

**I started my quest for Blonds
the day I discovered I wasn't one.
I penetrated Blondness
as far as a non-Blond can go...**

By Blonds Obsessed: Hollywood 1981

Hollywood. 5 AM. This is what it is. After a hard night under red light doing standup sex at the Meatrack. A soak in a steaming bathtub in a white-tiled room in a once-fashionable 1930's apartment hotel. The superhot water running from the tap. Like blood. Enough of my life lived to know the cumulative thrust of the rest. This is what it is for the duration.

All my lovers gone. Asleep in others' beds. Having their own private dreams which they always had anyway. Soaking alone. Stoned on the remains of a drug cocktail: a little acid; a snort, just one of MDM; finally, a Quaalude. All this brings the cold sweat of clarity. The tub comforts me. Warms me in this last hour before dawn. The last of the night that Ingmar Bergman called *The Hour of the Wolf*.

This is the hotel where Judy Garland used to bring her roughtrade fucks. The Hollywood Freeway runs like an aqueduct cement raceway outside the window. This place. This hour. This isn't the bottom. It's just the bottom line. Drugs and dawn. Coming down and heading toward daylight faces you toward truth. You can't have sex with close to 12,000 men in your life and not know something more about yourself than, say, your parents who only bedded each other.

I pull the white-rubber plug with my toe. The water level

slowly lowers around the laidback island of my body. Steam rises from my pecs and belly. Geysers of ancient bodyscape. Images of my obsession form in the steam: blond men, ancient blond warriors, thick blond barbarians, long lineages of fine featured sculpted blonds. My dick, whacked to a night's pulp, starts and throbs once, rolling over on the receding water. Thoughts of blonds give my dick a life of its own.

You either like blonds or you don't. But if you're a gentleman whose preference has a blond preference, you understand the obsessive-compulsive adulation, worship, and symbolism of blond men. Honest, idealized manliness is never half-revealed. When it's there, it's all right there in front of you!

I wrap myself in my friend O'Riley's generous terry towels. He's asleep with one of the stream of beautiful young hustlers who flow day and night through his apartment. Yesterday afternoon I bedded the latest of his boys. A handsome platinum blond fresh from the Navy. An MP stationed at Treasure Island. He was playful in bed. Affectionate. Wild blue eyes. Stunning white teeth. Animal. Predatory. I felt like a dark-complexioned Tarzan in bed with Boy. When this Wild Child was being born, I was marching on Washington, that August of 1963, that last summer of Camelot, cheering-on King having his dream. This young blond is the first man I've fucked with who doesn't remember where he was when Kennedy was shot. He touched my thick black moustache, and then touched his own good blond moustache. "I want mine," he said, "to be as thick as yours." I gave him thirty-five dollars. More than the going rate in Hollywood. Just stuck it in his shoe. So he could go out later that night with his girlfriend.

I traipse off to the living room. Too wired to sleep. Too full of the straight blond from the afternoon. Too full of the blond men I balled with at the Meatrack. Too full of the blond San Francisco cop I had told, only three weeks before, that for a hundred reasons, most of them other blonds, I no longer wanted to be exclusive lovers with him. One blond is never enough. No matter how built, hairy, hung, handsome, and hot. One blond always leads to another.

If outer spacemen ever landed and looked only at my photo collection to figure what Earthmales looked like, they'd conclude

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they were all blond. I'm willing victim of this passion for blond men. That's the bottom line I've only lately realized. Out of the armies that have marched over me, the blonds predominate. No man should fear to admit the basic truth of his life in the dawn's early light. In fact, it's quite alright to pare one's life and taste down to its basic simplicity.

Without myself being a blond, I have penetrated the Blond Mystique in numbers and quality as far as a non-blond can go. Oddly, some blonds reflect very little on their blondness, or, almost perversely don't like other blonds. I must admit I started my quest for blonds the day I discovered I wasn't, and they were! My hardon passion, in bed and out, has since brought a certain understanding of Blondness. Sort of like Bette Midler in *The Rose*, I live my life for blond men, for all the blonds, platinum to strawberry, around whom my love and lust have circulated.

