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QUEER INTERCOURSE #4

a guerilla press collective

PITZBERG



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Front and Back Cover Art - Original Drawings for Queer Intercourse #4 by Michael Wantorek © 1992

Special thanks to Brian Glover for his enthusiastic support. Please spend time (and money) at his coffeehouse, SIP, on Shady Ave. across from Giant Eagle.

Jenifer Lee Baldwin & Diana Tommarello both had their names misspelled in QI # 3. (Jenifer has one N. Tommarello has two M's). Sorry about that.



The Bucket Hat

This now-it's-in-now-it's-not hat looks great on tall girls, and with long hairdos as well as very short or upswept hairdos. (Actresses who would rather be stylish than pretty often wear it with no hair showing at all.)



The Sailor Hat

Here's one that looks fine with short or long hairdos. However, if you're short, and if the brim is too big, it can make you look like a mouse under a toadstool. It's especially good on tall girls, hefty or slim.



Little Hats

Little hats with no brims, that sit on the brow or that have a bit of mushrooming at the crown, are good on short "poodle-type" hairdos—they sort of take the place of the hair. But be careful of proportions. Too big a pouf over too small a face and you'll look as if you possess a split-level head.

Editorial Policy

Yeah, right! We don't have anything as pretentious as an "editorial policy." A few people were reserved about submitting their work to Queer I because they weren't sure if it fit "our idea of what the zine should be." We have meetings (potlucks) for people who want to contribute to the current issue, or who want to work on making the party-thing happen. Unless your work is so embarrassingly awful, or so offensively fascist that everyone involved in the project was dead-set against it, we'll most likely print your stuff.

Copyright Policy

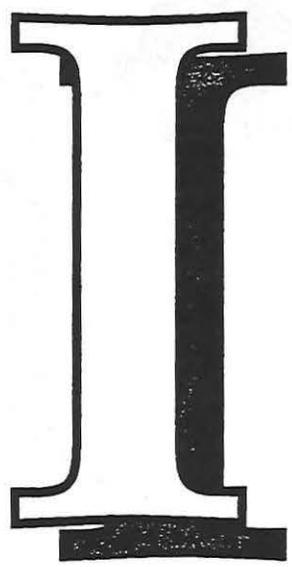
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Sponsor Policy

Queer Intercourse is not a business. Our costs are minimal and are mostly covered by asking for \$2 donation for each copy. However, with extra money from sponsors, in exchange for advertising, we'll be able to offer Queer I for less, or print in color or on nicer paper, or throw more extravagant parties. So we're accepting ads subject to approval of the collective. For now, we're asking \$25.00 for an ad about 3.5'x 4.25' - or 1/4 of an 8.5'x11' page. Ad space is also negotiable in exchange for services such as copying, distribution, use of space, etc. Private Queer-owned businesses with mostly Queer customers have a great chance of acceptance. Queer-owned businesses which do not specifically serve the Queer community, and non-Queer-owned businesses with a large Queer clientele will also be considered.

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QUEER IDENTITY.

QUEER

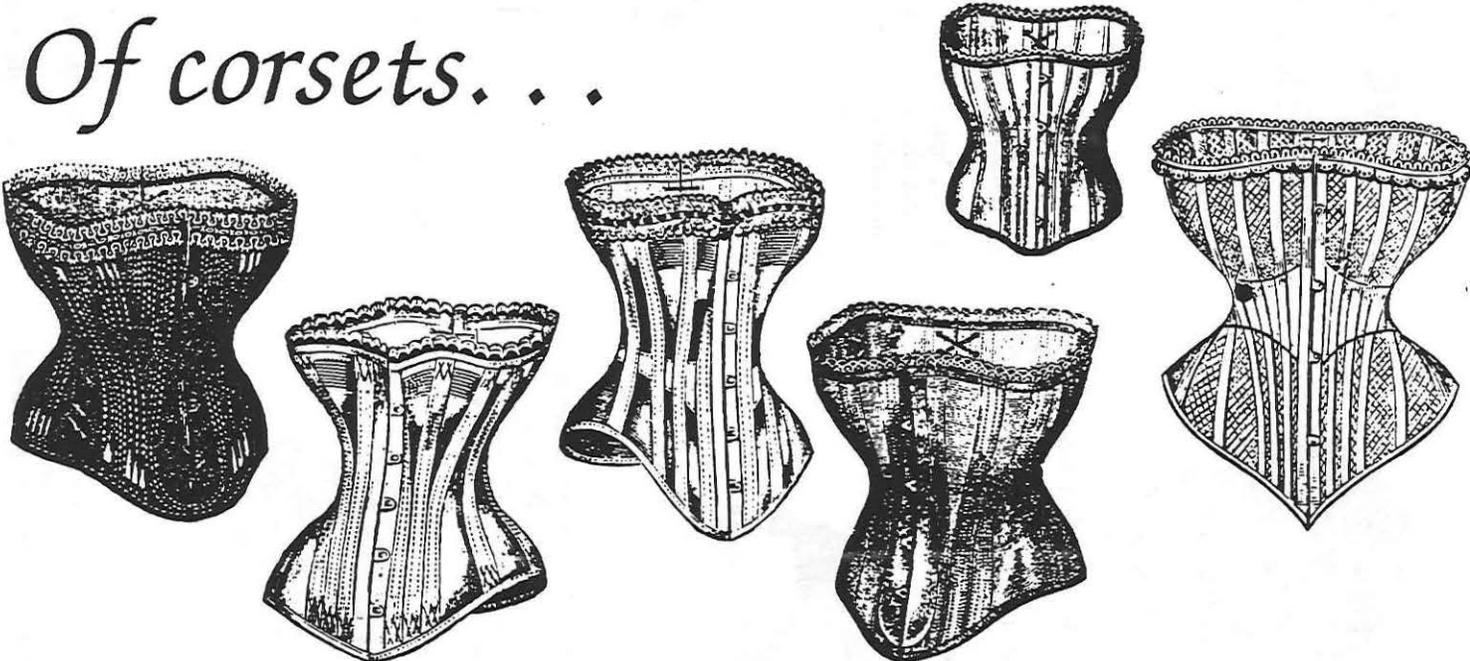


QUEER IMAGES
 QUEER IMPACT
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QUEER INTERCOURSE

a guerrilla press collective.....PITZBERG
 quarterly lezbine/queen/bi-scene zine.....for two beans (if you can spare 'em)

Of corsets. . .



. . . not for everyone.

To order Queer I. (\$2/copy), place ads, contribute donations or submit work for publication, write:
 Queer Intercourse, P.O. Box 90043, PGH, PA 15224
 Queer I. Comes Out June, Sept, Dec, & March. Each Issue Premieres With a Party/Queer Artsfest!

Q.I. -WE ARE NOT THE AUTHENTICITY POLICE



Face Too Small?

A close-to-the-head hairdo, with hair worn away from face, will make face seem larger. Brush hair away from face, but give it a lift all around—don't lick it down. Then, keeping hair slightly lifted all over head, swing it forward to natural hairline.



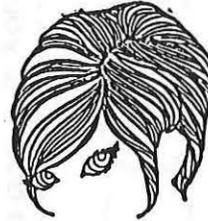
Large Ears?

Although a pageboy or a straight cut is the obvious way to camouflage large ears, don't feel you can never wear an updo. Simply swoop hair back over top of ears when you want to sport a topknot.



Wear Glasses?

Aim for simplicity. Don't wear long, smooth bangs, as they hide so much of your face that they make glasses more prominent. Wear hair up and away from face (though ends may swing forward into cheeks). Be sure your hair is always well groomed; stay away from lots of waves and curls.



Face Too Large?

A full hairdo that has partial bangs and swings into the cheeks with a guiche curl will make face seem smaller.



Small Chin?

Pull hair up close to head, or sweep it back.



Forehead a Problem?

If forehead is short, camouflage it with a feathery fringe of short bangs. If forehead's too high, bangs should be long and wispy.



Eyes Too Close Together?

Draw hair away from temples to give width to eye part of face. Try a smooth backswing, with hair ends caught in a bow.



Nose Too Big?

Bring it into better proportion by arranging hair with some height at crown, plus high bangs. Choose a no-part or a side-parted hairdo. Main *don'ts* for you: Don't draw hair back severely, as this throws features into sharp relief. Don't swing hair forward into cheeks, as hair tends to emphasize features nearest to it.



Face Too Long?

Bangs will cut some of face length; they'll give the illusion of an even better balanced face if cut longer at corners than at center. Cut rest of hair to mid-neck length in either a pageboy or flip, and give the whole do a lift at crown and sides.

Jessica Burns' Chatham College Installation Will Be Exhibited at the Queer Intercourse #4 Premiere Party June 6, 4:00 p.m.-11:00 p.m., at 109 S. Atlantic Ave. in Friendship

In the age of postmodernism there is much discourse on deconstruction and emphasis on the "Other." In my installation I raise the silenced voice of the "Other," meaning minorities and women. I deconstruct the past in the hopes of recon-structing a future, specifically for Chatham College, which could be a stronghold for women in the time of Brave New World Orders. I base much of the piece's dialogue on The Telephone Book by Avital Ronell.

What is our current reality founded upon? Industrial Pittsburgh has a smoky past, and its historical oppression can still be seen in the divisive cultural, social and racial structures. I was interested in Andrew Mellon's conscience in this progression - whether or not he understood the consequences of industry at any cost - monetary, environmental, or human. The aluminum, coal, and placement of the booth (beside the house in which he first took the call to public service as Secretary of the Treasury) are representative of his role. They also represent the public to whom Chatham answers.

Now in the technological age, ". . . true feminism has to investigate and encompass biotechnics, biogenetics, and all fields of technology. True feminism will stop being phobic about these areas, because it's crucial that women be involved in investigating, exploring and shaping the technical realities of the future (Ronell, Angry Women, p. 153). Industry and technology are not necessarily destructive forces. I am especially interested in documenting the voice of the "other" as technology begins to displace the book and the archive. In technology, cultural, social and racial lines can be erased.

The recordings and my research document I.O.K. (Babe) Williams, and African American housekeeper, and two lesbian students from Chatham. They become a conscience call to Chatham, urging the campus to accept all parts of itself. We have, of course, learned the effects of deeming individuals or groups of people "undesirable" after World War II. We must keep these labels in check, and as individuals, we must accept all parts of ourselves. There are no polarities, as our Western history believes. I have found that putting through these conscience calls triggers a fear of mortality in the status quo; but accepting all constructs only truly means the end of a cruelly structured society.

As we approach a new millenium, it is important to form a new foundation on tenets of acceptance, tolerance, understanding, language and thought. We need to accept all parts of ourselves, as individuals and as a society. We are all "Other."

QUEER COMMUNITIES:

Reflections On Yearning For And Building On Who We Are by Carol Moeller

Audre Lorde spoke at my commencement ceremony at Oberlin College, in May of 1989. While the administrators squirmed, Lorde challenged with these two crucial questions, still timely for Pittsburgh queers in 1992. Obviously, I am not speaking for Lorde, but of how she speaks to me.

