



**The Notaboyfriend**

All the full flavor of a real boyfriend without all that monogamy aftertaste.

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**Much To Do About Mary Kay Letourneau**

Love is a four letter word. So is eeww!

Page 3



**Michael Jackson**

Why? Why? Tell me that it's... human nature.

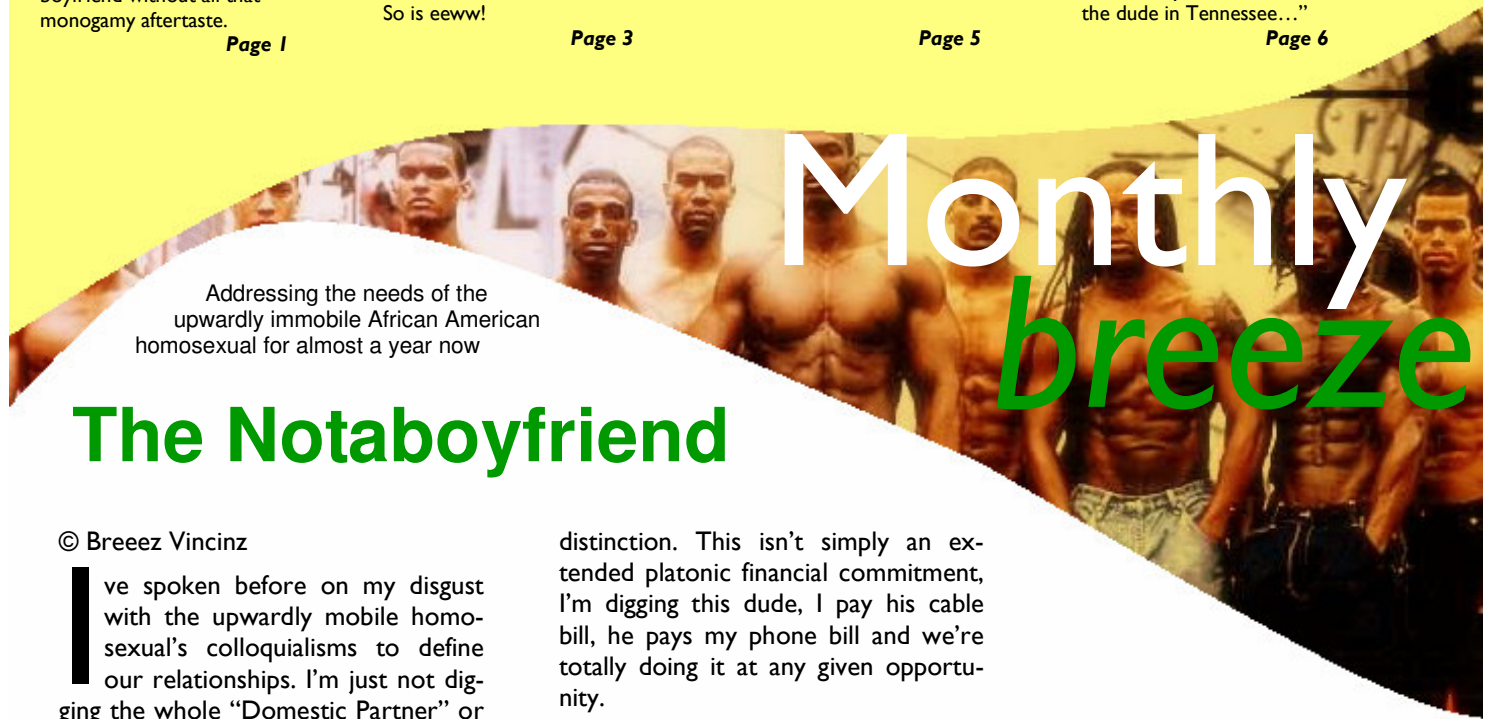
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**Between You Two**

"...I'm between the emotionally unavailable and the dude in Tennessee..."

