

*mixer for shy teen-agers*

#4

# cut down spot

don't be scared

Large glass bottle with a fitted glass top; used for containing acids, poisons, and other caustic fluids

Here's to your fear, queer. Here's to queer's  
peers who feel fear. Here's to real queer  
cheer, Three cheers for QUEERS



June is Gay Pride and History Month  
So, hi mom! (ha) Closets are warm, cozy  
places where you can sit with your head  
between your knees and die slowly while  
staring at the light coming in through  
the crack at the bottom of the door.

# DYKE-O-MATIC

Oh NO...I said a whole thing in issue #3 about the  
notion of BIG MIDGET, my imaginary band/state of mind,  
only to find out that there is a band called Tall dwarves  
so just FORGET IT, ok. Maybe there is a trend of oxymoronic  
height descriptive band names going around. Those crazy kids.

from your physical  
body and in spiritual  
jeopardy sometimes.  
Also it's about thinking  
that you're the only one  
in the world who feels  
a certain way and then  
you find out how untrue  
this is. Also, about  
being really confused  
about stupid things  
like sex and being made  
to feel bad or weird  
Cuz it's not easy for  
you to deal w/ not  
wanting to do it or  
wanting to do it all  
the time. →(Cont.)



out, Damn  
Spot is  
also about  
coming out  
even though

it's really hard some  
times because you're  
afraid everyone will  
treat you bad. It's  
also about not  
knowing who the  
fuck you are, feel-  
ing displaced

- Black dragon control
- Brass dragon control
- Frost giant control
- Green dragon control
- Super-heroism
- Dust of tracelessness
- 12th Level
- Bronze dragon control
- Cloud giant strength
- Oil of disenchantment
- Red dragon control
- Oil of sharpness. +6
- Silver dragon control

This is all written from an immature and naïve, inexperienced standpoint cuz alot of us just shut down and retreat after being hurt and only now am I beginning to come out, literally. It's true though, to identify with ideologies means having to feel lost and segregated alot of times and to feel bummed out about not making any sense really sucks but I've finally realized (I think) that no matter how far you run away from yourself, you're always gonna be right there when you stop so if you can try to get someone to know what you're saying, cool, and if not well then at least you tried and maybe everything can be seen as a "learning" experience" (this is true). But like I said before about a displacement of the being from her/his own body, I don't know if this is a queer phenomenon, I would ask other queers but I have not done much queer networking so there's really not many available. If you've done queer networking maybe you'll understand but before anybody knew I liked girls, I had this idealistic vision in my head that a relationship w/ a girl would be full of creamy loving bliss and totally painless, BUT I was WRONG cuz the same mindgames and cheats and all that happens and I guess it's based on uncertainty, everyone is trying to protect themselves. Also, I want to mention that the words QUEER, DYKE etc. are used sort of frivolously in this zine becuz I'm not sure if I have a right to really call myself that if I'm sort of ambiguous about my intentions and I haven't made any real sacrifices (well, maybe some) in order to establish, confirm and protect my identity. And once, I saw a girl wearing this shirt that said "EVERY DYKE IS A HERO" on it → → → →

and I wanted to buy it and change it to "EVERY DYKE IS A ZERO" and wear it everywhere becuz, when people don't know about your sexual preferences, they feel free and clear to make gay-bashing jokes and comments in front of your face and, in this sense, you are a sort of undercover witness to the oppressive actions of heterosexuals. This can do great damage to your self-esteem (esp. if it wasn't so great to begin with) but also, it fills you with this sort of self-defending rage/energy that makes you wanna say "Yeah Dad, I am sick. I'm a sick dyke so be afraid, be very afraid." I guess this is a sort of gay pride. Then you have to worry about being P.C. which to me has always been TOTAL bullshit. P.C. is so clean this is a dirty, dirty fight. It's almost like when an animal is in a trap and it proceeds to chew off its own leg to escape, rather than to just sit there and wait to die. Dig, I remember being in the girls bathroom in high school and these 3 "cool, popular" girls walked in and I was feeling quite out #ered, intimidated, etc. At this point I had only myself to defend me because my punk rock extended family turned out to be a sick farce. So as I'm walking out, one of them says "Are you a lesbian?" and they all start laughing, ha, ha. My immediate reaction was to rip every fucking hair out of their pretty little het heads. I did nothing, though, →

