

The Homosexual Dog Epidemic

The homosexual dog epidemic is getting out of hand in La Farlede. The focal point of this disgusting behavior seems to be the parking lot in front of Chester's old apartment building. "They're all faggots. The whole lot of them. Of course Arthur (pronounced ar-toor) is the butt end of all their attention. If you'll excuse the pun."

Arthur heard us talking about him and lazily trotted over to us, smiling. "Look at him," said Chester. "He's so soft and cuddly, he makes a natural target." It's true; Arthur looks like a little lamb. He's all white and puffy, and always laughing, in a good mood. Chester shakes his head sadly, half laughing, half disgusted, as if to say, Where did I go wrong? We were sitting on the terrace in front of Chester's ground floor apartment, two American friends living in the South of France. As foreigners, everything looked interesting to us and we enjoyed comparing insights culled from our independent observations. Chester could usually be found exactly as he now sat, tilted back in a little metal chair against the wall of his building, in the sun, working the crossword puzzle in the International Herald Tribune and occasionally settling fights between his four kids who looked like something out of a French version of the Little Rascals. As usual it was hot, but not too hot in the little village.

Chester explained that Arthur is not really his dog. He belonged to Jean-Louis, who lived upstairs. But Jean-Louis disappeared, leaving all his furniture and possessions, including Arthur. Shortly after his disappearance special police from Marseille broke into his apartment. For a week or two, the police were hanging around the building as much as the band of homosexual dogs. The ambiance was less than agreeable according to Chester. Arthur was familiar with Chester and his family due to Jean-Louis, and the general open welcome that extends from Chester's ground floor terrace to dogs, cats, children, and other drifters. So now Arthur is a member of the ever extending household. He doesn't even have any problems understanding English or French. Just then, Chester broke off his narrative to yell at a little dog standing anxiously outside the terrace gate. He was a skinny little dachshund with a nervous, guilty air about him. He obviously was looking for Arthur. "Go on, get out of here!" Chester shouted, then added "Va t'en!" in French to make his point clear. "That goddamn Ratso,"

Chester grumbled. "He's another one of Arthur's boyfriends. He came around here one day while I was sitting here on the terrace reading the paper. Arthur was lying peacefully nearby. Little Ratso had an outrageous erection and he walked right up to Arthur and shoved it into his mouth. Christ, Arthur! I said, but Arthur just accepted it, looked up at me and smiled. Ratso wasn't content just to stick it in; he was humping away like mad."

Arthur knew the story concerned him. He walked over and began licking Chester's hand. "Oh brother Arthur, get out of here," Chester said sadly. "Don't laugh!" he said to me, but it was contagious and we couldn't stop. Arthur trotted out to the dirt parking lot where a couple of his mates were wrestling around to pass the time. They quickly introduced Arthur into their shenanigans.

“Poor Arthur, he doesn’t know any better,” Chester explained. “He’s only about ten months old.”

“That reminds me of when I was hitch-hiking from Holland back to Paris,” I confided to Chester. “It was Sunday, the worst day of the week for hitch-hiking, and my luck had been very bad. After about eight hours and six rides, I was only as far as Belgium. Then I got a lift with a young guy, French-Belgian, maybe a few years younger than me. I was really glad to get the ride as he said he was going all the way to Paris. He was driving a very ordinary little car that had been souped up a bit. I noticed some sort of Florida sticker in the back window and it turned out that he’d spent some time in the States. We were speaking French and getting along fine when out of the blue he slipped his hand onto my thigh. I immediately slapped it away and said Knock it off, or something like that. He said, What’s the matter? I said, I don’t go for that shit. Why not? Because I don’t like it and don’t want any part of it. (All of this in French of course.) Then he says to me, “Mais, c’est normale en Belgique!” That got me. Oh, so it’s normal in Belgium! Well, why didn’t you say so? Excuse me, go right ahead.”

“Why didn’t you slug the guy?” Chester asked. “I would have popped him one.”

“I wanted to get to Paris!!! As it turned out, he gave me some cock and bull story about how he wanted to trade in his car for his Mercedes sitting at home. He’d just drop me off at the exit ramp and be back in ten minutes with his Mercedes and drive me all the way to Paris. Well, he didn’t come back, I kept hitching, and about five cars and four hours later I was in Paris. But I’ll never forget the way that guy’s silky voice pleaded, Mais c’est normale en Belgique! Maybe that’s what Arthur thinks. C’est normale a La Farlede!”