The video-recorder clock reads-out 5:06 AM. Outside, hardly any traffic cruises up the Hollywood Freeway. From the bedroom down the hall I can hear the relaxed sounds made by the sleeping blond MP whose scent is still in his white cotton teeshirt left carelessly on the couch. I can only laugh to myself. I'm wired, awake, and alone in L.A., down from San Francisco, to scout Southern California blonds. I take a hit from the teeshirt's sweet blond-sweat pits. Better than popper. Am I too hungry? Like Sebastian Venable. Tired of dark meat? Try light. Try blonds. Doesn't everybody have a hungry heart? For something.

I don't try to understand this passion for blonds. No! This obsession with blonds. This obsession that puts me in thrall to blonds. In lusty bondage to blonds. Blonds can hustle me for anything they want. And they do. Blonds have more fun only because by almost universal agreement everyone grants to blonds the Highstuff and Highstyle they naturally assume without question is owed them. Without any visible means of support, blonds drive Corvettes and fly off to Puerto Vallarta. All expenses paid. As if by magic.

Blonds live different lives. Are different people. Are regarded differently, specially, from boyhood on, by non-blonds, and by other blonds. Blonds tell me so. They tell me about being blond. How two blond men, passing in the street, no matter if gay or

straight, acknowledge to each other the fraternity of their blondness. A non-blond, until let in on the secret, never really notices the energy-flash blond-to-blond. Blond men dazzle, because they reflect more light than they absorb. Blonds radiate energy. They move through the world with special grace, seeing themselves reflected in other men's eyes.

It is no narcissism for a blond to groom his gift, to maintain the upkeep of his blondness, to get off on his own blond good-looks. Because the gift of blondness is so fragile, and needs such balanced tending, a blond can go wrong, can fall very fast from grace with the sea, if he is not very careful in his attitude about his gift. Narcissism can be a blond's fatal flaw. His Achilles heel. As long as he tends his gift, and keeps ego-vanity from crediting his own self with what lucky genetics has bestowed on him, he is the kind of Classic Blond who reminds us in these post-hippie and bleached-punk days of the way clean-cut blond men, military or athletic or redneck or suave, once ideally were.

Like Billy Budd, blond men are mythic reminders of what Adam was before the Fall. Like Melville, Whitman, and Tennessee Williams, I'm a sucker for the symbolism of blonds. I ache for the ancient male innocence, integrity, and virtue that blonds somehow remind us has been so, well, if not lost, changed.

The terrycloth towels have cooled in the predawn chill. I'm wrapped now in a large babyblue thermal blanket. The kind of blue that goes with blond. Blonds select clothes with colors coordinated to their degree of blond: platinum, straw, dirty, sleek, greased, towheaded, strawberry. They favor white cotton teeshirts, plaid flannel shirts, jeans faded blue as their eyes, collegiate athletic gear, military uniforms, fresh white jockstraps bulging tight against golden tanned blond skin.

Wrapped in blond-blue, my head speeds, mind races, heart pounds, dick hardens. I may have to jerk off, may have to take care of saluting blondness right now, by myself, in this apartment of beautiful Boulevard hustlers, because the aching possibility lurks to indulge myself in sweet grief and sorrow over all my blonds who have come and gone.

We've all had so many Gentleman Callers. Mine predominately blond: Vikings in past lives; bikers, bodybuilders, surfers,

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MPs in this.

Specific blonds: who were who they were exactly, personally.

Generic blonds: who represented all the blonds of their general type and look.

Universal blonds: who transcended themselves, and took me, a non-blond, the way Peter took Wendy and Superman took Lois, on a high flight up through the Absolute Essence of the Ultimate Blond Male Look.

Of all the blonds, there was one singular sensation, who for three brief years in the mid-70's was my Universal Blond Lover. He was my type. He was everybody's type. He benefitted from it, and he was lost because of it. With a winning grin, a flash of flinty squint of blue eye, a turn of sculpted head, a curl of lip, a run of finger over his regulation-clipped blond moustache he could transmorph himself from college jock to USMC captain to CHP trooper to every Look that men can have that always looks good but always looks better on a blond.

But he was, I think, in this hour before dawn, too infinitely perfect to last in an imperfectly finite world. Somehow his own blond body turned on him, grew suddenly, uncontrollably cancerous; and he shrank away like a dying golden sunset on the sea of white hospital sheets. "I'll never leave you but once," he said. He was golden, and then he was gone from me.

I can't be sad, not forever, because while we loved, we loved perfectly. And because as a non-blond, I penetrated, through this Ultimate Universal Blond Man, to the very heart of blondness. I can only miss him now and ache for the access this Blond Angel gave me to the worshipable essence of blondness.

