



# A Wedding in the Family

by Kurt Erichsen

Time and time again I told Lester, "find yourself a nice girl and settle down. What's all this gay lib stuff? You're not having any luck finding a man, so why not settle for happiness? I'm your mother! I understand these things." But does he listen to me? No. I swear! Someday I'm just going to give up on that boy! But one Saturday at the mall...

It's a scientific fact, mother, there's a certain part of a gay man's brain that's **bigger** than normal. It gives us a radar for detecting each other.

They know I'm gay, an unobtainable virgin, and it drives them wild.

If you're so pure and unobtainable, how do you ever expect to meet anybody?



What a tight stomach and muscular thighs you have, sir. You wear clothes extremely well. It's going to be a *pleasure* to fit you, sir.



How's this? It's on special today. As a special bonus you get free underwear — we've got a new line of low-rise brief pouches that would be right up your... alley.



The radar? The radar!



If being unobtainable turns you into such a sexual lightning rod, why don't you go home with one of these men, just once?

I can't *believe* my own mother is suggesting I go out and get *laid*.

I'll *know* when I meet the right man. Love comes first, *then* sex.

I only want what's best for you. Stop being such a *temptation*. Find a nice girl. Settle down. Raise a family.

Forget Isabelle, mother. We're going to the *Sweat Shop* tonight.



I'll call Clara and ask her and Isabelle to come over for dessert. Isabelle's a nice girl — I just *know* you'll like her... She could be your *savior*!

*The Sweat Shop*... a gay dance bar he liked to drag me to, where Lester made it a point of *not* meeting other young men.

Just look at all these handsome young men. I bet you're the only boy who takes his mother out cruising. I could just scream, Lester!

Mother, please! I am not "cruising!"





Well, why not? If you're so stand-offish, how will you meet Mr. Right?

I'll know him because he'll be here with *his* mother. We'll dance the night away and go out for tea at dawn.

Hi there. I'm George. Your name's Lester, isn't it?



C'mon, Lester, let's dance!

Hold on a second!!



I never dance with anybody until he dances with my mother.

Your... mother.



Of course, she always chaperones for me.

C'mon, honey, let's go shake our booties. I love to fox trot to Marky Mark.



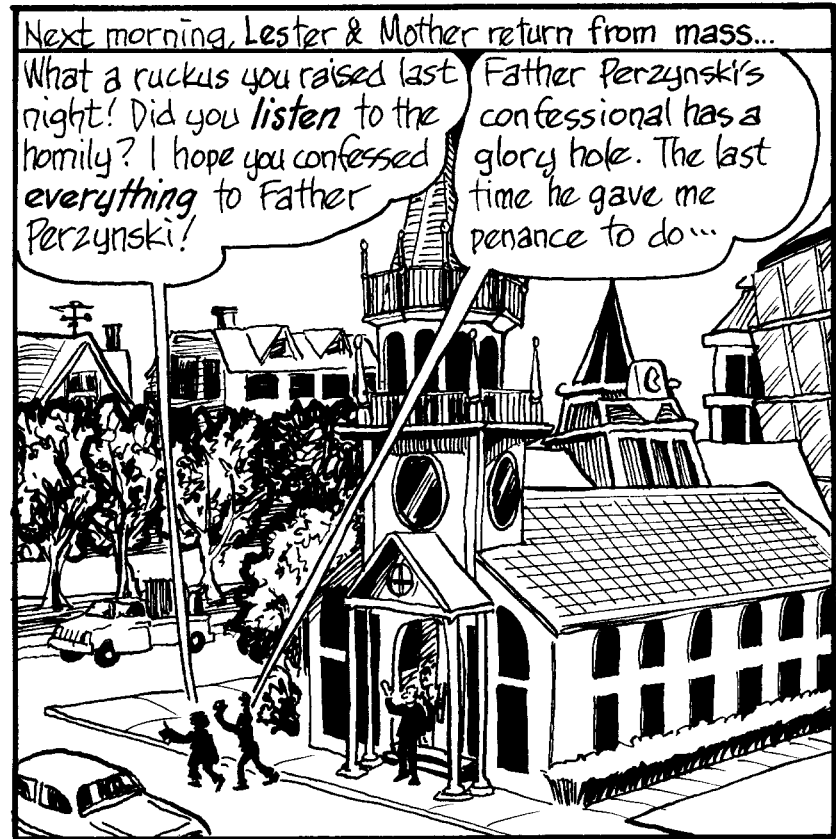
Whew! That was remarkably easy.

