

the continuing story of scooter the

HAPPY FAG



#2

AND



His Boyfriend

Steve

AND

naked
people

to make you
want to buy
this issue!



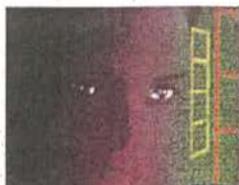
AND



His Little
Dog Scrappy



with
Chris the
guy
upstairs



\$3.00



GAY MEANS HAPPY

People write to me and say "Scooter, I am so depressed, how can I be a happy fag like you?"

I have plenty of tips, tricks, and secrets for all you sad motherfuckers out there still blaming your parents for all life's casualties instead of learning from their mistakes. My Mom is a Jehovah's Witness, and I am a fag. See, I didn't make that mistake. My Dad can't stop thinking about work, all I wanna do is masturbate. I think the happy scale tips in my favor here also, don't you? You choose- Work...beat off...sweat...jizz, tough choice.

I have a younger gay brother Gerald who just changed his name to Michael. He doesn't go one day without smoking pot so I would call that addicted. My older sister is a horn dog hillbilly. I'm just another blue-collar white boy fag. They are the troubled siblings and parents of America and you don't have to play behind their white picket fences.

I was a late fag bloomer, didn't pop a boner for another boy till I was 26. I was terrified, I was excited.

HOW TO LIVE A HAPPIER, LONGER LIFE

Happiness is the key to long life. People who suffer from anxiety and depression often age quickly and die prematurely, several studies show. This has a greater effect on longevity than being overweight, smoking or drinking. Key to positive mental health: Sociability. Friendly people tend to live longer than those who are always lonely.



My pal Nina said - Michael (That was my real name before I came out) You Go Girl... not really, she said Michael, if you had a choice right now would you pick the family you have. Duh. Of course not. Bill Gates would be my Dad. Mary Tyler Moore would be my Mom. I would pick the Brady boys for brothers and a bunch of Dykes on Bikes as sisters to beat my brothers up. I have a revolving family now that consists of the boyfriend and his parental units (who adore me), the roommate who we just call The Guy Upstairs, assorted close friends (see back cover), and even retailers who accept me in their establishments - Vivace Coffee and Broadway Video and Diversity and Johnny

Rockets, very cool places with sun-shining faces. Which brings me back to my original topic of How To Be Happy.... CONT. ON PAGE 4 →



JOIN UP NOW!

This is the modern world
now you can have Happyfag
delivered right to your own
home! If you are willing
to shell out the moo-lah, that is.

send \$10.00 for a whole year
(4 issues) to:
Scooter
323 Broadway East #902
Seattle, WA 98102

Send Happy Smiley stuff
to the same address, or e-mail to
scooter@eor.com

Canadian Correspondent:
Larry Mudrie lmudrie@smartt.com

and don't forget to check
Happyfag out on the web-
<http://psweb.com/scooter>

BAD GIRLS

SEX REBELS

FAGGOT

ROTTEN BOYS

DYKE



Where did I leave off- oh yes- I have plenty of tips and tricks for all of you to have a total blast the rest of your life! (nobody else is offering this to you are they?). Notice I said "total blast" not "grand time" like an uptight Eastcoast

ANOTHER SECRET OF LIFELONG HAPPINESS

Being happy is simple. Set realistic goals. The more unattainable the goals, the greater the chance of unhappiness. Don't exaggerate your emotions. Never compare your current life with pleasant days gone by.

person who uses the word 'soda' instead of 'pop'. "I'd like a pop" sounds much more happy than the snooty feel of "hello madam may I have a soda", don't you just want to push her down the stairs? That's tip one: Pop not soda.

Now let's get into your skin. You use what, Ivory? Dial? Well if you want to smile in the morning, use Johnson's No More Tears Piglet Gentle Cleansing Bath liquid soap, it has a happy piglet head spout, and it's very gentle. You could squirt the whole bottle up your butt and blow bubbles all day.

Even my accountant boyfriend Steve says it makes him smile just by looking at the bottle. Secret #2: Scooter uses Piglet Soap.

#3 - Dip your dog in beet juice. It should be a white dog so it turns out pink. If you don't have a white dog, dip someone else's dog in beet juice. This is a good summer for a pink puppy pride parade!

#4 - Recreate the slumber party scene from Grease. Steve and I have a pajama party with our lesbian friends every other month. Once we used cheap makeup to paint our toes, watched *The Incredible Adventures of Two Girls in Love*, and ate lots of Cheeze Whiz and crackers. I showed my penis to the girls and they ran.

Tip 4: Decorate your body parts and expose them to lesbians.

Well this should get all of you started on new adventures in Happydom, It's your party and you can smile if you want to.

What makes you happy? Do you have happy tips too? Share them, or I'll beat your fucking head in.

Thank You. - Scooter the editor/publisher/pasteup boy.

TO FIND CONTACT LENS LOST IN A CARPET

Place a nylon stocking over the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner and carefully vacuum the area. The lens will be pulled up onto the stocking.

Happyfag

Scooter,
Collin and I really enjoyed Happyfag. Most of the voices in queer zinedom are either angry or bleak. Your voice stands out. Happy, Happy! We are 'gay' after all aren't we?! Kiss your kids for me. - Reb of Fanorama

Hi Scooter...

Your title is great, and the front cover is hilarious. I am not a fag, but your happiness is contagious!
- Blind Robin, Spray Cheese Diaries

Scootiel!

I love Happyfag! It's energetic and fun. I like what you're doing with collages and other visuals. In all honesty, I felt "happy" after I read it.

Hiya Scooter

First off, thanx for the premier issue of Happyfag!!! It kicks major butt; much better than my first lame issue, I'll be giving it a plug in the next issue of 'Milky'.
I liked your coming out diary, and the Outer Space Connection was hilarious. The Certificate of the Right to Play is excellent, I agree with everything on the list. Sign me up as a life long member!

- De, from the zine 'Milky'

Forbes

Hey Scooter,
I thought Happyfag was really fun! Definitely not the run-o-the-mill fag rag. I like that it's kind of eclectic, you don't know what to expect from one page to the next! I always thought of myself as 'cutting edge' but compared to you I am Mr. White Bread!

