

2



X-rated TATTOOS



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Front Cover: Dave-ld by G.B.Jones
Back Cover: David by Annie Liebowitz
Centrefold: Tom Girls by G.B.J.

THE BOYS

punk (pũnk) n. Slang.

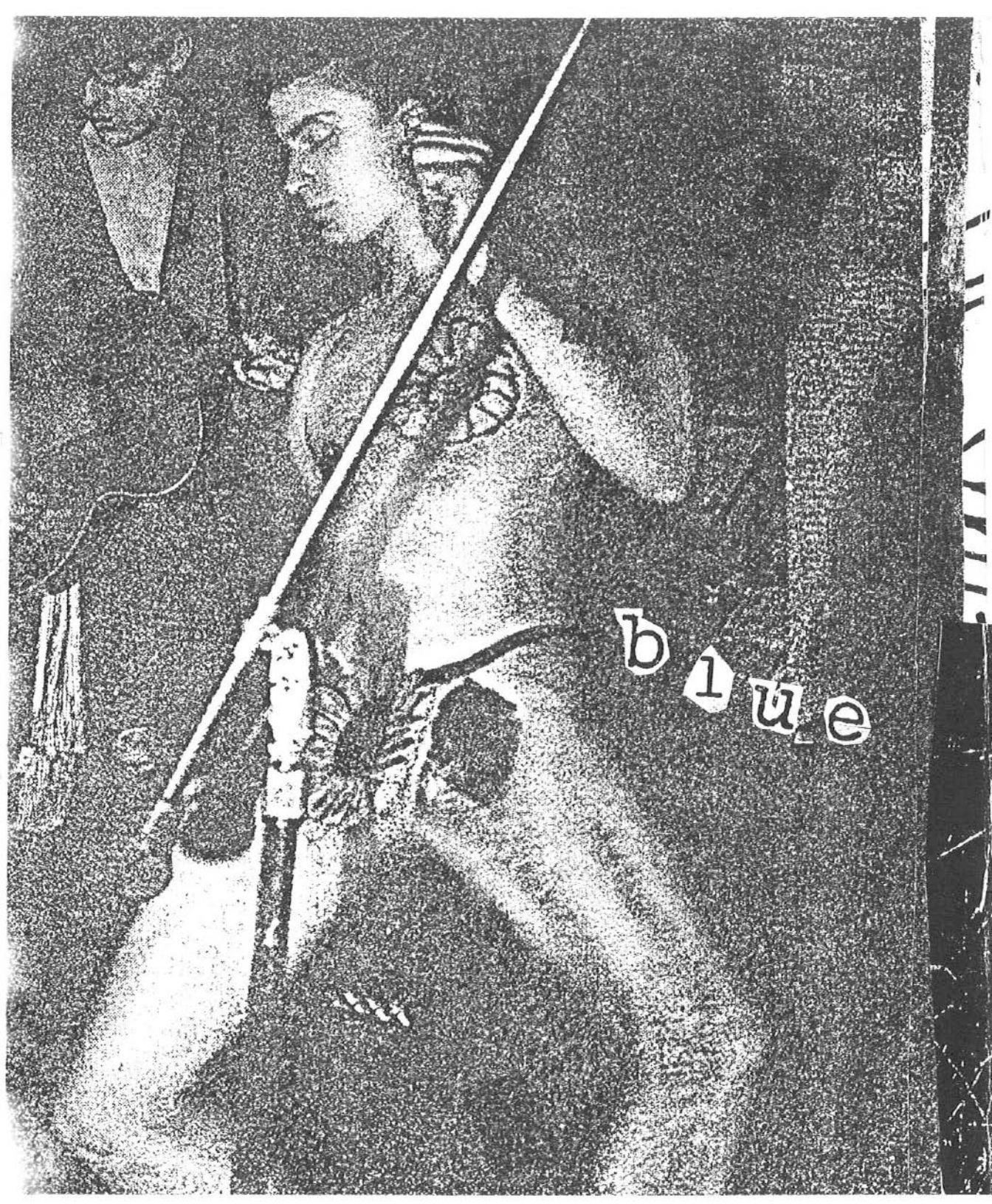
J.D.s

WRITE TO: J.D.s
WE'LL REPLY TO ALL!
P.O. BOX 1110
ADELAIDE ST. STN.
TOR. ONT. CANADA
M5C 2K5

a. An inexperienced or
callow youth. b. A
young tough. c. A passive
homosexual; catamite.

Thanks to: FT, Hustlin' Home, The Face, NINE, The Star, for all the stuff we stole.





blue



daisies

blockbusting boy-nanza

alone and together, in action! **BUSY BOYS** get you off and under way **The Boys of Hollywood** let you share in their hot, burning passions. **JAIL BAIT** Ready to run the whole gamut on boy/boy sex! soft and lithe, but ungh! sooo rough...

YOU'VE TRIED THE REST... NOW TRY THE BEST

the teenage crowd of **Blue Daisies**

STRIP

CHICKEN

SEX

NAKED YOUNG GUYS

VIRILE
YOUNG
STUDS
in
ACTION

rip
rig
and
panic!

Wild man of pop Gareth Sager, of voguish nouveau-jazzers Rip, Rig & Panic, seen here demonstrating one of RR&P's wide range of unorthodox musical instruments, the Lower Gambian groin-flute,

The Rip Rigs lived up to their reputation as stormy, unpredictable (some say undisciplined) improvisers of the various

H-O-T



eager-to-please

the brains

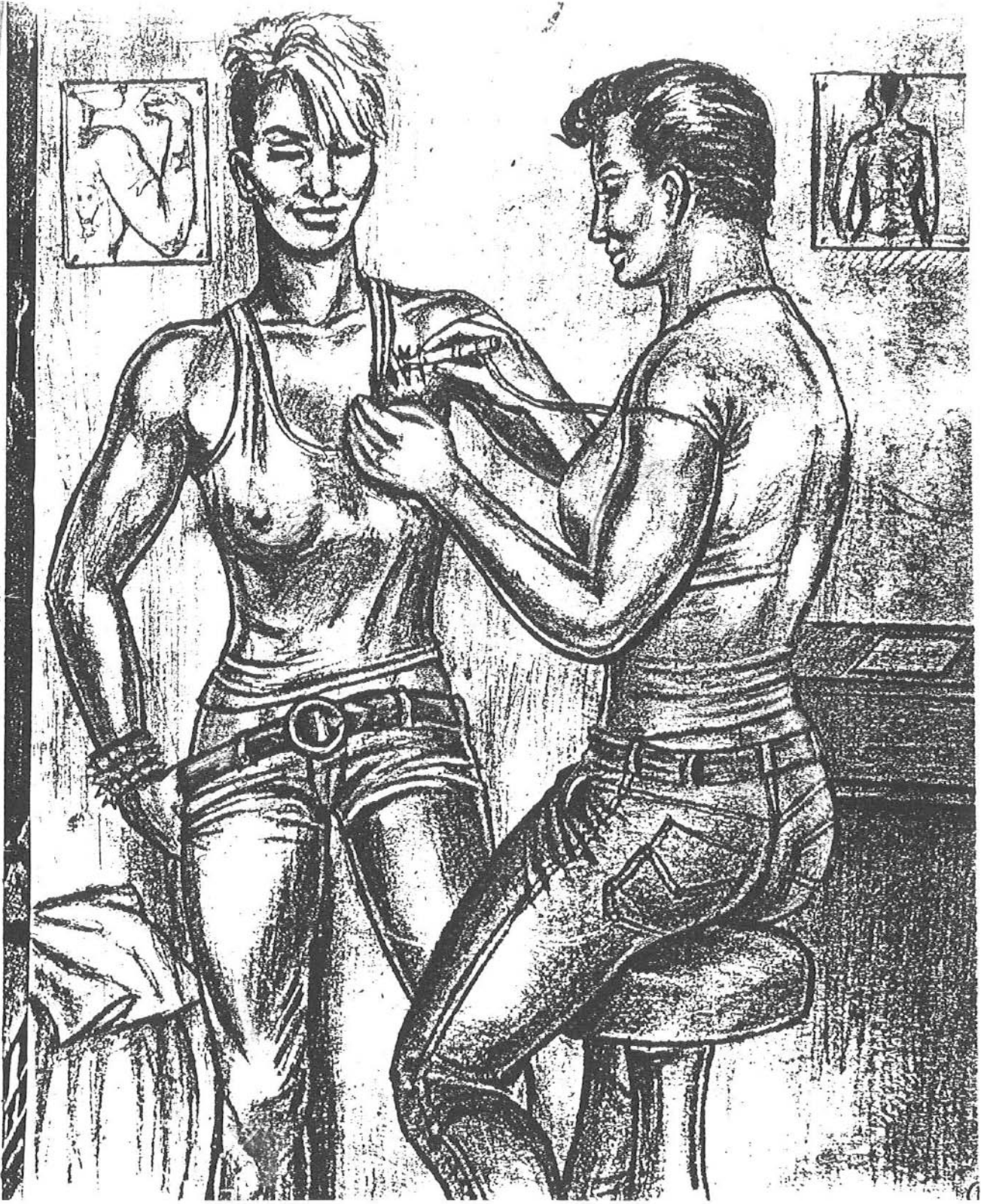
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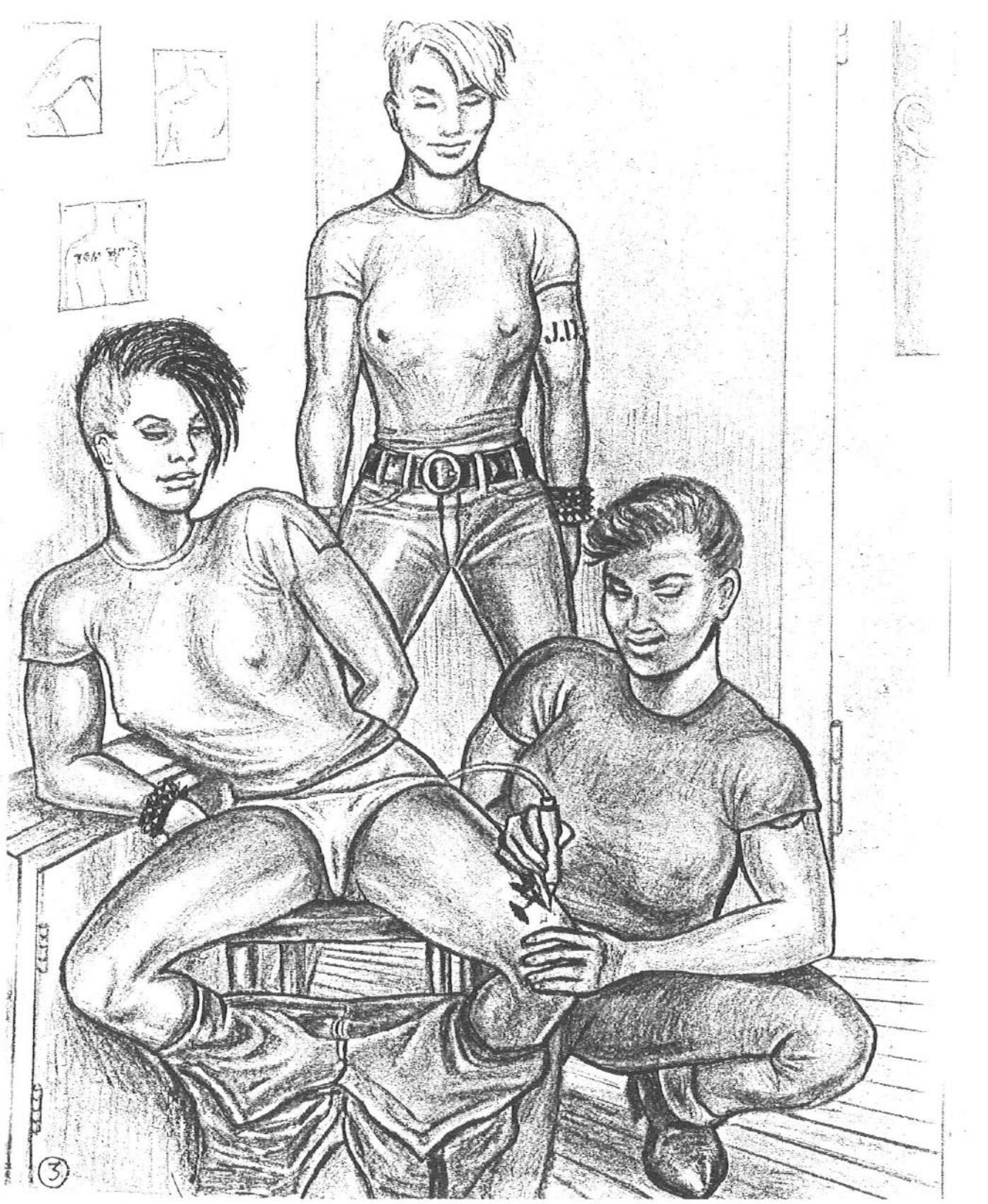
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Hard Core

