

Queer Zine



\$2

Now We Are Queer
Manky Revolution
Miss Diagnosis

Bikini Kill
Out Punks
Dear Girlfriend

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MANKY WORLD



With no depiction of passive ambivalence, the gay scene now is so sanitised, homogenised and oversized. Lets get manky, lets talk about the stuff that sunsets aren't made of. You know when your dick keeps slipping out or your thighs just envelop rather than gently slip on the appropriate spot. Life is no photo shoot. Belch, fart, lick, shit, piss, fuck. A roll of flesh hangs on a youthful body, as grey whiskers pass the unmistakable feel of a young mans dick. Firm breasts penetrate, an older and very knowledgeable cunt, that barely speaks English. Time to move away from the vast smoothness of conformity and dive into Queerness: the liberty of difference! Not the mainstream safety of the Gay and Lesbian community. Truthfully, a persons sexuality, will change over their life time and manifest itself in different ways. Whether that be pre-teen sex games or adolescent experimentation or sado masochistic things, occasionally or frequently changing the sex of sexual partners or changing the genitalia or the gendered appearance of yourself. Queer is about trusting and experimenting with our relationships. Relationships based on personality rather than just genitalia ! Queer is not an alternative to gay. Queers are not trying to impose a new word for gay. Queer has almost nothing to do with gay.

If you don't identify yourself as Queer, identify as gay, lesbian, bisexual or straight or whatever you feel like. Queers don't want to be gay ! Queer is a separate subculture that spans many subcultures, some of it from the gay movement, some of it from the dyke culture some from punk rock, death rock, avant gardism, fashion rebellion, drag, gender bending and general kookiness.

The main thing about being queer is that Queers resist labels and boxes,. Being Queer is about recognising flux and shift and movement. I don't want to be gay which provides for normal assimilationist homosexual behaviour. To me that's boring, I don't want my personality, behaviour, beliefs, and desires to be cut into neat little categories from which I am not supposed to stray. I want to stay different, odd, strange and independent. I breath the clear, free air of

BEING MIKQUEER
XXX MIKOL



I Suppose it was When I started picking my nose in a well known Oxford Street queerbar that I realised Sydney was ripe for the MANK revolution. The bulbous green slime wobbled beautifully on my fingertip, and I gazed at it admiringly, watching it reflect the pulsating disco lights. But my admiration was tarnished by the outraged cries from a thousand Muscle Marys. Naturally, I counteracted their squeamish objections by letting said bogie embark on a slimy trip through oesophageal canals to my hungry stomach. Yum. A most agreeable snack. I refuse to be a body fascist, and my war against this social evil has pushed me into behavioural patterns which, as exemplified above,

manky

defy all previous notions of correctness. Sydney pushed me even further - London has its fair share of beautiful faggots, but nothing could have prepared me for the vast array of tanned idiots who greeted me with perfect smiles on every corner. Shades were a necessity in order to cope with blindingly white teeth. Why does everybody have to be so fucking clean? Why has that most evil twentieth century myth - hygiene - pervaded queer culture so intensely? The result of our obsession with all things clinical is armies of freshly scrubbed boys and girls who threaten nothing and nobody. Think how the straights would quiver if we went around with shit flakes stuck between our teeth. Related to the hygiene issue is the way in which "perfect" body imagery is bombarded at us in all queer media (apart from those damn fine underground queerzines). Now don't get me wrong, I like pissing on a nicely rounded pair of pecs like the next man, but why are such bodily appearances deemed so essential? Alas, it would seem such minor details as brains are not deemed important in mainstream queer kulcha. Mankiness, my friends, is the only way forward. Why not embark on a similar journey? Mine started when a strange man defecated into my pants in a public toilet in 1988. I remember gleefully carrying my unusual load around with me for the rest of the day, unbeknown to anyone else. Fond memories. You may wish to start on similar grounds. Excrement is our greatest asset and most effective weapon against the clinical hordes. It can be sniffed, smeared, eaten or simply worshipped. Once you are confident in matters of faecal dexterity you may wish to leave "shit-bombs" in bars and on dance floors. The use of terrorism in the MANK revolution will heighten visibility and further our cause. I believe it is time for all mank-minded folk to join together and unite in order to defeat the enemy. That is why I have produced a four point plan of action. Please read carefully, make note of items of interest, and join the MANK BRIGADE without further delay. Now is the time for us to liberate the foul air of our innermost selves, to vomit our acidic attack on the hollow feeble plastic beast which is the queer mainstream.

Revolution

FIGHT THE HYGIENE!

THE MANK BRIGADE'S FOUR POINT PLAN

1. Instigate a personal affinity with your urine, faeces and menstrual fluid.

2. Instigate an affinity with everybody else's urine, faeces and menstrual fluid.

3. Begin a terrorist campaign against all local centres of queer ultrahygiene, using the three-grade method:

Grade 1 - Begin by regularly visiting these bars and clubs with slime and scam smeared on your person.

Grade 2 - Leave 'shitbombs' and 'vomibags' in these bars and on dancefloors.

Grade 3 - Kidnap a local personality who symbolises ultrahygiene (perhaps a club proprietor or a disc jockey) and subject them to forced mank.

4. Instigate the formation of local MANK BRIGADE units for political purposes and personal pleasure.

So, pick your nose for the revolution. And fart. And make foul belching noises. And keep resolutely "out of shape". Ours is a very easy struggle. But essential. I have a dream - a dream where manky poofs and dykes can wander into clubs at will without facing the evil fascism of after shave. Join with me, friends.

JOIN THE MANK BRIGADE

WRITE TO: Mr. Fister

The Mank Brigade c/o Queer Zine

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2042

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Queerness is not a form of desire but something to be desired.

Escape from the mainstream:

read and contribute to QUEER

ZINE

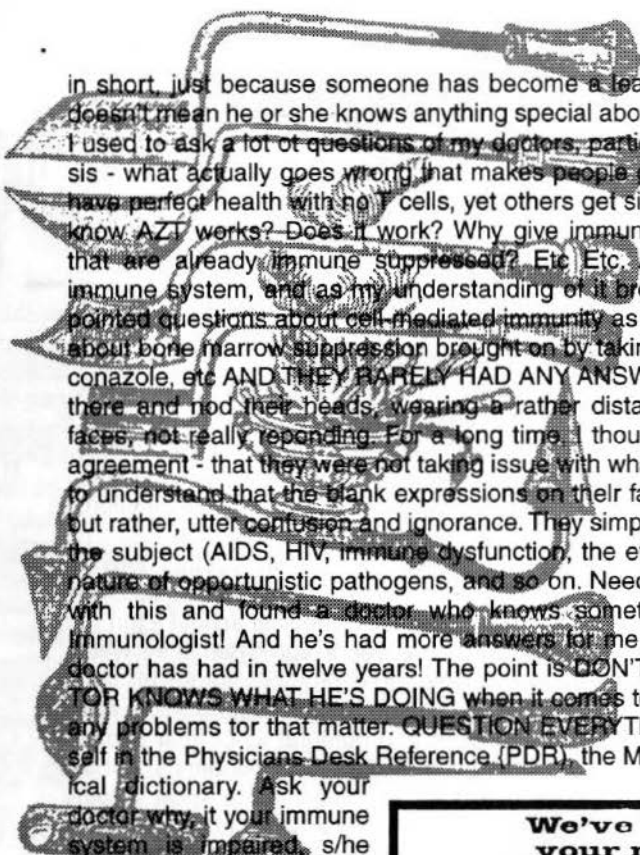
Miss Diagnosis



*On a recent visit to my doctor,
I complained about not feeling very well.
"What do you expect?" he said,
"You were supposed to be dead five years ago.
Stop whining. You're lucky to be alive."*

Well, I don't put much stock in what "doctors" have to say, because, as everybody knows, they don't really know a damn thing about most health matters. Sure, they're good at fixing things like Broken Bones and VD and stuff, but when it comes to anything very complicated, like immune dysfunction, for example - they haven't got a clue.