Keep it up, and I look forward to your next issue!

Bryan

Dear Scooter,

Picked up a copy of Happyfag at Beyond The Closet Bookstore today, so here's my opinion...
I loved the cover and back page, liked the glossy look and shot of Jeff your coverboy.
I loved your coming out story, Jeff's piercing story, and the pics and zine/comic reviews. Also the scattered male torso shots are great additions. I was surprised how open you were in that you posted most everyone's full names, place of employment, etc. It was all very well done with the irreverence I like!

- Drew

Brad may be doing some zine reviews in the next issue of Gerbil, in which case, Happy Fag will certainly get some positive attention. It's a true zine. Keep in touch you cute thing. - Tony, "Gerbil"

Ocean Resort (Jan 21)

Hey, this isn't suspense. it's a simple happy two day get away for me and Steve on our 3rd anniversary.



141 miles from home, we're here at the Mariner's Village Resort at Ocean Shores. A new five story condo, not at all like Iron Springs, the rustic beach cabin we frolicked in two years ago. This one has a heated pool also, but it's outdoors and freezing, so there will be no swimming. I am curious which floor we'll be on. The upper three floors will overlook the dunes and the ocean. Steve is inside right now getting us registered.

The woman in the office recommended some nice places to eat. She said this is the end of the jetty where we're at and a good place for walking around. We can do that later. If we go the other way we can shop! (we decide to eat).

Steve says we have to find a restaurant with trashy little waitresses.

Take a right on Chance A La Mer.

(we discuss the pronunciation of this street).

Drove to the southern tip of the jetty. No people. No cars.

Oh boy. Steve drove to the southern tip of my torso. I was ready to explode but we decided to hold off. Waves are crashing into the rocks and spraying us.

Lunch at Alocs By The Sea. Steve ate his grilled fresh salmon and I ate these rubbery stinky razor clams and burnt creme for desert. He gave his shrimp cocktail to me, we stole the butter pats, paid the bill and left.. Decided to buy food at the grocery store, it would be more romantic cooking at the resort and getting naked by the fireplace. The loggers in this town would not like this activity in their restaurants.

Went to the office and rented a video with that old lady, what's her name...you know the one in Driving Miss... Jessica Tandy.

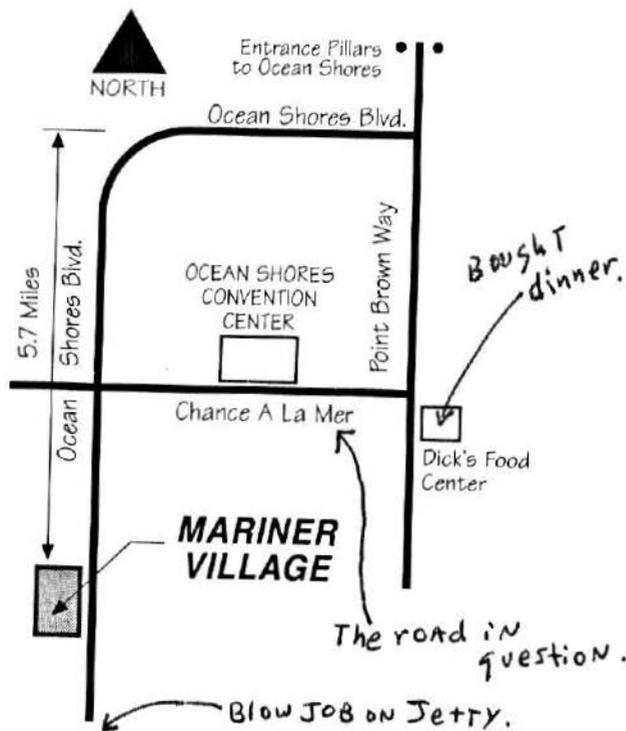
We bought dinner and Korbel champagne and lots of cookies. I want to drink the champagne from Steve's body. He lays a blanket in front of the fireplace. We try to keep our underwear on for awhile but we fail. Big sex happens, sperm flies. We toast, do dinner, do desert, do Jessica, then fall asleep.

Monday morning. We look out to the ocean and cloudy skies.

Been there. We decide that staying here all day would be blah, so it's off for a tour of the Olympic Peninsula.

Peninsula summary- rather uneventful. The Westside of Hwy. 101 was trashy Indian Reservations. Rusted and abandoned vehicles left anywhere, semi-picturesque but it did not flow well with the majestic Douglas Firs. A psychotic seagull followed us when we stopped to feed it





along the highway. We got away before it could poop all over us. WE hoped the town of Forks would be cool but it scared us. We needed gas but were afraid of everyone. in town.

Hodunk...hodunk...hodunk, they are all the same! Booger pickers, pipe smokin' gun rack totin', girlfriends with huge frizzy hair. Steve said Scooter, quit pointing. a lot to me.

Past the little hamlet of Sequim the towns started looking quirky, or maybe it was us. We had driven through four hours of Twin Peaks. 3:27pm crossing the Hood Canal Bridge toward the ferry terminal that takes us back to The Emerald City. We have two routes to choose from. The Kingston Ferry to Edmonds and then drive south to Seattle. Or Go through Poulsbo to

Bainbridge Island and take that ferry right into downtown. We go for the latter. Steve tells the people in the booth I am retarded so we can get the disabled rate. stop. Steve marvels at how this boat can carry 200 cars without sinking just like he marvels at planes every time we fly somewhere. It's like ask a Boeing engineer, why are you looking at me. We are both tired and want to unpack and pee and play with Scrappy.

The Kingdome appears at the other end of the Puget Sound. Up pops the Space Needle, all the tall buildings draw nearer. There are lesbians there! Gay boys! Nose rings! Coffee that is not freeze dried! And mostly, no floating logs!



not all lesbians own cats

(but some of us do own guns)

punk rock love is fucking behind the dumpster down the street from the show. fucking in the shower at the hotel Carlton. making out in the recycle bin. playing checkers with cigarette butts. knowing the same parts to the same songs. both of you having the same ex- boyfriend.

punk rock love is having to tie his shoes for him cuz he's too drunk. him giving you ten rolls of duct tape for your birthday. him beating up skinheads. going to the prom on his motorcycle and checking in the helmets at the coat check.

