

# **Cock Tales and Cold Beer**

Hello Boys and Girls, and welcome to Leather Bar Story Time . . .

Once upon a time there were Three Bears  
Who lived together in a House of their  
Own deep in the Dark Woods.  
One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear, and  
One of them was a Middle-Sized Bear, and  
The other was a Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear.

They each had a Pot for their Supper:  
A Little Pot for the Little Small Wee Bear, and  
One was a Middle-Sized Pot for the Middle-Sized Bear,  
And a Great Pot for the Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear.

And they each had a bed to sleep in:  
A Little Bed for the Little Small Wee Bear,  
A Middle-Sized Bed for the Middle-Sized Bear,  
And a Great Huge Bed of the Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear.

But the Great Huge Bed was so large that there was  
Room for Everyone – with the Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear  
On one side, the Middle-Sized Bear on the other side, and the  
Little Small Wee Bear in the middle of the Great Huge Bed.

Every night after their supper of Porridge, Honey, and Trout,  
The Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear roars out in his  
Great Huge Rough Gruff Voice that it was NOW TIME FOR BED . . .  
This made the Middle-Sized Bear come running, and this  
Made the Little Small Wee Bear come running too!

The Middle-Sized Bear jumped into the Great Huge Bed  
Because he knew what was coming . . . and the Little Small  
Wee Bear jumped into the Great Huge Bed with his Little, Small,  
Wee Tail up in the air because HE knew what was coming too!

The Great Huge Bear with a Big Rough Tough Laugh  
Started Pawing and Kissing the Little Small Wee Bear  
From the front, while the Middle-Sized Bear, (Who was  
Certainly NOT Middle-Sized Everywhere) Pawed and  
Barebacked the Little Small Wee Bear from behind.

All night long they Sucked and Fucked and Fucked and  
Sucked again and again and Licked and Pinched and  
Pinched and Licked and Moaned and Groaned and  
Moaned and Cursed and Hollered and Hollered and  
Cursed in Every Variation as they did every Night Before Bed with  
No worry about the noise they made because  
They were in a House of their Own deep in the Dark Woods . . .

And now my young friends . . .

That was the True Story of the Three Bears –  
A Little Small Wee Bear, a Middle-Sized Bear,  
And a Great Huge Rough Gruff Bear –  
Who Lived and Played together Happily Ever After  
For Years and Years and Years in a  
House of their Own Deep in the Dark Woods.

The End.

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**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex  
(But Were Afraid to Ask) Explained by David Reuben, M.D. (1969)**

[quote] “The HO – MO – SEX – UAL must constantly  
Search for the One Man, the One Penis,  
The One Experience, that will Satisfy Him.  
Tragically there is No Possibility of Satisfaction  
Because the Formula is Wrong.  
One Penis Plus One Penis Equals Nothing.”

[unquote]

[quote] “Some of the Routine Items that  
Find their way into the Gastro-Intestinal Systems of  
HO – MO – SEX – UALS via the exit are  
Pens, Pencils, Lipsticks, Combs, Pop Bottles,  
Ladies Electric Shavers, and enough Other Items to  
Stock a Small Department Store.”

[unquote]

*Charming, No? just for the record I have a flashlight up my Elephant and Castle is search of  
a wayward light bulb and whiskey glass.  
Evidently, he's still around spewing that trash, but I've got a little news for him . . .*

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In my whole life so far

I've only ever loved One Man . . .

But [inside my head] I've had Boyfriends.

Beginning in the late 1950s and into the early 1960s

Up until the age of Twelve

My Boyfriends were . . .

Mighty Mouse,

Wally Cleaver,

Jethro Bodine.

John Lennon . . .

And the Skipper too

[but not the millionaire or the rest]

And last and not least (for the outfits alone)

When I thought I was Bi for about

Ten seconds . . . Mrs. Emma Peel!

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Don't you just love how we used to

Always listed at the end

Of a list as "And Others" . . .?

The best we get now is that Obnoxious

Unsexy, unpronounceable acronym

That goes on and on and on . . .

This is a completely unscientific survey of

How gay men have been treated by Straight

Male writers over the course of the last 100 years.

And the depictions only got

Worse as time went by . . .

