

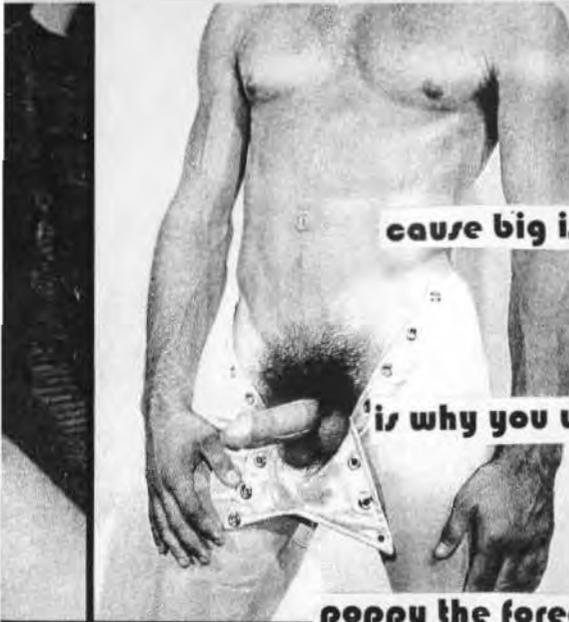
flaming jewboy

#2

*His jewfro is
the hottest!*

*Will he be
mine forever?*

\$3

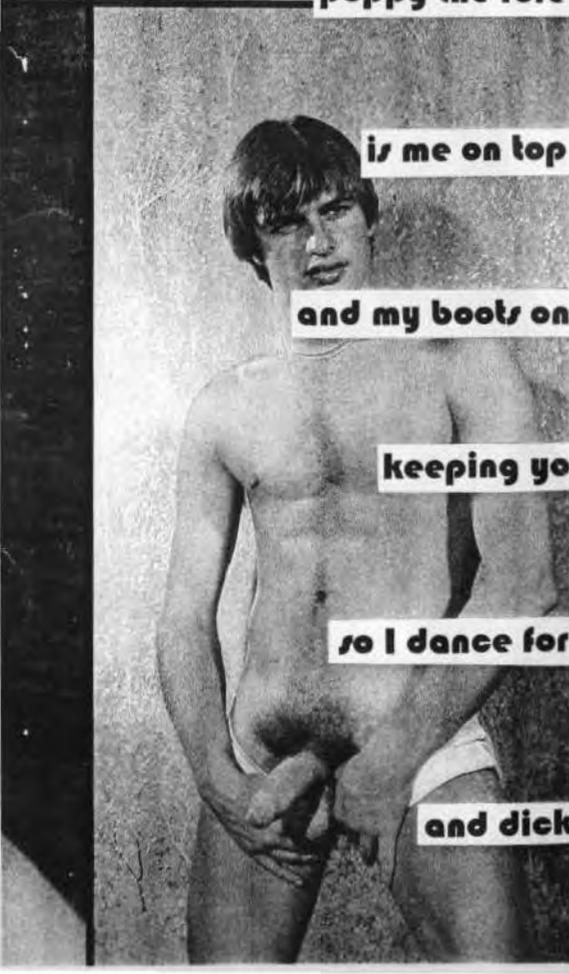


cause big is good



'is why you want me

poppy the forearm pressure



is me on top of you



and my boots on your head

keeping you down

so I dance for big boot joy

and dick tears

LETTER HOME

I always wished I'd said goodbye to you my TV of nine years. I watched Maude on you at 11 o'clock on a school night on a high school night and It's A Living in first run syndication with Marian Mercer. I love her name. You were gray on the outside and your channel numbers were green digital. You were a 13 inch color screen and I sat with you for of course hours and hours again. Three TV sets in our house my father or mother in their bedroom with our first color TV and the other in the family room with the color with remote bought at the synagogue auction for too much but it was a good cause and I loved my TV and I never said goodbye even when I left for college and was stuck in the group TV room watching the summer Olympics that September of 1988 watching between fire alarms watching swimmers and Flo Jo who I'll never forget her winning and then winning by more and her smile and fingernails and how I so wasn't her. I loved my TV and lying back on my bed for hours and never getting up. I had my parents bring me my TV when they visited me in my first apartment \$320 a month plus electric down the block from the Veterinary Hospital. Those kinds of hospitals don't use ambulances so I was never woken up. They just have a circular driveway for scared people and their station wagons or Hondas. I had three windows plus my TV and it was 1991 and I watched Wide World of Sports spanning the globe to bring you I watched the New Jersey Network and Fox and stayed up late on school nights. I watched TV all the time on my mattress and then on my first futon. I watched TV and TV was a friend. I miss my old TV. I gave it away when I moved out West because it was too heavy to ship and had lost half its stations. It was nine years old. I never said goodbye.

No one understands why TV matters. It was my only way out of my house. I saw Saddam assassinated and Fame the movie and Fame the TV show and Buck Rogers oh but those were on our old color TV. We also had a black and white before we got the family room added on to our house in 1978. I remember seeing a report about possible cures for cancer and it was after my grandma was already dead from bone cancer and breast cancer and she was dead in 1977 and I don't remember her much. I don't remember her face except from pictures. I can't picture her moving. I do remember being in the apartment house she owned in Miami. I think it was an apartment house and she lived in part of it. I remember rinsing the sand off myself in the shower and her giving my brother and me these Batwing toys styrofoam gliders that were huge and had purple and black Batface rubber tips to guide them and I remember picking up trash leaves mostly in her backyard with a homemade trashpicker a broom pole with a screwdriver tied on while she was in a long flannel robe sitting on a lounge chair. I don't know if it was summer because it was Miami. I don't remember her ever visiting my house in Connecticut or seeing her in New York. She was born in 1910 or 1911 I think and she did die in 1977 and she had red hair and her and me and my mother all have pinkie toes

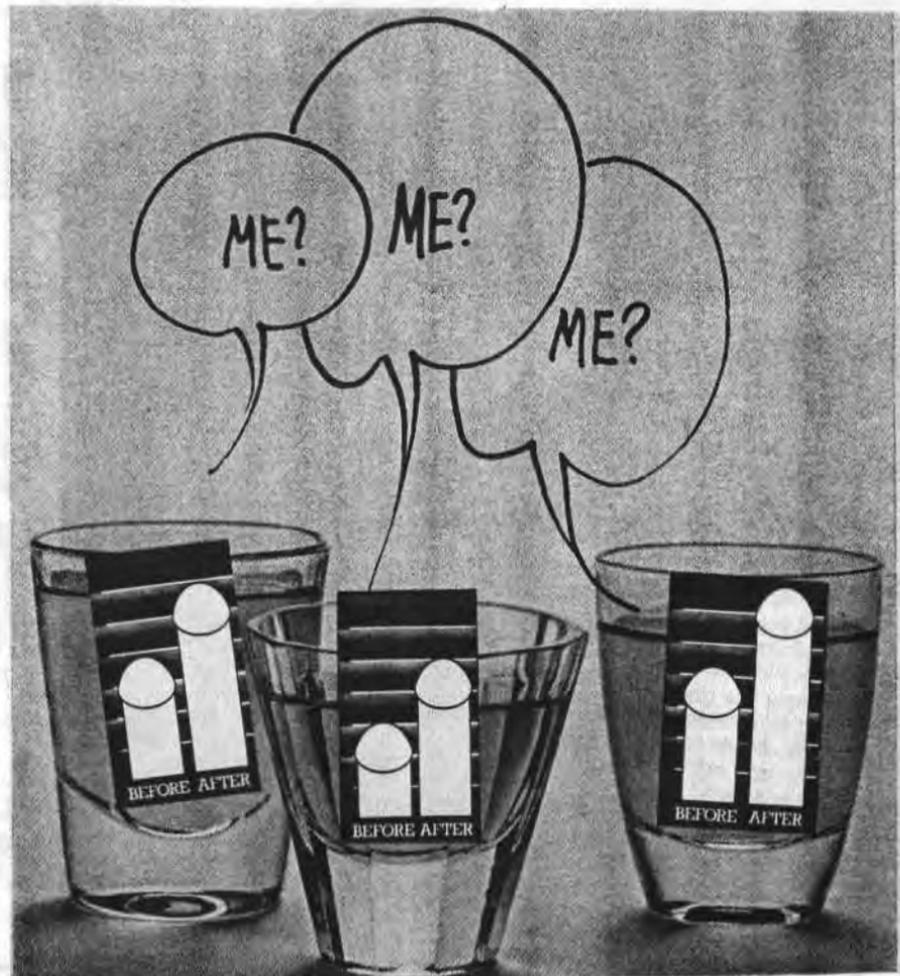
that curl down some plus when I got really really sick with my nose running I'd just leave the tissue sticking out of my nostrils and my mom said Grandma Sherry did the same thing even when she was cooking dinner and she has this recipe Grandma Sherry's salad dressing. It's Ketchup Mayonnaise Water and Dill. That's all. It's good. I like it with carrots especially.

