

SKINT

2:

KING

PORN



S H I N T T W O :

R I N G P O R N

adventures in the land of queer sex

a surly production
september two thousand

Skint Two: King Porn is a Surly Production.

email surlybitch@smoove.org

or write to:

Surly Productions

29 Leonard St

Northcote Vic 3070

Editor: Aizura Hankin

Design: Surly Design

Covers hand-stencilled with Dulux 'Bright Chrome' spray-paint.

Drag King photographs by Jac Stocks.

Images on translucent paper by Tomoko Yamasaki.

Scout sketches from "The Man and the Boy", a homoerotic but very useful tract by some big thirties Scouting honcho—which lists eleven different types of boys and how to discipline them.

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Contents

Communiqué <i>Aizura Hankin</i>	5
Pulling It Out In Public: Melbourne Drag Kings <i>Bumpy, Tom and Aizura Talk</i>	11
In The State Library <i>Sabdha Charlton</i>	21
Growing Up Boy: Taffeta <i>Nicol Beechey</i>	23
Tattoo <i>Amanda Rochford</i>	27
The Bay of Pigs <i>Aizura Hankin</i>	29
Fe-Male #2 <i>Urszula Dawkins</i>	35
Storm Trace <i>klinks</i>	39
Work For the Dole <i>Shane McGrath</i>	45
Law Abiding Citizen <i>Emjaen</i>	53
Blood Grrl <i>klinks</i>	57
Poems <i>Tomoko Yamasaki</i>	61
Boys Like Us <i>Aizura Hankin</i>	65
Contributors	72



"Mo On the Bike" by Jac Stocks, Salon Kitty, August 2000.

Communiq̄é

Aizura Hankin

I already wrote one introduction, which was very long, far longer than I'd thought it would be. There were so many things to say. I told a few silly stories, made a few points. But in the end, I realised I hadn't said anything worth saying. None of it contextualised what this is, or why it's here. So this is another (already suspect) attempt.

'King Porn' is a very loose label for the crazily diverse array of styles of sex writing contained here. The project began as an exploration of 'queer masculinity', by which I meant masculinity that had detached itself from any assumption of maleness as natural or authentic or biological. This could have been limited to writing about various female masculinities—drag kings, ftm's, butches, boys, Daddies, faggotykes, and so on. But it isn't, for a few different reasons: one, because I have no faith in a cartography of sex and writing and masculinity which bases itself in the biological determinism of 'women' (thus 'lesbians'). Another is the enormous influence, both on my writing and that of other women, of gay (SM) porn and the until recently unmatched sexual license of some gay men. And, you know, some of the contributions weren't about masculinity at all.

So let's draw a map. Maps are weird. Their purpose is to make borders, to create lines of distinction between one territory and another. They are useless to describe the border wars, the constant shifting of territory and transmigration of one category into another. Butch dyke into drag king. Femme into drag king. Drag king into transman. Transman into faggot. Femme faggot into dyke toyboy. Dyke into boy.

Jorge Luis Borges once wrote about a country so obsessed with cartography that the map-makers drew a map that spanned the exact size of the empire and was a precise copy of it. Some theorist (I can't remember who) has written about this already in the context of cyberspace. But for me, the story encapsulates a conviction I have about gender and sex. I imagine a fluttering, billowing piece of

canvas sinking down over cities and roads and houses and fields. When it had settled, would the inhabitants of the country simply go about their business on top of the map? Underneath it? Perhaps they'd begin to draw their own details on the parchment, seizing and marking territories, crossing bits out and writing over the marks that others had left.

In a similar fashion, gender/sex/fucking could be like a shroud over the 'real' that queers use to seize power and territory. Layer upon layer, performances adhere to bodies with the consistency of baklava. We find ourselves performing the strangest things, behaving in the strangest ways. And yet they're not so strange after all: some of them are so familiar we wind up living them twenty-four hours a day.

But they're not always successful, these attempts. And sometimes they seem so far away from making the big outside world listen. I'm brewing here, trying to connect the power and thrill of writing one's own maps in the gaps and crevices of the 'real' with some kind of grass-roots politics: the rights that queers still don't have, the enormous conservatism of what was once a really happening queer rights movement. The fact that still, STILL, at least a third of all suicides in the USA are by teenagers and related to sexuality. The fact that those figures don't really exist in Australia. The fact that AIDS activism has died down because HIV is sort of kind of a livable condition: if you can afford the drugs to keep it that way. The fact that John Howard can so easily quash the right of dykes to gain access to fertility technology—and how middle-class and white and double-income-posh-car the lesbians were who did get media attention in the recent lesbian IVF controversy.

I guess this porn kick I'm on is my (admittedly idiosyncratic) attempt at answering those conservative fuckers. Because I don't believe that all the gay rights movement needs to accomplish is the entry of gays into the military and gay marriage. We need the right to have the kind of sex we want to have. That kind of sex threatens everything heteronormative culture holds dear. More importantly, we need to be able to talk about fucking, write about fucking, learn how to fuck and how to be—however we need to be, without fear of death or censorship.

Bodies are just like maps: they're weird. Writing porn for me is about knowing my body, knowing what it likes and responds to. Maybe it's a sign of my (relatively young) age, but most of my friends seem to have a difficult relationship

with their bodies and sex. I remember hanging out with three close friends about three years ago. We suddenly realised that we never talked about sex, ever. More importantly, we didn't really know what turned us on, because we'd never actually gotten up the courage to ask if this or that fantasy was doable, or okay, or 'normal'. Since then I've had countless conversations with all kinds of people about how important that knowledge is. So if your fantasies aren't in this zine-masquerading-as-a-book, maybe it's time you started writing about them and talking about them with your friends and getting them out there.

There's just one other thing I want to say. I put this thing together on a shoestring. I've got a crazy plan to transform it into a bound, spunky, high-quality book. But while it's in its photocopied and hand-stapled form, I should say that it's as easy as pie. You could do it yourself. In fact, you should.

Many kudos are due many people. So, to begin: Thanks to all the writers for being generally ace, for getting work together at such short notice, and for putting up with my last-minute requests and email screw-ups. Thanks to Sabdha, for being a best friend and partner in sex crime for so many years. Thanks to Shane for wisdom and bravery and love and one long stuttering reach towards revolution. Thanks to Carol, Bec and Jo for being such staunch housemates. Thanks to Bumpy for being so supportive, enthusiastic and good at making shit happen. Thanks to Tom Erge for giving me the name 'King Porn' to describe the whacked-out fantasies contained in this zine. Thanks to Jac for contributing photographs which have flavoured this project with the true essence of Drag King. Thanks to all the performers at Club Core and King Vic, who have provided visual inspiration for putting this together: many of you aren't featured here, but not for want of trying. Thanks finally to Joan Nestle and Pat Califia, who both offered their mentorship and guidance.

More broadly, I owe a debt to writers who have pulled apart my sense of what's real or okay or proper or possible: Laurie Weeks, Carol Queen, Steven Shaviro, Del La Grace Volcano, Jack Halberstam, Kathy Acker, William S. Burroughs, Pat Califia, Joan Nestle, John Preston, Laura Antoniou, Kate Bornstein, Eve Sedgwick, Grant Morrison, David Wojnarowicz. Nothing could have happened without you happening first.

So, welcome to *Skint Two: King Porn*. Enjoy the ride.



. . . nicely mannered little gentlemen . . .

Pulling it Out in Public: Melbourne Drag Kings

What Is A Drag King? A Drag King is a 'woman' who dresses up and performs as a 'man'. That definition is totally flawed so instead of trusting it, I suggest you go and read *The Drag King Book* by Judith Halberstam and Del La Grace Volcano, published by Serpent's Tail.

King Victoria began in late May this year: one heat a month to be held at Salon Kitty. The first night attracted a capacity crowd. When I rocked up with a bunch of friends at ten pm, we had to wait around downstairs for the crowd to thin after the show before we could even get up to where the action was. I've been told this hasn't happened at any dyke gathering in Melbourne since *Wicked Women* in the 80's.

The performances began startlingly well and have become more lewd, theatrical and imaginative as the competition progresses. As Judith Halberstam observes in *Female Masculinities*, drag kings can take the worst sleazy masculine traits and make them funny—or even sexy. Suddenly there's this abundance of stunning, suited-up men with glistening moustaches and pelvic swaggers in every dyke venue in Melbourne. Cocks are on display everywhere you look.

It seems to me that what Salon Kitty, and other venues, have become in these months of sex-crazy excitement is a space in which 'we' have been free. Free to dress up without feeling self-conscious, free to experiment, free to fuck, snog, pash, frot, dance, heckle, yell, scream, cheer. Free to have pissing-standing-up competitions in the toilets. Free most of all to be ourselves.

As Tom observes in the following interview, the effects of this freedom don't just end when the club closes. They transform our everyday existences. They also make space for talking and thinking and theorising that hazy constellation of where we all fit in—the ways we like to dress or fuck or light a cigarette or open

a door for someone. Talking about all of that opens up more room again—to think about the ways that ethnicity and class and background inform our performances as queers, in the club, in the bedroom and on the streets.

Sometime in early August, I found out that the famous New York drag king Mo B. Dick was about to visit Melbourne and host Heat Four of the King Victoria Drag King competition as part of the Midwinta Festival. In the process of attempting to set up an interview with Mo, I discovered the two (reluctant) masterminds of King Victoria itself, Elizabeth Eldridge (aka Bumpy) and Katie Hamilton (aka Tom Erge). At the time, Bumpy was in the middle of setting up Club Core, a queer women's performance, cabaret and spoken word gig on Thursday nights at Salon Kitty. I decided to interview them both about the scene they'd helped create.

Originally I'd wanted to ask them both about the drag king contests as a whole. But it soon became clear that here were two queers who were just as sex-obsessed as I was. Here are some of the things we said.

Aizura: First of all, tell me who you are.

Bumpy: We're Bumpy and Tom Erge.

A: What background do you both come from?

B: Well, I've just been a musician. 'Just' a musician... I've been a musician for probably about ten years. I've always played in rock'n'roll environments but as I've gotten older, I've kind of stopped liking pubs. So I'm really into cabaret. I've organized a lot of cabaret events and been involved in things like Club Bent and Ruby Lounge.

A: And Tom?

Tom Erge: I'm a visual artist. A photographer, really. And a writer. And I've always loved drag since I was sixteen. My dream is to meet Cathy Opie, which I once did. She was absolute and utter inspiration. Doing this, my aim is to meet Del [La Grace Volcano, a celebrated pervert, drag king and genderfuck photographer] Doing this is my background, a bit of drag king. That's it. But photography is my passion, so my performances are a direct lift of any gender stuff I do in my photography.

A: And how do you identify, as drag kings?

B: Tom Erge... he's a king. Bumpy—I don't know what I am. I don't know if I'm a he

or a she.

T: We like to define all these things. A lot of the correspondence between Mo [B. Dick] and myself, we write to each other in our Tom and Mo states. 'He' refers to mostly women performers, but they're all 'he's.

B: Yeah. Some kings are he's all the time.

A: How did King Victoria start?

B: Tom and me started the competition together. We'd dress up as drag kings—Tom is a drag king all the time. [Tom agrees: 'pretty much'.] We were at Salon Kitty one night and asked Lisa, who runs Salon Kitty, if we could put on a show.

TE: DKSy [a Sydney drag king show] was happening, and a few people were talking about it. There was some gender talk going on, a little bit of an undercurrent. And also Bumpy had known a lot of the drag kings in the *Drag King Book* in London when she went there years ago. We had a little laugh, because they were all having these very flouty conversations about what their gender was like.

B: They used to all be dykes organising 'Looking at Your Clitoris'—not your



"Stoned and Dangerous": Neil Dominant as T-Rex, by Jac Stocks, Salon Kitty, August 2000.

clitoris, your cervix—'Looking at your Cervix' weekends. It was all about empowerment. Now they're all drag kings.