And how could they? Most regular doctors' took a couple of immunology classes that were required while they were attending medical school - ten or fifteen or twenty-five years ago. Then they went into private practice and promptly forgot all that complicated business about lymphocytes and immune cascades and humoral vs cellular immunity, etc. After all, they didn't really understand it to begin with, and it's not essential to know about these things when all you're going to be doing is giving shots of penicillin to peeples and zapping anal warts all day long. Which brings us to another point. Before the AIDS epidemic began, most of the so-called leading AIDS doctors were not much more than glorified VD doctors. This is especially true of the gay doctors, whose practices usually involved handing out prescriptions for tranquilizers and pain pills, giving penicillin and tetracycline for various STDs, and shooting people up with anabolic steroids. These were the lowest folks on the medical totem pole. Then along came AIDS, and by virtue of their association with gays, these doctors were sucked into becoming AIDS doctors, and all the international attention of a new epidemic bestowed some sort of media prestige and glamor to them that has nothing to do with their skill as physicians or with their knowledge of immunology,



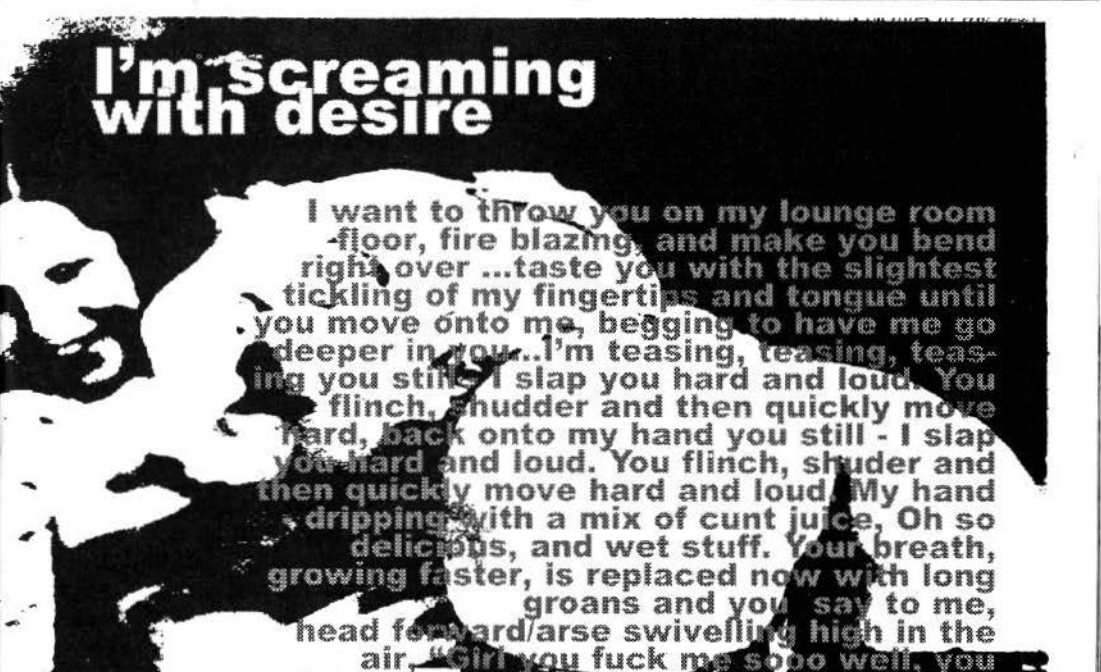
in short, just because someone has become a leading AIDS doctor in the world doesn't mean he or she knows anything special about immunology. For a long time, I used to ask a lot of questions of my doctors, particularly about AIDS pathogenesis - what actually goes wrong, that makes people get sick? Why do some people have perfect health with no T cells, yet others get sick much quicker? How do they know AZT works? Does it work? Why give immunosuppressing drugs to people that are already immune suppressed? Etc Etc. As I learned more about the immune system, and as my understanding of it broadened, I began to ask more pointed questions about cell-mediated immunity as opposed to humoral immunity: about bone marrow suppression brought on by taking septria and acyclovir and fluconazole, etc AND THEY BARELY HAD ANY ANSWERS FOR ME. They would sit there and nod their heads, wearing a rather distant (blank) expression on their faces, not really repoding. For a long time I thought that their silence indicated agreement - that they were not taking issue with whatever I was saying. But I came to understand that the blank expressions on their faces were not tacit agreement, but rather, utter confusion and ignorance. They simply didn't know very much about the subject (AIDS, HIV, immune dysfunction, the effect of drugs on immunity, the nature of opportunistic pathogens, and so on. Needless to say, I finally got fed up with this and found a doctor who knows something about immunology - an Immunologist! And he's had more answers for me in two months than any other doctor has had in twelve years! The point is DON'T BELIEVE THAT YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING when it comes to immune system problems, or any problems for that matter. QUESTION EVERYTHING. Look things up for yourself in the Physicians Desk Reference (PDR), the Merck Manual, and a good medical dictionary. Ask your

doctor why, if your immune system is impaired, s/he recommends taking medications that suppress the immune system even more. Ask why s/he is opposed to alternative treatments/prophylaxes for CMV herpes, etc, things like BHT, lysine, monolaurin s/he probably won't know what these are why s/he doesn't know) Ask if exercise helps. Or meditation. See what s/he has to say. Most of them will mumble something about it not doing any harm, and of course it makes you feel better. But they will rarely embrace a whole, well-rounded, balanced health regimen. Ask why they don't suggest a natural, well rounded health regime. Why don't they encourage people to live well, and healthfully? Reflect on this question...

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and what thanks do we get?**

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I'm screaming with desire



I want to throw you on my lounge room floor, fire blazing, and make you bend right over ...taste you with the slightest tickling of my fingertips and tongue until you move onto me, begging to have me go deeper in you...I'm teasing, teasing, teasing you still. I slap you hard and loud. You flinch, shudder and then quickly move hard, back onto my hand you still - I slap you hard and loud. You flinch, shudder and then quickly move hard and loud. My hand dripping with a mix of cunt juice, Oh so delicious, and wet stuff. Your breath, growing faster, is replaced now with long groans and you say to me, head forward/arse swivelling high in the air, "Girl you fuck me sooo well, you bitch." To which I grab the back of your head, and, with my free hand, plunge the whole fist inside your slippery red expectant love box! You scream with delight, and seconds later squirt wonderful and so powerfully on my sweating bod, it reaches my left cheek, almost reaching my mouth. Watering uncontrollably, my mouth and I dive in underneath you, immediately finding my mark - your clit! I hold you real tight and suck you effortlessly, feeling the wide and swollen hotness of your arousal. You moan and squeeze me for a blissful eternity....the next thing I know I wake up. Two hours have passed, and the hotspunk I fell asleep aside has been touched in slumber, and transformed magically into a beautiful cherub. I move closer to you, amazed and curious. I touch your wings gently and you stirred, smiled up at me, then pulled me down to you to kiss you again and again and again, and again we start...

Sister Woman is sitting, smoking and Streisanding in the living room so Sue and I get down to business. I've clocked myself in advance and it only takes me a few minutes to get dressed which is just as well because, although tonight I'm doing minimal, modern make-up, I'm still shit house on cheeks and a few other details. Sue's playing with the deep purple and hot chocolate lipstick. I know this tangent well and suggest that she follow me by firstly doing all the lips in chocolate, blotting out the centre with a tissue and then going for it with the purple on the inside. This way you get the effect of lining the lips without having to muck around for precision. It works a treat and we're soon sufficiently Vamparella to sashay out of Sister Woman's reverie and into the street. Soon we're marching, and I mean marching in our own, private little two person parade, past Moore Park beat, across whatever the strips of grass on either side of Anzac Parade are called, and into Saturnalia-land. There's something rather deflating about joining a queue of thousands of other highly coloured masqueraders on a rainy street when there's no sound track or stage lights. It's rather like being an extra waiting to get the take of a partying crowd scene right. I wonder how everyone in the Strongbow Cider commercial felt at the end of the shoot? Not so "out of the ordinary" perhaps? Past the bag check and into the Hordern. Phew! That was like shopping at midday in HongKong, discoing across a crowded dance floor and arriving at Randwick racecourse to see the Stones twenty years ago when I smuggled in vodka in a large jar of preserved cherries. By comparison, the inner Hordern is a cool, Gothic sanctum. In a darkened crowd with everyone watching this parade of the parade costumes, everything gradually starts to make sense. Marie Antoinettes, Rio Ritas and the amazing clock-frock act like a focus-puller. The point of view has shifted from myself to the celebration, both sacred

and profane, of all the mysteries of well-ness. Soon Sue, who has been checking in her bag, returns and says, "let's check out the Hall of Trades". Working your way across this packed dance floor is not an occupation for the physically timid or frigid. If sardines could dance, this is what it would be like. Paramilitary is the word that keeps popping into my mind as I boogie my way to the next yoga posture (with so little room, I keep ending up with my hands in the air like a Hindu warrior). This is like absailing a catwalk - a frantic dive to assume a new objective and hold it, while maintaining an unfazed look of a feline seductress ready to devour these human sardines so choreographically smorgasbored before my satin paws. Am I playing with food or words? Shiva beats his drum and the cosmos begins its dance. And soon explosions and an insistent bass drum mark the arrival of two blue-skinned Hindu gods on stage. Are they Shiva and Lakshmi, or just decorations?