She died in 1977 and we heard she was dying for real so we flew to Miami fast and I remember rushing to the hospital and the green corridors and how I was too young to visit her anyway and my mother left us to find her and she was dead already while we were flying she was dead and I swear I can't remember her funeral except for the car we rented which was a blue Cadillac with a huge back seat and white seat belts and she was dead and now my mom was mostly alone because she didn't ever have any brothers or sisters and her Uncle Jesse died in 1975 and her Grandma Yetta died in 1966 before she found out my mom was pregnant with my brother she died in mid sentence an artery clogged and shut and she died and all I know about my Great Grandma Yetta is that Yetta was the name of the deaf and mute cook in the movie Murder By Death and she was played by Nancy Walker. And my Great Uncle Jesse I brought oatmeal downstairs to him when he visited us for the last time and I remember him in his dark green bathrobe on our front lawn and him driving me and my brother to Two Guys department store and buying me a rubber and wire flexible Spiderman doll and a Spiderman car which wasn't really for Spiderman because there was no Spiderman car but he did fit in it and he left and he died of lung cancer and we went to his apartment which was a mess and it was in Queens and we took his TV and my brother took this huge nut and bolt and I took a horseshoe shaped magnet and later at thirteen I found out my parents had taken his books which I found downstairs behind some other books at the bottom of a bookshelf.

There was Sexus and Plexus and Tropic of Capricorn by Henry Miller and Fanny Hill and The Life and Loves of Frank somebody Harris maybe and Sex and Race in America and Kinsey's Sexual Behavior in the Human Female and the Chadwick or Chapman Report and the Unexpurgated Marquis De Sade with Justine and Philosophy in the Bedroom and everything was unexpurgated and specially imported and Sexus had a huge penis and hot liquid on someone's back after they were touched inside by the big penis and Marquis De Sade had violence and penises eight inches around and twelve inches long and Chevalier somebody and gay sex behind closed doors because it was even more unspeakable than sewing women's vaginas shut. Fanny Hill had gay sex through a woman's eyes through a peephole and it was all weirder because it was two men together over a hundred years before me wanting the same things and I gave up so easy I gave up on sex years ago. I gave up on sex and everything else talking and listening and touching whoever and with and the word with. I gave up on the word with and I've read smut since, John Preston and Steven Saylor, and swore even when I heard John Preston died that I'd honor him by being true to myself sexually but I'm too afraid because no one understands why I miss TV and why I don't

want to look at them naked. Please don't make me. Please let me vomit it all out. I want it to be sunny out and I want to be five wearing an aqua and white striped tee shirt and shorts that weren't yet supposed to be Adidas and sneakers that didn't have to be Nikes and socks that weren't rolled down and when I had thick black framed eyeglasses that were new and neat in 1975.

It was before Star Wars and it was the last year I had kids come over for my birthday and I had a foam plane made out of the same thing as my pickle frisbee Burger King gave away along with the crown and it was before The Muppet Show and Real People. All I watched was Sesame Street and Bugs Bunny and maybe Superfriends if it was on yet or Hong Kong Fooey or the Herculoids. My bedtime was 8 o'clock and school was at 9 and only half a day because I was in morning kindergarten. I was ten years away from my TV and nineteen years from now and I miss myself and my TV. I was just starting piano lessons. I miss being happy and alive and my swing set and 3-2-1 Contact and Ranger Rick magazine and being seven I miss too but not as much. Was I always unhappy I don't know but goodbye.



1988

Stardom because of
17 and 18 years old
cute equals forever cute
a tan equals been places
jeans mean such a good job
and future Doonesbury fun

Dance marathons on Golden Girls
BIG DOG brand clothes
the death of Le Tigre
Violent Femmes cover bands
the ascension of St. Cool of Reebok
same white crew socks under it all

Tracy Chapman meaning it
ACT-UP on TV in trouble
my old man saying
quarantine AIDS on an island
fun island for me to stand on
AIDS dream island
better than home

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PLAYGROUND

I wriggle it like a worm on a fishhook. Let it hang loose. See who looks. I used to play this game I look at people in oncoming cars catch sight of them for an instant. Pick three people you would sleep with you had to pick three then it happened I looked a bit too long. There s cruising so you know you re not alone. Then there s cruising so you re not alone. I caught myself just before I fell asleep. As if a loud noise outside my bedroom just as you fall asleep and you caught yourself awake not ready to trust your house or the bed. Images bounced off and you feel a dream starting kicking a ball falling away being the ball kicked missed bouncing away.

They came to me. I d wait. I d park and they d come to me. I d read the paper turn lights off. Streetlights would light paper. They should tear this block down so I can read in peace. I have strong hands. I m a carpenter. I couldn t help it. My tits poked out hard on my tee shirt. My baggy pants hide my high ass and strong thighs and calves. I was born this way but I was never a bully. I don t understand. He wanted to choke. I spanked him and he cried and got hard. I wasn t looking I would look up and he would get hard on my thigh. He would turn his head to look up at me but I would force it down and he would grow limp except for his dick. I never got naked except that once. Just my zipper down and I d shove their heads under my shirt and press his head against my heart.

I cried when first after I was in him and was in him. He waited. The others swallow it quick and I come in a minute grunts and thrusts and no sweat and I kept my head up and they left after. But he wanted to stay for a minute in the car. We drove to the school lot. He wanted to know my name. And hold my hand it was rough and calloused and stained brown under the fingernails. My skin was smooth under it all I was 27 the perfect age. I never fucked girls I said I did and they tried. They kissed me and put my hand on their thigh and then it got all quiet and she knew nothing would happen I wouldn t get hard. My legs were sweat and stuck to the hot vinyl seats green. He just finished an ice cream cone candy bar when he got in. Who re you. He was 15 I think. But almost as tall as me very thin ten shiny freckles. Some red in his hair when streetlights shone. He said he just wanted to talk. I looked friendly. Like I couldn t hurt him.