A grapefruit juice, please?



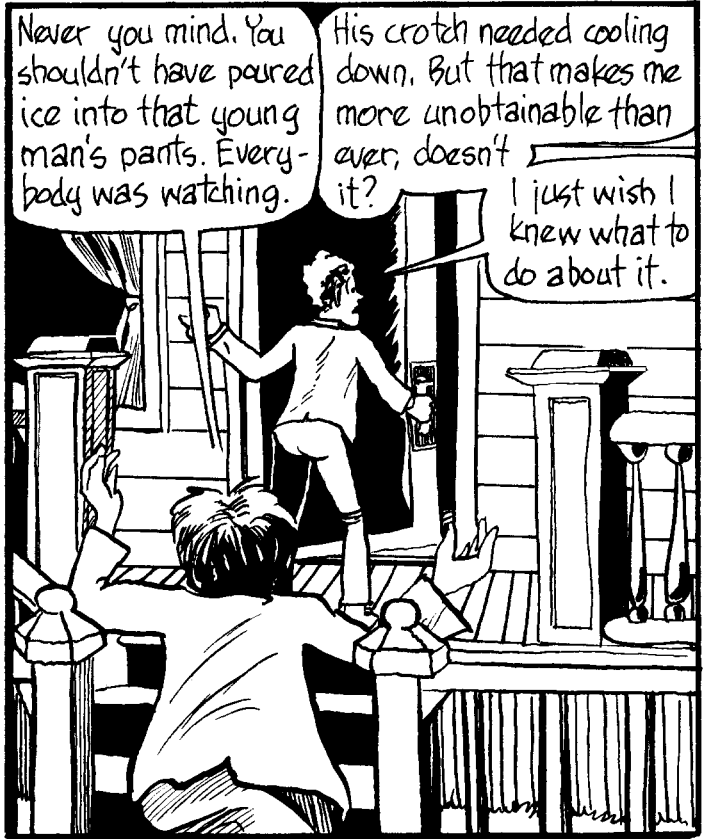
Hi there, sailor!

Buy you a drink?



Next morning, Lester & Mother return from mass... What a ruckus you raised last night! Did you *listen* to the homily? I hope you confessed *everything* to Father Perzynski!

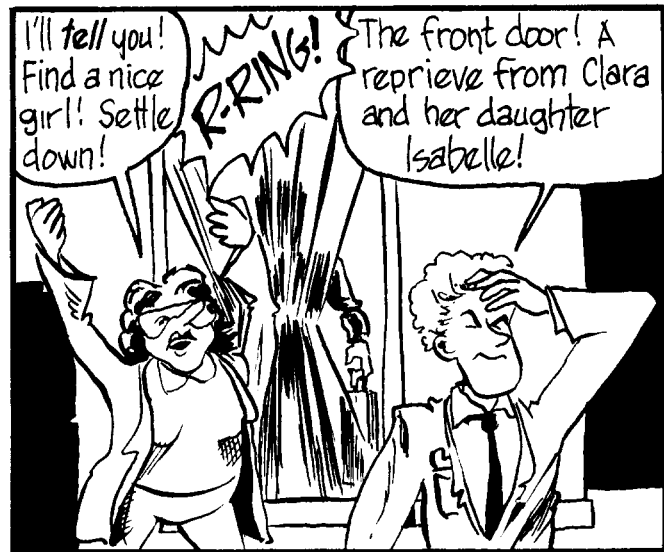
Father Perzynski's confessional has a glory hole. The last time he gave me penance to do...



Never you mind. You shouldn't have paired ice into that young man's parts. Everybody was watching.

His crotch needed cooling down. But that makes me more unobtainable than ever, doesn't it?

I just wish I knew what to do about it.