PHOTO: ANNIE LEISOWITZ





young, eager-to-please punk

BUCH

**MAY BE A BIT TOO MUCH FOR MANY
PEOPLE. BUT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM.**

liberally seasoned with sexual carryings-on

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's boys who can't stop talking about their girlfriends while they're fucking you. It was one of Butch's many major faults which I loved him in spite of anyway. So this one night Butch and I are in bed in his ratty old apartment with tons of cockroaches and practically no furniture to speak of, and we're getting pretty hot, and he starts biting at my nipples really hard and working a couple of knuckles up my ass, when out of the blue he passionately blurts out some girl's name, I can't even remember what it was - Darlene or something. I couldn't believe it. So I pushed him off me, got out of bed and fished a pack of cigarettes out of his ripped up old jeans that were lying tangled up in a ball in the middle of the floor, lighted one up and said "Who's Doreen", or whatever it was. He said "My mother", which was a big joke (I think) because once he told me the story of how the last time he saw his mother he said "You cunt, I'm going to spit on your grave", and she replied "You'll be dead first".

Anyway, I just walked over to the window and looked out the hole Butch had made by putting his fist through it last year while drunk, and watched the snow coming down outside, some of which was blowing in and forming a little drift on the floor which I was standing on in bare feet, shivering and smoking. For some reason I started thinking about Cookie, my little sister, who was at that very moment asleep in her warm bed across town. I often crept into her room and watched her sleeping in the middle of the night with her long brown hair all messed over her face, and maybe some toy sticking into her back so that she was crowded over on one side with her bare leg sticking out at some unbelievable angle.

"What's with you?", Butch said.

"Come back to bed, dummy."

Butch was great, but sometimes he was about as sensitive as a bank. I decided not to make a big deal out of the Doris business because it usually just ended up with the two of us going to sleep with our backs to each other on either side of the bed, and then waking up in the morning wrapped around each other anyway.

"Where's the ashtray?" I asked.

"On top of the T.V."

I butted out my cigarette and got back into bed facing away from Butch, lying as close as possible to him without actually making contact. After a few minutes he slid his hand down and started to rub the cheeks of my ass while kissing the back of my neck. I could feel his stiff cock press up against the back of my leg as he rolled on top of me, biting my ear-lobe. He obviously hadn't shaved that morning because his stubble felt rough, but good, on my shoulders. As he fumbled with the lid of the lube jar*, I reached under the bed for the handcuffs which Butch had got me for my birthday. I thought it was a gag at first, but he talked me into trying them out one night, and now I hardly ever had sex without them. Sometimes we even played cops and robbers, except I was usually the inexperienced rookie cop who had the tables turned on him by the hardened criminal. Butch snapped the cuffs on and called me a motherfucker through gritted teeth, pressing my head firmly into the pillow. I struggled gamely and said "Please be gentle sir" and "Yes sir" and stuff

like that which always drove Butch wild, even though I had a hard time keeping a straight face. It was only much later that I would discover there was actually a name for what we were doing.

After I slowly worked the safe over the head of his cock and down along the thick shaft, Butch spread my cheeks and eased his way up my ass. It felt good, but that particular night I couldn't seem to concentrate. I was still thinking about Cookie, believe it or not. To tell the truth, she was on my mind a lot - her and Butch - but the thing was, I always thought about

whichever one I wasn't with at the time. I guess that's one of my biggest problems - wanting to have it both ways. My happiest times were when the three of us were together, like at the end of the summer when we borrowed my parents car and took Cookie to the drive-in in her peejays. It was a horror movie, which gave her plenty of opportunities to dive into the tattooed arms of Butch who she had this ultimate crush on at the young age of ten.

Butch was really going at it now, so I had to start paying more attention. I could feel his thick dick deep up inside me as he drove his pelvis against my ass. Usually at this point I wanted to flip over because it was often Butch's feindish grin that made me come, so I started to wrestle myself free of his clutches. He pulled out momentarily and helped me, then lifted my legs up so as to be able to start fucking again. Sure enough, in a couple of minutes, looking at Butch's funny face with his big lips and square jaw and the nicks and scars all over that told the history of his many fights and drunken falls, I came. So did Butch, with a yell, chest and neck straining up towards the ceiling, followed by a dramatic flop on the bed beside me as if dead. Then, before springing me from the cuffs, he tickled me mercilessly, leaving me a complete wreck on the totally messed up bed.

As I listened to Butch knock over and drop things in the bathroom, turn on the shower, which only had freezing cold water, and jump in, making loud whooping noises, I fumbled in the dark for the cigarettes on the floor, but the matches were on top of the T.V. and it was too cold to get out of bed. Butch came breezing

* Me and Butch always use K-Y Jelly because its supposed to be safe or something.

out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist as if he was in a sauna, and seeing the unlit cigarette dangling from my lips, grabbed the matches and threw them at me underhand like a softball pitcher. With the wash-cloth he was holding he wiped my come off my chest real gentle, like he could be sometimes, before getting under the covers.

Once in bed and both of us smoking like feinds, Butch again brought up the touchy subject of me accompanying him on one of his tricks, some guy who wanted to watch two boys fucking or whatever. He said we could double our profits and our fun, and maybe even be able to afford an apartment with heat and a kitchen and unbroken windows. I pointed out to him that I was still technically living with my parents so I really didn't have anything to gain, but he said, right, dummy. I'm still tied to my parents, I should get wise and get an apartment with him and start living my life.

I was confused. Sure I was getting tired of living with my parents, but what about Cookie? Whose glass of milk would she be able to throw peas into from across the table if I moved out? Who else would be able to make her laugh at just the right moment so that her milk would come shooting out her nose? These small details worried me. Then there was the question of whether or not I was really cut out to be a hustler type like Butch. I mean, I wasn't very tough, in fact, I was on the verge of tears quite a lot - even over stupid things, like if some old man's hat dropped off his head into a dirty puddle while he was leaning over to pick up a cigar butt or something. I also noticed that Butch would get tons of cash off a john, but then have to go out and blow it all on drinks and dope and junk like that. I wanted to save my money so I could buy a good skate-board (instead of the banana board I already had), or go to college. And I didn't have any tattoos. So maybe I wasn't meant to be a hustler. On the other hand, I was curious, and it would be something else that me and Butch could do together. I told him I'd make up my mind in the morning.