Could I sleep in your car mister. Don t look at me. Why not look at you you re pretty mister. It s dangerous I said I ll protect you. He slept on my lap. He had chocolate crumbs the corner of his mouth. His head slid down to my crotch. He looked up as I turned away. He rested his jaw on my dick through the jeans. I looked around at the jungle gym inner tubes swings in light breeze. He put his hand on my calf. I sure hope I wish I m as pretty

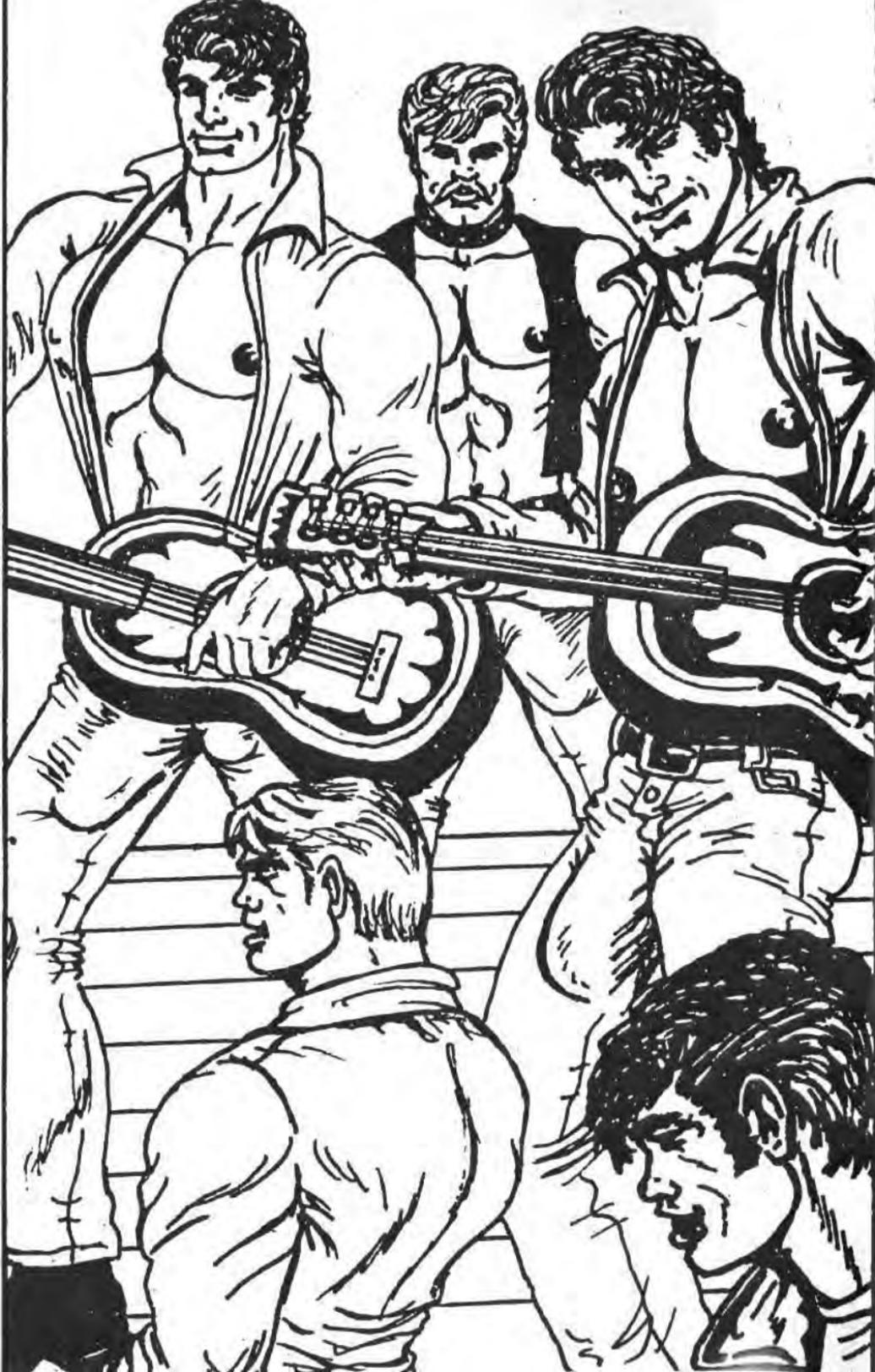
as you. Like a chrysanthemum. You want me. He unzipped my fly. Crickets chirping. We passed a row of school buses.

He had long eyelashes. The moonlight came out from behind clouds. Blue light pollen. Sometimes I took my shirt off at work. Tan line half pale half burnt. One house I was working on the guy kept asking me if I wanted to go out for a beer after. I said yes and let him suck me in my car. Always in my car. I left the car with the keys and license and shoes and body. His even color thick lips his mother Jewish his cheeks hollow out and I need to look.

His arms were skinny but he would grow strong. He clutched at himself through his shorts. I pulled off his pants and spanked him. I spat on my thumb and dug it into him. The earthy smells merged with the pollen. I sneezed. He opened to take a second finger. His head next to steering wheel. My back was on the roof I was over him looking at his hand on his cock thinny thin. He grew soft as I put in a third. I knew that was all he could take he was so delicate. My cock slipped in he teased it. Then I shoved it in. It lodged in his throat. He started to cough and I lay on him. He stopped breathing. I cried quiet drove on.

You shouldn't take candy from a stranger. The school kids come. I drive away quick. I saw his candy bar half eaten on the floor squashed. I tried to remember his face might be on a milk carton. Samwel. He grew quiet and his ass closed tight on my fingers. I tried to pull out. I held his legs down they kicked at the door. His neck was broken I sat on his head. I wasn't clumsy I knew what I was doing I hugged him and came in his mouth. Chocolate cum. The blue had stopped the air was still and heavy. Chrysanthemum pretty. He was big short and tight too small sneakers with no socks half my age broke back swan.

I fell asleep drove past that lot opened the door shoved him out. I went to work didn't see his death mentioned. His figure lay his hand smooth his hand was empty it's not safe for you. He was a newborn deer rushing to learn to walk steady placenta on him. My tears he all covered with blades of grass and sweat. He was older. Like you I wanted him to lift me up and out and now I'm here. I smiled slightly. I got a car you can sleep here climbed on the jungle gym looked in the elementary school windows. He played on the swings. Pick up truck he hopped in back I kept driving I put a blanket on him a tarp sawdust. He loved the swings I was too big to fit I stood and watched him swing. He slid on slide down ouch.



College Town

An ex-lover waving on the opposite corner.
Waving back to block the sun that is his smile.

Loleatta Holloway so loud at Kurt's
my ride not leaving for awhile.
The parlor outside the men's room
is the cruisiest spot. Everyone's seen
that Designing Women where Suzanne
takes Mary Jo on a quest for men.

A die-in on Broad Street the pavement soft.
Later I have one in my apartment.

A guy I ask out because of his hair
shaves it off before our date.
He drinks Orangina and tells me he's 28
which seems too old. He wants to go back
to my place to use the bathroom before
his walk home. I tell him it's a mess.

A metal buttplug for \$50 at Danny's Adam and Eve.
Buying a rubber dildo for \$14, two bucks an inch.
It's two bucks to go upstairs for all the inches
my mouth and hands can count.
I take mine home in a paper bag.
Paper and rubber it's all from trees.

The Breyer's Ice Cream factory
through cloudy train windows.

