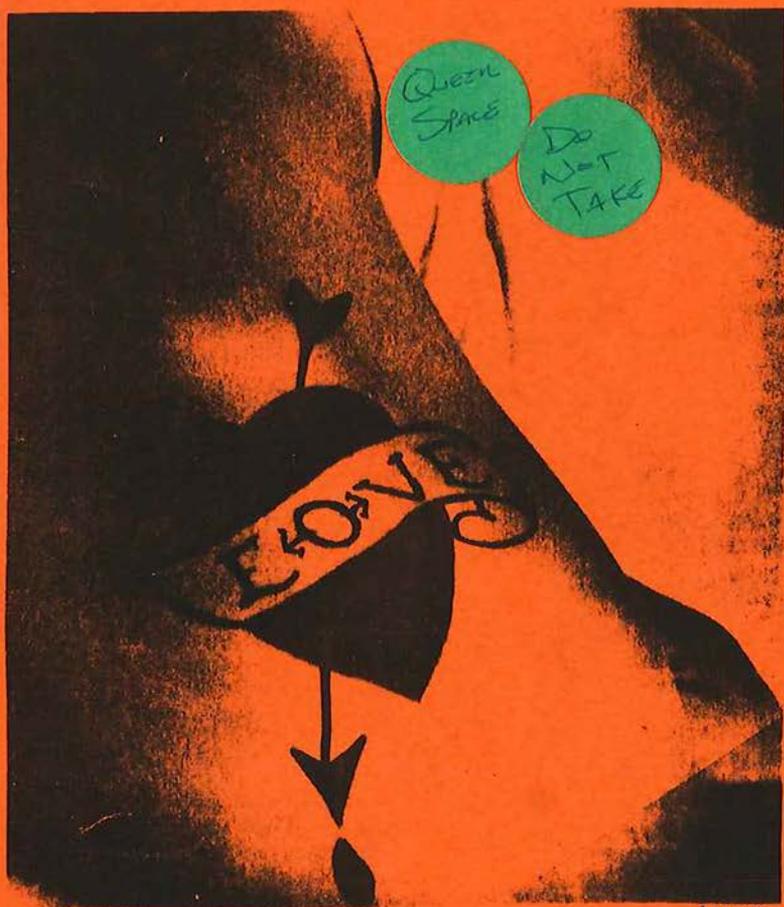


SWERVE

The
TATTOO! Issue



Vol. #2

By: Loud, Proud Homos

1992

\$3.00

YOU'RE INVITED TO JOIN US

SWERVE

Take The Alternate Course

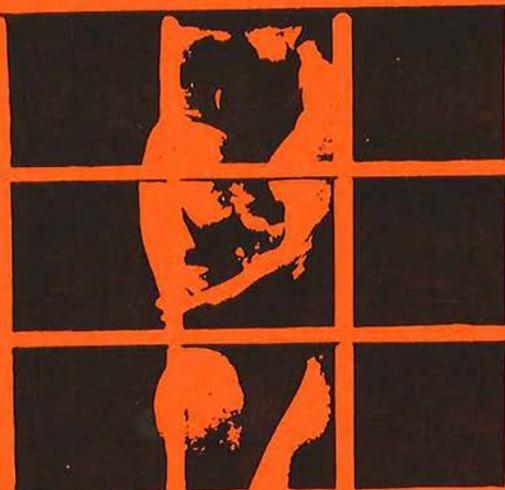


Photo by P. Peck

1991, Vol. 1



\$3.00



TABLE OF CONTENTS

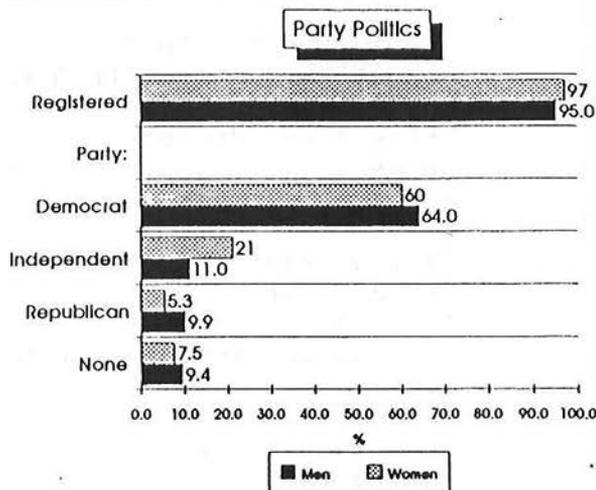
| <u>TITLES</u> | <u>PAGES</u> |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Overlooked Opinions | 1 |
| Closets Are For Clothes Not People | 3 |
| The Sounds Of Music | 4 |
| Tales Of My Brother | 5 |
| Tease | 8 |
| Health | 9 |
| Comix | 13 |
| Tattoo Centerfold | 17 |
| Shrink Your Head | 19 |
| Cuisine | 21 |
| Queers...Saving The Earth | 22 |
| Letters | 23 |
| The Poopie List | 25 |
| You Can Tell... | 26 |
| Poetry | 27 |
| Quaintance | 33 |
| Films | 35 |



SWERVE

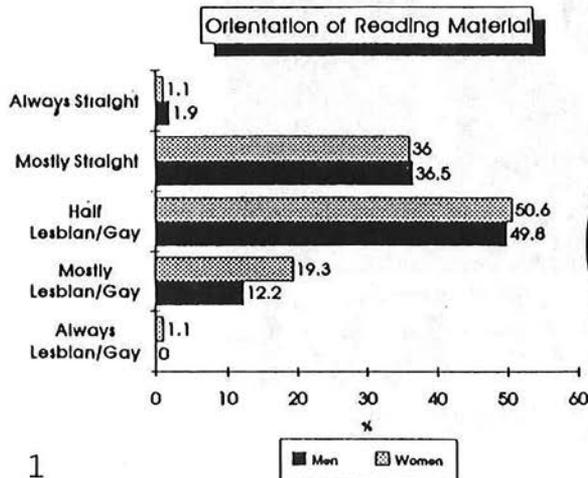
2655 S. Aldrich Av. # 2
Minneapolis MN 55408

We've Got Clout! And women have more than men...



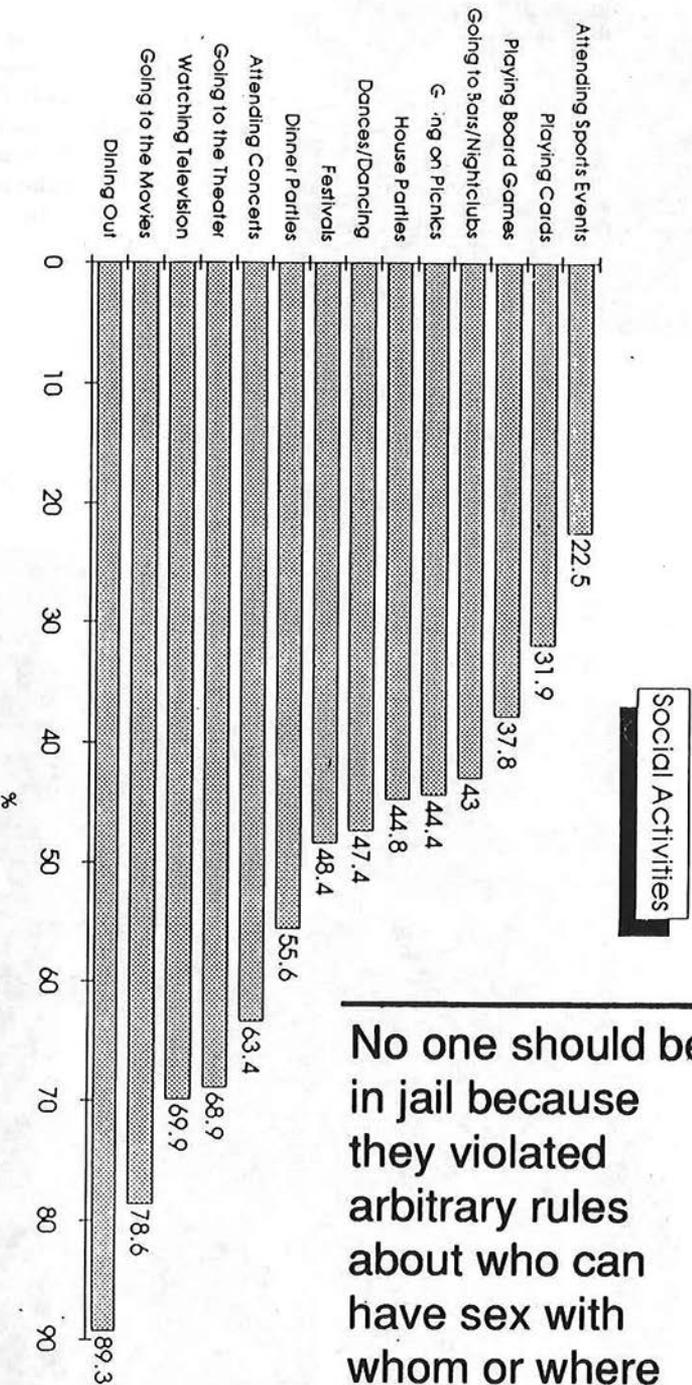
Not So "Literarily" Gay!

Only 14% of us report reading more lesbian/gay material than straight material. For half of us, half of our reading material is lesbian/gay, and for over 36% of us most of our reading material is straight.



Saturday Night's All Right For...

In terms of social activities we are quite an active and diverse group. The things we like most are visually and gastronomically stimulated! Dining out, going to the movies, watching television, going to the theater, and dinner parties, are the activities we like best!