TE: So we went 'Fuck it. We're gonna do it.' We've got to do this. That was really, to be honest, an attitude thing. Bumpy's an organiser and I'm an artist—a bullshit artist. We found the whole idea really inspiring. So we booked a date. And then we had six weeks to put it all together.

B: It was really just that energy, it was nothing about wanting to get anywhere. We really wanted to do something that would get everyone involved. And have a laugh. We'd been thinking about it for ages, anyway, on an intellectual level, about gender. Talking about it and anguishing about it: about what are we? And about fucking and all sorts of stuff. [The Drag King Competition] has been a really good opportunity to talk about masculinity. Female masculinity. And about parody and tribute and performance and women.

A: One thing I've noticed is that if you go somewhere like Girl Bar, there's this cool vibe where people check each other out, and look to pick up, but no-one is friendly unless you already know them. There's no way of not taking people so seriously, or releasing the tension. Whereas the Drag King contest has tapped into this real energy and excitement and community spirit. Why do you think that is?

TE: It's a direct attraction to yourself, I reckon. To me, as a performer, it feels really sexually hyped. You see these girls and they've got something that they can relate to, that they can relate their sexuality to. I get girls coming up, looking at me, giggling and wanting to rub up against my cock or something. But that's not a picking up thing. It's not a statement to say, they love me. It's more of a statement about 'I saw something in you that I see in me'.

B: I notice when people walk into the club they have this immediate ownership and pride. We wanted to make it welcome for FTM's, any identities: superbutch, boygirl, cross-dresser, femme, whatever—anyone who doesn't necessarily have anywhere else to go. Unfortunately the first night turned into a mob. There was no club atmosphere, it was just packed. You couldn't relax and talk about anything.

TE: But talk about gender and drag kings does happen outside of that night. You get people coming up to you saying, So, do you use that [cock?] Do you pack? How do you pack? Lots of questions... good questions.

A: You've both been talking about sex almost incidentally, but it seems to me that

B: Yeah. It has a huge sexual energy. I think that that female masculinity is really only for want of a better word. 'Masculinity' is not just for men, but for everybody. Women have always owned it, lived it, used it. But maybe it hasn't been recognised. The show is a chance to get in there, in that club or on the stage, same difference, and just be yourself. Whether you have a dick or not. When you're fucking with a cock, it's not a joke, but somehow pulling it out in public is. Maybe because men never do.

[laughter]

A: What kind of reactions have you had from radical feminists or separatist lesbians?

TE: We want more.

B: Yeah, we want to have fights. We wanna have a war!

TE: No, not a war.

[more laughter]

TE: I pulled out two cocks to try and get them to talk about it and they still wouldn't. We've had a few comments from people who said, 'Melbourne isn't ready for this.'

A: Melbourne is *so* ready for it.

TE: But I get that comment all the time. Quote unquote, what's our reaction? 'Melbourne's not ready for this.'

B: We're not ready for Melbourne either. We're ready for London, Paris, New York.

TE: Or maybe we'll go to Malaysia.

B: Some women in Singapore heard about it and flew right over for the last show. They must have heard about it on the Net, or something. They just got on the plane and showed up. Which is great.

•

A: I've noticed that all the erotica readings I've been to in the past year have had huge audiences—you're tapping into a huge 'market'. Lesbians want to hear about sex.

B: Well, yeah. All the time. Why not?

TE: And at the drag king nights too. I don't know if you're there at 4am, but I've noticed that it's very debauched. You get women humping along on the pool table,

in corners, and it's what they need. We need a space to get horny with each other.

B: And not something really set up like Steamworks, where boys can do it so girls can too. We need our own place.

TE: And I'm glad that the drag king thing has the potential for that. It hasn't turned into a butch-femme thing or strictly butch stuff. It's given me confidence. I don't just go out to Salon Kitty in drag, dressed up. I've learnt about being the 'king within'. Learnt about my sexuality. I'm not a performer but I've thought, wait, this is fun. Or I've gone out packing.

It's not to pick up. It's for me. I've talked to lots of cross-dressers and I can now understand little things about getting ready, passing, that kind of stuff. Having a club in which to do that and having friends who do it too, it's like I've really come out.

A: How do both of you dress, and what planning goes into the construction of your drag appearances?

TE: I don't know.

B: It confuses me. About sex, about dressing up. My thing's more about dress-ups. I can dress up as anything. I get off on dressing up as a leatherman or more femme—once I dressed up as a mermaid. Whatever. To me, I'm not really here. I don't really exist. I've probably got problems, but that's okay. I'm not really solid. I'm androgynous. I get into each character but I'm not very defined.

TE: Yeah, your characters tend to be very androgynous. Beautiful. But they've got this side to them that can be really butch, strangely butch, in that that Bumpy is very much a daddy. That whole idea of the daddy, you know. Whereas Tom's more probably wretched. A wretch.

A: [to Tom] You have this interesting way of talking about Tom as a third person entity.

TE: Yep. Tom's very much an other. I'm not packed at the moment but when I am packed—I'm Tom. Tom is definitely a character that straps and packs, and is a man. Taxi drivers particularly are fantastic, they can never tell. It's really easy to pass in a taxi late at night.

B: For me, it's more like trickery. I like to see how I can play the game—it's like winning an arm wrestle. My performances are always quite still.

A: Tom, what do you wear when you're in drag?

TE: Pretty much what I'm wearing now. I look at the *Drag King Book* and I see drag

A: About trickery and passing, hoodwinking people into thinking that you're something that you're not—or that you're something that you are, that you might not be perceived as—is that a sexual kick?

TE: Yeah. It's great. I experienced that at a queer dance party at Easter. There was this Frenchman. [addressing the microphone] I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean to fool you. He thought I was a boy. And I stood there thinking, 'This guy thinks I'm a boy. I'm loving this. It's turning me on.'

A: What was he doing?

TE: Well, he came up and talked to me, pulled out amyl, shoved it under my nose, then pulled out tiger balm and put it behind my ears and wanted to take me to the toilets and fuck me.

[Laughter]

A: Tiger balm behind the ears... haven't heard that one before.

TE: It was a big turn-on.

B: That's another thing about drag kings. I think when women become drag kings they become younger. It's like the elixir of life!

TE: They do, they do.

B: Any woman who puts on facial hair instantly becomes a younger boy. Like Pat Califia [when she came to Australia], she looked like a young boy.

A: That's interesting, because in the *Drag King Book*, Judith Halberstam writes that many butch women always feel like young boys—that a lot of dykes project masculinity as teenage boys. And that when they put on facial hair, and start packing, or begin transitioning, it's like growing up or finally becoming a man.

But they generalised it by claiming that maybe a lot of people feel like that, that this is a really important part of being masculine and genderqueered. Which I think is an interesting concept.

[Later Aizura realised that she misrepresented Judith Halberstam somewhat. Halberstam had actually written a section on drag kings who had transitioned into men. One of the interviewees said that he felt more mature as a transitioned man than a drag king or a dyke. Halberstam had agreed that many dyke versions of masculinity revolve around looking young, which can be constricting. But the point still stands.]

B: Well, I shouldn't generalise. Drag is huge. It's a huge source of all different ingredients and ideas about what a king is. For example there are kings who like

to strip down or show their tits, who at the end show that they're a woman.

TE: I'm intrigued by that. When I come home, and I'm packed—this is my favourite moment, everyone—I just love taking my jeans off, ripping off my cock, releasing my tits. I get into bed and I feel, ooh baby. I feel really sexy, really feminine. And I feel like I've been really happy and content in my sexuality.

B: Yeah. I get a real contentment out of the drag king thing. After pulling out my cock a couple of times on stage. It feels great. It's like I've shown something about how I like to fuck. Nobody knows that. It's a secret now that maybe more people know.

A: That's also something that isn't talked about, in the Melbourne dyke community. Sex toys, having a cock, the whole silicon thing. [laughter] It's like, that's for the bedroom and we won't go there. It's not in the public domain at all.

TE: Yeah. I mean, it's fine to wear a cock [at drag king shows]. But if you start getting the lube out, and lubing it up, they get worried.

A: Have you done that, onstage?

B: Tom had two cocks.

TE: [looking slightly modest] Yeah. I have a couple.

B: The first night she had one, he sorry darling. It was beautiful. Then the next performance, he pulled one out and then another one. That was the most hilarious thing I've ever seen.

A: How did the audience react?

B: They were stunned.

TE: I kind of get more into wanking at the time. I tend to lose concentration. Because it turns me on, wanking onstage. But I did a bit of right in-ya-face wanking, leaning over towards a very straight-looking couple. I don't know how straight they were. [Addresses the microphone again] I hope you weren't straight, because I was wanking in your face. Well, you know. They did look scared. Their body language was to pull away. And I can understand that.

B: Actually, I've heard some comments about drag kings, that there are too many dicks.

A: Yeah, I heard that as well.

B: There were only three.

TE: And two of them were on me.

[Laughter]

B: Well, there were more than that. There was one on me and one on my little school-boy. That was the other thing we got comments about. Kim and I did this Daddy show, where we were two identical daddies. We had a little pet school-boy that we got out of the audience and the school-boy had a bigger cock than us. He ended up fucking us and killing us.

[Everyone cracks up at this point.]

Anyhow, someone got offended because it was supposed to be pedophilia. But the school-boy was a pretty tough chick. And [the performance] was supposed to be bad, it was supposed to be disgusting. It was supposed to be absolutely foul.

A: [looking interested] Someone told me there was a bit of SM going on.

B: Really? Well, I've seen worse. That was nothing. There was absolutely no sex. The school-boy had to do maths, equations, and when he got them wrong, he got whipped.

TE: And it wasn't anything of a whipping. It wasn't like he actually bared his ass. There was no marking.

B: It was pathetic. That was it!

TE: It wasn't like, let's strap her up and ram her up the arse or anything like that..

B: It was more costume, you know, I had on a big moustache and stuff...

A: Well, it's interesting. I've hung out with a lot of leatherdykes who feel that there's nowhere in Melbourne to go to play without the presence of men. The SM scene is pretty pansexual.

TE: I'd love to see more leatherdykes doing stuff up there. Come along, get a group together and come along and do something.

B: It's not like in school, you know, where you've gotta wait for the schoolteacher to tell you what to do. Just come along and get it together. That's what me and Tom have realised. All we had to do was ask.

TE: Demand. [Grinning.]

B: Whatever people want, they should do it themselves. As far as I'm concerned, the dirtier, the sexier, the better. I want to have live sex onstage.

TE: I want people to suck my cock. I want a girl to run onstage and suck my cock. I'd have play up to that. Sure.

B: And I like to be shocked. It's hard to shock me, actually. It's hard to shock anyone. But we try.



If the Cub Pack is an unruly mob . . .



"Bringing Disco to the Dykes" by Jac Stocks: the Village People perform at Heat Four of King Victoria, August 2000.

in the State Library

Sabaha Charlton

Thursday afternoon in the state library.

I am sitting here, supposedly studying for an essay about lesbians and sex. The sun is slanting across the black faux-leather topped desk, warming the side of my face and lighting up the hairs on my right arm. I'm hungry; I should probably go home, but the lures of another good book on queer film, and a sexy girl with spiky hair sitting three rows in front of me, simply do not compare to the dread boredom of sitting at my desk and facing my computer.

I have seen this spiky-haired woman before. It was at a reading of erotic fiction at a pub that I went to with two friends; she read luscious descriptions of fucking her girlfriend as I sat on the sticky floor amid smells of stale beer and cigarette butts. Now, I stare at her across the rows of desks and bent-backed library patrons; and I want her. I remember her face, but not her name.

