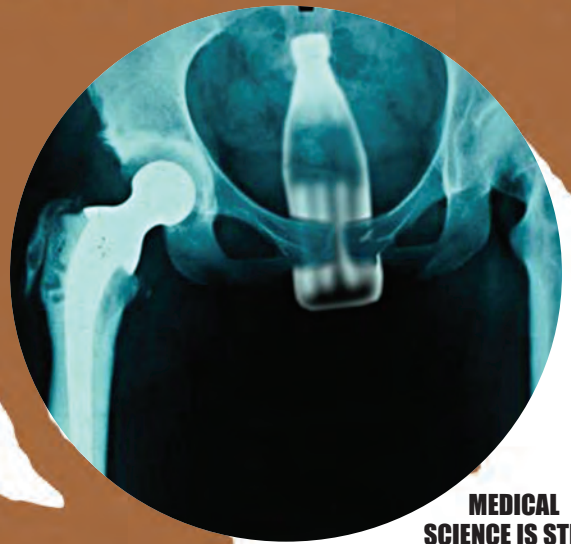


RECTAL FOREIGN BODIES

A CANDID DISCUSSION OF GERBILS AND OTHER THINGS PEOPLE REPORTEDLY CRAM HOPELESSLY UP THEIR ASSES



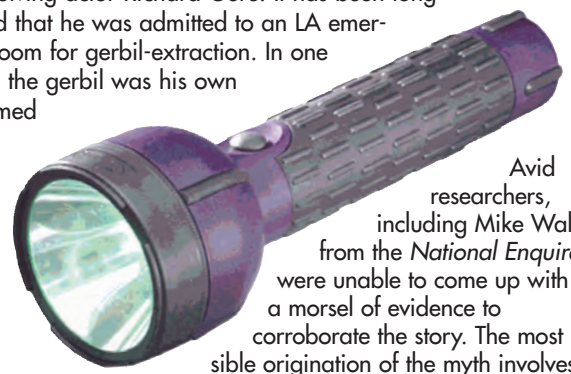
MEDICAL SCIENCE IS STILL UNSURE WHY MEN STICK FOREIGN OBJECTS UP THEIR ASSES. They know that in many cases, it is for the erotic stimulation of the juicy prostate gland that nestles only a couple inches inside the anus. In other instances, it is for masochistic psychological reasons that may only be helped by a psychiatric professional and/or an exorcist. Perhaps it is for both reasons—a sloppy combination of lust and self-loathing. Or it may happen for spiritual reasons that we human peons, in our arrested evolutionary phase, would never be able to comprehend.

What IS known is that many men stick all manner of things inside their asses. And oftentimes, these things disappear down the bottomless rectal pit, causing intense pain and requiring an emergency-room visit. Medical journals are stuffed to the point of bloating with accounts of “rectal foreign bodies” lodged hopelessly up the bunghole and how they were ultimately removed. These stories—seemingly so outlandish that a skeptical mind would dismiss them as urban legends if they hadn’t been so exhaustively documented—vary as widely as the array of objects than can potentially fit inside a human rectum. One thing unites them—they are all funny.

IRONICALLY, THE RECTAL-FOREIGN-BODY STORY which has burrowed far deeper inside the American consciousness than any other—the one involving **gerbils**—has never been conclusively documented and must be presumed to be the stuff of fable. Long rumored to be a favorite practice of gay men, “gerbiling” or “gerbil-stuffing” is said to employ one live rodent, either shaven or not depending on who’s telling the story. In most accounts, the gerbil is

declared to avert rectal tearing. A tube is nudged into the rectum, and the gerbil is then placed into the tube, whereupon he trots up into the dark moist anal canal, dancing the Macarena on the prostate gland until he suffocates and his dead body plops out during the host’s next bowel movement. I first heard of gerbiling while living in Philadelphia in the early 1980s. A local news anchor, Jerry Penacoli, was said to have visited an emergency room to dislodge a gerbil that had become trapped inside his tush during some homosexual slap-and-tickle with a gay lover. Although never confirmed, the rumor did irreparable damage to Penacoli’s career.

