

As I leaf through the sexually charged pictorials in adult men's magazines, I'm often left with the cold, shadowy feeling that something's missing. Or, rather—something *isn't* missing—namely, a tooth. To remedy this, I will hoist a pen and carefully blacken out a tusk in the young lassie's grille...mmm...*there*. That's better. That's much, MUCH better. It's SO much better that I am compelled to wrap my paw around my cock and aim for that little black gap in her mouth.

A few years back I spent a long, torturous night with a red-headed heifer who had big taters and a tiny brain. This, mind you, was a REAL woman instead of the ink-on-paper holograms which you convince yourself are real while you pathetically jack your knob atop your piss-encrusted, stray-pube-covered toilet seat. But this particular portly chippy seemed more interested in gobbling the caramel-coated snack foods I'd purchased for her than in having anything approximating good sex. She jacked me off and I jacked her off, then we commenced to snoring. Even the seedy hotel atmosphere, which is usually wildly erotic for me, failed to spark the mood.

The next day we returned to her crib, and as we were lounging about in our undergarments, she removed a prosthetic tooth from top-row center and launched into an agonizingly dull forty-five-minute explanation of how she'd had the tooth fashioned by an orthodontist. But I wasn't listening to what she had to say...I was spellbound, staring at that glorious gap. Golden choirs of heavenly, harp-playing cherubs flew through that li'l hole in her mouth.

I thought, "Why the fuck didn't she take out that tooth last night?" I knew that if she'd removed the horrible fake incisor the night before, I'd have been hard as granite and slamming her cranium against the headboard with my furious, flamenco-influenced hip thrusts.

I had a similar orthodontic sexual epiphany back in the winter of '99 at the Oregon Correctional Intake



Center on my way to prison. We were herded into a classroom, handed #2 pencils, and instructed to fill out a 567-question personality test by an unremarkable-looking woman who, I reckon, was in her mid-forties. She wasn't bad-looking—slim and proper with neatly clipped bangs which swung back and forth while she walked up and down the aisles handing out the tests—but there wasn't anything outstanding about her which raised my draw-bridge, either. That is, until she parted her lips and smiled...and revealed a set of steel braces. Blinding, divine, whiter-than-white, ultra-luminous fluorescent light flashed off those wondrous braces. It was an Erotic Valhalla for me.

I have other dental fetishes such as an affinity for bucktoothed women with that cute little bunny-rabbit overbite which pushes out their lips and makes it look as if they've been sucking cock all their lives. And speech impediments caused by dental problems, such as lisps and the oh-so-sexy whistling "S," are also the tops with me.

Naturally, there are limits to this fetish. I don't want her to be toothless. A mouth full of rotting tombstones isn't a turn-on, either. Dentures don't do a thing for me. The idea of her drooling all over my cock with her bare, bleeding gums doesn't exactly spin my spurs. I don't want some rotted-toothed sea hag with purple, green, and black teeth slurping on my Love Rod, if that's what you were asking.

Perhaps there's something wrong with me, but how can something be wrong when it feels so right? My raging tumescence for orthodontically challenged females undoubtedly has a psychological basis, but if the fetishist were to come to terms with the roots of his fetish, t'would cease to be a fetish, t'wouldn't it? And so I waddle onward, brazenly straddling the line between fetish and perversion. Yet it occurs to me that any sort of orthodontic irregularity calls attention to a girl's mouth, which in turn calls attention to what that mouth is good for.

If a woman has a set of perfect, gleaming choppers, it makes it easier for her to bite you. And maybe that's why I like a girl with dental problems. It gives her a sweetness and vulnerability, a goofy, childlike smile which conjures warmth and cuddliness; by contrast, a woman with a grille that would do a Great White Shark proud is more likely to be emotionally distant and domineering. I don't like perfect women. They don't need love. For me to be interested, the girl has to be damaged in some way. A girl with dental problems likely has more problems than that.

