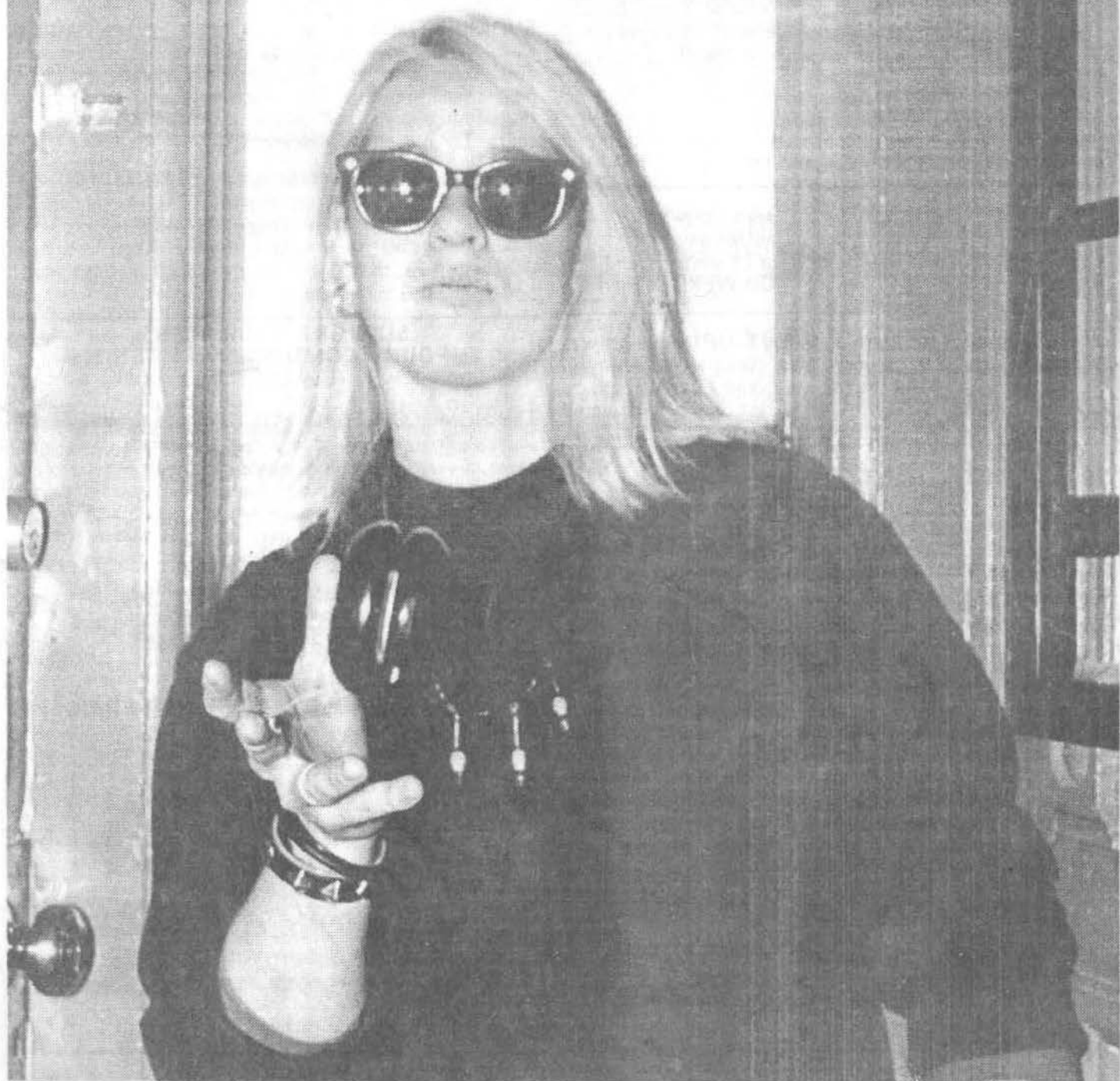


HOMOCORE



Issue #7

Winter/Spring 1991

\$2.00

HOMOCORE

Issue #7

February 1991

Editor: Tom Jennings
Reviewers, letter-typers and otherwise-unrecognized workers: Greta Snider, Mike Grutchfield, Deke (Motif) Nihilson, Donna Dresch, Newt, Debbie Stockman, Dan Schubert, Matt, Shawn Ford, Iraya, Richard, Thea, Becca, D.A.O., Paul, Eden Felt, Mark Freeman. This zine literally would not have happened without them!

HOMOCORE zine
c/o World Power Systems
P.O. Box 77731
San Francisco CA 94107

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Not a good idea at this point – see the editorial. If you don't see an ad for any next issue, don't mail me money asking for it, or I'll simply spend the money on postage for this issue – **YOU WERE WARNED.**

HEY LOOK! THE PRICE WENT UP! Yup – it was inevitable. this issue is *more than twice as large as #6*, U.S. postage is going up this year, and I can't afford to pay for this myself. As a matter of fact, you ought to mail me more if you can afford it. Again, see the editorial.

MAIL ORDER: HOMOCORE is mailed in a plain envelope to accommodate your increasingly oppressive environment. **US/CANADA/MEXICO:** \$2.00US per issue, mailed First Class. **EVERYWHERE ELSE:** \$3.00US per issue, sent Air Mail.

MONEY: Really, cash is preferred. **NO CHECKS!** \$2.00 checks are pain, and cost us both money to use, and banks profit from them. Fuck banks. Outside the USSA – Money Orders only please.

WHERE TO GET IT: A lot of bookstores are carrying HC these days. Spend your money in these stores, and tell them you want more stuff like it, and where you heard about them. This *really matters*, and it really works. (Not just for HOMOCORE obviously – do this with every homemade thing you buy.) Just one or two inquiries can get them to order stuff that will make their store better. They won't know to unless you ask for it.



*This issue is more haphazard than most. Sorry.
No proof reading. Missed stuff – sorry to
Peter Pan, Paul Bohono.*



Here's the current list: A Different Light (SF, NYC); Blacklist Mailorder (SF); SEE/HEAR (NYC); Sabotage (NYC); Hungry Head Books (Eugene OR); Left Bank Books (Seattle WA); AK Distribution (Scotland); Record Gallery (Seattle WA); l'Androgyne (Montreal); Tower Records & Books (ask for it (Thanks Doug!)); Redwing Blackbird Dist. (Decatur GA); Bookstore Theatre Oobleck (Chicago); The Primal Plunge (Allston MA); Bushwhacker (S. Gardiner ME); Unicorn Bookstore (W. Hollywood CA). Check the phone book.

Anyone can be a distributor: I'll sell you ten HOMOCORES for \$14.00. (I pay postage.) Sell 'em yourself, or get a local store or kiosk to carry them.

SUBMISSIONS: Please send stuff: letters, articles, classified ads, reviews, photos, erotic stories, suggestions, news, complaints, etc. This zine really is made up of what people send me, other than zine and record "reviews" and the editorial crap, and please send that stuff also. Of course I'm not above stealing, too.

Please put your name/address on the thing itself – on the back is OK – not just the envelope! Envelopes get opened and *thrown away!* Original artwork returned *only* if you include an SASE with enough postage to mail it. Otherwise I get to staple it to my wall. (I can also accept text *only* on IBM 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " diskettes.)

SUPPORT YOUR SCENE THROUGH COMMODITY FETISHISM! (Buy Our Shit)

The HOMOCORE BAD POETRY ISSUE #5 $\frac{1}{2}$ is still available. Giant format – 2 feet by 3 feet! Two giant pages of various drawings, poetry, writings and such, plus on the back of each fold-out sheet, two full-size drawings. Hang it on your wall, and when you get sick of reading all that bad poetry, flip it over and look at the pictures. It's \$2, not \$1. (It's huge, you won't get ripped off.)

The ANARCHO-HOMO-LOGO (red @/pink-triangle, black background, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") buttons are available again, still \$1. These go really fast; just had another batch made, again.

#7	(NEW PRICE) \$2
#5 $\frac{1}{2}$ BAD POETRY	\$2
#6	SOLD OUT!
#5	SOLD OUT!
#4, #3	75¢
Anarcho-homo-logo button	\$1

Cover Photo: Donna Biddle, musician extraordinaire and yo-yo champion. (No kidding.) Photo by – I don't know, and Donna's in D.C. visiting her girlfriend, so once again I fuck up the cover credits. Oh well. By now it's become a tradition.

Rude Noises from the Editor/Censor

In case you haven't been reading this since issue #1, I'll simply repeat this, it says it best:

What the Fuck is HOMOCORE?

"You don't have to be a homo to read or have stuff published in HOMOCORE. One thing everyone in here has in common is that we're all *social mutants*; we've outgrown or never were part of any of the "socially acceptable" categories. You don't have to be gay; being different at all, like straight guys who aren't macho shiteheads, women who don't want to be a punk rock fashion accessory, or any other personal decision that makes you an outcast is enough. Sexuality is an important part of it, but only part."

News & Shit

This is very probably the last issue of HOMOCORE, though what happens in the next month or so will determine it's final fate. Please — don't deluge me with letters saying "you can't stop HOMOCORE!", because I do understand what's going on (really).

Part of it is simply, I wanna do other things. Nothing lasts forever. I have lots of ideas, talents, resources, energy etc, and it might be nice to have room for other things. Also, HOMOCORE has become this monster that — I admit it — makes me feel guilty when I don't do it. Guilt is always bad, no matter what. It is no longer enhancing my life, and if I'm not doing OK, then I cannot do a good job either. Time to stop.

There's this other thing — providing sometimes the only support for so many near-suicidally isolated people is draining. I only have so much energy. I feel guilty and get depressed when I can't answer some of the worse-off ones. The crazy ones are easy, and sometimes fun, like the guy with the "cure for AIDS" who told me how the government keeps lists of people who don't stick flag stamps on right side up. The you-are-my-last-resort-I-am-turning-into-a-robot ones are torture. How the fuck can I honestly answer these? "Everything's alright"? It isn't. What I'd like to do is shoot their parents in the back of their heads. In public. Burn the fucking public schools and kill all the people who run them. Have people not laugh when I say I think that religious behavior is a mental illness. Tell the fucked up kids to go sleep with other and fuck a lot, only they're too paralyzed to touch themselves or each other, more American upbringing. I know about that, first hand. I survived for a combination of reasons (but this ain't a psychiatry column).

Besides all the work. Hundreds of hours typing in letters, reviews, articles, etc; hours at Krishna Kopy's Canon Laser Copier to screen photos and album covers. Managing hundreds of letters, orders, special requests, getting appropriate articles. I had no idea it would be like this. Trying to fend off the "inevitable", default, everyone-does-this, more-is-better expansion. For instance — OUTWEEK dumped all phone sex ads, to attract "real" advertisers. I agree it's not good to be reliant on only one source of income — the near-abolition of 976-sex in NY by the telco under pressure from fundies illustrated that — but the bottom line is that they pitched small gay biz for large straight corporations. And never once doubted that maybe, there are other ways to do things. But at least

for a while longer it's still good for fag/dyke info, since you can get it mailorder. Again, nothing lasts forever.

And all this loneliness is a fucken drag. It reminds me how bad it was, or rubs in how bad it is, depending on where I'm at on a given day. Where are all the young sissy boys? Not fussy Boy-Club bar clones, but actual sissies, who don't like (or are too young for) bars, not yet brain dead, maybe into sci-fi, sex, camping, sex, critical thinking, sex, building things with their hands, sex, sufficiently paranoid, isn't an Intellectual (but is intellectual), and considered terminally strange by their peers? As soon as someone moves to SF, they instantly give up their uniqueness (funny clothes, silly hobbies, personal vocabularies, etc) as soon as possible to join Queer Nation, ACT-UP, whatever. It's fun to join a club and belong to something, but really, why all this conformity? "Alternative" conformity is *still* conformity. Send photo & phone please.

* * * * *

A bunch of us queers went to a show at Gilman St. a few weeks ago. FINAL CONFLICT and MDC, and I forget who else (got there late). We were the only queers there, besides the perpetual 20% closet cases. We were pretty obnoxious the whole night, being total fags in everyone's face, with Deke in the forefront as usual.

After Dave Whittaker read some poetry, Deke stole the mike and yelled some nonsense from the stage, "there's a lot of fags here, and in the pit, and you should just get over it". Puzzled looks. Before MDC starts, Deke grabs the mike again, and chants "I tried girls, I like boys" over and over til Dave MDC steals the mike back to start the show. The pit was OK, no goons, and eventually I ended up in the big squishy pigpile up against the stage. Well, push comes to shove then a kiss, and Deke, Jonathan, me, Eden, are making out PLAINLY on the stage, fucking with everyone's head (and body). I was certain I was going to be punched, but I think we did it as such an assault that no one knew what to do. It just wouldn't register.

It did eventually sink in. There's fags humping on the stage! And the boys are *still* pressing forward. Hmm. Most are staring, mouths open. Some are doing more than the usual clandestine grabbing themselves. There's always that kinda sorta maybe accidental yeah sure groping going on, and this was no exception. But — some of it, from the "straight" boys in the pit, was pretty fucken obvious. One guy is all over me, pretending to be drunk (after one song he says "what's with grabbing my tit?" I

said "hey you laid on my hand" (lame excuses both) and then... he flopped back onto the stage! Then I grabbed his soft hardon from behind - no joke! Another off to my left, sitting on the stage edge, plainly puts his hand on my leg, only I keep getting distracted. It got real blatant. Deke runs his tongue down the arm of a cute blond future-yuppie brat as he's leaving; the kid recoils, makes a face and does the limp-wrist thing to a girl he's talking to; the only one I saw with a negative reaction. Most everyone else either stood and watched, took part but pretended they weren't (hands on crotches and butts) or openly groped (about a half dozen not including us obvious fags).

When MDC's set ended, it was splitsville - BAM! - everyone disappears. What a fucken night! We drank coffee til 5, not believing it happened; it went over some mystical threshold. No one got laid, and I didn't feel any sticky cum. Next time!

If you still need an excuse to move out of your shitty town to our shitty town here's another - A Different Light Bookstore (489 Castro St. San Francisco CA 94114, (415)-431-0891) is almost worth moving to SF for by itself. They do so many cool things it's not possible to list them here. Spend your money there!!

There's no article from Lawrence Livermore this issue. Almost reason enough not to publish - but I don't say that to make him feel guilty. He's a bit burned out, feeling obligated to be creative upon demand for so many things. Oh well - all things change, usually for the better (when you don't fight it!)

Speaking of fag bashing, there was a wave of silliness in the Castro (fag neighborhood in SF). "Straight-bashing"; questioning straight peoples' presence in gay neighborhoods. Straights in gay bars, yuppies slumming with the queers, het and bi supporters and friends. All that sorta shit.

Some enterprising homos did a "STRAIGHTS READ THIS" series of flyers and graffiti. A lot of it was cool, some of it I thought poorly thought out, but it made people think and talk. One example was about "straight privilege", like being able to walk down the street holding hands with someone. One friend told me that up until then he never realized that it is a privilege. (There's always lots of *trés chic* (I'm sure) straight couples holding hands in various degrees of desperation in the Castro.)

So - how's this for an illustration of internalized homophobia - even assuming, for arguments sake, that the READ THIS flyers were rude to straight people and inconsiderate of our hetero friends, don't you find it odd that FAG-BASHING is physically beating the fuck out of dykes and fags, and STRAIGHT-BASHING is questioning their presence in gay neighborhoods? Gimme a fucken break.

LET'S HAVE A WAR!! There is very little war-related shit in here, because 99% of this zine was completed in December. What's your excuse? WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T REGISTER FOR THE DRAFT!!!! Skip that student loan, simply quietly and without fanfare, don't register. If people ask, say "yes", just don't do it. Symbolic protest may be cool and get you laid, but the bottom line is to *not go!* (Sucking off the recruiter may not work - while they routinely eject fags'n'dykes, the policy is now to let them "serve" in the war, then eject 'em. (I assume without veteran's benefits.) They may also do the same for draftees. And our gov't will have a list of fags.)

Lots of my friends are draft age - what are we gonna do? Tell 'em it was "nice knowing you"? Fat chance. It's time for us undraftables (we hope) to think: what are we going to do? Could you live with yourself afterwards if you don't?

If Bush gets his "short war", all us weirdos are gonna be in deep shit. Protests are fun, but symbolic protests are enough only for leftist assholes who need "the system" to define themselves opposed to. Fucken change your own life first, then pick away at the police-state second.

The enormity of the lies in the media is un-believable. It's not the lies per se; it's that they suck them up to feed us without question. (The lies are interesting: they've carpet-bombed (their word) a world-class city of millions (Baghdad) and not mention dead people; (21 Jan) News/rumor say 300,000 people dead; USSR's INTERFAX says U.S. bombing missed 90% of their targets; they were also bombing decoys.) The gov't is censoring all news into the Middle East, and Armed Forces Radio is broadcasting only music and sports.

I think we're headed for a police-state, which, unless you're black, you are not now living in one (U.S.), so you ain't seen nothing yet. Call me paranoid, but look at the stuff in only the last few years - INS requirements for every employee showing ID/citizen status; talk of draft registration a year ago; War On Drugs nonsense; illegal Central American actions, the S&L scam (it sounds dull from the papers, but it's the biggest scam on the planet ever - enough money stolen to buy Europe.) Never mind constitutional attacks, approaching economic disaster, and a government corrupt at so many levels it's unbelievable.

Good news is, the lies are so bad, and on so many fronts, that they may not be able to keep it up without force. I think they're taking a gamble that they can pull it off, and have the lies and oppression hold up until it sticks.

Though my personal life has never been better (tee hee). No, I don't really live on this stuff; there has been lots of good things happening, but not for those taking the usual paths. There has been so many connections between various communities, Rainbow family, homopunk, anarchists, faeries, street trash, whatever, becoming more self-sufficient (out of necessity). If nothing else, these times are one of choosing sides. Choose wisely! Remember who your friends are!



Fugazi & Shred Pit occupants after last H.C. show May '90.



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Dick Glomi, 47, grocer, Saratoga:

Most important is someone who gets along with his wife. When you concentrate on making your wife happy, everything else seems to work out. I know. I used to be a jerk, until I read that in the Bible.

OBITUARIES

AIDS activist Scooter Murrell dies at age 20

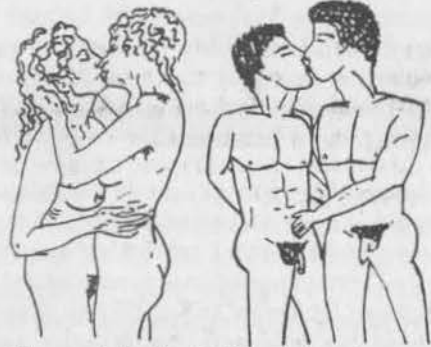
By James Schermerhorn
KAMBER STAFF

San Francisco's "Scooter" Murrell came to San Francisco at age 13 from...

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Letters For You

I used to publish all letters sent to HOMOCORE. Then I said I'd try to publish all letters, and if I couldn't get them in one issue, it's go in the next. Now, there is no way in hell I can publish all the letters. We kept all the ones that looked "important" - our judgement. Oh well.

Short letters are far more likely to get printed than long ones. If you don't want a letter published, please say so. If you do, include your name and address as you'd like to see it appear.

Hi there!

Here's three bucks - please, send me the latest issue of Homocore! I sent you a sample of my zine Meteorismus about three months ago - did you receive it? I hope you did.

I'm going to write some sort of article on Homocore for a Finnish zine called "Toinen Valhtohto"; could you help me with it? I could send you some questions about your zine, sexuality etc, etc... The reason I'm doing this article is that I would really like to raise a discussion about homosexuality in our little scene - I want to see some homopunks here! Toine Valhtohto is a zine that comes out every two or three weeks and it has a good letters section so that's the reason why I'll write the article for them.

I guess I should tell you something about myself. I'm 19-year-old boy from central Finland - this is my last year in highschool (the final exams will be over within a month). I'm gay (surprise!!!). My boyfriend is gay too!!! He's the only gay I've ever got to know. Well, obviously I've met several others too but no one seems to be willing to tell me that they're homosexuals.

I've known that I'm gay since I was about ten or twelve years old. I have much earlier signs of my abnormal sexual desires (ha ha) too: I remember how my father used to buy me comic books every now and then... Superman, Spiderman, Batman and stuff like that. I used to watch all those big men with big muscles and usually I got a hard-on and I was pretty confused about it... I was about 5 then. I can hear you laughing there but this thing really happened to me!

Then came the teenage years and of course I tried to deny that I simply wasn't interested in girls. I had a couple of girlfriends and I had sex with them. It was kinda nice, but nothing special-the earth didn't move.

Last autumn me and two other guys had this long debate about homosexuality and during that debate I found out that one of those two guys wasn't straight. He was my best friend (I've known him for about 7 years now). So, that's how I found my boyfriend... at first I was afraid that sex might ruin the fine relationship we had before, but so far everything's been great. That guy really makes me happy!

I know this letter is blatant, banal + boring but life is blatant, banal + boring! Anyway, write back + let me know if you can help me with the article, ok? I'll travel to New York next April, so it may take a while for me in getting back to you. Stay lucky + take care! Love, Ville

Ville / Box 12 / 51601 Havkivori FINLAND

Hello again happy homocore-

I sent you a letter + poem recently and two things - sorry the letter was kinda wet, and I meant to include a dollar for #5 or whichever, so here. How did the Anarchy thing come off or did it yet... the vastness of Los Angeles is getting increasingly (vivid and) oppressive these summer months. Kinda neat - equal doses of restlessness and torpor.

I went to the Rodia/Watts towers a while ago, boy, for me one of the most special places, but - last went in 1981 and before that in the mid sixties we went as a family - it seemed a very community run thing; a cultural and arts center, fountains, a juice bar, lots of people. There was a palpable sense of ... gathering and doing. In the seventies (the decade of ignorance) the neglect showed. I spent a night exploring and wandering the neighborhood and it was a definitely broken but still human place. Now... the towers are covered in cruel scaffolds, no one looks to care (there is a preservation attempt to explain the const. look - but I know better people 've tried many times to demolish Rodia's work looks the pres. fools will accomplish. I think art /it changes in time; not like a photo to stand unaffected) and the neighborhood is severe and vicious. Living in the housing developments would be like having your teeth pulled every day. Not all the people seemed miserable, but there was a feel of...

And I am desolate before the awesome neglect of and constant torturing belittling rape by people who have the power my life is so small that I cannot organize my anger and fear my survival becomes moot.

Geoff Tuck / 729 E. Palm St. / Alt CA 91001-1915

Homocore:

I live in a backwards city of uptight conservatives and cultural obscurity. I was lucky to find your zine in one of the cooler record stores in town, but in a strange order... first #5 then #3 then #4. From this you should be able to figure out how strange Seattle really is...

I was happy to discover that there are other people living in obscurity as I am. I became a different person altogether. My friends (the few that I have) were shocked by the new me!

I like to see that people are pulling together to help each other from the looming oppression of society. I fight it every day. We do not need ignorance and hatred! The

sad part of this is that (at least as far as I have seen) is that other gay persons act like we are nothing, and no part of their society. This shouldn't be. I have been verbally abused by uptight gays who can not accept me for my choice of lifestyle. Oh fucking well I guess! I had to grow up in a really redneck town and deal with a lot of shit and when I finally managed to meet other gay people, they just wanted to make me conform to their image. I don't think that there is anything wrong with the way that others choose to lead their lives, but there is something wrong with trying to make others conform to it.

After all of that I am still trying to figure out if I am gay or not of course, that adds to the problem because everyone thinks that by the age of 21 you ought to know. Well I fucking don't!! I do know that I live my own fucking life and I would really like to meet some new people! This is very hard! The gay scene and the punk scene are no different...too political and conservative. Outsiders are treated with contempt.

I just don't understand at all! I am pretty easy going most of the time I guess, and I is hard to be a part of something which goes against my morals. I laugh at all of the people who swallow lies in order to just be a part of something. Sick societies breeding hatred.

I am hoping that someone would like to write to me. I am into just about anything, and if I am not I like to experiment! I write poetry so I've put one together for all of the outcasts out there:

I give myself up to another I give myself up to brutal pain the act of blood intercourse sadness and panic head in explosive pain spinning from the rush of lust someone inside being murdered given myself again to no fucking smile so here it is (my dick) once again lifeless and uncaring as I should be, but I've fallen in love with another dead illusion

I have broken the chains of depression!

Thanks to all who have put together such a zine and all of the readers everywhere. Charge change and CRUSH OPPRESSION! Get over those pushing you to conform! Be free! Anyone write to me & here's my \$1 for the next zine.

Matt Foster / 1820 Terry Ave / Seattle WA 98101

P.S. There is a band called *Death in June* who I suspect to be Homo. You ought to check out the "Brown Book" album and maybe review it. It's cool but kind of weird too. One of my friends thinks they are nazis but i'm not too sure. On the inside sleeve it says: "It is the plague of our age that we fight in isolation."

Write up a review and send it in. We love to hear what turns people on. -Cory

Tom,

I saw your listing in Factsheet Five, and thought I'd write, even though I doubt these conservative assholes will let your zine in.

I'm in the fuckin' joint in Missouri, and I'm hoping you can maybe help me out in finding someone who'd like to send me some hot fuckin' sex letters. I don't want to play any fuckin' games, I don't want any money, or any of that bullshit. All I want is some letters from some big dick mother fuckers who like smooth hot asses, because I've got the smoothest, tightest and the /it hottest!

Someone who's into getting high, watching some porn flix, and getting their balls and dick licked and sucked real good. When I get out, I'll be staying in Redwood City. I want some big hard dicks waiting for me when I get there! See what you can do for me. Thanks,

Bully Pullin #154784 / F.C.C. 1012 W. Columbia / Farmington MO 63640

Flipping through M.R.R seeing another Homocore ad & realizing that I can no longer sit here disconnected with other gays & lesbians I need contact. There are thousands (well not that many) of lesbian women in their 30-40-50's here, but so few (3) lesbians my own age. I hope to be moving down to the bay area for college soon - maybe I can make connections. Who knows - but send me your zine, here is some silver. Thanks,

Pamela Moore / PO Box 367 / Miranda CA 95553

Hey Tom-

Here's buck for your issue #6, thanx for sending #5, and for my classified ad in. Sorry to say that my ad is in desperate need of clarification, cause it seems to have put me on the 'quick-trick' mailing list, so I would like to let the readers know that contrary to popular opinion, it was never intended as no sex at, but was aimed at scoring some local pals to hang out with. The bottom line being that I'm basically straight edge sexually, view sex as an extension of friendship, and only bend over for damn good buddies. Besides which, if I was in to quickies, One-night stands, etc., I would not need no ad, cause I deflect enough o' those bullshit offers on a day to day basis.

In regards to yer answer to the letters of Marc Klapper in Gulairmoe, all I can say is, it seems that hope springs eternal as the sayin' goes. How you could think that the "ratio might have been better" is beyond me - especially after readin' yer comment to Shawn Jeffcoat about "when I or my friends walk through the Castro". If ya think those "nasty looks" are bad news, try going into a Castro bar (like the Phoenix) on a Friday or Saturday night, or maybe the 'Rawhide', or business district gay bars. And ya damn well better not light up a clove cigarette in the 'trax' bar! believe me, breeders don't gots no monopoly on stupidity these days! Hell tom - about the only bars around that's worth a damn is 'Crystal Pistol' and some south o' market ones, and this stuff ain't confined just to the bar scene either. If ya ask me, I think gratuitous rejection has mostly replaced the modern myth of gay brotherhood.

Anyway, at least we do agree on one thing, that being what ya said about "fag-basher-bashing would be more useful". Having been a proponent of that hobby for many years, I can assure you that "violence as a tool" is quite an effective cure for what ails the homophobes! On the other hand, ya seem to have backslided a bit in your answer to Gulairmoe, concerning "something we could do after the fact". The answer is simple - wave bye-bye to the dancercise class, flip yer ballet teacher the birdie, and start learning how to protect your ass, cause ain't nobody gonna do it for ya! Either yer a solution to the fag basher problem, or you're part of the problem. Every time a wimp lets a fag basher fuck him over, he's providing 'positive reinforcement' that pretty much guarantees that the homophobe will do it again, to someone else. But if ya stomp their ass and break some bones, you will find their attitude is quickly adjusted ("Boo Hoo, I gots beaten up by a fuckin' queer"). E'nuff said!

Singh c/o / 2140 Shattuck Avenue Drawer 2479 / Berkeley CA 94704

P.S. Anybody who know where the aryan skinheads is hangin' out, now 'the farm' has closed down - drop me a postcard & let me know. Also, any quality artists, writers, etc., should be advised that I'm looking for submissions of sinister 'n satanic artwork, movie stills of horror/gore or sex scenes, true stories of jail rape, & other 'shock value' submissions for a one issue zine I'm working on. I'm payin' gratis of five to twenty dollar for first publication right. S.A.S.E required id ya want unused submissions returned. Deadline is midsummers eve 1990.

Dear Homocore,

In your last issue I saw a letter from a Bryan Holten from Indianapolis. I'm a college student in Chicago, but my family lives in Indy, so I wrote Bryan a letter.

Just recently I ran out of money for school, so I'm stuck working in Indy for a few months. So I gave Bryan a call. When I looked up his name in the phone book, I noticed it was Holten not Holten. When his mom yelled for him, she yelled Byron not Bryan. When I told him I'd seen his letter in Homocore, he told me to fuck off. In short, either Byron is a lousy speller and Mr. Paranoid, or that letter in Homocore was a joke.

This is kind of funny if this guy Byron is a fag basher, but still it's not cool, because I went to all the trouble of writing him! So readers, please don't send in practical joke letters! Now this guy knows Homocore exists. He can buy it, see my address in it, and give me shit. He probably won't, and I'm not scared of him anyway, but I'd rather not have assholes involved with Homocore in anyway.

If any real Indianapolis homo-punks or eccentrics would like to write, I'd be delighted, because I'm a little bored here, I'm a 19 year-old Mohikan elf-girl who likes to read, go to the park and swing on the swings, and listen to such music as Throbbing Gristle, Christian Death, Velvet Underground, and 4AD bands. I'm also involved in TOPY.

Christine Griffin / 9347 Kingsboro CT / Indianapolis IN 46236

Hey Homocore,

Enclosed is 2 bucks. Please send me the latest issue and one of those way cool "anarcho-homo-logo" buttons. I'll wear it proudly. I've seen the oppression - I was at a pride demo here in Orange County and saw my friends beaten and arrested by the riot squad bastards. Little by little the world might bet educated, but it's a weary struggle. Keep fighting, we'll all keep clawing & scratching at the wall together. I'm pissed off at the moment though 'cause my friend just called me collect from L.A. He was at an anti-racism demo and the pigs came and brutalized the protesters, so my friend & some other activists got jailed. Typical. Well, I gotta go. I'll be checking my mail. "Fight the Power"! Bi!

Lonni Child [girl] / 2650 E. College Place Apt. # H-27 / Fullerton CA 92631

IT/OK, here the typist comes across a letter, scrawled in a rather attractive midnight blue ink.

It's not okay

To be gay!

Fags Suck!

From all Richmond, VA Punks.

IT/Yes fags suck, how well?

Hey There Happy Homos,

I jes' got back from San Francisco (where I was scouting out a place to live) and I must say that stumbling upon Homocore #5 in Bound Together Books was a high point of my stay in your fair city. Where have you been all my life? Your zine is a dream come true for a freedom-hungry long-haired, loudmouthed, active-pacifist, punk-hippy faggot like myself. So, before I say anything else...take this 5 spot and send me ish' #6 (when it comes out). Also send one to my man Kent and both #5 & #6 to Colin Sick. With the leftover buck, feel free to send one to our good buddy George "Douche" mejian [our governor here in CA - cory] with my compliments. Regarding Colin; he is a D.J. at a reasonably hip college radio station out here in "Smell-A." and exhibits an open mind, which is why I called him this morning. I had just finished reading the H.C. letters section when Colin played a tune called "Ten Years After", which, as you may know is a lovely little ditty about the degeneration of Punk to the gang-banging, weak fashion statement that so many "punks" are perpetrating now. He followed the tune with a remark saying, "Well, the scene isn't all bad - the SHARP skins were at such and such a rally, etc..." After reading Gulairmoe's letter in ish' #5 I felt compelled to call Colin and clue him in to the fag-bashing incident that Gulairmoe and his buddy were victim to. He was really cool and listened to what I had to say and told me that he was aware of some bogus shit that these SHARP losers were up to as well. He also said that he had written them

a letter asking what-the-fuck was up and said that they hadn't replied yet. Anyway, he was interested in H.Core so send him an ish' on me.

