

IS MY DOG GAY, TOO?

Now, the inevitable question: Can dogs be gay? We know for sure that dogs are regular attendants of the country's pride parades, but does that qualify them as gay? We know that there are some breeds in which the male dogs tend to be a bit more queer than in other breeds. One French Bulldog breeder says, "You can keep two Frenchie boys together: they're like a couple of old gays, but the girls fight all the time." But are these Frenchies really gay? We also know that the gay influence on certain breeds has added fabulousness to these breeds. Do you think the Bichon Frisé would look like that in the ring without queer pioneers leading the way? How gay is a show Maltese, Afghan Hound, or Standard Poodle?!

The real question is: Can dogs be homosexual? After many years of spying on dogs in their most private moments, I am convinced that all male dogs are bisexual. The same might be said for human beings, too, had religion, society, and Republicans not interfered. Dogs don't believe in Jesus or send money to Pat Robertson, they don't look down at lesbians for adopting children or teaching public school, and they don't vote. (If they did, they definitely wouldn't have voted for "W.") Thus, dogs have no inhibitions about whom they sniff, lick, or hump. Male dogs don't have to worry about being excommunicated, fired, or deprived of basic rights if they're caught getting a little frisky with the neighbor's cute boy Bichon in the lavender bow.

Given the lack of available female attention and the virtual outlawing of canine concubines in nicer neighborhoods, most male dogs in suburbia are horny creatures. Dogs not only don't care whether they hook up with male or female dogs but also aren't even that picky about the species. Male dogs will happily hump humans' legs (and furniture legs and couches, too). Yes, they are really trying to get off: it's instinctive and good old naughty doggy-style fun, until someone flings them off. Every self-respecting male has got to give it a try!

If you own a female dog and she's humping your leg or another dog, probably a male, she is indeed a dominatrix. Don't panic—buy her a whip and let her enjoy her role as top bitch. In the dog world, the female is usually the dominant pack member, and she calls the shots. (She's got the neatest box in the woods and she knows it.)

In most species, females aren't as keen to rock 'n' roll as the males are. Even in the wild, not every female wolf gets to have a litter; only the alpha bitch is permitted to breed, and the other females act as maiden aunts and nannies. This social structure is designed to preserve the species so that only the best animals breed and the pack concentrates on raising, feeding, and protecting one litter of pups at a time.

In the purebred dog world, breeders determine which dogs get to breed by holding dog shows. If you thought the wolves in the

Studs and Bitches

woods had it bad, consider their cousins in the world of dog showing—a true dog-eat-dog contest. Dog shows are intended to be the testing ground of breeding stock, although they rarely achieve this end. Sadly, like everything else today, dog shows are more about politics, money, advertising, sexual favors, and egos than about the dogs and their breed standards. Quite a few judges know surprisingly little about canine anatomy and structure, think they know more than the breeders who specialize in their breeds, and spend more time picking their outfits for the group rings than they do studying breed standards. And these aren't only the gay judges!

Not every dog breeder cares about winning in the show ring, although most do. It's a real test of will to finish (earn a championship on) a good dog in the more popular breeds, especially in rings in which there are leagues of professional handlers. Too often judges pick handlers and not dogs—some handlers can make a mediocre dog shine brighter than a great dog handled by a mediocre or average handler.

Given their druthers, show dogs prefer to be in the winner's circle, whether it be with an overpaid professional handler or with a really talented owner-handler. Bringing home the ribbons means more than chopped sirloin for dinner—it can mean a year-long booty tour. He's king for a year! So as not to deflate His Majesty's confidence, the girl-dog subjects come to him, the smelliest bitches being shipped directly to the stud's royal chambers.

A stud's got to perform on cue every time. There are no fluffers on this set! Daddy's making good money for every successful *tie*—a term that deserves a definition. (Who can expect you to know the ins and outs of hetero canine sex when you still wince at the words *bosom* and *vulva*?) The tie is made after the penis is successfully inserted into the vagina; a bulbous swelling at the base of the penis prevents retraction until after ejaculation. That's why you can't separate a copulating pair of canines with a garden hose or naked photographs of Star Jones Reynolds. Hetero sex is just plain scary!

PROMISCUITY AND THE BIG FIX

For once gays have no bone to pick with the Vatican. Promiscuity and premarital sex are indeed sinful and ruinous . . . for our dogs. Holy hypocrites, Batgirl! Gay men do not want little Colin spilling his seed all over town any more than we want little Buffy to spawn vampire Pugabulls. You cannot teach your dog to practice abstinence or safe sex—not even the Italian or Irish ones. There's nothing moral or immoral about canine sex. Your Boston Terrier, a good Catholic breed, doesn't have to be emotionally ready for his first boff, bonk, or bang. Dogs and cats don't have souls and don't need "saving," even though my mother is still praying for her white Angora "Prudence," whom she is firmly convinced is in Purgatory for being a