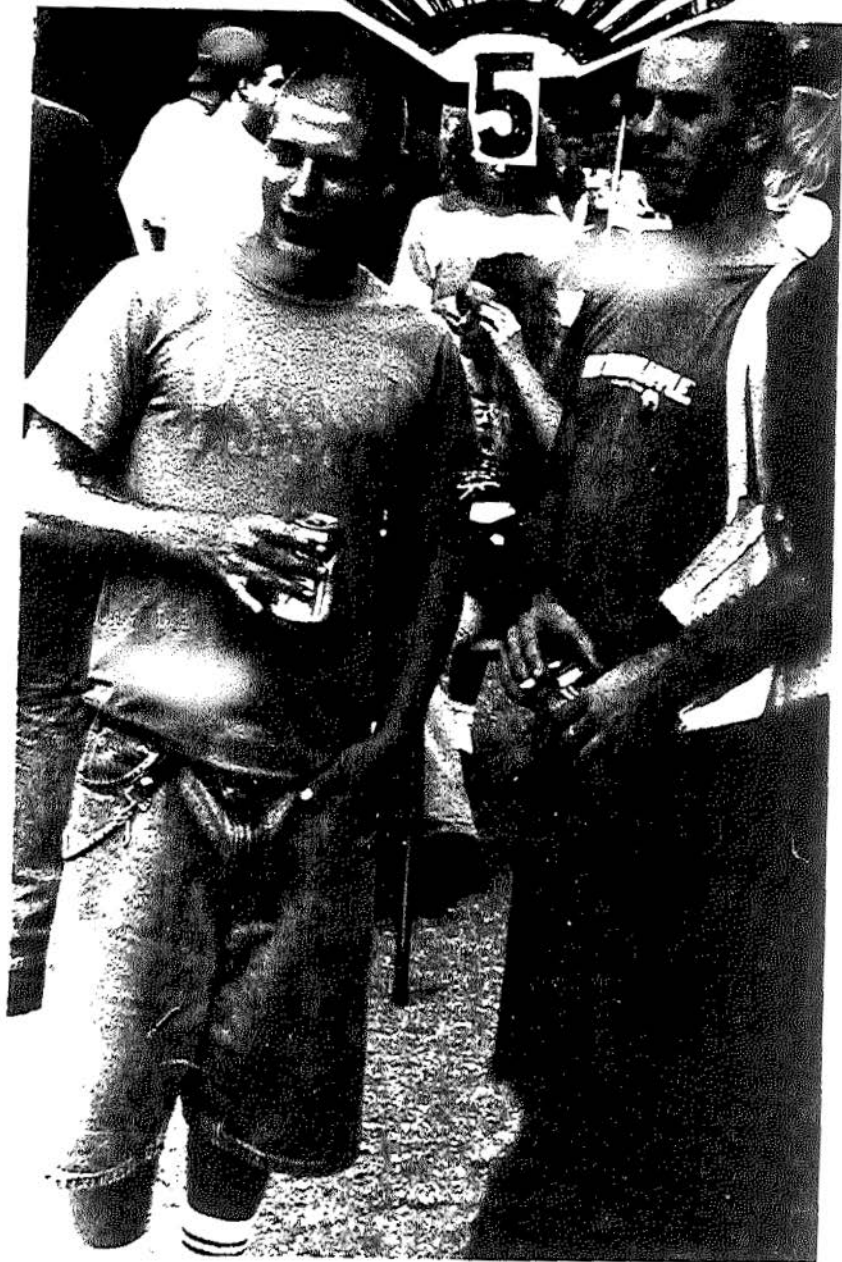


JOHN WATERS

HOMOBODY



Homoboy #5 poetry
(as promised) → prose
→ perform

* A message to you rudy!

well, if you've been on the horn lately with your literary agent you know the market is inundated with young/gay/aids or gay/young/aids (as Puck says). Well here in the punky world of alternat ives I say foo! Who cares if people aren't interested in poetry and prose. I am. I would never close an ear to Edna St. Vincent Millay or Diamanda Galas. So for you out there who will indulge me I give you a life's worth of words from my mocha-chino

Starring Divine and Tab Hunter

* Cover - 2 anonymous Hottys at the Westheimer Art Fest Oct 94. The guy on the left had the best green hair ever.
* special thanks to John Waters who promised



my first photo assignment
fulfilled at the "value village"
It's cheap dirty underwear.
Quelle majestic, eh?

