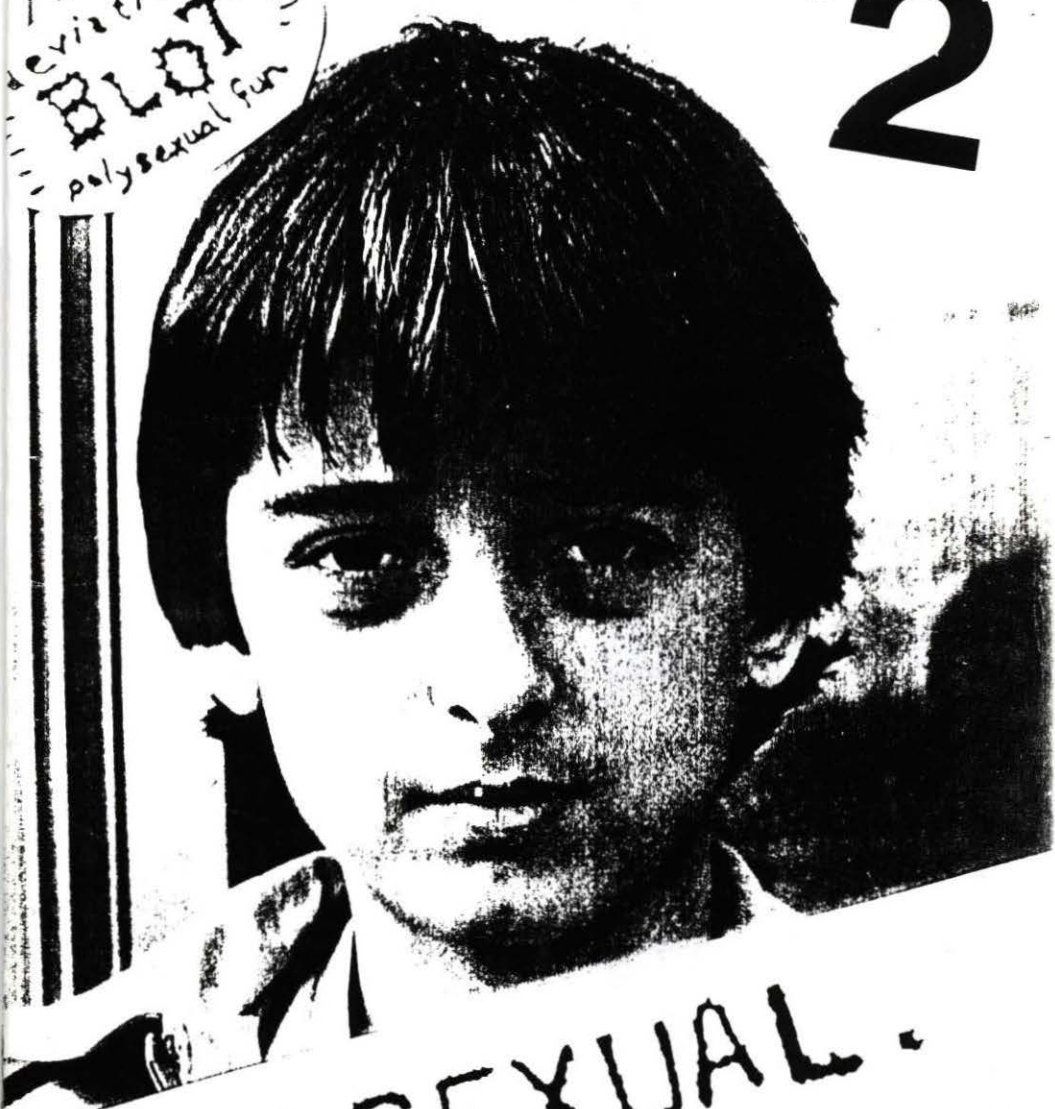


deviations
BLOT
polysexual fun

2



ASEXUAL.

**TWO
bucks**

BLOT 2

SEE InSIDE:

Confessions of A Boy DyKE

What can you do if you're 14 and Gay--Organize!

Education Against Homophobia Conference report



ooh, baby
I'm a
STAR!

The Politics of Perversity

Power of Youth (fiction)

QUEER CORE in T.O!

SPEW 3 Picture Book

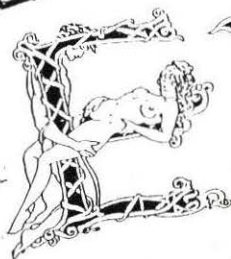
THE LAST LAUGH** story
by Jason

QUEER Teens

and MUCH MORE

cover photo: queer kid, 1983.
(photo by rt)

FREE



SEE INSIDE:

40-41-42 ELIZABETH II

The Great
Kiddy
Porn
Scare of
'94

HAPTE



and the Criminal Code and the
Tariff (child pornography and



[June, 1993]

the advice and
House of Com-
'ows:



QUEER

CORE

CaMeroN

SUNDAY 15 AUGUST 1993

About 80 fags and dykes and everything in between
crammed into the back of the Cameron on Sunday night
to catch Toronto's first ever Queercore night!
We were treated to the ultra cool **G.B. JONES** video



THE JOY GANG

Dykes beating up each other (and the
fags) with the boys putting on the extra sideshow--
lots of "fudge packing" (is that ALL fags do?!) Don't
miss BLAB's cameo appearance as the slavish disco-
dancing queen.

when will those boy punks
do the dishes?

"How do you expect me to keep my hard-on
when a girl touched me. gross!!!"

Wicked and sexy

daddy

Carbon

were the first
queer band up

Sexually ambiguous and
explicitly cute were the lead

guitarist(boy) and the lead vocal(girl).
The boy on guitar finally gave into the

eager demands--he stripped naked for us.

Bodypierced and naked BOY was (Tee gave us
a live piercing demo) as they went into a
hard hitting set. **daddy** Carbon were great,
(hurray!) Maybe for future gigs they'll

play longer sets.

IGNATZ

were of course energetic, wry and
tight (and lots of fun). Before the night
was out about a dozen people had gotten up
to boogie to Ignatz's brand of groovy
hardcore.

TO's first QueerCore night was really cool.
It was really nice to see fags and dykes
together having fun and to see a pretty
equal split between girls and boys.

fags

dykes

Core

Queer

see

pretty

girls

boys

UN- STRUGGLE FOR OUR RIGHTS



What Can You Do if You're 14 and Gay? Organize!

Author unknown

Some kids know they are gay at an early age and they accept it. But many others, unfortunately, live in a world of fear and confusion, wondering if they are, as many straight people tactfully put it, queer.

The doubts and suspicions of the adolescent often cause undue worry and anxieties. Many are driven into loneliness and depression, by the fear of someone finding out that they are gay. Some find suicide as an easy way out; others turn to drugs and alcohol, which is still suicide, only the slow, painful way.

But some of us manage to come through unscathed by the oppression put upon us by our straight brothers and sisters (brothers and sisters?).

If you can't get away from their bullshit, and listen to it long enough, you will either be driven to insanity, or stupified at how ignorant they are.

When I told my class that I was gay, the myths and questions that came up astounded me. Who do you do it with? Where do you do it? How do you do it? Do you make a lot of money doing it? And to top it all off they would say "people are fighting gays because they molest little girls!"

If only people would educate themselves on the subject. Talk about it among themselves. Talk about it with their sons and daughters. Bring it out into the open. Surely some people would understand what it means to be gay; that there is nothing to be ashamed about. It's neither a sickness nor a disease.

If parents don't bring up the subject, it is left up to us. This is one hell of a difficult thing to do. Many kids, I'm sure, would like to tell their parents — I know I would. But it's the same old story: I just don't know how they would react. They could accept me for what I am, try to change me, or disown me entirely.

I know you might ask, "You told the kids in your school, why not your parents?" There is a great deal of difference between telling some people you hardly know and telling your parents. With my class, it wasn't so much of a

hassle. They seemed indifferent, and went on as usual after being told about it. Of course there was the occasional name-calling, but that wasn't so bad. Some of the names they use are quite true. I am a cocksucker and I am a faggot.

My parents, I know, wouldn't call me names. So what's the problem? As I mentioned before, I don't know how they will react. I was never close to my parents, so I find it difficult to talk to them about anything, much less being gay. Maybe, I say to myself, if I was closer to my parents I'd be able to tell them. But I'm not, so I'm afraid I'll just have to go around wondering how they would react.

What will my father think? What will my mother think? What will my sister think? These questions I ask myself over and over again and the sad thing is that I don't know what they think. Maybe some day I will. . . If that day ever comes.

At 14 these are some heavy things to be thinking. But I know they must be dealt with. But how can I deal with them?

The simple fact of the matter is that many kids my age can't face the fact of their gayness, much less tell their parents. I'm 14, I'm gay, I'm happy that way and don't want to change. I guess I'm lucky in that respect. There are quite a few gay 14 year olds, but damn few who will admit it.

Even if they do admit it there are virtually no places where 14 year olds can meet other 14 year olds. Oh, there is the occasional friend from school who you can get together with once in awhile. But other than that, what is there? Not much.