I wanna say a few things about the "cool to be a bitch" phenomenon which seems to go along with the whole gothic scene (or anti-scene). I'm fucking mad because, firstly, I regret to say that I am an ex member of this scene and, also, I have <sup>been</sup> personally affected/hurt by members of the scene. I find it dangerous that the whole thing seems to promote and encourage bitchiness and ice coldness among its girl members, esp. towards other girls. I guess this might make some people mad but I'm just talking from what i have found. I don't know if it's cuz of the goth "fashin" element, cuz maybe it's hard to be nice when you look dead. I guess that niceness is a frivolity that signifies mortality, vulnerability and goofiness, ways of being that go against the vamp. aesthetic..... →

"Go away, girl," she said very softly. "Go away now, and do not come near me again."

"But —"

"Go!"

were struggling desperately to substantiate their "straightness" in front of their friends and they had to make dumb jokes to try and stifle the burning desire they had to make it with another girl. I'm not so sure if this is true. I'm not so sure of really anything. I will go chew on my bloody foot some more.

of course. Part of me likes to think that, well, they

The reason that I call it an "anti-scene" is cuz I truly cannot find any positive elements within the whole thing. It's the apex of bullet-proof pretentiousness. I fucking hate it. Hey, if anyone has had a dissimilar, positive experience, I sure would love to hear about it. No, no, I'm not trying to say that everyone has to be ultra nice all the time, but you also don't have to go around pretending that you wanna bite peoples necks and if you do then you should just do it and stop talking about it. I just think back on how dumb I was and it makes me sick.. I think it all goes completely against the whole punk rock nerd homo don't care bout looking stupid do what you will don't worry about getting a tan its ok if youre not wearing all black one day deal. Thank heavens, Bela Lugosi's dead.....



# Band Review

Jealousy is the kind of wicked thing that makes me wanna fuck the shit out of some guy who has a beautiful girlfriend that he doesn't deserve. It makes me wanna kill guys who put their hands and their bad intentions all over a girl that I'm looking at and longing for from across the room... Fortunately, I do NOTHING about my jealousy cuz, oh, I recognize it as a bad force working vs. me and like negative vibes or bad Karma, it makes me wanna do things.

~ It rises in my throat ~  
It's rising in my throat. It's the hot thick bitter humor called insanity, it's my brain rising in my throat, seeping out of my mouth, staring me in the eye saying "I told you, it runs in the family". It's the uprising of everything I've swallowed in the past. Things rise and this is a scary thing. Feeling an erection of sorts of your feeling inside your stomach let's say, feels horrifying like your hole insides are revolting against you, spewing forth their anger at your guilt fear, shame, guilt, anger, guilt. Guilt sounds like gilded gold plated like a cheap bronze statue that you know you don't deserve. Marked w/ finger prints.

Well, for the first time in this zine's history, I'm gonna do an actual review of a show. The show was last night at ~~sky~~ Wetlands (NYC), the original line-up was WENCH, BIKINI KILL and BABES IN TOYLAND. I got there only to find out to my dismay that the bikini mobile broke down so they had to cancel. Bummer with a capital B. They were being replaced by a band called PRÜNELLA. This better be good, I thought. So, first WENCH went on. They were a 5 piece girl band from upstate NY (I think?). They rocked ok. The singer had one of those gargly voices that's real harsh sounding and "ballsy" and they did this song called "Survival" which she dedicated to all the girls cuz it's a jungle out there. And how. The bassist bore a striking resemblance to Kim Gordon, except w/ long black hair. They were all really pretty, too. Next came PRÜNELLA (p.s. I think that's the name of one of Cinderellas wicked step-sisteres), now, dig this, 2 girls: one on guitar and vocals and one on drums! They were so cute and good. Their songs were really original sounding and their style sort of defies description. The best was, for their "grand finale", the drummer (Beth) got up and they switched places. Beth then proceeded to sing this fucked

