

SmegDog



The slightly ammended intro, to the severely ammended Smeg Dog. What you have here isn't exactly what I planned on, but plans, well they're roadkill on the highway of life. Or something. I expected to be stuck here in scenic nothing carolina for a couple more months at least, and I expected to be making some money, finally. Well, it seems that I was wrong on both counts, so I don't have the time or cash to do a real zine. To save money, I'm cutting out most of the graphics and photocopy collages, so everything's going to kind of run together. I don't really like how it looks, but I'm learning to live with things I don't like, so what the fuck. To save time, any of the stuff I was in the middle of writing will be put off until whenever. So here's Smeg Dog #1, the aborted issue. Back to our regularly scheduled introduction.

Self indulgence. That's what the intro to any zine is. This is where the zine meister tells how hard it was to finish it, how much s/he had to sacrifice to bring you this work of art, maybe even opens up a little, gives you a priviledged peek into the personal life, sheds a tiny tear. Oh, and the sacrifices.

So here's the intro. Here's the self indulgence. It feels a little guilty to me. Don't ask me why. There's something in my protopsyche that makes me feel that anything I do for myself is excessive. I mention this only to explain the following. The what I'm doing here and why I'm back doing my zine. I used to do another zine called the Ty-Phoo Times. It was an outgrowth of a different time, a different life. The only commonality between that time and now, between T2 and Smegdog, is that I once again have too much dead time. I'm no longer too busy living life to record it.

In a kind of a for-the-record thing, kind of by way of explanation or excuse or whatever, the how i ended up here... I used to live in Seattle. I wish i still did. I'm planning on living there again. It's just a matter of time. So is death, of course, but that's a different part of the story. I got busted for squatting last year, and thought it best to leave town for a little while. In the interim, i somehow allowed myself to be suckered into taking care of my father, who has Alzheimer's Disease. He lives here, backwater, middle o' fucking nowhere Nothing Carolina. And until either he dies or we ship him off to some senior citizen's deathcamp, so do i.

So I'm not exactly a happy camper at the moment. There isn't much time to mellow out and smile and shit like that. So what the fuck. Guess I'll do a zine instead. Yippee.

Smeg Dog is born from frustration and dislocation and tension, and no small amount of drunken stupidity cum depression. I've been fucking around for months trying to get everything just right, but I've reached a bankruptcy of concern. I just want to get something done, and if it's absolute shit, so what. I'm beyond the point of giving a fuck about much of anything right now.

OK, that's the bummer shit. Now for the excitement. It's the official Smeg Dog Inaugural Contest. Free to anyone who can tell me what "smeg dog" means is your choice of a box of MUFFIN MIX, a CRUSTY CUM RAG or a COMP TAPE of whatever i feel like copying. Don't delay. Enter now!

Write me.

Smeg Dog, c/o Ken

P.O. Box 6917, South Brunswick, NC 28470

e-mail quilombo69@aol.com

the thanks list, zine things: bill in sydney australia for the cover...rick for giving me the space to write and copy, access to his spiffy new laser printer and help with collating and mailing....andi for the iowa potato soup recipe...

caffeine as god

i like coffee, a lot. i like to drink it until i tremble so much that i can't hold a pen. i like to drink it until i reach the point of a coffee blow, a shit so fast and powerful that all i have to do is drop my jeans and squat and bam! it's done. one shot, one shit. wipe and that's it. my guts growl and choke. my hands shake. my asshole burns. it's a revelation.

i think i now know the true role coffee plays in my life. it's not just that it's a cool universally obtainable addictive speed high that makes it almost impossible to type. it's really a great metaphor for life, dark and bitter, varying from scalding to frigid, drunk quickly for the high, nursed for the space it lets me hold to when it's too wet/cold/hot/lonely to go back to the streets, wrenching my guts, encouraging me to contemplate the anything thru the reflections on its surface. one of my most vivid memories is sitting in veselka, nyc, one night after bar close, maybe 4:30 or 5:00 am, sitting against the street-side window trick-less, staring down into my coffee mug, free refills, absorbing the meaning of the steam and captivated by the neon veselka rainbow reflected off the shining black surface, the intensity of the colors, the way they'd distort when i'd tap the cupside only to right themselves if given the chance, wondering if i could do the same to my own life, if i'd only give myself the chance. and now, here, years later, the chance is forced on me, and i'm still wondering, no longer homeless and no less directionless.

