

Homosexual Recruiting

EMMA COPY



Homosexuality

is one of the gravest
threats to society

in the last

two

decades

of the

twentieth

century.

Homosexuals Themselves

punk (pej, prison sl, fr punk = decayed wood used only for tinder; however cf sl punk = prostitute + dated prison sl punk = bread [molded into a vagina and fucked while still fresh] // L panis = bread) 1. sexually oppressed, constantly raped victim; usually straight Syn: angel ("Hey, angel, when are you gonna grab your ankles for me?"); brat; candy pants; dancer; de los otros (Mex = one of them); flesh; fuck-boy; gal-boy; ginch (rare); girl boy; jenny boy (dated); gunch; hide; jailhouse pussy; kid; MP (Mexican punk); nick-nack; pie (hot apple pie [humor]); pink pants; pleasure punk (poger, pogler, party); PP; pressure punk; pretty boy; prisussy; public party; pushover; pussy boy; quiff; raw-ass; roundheels ("Paging Ruby"); sex boy (punk); singer; slavey (dated); slacker; youngster 2. to be active in forceful sexual intercourse with another man figuratively.



flower rape another convict. Syn: take somebody's NYC, teen sl, '70); turn somebody out. punk ex-punk turned active. *prison terminology.

HARDCORE PUNKS WITH QUEER POLITICS

C.P. 423
Succursale C
Montréal,
Québec
H2L 4K3

GENTLEMEN PREFER PUNKS

Q T

- QUEER TART? -
- CUTIE? -
- ON THE QT? -
- QUEEN'S TIT? -
- ???!!?!!

W

elcome to the way-
cool world of
homocore

IN THIS
ISSUE...

the faggot who thought she was a lesbian...

Dickie's late-night sex adventures...from running from skins to getting his ass whipped by some punk saviour...Dickie was having a wonderful time in the urban underground!

Vampire Lesbos: our centrefold sluts! for your drooling pleasure...

War Is Menstruation Envy: Lisa Labia and Clitora talk about that war thing, and what it all means, anyway.

stolen interview w/ queercore band Gorse!! plus punk dunk (= loose fitting vagina or

Lesbian nomenclature includes female dominion in the world's... lesbian is lollepot, a particular... term translating as a "pot" or... who is currently looking for a love...

Although in Mexico the Spanish... makes tortillas, in Cuba tortillas... two tortillas (women's bodies)... is referred to a vah... without-penetration... Lesbian, referring to the Lesbian act... fingers, trans... as "stirring the faggot."

In England, a Lesbian may be called a Bar-badian/American and told me the... wicker in Barbados. In France, tapette, "wall... what Nellie does in English. Italian, finocchio, the vegetable fennel, means something similar to the faggot.

German straight people have an expression, Vom Anderen Ufer, "from the other side of the water, of the other shore, the opposite side of the river. To use it to mean "someone who doesn't belong" and also for Gay Warm Bruder is another derogatory German name for a Gay person meaning "warm brother," someone who wants to be close and cozy with a member of the same sex. Warmen Schwester impart... meaning for Lesbian. Links is another German word for "left," on the left side, that is, the moon or female side. German Gay people themselves use the word Schwul to mean Gay, a related word, schwuel, means the warm, calm weather before a storm breaks out.



LESBIENNE FEET GATE

queer (fr Brit sl *quare* = unusual) 1. (pej, hetero sl) epithet for that which is homosexual "Ya meet a lot of them fuckin' queers when yer in the Navy, man!" "Hear about the quee parakeet who would sneak into the coop and blow a cockator"
 Syn: (queer as a noun): **brunser** (pej, Aus sl, catamite = boy kept for homosexual purposes, // Etruscan *Catmire* // Gk *Ganymēdes* = catamite); **deviate** (pej, fr L *de-* = from, off + *via* = path) here she was, telling me about deviates and I was twenty minutes away from my last cock"; **fly ball** (fr funny = peculiar); **gear** (Brit sl fr Cockney r, sl = queer); **hash** (hash) (obs, '30s-'40s, he + she) the (teen sl pun made upon "homo, late '50s); **kwink** (fr teen sl, late '50s: "Did you ever let a kwink me to your pecker, man?"); **loop** (Brit sl); **misfit** (short for sexual misfit); **one of them[those]**; **Oscar** (Brit sl, fr Wilde); **pathic** (pej, fr L *pathos* = pity, pathos (Brit sl) **pink-o** (4) also identifies a perverse idea); **pirujo** (pē-roo, fr pervert; often precedes **ponce** [ponce] (Aus & Brit sl); **P** blending of queer + gay); **queer** "Don't try any of your queebie little 'queerie' is the only one I k silly (fr the theory that stock t giggling schoolgirls: "Who's the Mobina Grapenuts?"); **silly saw** (fr sodomite); **sodasucker** ("That s ed a Presbyterian"); **tante** (fr fruitl '50s, fr it = all fruits, of fruitl with "fruit + reinforc "Tutti-Frutti"); **twank** (dated, woman-hater; **wonk** (Aus sl); **zanie** (fr zany = ludicrous // li

a rebel to the core...

using these top...

ok you're probably wonderin' what the heck QT stands for - if anything, other than "cutie"...well it means "queer tapette" - so there!!! and if ya have any suggestions, or things to contribute, write us at the address above and we'll get back to ya!! tell all yer friends about us - the newest queercore 'zine to hit the punk scene, just filled with sex, politics, and subversion! hope ya enjoy it, love, the QT Kollektive

Lot of Laughs - GAIS



are these men pinks? do not be fooled by the army boots...

♂

♀

xo ♡ xo ♡ ♡

TAPETTE [tapet], n. f. I. (1562; de *taper* I). *Techn.* Palette de bois pour enfoncer les bouchons. *Tapette de tonnelier*. V. *Batte*. ♦ *Tampon de graineur*. II. (De *taper* 2). ♦ 1° Sorte de raquette d'osier pour battre les tapis; pour tuer les mouches. ♦ 2° Jeu de billes dans lequel la bille doit toucher les autres après avoir tapé contre un mur. — Jeu de ballon où l'on lance la balle contre le mur. ♦ 3° (1867). *Fam.* Langue (qui parle). *Avoir une fièvre tapette*. Il a une de ces tapettes! il est très bavard. — Par ext. *Quelle tapette, cette concierge!* ♦ 4° (1859). *Pop.* et vulg. *Pédéraste passif*. V. *Tante*. « *Scandaleux et provocants comme des tapettes* » (SARTRE).

bestiality

punk, punk dunk, punker, punkie, punk in the ass, punk out,

girl/girl

zanni = masked buffoon; cf *Mattachine*, gay organization named after a court jester).

Syn: (queer as adjective): **funny** [acting] "funny that way" = he's queer; **funny money** (fr sl "Which Caesar wasn't funny money, to" = queer money (Brit sl); **kwinky**; like that; off-color; **PDQ** (fr "What are you PDQing?" = something bad, jinxed); so (Brit (Brit sl); **scammered** (fr criminal something bad, jinxed); so (Brit

2. (pej) as a word of self-m... homosexuals sometimes use the word much in "way blacks use "nigger," though one rarely ref... self as queer—it is always someone else ("I'm... you're queer"). "A queer electrician, dear, is... who blows the fuses" "Queers never yellow!" "e-à, camp) heterosexual, from the reverse reas... "we're not... queer ones; they are!" "What are... ing with... a girlie maga-zine)—... nappy... like are all classic... eeing q... the kids are just... ay, but th... stone queer!"

—as a three-dollar egg) unredeemable
 —baiting (Brit to homosexual.
 —bashing (Brit to cause they are ho
 —corner (hustler s
 up waiting to be pro
 —for desirous of; fo
 buy them! He's fruit
 simply mad about the go
 —somebody (pej) to seduce... a homosexual act—the implication is that some trickery is involved "I want you to tell me the truth, son; did your biology teacher ever queer you?"

Bound to offend some...

WOMEN ARE RAPED IN SO MANY WAYS THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A VIRGIN

gaie menacée

SPÉCIAL PHOTOS



something I guess meet and
Syn: s
Relate
for the
who wa
the pres
prestige
goddess
pretender
man wh
ei
pretty

prestige fuck—
in ever gets to

with anybody
only do it for

wood gods and
using the boss.
*vice 2. young
claiming homo-

Doc Martens turn me on lad,
see "chicken 2. (adj) nanosome mes so pretty ne looks
like a baby-faced killer!" "He's beautiful, but he's sure not
pretty" = he's got a wonderful mind but he doesn't have
the face to go with it 3. describing the source of one's
hard-on "This truck driver we knew had the prettiest butt
you've ever laid" "He was covered in wall-to-wall zits, but
he sure had a pretty cock."

prick see *cock.
prick-lick 1. a fellator, see *cock (camp) homosexual's
tongue "He's wasting his time licking his prick-lick around
some Blue Chip Stamps"
prick parade (fr Army sl, inspection of the genitals,
usually for venereal
Syn: short-arm lr

prima donna 1. one who has a need—another prima donna to
brighten up C prima donnas do most of their boost-
ing at Fred "hollywood" 2. stickler for convention;
one who spurs preening. "The definition of a prima
donna is someone who'll drink beer out of a glass instead
of a can in a leather bar."

prima tuna (fr the blending of prima donna + immature) impetuous,
rash "Let's not be prima tuna about this—I never did say
I would go home with you."

prime young, fresh, muscular.
Syn: homocore



Graphic: Helen Winter

HOMOSEXUEL, ELLE [ɔmɔsɛksɛl]. n. (1891; de *homo*, et *sexu*). ♦ 1^{re} Personne qui éprouve une appétence sexuelle plus ou moins exclusive pour les individus de son propre sexe (V. *Inverti*). Un *homosexuel*. V. *Pédéraste* (Cf. *Pédale*, *pedé*, tante, tantouse). *Homosexuel habillé en femme*. V. *Travesti*. Par abrév. Un *homo* (opposé à un *hétéro*). Une *homosexuelle*. V. *Lesbienne* (Cf. *Gouine*, *gousse*). ♦ 2nd Adj. Elle est *homosexuelle*. *Être homosexuel et hétérosexuel*. (Cf. *Fam*. A voile et à vapeur, bique et bouc). — Relatif à l'homosexualité. *Tendances homosexuelles*. *Manières homosexuelles* (V. *Pédérastique*). ⊗ ANL. *Hétérosexuel*.

I NACCEPTABLE

LESBIEN, IENNE [lesbjɛ̃, jɛn]. adj. et n. (1660, n. m., mignon v. de *Lesbos*). ♦ 1^{re} (XVIII^e). De Lesbos, île de la mer Égée. *Dialecte lesbien*. ♦ 2nd N. F. (1867; par allus. aux mœurs que la tradition attribuait à Sapho et à ses compagnes). Femme homosexuelle.

They were movements that led to no official revolutions" and "raised no monuments" is All they left were traces with no hint of their origins, like lipstick traces on a cigarette (and hence the title, taken from a song by Benny Spellman), nor of their impossible demands that the world be changed by the sound of their rebellion. Yet time and again, these demands resurface to be articulated in a new way by people who are motivated by the same rage and will to freedom, but who have no idea of either their ancestry or progeny.

prison terminology

PUNK [pœnk] n. et adj. invat. (1977; amér. *punk* vautien; pourri, délabré). Angl. Jeune contestataire qui affiche divers signes extérieurs de provocation par dérision envers l'ordre social. Des *punks*. — Adj. La mode *punk*.

HORS SERIE

THE FAGGOT WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS A LESBIAN

a serious case of wannabe???

Once upon a time there was a faggot who thought she was a lesbian. Well, she wasn't entirely sure, but neither were his friends. See it all happened around puberty - you know, puberty when everyone's hormones start poppin' and people get all crazy and boff each other non-stop...well, for our hero/ine, let's call her Alex, there was quite a dilemma...see, she knew she didn't fit in w/ all those big ugly jock guys who played football, even if she did think they were absolutely adorable...Alex wasn't stupid or anything, just confused like any other kid going through major hormonal activity...she knew about people who had sex with people of the same sex - they called 'em queer - and she thought she could be one...but it just didn't all make sense, you know - i mean, there she was with her penis and all, and she liked penises and everything, so that must make her a faggot, right? Alex watched as some people she knew were brave enough to adopt this identity in her school - there was Charles, he was so cute with his dimples and all, and his lover Biff - together they'd go off to debating tournaments on controversial issues like communism and they'd even sleep in the same hotel room...



there she was with her penis and all, and she liked penises and everything, so that must

actually, Alex was the one who found Biff in the boys' bathroom one day with his pretty face slashed with "FAG" cut into it - boy, was he ever a mess...everyone knew it was Larry the Crazy who did it to poor Biff, but no one dared tell the principle...anyway, so Alex had this man's body and dug men's bodies, but yet didn't feel remotely like Charles or Biff...Alex started skipping school to find out more and more about the homosexual underground...she started by watching Geraldo and Donohue shows in the local audio/visual sections of the department store downtown...all the homosexual guests seemed to be like Charles and Biff - they were nice enough and everything, but they just didn't seem to really understand what was going on with this world...Alex found herself increasingly bored with their type, she had met some more at one of the local gay bars which she faked some i.d. to get into...sure, when they talked about sex and about getting off on men, Alex's attention was riveted...at those moments, she was sure she was a homosexual...

she understood there was something else going on, and that these men were part of the problem...

oooo - how could anybody sleep w/ that?

make her a faggot, right?



outlawed from yet another community?

but when they talked about the art auction raising money for homeless children in Suweto and how politically correct they were to go to these things, even if they never bought anything because they spent it all on porn pix of white men. Alex felt more and more distant from these men...she understood there was something else going on, and that these men were part of the problem...oooo - how could anybody sleep w/ that? well usually they didn't think about it too much - they just went shopping for their environmentally friendly products, which they bought at the store 3 blocks away that they drove to in their Volvos, all the while calling themselves environmentalists and saying what a good job they were doing of saving the planet...