Page 6



Addressing the needs of the upwardly immobile African American homosexual for almost a year now

# Monthly breeze

## The Notaboyfriend

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I've spoken before on my disgust with the upwardly mobile homosexual's colloquialisms to define our relationships. I'm just not digging the whole "Domestic Partner" or "Lifetime Companion" classifications. Your mom can be your domestic partner, your brother can be your lifetime companion; the terms don't really fully explain what's up. For some reason, a lot of folks (*straight and gay alike*) run away from terms like "Boyfriend" or "Girlfriend" or "Husband". I'm thinking it may have something to do with the idea that, such parallels in dialect makes everyone on both sides of the divide uncomfortable; homosexuals want an independent identity from the moral majority and heterosexuals hold onto any divide between them and fudge packers that they can get. Using the same dialect to describe intimate relationships uncomfortably brings us together in a respectful forum of understanding that quite frankly, none of us are used to.

But why reinvent the wheel? "Boyfriend" and "Girlfriend" work perfectly for me. If I introduce someone as my "Boyfriend" then you understand that this dude is my lifetime domestic partner companion... who I'm fucking the shit out of. I like that

distinction. This isn't simply an extended platonic financial commitment, I'm digging this dude, I pay his cable bill, he pays my phone bill and we're totally doing it at any given opportunity.

Now with that said, I have found myself in a new realm of boyfriend-ship that I don't think anyone has ever talked about... the "Notaboyfriend", In the simplest of terms, the Notaboyfriend (*or Notagirlfriend if you wish*) is the head wife in the harem.

It's most appropriate when commitment is an issue within your relationship and when there are two men in the relationship... this comes up often. You're dating a lot of dudes, he's dating a lot of dudes, but the two of you have mad respect for each other. You two have the most stars in each other's little black books and if you ever were to settle down, this would be the person you would settle down with... but you're not looking to settle down... are you... not really.

Personally, I am looking to settle down. I have met and have been involved with some amazing men. The problem with the majority of my relationships has been my boyfriends' inability to commit or show even the

(see BOYFRIEND on page 2)



*the "Notaboyfriend", In the simplest of terms, is the head wife in the harem.*

## Cool Breeze

### Words of Wisdom

"I stopped trying to call  
stopped trying to get back in your life  
You don't care at all  
I'm not your mother or your wife  
So you know you're free to go  
and do whatever you need to be"

from "Letter" by Alana Davis



“I hate feeling like I’m being played for spending all this time trying develop something substantial with someone who doesn’t want to commit; I feel like I have wasted my time and for a middle aged man... this is something slightly above castration.”

(from  
BOYFRIEND, page 1)

most feigned aspects of loyalty or sincerity and my own inability to accept it with the notion of... “it’s either all or nothing”.

The Notaboyfriend is the compromise. “Oh, you’re not ready to commit. Okay. No problem. Seriously dude. But I gotta go, I gotta date. So I’ll call you Tuesday, we’ll have dinner and do it.”

Oprah introduced Greg Behrendt and Liz Tucillo’s theory of, “He’s Just Not That Into You” where if a guy does not want to commit, it’s no reflection on you (*for the most part*) but he’s just simply not into you and you should just move on. The Notaboyfriend is an alternative to that plan.

I was speaking with a friend of mine who always seems to be in the exact same state of relationship-hell that I am in and she understood perfectly. When you are totally digging somebody and you’re totally putting yourself out there, it’s the most crushing thing in the world when they reject you or even worse... do not accept you whole-heartedly in a monogamous relationship. They tell you that they care about you, they may even say that they love you, they’ll do special things for you, pick you up from work, buy you flowers, call you twenty times a day, but when it come to actually defining your relationship, they run for the border. Behrendt and Tucillo say that you should run in the opposite direction because they’re just not into you and you’re wasting your time.

This is where I had my epiphany, because I HATE that feeling. That feeling of being played and used and mocked for all the weeks and months and years you have spent into trying develop something substantial with

some - one who doesn’t want to commit. You feel like a chump. You feel like you have wasted your time, and for a middle aged man, this is something slightly above castration.

