



ICE
CREAM

IT'S LIKE STICKING A PIECE OF HEAVEN IN YOUR MOUTH

I stood alone, as I often stood during my childhood. I had just purchased an ice cream cone from a shop along the salty splintery old New Jersey boardwalk. But alas, I was too eager to devour my sugary treat, for as I lunged in to take my first lick, my tongue pushed the scoop of ice cream right off the cone and onto the boardwalk, where it silently, insultingly plopped. I stood there, a beard-

less boy with an empty cone, terrified and on the brink of tears. A group of nearby greasy biker types began laughing at the empty cone, laughing at the blob of ice cream starting to melt on the boardwalk, laughing at the little boy's pain...laughing at MY pain.

For the rest of my life, well into adulthood, I've been trying to fill the hole in that ice-cream cone. I've used drugs, violence, promiscuity, parlor tricks, and every other desperate, self-destructive, attention-seeking measure my imagination could muster simply to fill the vacant hole left in my heart when that scoop of ice cream fell to the ground.

And yet the answer was there all along. The answer is, and always has been, ice cream. More ice cream.

So let us put away our swords and take up ice cream cones instead.

PEOPLE SAY THAT I'M TOO NEGATIVE and that all I try to do is shock and offend. So for once, I will refrain from talking about hate crimes committed by violent lesbian Negrresses. The only negative things I'll say in this article will be about people who don't like ice cream.

There is no such thing as bad ice cream, only bad people. How can you not like ice cream? I mean, really, as a human being, how can you not like it? How can a person in their right fucking mind not enjoy a good Nutty Buddy from time to time? You show me someone whose mood isn't elevated by a gooey bowl of Rocky Road, and I'll show you a subhuman monster. Show me a man who doesn't like ice cream, and I'll show you a child molester. I'll show you sort of person who'd bury a kitten up to its head and then run over it with a lawn mower. The sort of person who would have an orgasm without asking their partner if they had an orgasm, too. What kind of a jackass doesn't like ice cream? A uniquely barren, soulless,

SICK kind of jackass, that's what kind. What sort of human being says, "No, I'm full, I think I'll pass on ice cream for dessert"? The answer is simple: "No sort of human being at all."

God exists within ice cream. It's more than a drug—it's a sacrament. I have tasted my share of hell, but I've also licked the divine. When one gobbles an ice cream cone, it's like sticking a piece of heaven in your mouth. It's like inserting a part of God into your body. Eucharistic candy for your spiritual sweet tooth. A hint of the eternal. The unblemished. Ambrosia. Nectar of the gods. A big fluffy dollop of Jehovah's cum. There is a bit of Christ's flesh in every bowl of Dreyer's, a thousand angels in every pint of Ben & Jerry's. Ice cream cleanses the palate and refreshes the spirit. It mends broken hearts and is a balm to the weary soul. The lame are made to walk, the blind are made to see, and quarrelling couples are made to see each other's point.

LET US DROWN OUR TROUBLES in a frosty ocean of cream and sugar. Allow us to gorge ourselves on whipped cream piled up like cottony heaps of divine ejaculate. Delightful! Each biteful! Such savory delectable tasty deliciousness! Such jolly refreshment! Enjoyment, satisfaction, contentment, and an almost tidal-wave-like sense of being swallowed up and interconnected with The Light. Little icy creamy cotton clouds of heavenliness. Miraculous frozen crystals of creamy, sweetness-laden goodness. You have the ice, you have the cream, you have the sugar, and you have the flavoring. How do they do it?

I want to eat so much ice cream that most of my body is made of ice cream. When I am not near ice cream, I experience separation anxiety. It settles me down. It makes things so that I don't want to hurt people so much.

IT'S A SUNSHINY MID-MAY DAY. The warm winds of spring are upon us. I leave my bunker and tra-la-la merrily down the sun-dipped street. I buy some ice cream for myself. I buy some for my friends. Look at his delighted face when I hand him a Dilly Bar! Look at her rosy-cheeked joy when I slip her an ice-cream sandwich! We all smile. It's nice.

From across the ice cream parlor, a young girl, fertile and nubile and filled with pep, wraps her lips around an ice-cream cone. She winks at me and blows a kiss with her cream-smudged lips. I gesture down at my banana split and make several suggestive eyebrow motions. She asks me to come over and sit with her so that we can eat our ice cream together. Later that day, we go back to her place and have sex.

If only vaginas tasted this good.

Ice cream comes in many flavors, just like people. Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry—the white man, black man, and red man working together—with a scoop of butter pecan thrown in to honor our jolly yellow friends from the Orient. Ice cream celebrated diversity before the rest of America got with the program—Baskin-Robbins had 31 flavors while the South still had separate drinking fountains.

And then, suddenly, I think of the ghetto children who don't have access to as many flavors as I do, and I get sad. And I wonder—would Hitler have been different if he ate a waffle cone a day? Would slavery have been more bearable had the slaves been regularly fed big bowls of chewy ice cream? If someone had spoon-fed Jesus some Haagen-Dazs while he was hanging there on the cross, would his last hours have ticked by a little more smoothly?

So let us celebrate life, but more importantly, the LIVING of life. Let us continue to eat ice cream and to silence the cream-negative voices out there.

Shove an ice-cream cone in your mouth and tell me I'm wrong. Put it in your mouth, slosh it all around, swallow it, and then call me a fucking liar, I dare you! Jam a quart of Haagen-Dazs down your piehole and tell me it isn't great to be alive. Stick that cone in your face and start licking, bitch. It doesn't even hurt the first time.



FUN FAX 'BOUT ICE CREAM

- *Severely retarded infants who are fed a constant diet of ice cream throughout childhood are able to grow up and lead productive adult lives.*
- *Studies show that serial killers suffer from an ice-cream deficiency.*
- *Ice cream can kill many infections and has proven successful in treating most common Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STDs).*
- *Ice cream doubles the sperm count and makes women "horny like mice."*