"I am a Black feminist lesbian warrior poet doing my work, and a part of my work is asking you, 'Are you doing yours?'" Audre Lorde

"I ask you the most fundamental question of your life, 'Who are you, and how are you using the powers of that self in the service of what you believe?'" Audre Lorde

I ask you to do whatever it is you can do to nourish the spirit of one of our people's greatest warriors, to support Audre Lorde in her struggles with cancer. As we queers in Pittsburgh get ready for Pride Week in June, joining to celebrate ourselves and our struggles, let us honor Lorde by doing what she does so effectively. In her poetry, her essays, her whole way of being in the world, she lives her vision of the liberation of all people. It should by now be clear to all that the various forms of oppression are connected, that, as the Queer Nation sticker reads, "An attack on one of us is an attack on all of us," whether that one is targeted by race, class, sex, sexuality, or any combination of these. Part of the genius I see in Lorde's work is that she consistently forges the connections within and across those categories. She does that with her whole self, including her body, her mind, her spirit, and her emotions. She builds community among us all by refusing to be silent in the face of any dehumanization. Through healing herself and her world, Lorde celebrates who we are and who we can be. Lorde honestly challenges barriers to living the vision of genuine liberation of all, whether those obstacles are our own internalized oppression and how we play out our frustration on ourselves and other oppressed groups, our addictions and disease, or the dominant systems and structures we seek to transform.

Audre Lorde is a poet, essayist, and activist. Her thirteen books include the following: *Sister Outsider*, *A Burst of Light*, *The Cancer Journals*, *Coal*, *From a Land Where Other People Live*, *The Black Unicorn*, *Our Dead Behind Us*, and *Chosen Poems: Old and New*. I have seldom seen any of these titles in a bookstores and libraries in Pittsburgh.

Oppositional writings are seldom readily available, particularly when they come from those who are multiply oppressed. Demanding that her works be offered on the shelves of bookstores and libraries is part of the political struggle in which we are engaged, the struggle for liberation of all oppressed peoples. Learning from and acknowledging our leaders and our histories is crucial to moving toward our freedom.

On October 5-8, 1990, I attended a conference celebrating Audre Lorde and her work "I Am Your Sister: Forging Global Connections Across Differences." Over a thousand people attended from all over the world. This conference succeeded in precisely the areas that last year's national lesbian conference seemed to fail, since it was grounded in Lorde's work of ceaselessly building connections across our differences. Rather than shallow identity politics and endless process, the conference began with the premise that it is not the differences that separate us, even those tied to conflicts of interest, but the silences, the distortions, the lies.

The conference organized around Audre Lorde's work was among the most powerful experiences I have had of community among oppressed people seeking our visions. It has kept me going, in the face of countless less empowering experiences, times that I have been more conscious of queer community as a yearning, an ideal that I seldom catch hold of.

I am writing this essay for Queer Intercourse to affirm that we are responsible for the quality of community we build, in Pittsburgh, nationally, or worldwide. I've lived in enough supposed Meccas of queer culture to know that there are no easy answers to this yearning. It's about each of us being fully who we are, telling our truths, daring to live the dreams of who we can be, supporting each other even – and especially – as we disagree. It's about facing racism, sexism, and other forms of oppression within our communities honestly, rather than settling for some empty facade of queer unity.

A Litany for Survival

For those of us who live at the shoreline
standing upon the constant edges of decision
crucial and alone
for those of us who cannot indulge
the passing dreams of choice
who love in doorways coming and going
in the hours between dawns
looking inward and outward
at once before and after
seeking a now that can breed
futures
like bread in our children's mouths
so their dreams will not reflect
the death of ours;

For those of us
who were imprinted with fear
like a faint line in the center of our foreheads
learning to be afraid with our mother's milk
for by this weapon
this illusion of safety to be found
the heavy-footed hoped to silence us
For all of us
this instant and this triumph
We were never meant to survive.

And when the sun rises we are afraid
it might not remain
when the sun sets we are afraid
it might not rise in the morning
when our stomachs are full we are afraid
of indigestion
when our stomachs are empty we are afraid
we may never eat again
when we are loved we are afraid
love will vanish
when we are alone we are afraid
love will never return
and when we speak we are afraid

our words will not be heard
nor welcomed
but when we are silent we are still afraid.

So it is better to speak
remembering
we were never meant to survive.

Audre Lorde, The Black Unicorn, pp. 31-32

Like her friend Joseph Beam, the editor of *In the Life*, an anthology of writings of gay African-American men, Audre uses her position as "Sister Outsider" to work against the intersections of oppression. Not speaking for others, she claims her own position from which to speak. She writes:

Between Ourselves

Once when I walked into a room
my eyes would seek out the one or two black faces
for contact or reassurance or a sign
I was not alone
now walking into rooms full of black faces
that would destroy me for any difference
where shall my eyes look?
Once it was easy to know
who were my people...

I do not believe
our wants have made all our lies
holy...

Armed with scars
healed
in many different colors
I look in my own faces
as Eshu's daughter crying
if we do not stop killing
the other
in ourselves
the self that we hate
in others
soon we shall all lie
in the same direction
and Eshidale's priests will be very busy
they who alone can bury
all those who seek their own death
by jumping up from the ground
and landing upon their heads.

Audre Lorde, The Black Unicorn, pp. 113-114

I write this essay in the wake of the Rodney King decision in Los Angeles and the subsequent uprisings. Notice how the dominant press tends to see the uprising itself as the problem, rather than the racism, devastation and despair that have been with us long before those thousands of fires broke out. Our cities (note the euphemisms here for those who are poor, oppressed, and fighting back) have been declared the greatest risk to "National Security." It is vital that we all look honestly at every force, within each of us and our oppressed communities, as well as in those in power, to effectively transform them.

As Audre Lorde continues to demonstrate in her visionary healing work, it takes whole selves to do activist work. It takes love, healing, and authentic connection with others, as well as direct action and anger. As Toni Cade Bambara wrote, "The Revolution begins with the self and in the self." We cannot give power to the forces that seek to dehumanize by allowing them to own us, even as we struggle against them. If we're not happy with the quality of our queer communities in Pittsburgh, let's change them. The only way to change is to change, not to blame, not to judge, but to live differently – to live our visions.

BUTCH FEMME

BY ROBYN M. - WITH HELP FROM ROBIN K. AND TRACEY C.



Sex - 8:48 p.m.

What could I do for you tonight?

There's a touch would fit the feel
my hands make in a legend called
lust or lava red.

Now come to bed.

We hit fathom five in half-light,
all the impossibles, no prayer fit
to sing the day's naked hour, skin
a curious vow whispered to a room
dim with heat's hunger to lift you,
tongue a slow ache, slow burn,
slow drag across a dance floor
but deeper, liquid flow to the cold
vertical, back because we like our limits
hot. How about you cup that hand
around me, sweet like a long time ago?

Edge of an unlucky place.
Taken hard at the wall.

- Deborah Pursifull

Freaks and Geeks

As my lover and I walk hand in hand
from the Oxford Hotel
We draw stares from the passing crowd.

As I touch his smooth cheek with my lips
And whisper in his ear that I love him
The "good citizens of Sydney"
buying their copies of Hustler and Playboy
call us freaks and poofs.

The passers by do not know us.
They do not know who and what we are
They will never see the beauty in his soul
They do not know the pain they cause
with their words
They cannot see the tenderness and care in his eyes
They do not know the love that we share.

Am I such a freak because I can love another man?
Am I wrong because I will love another man?
Am I an outcast and pariah because I show
affection for another man?
Am I a side-show geek because I am gay?

- Henry W. Collier,
Warilla, Australia

In Praise of Testicles

Sally Jesse Raphael prays for America,
Prays our hearts will be whole, and hear
Kathryn, tragic and blond as Lana Turner,
A pre-op transsexual lamenting her penis
Describing the self-castration,
Scisson of the knife
Slicing the furrowed skin.
"I gelded pigs on a farm, my hands
Were familiar with the procedure."

Freud once called "remarkable"
His Oedipal boy's lack of interest in
"the little sac with its contents.
From all one hears in analyses,
One would never guess
That the male genitals
Consist of anything more than the penis."
But I have known men
Who hated their balls,
Who twitched in a perfect curve of agony
At the kiss of a reckless finger,
And others who loved their little jewels,
Who tied them up, a wrinkled gift,
And begged to have them licked like candy
Or batted like a pink piñata.

Every two weeks, I take in my hands
My two lost souls,
Robin's eggs swinging in a sky of possibilities,
A crop of children, a mine
Of diamonds and milk. I paint them in lather,
My razor deft as an artist's brush,
Polish away the prickly hairs, bringing forth
A pentimento of marbled crimson and blue,
The variegated flesh repenting
It's wiry hedgehog coat,
Shedding its haircloth suit, that
Testaceous straight-jacket
It found itself stuffed in one summer when the whole world
Changed its skin overnight.

The Sadhu of India practice a form of
Sexual negation, stretching their penises
With successively heavier weights
Until they are nothing but a needle of flesh.
Here in the Castro, nights are a riot of invention,
Razors and ropes the talismans we wield
In celebration of the bodies we create,
Bodies fissured by the fist of desire.

- John Champagne

Silenced Spring

(the operations of Shaw's St. Joan, Salem, 1692, and Chatham College, 1992)

I hear you
transcribing my existence
into sarcophany,
interred.
Words harness
carceral silence
seclusion.
I am thrown.
Spectral evidence,
disembodied,
rises from Gallows Hill.
The shape is proof.

Converted, unconfessed,
echoing;
sundered from my body
into you -
 "You will get nothing
 out of me beyond
 what I have told you."

I am attuned
to your metaphysic,
duties imposed,
tongues on fire.
The needing bleeds out,
constellating long distance faith
to thunder
 You are nothing without me.
 Know my story.

Apparatus,
observed, exhibited,
the thingification
subscribed
to lines of order.

Faceless, nameless Operator,
nach.
All you know is real,
telefacsimile.
The obdurate have been shewn
the instruments.

Oh, West! How you were won
with pale horses,
incising the earth
like a butter-wrist,
responsible for your slaves.
But underground,
 digging, digging, tentare,
the dark motors of
the white-robed executant . . .

Terror.
A malevolent demon
acquired in transmission,
reproducing sounds at a distance,
until the séance,
the nausea,
until the planes have clearance,
obliterating epithets,
frequency and intensity
waving the length away.
Take this from me
 and hear it,
This, my bodiless voice,
my shape only
 uttering silence . . .

You, Operon,
cut out, made known,
extending;
what line is the matter
of your fascination?
Every pole,
to the stake with her.
The clandestine enclosure
of emergency callboxes.
St. Phonia
enunciates,
auscultates
 - her heart would not burn -
sealed in admission,
rendered exdirectory;
but all the while
recording calumny of the dead,
tracing outlets.

The gospelwitch
is at the switchboard.
I will, I say. I will. I do. I have.
Do you doubt?
What evection, teleman?
The line is dead.
Public trust expires.
Who is beyond you, fasciti?
The world is heavy
with burials,
boxes
sinking.
The shape is proof.

