

Sex

Miss-Adventures

unbeknownst To many of
our readers, Gar spent
The better part of his Teens
earning money as a prostitute,

Though no True income
gain was made, as
his only John was
a fetishist, into many
wild Things . . . such as



bowls



and
oral castration



Ask BFG

By Kelly Gunter, Vol. 1, Iss. 15

DEAR BFG,

I RECENTLY BROKE UP WITH MY GIRLFRIEND OF TWO YEARS. I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE ALL THE LOVE GOES.

DEJECTEDLY YOURS,

MIKE

Dear Mike,

Well Mike, love is a phenomena that is not well understood; allow me to elucidate.

It's not well known that love is an allergic reaction to a specific type of pollen. You see, there is a small uninhabited island in the South Pacific where a very rare plant, known by a select group of botanists (all of them on the GDT staff) as *Mandragora aphroditis*, grows.

The reproductive cycles of these plants are extremely peculiar. When the plants reach maturity, their seed pods burst, spreading millions of microscopic grains of pollen into the air. This pollen is then distributed throughout the world by the Southeast Trade winds (it's not a coincidence that cruise ships follow the Gulf Stream; they are taking advantage of the elevated *aphroditis* pollen levels). Eventually, every corner of the globe is saturated with the pollen (with the exception of the Sargasso Sea. The most logical and sensible people in the world can be found living on an immense raft community at the center of the Sargasso Sea).

The pollen imbeds itself in the avioli of the lungs. Through an interaction with the infected individual's antibodies, the allergic reaction of "love" is experienced. Once bound to an antibody, the pollen becomes mature. The gestation period necessary for this pollen depends on the individual infected: if the person is has a short attention span, the maturation can occur at an astonishing rate, but if the person is subject to co-dependence, the maturation may never occur. In fact much of the pollen will wither and die. Even when the pollen has nearly disappeared, the initial contaminant can remain; this is what causes listless love (usually exhibited in married couples).

When the pollen has matured it, is released from its host by the release a toxin, which instantly allows the body to reject it. A side effect of this toxin is displayed through resentment and disillusionment. Once the pollen is released through the sweat glands, it becomes airborne, and begins its long trek home. Botanists are still unsure how it manages the incredible journey back to the island, or why it only germinates there, but they think it must have something to do with penguins and statues.

So, in short, all the love has gone to a small island in the South Pacific.

I hope this has helped.

—BFG



FAHRVERGNÜGEN

(Real Joy In Driving)

Image by Sean Hammon, Vol. 1, Iss. 14

After Dinner Mints

By Sean Hammond, Vol. 2, Iss. 2

A male's penis and a woman's clitoris are essentially the same organ, though their development is different due to the presence or absence of testosterone. They both function in the same way as well; when a male or female is aroused, their respective organ is engorged with blood, causing them to become erect. Anyway, my point is size. It doesn't take a biologist to understand that a woman's clitoris is smaller than a man's penis...especially when engorged with blood.

With that extra blood being diverted, overall oxygen arriving to the brain has to decrease, but since a woman's clitoris is relatively smaller than most penises, her brain is receiving more oxygen than a man's.

So, I guess that in a sense, men really do think with their dicks...or at least it inhibits their thinking.

No Title

By Hanna Thomas, Vol. 2, Iss. 7

Try as I might, I could never really hate anyone...that boy included. But you, you were the closest I ever came to it. That boy may have defiled my body, but you surely defiled my mind.

As I sat across your desk from you and you assumed the mask of my friend and confidant, you really thought you played the part well didn't you? And I rewind the moment back to a night. That night when that boy ground and smothered me in an empty place with the fullest audience of the sky sparkling down their approval.

That night when I said no, but my body said yes. The yes was enunciated while that boy would not listen to me inside and I left a hollow outside behind, hollow, mistreated, ignored shell behind. I journeyed to the sky so full of companions as if almost to completely ignore all physical sensations and returned once that boy could do no more.

Later on that boy was to say that he was not accountable for his actions, but that I was. I was accountable because of all of the littlest things I do

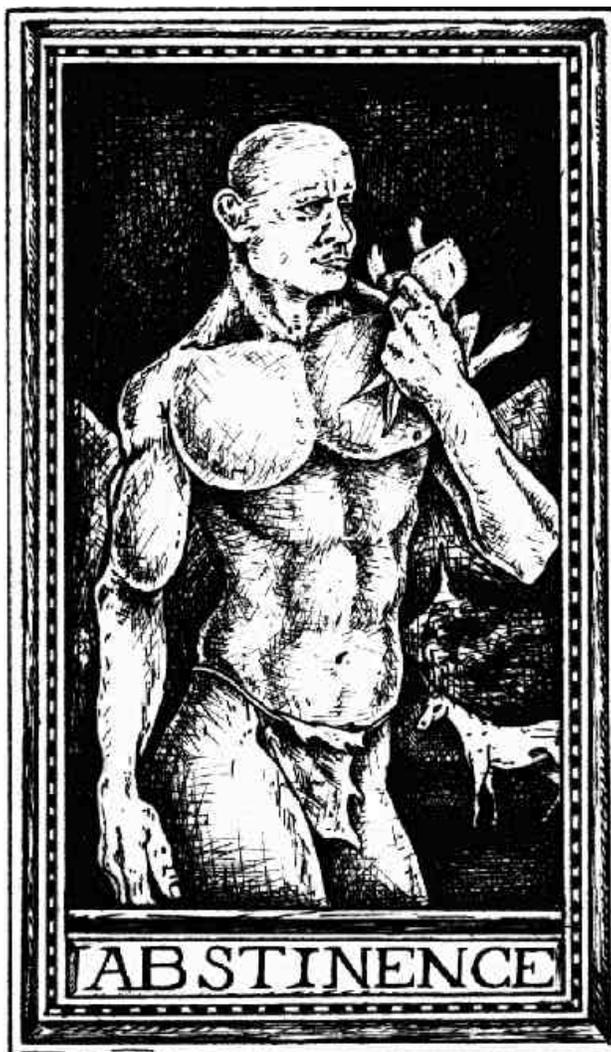


Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 3

that I never even thought about. Things I do all the time, except now they had been done for his benefit only. I suppose even when he was not around. For a year afterward I watched everything I did, I stopped myself from ever becoming comfortable so that no one else would have the right to do this to me, a right they had never possessed in the first place.

