




Photo by Lisa Court



We are in the halls
of Congress. On
Madison Avenue. In
the Pentagon. On
the Magnificent
Mile. In the Emp-
ire State Building.
On Biscayne Blvd.
In the Justice
Bldg. On Peach-
tree Street. And
even in The White
House. WE ARE
EVERYWHERE!

"YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE SO BLIND WITH
PATRIOTISM THAT YOU CAN'T FACE REALITY.
WRONG IS WRONG, NO MATTER WHO DOES IT OR WHO SAYS IT."

MALCOLM X

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A DRY POCKET TO PISS IN

Pink Triangles



What does it feel like to be homosexual in a heterosexual culture?
One way for heterosexual people to attempt to understand is to imagine
how they would feel if they were to be ostracized or fired for openly
admitting or publicly displaying their feelings toward someone of the
other sex, to imagine that people made crude jokes about heterosexual
people, or to imagine that family members were pleading with them to
change their heterosexual feelings and to enter into a homosexual mar-
riage.

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THANK TO:

****LISA****

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Jon Dough
Sal
Jerry
Lizzie VD
Billy Cates(ETC)
Baby Sue Comix
D.A. Beast
Christy C.
The Anonymous Contributors

(may your pockets stay dry)

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Front Cover Photo by Lisa L.
Back Cover Drawing by Lisa L.
Additional Background Artwork by Christy C.

PISS IN MY FACE.....then in my dry pocket

When I was about 12, there was a boy named Tony, who lived nearby in my neighborhood. Tony was about 16, he had dark hair and eyes and was a really good athlete....in short, I envied the hell out of him. I didn't know about gays or anything like that so I didn't realize until I got older, that I really had a crush on him. He treated me decent once in a while, alot of times he'd tease and bully me. But that didn't stop me from liking him.

Tony, his brother, and me used to camp out together. Sometimes in the tent at night we'd play strip poker. I remember when I lost and got down to my last article of clothing, I always chickened out and never stripped completely. Tony and his brother occasionally lost but would gladly whip off their briefs and display their genitals. The game would usually end with us all laughing and giggling. I remember how I looked forward to seeing Tony strip completely. I never told him that, but that was the part I liked best. Sometimes I would pretend I was tired and stop playing, just so they could continue their game. I'd pretend to be asleep but I always peeked at their naked bodies thru slanted eyes, as much as I could.

One night Tony and his parents came over to our house. His mom and dad were good friends of mine and they would get together certain weekends to play cards, etc. The adults were off playing cards in the kitchen, me and Tony were in the living room watching TV. We got to talking, and suddenly Tony asked me if I would like to suck his dick. I was surprised but there was nothing that I wouldn't have done for him, so I said yes. I thought if I said no that he would never talk to or hang out with me again, so I agreed a little nervously. It's funny, even though I was a little uneasy about it, part of me really wanted to do it. I didn't know then but that was the first hint that I was gay. So we slipped up to my bedroom upstairs, closed the door and turned off the lights. All I could hear was his voice, I couldn't see him, and he told me to lay on the bed. Then he stood right next to me by my head. Then I heard him unzip his pants and he said "are you ready?" A little shaky, but anxious to know what it was like, I said "uh huh". Suddenly something wet hit me in the face. I heard him laugh just as I realized that he had just pissed on my face! I sat up in shock and surprise and he laughed again and ran out of the room. I was so humiliated and embarrassed, I could not believe what had just happened to me. I quickly got up and locked myself in the bathroom. I washed my face off and stayed in the bathroom for what seemed like hours. I couldn't look him in the face again and I never came down until him and his parents had left. After that, I never looked at him the same way again. The hurt and humiliation he had caused made me avoid him always. Once he said he was sorry and was just joking around with me but I still never hung out with him like I did before. When our families got together on the weekends, I said as few words to him as possible and avoided him completely. Eventually he moved away and our families stopped visiting as often as they used to. Then I didn't have to worry about him or seeing him anymore. The memory of what he did still stays with me .

Jon Dough

EXECUTION

by D.A. Beast

Rob was standing across the street from the building with the ultra-modernistic one-way mirror plate glass front. It was late, after 3am, and the vision of that glass had been building in his mind all night, most likely a lot longer than that. He had gathered several heavy bricks together and his intention, to anyone who might be around to see (but who was not), was obvious.

The building, which just happened to be there, was about to share the same fate as the insides of Rob.

He picked up the bricks and crossed the deserted avenue to the scene of the execution, not even attempting to hide from the stark glares of the street lamps. He was feeling nothing to hide. Once across the street, he methodically lobbed the first brick into the delicate shell, marvelling as, in slow motion, a ten-foot high sheet of dark glass decomposed in a loud crash into nothingness.

It was impossible to tell what the building was feeling, but what Rob was feeling was a tiny venting of a powerful pressure. The crashing glass was the crash of broken affection he had given so often, only to have it crushed into the ground under a heel of non-caring.

The second brick a second later found its mark in the center of the next panel. The disintegration of that one brought to mind another rebuke of an emotion he had shown only to have it smashed back into his own being as not needed, not wanted.

He was not fortunate enough to never have known love; indeed, it was because he had that this outward destruction was taking place. He had known what the other side was like and had smashed that himself, before understanding, in stupidity, just as he was doing at this moment on another level.

The final brick finished off a third panel, as the street seemed to come alive with the sounds of dying glass walls.

Something was escaping from inside the building; massive clouds of air-conditioned cold hit Rob in the face and the screams (dying screams? on the alarm system?) pounded in his ears. There was no desire to run and, indeed, nowhere to run to, for this act was a futile catharsis to purify what no act of violence ever could purify—the starvation for some kind of affection, for caring.

Soon the cop cars would be there and soon Rob would be behind bars and in the morning, tucked somewhere in the paper that would hours later be blowing down the streets all over the city, would be a short article on how delinquents were constantly defacing the beauty of the city.



"Be careful" is what my mother said to me as I walked out the door. This phrase was so familiar to me, that I really didn't take it as advice at all; it was just a normal part of a farewell statement, and I never thought about actually having to be careful. After all, I was only 13 years old; what could I possibly have to fear? So, I never thought about it. I just went outside, got my bike and rode off. The only thing that was on my mind was not having anything on my mind at all. It was about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so I wasn't in a hurry to get back. I rode around the block, through the neighborhood, and even ventured out a little farther than usual that day. I rode until I became tired. Deciding to turn around and go home, I took a short cut through a nearby alley. It seemed safe enough, although it was next to a cemetery, it didn't really bother me. It was a "nice" neighborhood, and it was still daylight.

Garages lined one side of the alley, and the other side was open to the highway via the cemetery. I rode on, not paying much attention to the car that had just turned into the alley and passed me. After it had gone by, it pulled up next to one of the garages and stopped. I merely rode past. But before I reached the end of the road, a voice called out to me. I stopped and looked back to see a young, handsome looking man of about 25-30 years old staring at me through his car window. He had backed the car up and it was now blocking the way through to the other side, but since I wasn't going that way, I didn't pay much attention.

He asked me if I knew a young girl and gave me her name. I didn't know her and told him so. Then he asked me how old I was and where I went to school. I started to get nervous at this point and inched my bike away slowly as I spoke. He opened the car door, got out, and started walking towards me. I noticed that his pants were unzipped and he was exposing himself to me. Immediately I tried to ride away, but the chain on my bike slipped and tugged awkwardly before my feet were able to coordinate the peddles. The bike jolted forward, hesitating under my control, and just as the peddles began to rotate, I felt a hand clap over my mouth and an arm go around my waist. And from this point on, everything seemed to happen in slow motion: every movement, every visualization, every sound was deliberately retarded and prolonged.

His incredible strength pulled me from the bike. The steel from the braces on my teeth dug into my mouth and I remember tasting blood. My voice was muffled through his hands, and I can recall how horrified I was by the sound of my own screams. I never thought that I was the kind of girl who screamed. But I did, and without any hesitation. Every ounce of fear and anger exploded from my body through my mouth. But no one seemed to hear it. I was so close to the street. I could see and hear the cars as they passed by. But, could anyone see me? Could anyone hear me screaming for help?

He dragged me, kicking, clawing, and punching in our endless struggle to his car. But my blows did not phase him; it was just like in a dream when you try to strike, but your

LISA



DON'T BE A VICTIM

hands feel weighted down, and when you do finally manage to hit someone or something, your punches fall like cotton on your enemy, only seeming to make him stronger.

Somehow, I managed to reach out and grab a telephone pole. I tried to lock my arms around it, but I was yanked away, being pulled closer and closer to the open door. We were so near now that I could see inside the car; it was like an open mouth waiting to eat me alive. Strange how something so seemingly innocent as an automobile can be transformed into something so dreadful. Was this where I was to meet my end?

Then all of the stories came into my head; the ones where your parents explain the dangers of talking to people you don't know, and even the people you do know. The stories that were so terrifying, I often refused to listen to them by covering my ears or trying to leave the room. The stories I refused to believe because they were too brutal, too horrifying, and too unreal to believe, only it was real, and it was happening to me. Was this my fault? Had I "asked" for this by riding alone, by going too far, by going in this alley by the cemetery? I fought this with my mind and body. I refused to accept it. It couldn't happen to me. I wouldn't let this happen to me. Suddenly, I dropped to my knees and onto the ground. The movement was so simple, it shouldn't have worked, but it did. I managed to slip through his arms. He must have been caught by surprise, for he paused, only for a moment, but it was enough for me to take advantage of. I was back on my feet and running away before he had a chance to grab me again.

I ran past my bike and out the alley. Even though I was only a few blocks away from home, it took forever to get there. Each square on the side walk seemed like it was a mile in itself. I didn't know if he had followed me, and I didn't look back until my house was in sight and I was afraid that he would know where I lived. When I did finally turn around, I didn't see him or the car. I was lucky - I had gotten away. But, so had he. Which probably means that there would be other girls like me who would not be so lucky in the future.

ASSERT YOURSELF!

This story isn't so unusual, for throughout the years I've discovered that many acquaintances of mine, both men and women, have had similar, if not more horrifying experiences than this. The numbers of sexual assaults is way too high. Now, I don't claim to be an authority on sex crimes, because I don't fully understand them myself, but I do know that most of attackers in these types of crimes have often be victims of sexual assaults themselves. And the question I find myself asking is: Can the vicious circle ever end? This makes me think of a recent incident involving three children. They were about 7 years of age. Two first grade boys dragged one of their female classmates into the bathroom and raped her. What does the future hold for this young girl, if she isn't emotionally destroyed already? Celibacy? Promiscuity? Fear of men? Fear of people in general? Who can say how this will manifest itself. And the boys, what about them? What could have happened in their pasts or present situation that would have motivated them to do this? The answer might not be so simple as one might think. And what does their future hold in store. More rape? Is there anyway to stop the cycle? Is it any wonder that attitudes about sex and gender are so distorted and confused. We make them this way. But is it possible to make things better?

When people found out about what happened to me, some of them didn't believe it, some made jokes about it. 'Til this day, I will never understand why anyone would have cause not to believe me. And I especially will never understand what anyone could see that was "funny" about it. Let me say this: When I think about it, and I do think about it often, I have never once found it humorous.

classify - categorize
narrow mind - close behind
fraternize - fantasize
sanitize-- terrorize
no goodbye - turn to lies

president - evident
nominate - denominate
electorate - protectorate
hate - debate
blank - slate

thief - grief
brief - relief
sigh - cry
don't - hide

lie-detect - mind's a wreck
false arrest - pains in chest
masterbate - castrate
manipulate - fornicate
sex - hex
torn - dress
repress - obsess
nothing - left

these are the things that
my mind's blind eye fears
so it hides - behind cruel
lies that shape our lives.
good's gone - pain stays
can't get a-way. stop.

- lisa l.
1990

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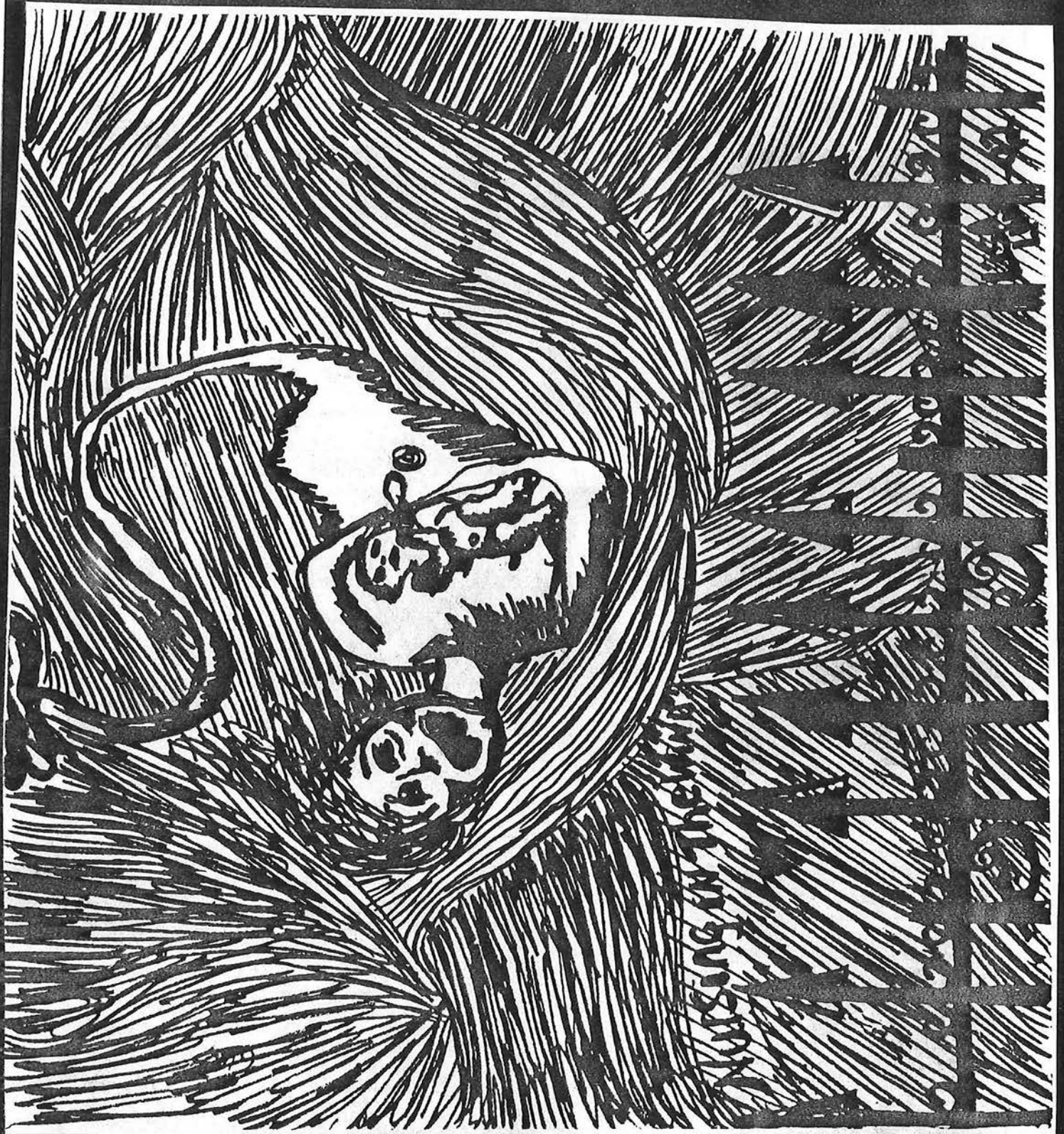
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baby sue comix

Uh-oh. Uh...Baby Sue? Just what is that you have in your hand?