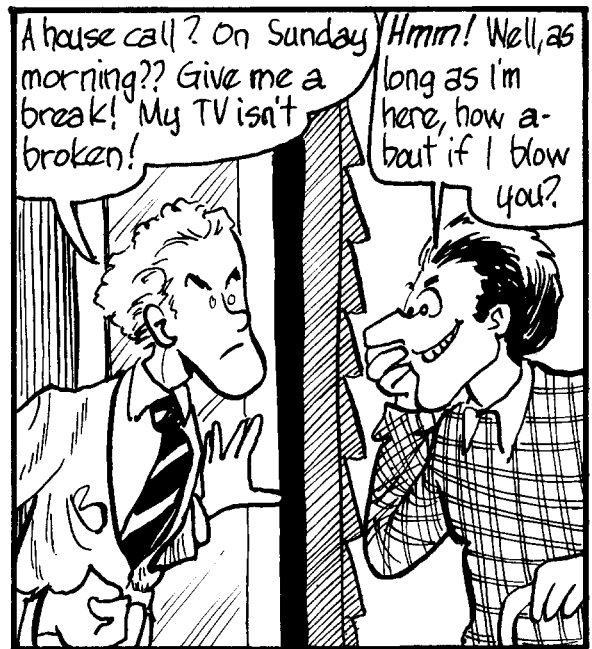
I'll tell you! Find a nice girl! Settle down!

R-RING!

The front door! A reprieve from Clara and her daughter Isabelle!



Hello, TV repairman. You're Lester, aren't you? I'm here to fix your set.



A house call? On Sunday morning?? Give me a break! My TV isn't broken!

Hmm! Well, as long as I'm here, how about if I blow you?

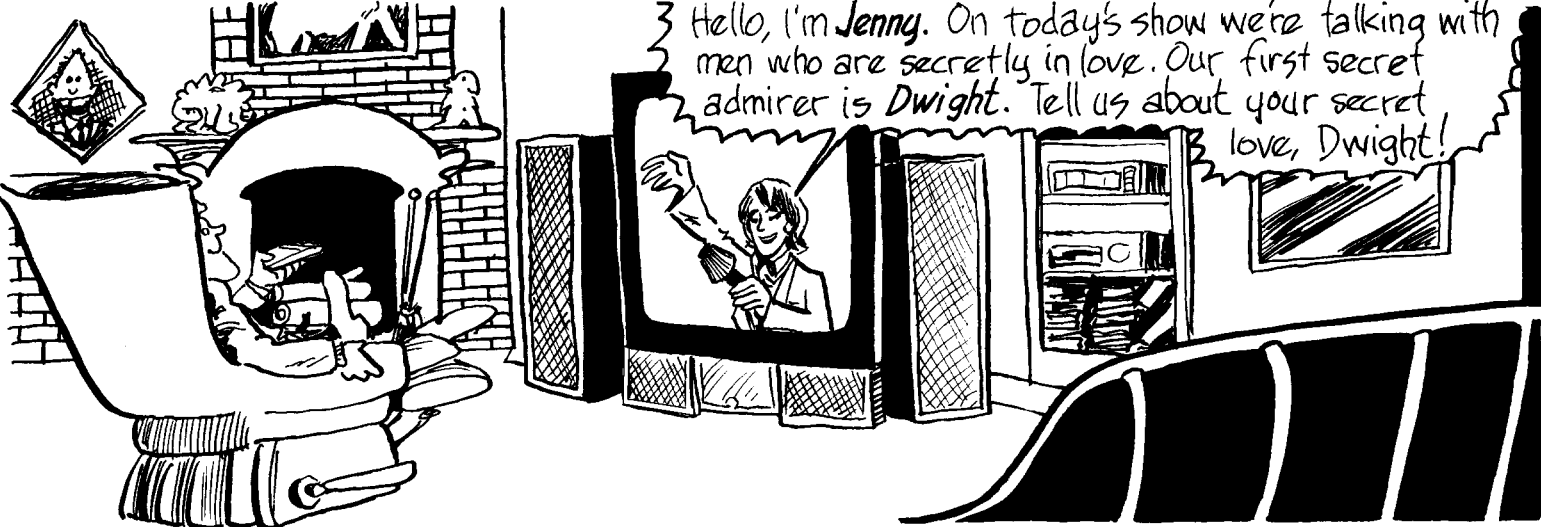


Who was that, dear?