Watching her, I begin to wish I knew how to cruise in public places. If we were gay boys, I wonder, could we share a loaded look, then head wordlessly to the basement toilets? I would go down on my knees, lick and suck her until she quivered, coming in my mouth, down my throat and dripping on my chin; and she would pull me up, wrap her saliva slick hands around my hard cock, slipping up and down until I stifled my cries in her shoulder.

Or, if there was a culture for anonymous, casual sex between women, could I walk by her desk, look down at her and say 'come with me'? Maybe I wouldn't have to say anything; I would just catch her eye and she would see the lust in mine, in my

body stance, and follow me silently down the stairs, into the public/private space of a cubicle where I would push her against the wall and push my tongue in her mouth, while her hand went up my black singlet and squeezed my nipples until they were hard and springy...who would fuck who? Would I fuck her? Undo her jeans, work my hand under cotton and through pubic hair until I found her slickness, run my fingers through and around and in. Or would she fuck me? Pull down my pants, force me onto the toilet seat and take me in her mouth, her teeth on my clit, my feet braced against her shoulders.

I don't know. I wish I did. I wish I didn't have to just write it. I wish I had the guts to tear this page out of my green and gold embossed note book and drop it on her desk as I walk out of this library without a backwards glance.

Growing Up Boy: Taffeta

Nicol Beechey

It's the last week of high school.

My girlfriend Kathy has been asked to the Brisbane Boys Grammar end of year formal.

Kathy's main reason for wanting to go is so she can wear her emerald green taffeta dress. She had it specially made for a wedding and has been looking for an excuse to wear it again.

There's something about taffeta; it makes me edgy. It crinkles. Rustles—a scratchy, irritating sort of noise. But it's not the noise of the taffeta that shits me off. It's the fact that she'll be hanging out with these jerky grammar boys.

We argue and argue about it. I just end up sulking, not talking at all. But I do agree to drive her there.

I pick her up at seven o'clock in my mum's red Holden Sunbird. Kathy, all dressed up, sits in the passenger seat and rustles all the way there. Driving in silence, I keep stealing a look at her. She looks sexy as all fuck, but I'm not gonna tell her that.

I drop her off at the Carlton Crest Hotel. Then I take off to a friend's place nearby to get really stoned.

Just before eleven thirty, I pull up in the Sunbird out front of the Hotel. Leaning

across the passenger side, I look out for Kathy but I can't see her.

Maaan. I so do not wanna go in there.

No choice. I slam the car door.

This old guy shouts after me.

"Hey you! Boy! Move that red pile of shit out of here!"

I wave my hand and say, "Okay Pops, I'll be right with ya. I just gotta see a man about a dog."

I'm so stoned. Walking through that "foy-er" in my boots, army fatigues and Siouxi Sioux t-shirt. All these rich kids in penguin suits and lame outfits are staring at me. But I just keep on walking.

Finally I spot her near the cloakroom with four grammar boys all round her. They're standing way too close for my liking.

I catch her eye and she comes over. I can smell the rum on her breath and then I see the Coke can she's holding. Man. She's pissed as!

The grammar boys look me up and down. When Kathy kisses me, they give me a filthy look. Just about now they're figuring out they've wasted their entire evening.

"Nightie night boys," I say. I take her hand to walk quickly out of that foyer. With the rustling of her taffeta and the clomping of my boots, I reckon we stop the whole place dead.

Revvng up the Sunbird, we hoon off. Kathy laughs, rolls down the window and pulls out her rum bottle. But I'm still sulking. I keep my eyes on the road. I gun it all the way to her place and only slow down to take a swig from the bottle. No cops out this way.

I pull up at the bottom of the driveway so as not to wake her parents. Kathy undoes her seatbelt and leans across to smooch me. Still grumpy and not wanting to give it up, I pull away and wipe my mouth.

"Well fuck you!" she says. "I'll go back to the formal. There's plenty of guys there who wanna screw me."

"Alright then," I say. "Go! Call a fucking cab! Or no! No! Better still... I'll drive you back there myself."

She moves to open the car door but I grab her wrist. She's shouting for me to let go, but I tighten my grip. I pull at her dress.

"Look at what you're wearing. You look like a fucking whore. I saw you with those grammar boys. I bet you fucked them all tonight. You're not even a dyke—you're fucking straight, aren't you?!"

Kathy shakes her head.

"You're crazy and I reckon you're jealous!" she yells. "You're jealous of me and this dress cause you're so butch you'd look like a freak if you wore this. You're just a fucked up butch dyke that hates men."

I backhand her across her face. Then I hit her again harder, because she doesn't even blink the first time.

I wanna punch her. I wanna wipe that smart-arse bitch look off her face. If she's my girlfriend, she's with me. It's not right for her to flirt with boys and go out without me. I'm not gonna put up with that sort of shit.

Gritting my teeth, I hold her wrists together. With all of my might, I get a grip of that taffeta dress and I rip it. I rip it down the front, down the sides. I rip it to fucking shreds.

I'm like a wild dog that can't swallow and saliva drips out of my mouth.

I get hold of her hair and push her head against the window. Leaning into her face I tell her that if she ever speaks to me like that again, I'll kill her.

Suddenly there's a knocking near my head. I wind down the steamed up window. It's Kathy's sister.

"Uhhhm, it's your mum on the phone," she says to me. "She wants to know what time you're bringing the car home?"



"Total Dick" by Jac Stocks: Homosexuelle, August 2000.

Tattoo

Amanda Rochford

Barbed wire

I saw it from a distance

it looked like it choked
around her neck

Blue

it was blue

rough

cheap

it suited her

sharp

mean

it cut me

when she pushed herself

so close to my jugular

I thought it would scar forever

I wanted it

something to carry

long after she was gone



"Personality Testing" by Jac Stocks: Mo B. Dick interviews Dodgy Rodgy, Salon Kitty, August 2000.

The Bay of Pigs

Aizura Hankin

I only noticed her when she moved up right next to me, so close that I could feel her sleeve grazing my forearm hairs. The moment felt queer, chilly like before a faint, not what you'd think. They had cornered me on the wrong side of the pool-table, pressing into the cue-shelf in the corner. Two big guys in flannel shirts with the sleeves ripped off. Giving me the time of day.

I guess I put a dollar down on the table in the middle of their game.

"You're not from round here, are you?" The taller and fatter of the two held his pool cue in both hands, murderously.

"No," I muttered. I stared at the bar, where a blonde woman in a white vinyl skirt was pulling beers. She'd told me they were expecting me. Not the men. The Organisation. So I was to wait.

"Hasn't anyone toldja not to mess with our game, eh? We play here every Thursday night. All night. Some punk dyke bitch isn't gonna muscle in, got that?"

I could feel my tongue thickening. I looked him in the eye for the first time.

"I'm *so* sorry to have bothered you." A fleck of spit flew out of my mouth and onto his shoulder.

The younger one, standing behind, sniffed, like he'd just smelt dogshit.

"Hear that, Macca? She's *sorry* to have *bothered* us. *Balls.*" He advanced. Expecting a crunch, I looked away. Alice Cooper's voice whined from the jukebox: '*You're poison running through my veins...*'

But someone had moved up from behind me. She was speaking quietly.

"Boys. Now. Leave the poor girl alone. Let her buy me a drink, at least."

I wasn't interested in a drink. I wasn't interested in this pub, in the imitation wood panelling on the walls or the green ceiling with the paint peeling off it. I

peeling off it. I wasn't interested in waiting in this shithole of a town on a case I hadn't asked for. But I let the woman back me away from the pool-players and lead me to the bar where she sat, on a stool, the sleeves of her leather jacket sinking into mouldy felt.

•

She pulled a lighter from her jacket and lit my cigarette. Her face looked younger than she sounded; maybe thirty-five or forty, judging from her short silver hair. Her build was solid and her nails were ragged but short.

The blonde bartender had been watching us from down the other end of the bar. She moved towards me. I gestured at the woman sitting next to me.

"Whatever she's having. Two of them. Doubles." I'd never asked for a double shot before. It was pretty easy.

"The green, then?" The bartender looked at my saviour and she nodded with a dry smile.

"Crème de menthe. Yeah."

•

"Why did you do that?" I said.

"Because I know who you work for."

"Bullshit." I bent a coaster in half.

"You may think it's bullshit, darling, but no-one comes out here except to visit the facility. We like to vet you all first."

Vet me. Right. How considerate. I took a drag of my cigarette and snuck a look at her eyes. They were green.

"Who's we?"

She smiled in the direction of the Galliano on the back shelf.

"Interested parties."

"How interested?"

"Interested enough to know you're only here because they didn't have anyone else. You're a security risk."

The crème de menthe had arrived and she slammed it down. I followed, slow-

feeling a slow fire spread in my chest. We were both silent for a beat. I took another look at her face. On the right cheek she had a scar, curved and shiny like an *ikan bilis*, one of those tiny dried fish you get in Asian supermarkets, convex to the slant of her cheekbone.

"I didn't ask them to give me this job," I said.

She turned her head and really looked at me then. I know I'm not some people's idea of a good time—thin, too tall, flat-chested, spiky face. And I wasn't dressed up; just black jeans and a black shirt. But the way she looked made me feel nervous and transparent, as if she'd been fucking me in a dream the previous night.

"Nobody does, though, do they?" Her voice was very distinct and low and tired. She paused, eying the studded belt I was wearing and the thin collar around my neck. And then shook her head a little and straightened up.

"I bet you didn't ask for that sleek number you're driving, or your house in Northcote with the golden floorboards and the bay windows. I bet you didn't ask for your publisher girlfriend and the way you like to fuck her, huh? With a cock you spent hundreds of dollars on at Bliss for Women and the harness, let's not forget the harness. And you'd like it, maybe, if she did. But she doesn't."

The song on the juke-box had changed to Roxette, 'Must Have Been Love'. A couple was dancing to it in the middle of the floor, the lights far too bright for such a romantic moment. The dude in the red flannel shirt had lost a round of pool and was cashing his mate's prize money in jugs.

It was useless to ask how she knew all this. I pulled out another cigarette. The rush in my ears was making vision hard. I could feel my hands shake as I tried to light my cigarette, but she got there first. She put the lighter in her pocket and then touched my shoulder, less a stroke than a pat, like I was a dog or something.

"Do you know what they do there?" she said.

"Where?"

"The facility."

"Test people."

"For what?"

"I don't know."

"No. You don't. Which is why I suggest you do what I tell you, so I can get you the hell out of here."

A man had appeared at the end of the bar. He was wearing a suit. It was a bad suit. He wasn't drinking. And he wasn't smoking. He was watching us.

"I think a friend of yours wants a word." I nodded in his general direction. She didn't take her eyes off me for a moment. Stared straight on into my face and reached out and grabbed the nape of my neck. Pinched it between fore-finger and thumb. I flinched. Her hands were very cold. Then she bent her head close to my face. It was like being touched right at the source point inside my skull.

"I'm going to get up now. I think you should wait a moment, and then follow me out that door."

"What will you do if I don't?"

"You will. Or the next wall I find you'll be slammed up against it."

"Not so bad, really," I tried to grin.

She made a sceptical snort in her throat and walked away, nodding at the barmaid on the way past, who didn't bat an eyelid, just continued wiping the counter like a rubber doll.

•

The screen door swung open and I was in the hot night, desert air, the stars huge and the sky wide. It was a concrete yard, with a lean-to shed on one side. A skinny black kelpie was chained up to the paling fence, snarling at the gate. It was more a hole in the fence than a gate; I had to step through two horizontal beams at shoulder and shin height where the palings had been ripped off.

There was nothing on the other side. Just paddock. Dry grass and darkness. She was waiting for me, had my arm before I saw her. Light on her feet for such a heavy woman. She pressed me face-forward into the fence and twisted my arm up behind my back.

'Walk,' she hissed, propelling me forward. I walked. I walked out into the paddock across dead blackberry canes and dirt that would have been red if it were day. I walked until we got to another shed, a smaller one, with a sign painted on the door that said, 'Here 'Tis' . . .

