

"Nicole is out, you want a beer?"
 "Sure, thanks a lot," I said.
 "Let's drink 'em over here,"
 said Tom, as he pointed to the bed.
 "You have the bluest eyes," I purred
 as he rubbed me on my thigh.
 "Well, you just say the word,"
 said Tom. "Oh, yes, oh, yes!" said I.
 I gave in to his overtures
 as he pawed me like a pup,
 "Come on, Tom, my ass is yours...."
 And that's when I woke up.

Let's face it. When it comes to gorgeous celebrities like Tom Cruise or Ricky Martin, it's hard to separate legitimate speculation from the fact that we just really, really want these guys to be queer.

C'mon, admit it. Remember all those rumors back when John Travolta was as thin as the plots of his movies? Then he, shall we say, filled out, and now no one seems to care who the man sleeps with.

In the case of Ricky Martin, however, I think our hopes are based less on his appearance (although he does look like he was painted by Caravaggio) than on our wounded gay pride: We just don't want to believe a pleather-wearing straight man could shake his bon-bon so convincingly.

The whole Tom Cruise sex scandal, however, intrigues me, particularly because the "Deep Throat" in question is porn actor Chad Slater. Is it just me, or have you ever noticed that Tom Cruise sounds like a porn name invented by Chi Chi LaRue? Consider the titles of his movies: *A Few Good Men*, *Top Gun*, *All the Right Moves*, *Cocktail* and, lest we forget, *Losin' It*.

Coincidence? You decide.

Frisky business

Closets are for shoes, not celebrities

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
 by Marc Acito



I don't know whether Tom and Chad indulged in some risqué business or not, but I'd be dead if I didn't have my fantasies. I will say, however, that vociferous denials of homosexuality make grown actors and actresses sound like insufferable eighth-graders. And while I don't think we should drag movie stars kicking and screaming from their California closets, I do think it's time queer people hit closeted celebrities where it'll hurt them the most—no, not at the box office, but in bed.

That's right, my friends, I'm calling for an international boycott on sex with closeted celebrities. Let The Great Boinking Boycott begin.

Imagine if all the queers on the planet simply refused to have sex with these people; it would only be a matter of a few months before sweaty, pop-eyed superstars would show up on Larry King shouting, "Yes, yes, I admit it, I'm gay—now would someone please come sit on my face!"

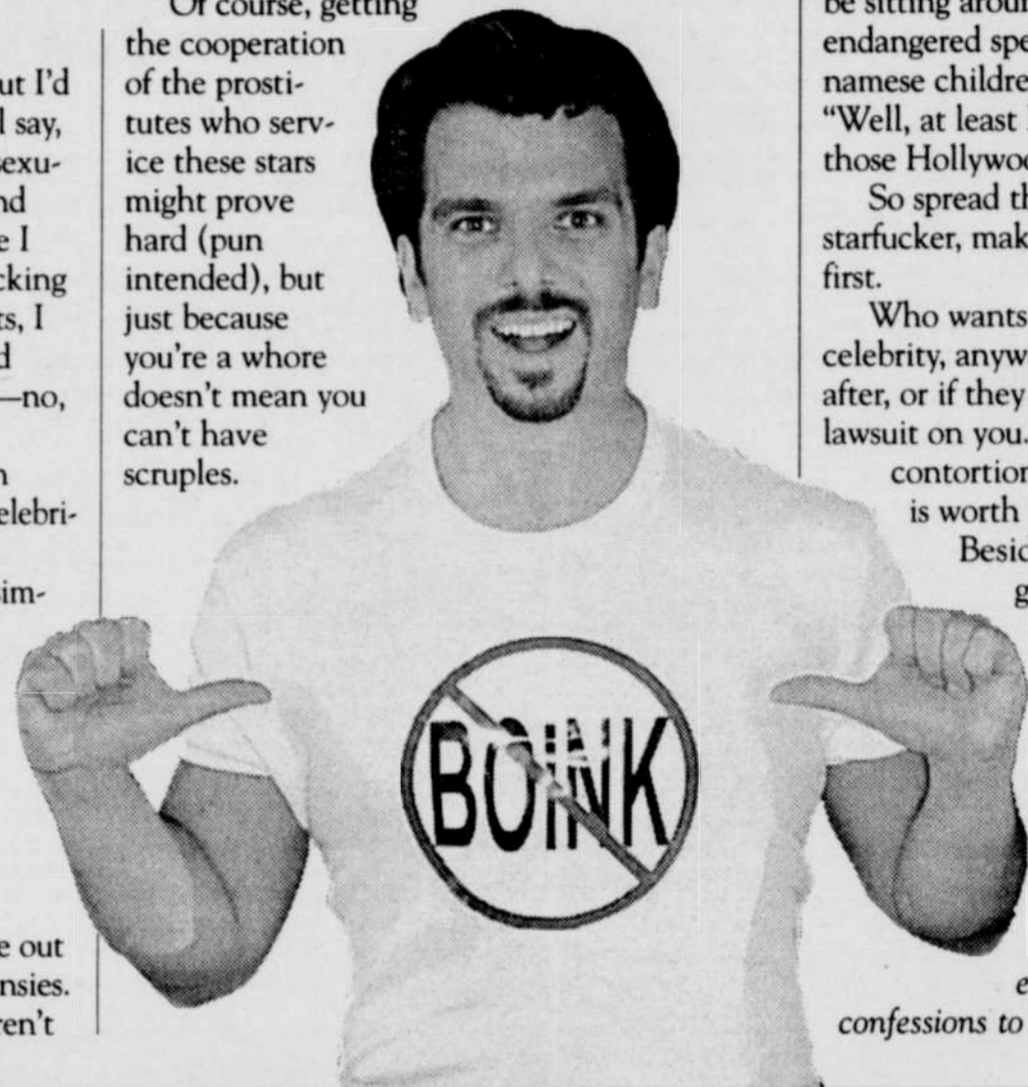
I say, let's bring these people to their knees—literally.

Make no mistake: I'm not suggesting we out these dishonest dykes and prevaricating pansies. No, no, no. I'm just saying if movie stars aren't

mature enough to talk honestly about gay sex, then perhaps they shouldn't be having gay sex.

Now I realize celebrities hide their sexuality because they're afraid they won't get paid as much; I just want to make sure they don't get laid as much, either.

Of course, getting the cooperation of the prostitutes who service these stars might prove hard (pun intended), but just because you're a whore doesn't mean you can't have scruples.



I know it won't be easy for you homo hos, but even if Tom Cruise comes sliding across your floor in nothing but his sox, just remind him of the box office receipts for *Eyes Wide Shut* and watch his weenie wilt.

For the rest of you, if you're anything like me (and if you're reading this column, then you are, Blanche, you are), you've probably been boycotting celebrity sex for years now and didn't even realize you were making a political statement. That's the best part about The Great Boinking Boycott: It's so easy! You could be sitting around in a coat made out of six endangered species stitched together by Vietnamese children and still think to yourself, "Well, at least I'm not having sex with any of those Hollywood hypocrites."

So spread the word: If you're going to be a starfucker, make sure that star has come out first.

Who wants to have sex with a closeted celebrity, anyway? They never call you the day after, or if they do, it's to slap a \$100 million lawsuit on you. I don't care if he's a toothless contortionist with a 14-inch penis, no sex is worth 100 mil.

Besides, it's a well-known fact that gay celebs are much better in bed. I'm sure Greg Louganis can hold his breath way longer than Kevin Spacey.

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

MARC ACITO wants to hear about your celebrity sex encounters. E-mail your confessions to MarcAcito@home.com.

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