Peut-être I suffer from a silly, fatal romantic streak which makes me think I'm emotionally equipped to conjure an invisible Tooth of Love where no real tooth exists, or that my overbearing affection will prove to be an ersatz set of emotional braces that will straighten out the poor girl's soul. In my own delusional way, I'm not that much different from Romeo, Valentino, or that dude who selflessly threw his jacket over the mud puddle and let the bitch walk over it, ruining a perfectly good jacket.

in defense of
women with
**BAD
TEETH**

I only saw my mother's bush once, and I've never fully recovered. I was so young and small that her pubic region hovered above my head on that fateful evening when I wandered into the bathroom unannounced and stumbled upon the disturbing apparition of her pasty white skin and that BIG BLACK JURASSIC PARK BUSH. I was startled and frightened by what I saw. There seemed something evil about the wadded knot of blackness between her hips. It was as if I had walked into a lost episode of *Star Trek* and some parasitic Tribble had attached itself to mommy's crotch. At first, I was unsure whether she needed my help.

Neither of us said a word, and after a moment of youthful silence, I spun around, left the bathroom, and went back to my Etch-a-Sketch.

Mom's dead now, which should quell most of the cynics out there alleging that I want to fuck her. In truth, I don't miss her at all. And the only thing I like about the old bag is that she never took a razor to her nether regions.

Some men like big asses. Others like big boobs. And I like big bushes. The bigger the bush, the harder my cock.

I realize that my tastes are not currently fashionable. I'm aware that I risk severe social ostracism by declaring my fondness for the hirsute vulva. Nowadays, most men and women seem to favor a *mons pubis* that is at least partially shorn. Partial, I guess, is better than total. The Hitler mustaches and landing strips and Mohawks and five o'clock shadows are bad enough; some foolhardy gals take it to the extreme and shave their womanhood down to a shiny wet peach *sans* the fuzz.

But human genitalia are not the most attractive thingies. The vulva, like the penis, is not a visually appealing organ. It has none of the aesthetic grace of a Grecian urn or a '57 Chevy. A bald vagina is no more attractive than a bald head. It looks like a kangaroo fetus, all pink and slimy and squirmy. Like a battlefield after nuclear war. Like an open, dripping wound. Like a wad of wet, chewed-up bubble gum. A sheared snatch looks as if it's undergone chemotherapy. Put a wig on that thing. Cover that hideous thing up. Comb the hair over to cover the scar. Cover the goddamned scar.

I don't merely want a nice light carpeting of fur down there...Not a light dusting of snow...I don't simply require *coverage* down south in the Golden Triangle; I want VOLUME. I require something 3-dimensional. I'm not satisfied with gentle, unassuming tufts; I want a BUSH. I want it to look as if a frickin' tarantula is sleeping on her crotch. I want something you can lose your car keys in. I want a bush you can grab and pick her up with. I want a chick to be like the Jimi Hendrix Experience down there. I want her to look like Fidel Castro, Abbie Hoffman, or the Smith Brothers (of cough-drop fame). I want her lap to be covered with a fleece of chick-fur so dense that a hairbrush gets stuck in it and she has to resort to an Afro pick. I want some righteous shrubbery down there. A tumbleweed between her legs. A luxuriant briar patch of female chaparral. I like it shaggy. Furry. Woolly. A lush, gnarled, tangled, black Brillo pad. A matted, stinking, sappy mass of dreadlocks.

A long-whiskered vulva bespeaks fertility. Fruitfulness. Health. Sensuality. Like darkest ground coffee or a huge, resinous tobacco leaf, a full, healthy bush reaches toward the sun and greets the new day.

Don't think I can't hear you chuckling. You say I'M the freak?!? Hey, at least I dig it the way nature *intended* it to be. You want your gal to shave her bush? Why don't you insist she shave her fucking *head*, too? And why not cut her nipples off while she's at it? T'ain't me who has a fetish—it's all you sorry goofballs who want your girls to shave down until they look like kindergarteners.

All you smacked asses who shudder at the thought of a full, lovely bush are nothing more than brainwashed, kiddie-porn-lovin' conformists. Thirty years ago, you all would have recoiled at the idea of a shaved snatch. Ain't it hilarious how you ALL, in UNISON, suddenly changed your taste, you spineless, craven maggots? You easily molded dumbfucks. You pathetically endowed robot hamsters. Don't you see? You've all been psychologically conditioned by a pedophilic cabal of Madison Avenue child-molesters. These fruity homo ad execs have made the bush, that fullest flower of womanhood, into something unhip and disgusting. They have force-marketed small-breasted, skinny, bushless women onto the American consumer because it reminds them of the little *boychiks* whose tiny pink puckered starfish they crave so dearly.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to shaved snatches...and maybe there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to eight-year-old girls. Why don't you just go fuck a Girl Scout, eh, Johnny Boy? Why don't you just slap a diaper on that hairless beaver while you're at it, Chief?