Alex had just about given up on being a homosexual - she just felt too alienated from this shop, shop, shop crowd (who, incidentally, never shopped in second hand stores and who thought that vinyl was dead...imagine!!!)

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but the fact that she had a man's body, liked
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seemed
to
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a bit
of a
problem
her...

things were getting worse and worse for poor old Alex...as she grew up and existed within the horrid halls of her high school, she watched as all the breeder-puppies pretended they were in undaunting love with one another (until the guy fucked around because he was drunk and the girl tried to kill herself because she had no life but this guy...) meanwhile, more and more homosexuals were lurking in the halls of the school - they organized a kiss in, which was followed by a brunch and afternoon shopping at Bretton's...Alex didn't go because she just couldn't pretend she was a happy homosexual - she didn't know what she was, but it certainly wasn't one of them...

things got really bad when Alex caught a glimpse of a gay sorority on Donohue - all these men talked about how happy they were with their male partners and their BMW's...Alex knew she should have felt happy, but she just couldn't identify with these guys...in fact, she was even a bit pissed off with them!!!

and who thought
that vinyl was dead

...imagine!!!)

Alex took to wearing black, covering her eyes with thick coats of eyeliner and mascara, listening to Skinny Puppy and Nine Inch Nails, and creating an aura of doom about her personage...she was feeling much more at home with her bullet-belt fashion accessory than she would with 100 Gucci watches...

Alex ceased caring about whether or not she was a homosexual - she knew as long as she was draped in seven layers of black, no man would touch her cock anyway...

then one day, Alex was listening to her short-wave radio and she picked up a show from the middle of Ohio - it was called "Women Screaming", and was about feminist guerilla action being planned against not only the government, but also against those so-called "pro-feminist" men in the environmental movement who really just wanted to fuck women and save a tree...

this got Alex thinking - maybe these homosexual men were part of the problem after all...maybe castrating bitches do have more fun...maybe Alex could help these feminist revolutionaries...so the next day, Alex went to school dressed in her usual seven layers of black, and one of the big ugly jock jerk-offs said to her really loudly so everyone in the whole cafeteria could hear - "Hey - look at him. I wonder what the hell he's mourning"...

stay tuned next ish, when you'll hear Alex say: "Oh Sandra, go get the strap on, will you dear?"

Alex very calmly approached the man, looked him in the eye, and said, in the loudest and butchest voice he could muster:

"I'M MOURNING THE VIRGINITY OF SAMANTHA, THE GIRL YOU RAPED LAST WEEK. YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHO HASN'T BEEN TO SCHOOL SINCE BECAUSE SHE'S AFRAID EVERYONE WILL BELIEVE YOU AND THINK THAT 'SHE WANTED IT'...THE ONE WHO'LL PROBABLY NEVER BE THE SAME EVER AGAIN BECAUSE YOU FUCKED HER UP FOR GOOD, THE ONE WHO MIGHT BE PREGNANT OR GET AIDS BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO MACHO TO USE A CONDOM, THE ONE WHOSE FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH A MAN WAS YOU - WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT...THAT'S WHY I'M MOURNING."

and with that, Alex squirted her coffee creamer into his eyes, kneed him in the balls, and quickly scrawled "I am a rapist" on the back of his head in black magic marker...



Alex kinda liked the high she got from this little incident - the next two weeks she went around writing "home of a rapist" on the locker door of every slimy guy who'd raped someone in the past year...

One day soon after, Alex caught a tv program (was it Sally jessy raphael???) with some self-identified radical feminists, some lesbian separatists among them...boy! was Alex ever elated!! here were people she felt an affinity with...as time passed, Alex became more and more politically involved and less and less concerned about the fact that she had a penis...but the fact that she had a man's body, liked men's bodies, but generally hated all men seemed to present a bit of a problem for her...

until one day, in her reading, Alex came across the definition of "lesbian": it said it was someone whose primary emotional and political commitment was to other women!

this just made her want to rebel even more...

of

maybe these homosexual men were part of the problem after all...maybe castrating bitches do have more fun... maybe Alex could help these feminist revolutionaries...

HURRAY!!! now Alex could claim an identity, and begin to delve into the always fascinating world of lesbianland... but all is not lavender in lesboland, for it quickly became apparent that Alex was not wearing the required Birkenstocks and crystals...what would happen to her? outlawed from yet another community? this just made her want to rebel even more... stay tuned next ish, when you'll hear Alex say: "Oh Sandra, go get the strap on, will you dear?"

STOP. RAPE

Who is "in" — and thus who is marginal — is not fixed and absolute.

LIFE IN PERSPECTIVE

IN THE 90's, SAFE SEX IS VOYEURISME

191 Promenade du Portage, Hull, Québec. J8X 2K6 778-2114



Modelo: M. Sparks, A. Boettcher, N. Burger, Vale A. Make-up: B. Chagoff, J. Hays, J. Theodor, Phyllis G. Berube, Assistant: M. Leventis, Concept: H. Massad, J. Smith



Homosexuals seek sexual satisfaction from sexual behaviour with members of the same sex. It involves acts such as oral sex, anal intercourse, masturbation by manual stimulation, sadomasochism, bestiality and other perversions.



Homosexuality is like all forms of behaviour, a continuum. Thoughts become actions; actions develop into habits; habits become a life-style. Social acceptance that will follow "gay rights" laws will give homosexual behaviour a favourable climate to spread even more easily. As homosexuality becomes publicly accepted as a valid life-style, traditional moral standards are further undermined.

FLIRT

SEXE DIEU PAÏEN

— (pages 8-9) —

MÉNAGÈRES LESBIENNES

— (page 11) —



POURQUOI
LES
CÉLIBATAIRES
SORTENT
AVEC LES
HOMMES
MARIÉS

— (page 3) —

POLICE FOR IMMORAL PURPOSES

Justice

CHINAMAN
CONVICTED
OF SEXUAL
OFFENSE IN
SIMPSON'S

10 MINING AID OILS
INFO AID GOSSIP

INDECENT EXPOSURE
RESULTS IN OFFICE
FINE FOR LAWYER

HOMOSEXUALS CAN
LEAD HAPPY LIFE

JUSTICE WEEKLY
May 11, 1954, Toronto

MONTREAL MATIN

Des fiançailles "entre hommes"!

376 PERSONNES APPRÉHENDÉES DANS UN RAID

Un rapport de raid absolument
inédit dans les annales policières

2 morts et
2 blessés
dans la
région



MONTREAL-MATIN, 20 mars 1950

FLIRT, 7 novembre 1965, Montréal

10,000 HOMOS
IN TORONTO!

EX-PRES. STOCK EXCHANGE FINED



TICKET FIXING
DECOMING
LOST ART AT
TORONTO'S
CITY HALL

14 NOVEMBRE 1965

FLIRT

Les temples parisiens de Sapho

A Paris les boîtes les plus célèbres, le "TRAIN-BLEU", le "SAGE VERT", les "CLOUARDS", le "FROG-FROU", le "FETI-ORE" et le célèbre "MONOCLE" se sont ouvertes après la guerre. L'homme allemand nous avait fait cadeau de ce, en nous en-voiant des centaines de lettres et nous nous sommes mis à pour organiser les plaisirs parisiens de "MONOCLE" de Montparnasse fut ce "SAPHO" la plus chic maison fut d'abord une sorte de café, mais en cachette, sous le com-pte, un pick-up dont le propriétaire se retrouvait après le travail. Il était interdit d'y faire d'abord, mais en cachette, sous le com-pte, un pick-up dont le propriétaire se retrouvait après le travail. Un peu plus tard, un coiffeur de femmes fit danser la clientèle et un nu-mero de strip-tease le remplaça. C'est là que Frodo, qui devait entrer par la suite le "TOUT-PARIS" au Carrot's, fit ses débuts ainsi que Maman et Mme Jo.

Aujourd'hui les grandes heures du "MONOCLE" sont passées. C'est installée près de l'Opéra où la clientèle peut trouver une boîte dans un cadre charmant. Mme Housse est à Montmartre le dimanche après-midi, des théés dansants. "ELLE" et la clientèle du cinéma. Quant aux amateurs de pittores-que toujours aller faire un tour chez "FRIDA", ils ne s'ennuieront pas.



FLIRT, 14 novembre 1965, p. 21

TRUE NEWS TIMES
August 13, 1951, Toronto

POTINS * POTINS * POTINS * POTINS * POTINS

GROUPE JOURNAL

Le "Prisme" est une revue de la vie sexuelle et sexuelle. Elle est publiée par le "Groupe Journal" et est destinée à la jeunesse. Elle est publiée à Montréal et à Québec.

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FLIRT

TROP D'ÉPOUSE
CRAIGNENT LE
DÉSHABILLAGE

banned!

L'HOMOSEXUALITÉ À TRAVERS L'HISTOIRE

(page 10)

ESCLAVE D'UNE PROSTITUÉE

(page 6)

CONFESSION D'UNE FILLE DE DÉBAUCHE

(page 6)



Masquerade Raid,

Justice

WEEKLY

10 CENTS

MINING AND OILS
INFO AND GOSSIP

Another 3-Time Morals Offender Given Freedom

'IMMATURE' FARM GIRL WHO STOLE THOUSANDS CONVICTED PROSTITUTE

BOY OF 12 VICTIM OF NUDE HOMOSEXUAL

TWO WOMEN LEFT HOLDING THE BAG

Justice

WEEKLY

10 CENTS

MINING AND OILS
INFO AND GOSSIP

2 MEN ADMIT HOMOSEX ACT IN PARK BUT CLAIM THEY WERE FORCED

INDIAN GIRL OUTRAGED

Justice

WEEKLY

10 CENTS

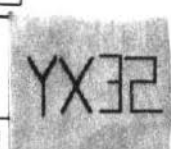
MINING AND OILS
INFO AND GOSSIP

POLICEMAN INDECENTLY ATTACKED GIRL OF 6

LIQUOR ACT AFFORDS NO PROTECTION FOR BUYERS BENCH SAYS

HOMO CHARGE FACES 2 MEN ARRESTED IN TOILET

TRIAL COMMITTAL AFTER TESTIMONY



JUSTICE WEEKLY, Toronto, 1953, 1955, 1956

SAFE SEX

...ear-nibbling, ass-whipping,
honey-dripping, cock-sucking,
clit-pounding, condom-using,
dental dam-protecting,
body-rubbing, armpit-fucking,
role-playing, toe-biting,
hands-tying, tit clamps-holding,
dildos-penetrating,
rubbers-rubbing, leather-smacking,
lace-teasing...

SIZZLES!

ACT ON AIDS - HAVE SAFE SEX
BROUGHT TO YOU BY F.A.G. -
FEMINIST ACTIVIST GRAPHICS

F.A.G. - Feminist Activist Graphics - is a new group 'round the world which is destined to incite revolution through culture and stuff (just like this 'zine!) they wish to remain anonymous, but promise to get worse before the government finds out who they are!!! watch the telephone poles in your city to see what these rebels are up to...

YOU CAN'T RAPE
A .38



WE WILL DEFEND
OURSELVES

have a nice day

brought to you by F.A.G. - Feminist Activist Graphics

hey! the last issue (which, coincidentally enough, was also the first issue) of Don't Tell Jane and Frankie had this groovin' spread of 21 stars who should be gay...there, they talk about Madonna and Sandra Bernhard as "wannabes"...well, the confusion is over! On Our Backs, that great sex 'zine "for the adventurous lesbian", did some undercover reporting and came up with this!

Buy this too-cool
'zine - only \$3!!
PO Box 55
Station E
Toronto Ontario
M6H 4E1

MADONNA CRUISES

Get into the groove, girls! Envy the lucky lesbian who didn't have a date Friday night, July 1st. She may very well have been watching erotic history being made on *Late Night With David Letterman*, perhaps the juiciest sapphic stillation since Kristy McNichol moved in with Liberace's niece.

David's guest that evening was Sandra Bernhard, a New York comedienne/actress described by *The Village Voice* as a "tough Carly Simon," who has a hit one-woman show on Broadway.

Sandra, looking like the cat who caught the canary, introduced her new best friend, pop star Madonna.

