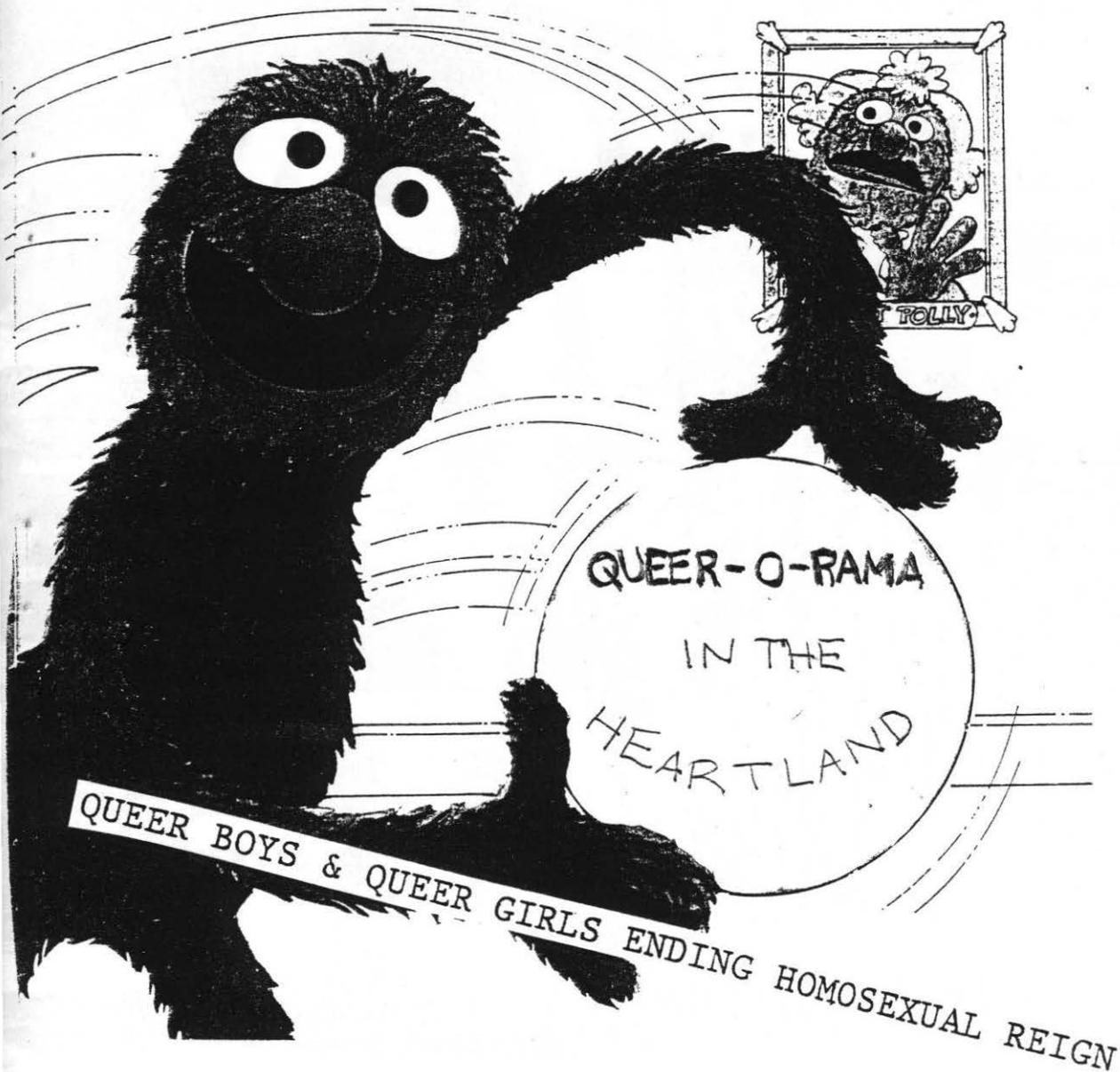


HERA POSSE

#2



TE
E

UNITS



UNIT MAF

QUEEN ZE E VI

GOL HOW RES

WELCOME ER HUNTE

ANCE
ANCY

**BLUE
CHIP
STAMPS**

For Better Living

WHY
PAY
MORE



freak FRIENDS

20th April,

Dear Folks,

Sorry it's taken me so long to get back to you, a combination of busyness and utter laziness..on top of that I was convinced that I'd already written back, partly a result of lots of people writing for copies of this damn thing (I'm a hit!) but also due to premature senility..enough fucking apologising, what's next?..

Oh yeah, HER POSSE..it's great! Liked it a lot, there's an increasing amount of zines appearing over here but without exception they're full of the blandest stateside stuff reprinted and topped off with Keanu posters and River-fucking-Phoenix memorial collages, basically kidstuff snit with all the political insight of the Good News Bible..given that, it was a real blast to read a zine that isn't locked into some nice cosy little underground clique..on that subject like to suggest a couple of spuriously queer additions to your snit list; 1.Outpunk's Matt Mobensmiths for his blinkered glorification of any old greasy punk rock shit just because it's creators happen to take it up the arse, the gay ghetto mentality in cruddy new drag..on the other hand he's putting out Sister George's album so I guess he's not totally clueless..the album that's also their epitaph since the bastards decided to split just before Christmas..2.Holy Fitclamps boy Larry-Bob..for his cheesy elitist don't talk to the media just sermonise to people who already agree with you bullshit, not to mention his queerboy take on new man-ism, lesbians are so cool I never leave home without one etc etc..his fave line on the Sister George album is 'I never met a man quite like you before, girl' yeah, of course it is..just pick up HT-13 and read 'Girl'..'girl, you're the greatest'..excuse me while I throw up..Hang on, isn't this the whole queercore dilemma, that it swiftly ends up slagging off itself? It's like, the one thing I don't go for in Her Posse is the whole queer gaybash thing, it seems like a post liberal un PC mindgame and that bothers me..living in Brighton I've got the police on my back not to mention metrogay fagsnashers with flickknives (fact) so I get a pain reading the same stuff being spouted in a not so different context, I'm pretty

sure I know what your point is, that the gay mainstream is always gonna be more mainstream than gay, that it's an apolitical elitist middle class consumerist sewer, but it's getting lost if you're just going to talk in terms of breaking heads, taug ignorance is a fucking disease however you try to disguise it..