Before he passed on, my blond bodybuilder told me about his blond boyhood, about being a blond teenager, about the gift of genetics that he so carefully manicured and tended. I have the snapshots of his boyhood: his blondness at age two; at nine, with the fall of blond hair wet on his forehead as he climbs into the wooden rowboat, smiling into his father's camera; at eleven, sitting in a Sunday School suit, all blond seriousness, with a Bible in his lap; at twenty-two, as a blond Marine PT instructor; at thirty, blond in an LAPD motorcop's high-booted, breeches uniform that was his fetish; at thirty-two, in the first of the five physique contests

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he entered, under my coaching, like some bulked, big, beautiful, blond muscle beast. The audiences went berserk for his blond presence. We drove home, four out of the five contests, with our 280Z full of *First Place* and *Most Muscular* trophies. I have the photos and the movies I shot. Now that he's dead I have the trophies.

As he lay dying, he told me, with the looks slipping from him in the last weeks of his illness, about his blondness. About his blond goodlooks. About how it had been. About how he had handled it. About how he had always been grateful for the gift. Many nights, he said, when he was home alone with the tracklight spots and the mirrors, he would jerk off in salute to blondness. He was honestly, without vanity, turned on to blondness with all the intensity of a blond for blond. Blond goodlooks. Blond muscles. (Oh, yes! Blond muscles are different from other muscles, the way thick big blond uncut dick is different from other dick.) "And when I cum," he said, holding my hand in his blond hand, "when I'm alone and cuming and looking at all this blondness, all I can say to God, or whoever, is, 'Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!'"

Over and over, so many nights, he kept the perspective on his blondness and said, Thank you. I participated with him. I had more sex with him than any other man. Not just sex. Blond Sex. Celebrations of blondness. Rituals of blondness. Palming the clipped nape of his blond redneck. Sniffing his blond moustache. Studying the golden fur on his muscular forearms. Rubbing the thick blond animal pelt of his washboard belly. Licking his blond armpits and sweet blond asshole. Jerking off in rhythm with his long strokes on his enormous blond dick. He was Every Blond Man to me. And to others. On Castro, cars rear-ended each other; men fell up stairs; restaurants grew silent when we entered. All because of his groomed, turned-out, stunning blond style.

I'm not sure he really died. Not sure, because his blondness was so essential, I joked with him from the first night we met, that I was on to his secret: he was from another star. He was not from this planet. He was so much the Essential Blond Male, it was as if Extraterrestrials, scanning the Earth to print-out the perfect male form, had drawn his form and face up in blond outline and filled it with the grace of Universal Protoplasm. He was to me a god, and gods never die. They transcend. Perhaps, if he did not

die in that hospice in San Francisco, whoever sent him here simply beamed him back up. Sometimes I wonder if he really existed at all. Maybe I just ‘checked out’ for three years. But I have all his letters, a thousand photographs, three hours of movies, his clothes that still smell blond like him, his uniforms, his physique trophies and posing trunks. And always, sad dreams of him. I also have a small wooden box full of blond hair that I gathered from the barber cloth in his lap. Fine, silky, fragrant. I sometimes want to—how can I admit this—touch it, sniff it, taste it, cum over all that beautiful clipped blondness. My God, can a blond ever know how much a non-blond loves and misses him!

Being blond did not always make him happy. Cannibals for handsome blond meat accosted him, presumed he hustled, grabbed at him, punched at his muscles often out of jealous aggression mixed with lust. Bold photographers stepped right up to him. Flash-units popping. Shy ones shot from the hip. He was strained to be pleasant to them all. He was amused by the attention. He never grew cynical about it. Just truthful. Hardly anyone, he said, and I knew, ever told him the truth; they told him what they thought he wanted to hear in order to please him so they might get him into the sack, because they saw his Ultimate Blond Look would give them the Blond Fix they wanted, needed, lusted for more than anything. Hardly anyone wanted him for himself. Even I had to get around the fact of his attractive blondness, had to discount it, had to pretend it did not exist. In order to love him, and not just his blond goodlooks, I worked my way around his handsome packaging. And loved him even more. He was not just a looker. Handsome is, before and after all, as handsome does.

