

HUMOR

Never a bride

When it comes to gay marriage our new columnist says "I don't"

Every time I open the pages of gay publications I see the latest on the fight for the rights we gay people supposedly have longed for our whole lives: to join the military, to get married and to have kids. I ask you, when exactly did these items become our top priorities?

It's as if someone accidentally mixed up the Gay Agenda with the Mormon one. I don't begrudge those who want these things, but I'm sure if I joined the military I'd be just like Goldie Hawn in *Private Benjamin*, asking if green is the only color the uniforms come in.

And while I admire the efforts of those gays and lesbians who venture to China or Vietnam to get a baby, I simply can't identify with the impulse. I can't even motivate my lazy ass out the door to get bread and milk.

Gay rights activists make compelling arguments in favor of gay marriage, listing very real injustices like tax breaks, hospital visitation and rights of survivorship, among others.

Yeah, whatever.

Me, I just can't get excited about gay marriage cuz I just can't get my head around the thought of a gay wedding. I'm sorry to admit it, but the sight of two guys marching down the aisle looking like head waiters just doesn't do a thing for me.

Sure, I've fantasized about getting married, but in my fantasies I'm always, well, the *bride*. What's more, I'm a pretty bride.

I know it's shallow, but if I can't look like Audrey Hepburn in the final scene of *Funny Face*—and believe me, I can't—then you might as well just forget the whole thing. That moment when everyone rises and turns to the back of the church like they're about to break into a chorus of "Hello, Dolly"—that's what I want.

The proponents of gay marriage also neglect to mention the single most important reason to get married: the gifts. This, to my mind, is the gravest injustice against gays and lesbians. When straight people ask why my partner and I haven't had a commitment ceremony, I just snarl at them and say, "Because I already went out and bought my own friggin' appliances."

Having been a homo homeowner for 10 years now, I've experienced firsthand how household appliances break down in sympathy with one another, as if they are going on strike. (My partner and I have learned not to discuss financial matters like our tax refund in the kitchen lest our appliances overhear us.) But now I realize why straight people abuse their

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



right to marry and end up divorcing and remarrying multiple times: They need to replace their appliances.

I'm almost tempted to take lesbian comedian Suzanne Westenhoefer's advice: "Now when I go to a wedding," she says, "I don't bring a gift, I *take* one." I consulted Miss Manners on this concept and discovered a socially acceptable loophole.

It turns out that one need not bring a gift to the actual wedding but can send one afterward. She doesn't say how long afterward, so I just wait 10 years to see if the couple stay together.


You want that toaster? Earn it, baby. (On a related note, I'd like Ellen and Melissa to please send me back the salad spinners I bought them.)

Likewise, my patience is wearing thin with pro-marriage articles in the gay press that feature the likes of "Barry, a systems analyst, and Michael, his life partner of two years." Now, I wish Barry and Michael well, but puh-leeze, they've been together for two years, for Chrissakes.

I've got condiments in my fridge that have lasted longer. Why don't we see whether Barry and Michael make it past the "maybe we should open up our relationship" conversation before putting their picture in a magazine, shall we?

Something like 50 percent of all marriages in this country end in divorce—50 percent. Those are some sucky odds, and I don't see any reason why gays and lesbians will do any better.

So you'll forgive me if I don't get too excited about going to your wedding, be it gay or straight. But I promise to buy you a great anniversary gift when the time comes.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. 

MARC ACITO and his longtime partner are shackled up in Portland—without benefit of marriage—thank you very much.




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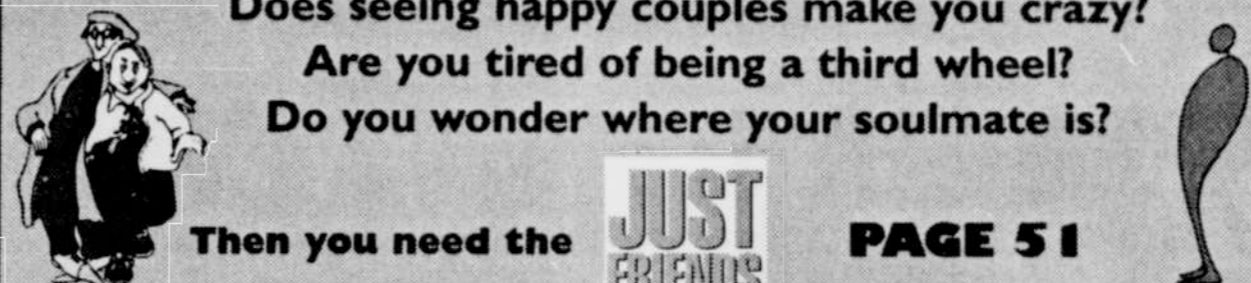
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