Dressed in identical men's black shoes, kneelength denim shorts and white t-shirts, the two belles of Broadway proceeded to tease and taunt one another about the "true" nature of their relationship.

When Letterman bored Madonna with questions about her role in the Broadway play "Speed-the-Plow," she cut in with, "I wanna talk about me and Sandra."

Letterman obliged and asked the two of them if he could join in on their "late night too-loos."

Madonna hooted, "Not unless you got a sex change

operation," and nearly fell over in her chair.

Bernhard's jaw dropped. But Madonna kept pushing her love over the borderline with comments such as "we split each others split ends," until even a flustered Letterman dubbed them "a charming couple."

"Where do you go for a night on the town?" David asked.

"We usually end up at the Cubby..." started Madonna. "...Hole," finished Sandra. The Cubby Hole is the only functioning lesbian bar in Manhattan.

When the two stars weren't grabbing each other in fits of laughter or finishing each other's sentences, they seemed deeply involved in a daring game of "I'll come out if you do." Sandra was protective and more cautious than Madonna at first, but when left to her own devices, it was Miss M who got cold feet.

"Sandra's just been using me to get in bed with Sean," she announced.

"Yeah, but you were better," Sandra busted in, who doesn't look like she would fuck Sean Penn for all the tea in China.

And who could be better than Madonna? Soon maybe more of us will know...



LIVING IN
LEATHER



Husband is 'kidnapped' by ex-wife

A SPURNED wife kidnapped her former husband and held him hostage while her mother beat him with a saucepan, a court heard yesterday.

Fairground worker Richard Court was allegedly:

BUNDLED into a car by three of his ex-wife's male friends.

HELD prisoner in the home the couple used to share.

PUNCHED and kicked by the men as his ex-wife held his hair and banged his head on the floor.

SPRAYED with bleach and then drenched with water from a hosepipe.

Court, 25, who suffered a broken nose and extensive bruising, managed to escape and flag down a passing bus for help, the prosecuting lawyer said.

By **MURDER REPORTER**

The assault happened after Court walked out of a reconciliation attempt with ex-wife Theresa, Cardiff Crown Court heard.

She denies charges of kidnapping, false imprisonment and assault, along with three other men.

Theresa Court's mother Yvonne Riddout, 43, of Aberbered, has already admitted a charge of actual bodily harm.

The case continues.

SEXY

SEXY

TRIAL TOLD: Bedmate scorched with iron

By **MICHAEL CLEMENT**

A man expecting oral sex from Peaches Rose Marie McLean got a hot iron on his genitals instead. "All of a sudden I felt something awfully hot on my genitals," the man testified yesterday. "I just shrieked with pain." McLean, in her 20s, is charged with aggravated sexual assault on the man, 44. The victim, who by judge's order cannot be identified, said McLean in 1987, when she was 19, he placed her on him.

Hot sex?

According to this story in the Oct 22 Sun, "she asked him to put his legs over the edge of the bed for oral sex" and the next thing he knew "there was an iron sitting on my genitals." This guy should count himself lucky: he was obviously not out of it, she could have slipped a Cuisinart between his legs!

SON BE A GROOMING BITCH AND WILL ROCKERS...

YOU CAN BE A TOOL OF THE MEGA-DEATH CORPORATE PROFITEERS - OR, YOU CAN BE LIKE SUZIE:



O.G.A.

thax Dan!

Another nail-biting
EXCLUSIVE

HORROR OF THE SKINS



DICKIE'S LATE-NIGHT SEX ADVENTURES (RUNNING FROM NAZI SKINS AND INTO QUEER PUNKS)

Dickie had always been into the outdoors - he was forever camping out in the backyard when he was six, and as he grew older and discovered the joys that come with taking the freedoms adults try to prevent you from having, he stayed out later and later, venturing into the areas of the city known as "seedy"... Dickie loved this life, the mystery, the adventure, the smut, the underground... on one of his regular adventures late one nite, Dickie happened to be wandering down a dark alley when he unexpectedly ran into a large group of rather obnoxious skinheads with swastikas sewn into their clothing who were drinking their faces off cuz they hated themselves and this world but the only way they could think of to tell anyone this was to beat up on fags like Dickie... what would Dickie do? to walk pass them would mean almost certainly that he would be instantly overpowered and grinded into a pulp... and yet to turn around would mean he couldn't see them coming up from behind him... Dickie looked around, trying to scout out

words and scenes beforehand.

Agree on safety

seemed too late, for one of the skins spotted Dickie and rallied his fascist comrades for a frolicking adventurous time of fagbashing... Dickie didn't like the looks of this at all - he was outnumbered 12 to 1, and he saw they had a variety of instruments - knives, rope, baseball bats, and even an iron poker that was glowing red having just come out of a fire in a barrel in the alley... they marched towards him en masse - Dickie was so frightened he couldn't move. the leader seemed to be the one with the hot poker - he began talking loud enough so Dickie could hear him, every once in a while whispering under his breath, telling his troops where to go and what to do... this ugly skin began swearing at Dickie and going on about those faggots who spread aids, and how they should all be tattooed... Dickie knew what this man had in mind, and he was not excited at the thought... ordinarily, a little branding, scarification, or piercing would have Dickie's dick hard as a rock, but this was something else

he was a safe sex slut, and he was out of control... looked around as the skins closed within 20 feet of him... out of the corner of his eye, he saw a steel door open just a crevice... it was now or never, Dickie made a break for the door, throwing rocks and pieces of glass at the skins as he made his retreat... the door was only a few feet away, but it seemed like an eternity while Dickie was running there... all these thoughts ran through his mind - what if it was only light reflecting off the steel, and it was locked shut? what if he couldn't open it in time? what if it was a trap, and there were more ugly skins waiting inside? was Dickie running into his own demise?

as he ran, the skins stopped, at the command of their leader. they all began laughing hysterically, convinced that now Dickie would be done for... Dickie was frantic - he didn't know what to do, but had no other choice but to open the door, hurl himself inside, and take his chances... as he did so, he immediately smelled burnt wood - it was pitch black

inside this building, and Dickie wondered if anyone had been there a moment ago and opened the door. Dickie's eyes were adjusting to the darkness when he heard a click noise, kinda like the sound a switchblade makes when it's opened...as Dickie strained his eyes, he saw the figure of a huge man looming towards him, and a spot of light gleamed off the blade...now Dickie thought he was in for it, when all of a sudden a hand pushed him by his left shoulder...Dickie fell to the ground instantaneously, right in front of the door...the skins from outside were trying to get in now, having heard all this commotion...yet for some reason they couldn't - the door was locked or something...anyway Dickie looked up and saw the huge man again coming at him - he got up and ran into the darkness on his right - as he was running, a voice said "over here" ...before Dickie could say "what?", he was again shoved from behind - he went crashing through a wall of metal or tin or something, into a different room in the building ...Dickie knew this building had been condemned after it burned to the ground, and with the help of a window way at the top, there was enough light to know why - Dickie looked around and saw that the floor was one big pile of burnt rubble - he looked down at his freshly-polished Docs, now all covered in soot and crap - how depressing!

"there's no time to waste" this voice from behind told him "follow me"...Dickie watched as this man dove through the metal/tin wall, then pushed a huge burnt desk in front of the hole so that no one else could get through...Dickie was stunned as this punk in a Clash t-shirt ran to the other side of the room - Dickie was thinking they were trapped - the only way he saw out was the window about 15 feet up...just then, the punk began scaling the wall, urging Dickie to follow him...there was a frayed rope, it'd probably hold up, and the punk was nearly at the top - he yelled down for Dickie, who was just so overwhelmed by it all - but then Dickie heard the ugly skin try to pound through the metal wall and the burnt desk, and he quickly was jolted back into reality...

Dickie ran to the rope and clambered up the wall, wondering who this punk man was, what he was doing there, why he was helping (if he was helping), and how they were going to get to safety...

as Dickie reached the top of the window, he hopped down onto a roof a few feet below and stood face to face with the punk saviour...just as they were about to exchange names, and as Dickie tried to utter words of undying gratitude, a pack of nazi skins came a-chasing them from the other side of the roof...

what followed was an athletic adventure in roof hopping and fascist dodging...they jumped from roof to roof, apartment to apartment, all the while throwing things to deter the skins from gaining any speed on them...things were looking a lot better as they eventually made it to the ground and were able to run on the street, through dark alleys, etc...as they ran into a major intersection, a cab was right there just waiting for a passenger...they jumped in, and yelled "Drive", too tired and scared to say where, too relieved to care, too out of it to realize that neither of them had any money...they watched as the skins emerged on the street, looking for them but seeing nothing...as they sped

CAN YOU TAKE OFF

your clothes?

The viewer is seduced by these young men.

Yet we recoil from the violence and terror ... the politics of skinheads.

around a corner where there was a small park on one side, the punk told Dickie to jump out - they both tumbled out of the car, skidded across the pavement, and rolled onto the grass in the park...the cab screeched to a stop and the driver began yelling at them and chasing them...they ran into the wooded section of the park, and the driver had to return to his cab, which by now had already been looted by some other punks - they took his newspaper, smokes, and candy - nothing else worth anything, though...

as Dickie ran into a path in the woods, he tripped on a tree root and fell flat on his ass...the punk followed suit, and landed right on top of Dickie...

the exchange of names finally took place - the punk was called Louis, and they smiled as they realized they were finally in safety...Dickie managed to choke out some sort of thanks, but Louis shrugged it off anyway...what was curious was that Louis was still lying on top of Dickie while all of this took place...they got up and started walking, when Dickie could hold himself back no longer...he backed Louis into a tree and parted his sensuous lips - Louis willingly accepted Dickie's gesture, and searched Dickie's hungry mouth with his tongue... Dickie couldn't believe all of this had been

happening, and he was feeling tired and sore from all of the running he'd been doing...Louis, on the other hand, seemed filled with energy, and ordered Dickie to turn and face the tree, holding his hands up above his head and spreading his legs...Dickie was startled, but also turned on,

could feel Louis's hard cock pressed up against his ass, and he lunged his hips backwards into the punk so that there was only the jeans of these two young punks separating their bodies from intertwining... Louis moaned softly as Dickie did this...it was obvious how desperately they both wanted



PSST ! HAVE YA HEARD? QT'S STORIES ARE
SO HOT!!

and he obliged in no time whatsoever... Dickie was no longer worried about how tired he was, he had better things on his mind now...Louis kissed his neck from behind, caressing the back of Dickie's head and his body...he moved his hand across Dickie's ass, squeezing it, while he told Dickie how much he longed to have him then and there...the punk pushed himself right up against Dickie, and his strong hands roamed all over Dickie's body...they crossed his chest, pinching his nipples, dragging lazily over

each other... Louis backed away for a moment, only to move his hands down Dickie's legs... he massaged up and down his legs several times, parting them more and more every few moments...Dickie was in absolute ecstasy, and could barely stand up any longer and keep his balance... Dickie began moaning more and more now, softly at first, then louder, and louder still... Louis, meanwhile, increased the tempo and speed at which he worked Dickie's body,

alternately massaging his legs and his torso...

then, quite suddenly, Louis the punk broke away momentarily from his embrace with Dickie... Dickie stood there motionless, entranced by the spell Louis had cast upon him... as Dickie waited, Louis again approached him from behind, and began to massage Dickie's cock through the tough material of his jeans... Dickie was on another planet, standing there with his legs apart, his arms above his head holding onto the tree, and his cock being worked into a frenzy by this mysterious punk

saviour... Louis seemed to be getting hot himself, for he pressed himself into Dickie's ass as he worked his cock, and Dickie felt the punk's probing member ache against his ass, dying to be released from the confines of the punk's clothing... Louis began tearing at Dickie's clothing, ripping his shirt off his back, exposing the sharp contours of Dickie's lean body... the punk continued his assault on Dickie's senses, grabbing his jeans and forcing them down around his ankles... Dickie was hotter than ever right now, feeling so energized, so erotic, so vulnerable... Louis kept his clothes on for the time being, and again pressed into Dickie's hot ass, which was now exposed to the cool night air and to the desires, needs and wants of this punk saviour. Dickie so wanted to serve this gorgeous punk fag,

SKINHEADS IN THE MEDIA

to worship at his feet, to clean his boots with his tongue, to lick all of the soot off of his body, to be his personal hole... but Dickie knew he would have to wait to be told what to do...

Louis, who was by now fingering Dickie's asshole, pawing at his body, scratching his chest with his fingers, grabbed Dickie's balls and played with them... it was gentle at first, but then the punk increased the pressure he used, and he began twisting Dickie's balls and cock... Dickie winced in pain, and let out a short gasp... this excited Louis the punk even more, and he barked out at Dickie how much Dickie owed him for rescuing him from the horror of the nazi skins... Dickie replied with a resounding "YES SIR!", indicating both his gratitude and his desire to please the punk in every way imaginable... the punk released Dickie's cock and balls, and spread his legs wider than they were before... Dickie was having real trouble keeping his balance now, and his cock had been so worked up that he was dying to come... the punk pulled a bandana from his back pocket, and tied it snugly around Dickie's eyes... Dickie was completely blinded, he could no

longer even see the faint light from the moon that shone down on the secluded area in the wooded section of the park where they, these two punk fags, were having the most incredible sex...