Okay, I'm sending you SA-1 cos that's what you ordered, though I get the feeling SA-2 might be more on your wavelength, kinda like issue one walks into McDonalds with a pump action shotgun..if you wanna trade another issue I'd love to, alternatively it's three dollars, which is embarrassing but airmail charges are so extortionate I've no choice, in the meantime I hope you find this one interesting, thanks for making me laugh/think/angry

Regards,

pa1 x

WRITE!

HER POSSE
PO BOX 15137
BOSTON, MA 02215

TARGET PRACTICE

how to SHOOT TO KILL

lets get something straight right off the bat, shall we?
aHOMOISAHOMOISAHOMO. Homosexuals are the REAL enemy. Her
Posse told you that last time. Are you with us so far?
It's a simple statement of fact. No one is a bigger enemy of
the QUEER agenda than gay & lesbian people. No one. Not straights
certainly—they don't know what the fuck a queer agenda is.
The gay & lesbian one, sure and on that issue they can pick
sides. Really, I don't care at this point in my LIFE which
side of that they're on. Straights cannot conceive a queer agenda
and therefore can do nothing to further or prevent it. Homos,
however know a queer agenda will ruin their chances of
heteroacceptance and the MONEY POWER PRIVILIGE that comes with
being homo in America today. They're the ones that will put
every road block possible in our way so that heterosociety doesn't
confuse them with US. there are many ways to die.

Kill or be killed. Swallow or spit. I dont know, do something.
so. I used to be there too. Like any healthy homosexual, I
too took feminist theory in college. For a brief time I believed
the lie of unity. I was told heterosexual power structures were
what needed dismantling in order for "us" to be free. WELL.
SOMEBODY WAS BUYING STOCK BEHIND MY BACK. It took me awhile
to realize that sad fact. I believed no infighting, the "weak"
must be united to be strong. Heterosexuals were the enemy. Gay
people were GOOD. I believed this. FOR a VERY BRIEF TIME.
That time is longlonglong fucking past. The struggle of myself
& my friends is not the homosexual one. They stand on the
backs of us. But we're stronger than them. We were promised
alot if we put aside our differences & bought into the homo
dream package. Look around at the power elite now. Any queers
amongst them? NO. Greg Louganis? David Geffen? kd fucking lang?
Who's got the money? Who watches their ass? NOVELTY HOMOSEXUALS.
Tokens, uncle toms, whatever. So yeah, me bitter much? Thank you
& fuck you. Alright you say, enough with the rhetoric. Sure
kd & Melissa Etheridge have money, but are they really free?
Accepted? Accomodated? Of course not. BUT WHEN'S THE LAST
TIME YOU FUCKING HAD A NUMBER ONE RECORD OR WERE ON THE COVER
OR TIME?!? How bout any other queer person? Which of your
freak friends? None. So we're to applaud those middle class
middle of the road American Pie homosexuals for being brave,
for being out while they rake in money? I MEAN, COME ON,
YOU'RE NOT STUPID.