You have to be 18 or 21 to go to bars. With cruising you can get into trouble. Putting my life in the hands of a stranger doesn't particularly turn me on. But you can get away with it, if you are lucky. The last thing I can think of is answering ads in the local undergrounds. It is practically the same thing as cruising, only by mail.

So if you are 14 and gay there is not much you can do. That is why gay youths need to organize. We need each other for support, reassurance, and for confidence when there is no one else to give it.

We need someone who we can talk to, who



Some people may react strangely when you come out.

knows what it is like to be young and gay and alone. I don't mean that older gays are no help whatsoever — they try, but sometimes they can forget what it means to be young with no one you can really talk to.

The rejection of youth by older gays afraid of getting mixed up with minors can be cruel and sadistic. Hopefully this does not happen often.

I think things are beginning to change. The gay community is beginning to realize that there is a movement that needs to be acknowledged and accepted by the gay community. That movement is Gay Youth. It will be up to us to tell and educate our parents about being gay. We are the ones who will carry on where others have left off. To ignore us is to destroy what others have created and fought for. What we symbolize is the future. We are the ones who will fight for the rights of the gay community.

If we are to fight for anything, including ourselves, we need support. In years past we have been shunned and ignored. But we do exist; there is no way to deny it. What we want is to be recognized as individuals with minds of our own.

This article originally appeared in *Fag Rag* #4.

Bill

C-128

One of the problems is that many people in official positions retain the attitudes of their childhood, and, even though attitudes change, there are a lot of variations in attitudinal changes among different groups. A few individuals in key agencies with anxieties about sex can exercise a great deal of influence upon what is publicly permissible.

How

many

more

queer

THE POLITICS OF PERVERSITY

For some time now I've peered into the annals of the lesbian/gay liberation movement's literature, eager to get my hands on political writings about the often neglected issue of man-boy love or the lesser known, woman-girl love. The resources have been more inspiring and plentiful than I imagined, yet it has yet to be taken seriously as an urgent political issue. Most people are still deluded about the whole issue or feel deep emotional (read irrational) things toward the idea of children's sexuality and adult/child sex. In a culture where most people are socialized to ignore our bodies, our desires and our sexuality, where children are told not to touch their genitals believing them to be dirty, it is no wonder that most adults are irrational and deeply misguided (fucked up!) about their own sexuality. In a society where erotophobia is deeply entrenched, it is the adults who need to re-learn new attitudes toward sex and sexuality. Children are not born with an innate loathing of sex, or of sensation, or of their bodies; *this is something that is learned.*

Cross-generational sexual freedom and youth liberation is and should continue to be an issue for queer political activism.

It should not be an expendable part of lesbian/gay liberation. A liberation movement is not one if it deliberately erases the unorthodox lifestyles of some of its members in order to remain attractive to the mainstream. In the words of one Toronto queer anarchist,

We think that it is essential to accept as a point of departure for policy-making, the idea that human beings enjoy and benefit from open and caring sexual relationships, characterized by mutuality and respect. This principle extends to those under 18 as well, for the child is, in our view, a sexual being.

[In hearings] it was pointed out that young people often turn to pornography, soft or hard core, in the search for information about their developing sexuality, because good sex education courses and healthy erotic literature are unavailable to them.

• Report of the Special Committee on Pornography and Prostitution, 1985

The cost of assimilation has been borne by those who are still perverts, the Queer lumpenproletariat: sex-trade workers, drag queens, S/Mists, leather and other fetishists, fist-fuckers, and Boy-lovers. As with Anarchism, a dichotomy has been created,

separating the "good" Queers, from the "bad" Queers, with the "bad" Queers taking all the heat because they threaten establishment moral values and prevent assimilation.¹

We're never going to throw the manacles of the state off our bodies if we allow them even some control to regulate our space, our discourse, our sexuality and ultimately, our thoughts. For the state is insatiable, it will do whatever it can get away with in order to maintain its hold over people's lives in order to procure complicity and acquiescence to its own agenda and ideological structure.

There are those who say we have to distance ourselves from those who advocate that children are sexual beings and that children can consent to sex with an adult. They argue that this will just perpetuate the myth of gay men as child molesters thus making our acceptance in straight society more difficult. True liberation for oppressed groups cannot occur unless basic structures of the dominant group are challenged and change. "Straight" society is not an ideal that we as queers should aspire to. It's structures and prejudices must be challenged, for it is a sick model, infecting the sexuality of all--gay, straight, child, adult and everything in between.

We have an obligation to young gay and lesbian people to fight with them in order for them to gain their own sexuality, in order for all of us, gay or straight, to grow up to be less sexually neurotic than we already are. So often, young queers are horribly isolated, from others and from their sexuality. They must grow up from a place of shame, secrecy and ignorance about their burgeoning sexuality. There is very little positive images of gay/lesbian/bi youth out there. Gay/lesbian/bisexual adults just don't spring out magically at the age of 21. In the interests of healthy development

¹Robynski, "Anarchy, Punk & Queers," *Anarcho-Homocore Niteclub* (Homocore Toronto Issue #3) (April 1993). This is an excellent (and long) article on anarchism's history and its connection with punk and queer politics.

and liberation about human sexuality across the life-span, we cannot further isolate our younger brothers and sisters.

[Children] are not innocent, they are ignorant, and that ignorance is deliberately created and maintained by parents who won't answer questions about sex and often punish their children for being bold enough to ask. This does not make sex disappear. The erotic becomes this vast, unmapped wilderness whose boundaries are clearly delineated by averted eyes. Sex becomes the thing not seen, the word not spoken, the forbidden impulse, the action that must be denied.²

Man/boy and Woman/girl love must be explored without pre-judgement and without glossing over any of the potentially offensive parts. Adults and children do engage in consensual sex. It's not a new

phenomena. With the rise of the religious right in North America and with right-wing ideologies making its presence felt world-wide, we have seen an increase of intolerance and violence by both individuals, groups and the state itching to wreck havoc with the gains that the lesbian/gay movement have attained so they attack vulnerable "fringe" elements like whores, boy-lovers, pornographers, sadomasochists, leather and fetish enthusiasts and public sex enthusiasts.

NAMBLA condemns sexual abuse and all forms of coercion, but we insist there is a distinction between coercive and consensual sex. Laws that focus only on the age of the participants fail to capture that distinction for they ignore the quality of the relationship. Differences in age do not preclude mutual loving interaction between persons any more than differences in race or class.

• NAMBLA Bulletin, editorial

There was an active movement to include the issue of cross-generational sex on the agenda of lesbian/gay liberation in the late seventies, it seems.

²Pat Califia, "The Age of Consent: An Issue and its Effects on the Gay Movement, Part 1: The Great Kiddy Porn Scare of '77 and Its Aftermath" (2-Part Article) The Advocate, October 16, and October 30, 1980. This is a beautifully written and well researched article which although now 14 years old, could have been written yesterday about the new repressive climate in 1994. It seems nothing has changed.

Attention to children's sexuality was surfacing already and by 1975, an educational book dedicated to open, honest and progressive sex education for children appeared. It was entitled *Show Me!* and it features black-and-white photos of nude children exploring each other and engaging in frank discussions with adults on the realities of sex and procreation. Admittedly, this book only discusses heterosexual encounters, and it makes some rather dated comments on more uncommon sexual practices like S/M, but it was progressive for its time. Needless to say, it is banned in Canada.

Over the last decade there seems to have been a chill on the discussion of cross-generational sex and only recently have a few articles appeared which have begun to take up the issue once again. No doubt, state censorship and oppressive police surveillance have created an atmosphere where self-censorship is rife. Civil libertarians, activists, artists and many others have been increasingly concerned over the trend, in Canada, of more repressive measures on what we as a population, can produce, read or see. The different dimensions of censorship are a means for defining the public sphere, of securing and reinforcing the established social order. This always involves a specific sexual order.³ Through the policies of the Censor Board, police and customs, Ontario has made international headlines and gained a reputation for being one of the most restrictive jurisdictions for censorship anywhere in North America or Europe.⁴

³Elaine Carol and Clare Barclay, "Obscenity Chill: Artists in a Post-Butler Era" *Fuse*, Winter 1992/93., p. 18.

⁴From an *Ontario Coalition Against Film and Video Censorship* Factsheet, entitled: "Seized, Banned & Burned: Current Film & Video Censorship Incidents in Toronto." They can be contacted c/o: V Tape, 183 Bathurst St. Toronto, Ontario, M5T 2R7.

STOP THE

NEWS FRONT

Youth prostitute is charged under new pornography law

Continued from page 17

Does new kid porn law go too far?

Gay teens argue Bill C-128 has homophobic overtones

under the new law.