Once again I returned to the room with a man, my advocate, my friend? No, I don't think so.

"Why didn't you scream?"

"There was no one there. There was no one to hear me."

"That doesn't matter. Screaming is a disabler whether anyone else is around to do anything or not."

I'm sorry I must have forgotten all of my lessons from grade school on how best to get sexually assaulted...

"Being raped is a disabler as well."

If a girl screams when she's being raped in an empty place with a rapist who has not listened to her up to this point, does she make a sound?

DEAR BFG,

AHHH, WHAT EXACTLY WAS MEANT BY THE QUOTE ON THE FRONT OF LAST WEEK'S GDT ("OFFICER, YOU SHOW ME THE YELLOW LINE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY DICK.")? IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO TELL US?

—A CONCERNED MEMBER OF THE STAFF

Dear Concerned Staff Member,

In biology being female is commonly referred to as the "default" setting on humans. If in doubt, it will probably turn out to be female, this will also sometimes occur even when an individual possesses XY chromosomes. In fact, many of the female athletes who preform in the Olympics actually have XY chromosomes. They are merely men who probably did not receive a dose of hormones at the right time and thus did not develop the usual male organs.

You may be asking yourself at this point, what does this have to do with the superfluous organ I flaunted in last week's quote?

The answer is, not a whole hell of a lot. From what research I've done, it seems to be just a parallel temporal anomaly stemming from the fact that I was a tomboy at age 11. My doctor assures me that the disfigurement will disappear within a few weeks and that if I just pluck the chest hair for a while it too will eventually clear up.

Thanks for your concern,

—Bare Foot Girl, Vol. 3, Iss. 7



Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 9

SHE-RA
PRINCESS
OF
EMPOWER

BY THE POWER OF GREYSKULL! Vol. 12, Iss. 2

GDT's Investigative Reporters Examine The NORM

By GDT Editorial Staff and Josh French, Vol. 7, Iss. 9



The NORM: Symbol to U of R's sanctioned satire mag and indicator of good times and great taste. The question is, "Salty or Sour."

For the past several weeks *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* (and Hell's Kitchen in general) has been communicating with the University of Rochester's sanctioned (which just means the SA controls them) semesterly satire mag, the NORM. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that that glossy-covered, tri-annual, funny thing was simply a cover for a national men's group. Just listen to their spokesmen...

<Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice> He said so ya' think **DOCTORS ARE BUTCHERS!** Gotta, gotta **FIND OUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO YOU!** And I said, yeah, yeah, I want to **STOP THE MUTILATION!** And he said, oh you're smarter than that. You have to **GET INFORMED ABOUT YOUR PENIS!** You've got to **RESTORE & EMPOWER YOURSELF!** And I said, yeah, yeah I can do that cause I'm smart, smart see. I can see you've got to **TAKE BACK WHAT WAS WRONGFULLY TAKEN FROM YOU, Baby. BECOME WHOLE AND COMPLETE!** Stick it to the Man.</Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice>

The National Organization of Restoring Men (NORM. We swear we're not making this up) is one of the coolest offshoots of the various men's groups that promote grown adults to go into their backyards, beat on drums, howl at the moon, and cry about being circumcised. If *you* lie awake at night with tears slowly coursing down your stubbled cheeks because your circumcised penis feels lonely and exposed in a cold, uncaring world, then the NORM is definitely for you.

Meetings for the University of Rochester's branch of the NORM take place Wednesdays in the basement of Wilson Commons, room 104. Beginning at 8pm, meetings usually last less than half an hour, at which time the captive members contemplate how best to dismember Dixie (their cult leader/editor in chief) in five strokes or less (got to keep under par), sometimes mention writing material for issues that then promptly gets ignored, and plot how to expand their horizons...or at least the penal epidermis of diminished men on the campus.

One the best known members of the NORM, Dr. Jim Bigelow, is the author of *The Joy of Uncircumcising*, put out by Hourglass Book Publishing (PO Box 171, Aptos CA 95001, ISBN 0-9630482-1-X). In the tome Dr. Bigelow, a former Christian minister, advances the opinion that the circumcision of children is a physical assault on par with other activities like kindergarten, wearing a leash, and being forced to orally gratify you. Yeah, **YOU!**

Fear not, however, there is help. The good Reverend outlines several methods that circumcised men can regain the attractive hood to cover their glans, thus keeping it moist, protected, and providing a breeding ground for yeast that you can later share with your sexual partner...or make bread with. By using a \$115 Penis Uncircumcising Device, or PUD (again, I swear I'm not making this up), the available free skin of the penis is stretched over the glans. Once the penis looks like a sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, an "O-ring" is attached. Weighing anywhere between 10 to 22 ounces, depending on just how much of a man you *really* are, the weight gently yanks that fucker down toward your



Pasty-white-guy equipped with PUD (Penis Uncircumcising Device).

knee caps.

To help you speed the process along, and keep your penis from oscillating like a pendulum on a spastic Grandfather Clock, there are a series of elastic-like



Sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, equipped with “O-ring.”

cords that can be used to connect a knee brace to the PUD. Making a kind of penis-apult, the wearer is assured of constant pressure on their PUD, though the risks are always high.†

Taking as long as 5 years the procedure is FUN (Fucking Un-Necessary). Regardless, the U of R’s branch of the NORM has been hard at work for over 10 years, instilling a sense of impotence (publishing only 3 times a year) and that of missing something of importance. You can’t convince us that they aren’t bent on making men think their penis is missing some crucial bits here and there. If their logo isn’t a smile with a sperm, we can’t imagine what it is; that’s the happiest half set of chromosomes we’ve ever seen.