At breakfast I stared down into my coffee cup wondering if there was a right or wrong answer to every question. I decided there wasn't, so I said yes to Butch. He said nothing, as was usually the case in the early morning, so I didn't know what he was thinking. He made a phone call, though,

right there and then in the greasy spoon where we always had breakfast, and arranged it for nine o'clock that night. I was to meet Butch outside Vaseline Towers, the name he picked up somewhere

for the apartment building in the gay ghetto where the trick lived. I told him I was going to school then and that I'd see him later.

I didn't go to school, though. I had too much on my mind. For some reason I had this urge to see Cookie as soon as possible. It was about twenty-five to nine a.m. so I figured I could catch up with her on her way to school, because I knew her route by heart, having walked it many times. I caught up with her right when she was cutting through the rubble of the demolished building in the empty lot across from the 7-11. I could tell it was Cookie a mile off by her long, straggly brown hair, her skinny, bruised legs sticking out of her favourite dark green corduroy jumper, the long black raincoat she found in the garbage that Mom said wasn't warm enough for winter but which she wore anyway, and the old black briefcase of Dad's she found in the attic that she dragged her lunch and books around in. I got within shouting range of her, but changed my mind, since she was too young to talk to about my relationship with Butch anyway, and I didn't want her to get in trouble by being late for school. So from around the corner I just watched her stop and sit on the edge of her briefcase while she examined some damn thing on the ground. She started tugging at something that was stuck in the frost-covered earth, which, I could see, when she finally got it loose, turned out to be a dead squirrel, frozen flat and stiff as a poker. She held it up by the tail, turning it over and over, before tossing it, frisbee-style, across the lot. She bent over to check out something else that caught her eye, then straightened up, pulled her hair back behind her ears, and continued on her distracted way.

I spent the rest of the day wandering around aimlessly, looking at 8 or 10 T.V. screens all tuned to the same soap opera mug in some appliance store window, or playing pinball like a madman for hours on end, anxiously waiting for nine o'clock to roll around, which it finally did. Butch was already there, leaning up against a brick wall and smoking. He looked beautiful, like the young prize-fighter you'd see in an old movie. I walked up to him and kissed

him on the mouth, which he accepted but didn't really seem to get too excited about, like he was humouring me. His mood was totally changed from the morning. As we started to talk about this and that, I noticed his eyes were giving him that look he sometimes got of being completely lost, and I could smell the whiskey on his breath that on anyone else would've turned my stomach.

"Let's go," he said, kind of slurring his words. "We have to buy some safes first. Do you have ten bucks?"

I handed over what was left of my allowance and walked beside him to the corner drugstore without saying a word. When he came out with the package he said "Sometimes this guy wants you to put one on each finger and stick them up his ass one or two at a time".

With this thought weighing heavily on my mind, we rode up the elevator together, Butch now showing some big interest in me - pinching my nipples under my coat, laying his big hands on my crotch, tonguing my ear. I was sure he was just doing it to get me worked up for the john. I kept pushing him away, which made him go at it even harder. It took us quite a while to make any upward progress because he had me pinned up against the button panel so that most of the numbers lit up and the elevator doors opened at almost every floor. When they finally opened at the floor we wanted, I was surprised to see a man in a suit carrying a briefcase. For a second there I thought it was my older brother, like all men in suits carrying briefcases look like to me sometimes. Of course it was really just some door-to-door salesman working over-time, but it gave me quite a start. Butch put his arm around my neck like a comical drunk and ushered me past the fairly shocked man, down the hall to the john's apartment.

I wasn't really prepared for the sight that met my eyes as the door swung open almost before Butch had a chance to knock on it. Standing with a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, sporting a purple silk bathrobe and one of those fancy-dance scarves that sort of ties like a tie, was this really short, skinny guy with a moustache that looked like it was drawn on with a pencil, and some kind of fur-piece on top of his head trying hard to be hair. I guess he was from Europe.

"Come in, come in," he said. "I've been expecting you. Would you like a drink?"

Though it lasted only about an hour or two, I can't really remember much of what happened after that, maybe partly because Butch took advantage of our host's many gracious offers of

drinks, making sure my glass was always literally over-flowing. I do remember being relieved when I heard the little man say he only wanted to watch, and laughing, as the three of us entered the bedroom, at the sight of a water-bed, something I'd heard about but never actually seen in person, covered by purple silk sheets. I remember Butch telling me to just lie back and relax and feeling his warm lips wrap around my half-hard cock, his hands stroking my calves, as I drifted off almost to sleep on the lapping, rollicking bed.

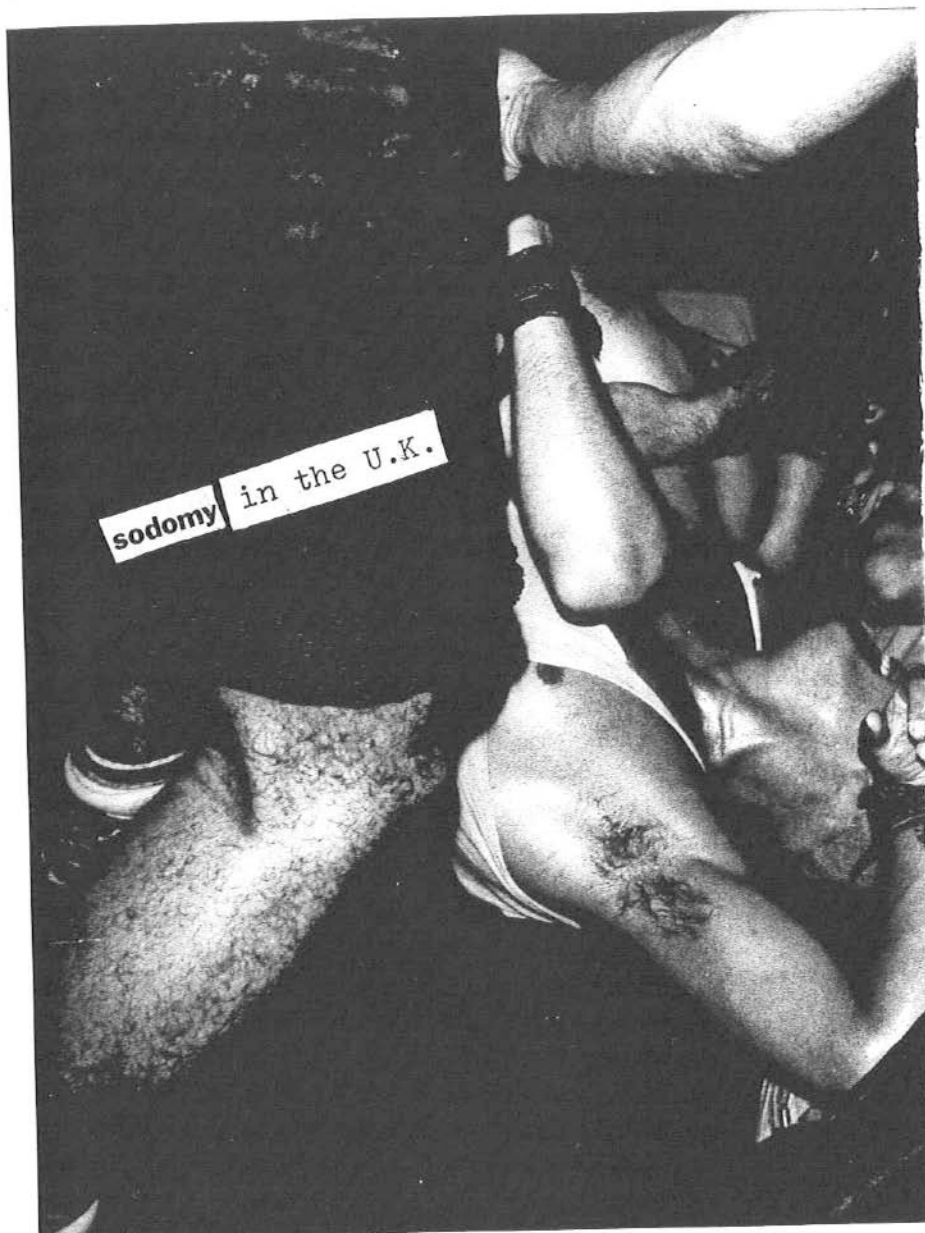
One thing I do remember plainly is the payment. The little purple man, which is how I'll always think of him, quietly sat on the hard-backed chair, legs crossed at the ankles and his feet not quite reaching the ground, over-looking the bed with a dazed, satisfied look on his face, which made me feel kind of creepy. As Butch walked over to him and took the bills that were half sticking out of his breast pocket, the man closed his eyes, like he was still getting off on what was happening. I guess it was from that point on for me that sex and money started to have a lot in common.

It wasn't an over-all bad experience. I have to say. I'd do it again, but I wouldn't want to make a career out of it. To celebrate our earnings, me and Butch decided it was high time for me to get my first tattoo. The next day we went to a place where he'd got one before out on the east end. When we entered the shop, we had to practically step over some biker girl with tattoos all over her arms who was passed out on three chairs pulled together. After looking at all the designs tacked up on the walls, I decided on getting BUTCH as a tattoo instead, since it seemed so right at the time. I got it on my upper arm so I could display it only when I felt like it. But almost

more exciting, Butch decided to get a little CLIFF tattoo just below the line of his low-slung jeans. And as Butch, sitting on the high stool, looked at me, wincing in pain through his big grin under the tattoo needle, I was never happier.