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nOW wE aRE QUEER

By Richard Watts

Hell is a fag bar from which there is no escape. The doors are locked, and the bouncers are there to keep you from trying to leave. The music - if you can call it music - is pumping, as is the smoke machine, and the tar-choked lungs of a thousand smokers.

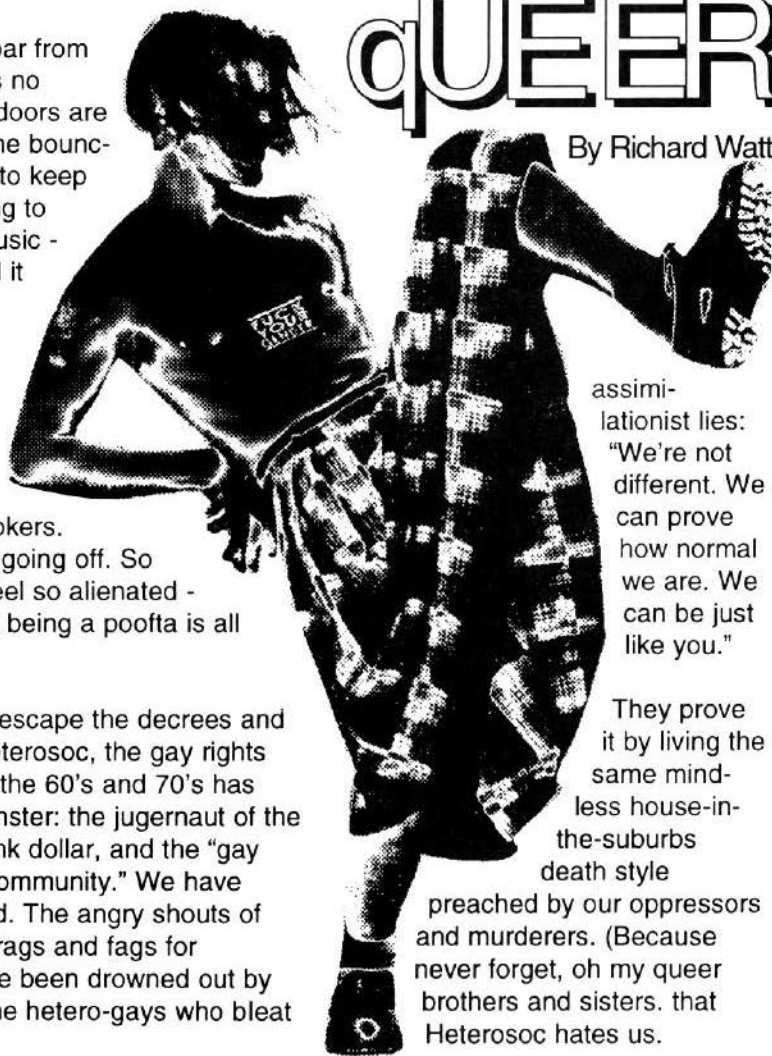
'The crowd is going off. So why do you feel so alienated - isn't this what being a poofta is all about?

In seeking to escape the decrees and dictates of Heterosoc, the gay rights movement of the 60's and 70's has created a monster: the jugernaut of the ghetto, the pink dollar, and the "gay and lesbian community." We have been betrayed. The angry shouts of Stonewall's drags and fags for liberation have been drowned out by the highincome hetero-gays who bleat

assimilationist lies: "We're not different. We can prove how normal we are. We can be just like you."

They prove it by living the same mindless house-in-the-suburbs death style

preached by our oppressors and murderers. (Because never forget, oh my queer brothers and sisters. that Heterosoc hates us.



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A NON-CONFORMING BODY

3/93

Because we are not as They. The traitors who have stolen gay rights from us offer us banality, mono-culture and stifling constricting limits of behaviour, appearance and expression. They practise body fascism, spreading self-loate and shame of who we are and how we look. All expressions of individuality must be quashed. They want US to be perfect. If you want to get laid, if you want to be loved, you have to look just like everybody else, think, act, speak just like everybody else. You have to dance to the same tune. Fuck that! Gay is dead. Now, we are queer. Queer celebrates difference, celebrates diversity. We will not be forced into any mold. And that includes listening to the boring dance shit played in "our" clubs. We have an alternative. And not the safe, commercial alternative music that the corporations deem acceptable for us to hear. I'm talking real music, uncensored music that speaks of our anger: music that speaks out against the Heterosoc that points at us when we walk hand in hand, shouts abuse at us when we kiss, murders us for the crime of love. Music that accuses the insipid capitalist, misogynistic, materialist, assimilationist "gay and lesbian community" of its

THE FIRST TIME WE DID IT,

WE SHOT TOGETHER.

PUNKY

NUGGET

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crimes. We're talking the rebirth of punk, a second flowering of that anger, that energy, the message of "go out and do," the same Stonewall spirit that got the gay ball rolling back in the '60's. And like the gay movement, punk (straight punk) was betrayed by money-makers and destroyed by an exploitative and vampiric media. Well, now it's the turn of the queers to take up the punk standard and run. Let's see if we can't get it right.

As queer punks, we rebel against two status quo's. We are repulsed not only by Heterocore but by the CsrmlUnity to which we are supposed to belong. Queer punks challenge the sexism of the scene, and the objectification that makes men grow "gym-tits hard as granite." Calling yourself a queer punk does not mean you have to wear studded leather, or cut your hair into a mohawk. Queer punk, (also called homocore, or the queercore movement) embodies the original punk attitude, not the cloned travesty punk has become.

Queercore is about expression of individuality, of flouting the laws and morals of society. It is as much about how you think as it is how you dress, or the music you listen to. In the words of Tom Jennings, editor of the now defunct zine HOMO-CORE, "One thing everyone in has in common is that we're all social mutants; we've outgrown or never were part of any of the socially acceptable categories."

Queercore cannot be categorised and defined. It is internationally diverse: numerous queer bands, with little in common other than their punk spirit, have sprung up around the globe in the last five years: the electronic rap of Greece's Stereo Nova; the USA's Bubby Girl, with their sweet dyke pop; San Francisco's Ramonesstyle in-a-face fag rockers Pussy Division; England's raucous Mouthfull; and Sister George; the buzzsaw guitars and riot-grrl anger of Melbourne's dyke-core band Sulk. All different, all loud, all queer.