But as I was telling my friend, when I left my ex-boyfriend, I wasn’t doing anything. I wasn’t painting the town red or tripping the night fantastic. I was watching infomercials at 2:00 am on Saturday night with a bag of Cheetos and a bottle of Yoo-hoo for months. So much later when my ex-boyfriend started to edge back into my life, with the exact same commitment issues, I didn’t really have a problem with it. And truth be told, after a couple of months of bachelorhood, who’s to say that I am, in all actuality, ready to settle down, get married, be a father? And who’s to say that I want to do all of that with this dude? All I know is that he is the sweetest guy I know and he makes me unbelievably happy. Maybe it will work out, maybe it won’t, but I don’t feel like I’m wasting my time because I’m having a good time and if I wasn’t with him, I wouldn’t be doing anything at all.

So he’s my Notaboyfriend. My sort of a boyfriend, but... not really a boyfriend; there’s been no real coagulation of commitment or monogamy. Do I want it? Absolutely. But it’s better than yoo-hoo and cheetos, so I think I am ahead of the game. Besides, like I said, the Notaboyfriend is the head wife in the harem... which means... there is a harem. Now there are a couple of reasons the people in

(see BOYFRIEND on page 3)

*“If I introduce someone as my ‘Boyfriend’ then you understand that this dude is my lifetime domestic partner companion... who I’m fucking the shit out of”*

(BOYFRIEND, from page 2)

my harem are in the harem and not the boyfriend or the notaboyfriend but the most blaring is distance. My harem is spread out amongst the contiguous United States with a few residing across the pond (which I’m coincidentally stopping at the border). Sometimes the Harem seems more “dedicated” that the Notaboyfriend... and that... fucking sucks. There’s a dude 1,000 miles away with multiple babies and multiple babies mommas who seems more willing to commit than my Notaboyfriend. Yet another clear across the other side of the country who’s down for some one on one time.

The eventual goal is to settle down with one dude and be done with it and I’ve said that to all people involved, “All it’s going to take is one halfway decent dude who lives within a 25 mile radius who is ready and willing for a monogamous relationship with me and I’m done with the lot of you.” This is the part when somebody stands and says, “I love you, I’m in love with you, I’m ready and willing to be with you. Let’s do this.” But nobody ever does. So the harem goes on, the notaboyfriend is still around, and I know he’s probably just not into me, but he’s better than yoo-hoo and cheetos and that has to count for something.

## Much To Do About Mary Kay Letourneau

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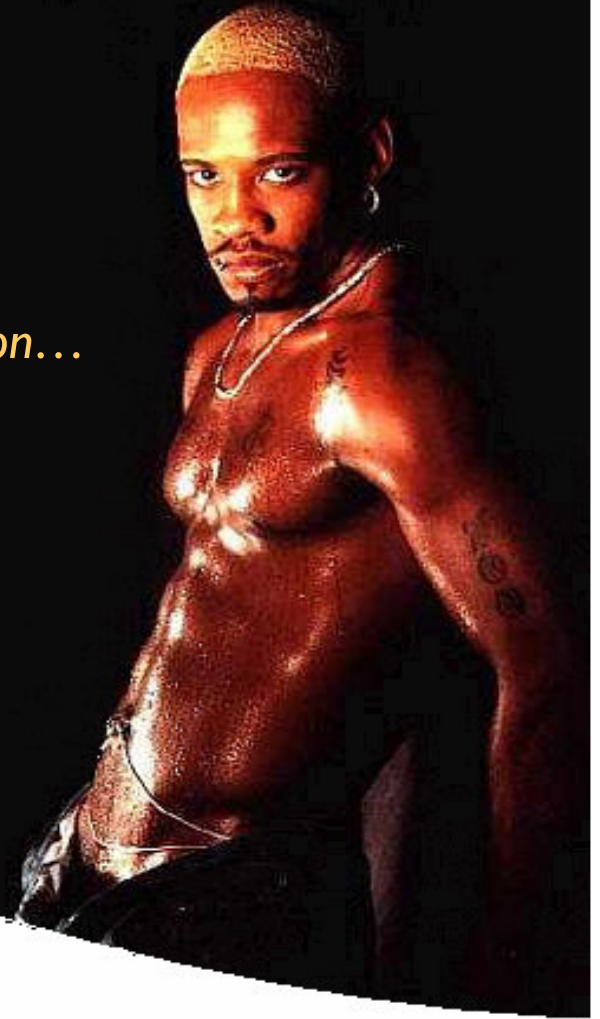
I have tried to convince myself that all’s well that ends well when it comes to the marriage of Mary Kay Letourneau and her former student Vili Fualaau. As a writer, I’ve enveloped myself with images of these hapless/hopeless kindred spirits trying to find a home amidst this overcrowded, over-Christian society of ours putting in an extended effort to destroy two people who only want to love each other. I see the Shakespearean overtones in their coupling and there is a part of me that applauds the “love bandits” place they have in popular culture.

