

## Oh, Mr. Bill

Eye-fucking the camera, the young model transposed an essence of sensuality from the innermost depths of his seasoned personality. Similar to the habits of a horsefly which lay idly upon the oar of a rowboat, still, fixed in stone, only to dispense to the air in a disharmonious flutter. He flamboyantly diverted into, and then quickly out of his roles. Inside toiling, fighting, wondering, ever searching for some distant, perhaps nonexistent true meaning. Oh, but why should the prostitution of life be so bewildering. Here today, yet only to be gone tomorrow. A menace with no creator. A fierce, determined wind run amuck and spiraling into the abyss seeking to return to its origins only to be daunted by its endless search.

"Smile, honey. You got it! Yeah. OK. Now look off to your right. Good."

"I'm going to make you famous," was all he could count on.

"I brought you into this business, and I can take you out of it."

What a threat he thought as he teased and toiled with the notions of a return to contemporary levels of societal acceptance and self-respect. This is only a job? Lawyers wish for these salaries. Too far gone. An animal victimized by its careless stroll across the rush-hour traffic only to find itself scorned of a broken neck and to be left with the merciless spirals of bucking and twisting set off by the nerves in its spinal cord. No one seems to realize. They pass by at forty without so much as a wink of diversion from their concentration upon the road ahead of them. Selfish, unaware motherfuckers. Is this coating of fur of such divine character as to leave its lack of undergarments completely ill-nurtured? Do they really believe that it's possible for the beautiful flowers to rise through the soils before first wrestling the evilest of life-sucking, perverted weeds of envy?

"What are ya, crazy? I want you to stop taking that shit! There's an article I cut out for you about a football player who died last Monday or Tuesday from an overdose of it. What is it? Ephedrine or seconal? You tryin' to stay awake or sleep with your eyes open? I told you! It wasn't a heart attack either, he was straight out poisoned by the dosage. Somewhere between five and eight-hundred milligrams. That's what, about twenty tablets? I've seen you take that with coffee and aspirin. Will you stop? This act of yours may work with those dickheads who think they know you, but it doesn't fool me one fucking bit. You don't make six-hundred one night and borrow three dollars the next! Where's this shit taking you? The "American Icons" that you proffer to inspire you are no less dead today than you're going to be tomorrow."

Marilyn for me is what she is for all. She's there. No one can change that. Like the oceans which hurl their reckless waters upon the beaches undaunted by the familiarity of the tens of millions of gallons of crude oil carelessly spilled upon their surfaces.

Forever to turn their sediments upon the civilizations of humanity's feet that fling to gather at it's awesome presence. Oh, if only I can carry the weight of these intangible, revered aspirations through the mire of disgust which lead to their realization. Help me to avoid the ever present criticisms which are sure to thwart me. For it is the end that I seek, and not its means. For it is the reverence of being there that allows the forgiveness of its path. I shall stand proud and true to have conquered its menace. As for now I will continue to shatter and conquer my only obstacle which be the ability to cope.

Smilin' for another gay photographer slash psychologist. Good friend or just another homosexual with a camera who thinks he has the manipulative capacity to be in control of me. Yea, I'm nude and poised for photos, but its free, and its gonna bring about furthering opportunities. So fuckin' what if he's gettin' his jollies from filming my cock. And drugs haven't befront me. One's just gotta come across loose if he's got any intentions of having others tie his connections for him. There's something dirty in every "somethin' for nothin' deal." No true opportunist is gonna balk at a little perversity. Anyway, who the fuck cares if they do. Rumors are gonna fly whether they are true or not. I'm gonna make it!