If you enjoy ladies with crew-cut snappers, you are not only a pervert, you're a sinner. A shaved bush is irrefutable evidence of a sinful lifestyle.

A vast, bounteous, three-dimensional, *bushy* bush is what God almighty, in His Infinite Fucking Wisdom, intended Earth Women to have. The Lord Jehovah provided the birds of the air with fluffy, pretty feathers...He provided the clams of the sea with hard protective shells...He provided the trees of the forest with thick, rich bark...and He provided the human vagina with an ingenious natural camouflage.

If God wanted us to stare at naked bald vaginas, he wouldn't have gone to the trouble of infusing a woman's DNA code with instructions for constructing a bush, nor for REconstructing that bush every time some foolish sinner is reckless enough to shave it. The fact that a bush grows BACK is evidence of God's will in action.

The Lord God, in his priceless greasy generosity, bestowed women with bushes, and it took the sinful arrogance of wretched humans to shave it all away. When you shave that bush, you are hoisting a weed-whacker against the Garden of Eden. You don't think that God Almighty prefers lush female pubic foliage? Then ask yourself this, you brazen, slumped-shouldered, cock-hungry heretic: Was it a burning *bald beaver* that spoke to Moses?



Nothing ruins a moment of intimacy worse than hot gobs of bright-red blood shooting out of your cock at the moment of orgasm.

I speak from terrifying personal experience, but I speak both literally and metaphorically. Everything is a metaphor, if you only squint hard enough. If you keep still and let the connections reveal themselves, the symbols become as vivid as blood gushing from your prick. Sometimes one's body expresses things that mere words couldn't convey. And so it was when I ejaculated blood, which happened on three occasions in late 1989.

The first time was the scariest, following as it did only days after touring the Trinity Site near Alamogordo, New Mexico, staging ground for the world's first atomic-bomb blast. The feds only open the site to tourists one day a year. A desolate, hours-long, droning car ride through parched desert scrub will get you there, and once you're there, you wish you'd never come. The place looks like a small gravel parking lot with an A-bomb monument the size of a large tombstone. No crater, no obvious devastation, no awe at man's destructive power. After being savagely underwhelmed, me and my wife went soaking in some nearby hot springs.

Back in our musty Hollywood apartment a few weeks later, she was giving me the standard Friday-night after-work hand job. I was lying on my back, my manhood pointed toward the ceiling. And as I erupted, the fluid came out fire-engine red rather than pearly white. It gushed rudely upward like red-hot magma from Mt. Vesuvius.

Talk about ruining the mood.

Blood from my dick? I knew I was intense, but this was ridiculous.

We both worried about possible nuclear contamination from the Trinity Site and from my balls having been soaked like hard-boiled eggs in those irradiated hot springs. I feared that at any minute I'd sprout to sixty feet tall, swaddle myself in a giant diaper, and destroy Las Vegas à la The Amazing Colossal Man.

Alarmed that I'd suffered isotope sickness and the onset of testicle cancer, I got a referral for a urologist. Urine Man's office was on Vermont Avenue near Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Cheap hookers. Filthy sidewalks. Rough trade.

The waiting room was like an auditioning center for circus freaks: cheerful clubfoots, whiskered women, and dwarfish men. It appeared as if the entire cast of *The Doors' Strange Days* album cover had simultaneously come down with urinary-tract infections and were awaiting treatment. The receptionist, an obese woman with canary-colored hair and thickly penciled eyebrows, handed me a large kidney-shaped steel pan and instructed me to piddle in it. As I entered a dimly lit broom closet-cum-bathroom, I noticed that the pan already contained dried crusty stains from some indeterminate ex-fluid.