DON'T

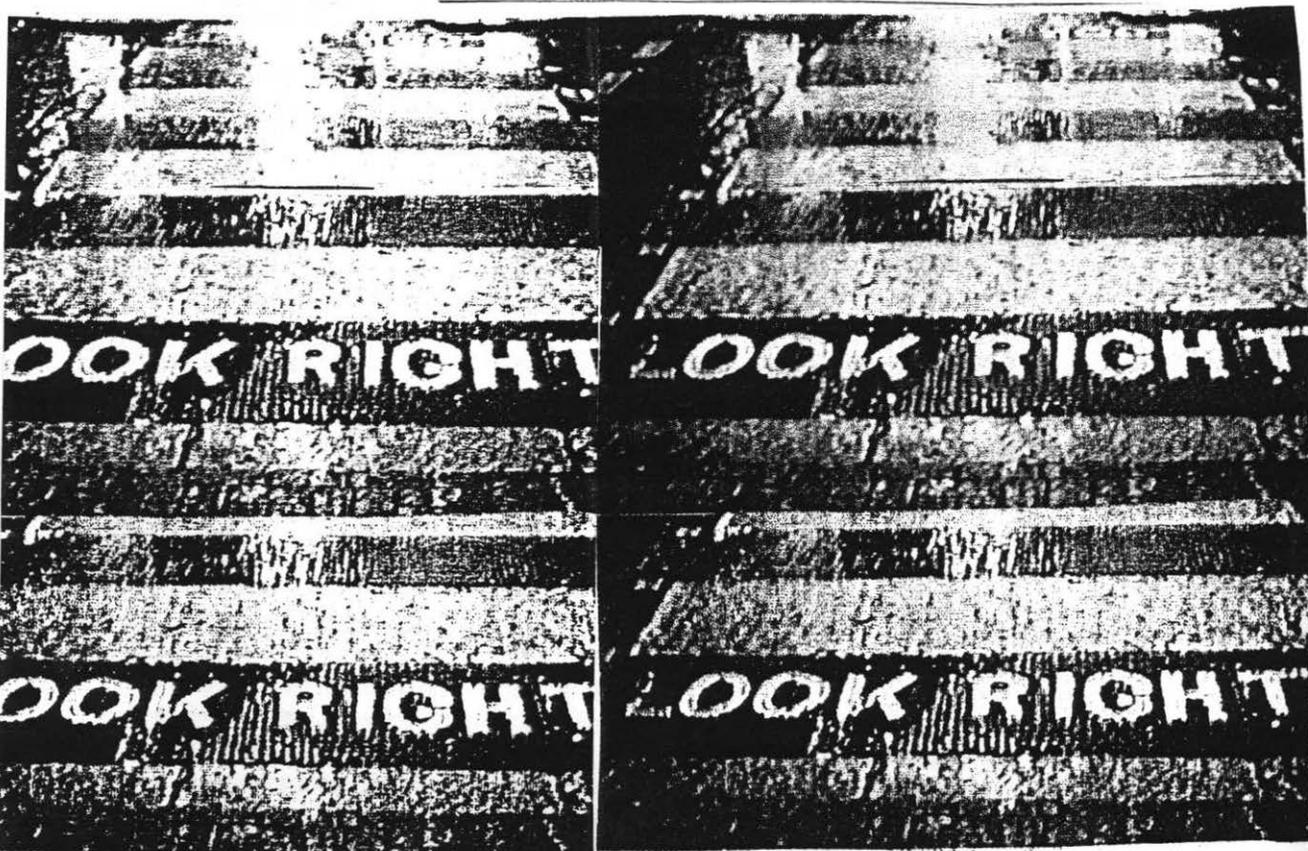
Loads of my heroes are therefore straight. Hey, life, I live it. At least there are more to choose from. None of these 15 homos it's ok to like. If you don't like that, then you fucking be a star. I'll hang your freak picture on my wall. SWEAR. Why is Traci Lords queerer than kd lang? I mean, she IS, isn't she? SHE'S NOT A VICTIM, THAT'S WHY. And she doesn't deny her sex or her past. She knows who the fuck she is & what she wants and nobody but nobody will stand in her way. When's the last time you had wind of Chastity Bono licking cunt or David Geffen sucking dick? No, we respect their "privacy". It's in their bedroom, hoo fucking ray. So, heteros have more license, more spectrum. Sure, but you make your own goddamn self and your OWN compromises. I don't want to hear it. The realm straights exist in is not so limited & sheltered & soaked down with lyso₁ disinfectant. Queers celebrities don't really exist & gay ones are scared of sex. there are many ways to die, and y'know, we kill in self defense. None of your liberal politically correct homo dogma about supporting other homos—they don't support you, ok? If I had to choose between Courtney Love & Melissa Etheridge? Come on. At least some straight people live their own fucking lives & don't answer to the homosexual mafia, alright? Pick yourselves up and dust off that shit you're laying in.

Really.

It's about picking sides again. My main goal in doing this zine. It's all about pushing the envelope & allowing conflict and ideas. I'm certainly not saying I'm perfect or that all Queers are perfect. I don't have all the answers, but at least stop looking to the homosexual elite to tell you what to do, what to say, how to fuck what to believe. Just because you're gay doesn't mean you're ok. Question everyone-especially if they have money, never talk about sex, change their look for acceptance AND ARE HOMOSEXUAL. Queer role models cannot be gay & lesbian twats. Some of my best friends are straight, BUT MY BEST FRIENDS ARE QUEER AS A FUCKING THREE DOLLAR BILL. You are your own goddamn star. The homoelite doesn't include you or me. We are not cut of the same cloth. Don't hesitate to kill them...they're not thinking twice about cutting your life short. This isn't rhetoric anymore. Think about all the covert violence we have been subjected to by homo hands. Think about who's voice you're speaking with. Who's ideas you believe.

If it's a homo's voice....GET OVER IT.

Her Posse did, a long time ago. We're finding ours now.



THE PITIFUL CORNER

Report on 1995 East Coast Leather Conference

Hello sluts, leatherdykes of all stripe, daddies, obedient creatures et al- WHERE ARE YOU? I had the distinct displeasure of traveling to sleepy N. Dartmouth, MA in April for the 1995 East Coast Ms. Leatherwoman Contest at The Brig. #1- There was no Ms. Leatherwoman contest, as no competitors showed, and, #2- Along with my lover and 3 friends, we were among the ten women present (judges included!).

I hate to fall into old old stereotypes about no decent leather scene east of the Bay Area, but it sure looked that way to me. One dyke competed in the Leatherboy category (Cool), but was verbally harrassed throughout her fantasy exhibition by ignorant gay men who found her breasts aesthetically unappealing because she was a big woman- great.

This was no glory day for queer visibility- don't dykes like it rough? Are we too ashamed about sex and our bodies to get it out there? What is going on? And the boys "fantasies" encapsulated the most rote, predictable slave-licks-his-master's-boots-and-gives-him-head, oh-Druids-in-the-night-with-the-lash scenarios that I finally walked out. What makes me hot about the leather scene is the amazing freedom in taking on roles and power positions to voice what would otherwise seem unvoicable- pushing beyond the pale and constantly creating queer for myself. The evening at The Brig seemed like a wasted opportunity to me...

So, are we happy to send no Ms. East Coast Leatherwoman to the national leather competitions? Do we exist? If so, contact :

Mike Miller/ MCC Productions, Inc.

90 Decatur St., STe. 796

Charlestown, MA 02129-2328

if you live in the area, or get out on the streets!!!