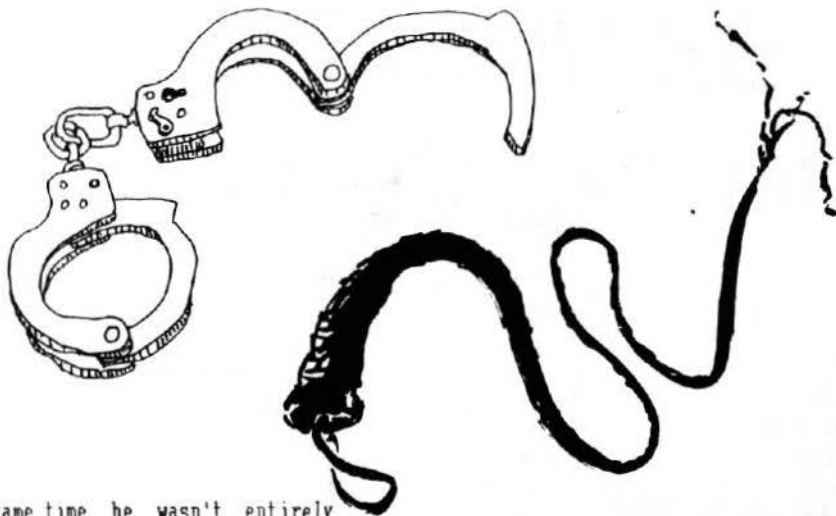
Dickie was dying to know what would come next, as he stood there, exposed, waiting for what the punk had in store for him... with his legs spread and his ass displayed, he longed to get fucked by this mystery man... just as Dickie was wondering whether or not the punk had condoms on him, and just as he was about to beg to be fucked, he heard a great deal of rattling and rustling

in the bushes which distracted him... Dickie was both turned on and scared... had he been lured to this place by this punk only to be raped and killed by nazi skins? what was all the noise about? the sound of branches breaking and twigs snapping became unbearable - Dickie was sure that there were more than he and the punk in that secluded section... Dickie pondered what to do - he hadn't been tied up, he could still run and try to get away... he could try and fight back, or he could try and reach the main road, or scream for help so someone could ehar him... but Dickie knew it was too far away for anyone to hear, and at the

Fists are big things.

Toys





the punk responded willingly, ramming more fingers into Dickie's asshole, and fucking him in an intense, rhythmic motion... Dickie felt like he was floating in air, suspended only by the three fingers in his asshole... he knew that the punk had total control over him now, and that he would submit to anything... Dickie continued talking to the punk, begging him to fuck him harder, to continue forever, to be the punk's whore... Dickie was talking louder and louder as Louis finger-fucked him and jacked his dick off... Dickie felt he couldn't wait any longer... he could feel the punk's raging dick against his ass, and begged him to wrap it in rubber and fuck his brains out...

Louis fingered Dickie's prostate gland, driving him wild, and then immediately withdrew his fingers from Dickie's hole... Dickie was so hot now, he was afraid he'd come right then on the spot...

Louis the punk focussed his attention on Dickie's asshole once more, massaging it gently at first, circling it with his middle finger... as Dickie moaned, the punk inserted his finger into Dickie's hole, and used his other hand to squeeze Dickie's cock tightly... Dickie began muttering now, encouraging the punk to continue, to finger-fuck him with another finger, to do it faster, harder...

Your Vagina

Anti-Fag ♂

Anti-Dyke

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Coors is Anti-Women
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AND IT TASTES AWFUL!
BOYCOTT COORS**

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♀

Anti-Black
♀

same time he wasn't entirely convinced it was the nazi skins back again... he asked Louis what was going on, where he was, what all the noise was about... Louis instantly saddled up to his behind, and resumed the massaging of his cock and ass which he engaged in only a few moments earlier... once again, Dickie's dick was rock-hard, and as the punk worked his body over, he dug his hands into the bark on the tree... Dickie was both getting a grip to steady his balance, and digging into something because of the incredible ecstasy he was experiencing... Louis softly apologized for the interruption, and assured Dickie it would be well worth the inconvenience... Dickie was convinced now that the punk had been searching for his condoms, and that the moment he was waiting for would soon arrive... Dickie was lost in another world, imagining the punk boy fucking him so hard, so fast, against the tree while he remained blindfolded...

as he begged once more to be fucked, the punk told him to shut the fuck up... Louis told Dickie that HE would make the decisions about what to do, and when (if) Dickie would be allowed to come... the punk grabbed Dickie's balls again, and twisted them sharply, causing Dickie an intense (if brief) period of pain... Dickie responded with a yell of agony, and this seemed to infuriate Louis the punk even more... the punk again told Dickie how much he owed him, and that he didn't want to hear another word out of him for the rest of the session... to ensure this, the punk took a second bandana out of his pocket, and gagged Dickie's mouth... then, he tied Dickie's arms with a piece of rope around the tree, and stood back to admire his handiwork... Dickie was standing there in all his youthful glory, eyes blindfolded, dick pounding, hands tied above his head, and legs spread wide open... Louis approached Dickie from the rear and moved his hand across his ass... as Dickie tried to brace himself for what he thought would be the entry of the punk's cock, he was caught off-guard... Dickie heard a few more crackling sounds, and once again wondered if they were alone... before he could give it a second thought, though, a resounding crack echoed throughout the wood, and Dickie felt the sharp pain of a welt across his ass... Louis the punk knew just what to do to control and manipulate Dickie into a state of uncontrollable desire... he spanked Dickie's

Your Ass

Shaving, Piercing, Branding

Whipping

... with his hand, leaving a large red mark on it and finishing with another loud smack... Dickie felt the difference between the punk's hand hitting him and the first object... he couldn't quite make out what it was yet, it was thin like a whip, and flexible too, and yet at the same time wasn't so thin that it would instantaneously draw blood... as the punk continued to whip Dickie's ass, Dickie realized

it was a stick with the bark taken off which was giving him such an intense experience of pleasure/pain.

Louis continued to abuse Dickie's body, sending him into indescribable bliss... he smacked the wood against all areas of Dickie's soft, vulnerable butt, and it drove Dickie wild... the punk continued berating Dickie, telling him what a stupid shit he was for walking into a dark alley filled with nazi skins all by himself... Dickie was thrilled at the thought that this was his punishment... his ass was covered in traces of the stick-whip, and it was stinging with delight as the punk continued to whip him into a frenzy... as each new blow hit Dickie's body, he rocked with euphoria and ached with desire... Louis the punk by now had taken his dick out of his jeans, and stopped whipping Dickie for a moment... he looked at Dickie's ass, covered in glowing red welts, dying to be fucked... Louis somehow knew that this night would be the start of something wonderfully



Electric Torture

perversed, and he was determined to make Dickie wait as long as possible until he fucked his brains out...

Dickie was moaning loudly behind the gag in his mouth, and Louis slapped his behind once again, ordering him to shut up. Louis once more backed up against Dickie, and grabbed on to his cock and balls... as he did this, it was clear that Dickie had crossed the edge - he was going to come within the next minute no matter what Louis did or didn't do... the punk started furiously pumping Dickie's prick, while he simultaneously spanked his now-swollen ass...

Dickie lost all sense of balance and self-control at this point, and he fell back onto the support of the punk's body... Dickie could feel the ropes cutting into his hands, as well as the punk's throbbing dick rubbing up against his back... the punk spat out insults at Dickie, telling him what a fool he was, how he needed long, intense sessions in discipline and behaviour training, and how he, Louis the punk, would ensure that Dickie got exactly what he deserved...

Fisting

Dickie was reckless with sexual abandon... his entire body seemed to be on fire, and amazingly connected - his hands were binding, his mouth dry, his ass stinging, his cock aching, his legs trembling... as Dickie threw his head back onto the punk's shoulder, he felt Louis's hard cock rubbing furiously against his back, in sync with the fevered pace at which the punk was jacking him off...

Dickie could hold back no longer, and neither could Louis the punk... they both exploded in orgasm, spraying their cum all over the wooded ground... Dickie collapsed onto the punk's solid body as the ropes holding his hands broke... they tumbled to the ground, landing on top of the wooden stick used to whip Dickie's ass... there they rested until they had enough energy to get up again... both Dickie and Louis knew that this was the beginning of a very special, very queer friendship.



STAY TUNED...

- in upcoming issues, watch for some of these exciting features:
- Queer Vampires
 - tampon tips - just say NO to dioxins and corporations which kill and exploit women...
 - violence against queer punks - what to do? who to stomp on? what to wear?
 - censorship - have the sex police caught up with YOU yet? who are they? why do some of them call themselves "feminist"? what to do? how to resist...
 - piercing - the joys, the pain, the instruments...true to life stories!!
 - crossdressing...the joys of fucking with gender!!!

WRITE A STORY FOR QT - it's your moral duty to resist our repressive state in any way possible...what better way than talkin' 'bout queer punk sex adventures???

HMMMM.... VIOLENCE, TAMPONS,
VAMPIRES, PIERCING... WHAT'S THE
BLOOD CONNECTION????

REAL WOMEN PAMPHLET EXCERPTS — SCARY STUFF, KIDS ...

How will homosexuality affect the family?

The homosexual movement has three goals:

1. To Redefine the Family

The homosexual movement aims to redefine the family away from the traditional model of husband, wife and children. It seeks a more "functional definition" which does not require heterosexuality as its foundation. In other words, homosexuals want an "open-ended" definition of the family. This would include persons unrelated by blood, marriage or adoption who live or cohabit together.

They promote the idea that the traditional family is only one among many legitimate alternate lifestyles (including same sex marriages, common law unions, transgenerational "sexual liaisons," etc.)

2. To Recognize Homosexual Unions

A prime part of the "gay rights" platform for the 1980's seeks a societal blessing of same sex marriages. Laws are being proposed to permit marriages for homosexual couples. This could have a serious and sexually disorienting effect on children. Role models do have an impact. Common sense suggests that problems exist for the child who has never observed a normal parental relationship.

3. To Seduce the Young

The growing influence of pedophilia has been noted. One child sex ring in New York boasted over 20,000 customers. A report noted that:

"Pictures, magazines, films, videotapes depicting children in acts of actual sexual intercourse, sodomy, bondage, bestiality, sadopomasochism acts (boy/boy, boy/girl, girl/girl) can be purchased for less than fifty dollars."

Homosexuality is one of the gravest threats to society in the last two decades of the twentieth century.

Is there a connection between pornography and homosexuality?

Yes. In the U.S. child pornography sales exceed \$500 million because of the lobbying by groups who argue for so-called "children's sexual rights." The homosexuals are part of this battle. The Canadian situation reflects the American model.

Shouldn't the homosexuals be shown compassion?

The homosexual is without doubt a proper subject for the exercise of compassion on a personal basis. But sympathy is not shown by pretending that homosexual activity is normal behaviour. True compassion comes to the homosexual from treating him as a responsible, moral being who can change or control his inclinations.

Any treatment of homosexuals should be weighed against the effects on their innocent victims who are medically or psychologically damaged by them.

Is homosexuality reversible?

Yes, if a person is willing to change. Christian counselling services have worked successfully in changing sexual orientation. The idea that homosexuals cannot change is a myth like the popular view at the turn of the century that alcoholics could never change.

Is there a connection between homosexuality and prostitution?

The homosexual seeks sex in the young age group. As he ages, when he begins to lose his attractiveness, he resorts to buying sex. That need has given rise to a subculture or prostitution of boys and younger men in inner cities.

What is homosexual activity?

Homosexuals seek sexual satisfaction from sexual behaviour with members of the same sex. It involves acts such as oral sex, anal intercourse, masturbation by manual stimulation, sadomasochism, bestiality and other perversions.

Homosexual Recruiting

Many homosexuals, because they cannot procreate, must recruit — often the young. They promote recruiting "straights". With new legislation such seduction becomes permissible and acceptable.



Is homosexuality reversible?

Homosexuals Themselves

How does homosexuality cause injury to society?

Homosexual Unions

Shouldn't the homosexuals be shown compassion?

these aren't your average Birkenstock, crystal-carrying lesbians...these are Vampire Lesbos, dykes who crave

their sisters' blood...outcasts in the lesbian community, they vow revenge...

they stalk their prey at women's

dances,

women's bookstores, at pro-Choice rallies...

these are dykes who would do anything to taste the

sweet, succulent nourishment of life...



their ruby-red lipstick is the only visible sign they have which

identifies them from "ordinary", mortal lesbians...

beware: there's more to lesbians who wear lipstick

than meets the eye...

TIME TO UNITE

YOUTH LIBERATION GATHERING

AUGUST 9-12, 1991

OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA



The YOUTH LIB GATHERING being held in Ottawa, Canada on August 9-12, 1991 is an anarchist/anti-authoritarian gathering, focusing on YOUTH LIBERATION (an issue long ignored). You do not have to be a youth to attend the gathering, as most of the issues that will be addressed, affect us all. However, there will be some "youth only" workshops (if that is desired by those holding the workshop). Those who want to do a workshop are encouraged to do so. Free space will be available for spontaneous workshops. Some ideas for workshops are: Youth & the Law; Racism; Sexism; Homophobia; Psychiatry; T-shirt making; Economic bondage of Youth; Skool; vegan cooking; etc....