Evangel pools,
brims over,
washing Academy
off the tables,
imparting the waves,
received.
Your babbling address,
causerie
 in respect of death
 and division of the limbs.
The trip wire is repaired,
aall currents nach,
all wounds junctured.
This you did mute,
my device only
whispering
 We are all Other,
 We are all Other . . .

- Jessica Burns

my name is my body

i wake up and i am there
i am crouched in a corner
pushed
there
by the clutter
of lessons
taught again and again
that what exists below
my neck
is nameless

has many names is crippled is
i would put him in an institution is
a spastic-para-plegic is a special child
is a pain after pain of toe touches
leglifts situps and braces is
be thankful it is not worse

is you waited till the last minute is
you are a big boy is
shit comes out and so does piss
is you can do it if you try is
be thankful it is not worse

is it really makes us uncomfortable
(although this is never stated) is
it would be better if you could walk is
you would be free
is when you grow up they will slow down is
be thankful it is not worse

nameless i sit in the corner
kept there
by the sharp-edged disbelief
by hysterical laughter that pushes me
up against the wall
i begin to write graffiti
on that wall
my name is first
i want to write it in blood

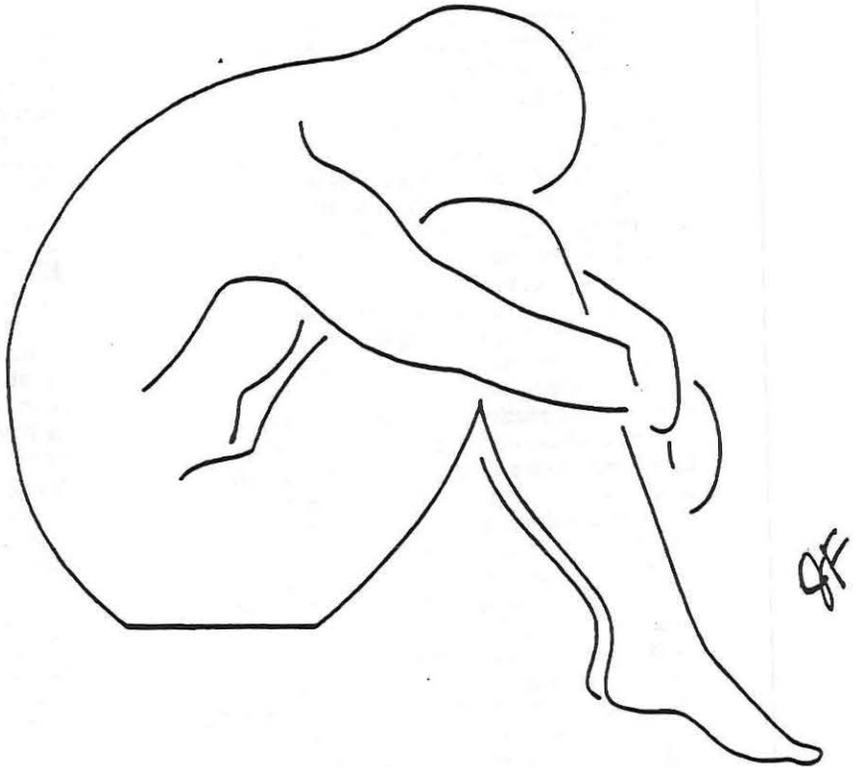
my name is
no
my name is i do not walk
my name is i crawl as a tiger
or a mouse to a place of food
my name is i shit my name is
i am feeling my body and sometimes it hurts
my name is
i am having orgasm great pleasure
my name is like any other and worthy of itself
to be honored
my name is whatever frees me from the wall
and the corner and the lessons of hatred

my name is yes
i use a wheelchair
my name is anger
at centuries of death
my name is weeping
to cleanse myself
my name is magic
as a wise one blessed of the gods
my name is joy
at feeling dirt under my hands
as I go where I am going

my name is i am one of millions
not waiting to be freed
my name is writing words
and passing them to brothers
and to sisters
my name is a secret word long hidden
my name is a feeling
my name is my body

my name is my body

- Larry Roberts,
Ithaca, NY



passion

Colossal moments streaming trace a line down reddened muddy cheeks, around a reddened runny nose, to dampen a pillowcase already moist from as many heavy drops tumbling as two squinting eyes can pour burning, one drop for this latest drama, after another drop for some familiar passion, after one and one and one small drop of salt-water streaks, neatly, coaxing sleep and passage through this black, dimensionless, drafty room to the other side of this deliberate rocking forward and back, lips sucked in and bit into, chin digging into sandy knees pulled up and held to sit shrunk as can be, hugging a bundle of blanket to a stomach convulsing, vehemently forcing air and madness up and out, and then inflated quite as suddenly and fierce, heaving, hyperventilating, high pitched whines wailing like a tap not twisted tight enough punctuated by hoarse coughing through erupting sobs which catch violently in throat, which burns, not salved by thick saliva swallowed to the beat-beating, beat-beating in the neck and temples, telling, absolutely: nothing there is outside of this; and craving: craving sinking, craving stopping, craving just an end and knowing this is quite without an end, and craving only not to know there is no end; and waiting, craving rescue, numb and pleading - pleading oh god--oh god-oh god-oh god to no one.

- jack fag'An

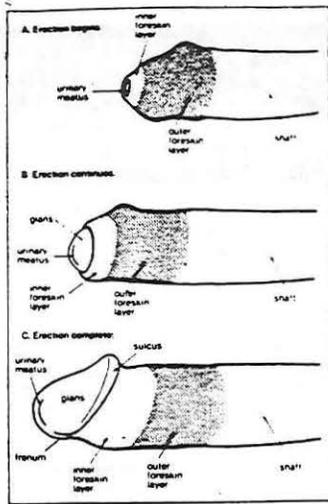
passage

It was "sweater weather" and
we could smell wood burning
from the chimneys of the houses
without lights in their windows.
It was raining which
we did not notice until
our hair had become wet
and cold drops rolled into our eyes
and off the ends of our noses
as we walked holding hands.
(We dropped our hands whenever
we passed under a streetlight.)
You asked - as you had asked before -
"When do you think you'll be ready?"
I kissed you in place of an answer
and the wet from your face ran onto mine.
Our arms stretched straight between us
before you moved to keep up with me.
We came to a park and had some trouble
negotiating puddles and trees.
Under the picnic table shelter which yesterday
we had shared with a Christian family,
we laid our wet jackets down on the bench.
We sat very close to each other
to see better in the dark and to speak very quietly,
but we did not speak.
A talking couple crossing the baseball field
did not see us on top of the table.
I was on top of you (in case I'd need to runaway -
but I didn't tell you that.)
We started tentatively - kissing I mean.
At first cheeks and foreheads, not mouths;
later mouths - for a long time - but not open.
Later open, holding your full wet bottom lip
between my teeth, gliding my tongue
inside your cheek. You explained to me before
that you love kissing best of all. So you said,
"I'm glad you're so good at my favorite part at least."
I was glad too, as I remember it.
I was, without realizing (perhaps)
moving with a certain rhythm, moving
with a certain momentum, and with that inertia
you were moving, your hands were moving,
without realizing (perhaps), up and down
and all over my back and up and down my side,
and around and over my front vigorously -
after I had moved partly off you
exactly so that you could be touching me like this -
and down and over my hip and down
and over my leg and up and over my zipper.
I rolled completely off you and away from you,
lying on my back, lying perfectly still
for what cannot be as long as I remember
You waited a long time, saying nothing, kissed me
once and withdrew, and waited longer still.
In two thin lines imperceptible tears,
one out of each eye, dripped backwards
directly down over faint blue veins,
beating like a weightlifter's,
and filled my ears which heard me saying,
"You can touch me there."
But you didn't. But I had said it now
and I wanted you to. You said,

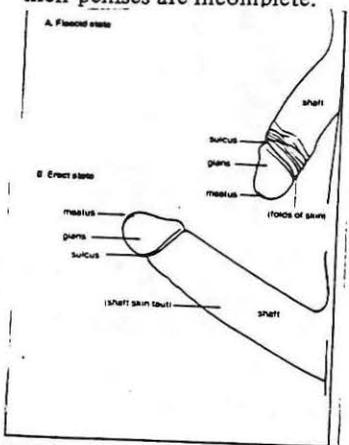
"Let me do something for you."

It was cold outside.
The mist touched my stomach.
Your breath touched my stomach
and my skin pulled tight into two pink knots
in the hair on my chest which you licked
and slobbered on and held between
your teeth and pinched between your fingers
when your mouth moved away
to hover over the fur on my stomach
The hairs inside my thighs stood up
and the wind brushed the hairs inside my thighs
like grass on a hill.
Your fingers combed the hairs inside my thighs
and traced an outline from underneath
and between my legs up through bristled hairs
over tensed lowered abdomen muscles
to my bellybutton and down again
around my erection pressing firmly
where it disappears inside me.
The nylon jacket under me was damp with rain
and my own sweat, and your saliva.
Then it was warm. It was warm like August.
How could I never have thought of it,
that a person's mouth would burn like this.
Hands are not warm like mouths. Your thick hand,
spit-smear, replaced rapid lips and tongue
when I brought you up to scold your brazen smile
with rushed and desperate kisses interrupted
by abrupt inhaling and bucking, bucking,
arching and squeezing you around your chest
as powerfully as I could, reaching into
your open flannel shirt, clutching and kneading
the muscles along the sides of your spine,
holding my breath, rocking, smiling through tears,
and sobbing into laughter.
You licked your hand and gave me your hand
to lick (and I didn't like it really), and
you moved down again to clean my stomach
with your mouth slowly, being very careful,
and held me in your mouth snugly,
being very careful not to make me shudder.
When you met me with your smile again
your kisses tasted like my orgasm
but we kept kissing until the taste was gone,
while I cupped your velvet baby-bum
with your jeans pushed down to your knees
so you could rub and rub against my hip,
while I sucked on the muscle between your neck
and shoulder. You gasped in my ear
and I squeezed your butt,
pulling you into me urgently
and my stomach was dripping again.
I caressed my side and stomach hair
rubbing your come into my skin
until it wasn't sticky anymore
and you fell asleep with your head on my chest
for about ten minutes.
It was early, probably before 7:00 in the morning.
It wasn't raining anymore.
Black trees were silhouetted sharply
against a pearl gray dawn.
We walked home holding hands the whole way
even though it was light out now and passing cars
on their way to work could see us plainly
We didn't speak, but we were grinning like little kids.

- jack fag'An



Erection in the uncircumcised penis. America riddled with sublimated penises: rockets, guns, and skyscrapers because their penises are incomplete.



Erection in the circumcised penis. America which has six percent of the world's population, and consumes forty percent of its goods. America the rapist. In the case of ninety-nine percent of all her male offspring: their first memory of someone else's interest in their organs of love is for them to be disfigured painfully.

"The reason for circumcision is to stop you playing with yourself, but self-love is the beginning of love."

Circumcision is a massive kick below the belt that never wears off. It is widely practised in nations noted for their aggression: ninety percent of all American males are circumcised automatically. It scars birth, marries the first moments of life to pain, and even when performed with the most sophisticated equipment can cause death. It has no religious, sexual, medical or aesthetic justification.