**1928**

He walked through Queen's Park,

Walking very slowly . . .

Benches were in the shadows of tree trunks,

And in the dark he walked close to one

And heard a discreet cough.  
He turned onto the path again,  
A match was lit near the flower bed . . .

**1935** . . . The Barroom had been Professionally  
Interior Decorated by a young New York  
Gentleman with the habit of standing  
With the back of his right hand  
Against his hip.

**1958** Hunter, giggling, said  
“I feel like a priest, don’t you know,  
After a fiesta.  
Only a confession of sodomy  
Can startle me now.”

Mr. Wilmot plied us with whiskies . . .

**1968** . . . Am I a faggot? He thought.  
Even the Most Bullish Hetero,  
He’d read somewhere,  
Had a smidgen of homosexuality in him.  
Yes, yes, but how much  
Was Too Much?

**2010** Was he gay? OH, NO,  
Don’t say he was one of THEM?!

The authors in order of appearance were  
Morley Callahan “Strange Fugitive”;  
Sinclair Lewis “It Can’t Happen Here”;  
John Berger “A Painter of Our Time”;  
Mordecai Richler “Cocksure”; and  
Karl Ove Knausgaard “My Struggle: Book 4”

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Now that we’ve successfully appropriated the word “Queer” to the point that it can be spoken  
aloud in polite society, I say now’s the time to grab all the rest.

(I am an) Antique H. P., (an) Ass Bandit, (an) Auntie.

(I am a) B-Flat Omelette, (a) Badge Cove, (a) Batty Boy, (a) Bent.

(I am) Batting for the other team, (and I am a) Bitch, Bold, Butch, Butterfly Boy.

(I am a) Capon, (a) Charlie Ronce (and a) Cocksucker.

(I am a) Degenerate, (I am a) Duchess.

(I am a) Fag, (a) Faggot, (a) Flamer, (a) Flute, (a) Friend of Dorothy's, (a) Fruit, (a) Fudge Packer, (and a) Fungus.

(I am a) Gentleman of the Backdoor, (a) Ginger Beer,  
(a) Girly Boy, (a) Gump.

(I am an) H.P., (a) Homo, (and a) Horse's Hoof.

(I am) In the Life, (and I'm an unapologetic) Invert.

(I am a) Joggering Omee.

(I am a) Lady (who is) Left-Handed, (and has always been)  
Light in the Loafers.

(I am a) Manly Alice, (a) Minny, (a) Maricon, (and a) Mary-Ann.  
(I am) Mauve, (a) Moe, (a) Mollie, (a) Mother, (and I'm) Musical.

(I am a) Nance, (a) Nancy Boy, (and I am a) Nelly Duff.

(I am an) Omee-Palone (and I have always been) On the Team.

(I am a) Pansy, (a) Pervert, (a) Pillow Biter, (a) Ponce, (a) Poofter, (a) Punk, (and a) Punta.

(I am a) Queer.

(I am a) Roundhead.

(I am a) Sissy, (a) Sister, (a) So, (a) Sod, (a) Sodomite, (a) Stoke-on-Trent, (and a) Swish.

(I am) T.B.H. (that means "To Be Had" in Polari). (I am a) Three Letter Man. (I am a) Toff Omee.

(and I'm) a'Urning fer Uranus

(and I'm) So Fucking Proud of All of This!

(I've been called many of these Poetic Little Gems over the years and I wear them all as Badges of Honour. It's now time that we all become Bold, Butch, Butterfly Boys (who are) Gentlemen of the Back Door and if there's anyone here who doesn't like it – Who Takes Offence – then they can Just Piss Right Off!)

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. . . so let's call this

### **My Dirty Queer Bucket List**

I Have Never starred in an Adult Movie.

I Have Never experienced Bondage and Discipline.

I Have Never Sucked My Own Cock (although I've tried).

I Have Never hired a Male Escort.

I Have Never been Fist-Fucked.

I Have Never been Naked and Flogged in Public.

I Have Never been thee Cum-Dump in a Gangbang.

I Have Never used the Handcuffs stored in my desk drawer.

I Have Never committed Incest – but I've always lusted after my cousin Bruce Boyd who is a Tom of Finland drawing come to life (In Every Way).