•

It smelt like something had died there, pissing and shitting rivers of rich waste. She waited until she was in behind me and shut the door. My shins were wedged against the porcelain toilet bowl, which was seatless and sharp. I could hardly keep my balance.

“Turn around,” she said, grabbing my hands behind me, and somehow I ended up facing her with my back against the door. My knees were trembling so hard that if she hadn’t pushed me to the ground I still would have fallen. The floorboards were rotting through, but even in the damp enough dust was raised from the thump of me hitting the floor to fill my eyes and nose. The knees of my jeans skidded on the mould and I heard a cracking noise under the floor. Fantastic, I thought. I’d always dreamed of being fucked by a strange woman in an outdoor dunny while it crashed down around us.

I looked up and in the darkness I could see her eyes gleaming with cool precise pleasure.

“Please,” I gasped.

“Shut up,” she said. She shoved her whole hand into my mouth, four fingers crowding at the gate of my gag reflex until I knew I was about to vomit. They tasted good compared to the stench, though. I couldn’t help it; somehow my lips were sucking at her fingers and I was loving it, the taste of sweat and smoke, the sharpness of her fingernails on the roof of my mouth.

As suddenly as her hand had been there, she withdrew it.

“I’ve been sent to keep you out trouble, but you’re gonna be a hard little bitch to keep in line. I think I deserve some payment for that. Don’t I? Tell me.”

“Yes. You do. I’ll do whatev-”

“Cocksucker.”

Slow, excruciating, pulling the length of it out like a ball of string. Again. “Cocksucker. Sucking the cock of the government while all your dyke friends and gayboys in trouble get taken out there and mangled and tortured. You ought to be ashamed.”

She pushed my head down towards her crotch.

“Now do what I tell you and I might take you with me when I leave.”

I nodded. Murmured, “Sir, yes Sir,” like I’d read was the thing to do in Pat Califia stories. I wasn’t too worried about the man in the suit. I mean, he was sure to find us. It was already written into the B-grade movie plot. But this story

seemed to have been written with deviations in mind. And right then, all I wanted to do was to suck her cock.

A pale gigantic living thing forced its way into my mouth and choked me and you couldn't see my face but it was bright red with the effort of sucking and the humiliation of being on that floor for this enigma, this reptile from the end of time. And I could tell by the way she grunted that she was aroused and the smell that came from it was wet, warm, liquid, and real.

It wasn't something I could take in just then; it didn't fit with the picture but then there wasn't a picture I had in my head that fit her either. So I shrugged, feeling the questions rush away from me like high-speed winds, and I sucked that cock down like a greedy child.

*Thanks to William S. Burroughs for donating the title. And a couple of lines. Anna Poletti's script 'Sky With No Lines' played a large part in the incubation of the story. "The Bay of Pigs" is the first chapter of a novella in progress.

Fe-Male #2

Urszula Dawkins

When I take my boots off my calves tingle from the tightness and all the little hairs spring up: I can feel the colour coming back into me. I've been watching your forbidden hands, imagining the shape of your teeth clashing with mine; and when you offer me a drink I pretend it means something—your desire.

Fantasy. I sat with you for an hour or two in silence. Not bad for a butch and a femme together. Being in a bar quietly, nothing sexual going on.

but for me

On my way home I'm driving and imagining kissing your gentleness: you're a strong female with a strong look but your gentleness is palpable. You're a very attractive female.

When I looked down at your hands the ripple, the shock ran through me. The knife of lust striped down my belly and I don't know how long it's been since I allowed myself that sudden desire, that freedom.

I imagine your ringed hands finding their way inside my skirt. I replay the gesture to feel the thrill go down my body again. I will never touch you and you will never touch me—so this is all there is.

And the kiss goodbye, for a moment too long, cheek to cheek. Did you know how I longed to savour your softness?

•

Fucking you would be slow. The smile would be there on your face; it is your nervousness as well as your joy. I would place my hand around the back of your neck. I would kiss you and the smile would leave your lips—that sombre intensity that is delirium/kiss, would draw our faces out of smiling. I'd feel your tongue, yes and my hand would grip your head tighter while my other took your hips—and then? The kissing would go on for some time. I'd be getting to know the skin of your face—and neither of us ready yet to go further.

I'm aware of your gender being not-man/not-woman. There you are, fe-male with alluring complexity in your presentation to the world. Where do you want me to touch you?

But first you are going to touch me. It will take you time to let me touch you.

Horizontal—nearly—I loosen your tie, and I undo the buttons of your shirt. Your hands have reached my shoulders and I feel the clammy silver of your rings on my skin. Slowly the long, warmblooded hands unbutton me and my bra is revealed—it's the emblem of our difference. When will you let me touch you? You've exposed me but I know I have to wait. We're still kissing, and now I'm kissing your neck too and smelling you. I can smell your neck and I can smell faintly the breath of your cunt. This is the ultimate turn-on—because despite it I still don't feel like I'm fucking with a woman.

Your head coming down my bare chest with my hand still cupping your skull. The hands leaving my bra on, and suddenly your strength as you lift my hips and pull away my underwear. I'm still wearing my boots.

I'll strip you to the waist and find your breasts bound. I'll close my eyes and my hands will splay across the tight, warm bandage. Then you'll turn me on my stomach and I'll spread my legs wide for you.

You put the light out and I can feel your shadow behind me and feel your long hands clutching my skirt while you start to push yourself against me. I want to fuck you but know you won't let me. Neither of us speaks; the silence is shim-

mering like my calves when I take my boots off. My cunt is hot with waiting.

Now. Fingerfuck my arse while you decide what to do with me.

I jump my desire to the frantic locking of mouths, the me-on-my-back-again and you pulling apart the studs to get my skirt off; the swift nakedness and the shoving of your groin into me. It's your fingers in me while I'm clawing at the still-bound back, your long legs are stretched to the toes while you do this, and finally I can get my hand around to the back of your cunt—holding your arse I can slide my fingers in. Your head's in my neck heaving and your excitement is a secret wicked thing to feel against me. I savour the wetness, and it plus your relentless fingers makes me swoon; and I'm concentrating on the shuddering duetude, the you and me; for the fucking-you is what makes it all come together, the giving in of you, the I-have-you in the giving up of your voice, while your chest bandaged denies one thing that you are and your cunt opened belies another. No it's not a game—our fucking makes me genderfuck you genderfuck me—I'm with you while you're heaving and sailing in, trying to keep your bliss private even now but can't. I feel you give way in a rush and feeling you makes me come and grip you with every muscle.

And we're lying there, strangers again with the sound of traffic coming back, and I pull a cover over you; then you hold me to your chest as though you know me well. And we'll sleep this way, covered and uncovered. When I look at your hands, you who I will never touch, and when I look at your mouth, this is what I can't help thinking about.



**“Starring Neil Dominant as Himself” by Jac Stocks, Salon Kitty,
August 2000.**

Storm Trace

R I N K S

Stormtown. A sad, laconic place. Every rock is placed to stumble across. Persin wanders, Child lurks and Raven soars. Passions and fear the core to the body, the watery bladder of the port, a container.

Tracing all the shapes of passing figures, the Persin lurked, yearning to capture the memory of her hand against the top of the thigh. Heightened and feeling ecstatic, charged with a desire from the outer world.

Blowing, exploding, the Persin felt like cock, transforming the inner cock from the Persin's cunt (the inverted type). Extracting his cock to tangle and mangle in his fist, Persin's explosion still verged on the periphery.

Cock hanging out, he ran to the edge of Stormtown and stood at the mouth of the bay, watching rusty dead boats float. Wondering how and where to release all the urges. The life he had with this over-evolved body, cunt and cock inclusive, an inexpressible urge on the verge of release.

Rats. He could see rats running up the sides of the concrete pier, darting in and out of the cracked cement. The urges drew him across the pier, to an edge.

Perching his arse against the pylon, Persin opened the front of his body to the gaping bay. The sea was not unlike the tongue he so desperately desired to be wrapped like a parcel around his fat juicy new cock. Gripping his hands tightly behind his back, the Persin sat in the passionately deluded fantasy of having his cock sucked off by the ocean.

A body.

The biggest in the universe perhaps.

The water sucked at his cock, holding it high, suspended. The waves created suction that intricately plucked at the strong pumping veins down the cock. The

water bound his cock, pulling it harder and harder, until the painful screams of the Persin echoed through the dead, stagnant port. A wild unkempt solitary scream, until the rhythms oscillated and the urge finally seemed to become a release. His erect cock felt out of control, hard against his abdomen. The tip: licked constantly by the breaking waves.

Screaming louder and louder, the rats swarmed to await the fall of the Persin's flaccid cock against the wooden floor of the pier.

•

The Persin, in this trancetory state, walked back towards the residential part of Stormtown. Dismembered. Now forgotten. All sensory understanding depleted. The Persin wandered around Stormtown trying to decipher all these very strange unimaginable activities.

Except for a fragment of memory: the sound of rats, scurrying for cover, and a vision of the Raven soaring in the clouds above towards the gaping mouth of the bay.

•

Captured/caught/stuck

Raven is cornered, blown through the frame. The corner opposite the child—sitting, staring, its tongue fixed to its palate.

Raven transfers its weight and stretches its wings. It sees fluid gently cast the cheeks of the child. A searchlight makes the cheeks of the child glare. Step to step, Raven crosses the room, into big, edible eyes.

Scared.

The lights fuse. Raven becomes a moving 3D shadow in seconds.

"Child, your tears have dried," states Raven.

Child's tongue loosens. Child speaks and Raven seeks the nearest escape.

"The walls contain no winds for you to risk your flight within, Raven. Corners are the space to revert all my energies, Raven. My tears were bled to fool you, bring you closer to me; I wanted you to trip my wire. Raven, you are here to break me. You must exit this room whilst flying through me, ripping my anus apart and spreading your wings, as in full flight, flapping against the walls of my cunt. There

is no other exit you may presume you have an access through that frame. But the corners you must face to make it into the empty frame are layered upon each other, corner upon corner, layers—fragmenting into and out of—you remain 180 degrees, no rear view.

"Raven, the tumultuous beast, the bird that battles the Stormtown winds, the bird that stands on the highest peak. You no longer have a view in this corner.

"Accidents happen. Mistakes are made. I promise you will not regret your next flight path. Raven, you are my breaker. Mind/body infiltrator."



"Mark Hardon" by Jac Stocks: Salon Kitty, August 2000.

Staring and loitering, wandering the edges. Collating all the sounds, screams and squawks.

The frames are now holes. Black. Flat. Paned with nothing. Lacking a light to cast the shadow. Persin's pained with every want, every need to enter or even exit the outside. Or is this the inside? Persin is the only one to see.

The black nothing stops this decay temporarily. Persin grasps a mindful fragment of hope. Perhaps this hope will one day again turn into revenge as soon as black nothing dissolves. Hope, the pained existence manifesting—illuminating (transilluminating)—from the black, nothing.

An echo of lusty cr[1]es from a crypt, Persin's eyes fall down into the earth. Rummage through the earth. Nerve endings free, wriggling, propelling each eyeball. Racing to the dusty decayed concrete walls. Burrowing beneath the walls, through the dust. Tunneling towards the corner where the child lays splayed ready to be pinned down—falling daggers—to be broken.

Raven crosses the room, unable to turn away. Slowing its step.

The child garnishes its twat with spit and lays back on=c=e again as the bile drips through its slit and up its dilated hole. A cave to the Raven. Deep and centering (catatonic/stagnant) fluids. Thick.

Raven imagines the mist rising from the child's hole. The mist leads Raven into this flightpath.

Two paces to go.

Too small a cave to enter.

Final step. Enter. *Fear.*

Raven spins to look behind. Raising its head, it sees the child's eye sockets. Dissolving green, opaque eyes—visionary, wise and sexless—into pouncing, voyeuristic blue eyes. Persin. *Lust.*

Raven sees the creature.

