intérêt. Toutefois, Irving Klaw prétendait détenir les droits d’édition sur le nom «Stanton», ce qui obligea Stanton à signer «Stan» les dessins qu’il réalisait pour Peerless Sales. Pour Burtman, il utilisait parfois le pseudonyme «Stanten».

Mishkin prenait tout ce que Stanton lui apportait, mais lui demandait souvent des travestis. Stanton soupçonne que, lorsqu’un client venait trouver Mishkin avec une requête spéciale et qu’il était prêt à y mettre le prix, Mishkin engageait Stanton pour exécuter la commande à un prix nettement inférieur, empochant la différence sans en souffler mot au dessinateur.

Un jour, Max Stone reçut une commande d’un particulier qui acceptait de payer 100 dollars la page. Il demanda à Stanton d’exécuter les dessins qu’il lui paya 25 dollars pièce. Quand Stanton apprit par hasard le prix réel, il réclama plus d’argent et Stone lui offrit 35 dollars. Ulcéré, Stanton démissionna. Sa collaboration avec Peerless Sales ne dura que de 1958 à 1960.

STANLEY MALCOM

Eddy Mishkin, Stanley Malcom et Eric Stanton créèrent Satellite Publications. Stanton trouvait les poses pour les modèles (quelqu’un d’autre faisait les photos) et s’occupait des illustrations.

«On a monté Satellite Publications à Buffalo et on a imprimé quelques livres. J’ai fait du bon travail pour eux. Ils trouvaient des manuscrits, je les illustrais et ils s’occupaient de les éditer. Puis ils se sont aperçu que les photos leur revenaient moins cher que mes illustrations. Mais comme les livres avec des photos en couverture se vendaient moins bien, ils m’ont demandé d’illustrer les couvertures pour faire croire qu’il y avait des dessins à l’intérieur. Ça ne m’a pas plu et ils ont fini par m’évincer.» (Il soupire).

Il réalisa les deux premiers numéros de «Bound», puis fut poussé vers la sortie ou partit de son plein gré. C’était une affaire un peu louche.

«J’ai rencontré Stanley par l’intermédiaire de Mishkin. Je n’ai jamais eu un meilleur patron. Il m’a engagé pour illustrer des couvertures de romans de (pulp fiction). Il me payait 125 dollars par semaine, plus mon loyer et mes charges, qui s’élevaient à cent quatre-vingt dollars par mois. Etre un artiste salarié était nettement mieux qu’être employé de la Pan Am, à 62 dollars la semaine. Malcom a même meublé mon petit appartement sur la 87ème rue, avec la télévision, des rideaux, tout ...»

Stanton arrivait à faire une couverture par jour. On lui en demandait quatre par mois.

«Parfois, j’en faisais quatre dans une semaine puis je partais pour la Floride. Je descendais en voiture jusqu’à Miami avec ma mère. On descendait au Bombay Hotel, puis plus tard, au Colonial Inn.»

Quand je lui ai demandé s’il avait fait la connaissance de la photographe glamour Bunny Yeager pendant qu’il était en Floride, il m’a répondu qu’il ne voyait personne lors de ses séjours. En revanche, aux jeux Jai Lai du Miami Fronton il rencontra Tana Louise, LE modèle fétichiste de l’époque, mariée à Lenny Burtman. Elle lui donna un tuyau pour parier, mais il ne s’en servit pas.

«J’ai réalisé près de trois cents couvertures pour les collections de Stanley, (Wee Hours) et (After Hours). Je travaillais toujours à l’aquarelle et à la tempera. Je n’ai jamais aimé l’huile. Je ne supporte pas l’idée de passer plus d’une ou deux heures sur un dessin. Ce qui m’intéresse avant tout, c’est de raconter une histoire.»

Malcom me donnait carte blanche. L’illustration sur la couverture n’avait rien à voir avec le texte du roman, pas plus que le titre. Parfois, Malcom me décrivait simplement une scène particulière.»

Seule une soixantaine de ces romans furent publiés. Au début des années 70, la police fit une perquisition dans les entrepôts de Malcom dans le Queens et il fallut douze camions pour embarquer les centaines de milliers de volumes qui s’y trouvaient, y compris certains des originaux de Stanton et d’Eneq. Grâce à ses avocats, Malcom récupéra la totalité de ses biens et le gouvernement fut contraint de tout remettre en place. Stanton, lui, ne récupéra qu’une vingtaine de ses originaux. Lorsqu’il prit sa retraite en Floride, Stanley Malcom vendit tous ses livres à 1 penny pièce !

Je signalai à Eric Stanton à quel point j’aimais l’étrange combinaison de couleurs de ses couvertures pour «Wee Hours» et «After Hours». Par exemple : une femme en déshabillé vert citron se tenant sur un sol vert citron.

«Ce n’était pas fait exprès ! A l’époque, j’étais légèrement daltonien. Je ne voyais pas la différence entre le rouge et les couleurs intermédiaires. C’est pourquoi la plupart de mes dessins ont un côté (bande dessinée), parce que le rouge et tout ce qui s’approchait du rouge ne formait pour moi qu’une seule et même couleur. Mais depuis, je me suis fait opérer. Mes (nouveaux yeux) me permettent de distinguer toutes les nuances de rouge.»

L’aspect surréaliste de ses couvertures tenait peut-être aussi à sa toxico-dépendance aux analgésiques. Il fut pratiquement obligé de garder le lit pendant dix ans, souffrant d’intenses douleurs au dos consécutives à son accident à la Pan Am et à une autre blessure survenue quand il était dans la marine. Lorsque Stanley Malcom le retrouva

dans le Queens, vivant avec sa mère, son premier mariage était terminé et il avait perdu ses deux fils.

