



SECRETS OF THE DOWN-LOW BROTHER

The Holy Grail for Women of Color

AURORA DELLA CROIX

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Gullible Girls Guide to Gagging the Down-low Brother!
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Forbidden Lover

When you leave me...
Distress deters all my desires...
Pain purges all my pleasures...
While, Sorrow surrenders my sullen soul.

Cautious

Please, allow me to be cautious...my doubts and fears are inevitable...thus, I care not to walk into a thousand kisses, only to find out that they were delivered by phantoms in the night.

Aurora della Croix



DEDICATION

This book is dedicated in part to my niece Lillian, who continues to fight a courageous battle against the second most deadly killer of women to AIDS—cancer. I marvel at her spirit and determination to beat this disease, which continues to inspire me. I love you. Remember to let laughter be your friend.

To my mother, father, and recently deceased brother, Marvin, thank you for always believing in me.

To William, my soulmate, a blessed gift from Eros, I pray one day you'll find yourself, and stop chancing the wind.

To all the women I know and love...if I know you, I love you; continue to be strong and resilient...you are the foundation on which man is built. Never, never sacrifice your dignity, integrity and self-worth for a man. You are the rock of man. And though I am a man...a gay man...a drop-dead gorgeous...a vision of what is truly beautiful...oops, I digress. Seriously, I could never be you, and I sit and stand in awe of the wonder that is you...the awesome woman!

And finally to my sister Shirley, who is more like a mother; and my cousin Carol, my confidant, who is more like a sister; thank you both for your continued support and love. Your vision of who I am is greater than mine, and it is your energy I use to continue...to propel myself over the hurdles life continues to place in front of me. I would give my life for either and both of you.

DISCLAIMER

The contents of this book is based on the opinions, views, and experiences of the author, and is neither based on any known statistical information, nor social or psychological studies of any kind, unless otherwise noted.

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PREFACE/FORWARD

Over the past few years, the phenomenon of the DLB (down-low brother) has hit the straight community like an uncontrollable fire, leaving in its path of destruction, many confused and curious women; particularly women of color. However, this “phenomenon” is not so in the Gay community, as the DLB has always existed, as long as this writer can remember.

Many a writer and director has set out to share the stories of the DLB, which in many instances, at least for the straight community, is salacious and intriguing. Again, very commonplace and a-matter-of-fact to the Gay community. However, throughout these telling of stories, I have yet to find anyone trying to provide information to the women who are victimized by these men. Yes, “victimized” because when a woman takes a man at face value, and if he has a secret of this magnitude, the man becomes a predator, not in the Darwin sense, but in a criminal sense; and the woman becomes his victim because she lacks adequate knowledge to outwit the DLB, thus making her gullible and pervious to his cunning skills of deception.

The intent of this book is to provide women, especially women of color, who are more at-risk these days for HIV/AIDS than their counterparts, information to arm and protect themselves from these insidious creatures of love, seduction, and carriers of potential deadly diseases!

After reading this book, if you choose to still be a gullible girl, you have no one to blame but yourself. However, if you choose to use this information wisely and evolve into an empowered sleuth, you not only will be armed and prepared to take on the DLB, but if you have to, you can, as we say in the Gay community, make him gag!!!

* * * * *

In this book, you will be exposed to some Gay terms, i.e., colloquialisms. For those who are not familiar with these terms, you

can refer to the Glossary, or ask your boyfriend—just kidding! (Had to see if you were paying attention.)

Also, we will talk about the biological (sexual) make-up of men, and why all men on the basic level seek to be with other men. We will explain to you the difference between being Gay and gay acts; and try to separate fact from fiction, for example, why do gay men think every man they see is gay?

We will further provide you some insight as to the different types of camouflages and disguises the DLB wears, and how to recognize him beneath it all. We also will try to make sense of some of the labels you may have heard over the years, such as homo-thug, hustler, and the ever annoying “metro-sexual”, a term I surmise was coined by some frightened and confused woman living in denial trying to rationalize her man’s sexuality after realizing he spent more time in the mirror and at the salon than she.

Additionally, we will provide you with some conversational and observational techniques you may choose to use to better evaluate whether or not your man, or your potential man, maybe a DLB.

Lastly, we will explain why it is a matter of life or death for women, especially women of color, to be able to recognize the DLB.

Good reading!

MEN AS SEXUAL BEINGS

Ladies, men as sexual beings are always searching for their next conquest. They are designed by nature to be perpetually horny. For millennia, men have sought sexual comfort in the arms of both males and females—whomever appealed to them was with whom they planted their seed. Man’s behavior to fuck, make love, copulate, get off, etc., was never frowned upon as fervidly before religion began to control the moral acts of man. For years, many cultures and societies condoned, and some even encouraged, the man to bed whomever he desired; this included the Greeks, the Japanese, the Chinese, and yes, many African cultures, which includes Egypt!

For example, Alexander the Great was a great conqueror and a revered emperor, and the leader of ancient Macedonia (356-323 BC). A married man, a lover of women, Alexander was as macho and as manly as any one man in his entourage. He was a fearless warrior; ruthless, cunning, brilliant, and as Gay as a pink fruit basket at a spring picnic.

In all fairness, and in keeping with the philosophy of this book, we can not really label Alexander as Gay, but as a sexual being, who also enjoyed the company of men.