Outer>>>

Persin's ears resonate with the murmuring of a muttering child, chanting a fly away tune. All energies are focused.

All energies are focused (cathexis).

All energies are wanted.

Seeing the entrance to a black passage, the smell of stagnating passion (memorium).

Running through this passage, arms outstretched. His fingers skimming its cylindrical wet and gleaming red walls.

Running through a deep cavern with the breath of another in the base of the earlobe.

Inner>>>

Raven soars into the hole, risking more than the Stormtown winds, not doubting its escape. The wings flap and splutter fluids through the child's canal, into its cunt. Each raspy breath of the child urges the Raven closer to the gaping exit of the child's cunt.

The opening of an exit.

Raven's wings flap solidly battering the walls of the child's contracting cunt away, fearing suffocation, soaring toward the hole at the brink of the child's final gravelling punctuated scream

Raven escapes into the winds of Stormtown swooping over the head of the seeing blind Persin.

•

Breath and a breath and another breath.

Path and a path and another path.

Vision and a vision and another vision.



"Count Down" by Jac Stocks: the Village People and Mark Hardon at Salon Kitty, August 2000.

Work For the Dole

Shane McGrath

It's somewhere in the middle of Sunday morning and the stupid fucking sun is frying my eyeballs. Normally I wouldn't even be up this early but I need the money. This was the only time 'convenient' for the one guy who rang about my ad: LAWN RECONSTRUCTIONS BY APPRENTICE TURF MANAGER.

It isn't exactly true. I got fired about a month ago, but I'm hardly going to advertise that. This guy, Bob, doesn't seem the type who'd want to take a chance on someone who got the sack for smoking too much pot and vomiting at work every day. Actually, I don't really think there is such a 'type'. But if there is, it sure isn't an asshole like Bob.

So I'm rooting around in Bob's back lawn. Bob and his friend, Mike, are sitting around on the patio drinking VB. Maybe I think something snide about middle-aged guys drinking before midday. But it just blurs into the general catalogue of mental complaints I'm compiling.

Slowly, though, I realise they're checking me out.

I peel off my shirt, figuring maybe I can get a neat little bonus if I play up to the dirty old bastards. I'm not above letting them suck my dick. I'm on the dole, I need the fucking money. They're not bad looking, in a crusty-old-guy sort of way, with all that facial hair and shit.

After an hour I've worked up a pretty good sweat. I yell to Bob that I'm taking a break. He nods, and I go lean against his shed and pull out a cigarette, doing the whole bit. You know, like a fucking Coke ad or something. Sweaty young guy flips back his hair, arches his back, purses his lips and lets the smoke hiss out.

I can see them both watching but I play it cool.

Mike leans over and says something to Bob, who chucks his empty to the ground and gets up. They're both coming over. I sit down on a garbage can, legs

spread, cigarette hanging between my thighs, dangling ash. Up close I realise they're both better looking than I first thought. Not my type, sure, but Bob's got a great face, sort of scary, with long, dirty grey hair. Mike's a bit androgynous, apart from the beard, and more or less good-looking in an unpredictable way.

Bob grabs my hand and digs the cigarette out of it, rubbing my palm with his rough fingertips. I twist my wrist so I can touch him too, tracing the thick cobweb of veins on the back of his hand. He gently pulls our hands up to my face, stroking my cheek, and I suckle at his fingers as they pass my mouth. Mike goes down on his knees and fixes his mouth to my groin, slobbering over the crotch of my jeans as Bob takes a big drag off the smoke and blows it in my face. Arrogant fucker. But that thick smoke smell, the heat right from his mouth, I don't know, there's something about it. It makes my dick real hard, suddenly uncomfortable as it grinds awkwardly against my jeans.

I move towards him, kissing slowly up his neck, kneading the skin and flesh between my teeth. Not biting, not quite. But letting him know I could—any time, no warning. And then, urgently, maybe kind of violently, I press my lips against his. It's so cool, the feel of him like this. You know how they say kissing a smoker is like kissing an ashtray? It's fucking true, and right here, in this moment, I can't imagine anything hotter. This weird impersonal edge, blue light crackling behind my eyes, the smell and taste and feel of him like he's filling up all my senses, like he's everywhere. My lips are already moist but his are rough and chapped and they scratch a little with the motion and pressure of our lips, just like his stubble scratches my smooth cheeks as our faces rub together.

My tongue pushes into his mouth, nice and smooth but kind of nervous, 'cause I'm not sure how into this whole kissing thing he is. But in some stupid way I just desperately want to get close to him like this. He doesn't push me away. I trace the insides of his mouth as he does the same to me but more forceful. He's got a hot mouth and I lose myself for a second in the thought of how good it'll feel closing around my cock, lapping at the head, sliding down the shaft...

Our lips slip apart but there's still that urgency and want. It's almost like we're not having sex anymore, sex is having us. But I think that's okay, go with it, trust to this whatever trajectory. I kiss my way over his cheek, sloppy and wet, licking his ear and neck while I unbutton his shirt and knead his tits. I start to run my tongue gently over his chest.

But he clamps a hand on the back of my neck and bears down, till my face is pressed so close to his skin everything seems surreal and oversized. Pores like manholes. Hairs so thick wrestlers could use them for foreign objects. And my mouth, moving hungrily through the hallucinogenic vastness of this landscape.

He keeps pressing down on my face. My cheeks get sticky with leftover saliva, cool and dirty as I plow through the heat of his chest; thick sweat, old scars, sunburn melting into a tan. His King Kong nipples slip into my mouth, soft and elastic against my tongue as I gently stretch them with my teeth. And now my dick wants out. So I snake a hand down towards our various groins.

I'm slipping into the textures and movements of his skin.

He shoves me back and I shoot my hands out to protect myself, but he's pinned me against the garage. The bin is halfway tipped over but my weight's keeping it upright for the minute. Bob's hands are pressed flat against my chest, the only thing keeping me from falling. Mike stands back to watch and rub his groin.

Bob starts moving his hands, rubbing and squeezing my chest till it hurts. His left palm sits in the middle of my chest, pressing my ribcage back to support my weight. Meanwhile his right hand starts wandering, pinching skin and pulling chest hair. He grabs my nipples and rolls them between his fingers, letting the pain build up into a slow burn, then twisting and stretching till it feels like razors. I grimace and groan, but he just snorts derisively and tells me to take off my pants.

I reach for my crotch but just as I do he pulls his hands off my chest and instead of getting my dick out I land on my arse, hard. The bin falls after me. Bags of trash come tumbling out. I'm sitting in the dirt in a pile of garbage.

The two of them look at me and share the last of my cigarette. I wipe my face and look at the angles of Mike's chest, the gentle slopes heavy guys get. Bob's hand goes to his cock and by this point I'm not going to hesitate to let him know how eager I am, so I get to my knees.

It's funny how quickly things get away from you. One second you'll maybe let these guys suck you off, and then suddenly you're so hot you'll do whatever they want.

"You want it, don't you, boy?" I lick my lips and nod. "Tell me you want it. Beg for it. Slut."

What did he call me?

Mike slaps me, hard, across the face and I think, no, things have gone to far.

But when he slaps me again, I realise they're only gonna go further, because i) I'm horny as fuck, and ii) I'm into it. These two fat, ugly jerks have fucking got me going.

So when Mike says, "He told you to beg, slut," I really want to do it. I want cock; I want his cock. My mouth seems empty without it, burns with longing and the need for that warm flesh to fill it. Practically the only thing I care about in the world is doing like I've been told and begging for cock. But I'm fucked if I can think of a single thing to say. Shit. Look up at the bulges in their crotches, feel the bulge in my own. I can do this; just open my mouth and hope the words come out.

"God, please, uh, sir, let me suck you off, put your big cock in me. I'm a, uh, dirty cocksucker and I want, need, you to fuck my face, use my filthy, no-good mouth, please. Do it hard." He's undoing his fly and I stutter, gulp, press on. "I want that big dick, sir, I want it real bad. Give it to me, choke my stupid throat with it."

Bob takes his cock out and it throbs in the air as he strokes it and squeezes the head. It's already juicy with pre-come. I fucking need it; the more he makes me wait, the more naked the need gets, the more stupid it makes me feel.

"Take your pants off," he says. "No, don't get up. A whore like you belongs on your knees."

It's awkward as hell but I start to peel off my jeans. I'm not wearing anything underneath. My cock pops out, stiff and eager. I'm still begging but I'm getting more and more flustered as I fall from side to side, grazing my palms on the ground as I try to get the jeans off without getting up. "Please, please, sir. I'll be good, I'll do you real well. I'll fuck your big dick with my hot, wet mouth. Please sir, I'll do anything, please."

Bob turns to Mike and tells him to take his dick out, which surprises me, you know, that Mike's not an equal partner in fucking me over. He gets it out and steps round behind me, grabs my arms and pulls them back as far as they'll go without snapping.

Bob says, "You're a real fucking slut, aren't you?"

I sort of quietly say yes.

"I don't hear you."

"I'm a slut."

"You can do better than that. Tell me you're a real filthy fucking slut and you



... stop them doing . . . things they want to do . . .

want me to fuck your face."

I guess I take my time, 'cause he slaps me across the face hard enough to take my mind off whatever inhibitions are getting in the way. "I'm a dirty slut and I want you to fuck my mouth with your big dick."

As soon as I say it he lunges at me, grabbing a handful of my hair as he pushes his cock into my open mouth. He slams right into me and I fall back despite the solid hold they've both got on me, knocking over bags of garbage, banana peels and old toilet rolls spilling out around me. I'm trying to balance before my arms break but I can't breathe, his cock's all the way into my throat, my nose full of his pubes, my eyes watering, gagging. I try to relax into it but there's no air. My pores are tight and fresh sweat is breaking out behind my knees.

Finally he withdraws long enough for me to get a breath, and then drives straight back in.

"Fucking dirty cock hungry turd," he yells, loud enough to make me wonder what the neighbours think. "Look at you, on your knees in the middle of a pile of fucking garbage. You're a disgrace, you're disgusting. You'd suck the spunk out of a dead dog's twat, you're so desperate for cock. Lousy slut."

He's right, of course. Well, not the dead dog part, I mean in general. But that doesn't make it any easier to hear. And my fucking stupid dick twitches with every nasty adjective. Maybe that's its revenge for the lack of attention it's getting.

"Dirty cocksucker, aren't you? Yeah, that's it, bitch."

I can feel Mike adjusting his grip behind me. I realise he's getting both my arms in one of his so he can wank. God, I'm glad everyone else is having fun. I try to do something interesting with my mouth, but Bob just tightens his grip on my hair and shifts my head back and forth like he's blowing up a sex toy. Which, in a way, he is. It's fucking murder on my scalp.

I'm not going to complain, though, 'cause he presses his leg against my crotch so his jerking me around rubs my cock on the rough fabric of his pants. He's squashing my dick awkwardly, painfully against my gut but I'm too hot to care as long as he keeps rubbing. It feels like my dick's the meat in a sandpaper sandwich but it's all right, you know. I'm about three seconds away from coming. I don't have to do anything, just let him use me. And try not to think about the places I hurt, or what unidentifiable piece of trash is digging into my arse cheek. Just focus on the heat building in my cock and his cock in my mouth, Mike behind us, this

great karmic wheel of cock.

"You fucking filthy whore." He pulls his dick all the way out and his leg away, and I grind my crotch in a hopeless sewing machine motion for a second. He belts me and practically shrieks,

"Fucking dribbling bitch! Look at you, so desperate you're humping the fucking air. Stupid fucking dog, you're my cocksucking bitch. Pant like a dog, fuck dog."

He jerks me down onto all fours, Mike letting go of my arms and grabbing his own balls. I poke my tongue out as far as it'll go and start panting, thinking how, well, deliciously filthy it feels, and how stupid I feel even thinking that.