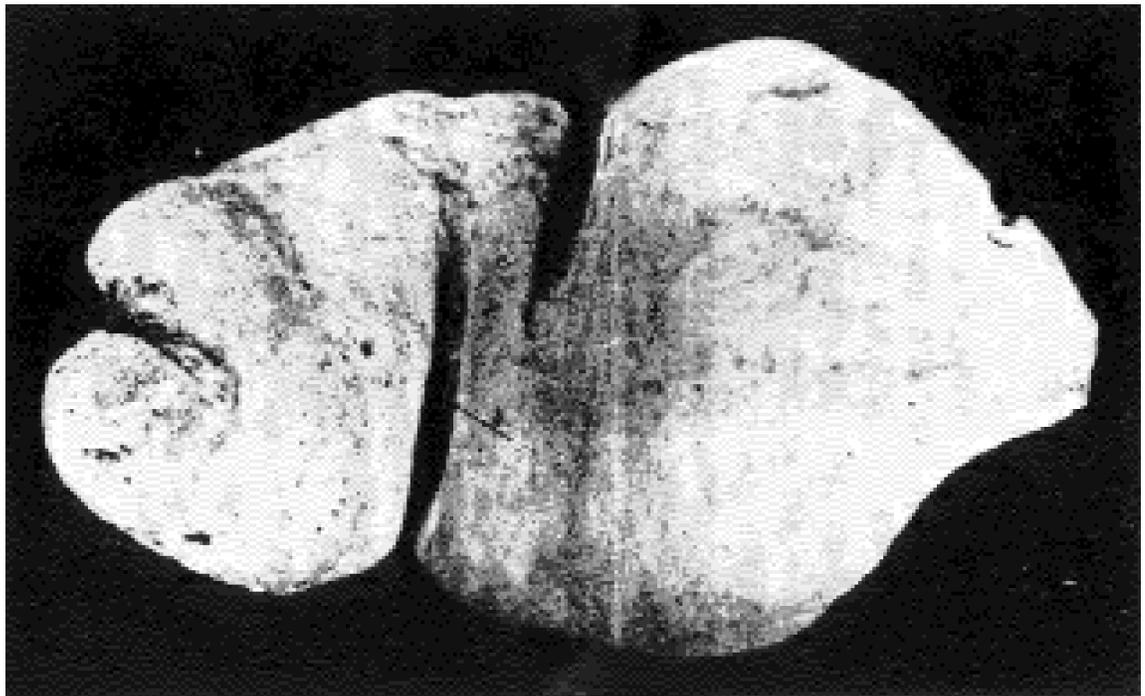
If you would like be be placed on a mailing list along with other NORM members, send the following message to **majordomo@lists.foreskin.com**:

SUBSCRIBE RESTORATION

Send mail to the group by writing to:

restoration@foreskin.com

† One of the more graphic PUD incidents occurred to Mr. DeSeabra, head of the NORM’s New York Chapter. While running to catch a subway, his safety was off and he accidentally fired, sending his PUD rocketing out of his pants. It managed to strike the cart of “Steve The Hot Dog Man,” upsetting it and sending wieners spinning out of control. Amid shouts of, “What the hell was that?” and “DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT!” several vegans were forced to ingest the airborne processed-meat shrapnel. There were no other casualties.



Rectal Impaction: concrete enema. Vol. 8, Iss. 5

Strange Bedfellows

“I’ve been reading Margaret Mead again...”

By Clare Terni and staff, illustrations by Matthew J. Weaver, Vol. 11, Iss. 6

The University of Rochester’s weekly newspaper of 24 September featured a most unusual bonus. Nestled between the pulpy sheets of sports scores and insightful reporting about the nature of “binge drinking” was a blazing full-colour fold out ad for Lifestyles condoms. The “front cover” showed a young couple on a large, beautifully detailed Harley. These were clearly dangerous characters—the young man sporting a tight zip-front shirt and insect-style sunglasses, and the woman in a green and white striped dress that threatened to recede from both the top and bottom, not unlike an unfortunate case of male pattern baldness. Emblazoned across her upper thigh and his crotch was the slogan “2 for the road.”

“Huh,” I thought. “What a weird ad for Ray-Bans. I mean, she’s not even wearing sunglasses.”

Opening the 9x12 sheet revealed a two page spread of another couple in bed, photographed in the classic “tungsten film in daylight” blue that clearly reads “NIGHT” in our visual vocabulary. Here, the gentleman reveals a statuesque chest and excellent dentition as his attractive, blonde female friend clambers on top of him, apparently giggling. They’re still wearing their key foundation garments, although the caption is a little more explicit—“How 2 Have More Fun in Bed.” Here I grew a little worried. The ad clearly was still folded in half, begging to be opened to its full size.

Of course curiosity got the best of me, so I unfolded the poster-in-disguise over my lunchtime Tupperware container of beans and rice. Words failed, although I suspect that given my previously stated tendency toward profanity, I probably mumbled

“GEEE-zus.”

The full-sized[£] sepia-toned ad illustrated a naked man beset by an attack of the Cosmo Klingon—a buxom lass pressed one hand to his chest as the other clutched his neck. Meanwhile, his hand appeared to be supporting her knee at about waist level while the other gripped the small of her back. She remained clothed in the “dental floss and isosceles triangle” style underwear and small tank top. God only knows (well, you probably know, too) what’s going on here. He’s nuzzling her face, resulting in a sort of pig-nosed expression that reveals itself after a couple of moments of careful study. She’s showing off her new, nude lip gloss. The slogan for this act, carefully placed so as not obstruct a view of the action, urges the viewer to “Get In 2 It!”