Or at least prove it to HER POSSE and send us your photos for our leatherdyke hall of fame.

HIV IS ALL MY FAULT !!

Sickeningly enough, 12 step groups are spreading like the half-boiled, soft-serve fad that they are through the homosexual community. Though I know it is supposedly in poor taste to question or challenge such groups as they "have helped so many people," I lost my manners when these parasites started taking over every worldly experience and Anonymizing it. People using 12 stepping to deal with addictions are adopting a new religious, moralizing, higher-powered addiction, which is their business, as disempowering as it may be. But when 12 step begins colonizing things like food (Overeater's Anonymous-i.e.- wheat and sugar are evil substances and a sponsor has to plan your menu), they are breaking even their weak little mold, reducing the complexity of issues by shoving them into their all-purpose, Hi my name is stupid and I'm a _____ box. This move to simplify and decorate with platitudes is a way to control people and problems and politics by abdicating responsibility.

What's the latest? get ready- HIV Anonymous for "all those affected by HIV." ISN'T THAT THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD?!! Do we need to start meetings everywhere? This insipid scam of an organization is the pinnacle of 12 step self-hatred and formulaic simplemindedness- witness the First Step of HIV Anonymous:

1. We admitted that we are powerless over being at risk or infected with HIV, that our lives had become unmanageable.

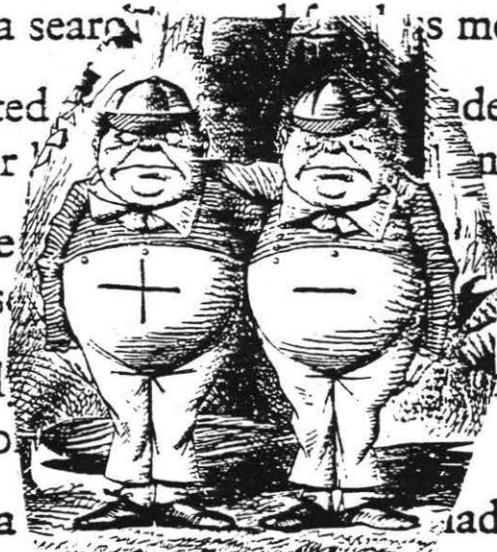
Boy, I really see how this mentality is going to groom activists to fight the government status quo and inspire people to take control of their sex lives and choices! Wow! Actually, I guess its kind of nice to be invited to be so primordially passive- you read that first step a few times and maybe figure the epidemic was "meant to be," can't be diverted, is a "learning experience"- FUCK THAT!

Twelve Steps of HIV Anonymous

Hi. My name is _____ and I am affected by HIV.

Sure we're all learning from watching people die and die from AIDS, but self-actualization is not necessarily the most urgent agenda item-fighting the epidemic is. I'm sick of homos foreshortening their rage and pain by retreating into these nicey-nicey, faux spiritual venues where the terrible reality of HIV is accepted like an apolitical natural disaster. Yes, AIDS is all your "Issue"- not the FDA's to quickly approve drugs, the education system's to instate K-6 AIDS education, the insurance companies' to pay for ALL treatment, the drug companies' to be relatively humane or the prisons' to increase access to health care. 12 step proves that HIV is your character flaw- and where does that take you?

4. Made a search of our hearts as moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted our wrongs to God and to another human being.
6. Became completely honest with God of our understanding remorse.
7. Humbly accepted our share of responsibility for our wrongs.
8. Made a list of people whom we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them.
9. Made direct amends to such people whenever possible, except where to do so would injure them or break the law.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong



WATCH

OUT

WHAT MASSA FEEDS YOU.

...and meditation to improve our conscious relationship with God, as we understand God, praying only for

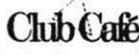
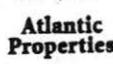
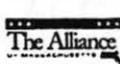
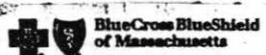
political bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
itical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
it apolitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical
political b
olitical bu
itical bull
ical bullsh
lshit apoli
shit apolit
ullshit apo
llshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitic
olitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
itical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
nit apolitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical
political bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
olitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
itical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
ica
lsh

PRIDE

political bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
itical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
nit apolitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical
political bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
olitical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
itical bullshit apolitical bullshit apolitical bulls
ica
lsh

a money-making venture

PROUD SPONSORS:



YOUR QUEER POSSE

inventory

1. How do you describe your sexual preference?
2. The most queer-positive town you've encountered?
3. Personal goals and strategies for the QUEER UPRISING?
4. "Gay + lesbian" issues that make you the sickest?
5. People you admire? despise? why?
6. Current haircolor?

7. What are you reading? listening to?
wearing?

8. Comment on these "controversial items":

unsafesex -

buying major label lps -

ritual piercing -

lima beans -

12 step programs of any sort -

The Brady Bunch movie - gay or queer??

carrying guns -

rape scene in Pulp Fiction -

baby making -

RIP OUT & MAIL IN!

RESPONSES
IN
NEXT
ISSUE!!



Anybody wearing a red ribbon
should be infected with HIV.