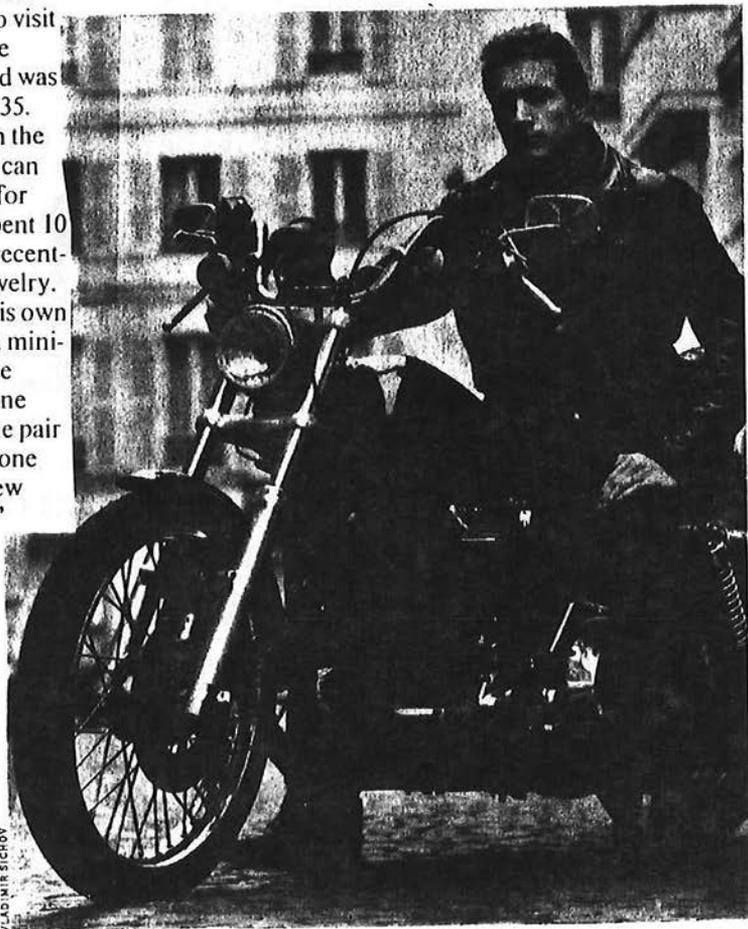
No one should be in jail because they violated arbitrary rules about who can have sex with whom or where or for what reason



G. Oden, 20, edged out 26 other contestants, all women, in a San Diego Make-It-Yourself-with-Wool sewing contest. His victory garment was a double-breasted suit; his prize, a two-week trip to Paris (March 11, 1974).

closets are for clothes not people

UPDATE: Fifteen years later, Oden has yet to return from Europe, except to visit and buy a Harley. "The minute I won, my mind was made up," says Oden, 35. "Now I couldn't live in the States, where nobody can imagine eating lunch for three hours." Oden spent 10 years as a model and recently began designing jewelry. He no longer makes his own clothes and relies on a minimalist wardrobe: "One black leather jacket, one pair of black jeans, one pair of heavy black boots, one classic tuxedo and a few dead-simple T-shirts."



THE SOUNDS OF MUSIC

By Keith Clark

SAN FRANCISCO—Traditional performances of George Frederick Handel's "Messiah" fill concert halls and inspire millions from Rome, Italy to Rome, Ga. But one thing new about the immortal Handel—though listeners may not know it—is that he has joined the growing list of famous classical composers who are now believed to have been gay.

At the American Musicological Society's annual enclave held in Oakland, Calif., last November, scholarly papers were presented on issues involving music and sexuality, including one by University of Minnesota Professor Gary Thomas on "Was George Frederick Handel Gay?—And Why the Question Matters."

While Professor Thomas made no definite conclusions, he presented enough circumstantial clues to make it a reasonable question: Handel (1685-1759), the German-born British composer who almost single-handedly put the oratorio on a popular, concert-hall footing, never married; he spent little time with women, preferring what little social time he allowed himself to be spent with other men; the absence of a Mrs. Handel was apparently serious enough an issue that King George II once even raised it with the composer himself.

None of this is conclusive enough to identify as gay the venerable composer who so strongly influenced British music that he is entombed, along with England's greatest Kings and heroes, at Westminster Abbey. But it's more than enough to move Handel from the "definitely straight" to the "ambiguous" category, or what Igor Stravinsky once condescendingly referred to as the "bachelor composers," many of whom have since been identified as gay: Benjamin Britten, Samuel Barber, Gian Carlo Menotti, and Aaron Copland.

Another prominent composer discussed by the musicologists was Franz Schubert, about whom University of Minnesota researcher Susan McClary said there was "overwhelming evidence" that he was gay.

Schubert, a "bachelor," lived first with the noted singer Johann Michael Vogel and later with the poet Johann Mayrhofer. McClary also cited an article two years ago in the highly respected journal, "Nineteenth Century Music," by Beethoven scholar Maynard Solomon on Schubert's sexual orientation.

"Schubert and Tchaikovsky were surrounded by people like themselves, who formed a supportive circle," McClary said recently. "We've refused to see it, because we didn't want to."

Researchers, particularly lesbian and gay musicologists, continue to find the circle is growing larger all the time. A recent biography of Robert Schumann, the close friend of "bachelor" Johannes Brahms, outlines what author Peter Ostwald discreetly describes as Schumann's "Greek episode"—and he isn't referring to stay-at-home Schumann's desire to visit Athens.

But does it matter?

Politically, of course, few would deny the delicious irony of millions of Christians who derive a religious tingle from belting out the "Hallelujah Chorus" suddenly discovering the composer was gay.

HOMOPHOBIA
IS A SOCIAL DISEASE

Tales of My Brother

by *Sister Sin*

Sleeping during the day was hard the summer I did shiftwork. Especially with Dan in the house. He always woke me the same way, leaning on the edge of my bed, shaking my mattress vigorously from the edge until I bounced awake. His face would be right over mine. As soon as I'd open my eyes he'd make his announcement, "If we leave now we can still make it downtown in time for the concert."

"I don't feel like a concert tonight."

"Yes you do. Let's get you up and dressed to party." He rummaged through my closet casually tossing clothes on top of my still horizontal body. "You can wear this." He said, in a studied casual sort of way. He always picked my clothes, dressing me far more provocatively than I would. When he said, 'you can wear this', what he really meant was 'I want to wear this, but you wearing it and being with me will have to do.'

My brother is queer, which implies behavior and personality beyond his sexual orientation. Because we are close in age we've always done things together. Siblings, friends, confidants. And Dan couldn't do anything without it becoming an Event. Understand that no matter how extreme Dan's behavior becomes he never seems to notice. Strangers around him will stare, laugh or run and Dan will be clueless. People around him will laugh and he'll look around, wide-eyed, trying to find out what is so funny. It is usually him. He gets invited to lots of parties. With him there, the party becomes an Event. I had someone call me last year to ask who that blonde guy was at my last birthday

party. "Oh, that was my brother, Dan."

She went on, "Could you give me his address? We'd really like to have him come to our wedding." They didn't even know him.

So began this days Event. Me looking like Ms. Slut in the outfit Dan had finally decided on, and Dan looking like Mr. Muscle Beach in his tank top, tan and fluorescent Jams.

As we sat in the concert traffic waiting to park I reflected. I was driving, paying for parking and the tickets. ("You don't mind, do you?") Irritated with lack of sleep, I was bent over and gripping the steering wheel too hard. Dan was bouncing around in the passenger seat, no seat belt law to restrain him yet, his head spinning like a periscope as he cruised all the other young men trapped in the cars around us. "Looks like it's going to be a good show!" He continued to bounce and spin, cruising until we were parked.

The crowd was enormous, we stood in line for a long time for tickets. I thought, "Shit, General Admission." We'd probably get stuck way in back. "Oh great! General Admission!" Dan was beaming. He pushed through the crowd easily because he loved rubbing his body against strangers in public.

"Dan, where are you going? We'll never find seats up front." He was moving through the crowd too easily, as if they sensed him coming and parted before him. Creepy, but convenient.

"Sure we will. Follow me." He was confident. I didn't question him when he sounded that way.

Just as we entered the auditorium the houselights went out and everyone stood up, screaming.

COOL, I heard him murmur under his breath. He didn't even pause, just walked directly to some great seats on the side about 10 rows back from the stage. I shouldn't have been surprised. While I was assessing my view of the stage, Dan was bouncing in his seat, jumping to his feet and flailing his arms a little bit. "Great," he announced. "There's plenty of room to dance!"

I could almost hear the people around us groan as they suddenly saw this flamboyant hyperactive queer become their visual obstacle concert nightmare.

The four seats between us and the aisle were occupied by two young couples, probably no more than 16 years old. Dan had already checked out the two guys and decided they were both gay, they just didn't know it yet.

The warm-up band was hot. Dan produced a joint. We got pretty high pretty fast and still had half the joint left. Dan's eyes lit up as he said, "Why don't we pass it to them," pointing to the young boys who didn't yet know they were gay. "They'll think we're way cool, they'll talk about us tomorrow in homeroom." He was giggling. Being talked about later in a strange high school seemed to excite Dan. What didn't excite Dan?

We passed the joint over. All the kids took a hit then tried to pass it back. Dan waved them to keep it. Watching the young boys' eyes widen at the gift I knew Dan was right, he was now immortalized as 'this really cool blonde guy at the concert'.

It didn't take long before Dan got the munchies. As usual, I gave him money and watched him swerve through the crowd toward concessions. The first time he came back with nothing, apparently side-

tracked by some action in the men's room. He just had to come back to tell me about it. Thanks Dan, NOT!

When he came back with his arms loaded up, I was sure he had just bought one of everything. And he was so happy about his purchases. He sat down babbling non-stop about the great food selection. He ate steadily as the band played.

There was one particular item he was most excited about and made me taste it. I sucked it through the straw hesitantly. Remember, this is the same brother who fed me worms, Drano, cat shit and buggars when we were kids. It was cold, an unidentifiable flavor, and so sour my entire face puckered. "Isn't it great! Isn't it the most amazing thing you've ever tasted? Isn't it incredible!" Dan really liked it. He was so thrilled he was spraying me with his saliva. Though it was dark, I could imagine his face was all lit up, his eyes wide with his eyebrows hidden up in his hairline.

The houselights came up between bands. Dan turned around to face me and he did have that look on his face with the Paul McCartney eyebrows working. He also had blue stuff all over his face. What the hell had he gotten into? Not being too clear-headed, when he turned around with that face and that blue stuff all over him I screamed. He thought that was a riot. He didn't seem very concerned about this blue dye but to appease me he rifled through the empty cups, cartons and bags to see if anything he had eaten was blue. It turned out to be that 'great-incredible-amazing' drink. But, Dan seemed to like the attention value of his face and tongue being blue so started looking around the auditorium trying to make eye contact with men. He never stops.

The lights went down and the main act began to play. The show was good, but even better was my view. Dan was between me and the stage. I couldn't see any detail in the dark but his face and body were a black silhouette against the stage lights. Trying to stay out of peoples way he did a lot of chair dancing, rhythmic bouncing really. I watched his lips sing with every song, I watched his hands conducting, swinging around to the beat. Actually, his hands were getting awfully close to that head right in front of him ...closer ...closer ...contact! It was just a graze, the strangers hair was grease slicked and Dans hand jab made it all stand straight up. Better visuals for me.

