

HUMOR

Heavenly bodies

For the rest of us, the less shed, the better

The prophet Olivia Newton of John spoke thus to her devoted flock: She said, "Let me hear your body talk."

I ask you, my friends, if bodies could talk, what would they say? Take, for instance, the buff gym body, the one with shoulders like Joan Collins on *Dynasty* and abs so cut you could grate cheese on them; what does that body say to you?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



To me it says: "I'm up every morning at Dark O'clock so I can lift, flex, sweat, crunch, squat and press before eating a microscopic, macro-psychotic breakfast of twigs and bark. Then instead of lunch we can go back to the gym to climb stairs to nowhere for an hour."

Now consider for a moment my body, the one that requires relaxed-fit jeans in more than one size, and what it might say: "Mmm," it murmurs, "let's sleep until the sun is nice and warm, then have Belgian waffles and mimosas. Afterward we can take a little nap and then go antiquing!"

I'm sure most gay men would rather go home with the guy whose chest is 44 inches and whose waist is 29 inches rather than the other way around, but which one would you rather wake up with? Me, I vote for waffles every time. And it shows.

I'm forever on some diet or another. Right now I'm on two, as a matter of fact, because I'm not getting enough food from the first. Lots of these diets have made me thin, but only one

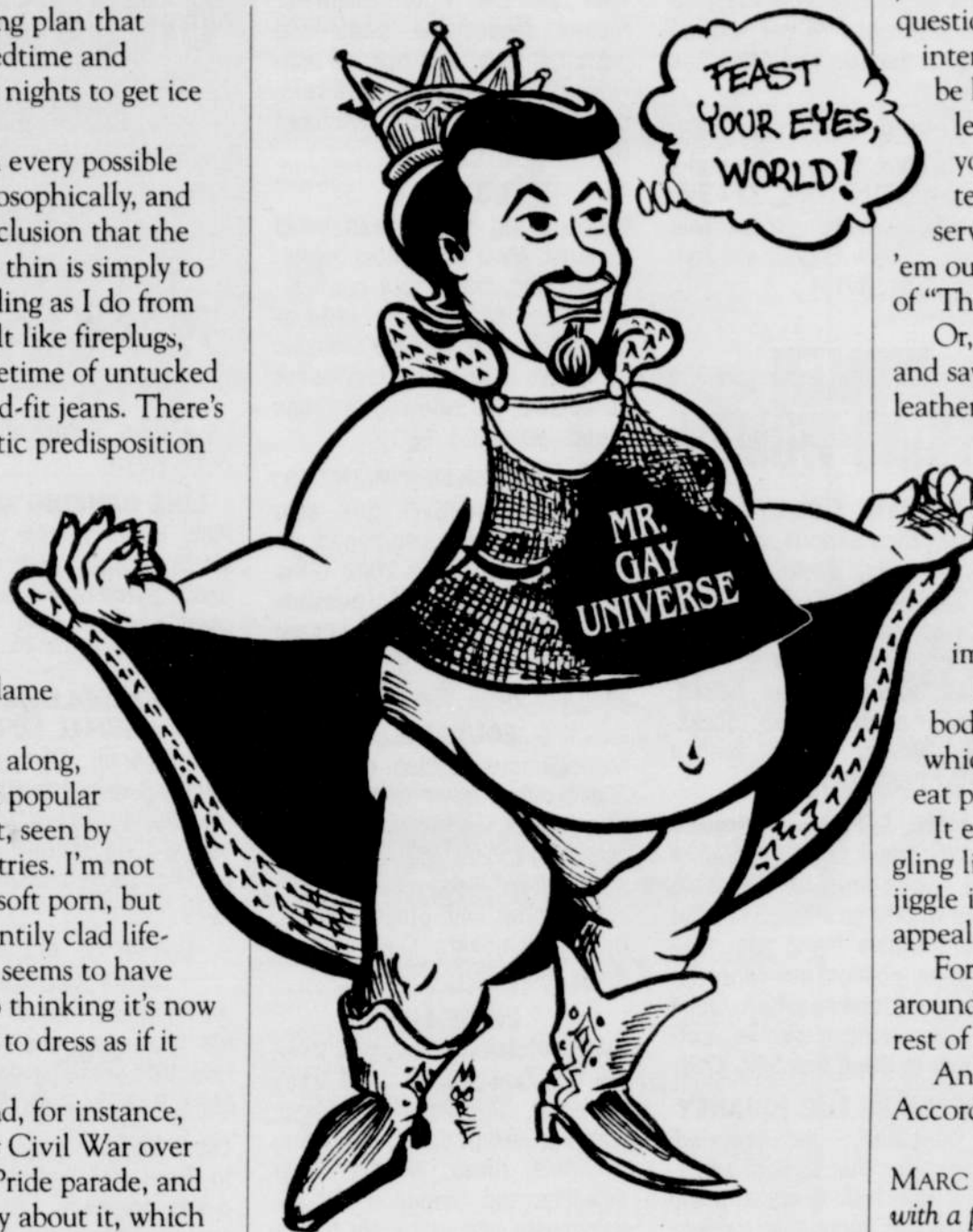
has made me happy: the eating plan that allows milk and cookies at bedtime and encourages walks on summer nights to get ice cream.