-Diamanda Galas



HOW TO INTERPERATE GAY AND LESBIAN PERSONAL ADS

STRAIGHT (STR8) ACTING/APPEARING = *I am a rapacious bottom*

STRAIGHT (STR8) ACTING/APPEARING
(in a woman's ad) = *I don't know exactly what I want emotionally, but I will expect you to give it to me*

BI/BI CURIOUS = *I want casual or anonymous sex that my girlfriend/boyfriend/parents won't find out about*

FEM/FEMMININE = *I shave my pits and/or am closeted*

NOT INTO BARS/GAY SCENE = *I cruise tearooms regularly*

HEALTHY/ HEALTHY LIFESTYLE = *I have never been tested for HIV/I only have unsafe sex with strangers*

NO DRUGS/SMOKING/ALCHOHOL = *I belong to several 12-step programs*

LOOKING TO PARTY/LIKE TO PARTY = *I can only have sex if I am too fucked up on crystal to remember it later*

GDLKG/VGL = *I use hairspray and/or wear cologne*

RELATIONSHIP ORIENTED = *codependant*

ROMANCE = *phoney intimacy*

UB2/LOOKING FOR SAME = *Mirror images only need apply*

NO FATS/FEMS = *I am not secure enough to handle someone who is comfortable with who they are/I judge people based on looks and mannerisms*

INNEXPERIENCED/NEW TO THIS = *I have never placed a personal ad before/I am not good at abbreviating my desires and attributes*

INTELLIGENT = *I get my opinions from the Advocate*

BOYISH = *I shave my chest/have incest fantasies*

BUTCH (in a woman's ad) = *I can not commit or share intimate feelings*

BUTCH (in a man's ad) = *I act like a dyke*

DISCRETE = *Closeted*



by

MC Gauge

~ in our
L.A. office ~



HOW I GOT OVER VIRUS ENVY & LEARNED TO

LOVE AIDS CLONES

I have feelings too, you know. I found out I was HIV negative. I felt let down more than anything. ALL my friends are positive & I fucked just as many guys as they did. I'm no wallflower & I'm certainly not ugly! REALLY. I deserve the recognition & attention too. It's no fun being the only one having fun at the ball while everyone else is popping AZT. Bummer. I feel so alone. Left behind. HEALTHY. I want a beeper too. And those cute little boxes that tell you which pills to take when? To die for. No pun intended sweetie, darling. The new chic look is thin thin thin. And I'm not talking Kate Moss here. I'm talking knocking on heaven's door. No matter how hard I try, I can get the accessories, but I can't get the look.

Here's the bottom line. Everyone else is getting all the pampering & attention. They're all in gorgeous hospital rooms literally getting their asses wiped by all the cute homos in town. Every HIV negative queen in the city is an AIDS buddy or whatthefuckever. None of them have any time for a healthy faggot like me. You gotta be dying to catch their eye. They've got so many liberal guilt issues to work out they wouldn't dare go out with some poor HIV- like me. I mean, I went to an ACT UP meeting thinking at least some hot guys would be there all sweaty & worked up about their cause--please! I do better cruising hospitals--6 dykes & two old homos who missed getting infected.

My friends that are sick? What a drag. No one does poppers anymore & sex in the public parks? Forget it. Like a scene out of Night of the Living Dead. If they can pry themselves away from their gorgeous nurses & warm hospital beds long enough to go out, I end up paying. They're spent all their disposable income on medicine & medical bills, you see. NO ONE takes me out anymore. No one has the cash. I even went to protest the high cost of experimental drugs on this one. I'm serious, not fucking around. They don't mind though. If you have the luxury of knowing you're gonna die, think of all the credit cards you can max out. You're not gonna pay the bill. Every homo I know flies to France or wherever when they get diagnosed. When's the last time I went to Europe? I pay my bills.

Then there's this love bit. Everyone who's positive has miraculously found the true monogamous love of their lives. I can't find anyone to trick with much less be my life partner. Positives are sick but at least they're loved. People wait on them hand & foot too. When I had my anal wart removed no one came to visit, but hook up some Mary to a respirator & she has friends coming cross country. Once they die too, forget it. Memorial services up the ass. Every queen in town weeping. I could get hit by a truck tomorrow & my face isn't gonna be smiling out at you from the pages of the Advocate.

Just the words too--they're POSITIVE. Hooray! Sunshine! I'm negative-zero, nothing.