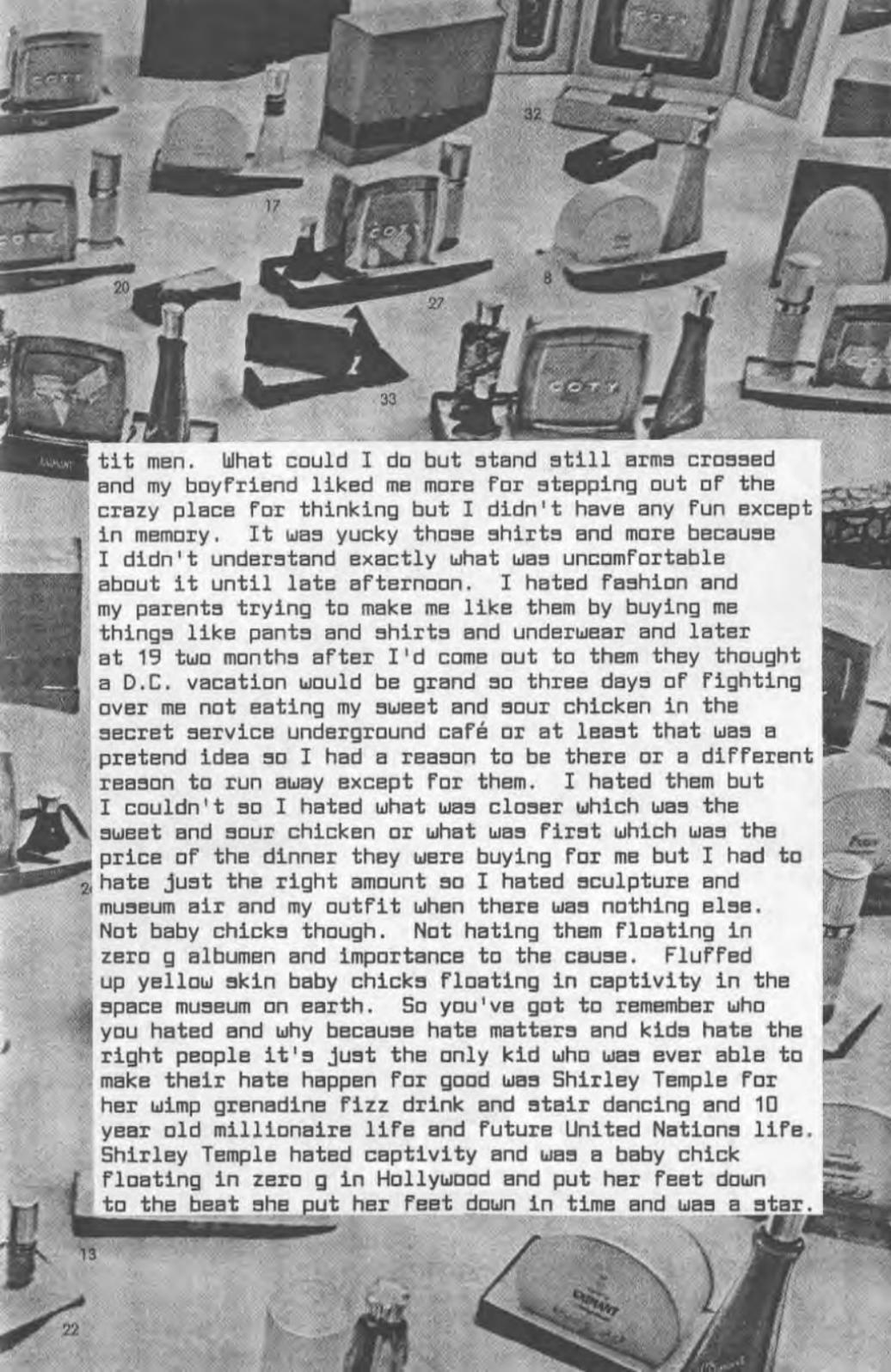
Potato chips and milk.

Skipping school to buy a wig downtown.

A clone tucked into clone cutoffs in mid-March
is the first sign of spring in Philadelphia.

baby chicks in zero g

At the National Aerospace and Aeronautics Museum my undershirt was bigger than my shirt on over it wider but shorter so it wouldn't tuck into my underwear or pants. It just shoved me around where no one could see and I was on another D.C. vacation I guess number two and Kittyhawk and 1903 and battery powered lunar landers and rocket ships to dead places didn't matter anymore since when I was a baby seven. So I waited to take my undershirt off until we'd gotten through the hands on section involving hatching chicks in zero g getting cut up by metallic shell fragments bleeding and chirping for museum fun and 12 dollar cover still less than the Roxy on a Saturday night. Queens with televisions wrapped around their middles and go-go muscle studs with cream in their strings and no faces because their arms were in the way. Haircare products in airlock bathrooms pincers and drug payloads and walking advertisements and free gel and bandaids in the men's room. A Philly friend in highrise underwear on a platform and me uncomfortable like I'd been in D.C. in black tee shirt black belt black cutoffs ACT-UP button pinned to my crotch which Dominic would poke at the next day Sunday million people pride down 5th Avenue and Dominic dead in two years has still poked more crotches than me. I wanted people to look at my cock bulge for a message for instance ACT-UP because I didn't have a cock message yet except Don't ACT-UP on me and the guy who decides who gets to be a guest U.J. on MTV had stuck a green daisy on my black cotton chest in the center and what could I do but not dance and stare at all the motion and fun and the warehouse air and the crazy swing with flipgirls and greased up



tit men. What could I do but stand still arms crossed and my boyfriend liked me more for stepping out of the crazy place for thinking but I didn't have any fun except in memory. It was yucky those shirts and more because I didn't understand exactly what was uncomfortable about it until late afternoon. I hated fashion and my parents trying to make me like them by buying me things like pants and shirts and underwear and later at 19 two months after I'd come out to them they thought a D.C. vacation would be grand so three days of fighting over me not eating my sweet and sour chicken in the secret service underground café or at least that was a pretend idea so I had a reason to be there or a different reason to run away except for them. I hated them but I couldn't so I hated what was closer which was the sweet and sour chicken or what was first which was the price of the dinner they were buying for me but I had to hate just the right amount so I hated sculpture and museum air and my outfit when there was nothing else. Not baby chicks though. Not hating them floating in zero g albumen and importance to the cause. Fluffed up yellow skin baby chicks floating in captivity in the space museum on earth. So you've got to remember who you hated and why because hate matters and kids hate the right people it's just the only kid who was ever able to make their hate happen for good was Shirley Temple for her wimp grenadine fizz drink and stair dancing and 10 year old millionaire life and future United Nations life. Shirley Temple hated captivity and was a baby chick floating in zero g in Hollywood and put her feet down to the beat she put her feet down in time and was a star.



For Michelle Kwan

I see your open hands
wide stretched arms
in white in white
embracing fast coming air
and think of all I want

Opening yourself to the world
you give the rushing air and cold
a presence

You fill the cold so
all I want is to fill
my own cold life

What Sylvia Says

I have dental insurance
and my fathers dying
or already dead
and Spike of Bensonhurst
is on TV.
Sasha Mitchell is
cute in the face
but not the rest which
is really all that matters
and includes legs and
ability except now when hes
boxing strong to bouncy
Japanese music. Hes okay.
If I was 15 Id want to kiss him
and see what happened next.
My fathers dying said
my uncle who got my number
out of the phonebook because
I ran away from my family
in 1992. The rest of the
family thinks youre the key
and should call him so he
can just hear your voice
which reveals a lot because they
want him to hear my voice
not what I would say with it
which is Im glad youre dying
because you tried to
kill me with sex
and I still hate
myself because of you
but I hate myself less.

My father dying
makes me sad
the same way Sasha
Mitchell does. Sashas
career is dying since
Step by Step is
in its last season
and was bought by CBS
along with Family Matters
for its Friday Night Block Party
which has not been a ratings success
plus Sashas up on assault charges
last I heard and his hair grease
is drying out. My fathers on
intravenous food which was my
fantasy when I was a teenage anorexic.



Im sad because I didnt know any better
and would have liked Sasha Mitchell.
I liked my dad but Im really sad
because theres other people who care that
Sasha Mitchells career is almost over
except for syndication and that my father
is almost over except for hospital bills
which the insurance should cover. His last
act to me was cutting off my health insurance
and now I have full medical and dental and my own
life insurance and minimal retirement plan.
Im sad because Sasha and my dad really were
good in other peoples lives but I had sex
with the wrong one at the wrong age.
Kissing Sasha at 15 instead of my dad
tonguing me and pushing inside me at 8
and on. Kissing Sasha at 15.