Bryen Bruce

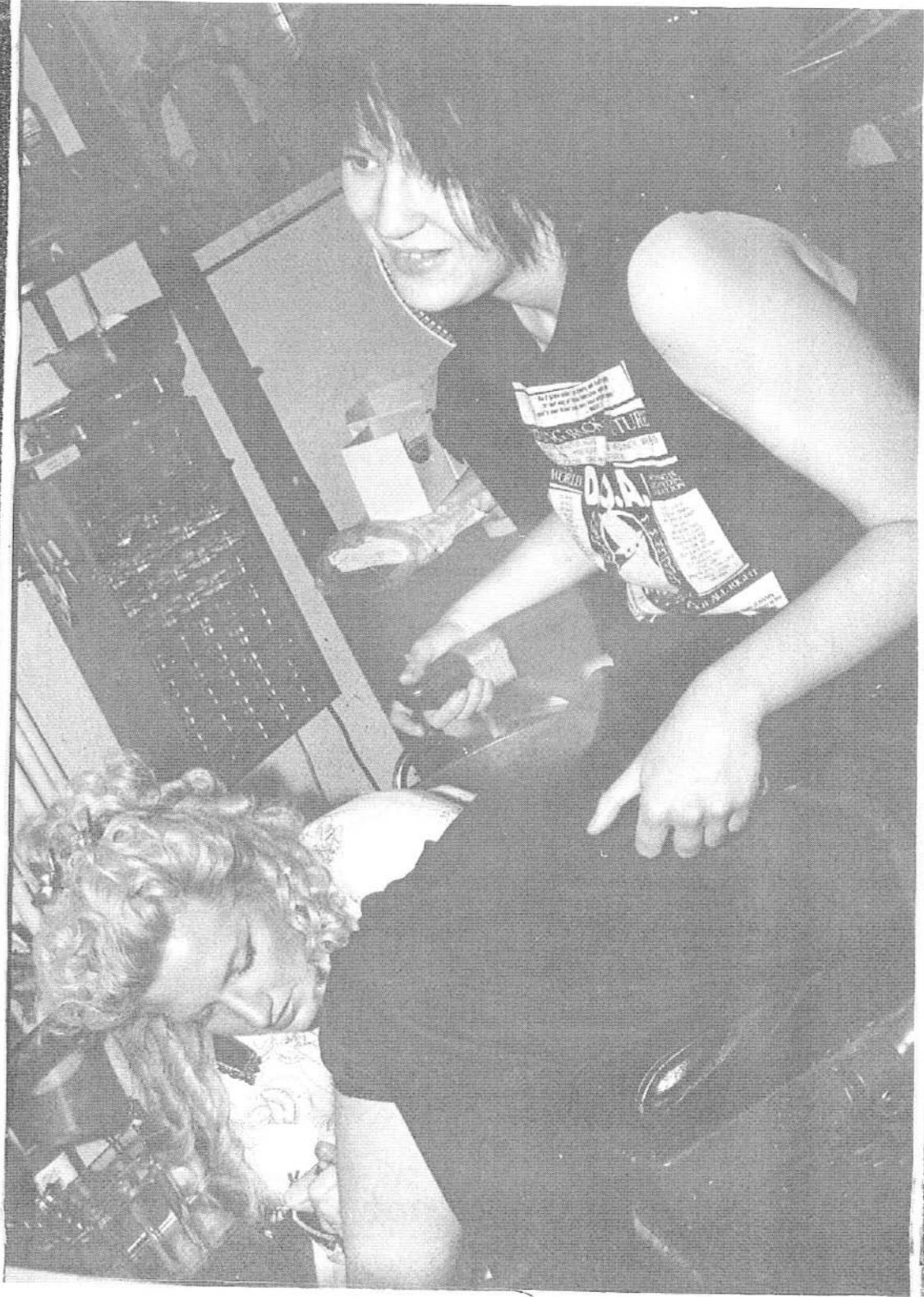
J.D.S

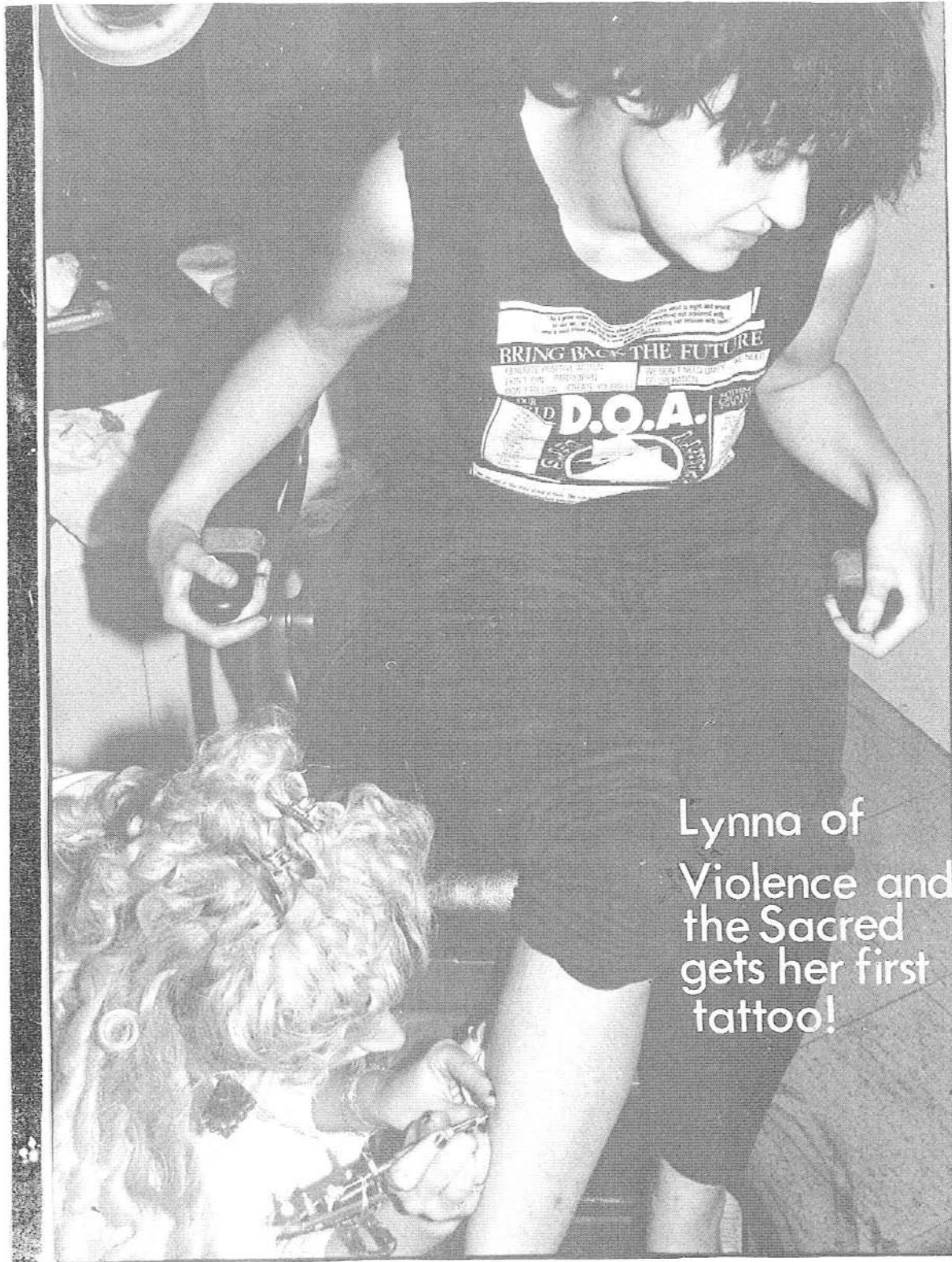


SOME THINGS punks **SHOULD KNOW**

If you're not sure, ask.

Lynna Gets Tattooed photo by G.B.