Girl I know the ladies think I'm crazy
And girl the men think I'm swell.

Girl I know my mother thinks I mean well
And my doctor never tells.

(Now I don't quite speak Greek
But I do speak in tongues.

It's not that I'm a slut, ba-by
But I do get good love.

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by
I sing where others stand

No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

So if these ways
O-fend you

I don't give a damn.
Life is full

Of innuen-dos.

Why don't you just "kick the can!" Bitch.

So if these ways
O-fend you

I don't give a damn.
My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.

And I sing where others stand.
No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

ENTRE NOUS

OKAY
you're probably
thinking when is
the last time I
supported a performance
artist. For me it was
1987 when I performed
this poetic play with
my very good friend
Orson. He called
it the "Coloured
Opera" →

→ when he sees this he'll
hopefully get the grins. He
was on his way to Paris.
To Paris. On his way to Paris!
My favorite poem by Orson is
called "People". He is really great
and probably the only true
Jazz man I'll ever know.
Read his work with rhythm.

MISS CATALINA SPEAKS

Now I don't quite speak Greek
But I do speak in tongues.

It's not that I'm a slut, ba-by,
But I do get good love.

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.
I sing where others stand.

No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

So if these ways
O-ffend you

I don't give a damn.
Life is full

Of innuen-dos.
Why don't you just take yours and scam!

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.
And I sing where others stand.

---Excerpt from "The Beat of
a Different Color," by
Orson T. Maquelani.

Chicago 1990



At Jorgensen's top 10 alternative
retro-eighties bands that
they play at #'s on Friday nite.

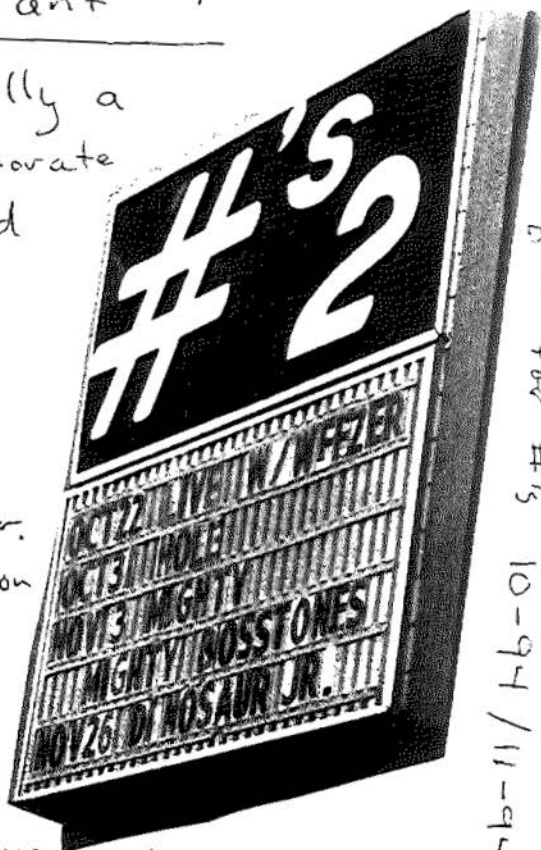
1. Ministry
2. Skinny Puppy
3. Cabaret Voltaire
4. Killing Joke
5. Front 242
6. the Bolshoi
7. U.K. Vision
8. tack head
9. nitzer ebb
10. the Smiths

* remember
Saturday is new
alte native has Ministry
and what has been up to since that
video with W.S. Burroughs
p.s. Everyday is
not like
Halloween.

a kind of rant "1

This is actually a page to commemorate a place I've had to go to all my life. It's always the same; smell, decor, drinks, bartenders, owner. If you know Houston it has never done anything to change or move on.

I love #'s though. I guess it will never change. Actually I'm grateful it was there. you see in the #'s world an alternative boy doesn't have to be exposed to straight or gay it doesn't matter. The weird thing is now straight boys actually go there to dance with each other. I get confused by what's happening but then I feel good that they're happy.