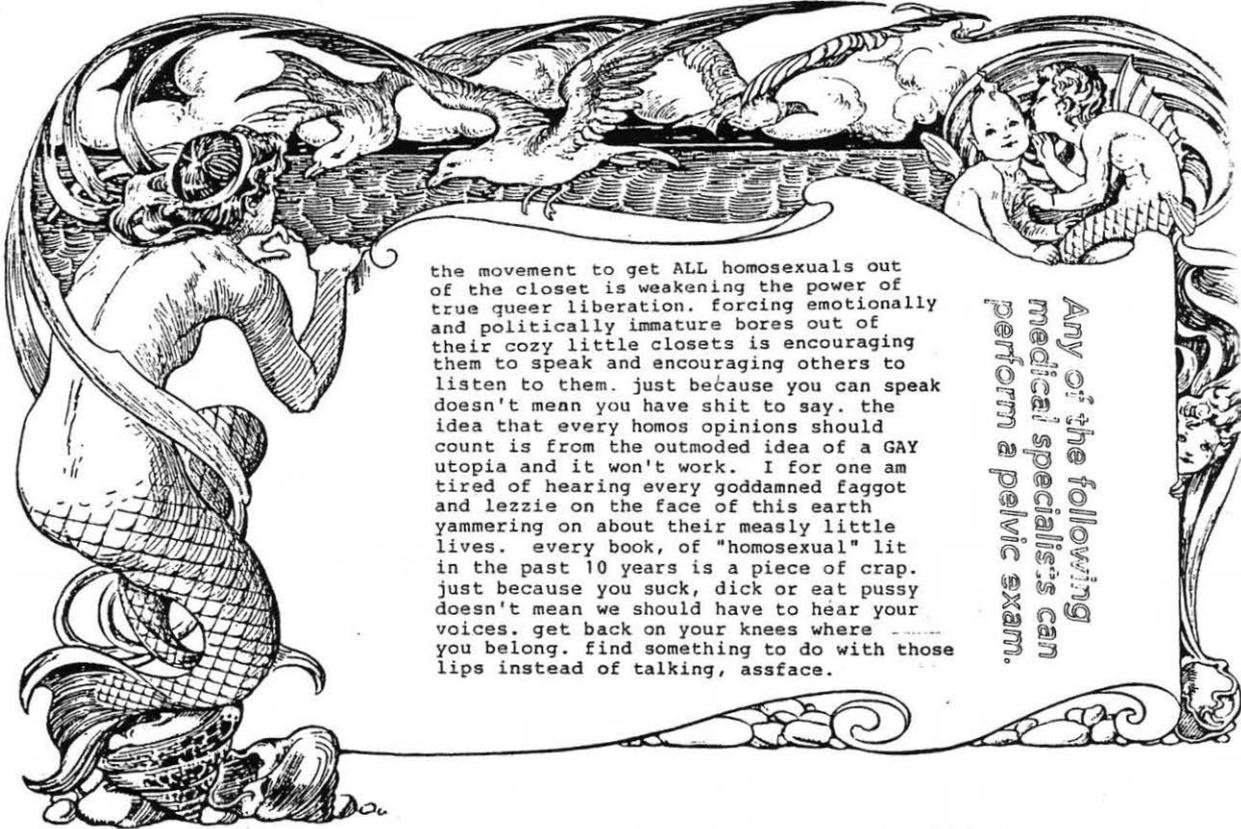
I know, I'm bitter & it's not right to be angry with these sick people. But I feel so left out. I've lost my community--the people who fuck without rubbers, do drugs & dance all night. I'm not part of that post-diagnosis health craze. Sure I can take vitamins but I don't have enough pills for one of those little boxes & I don't socialize at AA meetings. I tried the AIDS Anon meetings, but everyone there's pathetic. I fit in nowhere. Ever since the doctor told me I was negative. Nothing. Zero. I have feelings and they're hurt. I still get tested every 6 months & keep my fingers crossed. All the AIDS CLONES are so hyper about safe sex, though so I'll probably always be a little old negative. I feel so ashamed. I feel so alone.

Next test's in 2 weeks. There's always hope, darling.



slippage I am only briefly myself,
considering fucking a woman from behind, and
then become a guy, a high school guy. I am in
the bathroom of my friend's house trying to jerk
off/get hard because we are all fucking this
girl they have thrown on the bed on her back.
I feel nervous that I can't get it up and am not
turned on by her, but then begin to imagine
fucking one of the guys up the ass as he fucks
the girl, and I come.





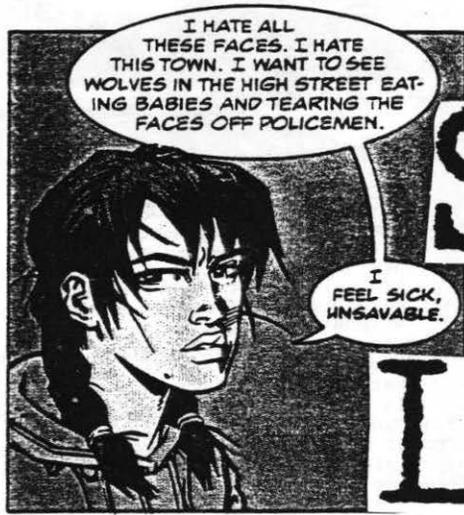
the movement to get ALL homosexuals out of the closet is weakening the power of true queer liberation. forcing emotionally and politically immature bores out of their cozy little closets is encouraging them to speak and encouraging others to listen to them. just because you can speak doesn't mean you have shit to say. the idea that every homos opinions should count is from the outmoded idea of a GAY utopia and it won't work. I for one am tired of hearing every goddamned faggot and lezzie on the face of this earth yammering on about their measly little lives. every book, of "homosexual" lit in the past 10 years is a piece of crap. just because you suck, dick or eat pussy doesn't mean we should have to hear your voices. get back on your knees where you belong. find something to do with those lips instead of talking, asshole.

Any of the following medical specialists can perform a pelvic exam.

When I wrote my first bestseller, it was about my coming out (Aplause!!) It was a very difficult experience and made a very nice book. I changed the names of course, and added in a few details but that's poetic license. I learned that in my creative writing class in college. That's where I started my bestseller, actually. We had to describe a room and I described mine when I was 13 and thought I liked girls. It went on from there. A very unusual story, really. I went out with girls in high school but really liked boys. Then in college, I met my first boyfriend. It was hard at first, but I eventually told my friends and then my parents. We went out for two years and then broke up. That was the climax of the book - I told my parents and we broke up. I ended it by describing my room as it is now. Picky neat huh? Coming out stories make good novels. I encourage all of you to write your coming out stories. (Aplause!!) So, my next book is about my second boyfriend. I couldn't write for a long time but now I've met my second boyfriend and have a story to tell. There's a scene in it where I come out at work. It's hard to write a book as a gay man and not write about coming out. It's so important and always a good read. Straights can understand it, and there's lots of gay people who like to read about coming out. Every gay person can write. Just tell your story. AIDS books are popular crossover too, but I don't think I have AIDS. Oh well. In closing, Tell your story, stay sober, and my God bless.