He was the sun. I was the moon. I was at his side, and I ached for him the way the dark man aches for the blond Tadzio in *Death in Venice*. No one, I know, ever suspects the tension and terror, the anxiety and sadness inside men of great beauty. Some nights I simply had to hold him to comfort him, this big handsome blond whom so many pursued as an object to be possessed, fucked, devoured, and thrown away like a syringe that shoots up an ultimate high.

For his sake, because of his bewildered pain at finding the darker, non-blond side of existence, I’m glad he’s dead. He wanted

the world to be all blondness and light. Right to the end. I survived him. I have a Black Belt in Existentialism. Yet somehow blondness lives on. Blondness always lives on. Blondness finds its perfect repository, this season in one man, next season in another. It lasts in each as long as he selflessly tends his gift of self. The essence of blondness, ironically, often does blonds in, you see, because the world is not blond. Not any more. The dark future, geneticists predict, holds a new evolving human face and coloring: a honey-brown complexion with almond eyes and high cheekbones and slender nose. There will be no more blonds.

Blonds are the atavistic, ancient, barbarian, pure-Druid past. That's why we hold them so dear. They are the golden sunny symbol of what was once so fair and pure and clean and holy and noble. That's all disappearing now on oily tarmacs of dark-skinned terrorism. Blondness is a gene as recessive as virtue.

We hold blonds and value them because they are an endangered species. There will come a time when there will be no more blond men. My God! No more blond men. That's a world I don't want to live in.

This is the last of the dark night. I sit here waiting for the golden blond dawn. I slip a cassette into the video and watch electronic blonds in slow-motion, A collage-tape of blonds filmed and recorded by my friend O'Riley. Blonds are repositories of manly beauty. The Marines always idealize the Corps in posters of blond men. I grease up my hand.

Blonds are translucent, transcendent. Taurus blonds. Leo blonds. Libra blonds. Showy blonds. Shy blonds. Blonds are sun gods. Gods of Light. Lucifer was a blond: a blond archangel of light. Jesus, if he exists at all, is a blond, because everyone through the history of art has pictured him as a blond. Everyone knows that God, if he is anything at all, is a blond.

I put my greased hand on my stiffening dick.

So I fold tender young blonds to myself. I hold big chunky balding beefy blonds tight in my arms. I know that Death will certainly be a Big Blond. I know that Charon ferrying souls across the Styx must certainly be a blond. I ache for the best blond muscleman I ever fed and clothed and housed and fucked and loved, and hope his soul is blond-bright with light forever.

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I will in years to come stare into the eyes of ever younger blonds, hoping to see his blue eyes looking back, reincarnated. Old Souls destined to meet and meet again.

Drugs, no matter what they say, taken rightly are wonderful. Acid in one night can accomplish what otherwise would take a lifetime.

I hit the amy. I stroke my dick. I conjure blondness on my cock.

Dirty blonds. Sleepy blonds. Greasy Harley Sportster blonds. Red-neck blonds. Married blonds. Hustling blonds. Bodybuilder blonds. Young puppy blonds. Mature blond daddies. Blond dick. Sweet clean fresh-washed blond meat. Blind blond cock, uncut, thick with heavy blond cheese. Thick-veined blond dick. Heavy-hung blonds. Broad-shouldered blonds. Big-armed blonds. Tight blond butt.

Sniffing a blond brush of moustache is the ultimate hit of blond manliness. To eat blond ass. To sniff blond pits. To suck the sweat from a blond athlete's cotton gym shorts, the sweat from a blond's teeshirt. To run tongue around the way the tight rib of rolled-up sleeve rides hard against a pair of bulging blond biceps. To lick a blond's furry blond balls. Burying nose in all that golden blond crotch fur. Sucking blond dick. Tonguing blond butthole. Fucking blonds. Fucked by blonds. Face-fucking an ultimate blond face.

Wrestling with blonds. Boxing with hard, tough blonds. Tattooed blonds. Trucker blonds. Farmboy blonds. Cowboy blonds. Swimmer blonds. Southern blonds. Blond down of hair matted across blond undergraduate gymnast calves and thighs and cheeks. Blond feet. Blond bodybuilder legs. Title-winning blond legs. Dropping dick between those blond legs, feeling the blond physique champion flexing for you. Kissing your face. Blond tongue. Blonds with sweet breath. Cigar-smoking blonds. Blond cops. Blond troopers. Disciplined blonds. Tortured blonds. Dominant blonds. Leather blonds. Bearded blonds. Blond bristle on a square blond jaw with three-days' growth of dirty blond stubble. Broad expanse of tanned, hairy, thick blond pecs. Blond voices with southern drawls. Blonds in bondage. Exhibitionist blonds. Troops of blonds. All-American jock blonds. Faded blonds. Straight blonds. Bi-blonds. Homomascuine blonds.