«J’ai pleuré pendant deux ans. J’avais le cœur brisé. A l’époque, j’étais infirme, je ne pouvais plus marcher. J’ai dû resté couché pendant dix ans. Entre 28 et 38 ans, je devais me traîner de mon lit jusqu’à mon bureau pour dessiner. Je ne sentais plus ma jambe gauche. J’ai été guéri par hasard. Un matin, à 7 h 30, je zappais sur ma télévision quand je suis tombé sur l’émission de Yoga de Richard Hittleman. On y lisait la lettre d’une femme de quatre-vingt-sept ans qui, avant de suivre ce programme, était incapable de lever le bras au-dessus de sa tête. Je me suis mis à faire du yoga tous les matins et, deux mois plus tard, je pouvais toucher mes orteils.»

Sur plusieurs couvertures, Stanton s’est représenté avec un air démoniaque.

«Les personnes qui ont l’air mauvais ont souvent plus de tempérament, même si elles ne sont pas forcément méchantes, comme dans mon cas. Je suis un vrai chou à la crème. John Willie était pareil. Ce n’était qu’une illusion. J’aime cet aspect satanique.»

STANTON A SON COMPTE

«Les Satellite Publications se sont cassé la figure et Stanley m’a donné leur liste de mailing (ainsi que bon nombre d’œuvres fétichistes originales d’Eneq et d’autres). Malcom, lui, s’est carrément retiré des affaires. C’était une toute petite société, qui rapportait tout juste deux cents dollars de bénéfices par semaine. Pour Stanley, cela ne représentait rien, alors il me l’a offerte et j’ai eu l’idée de créer les (Stantoons), en rajoutant un O à mon nom et en jouant sur (cartoons). Plus tard, dans ma bande dessinée (Kinky Hook) j’ai créé un pantin en chiffon appelé (Stan-tooney) qui tombait toutes les filles, même s’il n’avait pas de zizi.

A une certaine époque, j’avais 20 000 noms dans ma liste de mailing, mais je n’avais pas d’argent pour les timbres et je ne disposais que d’une vieille photocopieuse. J’ai perdu beaucoup de clients parce qu’ils voulaient des livres, ou au moins, des reproductions de meilleure qualité.»

«Un imprimeur m’a écrit pour me dire : (Vos reproductions sont affreuses. Pourquoi ne pas faire imprimer vos dessins ?) Il m’a proposé de s’en charger. Mike, je ne veux pas me souvenir de son patronyme parce qu’il m’a arnaqué jusqu’à l’os, m’a imprimé un catalogue de dessins d’un format de 13 x 20 cm, plus trois livres : (Family Affair, The Governess) et (The Punished Publisher). Jusqu’alors, je n’avais vendu ces trois histoires qu’en pièces détachées à mesure que je les copiais sur ma vieille machine.»

«Une fois qu’il a eu imprimé ces livres, il m’en a donné un certain nombre et a vendu le reste. Je n’ai jamais touché un centime sur les exemplaires qu’il a vendus, mais moi, j’ai dû lui reverser 50 pour cent de ce que j’ai gagné en écoulant ma part !)

Cette mésaventure n’est pas sans rappeler celle du photographe Elmer Batters, le grand maître de la jambe.

Les choses se passèrent nettement mieux avec George Mavety. Vers la fin des années 70, Mavety publia «Pleasure Parade» 2, 3, 4, 5 et 6, qui comprenaient des histoires illustrées par Stanton. Il offrit ensuite à Stanton de lui imprimer un catalogue contenant des centaines d’illustrations. En 1980 parut «The Stanton Archives Catalogue». En 1982, Stanton engagea un imprimeur et commença à éditer lui-même une nouvelle série de Stantoons sous forme de petits livres reliés. «Vonda Sorrel» est la première d’entre elles à avoir dépassé en 1996 les 100 volumes !

«Quand j’ai commencé la vente par correspondance, j’ai développé des liens plus personnels avec mes clients. Ils m’écrivaient pour ne demander des sujets particuliers. A l’origine, mes histoires contenaient un peu de tout : un peu d’aventure et d’humour et beaucoup de (bondage). Certains m’écrivaient pour me dire qu’ils n’aimaient pas du tout l’humour, d’autres pour dire que l’humour était ce qu’ils préféraient. Je recevais toutes sortes de requêtes !)) (Il rit).

La première fois qu’on lui demanda de dessiner une femme avec des seins gigantesques, cela donna «Mudfight (Stanton Archive n° 39)». Le client réclama des seins plus gros, puis encore plus gros. Stanton et lui finirent par devenir bons amis. Je lui ai demandé s’il avait été influencé

Stanton en 1978

par la poitrine volumineuse de sa femme Britt lors de ses grossesses.

« Bien sûr, Britt a toujours eu de gros seins, mais avec le lait, ils ont atteint un volume démesuré, comme dans une bande dessinée. »

« Un médecin m’a écrit un jour pour me confier qu’il fantasmaït sur des Taïwanaises pourvues de pénis et me demander de lui dessiner quatre scènes sur ce sujet. Il avait joint un chèque de 40 dollars à sa lettre. J’ai réalisé « Girls Can Rape Boys (Stanton Archive n° 111) » puis je me suis dit : c’est horrible, je ne peux pas dessiner ce genre de choses ! Je les lui ai quand même envoyées et il a grimpé au plafond ! Il en voulait plus et j’ai commencé par refuser. Il est revenu à la charge un an plus tard et j’en ai dessiné d’autres que j’ai mises dans mon catalogue. Beaucoup de clients étaient furieux que je dessine des « princks » (des femmes avec de gros seins et de grands pénis). Plus tard, les mêmes qui se plaignaient m’ont écrit pour me dire qu’ils avaient fini par s’y faire et qu’ils étaient même devenu des amateurs de « princks » … la véritable domination sur l’homme. »

« Trans-Femm-Ation » était une commande d’un client qui voulait un original en couleur. Stanton lui répondit qu’il ne vendait plus ses originaux mais que l’idée lui plaisait et qu’il pourrait même en faire une histoire complète pour x dollars. Le client accepta et envoya un scénario élaboré que Stanton retravailla. Le commanditaire fournit ensuite d’autres descriptions plus détaillées et des corrections. Il reçut en retour une histoire entièrement illustrée que Stanton avait coloriée aux crayons de couleurs. Plus tard, Stanton l’incorpora à son catalogue.

