



"You gonna reform us juvenile delinquents?"

THE TORONTO STAR, Monday, July 12, 1969

### McKENZIE PORTER



During my lifetime many western world homosexuals have participated in a loosely organized campaign to promote a better image of themselves.

Therefore I have always thought that homosexuals are schizophrenic, ambivalent, contrary, paradoxical outpatients afflicted incurably with the agonizing Jekyll and Hyde malady.

So thousands of parents, for this and other reasons, become prostrate with grief on hearing that one of their children has joined the homosexual community.

All the same the homosexuals must be discouraged from seducing the young. Homosexuals were better off when they hid in the closet. Then they were not so easy to spot, not so likely to catch the eye of the highly inbred and experimental pubescents and adolescents.

The more homosexuality is publicly presented as acceptable the more credible to the young seems the myth.

Most mature people, however, continue to look with a candid or secret disgust on the physical practices to which homosexuals are reduced by their abnormality.

And the more the homosexuals flaunt their lamentable infirmities the more intense will become not the public toleration of such, but the public loathing.

J.D.S.  
SEX  
GAY  
WANTS  
YOU!

LEAGUE AGAINST HOMOSEXUALS  
(L.A.H.)  
THEY DO NOT PRODUCE:  
QUEERS AGAINST HOMOSEXUALS  
DO YOU WANT YOUR PARENTS AND FUTURE PARENTS:  
DO YOU WISH TO HAVE YOUR CHILD TURN INTO A QUEER?  
DO YOU WISH TO HAVE YOUR CHILD MARRY THE SAME SEX?  
DO YOU WISH TO KILL OUR FUTURE?



## STOP THE GAY BILL OF RIGHTS

Dear Friend:

"An Act of War". That's what militant homosexuals in California called it recently when a "Gay Bill of Rights" California failed to become law.

A Project of  
Public Advocate  
Citizens Committee  
Eugene DeGaudio  
Executive Director

Now the homosexual movement has made good on their threat has launched an all out attack to help defeat the "Gay Bill of Rights" and return it to me immediately?

That's why I decided I must write you today. Will you please sign your name to the enclosed petition to help defeat the "Gay Bill of Rights" and return it to me immediately?

I pray you will say yes. Because if this twisted bill becomes federal law, your tax dollars won't be safe from the hands of the militant homosexuals and lesbians.

And no child will be safe, either. Even worse, the "Gay Bill of Rights" could force your child to be taught in the classroom by a militant homosexual or lesbian teacher. And they could even be seduced--since "homosexual tendencies" would be legal.

I don't know about you, but I don't want my children handed over to proud lesbian or homosexual teachers. What makes me the angriest though is the open way these militant homosexuals go after our children and grandchildren. In the Senate Bill, if the Gay activists get their way, high schools, grammar schools, nursery schools, and day-care centers will have to hire homosexual child-molesters as teachers, counselors or custodians.

You and I must put Congress on notice that God-fearing Americans don't want militant homosexuals and lesbians using our tax dollars to parade their lifestyle in front of our children. Can you send me \$1000 or \$500 immediately to help defeat H.R. 2624, the repulsive "Gay Bill of Rights"?

Sincerely,  
Eugene DeGaudio  
Executive Director  
Public Advocate Citizens Committee

punk (pa, prison sl; punk = decayed wood used only for tinder; however cf sl punk = prostitute + dated prison sl punk = bread molded into a vagina and fucked while still fresh) // L pants = bread 1. sexually oppressed, constantly raped victim; usually straight Syn: angel ("Hay, angel, when are you gonna grab your ankles for me?"); brat; candy boy; gel-boy; ginch (rare); girl boy; green boy (dated); fuck-his; jailhouse pussy; kid; lap (- Mexican punk); nick-nack; piece of hot apple pie (hump); snatch; pink pants; pleasure punk; pogo (poger, pogie, pogue); PP; pressure punk; pretty boy; prison pussy; public property; "pushover; pussy boy; quilt; gulm (rare, // sl = vagina); raw-sea; roundheals ("Paging Ruby Roundheals to the rear!"); sex boy (punk); singer; slaver (dated); slick pussy; sluff; lakes; youngster 2. to be active in force-licking; to emasculate another man figuratively.  
Related terms:  
bee wrap a flower rape another convict. Syn: take somebody's buns (Awn NYC, teen sl, '70); turn somebody out.  
reformed punk ex-punk turned active.  
Also see: "prison terminology."

J.D.S.  
5

RECRUITING

# J.D.s

HOMOSEXUALS,  
OLD PEOPLE,  
DISILLUSIONED  
RADICALS,  
AND UNLOVED  
CHILDREN:

THAT'S WHO J.D.s

IS MADE FOR.

\$ 3.00

NO CHECKS PLEASE

THANKS TO:

CANDY, MYKEL,  
LANCE, ROB,  
MIKE N.,  
MIKE M.,  
STEVEC,  
GIBBY

all the kids  
who sent in  
questionnaires

and all the  
zines we  
trade with

EDITORS:

G.B.JONES and  
BRUCE LA BRUCE

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J.D.s

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COVER BOYS:

DAVE FINDLEY  
and

BRUCE LA BRUCE  
photographed by  
G.B.JONES

BEING A J.D.  
IS A REAL  
PAIN IN THE  
ASS.



# J.D.s jukebox



THE DICKS at #11

## homocore hit parade

Leftwingers support folks who beg  
Protest and riot all night  
But have a boy's hand on your leg  
Jump and tremble with fright  
Yell, "revolution, destroy banks"  
The president's neck you will cut  
Fight cops, clubs, and tanks  
But God please no prick in the butt

CHORUS:

You're too scared to be queer  
Quick, drink another beer  
Don't let them come near  
What would the neighbours think, dear?  
(punkers)  
(commies)

Politically right and free choice  
Black's and women's rights too  
And homos have rights to be found  
As long as they don't include you  
Tucked back in your mind out of reach  
So far you can't even receive it  
Tell yourself "oh no, not me,"  
Maybe some day you'll believe it.

METAL BREAK: (talking)

CHORUS

You slimey wimp don't impress me  
Your bravery is cowardice  
If you're half as tough as she  
You'd have guts to suck on this  
You say you've got balls to go out  
And burn the American flag.  
It doesn't prove shit, you don't have guts  
Guts enough to be a fag.

CHORUS TO END

LOOK FOR BIG MAN'S "TOO SCARED TO BE QUEER" AND  
NIKKI PARASITE'S "MALE CALL" ON THE UPCOMING  
J.D.s COMPILATION TAPE OF HOMOCORE HITS!

homocore hit parade j.d. jukebox

j.d. jukebox



# homocore hit parade

Coming Up: THE CHIEFS - Tower 19

(At the beach at) 10WRR 18

The Chiefs

4 o'clock in the morning  
I can't sleep  
I wanna get a moon-tan  
and watch the sex action at the beach  
At the beach-I ride my bike there.  
At the beach to lifeguard tower 18.  
When I get back at dawn,  
They ask me where I've been?  
At the beach?

At the beach! I tell you parents  
At the beach! This is so true  
you think your sex action's  
better than their's  
they're doing a job  
you could never do at the beach!

5 o'clock in the morning  
I still can't sleep  
players of the ballgame  
want me to play  
sex action at the beach  
At the beach! I get some education  
At the beach: at faggot tower 18  
When I crawl back at dawn,  
they ask me where I've been?  
At the beach!

Chorus:

(At Venice Beach!  
Right here in L.A.  
At the beach!)

# J.D.s

# homocore hits

# homocore hit parade



BOWWOWWOW at #10

# J.D.s homocore



JACQUE #

# J.D.S

She looked around her at the girls and boys who now swarmed over the steps, unwinding from the tension that had held them quiet; pushing and shoving, giggling and squealing. Alienated youth. These were gangs. Juvenile delinquents.

FIFTH COLUMN at #1

hit

J.D.S. parade

J.D.S. parade

# hit parade

1. FIFTH COLUMN
2. VICTIMS FAMILY
3. NIP DRIVERS
4. MIGHTY SPHINCTER
5. ZUZU'S PETALS
6. ARYAN DISGRACE
7. BEEFEATER
8. THE LEATHER NUN
9. PATTI SMITH
10. BOWWOWWOW
11. DICKS
12. RAINCOATS
13. DR. KNOW
14. NIKKI PARASITE
15. IMPOTENT SEA SNAKES
16. ANGRY SAMOANS
17. SHOCK-HEADED PETERS
18. GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE
19. ARTLESS
20. NIP DRIVERS

- The Fairview Mall Story
- Homophobia
- Quentin Crisp
- Fag Bar
- Bert
- Faggot In The Family
- Fred's Song
- Gimme Gimme Gimme (A Man After Midnight)
- Redondo Beach
- Uomo Sex Al Apache
- Off-Duty Sailor
- Only Loved At Night
- Fist Fun
- Male Call
- I Caught Aids From A Dead Man's Asshole
- Homo-sexual
- I, Bloodbrothers Be
- Cowboys Are Gay
- Boy w/a Cunt
- Nips Get Pissed

Coming Up:

THE CHIEFS-Tower 19  
THE APOSTLES-To Hell With Leviticus

J.D.S. parade



parade

hit

hit parade

J.D.S. parade

I don't care if you stare when you see me walking down the street

'Cause you're the kind of boy I'd never want to meet

And it's O.K. if you say "He's a fag; c'mon guys; let's kick his butt"

'Cause maybe some boy will hear you and try to pick me up

And I'm sick and tired of getting the runaround - that isn't right  
And I'm sick and tired of sitting here by myself jerking off every night

So this is a male call

This is a male call

This is a male call

And I'm calling you

## pleasure punk

(repeat whole song)

Well; I know that this song's not too long and I know it's not too great

But I wanna be on the J.D.s Top Twenty Tape

Since this song's almost done, I will leave you with only one request

If you're nice, cute, and hung, then write to this address:

Nikki Parasite, P.O. Box 234, Livingston, New Jersey, 07039, USA

## FAG BAR

Summer's here and I jump into my car  
Take a drive down the highway to the local queer bar  
Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar; yeah  
Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar

## pink pants

My car's full of gas; my foot's on tight  
I want to go to a place where the boys don't fight

Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar

## green boy

Yeah; I want to go where the boys have class  
They suck each other's meat; they take it up the ass  
Going to a fag bar

Going to a fag bar. Yeah  
Going to a fag bar; ha ha ha  
Going to a fag bar

## sex boy [punk]

Yeah; on the floor I start to dance  
Some Greek god wants to jump inside my pants

Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar, come on  
Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar

## candy pants

Summoned up the devil on the dance floor  
I'm going to fuck him up the ass til he runs out the door

Going to a fag bar  
Going to a fag bar; yeah

## fuck- boy



JD's had become

Fags

LIVELY AND LUSTY

YOUNG STUD

SEX MACHINE

RUMP RANGERS

Lynn  
Goldsmith

sex



Here, for the very first time, Tracie Thomas TELLS YOU what it's like to be HER—and you have to admit that being Tracie Thomas is pretty special. Unlike what most of you think, it hasn't always been easy for Tracie. She's had problems just like yours with her weight, her hair, her makeup, being self-conscious around girls, having fits of depression, feeling unpopular, liking girls when she couldn't date, and the usual ups and downs of trying to grow up. What may be different about you and Tracie is that she's solved most of those problems and now wants to share her success secrets with you. She's learned what it takes to be successful and popular and so can YOU! Here are just a few features of Tracie's fabulous book:

# GIRL TO GIRL BY TRACIE THOMAS



## POPULARITY

**Parties:** Learning to never stop.

**Boys:** How to get rid of them.

**Personality:** Don't be a girly-girl.

**Parents:** How to avoid having them



## BEAUTY

**Skin Care:** How to pick the right tattoo and keep it looking new

**Nails:** Nails that you can play guitar with

**Hair Styles:** Is a Mohawk right for you?

**Fashion:** Chains, boots, wristbands, spikes—what's legal

**PLUS . . . Pages and pages of photographs of Tracie and how she's grown from a chubby little girl into a beautiful young woman—DON'T WAIT A DAY—SEND FOR THIS BOOK RIGHT NOW!**

Great! Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(s) of GIRL to GIRL by Tracie Thomas I'm enclosing \$1.25 for each copy I want plus 25¢ for postage and handling. (Outside U.S.A. send \$1.75 in international money order)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: GIRL to GIRL  
Drawer L  
Hollywood, Calif.



of today's

top

group

a-s-f

# GIRL TO GIRL BY TRACIE THOMAS

sex pistols



sex pistols



CAUTION:

# BUTCH

ADULTS  
\$4.00

ISSUE  
No. 5



CRASHING



I almost don't feel like telling this story because it's not exactly cheerful, and I don't want to depress anyone any more than they probably already are, but actually it does have a happy ending, so here it goes. First, I have to give you a piece of advice that if you're smart you'll follow: never take your boyfriend on any trips or excursions with your parents in a car and spend the entire weekend in some remote location with them, especially if they don't know that he's your boyfriend, or that you even have boyfriends, and even more especially if he happens to be a hustler. This is the mistake I made last year when I went up to my parents farm with them and Butch and my little sister Cookie, supposedly to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city. And I do mean 'hustle', since at the time I was getting pretty fed up with Butch's career on the streets, to be honest. I've been thinking a lot about hustlers lately - you know, psychology-type stuff - and I've come up with some pretty interesting ideas on the subject. First of all, if you think a hustler isn't trying to prove something by being paid for making out with another guy, you're crazy. So how does Butch account for me, his supposed boyfriend? Actually, now that I think about it, Butch never actually uses that word, even though he's always practically tearing my clothes off with his big mits, or shoving his crotch in my face when I'm bending over to pick up some loose change on the ground or something. Maybe he thinks of me as his assistant, I don't know.

STORY BY BRUCE I A BRUCE DRAWINGS BY DAVE-IT

I  
began  
to  
stare  
out  
the  
window  
at  
the  
passing  
hydro  
poles,  
drifting  
off  
to  
sexy  
memories  
about  
my  
hustler.

I do know he takes pride in his work, and is always showing me the tricks of the trade. For instance, I learned all about safe sex from Butch. Laugh all you want, but Butch practically invented safe sex. He's been using shieks longer than anybody I know, and I'm always getting embarrassed when he pulls out a fistful of change for the cashier in some department store or restaurant and drops about five safes on the floor in the process which I have to kick under the counter before anyone notices. My third point about hustlers is that they always claim to want to lead a normal life eventually and settle down and have a wife and kids in the country, or at least the suburbs. Usually they tell you this right after you've spent about two hours in bed with them making out like you wouldn't believe. You can almost see the gears grinding in their heads, but they can't, which leads me to my last point about hustlers: don't ever try to do any psychologizing on them, because they don't have any idea why they do what they do, and they don't want to know, either. I don't know how many times I've said to Butch, don't you realize why you're acting in such and such a way, blah blah blah, and do you know what his usual response is?: "Don't be gay". Figure that one out.