URI (613) 233-9251

ALEX (613) 739-3686

AYF OTTAWA

P.O. BOX 4402, STN. E
OTTAWA, ONTARIO CANADA
K1S 5B4



Dear Editor,

I write in response to your two-page discussion in last month's Trans FM on homocore; that is, gay punks in Ottawa. Reading the piece invoked very strong feelings in me; anger, confusion, and frustration, to name a few.

You had the valuable opportunity to let

↑ from Trans FM
Tab
THE POLITICS OF QUEERCORE

people inside "the gay world" with the article. Instead, you dragged them into the world of sex, saran wrap, plaid skirts, and purple lipstick. What *Positively Perverted* has done is to perpetuate the divisions between gay and straight worlds and myths about gays. It even attempts to divide the gay populous itself.

If the legend is true, then fifteen percent of the population is gay. The percentage of that which is hardcore is miniscule at best. It would be futile to argue those estimations - the Ottawa scene is a familiar one to me.

Your commentary is guilty of the same sentiment shared by homophobes; the incorrect assumption that all gays share certain character traits. You write that straight punks secretly desire to dress in drag or "sleep with a man who does"; that "dykes go down on fags"; that sex is central to a gay lifestyle, and

falling in love isn't. Imagery, flash, and sensationalism...who can you reach with that? How did you help?

When we in the gay community have an opportunity to write in the straight world's newspapers, we have a responsibility to remind them that gay people are not that different from them. Two

pages would have been plenty of room to remind everyone that being gay is sometimes difficult; that we love our partners, that it hurts to see our friends and loved ones "bashed", and that every time we go to a movie or read a book, we're told that we're different. I am very much in love with my partner, yet I can't walk down the street holding her hand without hearing angry, threatening comments. The sad truth is that this life hurts, but I love who I love, and I can't and won't change that. Gay people need to do everything we can to bring society closer together; not further apart.

I remain anonymous because (1) we know each other, and (2) it's not yet safe to be "out" without fear of personal, professional, and physical attack. Not yet safe, but hopefully someday soon. Peace.

ok - so i write something on queer punks in a radio magazine here, and all these liberal gays start whining - check out the letter here...like, i think people oughta feel lucky to be dragged into the world of sex, saran wrap, plaid skirts, and purple lipstick...i say get outa town with your moral gay bullshit... the queer punk revolution carries on...with or without the support of these whining liberals !!!!
(so there).

Positively Perverted

next page... the debate continues!

ff

BB

Queercore is definitely living on the edge. It resists a bland gay culture which tries to represent all gay men and lesbians. It resists a hardcore culture which allows no room for fags and dykes. And it makes important links in contemporary issues like anti-racism, AIDS activism, misogyny, prison rights, anti-capitalism, and anti-imperialism.

↑
excerpts from the "offensive" article...

(Trans FM Dec '90 / Jan '91)

At a time when being queer means the possibility of getting beaten up, fired, kicked out of your home, and spat upon, at a time when being queer means the certainty of having to search out - and fight for - meaningful cultural representations, queercore is taking immense - and important - risks.

Dear Editor,

I'm writing to whine about last month's moral chastisement by an anonymous writer of my article, "Positively Perverted...". She seems to think that my responsibility was to educate straight people about the difficulties facing lesbians and gay men. Question #1 - Where does she make the assumption that Trans FM is a straight publication? Question #2 - Why is it the responsibility of the minority to educate the majority? Question #3 - Doesn't this keep us forever answering their (neurotic) concerns? Question #4 - Is not an article dealing with diversity part of educating people; both gay and straight?

She missed the point. My article was *not* about "gay punks"; it was about fags and dykes. There's a big difference! The first sentence says "Welcome to the way-cool world of homocore..." It did *not* say "Welcome to the exceedingly boring and monotonous gay world where we're really all the same as you nice, liberal, straight readers, so there's nothing else I can write about, except please give us our rights."

Homocore is about rebelling against that oh-so-liberal politic of "we're the same as you", epitomized by the word "gay". Why was this person so upset at reading something saying we're not the same? Why this fear of difference?

You say, "Gay people need to do everything we can to bring society closer together; not further apart." Well, if your idea of bringing people closer together is not allowing people to revel in the smut world of sex, saran wrap, plaid skirts, and purple lipstick, then I don't want to be a part of your we'll-never-disagree-because-we'll-never-deal-with-difference world.

← From Trans FM
March '91

**WE
HATE
Yuppies!**

Especially
the Gay
ones!

**resist
revolt
rebel!**



I recognize the pain involved in not having meaningful cultural representations of ourselves in the mainstream media. Queercore is about affirming the cultural identities of those of us who are both queer and punk. I'm all too familiar with walking down the street, holding hands with a lover, and being faced with threatening comments. But, does the anonymous writer understand my experience as someone who receives threatening comments in gay



WIZARD of AHHHS
celebrity Fucks #1
'87 Heaven Wilder

bars as well, because my hair is the wrong color?

Wake up! The gay world is not all it's cracked up to be - it's equally filled with contempt, hatred, and violence. Not a pretty picture, but an accurate one. Homocore has been, is, and will be, involved in this struggle.

One last thing. Congrats to the editor for having the vulva to publish my piece. It's nice to know that some people will address issues of diversity and difference. How tragic that gay people like the writer run at the very mention of these words. I'm sure the tyrannical State under which we live is quite pleased to see that occur. It makes their fascist work so much easier.

positively perverted (and unapologetic) fag.

love, kiwi ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡
xo xo

so it seems as if the Tory's abortion bill has gone down in smoke, or up in flames, or something...anyway, the point is that it's history and abortion isn't criminalized at all!! hurray! one important victory for the right to control our bodies... but before we celebrate too long, in this time of war (at time of writing), the government can invoke the "Emergency Measures Act", which replaced the War Measures Act, and which basically allows 'em to arrest, harass, and detain whoever they want "in times of perceived or real war"...so watch out cuz the queer police may be a-knocking at your door awfully soon...resist, revolt, rebel...

MUTILATE IT IF I WANT TO



A woman who chooses to end a pregnancy must be able to do so when she is ready, and she must be able to choose the best way for her. It could be at a clinic, hospital or through alternative methods that we can develop ourselves. The opening of free-standing clinics and the abolition of the abortion law were great victories, but they aren't enough. There is still no public funding for clinic abortions and not all women have health care coverage. In many areas of the country, there is no access to abortion at all.

The attack on women's choice is broader than a simple attack on clinics. Native women, disabled women and women of colour have been and still are sterilized without their consent. Operation Rescue has no record of protest against this forced sterilization, or against the dumping of potentially lethal contraceptives and other pharmaceuticals in third world countries.

We need to be in control of our bodies and our health care choices. The government is attacking naturopaths and other practitioners who are providing vital alternative services. They are also attacking herbal and other alternative remedies. It may soon become illegal to teach each other basic skills, like how to detect and treat simple infections, eg, vaginal.

Explicit information on sex, sexuality, safe sex and contraceptives must be available to everyone, starting at a young age. The right wing opposes sexuality and birth control education and promotes AIDS hysteria to attack sexual freedom. We all have to fight compulsory heterosexuality and create an atmosphere where we can generate safe and diverse sex-positive, lesbian/gay-positive and women-positive images and practices.

Every social institution teaches male supremacy. The violence against us in our homes and in institutions, to our children and on the streets disempowers all women. Lack of female control over sex translates into unsafe sex which is spreading AIDS to women and children. Woman-beating is accepted, condoned and practiced by the police, courts and the correctional system. Woman's-only self-defense training is being attacked by a men's rights group (contact Wen-Do for more info).

Although Operation Rescue compares abortion to apartheid and the Nazi holocaust, their overall program and orientation is reminiscent of those genocidal regimes. U.S. representatives of Operation Rescue have appeared on the cable TV show *Race and Reason*, which airs in 40 U.S. cities. The show is hosted by Tom Metzger, head of the violent racist and anti-semitic group *White Aryan Resistance* (WAR). Metzger views abortion as "a holocaust of white babies." He son, John, recruits NAZI skinheads for the *White Students Union/Aryan Youth Movement*, who have already been responsible for numerous acts of racist and homophobic violence.

The attack on choice is not an isolated one. Corporate crime, male violence, government cutbacks in social services and the right-wing offensive are all part of the attack on women. We can't confine ourselves to a single issue response. We need to respond to all the issues.

a few thoughts from the:
Obnoxious Wimm'n's Network (OWN)
POB 6326, Stn. A.
Toronto, M5W 1P7



C H O I X

CHOICE / CHOIX / CH
OICE / CHOIX / CHOICE / CHOIX /
CHOICE / CHOIX / CHOICE / CHOIX /
WHAT'S THE BLOOD CONNECTION????

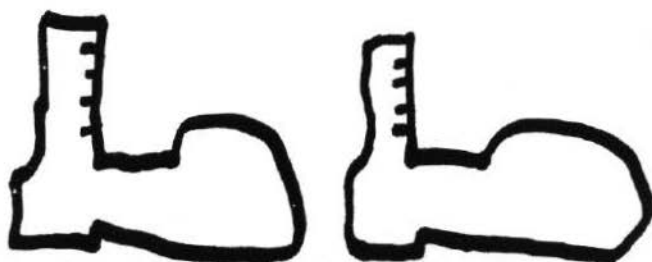
♀



CHOICE / CHOICE CHOIX / CHOICE CHOIX

PUNK FASHION SURVEY

which are your favourite footwear?



☐ BIG DM's

- black
- oxblood
- purple
- other

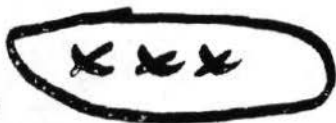
these are so cool - but the holes are
question is, how many holes are
there? is there such
a thing?!

#



☐ GROOVY POINTY SHOES

these look great, but aren't
that useful for running from
cops or beating up skinheads...



☐ PLAIN α' SNEAKERS

these are fine if they're
lavender - otherwise, too
basic...

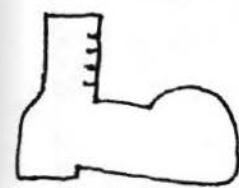
#

i like these coz
they don't
kill cows...

-this is not style, it's a rebellion in its own right...

TAKTIKS TRAUMA

o.k. - once again in the boring city of Ottawa, queer punks get shafted... Taktiks, a generic fag bar (one of the few) has sunk to new lows in making it clear just who they want to come in their scuzzy bar...check out the article at right, written in GO Info, No. 134 'bout Asian dykes getting harassed... also, punks were harassed one night for being in the washroom - here's the official story: a couple of punks/alternatives/gothics/"freaks" were in the women's washroom...some bouncer came in, told 'em "you're not allowed in here" ('guess we don't have to go to the washroom ever) and then said "we don't like your kind here"...needless to say, there



↓
**QUEER
PUNKS
GET THE
BOOT !!!**

THIS SHOULD SAY 'ASIAN DYKES HARASSED'

protests - "you kind"...isn't this a fag bar? i'm a fag"...this question was replied with a flurry of punches and kicking, following quickly with getting ejected from the premises, and being told never to come back - not even in the parking lot! (which, by the way, the bar doesn't own...)

also, i went one night and was told i had to check my leather jacket - what total bullshit, there were other men there inside with leather jackets on...when i protested, i was told it had "too many zippers and chains" on it..so

needless to say i told 'em how scuzzy their bar was, and how anti-punk, anti-women, anti-people of Colour, etc. and Boom turfed out faster then you can say "were's my machete?" so if you have the opportunity to visit good ol' ottawa, boycott Taktiks, cuz they'll probably just harass ya anyway...

-banned from the pubs

-banned from the halls

-banned from the streets

so we went underground
and built our own world!!!

Asian lesbians asked for ID

FELLINI TCHI

This is what happened to me last Thursday night.

I was with a group of friends in Taktiks, a gay bar in downtown Ottawa. Several of the people in our group have been occasional customers since the bar opened a couple of years ago and have gone regularly in the last couple of months. It's an alright place as far as dance bars for dykes go - up-mood atmosphere, music a bit ancient but danceable, clientele of mostly gay white men.

While we were leaning up against a table, taking a break from the dance floor, the doorman came up and asked, "How old are you? Do you have ID?"

There were eight of us in the bar - two still dancing, oblivious to the intrusion, and six of us around the table. I said, "You want ID, you ask us at the door." He said, "I know, but the manager asked me to ID you." So we told him our true ages - 22, 23, 24 and 26. He left us. He had only asked the question of four of the six of us.

We four were a bit stunned, jarred; we felt singled out. Why were we ID'd, but not our two friends who were standing with us? Could it have anything to do with the fact that the four of us are Asian women?

We were pissed off. I decided to talk with the manager, to get his words on why he wanted to ID us in particular.

