

Walking on the Wild Side

Some of us are guttersnipes, who wander the back alleys of the mind—and the streets—in search of chain smoking sexual outlaws.

BY WICKIE STAMPS

I recently had sex with three different people within four hours. I did not know any of these people well. One individual was a total stranger. Another had a lover who had many friends lurking nearby. The third person, someone I knew vaguely, happen to be sitting next to me at a party at a Thai restaurant.

I had all this sex during a posh weekend conference held at a prestigious hotel. I performed my sexual

acts in extremely public bathrooms, one being in a very conservative part of the city. At any moment my partners and I risked discovery—and arrest.

This evening of illicit sex actually began long before I ever met my bathroom sex partners. My mind had been spinning fantasies for months, perhaps years. It wanted out—of responsibility, civility and any form of acceptability. So it created egresses out of the work-a-day world and into the seamier side of life. It's a world my mind—and my body—knows intimately. I sit at my desk or stand in line at the bank my mind roves through back alleys, trawls public bathrooms, seeks frequenters of life's seedier environs. Once a willing partner is found, the acts we perform are always dark, dirty and brutal. The locations—back

alleys, public spaces or abandoned buildings—are equally depraved. The sex I find in these places is always satiating and the people dangerous.

I am someone who chooses to act on these fantasies. Fortunately for me, so do many others. They, like me, get off by finding and walking on the wild side. Like me, if the sex is going to be hot, it requires an edge. We fuck illicitly. Illegally. And always with some kind of risk. Normalcy, legality, something has to be subverted. Subversion by definition requires that something, such as the government or perhaps a moral code of behavior must be overturned.

This mandatory subversive edge is why some of us get off finding then watching people smoke. Others get off just by smoking. Stogies. Cigarettes. Pipes. Choose your poison. The act or the observation of the act gets some people off. Because smoking is dangerous, disgusting. And totally raunchy. Only degenerates—like James Dean or Marlon Brando—smoke. Law breakers smoke. Criminals suck on cigars. Bastards that would as soon kill you as suck you off usually have a pack of camels rolled up in their tee shirts. People who smoke—and do other subversive things—might destroy our safe jobs, pillage our nice neighborhoods and fuck us up the ass. These same people hang around doorways and suck on things that will kill them. And they most likely do other sexually disgusting things. We hate them. We must be wary of them. We are, quite honestly, totally fascinated with these beings. They hang around in the same back alleys—and public bathrooms—that we do. We can only hope that, if we get up the nerve and enter those alleys they will light up a cigarette, grab us around the throat and fuck the shit out of us. Then when they are through with us, use us as their ashtrays. Yeah, that's what we want. To be ashtrays.

Unless we want to be the smokers. The fuckers, looking for some smarmy ashtray to fuck. ■

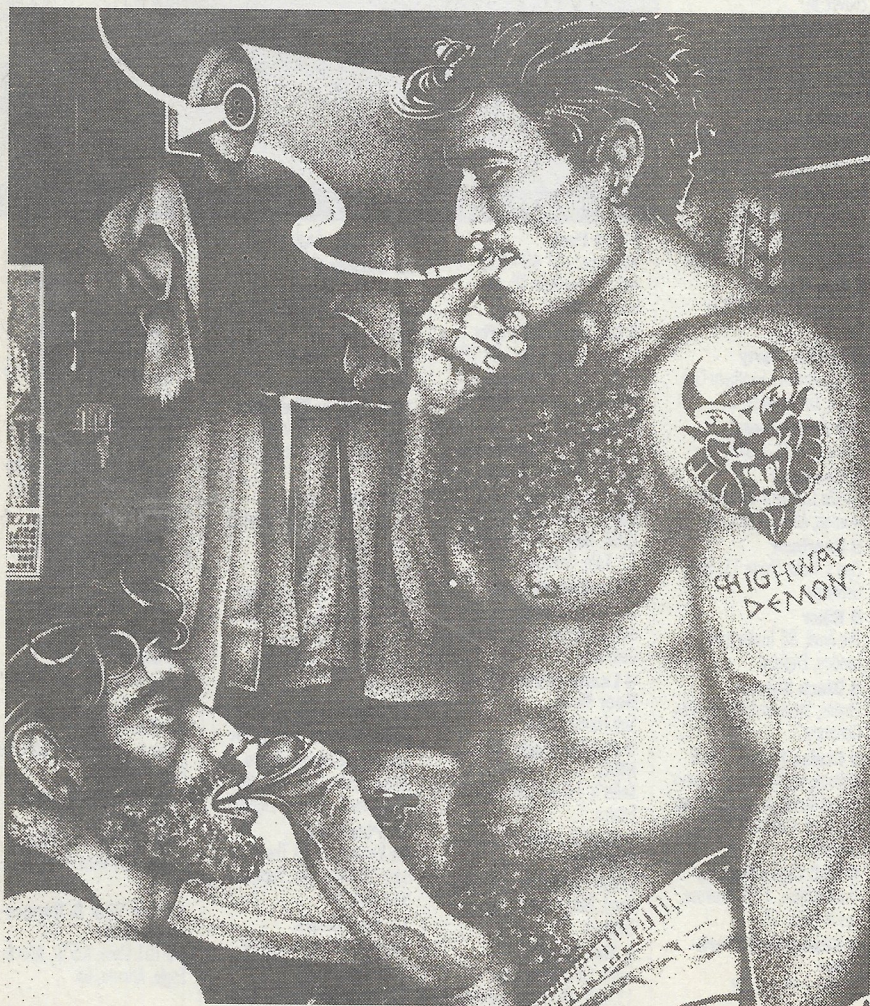


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