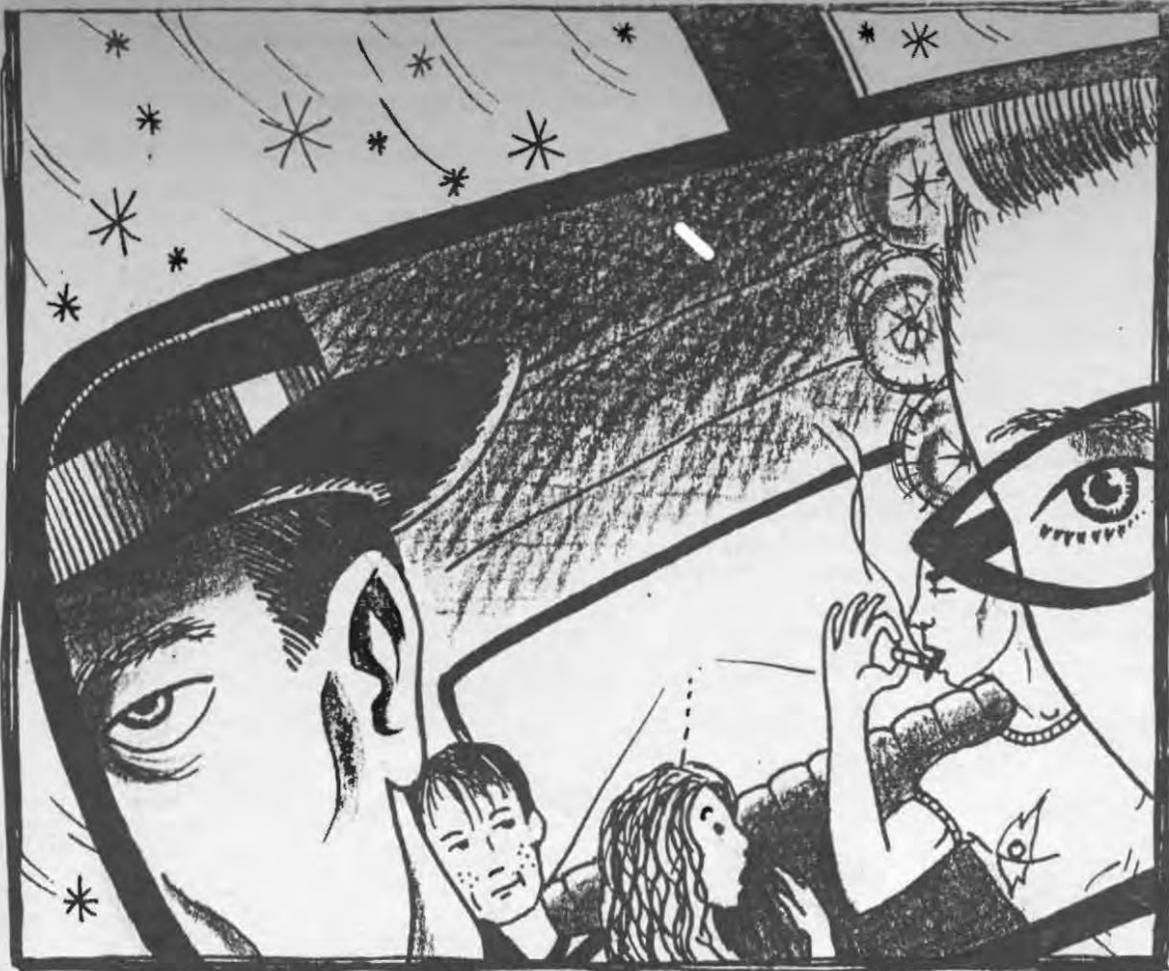
So there was this one time last fall when I thought that Butch should try to give up hustling and move on to something with more of a future in it, so I figured my best bet would be to get him out of the city for a few days to give him out of the city for a few days to give him the chance to look at things from a different angle. Maybe I thought he'd even learn something. I should have known better, as I had already tried to mix Butch with my family by inviting him to my brother's wedding the previous spring, which turned out to be a real disaster.\*

So this one weekend we all went up to my parents farm in their old 1975 Chrysler Newport Custom, which is like this huge boat on wheels that almost takes up both lanes and can easily force tractor-trailers off the highway, which gives you a lot of room inside to manoeuvre around and spread out your legs: me and Butch and Cookie in the back and Mom and Dad in the front and lots of comic books and crossword puzzles and egg salad sandwiches strewn about and board games like Trouble! and Sorry! and Jeopardy! that Cookie could trouble her mean old brother with. My parents

\* See J.D.s #1 for all the gory details.

actually used to live on this farm before moving to the city so my father could get a better paying job at a factory seeing as modest farmers can't make a living any more unless they sell out and become ruthless cattle barons or something, according to my Dad, so now they just rent the land out and keep the house as a place to go on weekends and holidays, even though it's a pretty long distance from Big Town. Little did we know that the first snowstorm of the year would turn the drive into a total hell-ride, making worse the tensions that already existed between my parents and Butch.

The first couple of hours before the storm hit were great, I have to say. Cookie was having a ball with old Butch, who was keeping her amused with his bottomless repertoire of fiendish tricks. Like, for example, Butch was smoking up a storm, since both my parents smoke like chimneys themselves, and even don't really trust a person who won't have the occasional friendly cigarette, or light up in a crisis. But when neither of them was looking in the rear view mirror, Butch would put out his cigarette on his tongue, causing Cookie to squeal in horror and delight. My mother would whip her head around fast to see what the commotion was about, dislodging a couple of curlers, maybe, in the process, and Butch would be sitting there innocently with the butt still in his mouth, smiling tight-lipped in a very sincere way. Mom would frown in a scary fashion and turn back around, then Butch would stick his tongue out again and calmly remove the incriminating evidence with the ends of his fingers like a prince, and deposit it in the pull-out ashtray on the back of the front seat. I could tell Cookie was deeply impressed by this little show, even though I'd already told her the secret behind it, which is to have a big gob worked up in your mouth already to put out the cigarette before it burns the crap out of your tongue. Then a bit later Butch turned his eyelids inside-out and acted like one of the living dead, pretending to take a big bite out of Cookie's forehead, which made her giggle so much that she had to bury her head in my armpit to keep from raising Mom's dander again with her piercing squeals. Butch had many such tricks, like he could touch the tip of his nose with his tongue, which grossed Cookie out, but secretly turned me on (My Dad is the only other person I know who can do it), or fart on command, which he refrained from doing in the car, much to my relief. Fortunately, most of these antics remained undetected by my parents, who



were already pissed off at him for being a little bit weird. I guess they were pretty preoccupied, listening with concern to the weather reports on the radio predicting the first bad snowstorm of the season. So as Butch was doing everything but the old soft shoe to entertain Cookie, I began to stare out the window at the passing hydro poles;

drifting off to sexy memories about  
my hustler. There he was, only a  
few feet away from me, and I couldn't  
even touch him for fear that my family  
would get suspicious. It was so un-  
fair - if he was a girl, I could've  
been sitting on his lap and no one  
would've blinked an eye. But by now  
I was already getting the idea that  
the world wasn't exactly a fair place;



I  
couldn't  
help  
but  
get  
a  
hard-on  
right  
there

so I contented myself with my dirty thoughts.

I was thinking about the night before, when me and Butch had been together in bed in his crummy squat-like apartment on the wrong side of town. The landlord still hadn't fixed the broken window, so a few stray snowflakes were making their way across the room towards us. It made me shiver to think of another long Canadian winter without heat in a cockroach-infested dive, even though I only slept over at Butch's jump on weekends, since my parents were still giving me a weekly allowance, after all. As it stood, they thought it was pretty weird, me spending so much time with a street-type like Butch, who wore combat boots, dirty jeans, and a ripped t-shirt exposing a pierced nipple. I don't think they exactly believed me when I told them he was helping me with my homework judging by the volume of their contemptuous laughs. But I was eighteen, my last year of high school, so they probably thought I was just easing my way into the real world by experimenting with booze and drugs like any normal kid. I don't think they suspected me of fooling around with Butch, though, otherwise I would've been out on my ear long ago.

in my parents'  
car, much to  
my embarrassment.  
I quickly grabbed  
the Trouble! board  
to cover my crotch,  
and Butch reached  
over and started  
pressing the

By this time Cookie was pretty wiped out, and fell asleep like kids usually do, passing right out in the middle of claiming they're not even tired. It's a good thing she's a sound sleeper, too, because it meant she would totally miss the terrible events to come.

At this point my mother was sitting rigid in her seat facing my father, keeping a close eye on him in case he started to nod off. It'd begun to snow pretty bad by now, and when the snow comes steady at you out of the black, melting into the windshield, you have to be careful not to get hypnotized. My father was always falling asleep at the best of times, like while reading the newspaper in front of the hockey game on TV. We'd always toss a magazine or something at him to watch him jerk awake, crumpling the paper and not knowing where the hell he was. So when he nodded off every half hour or so while driving, Mom would have to jab him in the ribs and yell "Ron!", and he'd wake up totally disoriented and swerve into the gravel on the shoulder of the road, snake-tailing the car like crazy. I'd usually be in the backseat grabbing on to something solid, in this case, Butch's knee. Butch took the whole thing in stride, probably because he didn't care whether he lived or died, or so he often claimed.

So there I was in the real world, in bed with Butch, reaching my hand up between his legs towards his already stiff dick. He wasn't reciprocating tonight, but he wasn't exactly saying no, either, so I had to do all the work. I began by licking his low hanging balls, working my way up to the cock that throbbed against his "washboard stomach" (as they say in the magazines). I sucked him off until he almost came, then moved up to his rock hard nipples, which I worked on for a while before attacking his stubby neck with my tongue. Then I returned to his cock and, with a few deft strokes, jerked us both off until we came together, lying side by side, panting like dogs.

Thinking of this little episode, I couldn't help but get a hard-on right there in my parents' car, much to my embarrassment. I quickly grabbed the Trouble! board to cover my crotch, which evidently didn't escape Butch's roving eye, as he reached over and started pressing the POP-O-MATIC. I didn't like Butch making sex jokes in front of Cookie, so I shot him a dirty look and he sheepishly cut the crap.

POP-O-MATIC.



Butch  
stood  
pissing  
up  
against  
a  
brick  
wall...

I guess it was a combination of the heavy snow, the patch of black ice on the road, and Dad's falling asleep at the wheel that caused the accident. One minute we were driving along, the next my mother was yelling out Dad's name and the car spinning out of control. I can't be sure, it happened so fast, but I think Butch may have been grinning the whole time - I could be wrong, but Butch does get a kind of sick enjoyment out of disasters and doomsday type stuff. Only a kid like Cookie could sleep through a car accident with a beautiful smile on her face. Mom passed right out, holding her hairstyle in place with both hands, and my Dad was probably too busy trying to avoid fence posts and ditches to even think about what was really happening. As it turned out, luck was with us, because we didn't smash into anything or flip over. Before leaving the road, the car made three complete spins by my count, and finally came to rest smack in some farmer's field.

The funny thing about accidents is your life really does flash before your eyes. Actually, for me it was more like the three most memorable moments that came back to me. The first one was the time Ricky Frisbee pulled my pants down during recess in front of the entire third grade. The second one was the time me and my brother were playing darts in the rec room one Saturday morning and he accidentally threw one that hit me in the eyeball and stuck. The third thing was the time I first saw Butch as he stood pissing up against a brick wall...

It was without a doubt the sexiest thing I ever saw, before or since. It was a summer night - I was supposed to be studying at the library for a make up course I had to take on account of flunking biology that semester, but I just couldn't keep my mind on the books thinking about all the boys out there in the world I would never get close to because I was such a loser. So I left for home, taking a detour past the YMCA to see what

I was missing. Plenty, if you're asking. Especially this guy I noticed right away from a distance with everything in the right place. He was pissing against the bricks with one hand straight ahead planted on the wall, the other dug casually into the pocket of his tight jeans. As I got closer I could see the stream of pee winding its way towards the sewer grate ten feet behind him, which turned me on for some reason. I would never've had the nerve to go anywhere near him except that after shaking off and pulling in, he turned around and smiled at me as if he knew I'd been gawking at him all along. That's when I tripped over the garbage cans. I ended up giving him a blow and my number on the back of a book of matches in a back alley. He called me two

days later, and the rest was gravy.

So two years later I'm stuck in the snow in a car in the middle of nowhere with Butch and my family, but fortunately, as it turns out, we're only a few miles from the farmhouse, and a neighbouring farmer sees us making an unexpected departure from the main highway and comes along in his snowmobile suit and huge cabin tractor with a radio and everything in it to dig us out. Butch is impressed that even in the middle of a snowstorm you can detect the smell of cowshit from the farmer's skidoo suit.

So before you know it we're in the old farmhouse, which has this great smell like mothballs and shit, all drinking hot coffee, including Cookie, and sitting around the wood stove doing a post mortem on the big accident in which we almost died. Cookie is disappointed that she missed everything; Butch tells a few stories about wipe-outs he had during his motorcycle days. Mom listens politely, but winces every time Butch forgets to watch his language and says fuck, or gropes himself out of habit like he's still on the job. Before you know it Dad's slowly tipping sideways and snoring, Cookie throws a magazine at him and Mom says it's time for bed. Cookie gives me and Butch each one of her famous kisses that almost poke your teeth through your lips and demonstrates a pretty impressive one-handed cartwheel before tearing upstairs. I tell Mom we'll be up in a little while.

It feels weird to be with Butch in the house I grew up in. "Wanna smoke a joint", he says right off, but I'm afraid Mom will smell it, even though she doesn't even know what it smells like. "Well..maybe, if we go up to the attic..."



Very quietly I pull down the ladder and up we climb to the trap door, which I push up slowly until it clicks. Butch lets the door down easy as I grope for the string that turns on the single bare bulb that swings, creating an eerie effect like in a movie after someone's just been

axed up. I can see all my old public school notebooks and science projects and Hallowe'en costumes strewn about, not to mention my old Hot Wheels collection. There's snowshoes hanging from the rafters, and old hockey equipment and skidoo suits of every size in plastic bags, like concealed bodies.

Butch lights up sitting on a kiddie car I used to tear around on, and I flake out on an old moth-eaten mattress. We get really high, and, as usual, really horny. Butch comes over and lays on top of me, his face over mine, his cock pressing through his jeans against my belly. I wrap my arms around him and his lips are on mine. His cock is hard as I pull his jeans down over the cheeks of his ass. I run my fingers up and down the crack of his ass and he moans. I massage him and get in between his legs. I pull back and bend my head down and kiss his hot ass hole. Then he's up on his hands and knees and I reach around him and grab his crank. I take hold and move my fist up and down. I lay back and spread my legs as he moves in between them and takes hold of my cock. His cock is right in front of my face and I reach up and touch it. I want to pull it into my mouth but there's no way. I just satisfy myself with pulling it up and down and sucking on his balls, rolling my tongue all around them. Finally I manoeuvre around so that I can reach the hot shaft of his cock. I kiss the blue avenue of lust and open my lips wide. He is almost too wide for lips. He throbs in my mouth until I move back, letting the hot cock pop out so that

I can run my fist up and down it. He moans as my hot mouth moves along the hard plain of his belly. I kiss my way up from his cock and move my mouth to his navel. I push my tongue into that hot hole and then move all the way up to his face. I still have the death grip on his cock as I plant a hot kiss on his lips. I kiss him hard, and kiss my way down his body and he moans as my lips brush across the head of his cock. I take his hot staff in my mouth and bob up and down. I move as fast as I can on his cock and he moans and thrashes around. He moves his hand on my head and then down my back. I suck hard and he moans and arches his back. His whole body goes tense and he begins to shake. He lifts his ass right off

the mattress and yells out quietly. I move my hand on his shaft as he comes, shooting up to his own face. Afterwards he lays on the mattress, facing up, his lips slack and his eyes closed. I'm happy as the heat dissipates inside me. I move my hands on his body.

Actually, this is really not what happened. I just thought you might lose interest if I didn't throw in a big dirty part at the end. (I stole it from a book Butch bought me once called "Queer Pen".) What really happened was we blew some grass and got very kind of quiet and contemplative and listened to the wind whistling in the rafters and the mice in the walls. We just sat there looking at each other, trying to figure out what the hell we were doing in the middle of nowhere, with my parents, no less, and I got this intense feeling that I would never find anyone who could understand me and still like me like Butch did. I wondered if he was thinking the same thing, because he had this very intense look in his eyes. I knew there was no future for us, but it didn't matter, because what passed between us at that moment was enough.

Just as I was starting to get sentimental, I thought I heard a

I don't  
think  
they  
suspected  
me of  
fooling  
around  
with Butch





Just as I  
was starting  
to get  
sentimental,  
I thought I  
heard a  
noise coming  
from  
down below.

noise coming from down below. I asked Butch if he heard it too, and he nodded, so we went over and lifted the trap. Half way down the ladder, we noticed a certain kid wandering around in her nightie. Cookie, of course, sleepwalking, as usual. Cookie has this very scary way of walking in her sleep, her hands slightly out in front of her in case she bumps into something, her eyes wide open, her mouth set in a slight frown, sometimes with strands of her long brown hair caught in it. She looked like one of the living dead - the one who eats her parents. We just stood there quietly and watched her. Once she stopped in the middle of the shag carpet and looked right at us - she looked like she was going to pee and tell us we're going to die up there, just like Linda Blair. But after a minute

or so she just kept on going, muttering to herself. Finally she headed back upstairs, and I followed her to make sure she made it back to bed all right. Then Butch and me went back up to the attic and did what I

told you about earlier, but not in so many words (or positions).

I never expected to be doing something like this in the middle of all the junk from my childhood, but there you have it. I guess it just goes to show you - you can never tell what's going to happen. Not with Butch around.







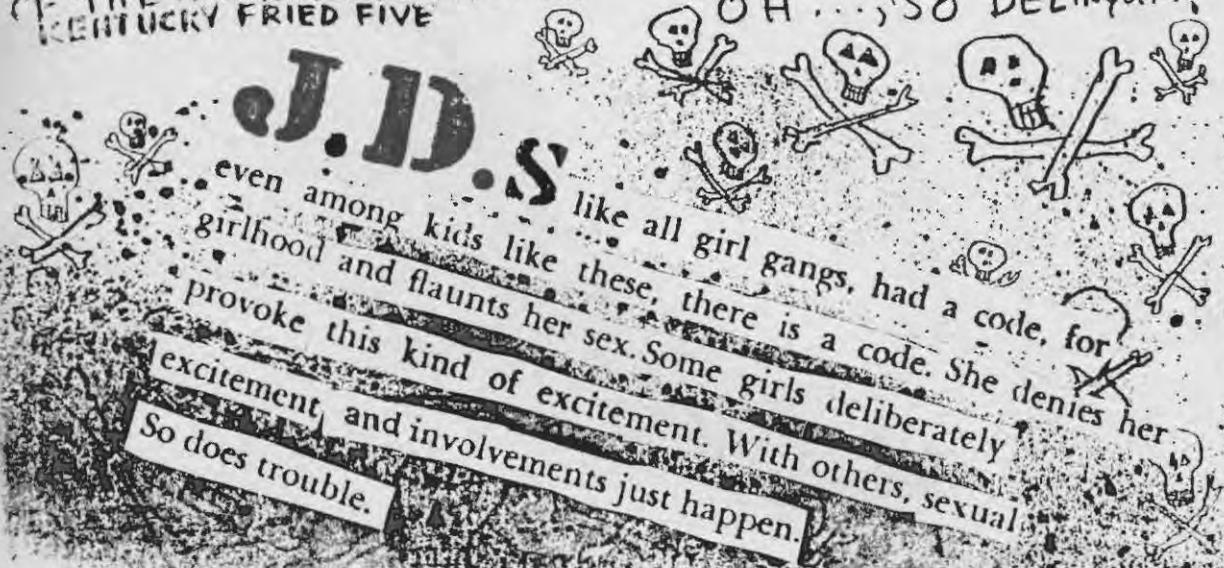
PHOTOS BY G. B. BOKER

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THE HANDCUFFS - JENNIFER OF THE NANCYS AND LINDA OF THE KENTUCKY FRIED FIVE

AMANDA AND MEAN: JUVENILE, AND OH... SO DELINQUENT.

