

\$ 2

EMMA  
EMMA  
EMMA

Queer  
Space



William S. Burroughs

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# An abcess by any other name

William S. Burroughs on the cover of the long awaited glorious second issue of Society for the Complete Annihilation of Breeders? But... he's gay. Yes, he is gay; gay NOT queer, there is a difference. S.C.A.B. considers all those who, despite sexual technicalities, willingly appease heterosexual culture to be breeders. Gays and lesbians, who thoughtlessly gender segregate and are guilty of widespread racism, classism, and a gazillion other crimes, are breeders plain and simple, and William S. Burroughs is their most shining example. Gay and lesbian society is dying from the same diseases killing hetero culture - racism and sexism, and William S. Burroughs is a malignant tumor personified.

An abcess by any other name would still fester. And so too, would lesbian and gay culture rot from the inside out. This past May, Chicago saw the first major battle of the queer civil war erupt at the SPEW Homographic Convergeance, a deluded parade of false-queerness disguised as a fanzine convention, though through no real fault of the event organizers. Pit against a distasteful American brew of sexist radical faeries, horrible art people, and the most disgusting fool lesbians imaginable, a handful of queers from across the continent emerged victorious, lead by outspoken blacktress Vaginal Creme Davis. Havoc was served with chaos as an appetizer.

But SPEW was a disappointment, not just a mistake. An obscene 80% of the publishers who attended promote segregation and worse, old age in zines such as the Los Angeles-based ADVOCATE-backed SCREAM BOX, or New York's STRAIGHT TO HELL. SPEW brought to light just how many dead branches there are yet to prune on the queer tree.

Sadly, the 'queer' fanzine convention, somehow infiltrated by mere gays and lesbians, was complete with panel discussions the organizers claimed they weren't going to have, and a ridiculous admission charge which drove many away. But most disturbing was the notion presented that queer fanzines are some kind of 'art' form. The event was, in retrospect, a disgusting money sucking failure that never should have taken place, but at the same time was a valuable indicator of the monstrosity that is lesbian and gay society that zines like BIMBOX, BITCH NATION, CHAINSAW, DUMB BITCH DESERVES TO DIE, FERTILE LATOYAH JACKSON, FIST IN YOUR FACE, JANE & FRANKIE, Q.T. S.C.A.B., SISTER NOBODY, S.K.A.G., and a host of others are up against.

# SCAB 2

ON THE COVER: "Wm. S. Burroughs" by G.B. Jones, 1991, ink and correction fluid on paper, 68 x 127 cm.

Published by KILL THE WHITES, INC.  
"Serving Moss Park and Lower Cabagetown since 1987"

EDITED BY NOXZEMA & REX

SCAB wishes to thank Andrea Elinor Lahey, Candy Pauker, G.B. Jones, Jens von Brucker, and Mike Thompson.

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Write to SCAB c/o BIMBOX, 282 Parliament # 68, Toronto M5A 3A5.



IT'S A  
MISCARRIAGE

SCAB #2 / \$2.00 ppd

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs

This is the most hateful thing I've ever seen in my life,  
and I kind of like it - KATY ODELL,

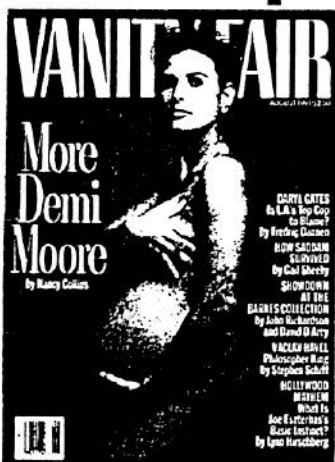
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

Oh sure, queers have been accused of being rats leaving a sinking ship, but what's wrong with that? The truth is, if queers had been at the helm all this time, the ship wouldn't be sinking in the first place. Breeders are not our only enemy. And we don't need support groups, holistic therapy, and panel discussions to tell us what we already know: those who identify as lesbian and gay are the nadir of humanity. We're not gonna sit at the back of the bus no more. We're gonna drive it, and we're gonna run them over 'til they be dead.



# Ed's open letter to Demi Moore . . .

# Your disgusting cover photo makes me want to throw up!



MOORE of Demi than Ed wants to see in Vanity Fair.

WEEKLY WORLD  
**NEWS**

400 South First Coast Avenue • Lakeland, Florida • 32805 • (882) 328-2200

**MY AMERICA**  
By **ED ANGER**

Mrs. Demi Moore  
3054 Nichols Canyon Road  
Hollywood Hills, Calif. 90028

Dear Demi:

My eyes almost popped out of my head and the metal plate in my skull got hot as a firecracker when I saw that magazine cover of you pregnant in the supermarket checkout. I almost threw up in my grocery basket, for crying out loud. I've never seen anything so disgusting in my life. If we wanted to see you big-bellied gals waddling around nude, they wouldn't bother to make maternity clothes. Naked pregnant women are about as attractive as a road-killed possum, for Pete's sake.

I never even saw my wife naked while she was pregnant! Some things are just too disgusting to look at and you on this magazine cover is one of them. Can you imagine taking this *Vanity Fair* rag home and having the kids get a hold of it? I'd rather they look at a girlie magazine than this kind of pornography. I'm so pig-biting mad about this kind of obscenity that I'm going to write my congressman and get a law banning this smut from magazine racks across America. If you want to see naked pregnant women, get a job in a hospital delivery room.

And speaking of delivery rooms, why the hell do you think obstetricians retire earlier than other doctors? From having to look at pregnant women all the time, that's why. There's probably nothing more sickening in all of nature than the pregnant human female.

It just ain't natural looking, for my money. And that's just half of it. After they've been pumped up like the Michelin tire man and have the baby, most women's bodies sag like a wet sack with so many stretch marks their mammaries look like a map of Missouri!

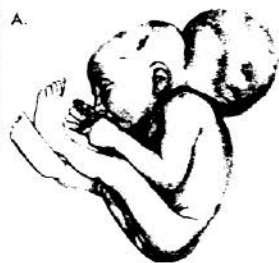
So I'll tell it like it is, since nobody else in the media seems to have the guts to. You and all the other pregnant women are ugly and should NEVER take your clothes off — unless you want to make everybody sick, sick, sick!

Yours truly,

*Ed Anger*  
Ed Anger

P.S. What the hell kinda name is Demi anyway? Short for Demetrius?

THINK ABOUT WHAT'S INSIDE



## FORGET THE OUTSIDE ED,



# WHAT DID YOU SAY?

## Interview

GBJ: G.B. Jones JvB: Jena von Brucker  
JN: Johnny Noxzema RB: Rex Boy

Last February, we held audience with Jena von Brucker and G.B. Jones, the two melon breasted movie making hell cats directly responsible for BITCH NATION and S.K.A.G. - the magazines and the lifestyles. Since the interview, the two have terrorized both Chicago and New York leaving no clone unturned, but have since returned to Toronto for last minute preparations to begin shooting their films 'Frankenjane' and 'The Lollipop Generation' on location in Northern Ontario in August.