I got up and walked through the gate and around one of the huge chestnut trees in order to relieve myself. That’s the French way, and besides it’s closer than going through the apartment to the toilet. Four dogs, including Arthur, were playing in the parking lot. “Chester!” I called in a tattle-tale voice, “Arthur is taking it in the ass!”

“Ohhh...I don’t want to hear about it.”

I walked back over to Chester. “Want to go for a little walk?”

“No, I can’t. I gotta stay here and watch the kids until Annie gets back. But go ahead without me.”

“Okay, I’ll see you in a little while. I think I’ll take Arthur along.”

“Be my guest. I don’t normally like to take him along. It takes forever to get anywhere. Every house you pass, Arthur’s boyfriends have to run out and have a quick one with him.”

“C’mon little faggot,” I called. Arthur gladly trotted along with me and so did a young looking shepherd about Arthur’s size, who seemed to be his constant companion.

La Farlede is a pretty nondescript little village just East of Toulon. There’s nothing special about it, just the typical plaza, old church, open air café terraces, public fountains, and old Provencal houses in pastel colors leaning this way and that with orange tile roofs. Chester’s building of eight apartments on two floors was uphill from the center of the village. The houses thinned out further up the hill as they gave way to ancient terraces and olive trees, rising still higher to the hills and mountains behind. La Farlede is

a pretty boring little village, which means that it is still far more picturesque than most American towns of the same size. The two of them stayed fairly close to me as I wandered the streets of the little village. They would run ahead or sneak off into someone's yard, but constantly circle back in order to stay with me. The little shepherd was very shy and darted back when I went to pet him as if he expected to be struck. Gradually, by the end of the walk, I had won his confidence and he approached close enough to sniff my hand. Chester had exaggerated about Arthur's boyfriends. Still, he did seem to have a lot of friends who would trail along for awhile then turn back home. If any one of them were so inclined to jump on Arthur, he raised no objections.

The whole sick crew in the parking lot was delighted when I returned with Arthur and his buddy. Chester was in his usual place on the terrace, reading, drinking coffee, and smoking his favorite Player's cigarettes.

"Well, did Arthur's buddies miss him?"

"Oh, they're all faggots, with or without Arthur. He's just their favorite."

"Who's Arthur's little buddy belong to?"

"Nobody knows. He's been hanging around here for a couple of weeks now. He and Arthur are inseparable. I suppose he belongs to somebody in the village."

"I don't know. I think we walked almost every street in the village and he showed no sign of recognizing anyplace as home."

"Maybe he had an unhappy home life," Chester joked.

"Could be. He acts like it, the way he shies away from everyone."

"I've decided to call him Bernard."

"Bernard? Why Bernard?"

"Why not? Bernard! Viens ici!" Chester called.

Bernard shyly approached then darted back from Chester's outstretched hand.

"He's guilty for being a little homo. He knows that you're the man of the house."

Bernard trotted off and jumped on the back of Arthur.

"Oh sheez!"

"It's not really Arthur's fault," Chester said laconically. "It's his family history." Chester allowed himself a dramatic pause, then continued. "It all started with Pamela."

"Pamela?"

"Arthur's mother. She looks just like Arthur, all white, soft, and cuddly. She was in heat and every dog in the village got in on the act. A while later she became pregnant, but Jean-Louis didn't want the pups so he took her to the vets. The doctor gave her some sort of shots to abort. Not long after that she aborted some sort of monstrosity. But by a cruel quirk of medical fate this threw Pamela back into heat. My god, what a scene. Every dog in the village was in this parking lot. Poor Pamela nearly got fucked to death. One after another was drilling her silly. Pamela's boyfriend tried to fight them off, but he's just a little shepherd and they beat the shit out of him. He put up a valiant fight though to protect his lady love. He looked a lot like Bernard. I guess you could say Arthur and Pamela have the same taste in love. All of the dogs were getting so horny waiting their turn that they started mounting each other. And Arthur, being young and not knowing any better, didn't put up much resistance, so he got the worst of it. What a perverse

circus! The whole front yard was a mad, canine, homosexual love-in. Meanwhile, poor Pamela was getting totally reamed. I felt sorry for her, so I went over to beat them off. I nearly broke my foot kicking them away. My big toe still hurts as a matter of fact.”

“Why didn’t Jean-Louis lock her up?”

“It was about this time that he precipitously disappeared.”

“Where is Pamela now?”

“A mysterious intermediary came one night and took her away to wherever Jean-Louis is hiding.”

“And Arthur?”

Chester shrugged his shoulders.

Hearing his name, Arthur trotted over to me and began licking my hand. He raised one paw onto my knee.

“Poor little faggot,” I sighed, “poor little faggot.”

Arthur wistfully smiled up at me.