# J.D.S

even among kids like these, there is a code. She denies her girlhood and flaunts her sex. Some girls deliberately provoke this kind of excitement. With others, sexual excitement and involvements just happen. So does trouble.



Like all of the gang girls and boys, she was a practicing cop-hater, and like most gang girls and boys, she feared their power and resented their authority. Not that so-called delinquents don't know the difference between right and wrong. They know. They just don't happen to agree with the current definitions. Juvenile delinquents are not without values and standards of behavior. It's just that their values are different. It's not easy to love a delinquent girl. She's vulgar, she's coarse.

She despises the world.



F. F. U., THE WORLD! SEZ AMANDA AND  
MEAN JEAN

# hard-core



G.B. Jones and Bruce La Bruce, editors of J.D.s, published by The New Lavender Panthers.

J.D.s is dedicated to the furtherance of **hard-core** photography, and literature - without confining itself to material which will offend no one or avoiding that which may offend some. It is our belief that freedom of communication shall not be denied to any segment of our society even though that group may be anathema to the so-called "normal" majority. If we were wise enough, we might know that communication may have greater therapeutic value than any sermon that those of the "normal" community can ever offer. ■ And if the communication is of value to the so-called "deviant" community, how can it be said to be without any redeeming social importance? Redeeming to whom? Importance to whom?

**J.D.s** came into being because of your demand.

The famous photographers and artists whose work you will see regularly in J.D.s decided to publish this magazine to satisfy a need that is evident through *your* letters and requests. So the contents of J.D.s will never be picked casually at random by an editor out-of-touch with the readers, but will always be the best of the pictures that *you* request - and as many of them as we can fit in! From time to time there will be articles on THE **HARDCORE SCENE**, entertainment and the models we feature.

HEY, KIDS, ACROSS THE U.S.

(AND PART OF

CANADA)!

THIS IS THE

J.D.s RECRUITING

ISSUE, BUB, AND

J.D.s WANTS YOU!

J.D.s IS

UNLEASHING

A HOMOCORE

COMPILATION

TAPE ON AN

UNSUSPECTING

PUBLIC, AND WE

WANT YOUR SONG

ON IT! IF YOU ARE

A HARDCORE GROUP

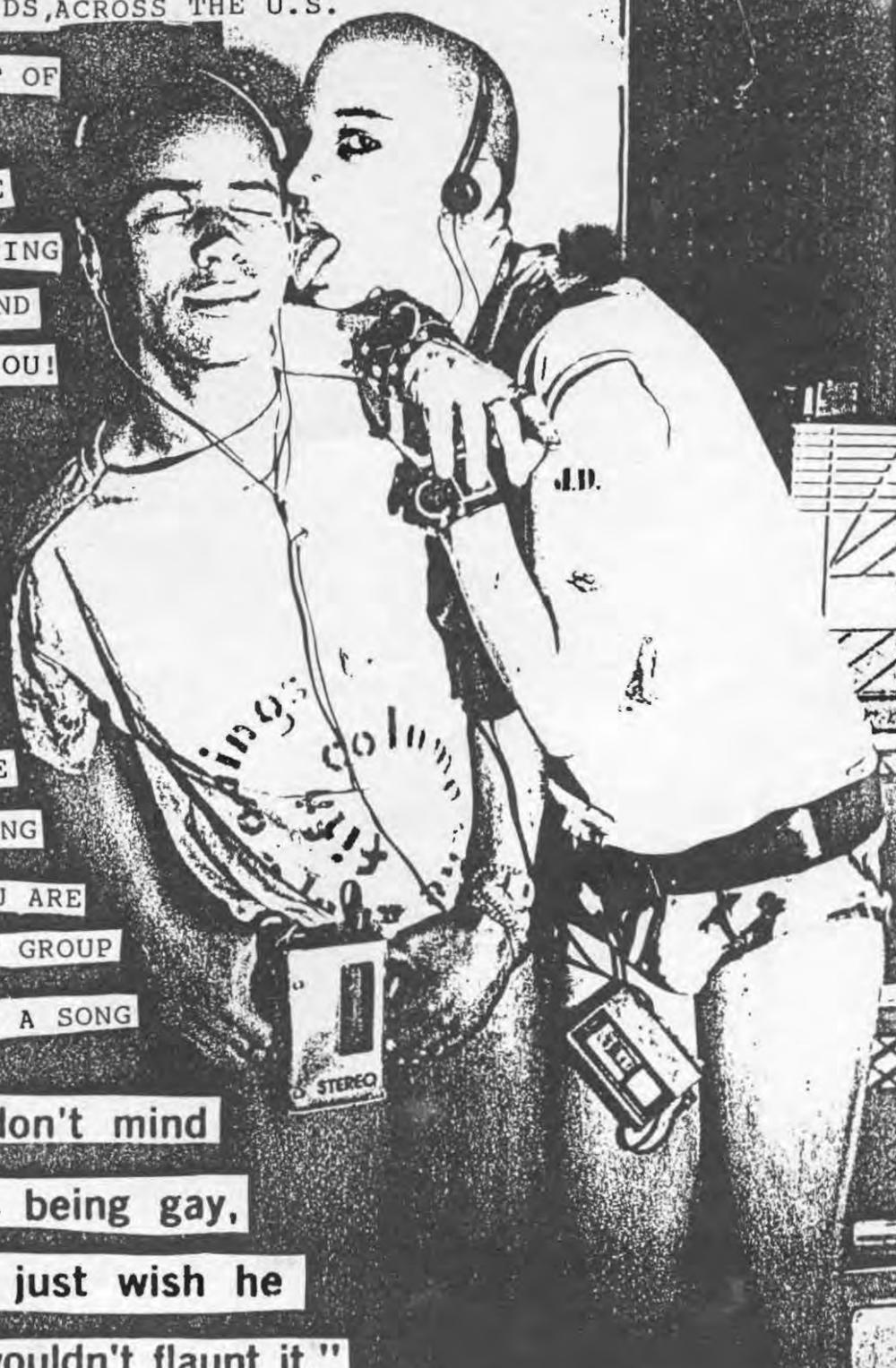
AND HAVE A SONG

"I don't mind

him being gay.

I just wish he

wouldn't flaunt it."



WITH HOMO

CONTENT,

THEN THAT'S

HOMOCORE!

RUSH YOUR

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO:

J.D.s

POB 1110

Adelaide St. Stn.

Toronto,

Ontario,

Canada

M5C 2K5



Dear MRR,

Let me compliment you on Mykel Board's fine piece of work in MRR #10! At least in my opinion he's right. But I know that around here (I don't know about out there) that if you are bisexual you are also a "fag", therefore you might as well be dead. That is unless "THEY" don't find out. Talk about tension! or is that where all those drugs are supposed to come in, or am I supposed to have a nervous breakdown before I'm 18. No thanks. Having gone through all of the above by the tender young age of 17 I have come to the conclusion that "do whatever you goddamn please and if people pick on you (which will happen) then you have to fight them back. There will never (a bit of pessimism here) be any stopping of this beating up on the minority shit. Everyone is a minority in someone else's eyes. You're right that it would be great if everyone suddenly became bisexual (and fun too). But I don't think that could ever happen. Most people aren't like that. I'm sure you opened up eyes for a lot of people, hopefully some in my community cause I'm running out of band-aids. Michael Zimmerman/Oversland Park, Kansas

**DIVIDED AND CONQUERED**

Dear MRR,

We read a letter in issue #7 that we were impressed with. It was from a guy that seemed pretty intelligent, about his being gay and liking hard-ons. We wish there were more people who would accept his attitude. Too many people in this "scene" are caught up in the brainwashing of the words "fag" or "gay" being derogatory. Everyone seems to be supportive of the "Unite!" idea, yet they're out to destroy others in their scene who are a little different or don't quite fit in. They claim to support individuality, and yet--well, they should be supportive of anyone and everyone who supports the bands and the scene, whether they're male or female, gay or straight, black or white, straight edge or not...EVERYBODY. We're all in this together, and together is how we can change things.

Anyway, we just wanted to encourage the guy who wrote that letter to keep his attitudes and beliefs. Remember: you can hope for today, and you can hope for tomorrow, but there's no guarantee when you hope for the future unless you do something about it!

Cathe Crooks & Trisa Jeppesen  
Boise, ID

P.S. We thought his album idea (becoming a "Shaun Cassidy" type teen idol, then popping a thrash album on the little girls) was pretty funny! He should do it.

Dear MRR,

Thanks to M. Board for the mention of J.D.s and to MRR for listing our homoerotic zine. Some of you may have noticed a discrepancy in the addresses for J.D.s the thing is, we seem to get evicted a lot or our house gets condemned or some damn thing, so in order to solve the problem, we finally got a P.O. box. Our new mailing address is J.D.s: POB 1110, Adelaide Station, Toronto, Ont. M5C 2K5, Canada. If you already sent some hate mail or anything to the two different addresses printed in MRR, I'm sure it'll be forwarded to us, so don't sweat it. Also, we're writing an article on the topic of "Gays and Punks" for MRR (if they'll have it), so if anyone has any opinions or rad comments on the subject for us, send them along. And if there are any hardcore homo bands out there who want a little extra "exposure" (ahem), send us some pix of youse, buck naked, or at least provocatively posed, and we'll print them in J.D.s, no problem. Or info on your band, interviews, whatever. We also welcome comix, gay fag porno stories, etc. Thank a lot, eh? Easy G.B. Jones and Bruce LaBruce

Dear MRR,

This letter is in reference to Mykel Board's column in #10 about the article in #9 about "Punk 'fag bashers'". Let me explain that I am a gay punk, that is to say I am a punk who happens to love other men more than I love women.

It disappointed me to read that punks had begun to go out and beat up gay men. I had found that punks were most understanding when I told them that I was gay because we are both groups which are misunderstood and hated by society at large. We have a lot in common, I was outraged when I read in the Native, NY's gay newspaper, that 2 men had been attacked by 3 punks with baseball bats. The man in the picture had to get 100 stitches in his head and face.

I'm sorry that I can't agree with Mykel Board that the gay liberation movement has outlived its usefulness. There are only a cities in the US which protect lesbians and gay men from discrimination, and NY (with between 1-2 million gay people) is not one of them. Until gay civil rights are guaranteed by the federal gov't, I cannot agree that the gay liberation movement isn't necessary any longer.

I don't like the gay bar scene any more than Mykel does, but I think bars serve an important function. When I try to dance with other men at 'straight' bars, I have been subjected to verbal abuse, spitting, and physical threats. I get bruised, worst dancing with men at 'straight' bars than I do after slamming all afternoons at CBGB's.

I agree that most fag-bashers are reacting to their own feelings of love for other men. But Board's advice is too silly to take seriously. Self-defense against assholes with baseball bats is almost useless. Mykel's Gandhian/Christian idea ("Don't fight 'em, fuck 'em") is stupid. The best defense fag-bashers have in court (if they're caught at all) is to say that the gay men made a pass at them, it's not a Christian, and I certainly won't turn the other cheek; nor will I love those who hate me.

I would love to see more straight people questioning the sexual roles which they have been forced into by society. It would make me the happiest person alive if other straights reacted to anti-gay statements by saying, like Mykel Board, not "We should tolerate them", but "We are them." Gay people don't look any different than the rest of us (at least lesbian and gay punks), so if we all say we're gay, nobody can hate some of us without hating all of us.

David Fleiss/ 47 Claremont Ave #2D/ NY NY 10027.

P.S. for Mykel. Please don't refer to lesbians and gay men as homos. I don't think you would call a black a "nigger" nor a Jew a "kike"; please extend the same courtesy and respect to gays.

Dear MRR,

Just when I was beginning to think that I was the only "punk" who could utter the word "feminist" without sneering, along comes MRR. First was Robin Vole's surprisingly feminist article on violence against women. (I figured that was just a fluke.) Then in #35 Steve Spinal pulled thru with his anti-macho, pro-woman critique of our sacred scene. (My sentiments exactly.) Heck, even Mykel Board, who's no genius at sexual politics, has finally realized that not all feminists are the same (i.e. anti porn, "humorous", "lascivious") Maybe there's hope for the world after all.

Personally I'm waiting for the day when I can go to a show and see punks wearing women's power symbols, and labrets and band names like FRIGHTWIG and ANTI SCRUMTI FACTION on their leather jackets. Then I'll know that I'm not the only radically feminist, openly queer punk in the world.

Sherry Xi P.O. Box 514/ Philadelphia PA 19105

MRR and Quad from L-ville KY.

I wanna throw in my "just a thought" about Quad's letter (MRR#53) reacting to Mykel Board's column Quad, a gender/sex unidentified individual, proposes that women need to develop a more "female attitude." Quad brings this up because it seems lately women have been trying to "copy male ideals, and not being males, naturally don't do it as well." Well, I would disagree with that in its own "logic," but instead let me make a few basic observations. Quad seems to think there's some absolute biologically determined personality differences between men and women. Quad is wrong. There's a whole way of looking at it: one has to do with sex -- yeah, most of us really appreciate it, and it has to do purely with biology -- dick or twat (male or female), then there's GENDER which is purely SOCIAL, what our society defines as masculine or feminine -- who reads Sports Illustrated vs. who reads Better Homes and Gardens. It's obvious -- a gay man for example is by sex male, but by mainstream social definition of gender, feminine (effeminate). If you look at the situation that way it's obvious that women have tried both the feminine and masculine definitions of social roles (or ideals, attitudes, whatever you want to call them). Quad suggests that women must look for something else -- I say fuck that. Blaming the victim once again. Maybe it's time for men to try the feminine approach since women have found it necessary to learn both ways. "Just a thought."

But why should we keep having this artificial division of the sexes/genders? It's just one of those things that is a pillar of mainstream power and social control. Frankly, I think women have benefitted from the mind-opening involved in learning the ropes of being masculine as well as feminine, with a lot of suffering because men are still mostly stuck in one gender. What we really need to do is just all start acting like HUMANES. Get rid of the idea of masculinity and start working on an idea of humanness which gives everyone a chance for the full range of their personalities to come out. More than "just a thought." Write me if you agree, disagree or have another thought. J.V. back 501 S. York, Booneville, TN 37026



# (fuck-buddy gear box) punk rump-ranger

MRR readers

So homobigotry finally comes out of the "punk closet". The more evolved with the scene I get the more I notice the "punk approved" form of hatred. I have learned a few things about the American scene, not all punks are politically active, not all punks are an establishment, and most definitely, not all "punks" are punks. There is no difference between a fuckin' YUPPIE neo fascist senator, Supreme Court Justice or president denying me my "inalienable rights" and an ASSHOLE with a mohawk and army boots beating the shit out of me because I happen to be Gay... both support oppression, no matter what form of music they listen to.

You know who you are... the bands who will sing about acid rain, scream in support of Black South Africans, damn the corporations and then dedicate your next song to "all the laggot-ass queers who like to suck dick and deserve to die of AIDS". And then proceed to sing about how much thrill it would be to kill all the laggots or watch them die of AIDS... well punk, real cool. Fortunately there are some beautiful pro-humy bands in the area who use about petty bigotry (A.P.P.L.E., URGENT FURY).

I'll be the first to admit that the U.S. Gay "movement" (if you can call it that) has not been at all receptive to punks. Then again, with a bunch of white upper-middle class men running the "movement" what else can you expect. Homobigotry may be universal, but why can't punk overcome it? But no, keep on bashing the lags... help the Establishment with their divide and conquer plan of attack. Thanks. Peace Love Anarchy.  
Ray M / POB 14/ Selden, NY 11784-0014

Dear MRR

Hi I just want to say that I at first I thought that your having an all-woman ish was a good idea. It's great to give women a larger voice than they might normally have. But then, I started to think that it is somewhat sexist against men. I cannot see how separatism can help things—I only builds barriers.

I'm writing because every day I deal with something that 10% of all punks do too. I'm a lesbian. This gives me different experiences than straight punks will have to deal with, and I want to share them, because I know out there someone must also be in the same situation that I am. Being gay was something that was really hard for me to accept for many years, a large part of that was because of the homophobic atmosphere of my family. But just like being a punk, this is the way I am, and I would never change it. I wish I could change the attitudes of so many punks who hate gays. I want to ask them what is so wrong with love? Even if it isn't what's considered "normal" by society—so what, skins and punks aren't considered normal either, and we don't give a shit. We even take pride in that—so why should gays be any different.