JN: He's an older guy, he's like 40 or something.  
GBJ [whispering]: He's got a lot of money.  
RB: Yeah!  
JN: Oh, do you think if I talk to him long enough I can get some?  
JN: He's doing good things with his money I guess. At least he's not giving it to the homeless.  
GBJ: I could use some of that money for my new movie.  
JN: What about my movie, you fucking bitch?  
GBJ: Well...  
JN: What do you mean 'well...'? Yours is more important?  
GBJ: Well maybe if we both got some money we could both make our movies.  
JN: I'm talking to his first.  
GBJ: Yeah.  
JN [whining]: I want some money. We don't have any money to make our movies...  
JN: Why doesn't Miki give you money? God knows she has enough of it.  
JN: Good question. Miki doesn't have any money. It's all her rich fucking bourgeois friends who...  
GBJ: Not she [Miki] gives money to Candy all the time.  
JN: Not the [Candy] was just sayin' 'how much do I owe you?' \$2,500? It's a big \$2.50 she's collecting from her.  
JN: Oh, it's \$250,000.00.  
JN: No it isn't.  
RB: How much does it cost to make your movies?  
JN: Too much.  
GBJ: How much did The Yo-Yo Gang cost? Oh my god, it cost hundreds...  
[laughter]

VON BRUCKER / JONES: P.O. BOX 55 STATION 'E', TORONTO M6H 4E1

RB: He ha ha. So what's happening? Are you gonna get cleared and everything?  
GBJ: I don't know yet. That's what she's [the lawyer] gonna try for.  
RB: So you'll know by the end of April?  
GBJ: Yeah, April 10th.  
RB: Oh my god.  
GBJ [almost in tears]: It's taking so long.  
RB: Likes.  
JN: I wanna go on that trip to San Francisco.  
RB: When you're cleared, does that mean like your name is cleared on the computer?  
GBJ: Hopefully, yeah.  
RB: 'Cause if they see your name come up on the computer, they'll still hassle you and stuff...  
GBJ: Yeah, I know. That's what I'm worried about. But she's gonna try for 'a case dismissed'.  
RB: So they just erase everything?  
GBJ: Yeah. Supposedly.  
JN: Supposedly! They probably don't.  
RB: What do the Americans do?  
GBJ: I'm don't know. I'm not sure they would have a record of it then, 'cause if it was dismissed they shouldn't know about it - hypothetically. But I'm sure it will all be down there on the computers.  
JN: I don't think they ever erase anything.  
GBJ: I don't think so either. What do they have? Oh! Oh! I was reading in the paper that they have Picasso's files still. They kept files on Picasso for twenty years because he was a Communist, even though he never ever went to the states. They were just waiting for him in case he might. And they made note of everyone who ever went to visit him. They'd write it all down. They still kept his files...  
RB: That's disgusting.  
GBJ: Finally after he was dead ten years they did something with them.  
JN: What about Paloma?  
GBJ: I don't know.  
JN: She's a big star. She's pushing that...  
RB: [mimicking bus shelter poster] 'Oh, I've got a migraine'.  
JN: Oh yes, Paloma's got a migraine!  
GBJ: She's a monster.  
JN: What's that crap she's selling?  
GBJ: That horrible jewelry?  
JN: Yeah, she goes out to fucking flea markets and fucking buys cheap old bakelite jewelry and fucking copies it on a piece of paper and sells it as her own.  
GBJ: Really? Wow...  
JN: Yeah, it's just like fucking stuff you'd find at a flea market only it costs \$13,000.00. I've seen pictures of it - it's fake bakelite. Art Deco crap.  
GBJ: I've only seen her little silver things that look like Elsa Peretti jewelry from the 70's. It looks like copies of that.  
JN: And doesn't she have a line of Corolle dinnerware or something? [laughter]  
JN: It's some tacky company she's associated with.  
RB: Ugh. I don't know.  
JN: They were selling it on Parliament Street at that hideous place next to the pet store.  
RB: Oh yeah, you're right! I remember that.  
JN: It's a cheap line of dinnerware.  
GBJ: [excited] But that's what I think artists do best! Are you kidding? Uh huh, dinnerware, things like that!  
JN: Oh, I'd love to see your physique pictorial drawings on dinner plates, can you imagine?  
GBJ: Oh towels! Life-size towels for the beach.  
[laughter]  
GBJ: And on sheets and pillowcases. People would love it! 'sleep with G.B. Jones' Tom Girls TONIGHT!  
RB: Oh my god, that would be fabulous!  
JN: What about shower curtains?  
GBJ: [gasp] Shower curtains! I've got to start that company soon.  
JN: G.B. Jones, Inc.  
GBJ: Life-size dolls!  
JN: Yeah! That's creepy!  
GBJ: I was with. I think it was you [Jena] we were thinking about...  
JN: Olivia Newton-John sex dolls.  
GBJ: Manufacturing life-size dolls of the stars so you could sleep with them.  
JN: I think some people have done that already.  
JN: I wouldn't be surprised.  
RB: You should do things like that [opens buttons to reveal Tom of Finland t-shirt]

BITCH NATION PART 2  
(cont'd on pg. 8)



JONES WITH FEATURE GALLERY CURATOR AND LOCAL PERSONALITY HUDSON IN NYC.  
ABOVE RIGHT: VON BRUCKER AT R.S.G. IN CHICAGO. PHOTOS: NOXZEMA.

# Davey Galoona

SEZ

Davey Galoona  
Box 5455  
New York, NY 10185

DON'T  
HAVE  
KIDS



SCAB Hetero OF The Month

First of all, I am sick and tired of people talking about how great kids are. There seems to be a hell of a lot of clods who feel that children are good and honest and always do the right thing. They claim that children are usually devoid of the hostility, apathy and corruption that is the trademark of the adult. It's certainly a hip thing to say, and it definitely makes one look wise and perceptive, but the problem is that it's not true. Kids are rotten. They beat each other up, verbally harass each other, lie, steal and generally make life miserable for anyone who is unlucky enough to cross their path. Maybe it's just because their parents rub off on 'em - I'm not saying that children are intrinsically evil - but whatever the reason, let's knock off this hogwash about children being intelligent, introspective, caring people. Leave that to the sitcom writers.

If you think that you can benefit the world so much by influencing people why don't you take on somebody your own size? If you're confident about whatever litany you would shove down a baby's throat you should test it on somebody who has some judgement and who has a legal right and a fighting chance to tell you to fuck off. It's really weak to force another human being to do whatever you want them to do. You would be really critical of an adult who browbeat another adult into saying thank you or into wearing the fucking chartreuse Izod shirt which you bought them, spanking them until they choked on tears. You would at least call them kinky or queer if they were of the same gender.

If you know so much about rearing children start a school. See if anybody brings their charges back after the first day. You probably couldn't do it. You bullies are too weak to teach anybody anything any more advanced than Sesame Street and some cutesy Laura Ashley gingham American Express traditional with hunting decoy lamps, model trains, and the Klaus Barbie microwave sports camper. Just because you all agree to peddle the same tripe doesn't make it right (although it does seem to make it legal).

If it's any consolation we probably won't kill the kids when we decimate your goddam split-level sheetrock-and-plywood mildew-carpeted shack and shove the decorative spinning wheel through your umbilical cords. Your offspring didn't choose to add more people to a planet which is overrun with jerks like yourself already so completely that I can't find a parking space at midnight. For my bicycle.

We will release them on their own recognizance (sure as shootin' they wouldn't recognize you if you hadn't forced them to call you Dada when they would have preferred to worship the dog as an animal who trusted them more).

Don't worry - we don't want to fuck them. Their dicks/clits are too small for our tastes. If they favor you they may never be what a trivial legacy to give someone. We'll leave fucking children to those of you who are most likely to fuck children: those of you who think of your fat-laden vermin rugrats as depositories for the microscopic drops of wisdom you would mete out, their tiny puckered anes and cunts resisting with all of their might the baseballs and Barbie jetskis you would deposit there.

We'll wait a while. We are patient. They'll be eighteen soon enough and then they'll tell you to take a flying fuck. That will be a kind of suicide as your protege no longer wishes to continue the glittering program which you so gratuitously have plotted. Your little double is a double-crosser. They'll cut their hair in whatever manner irritates you the most and play music which you abhor. It probably won't be anything as gentle as thrash; we're talking Tony Orlando or Liberace, and you know we wouldn't fuck that rosewater-breath pouffe even if he was alive and eighteen. Not even a grudge-fuck. Not a mercy-fuck.

We don't want your tract-houses.  
We don't want your Franklin mint Desert Storm medals.  
We don't want to recruit your kids.