I've looked at my fat from every possible angle, literally as well as philosophically, and finally have come to the conclusion that the best way to stay permanently thin is simply to choose thin parents. Descending as I do from nations where people are built like fireplugs, I've reconciled myself to a lifetime of untucked shirts and those comfy relaxed-fit jeans. There's no point in fighting my genetic predisposition to olive oil.

Now I think it's all well and good to love and accept one's own body, but asking the rest of society to love and accept it is another thing entirely. Personally, I blame *Baywatch*.

Until Jerry Springer came along, *Baywatch* was the single most popular television show on the planet, seen by 1 billion people in 142 countries. I'm not personally opposed to global soft porn, but the increased exposure to scantily clad lifeguards running on the beach seems to have lulled most of the planet into thinking it's now perfectly all right for all of us to dress as if it were summer all year round.

Every year here in Portland, for instance, we have our own little Queer Civil War over the right to be naked in the Pride parade, and both sides can get pretty nasty about it, which is actually kind of fun. But in the interest of



keeping the peace, I propose that the issue be decided democratically.

Therefore, before you decide to expose yourself at Gay Pride, ask yourself the following question: "Has anyone ever expressed any interest in seeing me naked in public?" Now be honest here. If women walk up to you at lesbian potlucks and say, "Y'know, Marge, you've just got to bare those breasts on television this year—it would be a public service to us all," then by all means whip 'em out so we all can join in a rousing chorus of "Thanks for the Mammaries."

Or, gentlemen, if guys stop you at the gym and say, "Why, Ted, if you don't wear the leather thong this year, I might as well stay home," then we'll see if there's any money in the Victory Fund to pay for your bikini wax. If, however, yours is the lone assenting vote for public exposure, then perhaps it's time to realize some things are best left to the imagination.

I, for one, am quite fond of my own body. It does a variety of useful things for which I'm grateful, like go to the fridge to eat pudding.

It even can run on the beach like the jiggling lifeguards on *Baywatch*. But it tends to jiggle in a far more random and decidedly less appealing manner.

For that reason, when Gay Pride rolls around, I think I'll keep it under wraps. The rest of you will be glad I did.

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

MARC ACITO keeps his muscles well-insulated with a protective layer of fat tissue. He can be reached at MarcAcito@home.com.

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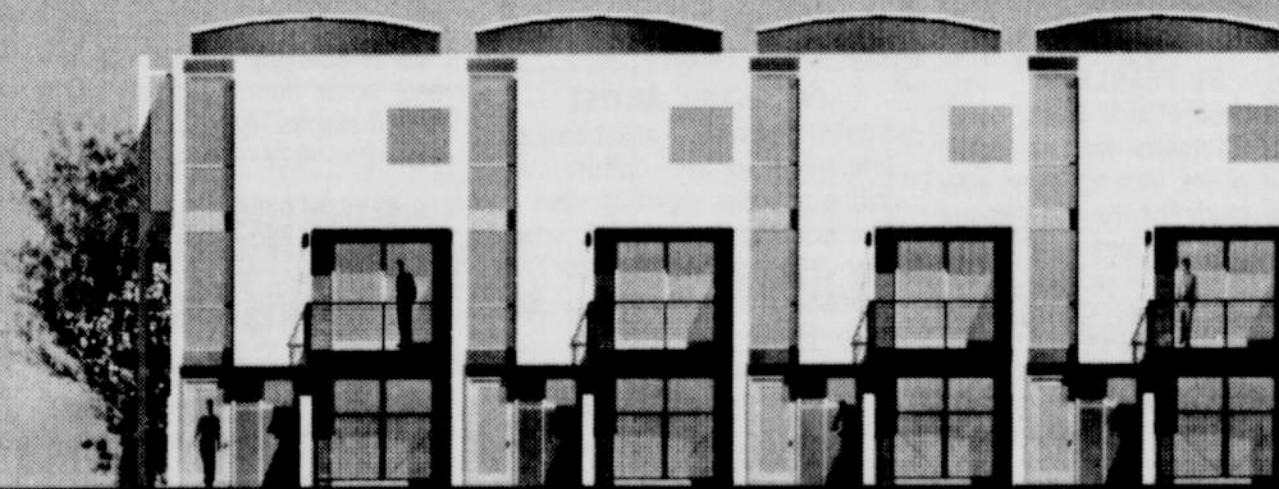
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