

Only saw my mother's bush once, and I've never fully recovered. I was so young and small that her pubic region hovered above my head on that fateful evening when I wandered into the bathroom unannounced and stumbled upon the disturbing apparition of her pasty white skin and that BIG BLACK JURASSIC-PARK BUSH. I was startled and frightened by what I saw. There seemed something evil about the wadded knot of blackness between her hips. It was as if I had walked into a lost episode of *Star Trek* and some parasitic Tribble had attached itself to mommy's crotch. At first, I was unsure whether she needed my help.

Neither of us said a word, and after a moment of youthful silence, I spun around, left the bathroom, and went back to my Etch-A-Sketch.

Mom's dead now, which should quell most of the cynics out there alleging that I want to fuck her. In truth, I don't miss her at all. And the only thing I like about the old bag is that she never took a razor to her nether regions.

Some men like big asses. Others like big boobs. And I like big bushes. The bigger the bush, the harder my cock.

I realize that my tastes are not currently fashionable. I'm aware that I risk severe social ostracism by declaring my fondness for the hirsute vulva. Nowadays, most men and women seem to favor a *mons pubis* that is at least partially shorn. Partial, I guess, is better than total. The Hitler mustaches and landing strips and Mohawks and five o'clock shadows are bad enough; some foolhardy gals take it to the extreme and shave their womanhood down to a shiny wet peach *sans* the fuzz.

But human genitalia are not the most attractive thingies. The vulva, like the penis, is not a visually appealing organ. It has none of the aesthetic grace of a Grecian urn or a '57 Chevy. A bald vagina is no more attractive than a bald head. It looks like a kangaroo fetus, all pink and slimy and squirmy.

Like a battlefield after nuclear war. Like an open, dripping wound. Like a wad of wet, chewed-up bubble gum. A sheared snatch looks as if it's undergone chemotherapy. Put a wig on that thing. Cover that hideous thing up. Comb the hair over to cover the scar. Cover the scar. Cover the goddamned scar.

I don't merely want a nice light carpeting of fur down there...not a light dusting of snow...I don't simply require *coverage* down south in the Golden Triangle; I want VOLUME. I require something three-dimensional. I'm not satisfied with gentle, unassuming tufts; I want a BUSH. I want it to look as if a frickin' tarantula is sleeping on her crotch. I want something you can lose your car keys in. I want a bush you can grab and pick her up with. I want a chick to be like the Jimi Hendrix Experience down there. I want her to look like Fidel Castro, Abbie Hoffman, or the Smith Brothers (of cough-drop fame). I want her lap to be covered with a fleece of chick-fur so dense that a hairbrush gets stuck in it and she has to resort to an Afro pick. I want some righteous shrubbery down there. A tumbleweed between her legs. A luxuriant briar patch of female chaparral. I like it shaggy. Furry. Woolly. A lush, gnarled, tangled, black Brillo pad. A matted, stinking, sappy mass of dreadlocks.

A long-whiskered vulva bespeaks fertility. Fruitfulness. Health. Sensuality. Like darkest ground coffee or a huge, resinous tobacco leaf, a full, healthy bush reaches toward the sun and greets the new day.

Don't think I can't hear you chuckling. You say I'M the freak!?!? Hey, at least I dig it the way nature *intended* it to be. You want your gal to shave her bush? Why don't you insist she shave her fucking *head*, too? And why not cut her nipples off while she's at it? T'ain't me who has a fetish—it's all you sorry goofballs who want your girls to shave down until they look like kindergarteners.

All you smacked asses who shudder at the thought of a full, lovely bush are nothing more than brainwashed, kiddie-porn-lovin' conformists. Thirty years ago, you all would have recoiled at the idea of a shaved snatch. Ain't it hilarious how you ALL, in UNISON, suddenly changed your taste, you spineless, craven maggots? You easily molded dumbfucks. You pathetically endowed robot hamsters. Don't you see? You've all been psychologically conditioned by a pedophilic cabal of Madison Avenue child-molesters. These fruity homo ad execs have made the bush—that fullest flower of womanhood—into something unhip and disgusting. They have force-marketed small-breasted, skinny, bushless women onto the American consumer because it reminds them of the little *boychiks* whose tiny pink puckered starfish they crave so dearly.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to shaved snatches...and maybe there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to eight-year-old girls. Why don't you just go fuck a Girl Scout, eh, Johnny Boy? Why don't you just slap a diaper on that hairless beaver while you're at it, Chief?



If you enjoy ladies with crew-cut snappers, you are not only a pervert, you're a sinner. A shaved bush is irrefutable evidence of a sinful lifestyle.

A vast, bounteous, three-dimensional, *bushy* bush is what God almighty, in His Infinite Fucking Wisdom, intended Earth Women to have. The Lord Jehovah provided the birds of the air with fluffy, pretty feathers...He provided the clams of the sea with hard protective shells...He provided the trees of the forest with thick, rich bark...and He provided the human vagina with an ingenious natural camouflage.

If God wanted us to stare at naked bald vaginas, he wouldn't have gone to the trouble of infusing a woman's DNA code with instructions for constructing a bush, nor for *RE*constructing that bush every time some foolish sinner is reckless enough to shave it. The fact that a bush grows *BACK* is evidence of God's will in action.

The Lord God, in his pricelessly greasy generosity, bestowed women with bushes, and it took the sinful arrogance of wretched humans to shave it all away. When you shave that bush, you are hoisting a weed-whacker against the Garden of Eden.