They'll come to us and we will have to try to help them deal with the intense trauma of being the fruit of your loins. We won't reject them unless they refuse to deny everything that you stand for. Get it? It's not some little detail of your philosophy. It's not if you're liberal or conservative. It's your entire stance. The entire imperial manifest-destiny white male dominated expansionist credo which maintains its shaky grip on western culture.

And fuck you dry if you're a zero-population-growth Kelty papoose sacked snowshoed Swiss-Army-knived Volvoed Birckenstock-shod vitamin-popping holistic crystal-worshipping (but not in a cult) macro crunchy. Not zero but negative population growth. Every lean poor sweaty Catholic gorgeous future fragrant refugee in every country you have not already trashed is looking at us for guidance and they are seeing you. You throw them cola and fast food. As if it wasn't enough for you to create little robots doomed to wear your ugly features, you have to do everything in your power to make the rest of the people on the planet their maids and gardeners, their cops and security guards, their armed forces, in some vain attempt to perpetuate your wealth and family names.

There will be armed forces alright, but they won't be protecting you. The logical conclusion of your macho dick-flex jolly-green-giant Santa ways is war, war against you, war likely to mess up my hairdo.

Germany had Hitler. Uganda had Idi Amin. The United States? Ronald Reagan. But what about gays and lesbians? What monster have they unwittingly produced and set loose on an innocent world? The answer of course, is William S. Burroughs, a man so evil and repulsive, he rivals only Hitler as creep of the century. The difference of course, is that the world at large recognizes the depraved wickedness inflicted by Adolf et al. Burroughs, on the other hand, is revered a sacred cow, a genius who can do no and did no wrong. Even breeders worship him - he is a member of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters - but please take note: THE BUCK STOPS HERE.

We here at SCAB consider William S. Burroughs to be the most demented, tiresome, ill-bred, fiendish, un-cool, decrepit, misogynist pig on the planet. In a recent interview in THE ADVOCATE, that magazine actually dismissed his wife's murder as a "freak accident". They conveniently forgot about all the horrible things he has written about women, including his numerous fanatical theories to have them eliminated from the face of the earth. They even had the gall to suggest that queer fanzine editors consider him an "elder statesman". Bullshit. That was the last straw. Burroughs must be sent to his grave - SCAB hereby offers a \$1 reward for William S. Burroughs DEAD, NOT ALIVE...

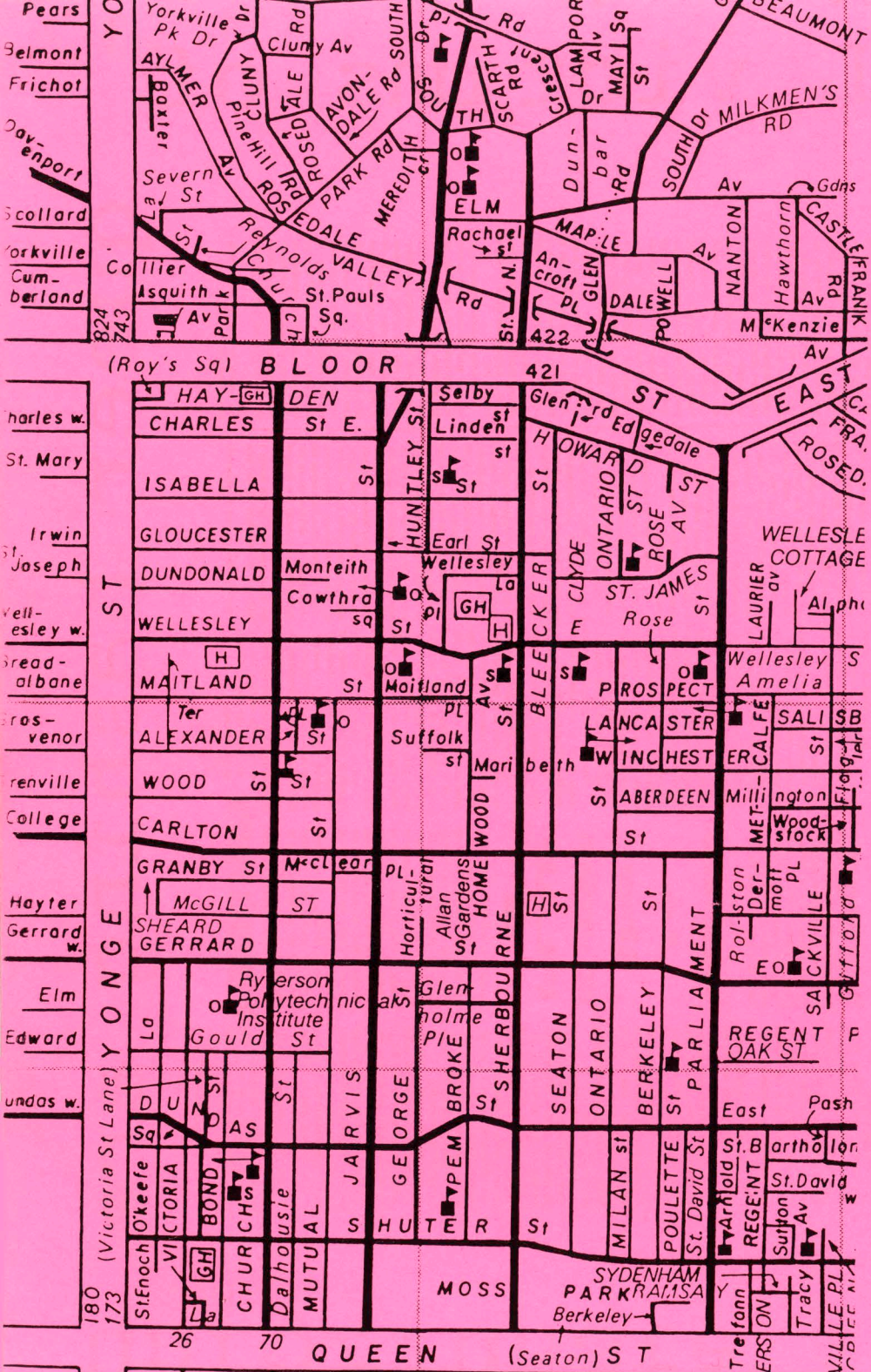
DING DONG THE LETCH IS DEAD.  
WELL, ALMOST ~ Wm S. BURROUGHS  
HAS FALLEN AND HE CAN'T GET UP.  
IT APPEARS THAT BEDRIDDEN  
BALD BILL SHOOK HIS BODY DOWN  
TO THE GROUND FOLLOWING SURGERY,  
ALTHOUGH SOME SAY HE KEELED  
OVER WHEN HIS 'DEPENDS' LITERALLY  
FILLED WITH HIS OWN SHIT ~ AND WE  
DON'T MEAN HIS BOOKS. WHATEVER  
THE CASE, THE FILTHY SEXIST NAZI  
PIG CAN NO LONGER HAUL HIS  
ALL-BUT- DEAD NO GOOD JUNKIE  
CARCASS AROUND WITHOUT THE  
AID OF A WALKER. HELL, BY THE  
TIME YOU READ THIS HE MAY  
BE 6 FEET UNDER ~ BUT DON'T  
PACK THE GROUND TOO TIGHT;  
WE'LL WANT TO DIG HIM UP AND  
DRIVE SOME OF THOSE GARLIC-  
SOAKED STAKES THROUGH HIS HEART  
STILL LEFT OVER FROM  
VITO RUSSO'S FUNERAL ...











# BASH CODE HUNTING GROUND

1

GAYWIRE

**BASH CODE 1 - VERBAL ABUSE & A SMACK UPSTIDE THE HEAD**  
These people have potential, but they have to come to terms with the fact lesbians/gays and queers are two different sets of people. Don't be too mean and try not to draw blood, after all, their hearts are in the right place...