I wanted to communicate in a straightforward way my perception that we were visible and therefore singled out. Obviously the doorman, under the manager's instructions, found only some of our party looked underage. He had decided not been concerned about seeing the ID of our two white women friends (one of whom was in fact seventeen years old).

I met Freddie the manager at the back of the bar. I told him that I was a regular customer, that I was caught off-guard being asked to show ID and that I felt our being singled out was more than mere coincidence. Unfortunately the conversation got no more productive than that.

Freddie responded with, "I have no prejudices. I have friends who are Chinese." We went on in this ridiculous fashion for several minutes. He felt I had his character and intention "fixed in my mind" as racist. I tried to explain my concern that such a scene not be repeated at Taktiks.

My lover joined us and asked Freddie, "What did you ask the doorman to do?" Freddie replied, "I asked him to ID that group of six girls." There

were eight of us altogether. Only six of us were Asian.

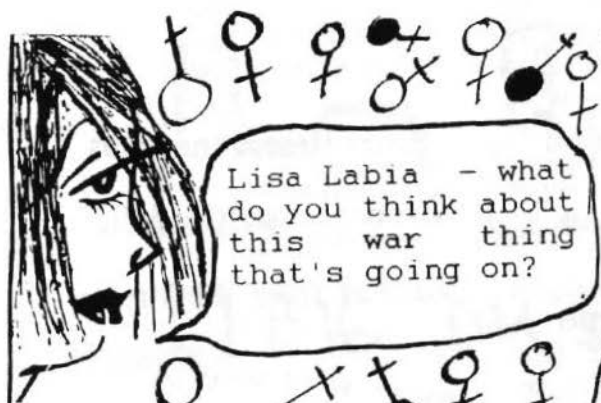
I don't think I'm being "paranoid", as Freddie suggested, when I add that evening's sour episode to my collection of experiences of being an Asian lesbian in Ottawa. And I have no fixed judgment of Freddie's moral character.

I'm sure that his intention was only to keep underage drinkers out of the bar. So I am not concerned about addressing his self-image with him or with anyone else. Freddie's inner goodness content is not something I want to guess at or invade.

I do not wish to persecute one bar and one individual. I do want to share the indict and air it. And I want to contextualize discriminatory incidents as part of daily experience. They are not extraordinary and occasional. They are ordinary strands in the weave of my experience and the experience of all people/s who are marginal.

Who is "in" - and thus who is marginal - is not fixed and absolute. In a bar full of gay white men, Asian lesbians became marginal - and exotic entertainment, may I add - in a particular if yet all-too-familiar way. ▼

WAR IS ENVY MENSTRUATION



Lisa Labia - what do you think about this war thing that's going on?

Well, Clitora, i'm really glad you've asked that...see, at first i was really freaked out and i didn't know what to do about any of it - i'm developing a theory, though, and that is that w a r i s menstruation envy.



Really? what do you mean, menstruation envy? isn't that a little far-fetched?

Freud's lesbian sister has a theory about all of this, how men try to kill and make people bleed 'cuz they feel inadequate and not up to snuff

well, not really if you look at all the cultural rules and regulations which go down a r o u n d menstruation and blood - we just tend to accept it, all as "natural", that's all...



can you give me an example?

compared to w o m e n (which, of course, is true)...i think she called it "bloody envy" or



we have to
pay money
to put
these
"dainty"
things into
our bodies
which end
up leaching
dioxins and
stuff into
us

sure - take the
fact that we bleed
all over the place
every month - no
one's allowed to
talk about it, we
have to pay money
to put these
"dainty"
things
into our bodies
which end up
leaching dioxins
and stuff into us,
and if we bleed on
the bus
unexpectedly,
we're supposed to
get embarassed??!

gee, you're
right - that
doesn't make a lot
of sense - it's as
if we end up
spending all our
time thinking
about how not to
bleed all over the
place that we
don't ever think
about why we
bleed, or the fact
that it's a
natural bodily
function...

exactly! and all
those multination-
al corporations
don't help at
all - with their
silly little ads
about how fresh
and feminine you
can be...like some
months i'm bowled
over in agony, and
the 1st thing i
think about is
being fresh and
feminine!!

ya - and that's
only us- what
about all the
other ways blood
gets regulated -
putting bandages
on little scrapes
so we don't have
to see the blood,
determining blood
types, having
blood tests "blood
work" done, even
talking about
vampires and
such!!!

men want

so

desperate
to bleed
every
month but

♀
♀



war - there, they
get to spill blood
all over the
place, the more
blood spilled, the
more intense the
experience, and
the more
successful the war
effort is, we're
being told...the
world would be a
lot different if
women were doing
all those
negotiations 'cuz
they'd all realize
all about this



bleeding white!

ways
to deal
with
blood

blood thing
already - and
besides, they'd
realize it's
natural and that
it happens every
month...

ya those poor
guys, if only they
weren't so
deprived by their
biology, eh?
Freud's lesbian
sister has a
theory about all
of this, how men
try to kill and
make people bleed
'cuz they feel
inadequate and not
up to snuff
compared to women
(which, of course,
is true)...i think
she called it
"bloody envy" or
something...

i think we
should all
just refuse
to stick
these
foreign
objects up
our cunts -
anymore
let's just
bleed all
over the
place and
go about
our lives
as
normal...

well, now that we
know what's
causing this war,
how do we stop it?
should we cut them
all in the groin
so they can bleed?

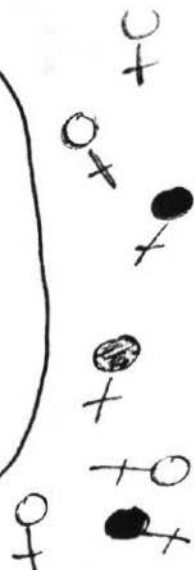
aren't cuz their a r e
allowed bodies deficient





nah - i think we should all just refuse to stick these foreign objects up our cunts anymore - let's just bleed all over the place and go about our lives as normal...that'd stop the country, if every women did that, eh? could you imagine the uproar? and when the politicians

say what do you want? we'll say STOP THE WAR and they'll HAVE to, or risk drowning in our blood!! this idea has real potential, ya know? in fact, i think women all over the world can use this to set things straight (so to speak)...



We'd like to thank all those generous groups + individuals who provided free photocopying to make QT possible ... you don't know who you are ...

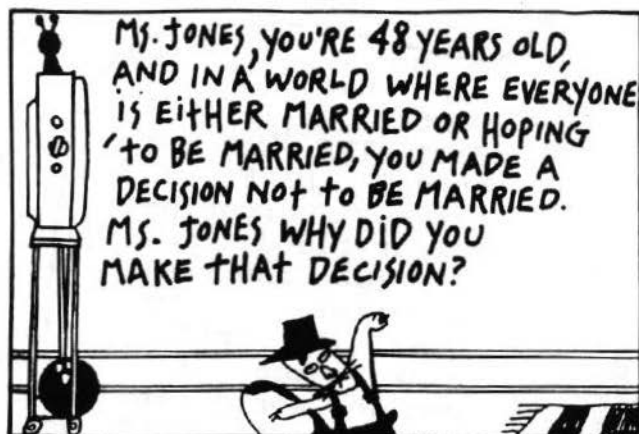
BULLETS FOR BELTS, NOT FOR GUNS



FASHION...NOT
FASCISM!!!!

QT.
P.O. Box 423, STATION C
MONTREAL, QUEBEC
H2L 4K3

← Send us
\$3 + we'll send
ya the next ish!



this is Sylvia's cat - it's a good dancer...



© Nicole Hollander

hey guys + gals -
watch for these groovy
'toons + find out just
how much fun t.v.
can be !! stayed tuned,
because soon "Sylvia" is
gonna put on her DM's
+ stamp all over the corporate
capitalists who sponsor tv.
while bombarding us with
ads which say support them
... I know, do fuck up the environment...

we love Coupe
Bizarre - great
haircuts, great
music, great
people...and you
can read QT while
you get a new doo!
too cool!!

QT
DISPONIBLE
AU

Coupe Bizarre

Coiffure par:
Kenzo, Jimi
Imij, Farin

169 Duluth est
Montreal, PQ
H2W 1H4

(514) 843-3433

BUY YOUR
QT HERE!

this is Sylvia
she's cool.



strange of the couch...

The Q1 Kollektive chances upon a growing new
our connections remain anonymous - this just makes us want to kill!

CANADIAN SECURITY
INTELLIGENCE SERVICE



SERVICE CANADIEN DU
RENSEIGNEMENT DE SÉCURITÉ

March 1991

Memo To: Investigating Officers. Obscenity Publications
Re: Distribution and Publication of Sexually Explicit
Material

It has come to the attention of this office that a recent illegal publication known as QT contravenes current government regulations and legislation of sexually explicit material. The magazine, produced in Montreal, is similar in nature and context to JD's, which is produced in Toronto. The address provided to Canada Post for the post office box does not exist, and the name provided is most certainly an alias. Copies have not been deposited in either the Quebec provincial or federal publication depositories, indicating that the individuals responsible for this publication wish to remain anonymous.

A preliminary verification indicates that no print store in the greater Montreal area admits to having published the magazine, although one print store manager revealed that, because of its explicit contents, he refused to publish the material when it was presented to him. Unfortunately, this manager is unable to provide specifics as to the physical make-up of the person presenting QT, other than the fact that she was "mannish and had awfully weird hair".

Your investigative efforts in reference to QT shall be two-fold: firstly, to locate the exact address of publication, as well as the print shop responsible for reproducing the magazine's contents; secondly, to determine the names and addresses of those involved in the magazine's production and distribution.

I need not remind you at this time that it is not only illegal to produce and distribute such material in contravention to current legislation, it is also illegal to be in possession of said document.

Should you require further information about QT, please refer to the records department file # 3-007688-9825-8.

Yours sincerely,

Chief
Obscenity Publications

HEY GANG! GET QT BEFORE CSIS GETS YOU!

OBSCENE / PERVERTED / FILTHY / OBSCENE / PERVERTED / FILTHY / OBSCENE / PERVERTED / FILTHY

... they were after rebels... and they were anonymous (so far)...



Gorse are a groovy Dunedin band who would definitely rate as one of my favorite N.Z. bands. They now have a six track demo out from the address at the end of the interview. I racked my brains for ages for some interesting questions and sent them off to John. Then I got this amazing reply from all of the band. That's when I realised that I'd lost the questions (4 shiftings of house in between), so I hope the ones I have replaced them with don't sound too disjointed to the questions. (John also does the amazing P.M.T. zine, from him or the comic shop)



1. How did Gorse come into being? Have you all been friends long before Gorse?

Jimi - The band has been going for maybe two years, I joined the current lineup in Oct '88. I've known Malc for a few years and used to jam with him during Mindfuckers days. I met John a while back from getting on the piss and going to gigs and party's (how strange and uncommon you might think). I met Ben through mutual friends but mostly thru jamming together.

Gravel breath - Gorse originally came into being in the dark drunken lounge of a flat in Dunedin whilst bending our minds? to the Butthole Surfers. 3 of us in those days lived in the same house and 2 others were mates mates. We went thru heaps of lineup changes until we got to the present lineup of me/Gunja Jim - drums/Ben Pathblaster - bass guitars/and Malcolm X - bass and guitars. Yeh we were all mates and still are - hopefully!

Malc - First the band was Greg, Pete, Dwane, John and maybe Thing. Then I joined, then Ben and then Jimi. So now it's just Me, Jim, Ben, and John. Yeah we all knew each other, or knew someone etc. I knew John and Greg and that before the band started. Me and Jim were in another band and I knew Ben from yonks ago. How does any band start?

2. I've heard lots about the Nerve Centre, what is it and what's your involvement with it?

Jimi - The Nerve Centre was formed by a group of musicians and mates, fucked off at public attitudes and lack of alternative venues. It is run by Ripcorp which is a non-profit incorporated society. There's about 20 full time members who part take in working the door, kitchen, and music and generally try to rotate these jobs and have fun at cleaning up. We play about every 2nd or 3rd gig depending on whether or not band members are available, currently Bens in Wgnt and I'm in jail.

Ben - When there's a P.A. it's good to play there and it's the only place for us to play.

Gravel breath - The Nerve Centre is a concept and a venue. It's 2 rooms - one like a lounge with heaps of rooms for people to talk in and the other is where the bands play. It's 'our' venue and is the

practise rooms for the Nerve Centre bands /Gorse/ Nervosa/Gruntmuscle/Pain/Spermicide/Born on the Cob. Other bands such as Moral Fibre(Invercargill), Genocide Factory(Greymouth) and Big Ed's Used Farm(Dunedin) support us by playing there for nothing on a regular basis. The place is run on a co-operative basis by members of Ripcorp (the incorporated society we formed to run the place).

We pay subscription and all contribute to organising gigs etc. We try to get in as many out of town bands as possible. To date Flesh D-vice/Casualty/ Nazgul/Number Nine/ Toxic Avengers/Whazzo Ghoti/Moral Fibre/The Clear and heaps more. Yeh we play there heaps - it's the only truly underground venue in Dunedin - that's why 'we' got off our asses and got it going - banned from the pubs - banned from the halls - banned from the streets so we went underground and built our own world!!!