“Get Into What?” I thought. “Help me understand how this is a condom ad?”

True to my Puritanical American upbringing, I closed the poster, only to discover the actual goods, in terms of condoms, on the back. Printed in white on black, the drawings of various condom styles explained that “With All Our Shapes, It’s Easy to Put 2 and 2 Together.” It was very reminiscent of movie credits. In the fine print, Lifestyles explains its market philosophy, “Lifestyles never forgets that good sex adds up to two people with smiles on their faces.”

“Which two people?” I thought. “I saw six in that ad. Must be the two naked guys.”

In keeping with the attitude of the bitter American woman I have assimilated as part of a massive study of the culture, I allowed that part of my personality to express itself in the form of a joke pointed out to another

[£]Given the young man’s physique, “full-sized” can be read dripping with as much innuendo as you desire.

female friend. “Look, which two people do YOU think had big smiles on their faces?”

“Oh, the naked guys, definitely,” she replied.

I lied. I DID get the point of the ad. The problem is that my condom experience is probably fundamentally unlike any of the three depicted by LifeStyles.

Here begins the chorus of male voices proclaiming one of two things:

a. “You’re frigid.”

b. “You’ve never done it with the right person.”

All of this is well and good in terms of reflecting some of the salient issues of sexual satisfaction facing young people today. However, I actually find prophylactics wildly amusing, an aspect not portrayed by the LifeStyles ad. Aside from ACT-UP’s “Safe Sex is Hot Sex” campaign, which featured various couples in artistic photographs demonstrating the joys of safer intercourse, the best condom ad I’ve seen featured a cartoon drawing of a man at a piano. The caption read: “She laughed when I sat down at the piano. Then she saw the size of my hands.”

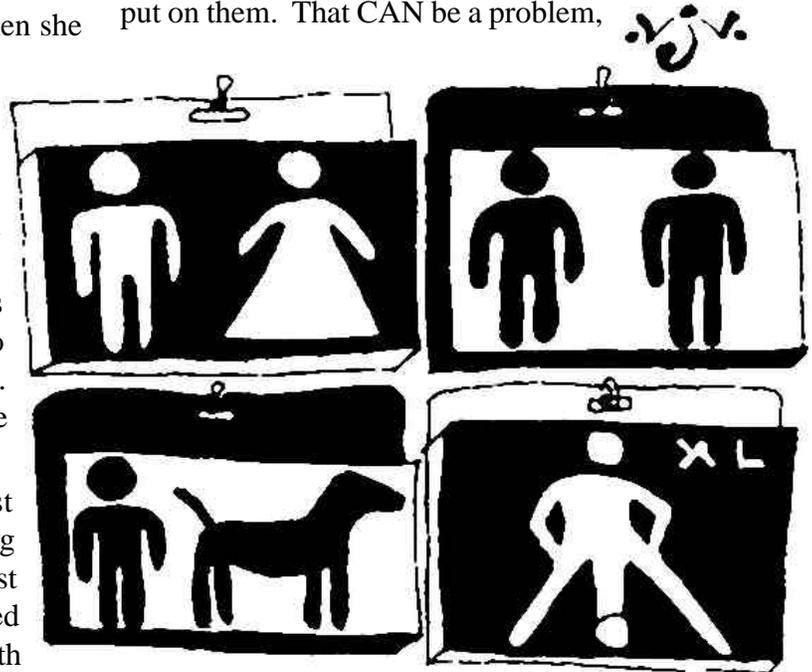
Clearly, this ad perpetuates the myth that large hands indicate other large extremities. It also implies that piano-playing men are ridiculous[¢] and that they are simply the lust objects of women. On the other hand, it’s funny. An aura of humor surrounding condoms needs to be maintained in order to empower people to even visit the “Family Planning” section at CVS. Here are a couple of anecdotes to support the need for humor in prophylactics:

September, 1996. My roommate/best friend and I venture to Freddy’s Discount Drug Store, which she has identified as “the cheapest place to get ‘em.” She leads your wide-eyed author past the hair care products on our date with

destiny.[§] I grow fearful as we approach the aisle, which is somehow strategically located within view of every single checkout counter. I repeat my mantra: “Hey, I’m getting some. I like him and he likes me and we’re getting some. This is good. I have no reason to be ashamed. Hey, I’m getting some. I like him...”[¥] but it does little to calm my jangling nerves. My loyal roomie directs me to the WALL O’ CONDOMS, conveniently located next to the packaged Phillies Blunts.^a

My choices are immediately limited by the fact that I can’t reach to the top of the display, which towers at least a foot above my outstretched arm. Clearly, these are prophylactics intended for incredibly tall men, or midgets with stilts. “Uhhhhh,” I manage to utter.

Lucy (name changed to protect the all-knowing, whose true name we must never utter^œ) begins to dispense advice, a wise decision given my apparent stupor. “You should get the lubricated kind, unless you’ve got a problem with what they put on them. That CAN be a problem,



[¢]After seeing Elton John in all of those funny hats and Billy Joel’s mad keyboard skills in the “We Didn’t Start the Fire” video, however, this seems to be more of a truism.

[§] “Can’t I just smell the Wild Apple shampoo? PLEEEASE?”

[¥] Yeah, so it was a little LONG to be a mantra. Suffice to say I was repeating it by way of self-affirmation.

^a Many chain drug stores have stocked condoms next to cigars for years. Perhaps the President isn’t as perverted as Ken Starr would like you to think...he was just flashing back to that aisle in Washington Drug.

^œ “Michael Collins!”

you know? It smells kind of weird. These are good. These are okay, but the first ones are better. Do NOT get ribbed. One word: friction.”

“Isn’t that the point?”

“Not in the way that I mean it.”