**GAYWIRE** (radio show) C.I.U.T. 91 St. George Street  
**NAMES PROJECT** (hokey assimilationist melodramatic AIDS thing) 1st and 3rd Thursday at the St. Lawrence Centre 27 Front Street E.  
**NORTHBOUND LEATHER** (leather store) 19 St. Nicholas Street  
**QUEER NATION** (confused gays and lesbians who blame heteros for the mess they created) 2nd and 4th Monday at 519 Church Street

2



**BASH CODE 2 - A GOOD THRASHING**  
Be careful who you bash here - a lot of queers frequent these places to make fun of the gays and lesbians who in all seriousness, go there for a sense of 'community'. But it's easy enough to figure out who's who - the queers are the ones standing in a corner laughing. Beat everyone else senseless...

**THE BARN** (disco) 83 Grandby  
**DYKE NITE** (disco - Fridays) The Boom Boom Room 650.5 Queen St. W.  
**LES CAVALIERS** (wrinkle bar) 418 Church Street  
**RAWHIDE** (C&W bar) 5 Hayden  
**SOLTEROS** (disco) (in alley behind Yonge at Isabella)  
**TOOL BOX** (bar) 508 Eastern  
**TORONTO WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE** 73 Harbord Street



3



**BASH CODE 3 - EXTENDED HOSPITAL STAY**  
Here's where you'll find the meat and potatoes of the scum of the earth. We're talking 5 star g & l monsters, real nadirs of humanity. Pretty much anyone walking in or out of these places is fair game...



**BACHELORS** (smokeless disco) 5 St. Joseph  
**BADLANDS** (bar) 9 Isabella  
**BAR 1** (disco) 120 Church Street  
**BAR 1 ISABELLA** (disco) 1 Isabella  
**BAR 501** (bar) 501 Church Street  
**BOOTS & BUDS** (disco) 592 Sherbourne  
**CANADIAN GAY ARCHIVES** 464 Yonge Street  
**CHAPS** (disco) 9 Isabella  
**CLUB COLBY'S** (disco) 5 St. Joseph  
**THE 457** (disco) 457 Church Street  
**GLAD DAY** (bookstore) 598 A Yonge Street  
**MITES** (magazine) 736 Bathurst Street  
**THE ROSE CAFE** (disco) 457 Parliament  
**TRAX** (bar) 529 Yonge  
**WOODY'S** (bar) 467 Church Street  
**XTRA** (magazine) 100 Wellesley Street E. Ste. 104

the **SECOND CUP**  
Church & Wellesley



4



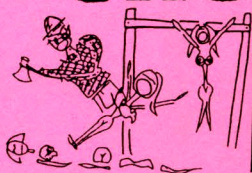
OUTmagazine

**BASH CODE 4 - NEXT STOP: THE MORGUE**  
Ah, now you've hit paydirt. Bash Code 4 is specifically reserved for all religious and segregated organizations and pastimes, for which there is absolutely no justification for their existence or patronage. Despite their claim of same-sex orientation, these people are ultimately breeders of lowest magnitude. Don't stop till you see red and they see black...

**AFFIRM** (fanatical religious cult) Bloor Street United Church 300 Bloor Street 921-1395  
**AWARE** (fanatical religious cult) 67 Tauton Road  
**THE BARRACKS** (bathhouse) 56 Widmer  
**THE CELLAR** (bathhouse) 78 Wellesley Street E.  
**CHRISTOS** (fanatical religious cult) 353 Sherbourne Street  
**CHUTPAH** (fanatical religious cult) 25 Maitland  
**THE CLUB** (bathhouse) 231 Mutual  
**519 Church Street Community Centre** 519 Church Street  
**GAY MEN'S MEDITATION, CREATIVE VISUALIZATION GROUP** (Thursdays) (new age freak-outs) 590 Markham Street  
**GAY COPS UNITED FOUNDATION** 339-0210  
**INTEGRITY** (fanatical religious cult) Holy Trinity Church (Eaton Centre)  
**METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH** (fanatical religious cult) 2029 Gerrard Street  
**DIGNITY** (fanatical religious cult) Our Lady of Lourdes Church (Sherbourne & Wellesley)  
**OUT MAGAZINE** call 921-1496  
**SAGA** (fanatical religious cult) 269-7828 for location  
**THE SPA** (bathhouse) 66 Maitland  
**TORONTO GAY MEN'S CHORUS** 461-0517 for location  
**THE WOMAN'S COMMON** (hang out for lesbo separatist dinosaurs) 580 Parliament Street



Fact: ALL  
victims of  
gay bashing  
DESERVE  
what they  
get.



And now that we realize that homophobes -now there's a word worth reclaiming- have been right all along, we're 'fessin' right up on where to track down our evil fiendish cousins. Yep, we queers are officially disowning those who identify as lesbian and gay, and we're even ready to go to bat, baseball bat that is, for our hetero gay bashing friends to make life a little easier - after all, we are on the same side... S.C.A.B. is proud to present a special extra e-z ultra convenient free pullout insert:

the official

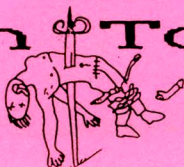


KILL THE WHITES<sup>TM</sup>

GUIDE TO

GAY BASHING

in Toronto



# Heir's Pistol Kills His Wife; He Denies Playing Wm. Tell

Mexico City, Sept. 7 (P).—William Seward Burroughs, 37, first admitted, then denied today that he was playing William Tell when his gun killed his pretty, young wife during a drinking party last night.

Police said that Burroughs, grandson of the adding machine inventor, first told them that, wanting to show off his marksmanship, he placed a glass of gin on her head and fired, but so drunk that he missed and shot her in the forehead.

After talking with a lawyer, police said, Burroughs, who is a wealthy cotton planter from Pharr, Tex., changed his story and insisted that his wife was shot accidentally when he dropped his newly-purchased .38 caliber pistol.

Husband in Jail.

Mrs. Burroughs, 27, the former Joan Vollmer, died in the Red Cross Hospital.

The shooting occurred during a party in the apartment of Johnately of Minneapolis. Burroughs said two other American tourists whom he knew only slightly were present.

Burroughs, hair disheveled and clothes wrinkled, was in jail today. A hearing on a charge of homicide is scheduled for tomorrow morning.

No Arguments, He Says.

"It was purely accidental," he said. "I did not put any glass on her head. If she did, it was a joke. I certainly did not intend to shoot at it."

He said there had been no arguments or discussion before the accident.

"The party was quiet," he said. "We had a few drinks. Everything is very hazy."

Burroughs and his wife had been here about two years. He said he was studying native dialects at the University of Mexico. He explained his long absence from his ranch by saying that he was unwell about business.

Wife From Albany.

He said he was born in St. Louis and that his wife was from Albany, N. Y. They have two children, William Burroughs Jr., 3, and



William Seward Burroughs in Mexico City prison.



The late Mrs. Joan Burroughs—killed at party.

Julie Adams, 7, who he said was his wife's daughter by a previous marriage. The couple had been married five years.

She had attended journalism school at Columbia University before her marriage to Burroughs. Burroughs, who also had been married before, formerly lived in

Louisville, a swank suburb of Albany. He is a graduate of Harvard University and worked for two weeks in 1942 as a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. His paternal grandfather laid the foundation of a fortune when he built his first adding machine married before, formerly lived in St. Louis in 1885.

- ☒ misogynist
- ☒ racist
- ☒ makes a career out of fact that he's killed a woman (hey Bill, how 'bout just one more photo of you with that pistol?)

- ☒ ugly
- ☒ talks funny

- ☒ is one of those tired gay writer types whose idea of a fun vacation is going to North Africa and raping children

# LITERARY ASSHOLE

DUMB  
FAGGOT  
DESERVES  
TO DIE

S.C.A.B.

CHECKLIST:

10 reasons why  
William S. Burroughs  
should be killed  
right this instant

- ☒ old (way over 30)
- ☒ clones just love him

- ☒ sells the movie rights to his incredibly bad books to stupid breeders
- ☒ has sired children



THIS MAN IS CONSIDERED A  
GREAT INTELLECTUAL\*



PHOTO: PAMELA GAWAN

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P.S. If you're one of those assholes who thinks Burroughs is cool - GET OVER IT. Or else.