It's a CROSS, silly! I've decided that LOVE is more important than HATE.

Well, I must say I'm surprised! I was expecting something... you know...VULGAR.



I'm through with all that. Let's raise some money for a WORTHY CAUSE! Okay?

Not right now, but at least you have the RIGHT ATTITUDE!



I LOVE you Mr. Narrator. You are a generous, thoughtful, handsome man.

My, my, my! I can HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS! It is truly amazing what just ONE CROSS can do!!!



Ready? Time for COUNTDOWN! 10...9... 8...7...6...5... 4...3...2... 1...

Baby Sue! What ARE you doing with that thing down there? Stop it... RIGHT NOW!!! You may be ugly but you're NOT Linda Blair!!!

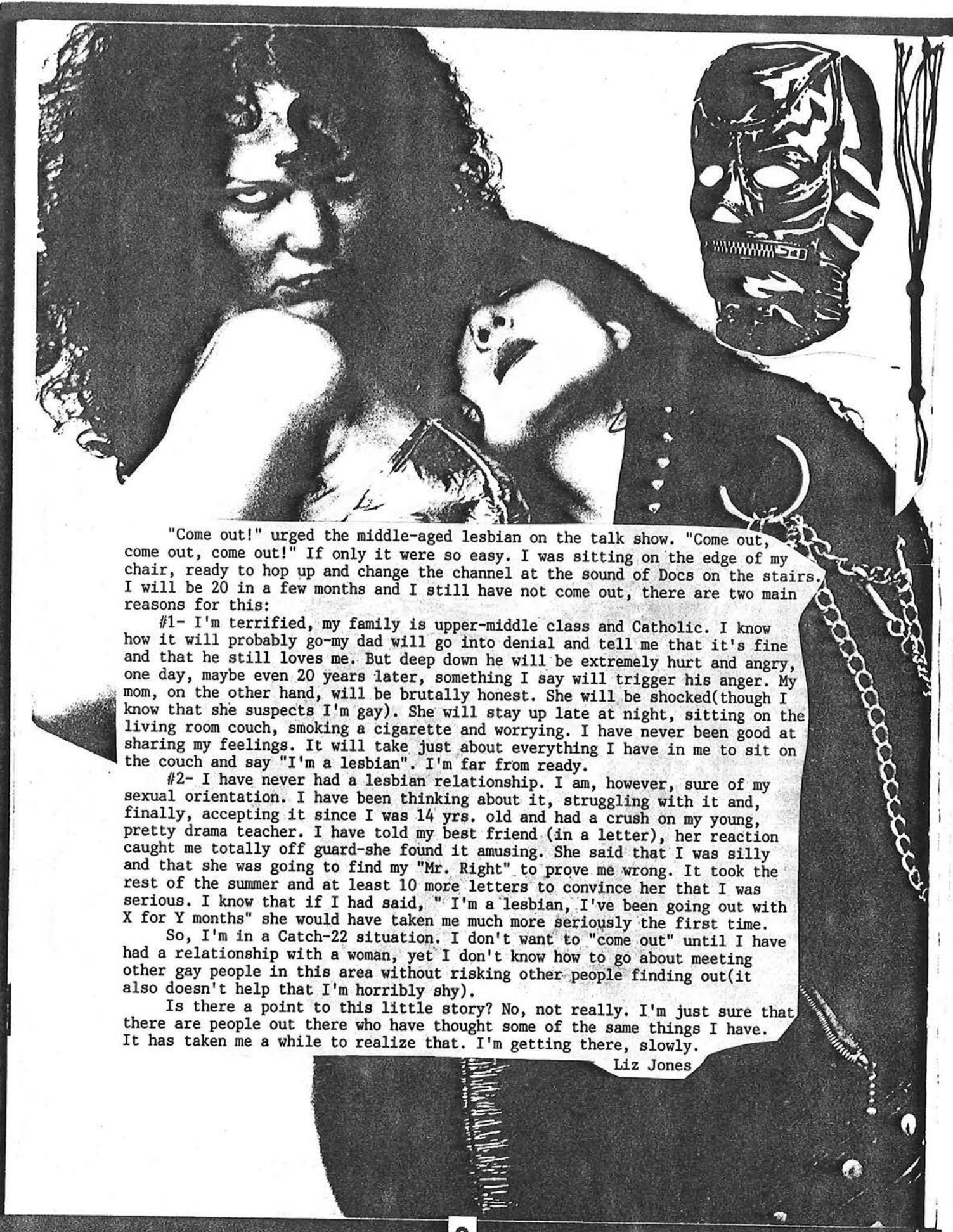
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! I have a good mind to DISOWN you! I've never been so embarrassed in my WHOLE LIFE!



Gasp...pant...gasp! Oh heavenly father! Uh...uh...uh... AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!! Whew!



Could you LICK THIS CLEAN for me? I just don't know how it got SO DIRTY! Please lick it, Daddy! Lick it really good for Baby!



"Come out!" urged the middle-aged lesbian on the talk show. "Come out, come out, come out!" If only it were so easy. I was sitting on the edge of my chair, ready to hop up and change the channel at the sound of Docs on the stairs. I will be 20 in a few months and I still have not come out, there are two main reasons for this:

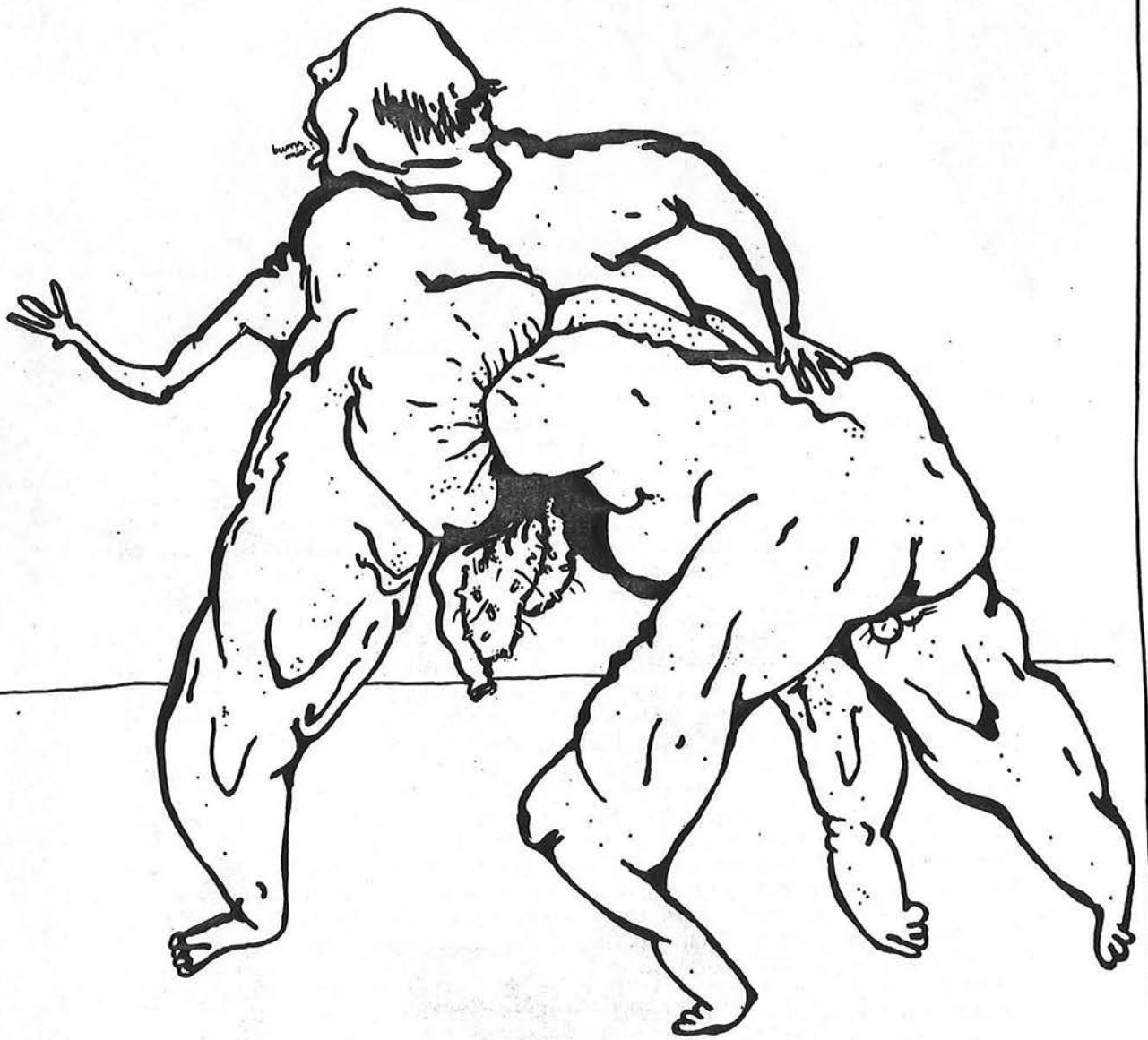
#1- I'm terrified, my family is upper-middle class and Catholic. I know how it will probably go-my dad will go into denial and tell me that it's fine and that he still loves me. But deep down he will be extremely hurt and angry, one day, maybe even 20 years later, something I say will trigger his anger. My mom, on the other hand, will be brutally honest. She will be shocked(though I know that she suspects I'm gay). She will stay up late at night, sitting on the living room couch, smoking a cigarette and worrying. I have never been good at sharing my feelings. It will take just about everything I have in me to sit on the couch and say "I'm a lesbian". I'm far from ready.

#2- I have never had a lesbian relationship. I am, however, sure of my sexual orientation. I have been thinking about it, struggling with it and, finally, accepting it since I was 14 yrs. old and had a crush on my young, pretty drama teacher. I have told my best friend (in a letter), her reaction caught me totally off guard-she found it amusing. She said that I was silly and that she was going to find my "Mr. Right" to prove me wrong. It took the rest of the summer and at least 10 more letters to convince her that I was serious. I know that if I had said, "I'm a lesbian, I've been going out with X for Y months" she would have taken me much more seriously the first time.

So, I'm in a Catch-22 situation. I don't want to "come out" until I have had a relationship with a woman, yet I don't know how to go about meeting other gay people in this area without risking other people finding out(it also doesn't help that I'm horribly shy).

Is there a point to this little story? No, not really. I'm just sure that there are people out there who have thought some of the same things I have. It has taken me a while to realize that. I'm getting there, slowly.

Liz Jones



Arsch - Climbing

ARTICLE IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated...

ARTICLE I

Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech or of the press

Doesn't it sound silly...to be arrested, jailed and put on trial for reading? But it's happening, right here in America, land of the free...and it's not just books-

• In East Texas, a cable company just banned MTV, the music video channel. • The sheriff in Valdosta, Georgia, just ordered stores in town to remove all adult videos, NC-17 videos and even unrated videos... without having seen a single one.

• After complaints from conservatives, the U.S. Secretary of Health & Human Services just blocked a five-year college study aimed at reducing teen pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. • The American Civil Liberties Union just sued the city of Norwood, Mass., to stop police from threatening video store owners with arrest for carrying adult titles.

• In Florida, a federal judge declared songs by a rap group obscene and a prosecutor promptly put the band on trial. Eight states are now considering laws to regulate song lyrics. • In Hampton Beach, N.H., you can't wear some T-shirts (like

Captain Condom) because they've been banned as obscene. • Last year, Cincinnati officials actually charged a museum with being obscene. This year, the director of the National Museum of American Art in Washington actually censored art by a renowned artist. • Back in Texas, a state commission just banned Louisiana's "Dixie Blackened Voodoo Lager," claiming its name was satanic. In response, Louisiana's Legislature voted to ban Texas' "Lone Star Beer." • In Los Angeles, people want to ban a Spike Lee movie. • And would you believe that in Empire, California, people actually tried to ban "Little Red Riding Hood."?