But that didn't slow Dan down. At the next song, he got to his feet and began swinging his hands around even more. I watched him get closer and closer to the same guy's head again. Slap! Slap! Slap! I counted three smacks to the cranium. Dan looked down at the guy and said something quasi-apologetic like, "Ooops." The guy seemed afraid to say anything in his own defense, and just turned away.

The music really started to rock. Dan was sitting again, at my insistence. He had an empty cup in his right hand and was pounding it onto the empty seat next to him. We got high again. I loved watching my brother so totally enjoy himself. He was lost in the music, bouncing and pounding.

I noticed that the cup was starting to fall apart. Dan didn't seem to care. He kept pounding away. As the song went on, the pounding got more vigorous as the beat drove harder. Pretty soon Dan was clenching tatters of what could no longer be recognized as ever having been a cup, flailing it again and again

onto the chair. When the song ended I pointed it out to him. He said "Oh," picked up a fresh cup, and began the same routine to the next song.

By the time the encores began Dan was possessed by the music, and high as a kite, his favorite state of mind. It was a little like being with a mental patient because I couldn't change his behavior, I just tried to make sure no one got hurt. During the last set he flew out of his seat and over to the section next to ours. This area had been clearly roped off with warning signs all over. Dan didn't seem to care. All he saw was a large area where he could dance. And dance he did!

It didn't take long for a security guard to show up. "Sir, may I see your ticket please."

Dan just laughed. "You know I don't have a ticket to be in this section! I drove a long way to see this band. I want to dance. I'm not in anybodies way. I'm not leaving. And with that he resumed his extremely aerobic dancing. The cop watched him for a minute, probably decided he was harmless, and walked away.

On the drive home we discussed the concert a little. I got the bathroom story a second time, this time with more detail. Yippy. It had been a classic Event, complete with sleazy clothes, loud music, drug constant sexual innuendo, and police intervention. As usual, I had paid for everything but didn't really care, was a chance to spend another night with my brother.

We got home and mom said "What is that blue stuff all over your face?" Dan just shrugged, he knew it was a long story. And it's a story that still makes me smile after 10 years. Maybe now that it's written down I'll send mom a copy

TEASE

by *Sister Sin*

How to get the point across that you're ready for action:

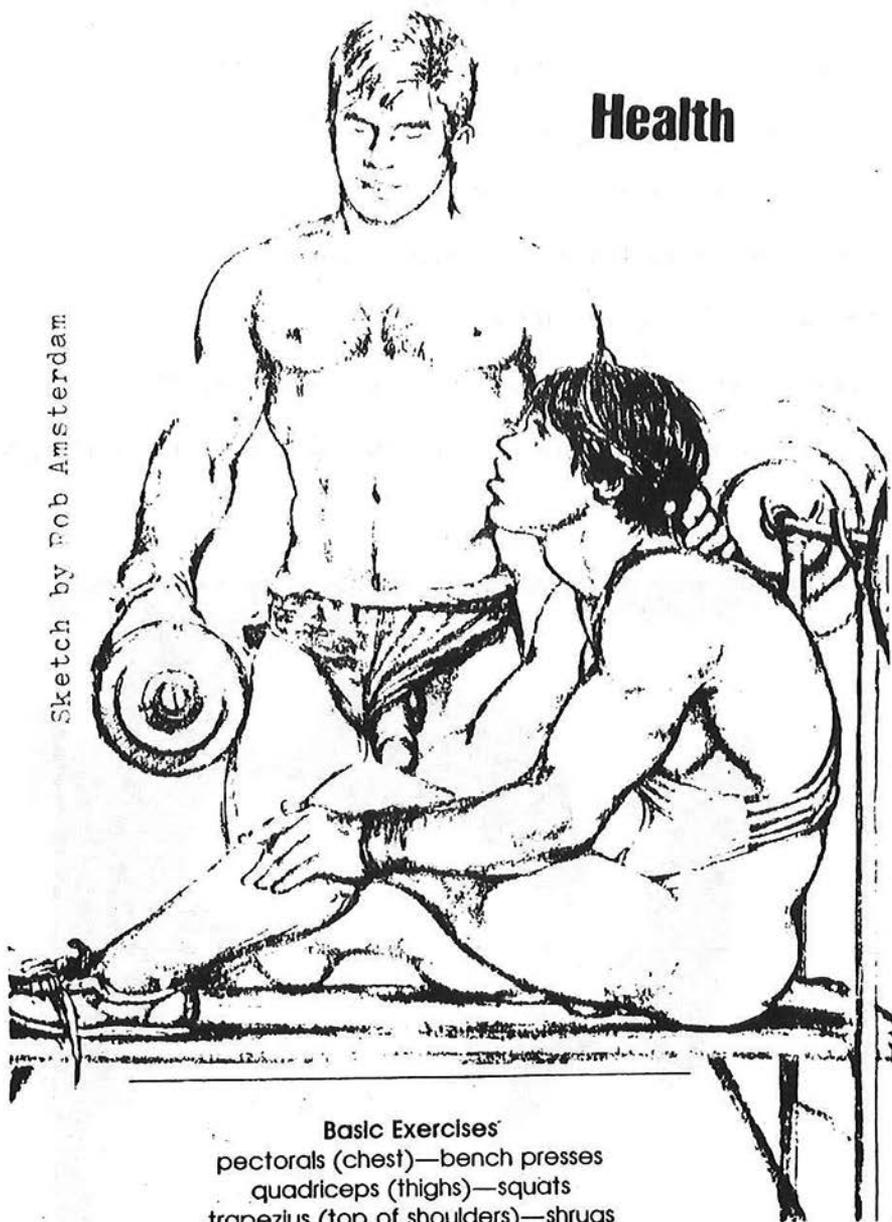
1. Carry a mattress wherever you go.
2. Wallpaper your house with mirrors.
3. Create a kinetic sculpture made entirely of vibrators.
4. Install red light bulbs in all your lamps
5. Place a neon sign on your front lawn that reads, "EASY".
6. Set up your telephone answering machine with 30 seconds of heavy breathing.

Ready when you are...



Health

Sketch by Rob Amsterdam



Basic Exercises

pectorals (chest)—bench presses
quadriceps (thighs)—squats
trapezius (top of shoulders)—shrugs
rhomboids (upper back)—bent rows
deltoids (shoulders)—lateral raises
latissimus dorsi (outer back)—pulldowns
abdominals (belly)—crunches
gastrocnemius (calves)—toe raises
biceps (upper arm-front)—curls
triceps (upper arm-back)—tricep extensions
erector spinae (lower back)—stiff-leg deadlifts

WALKING

by *Dapper Dan*

A vigorous walking program delivers many of the same benefits as jogging—with far less chance of injury to joints, bones or tendons.

Regular distance walking may improve your blood-fat profile, reduce cholesterol & triglyceride levels, reduce blood pressure, reduce body weight & lower your risk of heart disease.

As a general rule, a 30 minute brisk walk, three times a week, would be a good starting program for adult men. An optimal program would be to walk 45 to 60 minutes, four days a week. You do not have to walk fast to get a good workout. All you have to do is increase your distance and you will burn just as many calories as if you had run half the distance.





► New research indicates that cycling and other aerobic exercise could be as beneficial as the drug AZT for managing AIDS. A University of Miami study showed that a 10-week aerobic program increased the body's supply of helper cells, which activate disease suppressors. The increase was comparable to that achieved by AZT, without its side effects. For this reason, and because exercise is a proven stress reducer, the researchers suggested that HIV-infected patients participate in an aerobic program.

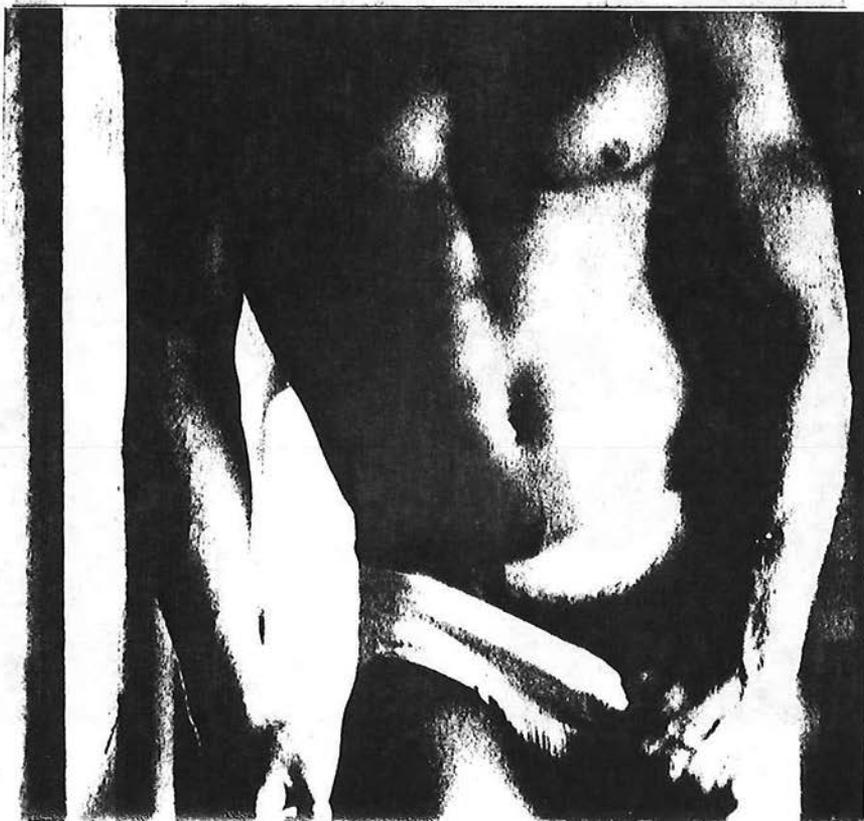


Strength Training Schedule

| | MONDAY (sets × reps) | THURSDAY (sets × reps) |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Split Jumps | 2 to 3 × 12 to 15 | 2 to 3 × 12 to 15 |
| Narrow-Stance Squats | 5 × 6 to 8 | 3 × 12 to 15 |
| Lunges | 3 × 8 to 10 | none |
| Leg Curls | 4 × 8 to 10 | 3 × 12 to 15 |
| Seated Heel Raises | 4 × 8 to 10 | 3 × 15 to 30 |
| Good Mornings | 2 × 12 | 2 × 12 |

| | TUESDAY (sets × reps) | FRIDAY (sets × reps) |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Pull-Ups | 4 × 6 to 8* | 3 × ?** |
| Dips | 4 × 6 to 8 | 3 × ?** |
| Dumbbell Press | 3 × 8 to 10 | 2 × 12 to 15 |
| Triceps Extensions | 3 × 8 to 10 | 3 × 12 to 15 |
| Barbell Curls | 3 × 8 to 10 | 3 × 12 to 15 |
| Knee-Ups | 4 × 12 to 15 | 3 × 25 to 30 |
| Sand Grabbers | 3 × 12 to 15 | 3 × 25 to 30 |