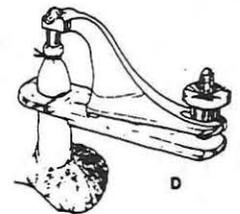


In almost all American birth books, circumcision is mentioned with approval, and even the so-called hip ones on natural child birth have little derogatory to say about it.

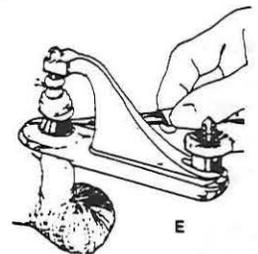
Circumcision involves the removal of a large part of the surface skin of the penis. It also involves the removal of the frenum, a small gland which is the male equivalent of the clitoris and the most sensitive part of the organ.



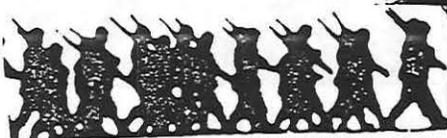
The infant is tied down securely to a circumcision board, with its



genitals exposed. Next the entire foreskin and much of the penile skin is pulled through a clamp, and as the clamp's screw is tightened the skin is crushed off.



No anaesthetic is ever used. The infant struggles and screams, and often vomits and defecates, before lapsing into unconsciousness.



WHEN IT'S ~~BUBBLE~~ CUTTING TIME, THEY ALWAYS START WITH THE EASIEST TARGETS.

Ben Shuman 92

Children can't stand up for themselves. Which makes them an easy mark for politicians when they're cutting back. Give children a voice. Yours. Kids can't vote, but you can.

The first cut is the deepest. ■

THIS HORRIFYING ANTI-CHOICE PROPAGANDA CAME IN THE SUNDAY PAPER!

EUROPE'S 1991 DOLL OF THE YEAR



\$19⁹⁵ Each
 Satisfaction Guaranteed
 Or Your Money Back



Mommy-To-Be is a full 11-1/2" tall, fits many standard doll clothes and comes complete with:

- Pregnant tummy (removable)
- Baby
- Flat tummy (when baby is removed)
- Maternity dress, shoes and hair ribbon

Sold Separately

- Additional maternity outfits
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- Judy's husband Charlie!

For Ages 3 and Over

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Please send ___ (White) Judy dolls and ___ (Afro-American) Judy dolls...
 @ \$19.95 each = \$ _____
 Plus \$4.50 shipping & handling per doll = \$ _____
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TOTAL = \$ _____

Check or money order enclosed
 Charge my: Visa MasterCard
 Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date ___/___/___

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Signature _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.
 If not completely satisfied, return doll within ten days for prompt replacement or refund.

The Mommy-To-Be Doll™

Judy is more than a toy, she's a natural way for your child to learn while playing.

Judy looks like a real Mommy-To-Be. Take off her tummy, and there's her baby. Lift out the newborn with moveable arms and legs, and now she has a flat tummy. Judy's sturdy head, arms and legs move too. Her wavy, rooted hair and soft skin make her a loveable friend. Her quality construction will make her a friend for life. In her denim dress, she looks stylish before and after her baby arrives.

SALUTING THE AMERICAN FAMILY

- jack fag'An

THE THEORY:

I think the best name I've ever heard for a band is THE THE. Ordinarily, we don't think about the power invested in - and bestowed by - the word *the*. This seemingly innocuous little adjective is called by English teachers, "the definitive article." That is, placed in front of a noun it functions to define that object/subject as a specifically identified thing: the table (this one right here) as opposed to any old table. But the insidious nature of *the definitive article* is demonstrated when it is used, for *convenience*, to reduce diverse classes of experience into artificially constructed categories which we presume to be able to know. Millions of human beings whose lives are devastated by poverty are conveniently and summarily dehumanized under the label "the poor" or worse, "the needy." "The elderly" (a.k.a. "the aged") is another example of real living persons diminished so that we may speak (or not speak) of a class of people rather than the people themselves. "The disabled" and "the mentally ill" are routinely handicapped by *the definitive article* as well.

The definitive article is even more useful in rhetoric and social construction, when we realize that it is not limited only to the purposes of isolating and disempowering. Indeed, *the definitive article* is most artfully and deviously invoked for codifying and edifying concepts and institutions such as "THE FAMILY" (a.k.a. "THE AMERICAN FAMILY" or "THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY").

THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY, so exalted, is an endangered species precisely because it is no longer viable to human survival. "Dysfunctional families" is a hot topic these days. My question is this: Dysfunctional - as opposed to what?

One of every two heterosexual marriages ends in divorce. One in four female children are sexually abused, and one in six male children are sexually abused; almost ninety-per cent of the perpetrators are relatives or "friends of the family". THE FAMILY most often consists of two people, one male and one female, who at one time may have loved or desired each other and fucked, after years of living together they are either divorced from, disgusted with, or complacent towards each other; probably one or both are substance abusers. Statistically, the children are probably sexually, physically, verbally, or otherwise emotionally abused by one or both of the parents, or one of the parent's siblings or friends. THE FAMILY no longer is the mythical bastion of compassion and support which once was its dubious function.

Preserving THE FAMILY as an institution then intrinsically depends on *the definitive article* to enforce that it is, in fact, "the genuine article." That is, THE FAMILY is a specific thing which we can know and identify according to clearly constraining criteria. THE FAMILY is comprised of a man; he has a wife, who is monogamous to him and who has *his* child(ren) for which she is favored more than the other females which he may use for sex; his wife, or consort, bears his (male) heirs whom he may physically or sexually abuse at his discretion in order to enforce their subordination to him, to garner his respect they must follow his dictates of sampling females before taking one for a consort as well; the female children he may also use for sex and later use as a commodity to barter with other younger (read: rival) males.

THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY, as invoked by so-called conservatives, has become a euphemism for traditional bigotry and hatred. This is most clearly demonstrated by their malevolent "indifference to" (glee over) escalating suicide among lesbian and gay teenagers, and by their irrational, hysterical insistence that homosexuals molest children - in spite of overwhelming evidence that child sexual assault is the norm for TRADITIONAL FAMILIES while almost non-existent among Gay families. Those who name themselves FAMILY ADVOCATES and DEFENDERS OF THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY have no qualms about withholding compassion from childhood victims of sexual abuse perpetrated by their TRADITIONAL PARENTS, nor do they show any remorse when TRADITIONAL FAMILIES drive their non-traditional children to choose death over life under such a terrorist regime. So much for 'PRO-LIFE.'

LESBIAN, GAY & BISEXUAL PEOPLE
BELONG TO FAMILIES
JUST LIKE
YOURS!

TO LEARN MORE, CALL THE GAY & LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTER PHONE LINE AT 431-5422.

1992 BY CRY OUT! ACT UP

This sign will appear on the sides of 100 PAT buses during June.

THE FAMILY UNIT is not the basic "economic unit" of Marxist theory, nor is it the fundamental "social unit" for passing on culture. THE FAMILY is the most insidious arm of the government, whereby young people are indoctrinated, subjected to brainwashing by torture (subliminal and overt; metaphorical and literal) into submission to the political ideology of The State. THE FAMILY is an anachronistic institution. The vestigial service of THE INSTITUTION OF THE FAMILY is to preserve and perpetuate a culture of sado-masochism.

THE PERSONAL:

Working in "human services" for the past five years, the majority of the people I work with are straight, white, middle-class, progressively-minded women. Not a month goes by where at least one of my co-workers doesn't take a vacation day to "be in a wedding." Not a day goes by where I am not bludgeoned by stories of stupid fights with their stupid boyfriends or husbands, or where they don't show off the most recent Sears 8x10's of their kids, or Kodak 3x5's from the latest wedding they attended (one of the staff even brought in the video of her wedding from a year before she started working there!). Not a day goes by where I don't hear about their kids cutting a tooth or having chicken pox or falling and cutting a lip on the coffee table. Not a week goes by where I don't have to excuse myself from placing orders for girls scout cookies or easter candy.

I am not the only queer at work. There is one other gay man there and one lesbian. The man is a middle-aged closet-queen who lives with his ailing grandmother. When she dies he plans to enter seminary to fulfill his yearning to be a catholic priest. Last winter, he plastered our workplace with flags and yellow ribbons. His answering machine plays the star-spangled-banner tapering off with him saying "god bless you" before the beep.

Our director is a big ol' dyke who tints her gray hairs purple and sports a foot-long "rat-tail" braid over her shoulder. A couple years ago, she and her lover who share a house had a ceremony in which they were "married." Apparently, several people from work attended. Nonetheless, she persists in referring to her lover as "my roommate" and has recently concocted an on-going charade of her lust for Steven Segal (that icky guy with greasy hair and pony-tail who makes "martial arts" cop movies).

I am deliberately and obviously OUT at work, but all of the straight people where I work also know about the other queers. Who do these homos think they're fooling. When the office is united in anger against the boss (which is most of the time), it is the easiest thing for them to deride her closetedness ("I'd call her a dick-licker but I know she isn't one; I could call her something else but I hate *that* word." - "Ew, don't say that word(i.e., cunt), I hate it too.").

For the most part, though, the straight people at work are cool and support me. Of course, they can afford to be, secure in the insulated family structures they all live in. They are genuinely grieved that my boyfriend and I can't marry each other. (Actually, after asking me if we would get married, it was news to them that same-sex couples cannot legally marry each other.) They did not understand me at all when I explained that we have no interest in getting married and even reject the entire institution. I doubt if they notice that, unlike my director and the patriot/priest, I show no interest in their baby pictures and wedding stories. They just don't get it.

I have a family too. Many queers I know do not count their parents or brothers or sisters among the people who they consider their family. I am very happy that the people I count in my spiritual (for lack of a better word, please excuse the cliché) family happen to have the same parents as me and grew up with me. Neither of my parents are alcoholics, they never abused us physically, and they are still apparently in love. My brother and his wife have a baby daughter who I like to play with. This baby, however, is hardly what makes me interesting and worthwhile as a human being.

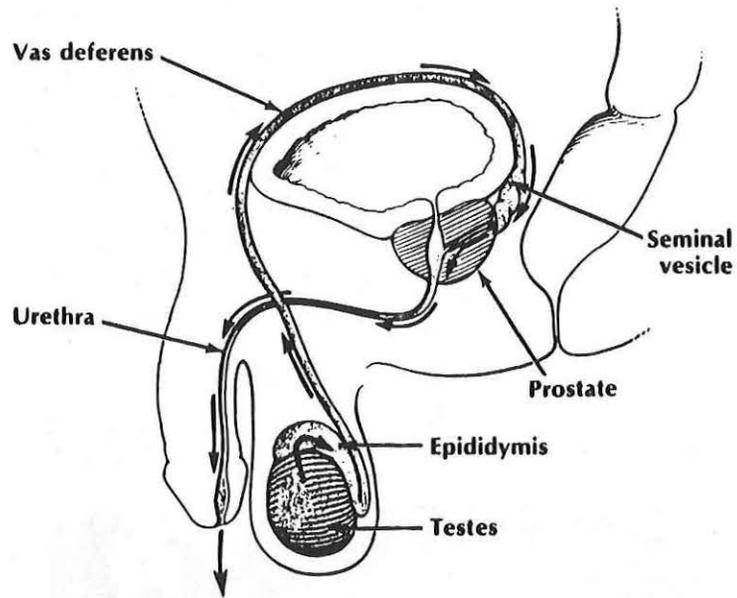
Yet I know it would be easier to get my co-workers attention by showing off pictures of her and bragging about her infant hijinks than if I were to do a routine about the queer party I was at last week.