Enough is enough! This is America, folks. Too many of our "leaders" at national, state and local levels believe they have the right to decide what books we can read, what art we can see, what music we can hear, what movies or videos we can watch...even in the privacy of our own bedroom.

The Free Speech Legal Defense Fund was formed to stem the tide of censorship in America. But things are getting worse. Much worse. The cancer of censorship is spreading. We need your help. Every dollar you send will go directly to challenging censorship. We'll use the money to get the word out through a complete media blitz, including national advertising, direct mail, toll-free telephone lines, public service messages, and print and broadcast interviews.

But if you can't send anything, at least call and get a free copy of the Bill of Rights. Read it. Then think what America would be like without books, without movies, without videos, without art, without music... without freedom.

for more information:

The Free Speech Legal Defense Fund, Inc.
22968 Victory Boulevard, Suite 248
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
Phone: 1-800-845-8503
or 818-348-9373

HAIR PULL RELEASES FRONT HAIR PULL RELEASE

1. Do Not Jerk your head back in an effort to break their hold.
2. First, clasp your hands by intertwining your fingers and bring them down on top of the knuckles of your attacker, effectively pinning their hand to your head. This will relieve the pain and allow you to start the release.
3. Next, forcefully press down on the knuckles to spread them apart as the initial step in the release.
4. As you begin to feel the knuckles spread, abruptly bend forward from the waist and at the same time, tucking your chin towards your chest and driving their hands down and away from your body.
5. This action will release their grip. Step out of reach and assume the protective stance.

NOTES:

BACK HAIR PULL RELEASE

1. Again, Do Not pull away. In the same manner as the front hair pull, trap the hands to your head. If your attacker is using two hands, place one hand on each of theirs without the hand clasp.
2. Press forcefully on the knuckle ridge, while taking a half step away from your assailant.
3. Pivot on the stationary foot, towards your attacker, while simultaneously bending forward at the waist.
4. When you have completed a 180 degree turn, and are looking directly at your assailant's shoes, stand up forcefully.
5. As you are coming up to a standing position, release your hold on the hands and drive them away from you and the release is complete.

BLOCKING KICKS

1. Maintain the protective stance position, with the side of your body toward the client.
2. As the kick is delivered, lift your foot no more than 12 inches off the floor with the toe pointed downward. Don't lift the foot higher than 12 inches as that may cause your balance to be compromised.
3. After lifting the foot, sweep it behind the other foot and begin to move to avoid further attempts at kicking. If the client continues to move, you continue to move, maintaining the proper distance.
4. If the kick is aimed above the waist, block it using the block for blows. Block with the arms downward, pushing the leg away from your body.

NOTES:

THE CLINICAL SHUFFLE

1. In a physical situation, running is important. To accomplish a more stable and rapid running pattern, a sideways gait provides a better base of support and allows the runner to keep their assailant in sight.
2. The person running can outdistance their pursuer by taking a step and a quarter to each one of their assailant.
3. This is accomplished by swinging one foot in front (or behind) the other, planting the foot and repeating the process. This extends the stride and allows the base of support for the next step to be firm and responsive for shifts and turns.



FULL BACK CHOKE RELEASES HIP-THRUST RELEASE

1. In any full choke, you should do 3 things immediately to get some air and prepare you to escape. First, turn your head away from your attacker's elbow. Second, grab the wrist of the arm around your throat and pull down to get more air. Third, cup your assailant's elbow.
2. When you are stable and ready to gain release, move backward into your attacker placing your foot in a line between their feet.
3. Then, with great force thrust your hips backward into your attacker, throwing them off balance. At the same time, push up on the elbow while pulling down on the wrist.
4. Move down and out, stepping back and pulling your head through the opening created, gaining release.

STEP-THROUGH RELEASE

1. Follow procedure #1 as noted above.
2. When you are stable and ready to gain release, swing one foot directly behind the foot of your assailant.
3. In one coordinated move, bend forward quickly from the waist and at the same time drive your knee in to the back of your attacker's knee.
4. Push up on the elbow while pulling sharply down on the wrist. This will create an opening with the attacker off balance.
5. Move down and out through the opening, thus gaining release.

BITING RELEASES FULL MOUTH BITE RELEASE

1. First and foremost, DO NOT PULL AWAY.
2. If a large portion of your body is in the assailant's mouth, such as a forearm, hand, leg, etc., force that portion into the mouth. This will begin to spread the jaw (the first stage of the release).
3. It will also trigger an involuntary reflex (gagging) which may effect your release.
4. Should the bite continue, reach to your assailant's nostrils and pinch them shut, thus giving you control of both airways. When the individual opens their mouth to gasp for air, remove that portion of your body.
5. One other technique that may expedite the release is that when you are pinching off the nostrils, use the rest of your hand to cover the eyes. This disorients the individual and they may cease the bite to regain their sight.

PARTIAL MOUTH BITE RELEASE

1. In the case of a bite that does entail a full mouth-blocking bite i.e. fingers, earlobe, nose, etc. (sounds nasty doesn't it?), DO NOT PULL AWAY.
2. Make a fist with either hand, extending the middle knuckle of the middle finger.
3. Next locate the mandibular joint of your assailant. It is located where the jawbone connects to the skull (where you can feel the upper and lower teeth join at the back of the jaw).
4. Using the extended knuckle, apply direct, forceful pressure on the mandibular. As you apply pressure, rotate your hand about a quarter turn to help pry the jaw open. This will effect release.

VIOLENCE

BOMB

WAD

BEAR HUG

QU

1. Be sure your arms are long enough to go around the aggressive person.
2. Approach the person from the rear.
3. Spread your feet wide for good support and balance. They should form a triangle between the person's leg between yours.
4. Encircle the person's arms and body with your arms at their elbows, no lower or higher as that would give them good leverage. If possible, grab one elbow to further prohibit movement.
5. Step forward pushing the client into making a step. As they move forward take the weight off your feet and drag your legs behind with legs spread wide and toes turned out.
6. Tuck your head into their back about six inches below their neck. If the individual attempts to step backward, plant your feet.
7. HANG ON!!!

RIOT



The Connection

I am a convicted child molester. I am in prison serving a twenty year sentence for fondling a fifteen year old boy.

The first question asked of me by social workers and psychotherapists is, "Were you molested as a child?" No, I was never physically abused, but I was raped of my identity and my self respect by a homophobic culture!

I was a teen by the time I became sexually aware which was normal for kids back in the fifties. I experienced all those urges and deep desires that accompany the onset of puberty, but mine were different. I was attracted to my pals and not to girls. The thought of being gay was not plausible to me. The only things I knew about homosexuals were the jokes we told. I told myself that it was just a phase that would pass. I prayed each night that God would make me "normal". I acted out gender appropriate roles. I dated girls, got married and raised a family, but those urges and desires never went away. All the wishing, praying and role playing in the world could not drive out those powerful needs placed in me by mother nature. After forty years of repression and denial, I committed the crime that put me in prison.

Mine is not an isolated case. I have met other men who are in prison for molesting boys. In every case these men had ceased to mature, socio-sexually, when they realized how different and unaccepted they were. Some of these men acted out with boys and men all their lives and others, like me, tried to live gender appropriate life styles, but we all ended up in prison. Each of us has suffered from homophobia which has stripped us of our self-esteem and conditioned us to feel like freaks. All have said that they would have developed age appropriate relationships if they had been allowed to mature as homosexuals in a non-homophobic society.

We must learn to accept gay and lesbian people as a normal part of our world. We were born this way! Nothing we can do will change the way we are! If our society continues to discriminate against same sex relationships, if it continues to impose culturally determined gender roles on it's gay and lesbian population, then it will be perpetuating sexual abuse!

The next time you laugh at a gay joke or take part in other forms of social gay bashing remember, there is a connection between homophobia and child, sexual abuse! We must all heal and recover together!

Part Two

He came to me, as he often had before, in need of comfort and support. I held him in my arms as he sobbed out the pain in his life. I truly love this kid and I am sorry that I allowed things to get out of hand. He never objected to my touch but I knew it was socially unacceptable. I was forty, he was only fifteen! I should have controlled the situation but instead the years of repressed feelings took over. I am in prison now and he is another victim of child abuse, but what really caused his victimization?

He had no problem dealing with what I had done with him. We discussed it, decided it was inappropriate and that it should never happen again. Our friendship continued and he led a normal life. He made the honor role, lettered in two sports and was very popular with his peers.

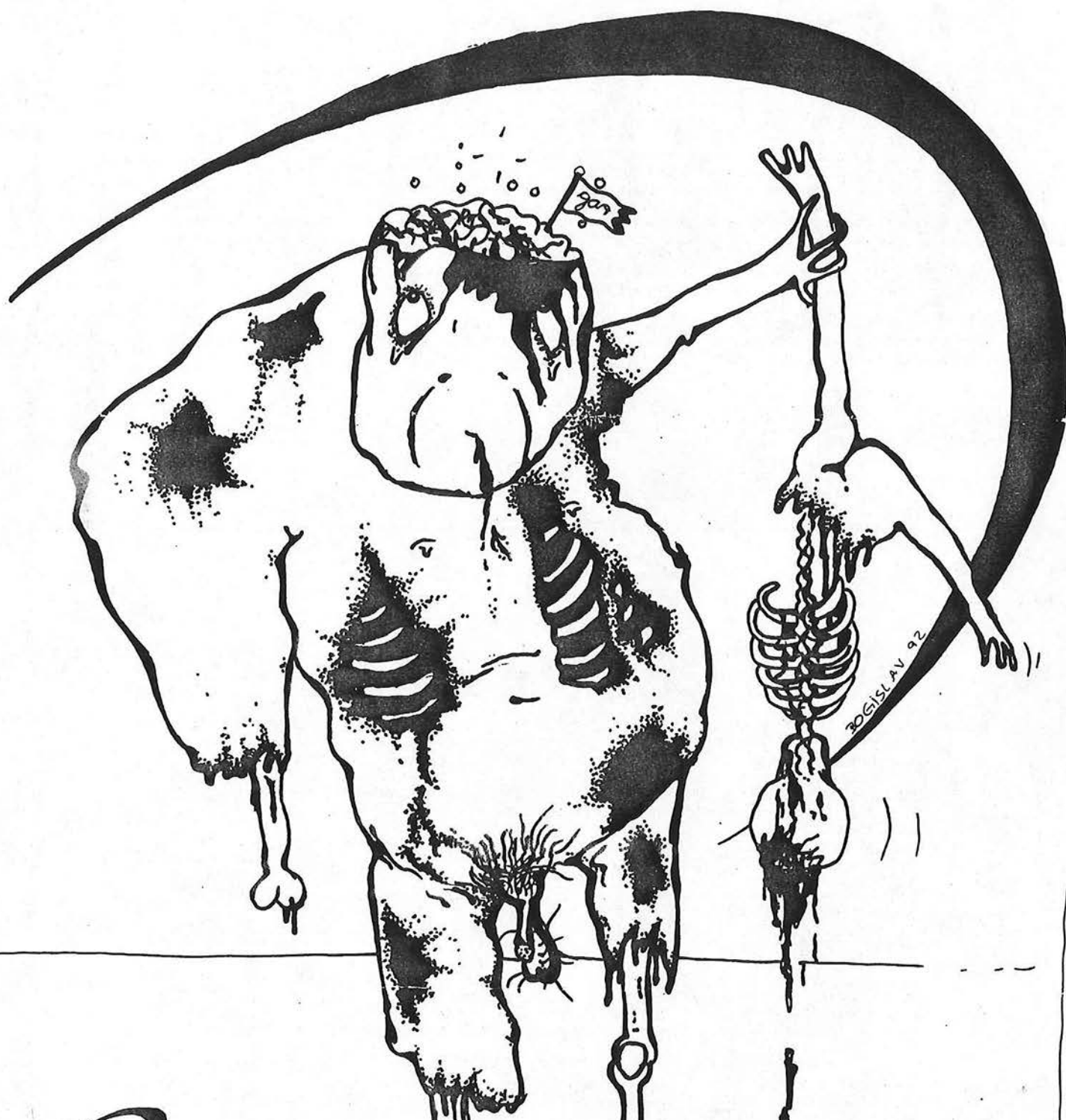
Two years passed before the police started their investigation. He was called to the station and tricked into saying that I had fondled him. The police led him to believe that I had told them all about it. They pressured him to relate every detail. They asked him why he let it happen and to describe his orgasm! As if this were not traumatic enough, he was forced to repeat the humiliation in open court in front of his friends and classmates. He was embarrassed and ashamed, not of what we had done, but because everyone would think he was gay. He was angry with me, not for what I had done to him sexually, but because he thought I had told and betrayed him.

After the trial he became a social outcast. His classmates called him a fag and his girlfriend broke up with him. He quit school in his senior year and checked into a mental hospital to kick the drug habit he acquired during the trial.

I accept responsibility for his destruction. If I had not molested him this never would have happened, but who really victimized him? Was it me, or a homophobic society and police state that was willing to sacrifice him in order to put me away?

We must stop child abuse, but lets be careful not to kill the patient for want of a cure! The same homophobia that victimized me is now destroying a new generation. It must stop! WE MUST STOP IT!!!

Jerry



Ich mach weiter!



**a documentation of
the uninhibited...**

send \$2 to:

DAMIIX.

P.O. BOX 3034 • COLUMBUS, OH 43210

craziness

Documentation of The Violence

by Damik X.

On Sunday August 30, 1992, a group of seven young, Caucasian, trashy mother-fuckers tried to change my life and I believe they succeeded. I ran across these boys shortly after I finished eating my lunch in a public park. It was about 1:30 in the afternoon, very bright and sunny, when I arrived at Greenlawn Park. Here in Columbus there are a few parks infamous for hosting a variety of gay males in their public sexual adventures on a daily basis... or so the local media perpetuates. I, on the other-hand, had simply come to Greenlawn Park to eat my lunch (I had gone through a fast-food drive through and the park is next to the freeway exit that takes me home.)