Sylvia Miles is in Spike of Bensonhurst.
I love Sylvia Miles because Ive heard
shes done great films that I havent seen
and she wears frosted green eyeshadow
at retirement age. I wish Sylvia Miles
was my dad and that he would live a little
bit longer and call me up and tell me
to eat something and appreciate the years
ahead and the love and peace in my life.
I wish Sylvia Miles was my dad
and would call me up
with a greeting card to say.
I wish Sylvia Miles was my dad
because we would have had great times
playing frisbee with a tiara and card games
like pinochle and things like motorcycles
and direct love in the heart
which my family ignored.
Im not calling that hospital room.
Im getting rid of my own hospital room.
Going to hate myself a little bit less.
Going to do what Sylvia says.

POOR DEBORAH



Sunk

GAY EDNA



HAPPY

AND COMFORTABLE WITH

MIDOL



GAY DEBORAH



SAVED

BY

MIDOL

POOR EDNA



EVERY MONTH

Tension

THAT MADE HER WANT TO

SCREAM!



The delicious taste of ham. Old package.



New package. HAMIES.™



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We know you have a will of iron. But what about your friends and family? Especially after they take their first bite of HAMIES — the newest member of the Nabisco family of snacks.

BRAINS AND BODIES

I've almost never done it with a queer jew. I'm thinking I have a lot of stuff to work through first, like believing all jewboys are good for is Algebra. I know there are some jewish hunks out there: Seth Green, Paul Rudd, Michael T. Weiss, WCW Champion Goldberg. Plus when I was a kid, I had this Leroy Neiman fold-out poster of gold medal swimmer Mark Spitz. It was from McDonalds' Summer Olympic Series. Mark would've been way more of a sex god for me if it wasn't a Leroy Neiman and if he stuck more than his face out of the water. Nadia was much more of an inspiration to me. But they're all stars and stars don't matter. I figure it's enough that I'm a jew. Who needs two of us?

In real life I had this jewfag roommate once. He was an environmental terrorist who dated this sheygetz who gifted him with a best of Lionel Ritchie CD that made me want to vacuum. I never have anything in common with gay jewish guys. I just met a new one and all we could come up with in common was black socks and student loans. He wasn't even a vegetarian. My rabbi used to say all jews have to marry jews or it's self-genocide. Otherwise, there would only be 50,000 jews left by 2050. That sounded like a lot to me so I wasn't worried. Neither was my older brother who secretly dated a minister's daughter in high school. I mean I saw him suck her fingers. They made out to Led Zeppelin. So he goes to the prom with this jewish girl, and his non-jew girlfriend goes with the jewish girl's non-jew boyfriend. The fake couples get their prom pictures taken, then switch off and commit genocide. When I went to the prom with a non-jew my parents were just happy is was a girl. I burned my prom pictures.

Even my Israeli grandfather-in-law dated a shiksa after my grandmother died. Her name was Mary and one afternoon he helped her onto a bus, laid his head on her shoulder and died. It was so subtle she didn't even notice for a bit. So my mom and me flew down to Miami to help settle up his apartment and do the funeral and everything since Mary wasn't his wife and couldn't do anything legal. His lawyer fixed it so we got to stay at this ritzy beachfront hotel next to the Fontainebleu, where Dionne Warwick had performed in the 1960s. I went over to his apartment once with my mom but she wouldn't let me help with anything so I snagged this pack of Art Deco inspired playing cards with green and black peacocks and hung out at the hotel. I did the Miami thing on my own for the first and last time. At 15 with braces and a brand new cock because of a long overdue growth spurt. Biology had made me an overnight sensation.

And most nothing happened except I walked around the hotel neighborhood and saw a movie marquee which read "Fudgepackers". There was a line on the street to get in. I actually wondered what the movie was about. Later, my mom and me went to visit Mary at her place to pay our respects. They wanted to talk alone so I ended up skinnydipping and pleasuring myself in the condo pool. I had no fear of anyone discovering me because I assumed all people who lived in condos were shut-ins. The pool was right off the lobby and deserted. I just got kind of creeped out a little because my grandpa had given me this orange surfboard when I was younger. Because I'm jewish, I would just float on it and watch out for jellyfish. He'd swim up underneath and knock me off or just roughhouse with me. It was rocking fun. But since he was dead and I was naked, I assumed he'd rise out of the condo pool like some cross between Esther Williams and Jaws and say hi. My underwear was wet because I hadn't stripped if off until I was underwater. I wanted the water to turn my jockeys into a supercool chlorine blue speedo. I'd seen a tiny red speedo on this Kenny Loggins guy on the beach and he had two women with him. I dried off nude on a hidden patio, pretending I lived in Miami and would never go home.

Back in the hotel room, I watched the dirty movies for less than two minutes at a time so they didn't show up on the room bill. One had this silly doctor guy and these topless nurses and topless patients running around like a double time Benny Hill routine. So I switched to "Another World" and fell in love with Cass and Jake. See Cass had been kidnapped by this woman who made him wear gold silk boxers and wanted his sperm for her evil purposes. And Jake was just perfect in jeans. Remember how Janet on "Three's Company" used to fill out Vidal Sassoon's? Jake was a male Janet with these cute stick- out ears and that's when I thought jews were ugly because we were never on soap operas. It was years before I found out Steve Bond from General Hospital was jewish, plus Han Solo. Now all a kid has to do is go to jewhoo.com for all secrets to be revealed.

But everyone on soap operas was so Hitler youth or Hitler twentysomething, which was so sexy. I mean the only sexy jews I ever saw were in biblical epics. Especially in "Masada" when they slit each other's throats under rabbinical supervision with flawless knives they'd ordered off TV. Masada was a fabulous roof deck and gave those jews the fiercest tans. I love jewish necks, which reminds me of the whole thing about jewish women not sucking cock. No one ever says jewish men don't suck cock. I even saw this graffiti once in the bathroom stall of this Ivy League University I ran away to then dropped out of. It said "What do you call a gay jew? He blew." Then I went to Calculus.



There were only a few other jews in my town and the only sexy ones just about were the other kids' dads, especially when they said Kaddish because you could stare at them with your mouth open in pretend reverence and respect. I could empathize with a sensitive jewish man's tan, his gray black five o'clock shadow accented by his tallis, plus a foofy designer yamalke. Velvet and fringe and eyeglasses and death. Synagogue was a Stevie Nicks concert, except everyone faced one direction.

Anyway jews are not sexy otherwise except once I met this guy who told me he was in "Taxi Zum Klo", that German independent pic from 1976. He was the circumcised cock in the gloryhole scene where the teacher is grading papers and sucking. According to him, being jewish and cut was radical and exotic in the German underground gay punk filmmaker scene, which never quite carried over into my junior high school locker room. Maybe some jews are sexy like I guess the Beastie Boys or Hal Linden. I wonder if the whole bear fetish is this semi-socially acceptable way to lust after rabbis. But even if they're sexy, jews are not popular except this one kid who went to our Hebrew school for a year. He was on the baseball team in regular school and had a .400 batting average and perfect feathered hair. He was a Chachi clone from "Happy Days" right down to the wristbands and girlfriend. I played soccer with a jewfro and even sampled chewing tobacco once with the rest of the team. It wasn't the same.

The biggest jewish porn stars are not Harry Reems or Al Parker but Kirk and Spock. There's all this Kirk/Spock slash fiction on the web with them doing each other in every way but especially often with futuristic sex toys that change colors and shapes and live to serve the sexual needs of all jews. Jewish porn is all about guilt because it's never jewish porn. It's the International Male catalog. It's Brian Buzzini modeling German army coats in the International Male catalog in 1986. He was "Playgirl" Man of the Year during the time I was shoplifting porn magazines and Charleston Chews. Brian in that coat was ready to rule. He was an action figure from some jewboy Nazi epic romance movie that never happened. I guess Israeli soldiers are hot. I guess.

