

"When you look in the mirror

do you smash it quick

do you take the glass

and slash your wrists

Nestlé®

Quart #3



Real Chocolate Flavor

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QuART: QUEERS And Related Terrorists

Did you do it for fame

did you do it in a fit

Did you do it before

you read about it?"

- Poly Styrene,

"Identity"

"Hide Mouth"/"Yoko At Indica"
by Yoko Ono. Otherwise it's a
collin generic bit.

QuART
Queers And Related Terrorists
hampshire college box 1372
amherst, ma 01002

gay male republicans should be laughed & shot at

HOW

Do

I

Love

THEE

?

let

me

Count

the



HATE OUR FIRST LANGUAGE HAIL



The psychological ramifications of getting Queer-bashed a couple weeks ago had nothing on those I just got from kids, perhaps ages 4 to 9 years old, who already knew the Language of Hate.

At the very worst, my reaction to getting bashed was Shame; "Why didn't you learn to fight better," and all the generic questions. But mostly I just felt my usual and productive Rage.

While few Queer-bashers have graduated beyond childhood mentality (most can only hope to get there in the first place), they generally have some kind of sinking feeling, an unvoiced, blocked-out self-questioning of their actions. A clever word can fuck their minds and bring out ye ole Sexuality Insecurity. But kids? They're too young to be insecure about rationale or have any of the traditional doubts. No matter how clever your retort, you're a Dyke or a Fag and that means you merit persecution. They might not know what Queers are, but they know Queers are bad. You can't explain to kids that you're not their enemy when everything around them tells them that you are.

Right now any boy with two earrings is a Faggot. Today they throw words and pebbles and maybe a tiny fist that scrapes the air near you, not on you; give 'em a few years and nothing will come between a Queer's skull and their baseball bat. They may or may not know what they're saying now, but graduation to new knowledge doesn't necessarily mean past knowledge is reconsidered. You can't laugh this kind of thing off as childhood foolishness.

I say that if a kid is old enough to preach hate like the kids in my neighborhood do, if the kid is old enough to throw pebbles, then that kid is old enough to be impolitely told

the cold facts. If that kid can scream out the word "Faggot", the kid can be told, YOU DON'T FUCK WITH ANYONE UNLESS THEY FUCK WITH YOU. Why? COS ONE DAY YOU MAY MEET A FAGGOT WHO'S NOT AS NICE AS ME. ONE DAY YOU MAY MEET A FAGGOT WHO'S HAD A BAD DAY, A FAGGOT WHO'S LOST THAT JOB AND WHO'S CONTROL IS GONNA BE THE NEXT THING TO GO. We prey on those who are vulnerable, and if some vulnerable twerp not half your height is yappin at ya, who's not gonna be more infuriated than if it were some Andre-sized basher? Like at school, when a verbal blow from the "cool" crowd evoked my anger, but the same words from an "uncool" kid sent me FLYING into full-tilt Rage. I don't hit kids. But who's gonna stop somebody else? It's the age of QUEERS BASH BACK. So if you care about kids at all, you tell them that when they start into their language of hate, this language which is everyone's first language nowadays. You warn that kid, those kids, before they know what they're saying, BEFORE they consider getting that baseball bat, that bat that will increasingly be met with bats of equal strength. Or a gun.

See Dick.