We are accused of "recruiting" children to our ranks. What about straights projecting (forcing) heterosexuality on nursery-school-age when they tease about "oh yes, little Timmy's her boyfriend" or when predict their kids future hetero lifestyle, as one of my co-workers does when she looks to the future when her son will be "chasing skirts." (By the way, imagine describing a young girl as a "zipper-chaser!" I'm so sure!)

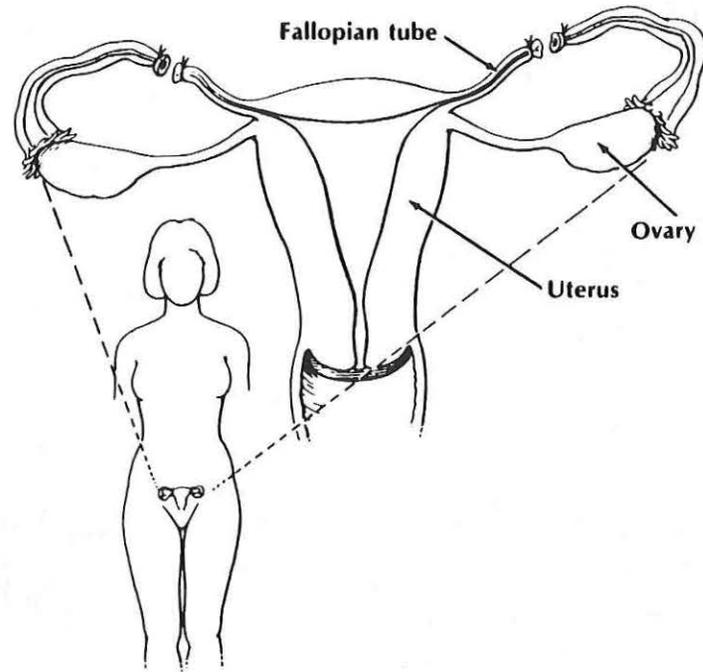
Sometimes we are surprised when our straight co-workers or neighbors or whatever seem to take a genuine interest in us. However, when this happens it is almost certainly because the way decide to live approximates what they can understand and accept as almost like a regular family. Recently, I heard speakers from "Lesbians Are Parents" describe how the prejudice they used to experience seemed to melt away in some people after they become pregnant and gave birth. I was disappointed that no one in the audience scrutinized this information. I know that part of my co-workers capacity to accept me is because I have a boyfriend who I live with. This makes it a lot easier for them than if I were single and they would have to wonder if I were out tricking every weekend. On the other hand, how do they know I don't?

Sympathetic straights (and homophobic queers) are always saying "I don't see why a person's sexuality is anyone else's business." BULLSHIT! I have never discussed *my sexuality* with casual acquaintances. I mean, I don't announce whether my b.friend and I had sex last night (my straight co-workers do). I don't talk about dicks, or sexual habits (my straight co-workers do). But if everyone else is talking about where they went with their boyfriend or husband last weekend, then fuck them if they're uncomfortable when "boyfriend" or "civil disobedience" or "gay organization" or "lesbian bar" come into the conversation when it's MY turn to talk about MY family. They do indeed discuss (read: gratuitously broadcast) their sexuality at work - excessively - and don't even realize it. (One day recently, the girls

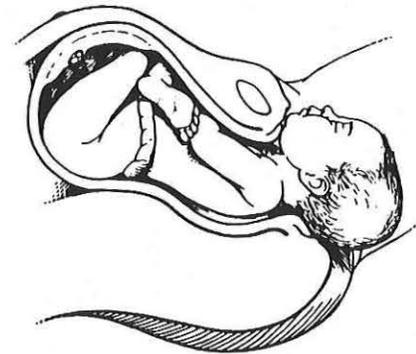
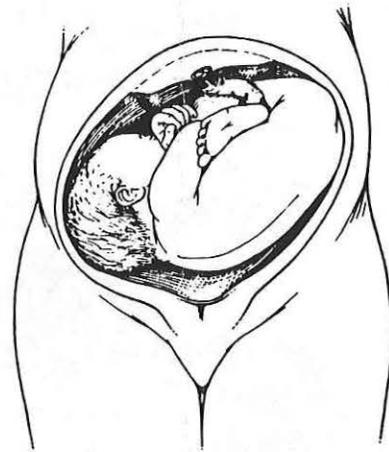
This...



+ This...



= This



Is NOT the Only Equation!

Queer Intercourse: Pregnant With Possibilities

were arguing the pros and cons of giving blow jobs - "it makes me gag. . . It wouldn't be so bad if it didn't take so long.") Yet for me to mention my experience as a gay man - occasionally - they can't get past the idea that I'm talking about my sexuality!

THE RAGE:

I hate restaurants where I can't avoid looking at the owners' photos of their babies on the wall behind the cash register. I'm sick of banners proclaiming IT'S A BOY/GIRL! in people's lawns. I'm fed up with KDKA-TV's series of commercials on infertility treatments. When was the last time you brought snapshots of your best friend to work to show your co-workers how cool they look. How many times have you shown photos of your lover to a stranger seated next to you on the bus?! When has anyone who call themselves "PRO-FAMILY" ever endorsed OUR families?!!!!

Every politician, evangelist, or witless-dupe-scared-shitless-of-a-queer-revolution who ever euphemistically defended their bigotry as "PRO-FAMILY" is a goddam, fucking liar! FAMILY is nothing more than an expropriated code-word for heterosexuality. PRO-FAMILY is a lie because it implies that there is some group of people (namely us queers) who oppose the experience of family.

Queers have never been anti-family! No oppressed, marginalized, disenfranchised community has ever been or could ever afford to deny/defy the authentic experience of mutual advocacy and companionship commonly regarded as "family." It's no coincidence that African Americans call each other sister, brother, and cousin. Other oppressed communities refer to their elders as aunts, uncles, gramps, etc. out of respect. Likewise, one of the many passwords for identifying fellow queers is "family" - as in "Is s/he family?" Queers depend on family as much as, if not more than, the non-queer population.

How dare KDKA "Salute the American Family" during their station identifications? No politician or religion or tv station has ever saluted my family! THE family doesn't incorporate MY family! THE family doesn't even recognize MY family! THE family says that MY family isn't even a family because it doesn't conform to THE DEFINITION of THE FAMILY. My family is my b.friend, our cats, and all of our faa-bue-lustrous queer (and a few exceptional straight) girlfriends and boyfriends who invigorate us so that we can persevere with everyday life. But the defenders

of THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY don't give a shit about us. My family includes my youngest sister who is a Sinister Dyke herself; my other sister who's a rad-fem political college activist who recently came out as bisexual and moved in with her girlfriend from Kenya; my brother, and his wife from Colombia, S.A. and their bi-cultural/bi-lingual baby. But KDKA's homage to THE AMERICAN FAMILY doesn't give a flying fuck about my family. My elders and ancestors include Harvey Milk and James Baldwin and Kate Millet and Audre Lorde, but the ideology that spawns Norman Rockwell prints and "The Wonder Years" acknowledges only wisened-old-pathetic-yet-kindly-fuddy-duddies as the keepers and transmitters of culture and history. MICKEY ROONEY AND WILFRED BRIMLEY ARE NOT MY GRAND-FATHERS!

Ironically, for people charged with "attacking THE FAMILY, our relationship (however dysfunctional) to our families is the most fundamental, intimate, and pervasive aspect of our collective Queer identity. Consider it: as diverse as the lez/gay/bi community is, what is the one thing that every last one of us shares? What is the one thing, and usually the first thing, that you talk about with another lesbian or gay man you meet at a dinner party? What is the most reliable topic of discussion on a first date, and which generally tends to continue for weeks into a new relationship? - "Are you OUT to your family? How long have you been OUT to your family? What was your family's reaction when you



DONNA
BORN 71, OUT 92

LYNN
BORN 72, OUT 88

came OUT? Are they cool about it? Are you planning to come OUT to your family? Do you think you can/will ever come OUT to your parents? How do you think they'll handle it? Do you have any brothers or sisters who are gay?" and on and on and on. **More than our sexual behavior, more than our desire, more than our divergent political convictions, the one universal constant which characterizes lez/gay/bi culture is our attachment to, and estrangement from, our families.**

Every fucking homophobe, from George Bush to Pat Buchanan to Pat Robertson to Ron Gamble to Bob Casey to (KDKA anchor) Sally Wiggin who ever "*saluted the family*" is a blatant, malicious, hypocritical liar. These fascists charge that we attack THE FAMILY, that we represent the decline and decay of TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUES while at the same time using every tool at their command to expropriate family away from us. We are not allowed to marry. We are not allowed to adopt. We have to battle for custody and even visitation of our biological children. We are emotionally and financially cut off and disowned by our parents and siblings. The best we can hope for from our "families" is "we still love you. . . this doesn't change anything. . . it doesn't matter to us. . . you're still the same person inside. . . we'll always love you no matter what. . . ad fucking infinitum" - all pathetic excuses for acceptance and respect. It is the greatest irony that queers are attacked as a threat to the family when we are at the same time systematically prevented from securing the right to our own families by the very people who call themselves PRO-FAMILY. Yeah, right!

The concept of FAMILY itself - just plain FAMILY - without the THE - is disallowed. THE FAMILY is understood to be a real thing, clearly marked, and any collection of people who do not fit this cast of characters is something else, not THE FAMILY so therefore not A FAMILY.

FAMILY ITSELF, that is, authentic mutual intimacy among the diverse members who comprise it, remains a dynamic, necessary, sacred human innovation worth celebrating. Estranged (at best tolerated, at worst abused) from our biological families, we queers may even be better than breeders at "the family thing." Those of us who have chosen to celebrate our primary relationships with public ceremonies have already transformed the tyranny of the conventional wedding ceremony into affirmative, creative, alternative rituals. Those courageous same-sex couples and family collectives who deliberately plan how they will have children and how to bring up the children in their lives should be examples for THE AMERICAN FAMILY to emulate. And those of us who participate in intimate relationships as lovers, as care-givers for people with AIDS, as members of direct action groups and self-help collectives, or as friends who spend Thanksgiving together, all demonstrate the vitality of family, though we bear little or no resemblance at all to THE FAMILY.