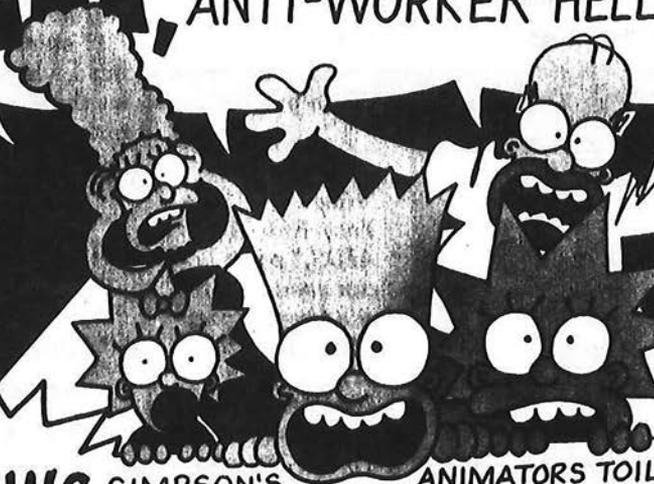
WEDNESDAY: Light cycling, aerobics or other alternate sport workout.



*Add weight if necessary. Remember, you must reach momentary muscle failure within the rep range.
 **As many reps as it takes to reach MMF

HELP,

WE'RE DRAWN AT
KLASKY-CSUPO, AN
ANTI-WORKER HELL-HOLE!

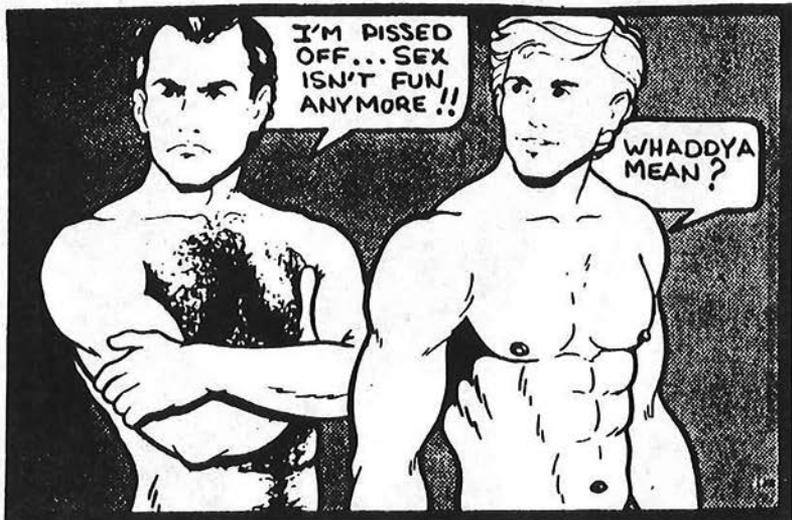


KONO PAKI
1991

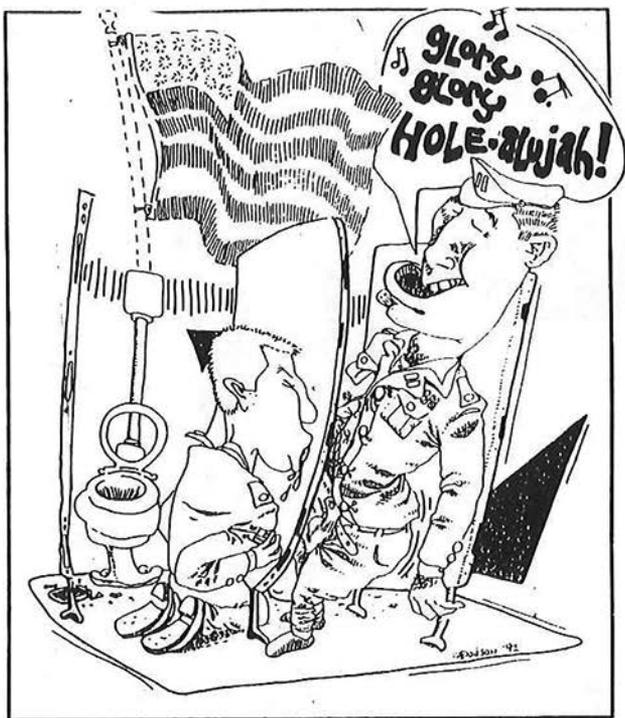
FOR SCREEN CARTOONISTS LOCAL 839

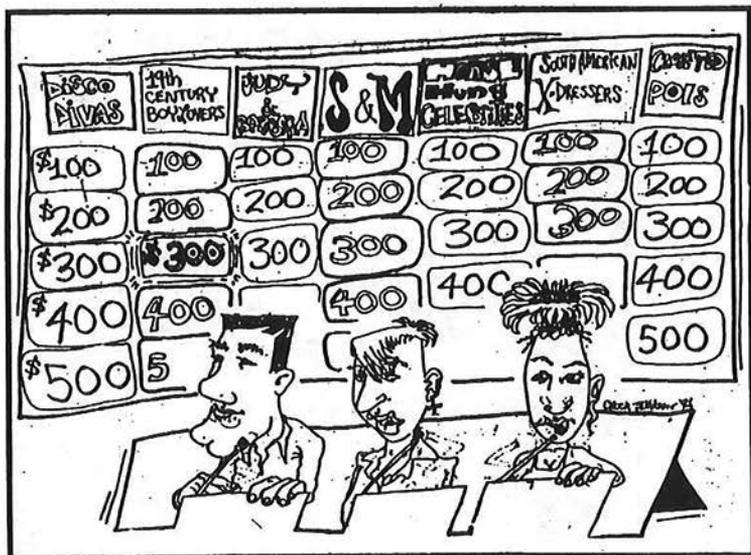
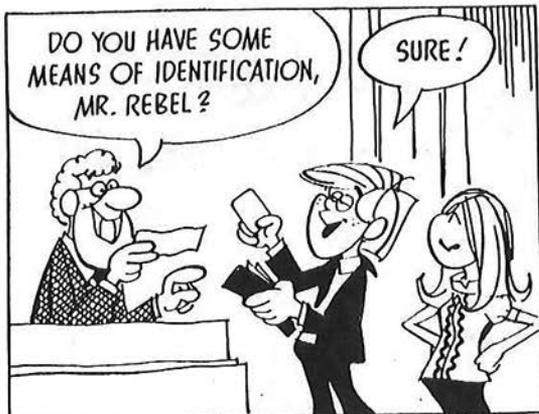
**NEWS
ITEM:**

SIMPSON'S ANIMATORS TOIL IN AN
ANTI-WORKER HELL-HOLE WITH NO OVERTIME
PAY. OWNER THREATENS TO MOVE SHOP
TO HUNGARY IF WORKERS VOTE UNION.

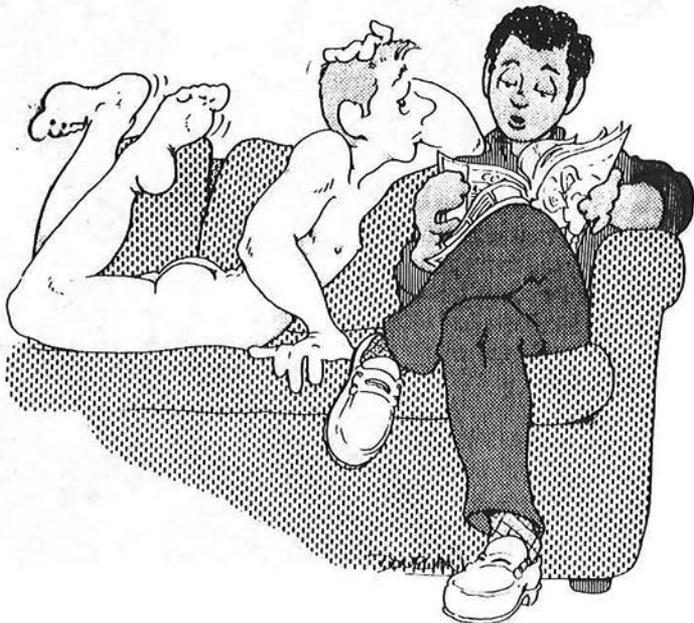
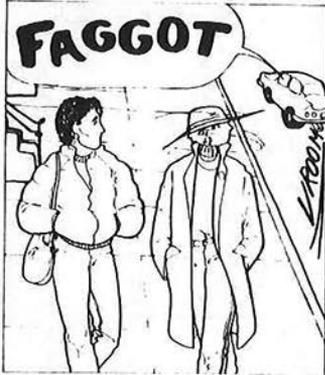