so i dig around until i find my battered chevron mug, veteran of a thousand wanders, close companion ever clipped to my pack or jacket or belt loop, ever waiting to hold coffee or hide beer sipped on broadway seattle and passed among us; or smuggled into myriad anonymous bars, trick hunting, refuge seeking. in a world of week long friendships-til-the-end, my chevron mug, logo worn bare and now nearly invisible, has been here for years. i pour my coffee off into it, feeling more at ease drinking from that than from the too-small corell cups with the pretty little blue flower pattern, repeated, matching the saucers, repeated, matching the plates, repeated, on forever. death to the different.

coffee stories. in portugal, my morning routine was simple. walk to my favorite cafe, one for each place i'd stay for any length of time. o cafe tico-tico in porto, slave managed 12 or 13 year old kid who'd try to practice his english with me whenever his father wasn't yelling at him. one of the very few people i tipped while i was there. he knew first i wanted cafe so. what is known here as espresso; there it is simply "coffee". then cafe com leite, seattle-wise, a latte. then maybe another cafe. the only thing he ever had to ask was what kind of pastry. excellent pastries, the perfect balance, sugar against coffee.

victoria, where i went to dry out and booze too expensive to touch, i would drink pots of coffee, brewed in a saucepan, grounds boiled and burned to leach out whatever caffeine they might hold. caffeine mixed with portuguese actified to get stoned. and smoking hash, hot knives. any high will do when i need to dry out.

and now here, so unlike victoria and the memories of there, the friendships made and the one surviving still, surviving time-and-space the love-slayer, here is nowhere, nothing. but coffee is the thread. now brewed in expensive hi tech thermos pot, inherited from my father's nicotine junkie wife, dead from nicotine overdose in the form of a grapefruit-sized tumor, lung cancer. picture that--a grapefruit in your lung. her death mercifully swift, only a month and a half of radiation torture, a couple weeks of bedridden moans and bloody coughs, agony tempered by morphine addiction. ironies! coma. death.

and so now i use her coffee pot, never empty, to feed my caffeine addiction, to try to temper my alcohol addiction, fearless of morphine addiction, her supply also inherited and long since exhausted.

the thanks list, life things: rick (again)...everyone in seattle who puts up with long drunken calls, but especially kevin and rodger, saviors christ should envy...little john, gutter punk from hell and friend to the end...nick, still on his little island in the middle of the pacific...jen angel for letting me hide out at her place for awhile & dave in milwaukee for the same...john bollier, still held dear...everyone else who's given me a place to scream...

Being Gay is Inherently Radical

By Rex Wackner

Being gay is a very radical, non-mainstream, countercultural, misfit, way-off-the-left-end-of-the-political-spectrum thing to be. For this reason, it strikes me as odd that we have in our midst gay Republicans, gay corporate executives, gay fundamentalists, gay yuppies and so on.

Don't get me wrong, I realize *anybody* can turn out to be gay. What I *don't* understand is how once an individual has found the dominant cultural norm on homosexuality to be incorrect, the same individual can continue buying into cultural norms across-the-board in other areas. You see, being gay should give us special eyes to see through our socialization, to see through the expectations, traditions, sacred cows, religions and world views of our contemporaries.

To put it bluntly, a yuppie corporate lawyer can't (consistently) come out of the closet and continue being a yuppie corporate lawyer, unless he or she places the highest priority on living a schizophrenic existence.

Let's use an analogy. If a Catholic is gay and realizes through his homosexual experiences that the Catholic church is wrong about homosexuality, then he *logically* has to realize the Catholic church is also wrong on birth control, masturbation, pre-marital sex and a host of other issues.

If a corporate yuppie is gay and realizes the morals and norms of his corporate world on homosexuality are wrong, he should begin suspecting many other norms and values as well. Items on the suspect list could include monogamy, capitalism, ladder-climbing, private health care, academia, materialism, money, and just about anything else.

You see, the only reason we buy into all kinds of norms is because we've been raised not to question them. But once our experience (like being gay) forces us to challenge some fundamental principles of society (homosexuality is bad/wrong/sick/sinful), it ought to tip us off to the fact that *other* fundamental principles of our society could be just as *wrong*. In a sense, being gay gives us permission to become questioners, challengers, radicals, even prophets, because we have an inside track.

