



PHOTO BY TAMARA LISCHKA

SIZE MATTERS

and Other Matters of Size

Boy bodies: *Just Out* gets to the bottom of buns, boners and being buff

BY MARC ACTO

Part 1 of a two-part series...coming soon, the female perspective on body image

Readers of the Model/Escort ads in Los Angeles' *Frontiers* magazine know the shorthand by now: 30"? Easy, that's the waist. 52"? Chest, *bien sûr*. 19"? Arms. 9" x 6"? Well, duh. This and a headless photo are how we measure perfection today, which speaks volumes about how much gay men value brains.

"Gay men are evil when it comes to bodies," says Aaron, a 22-year-old barfly (Trampolina to his friends).

"Find one flaw, and that's it—you're out. It's worse than high school," he claims.

Is gay life in Portland really that bad? Are we obsessed with perfection? Does size—waist, chest and elsewhere—really matter? I endeavored to find out for myself and I must say, dear readers, that the research was simply *exhausting*—searching for well-hung men on the Internet, interviewing strippers in bars.... It was a tough job, but I thought of it first.

Personally, I've struggled with my own body image since I was a kid. For the record, my driver's license lists me as 5 feet 10 inches and 175 pounds—that's my story and I'm sticking to it. By my calculations, in the 17 years since I got my first driver's license my weight has fluctuated up and down so much I've managed to gain and lose my entire body weight. At this point in my life, I'd like to think I'm a mature, spiritually evolved person whose outlook transcends appearances, but the simple fact is I'd love to look like the guys in the Model/Escort section of *Frontiers* and have arms the size of my thighs.

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