

Marlon Brando (circa 1951)

Marlon Brando, during his mid-1950s prime, was a god. Brooding, frightening, a thick mass of undiluted manliness, he exuded raw sex. Dirty, unkempt, stinking, and transcendently hot **SEX**.

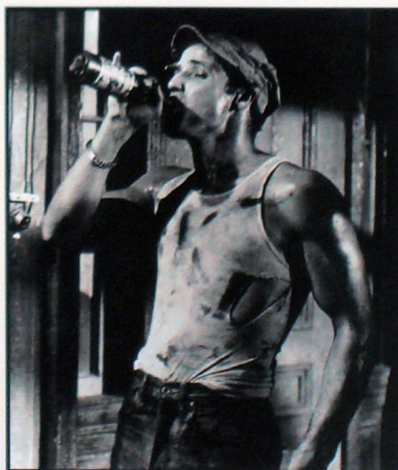
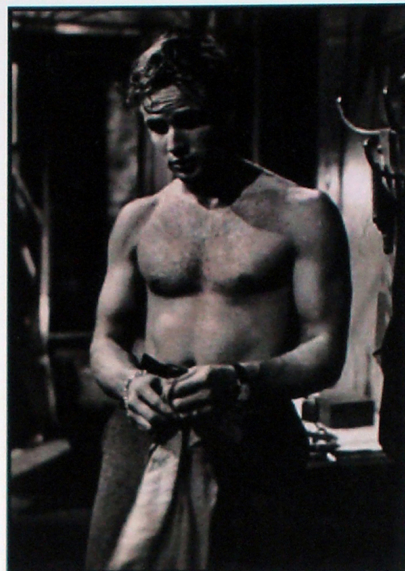
In "*A Streetcar Named Desire*" (1951), Brando burns up the screen as he peels off his sweaty, stained tee-shirt, revealing a meaty pair of pecs and divinely sculpted shoulders. The quiet jazz music in the background swells noticeably, and Vivian Leigh bats her eyelashes "demurely" as Brando says ... something or other. No matter how I often I see this scene, the dialogue always escapes me during this moment, as I can barely keep my attention directed away from his maddening beauty. That fine, strong, Roman nose, that brawny torso, those bedroom eyes, that self-assured stance. The very definition of "cocksure".

While Leigh twirls herself around the set and torturously draws her vowels out, like a none-too-convincing drag queen imitating a plantation belle, Brando's threatening masculinity slowly fills the space. He stands in a variety of provocative poses, emphasizing his biceps, chewing gum and coolly appraising Leigh as she desperately flings her eyebrows and lips towards the four corners of the screen. Meanwhile, I'm imagining the heavenly stink of his balls crowding all the air out of the room.

Yes, yes, fine, he was a very gifted actor, very appropriate for the role ... but let's face the truth ... it's those tits that arrest our attention. Poor Leigh, despite her best efforts to use every single muscle in her face all at once, disappears into a puff of histrionics while he's onscreen.

In life, Brando was an avid experimenter. There is a notable image floating around the Internet of him enthusiastically, if inexpertly, polishing the knob of some lucky gentleman. He explained in his autobiography that he felt no shame whatsoever about his homosexual experiences, and this adds greatly to any fantasy scenario. He was a streetwise tough made good, a Method actor who believed firmly in temporarily living the life of his characters while preparing for a role.

Oh, I'd help him prepare for a role, all right.
Yes, I can think of *all sorts of roles* we could play.



A GUY I WOULD FUCK

Corey Michael Smithson

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