If there are any cool SHARPIes out there who give a fuck you'd better start weeding out the closet-Nazis in your ranks or you're as hypocritical as they are!

Now, I got just one more gripe. In a letter from Johnny Rythm in ish' #5 he urges Jeremy to explore his sexual identity by having "safe sex" with "someone clean & AIDS free". SHIT! I can't believe that there are people out there who still don't know the facts about HIV transmission. Listen up Mr. Rythm! You can fuck someone silly as long as you both wear a love glove on your willies and don't swallow each others cum or blood so get the fuck off your people-with-AIDS-are-death-traps trip and get yourself some education of sexually transmitted diseases. O.K., enough of that shit.

I really grooved on your zine reviews and look forward to getting 5 or 6 of them in the mail soon. Incidentally, is there anyway that I can get my paws on issues #1-#3 of Homocore? If anyone out here in Lost Angeles has 'em, pleeeese let me know. I'd also love to hear from other hippy-punks (gay, bi, straight - I don't care) in my neighborhood so we can hang-out & distribute this rag in L.A. Call me now girls & boys cause I'm moving to S.F. soon.

Misplaced in L.A.

Steffan / 1837-F 9th Street / Santa Monica CA 90404

Dear Homocore,

I bought issue #5 a few months ago at See Hear (a really cool store that sells all kinds of underground zines) and meant to write you a letter but didn't until now.

Even though I live in New York City with one of the largest gay populations in the world I sometimes feel totally alone. Being the gay rock & roll hippie punk that I am. When I go to the gay bars I feel oppressed by the "Yuppie" wannabe-ness of it all and when I go to the rock and roll clubs I feel like the only gay person there. Anyway, the point of all my kvetching is just to tell you what a breath of fresh air your zine is. Hooray, I'm not alone!!! I've already made one good pen-friend through your letter section and I'd like to write to more gay rock and roller social outcasts like myself.

Jeff Shore / 41-06 50 st. Apt. 36 / Woodside, NY / 11377

Dearest Thomas - Larry-Bob (Holy fucking Titclamps) tells me BIMBOX arrived safe & sound at Homocore. That's good I guess - as far as I can tell the feds have only nabbed 3 of them (out of 300 sent so far). The next issue is due out in June, and features a throbbing life-size pop-up erection, and Jeffrey "Milquetoast" Kennedy did a whole groovy Ann-Margaret spread for us. Not to mention more filthy lesbo smut from Debra, which

hopefully will be accompanied by original dirty girly-girl pictures of our pal Alison. Hey Tom, you've been screaming for sapphic content, and baby now you've got it. Debras working on a sequel to "Cinderella's Hunger". In part 2 she introduces "cruel step sisters", and when I spoke with her on the phone last (she lives in S.F.) she mentioned something about a lubed-up glass slipper.

What did you think of "Cry Baby"? I can't believe John Waters didn't take the opportunity to re-enact the Female Trouble birth scene (i.e. the umbilical cord bit) with Rikki Lake - it would have been a great tribute to Divine, right at the climax of the picture where it belonged. What an asshole. Iggy was great though, and he looks better than ever. And Johnny Depp sliding down a sewer pipe in his undies was pretty cool too, although he's too fat for my taste - I like 'em rake thin, stoopid, and as emaciated as hell. What about you?

We made the mistake of sending BIMBOX in for review at MRR and those creeps gave a good nod but didn't mention we were queer. Assholes. Either they're lousy at reviewing zines, or they're really stupid not to see that we like it up the ass. Now we're being flooded with (fe)mail from all their white trash readers. We're still sending BIMBOX off to whoever writes though, because let's face it - everybody knows at least 1 drag queen, and we're confident it will fall into the right hands eventually. Also enclosed is the accompanying disclaimer going to any "suspected" heterosexual MRR readers for your amusement. Rim and hand jobs, Johnny Noxema and later: I loved Homocore #6 especially "why I hate leftists". Right on. It's not just in SF 0 it's all across the country. demonstrations of any sort have become more of a fashion/social event than a mass call for change. Ooooh, and I hate those GLAAD assholes too. I find their self-appointed authority far more offensive than anything Andy Rooney or Roseanne Barr has ever said. Who the fuck do they think they are? these obnoxious middle-class white clone organizations really stink. the L/G zine scene should really concentrate on keeping these assholes in line.

Well, I have to keep this short. I'm in the process of assembling 400 pop-up penises and vaginas for our next issue. Love,

Johnny Noxema Bimbox / 282 Parliament ST. # 68 / Toronto M5A 3A4

Well, I don't hate GLAAD, just that line about "we can't help that we're gay, so you should leave us alone". They missed the point - (1) it's none of anybodys goddamn fucken biz "why" I'm gay and (2) it plays into the hands of the "we'll cure 'em of this genetic disease" control pigs. GLAAD does an OK job of watching TV and getting TV couch patatos to write letters 'n' shit.

Waters' CRY BABY was pretty fucken boring. Too bad. Has Waters lost it? We watched MULTIPLE MANIACS the other nite but my attention span wouldn't let me. Its a much better movie.

I saw the shit you got from "our" feds, in the latest BIMBOX. The feds here are getting a bit out of hand -

literally every project I'm involved in - computer network stuff, gay zines, whatever - has the feds poking around and fucking with people. It's a free country, I guess.

Pop up a penis for me.

- tj

Hello Tom, Homocore...I'm not REALLY back from Hell, I'm still there! But then you don't really care where I am...As it is I'm in ALASKA. Donna, that Divine Goddess of your guitar page, has finally sent me a Homocore soothe & warm my soul in this rally fucking frozen country...And it has, ³⁵ is simply fantastic.

OOOH - I lament, I want to hang out with girl-lovers!! All my friends are alcoholic-hetero-punk-rock-trash...but I love them...Yet daily I dream of the pleasures of girls, not even for lust's sake, but for their wild souls and everything

Is the world truly as devoid of subversive homo girls and boys as we sound?

I actually live in Seattle and after a year and a half there, this is my great despair and certainly seems to be an ugly fact. Flipping through the Homocore pages, especially the photo of the parade float, I experience the pangs of "what's it like to hang out with not one, not two, but AN ACUTE ABUNDANCE of gay punk rockers???" OK, I don't believe a social crowd of same-sex loving people is gonna be any less twisted or tedious than my usual hetero-pack, but it would be SO NICE to at least get in on the waltz. I'm not exactly sitting around waiting for my rock-n-roll girl to pop into my life...I've definitely spent many hours at "womens" bars, cafe's etc. But as I say to Donna when explaining my ongoing celibacy/non-romance It'd be like, "how was the office honey?" and "how was your punk rock show?" It's silly. I'm as in love with this culture of music & etc. as I am with women. Urgh. But no honey, I just called to SOB. I've already run up a nice fat \$80 phone bill to S.F...so...this is much cheaper!! A little bit of homo therapy. I feel much better now I guess.

Tamra / 207 10th avenue E. / Seattle, WA / 98102

Hey Tom, Here's a copy of "Fuck Men", Tom and I put together recently...It's #1 (NO.2 is now available). We just got the Bad Poetry issue, neat idea, there was some good stuff in there...glad that the bit I sent for S.T.H. was of use/interest! That club I was trying to do a Homocore show at, ended up saying no, paranoid of "problems" arising. Too bad...We'd like to play a Homocore show/benefit, whatever.. if you or any one down there ever gets one together, just let us know...

tom and I had a Hairy!!!! experience (well, near scary, at least fucked up) Friday at Gilman, trying to see bad Religion, Packed, too many people, we walked off down a side road, and walking back went between two skinheads peeing, I had my arm around Tom and one said "c'mon now none of that" The other "what are ya' fags or somethin'?" We stopped to them and said "yeah, you

got a problem with that??" and one said, "yeah, I'd punch ya' but I'm scared I might get A.I.D.S." Pissed, we walked off, seething anger. we returned a few minutes later to beat them up, or better yet, their car, but alas, they were gone, which may've been better after all, but, I don't know, sometimes I really wonder... Well take care.

Todd / Pollution Circus / 1008 10th st #729 / sacramento, ca / 95814

Dearest Homocore-

This is first time I've ever ordered your magazine. I've heard so much about it. I'm glad magz like yours exist. It's alot easier to come out and be able to say "I'm Gay" knowing that there are others who share the same interests. I'm an 18 yr old punk with a blue mohawk. I like all kinds of music though, such as oldies but goodies, alternative, new wave, etc. I also just go accepted to UC Berkeley!! I've been an honors student since 2nd grade only with a blue mohawk nobody could ever tell. I used to be very afraid of who I was because of my sexual preferences. I'm not a femme, but I'm sure some of my friends think I'm gay. I often used to contemplate suicide, though I was always too scared to commit the act. I've never told anyone, except you and JD's and other gay punk mags. I'm not as afraid anymore, now that I have some pen pals who are also gay. When at Berkeley, I plan on being president of the Gay/Lesbian program there. I'm going to make Homocore the best selling mag around the country. I'll make you famous!! We'll put the Enquirer out of business! Well, just wanted to say you've made my life a hell of alot easier and that I'm looking forward to next ish. Proud to be alive.

Mr. Dante' Nuno. 422 S Chicago st / LA, CA / 90033

Homos, What's goin' on? Well, nothing has changed since my last letter to you guys (and ladies) I'm still not gay. Although I was almost beat up because I was hanging out with an openly gay friend. It was neat, my friend and I ran like hell. (He says he went back later and sprayed a pink triangle on the hood of their truck.) Do you know any good local homocore bands that would like to be on a comp put out by me & Run Like Hell Productions? If so, please just have 'em send a demo and some band info. Each band will get a free tape. I'll be reviewing the demos and your 'zine and my 'zine "Run like Hell" When it's finished. I'll send you a copy of it if you're interested. Take care and Thanks,

Mike p.o.box 45 / Penfield, NY / 14526

Tom thinks that it might be a good idea to send letters that aren't very TIMELY if you know what I mean. Take the above letter for example, It's from Mat and it's August now. By the time you read this it may be OCTOBER. [nope - it's December... - tj] Ha. The staff here goes around in circles and the mainstay Tom's head just swirls around with it and pretty soon it's already august. can you believe it? Can you understand it? Now's the time to do that community service for all those parking violations

you've piled up. Right here at HOMOCORE HQ. inc. (I don't think you can really do that but I thought it sounded kinda funny) Anyways, If you happen to be a "Homocore" type band. I would drop a letter to the above mentioned "Mike" and see what's happening with "Run like hell productions" -donna

Dearest Homocore,

My stuffed bunny Pogo Stick and I want to be famous, so please print our picture. Sorry I'm not naked. (at least Pogo is.)

Pogo's a punk; I'm a Mohikan elf. He likes hardcore, and I like gothic. Homocore readers can write us at

9347 Kingsboro ct / Indpls, IN / 46236.

We wrote you earlier this month but, that was before we got this picture back. Love, Christine

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I'll be saying something you, some of which I said to JD's just recently, seconds ago, maybe not yet, depends if they get my letter soon. I typed for them, was more coherent for them! NOT FOR YOU!! NOT FOR YOU!

You guys, and others, are building a vibrant parade of hope/ love/ touching, in my mind if not yours. I hear music, laughing. But me still here. I will not ask for b.h;tejj05ji forget it. let me smolder in peace! I am a mad man now but lack poetic urge to be colorful. Or am just confused, tired... no, will not say lonely... I have bootstraps, Yes? "Up and at 'em boy!!!

But still, all I ask for is a kick in the ass....

Between work, sleep, chores, family, stagnant social habits, things stay the same and I stay here, still... alone. Why? Got to move, Staying still. No medals please, feelings for the pathetic. I have no crutches, do I? Am I not self-sufficient enough? Still... I Hate you, FUCK YOU! I hear a parade or something, coming and going... by. FUCK YOU!

Hey guy's I've got a problem, I was wondering if I could get some advice from you guys. Ok, there is this dude I really like but he's the type that refuses to believe that he can love another man, he's been this way for 10 years (gay that is) yet he always seems to manage on calling home to see if I made it home ok. Things on that nature. I'm not sure what to do I've never run a situation like this H-E-L-P!!!

Shawn / 7 Gardenview dr / St. Peters, MO / 63376

Give him a fucken kiss or grab his dick. No sense that silliness going on any longer... - tj

Dear Tom, I was quite impressed with your latest Homocore. #5 was the first issue i've ever seen and I'll have to order some back issues when I get some U.S. bucks. Even though I'm not gay, I dug the zine a lot. 'course,

I'm not really that straight either. I find both males and females attractive, as long as they're kinda "punk" or weird looking. A lot of macho jerks think I'm gay because I look strange and have pierced ears (among other things!) and it doesn't bother me if a gay guy thinks I'm attractive. I must admit, I'm curious. It's just that I haven't tried it with a guy yet. Maybe I will, maybe I won't. the fact that I have a steady girlfriend might have something to do with that, although she's been in the UK for 2 months now and I'm not sure if our relationship is still a relationship anymore, Ya know?

Anyway, I think what you're doing is great. I say "break down sexual barriers." who cares who you have sex with? And I think you are an alternative to both "gays" and "straights" who feel alienated by "normal" gay and straight communities and feel closer to the punk/underground scene...

Dr. Weasel / 23 Nelson st. #3 / Kingston ONT / K7L 3W6

Dear Friends,

I was introduced to Homocore (#4) by someone I met at the under-21 gay Men's Group when I was visiting Berkeley. After returning to New York, I got the issue that was released between then and now (#5) and I looked at previous issues at a friends party. Homocore is great, but the letters section is fucking beautiful.

I used to stop by the bargain bins at Tower Records in the East Village and see what gay music I could pick up for a-buck-or-less per record. I found two discs about which your readers should be told. 1. A hardcore album, but I don't know which name is the record's and which is the performers'. (Bear with me.) Maybe it's "Disorder", by KAFKA PROCESS. Then again, maybe one side is by a group called DISORDER and the flip side is by a group called KAFKA PROCESS. [There's a band called KAFKA PROCESS on the VIVA UMKHONTO benefit comp, 86 or so - song called 'children of love', but the lyrics seem to be in Norwegian. Address I have for them is Mandalsgattan 1 / 0190 Oslo NORWAY -tj] If that's true, then the title is probably "One day son all this will be yours." The most prominent bunch of words on the cover. Anyway, "Double Standards" (on the "Disorder" side) goes: "Make sure you're over twenty-one/ if you want it up the bum." "togetherness and Unity" (Also on the "Disorder" side) goes: "I get enough bullshit/ from straights and pigs & cops/ Ignorance and bigotry/ are things we gotta stop." The record was released in 1986 by Disorder Records. (Contact - Revolver Distribution, The Old Malt House, Little Ann Street, Bristol 2, England.) The sleeve also says "Contact - c/o X-Port Plater, Mandals Gate 1 - 0190 - Oslo 1 - NORGE."

2. "Petals and Ashes (Long Mix)," a 12" single by Jeremy Kidd and released in 1985 by Self-Drive Records (no address given). "This is a Self-Drive Record distributed by Red Rhino & the Cartel" And recorded in Hull, Quebec. I don't know if Jeremy Kidd was gay, but "Petals and Ashes" is dedicated to anarchist Emma Goldman, who had AT LEAST one or two Lesbian relationships.

I'd like to read any information on these two records. If this letter gets published, a big, sloppy kiss goes out all lesbians and gay men who are even entertaining anarchist, radical or socialist ideas. I love you. Oh thanks for the article about the Alley Club. I had just returned from visiting Missoula, Montana, when I picked up issue #5. (the AmVets was the only gay bar when I was there.)

Adam Mark Kleinkopg, Co-Op City building #8/ 100-14B Dekruif Place/ Bronx, NY / 10475

Dear Homocore Staff,

First of all let me thank you for sending me a copy of HOMOCORE as a person in the N.Y.S. Prison System it really made a difference in my day. Your publication really gets into the issues as I consider myself to be a sexual dissident. I do not conform to the age of consent laws, yes that makes me a boy lover and I readily admit that but with consent only. I see nothing wrong with intergenerational sex and I am paying the ultimate price for my belief. I also do not regret a single minute spent with a boy. To say that there are no gay children would be a mis-statement yet our Court system and society seems to feel that a Ω person under a certain age could not be gay but when they reach this magic age of "legal" consent, well then he's old enough to know. this is just plain immature thinking and for other gay people to be caught up in this type of thought should be unheard of. We as a gay community so lets not put each other down, we will all suck a dick who cares what size it is.

I am looking for pen pals and please feel free to write. It is always great to receive a letter from friends. Yours,

Wayne Hunt. P.O.Box AG-85A8050/ Fallsburg, NY/ 12733

Dear Tom and HOMOCORE,

I'm just writing to tell you of an amazing experience my dear friend Hatied McCloud has just written my about. I'm sure you'll find it interesting! Ms. McCloud is originally from Dawson City, famous for the goldrush, yet equally infamous for it's large lesbian community. Lately though, she's working at Resolute Bay (population 200); for those of you unfamiliar with Canadian geography: I'm talking about the High Arctic, a mere snowmobile trip away from the North Pole. you can imagine how isolated it is...so I regularly send her news from "down south", which includes a few xeroxed pages from HOMOCORE, (I hope you don't mind...it's too expensive to ship the whole damn thing), which I consider to be one of the most interesting gay magazines to come out in a long time, (with the exception of J.D.'s...my favorite, but that's only due to Canadian nationalism).

Anyway, the isolation, along with the intense weather and various other factors create a very repressive environment. Let's just say that Gay Liberation is a totally foreign concept to most Northerners. However, to make a long story short, one day Hatie was extremely surprised to find a "French Faggot Ice Fisherman" (her quotes) wearing

a HOMOCORE anarcho-homo-logo button show up on her doorstep! (apparently it's not that hard to get from Montreal to Resolute.) Wow! Look how popular and world-famous you are? HOMOCORE has reached the farthest reaches of the Far North! Hatie promises to send some photos, and I'll be sure to forward you guys a few of them...they should be very interesting!

Ronald- Ann & Vilja Selde / #3-651 Avalon rd. / Victoria, BC / Canada / V8V 1N8

HI,

I'm really glad that there are others like me. For years I have had no one and now, I hope I might. I never went to fag bars because people used to make fun of my hair. So then I became kinda normal looking and I became a go-go boy, all those perverts liked me. But no one young even looked twice at me when I danced. All those yuppie fags never tipped. I made my living off old men (they were pleading and moping for lost youth - they hoped to buy it from me.) But I was never a hustler, I couldn't stand the thought of someone paying me to talk to them, someone paying me just to hug or kiss them, because inside they were so miserable and alone. Sometimes when I go out in public, and people walk past me - I expect them to walk up to me and start touching me. It's so hard to separate that world and normal reality. I have been a go-go dancer off and on for five years. And I always wanted to stop. I've always ended up dating yuppies, and fashion victims who didn't understand me inside. they always ignored my soul, and only looked at how I dressed and how it displeased them. So, now I ask...is there someone out there who can accept me as I have been? A stripper and a vagrant and a runaway. I need to know, because I'm getting lost inside myself and I'm losing what I believe in. (You can say it's all up to me. and it is.) But where can I fit in? Who can I talk to? Must I go back to dancing and smiling a false smile for a roomful of people who have died inside?

The answer to my search is not found in the faces of the dying, or in the faces of the desperate, and the perverse. But in the faces and souls of the living, who believe in what they believe and never falter.

I am peter, twenty-one, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'6 1/2", 135 lbs., is there someone, anyone, people who will hold my hand? Cause you know I'll be there to hold yours.

Peter Julion / box -379 Anderson Hill Rd. / purchase Ny / 10577-1400

Gadzoox man, I'm absolutely appalled at your answer to Summer from Ashby who's being locked in a 4'x 4' locked room for 7 hours a day for wearing combat boots to school. Your lay-down-and-take-it attitude of "shit, what a terrible school" and "luckily it (high school) eventually ends" was a pretty lame answer you must admit and a real disservice to someone who needs help. The correct answer of course would be to kill the people responsible and I'm only half joking because most jail cells are bigger

than four foot square and at least they let ya out for an hour a day for exercise - jeez.

Another idea is to call up current affair or inside edition and get them to do a story, they love this kind of shit or call up the local newspaper and get some press, publicity is just what summer needs here. Also she should call up the ACLU and see what can be done through legal channels. I should think false imprisonment and/or child abuse charges would be a good starting point. Making noise with publicity is just the ticket here because a private school can ill afford bad press since it depends on paying customers to keep it's doors open [isn't it interesting that Summer says that she got suspended from school but still has to go? But of course if they sent her home dear old dad might want his money back. So instead, they keep her (and their money) and put her in a "learning cell" - sheesh]

Alas however, later in her letter, but in a different context, Summer says "I'm lucky my parents are so great" ... well... I ... uh... hmmm... perhaps she might want to rethink that stance and begin to solve her problem at home. I realize of course, that except for parental unity that all this is quite moot since I'm writing this in June and school is most probably over however the point remains the same to Summer or anybody else in a jam - don't let the bastards win without a good fight. So I wish nothing but love, luck, and success to Summer and hope she comes out a winner.

Also a swift kick in the nuts and a lobotomy to that jerk from Japan that somehow justifies sex with children by using police statistics. Shit, since when are the cops experts on child abuse? or anything else for that matter. I don't really care to get into it, so I'll just say I only hope the asshole gets run over by a bullet train.

In a lighter vein since so many people are interested in T-shirts and yer no artist, why not have readers send in their logo ideas, print up the best ones in a future issue and have everyone vote on one then you'll have one. Anyway, good zine and I'll be looking forward to the next one.

mr/s opinion / Olympia, Wash.

What the fuck - what was I supposed to do? I don't even have her address - I printed everything I got. I'm only a zine editor, no special magical powers here. Why don't you try to help her, instead of complaining to me? - tj

Dear Tom -

I've enclosed a copy of a magazine I came across awhile ago. I wrote to the P.O. box to see if there were any other issues, and got an XNTRIX catalog which has Poison Girls records and tapes listed for sale, as well as copies of "The Impossible Dream". This one enclosed (no. 3) is definitely the best- thought you might enjoy seeing it. Also available is a T-shirt with the "Desires, Not Jobs" centerfold printed on it.

A thought of something that might be included in a future Homocore- something about safe sex guidelines. I've

recently read (as perhaps you have) that AIDS is affecting adolescents to a rather alarming degree- perhaps because people think that if they stay in their own age group there's no danger, ignorance of safe sex, etc. Safe sex, like all sex, is hot and great. Live and love & love. I tried putting something together but it wasn't "happening", I'm trying to find something in print that isn't too square and clinical that would be appropriate for appropriation.

Bye now- love, Rick Robertson/496 LaGuardia Pl./No. 270/NYC NY 10012

Dear Homocore,

Hi. I was just given an ish of yours and enjoyed it immensely. It truly is my cup of sweat. I'm a gay skinhead. I've been shaving my dome since I was 20. I'm now 34. I remember when the "punk" scene (in the late 70's) was fresh, vital, raw, real, and robust, but now it's all too mechanical, paint-by-number and trendy. My shaved head is an acquired taste in Chicago's gay community, but a friend of mine and I find the gay scene in this town to be all too snooty, catty, and cliquish. I put a personal in the Chicago Reader a few months ago and no one replied. I was hurt, but realize that a shaved head may have select appeal. My address is at the conclusion of this note, and if there are any gay skinheads in the Chicago or nearby Indiana area, please write. I am monogamy oriented, and always have been, and always will be. Even if You're not scalped, and you're in your 20's, smooth and with no beard or mustache, please write. I compiled a list of films where actors had their heads shaved. I did NOT include a film if the actor wore a skullcap, or was by nature bald. Feel free to print it. Thank you.

CY / PO Box 1036 / Homewood IL 60430

Dear Homocore, I am a seventeen year old gay punk. Life in Missoula sux. Thank god for Homocore. The scene here is really lame. However, there is one gay hardcore band here called "Into The March". They are my only friends. Everyone at my school gives me shit because of my sexual preference. I am planning on moving to the Bay area when I graduate and go to art school. What is the scene like there? Please send me your most recent issue of Homocore. I want to correspond with other gay punks. Skate to die!

Steve Ackert / 1219 S Higgins av / Missoula MT 59801 / ph(406) 543-8117

Dear Tom,

I finally got a copy of Homocore, #5 (I sent bucks for two issues in a row and messed with your system). It was great to see my story excerpt! Last night I read about you in Poetry Flash. At 2 am found out Allen Ginsberg called you a "weird looking genius kid". "Wowee Zowie," I thought, "I gotta get that thank you note off to my good pal the genius kid, Tom." Are you sick of getting teased about it yet? I sent my novel off to the Alyson/Different Light contest like you suggested & didn't make the finals altho

my writing buddy & friend Barbara Ruth did. Seems to be a consensus that this draft needs yet another rewrite. Oh, well. It's getting better, that much is clear. One big bit of feedback I'm getting- kids can't be this together & responsible, this sexually experienced, this anti-racist, non-sexist and non-homophobic. Some of that is true & some is not. I've started talking to folks more about it but there's complicated parts to unravel. I wrote out of an initial complete enthusiasm for punk

[oops - the typist stopped here, tired after typing a zillion letters. That's OK but - it went in the trash with all the "ALREADY TYPED" letters. Oh well! - tj]

Homocore Dears,

Boyz, Gurlz, Hi from Boston! Just received my 1st issue. Yeah, like some light has been shone on this gay Kid finally! There is alot of people in the closet who are skins, punks, deadheads, metal kidz and so on. Ya know, i knew i was gay way back when i saw Aerosmith's picture on "Get You Wings". Looks like Steve Taylor was inviting us all to his pecker! Lord of the Thighs! Anyhow, i love your rag and i'm sending more money to help you dudes and dudettes. Also found a local ad near me, hope it works! Yes, a guy! Kisses to all lesbian girls and gay boys everywhere. luv ya's,

Dave Macmillan 65 Conwell Ave. 2, Somerville, MA 02144

Hey,

It's me, Kendon. I guess I was pretty fired up when I wrote that last letter. I was talking to Tom some months after I wrote it and thought of pulling it out, but I read it again and decided to leave it. If I spilled my guts all over you, I still won't apologize; some of you need it. Since I wrote the letter, I had moved to San Francisco and Back. I learned a thing or two and gained a new respect for sex workers, but I still say take warning of the mentalities that can victimize pornography (pro or con). There are great powers in this world of wickedness and morals. (Why do you think they have bouncers at the Lusty Lady?)

I've seen the desperation in the eyes of people who wonder about the fate of the world and it's not scary standing from the observant view. I could give them an "I have a dream speech", or tell them that we are all doomed. I'm torn between the two. Surely, someone's gotta understand that! Sometimes I wish I could hurry up the major disasters that await us rather than wait and watch the suffering. Some say, "then Don't watch it." It doesn't go away. We all are responsible for a lot. Some want to peacefully demonstrate, but that is so naive to think that you can stop hatred, violence & greed by getting your head kicked in by a cop (stormtrooper) and carted off to jail, only to pay bail, which contributes to the system of unjust suffrage. I strayed a bit, so for now back to the reason I wrote this letter

To answer the question asked by the gal/guy who signed him/herself "i". I answer the question "what do I think

the purpose of Human Life is?" with "To co-exist with other life forms and prosper," but I won't. To tell you the truth, I don't know. I could bring in my spiritual beliefs, and you and God knows who else would dismiss me as a religious nut. If love and compassion for all living things is nutty, then I wish that all could be as nutty as I am and then I probably would not get stepped on for being a "niceguy". Instead I am, which in turn makes me very bitter and militant. So far all that I could muster up is that maybe we were meant to condemn everything we see. One day we'll condemn too much of everything and we will have to pay.

Animal Liberation is just a shred of what we must endure. We have to liberate each other. ALF can destroy labs and snicker about it, but they are enemies of the American Way and once they take a look at what's behind the American Way, the self satisfaction factor will shatter. I am tired of doing things to satisfy myself. I love myself very much for at least trying to do this through another source. Information. There is so much people don't know about themselves, The Tax Paying Citizen. And there is a weak spot in the conditioning of Americana, or western thinking (no, not eastern thinking either, there's a weak point in that as well.) I know about the robotic 9 to 5ers and those are the eggs that have fried daily. How can you think when your job and taxes and God knows what else has it's thumb on you? You can't breathe at all. I understand that. I hope you understand that I don't want that. I want real freedom and real responsibilities, not the "taxes done before Feb 21st" or "don't forget to vote." One day we will be without Animal Experimentation or the Seduction of the Government Walls. They conned us into believing we needed them, but the reason we need them in the first place was (well I can't blame it on the Government entirely) our fore fathers greed which lead to our own greed. We could also watch the world die because of our greed. I have nothing against the people in the movements, but I have something against the glory seeking, corrupt, know-it-alls who really only know what's going to raise their status and/or line their pockets.

I'm to lazy to proofread, so I'll put my guts in an envelope and we'll see how far it gets.

Kendon Smith

Dear Tom,

I've been pondering the question of writing or not. I guess it's pretty obvious what I've chosen to do. I didn't want to write in fear of someone spotting my name, but finally I said fuck it who cares none of my friends read the zine cuzz they are all straight, except one count that one friend who is gay. I'll start by telling you about myself. About 3 months ago I finally told my friend (the one who is gay) about me being attracted to girls. I've always been attracted to them, I guess I wanted to deny it and kept saying it was wrong and not normal, but I realize it is true. I haven't told anyone else except a girl who I wrote to through this zine (thanx Trish). It's been pretty tough for me just getting to this point, but I know I have a long way to go. This zine has helped a little, but I need

something more. I get real depressed when I think about past experiences w/guys and my childhood experiences w/girls. Now I feel it has something to do with the way I feel now. I guess I'm basically in the closet of confusion (Ha). I'm not even willing to classify myself yet. There is no one I can relate to or talk to with them understanding me. I'm really afraid to tell my straight friends my feelings cuz of rejection. I have a very small social life, I mean small, a club once a month, not even that, concerts hardly ever. When I do go out it's with straight friends so I pretend I am too. It's really bringing me down when I always cover up my true feelings, there isn't much else I can do. I know of a gay & lesbian support group but I have no automobile and no other way I can get there without the third degree. So zines are my only outlook. Well I guess this is it, sorry about the length, I had to tell someone. Also for those of you who read this and know what I'm going through or been through it, please I beg of you to write. Thanx.

Heidi Steele / 3331 Gall Blvd / Zephyrhills FL 33541

Dear Tom,

Hi! I saw your name and address in a "Factsheet Five", and thought I'd write and explain my circumstances.

To begin with I have read your "Homocore" publication before that another inmate had received, but has since moved.

My name is John Methfessel, I'm a young gay white male, 25, have brown hair, blue eyes, 5'6", and a good build.

I am writing because I would very much like to receive your publication, but you should know that although you only ask for \$1.00 for "Homocore", I just can't afford to send it without going without some basic things like toothpaste or shampoo.

You see Tom, I'm serving 2 years for passing bad money orders here in Missouri, and don't know anyone because I'm from Wisconsin. The dept. of corrections here in Missouri only gives \$3.00 dollars a month to prisoners, and with that I must buy my tooth paste, shampoo and other basic things.

It's very hard to be a gay young person in prison. So if you can find some love for me in your heart. Please let me receive your publication and know that I'm not alone. Take care tom! Sincerely Your Friend always.

John Methfessel

P.S. I get released in 14 months and plan on moving out west (CAL). Where's the best place to live (i.e. L.A., San Francisco, San Diego etc.?) I really would like to know!

John Methfessel / P.C.C. / 2-C / 45755 / Rt. 2 Box 2222 / Mineral Point MO 63660

this is a poor quality B/W photocopy of a color collage, i think that it loses something in the translation. anyway here is a couple bucks, for issue #7 and i still would like a copy of issue #5 if it is around. thank you.

by the way, i am still looking to contact anyone in the cleve. area, let's organize something.

i have been thinking about the acceptance of stereotypical gays in an otherwise homophobic society. the only reason that i see for this is the fact that the media-fed public feels safe with media-typical persons and ideas. i also wonder if this is the cause of the indifference expressed when confronted by the drug "problem" in a lot of poor, and mainly black, neighborhoods? it would seem to fit. it seems that most of the fagbashings are against individuals on the fringe (i.e. not stereotypical) of the homosexual society. this may be because they do not fit into the "media-fag" role and are threatening to societies TV corrupted brain (dare i use the word mind?)