Because queercore cannot be categorised as a specific sound, it cannot present a specific target audience to be marketed and exploited. The mainstream rock media can ignore it as a fad that will soon go away, or deride queercore as much as they desire. It is these traits that will allow queercore to flourish and survive, without the rock industry, despite the rock industry. Because we don't need the corporate giants. We have independent labels, ranging from the well-established Alternative Tentacles, to whose label dyke-core

gods Tribe 8 are signed, to small but vibrant labels such as Outpunk, and Turkey Baster Records. ; Nor do we need the corporate brain-fodder rock rags such as Rolling Stone to tell us what to listen to. We can learn for ourselves. Queercore zines such as Outpunk (POBox 170501, San Francisco CA 94117, USA, \$2 US), Holy Titclamps (Box 590488, San Francisco, CA 941590488, USA, \$3 US) and The Buning Times (PO Box 425, Clifton Hill VIC 3068, \$3.00 AUS or trade) keep us informed, offer us opinions, tantalise us with interviews with bands we've never heard of, and reviews of gigs we cannot attend. The Net keeps us in contact with one another, and the exchange of ideas and information across the world guarantees that queercore remains vital and continues to grow. Isolated as we are by geographical distance, Australia TiaS been slow to manifest expressions of queercore. A vigorous handful of bands does their best in Melbourne, my home town, I know only of The Mavis's, De Regulator and Sulk, and it is stretching the definition of queercore to describe at least one of these bands as such. There are other bands I know of with queer members, but I figure they aren't really queercore until they open about their sexuality on stage, and addressing queer issues in their lyrics.

For me, a queer punk band has at least one out queer in the band, stands for queer issues, plays for a queer audience, and has the guts and good taste to explicitly sing about it" (Outpunk ed. Matt Wobersmith Outpunk #3) That's as good a definition of queercore as you're going to get, I think. By being open, by singing about boys loving boys and girls loving girls, we let already out dykes and fags know that there is more to life than disco music. Even better, we corrupt new minds, and bring them over to our queer cause. We save kids from killing themselves out of fear. We save people from a lifetime in the closet because they can't reconcile their sexuality with the commercial gay scene. Go forth and corrupt. Go forth and be queer. Every convert is another victory, another life saved from Heterosod. Every time we kiss we win.

[END]



dear

By now you've all heard that Drag bag, the Emporium has moved and turned into Drag Bag the Beyond Woman Factory. Upon arriving upon our generous slice of Drag Paradise, our Swiss finished House - Models/ image consultants, will interrupt their busy runaway engagements to wait on you hand and foot, and help you to become that Super- Nova of fabulousness that you always knew you were "too much glamour!" you scream, but our personal trainers will help you push through the wall with our heavy duty beauty products (tested on party animals only) - until you find that too much is just never enough! Stay tuned girlfriends. We have, exclusive to this magazine, internationally famous beauty consultants well versed in every intimate glamour question, with the integrity and discretion that only the print media can provide. You'll sweat glitter

Please address all correspondence to:

Ms Pencil Vania, self proclaimed

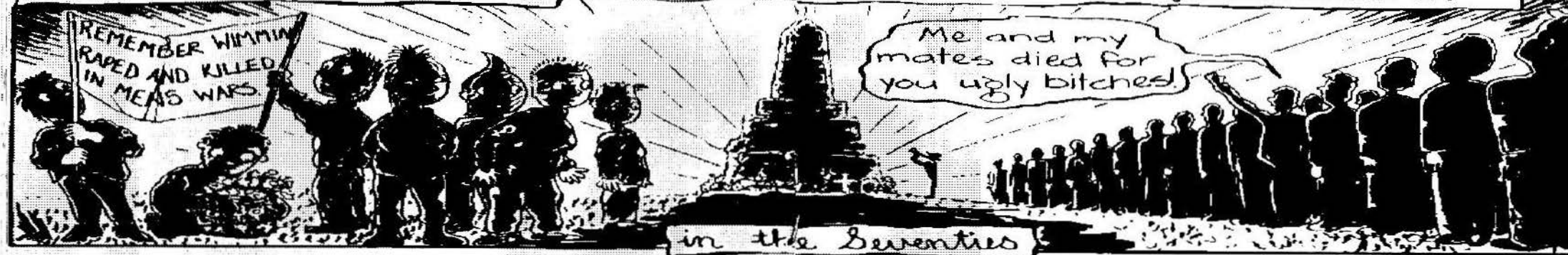
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"human interaction" ANZAC DAY - how it's been affected by lesbians and feminism.



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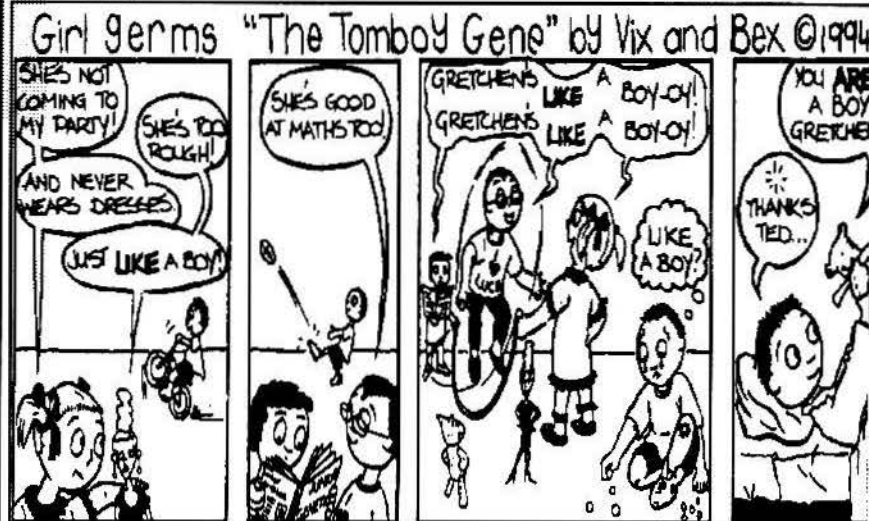


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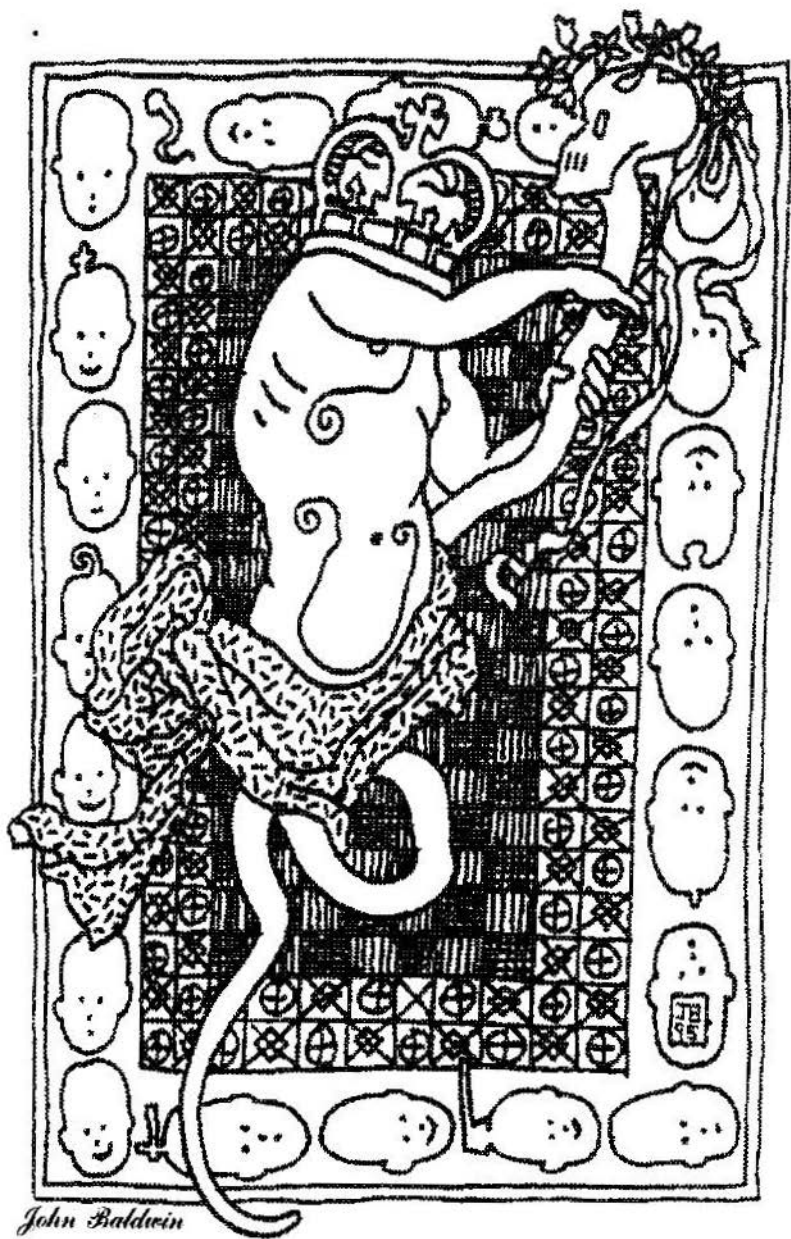