I found a nice park bench secluded in a slightly wooded area, yet only about 20 feet from the easily accessible and highly visible paved path where all the cars were parked. After eating my food I walk back to this path to head for my car. To my surprise when I emerged from the wooded area there was a group of seven white males, ranging from approximately 14-18 years in age, sort of swarming around on their bicycles. I would have been nervous if I ran into this group in a dark alley, but I felt some sort of comfort in knowing that it was broad daylight in a public park. I might add that there were a great number of rather obvious gay males and even a man and woman walking a dog. The point is, I felt unthreatened by the group of juveniles with all of these other people around. I soon realized what a false comfort this was.

As I walked toward my car the group of boys-on-bikes encircled me. One, with his filthy blonde hair pulled back in a pretty little pony tail, was apparently the leader of this pack of rabid animals. He began his line of questioning: "So, do you come down here much?" No. "What are you doing down here?" Well, I just ate my lunch... "Do you know what goes on down here?" Not really... "Do you want to find out?" Listen I... And then I only remember hearing the sound of the first blow to the left side of my head. After a period of blackout I vaguely remember running for my car, at which point I was either tripped or I collapsed... "This can't be happening!" I thought. I only then remember being in a lot of pain and covered in blood, some time later, and staggering over to a man in a car to ask for help. He replied that he couldn't get involved and sped away.

In my delirium I drove 15 miles south of the scene of the crime when I finally realized I needed help... where was I going anyway? I pulled in a gas station and the woman working there called an ambulance. I then realized from this point on *victims are treated as criminals!*

A policeman showed up minutes before the ambulance and asked where I had been beaten... "Greenlawn Park," I said. "Well look," he said, "I know what goes on down there. Did you do anything to instigate the attack?" I couldn't believe my ears, but they were ringing with pain so I couldn't even think straight enough to argue... I simply answered, "No" and was taken to the emergency room.

The events in the emergency room were a blur, as you could imagine. I do vaguely remember a policeman telling me that if I filed a report, all information on page one was public and I could get publicity... "and because of where it happened, it won't be good publicity." He also told me I couldn't press charges unless I knew the names and addresses of who did this to me. So, I remember telling him to get out of my face and he did. For the record, now that time has passed I have had time to think and I will be filing a report. I believe it is necessary to at least have a documentation of events as devastating as these. Apparently this has happened frequently at Greenlawn Park and even though for now I will be simply a statistic, after awhile hopefully the numbers will speak for themselves.

On Monday, day after the beating, I called my place of work at 9:00 in the morning to explain that I wouldn't be able to work that evening at three because I have a broken jaw and a shattered cornea... well, instead of receiving compassion from the person I had once considered a *cool boss*, I was told that I need not come back at all because they needed someone more reliable and couldn't get involved in my situation. I had just worked on Saturday and trust me, my job was not threatened at that point. For some fucked up reason I was fired because I was brutally beaten the day before!?!?

What the fuck is going on? Someone tell me... please! What makes a group of young boys go out and do something like this? For fun? To teach *me* a lesson? Were they thinking they could just go out and beat up some fag and turn him straight... teach him "it's wrong to be gay"? Or were they intimidated by my presence? Was I too close to being one of their peers for them to accept the fact that I might be gay? Or did they see me as competition? Maybe they were down there to get their cocks sucked and make a little money? Well I don't give a fuck who they are or what they are, they had no right to cowardly outnumber and beat the shit out of an unexpected passer-by. Whatever their rationale, they have only succeeded in pissing me off! Yes, they broke my jaw and my mouth is now wired shut, but I will scream it louder now than ever... **when you fuck with me, you've fucked up!**

And all I have to say to any and all homophobes, racists, judges and cowards...

LET THOU BE CURSED!

If you have any questions, answers, comments or remarks for Damik X., please direct them to him at
PO Box 3034, Columbus, Ohio 43210

Silence=death

apparently Hammer Films had decided that 1970 was the year for the female vampire with lesbian tendencies.

Lesbianism is again a theme

Vampire Lovers

Le Fanu's "Carmilla."

Lust for a Vampire

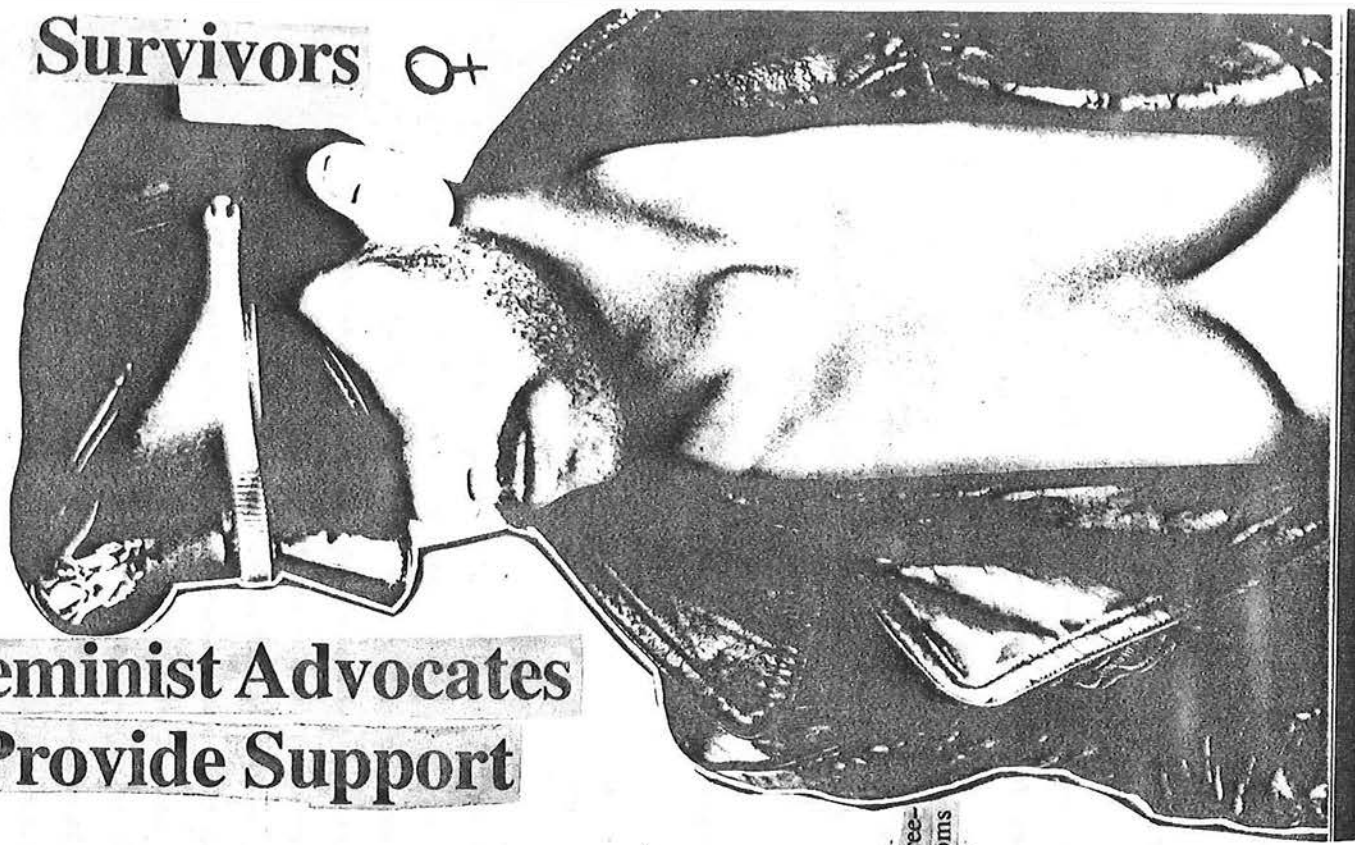
Countess Dracula

Jesus Franco's lesbian vampires.



Sisters prepare for the worst

Survivors



Feminist Advocates Provide Support

Women doing it for themselves

Last school year for one day, Ball State made history.

For the first time, the presidents of the Student Association, the Black Student Association, the Asian-American Student Association, and the Non-Traditional Student Association were women.

With female student population on the campus hovering around 60 percent, this fact shouldn't be so shocking. In fact, numerical odds show it should be a common occurrence.



over leadership of this country.

And why not? Women do make up the majority of the population of the country.

I hear men, and surprisingly some women, state that women may not have the experience to handle the foreign and domestic issues, the budget, health, and education reform issues.

Excuse me if I'm mistaken, but I do believe the traditional role of women in our society expected them to work or volunteer (domestic), stay within the family finances (budget), care for every member of the family (health), and raise a successful batch of children (education).

Add to the list today's demands on women — have a successful career, possibly be the head of a single-parent household, and still have a satisfying home life. I can't think of any group of people more qualified to take charge of our country.

I can't figure out how women can put up with the fact that they make 79 cents for every dollar a man makes while doing the same job.

It's about time times started changing. The question we ask shouldn't be, "Can a woman be President of the United States?" We should be demanding why a woman hasn't been president.

The Clarence Thomas fiasco did have one beneficial outcome. We all looked at congress and many of us didn't like what we saw.

We shouldn't be debating on whether a woman, black, gay or disabled person would be qualified to lead our country.

We should be asking ourselves what on earth made us believe a bunch of rich lawyers and millionaires understand our problems and can represent us fairly.

I'll see you at the voting booth.

Senior David Spelman writes "Out and About" Wednesdays for the Daily News. His views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper, womyn, or sexist pigs.

But, current membership in Congress shows women's representation to be in the single-digit percentile.

Do women suffer when men dominate senate committees?

Anybody who saw the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings on C-SPAN could clearly see that the men who formed the committee interviewing Anita Hill had little empathy for her or the concept of sexual harassment.

In fact one senator from Illinois referred to the matter as "this sexual harassment crap." By the way, that senator was defeated a few months ago in his primary by a woman.

Just desserts. It seems the status quo is alright with everyone until they are shocked into action. The hearings are having an effect such as this.

Currently, a record number of women are running for congress on both the Republican and Democratic tickets. Analysts say they have an excellent chance of winning the seats, too.

Since everyone wants to kick out the old and bring in the new, who else could be better than women? To talk about your outsiders — women, traditionally kept out of politics, are primed and qualified to take

See Dick make more than Jane. See Jane cry "UNFAIR"!



See Jane working side by side with Dick.



"We Won't Go Back, We Will Fight Back." Focus being on women who have lost many of their reproductive freedoms

B.C. By Johnny Hart

HAVE YOU BEEN TARGETED FOR ARREST BY THE GOVERNMENT

"The American Hedonist Society," "Midlands Data Research," the "Heartland Institute for a New Tomorrow" (HINT), "Produit Outaouais" and the "Far Eastern Trading Company, Ltd." are the names of some of the sham organizations that have been created by various U.S. government agencies and used in "Operation Looking Glass," an anti-pornography sting operation, and possibly in other types of similar operations.

"Midlands Data Research" is purported to be a consumer research company, while "HINT" claims to be "an organization founded to protect and promote sexual freedom and freedom of choice [and to] believe that arbitrarily imposed legislative sanctions restricting your sexual freedom should be rescinded through the legislative process."

The "Far Eastern Trading Company, Ltd." is a creation of the U.S. Postal Service as a front for a sting operation, and "Produit Outaouais" is a Canadian-based creation of the U.S. Customs Service used for a similar purpose.

If you have ever received any advertisements, surveys, questionnaires or other communications from any of these organizations, or from anybody claiming to have previously done business with any of them, you are the intended target of such a sting operation.

Whether you replied to such communication or not, you are still on a government list somewhere, and one of their other organizations, or a new one yet to be created, will

likely again attempt to entice you into accepting their offers.

Should you succumb, you could well discover yourself under arrest for some serious violation of state or federal law.

Those authorities whose duty it is to enforce the laws, have decided not to wait for certain crimes to be committed. They regularly go about creating the very crimes they intend to arrest you for, and often lure or pressure the unwary innocent into committing the requisite illegal act.

The wasted effort and damage done by such government operations run wild, was exemplified recently in the case of a Nebraska farmer.

After obtaining information that he had purchased some lawful "nudist magazines," overzealous postal inspectors decided to target him, and in a long series of mailings extending over two years, finally enticed him to order a magazine depicting minors, for which they promptly arrested him, all the time having no real reason to believe he bought, sold, or possessed any illegal "pornography" or wanted to do so. Convicted of such offense, he lost his job, had to sell much of his farm, and became an emotional recluse. It took him five years of expensive legal appeals to clear his name, and then he only succeeded by the narrowest of margins.

Most in similar situations do not succeed in doing so at all. Many other similarly innocent, law-abiding citizens are still wrongly incarcerated all over this country.

That letter you might have received from "Carl Long," posing as a potential new pen pal who allegedly shares "similar interests" with you, could well be a government agent seeking to lure you into breaking the law.

A technique known as "mirroring" involves the use of your presumed interests to fabricate a personality for "Carl Long," who will subtly encourage or seek to entrap or coerce you, an otherwise law-abiding citizen, into doing something illegal.

Contrary to popular myth, a police officer need not identify himself as such, or even acknowledge that he is an agent of any law enforcement organization.

He will lie to you, and such deceit is condoned by the criminal courts system.

The sham companies or organizations mentioned herein are certainly not the only ones in existence, and if you have any reason to believe you are on such a list, the legitimacy of any unsolicited contacts from new organizations or companies should be carefully investigated, as well as satisfactory explanations obtained as to how and from whom any unsolicited potential new pen pals obtained your name and address.