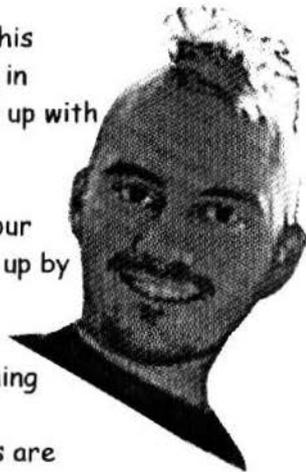
punk rock love is meeting him outside the club and him saying come home with me or i'm gonna kick your fuckin ass. going home with him and he almost kicks your ass anyway. sharing hairdye. the sun coming up and you realizing that there's other people on the beach.

punk rock love is him sneaking out in the middle of the night to meet you in the park. running your fingers over his spikey hair. him chewing on a flower and you having to call poison control when his tongue swells up. sharing a sleeping bag and waking up freezing in the middle of the night and him, bleary eyed, trying to heat it up with a blow drier.

punk rock love is hearing him drawing on you. him sleeping on your back. him thinking it's cool that you stink and your hair stands up by itself. him having weird roommates who worship eggs.

punk rock love is both of you doing zines. years later him teaching English to college freshmen, you still doing zines. him wearing glasses though his eyes are fine, using crutches though his legs are fine, and talking with a fake speech impediment. you just thinking it's rad boy style, until later when someone brings up the concept of self-imposed handicaps.

holding hands out on the fire escape. lying in the grass in him backyard. lying on the Astroturf in his bedroom. drinking tequila on his porch, on your birthday. riding his motorcycle early in the cold morning and you're holding on tight and steam is rising off of the river and you're thinking how he is maybe even better than the ramones.



SOUNDING BETTER ON THE PHONE

You can make a better impression on the phone by opening your mouth wider as you speak and moving your lips more. Most people don't move their lips enough, which flattens the tone of their voice. Do not squeeze the phone between your neck and shoulder. This tenses your throat and makes you talk from one side of your mouth.

Speak in your lower vocal range. Telephones transmit lower pitches more truly than higher tones.



BIG MONEY

Selling Genuine
RUBBER RAINCOATS

Every man who's outdoors in rain, snow, cold, needs one. Guards, police, mailmen, farmers, firemen, war workers—thousands of customers. Priced for profits for you.



MARVIN IS A DREAM! HE WANTS TO MAKE SOUP OUT OF MY UNDERWEAR...

HOW ROMANTIC! RONALD TOLD ME AS LONG AS HE HAS A FACE I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO SIT!

Dreamboys

fun on the net

Ah, a sodomite who lumps himself with religious groups and ethnic groups. Don't you understand that being and remaining a sodomite is a moral issue? A great deal of society does. That's why there are still laws on the books concerning the act of sodomy.

You wanna work? Shut your mouth and keep your sexual proclivities where it belongs....in the latrine. Nice Freudian slip with that "out of the closet" bit though. It's a closet all right....a water closet. Here in America we call it a toilet.

Buddy, so nice to see that the home has let you have access to a computer again. You are correct that it is a moral issue. It is immoral to let scum sucking homophobes such as yourself interfere with the rights of Americans to earn a living simply because they don't have sexual relations the way you want them to. If you don't like that then why don't you go find yourself a country that has a theocracy as a government, such as Iran or Saudi Arabia. It really isn't any of your business what someone does in their private life so long as they properly perform their work duties. After all we let religious fanatics such as your misbegotten self work with decent Americans. And you CHOSE to be what you are today, a hate filled, small minded, little bigot.

Gay is still dead-end, but the lack of desire to reproduce is a bright spot. Most perversions of nature tend to die out sooner or later. Suck what?

As homosexuals have been around for as many years as heterosexuals, dead-end seems incorrect. I would suggest however that the governments efforts to protect the stupid from their own actions is having an adverse affect on the percentage of the population that dies out because of stupidity leaving the average intelligence stable. Did you understand that, or should I write a comic book for you?

It's silly motherfuckers like you that make me EMBARRASSED to be heterosexual, you illiterate piece of shit - I don't want to think that I have a single damned thing in common with a subspecies like you. And I'm not real sure that I do, anyway - research has shown that people who are as hostile towards homosexuals as you usually have latent tendencies they don't want to deal with (I'll translate that for ya, Jethro - that means you're a "fag" yourself and you can't cope with the fact that yer daddy's ass is that appealing to you).

just because you ended up in the shallow end of the gene pool, don't take your fucking misfortune out on the rest of us.

Take your best shot, you sorry, pitiful cretin.

bigot

response

bigot

response

response

D
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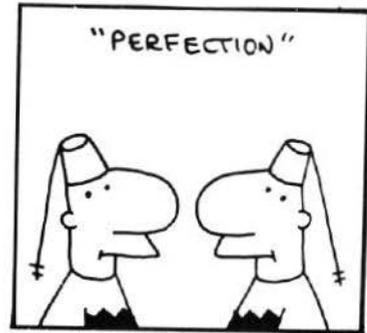
“I used to put myself down because I was gay. Now I’ve worked it out and I couldn’t be happier.”

So Happy Together

This September John and I will celebrate our 34th anniversary. We have friends, both gay and straight, that ask for our secret. The answer is, "There Ain't no secret!" literally, that is exactly what we mean. No secrets! When John and I started out there were no religious support groups for gays, there were no "gay weddings" or public ceremonies. We had a few friends that wished us, "all the best" then told us how their togetherness had fallen apart. We listened and we learned.

We felt that the quickest route to separation was with possessiveness. The romantic, but trite, "I'm his-He's mine" was a sure fire death knell. Kahil Gibran said, "let there be spaces in your togetherness." I do not own John nor does he own me, we allow for the need and the ability for separate interests. There are things we do that do not include the other, however it is important to realize that we do not exclude, and there is always the ability to include.