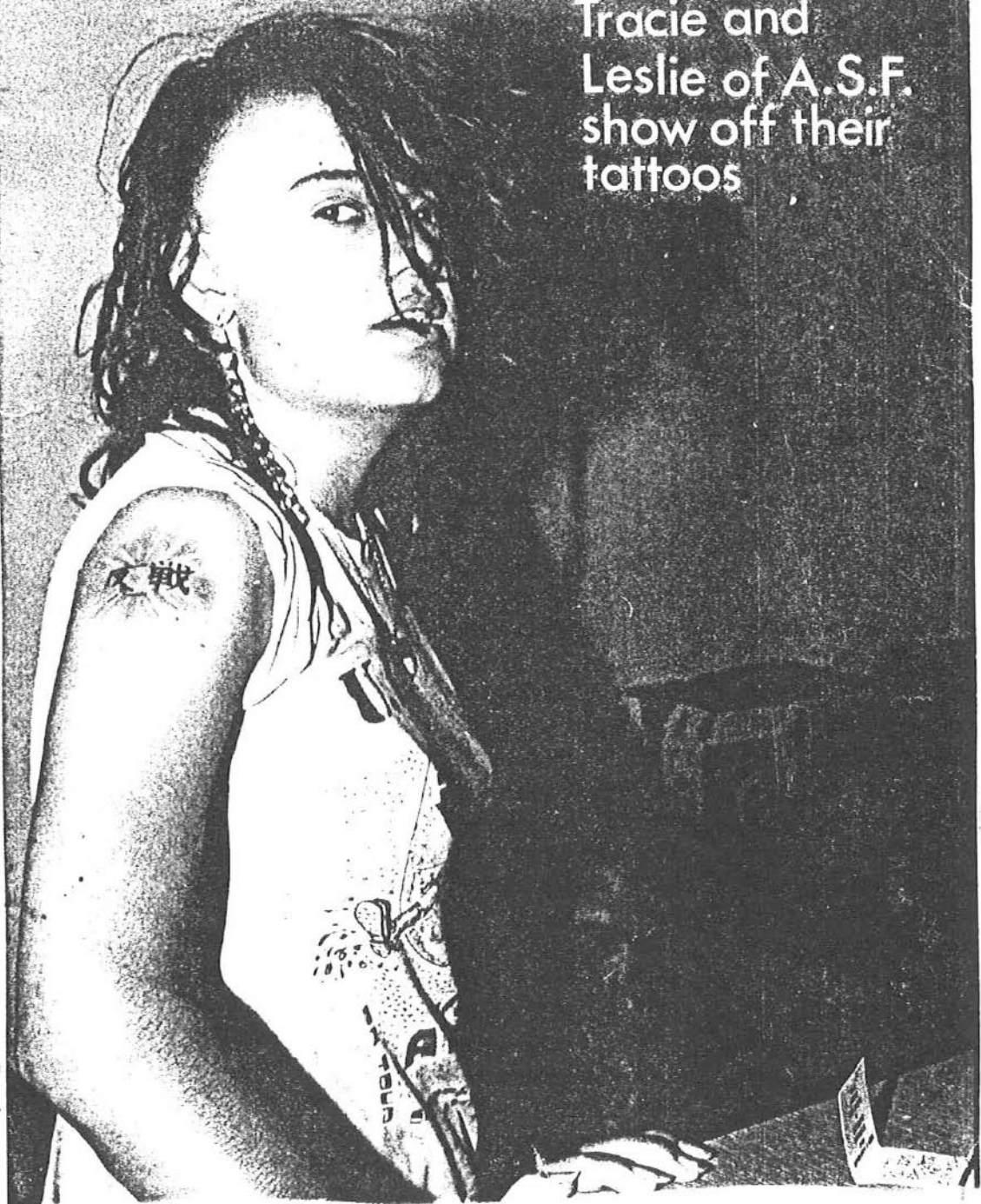
Lynna of
Violence and
the Sacred
gets her first
tattoo!

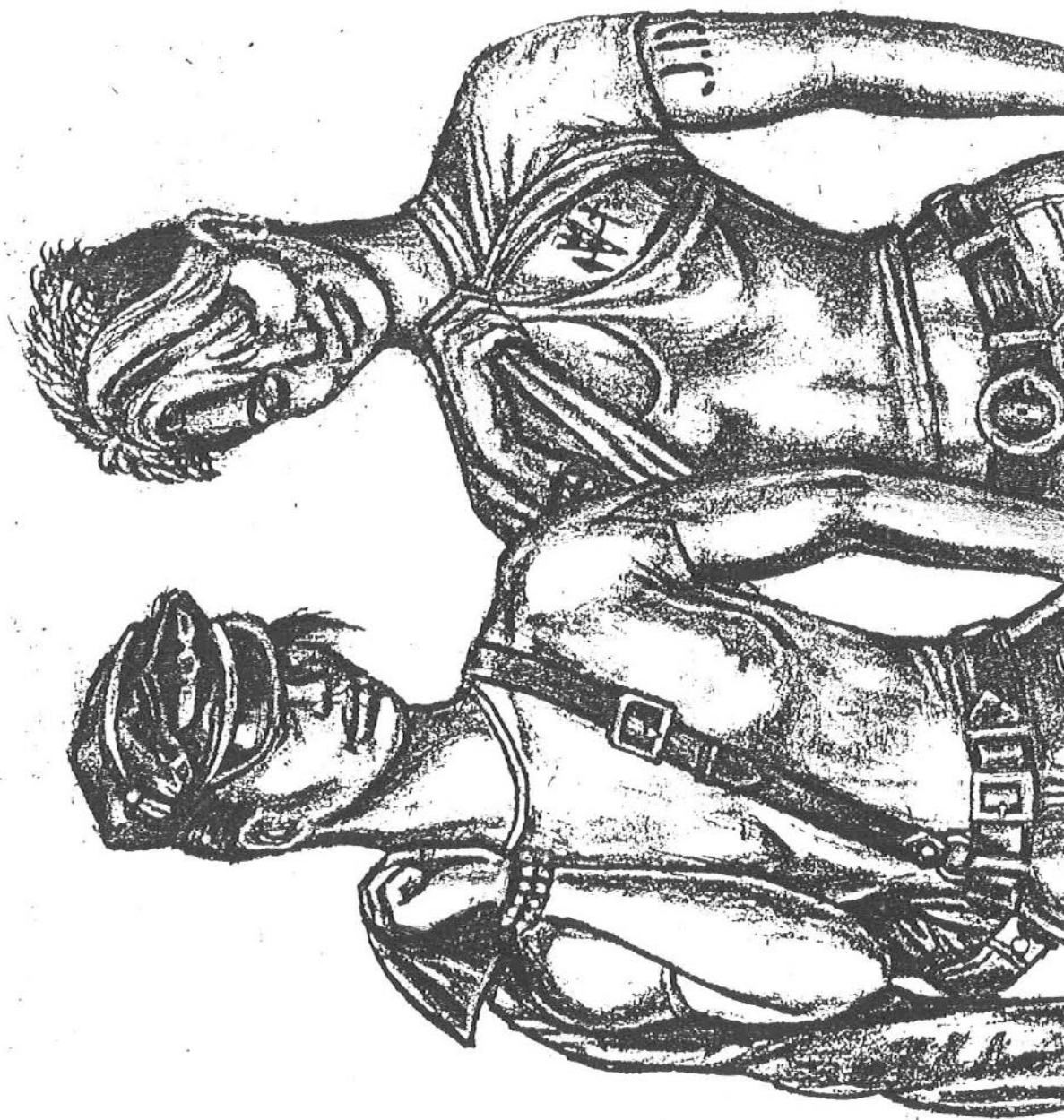
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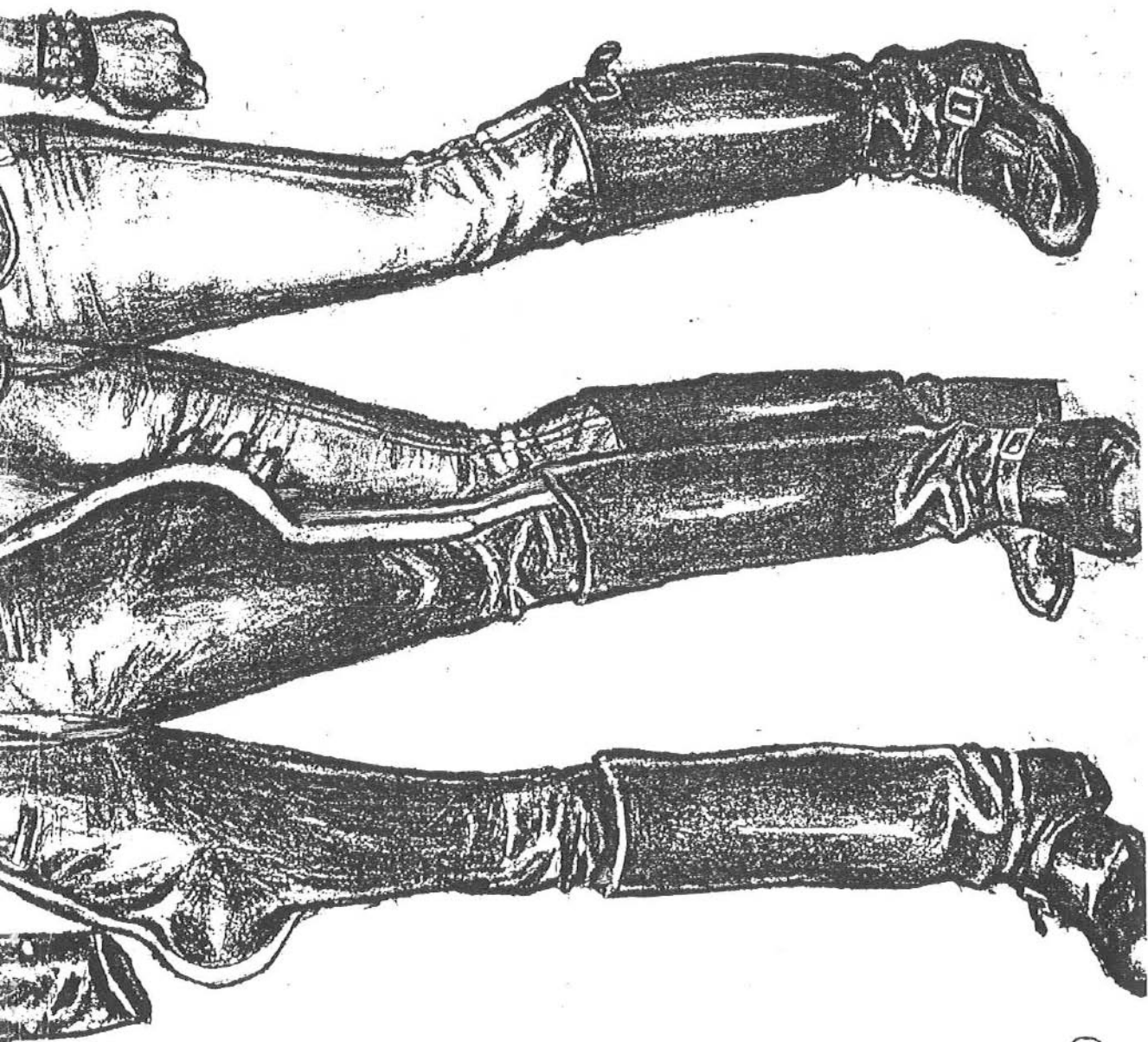