When I was 19, and auto-piloting my way through college, I presupposed that the following things were basic: screwing women, getting A's, getting part-time journalism experience, never missing my university's football and basketball games, consuming kegs of beer, keeping my car waxed, and keeping my parents somewhat content.

Ten years later, I value a different list of things: good friendships, one special partner, playing and laughing, "de-accumulation" of material clutter in my life, travel, self-understanding, and a systematic attempt to blow off life-draining expectations of my culture.

How did I get from the beer-guzzling, car-waxing football fan of 1976 to the playful, de-accumulating radical of 1987?

I found out that I was gay and that the norms of my society were inadequate to help me construct a workable life as a gay man. I found out I was on my own.

What a chance! I was on my own to construct my life as I chose. If job "A" didn't give my life meaning, then I would feed myself another way. If "building a career" seemed like an odd response to the *fact* I would be dead in 50 years anyway, then I wouldn't "build" a career.

In fact, all sorts of things that were givens in my existence opened up to questioning. For example, for the longest time I asked monogamy of my partners in gay relationships. Finally, however, I found myself in a pleasant, life-giving relationship with a fellow who thought monogamy was contrary to his well-being. I was faced with the simple choice of playing by his rules or not playing. So, I allowed myself some polygamy. Not only did it not harm our relationship, but it rather gave it a relaxed, healthy feel. Another societal given bit the dust.

Capitalism is another etched-in-stone fundamental first principle of my society that my new role as questioner has allowed me to challenge. I think it was walking to work in the Loop of Chicago and stepping over people who had spent the night sleeping on the sidewalk. Or, perhaps it was talking with my eye doctor who couldn't get any health insurance because he had had a heart attack 10 years earlier. Perhaps it was a simple response to the 90,000 television and billboard ads that have bombarded me.

On the other hand, it may have been watching my college friends work and slave at night just to get an education during the day. Or maybe it was spending a summer in Scandinavia, where all sorts of things we pay for, they receive free. I saw no poverty in Denmark, much less crime, and in many ways a freer society than our own pillar of Democracy. (I was just recently informed by the U.S. government that I may not vacation in Cuba; no American can; *our* government won't let us go.)

Questioning the givens around me has also led me down some paths that I was surprised to tread. Academia is a good example. As I was writing my unimpeachable research paper in grad school on some unfathomably remote topic, it dawned on me one day that I'm going to be dead in fifty years. Did I really want to be sitting in a musty library reading things in Latin when there was a world out there and a life to live? At some point, I realized, we must abandon our formal education and get on with the informal business of *living*.

The examples are many. The point is that I began to question all the muck in my life only after I gave myself permission to question my culture on homosexuality. Once I found out this norm was screwed it was simply logical to assume society could be screwed in a number of things.

Thank God I'm gay, because I got a chance to step outside and view the madness from a distance. Now I'm free to try to map out my own life.

Rex Wackner is a free lance columnist for the Windy City Times in Chicago. His work will be appearing in the Body Politic and the Advocate in July.

that, tomorrow... was with two friends. Let's meet, you know

6/27—BLUE SEDAN. YOU ran over my neighbor's orange cat on 17th street by Ravenna park, turned around, saw me and then sped away. Man, you have reset the zero mark for humanity—but that's okay because I have your license plate number. Call if you want to keep whatever karma you might have left. (See you soon either way).

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IT'S DUELING POTATO SOUPS

Caldo Verde is the basic Portuguese potato soup. Just about every house has a small patch of *couve galiza*, which is a type of broad-leaf, headless cabbage. It grows about three feet tall and has tough, bluish-green leaves that look kind of like broccoli. *Couve galiza* isn't exactly easy to find, so I've substituted kale.

- 1 large onion, peeled and finely minced
- 1 large garlic clove, peeled and minced
- 4 tbsps. olive oil
- 6 large white potatoes, peeled, halved and sliced thin
- 2 qt. cold water
- [6 oz. chorizo or pepperoni] (optional)
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt.
- 1/4 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 1 lb. fresh kale (collard, turnip or mustard greens will work too)

Saute onion and garlic in 3 tbsps. oil until glassy (do not brown). Add potatoes and saute 2 or 3 minutes, until they begin to color. Add water and boil gently for 20 - 25 minutes until potatoes are mushy.