“Oh.” (nervous laughter, which gives way to peals of genuine laughter over the fact that the two of us in our long hair, flannel, wire-rimmed glasses, and Birkenstocks, are involved in what seems to be a very intense discussion over the merits of various varieties of condoms. I had been having sex for exactly three days at this point.)

Various members of our studio audience might be wondering where my boyfriend was during this exchange. As it was a Saturday, I believe he was involved in cooking some fantastically involved and tasty dinner, perhaps selecting wine and making cookies as well. He may have been out buying flowers or even doing (*gasp*) WORK, in the form of reading about various apocalyptic religions. Suffice to say that I was the practical one.*

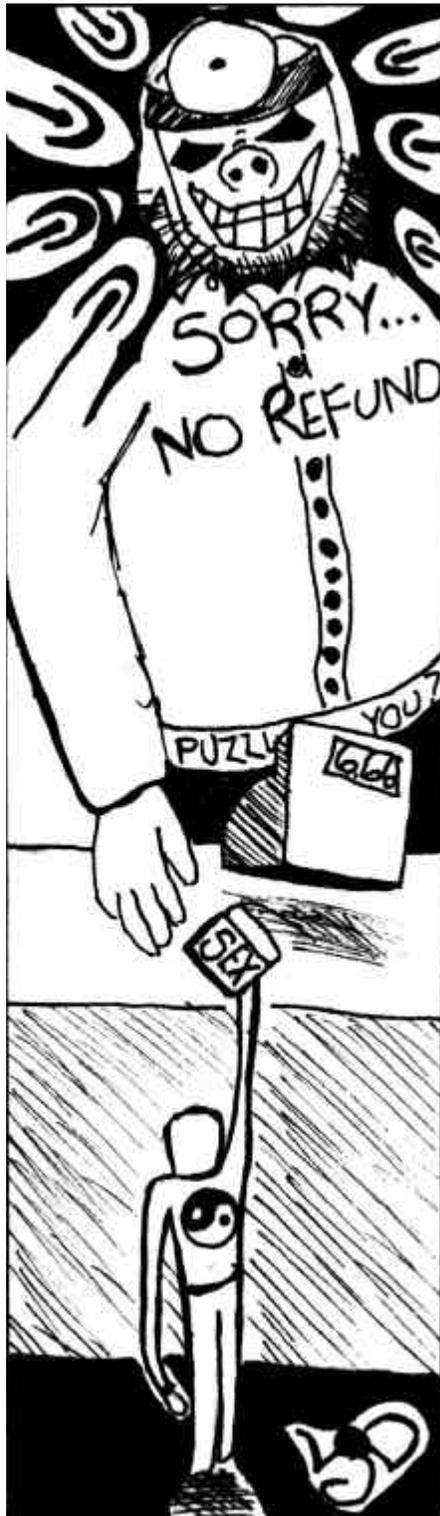
From this story, you can safely assume that much of what I learned about the nature of sex, I learned from other women. Lucy represented someone who embodied the sanest approach to relationships that I’d seen, namely, a healthy reserve and firm determination to remain her own person, despite her boyfriend’s overbearing nature.† She also emphasized repeatedly that no matter how much you liked someone, you STILL had to look out for yourself, especially as a

woman. This translated into the idea that women had just as much of a right to buy condoms without consulting men as men had to buy them without consulting women. Obviously, in a normal, caring, and mutually supportive relationship, the partners involved would both decide what form of protection to use, and alternate turns in purchasing it. How many people’s first sexual relationships are actually “normal, caring, and mutually supportive?” At least purchasing condoms can be amusing.

The second anecdote is somewhat more recent, and involves that question that undoubtedly plagues many independent female condom shoppers: “How big is big?” Here, readers who are faint of heart or under the age of 18 may want to just go back to reading the Starr report on-line.

Picture a busy square in a major Northeastern city. I’d just been to the Salty Dog for an splendid afternoon snack of clams and beer, and was killing time before catching the commuter rail back to the ‘burbs. Suddenly, much in the same way that one remembers the household’s need for toilet paper, I remembered the necessity of obtaining prophylactics. Unfortunately, the Bass Ale had gripped my brain in a fuzzy clutch of fog, and so it was with great effort that I hoisted myself and my somewhat dressy clothes^ø off of the bench where I’d been observing the fattest pigeons I’ve ever seen as they interacted with the largest tourists I’ve ever seen.

I knew I’d seen a CVS earlier in the day—it was merely a



* Numerous people pointed out the gender role reversal that occurred in this relationship—he did look pretty good in a skirt.

†He was later fed to the wolves as a result of a terrible miscommunication with Seneca Park Zoo.

ø Prior to the tasty snack, I’d been visiting graduate schools. The pigeons and tourists were more interesting.

matter of finding it again. In fact, there were three in the immediate area, but due to the complexity of the streets and alleys, I could have wandered for hours and not come upon any of them. Eventually, I did locate one near a subway stop.[§]

Somehow, the smallest CVS in the world also had the largest selection of stuff crammed into it. Halloween candy exploded from every available aisle end, sale priced summer merchandise frolicked among the back-to-school items. Finally, after fearing that I would actually have to go to the counter and ask (“What kind would you like?” “Uh, what kind do you have?”) I located the FAMILY PLANNING AISLE. “Exactly,” I thought. “I’m planning not to have a family.”

As I reached my goal, the train rushed by below, setting the packages slightly asway. They were clearly tormenting me. I tried to remember what I’d bought the last time. I thought of the piano man, but they were out of Trojans. Advertising had failed, and it looked as though I’d have to decide on my own. Another woman dressed in a pinstriped skirt and blazer quickly scanned the rack and plucked a package of “Sheik” with the non-chalance of someone selecting a bar of soap.^β I briefly thought of describing the problem and soliciting advice, invoking the alleged “universal spirit of womanhood,” but she seemed pretty busy.

Wagging saliciously nearby was a package of Lifestyles “Large.”

