

**Hustle on in!**

**DISCO**  
a decade of saturday nights

Exhibit opening  
November 23 at EMP  
325 Fifth Ave. N. at Seattle Center  
Seattle, WA  
emplyve.com

ColorGraphics  
EMPLE  
EXPERIENCE MUSIC PROJECT

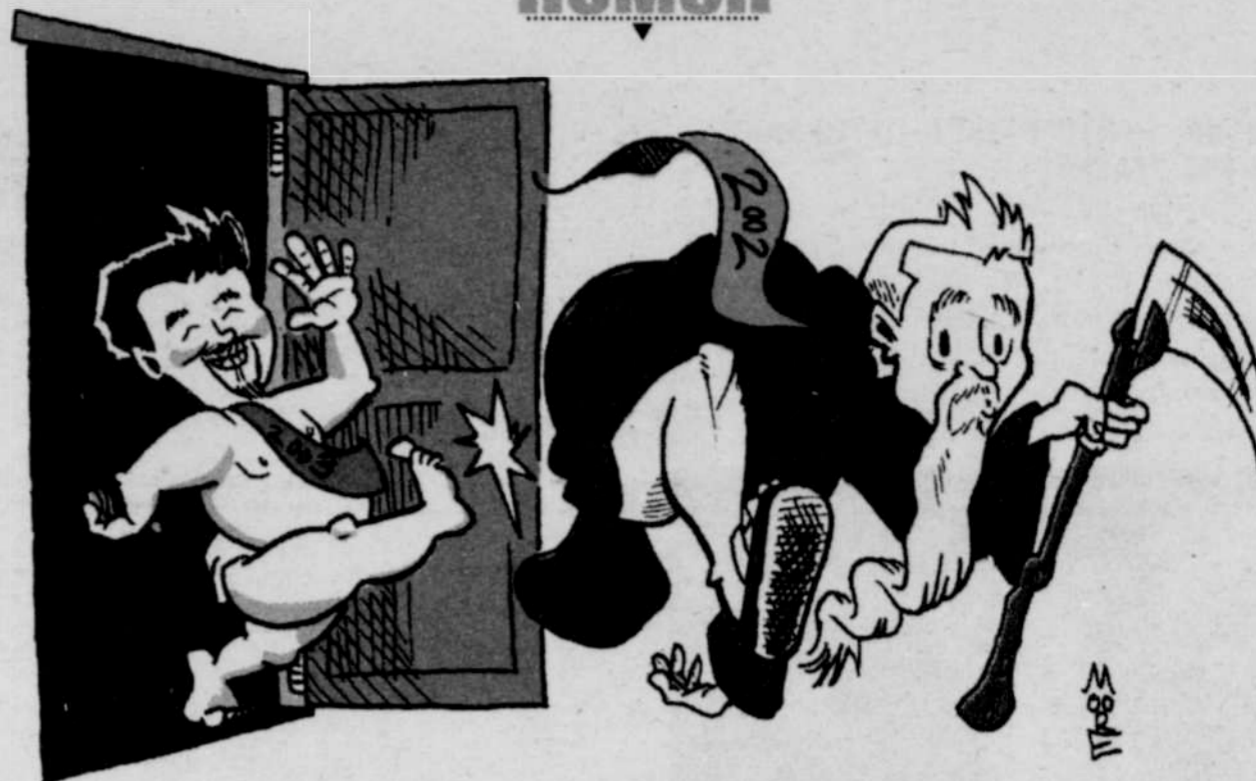
So many positions  
So little time

hours  
mon-thur 10am - 11pm  
fri-sat 10am - 12am  
sun 12pm - 9pm

Kama Sutra Kits SM Tools Club Wear Lingerie Videos Toys

**SPARTACUS** ✱ 300 SW 12th ave. 503.224.2604

**HUMOR**



**2002: The year in review**

Notes from the Marchive

**E**ight hundred words. That's all I get. Eight hundred lousy words to transport you to places you've never been, like the set of a gay porn movie or Liza Minnelli's bridal registry or the inside of my pants.

But the stories don't end there—life isn't lived in 800-word increments. So with another year coming to a close, I thought now would be a good time to follow up on some of those stories.

For instance, I didn't have enough room to tell you that when Tino Lopez, the star of *Pomstruck IV*, couldn't deliver the goods on command, the director turned to the crowd and asked if anyone wanted to be the stunt ejaculator.

I was *this* close to saying yes, but I started to worry about what would happen if I couldn't finish, either. In retrospect, I'm sorry I didn't go for it; I could have gotten a whole other column out of it.

In other news, you'll be pleased to know that my house no longer smells like dead fish. After numerous attempts, the stench was neutralized by a deodorizer. Now my house smells like a dead fish wearing Right Guard. It's all about progress, not perfection, I tell myself.

Speaking of progress, four months after their wedding Liza and David finally got around to sending me a thank-you note for the butter spreader I bought them at Tiffany.com. *Eighty bucks* I spent on that sucker (including tax and shipping), and what did I get in return? A laser-printed form letter on copy paper—no watermark, no embossed monogram, nothing. That's it, those two are off my Christmas list. From now on, I'm only buying for Lorna and Joey.

And I still haven't gotten a fruit basket from Rosie O'Donnell either, despite the fact that I'm absolutely certain she came out of the closet because of pressure from the Great Boinking Boycott. My call to queer people everywhere to abstain from sex with closeted celebrities has been something of a nonstarter, I'm sorry to report. But it's only a matter of time before word gets out. After all, just a year ago this column was only running in three papers. Now it's in 12. I tell you, *The Gospel* is spreading faster than herpes at a bathhouse.

My *homage* to the well-endowed was certainly a big hit (pun intended). The ever-priapic Jonathyn Andrews told me that visits to his Web site, JonathynAndrews.com, *tripled* after I mentioned it in my column. When he asked how he could repay me I told him he should simply endorse his organ donor card over to me.

**O**f course, with increased awareness of the column comes increased awareness of me, too, which should be thrilling, except

**THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC**  
by Marc Acito

that the first person who recognized me was a gay pharmacist filling my prescription for anti-depressants. I couldn't very well say they were for someone else; my damn name was on the bottle.

One of the consequences of being a public figure (however minor) is that people feel compelled to say to your face that you suck. One guy crossed an entire room just so he could tell me: "Y'know, I *love* your columns. I mean, some of them are lame, of course, but for the most part...."

At least he didn't call it my "little column," like my friend Jon does. No man likes being told his column is little.

One sure sign of success is the increase in hate mail. Who knew losing 60 pounds would piss so many people off? But I absolutely refute the notion that I am fat-phobic. I do not harbor an irrational fear of fat people; I do, however, harbor an irrational fear of complex carbohydrates.

So just because I'm shallow and vain enough to loathe my own fat doesn't mean the sentiment extends to yours. Frankly, I'm too self-absorbed to notice what the rest of you look like anyway.

I don't try to piss people off; I just seem to come by it naturally. I thought I was reaching out to female readers when I wrote about my musical version of *The Vagina Monologues* (*Vagina! The Musical*). But the best-laid plans of mice and Marco often go astray.

One woman wrote to say my column was "the MOST disgusting, insulting, hurtful, misogynistic writing I have ever seen in ANY publication, let alone a 'gay' publication.... Marc should write only about that which he is familiar with: the toilet bowl."

She's got a point: I'm the perfect person to write about toilet bowls. Thanks for the creative input, and look for the whole poop in 2003!

I just hope I can limit myself to 800 words. And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. ☐

Send your other column ideas to MARC ACITO at [marcacito@attbi.com](mailto:marcacito@attbi.com).