And then I was ushered into see Doctor Piss, who had the nervous manner, thinning blond

hair, and foggy spectacles of a Nazi physician who'd been banished to ply his trade in Venezuelan jungles. In Dr. Mengele's steamy examination room, as he shakily inserted a latex-swathed finger in my rectum and clumsily gave me a reach-around, tugging angrily at my limp knob in an attempt to squeeze some pre-cum onto a dirty glass microscope slide, I noticed several flecks of dried blood on the walls from his former frolics with other patients.

It was not a good place to be.

My darling physician said that bloody ejaculates are usually caused by either cancer or burst capillaries from rough sex.

An X-ray revealed no cancerous growths, which left rough sex as the culprit, which is kind of implausible, seeing as I was married.

A month or so later I squirted blood again, but it was more a purplish-brown color than the original flaming red. I called the Nazi Butcher, and he said it was probably some residual blood from the original popped vessel. In another month it happened again, but this time it was a dark violet mixed with the color of natural cum, sort of a vanilla-boysenberry swirl. And that was the last time blood ever shot from my penis, at least as we go to press.

But I never got a definite answer as to what caused it. The doctor could only speculate. As can I.

Whence the bloody cum? Was it from rough lovemaking, or was it cancer?

And why should anyone expect ME, of all people, to be able to tell the difference?

See, that's my problem—I always mix the two. Love and blood. Cum and cancer. Affection and death. Kisses and bruises. The parents who gave me life and wanted me dead. Self-preservation and self-destruction are like tangled vines inside me. Trying to untie the knots has proven fruitless.

Am I revealing too much if I admit to you that I'm confused?

I'm SO fucked-up about love. So tortured and damaged and torn-up. I know that I need it, and yet it always winds up hurting so bad. I hurt so much from riding the churning yin-yang carousel of love and lovelessness, it fucking immobilizes me.

It was my heart which pumped that blood through my cock. And matters of the heart consume all my thoughts.

How many years...decades...of my life were spent just trying to capture or recapture the feeling of being loved? How much energy was expended in running from the cold-vinegar feeling of lovelessness? Right now, I'm on the verge of tears even thinking about it.

Love hurts, but not as much as the alternative. I'm so needy for love, I remain in situations that turn carcinogenic. I need love more than I need anything else, and yet it always winds up bloody. There are idiots out there who think domestic violence has nothing to do with love and that promiscuous people aren't emotionally needy.

Groping around in the dark, my task is to prevent the blood from

ever coming back.

There is no worse feeling on earth than love gone wrong.

Feels like blood shooting out of my cock.



My testicles are very nice and shapely, but they can only produce so much

Elmer's Glue, if ya know what I'm sayin'. And there are times, often after I've popped a half-dozen loads over a lazy afternoon of balling some nameless, faceless cum-bucket, where I'm able to lift the tube of Pepsodent but can't manage to squeeze any toothpaste out, if you catch the cut of my jib. After an hour of aimless thrusting, fucking doesn't seem so fun anymore. Suddenly, fucking conjures images of blind rodents burrowing inside damp underground tunnels...of soggy toothpicks poking between tartar-laden teeth...of a dirty rubber plunger seeking to unclog a toilet...of colonoscopes probing for rectal tumors.

One doesn't want to appear...unmanly. And one most definitely doesn't ever want to hurt a lady's feelings. What I DO want is for it to be over...please, holy bleeding Jesus Christ, let it be over. And so on those grim occasions, I'll roll back my eyes, emit a token grunt, and pretend as if I've blown my wad. And my lady friends have never been able to tell the difference.

Much has been written about premature ejaculation, yet there's a sinister Conspiracy of Silence regarding its Evil Twin Brother—delayed or non-existent ejaculation.

It is perhaps the greatest, most pervasive Unspoken Truth in Western Civilization:

Men fake orgasm. A lot. And yet cultural taboos and prejudices prevent us from talking candidly and openly about it.

As research for this important, groundbreaking article, I asked several adult males whether they've ever faked an orgasm, and all but one of them responded in the affirmative, and he was a little weird, anyway. The men I queried...no, wait, I don't like that word "queried"...sounds too faggy...the men I've quizzed regarding the Faked Male Orgasm (FMO) usually said it was because they were disgusted with their partner. Their FMOs were typically isolated occurrences involving one-night stands when they suddenly sobered up enough to see the stretch marks or smell the stench.