“Oh, crap,” I thought. “What if I don’t get the right SIZE?” I picked up the package and scanned it, hoping that some sort of dimensions would

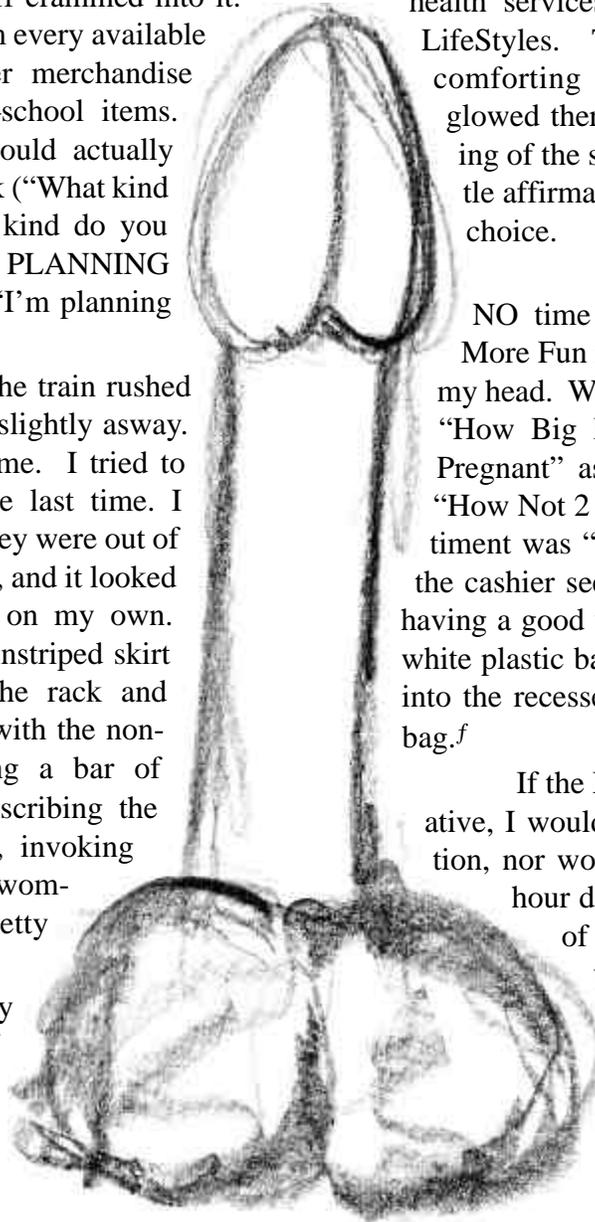
be given. I wondered if the selection of too-small condoms would be an unfortunate insult to my beloved’s manhood. The box information was fairly self-evident: “Longer and wider for added pleasure.”

Duh.

Eventually, I decided on the standard of college health services everywhere—the blue box of LifeStyles. There was something sublimely comforting in its familiarity—it sort of glowed there under the unusually low lighting of the store. I could almost hear its gentle affirmations that it was, indeed, the right choice.

Allow me to point out that at NO time did the phrases “How 2 Have More Fun in Bed” or “Get In 2 It” appear in my head. What was there consisted mainly of “How Big Is Big?” and “How Not 2 Get Pregnant” as well as the ACT-UP standard “How Not 2 Get Sick.” The overarching sentiment was “How 2 Get Out of Here.” After the cashier seemed genuinely interested in my having a good weekend, I departed, stuffing the white plastic bag and its unfortunate cargo deep into the recesses of a military surplus shoulder bag.^f

If the LifeStyles ads were at all informative, I wouldn’t have needed Lucy’s instruction, nor would I have spent a quarter of an hour deep in adrenalized contemplation of the rack in a foreign CVS. The unfortunate fact of the matter is that the LifeStyles ad run by the *Campus Times* was simultaneously uninformative AND suggested that sex was some sort of recreational sport akin to Ultimate Frisbee and wearing Calvin Klein underwear.^z Yeah!



Sheath it.

Illustration by Irene Shei, Vol. 16, Iss. 1

[§] The orange line at State St., for those of you playing along.

^β Not like I can nonchalantly select a bar of soap, either—I have to smell them all and make sure I’m not allergic to anything in them. It’s all about bad genetic material.

^f IT’S NOT A PURSE. Okay? Let’s just get that straight RIGHT NOW.

^z Try to get into one of those dental-floss-and-isosceles-triangle pairs of underwear when you’re late to a 5am crew call after you’ve been up until 2am drinking. Go on, I dare you.

Let's go out onto the AstroTurf over in Fauver Stadium and rut like bunnies!

I don't think so. While I deeply appreciate Lucy's advice on life and her affirmation of the strong-willed and independent attitude I was raised with, women should not have to fall back on a form of folklore when purchasing prophylactics. We might as well have been in a sweat lodge, beating drums to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of San Antonio" and chanting the virtues of latex while preparing to fling ourselves into an icy spring. I would much rather have been able to laugh with her at the ridiculousness of a discount drug store offering all of these varieties instead of laughing at myself for not knowing a damn thing about any of them.

Perhaps our gentle readers subscribe to the belief held by a number of cowed road crew folks and several of my professors that I eat men for breakfast and pick my gory sharp teeth with the frail bones of fallen sorority sisters. This is far from the case—I just think that women, who don't have the equipment that condoms fit onto but can be made violently ill by this same equipment, should be able to make informed choices about protection. OSHA requires that all employees who work around hazardous inhalants wear dust masks—not just those workers directly involved

with sanding fiberglass, for instance. LifeStyles falls over itself trying to run away from the shame of condom purchasing and use by printing what amounts to soft-core pornography. The soft core porn approach further obfuscates condoms—and it's not like those dumb little drawings help any, either. (The big mystery is how, exactly, the "extra pleasure" model, which widens to titanic proportions at the head, provides extra pleasure. We asked a few men. They didn't know either.)