One of the primary subjects of such operations frequently targeted at members of the gay community, while clearly not the only one, is "pornography."

Anyone receiving unsolicited advertising or offers to trade or purchase illegal pornography, or anything suggesting or advocating any other illegal activity, should protect

themselves.

Make copies of such solicitations and send them to your local prosecutor and state attorney general, along with letters demanding that the sender be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Also send them, with copies of your letters to such law enforcement agencies, to your local papers or other news media, and to those interested in gay issues, when appropriate, and ask them to apply pressure to prosecute.

Such media publicity, and accompanying refusal by law enforcement to prosecute, will effectively expose any such sting operation. This will render it harmless and will prevent innocent parties from being inadvertently taken in by it or entrapped.

Anyone knowing of any other fictitious organizations being used in such sting operations, especially those involving so-called "pornography" or which are targeted primarily or specifically toward members of the gay community, is requested to contact me with such information, and provide me with all relevant details and resultant publicity, if any.

I will compile and attempt to disseminate such information as is made available to me, and thereby increase public knowledge of what our government and law enforcement personnel are doing, and how they waste our tax dollars in attempts to ensnare, coerce and/or entrap the unwary and otherwise law-abiding citizen.

The author can be contacted at: Reno Memo, P.O. Box D-63100, Tamal, CA 94974.

Catholic Priests Fuck Children Canadian Church rocked by sexual-abuse scandal

The Archbishop of Newfoundland, 65-year-old Alphonsus L. Penny, has offered to resign his position in the light of charges that he ignored or failed to deal effectively with accusations of sexual abuse of young boys by priests and laymen. A total of 20 priests, former priests and laymen have been

charged or convicted after investigations began in 1987.

Roughly half of Canada's population is Catholic, and the impact of the ongoing scandal has been enormous. A separate Church inquiry into the scandal has concluded that Church leaders in Newfoundland, where a third of the 570,000 population is

Catholic, ignored or rejected reports and failed to deal effectively with reports of sexual abuse by priests.

The Catholic Church in Canada, long considered the most liberal of Western Catholic churches, has lost much influence over public life in Canada as a result of the investigations. ■



Priest Perverts!

Hands Off Boy Ass, Priest Is Ordered

A 50-year-old Minneapolis priest, according to the **Star and Tribune** in that breathtakingly erotic city, "was ordered to stay away from any boys younger than 18." The order came in Hennepin County District Court after the priest was charged with "sexually abusing" six boys. The "abuse," according to testimony, occurred in a hotel, in the priest's car, and even in church.

The article, like most such, leaves unclear exactly what form the "sexual abuse" took, concealing it under an almost opaque veil of euphemism. One boy, aged 14, testified that the priest took him to a hotel, pulled down his swimming trunks, "pinned him down and rubbed up against his back."

"Other complaints," the paper said, "allege that the priest touched boys' buttocks and rubbed their legs and groin areas."

The court order specifies only that the priest must lay off boys under 18, leaving unsaid the hope that he will be able to play with bare butts and "groin areas" of youths over 18. Some men regard meat that is over 18 years old as less choice than the under-18 stuff, but learn to live with it and abide by the laws.



I Knew It Was Wrong!

I was raised a Catholic and was in yoga for almost 15 years (off & on) and I tried my hand in psychic power, too. I'll pray for you all and Dr. Alberto Rivera. I knew there was something more behind the Catholic Church. I went to a Catholic priest for spiritual help to overcome homosexuality and he told me it was okay and we ended up having a relationship. Plus a young priest out of a Catholic seminary told me the same thing and used the Holy Bible to prove it by Jonathan and David... But deep inside I knew it was sinful and wrong because I didn't feel right. And your books had deeper information on these issues. Thank you all.

R.G.

Sick!

Does A Young Boy Have A Prayer?

NO!



Peace Be
With You!
Take Off
Your Pants!



WANTED: REV. GEORGE BREDEMANN, ON THE LAM

Warrants went out around the country for the arrest of Arizona priest George Bredemann. The convicted child molester, released in July after serving one year in jail, failed to report to his probation officer and provide a current address.

Neither his parole officer or the Catholic Diocese of Phoenix had kept track of the priest, who had a long history of molesting children, and was convicted of molesting 2 brothers sent to him for counseling because they had been sexually abused. Judge Robert Hertzberg had been strongly criticized for following the recommendations of the church and giving the priest such a light sentence. (Source: Arizona Republic, 10/13/90)

MILWAUKEE PRIEST GETS 45-DAY SENTENCE

Father James L. Arimond, was sentenced on Oct. 3 to 45 days in jail with work release and 18 months' probation after pleading no contest to 4th degree sexual assault of a boy. He was ordered to do community work and have no contact with the victim or other youths. The former pastor of St. Frederick's Catholic Church in Milwaukee indecently fondled a 16 year old boy in 1988. (Source: Milwaukee Sentinel, 10/4/90)

PRIEST MUST PAY \$56,000 TO MOLESTED BOYS

A jury in Newark, New Jersey ordered Rev. William Cramer, a priest, to pay \$56,000 in civil damages to 2 brothers sexually molested by the priest in his Sparta parish.

Cramer was fined \$1,500 and put on probation for 3 years in 1988, following criminal charges of endangering the welfare of minors. Cramer molested the brothers in their home during counseling sessions in 1984.

A NEWFOUNDLAND court July 8 sentenced former Christian Brother Joseph Burke to 25 months in prison for sexually assaulting three boys at an orphanage during the 1970s. He is the third brother to be convicted this year of abuses at the Mount Cashel orphanage in St. John's (NCR, Feb. 15). Five more trials are scheduled for this year. ...

Thinking of
The Brotherhood or Priesthood?

Thinking of
Working With Kids?



Priest gets six years for child molestation, as judge keeps word

A judge who four years ago put a Catholic priest on probation for molesting altar boys said then that he would imprison him if he was ever caught unsupervised with children again. Last month, the judge kept his word.

Father Andrew Christian Andersen, convicted of 26 counts of child molestation in 1986, was sentenced July 18 to six years in prison.

The former parish priest, now inactive and on leave from the Orange, CA, diocese, was convicted four years ago of molesting altar boys at St. Bonaventure Catholic Church in Huntington Beach, CA.

Andersen was arrested again March 12 in Albuquerque, NM, for investigation of kidnapping and attempted child molestation of a 14-year-old boy, police said. No charges have been filed.

Clergy Molesters

■ Father George Bredemann of Phoenix is asked to counsel children sexually abused by a babysitter. Instead, he molests the brothers himself at his cabin and during baths. Following his arrest, 250 parishioners attend a support prayer meeting for him. Bishop Thomas J. O'Brien says the support for Bredemann makes him "proud." The priest admits to 20 years of sexually abusing boys. The judge gives him 1 year in jail and probation following the recommendation of the bishop.

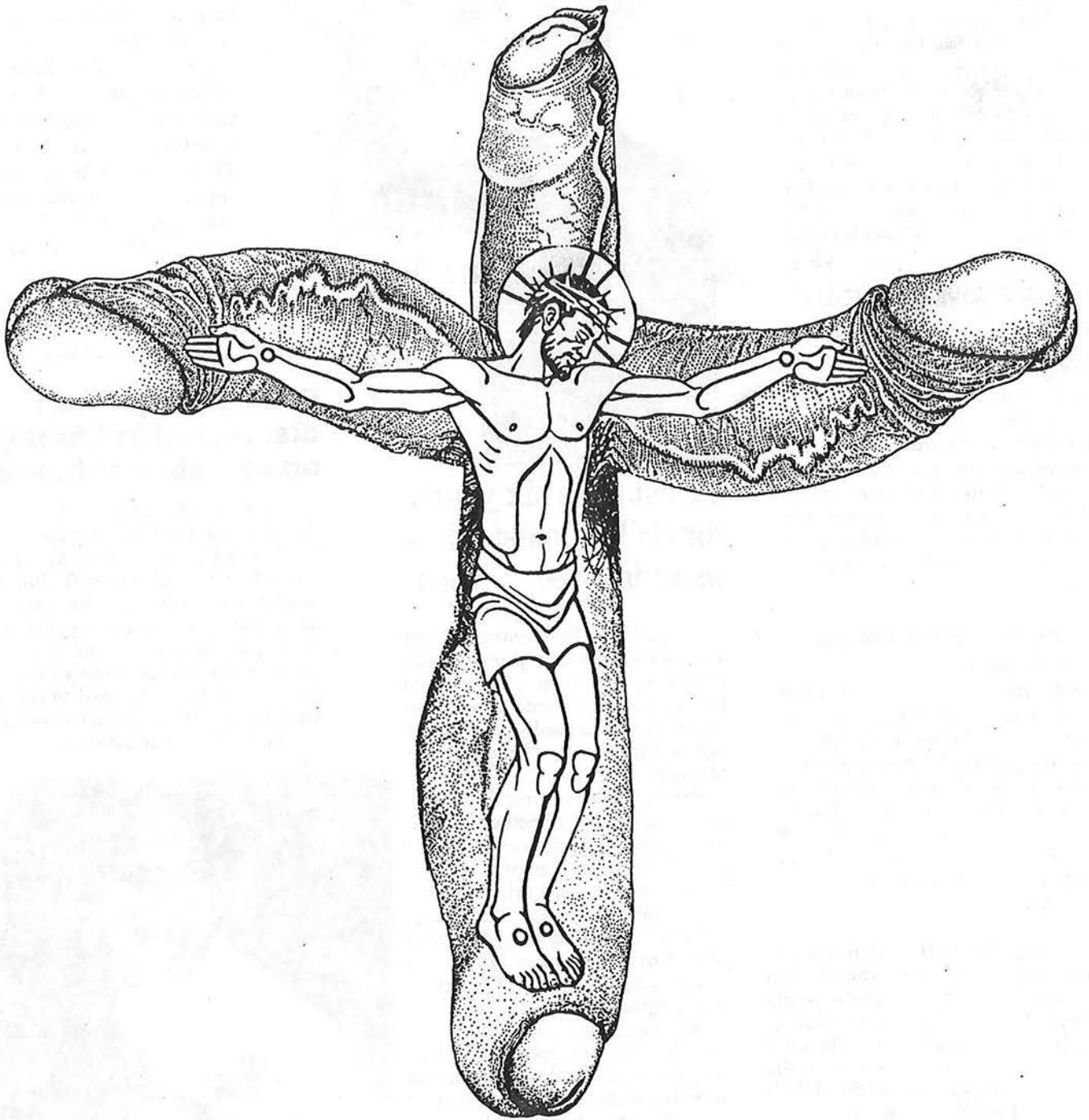
Four more priests dismissed in Chicago on sex-abuse charges

Four more Chicago priests were dismissed from their posts because of allegations of sexual abuse, archdiocesan officials said Nov. 20. But the crackdown, which so far has led to six dismissals, has gotten mixed reviews from parishioners. Some have applauded the action, however belated. But others have objected to the fact that, in some cases, parishioners were not told of the circumstances.



POPE MAKES JOKE! When presented with this cute little boy, Pope John Paul II quipped: "Bend over the altar, boy!"

CHILD LURES



**MEN'S ANTI-RAPE RESOURCE CENTER
WORKING WITH MEN TO STOP RAPE**

The Men's Anti-Rape Resource Center (MARC) focuses on reaching men to end our sexual violence. We are men and women around the country who believe that rape, as well as other forms of male violence, will only stop when men stop raping.

MARC has developed with the feminist understanding of how men's sexual violence continuously affects women's, children's, and other men's lives. We see men's sexual violence as being at the center of a variety of other forms of men's violence: pornography, prostitution, domestic and dating violence, incest, street violence, war, etc. We also understand the interrelationship of racism, homophobia and heterosexism, ageism and adult-ism, ablebodi-ism, and other forms of oppression with men's sexual violence; and we work to interrupt all these patterns of oppression.

Our supporters understand that rape and other forms of men's sexual violence is totally preventable, and we work towards helping men take responsibility to end our violence. We believe that men must work with other men and support the work of women in ending male violence. We (as men) must begin by looking into ourselves and interrupting our own patterns of oppression, domination, and violence.

MARC provides a variety of services to individuals, groups, and organizations working, or interested in working with men to help end our violence.

CLEARINGHOUSE:

MARC is a clearinghouse for written information on a variety of issues including rape and sexual victimization, survivors issues, counseling with significant others ("secondary survivors"), male survivors, offenders, men working to end men's violence, organizing issues or concerns, etc. The catalog is available free of charge, and the materials themselves are available for a nominal fee.

FIELD ORGANIZING/TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE:

MARC provides technical assistance to help reach men on various sexual violence issues. We are particularly interested in assisting men's involvement in the anti-rape movement. This service is likewise available for nominal fees.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND TRAININGS:

MARC also can refer you to men who can speak or train on a variety of issues related to male sexual violence including: pornography, domestic violence, rape, the interconnectedness of sexual violence with other forms of oppression, etc. The speakers we work with charge reasonable fees which will take into account available resources.

SUPPORT SERVICES:

MARC offers a variety of support services to women and children who are involved in court battles related to their victimization. MARC also provides a variety of support services to programs.

If you are interested in hearing more about MARC, receiving a catalog or other information, and/or enlisting any of the abovementioned services, please contact:

Rus Ervin Funk, Coordinator
Men's Anti-Rape Resource Center
P.O. Box 73559
Washington, D.C. 20056
(301) 249-2710 (machine)

"Rape and other forms of male violence may be common, and may be Human...but they are not acceptable."

"SEXUAL ASSAULT--TOGETHER WE CAN STOP IT"

FOR SPEAKING AND TRAINING INFORMATION, CONTACT:

Men's Anti-Rape Resource Center
P.O. Box 73559
Washington, DC 20056
(301) 249-2710

MARC is a project of the Ending Men's Violence (EMV) Task Group of the National Organization for Men Against Sexism (NOMAS), Craig Norberg-Bohm, Coordinator.