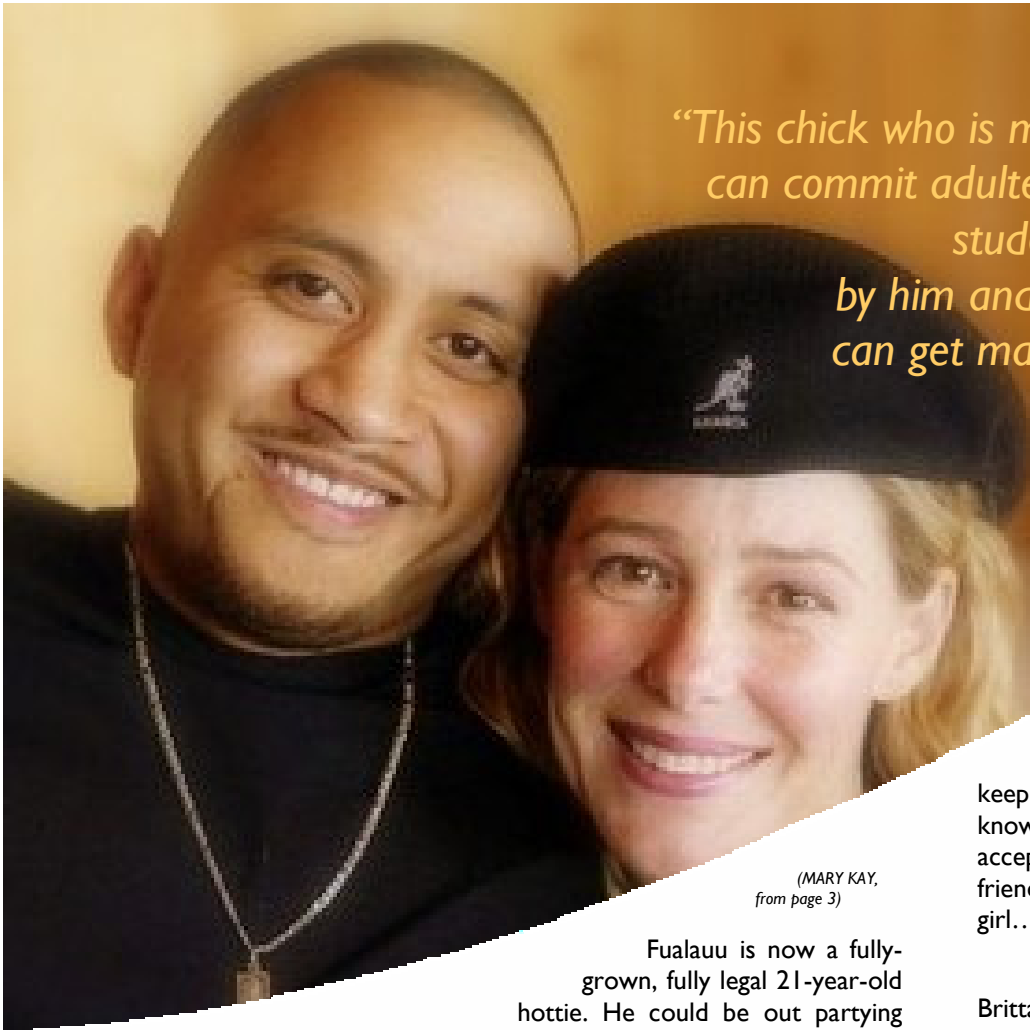
But there is also a part of me that goes, “eeeeewwww!”

Letourneau first met Fualaau when he was a student in her second grade class. Six years later, when he was 13(!) and she was 33(!!), they fucked. She was arrested for child rape and served a sentence of approximately seven years, but not before getting knocked up twice by Fualaau, the spitfire that he is. Lest not forget, however, that Letourneau was married with 4(!!!) children during the course of all of this.