SAFER SEX GOMIX #2

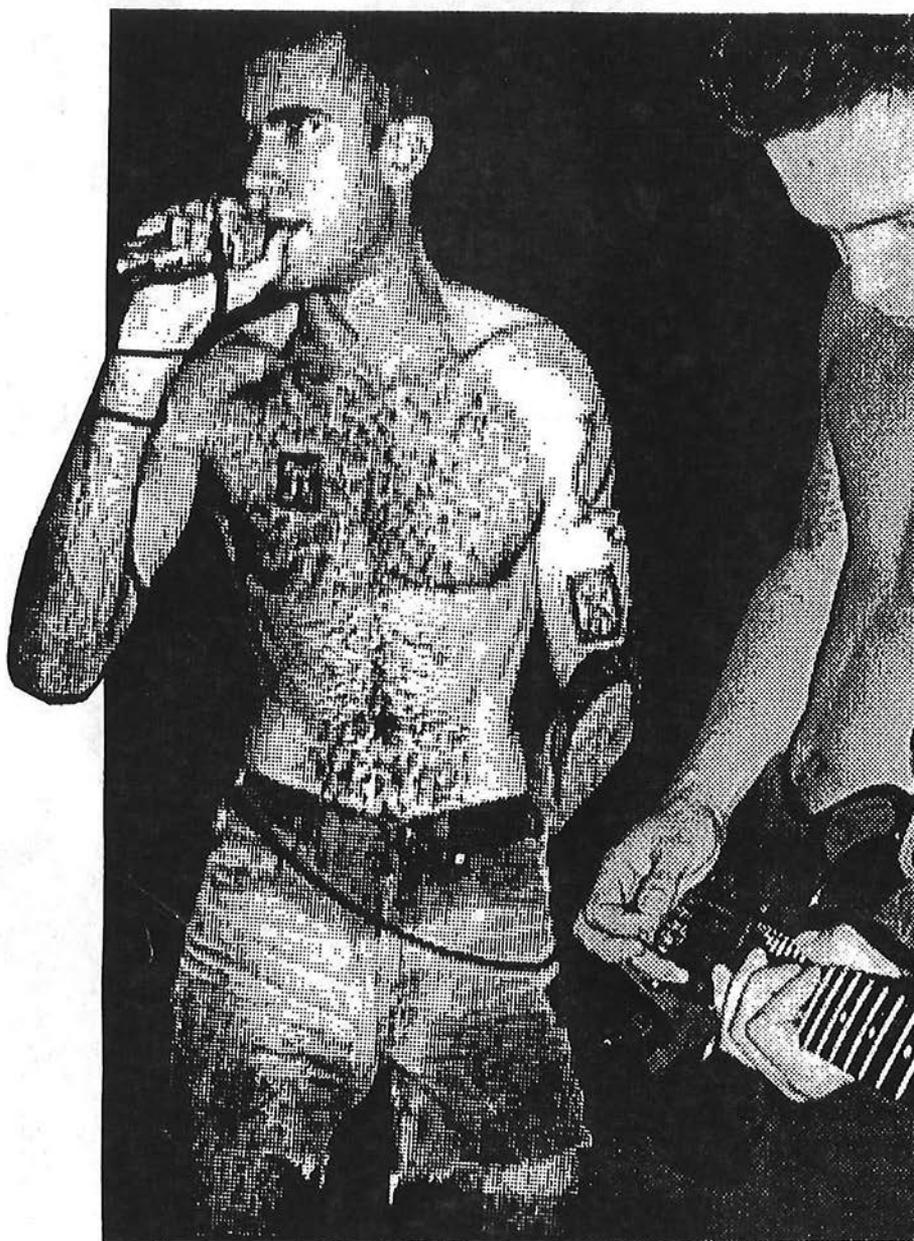




Do N. Leigh Dunlap



Oh, I don't care. What do you want to do?





ATTACK!

Let Me...
**Shrink Your
Head!**

ι ι ι ι ι

Dear TLC,

My lover insists on using cocaine during lovemaking, putting it directly onto my clitoris and labia. She says this should make sex more intense for me but it doesn't. Who's right?

-L.B.

Dear L.B.,

You are. Cocaine is one compound from a family of surface anesthetics such as novocaine and benzocaine. That means that it actually deadens or numbs the nerves in your genitals causing you to feel less, not more. ♦

ι ι ι ι ι

Dear TLC,

I'm seeing this guy, Bob (not his real name), who has a lump on his testicle about the size of a pea. It doesn't seem to bother him but it makes me nervous. I want him to go to a doctor, but he says its always been there so won't go. Please tell him that a doctor needs to see this.

-Dave M.

Dear Dave,

It is necessary for a doctor to have a look at Bob. There may be nothing to worry about since he says, "It's always been there". However, testicular cancer deaths (mentioned elsewhere in your letter) are rising and are the leading cause of cancer death in

19

men 18-35. All men should get into the habit of performing a monthly testicular exam. ♦

ι ι ι ι ι

Dear TLC,

Lately I've noticed a lot of people with tattoos and body piercing and have been thinking of getting something done myself. They're a real turn on for me but I'm scared of the health risks. I've been told that it doesn't hurt but I'm not sure I believe that. What's the story? Do they hurt and can I change my mind?

-D.S.

Dear D.S.,

Let's start with tattoos. Very cool items, a turn on for me as well. Talk to people who have artwork that you like and find out where they had it done. Go to the tattoo artist and talk to them specifically about what you want. They should do some drawings with you. Make sure the artist is licensed! In MN if anybody ever became sick because of tattoo equipment not being clean, the license will be pulled. Take a look around also. Is the place clean? How is the equipment cleaned and stored? Are you comfortable with the set-up?

Once you've decided on an artist and the art you want make sure they know it is your first time. Just like sex, the first time hurts a little. **Do not** have a drink before you go, that will just

increase the bleeding and may actually lower your pain threshold. Subsequent visits will be less painful because you will be less nervous and your body will more easily produce endorphins, a natural morphine-like chemical. Listen to the advice of your tattoo artist in terms of preparation beforehand and care of your tattoo immediately following visits.

As far as changing your mind there are a few options. A change in design can be covered or altered by additional tattooing. Removal has become pretty high-tech with some laser options that leave very little scarring.

Body piercing is an interesting and not-so-new form of body decoration. Some report increased sensitivity in pierced areas. Yet risks exist including hepatitis and infection. Any wound must be kept sterile and dry to heal well, which can be tricky depending on where you're pierced. If you change your mind early enough in the process the hole will heal over, but remember that scar tissue is generally not as elastic or sensitive as healthy skin.

If you make the decision to go with some type of body art send us a picture! ♦

ι ι ι ι ι

Dear TLC,

Whenever Mike and I are in bed he always talks about his old lover, Harry. "Harry used to do this," and "Harry did it this way. How can I get him to stop talking about Harry?"

- B.D.

Dear B.D.,

This is one conversation you need to have out of the bedroom, where emotions aren't as vulnerable. Choose a time when you and Mike will not be rushed or interrupted. Try to bring the

subject up without making accusations or drawing conclusions. For example, don't say, "You're always throwing Harry in my face because you think I'm a lousy lover." That assumes two things; 1) that he's bringing Harry up deliberately and 2) that he thinks you're a lousy lover.

Instead, tell Mike how you feel when he mentions Harry. He may not even know he's doing this, so giving him some examples without being angry or accusatory may help. What is the current relationship between Harry and Mike? Are there some things they still need to work out? Will you be able to support that?

Without talking to Mike it is hard for me to know what is going on with him. Remember to listen when he speaks, don't interrupt, expect to hear some things you might not like and don't respond to him in retaliation. As two adults you will be able to show each other respect and work towards a common solution. ♦

ι ι ι ι ι

('TLC' is a professional therapist who specializes in partnerships, sexuality and substance abuse issues. Readers can send their questions to: Swerve;

2655 ALDRICH AVE. S.
MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408-1308



Cuisine

Banana Coffee Cake



- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1/8 cup grass
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/4 cup cow milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, sugar and grass and sift again. Cut in shortening. Mix egg with milk, add to flour mixture and blend. Spread in greased pan, 8 x 8 inches. Cover with topping and bake in moderate oven (375 F.) 30 to 35 minutes.

To make topping, peel and slice 3 ripe bananas and arrange on dough. Brush with lemon juice and melted butter. Sprinkle with mixture made by mixing 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.



Pot Tea

Get ready a porcelain tea pot and a package of loose tea leaves, not tea bags, or remove the bag from the tea, leaving it loose.

Bring a kettle of water to a good boil, removing it from the heat as soon as it boils.

In the bottom of the tea pot put approximately 1/2 level teaspoon of tea for each cup of tea you are going to make (a little less if you dig weak tea) and add the stems and seeds which you have been saving, to it. Pour boiling water into the tea pot over the grass and tea, and cover. Tea pot might be stirred once or twice. Then go away and leave it alone for twenty minutes.

Corn Muffins Brownies



- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 cup corn meal
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 cup grass
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup cow milk
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift flour once and measure; add corn meal, baking powder, sugar, salt and grass. Add egg and milk and stir only until mixed. Add shortening and blend. Turn into greased muffin pans or non-stick pans. Bake in hot oven (425 F.) 20 to 30 minutes, or until done. Makes eight muffins.

- 2/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/8 cup grass
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup butter
- 2 squares chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup broken nuts

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, grass, and salt and sift again. Melt butter and chocolate. Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating well. Add chocolate mixture. Add flour, vanilla, and nuts and mix well. Spread in greased pan, 8 x 8 inches. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 30 to 40 minutes. While warm, cut in strips and

Queers... Saving The Earth

It's 21 years since the first Earth Day, April 22, 1970, when small groups of people got together to pick up litter. They also held a funeral for the automobile. Whether you agree with this or subsequent steps the environmental movement has taken, don't forget that good ecology can be good economy. Things that help save the earth can save you money at the same time.

If you work at home, you're already making a positive contribution to the quality of the air in your town by not adding pollution. If you want to do more, leave your car in your driveway one day a week. That day, take care of paper work, make phone calls or use a bicycle or a bus to go where you're going.

Plan your driving to cut down on miles. Line up all your sales calls, appointments and errands in a particular area for one day a week. Drive south on Monday, north on Tuesday, etc., and don't make special trips unless there are special reasons (an emergency or a big payoff). By organizing your trips, you're also organizing your time and becoming more efficient.

Turn off the lights when you're not using them. Replace ordinary light bulbs with fluorescent bulbs which take less electricity.

Recycle paper you use in your business by reusing business letters with one side blank as scratch paper. Make your own stationery by attaching inexpensive printed labels to plain envelopes and stationery. Don't use a large sheet of paper when a small one will do. Don't send a letter in an envelope when a folded, self-mailed flyer will do. Consider just sending a postcard, which gets attention even faster.

Save jiffy bags and large envelopes that come in the mail. Stick labels over the addresses. Use for mailing or for filing and storing your own papers.

Take paper bags to the stores where you shop and use them again. Use recycled paper for flyers, letters, and other uses whenever possible.

Use rags instead of paper towels for cleaning your work space or your windshield. When you entertain, amaze your friends, customers and colleagues with cloth napkins instead of paper ones. They add very little to a load of laundry, and if made of no-iron fabric, they need very little care.

Reuse boxes and other containers to store office or shop equipment. Cookie tins hold small tools, pens and other odds and ends. Boxes with handles that once held computer paper become handy portable files for carrying papers or catalogues in your car.

Hang houseplants where you work to fight indoor pollution. English ivy, dracaenas and palms help remove toxins from the air according to a study by NASA, which says that eight to 15 plants can improve the air quality in the average home.