Back in my highschool days (ended prematurely), i was a gender-blurred punk, and i received a lot of bullshit from my fellow students, whereas the decidedly gay, preppie, disco-bunny of the school got no harassment at all. more power to him. it all boils down to fitting into the preconceived, media-made (TV-news-papers-mags) characters. my advice is throw away your TVs and start being what you are meant to be - whatever that may be. of course my advice is not useful to everyone, i am living in an oppression-free atmosphere with a cool job and relatively accepting family and friends, so it has probably been less painful (?) for me to be who i am.

don't accept our society as the norm... it isn't, it is a front built up by straight-uptight-white-males. find space and make it yours, step outside the boundaries that they have so conveniently set up for you. hold me back!!! i'm on a rampage!!! everything is so interconnected that i could go on like this for pages. maybe this could be printed as a serial. politics, philosophy, diet, buying-power, forced consumerism, ecology vs. big business. do we all know this and are we all just acting accordingly, or are there people who would like to know more? let me know. write a response to Homocore or a letter to me. ok, i'm done. write. ok. ok.

scott simmerly / 11119 lake ave. #102 / cleveland OH 44102

Dear Tom and Homocore readers,

Just thought I'd finally write to provide some input (being a loyal reader since issue #3) and to balance the scales regarding the "women's input, lack of" issue that's surfaced recently. I have stuff to discuss but first I'd just like to comment on/reply to, some other letters:

Summer: The ACLU puts out a series of legal handbooks, two being THE RIGHTS OF YOUNG PEOPLE by Martin Guggenheim and Alex Sussman, and THE RIGHTS OF STUDENTS (I don't know the author). Other books in this series are targeted to women, gay people, etc. You should be able to find these either in a public library or you can order them from a bookstore. Inform yourself as to what your "school" is legally able to do for you. Unfortunately, because your school is private they

probably have the right to discipline you however they want as long as they don't physically abuse you. Good luck to you. Your experiences are typical of one who educators try to squash every remnant of individuality out of.

Dan: I agree with you about the conditioning, or self-conditioning you experience when you can't live openly gay; not necessarily out of repression but because you have no opportunity to express it. My solution is just to keep myself educated regarding political and social aspects of gay/lesbian issues, then, it becomes much more than just sexuality. But no matter how aware one is it is frustrating having no one to talk to.

So now, of course, comes the me part- I'm lesbian, black female, early twenties. Okay? I've always been a freak and outcast and I'm proud of it. The way I see it, being an outsider is probably one of the more direct ways of learning to think for yourself and forming your own opinions. Shaping myself instead of being shaped has made it difficult for anyone to categorize me, which is just as much a disadvantage when it comes to having a group of people to fall in with who you feel completely comfortable with.

For example, most of my gay friends are male. I don't have many women friends because in going out (to the "wonderful" bars) they can tend to be extremely cliquish, either in pairs or groups, and I don't intend to force myself on anyone. My straight acquaintances don't have any suspicion I'm gay- it's not that I'm not willing to tell but it just isn't an issue- I sincerely believe it's not any of their business unless I suspect they'll be sympathetic and further, it usually isn't relevant if you're intentionally holding back on all aspects of friendship, keeping it on a superficial level just in case they find out and reject you.

Next, the people who know I'm gay think I'm bi because I admire men. But I admire gay men, for God's sake! And just because they tie in admiration of the physical with sexual desire doesn't mean I do. I find nothing wrong with being a lesbian who on an objective basis can admire a guy's appearance. To complicate this issue, these objects of desire are usually effeminate and slightly built. So what does that mean? That I don't want or can handle a "real man" but can consider an "imitation", as some narrow-minded individuals might suggest?

To get really genderfucky, consider being- consider imagining- consider fantasizing: - being lovers with a cross-dresser of the opposite sex - being with a transvestite to your sex [do you mean transsexual? -Becca] (woman with male to female trans., man with female to male trans.) - if you believe in lesbian roleplaying, being able to be butch or femme at whim - being a gay woman who sometimes feels like a gay man, or a gay man who sometimes feels like a woman. Lastly, imagine yourself with your sexualities intact as a member of the opposite sex. Would you be gay, straight, bi, asexual? Or with a preference yet celibate?

Anyway, back to the outcast mode, I've always been ostracized for being too smart, too silent, too ugly (not

true people), not feminine enough, etc, etc. As a black person I have to feel afraid to come out within my community because of all the stereotypes blacks have about gays. Even though I'd disprove many I'd be setting myself up for enormous amounts of abuse, especially from men who in my neighborhood think any woman is public property. Back in school I was hated for getting good grades, and probably cause every male could tell I was a latent dyke even before I knew. And because I mainly identify myself through what music I listen to, so-called "white" music, that was yet another division. Even the white kids I was in classes with didn't listen to the fringe music I did.

I could go on and on about divisions and definitions and everything else. My rule is to label yourself; if you have to, but don't restrict yourself or limit yourself to those labels. Especially if someone else has placed that label on you.

I'd be interested in entering a dialogue or just being penpals with anyone, male or female (especially), I don't mind how you define yourself, what stage you are at in coming out, and all that. I'd really like to hear from MA, CT, NY (NYC), CA (SF and LA), and Atlanta. I'm not punk per se but I listen to that as well as basic alternative, industrial, jazz, house and new beat, new age, folk and fringe folk, just about anything. My particular interests are photography (not doing, looking), print media (magazines), writing, Eastern philosophy and religion, karate and general fitness, dancing and all kinds o'shit. I'm very well read and have very broad interests so I'm open to learning about and discussing areas such as anarchism and politics, whatever, not just weighty issues either but just to talk. I'm also trying to start writing song lyrics and poetry on a regular basis so any feedback and ideas would be appreciated.

Thanks everyone,

Sebastian Elle Marina c/o L. Mitchell / PO Box 31989 / Hartford CT 06103

Dear Homocore,

Last Sunday was the Gay Pride parade which I took part in and though it was nice to feel a sense of community with the other few hundred thousand people there, now that it's five days later I feel somewhat alienated and confused. One of the difficulties I have with gay people (myself included but I'm working at getting over it) is the importance placed on looks. I've always been heavy and the rudeness and discrimination I've felt at the hands of my gay brethren hurts a whole lot more than the homo jokes make by my straight friends. You'd think that with all of the bullshit and oppression that gays have experienced that they'd be a little less superficial. Perhaps it's all of the emphasis placed on sex.

On the other hand I feel a lot more comfortable with my straight rock and roll friends (most of the time) even with the dumb jokes. I've told many of my friends about myself and for the last few weeks I've been wearing my

Homocore button to gigs and I've gotten no flak from anyone, though I did have to explain to a few people that no, it isn't an Aerosmith button!! Rock and roll is, has been and always will be the driving force in my life, more so than my sexuality. Reading Homocore has helped me begin to bridge the gap between these two seemingly mutually exclusive aspects of my life. For this I thank you.

A great book that I think everyone should read is "Even Cowgirls Get The Blues" by Tom Robbins. It's not specifically a gay story but anyone who has ever felt "queer" can relate to it because it's all about individuality and loving the part of yourself that makes you different even when that difference is really painful. It's also really funny. I've read it about five times and it's helped me through some really rough times.

Well, I guess that's about it for now. Again, thanks for being here and for being what you are. I'd love to hear from other gay Rock and Rollers wherever you are.

Sincerely, Jeff Shore / 41-06 50 St. Apt. 36 / Woodside, NY 11377

Homocore:

Please send me \$5 worth of magazines. I have #5 1/2 (Bad Poetry). Send me any back or new that you can. I'm writing this in a laundromat in my boring little town so please help! Soon! and that's also why I don't have 5 1/2 with me to see who I send this to.

Thanks! I have waited for Homocore for a few years and now that I'm almost 30 and well, it's the only thing that makes sense to me. I know one other guy in this town who likes "core" but don't talk to him much because his personality shifts when he drinks and I don't drink and I don't even know if he's queer and I don't even know if he knows, (that's the kind of town it is) I was in the Bay Area before I got too close to the scene, and now I'm in nowhere-land.

Please don't send me a button because nobody would know what it means. I could have pink triangles all over my body and well, it just isn't worth the energy to explain it to them.

Jerry Shihinski / 242 S. Poplar St. / Mt. Carmel PA 17851

Dear Mr. Jennings-

As promised, here is my letter "suitable for publishing" if you'd like.

First, drugs: What do you get when you cross an intelligent youth, drugs, and an oppressive government? Basically, an individual who is for all intents and purposes- HARMLESS. I take drugs. I like drugs. But, I leave my head clear for enough hours to involve myself in the most powerful weapon against oppression; namely, information. "Information is not knowledge; knowledge is not wisdom."- Frank Zappa. Information is a weapon

and knowledge is power. You take drugs on your days off. Otherwise, you take a permanent vacation with many daze off.

Second, women: Judy Chicago, major artist behind the creation of the DINNER PARTY said it best, "women are so fucking ignorant- and it pisses me off!" Thank-you, Judy, for your wisdom. I firmly believe that the plight of women would be greatly eased were they informed, educated, etc. Most women have fish bowls for heads with a goldfish or two poking about inside. Many of them like being like that because it feels comfortable to behave stupidly. I do not dislike women. William S. Burroughs, gay writer, does dislike women and is totally open about it. He constantly kills them off in his books and has even imagined procreation without the need for women. In THE JOB, he is asked about this in an interview. Trust me, he'd prefer they all be eliminated.

Insofar as women writing into Homocore: Mr. Jennings, why don't you try a less patriarchal approach? The sunglasses and stern expression have got to go. As is, you look like an expressionless redneck inviting lesbians in for a condescension beach party. If I were a lesbian, I wouldn't write to a guy like that. You look too scary. Why don't I come up there and tickle you? Maybe I could get you to eek- SMILE- act girlish, anything but the policeman look! I'm not trying to put you down. I think you're doing something very important. Just remember- as a fag it is your duty to outdo the straights by opening your heart to the world around you. Try it. I think you'll like the results.

Third, AIDS: I hate AIDS! But that doesn't mean that sex can't be fun. I believe that the more love in your fucking (with the help of a rubber, surgical gloves for fisting, and grape flavored latex for rimming or eating twat), the less likely you are to get AIDS and die. Have fun and spread love, not disease! Sleaziness is fun- but not death-sex! Yuck!

Fourth, music: There are many purposes for music and art. The most important are to use these to woo men (or women, if you're a woman). Music changes sex from a functional to a spiritual action shared between souls to heal and elevate. Simple orgasm is dull, making love all day is cool.

Another important function of music is to make you think. In seduction, your genitals are made to think. They swell up with blood, preparing for a conversation with another person's body. In political art, you get to question your identity, socially and spiritually. This is where you hope that your musicians aren't alcoholics or ignoramuses. If they take drugs all the time, listen to them on your daze off. If they have something to say and they entertain you, thrive on this (well, I don't need to tell you to because you will anyway). If they have something to say but put you to sleep, throw the music out. This isn't art. It's academic bullshit.

In conclusion, I think that the underground scene is important, is abundant with life and creativity, and has possibilities for advancing this world to a higher level

of consciousness. But don't be fooled. The very governments we live under prefer us on drugs because it anesthetizes our want or ability for change. Watch out. Also, education is made so unpleasant that we often are borderline literate (not so much on reading and writing, but on knowledge and information). Remember- you don't have to be a student to make use of the University libraries. Skip the classes if you choose, but read the books! And don't steal them. The government would like for you to steal good books and lose them. That way the next guy will be IGNORANT. It's a sneaky form of book-burning. And do you as a person in the underground, want to help the government spread ignorance and therefore control? No. Use the fucking xerox machine.

These comments are general. I'm not intending to accuse anybody. But I know that there are people out there who need to hear this.

Tom, good luck with Homocore. I think that you're doing a great job. Just remember that the government never tells us it loves us- because it doesn't. And to tell people that you love them will do more to crush oppression than any stern expression ever would. With much love -

Daniel A. Ryan / 4301 E. 29th St. #515 / Tucson AZ 85711-6369

Addendum to Daniel Ryan's piece of shit -

You don't dislike women? Could have fooled me with your bullshit misogynist fishbowl analogy. And what is this DIE OF AIDS crap in your zine? I don't know, I don't even feel like yelling at you - your thoughts on women don't affect my life. Unfortunately what males think and feel about women DO affect women's lives and your attitude is just another affirmation that my theory "CASTRATION IS THE ANSWER" is the only way. - becc@

Dear Homocore Crew,

Thanks for sending issues #4 and #6. I'm impressed to say the least! I never realized how many homopunks were out there. Where I live, there aren't any. I've been into punk/hardcore for several years now, and most of my friends consider me an oddity, or worse, that I'll grow out of my "homo-ness". Sorry, folks, but I don't think that will happen anytime soon.

Hope to see more from that right on dude, Lawrence Livermore. I showed "Fag Bashing 66" to some of my straight friends, and I think it opened up some eyes and made them rethink their attitudes about sexuality.

Still, we have a long way to go. For instance, my friends and I recently went to see the movie "Pump up the Volume". For those of you who haven't seen it, it concerns a loner guy who runs a pirate radio program and talks to kids with problems. In one scene, he talks to a kid who is considering suicide because he is a homosexual. During the movie, whenever some kid discussed his problems, the audience seemed genuinely concerned. However, when the homo kid talked about his desperation and guilt, the audience began to scream

"faggot" and "get AIDS and die". When he finally killed himself, some people in the theater laughed. I was horrified. I will never understand how people can be so fucking closeminded. After the movie, my friends and I discussed peoples' reaction to the above mentioned scene. They were puzzled as to why I was so concerned about it. I responded "For you, it's a scene in a film. For some of us, it's life." Anyway, thanks for letting me ramble on. I needed to let out some frustration. Anyone out there who'd care to drop me a line (discreet please, I still live at home), write to:

Mike / 3099 Prior Drive, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio / 44223

A great big sloppy kiss to all at Homocore!

Dear Homocore,

I was brought up by bigoted, homophobic parents in St. Paul, MN on the East Side. I heard, told and enjoyed racist jokes and the like until about a year ago. I didn't mind being called a "chick" and felt that I was born only to "serve a man". My best friend enlightened me greatly and frankly, I'm ashamed at the kind of person I was. I look back at myself and wish I could kick myself! ICK!!! I was horrible!!!

I can now describe myself as being anti-racist, non-homophobic, feminist, anarchist!!! I went to the Gay Pride March in Minneapolis and marched in the 90' sun for something that I can REALLY believe in! I gladly laid down in the middle of Lyndale and Hennipin avenues and symbolically died for aids (I refuse to give it capital letters!)

If you can please print this, I'd be very appreciative! I'm also hoping my friend sees this and turns red when she sees in print how much I'd like to thank her for spending alot of time and doing alot of explaining to me to make me a better person! Thanks Gypsy!!!

Also, I would like to become more active in marches and such. I don't really know how to find out about these things. If anyone in my area can help, please drop me a line at the following address: 461 W. Maryland #107, St. Paul, MN 55117. Also, is there a zine like this more devoted to the lesbian/bi crowd? I'm straight, I think, and would like to do stuff for the womyn in my community.

Thanks for letting me share my story, I hope to enlighten others as my friend has done for me!!!

-Stiletto

Dear Sir or Madam or Other as the case may be: I'm anxious to try your underground gay magazine. If it's free, thank you very much. If it costs please let me know how much or if I've enclosed the wrong amount. Please send it to me in a purple and yellow striped envelope with naked men on the outside so everyone will know I'm getting something special. (I hope the mailmen doesn't keep it for himself.) If you're out of purple and yellow envelopes send it whatever way is convenient.

Thank you very much,

Johnny Gallo / 1021 Pacific St. / Santa Monica CA 90405

Hi there!

Here's Mike from Monterey, in the Mex-northern. I hope all are very well in San Pancho. I write you this boring letter 'cos I'm interested in HOMOCORE zine which I enclosed the sufficient bucks (I guess...) for the current issue of these zine. You know, I'm the editor of a shit zine called MEXI-CORE and I want a review in the next issue (#3) of their zine. Here in Monterrey there are a big-small punk-HC scene w/bands like ABUSO (abuse), CABEZAS PODRIDAS (rotten heads), DISOLUTION SOCIAL (social dissolution), DERECHOS HUMANOS (human rights), REAL ANIMAL... recent acts have been dividing the northern scene by idiots from Saltillo and S.L.P. (cities) but the Mexican scene continues growing up. Is Mexico City the city with the most of bands, gigs, collectives, acts, people, zines, punk festivals... In Tijuana SOLUCION MORTAL begins again (they started up in 1987), but they aren't a punk band musically (just stay the ideal, image and philosophy and a "name") they're a crossover band now. In Mexico City there are lot's of bands enlisted some of them: MAS-SACRE '86 (iden), XENOFobia (xenophobia), CADAV-ERES (corpses), ATOXXXICO (iden), REMANENTE (remainder), HEREJIA (heresy), RABIA (rage), M.E.L.I.-MUETE EN LA INDUSTRIA (death in the industry) and much more. Well, I think is all now. Bye.

Curriculum Mortis / Alvaro / Escenas Belga, Griega Y Polaca / G-3 / Arnes Plasthjarna / Vortex / D.I.Y.

Tom J. and Homocore readers/folks-

Hay, my name is George, I'm 16, and I'm from icky suburban Detroit. I got a copy of your zine from Lawrence at LOOKOUT! INC.- which I really enjoyed reading. I'm a straight male (don't hate me yet!) but I really loved the articles; all and all, You are a very informative "good read". I'm writing because I'm unhappy with my lifestyle. My parents (stepdad, at least) are very strict, although I make it to the occasional good show Detroit has to offer, But at my age/situation it's hard to get meet/know good people, or find anything to do. I did however recently get a fake I.D.- I'll be 21 in nov.-YAH!) in issue 5, I read about the Alley club, and saw the comic "MARY DON'T SLAM" it got me thinking how great it would be to have such great places/ situations/ people, and got depressed with my mediocre suburban punk-teen lifestyle. Friend and scene wise, I'm rather lonely. I have "friends" I can spend time with, even a girlfriend, but none of my friends are too free-thinking, or really into the scene, or mostly normal-folk in punk's clothing.

There's so much sex I'd like to explore-well, I've tried most everything possible, straight, and my girlfriend and I have AMAZING sex (beginners (almost) luck?- who knows) it's just that without viewing girls as objects, i'd like to explore more (safe) sex, uninhibited, just with different partners. I'm not straight because I'm scared. At this point in my life, males aren't very appealing at all- (sometimes, even as friends.) For years I've almost wished

I could be a girl- it seems in high school girls aren't beat up as often for being sensitive or "sissies". It also seems girls have an easier time finding more partners easily to have all the sex they want. (Maybe I'm wrong.) But' as a guy, I'll probably never be raped, and at least less often harassed by the opposite sex, sooo my big "thing" is, though, girls can be (..gulp.) LESBIANS. Aw wow, is female on female sex fascinating to me. I don't try to view lesbians (or any females) as objects, and treat EVERY human with respect, so I don't think I'm a pig, but maybe. I don't know any lesbians, though. It's just as natural to me to be incredibly turned on by lesbians as it is for many of all of you to be gay/straight or whatever your sexual orientation is. The thing is, if I was to put a classified in your respectable little 'zine that I was a guy, straight, and was very interested in corresponding with/meeting lesbians, what kind of reaction would I get? Is that offensive? (as a straight person I'm not sure) is that sexist? I'm far from politically correct and still very unsure of what philosophy to subscribe to. Do many guys share these urges? Lesbians, how do YOU feel about my desires, am I offensive? It's my ultimate sexual goal in life to finally find two gals to help me explore this silly (I guess) lust o' mine, but it'll probably just remain a fantasy, I guess. Oh, well, guess I'll remain horny and curious.

One question: In my little redneck suburb, the only readily available "drugs" are alcohol and weed. well unless you count airplane glue, magic markers, or nitrous oxide. I haven't found any lsd in ages. If it's possible could somebody help me get hooked up, via mail? Is it possible to do so with small quantities, undetected? I guess honesty is all I can offer, but I promise to pay reasonably for at least 2 hits.

Well, anybody - straight/gay/ m or f/ any race, age hairy, bald, whatever, write!

If you choose to write, please, put nothing revealing on the envelope (oppressive environment - dad sometimes gets the mail before I do.) But please fill my mailbox with sex, joy, friendship, guidance, and love. Tom j. and all you homocore fellas/gals what you're doing is really appreciated!

george / 2459 Cora / Wyandotte MI 48192

Hey- Mr. Jennings-

Long time no write- Anyways, please send me Homocore #7 if it's been made. I know that you spoke of raising the price to \$2. If you need more \$\$, let me know.

Oh yeah- some friends of mine think you should try & smile more too. You know, you might look kind o' cute with a big fat grin on your face.

I finally read your whole Bad Poetry issue. Guess it was a mistake to send you "Songs for the Butch" then. Oops. Well, take care you illustrious punkster. Love,

Daniel A. Ryan / 4301 E. 29th st. #175 / Tucson AZ 85711-6369

Dear Tom,

Thankx a bunch for Homocore #6 and the Homocore Bad Poetry #5 1/2. I love them. Homocore is one of the first "alternative" or "underground" publications (whatever they're called) that I've ever seen and although I'm not a "punk rocker" type of guy, I am a 26 year old homosexual and I can relate to many instances described in many of the reader/writers letters. I see the parole board next week and hope to be out soon, so I am glad, even overjoyed in finding out about Homocore when I did. You know - in my area, you just hear about ANYTHING out of the NORM! Hey - for all the readers of Homocore...in # there is so much GREAT TALK of issue #5, but your flyer says "SOLD OUT" - so if a reader has one to get rid of, I'd really appreciate it if they could send me a copy. It MUST be good! And as you know - I can send stamps to pay for it (whoever was to send it to me). Remember, I'm in a Michigan Prison. Yo - Ken Grooms (AZ), Jeremy (Reading, MA), Dan Schubert (S.F.), Wilum Pugmire (Seattle), and everybody else out there...HANG IN THERE! BE KOOL! And keep your voices of opinion and such in the public. I have learned a lot about other people and also myself since learning of so publications that print actual everyday peoples voices. If each letter of experience printed in Homocore and other publications help just one person who reads it, then its all VERY WORTHWHILE! I'll close for now. Please don't forget (someone!) to send me an issue #5! Also - I love to write letters. I make my own greeting cards too! So - everyone, feel free to write me.

Jefferey Lebeda #187278 / 2500 Sheridan Rd. / Muskegon MI 49442

Hey Comohore!

Please send me #7 and #8. Seeing letters from women in #6 made my day! I'll try to submit something soon. I'm BI and FINALLY turning 21! Bob Mould plays in Santa Cruz on Nov 14th and that will be my first "legal" show. I do love your zine and would love to see more stuff regarding women - I'll try not to be a hypocrite and send something myself. KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON!

Susan Nilsson / 1129 Walk Circle / Santa Cruz CA 95060

P.S. For (lesbo/bi) women looking for alternatives to "politically correct" lesbian separatists shit check out 'ON OUR BACKS' - expensive but sometimes worth it especially the punk lesbians in the May-June issue.

Homo people -

I got up this morning and it was a new day and I had to say something out loud. Only I didn't know what it is except it vibrates to your rag so that's where I'm sending it so deal with it or whatever. Actually I need some outlet and validation. Don't have to tell you it isn't the most warm and wriggly world out there for us that are Freaks by self-definition or otherwise. But, your mag is opening a space... WHO LOVES WHO? HOW DO YOU DECIDE?? OR DO YOU? (imagine a picture of two people kissing that we couldn't print on both sides of the words) P.S.

Here's \$1 for #6, don't print my address if you run the letter - I'm paranoid of the hate out there even in my own backyard. AUGGHH!

Well, I drew a little picture and I feel better even if it isn't sans-flaw. You know that thing - "flawless!" Is that a straight jacket or what?

Love and the Mother's Sex energy to us all (along with the father's, ain't no sexist pig)

Hi, Homocore:

I got one issue of this zine in Amsterdam and I found it really great! I live in Madrid and here you are not very likely to find homocore people. Most gays are elegant-dressed, empty-minded stupid guys. Anyway I am trying to join homocore people here for making things like a zine, a group of direct action, a music band... Always as hardcore gays, speaking about ourselves and our things. Sure it's not easy in here: we are too few and there's too much to do. We are trying, anyways. Last year I lived in Basque Country and I met some homocore gays and we made a zine (I send you one, Tom. Hope you like it and understand Spanish).

Here, I suppose, things are quite different from Frisco. I tell you what I do: I am on squatting, on autonomous anarquism, on gay movement, on radikal fights against U.S. army in Nicaragua, sexism, and celebration of the "discovery" (that is, bloody colonisation) of America by the Spaniards in 1492. There are lots of things to fight for, and you'll never take a rest. That's why when I read your zine I shouted and danced. ('What have you smoked?' My friends asked me). It's very nice to know there are people lots of miles away working on the same things you are on. We are far from making a zine like 'Homocore' or demonstrations as you do in Frisco (not many people here) but I'm sure we'll be able to, some day. Let me tell you my labels: I am 23, dark haired, sociologist, gay, thin, tripper and core. If any of you core gays want to write me telling me things from S.F. or are planning a trip to Europe and want to contact me before, here is my address:

Pedro Cremades / Fomento / 21 Madrid / SPAIN

A last favour: if any of you have some of these sold out Homocore zines (#1, #2, #3, #4) please send them to me (or make copies). thanks! Well, that's all. Fight and resist! Hasta Pronto. Pedro;

Dear Tom and Homocore -

Decided it was time to write a real letter instead of the one-line crap I've sent in the past. First to get the bizness out of the way, here's a buck for #6 and also \$2 for a couple of those anarcho-homo buttons if there's any more left.

I wrote a letter more than a month ago and before I could mail it I was put in the hospital and then had to move. That letter totally disappeared so I'm trying again to get one of.

I had really wanted another copy of #4, but saw that there wasn't any left. I had #4 about a week and then it was disposed of by my "oppressive environment" (basically my mom chucked it in the trash). If anyone wants to send me a xerox of any or all, I'd be very grateful.

Well, anyways, I live about an hour from Los Angeles in a suburban hell called Camarillo whose main claim to fame is a state mental hospital located here. I'm not really into hardcore/thrash all that much, more gloom/industrial/art type stuff. But I've always had a fascination with mohawks, skinheads, leather boots, tattoos and such. My first sexual experience was with a younger punker dude with a big mohawk and a penchant for drugs and pain.

Some groups I listen to: P.I.L., X, Pixies, Replacements, R.H. Chile Peppers, Cult, Meat Puppets, Robyn Hitchcock, Tom Waits, Violent Femmes, Cocteau Twins, Dead Can Dance, Caterwaul, Durutti Column, Bauhaus, Love and Rockets, Christian Death, Shriekback, Legendary Pink Dots, Wire, Diamanda Galas, Throwing Muses, Camper van Beethoven ...enough already.

I also like classical and avant-garde things. At the moment I'm recovering from several nasty hassles with bouts of depression - doctors fuck you over so bad with all their bogus medicine shit they don't know what their are doing even. I've been in "recovery" wards 4x so far and doctors only screwed me up worse before they brought me down from highs. Then they leave you in a pit of depression and say goodbye.

Well enough dreary shit - stick this letter in #6 if it isn't out yet, other wise #7's fine. Print my name and address so anyone interested can write - Anybody - I'd be glad to get some mail in this lonely little town.

Thanks and keep up the great job on Homocore.

Brandon Alexander / 430 Chapala / Camarillo, CA 93010

Dear friends,

I'm a dyke from Zurich and I've read about your zine several times in MRR and Flipside which here in Switzerland are available thru the record trade. Anyway, the ads just made me nosy and furthermore I've afraid the "Watchtower" might be slightly below my level. So please send me 1 copy of the latest HOMOCORE issue and 1 ANARCHO-HOMO-LOGO button as well, \$5 are inclosed.

Keep on doing whatever you're doing and may God be with your grandma's canary. Your ??????

Carmen Hausherr / Jennlerstrasse 11 / 8048 Zurich SWITZERLAND

(Carmen, I hope I got all the words correct, is all Swiss handwriting so hard to read. It looks nice, but hard to read)

Homocore;

I just opened issue six a little while ago, read a bit, and decided to finally write in since I've been reading

Homocore for over a year now. I think that all of you who put together the zine and contribute to it in anyway are to be congratulated. I've read numerous letters in Homocore with the similar theme of "I thought I was the only one out there". I felt the same way when I first read an issue of Homocore and I still feel like I'm in a minority consisting of a handful of people. I'm glad that there is this zine to bring a lot of us together, share each others thoughts etc. But still where are all the Homopunks in Philly and surrounding areas? I know of very few, and the few are great friends nonetheless. Anyone feeling the same way can get in touch with me easily. I love to get lots of mail, so please write to:

Bob Paulshock / 1251 Crease St. / Philadelphia, PA 19125

Also looking for three housemates to share expenses with. Cheap rent, safe neighborhood, few blocks from pub. transportation too! Enclosed is the \$1 for the next issue. Can't wait! Thanks again for just being there. That's all for now. BoB.

Tom,

Thanx a megaton for sending copies of HOMOCORE! I was very impressed with their content! Call me unaware, but I was surprised at the large amount of homosexual influence in the hardcore scene. I guess this may be due to the largely homophobic scene I am part of. I myself used to be very homophobic a couple years back, until a couple of my close friends "cam out of the closet" so to speak. After that I started to evaluate the whole sexuality thing, and I came to realize that homosexuality is exactly as natural and normal as heterosexuality, differing only in the choice of who you are with. The more contact I come into with homo and bisexuals, the more respect I have for their sexuality. You must be a very strong group of individuals to deal with all the prejudice!

A big thanks to you is in order for the articles you sent. Rest assured that I will do my best to put them into print and pass those that I don't use on to others. Also, my zine, SUPERFICIAL REICH, is dead. I now do a zine called FREE THOUGHT, with two other guys (not to be confused with the straight-edge fanzine out of Maryland). Issue #1 is not too great (as you can see by the copy I sent), but #2 will be 1000 times better! If anyone reading HOMOCORE would like a copy of FREE THOUGHT #1, you can get one for \$1.25 or 75¢ plus two 25¢ stamps.

Also, anyone who is involved in any radical gay activist groups or anarchist groups get in touch. Front Range Anti-Racist Action is very interested in working with gay activist groups (anarchists, please directly to my personal PO box only).

Christian / Box 8720 / Ft. Collins CO *)524-8720

Front Range Anti-Racist Action / Box 102 / Greeley CO 80632-0102

Hi Tom! Thanx a lot for your reply and zine. I did enjoyed it! Here's my new issue to trade for your's, I have also reviewed your zine! I do agree with what you say "fuck sexual conformities... etc!" *[I stole the line from the NLP article a long time ago - tj]* I feel that there is nothing bad a man to make love with another man of course, in the case that nobody treats each other like the "shitty gay" or shit like that. Sex has no borders, I have masturbated with the imagination I'm making love with another man and didn't feel any kind of guilty!! I still love women so nothing has affected me! Please keep on sending your next releases. I'll do the same for my zine. Thanx for all again and keep in touch!

Panos Tzanetatos - DECAPITATED PRODUCTIONS /
Aspasias 55 / Helargos 155 61 - Athens GREECE

PS. Please return back my stamps!

Finally I write.

First of all, thanks for letting me MC the Fugazi show, especially on my own terms. It was a blast (literally). For those who dunno, when Val & Tom asked me to do the show, *[the last big HOMOCORE show / May 90 / Russian Center - tj]* I said I would if they'd let me harrass the audience - which I enjoyed thoroughly. I'm sure a lot of people left thinking I was a complete asshole, just for asking them to THINK about what they were doing. It's not that I think everyone should be an intellectual or anything - that would be *ridiculous*. But goddamn it, we're getting fucked with so heavility these days by The Powers That Be in this Corporate Oligarchy called AMERICA, and the occasions are few when a large group of us *[over 1000 people at that show!! - tj]* can feel some common hope that we can overcome the shit and live our lives as we see fit. And like I say, seems like five years ago so many more of us were in a State Of Alert - so I figgur a little prodding never hurts. Leave the cattle prodding to the Real Assholes. There's work to be done, like smashing those cattle-prods over their sphincter-ruled heads. So I'm a little militant these dats. Big Deal. And besides, a lot of people (including the bands) said they were really into what I was doing. Glad to hear even a whisper of agreement.