But alas, that was the past.

(see MARY KAY on page 4)





*“This chick who is married with children, can commit adultery, fuck her teenage student, get impregnated by him and serve jail time for it can get married... and I can’t.”*

*(MARY KAY, from page 3)*

**“Like, he’s totally cool, and I’m a little buzzed so, you know, can we totally like, get married?”**



Fualau is now a fully-grown, fully legal 21-year-old hottie. He could be out partying and drinking and dancing on top of bars with his shirt off (which is how I imagine him to be when I can’t sleep), but no, this “man” has decided to step up and do the honorable thing and marry the mother of his two children. So what her first notice of him was when he was seven years old or she gave him head before his pubes fully formed, they’re both grown now, they have children, and (lets just say for the arguments sake that) they’re in love. That’s all that should matter; all’s well that ends well...

... for heterosexual child molesters.

I know it sounds snippy but... **GODDAMN!** This chick, who is married with children, can commit adultery, fuck her teenage student, get impregnated by him and serve jail time for it can get married... and I can’t. Despite the fact she is a convicted child molester, the government will accept and acknowledge her mar-

riage, to the same boy she molested (!!!!), but won’t accept a union between my fiancé and me. I keep laughing because if I don’t I know I’ll cry, the government won’t accept my relationship with my boyfriend, but if I knock up a 13 year old girl...

Hell, Dubya even accepted Brittany’s moth life span nuptials. Can you believe that? For thirty minutes Brittany got what thousands if not millions of homosexuals have wanted for decades. We have fought and pleaded and bled and cried and marched and picketed and argued and hit and screamed and lobbied to a state of near oblivion for the right to have this country accept us viable members of society and to acknowledge our relationships as viable via the union of marriage and we have been consistently bitch slapped again and again and again. But Brittany can come up and say, “Like, he’s totally cool, and I’m a little buzzed so, you know, can we totally like, get married?” The government said yes. And when Mary Kay Letourneau went to the halls of justice, fresh out of the joint for molesting a 13-year-old boy and she asks if she can go ahead and marry the same boy the court says... yes.

*(see MARY KAY on page 6)*

# Michael Jackson

**N**ot too long ago while taking the bus to Food-4-Less, I popped in an old tape of Michael Jackson remixes. Somewhere around "You Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'" I developed the biggest lump in my throat. I was just overcome with such a sadness and shame, common to what I imagine a mother must feel like when finding her child is on death row.

"My God, you were never as smart and as brave as you were as an infant, untouched and unable to succumb to this pin prick of a world."

Though I was a Prince fan, Mike and I hung pretty heavy back in the day. It's easy to observe the pale skin, the doe eyes, the kitten nose, the licorice lips and the frail, virgin boy voice and declare him to be not only a mockery to black men but to humanity as a whole. But there was a time, before the court cases, before the accusations, before the baby dangling, before the bewildering vitiligo when Mike... was the shit.

I remember how in awe my brother and I were of him. How innovative the moonwalk was back then. How magical the video for "Billie Jean" seemed.

"Oh my God Breeze, he's walking down the sidewalk, and with every step, the sidewalk lights up, how in the name of GOD is he doing that!!"

Then there was "Beat It"

whose gritty portrayal of urban life was nothing less than an act of revolution in a time when MTV was fighting against playing African American artists nonetheless artists with videos that employed actual real live gang members as stars. This was a different era and as pop music was concerned, Michael Jackson was our 50 Cent, bringing urban culture to the masses selling an unprecedented 50 million copies of "Thriller" worldwide. Again, my brother and I were simply astounded.

"Breeze, Michael Jackson got real live Crips and Bloods in his video. Man, Mike is a real brother. Wouldn't nobody else be doing that. Michael is ghetto as hell. Word!"

Hollywood consistently shits out movie after movie in which middle aged Caucasians reminisce about their youth and lay claim to African American songs as the soundtrack to their lives (re: The Big Chill). Well, Michael Jackson was definitely on the soundtrack of mine. Growing up in the Ida B. Wells projects in Chicago I fondly remember those hot ass summer days when we would play softball for eight hours, go to the candy lady, try to figure out what the hell Mike was saying at the end of "Wanna Be Startin' Something."