Stanton a le don des titres. « Baby Fat » était basé sur une idée envoyée par un client. « Partners in Punishment », « Baby Sitter Sits », « Back Domination » et « Beached » (Beach Casanova se croit irrésistible et reçoit une sévère correction d’une mère et de sa fille) ne sont que quelques exemples. Le fait de travailler sur du papier calque lui permettait d’essayer différentes émotions pour une même scène. Souvent, un personnage créé pour une histoire finissait dans une autre.

Lorsqu’une série de dessins effectuée pour une commande de particulier lui paraissait suffisamment bonne et longue, il en faisait un livre relié et le présentait dans son catalogue annuel de Stantoons.

« Au début, je disais : Donnez-moi dix dollars par page pour un minimum de dix pages et je vous ferai tout ce que vous voudrez. »

Stanton ne vendait pas d’originaux. Il dessinait un projet, en envoyait une copie à son client et gardait l’original. Et peu à peu, les prix grimpaient.

A titre comparatif, à la fin des années 80, j’ai écrit à Bill Ward, le dessinateur obsédé par les femmes à gros seins juchées sur des talons aiguilles et je lui ai demandé combien il me prendrait pour un dessin au fusain de moi-même vénérant un blonde qui posait pour moi à l’époque. Ward m’a répondu 60 dollars !!! Pourquoi les artistes qui travaillent dans l’érotisme sous-estiment-ils autant leur travail ?

En 1979, l’auteur B&G alla trouver Stanton et lui demanda de terminer les illustrations de « Toni Goes To The Bondage Ball », un texte de la fin des années 40 dont John Willie avait déjà illustré quatre pages. Stanton dessina le reste avec son propre style et l’histoire fut éditée par Mavety dans « Pleasure Parade n° 6 ». A la même époque, il retoucha les visages des aquarelles originales de B&G (« Pleasure Parade n° 5 »), également un ancien projet de Klaw.

« Les têtes de B&G étaient comme des visages de poupées vides. C’était comme ça qu’il voyait les femmes. J’y ai rajouté ma touche personnelle, en leur donnant une expression et une profondeur. »

BRITT, SA SECONDE EPOUSE

« Elle était ma Betty Page, sauf qu’elle n’était pas un aussi bon modèle, car, à 20 ans, elle n’avait jamais posé. J’avais 41 ou 42 ans quand je l’ai rencontrée en 1968. C’était le portrait craché de Sophia Loren : de gros seins, de longues jambes … c’était la créature la plus superbe que j’avais jamais vue. Je suis tombé instantanément amoureux. »

Stanton et Britt en 1978

L'HISTOIRE D'ERIC STANTON

Stanton en 1978

Stanton en 1978

« J’ai réalisé un court métrage en Super-8 avec elle et une de ses amies, Natasha. Elles partageaient une chambre à la Webster House for Girls. Britt avait débarqué de Norvège avec dix dollars en poche. Dix dollars ! Elle avait trouvé un job de perforatrice à clavier. Dans le film, je la faisais lutter avec Natasha. C’était une commande pour un client. Elle a été payée 25 dollars (Il rit). Elle s’était égratignée partout. Je regrette de ne plus avoir ce film. Le client était un ami, il a gardé la pellicule. Depuis, il est mort et on ne l’a jamais retrouvée. »

« On sortait ensemble de temps à autre. Un jour, elle est partie rendre visite à une amie dans l’Oklahoma. Je l’y ai appelée plusieurs fois pour lui demander de revenir. Je lui ai offert de payer son billet de retour pour qu’on puisse tourner d’autres films ensemble. » (Quel grand romantique !)

« Un autre client m’avait commandé un court métrage (Il rit). Je nous ai filmés tous les deux. J’ai installé la caméra et je lui ai demandé de m’attacher. C’était la commande. Naturellement, le client n’a jamais su que le type ligoté dans le film, c’était moi ! J’ai vendu les soixante mètres de pellicule 400 dollars. Je n’ai pas fait de copie. La dernière fois que j’avais apporté des films chez Kodak pour les faire dupliquer, on me les avais confisqués. Pourtant, ce n’était rien de bien méchant ! Juste Britt et moi en train de lutter. Depuis, on ne m’a jamais repris à vouloir faire copier mes films ! »

Les progrès de la technologie ont grandement simplifié le travail d’Eric Stanton. Le magnétoscope, notamment, a résolu ses problèmes de duplication. De même, il possède désormais une photocopieuse qui fait rapidement d’excellentes copies.