BURROUGHS OFF THE PLANET NOW!



This is William Burroughs. This is the only time he will appear in Dr. Smith. He is probably one of the most evil, misogynist (and respected) writers around - and full of hatred, and totally lacking in emotion.

Bald Bill believes that the problem of over-population would be solved by a pill (which he claims is already in existence - but who can believe anything he says?) enabling only males to be born, so that in a few generations there would be a "reduction of population." Bill expressed surprise that the inventor, Dr. Postgate, "received hate letters from the women (sic) community - and he's not even a homosexual himself." (Silly Bill - isn't he supposed to be so experienced in the ways of the world? He should know you don't have to be a homosexual to hate women.)

Well, how did you like Bill's plan? This man is considered a great intellectual.

How women could applaud him is beyond me - what if blacks applauded Margaret Mitchell for writing 'Gone with the Wind'? It makes me sick the way people shall out their dough to grovel at his feet, hang onto every word.

I guess some people like to pay to be told they're shit.

- CANDY -





RJM: [sassy] What's that?  
 RB: A Toe Of Finland drawing on a t-shirt.  
 GBJ: Really?  
 JM: Yeah, those really sell well at The Pleasure Chest in Los Angeles.  
 RB: If you put your drawings on t-shirts, you'd make a fortune.  
 [Ed note: G.B. Jones' Tom-Girl t-shirts now available. Write to BITCH Nation for details.]  
 GBJ: That's true, yeah.  
 JM: Dykes are the ultimate t-shirt queens.  
 JVS: Or instead of those colours around those ethnic hats, do a little band of Tom-Girls holding hands...  
 [inaudible laughter]  
 JM: Where did that thing come from, that ethnic hat thing?  
 GBJ: Oh, aren't they hideous?  
 RB: Where did it start anyway?  
 GBJ: It's so embarrassing.  
 JVS: I don't know. They decided they had to get back to their fake roots. They roots they wish they had.  
 GBJ: No, it started at the U of T Women's Committee building.  
 JM: In the bathroom.  
 [laughter]  
 GBJ: In the bathroom!  
 JVS: No, I'm just saying that they had to get back to the roots they wished they had so they could be real victims in society. They want so badly to be victims...  
 JM: They're so stupid - who isn't a victim?  
 GBJ: No, it's a visible apology of every white gay woman to every Black gay woman...  
 JVS: I think more they want to be victims and they're just saying [whining] 'look, even I'm Black too, on the inside, I'm a victim.'  
 RB: They're so stupid, they can't even operate on...  
 RB: Oh yeah, they wear those little hats with those...  
 GBJ: Those wretched scarves!  
 JM: What are they called? Those P.L.O. scarves...  
 RB: Kafis.  
 JM: There's a tacky Arab name for them, but I can't remember it. Oh what are they called?  
 RB: Kafis.  
 GBJ: Yeah, that's it.  
 JM: Kafiat I hope you know how to spell that.  
 [laughter]  
 RB: And then they wear those earrings...  
 JM: And a clay pink triangle earring.  
 GBJ: And a woman's symbol, two of them, together in purple. No one dressed like that will ever be able to buy BITCH NATION.  
 JM: But that clock can be the robots for my 'Big Sister' movie.  
 [laughter]  
 JVS: Yeah, Fem-bots.  
 JM: Fem-bot zombies.  
 RB: Can you imagine 500 of them...  
 JVS: You'd just have to go to the Claremont on Dyke Night.  
 JM: It will be so easy to find extras. I won't have to spend a fortune on elaborate costumes...  
 GBJ: Oh my god, I can imagine. It would be such a nightmare.  
 RB: Night of the Living Brain Dead.  
 GBJ: Oh my god, do those type of people go to the Claremont?  
 JM: They go to the vegetarian and Pilgrants.  
 GBJ: Don't they go to the Rose?  
 JVS: Oh yes, they go to The Rose, but they go to the Claremont too.  
 JM: Kensington Market!  
 JVS: Oh yeah, Kensington Market.  
 RB: Barbord Street, near the abortion clinic.  
 JVS: Right around the Women's Bookstore.  
 JM: We'll just dig a Burmese tiger trap outside the Women's Bookstore and throw some tofu in the bottom...  
 JM: ...and catch them all!  
 [laughter]  
 RB: Do you know that woman, what's her name, Lorena McKenna? Lorena McKenna? She plays a harp...  
 JM: She was on the cover of NOW a while ago...  
 RB: She's a lesbian harpist.  
 JVS: [nauseous] Uggghhhhhhhhh.  
 JM: She's a fucking closet case. Debra fisted her.  
 JVS: At the Claremont?  
 JM: She doesn't want anyone to know she's a lesbian.  
 JM: What does she look like?  
 RB: She wears long hair, it comes down to about here and...  
 JM: She looks like Lions Boyd.  
 JVS: Uggghhhhhhhhh. Oh brother.  
 RB: It's so weird, we went out to lunch with her once, Johnny and I and Debra and Lorena.  
 JM: Oh yeah, this is years ago, before Debra moved away.  
 RB: And we were at Splendours and we were talking about safe sex...  
 RB: And Johnny, Debra, and I were really interested in it and were having fun talking about it, and one of the things we were talking about was caiffing gloves...  
 JM: Yeah, in the future, parents are gonna come home from parties and find caiffing gloves on the lawn...  
 RB: And blocking the toilet...  
 JM: And she's a fucking new age harpist and she's going 'shhhh. Keep your voices down - people will hear you and they'll recognize me.'  
 RB: She was saying 'People will see you talking to me about this and they'll think I'm gay...'  
 JM: Like, right. I'm sure people are gonna be walking down the street and see a new age harpist and scream 'Look! Lorena McKenna! Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!  
 [laughter]  
 RB: And then after the lunch, she said to Debra 'I never want to see those boys again'.  
 GBJ: Really?  
 RB: 'I was so upset and so embarrassed'.  
 JVS: Oh my god, who are these people? What a monster!  
 JM: This was when Debra was in the transitional phase to becoming a complete lesbian. She went over the edge: she had to move to San Francisco and Los Angeles and San Francisco...  
 RB: To straighten her head out.  
 JM: To straighten her head out from living in Toronto.  
 GBJ: Oh god, I understand completely. People who never get out of the closet...  
 JM: ...and then that happens to them.  
 JM: Oh, the dykes and gays who have been here since the mid-70's are so fucked up...  
 GBJ: They really are. It's really scary.  
 JM: All the people from LIVE magazine.  
 GBJ: Oh my god.  
 JVS: But you can't say it's Toronto. I mean I've lived in Toronto since I was...  
 GBJ: Yeah, but you lived in Montreal, too.