A lot of the time I feel so alone, isolated. I go to gay meetings at school, to lesbian rap sessions, and about all I have in common with the other dykes is that I'm a woman who loves women. How do other punk dykes meet friends and girlfriends? I mean, shit, not all lesbians want to go dance to Stacy Q all night or go to gay bars. It is really hard being a subculture within a subculture, because most lesbians don't relate to punks and there aren't a whole hell of a lot of other girls I know or meet at gigs who are gay too. And I live in L.A. I feel so sorry for gays in really small scenes, how awful that must be. I've tried going out with lesbians not into my music, but it is hard because there is a big chunk of my life I can't really share with them. I'd be interested in hearing replies on the subject. For acceptance and equality, Bamby

P.S. Hi and lots of love to Elio and the gang in Tottenham. I miss you guys so much—sorry for taking so long to write back! Hi also to Ross, the most gorgeous skin in London!, Bubba, and Leo. Sorry for acting like such a cunt. I hope things are working out OK for you.

## IF YOU COME TO SAN FRANCISCO....

Attention gay/lesbian punks,  
If you are interested in politics at all, and would like to come to San Francisco this summer during the Democratic convention, you can stay with me if you like. I am a gay male, age 26, and sex is not a requirement for a free place to stay. I don't expect sex or anything else. I just want to help you get here so you can witness for yourself the convention area, which could turn out to be big news. And also being gay, I'm sure you have a curiosity about S.F., so you can see for yourself what it's like.

I'll still be slaving away flopping out fast food while you're here. I think it would do us good to meet people from other parts of the country who have 2 such important things in common—being gay and being punks. That's about it, except for one more very important point, and that is—I am not rich. I live in a tiny little room in a bathroom down the hall type of place. But if I can handle living here, I'd guess you can handle it for a week.

J.T. / 98 Duboce St / S.F. CA 94103  
P.S. On the way out chance that a straight punk needs a place to stay during the convention and would consider taking up this offer—go ahead. In fact, I was going to make this offer just to punks in general, but I thought I'd better not. The way some punks are, there could be trouble if when they got here they found out I was gay (just another example of how gay people have to modify any idea that comes into their head because of PREJUDICE).

Dear MRR and Readers,

It seems as if the letter section has become quite the forum for un-informed bigoted types who are afraid of forms of love that do not fit their narrow views of what is OK.

I am gay as are many of my friends, and after seeing too much psychological and physical violence committed against us by those who know nothing about us, I feel that it is about time that I speak out about it.

I naively used to think that "punk" had a lot to do with such things as non-conformity and anti-authoritarianism but it is obvious that many "punks" are embracing the ideals of the most repressive elements of society without question. It seems as if most of the people who actually questioned the repressiveness of society through "punk" have gotten disillusioned and/or are now doing other things. Please correct me if I'm wrong.

About homosexuality, I will attempt to clear up a few myths that keep spreading around without any basis in fact. MYTH 1—All gay men have anal sex. FACT: There are many different ways that men can express their love for each other and many have never had or do not prefer to have anal sex. MYTH 2: No one cares about our sexual preferences, people wouldn't make such a big deal if we would just stop complaining. FACT: Homosexuality is violently repressed in most societies especially in ones that are influenced by repressive religions. In Germany, Hitler put about 200,000 homo sexuals to death on the basis of their sexuality. They were often "the first to go". In America, gay sex is illegal in 23 states. Is it really a good idea to have the government in our bedrooms? Think about it.

Far from just complaining, we are demanding a situation where open affection between members of the same sex would not be any big deal and there would be no need to make an issue out of it. MYTH 3: Gay men hate women. FACT: If this is true then straight women also hate women and straight men hate men. Gay men and lesbians come from all walks of life and have a very wide range of personalities. I've known quite a few people who did not believe I was gay because I did not fit a lot of the media/authoritarian stereotypes, this is the experience of many gays. MYTH: Gays give us AIDS. FACT: Even if we put all the CIA/germ warfare evidence aside (which would be itself be looking away from the obvious), it would be interesting to note that in many countries, AIDS is primarily a heterosexual disease and besides, how can someone's sexual preference determine the onset of a virus? Someone please tell me!

Oh, I would hate to tell this to all of the homophobes, but the rate of transmission of AIDS in gay men is getting close to 0% thanks to safer sex practices. AIDS is more easily spread through unprotected heterosexual intercourse. This has been proven.

After freeing myself from the guilt and fear-ridden stranglehold of established Christianity, I could find nothing "weird" or "wrong" in same sex love, instead I found it to be a wonderful experience.

Maybe if you could imagine you were gay and had to grow up with all of the guilt, fear, violence, and bigotry that this society has to offer, than you can imagine how we feel. Thank you for yourself.  
Bill Broer / Santa Cruz, CA



## SEX POLL RESPONSES

Dear MRR,

I'm writing to thank you for printing the results of the women's poll in issue #7. I hope this will awaken people to the hypocrisy within hardcore today. I always believed that punk spoke out against oppression for all. But apparently, whether they realize it or not, a lot of punks seem to be only fighting oppression which faces young, white, heterosexual males (themselves).

There is a lot of sexism inherent in today's hardcore. This fact nullifies any good which comes from the movement. It simply sets up another level of oppressor and oppressed. I cannot figure out why so many punks dislike cowboys, metal heads, and macho jocks, and yet have the same attitudes themselves. Women, minorities, and gays have the right to thrash just as much as anyone else. The bands who contain sexist themes in their songs, had better educate themselves on the problem, and change. An already diluted movement does not need this sexist bullshit. If punk continues on the path it's on now, it will deservedly die.

Jeff Myers / 688 Univ. Ave SE / Mpls MN  
P.S. Congratulations on having the guts to be preachy once in a while.



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Yo MR&R.

This was gonna be a nice short letter because I'm in such a hurry, but fuck it. Too much to say.

**AW SHIT NOT MORE.** And yes there are gay punks, but it sure seems like there aren't some times. Growing up gay for me wasn't much fun, all I found was this mindless disco bunny clothes-horse shit, and that definitely wasn't for me. I had friends, went to discos, but because I couldn't see any alternative, not because I liked it. I had/have "straight" friends, but I just didn't have it together enough to speak out when people yelled "faggot" or whatever. It's still fucking hard now, and now I'm a loudmouth and everything. Who could expect anyone just out of high school to take on the world on their attitude towards sexuality? Shit, I'm still figuring it out at 32! I don't pick my friends by "gay" or "straight" first, but not everyone is cool, what can you do? I'm lucky to have great people to live with, gay and straight, and we're looking for a woman to make a fifth person here.

So yeah, it starts small... it gets easier and easier the more people who come out in the punk world. I'm not involved in clubs etc that much, but it's the only part of the world I've ever felt part of, felt that sense of community. Even though in most of it I'm not "out", and don't have a boyfriend, socially, politically and every other part of me feels closest to the "punk" world, whatever that might be. But still, you go into a punk or HC show where everyone's talking about oppression and discrimination, and you hear "you faggot!" (etc) and people wonder why there's no gay punks? We're here but...

And someone wrote in MR&R #51? I forget, that there is no gay/straight, it is a continuum from one end to the other. I agree completely, but the fact is that in the many worlds that make up the one we all consider the "real world", gay & straight ARE different because THEY MAKE IT THAT WAY. And that creeps into everything, like it or not. I can be anything I want, but I have to at least keep in mind that others can be threatened by it, and may threaten me in return. I don't bother to get in complex theoretical arguments over it, fuck it, get out in the world and live it, put your ass on the line and it's a little different.

**MORE BURNING QUESTIONS:** Every pit I've ever been in goes counter clockwise. I'm still waiting to hear from people in England which way theirs goes. Doesn't Hong Kong drive on the "other" side too? It really is an interesting thing, why would it be so consistent? Mammalian inner ear construction? So you can push & grab the crowd wall with your right hand?

What's the story on punks and Green politics? Anything here in the U.S.? I read some stuff in *Ume Reader*, was wondering... I better go this is awfully long. Keep living loving and working at it....  
Tom Jennings/ 164 Shipley/ San Francisco CA 94107

fuck-b  
ster bum-  
boler b-  
dyke b-  
ranger gea  
gay



To anyone who will listen -  
I guess I'm writing (or should I say commenting) on the Guest Opinion in issue #44. Why are people so prejudiced towards homosexual and bisexual human beings? I don't understand it. These people are human just like you and the next guy, yet people treat them like total shit, inanimate objects, dirt, leaks of nature, etc. These guys or girls are people too. Personally I have no homo- or bi-sexual tendencies in me but some of my best friends are "gays, lags, queens" and they are the kindest, most caring people I know. They don't wear punk and have rubber-wristers either. I would have never known if they didn't tell me. The only thing different about them is their sexual preference, and why should that be any of my concern? I can understand why it could scare people, with talk of AIDS and other sexual diseases but all these people have to do is be careful. Keep in mind, AIDS isn't a "gay" disease. Drug users get it too, as well as perfectly innocent people who just go to give blood. Maybe you don't agree with me, maybe you do. Everyone has a right to their own opinion no matter what side they're on. Right? And if you'd like, state your views I'll listen and respond. Peace. Unity & Longevity -  
Becky 18-1/2 E Oxford St Duluth, MN 55803

Punks should know best: being different does not make someone bad, sick, or evil. Though many punks dress in alternative manners, listen to different music, and generally play by a different set of rules, they don't expect to be beat up or harassed because they are different. They know it's not fair. Then why, why are so many punks so intolerant of others that are different, especially gays? Certainly, homosexuals should not be condemned simply because they are different in their sexual preference, thus, labeling gays as "butt fucking faggots" is just as bad as calling a black person a "nigger" or an asian a "chink".

Many bands and festivals still condone this plain idiocy, yet profess the catch-all slogan "think for yourself". Too bad many punks simply don't practice this maxim. It's time to end "queer-bashings", homophobic songs, and posters that say "Be there or be a fag". Hey punks, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Let's start practicing some of the egalitarianism we preach!

Although I am not gay, I've realized that being different is alright, remember, for some people, being gay is okay, just like for some people...it's okay to be a punk.  
Peace, Michael K/Citiboy  
1006 Churchill  
Milwaukee, WI  
53217



Now I really am angry toward you, MR&R. I never am, because I like MR&R for several reasons. One of these is that you take a clear stance against racism, fascism, sexism and frequently when it comes up against anti-gay violence and oppression.

The more I am angry that despite your fine talk you insert a drawing going with the NY scene report (issue 22) of a CRO-MACS gig.

Did you at least take a good look at it? This CRO MAC drawing about harassing someone with something like a hen-bag (how funny) and a newspaper that says things like "perverted news" supposedly a gay newspaper and "gay" to make it very clear to whom this assault is meant with a chain. Now, you and me sell this gay-r fag-bashing. So why-spit of your stance against this... do you insert this drawing?

Apparently you manage to just put things in your mag without critically looking at it.

Now, I am not offended by this drawing itself. It made me smile and a feeling of pity came up to me. I knew this drawing is coming from a sick mind. The harder people try to do something the closer they are to it themselves, for they are afraid of it.

Most queer bashers turn out to be gay or have homosexual feelings toward men. They have to beat up gays to prove for their "friends" and especially for themselves that they are real "men" and have no such feelings. A clear example is this one: Nazis persecuted and murdered thousands of gays because first, gays can't live up to standards of a Nazi-state and, secondly, (main reason) perverts and homosexuals.

In Nazi Germany and Italy a very distinct division was made between men and women. Women had to go back to their sinks and dishes and reproduce a lot of children to fill the armies. Men had to rule public life everywhere (women were dismissed from work), army work and a view of how men had to behave in public life was propagated as strong, productive, hard, and wanting to sacrifice himself for the fascist ideals.

Since there were no women around the man living in male communities in SA, SS, etc. It was very logical that men would seek comfort and affection with each other. This, in fact, happens in prisons, wars, etc.

The more men live in closed communities, the more it's likely they "do it" with each other.

Now even if men touched each other on the shoulder you risked being sent to a concentration camp.

I think we all sometimes have feelings we think bad of because parents, school, church, society structures said these feelings are bad, so we try to put these away in one way or another. It's normal. But if you start beating up someone for what he or she is doing what you try to put away—that's bad because the first one to be blamed is yourself for not being honest to yourself. That's why gays/lesbians, blacks, children, women, etc. are being oppressed, we as so called minorities represent the things you learned are bad. We are the people our parents warned us against.

Anyways, there's a lot more to say about this. I would like other punks and skins to write me about your experiences as above. Thanks, Ray PD Box 263 1990 A, Arnhem Holland

(f)uck-bu (p)unk (l)ump-ranger  
 SKINHEAD CONTROVERSY  
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Dear MRR & Readers,

Every month in the letters section we're treated to another barrage of ignorance from people like Oi! Hate You! etc. Everyone has a "right" to express their opinions, and I'm glad some homophobes do express them instead of just going out and beating up gay people (or people they think are gay) but likewise I have a right to tell you how stupid your opinion is if you're a homophobe.

I was originally just going to write and say that no matter what you all-natural straight power good ole boys ('n girls) say, homosexuals aren't going to go away, so why not just accept it since it doesn't do anybody any harm. The more I thought about it, though, the angrier I got.

Where the hell do you homophobes get off perpetuating oppression and misery on a group of people that never did anything to you? ...Oh, no, wait. You say "ags hit on me all the time. Ain't life hell when those oppressed minorities start acting sassy? Why don't you join the South African government, the K.K.K. or the C.I.A. while you're at it, since the oppression they do is just about as justified? Why don't we run over the leech once more... I'm sure you can sing along...

The only innate difference between straights and gays is their sexual/love preference. There are effeminate gay and straight men, for example. There are gay assholes and straight assholes, as well as really great straight and gay people. There is no such thing as the stereotypical gay, or the stereotypical straight. Gays are just people.

Sexuality is not a matter of choice. Homosexuality is not a matter of "weakness"...It's just a different sexual preference.

Gay people did not cause AIDS... what a ridiculous theory! Let's cause an epidemic that will kill hundreds of thousands of us! Get real. You could say that AIDS is so widespread because gays are promiscuous. Well, some gays are promiscuous. Some straights are promiscuous, too, and they would have spread it just as quickly.

As for the count that it's "unnatural" to be gay: What do you mean? Do you mean that homosexuality does not occur in nature? Oh well, neither does punk rock. I can't think of a more irrelevant statement. Do you mean that homosexuality has no purpose because it doesn't make babies? Surprise, kids! Most of the things that human beings do really have very little to do with survival of the species. We've come a long way, babies. Besides, human sex and love, whether it be straight or gay is more than just a way to make babies. What about love, companionship, or plain old fun? Homosexuality has been around for a long, long time, and it's just as natural to gay people as heterosexuality is to straight people.

To those of you who say it's disgusting or that you just can't deal with it... If you can see gay sex as disgusting, then you can see "straight" sex as disgusting. I personally have a hard time seeing any kind of love as disgusting. Don't let M.O.D fool you... gay people fall in love. Don't tell me you can't "deal" with homosexuality. You aren't the one that has to deal with being unaccepted by an ignorant society.

Also every month in the letters section there's a letter or two from people who are sick of homophobia and want to do something about it, like Joey in the May 88 issue. Here's to you for having the courage enough to say something and the courage to care. Stupid old idealist me, I have to say we can always use more caring and less hating. One thing we can "do" about homophobia is to just be aware of what's truth and what's ignorance concerning sexuality, and try and get others to be aware. It's hard, but speak out if you can. Maybe we can beat this problem through awareness and tolerance, and then we can use those things to fight bigger problems like racism and apartheid. To close: If you're gay, all I can say to you is don't be down on yourself and don't give up hope. Thank for listening. Lincoln Torrey / Box 472 / Mansfield, MA 02048

(A world people talk  
 about in whispers and  
 in words not used in  
 polite conversation.



Photo - Bruce Rhodes

Is it true that CRO-MAGS bassist HARLEY, the pope of east coast macho-core, was spotted coming out of Heaven, a popular gay disco in London? Rumors to that effect have emanated from London band, the HOMO-SAPS, now in the process of relocating to SF. The SAPS, who bill themselves as the first heavy metal gay Muslim thrash band, have as their motto, "I slam for Islam."

Dearly Beloved,

May I please have my opinions heard even though I own no typewriter? Directed at "Oi, I hate you" and "Paranoia don't make me write etc. etc." You people suck! I used to be like you two but you know what happened? I CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET! I could give a shit what semen (sperm) is secreted for. Do you only have sex to make babys? Since we're talking nature let me ask you this! If hair is supposed to keep growing, why do people keep cutting it.

Well my feeling is, homophobic people realize their homosexual tendencies and are afraid of them. So they cover them up by hating all gays.

I used to be a skin head too but I'm not anymore.

Guess which one, Terry.

If they won't sign theirs, I won't sign mine.