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Cocksucking blonds. Perversatile, incredible blonds.

To wrap my arms around the “Whole Cosmos Catalog of Blondness” is to reach for the warmth and light and glow of the sun, is to belie for an infinite moment, frozen out of finite time, the impending eclipse of all things bright and blond.

Yesterday afternoon’s blond MP was much like the first of the young blond boys from my friend O’Riley who gives me blonds for my birthday and holidays. O’Riley is sophisticated. Civilized. Generous. He feeds my obsession. He gives me blonds. The first gift was a twenty-two-year-old strawberry-blond fireman from Travis Air Force Base: a young husband, the daddy of a two-year-old baby boy. He was my first pay-for-play, and I was shy, at a loss what to do, what to demand. Hustlers, I’ve since learned, are minimalist artists; what you don’t get is due only to your deficiency as a director of the mattress-movie you’re shooting. So, dismissing the fact that he’d been paid cash, I focused on his blondness, and fucked him the way blonds should be fucked. I fucked that little blond Air Force dream of a daddy, cupping the nape of his strawberry-blond neck in my clasped hands, tonguing and sniffing his blond breath through the blond moustache on his perfect blond upper lip.

Beware of blonds.

All else notwithstanding, blonds will drive you crazy. You give them your money. You give them your hungry heart, and they look at you curiously—the way only a blond can look at a non-blond. As warm as blonds get, even as hot and overheated as my One Universal Ultimate Blond, there’s always that icy cold blond center of solitude. Of privacy. That no one non-blond gains access to. Or can even know. Hitchcock was crazed by the mystique of blonds.

Bette Midler in *The Rose* was obsessed, driven, fucked, killed by blond men. Haunted at the beginning of the film by an icon-poster of the blond James Dean, Rose is gangbanged on the 50-yard line by the southern blond football team. She takes up with a brown-blond chauffeur, and then with a young blond soldier. During her concerts, the young security roadie at the lip of the stage repeatedly parades his protective blondness into her close-ups. His constant, subliminal presence is like some bright

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guardian angel between Rose and the dark crush of her fans.

Finally it's a paunchy blond leftover from the football team who sells Rose bad dope that kills her while a new generation of football blonds practices in the background. The Rose could die for blonds. And does. In the end, the young blond soldier turns into the Blond Angel of Death who switches out the naked lightbulb in Rose's garage, dimming out the last fading image of James Dean's blond tousled head.

It's 6:11 by the digital video. The dawn light through the windows has finally become brighter than the lamplight. The traffic on the Hollywood Freeway is picking up. Sunday morning. In an hour the young blond MP asleep in the other room will awaken, stretch, and walk naked toward me like a sleepy young god rising from the sea with vine leaves in his blond hair. All across Los Angeles, blonds are waking up with morning hardons, pissing, shaving, showering, pulling on their jeans.

I've cum twice more just jotting these ramblings down about blonds. That's the secret of all my writing: I do it with a hardon. I type for awhile, and then I jerk off. I have to. A writer has to live it up to write it down.

One thing I know for sure: blonds will break your heart and your balls and your bank account if a non-blond lets them. And a non-blond will. I know. I've had the best of blonds, and been had, really had, by the best of them all. He left me because of cancer he caused in himself. With poisonous steroids that make blond muscle bigger and harder. But with terrible side effects. Sometimes a blond will sell his soul, just like a non-blond, to be more of what he is.

I've been admitted as far into blondness as a non-blond can go. And despite that icy cold core, and because of their sunburst heat and light, I'd never for a minute, not even in the deepest, darkest night of the soul, ever deny my passion or my quest after the mystique of blond men.

For all the joy of their blazing brightness, for all their brilliance and mistakes, for all the pain of their icy solitude and reserve, non-blonds must remember in reaching out to blonds that blond men are not gods, but are only angels flying, maybe, too close to the ground.



Bob Hayn — Video: *8 Guys in Gasmasks*
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