Margaret for #'s 10-94 / 11-94

Poetry-

★ what a groovy thing poetry is. If you would like to offer your criticisms an address will be provided at the very end. I will try to put dates and every thing. Unlike Orson's words my words are just there no rhyme or reason. My whole goal in life was just to walk the streets of the world and see the poetry.

92

one first bar story

beauty. hope. love. money. beauty comes first it is the most important. the key that evokes and provokes. nights stand on end and at dawn beauty eludes us. beauty comes first. it passes. tears are shed. hope springs eternal sprouts wings and protects the innocent babes. we stand innocent among these four walls. each beauty passing makes us weak at the knees. a battle of the wits occurs; beauty against beauty. no roof if strong enough to shield the rays of the moon. the moon has beams of light that make the animals react to one another. one body of light reflects what dark bodies want to absorb. voices sing to sharp beats of rythm. this is my world. this is my secret. i am a beauty. i realize i still have hope. i start to cry. i do not know what this means. on some nights i stand against four different walls. sometimes i stand in the corner. hope and beauty. these two are a sure thing for me. i have seen their power diminish. they return after a good rest. money and love are elusive. never able to sustain beauty. passing through weaker visages coming to weak terms.

for Dennis Cooper

glorified drunken stupers
and loose lips telling lies
are things of the past.
thinking back on doing the hard stuff;
acid then coke with tequila shots.
boys were so pretty twinkling on crystal
their bodies shimmering on crystal.
their bodies shimmering like diamonds
from the dim light of the bars and back alleys
black and blue circles under their eyes.
eyes with dilated pupils,
arms long and lanky,
ending with shaky hands on fire.
arms with veins slightly swollen.
glory days running here and there
stirring the sauce.
bartenders with bourbon and coke ready.
going back and forth to the bathroom to do more coke
always a new boy to do more coke with.
summer days running down our backs
like beads of sweat,
sweat and spit blending until climax.
days of neverending drunkenness.
boys with smooth tan bodies
who are so willing.
boys with eyes so empty,
who smile so graciously.
eyes sweeping catching gazes.
ice melting making the liquor easier to bear.
hazy discussions with lots of sexual promises,
ending with grinding pelvises.
high on coke still from three to six a.m.,
mouths on speed so hungry to taste the sex.
strands of long hair getting stuck,
in my stubble in my teeth.
long haired boys on pot and poppers,
giving head like a kitten lapping milk,
coming in and out of consciousness.
mouths too numb from too much,
of whatever to stop.
continuous play on fast forward.
boys so driven to have a good time,
saying again and again,
this is so good
this is so good

'92
u all
Know I
really owe
• Dennis
for making
me want
more from
Sex, from
boys. I
used to
always
pretend to
be George
from
Closer
It was
really
fun.

untitled, unfinished

Here I am faced with the worst three things in life,
morning, sobriety, hunger.

reasonable doubt

i don't know, i say how does anything begin? one day blends
into the next, they all seem the same. the lights go dim.
i ache. the sensation becomes numb. so i do something to try
and feel like i'm alive. i do it again and again.

'93

'94

flaccid (a performance poem for two readers)

- floppy and phlacid is a penis
for a disco Jesus.
cum on me and cum on me
your cunt a sacred heart.
daisy chain a crown for me
pearl necklace me a rosary.
hail Mary

- I'm Mary
-forgive me father
- I have sinned
-the Father
- 1st base
-the Son
- 2nd base
-the Holy Ghost
- 3rd base
-sometimes i feel like a motherless child
laying on Mary's lap in Calvin Klein underwear
I ask forgiveness or at least look like it.
hollow me, hollow my bones
blow that hymn through my spinal column
be my child and wash my bare feet
lick my lips
for those lips
my lips meet, on my knees
-Joseph was married once before Mary
she is the devil
he is the savior, so give me him
and I will go down on my knees
and pray...
-cum on me and cum on me
white light floods my mouth
-an annunciation has been made
-bare me child and kiss my feet
-disrobe my body
-so now i'm complete
-so staid is a silent chapel
-and God is my witness
-and God is on top of me
-bare breasted, bear witness.
oh dear St. Peter take sword in hand,
and say, "here I will build my church!"

sometimes i feel like a motherless child
so I walk a good cobblestone road
and I stop off in each church
to pray to the Madonna

- she knows
-I light a candle though I'm not catholic
I think "yo, Jesus was Jewish and so am I"
besides God is in everyone
God knows I try that too!
Madonna, I hear her sing:
-"I light this candle and watch it glow
tears on my pillow
and if there is a Christ, he'll come tonight
and help me pray for Spanish eyes"
-and Giovanni's eyes blaze through me
and water sports is a term never coined,
by John the Baptist
oh my dear friend Sebastion
if I could have only pierced your Orpheuses,
would we both be saints now

sometimes I feel like a motherless child.