Oh... just another guy with the radar.



Speaking of TV... Jenny is on!



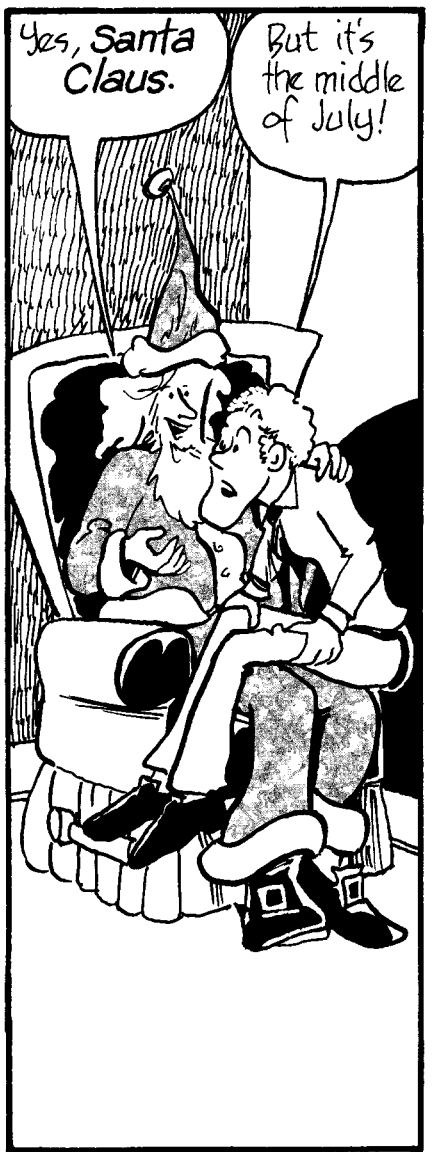
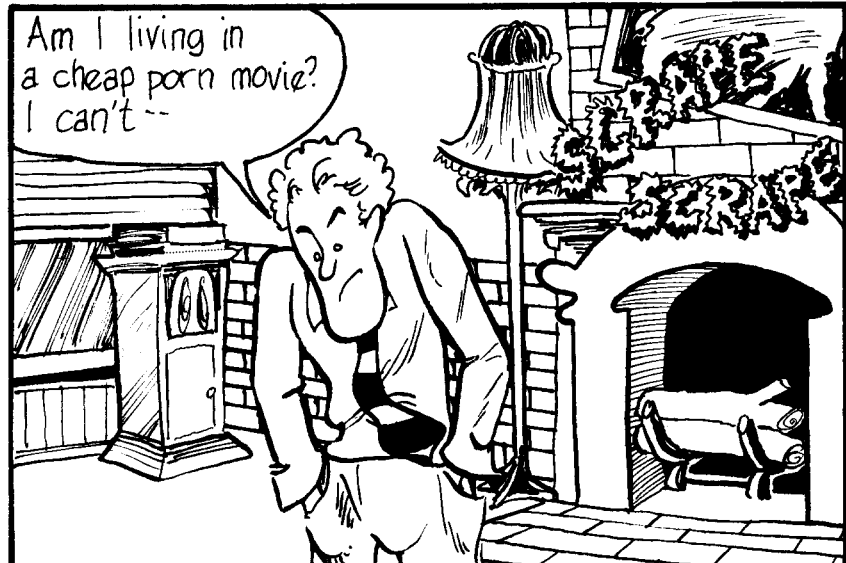
Hello, I'm Jenny. On today's show we're talking with men who are secretly in love. Our first secret admirer is Dwight. Tell us about your secret love, Dwight!



Thanks, Jenny. Well, his name is Lester, and he's really handsome. He lives right across the street from me, but he doesn't know I'm alive. He has dreamy blue eyes, and when you gaze into them...

Wait, I came here to talk about Lester—I'm in love with him too!

So did I! He's so sweet—he says he's pledged to eternal virginity, but everybody knows he's waiting for the right man!



You don't **seriously** think I stay at the North Pole making toys all year, do you?