"Momma say, momma saw, momma saw Crusoe?"

"No, momma say, momma saw, ma saw cruiser."

"No, momma say, momma's

(see MICHAEL on page 6)



# Between You Two

© Breeze Vincinz

The words you use always rile  
Like, "Love" and "Frequent flyer miles"  
or "our souls are linked inexplicably"  
When I'm in LA and you're in Tennessee  
I'm not pessimistic

Then HE says that he doesn't want to get hurt  
As if he would be the only one hurt  
And that he's still in love with the dead  
As if he was the only one in love with the dead  
I'm not pessimistic

Someone's gonna come in  
between you two  
Take me away from  
between you two

(I'm) Not in between the devil  
and the deep blue sea  
But between the emotionally unavailable  
and the dude in Tennessee

From "Life As A Boy" by Breeze Vincinz  
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Love is the last great taboo.

(MARY KAY,  
from page 4)

When I, a grown man,  
meet another grown man,  
and we date, and kiss and love  
each other, and when he gets sick, and  
I nurse him, take care of him, through  
thick and thin, no matter what, for two  
years, when we go to the same courts  
and ask for the same acknowledgement  
of marriage... no.

Romantically speaking, I ap-  
plaud the Fualaa'u's. I may even be a  
little jealous that they made the moral  
majority eat the vomit they have spew-  
ing for so long. But then there is also a  
part of me that shakes my head in frus-  
tration looking at them; GODDAMN,  
is THAT what I have to do to get  
some recognition from this country!?!  
Should I be scoping out my local kin-  
dergartens for a wife or maybe just  
smoke a fattie and head to Vegas with  
my best girlfriend? Because this whole  
trying to enter into a rational, consen-  
sual and monogamous relationship with  
an adult ... just doesn't seem to be  
working.

(MICHAEL, from  
page 5)

all moo cow sue cow."

I had a knot on my head for a  
week trying to spin like he did in some  
award show and countless ankle  
sprains trying to moonwalk.

The video for "Thriller" was  
like visual lemon; it was so tart that  
you had to taste it again. Complete  
with decrypt zombies who slithered  
out of crypts and graves, you couldn't  
help but want to but be fascinated as  
they terrorized Ola Ray and boogeyed  
down the street so distinctively that  
those dance moves are parodied al-  
most twenty years later.

I also remember when I first  
picked up "Bad" in 1987 and was  
just... fascinated by the picture on the  
cover. I remember getting my  
"Thriller" LP and looking at the two  
side by side.

"Is he... whiter? Is that the  
flash or is he white? Did he get an-  
other nose job? Are those... cheek-  
bones?"

But nevermind, Mike was still  
the man.

But here we sit, approxi-  
mately twenty years after the  
"Thriller" years, white as a ghost, lips  
so thin they could slice cheese, and...  
"The Nose". All of which people draw  
a direct line from directly to his accu-  
sations of molesting a 13 year old boy,



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giving him alcohol and conspiring to  
hold his family captive to get them to  
rebut a documentary in which the boy  
appeared with Jackson and said he let  
children into his bed for innocent, non-  
sexual sleepovers. The thought being,  
"freak... inside and out."

I don't agree with that senti-  
ment although I look at Michael Jack-  
son on the cover of "Off The Wall"  
and the main thing that goes through  
my mind is, "He was really cute back in  
the day." And I guess that's what  
breaks my heart. That nobody was  
around a 23, 24 year old Michael Jack-  
son and was like, "You are one beauti-  
ful man. I absolutely love your big ass  
nose, I love your soup cooler, Jimmy  
"J.J." Walker lips, I absolutely adore  
your nappy ass hair Michael. I think  
you are the most beautiful creature I  
have ever seen, you sexy mother-  
fucker you." Because the truth of the  
matter is, he was, he really was.

I often dream about my 24-  
year-old self, meeting his 24 year old  
self through some weird chain of  
events. I would just hug him, kiss him,  
tell him how much of a beautiful black  
man he is. This is was in the back of  
my mind on the way to Food-4-Less.  
Come back to the five and dime Mi-  
chael Jackson, Michael Jackson.