**RUS ERVIN FUNK
ACTIVIST ORGANIZER
SPEAKER TRAINER**

Rus is an passionate anti-sexist radical who speaks and trains on a number of issues. His involvement and commitment are unending and untiring. His speaking style mesmerizes, motivates, and enraptures audiences of any age. His analyses are comprehensive and solid. A dynamic and caring individual, Rus offers audiences the opportunity to move and to grow, as well as the chance to see a new vision of tomorrow. He is available to speak and offers trainings on:

"Male responsibility to stop rape", "Rape and Racism", "Homophobia and Male Violence", "Men Against Sexism?", "Men's involvement in the Pro-Choice Movement", "Profeminism and Nonviolence", among others.

Rus also is a committed and well respected therapist in the field. He is known for his compassionate and caring healing attitude. As a trainer, he knows how to challenge you with information and how to listen as your struggle. Rus offers training and lectures on:

Ritualistic Abuse; Post-Traumatic Stress Response; Male Survivors of Sexual Victimization; Gay, Lesbian, and Bi-sexual responses to rape; Satanism; Working with Adolescent Survivors of Sexual Trauma; Therapist self-care; etc.

Among the universities Rus has spoken at:

Georgetown	Howard	American University
University of Maryland	Harvard	University of Delaware
University of Pennsylvania	Duke	University of Massachusetts
University of Texas, Austin		George Washington University

Rus has also spoken at national and regional conferences including:

National Coalition Against Sexual Assault
National Coalition Against Domestic Violence
Men and Masculinity Conference
National Conference on Ending Campus Violence
Texas Association Against Sexual Assault
National Conference on Male Survivors of Sexual Victimization
Northeast Regional Conference on Sexual Minority Youth
Md state Conference on Suicidology



Before YOU spend your \$ on a BIG MAC - please THINK about this -

Does the question of whether or not to eat meat really just involve someone's "choice"? Is it really just a matter of your right to choose what you will or will not eat? What if this choice involves the support of murder? What if this choice contributes directly to world hunger? What then?

The decision to eat other animals and the convenient assumption that this is a matter of "freedom of choice" implies that we think that we have the right to "treat" other lives with less respect because of some human-made measure of superiority. Oppression of both people and animals is based on *arbitrary* forcefully manipulating the power so that one controls the other.

When will we say NO to tyranny?

Closing your eyes to the realities of the systematic murder of over 5 billion animals for food in the U.S. each year will not change anything. Laughing nervously while chopping into your BIG MAC will not make the murder go away. We give ourselves the "choice" of what we think "tastes good". The animals have no resistance to this choice.

We even have the choice to be more "humane" about systematic murder! We can make ourselves feel better by campaigning for or supporting laws and "conditions" designed to make the animals more comfortable in their concentration camp existences on the farms, in transport on the death trucks, and in the slaughterhouses. The animals have no form of resistance.



One billion pigs are raised each year for food. They are kept in crowded, filthy, and unsanitary conditions until they are killed and then they are eaten.

No matter how "humane" we demand the conditions to be, the animal is still murdered in the end. The animal is still controlled by human whims and artificial human superiority. The animal has no choice.

The majority of farm animals are raised in crowded, unventilated, dark cages and sheds with no room to exercise or even stretch their legs and wings! Their bodies are routinely mutilated to accommodate the factory farm system. Chickens' beaks are cut off, pigs' tails are docked, cows are deborned and castrated--all without anesthetics.

Baby cows and pregnant pigs spend their shortened lives chained in tiny narrow crates. Six chickens are squashed into a space the size of a record album cover.

Even as the animal struggles to escape from the ramp leading to the "kill floor" at the slaughterhouse, s/he is rounded up, prodded, electric shocked, whipped, ridiculed, knifed, and killed. The next animal in the killing line is forced to watch the murder of animals just before him. The smells and sounds of dying animals are overwhelming. Just imagine the terror!

Any resistance by the animal is all in vain. In the end, it doesn't matter if the animal is raised in a cramped cage or crate, or if s/he is lying around on a bed of straw. Each animal's life is ended in the violence of slaughter. Each farm animal is born and then raised only to be murdered for food and other human commodities.

As you bite into your BIG MAC you support murder. You say with each bite that you support the profit-hungry multinational corporation, McDonald's--that boasts about 4 billion deaths in the form of "burgers" a day. And that BIG MAC is a direct part of the callous economic system that causes hunger and mal-nutrition and keeps poor people poor.

In Central America, where as many as 80% of children are undernourished, approximately half of the best agricultural land is used to produce crops and cattle for a small domestic elite...and for export. Instead of using the land for basic food crops for the people of the Third World Countries, staple crops are exported--as luxury crops and as animal feed! In Third World Countries, only a few rich people own the country's farmland.

Every year we import potential famine-relief food to feed farm animals. A great deal of Third World's usable farmland is being used for OUR benefit--for animal feed, tea, coffee, tobacco, rubber--while people are promoting their commercial factory farm equipment and supplies in the Third World and are prospering while creating dependence on this vicious cycle. The multinationalists perpetuate the status quo of human hunger and animal murder.

It is often argued that vegetarians care more about animals than people. Yet many people decide to become vegetarians precisely because they are concerned about hunger in the world. At least 10 times more people can be sustained on vegetarian food than on a meat-based diet.

McDonald's and Burger King are two of the many U.S. corporations who are using AGENT ORANGE and DIOXINS to destroy Central American tropical rain forests. The forests are being turned into grazing pastures for cows that will be sent back to the U.S. as hamburgers. Thousands of rain forest acres are being destroyed daily. Farm animals and wildlife in the forests are both victims of McDonald's. And people who eat the fast food at McDonald's are also victims of the greed. McDonald's has been named one of the 5 worst sources of sodium and fat by the Center for Science in the Public Interest. Animal feed is laced with antibiotics, chemicals and growth stimulants. Pesticides and radioactive wastes that have been linked to cancer are stored in meat in concentrations thousands of times greater than in plants. The U.S. Secretary of Health officially warns that meat causes cancer and heart disease.

A meat-centered diet is destroying our land and polluting our water. Animal feedlots put 2 billion tons of animal excrement into US water systems every year.

PLEASE STOP AND THINK. IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF ANIMALS VS. PEOPLE... IT IS A QUESTION OF EXTENDING YOUR PHILOSOPHY OF JUSTICE TO INCLUDE THE ANIMALS. IT IS A DECISION TO LIVE YOUR LIFE WITHOUT DEPENDING ON THE PAIN AND DEATH AND ENSLAVEMENT OF OTHER LIVING INHABITANTS OF OUR EARTH.

YOU CAN TAKE ACTION! For more info, please call or write:
Student Action Corps for Animals
Box 15548, DC 20003-0548
202-543-8943



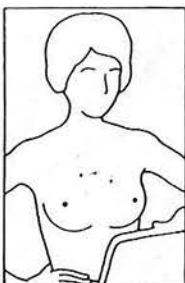
Unknown Artist

8589

1

Before a mirror:

Inspect your breasts with arms at your sides. Next, raise your arms high overhead. Look for any changes in shape or contour of each breast, a swelling, dimpling of skin or changes in the nipple.



Then, rest palms on hips and press down firmly to flex your chest muscles. Left and right breast will not exactly match — few women's breasts do.

Regular inspection shows what is normal for you and will give you confidence in your examination.

2

Lying down:

Lie down. Flatten your right breast by placing a pillow under your right shoulder. Fingers flat, use the sensitive pads of the middle three fingers on your left hand. Feel for lumps or changes using a rubbing motion. Press firmly enough to feel the different breast tissues. Completely feel all of the breast and chest area from your collarbone to the base of a properly fitted bra; and from your breast bone to the underarm. Allow enough time for a complete exam.

The diagrams show the three patterns preferred by women and their doctors; the circular, clock or oval pattern, the vertical strip, and the wedge.



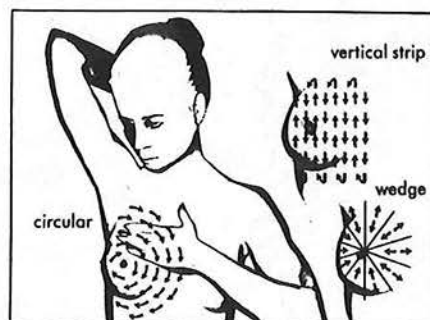
Choose the method easiest for you and use the same pattern to feel every part of the breast tissue.

After you have completely examined your right breast, then examine your left breast using the same method. Compare what you have felt in one breast with the other.

3

In the shower:

Examine your breasts during bath or shower; hands glide easier over wet skin. Fingers flat, move gently over every part of each breast. Check for any lump, hard knot or thickening.



This diagram shows the three patterns preferred by women and their doctors: 1) the circular, clock or oval pattern, 2) the vertical strip and 3) the wedge. Choose the method easiest for you. Use the same pattern to feel every part of the breast tissue.

Symptoms

The most common symptom is the appearance of a small, hard lump—about the size of a pea—on the front or the side of the testicle. It is important for men to become familiar with the size and consistency of their normal testicles, so that they can detect changes if they occur.

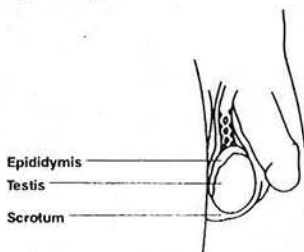
Other symptoms sometimes present are a feeling of heaviness in the testes, a dull ache in the groin, a change in the consistency of the testes, or a sudden accumulation of blood or fluid in the scrotum. These symptoms can also be caused by infections or other conditions that are not cancer. Only a doctor can determine if cancer is present and what the proper treatment should be.

How To Do TSE

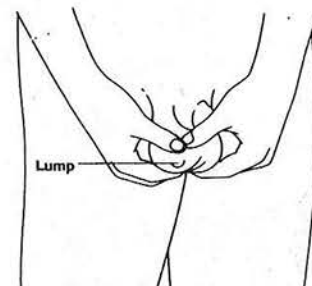
Men can increase their chances of finding a tumor promptly by routinely performing a simple procedure called testicular self-examination (TSE).

TSE should be performed once a month after a warm bath or shower. The heat causes the scrotal skin to relax, making it easier to find anything unusual. The procedure itself is simple and only takes a few minutes:

- Stand naked in front of a mirror. Look for any swelling on the skin of the scrotum.



- Examine each testicle gently with both hands. The index and middle fingers should be placed underneath the testicle while the thumbs are placed on the top. Roll the testicle gently between the thumbs and fingers. One testicle may be larger than the other.



- Find the epididymis (a cord-like structure on the top and back of the testicle that stores and transports the sperm). Do not confuse the epididymis with an abnormal lump.
- Feel for a small lump—about the size of a pea—on the front or the side of the testicle. These lumps are usually painless.

If you do find a lump, you should contact your doctor right away. The lump may be due to an infection, and a doctor can determine the proper treatment. If the lump is not an infection, it is likely to be cancer. Remember that testicular cancer is highly curable, especially when treated promptly. Testicular cancer almost always occurs in only one testicle, and the other testicle is all that is needed for full sexual function.

Testicular self-examination performed regularly is an important health habit, but it cannot substitute for a physician's examination. Your doctor should examine your testicles when you have a physical exam. You also can ask your doctor to check the way you do TSE.



It all started with Mr Adamson

Summer jobs were tough to come by for a seventeen year old, so when I managed to line up several lawn cutting jobs I was happy. I'd cut each lawn once a week and do some extra clean up work when needed. The pay was OK and as I got to know my customers better, the job became easier and more interesting.

The Adamsons were one of the better customers. Both of them were teachers. She had been my fifth grade teacher and Mr Adamson was my high school math teacher. From May through June it had been the same each time. I would cut the lawn and then knock on the door. Mr or Mrs Adamson would give me a check. They would always ask me in for a cold drink.

One day in July, I was working up a sweat when I noticed Mr Adamson watching from his second floor window. I could only see him when I made the turn at the far end of the lawn.

He seemed to move back into the shadows of the room when I turned and pushed my mower in his direction. I finished and as usual I went to the back door and knocked.

Mr Adamson came to the door dressed in his robe. He seemed a little different this morning, almost as though the heat of the July summer morning was getting to him. It was obvious that he was naked under his robe. It was slightly open and although I couldn't really see anything I found myself looking. I realized I may have been staring too long but when I looked up I caught Mr A also staring.

We stood there for a second just looking at each other. I guess we were somewhere between being embarrassed and excited. I had seen lots of naked guys before but today there was a strange electricity to the situation.

"I've watched you all year in my class and now I've watched you working in my yard. This may be the biggest mistake of my life but I have to do something."

I wasn't sure about what he was saying but he continued...

"Chuckie, I think it's time I gave you a tip instead of just the check. If I've made a big mistake, tell me and I'll stop."

We stepped slightly apart. Mr A's robe now open to his waist. He shrugged his shoulders and the robe dropped to the floor. He stood naked and excited. His cock was gigantic and starting to fill with a warm flush of an erection.

He took the bottom edge of my t-shirt and by sliding his hands up from my waist, he forced my shirt up and over my head. It dropped into a white pile on the floor. His hand traced a path back down my chest and stopped where the waistband of my under wear showed above my jeans. He continued, gripping the elastic and pulling slightly. My balls and cock moved up, cradled by the now snug cotton. His fingers moved inside the waistband and circled to the front of the elastic.

His hands went to my fly and unsnapped the copper button. He slowly lowered my zipper and allowed my jeans to slip to the floor, pulled by gravity. I stood there dressed only in my jockey shorts, a teenage hard on pressing the white cotton into a tent, my jeans gathered around my ankles. Mr Adamson reached for my white, cotton covered bulge and grabbed my hardening cock between his thumb and forefinger. The warmth of his hand seeped through the cloth barrier. He pressed firmly and moved my stiff teenage cock upward, its head pushing past the elastic waistband and out into light. A drop of precum juice already forming.