Because your not gonna hear anyplace else, I salute Queer families in all their glorious configurations. -jack

Pea Queue Tea

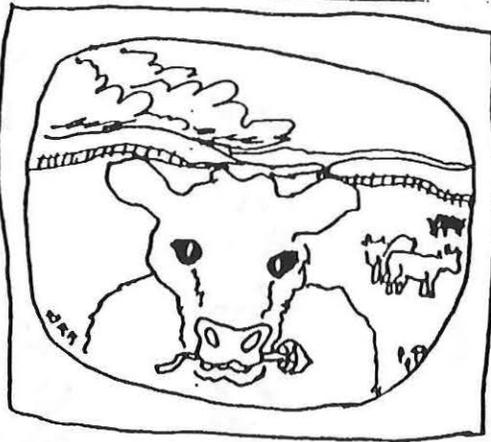
Time for a Public Service Announcement: the Pittsburgh Queer Theater (PQT) is kicking and screaming its way into its second year as the one and only Queer theater company in the Burgh with a revival of Doric Wilson's theatrical tour-de-camp, Street Theater. As you may remember, earlier this year PQT staged an evening of one-act plays, These Dreams Of You, and Dos Lesbos, at the Birmingham Lofts, which met with phenomenal success. Street Theater is directed by the Illustrious Ted Hoover and co-produced by the Effervescent Debby Sullivan and Debbie Hollingshead and has a cast of thousands. . . okay, well, a cast of 14, but that's still a lot. The show will run for two days, June 18th and 19th at the Birmingham Lofts with two outa-sight shows each night at 8:00 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. Tickets are \$8.00. A fitting kick-off for Pride Week, don'tcha think? For you lucky people who saw it last year, yep, it's the same show at the same place, but there are some new folks on stage (and some groovy new threads.) For those of you who missed it, here's your big opportunity to see it and instantly become part of the hip clique that chats about these sorts of things at swank cocktail parties. And if this is the first you've heard of PQT, well, come satisfy you're by-now burning curiosity. -David Kyle

Schneider's  **Homo Milk**

**THIS SIGN CAME FROM A LOCAL
"CROSSROADS" CONVENIENCE STORE!**

COWS BASH BACK...

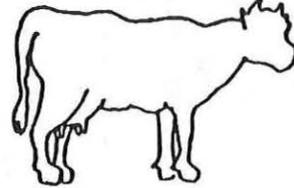
REPRINTED FROM HOMOMILK, WITHOUT PERMISSION.



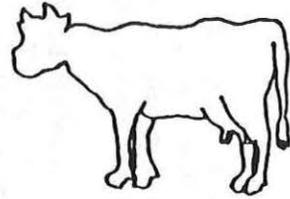
AFTER YEARS OF CONSUMING PSILOCYBIN MUSHROOMS A GROUP OF COWS FROM ARCATA, CA. BEGIN TO DEVELOP REVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS. THEY MEET, THEY DISCUSS..THEY DECIDE TO ACT!
 SO IS BORN THE BOVINE LIBERATION FRONT DEDICATED TO ENDING THE EXPLOITATION OF ALL COWS - AND OTHER ANIMALS TOO- BY HUMANS...

NO, TOO VIOLENT, WE DON'T WANT TO BECOME LIKE THEM!

LET'S WAIT FOR THE HUMANS TO LEAVE!



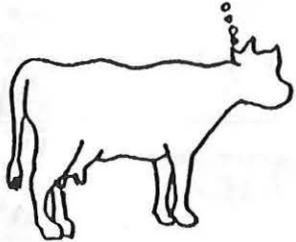
!!!OKAY!!!



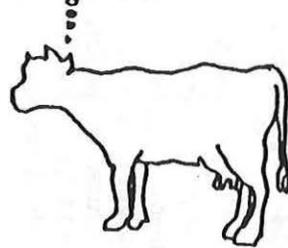
ALL'S CLEAR, THE BUILDING IS EMPTY...



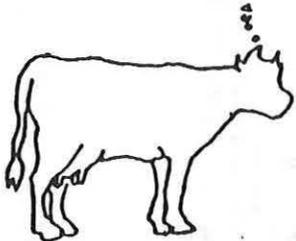
YOU'D THINK GAYS, BEING OPPRESSED, WOULDN'T KILL US FOR OUR SKINS...



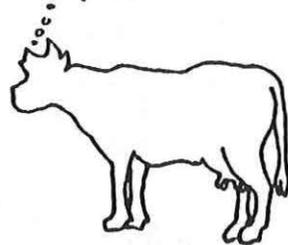
I GUESS THEY ONLY CARE ABOUT THEIR OWN LIBERATION...



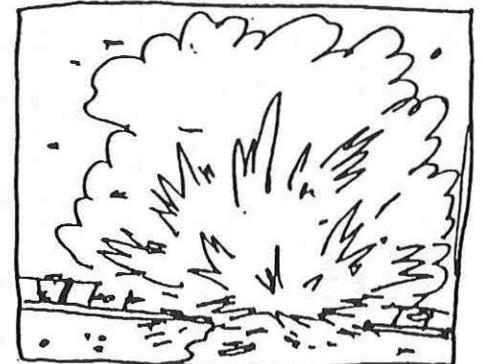
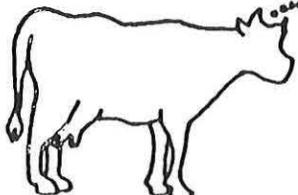
WHAT ABOUT THE DYKES? SISTER HELP SISTER, RIGHT?



NO, LOTS OF THEM ARE WEARING OUR SKINS THESE DAYS TOO...



IVE GOT AN IDEA!



THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES ...

zines-a-go-go

- daniel schott

This is just a listing of zines which I've received. For an exhaustive listing of 170 current North American zines (including Queer Intercourse) write to Holy Titclamps/Larry-bob, our favorite zine/zine publisher.

HOLY TITCLAMPS (Larry-bob, Box 591275, SF, CA 94159-1275; \$2 each, \$5 for 3 issues) An ultimate melange of original art, appropriated images, letters from inmates, longing poems, and occasional pornographic boy drawings Well-edited by the politically responsible renaissance man, Larry-bob.

HOTHEAD PAISAN (Giant Ass Publishing, P.O. Box 214, New Haven CT 06502; \$3 each or \$10 for 4 issues) Diana DiMassa's homicidal lesbian terrorist alter-ego, Hothead, can't keep out of trouble. Between psychotic episodes and talking to her cat, Chicken, Hothead not only critiques lesbian, gay, and dominant culture, but also manages to castrate a lot of abusive men along the way. Available at St. Elmo's Bookstore, PGH.

Fuck Men (TNT; P.O. Box 162371, Sacramento, CA 95816 Don't write "Fuck" on the envelope; Send stamps.) I thought this would be a militant separatist dyke zine, but it turned out to be more of a celebratory motto-title for boy-fag. My issue of this mini-zine has a fold-out centerfold of a xeroxed dick with the caption: "PENIS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

HomoMilk (TNT, P.O. Box 162371, Sacramento, CA 95816; Send stamps.) Groovy convergence of Anarcha-feminism, Queer politics, and animal rights advocacy by, for, and about Homo vegans. Homo for homosexual, or Homo for homogenized? Mine came with an insert order form for political buttons: "PATRIARCHY A Threat to All Life On the Planet" and "Another Eco-Feminist Vegetarian Lesbian." If you just want that stuff, write:

Feminists for Animal Rights (Box 10017, Berkeley, CA 94709 or call (415)547-7251) See above. Vegetarian homo activist propaganda.

The Mirror (Steve, P.O. Box 2264, Amherst, MA 01004; \$2 per issue, or whatever you can afford) Radical collective paper (100% recycled) not gay-specific but rad-anti-establishment, and feminist. I've only seen the pro-Choice issue given out at the March for Women's Lives in D.C. Phoney Liberal Media Award, The Revolutionary Farmer, and cool comic about a punk woman who murders an attempted rapist.

HOMOfure (Box 191781, SF, CA 94119-1781; \$5 each) Smooth, impressive color copies of pretty boys complement a fine mixture of erotic, informative, and thoughtful text.

THING (2151 W. Division, Chicago, IL 60622-3056; \$3 each or \$7 subscription for next 3 issues) Almost a magazine, this rad zine for black gay men rules. Very clubby. #5 has an interview with Essex Hemphill and great fashion spread with hunky guys in wigs and tutus.

Fertile LaToya Jackson (Ms. Davis, 7850 Sunset Blvd, Penthouse, Suite 110, LA, CA 90046; \$5 each) Groovy blacktress Vaginal Creme Davis, wacked-out urban drag queen trash-mouth propels this semi-pornographic, semi-club-scene, semi-big-joke zine. Truly brilliant. Definitions: "Little boy art whore: Young boy in late teens or early twenties who goes to art school and attends all major and minor openings and events ingratiating himself with established artists and performers."

Unsupervised Existence #6 (Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115; \$3) I don't think this comic is always lesbian-oriented, but #6 definitely is. Crystal-wearing bisexual Annadette has a bad day dealing with an unwanted pregnancy, breaking up with her kd lang look-a-like girlfriend, her attraction to Afro-centric lesbian Joline, and an angry Operation Rescue Mob. Cosmic.

JD's (Box 1110, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto, ONT, Canada, M5C 2K5; \$5) Legendary co-gendered punky zine with Bruce LaBruce and G.B. Jones.

Poesflesh (Glenn Sheldon, P.O. Box 7157, PGH, PA 15213) Poetry, interviews, reviews, etc. from right here in PGH!

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in
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*Violent Stories of
LESBIAN BRUTALITY*

For Entertainment of Adults Only!

SHE FIGHTS

BARBIE WEARS COMBAT BOOTS

A novel by Constance E. Mayer

- Chapter One -

Hollywood was the most beautiful transsexual I had ever seen. She was my first – the first I knew of, anyway. Not yet 21, I walked into Think Pink with my boyfriend of 10 months and spotted her. We were doing the punk scene, and it was real, not the poseurs you see walking the streets these days wearing blue Doc Martens. No, we had it together. JK was in ROTC, so that made it easier to get supplies: the flight jacket, his combat boots. Since I hadn't yet broken away from my Catholic school existence, my look was more "Miss Mary Immaculata Gone Bad." I still carried on the kilts and kneesock aesthetic, but I wore fishnets and combat boots, with a green crushed velvet bolero jacket I had gotten for a dollar twenty-five at my neighbor's yard sale. Crazy, those days. But we were working class suburbanites, the malls being easy places to be shockers.

JK knew all the bands, could sing all the songs, had a fixed I.D. so that he could get into clubs along with the rest of the underagers. The perfect Scene boyfriend, I'd been attracted by his leather motorcycle jacket he'd hand-studded himself. No matter that he was a closet case, because I didn't want to have sex that much anyway. I felt guilty, or uninterested, or uninterested and guilty. We had more fun hanging out around the university and smoking. There were about fifteen of us, give or take a few. All were either in bands or starting them, and they talked about how great their bassist was getting, or the local gigs they had coming up.

The Scene then was dominated by boys. They all played in each others bands, or filled in if someone was indisposed. But the girls were either Girlfriends or Hags. It was rare that a girl played in a band, even though all of us knew as much as the boys about the Scene, and some of us even played guitar or bass. Same deal with the skatepunks. They were the up and coming young boy punks, skating around town with skulls spraypainted on their boards and good haircuts. So the first time I saw a girl on a skateboard, I fell in love. Until then, it was just us Girlfriends and Hags. The categories shifted often, as there was lots of sleeping around, hooking up after gigs, etc.