Joe's statement about these events submitted to *The Globe and Mail's* "And Arguments" section by e's, a local prostitutes' rights action, only to be turned down with the statement that they simply "could not do it." Allen suggests the newspaper's raid of incurring its own legal prob-

Manitoba Women's Legal Education Fund member Karen Busby, that C-128 was designed to plug holes that genuine child

through in suspects' age of con- because the

ad over "could cap between teenagers, between teenagers cause I think a differ- ie applied by police," ies' rights advocate agrees.

at there on the street want to make a buck," says re point is, busting this 15- all be very harmful to his subse- If people are concerned with are doing sex for pay, why would ant to limit their options?"

it's pretty obvious what morality cops going is using C-128 to harass and kids who are over the age of consent. nally gay kids, for having sex with other," says Doe. "They say they're going after street kids because we're mums' of a porn ring. But I think re really threatening to expose us for

NEWS FRONT



LAURENCE ARLAND

An OPP investigation into ci... ro includes the case of a youth or

Porn raid arrests teenage producer

Fifteen-year-old among those netted under new porn law

"They're out there on the street because they want to make a buck. The point is, busting them means that they could end up in jail. If people are concerned about

INSANITY !!

With the passing of the new Child Pornography Bill, C-128, (a more accurate name would be the Youth Sexuality Law) perhaps one of the most draconian pieces of legislation ever passed in Canada, depictions of youth sexuality have been criminalized. And under this new law, anyone who is under 18 or who appears under 18 is a child! This is in direct conflict with age of consent laws which set sexual activity except anal intercourse at 14. This law is very difficult to fight since it is wrapped up with so much emotionally charged issues. And when we do dare speak out, we are not viewed as artists defending our right to artistic freedom, nor as civil libertarians defending our right to freedom of expression, nor as feminist anti-censorship activists arguing against the abuse of state power. We are just a bunch of paedophiles.⁵

Police who use violence and intimidation to silence such discussion, who see in every adult interested in the sexuality of children a molester and murderer, are themselves victims as well as perpetrators of our sexual sickness.⁶

Stories by those who are now adults about their sexual experiences when they were children, be they ones that were abusive or those that were indeed consensual and loving, can be deemed illegal under Bill C-128. We need to hear from the boys and girls themselves who are or have been involved in sexual

Criminal Code, section 163.1

- (1) In this section, "child pornography" means
- (a) a photographic, film, video or other visual representation, whether or not it was made by electronic or mechanical means,
 - (i) that shows a person who is or is depicted as being under the age of eighteen years and is engaged in or is depicted as engaged in explicit sexual activity, or
 - (ii) the dominant characteristic of which is the depiction, for a sexual purpose, of a sexual organ or the anal region of a person under the age of eighteen years, or
 - (b) any written material or visual representation that advocates or counsels sexual activity with a person under the age of eighteen years that would be an offense under this Act.

⁵Brenda Cossman, "How the State Created a Bunch of Paedophiles" *XTRA!* No. 236 (Nov 12, 1993), p. 17.

⁶Jane Rule, "Teaching Sexuality" in *Flaunting It!: A Decade of Gay Journalism from the Body Politic*. Ed Jackson and Stan Persky (Eds.) Toronto: Pink Triangle Press, 1982.

relations with adults. We need to discuss the issue of power, openly and honestly with the understanding that power underlies all human interactions and that most human relationships contain an imbalance of power and that this imbalance is not necessarily harmful. There is so much to discuss but with the present repressive climate and hysteria surrounding children's sexuality, this is difficult.

So where does that leave us? Are we perverts if we seek a truer understanding of human sexuality across the life span? Are we perverted for loving youth? Are youth perverted for loving those older than them? If to be a pervert means to smash all those false codes enforced by a victorian order of sexuality, then yes, indeed, we are perverts. The road to a healthy sexuality has been thwarted too long--it's time to take back the truth.

"Fear and loathing strikes the hearts of those who do not understand"

Postscript: I wrestled many months over this article. I was fearful of publishing it under the extremely repressive "Child Pornography" law in Canada. It seems that even IDEAS that challenge accepted doctrines are now criminalized and actionable. 1984 is here. I now know, first hand, how insidious, de-spiriting, and frustrating self-censorship is.

Note: This article, like many others, is a collective endeavor. I owe a great debt not only to those cited but to many others, who have braved criticism in order to speak their mind openly and honestly.

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*Women face a
bigger threat
from the
repression of
sexually
explicit
material
than from its
expression.*

your

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C E N S O R E D ! !

The Last Laugh

So Mr Big you say you want the last laugh but what you want and what you get are more often than not two entirely different things and all I can do is cringe at your effortless foolishness in the way that you have this inexplicable superiority complex which so joyously shines through as you drag me across the Pavement with my clothes and esthetic supplies in tow and I can see the look on your face which says that you have won the game but what you don't seem to realize is that while you are throwing me out I am making love to my new partner whose name is Pavement and it's one of the more sensual experiences I've had in the recent past which doesn't leave me screaming rave reviews about you Mr Big and the further you drag me the more stimulating this all becomes....

.....because I am bonding with Pavement but you aren't paying attention because you are too busy screaming at the top of your lungs about freedom and going north and ascending to a higher plane when in actuality you have become so debilitated by your own self-inflicted constraints that you have zero hope of seeing beyond your next step and Pavement is getting quite a kick out of all of this because it knows that it is twice that of what you are and even my toothbrush has become so irritated by your obnoxious self-involvement that it bonded with that sexy little sewer about a block back yet again you didn't notice because you have now become obsessed with laterally parading me past lemon stands and European salons and funky little gift shops and you think it's all psyching me out but you are the one who is psyched Mr Big because....

....degradation consists of two elements those

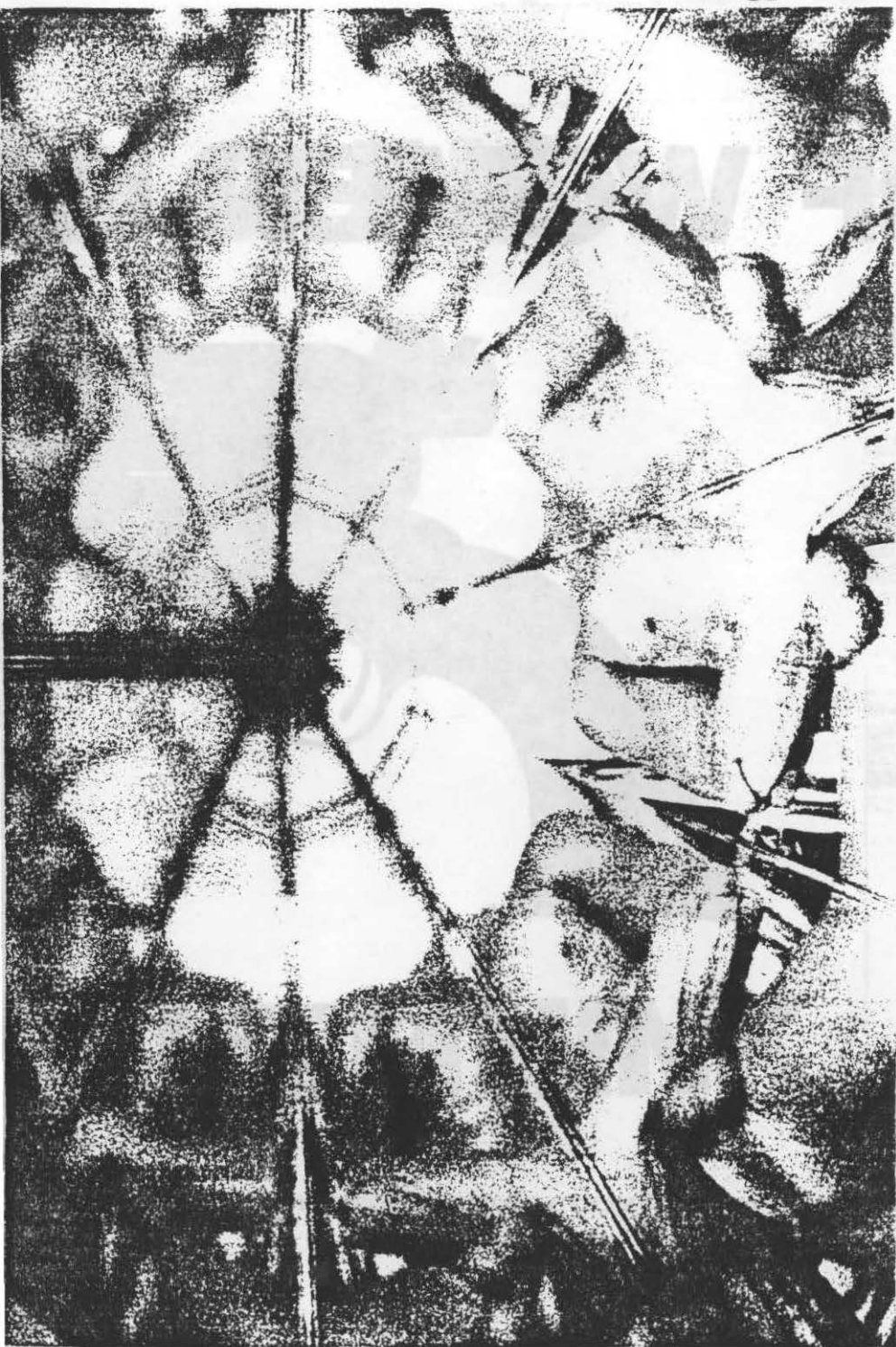
being provocation and reaction and how could I be said to be reacting when I am entering a newfound state of ecstasy with Pavement and can no longer feel the handcuffs which are weighing me down and guiding me into uncharted enlightenment which leads me further to happily accept the fact that my blood and flesh fragments have been strewn across three blocks of my new lover Pavement and this just reinforces how much bigger Pavement is than you Mr Big so when I look up at you now everything is different partially because one of my lenses fell out back in front of that new Fijian restaurant that I want to go to but more so because....