His lifelong “companion” (as they called them then) was Hephaestion; with him, Alexander spent much time. They were virtually inseparable. They spent much time together philosophizing on life... sharing ideas...discussing the future...fucking like rabbits.

Much like Hercules and Iolaos, Alexander’s and Hephaestion’s relationship mirrored that of the former. Hercules also had a wife and children, and was a man among men, but the love of his life was Iolaos.

Can you imagine having Hercules as your mate, with his perfect physique, fashioned by the Gods! And since he was the son of Zeus, the King of the Gods, I can’t imagine he would have short-changed his son in the “tool” department.

Just imagine this hunk of manliness grabbing you from behind in a foreplay wrestling session...slamming you on the mat (your bed covered with rose petals) then grabbing your ponytail of hair, as he thrusts his staff, bless it be to the Gods, in...out...in...out of your pleasure zone. Imagine his murmuring terms of endearment—baby...sweetie...honey—so many sweet words, a diabetic would fear going into a coma! He beseeches you to



scream out his name, and to spell it backwards, as a testament to the level of pleasure he is bestowing upon you. And as you are already weak from the sensation of having him feverishly pulsate deep inside your wanting cavern...touching places virgin to most; and as he straddles your back like a Shetland pony, you squirm and tremble with ecstasy untold, as he kisses and molests the left-side of your neck and face with his sensuous tongue, and warm, enveloping breath...you sigh, never wanting the ultimate pleasure to come to pass, in fear it will never come again; but in your mind, you know in just a few short hours, you can be on the edge of the Universe once again; and just when you think you cannot endure such pleasures anymore, you feel his body tremble like yours, indicating he is at a point of no return, as you quickly arch your back, grabbing his muscular neck, in an attempt to hold on to life, as it seems to slip away at that very moment; then you hear his murmurs drop to a deep moan echoing in your ear, and feel the sweat from his body drench you...he's there, and all you can do is hold on girl...hold on... as tears descend your face attesting your love once again, in the pleasure of him.

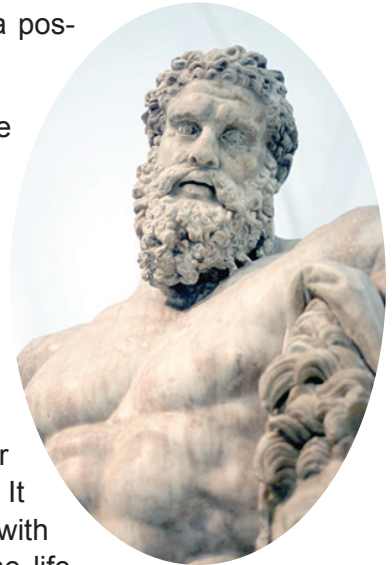
Whew, I don't know about you, but I can go for a cigarette right about now! However, before you light the match, I invite you to expand this imagery just a little further. What if Hercules wasn't the dominant partner with lolaos? What if Hercules, this God amongst

Gods...this strong and powerful man...conceded in the bedroom to Patroklos? This very well could have been the case. Now, imagine your man...what side of Hercules can you compare him; or do you fret the possibilities?

You'd be surprised how many Hercules-like men there are that enjoy being in a submissive position...on their knees or in a "V", screaming victory!!! Yes, my dear, your big, brawly man could very well like to play the passive role with other men. It hurts me to my heart too, but it is definitely a possibility.

We can extend the need of men to be with other men by looking at the relationship between Apollo, the Greek God of light and the sun, and his young lover, Hyacinthus.

Hyacinthus was accidentally killed by a disc guided by the wrath of Boreas, the God of the north wind, after he saw Apollo and Hyacinthus frolicking together in a meadow, and he became jealous. It is said that Apollo was so overwrought with emotional despair that when he held the lifeless body of Hyacinthus, a drop of the blood that was dripping from his head, fell to the ground, and with a mere thought from Apollo, it was turned into a beautiful red flower—the Hyacinth, in memory of his lost love.



The difference between then and now is that the women were okay with their men being sexual beings, and if they weren't, they didn't verbalize their dissent in public, as many saw this as the "man's" way, and that one couldn't deny nature. This belief still holds true today. Any attempt to deny nature is futile...it's like swimming against the current of the oceans—you get no where...fast!

As such, your first lesson is to temporarily remove all the religious and social cloaks that may be hindering your vision of seeing

your man for what he is—a product of nature. Now ask yourself, “Am I strong enough to take on nature?” You may fight a good fight, but nature will always win. This is to say, a man will always be a sexual being, and will seek out sexual pleasure no matter where he is, this includes jail—don’t get it twisted, and don’t let your man tell you anything different. (We’ll discuss this area in more detail later... gir-r-ri!)

Understand, the only person you can control is yourself. It’s nice to think that we have control over our mates, but in all actuality, we don’t.

So, if your man wants to be with other men, sexually, he will be with other men—period. The only thing you can control is your action, which comes down to your two options—“stay in”, or “get out” of the relationship!

You can yell...scream...key the car...flatten the tires...plot a delicious revenge...but at the end of the day, all you will do is make yourself look like a fool...exhaust too much time and energy—commodities you can never get back—and perhaps catch a case!

Repeat after me: “If my man wants dick, he’s gonna get dick—period!”
