



“Lobsters
have great
spirits and
they need to
roam free.”
— Edward
Furlong



Approximately this time last year Edward Furlong, that 27-year-old slacker actor/PETA activist of Terminator 2 and Pet Cemetery fame was arrested for attempting to liberate some incarcerated lobsters out of their Meijer grocery store holding cell in Boone County, Kentucky. Apparently after shouting obscenities at the seafood staff, he began hoisting crustaceans out of their death row imprisonment, yet he had no clear point of destination for our clawed friends. When the fuzz arrived to arrest him, the boozed up Furlong began to pace over and over again, in vicious circles.

While our friends with the talking broaches were confused by their findings, I can appreciate Eddie's Meijer-heist. Is it just because as a 12-year-old I used to scrutinize a photograph of him in a tight blue t-shirt that highlighted the shape of his areola? (Which are remarkably similar to my own; an omen of our analogous outlook.) No. It is because I too swim in a fishbowl, only this one is slightly larger than the one in Boone County. It's name? The Gaybourhood.

I have a love/hate relationship with the Pink Ghetto. There seems to be a point each day in which I find myself pacing, in a discontented circle around it. Ghetto. Well, there's the fraudulent, malicious panders, there's the orchestra of NEXTEL direct connect walkie-talkie phones; but the only bit of Pink fabulousness I can think of is on the corner of 12th and Spruce.

If you are not single, or into 1990's club culture and its accompanying decor, then why put yourself out? I asked another on-the-go dandy; musician Edward Bottger: why are people like us still living in the Gaybourhood? "Welllllll" he slurs, as he mulls over the question, "The ghetto has become less relevant since gay culture has not advanced very much since the eighties, but at the same time people have become more aware of the fact they are part of a minority because their has been so much of an attempt to marginalize gay people".

Thus I was instantly reminded why I lived over here, not because I was keen on it, but because my Westwood ensembles were tolerated. Gay people live in a ghetto together not out of common interests but out of a common oppression.

So how can we free these caged Aber-zombies whose only interests seem to be their abdominal muscles, the abdominal muscles of others, internet sex, and 'diva' remixes? Like Edward Furlong I don't have the answer, I just like to walk in vicious circles.

"Vicious, you hit me with a flower." - Lou Reed