Not even humour redeems the *Campus Times* ad. The only sticking point for the information presented is that you can look at a poster-size sepia toned photograph of a man and a woman "getting in 2 it." There are any of a myriad number of porno flicks that could provide you with the same experience, and they let you laugh at sex at the same time.¹⁴ Plus, if you find pornography somewhat revolting, you can draw comfort from the fact that there are a lot of people in the same boat.

In short, I wish the *Campus Times*, hard up for money and feeling in need of educating young people already world-weary from years of Sex Ed. had just run the piano-playing man ad. Then at least we all could have had a good laugh.

¹⁴ See Tourist's review of porn, last spring (Volume 9, Issue 6).



Illustration by Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 10

TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

By Sean J. Stanley, Vol. 9, Iss. 6.

THIS WEEK – “I DON'T THINK THAT YOU WERE URINATING...”

As I pause my VCR for a brief stay after a 24 hour binger, let me just say one thing. I LOVE PORN! I LOOOOO–VVVVVEEEEE PORN! There is nothing more satisfying than a six hour non–stop, wall to wall, top to bottom, sexextravaganza. None of that wining and dining shit, no messy relationship communication problems, no pesky run–ins with angry pimps or local law enforcement. Just you in the comfort of your own home, one hand on the fast forward button, the other...well, depending on the company, the other could be in a number of places. Some say that porn is degrading, dehumanizing, and sad. IT'S FUCKING PORN!!! You think that double–penetration, double jelly dong, greased fists of love, anal ripcord bead, all American ball slappin' action is healthy???

Certainly not. What are you, stupid?

The stars are emotionally scarred drug addicts with bad teeth, and the frequent viewers of porn are depraved lunatics that treat sex as a detached function of the id. And by Jove, I'm one of 'em! Who cares how it hurts you, as long as it fills the void, right? Porn is arousing, amusing, and guilt free! I think that all children, beginning in kindergarten, should be forced to watch some of the classic porn films of our times. An eight–year–old with extensive knowledge of Ron Jeremy's filmography will most definitely go far in life.

Trust me.

And now, for those who may not be versed in porno appreciation, I give you TOURIST'S GUIDE TO WATCHING PORN:

1. Physical attributes of porn stars are pretty standard. There's the porno hair, which comes in three styles—Ron Jeremy–white–guy–afro–style, Peter North–hyper–perfect–bouffant–style, and TTBoy/Yanni–long–hair–style.

Porno teeth are like the Royal Family's teeth after a hockey season. Porno fingernails must be at least three inches long (to accommodate the nose candy addiction). Know your porno star by the attribute that is most prominent.

2. Fast forward etiquette. When watching alone, fast forward at your leisure, but when in a large



**Base sensationalism to get readers?
What are you talking about?**

group, fast forward only after giving notice and inquiring as to if anyone would like to continue at normal speed. It is acceptable to exclaim “prepare to fast–forward....fast–forward....fast–forwarding, sir...” before fast–forwarding begins. (Note: You may experience what is known as the “Sewing machine effect” while fast–forwarding through penetration scenes. This is normal.)

3. When a person excuses him or herself to use the restroom, DO NOT under any circumstances inquire as to their true motives. It is a porno *faux pas* to say “You're going to spank it, aren't you? Ha Ha!” This is not appreciated in any way, and makes it uncomfortable for people to properly “relieve” themselves. When someone gets up, smile knowingly, and don't come into contact with their hands when they get back.

4. Porno stars CANNOT act! Don't react as if it's some grand revelation. Porn watchers are there for the gooey moments, not for adequate demonstrations of Stanislavsky's Method. Suspend disbelief at the FBI warning, if you please. It is ok, however, to make fun

of the cheezy dialog and horrible segues with your own witty quips and remarks a la *MST3K*.

5. Porno Tracking. It is preferable to have a VCR from the early 1980's (the golden age of porn), because you can adjust the tracking to 'porno tracking' rather easily. Where normal videotapes do not usually need much adjustment, porno tapes require the tracking to go all the way to one side or another. On new VCR's you may have to fool the VCR by recording a small segment of *Family Matters* or *Toy Story* prior to the feature presentation. This helps to overcome obnoxious calibration problems that arise with automatic tracking features on new VCRs.

6. Porno Music. Say it with me: "Huaka-Joe" (pronounced 'wok-uh-jowe'), this or variations like "Huaka-Chicka" ('wok-a-chih-ke), or "Ber-ner, Chik-A-Boo-Bwow" ('buh-nuhr-chih-kuh-kwoo-buhwouh) should be repeated over and over in unison with the others present when the music begins. After about 1983, the music went from the wonderful sex-o-rama style described above to cheezy synthesizer music. I recommend playing classical music and turning down the sound on your TV. My favorites are

Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor", and anything by the John Tesh Project.

7. It is ok for sexually secure males to comment on the abnormally large genitals of the leading male stars. "That's a meaty hog on that guy."

"Yes, I agree, that is quite the massive schlong..."

Females may also comment on how skanky the women leads are, as well as pointing out any and all plastic surgery that may have taken place.

8. Above all, have fun, learn, enjoy! If anyone gives you attitude about your motives or morals, tell them that Tourist said to eat a fat one! That'll shut them up. Remember, this is a free country, and it's your choice to frustrate yourself with your friends. In future editions, I'll provide you with the follow up to this article, "Advanced Shower Masturbation Techniques," as well as "Ron Jeremy: He kinda looks Captain Lou Albano, but what's growing in his back hair can sustain a small colony of Haitian Boat People."

They don't fight, they fuck

by Gad Berger, Vol. 10, Iss. 7.

So when was the last time you sat down at dinner, and instead of fighting over who got the last meatball, your whole family dropped to the floor and engaged in oral sex? It certainly sounds...fun doesn't it? Maybe you should ask the bonobo chimpanzee about this. The bonobo, also known as the pygmy chimp, lives in the humid forests of Zaire, just south of the Zaire River. Instead of displaying outright anger and hurting one another in the group, they settle disputes with sex.