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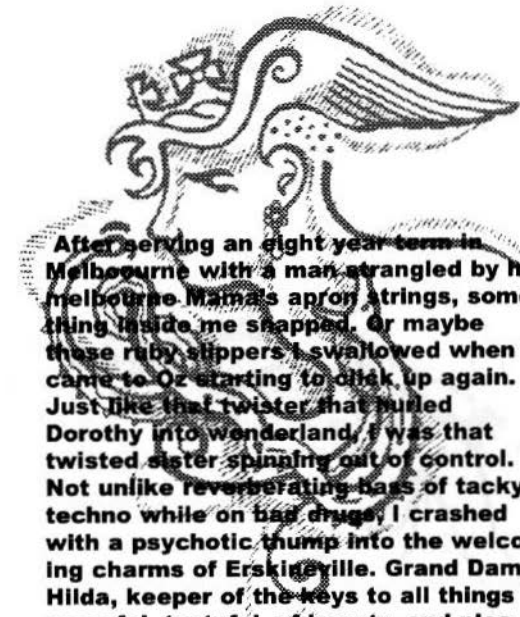


stofen amufet



John Baldwin

by Buzz



After serving an eight year term in Melbourne with a man strangled by his Melbourne Mama's apron strings, something inside me snapped. Or maybe those ruby slippers I swallowed when I came to Oz starting to click up again. Just like that twister that buried Dorothy into wonderland, I was that twisted sister spinning out of control. Not unlike reverberating bass of tacky techno while on bad drugs, I crashed with a psychotic thump into the welcoming charms of Erskineville. Grand Dame Hilda, keeper of the keys to all things graceful, tasteful, of beauty, and pleasure, was the first to reveal the existence of buried treasure. Taking me under her immaculately coiffed wing - not a feather out of place - she proceeded to caution me of delights and dangers, perils of navigating through tempestuous trails in the Ville of Erskine and the Hills of Surry. She took me from gloom to glamour, down that slick, sensuous, gay, golden, bric-a-brac road. Lions, tigresses, bears - Oh My! Sir Bobby provided me comfortable lodgings. He and his coquettish lady-in-waiting 'au france', Blandhe, unselfishly gave of their home, hearts and tucker box. Sir Bobby, being Dame Hilda's chief, cherished confidant meant I was in good hands. Soon introduced to unusual tribal anthems, sorted customs of the Newtown principality, I was reborn into a gay family so remarkably unlike the warring factions of Melboring Erskinetvillians graciously saw to the needs of this lost, aimlessly wandering queen without a kingdom. The loving hand of Dame Hilda embraced my trembling uncertainty, gently guiding me

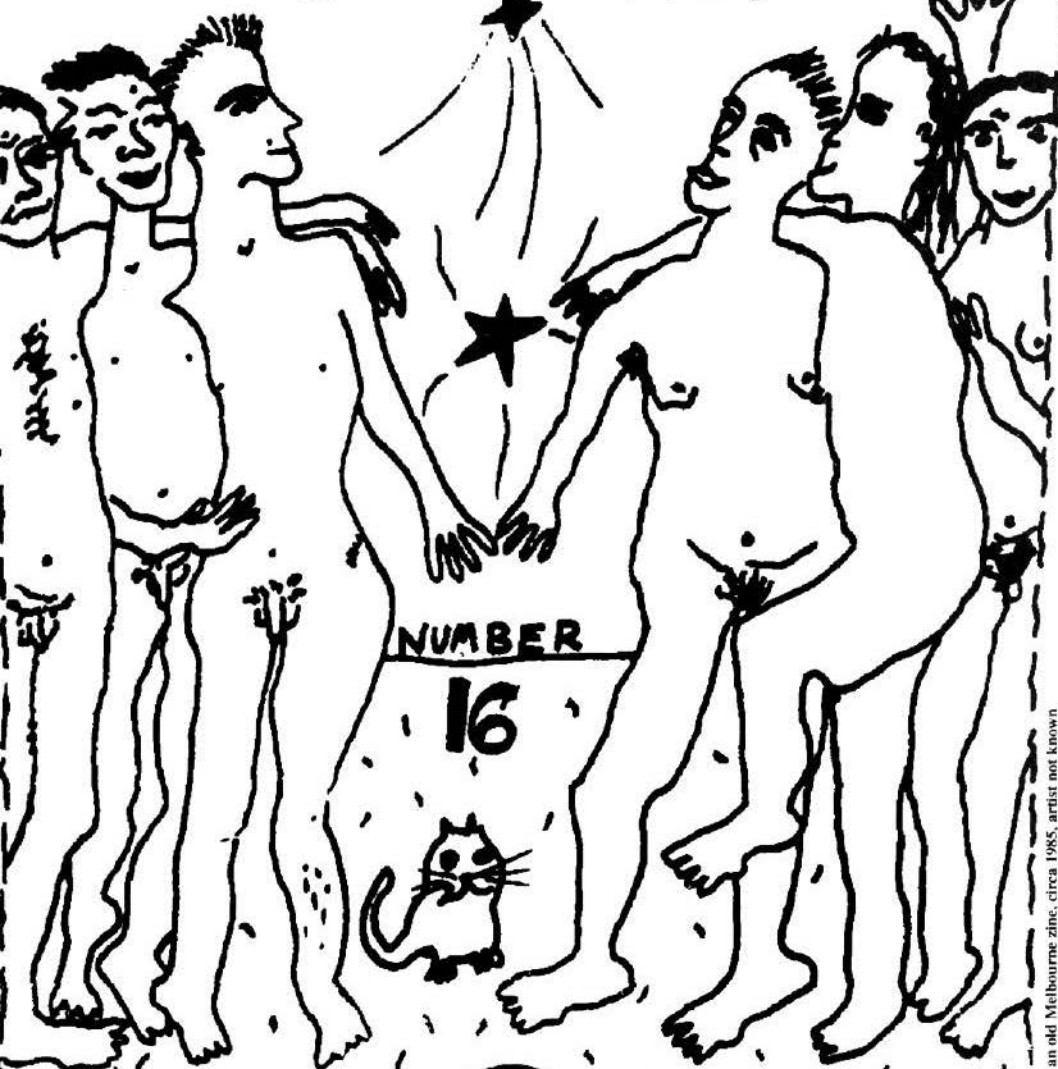
through the broken shards of the looking glass. Vultures (and some relatives) were circling over a multitude of homes, ready to swoop, pick over the droves of battlers dying, trying to leave a beautiful dream. We admired the beauty and we steadfastly defied the beast in the beauty that has invaded our lives - the uninvited vulgar virus constantly gnawing away at the flesh on loved one's bone's. In this land where candles amazingly burn at both ends, never relinquishing their light, all possess a piece of the puzzle that leads us to these sights; lifetimes of delight, often fearsome, always bright. How fortunate for me to flee from misery and see the lumnous buried treasure in Hilda's soul. Every jewel had a name, memories to behold. The monster that swallowed them tamed by The Grand Dame Hilda's bold, victorious hold onto each and every story told, of how ashes could be made into gold. Hilda's heart, opened to mine, as to all those searching to find the beauty of the secret of lost forgotten time. She holds the key that allows us to be company of her endless pleasure. If one's will can match her endeavor to bash the beast measure for measure, then we too can shine with the eternally divine buried treasure.

