

# **Sex Sells**

## **SEX SELLS**

It'll Do Ya Good To Read This.

When I mention that I am engaged in the occupation of writing, invariably someone from out the masses will inquire after my involvement with SEX. They inquire indulgently, for, in their hearts they wish for me to succeed, success being measured in terms of Sales; and SEX sells. So Consume Sex.

I'm not uninterested in the subject; as a matter of fact, my whole preoccupation with SEX and my perception of the Social Mores involving SEX somehow centers and focuses on a Heroine of our times, Leggy Phlemming, the Olympic Sold Metalist in Skigure Fating. While she may be the subject worthy of Peeple or Fad Magazine, I treat of her for my own reasons.

Writing about SEX comes as a relief after ferreting around in the language in hopes of finding the right combinations of Runes and Morphemes to solve all the world's problems in the fashion of Socrates, Jesus Christ, Cervantes, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, et al. SEX is a less grandiose involvement.

Why Leggy; why not one of a couple dozen other luscious flesh pots? Well, until she sold out to Texagold, she wasn't blatant. She still may not be blatant, (blatancy being a relative thing); but even so, she did run off with some of the marbles, not by skill alone. I do not suppose she was ever a real hunk, but she was not unappealing. Obviously this is all comprised of hindsight; she may still be fairer than Cunegonde.

We aspire to the many and the diverse. I'm not exactly sure what Olympia, Olympus, or Olympics really signify, whether something ancient (time-tested), something anachronistic (time wasted), enduring, traditional; something pure, refined, special; something excellent; or something entertaining. Skigure Fating is hardly a useful skill that one would associate with the Mediterranean, or Mount Olympus, (discounting an Ice Age) but something of a later time and place, involving a good deal of esoteric training, coordination, coupled with a natural grace, in order to achieve some standard of excellence and/or performance. Being possessed of an exterior grace and beauty is doubtlessly to be considered an asset in attaining to a perfection, and in befuddling the judges during competition.

While the whole inutility of Skigure Fating the more qualifies as poetry, the more we perceive it as such. Leggy, pretty, trim, shapely, linear, aesthetic, seemed to transcend her own substantiality. To assist her in this glorious transport, the loudspeakers filled the air with Tchaikovsky, carrying us away as it would during an evening at the ballet.

## **Sex Sells**

Surely, there is the slightest hint of her sexuality, her femininity; the loose ruffle about her hips, that flutters and scintillates with her gliding motion; something liquid, soft and inviting; nothing tart, however; mostly circumspection. All else is BEAUTY, GRACE, ART, FINESSE, her form, her motion, her synchrony: Perfection. Charming. They placed her upon the highest pedestal; we worshipped her; there were tears; an Anthem sounded - oh, how can you stand it?

Well, when you get right down to the knitty-gritty; to earth (terra firma) away from the starry firmament; to procreation, let's say, in the barnyard, or wherever else, the act, while utterly tempestuous and glandular towards the procreative objective, hardly envisioned in the Romance - well, what can you say? Its all kind of sweaty and smelly. And if we make it with Leggy, it wouldn't be any different.

So, what is this preoccupation? Some Victorianism? Some Scruple? Some wish to transcend our genesis? Albert Camus wondered if our principle occupation (albeit, passing fancy) was not to read the newspapers and to fornicate.

Perhaps it is not so simple to reconcile these extremities: guts and poetry.

Desmond Morris (that Biological Jester) speculated that our mammary fascination has some distant relationship to the aura of rear-entry. YOICKS!, and what of this new biology with 'jumping genes' and DNA cassettes and G-Spots? Quarks? Z - Zero subatomics anybody?

I was alluding to and inclined towards poetry. Who hasn't felt this mooning sickness; AW Gosh, aint she beautiful! Of course I hide these feelings in public; one only moons in the movies. It is opined men, in general, do not make a public display of their emotions (so we are told) as some useless manifestation of MACHO, MANLY behavior; a selfconsciousness; projecting self-control. Reliable under stress (somehow different than at Chappaquiddick). What a PILE.

To be serious; well, I am serious; to be even more serious and self-revelatory. A beautiful girl (in the distance, anyway) a lovely presence shrouded in mystery (I still feel this way), an insubstantiality, untouchable; not defiled by Man or Beast. There you have it. (They advise you can't make it with a woman on a pedestal.)

I proclaim my feelings mysterious as well. My nature tends to be poetical (perhaps my vision is (s)tilted thereby); while the animal exists within me, in my parts; and as I relate to her, I relate to her parts; but not without the AURA. The AURA must exist; a luscious flesh-pot existing only as part of the whole gives me a back-ache.

## Sex Sells

When Texago induced Leggy to Endorse their Product, I became bitter and disillusioned; but if I had been wiser, less naive, less smitten, I would have realized and predicted her RUIN. Well, she is not ruined, really; she is after all a mother now; but, even as a mother, they go on seducing her. Well, not really; she's a harlot who likes her silks. Oddly, suggestively, poignantly apropos, she had a liaison with SATAN in a gum-wrapper, or Neptune (in this case), since natch, she had appeared casually next to the pool in appropriate attire (both a fater and a fish I be), to push rubbery chews - good for your teeth, and halitosis. Her husband resorts to the Links when she does a take on - imagine being cuckolded by - Madison Avenue.

We searched high, we searched low; we grew weary, our hopes diminishing as each day drew nigh; the ephemeral spirits would us deny.

Our daily lives had grown mundane, so inane, so colorless, so purposeless, so meaningless, in our Free Enterprise Consumer World. Our houses, our attics, our garages, our yards, were stacked, and our landfills strewn with every conceivable configuration of matter *homo sapiens* could create (and sell); yet we were not happy; every materiality we possessed became outmoded and depreciated the moment in which it had been acquired; the latest and the best yielded an unrequited promise.

Our Souls, Our Hearts sagged miserably until, in our earnest desire, in our longing and yearning to become what we were instead of slaves to the market place, we would need implore the Guds to show us The Way. We would need pilgrimage to the Sacred Mount, there to beseech the Guds of Life, begging Their indulgence, pleading with Them to send us a Sign.

SUDDENLY, there occurred much lightening in the heavens; o'er the distant horizon a bolt rived the air, striking our humble dwelling place, She whom we would call Mother, Mother Earth.

Then, 'pon the next dawn a fair lithe form did glide into our midst. The Lorets had delivered the Muse of Poetry. It was too good to be true. (As always).

Did we deserve such loveliness, such grace, such wonder? Poetry; the Lored has delivered us Poetry, poetry in motion. Our Muse became the lovely Skigure Fater, who glided about with such FINESSE, and such GRACE, to enthrall us all. We were so impressed, so charmed, so grateful, we awarded her the token of our highest esteem, the Olympic Solid Metal.

She bowed, she smiled, and waved at us. Alas the Guds are looking favorably upon us; there is hope afterall. This was the beginning of a new hope - this was the Sign.

Are we Holy? Or is Nothing Sacred? Of course Nothing is

## **Sex Sells**

Sacred, you dumbox. Perhaps Something is Sacred? Must it all go? Must we each of us, become tantalized; must we give in and lie with another? Must we complete the act, as a testimonial to our times, the times of our total abasement? Will we be able to become purified in our ethos and sanctified thereby? Once it is over and done with, will we be able to continue living, or do we now challenge Don Juan (who knows how many Don Juan laid) as we challenged the heavens and everything else?

"Who said anything about lying with any body; our objective is to promote and SELL lubricants and rubbery chews. You just happen to have a filthy mind".