(cont'd from pg. 4)

JM: That's a big difference. Jena. Montreal is so much more...  
JB: But I'm talking about people who are lesbians and gays. You've never been a lesbian.  
JVB: Yeah, but what if I'm saying it, those people would probably be lesbians so either way they're fucking alive.  
GMJ: [quietly] Has she been a lesbian?  
JVB: [aggressively] What?!! I have not. What's that supposed to mean? [nervous laughter]  
GMJ: Well, what do you mean "have I been a lesbian"?  
JVB: [exasperated] Oh, forget it.  
JM: [teasing] Do you have one of those ethnic hats in the back of your closet that you wear when no one else is around?  
JVB: [upset] I do NOT have an ethnic hat at home!  
GMJ: Right now, she doesn't have any ethnic hats. She's only got good hats.  
JVB: Thank you.  
JM: Only good hats, no ethnic hats.  
GMJ: And so scarves.  
JB: Oh yes, no scarves. Certainly not.  
JB: Don't you have any ethnic hats?  
JVB: [defensively] No! I SWEAR I DON'T!!! You guys are making me out to be this horrible person WHO G.B. magically transformed into someone cool.  
GMJ: I never said that Jena.  
JVB: Well then, what do you mean? I want to know what you mean right now.  
GMJ: Bruce is the one Candy magically transformed...  
[laughter]  
JVB: I wouldn't be jumpin' up axkin' her take credit for that.  
JM: ...when she's not even here to defend herself. But hey, I've heard Kathleen Maitland-Carter had a hand in that too, besides Nurse Frankenstein. What was Bruce like when you first met him?  
JB: Ughhhh-pshhhiffit. Caroline has told this story a million times.  
JVB: And G.B.'s only too happy to tell it again.  
GMJ: Now how did she describe it? I've got to get the words just right... Oh yes, "Bruce in his Annie Hall phase"  
JB: [laughs] Oh my God!  
GMJ: That's Caroline's quote.  
JM: [still aghast] Oh my fucking God!  
JB: [copping] Oh my God...  
GMJ: We was a dancer.  
JM: [shocked] A dancer?! [tongue tied] Nnnnot as in, ah, um, nnnnot as in lilike, a, um, not as in lilike a modern dancer?  
GMJ: He's stuttering!  
JM: Not like as in, a modern dancer?  
JB: Uh-huh.  
JM: [beat red and horrified] OH MY GOD! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! SAY IT'S ANTONIO, BUT NOT BRUCE!!!  
[laughter]  
JB: [speechless]  
JM: You mean like...  
GMJ: Uh-huh.  
JM: Oh my God. So that's where that ass came from.  
GMJ: You're knowing it..  
[laughter]  
GMJ: Actually, it was when he met Kathleen that he started to become a punk, but...  
JB: Kathleen Maitland-Carter?  
GMJ: Yep, she was always really exciting, and she took him in hand and brought him a good suit.  
[laughter]  
JM: Oh my God, I'm shocked. Like last week or so he showed me pictures when he was in lilike, his Tiverton phase, and it's just like, "oh, from being 14 to 35 in a week or something and there's no in between."  
RB: Well, if you had a secret pass as a modern dancer you wouldn't exactly rent a pixelboard either.  
GMJ: Oh, those pictures exist.  
JB: Yeah, he showed us some pictures...  
JM: Mo, but the pictures he showed us went from being really young to being really old...  
RB: Well, maybe that's why he's so particular about people seeing his photos.  
JVB: Oh, pppphfff. If you wanna see someone's particular about photographs, look in front of you: it's G.B. carbo.  
JB: Well, Bruce isn't a modern dancer now, but Klaus works in a bank.  
GMJ: [gasp] No!  
JVB: Oh, I don't know how he stands it. He has to do so many things an hour. He does things like, people who put things in a bank machine, he does that. Or he used to, I don't know if he still does the same thing. Something like just taking surfeit the amount on the deposit thing is the same as the cheque.  
JM: Oh, I see, yeah.  
JVB: If I worked there I'd be constantly wishing for too much money and putting it right in my pocket. 'Oh, they said \$ 200 but they put \$ 300 in, wooooooooooooo!!!!'  
[laughter]  
JM: Oh God, it was so funny, one time we were at this bank machine and Rex opened up the slot and there was \$ 200.00 there.  
JVB: [gasp]  
GMJ: Oh, you're so lucky.  
JB: It's the only time it's ever happened.  
JM: So we took it, and then a second later we ran into this guy who's always whining about how much money he never has...  
JVB: [disgusted] And you gave it to him?  
GMJ: [insulted] Of course not, we kept it  
JB: You kicked him?  
JM: No, I said we kept it. But we should have kicked him, he's so obnoxious.  
JB: We told him that I found this money and he flipped out.  
GMJ: I think the best my worst bank machine experience is when I took \$ 10 and I never got it, like it never came out of the machine, so I had to phone up the bank and throw a fit.  
JM: You wanna hear about a bank machine story from hell? Tell them about that phone call you got from your cousin, Your gay cousin.  
JB: [laughing] Boyfriend who now has another boyfriend...  
JM: They're queens.  
JB: Yeah, they're real queens.  
JM: Opera queens.  
JB: They're the kind...  
JM: They're the kind of queens we beat up.  
JB: We met them, they were sitting at a grand piano in the foyer of my cousins living room playing Christmas carols while all these G.O. queens were sitting like this... [voices]  
GMJ & JVB: [dismayed] Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
JB: Oh it was nauseating.  
GMJ: Yeah, that gives you an idea of how...  
JVB: Teech. It sounds like that horrible book The Gay Year, where it's songs at that dinner club, the piano bar and everyone cries...  
JB: [laughing]

JW: You know all those bad gay movies like Longtime Companion, it was just like that.

JB: Yeah, perfect hair, perfect clothes...

JB: Oh stop, you're making me sick.

JB: Anyway, they're getting out of the car at Bloor and Bay to go to the bank machine at the Manulife Centre, actually it's Bloor and Balauro, and there's this alley way across the street next to the movie theatre.

JW: Oh yeah, I know where that is.

JB: O.K., so they park the car and the new lover was going in to get some money out of the Bank Of Montreal bank machine at the corner, so they both get out of the car, and all of a sudden this guy comes running out of the alley waving an axe...

JB: [gasp] An axe? Oh my God!

JB: And he lifted it up and hit the lover on the head and scalped him.

JW: [enthusiastically] and the skin and hair flipped forward like a toupee in the wind!

JB: [gasp] Shoooo.

JB: So that's what happened.

JW: Just like 'The Gruesome Twosome'? Have you ever seen that movie?

JB: So he freaked out and the lover went like "what is going on?"

JB: Did he faint?

JB: He was in shock, so then the guy went to hit him again, and he wrestled him to the ground, and then the lover figured out what was going on and went around and started kicking the guy in the head, and then the police came and took him away and then they interviewed the guy and the reason that he did it was because he said that he'd been waiting in the alleyway all day and their license plate numbers were the numbers that corresponded to the devil.

JB: Oh my God.

JW: Satan is a hair queen.

JB: That's insane.

JW: It's just like a serial rapist. A serial rapist just doesn't rape any woman, he rapes someone who has like, freckles in the wrong places, like this guy was just a raving lunatic.

JB: So, are these people O.K.?

JB: Yeah, he had to have his scalp sewed up. But they're going to let this guy out.

JW: Oh my God, Yikes.

JB: Oh, and then last night...

JB: Yeah, last night this guy phones me up at three in the morning and says "I french fried my feet".

JW: He went to the hospital and they'd given him like, Tylenol Number Three.

JW: For french fried feet? G.B. eats those for dinner mints.

JW: Oh I know. He should have been given Daserol minimum.

JB: Uh-huh.

JB: he was in so much pain.

JB: Didn't he go to a burn trauma unit or anything?

JB: Yeah, but they just sent him home.

JW: Yeah, they sent him home with a fucking package of Tylenol Number Three. I take those for fucking breakfast.

[laughter]

JB: It's true. He has them with his morning coffee.

JB: It's the hospitals and the police that are to blame for these things, obviously. I blame them. The police, they're so worried about ridiculous things like people going out of the country with the wrong I.D....

JW: And people pulling antennas off of cars...

JW: Or throwing a rock through the window of The Family Restaurant...

JB: Meanwhile, someone nearly axes someone's head off and they're sent right back into the street.

JB: And that guy didn't even spend the night in jail like you did.

JB: How does a guy like that get out on bail?

JB: Because someone paid it.

JB: Who would pay?

JW: [angrily] His mother!

JB: Oh that's right, they always have some stupid mother.

JB: A rich stupid mother.

JB: Some mother.

JB: Oh what's he done now?

JW: God damn mothers.

JW: Well, you're gonna be getting Johnny out of jail for some reason like that no doubt, so you'd better hope Rex is there to pay for your bail.

JB: It will be a good reason to be jailed for though.

JW: I'm lucky that I've never been in jail.