LUCK-DUDDY GEAR BOX (PUNK LUMP-LANGER)  
Extra Extra Extra Extra SKINHEAD CONTROVERSY

"Reports out of New York have it that singers from the city's leading skinhead bands, having read or heard about Donny the Punk's article, "My Secret Life with Skinheads" (J.D.s #4), have been going around asking each other: "Were you the guy that pissed on Donny the Punk in the CBGB's john?" and wondering why they weren't invited to the wet and wild skinhead piss parties described in the article..."

lezbie friends gay  
punk turd-burglar

To all Maximum Rock and Roll Readers,  
What the hell's going on? I don't make it a habit of reading these little fanzines but my boyfriend picked one up so I decided to read it. Now wasn't that stupid! What's all this shit about skinheads? All these people are writing in about the racism of skins. Why don't all of you just drop it! Most of this shit started (I mean the threats on skins) when a bunch of us were kicking back at a park when all of a sudden some stupid nigger (nigger not just any black person) overreacts and starts writing down licence plate numbers. Then people found out that some of those at skin manor were associated with The White Student Union and all hell broke loose. Believe me I know what's up - I was there. I was even writing a book which was lost at that time. (It was about N. Calif. Skinz)

No that I've gotten that out I'd like to say one more thing: That faggot that said he was a skin, well, let me tell you something... you're fucking crazy! What the hell are you trying to do, die young? No way, no. How can a faggot be a skin. There is no such fucking thing! That's just as stupid as saying "punk rockers are cool". God! What the hell will these idiots come up with next? That guy is fucking lost. It's like actually having Jackson as a president. Ha ha. Dream on fag! Like I said before "no way!"

And to anyone who agrees with me, let's find out who this homo is and rip his fucking head off! Sounds good to me. Sincerely, Spot.

Dear MRR,

Hooray for Mickey Oi's letter (MRR #57)! It's about time that some skins with brains and guts (thanks, Kevin) made their voices heard instead of all these macho fucking nazi Rambos.

I have a shaved head because I like it that way, and I'm balding anyway. And yes, I own a pair of steel-toed Docs. But I don't call myself a "skinhead", because I don't like the negations that that term has for most people (and rightly so, in many cases). I'm anti-racism, anti-sexism, anti-fascism. I've been around the scene forever, and I've NEVER been in a fight at a show. In fact, I've stopped a number of fights, mainly because I don't like to see someone's head bashed in at my feet. I even believe in picking up the fallen in the pit! I remember many, many cool shows in Houston, with fighting almost non-existent (thanks to the great REALLY RED, BIG BOYS, MARCHING PLAGUE, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, and all the other killer Texas bands).

Now for the shocker. I'm also gay! WHAT??? A FAG SKIN ho. Well, face it, fuckers, there's a homo skin among you. And I'd bet my condoms that none of you could tell!

So the reason I'm writing this (and not signing it) is so that you can all wonder if I'm someone you know. Keep wondering - drive you crazy. Signed, Oil the cocksucker

P.S. You know, it's always been funny to me that straight guys call "us" pansies, fannies, etc., but seem to think that one of these delicate creatures will rape them. Another amusing assumption is that any gay man would give anything to be with any straight guy, no matter who. It's the old ego problem, I guess. All I can say is: Don't flatter yourselves.



G. B. JONES

DEAR SPOT: HERE'S J.P.'S FAVE GAY SKINHEAD, MR. DAVE - I'D LEARNING SOME LESSONS IN "TOUGH LOVE" FROM A "COOL PUNK ROCKER." SKINHEADS LIVE UP HERE, PLEASE. LOVE, THE N.L.P.

J.D.S.:

please send me a copy of your latest issue. I saw the issue with Donny the Punk and his baptism of piss. What a turn-on-hard-on - tell your friends that Washington D.C. has some hot skins. Sure would like to see more photos of punks showing cock. I'm tired of all these pretty boys in the gay mags. I work in a record store and like the Buttholes.

Rhys

# tuck-buddy gear box punk & range

Dear MRR,

I would like to offer Tag & anyone else interested some arguments against people who say homosexuality is unnatural.

Does unnatural mean never done by animals (other than humans)? According to Michael Ruse in "The Morality of Homosexuality" (http://goody.net/Sea/ack/Rio/Baker & Fried/essay.html) homosexuality is widespread among animals. Primates engage in mutual masturbation and anal intercourse, in some mammals the males mount each other and climax, and females show strong bonding along with sexual type behavior among themselves.

Does unnatural mean that there is no biological point to it? Obviously, people who engage only in homosexuality are not direct participants in reproduction & thus the evolution of the species. There is however, a phenomena called "fun selection" which involves reproduction by proxy (ie helping close relatives to reproduce more effectively). This has been documented in the arthropod sea anemones, bees, and wasps. One interesting possible correlation can be found among some Native American cultures. In some tribes, homosexuals became shamans who were powerful and had great financial influence in the group. Thus, the shaman was able to help his close kin to make good marriages & to keep the family line going.

Can anything which exists really be "unnatural"? Sounds impossible to me. Something either is or isn't. Whatever exists must be natural.

Are humans completely controlled by biology? I say obviously not. Any discussion of human behavior must take into account culture. Homosexuality might not, according to some people, be part of our animal nature (ie biology) but it could be an aspect of our human nature (ie culture).

Does biologically unnatural, if there is such a thing, mean immoral? Questions of biology and questions of ethics are, I believe, entirely separate subjects. I do not think naturalness & morality are logically connected. As Ruse says, "Whether we do something or not is one thing. Whether it is moral or immoral is quite another."

I could go into the question of perversion, Kantian & utilitarian analyses, the religious case against homosexuality, etc, but I really just wanted to give you people a good weapon against those who scream "unnatural!!" I highly recommend the book "Philosophy and Sex" - it discusses multiple aspects of not only homosexuality but also adultery, monogamy, the semantics of sex ("Of Chicks & Pricks"), feminism, abortion, promiscuity, and "perversion". It's published by Prometheus Books. The paperback is \$16.95. For that reason I suggest you check second hand book stores first. It really is worth reading especially if you tend to get annoyed by my friends. Good luck to everyone trying to bring a little rational thought to the world. TX, Adam/ PCC, 8218 White Oak/ San Antonio, TX, 78230.

P.S. Be careful, folks. My friend Paul at Presentia of Mind in Dallas says that the post sexual times they seem to be inclined to open large envelopes or folded over zines with @ on them.

Dear Adam and MRR,

In the December '87 issue Adam wrote a letter full of points for gays and gay advocates to argue against those who say it's unnatural. Well I have to say that I think it's just as natural as all that, but homosexuals are often heterophobic and that annoys me (I, as the world must know by now, am gay, so I can talk), why doesn't anyone mention that I'll hear them say, "How can he fuck her when we're so much better". I'd like to see guys live up to their ones of equal rights. I know from firsthand experience that guys (at least in New Jersey) resent straight people, and put down those who aren't as pretty as they are. In New Jersey if you're gay you better be incredibly good looking or be in a clique or you won't be given a second thought. There is no gay community in NJ, just a bunch of apathetic homos who don't care about those of us who aren't perfect like them! I want so badly to love and care about someone. They have denied me this. I am alone and unhappy with no way out so long as I'm in NJ and I can't afford to just move. It's sad that in this world pedophilic assholes, rapists, warmongers and fascists abound and do well while one person has to lash out at his peers 'coz they deny him the right to live and love as an equal. Being gay sucks! Especially when other guys won't let you be who you are!

Gary Hemp 522 Birch St./ Bayville, NJ 08721

Dear MRR and Gary Hemp

I don't know if you'll still print this letter, because the letter I want to respond to was in your May issue, and the June's is already out. But if my letter can help Gary and his feelings of isolation then it's worth asking not getting printed.

I too, am gay. Now a days that's not such a big deal to me but for a long time it was really a fucking hard thing to deal with. And punk didn't help any. Cuz even though the punks say they're totally trying to change the world, they still yell words like faggot and queer. (I know I'm generalizing, but I can only speak from personal experience.) But they don't yell shit like Nigger and Spick.

I wanted to write to Gary (but there was no address) and tell him that a lot of gays are assholes. But a lot of straight people are too. Fucking 75% of all the people in this world are proof that God picks his nose.

I'd never do any of the shit that happened to Gary. Cuz there's too much ugliness in this world and I don't need anymore. If you can't trust people who call themselves friends who the fuck can you trust.

I've been used too. There was this guy who I was in love with and he had sex with me, and it was the most incredible experience I'd ever had. I'd never felt that loved before in my life, and then the next morning he told me that he just wanted to "experiment" and that it wasn't his speed. Now I can respect this. But I can't respect the fact that he knew how I felt about him, and he used me for his fucking guinea pig.

We're still friends, but that hurt like hell. I'm not a flaming queen or a pretty boy. I'm a fucking punk, and I sometimes wonder if there's anyone out there who's like me. Are all guys assholes? Are they all effeminate? Straight people don't have to accept the "gay lifestyle" sucking I'm gay and don't respect a lot of it. It's bullshit! But just because someone is gay is no reason to hate them. Shit, you can hate species of black culture but you don't hate black people, the same thing applies to any minority group.

I think there's a lot of cool (gay) people out there, but a lot of em are afraid that if they come out of the closet they're gonna get grouped with all the assholes.

So, if enough cool gay people (like Gary) stand up and say, "Hey, I'm gay, but I don't go for that shit that the stereo typed gays go for" then there may be a lot more happy people, gay and straight. Thanks for your time. K.F./ Livermore, CA

Dear MRR,

I have been noticing with more than passing interest, an increase in the number of letters from readers of a gay orientation who are choosing to use MRR as a forum in which to delineate their issues and concerns. Does this seeming trend reflect an increase in the number of letters you receive regarding these issues and concerns, or does it reflect a newfound willingness on the part of MRR to recognize these as legitimate concerns within the scene worthy of attention?

Most people would agree, that as a species, man's remaining biological urges stem from the will to survive. Apart from this basic survival urge which entails systemic reactions harnessing adrenergic responses snatching fight or flight, when our bodies need nourishment and replenishment, we become hungry and thirsty, we eat and drink, when we are in need of rest and repair, we become tired, we sleep. The survival of the species needs be ensured, we sense sexual urges we fuck. This is how it works, gang, on the most fundamental biological level.

Man functions on other levels as well, however, and because of a built in fail safe mechanism to see to it we heed these biological urges, there is an accompanying pleasurable sensation attractive to the organism. Thus man enjoys the dubious distinction of being able to subvert biological urges into the psychological urge for pleasurable sensation varying degrees along a continuum, the extreme being obsessive-compulsive behavior, gluttony, nymphomania, satyriomania, persons constantly placing themselves in situations of high risk and grave danger to stimulate adrenergic rushes.

O.K., So what? Well, the prevailing argument amongst opponents of same-sex relationships, the one which seems to hold the most water is that homosexuality is unnatural — it subverts the natural order. Sorry folks, the only sex that is natural is that done to propagate the species - sex with procreation as the end - if you're not intending to make babies - if you take precautions to insure fertilization does not occur, isn't natural.

And if you're subverting the natural order in search of pleasure, what's the difference if you do it with someone of the same or of the opposite sex? It's just varying degrees of the same compulsion along the continuum, and nothing to hate or fear in another nor against which to discriminate, especially in light of varying degrees of compulsion our society reverses and holds as ideals.

Furthermore, as a supposed alternative to society at large, with the misfits, outcasts and exiles who make up our ranks, we of all peoples should be at the very least, tolerant of differences in lifestyles, but alas, we tend to become like the worst in those we oppose.

Living in Minneapolis, the "Land of 10,000 Lakes, lakes and fags" there is much in the stereotypical gay lifestyle I find repellent. But stereotypes are extreme along the behavioral spectrum, and gays exist throughout the entire range of this spectrum. It is unfortunate when any individual chooses to focus his entire life's energy on any aspect which doesn't merit this focus, i.e. sexual orientation. It is even more unfortunate that the vast submerged portion of the iceberg feel compelled to live less, distasteful or double lives for fear of being grouped with extreme. But their fear is very real and very justified in most scenes and most cities.

Gary Hemp in the May '87 issue, K.F. in the August '87 issue, neither of you included addresses in your respective letters. I'm including mine in hopes both of you will write, and anyone else who isn't about to let peer pressure or rules and expectations of social conformity determine their partners with whom they choose to be intimate.

Tasco Vee said, "I'm not gay, I'm not straight, I'm not Bi - I'm TRI - I'll try anything!" This is an irresponsible attitude to be sure, especially in light of AIDS, but it is closer to what the prevailing punk attitude should be, rather than "kill the fucking faggots".  
Tel: 4338 43rd Ave So./ Minneapolis, MN 55406

## k bull-dyke

Dear MRR,

I was appalled by Gary Hemp's letter (in #58), which is steeped in self-hatred and sexual frustration. Of course there are gay men who condemn hats, or who won't bother with anyone who isn't extremely good looking in a conventional way. Gary's letter is giving power to the fascists who would have us hate ourselves for those qualities which separate us from the norm, from what is approved and popular.

Every set of people has standards, or so it seems. When I became a punk in 1981, I learned that punk was no different in many ways, that it was filled with extremely looks-ist, racist, sexist attitudes. I've had my share in the scene for being homosexual for appearing at hardcore shows in a dress, etc. etc. BUT — the punk movement is one of the few movements which is also filled with intelligent, caring people who are concerned about the world and those of us who live in it.

Self-love is a difficult lesson to learn. Gary complains about not having a boyfriend because he doesn't fit with the NJ gay scene, but to not fit is cause for celebration, not life's pathetic crying. Hardly a week goes by when some group of hardcore punks don't put me down because of my wearing dresses or lipstick or Boy George buttons, but that doesn't make me feel that being a punk sucks! Punk is my life, it is the only thing that fucks me out of my apathy and gets me really thinking, really feeling. It is the only lifestyle I have known which has taught me how to love and accept myself.

Despite my lifestyle, I have loads of gay and punk friends who accept me as I am. But this can only be possible because I accept who I am. It isn't easy, it's a day by day lesson. Would Gary think differently if he were handsome or popular? Being accepted can be a very negative thing. I get "positive" reactions from people who admire the fact that I'm a professional horror author, or because of my "weird rock" way of dressing. Superficial acceptance bothers me, as does superficial rejection (which is what Gary Hemp complains of). The NJ gay scene has not denied Gary anything, despite his wounded feelings and loneliness. He has done this to himself. Being gay does not suck, as Gary deems. But his self-hatred and wimpy attitude sucks death. Grow up, dude.

Wishing you my dark, dead love.  
Wilkom Pugmire/ 537 North 66 St./ Seattle, WA 98103

## gay lord



ONE OF BRUCE'S BOYS ★

wants  
you ★

J.D.'s **SEX** gang

RAIMUND

&  
RADIX

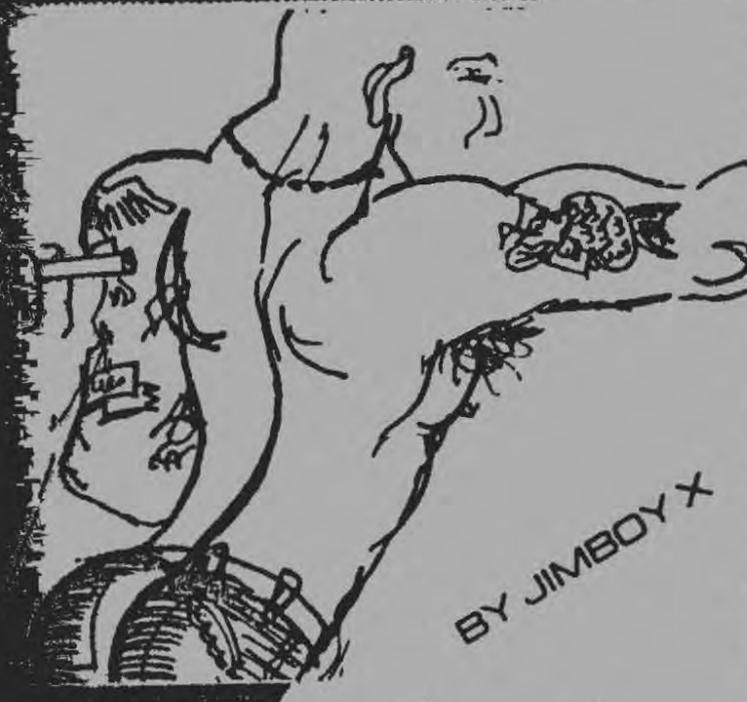


# While "Skinhead" continued to p

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:** *Jimboy X is lead singer for the legendary Los Angeles hardcore band Severe Tire Damage. His previous short stories—"Fuck the Rich," "Sucking Iggy's Dick" and "The Whores of Perception"—were written in spray paint in an alley behind the long-gone Masque club. He is believed to be the only gay author in history to have written an entire porno story without using the word "hot." This is his first published story.*

**T**he first time I saw the kid was last summer at an old downtown Los Angeles house that was being used for a party with hundreds of punks, scenematerial trendies and assorted wierdos crawling all over the place, looking for chic thrills and good music from Crimson Funeral, The Fleshbeaters, and Terror. He had a nice ass, a nasty looking blond streak, and his soft brown hair, and the kind of smile that you want to bite.