How cool is that? Think about it: you're driving your friend home from school. He wants to listen to a radio station, but you are quite content with the one you are listening to. Each of you start the button battle on the radio and it starts getting ugly, a classic fight. Eventually one of you gets really aggressive and hurts the other. At this point you both realize that you won't get anything accomplished, so the obvious approach is to enjoy a nice sloppy compensation of road head.

In the bonobo world, disputes are settled much like the hypothetical situation above. Basically, it all comes down to "I'll give you a kiss, if you give me a banana." This keeps the group from excessive fighting



Not war...

or getting too aggressive with each other and hurting other bonobos in the group.

At this point you might say to yourself, "Wow! These bonobos fuck like rabbits. I think I'd like to be reincarnated as a bonobo." Well, that's great if you aren't getting any right now, but let's look at their society. Unlike our society, an egalitarian society, most of the other chimpanzees are patriarchal. The bonobos, however, live under a matriarchal society. For those

who don't understand, it's the woman in the family who wears the pants.

Hmm, that's pretty interesting. For all you macho guys out there who can't handle a woman being on top, I guess the bonobo life isn't for you. What's even more interesting is that bonobos are classified as

the closest link to humans. Does this mean that our society will evolve to a matriarchal society? Who knows, but I do like the prospect of having my women on top.

Shirk'n'Shout

This Week: The Miniskirt Waddle
Words And Music by Eric Thomas, Vol. 11, Iss. 6

**“She give a little flirt, give herself a little cuddle
But there's no place here for the miniskirt waddle”**

—Elvis Costello, *(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea*

The girls in this class have an irritating habit of calling the professor “sir.”
They can do this because the professor is young, and they are cute.

Now, consider this: A freshman photography student seeks aide from a familiar lab supervisor. The supervisor, a sophomore, helps the freshman cut his negatives. After the work is done, the freshman continues the job of printing the negatives while the supervisor idly cuts the dead ends of the film into one million tiny pieces. The freshman pauses to look at her, his eyes shining. “Sexually frustrated?” he asks. Later that same day, she commented on the experience: “No, he's not a player. He's just a funny flirt.”

“Sexually frustrated.” Why must we fling that goddamn phrase around?

Well, two reasons. First of all, it's a common stratagem in the great Game of Teenage Courtship. You're not allowed to ignore the question, because that would make you a prude. Thus, you're afforded two options—the negative or the affirmative. The negative implies sexual satisfaction, and, coupled with bachelorhood, guarantees an open sexual perspective. The positive indicates sexual starvation, which, presumably, will be relieved by whichever craven flirt is asking the question. On one hand, you're a nymphomaniac, and on the other, you're fresh meat.

The other reason is that it's thrilling for young (mentally young, I mean) men to be openly sexual around girls. Especially if the girls don't slap you for it. This is true for only the most juvenile and sexual-

ly inexperienced young flirts.

Despite these facts, our lab monitor enjoys the company of the freshman. Why? “Rapid exchange of insults is a sign of intelligence and wit,” she says.

This couldn't be farther from the truth. Appropriating canned witticisms from popular (television) culture is the mark of a truly mediocre mind. Combine that unoriginality with a misguided sexual appetite, and you get the common Virgin Player (i.e. one who is both a virgin and a player—our sad freshman).

Perhaps I should clarify that use of the word ‘virgin.’ Don't get me wrong. I have no problem with abstention from sex. However, I also see unfulfilling sex based on transient desires as a detriment to identity and self-respect. In the middle ground is true emotional and sexual satisfaction. I see anyone who has never experienced this satisfaction as a virgin.

Basically, it all comes down to honesty. The Player is being dishonest with his mark: he uses the pop culture vocabulary to hide a sentiment that can be reduced to, “Do you fuck?” In our example, the lab supervisor is dishonest with herself, by allowing herself to ignore the crass undertone of the Player's statement. In short, the Player presents an ideal image of “intelligence and wit,” which has no basis in his actual personality or intellectual ability. The Player sucks that up at its face value. That's the Game of Teenage Courtship. →

While on the topic of reduction, let us reduce the entire Photo Lab episode to its core: (White room, one door. A woman stands alone, clad in a simple white tunic. She stares blankly at the bare walls. She wears a bracelet on each wrist. The bracelet on her right wrist, which is made of silver, is engraved with a large letter 'A.' The bracelet on her left, made of gold, bears the letters 'FB.')

(The door opens, and a man enters. He is dressed in a similar white tunic. On the middle finger of each hand, he wears a bronze ring.

...and then there is the girl who can ignore the discussion on slavery in literature to enjoy the presence of the boys on her left and right. The one with his backwards cap, his urban label shirt, his blank notebook page, his cargo pants; the other with his stylish haircut, his thick sweater, his gorgeous penmanship, his cargo pants. They're quite obviously chasing her, and making every effort to appear nonchalant. She hands them things to chew on, little teasers to whet

The right ring carries the letter 'I,' the left carries the letter 'W.')

Man: "I see that you wear an Available bracelet. Do you also carry a Flirtatious Banter bracelet?" (The woman displays her left wrist.)

Man: "Come here, and I will flirt with you." (The woman approaches the man.)

Man: "Please notice my Intelligence ring, and my Wit ring." (Woman admires both rings.)

Woman: "Proceed."

Man: "Do you fuck?"

their appetites: her bare feet, a grin, an indulgent flip of her long, blonde hair. Their cultivated sideburns stand on end.

Those are the innocents. Misguided, perhaps, and sometimes misinformed, but the innocents nonetheless. The math students, the photo kids, the sun-dried hippie and her two admirers... they're cubs at play. So adorable, it almost brings a tear to the eye. Because no one's being hurt. Yet.