

Well, I'm 36, and I'm still not famous. I'm sure you're all shocked and disappointed that someone as adorable and talented as I should remain such a well-kept secret, but the world is not a fair place, dear reader, as evidenced by the fact that even certified looney-tune Anne Heche has published a book and I have not.

I'm feeling particularly melancholy because this is the time of year when I pause to reflect on all the people who completed their life's work by the time they were my age. I started this masochistic little ritual on my 33rd birthday when I suddenly realized I was the same age as Jesus when he died. "And I still haven't even gotten around to putting up those cup hooks in the kitchen," I thought.

This birthday's a big one because I get to torture myself by adding Mozart to a list that already includes Franz Schubert, Sylvia Plath and Emily Brontë.

I wish I could complain that my career is being held back by homophobia, but it is the gay press that continues to ignore me, so I can only conclude I suffer from Marcophobia.

Then again, anyone who frequents gay bars knows how difficult it is to impress other gay men. I mean, not only do I appear in my local gay paper in every single issue but I also pluck, gel, tan, dye, shave, pump, bleach, scent and exfoliate all the appropriate parts of my body, and still I can't get anyone to talk to me in a gay bar. Someday someone's going to write a doctoral thesis on why gay men pay for the privilege of ignoring one another in public.

Things are looking up, however. I'm pleased to announce that in the past year the circulation of this column has tripled.

OK, what that actually means is now it runs

Almost famous

Ask what you can do for Marc Acito

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC by Marc Acito



in three newspapers instead of one, but, hey, even Jesus started with just a couple of apostles. Come to think of it, his followers were men in long hair and dresses, so maybe there's hope for me still.

Moreover, my own personal John the Baptist has been syndicated writer Rex Wockner, who has included me in his "Quote/Unquote" column a number of times. What I love most about being in his column is seeing my words next to those of real celebrities, including none other than Barbra Streisand, who, like me, is also a gay icon.

Sometimes after a long night of sticking pins into men in bars to get their attention, I go home and click on GayWired.com to look at Mr. Wockner's past columns. I cursor back and forth between my quote and Barbra's, pretending we're at a party having a conversation,

despite the fact that she is talking about politics and I'm talking about cyberporn.

Being quoted in the same column as Barbra is the closest she and I have actually come (not counting the time I tried to crash the stage door of the Staples Center after her concert), and I'll forever be in the debt of Rex Wockner for the honor. He is obviously a man of exceedingly good taste, wit and intelligence and is undoubtedly extremely well hung, too.

But still I arise each morning, pop in the

But no one knows it.

Well, enough about me and my problems. I'm actually more concerned about you, dear reader.

What are you doing about my problems? Isn't it about time you stopped being so selfish and started thinking how you can help me become famous?

Here's my proposition for you: If there's a way you can help me (like the wise, wonderful and outrageously well-endowed Mr. Wockner has), then I will put in print that you have a penis large enough to have its own ZIP code. It's a win-win arrangement. You help enlarge my reputation, I'll help enlarge yours.

And as I sleep my way, excuse me, climb my way to the top, I'll be certain not to forget you, my adorable, horse-hung fans.

In *Funny Girl*, Barbra Streisand says, "I love the audience, but you can't take an audience home with you." Who says you can't? Taking the audience home with me is one of the perks I look forward to most.

And come the day I'm so famous that I'm constantly besieged by groping groupies and that I can't leave the house without being hounded, I'll always know that there's at least one place I can retreat to where I can count on being left alone: a gay bar.

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

MARC ACITO needs to know how to reward his female fans in print. E-mail your suggestions to marcacito@attbi.com.



Barbra Streisand
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