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## This week's art

### Sex with Aliens

By Steven Robert Allen

#### *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish*

Supervert

(Supervert • Paperback • \$15 )



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We all have our little quirks, don't we? Some of us might be deathly afraid of spiders. Some might be excessively fond of cats. Others might get off bathing in tubs full of warm apricot jam while listening to obscure recordings by an avant-garde string quartet playing revamped atonal renditions of classic nursery rhymes. It's a free country. Everyone's a little kooky. They say that's what makes life interesting.

Mercury de Sade is somewhat kookier than most. Mercury, you see, suffers from *exophilia*, an obsessive longing to have sex with aliens. He spends way too much time fantasizing about how great it would be to get it on with the robots of Gamma or the shape changers of Beta. Just imagine: If an alien race had a couple billion years of extra time to evolve than humans, they must have reached a level of erotic proficiency approaching perfection. Put that way, who *wouldn't* want to have sex with an alien?



This extraterrestrial sex fetish, of course, is very difficult to satisfy, given that--contrary to what you might infer from reading *Weekly World News*--encounters with aliens are extremely rare. So Mercury de Sade tries to fulfill his cravings by victimizing young girls instead, kidnapping them, dressing them up in alien garb, then violating them in the most disgusting ways imaginable.

This is the yucky premise of *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish*, a new experimental novel that owes quite a bit of its overall flavor to gross-out pioneer William S. Burroughs. If you're easily offended, then this book is not for you. Parts of this novel are extremely graphic and vile.

The book's debt to Burroughs, though, goes well beyond its poetic obsession with the evil underbelly of human sexuality. *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* is similar to novels like Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* in that you really don't have to start on the first page and read through to the end. The story, such as it is, is distinctly nonlinear, meaning you can get just as much out of it if you pop around at random. And like Burroughs' work, this novel isn't pornographic in any traditional sense. Penned by the mysterious Supervert--is that a great *nom de plume* or what?--the book spends more time musing on the various philosophical implications of alien life than it does describing Mercury's nasty sexual fantasies and crimes.

Supervert's philosophical ramblings--sprinkled with quotes from Kant, Plato, Descartes, Wittgenstein,



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Kierkegaard and the rest of that pantheon--can get a little grating. Still, you have to admire the sheer audacity of this literary project. As it turns out, a lot of great thinkers from the past have dabbled in pondering the implications of extraterrestrial life, and Supervert seems to have tracked down most of them and jammed them into his book. The book includes many genuinely thought-provoking passages on the ramifications of extraterrestrial life.

In the end, it reads less like a novel and more like a book of twisted musings about a subject Supervert, whoever he or she or it may be, obviously holds dear. *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* is a bizarre but mostly satisfying work of literary lunacy.



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