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WE'RE NOT ALL STRAIGHT IN THE
GARDEN STATE



TREASON

Front cover of TREASON: an old Melbourne zine, circa 1985, artist not known

~~PLAGIARISM IS NECESSARY~~ ~~PROGRESS IMPLIES IT~~

Assassination fantasies

Jeff Kennett and the conceptual auto-disaster. Numerous studies have been conducted upon patients in terminal paresis (G.P.I.), placing Kennett in a series of simulated auto-cashes, e.g. multiple pile-ups, head-on collisions, motorcade attacks (assassination fantasies involving the Premier remained a continuing preoccupation, subjects showing a marked polymorphic fixation on windshields and rear-trunk assemblies). Powerful erotic fantasies of an anal-sadistic character surrounded the image of the Premier. Subjects were required to construct the optimum auto-disaster victim by placing a replica of Kennett's head on the un-retouched photographs of crash fatalities. In 8 per cent of cases massive rear-end collisions were selected with a preference for expressed fecal matter and rectal hemorrhages. Further tests were conducted to define the optimum model-year. These indicate that a three-year model lapse with child victims provide the maximum audience excitation (confirmed by manufacturers' studies of the optimum auto disaster). It is hoped to construct a rectal module of Kennett and the auto-disaster of maximized audience arousal.

Obsession

Television studies of Jeff Kennett reveal characteristic patterns of facial tone's and musculature associated with homo-erotic behaviour. The continuing tension of buccal sphincters and the recessive tongue role tally with earlier studies of facial rigidity (cf., Adolph Hitler, Nixon). Slow motion films of campaign speeches exercised a marked erotic effect upon an audience of spastic children. Even with mature adults the verbal material was found to have minimal effect, as demonstrated by substitution of an edited tape giving diametrically opposed opinions. Parallel films of rectal images revealed a sharp upsurge in antisemitic and concentration camp fantasies (cf, anal sadistic fantasies in deprived children induced by rectal stimulation).

The pudenda of the Premier

Incidence of orgasm in fantasies of sexual intercourse with Jeff Kennett. Patients were provided with assembly kit photographs of sexual partners during intercourse. In each case Kennett's face was superimposed upon the original partner. Vaginal intercourse with 'Kennett' proved uniformly disappointing, producing orgasm in 7 per cent of subjects. Axillary, buccal, navel, aural and orbital modes produced proximal erections. The preferred mode of entry over overwhelmingly proved to be rectal. After a preliminary course in anatomy it was found that caecum and transverse colon also provided excellent sites for excitation. In an extreme 12 percent of cases, the simulated anus of post-colostomy surgery generated spontaneous orgasm in 98 per cent after penetration.



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~~A thousand television screens~~

Sexual fantasies in connection with Jeff Kennett. The genitalia of the Premier exercised a continuing fascination. A series of imaginary genitalia were constructed using (a) the mouth-parts of Hazel Hawk. (b) a Holden Commodore rear exhaust vent, (c) the assembly kit prepuce of Malcolm Frazer. (d) a child-victim of sexual assault. In 89 per cent of cases, the constructed genitalia generated a high incidence of self-induced orgasm. Tests indicate the masturbatory nature of the Premier's posture. Dolls consisting of plastic models of Kennett's alternate genitalia were found to have a disturbing effect on deprived children.

~~Watch the news~~

Kennett's hair style. Studies were conducted on the marked fascination exercised by the Premier's hair style. 68 per cent of male subjects made positive connections between the hair-style and their own pubic hair. A series of optimum hair-styles were constructed.

~~The conceptual orgasm~~

The conceptual role of Kennett. Fragments of Kennett's televised postures were used in the construction of model psychodramas in which the Kennett figure played the role of husband, doctor, insurance salesman, marriage counsellor, etc. The failure of these roles to express any meaning reveals the non-functional character of Kennett.

Substance D is essentially a science fiction zine with twisted angles. Organised into various departments such as 'World Wide Wank', 'Diamond Dogboy' and 'The Street Trash Dept., which are out and edge as the words above.

Substance D is definitely Queer! Excerpts from the article: 'Why I want to fuck Jeff Kennett' are taken from the 'Agitprop Department' Issue #1 August 95. Extreme worth while reading:

Substance D can be obtained from :PO Box 9, Fitzroy, Victoria, 3065. If you send \$6 that will cover postage. **Substance D** is produced by a Co-operative Organisation and welcomes submissions.

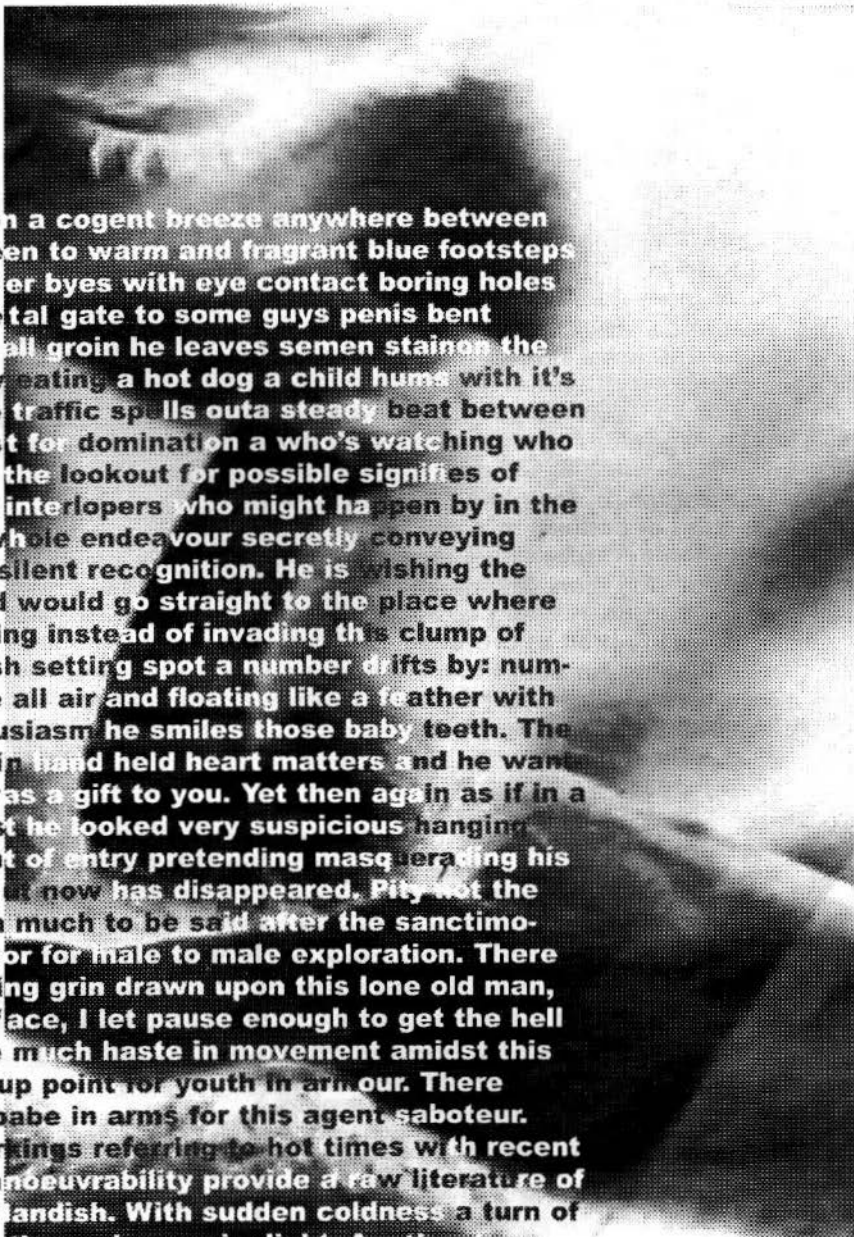
Kennett's success therefore indicates society's periodic need to re-conceptualise its political leaders. Kennett thus appears as a series of posture concepts, basic equations which re-formulate the roles of aggression and bannality.

~~A unique ontology of violence and disaster~~

Kennett's personality. The profound anality of the Premier may be expected to dominate Victoria in the coming years. By contrast, John Cain for example, remained the prototype of the oral subject, usually conceived of in pre pubertal terms. In further studies sadistic psychopaths were given the task of devising sex fantasies involving Kennett. In assembly-kit tests Kennett's face was uniformly perceived as a penile erection. Patients were encouraged to devise the optimum sex-death of Jeff Kennett.