Meanwhile, clean the kale by removing and discarding the hard center stalk. Roll the leaves into cigars about 3/4" in diameter and make 1/4" slices across the end. [Optional: At this time, also fry the chorizo over low heat until most of the fat is cooked out; drain.]

When the potatoes are cooked, remove from heat and mash in the pan with the water until smooth (though not completely pureed). Add salt and pepper and simmer 5 minutes. Add kale and cook about 5 minutes, until tender. Add the last tablespoon of oil and serve. [To serve traditionally, put a piece of chorizo in the bowl and serve the caldo verde over it.]

Iowa Potato Soup

courtesy of Andi Dassopoulos in Cucamonga, California

- 6 medium potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 2 carrots, diced
- 6 celery stalks, diced
- 2 quarts water
- 1 onion, chopped
- 6 Tbsp butter or margarine
- 6 Tbsp all purpose flour
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Cook potatoes in a large kettle with carrots and celery until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid and setting vegetables aside. In the same kettle, saute onion in butter until soft. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Gently stir in cooked vegetables and potatoes. Add one cup or more of reserved liquid until soup is desired consistency.

Prostitution Story #1

Hustling here is nothing like before, New York with my long list and regular tricks, the rotation--still, New York sense and I call the tricks though gradually absorbing the west coast "date," so innocent and false and still the same.

With no New York list here and more disgusted than ever with polite gay bars and still trying to avoid the cold and rain of street work, I work less now, and more harshly to the johns, less honesty and less "fuck, why not?" More brutally direct, no longer reticent. Most tricks, dates, are convinced I am straight, and therefore much younger, this considered a triumph, to be again 19 and to be straight more so--so much easier to hustle and say no when they think I don't want to be there anyway (and I'm not sure if they're right).

So now, the slow effort to build the Seattle list...

Two nights ago, broke but feeling rich, \$30 in my pocket left from the pot sale the day before, tuning out annoying fag disco music--the stuff that makes me wonder what at all I have in common with these people--with local punk music played on cheaply traded (and partly busted) walkman. Tipping bartender I don't like to keep from being booted for being so obvious a hustler, straight punk me.

Scouting the crowd; thin pickings tonight. Maybe six men, all but one paired off or in groups. The one alone, drinking coffee, cruising me, tries to score me. Comes over, asks what I'm listening to (Bumpin' Uglies, Ballard punk beauties), asks to listen. Says he likes. Ask him to buy me a beer and he says he can't. He has a 6-pack at home he'll share.--What am I doing here, in a gay bar?

Trying to get enough cash for me and my pal (Brett) to take the bus to SF for Thanksgiving, to see my brother (my only relative out west here, me transplant) (themes: friendship, longing for family at holidays; heart strings music played slow, halting--I must be desperate to sell my ass just to see my brother, young straight kid like me, 19 or 20 and clearly bribing the bartender to let me work). Three times he threatens to leave with or without me, offering me beer, and staying. I play for time, nursing my beer (a skill I never perfected), assessing odds. I can't get him to commit to paying. He makes me uneasy. Can I score anyone else? Doubt it. Bail the date anyway.

Cold night drunk. Too far to walk anywhere I can crash. Try to hit up the one guy moderately attractive, offering to blow him for a place to stay, not so obvious in my intention, commenting on his beautiful cock (though cut, it was), and failing miserably.

Knowing the Food Giant wouldn't sell me beer later than maybe 1:30, I bought an expensive 6-pack though I only wanted a 40 oz.; \$3.75 for 4, \$4.00 for 6, I used my many pockets and headed south the ten blocks to my former squat, long ago raided and since then much secured against re-entry.

Puked on the way, my gut holding only beer, drank one more beer anyway, somehow hopped the six foot fence between me and tonight's home without falling or even spilling my beer (!). Tried kicking in doors, prying open windows; all fight back harder than I can. Giving up, I crash in the garage, open and much cold and thankful for my new wool pants, German army issue scored for \$6.00 from thrift store. Bulky-warm. My feet, two pairs of socks, heavy boots not leaking, freezing, finally waking me at 6:00 shivering in the dark and still drunk, using the cover of

dawn to mask my escape and with hope never discovered, option thereby open for return.