Tracie and
Leslie of A.S.F.
show off their
tattoos

photo by G.B. Jones

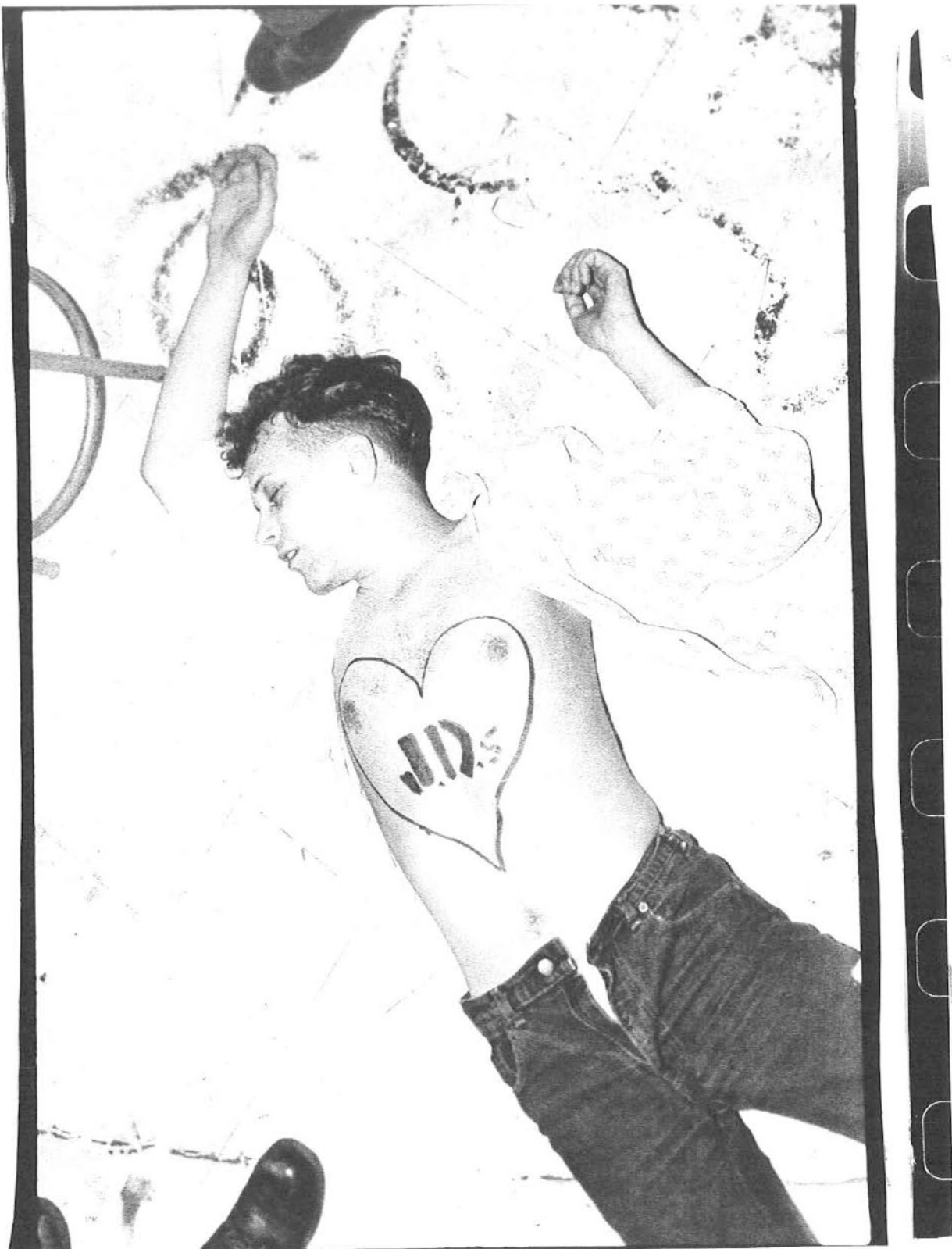






Dave-id Tattooed at The J.D.s party





Spike, Mike, and Bey, more than ready for a party...



6:00 A.M., 12 hours into J.D.s' issue 1 blast-off bash!

photos by G.B. Jones



*"We, the Homosexual Apaches,
condemn the world outside
of its filthy way
homosexuals are treated."*

LOUIS QUATORZE

LOUIS' VOICE: 'We, the Homosexual Apaches, have hijacked the Mile High Club, a club founded on pilots and . . .
LOUIS' VOICE: 'Stewardesses fucking at least one mile up in the sky. The Homosexual Apaches are dedicated to destroying your heterosexual world. The very name 'Apache' means war.'

Captain Lush speaking. Temperatures rising a hundred degrees, Betty don't freeze — at the MILE HIGH CLUB!

CAPTAIN LUSH: 'The homosexuals . . . Apaches (looking up at Louis) are responsible!'

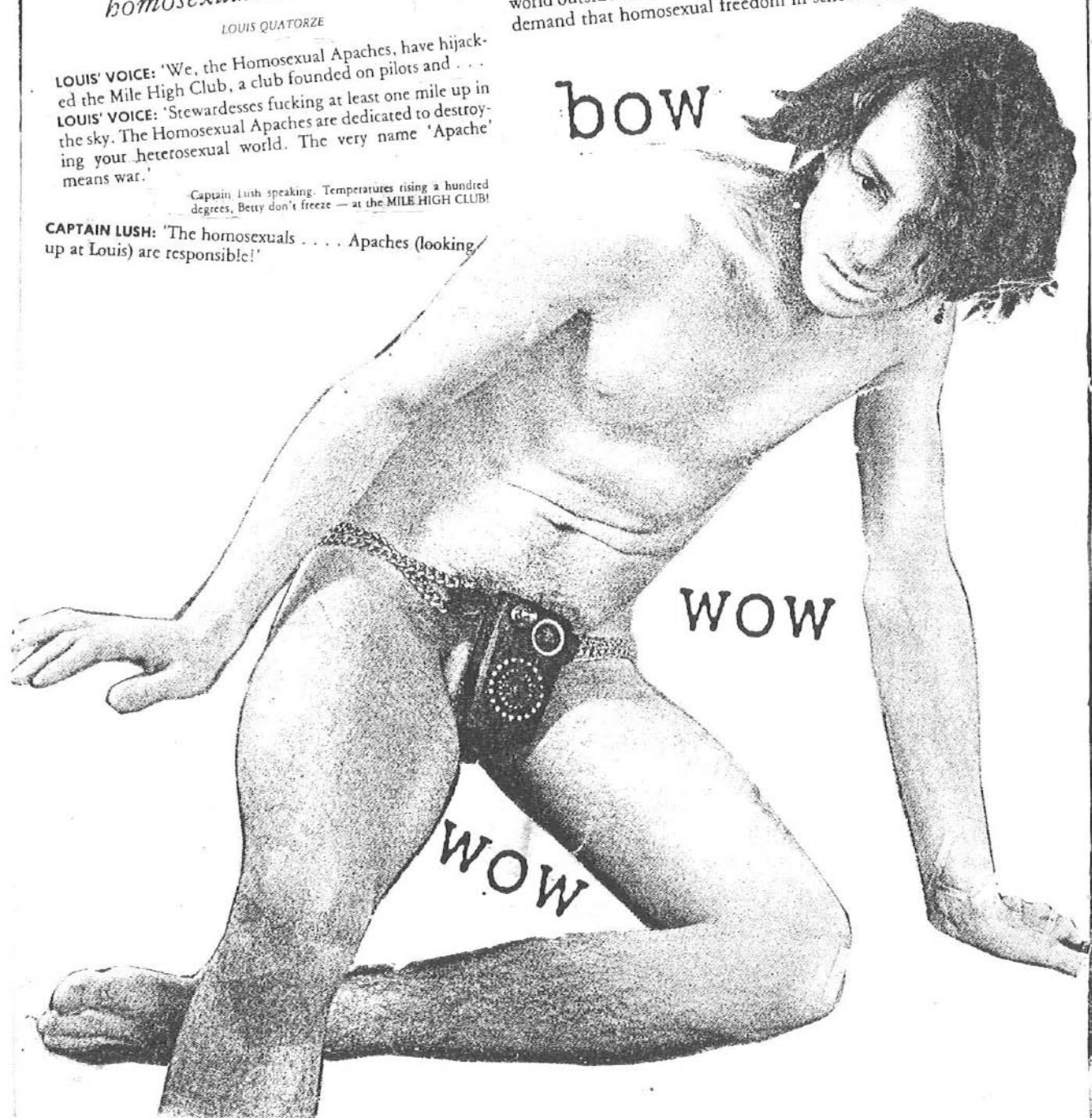
Giant Sized Baby Thing starts to sing and explain 'The Homosexual uprising in a song entitled: Uomo Sex . . . Al Apache

LOUIS' VOICE: 'We, the Homosexual Apaches condemn the world outside of its filthy way homosexuals are treated, and demand that homosexual freedom in schools be given.'

bow

WOW

WOW



last issue

J.D.s

home-core

TOP TEN

1. ARYAN DISGRACE - FAGGOT IN THE FAMILY
2. FIFTH COLUMN - THE FAIRVIEW MALL STORY
3. NIP DRIVERS - QUENTIN CRISP
4. ANGRY SAMOANS - HOMO-SEXUAL
5. DR. KNOW - FIST FUN
6. ZUZU'S PETALS - BERT, PHILANDERER
7. GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE - COWBOYS ARE HOM
8. PATTI SMITH - REDONDO BEACH
9. MIGHTY SPHINCTER - FAG BAR
10. BUTTHOLE SURFERS - THEME SONG