So why did these gallant knights fake it rather than confront the maiden with an unpleasant truth?

To spare her feelings? Only indirectly. Most of them, in typical swinish boy-pig oinkety-oink fashion, seemed breezily unconcerned with "her" "feelings." But they ALL seemed highly fretful about what possible damage the spurned woman might inflict on them once her feelings were hurt.

**FAKING
THE
MALE
ORGASM**

pain, but pain nonetheless. A woman who feels less-than-desirable is fully equipped to rain hellfire on the chump who made her feel that way.

It never occurs to her that she might be unable to satisfy you. It just isn't part of her psychological makeup. It doesn't compute. *Huh? Say what? Not satisfy you?* she'll ask, failing to understand the situation's simultaneous gravity and hilarity.

And yet it is funny...when a female fails to reach climax, the male is blamed, but when a male can't seem to pop open another creamer to dump in her coffee cup, the male is *again* blamed. The male *always* gets blamed. That's an unfortunate fact of our culture, and one with which I'd counsel all young boys to familiarize themselves.

'Tis relatively easy to fake a male orgasm while wearing a condom, so long as the rubbery device is disposed of with swift discretion. But an unsheathed penis will find it difficult to emulate a jizz-load. Unlike the female orgasm, the male orgasm leaves a "footprint," as it were. Emotions are easy to fake...bodily fluids, not so easy. One cannot impersonate a bodily fluid the way one can fake the exaggerated grimaces and turkey-gobble sounds of male ecstasy.

If you choose not to wear a rubber and your woman is the suspicious kind prone to doing regular "dipstick checks," you may have a problem. Inserting an alien fluid into her vagina when she isn't looking presents several difficulties, and one should never underestimate

their formidability. Should one stash a turkey baster near their mattress? This is a matter of personal preference, and a subject on which I am not legally authorized to comment at this time.

But without fear of violating the conditions of my parole, I can make this statement: The Veil of Silence

which enshrouds Faked Male Orgasms has persisted for far too long. It is time for us to raise the curtain, to pierce this invisible hymen.

Our strength, kind gents, may lie in withholding our precious fluids. Just as women seem to relish the psychological power that comes from the fact that our bony, cylindrical wee-wees don't always deliver them to Shangri-La, us boyfolk may get a lot of mileage from letting the ladies know that their furry li'l snappin' turtles don't always close the deal for us, either.

So next time, guys, don't fake it. Instead, pull it out, shrug your shoulders, and blame it all on her. Please, God, blame it all on her....

"Men fake orgasm. A lot. And yet cultural taboos and prejudices prevent us from talking candidly and openly about it."



ejaculating
BLOOD

THE COCKS OF ROCK

We're all made of meat, even the not-so-meaty among us. We like to pretend we are something more than meat, yet when we die, only the meat remains.

Women, because they are congenitally insane, are the most fervid propagandists of the idea that we possess something beyond mere flesh, blood, bone, and the occasional waste product. Women, especially when they get older and their meat starts to sag, invariably lose their minds and indulge psychotic delusions such as the notion that we all have a "soul." And since they clutch their aging chicken claws onto this notion with bloody desperation, they are the first to shriek when someone alleges that they are, in the end, meat. In spite of the fact that there is zero evidence of the soul's existence, these cackling cunts demand that we squint and lie about the Empress's New Clothes.

The fundamental aspect of female psychology is an eternal hypocrisy and the concomitant inability to ever acknowledge it. Therefore, the same bloated hens who picket outside clubs where females with desirable bodies flash some tits 'n' snatch are also the same hens who manically stuff five-spots in the speedos of Chippendale's dancers when hubby's out of town.

Despite what the feminist though police would have you believe, it's a fact that women objectify men. If anything, they are more brutal and cynical in their estimations than men could ever be.

Case in point: A website (<http://www.metal-sludge.com/LongShort.htm>) in which rock stars' cocks are reviewed in the manner that a restaurant critic reviews meals. Groupie-for-life Donna Anderson pools her own experiences along with the gossip of her groupie friends, concocting an often-hilarious list of 180 rockers and their cocks. With ball-shriveling candor, Anderson 'n' pals present a staggering array of rock-cock, from toothpick-sized to the length and girth of a mud shark.