As I said, I was protected by the Catholic girl look. A few Girlfriends sported the same look, while the others wore leather skirts that they shoplifted from a department store, or leggings. All the boys had the virgin/whore complex, so if you wanted a place in the Scene, you didn't have much of a choice. We remained discontented, not quite knowing what to do.

At this moment, I was walking into Think Pink with JK, hoping to find a pair of white go-go boots with fringe. Think Pink was mostly retro wear which the owners had pulled out of their own closets. I'd see them wearing something one day that would be on the rack the next. The walls were covered with graffiti, spray paint, hot pink or yellow xeroxed flyers put up with flour and water paste. The last time I was in, I'd drawn a large anarchy symbol with roses woven through it. The "A" was now part of the crossbones under a large green skull, and the roses were intricate drops of blood. Silhouetted dramatically against the skull was Hollywood's blonde flip hairdo, very Jackie O gone the way of bleach. When she heard the jingle of the skeleton windchime hung from the doorway, she turned around coolly.

JK went immediately to the record collection in the back, arranged like a garage sale, in brown boxes marked "china" or "kids -- summer." There were a few other customers in the store, a couple of tall men looking through the racks of clothes, but I was mesmerized. Hollywood was beautiful. Everything was done correctly: the eyeshadow, the right shade of lipstick (Love That Red – all the Scene Girls wore it). And she had on the right amount of trash, too -- a white fitted dress with a print of lemons and limes strewn about. There was something disturbing about her beauty, when she turned her head or moved her arms to rearrange the plastic purses on the shelf. The angles in her face were slightly too pronounced. But when she turned her face again, the illusion readjusted, like a hologram. I couldn't stop looking at her. But I was trying to be discreet, and she had the right amount of attitude, denying my presence. Typical salesbitch.

I watched her wrists as she arranged jewelry, her ankles in green patent-leather pumps. Hollywood had a figure like a Barbie doll: long thin legs, no hips, and huge breasts. The ideal woman, all of her accessories matched. I kept trying to "catch" her at being a man, but whatever masculine ways of being I may have noticed were subject to the hologram effect. I watched my own wrists sorting through the racks, picking up old Harlequin romances; my own ankles in a pair of black Doc Marten workboots. Her makeup was more carefully applied than my own heavy black eyeliner and red bowed lips. She looked like she'd spent some time at the Chanel counter in the department store.

But she had probably never done this, which interested me even more. I looked to JK for some kind of reassurance, but I felt distanced from him. As he flipped through the records the zipper pulls and belt on his black leather motorcycle jacket shook like ornaments. I wasn't marked as anything other than a Girlfriend, and the Girlfriends were basically untouchable. We were to be "clean": no weed, low alcohol consumption. Smoking was allowed, for the image. I smoked Dunhill blues, an expensive smoking habit. They tasted like cloves, and I liked the gold foil on the inside.

And we all OD'd on caffeine, the definitive drug of choice.

Hollywood was trying on some emerald earrings in the threeway and chatting with a tall man in a gold lame blouse and tight denim shorts when she caught me looking. I smiled, then felt stupid for doing so. She stared at my eyes, or the reflection of my eyes in the mirror. I tried to read her expression, but she remained closed. "Those earrings look just fabulous on you, girlfriend," the man in lame was asserting.

"Hey, Hollywood," JK interrupted. He reached out to brush her hip, but she stepped aside and looked at him, her eyes narrowed. "You seen Franklin around?" Mr. Lame also turned around and eyed JK suspiciously, scoping him up and down slowly. He cocked one eyebrow judgementally and then turned his gaze toward me. His look was more inquisitive. I felt my face flush so I flipped my hair back over my shoulder and moved instinctively towards JK.

Franklin was the co-owner of the store, and Hollywood and Franklin lived together. Franklin booked a lot of the gigs around town, and Think Pink was a stopping point for all the punks – Franklin always knew where everyone else was. I wondered about their relationship. Did Hollywood always dress as a woman? What was it like when she got out of the shower? How did they kiss? And, did it make them gay? These were the same questions I'd had about the nuns in Catholic school. JK told me she didn't always dress up, but the only times he had seen her she was a woman. This was the first time, for me – the few times I had come in she hadn't been there. I think I had been afraid to see her, anyway. Hollywood was mysterious to me. I wanted that mystery for myself.

"No," Hollywood said in a voice that was deep but not markedly so, and turned up the volume on a recording of The Vipers, a local garage band. I had been present at one of their recording sessions in the lead singer's basement. In fact, I had put some Neosporin on a new skull tattoo for him. That was the extent of our communication during the two hours I sat on a cement floor and drank warm beer out of a can.

"Well, d'ya know when he's gonna be back in? I need to talk to 'im. About a gig." JK sounded insistent, but Hollywood pulled out a big orange feather duster and began to dust the countertop. Mr. Lame leaned back against the counter and they continued their earring discussion. As usual I was embarrassed, hoping JK wouldn't push it any further. The fact that there were customers in the store made the situation potentially more dangerous – JK could be incited more quickly with an audience. But rather than push it, JK walked out of the store, grabbing my hand along the way. He had an unpaid-for record in the other.

"Dammit, JK," I said when we turned a corner. "I hate it when you do that."

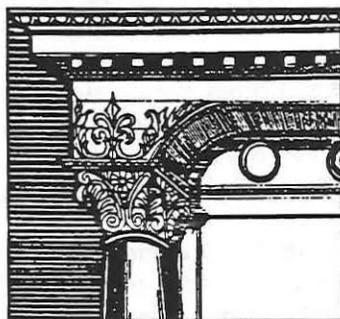
"What?" he said, lighting a cigarette. "She deserved it. Besides, Hollywood was too busy talking to that fag to notice."

And so it stood every time JK felt he had been wronged or ignored. Often he stole from friends' apartments: money, cigarettes, an odd mermaid statue that he eventually gave to me as a birthday present. It was gold, with green painted scales. Her eyes looked Asian. I loved her, but was always afraid that one of our friends might recognize her as their own.

"Do you wanna get something to eat?" I said, because we were about to pass Billy's House of Pizza where you could get a large with extra cheese for \$4.25. I had about \$7, which left enough for a pack of Dunhills and bus fare. I knew JK wanted to stay in town that night, but I was afraid I'd run out of money.

"Hey, you guys," came a voice from behind. We turned around to see Cynthia, the sometime girlfriend of JK's best friend, Charles. Cynthia was ten years older than Charles. We all called her Sin, JK's nickname for her. They had come together after a show at the American Legion, where she had done poppers and slamdanced into Charles. He pushed her against the stage and ripped the sleeve off her flannel shirt. Afterward, she followed us to Ritter's Diner, which was Always Open. We talked together for about three hours, over cups of coffee and scrambled eggs with ketchup. While JK and Charles lit straws on fire and ignored us, she told me about her stints as a GoGo dancer ("I couldn't figure out how to twirl the tassels on my tits"), aerobics instructor ("the spandex gave me crotch rot"), and a pizza deliverer ("damn Greeks always wanted blowjobs behind the ovens"). She was supporting her father, an alcoholic who was laid off after the steel mill industry fell through. Sin's hair was white-white, with black roots. Today she had on a Public Image teeshirt that was torn over her left breast and safety-pinned together.

"Hey, where's Charles?" This was



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a typical Girlfriend greeting, as a way of acknowledging a place in the Scene. If you belonged to someone then you belonged.

"I just left him at the computer lab. He's working on that project."

I knew that they were having some tension by the way she said that. Charles was a hacker, but his passion was computer graphics. He was working on a program that simulated evolution, where fish turned into walking things. His evolutionary stages were wild – these were no ordinary fish or birds or furry animals. Everything was mixed up. The fish became furry and grew big purple wings, or the animals would evolve backwards from walking on four legs to swimming squid-like creatures. Everything had tails, even the ones that looked like humans. Charles always said that humans should have tails, because then we would have more of a clue as to what people were thinking.

"What's he working on now?"

"I dunno, these fucking alligators." Sin was raking her fingers through her hair in a way that exposed her black roots in long streaks. "What do you think it means? I mean, what do you think it all means? You know, if some therapist analyzed these ... these creatures. Do you think it has something to do with our sex life?"

I shrugged my shoulders and pointed my thumb at JK. "Ask him." JK was a lit major. He had gotten an "A" on a paper I typed for him that compared Anna Karenina to supermarket romance novels.

Sin ignored my suggestion. She and JK rarely agreed on anything. "I dunno. I mean, do you think it's sexual, though?"

I bit my lip, wondering how much knowledge I should reveal. JK and Charles shared everything when it came to boy things, and much of it had filtered through to me. How much was true I wasn't sure, because JK was jealous of Charles' and Sin's relationship.

JK lit up a Marlboro Red before he spoke. "I think Charles is a fag."

"Oh, great," I said.

"Fuck you, JK," Sin said.

"He just can't come to terms with it, and those weird animal hybrids are just his way of expressing it."

"Yeah, I know you want him," Sin said.

"Oh, great," I said.

We all paused in front of Billy's, and I lit up a Dunhill for something to do. Sin sat down on the curb and hiked up her multicolored harem pants. This tension was usual when Sin and JK were together, and I felt excluded. They both shared Charles. The tension heightened when Charles was present; JK needed all of his attention.

Finally Sin took the initiative and went into Billy's. JK and I followed. When you opened the door, a cowbell attached to the inside handle clanged grimly. Even though it was some time in the late afternoon, Billy's was dark. The flickering lightbulbs always gave you headaches if you were inside for too long. Along the back wall was a bar with red leather stools and mirrors that had a gold marbled pattern on them. You ordered your pizza through a square in the wall to the right covered with shag carpeting the color of dried blood.

We sat at one of the booths along the front wall. They never cleaned the tables, so there were pizza trays with dried cheese and cigarette butts strewn across it. We moved the trays to the next table where several more were already stacked. We sat in silence. I watched a large woman standing at the bar. She was completely aware of her own body, draping herself across the bar railing, her breasts jutting forward in a red stretch tank top. She was having cocktails and surveying the men at the pool table to her right when she caught me looking at her. I felt a chill run up my spine. She looked at JK sitting next to me, and then she stared hard at me for a second before looking away.

"We were in Think Pink today and I saw Hollywood," I said suddenly.

"Oh yeah? What'd she have on?"

"This little white dress. Very the fifties."

"Oh, that one with fruit on it? Ain't it fabulous?"

"Yeah. Makes you wanna pluck her." Sin and I laughed wickedly. A small Italian woman hissed at us through the window in the wall, and JK went up to get our pizza.

"What's up between the two of you?" Sin said, leaning across the table and running her fingers through her hair.

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing, I guess. Or something that we're not talking about, as usual. I'm tired of hanging at the garage while he practices. I'm tired of getting beers for him. I'm just tired."

"I know what you mean," Sin said sympathetically. "Have you thought of getting a tattoo?"

JK came back with the pizza.

"Why'd you get all pepperoni?" Sin asked. Sin and I were both vegetarians.

"You can pick them off," JK said.

"I don't want to pick them off," I said, even though I usually did. Sin looked up at me.

