

THE COCKS OF ROCK

We're all made of meat, even the not-so-meaty among us. We like to pretend we are something more than meat, yet when we die, only the meat remains.

Women, because they are congenitally insane, are the most fervid propagandists of the idea that we possess something beyond mere flesh, blood, bone, and the occasional waste product. Women, especially when they get older and their meat starts to sag, invariably lose their minds and indulge psychotic delusions such as the notion that we all have a "soul." And since they clutch their aging chicken claws onto this notion with bloody desperation, they are the first to shriek when someone alleges that they are, in the end, meat. In spite of the fact that there is zero evidence of the soul's existence, these cackling cunts demand that we squint and lie about the Empress's New Clothes.

The fundamental aspect of female psychology is an eternal hypocrisy and the concomitant inability to ever acknowledge it. Therefore, the same bloated hens who picket outside clubs where females with desirable bodies flash some tits 'n' snatch are also the same hens who manically stuff five-spots in the speedos of Chippendale's dancers when hubby's out of town.

Despite what the feminist thought police would have you believe, it's a fact that women objectify men. If anything, they are more brutal and cynical in their estimations than men could ever be.

Case in point: a website (www.metal-sludge.com/LongShort.htm) in which rock stars' cocks are reviewed in the manner that a restaurant critic reviews meals.

Groupie-for-life Donna Anderson pools her own experiences along with the gossip of her groupie friends, concocting an often-hilarious list of 180 rockers and their cocks. With ball-shriveling candor, Anderson 'n' pals present a staggering array of rock-cock, from toothpick-sized to the length and girth of a mud shark.

Firmly ensconced within the Stud Stable are bitch-slapping ex-Crüe drummer Tommy Lee (of course), Phil Anselmo from Pantera and his "MONSTER power tool," Evan Seinfeld from Biohazard, Tracii Guns from LA Guns, Yogi from Buckcherry, and (surprisingly) little blond fem-doll singer Robin Zander from Cheap Trick, whose girlish features and gooberish voice would ordinarily indicate a peanut-sized penis.

Each of these gents is rumored to possess a hog measuring ten inches or more.

Much more fun to read are the catty descriptions of petite-penis'd prima donnas such as Twiggy Ramirez from Marilyn Manson ("he has a small dick and it's frequently limp due to excessive

cocaine use"); James Lorenzo from Pride & Glory ("about the size of a pinkie finger"); Stefan Adika from Dad's Porno Mag ("hung like a baby

and is a quick shooter"); Slik Toxik's Rob Bruce ("small cock, plus he only has ONE BALL! He lost his other ball in an accident"); Dokken's Mick Brown ("maybe 3 inches if you pull on it"); one-time Van Halen singer Gary Cherone ("so small if somebody saw you sucking his dick it would look like

you were smoking a joint!"); Jack Russell from Great White ("Mushroom CAP & that's it, ONCE BITTEN and it never grew back!"); Tommy Thayer from Black-n-Blue ("so small crabs could use it as a flag-pole"); Marq Torien from BulletBoys ("so small he probably pisses on his balls"); Glenn Danzig ("his cock is just like him, short"); and Quiet Riot's Carlos Cavazo. ("Not only a very sloppy and boring lay, but he is very, very, very small. There is no riot going on in his pants.")

These girls don't hesitate to let us know about the guy in Papa Roach who has bad breath; the chap in House of Lords whose back is so hairy, it "looks like he's wearing a sweater!"; the singer from Everclear whose crotch "smells very dirty"; the member of Medicine Wheel who has "hair growing out the side of his shaft"; the Marilyn

Manson underling who digs licking asses, tasting his own cum, and "is into the whole 'pour wax on my dick' thing"; the allegation that David Lee Roth employs his lady friends to give him enemas; and which members of Slaughter, Saigon Kick, and Flotsam & Jetsam enjoy having items rammed up their asses.

And not only does size matter, it's ALL that matters to these broads. To these starfucking, cock-hungry mucus pits, the measure of a man LITERALLY becomes the measure of his manhood. There is a comical equation of penis size with human worth. When a rocker is revealed to have a large schlong, these girls tend to forgive any shortcomings of character. But when his pathetic underendowment is brought to light, no measure of his good deeds or community-service hours can atone for the fact that everyone laughs disdainfully at his biological misfortune. All in all, this is very refreshing.

I wonder how I'd rate on this chart? I've noticed that my paramours' estimation of my love-hog's length varies wildly depending on how well we're getting along. When a girl is in love with me, my penis hovers somewhere around eight inches. When I dump her, it shrinks to a paltry four inches.

I don't mind being objectified. The fact that I have a body is far less dangerous than the idea that I have a soul.