Similar rumors about public figures emerged nationwide throughout the 1980s, culminating in the most famous gerbiling legend of all, that involving actor Richard Gere. It has been long rumored that he was admitted to an LA emergency room for gerbil-extraction. In one version, the gerbil was his own pet, named “Tibet.”

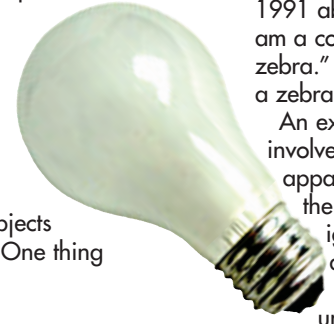


Avid researchers, including Mike Walker from the *National Enquirer*, were unable to come up with even a morsel of evidence to corroborate the story. The most plausible origination of the myth involves a faxed hoax letter reputedly from the ASPCA

accusing Gere of “gerbil abuse” shortly after the film *Pretty Woman* was released in 1990. The fax was refaxed throughout Hollywood, and a legend was born. When confronted by Barbara Walters in 1991 about “salacious rumors,” Gere responded with a Zenlike, “If I am a cow and someone says I’m a zebra, it doesn’t make me a zebra.” OK, Rich, FINE—you’re not a cow. And no one’s calling you a zebra. But DID YOU STUFF A GERBIL IN YOUR ASS?

An extreme, and obviously false, version of the gerbiling legend involves two male homosexuals who panic when the tiny beast apparently becomes trapped inside one partner’s rectum, causing the other partner to light a match in search of it. The flame ignites intestinal gas, causing the match-holder’s eyebrows and hair to be scorched.

Due to the gerbiling legend’s popularity, someone has undoubtedly attempted to do it—but researchers are unsure if it actually works nor whether said procedure ever went awry to the point where it necessitated a 911 call or hospital visit. The American Hospital Association even published a book that included the phrase “rectal mass—gerbils” under the category of emergency-room procedures that require 25 minutes to perform. But when an investigator contacted the physician who’d authored the section in question, he laughed and said the editors must have slipped the joke in the manuscript before it went to press.



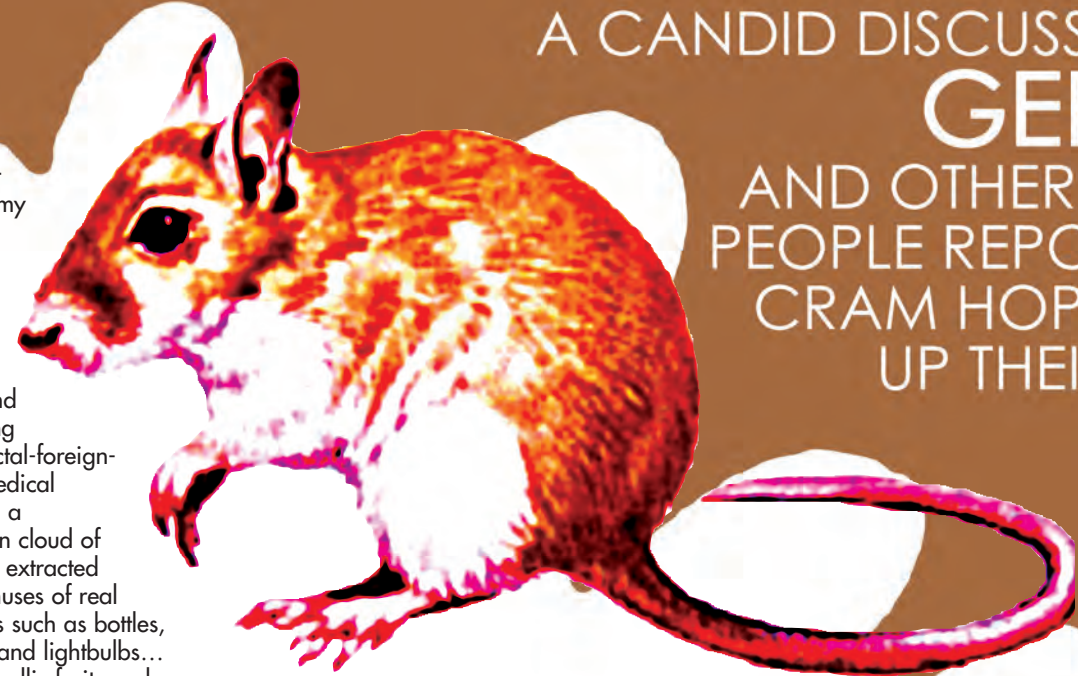
But fret not, my lonely and inadequate reader—I’m about to dazzle your eyes and delight your mind with a staggering array of true rectal-foreign-body stories. Medical annals fart forth a disgusting brown cloud of real items really extracted from the real anuses of real men: glass items such as bottles, tumblers, cups, and lightbulbs... all manner of phallic fruits and veggies ranging from parsnips to plantains...kitchen appliances including spoons, ice picks, and tin cups...sporting objects such as baseballs, tennis balls, and even (ouch!) billiard balls...candles, curling irons, and flashlights...axe handles and broomsticks...animal-related items such as a pig’s tail, a steer’s horn, a “kangaroo tumor,” and a frozen fish...seemingly improbable artifacts such as a pair of eyeglasses, a mannequin’s fist and forearm, and a plastic bag containing fish hooks...and, yes, even vibrators and dildos. One complainant’s ass contained jeweler’s saws—twenty-nine of them at once. In three extreme cases—involving a shoe horn, a twenty-two-ounce toolbox, and a two-pound rock—rectal foreign bodies have been known to cause death.