Now, let's go and polish your ornaments.

Once and for all - **out!!**



Who was that, dear?



Just more radar interference, mother.

Lester, Lester, haven't you had enough? Let me invite Clara and her daughter over. Isabelle's **such** a nice girl.



She knows you're gay. She's a very **understanding**, and she won't put demands on you. She's completely **safe**.



Confidentially, I think she's a dyke.

Why didn't you say so?



We had dinner with Clara and Isabelle the very next day. And what did I tell you? A boy should listen to his mother.



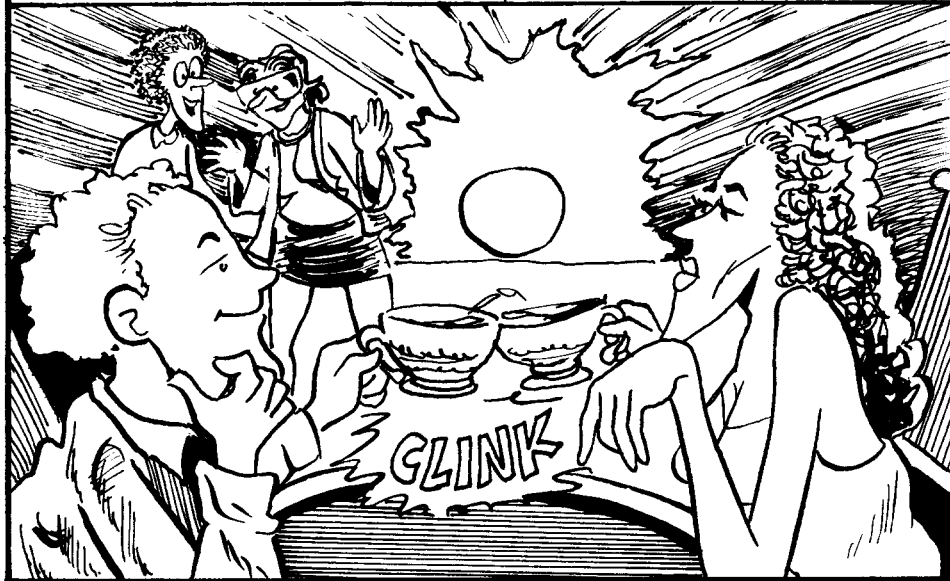
I--I've never asked anybody for a date before, Isabelle. Do you want to go out dancing?

Just the four of us?

We went to dinner, then a night club. Lester and Isabelle danced and danced, while Clara and I kept men away from them.



Lester let down his guard for a change because he was safe. Do you think I was surprised when they had tea and watched the sun come up?



And just two weeks later came the blessed day I'd prayed for!

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMO AD TE, DOMINE; DOMINE, AUDI VOCEM MEAM! FIANT AURES TUAE INTENTAE AD VOCEM OBSECRATIONIS MEAE. SI DELICTORUM MEO-  
 RUM SERVAVERIS, DOMINE, JUSTIN-  
 TINEBIT? SED PENE-  
 RUM VENIA, UT CUM RE-  
 PERO IN DOMINUM; SPERA-



But then came the moment I dreaded - it could dash all my hopes - the wedding night!

As much as I feared Lester would make a mess of it, I couldn't step in and lend a hand.

Don't be shy. Take your pants off. Wag your prick at me.

Isabelle, I thought--separate beds-- hey, get your hands out of my shorts!!



Get those legs in the air, dammit!

Oww!! Don't bite!





Mother! Save me!!

Lester! You don't love me!



Mother! She's an animal, a monster!

He doesn't love me! Oh, *mama!*

There, there, dear.



Mother!! Whose side are you on?

Go to bed, you naughty boy. I'm going to comfort *la belle* - she's had a terrible shock.



This is working out just like you planned!

Yes, dear. I may need to comfort you *every* night.

How long can we keep up this charade before he figures out I married *him* to be with *you*?

My cover is *perfect* -- he's *totally* in the dark. So is my mother.



Knowing Lester? Thirty-five years or so.

I guess you won't have to wear this *Santa suit* anymore.



Sooner or later a mother gives up on her son, and tends to her own *affairs*.