

As a young boy, an unlaidd boy, a bottle-fed ex-baby boy, I'd often find scraps of '60s and '70s porno mags strewn through the mossy woods near our tract home. Having led a tit-free youth in a titless world where tits were even more oppressed than black people, these soggy paper boobshots were religious documents to me. Tits fascinated me. The bigger, the better. Down to her knees—the best!

I knew that a woman had something between her legs where you stuck your pee-pee and then a baby came out, but I never equated that area or process with pleasure—hers or mine. (I STILL don't equate it with hers.)

But then my testicles descended and my groin sprouted hair like a Chia Pet. My voice got deeper and I was able to shoot applesauce from my wiener. Like they say in the Jewish religion, I became a man. I got myself some pussy and realized that tits were for kids. It's not that I dislike them; it's that they're about as sexually useful as kneecaps.

"There's always titty-fucking," you limply suggest. Yes—titty-fucking. No, nothing awkward or stupid about THAT, so let's just move right along.

You ever see some stank-ass hippie bitch flop out her saggy jug at a restaurant just to quiet her mewling infant? THAT'S what tits are for, and it ain't pretty. Think of them as two baby bottles, THEN tell me you still get aroused. Have you ever seen one of those lactation fetish sites? It's enough to put you

off the teat forever.

It's not as if I'm repelled by a nice pair of casabas—I just don't focus or fixate or obsess on them. I grew OUT of that phase. And I really think you should, too.

Yes, I can enjoy looking at tits, just as I can enjoy looking at a woman's calf, wrist, or eyelashes. But those tits are merely accessories. A woman can find a man's biceps sexy, but if she doesn't move on (and downward), she's a little bit W-A-C-K-Y. That's because biceps, like tits, serve no real sexual purpose. Yeah, maybe SHE gets some sexual pleasure from having them touched, but when did we start worrying about HER pleasure?

It's very unbecoming for a grown man to seek out women for emotional nurturing. You were supposed to have settled that deal a long, long time ago. It was called "weaning." And I have a secret—women don't like men with mommy complexes. They want a daddy, not a son.

What fucking AGE are you that you still need to be nurtured by a woman? I'm sorry that your weaning was incomplete, but it's a little too late, fair soldier. I was not breast-fed, and I have no desire to make up for lost time.

"Any adult male with a breast fixation OBVIOUSLY still wants to suckle milk from his mother's teats. You have a problem with that? Take it up with your mammy—TITBOY."

Tit-obsessed men generally have far less real-world sexual experience than other men, and I can state this as a fact, because it is I who just made it up. Sigmund Freud would tell you the same thing, except he's dead.

You can be an ass man or a leg man. You can even be a bush man and a vulva man like me. But you CANNOT be a tit man. You can only be a tit BOY.

Does your mommy wipe your bottom with a warm, wet washcloth, Titboy? Does she tuck you in at night and call you her Widdle Wubbly Woo? Do you like to play with the big bouncy balloons, Titboy? Do you like those red-nosed clowns bobbling in your face...Titboy?

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That's right, Baby Huey, nuzzle up to them mams. Then put your knickers on and kiss Mumsy goodbye as you tweedle-dee your way to Nursery School.

Grow the fuck UP, man. PUSSY is where it's at. THAT'S where you commit all the felonies. Tits are just misdemeanors.

In my adulthood, pockmarked as it's been by scandal and infidelity, I've often had gals—with their boobs jutting toward me in the post-coital motel-room haze—ask me why I don't pay more attention to their breasts.

Don't you like them? Are they misshapen? Should I get a boob job? Should I get another boob job? Should I get a breast reduction and then get yet another boob job?

No. Shut the fuck up. I don't want to suck on your boobs just like I don't want to wear a diaper. I bang you like a jackhammer and go down on you better than a dyke—you don't need me to slap your tits around.

Funny how they're never so hung-up on their *vaginas*, which is where most of the aesthetic atrocities occur.

I guess the pussy is ultimately for making babies, too, so I really don't have much of a point. Ignore everything I just said.



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