

SIN  
Boldly

# JERKING OFF

the happiest  
day of my life  
was when I discovered  
my clitoris



SUMMER, 1987



# ESCAPE

FROM

## HETEROBURBIA

(a serial)

Alfred grabs the phone and dials. Someone pounds on the front door. People shout at each other in the backyard.

"Bunny!" Alfred whispers fiercely into the mouthpiece.

"Alfred, what is it? What's that noise?"

"Bunny, they've come!"

"Can you get out?"

"I think so."

"I'll meet you at Beech and Liberty."

"Right."

He bolts down the cellar stairs as a crowbar splinters the front door. He clambers onto boxes against the cellar wall, creaks open a small, dirty window. He sticks his head out, scans the alley by the house. Nothing. He pulls himself through the window, hugs the aluminum siding. He can hear the interior being torn apart.

Slinking down the alley to the street, he startles a woman walking her beagle. "It's him!" she trumpets to the people in the house. "It's that purple man!" She unleashes the dog and growls, "Sic him!" Alfred and the dog regard each other an instant, then it pees on a bed of petunias.

Alfred sprints around a neighbor's carport into a patch of woods. Twilight makes the footing tricky. The sky is a blaze of colors. There's a commotion in the distance. He stops to get his bearings.

"Hi." Alfred jumps. Standing in the purple shadows are two young females about his own age. "You're that guy from another planet, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

The young women murmur softly together for a moment. "Come with us." They guide him down a short, steep ravine and through a tunnel under the highway. It's completely dark now, the streetlights bathing the town in ghostly white.

"I need to get to Beech and Liberty."

One of them jimmies open a car door. The other reaches up under the dash and hot-wires the engine. "Hop in the back. Keep your head down." The car lurches forward. "I don't have a license," the driver giggles. "By the way, I'm Janet. That's Yvonne."

"My name's Alfred." Not really, he thinks, but Ziggy couldn't pronounce his Vibgyoran name that first night they met, so Ziggy called him Alfred. Most Terran guys treated him like a freak, but not Ziggy. Sexy, blue-haired Ziggy! And now he's in jail...

Yvonne pulls a couple of sixpacks out of her purse. "Want one?"

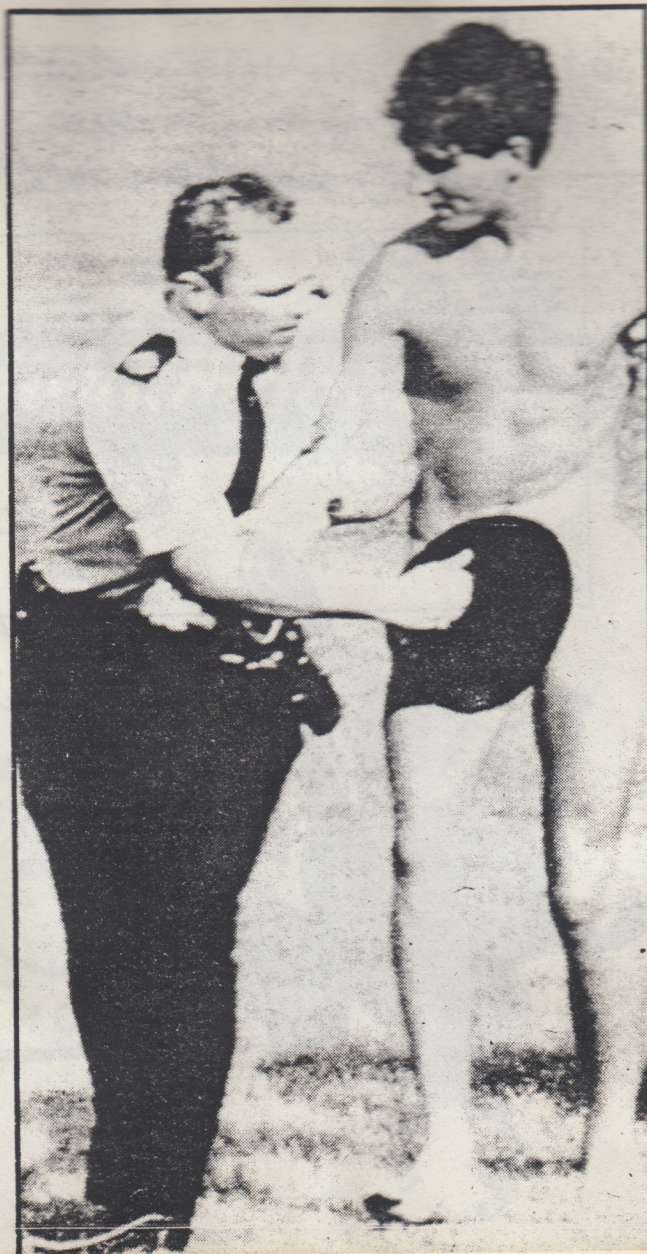
"No thanks."