« Britt aimait peindre, mais elle n’en avait pas le temps. Je lui ai proposé de quitter son job, de venir s’installer chez moi et de s’inscrire aux Beaux-Arts. Ce qu’elle a fait. Nous avons eu une vie formidable ensemble. Nous nous amusons beaucoup. »

« Britt fut mon premier modèle. En 1969, les concierges de notre immeuble étaient un couple de jeunes Hongrois. A l’époque, Britt avait vingt-deux ans et la femme du concierge en avait vingt. Nous avons fait des séries de photos en noir et blanc d’elles deux en train de lutter et les avons proposées dans mon catalogue de vente par correspondance. Le concierge s’y connaissait en photo et développait les tirages dans notre salle de bain. Quand Britt est tombée enceinte de Tommy, je lui ai demandé d’arrêter. Plus tard, j’ai tourné des vidéos avec Paul, mon voisin du dessous. Mais ça ne marchait pas très fort. »

Britt était une catcheuse née. « Quand j’étais petite en Norvège, je me battais sans arrêt, mais je n’avais jamais pensé que cela pouvait avoir des connotations sensuelles ou sexuelles. »

Les commandes de films pour des particuliers commençaient à pleuvoir. Eric recevait une requête spéciale et Britt et lui la réalisaient. « Eric disait que j’avais ça dans le sang. J’inventais des prises étranges dont il n’arrivait pas à se libérer. »

Britt commença à recevoir un important courrier d’admirateurs. « Je trouvais ça bizarre mais je n’y voyais aucun mal. » Elle répondait à toutes les lettres et, lorsque la tâche devint trop envahissante, elle factura ses réponses un ou deux dollars.

Britt : « Ils me demandaient de leur envoyer mes bas déchirés ou mes petites culottes. J’enregistrais des cassettes audio où je leur racontais que je leur soufflais de la fumée au visage. En Angleterre, j’ai rencontré un boxeur professionnel qui m’a demandé de le ligoter avec des lacets de chaussures et de longues cordes en soie. Je suis sûr qu’il aurait pu se libérer facilement mais il n’en avait pas envie. Il a voulu que je lui fasse une prise en ciseau, mais il s’est évanoui entre mes jambes ! Eric nous photographiait et, tout à coup, le visage du type a viré au bleu. Vous imaginez si je l’avais tué ! Je vois d’ici les gros titres « Une femme étrangle un boxeur entre ses cuisses. »

Nous avons continué à faire des cassettes vidéo pendant de longues années, puis les enfants ont grandi. Ils étaient toujours dans nos pattes et nous n’avions plus le temps ni l’intimité nécessaires. »

Stanton : « Ça ne rapportait pas grand-chose, mais on s’amusait bien à chercher des acteurs et à tourner les vidéos. Finalement, j’ai confié les affaires à Paul. Travailler avec les modèles, ce n’était pas mon truc. Il n’y avait plus de

Stanton en 1978

Stanton en 1978

Betty Page. Si je me souviens bien, j’ai arrêté mes activités photographiques et filmiques en 1974. »

Bien que Stanton se décrive comme un homme « de la ville », ils emménagèrent dans le Connecticut en 1978, alors que Tommy avait quatre ans. Sept mois plus tard, sa petite sœur Amber venait au monde.

MA RENCONTRE AVEC ERIC STANTON

Vers le milieu des années 80, le club le plus branché de Manhattan était la « Danceteria » sur la 21ème rue, dirigée par Rudolph. Il y avait quatre étages, chacun avec son atmosphère particulière. La partie la plus « sélect » était le Congo Bill, au dernier étage, où Haoui Montaug organisait des soirées spéciales avec des performances d’Anne Magnuson ou d’Eric Begosian, ou des expositions d’artistes sélectionnés par Rudolph. Juste avant la naissance de ma première fille, Leah, j’y eus une exposition de mes photos intitulée « Fécondité ». L’exposition suivante fut consacrée à Eric Stanton, prévue les 26, 27 et 28 avril 1984. Je me rendis au vernissage. Gerald Malanga et d’autres membres de la Factory d’Andy Warhol étaient présents. Stanton trônait dans un coin, en maître de cérémonie, manifestement ravi par la foule qui était venue voir son travail. Je me présentai et lui demandai si je pouvais faire son portrait. Au même instant, Diane Brill, la petite amie de Rudolph, passa par là. Elle avait une poitrine volumineuse et des talons aiguilles. Je voulus les photographier ensemble mais, à la dernière minute, Stanton se cacha le visage en disant : « Ne publiez pas cette photo, ma femme Britt me tuerait! »

Je dus lui demander son numéro de téléphone cette nuit-là car, les années qui suivirent, nous parlâmes plusieurs fois au téléphone. Je représentais Bunny Yeager, la photographe Glamour des années 50, vendant ses clichés et les plaçant dans des magazines. En 1989, la revue française « Démonia » commença à publier régulièrement mes propres photos fétichistes. En 1990, je parvins à convaincre sa direction de m’envoyer interviewer Eric Stanton. Je me rendis dans son atelier sur la 87ème rue et lui posai une série de questions décousues sur des gens dont j’avais vaguement entendu parler. En réécoutant l’entretien plus tard pour rédiger cette introduction, je me suis rendu compte à quel point j’étais ignare. Il m’avait raconté des choses importantes mais j’avais été incapable de les replacer dans leur contexte.

J’avais un très bon ami, John Detrick, qui possédait une librairie à Coconut Grove en Floride. Il partageait avec moi une fascination pour Betty Page. Un jour, à la fin des années 80, il me donna un bon tuyau : quelque part dans la banlieue de New York, un voisin avait demandé à un voisin de vider la maison d’un voisin mort. Or, celle-ci était remplie jusqu’au plafond de piles de publications pornographiques des années 40 à nos jours. Le voisin en question avait emporté le tout chez lui et le vendait. Je lui achetai des centaines de feuillets illustrés édités par Klaw, de petits magazines obscurs et de dessins originaux dont certains s’avérèrent être de Stanton.

Stanton passa une partie de l’entretien pour « Démonia » à identifier les trésors que j’avais débusqués à cette occasion. Je lui demandai également de signer ceux qui étaient de lui.