## With my tit, "Mohawk Man" slip



It turned out the kid was a fan of Crimson Funeral, and he had his body to the music going. I wanted to grab him from behind to play it cool and let him know. Besides, he was with a pretty girl, and there were too many people looking and obviously not the party to bother with anyone else he wanted. I circled around him with a few I didn't.

The joint was fucking hot, and the usual drug dealers were there, guys looking for action. One of them was the kid who had already cornered him and made a rip in the seat of the kid's prettyboy's buns. The kid was pushed past to take a look at the Boys Town boys were off Bob, who had made his pubes purple for the

# anarchy' into my ass

# "Mmmmmmm!" Skinhead was

telling them about it. They wanted to see for themselves. Bob wasn't shy about it, but he had a hunch that he might not ever see his pants again. He was right.

Finally a toilet was available—in a stall with the door ripped off—and I let loose with the six or seven beers that had kicked off the evening. It took forever, one of those endless pisses. I was already soaked with sweat, so while I peed I unbuttoned my shirt. The next thing I knew, a couple of desperate characters had joined me, one on either side, each as goodlooking as the other.

"Save water," one mumbled by way of introduction as he pulled open his black jeans.

"You don't mind," the other smiled, pulling open his black jeans.

"Nope. I might even like it."

"You might."

Two nice sized cocks emerged from their

His big right hand was encased in a black leather glove with the fingers cut out. He stroked the length of his dick a few times, milking out the final drops and making it harder still. "Feels good," he explained. It was happening fast, but I sure didn't care.

"I can't pee with a hardon," I said. "Fuck, I can't believe I'm still peeing!" The piss finally stopped and, as though this were his cue, the skinhead reached out, put his left hand inside my shirt, and squeezed my tit.

"Feels good," he repeated.

I shook off my dick but made no move to put it back in my pants. This is it, I thought. I had never seen these two guys before, and I knew my friends would hear about this, but the beer and the music made it easy.

While "Skinhead" continued to play with my tit, "Mohawk Man" slipped his hand under my balls. I let go of my cock, which was getting hard fast, letting it drop down into his

"Hey faggot!" I knew the voice. It was Wolf. Behind me, my Mohawk Man said "Fuck off!" From the tone of his voice I realized that he knew Wolf and they were just kidding around.

"Hey faggot!" Wolf repeated.

I turned to see Wolf smiling at me. I gave him a playful dirty look and said "Who're you callin' faggot, faggot? Get your hand out of those pants," referring to the kid.

"Why, you wanna sit on it?"

"Naw, I wanna fuck your friend's cute little ass."

"It'll cost ya."

"This dick'll cost you. Only Skinhead here gets it free." Hearing this, Skinhead sucked even harder, pushing my pants down to my knees and running his hands up my exposed legs. His tongue lathered my cock with his spit, heightening the sensation of his tight lips and throat. I began to thrust my hips forward,

# as Wolf's fat prick exploded in his

pants, setting off a miniature Niagara Falls into the toilet. For a few moments, the three

of us played "dueling dicks" with the crisscrossing streams of our clear beer piss. I tried to slow myself down a bit, to make it last, to make time to watch them a little longer. We were all feeling good. I was ready. The one on my left was the first to finish. While he stared down at his cock, I took inventory. Dark skin, orange Mohawk, a single earring, smooth body, no shirt, black leather vest—all of it wet from dancing. As my eyes went further down, he gave his fat dick a few shakes. Then a few more. I kept on peeing.

His friend stood on my right, looking directly at my cock. He was a skinhead, stripped to the waist, very pale, with his shirt hanging from a bellloop. Light brown hair covered his arms and the center of his chest, with a few more hairs circling nice pink nipples. A thicker line of hairs ran from his belly button down to his crotch, and by the time I got my eyes down there, he had started to get hard.

hand. He wrapped his hand around my cock and balls and gave the whole package a squeeze, pulling some blood into it and giving me that tingle. By now, both of them had pumped themselves into erection. I wondered how many guys were standing in the john behind me, watching all of this. Fuck 'em. I reached out with both hands and grabbed their hard meat.

Skinhead pulled my hand away. "I'll come." I didn't believe him, but he quickly went down on his knees to stop me from trying again. I started to stroke Mohawk Man's shaft, which now stood up straight. As I spread the wet spot around on the head of his dick, Mohawk moved around behind me, my hand still tight around his meat. Suddenly he pulled my shirt wide open and back—off my shoulders and down to my arms, in effect tying my hands together with his big fat cock pushed between them. Skinhead wrapped his lips around the head of my dick, then slid all the way down to the base, burying his nose in my pubes and my dick in his throat.

fucking his beautiful face. Behind me, Steve murmured "That's it, that's it" into my ear, while his prick continued to fuck my hands. He put his big sweaty arms around me to feel my stomach and play with my tits. Wolf still had his hand on the kid's ass, but they were both watching us now.

"Hey, Wolf," I said, "bring that little straight boy over here and show us what's he's got there." Wolf and the kid looked at each other and grinned.

The kid spoke for the first time. "I got his hand in there." Wolf jokingly pumped his ass as though he were listing the kid. It gave the kid such a rush—tickling him maybe—that he pulled away suddenly, causing Wolf's hand completely rip out the back of his jeans, exposing the prettiest little ass this side of City. I heard the Boys Town boys yell out "Gang bang!" and everybody laughed—except for Skinhead, who was just about to make me come. I looked down at his sexy stubbly shaved head as it moved back and forth below me, making me swell more than

# hands securely fastened around his

# sucking and gasping for breath

ever. Mohawk Man slid his hands down my body and started to squeeze my buns, spreading the cheeks and pushing the head of his cock through my hands and up against the crack of my ass.

"What's goin' on over there?" It was the kid, pulling Wolf over to our stall.

Wolf peered around me to watch Skinhead's mouth work on my prick. "Looks like a cocksucker to me."

"A great cocksucker."

The kid pushed his way through, brushing his bare ass against my bare side. "Let's see." He looked, then smiled at me. "Looks good." He shifted his weight, pressing his buns against my hip. I wanted to come.

Wolf slipped his hand between my leg and the kid's butt, his thick fingers massaging the kid's warm flesh. I looked into Wolf's eyes and he knew what I wanted. Mohawk Man's cock pressed hard against my asshole, and I

"Go ahead, stick it up that sweet ass," Mohawk Man ordered. "Stick it up there and I'll shoot in your hands." He grabbed my cock and pushed it toward the kid's crack.

While still sucking on Wolf's dick, Skinhead stroked himself with his bare left hand and grabbed my balls in his leathergloved right. Wolf started to fuck his face hard, pushing Skinhead's naked head back and forth along his prick, which had gotten so thick that I flashed on that night in the back of his car—the night I first took that fat cock up my ass. The memory made my ass quiver, and I wanted Mohawk Man to push his cock up inside me.

Wolf put his free hand against my mouth. "Gimme some." I spit in his hand and he rubbed it between the kid's spread asscheeks. Wolf looked at me and said, again, "It'll cost ya."

"How much?"

down on it. His face turned up in ecstasy, his eyes closed. As my shaft plunged inside him, shooting waves of pleasure through both of us, Mohawk Man pressed closer behind me, pushing his cock between my hands, between my thighs, and up against my prostate. I resisted him, "Don't, I'll come right now. I wanna fuck this ass—this fine fuckin' ass."

"I'll fuck *your* ass, you fuckin' shit."

Wolf was watching. "It'll cost ya—that ass is fifty bucks. Plus my cut."

I started stroking the kid's insides with my cock. His muscles tightened around it, his butt slapping against my belly, his powerful legs pressing against mine. Without breaking the rhythm, the kid peeled off his wet T-shirt and braced his hands against the concrete wall. His outstretched arms and back shined with dripping sweat. I tried not to think about that hard little bubble butt grinding against my

## mouth. Mohawk Man still had my

leaned forward to kiss the kid, never taking my eyes away from Wolf's. I took the kid's lower lip between my teeth, then closed my lips, sucking it into a kiss. The kid's tongue darted out into my mouth, and our lips parted into a full, deepthroated kiss.

Wolf grinned. "It'll cost ya."

"Pull down your pants," I told him. Wolf undid his fly, revealing a rapidly swelling shaft inside. "Now get some of this before I come." Skinhead heard me and looked up at Wolf. "Wolf's got a big one," I said. "Bring it over here."

I pulled my cock from Skinhead's mouth, letting it dangle against his cheek as Wolf brought his into position.

First Skinhead wet it with spit, then took it all into his mouth. After working it for a few minutes, he swallowed the cock in earnest. Meanwhile the kid had moved around in front of me, his firm round butt pressing against my big wet hardon. I wanted to play with those perfect buns, but Mohawk Man still had my hands securely fastened around his dick.

"Fifty."

"My prick costs fifty, so we're even."

"You never made *me* pay for that thing."

"That's 'cause you fuck so good. We'll see if he's as good as you." The kid was about to sit back on the cock. Wolf and Mohawk Man spread his cheeks wider, and I felt my swollen cockhead press through the tight sphincter. I let out a little "mmmm."

"Y'like that?" Wolf smiled.

"Mmm. Fuck that man's face and I'll show ya somethin' real nice."

"I'm fuckin' it. I'm gonna shoot down this skinhead's mouth."

"Then shoot it. I wanna see it... Suck it, suck my buddy's dick, make him shoot." Wolf started to pump hard and fast, his balls slapping against Skinhead's chin. Skinhead was beating himself off in the same rhythm, and I could see from the flexing of his thighs and the redness of his cock that he was ready to shoot.

At that moment, the kid finally relaxed, wanting my cock so bad that he had to sit

on it. I wondered if he had a hardon. Then I felt Mohawk Man's cock thrust into my ass.

Wolf saw it happen. "Yeah, fuck 'im. Push his come right up my buddy's asshole... Aw shiiiiit..." He was coming.

"Mmmmmmm!" Skinhead was sucking and gasping for breath as Wolf's fat prick exploded in his mouth. He took it all, licking every drop, kissing the head and the shaft and the balls.

Mohawk Man was pounding me, his naked thighs slapping against mine, his hips pushing me deeper and deeper into the kid's incredible ass, establishing a rhythm that took all three of us into a sexual trance. I couldn't hold out much longer. To get himself further into my ass, Mohawk Man finally pulled the shirt off my wrists, setting them free... and putting about three more inches of cock up inside me.

I grabbed the kid and pulled him against me, wrapping my arms around him, feeling his sweaty back against my chest for the first

## dick. Then I felt Mohawk Man's cock

time. My hands went down inside the front of his torn pants, where his hard prick waited. Wolf pulled open the fly, and Skinhead began jacking off again. With Mohawk Man's cock driving inside me, I slid my rod into the kid's

beautiful behind, riding him like an animal. With one hand I reached down between his legs, behind his balls, to press his prostate up against my plunging cock, which made him moan so loud that for the first time I remembered all the other people behind us in the bathroom. But it was too late to stop. With the other, I explored his prick, pulling back the foreskin as the head grew in my hand. As I began to stroke him, I discovered the size of it for the first time. I could easily have used both hands on the shaft.

"Fuckin' shoot it," I told him. "Shoot it in my hand. Shit, this man is fuckin' my ass so hard, it feels so good, and you got such a tight little ass. Oh man, I wanna fuck your come into my hand. God, I'll make you shoot all over that wall, you little fucker. You beautiful little fucker."

That finally did it to Skinhead, who stood up and shot a load all over the kid's chest and arms. In one burst after another, he covered us with the white stuff. I slid my hand over the kid's torso, making it slippery with sweat and Skinhead's load. Then I smeared it on the kid's prick, which felt like it would explode at any minute. I beat it as hard as I could, my arm muscles knotted and hard against the kid's. He turned his face toward me and begged "Com'on fuck me. Fuck me with that big prick. Com'on shoot it up my ass. I want your come up my ass. Give it to me."

Skinhead moved around behind us to slide a finger up Mohawk's ass. "Yeah, give it up. You're gonna make this guy shoot right up that prettyboy's ass."

Mohawk Man let out a moan—more like a growl from the bowels of his soul, starting in his cock and bursting out through his mouth, felt his cock well and twitch and fall and swell—and I knew he had done it, shot a load up my burning ass. He yanked his dick from my hole, making me shiver, and shot the last drops over my butt. I pounded my cock into the kid for all I was worth, squeezing his balls and beating his shaft.

Suddenly, the kid was all mine, his body becoming passive to my every desire, begging to be taken completely. I slapped my belly hard against his butt muscles, his sweat running down his back and between his crack to lubricate the fuck. I kissed the back of his neck then chewed it. "Oh fuck me, man" he

panted, his prick suddenly stiffening. "Fuck me hard...hard..." and with that, I felt his whole body stiffen and tremble. And I saw his load start to splatter across the wall.

"That's it, man, shoot it. Shoot it all over." I stopped stroking him, just squeezing the base of the exploding shaft. His white jizz flew everywhere, on walls, floor, toilet and even us. Exhausted, I held him to me, my cock massaging the last drops from inside him, his prick overflowing onto my hand, the excess running down my arm. Although my own cock was still raging and aching, I slowly slid it out of the heavenly hole. With my sticky hand, I cleaned it across his butt.

The kid turned around and kissed me with an intensity I'd never experienced before. We must have kissed for minutes...hours...an eternity, rubbing our bodies together, feeling the thick, wet liquids on our stomachs that created a suction as we breathed, our bodies stuck together in lust. Finally, we started to hear the music again. And the sounds of running water and flushing toilets. And applause.

I opened my eyes and turned around, and there stood about half the party. Out of nowhere, Wolf handed me a fistful of wadded up bills and coins. "Here's your fifty. You can split it. You earned it."

"What's this?"

"You heard me. We charged admission at the door. Quite a show."

I looked at the kid, who started to smile. Then we both started to laugh. I handed him the money. "Here...beers for everyone?"

"Great. I don't know how far fifty bucks'll go, but let's give it a try." And the kid passed the cash back to Wolf. With that, Wolf,

Skinhead, Mohawk Man and the rest were gone. All except the kid.

"Hi," he grinned.

"I still didn't come yet."

"Maybe some other time. My girlfriend waiting."

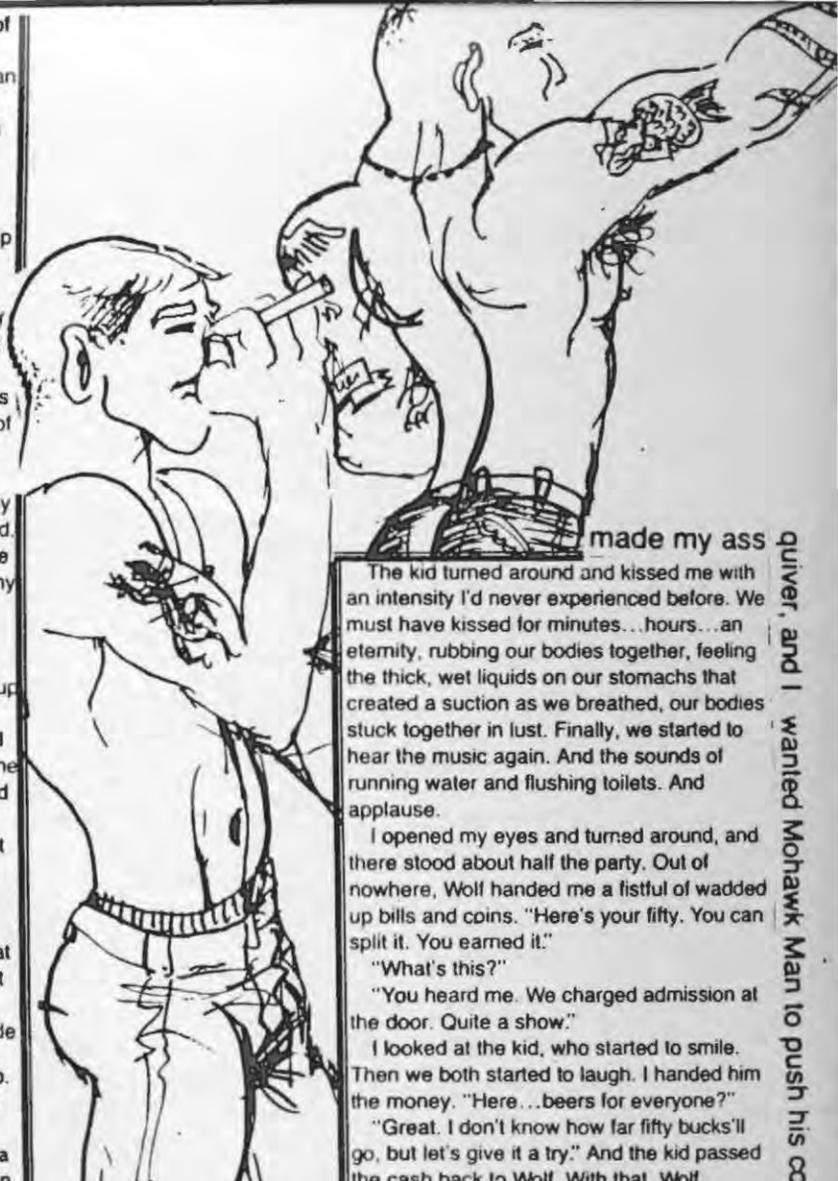
"Maybe. But how 'bout now?"

