

## HUMOR

**M**y best friend during college, a movie-star-handsome hottie named Grant, used to complain to me that he hated having people want him just for his looks.

Yeah, I know, boo-hoo.

Clusters of admirers, both male and female, would circulate around Grant like they were planets and he was the sun, all of them gazing at him with that same glassy-eyed look Nancy Reagan used to have during Ronnie's speeches. I had about as much sympathy for my friend as I have for those sex symbols who say, "But I want to be taken seriously as an actress."

Puh-leeze. I, for one, would love to symbolize sex, as opposed to symbolizing, say, the consumption of baked goods. To have everyone who meets you think, "Boy, I'd love to slide under that." I mean, what's not to like?

So the summer I was 19 I went on this insane diet in which I did one sit-up for every calorie I consumed and, in what spare time I had left, roasted in the sun until my skin was as brown as a Thanksgiving turkey.

The final week of summer I was stopped at a light on the way to work when a car full of young nubile in bikinis pulled up next to me. You know the kind—girls with tan, flat bellies and long legs and names like Heather and Amber. One of them leaned out the window and yelled, "Hey, you wanna go to a party?"

I looked behind me in one of those "Who, me?" kind of moments, then I realized I was the guy she was talking to. I was that guy—that guy who got invited to parties by cute girls just because of what he looked like. I loved it.

It didn't stop when I returned to school, either. I wasn't a hottie necessarily, but I was at least lukewarm, and I loved the attention. Loved it.

## Hello, gorgeous

Why are beautiful people so rude?

### THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC by Marc Acito



Have I mentioned I loved it?

Anyway, in time the tan faded, of course, the waistline expanded, and I resumed being a planet in my best friend's solar system. My grasp on hottiedom has remained elusive ever since.

I tell myself that I should be more self-actualized and evolved, that I must develop a Zen-like harmoniousness within myself, but then I open the pages of some gay glossy and see The Beautiful People whooping it up at the White Party and think: "Why can't I be on the A-list, or at least the B-list? I'm somewhere between the L- and M-lists, for Losers and More Losers."

I actually expected gay life would be like one continuous Noel Coward play where everyone sits around in nightclubs making witty bon mots and calling each other "dahling."

But gay bars aren't like that at all. I can't get someone to make actual eye contact with me, let alone a witty bon mot.

For instance, I'm in a long line at the bar

for a drink, so I turn to the guy next to me and say, "Hi." Just to be friendly, 'cause I figure we must have a few things in common. We're here. We're queer. We're thirsty. That should fill a few minutes until we get to the head of the line.

He responds with a sideways appraisal of me up and down, then turns away. You know that look. You've seen it a thousand times in gay bars. Admit it, you've done it yourself.

Now I'm ticked. I tap him on the shoulder. "OK, this is how it works," I tell him. "First I say something. Then you say something. Then I say something. It's called a conversation. Get it?"

I've got a message for all you Beautiful People out there: Not everyone goes to bars to pick you up. Some of us go to have fun. Remember fun? It's what you used to have before you started a low-fat diet.

I ask you, how can we expect straight



society to recognize us when we won't even recognize each other?

Most of us go to bars and we look at each other and we look and look, but we don't see. We don't see that the body we're appraising next to us has a human being inside of it—a human being who has been called a faggot, just like us, and has loved and lost, just like us, and longs to make a connection, just like us.

So say "Hi." Talk about

the long line, the watered-down drinks and the loud music. Maybe say: "I love your piercing. Where'd you get it?" or "So, tell me about yourself."

And if the guy's a dud, just smile and say: "Nice meeting you. I'm gonna go circulate now."

Try paying attention for a change. You just might get some attention yourself.

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

MARC ACITO will talk to anyone about anything. E-mail him at [marcacito@home.com](mailto:marcacito@home.com).

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