"You can be writing a lot about some homo subject, and you'll suddenly mention...oh, and I know you know what poppers are, there are probably people in the world who don't know what poppers are. So I would make the decision to sort of explain what popper was. And I think in that way I was writing for a larger audience. -David I

Speech notes found at Outwrite "Gay + Lesbian" "Writers" Conference



SHIT LIST



GREG LOUGANIS, the epitome of the clean livin' American ApplePie Homosexual. His wholesome smile makes us sicker than the newscasters that told us he bled in the pool. FUCK OFF + DIE YOU EVIL AIDS PORPOISE.

CHASTITY BONO, the mainstream LA celebrity daughter cum bar girl who is stupid + lesbian enough to think Kd lang is a lesbo heroine. May you fester in LA blandness eternally.

Nalad Press for publishing sub-mediocre, sexless, bland, lavender lesbian crap that should never have seen the printed page. Back to burning books, we say. Weiner roast all round.

AIDS PROFITEERING INSURANCE COMPANIES + THE HOMO RAGS THAT RUN THEIR ADS

Suppose you can always make a profit on someone else's decay + demise. Let's make sure all their CEOs get AIDSs if you can stand to Fuck them.

DIANE DIMASSA (WE TRUSTED YOU)



why should i pay for your therapy???

DEAR BOB:

MC Gage

What is wrong with you? Are you on drugs? And I don't mean steroids! What the hell is up with up with you and that awful "husband" of yours?

The divorce rate in this country is 50%, why would anyone want to get married? Why are you wasting so much time on this futile cause? ANSWER ME!!!!

Don't you get it? Marriage is not a sacred institution! It is a hoax that has been perpetrated on billions of foolish people for eons.

What's gotten into you? It's that horrible blonde pig you're shacking up with, I know it. I want to believe that before he came tripping into your world you were a perfectly normal fag. The other day in B. Dalton I was flipping through that pathetic "book" you two "wrote" and do you know he actually refers to you as his "living Ken doll"??!! How can you stand for it? Or should I say how can you lie down with your big shaved legs up for it? He is filthy! A nasty, salon tanned, waxed DOG and you have laid with him!

I've seen that other book you two have, the one with all the artsy pictures... you are too scared to show your dicks! You hide them behind tanned hands with little bands of gold on them. Marriage has unsexed you. I thought body building was about taking pride in your physical being? Why are you ashamed of your sex organs? Or perhaps you really are just like a Ken doll... all pecs and no dick! I can already tell you haven't got any balls!

My boyfriend and I don't need to be equal with stupid heterosexual sheep, stop trying to tame us! We've been together for over four years without a marriage license and we still love each other. We don't need a tax break from the IRS to let the world know we are serious about each other. AND WE DON'T CARE WHAT STUPID, SCARED, HATEFUL PEOPLE THINK ABOUT US!!!!!! INCLUDING YOU AND YOUR RIDICULOUS LOVER!

I guess that's the point really. No matter what laws get passed (and few ever will, the way you fools are going about it), there will still be people ignorant enough to believe that a man is not a man unless he fucks pussy. And those same people will kill you on sight if they get the chance. They are not afraid of your muscles! STOP ASKING STRAIGHTS FOR THEIR GRUDGING TOLERANCE AND EQUALITY AND DEMAND RESPECT AND SUBSERVIENCE FROM THEM!!!!

And one more thing: LEAVE THOSE KIDS ALONE! Stay out of the schools! The Presidential Physical Fitness program is bullshit in the first place and you two are just making it worse. Most kids are screwed up enough about their bodies without two nasty muscle queens prancing around singing the praises of dipillitation and pectoral cleavage.

Get a life Bob, and stop telling me how to live mine.

luv,
Kevin



TOUGH SISSY GIRL



FAT GIRL ZINE - SHE WILL SIT
ON YOU (IF YOU'RE
LUCKY)

MINTY "USELESS MAN"
Queercore punk house by scary
drag queens (the best kind)



Smiles
NOT

HEAVENLY CREATURES

TRUER THAN THE LIFE YOU LEAD
AND TWICE AS QUEER

Try it out



THESE
GUYS →

cuir UNDERGROUND subscriptions
3288 21st Street, Box 19
San Francisco, CA 94110

KID TESTED, MOTHER APPROVED

Raelyn Gallina, piercer extraordinaire (THANK YOU!)
-c.

SERIOUS PLEASURES biography of Stephen Tennant

FREE TO FIGHT compilation PUNK ROCK SELF DEFENSE

SHAVED ANUS c/o PAUL 26 Belgrave St Brighton BN2 2NS ENGLAND

go sid

PUNK
IS QUEER
IS PUNK



Love & thanks to Patrick Fitzgerald for love, understanding, advice & inspiration.

ALL APOLOGIES

Even I can admit I'm wrong. It's the bitterness of the age, the resentment of what has become my Queer life. Queer in a world that mistakes sexual preference for identity, I suppose. The belief that gay and queer are somehow the same. And so the resentment has built up and I unjustly took it out on homosexuals. My own self-hatred has gone forth & spoken harsh harsh words. Death threats & malicious slander against all homosexual people. I can't explain, but I apologize.

You see, it's all gone wrong. My Queer life. My mother always told me I asked for it. The harrassment, physical & sexual abuse. That's all about punk too. Being the outsider. I admit, I CHOSE IT. It must be my sick mind. Homosexuals seem adjusted to mainstream society. My sick mind resents it. I've chosen to not be who they are. My body wants sex unlike what they will give me. The only vocabulary I have with hich to speak is theirs. And those words don't speak the places my body wants to go. There are no quiet categories I can fit into anymore. I've chosen the outside so long that your doors are locked against me. Homosexuals have rightly betrayed me. I cannot help them in their struggle. I can only hold them back from being submerged into the hetero world. I'm sorry. I'll try to be further in the background. I know the damage of shame.