Vers la même époque, j’avais un client très important qui arrivait toujours en limousine et parlait avec un accent français très distingué. Il vivait avec une belle actrice française blonde et collectionnait les photographies de la brune Betty Page. J’organisaï un rendez-vous entre lui et Stanton. M. X et moi devons nous retrouver dans un restaurant de la sixième avenue « Lox Around the Clock », puis nous rendre ensemble à notre rendez-vous de 8 heures du matin chez Stanton. J’étais très excité à l’idée de voir de près les œuvres originales de Stanton. Malheureusement, la veille au soir, je rencontrai deux filles superbes avec lesquelles je passai la nuit à jouer et à boire. A l’aube, j’étais une loque. Le moindre bruit me faisait gémir. Il fallait pourtant que je sois en forme pour que la rencontre se passe bien. Je me souviens vaguement d’Eric Staton nous entraînant dans son second appartement sur le même palier et ouvrant un casier métallique qui contenait plusieurs originaux de John Willie. Il nous présenta une aquarelle réalisée

pour illustrer un épisode de «*Magic Island*» pour la revue «*Bizarre*». Il hésita, puis en demanda 2000 dollars. Nous refusâmes, à tort. M. X acheta néanmoins une aquarelle de Stanton de la série «*Sweet Gwendoline*». En guise de commission, j'eus le droit de choisir une œuvre de Stanton. Je pris «*Money To Burn*» dans un lot d'aquarelles originales ayant fait les couvertures de «*Wee Hours*». Des années plus tard, Stanton m'a avoué que Britt avait été furieuse à l'époque parce qu'il la lui avait promise !

Plus récemment, j'ai découvert une autre manne d'œuvres de Stanton. Cette fois il s'agissait de négatifs d'illustrations piratées de la période Klaw et de dessins commandés par Mishkin. Une amie m'avait appelé pour m'informer qu'une boutique de bandes dessinées de la 23ème rue avait une cave remplie de vieux documents et que les pompiers voulaient la condamner. Elle contenait des trésors dont quatre négatifs grand format en noir et blanc de Betty Page portant un corset et un bâillon, ligotée sur une chaise en métal !

En 1993, on me commanda des portraits de «*gardien-nes de cachots*». Pour tout paiement, je demandai quatre petites aquarelles de femmes en train de se battre ou ligotant des hommes. Je savais qu'elles étaient de Stanton. Le commanditaire croyait faire une affaire. Il les avait payées 10 dollars pièce à un type qui les avait achetées à un autre type vendant des dessins originaux dans une boîte en carton sur le trottoir devant le «*Hellfire Club*». Plus tard, j'appris qu'elles faisaient partie d'une série commandée par Eddy Mishkin et intitulée «*Legacy of Pain*».

Après avoir présenté Elmer Batters, le fétichiste de la jambe, à Benedikt Taschen, je lui ai proposé de faire un livre sur Eric Stanton. En 1994, nous nous rendîmes chez Stanton dans le Connecticut en limousine et restâmes coincés dans les embouteillages. Benedikt avait un avion à prendre. Nous eûmes à peine le temps de regarder quelques originaux, de parler un peu du livre, puis de nous serrer la main et de repartir.

En mars 1995, je passai quatre jours à besogner dans la cave de Stanton, noyé sous la myriade d'œuvres originales. A l'époque, j'étais incapable de distinguer les dessins qu'il avait faits pour Mishkin, de ceux réalisés pour Malkin ou pour Burtman. Je l'assaillai de questions : Qu'était un «*Stantoon*» ? Quelles illustrations avaient-elles été intégrées dans «*Stanton Archive* ? » Tel dessin était-il un original destiné à Klaw ou une deuxième édition de Mishkin ? Telle aquarelle venait-elle de «*Sweeter Gwen*», de «*Sweet Gwendoline*» de «*The Return of Gwendoline ...* ou que sais-je encore». Au bout du compte, je rentrai à San Francisco plus perplexe qu'à mon arrivée.

Je possède une vaste collection d'œuvres sur papier des années 40 à nos jours. Pendant cinq mois, je l'ai passée au peigne fin à la recherche d'illustrations de Stanton. Quand je tombais sur un dessin qui me rappelait son style, je lui en faxais une copie. Il me répondait par oui ou par non. Bientôt, je fus capable de distinguer les différentes périodes de son travail. Je triais, copiais et communiquais avec Stanton. Petit à petit, je remis en place le puzzle Stanton. J'adorai les messages qu'il laissait sur mon répondeur : «*Salut Eric le Grand, c'est Eric le plus grand encore*», et ainsi de suite pendant des mois.

En mai 1996, j'emmenai un photographe et Vanessa Varela (en tant que coordinatrice des recherches) chez Stanton. Il nous a fallu quatre jours de travail, à raison de dix heures par jour, pour collecter et photographier ses aquarelles, ses dessins et les reproductions de ses premiers travaux. Nous retrouvions Eric dans un café du quartier pour le petit déjeuner et j'apportais mon magnétophone. Stanton se remémorait. Nous mangions nos œufs brouillés et écoutions.

Il y aura toujours des zones d'ombre. La plupart de ses auteurs et de ses clients tiennent à garder l'anonymat. Stanton ne sait pas où habite «*Sam*», par exemple, l'un de ses plus grands collectionneurs. «*Sam*» l'appelle parfois le dimanche. J'ai néanmoins pu parler à Turk Winter, l'auteur de «*Blunder Broad*» (commencée en 1976), une longue collection de livres traitant des aventures perverses d'une «*Superwoman*» aux gros seins. Il m'a confié que travailler sur ces histoires avec Stanton était à ses yeux un véritable «*acte d'amour*».

Leur collaboration a commencé au début des années 70 quand, après avoir découvert «*Kinky Hook*», il a écrit à

Stanton et lui a rendu visite dans son appartement new-yorkais. Originaire du Kentucky, il fut agréablement surpris par l'hospitalité toute sudiste de l'artiste. Depuis, il a écrit plus de 60 titres. D'ordinaire, Stanton lui envoie 4 ou 5 illustrations et Turk rédige les textes. Depuis le début des années 90, il travaille sur un roman intitulé «*Nipples*».