JB: You've beaten up so many people, God.

JW: It's all a matter of karma as to whether you get away with it or not.

JB: He's so vicious and he's so fast that he always gets away with it. It shocks me even when he attacks people.

JW: The secret is to attack people who don't think they're gonna get attacked. Like 14 year old girls.

JW: I'm a cab.

JB: Or little boys yelling at me from school buses.

JB: Oh those are so irritating. I have to say.

JB: Did he ever tell you the story about how he grabbed that guy's head?

JB: No, I don't think so.

JW: Oh that was funny. I was on Winchester at Parliament and there was this school bus full of screaming kids stopped at a red light and I was carrying some dry cleaning and this little kid stuck his head out and screamed "is your wedding dress in there?"

[laughter]

JW: Yeah, it was bizarre, he wasn't that old, only 8 or 9, but anyway, the school bus was packed and everyone was yelling and screaming, so the school bus driver couldn't hear, so I went up to the school bus and pulled his head out of the window, and worked over his face [demonstrates] Three Stooges style.

[laughter]

JW: Oh my God, that's hilarious!

JW: Oh, he really got it, it was great.

JW: That's amazing!

JB: Oh, you should have seen what he did to these Catholic school girls, and they had the knee socks and the whole bit, and what did they say to you? They said something really nasty to you.

JW: Which school girls were these? Is this the Chinese food incident?

JB: No, remember when you hit them with the books?

JW: Oh that was when I...

JW: Oh, there's so many he can't remember them all.

JW: Oh, that was also on Parliament street. There used to be some weird little lesbian jewelry store around the corner from Winchester Hotel, and I was walking by there and somebody said "nice hair, faggot", and I was carrying this book bag thing full of encyclopedias and text books and stuff...

JB: It was a brickface.

JW: Oh yeah, I was working at impulse at the time, and it was full of heavy books...

JB: [gasp] Oh my God. All of a sudden I remember - you phoned me once from impulse. They wanted me to write something...

# IT'S YOUR FIRST

JW: Yeah, that's because they were trying to trick you into...

JB: I remember I told everyone, they got someone to phone me up to try and get me to write something for that God damn magazine...

JW: I remember, 'cause you were working at Just Desserts, and Carolyn White and I impersonated a whining Queen street west art whore 'try phoning her at Just Desserts'. They were all on my case trying to get me to get ahead of you... They were monsters, those people.

JB: Well, you were so nice on the phone. I thought, I don't know how they got someone so nice to work for them.

JW: Well, I didn't know any better. Everyone who worked at the front desk was just a little futures slave.

JB: Abhhhhhh.

JW: Us futures slaves are forced to be nice.

JW: Tell me about it. Kidd Onodera.

JB: Anyway, he slapped her...

JW: Oh yeah, I just went WAF! upside her head right in her ear, and I guess it was ringing, and she had to run into a store...

JB: She was so shocked and crying, and she had to run into the store with her girlfriends...

JB: [chuckling]

JW: Oh my God.

JW: And then another time, you know how gross Yonge Street is on Halloween night?

JB: Yes.

JW: I've never been there on Halloween.

JB: I've been by it. I wouldn't go on it, but I've looked down...

JW: I was trapped on it like Dundas and Claremont and I was trapped on the other side of Yonge Street when Halloween night started, and I had to walk home because I didn't have any money, and it was right around it at night, and I thought, well, why don't I cut over to Eglinton street and walk over near the bus station, 'cause like, they don't celebrate Halloween in Chinatown, so, I was walking along there, and these girls in like, their dad's car, it was a Chevrolet Caprice, you know those cars that are police cars, and there were God, like 3 of them and they rolled down the window and said "hey faggot, where are you going" and they kept trailing me and wouldn't let up, so I decided to say something really sexist like 'hey, at least I don't bleed every month' or 'change your rage' or something like that, so this girl got really upset and...

JW: She obviously had her period at the time...

[laughter]

JW: So she gets out and says 'what did you say?'

JW: [gasp] How old were they?

JW: Well, they were old enough to drive. I guess she was 16 or 17.

JB: What did you say to me? Now there's a classic line.

JW: Yeah, so she said 'what did you say to me?' and I told her 'you heard me', and she likes, slaps me across the face, and I fucking hit her right back right in the mouth with my fist and knocked some of her teeth out...

JW: [gasp]

JW: And I heard it like, drop on the floor and stuff, and all this blood is pouring out of her mouth, and she's like screaming...

JW: Oh my God.

JW: And then all of her friends jump out of the car and get on their knees and start looking for her teeth.

JW: Oh my God, I always have nightmares that my teeth are falling out, oh this is horrible to hear. I mean it's good that you hit her, but...

JB: Well, don't ever slap Johnny Noxness across the face.

JW: Well, I would never hit anyone that I know. Just complete strangers.

JB: I've done that to people too, I have to admit.

JW: Knocked their teeth out?

JB: No, not knocked their teeth out, but I remember once I was going down the hallway at school and this ugly girl, she was so fucking ugly, she had the ugliest hair, the ugliest face, oh, you couldn't believe how ugly she was, but she had a, oh, what was her nose like, it was really spread wide across her face and a big wide mouth and droopy eyes, like cow eyes, and she had cheeks that sort of hung on either side of her face...

JB: Uuuuuuuuuu.

JW: Jowls.

JB: Yeah, jowls, but up high as cheeks.

JB: Uuuuuuuuu.

JB: Oh she was so ugly. I hated her. Her hair was parted in the middle with a really low forehead, brown hair in a shag...

JW: Are you sure it wasn't Sky Gilbert?

JB: Really? She looked like Sky Gilbert, and she hated me so much, and she looked up at me and said 'fucking skag!'

JB: Oh, come on.

JB: Oh she did, she said 'oh you ugly slut, you skag' or something like that...

JW: 'Skag' Oh my God, I haven't heard that word in a while.

JB: I walked over to her and I was standing and she was sitting cross-legged on the floor which was not a good idea, and I went up to her and I said, 'what did you say to me?' and she went 'nothing' and I said 'yes you did' and I kicked her really hard right in the cunt.

JW: Moooooooooooo.

JB: Good for you!

JB: I went WHAM! and she couldn't breathe, she was gasping for air, and I said 'don't ever say anything to me again', and walked away.

JW: Getting kicked in the genitals hurts, it really does. You get that awful feeling where you want to throw up...

JB: Uh-huh. You just got so sick of hearing it and it's like getting a headache and you don't want to get one, so you'd better kick somebody...

JB: Did you hear that story where Johnny beat that guy up in Union Station, didn't you?

JW: Oh, the queen. My big gay bashing.

JB: I was going up the stairs that connects Union Station with the mall that's under the Royal York Hotel and because of my leg I have a hard time walking up stairs, and this guy...

JW: This guy, he had a full length fur coat on, orange track pants, cow girl boots, and the ugliest waxed handle bar mustache you could imagine in your worst nightmares...

JB: Now repulsive.

JB: And a frosted perm. He had a frosted perm.

JB: You should have set his coat on fire.

JB: Anyway he said 'hurry up, I haven't got all day'. So I said 'excuse me, you still have to be patient', like and you've seen me do stairs - it's obvious there's something wrong with my leg, but he insists 'I haven't got all day - move aside', and then he pushes me, and almost knocks me down the stairs, and then Johnny swung into action and says 'what did you say to him?'

JW: The classic line, again.

JB: And he said 'I'm in a hurry, I've got to catch my train' or something like this, and Johnny said 'well, he told you he's having trouble getting up the stairs, you have no right to be so rude, you can see he's disabled' and he said 'well, fuck you!'