The first time I saw dick on film was at Hebrew school in seventh grade. The rabbi's wife showed us this drug scare movie. First up was a tiger on PCP, foaming at the mouth, dazed in its cage. This went on for quite a while. I wondered what Ranger Rick would have to say. The tiger was a total mess, not ready to kill like it was supposed to. All I could see was Tony the Tiger saying "Booze and Dope, They're Grrreat!!!" Then this guy had done acid and was tripping bad. He was nude, pale, sinewy, about 17, superhung and freaking out. I saw him dragged into an emergency room and strapped down to a table by business as usual

orderlies. I was rooting for them to get him strapped down fast so I could see his cock better. They got him down and his body did a million yoga positions that are bad for you. This went on for quite a while. He's squirming around and his dick's all flopping and pretty damn plump and nice looking. And the whole time he's shouting over and over "Space. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship enterprise..."

At Passover when we opened the door for Mr. Invisible alcoholic Elijah, I'd go to bed thinking he was in the house. He was going to get drunk off the Manishevitz and slip into my bed, wearing a wool robe and sandals. This ancient invisible man was going to pin me to my bed, tickle my face with his soft beard and moustache, hold his body tight to mine, and love me up until I turned invisible too. Then we'd go club hopping together. Two invisible men on a quest for Skyy Vodka in the A-list cocktail lounge or video bar of the moment. But in the morning, there'd be less wine in Elijah's glass and that's it, but at least I could dream about next year. Then I learned about evaporation from "3-2-1 Contact" and broke up with Elijah because he was a fraud. That bitch. Let's just say I understand the Santa fetish.

I went to Brickmans Hotel in the Catskills one summer and this blond jewish boy had a too obvious crush on me. We went on hayrides together. He was 12 I was 13, so we had to sit at different dinner tables because the kids' tables were split up by puberty. He dug me for sure and I thought he was okay. We played ping-pong a lot and kept picking Duran Duran songs on the game room jukebox. We never made out but we did both refuse to play baseball with the other kids, along with this cool girl who looked like Minnie Mouse. And we got all excited pretending this one hotel guest was a murderer. We followed him around and considered breaking into his room. He was a single guy and some sort of tennis stud. We never even held hands but we made each other's hearts beat fast from the drama. Jews aren't sexy because we talk too much and think too much and put up with too much. There is no "Jewish Inches" magazine.

This reform jewish kid from another synagogue hit on me in junior high. He invited me to his house and we played Atari 2600 for a while. And he showed me his collection of Smurf figurines. Grumpy has always been my favorite Smurf, but if you check it out on Cartoon Network, it really doesn't hold up as high art, say like "Scooby Doo". Then we played Dungeons and Dragons and for some reason the character he gave me to play was a princess. We played on the floor by his bed. It got really weird and creepy. My character got knocked out with some sleep spell and Brian wanted me to act it out. Lay back with my eyes closed and everything. So I closed my eyes for two seconds then went home.

But the true jew sex god of all time was this kid who lived a couple blocks away from me. David was a reform jew football player and nothing special to me until high school. I had a basic terror of all jocks but not of him because he was never mean to me. Plus he lived in my neighborhood, so I assumed he'd be accountable in case he murdered me. He was ugly pretty, a thick-necked Al Pacino/Fonzie combo. He was jewish and French and deep into Lynrd Skynrd and Bon Jovi. His father owned a pet shop and the thought of David and bunnies worked for me. In 10th grade, there was a rumor that he'd exposed himself to these girls in Biology class and that he had a lot to expose.

Senior year David and me and these other guys had this semi-regular poker game and one time David gets a full house and we all call him a cheater because he won five bucks in our cheap game. So he says "No fucking way." So we say "Fine we believe you, we were just teasing." He ignores us and says he'll prove it. He stands up on his plastic fold-up chair and drops his black Adidas shorts until it's just underwear. Pornographic swollen with cock underwear. Biblical epic underwear. Soft thick full jewish cock that promised to destroy the race by turning all jewish men queer underwear. Then he pulls off his tee-shirt and says "Nothing up my sleeves." We all just stared until I said "Put your fucking clothes on and let's play." For weeks after that I imagined him abducting me in his van. And wondered why he didn't turn up in my copies of that classic International Male spin-off catalog Undergear.

The summer after high school graduation I'm in my backyard on lawn furniture from K-Mart trying to get a tan because tans were cool. I'm listening to INXS, Nu Shooz, Pet Shop Boys, all my suburban fag favorites. I had a tube of Bain de'Soleil SPF4 Orange Gelee for that St. Tropez tan in Connecticut. I'm in the middle of my backyard thinking about college and a Philadelphia future and how there's nothing I miss about high school. Then I see David on this too small fuck-around little kid bike. He rides up my driveway and onto the lawn, dumps his bike down and comes over to me. He says hey. I'm in a too small squarecut swimsuit from when I was younger. It was one I wore at camp and then instead of changing into underwear, I'd keep it on wet under my clothes so I wouldn't have to get naked in front of the other boys. It was too tight and I loved it because it felt like I was being hugged.

I said hey back. He was shirtless and in the same black shorts. They were so tight and he had monster thighs and was standing close over me off to the side so as not to block the sun. I swear he was looking at my shiny body. He wasn't on the football team anymore because school was over. I knew he'd be in that town longer than me. He asked me what I was doing and I said nothing much and I don't know. My parent's



aren't home I slipped in. It was Miami hot and I could've invited him in and gotten him some orange juice my mom had made from frozen concentrate. I could've. He stood over me and I got full-on hard in my swimsuit and I swear he got hard in his shorts and I stared through my squinty from the sun eyes and wanted this reform jew and nothing mattered.

So the jewporn would be me bringing him into my raised ranch house with my parents gone. And showing him jew trinkets like the tin of Pure Holy Land Air made in Israel. Plus maybe my menorah, a couple gold colored dreidls, and the Yiddish-English Slang dictionary with the word faygeleh. And he'd hold my hands and say "You're no canary. You're a man. Everyone hates jews because we've got brains and bodies, not just one or the other." I'd show him the book *On Wednesday the Rabbi Did Whatever*, and my Bar Mitzvah video with the musical chairs competition where the joke was the boys were the chairs and the girls sat on our knees. And 12 and 13 year old girls are way bigger than boys so that was the joke joke. As the Bar Mitzvah boy I got to be the last chair and Pam, who later turned into a Molly Ringwald clone, won. If it was so funny they should've had boys sit on boys' knees.

So David and me would play musical chairs in our too tight clothes to my collection of 45s like "We are the Champions" and "Burning Down the House" and Aretha's take on "Eleanor Rigby". We'd play musical chairs in whatever room and fall down laughing, and then wrestle like we once did in junior high gym and he'd tell me "Jews gotta stick together especially in the suburbs where we're outnumbered." And I'd ask him if he really exposed himself in Bio class and he'd ask me if I'd ever made out with a guy. And I'd say "In my head like with you." And he'd say "Kiss me like you imagined. You're going on to Philly to start everything and run away and need some French jewboy love and jews aren't ugly if you think about it." We'd make out and he'd peel off his shorts and underwear and say "Sometimes jewboys have the true biggest cocks in town and that matters when it's all you have." His cock would be thick in my mouth and it'd be a Bar Mitzvah because of being a man.