POWERTOOLS

WINTER 1990



"COFFEE HOUSE"

@ AXIOM

1990

SUMMER

from NEW LINE CINEMA

Flaccid was one performance poem from a show called "Fuckacted" I starred in with Houston's premiere performance artist Alicia X. It was a particularly buff period in my life. I enjoyed corsettes, bras, underwear, anything tight. I lived in Dallas and travelling as a performance artist was very glamorous.

however my best friend thinks

his hair is slightly greasy. it hangs in clumps about his face. his ears, his nape of neck. his brows are full and dark and furrowed. underneath ~~his~~ his eyes still and frozen they don't move. they don't blink. i can see his nostrils opening and closing so i know he's breathing. still. his mouth ~~is so~~ very tempting but always sealed shut. ~~he wears~~ his skin like a shroud so pale and unblemished. God was here it says, a body of ~~sinewy~~ marbled form. his shoulders are supported by biceps so strong on elbows, slightly bent from wide forearms, joined by strong hands spread, with ~~skin~~ sensuous fingers spread apart supporting all this, so far on a dresser that stands in front of the mirror. his chest is pumped ~~and~~, clean of any hair, two tiny pink nipples rest on two mounds quietly. i trace the center of his body down to where his navel exist amongst a gentle roll of flesh. his buttocks, hairy legs, and other ~~parts~~ are concealed beneath a pair of smoke smelly jeans that are unbuttoned and ready.

it's almost morning now. the rays of sun are straining ~~their way~~ through the slit in the curtain. the light is filtering through the sheer material past the heavy fabric. the most beautiful boy you can imagine stares straight ahead at himself in ~~the~~ mirror. he's perfect in the morning. ~~oh well~~, he's perfect all the time. he's standing mesmerized with himself. i wonder what is he looking for. the room seems cold. the automatic air conditioner hums then rattles making its presence known. maybe it's time to get up, to shower. nobody bothers to check the time. things are happening now, ~~myself~~. dark

the bed sheets are in various folds. blankets are spread and seperated. someone didn't sleep too well. on one side of the bed i'm leaning on an elbow. i'm trying to prop myself up to look at him. maybe he'll make the first move. my other hand is hidden under the covers with the rest of my body. i'm ~~candidly~~ fondling myself. i'm thinking he knows what i'm doing but probably doesn't mind. ~~this is incredible~~ ~~word for me~~.

the next words spoken fall from my lips. "~~well~~ it's not that big of a deal", i say. first his eyes start to look at me ~~and~~ then with tremendous effort his whole body begins to turn to face me. when the moves are complete i can see all this is taking too much effort. the body with his form climbs on to the bed. his jeans slip down a bit and i can see his thick patch of pubes. his hands, those fingers are beginning to reach out ~~and~~ for me. before he can complete this maneuver i stop playing with myself and ~~also~~ reach out to him. i pause. i rethink my body language.

i lay back on the pillow lettig the arm i was leaning on extend out, my other arm falls across my chest, my eyes close. at these times too much knowledge is needed, too much experience i don't have. the last thing i remember before closing my eyes are the blotchy patterns the spackle on the ceiling makes. i want to remember what he looks like, where we are in position to each other, what happened last night. i can't remeber him at all and i don't know how we've gotten to this point.

suddenly i can feel his head settling in the crux of my armpit. his body is close to mine. i can really smell him now. i guess i smell as bad as he does. i turn my head to look at him, my nose gets all smooshed, i open my eyes. i'm so close to his flesh i can see every pore. i exhale onto his neck. the warm breathe creates goose flesh on his neck. it gives me some sort of relief to think i've done something to effect, change, or disturb him. he lets out a moan or sigh. we are two people together in this situation, but ~~what~~ what events really lead to us ~~being here~~ ~~here~~ ~~now~~.