J.D.s TOPP ADDS

11. The Leather Nun -

Gimme Gimme Gimme
(A Man After Midnight)

12. Bow Wow Wow - Uomo Sex Al Apache
13. Nip Drivers - Nips Get Pissed
14. Malaria - Duschen
15. Raincoats - Only Loved At Night
16. Tuxedo Moon - Some Guys



Punks at Togethers Bar, (gone now), a gay bar in Toronto



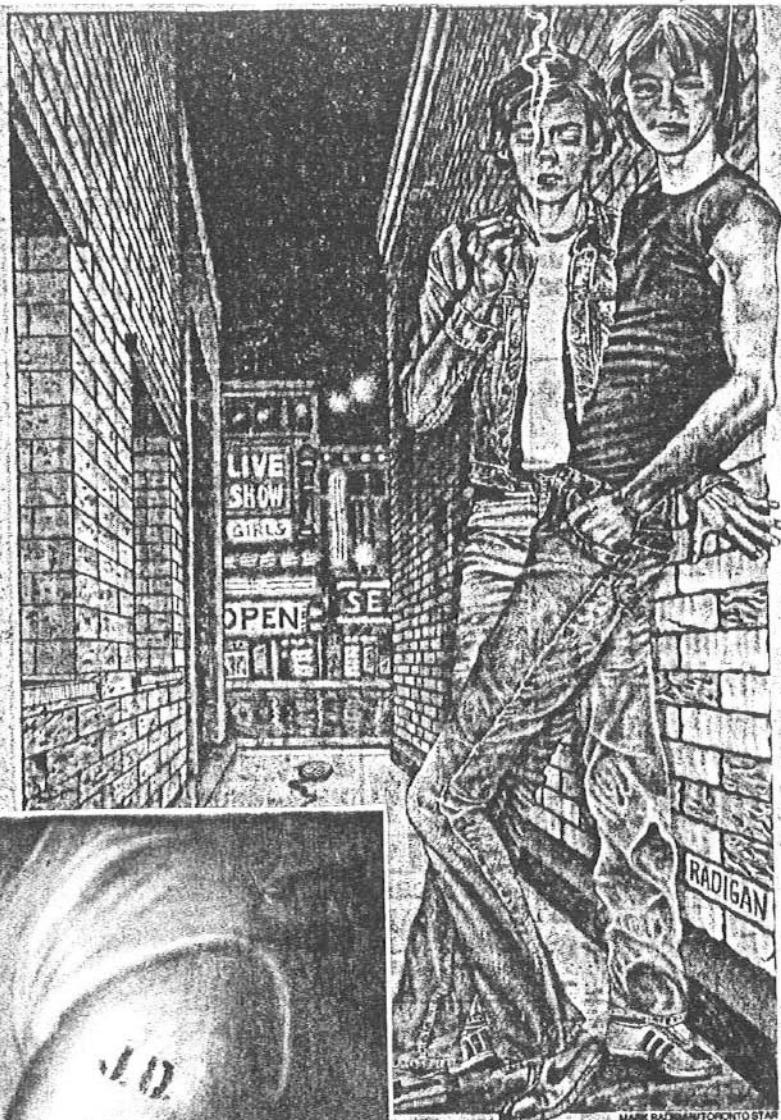
photo: Damien Blacknight

Punks at the Oranien Bar, a late-night gay bar in Kreuzberg



RIGHT-WHO IS THIS "TORONTO STAR" ARTIST TRYING TO FOOL?! THE STRETCH FROM "YONGE ST." (TOR.) SLEAZE (THE MAIN DRAG) TO PRISON "PUNK" IS A SHORT ONE. THESE TWO LIKELY LADS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE HUSTLING TO MAKE THE GRADE.

BELOW-IF YOU ARE DEDICATED TO J.D.'S WE DARE YOU TO BRAND YOURSELF FOREVER WITH THE MARK OF A J.D. LIKE BRUCE LABRUCE DID RECENTLY AT TORONTO'S ADVENTURE TATTOO PARLOUR.



future bag people, experts say
breaking-and-entering, thefts and



LEFT: UNSIMULATED
POLAROID COURTESY
KATHLEEN M.C.



PHOTO: G.B. JONES

A TRUE TO LIFE TALE FROM CALIFORNIA

Jeff was one crazy guy. He had a shaved head and several earrings. He thought I was crazy because I had a mohawk and a tattoo.

I liked Jeff a lot. He had a lean, lithe, cat-like build. He laughed constantly, his high-pitched squeal would pierce the air at the drop of a hat.

It was Friday night and we decided to go down to the beach and drink a few beers (quite a few, actually).

I like the beach, it's quiet, relaxing, and a great place to think.

We sat drinking and talking - the usual bullshit.

I turned to Jeff and said, "I'll give you all the money in my pocket if you go into the water up to your neck." Now at this time of year Santa Monica Bay is very cold and I had no idea that he would actually do it. But before I knew it Jeff was pulling off his Converse Hi-Tops and running towards the shoreline. With every leap and bound he took off another piece of clothing. Reaching the shore, he chunked his underwear and ran full speed into the surf.

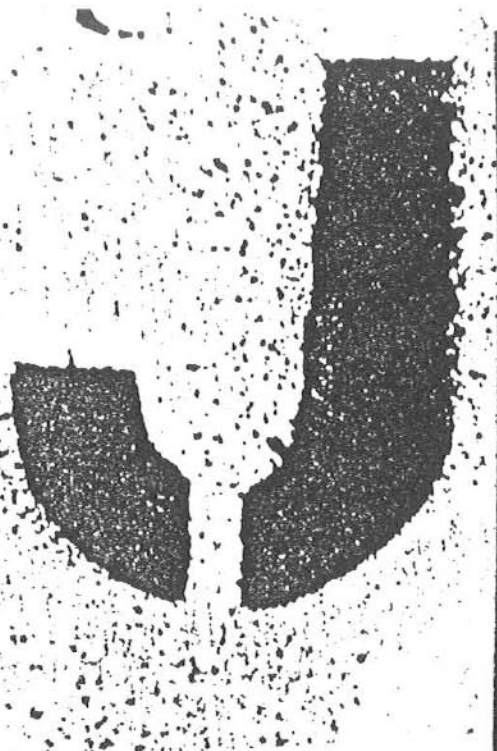
No sooner was he under than he ran back out, picking up his clothes and yelling "Asshole!" at the top of his lungs. "It's fucking freezing," he said. "Now let's have the money." I reached into my pocket and pulled out a dirty, torn one dollar bill. "Asshole!" He yelled again and lunged towards me. Jeff, naked and covered with sand, dragged me to the surf. With one good shove I was in the water, thrashing about. "Fuck you!" I screamed. Jeff pulled on his jeans and said that we should go to his house.

We got to Jeff's house. I was soaked to the skin and shivering all over. Jeff said he wanted to take a shower to wash off the sand and sea shit. I said, "Fine, but I go first. If I don't have something hot on my skin, I'm gonna die of frostbite."

"All right," Jeff answered, "But be quick."

I undressed and stepped into the shower. The hot water felt great. I heard the bathroom door open and saw Jeff's silhouette through the frosted glass of the shower door.

"What is it Jeff?" I shouted. He didn't answer. "Decide to play Norman Bates?" Still no answer. I slid the door open a bit. Jeff just stood there



with his faintly startled eyes. He was stark naked and quite erect. He began to speak, "No one's home, and I just thought..." his voice trailed off. Joking, I said, "Well as long as you're here, could you hand me the soap?"

Before I could elicit anything resembling a response, Jeff stepped inside the shower. I'd never seen him look so serious. Big doe eyes and awkward movements. I stared at him for the longest time.

He opened his mouth and said quietly, "Mike, I guess... it's pretty obvious... what I'm doing... and, you know... about... about how I feel about you."

"I guess so."

"I really like you Mike, you mean a lot to me."

"I really like you too Jeff..."

Jeff bent forward, our bodies were almost touching. He closed his eyes and I closed mine. Together we let go and fell over into the abyss, without ever looking back.

Part II some other time.

Mike Gamble



is played "dueling dicks" with the criss-
ssing streams of our clear beer piss. I tried

I turned to see Wolf smiling at me. I gave
him a playful dirty look and said "Who're you

I pulled my cock from skinhead's mouth
letting it dangle against his cheek as Wolf



A.S.F. DRUMMER-BOY DAN: ALL WORN
OUT, BUT STILL DREAMING....

shakes. Then a few more. I kept on peeing.
His friend stood on my right, looking
directly at my cock. He was a skinhead,

knees and running his hands up my exposed
legs. His tongue lathered my cock with his
spit, heightening the sensation of his tight lips

pushing my pants down to my mouth.
[redacted] skinhead sucked and he
gave his fat dick even harder

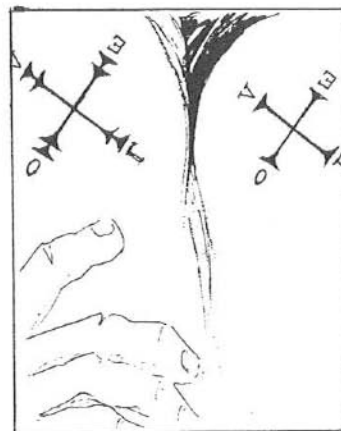
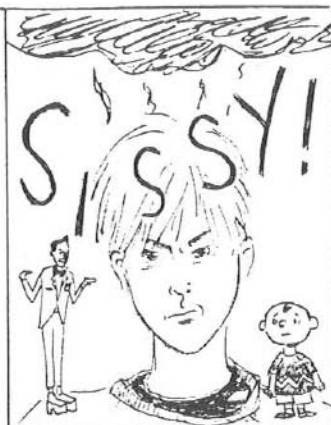
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PART 2 - 3 WEEKS LATER

JOE'S Tattoos

WAIT A MINUTE
BOBBY—I'M NOT
SURE ABOUT THIS—

LARSON, WE ALREADY
DECIDED—DON'T
BE A SISSY!