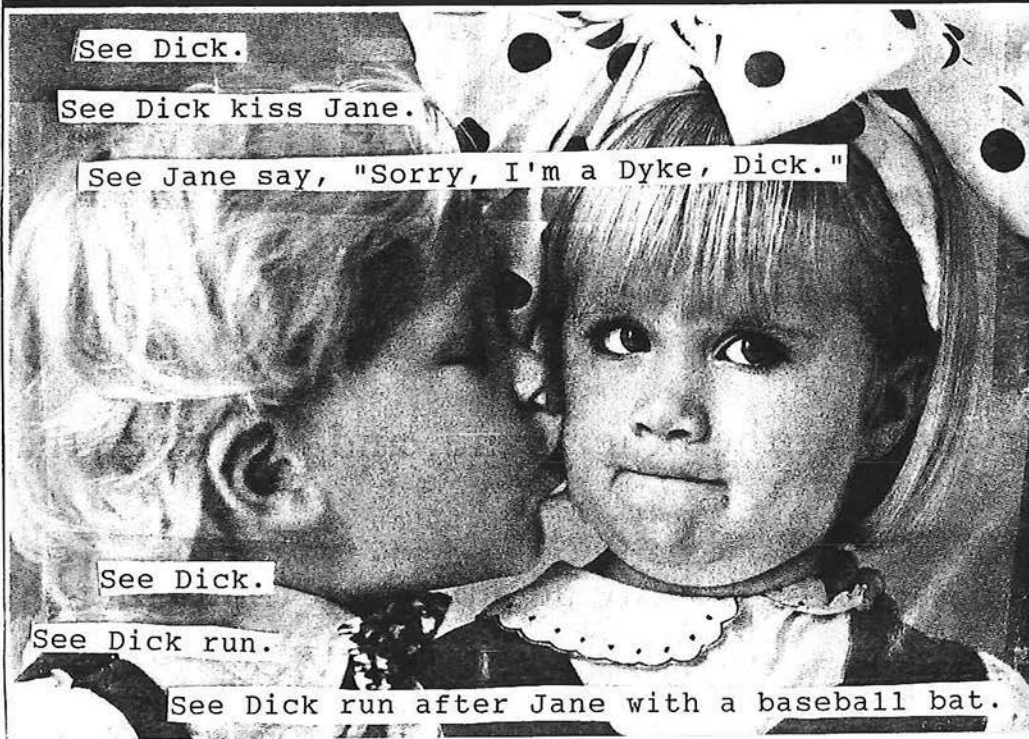
See Dick kiss Jane.

See Jane say, "Sorry, I'm a Dyke, Dick."

See Dick.

See Dick run.

See Dick run after Jane with a baseball bat.



LOOK I'M JUST NOT INTERESTED IN PROMOTING SAFER SEX MORE THAN WE ALREADY ARE. THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN SENT, PERMANENT IN OUR HEADS AS A CREVICE IN THE BRAIN. SOME WILL LISTEN, SOME WILL NOT. SOME WILL LISTEN BUT FIND THEMSELVES IN THAT ONE-TIME SITUATION WITHOUT LATEX AND TAKE THE RISK, OTHERS WILL RISK IT EVEN IF LATEX IS AROUND. I IN NO WAY PROMOTE OR BELIEVE IN UNSAFE SEX. BUT ALL THE MONEY SPENT ON OVER-DRILLING SAFER SEX MESSAGES & EDUCATION DOES NOTHING FOR THOSE WHO ARE ALREADY HIV+, NOR FOR THOSE WHO WILL BE. CONDOMS BREAK, DENTAL DAMS SPRING FROM FINGERS & RISKS ARE TAKEN. IT'S JUST A FACT, OKAY? AND NO THE CONSERVATIVES AND LIBERALS WHO SAY THOSE WHO PRACTICE UNSAFE SEX ARE ASKING FOR AIDS ARE WRONG. NOBODY ASKS FOR AIDS. A RISK HAS BEEN TAKEN AND MAYBE THE RESULTS AREN'T PLEASING. IT'S NO BIG DEAL.

WHAT IS A BIG DEAL IS A GOVERNMENT THAT IS INACTIVE AND NEGLIGENT, CHALKING IT ALL UP TO A LITTLE BUBONIC THING THAT EFFECTS ONLY VERMIN. WHAT IS A BIG DEAL IS PROFITEERING. THOSE WHO MAKE DRUGS UNAVAILABLE, COLLECTING MORE \$\$ FOR THE MORE TESTS THEY DO AND SO NEVER WANT TO STOP TESTING...THOSE WHO TEST ON ANIMALS INSTEAD OF THE HUMANS WHO REALLY WANT & NEED IT...THOSE WHO KEEP SECRETS, MORE INTERESTED IN COLLECTING ALL THE DOUGH A CURE WILL BRING THAN WORKING TOGETHER TO FIND A CURE SPECIFICALLY TO SAVE PEOPLE... THOSE WHO KEEP DRUGS AT A PRICE JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO ENSURE YOU'LL DIE IN SEVERE DEBT.