Short of mortality, the aspiring rectal inserter risks permanent muscle and nerve damage, infection due to mixing blood with shit, and even scar formation which can prevent him from ever having a satisfying BM again.

Victims are understandably loath to admit why they were shoving things so far up their poop chute that they became stuck. Older men often claim that they were innocently massaging their prostate or dislodging impacted feces when the big OOPS happened. And there’s a surfeit of “accidental” sitting upon large objects which somehow penetrated their anuses to the point of no return.

In their selfishly pathetic quest to spare the subject any further humiliation, medical journals tend to avoid identifying factors such as the victim’s name and location. Still, we can all enjoy a belly laugh at the following true stories:

- A 65-year-old man admitted himself into an emergency room with a **peanut-butter jar** stuck inside his ass. He claimed that while washing his dog in the shower, he slipped and fell directly onto the jar, which became lodged deep inside his *tuchis*.
- A 69-year-old married man claimed that a **toothbrush** became irretrievably lodged inside his rectal canal after he was using it to scratch his hemorrhoids.
- A 20-year-old man reported to the emergency room experiencing extreme pain after his partner gave him a **concrete enema** through a funnel. The enema was topped off with a ping-pong ball to ensure no concrete would leak out while hardening. The cement block, attached to the ping-pong ball, was removed without incident.



- A 20-year-old man in Bulgaria was rushed to an emergency room with extreme pain. Doctors found an **oven mitt** inside his rectum. He suffered rectal perforation not from the mitt, but from a stick he employed to “introduce” the item inside himself.
- An X-ray revealed that a 50-year-old man had inserted a twenty-inch **live eel** inside of his most special of places, ostensibly to relieve constipation. The eel caused rectal bleeding and was removed by surgeons.
- A 58-year-old man underwent surgery to have a **soda bottle** removed from his colon. Two years earlier, he had undergone surgery for exactly the same thing.
- Acting on a drunken dare, a 54-year-old man used shaving cream as a lubricant to insert a **100-watt lightbulb** inside himself. He walked around for two days until extreme pain during urination brought him into the hospital. Physicians removed the lightbulb intact.

WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM ALL THIS? Unless you’re an idiot, you should have been born with the wisdom not to stuff lightbulbs up your doody-hole, so I’ll stop short of using the hackneyed “Don’t try this at home.” But we can learn, once more, to laugh at the misfortunes of others. Although perhaps not as extreme as the stories of the man who, “feeling depressed,” stuck a lit firecracker in his ass, nor the man who committed suicide by firing a pistol up his rectum, these stories mine rich nuggets of humor. And laughing at others is often the only way to feel better about ourselves.



VAGINAL PALMISTRY

FORTUNE TELLER reads LABIA
as if they were TEA LEAVES!

THE VAGINAS COME AND THE VAGINAS GO—young and old vaginas, fat and trim vaginas, hairy and shaven vaginas, clean and stinky vaginas. And though the vaginas may differ, they have all come here for the same reason. Behind each of these vaginas, lying on a soft velvet examination chair with her legs strapped securely in leather stirrups, is a woman seeking advice about her future.

Currently inhabiting the velvet chair is a rather inflamed, reddish, saggy vagina belonging to a severely overweight lass in her late teens. She says her name is "Valentina," but I don't believe her. Whatever her real name is, she's a blubbery bundle of misery and despair. Her boyfriend of two years recently dumped her in favor of a thinner specimen. She fears that people are talking behind her back at work. She thinks that her boss is getting ready to fire her. She feels ugly and unappreciated. She can't stop eating—even while spread-eagled and strapped to the chair, she'll stop in mid-sentence to pop another Butterfinger Bite into her eager maw—and frequently wishes she was dead. She's been desperately seeking answers. She tried astrology, but it never seemed to work. Same with Tarot cards. Same with individual counseling and group therapy. Same with the "Holy Handkerchief" she'd bought for \$39.95 from an Internet faith healer. Nothing worked.

Hunched over the girl's vagina and sitting on a dusty Ottoman footstool is **Juniper Splatzfus**, self-described "Pudendal Prognosticator." Swaddled in puka shells and a Navajo poncho, with long grey hair and those annoying John Denver eyeglasses, Splatzfus is one of a growing number of alternative health-care practitioners who claim they can tell a woman's future by looking at her vagina.

"Labial soothsaying is not some new crackpot scam," Splatzfus tells me as her thirteen cats screech and her two exotic birds squawk inside this tiny office which reeks of Nag Champa and whose interior-design scheme relies perhaps a touch too heavily on fuchsia. "It is an ancient practice which dates before Christ. After bathing in sacred waters, Persian women of yore would read each other's vaginas for sport and pleasure. African witch doctors, after taking nary more than a peep at the labia of a tribal girl on the cusp of puberty, were able to tell with amazing accuracy whether or not she'd remain a spinster. But along came the Christians and the Muslims," she sneers, "with their big-dick macho male Gods, and they actively suppressed this revered ritual of antiquity."

Splatzfus, who holds a degree in Advanced Vaginomancy from Talullah Bankhead State College in San Luis Obispo, CA, likens vaginal soothsaying to better-known and more-respected practices such as palmistry and phrenology. She insists that every woman's labial flaps contain an indelible blueprint for how her life will unfold. "A woman's pussy lips are the road map to her future," she says. "Goddess placed the labia there almost like an owner's manual. You know the little wrinkles and crinkles and creases and folds that make each woman's labia as unique as a pair of thumbprints? They all contain messages. And my job is to decipher these messages and advise the patient accordingly. Every woman holds a fortune cookie between her



legs. My job is to crack open the cookie and read the message out loud."

"Well, you don't go merely on instinct, do you?" I ask skeptically. "I mean, there must be some sort of method to this—like in palm-reading, there's a 'life line,' and its length determines how long the person will live. So tell me a little bit about the method."

"There is a method," she says with a giggle, "but it employs sacred knowledge, and if I told you, I'd have to kill you."

"You know, I really, really, REALLY hate that fucking phrase—'If I told you, I'd have to kill you.' It's been used ten million times. It's not funny, and it's not original."