2 where we R now.

This is a working story on impotence. working.

it sucks. I kinda liked it before he said that.

From: petersen Fri Oct 14 06:47:05 1994

From: petersen (Michael Petersen - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~)

To: petersen

Subject: Impressions

Classification: ~~XXXXXX~~ Proprietary: Internal Use Only

Impressions...like dents in the air.

They take a long time to fade, and eventually the air gets so cluttered up with these...dents - that you can't see anything, and you don't want to, because things that happened a long time ago are so much more interesting, and they're clear, like bubbles in the glass.

But eventually there's so many bubbles in the glass that it just turns white, and then you have to go away, and sit in a dark place for a while, and breathe, and when you're done breathing you come out in the world and the air - well, it's hard to describe, it's like a...like a snow-dome, that's been sitting on the shelf for a long time, and even the tiniest tiniest flakes have fallen to the bottom, and you can see every little notch on the reindeers' antlers. It's like a morning with no wind.

And when you move - or someone else moves, because you're waiting, you're trying to just hold yourself there, hold the moment, and the move stays there, before and after, it stays in the air, it makes a dent, it's all there - then you're just like...well....welcome back.

This is something my pen pal
Mike sent me. You'd be jealous if
I told you how great and under-
standing Mike has been to me
this year. All his words are
extremely important to me but
these I'll share



ACID TRIP 1990

IT TAKES EVERY OUNCE OF PATIENCE
CONCENTRATION CENTRIFUGES TOWARDS THE REBEL
THE REBEL REFUSES TO SEE HE'S OUTCLASSED
OUTCAST AND MISAPPROPRIATED
NOW THERE IS NO LOVE BUT HATE IS JUST AS STRONG
HE SITS STOLEN MOMENTS WAITING FOR AWKWARDNESS
THE PARASITE GLANCES TO AND FRO AND TO AGAIN
CONTROL REELS THE MAINSTAY
THE REBEL FLASHES A PICTURE POSTCARD
THE SAINTS FLY OVERHEAD ON THEIR WAY TO SALVATION
SALVATION IS A HOME BOMBED DURING THE WAR
FOUR WALLS ARE LEFT IN TATTERS
THE DOOR WILL OPEN WITH NO ROOF
SMOKE COMES OUT OF TWO CHIMNEYS
I LIKEN IT TO THE CHURCH OF THE "LAST SUPPER"
BEAUTY BASK IN THE CORNEA OF MISANTHROPE
STOLEN MOMENTS ASK A FAVOR OF HIM
ADVANCING PAST THE ARTERY OF LIFE
THE REBEL WILL SWALLOW MUCOUS FOR YOUR PLEASURE
CATASTROPHE, MYSTERY, WASTE BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN
HOLY SCHOLARS ARE LURKING BEHIND HIS MASK
REMEMBERING THE CRIES OF THE TERRIBLE INFANT
HIS WHIMPERS PARADED ON A CAROUSEL CHARGER
HE GAINED ON THE SUPERIORITY OF AN INFERIORITY
WEAKNESS PREVAILS AND SITS KNITTING
ONCE AND A WHILE SOLITUDE HITS THE STREET
THE SAINTS FLY OVER HEAD SEVERAL TIMES OVER
THE SKYS ARE ON FIRE TOO
THE REBEL KNOWS VERY WELL WHAT IS GOING ON
CRUCIFIED ON CROSSES YET THEY FLY
MAJESTY GIVES THEM STRENGTH TO FLY... TO FLY !
THEY SMILE SO GENEROUSLY ON ME
THE CROSS HANGS SUSPENDED IN THE HOUSE
ON HOPE, BY SPIRIT, WITH LOVE
HE IS ALWAYS TAN AND TATOOED
THE REBEL WILL CONCENTRATE AND ALLOW CONDOLENCE

I wrote this during the x-mas holidays. I actually did acid for the first time watching Jane's Addiction, I started tripping w/ my friends during Siouxsie at -ollapalooza. I say you need to trip on acid at least once otherwise SxE or whatever.