"Later."

"Meet me outside in twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes."

He didn't meet me in twenty minutes course. It was more like ten. And this time lasted for ten weeks. Ten wonderful weeks. But that's a long, long story.



made my ass quiver, and I wanted Mohawk Man to push his cock

SHIT, HIS LEGS ARE SEXY.



ANONYMOUS boy

From the

"I'm a fag so what,

Breeder!"

school of juvenile

delinquent homos comes

J.D.

If this is your attitude

then this

is the fanzine for you.

J.D. is one of

THE TRASH

COMPACTOR faves.

Put together by

Bruce LaBruce with

G. B. Jones

who contributed in our

Sick Fuck

Movies Issue -

I was always a big fan of Black Flag. Since 1980 or so, they were one of punk's "big bands". I was turned on to them first by WXPB, our local punk station. Then, they were on TV with Rona Barrett's look at the L.A. punk scene. The biggest reason, though, was when I saw and heard them in The Decline Of Western Civilization. (The Penelope Spheeris documentary on SoCal punk - eds.) I turned lots of people on to punk by playing Black Flag albums. Henry Rollins became one of my punk heroes. I even enjoyed his poetry and spoken word material. They were always great live.

So when Henry Rollins put out a solo record, I naturally bought it and loved it. He toured and we went to see him at Pizazz, in Philly. My best friend Jorge X. went with me.

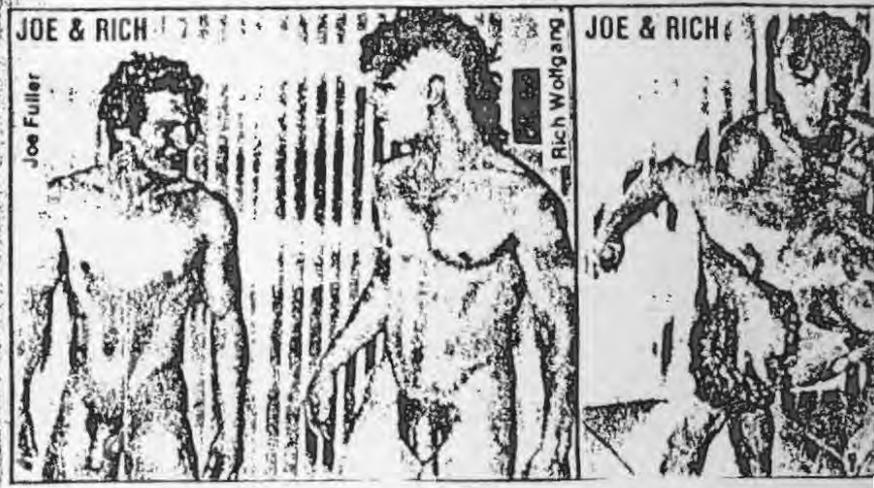
The show was on and it was great. The pit was packed with hot, sweaty guys. We enjoyed that view along with the music. Henry Rollins has a powerful stage presence. Between songs he spoke about himself, the songs, or things in general. When he speaks, the crowd listens. It gets so quiet you can hear a pin drop. Then, it happened.

He asked the audience loudly, "Are there any fags out there? If so, this is for you". He went into a real tirade against us. My friend and I felt the homophobic tension in the crowd and were really scared - anything could have happened. We left the show.

I can remember the feeling of numbness as we walked to the subway. Once home, we discussed how we felt about the incident. I felt anger, fear, and disappointment: angry at Henry Rollins for making such an ignorant statement. Anger at the Philly punks for being so close-minded. Punk was once a way of being yourself and feeling accepted within the scene. Now, it seemed punk was just as conservative and narrow-minded as the rest of America. We were fearful that our relationship with the punk scene was over. Being punks, we are not accepted by most gays, and being gay, we feel unwelcome at the punk shows.

Mostly, I felt disappointment with Henry Rollins. Here I spent the last 7 years as his fan, only to hear him reject me for being gay. I have not played his record or seen him live ever since. I once wrote to him, too. He never responded.

Paul X.  
Philadelphia



TRASH COMPACTOR 253 COLLEGE ST. SUITE 108, TOR., ONT.  
CANADA M5T 1R5 \$3.50

I CAN'T EVEN SIT DOWN WITHOUT SOMEBODY TOUCHING  
MY GUY.



ANONYMOUS Boy

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"Hitler was right,"

I met him one night in downtown San Diego near the porno stores, topless bars; and tattoo parlors. They are the last vestiges of sleaze in San Diego, formerly known for its frontier town wild abandon, home to sailors, drifters, and immigrants. In the past five years on visits there I've watched it become less and less sleazy and more and more white, homogenized, safe, and sterile. Soon the whole city would fall victim to the Brave New World of Nouveau California Preppie Yuppiedom, but for now, a few patches of sleaze remained. In sleaze, there is life.

He was about 18, dark; Mexican, I supposed, but he turned out to be Indian. We eyed each other some, then I walked out to him on the sidewalk. "What's up?" I asked. He nodded. "Wanna get high?" "What do you got?" "Some pot." He nodded.

We walked towards the water. "What's your name?" "Bob." "Where are you from?" "Alaska."

He seemed nervous but he knew what he wanted. We sat on a bench by the water and got very high. The city behind us; boats in front of us; people walking by us. "So," he asked nonchalantly, "Where do you get laid around here?"

"Depends what you're into... What are you into?"

"I like fucking... I'm looking for a blow-job."

It was now or never.

"I'll give you a blow-job."

"O.K.," he said, and undid his pants to reveal a virgin jockstrap.

Underneath that was his perfect cock, stiff and straight as a rocket; thick and juicy and hard.

I sucked it hungrily, without hesitation. His cock filled my mouth and went down my throat. He moaned low.

People passed us by; even a military patrol, but we didn't care.

Afterwards he vanished, back to his sister's house. Next week he'd be back in Anchorage; working in a department store.

I walked in ecstatic sex daze along the docks; thinking: "Hitler was right; homosexuals ARE enemies of the state!" The state is slavery, drudgery; boredom; the killing machine. Homosexuals; when they let themselves, are free and happy and daring and radical and gay. The two concepts are opposite.

I want to see homosexuals fucking in the street! Wildly fucking and sucking like there's no tomorrow! No more pain; no more money. No more work and no more cops. Just sex and paradise. Rub gism on your pain. Kiss and hug and massage! Ease the tension. Relax your muscles; spine, and soul. Forget your worries; anxieties; anticipations; expectations; and requirements. Fuck what the people think or say - Fuck in the streets and be happy.

Mark Dreher San Diego

homosexuals

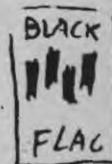
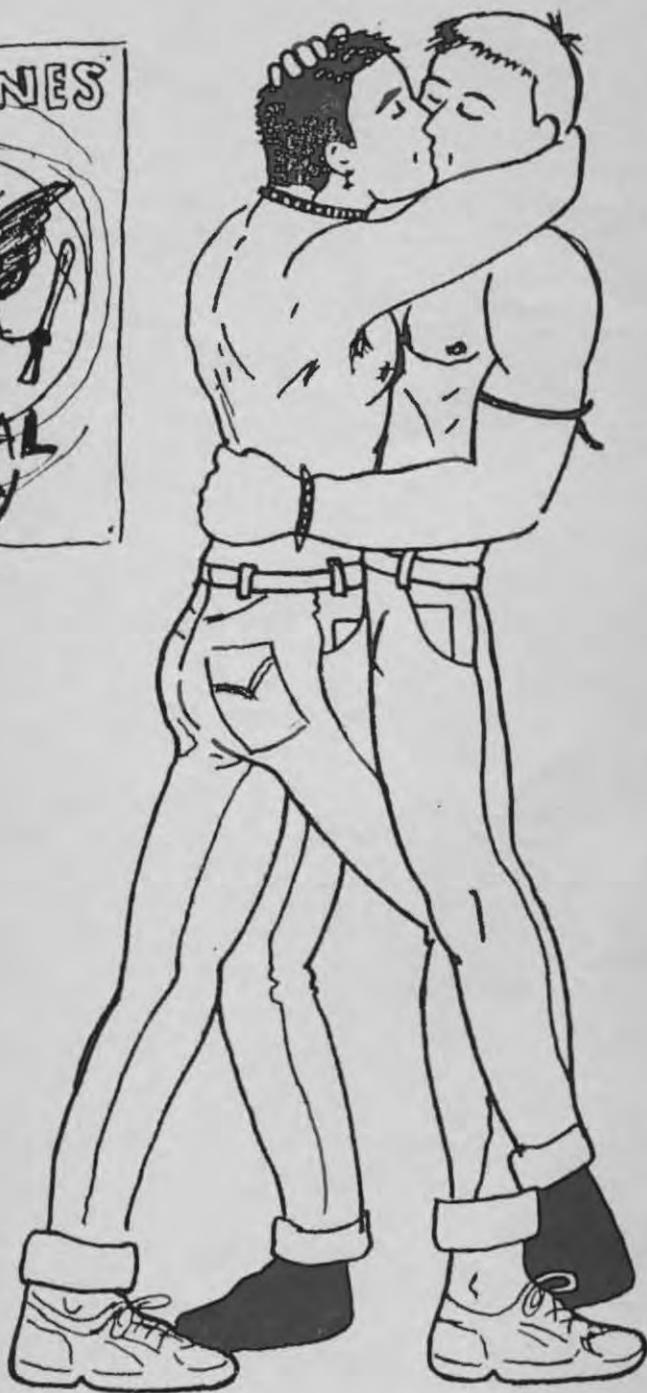
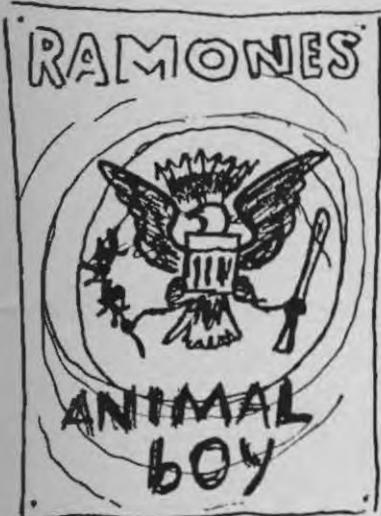
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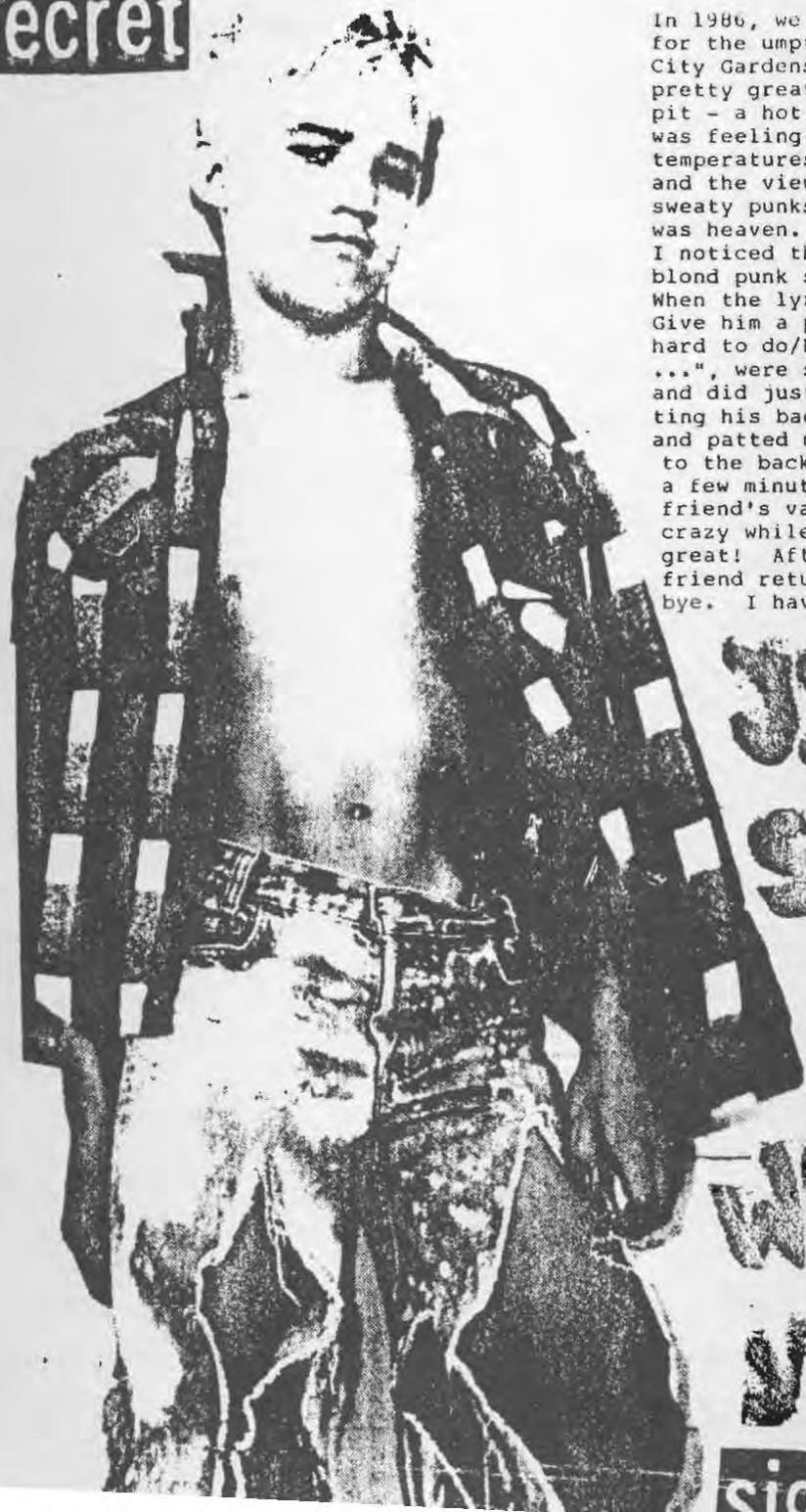
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THAT ANIMAL BOY WAS HUNGRY ALRIGHT.



ANONYMOUS BOY

**secret**



In 1986, we went to see Circle Jerks for the umpteenth time in Trenton City Gardens. They came on and were pretty great. I was slamming in the pit - a hot, sweaty pit at that - and was feeling really good. Well, as the temperatures rise, the shirts come off, and the view was great. Lots of hunky, sweaty punks pressing against me - it was heaven. During the song "Wonderful I noticed this particularly gorgeous blond punk singing along with the band. When the lyrics, "...turn to a stranger/ Give him a pat on the back/It's not that hard to do/Maybe the friendship will last ...", were sung, he reached over to me and did just that. I responded by patting his back, then his ass. He smiled and patted my butt in return. We walked to the back bar and got acquainted and a few minutes later went out to his friend's van. We sucked and fucked like crazy while blasting hardcore. It was great! After the show let out and his friend returned to the van, we said good bye. I have not seen him since...

Paul X

**J.D.s**

**SEX**

**secret passion**

**GANG**

**WANT**

**YOU!**

**signals**



no one who reads it will ever forget

JOS SEX GAG WANTS YOU!

strange pleasure



MY FIRST DADDY EXPERIENCE WAS WHEN I WAS 16. MY LIFE'S AMBITION HAD BEEN TO BE PRESIDENT OF MY HIGH SCHOOL. AND HERE I WAS -- NEW IN SAN JOSE -- IN MY JUNIOR YEAR -- FRESH FROM BAKERSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL. THE SCHOOL WAS ELITIST AND EVERYONE HAD BEEN PRESIDENT SINCE THEY WERE BORN. MY GOAL -- TAKE OVER THE SCHOOL IN 18 MONTHS. MY STRATEGY -- MEDIA.

I TOOK OVER THE DRAMA AND SPEECH DEPTS -- THAT GOT ME KNOWN FAST. THE DRAMA -- ONLY SISSIES WERE IN THE DRAMA DEPT. TO SUCCEED I HAD TO NEUTRALIZE THE SPORTS DEPT. I THREW DOWN MY CHALLENGE AT THE ANNUAL PHYSICAL FITNESS TESTS. THERE EVERY STUDENT WAS TO FOR STRENGTH. I LOUDLY CHALLENGED THE FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL AND TRACK TEAMS TO BEAT ME. WHEN I CAME IN #2 IN THE SCHOOL I WON THE RESPECT OF THE SPORTS DEPT -- PLUS VALUABLE SUPPORT FROM THE CHEERLEADERS. I WON THE ELECTION AND MY DREAM. LATER, I WAS IMPEACHED 3 TIMES -- FOR ADVOCATING BEER IN DRINKING FOUNTAINS AND THROWING OUT THE SCHOOL'S HONOR CODE (DO RIGHT!). THAT WAS MY FIRST DADDY TRIP.