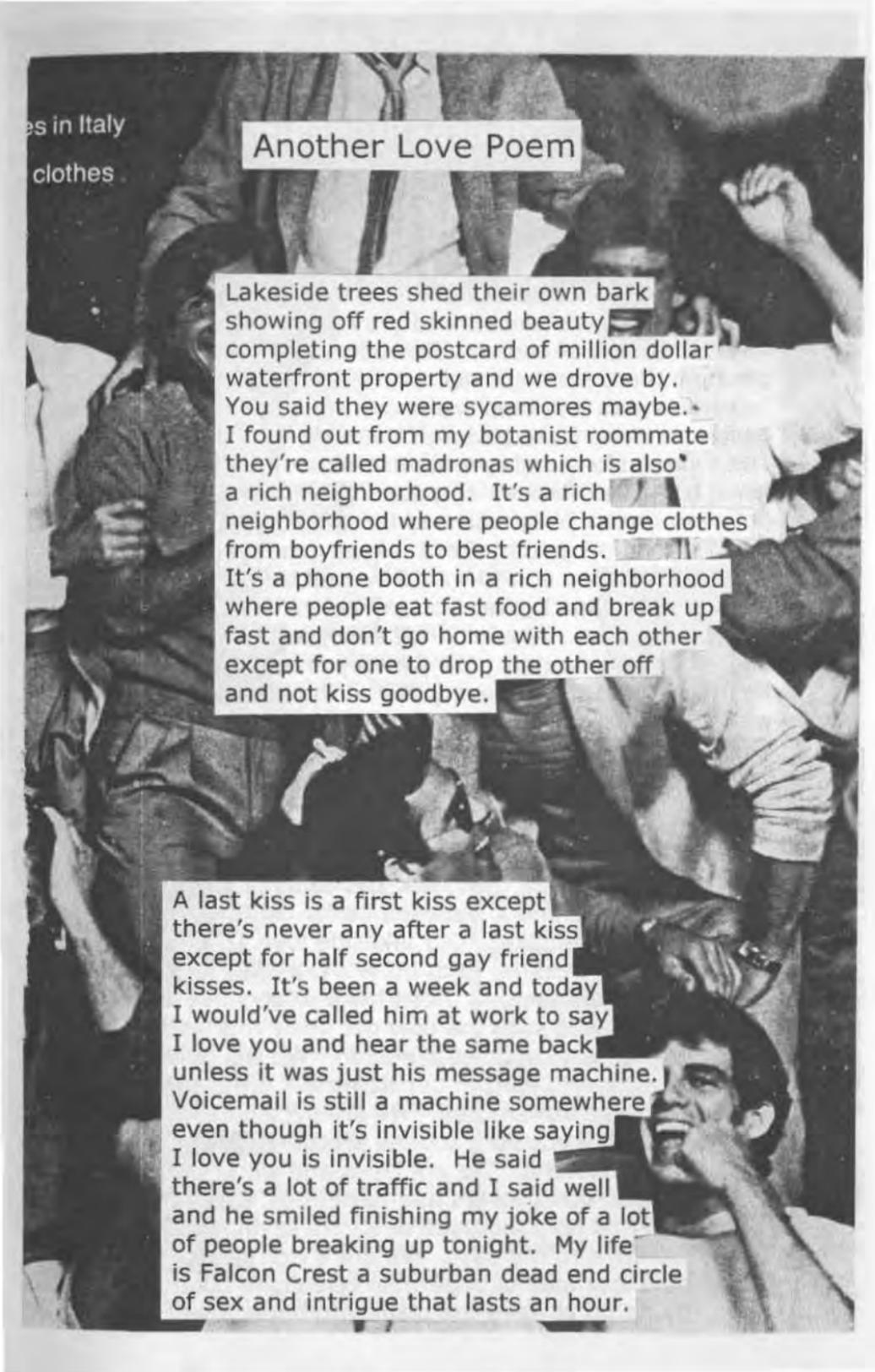
So I'll just say it happened instead of the truth which is he got back on his bike and I never saw him again except once on his lawn in cut-off jeans. Everyone complains oh one night stands are meaningless because you never see the guy again. Well what about the one night stands which never happen so you never even make love with the guy once to begin with. What's worse?

One night at this disco, I was a total freak magnet. A semi-hunky guy with a cowboy hat told me he liked my glasses. Then he asked me my name and I told him and he went off on how meaningful it is and all this

bible stuff and I told him my middle name's Isaac and it's a lot to live up to. I asked him what he thought of the Petula Clark remix they had going, but he kept on about the bible. So I told him I'm not even monotheistic and am more into magic which made him spout off about what kind of jew I should be. So I asked him if he's jewish and he said not officially but he considers himself jewish and he is from New Jersey. Then he asked me back to his place to get stoned. Instead I said bye to him and my friends, walked home alone in the rain, and almost picked up an actually hunky bicyclist. He stopped me on the street and asked me what I was up to. I walked up to him because at first I thought he was the queer bike cop who'd fucked an ex-roommate of mine and maybe I was next in line. He wasn't but he had this obnoxious hard-on in his bike tights which I stared at a bit. And he was smoking a cigarette, which made me feel like we were in a bar. I told him I was on my way home and asked what he was doing. He said riding in the rain. There was a long pause until I told him to have fun. I walked away, thinking I should have said "Sorry, but I only pick up exhibitionist, soaking wet, bicycling, spandex fetishists who are non-smokers."

I made it home and this documentary about Ellis Island was on cable and it got me crying because my grandparents could have been in the pictures and were lucky not to get sent back across the ocean because of being judged insane in a six second medical exam. So they came all the way over to New York in the 1910s, then my parents white-flighted to Connecticut in the 1960s, then I ran away to Seattle in the 1990s. All so some faux jewish cowboy who's not Levi Strauss could tell me how to live. And noone gets that it's hard enough for me to be jewish while I'm having sex, let alone be with another jew.

A few years ago I journeyed into a sex club for the first time. I was working at a fetish/sex toy store and had this jewish lesbian twin who was the same age as me and also had a shaved head and worked at a different sex shop. She ordered me to go because if there was a sex club for girls she would totally go, so I had to. I paid my \$10 and went in wearing a gray polyester bike shirt with a bright blue iron-on on the back that said JEWISH POWER. The front had a tiny red heart. I went into Basic Plumbing looking for my reform jewish fantasy lover David, but found cock that didn't mean anything like his might have. It was summer and the red lights and one cracked open window kept it pretty hot. I had to take the shirt off so I could actually have sex.