93

I feel empowered with the raging anger
of a guy who has recently had his life support cut off
i do not know why this happens
we who have spoken
some who had hidden for so long and found no relief
i do not understand the next breathe that is not there
we struggle to finally realize our reason for living
it takes so long to find the voice from within
it takes a long time to figure out the argument.
the side you will take
finally you stand your ground
you decide this is my calling;
the reason i am here, this is what i am meant to do
but then the ball is rolling
life itself is distinguished.
i mean, totally the end !
it could be you !
you could die in one second
what would it all mean
will there be anyone there to replace you,
or continue what took so long to find
to Randy Fields i am angry for you now
you are now one of the many
will your finger pointed at the guilty be in vain ?
i did not always agree with the direction of your anger
every word every action might make a difference
if someone on this earth could stop this disease
no price would be too high
what matters is you would be alive
you could be here tomorrow and the next
days that are yours would be.
how can someone just be gone ?
death seemed to be so gradual,
like leaves falling in preparation for the winter

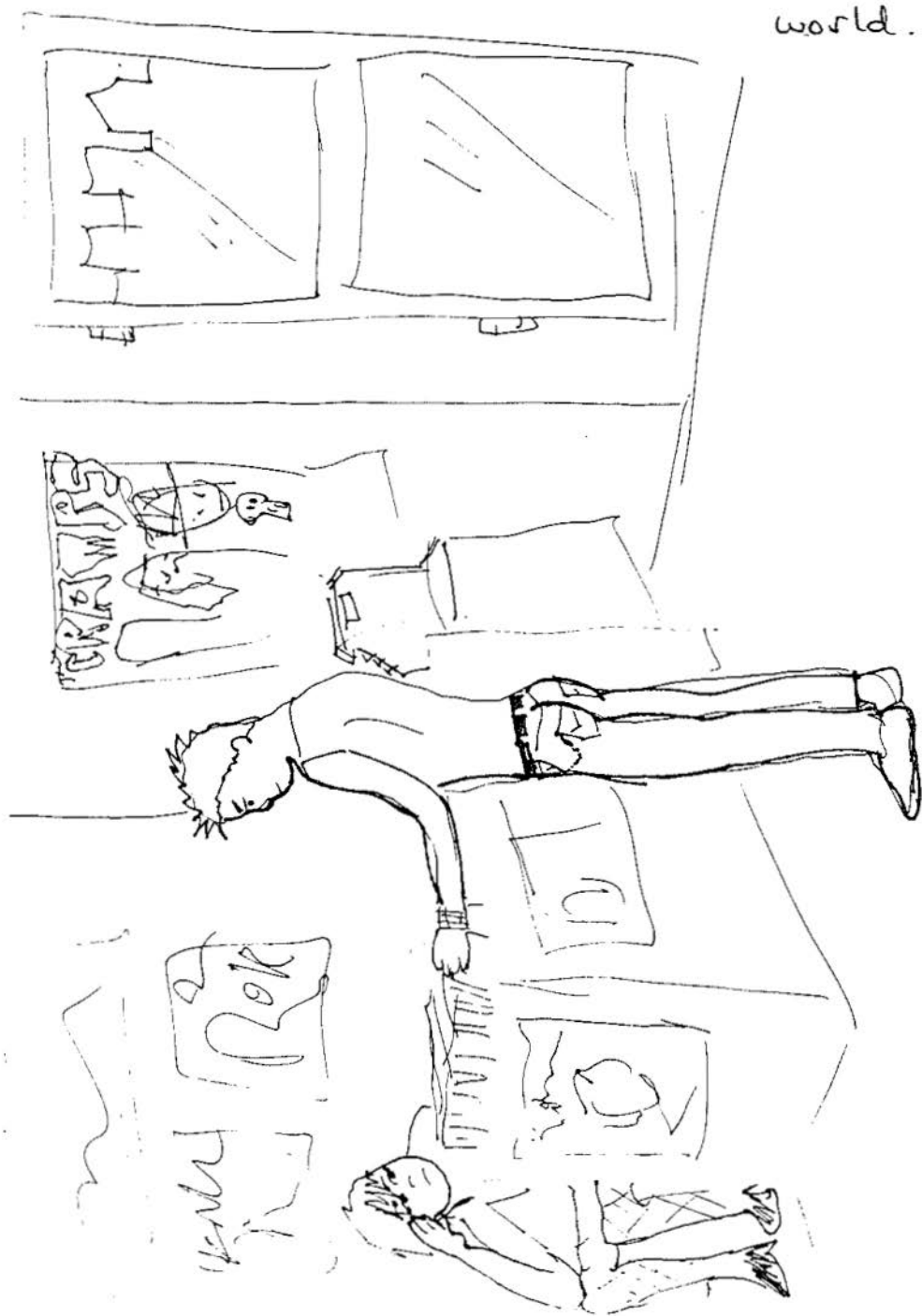
Polyester

93

the clouds gather and the rain falls
i can live with that cycle of nature
but when the sun shines
and the rain falls
i do not understand
i wonder if anyone who is not HIV positive,
knows the fear of another AIDS death
you will suddenly stop breathing
there will be no indication of death
i do not accept this, how could anyone else?

It really sucks when people die of
AIDS. I know why but it still
dissapoints me when people die.

this sketch of a record store
is by Anonymous Boy. I only
wish I could be a kid in his
world.





This Crayon, marker, glitter "Flower on Construction paper" is by Zachary T. Deutsch. I know he's 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yrs old and my nephew but he's a pretty artistic kid. I'm sure he'll be somewhat like me. He likes Barbie, Princess Jasmin, Pink, Power Rangers. He is currently enrolled at the JCC Hebrew Academy where he studies computer and swimming. One day for no reason he said, "hey Mr. Uncle Eric I love you". It made me cry. He always says the right

Untitled

'87

oh to be seventeen and know of the good thing
"it's instant gratification" she says
she'll settle for dry humping, mostly
i knew her as a girl, she hung a jock on her rearview
i only hated her because i was jealous
i still thought a person had to blow
it's the opposite now i know
now he says he misses me
so thin so tight so sinewy
i wish he would be my lover
it's different for him, and he seeks the opposite
show me that belly, oh if you'd by som jelly