So I'm back in Boulder. So many people asked me, "What are you doing in Boulder CO?" I've asked myself that many times. Basically, it's not too bad for a little white-washed safe-to-be-liberal new age zen-capitalist deadhead yuppie-infested daddy's money college town. The hills are gorgeous and peaceful (except for the occasional mountain lion), and I'm getting a LOT of work done. Writing some fiction (I'm planning to send you a story), a punk screenplay, reading a lot, and basically trying to figure out all the problems with western civilization *[when you get done with that there's dishes in the sink - tj]*.

Also I've been infecting Boulder & Denver with HOMO-CORE propaganda. Wax Trax in Denver snatched up a small stack of zines I brought back from SF. Boulder has a decent little punk culture, though it is in the Land

of a Thousand Closets. And though I'm not into crow-bars, I have been approached by a few straight boys and scattered alternative fags with some curiosity. There's a very strong lesbian community here, but the gay male population is quite disparate - mostly preppies & yuppie cowboys, who want little to do with alternative or truely progressive ideas. There's one homogenous & assimilative gay disco, which mostly serves to keep these fellows feeling OK about their yuppiehood. AIDS is just starting to hit the area, and as bad as it sounds I suspect it will eventually militarize the population.

There's a small ACT-UP in Denver, and I just read someone's trying to tart one in Boulder - I mean to enquire. Trish McCarl, this punk dyke in Woulder who wrote ya's a letter in issue 5, is great to have around, considering there's maybe half a dozen homopunks in Colorado, and most of them aren't talking. Eric Gunner (some of you know) lives in Denver, and is getting a few of us to mark in their Gay Parade under an anti-assimilationist banner. I'll be there.

Saw Fugazi last Friday in Denver. First time they've played there, and they rocked peoples' pants off. There's a small but strong young & scene in Denver (still reasonably homophobic of course) - the crowd was very cohesive. The place was very weird though 00 the Azlan Theatre, which is staffed and run by Skinheads. How Fugazi ended up playing there is beyond me. The Azlan makes you sign an "Insurance Liability" form when you enter (I signed Norman Bates), so they're not responsible if you get hurt "slamming". Actually it's so the bouncers & friends can beat the shit out of anyone they care to. There was a little violence, and Ian stopped the show a couple of times to calm people down. The crowd was definitely with the band, though. I doubt I'll go there again. I don't know why anyone does, except there's a scarcity of venues. So here we have Skins exploiting us only to subvert us, and subverting the shows in the process. Can't we get our shit A LITTLE more together than that? Fucking mid-America.

By the way, it was GRAND to see everyone I could on my trip back there; and I actually am sorry I couldn't see or spend more time with ya's. But as Arnold Schwarzenegger said, in his sexy Germanic way - I'LL BE BACK.

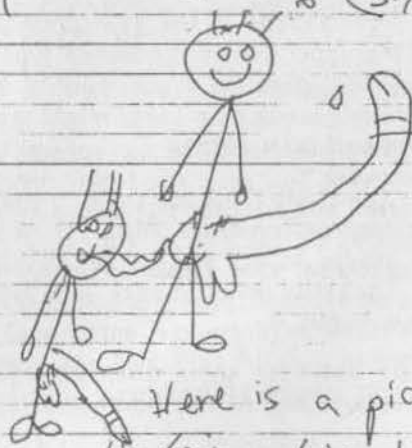
Well, that's my report. Hope the letter isn't TOO long. I've also included a report of ZuZu's Petals Art Gang, a copy of the complete rant from the Fugazi show which got disrupted by the audience, and I poem I read at the show. Love to all, from the bottom of what's left of my heart.

Yours in con-spiracy,

Richard Loranger / 1327 Pine #1 / Boulder CO 80302

PS. Hey, if anyone I know in SF is driving through here or visiting this summer *[sic - tj]*, and has room for a guitar or two, PLEASE drop me a note and I'll call you. My electrics are stuck in the city and I'm jonesing.

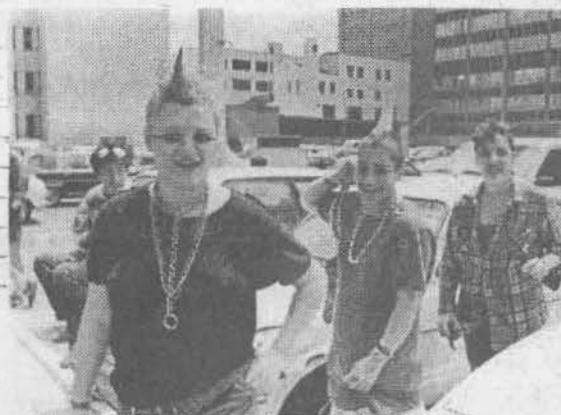
Dear Tom - Homocore
 Homo-caps
 Enclosed is \$1.00
 for iss 4c #6 (Six)



Here is a picture of someone
 sticking his tongue up
 someone's butt.

Paul Gilley
 627 South Normandie
 #111
 Los Angeles, CA 90005

X-HOMO-DORK-GIRL-FREAK-X
 DYKE-MONSTER-NEED-PERVERT-X
MISFITS
UNITE
CHAINSAW
 MAGAZINE
 2336 MARKET
 NO. 128
 SF, CA 94117
 ONE DOLLAR.
 X SMASH-EVERYTHING- ☺ -X



Other TV cuties who suffered agony in adulthood



Todd Bridges:
 cocaine.



Mackenzie
 Phillips: drugs.



Susan Dey:
 alcoholic.

SEVERAL child TV stars grew up to have painful run-ins with booze, drugs and the law.

Danny Bonaduce, 30, who played Danny on *The Partridge Family* from 1970 to 1974, was arrested this year for buying crack in Florida. At 25, he was arrested for possession of 10 grams of cocaine.

Todd Bridges, 24, appeared on *Diff'rent Strokes* from 1978 to 1986. He was arrested for allegedly shooting a man five times last year. While out on bail, he was arrested for cocaine possession. Bridges was acquitted in August.

Mackenzie Phillips, 31, was fired from *One Day at a Time* in 1980 and entered a drug clinic in 1981. She returned to the show until it was canceled in 1984.

Lauren Chapin, 45, played good girl Klitten on *Father Knows Best* from 1954 to 1963. At 3, she was molested. At 10, she attempted suicide and at 16, she turned to drugs and prostitution. She recovered from her nightmare years.

Jay North, 38, who played Dennis the Menace from 1959 to 1963, later couldn't find work. He fought depression as well as addiction to caffeine and nasal sprays.

Susan Dey, 37, of *L.A. Law*, who starred as Laurie in *The Partridge Family* from 1970 to 1974, is a recovering alcoholic and anorexic.

Barry Williams, 36, who played Greg on the *Brady Bunch* from 1969 to 1974, was hooked on marijuana and alcohol.



Danny Bonaduce:
 crack, cocaine.



Lauren Chapin:
 nightmare youth.



Jay North:
 depression.



Barry Williams:
 alcohol.



Andrew Donie / 2 Rebel Rd / Louisville KY 40209

Interview with William S. Burroughs

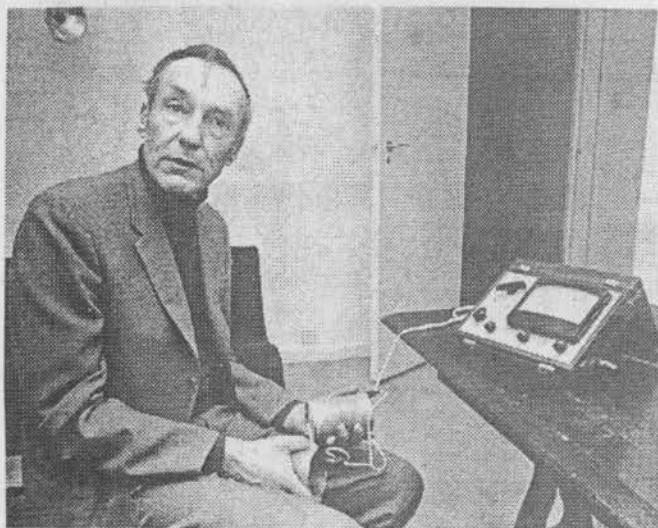
by Deke Motif Nihilson

This interview was conducted on Halloween day 1990, thank Gawdness because it's about the only way I could feel much better about missing the Larry Lea dumbfucks at Civic Center. Working some provocative leads, me and my friend David went to Lawrence KS the previous Saturday and found Mr. Burroughs. I gave him a wad of queer zines, all the ones I had copies of on hand (Chainsaw, Sister Nobody, Pavement of Surface, Faggot, JD's, and mais oui some Homocores). He was into being interviewed for Homocore, so over the next few days I worked it out with his personal secretary James Grauerholtz, a very sweet man who remembered me from the River City Reunion back in '87.

So anyway, we set this up on th' phone (I in K.C., they in Larrytown) and my friends there picked up the bill (ahem) for all those logistical calls, so additional thanx to the Sorrels/Zastoupil household.

P.S. I also talked to Mr. Grauerholtz for another 20 minutes or so, but for the purposes of space kept the transcript to me (Deke) and Uncle Bill (WSB). Mr. Grauerholtz was very lucid and witty about the state of both queer lib and "punk"/youth culture. He was wonderfully facilitating and I thank him special.

P.P.S. Burroughs and Grauerholtz both love Homocore, but probably not as much as we love them! Enough. The interview...



WSB WITH E-METER (photo stolen from RE/SEARCH #4/5 without permission)

Deke: Both Tom Jennings, the editor of Homocore, and myself have been really interested in your discussion of Tongs as a model of group mutual support and protection. However, this model seems suited to professionals with money. Do you think Tongs could function without a lot of money and on street-level?

WSB: Yes, I think so. Remember [the sort I spoke of] were modeled on the Chinese Tongs, and many of the

Chinese were very impoverished. The idea was that the people who had more money would help those that didn't.

Deke: Well, at least in the U.S., and as far as I've ever seen, organizations in the gay community tend to be more of the upper-class businessmen-type variety. We [Homopunks] are operating much more of a street-level reality. We're wondering how Tongs might mesh up better with our own particular needs.

WSB: Well, I certainly think you could, if you got support from like-minded professionals. Also, I think some sort of commando groups to act against gay-bashers is a very good idea. That requires no money, just dedication, like the Guardian Angels.

Deke: There has been some discussion, like in OUT-WEEK about whether or not homosexuals should arm themselves...

WSB: I think they should. There's various weapons, of course [long pause] tear gas is always good. It's a good weapon and it doesn't necessarily leave corpses laying about. Capsdun is the best teargas.

Deke: Capsdun?

WSB: Yes, that's C-A-P-S-D-U-N. Many, all of the places that sell teargas now sell Capsdun. Stop a charging Doberman in its tracks.

Deke: To say nothing of the next bigot running down the street after you! Do you see gay identity itself as a means of liberation?

WSB: Well, in a sense, yes. I mean, I remember when I was younger, back in the 1920's, it was all sorta swept under the carpet. Nobody came out in the open with it. It works both ways, though. One of the things that causes anti-gay action is the fact that they dare to squawk about it. A lot of straight people say, "Oh well, it's fine, we know about it, we just don't wanna have it shoved at us, that's all."

Deke: In your personal experience, what have you found to be the most effective tool for fighting homophobia?

WSB: Actually, I haven't run up against very much of it, personally. Well, I always used to carry a weapon in New York City, usually tear gas or a blackjack, but not because of gay-bashers so much as general violence.

Deke: Do you think there can be a political solution to bigotry?

WSB: Uh, no. I don't see that. You can't legislate decent behavior.

Deke: Right. So many bigots seem to be legislators.

WSB: Well, that's it, that's the trouble of course.

Deke: Do you think it can be addressed on its own terms?

WSB: Certainly it always falls to the good, the more liberal legislators that can be placed in office. Gay legislators too, of course.

Deke: As is already happening to a degree...

WSB: That always helps, it's a step in the right direction.

Deke: Do you see AIDS as a governmentally-manufactured biological plot?

WSB: Well, if I had to bet my money - I say, if I HAD to bet my money, I'd say it probably was deliberate. Now Dr. Seale of London, an AIDS specialist, he attributed it to the Russians. Well I don't see that they have anything to gain by eliminating homosexuals and intravenous drug users. And also, it's a very simple job of biological engineering, genetic tinkering, with the visnu virus, which is found in sheep and is always fatal. There is something called the Committee Against War and Fascism, that came right out and said that AIDS is biological warfare by the U.S. Government against people, against gays and blacks.

Deke: Do you think the populations hardest hit by AIDS were specifically targeted?

WSB: Well, it seems so. If you think of the seed of it as being man-made, deliberately induced, then it is certainly very specifically targeted. It could've been introduced through the needle business. The addict population forms a ready-made conduit for the introduction of any biological or chemical weapon. It could've been introduced through the needles. You can't put viruses in something like heroin because they live for a very short time outside the body, but they can put it in the needles. Most people buy their needles where they buy their heroin.

Rather odd that it should appear first in intravenous drug abusers who are notably sexually inactive. With an STD, you'd hardly expect it to start with a segment of the population that has very inactive sex lives.

Deke: Are you still writing at all?

WSB: Oh yes, yes. I have a book coming out, I think in the spring. It's an abridged version of a book called GHOST OF CHANCE which is about Madagascar and lemurs.

Deke: Oh, was that - there was a story in OMNI...

WSB: Yes, that's it. That was an excerpt. When the straight edition will come out, I'm not sure. This one's being put out by the Whitney Museum. George Condo, a young artist, does the illustration to my text. It's a condensed text of the novel. But I hope that the trade edition will be out next fall.

Meanwhile...
**Bennett Blames Satan
For Drug Abuse Epidemic**

Deke: One thing I've always particularly enjoyed about your books is what might be referred to as the "pornographic" contents, the non-time-local sexual scenes. Do you ever foresee yourself writing any more of that?

WSB: Perhaps I would [pause] there's very little sex in this book I've just finished, The Ghost of Chance. As you get older, you begin to ask yourself how much sex has to do with sex.

Deke: What do you mean?

WSB: Well, it's a complicated question. The actual buttons that cause arousal in many cases are non-sexual. [Long pause.]

Deke: I wanna end by asking if there's anything you'd particularly care to say to all the queer kids out there?

WSB: I'm very militantly inclined and I certainly feel that they should defend themselves.

Deke: Do you think preemptive attacks would ever be justified?

WSB: Oh yes, certainly; offense is the best defense in all military actions. Don't wait for them to attack if they're going to attack.

WSB Communications / POB 147 / Lawrence, KS 66044



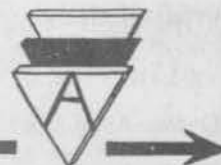
WILLIAM ON MARS (photocollage by J.P.A. stolen from RE/SEARCH #4/5 without permission)

In one test conducted by the Department of Ordnance, 307 lbs. of wet gun-cotton were exploded against a steel plate. The plate was burned, but not broken, and a chicken tethered 43 ft. away was only scorched, not killed.



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And What I Did To Her
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Be Not Lost Amongst the Masses of Order...



DON'T BE GAY, OR, HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND FUCK PUNK UP THE ASS

by G.B. Jones (dyke division) and Bruce LaBruce (fag division)
for the New Lavender Panthers

[This article appeared in MAXIMUMROCKNROLL Feb. 89, for the sexuality issue (the best ever MRR issue). The response was...underwhelming. It ain't a problem with the article. You figure it out. Reprinted without permission. - tj]

HAS PUNK FAILED?

As part of our preparation for this article, and included in the latest issue of JD's [#4? #3? - tj], our homocore fanzine, we devised a questionnaire on the subject of gays and punks. Question number six implored you to go to the dictionary and look up "punk" too see if you'd feel any different afterwards.

Q: Go to the dictionary. Look up "punk". Did you do it? Honest? Did you feel any different?

A: No, I don't feel any different, just smarter.
- Jane Guskin / YEASTIE GIRLZ

I don't own a dictionary.
- Gerard "Conflict" Cosloy

What was the purpose of that?
- Marc Rentzer / LETCH PATROL

No, I didn't do it, because I don't have a dictionary "handy".
- anonymous wimp

If you weren't too busy, and you managed to find it, here's the definition of punk that might have confronted you:

punk (pungk) slang, noun. 1. An inexperienced or callow youth. 2. A young tough. 3. A passive homosexual, or catamite.

(If you *really* did your homework, you would've discovered that punk is also an archaic word for dried wood used for tinder, the original meaning of the word "faggot" as well. Homosexuals, witches, criminals, all denounced as enemies of the state, were once burned at the stake. The word for the material used to set them on fire became another name for the victims themselves. It's no accident that "punk" and "faggot" have a similar root.)

Whaddyaknow. Punks are fags, too. Better start worrying now. Long before 'punk' meant mohawks and MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, young boys were being 'turned out' in jail (recruited to serve other prisoners' sexual desires) and labeled 'punks' ("I punked the kid"). Displaying homemade tattoos and a distaste for authority, these original punks, many of them delinquent minors imprisoned for breaking society's rules, became, on the inside, sexual outlaws as well. This was the point of identification for the early 'punk rockers' who emerged in the mid-seventies, explicitly playing out the role of 'the punk' in dress, attitude, and the rejection of social norms. This stance *obviously* included sexual delinquency - looking for *bad* trouble by, for example, acting like 42nd Street hustlers (Dee Dee Ramone, Patti Smith, among others, in the U.S.) or wearing a t-shirt with two guys fucking on it (Sid and Johnny in the U.K.).

Q: Has anybody ever called you a fag or dyke because you are a punk?

A: Yes! Yeastie Girls get called dykes all the time.
- Jane Guskin

Yes, but because I was a real punk.
- anonymous wimp

Yeah, and then she asked me for some lipstick.
- Jim

Yes.
- Lawrence Livermore / LOOKOUT

The phenomenon of a highly visible and disruptive subculture looking sexually deviant and seeming to behave that way has proven an effective weapon against institutions that attempt to control and contain personal identity and sexual freedom. So what does it mean when someone calls you a fag or dyke? Society considers you as outside of its restraints and controls, and that your protest must extend to sexual behavior as well. The next time someone calls you queer, consider the implications. Maybe you've got them right where you want them.

Early punks, and, judging from our questionnaire, some punks still today, fuck around with people's conservative notions about sex roles. But as a 'movement', it doesn't seem like punk has clued in to the idea of using sex as a strategy for promoting change. So the obvious question we're asking is:

What is the Failure of Punk?

Let's face it. Going to most punk shows today is lot like going to the average fag bar (MIGHTY SPHINCTER notwithstanding): all you see is big macho 'dudes' in leather jackets and jeans parading around the dance floor/pit, manhandling each other's sweaty bodies in proud display. The only difference is that at the fag bar, females have been almost completely banished, while at the punk club, they've just been relegated to the periphery, but allowed a pretense of participation (ie. girlfriend, groupie, go-fer, or post-show pussy). In this highly masculinized world, the focus is doubly male, the boys on stage controlling the 'meaning' of the event (the style of music, political message, etc), and the boys in the pit determining the extent of the exchange between audience and performer. And where does this leave the rest? 'Wimpy' boys, with glasses, maybe, who can't compete, or girls who aren't exactly encouraged to participate? Unless, of course, they're willing to take a stand against 'all that macho crap'. (There are of course exceptions to the male rule: girl bands or bands that include women as equal participants, or bands like the CRUCIFUCKS and the RYTHYM PIGS who pointedly criticize macho behavior during shows.)

The gay 'movement' as it exists now is a big farce, and we have nothing else to say about it, so we won't say anything

at all, except that, ironically, it fails most miserably where it should be the most progressive – in its sexual politics. Specifically, there is a segregation of the sexes where unity should exist, a veiled misogyny which privileges fag culture over dyke, and a fear of the expression of femininity which has led to the gruesome phenomenon of the "straight-acting" gay male. But subversive gay boys and girls who expected to find in punk an alternative to a stagnant culture find themselves largely disappointed and unwelcome. So our next question is:

Have Gays and Punks Been Coopted?

Gay youths are abandoning the gay establishment because it's been 'co-opted'. Threatened by subcultures that challenge and question its basic principles, the dominant ideology, comprised of those ideals and values we are expected to follow and accept as natural and inevitable, allows these miscontents to present their protest well within its boundaries. Under the headings of "democracy", "pluralism", and "liberalism", society presents each 'radical subculture' as one of several alternatives, albeit more 'theatrical', in an array of 'lifestyles' to choose from. Accepting this illusion of freedom the subculture lapses into complacency and loses impetus, becoming increasingly indistinguishable from that which it originally stood in opposition to. The homosexual subculture provides a perfect example of cooption. Presented with a facile freedom that offers gay bars, discos, and fashion within a 'gay ghetto', a radical option sanctioned by and contained within normalcy becomes the only concession to liberation.

Society has long recognized 'punk' as a viable commodity to be copied, incorporated, and sensationalized. Although not yet 'ghettoized' to the extent of gay culture (maintaining a more nomadic edge), punks must constantly be wary of society's attempts to reduce their protest merely to fashion, the representation of the 'radical' as 'hip' new product to be consumed. One way to avoid such cooption is to present a movement that refuses to conform to the standards of sexual decency and moral conduct expected of even the most rebellious of youths, while avoiding the mistakes of the gay movement: ghettoization, liberal reform, class capitulation. And that's what homocore, coming out of the pages of a gay softcore pornography fanzine for punks, is all about.

Androgyny vs. the King and Queen of Punk

If the early punk movement sought to break down sex/gender restrictions, its more exciting performers were the best examples. Patti Smith's initial image, decked out in leather jacket, man's shirt and tie, jeans, and wrestling boots, set the standard. NERVOUS GENDER, CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE, and THE DICKS consciously played out gender-fuck; Siouxsie Sioux included love songs to women in the BANSHEE's sets ("Christine", "Dear Prudence"). Women were talking to other women via songs, not mediated by their relationship to men, but directed against society, and their position within it. As the BUZZCOCKS and X-RAY SPECS protested rigid roles in relationship to sex, the style of the day attempted

the same critique, with couples on the end of each others' dog leashes, bondage clothes – fetish items that were eventually absorbed by the fashion industry as "new wave" and made "marketable". Hardcore, more conscious of the power of cooption, has limited itself to a kind of unisex uniform – band t-shirt, motorcycle or army boots, jeans (braces optional) – in its attempt to avoid this trap, but in so doing, have 'deradicalized' the earlier overtures towards sexual revolution. A common complaint today is that most punk boys date girls who are more rigidly sex-role-defined as sexy or girlish. For those girls who refuse to define themselves that way, the message behind their image, more often than not, is one of aping their boyfriends in the limited vocabulary of hardcore 'style'. Or the girl is dismissed as not 'valuable' to men as sex object, fetish object, or participant in their 'scene'. Either way she loses.

Lydia for Lunch

Lydia Lunch is a prime example of this phenomenon (or worst). The queen of transgression herself cannot seem to grasp how miserably her entire project has failed.

(Open footnote to L. Lunch: Dear Lydia; we all have fond memories of those TEENAGE JESUS days, but of course we couldn't expect you to stand in one spot and yell "Orphans In The Storm" forever. Perhaps it's the people around you, the inevitable hangers-on. Lydia, please, take a long hard look at what's happened. It's never too late. We know you don't really want to be a public joke. Act now.)

A devotee of the 'fuck-pig' school of punk, Lunch, dressed like a Penthouse punk fantasy, squeals, moans, and whines abusively on the various records produced by her various boyfriends. Real protest is replaced by petty diatribes against her latest paramour, playing into the male desire to confront an aggressive, enraged woman, and conquer her, as she has been so often in the past (ie. "Right Side of My Brain"). Like a used Kleenex, Lunch discards one image of the damaged woman to move on to the next. Her "pro-sex" (read "pro-abuse") anti-censorship stance is easily canceled out by her image of powerlessness and ineffectuality. As with the PANDORAS, 'men' line the stage to ogle her breasts and buttocks while Lunch protests about the same. Attempting to present abusive male power over women as spectacle, she creates no distance between a woman being abused and the representation of this. While the male performer's sexuality is allowed to remain implicit, the female performer's must be explicit, typified by Lunch, who consistently plays into this unspoken but widely accepted prerequisite.

But wait! Lydia's scrutiness doesn't stop there? She also legitimizes the boys' outdated position as male spectator by bestowing on them the luxury of using political rhetoric to uphold the correctness of her 'pro-sex' position. Defending her on 'political' grounds, the boys relish the opportunity to sustain the tired positions of voyeur and female sex object, allowing them to have their Lunch and eat it, too.

Hiding behind the sanctified purity of 'art' or 'performance art' lends Lydia's act a touch of class, which is somehow supposed to raise her above the sex-trade worker of 42nd Street. Why she feels it necessary to elevate herself above prostitution, which is, at least, an honest profession, especially when compared to that of the artist, remains a mystery. Naturally, we couldn't care in the least if people are involved in explicit sexual representation (after all, we're pornographers ourselves), as long as it doesn't mirror the oppressive and entrenched value system of culture at large.

Gee, that G.G.'s Such a Punk!

"Smart money says he won't live past 1987."
Gerard Cosloy

Well, it looks like Mr. Cosloy's big money loss is everyone's loss, as G.G. Allin 'limps' through another year. The male Lydia Lunch in the fuck-pig tradition has become the newest punk rock star, but when you're number two, you have to try harder. You have to go a little bit further. Assuming that the most radical position is the most excessive, Allin masturbates, gets blown, and attacks women during his show, the act as proof of his virility - he'll fuck anything. Homosexual behavior becomes one in an array of disgusting acts intended to reinforce his stature as king of the slag heap. As in biker culture, when two men deep tongue kiss to demonstrate how fearless and macho they are, G.G. Allin presents this abnormality as one of a continuing series of abuses to be endured, proving that real men must get their rocks off at all costs - any hole will do. What Mr. Allin doesn't realize is that showing affection to the same sex is a much more alarming and revolutionary gesture. If two same-sex couples were to kiss in the pit, believe you me, the reaction to the crowd would be much more violent and intense than the spectacle of G.G. Allin allowing some poor sap to give him a blow-job on stage. G.G.'s such a punk.

The Royal Scam

If Lydia would be queen and G.G. king, then these two extremes, symbolizing male/female sex roles within hardcore, pathetically mirror straight society's options. This reactionary response signals a further cooption of punk. As a movement, it begins to imitate a repressive society, one that abhors homosexuality and insists on heterosexual coupling, an entrenched institution, as it exists, that empowers the male, as hypermasculine aggressor, while debilitating the female, as victim.

* * * * *

A Riddle

- Q: How do you tell if your roommate is gay?
A: His cock tastes like shit

In a recent letter to MAXIMUMROCKNROLL (#64), a punk/homo wrote in a minor diatribe about the virtues of

being a straight-looking, straight-acting gay male seeking same. This apologist for the "mundane" moralizes against the unsavory practices of male homosexuals, preferring to remain invisible and inoffensive to straight society. The male fear of femininity rears its ugly head once more as the writer expresses disgust at the "flexed wrist" and "pouting lips" of the "disgusting homo routine some fags like to play", finding it "disgusting as most straights do". "Most gays", he concludes, "aren't the raging butt-rangers you think they are". Oh no? The New Lavender Panthers (male contingent) would like it to be known that not only do they consider themselves butt-rangers, but also bum-chums, turd-burglars, knob-gobblers, cocksuckers, and gaylords, while the girls are well-known diesel-dykes, baby butches, and lezbo killer whores. In other words, fuck sexual conformity. The writer complains about fag-bashing, forgetting that the victims are usually the kind of people that he himself describes as loathsome. In another gay letter in issue #64 the (non-gay) writer realizes that it's the most visible and vocal members of marginalized society that bear the brunt of the attacks of the moral majority: "Ain't life hell when those oppressed minorities start acting sassy" he writes.

If apologist fags choose to live drab, uneventful, straight-looking lives, that's their choice, BUT! assuming a disapproving position towards sodomy (with condoms, of course), promiscuous activity (safe sex rules!), and non-straight-acting behavior plays right into the tactic of mainstream culture promoting division within insurrectionary movements. So we'll leave you with these thoughts on the matter:

There's a faggot in the family
I don't know what to do
There's a faggot in the family
He's not like me and you
There's a faggot in the family
If Grandma only knew
(Wow man, how embarrassing,
what would my friends say.)

- from "Faggot In The Family" / ARYAN DISGRACE

...and...

I love him, I love him, I love him
And when he comes I'll swallow, I'll swallow, I'll swallow
And that's because I love him, I love him, I love him
And when he comes I'll swallow, I'll swallow, I'll swallow
And that's because I love him

- from "Nips Get Pissed" / NIP DRIVERS

H*O*M*O*P*H*O*B*I*A

Q: Have you ever participated in a queer-bashing incident?

A: I tried to foment lynch mobs to take vengeance for fag-bashing.
- Brosquin Rewde

The other day I hit myself in the face with my yo-yo.
- Donna Dresch

When I was 16, my gang went downtown to beat up queers but we never found any and I was just as glad of it.

- Lawrence Livermore

There's a lot to say on the subject of homophobia, but why not just listen to the J.D.s Top Twenty Hit Parade song by UGLY AMERICANS:

Let's beat up some faggots
'Cause they really make me sick
We all know it's a mans's world
And real men don't eat dick
No way!

I know some funny AIDS jokes
They make me laugh like hell!
And if you don't like niggers too
I'll tell you a few about Sickle Cell

Homophobia - homophobia
Up my ass
H-O-M-O-P-H-O-B-I-A

(In case you didn't detect the sarcasm and think this song is pro-homophobia, consider that UGLY AMERICAN's drummer is black, and they have another song on the same album (Who's been Sleeping...) called "I Love My Mom". And don't forget "Weenie Man"...)

Q: Have you ever been beaten up because someone thought you were a faggot or dyke?

A: Yes, but it's not because they thought I was a faggot, it's because I am a faggot.
- anonymous wimp

Not yet, but I always feel like I have to have eyes in the back of my head.
- Donna Dresch

Not so much for being a faggot as for being a punk/wussy.
- Marc Rentzer

And here's another song called "Homophobia", by VIC-TIMS FAMILY:

'I just heard this song, caught the last few words
It's all about hating fags, man it was fuckin' rad!
What did it mean?
Why did you agree?
You're just a closet-queen
And you're not impressing me.
"No, I'm fucking serious, it was really cool!
I think I can remember and now I'm gonna sing it for you."
No, I don't want to hear it.
Your head is up your ass
You must be insane,
Why don't you tell me about your past?

J.D.s Sex-Gang Wants You!

Q: Do you read J.D.s?

A: No, I just jerk off to the pictures.
- Donny The Punk

Before the pages got stuck together.
- Mykel Board

Fuck no! That rag?!!
- Tom Jennings / HOMOCORE zine

Oil! readers:

This is the end of our show. Some may be shocked, others offended, but none untouched. What can we tell you about J.D.s that hasn't already been said in the dozens of reviews, articles and interviews, some even published, over the past two years. Maybe just this. J.D.s is one

of a number of projects instigated by the New Lavender Panthers, a collective of fags, dykes and other fuck-ups dedicated to the task of putting the 'gay' back in 'punk' and the 'punk' back in 'gay'. Recent attempts in the media to coopt J.D.s by singling out individuals to be humored as token fag-punks cannot be consigned by the collective.

The homocore movement is a spontaneous insurrection provoked by specific incidents of discrimination and yes, even violence, directed against us queers. The compilation of the Top Twenty Homocore Hits in J.D.s points to widespread and increasing instances of the inevitable rebellion against conservatism within the punk movement. Many of the songs we've chosen to represent the roots of homocore have been unconscious in their motivation. Now we are in the process of making a compilation tape of gay punk bands/performers whose contributions are not only openly gay in content, but also confrontational and direct in their political themes, critical of both the apathy of the gay community and the limitations of punk. If any groups or individuals are interested in contributing to this tape, write us at this address:

**JDs / Box 1110 / Adelaide St. Station / Toronto
Ontario M5C 2K5 / CANADA**

Hate mail should include SASE and recent photo. Thanx.

At the end of the questionnaire, we added the following invitation: "We are writing an article for an international fanzine on the subject of Gays and Punks. If you have any comments, queries, or quotable quotes to offer (or anecdotes, dirty stories, true-to-life tales, compromising photos, etc) please include. Thanx."

Here are some of the responses we got:

Tom Jennings

When I tell people that I'm a homo-punk I get all kinds of interesting reactions, almost none of the ones you'd expect. Never have I gotten (to my face anyways) anything like the nasty "fucking fag" type shit you might imagine. Mostly I get no reaction at all. (This is most disappointing, as it deprives me of the chance to get righteous and angry!)

