

Dirty Comeback (Sexual Submission for *Metroland*)

By Alan Bennett Ilagan

Where have all the dirty fucks gone? I'm talking about the throw-down, break-the-lamps, sprain-your-ankle, rug-burns-on-your-back sexual savagery that once constituted gay sex. Those kinds of sinfully salacious acts that once burned up the backrooms and bedrooms of gay men (not to mention the bars, bathhouses and public restrooms) seem in short supply these days. In the last few years, gay sex has cleaned up its act and gone suddenly sterile, and not quite for the best.

Today it's all about love and romance. Our relationships are serious business now, with talk of marriage and families, and immaculately-kept country homes with adopted babies from China. Much like the downfall/clean-up of Times Square, gay sex has undergone its own cleansing, as much a by-product of the current political climate as it is a result of the growth and evolution of a minority group.

Perhaps it was the threat of AIDS and STD's that clamped the handcuffs on our Bacchanalian sexual abandon. Or maybe the pressures of society to transform us into something acceptable and palatable for mainstream America have finally found fruition. Whatever the reason, gay men seem to be tied up in ropes of puritan morality culled straight from the prim and proper heartland, completely devoid of sex, dirty or otherwise.

In our pressed khakis and clean-cut coifs, our SUV's and neighborhood-friendly gardens, we have white-washed ourselves, and our lifestyle, taking the sex out of the homosexual. The seediness is gone, and with it the nasty edge that once made our sexual proclivities such an illicit thrill.

What happened to the days when we used to fuck like dogs, taking and giving it up the ass, popping open poppers or drunkenly going down on some big, thick dick belonging to a nameless face? Such quaint scenes are in short supply these days, replaced by images of cuddling in pristine white sheets on the floor of some impossibly stark loft with nothing-less-than-flattering lighting.

Even personal ads, once the domain of the raw and raunchy where we could be as ruthless and nasty as we wanted under the anonymity of a box number, have succumbed to the ban on all things randy. Where is the blunt honesty, the delicious desperation of our most-base desires? Instead of piggish demands and pussy-whipping pleas, we have guys looking for snuggling and sharing. If that's the kind of sick, twisted behavior that the gay world is coming to, I want no part of it.

This new clean and crisp image of the gay man has become epidemic. Hairless, oiled-up pecs of perfect pumptitude peek out from the papers, the black-&-white frat-boy Abercrombie ideal steamrolls its dull mediocrity through malls nationwide, and the idea of anything dirty or real has been airbrushed away. What's worse is that we're spreading such sterility to the straights. Our "Queer Guy" Fab Five (and the latest Fab Four for the ladies) have been making over the very dirtiness and rough edges that make straight men so hot. If anything, we need to let up on the high-maintenance quest for perfection and delve into the deep, dark joy that comes from the greasy and sleazy.

I miss that dirty aspect of sex. There is too much deodorant and douching going on for real men. I want *stank*. I want shit on the condom. I want armpit hair in my nose and pubic hair in my teeth. I want a good, old-fashioned rim job. Take your pristine perfection and give me the dirt any day.

Despite this sorry return to morals, I do not believe that we have completely lost our way. While we've outwardly cleaned up our sexual acts, I have the feeling we're still sordidly slutting it up behind closed doors. The dirt-free image that gay sex has assumed is simply that ~ an image. We still get down and dirty; we just don't talk about it as much. A little mystery is good, but hypocritical, two-faced grand-standing is not. Then again, as a wise wolf once said (and I paraphrase), "Two faces are all the better to sit on, my dear."