The first year we shared our life together one of John's goals was improved communication, to his workers, to himself and to me. I became of the same mind and that brings the next big point. TALK! Other couples we knew were breaking up, and without exception the communication was non-existent. They not only did not talk to each other, sometimes they did not know how. John and I took a class in semantics at a local college and while that may not be for every one it gave us base to build on. Now after more than 30 years we sometimes communicate with out speaking, but that only comes with time. It helps in the relationship to communicate needs; the way you need to be supported. To make a commitment to specific support to achieve a goal for the other is even more rewarding.



Any specific relationship should be a mutual support system. Most of the time we are in step and when the "different drummer" shows up we can talk about the rhythm we hear. We both have the ability and the desire to support each other yet be self supportive and appreciate our own self worth. This is important so let me repeat it, a relationship should be a mutual support system. Relationships among friends, a marriage, a family, a commune, a society, a club, a congregation, should be a relationship which, regardless of whatever else it may be, provides mutual support. This support may take many various forms and for many varying purposes. In a marriage or similar relationship, the mutual support can be a power that is so valuable and helpful that it becomes the "glue" that holds two together in a lasting and fulfilling way. Support may be for security, protection, intellectual stimulation and growth, for emotional reinforcement (love and caring), for challenging and encouraging of the potentials, for listening and unloading of distresses, for the sharing of experiences, both disturbing and joyous. These arrangements of support do not have to be (in fact, rarely are) confined to only the two, as in a marriage, but can include others that will compliment the relationship.

So the Secret? Let's call them guidelines:

Be open - never hide something from the other but temper your honesty with compassion and awareness.

Be free - with each other, with yourself.

Allow independence - "Spaces in your togetherness"

Require "Faithfulness" of yourself; not of the other.

Help your mate: not to be like yourself, but to become the best of their own potential.

Accept and allow changes in the nature of the relationship; in the "levels of communication"

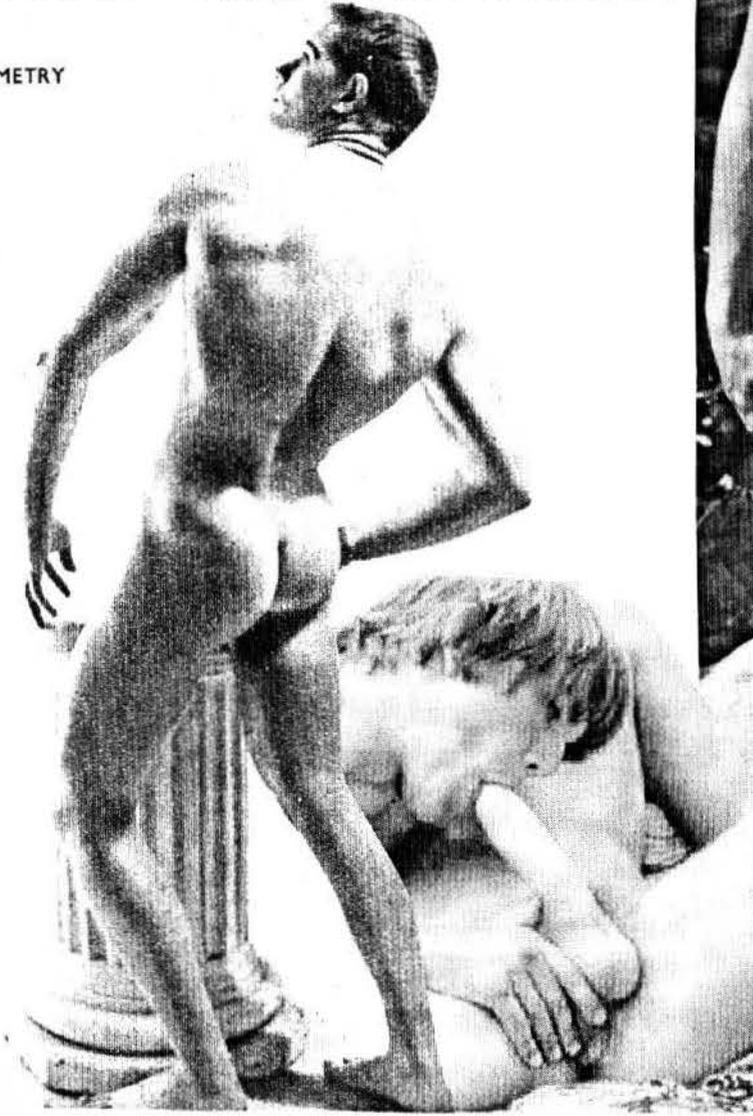
Never take an argument into the bed room. If you must stay up all night to resolve an issue then do so. If an understanding can not be reached or even if you agree to disagree, the bedroom is sacred territory and must not be used in conflict.

Finally, rather than seeking your own reflection in the other, seek goals to work toward together. (Not "you and me against the world" but standing together, hand in hand, reaching out to life.) We have had more than 30 years of the usual ups and downs but we have a commitment to each other, so why not try for 50!