"OK, well," she retreats, alarmed and possibly aroused by my ballsiness. "See this here?" she says, holding one of Valentina's labia between her thumb and forefinger and stretching it out to at least a half-foot. "This is a BIG labia. Normally this is not considered cosmetically desirable by our culture, but the wisdom of the ancients tells us that this girl will live a long life. Big labia mean a long life. I also look for wrinkles—lots of wrinkles mean a girl will have many suitors."

She then focuses her gaze on the hapless strapped whale Valentina. "You will live a long life and have many suitors. Family troubles will rectify themselves—give it time. Financial success is on the horizon, but you will need to work hard on it and not lose focus." Valentina seems pleased with the forecast.

"And you can tell all this by looking at her vagina?" I ask Splatzfus. She gazes at me as if I'm stupid. "You can tell everything about a girl by looking at her vagina."

SUMMERTIME IS HERE, AND THERE'S A HEAT WAVE IN MY PANTS. The sun makes plants grow. It does the same thing to my dick. My penis grows like a proud cornstalk, reaching toward the sun. My balls hang low enough that I could stumble on them. Those balls drop like mangoes from de mango tree. My sperm are so big and healthy, you can see the little tadpoles with the naked eye. My loins belch forth semen like so much pollen. I run naked through the cornfields, eagerly distributing my cum as if it were free detergent samples. Summertime conjures the latent sensualist in me. It is my personal mating season. My time of the season for rutting. In the summertime...when the weather is fine...I would like to jauntily ram my penis inside every woman except the very old, the lame, and most of the infirm. And so I offer this paean, this *hommage*, to my summertime sexuality.

I was conceived in late summer and born in early summer. I grew up battered by the harsh East Coast seasons. I only recently returned after two decades out West. I lived in LA, where it's always a mild ashen summer, and then Portland, with three months of dry sunshine followed by eternal rain. Having been deprived of the East's violent

seasonal changes, I hadn't thought much about the weather's influence on my sex drive.

Back here, my body runs hot and cold with the weather. Like a frail flower, I blossom in the summer and hide in the winter. My genitals shrink in cold water and cold weather. East coast winters are a time of reflection and learning. The wintry clouds form a giant wet blanket over my ding-dong. It's too bleak and frosty to think about taking off my clothes, even in bed.

But here I am, in sun-dipped early June, with the mosquitoes a-buzzin' and the humidity so thick, I could cut a cube of it for myself with a pair of scissors. Pollen is squirting forth like projectile diarrhea. Today is gloriously warm and wondrous. It's as if Tom Sawyer had a bucketful of sunshine and the whole world was a wooden fence he'd been forced to paint. As the days grow longer, all I want to do is squirt my goo everywhere as if I was sandblasting sheetrock.

Part of it is undoubtedly the heat. There's a reason we refer to a sexy person as "hot" and a nonorgasmic woman as "frigid." Clothes fall to the

ground as the temperature soars, and I catch glimpses of all the sugary ripe girlflesh that had remained cloaked during the cold months.

a Heat wave in my PANTS

AS TEMPERATURES SOAR, SO DOES MY SEX DRIVE



But more than anything, it is the hot, stinking, swampy jungle humidity that conjures the lust inside me and makes me feel so butterlicious. The summer air is moist like a vagina. It leaches the sex drive from my marrow, manifesting as sweat on my skin. Motoring eastward across the Mississippi River last year, I could actually SEE the humidity like a giant grey wall. East Coast humidity is virtually a fourth dimension. And it is like Viagra that Mother Nature sprays on my body.

Tonight will be the night. The lush wet valley teems with lightning bugs and thunderstorms, with moths swarming under streetlights as the horny crickets chirp. I will leave the cold bedroom air-conditioner hum and walk outside in the middle of the night clad only in flip-flops, a wifebeater, and some shorts, my low-slung balls swinging in the balmy evening breeze. High as hell, my lady friend and I will drive on dark country roads with the windows rolled down. And as we park and walk deep into the woods, I will make her keenly aware of what this weather does to me.



"A woman's pussy lips are the road map to her future."