TO BE CONTINUED

— Relax... Jerk-Off with Super-Hung young dudes! secret forays into gay life

flirtatious boys called Big quickly establishing explicit sexual activity

It seems my comrades here have avoided the abrupt in broaching the topic of masturbation. There's no need, therefore, for me to follow suit: precisely because there is no need, ever, to refrain from talking, and in luxurious detail at that, about masturbation. Why shouldn't one talk about it or do it whenever the impulse strikes one's fancy? Of course, your rulers will try to impede your transparent pleasure at every turn, so...LET THE CLASS WAR BEGIN!

Meanwhile, shame and guilt do tend to pop up from time to time, whether in the heat of masturbation's frenzy or in the languor after climax; "radicals", liberals, conservatives and others of yet more commendable tendencies are still quick to experience these sentiments. But there is "good news", and it is certainly of a very anti-biblical kind: all need to feel these self-loathing pangs has long since vanished from the domain of playing with oneself. The truly intelligent will have none of it, if simply because their own de-alienation comes first; self-sacrifice is an ideology with nothing left to recommend it and which only needs to be swiftly killed in practice by anyone who would dare. Even when one talks these days to the more blasé 9-to-5ers one recognizes this. Christ's and others' disciples are also pleasingly shrinking in numbers in these parts. But hedonism goes nowhere when it keeps us as totally isolated individuals: there will be no historical rupture, no explosion, without some union of forces. The initial rumblings of even one liberated human life require at least this essential realization: guilt and shame will never be abolished at large in the lives of intelligent individuals until a communally-practicable will-to-pleasure supplants the tragic, boring and idiotic will-to-morality which still reigns today. That some urge is intensely and passionately rooted within you and is dying to be communicated verbally or carnally to someone else (or just to yourself) is a much more valid reason for your doing an act than because "society" (i.e., a ludicrous totalitarian fiction) wants it done. Even so-called "friends" who'd ask you to sacrifice a moment's pleasure on their behalf must be foolish to think like this. A true friend recognizes your pleasure and you recognize hers or his, and you take each other largely for what you are and might become. Mutual and unilateral self-sacrifice particularly cannot call friendship their home. As for me, I'd rather immerse myself playfully in a toilet full of libertines, any day, than put myself out to pasture among a college of moralistic "libertarians".

Some personal history:

I enjoyed massaging my body (including my prick) to orgasm in the the boys' room in the math wing of my high school in Connecticut. And in many other far-away places too. May I say in hindsight that it was unfortunate that other boys didn't join me sometimes in that lovely process. Not to say girls wouldn't have been equally welcome to commit such ecstasies with me in those unusually clean lavatory stalls. Do you consider me a slut? I know I consider anyone who would dare to read this a slut also, and therefore I compliment you. You're only silly to the extent that you repress your sluttishness and have any respect whatsoever for those who would divide the world between the virtuous and the brazen.

I was on the tennis team in 11th and 12th grade. On most days I'd come home an hour before practicing in that rather asexual milieu and I'd satisfy myself by secreting myself away in my bedroom and fucking my pillows --which were usually arranged in some sort of pseudohuman form. I'd fantasize about "making sex" ("making love" and "having sex" both have an absurd ring to them in most usages today), often with schoolmates who were certainly not my friends. The more feminine individuals were the ones I fantasized most about--those very folk who were decidedly out of my very narrow social circle.

U.D.

Overt and conscious homosexual urges were a couple of years down the road for me then....

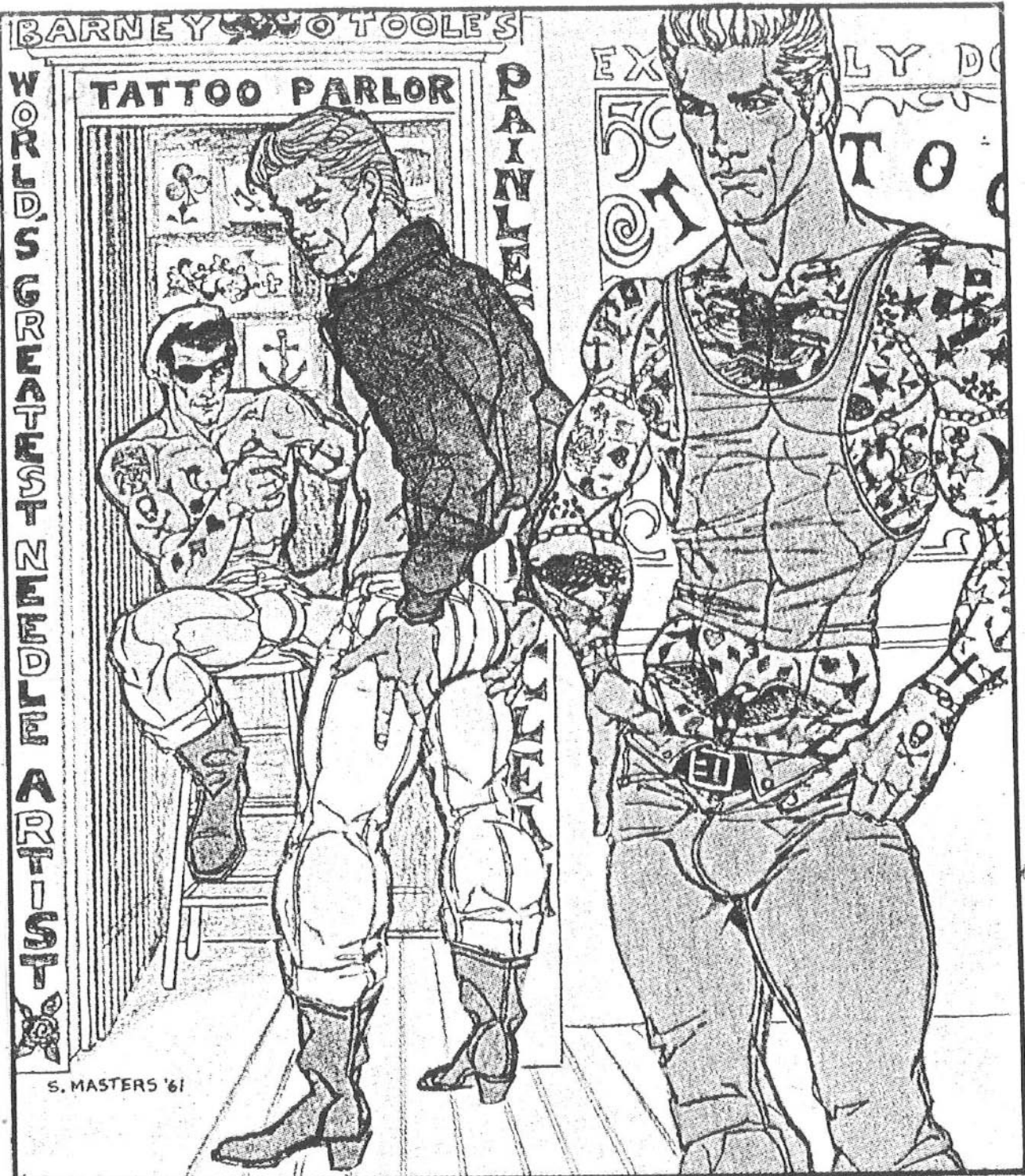
After beginning college and finding it to be as intellectually, emotionally and sexually stimulating as a forced return to my 9th grade gulag, I began playing table tennis a lot in order to while away the hours. Too competitive for my own good back then, I took it seriously and naturally "improved" quickly while falling in with "tournament-caliber" players. I became friends with some of the top North American junior players, many of whom had started playing for keeps at about age six. Naturally I was impressed with the techniques of these boys who were several years younger than me but who could spot me 10 points in a game to 21. One boy, Scott, who was extremely androgynous with his high-pitched, cracking voice and playfully plaintive temperament, had very clean, clear skin all over his body: that fascinated me. A couple of years later, while he was still tolerably androgynous, I'd imagine myself on my knees before him, in my bathtub, sucking him off as I soaped down my penis and spermulated onto the wall, the tub, or into some wet toilet paper.

S

In early 1980 I went to my first punk show, in a college dorm cafeteria. In '80 through '82 I liked my music good and hard: ultimately it was the lyrics that compelled me to dance with anger and sadness (and for good reasons, instead of just as a fashion statement), or not to move a muscle, as dancing to pop meant to me affirming an even more impotent spectacle. The Sex Pistols, the Pop Group, Gang of Four, the Raincoats, Joy Division, PIL, Malaria, L. Kwesi Johnson: there was no reason to accept less consciousness or less sound. I wore a heavy chain and keyless lock around my neck for about two years, but I'll go so far as saying that a lot more intelligence went into its personal meaning than in the case of stale, idiotic pop star, Sid Vicious.

Local ping-pong jocks were becoming confused and somewhat threatened by my often floppy, often stark "punk look". During that period, in that same, old, familiar shower, I dreamed of being buggered by a Swiss player named Maurice, whose game appealed to me greatly. He was thin and "wimpy", just the way I liked boys...he's probably married and working for Crédit Suisse in Zürich or Genève by now. Oh, well....

BY P.



Steve Masters

Tattoo parlor 1961