(Continued, next page → → →  
Band Review



Q E F W M C G P R H N Z  
 A D Y B H L Y E I T X O  
 G O J X W P J E R K O G  
 P O G X M I L A J E B K  
 K N U P G K M H P Z N L  
 D X R Z P K G A F O E P  
 S N O B L I C B O S W A  
 T E R P G K Q O B M X R  
 M R O L M T Z I A L S Y  
 O D E K Y D A O G E E K  
 U O L X Z N B H W T V X  
 X Y S S U P O H R E E U Q

After one of these mixers has put the teen-agers in pairs, do something that can be explained briefly and accomplished easily. It is not long before the teen-ager discovers he is not so shy, dumb, or awkward as he thought. He also finds that having a girl for a partner is really fun. Once the teen-ager gets this satisfied feeling, the rest of the program is smooth sailing for the youth leader or parent.

WORD FIND:

- Dyke • Nerd • Pussy
- Faq • Queer • Geek
- Punk • Jerk • Lesbian

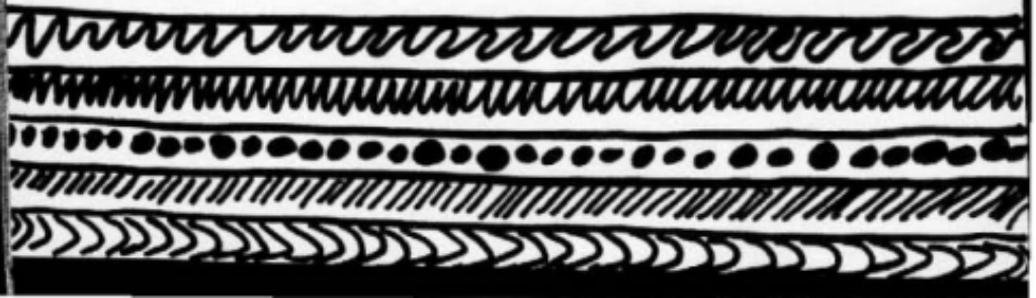
CAN YOU COUNT THE  
 GIRLS IN THIS PICTURE?



*Elixir of health*  
*Hill giant strength*  
*Oil of sharpness. +3*  
*Oil of slipperiness*  
 9th Level

a

up opera song in another language, it was so warped!! It was basically acapella, with the exception of a real low drum beat in the background. Her voice was jumping around from octave to octave, sounding a little like Diamanda Galas at times. Then, at the end of this, she did the little heavy metal /Bruce Springsteen jump, you know when they lift their arm up and jump, I can't explain it, but it was so great. Also, the singer was wearing a KISS belt buckle. And, then, of course, there was BABES IN TOYLAND. WELL, they rocked my fucking ass off (heavy metal talk for "they were too good for words"). What could I possibly say? I have to say that KAT has the most beautiful feet I've ever seen and I was totally staring at them through the whole show. I previously was not too familiar with the Babes. All I had was their new tape and they played only 2 songs from that, but luckily, one of those was my favorite, called "Ripe". Gotta get more more more. I really want to try to describe her singing to you, but it's so hard to find words that don't sound corny, so i'm just gonna surrender to corniness: Kat was electrifying, powerful, smokin', haunting, explosive, overwhelming sneak attack, beautiful, totally, as was the entire band. Drummer Lori sang on a couple of songs, I think the one that I loved most was "Pearl" (could be wrong) which she sang. She was hotly awesome, and funny too. Before they came back for their encore, she was screaming "Whaddaya want?!?!?" to the audience, it was funny. Bassist Michelle was playing right next to where I was standing so I got to see what it's like to play bass real up close. She was handling it wonderfully, and, wearing a really cool shirt..... Then, there were some celebrity appearances: JOAN JETT was there again. Some LUNACHICKS were there, including Becky, who I have a major crush on, see, the night was filled with major frustration and teenage lust on my part and I should really stay AWAY from these all girl shows if I wanna stay sane....



I want to give 3 cheers (and then some) to Mary Fendrest from Alex. VA because she wrote a Great Piece in the Riot Grrrl N.Y. fanzine #2 about S-E-X. If she (or anyone who knows her) is reading this, I just wanna tell her that her writing was so completely true and it inspired a lot of violent head-nodding on my part. Also, the rest of the R.G.N.Y. zine was great too, just thought I'd say so (\* I must sound like such a ass-kisser sometimes, but remember, my complimenting is always sincere & from my heart).

Hey, does anybody know if the L-7 tape "smell the magic" is scented becu'z mine (seriously) smells like candy. Is that what they mean by smell the magic??





Here's the smell of blood still.

I am bilingual, bipolar, bisexual, I am more than one, maybe even more than 2, I AM AT LEAST 2... I'm forever chasing down my evil twin because I promised (against my will) that I would behave myself and I never thought there was anything wrong with being mad but that's what I was told so now when I try to write, my thoughts are paragraphs ahead of me and it's so hard to catch up. I'm so sick of being on my best fuckin behavior. I am so fresh, disrespectful even. I love offense. I wish someone would take me serious long enough to be truly offended by me. But this denotes a sort of wielding of power of sorts (girl power? I dunno, I guess. I can't catch up w/ all the rumors, I can't erase the pre-conceived notions they don't know what the fuck they're talking about. I've got a PUSSY AND I'M GONNA USE IT.

# Colors rym

---Art---

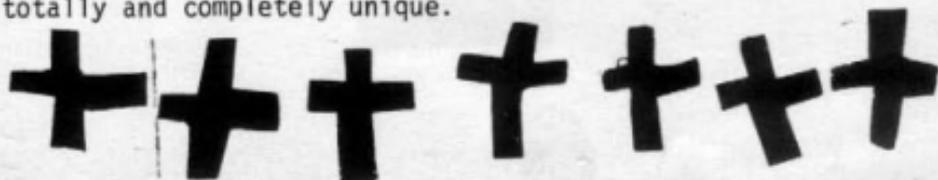
SINS OF THE FLESH

---Dana---

Painter and sculptor extraordinaire Michelangelo Buonarroti died in 1564 leaving a legacy of works and ideas behind to inspire future generations. Best known for his colossal sculptures (David, the Pieta), his work on St. Peter's in Rome and the remarkable Sistine Chapel ceiling, the talents of this artist remained mostly within the possession of the Catholic Church. How would the holy fathers have reacted to this Renaissance man if they'd known the Michelangelo was gay? What if they'd seen that the Cybils of the Sistine Chapel ceiling were no more than men with breasts? What if they'd noticed Michelangelo's own face on the flayed skin of St. Bartholomew, in the Last Judgement scene of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo, in all his greatness and spiritual wisdom punished himself constantly for his "sin"--his homosexuality.

Agony, repression and lines that tremble with sexual electricity exist far from the sculpted figures of the Renaissance in the portraits of German Expressionist, Egon Schiele. With him, sexuality became the eternal, external torment. Figures which twist in unnatural forms, with mangled and feverish expressions, pull and probe at their anorexic bodies seeking release. For them pleasure does not exist, only a constant struggle and constant suffering. The sins of the flesh destroy the flesh, weaken the spirit and infect the mind. As distorted as this view sounds it was believed.

Half a century later, release from this sexual prison came with the mesmerizing works in photography by the late Robert Mapplethorpe. A wave of sensitivity swept over the brutal theory that sex was pain. Sexuality was sensuality. Sexual preference was no longer a burden, a "sin", it was--- IT IS an expression of personal sensuality. It is no longer an instrument of rage. It is what made Michelangelo, Mapplethorpe Schiele and every person on this planet we call Mother Earth, totally and completely unique.





Q: Is this a dream?  
A: This is real.

O. D. S.

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(\* This address may be changing around Sept.)