....now you entire being represents something so completely laughable to me and Pavement and I are getting caught up in sharing intimate secrets which is making me feel so alive but now I must excuse myself to Pavement as I become aware of hoards of people looking at us and

waving and cheering and don't think for a second that your power is being cheered because is is my strength that these lovely souls are drowning in and the only thing that matters to anyone at this moment in time is the fact that Pavement and I are the stuff that dreams are made of and maybe somehow you can sense this because after five blocks you decide finally to make the grand disconnection but I did it back at our house when my jeans weren't torn to all hell and when I actually had skin on my knees yet still you are laughing defiantly as if it has nothing to do with your paralyzing terror of what the future holds in store for you thinking that you have won but you are not person enough to win anything so I lie with Pavement as one and we are choking with ecstasy and the last glimpse I catch of you is of the worn heels of your hideous biker boots that I always hated which as you can see my sweet leaves me with the last laugh

-J.W.

photo: **ed**



IF WOMEN HAD GUNS



MEN MIGHT THINK

ANTI-COPYRIGHT: YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO COPY

TOP

Subsection 163(3) of the Criminal Code is repealed and the following substituted-

mine

PERVERTSITY

Owner and maker may appear

ed therefor:

(3) The owner and the maker of a poster seized under subsection (1), and to be obscene, a crime comic or child pornography, may appear and be represented in proceedings in order to oppose the making of an order for the forfeiture of the material.

Order of forfeiture

(4) If the court is satisfied that on, representation or written representation in subsection (1) is obscene or child pornography, it shall order declaring the matter forfeit to Her Majesty in right of the province in which proceedings take place, for disposal as the Attorney General may direct.

CENSURE

has been born... the Que... workers... assimilation? But... and other... of gay men as child... As with the root of the myth and... behaviour has nothing to do with... (The headlines in "Queers" never reads "Heterosexuals" but pre-judgement and... "We must eradicate the Man/boy and Woman/g... the potentially offensive... children do engage... not a new phenomenon... right in North America... making... increase

SEX

PSYC

made international... for being... for censor... Europe.3

Boy sucks man

which you are not... by police, for being astute... pornography, cond... adults and children... are no longer... what... more

they are... boy-leather and... siasts.

the issue of... of lesbigay... seems... was surfacing... book dedicated... sex education for... Show Me! and it... of nude children

CENSURE

CENSURE

the Homocore... is

NAMBLA and Gay Liberation

An Anarchist Perspective

by James Madru

A disingenuous attempt on the part of the FBI to link NAMBLA with a media smear engineered with certain members of the so-called responsible straight press sent paroxysms of fear down the spines of most Americans, gay and straight alike. This is a political issue. The government's overzealous attempt to identify NAMBLA as the source of "evil" disguises the political repression, and the media's vengeance against NAMBLA (and by extension, against all gays) has effectively ended discussion of the issues around age. In fact, the bunker mentality and reactionary panic can be found even in the gay press: evidence the *New York City News* article "The Case Against NAMBLA," by Damien Martin: If [NAMBLA] publicly advocates the most dangerously effective charge brought by the Far Right, that gay people and the Gay Liberation Movement promote sexual relations between adults and children, I do not feel [that] NAMBLA and its goals are a legitimate part of the gay movement. Nor do I feel that it is a separate movement with which we can join forces. NAMBLA is antithetical to gay and lesbian liberation, representing neither a logical nor a moral element in our attempts to achieve equality. Such reactionary tripe stifles discussion and cuts the legs off any liberation movement. Fear of repression is no reason to join hands with our oppressors, no reason to confuse liberation with equality. Equality with the oppressors equals more oppressors. Gay Liberation has more to say than this. Let us examine the logical and moral implications of NAMBLA's position for the Gay Liberation Movement, and let us do so not in an attempt to protect ourselves from some outside oppressor, but rather to expose the oppressor within ourselves, to ferret out the collaborator handcuffed to our spirits, and to give fair play to the vision that is our liberation, and by extension, Gay Liberation. I propose three points: (1) the threat to children presented by NAMBLA, (2) the threat to society presented by NAMBLA, and (3) the threat to the Gay Liberation Movement by NAMBLA.



Choose one: Two Boys on the Beach by Paul Cadmus

NAMBLA's Threat to Children

The uproar over NAMBLA revolves around children. Damien Martin says, "The crux of the matter is the refusal to differentiate between prepubescent children and postpubescent young people (adolescents)." In a society where more and more children (as well as adolescents) are disappearing, running away, committing suicide—where increasing numbers of children are bringing weapons to school, committing crimes, damaging property, costing lives—in such a society something has gone awry. Indiscretely, the response is to blame something viewed as outside the society. Moreover, our society's approach to the problem, as in any society large enough to quantify such losses, is typically two-pronged: (1) come down as hard as possible on any person or group seen as actually or potentially threatening children or seen as threatening the classical view of children as chattel (an investment), to be owned, controlled, managed, and ultimately brought into productive use; and (2) heighten the societal control over children: quantify them even more, fingerprint them for their own protection, keep a file on every one of them if necessary, and so forth. No one can deny that these things are happening, but let us probe a little deeper into why.

The statement made by these actions is in effect, "Look, if you can't keep track of your children, if you can't control them, then we will have to find a way to 'protect' them. We will take them away from you if we must." An unfortunate corollary to this is the rising rate of physical abuse inflicted on children, much of it in misguided attempts at controlling them. Looked at in this way, it becomes apparent that NAMBLA is being used as a smokescreen to cover a systematic attempt to centralize the control of children. This scheme, however well-meaning or cynical its motivation, is obviously wrong. Maybe the real problem is the classical view of children (to which NAMBLA is assuredly opposed). Maybe the real problem is that you can't quantify children, can't control them, can't own them—and I might add, can't trust them. Any attempt to quantify and contain childhood actually has a destructive countereffect. Look at the result: All you have to do is walk down any city street when school is out and watch how nonrelated adults react to children. People are pulling away, they don't want to be involved, children intimidate them, some are even afraid of them. Our children are being abandoned by the people in their lives and eaten up by a bureaucratic machine in the schools, the church, the government. And still the problem gets bigger. So every day we blithely create and pass more laws that continue to widen the gap that already exists between us and our children.

I repeat: Maybe it is the classical view of children that needs to be changed. In this light, NAMBLA's position with respect to the rights of children becomes increasingly "logical": NAMBLA strives to preserve the essential element of childhood—its freedom. And NAMBLA stands opposed to any encroachment on childhood by institutional authority. It is ironic, I suppose, that the members of NAMBLA should understand better than society's institutions that what children want and need is to be reached out to, excited, taught, played with, touched—in other words, loving acceptance by living, breathing, free human beings.

Many would say that NAMBLA's sexual orientation constitutes an ulterior motivation that is potentially damaging. However, the issue of sex with children is only another smokescreen issue. People (adults) have been having sex with children as long as there have been children (as well as with various other animals, inanimate objects, and even certain plants)—and vice versa. Sex, in a person's life, begins at conception (or perhaps even a little before), and it does not cease to exist at birth, only to be rediscovered at some arbitrarily determined age, say, 12 to 14 years, or 18 to 21 years. It is a continuous natural process—sexual development—you cannot control it with laws. The being (child) is sexual, continuously: it knows what is sexual and what is not; and it accommodates itself, to the extent of its own desire, need etc., to that which is sexually presented to it. If the child learns and grows, but most of all, it is a part of what is going on—all that is going on, not just what the controlling institutions think it should be in on.

No one in NAMBLA would condone tearing open a young boy's asshole in order to fuck him, although anyone of them (as well as many others) would suck a young boy's cock, if it were appropriate, and pleasurable. The difference is obvious: There should be no doubt that the abusers are the abusers, not NAMBLA. Physical violence, rape, mutilations do occur, but laws enacted to prevent them may well be creating the repressive atmosphere that encourages them. Moreover, such an authoritarian approach to children may be the cause of even greater problems—the alienation and loss of our children. Nowhere is there a strong body of evidence to support the contention that free sexual expression among children and adults is in any way harmful to either. In fact, if we really sat down and examined our own lives closely, we would all probably have to admit that our own childhoods were richly, and illicitly, sexual, with no great harm to any of us, except where our sexual practices cast us into disfavor with the prevailing

societal institutions.

Sex is not the issue. The issue is violence. (1) the violence of those who are wont to physically harm children—the abusers; and (2) the violence of those who would attempt to quantify and control children from birth until they become mature, productive adults—the destroyers of childhood. NAMBLA is opposed to both these forms of violence. In fact, anyone who actually knows anything about NAMBLA knows that its members have been instrumental in protecting children from both. If, as Damien Martin suggests, there is a moral side to this issue, NAMBLA's position is pretty strong. So the question really is: How do we get to the root of violence against children, and how do we preserve the essential freedom of childhood and still protect the child from harm? This brings us to the second point I wish to develop.