This Bill character is actually a really cool guy, a true friend if you will. Works as a child psychologist at a local elementary school. Not exactly a comforting thought for all the conservative homophobes who spend their time trying to unmask the poor bastards for fear of their gay contamination. I met 'em through an add he placed in a weekly paper soliciting for nude models. At the time I was a college student with twenty-one credit hours. Had the spending habits of Bugsy Segal and with the money stolen from the Gold's Gym gangsters quickly dwindling, I was quickly recognizing the need for some sort of easy income. He was offering thirty dollars an hour for what seemed like a pretty fuckin' simple chore. I despised work as I still do, and so with the opportunity knocking, I climbed aboard. Admittedly, I was naive. Didn't even know what the fuck gay meant, unless one was referrin' to a motherfucker bein' too damn happy without reason. Wouldn't have mattered anyway. The dude was cool, never pulled any shit, just another male, and some of his friends with drawing boards and pencils. Harmless and profitable. Standing with the arms elevated for more than two minutes at a time sucked, but other than that, the guy paid me as promised for the hours I worked, always fed me a meal or two while I was there and, whether he knew it or not, gave me free psychological counseling for hours on end. I even watched the evening news and got paid for it. Shit, I'd have retired on that. I even made cracks about gay guys upon knowin' what it meant without him blowing his cover. The guy was great.

Anyway, I worked for this Bill character for about six months before I started seeking additional employment for more cash. The rate I was spending money was just too fuckin' hard to curb. I was still in college, I ate out every meal, that was at least six for me 'cause I was still bodybuilding, and I insisted on tanning every day. I heard from an associate, Rod, at World's Gym, the place I trained at the time, that he worked as an exotic dancer for a stripping agency called Extasy. What a cliché name for a male stripper, ay? Told me the green was incredible but that they weren't currently hiring. Lot of fuckin' good that was gonna do me, but it did plant the seed for further consideration

which incidentally came to be worth its weight in gold. I mentioned it to Bill and what do ya know? He just so happened to be the manager of a male review. Came to pass that it only performed in gay bars and had a crew of only five gay men. I told 'em it didn't matter to me who the fuck I danced for so long as I was makin' the cash. Of course I never really gave it any real thought 'cause the whole thing took me by surprise. I mean hey, the bag of worms was out like a son-of-a-bitch. This guy is gay. I couldn't see the forest for the trees. I felt dumb as dick. To act apphaled or unwilling to dance for gays could cause offense, perhaps even hurt to a well liked compatriot of mine. Besides, the only knowledge of gay men I had was him, and he was one of the most well-mannered, disciplined and reliable friends I knew at the time. Where could I have claimed to have assumed the audacity to show prejudice when I in fact had no reason. It was apparent I needed to research the stereotypes, and quick. Can't act confident one minute and then like an inhibited pussy the next. I certainly wasn't scared, I just wanted to know what the hell I was gettin' in to.

So the next thing ya know I'm on my way to my first gay show in a club called Little Mama's in Dayton. I'm with three gay dudes, Bill, and a buddy of mine who's incidentally packin' a nine for my protection. Neither one of us knew what the fuck to expect and so just to be safe it was loaded and ready to blow. A felony charge waitin' to happen, but he was a true pal and willin' to get my back. Anyway, it wasn't at all what we expected. Here we were in the mist of a bunch of would be girls if they had the chance. A bar of wet noodles who couldn't slap their way out of paper bags. I was scheduled to dance last. Four guys, fifteen minutes a piece. It became a challenge to me. The other three guys had done it plenty of times before. Determined to be the best, I watched closely as the first two guys had their little skits. Both weak, abs-none, and the third in the dressing room obviously fat apparent by his undetectable cheekbones. I would look the best for sure. I only had to wing the gay act. Ya know, act like a nelly fag and smile if one of the fuckers snagged my ass or touched me in some perverted way. No problem.

So come to find that my song's playin, can't recall what it was, some Madonna song I think. I'm dressed in black leather studded shorts and vest, high heeled black leather boots, and this ridiculous leather hat that I stole from King's Island when I was like twelve or somethin'. I come prancin' out to the voice of this fat gay nut with a microphone screamin',

"Look at that, girls, all meat and no potatos."

Gay guys call other gay or straight guys girls. Why I don't know, but I'm just dancin' my ass off and chuckin' around the bar. Smilin' my dick off and flirtin' like a cat in heat. Damn they were tippin' fives, tens, and twenties. It was hand to hand tipping but the occasional prick would grab my shit in one disgusting way or another. I kept returning to the center stage to remove the articals I had remaining until I was left in a g-string and boots. It was pure idolatry. One sleazy remark after another.