His hands now moved down, pushing my last piece of clothing ahead of them. My briefs were pushed down my thighs and left there, gently binding my legs together. He gently grasped the cheeks of my ass and pulled me toward himself. I could feel my head on press into the public hair that covered his cock and balls. My hand on touching his. His chest pressed against my chest. My own arms circled his waist.

Mr Adamson dropped slowly to his knees, his hands stripping the jeans and briefs from my legs. He licked his lips, only inches from my cock. Looking up he moved to the swollen shaft and took it in his mouth. He loudly sucked the drop of clear lubricant from the tip.

"I'm going to make you cum Chuck. Is

that O.K.?"

"Oh yes. Please."

His hand circled my cock and began massaging it up and down slowly. Each upward stroke seemed to pull more excitement from my crotch. Lips wetly nibbled while each stroke lifted my balls slightly. I knew I couldn't hold my orgasm any longer. In only moments I was at the edge of orgasm.

"Oh God...I'm going to come. Oh wow! Ahhhhh..."

Mr A squeezed firmly and kissed the tip of my cock for one last moment. I felt the first blast of jism start at my balls and move up my swollen shaft. It exploded as his lips moved away. My cum arched through the air and fell toward his face and chest. A second spurt quickly followed the first as Mr Adamson firmly stroked my cock. A third shudder went through me and I again saw my juices fly into empty air. A fourth ooze of creamy cum dribbled out of the slit at the tip of my cock and formed a heavy drop that appeared ready to fall to the floor. Mr Adamson tilted his head and kissed the side of my now softening cock. A milky flow of my juices covered my penis and his curled fingers. His hands still gripped me and he pulled my softening cock toward himself one final time before he released it.

Still heavy with excitement, my cock hung down. Mr Adamson had picked up my jockey shorts and was gently wiping his fingers, face and chest. He finished and started cleaning my penis. The soft cotton absorbed my teenage cum and dried me. The attention actually started making me hard again. I swelled upward, lifting free of the white cloth that now was grooming my public hair.

"I think you're getting hard again Chuckie."

"Mr. Adamson, I can't believe how good that was. I felt like I came from my toes."

"Let's see if I can capture your interest again because I'd love to have your young meat in me the next time. What do you say, we'll try again?"

His hands again cupped my balls and gently pressed them up into me. His fingers touched that super sensitive spot between my legs and behind my nuts. One finger moved back and forth where the cheeks of my ass started and each time moved closer to my puckered asshole.

I had a hard on again. It was bigger and redder looking than the first. My balls hung loosely in Mr Adamson's palms. His finger now rested on that very private button between my buns.

"I'm hot Chuckie. I want you now, right here. I need that cock. I want you to fuck me. Have you ever fucked a guy?"

I could not speak. I shook my head "no."

Mr. A reached toward the robe that lay on the ground. He came back with a tube of K-Y lubricant in his fist. He squeezed a generous amount onto his hand and gently rubbed it into my erect cock. "Nice and slippery. I'll have that cock in me."

He turned away, still kneeling on the floor. He leaned over and pushed his ass up toward me. "Fuck this ass." I stepped between his legs. My cock pointed toward the brown hole between the cheeks of his ass.

Our bodies pressed. The warmth filled the space between as my cock rested near that puckered hole. I let the swollen head move closer, its first contact flooding me with more excitement. He looked back at me. "Go ahead Chuck. Fuck that ass." I guided my cock to the hole. The tip pressed and then entered. A ring of tight muscle gripped me and created a warm feeling. Mr. A groaned. I was afraid I may have hurt him and started to pull out. His one hand quickly reached back and pulled my thigh up closer to his. "Fuck me Chuck." A rhythm I had no control over took charge.

My legs and back flexed, in increasing speed pumping me in and out. Mr A lifting to meet my thrusts as he matched my excitement. I had never fucked anyone who responded like this. The excitement seemed to spill from Mr Adamson into me and fueled my own passions.

"Oh God Chuckie I need this. Oooh you're good. Such a big cock for such a young guy."

The words were the final push over the edge. I could feel myself coming. For the second time within minutes, gobs of cum were spurting from my cock. It filled Mr Adamson with pump after pump of creamy juices.

We both made animal noises as we climaxed. I felt my toes tingle and goose bumps formed on my back. Mr A's cock was still hard. He seemed flushed with a red heat. We stayed together for a few moments. I closed my eyes.

"Not bad for a young stud Chuckie. There is nothing like an enthusiastic young cock."

I didn't know how to answer. My dick was quickly returning to its normal size. I felt it pull free of Mr Adamson's hot wet ass and droop toward the floor beneath us.

"How don't be all embarrassed and sulen on me. You were great. Your tight buns were what first caught my attention but I've got to admit that the rest of you measures up too." I still felt tongue tied.

"Go ahead Chuck. Set yourself dressed and don't worry about anything. Don't try to explain your feelings. I know I felt great and that is something that should make you happy too."

I quickly slid my jeans on and tucked my feet back into my shoes. I grabbed my t-shirt and stood up. I backed away an left through the kitchen door, looking back to see Mr Adamson still on the floor, looking up at me and smiling.

About three days later a small package arrived in the mail. I opened it and found a pair of navy blue under shorts and a note.

Chuck,

You really were exactly what I needed. I enjoyed every second of it. You left without your briefs. I've kept them because I get excited thinking of you still in them. I'd love to see you in these the

next time.

A

Just the thought of Mr Adamson being really excited about me made me start to get a hard on again. I went up to my room and stood in front of my mirror. I was good looking, tall and thin with some muscle starting. My brown hair wasn't too long and it didn't cover my body too much. I was a collection of nice average things. I never was embarrassed about being naked in the locker room but I wasn't hung like a horse either.

I started to undress and pictured Mr A watching. When I was naked, I slipped the fancy underwear on. It was cut lower and tighter than my usual. It was like wearing a competition bathing suit. My penis and balls seemed to fill the crotch and be more obvious. I had wanted some shorts like this but never knew how to convince my Mom that they were worth the extra money. I made up my mind that my next trip to Mr A's would be made wearing his gift. Thinking about it had given me a hard on. It showed very clearly in the sexy blue shorts. I slid my cock out and slowly jerked off, thinking the entire time about Mr. A.

The rest of the week flew by and I found myself getting ready to go cut the lawn at Adamson's. I scrubbed up and dressed in the blue underwear. I put on a good pair of jeans and a t-shirt. I figured that the big problem would be figuring out how to cut the lawn without working up a sweat.

Mr Adamson's car was in the drive when I arrived. I followed my usual routine and unloaded the mower and other tools. I cut the lawn, looking constantly toward the house. After finishing I walked to the back door the same as I had done many times before. My mouth was dry from the nervousness of the moment.

Mr Adamson was waiting.

"Hi Chuckie. Come on in."

"I stumbled through a hello and entered

the home. He was dressed in his robe again.

"Did you get my note?" he asked

"Yes. I did what you asked and wore them."

"How do they look?"

"OK I guess."

"OK you guess. Come on how did they really look? Did you like them?"

"Yeah. I think they're sharp."

"Tell me the truth now. Did you try them on the day you got them?"

"Yeah I did."

"Did you get all excited thinking about me when you put them on?"

"Yeah, I did."

"I bet you even got a hard on."

I was getting embarrassed and could feel the warmth of my blush. I tried to act casual. "Sure I got a hard on."

"I figured that you would try them on and check it out in a mirror. I mailed them and then sat home for two days picturing you trying them on. I got off on the idea a few times. Did you."

"Yeah."

"I'm serious. Did you get off on thinking about me and wearing the underwear. I want to know. Did you? Did you get excited and come?"

"Yes."

"Do me a favor Chuck. Act like you just got them today. Do what you did that day. I want to see you in real doing what I imagined."

I thought I knew what Mr Adamson wanted but stood paralyzed with youthful fear.

"Don't worry Chuck. Just do what you did that day. I want to see you standing there and I need to see you excited and com-

His hands now rested on my bare shoulders as he pressed down slightly. I opened my eyes and sank to my knees. His hot cock only inches from my face. He continued to press, making me sit back then lay down. My erect cock now pointed toward the ceiling as I continued to jerk off.

He straddled me, one foot on either side of my hips. His robe hanging loose. He began to sit slowly. His ass moving toward my hard penis. His hand reached for my cock and joined my own as we both stroked my cock. The tube of K-Y appeared again and coated my joint with its shiny slickness. The warm cheeks of his ass touched the swollen head on my cock and continued down as he impaled himself on my erection.

The warmth of his body surrounded me and the wetness seemed to almost run down my stiffness. I felt him tighten his "grip" on me as he slowly worked up and down. Moises began coming from him that again fueled my passion. I never realized a sound or a word could be erotic. I lifted to meet each movement from his wonderful body. My nuts seemed to tighten as they readied themselves for another wonderful orgasm. He reached for my nipples and squeezed them between his finger and thumb.

"Good. Oh so good. You have got a really great cock Chuckie."

He rocked now. He gripped his own hard cock and jerked off. His rhythm grew quicker and the strokes shortened. I knew both of us were about to climax.

"Oh, Jesus. Ahhh. Now Chuck. Come now. Ahhh."

We came. Together. We rode out several waves before slowing and then stopping. I stayed pinned to the floor, my chest lifting with deep breathes of satisfaction. Puddles of Mr A cum splattered my chest. Mr Adamson rubbed my chest again. He looked toward the ceiling, but his eyes were closed.

I could feel my cock shrinking and the warm juices of our lovemaking flooding onto my belly and balls. I didn't want to move and disturb Mr Adamson. After several moments he looked down.

"Chuck you really are good for me. I hope you enjoy it as much as I do?"

I answered, "It is really great." Not knowing what else to say.

He got up, his robe falling back into place and clothing him while I lay naked on the floor. I started to get up and he pressed me back down by putting his foot on my chest.

"Chuck, I'll give you more than a roll in the hay if you'll do something for me right now."

"Sure."

"Could you get hard again right now and come again?"

"I guess."

"Chuck if you can come for me in the next ten minutes I'll give you twenty bucks. I won't help. You've got to do it alone while I watch."

I looked down at my soft cock and figured "What the hell."

Taking it in the fingers of my hand I began pulling it back into a hard on. I was surprised at how little effort it took. Within moments my cock was again hard and swollen. My eyes closed as I shut out my audience and worked on coming. I could hear Mr Adamson move slightly and then heard a strange buzz. Opening my eyes I saw the source of the sound. Mr Adamson had taken a picture of me with an instant camera. The buzz was the film sheet being pushed out.

"Oh, don't let me interrupt. Go ahead and finish."

"You didn't say anything about pictures." I protested.

"Oh Chuck, I need to remember moments like this. You look so good laying there jerking off."

"Come on", he continued. "Keep going so I can take some more shots."

I found myself starting again. I

don't know the real reasons why. It might have been the excitement of having such an attentive audience or something else. All I know is that there I was, masturbating on the floor of a 30 year old man's house while he took pictures.

I did come. I opened my eyes and watched myself coming again. Mr Adamson had moved closer with his camera and snapped away, capturing shot after shot of my orgasm.

It was only two days later when I got the phone call.

"Chuck."

"Yeah Mom."

"There's a call for you. I think it's one of your lawn customers."

"O.K. I'll be right down." I answered, going to the phone in the kitchen.

"Hello"

"Hi, Chuck. It's me, George Adamson. I wanted to call and thank you for the good work the last time. I figured you might be nervous about those pictures and I want you to know that they're safe with me."

"Yeah, I trust you. The ones you took while I was, you know, doing, well..."

"Go ahead and say it Chuck; jerking off."

"Yeah, well...you know they were sort of...I didn't really pay attention to you taking them...but the ones after were you had me pose...I don't know."

"Trust me Chuck. They're just for me. Plus... It was so exciting."

"O.K. I do really trust you."

"Good. Look I called for another reason. I have a friend who has heard my praises of your work and would like to employ you. What do you think?"

"I am sort of full up Mr Adamson. One

rainy day fouls up the entire cutting schedule."

"Chuck I don't think you understand. My friend lives in an apartment and doesn't have any lawn."

"Oh?"

"Yes. His name is Brown and he is a very good friend of mine. I mentioned you, not by name of course, and he got very interested. You could probably do a nice pleasant job and get lots of cash."

"I don't think I could. Not really. Not if you mean doing what I think you mean."

"Don't say no just yet Chuck. Why not think about it and if you want, talk some more to me about it."

"I sure I can't do it. I mean that's against the law or something."

"Chuck, relax. This guy is divorced and has lots of cash. No one will know but us."

"I don't know."

"It continued with Mr Brown

I ended up back at Mr Adamson's house two days later. He had called and asked if I could give him a hand that day. There was an unfamiliar car in the drive but I didn't pay much attention to it as I went to the back door.

Mr Adamson answered and asked me in. He had on a dark robe and smelled great. As we entered the living room I spotted a second man and I knew right away that this must be Mr Brown.

"Chuck I would like you to meet my good friend Mr Andy Brown."

"How do you do sir."

"Fine Chuck. I've heard a lot about you."

I started to blush.

"I understand you're a little hesitant

to help me out."

"It's not that really..." I glared at Mr. Adamson who only smiled and said, "Look Chuck, Mr. Brown is a very good friend. I assured him that you were a pleasant, discrete young man."

"Besides that Chuck, George described you as such a handsome young stud, I couldn't resist. He said you're really hot looking in those blue briefs he gave you."

"I just don't know how right this all is."

"Look Chuck. You're a nice kid and I'm a nice guy. From what George has said, I have no doubt you really enjoy getting it on."