NAMBLA's Threat to Society

It is readily apparent from the preceding discussion that NAMBLA presents no real threat to either children or society. NAMBLA clearly stands for the freedom of children, and the protection of children by caring, open individuals. NAMBLA is just one small group with a specific point of view with regard to sexual expression with children—homosex. As such, this is no big deal: To the child, there is no homosex, no heterosex—just sex, and pleasure. The labels come from adults and their authoritarian institutions, and the difficulties derive from the repressive stance these institutions employ to control this unregulated pleasure. One has only to read the contemporary psychiatric literature, Masters and Johnson, S.T.H., or even Ms. magazine, to realize that sexual expression in childhood (even with adults) is far less damaging (if at all) than the trauma of the institutional response. NAMBLA's stance is to approach the free child freely, not hiding its agenda, to share pleasure. In this direct approach the child sees directly the limits of his freedom (in this one situation, learn of the give and take of life, is nurtured and protected, and is pleased. There is no violence here).

The issue, therefore, is clearly that NAMBLA's position is philosophically and conceptually opposed to that of society's institutions. NAMBLA's real threat is to the government, the FBI, the military, the church, the schools—all institutions failing to either protect or nurture children, and all claiming that to do so properly they must have more control. This translates to "more repression to maintain civiliza-



tion as we know it or once knew it." British anarchist Tony Gibson has a stunning reply: "The sort of civilization which is maintained depends on the authoritarian repression of childhood and the defeat of adolescence by denying the facilities by which ripening sexual instincts may achieve maturity. I will agree, that this control is essential if we want to perpetuate the kind of society we now have; if, however, we want to alter our social pattern... there is no valid reason for this repression."

NAMBLA is unique in addressing our society's problem with children in a nonrepressive, human manner. NAMBLA's threat is not to children, and not to society, but rather to the institutions of repression. If we were to succeed in removing the laws that repress and diminish childhood, and if we could tell the institutions to back off, we would still be presented with the difficulty of protecting children from the abusers. How do we accomplish this? For this is indeed the real issue. And here, too, I think that NAMBLA has a clear grasp on the only solution: by reaching out to children directly, with no hidden agenda, no masterplan for their maturity, caring for them, pleasuring them, and sharing human life with them. This is no easy task, for children are essentially self-centered and demanding, but when legions of people are turning away from children, daily, NAMBLA is one group that is turning toward them (and not, right now, without great risk). If more people could model their approach to children after NAMBLA's, we would have come a long way toward solving our problem with children and a long way toward creating a freer, healthier world. Violence, after all, can only occur when a child is not cared for, not protected by someone who loves him or her. We will not stop abusers in one day, one year, or maybe even one lifetime, but we must start sometime. It is precisely because NAMBLA has been so successful at reaching some of our children now that it is despised so much by the institutions. There is a lesson here for us, and this brings us to my final point.

NAMBLA's Threat to Gay Liberation

It would be difficult at this point to argue that NAMBLA presents any direct threat to Gay Liberation (or cares, for that matter). However, it does present an indirect threat-by association. That is,

NAMBLA's threat to the authoritarian institutions is so feared by them that they may choose to oppress all gay people in order to stop NAMBLA. However, Damien Martin takes care of this, he says, "NAMBLA, by its own definition, [is] an organization for pedophiles rather than for the homosexually oriented." This is one of the nearest bits of technical side-stepping I have ever seen! At best, it is a cop-out, at worst, it is collaboration—perhaps Mr. Martin has worked for the institutions so long that he has forgotten what it is like to look out the windows, smell the fresh air, feel the sunshine (before they bricked them up).

The members of NAMBLA are homosexual men who have chosen to challenge a fundamental misconception of authoritarian society. And they are going to get plenty of "heat" for their stand. What they do not need is to be abandoned by Gay Liberation, a "human rights movement by and for gay people." Indeed, we should share the "heat." We should be proud that such free thinking and creative people are associated with us. It may well be our unique vantage point as gay people in a straight society that permits us the vision to lay open the lies of authoritarian repression. NAMBLA has helped us with our task, and as such, deserves a place among us. As more and more of our people reject oppression and answer only to the clarity of their own vision, we may all be able to look the Anita Bryants and J. Edgar Hoovers in the eye and, twisting their own words, say, "We procreate, you and your repressive, authoritarian, bible-belt blatherers merely reproduce!" Not only are members of NAMBLA part of the Gay Liberation Movement, but they are at the cutting edge of liberation itself—and we should be there with them!

A Bird in Hand

I sit, as every day, in a posture of feigned nonchalance, waiting for Willie to appear with his satchel of newspapers. Then (ask, and it shall be given unto you) he appears.

"Seen any good birds today?" he asks in his cheerfully piping voice, approaching from across the lawn. With a lame smile, I hold up the binoculars strapped around my neck. "Not much today," I reply, casting a token glance at the patch of woods across the road.

"You really like birds, huh?" the boy asks. He poses before me in yellow T-shirt, red shorts and dirty sneakers, a baseball cap turned backwards on his curly mop of blond hair.

"They're beautiful, some of them," I say, still smiling, and letting the binoculars drop back against my chest. "I like beautiful things."

"That's neat," Willie says. He moves closer—walking with a jaunty, slightly pigeon-toed strut—and hands me my newspaper. His nose, small and upturned and reddened by the sun, wrinkles in a smile. "That looks good," he says, pointing to my lap—and, I realize after a flustered moment, to the beer can resting there. "Wish I had some of that."

"I'd say you're a bit young," I point out.

"Almost thirteen!" he protests, raising his spunky little-boy hackles.

"Well, you do look hot." I stand up, trying to control my breath. (Don't blow it, old boy, I think to myself—then, smiling, wish that I could.) I have some soda inside. You want some?"

"Sounds dynamite!" the boy says, his cheeks dimpling in an excited grin.

"Come on, then... come inside. See what kind you like."

Willie nods, sets down his sack, and steps past me into the house. I follow him, my heart beating a tachycardic tom-tom in my chest. His T-shirt is wet with perspiration, and clinging to his back. I breathe in the sweet tang of his sweat, savoring every pungent whiff of young BOY. "Take your pick," I say, pulling open the refrigerator door. "Cola, orange, ginger ale."

Willie bends over as he makes his selection, presenting me (conspicuously) with a fetching view of red shorts stretched tight over very firm little... Then he straightens up, cola in hand. "This'll be OK," he says.

by Kevin Esser

I watch him wander with a lazy grace to the table, where he sits, slouches, sprawls out his legs. His knees are dirty, his left shin marked with a tiny scratch. "My cat got me," he remarks, and I realize I've been staring too intently. I look up at his face—still damp with sweat, ruddy with ashpur, lit by a gleeful smile. "Cats eat birds," he says.

"True enough."

"I always wanted to be a cat," he goes on, taking a sip of his soda, then setting down the can. "Cats are cool, man. They look so great!" He stands up—moving to some sort of odd, rhythmic rhythm—and begins a slow shimmy around the kitchen. I gaze, enthralled, as he dances past me, gliding with languid undulations of his head, shoulders, hips. Then he stops, turns, looks at me with his dimpled grin. "I gotta go," he says, eyes aspartale.

I try to speak, clear my throat, try again: "What about your soda?"

"Gotta go," he repeats, not to be swayed, already bustling past me out the door. "I got more papers to deliver. See you!" He grabs his sack and rushes off, striding away across the lawn like a sprightly little coit.

I hoist my binoculars and watch him disappear through the maze of houses, then turn away with a sigh, feeling a bit—I suppose—like Napoleon after a hard day at Waterloo.

I content myself, as the afternoon dimly passes, with the recollected image of Willie performing his Cat Dance. I sit at the kitchen table with eyes closed, recalling the sight and sound and smell of him.

—or he stands suddenly outside the screen door, rapping it with his knuckles.

"Willie?" I murmur, not quite trusting the reality of this delightful apparition.

"I'm done with my route," the boy announces, sounding very real indeed. "You got any more soda?"

"I suppose I do."

Sweeter than before—but no less cheerful—Willie lets himself in and sits down in a charming sprawl of sun-browned arms and legs.

"What about your soda?"

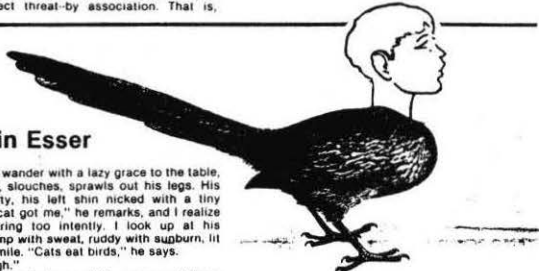
"Maybe later," he says.

"Later?"

"I'm too hot to drink anything right now."

"You'll get cramps?" I offer vaguely.

He shrugs. "Somethin' like that." He kicks off one sneaker, then the other. "That's better," he smiles, wiggling ten very pink toes.



