

## **Your Inner Manscape: A Gentleman's Quiz**



Are you the strong silent type? Are you an international playboy? Are you a bristly brut with rusty dank man-musk hovering above your body like Pig Pen's filth cloud emanating pheromones attractive only to one-eyed lady raccoons with Stage 3 rabies? Take this simple quiz of style and etiquette to find out. Once you determine your IM, or inner manscape, you can begin the exhaustive process of changing everything about yourself.

### **1.) You attend a formal gathering where dancing is encouraged, yet you have not been schooled in traditional ballroom techniques. What do you do?**

- a.) Announce to the group that you are about to "get jiggy wit' it" or preparing to "bust a move." Begin by pushing palms skyward (the international sign for "rasin' the roof"). Proceed to display a rudimentary knowledge of mid-nineties dance fads including the "Sprinkler," "Cabbage Patch," and "Running Man." The crescendo is clearing the crowd so you may perform "The Worm." Finish by offering lap dances to seated patrons while licking your fingers and pantomiming the act of stimulating one's nipples.
- b.) Don't dance.

### **2.) You are dressing for an evening on the town. What do you wear?**

- a.) For a casual event, you might exit your home in a traditional beer hardhat stocked with two cans of Pabst that flow freely through tubing inserted in your mouth. A shirt reading "No Fat Chicks!" expresses your interest in an athletic partner. More exotic nights find you clothed in a jester's cap paired with zebra-striped Zubaz to showcase your wild side. Slippers or sandals display a need to be unfettered by society's oppressive manners and stifling mores as represented by socks.
- b.) Black.

### **3.) When approaching a woman, you discuss...**

- a.) The size, shape, and quality of her breasts, followed by a seemingly arbitrary series of Caddyshack quotations. When she displays disinterest in your mellifluous discourse concerning the myriad manifestations of your feces (“I took this one shit that looked like corn-eyed dolphin jumping over a log.”) you might question whether she prefers the company of gentlemen at all (“Whatever, lesbo.”)
- b.) The weather.

**4. What do you bring a lady on the first date?**

- a.) Herpes
- b.) Flowers

**5. Appropriate courting activities include:**

- a.) Inviting a prospective paramour over to check out your Graffix bong collection before using your most courtly Renaissance-fair voice to ask if she would care to “partake of the herb.” Offering ancient leftover pizza and allowing her to take a bite before revealing, “You know, there weren’t mushrooms on that thing when we ordered it.” Finishing the evening by watching pornography with the sound turned off and instigating a sexual act as the first strains of Enigma’s “Sadness” boom from the stereo. Encouraging your roommate and his dealer to join in before ascertaining whether your date would prefer a ménage a quatres.
- b.) Dinner and a movie.

**6. For a gift-giving holiday you might present a lady with:**

- a.) A colorful basket filled with flavored lubes and candied thongs, new tires for your own vehicle (“Baby, I want you to feel safe when we’re together.”), an assortment of items left behind by ex-girlfriends, and half of an unfinished bacon double cheeseburger (“I like to watch you eat my meat!”)
- b.) A book.

**7. Unruly body hair should be:**

- a.) Displayed freely at sporting events and county fairs. It can also be incorporated into jocular love-making sessions where the female of the pair must brace to be

mauled by Sasquatch (or in the case of older gentlemen, The Abominable Snowman). Hoot owl brows, luxuriant ear hair, and nostril shag are excused as high-testosterone signs of masculinity. When revealing a tangled mangrove swamp in the nether-regions, you encourage partners to “go coconut diving, but watch out for the snake!”

b.) Trimmed neatly.

### **8. When breaking up, it is proper to:**

a.) Post “Lost Dog” signs around town featuring a picture of your ex before standing under her window in a trench coat holding a boom box a la Lloyd Dobler but replacing Peter Gabriel’s “In Your Eyes” with Skid Row’s “Psycho Love.”

b.) Say goodbye.

If you answered “a” to most of these questions, you are a sickening beast who should be kept in a stagnant well stocked with defanged serpents for the duration of your sexual maturity. When you occasionally slip back to sanity, the feeling of being gummed by toothless snakes while submerged in a cesspool will elicit fresh screams of madness. When you are too decrepit to reproduce, you may be released to take a few feeble footsteps in the sunlight before dying. Everyone on earth, from your mother, to your high school gym teacher, to your very best friend secretly hates you. Miraculously, you still manage to find female companionship, thus providing hours of mournful musing by self-pitying nice guys who wonder why the “asshole always gets the girl.”

If you answered “b” consistently, you are a pleasant, normal, reasonable fellow who most likely finds himself alone on a Saturday night.

TRIED: I sent some gents to sample styles from the Atomic Katz vintage menswear collection in swank downtown Oshkosh. A hand-painted forties tie, fringed ranching coat, and sleek seventies suit transformed these nebbish nondescript nobodies into dashing devils.

TRUE: Scuffed, beat-up cowboy boots are timeless. If you don’t have the skill to rope cattle or the freedom to hitchhike through Big Sky country, buy a used pair at a resale shop. When I wear old boots, I feel wise, patriotic, and grounded.

TIRED: I am tired of flames. Over the past few years, flames have reappeared airbrushed on classic cars and motorcycle bobs, printed onto silken shirts, and tattooed

upon forearms. Please put away the flames for a while and I promise you will be able to enjoy them once again in hell.

TRENDY: Sensibility is your signature scent.