"Look how fucking low you've gone," he says, slapping me in the face with his wet dick as I pant. He keeps doing it, spreading thick trails of saliva over my cheeks. Low, so low, if I blush any deeper my cheeks will spontaneously combust.

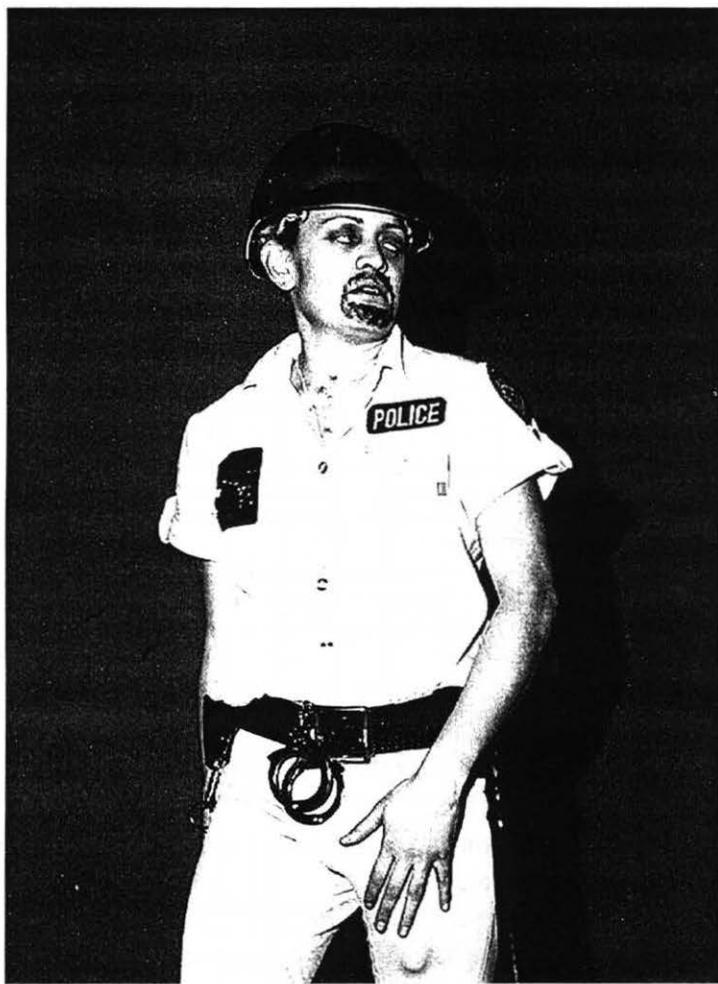
Behind me, Mike says something ridiculous like, "Permission to come, sir?" and Bob nods. Mike groans, and I feel a hot burst of come hitting my shoulders, then more in my hair. I whimper with embarrassment but don't stop panting. Bob smiles as some of it trickles down my forehead, still whipping me with his dick as he jerks off. Before long he does the same and blows an inhuman amount of semen all over my face. It burns my eyes and I quit panting to lap up whatever spills into my mouth. I look up at Bob and I guess you'd have to say my expression is somewhere between pleading and adoration.

"There you go, cocksucker," he says as he and Mike walk off, "I know a slut like you will like that. Now get back to work."

The two of them go inside and I lay on the ground feeling sorry for myself for a minute. When I get up I wipe the come off my face, then try to wipe it off my hands on the ground. That just gets dirty, muddy semen all over my hands. I look for something to clean it off with but there's nothing handy. I jerk off, getting the mess all over my dick, but the orgasm's the kind to tell the grandkids about. Who knows, maybe it'll be good for the soil, too.

I start to pull my pants back on but realise they'll just get dirty again, so I go back to work naked except for my shoes, which I sort of need for the shoveling. I mean, what else should a dirty whore like me wear when he's working?

If Bob comes back, I want him to see I've learnt my place.



"Is That A Baton in Your Pocket Or Are You Just Pleased To See Me?" by Jac Stocks, Salon Kitty, August 2000.

Law Abiding Citizen

Emjaen

'Out of the car,' she says.

You don't argue with a police officer, much less one who looks like you. One who looks like she doesn't just live for the job: she is the job. Boots shined mirror-clean. Razor-sharp short back-and-sides and a face meaner than hell.

For the life of me, I can't think what it is that's made her pull me up. I don't think I was speeding. An on the spot licence check? Or perhaps a roadworthy inspection? I don't understand.

But who's to argue? She's the law.

'License,' she barks.

Meek and silent, I hand it over.

'Hmmp. That you?'

I can see her point. The twenty year old child with long blonde hair and tasteful navy striped shirt doesn't quite match the twenty-seven year old shaven-headed femmedyke I turned out like.

'Yes, that's me. A long time ago.'

She studies the photo, then me, eyes running from head to toe to head again.

'Bit of a change. What made you do that?'

What sort of question is this?

'I grew up,' I say. I can't exactly tell her the real story. That the photo's of me when I still thought I was straight.

'You were much prettier then,' she says. 'What are you trying to prove? Are you a lesbian or something?'

I'm wondering what I'm meant to say. Surely this is harassment. Or discrimination, or something. Whatever it is, there are laws against it.

'I like my girls unafraid to show their femmeness.'

This is not going as I had expected.

'Baby.'

Definitely not.

'Put your hands over your head.'

Still not knowing why and now totally bewildered, I obey. Don't argue with a cop, that's what everyone says. But surely it isn't always like this?

She stands close behind me.

'I'm going to do a check for weapons now,' she says, low and hard. 'Spread your legs and stand still.'

She reaches up behind me. She's so close, I can feel the heat of her body against me, the warmth of her breath on my skin.

She runs her hands down the outside of my arms, firm and strong. She pauses, then moves down the side of my body. Breast, waist, hips, arse.

Then she stops.

'Wider.' She slams her right leg up between my thighs, so hard that her knees hit my cunt. I blink back tears of pain.

'Stop moving. If you're not going to stay still, I'll have to cuff you. Put your hands behind your back.'

I feel the chill steel of handcuffs snapped around my wrists and tightened to the edge of discomfort.

'There, that's better. I suggest you cooperate or things won't be looking so pretty, little girl.'

Her arms are pulling at mine so the cuffs dig in, her hands on my arse, moving firmly and surely. Almost caressingly...What? Am I insane? Surely I'm not really feeling what I think I'm feeling.

But I am. My cunt's hot. I'm turned on.

She runs her hands down the outside of my legs—thighs, knees, calves, ankles, feet.

I must be shaking. Oh god, I am shaking. Christ I hope she can't tell.

'You little slut,' she whispers in my ear. 'I do believe you're enjoying this. You're trembling. Who do you think you are? What are you?'

I can scarcely breathe. I bite my lip, silent, the taste of blood in my mouth. Her hands are now on the inside of my ankles, my calves, moving upward.

'I said, what are you? Answer me, you filthy girl.'

'What?' I can hardly speak.

'Don't play dumb with me, girl.' Now her hands are at my knees, my lower thighs. 'You know who you are. You know what you are. Say it.'

Surely she doesn't want me to repeat what she said.

'Answer me girl!'

'Slut,' I whisper, humiliated, still unsure if that was what she meant.

'Louder.'

'Slut,' I tell her. Louder now.

'Who is? Don't be smart, girl.' With that she slides one hand up sharply, fisting into my pubic bone and resting there hard against my cunt, the other wedging her truncheon against my asshole.

'I'm a slut,' I say.

'And what do you want, little slut girl?'

'You,' I whisper.

'Please.' She's running her hand over my arse cheek. 'I'm going to have to punish you for that. Ask nicely.'

'Please, Officer. I want you.'



"Eduardo" by Jac Stocks: Salon Kitty, August 2000.

Blood Grrl

R i n k s

Persin spent the week seeking the Blood Grrl. The biting Blood Grrl who had the tip of his tongue in her lock jaw.

It was dark. Night.

Blood Grrl walked towards him.

His shoulder blades seemed to magnetically attach themselves to the wall beside him. She began to grind her hard thigh between his legs, whilst pulling his lower lip inch by inch, tugging and sucking his lip into her mouth.

On an impulse, Persin wrapped his arm around Blood Grrl's waist. He clasped at the fold of flesh on the side of her trunk, spinning her clockwise. His tactic was to put a bit of the blood back. Stale metallic tastes zinged across his tongue. Her tongue plowed against his, combining their rhythm, spit and breath.

Two mouths devoured, she scraped her teeth against Persin's lips. The stale metallic flavour warmed, the blood leaked, staining her white grinning teeth.

She stopped.

Later, as the cold amber liquid quenched Persin's thirst, he wondered when the throbbing would stop. The throbbing that erupted as his tongue hit against the tip of the cold glass bottle.

Blood Grrl ceremoniously contains Persin in a brass corset. She disappears.

Constricted and uncommunicative, Persin's maddening self sabotage lured him further into secure silence. He craved something spiritless and without complication, all within a single moment. No building into something more important. One moment only.

If only others could gain all necessary satisfaction in one night. Take all those bits of his boy dreams and make them tangible, malleable.

Walking along the streets in this brass buckled corset, chasing the key to unlock his breath, he wondered why Blood Grrl constricted him for this long, snake-like pause. The tension the corset created across his chest made his stance graceful. His thoughts were made desirable.

This was the chase. A chase across his mind.

He realised he was escaping from himself. Blood Grrl had tarnished the trust he had in himself.

The metal made his skin bruise deeply. The purple yellow around his ribcage was like a dye, seeping out from the canals in his lungs. A butterfly-shaped bruise formed across his chest. He wanted Blood Grrl to see it. His breath was weak.

He came to understand this journey as a pilgrimage. The challenge was to save the last breath for her. Blood Grrl had become a vast figure. She could be anywhere: above. Below. Further away or in the past.

Blood Grrl had developed an object that contained his exterior while he traversed his interior. There was no physical escape. His only source of life sustenance was his mind.

Persin had become a pioneer of his own physique.

He chanted:

"If I could trace my memory as I imagine the last touch at the wharf, blood grrl. At that place where grrls laughed behind my back as we kissed and ate each other against the wall, Blood Grrl. All the man you desired was within me, at the tip of my tongue.

"All the man I am was for your caress, as you zoned in on my chest, to expose my heart. My desire. All the words of poetesses are like the pretty dress in the dreams I have, of the grrl with brown hair and an oval plate.

"But it is the abscess that forms beneath my tongue that I regret.

"Blood Grrl, it's the flesh that felt tacked to your waist that I grab at blindly as I wander down these dead tracks into warehouses. Drive desperate for the key to release my breath. I could open any rolling door to find you, my Blood Grrl, hidden in the shadows.