Why would I tell anyone that I'm queer, and just not leave it unsaid, of to be mentioned discretely when the time comes? There's lots of reasons, but mainly: maybe I'll meet someone I'd like to be boyfriends with. What the hell did you expect, some sort of selfless higher purpose? First things first, I say.

Now most of my friends and acquaintances are considered pretty intelligent and worldly, and are pretty cool about complex subjects like sex and love and all that. Therefore they have to use more refined methods of containment and harassment than ordinary folks.

I'm not going to dwell on obvious oppressive shit like violence - that's easy, or at least straightforward. No one

I know would tolerate that kind of stuff anyway. There are things far more insidious than that! You'll find all sorts of help if you get assaulted (well, sometimes); the quiet friendly shit that well-meaning people do is much worse, and harder to sort out.

One such "intelligent" response to my telling friends about my sexual desires is: "There's no need to make a big deal of your sexuality, why do you need to tell people that?" I used to take this to heart and wonder if I was making a big deal out of nothing, but that's not it at all: the real question is why does it bother THEM? What they mean is that they can't deal with it, but since they are so smart and broad-minded, if it makes them uncomfortable then it must be YOU that's at fault. Why don't you just make it easier and shut up?

The very fact that NO ONE KNOWS is why I and so many others are so fucking isolated, in the middle of a room filled with friends. That's a big part of the reason why I tell people. I am not the one that makes a big deal out of my sexuality. Everyone else does. Before I went to first grade I especially liked certain guys, and before I reached puberty I also knew it was something that was not real cool, and that to survive (for me) meant hiding most of it.

Another really intelligent-sounding reaction is: "Labels are so awful and limiting, how can you limit yourself like that?" (As in 'labeling' myself homo, etc.) Well, labels and categories may be limiting, but this isn't a label or category, it's a preference. Read my lips: PREFERENCE. I don't care why I like guys sexually more than girls, it doesn't matter if it's genetic or I sent away for it mail order.

As far as labels go, I'm not a homo/gay/faggot/queer/etc, it's just that I like boys for sexy purposes much more than girls. I didn't make up the label(s). Now if you like 'em short and dark, you don't get called a short-and-dark-liker, or a queer, or get beat up, you don't get called anything, that's just something you like. I like guys, I get called a queer and maybe get beat up. I'm guilty of using the labels for conversational convenience, homo/faggot/queer, since everyone's making such a big deal of it, but other than that, I'm not applying labels to myself, so get over it, OK?

The assumption for all these so-called intelligent responses is that I am somehow limiting myself by not wanting girls for lovers or for sex or whatever, and that the reasons for it are somehow suspect; in other words, just like the overt homophobes maintain, there's something wrong with me. I must hate girls, I just haven't found the right one(s), I had a traumatic experience, etc etc. Don't bother arguing with them. Ask them: why does it bother you that I like what I like? (Is this the flip side to accusations of some people that will "fuck anything with a cunt/dick"?)

(As a small aside, there's that cliché "man-hating dyke" and "woman-hating faggot" thing that's so stupid: how many straight guys have you met that have no use for women except for fucking? How many close opposite-sex non-sexual friends do YOU have? The cliché itself is

illuminating, especially when you think about who says it the most.)

What is really going on is that most people are so uncomfortable with sex, or closeness to others or even their own fucking bodies, and that they've barely figured others' or even their own heads to just barely cope with the few things that THEY do, that when you do something else, they just can't handle it. No one really talks about human sexuality, except when absolutely necessary, and so never get rid of all those old cobwebby ideas.

I'm the first to admit I'm far from perfect regarding my own sexuality, never mind yours. Shit, it's taken me all this time just to figure this much out, and I still haven't had a boyfriend in three years of looking. It's just that to be an outlaw in this world, and to survive (never mind thrive), you have to work harder and be more perfect than non-outlaws.

Everything we've been taught (or not taught) about sexuality, our bodies, and our relationships to others is pure shit. Just like everything we've been taught about what this country's government does and stands for ain't necessarily so. You think lies and self-deceit are limited to political subjects? I was forced to go through a process that made me doubt a lot of things about sex, and so it's not surprising I thought a lot about other things too, and started to doubt all sorts of assumptions about how the world supposedly works. Lots of people have gone through a similar process, usually after suffering some injustice, like you're a girl and everyone ignores what you say, or you're black and you get shunned or worse at a show. Frequently when it happens in one aspect of life, you go through a similar thing in others; women dealing with the horror of trying to get a humane abortion find out how bad the medical industry is, how poorly governmental bureaucracies treat people, how families can be oppressive, etc.

I went to the anarchist gathering in Toronto, and for the first time in my life met a lot of people with the same dilemma as me. It goes like this: "I go to 'gay' places, and that's all it is; same old shit except the yuppie consumers are gay, and just as narrow-minded. I go to punk things that are my life, that I feel art of, and I have to hide away my sexuality." This is incredibly common. Not every homo is an "assimilationist", ie. someone who is gay but wants to be part of mainstream culture, thinks "equal rights" means women and homos in the Army, the right to a shitty job for life, and thinks that "freedom of choice" means Coke, Pepsi or SevenUp.

Much of the social system we live in is meant to keep us apart, to draw lines between us, keep us in our separate little categories, make us hate each other and do their work for them. "Unity" is bullshit. I'm not and don't wanna be the same as you; let's 'cooperate' as unique individuals, or for shit's sake, at least stop hating each other. You'd be surprised who your friends really are...

Radikal Ray

I dated a skinhead once and we we're screwin' around one day, drinking, smoking dope, etc. I (for some godforsaken reason) could not get my peter to stand up; of course the guy found it amusing and bet me he could get it hard. So he started sucking me off, prodding my ass with his fingers while he did it (his way of letting me know that he was going to fuck my brains out as soon as he sucked me off) and as I'm (finally) reaching total climax, he pukes vodka all over the wall. Needless to say, I went soft again...

Jeffery Kennedy / BOYSVILLE USA

Let me be perfectly honest. When I was younger, I turned to punk because I thought it would welcome me. I mean, I liked the music and I was what I would call an outcast, although that sounds way cliché. Like, the boys liked me until they found out I was a fag. Then they ran. So much for anarchy and brotherhood. It wasn't til I removed myself and confronted that whole scene on my own terms that I could really have fun. It was a learning experience, let me tell you.

Anonymous Boy

There are lots and lots of gay punks! I used to think that there were very few but I keep finding out there are more and more! I think that's great!

One of the problems is that where it used to be OK to be gay in the punk scene a long time ago, something happened when a lot of bands in the hardcore movement started using the words "gay" and "homo" and "fag" as insults and put-downs. I don't know why straight punks feel threatened or whatever but I really want to see it swing back in the other direction. I am a 23 year old guy and I've been into punk music since I was 16 and I always felt like I had to hide being gay. But now I want to break out more and more. I have to get a permanent job so I can get the money to get my own apartment away from parents and their hate views.

Donny The Punk

Throughout the formative period of punk (75 - 79) I think the emphasis was on being free of society's concepts and limitations, being experimental, rather than on expressing a ghettoizing identity as "Gay". Punk were more able to do or try anything without accepting such labels. Patti Smith and the Ramones, who between them founded punk rock, both had songs relating to homosexuality on their initial LPs (Patti's "Horses/Land" which is about a boy who gets raped and "Redondo Beach", a dirge for a female lover by a singer who also sang of male lovers; the Ramones' "53rd and Third" about male prostitution) but in none of these songs was the main character "gay". On the British side a year later the Buzzcock's first single was a big hit (by punk standards) about a boy who didn't seem to care whether his partner was male or female: "Orgasm Addict". One could make a long list of famous punk who were known to have involved in same-gender sex, from both sides of the Atlantic, starting with Johnny and Sid (before Nancy came along).

Then came Tom Robinson, who used to work for London's Gay Switchboard, and whose "Glad to Be Gay" was very popular among punks in general; I think he was the first well-known punk to identify himself as "gay". Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks followed with "Homo Sapien" after the 'cocks split up. On the American side, Lance Loud, the teenager who "came out" to his family on national television ("An American Family") fronted a punk band in New York.

When punk made the transition from the classic style to hardcore, there started a new emphasis, not part of the original idea of punk, of being "hard", and this was identified with being "macho". Given the popular image of homosexual activities (among guys) as "unmanly", it is not surprising that homophobia soon became a part - fortunately, a very controversial part - of the punk scene. With homophobic violence on the scene, it became risky to be perceived as willing to experiment with same-gender sexuality; at the same time fewer punks were willing to take risks in order to assert their independence of peer pressure from other punks. The net result was a heavy repression of homoeroticism. The AIDS panic, fed by government propaganda which did not distinguish between risky behavior like ass-fucking and safe behavior like cock-sucking, has certainly contributed to this repression. The punks most willing to combat this atmosphere were those who identified themselves as "gay", so the emphasis in the open discussion has shifted in the 1980's from being free of boundaries on sexual expression to the problems of an oppressed minority group, "gays". Personally, I find this to be one of the most significant areas of regression in punk.

As a footnote, it is worth noting that a 1978 issue of PUNK Magazine, then the only punkzine on the East Coast, carried a discussion with the manager of Max' Kansas City (at the time in the process replacing CBGB's as New York's main punk club) on the word "punk" in which he clearly stated that the term was used in jail for younger prisoners who got raped and sexually enslaved, so the awareness of those connotations was widespread.

I think also that the intensity of male-male physical contact on slam-dancing has contributed to homophobia because it brings out fears of homo-sexuality (confused with homo-sensuality) to the surface in insecure teenagers who would otherwise not be dealing with the issue, or not with so much emotion.

Q: Does slamming give you a hard-on?

A: No.

- Lawrence Livermore

These days everything makes me horny.

- Jane Guskin

No, you fucking idiot, slamming does give me a hard-on. However, whilst dancing with Annabella Lwin (BOW WOW WOW) at my prom, I came in my pants. I don't

slamdance

anyway. Faggot.

- Marc Rentzer

Slamming into what?

- Mykel Board

Slamming doors always gets me off
— anonymous wimp

Slamming has never given me a hard-on. Neither has
watching other slam.
— anonymous boy

Well, um, gee, urk, yeah. Like three weeks ago I went
to this show in Seattle and GIRL TROUBLE was
playing, a really great band from Tacoma, and it was
in this boxing club which used to be an S&M place.
Anyway, it had been a hot day and there were 200

people there crammed into this little room with no
ventilation. It was STEAMING. You could not breathe!
Of course, every boy in the room had taken their shirt
off and I jumped in the middle of 'em when GIRL
TROUBLE starting playing "Little Sister" (Elvis). I
was faint. Dancing, slamming, dizzy, sweaty, panting,
scratching... yeah, slamming does give me a hard-on.
— Jeffery Kennedy

If you want you can make up an equivalent question for
girls, but it's stupid anyways.
— G.B. Jones

Top shrink says many hunks may be homosexual!



SECRET homosexuals adopt a variety of covers.

How to tell if your guy is gay

Is your hunky hubby or
macho boyfriend really a limp-
wristed gay who's afraid to
come out of the closet?

Thousands of women have been
stunned and humiliated when they
tragically learned that the man
they've been with for years is really
a homosexual. Often these
guys use a girlfriend or a
wife as a "cover" to make
the world think they're
regular guys.

London psychologist Jane
Firbank has identified seven
types of men who seem to be
normal, but are really gay.

● **The Clothes Fusspot** —
This man is constantly in-
volved in his wife's or gal's
clothes, makeup and hair. His
interest may mask a weird kick
he gets from ladies' things.

● **The Gay-Bashing Joker** —
This beer-guzzling macho man
acts like one of the boys and
constantly makes nasty jokes
about gays.

"He could be ashamed of his
real sexual feelings," warns
Miss Firbank, "and thinks no
one in the world would suspect
him because he's such a man.
Inside, he's a total mess."

● **The Moody Loner** — This
man is often down in the
dumps and hiding off by him-
self. Miss Firbank said, "The

By JACK ROBERT

man who is gay, but trying not
to show it, suffers indescriba-
ble depression."

● **The Moaner** — Men who
nag their women and con-
stantly complain about their
looks and their intelligence
may be harboring a deep-
seated hatred of females.

● **The Loudmouth Woman
Hater** — This bigmouth likes
to taunt and make fun of
women in public to his friends.
"Deep down he really does

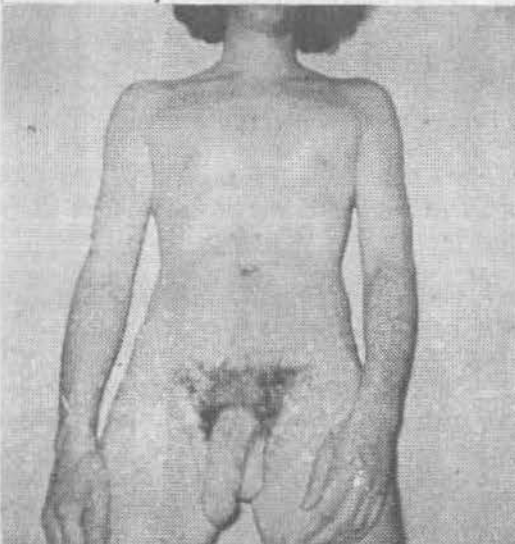
have a low opinion of women,
but wraps his loathing up as a
joke."

● **The Passion Killer** — This
man is really bad news. He acts
lovey-dovey with his gal until
the lights go down. Then he be-
comes hesitant or even refuses
to make love to his heated-up
honey.

● **The Actor** — This bully is
the tantrum thrower who then
pleads with his woman to for-
give him and never leave him.

"This is a classic sign of a
guilty conscience."

Weekly World News

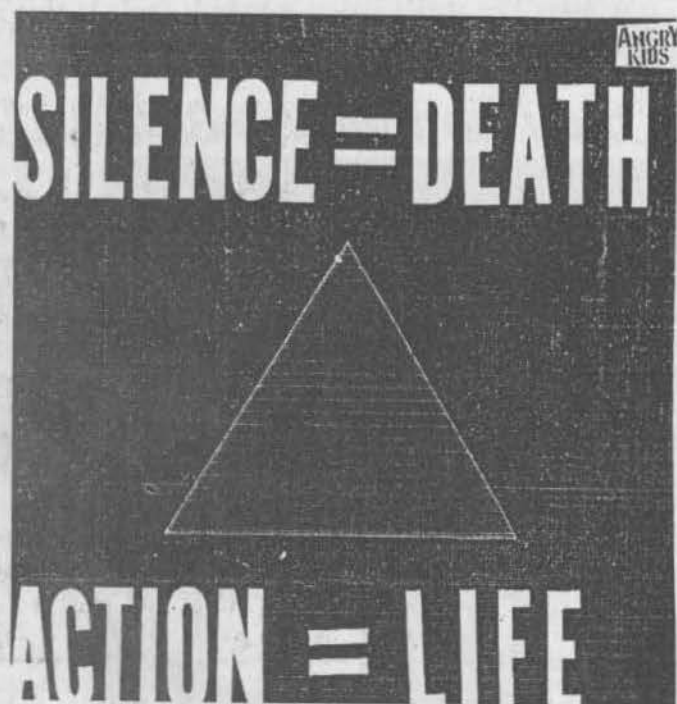


PHILIP MORRIS FUNDS
JESSE HELMS. BUYING
MARLBORO PROMOTES
IGNORANCE
ABOUT AIDS.
CALL 800-343-0975 OR
800-446-7030 AND
GIVE THEM HELL FOR IT.



Zines, Music, all that stuff

These aren't meant to be "reviews", where we tell you what's "good" and "bad", but descriptions of things we think are worth looking at from a homo-punk perspective. If you see anything you think others should know about, either send it in or write it up and tell us! There's a lot of things that should be in here and aren't. We get lots of zines here, especially, and many SHOULD be reviewed, but there simply isn't time or space. Doing these "reviews" always holds up HC production.



ANGRY KIDS/CABAL Split LP INNOCENCE IS BLISS Compilation tape (Wasted Effort Productions, Box 2095, Quincy MA 02269) LP:\$4.50, Tape:\$3.25. There's no address on the record, sleeve, tape, or insert! OOPS!! **ANGRY KIDS** is a fag-punk band - or at least an honorary one. Their side of the record is black with a red (?) triangle and **SILENCE=DEATH** and **ACTION=LIFE** on it. Caught my eye, kinda. They don't write "WE'RE GAY" on it, but... songs are **A LIE**, reminds me of a punk equivalent of **THE SMITHS** "What Difference Does it Make" (I deem that a good thing); **HATE IN NUMBERS**, just what it sounds like, about getting shit from gangs of idiots; **LAST DANCE** and **LET ME KNOW** are more personal, why-won't-you-be-honest-with-me stuff. Good punk music, a metal-sounding guitar but **DEFINITELY NOT** metal-like music. Songs are all copyright © 1987. Why haven't we heard of these guys before this?! Absolutely write these guys c/o above, get this record, support bands like this!!! They're all hot boys too!

CABAL is more one/two thrash sounding, with eight songs on their side. Are they gay? Does it matter? (Yes goddamn it it does - its **GOOD** that there might be queer people in bands. There frequently are - it's usually a secret though.) Definitely more sophisticated than the usual peace-punk nonsense. **OPEN THE DOOR** "You'll never know how it feels/ not to be able to kiss your lover in a public place/ You'll never fear getting beaten up/ because your sexuality's not in place/" These bands are totally new to me - am I just in the dark or something?

INNOCENCE IS BLISS compilation: 16 songs/16 bands. Proceeds go to International Society for Animal Rights. **BORSCHT**, **ANGRY KIDS**, **VONNY BRATCHNIES**, **STINKING BADGES**, **NUCLEAR ANTS**, **CRASH COURSE**, **CHRONIC DISORDER**, **TOXIC SHOCK**, **COFFIN CASE**, **THE BLACK PROBLEM**, **THE CREEPS**, **RISE**, **MOUTH**, **SCREECHING WEASEL**, **MIMI & THE SCREACHIN' CHINCHILLAS**, and **EGG**. I love punk compilations! I got a booklet that contained band contact info, lyrics, a sensible page on AIDS, and some animal rights info. Printed on recycled paper - I mean they xeroxed onto the back of used paper, and stapled the sheets together! Works just fine...

Rusty N. at Wasted Effort sez they really need distributors. If you wanna sell their stuff contact him. If you write tell 'em where you read about it. **ALWAYS DO THIS WITH EVERYTHING NON-MAINSTREAM AND HOMEMADE!** We need to support each other and that's how it works... -tj

ASHTRAY (aka JDs #7) New Lavender Panthers, Box 1110, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto Ontario M5C 2K5, CANADA) \$4US. Another issue of that infamous fag street trash sex rag by G.B. Jones and BLaB. "Softcore zine for hardcore kids". Almost 60 pages this time, even has a table of contents! Oh no! Not to worry - there's no page numbers. More of the same good stuff - Top 20 Hit Parade (#1 is Nikki Parasite's **MALE CALL**), **JDs IS/IS NOT** list. The official **TOP TEN HITS TAPE** song lyric sheet. Story about cruising the pit. (Pits are for groping.) Great story about picking someone up at his boyfriends funeral. (Hot story!) More drawings by G.B. Jones. Confessions of a gay skinhead. An interview with Peter Berlin, world famous Professional Homosexual. A family tree of First Punk bands. Letters, including one from Vaginal Davis of **FERTILE LATOYAH JACKSON** zine fame, that tells a lot about that zine, indirectly. (And now I like F.L.J. even more!) Far more actual girl content than the last issue. (So there.) Maybe the best issue ever. -tj

PUBLIC ENEMY Fear Of A Black Planet (CBS Records - P.E. Merchandise, Asiatic Dept A-1., 510 S. Franklin St, Hempstead NY 11550; see text) Yeah, no shit. Why did it take me so long to hear this record? This is one of the best fucking records I've heard almost ever.

This record is "radical" in a way that makes most "punk" peace-punk stuff seem as boring and insipid as it really is. A lot of criticism of PE and this record in particular I've seen in white-culture - Anarcho/Liberal/Leftist; let's call it "ALL" for short - has included low-level racism - the style, content and delivery is very different, and there's

this assumption that unless someone embraces "ALL" (sic) people's aesthetic style it must be suspect.

There's no getting around the sexism and homophobia though. It's not the hateful kind, but more the dumb "traditional values" crap -

It takes a man to make a stand
understand it takes a
woman to make a stronger man

...

And in "Meet the G (erm) That Killed Me" -

Man to man,
I don't know if they can
From what I know
The parts don't fit
(Ahh shit)

...

Now I think in this particular department they got a severe lack of imagination. I don't know about you, but this is the age of interchangeable parts. Whatever. Get a clue guys. There's nothing unusual here - just the usual ignorance about sex. What else is new?

I don't subscribe to this "if it's not perfect I reject it" silliness. Mostly I wanted to know what everyone complains about. I can take a few flaws with the good. And this is an fucken amazing record. You have to hear to believe - nonstop amazing insight and even great bad jokes. Life sucks, and these guys are building something real. I also feel a little funny criticizing black-radical stuff - it's not our party, and we usually are part of the problem even if we think nice peace-punk thoughts. We're allies though, at worst, and the same fuckers are trying to kill us all and keep us separate and at each others throats.

Also, I think a lot of people don't like it cuz the energy is very, very male - something out of fashion amongst "ALL" people. There's the unavoidable fact that there really is blatant genocide against young black males going on. The issues are a little more raw. I think ALL people (sic) are jealous that they aren't so oppressed.

OK, enough of that shit. The music is really tight and fast. It's mostly original music, definitely studio music - I wonder what they do live. Lots of great audio-collage, racist crap from radio talk shows, etc that fit really well. An audio version of good punkzine collages. The cassette I bought came with a large fold-out lyric sheet, but unlike most stuff I listen to I can make out the words without it. **BROTHERS GONNA WORK IT OUT, 911 IS A JOKE, WELCOME TO THE TERRORDOME, FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET, and FIGHT THE POWER;** these songs alone make it worth the price. And shit was it expensive - \$10! For a tape!! At least it was a loong tape. And you might have trouble finding it if you're not in a big city. It's labeled "EXPLICIT LYRICS" which means that most chicken-shit stores are scared shitless of getting busted by the feds. Oh well. I included the P.E. address above; write 'em if you can't find it.

-tj

FERTILE LATOYAH JACKSON (7850 Sunset Blvd Penthouse Suite 110, Los Angeles CA 90046) \$4 CASH ONLY. At first a totally puzzling and bizarre definitely FAG, QUEER not oh so gay zine. From a punk grunge anti-fashion point of view, it's at first kinda bothersome...until you sorta work out where they are coming from. As she puts it - "Fertile La Toyah and the Afro Sisters are black teen drag queens, who are the taboo love dream of every lily white punque rock boy in America."

Fertile is a sensible girl. I liked her immediately upon reading WHAT MAKES FERTILE MAD. She also has a dirty mouth, and is not afraid to use it. Lucky for me, there's WHAT FERTILE SEZ PEOPLE COPY - a Fertile glossary: MOTO-BUTT: Ugly suburban trash that come into town riding their stupid Ninja motorcycles and who wear pleated pants (you have them too?). FAYE BOY: Very young, usually wealthy boy whose mannerisms are extremely irritating. Fertile trashes what needs to be trashed (dumfuck famous people) and praises what needs it (phranc, F.Y.C., etc). There's lots of dirt on nearly everybody - revealing photos included. Thank god she doesn't have mine. There's also ads for lots of local stores and such that look worth checking out.

This is unapologetically from Los Angeles so it ain't MAXIMUMROCKNROLL. Peace punks might wither and die in here. There's lots of hot photos, and also more funny stuff than in any zine I can remember.

-tj

Puddle #3 (Chris Applecore/PO Box 381/Miranda, CA, 95553) \$1.00 Made by Lawrence Livermore's coworker at Lookout! records and their radio show - the infamous Chrissier. This is a pretty good example of the kind of zine Gilman St. has spawned - a couple of laid-back interviews (Thang!, Cringer) a few handwritten rants, and some weirdly drawn/conceived comix ("Phobia!" and "Larry" - which pokes fun at Lawrence himself). Cool and relaxed - no boring peace-punk self-righteousness.

-shawn

Bob Z "Jesus Is Coming Soon" \$4.00 My one complaint about this is that its nearly identical to "Endless Sluts", his last tape. But that was good so I'll just repeat the review I did for it. Basically this is Bob and his guitar, but its not the same-old boring acoustic Dylan rip-off stuff (Well, OK, there's one Dylan cover). Bob's pissed and weird and it comes thru on the tape. "Flaming Underpants" and "Endless Streets" are adaptations of Bob's punkure-style poetry, the rest is political-against gentrification, the poster police (of course), bureaucrats and the normals. Cool, lots of psych-stuff.

-mike

ACID ZOMBIES "Antichrist Picnic" tape (Dan Snuffin, 8817 Franklin Ave, Gig Harbor, WA, 98335) \$4.00 Metallish punk with a sense of humor and a political conscience! Songs about the Religious Right, The Evils of Capitalism and Furry Animals (the vorpal rabbit from Monty Python's "Holy Grail" makes an appearance in "Psycho Bunny"). Also with a new version of "Nothing To Burn" - the Zombies' old anthem to frustration & alienation. Funny, loud and intelligent stuff.

-mike

JERSEY BEAT #39 (418 Gregory Avenue #2/Weehawken, NJ, 07087) \$2.00 Maximumrocknroll with an East Coast focus and attitude. This is the hello-to-the-nineties issue (bleah, when're we gonna get to the only decade that really counts-the ZEROS?). Has lots of self-indulgent "Best of..." lists from the 80's, the only interesting ones being "the top 10 worst parts of doing a zine" and "the top 10 warning signs of bad bands". Also plenty of interviews-GO!, Das Damen, Supertouch, Big Wheel-and reviews (Best review I've EVER seen of Soundgarden). The part I found especially interesting, as a fledgling bassist, was "Things That Go Bump In The Night", a series of interviews with East-Coast bassists. Surprisingly they were all boys though, come on 1 out of every 3 bassists is female, there's no excuse for underrepresenting them.

-mike

Chainsaw #2 (Donna Dresch/666 Illinois/San Francisco, CA, 94107) \$1.00 or interesting correspondence. A homo-girl-geek-core type thing. Done by Donna Dresch of Dangermouse & Dinosaur Jr. fame. Has articles on Fifth Column (Dyke band from Toronto), K records in Olympia, girl bassists (I TOLD you there were a lot), touring in New Zealand/Australia and Bruce-La-Bruce talking about his trip to SF (that many interesting things don't happen to me in a YEAR, never mind a month). Personal, goofy, witty, what are you waiting for?

-Mike

FRIGHTEN THE HORSES Summer 1990 (Heat Seeking Publishing/41 Sutter St. #1108/San Francisco, Ca, 94104) \$4.00 or 14.00 for 4 issues. "a document of the sexual revolution." This issue is largely concerned with dispelling popular fears/myths about S+M and other renegade (non mainstream) sexual practices. Many political issues are covered (abortion, gay rights, censorship, consensual sex, phone sex) by news articles and essays, and sex/sexuality is explored through fiction, poetry, and introspective essays concerning the doubts we all have about sexuality. Not strictly gay, but not straight-dominated either, this zine gets a definite thumbs-up from me. My only complaint is that the editor felt the need to excuse the best story, "The Urge Toward Jo". I found Kim Addonizio's "Thrills" to be far more offensive and poorly written, but there's no accounting for taste (besides, I rather LIKE to be offended.)

-mike

SAINT PAUL'S GAY HERITAGE? (Reed N. Tell, Box 1821, La Porte IN 46350. 25¢ stamp) Yup just what you think it is - "bible research". Usually I just throw this crap away, but this one's fun. Kinda like a punkzine style Chick pub - page after page of cramped minuscule text from a typewriter with a clogged ribbon. This one has another difference - it's anti-Christian and pro-gay.

Here's the story - A holey man traveling with his concubine found himself in a small town after dark. A stranger took him into his private home for the night. Then, a street gang of "gays" beat upon the door, demanding that the stranger turn over the traveler to them for fun and frolic (authors words). Instead, they gave them his concubine (huh?). The two men found her body on the doorstep in the morning. They are of course appalled.

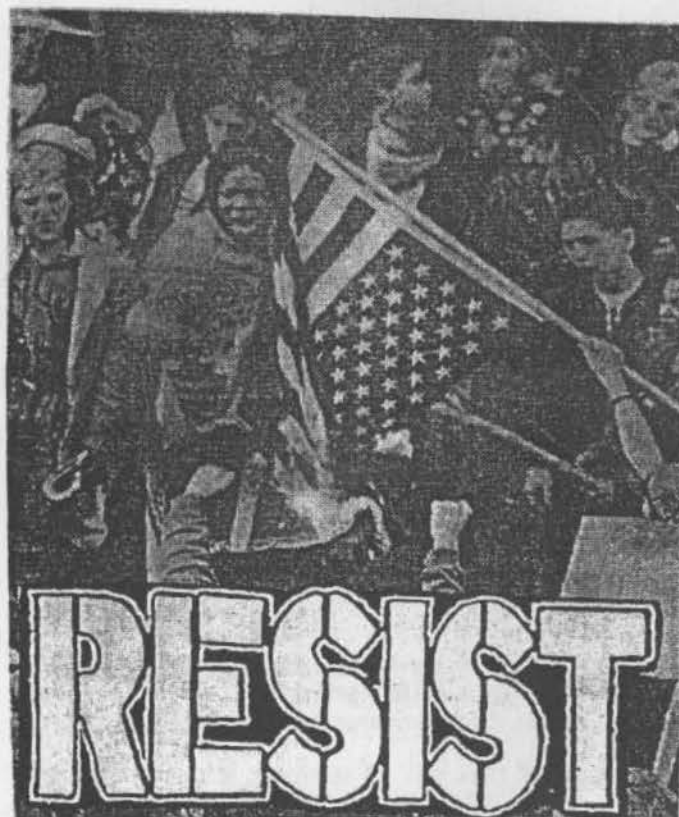
The next morning the stranger cut her body up into twelve pieces, and sent each one to each of the twelve tribes of Israel, to show them the terrible things this gay gang did, and to convince them they should destroy this terrible place. (huh!?!)

Anyways, the rest of the book is basically biblical conspiracy theory, full of proofs that St. Paul was gay and tried to kill christ the vampire. OOPS! Wrong story!

Also - we got a second one a few months later, and it was a lot clearer as to the intent. I wasn't quite sure where Reed was coming from the first time around. It's definitely christian-bashing, with bible-research as the weapon...

"...yes dear readers, St. Paul's ancestor... was a gibionite slave (see appendix) given a deal to father a new tribe of Benjamin... by a jewess!" Great stuff I do say... all this for a stamp!

-tj



RESIST (MEDIA BLITZ PRODUCTIONS, 5610 SE STEELE, PORTLAND, OR 97206) 7" 33 This EP is good. The songs are good. The packaging is good. The sleeve is printed on recycled paper. Lots of stickers. An 11" x 17" poster (slick). Clear vinyl. Very well done. On Revolution Records.

-S8N

YOUTH LIB ZINE (Syndicat des Elèves, 2035 Boul. St-Laurent, Montreal Quebec H2X 2T3 CANADA, \$2US) 32 pages of stuff by and for kids and liberation. Articles from all kinds of sources are included, illustrating the various insidious ways kids get ignored, controlled and worse. There's also resources like book lists, contact info on various support groups, etc. Very high gay/lez/bi

-11

-ti

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-lance

—lance

-lance

-D.A.O.

-ti



-S8N

AMOK FOURTH DISPATCH (AMOK, Box 861867, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles CA 90086-1867, \$8.95 + \$1 shipping) Not a zine but a 200 page catalog – "Sourcebook of the extremes of information in print". No way I will attempt to cover it in detail – thousands of titles, all strange shit you won't find in stores. Selections from the Table of Contents: animal, Noam Chomsky, Malcolm X, male fantasies, situations, Zion, Ring of Fire, Isabelle Eberhardt, Ted Bundy, Murder Can Be Fun, forensics, torture, Kenneth Anger, A. Crowley, Voodoo, A.E. Waite, Korzybski, Paracelsus, R.A. Wilson, AIDS, anorexia, death world without men, Straight To Hell, Wilhelm Reich, totalitarianism, JFK, Gnosis, fiction ...