I know you blame me for choices made. Queers are an abomination. We are the freak show. We are the ones unclear on gender rules, the ones unclear on political correctness, unclear on proper sexual desires. Were unsure of which lies to tell & which truths to believe. We are extreme creatures, not necessarily about the beauty of love. We live by impulse and follow our dreams/desires without clear thinking on goals of a larger society. We want to fuck, we fuck. We like to deny our elders & despise our peers. We show no appropriate fear on unfriendly streets, as willing to antagonize as be antagonized. We don't know the proper codes of the homosexual life: the proper music to buy, haircuts to have. WE DON'T KNOW ALL THESE THINGS. We also have made no attempt to learn them. We have spent so long outside of gay & lesbian culture that we are now totally lost. We have denied the heritage of the homosexual people. We have lost sight of our past and are ever racing toward the future.

I can only speak for myself. Last time I did, venom flew. I wanted your blood. I wanted you dead. I wanted to beat you into the streets, take over your privilege & fuck it up for you. Maybe it was just jealousy. But I am willing to say I'm sorry. I know I've upset & offended you. I know I've said things you didn't believe were anything more than rhetoric, but that some part of you was scared was true true TRUE.

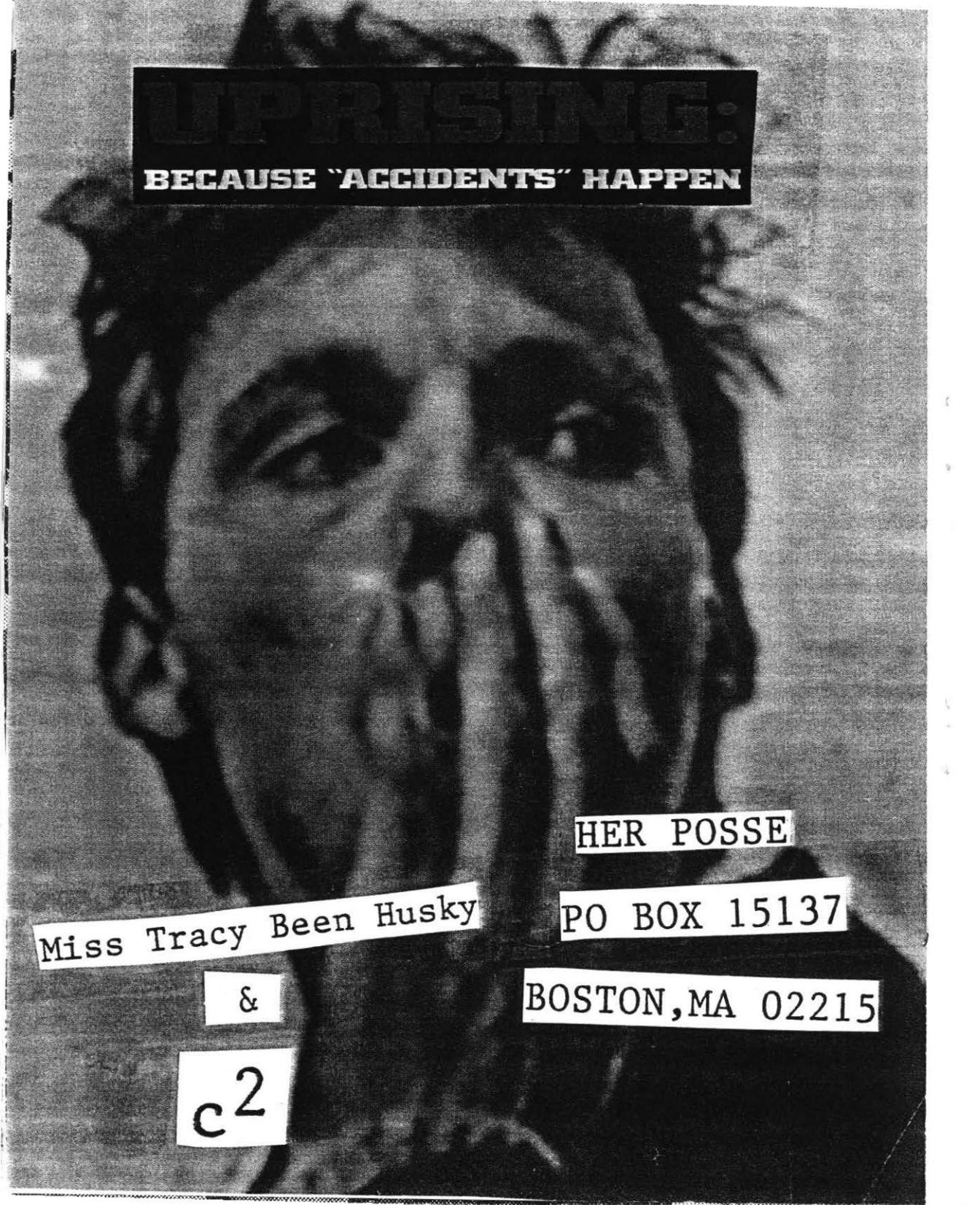
I know I've chosen who I am. I know you're people too. I Just wish I didn't want you dead so fucking much. I'm not a violent person, I swear. If you knew me, you'd know that. But I'm outside your world and that makes me mean. It makes me dangerous. It makes me have impure thoughts.

But I'm willing to apologize if I scare you or hurt you. I just wish it weren't all so goddamned true.

Every fucking word I said.



JUST CALL ME MRS. MARRIOTT



BECAUSE "ACCIDENTS" HAPPEN

HER POSSE

Miss Tracy Been Husky

PO BOX 15137

&

BOSTON, MA 02215

c2