Malc - The Nerve Centre is practise rooms for a few bands we have a society of friends to help run gigs, pay rent etc. We have our own venue cause we can't play anywhere else. We got pissed at having to play there all the time, when we practise there as well, but it's necessary to put on gigs to keep up with the rent and no-one else in this town would have us anyway.

3. It looks like you've put bulk effort into your lyrics, do you reckon most N.Z. bands don't seem to bother?

Jimi - John? Is it an effort? Probably as much goes in to writing songs as what goes into screaming them out. No easy task. I'm illiterate.

Ben - Probably not as much. Basically I don't care as long as they sound good.

Gravel breath - Yeh I write the lyrics myself. I suppose but everything written is just my experience borrowed or stolen from others around or inside me. I don't know effort other N.Z. bands put into their lyrics - I mean they may put heaps of effort in but then I might not like them or think

WRITE EM : PO BOX 78 104 GREY LYNN, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND...

they are very good - it's an opinion. I mean I think Sticky Filt's lyrics are fuckin' clever at times but the attitude I see them as portraying, to me, swallows shit!!!

Male - John sings what he makes up, I spose we could make some up if we wanted but he might not want to sing it. We do what we want. Other bands don't put effort into their lyrics?, maybe they're lyrics just aren't that good.

4. By the lyrics to "Not So Simple" it would be easy to say you're all pro-animal rights, but how far would you go? Does the last line of the song mean he was killed for what he was doing?

Jim - I eat what's available. The pieman survived Simon's molotov and is living a hellish pain as the burning lard from his mutton pies splashed over him, enflaming his upper body and spoiling his manlyness. Karma I guess.

Gravel breath - No it wouldn't be easy to say we're all very pro-animal rights as opposed to human arrogance and the oppression of animals. I spose ya might say it's the same thing but it's not the animals that should be patronisingly granted rights, it's the fucking arrogant humans who shouldn't assume so much power over the animals. We're all fluke-born onto this planet so who the fuck are humans to assume domination? How far would I go it would all depend on the circumstances and my courage at the time I spose. I don't believe in killing anything, not even fleshfuckingbutchers but then again if it was in the protection of life then maybe. Maybe if I'd been round I would have tried to kill Hitler - maybe I'll still try to kill Bush - morals just don't exist in a vacuum - I spose is what I'm trying to say. Yeh fuckin' Oak the pieman was killed - hopefully the last thing to burn was his tongue so he could taste his own flesh!!!!!!

Male - How does Not So Simple go? No it wouldn't be

How far would we go where? How does the last line go?

Ben - Of course the pieman was wasted, but only John is right into animal writes or whatever you want to call it. I personally am more into old British cars.

5. You've been around a while I've heard, have you noticed any changes in people's attitudes? Do you think they are more aware of the fucked things that are going on?

Jim - Yeah there seems to be a sorting out process of people who are really into the lifestyle and those that like the gimmix and notoriety. Dunedin has quite a strong punk movement, with more good people moving into the city and districts, than those moving away. Dunedin seems to be a place that people move to after they've lived in other cities, and come here for a more relaxed way of living. It's not so competitive, dog munch dog type of existence, things get done and lots goes on, but there's no need to rush into it.

Ben - Not sure.

Gravel breath - Yeh I'm ancient and I've been around and around once more! HAHA! Attitudes is a tricky question since mine are always changing relative to everyone else and I'm always meeting new individuals so it's impossible for me to say whether peoples attitudes are getting 'better' especially the people I have contact with. 'Better' is all a matter of personal opinion. Some individuals 'regress', some 'progress' and I digress. I don't think I could ever answer this question, so I won't try.

Male - I've heard you've been around a while too darling. Peoples attitudes are just as fucked as they ever were, if not in one way, then it's another. I notice 'awareness' after the third cup of coffee, but it soon starts to fade.



6. Is it worth freezing our breasts off and coming to Dunedin? Are things very lively down there?

Jim - Yeah there's bound to be something going on, whether it's out of town bands or Dole Day Rages, if all else fails buy some ale and visit whoever, meet some people. I sss that it's colder down here, wear ya longjohns and drink stonies.

Ben - More lively than Welley ever was.

Gravel breath - Well I reckon things are pretty fuckin' lively in Dunedin now especially with the Nerve

Centre. It sure is worth coming down to experience the atmosphere and altitude here - well I reckon. Do it yourself and do it loose as fuck!!!

Male - How deathly are things up there? Yes, come down we'll come and watch you play.

7. Have you got a demo in the works? Any aims of doing a wreckard?

Jim - We've just finished recording 10 songs at Radio One (student radio), with a view to get at pressed in aussie. But... the production is terrible, too hissy... not mixed nearly as good as it could. That's gonna be released on tape with some 444 recordings and walkman (I think?) stuff.

Ben - soon.

Gravel breath - The next demo should hopefully be out in a couple of months once we've finished the artwork and lyrics. Yeh I'm stuck on records just cos of the sound quality and packaging ya can get. We were gonna do a single from our new stuff but it sucks shit so next time maybe - it's too expensive to make a record you aren't happy with, I reckon!



Polystyrene - Gorse's most avid fan.

Malc - A Gorse demo is due out very soon I hope.

Records are worth it cause more people notice them than they do tapes. It's not so much that records are prohibitively expensive to make it's just that it takes alot more effort to get them made and delivered to the punter than it does a tape.

8. Do you make any money from gigs? What do you do with it if you do get some? Do you have capitalist organisers down there too?

Jim - Any money we make goes to Ripcorp or covers travelling/equipment cost or lost some people come up with capitalistic ideas, they get either laughed at or told to piss off.

Ben - We don't make any but if we did I'd get a stack of marshalls, yep but they're nothing to do with us.

Gravel breath - Money from gigs is a laugh cos we haven't really made any yet and when we have, it hasn't even even covered petrol costs. I don't do it for the money but some pocket money would be nice. I'm dreaming away here really cos the only way

music popular enuf to contradict the views and noise I believe in. Fuck being popular if that's happening then I reckon we're doing it wrong. Capitalistic organisers? we'll what do you think. Fuck Yeh!!

Malc - If we ever had earnings from a gig they would go on drug debts, alcohol debts, or debtsdebts. The only time we see capitalists is when they visit from the North Island.



9. Do you feel you are climbing an up-hill battle with trying to make people realise whats going on? especially when you see these fucked goings on happening to the worst degree in the punk scene?

Jim - We are just putting across a few ideas, not dictating or expecting an outcome, so it's not really a fight or barrier that we're up against. Expect individuals sure sexism and racism sucks, but I think that they are used as props for distorted minds and spoiled youth, so people need help, so do I, HaHa.

Gravel breath - It all depends how much of the hill you want to climb, I reckon. If I focus on changing anything more than about 0.00000001% of I like killing myself out of despair. I find it impossible to assess change and I'm not sure I have the right to even try. Then again that's when I'm cynical. When I'm angry I'm ready to kinnap the queen and demand disarmament. In the end I still comr round to thinking, well you can't impose change - it will only last if the individual experiences it for themselves. Punk scene? I've never been able to understand that concept.

Malc - Sexism, racism, animal lib, etc. are personal politics that can only be changed by talking not fighting. And if don't bother having a 'punk scene' you can't have fucked things going on in it.

10. Feel free to rave.....

Jim - I came up with this idea, maybe it makes sense... Anarchy is a misunderstood term, used for mindless fighting and destruction. To create @ we need more unity and less greed, also two parts thought.

Ben - English hardcore rules and don't forget that John makes the lyrics but we make the tunes! ByBy.

Gravel breath - Cheers for the time and thought ya put into the questions. If I sound like a fuckhead, it's cause I am and cos I feel uncomfortable speaking on 'issues' as a singer/writer from a band rather than just me. Feel free to write to us about gigs/ Gorse/demos/Nerve Centre/Mainline Coic shop zine distribution/Nerve Centre bands at P.O. box 6127 Nth Dunedin

Malc - Thanks for the interview.

TELL ME WHY?

I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU CAN THEM "NIGGERS AND WHORES"
FLEX YOUR BEER-DEGO AND AVOCATE THEM CHORES
WHY AN YOU CAN SEE IS THEIR "TWO" AND "CUNTS"
LACER WITH THE BOYS, FEAR THEIR BLOOD EVERY MONTH
I WANNA KNOW HOW YOU THINK YOU HAVE ANY RIGHT
TO TREAT THEM AS INFERIOR WITH YOUR HOWLING SIGHT
WHY YOU FEEL SO DAMN THREATENED BY THE RACE OF COLOURED
TREAT YOUR ENEMY AS SUPERIOR AS YOUR PERSONAL HOPE
?? ?? ?? SCREAM! TELL ME WHY: I WANNA KNOW FLEXING WHY YOU
I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU CAN THEM "NIGGERS AND WHORES"
FORCE FEED THEM THE GUILT OF YOUR HONORIFIC FEARS?
WHY STRAIGHT IS SO RIGHT, SO PURE AND SO TRUE! ???
THEY'RE FILTHY DISGUSTING, JUST HOW DO THEY SCREW
I WANNA WHY YOU SAY THEIR "LOVE IS SO WRONG"
AND THE THRONE FROM WHICH YOU SCREAM THEY MUST NOT BELONG
WHY YOU CONSIDER IT YOUR DUTY TO FUCK UP THEIR LIVES
ARM YOUR STRAIGHTWACKY HEAD WITH INDIVIDUAL-EDGED KNIVES
?? ?? ?? SCREAM! TELL ME WHY: I WANNA KNOW FLEXING WHY YOU
I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU CAN THEM "NIGGERS AND WHORES"
TREAT DIFFERENT SKIN COLOURS AS IF THEY WERE DOGS
WHY YOU'VE POISONED THEIR CULTURE AND SPOIL THEIR LAND
SMILE YOUR PERSIL-VE, PRETEND THE WEST IS SO GRAND
I WANNA KNOW HOW YOUR FASCISM OKKKKURRED
YOUR SKIN COLOURED HIERARCHY IS FUCKING ABSURD
FOR HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU TREAT THEM LIKE SCUM
AND WHERE WILL YOU HIDE WHEN PARKIE "HOLDS THE GUN."
WHY: GRAVELBREATH AS FUCK KNOWS: GORSE



Fifth Column - we love you!!!!

well, Fifth Column, that rockin' all-girl band, has been makin' lotsa muzac lately, and gettin' lotsa reviews too! they come all the way from that oh-so-cosmo of cities, Toronto, but we like them anyway...Ottawa being what it is, however, we can't say much...we want Fifth Column to come to Ottawa to kill hardcore - it's not fair that only Toronto gets to listen to its death...oh, i'm whining again, just like those reviewers...

- worse than fair

Fifth Column
All-Time Queen of the World
(Hide Records)
rating: **

Despite its ambitious title, and even in spite of coming from a great band, Fifth Column's third album is not even the Toronto band's all-time best. Fifth Column originated in the early eighties as a female-fronted hardcore band with some attempts at blending reggae and other styles. *To Sir With Hate*, their first release, managed the trick nicely, turning droning vocals and distorted guitars into often melodic, and always interesting, songs. With *All-Time Queen of the World*, Fifth Column have brought in an acid-rock influence, but little else, and remain, sadly, an old-style hardcore group. So many years later, the old style has become a bore.

If Fifth Column were intending regression rather than merely stagnation, they did at least achieve that. *All-Time Queen of the World* lacks even the production quality



Fifth Column: killing hardcore?

background noise.

In fact, the nicest thing to be said for *All-Time Queen of the World* is that it's the best background noise I've heard for a while. But who needs alternative elevator music? Preb Hunt

MR. TIM...

killing hardcore?

well, this has been 'round for a while and it's certainly fine dancin' music, and great to listen to (or not) while you're havin' sex or whatever...as the album cover notes, this muzac is everything from funk to dance to alternative, and it's positively hip!

(although definitely not het!!)...oh - in the age of AIDS, what's a fag to do???? well, this album "Another Man" tells ya - have safe sex, have another man, and for goodness' sake, don't let anybody pee in yer ear!!

and for goodness sake, don't let anybody pee in yer ear!

All-Time Queen of the World

Fifth Column
Hide Records, 1990

Fifth Column are an all-female band from Toronto. Of that, I make special note not because I think it's a novelty to be an "all-girl band", or that this somehow calls for special treatment (i.e. "they're pretty good for women"), but for the reason that there aren't many all-female groups out there - let alone ones that are good.

Sure, you've got *The Bangles* who were good, and then became dress-up MTV Barbie dolls; *The Go-Go's* who didn't even play on their own LPs; and *The Pandoras* who were excellent garage, but later became sub-standard Metal Queens catering to young headbangers' adolescent sex-kitten fantasies. About the only worthwhile all-female bands left these days are Portland, Maine's *The Brood* and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania's *Barbed Wire Dolls*.