I BELIEVE IN THE CURRENT EROTICISM OF SAFER SEX, AND THINK THOSE OF SAFER-SEX PROMOTION INTEREST SHOULD DO MORE OF THAT THAN WRITE TEXT-BOOK LANGUAGE FLIMSYNESS. BUT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT ARE THE ISSUES ABOVE. INSTEAD OF PRODUCING A ZILLION DIFFERENT SAFER-SEX PAMPHLETS THAT ALL SAY THE SAME THING, WE SHOULD MAKE PAMPHLETS THAT TELL HOW TO ORGANIZE RIOTS AND DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST PROFITEERS. WE SHOULD HAVE GOV't SPONSORED PAMPHLETS BY PWA's ABOUT LIVING W/ AIDS, AND TEACH THAT AIDS PREVENTION IS A LESS PRESS-ISSUE THAN COMBATING AIDS ALREADY IN THE BLOOD-STREAM. COS A CURE IS A CURE, AND SAFER-SEX ONLY A PRECAUTION

BRIGHT ~~toxic~~ THINGS LIE AHEAD

"By nature I am not a violent person. When I get mad, I start shaking, my blood starts to heat up, and I am afraid I might hurt somebody fighting.... Once I am in the middle of a fight, though, I enjoy it." - Mary Crow Dog

I was not happy that the Queer rights bill in Rhode Island got voted down again, but I was gleeful that a riot ensued. Somebody tried to bungy-jump from the balcony onto the house floor, others tried handcuffing themselves to the state house interior, while hundreds others swarmed outside the room where the evil lying demonic state reps were, caging them in. They were too afraid to leave as we screamed outside their doors. The state house has nice echoes, so it sounded extra ferocious. We stickered the place, and later swiped their pizza which they ordered for dinner. Later, a bunch of Queers emptied a literal truckload of cow shit outside one particularly evil state rep's office.

A lot of un-Queer Queers were horrified. They talked about how the state would now see us as a bunch of psychos. Personally, I don't have a problem with them seeing us as such. I LIKE it that way. I like it when fascists think I'm psycho cos maybe then they'll be scared into oh-so-generously giving me my rights. Maybe they'll FUCK OFF...Or try to commit me to an institution, thus giving me cause to take real psychopathic action and blow them away.

Funny thing was, even some Queers who organized the riot were mad that we'd stickered some "priceless" portraits of dead white men. Cos it showed "disrespect." One leader even yelled, "Pick up any trash you have" as, after five hours, we trickled out of the state house.

Puh-lease.

They just pissed all over us. They take away my life rights, my freedom, my equality, and I'm supposed to be sure that none of my cigarette ashes hit the ground, uglying up their space? They throw dirt on me, and I'm supposed to dry clean my dirt off their clothes? No.

They call vandalism destructive.

I say it's minimal compared to the destruction of equal rights we get year after year.

My best memories of summer were basically spent vandalizing or with vandals. I've found that vandals make better conversationalists than other people.

I hate that vandalism is necessary form of communication. But honestly, they asked for it and a lot more. I hate that vandalism is a necessity but damn desecrating state and church is fun once you get into it.

The down part is that vandalism really just tides me over. It doesn't remotely live up to my personal philosophy, which is:


IF ALTERNATIVE METHODS OF COMBAT FAIL YOU, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SETTLE FOR AN-EYE-FOR-AN-EYE; TAKE TWO EYES FOR EACH EYE THEY TAKE FROM YOU, COS MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE IF THEY CAN'T BLINK TWICE.

I'M JUST VANDALIZING THEIR WALL.
THEY'RE VANDALIZING US.

ps- the rhode island Lesbian Avengers didn't like a huge billboard for club Hooters. The billboard said "Hooters Is Here" but had the "is" crossed out and had an "are" written over it: "Hooters Are Here." You can imagine what the two "O's" in "Hooters" are modeled after. So what did the Avengers do? Climbed on up that billboard in the middle of the night. Now the sign says: "Hooters Are TITS. Sexism is Ugly." And they signed it. That was the best piece of vandalism I saw all summer.

INTRODUCING
THE BRILLIANCE
AND SHINE

We know that one in ten people are homos...or something like that. Including Bisexuality, (which they never do), the % of Queers is even higher. There were more than nine people in Hitler's army.



So it is more than likely that one of the nazi soldiers pictured is homo- or bisexual.

We know that during nazi germany, Queers were gassed by the thousands.

It is improbable that they were not frequently lead to the gas chamber by a homo- or bisexual soldier.

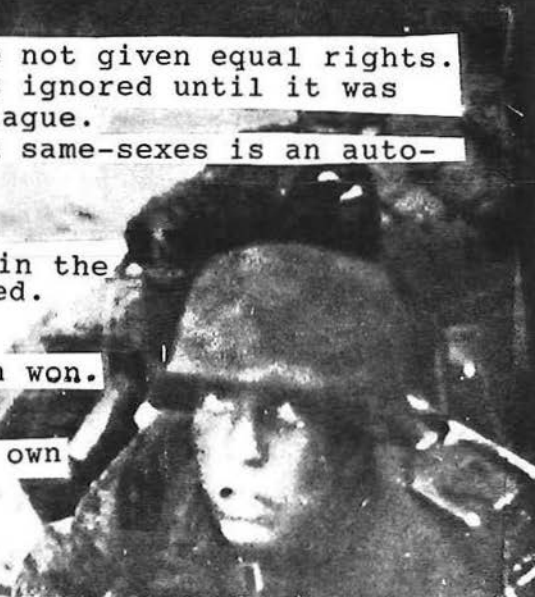
In america, Queers are not given equal rights. The "Queer Plague" was ignored until it was no longer the Queer Plague.