J'ai pu retrouver plusieurs dizaines de livres de la collection «*Wee Hours*». Je me suis aussi fait un nouvel ami, M. X, collectionneur et golfeur. Il possède chez lui une armoire fermée à clef et renfermant des enveloppes soigneusement empilées, chacune contenant des reproductions de Stanton qu'il avait achetées des dizaines d'années plus tôt. Il n'achetait jamais des histoires entières. Il traitait chaque reproduction comme une œuvre d'art à part entière. Il choisissait les dessins qui lui plaisaient, sans se soucier de l'histoire qui n'était souvent qu'un véhicule médiocre pour les illustrations.

La plupart des dessins de Stanton sont conçus pour illustrer une histoire ou un fantasme. J'ai sélectionné des images de son œuvre immense qui, à mon sens, parlent d'elles-mêmes. Elles n'ont pas besoin d'être vues en conjonction avec d'autres images. L'histoire, elle, ne m'intéresse pas, ce sont les dessins qui excitent mon imagination. Certains ne me plaisent pas. Ils sont trop exagérés à mon goût. Mais la plupart m'enchantent. Les artistes ont toujours utilisé des histoires comme prétexte pour créer. C'est l'art qu'il faut voir. Le spectateur est invité à laisser libre cours à ses fantasmes page après page.

MEDITATIONS

J'aime beaucoup les premiers travaux de Stanton, surtout les merveilleux dessins de «*bondage*» qu'il a réalisés pour Klaw. Ils sont surréalistes. A mesure que son trait s'est affirmé, ses dessins sont devenus plus réalistes, surtout ceux de la période de «*Stanton Archive*» et des «*Stantoons*». La violence aussi est devenue plus réaliste et je n'aime pas beaucoup la violence. C'est la retenue et la soumission qui me font surtout réagir. Mais «*à chacun son truc*» et, heureusement, tout est là, en noir et blanc et en couleurs.

Contrairement à ce que je viens de dire, dans «*Stantoons*» n° 70, «*Partners in Punishment*» est dessiné de façon réaliste mais sa description de la punition corporelle est très supportable. Le mari corrige sa jeune épouse comme il a vu son père punir sa mère quand il était enfant. Elle l'accepte, comme elle se soumettait à sa sœur aînée quand elle était petite. Plus tard, nous la voyons coucher son garnement de mari sur ses genoux et fesser vigoureusement son derrière nu avec une brosse à cheveux. Ah, le bonheur conjugal !

Ce que je préfère du travail de Stanton, ce sont les 300 couvertures pour Malcom car elles sont réalisées avec humour. Il a su restituer le côté légèrement ridicule des jeux sexuels, ce que j'ai toujours essayé d'exprimer dans mes photos. Stanton est pour moi une source inépuisable de connaissance et de sagesse. Il y a des années, j'étais un fan de ses images de «*straddling*» (une femme est assise à califourchon sur le visage d'un homme ou d'une autre femme). Cette année, ce sont ses femmes fortes martyrisant de faibles hommes qui me fascinent. Ce fantasme sexuel devrait me durer encore quelques années. Ensuite, il y a le fantasme de Stanton de la page 90, celui de la page 100, etc., etc.

Stanton affirme qu'il peut illustrer n'importe quelle histoire à condition qu'elle soit bien écrite. Selon lui, il est capable de s'immiscer dans l'esprit de l'auteur et de donner vie à son fantasme même si celui-ci ne l'excite pas particulièrement.

«*Même s'il s'agit de travestis ou d'homosexuels, à partir du moment où c'est intéressant, je ne peux pas m'empêcher d'y prendre goût. Si l'auteur est vraiment dans son sujet, décrivant son propre fantasme, alors l'histoire ne peut qu'être bonne.*»

J'ai demandé à Stanton quels étaient ses goûts sexuels personnels.

«*Il faut qu'il y ait une lutte. Les rapports classiques, la position du missionnaire, etc., très peu pour moi. A cinq ans, je cherchais déjà des filles capables de me maîtriser. J'avais une petite amie de sept ans avec laquelle je jouais aux cow-*

boys et aux indiens. En tant qu'adulte, j'aime subir un peu, dominer un peu puis, quand elle revient à la charge, je la laisse gagner si elle en a envie. J'aime les vêtements érotiques. Le corps nu ne m'intéresse pas. Naturellement, j'aime les corsets et les bottes. Je n'aime pas les tenues transparentes mais j'adore la dentelle ... et les jupes plissées, elles rendent les femmes plus féminines. Je préfère les femmes costaudes. Plus elle est grande, mieux c'est. C'est pourquoi j'ai épousé Britt. Elle mesure presque une tête de plus que moi.»

La rédactrice en chef de «*Leg Show Magazine*» me vint en tête.

«*Dian Hansen ? Ah oui, elle a un corps magnifique. J'aime les corps fermes mais pas trop musclés, juste ce qu'il faut. J'ai toujours aimé voir une femme en dominer une autre. Les hommes sont laids. Qui veut voir des hommes ?*» Quelle part de l'œuvre d'Eric Stanton est autobiographique ? Je ne le saurai jamais. A neuf ans, il a assisté à une bagarre entre sa mère et sa tante, qui l'a peut-être marqué. J'ai demandé à Britt comment elle avait rencontré Stanton.