I Have Never Jerked Off in Public Out of Doors during Daylight Hours.

I Have Never Licked another Guy's Boots.

I Have Never Sexually Prostituted Myself for Money.

I Have Never been a Prison Bitch.

I Have Never Swallowed another guy's Piss Straight from the Tap (but I've done the opposite).

I Have Never gotten a really good Spanking (for fun).

I Have Never lowered myself to commit Bestiality because all my dog Thunder with do is Hump my leg and Lick my balls.

And I Have Never apologized for being so Vanilla because I Have Never done any of these things . . . Yet.

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## **This May or Not Be About Me . . .**

I don't Think I have a  
Body Dysmorphia Condition  
Just because I Wish I had  
Samuel Beckett's Hair, or  
Bertrand Russell's Eyebrows, or  
Wishing My Moustache was  
Better than Friedrich Nietzsche's, or  
Wishing I had my Dad's Shoulders.

I Wish I had the Furry Pecs and Belly of  
My New Boyfriend Wolfgang Fultz.  
I Wish I had a Tom of Finland Cock,  
Amanda Lear's Legs, and  
Feet that Don't Hurt All the Time  
(Thanks Polio).  
But it's Simply Ridiculous to Think I Have a  
Body Dysmorphia Condition  
*SO STOP TALKING ABOUT ME OK . . . ?*

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This is more of a performance document that uses a lot of euphemisms to avoid having to say  
(among other things) . . . Anus

### **1. (The Consequence)**

I think it was from shock that I didn't take a photograph when I  
First saw the Extensive Blood Splatter . . .  
It looked like a Crime Scene.  
The evidence presented from My First Bowel Movement  
After The Event  
Brought to mind Hermann Nitsch or Francis Bacon  
At their most joyous.

### **2. (The Event)**

It was still dark out when I got up to give myself an enema  
Before navigating public transit in advance of my  
8:00 AM rendezvous.  
There were many consent forms to sign, and a  
Lengthy wait before the Action got underway.

The room itself was very small and crammed with High-Tech Equipment, The Lead, Two Assistants, a Bed . . . and Me.

It was all very calm.

It was all very friendly.

When things finally got underway,

I hadn't failed to notice

That the Lead snatched a quick peak at

Adam's Arsenal lying sleepily across my thigh.

The Lead had the smallest hands I'd ever seen on an Adult Male.

Just the same, his Lean and Linger, (As they say in rhyming slang)

Rummaging around up my Dish was *Almost* Erotic.

There was no fear of him falling in, it had been quite a while

Since Anyone had taken up residence in my Elephant and Castle.

Lying on my left side facing the wall with

My Kyber Pass shoved out for all to see . . .

Hands clinging to the Bed Rail,

Not *Completely* out of Fear but to

Prevent any Unnecessary Movement, then . . . The Event Began.

The Procedure Amounted to an Angry Fuck

Performed by an Industrial Stapler.

Luckily one of my Hearing Aids

– The One Facing the Scene of the Crime –

Was out for repair so I could barely hear all the Loud Snapping.

In the end (so to speak)

Thirteen Tissue Sample were taken.

I was Complimented on My Performance . . .

And Thanked for My Cooperation . . .

(I felt like a Porn Star in a Slasher Film!!)

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So here's another shock

**. . . I'M THROUGH WITH MEN . . .**

I'M SO TIRED OF MEN WHO

DON'T **ANSWER** MESSAGES.

I'M SO TIRED OF MEN WHO

CONSTANTLY **BREAD-CRUMB** ME.

IT MAKES ME SO TIRED WHEN A MAN  
PUTS HIS HAND **DOWN MY PANTS** AND THEN . . .  
NOTHING. NO FOLLOW-THROUGH.

I'M SO TIRED OF **FEELING** ISOLATED.

... **THAT'S WHY I'M THROUGH WITH MEN**

I'M SO TIRED OF BEING TOLD I'M **HIDING THINGS**.

I'M SO TIRED OF BEING **IGNORED**.

I'M SO TIRED OF BEING **MADE TO THINK**  
I'M ALWAYS AT FAULT.