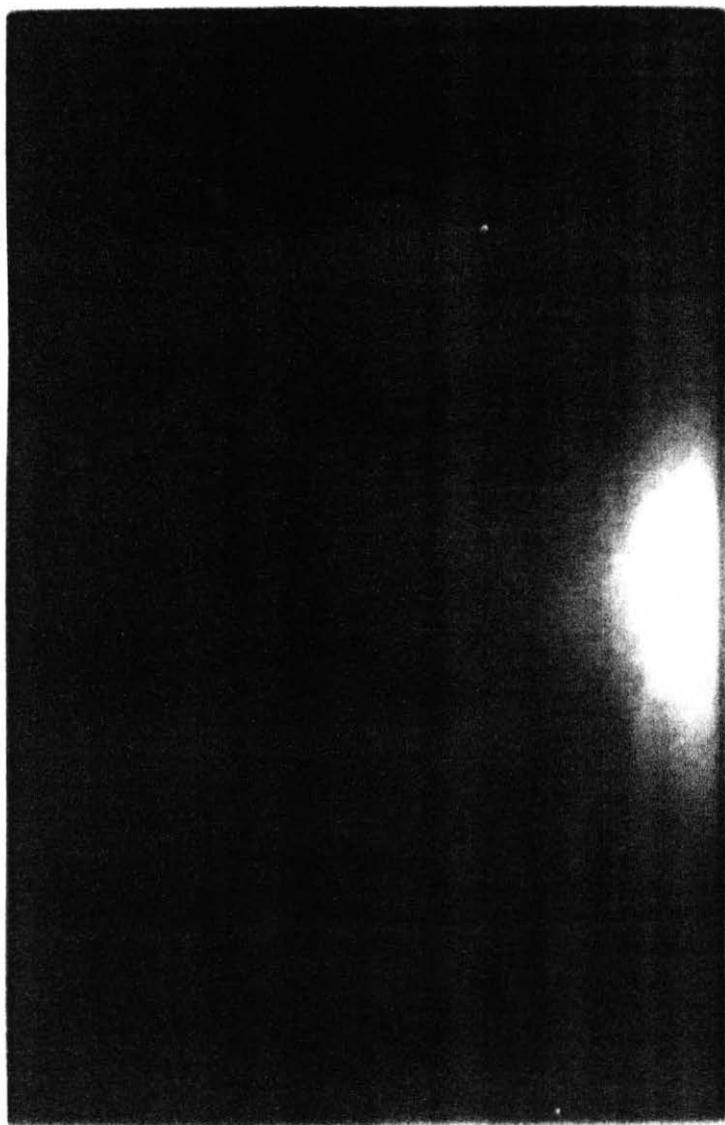
"All my dreams tell me you are not really there. The shadow hides the reflection of my child spirit. But why must I believe in the dream from the night before? Could that dream mean more? Or less?

"Or is the dream a harbour where I am meant to make an absurd port? A wet port. Wet with tears that have torn and shredded my eye lids.

"The blood leaks and dribbles onto my lips."



Tomoko Yamasaki



Tomoko Yamasaki

P o e m s

T o m o k o Y a m a s a k i

#5

A night in the kitchen
She was standing in front of the sink
Her left hand was roaming in the sink's drain
slowly and unconsciously
A night—
you and me included—
went to slow and unconscious

#7

To live and long for death
You drag a part of me with you
into the land of the dead
The corners of your lips are twitching
You swallow my breath and my body temperature away
The cells of my body panic—
then peace
My flesh no long exists

#9

Squeeze my blood

Dedicate it to you

My left arm paralysed each time

I am deranged Agony full of delight

I am deranged Rejoice over the pain



"John Sex" by Jac Stocks: *Homosexuelle*, August 2000.

Boys Like Us

Aizura Hankin

"Now the thoughtful reader may have observed certain tendencies in the author might be termed unwholesome." – William S. Burroughs

Part I

I don't know Jacob that well, but well enough to invite him to the club.

The club sees at least three hundred people through its portals on a Saturday night. That's portals not doors. If you're very lucky, a top like my Messina might pick you, casting her eyes over the slaves' den until she makes eye contact. If you're well-turned out enough, then you're up for some fine play. Which is exactly what I might be doing tonight, had Messina not got her eye on a feisty, skinny butch girl she barely knows, a bottomless pit for canes.

She winks at me as she's putting on her makeup, the showbiz lights around the mirror bathing the room in gold light.

"He's a punk. And so are you. Go for it, kid."

"Yeah." I shrug. "Barked up the wrong tree before I s'pose."

"How do you know it's the wrong tree?"

I'm pulling my leathers on over a jockstrap and the harness holding my cock in place. It's not big. Just decent enough to create a seemly bulge.

"Well, it's not like I fuck straight boys, let alone queer ones."

She turns around and slaps my groin.

"With that thing, anything's possible."

We laugh, I pull on a jacket, she locks my collar on, and we're set.

"This place sucks."

He has a purple buzzcut. He could pass for punk if he bothered to stud up his jacket. We met over a mutual infatuation with the Ramones, which led to discussions about genderfuck which led to a discussion about another mutual infatuation with welt marks. He's a spark alright. But he's picky about venues. And he's kind of moody.

We're sitting at the back, watching the fourth flogging in a row. I light another cigarette.

"Yeah, but where else can we go? You could go to the Eagle." The Eagle is the only pub in town which legally doesn't allow women inside. It's a leather bar. You see photos in the local queer street rag sometimes. Men with handlebar moustaches. Bears. Grey-bearded leatherdaddies and their slim-arsed boys.

"The Eagle." He looks at me speculatively. "We could go there."

"I don't think so." I shake my head.

"You look like a boy," he says. "We'll get in fine."

"Bull shit, I look like a boy. Look at my breasts."

"So we'll bind them. C'mon."

I stub out the cigarette and into the boys' toilet we go. I don't ask him what he's doing with ace bandages in his toybag. Maybe he smuggles boydykes into the Eagle on a regular basis.

Under the black shirt and the leather jacket, it looks okay. I'm not muscly enough, not nearly, but under the shirt you can't really tell.

"So," Jacob grins at me. "How we gonna work this?"

Saturday night, speeding in a taxi with the driver playing Ricky Martin and the Collingwood streets deserted and wet.

"You could always collar me," I grin.

He raises his eyebrows. "Thought you didn't like boys."

"I wanna just see what they get up to. And we have to make it look good. Otherwise I won't even get in the door, right?"

He nods and looks out the window, and then turns back to the bag on his lap, fiddles and brings out a leash. Snaps it to Messina's collar.

As I bring my head back up, I notice the taxi-driver staring into the rear-view mirror. I smile. "Think I look like a boy, mister?" He flushes. Shrugs. Keeps his

eyes on the road.

"You nervous?" says Jacob. I nod. He reaches over, yanks a little on the chain, rubs the back of my neck. He hasn't touched me before. He's not a touchy-feely person. I lean over and hug him real quick, his shoulder in my face.

And then the taxi's pulling up.

"So if you find someone who wants you to suck them off in the toilet or something, what do I do?"

"What I tell you. Better start calling me Sir."

I try not to laugh as we spill out into the wet. "Yessir."

The bouncer nods to Jacob as he walks past and I follow, keeping my legs wide and my hips square. I watch him, considering how far less self-assured he usually is. How tonight he's looking more confident every second, punk written in the slouch of his hips and the sneer on his face. And I can see that this punk tough bastard look is just a taster of where he might end up as a sadist.

It's exactly like the bar in *Cruising*, except the music is worse. Most of the guys are in leathers. Jacob is the only one here in denim. I can see he doesn't give a fuck. He sits on a stool and yanks me over to the bar. The barman comes over and Jacob says, "Cooper's for me, thanks, water for slutgirl here." He gestures to me.

I frown without meeting his eyes. Slutgirl wasn't part of the deal. Besides, what's he calling me 'girl' for if I'm supposed to be passing? He leans close into my face and says, "You're already getting all kinds of weird looks. I reckon if you act like mine good enough, they'll let you stay."

The barman fixes our drinks, Jacob pays. I wait for permission to drink but he just swigs the beer and watches a dark-haired guy on the other side of the bar.

Maybe two minutes pass, maybe three. I sit there, irritation building. I know I shouldn't say anything. I know that the temptation to make him prove his nerve will pass. But I don't let it.

"Can I please have a cigarette with my water, Sir?"

He turns back to me, swift and sudden, and slaps my face. "Don't you know I don't smoke, shithead? No, you can't."

"Yes Sir." Adrenalin connects with something else. I don't know what it is, but it makes me smile, wide, through the sting. It's like everything has snapped into

focus. I know who I am. I push my cock against the bar, feel it grind against my cunt. Feel myself getting wet and careless.

Jacob puts his hand on my shoulder and pushes me to my knees.

"I don't want to hear any more out of you."

With a last shred of autonomous space I look up at him. Take a deep breath. "Jacob, Sir? Would you—" I hate to ask this. My voice is so small I'm surprised he can hear me. "I want to play, Sir. For real. I—I want to be yours."

He's silent. Fuck. I blush and look down. And then he takes my chin in his hands, bending down so his face is close to mine, and he turns my face up to meet his eyes again. He's smiling and his eyes are glittering.

"You really wanna be a Daddy's boy, don't you?"

I nod slowly, because that's all I can manage.

"You think I don't know what you want? Trying to goad me into hurting you? Think I'm just some punk boy with a hard-on?"

"No, no Sir." I swallow the fear by telling myself he knows what he's doing. After all he's told me.

"Alright," he says. "Here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna go to your house. Your housemates home, d'ya reckon?"

"No," I say. It's only eleven, not even that. On a Saturday night they'll all be out.

"Good. Well then, boy. You better start calling me Daddy, hadn't you?"

"Yes." Gulping. "Daddy."

He pulls me up and we walk out of there.

Part II

When we're right in front of my back gate I reach into my pocket for my keys but he slaps my hand down. Instead he pushes me up against the fence and gets right behind me so I can feel his cock hard against the small of my back. My face is cold against the corrugated iron.

He moves back a little, pushes his hand down my leathers at the back, gets a good grip on some of my bum. Pinches. Pushes a finger in my asshole and down under between my asshole and my cunt. I rock up against it. Stifle a moan, biting my lip. Like a flash his hand is out of there and smearing wetness across my



“ You promised to test me ”

cheeks and forcing my mouth open with slimy fingers, I can smell shit but I suck and chew all the same and try to swallow instead of gagging when he sticks his fingers all the way down my throat. He lets me do that for a while, fiddles up under my shirt with the other hand until the bandage is loose and he can get to my breasts. The nipples are swollen and hard and his fingers are hell cold and he squeezes them until I cry out through his other hand and everything is going dizzy and black and I am rocking, ready to come. Then he takes his hands away and steps back.

“Kneel, bitch.”

“Yes Daddy.” I turn round and sink to my knees on the gravel-encrusted concrete and he pushes my face in towards his crotch. It smells like boy. Salty. Kind of yeasty. A whiff of stale shit. I haven't smelt that in a while. It makes me both slightly nauseous and dizzy with need.

Daddy takes his time undoing his belt. He lets me lick the buckle and the soft black leather and strokes my hair while he tells me how handy it'll come in later. Then he undoes his fly and his cock jerks out. It's hard and big and I gulp for it right away, licking at the underside of the shaft and the tip, sucking, trying to get it into my mouth.

Even when I fucked boys a long time ago I never sucked cock like this. I never knelt. I never allowed a man's hands to drag me down. Maybe it was the weight of male privilege expecting me to participate in some cheap imitation of seventies porn. Maybe it was shame. Whatever it was, I resisted it all I could.

And now the shame is gone I'm realising I haven't changed a bit. Secretly I always wanted to be some guy's nymphomaniac chick who'd suck his cock as much as she could stand. I mean, let's face it, I'm enjoying this. And I'm good at it.

I can do a crack imitation of heteronormativity as well as any good queer.

In my room I show him my toy drawer, lube, gloves, chain, rope, clamps, an extra belt if he needs it, the floggers hanging up in the cupboard. He looks suitably impressed for a split second. Then he orders me to strip and kneel. He rips the harness off and throws my pitiful-looking cock into a corner of the room.

"No use for that anymore, huh."

He threads a section of chain between my legs and fastens it to the collar at back and front. It cuts up into my cunt. It's icy there, the weight rubbing against my clit and trapping bits of labia between the links as they draw tight. He uses a piece of rope to bind my hands. Then he stands in front of me and shoves a boot in my face.

"I wanna see you clean these. I wanna see them get as wet as your cunt and then I want your tongue to dry them clean for me, bitch." I lick, and the boots taste good so I lick more, and I gain something there in the space the task allows. Wonder at finding this. A Daddy. When I'd just about given up hope of tasting it again, after the first one three years ago. Amusement at how the lines of gender-fuck have shimmered and rearranged themselves again so that even an honest-to-goodness cock is something I can't get enough of.