"Geeze I wanna lick your ass. You're so fuckin' hot."

"How much to come to my place, girlfriend?"

Smilin' still, though now a bit nautious. I couldn't believe that this shit was for real. Are these motherfuckers serious I wondered? My buddy watched but as if he weren't. He was at the far end of the bar eatin' popcorn and playin' a video game. We caught eyes a couple of times but only nodded heads in disbelief. This shit was easy and certainly not as terrifying as we had anticipated, but it was still nonetheless absurd. Bill, was like a face in the great abyss. He seemed like home away from home just 'cause I knew 'em. He certainly didn't fall in the same category as the rest of these fucks, at least not in my book. He was a cool gay guy so to speak. None of the harassing slurs or unwarranted touching. Of course he knew I was actin' my ass off and straight, who knows what the fuck he'd of been doin' otherwise.

I came away from that bar with four-hundred and eighty some odd dollars. I only danced for two fifteen minute solos and one two minute grand finali with the other performers. Made more money than all of 'em, but fuck I felt dirty. I felt guilty of somethin' even though I couldn't tag a name to it or place it. It just felt so fuckin' awkward. I swore I'd never do it again but that was just the emotional side talkin'. I wasn't about to let a little emotional distress stand in the way of makin' the necessary money to promote my future objectives of becoming famous. A little Nembutal with Demerol and I'd be sure to sleep it off.

Incidentally, I also got a business card from a big tipper who told me he could make me famous. All gay men will lead the average gay bar kid that he's got millions and can do that. He owned a company called American Pro-Print and told me that I was poster material. I followed up on it and got to be pretty good friends with the guy. Turns out that with the exception of a lot of good ideas, he didn't have anything to offer but cheap dialogue, an unsuccessful print shop in Springfield, Ohio, and a dog named Shirly who pissed all over the fuckin' floors of his apartment that stood two doors down from his place of business.

This guy however, did make obvious the potential that was to become the essence if you will, or avenue to my success. Connections! This type of work brings forth rich perverts who can quickly become suckers for your time. People will promise you anything if they think they can win your ass. Not everybody will be a dead end as this guy was. Don't get me wrong, this guy did a lot of shit for me in the time we were acquainted. Business cards, laser printings of my photos, imitation composite cards and a host of other paper products all for free. Free meals, free photography and for what? I'd go out to dinner with the fucker. Let him parade around Springfield with a young guy that he believed may possibly hit the sack with 'em once I was more comfortable with him. Kept the perks coming my way until he realized it was useless to try any more. I kept this guy payin' my bills and furthering my modeling efforts for about three months before I lost 'em. I got good practice in the art of the emotional hustle. Humans are suckers for love and attention. You wanna buy me motherfucker, good luck. It'll cost ya and I'm a born winner. I'll play ya like a deck of cards and fold

when I got all you're worth. I wanna reach the top and with my new found route to monetary assets, I knew it would be easier than I had anticipated.

