

may be the only person alive who understands The Slut. She needs to be tackled in three ways—first, as ignorant males misunderstand her...then, as she misunderstands herself...and finally, as is my wont, I will crack open my skull and beam a supernova of light upon her.

Most of what is “commonly understood” is instead a widespread *misunderstanding*, and the slut is no exception to this rule. As commonly understood by the typical rude, fat, wet-farting, hogfucker hairy male, a “slut” is a girl who can wantonly have sloppy sex with multiple partners without ever attaching meaning to it. Sluts are thought to be like males in this respect, and this is exactly what threatens such males and why they feel compelled to demean her. If a woman acts like a man in any way—but especially as it pertains to sex—such males feel like homos and inevitably go on killing sprees.

Many men, God forgive them, suffer a near-total compartmentalization of the Madonna/Whore Complex. They want one woman they can take advantage of and another they can take home to mom. They want one woman to take a money shot in the face and another to bake cookies for the kids. At the end of the day, they’ll discard the slut like a dried-up Kleenex and scurry home in favor of a normal, “well-adjusted” woman who’s lousy at sex but is willing to squirt out his babies, marry him, and trap him into wage slavery for life. These sort of men almost act as if sex and love are opposites.



THE SLUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, can’t tell the difference between love and sex. Except for the fucking-everything-that-breathes part, all the sluts I’ve known—and it’d take a calculator to tally them—embody the near-opposite of the stereotype. They attach MORE nonsexual importance to sex than the most romantic-minded “nice” girl could ever conjure. Sluts don’t merely *attach* meaning to sex—they

inject, infuse, and *saturate* sex with meaning. They **INFECT** sex with meaning. Sluts are not only better in bed than “normal” girls—they’re usually much more *romantic*, too. The second you touch her, she’s making wedding plans. The slut is more clingy, intense, weepy, and emotionally involved than any “normal” girl.

I’ve known a few nice girls who can have sex simply for pleasure, but the sluts never seem to have sex for sex’s sake alone. Sex is incidental, merely the worm on a hook. Because the slut can’t discriminate between body and mind, she’ll let you enjoy *one* hoping it’ll automatically force you into esteeming the *other*. That’s like handing someone a cupcake and hoping it’ll make you appreciate their penmanship. It’s like walking around in a scuba-diving outfit, complaining that nobody sees your skin. You’re expected to walk straight up into her vagina and find her personality there. She believes that if a guy enjoys having sex with her, he must love her. She’s truly that stupid.

Every time a slut sticks a dick in her mouth, it’s as if she’s screaming **PLEASE LOVE ME!** into a big pink microphone. Whatever it was that warped her—daddy’s cock, mommy’s backhand, or just the usual, everyday, run-of-the-mill, soul-choking cloud of lovelessness and abandonment—it left her with a bottomless hole in her heart and the unshakable notion that all she can offer to others is a pair of spread legs. She seeks to fill the hole in her heart by constantly cramming things between the other hole. And over time, both holes get bigger.

SO ON ONE END OF THE SPECTRUM you have the average male, a punch-drunk Sperm Taxi who can almost never love someone and have sex with them at the same time. And on the other end you have the slut, a cum-drunk Ovum Rickshaw who can almost never have sex without falling in love with someone.

And in the middle, hovering high above the others—yet not so high that I deign to leave the writhing masses to their own devices—you have me, an intensely well-adjusted prophet and soothsayer endowed with the wisdom to realize that although love and sex frequently overlap, they are **NEVER** the same thing. After all, I love my dog, but I’ll never fuck her again.

“Discrimination” didn’t used to be such a naughty word. It used to mean you could tell the difference between things. I discriminate whenever I get the chance, and I can tell the difference between sex and love.

My problem with sluts isn’t that they’re hypersexual or oversexed or even nonorgasmically nymphomaniacal—the problem is that they think it all *means* something. My advice to all you sluts is to be like me—enjoy sex as much as you can, and forget about the other thing. Love hurts. Sex, at least after the first time, usually doesn’t.

Take comfort, All Ye Sluts—I will never judge you for your promiscuity. I’m much more repelled by your crippled, tragic, dangerous quest for love than by your prolific sexual exploits.

...reconsidered Feel better? Good. That’s my good girl. Now get over here and blow me.