CBJ: [gasps] You even said that and he didn't care?  
 RB: No he didn't. So then he said 'what are you gonna do about it?' and he pushed Johnny, and Johnny grabbed his coat...  
 JM: This is in Union Station - you know how high the ceilings are in there, and it's all made of marble, so we're screaming at each other and it's echoing throughout the building, and I was screaming 'you fucking heterosexual fuckhead, you ugly small dick'd broader slits' at the top of my lungs and all these mothers are walking by with their little totos in tow. It was hilarious.  
 RB: And then Johnny grabbed his coat and started kicking him with these steel-toed police shoes...  
 JM: Yeah, right in the balls. And I had him trapped in this fur coat. It was like a straight jacket and I pulled him really close to my body and he couldn't do anything and I just kept kicking him in the balls...  
 [laughter]  
 RB: The guy was totally helpless, and he was just screaming in pain, and I'm killing all this stuff out, and all these families kept walking by with their children, and then this guy finally escaped and limped off into the bathroom and then...  
 JM: And then I ran to security and said 'officer, I was attacked'.  
 [laughter]  
 RB: And then they came out and questioned him and he asked his train to Windsor, and we checked the schedule and the next one wasn't until the next morning.  
 CBJ: Oh that's so good.  
 JM: That's the only time I've beat up a fag, unfortunately.  
 RB: Oh, he was horrid. I'm glad you did.  
 CBJ: So many more of them deserve it.  
 JM: I know, well, like you said, we should forcibly remove mustaches.  
 JVB: And ponytails. Don't forget the ponytails.  
 RB: RB, JM: Yeah.  
 CBJ: Just keep a little pair of scissors with you at all times. Snip snip.  
 RB: And he's beaten skinheads up, too.  
 CBJ: Really?  
 RB: He beat up two skinheads at once.  
 JM: Oh yeah, a guy and a girl - my big hospitalization.  
 RB: On Charles Street in front of the post office.  
 JM: This is my best beat up story.  
 RB: It was when I was first 'going out' with him, and I was in the hospital on call for the emergency department.  
 JM: When you were a resident.  
 JVB: I've heard this one. You [RB] ended up treating them in the hospital after you [Johnny] beat them up.  
 CBJ: Really?  
 JM: What happened was, I was going over to the Charles Street post office to put in a change of address at 3 in the afternoon, and I looked really gay, I had these stupid whoopi Goldberg dreadlock things for hair and these big clunky shoes and rad suspenders and I was a 't' skinhead guy and his girlfriend came up to me and say in fake English accents, 'Oi, can you spare some change?' and then they started telling me how I wasn't allowed to wear suspenders because that's strictly for skinheads only, and then they tried to reach in my jacket and get my money, and this is right in front of the post office and the windows are really high up, and even though the post office is really crowded no one can see out directly below, so we, I kicked his feet out from underneath him, and he sort of rolled right against the wall of the building, and then I started kicking his head into the bricks, and kicking him in the ribs and stuff and blood was gushing out all over the place, and then he sorta stopped moving, and then his girlfriend started screaming and jumped on top of me, so then I threw her onto the lawn and kicked her in the cunt and then I jumped on top of her, and then, this is really weird - the day before, my friend Allison and she was that she was at work and something and she was accidentally punched in the tit and it really hurt...  
 JVB: Oh, it does. It's really painful.  
 JM: So anyway, I just jumped on top of this girl and took my fists and rapid fired them into her tits really hard...  
 JVB: [gasps] Oh my God Johnny, you're a monster! Oh, that would hurt so much!!  
 JM: Anyway and then I looked up at that guy and still wasn't moving and he was covered in blood, and it looked like he had a major head injury or something and I thought that maybe I'd killed him, so I freaked out and ran over to Yonge Street and took a cab home and was trying to phone Rex at the hospital and I couldn't get a hold of him...  
 RB: So meanwhile my bell boy goes off...  
 JM: Yeah, so meanwhile the bell boy goes off 'cause the ambulance had scraped them off the ground and taken them to the hospital, and he had to put them back together...  
 JVB: So what was wrong with them?  
 RB: Oh, he had a concussion and all these cuts...  
 CBJ: What did they say had happened to them?  
 JM: Oh, they didn't say anything. They're skinheads, so they couldn't say 'oh, we were beat up by this skinny fag with ribbons in his hair'.  
 RB: They said they were beaten up, but they wouldn't elaborate...  
 [laughter]  
 JM: I was so freaked out. I thought oh my God, there's gonna be gangs of skinheads out after me.  
 RB: It was so weird to see a skinhead AND his girlfriend both beaten up, and then I came home and said 'Johnny, what's wrong?'  
 JM: I had just taken all this xanax 'cause I was really slipped out. I thought 'I'd killed them and the police would be after me, I was gonna have to dye my hair because if the police don't get me, the gangs of skinheads will'.  
 [laughter]  
 JM: It was insane but it was worth it. That's right when that big burning thing was sweeping the media.  
 JVB: I can't believe you punched her in the tits. That would hurt so fucking much.  
 RB: He's vicious.  
 JVB: The pain.  
 RB: And then he did this girl up here. This is the one I think is the funniest actually, at Dundas and Berkeley.  
 JM: Oh yeah, we were holding hands trying to get a cab...  
 RB: ...and this girl and her two friends come by...  
 JM: Highschool girls...  
 RB: Yeah, highschool girls. She looked like Martina Natolova, actually.  
 JVB: Oh my God.  
 JM: A real track star.  
 RB: Yeah.  
 CBJ: And she turned to us and said 'I hope you both die of AIDS'.  
 CBJ: [gasps]  
 RB: That's what she said. So of course Johnny says 'what did you say?'  
 [laughter]  
 JVB: 'What did you say?'  
 RB: And then Johnny said 'you're gonna be sorry', and her two friends just backed away and she started running and she must have been an athlete 'cause she just sprinted off...  
 JM: Like a gazelle.



RB: She was just out-distancing him by a mile.  
 JM: I hadn't run since I left highschool.  
 RB: So I said 'Oh, Johnny, just forget it. You're never gonna catch this one'. And then all of a sudden he got this look on his face like, ooh, she's not gonna get away, and he picked up this bag of garbage, a huge bag of garbage that was on the street...  
 JM: I chased her along Dundas from Berkeley Street way past Sherbourne Street and then back towards Berkeley...  
 RB: Yeah, he suddenly picked up all this steam like somebody injected him with something, and then he got her and...  
 JM: No, I didn't actually get her. As I was running after her I picked up this bag of garbage that was in front of a Chinese restaurant, and I was running with it, and as I got closer and closer and closer I threw it, and it burst all over her and she got covered in soy sauce and MSG...  
 [laughter]  
 JVB: MSG!  
 RB: Fish heads and stuff like that. She was just in tears.  
 JVB: Good.  
 RB: And then her two friends said 'well, we're not really with her'.  
 [laughter]  
 CBJ: Those heterosexuals just turn on each other at the drop of a hat.  
 JVB: You're insane.  
 JM: Well, there was this period where I was beating up people for a while...  
 RB: I was afraid to go out on the street with him. If anyone brushed him the wrong way he'd go berserk.  
 JM: That's why I believe that fucking Queer Nation. Did you read that article the other day in the Toronto Star?  
 JVB: No.  
 JM: They were going on [in a whiny voice] 'we want to make it safe for people to kiss at airports, because homosexuals when they go to the airport they don't feel comfortable to kiss their lovers good bye...'  
 JVB: [disgusted] What the hell?  
 JM: I mean, like get over it. I can't believe there are people who think like that. I mean, if that's the best reason you can think of for protesting like...





if you hadn't bred  
she wouldn't be dead



# MISSING



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seen  
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TO HAVE KIDS.**

STUPID WHITE TRASH BREEDERS - WHAT DO YOU EXPECT LEAVING A 3 YEAR OLD CHILD AT 8 p.m. IN THE COURTYARD OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING IN PARKDALE? I WOULDN'T LEAVE MY DOG UNATTENDED IN THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD. YOU'RE THE ONES WHO DESERVE TO BE MISSING, YOU UGLY HETERO FUCKHEADS. YOU MISERABLE BREEDERS CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT.