

In search of...the PROSTATE GLAND a.k.a. "The Male G-Spot"

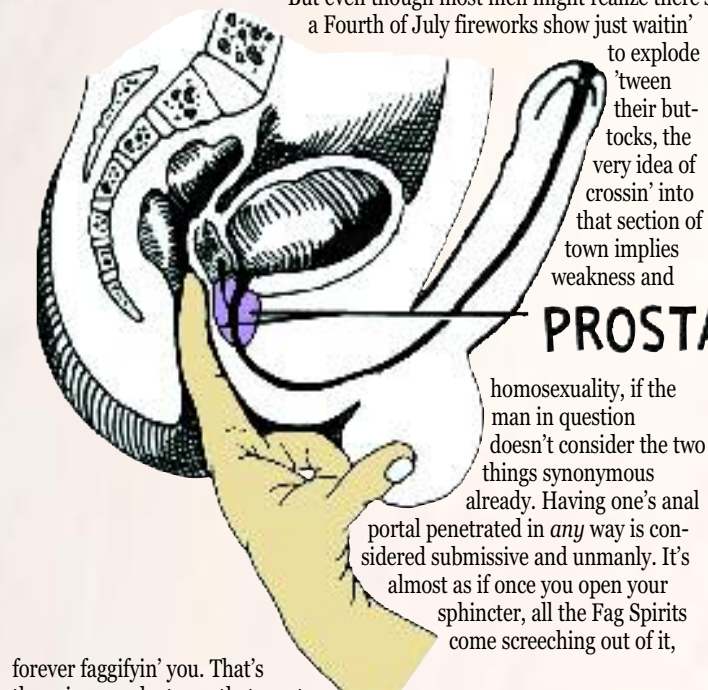
For proof that God has a cruel sense of humor, one need look no further than the fact that He hid the male G-spot about three inches up every man's ass.

By day, the prostate is a walnut-sized gland exclusive to males. Its job is to produce seminal fluid. But at night, it becomes a fun-loving, rebellious, attention-seeking, *naughty* gland that is always primed and READY FOR ACTION.

Of course, when men get older, the prostate gets all bloated and football-sized, leading to humiliating impotence and infantilizing, diaper-necessitating urinary dysfunction...and, in many cases, death. Prostate cancer ain't no fun. No way. In fact, even the *idea* of prostate cancer is a turnoff. And I wouldn't want any of you to associate the humble prostate gland, which, when in its prime, is a lil' red panic button that can launch atom-bomb-sized orgasms, with unpleasant things such as chemotherapy and spinal injections, so I'd better steer the conversation back toward pleasure—rather than flesh-searing, never-ending pain—quickly.

Since the prostate is composed of roughly the same cluster of tissues that form the female G-spot, the term "male G-spot" is scientifically accurate. In fact, the entire anal area is the second-largest bundle o' nerves in the human body next to the genitals. And since the prostate gland butts up (no pun intended...well, yeah, it was) against the root of the penis that extends up inside the body, a.k.a. the "penile bulb," it is crucial to male pleasure.

But even though most men might realize there's a Fourth of July fireworks show just waitin' to explode 'tween their buttocks, the very idea of crossin' into that section of town implies weakness and



PROSTATE

homosexuality, if the man in question doesn't consider the two things synonymous already. Having one's anal portal penetrated in *any* way is considered submissive and unmanly. It's almost as if once you open your sphincter, all the Fag Spirits come screeching out of it,

forever faggifyin' you. That's the primary reluctance that most males, at least in the prostate-hostile West, harbor regarding ANYTHING ass-related. They defensively chirp that their ass is marked EXIT ONLY just so no one thinks they're a fag, not that anyone would anyway, because they sure don't act faggy, at least not in public.

Over in Japan, wives massage their husbands' prostates as if they were taking out the trash, and the men enjoy better orgasms and drastically lower

prostate-cancer rates. And no one calls them fags. People might say they have little dicks, but no one calls them fags.

THE INTERNET, BLESS ITS ASS, fairly bubbles over with helpful tips on rectal fun. Much of it consists of New Agey jibberly-jabber, rendered that much more hilarious because they're talking about ASS: beautiful crystal anal wands and Tantric sphincter-contracting exercises and rectal acupuncture points and letting one's significant Yin diddle up the murky passageways of your Yang and jamming one's finger up one's butt to get the ol' chakras goin'. Along with upbeat tips about anal beads and vibrating eggs, right there amid stomach-churning chitchat regarding the "pubo-rectal sling" and the sigmoid colon, and somewhere in the vicinity of a stern warning that a perforated rectum can be fatal, some self-ordained Internet assmaster counsels us that:

You need to work with your anus. When you do anal play, you need to get re-acquainted with your anus....We have to learn to communicate with the anus, and communication is a two-way street....

Umm—I think I'll pass on the two-way communication with my anus. The day my anus talks back to me is the day I voluntarily depart this sad planet, OK?

Still, whatever Higher Power designed the male body made sure that the prostate gland was a throbbing crystal ball of sensitive nerve endings directly related to male sexual pleasure. And the Creator's intentions were apparently fag-neutral. It's not as if homosexuals have sensitive prostate glands and no one else. *All* guys are sensitive there, so that either means:

- 1) All guys are fags; or
- 2) Enjoying prostate stimulation doesn't make you a fag.

At least that's how it looks. I'd really hate to find out this late in the game that I'm a fag. I'd have to change my wardrobe and everything.

CURIOUS ABOUT THIS MAGIC BUTTON lodged somewhere up my poop chute, I did some research about the prostate gland and its association with male sexual pleasure. The following is a hodgepodge of quotes from a handful of pro-prostate propagandists:

Because this gland has so much nerve conduction to the area, it's easily aroused, often resulting in an intense orgasm....It can reputedly stimulate orgasm if it is massaged, much like the vaginal G-spot can....Massage of this gland by your finger will produce some of the most delightful sensations your partner has yet to experience....When gently stimulated, the many nerve endings located there can intensify feelings of sexual arousal, actually heightening sexual sensitivity, taking him to new heights of pleasure...[and] super-heightened sexual ecstasy....Pressing or rubbing it...causes the penis to swell and engorges his erection even larger....[It] creates an intense pleasurable sensation for most men, [resulting in] crashing orgasms.

See, I'm TOTALLY down with having an engorged erection and crashing orgasms. I don't think I've ever had an orgasm that crashed in my life. That sounds really good...so good, I don't even mind if people think I'm a fag for inserting something up my butt. *You think I'm a fag, huh? Well, at least my orgasms crash, tuff guy!*

If what the experts say is true, there are some *neurological realities* here that have nothing to do with sexual preferences. At least I don't think they do, and even if they do, those crashing orgasms sound so fucking good, I'm not sure it matters.

I'm so fucking secure with my butchness, my meaty pulsing machismo-laden butch-osity, that I'm not threatened by the idea of a hot girl squeezing

her finger in my ass in search of this hidden jungle temple which the Sages of Yore claim is the key to a white-hot blinding orgasm.

Being a rock-hard pimp daddy is fun, but sometimes it's OK to just sit back—which is what I decided to do—and let *her* grab the joystick for a while. As one writer on the Internet put it regarding prostate massage:

Obviously, this is a great way for your woman to show her appreciation for all that you do in bed and let you be in pure receptive mode, something that all men find relieving and absolutely delightful.

Or as another writer put it, certainly not plagiarizing the first:

Obviously, this is a great way to let your partner be in pure receptive mode, something that many men find a relief and a delight.

THE CLOSEST THAT MOST MEN GET to a prostate massage is when their family physician jams a cold, latex-covered, petroleum-jelly-smearing finger up their ass and takes a few sharp pokes around in search of abnormalities.