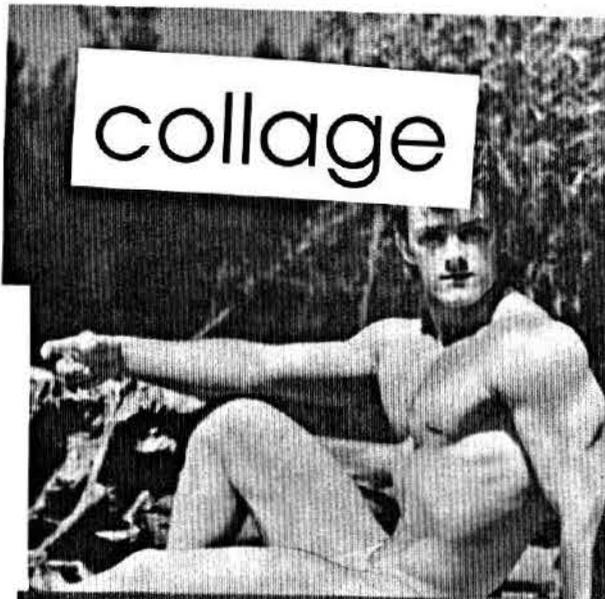
ALEX WANTS TO BE DOUBLY SURE YOU SEE THAT MIGHTY ARM



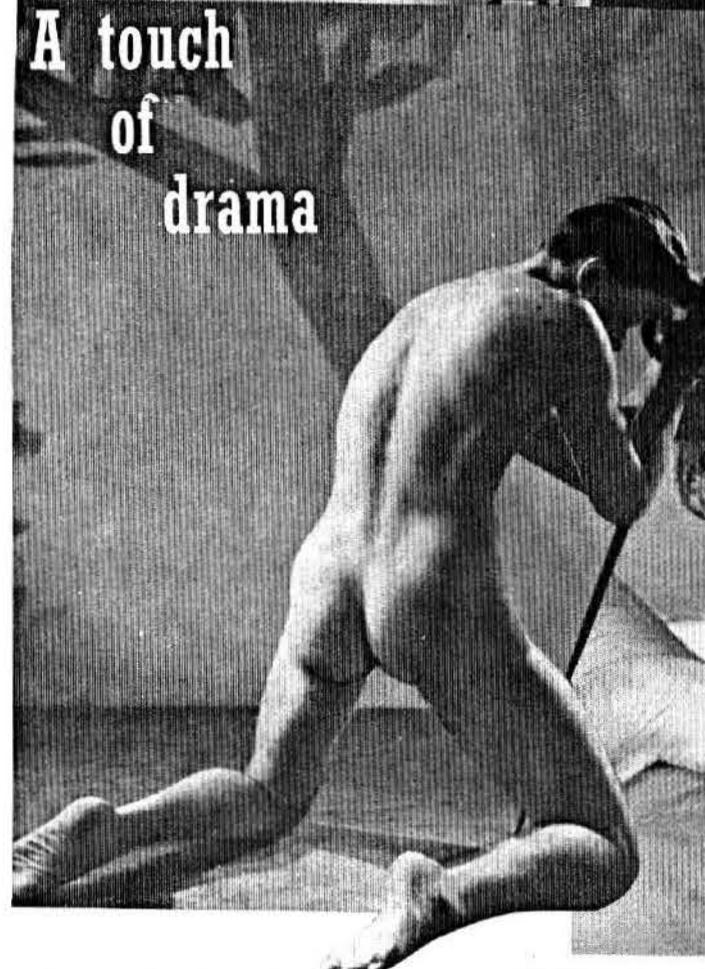
SYMMETRY



ALEX RELAXES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES

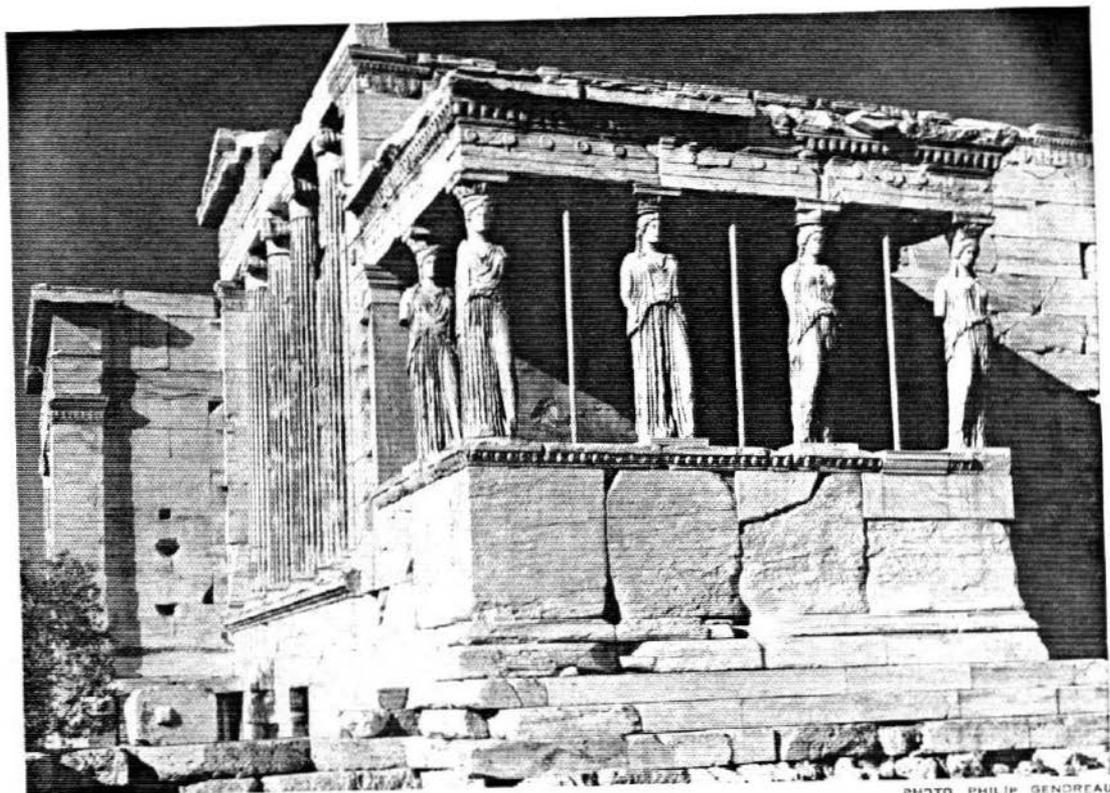


ALEX DISPLAYS A REALLY RUGGED BACK



At the end of all this frenzied activity, a shower and a hard rub-down are real welcome and then he's ready for his favourite evening.

Don's made a fine collection of long-play discs and leans towards Cha-cha. He says he digs that crazy beat



UNIVERSITY PRINTS, BOSTON

PHOTO. PHILIP GENDREAU

PORCH OF THE MAIDENS (CARYATIDS). ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS

GREEK c. 421—409 B.C.

