

New crusade will remedy the scourge of our nation

By Crispin Sartwell
Adviser

Though the Bible enjoins us to love our fellow man, I have always preferred women. I admit frankly that I am a heterosexual. But with God's help all things are possible, and I am praying to be healed.

Heterosexuality is a disease, like alcoholism and kleptomania, from which I also suffer. When you think about it, many if not most of the terrible problems of human beings are caused by heterosexuality.

If Adam and Eve had been gay, there would have been no fall. If Paris and Helen had been gay, there would have been no Trojan war. If Bill Clinton had been gay, there would have been no DNA on the blue dress. Statistics show that heterosexuality is often a factor in spouse abuse, rape, teenage pregnancy, abortion, adultery, divorce, overpopulation, sexual harassment and NASCAR racing. Astounding? Yes. Yet that is what statistics show.

As God looks down and ponders the apocalypse, heterosexuality is soaking the moral fabric of our great nation in gasoline and lighting a match. Most pornography is aimed at heterosexuals, and most prostitutes cater to them. Many heterosexuals engage in anal sex and masturbation. Many pederasts are

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heterosexuals. Clearly heterosexuality is tearing apart the American family, the foundation of our beloved way of life. We cannot sit idly by if there is any hope for change.

And I am here to testify that there is indeed hope. I am not a bad person praying to be good, but a sick person praying to be well. I think I will probably always have fantasies about women, but perhaps if I have enough kinky sex with enough men I will find my deeply buried homosexual self. That's why my minister has me frenching every Tom, Dick, and Harry I can lay my lips on.

The folks who are helping transform me from butch bubba to flamboyant swish love me in the deepest, most physical sense. They hate the sin and love the sinner. They love me and hate my sexuality. They love me and hate what I do, love me and hate who I am. Rarely have I experienced a love like that.

I've stopped listening to Hank Williams, Jr. and started listening to disco. I've switched from Pabst to Chardonnay, Hustler to Blue Boy.

I don't yet enjoy having sex with men. I still need to imbibe a double dose of my medi-

cation, a Yohimbe/Viagra cocktail, in order to get it . . . together. But Lord knows I am practicing. My fellow heterophobes have been assisting me in a hundred creative ways.

Once I'm cured, married in Hawaii to a nice hairdresser or interior decorator, I hope to help others recover from heterosexuality. Congress needs to hold hearings on how to control this terrible scourge, to which we lose so many of our impressionable young people. I would be happy to testify. In fact, if Trent Lott or Newt Gingrich are heterosexuals, I might be able to give them a helping hand.

Not that I have any reason to believe that Trent Lott and Newt Gingrich are heterosexuals. To call them heterosexuals would be defamation of character. They certainly don't act like heterosexuals (though perhaps I am merely stereotyping heterosexuals as manly straight-talkers).

I'm only saying that if they share this terrible problem and want to change, I can offer them my . . . help.

The community of recovering heterosexuals would reach out to Trent with true acceptance. We would affirm even his toupee, ridiculed by so many. There is love here, Trent: good, good love that comes straight from the Godhead. Come and enter our fellowship. Or vice versa.

Shopping can quickly kill almost anyone's holiday spirit

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like animal dung in "country-fresh" air on the turnpike.

I duck into a store, but feel a mounting resistance to movement: every aisle is crowded with people and their kids and toys. I begin to get hot, really uncomfortably hot, and I stumble in between groupings of these persons who are getting a head start on what junior wants this year.

And junior's letting the parent people know in loud voices: "I want this and this and this and this. Hey, come here! I really, really want this. Mommeeee, Mom look, come here, I want this, too."

If that's not getting the parents attention, some are singing it persistently into a Spice Girls microphone, "I'll tell ya what I want, I really, really want this."

A group of adolescent girls finds a display of "Blues Clues" paraphernalia that makes them all begin to sing loudly, "We just figured out Blues Clues, we just figured out Blues Clues, we just figured out Blues Clues, because we're really smart." They shriek and collapse into hysterical laughter.

The Spice Girls mic is free, so one of them picks it up and starts crooning in a loud monotone, "I just figured out Blues Clues . . ."

I press on toward the back of the store, but the store's music is loudest there under the speaker. I was in here a month ago to get a birthday gift, and the music playing over and over was Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive." At the time I thought it was a very odd choice

of music for a toy store, but now I get it: it was the employees anthem to bolster them for the holiday season. Especially since the music playing now is "Grandma Got Run Over By A Rain Deer."

I focus on the present for a second, I hear the words, "You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch" coming over the speaker. I feel visible and absurd; the line is long, Barbie will just have to go without pajamas on Christmas Eve.

I am carried along with the flow into the center of the mall. The bright sunlight is streaming down onto the center court,

where Santa has parked himself for a while. I stare at him for a few minutes. That people around the world perpetuate the myth of an elderly man who wears outlandish velvet pajamas (and only ever that), has hair like a wild mountain man, and holds the conferred role of "Keeper and Granter of Materialistic Dreams" is astonishingly bizarre.

I keep drifting and hear a different holiday song coming loudly from every store I pass, all in competition with the mall's own omnipresent music track. I am losing ambition to even walk, and my head has begun to drill a sharp ache from the inside out, or maybe it's the outside trying to get in. I am starting to sigh deeply, like I'm carrying a heavy load

on my back.

I enter a department store. People clog the aisle of every way I turn: every damn one. They act annoyed that I'd like to get by them. Everyone seems to be in this aisle-hog mode. I'm beginning to feel aisle-rage.

I see the artificial Christmas tree decoration section and aim there. As I get closer, I hear two competing ghoulish voices. They seem to be saying the same thing, which is, "Merry Christmas!" and then grating singing begins with "Oh, Christmas Tree." One voice is coming from a small, two-

foot artificial tree, while the other . . .

This display is directly across from a bunch of recliner furniture for sale. I sink into one of them as I see the source of singing. It is an ugly, tacky artificial Christmas tree "face" that you blend into your artificial tree to make it "come alive" and sing snatches of "Oh, Christmas Tree" after saying "Merry Christmas!" every couple minutes. It reminds me of a head-injury patient who keeps reliving the same moment again and again until their brain catches up with reality.

Under two horizontal tree "eyebrows" are two eerie "eyeballs". The lids snap open and the tree branch mouth starts to sing. I hope that people are buying this -- if at all -- as a

joke or for special relatives birthdays, in-laws for example.

I can see the door of the store leading through their garden center and the sunlight shining brightly outside. I move toward the light. The songs overhead in this festive area blend together like a funeral dirge: They drone on about how on the millionth day of Christmas our true love would give us strange items if only he were home. And he would be if you had chestnuts on that fire.

I feel ashamed and embarrassed because the words seem so fake and ridiculous. This stuff gets packed back up and tossed in a holding warehouse. December 26 is the day it gets switched in the warehouse with Valentine's Day stuff.

It all seems so small and self-serving, idiotic and robotic and brain-dead. Walking dead, going slower through the mall, hoarding whole aisles to ourselves. Whispering wishes for material blessings in the ears of a made-up old man, wishes for microphones to amplify our gaudy desires, and on and on in a spiral like a Christmas tree, crowned with ourselves at the top.

But outside, the air is sweet; it is refreshing to breathe as I finally make it to the door. I close my eyes and can feel the light of the golden sun enlivening my being. I can feel it somewhere in the center of me that is alive, where trees and stars and the light of the sun are real and people I love need attention. According to the mall and the calendar, it's Christmas time. According to this lovely day, it's time to be awake and alive.

I'm beginning to feel aisle-rage . . . Barbie will just have to go without pajamas.