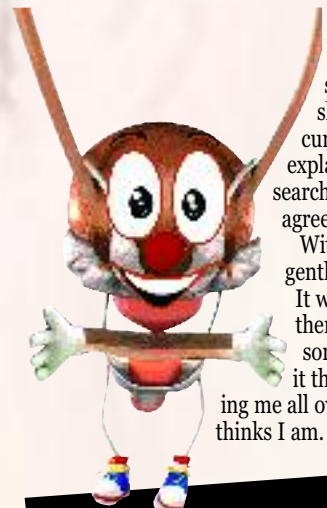
The closest I got—well, I guess I went *all the way*, actually—was last night with this curvy hot redhead girl. She's kind of a freak and I guess I am, too, and we're both hyper-confident about our ability to get each other off. After I fucked her hard enough that she copped a half-dozen or so nuts, she asked me when I was going to cum. I stopped thrusting and calmly explained my editorial mission—I was in search of my prostate gland—and she agreed to help me find it.

With some coco-aloe oil and some gentle nudging, her middle finger was in. It was initially uncomfortable, but then...then...then...she touched upon something. I told her to keep touching it there. Yeah, right *there*. She was kissing me all over and telling me how sexy she thinks I am. My hard hard HARD cock—wow, the veins NEVER bulge THAT much—was dribbling mad wet pre-cum all the way down the shaft. And when I finally came, BOOM! Shots rang past my head and onto the pillow.

It was a crashing orgasm. And I'm not sure I'm able to articulate it clearly right now, but I think I've stumbled upon the prostate gland as some new source of male political power. Just like women copped an

attitude once they discovered their clits and G-spots, there must be some way we can work this prostate thing into something that annoys and threatens females as much as their discoveries have annoyed and threatened us.

Nah. They'd just laugh and call us fags.



"PROSTEE THE HAPPY PROSTATE GLAND" is a cartoon figure designed to help men relax and enjoy the sensual delights lurking a short distance up their rectums.

HOW TO STIMULATE YOUR PROSTATE GLAND WITHOUT BECOMING A FAG

(at least we're PRETTY SURE it doesn't make you a fag...you can do this procedure alone, but it's much less faggy if you do it with a chick...and if you do it with another dude, well, there's no disputing that you're a PermaFag for the rest of your life, but for the purpose of these instructions—and to look as unfaggy as possible—we're going to pretend you're doing it with a chick.)



1) get that ass clean

take a shower. if you're kinky, give yourself an enema, but again, if you start doing things like that, you're veering toward crossing the international border of a nation known as Fagland.

2) find some lube

yeah, I agree, the idea of having a wet hole between your legs is sort of feminine and, sure, faggy, but unless you think rectal bleeding is groovy, it's a good idea to make sure that the, uh, toboggan track is waxed.

3) get in position

on-your-back-with-a-pillow-under-your-ass is probably the best. on-your-side-with-your-knees-up-toward-your-chest might show up as a radar blip back at Fag Control Tower. and on-your-knees-with-your-ass-in-the-air will assure you a Lifetime Fag Gold Card, with all the benefits it implies.

4) relax

if you keep tensing your sphincter muscles like that, no one will be able to get a toothpick in your ass, much less a finger. why so tense—afraid someone will think you're a fag?

5) insert finger

meaning, of course, have the HOT CHICK you're with insert HER clean, well-lubed finger slowly and gently up your poopie-hole. if you're on your back, her palm should be facing the ceiling. she should continue the slow insertion until she's up to her second knuckle or, if you can stand it, a little further. once she's up that far, she should curl her finger upward as if making a "come hither" gesture. to her, the prostate will be felt through the rectal wall as a small, spongelike lump. to you, once she finds it, the prostate will feel warm and oddly pleasurable.

from this point on, you'll both have to negotiate what feels best. many men report that prostate stimulation is enhanced while being blown or jacked off.

if the idea of any sort of anal penetration gets your Fag Fear Flag a-flyin', one can indirectly stimulate the prostate by pressing in sharply on the "grundle" area between your anus and your testicles. if you hadn't noticed already, your hard penis extends up into your body toward that area and ends near the prostate gland.

have fun, you jackoff! and I won't tell anyone you're a fag!