I'd like to ride there a moment, reflecting, but Daddy doesn't let me of course. He kicks up his left boot against my cheek, and when I flinch and duck he lands the other boot in my ribs, kicking me away. It hurts more than I'd like to let him

know but I can't help snuffling a little. He doesn't comfort me. Gives me a second to get back on hands and knees, regain my courage, before he tells me how good I am at polishing his boots. He blindfolds me and loosens the rope tying my hands so that I can support my weight. His touch is calm. He keeps one hand on me, holding my collar at the back of the neck while he makes everything ready. Then abruptly the hand is gone.

I hear Daddy's belt sliding out of his belt-loops. He teases me with it, slaps it against his hand a few times, whacks it down just close enough for me to feel the air move on my butt but jerks it away. I cower. "It's gonna hurt, Daddy," I blubber, "is it gonna hurt real bad?"

"Too damn right it is baby," he says. The belt hits my legs. I shudder. I start crying and he likes it, I can hear it in his voice how much he's enjoying this. "Go on little boyslut, go on cuntface, cry, scream, let the whole world hear you." I can hear a dog barking next door between my yowls. The belt flashes down, I can hear it whistle, until I lose count how many times.

"Thankyou Daddy," I manage, and he leans over and clamps first one nipple then the other with alligator clips. It's all happening so fast. The pain from my breasts mingles with the pain in my ass and then he's touching my arsehole with one cold finger, murmuring about his sweet little boy with his little round arsehole all exposed just for him, just for him, and I'm pushing against that finger but it's not enough or maybe too much cos he takes his finger away and slaps me on the rump instead. But then his finger is back there, his whole hand, sliding down over my perineum, pushing the chain further into my flesh, and his hand is up my cunt a little way, then out and over my clit real hard, grabbing a handful of pubic hair, and this is how he holds me steady while his other hand slaps at me with a slapper, two short thin strips of leather with a bite like a hurricane, and I am breathing out Daddy's name over and over and over and over until the endorphins send me to a place where there ain't nothing else but rush.

I come to my senses as he rubs his hands all over the welts, lets me lick his fingers and fingerfucks me some more, then slaps two condoms and some lube on his cock and slams into my arsehole. Later on I think we'll probably fuck some other way, maybe I'll fist him or he'll fist me, or we might even do penis-vagina sex, god forbid, but right now he's my Daddy and I'm his little faggy boy. And that's the way us boys like it. Up the arse as far as you can go.

CONTRIBUTORS

Nicol Beechey first started writing as a rap performer in the mid 80's. Nicol has recently been writing a series of pieces called "Growing Up Boy", exploring the young boy dyke experience.

For **Sabdha Charlton**, writing fiction is moonlighting (or procrastinating) from her other other work as a Masers student in Cultural Studies, writing about Japanese lesbian comic books (*manga*). Neither is easy. But she's pretty stoked to be published for the first time writing about sex, and hopes it will count when she applies for jobs as an academic.

Urszula Dawkins has had stories published in queer anthologies in Australia and the UK, and has read her work at events in Melbourne, Sydney, and San Francisco.

Emjaen lives in Melbourne and writes good porn.

Aizura Hankin is a sex-obsessed sadomasochist queer dyke (in case you hadn't already noticed) and a member of the Northcote Liberation Army. She edits the youth arts magazine *Voiceworks*, dances a lot, and has a vicious but lovable fluffy grey cat called Schnapps. She lost her Good Lesbian badge a while ago and hopes never to get it renewed.

klNks is otherwise known as Katie, at the moment of birth. In transitory state she calls herself Tom Erge. The transitory state is the preferred state and the newest name. klNks has not been published before and neither has Tom or

Katie, but all are a photographer and writing is a big part of the process involved in producing images. She is currently exploring other worlds and seeking generally slutty inspiration to do drag and maybe even transform, her greatest ambition.

Shane McGrath is a kinky queer fag slut writer/performer/self-publisher. He lives in Frankston with his parents and two dogs.

Amanda Rochford grew up in Tasmania and has lived in Melbourne for twelve years. She is currently studying a Professional Writing and Editing course and has discovered a great passion and love for poetry. She hopes one day to give up food and drink entirely, and be sustained by words alone.

Jac Stocks is a photographer, drag king and general s/he about town.

Tomoko Yamasaki moved to Tokyo in 1984 and began photographing and writing. The following year she joined the Female Punk Band as a drummer. In 1994, Yamasaki moved to Melbourne and knocked herself into a new life. In 1998 she became an aerial performer and her aerial's training is continuing. During the Melbourne Festival 2000, she will appear as Macho Barbie with Triple Trapeze at laneways around Little Collins Street at lunchtimes.

Recommended Reading

So you want to become a king porn scholar? Check out these publications, listed in no particular order:

The Drag King Book by Judith "Jack" Halberstam and Del La Grace Volcano.

Macho Sluts, Diesel Fuel, Sex Changes: The Politics of Transgenderism, and Sapphistry: The Book of Lesbian Sexuality, all by Pat Califia.

The Leatherdaddy and the Femme by Carol Queen.

A Crystal Diary by Frankie Hucklenbroich.

The Persistent Desire: A Femme-Butch Reader, ed. Joan Nestle.

A Fragile Union, essays and fiction by Joan Nestle.

On Our Backs magazine, available from Hares and Hyenas and Polyester Bookshop in Melbourne.

The Volcano: A Subversive Dyke Reader, available from Pander Zine Distro, <http://www.panderzinedistro.com>

Leatherwomen and **Leatherwomen II**, ed. Laura Antoniou.

Doing It for Daddy: Short and Sexy Fiction About a Very Forbidden Fantasy, ed. Pat Califia.

Skin: Talking About Sex, Class and Literature by Dorothy Allison

Dagger: On Butch Women, ed. Lily Burana, Roxxie, Linnea Due.

Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women and the Rest of Us by Kate Bornstein.

My Gender Workbook: How To Become A Real Man, A Real Woman, the Real You, or Something Else Entirely by Kate Bornstein.

Stone Butch Blues by Leslie Feinberg.

Female Masculinities by Judith Halberstam.

Body Alchemy: Transsexual Portraits by Loren Cameron.

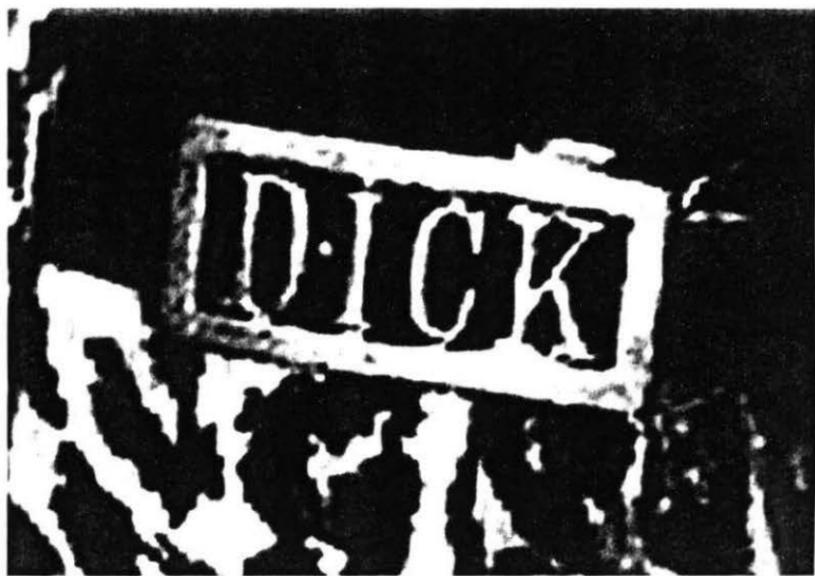
Butch-Femme: Inside Lesbian Gender, ed. Sally Munt and Cherry Smyth.

Mr Benson by John Preston.

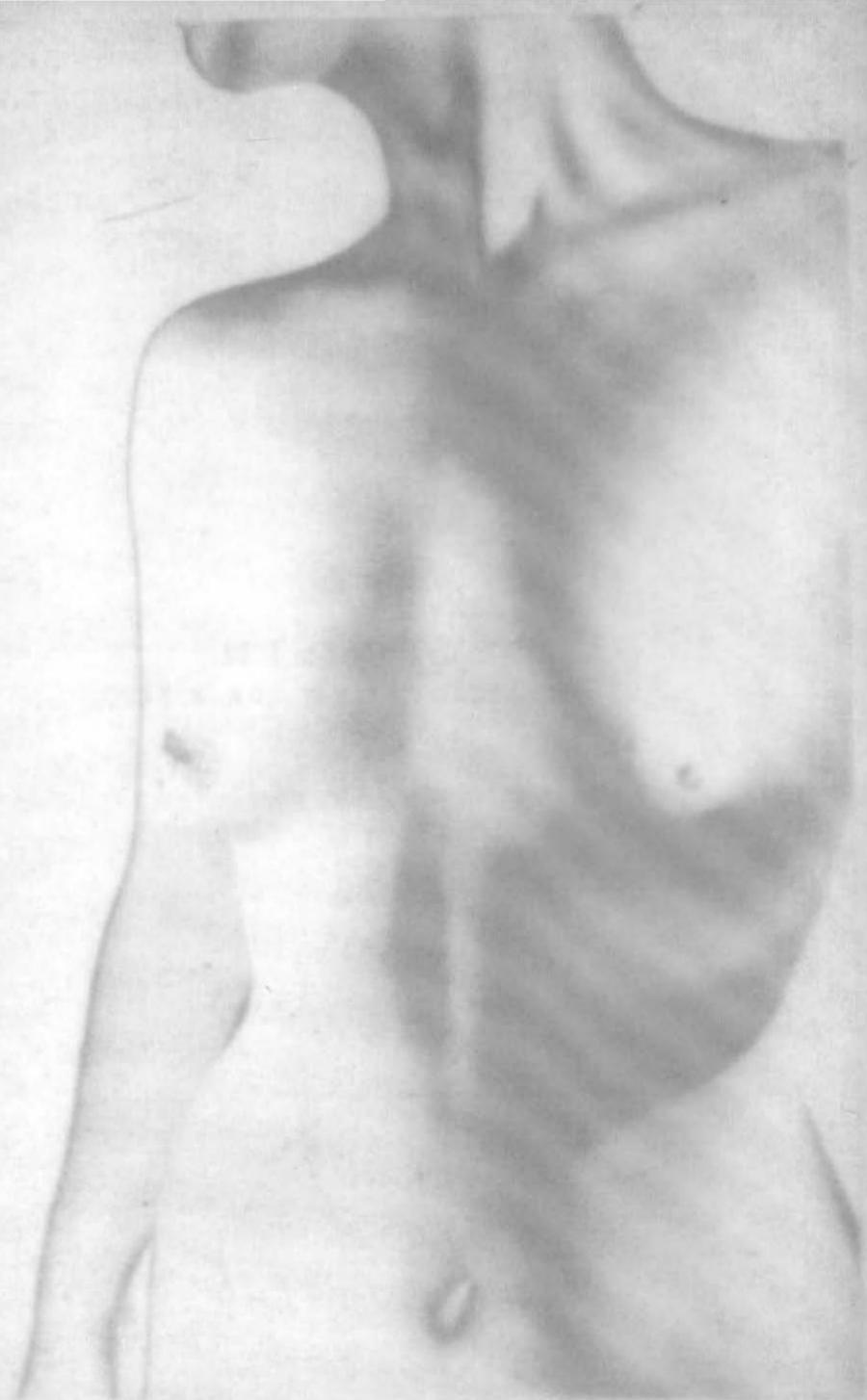
Second Skins by Jay Prosser.

Pomosexuals: Challenging Assumptions About Gender and Sexuality, ed. Lawrence Schimel and Carol Queen.

Bad Attitude lesbian sex zine, PO Box 390110, Cambridge, MA, USA, 02139, \$15 US for 3 issues.



if i can't fuck
it's not my revolution





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