Beat



Some place on a cogent breeze anywhere between crisp cold green to warm and fragrant blue footsteps indicate passer byes with eye contact boring holes through a metal gate to some guys penis bent between lips all groin he leaves semen stains on the concrete. Now eating a hot dog a child hums with it's moan and the traffic spells out a steady beat between a daring quest for domination a who's watching who as always on the lookout for possible signifies of passion. Like interlopers who might happen by in the midst of the whole endeavour secretly conveying messages of silent recognition. He is wishing the people behind would go straight to the place where they were going instead of invading this clump of trees in a bush setting spot a number drifts by: number sixty nine all air and floating like a feather with childish enthusiasm he smiles those baby teeth. The boy cockles in hand held heart matters and he wanted like this was a gift to you. Yet then again as if in a Catholic priest he looked very suspicious hanging round the point of entry pretending masquerading his masculinity but now has disappeared. Pity not the last time with much to be said after the sanctimonious metaphor for male to male exploration. There was a sickening grin drawn upon this lone old man, his wrinkled face, I let pause enough to get the hell out and made much haste in movement amidst this tranquil pick up point for youth in armour. There would be no babe in arms for this agent saboteur. Inscribed markings referring to hot times with recent accent on manoeuvrability provide a raw literature of life in the outlandish. With sudden coldness a turn of cloud drowns the early morninglight. Another turn another sweep, roulette passes me bye. Inside the citadel a strange game of waiting a kind of stand off. Like a beat, where no sex seemed to be taking place, yet down in the deeper and darker reaches there was

Travel

movement and soft groans. Slurping were coming from a closet door. Still the place appeared very calm and clear with furtive and strong glances. Crutch tours with wide eyed pupils. Maybe geography has something to do with why we are here? Cartography smiles in the contours of your thigh. Peaks and troughs are the highs and lows amidst the golden showers and the native foliage of dildo's and cock-rings and hide away belts. Generous chains swing with the rhythm of sling in the cool hyper-real breeze that no drug has a name for. In the dust of cement mix and concrete grind temperatures rise. Men touching me touching men. Moans and horny sighs. Surges of blood flowed to my cock as I looked at crotches of young men looking for sex. I found a space on a wall and just took it all in. It was like being inside a porno movie. Fantastic stallions were giving head to legendary Greek Gods. I see him, that boy, jeans moving, the fabric creases becoming soft curves as his cock grows. I watch. After a long time few seconds his hand and mine reach and touch. The cool bricks felt great against my butt. I sucked his cock for a long time, he sucked me. We were high and hot and the sweat poured into a sensational body rub. Our jeans around our ankle-shirts spread our tits touched ever so gently nipples urging to complement the growing orgasm. Our man hole covers at the ready to lube up and enter the majestic zone of butt safe love. A prince of Shakespeare and a good time out of chance. The rhythm of solitude neither grave nor given away from the somnolence of the singular beat

Cute Queen by Micky Spy

Miss Stiletto spent the night of sleaze with a 1950's leather string belt which never found it's way around her waist. Doubled over, it made a very manageable PVC harness and haematoma red lipstick. I you were there, you may remember her striding through the public areas, gently lashing anyone within lashing distance who was a naughty sleaze player. The RHI was on his flight path, and at one point of the night, when the music had reached a certain, it seemed to belong to Ian Roberts. The sight of Mr Roberts is enough to block one's vision to other natural pursuits; I am told that at this point Ian had a number of hangers on, but from my limited number of remaining memory cells I can only recall a large, empty space, constantly changing colour with the light, and two actors, Roberts and Stiletto. Mr Roberts was wearing very little: his arms were folded as he surveyed the field before him; his craggy face was pensive; he seemed to be planning his strategy for the match which was about to begin but could not decide which team he was playing against. Miss Stiletto, however, knew exactly what she was doing. There's Ian Roberts! she said and stride past him, swinging her thighs in time with the leather, and when she was just about nudging him at the side, lashed him on the back of his legs, crowning, Your a naughty naughty boy! For a second there seemed to be a ripple in that impassive face. Surprised mingled within a glimmer of the hostile. she had caught the big man by the short and curly, before he even caught sight of the game. For a second even Miss Stiletto was startled; She had got away with every thing all night, but now it was match. Eyes met and the gays held; a joke Ian. Assaulted with the belt I whipped Ian Roberts; she had mind fucked him with a lashing that Ian had demonstrated his pleasure by a smile
bye Ian Roberts

Send notes

Send notes from your personal bunker

c/o Micky Spy at PO Box 199 New Town 2042

Travel

The Gay Man's Guide: Picking Up Rough Trade in the Country

By Frank Gomez

TRY!

"You bet" I said and within minutes Andrew was going down on him and I was pushing his legs up onto the dashboard to access his smelly hole, circled by a crown of curly ginger hairs. The smell of a man's arsehole, unwashed for a day or two, encased in sweaty cheeks, steaming on hot vinyl is quite something. I took my first draught of his aroma. It was shockingly divine. I pressed the tip of my tongue against the soft fudge centre and blew inside my jeans. Andrew ravished him for a few more seconds before the air conditioning maintenance man spurted his jism into Andrew's dripping mouth and we continued on our journey.

NEXT#

Ask yourself these

three
Questions
What is my
favourite
sexual
fantasy.
What do I do
when I go
down on
someone.
What Makes
me come.
and send to
Queer Zine
in time for
the next
issue dead-
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Queer Zine
escape from the mainstream

Deadline for the next issue is

Jan 15 1996

PC or Macintosh format, handwritten or typed material. All material will be considered. Queer Zine is a non profit contributor based magazine

Queer Zine



*** Double Bill** may not look like the Queerest zine around, it is. The controversy begins: our allies and enemies declare themselves. It seems wacky will loves to catch his own Nike commercials, and he insists that everyone watches, claims one in frequent guest. When the rest of the world is in the kitchen getting popcorn, Bill's glued to the set. Burroughs, like many an ego driven writer, may profess to dismiss TV, but he would have loved his own show. It can't help but irk him that Bill Conrad still commands prime time in the ratings war. Burroughs know he has lost. Enjoy the twisted world of **Double Bill**. \$3 US + IRC: PO Box 55, Station 'E' To., On., Canada M6H 4E1

*** Shaved Anus #3:** reaction to this zine has ranged from hysterical adoration to blind fury, with a fair sized dollop of blank incomprehension between the latter response coming from all over the place. The Queercorps would like it known that reports of their death have been greatly exaggerated. This whole chaotic mess of stropky, shit stirring zines has arisen out of need, a means of communication that cant be contained. This is real Queer non aligned evil bastard rabble. One thing fanzines should not be is complacent and Shaved Anus is what it says.

Hormone Frenzy is one of my favourite Zines. Loved by many **Hormone Frenzy** is really out there. Ask for #3 which is the best issue. The Bad Sex and supermarket Lust strips are the ace. **Hormone Frenzy:** from Mark Connerton. P.O. Box 361, Cambridge CB1 2Z UK \$6 US + IRC

*** Queer Nasty** is a zine dedicated to ridicule thought and intelligent humour. 'We are tired of being forced to conform to an image of how others think we should be' Most importantly because radical voices have always been edited and censored, particularly Queer Voices, Queer Nasty is dedicated to ending Homophobia, Queer Phobia, and Trans Phobia. Are you ready to go and kick some Homophobic ass? If not write to: **Queer Nasty**, c/o Baby Rhino Press, PO Box 10181, Eugene, OR 97440 2181. e mail danielle@efn.org. we're here-we're queer-get over it.

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faceless lovers Barina and whipped
sex. Safe sex instructions on oral sex.
of a lesbian. Some domination.



What's your favorite sex fan-
luminous, the production value high, and
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How do you
go down on a woman?

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Bikini Kill New 7" release: Anti - Pleasure Dissertation

Hard Core Bikini Kill stuff. Riot in your mind, love your mind, thrill to the spill. Anti pleasure Dissertation is Riot Grrrl Stuff. They are coming to town (Sydney) for New Year, so keep an eye out for them so you too can Bikini Kill this summer! Remember that Bikini don't call themselves Riot Grrrls or consider their music to be riot grrrl and never claimed leadership to such a movement, although they have been associated with it for some reason, obviously, and have total respect for girls that who call themselves Riot Grrrls.