GENDER EXPRESSIONS (Electronic Media Arts, Box 150, Concord NH 03302-0150) \$5.95. This zine focuses on transsexuals and transvestites; several articles/opinions are included, submissions range from academic to silly. Information, narratives, opinions. **-D.A.O.**

SIN BROS (c/o W.K., Box 618, N. Hollywood CA 91603) \$2, bimonthly. Gay male zine from LA, and very LA it is. Lots of narratives, often with camp/glitzy emphasis. Equal time for drag queens; lists and reviews of movies, plays. **-D.A.O.**

BIMBOX #3 (282 Parliament St. #68, Toronto, Ontario M5A 3A4 CANADA; "free to those who deserve it") This, wimmin and girls, rules and if you haven't done this to yer realitease yet, I suggest you do so before the federal government of the United States of Amerika invades Canada again (like they ever left) for the explicit purpose of seizing and burning the means of BIMBOX's production. For, in case you didn't know, several copies of BIMBOX #2 were seized at the border in N.Y., copies headed for such inconspicuous destinations as MY COMRADE/SISTER and Peter Staley. Subpoenas (listing "USA vs. 'one pornographic magazine'"), threats, copies burned... 1990? Try a very German 1935... welcome to th' Novus Ordo Seclorum... people keep tellin' me I'm too paranoid, but this shit goes on and on and on... Anyway, sample documentation starts out this abundant, full-flavored, how-you-say H-O-T and very vital link in the international homosexual conspiracy. Personal favorites include (but aren't by any means limited to): Bedtime Story with Granny, the zebra-stripe genitalia-go-round, Jo Jo Price-Morgan's 'Clone Watch,' all the hot nude pix, local friends and favorites Danielle Willis and Dish. Also burnin' these pages up right before yer eyes are Cinderella & Her Cruel Sisters, the Partridge Family's complete vinyl histoire, Gus Van Zant, Sylvester, show reviews, zine reviews... and if all this isn't enough of too much need fulfilled and surpassed, also enclosed is S.C.A.B. - the homofesto of th' Society for the Complete Annihilation of Breeding, a Kill The Whites publication in association with BIMBOX. Ever experience 'going too far' taste JUST RIGHT? Here it is, it jizz, my hot boy clit hasn't stopped throbbin' since I got my copy in the mail...

BIMBOX is free to those who deserve it. So, I'll bet, if you creatively communicate yer subversive motif, they'll do ya back. You know, they'll show ya theirs if... etc. See why Uncle S(p)am SHOULD be scared shitless, and honey, you know how full of it HE is... **-Deke Motif Nihilson**

ANDROZINE #14 (c/o B. Peuportier, BP 192, 75623 Paris CEDEX 13, FRANCE; 15 francs) ...and lookin' yummiier each ish. Fuck, if only the synapses I soaked in French back in school had survived th' psychick wars... but alas, I for one am relegated to the pix, which work it really nize too. ANDROZINE is "An anarchist gay zine made in Europe (France, Germany, England, Holland)." They give info on the alternative gay scene and music. Smatterings of English, mostly in French.

Included in #14 (and I quote): "Enquete exclusive: les homos vus par les rockers; L'existentialisme est une

feminisme; Le mouvement homocore au Canada; Art graphittique; Interview de MANO NEGRA; Chroniques zines, skeuds et livres; Soutien aux prisonniers gays (note: all but one incarcerated in th' ol' USA); Nouvelles internationales; Lecons de drague #s 13 & 14."

The most comprehensive European homopunk zine I've seen. Have YOU seen any? Let us know... Meanwhile, check this one out!

-Deke Motif Nihilson

oops

Doc and Fluff (by Pat Califia; Alyson Press, 40 Plympton St, Boston MA 02118; trade paperback) This is *hot* science-fiction. For boys worried about getting their pee-pees cut off, skip it. It's definitely a DYKE book. Not gay/lesbian PC let's-lay-side-by-side-and-have-nice-warm-feelings ca-ca. (Don't write me a nastygram - I like laying side by side &c too, but I hate the namby-pamby aesthetic.) Pat Califia, if you don't know, is a pro-sex S&M dyke known for causing troubles wherever she goes.

I love dystopian sci-fi, and this is definitely amongst the best I've ever read, for lots of reasons. The writing quality is just fine - I was immediately so immersed in what was going on I couldn't tell you much more about it. The characters were well done; if I were to meet one, I'd know them all!

The basic story is: California/Oregon, not so distant future; post-economic collapse, the kind that doesn't go away. Some people working, but mostly fend for yourself, traveling is dangerous, no cops, some cities like Portland still have some basic services like medical care, but it's pretty spotty. The eternal businesses (alcohol, drugs, personal skills, prostitution, etc) are quite alive.

This terminally butch biker dyke, Doc, visits Pres, the leader of a Hell's Angels gang, to do some business. Pres has the usual biker hierarchy, plus gaggle of "girls" who,

as is usual, fuck, cook, clean, fuck, ride, and fuck. Besides simply being a formidable and talented person, Doc deals in stuff they need, so the bikers overlook her dyke-ness.

One particular visit, taking a piss during partying, a young girl in total femme drag bursts into the bathroom, slams the door shut, and DEMANDS that Doc take her out of there, she's tired of Pres, and hints at unpleasant duties. At first, Doc wants nothing to do with such a wimpy looking thing; after Fluff does a few surprising things to her, Doc, slightly drunk, is talked into it. She's both annoyed with and fascinated with this pushy little girl, appropriately called Fluff.

Pres of course finds out, and wants Fluff back, which becomes out of the question for a couple of reasons. The two visit a womens community, which in these hard times is no longer just a nice "sanctuary" for urbanites, but bare survival for dykes and runaway women in a world where they are potentially yet another resource; like today, only much worse.

Pres' gang does a bunch of pretty stupid things, typical of what you'd expect from a too drunk, too fucked up, too desperate bunch of creeps, whose relationships are built upon all the awful shit today's "mainstream" society is built on - hierarchy, gender roles, economic slavery, etc etc.

I won't spoil the story for you. It's not just a dyke sex narrative (though there's that too - shit fuck, not many pages go by without someone fucking someone else), but the whole story is well rounded; the environment they're living in, in it's fucked up glory, is pretty complete, though definitely background. Oh yeah - it's not all dyke sex. Some of the biker guys are not exactly straight, and some turn out to be OK people. None of it is vanilla sex. Yes, the bad guys get it in the end, and it's a bit gruesome.

If you've always wanted a novel that didn't worry about being "nice" and is still goddamn good science fiction, this is it. I wish there was more!

It just occurred to me you might not be able to get this even in a dyke bookstore, as many simply won't carry stuff from people like Califia. Their, and your, loss. If not, write to Alyson Publications, a lez/gay press, for their free catalog.

-tj

Vonda M. McIntyre This woman is a great science fiction/fantasy writer who's probably most known for her award-winning DREAMSNAKE and for a couple contributions to the Star Trek series (the books not TV). She has some really cool ideas and frequently dwells on genderfuck, androgyny, and "partnerships": collectives of 2 to 5 people who live, work, and fuck together. McIntyre's work has girls with girls and boys with boys involved in everything from passionate quickies to lifetime relationships. She has some kids' stuff, too, which I didn't like, but then I haven't been 8 for a long time, so what do I know. Especially, look for her collections of short stories - fuckin A great!

-D.A.O.

consistent and mainly male bunch of stuff. The cover is hecka neat, I don't know how it was printed, the covers theme is "Beauty and Idiocy". Featured on it are two images (the only ones resembling females throughout this issue) - a bathing beauty Barbie and a glamorously made up face. In between is written a bible of beauty and how it is perceived - "Everyone talks about power but everyone wants beauty... because beauty is one thing that is not a lie" "Fetishic concern with people and their images. In truth there is no beauty. The type of culture run by the fascism of looks." This zine has no respect for copyrights, or the local fuckheads who have been censoring flyers in the Castro, the one form of grassroots communication that the community has. (These local fuckheads by the way are some merchants and a beat cop.) Also has a great and accurate (in my opinion) story on memories of childhood masturbation surreptitiously done with Teddy Bear Sam, a homosex (male) story set in an early LA hardcore pit, lots of queer graphics, and a combined Screamer/Silence = Death graphic!! Also, free sticker. Over all, Kinda NEAT.

-Iraya

In The Blood (by Lauren Wright Douglas; The Naiad Press Inc, Box 10543, Tallahassee FL 32302; trade paperback) Another dyke dystopian science-fiction novel. No, there really aren't that many, which is too bad, as I'm pretty much done with most of the male author shit, running over the same old ground. (Varley, Delaney, Burroughs excepted.)

Anyways - turn of the century, after a bio-warfare virus released - accidentally? - over LA, the U.S. collapses into chaos, and to stop the epidemic, blockaded by the rest of the world. Most states seal off their borders; this story takes place in Arizona/California; the former a free state where a woman scientist has just discovered a working vaccine, and is attempting to deliver some to California, a police-state that runs camps for virus-negative people whose blood is used to transfuse virus-positive but otherwise OK people.

The Red Death virus, so-called because of external bleeding at one stage, is always fatal, and spread like fire, with the president saying on TV "there is no epidemic" and all the usual rot. Plus - it's sexually transmitted, mainly by young hetero males, apparently unwilling and unable to change their sexual habits and consciousness, as did gay people and others following AIDS (which in this story there is vaccine/cure for). (Do I detect a slight note of revenge against het-males? Tee-hee...)

The people the Arizonans are supposed to meet aren't what they were told, and they are basically kidnapped, along with their vaccine, by the Sixth Bio-Strike force, made up exclusively of women draftees, since the dumbos males were all infected carriers.

When it becomes clear that both sides were misled, and only destruction of the vaccine and it's maker wanted, the Sixth, plus the Arizonan medical crew, plus some womens community members being held as blood donors, are forced to work together to survive. There are some surprises along the way, and a pretty good ending.

HOMOtore # 1 (\$3.00 from PO BOX 191781 SF CA 94119-1781) A new anti "artsy" zine from SF that has a

Alas, there's not much room for guys in here; the only ones I can recall were some drivers, positives of course, who instead of being killed (by law) were allowed to leave. A couple of creepy mountain-men types shot and killed. If this bothers you, then, as they say, fuck off.

Now even straight boys can also get a glimpse of what it's like to be left out entirely from novels. Don't bother me none, hell, I'd rather see stupid hetero men be killed off in a dyke novel than lez/fag people erased from existence in "straight" sci-fi, or worse, made into the usual freaks who die in the end. (Instructions: read this book, take your indignation and annoyance and complaints, multiply by the number of novels you've read since you were 10, and then you'll have an idea of what most sentient/literate fags 'n' dykes consider background noise. Hey, why such a big deal, huh? It's just a book! Yuk-yuk.) -tj

CRINGER/HOPEFUL MONSTERS (HIPPOCORE RECORDS, PO BOX 195, MESA, AZ 85211) split 7" EP... This is a 3 bucks well spent. Two good bands on one good record. Two songs by each band. Comes with a great 32 page 7" x 7" booklet full of fiction, lyrics, collage art. Yet another great HIPPOCORE release. -S8N

ED HALL - "Love (s)Poke(n) Here" (BONER RECORDS, PO BOX 2081, BERKELEY, CA 94702-0081) 12" LP... Ed Hall is a band. A twisted, wacky trio from Texas. This appears to be their second BONER release... The first one being "Albert", which was well received. Ed Hall are good and tight. Just the way I like it. The music is confusing and wandering. The lyrics odd and intelligent. Go see these guys live... They're wild. -S8N



SNAKE RIVER - "Spinach" (BONEHEAD REX, 925 POST, SF, CA 94109) 7" 33... These guys are from Michigan. They now live in SF. I like them and their sound. They are kinda slow and funky... Heavy bass and drums. Side A stands out. -S8N

STEELPOLEBATHTUB "Lurch" (BONER RECORDS, PO BOX 2081, BERKELEY, CA 94702-0081) 12" LP... Lurch makes you feel like cockroaches

have crawled in your ear and are feeding on your brain. Lurch drops you into an endless pit of despair. Lurch makes you want to kill yourself. Lurch fucking rocks hard, and you are a complete idiot if you don't buy this and like it. -S8N

BUTTUGLY #2 (\$1 to CORY, 701 S. GRAND AVE., WAUKESHA, WI 53186) Really good work here - S.E. oriented, but they state that they're not. Lots to read, interesting articles, and CRINGER was mentioned at least FIVE times, and that's why you should buy it. HA. No homo material though. -Matt

PUNK BEAT #3 (PUNK BEAT, 151 FIRST AVE., BOX A, NY, NY 10003 - no price listed - \$1?) WOW! It's about time I got to review something sexy here. Funking great - lots of stories about unsuspecting straight boys being seduced by macho punk fags. Pictures of shirtless punk band members. Geared towards punk guys. This is the kind of thing that a mostly homophobic punk scene would hate, which is one reason you should get it. Interesting fantasies here. Someone should send Choke Slapshot a copy of this, as I'm sure that he has his own fantasies about sweaty baldheaded husky boys in the pit and this has it! -Matt

BAD TOAD #4 (25 cents or a stamp to BAD TOAD, PO BOX 2614, STATION A, CHAMPAIGN, IL 61825) Pretty standard zine out of Illinois with the focus on local happenings. It's nice to see such a wide variety of music being covered here (for a "punk" zine). Us outsiders might not be as interested as locals, as this is more pertinent to them. -Matt

FAnG #4 (FAnG c/o LAURA PARTIDO, 2854 HARRISON APT. A, SF, CA 94110) At first this looks like one big mistake, but further inspection reveals that this is more than something your four-year old brother did. Primitive, bizarre, juvenile, raw, and really very funny. If you're like me and dig silly stuff, really write this girl a letter. It doesn't say how to order this, or how much it costs. Send her a cookie. -Matt

PUNK PARENTS (no price given to PLUTONIUM PRESS, BOX 61564, PHOENIX, AZ 85082) The journal of better living #1 - This is one of those loosely folded things with no staples, so I'm wondering if I've lost a few pages of this. The first zine that I've seen about being a punk parent, nutritional advice, and the like. Didn't really appeal to me - it's pretty specialized. The word "queer" is thrown around here and there - I have no idea what they're getting at or mean by it. Am I missing some pages? Maybe I'm just - STUPID? -Matt

HOLY TITCLAMPS #5 (BOXHOLDER, PO BOX 3054, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55403) The inside cover says "nothing should be assumed about anybody's sexuality, including yours" which is cool, but the front cover says "file under queer" so maybe you can call this a queer zine. Lots of sexy drawing (male figures with large erect

penises) and poetry (gaspl) and a sex story. Nicely assembled, short interesting bits here and there. In time, this will probably become more cohesive. More of a collaboration from many people than a personal opinion. Send 'em a buck for this issue and each back issue if you please.

-Matt

GAWK # 6 (no price listed (\$1?), TOM SHEARER, P. O. BOX 31431, S.F., CA 94131) This is from the San Francisco-based Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive. I got the (almost) all cartoon issue, which featured cartoons, zine reviews, and book reviews. Almost all boy stuff, but it was funny, friendly, with an alternative slant. It looks good, too, with sharp graphics.

-Val Curie

ON OUR RAG #1 (\$1.00 to P. O. BOX 21, 3543 18th ST., S. F., CA 94110) Ah, now here's a zine I can relate to, bloated and cranky as I am right now. This one's for the girls, courtesy of anonymous dykes in San Francisco. Collectively, they take the piss out of local clubs, politics and "pussy-nals", with an undercurrent of amusing references to menstruation. As a fresh take on the personal as political, it's serious, funny and sorely needed. This is a D.I.Y. zine of 12 pages with (I assume) homemade lip prints. This first issue is S.F.-specific, but the collective takes submissions and is eager to hear from the outside world. Why not laugh as you bleed? Lotsa promise.

-Val Curie

photos like theirs on the inside of this. They also state what brands of equipment they use, which is kinda weird.

-S8N

(But the letter that came with the record said that some of the band are fags, so of COURSE they get mentioned here... even if they are drinking COORS beer.

-tj)

THINK FOR YOURSELF #13 (\$1.50 US money or trade-Paul Rutherford c/o AK Distribution 3 Balmoral Place, Stirling, FK8 2RD, SCOTLAND) A zine out of Scotland with a personal, thoughtful, and honest feel to it. It has some of the standard zine content (band interviews, reviews) done with a non-standard attitude, and doesn't cover just "hardcore". In it there's: interviews with the bands Terminus & Filler, Martin of Pressure Drop Press publishing, Robb Johnson, who does folk/acoustic stuff, and instead of a scene report there's a rundown of all the recent gardening the editor has accomplished. Also some really great stories about being "punk as fuck", being compelled to eat out of loneliness... the tone is very diverse and dissatisfied, lots of literate-ness, cynicism, B&W graphics, A NAIL THE POLL TAX THUGS graphic, I don't know, get this if your interested, they sound like nice people, and this is way better than all speedmetal bands on the face of everything period, and it's been around for 7 years now. They also do a music/print mailorder through the same address, and it looks like its got cheap prices, too...

-Iraya

CROOKED SMILE-CRACKED LIPS (Claire c/o 16339 Steubner Airline # 205, Spring, TX 77379, 75¢ or 3 stamps) Poetry for people who ignore poetry - yes, it sounds like a stupid FORCED EXPOSURE type cliché, but I feel it works to describe these poems/bits of fiction & nonfiction... intense feelings of spite, self-sufficiency, re-wiring yourself so your exasperation won't kill you, all done by one person named Claire. It's really clear, angry, real shit, a womans' life that (sorry to do the FE thing again) THAT KICKS ROLLINS' ASS UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK, MOFO... really! The only problem is that the last lines on two stories are cut off just enough to be undecipherable, but if you ask, I'm sure you'd probably get the missing lines enclosed. It's done in a non-pretentious zine type format, and on a note that came with it Claire says "They're limited edition. Only a 100 printed. Pretty fucking special. See what poverty can do for you!". AND it's got a pretty neat saying inside - "Comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable". Recommended, definitely.

-Iraya

FUCK MEN #1, #2, #3 (c/o TNT, 1008 Tenth St #729, Sacramento CA 95814) A pamphlet/poster out of Sacramento put out by Todd of Pollution Circus and somebody else whose name was not listed. The first issue dealt with childrens' sexuality and adult manipulation that society can promote - victimization and fear were the themes explored. The second one had more of a focus on S&M and the writers of this zines' view that it is no different than any other avenue of sexual expression that a patriarchal society condones. Huh. Its' anti-mainstream view was there, mutual non-exploitative sex



ROAD WHORE "Battle Beneath the Planet of the Eternal Gods of Rock" -7" 45 (ALLEN WRENCH, INT'L, 5225 CANYON CREST DR., SUITE 73 FLOOR 69, RIVERSIDE, CA 92507) Where do I start... I believe these guys are from Southern Cal. At least it is put out by Allen Wrench International of Southern Cal., and the bass player's name is Allen Wrench. Hmm... It's pretty generic, distorted punk with a few rock-n-roll riffs inserted here and there. It's OK... Nothing exciting. The sleeve is pretty neat, but I've never been a fan of band

is what they seem to support and like, but it's done by omission mostly. It's never directly said. It had a weird tone to it – very tense and dogmatic, which is not unusual when sexuality is discussed amongst either the repressed or the idealists...it can be difficult. BUT the next issue of Fuck Men was a completely stupid and sickening shock – in it there is a fold out poster apparently comparing people with AIDS, abortion, and slaughtering animals it says "which dead speak to you, which dead do you speak for?" what the fuck is this supposed to mean??? Absolutely no fucking difference between them and OPERATION RESCUE ASSHOLES. This issue was full of crap and, the earlier issues, while not as damaging as this, do not make up for it. This is just really awful, typical pure christian attitude-laden control ideas and they are apparently sincere about it – yuck. I'm disappointed. Sucks.

—Iraya

PAVEMENT OF SURFACE #5 (\$2, c/o Queer Riot Press, 2236 Market St #133, San Francisco CA 94114, USSA) Another quality product brought to you by Queer Riot.

A Deke Nihilson Product, most specifically. Lessee – discordian subversity, drug test questionnaire, WAUISM religion info, homosexual recruitment pamphlets and info, Hakim Bey, interview by Deke and Arrow with Doc Corbin Dart of CRUCIFUCKS (weird), hemp info, weird fucking cartoons, and chock full o' subversive shit.

Sorry for the wimpy review, it's half past the eleventh hour and I'm late for a meeting with the people I work for, so there. Besides being done by my friend Deke, it's actually a cool fucken zine, and it's still in the read-not-recycle pile (only about 1% of the stuff I get goes in there...) —tj



Photo by Rink

May 21st was the 11th anniversary of the White Night Riots—it's also the 11th anniversary of John Blackburn and Bobby Heacock, who met at the riot. They celebrate with friends on the steps of City Hall, holding a burning police car cake.

COIL: various (LPs: Horse Rotorvator; Scatology; Gold is the Metal with the Broadest Shoulders; EPs: The Anal

Staircase; Aqua Regis/Panic; How to Destroy Angels; Tainted Love; Hellraiser soundtrack (unreleased); plus various cassettes and single tracks) Coil is from England, and is mainly John Balance and Peter Christopherson, plus Stephen E. Thrower. Coil makes the only truly *disturbing* music I've ever heard. Musically it's rich and layered and complex, all kinds of instruments; all I can say is it's always angry, strong, clear and powerful.

Lyricaly, just as disturbing as the music itself, and voice is always coupled to other sounds making it a more complete whole. Coil won't annoy people, it will *scare the shit* out of them.

"...

given a chance to recover his breath and exposed to the process once more the youth squirmed in a shower of gold that etched on his skin:

'Paradise stands in the shadow of swords'

SCATOLOGY: "Cathedral In Flames"

—review from **HOMOCORE #1** – tj

FEEDERZ: Teachers In Space LP (Flaming Banker Records, 2000 Center St. Suite 666, Berkeley CA 94704) This is mainly the work of two people, Jayed Scotti and Frank Discussion, who do more behind-the-scenes support work for others than for themselves. (Jayed and Winston Smith did all the Dead Kennedy's album covers.) [Winston did the cover for the latest *PARASITES* record...tj]

Anyways, this is rude shit, kittens. Musically, "melodic punk rock" (so sue me, I can't describe music); they have actual talent. I like most of the tunes, not something I can say for many records. Frank wrote most of the lyrics, and they are subversive and will make your parents send you for drug treatment to make you normal. It won't work. Mixed into the songs are pieces of soundtracks, jingles and other weird sounds.

Roamin' the streets in the dark
tonight the whole city's our amusement park
finding our way by the light
of cop cars burnin' in the night
we're sick and tired of waiting
so tonite we're doin' some redecorating
tonight your sick game is through
you see we've grown a little sick of you
("Takin' the Night")

(Last time they played at Gilman St. Project, they brought a dead dog and a dead cat (checked out from the SPCA – they had to return them – in good shape – the next day) and Frank glued live crickets to his head. It made the Weekly World News. Some overly-sensitive person called the cops for alleged animal abuse (to already deceased animals?) For months afterward, someone would bring up at the monthly Gilman meeting: "I heard the Feederz killed animals on stage, that should be banned..." Now that's success...

—review from **HOMOCORE#2** – tj

Home of the Drag Queen's Trout Farm: an Interview with Queer Squatters in Berlin

by Joey Cain

[Joey Cain is a friend from here in SF, taking a year off and traveling around the world. Right now he's in Europe (Spain, Germany, England, Poland, Czechoslovakia...) and when in Germany in November, ran into these queer squatters in East Berlin, and lucky for us, wrote it up as an article/interview. I miss you too Joey!]

If you want to write to the squatters interviewed here, their address is: Tutentowe Forellenhof / Mainzerstr. 4 / 1034 Berlin, Friedrichen / GERMANY. - tj]

East Berlin's Frankfurter Strasse is a wide boulevard lined with kitch buildings from the Stalinist Era. It's architecture was at the service of the state: a bureaucratic grafting of ruined Renaissance on to bad Bauhaus, whimsical in it's own way, but essentially cold, monumental, lifeless. A street designed for tanks and cars to rumble down and maybe ceremonial parades, but one where you begin to feel fatigued after walking the length of a block. Running off from this boulevard, by the Samariterstrasse U Bahan stop, is a street of very different desires and values. It's name is Mainzerstrasse, a small street that is home to the occupiers of 10 squatted buildings and their neighbors.



The first feeling that hits you on turning on to Mainzerstrasse is the exhilaration of a carnival. Lining what seems to be the whole right hand side are buildings whose upper stories are draped with banners and flags. The street level is a patchwork of colors, murals and bright spray painted graffiti. Facades of the buildings speak, as most of the buildings in East Berlin do, of their last 50 years of history. Crumbling and potmarked, they exude a closeness and friendly funkiness that is a welcomed relief from the compulsive cleanness and gentrification of West Berlin. In contrast to Frankfurter Strasse, people are actually walking, hanging-out, talking and living on this street. The storefronts, having long ago forgotten the businesses that abandoned them, are sporadically occupied by cafes, bars and info shops. Clustered in front

of them on the sidewalk and spilling into the street are chairs, benches and tables; some are empty, others occupied by groups of people talking or just sitting quietly. The squats and squatters reflect a diverse range of interests and desires. They are a mixture of anti-imperialists, anarchists, women, lesbians, men, queers, gays, straights, bis, revolutionaries, sensualists, freedom seekers and many others. What drew me here was the desire to meet with the folks at Tutentower Forellenhof Squat, the gay men's squat.

Mainzerstrasse manifests an East Berlin that's experiencing an extraordinary period in history, one usually only encountered in disasters, utopian fiction or libertarian revolutions. The authoritarian state has collectively jumped out of the window, taking along with it much, if not all, of the physical and psychological apparatus of control. In the spaces of freedom opened by it's absence, some people have begun to build a new society based on equality and imagination. It's a situation that has enabled the squatting of over 150 buildings in various parts of East Berlin with little or no police interference. There is something of the "festival of the oppressed" feeling on the streets where the squats are. Squatters are working hard to rebuild and reinhabit abandoned and trashed out buildings, while at the same time creating community spaces for partying, socializing and education.

There is also a frightening and ugly element growing in East Berlin. Along side the banners and flags on Mainzerstrasse are windows and doors fitted with all forms of shutters and metal grate coverings. The reason, violent attacks by Neo-Nazis. It's worst example so far is one night when 300 Nazis descended en mass to Mainzerstrasse armed with molotov cocktails, sledgehammers and giant crowbars. They were out to smash the squats and kill a few squatters if possible. Such is the situation in East Berlin now that the police actually came and defended the squats from their attacks. (Hardly a week goes by in East Germany that the racist Nazis don't attack and kill some one of "Non-German" origin ie: Romanian, Vietnamese, etc.) One day I and an anarchist friend from East Berlin were walking to the squats when we saw a group of eight Nazi skin heads, 2 blocks ahead of us, walking in our direction. Spying a bus coming in the opposite direction, my friend said in a calm panic, "We take this bus". A hideous deja vu of 1930's Berlin is beginning to haunt the streets. While those who use the opening of freedom to build their vision of a just society, so to do the enemies of that vision use the same opening to fight it. However, in some way the Nazis may be the least of the squats problems. When the reunification of Germany happens (by the time you read this an accomplished fact) the police state of West Germany will have stepped into the power vacuum. West Berlin's police force will be moving in with their expertise and equipment to do battle with the squats, just as they have done in West Berlin.

My introduction to the folks at Tutentower Forellenhof (roughly translated means, "House of the Drag Queen's

Trout Farm") Squat began in the bar they collectively run. A small, simple sign stating "Gay Bar" hangs over what looks to be a boarded up storefront. In its past life it was the location of a hair dressing salon, the ghost of which still lingers in the etched pane of glass doors advertising it as such. Inside, the smallish space is surrounded by mottled and nearly bare walls whose textures and colors reflect its years of abandonment and decay. A cinder block bar has been built at one side of the room and some chairs, a couch and a few tables are scattered around. The lighting was subdued but not to the point where you couldn't see across the room. Behind the bar a piece of wall art made up of an arrangement of rubber trout, that has something to do, as does name of the Squat, with a camp German T.V. (as in television) show from a few years back. To tell you the truth I never quite figured it out to the satisfaction of my rational mind but my queer soul immediately intuited its meaning and humor. The music, a mixture I'd never heard before even in the hippest underground queer scenes in San Francisco, ranged from hardcore and acid house to Edith Piaf and opera. One evening a divine Tutentower queen named V. introduced me to the "music" of Ellen Foster Jenkins, an American opera "singer" of the first half of the 20th century. It seems she wanted to be a great opera diva. Having absolutely no voice but tons of inherited wealth, she produced her own screeching and off key recordings of opera arias. The beers and her voice had me falling off my stool in hysteria screaming "No no no no no...!!!". In addition to the fabulous music, cheap beer and champagne, an amiable mixture of dykes, fags, queers and non-gay identified women and men were there hanging out together.



Tutentower Forellenhof Squat itself occupies five stories of an abandoned building which the queens are very hard at work and play to reclaim and make their home. A bookstore is being built on the ground floor. There is a beautiful backyard courtyard festooned with spray paint graffiti and old bath tubs in which the queens share their baths and beauty. One room serves as the Drag Room. They were hesitant to show it to me because of its trashy appearance until I assured them that I'd never seen a Drag Room that wasn't trashy.

Hanging out with the queers from Tutentower Forellenhof Squat fired a deep spark of recognition and affection in me that I feel with my comrades and lovers in the Radical Faeries back in the USA. There was the same wonderful sense of play and humor while holding a deep, sometimes almost unspoken, commitment to fight against the haggard and oppressive sleep walk exploitation of life. They held that beautiful vision of gay liberation that is not trapped in the tunnel of single issue "gay rights" but ties true queer liberation in with the liberation of all exploited people.

The following interview took place in mid-July, pre-reunification, in the large and sunny room that is the combination communal kitchen and living room of the squat. About 10 people who were awake at that early hour of 2 p.m. gathered for it, though Bastian, understanding and speaking English the best, did most of the speaking. Many of the queens did not want their photograph taken for fear that the Nazis may get ahold of it and be able to pick them out on the street when alone. Coincidentally Pedro, a queen and Homocore fan from Spain, was also there visiting. Lucky for me because he had a copy of Homocore, something I had forgotten to bring, to show them.

Joey: This squat has been here since May 1980?

Tutentowerite: Yes. Since the second of May.

J: How did it start?

T: It was just an idea in April. Someone said very late in the night at the bar (Club Anal), "Why don't we squat a house?". It wasn't very serious but we thought "Well it's boring so why don't we squat a house". There were some others and then we got a group of ten who knew each other.

J: From Club Anal?

T: From the bar, from political action squatting and all that. It was not possible to squat in West Berlin because you get evicted within 24 hours. We knew that there was the beginning of the squatters movement here in East Berlin. We met three times, just talking a little bit and looking for houses. Then we read something in a left-wing magazine that on this street there were 10 houses which are rotting and empty. There was a meeting, several groups came together, and we said "Well lets take this house, you take that house". The idea that this would be squatting 10 houses at once for us was important. We felt that it was not possible for us as a gay group to squat a house without other neighborhood squats because of the threat of the fascist groups and all that. So we said, "OK this is a good idea. 10 houses are quite secure for us."

J: So the whole street has only been squatted since May?

T: Yes. We were the first house. On the first of May there was the yearly demonstration in Krausberg and afterward we decided that we would go in here. It took 1 to 3 weeks and all the houses were squatted. In number 3 is

a woman's and lesbian house. The other groups in the other houses are mixed. The whole street is a mixture of people from East and West Berlin and it is getting more international.

J: Are most of the people in this squat from West Berlin?

T: We are 26, 27, 28 people, I'm not quite sure. About 6 are from East Berlin.

J: Do you have good relations with the lesbian house hold?

T: Yes.

J: So they are not separatist?

T: Some are but we have good relations with them.

J: Do people in the squat identify themselves politically as anarchists or autonomen, etc?

T: Oh, we've got Catholics, Protestants, Vegetarians, Alcoholics, Drag Queens, Machos, everything. Anti-imperialists, Autonomen, Anarchists, Reformists.

J: So there's no one dominating political ideology?

T: Left-wing radical (laughter)

J: How does the house-hold live? Is it a collective? Do you make decisions through consensus or voting or what.



T: It is a kind of small community. We do every thing collective, our household, our kitchen, our cooking. We share the money so everybody has to put in 15 marks a week to buy food and drinks. We run the bar collectively. We try to have a meeting once a week to come to important decisions, not by voting or elections but by consensus, discussing it. It normally takes 3 or more hours with a lot of scenes. Plus it's not only things concerning the house but also concerning the street, the movement.

J: Do you have interactions with the larger gay community in East and West Berlin?