anyway sucking him would be like leading him on a leash
sometimes i would peek
i admire the brilliance and the gleam of his teeth
oh my i think i dropped something
oh yes here it is right by your...
foot
dear i can't seem to breathe and don't say it
i must ask you not to stroke my neck
of course i would feel better not knowing you
to be seventeen and know of the good thing

Untitled

'87

inquisitively, imperatively
i pray in tears to thee
visions of saint peter bring me sight of death of blight
i believe in christ
i have cried every night
instinctively, desperately
i pray in chants of j.d. salinger
visions of clouds pass quickly not linger
one day i saw st. matthew
he was black, the bible never mentions black or white
every day i wait for the next
i pray every night for tomorrow
i believe in christ
lord jesus christ have mercy on my soul
i cry myself to sleep most nights
i pray for the next day to be over
one night in a dream st. peter visited me,
a night in the last year of my life
i have lived hard and full and given love for strife
i had many prayers answered
i believe in jesus christ
when i was 17 he spoke to me
i am not a prophet
i know not what god is or if heaven exist
there is a god because i have answers
i cry almost every night determineably
there are answers made clear by someone who hears me cry
someone spoke to me before i died, almost died
i cry when i'm alone but i'm not alone
drudgery and dreams have come the same
when i am alone i cry, i am happy sometimes
when there is a voice i know
i know something different
i know a lot of things are different
i go to bed each night before dawn
the clouds never linger



'94

Hate

I will not feel anything more
rapture of you a befallen ill
a coffin arrives with your name on't
words like honey dribble down
I never loved you, I never cared
songs like, I only used you,
not for pleasure but despair

'94

untitled

being young is never easy
dancing yourself into a frenzy
wake, work, shower, rush
drink, dance, seek, rush
dance, love, wake, rush
spending the days dreaming of nights
restraining your sanity with all might

'94

* As Yet Untitled

softly, faintly in the distance
swaying gently on a breeze
words from a song i heard long ago
what have I done for love
can I not regret such actions now
what would it be; love or life
the smell rising off your flesh
things I ask of you when we're alone
your sexy smile, the look in your eyes
too much is beauty not for one man to own
oh, but I know I can't own you
in this world nothing can bind us together
your secrets are your own
and oh my boy I have secrets
I want you in my life but how do I make it so
here in my heart, my mind I do not know.

* this is for a blackhead!

love. I owe him a better poem. But I wrote this when I was "with" him.
If you see him tell him I still love him.