"Mi casa es su casa," I chuckle.

"Say what?"

"It means—roughly, mind you—'make yourself comfortable.'"

"Thanks," Willie says, and, taking the Spanish proverb very much to heart, removes his baseball cap and tugs off the sweaty yellow T-shirt. Then he flips the cap back onto his curly head and stands up.

"Feels better."

I pick up my binoculars in a supremely incongruous gesture.

"Gonna watch birds?" the boy inquires. A bead of sweat trickles down his glistening chest. "What kinds of birds do you like best?"

"All kinds."

"Little ones?"

"Little ones are nice—my favorites, in fact."

"I figured," Willie says, roaming about the kitchen. He slides a finger beneath the elastic band of his shorts and pulls in and out, in and out, giving himself air. The kitchen becomes fragrant with his rich, sweaty scent. Quickly, his manipulations produce an unexpected—and wholly delightful—side effect, which he unabashedly notes with a downward glance and a wrinkly-nosed grin. In my excitement, I raise the binoculars halfway to my eyes before stopping short.

"I'm still hot," Willie says, the front of his snug red shorts poking out in eloquent confirmation.

"Su casa es mi casa." I erroneously do, remembering the proverb's earlier effect, and chanting it as a sort of incantation.

"That means...?"

"Make yourself comfortable."

"Yeah, right," the boy smiles, facing me from the middle of the kitchen. "That's what I thought." He hooks his thumbs into his shorts and peels them down to his knees, then lets them fall to the floor and steps free. "Now I'm raw!" he giggles, running his hands slowly up and down his ribs.

"... as a jaybird," I interject, joyfully mixing our metaphors.

Wearing nothing but his baseball cap, his dimples, and a devilish little grin, Willie saunters across the room and steps in front of me. "You won't need these anymore," he informs me, taking the binoculars from around my neck. "You only gotta watch one little bird from now on."

"I think I can handle that," I smile.

And—to Willie's husky giggles of delight—I do...



Bill C-128

NEWS

Tom Wappel, a fierce opponent of lesbian & gay rights, pushes for a ban on NAMBLA

Justice committee studies man-boy love



HOW

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MORE

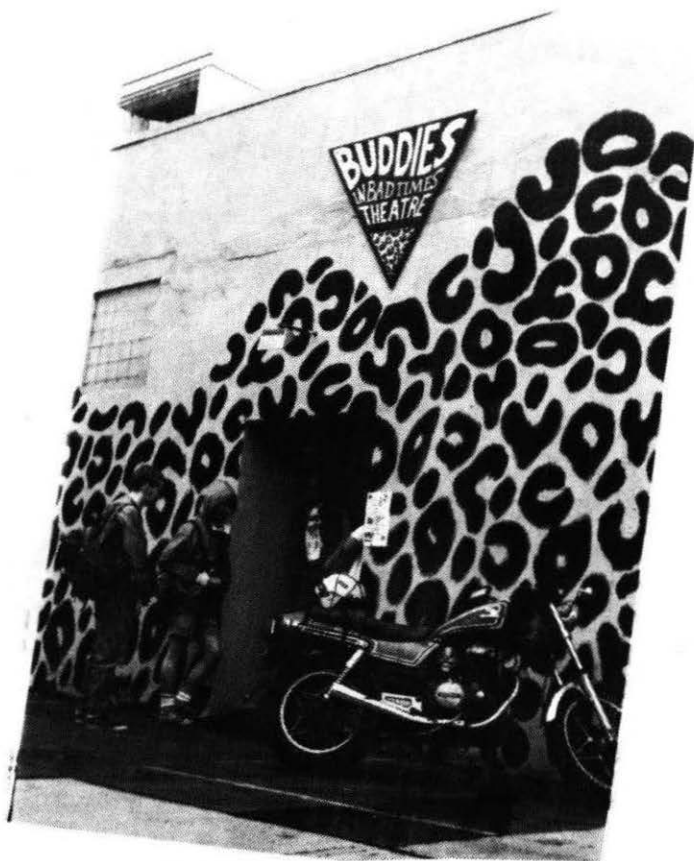
WILL BE

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Picture

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It was a sunny and warm day when dozens of queer zinesters gathered together for Toronto's first **queer zine** extravaganza on May 15 and 16th, 1993 at **Buddies in Bad Times Theatre:**

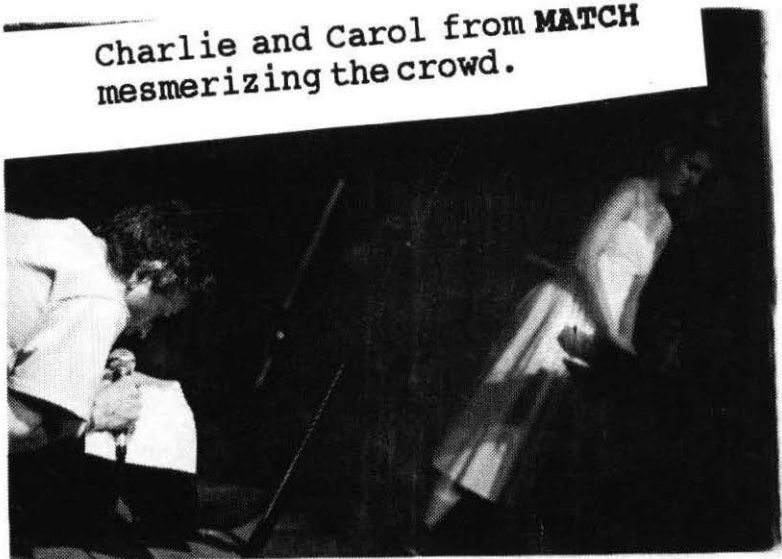
a cool theatre in downtown Toronto dedicated to exploring in-your-face queer sexuality.

The first day was devoted to an informal round table discussion on zine production. Zine producers from Canada and the U.S. talked about distribution, low cost production and had an opportunity to meet and talk with other zinesters.



The second afternoon, Sunday, was a time when zine producers could sell their stuff. There were close to 60 different zines, as well as T-shirts to browse through. There was an open stage where impromptu poetry reading and performances took place. Charlie from MATCH read from his poems while slipping into drag. Lynna Landstreet also gave a performance of her poetry.

Charlie and Carol from MATCH
mesmerizing the crowd.



That evening an all-ages show was organized with a two-member noise group from Michigan called MATCH, and Toronto's own Ignatz and Chicken Milk (now known as Venus Cures All). Ignatz warmed up the crowd and by the time Chicken Milk were on many boys and girls were up and dancing.

Lyric sheet from a Match song performed that night.

With the middle finger
of her left hand
up her ass,
she can feel the head
of the double dildo
moving in her cunt
on the other side
of the thin wall of flesh.
The other end
of the dildo
is thrust deep
into his asshole.

Her breasts brush his back
as she grabs his cock
with her right hand.
Her fingers move
up and down the shaft
squeezing out
a drop of come,
and causing his ass
to tighten slightly
forcing the dildo deeper
into her cunt.

(I'm getting hard writing this.
I reach inside my palms
and grab my cock and balls
while putting my little finger
into my ass.
A drop of come
heads the head of my cock.)

Her erect nipples
seem to trace
lines of desire
on his back.
She takes her hand
from his cock
and runs it
up his stomach
to his chest.
His nipples harden.

He reaches back
between their bodies
with his left hand
and moves his palm
over her stomach.
His knuckles brush
the cheeks of his ass.

(My hand moves
up and down my cock
faster and faster.)

She kisses
the back of his neck,
then bites it.
His right hand
strokes her thigh,
suddenly slips it.
Her right hand
pulls his cock
harder and harder.
Her middle finger moves
deeper into her ass.

SHE COMES.
shuddering.

Her ass tightens
around her finger.
her cunt tightens
around the dildo
forcing it deeper
into his ass.

HE COMES.
shuddering just like her.

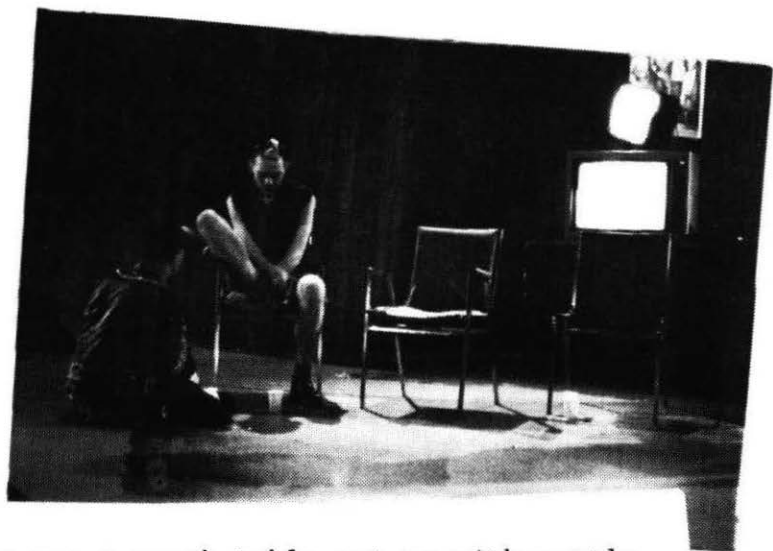
His ass tightens
around the dildo.
his cock runs out
over her right hand.
She raises it
to his mouth.
He licks the come,
sucking her fingers.