Sell old office and shop equipment as well as household goods and clothing at a yard sale. (If you sell a retail product or a service for the general public, use your yard sale to introduce your business to your neighbors.)

Decorate your office or a shop with drawings your kids have made or pictures from magazines on a bulletin board rather than spending money on posters and framed prints.

Instead of taking a coffee and donut break, take a walk. You'll save energy and money, plus your health will benefit, too.

Saving money always makes sense, and changing a few of our habits isn't difficult. It only makes sense to try to keep this planet intact. It is, for the time being at least, the only one we've got!

Dear SWERVE,

Hi! Thanks for sending me SWERVE. I really like the concept and found it more entertaining than alot of other 'zines-plus more educational. I earned alot about nutrition, the Anarchist Archives, Mouse Balls, pot's safety record, plus lots of hard-to-find queer information. Thanks for using the word QUEER. I prefer it over "lesbian-gay-bisexual-transsexual-etc." It's my favorite word to describe those of us who ain't hetero... & it's so inviting-hey. Anybody who wants to can be "QUEER"! Keep up the good work on SWERVE. I definitely like the positive "attitude" of it!

Roberta Gregory

Hello SWERVE,
WOW, Cool 'zine!
Love the cover, It really stands out. Thanx 4 takin' the time to write & send me a copy. A very impressive effort!
Congratulations,
Drew Blood

**file under
"queer"**

Dear SWERVE,

Thanks for the letter, the trade & SWERVE. Some interesting stuff: particularly the cover photograph, Robbie Rubber, Anarchist Archives, and the photo collages.

Keep Taking Chances,
Jan Nathan

Dear SWERVE,

Dan-I liked your 'zine alot! Yes, I would love to trade it for POESPLESH. I look forward to watching your 'zine progress. It has excellent potential and a visionary editor. Anyone who reads HOLY TITCLAMPS is a visionary to me!

Please Write Again,
Glenn Sheldon



Dear SWERVE,

Thanks for sending me SWERVE. I loved the story by Sister Sin about your trip to St. Louis to see Elton John. I LOVE hot sweaty shows full of cute guys stripped to the waist!

Speaking of which ...

I sort of have a hobby of collecting shirtless photos of 'zine editors like you. How about it, Dude?

Enjoy All The Shit,
Scoop

Dear Scoop,

I am already on the cover TOTALLY NAKED & sucking tongue with a beefcake, isn't that enough?

SWERVE

Dear SWERVE,

I don't want to sound bitchy, but Jesus Christ, I already sent you some 'zines, photos, & a free video. I would think that would be enough of a "motivation"!

However, your inspired use of the words "buffed, solo, stripped down, bare-chested, muscled & tattoo" got me all hot & bothered! So I am throwing in this little folio as part of the deal. Now send me a photo?

Salivating,
Scoop

Dear Scoop,

I hope this buff skin shot keeps you pumpin'!

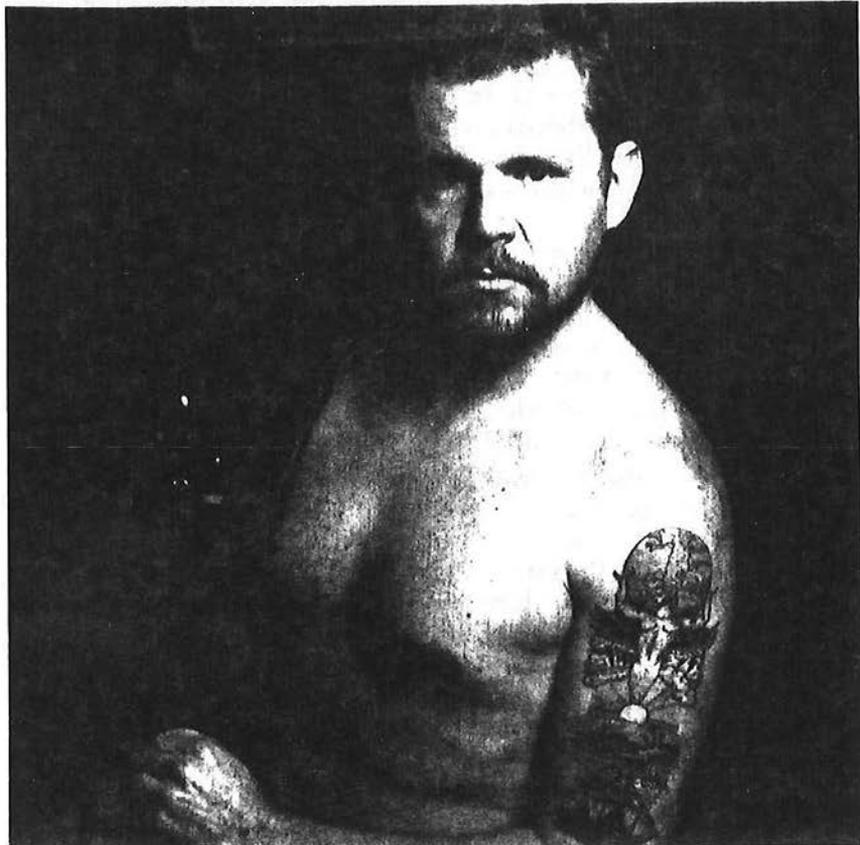


Photo by P. Cock

THE POOPIE LIST

by Sister Sin

- Ghost Poopie** - The kind where you feel the poopie come out, but there is no poopie.
- Clean Poopie** - The kind where you poopie it out, see it in the toilet, but there is nothing on the toilet paper.
- Wet Poopie** - The kind where you wipe your butt 50 times and it still feels unwiped, so you have to put toilet paper between your butt and your underwear so you don't ruin them with a stain.
- Second Wave Poopie** - It happens when you're done poopie-ing and you have pulled your pants up to your knees and you suddenly realize you have to poopie some more.
- Pop-A-Vein-In-Your-Forehead Poopie** - The kind where you strain so much to get it out, you almost have a stroke.
- Richard Simmons Poopie** - You poopie so much you lose 30 pounds.
- Lincoln Log Poopie** - The kind of poopie that is so huge, you're afraid to flush without breaking it into little pieces with the toilet brush.
- Gassy Poopie** - It is so noisy, everyone within earshot is giggling.
- Drinker Poopie** - The kind of poopie you have the morning after a long night of drinking. Its most noticeable trait is the telltale marks in the bottom of the bowl.
- Corn Poopie** - Self-explanatory.
- Gee, I Wish I Could Poopie** - It's the kind where you want to poopie but all you do is sit on the toilet, strain and fart a few times.
- Spinal Tap Poopie** - That's where it hurts so bad coming out, you'd swear it was leaving sideways.
- Wet Cheeks Poopie** - (also known as the **Power Dump**) - The kind that comes out of your butt so fast, your butt cheeks get splashed with water.
- Liquid Poopie** - The kind where yellowish-brown liquid shoots out of your butt and splatters all over the toilet bowl.
- Mexican Food Poopie** - It smells so bad the room is condemned.
- Upper Class Poopie** - The kind where certain people think that their poopie doesn't stink.
- Fishermans Bobber Poopie** - That's the kind where you are in a public restroom and there are two people waiting for your stall. You poopie and flush two times, but several golfball sized pieces are still floating above the water line.
- In And Out Poopie** - That's the kind where you are sitting on the toilet and the poopie stops coming out - halfway.

You Can Tell It's Going to Be a Rotten Day When...

- You wake up face down on the pavement.
- You put your bra on backwards and it fits better.
- You call Suicide Prevention and they put you on hold.
- You see a "60 Minutes" news team waiting in your office.
- Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.
- You want to put on the clothes you wore home from the party and there aren't any.
- You turn on the news and they're showing emergency routes out of the city.
- Your twin sister forgot your birthday.
- Your car horn goes off accidentally and remains stuck as you follow a group of Hell's Angels on the freeway.
- Your boss tells you not to bother to take off your hat.
- The bird singing outside your window is a buzzard.
- You wake up and your braces are locked together.
- You walk to work and find your dress is stuck into the back of your pantyhose.
- You call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.
- Your blind date turns out to be your ex.
- Your income tax check bounces.
- You put both contact lenses in the same eye.
- Your pet rock snaps at you.
- Your lover says, "Good morning Bill", and your name is George.

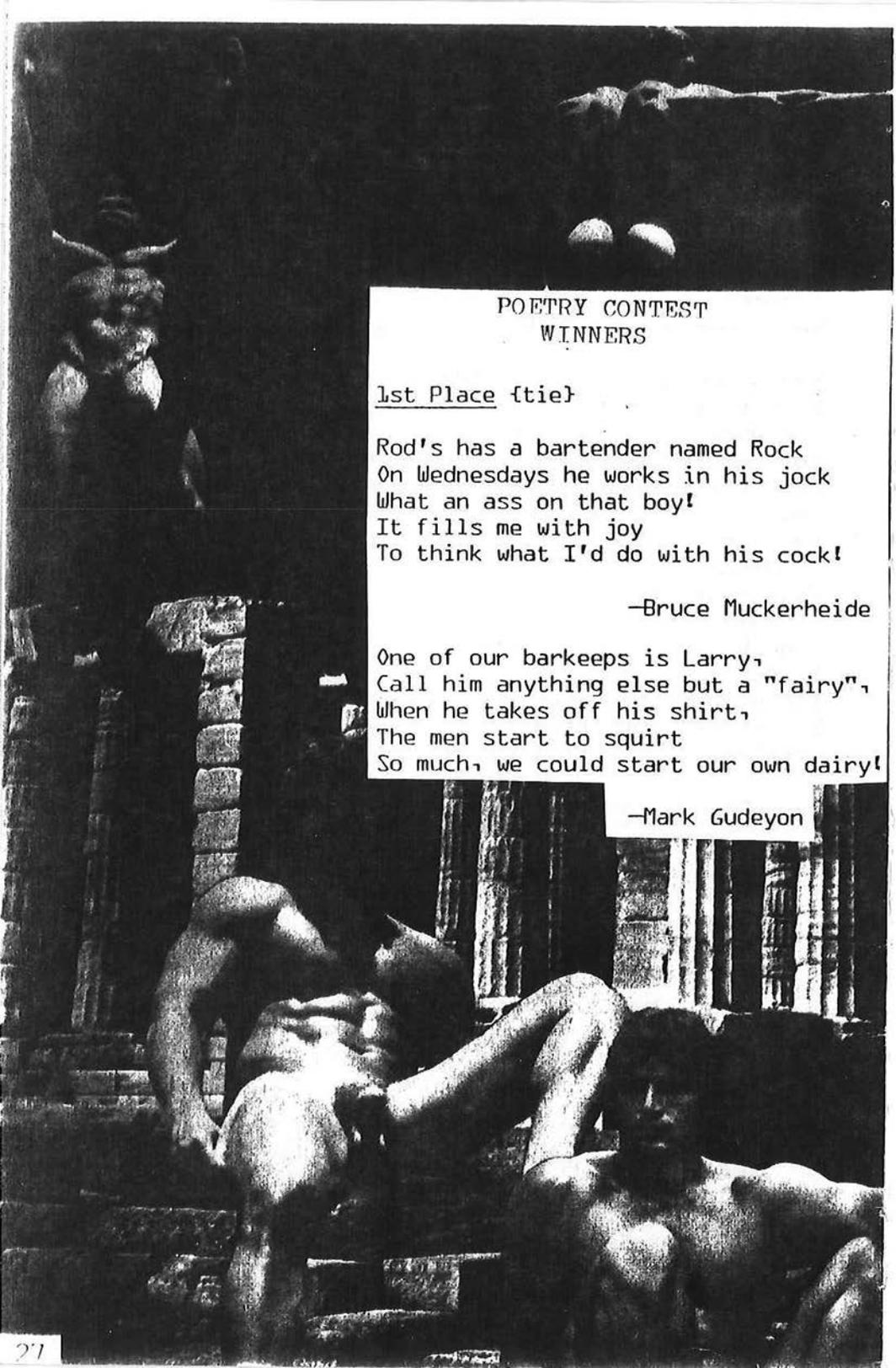
PROTECT YOURSELF:

Author unknown - but troubled

- Carry a good steel police whistle
- Project confidence and purpose
- Be alert—It's o.k. to turn and look
- Have keys in hand as you approach your car or home
- Blow the whistle in repeated bursts if attack is likely
- Scream "Call the police" repeatedly
- Detail the incident in writing within four hours
- Report the incident to prevent further bashing
- Ask police for a case file number

Call the Lesbian / Gay Helpline:

**REPORT
QUEER BASHING!**



POETRY CONTEST
WINNERS

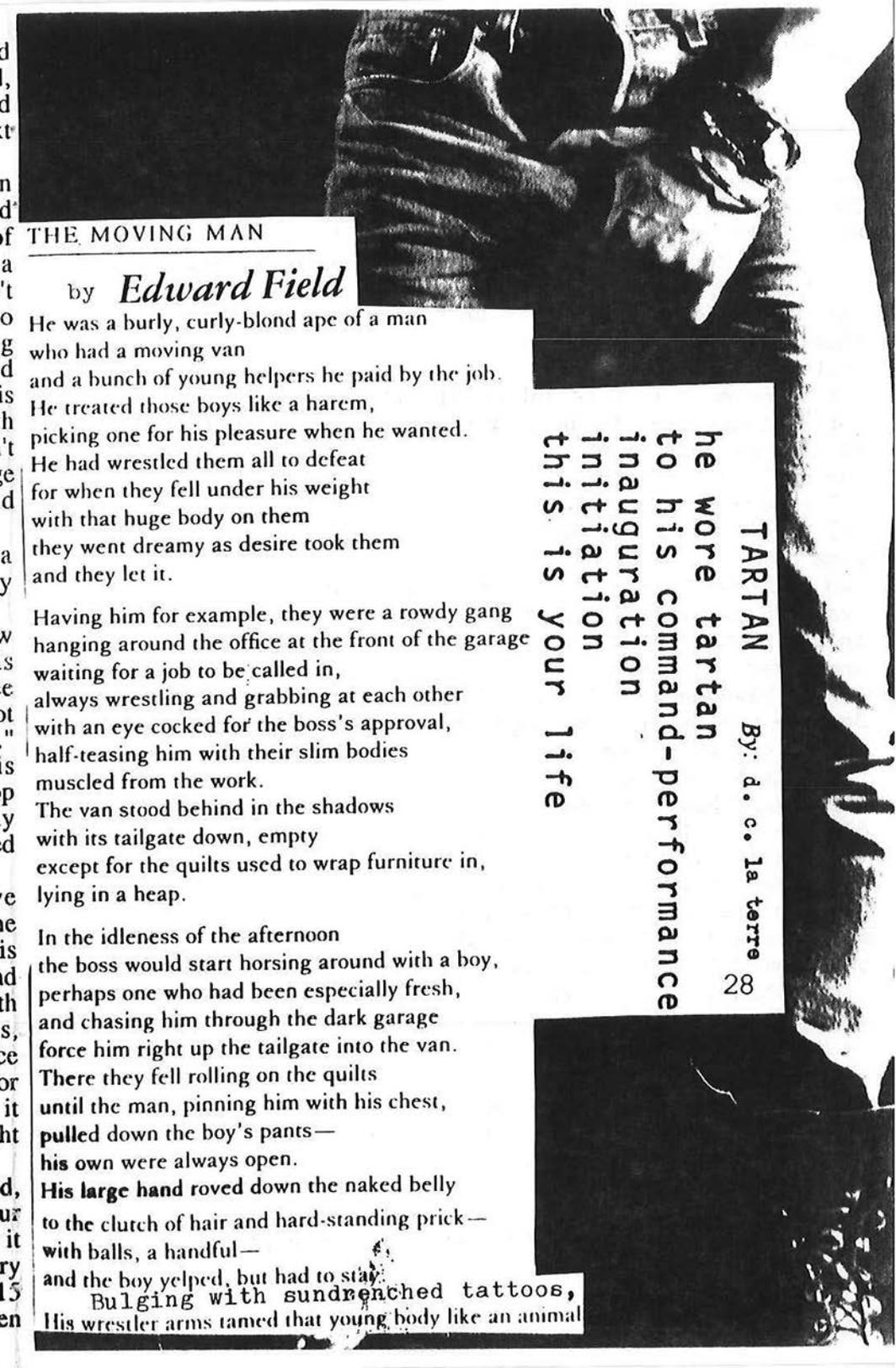
1st Place {tie}

Rod's has a bartender named Rock
On Wednesdays he works in his jock
What an ass on that boy!
It fills me with joy
To think what I'd do with his cock!

-Bruce Muckerheide

One of our barkeeps is Larry,
Call him anything else but a "fairy",
When he takes off his shirt,
The men start to squirt
So much, we could start our own dairy!

-Mark Gudeyon



THE MOVING MAN

by *Edward Field*

He was a burly, curly-blond ape of a man who had a moving van and a bunch of young helpers he paid by the job. He treated those boys like a harem, picking one for his pleasure when he wanted. He had wrestled them all to defeat for when they fell under his weight with that huge body on them they went dreamy as desire took them and they let it.

Having him for example, they were a rowdy gang hanging around the office at the front of the garage waiting for a job to be called in, always wrestling and grabbing at each other with an eye cocked for the boss's approval, half-teasing him with their slim bodies muscled from the work. The van stood behind in the shadows with its tailgate down, empty except for the quilts used to wrap furniture in, lying in a heap.

In the idleness of the afternoon the boss would start horsing around with a boy, perhaps one who had been especially fresh, and chasing him through the dark garage force him right up the tailgate into the van. There they fell rolling on the quilts until the man, pinning him with his chest, pulled down the boy's pants—his own were always open. His large hand roved down the naked belly to the clutch of hair and hard-standing prick—with balls, a handful—and the boy yelped, but had to stay. Bulging with sundrenched tattoos, His wrestler arms tamed that young body like an animal

TARTAN
By: d. c. la terre
28
he wore tartan
to his command-performance
inauguration
initiation
this is your life

Chocolate Leif

by Jeffrey Rinx

From now on this is all I'll remember:
Two beautiful almond-shaped eyes
Blue or green, depending on the light
Two giant cottonwoods on a hill in the Rose Gardens
off Kings Highway
two neighboring green lakes that were our territory
that mouth, those teeth
That smile
(it lured me out of childhood itself)
three stoney grey bridges over the Lagoon, like Islands
these were your haunts
you would sit reading
a leprechaun
All burning summer long
same book
two or three things I've heard about you
was that you standing next to Tommy Linderman
in the group picture?
where were your hands?
In the bleachers or in the alley
Someone was tailing you back then
small, coltish frame
slightly bowed legs
same baggy brown shorts
did you ever finish that book?
one August, I know
you were out working in your yard
the sun branded you a tawny brown
others would chide you about it
you looked like a burnt piece of toast
(you ultimately got lighter)
Alright, some things are pretty and some things are beautiful
so we all went back to the 50s this summer
they all looked like you
did you see it?
and in every way each kid paraded around in their clamdiggers
later I went back to my class reunion
your absence was truly felt by certainly one admirer
whatever happened to you?
I roamed through the old neighborhood one more time
sweet boy
I used to watch you



FEELING GUILTY FOR BEING HAPPY

Believe it or not,
It simply must be said,
This little known fact
In the back of our heads.

Some people think that
To be like the rest,
You can not be the one
Who feels the best!

Now you can not enjoy
All the goods of life.
You have to suffer &
Live with the strife.

It is just not the right way,
To enjoy what you do.
To admit that you like
What life brings to you!

Just think about it,
All gripes & complaints.
Why do they choose to
Live with the pains?