But then, later, tomorrow, my bar, refuge, through crowds a waxen apparition, skin stretched tight over skull, date denied. He, here in my safe space, punk rock bar, staggers; I dodge his eyes, hide among my friends and heart-race away, standing my ground defiant in my space; and he leaves, p'raps never seeing me.

But now I should know, this place called Lake Union Pub, no sign, no adverts, is no longer a safe zone, and I don't. And so I'll fight here, and so I'll defend my space with my body and my speech, and hope speech will be the more powerful.

Fondling Prostitute Memories Story #2

An open letter to anyone who's ever paid for me.

Are you a prostitute? Am I? I ask for a reason. I'm just curious, you know, what you do for a living. That, and what defines prostitution. You know, just curious.

I can tell you I'm a prostitute. Actually, I prefer the term "hustler". If you prefer, call me something else. Your boy toy. Your trick. Your rent boy. Too close to the truth? How about your companion, your 'little friend'. For the evening. For a fee. You see, I have no problem telling you I'm a prostitute. It's just what I do. I hang out in bars and find guys to pay me for sex. I think it's less degrading than being a McDeath's burger flipper.

But how about you? Are you a prostitute? Do you go to work when you don't want to, just because you have to? Do you spend time with people you don't like because you need money? Do you rent out your body to someone else? Why does selling your arms or brain make you an employee, but selling my ass or cock makes me a prostitute?

Don't get me wrong. I don't have a problem with myself and what I do. What I do have a problem with is that you seem to. Kind of ironic, really. That you asked me, that you offered to pay me. That we agreed to a price. And you still feel disconnected. Why am I the one degrading myself by selling myself, but you're pure in your own mind, not down to my level?

It makes sense, I guess. You have to take that stance, or else you'd have to humanize me, you'd have to treat me like a person. Inconvenient, I guess. That you'd look at a tramp like me and see a person like your wife or your kids or your brother. Like yourself. Then you couldn't rationalize beating me up. Rationalize raping me. Or even something as simple as cheating me out of what you owe. But I'm an object, not a person, right? You're safe.

Just remember that, the next time your boss tells you that you're working overtime. Or that you've just been laid off. Or that you don't get your little promotion/raise/corner office. You're his object, his rent boy, his tramp. You're taking it up the ass whether you want it or not, punk. You're paid to, so shut up and love it.

Drunk stuff...

instead of paying liquor taxes--about 20% in most states--i brew my own cider, and as an added fuck you to the state, everything you need can be bought with food stamps if that's your gig.

The Recipe

- 5 gallons apple juice
- 2 lbs. powdered sugar
- 3 packets yeast (1/4 oz. each)

Mix the ingredients together. For fermentation, I like to use a clean, five gallon bucket with a tight fitting lid; otherwise divide the mixture evenly between the original bottles. To make make your life a whole lot easier, go to a home brew shop and invest two bucks or so and get two or three piece air trap and a stopper to fit the hole in the lid. The air trap will vent the bottle automatically and also prevent oxygen from acidifying the cider while it ferments. If you don't get an air trap, put the lids on loosely. Either way, put the bucket/bottles in a cool place where you won't mind the smell of rotting apples.

It'll take a day or two before the cider starts fermenting. With air traps, just watch to make sure that the pressure doesn't blow out the stoppers or force the mixture thru the trap. If you cap the bottles, watch closely. The pressure can blow the lids off, or if they're too tight, it'll blow the bottles apart, so they'll have to be vented a couple times a day.

After five or six days, the fermentation will slow down. When it does, it's time to clear out the sediment. Most homemade cider tastes nasty because it isn't clarified properly. You can pour the cider thru a coffee filter which will get rid of most of the sediment, but I've found that siphoning works a whole lot better, so get about 2 1/2 feet of 1/4" or 3/8" hose. There are two tricks to successful siphoning. First, put the receiving bottle lower than the bottle you're siphoning from. Second, make sure you keep the hose at least 3/4" above the bottom, or you'll end up sucking up a ton of sediment, kind of defeating the purpose.

I don't like wasting anything (especially if it has alcohol), so i take the cider left after siphoning and pour it off into a separate bottle to let it settle out. Pour it quickly, trying not to disturb the sediment.

If you want, you can drink it now. I like to let it clarify more, which definitely improves the taste. Let it settle out for a couple more days and repeat the siphoning.