T: Yes, we have struggles (laughter). The idea of our project was, on the one hand, to be in the gay community and on the other to be in the squatter community. But

now we've got more trouble with the gay community than with the squatter community.

J: What sort of troubles?

T: Well first of all there is a really large gay community in West Berlin. East Berlin gays are just beginning to act, to do something and so this is a difference. But troubles, for example, at the Christopher Street Day this year everybody was expecting that the "Tutenhaus" would gather and say something. Everybody in West Berlin knows that this project exists. We've had some parties here. "Hot Peaches" from New York performed here and many people came and we had much fun and partied. We decided on Christopher Street Day, because it becomes more and more a carnival, a carnival and no political messages, we decided to read a declaration about political prisoners in East and West Germany. We entered the stage and one of us read it and there were great protests and they tried to throw us from the stage.

J: The organizers?

T: Not only the organizers but almost everybody who was demonstrating against us because they don't want to listen to such things.

T: We said that this is a minority and they need not only gay things but other minorities. But they don't want to listen to it and it was a real scandal to throw us off the stage.

J: What problems have you had with the Nazis? I know about them attacking the squats here in Berlin. Have they specifically targeted this squat?

T: They didn't know that this was a homosexual squat. They came because we are left-wing.

Tutentowerite #2: They haven't attacked our squat for being gay but there were attacks on gay bars here in East Berlin on the 20th of April, Hitler's birthday. They attacked a gay bar in Alexanderplatz.

J: In the larger gay community is there a consciousness about the growing Nazi threat?

T: There's a growing consciousness about it. We work with some people from West Berlin to make a tactical force so if gays are attacked in parks or in toilets they can dial it's number if they do not want to call the police because normally the police don't take it seriously. There is beginning to be a growing consciousness in the gay community to defend itself because the attacks on people in the parks at night grows and becomes larger.

You should know that the Nazis are split over the gay question. One of their leaders, Michal Kuning, one or two years ago it came out that he is gay. It was a little scandal.

J: I bet! They've always had this...problem.

T: He said that he is gay.. homosexual, and that is the best way for men when they are...

T#2: He had his own series about homosexuality, about fascism and homosexuality, and he said that it is better for the "comrades" to get rid of their sexual energy to other comrades than with a German woman.

J: So does he have many supporters?

T: Well the funny thing is that the Nazi squat 2 kms from here is influenced by the Michal Kuning way and it was published in a paper that they are split about the question of homosexuality.

J: I've heard that the Nazis have 3 squats?

T: It's really only one squat. It's not far away from here and it is where they founded a new Nazi party and it is a coordination center for all Nazi terror activities here in Berlin. The officials have said they have to leave the building but they have not thrown them out.

J: Are the people involved in the Nazi squat movement and on the street connected with the older Nazis.

T: Yes. There is a kind of international Nazi network. Nazis from West Germany, Austria and all over the world come to the German Democratic Republic because there is a lot of racial prejudice here and a lot of young people who are open to Nazi theories and all that. The police have said that there are about in Berlin 5,000 active militant Nazis. Football hooligans, skinheads etc. and spread over the GDR they said there were about 30,000 Nazis now. It's ridiculous. It's the clamor of reunification that makes the Nazis grow now.

J: What's been going on in this or larger gay community in Berlin around AIDS.

T: In the first years we were shocked but you don't really hear anything about it now or not that much. In Germany it has not radicalized people. Some groups tried to copy ACT-UP activities but I think in the USA the ACT-UP groups are more radical than in Germany. Last year the ACT-UP group tried to squat a house so people who are sick with AIDS can have a place to live because a lot of people with AIDS can not work any longer and have no money so they need houses. They tried to squat a house but it was really ridiculous because they told the police before that they were going to squat it and they just squatted it for one hour. It was in the news paper the day before.

J: So they were just doing this for publicity?

T: Yes, for publicity.

J: Do you have much contact with or knowledge of the radical gay community in the USA? The Radical Faeries or Homocore stuff.

T: A little bit but not that much. We have more connections with Netherlands, we know some gay squats there.

There has been a kind of development in the last two or three years. There was a situation where on the one hand there was the political community, left-wing, political activists and on the other hand the gay community and

there was no coming together. And so there was a schizophrenic situation that lots of gays are working in the revolutionary groups and don't know each other. Then two or three years ago there were the first meetings where people come together. This house is in a way a result of this.

J: So there are about 27 people living here?

T: Yes.

J: And you've done much redecorating in the place?

T: Oh yes. We had to because it really was a mess when we took it. Walls were broken down, no electricity or water, there was no cellar so we had to rebuild and put in toilets and get rid of the rubbish in the house.

J: I noticed in your bar last night that it was really mixed. There were a lot of woman there as well as men. Do people from the other squats come into the bar and hang out.

T: Yea, we are not very separatist. Most of the time it's half and half.

J: So their not uptight about it.

T: No. They love us.

J: There are not so many squats left in West Germany?

T: No. There are still some even in West Berlin. 4 or 5 in West Berlin. There is a very funny thing. In Krausberg there was a squat, Wassertoth-latz, and it was really a project, million of DM to rebuild it and now it has been resquatted. Here in East Berlin we are about 100 houses. This part of the city is called Friedrichsein. There are about 40 squats now Mainzerstrasser, Kreutzerstrasse, Richardstrasse, they are all in about a one km circle. And then in the Pranzlaurerberg there are about 40 or 50 houses and Stadtmitte there are about 30 houses and we have to work together with all the houses. There is



for example a weekly meeting of all the squats in East Berlin. We try to make negotiations with all the houses because the government tries to get in contact with single

houses to make contracts, contracts for the building. So we put against it a group for negotiations a collective involving 80 houses to negotiate with the government so that they can't divide it. It is really hard work because there are lots of squatters in East Berlin who have not had any experience with negotiating with the government. So if there is an offer for a contract they will write their name on it and it's bullshit because they get a contract for two years and they build up the house and then they will be thrown out. Anyways the movement is quite young. The first squats were at Schoenhauser Allee in November of 1989 and then it really begins in April and May of 1990.

J: Are there many people who were involved in the older squatting movement of the early 80's involved now or is there any communications with these people.

T: I think there are some personal connections and people know a lot of what happened to the old squatting movement in 1981 so that we try to not the same faults and to tell the new squatter what can happen.

J: Like if they all go on vacation in the summer the police will move in.

T: Yes. They won't actually come this summer. I think it will take the elections. Now it seems to be that the East German police are not going to evict the houses. But it can happen because next week the West German police will be able to act in East Berlin so probably the situation will change. We still have quite good relations with the East German police, they are not that aggressive as in West Germany. Normally they come and inform us about Nazi activities. For example the Mayor of Friedrichshain has really tried to get them out because they bring terror and violence to the neighbors. But the police have not

wanted to throw them out. So at the moment it is still ok but we think it will change very soon.

J: The West German police are going to take over the East German police?

T: Everything is going to be taken over. The state is dying. There is kind of a vacuum. The old state is dying and the new [?]. It made possible the squatting movement. There is no real power of the state here and so there are many good things. But not only good things the growing Nazis up of the Nazi movement is also a result of it. It is not only positive.

One other thing is that there about 65,000 flats in East Berlin which are free. And there is absolutely no money at the moment to rebuild it. The Mayor of Friedrichshain got 5,000,000 marks for 120 houses and you can rebuild a roof for 2,000,000 for example.

J: So there are not a lot of people from the west coming in and buying up these houses.

T: Not yet. Everybody was expecting it but it didn't happen. **T#2:** I think that they are afraid of us.

J: And it is also a politically unstable situation.

T: It is because the unemployment rate will be about one and a half million at the end of the year cause all the factories will all be closed that are not economical anymore. There are a lot of houses here where there are still owners and which were run by the state, public property run by the state. And now it is unclear situation because the owners can get their rights back till January 31 of 1991 and if they don't do it these houses will go to a sort of holding company.

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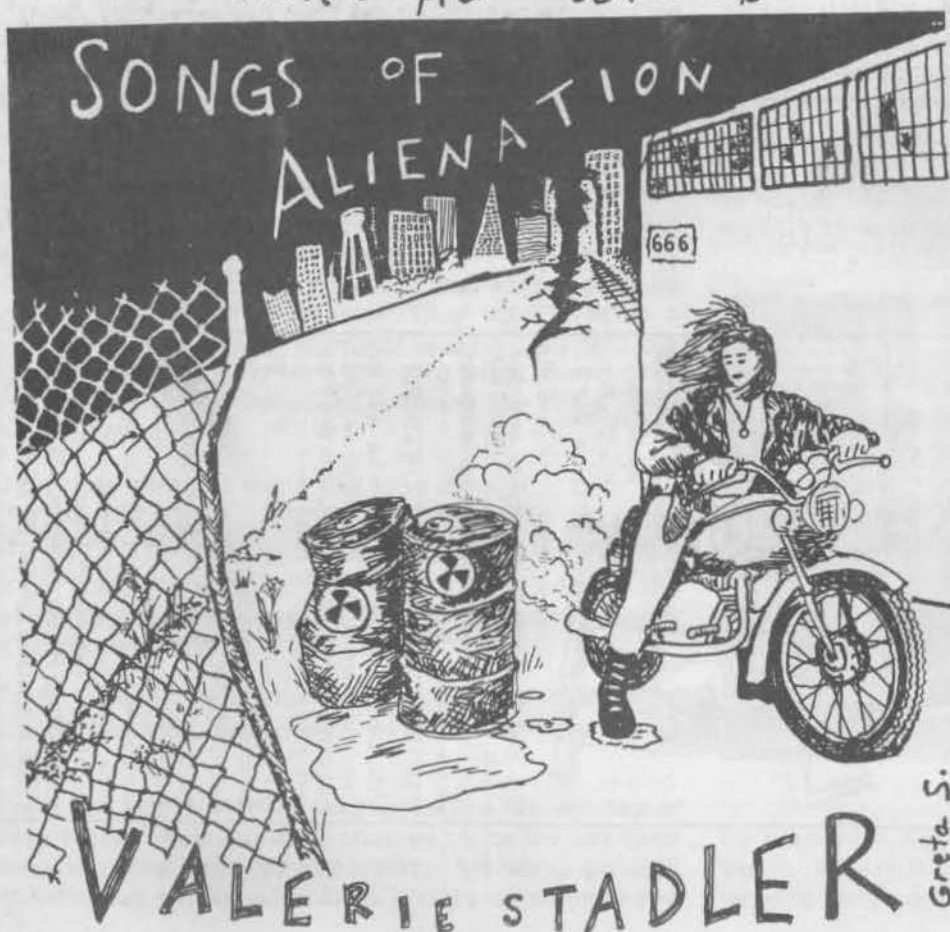
Outside N. America add \$2, or ingenious trade. Mailed in a plain envelope to accommodate your (increasingly) oppressive environment. **World Power Systems / Box 77731 / San Francisco CA 94107 USA**



TOO HOT TO HANDLE: Jennifer Camper's cartoons, clockwise from top left: a 1982 cover of Gay Community News that brought charges of sexism; a Cartoon Show exhibit that did not hit it big with the men; and a cartoon that gave Out-Week editors pause during the post-St. Patrick's controversy



↳ stolen from 'outweek'



Too late for review - **Songs of Alienation** (Desolation Row Records, c/o Mordam Records, 181 Shipley Alley, San Francisco CA 94107; \$3 ppd; Checks payable to "DESOLATION ROW"). Cool punk/folk songs from HC#3 cover girl Valerie Stadler. New release due in April.

Touring mid-April - June. Looking for cool alternative places to play; write Valerie Stadler c/o WORLD POWER SYSTEMS, Box 77731, San Francisco CA 94107 or call (415)-626-6643. Going all over the US!



Orgone Liberation

by Ray Reich

Wilhelm Reich lived from 1897 until 1957, when he died in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The German National Socialist, Soviet and United States governments burned and banned his books. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration and American Medical Association waged a relentless campaign to erase Dr. Reich's life work. Angered by his criticisms of the ties between the AMA and major pharmaceutical companies and intellectually threatened by his revolutionary science of orgone energy, they succeeded in having Reich arrested and his writings destroyed. Now, over thirty years since, the science and philosophy of orgone energy is taking root in North America.

Utilizing a variety of methods of analysis, including psychology, biology and political science, WR examined the pivotal force emotional expression and sexual gratification wield in human behavior and interaction. Expanding the parameters of psychoanalysis established by his teacher Sigmund Freud, WR developed character analysis; incorporating the character and character resistances of the individual seeking therapy into the therapeutic process. He paid careful attention to how his patients communicated with him, verbally and otherwise; He understood their mannerisms, characteristics and idiosyncrasies all as facets of emotional expression. Through extensive work at the many free mental health clinics he opened in German working class neighborhoods during the late 1920's and early 1930's, WR discovered that emotional suppression inhibiting orgone streaming was common place. He saw neurosis not as isolated instances of mental imbalance but rather as the normal state of living in industrial-capitalist society. Interruptions of orgone streaming result in physical and psychological ailments and are intimately associated with emotional and psychic traumas. Recognizing the interplay of internal and external forces, WR determined that dysfunctional and authoritarian family structures, sex negative morality, the suppression of emotional expression and the subsequent repression of instinctual sexual gratification frustrates the orgone streamings; creating emotional armoring as well as sexual anxiety, fear of pleasure and orgasmic impotence. He understood this as happening in the person as well as society as a whole. The inability to give oneself completely to what WR termed "the genital embrace" means that that energy, repressed and frustrated, remains inside the body. The orgasm stifled by fear re enforces the fear in the form of armoring; the physicalized trauma at the root of the repression. Compounding stress brought about by economics, political and cultural oppression traumatizes the body further, weakening the immune system and manifesting as particular dis-eases personally, as neurosis and cancer, and politically, as social irrationalism, reactionary culture and fascist government.

In his landmark study, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, WR illuminates the power of fascism and its appeal to humans. Unlike Marxist, leftist or progressive ideologies, this analysis understands fascism not as a political belief, party or as a condition imposed on the masses, but rather as "...the organized political expression of the structure

of the average (wo)man's character, a structure that is confined neither to certain races or nations nor to certain parties, but is general and international." (p. xiii) WR distinguishes three autonomous layers of the person. The surface layer of polite social interaction, the deep biologic core and an intermediate layer composed of cruel, envious and sadistic impulses. This middle layer is formed by the power of what is repressed and serves as the foundation for reactionary tendencies and fascist government. It was this layer that the National Socialists, the Brown Shirts and the Japanese Fascists touched in people. The central layer distorts the natural impulses of the biologic core while the surface layer masks them beneath a veneer of civility and liberal/progressive politics.

To touch the core of one's being, to experience the free streamings of orgone energy and life impulses is the revolutionary potential inherent in Reichian therapy. Until we are truly free of reactionary morality, sexual repression and emotional suppression we are each living a distortion, in danger of succumbing to the dis-eases of cancer and fascism. Empowering the biologic core at the root of our life impulses requires the disintegration of the character and emotional armoring locked tight within and around us, as well as creating social and economic conditions responsive to our life energy; Personal transformation as political revolution

WR developed an array of breathing techniques which, practiced consistently, stimulate streaming of orgone energy in the body. The effect, a tingling flowing within the body, is the natural sensation of the body at the point of orgasm, when one is able to surrender to the genital embrace and completely release the sexual energy without tension, fear or guilt. While most of the breathing techniques should be done with a competent Reichian therapist, one in particular can be done alone and as often as desired. Lying face up on the floor, or a relatively hard surface, with your head on a soft pillow, breathe for a few minutes. Soon, a deeper, more natural and relaxed breathing pattern will emerge. Bend your legs at the knees, with the weight on the soles of your feet and as you inhale push back with your hips and the back of your head, arching your back. While exhaling, lift you hips and head from the floor. After several minutes the streamings may become apparent, tingling in the face, currents in the legs; perhaps muscle spasms or energy blocks will be felt. Pay attention to whatever emotions, memories, fears and thoughts come to mind; you may want to write them down to see if particular patterns arise if you are doing the exercise regularly. It's helpful to do this exercise for at least ten minutes.

WR also had patients doing facial exercises, literally making faces and appropriate noises. Our faces are masks which conceal a myriad of emotions, feelings and reactions, displaying only those expressions which are socially acceptable. With facial and sound exercises you are literally shifting and disintegrating the facial armoring. Other techniques include primal screaming with certain physical motions and sitting in WR's most famous creation, the Orgone Accumulator Box. The orgone

accumulator is comprised of alternating layers of organic and inorganic material, such as wood and steel wool, and as the name implies, accumulates healthy orgone energy when built and used properly. When sitting in the box the orgone energy is taken into the body, charging the life energy and aiding in the healing process. Orgone accumulating devices such as the box, blanket and wand must be used only in certain conditions and if you are interested in constructing an accumulator please read The Orgone Accumulator Handbook by Dr. James DeMeo, available for \$10.95 from Natural Energy Works, PO Box 864, El Cerrito, California 94530, usa.

Before substantial work with orgone energy can be accomplished, a foundation in organonics is necessary. WR's discoveries are not taught in schools nor is the full breadth of organonics as a living method of analysis, synthesis and revolution being employed to confront the varied and interconnected problems we are facing today. The only way to learn organonics is to teach ourselves. Small study groups seem to be the most ideal way to discuss WR's writings, gain a living knowledge of organonics and to eventually incorporate it into daily living. Hopefully this pamphlet will inspire people to read WR and seek out others who are equally as interested.

"Only you yourself can be your own liberator"

- Wilhelm Reich

RE:SOURCES:

The Function of the Orgasm (Discovery of the Orgone, volume 1) The Cancer Biopathy (Discovery of the Orgone, volume 2) Children of the Future: On the Prevention of Sexual Pathology Ether, God and Devil The Invasion of Compulsory Sex-Morality The Mass Psychology of Fascism The Sexual Revolution.

- The American College of Orgonomy P.O. Box 490, Princeton, NJ 08542
 - The Wilhelm Reich Museum P.O. Box 687, Rangeley, Maine 04970
 - New Energy Works PO Box 864, El Cerrito, CA 94530
- also of interest:
- Audre Lorde: The Cancer Journals Sister Outsider



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Artwork: Frank Discussion



'TIMES' IN MOSCOW: "The Life and Times of Harvey Milk," a documentary about the gay S.F. supervisor murdered in The City in 1978, opened in Soviet movie theaters this week, part of a film festival depicting race relations, disease and urban hardship in the United States.



Harvey Milk "We wanted to shock people," said **Michael Brainard**, chairman of the Citizen Exchange Council.

One Soviet who saw the movie in Moscow Thursday says the council will succeed.

"I was not shocked by the film, but I'm sure the common man on the street would be," **Boris Miniev**, 36, said.

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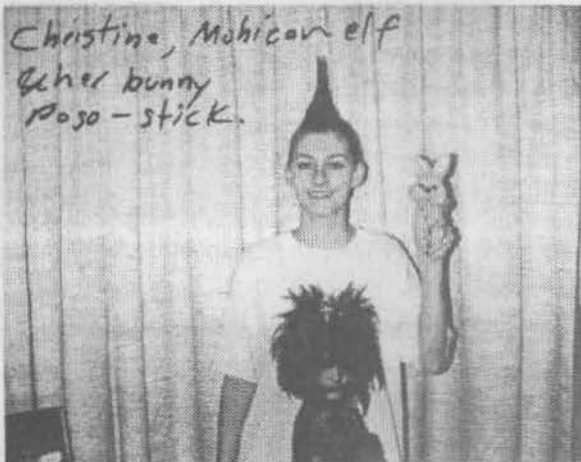
CANADA

M5C 2K5

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Toasters to be replaced

ASSOCIATED PRESS

WASHINGTON — Nearly 9,000 Toastmaster four-slice toasters will be replaced because

Passenger nearly sucked from jet

REUTERS

SEATTLE — One passenger was injured and almost sucked out when a window in the passenger cabin of a Horizon Air commuter plane blew out Wednesday during a flight from Portland to Seattle, a federal spokesman and the passenger said.

Federal Aviation Administration spokesman **Mitch Barker** said the incident occurred about 14,000 feet over Olympia, Wash., about 50 miles south of Seattle.

Coast Roadblock Nabs Abalone Cheaters



BIGOTRY AND VILENESS FROM THE ATHEIST CULT LEADER

After hearing some vicious derogatory remarks about gay people at a convention of American Atheists, a gay Atheist wrote a disgusted letter of complaint to the organization. He received the following irrational reply:

P.O. BOX 1001-AUSTIN, TEXAS 78761-1001 FAX 512-451-1001

23rd May, 1976

John Lauritzen,
New York City, New York 10001

John Lauritzen,

The California Chapter of Society of Separationists, Inc., has sent me a derogatory copy of your letter dated May 1976.

I would expect this kind of literature to issue from a misopist. I am a family head of an American Atheist group. You are a cock-sucker. You like men and boys. You don't like women. We don't have cocks for you to suck.

Also, we are not Marzella as you are.

From your own group of cock-sucking Atheist Marzella and be happy, stupid, but don't come to be as an ally.

SOCIETY OF SEPARATIONISTS, INC.

Walter Hale
Walter Murray O'Hare,
President

MEMPHIS

REPORT ON ZU ZU'S PETALS ART GANG

by Lao Tzu Zu Zu



Speaking of subversion, a group of us in Boulder Colorado have been erecting large political guerrilla sculptures in public places. I did a slide show of some pieces at the last FUGAZI/HOMOCORE show in SR, and've included a coupla photos *[which may or may not be included seeing how I mighta lost 'em - tj]* for this article. These projects are done in the middle of the night, and left for the general populace to "enjoy", and for the "authorities" to remove. Zu Zu's is not a particular group, and we encourage everyone everywhere to engage in these activities. Our concept is simply not to destroy public property, and not to endanger the general public. Just leave them something pretty to look at and think about.

Recently we hung two huge banners about 70 feet above Boulder Canyon Road between two cliffs. On the left was a giant American flag with a staring Eye of Horus instead of stars, and on the right a huge "parchment" reading:

BILL OF RIGHTS

1. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT

anything you say can and will
be used against you.

Beneath this the banner was burnt. We used bedsheets, paint, and 400 feet of 1/4 inch nylon rope (for strength in the wind). Secured short lengths of stronger rope on the cliffs the day before, then climbed at midnight, tied two 200-foot lengths with banners bundled on the far ends,

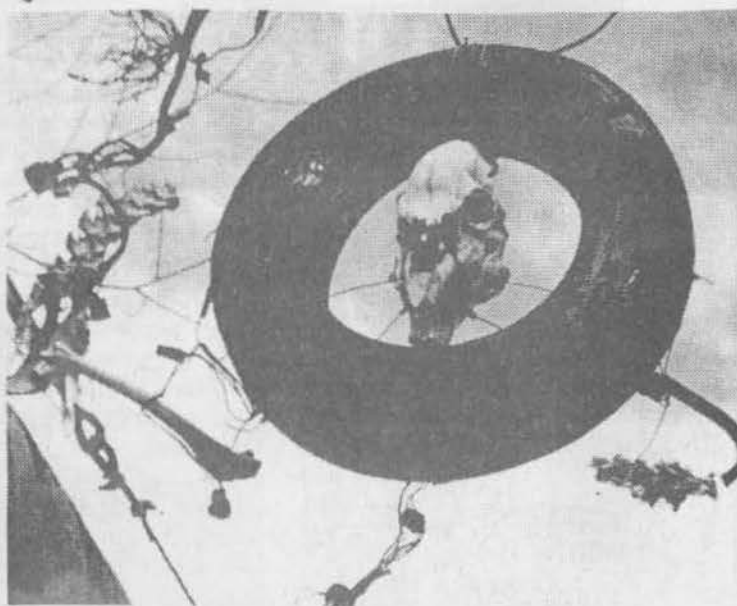
dropped 'em to the road, tied 'em together, unfurled the banners, and pulled 'em up. This project was filmed and we were interviewed by Channel 2 News from Denver, who should air a 2-1/2 minute feature story within the week. Ahh, the sweet smell of media manipulation.

Above this article is the Zu Zu's tag we've been using to sign our recent projects. Anyone should feel free to use it. Below I've listed a few useful tips for the novice Guerrilla Sculptor.

Tips for Sculpture Projects:

- Investigate the site for useful features, problems, escape routes.
- Prepare as much as possible beforehand.
- Install attachment devices (bolts, wires, &c) beforehand if possible. Battery-powered hand drills with screwdriver bits and drywall screws are very useful.
- Erect your piece as quickly and quietly as possible, within the limits of safety.
- Use lookouts.
- Friday nights between midnight-2am are the best times to put one up. Cops are busy then with drunks. Also, city works (who usually take the sculptures down) have the weekend off.
- Spend as little as necessary. Dumpster and scrounge for items.
- When considering methods of erection, think ENGINEERING.
- ALWAYS consider the public's safety.

← Santa in the mall fountain - xmas '89
↓ Auto-mobile over a sidewalk



BOYCOTT MILLER BEER!

"Phillip Morris, makers of Marlboro Cigarettes and parent organization to the Miller Brewing Corporation, has been Senator Jesse Helms' single largest corporate benefactor since 1977.

"Jesse Helms is the biggest enemy this country has to civil rights and freedom of speech. He advocates government censorship of the National Endowment for the Arts and leads the charge against AIDS education, Gay and Lesbian rights, womens right to choose [abortion], the environment, and every other progressive issue.

"We urge you to join this boycott and let your dollars send the message that Jesse Helms must be stopped!"

BOYCOTT MARLBORO!

- ACT-UP/SF flyer, Aug 90

THE MARLBORO/MILLER BOYCOTT

Helms is a point man for the right-wing fascist movement in the U.S. today. His hatred for anything gay/lez is almost unbelievable. It's hardly just fag-bashing he's into though - all non-white, non-christian, non-fearful consumers are his targets.

There is something you can do that directly affects him: the Marlboro/Miller boycott. And it has been effective so far; Helms has targeted ACT-UP/San Francisco and ACT-UP/Washington DC for messing with his reelection campaign and contributions. (Which is amusing, as ACT-UPs are all independent, and mostly consensus-run; hierarchy addicts like Helms just can't deal with groups that have "no one" in charge!)

BACKGROUND INFO

Because of the outright police oppression of gay people, bars as safe places are a big part of gay "culture". (Most bars are filled with men anyways; can you tell the difference between a fag bar and a straight one?)

Not since the successful 1978 Anita Bryant orange juice boycott has there been a national gay-led boycott. If you heard of her as a notorious asshole, when as an O.J. industry spokesman she helped defeat gay-rights in Florida, it's cuz dykes & fags made her notorious for you.

WHY MILLER/MARLBORO?

Helms lives in the tobacco industry's back yard; he supports them with legislation, they support him with money. The idea is to let them know it's no longer an easy, low-profile relationship. It makes Helms less of an asset; he now has liability. This is exactly what killed Anita Bryant's career; and while it won't stop him directly, it sure will add to his burden of making himself indispensable.

Miller beer and Marlboro cigarettes were chosen out of all the Phillip Morris (P/M) products for a number of reasons. Beer and cigarettes are high-profit items in bars. But because Miller sponsors certain high-profile gay events in SF, such as Gay Freedom Day Parade, some call Miller "a friend of the gay community", and are against the boycott. This has deepened a rift that's been growing for a while now, with (surprise) yuppie/business/bar owners against the boycott, and most everyone else for it. (The issue itself is called assimilationism, ie. assimilating into "mainstream culture", whatever that is.)

But the pro-Miller crowd forgot a few things: one, corporations are not anyone's friend, they exist for only one thing: *profit*. Two, nearly every dollar given to gay entities by "Miller" has been from the independent local distributors, not Miller corporate. Miller & P/M brought out statistics claiming they supported the gay community, but were quickly shown to be not Miller, but P/M, for broad-based, non-gay AIDS services etc. (AIDS does not equal gay, dears.) Three, people are not for sale to the highest bidder.

Whatever - with few exceptions, it's harder to get Miller or Lite in a gay bar in SF, with bar owner/operators joining the boycott because they believe in it (the majority) or because of pressure from customers.

Also, cigarettes and alcohol are on many peoples' shit-lists these days, what with all the health concerns. It helps that P/M is forced to defend products that are deemed harmful to their users. (I'm not moralizing - I drink beer and used to smoke, and support everyone's right to do whatever they please with their body & mind - but you have to agree this "anti-drug" nonsense sure helps in this case. Stab 'em with their own knife for a change!)

Vandalism against Miller/Marlboro billboards, signs, bus-stop posters, etc has been great here in SF, and drives them crazy. I know of a couple of billboards that don't last *one hour* before they're wrecked by paint bombs (glass xmas balls filled with paint, taped shut and thrown).

ABOUT BOYCOTTS

Corporations like P/M have so many products in so many different areas that's its impossible to target them all. A boycott against "all P/M products" would be so confusing it would be better to just skip it, especially when you consider all the other companies that P/M owns.

Picking a few high-profile products is far more effective. Corporations are so greedy for profit and plunder that even if Marlboro or Miller Beer was (say) 5% of total P/M sales, they would shit bricks to have it drop to 4%.

(You might be interested to know that the word "boycott" came from an 1880's case of a fat-cat landlord charging outrageous prices to immigrants. They organized and got others to not rent rooms from him, forcing him to deal fairly. The landlords last name was "Boycott".)

The Popstitutes

by Remix Von Popststitute

One snowy night in 1981 my buddy Diet and I were walking up 14th Street in New York City, flying on speed, acid and assorted liquors on our way to our favorite sex club THE ANVIL. We were discussing the sorry state of post-punk music when Diet tried to call Culture Club pop-music prostitutes. Due to the cold and various chemicals he ended up saying "popstitutes" instead. We thought this to be a charming neologism and filed it away in our memories for future use.

In 1986 Diet, an artist friend Bad and myself were hanging around a pathetic suburban queerbar harassing sweater queens. The disco-mulch music was putting us in a foul mood so we moved to the video room only to be confronted with a Sammy Hagar video (is he not the most loathsome creature alive?). We began roaming around the club asking pointed questions like "You like that racist, macho heavy-metal music don't you, you sniveling wannabe Dynasty queen?" Before getting 86'ed (again) we decided - nay, we vowed - to create an organization dedicated to the total eradication of conformity, elitism and complacency. We decided to go about this by selling a biting social critique of the tawdry drama of gay ghetto culture as entertainment and to call our selves the Popstitutes. Others could plead with the straight world for tolerance and understanding - we were going to focus on the people who really made our lives hell - other queers.

The Popstitutes are something between a band, a performance-art piece, and agit-prop theatre. The music is an amazing arty mix of industrial background tapes by Diet, or funky background tapes by Diet and Mudhead X (a radical Afro-American music genius-recluse) with Bad on either piano, saxophone or clarinet. I do backup vocals and special effects on a cheap voice sampler. The lyrics spring from the anguished brow of Diet (with a little help from little old me). They're mostly based on a bunch of bitter poems which he used to give spontaneous readings of at inopportune moments (like when everyone was trying to pick up on each other on the sidewalk after a bar closed). We also proudly feature Zeon who joined us as the world's first teenage, black, queer rapper. We've got songs like "Barfag", about an innocent who is seduced by the glamour of nightlife into becoming a barfly, "The Mugging" about queerbashing, "Mortal's Possessed" about obsessive trust fund babies, and a slew of bawdy tunes like "Alley Sex", "Hung like a Horse", and "Porn Star". Our lyrics reflect our emotional confusion at being trapped in a world bounded by socio-political repression and hyper-commercialized sexuality - aren't we deep?

The Popstitutes always put on a really big show. Over the years we've added Zeon, Fruit Fly, Tyler-Bob, JO-EL, and a bevy of beautiful guest stars (including Bambi, Jupiter, Mike Blue, Roxie Toxic, Quarknee, Danielle Hell, Bobby With-It, Tony Vaguely, and others too numerous to mention). We've got space suits, a flexible dayglo cross, a go-go cage, horse costumes, TV heads, a giant Marlboro box and a Coors can (which dance out and rip the limbs off and disembowel their victim to dramatize the need to boycott said products). There's also a 30 foot long penis which operates on the same principle as the Chinese New Year's parade dragon, a 12 foot industrial penis which can spew out baby dolls, a handheld penis which dispenses cheese whiz or whipped cream as ordered, a penis miniskirt, penis guitars (to dramatize the masturbatory nature of guitar solos) and a golden status-dick proudly emblazoned "MACY'S" which spurts money. Why all the penises? Half our band wants to satirize the phallic obsession so prevalent in mainstream gay culture and half our band really really likes penises. We put on a chaotic spectacle that has been called both "brilliant symbolism" and the work of "a bunch of frat boys who just discovered their gonads".