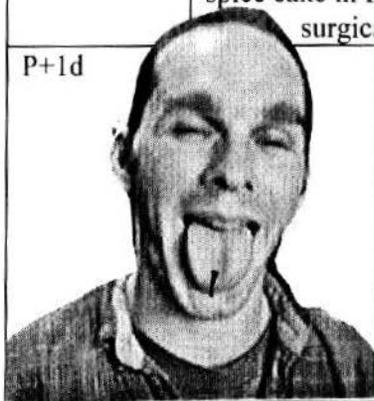
ARCHITECT. MNESIKLES (?)

beef report

gnarly

John Labovitz, publisher of Crash zine and an online e-zine website -(<http://www.meer.net/~johnl/ezone-list/index.html>) gives us his detailed account from pre to post posting of his tongue. P-1w means Piercing minus one week, you figure the rest out.

time	experience
P-1w	Excitement over to what has become of my as-yet-unmodified tongue. Concern from some friends about pain & uncomfot. Concern from others friends about how soon they can play with it. Several offers of soup for lunch, post-piercing.
P-30m	My last chewable meal: lasagna, salad, bread. In retrospect, I should have eaten hard bagels, toffee, peanut butter, and ribs.
P-15m	(at the Gauntlet) A hint of what has become standard procedure, to be repeated many times a day: A Listerine mouth-rinse! Kills millions of germs, dead!
P-10m	John (the piercer) tries hard to make my tongue fry enough to mark the placement dot. Miserably failing to control my tongue, I begin to wonder whether I really own this strange muscle.
P-5m	John clamps forceps to my tongue, to keep it out and accessible. I've heard the forceps are the worst part, even more than the needle itself. Drue, my piercing partner & voyeur, holds my hand.
P-1s	'Breathe....'
P	A sudden pressure, as the needle enters and passes through my tongue, but hardly any pain! Like a toothpick through butter, almost. John screws the ends of the barbells onto the rod, and viola! there's something in my mouth.
P+1s	Ah, here come the endorphins, to make me all fuzzy and happy! And just in time too, since my tongue starts to throb.
P+5m	Out the door, happily pierced and beginning to see what everyone meant about not wanting to talk much. I soon realize that there are some consonants that I won't be using for a while.
P+2h	My tongue is starting to swell, making talking even more difficult. Graham and Drue make fun of my inarticulate blubbering. They also eat delicious spice cake in front of me, and I realize what I've sacrificed to the gods of surgical steel.
P+1d	After a long night of dry mouth & painful salivation, I finally decide to face the world, voiceless and swollen. Actually, I can talk ok, for short periods, as long as I don't have to say 'seven'. Even bean soup is impossible to eat. Yogurt's ok, although boring. Michelle recommended 'Ensure' drinks, which are basically chocolate drinks with vitamins. Mmmm. Luckily coffee is tolerable, or else I'd not only be starving, but starving <i>and</i> psychopathic. The pain isn't so bad, really, as long as I drink lots of cold water. And the swelling is starting to go down already...



March 3, 1996

124

MY DAD the FAG

(This is A PAPER MY 16 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER WROTE, SHE GOT A B+)

We walked, my father and I, down the street a few miles in Seattle on Capitol Hill. It was a fun parade where people stood up for who they are and what they believe in. We threw hershey kisses to the crowd while they cheered for us. There was a variety of people walking in this parade. There were all types of floats, motorcycle women, the homosexuals, and a bunch of other sections. There were men, women, and children joining in the parade. We walked a mile or so before I got tired. So finally I hopped on my dad's back and we were smiling and having a great time. As we walked further and further people would run up to us and start walking in the gay section with us. Everyone kept on walking until we got to this huge park where there was a band and food stands.

When we all finally got to the park I though there was a lot of weird people there. Some were half naked, there were big motorcycle women, the homosexuals, and a bunch of others. I sat there watching eveyone walk around thinking those people are grose.

But ~~as~~ I thought about it a lot of people might think my dad's ~~is~~ ^{is} grose and I don't, so shouldn't be making judgements about others.

As we walked around the park I met a lot of new people, because my dad is a popular guy. We bought some food and took it to the grass to watch the band and eat.

I needed to use the restroom so I got in line and had to wait for over an hour. As I was waiting I over heard a woman saying how much she hated homosexuals and that they don't belong in this world, and the other woman was agreeing with her. When I heard that I was ~~just~~ shocked because they were there at the parade to express yourself and if they didn't respect that then why were they there.

But later on I caught up with my dad and I decided To have a little talk with him. I brought up the conversation I heard while I was waiting in line for the restroom. I felt very sorry for him and I was really sad but I really couldn't do anything but make him feel good. When I told him this though he didn't even care. He just said people can think what ever they want to because he likes the way he is and I respected that. If everyone thinks about it later in the future people will accept people that are gay just like the blacks got accepted into this world.

What real people do and think. What they listen to and who they love and hate. Turn off the TV and get lost in a zine. It's As The World Turns but it is the real world. It's One Life to Live but it's real life. This is the real Young and the Restless, and these are the days of our lives



Scooter
of Happyfag

THESE ZINES



Tony of Gerbil

are cool, so subscribe so they'll make more.

Fanorama

Reb and I are zine pals now, he was my very first, and Fanorama remains to be one of my very best zines, I treasure them and have created Happyfag in his likeness. Issue #12 is my favorite with "I Was Queer When Gay Meant Happy". You will know him. Lots of sexy fun and that's not all...you get a free Keanu in every issue! Reb, don't ever stop. \$5 (yes \$5.00 get over it and send him your money)

Fanorama -500 Waterman Ave, East Providence, RI 02914

Now Meet Satan #3

Doesn't sound like happy stuff, but Carol is just telling it like it is boys and grrrls. We get a one sentence review of her city by city tour like Tampa "sucked except for the hot dog I got from a street vender". Some very harrowing childhood experiences here, along with plenty of zine and music reviews, and her brief stand as a phone slut (I mean a telephone actress) is fab!