"Then don't," JK said, and picked up a slice from the pizza pan. Without using a plate he started eating.

"Didn't you pay for the pizza?" Sin asked me. She already knew the answer. JK never bought anything himself. "Then we should've gotten all plain."

"You don't have to eat it. Go get Charles to feed you," he said.

"I don't want this pizza, JK," I said.

"You don't have to eat it then, either."

I looked over at the woman at the bar. She was now sitting on a stool with her red high-heeled sandals hooked around the rungs, staring at a game show on the television. The sound was turned off.

"I'm not gonna pay for it," I said. JK shoved the rest of the slice into his mouth and took another.

"Let me out," I said. Sin stood up and waited. JK didn't move.

"Let me out," I said again. JK still wouldn't move. I drew my legs up onto the green vinyl of the seat and tried to stand up, but JK grabbed my ankle.

"You're not leaving," he said.

With my free leg I stepped onto the seat of the booth behind us, so I was straddling both.

"Let go of me."

"You're not leaving me here," he said and grabbed for my knapsack. Sin slid her foot under the table and hooked her foot through the strap. JK was trapped.

"You bitches," he said. He let go of my ankle and I hopped out. Sin and he were in a powerlock, neither one letting go of the shoulder straps. JK tried to unzip the top, but Sin reached under and grabbed the zipper pull before he could. They started struggling under the table. I watched, feeling on the outside and powerless. I glanced over at the bar and saw the woman had swiveled on the stool to face us.

I lifted my foot and brought an industrial sole down hard on JK's hand. I'll never forget how he looked at me, stunned and panicked. Sin grabbed my arm and swung the knapsack over her shoulder, and we banged the door open. The cowbell clanged wildly as we stomped out.

NOT ANOTHER *Queer* MANIFESTO

By Larry-bob. Reprinted by permission, from Holy Titclamps #7 (spring 1991)

Probably by now you've seen "I Hate Straights" or one of the similar documents hung on the cusp of the decadelike theses (feces) on the door of the Wurtemberg cathedral. If you have, you know what I'm talking about. I'll sum them up: even though straight people support us & all that, they still are not perfect - liberals patting themselves on the back - "Sure, I have gay friends. . ." The rants are anti-assimilationist, and rampant in the use of the word "queer." They say, "We use the word "queer" because it's reclaiming a word, it's non-specific enuf to include all sorts of perverts, blah, blah, blah."

So anyway, what I wanted to convey in the title of this essay was both "Not another queer manifesto," meaning, enough already, no, this isn't another over-idealistic voice crying in the wilderness, and "not another queer manifesto" - recognizing, yes this is another queer manifesto, and I've already tricked you into reading half of it. So has the lesson of these manifestos sunk in? Most so-called queers are still duped, still wearing sweaters and getting \$40 haircuts, so I guess not.

It boils down to this: you can't change herds of people. Those guys at the Gay Men's Chorus are still going to drive back home to the suburbs, get richer than any breeder could hope to be with a nest of rug-rats to slap around, and that faggot will still refer to women as "fish." But by screaming loud enough, we can reach a few. Some pre-teenfag's gonna see a ral queer on a talk show, and realize there's more to life than interior decoration, and get "saved."

Do you understand the demographics? It's not like the 60's when the target of the rebellion was the shorthaired parents of longhaired hippies. It was "All in the Family," unavoidable. But this time, the population lump is the so-called baby-boomers, and they are an immovable mass. And they can choose to ignore us if they want, because they're not our parents; they're in between. Hell, this isn't ageist - if you're in your thirties and truly hate yuppies, you're on our side, an honorary member of the beaten generation.

The final solution? Recruit their kids. Those teenage-mutant-ninja-turtle babies, weaned on PeeWee Herman, are the queer army of the future that's gearing up to fight the yuppies - but they don't know it yet. Every time you kiss your same-sex sweetie in a mall, and some kid sees you, it's another young mind corrupted, another step towards victory. So kiss away! Otherwise, looking at the mall mannequins will turn them into another generation of sweater clones.

Oh, and you're still stuck in your Outweek "everything-ends-at-the-Hudson-river" perspective. What about the fags and dykes stuck in small-town America. You don't expect Phil Donahue to instruct them in the proper ways of queerness do you? It's time for travelling freak shows to every small town on the continent. Dress in bondage gear whenever you go driving cross-country, and stop at every "family" restaurant along the way. Disrupt strip-mall fashion shows with do-it-yourself glamour. People are ignorant - they don't have any concept of what is humanly possible, and shock will hopefully kill them. But remember, the primary purpose isn't to shock breeders - who hives a shit about them, anyway - but to wake up potential queers, who may be scared to death by you this week, but will be improvising their own outfits next week.

Victory is assured; we'll be the heroes of a generation of queers, by which time we'll also be cynical enough to make a buck off them.

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NOTES FROM A DISPLACED FAG

#2: "QUEER CULTURE IN PITTSBURGH, OR TALKIN' BOGUS JOURNEYS" ▲▲▲▲

by Daniel Schott



So, I'm kind of bored and my boyfriend is at work so I decide to go see some guy's video which was produced locally.

So, I went and the video was about HIV negative people trying to imagine themselves being infected.

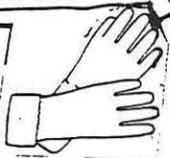
I thought it was insulting watching healthy people being upset at the notion of being sick.

I just couldn't imagine having... IT... and I feel so terrible and just thinking about it makes me think of death and I think about people who actually DO have it and I couldn't imagine just deteriorating and being so ugly and they must go through so much -sos-



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I WENT TO THE BOOKSTORE TO GET OVER THE STUPID VIDEO. THE QUEER BOOKS WERE IN THE BACK. BOOKS ABOUT AIDS USED TO BE WITH GAY BOOKS, BUT THEY GOT MOVED UP INTO THE HEALTH SECTION. I GUESS AFTER 12 YEARS, AIDS LITERATURE NO LONGER HAS TO HIDE WITH THE GAY PORN (LATENCY PERIOD). I STILL DIDN'T SEE ANY SAFER SEX MANUELS. MAYBE ITS HIDDEN BETWEEN CHAPTERS.



Typical Pittsburgh-style Pre-Stonewall Assimilationist Example #2:



You are so cute and young and I hate myself for liking you so much

I Bumped INTO MY Friend Diana leaving the bookstore. She was headed to the comic store to look for lesbian comics. She never found any although she always keeps looking. She's always determined, has a stylin' haircut, and an unbelievable purse that looks like a can of spam. She is a dyke's dyke.

I never find any dyke comics, but I always keep looking



WEIRD STRAIGHT-BOY SCI-FI COMIC STORE

→ THAT WAY

WHAT HAPPENED TO QUEER NATION?

Wild **QUEER**
Fasci **NATION**
Brilliant **QUEER**
Imagi **NATION**
Flaming **QUEER**
Illumi **NATION**
Resisting Anti- **QUEER**
Indoctri **NATION**
Relentless **QUEER**
Self-Exami **NATION**
Cranky **QUEER**
Conster **NATION**
Righteous **QUEER**
Indig **NATION**
Militant **QUEER**
Insubordi **NATION**
Passionate **QUEER**
Determi **NATION**
Ecstatic **QUEER**
Culmi **NATION**

While working on a play with a friend and in the course of general conversation, wedged somewhere between director's notes and yawns, I happened into one of those Topics; the kind that provides not only an endless road, but a car to drive down it. In other words, a Topic where no matter how I play around it, I end up not ending up anywhere. I'm talking about the State of the Union, the Queer Nation, the all-inclusive Non-Hetero thing, trying to see if I can make myself believe that such a thing exists and that if it does, can its fracturing into pieces be stopped?

The subject that brought this up was the playwright of the piece we were working on. When I asked about the man's other work and whether he was Queer, the response was a Very Knowing, "oh he's gay, but he can't stand Gay guys. . . you know, effeminate, queeny men. . . "

There's suddenly that upsurge of Queer Patriotism; in an instant, battle plans are being formed, strategies of point and counter-point begin to sketch out. . . my first response? Make one of those Devastating Comments that shows I'm Here, I'm Queer that I Don't Draw Lines Within My Own Ranks! I Don't Tolerate Internalized Homophobia! Queers Must Stand In Solidarity! Unite! Unite!

Luckily my impromptu solo protest was sidetracked by a brilliant facefull of tungsten spotlight and by my 2nd thought (which was tagging along right behind, stepping on the heels of my Chuck Taylors.) How can I get pissed at this one person? Sure, this guy walking around helping to perpetuate the Straight Acting And Appearing Myth isn't making life any easier for the rest of us, but it's more than that. It's no big surprise, a lot of Non-Hetero people don't acknowledge a Common Sexual Identity as basis enough for Queer Solidarity. And I ask myself, is it even a Common Sexual Identity? Is acknowledging our Non-Hetero status enough to pull us together? Is it more appropriate to say we have a collective dissimilarity than it is to say we have a collective identity? Perhaps that's where part of our weakness comes from, the idea that we're not so much together because we're a united group with a common cause, but that we're all simply not part of the majority and in that is embedded the resignation to find a common thread. Throw over all this the blanket of Invisibility (the fact that a person can play The Het Game any time they choose to) and I end up asking myself where revolution is without willingness to sacrifice and what happens when others decide you're in it, willing or not. Should I be blowing the doors off of other people's closets? I used to say, if it affects me then I have the right to take away that "privilege" of the closet, to take the shiny toy away. Where does it not affect me? Doesn't the entire practice of allowing closets affect me by letting the world continue to deny my existence? Doesn't your choice affect my reality? Where's the line? Until until, gentle readers. . . - David Kyle

YOU'RE SOAKING IN IT!
QUEER NATION - GET OVER IT!

HOMOSEX IS TRADITIONAL

IF WE REALLY "FLAUNT OUR SEXUALITY" - HOW COME MOST STRAIGHT PEOPLE ARE STILL SO STUPID ABOUT HOW HOMOSEXUALITY WORKS? WHY DO THEY ASK IF YOUR DICK GETS SHIT ON IT FROM ANAL SEX? WHY DO THEY PERSIST IN THINKING THAT LESBIAN SEX IS JUST HUGGING AND KISSING? WHY DO THEY THINK THE ONLY THING GAY MEN DO IS FUCK? HOW COME THEY DON'T KNOW THE MOST COMMON POSITION DURING ANAL SEX IS TO FACE EACH OTHER? WHY DO THEY ASK: IF LESBIANS USE DILDOS THEN WHY DON'T THEY JUST HAVE SEX WITH MEN? WHY DO THEY ASK WHO PLAYS THE MAN & WHO'S THE WOMAN? WHY DO THEY INSIST THAT WE ARE ALL LONELY & DESPERATE? WHY DON'T THEY SEE THAT MOST OF US HAVE SAFER SEX THAN MOST OF THEM? HOW COULD HOMOSEX BE SUCH AN ENIGMA AFTER ALL THIS TIME IF WE REALLY FLAUNTED IT LIKE THEY SAY WE DO? WHY DO THEY HAVE TO BE SUCH A - H O L E S ?

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