'92

for Jeremy Collete (still)

When at first i see you
try, I try again
the sweetest thing for me is you
you fulfill my sweet tooth
Oh, how I love you
to see you again and again
how now i long to drink of thee
i wish you to be with me
inside me
inside my heart pounds thinking of love for you
I cry when I'm with you, I cry away from you
I love you I do
when at last I see you
a tear will flow
I can only think to be near you
I can not say I love you because you do not know
Oh, how i love you
despite the love we have made so many times in a row
it kills me because you can not know
I love you and have not told you though,
if you love me too let it be so
this painful ignorance we share
makes me giggle and cry in your presence
in your arms so gently, laying still
I know love is there.

'93

for Jonathon Coette

Youth virility and arrogance
hanging before my face
like a door with a heavy knocker
i can not lift the swinger
"you put me in an awkward situation"
"sort of like my heart is with you not my body"
"silvaden is a cream that will leave no scar"
"but baby, you're a star"
"remember how it used to be between us ?"
before or after Joan left that is
what i keep telling you, if it can be us
than we can be happy
don't you remember in the beginning
in the beginning i was hurt from another
we found a new bond as men we share
i forgot about the boy and accepted the man
our fight is your own, you can not mature
the boy lives on inside you, resides, besides
you are still so young, so luscious, so fair



here r 3 good examples of my broken heart. A swan song ↓ from another show. It was cool because Devin was there with his friends but only he and I knew the piece was a reference to our time together it was titled "Vacat."

87 ode to Devin Borden

Words dispelled what actions motivated. Going down on you riding up elevators. Shafts and shifts and you couldnt embrace me. Incongruent reactions motivated me to a higher class insanity, but you could not accept me or what I wanted too give you. Desperate in midnights loneliness whether I love you or not I wanted to love you. Indecisively ignorant you wanted to love somebody.

On a brilliantly sunny afternoon I stood above you. The sun splintered. Two fish swam in a bowl that was to be surreal. Two fish were indifferent to eggbeaters. Incouragible, fallable, passively you gave in for one afternoon. A short passionate breathe filled my lungs. Struggling at each vocal attempt, I juggled backwards swallowing hooks and balancing books, tensely bating an embiciles circus. I cry for the loss my heart feels.

On pine floors I pinned you knowing the pain would bring you pleasure. At last you felt you loved me. I ask only for that feeling. I ask only for feeling. Beauty banishes what common looks cling to. Like knives each complement received brings blood in tears from arteries to eyes.

If confidence would have persisted my offering would have answered your prayers, but for you there is no God you are your only God.

Hungry for intellectual stimulous you haggard your handsome and ugly your vanity. Though your Dorian Gray is a woman's murky ovum you are none the less a dandy. Fortune sensuously emerges for your forever youth. Truth if truth be known; social is a mountain you climb with an elk's grace.

And social is a mountain I have climbed to the last grip of the rope, which is the last grip to my ill fate. My glass head has shattered, my eyes are bluer than yours because I am blue. Manifested in appropriation none of this makes sense and I love someone who doesn't exist but never did.

When I broke up with him I vowed
never speak to him again that was
86-87 and It took 3 years to get
over. I didn't sleep with anyone again
or 5 years. Just FYI.

here it is time to say goodbye.
I hope you enjoyed this time together.
I encourage you to write me. Recently
I asked people to write about The
Smiths "That Joke isn't funny anymore"
The responses included "that queer song"
or "that is a really old song". It
meant something special to me and
as time goes on the Smiths are still
very prolific(?). However its a new era,
a new time, and most importantly
time for a new voice.

EARRING MAGIC AND
SECRET HEARTS KEN, 1992

homoboy readers respond! :

← this is a confused
homophobe
Gary Rogers
112 Prospect St.
Johntown, NE 68095

June 20, 1992

Eric
10415 Tenneta
Houston, TX 77099

← this is me

he wrote
✓ me twice.

I have altered your address from 1990-91 of Pictographs and in

I don't know where you got my name
for your Queer list, but it had better
be dropped from it.

I filed a formal complaint with the Post
Master General about the first shit you
sent me and if I receive anything else
from you I'm going to file another one. I
think at that point it will be taken much
more seriously.

Eric, 10415 Tenneta, Houston, TX 77099

1

2



3

9

10