es in Italy
clothes

Another Love Poem

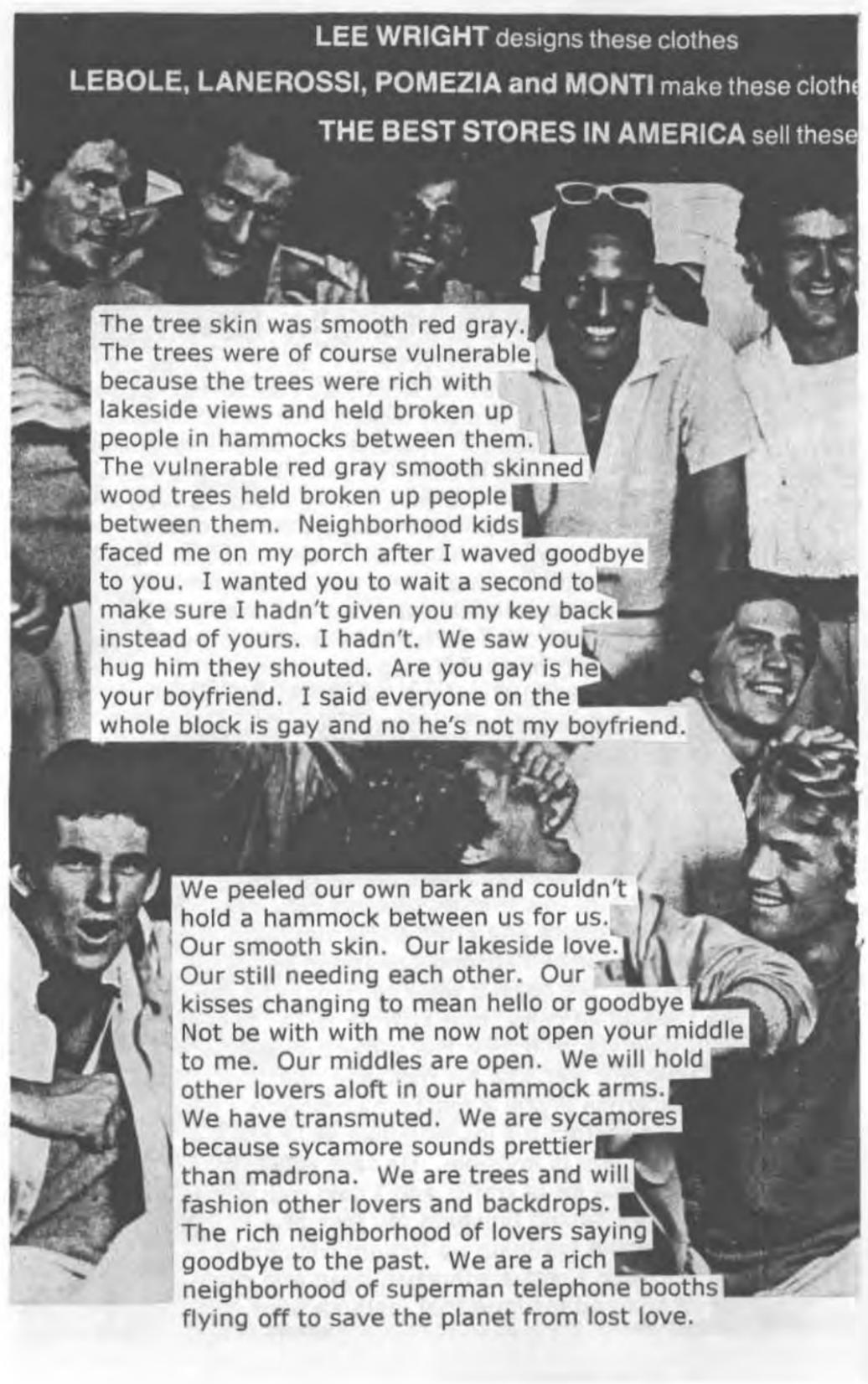
Lakeside trees shed their own bark
showing off red skinned beauty
completing the postcard of million dollar
waterfront property and we drove by.
You said they were sycamores maybe.
I found out from my botanist roommate
they're called madronas which is also
a rich neighborhood. It's a rich
neighborhood where people change clothes
from boyfriends to best friends.
It's a phone booth in a rich neighborhood
where people eat fast food and break up
fast and don't go home with each other
except for one to drop the other off
and not kiss goodbye.

A last kiss is a first kiss except
there's never any after a last kiss
except for half second gay friend
kisses. It's been a week and today
I would've called him at work to say
I love you and hear the same back
unless it was just his message machine.
Voicemail is still a machine somewhere
even though it's invisible like saying
I love you is invisible. He said
there's a lot of traffic and I said well
and he smiled finishing my joke of a lot
of people breaking up tonight. My life
is Falcon Crest a suburban dead end circle
of sex and intrigue that lasts an hour.

LEE WRIGHT designs these clothes

LEBOLE, LANEROSI, POMEZIA and MONTI make these clothes

THE BEST STORES IN AMERICA sell these clothes



The tree skin was smooth red gray.
The trees were of course vulnerable
because the trees were rich with
lakeside views and held broken up
people in hammocks between them.
The vulnerable red gray smooth skinned
wood trees held broken up people
between them. Neighborhood kids
faced me on my porch after I waved goodbye
to you. I wanted you to wait a second to
make sure I hadn't given you my key back
instead of yours. I hadn't. We saw you
hug him they shouted. Are you gay is he
your boyfriend. I said everyone on the
whole block is gay and no he's not my boyfriend.

We peeled our own bark and couldn't
hold a hammock between us for us.
Our smooth skin. Our lakeside love.
Our still needing each other. Our
kisses changing to mean hello or goodbye
Not be with with me now not open your middle
to me. Our middles are open. We will hold
other lovers aloft in our hammock arms.
We have transmuted. We are sycamores
because sycamore sounds prettier
than madrona. We are trees and will
fashion other lovers and backdrops.
The rich neighborhood of lovers saying
goodbye to the past. We are a rich
neighborhood of superman telephone booths
flying off to save the planet from lost love.

blue flame

How he died is not when I was there because inside the hate and fear in my heart is a place where I am invulnerable and need to be loved by anything such as a man with hurtful hands but who smiled.

How he died is not with me and he was in my dream this morning of my standup halogen lamp leaking gas and blue flame burning my green polyester wall. I hugged him in the dark. We met at a flower shop called Flower Lady when it was still outside and not an indoor rich store.

I picked up a family at a flower store and brought him home at 5am and we hugged tight and got quick father son hardons and showed each other because all men are boys who are proud to be alive.

How he died was he started the shower and I waited until the water got hot and went in but there was an opposite man in black shorts who reminded me of a gym locker room man who was nobody but could be a family.

How he died was disappearing in my bathroom. Must have been a dream family. He let me sit on his lap in the brown VW Rabbit steer the way into the garage. I liked when he wore shorts and wanted adult legs like his.

How he died was a dream of faraway inside places and gone family and hate and fear in my heart hurts which is a stereotype of hate and fear in my inside



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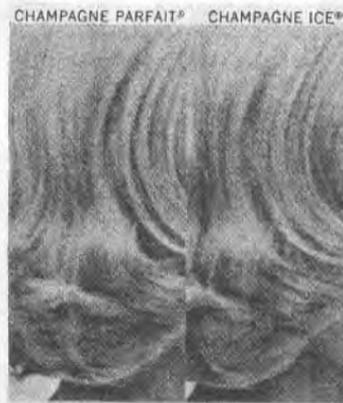
"Smile Mommy"

heart. I've been in this city 4 ½ years and at 4 years my father died and I graduated and am now in love with my family of me because the good parts of him went into my brain this morning.

The good parts of knowing how tough it is to get by when your family is mean. The good parts of knowing he was the enemy. The good parts of giving me something to escape a place to start so I can feel love and family flood in so I can feel life. A struggle. A conflict. A subject. A dream.

How he died was poisons inside and he died and was 69 and he star 69d me with the good parts. He gave me the good parts and is pure undream and no struggle now. He is pure. I'll discover the good parts and not even know which where and who. How he died is so Darth Vader in my fantasies. So unmasked and ugly. Such beautiful spirit and glow inside his heart of hate and fear his heart of hate and fear and love inside.

The Studebaker sold for 25 dollars. It was a convertible that wouldn't retract and I helped push it up the driveway when it stalled a lot. It was red and white inside and black outside and so fifties and broken down with miraculous dials and taped up seats and was a star at the junkheap in '75. Everything's gonna be alright. Everything's gonna be alright.



SOFTCORE

softcore equals lifeguards waiting for action
tousled chestnut glowing arms calves curls intentions

let's play water polo and deep voice giggle silent and strong
cause it's pictures and no one can hear

softcore equals don't look at me anger men showing off
storebought moustaches torn slacks arched backs

softcore is just out of the army men covering their chests
shy and alone green plastic wanting to impress

softcore means not all the way gay for liking it

softcore means men are beautiful ride horses lazy nowhere
can never get enough light privacy texture

let's pose on motorcycles and be almost celebrities
hi I'm lamont cranston jr. the invisible man jr.
hi I'm a tennis pro want to play doubles

softcore flattens out to nothing core if men look too long

softcore is immortal casual silhouettes and sunglasses
slow weeknight jackoff heaven spectacular cotton poly blend orgasm

filling in the blanks of global thermonuclear desire

**Vibration
may be great
for her**



**but never for her
household possessions
—especially when
moved long distance!**

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**Dedicated to Jon-Erik Hexum and DeForest Kelley.
FLAME ON!**

MIO DIO! MIO DIO!...
DEVO AVER PERSO LA
TESTA! QUELLO CHE
STO FACENDO E'
ORRIBILE!