Fluid leaks
from her cunt
onto the fingers
of his left hand.
He raises it
to her mouth.
She licks and nips the pale.

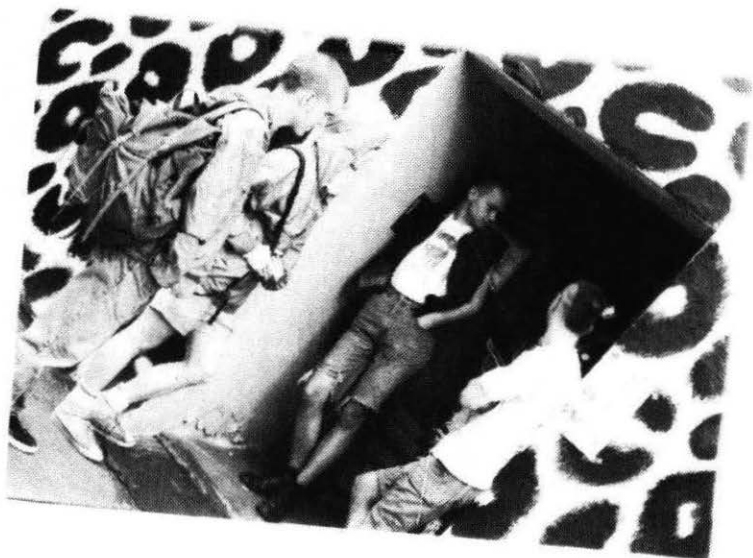
Still attached
they softly sink
down into the bed...

(I COME
then go to bed...)

"Lines of Desire"



There was a snack table set up with mostly vegetarian food. It was a relaxed and casual day--plenty of opportunity to meet and chat with others. A slide show of 50's lesbian trash novels and other historic queer media graced the back wall of the theatre. Two TVs were set up for videos: Bruce La Bruce's **No Skin off My Ass** and vidoes about Toronto punk, **Crash 'n' Burn** and **Not Dead Yet**.



THE END

Better and more accurate information circulated underground in the form of the 19th century equivalent of pornography. The most widely circulated sex manual in the 18th and 19th centuries was *Aristotle's Masterpiece*, a hodgepodge of information and misinformation. Compared to the writings of Mrs. Willard or the pseudo-scientists of the time, *Aristotle's Masterpiece* was a scholarly work. It emphasized the importance of the clitoris to the female sexual response, and male lovers were advised to pay particular attention to it "because blowing the coals of these amorous fires" leads to greater satisfaction for both partners



SAFE
SEX
SLUT

Confessions of a Boy-Dyke

It'll Come round again--Late Twenties or mid-Nineties?

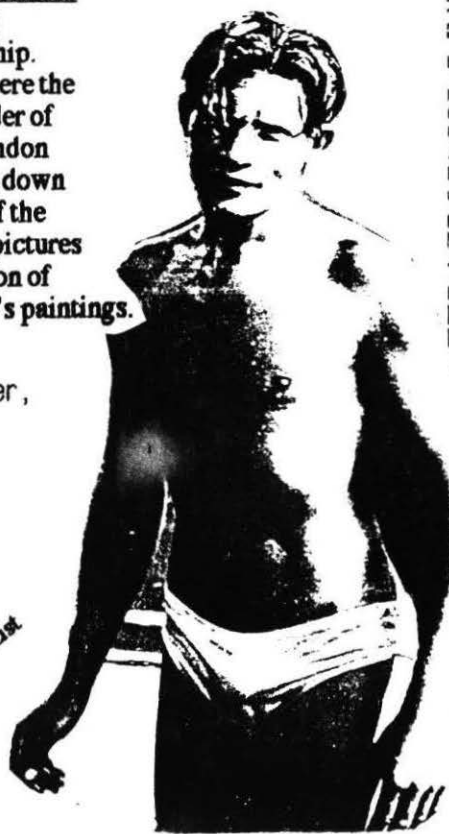
In the late Twenties young English writers were more concerned with censorship than with politics. The Wall Street crash which was to spread shock waves of economic collapse and unemployment throughout the world and which would soon make Germany the scene of struggle between Communist and Fascist, did not happen until 1929. 1929 was the last year of that strange Indian Summer - the Weimar Republic. For many of my friends and for myself, Germany seemed a paradise where there was no censorship and young Germans enjoyed extraordinary freedom in their lives. By contrast England was the country where James Joyce's *Ulysses* was banned, as was Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*

- a novel about a lesbian relationship. England was where the police, at the order of Mr. Mead, a London magistrate, took down from the walls of the Warren Gallery pictures from an exhibition of D. H. Lawrence's paintings.

-Stephen Spender,

The Temple.

photo by Herbert List



I'm a boy-dyke. I'm not gay, or homosexual (I've passed the pathology stage, thank you! I'm not a fag--OK, sometimes I'm a fag but what I really am and what I feel like can only be described as a Boy-Dyke

well, first off, biologically I guess you can say that I'm male I am attracted to other males, generally, although frequently I have cruised dykes who I have mistaken for boys and there have been a few women (dykes mainly) whom I have found sexually attractive I like to go to dyke bars and dance and listen to cool music dyke bars have always been fun places for me I know that I can go there and dance and just generally be myself without worrying about other gay men and that predatory 'gay gaze' there is a certain distrust and aloofness which is common in many males and is a result of our socialization, I think in the gay scene, it becomes translated into competitiveness, attitude or just plain bitchiness, as a result of a lot of insecurity.

The competitiveness that seems inherent in the way males are socialized in this society bugs me it is also in gay males men must compete for sex, for attractiveness, for jobs and social status

FROM A NOVELLA IN PROGRESS:

By Rob

The scene: Boy stands around in jeans surrounding his skinny legs and small ass. They are just baggy enough to provoke the imagination. Fragments of the nuclear family stand suspended, implicated in his space, his psyche, squelching growth and knowledge. The fragments flutter around him, protecting him with all the intensity of ownership and self-satisfied desires. I get anxious when I see these young boys. I want to tell them to preserve their perfection. I want to tell them that it is OK to be sexual: to notice and revel in their bodies. But I want them to start now; to be able to grow and develop in the exuberance of sexual knowledge. The hunger which will invade their young bones making adolescence less of an ordeal. I want them to anticipate their own changes, (growth), body, (sensations.) The carnal ignorance on their faces is what we take for innocence. I feel you, you can sense me yes I'm a dangerous person the more precocious ones know/sense that I have/will perceive them differently. Their smooth young features belie no innocence for me. And they hesitate and try to see through my placid man/boy features to the dark reservoir of transgressive knowledge--to plunder this sacred knowledge from my psyche. From my queer libido.

A libido which they are forced to dispossess.

I really don't want any part of that and that is why I loathe mainstream, bourgeois gay bars it is mainly composed of a fairly homogeneous crowd.

I grew up in the company of women I have always found it easier to relate to women and most of my friends growing up have been female With women I find that I can relate my personal feelings better, I have a better rapport with them, and of course there is no sexual tension among men, including gay men, there still seems these certain expectations and I believe these expectations arise from an internalization of a patriarchal, capitalist system which tells men especially that they must compete, succeed, be ambitious, have a good career, curtail the emotions and psychic life as these are detrimental to a life of useful work etc. etc. Subdue creativity for the practical, utilitarian work of the state it's a coercive, militaristic attitude which I refuse to partake in--just say no to capitalism and its effects on our psyches

All this work of subverting capitalism inevitably leads one to question all the myths and social constructs of what it means to be male I'm reclaiming, slowly, another set of identities and putting to rest the

And then the scene begins again in my mind with the intensity of a full colour motion picture film complete with soundtrack. A dazzling array of sound; the pornographic reel to reel in the mind. Location: street corner after a highschool hockey game. I'm coming home from work getting off the streetcar and my head turns to check out this group of adolescent boys sporting hockey jackets, running shoes and baseball caps fixed securely over their close-cropped hair. Teenage Brandos. Adolescent chests pressing up through white T-shirts. One of them, a particularly cuter and taller boy in the group perhaps the one whom natural leadership falls to due to his exceptionally good looks, notices me first and nudges his buddies. My gaze has not left their fresh young faces. They walk over to me and start pushing me around demanding to know if I was a fag or not they seemed especially interested in my sexuality as I was in theirs tied as it was to this dangerous form of masculinity which must challenge any rebuke to its own power. My cock getting as hard as iron in my jeans signals a threshold. Grasping their firm chests and sturdy cocks--all five of them coming on me in a frenzy of adolescent orgasmic spurts. Buddies jerking off with each other then going on to talk about pussy and B-girl chicks that they've boned...

prefabricated, structure which settled, layer by layer into my consciousness, effecting my patterns of behaviours, my motivations, my desires and my thoughts reclaiming yourself, stripping away layers of socialization is a truly revolutionary experience it has a tendency to alienate you

In doing so, I find myself more aligned with female or lesbian sexuality I'm not into the competitive, let's-see-who-can-cum-first kind of sex: I like sex when it's about sharing and exploring with each other, when you have the other person in mind

Now I know that this may sound essentialist and there are going to be a lot of dykes objecting to this because I know that there is a lot of dykes that lot to strap on that dildo and just go at it they love the freedom of mutual objectification that the gay male scene seems to offer they love to fuck, to thrust and to receive their partners plastic cock up their cunt all I can say is that I don't feel like a typical gay man: I don't feel like what a woman is by way of traditional definitions, either...