I don't know what the alcohol content is, but i was told once that the strongest you can get grape wine is 12% without fortifying it, but apples will go to 15%. Whatever it is, this cider packs a hell of a wallop.

This, from North Carolina Public Television: 30% of North Carolinians do not have a high school diploma.

If you don't like cider, try MEAD...

3 lbs. honey
2 egg whites
1/4 oz. yeast
zest of 1 lemon
1 gal. cold water

combine honey, lemon zest, and water in large saucepan. beat egg whites until frothy and add to above mixture. heat to boil, stirring constantly. the mixture will froth and boil over and the honey may scorch, so watch it closely. after it begins to boil, reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour. remove from heat and let cool to lukewarm (if it's too hot, it will kill the yeast). add yeast

there are two ways to proceed:

1.) cover and leave in a warm place for three days, stirring daily. strain through muslin and bottle. cork loosely and vent daily (or more often if necessary) until fermentation stops.

--or--

2.) use your handy dandy air trap and a stopper. when fermentation has slowed (about 5 days), uncork the bottle and siphon it off. replace the air trap and let it go for about a week more and repeat the process. at this point fermentation should be finished and it can be bottled and aged in a cool, dark place for a year (or if you're patient and like the traditional method, give it a century).

mead is sickeningly sweet when it's fresh, but the flavor severely mellows with time.

This is what my life is worth. Five fucking bucks. I work an hour, the boss-man gives me five bucks. I work two hours, he gives me ten bucks. But I can't just waste two hours if i need \$10. I have to work 40 or 50 or 60 hours a weeks or else i won't be given the priviledge of trading two hours of my life for \$10. Because then i wouldn't be reliable.

Sometimes i guess i need to trade 40 or 50 or 60 hours of my life away though. I owe friends for saving my ass. I need some cash to wander. Maybe i want to get drunk. And sometimes boss-man doesn't need my work-life-time. Check back next week, he says. Because if i don't wait around and waste my life begging for five fucking dollars, i'm unreliable. And i won't be allowed to trade my life away later.

I wrote this on company time.

RESIST

have you seen this punk?

His name is Brett and he was last seen in Columbus, Ohio. If you find him, have the dipshit phone or write me. I'm worried about him.

NO. He doesn't owe
me money!

STONEWALL 25 BANNED FROM THE INN

The monuments are marketplaces now. Last year, just in time for the Stonewall 25 celebration, I went back to New York to meet up with a couple of my friends from L.A. One of the things they wanted to do while they were in town was to see where it all started--the old Stonewall Inn. The city has renamed that stretch of Christopher Street Stonewall Place. The Stonewall Inn isn't there anymore, but the building is, and the new bar has a plaque on the front telling what it was. Rumor has it that in the back there's a little museum-type thing celebrating the history of the flashpoint of gay liberation, the moment that made queer-positive marketing strategies possible. I say rumor, though, because I don't really know. We weren't allowed in.

The outside of the building is tacky as fuck, with fake cracked and peeling plaster arranged a little too perfectly to allow you the mistake of thinking the current bar is a dive like the Stonewall was. The windows aren't covered with boards or roll gates, but the glass is smoked dark enough to afford the clientel privacy. And of course, tastefully arranged bouquets of rainbow flags (the ones without the extra, black stripe, of course). Very chic, very elegant. I don't know what the inside looked like, though, because between us and the bar stood a large, muscle bound bouncer--the type more at home at butt rocker bars than anyplace I usually go.

The bouncer didn't like the way we looked--me crusty hawk, Dag chicano bi-hawk, Brad suburban subtle punk. He tried to discourage us from going in. We didn't discourage, so he blocked our way and told us there were other bars we should go to.

We went to the Tunnel Bar instead, drinking much in the darkness, feeling welcome and decrying the insult to our gay liberationist past, that the flashpoint of revolution, Where It All Started, what was once a hangout for drag queans and street hustlers, fags of color and other assorted rejects and outcasts was now off limits to three queer punks. Pissed off and righteously indignant, I still gotta admit that I kind of got a kick out of it.

It's hard to decide if TV makes morons out of everyone or if it mirrors Americans who really are morons to begin with.

—Martin Mull

SMEG DOG

P.O. Box 6917

South Brunswick, NC 28470



Fact sheet 5

P.O. Box 170099

San Francisco CA 94117-0099