Firmly ensconced within the Stud Stable are bitch-slapping ex-Crue drummer Tommy Lee (of course), Phil Anselmo from Pantera and his "MONSTER power tool," Evan Seinfeld from Biohazard, Tracii Guns from LA Guns, Yogi from Buckcherry, and (surprisingly), little blond fem-doll singer Robin Zander from Cheap Trick, whose girlish features and gooberish voice would ordinarily indicate a peanut-sized penis. Each of these gents is rumored to possess a hog measuring ten inches or more.

Much more fun to read are the catty descriptions of petite-penis'd prima donnas such as Twiggy Ramirez from Marilyn Manson ("he has a small dick and it's frequently limp due to excessive



and is a quick shooter"); Slik Toxik's Rob Bruce ("small cock, plus he only has ONE BALL! He lost his other ball in an accident."); Dokken's Mick Brown ("maybe 3 inches if you pull on it"); onetime Van Halen singer Gary Cherone ("so small if somebody saw you sucking his dick it would look

like you were smoking a joint!"); Jack Russell from Great White ("Mushroom CAP & that's it, ONCE BITTEN and it never grew back!"); Tommy Thayer from Black-n-Blue ("so small crabs could use it as a flag-pole"); Marq Torien from BulletBoys ("so small he probably pisses on his balls"); Glenn Danzig ("his cock is just like him, short"); and Quiet Riot's Carlos Cavazo ("Not only a very sloppy and boring lay, but he is very, very, very small. There is no riot going on in his pants.")

These girls are don't hesitate to let us know about the guy in Papa Roach who has bad breath; the chap in House of Lords whose back is so hairy, it "looks like he's wearing a sweater!"; the singer from Everclear whose crotch "smells very dirty"; the member of Medicine Wheel who has "hair growing out the side of his shaft"; the Marilyn Manson underling who digs licking asses, tasting his own cum, and "is into the whole 'pour wax on my dick' thing"; the allegation that David Lee Roth employs his lady friends to give him enemas; and which members of Slaughter, Saigon Kick, and Flotsam & Jetsam enjoy having items rammed up their ass.

And not only does size matter, it's ALL that matters to these starfucking, cock-hungry mucus pits, the measure of a man LITERALLY becomes the measure of his manhood. There is a comical equation of penis size with human worth. When a rocker is revealed to have a large schlong, these girls tend to forgive any shortcomings of character. But when his pathetic underendowment is brought to light, no measure of his good deeds or community-service hours can atone for the fact that everyone laughs disdainfully at his biological misfortune. All in all, this is very refreshing.

I wonder how I'd rate on this chart? I've noticed that my paramours' estimation of my love-hog's length varies wildly depending on how well we're getting along. When a girl is in love with me, my penis hovers somewhere around eight inches. When I dump her, it shrinks to a paltry four inches.

I don't mind being objectified. The fact that I have a body is far less dangerous than the idea that I have a soul.

cocaine use"); James Lorenzo from Pride & Glory ("about the size of a pinkie finger"); Stefan Adika from Dad's Porno Mag ("hung like a baby

When I was a small boy...and I need to clarify that I was a small *heterosexual* boy, whereas now I'm a full-blown heterosexual *man* who enjoys intimate relationships exclusively with women, lest any of you wisenheimers get the wrong idea...but anyway, when I was a small boy, I used to spend lots of time wondering about house pets owned by black people...were the *pets* black, too?

By the same tortured reasoning, when a gay chef in a gay bar cooks a hamburger, is the burger gay, too? And what about the person who eats it?

I have heard of these so-called "gay" people and their mysterious practices. I have heard of their boisterous Pride Parades and their disproportionate influence in the fashion industry. I have heard of their Judy Garland biographies and Bette Midler videocassettes and Laura Branigan CDs. I have heard of their amyl nitrite and their Tony Awards and their clean teeth and their pet poodles and their well-oiled armpits. I have heard of their cock rings and their golden showers and their quivering prostate glands. I have heard of their turd-encrusted peni and saggy sphincters blown-out like inner tubes. I have heard of their analcentric politics and their jagged glory holes and their virus-laden seminal fluids.