Getting a gig hasn't always been easy and we've been bodily removed from more than one venue. We have successfully played a nude beach, an acid orgy, a Tupperware party (with a real Tupperware lady and all), several HOMOCORE benefits, several SMUT FESTS, a Hagen-Dazs Ice Cream parlor, Gilman St. Project, some art galleries, Ringold Alley (a leather cruise strip), ACT-UP and Queer Nation demonstrations, and even a few clubs!

In February 1990 we started a Tuesday night club at the Crystal Pistol (the lovable Mission District dive bar) called Klubstitute. We present both popular and off-beat bands, zany antics, high art, and the last Tuesday of every month is "OUT OF ORDER", an open mike for poetry, performance and spoken word. Klubstitute has presented MDC, The Incredibly Fabulous Dyke Supergroup, a spin the bottle game with 60 people, Bambi, Phil Ford, Tippi & Miss X, Bonk, Blatz, Scrapyard, National Disgrace, The High Risk Group, a homosexual recruiting booth, The Vaguelies, Comrades In Arms, a massage table by Alpha, Dawn of Aquarius, videos by Shawn Spirulina, Elkie Winters, Scorchy, a psychic reading booth, a zine networking night, and many more (all of whom will hate me for not mentioning them I'm sure). If you'd like to play Klubstitute or book The Popstitutes call (415)-255-1485. If you'd like to write us do so at 987 Valencia St, San Francisco CA 94110. And stay tuned to HOMOCORE for future developments on the Popststitute/Klubstitute front.





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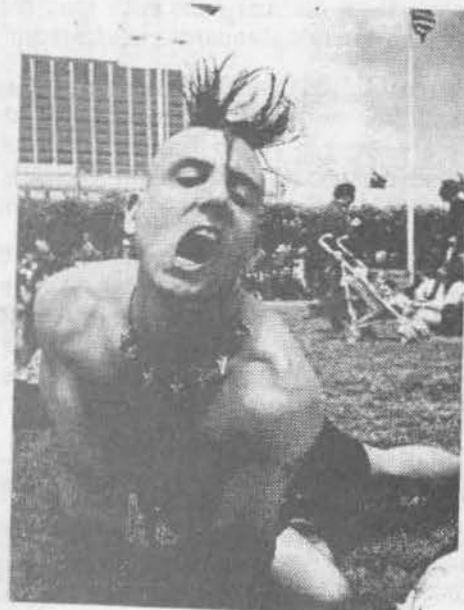


2 The Popstitutes

- 1 Diet Popstitute
- 2 Tyler-Bob is fagbashed
- 3 Remix Von Popstitute died for your sins (Club DNA, Easter 89)
- 4 Remix Von Popstitute (Gay Day Parade 90)
- 5 Diet Popstitute
- 6 (Yes On 'S' benefit 89)
- 7 Zeon and Fruit Fly (Club DNA, Easter 89).

Photos: Tyler-Bob Ingenue Popstitute.

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Dig Our Heroes Out Of The Trash

Steve Abbott

It's no secret to HOMOCORE readers that American education sucks. Our true history's distorted and denied as we're force-fed a boring history of our oppressors. No wonder many of us vomit at the mere mention of "literature". The garage band and 'zine movement is a good start in creating our own stories and identities.

But the punk anarcho-queer 'zine movement also has a history. In fact for as long as there's been an "official" history, there's been a radical opposition – even if the ruling class has trashed our punk ancestors out of the school books. Its' tim we fight back and reclaim our history.

My proposal is this: make a list or "map" of your own influences and heroes. This could include bands, artists, film makers, 'zines, political militants, etc. I've made several such "maps" over the years because I find it gives me strength. It clarifies my ideas, sparks my creativity, and gives me solidarity with others on the fight against boredom and oppression. To know where we've been not only makes me proud, it also sharpens my ideas about where I want to go.

This "Hippie Histomap" (which I did in the early 80's) is more linear than one I'd do today. Today my map might look more like a DNA spiral with different size circles to show how much influence I've taken from different places. But create your own histomap in whatever way you want. It's your life so be your own teacher. This said, here's some notes on some of my own fave punk ancestors.

Lautramont (1846 – 1870) was a tall, skinny nervous kid with a squeaky voice who died at age 24. Born in Uruguay, he lived the last couple years of his life in Paris where he wrote Maldoror and The Poesies. He wrote only at night, punctuating his sentences with loud chords on the piano as he declaimed them (a Johnny Rotten before his time). Even by today's standards, Lautramont's stuff is hardcore.

Rimbaud (1854 – 1891) started writing at age 13. At 17 he became boyfriends with Verlaine (who was 20 years older) and he wrote some really hot shit for the next couple years. Snubbed by Verlaine's wife and the pompous literary scene in Paris, Rimbaud became as socially obnoxious as possible (he'd put lice in his hair so he could pick it out at parties; he diddled with Verlaine under cafe tables as they drank absinthe). Season In Hell is his classic. Gay Sunshine published some of his and Verlaine's dirtiest poems in a book called A Lover's Cock.

The late 1890's was the beginning of the punk 'zine movement. In England **Oscar Wilde** and **Aubrey Beardsley** contributed to The Yellow Book (Wilde was jailed shortly thereafter cuz he was fucking a rich dude's kid; Beardsley died young of consumption). In Germany a similar 'zine was Die Yungend (The Youth). The proto-punk gang in France included **Baudelaire** (who dyed his hair green), **Nerval** (who walked lobsters on a leash), **Huysmans** (who praised the dark and unnatural over the natural), **Raymond Roussel** (whose weird novels are great) and the painter **Odilon Redon** (who illustrated a book of poetry for the Belgian Satanist Iwan Gilkin).

Edgar Allen Poe was the only weirdo America could boast of before 1900. **Walt Whitman** celebrated queer sex in his poetry but you'd never know it from what you're shown in high school.

In pre-Nazi Germany there was an anarchist gang of artists, musicians and writers in Berlin called New Community. One, **Erich Muhsam** (whose first published essay defended homosexuality as an innate tendency) did a monthly 'zine called Fanal from 1926 – 1931. It's first issue proclaimed as it's goal "to assist in the preparation for revolution". After serving five years in jail for revolutionary activity, Muhsam published an anthology of agitational song lyrics in 1925 which was so popular that he was taken to court again because his book "prepared the way for civil war". The Nazi SS arrested Muhsam the night of the Reichstag fire. He was tortured for 15 months and finally beaten to death in the office of the commandant of Oranienburg concentration camp.

Although thousands of workers attended Muhsam's plays and performances, this gay anarchist hero has been completely shut out of official histories of the Weimar Republic. Only recently has the German anarchist youth movement revived interest in his work. Muhsam's spirit can be seen in the Tunix manifesto: "We're fed up with it here... the beer tastes flat like bourgeois morality. They've bossed as around long enough inspecting our ideas, rooms, passports."

The 1920's and 30's saw some wild stuff in Paris too. The Dadaists and Surrealists are well known so I'll focus on **George Bataille**'s circle which is only lately getting attention in America. Bataille (1897 – 1962) turned Marx on his head by arguing that economy is based upon waste, not production. He defined humans not as workers but as creatures who need to play. Breton and Sartre hated Bataille because he championed the dirty, the excessive, the kinky, the useless and the mystical. Start with Story of the Eye (a porn novel) and Visions of Excess (Essays). If you dig that, go on to Eroticism, Literature and Evil, and the other stuff. Everything the Situationists say derives from Bataille.

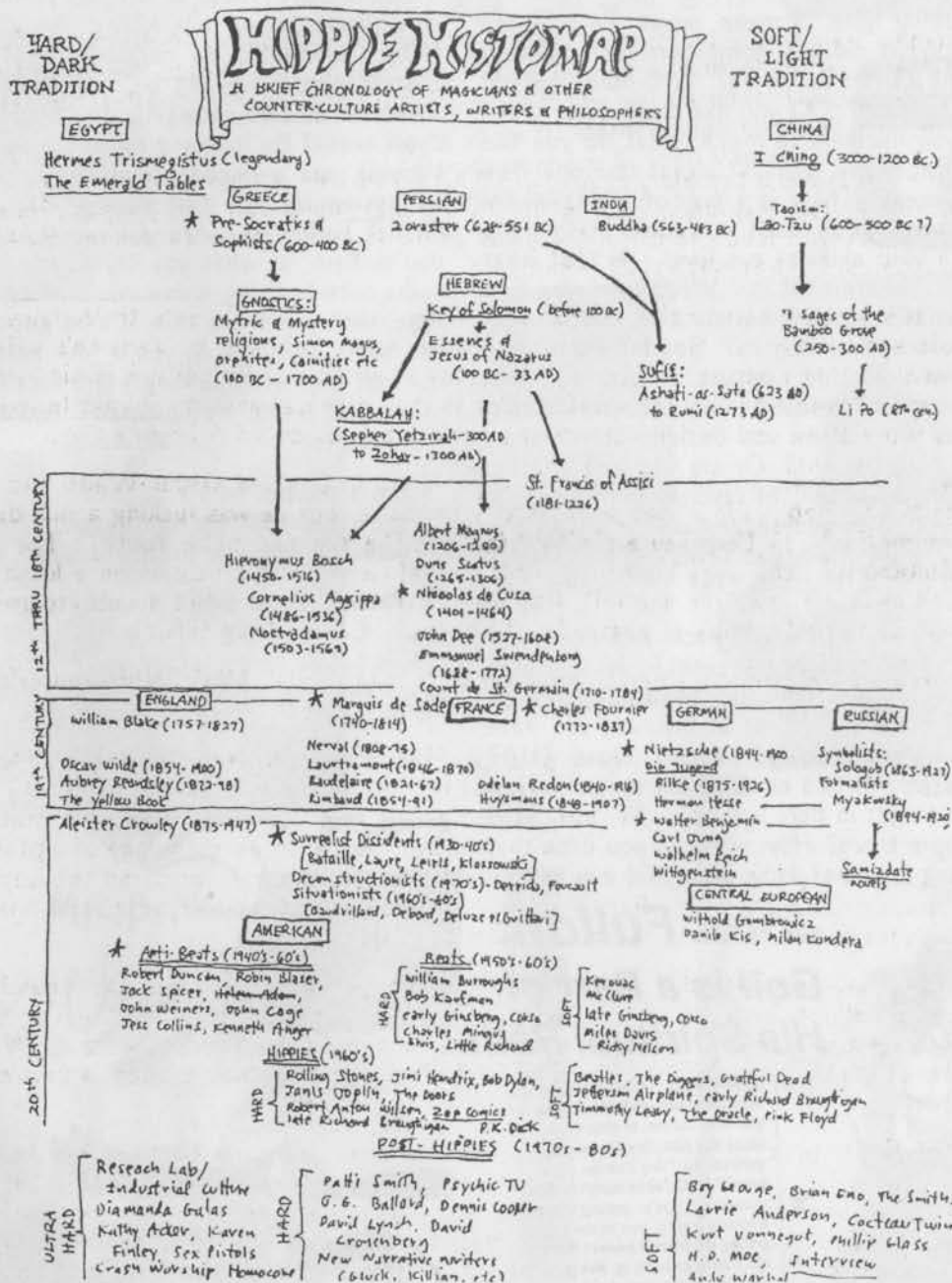
Laure (1903 – 1938) broke with her rich family and flirted with radical politics in Paris, Berlin and Russia. She belonged to the secret society **Acephale** with Bataille and Leiris (in fact, Bataille was her last boyfriend). Laure's

best work is the obscenely poetic Histoire D'une Petite Fille which still hasn't been translated into English (although Kathy Acker did a spin-off of it in my Soup 3). If rock'n'roll existed when Laure was alive, she'd have knocked the socks off Patti Smith.

Rene Crevel (1900 - 1935) was a fast-lane friend of Laure's whose open homosexuality and drug taking scandalized literary bigwigs such as Gide, Breton, Pound and Dali. Two of his novels are available in English: Difficult Death and Babylon. Hounded about his lifestyle and torn by political factionalism of his day, Crevel committed suicide in a fit of depression.

These writers have left us ideas we can still use as weapons to plunge into our enemies hearts. Work by Laure, Crevel, Muhsam and others is available in Soup 3 for \$4 (checks to "Steve Abbott", 545 Ashbury #1, San Francisco CA 94117). I'd like to see some HOMOCORE letters about other readers' fave ancestors.

Steve is also the author of the radical queer sex novel Holy Terror (Crossing Press)



Night Club Rant

by Richard Loranger

This is the complete text of the rant I was doing just before FUGAZI at the most recent HOMOCORE show in SF, which was cut short by some ignorant assholes blowing off a fire extinguisher at the stage. It was originally written for BIG BLACK's last show at the I-BEAM in August '87. They had said I could open for them for 2 minutes, so long as I didn't do poetry. So I wrote 4 minutes questioning every motivation anyone might have for being there. Obviously, those poor little boys at the FUGAZI show couldn't stand up to the interrogation. They're the kind of questions I often ask myself at big shows. Perhaps some of you do too.

WHAT are you doing here. I mean, what the fuck are you doing here? What did you come here for? Who or what told you you wanted to come? Who told you you like this in the first place? DO you like this? Then why? Or why not? If you like this so much, what do you like about it? The music? The fashion? What fashion? The seeing and being seen? There is a way of seeing where all your eyesight turns upon itself in double boomerang and slices through your skull at eye level... Is that what you like about this? Whatever it is - WHEN did you first start liking it? What suggested to you that this is what you like to do, to see, to listen to? Something in your turbulent American childhood perhaps, or were you born liking it? Did you really choose to like this, this music, this scene, do you really think you decided of your own free will to come here tonight? Or are you just another victim of media manipulation, of fashion conformity, of all the subtle & not so subtle suggestions made to you every day from every direction that THIS IS THE THING TO DO - Rock & Roll & Hope to Die!

Or are you truly a non-conformist, each and every one of you? Is this a non-conformist event? Is this non-conformist because Fugazi isn't on MTV - yet - or because you wear black or leather or because you have shaved or spiked or polka-dotted heads? Does THAT make this anti-system? Is this bucking the system? How much did you pay to get in here anyway - \$5, \$10, \$15? How many of you are there? How often do you drop that much for something you like? How much did you pay for

the clothes that you're wearing? How many more do you have like them? And where did that \$ come from? Do you work? Is it good work? Is it satisfying? Does it DO something for you? And what did the place that pays you do to get their money. Where did come from? Surely not from the System. And where do you think it's all going to? Surely none of it BACK into the System? Is it really that separate?

Have you considered this - that maybe, just maybe this event & every event like it is *allowed* - no, *set up* - by the System just to keep us all pacified, to keep this UNDER CONTROL, to keep us all in a little arena *under surveillance* to do our killing like good Christians, and NOT OUTSIDE, no certainly NOT OUTSIDE in the System where it might DO SOMETHING, do something harmful. Is this changing anything? Is it getting past these walls? Is it changing anything in your head? Am I giving you a headache yet? Are you RESPONDING, or just acting? Or just posing? Or just standing there? Or not even here? Are you really IN CONTROL of why you're here, of what you think you like? Are you SURE some outside *thing*, some *media thing* didn't tell you to be here, that you'd like this, it's be good for you, you could get some shit out & you'll feel better in the morning, content and more willingly productive? Are you SURE you're not being manipulated? Am I sure I'm not being manipulated?

I'm a puppet he's a puppet
she's a puppet we're a puppet
wouldn't you like to be a puppet too?

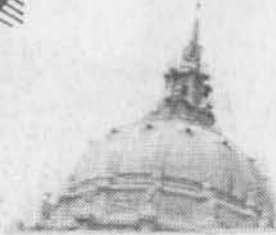
Is that it? Or is it the music? Does it DO anything for you? Can you dig it? Can you dig your heart & your brains out & hold them in your hands & look at them & say, "Yes, yes, this is IT, something's happening here." Or could you still NOT CARE LESS? And if that's the case, what are you doing here anyway?

Richard Loranger
1327 Pine #1
Boulder CO 80302

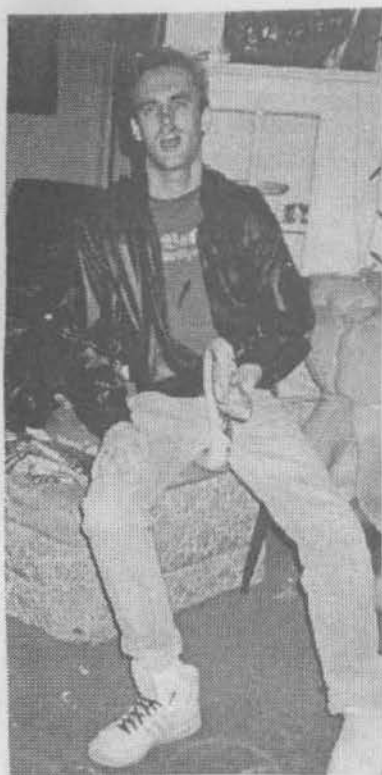
John Fulton: Golf is a Part of His Spiritual Path



John Fulton: I think what sports does for a man, and this is what golf does for me, is very much along that line. Say I have that question up, "Am I on the right track?" If you're looking for that answer and you're getting it from a female source, you're not really getting the correct answer because she's only going to be able to validate the amount of your activities that are validating her nesting, and not the list of



SEX IS.



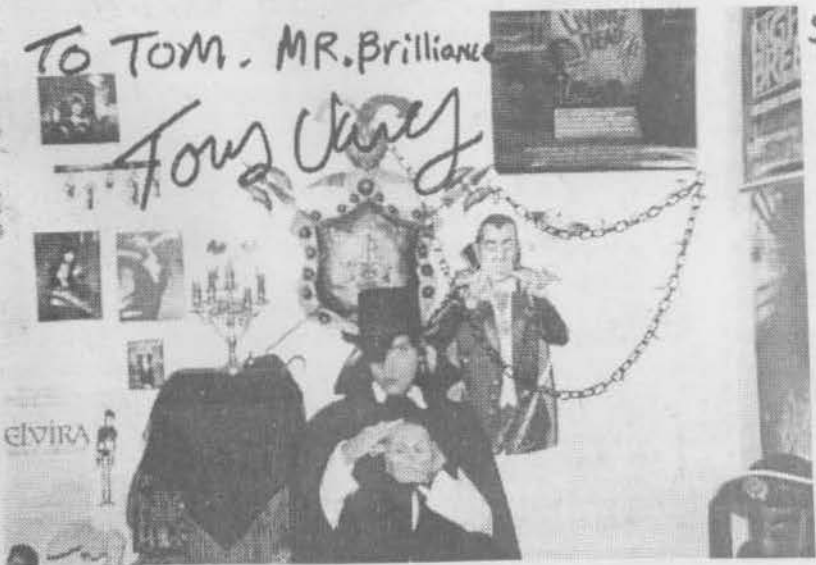
*Henry
Kane*



1 Photos from readers: 1 Psycho playing with his snake 2 Mykel Board's xmas card (what you got on under that dress?) 3 Donna doing yo-yo tricks! 4 Willum Hopfrog Pugmire, Gay Day Parade sunburn 5 Tony Vaguely in his natural setting 6 Piedro Serrano, a NY DJ - oops lost my notes! 7 Deke, Tom J, Andrew in Cathedral-D.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads are FREE. Up to 50 words, not including your address. Any subject. Text only, no pictures etc. Send 'em to the address inside the front cover. Make sure it's obvious (to me, not you) that it's a CLASSIFIED AD.

BEWARE! Of entrapment schemes in classified ads! The cops love to entrap people by offering "photos of young guys" or something, or ask you for the same. (Sending sexually explicit stuff involving under-18 people through the mail is illegal.) Don't worry about writing to friends or potential friends n' stuff like that. You can usually tell the bad guys right off. (Cops are stupid.)

If you send money for tapes and never get them, or otherwise get ripped off, write and we'll publish their names and otherwise ridicule them in print.

Hey Tiny Tim stuff! Join Lushbaby Weekly/Helldwellers staff! Be an esteemed and beloved penpal! Hello Kitty (Here Kitty Kitty)! Be a lushbaby and love life! Optimistic pessimism! Lushly, Safie (Adam) Seraphic PO Box 690816 San Antonio, TX 782690816.

"Jamra, where are you?" Jai Smith 3400 North St. Ettrick, VA 23803.

The Syndicat des Eleves is a youth and children's liberation project, distributing information and news about anti-school, running away, queer youth, AIDS and children, anti-racism, and many other issues and realities being dealt with by teenagers and children on a day to day basis. The Syndicat publishes Youth Lib Zine available for one pound or equivalent in IRC's. All radical youth, queer youth, angry youth, and their supporters are encouraged to get in touch with the Synicat as soon as possible. Syndicat des Eleves 2035 Boul. St-Laurent Montreal Quebec Canada H2X 2T3.

Seldom is the sadness of my soul able to speak the fury felt inside, the fire creeps up trying to escape in a form of verbal expression only to be beaten down, the unspoken words a pile of smoldering ashes caught in the pit of my stomach, a spark remains ignites the flames as I pick up my pen and watch it make love to the paper and my words burn long after death. I'm into piercings, tattoos, vampires, dreadlocks, reading, darkness, travelling, sleeping, skulls. Tasha 47 Dragan Cres. Saskatoon SK S7H 5C8 Canada

Are you sick of meddlesome government trying to run the world and your personal life? But you're not sucked in by the sterile socialist left? You're probably a libertarian. Write: INGSOC PO Box 15563, Gainesville, FL 32603.

[the libertarians have the best bumperstickers I've ever seen. - tj]

Interested in gay bands or bands with gay members, womyns bands or bands with womyn members... all kinds of punk... racists, nazis, homophobes, misogynists NEED NOT APPLY... And hey! if any of you want to ditch old compilation tapes that you're tired of- send 'em to me. I will gladly pay postage! PEACE... Gretchen Anthony, 29 Ceder St. #1, Cambridge, MA 02140.

Punk type looking for other homopunks in Richmond area to hang out with or punks across the nation to write to. Jason C., PO Box 17446, Richmond, VA 23226.

Convict down since Jan 84 DWM 45, 6', 180 lbs., sandy-blond hair (receding), brown beard (greying). Reluctantly athletic. Blue eyes. Music: rock to reggae, blue grass to afropop. Dislike top 40, commercial country, opera, muzak. Non-straightedge, straight but non-homophobe. Intellectually libertarian, viscerally anarchist, B.S. in social studies, knowledgeable about electronics, mechanics, computers, domes. Need to make the acquaintance of someone into word-processing and/or desktop publishing. Will answer all. Denis L. Roussel/ WA-A181175/ PO Box 740/ London, OH 43140.

Muscular bi-male age 21 looking to meet new people in the Erie to Pittsburg corridor. Open minded, affectionate, and will try anything at least once. Into Depeche Mode, Erasure, Ranking Roger, and New Order. Send pictures, poetry, and letters. Promise to respond to all who write. Also interested in getting together if your in the area. Ken/ 257 West 8th St./ Erie, PA 16501.

Hi, I'm Bastian, 16, vegan... I'm into music, Oi Polloi, Cringer, Fugazi, Beefeater, MDC, Chumbawamba, Deceit, Culture Shock... playing guitar, drumming, cooking, animal rights, doing illegal things, skiving, peace, freedom... I want to communicate with all kinds of people from all over the world. I'm very bored so please write to defeat my boredom. Peace love- Bastian Buchmeier/ AM Kafer Bruch, 5c14Kerpen5/ W-Germany.

Boyish 27 y/o goodlooking white male. Young looking adults like me. Longing for penpals/friends and more. Exchange photos, poems, clothes... What's on your mind? Str8/young closet cases a real turn on. Try me. Scott/ PO Box #7/ Montclair, CA 91763.

Youth Lib. zine is a bilingual, French and English, zine devoted to youth and children's liberation. Subjects touched upon include: anti-school, running away, queer youth, child sexuality, AIDS and under-20's, anti-racism, anti-sexism, teens behind bars, children at war, sexual abuse, and lots, lots more. For a sample issue send \$2 or something equivalent value to: Syndicat des Eleves, 20365, Boulevard St-Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2X 2T3.

TRUE AMERICAN SKUM BOY. drug-crazed mutant genius (20) seeks male counterparts. SOUL ASYLUM RULE!! also into Jane's Addiction, Soundgarden, Butthole Surfers, Husker, industrial, acid, country, comics, surrealism, art, poetry, film, extasy, & more. You are brilliant & incredible (or maybe you aren't) Write to me anyway, i'm bored. MICHAEL B., 80 E. third st., # 14, NYC, 10003.

SAN-FRANCISCO - All ages hall. 1-2 shows a month starting mid July. Non-profit group. Touring bands and volunteers interested in working shows call Shawn @ (415) 861-7549.

20 yr. old punk homo anarchist with major endowment but no one to play with. Play bass, like Dead Milkmen, Smiths, looking for homopunk to trade letters, photos, hopefully fuck. Write to: Paul, PO Box 5068, Parsippany NJ 07054.

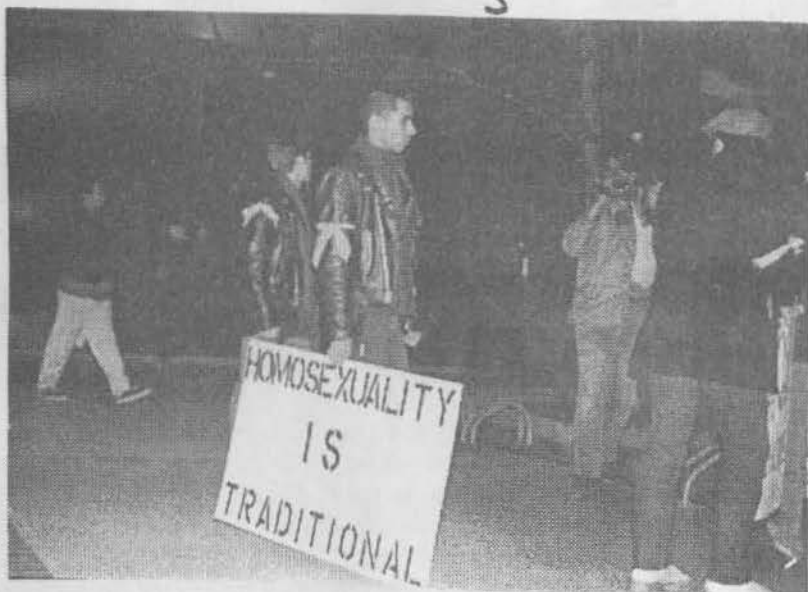
I am collecting material which may be related to TAT-TOO. I am especially looking for books and/ or other reading materials. I will trade or pay money for interesting items. Interesting items could be anything from magazine



1 While the street patrol was gathering in the Rolling Pin donut shop, this guy starts talking to us, pulls out this photo, and writes something on the back. As we're leaving, he hands it to me. I say thanks and walk out. It says: "Don't believe the jews! My penis is 6" long when filled with blood! I drink skim milk! Not wine David Paul Richards aka Gen. Wm. Foster aka The Shit Disturber aka Don A. Singer! aka Couch Potato West aka Mr. Hospital aka The Son Of A Bitch". It was nice to find out I was still capable of being shocked. 2 Damon finds a use for a skinhead 3 "the cutest boy in Florence Italy" - Joey Caine 4 girls will be girls... 5 Ron at a protest in the wilds of Concord CA.

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articles, newspaper clippings, posters, postcards, paraphernalia, short stories, long stories, photos, etc. Also, I have recently begun a bbs whose main topic is and shall be TATTOO. Call now with your opinions, questions, facts, trivia, etc. (404) 888-0075, 11PM - 8AM (EST), daily. I am compiling databases of artists, studios, books, periodicals, organizations, films and videos. The main thing I seek is information. Any kind of information, fact or fiction, pro or con. All correspondence will be answered either by regular mail or electronically. Help promote the positive aspects of one of the worlds most

ancient arts! Eric Jennings, 558 Seal Place, NE, Atlanta, GA, 30308.

To Jill Reiter of New York or anyone who knows her: Please send me your address. I've been trying to reach you Jill. Adam, PO Box 690816, SATX 782690816.

Sexual Dissident would like pen pals who are not against someone who once loved boys under the age of legal consent. Wayne Hunt, P.O. Box AG/85A8050, Fallsburg, New York 12733. [I worded it so no law enforcement could accuse you of running an ad for immoral purposes.]

Me? PissFreak? Right!

Dykes to Watch Out For



COMRADES
IN ~~ARMS~~
- GIRL OR BOY
- ATTITUDE OVER
- ABILITY
- PUNK-ROCK- RETRO-
- SHIT QUEERCORE
- GERMS WORSHIP
- OPTIONAL (DON ARE FINES)
CALL (415) 621-0603

Also-Call National Lawyers Guild
Draft Registration (415)
is No Joke! 285-
 5066

**National
 Resistance
 Committee**
 P.O. Box 42488
 San Francisco, CA 94142

Registration is a tough decision.
 It's not quick. It's not easy. And
 it could cost you your life.

Most people don't want to register
 for the draft, or go to war. But you
 probably don't want to go to prison,
 either. The government works hard
 to keep you from finding out that
*refusing to register is the easiest way to
 avoid all three!*

The National Resistance Committee was
 organized in 1980 to oppose registration
 and the draft. Our goals are:

- To resist current U.S. prepara-
 tions for conscription and war by
 encouraging those of draft age to
 refuse registration.
- To sponsor and promote non-
 violent civil disobedience to
 oppose draft registration
- To build a grass-roots movement
 by collecting pledges of nonregis-
 tration, distributing literature,
 holding public actions, forming
 support groups and working with
 existing organizations to resist
 registration.

Write to us if you want to know more
 about resistance. We can put you in
 touch with other resisters in your area.
 We also publish a newspaper, *Resistance
 News*, that keeps people up-to-date on
 what's happening in the Resistance
 movement. Write to us and we'll send
 you a sample copy.



Church group wants gays to wear badges!

By JOE BERGER

A church group is proposing
 that all gays be forced to wear
 badges identifying them as
 homosexuals — and be re-
 quired to undergo counseling
 on "the depravity of their ac-
 tions."

The call for homosexual ID
 badges is part of a proposal by
 Australia's Queensland Asso-
 ciation of Catholic Parents to
 help stop the spread of deadly
 AIDS.

The group also is urging
 laws:

- Requiring that all AIDS
 victims be quarantined.
- Banning gays from teach-
 ing positions and jobs involv-
 ing food handling.
- Requiring AIDS testing
 for all male flight attendants
 and known homosexuals.
- Forcing restaurants and
 hotels to use disposable dishes
 and utensils.



PUNK COSTUME for the heavy
 metal set! Punk-out by sporting a
 leather-look vest complete with rivets,
 buckles and metal adornments. Mat-
 ching 16" adjustable neckband and
 9 1/2" adjustable wristband add the
 hard-as-nails touches. Wild and crazy
 punk wig completes the look.

T2636 Punk Costume (vest, neck
 and wristband) \$19.98
 T2637 Punk Wig \$11.98



DEC. 11

KLUBSTITUTE

VOLTAGE

AND THE

KATHY
QUEER
BAND

JERSEY BEAT #40

201
Jim Testa
415 Gregory Ave
Weehauken NJ 07087

2336 Market No. 128 SE, CA 94114



queer riot press

LITERATURE

Ever been short of bedtime reading, or stuck for something to
 peruse on the toilet? Well, worry no more!
 Whatever tickles your fancy, from the Bushiest Fantasy to
 weighty tomes on Bakunin's influence on the Spanish Revolution,
 fiction and non-fiction, from 5p to £15, it's all here.
 We have the complete range of anarchist and related literature
 in print in Britain today, from all the publishers big and
 small, as well as loads of out of print and difficult to find

For those of broader horizons, we have in stock other reading matter (from across the globe): Canada, USA, Australia etc etc. As well as anarchist material, we have all your heart could desire: squinting, feminism, punky stuff, animal rights, ecology, situationist, historical etc etc.

We also have a full range of periodicals (Black Flag, Freedom, Direct Action, Open Road, Reality Now (both from Canada), Progressive World (from the US), Maximum Rock & Roll, Campaign Against the Arms Trade Newsletter, the Vegan, Shocking Pink etc etc.) as well as in stock, as well as some occasional papers and periodicals.

For a full list of bumper reading (several hundred titles) please send an SAE/IRC to:

Venger, 3 Belmont Place, Stirling, Scotland, FK8 3JN

(It's still in print, we can order ANY book, on any topic (from gardening to grain-haulage) that you want...)

Happy reading...

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