...Confused? So am I.

But I know that I would love to get fucked up the ass by a cute young Dyke and/or slippery dildo

FROM QUEER NATION

I WANT YOU

YOUR OPINION DOESN'T MATTER!

Washington hears your voice in time for the crucial debate and vote. Say, the right wing sends thousands of letters to Congress demanding that homosexuals be denied the right to serve in the military. September, *Speak Out* has sent over 71,000 mailgrams to Congress, and President Clinton will be critical of you!



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL



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TO QUEER NATIONALISM

recruiting queer minds & bodies for capitalist aggression

Education Against Homophobia Conference:

September 29, 1993



Conference Agenda

The Education Against Homophobia "conference" was a one night event that I attended. The event was largely informative and relevant. It outlined the ways people within the educational and social work systems are trying to integrate a program in sexual orientation which would give support to many gay and lesbian youth. The conference also outlined how various groups, but most notably, C.U.R.E. ("Citizens United for Responsible Education") who are a bunch of reactionary Christian fundamentalists headed by Queen Asshole himself, Reverend NYen Campbell are trying to fuck up their efforts. Rev. Campbell was present when we got out,

11. Video Presentations (Foyer - 6th FL)
A selection of homophobic videos such as "The Gay Agenda," and others, such as "Sacred Lies, Civil Truths" which expose the tactics used by the far right in its campaign of misinformation will be screened.

Wearing his homophobic (and racist I might add) placard with a stupid complacent grin on his face.

There was a part of the program which disturbed me though. The choice of the keynote speaker for this evening was Dr. Bruce McLeod, President of the Canadian Council of Churches. This (straight) churchman gave a 40 minute speech (read: lecture, sermon) to a crowd of lespbian people 1,000 strong. He said he used to be homophobic but then he converted (I guess he saw the queer light) and is now an impassioned speaker of gay and lesbian inclusion. (provided, it seems, that we go to church and not be promiscuous.)

The enemy, he said in more or less these words, is not whether you're gay or straight, but the moral laxity which leads to promiscuity. I'm sure my mouth dropped open at this point and I'm sure that this statement gave many others pause, but it was not noticeable in a crowded auditorium amid the deafening applause.

So now we are taken into the folds of religion and

mainstream society if we only FUCK one person in our lifetime.

I'd rather suck and fuck alot and endure the fire and brimstone later. Thanx.

These videos were scary & pathetic!

9. Is Homosexuality an illness, can it be cured? (Rm 249)
CURE claims that homosexuality is a disorder which can be cured. What is really known about human sexual variation and how does the medical profession "treat" homosexuality?

I think this session was included to appease the CURE members in the audience which were in attendance.

1. Everything you wanted to know about leshians/gay/bisexuals but were afraid to ask. (Rm 252)
An informal workshop to answer all of your questions, conducted by members of PFLAG

This one kills me!
"And next week tune in to a special program on the mating behavior of lesbians and gays."

National Geographic anyone?

"Citizens United for Responsible Education" is a new homophobic organization which emerged last year to attack the Toronto Board's efforts to challenge homophobia in education. How do we confront CURE's stealth and smear campaign, designed to forward it's anti-gay agenda.

Power of Youth

By Rob

In a giant graceful arc, he let his world-weary heart fall back heavily against the pillow. His mind was reeling, his strong, sweat-glistening chest rose and fell quickly with each breath. He closed his eyes and let his mind wander. His head feeling light and airy in which a thousand flee floating impressions wafted in and around like a newspaper caught in a strong cross current. A soft sweet smile, not unlike that of the boy, stretched slowly, satisfyingly, across his face. He sighed heavily. He thought how the essence of beauty came floating before him dimly, always elusive but capable of being grasped fleetingly: a sudden thrill of exhilaration and insight. He felt central to the world; his being at the precise moment, in his apartment, in his bedroom, in his very heart, beating fast and majestically in his sweaty body, was one of utter peace and contemplative admiration for the boy he was with. An instance of utter beauty, happiness, mutual respect and contact is rare. He came nakedly close to it's very essence. It's full power always, always beyond reach, of course, but how dreadfully close he came.

By now Luke was in the bathroom wiping away the residue of semen and massage oil which had completely

covered his torso, waist and groin making his young smooth body glisten with all the radiance of those noble Greek statues erected in everlasting tribute to the glory and beauty of boys. Proportions so flattering, satin smooth as marble or polished stone, from the smooth prominence of the Adam's apple down to the silky tissue of the neck, spreading itself over the slight curve of the chest and down to the delicately chiseled pattern of the stomach and navel, a form which has been revered since the beginning of recorded time in the art of all ages.

A slight so eternal being admired right from the earliest shadowy recollections of antiquity, through to our own censorious and repressive times, has often made him think of the possibility of transcendence through beauty. But could it be he thought to himself that aesthetic perfection

coupled with that missing element that has been denied us for a fuller understanding of those dry, cracked, airy and ancient pieces? He wrinkled his brow, slid his hand over the warm moistness of his crotch and opened his into a new world.

Then, with delight, he thought my knowledge of heart has been raised up to a height, uniting it there, if only for the most fleeting of moments, with a feeling of eternal rightness of union and contact. Contact with another human being, a boy of outstanding beauty and profound personal introspection, a new creation has emerged in which we walk on par with one another in humanity with all the artificial

barriers of age, class, experience and knowledge flattened out, erased or subdued by the leveling powers of mutual desire, respect, admiration and companionship. Perhaps in this is the truth from which the world has turned away. In a world driven by the exigencies of public ceremony and display, the true life of the heart, of emotion, is but relegated to the subterranean flow of suppressed desire and fantasy.

Luke came walking back into the bedroom. Shafts of clear, morning sunlight struck his lithe body accentuating his boyish torso. The sunlight danced playfully on the boy's chest, outlining its slight structure and the delicate pattern of blond hair on the boy's ankle calves. The shock of dark pubic hair that forms a small triangle above the boy's cock has always fascinated him. Luke shot back a satisfying grin. Luke looked down, noticing his cock growing erect at the mere tension of their nakedness, a man whose body is developed, dark, and lusty which seemed able to command the space around him; a boy whose pale, delicate features and blond hair was just on the verge of discovering space, of acquiring a certain sense of self-control and mastery over passion, sex, and desire. With a tremendous hand the boy lay himself over him, softly caressing the dark hair which grew from the man's navel. He just watched and smiled. He placed his hand on the boy's head and with a careful and sensitive circular motion began to caress the boy's



hair: A soft, far away glint rose in the man's eyes

It was after their love-making. Each seemed to acquire a deeper understanding of the other—a small rickety bridge spanning the vast distances and open space between their psyches. An emotional unity existed somewhat fleetingly. Each didn't need to speak to the other. Words belong to the world of division, of artificial barriers imposed by age, race, sex, class, and power.

For the moment, it was all they needed.

LETTERS: EXCLUS

LEATHER MEN

VOL

Dear Sirs,

I heard about your publication and thought that if you could run an ad for me, maybe someone would drop a few letters my way. It would be nice to hear from some "normal" people. So if you would please print this in your next publication. Thank you!

G/W/M - 27. Blond/Green, 5'11", 165 lbs. Very Fit. Seeking anyone to correspond with. Various interests. Intelligent and caring. Still in the closet, but likes to jump out on occasions. Impulsive but controlled. Please write to ... John C. Marquard #122995, Union Correctional Inst. (A-1), 44-1218, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida, 32083. (USA).

Thank you again.
John C. Marquard
Raiford, Florida

*



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everywhere.



Childhood Ends

BOY DYKE REPTYLE

*gazing into
the queer unknown
he likes the boys
he sees
at Lollapalooza...*

*they like him, too
though they scarcely
would admit
that their deepest
darkest
secret
is their fantasies
of sucking
this reptyle's
hard slick throbbing wet
boycock...*

*hyper-sexed het boys
dont know what they're
missing...
of their queer unknown.*

by boylovers rob & brian

devils friends
BLÖT
polysexual fur

TOP

child pornography

CENSORSTOP

Customs Tariff
corrupting morals

CENSORSTOP

SEX.

CENSORSTOP

Her Majesty,

(6) Where the accused is charged with an offence under subsection (2), (3) or (4), the court shall find the accused not guilty if the representation or written material that is alleged to constitute child pornography has artistic merit or an educational, scientific or medical purpose.

(7) Subsections 163(3) to (5) apply with such modifications as the circumstances require, with respect to an offence under section (2), (3) or (4).

Other provisions to apply

CENSORSTOP

deviations
BLOT
polysexual fun