THE NEW ONE IS HALSTED'S. JOEY AND I HAVE STARTED A STAND-UP FUCK CLUB. IF YOU LIKE THE NEW YORK TRUCK SCENE, YOU WILL LIKE OUR CLUB. 4 HUGE TRUCKS AND LOTS OF INSANITY. THE ATMOSPHERE IS LIKE THE CLUBHOUSE YOU HAD WHEN YOU WERE 7. ONLY NOW AN ADULT VERSION. DAVID WEBB, JOEY AND I PUT IS TOGETHER. OPENING NIGHT WAS PACKED -- IN THE HEAT OF THE PARTY, OUR MANAGER, MARK WAS

CALLED ME ASIDE. THERE WAS A LOT OF LOUD POUNDING COMING FROM THE TRUCKS. I WENT OUTSIDE AND IT WAS LOUD. BUT NO MOANS OR SCREAMS. SO I LISTENED. IT GOT LOUDER. I WONDERED IF SOMEONE WAS FLIPPING OUT. IT IS EASY FOR ME TO RELATE TO ALCOHOLICS AND INSANITY SO I STEPPED INSIDE.

AN EMPTY TRUCK IN MARY WAYS IS LIKE A PADDED CELL. INSIDE WERE TWO HOT PUNKS. ONE BLOND, SMOOTH SKINNED AND CHEWY TITS. THE OTHER DARK AND ITALIAN. THEY WERE PICKING EACH OTHER UP AND THROWING EACH OTHER INTO THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK -- PLUS A LOT OF KICKING OF THE SIDES OF THE TRUCK. LOOKED LIKE A NEW PUNK DANCE TO ME.

NEXT I WENT INTO THE CARGO CONTAINERS. THERE THE LOUD MOANS AND RED LIGHTS LEFT NO DOUBT AS TO THE HOT SEX THAT WAS GOING ON. I STOOD LISTENING TO THE SULTRY GROANS. AFTER A LOT OF WORK AND NO IT WAS TERRIFIC TO SEE AND HEAR THE PLACE COME ALIVE!

NOW I'M PRESIDENT AGAIN -- OF A CLUB!

*Halsted*

furtive sign

## WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF THE PRINCE OF THE HOMOSEXUALS

A LOT OF YOU MAY HAVE BEEN WONDERING, JUST WHAT DOES THE TITLE "PRINCE OF THE HOMOSEXUALS" ENTAIL? WELL, ASIDE FROM THE UNEXPECTED PRESTIGE AND NOTORIETY THAT'S THRUST UPON THE BEWILDERED RECIPIENT OF THE CROWN, THE PRINCE MUST MAINTAIN THE STANDARDS THAT EVERY J. D. SWEARS BY: PRACTISING THE CRAFT OF PETTY CRIME, PROMOTING SLOPPINESS, BASHING FAG BASHERS, KEEPING THE PRINCELY IMAGE TARNISHED AND STAINED, ADVOCATING PUBLIC INDECENCY, INCITING RIOTS AND TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, OFF YOUR CLOTHES AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND GETTING OUT OF ALL THE FAG AND DYKE BARS ONE BY ONE. BEAR THE TITLE OF 'PRINCE' COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE, LESS OF WHETHER YOU ARE A GIRL OR A BOY, OR A AGER. YOU CAN BE FAT, FEM, BUTCH OR BITCHY. CAN BE BE SILLY, SISSY, SWISHY OR A 98 LB. WEAKLING. BE A PUNK OF COLOUR, A PUNK OF SIZE OR A PUNK NO-SIZE BUT PLEASE LEAVE YOUR RELIGIOUS BAGGAGE OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

YOU CANNOT BE STRAIGHT-ACTING, STRAIGHT SMELLING, OR STRAIGHT WALKING, TALKING, OR LIKE THAT, O.K.?

BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHT-EDGE (IF YOU'RE SMART-G. B.) (IF YOU MUST- B. LAB.) YOU CANNOT BE AN ARTIST, A SMARTIST OR A FARTIST. YOU CANNOT BE A MEMBER OF ANY SORORITY OR FRATERNITY. YOU CANNOT BE A HIPPIY, A CREEP, OR A KILLER HIPPIY CULT MEMBER.

YOU MUST BE A SMARTYPANTS, A CANDY-ASS AND A PUBLIC NUISANCE. YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO DO WRONG RIGHT. YOU MUST NOT BE ASHAMED TO USE THE 'CUNT' WORD. (IF YOU KNOW HOW) YOU MUST GO OUT AND GET A TAKE-OUT COFFEE, WATCH TELEVISION, EAT PLENTY OF SNACKS BETWEEN MEALS, GET A HEADACHE AND TAKE LOTS OF ASPIRIN.

**BUT ONE THING EVERY PRINCE MUST REMEMBER: ALWAYS BE ON TIME FOR YOUR PHOTO SESSION.**





Mean Jean, Queen of the Dyke Scene, grills former Princes Bruce La Bruce and Dave-Id about the duties of the Prince of the Homosexuals. Rumour has it that Mean Jean, as a result of her recent 'performance' at the infamous Music Express party, will be the next Prince of the Homosexuals.

Juvenile delinquency has provided a soapbox for politicians and a career for social workers, and has given those anti-social, over-stimulated, undergratified adolescents a glamor and status that was denied earlier and less fortunate generations who were simply treated as "wayward youth".

Yet despite the intensity of the public gaze, the boys and girls known as delinquents, are still, to most people, incomprehensible kids living incredible lives, committing unbelievable crimes. They remain for the most part

specimens on a pin: Teen gangs. JD's.

# J.D.s fanzines Androzine

Politically correct, anarcho-gay fanzine, a la francais. Direct to you from gay Pares, Androzine concerns itself with political issues, vivisection, marches, political (not gay) punk groups, prisoners, news, colleges. Pas mal, pour France. bl. & w. \$4x12 25 pgs. \$\$\$  
c/o B. Peuportier, B.P. 192 75623 Paris, Cedex, 13 France

## Aqua

Anarcho Queers Undermining Authority. Well written, coherent essays, good graphics, great stories! And a fab photo of a motorcycle with a big woman's symbol painted on that we want to steal. Eagerly awaiting issue #3. Where are you?  
Aqua, P.O. Box 1251 Canal St. Station, N.Y. N.Y.C. 10013 U.S.A.  
bl. & w. 28 pgs. 8X5 \$1.00. \*\*\*\*\* (boys & girls)



## Boysville, U.S.A.

Jeffery's groovy gossip filled fagzine, packed with fun fax on the Archies, Partridge Family, and all your favs. This neway little item is full of girlgroups, boysgods, and galety.  
\$4x11, bl. on w. or pink 14 pgs. \$1.00 for recent issue \*\*\*\*\* (girls & boys)  
Jeffery Kennedy 1214 W. Central, #4, Olympia, Wash. 98506 U.S.A.

## Dr. Smith

What can we say? Will, Penny and Judy, help it, Dr. Smith!!! The doctor returns, bigger and badder than ever, and packed with teen crises! It's kooky! Cooky! Includes A.S.F., Redd Kross, Runaways and David Cassidy, Shaun Cassidy, James Dean, John Waters, Joe The HO, Bobby Gillespie, Jughead, Dean Stockwell, etc. etc. etc.  
\$4x5, 80 Pgs. \$3.00 bl. & w. \*\*\* (kids)  
Dr. Smith, 244 783 Markham St. Tor. Ont., Canada M6G 2K8

## Factsheet Five

Everyone knows Factsheet Five is THE most comprehensive collection of 'zine contacts in the world. You can find anything in it, whatever your quirk. Contact: Factsheet Five c/o Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer, N.Y. 12144 U.S.A. \*

## Fags & Faggotry

a Fackzine full of fun photos, articles, reprints, lots of punk stuff, prison slang, tattoos, piercing, bi-sexual. A tough love fanzine-not for the faint of heart! Makes you long for the times when gays weren't guppies. \$4x11, color, lots 'o' pages \$3.00 \*\*\*\*\*  
H. Weideman 48 Craig St. London, Ont., Canada, N6C 1E8  
it's pretty tough but boys could probably handle it too!



## Flipside

good for the gay letters (Look for the best of Flipside's gay letters coming in J.D.s) \*

## Helium Ravings

Unique fall-off-the-shelf format. Overwhelming layout. It's like your favourite nightmare. It jumps out of your hand and takes on a life of its own, rants, raves, brilliant comic, castration capers, photos, poems that don't make you barf. Bi-sexual. A must for the coffee table. \*\*\*  
Size-anyone's guess, bl. & w. \$2.00  
Helium Ravings, 239 E. College, Kent, Ohio 44240, U.S.A.

## Maximum R'N'R

good for the gay letters (Look for the best of Maximum R'N'R's gay letters coming in J.D.s) \*



# nocore

P.K.! Tom of Prisco's great photos really make the difference  
 the, lots of cute punks! Great Miss America protest article,  
 true-life story by L.Livermore, record and sine reviews,  
 reprint of Tab Twain's Adventure Comic from J.D.#93. But what the  
 Bill Burroughs doing on the cover, then? About to kill another  
 (he killed his wife) Tom, get rid of the woman-hater and you will  
 great sine. Love, G.B.Jones, (someone who has absolutely nothing to  
 J.D.) \$1.00 1/2x11 bl.&w. P.O.Box 77731, San Francisco, CA 94107 U.S.  
 (boys and (hopefully) girls)



## Comrade

cover, lots of photos, sexy pseudo skinhead, may be too campy  
 the uninitiated. T.V. format ideal for couch potatoes.  
 Bl.&W.#3, \$1.00 for Spring '88 issue  
 Comrade 126 E. 13th St, N.Y., N.Y.C. 10003 N.S.A. \*\*\*\*\* (boys mostly)

## tes From The Floorboards

ance's A.F.A., not really a fanzine but we're not going to  
 it. You'll just have to get it to understand. Letters are  
 and, issues are addressed, gay and bi sex videos reviewed plus  
 books, movies, and politics. Chatty personal style covering  
 thing under the sun, but no punk stuff. Gay as the wallpaper.  
 Road Dog Press P.O.Box 1949, Warren Ohio 44482-1949 U.S.A.  
 cover, bl.&w. \$4x11 \$1.00 \*\*\*\*\* (boys & girls)



## ging Hormones

st-lesbian 'sine. Probably THE only one. Great essays,  
 gion, Freud and how Nazi Punks and frat boys are the  
 troops of the patriarchy. Only one complaint: it should  
 be pages...good graphics, news, and they promise an  
 view with new all girl group P.D.S. P.O.Box 1944,  
 er, Colorado, 80306 U.S.A.\*\*\*\*\* (fun for girls, good for  
 bl.&w. 5x8 1/2 20 pgs. \$1.50

## mon Hut

zine in the surrealist tradition, brash & sassy, but ... the  
 staky mean stuff about women (not that anyone cares what Liz Taylor  
 is kind of dumb...luckily in this new issue there is less so  
 you can enjoy it. Wildly uneven, goes from incredibly inspired,  
 (dual covers) at it's best to it's worst which is like that  
 stage gay men go through of having to hate women or finding  
 any funny in order to reject heterosexual society. Its still  
 it for the good ideas, but just promise me one thing...no more cheap  
 bl.&w. & one colour (sometimes) \$2.00, 24pgs. \*\*\*  
 men Hut P.O.Box 612 Station A, Toronto, Ont.,Canada M5W1G2

## x & Violins

er literary sine-lots of great comix, famous fag quotes, good for  
 ing late at night over that 12th cup of coffee. Depressing and life-  
 ating at the same time. \*\*\*\* (a bit more for boys)  
 Violins P.O.Box 6784, Station A, Tor.,Ont.,Canada M5W 1K5  
 bl. &w. & red 16 pgs. \$2.00



## nt

ublishes no longer (too bad) but back issues may still  
 available from SCUT, P.O.Box 14, Selden, N.Y. 11784-0014  
 boys & girls \$4x11 \$1.00 bl.&w.

## raight To Hell

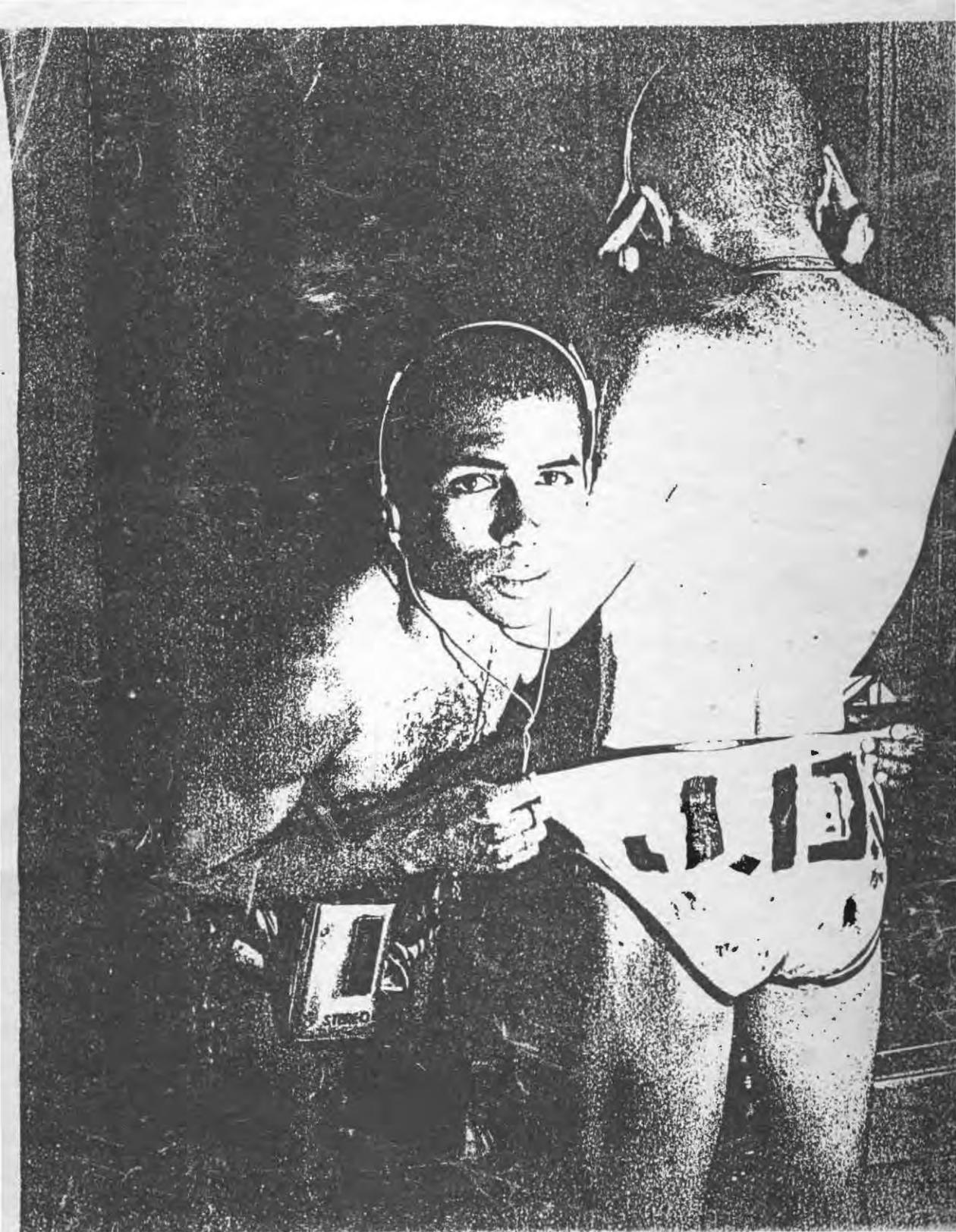
sten Review of Unnatural Acts. Chapbook documenting true life  
 phic sex adventures with candid photos. Handy pocket size for  
 for in everyone. \*\*\*\*\* (boys & queer-lovers)  
 bl. & w. & one colour \$1.50 U.S.  
 Weaver c/o S.T.H. P.O.Box 982, Radio Station N.Y., N.Y.C. 10619 U.S.A.

\*stars connote the amount of gay content only

100% GAY FRIENDLY







## **Frau Carissa Interviews everyone's favorite Boston band, ANGELA via Myspace messages cause we're too hip for email.**

*Where did you grow up?*

Chris What? Grown up? I'm still growing up. I need to find me a strict daddy to raise me right. Give me spankings when I'm a naughty boy.

Rori What!?! I'm wicked mature!

*Who writes the songs, plays what, etc?*

C. Well, we both write the songs. But the songs kind of write us. They are just extensions of our truth.

R. Well, I can play the flute!

*How would you describe what kind of music ANGELA is?*

R. It's this kinda of music that just erupts like lava out of a fucking volcano in Hawaii.

C. ya. She's right.

*how did you two meet how long have you known eachother?*

R. Psychically since birth.

*where do you both find your clothes? you always look amazing,*

C. Thanks.

R. Like, at stores.

C. I think what Rori is trying to say is that we have personal stylists that drop shit off at our house. Our stylists names are Dames and Dinn. While I'm busy servicing Dames, Dinn paints Rori's clothes onto her sweaty tight bod. Then we all move into the Jacuzzi for strawberries and champagne. Dames slowly reaches his hand in between my thighs to grab my rock hard cock while Rori licks Dinn's plump ball sack. Her pussy gets soooo wet with excitement. After heavy panting, we all collapse onto a leopard print rug in the foyer to fuck like dogs in heat.

R. And then we just go to stores.