I again could feel the warmth of a blush turn me red. I had nothing to say.

"I'd really like to see you and would even have a real nice gift if we hit it off. What do you think? Maybe tonight?"

I showed up. It must have been the lure of the sex and the money. I was nervous about the entire evening. I had showered and dressed in clean jeans and shirt. I even wore the blue briefs that Mr. Adamson had given me. Mr. Brown answered the door in a terry cloth robe.

"I'm so glad you decided to come. Please," he motioned me inside.

I started to try to explain why I had come and was stopped. "You don't have to try to explain Chuck. You just have to be a good employee."

I was a little taken back by his attitude and realized within minutes that I was in over my head.

"Please take off your clothing," he instructed as he stood back in an observing pose.

I started to stammer a protest and was stopped again. "I'd like you to take off everything Chuck. I'd like to see you naked."

I was there and nothing would undo that so I figured I'd make the best of it. I started to take my clothing off and put it on a chair. Piece by piece I became more naked. When I wore only the blue briefs I hesitated and looked at Mr. Brown.

"George was right. You look very hot in those." He stepped closer and reached out. His fingers lightly traced over my rear and around my cock and balls that were tightly held in the pouch. "But let's get you fully undressed. I'd really like you to be naked."

I slipped out of the briefs. I was bare and still standing in the living room. Mr. Brown had watched the entire time and a few times made comments. I stood in the center of the room and stared straight ahead trying not to be embarrassed as he walked around my naked body as though he were buying a car. I guess in a way he was.

"Chuck you are a real nice find. I think George has found himself a prize."

I had nothing to say and could only watch Mr. Brown as he continued to appraise his merchandise. His hand reached out several times and touched me but never on my partially erect cock.

"You have such warm looking young skin Chuck. Such a warm, young body. Do you masturbate?"

The question caught me by surprise. "What?"

"Do you masturbate? You know. Play with yourself."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Well so do I Chuck. I have some special needs that I hope you can fulfill."

I stared without knowing what to say.

"I'm going to help you masturbate. You see I have this desire involving a good looking young stud like you, so much like my son."

He turned and picked up a tan colored plastic cock that had been hidden out of sight. He twisted the base and a faint vi-

brating sound filled the room. Mr. B's robe was open and his hairy cock was visible. He began rubbing the vibrating cock along the inside of his thighs and up over his slightly swollen cock. His other hand toyed with his nipples.

"Jerk off Chuck. Watch me and jerk off. Watch me fuck myself with this cock and get hard wishing it was you who were fucking me."

I grasped my cock and slowly rubbed it to a full hardness. I watched as Mr. Brown moved the head of the vibrator between his balls and thigh. He rubbed its vibrating length into the crack of his ass. He circled back out and around his waist. The vibrating dildo now attacked his ass from behind. He bent forward and pressed it against his ass hole.

"Don't cum Chuck. Get close but don't cum. You wait until I'm finished because then I'm going to take this some cock and fuck you with it."

His words caught me off guard. My hardon started to soften in my hands.

"I'm going to lube this up and fuck you. I'll make you so hot. This cock up your ass and me making you cum."

I knew I was in way over my head but suddenly realized I wanted to be. "Oh yeah," was all I could say.

"Sit on the couch," he said, directing me to a long sofa. "Now lay back. That's a good boy." I was on my back on the hard couch. One leg hung off the side and rested on the floor the other was propped up and resting along the back. My balls were hot and heavy as they hung exposed between my open legs. My fist continued pumping my hard cock.

Mr. Brown straddled my leg, his heavy balls almost touching my thigh. His cock erect and dripping. He moved the dildo away from his own ass and sat down riding my leg like a small child playing "horse" with an adult. The vibrating cock moved around the base of his cock as he rocked back and forth on my thigh. It was obvious that he was very excited.

My own excitement had also become obvious. I kept fucking my fist. Slowly at first and then faster. A drop of pre-cum had formed and I reached with a single finger and smoothed the slickness over the swollen head on my erection. A second drop quickly oozed out.

Mr. Brown's rhythm changed. Faster then slower. I knew he was coming. His eyes closed and he arched slightly. I could feel and see waves of pleasure moving across his body. I stopped my own jerking off and just watched. My cock was grasped in my motionless hand, fingers wrapped lightly around it. He seemed to stay that way for several minutes. Then his eyes opened and he looked down at me. "Watch Chuck," he ordered and suddenly globs of cum erupted from his cock. Each load arched up and then fell back down, landing on my leg, cock, balls and belly. His white cum glistened on my own dark pubic hair.

"So hot. So very hot," he said. He moved the dildo to me. He pushed it along my leg and up through the puddles of cum that covered my bush of pubic hair. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"No. ... I don't know," was all I could answer.

Mr. B reached toward my exposed balls. He cradled them gently in his fingers and palm. Tugging and lifting as they moved within their loose skin sack. I could feel them begin to tighten and pull closer to my body. His hand slid up my cock and joined my own hand as we both grasped my cock just under its head where it was smooth and hairless.

He reached with his finger and captured the crystal drop of lubricant from the tip of my cock. He pointed toward my puckered asshole. I found myself spreading my legs wider. I could feel the cheeks of my ass opening as I exposed my butt. I could feel his finger gently touch me and rub the drop of pre-cum on the rim of my hole. He paused for a moment and reached for a tube of K-Y that was hidden nearby. He squeezed a two inch line of the cold gel onto my hardon. Dropping the tube, he scooped a finger full of the gel and returned to my ass. This time he rubbed for a few moments and then began pressing his finger into my hole. I

could feel the finger enter me and push past the tight ring of my ass.

"That's a good boy. Let me fuck your ass. Does it feel good?"

"Oh yeah," was all I could reply...over and over... "Oh yeah."

His hand pressed my balls up into my crotch as more of his finger slipped into me. It pressed against the inside of me and made me feel like I had never felt before. "This is just the starter Chuckie. Get that ass loosened up."

I looked as he moved the vibrating dildo up my thigh and around my balls and hard cock. He rubbed its tickling rigid length onto my belly and around my naval. It hummed back to my cock and he twisted it in the gel that still coated my cock. The dildo glistened with the wetness from his cum and the slippery K-Y. "Now I'm going to fuck you good."

His finger was replaced with the dildo. I could feel the vibrations at the entrance to my body. It rested right there for a moment and then pressed in. "Aaahh. Oh." The pain and the pleasure mixed in a confusing rush. Mr. Brown began moving the dildo and riding my leg in rhythm. "Fuck you Chuck. I want to fuck you." Gently at first and then deeper and faster. The plastic cock filled me and pressed against me. I lifted my legs and spread them wider. I found myself reaching and grasping my thighs to pull them higher. Mr. Brown seemed to have ESP...slowing just enough and becoming gentle... then pressing and jerking my cock. I was going to shoot.

Cum oozed out of my cock. It didn't shoot out but bubbled up in a series of ecstatic waves. The feeling was intense as the cum slowly flowed from the tip of my cock and ran down its length, over his fingers and onto my already moist public hair.

We stopped. Out of breath, I lay there panting. The cock turned off and motionless but still stuck deep into my body. Mr. Brown still straddling my leg.

"Taste it," he ordered.

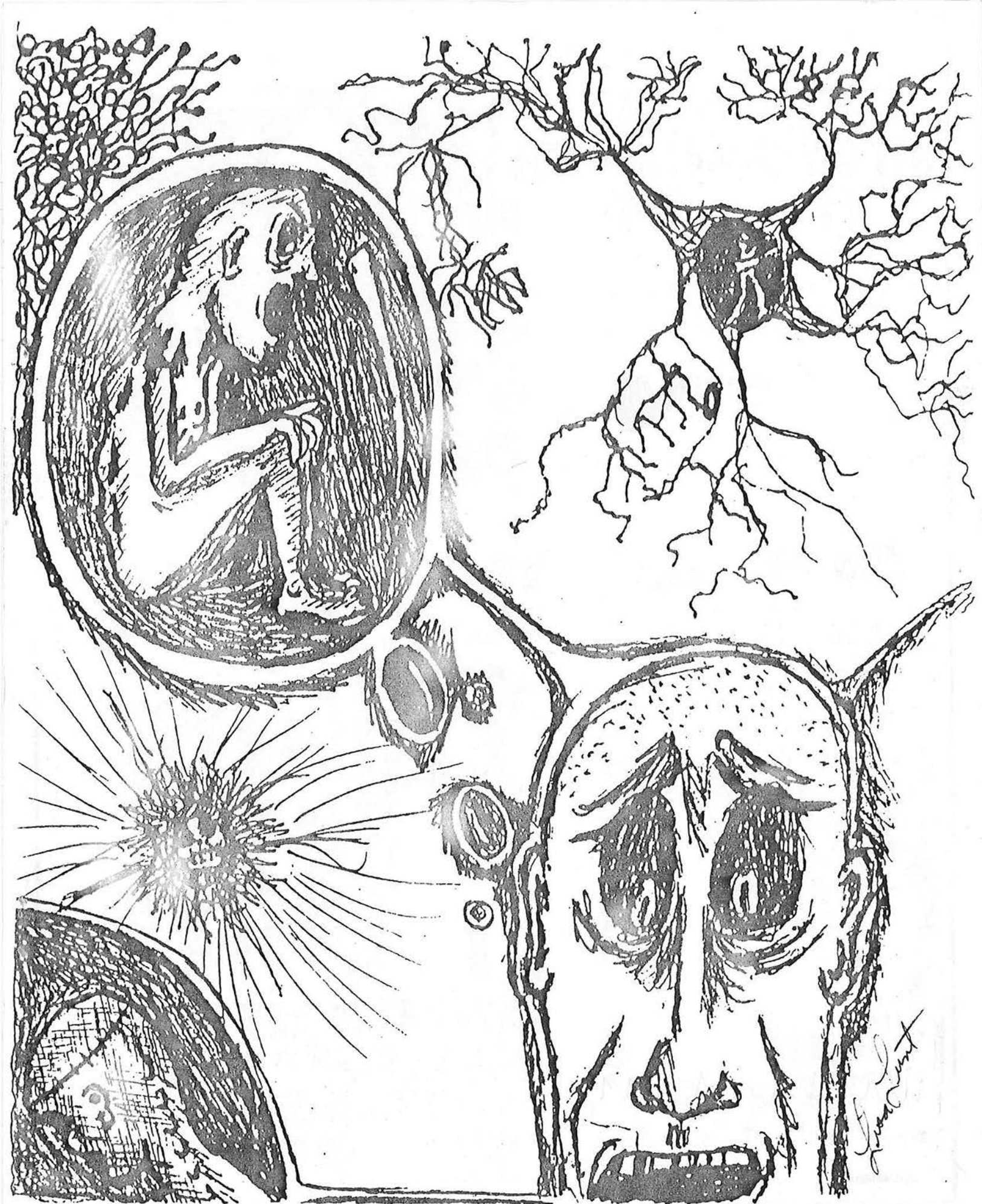
"What?"

"Taste it. Taste our cum."

I hesitated. He again reached for my balls. This time his grip was less gentle. "Taste it." I understood that it was an order not a request. I looked down the length of my chest and across my belly. My bare skin with its fine down of hair was covered with several puddles of our cum. The nakedness suddenly scared me. Everything had felt so good but now I felt frightened. Mr. Brown's other hand still curled around my softening dick. He stroked me one final time, moving up the length of my cock and collecting a small wave of jism.

"Taste it," he said. His finger now poised near my lips. I opened my mouth and my tongue stuck out. It tasted salty. The taste flowed throughout my mouth. It had a powerful taste. I liked it.





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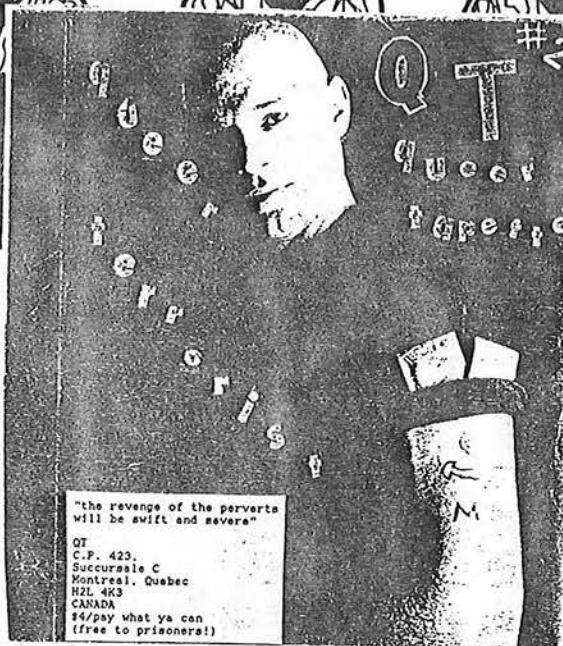
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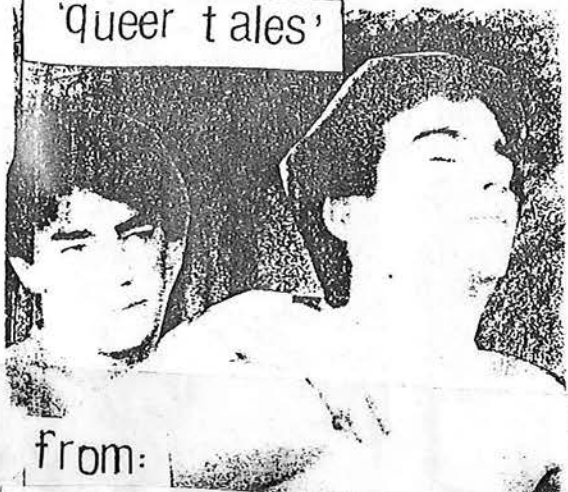
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