Now Meet Satan \$2- Carol Steel 323 Broadway East #1002 Seattle, WA 98102

Queer Nasty #7

This issue has a tabloid-like cover and the contents are fab! My Husband's A Dyke is redo about a woman you taught her man buttplay. Handy Epigrams teach us how to respond to stupid homophobic comments., Hate Mail, Christianity Today, and more! \$10 one year.

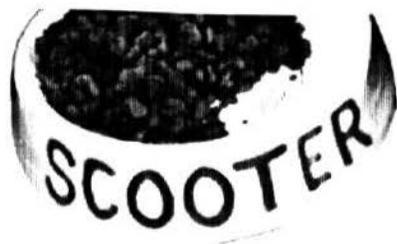
Baby Rhino Press -79 Franklin Street New York, NY 10013-3408

URL <http://www.tripnet.com/q-nasty/> (also check out ...

Sibilance, a quarterly queer audiozine with a mix of tantalizing sounds for your brain, I like the songs Michael's a Faggot and Jazzersize. there's chants, sampling, excerpts, and some hilarious tunes also, like Gym Queen and Charlie Off The Wall-You can amaze your friends with this disc! It's like being on every ride in the carnival! Buy yours now! URL <http://www.tripnet.com/sibilance/>

Brave New Tick

Paul Normal fills his zine with his life and poems and Gay Daddy Resources. Not that kind of daddy, the I Had Kids Once kinda papa. If you are a gay dad like he is and I am, buy his zine! Support the Gay Dad Zine Revolution Now! \$1 Brave New Tick- Box 24, S. Grafton, MA 01560



Baby I Dig You #2

Sara does this with some help. Eric worked at a library and compiled all the stupid questions people asked him, it's now a poem. Cool or what? Plus five pages instruct you on how to make a flat piece of paper. Cooler huh? This whole thing is the coolest. I forgot the price but send \$2 or \$3 to Sara Lorimer and say Scooter said so. Box 2244 Olympia, WA 98507

Gerbil, A Queer Culture Zine #5

Brad and Tony are my new zine pals. They do the slickest zine I have ever seen, you can get a good idea what they are all about (not gerbils) at their website: <http://www.multicom.org/gerbil/gerbil.htm/>. Stuff in Gerbil #2 include Women in Transmission (lesbian mechanics), some of my favorite poems, and loads more. And at least this issue is nudity free! You can let Grandma read Gerbil! Sample it now for \$3. Box 10692 Rochester, NY 14610 e-mail: GerbilZine@AOL.COM

Celebrate The Self

Solo homo. The art of beating your pud as seen and told by many of the contributions in CSN. There's also a real squirm in your seat article called Steel Stuffed Dick, plus video and book reviews. A wacka wacka. \$3 CSN Box 8888 Mobile, Alabama 36689

Subliminal Tattoos

I usually spend an evening with one zine and try to retain it all as I slumber away, but that is impossible with Subliminal Tattoos. It's almost 100 big pages full of everything- stories, comix, interviews, reviews. I may never get through it all! Well worth the \$4.95 cover price. I get my copy at a local news stand, look for a copy nearby or send \$18 for 4 issues/ \$25 for 6 issues. 9604 SE 5th St. Vancouver, WA 98664.

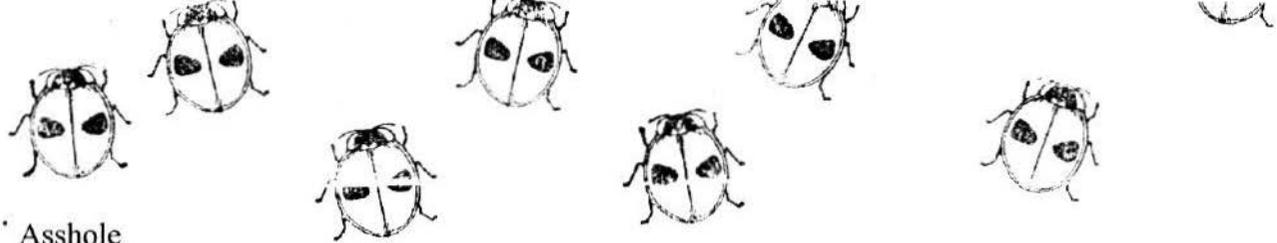
My Car Pinto

Steph writes about love gone bad with boys and good sex with a girl, about bad republicans and being one of the Brady Bunch girls, about a friend in a mental ward. Life's little ups and downs, and some band interviews. Interesting stuff and only fifty cents plus 2 stamps (or a zine trade). Steph 5 Oak Ridge Road Exeter, NH 03833

Strange Fruit Autumn 1995

Angst and rage fills a big part of Jason's big 56 page zine, his writers won't be in competition with Happyfag, and that ok! When I can sit and read long stories without going nuts, I know it's good. It's scary and it's fun, like watching the movie Fargo. Most of the titles could be Morrissey songs: Kill Your Parents, Daddy's Dead, Killer In Love, Maybe It's Death, Suspicious Boy With No tongue. Doesn't rate high on the happy meter but it is highly engrossing! \$3 or at cool stores.

3435-B 20th Street San Francisco, CA 94110-2517 e-mail: strange@sirius.com



Asshole

Rhino, the editor of Asshole digs up some close ups of real life butt holes, sphincter and all, and the other type of assholes such as Jesse Helms and Rush Limbaugh and Mel Gibson. Also an interview with Ursula Andress Ten Things I've Had Up My Ass, and some lovely poetry.

Rhino- 190 East 2nd Street #22 NYC, New York 10009

Boys in Trouble on the Interstate #7

20 jam-packed pages of fun! More travelogue tour with the band stories, the highlights and the 'lowlights', A History Of Rock. Reviews, all that cool stuff at a cool price of \$1 plus postage to:

BITOTI- Box 8054 Austin, TX 78313 e-mail Sarootabaker@mail.utexas.edu



Sissy Boy

This is more like a toy to take to dinner and share with everyone. It's a flip-book tied together with a plastic string with postcard-like pix n notes to make you laugh and/or cry.

I almost want to copy everything and put it in my zine, but then would be a bad sissy boy.