Britt : «*Je venais d'arriver de Norvège et j'habitais à la Webster House for Young Women. J'avais dix-neuf ans. Une amie m'a proposé de l'accompagner chez un artiste qui devait lui donner des conseils pour un tableau qu'elle réalisait. J'y suis allée avec mon petit ami d'alors, qui ressemblait à Robert Redford. Eric a ouvert la porte. Il portait sa tenue noire qu'il a toujours. Il n'arrêtait pas de me fixer. Il avait un petit quelque chose de différent, avec une barbe noire qui lui donnait un air diabolique. Je n'avais jamais été attirée par ce genre d'homme. Il était petit et brun. Moi, je sortais toujours avec des grands blonds. Mais sa personnalité m'a plu et il était bien bâti, avec un tour de taille de 74 centimètres. Chaque fois que je levais les yeux, il me regardait.*

Il a tout de suite sorti sa caméra et a commencé à nous filmer en train de faire des signes vers l'objectif, puis il a fait des gros plans sur nos jambes. Je portais une minijupe et il aimait les longues jambes. J'avais toujours voulu être une femme menue et délicate. Je n'ai jamais pu décrocher un poste d'hôtesse de l'air parce que j'étais trop grande. Une semaine plus tard, il m'a appelée et m'a demandé si je me souvenais de lui. Je lui ai répondu «oui». Ensuite, il m'a demandé si je voulais dîner un soir avec lui et j'ai répondu «oui» et il a fait «*Woaw !*». Puis il a demandé : «*Demain soir ?*» et j'ai répondu «oui». Ensuite, il a hésité avant de demander : «*Et pourquoi pas ce soir ?*» et j'ai dit «*D'accord, j'arrive*». Il a attendu deux ou trois heures devant sa porte parce que, naturellement, j'y suis allée à pied (je n'avais pas d'argent pour un taxi).

J'ai fait tout le chemin de l'ouest de la 36ème rue à l'est du Upper East Side. Plus tard, on est repassé à son appartement et on a bu deux ou trois verres. Je n'arrêtais pas de parler. Il était trois heures du matin et je ne comprenais pas pourquoi il ne faisait toujours pas le premier pas. J'étais assise tout à côté de lui. Il avait été très sobre toute la soirée, ne buvant que du jus d'orange. (C'était un fana de yoga, passant des journées entières à faire le poirier sur la tête). Je me suis encore approchée, puis je l'ai agrippé par les épaules, je l'ai renversé sur le sol et je me suis assise à califourchon sur sa poitrine, les jambes écartées.

Il m'a dit plus tard que j'étais sortie tout droit d'une de ses bandes dessinées ! N'oubliez pas que là où j'ai grandi en Norvège, on ne portait pas de collants. On ne connaissait que les bas et les porte-jarretelles.»

La première fois que j'ai rendu visite à Stanton à la campagne, nous étions assis dans son salon quand sa fille de seize ans, Amber, est rentrée du lycée. Elle portait un long manteau des années 60. Avant même de me présenter, je lui ai demandé où elle avait trouvé cette tenue à la Beatles. Elle s'est avancée, a pointé un doigt vers moi et a demandé à son père : «*D'où il sort ce type ?*». Ses manières et le ton de sa voix transpiraient le sentiment de supériorité.

L'année suivante, je suis revenu chez Stanton avec Vanessa. Une fois notre travail de documentation terminé, j'ai photographié Amber dans les bois. Elle avait un mal fou à se plier à mes instructions et, en revenant dans la maison, j'ai confié mes difficultés à Eric. «*Oh, oui*», a-t-il répondu en levant les yeux au ciel, «*Il n'y a pas de doute, c'est une dominatrice !*»

CONCLUSION

D'après Stanton, un « masochiste » est quelqu'un qui se punit en se surmenant au travail. Quelqu'un de déterminé et d'introverti. Ça me rappelle quelque chose. Il soupçonne Howard Hughes d'avoir collectionné ses dessins et, d'après ce qu'il a lu sur lui, il en a conclu que Hughes était probablement un masochiste lui aussi. Il paraît qu'il aimait les femmes dominatrices. Il était fou amoureux de Jane Russell, l'actrice des années 50 qui a servi d'inspiration à John Willie pour certains de ses personnages féminins. Il lui aurait même dessiné un soutien-gorge à suspensions pour protéger ses seins quand il l'emmenait dans sa voiture.

Quand j'ai parlé à Stanton du petit livre « She Dominates all Men », il m'a répondu qu'il n'avait jamais été conçu pour être publié. Il l'avait dessiné pour un client au début des années 70. Sur la couverture, deux femmes chevauchent deux hommes nus, couchés sur le ventre, marquant leurs fesses au fer rouge d'un AK, l'abréviation de « Ass Kisser » (« lèche-cul »).

Stanton ne dessine pas d'après modèle ni d'après des photos, mais dans sa cave-bibliothèque, j'ai trouvé les magazines suivants : « Women Wrestling vol. 1 n° 5 », la seule revue anglaise spécialisée dans la boxe et le catch féminins amateur et professionnel; « Wrestling Movie Review vol. 1 n° 4 ; Amazons in Action, Aggressive Women n° 24 », et « She Fights, vol. 1 n° 3 ».

« Je ne lis plus pour mon plaisir, je dois ménager mes yeux », déclare Stanton.

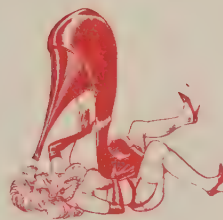
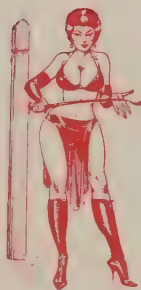
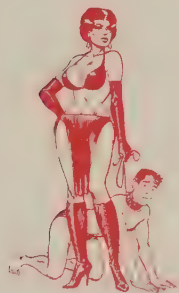
Parfois, tandis qu'il feuilletait ses dessins des années précédentes, Stanton me confiait sur un ton rêveur : « Je ne comprends pas comment j'ai pu dessiner ces scènes ». Un matin au petit déjeuner, alors que nous parlions de domination et de soumission, il m'a avoué qu'il ne pouvait pas croire que les gens faisaient des choses pareilles.