From Smell My Fingers: no longer in existence

*And we're turning you
children against YOU*



Richard when he had a sexy Mo

The Burning Times is a wicked Queer Punk - Alternate Fanzine. You don't have to be a Homo to read the Burning Times. One thing everyone has in common in these pages is that were all social mutants; we've all outgrown, or were never any part of the socially acceptable categories. There is a really cool interview with Chris Freeman from Pansy Division in #1 and 'Punks Gays Roots', is exactly that: The term 'Punk' dates back to the 16th century and means sexual outlaw (yeah easy) In the fifties the term Punk described a US Prisoner's sexual partner. Too cool. #2 is the Coming Out issue with a feature article on that o'l subject. The rest of the Zine has feature articles, rants and interviews with Melbourne bands: Dyke Punk De Regulator, Wally Gunn from Sickbay and Tedium. Plus a heap of letters surmounting praise on this cultural artefact. Get into it. **The Burning Times: Richard Watts: PO Box 425, Clifton Hill Vic, 3068. e mail council@ariel.ucs.unimelb.EDU.**

Lesbian propaganda

Drawn and Quarterly

Well drawn and very well quartered, this top of the line comix collection ranges destructively across The 8 pillars of Gay Culture by Vivienne Vellecoop. Roberta Gregory, well known long term contributor to women's comix, follows with Talking Nineties, a fast and hysteric - hilarious breakdown of gender stereotypes. Yin Yang Man is another true story by Mary Fleener about 2 girlfriends who dismantle a guy called Joel. Poor Joel is yet another harbinger of New Age cliches. This issue includes Dennis P. Eichhorn, who was born in the Montana State Women's Penitentiary and is currently writing 3 to 4 conflicting autobiographies, working with Fiona Smythe, of Nocturnal Emissions Comics and Spooky Jug Music, on a drug overdose in the twilight Zone. Drawn and Quarterly, is definitely Queer, chewing up fat city pretensions with such a ferocity, I found myself developing an alarming affinity with Judy Garland while narrowly missing a full blown cocaine habit. Issue 7 or a more recent sample issue, is a very good deal at \$4 US + 1 R C from **Drawn and Quarterly, 4550 Boyer St, Montreal Canada H2J 3E4**



Robert M. Vellecoop, Vivienne Vellecoop, Barbara

Fuck Morrissey?

R U crazee?

No Way! One day @ my fav coffee shop, Coffee Gallery, I was reading the Strib (Mpls Star-Tribune) the day old "Steve" came to town - had this retched article about the fey-ones "celibacy" & talking about not having sex in seven years. The whole article was framed with references to screaming teen-age girls (presumably his major base of fans), "some of whom are asked to dance on stage with their idol!" Thanks a lot, Mr. Fuckin' Morrissey - gain your popularity based on queerness as diverse as association with queer boy Johnny Marr (rumoured to be one of your past fuck buddies) & posters of your coyly reading books by Oscar Wilde. Speaking of Oscar, when I was in Paris in February 1992, his tombstone in Pere Lachaise Cemetery had this graffiti: "you live on in Morrissey." My comment? WHAT A FUCKIN' JOKE! At least Oscar celebrated his queerness and even got sent to prison because he was open about his sexual preference. Maybe Morrissey rots in the prison of this alleged celibacy. R.I.P. Morrissey . . . Rot In Pieces. Stop trying to play it straight. If you ever do end your celibacy . . . maybe I'll think about going out with you.:

Abrupt Lane Edge,
Queer Love and Kisses,
Chris Wilde, PO Box 2936
Loop Station
Minneapolis. MN 55402

Cross-Talk by EDDIE...

Friends, Girlfriends and others, I just got the latest issue of CROSS-TALK: The Transgender Community News & Information Monthly. Published by Kymberleigh Richards, Based in Woodland Hills California. Cross - Talk has been published 69 times to date which is a fantastic effort, the latest #69 features include: 'The News Queen, Virgin Views by Virginia, T Notes 'If You are going to transition on the 'job take care not to shoot yourself in the foot' 'Woman to Woman', 'Your Worst Nightmare', cool graphics & toons and reviews...I just had to reprint the wonderful review of EDDIE the magazine's Sleaze issue... "More proof that transgenderism and sexuality are intertwined is EDDIE the magazine from Down Under. The publisher of this Aussie 'zine sent us a copy of #10... including an interview with one of the founders of a 'zine called Wicked Women in which we discover that the other co-founder is an "ex-girlfriend Francene, now a transgendered ex-boyfriend Jasper." Unfortunately, after re-reading the interview I still can't figure out if Francene/Jasper, is a crossdresser, FTM transsexual, or something in between. And as usual ...I don't "get" all the sexual jokes and innuendo, but hey, it's nicely done, it's not terribly offensive, and they liked us even though we're much straighter...Give it a try, then..." Thanx heaps Kimberley and I hope you have many many more issues to come, excuse us for reprinting the glorious cartoon by Rita. (Queer Zine rating excellent, thanx ed) Of course like all independent publishing CROSS TALK need your support so... Subscribe NOW - P.O. Box 944 Woodland Hills, CA 91365-0944 USA fax 818-347-417 4190 Internet: kymmer@xconn.com Back issues \$1.50 per issue outside the US. Yearly subs are \$5.00.

ACON: Image: Fuck Safe Play well Love Good.



1982

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We felt like naughty children!

Get Re-Stuffed

How I would love to whip up a good hundred percent Lethal Dose and pass it around the lab. Make a clean sweep of this rotten gang.

Mix some school glue with powder paint to make shiny paint. Add a few drops of glue to the paint, stir it, and so on, until your paint becomes glossy.

Now give P.C. Jones a shiny blue uniform with shiny black buttons, belt and hat. Doesn't P.C. Jones look smart?

Yes they will rip,

Time to play!

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He was just asking for punishment

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28. Smear your mouth with Nutella, come in with a fake turd on a plate and ask him if he wants breakfast.

asking for punishment

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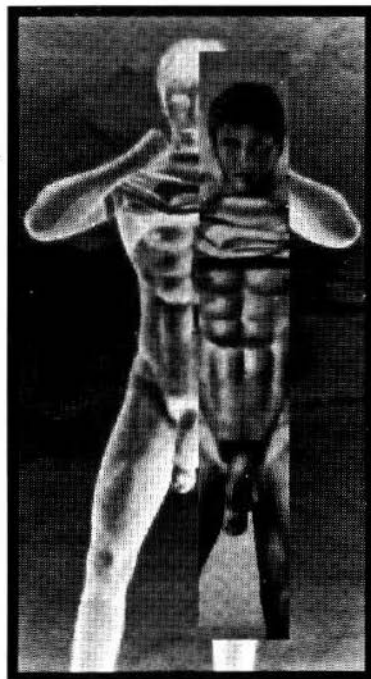
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Homoerotic

I want a toilet slave for love
tyre track my soul baby
the king is back amongst
our souls
like food at the corner of dreams
our world is charged with the
grandeur of god
a smudge of this mans smell
inside the soil
of mother nature(s) heart/wants
care/haunt(s)
right hand
first finger
hand over hand
give me one
quick
past last dust
drawn
and fast for-
ward the first
time (bar)
I'm gonna tear
your bum hole
off
Burroughs in
beauty hope
weaving
a menacing
stare
in lust /fear
paranoia
myopic fire
well beyond remembering
your pre eighties innocence
when a lover of souls
mightier know the master
father to this boy



bold boy /soon to be a man
blast bore and bloom together
his nimble finger
his gnarled grip
and I slumber for
his foreskin
all bones and sinew
forsaken
and still does not make it
yet hot enough to fry eggs
on the pavement already
loving tongue tips
probed
gasping cock-mouths
still pretty tense about
being fucked
just at entry
but he went just ape-shit
once in and would sixty
nine like one possessed
his guts go wild
Your really something
Cigarettes make sperm
taste bitter (better)
That male taste
Not stale
passing a cigarette
Perfumery flesh
Slightly of fish
The taste of cunt fat tits
Hey! If you give all
you get so much more
Anytime bull boy!
Two heads lean close
conspiratorial in law nervous
as a hore in church always aching
for the kudos of tomorrow.

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