Write him, send him \$2, make him cookies. Charlie- 151 1st Ave #82 NY, NY 10003

Pasty #4

I'm going to eat lunch with Sarah-Katherine someday. She writes Pasty and I read it all the time. I read it to my friends, we all die laughing. She makes you want to kill her roommate Jan. This is the 'hate' issue, but it's so fun. I cannot believe I have only this issue. Sarah, please be my pal. Buy this now! \$2.00

Pasty c/o Sarah-Katherine 6201 15th NW #P-549 Seattle, WA 98107

Spray Cheese Diaries #1

Three guys (one is gay) and two chicks (one might try to be gay) all do this zine I hope they all remain pals so this can go on and on. Lotsa fun by everyone involved, with reviews, sex, , music- what more could you want? ONE DOLLAR (use your lunch money, it's better this way)

Indigest Press- Box 480, Denville, NJ 07834-0480 e-mail indigest@gti.net

Milky #4

Stuff you need to know. How to talk like a break dancer. How to cut your hair into a moulet. Telephone Love Dates. Adventures in Suburban Camping. Every article is non-stop cool. De wants \$2 but he deserves \$3 for this one. Milky c/o De 614 E. Union #102 Seattle, WA 98122



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I will really like you a lot
if you visit these places
who have helped me put
out for you. call them.
use them, abuse them...
- love, scooter

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Aw, come on. Just once won't hurt you.

p
a
s
t
y



\$1 plus 2 stamps
Sarah-Katherine
6201 15th Avenue NW, #P-549
Seattle, WA 98107

Single sample issues -- \$4.00 USA, \$5.00 Overseas



RUDE



RULES FOR GROUP LIVING

- RULE 1. NEVER FUCK YOUR ROOMMATES.
- RULE 2. NEVER FUCK YOUR ROOMMATES IF THEY'RE THE OPPOSITE SEX.
- RULE 3. NEVER FUCK YOUR ROOMMATES IF THEY'RE THE SAME SEX.
- RULE 4. FUCK THE RULES.

Meet Jordan, Kerry, Dirk, and Alice: *they* stopped following the rules years ago -- and now they're doing a zine about it. With lots of true sexual anecdotes, articles, photos, and comics contributed by their readers, too! Four issues out now; five due in May. Won't you invite them to *your* next orgasm?

RUDE -- a reality-based erotic-novel-as-sexzine by Robert Jordan DuPre

SUBS: Four issues -- \$10.00 Six issues -- \$15.00 Overseas readers please add five dollars per sub.

RUDE 9604 S.E. 5TH STREET VANCOUVER, WA 98664

"Mi corazón," she breathed sweetly in the darkness. "I cannot go on if you leave me."

"I must, *querida*. It is our only chance at happiness."

play me

I uncover my 7 inch

gently

he glares at me

as I ease it on your spindle

I say

this is rare

I usually don't do

frank sinatra

but your dust is fine and

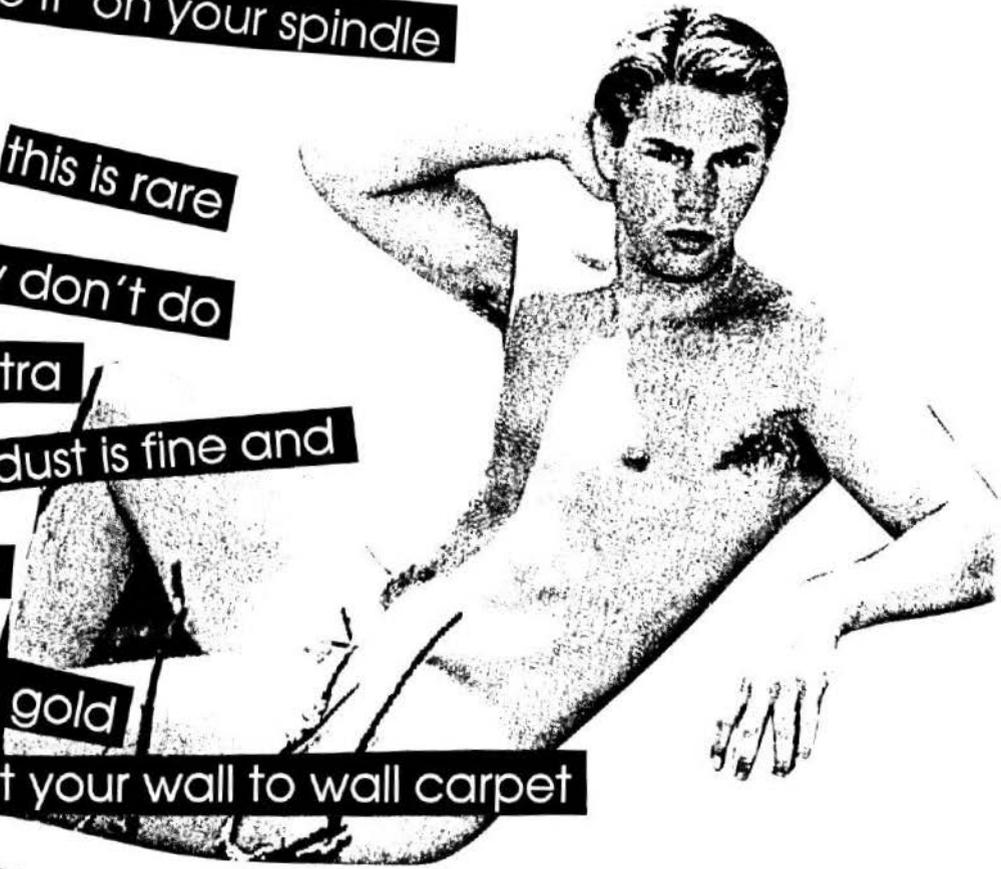
my heart

is lined with gold

I love you not your wall to wall carpet

and I don't care

if the phonograph's old



my



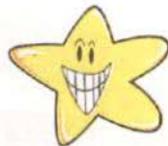
happy



scooter and ex boy friend tommy



come on get happy



friends