Anyway, Fifth Column have been around for a long time. A few years ago they put out an EP and an LP of post-punk, dreary avant-garde stuff that was OK, but didn't excite me too much. I thought they'd broken up, but then this LP appeared out of nowhere one day on my doorstep with a note saying "Here's our new record, Doctor. Please review it." And low and behold, I really like it!

All-Time Queen of the World is way more melodic than their other stuff, and the production (courtesy of Peter Hudson of *The Dandells*) is really good. But not too good: it's still sorta garage-esque. The cheesy organ on some of the songs gives them a 60s psychedelic feel; "Like This" even has some sitar on it.

A good release from a good band available at stores that stock independent records. And no, it is not available on CD - LP or cassette only. Yes, folks, vinyl is certainly NOT dead!

- Dr. Weasel

Blue...
The Last
Vandal

VAMPIRE LESBOS!!

killing hardcore?

this is another great band w/ that hardcore garage sound we've all come to know and love - check out their famous song "Mike's Family", "Zip It", and the soon to be a classic "Dirty Red Sphincter"...this is great stuff, and if you're extra lucky you'll be able to find their album too!

VAMPIRE LEZBOS

Red Sphincter

I just want you to see my sphincter
I just want you to see my anus
I just want you to see my sphincter
And maybe someday I'll be famous
Dirty Red Sphincter
I just want you to see my sphincter
I just want you to see my asshole
I just want you to see my sphincter
And I'll be famous like Picasso

Disease

I've got herpes, I've got the flu
I've got aids and gonorrhea too
I'll share my disease, I'll share it with you
I'll share my disease, cause I just wanna screw
When it starts hurting, and you're getting thin
Bend you over and we'll do it again

Terminal Smile

Stupid

Mike's Family
Disease
White Lie
Nothing's Changed
A.L.F.

Red Spincter

My Choice, My Rights
Zip It
Sit Down
Patch of Blue

Stupid

Why even ask if you don't care
Why even speak if you're not all there
Why make believe that I can't even see
What you say you don't even mean
Don't be stupid
and think you've got the upper hand
Don't be stupid
I can see right through your candy smile
Don't be stupid
Don't say nothing, don't even look at me
All I want is consistency
There's no need to talk anyway
Cause it'll come back right in your face
You'll never see just what you are
Two-faced worm belongs in a bar
Cause when I turn, I'll feel the pain
Stabbed in the back, you've done it again

Mike's Family
Well grandma likes it in her cunt
And daddy likes it up his butt
Sister gives it with her head
And brother likes to fuck the dead
On yeah, that's Mike's family
Well meat is meat and no one cares
Goopy goo drips from their hair
Thick and white comes out no more
Stain of thin are on the floor

Produced by Joey "Shirthead" Keighley

Art by Mad Marc Rude

CALLING ALL QUEERS

got some favourite music ya want other people to know about? have you chanced upon the discovery of a lifetime, finding old queercore that has hitherto been unknown? do share your dirty little secrets...write QT and let us know all about it...and get to it, Mary! there's a whole queercore culture just filled with lyrical sex-stuff that's a-waiting to be uncovered!!!

BE A MAN

BE A MAN
WHILE YOU CAN
DON'T LET THE RUSSIANS
TAKE OUR LAND
LEARN TO HATE
DOMINATE
BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF
YOUR MATE
EVERY NIGHT
START A FIGHT
NEVER WRONG
YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT
COME WITH ME
THE ARMY
IT'S THE ONLY PLACE
TO BE
NEVER PRET
DON'T FORGET
RAPE'S A WOMAN'S
PROBLEM YET
TAKE A WHORE
GO TO WAR
YOU'LL BE DEAD AND
THEN NO MORE

© PUM

Anus The Menace

Anus the Menace

this groovin' band has been up to no good lately, puttin' out their latest rad tunes on a hot red 45 lp...check out their soon-to-be-on-the-top-ten-homocore-chart song "i wish i was gay (so you would hate me)"...these guys (Johnny Anus, Phil Colon, and Mike the Menace) are well aware of the way-cool world of queerdom, and lament their heterosexuality (sigh! if only the rest of the world would do so) at every opportune moment in this song...a must-request at your favourite dancin' hangout!

I Wish I was Gay (So You Would Hate Me)

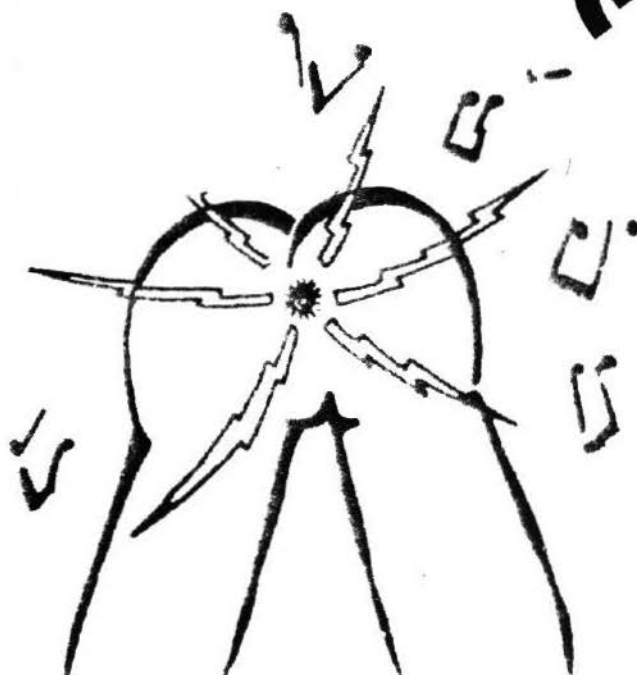
(J. Orloff)

You are a sickened soldier
Soldier of your own sick mind
Your disease of hatred
Could only be the downfall of mankind

I wish I was gay
So you would hate me
I wish I was black
So you would hate me

I want to be all you despise
I want to be the cause of that hatred in your eyes
I want to be all you despise
I want to be the cause of that fear in your eyes

I wish I was gay
So you would hate me
I wish I was black
So you would hate me



Avoid Aids.

Avoid;

- anal or vaginal intercourse without a condom
- swallowing urine
- swallowing semen
- rimming
- sharing sex toys
- use of oil based lubricants like vaseline or crisco which damage latex condoms

and for goodness sake,
don't let anybody pee in yer ear!

ANOTHER MAN
EXTENSIVE MIX



ANOTHER MAN

I couldn't help it. I went to pick up the little woman at the salon and there was sickening Mr. Tim prancing around with his wrists flapping this way and that and hissing in that soprano voice of his about the latest AIDS study.

BACK COVER - "GAYS IN THE SPOTLIGHT"

THE AIDS VIRUS CAN BE TRANSMITTED DURING SEX WHEN CERTAIN BODY FLUIDS ARE PASSED FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER. SEMEN AND BLOOD ARE THE MOST COMMON FLUIDS THAT CARRY THE AIDS VIRUS. URINE, FECES AND VAGINAL SECRETIONS MAY ALSO TRANSMIT THE VIRUS.

COKE
nikki parasite
toilet slaves
big man
brain cells
gorse
bomb
fifth column
apostles
robt. on lit
academy 23
zuzu's petals

X-rated

GAY
REBELS

sexy

SEX
REBELS

sexy

sizzurp

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IT
IN



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This Ain't The Rosedale Library

top tent tape

WANTED, RAUNCH SLAVE. Do you get turned on to piss, well worn underwear, jocks, socks, lick, smell every part of my muscular body till you get to my 8 1/2" raunchy, uncut dick, for long deep grinding worship, I am your top for your kinky scenes. 38, 55", 140, serious only. [redacted]

MALE, MID 20'S, Asian, 5'8", slim, affectionate, sincere, fun, seeks male, 20's to early 30's, Eng/Fre speaking for friendship and possible relationship. Photo appreciated. [redacted]

PASSIVE GWM, 28, healthy, lots of fun and good looking, 5'7", 140lbs. Seeks masculine dominant guy for friendship and more. Photo and phone a must. [redacted]

TALL, DARKISH PROFESSIONAL in early 30's, is an avid reader of contemporary fiction (Alice Munro to Michael Cunningham) and wants to meet another intelligent reader. [redacted]

HAMILTON FRENCH GWM 30, HIV-, brown hair, interested in music, art, nature, seeks GWM 25-35, for friendship or relationship. Must be masculine, sincere. Photo, phone, and letter. [redacted]

A MASCULINE LOOKING male 27, seeks same, 20-40 for free massage in the Hamilton area. Please reply to [redacted]

SIR! BONDAGE, DISCIPLINE [redacted] humiliation... A handsome leather [redacted] hung, is eager to submit to it all. [redacted] I deserve. [redacted]

UNIFORMED [redacted] MAN, looking for other uniformed [redacted] guys into kicken butt-your photo gets mine. Musc guys under 35-no wimps. [redacted]

homocore faggot
seeks deviants,
skins, perverts,
and queer boys for
revolutionary
activities and
hot, safe sex.
Into lipstick,
army boots, JDs,
and obnoxious
attire. Send
magic marker
picture and/or
crayola poem with
favourite graffiti
slogan to envelope
#1 c/o QT's
address...

make me beg, make me bleed, whip my clit till i'm ready to explode, then go watch t.v.
Hey! What's with all this black marker shit. Fuck that censorship thing...

130 Personnel

1) DEMI-POULET presque neuf, seulement les ailes de grugées, cole slaw en parfait état. Balance de garantie de 15 mois. [redacted]

2) SAC DE BRIQUETTES presque éteintes, pas cher le poche. Yvon le Fakir: avaleur de n'importe quoi. [redacted]

3) Collection de CARTES DE MINI-PUTT, de 1971 à 1978. Les 5 parties parfaites consécutives de l'Abbé Dubé de Dolbeau malheureusement non comprises puisque laminées. [redacted]

4) TAUREAU SEXUEL, adepte du Kama Sutra, prêtant l'extase en trois temps et garantissant un minimum de 8 sur l'échelle Richter cher louve (ou jeun loup) pour aller voir le se de Rock et Belles Orelles (Bêtes de présent à l'Olympus du 1er étage). Téléphone: [redacted]

COUPLE LA TRENTAINE, sexuelle et heureux, sportifs, cultivés, polyglotte et surtout amoureux; chacun bisexuel(le) et du plaisir de l'autre nous croqueront à avoir un couple qui nous [redacted] photo et tél s.v.p. [redacted]

JH 27 ANS disponible pour F-H, couple. [redacted] 1er. Première exp. Discretion assurée. [redacted]

BESOIN D'HOMME! 750\$/sem pr offrir services personnels pr dames. Insc: 2\$ BMT, [redacted]

PERLE RARE JH prof 23 doux homme rech F-18 à 30 petite taille pr amitié. Aime vélo, aérobie, [redacted] jusqu'au petit matin! [redacted]

GAIS

DANS LE [redacted] espace appelle l'oeil écoute [redacted] traits de femmes texte et photo [redacted]

DU MIDI: cherche hom- [redacted] d'âge mûr passionnés par les jeunes filles afin de témoigner à la télé. Possibilité de préserver l'anonymat. Cachet. [redacted]

ETUDIANTE DEMANDÉE pour faire un mariage blanc. [redacted]

ETUDIANTE HOMO, 20 ans, désire correspondre avec quelqu'un correspondant à cette description. [redacted]

EUROPÉEN 23a 175cm, ingénieur sportif, romantique cherche une jolie fille pour amitié et plus. [redacted]

GAJ 50 CHERCHE compagnon de voyage pr début 16v. Sud 2 semaines moins de 35. Envoyez tél photo + motivations. [redacted]

GENÉREUX, RESPECTUEUX, fortuné désire aider étudiante sage, sérieuse, studieuse. [redacted]

GRAND SPORTIF au repos, devenu pigeon voyageur recherche affection chez un autre pigeon (gaj) 29 ans, 6'1", 165lb. [redacted]

N 25A EXHIBITIONNISTE cherche copine avec attributs semblables et/ou complémentaires. [redacted]

Affectionate sadist seeks playthings who will accept pain, perhaps fastened to my slave-type slut. Should enjoy displaying yourself for me in lacy lingerie, chains, etc. Massage skills a plus. No smokers. [redacted]
(Often in Wash. DC area).

WANTED: A FEW GOOD WIMMIN

Voluptuous, switchable woman—24, seeks wimmin for hot scenes. Into dominant/submissive, butche/femme roleplaying, whips, candles, knives... dark passion a must. Lesbian couples welcome. [redacted]

BRING ME TO MY KNEES

Denver—Experienced, butch lesbian dominant is secretly ill-behaved, smart-mouthed, disrespectful closet submissive needing serious discipline. Looking for experienced, mature S/M lesbian top with know-how to put me in my place. Into S/M gauche including pain, bondage, whips, leather, forced sex, scenes. Want rough, intense, butch-to-butch action with imaginative power hungry dominant who can take control and make me beg for it. Can do some traveling or maybe bring you here for sleazy weekend of teasing, pleasing and torment. Cum show me your stuff. [redacted]

piercing
tabias is
my specialty

i'm an
UPSTART