I'M SO TIRED OF **NEVER** GETTING  
A STRAIGHT ANSWER.

... **THAT'S WHY I'M THROUGH WITH MEN**

I'M SO TIRED OF BEING PURPOSELY  
**OVERLOOKED** BY THE ART WORLD.  
NOT THAT I'M BITTER!

I'M SO TIRED OF **PASSIVE**  
**PASSIVE/AGGRESSIVE** MEN.

I'M SO TIRED OF MEN **RELUCTANT** TO  
OPEN THEMSELVES UP TO ME.

I'M SO TIRED OF BEING **SLUTTY**  
INSIDE MY OWN HEAD.

... **THAT'S WHY I'M THROUGH WITH MEN**

I'M SO TIRED OF **TRYING TO CUM** IN MY OWN MOUTH  
AND ALWAYS MISSING!

I'M SO TIRED OF **WORRYING** ABOUT  
NOT HAVING A BOYFRIEND.

I'M SO TIRED OF ALL THE **YOUNG** TWINKS  
(ENOUGH SAID)

I'M SO TIRED OF GETTING HIT ON WITH  
**ZERO** CHANCE OF IT GOING ANYWHERE

**. . . THAT'S WHY I'M THROUGH WITH MEN.**

HOWEVER, MAYBE ALL THIS IS JUST A FEVER DREAM . . .  
BECAUSE I'M TIRED OF THINKING THAT  
I'LL EVER, EVER GIVE UP ON MEN.

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For some unknown reason I've allowed  
Myself to become nothing more than a  
Theoretical Homosexual Construct.

For this reason, I desperately  
Need a Man to Rescue  
Me from my Current State.  
(but conditions apply)

I Need a Man that's Big, Brawny,  
Butch, Bearish, Bright, and (somewhat) Bellied.  
But he Must be over the age of 50.

I Need a Man that's honest and loyal.  
I Need a Man who loves Kissing and  
Spooning and Holding Hands . . .

(but more so)

I Need a Man that will accept the challenge to  
Unleash my *INNER SLUT* that buried so deep  
Down I'm afraid of suffocation . . .

I Need a Man who'll Fuck Me So Hard  
I'll Shoot My Load Straight into His Mouth  
So he can Feed it back to me off his Tongue

(. . . I Know I Know)

I Fully Realize the Anatomy is  
Completely Wonky . . . but let's just say  
It's been a while and leave it at that . . .

I Need a Man who'll remember  
My name in the morning and  
Buy me a huge breakfast  
While talking it out about where we're going.

After all, . . . in your  
Heart of Hearts,  
Isn't that what  
We all Want and Need?

(Especially all the Trashy  
*INNER SLUT* stuff . . .)

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I like to see my Boy with his pants  
Down around his ankles.

I like it when I see dirt on his knees.

I like it when my little Pup  
Starts clawing at my fly.

I like it when my little Man starts  
Slobbering over my cock.

I like it when my Son yanks down my pants.

I like it when my little Lad  
Fingers my tight little hole.

I like it when I remove the blindfold  
And see the tears in my Son's eyes.

I like to flood his greedy throat  
While he tries not to gag.

I like it when I see his cummy grin.

I like to lick up the remains and  
I like it when he calls me Daddy.

I like it when I see my manly little Fella  
Kick his pants completely off.

I like to see my Lad standing close  
As he towers over me.

I like it when my darling Pup  
    Throws me over his huge shoulders  
        And takes me inside the house.

I like it when my Lad tosses me  
    Onto the kitchen table.

I like it when my pants are torn off  
    Before he pounds that fat, engorged  
        Jackhammer of his up my  
            Shit hole doggy-style.

I like it when my Lad, my little 6'2"  
    Hunky Boy-stud is so hot there's  
        No time for lube . . .

Oh! God! Oh! Daddy! Oh! God!  
    Oh! Daddy! Oh!  
        Ohhhh Dddaaadddddddy . . .

Because after all,  
    If it ain't spit it ain't love . . .

---

I'm 73 years old and

I remember the event like it was

Yesterday . . .

My dad hollering at me that

“He'll beat the FAGGOT out of me

Completely,

Or else . . .”

Well, he tried.

He failed.

He's dead.

Good.