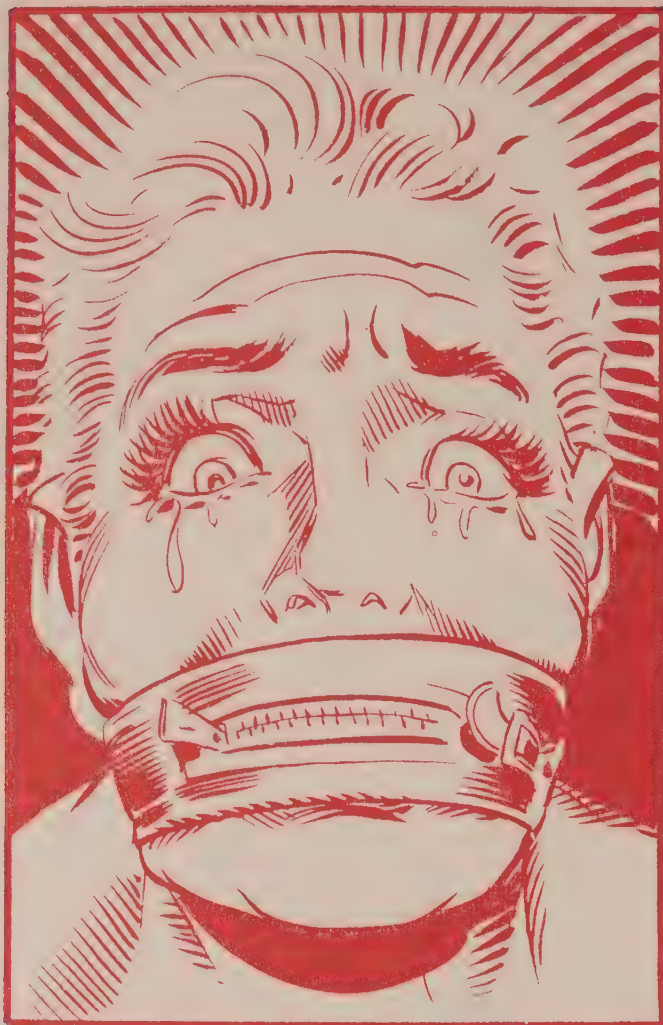
Les premiers temps de leur vie commune, il refusait de montrer à Britt ce qu'il dessinait. Un jour, elle s'est introduite de force dans son atelier et a exigé de voir ce qu'il manigançait.

Britt : « Il était en train de dessiner une femme dont les seins étaient soumis à toutes sortes de tortures ... avec des clous et des punaises plantés dans ses mamelons. J'ai éclaté de rire et je lui ai dit : « Alors c'est ça que tu as tant peur de me montrer ! » Lorsque je l'ai rencontré, il dessinait comme John Willie, toutes ses femmes avaient l'air de statues de cire. Je lui ai dit : « Il faut que tu les animes, qu'elles vivent ... » Un peu plus tard, il a reçu une commande de « Sam » qui l'a sérieusement décoincé. Les personnages ont commencé à bouger et à voler sur la page. Il a réussi à s'éloigner de la planche d'illustrateur en travaillant et retraillant ses silhouettes sur papier calque. C'était nettement mieux. »

Stanton est persuadé que s'il n'avait pas dessiné des images fétichistes, il n'aurait jamais obtenu la reconnaissance qu'il a eue. Il clame haut et fort que ses créatures sont sorties tout droit de son imagination. Un psychiatre pourrait s'en donner à cœur joie avec ses dessins. Je ne suis pas qualifié. Et vous ?

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« Je dessine bien mieux que la plupart de tes artistes ». C'est en lançant cette boutade pleine d'aplomb que se présente un jour Eric Stanton à Irving Klaw, photographe de Betty Page, qu'il avait d'ailleurs lui-même lancée. Toujours à la recherche de nouveaux talents, Klaw se laisse convaincre et permet ainsi à Eric Stanton de débiter sa carrière. Il est aujourd'hui considéré, avec John Willie, comme l'un des maîtres incontestés de l'illustration érotique et du Comic Art. C'est pour Klaw que Stanton dessine sa première douzaine de bandes dessinées, publiée sous forme de série. De 1958 à 1966, Stanton partage un studio avec un ami artiste, Steve Ditko, qui n'est autre que le père de « Spider Man ». Alors que Stanton ne réalise ses dessins qu'à l'encre de Chine, ils furent souvent colorés par la suite à la main par Ditko. Outre ses bandes dessinées et illustrations, Stanton est surtout célèbre pour ses couvertures de livres. Cet ouvrage est l'une des premières publications réalisées sur cet artiste passé maître dans l'art de la culture « Pulp ».

ERIC KROLL est photographe, écrivain et collectionne des photographies érotiques. Les albums « Eric Kroll's Fetish Girls » et « Eric Kroll's Beauty Parade » sont déjà parus aux Editions Taschen. Kroll est par ailleurs l'éditeur de « The Complete Reprint of John Willie's Bizarre » et « Elmer Batters: From the tip of the toes to the top of the hose », également chez Taschen.

“A passion for Taschen”

Fetish Times, London

Araki: Tokyo Lucky Hole

Elmer Batters: From the tip of the toes to the top of the hose

Elmer Batters: Legs that Dance to Elmer's Tune

Richard Kern: New York Girls

Eric Kroll's Beauty Parade

Eric Kroll's Fetish Girls

Uwe Ommer: Black Ladies

The Complete Reprint of John Willie's Bizarre (2 vols.)

Uwe Scheid Collection: 1000 Nudes

Front cover:

Eric Stanton: **Female Tyrant**, 1967

Back cover:

Eric Stanton: Illustration from **Cartoon Parade**, undated

