

A LONG TIME AGO IN A LAND FAR AWAY,

there existed a crude Polaroid of me naked as the day I was bee-eye-bucky-bo born, sitting up on my knees atop a hotel bed with a full-fledged boner and a gleaming smile. I had encouraged my wife of the time to shoot the photo because I was highly aroused and figured that my penis would look gigantic.

It did not. It looked like a shriveled pink egg roll. I was mortified. I destroyed the photo and swore that I would never allow anyone to see photographic evidence of my apparently pathetic manhood ever again. I also became highly cynical and insulting of male porn stars—I depicted them as tacky and stupid, which may have been accurate, but it was merely a thin cover for my obvious jealousy of men with big schlongs who weren't afraid of showing them.

About ten years later, I hooked up with a young girl who was uniquely fixated on my cock. It was a new experience for me, and I found it intensely arousing. She just couldn't shut up about how big and beautiful it was—and she'd been around the Maypole quite a few dozen times, so she knew about cocks—and one night as I was standing outside the Fred Meyer taking a piss, she snapped a candid picture of me in all my urinating limplitude. I was happily surprised with the results. I was totally soft, and the thing was twice as long as my thumb.

It would be nearly another decade before I became involved with another Portland Cock Queen. She, too, had quite a few Frequent Flyer Miles, and she, too, became obsessively enamored of my peen. As I lay in her bed one night, hard as a rhino, she grabbed her Polaroid camera, the flashbulb popped, and she gleefully presented me with a picture of a man with a REALLY BIG HARD DICK. She'd giddily show the photo to friends around town as if she was a hunter and my cock was some 12-point buck she'd tagged.

My entire attitude about pornography changed the second I realized that I had what it takes to be a porn star. I scanned the picture and uploaded it to a private folder on my website, e-mailing the link to several of my booty calls, ex-girlfriends, and potential future fuckdolls who'd flirted with me online.

Encouraged by the response, I purchased a cell phone with a built-in camera and dutifully began snapping photos of my fully erect bone-diggety-bone.

There is nothing artful about these photos. They are total meat shots focused right in on my long, fat, hard, shiny, and very, very pink penis. I blessedly don't have one of those ugly brown or purple *schvanstukers*.

You can see my face in two of the photos—the original Polaroid and one other shot—but my face isn't important here. This is self-made pornography, and my cock is the porn star here. In some pics, it truly is the White Whale. It even looks huge in the little desktop icons.

TAKING PICTURES

of my

PEEN



I stopped at 19 pictures, because I knew that if I kept on going, I'd fall into the Porn Hole and do nothing else for the rest of my life. It's been over two years since I've added a new picture to the folder, yet I comfort myself knowing that my big hard cock is out there in cyberspace, waiting for interested women to ogle it. I never foist these photos on anyone. I don't forward the links to a girl until after there have already been some explicit

sexual overtures on her part. But great God in heaven, do I get HOT just thinking about their reactions...

"Scary big penis...hung like a black man...Are you kidding me? WOW!...Your cock is a weapon...Big, gorgeous cock..." And from the woman in France, a simple, savory "BIG." Many girls wrote elaborate fantasies of what they'd like to do with it. Some of them said it's a bit intimidating and they're not used to one of that stature.

Another one said she and her girlfriend were squealing like schoolgirls as they looked at it together. And the best reactions were the cases of initial disbelief, insisting I must have enhanced myself using Photoshop or a body double.

Such comments were incredibly exciting to me.

Even more thrilling is when one of them contacts me out of the blue a year or two later, begging to see more. The idea that they're sitting there dreaming about my cock to the point where they suddenly appear out of the dark, purring and meowing at me? HUGE turn-on for me. And the thought of them touching themselves to orgasm while thinking of the pornography I've made for them?

I could touch myself right now just thinking about it.

Let's just say I enjoy being on the receiving end of cock worship. I have no objection to a woman viewing me strictly as a sex object. I don't care

whether she likes—or even notices—my "mind," my "spirit," or my "self."

Does she like my cock? Many times, that's all that matters.

Friends have griped about my dirty little habit, insisting that such a level of narcissism makes me gay. Hey, I may be gay, but it's for completely different reasons. You never hear anyone calling a woman who photographs herself nude and shows the pictures to men a "dyke," do you? Isn't it sort of sexist to insist that only women are expected to be vain? I can't believe how misogynistic and homophobic some of you people are.

In a fair, sane, just, free, EQUAL world, heterosexual men will be permitted to act like narcissists without having to face ostracism and derision. My experience has led me to conclude that there are only two types of people: exhibitionists and those who have something to hide. Allow me to project my warped, isolated experience onto the entire world and conclude that the only people who don't want to be porn stars are those who fear they wouldn't be very good at it.

THE DAY I LEARNED TO USE A CELL-PHONE CAMERA TO MAKE PORNOGRAPHY OF MYSELF