

# Filthy Little Books

Books without honor and humanity.

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## Why I'm Obsessed with Supervert

If you're not already familiar with [Supervert](#), go [here](#) and just look around and gawk and get aroused. The clean, precise layout of their website is the first hint you get that you're not fucking around with just any old pervert. There's no distracting flash, bouncing tits, fountaining cocks, or nuclear winter sales tactics. There is only their uncompromising vision stripped to its intimidating black and white essence. It's like you walked into a laboratory with sterile white walls and found all the scientists strapped into glistening black BDSM equipment, kinking it up and fucking each other with beakers of strange, bubbling chemicals. And even that description is too unimaginative and safe to describe what Supervert really are.

Two days ago, their books [Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish](#) and [Necrophilia Variations](#) arrived in my mailbox like an act of poetic terrorism. The online photographs do them a terrible injustice. These books are fucking sexy. They're beautiful little fetish objects. I spent my first twenty minutes with them just running my fingers over the covers, enjoying the textures, admiring the images, psychotic restraint in design, perfect use of blank space, the deceptive simplicity of it all. *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* is tattooed (in white on white!) with what could be Mesoamerican art found on a pyramid wall, or futuristic depictions of human beings fucking alien creatures, or both. *Necrophilia Variations* is wrapped in a beautiful black dust jacket. A paperback with a paper dust jacket! To look at it is to immediately love it. Like their website, every aspect of these books seems methodical and predetermined in a way that is usually reserved for getting away with murder.

The books were so attractive that I was immediately afraid to read them. I didn't want to ruin it. I didn't want Supervert to be like an unbearably sexy woman (or man, for that matter) who has been gifted with mouthwatering fuck-me features, but turns out to be lousy in bed on account of getting by on their looks so long and never having to work for it.

That didn't last very long. I opened *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* because I just couldn't keep my hands off it. I'm not entirely through the book yet, and I suspect that I'm reading it faster than it was intended. I plan to go back and read it again so I can pick up all the details I'm inevitably missing. But I can say with certainty, even at this early stage of events, that the last time I read a book which so completely fulfilled its own scary hype was [Motherfuckers: The Auschwitz of Oz](#) by David Britton.

*Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* fucking rocks. Only twenty pages into this bastard book, I was already humbled into a vicious writer's block (an embarrassing condition which occurs when a writer reads something that is so fundamentally better than anything he has ever written himself that he instantly retires from the craft, certain that his whole life has been a waste and a total farce; a situation roughly parallel to the amateur swinger who is humiliated into awkward sexual impotence by the far more massive and much harder cock of the man who is about to fuck the shit out of his wife like he was never able to fuck her in his tiresome life

before).

For sheer imagination, *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* lays waste the oeuvre of entire generations of authors. The book is written in a style that would be perfectly at home in an academic dissertation on philosophy. You can tell these motherfuckers, whoever Supervert may be, are frighteningly well read. Yet they're undeniably funny. I almost pissed myself over a scene in the chapter "Most Raped Planet" in which a man tortures an alien so he can find a genuine hole to plug. And when he finds it, he isn't sure if it's an ass or a cunt, he just knows he's going to fuck it. It's hilarious, disturbing, brilliant, offensive, weird, and absolute fun.

Although *Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish* is written in the proud tradition of Marquis de Sade and William S. Burroughs (and I'm sure a whole lineage of authors that I'm not even familiar with, but Supervert clearly are), it is so uniquely its own work that I am genuinely surprised at some of the shit I'm reading.

I like to fool myself that I'm an extremely liberal and open minded person. The truth, however, is that I'm a fucking debutante who doesn't know a strap-on from a butt-plug. I am truly delighted to be reading a book by an old, salty deviant like Supervert. It's invigorating to take yourself out of your Rated-R comfort zone and occasionally read something that genuinely has the power to offend you. Get these books; they're worth it.

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