Very interesting, these gay people. But why are they called gay, when not all of them seem happy? Must be the same reason there's no ham in a hamburger.

We already know that lesbians subsist on a diet of potato chips and cheap beer, but what about male homosexuals? Do gay men eat the same sort of food as real people? The hamburger is a good place to start. It is more quintessentially American than, say, anal fisting. So what about the gayburger? How does it differ from the burgers produced by Giant Heterosexual Corporations?

I needed to know. So I decided to set my prejudices aside and sample some of Portland's homosexually oriented burger fare. I had my fears, of course. I was scared about rampant rumors of Secret Gay Sauces and vindictive homo-terrorist chefs. I was reasonably certain that, despite my leather jacket and trim appearance, the gays would be able to tell I was an interloper. And I made it clear, under NO uncertain terms, that I wanted NO mayonnaise or melted cheese on my gayburgers.

Most of Portland's gay restaurants, and thus most of Portland's gay hamburgers, are clustered around "Vaseline Alley," the notorious homosexual ghetto tucked like a greasy salami in Downtown P-Town's backside. I have heard murmurs that the city's Health Inspectors are afraid to set foot in Vaseline Alley.

But not me. I needed to taste this forbidden meat.

I expected to find dingy S&M dungeons whose walls were spackled with dried seminal fluids and crusty feces smeared like chocolate cake frosting. Instead, I found pleasant, polite, color-coordinated, well-groomed dining experiences. If it weren't for the pumping disco music, exclusively male clientele, and muscular, well-tanned waiters, one might

think these were regular het bistros.

All told, I ate three gayburgers in three different gay restaurants. To my relief, they were the BEST FUCKING HAMBURGERS I'VE EVER EATEN!!! They were thoroughly delightful taste treats, and I can say this without compromising my masculinity in any way. After all, enjoying a gay hamburger is not tantamount to engaging in sexual congress with a gay man.

The main difference between the gayburger and the hetero burger is that gayburgers are much bigger. Lots more meat. For some inscrutable reason, gay men seem to enjoy shoving huge slabs of beef into their mouths.

There I sit, eating my gay hamburger. Gay patrons look over at me as I wrap my eager mouth around a giant hunk of meat. The gay people smile at me. I smile back courteously, my twinkling eyes saying, "I don't care what sort of blunt objects or furry rodents you shove up your ass, that's a damn fine hamburger!"

I am proud, and more than a little relieved, to report that never once did I achieve an erection during my dining experiences, nor was I in the least bit titillated by all the sweaty, muscular manflesh swirling around me. Plus, no one tried to convert me, and I appreciate that. I didn't even have to make it clear that I didn't wish to suck anyone's penis or penetrate their anuses.

I learned some very important lessons from all this...

I began to slowly realize that gay people are almost human. Gay people eat food, too. And they need love, respect, self-empowerment, dignity,

and a sense of connectedness just like people who don't insert gerbils into their rectums.

Merely because they indulge in practices which God clearly condemns doesn't mean that they aren't like us in many ways. And even though they're going to hell unless they repent, that doesn't mean they don't experience what might properly be called emotions.

Gay people have hopes and dreams and bank accounts and mortgage payments. They drive cars, take showers, and sleep in

beds. They slather shampoo on their hair and sprinkle talcum powder on their achin' tootsies. They breathe the same air as us and flush their toilets into the same sewer system.

And they eat hamburgers. Delicious, oversized hamburgers!

Anyone who can cook such a bitchin' burger doesn't deserve to be herded in gay concentration camps or persecuted for their alternative lifestyle or strung up to die on lampposts or labeled with nasty, unfair nicknames such as "pole-smoker," "rump-wrangler," "peter-puffer," "ass jockey," "butt pirate," or "cum-guzzlin' Nancy-boy."

Although I might recommend that gay people be forced to use separate drinking fountains and rest rooms, I am not ashamed to assert that they deserve equal treatment under the law.

Gay people enjoy a good hamburger just like the rest of us. No...make that a GREAT hamburger. Right on, you gay people!

Stand up, gay people, and be proud of your hamburgers!