Bill ended up gettin' me lots of work wherein I met lots of gay suckers who were more than willing to make me their spend thrift in my own behalf. Sure you can call me a deceptive con-man, but I was only doin' what they were tryin' to do to me. I was just more intelligent by actin' more gullible and reading their feeble, predictable little, perverted minds like chalk on a freshly wiped chalkboard. Bill worked studiously to get his crew, The Varsity Crew, jobs all over the damn place. I ended up dancing in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Dayton and all over Cincinnati, and not just a couple of times or any shit like that. We danced our asses off and constantly like. I'm sure there are tons of fags who'll never forget me even though they know I'm straight. I met lots of guy through dancin' who are still around and are pretty good friends. Though I also met alot of fuckin' bozos, dragqueens and shit. 'Truly Scrumptious', 'Shirocco', even a guy named 'Peaches Lavern' who dressed up like Martha Washington and lip sank Frank Sinatra. They respect my sexuality and I theirs. Never had any problems with none of 'em. I played the gay role 'till they would love me whether I was or not. They'd all eventually come to know why I was in it. For the fuckin' money. Da!!! They respected that too. Half of them did just what I was doin' 'cept they were gay. I know plenty of dudes who were prostitutin' for the cash. Personally I find that to be a cop out, but hell, it's all the same I guess if your a gay fuck anyway. If they were girls I wouldn't find it so bewildering so who the fuck am I to cast insult, even if it is sick and demented. I made more money than you could imagine and had nothin' to spend it on 'cause I had everyone buyin' all my shit for me. I didn't have to work more than thirty minutes a day since the time I started college, and I really don't ever intend to. Fags would just call out of the blue and offer crazy shit like fuck, you name it. How's it goin' and what can I do for you? In all actuality the question was, how's it goin' and what can I do for you assuming that down the road you'll be puttin' up the ass. I'm far too smart and calculating, at least when it comes to manipulating others, to have to have anybody tell me this shit. Persuasive and in control. If I don't want to do it, I'll get someone else to want to do it for me. That's using the mind, that's what I'm all about. I had 'em runnin' and kept it that way until I was able to get a job dancing for the bitches as I originally saught out to do. 'Till then it was, "no experience, no work." Yeah, well, there was the, "we're sorry and all that shit" also. Anyway, I kept the cash rollin' in like a motherfucker and gained some massive experience in the manipulative powers of persuasion. Dale Carnegie couldn't have done better 'emself. It was like clock work before I move on to better, furthering opportunities if you will, things. Bill supplied the live stock and I slaughtered them.

Bill was the one who got me into this business from the start. He's the guy who instigated my aspirations for the grandiose endeavor that I became driven to conquer. He watched me transform from an innocent minded, first year college student, to a wild fired, manipulative man of the world. He witnessed each of my crazy, yet intuitive ideas as they spawned from simple "flip of the tongue" remarks, to "full blown plans" with pragmatic guidelines and formulating plans. Continually issuing precautions, if not sure fire reasons, for me to practice hesitation, I came quickly to avoid him in order to deflect his cowardice and to surround myself with more inspiring influences. Bill was not

necessarily trying to damper my ambition, yet his derogatory dialogue had nothing but that of a hindering effect on my momentous efforts. Bill was and is a great, true in all likelihood, friend. He had real fears and concerns for me as he watched me travel along these unforeseen paths that I was creating in what had to seem a truly naive mind. Bill, I believe, knew even then that I was a control freak. He was well aware that I had no acceptance for failure and he was constantly worried over what he saw as probable failure in my plans. He felt that I saw things as being too easy, that things could just happen over night and in predictable fashion without any obstacles. Bill was frequently saying, things like,

"Its not that I don't have faith in you, I just don't want to see you get hurt."

"I know you can do it, I just want you to think about these schemes of yours before you get yourself into anything that will end up being harmful to you."

"What the hell are ya doin' now? I just think your naive and need to look into what you're doing before you just dive in head first with such incredible speed. I'm a lot older than you and I can tell you that things just aren't that easy. I'm only lookin' out for ya, I love you like a son and don't want to see anything happen to you. What happened to that young college student who studied twelve hours a day driven to become a Wall Street lawyer?"

Yea, Bill's intentions were from the heart, but I knew better than to listen. Negative comments and concerns only bring about negative attitudes and lack of ambition. If ya hang with do-nothings you become one yourself. If you surround yourself with ambitious dreamers with true intentions for their propoganda, you'll do the same. It's like the song goes, "ya gotta accentuate the possitive, eliminate the negative, latch on to the affirmative and don't mess with Mr. In Between." I made it a point to immediately disregard any and all of Bill's concerns for my well-being untill he became only an infrequently visited confidant with whom to enjoy a meal or similar casual outing. I love the guy for all the opportunities he proffered, and I'm sure he knows my respect is in him. Hey Bill, thanks for the invite.

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Times New Roman