It sounds so absurd &
Maybe a little sappy,
But they make you feel guilty
Just for being happy!

by Dan Cox

TALKING IN THE DARK WEDNESDAY WEEK

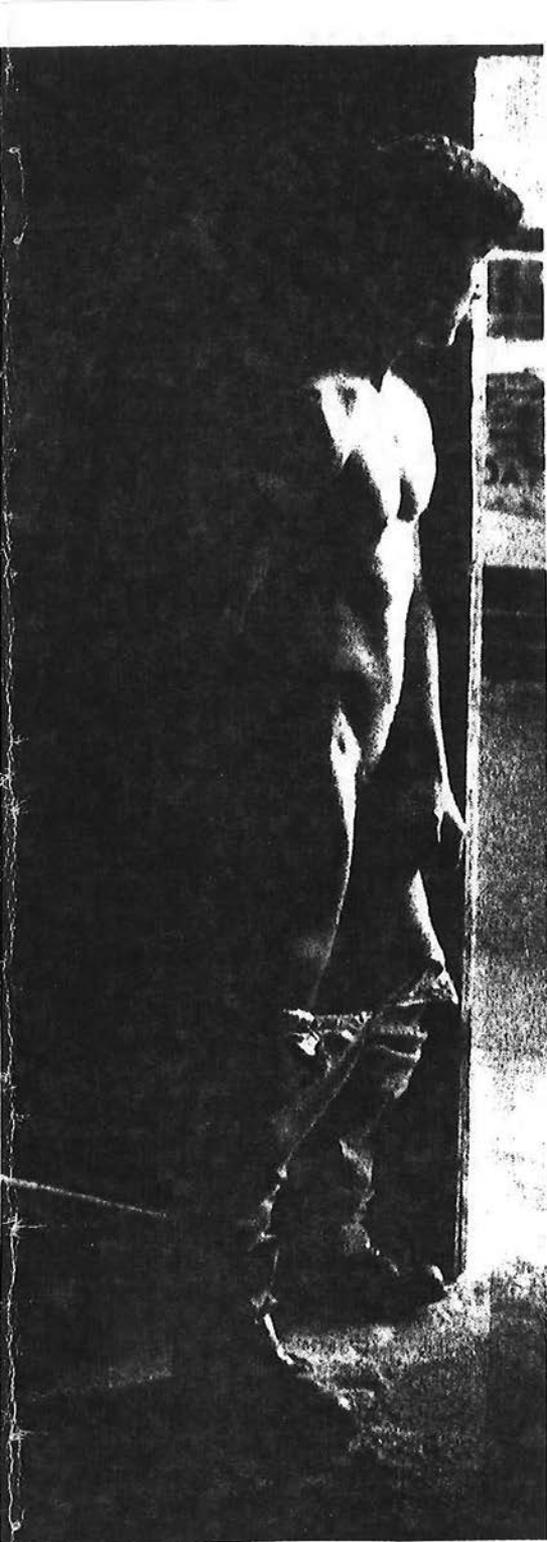
by Chrissy Edelstein

Valentines Day morals ...
you're cynical, you say
there are a few of us
we can form a government
there are authors
enough for thousands of pages
the day before in my suspense
estatic interminable suspended animation
life is so vague when it brings someone new
this time tomorrow I'll know what to do

books of poems of pieces & torn
citing how we've wooed our love
sneaking off into bed like this
fawning & pouting
it's gone
in an instant
boy stomach
boy mouth
evening under our tiny little lights
attentive to our tiny, brash sounds
tomorrow is coming
& there's glass on the floor

Hardly a day goes by
only weeks
I'm calling on the phone
& it never stops
an impressionistic mattress
on a terre-verte burnt sienna glazed floor
there are books all around
everybody is searching
-feeling around in the dark
I've worn my heart all day
but my father has called
-a death in the family
I'm desiring something now
right about now
something right about Here
so who says we're cynical?

Valentines Day morals



WALKING THE STREET

Walking the street,
Looking for a piece,
Will it be possible
For us to meet?

I cruise a thigh
& catch an eye,
Want to stick my
Thumb in a pie.

I spot a chest,
It could be the best,
More well defined
Than all the rest.

But look at that ass
As smooth as glass,
Something I'd just
Hate to pass.

Those bulging arms
That boyish charm,
Keeps setting off
My smoke alarm.

Your fat upper lip
Those tight little hips,
Makes my manhood
Do a flip.

Spacing out while
Having a beer,
Trying to tell
Which one is queer?

by Dan Cox

QUAINTANCE ART WORK REVIVED

Although it sounds fictitious, Quaintance is his actual name. George Quaintance. He was born around 1915 in the Blue Mountain Range of Virginia and raised on a farm. An only child, he spent his time doodling. His family with some foresight, realized he would never be a farmer, didn't force him into their pattern of life but instead supplied him with paint and brushes. Another thing they could not foresee was that their son George would become the most popular homosexual artist of his time.

Trained as a fine artist, Quaintance set up his first studio in New York City while in his early 20's and later moved to Los Angeles. Here in the late 1940's he began the series of commissioned artwork for physique magazines that has secured his fame. One last move took him to Phoenix, where he was surrounded by the western geography he loved to depict in his paintings. He died there in November of 1957 at the height of his fame, before changing tastes and expansive laws could make his depictions out of date.

Quaintance drew from live models, and the finished paintings resemble the original model exactly. Jim Bishop and the then newly-chosen Mr. America, Steve "Hercules" Reeves, were among his models, not all of whom were gay. Quaintance, a bodybuilder himself, was an exemplar of the



"manly" style, in an era when the demarcation between gay and straight looks, wasn't pronounced. Quaintance desired the homosexuality of his paintings to be inferred; it was never explicit. He would like us to believe that these are straight men, in relaxed moments of camaraderie. That is one of the oldest homosexual fantasies, and contributes heavily to the frequently quaint eroticism of the paintings. All that is appealing and verile in the magnificently developed young male body is reflected almost prismatically in every painting by Quaintance. The use of cowboys and themes of the West seem archetypically gay but were trendsetting when Quaintance used them. He recognized the cult of the cowboy and the sailor, the physical laborer, and repeated these themes. Every painting is an example of strong male bonding. The interaction of his men is never hostile. There is

no macho role playing, the relationship is based not on submission and domination as in most eroticism nowadays, but on an equality, a buddy-buddy friendliness that, with only a little imagination, implies just HOW friendly they were.

Emotions are highly sentimentalized in Quaintance, and the mixture of prudence and prudery create a style that to many is camp. "But this camp is part of our mythology," says Ted Smith, curator of the National



Gay Art Archives, "and it is good to have it back. These works were done during the homophobic Eisenhower era," Smith reminded, "and they tell of the prudery, censorship and repression of their time. A time when artists and photographers were restrained from depicting the human body fully nude: no genitalia showing; no simulated sex acts; no overtly homosexual poses. A genital bulge was the maximum allowed by the rigid censorship laws which were strictly enforced. The paintings have an innocence, though that is refreshing, endearing, and in many cases still very erotic."

Quaintance was gifted with so much drive and artistic talent that he had the ability to transcend the puritanical

restrictions of the times and leave us something of his daring imagination in his paintings.

Quaintance's passionate devotion to the pure relationship of young man to young man and the ideal of the virile and well developed man still moves the gay consciousness. Quaintance's masterful interpretations of masculine perfection created a vogue that was widely imitated by other artists and photographers and his influence has contributed to establishing what has become the gay Esthetic ---- the pop codes of dress and appearance most widely adopted by gay men for the sake of attractiveness.

The National Gay Art Archives has been formed to research, catalogue, collect and exhibit gay art of the past and present. The Archives is seeking photos, slides, prints, original paintings and drawings by Quaintance and other gay artists. Magazines and physique photos and films are also of interest. Contact: NATIONAL GAY ART ARCHIVES, 724 FILLMORE ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117.



Films take deadly shot at gay characters

If you think the lesbian characters in *Basic Instinct* have it rough, here's a look at how Hollywood has treated other homosexuals in movies.

A protest group called Catherine Did It! provided this "guide to homophobia, misogyny, violence and abuse—Hollywood style."

They Only Kill Their Masters: June Allyson plays a lesbian murderer.

From Russia With Love: Lotte Lenya plays a lesbian murderer.

Windows: Elizabeth Ashley plays a lesbian murderer.

The Hunger: Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon play lesbian vampires.

The Children's Hour: A lesbian played by Shirley MacLaine hangs herself.

The Fox: A lesbian played by Sandy Dennis is killed by a falling tree.

Walk on the Wild side: A lesbian played by Capucine is murdered.

Cleopatra Jones: A lesbian played by Shelley Winters is murdered.

Advise and Consent: A homosexual played by Don Murray kills himself.

... *And Justice for All:* A transvestite

played by Robert Christian kills himself.

The Betsy: A homosexual played by Loren Hardeman Jr. kills himself.

Play It as It Lays: A homosexual played by Tony Perkins kills himself.

The Sergeant: A homosexual played by Rod Steiger kills himself.

The Boys Next Door: A homosexual played by Richard Dancer is murdered.

The Choirboys: A homosexual played by Michael Wills is murdered.

The Road Warrior: A homosexual played by Jimmy Brown is murdered.

The Fan: A homosexual played by Michael Biehn is murdered.

The Long Good Friday: A homosexual played by Paul Freeman is murdered.

Diamonds Are Forever: Homosexuals played by Bruce Glover and Putter Smith are murdered.

Cruising: Homosexuals played by Don Scardino, Arnaldo Santana and Keith Prentice are murdered.

The Detective: Homosexuals played by James Inman (murdered), William Windom (suicide) and Tony Musante (executed) all die.

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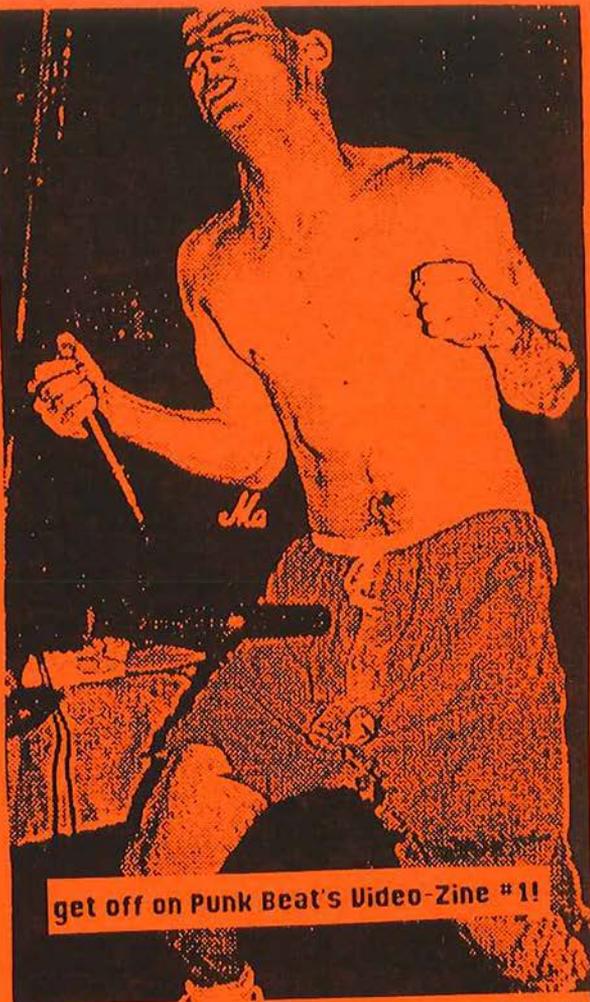
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