Sexual contact between same-sexes is an automatic felony.

But the ban on Queers in the military has been lifted.

One battle has been won.

You may now lead your own to the gas chamber.



I HAVE JUST ONE THING TO SAY: YOU BETTER READ GLORIA STEINEM, RUPAUL!

Recently we had a Girlie Party in my grungey ol' apartment. I don't really wear skirts very often and neither do my Women friends, so we thought we'd frilly-out for a night and listen to "Girls Just Want To Have Fun" a lot. The whole city was invited. Women came from all over, and so did one punk strait guy (in Riot Grrrl attire). We drank girlie drinks and smoked Virginia Slims and Mistys. And it was fabulous.

Then the Queer boys showed up.

Now when you're invited to a Girlie Party, it's good to go in girlie attire. But just in case, some friends had rounded up sinkfuls of make-up for those who showed up ungirly.

I don't think these Queer boys could have looked as terrified if they were being chased by a band of homophobic ax-murderers...The object of their terror?

Lipstick.

Yup, lipstick. "Oh god, no" one boy said as he lurched away from my make-up bearing hand. He then touched his facial hair over and over. I got a similar response from the others.

They were afraid that if they wore make-up, suddenly every gay male stereotype would apply to them. Everything about "Gay men want to be women and they're all femmes" would be true. They'd be emasculated, god forbid. The very forces which created these stereotypes had them under control. The very forces they were fighting and attacking won a glorious victory; by saying "All your kind is like this and that's bad", it led the Queers into a fear of being - even if only for one night of play - that thing, that stereotype. It made them overly defensive; one touch of that lipstick and their masculinity would dissolve forever. Me? I could never date a guy who was so insecure that he feared lipstick, a guy whose confidence lay in whether his lips were painted or not, a

a guy who doubted his masculinity so highly. Infact, I could never date a guy who gave a shit about whether he was masculine or not. Eew.

I said to one of them, "But look at Mr. Riot Grrrl over there. He's in drag."

"Yeah but he's strait," was the answer. Okay I get it. If you're a strait guy you're automatically masculine, so can do whatever frilly thing you want. But because you're Queer, you can not. Sounds like Equality is a long way away if we're still in that mind-set.

Fortunately some Queers are over that, and are so happy that Rupaul - a Queer AND a drag queen to top it off - is all over MTV. NOT ME. Rupaul is lauded for long legs and shapely hips as she sings about the glories of being a Supermodel. Finally, a highly visible Queer role model to emulate, right? Too bad girls are starving themselves to get that Supermodel look. We all know Rupaul is a sweetheart, but she needs a good course in Feminism 101. I don't care how radical the identity, but anyone who glorifies Supermodels has got to go. Work it, girl. Work on not eating. Work on ralphing. Do your thing, your starvation thing; anything to look like those voluptuous -breasted supermodels. But of course now the Supermodel is being replaced by the "Waif"; Twiggy-esque chicken-bones with virtually no chest. Looks like you got those breast implants too early, girls.

As an alternative to Rupaul's "Super-model," I suggest the Voodoo Queens' "Super-model - Superficial" 7-inch (red vinyl!) It's good ol' punk romp and both lyricaly and packaging-wise offers much much much info about the ways in which the media still controls women's bodies.

I say: DON'T MAKE YOUR BODY BECOME FABULOUS, MAKE FABULOUSNESS BE YOUR BODY.

AND:
FEMINIST DRAG IS FABULOUS

"Supermodel - Superficial" by
Voodoo Queens is available from:

too pure/p.o.box 1944/london NW10 5PJ
ENGLAND

Hide-Mouth

Hide your mouth at all times.

The government should pass a law to prohibit such indecent exposure.



YOKO
at
INDICA

INDICA GALLERY 6 MASON'S YARD DUKE ST JAMES LONDON SW1

Cover of *Yoko at Indica*, Indica Gallery, London, 1966

Are Gay Men Born That Way?

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