A caravan of cars careens past them, horns honking, going in the opposite direction. Guys lean out the windows, yell come-ons at the women. Yvonne gives them the finger. Janet turns onto Beech and makes for Liberty.

Bunny is waiting there in the dark green sedan she calls Lizzie. She perks up when the women pull alongside. Alfred tumbles out of one car into the other, calling out his thanks. With a thumbs-up signal, Janet and Yvonne peel out. Alfred and Bunny watch their tail-lights fade.

"I know them from someplace," says Bunny. She heads the car out toward the edge of town, past the mall, the bowling alley and fast food joints.

"Oh shit," says Bunny. Dead ahead sits a police roadblock. "Fasten your seatbelt, kid." She does a sharp U-turn not twenty feet from the cops, then roars away, wheels flinging gravel up from the road shoulder. "Don't fail me now, Lizzie baby!"



The cops scramble into their cars and speed after them, blue lights flashing, sirens woo-woo-woooing. Bunny turns on a dime into the mall's parking lot. It's a sea of cars for a few hundred yards in all directions. She brakes perfectly for the speedbumps, jumps the sidewalk briefly in front of K-Mart, winds up and down the rows, in and out, just missing a head-on with a cop car, which smashes into a Golden Arch.

"Bon appetit, fellas." Bunny makes a beeline for the nearest exit before the cops can seal it off. Then the fugitives burn rubber. "Atta girl, Lizzie." She slaps the vinyl seat. "Looks like from now on, kid, we're on the lam."

Alfred watches the neat little lawns zip past. "You don't have to come with me, Bunny. It's me they're after."

"Fuck that," Bunny says gruffly. "You're family." They squeal around corners to the highway.

The full moon hangs near the top of the windshield. Alfred looks down at the ring on his left pinkie. It shimmers iridescent under the passing streetlights. Its awesome energy floods his body. He covers it with his other hand and hopes he never has to use it.

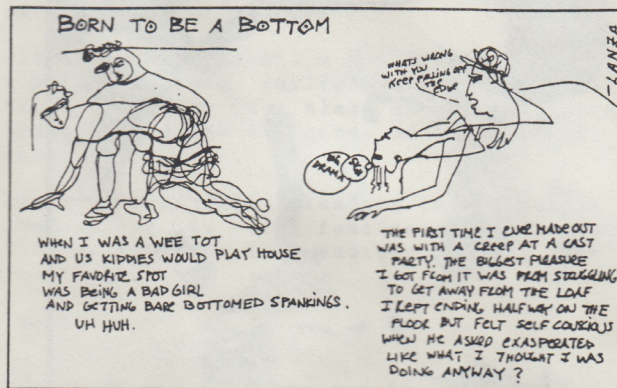
"I can't leave town without Ziggy."

"'Course not, pal." Bunny cackles. "We're gonna spring your little rock 'n' roll fag boy and then get the hell outa this place."

"Yeee-ha!" He flings an arm around Bunny, causing the car to weave into the next lane. "Take it easy!" Bunny scolds mock-seriously. "D'you want me to get arrested for reckless driving?" Laughing, the two friends cruise into the night.

(To be continued)

-- Flamingo Rhodes



AQUA (Anarchist Queers  
Undermining Authority)  
PO Box 6981, NY, NY., 10150





folds of damp, ruffled skin  
satin soft and sore  
this cunt, once too often  
wet with its own juice,  
chaffed by  
the seam of my jeans  
my bicycle seat  
too many trips to the john  
to jerk off  
and by your bullying tongue  
over fucked, fucked raw

no, don't stop now  
beneath, beside, around  
surface soreness  
the first urgent stirrings  
of craving tingle  
nerves, desire, sensation  
converge  
I'm open  
and waiting (wet again or still)  
then your promises  
and dire warnings in my ears  
your sweat and slime  
in my nose and mouth  
your hand in my cunt  
your tongue up my ass

and I'm begging for more/for less  
sensation/relief

ON OUR BACKS

526 Castro San Francisco CA

94114

© 1984 Razel Tova



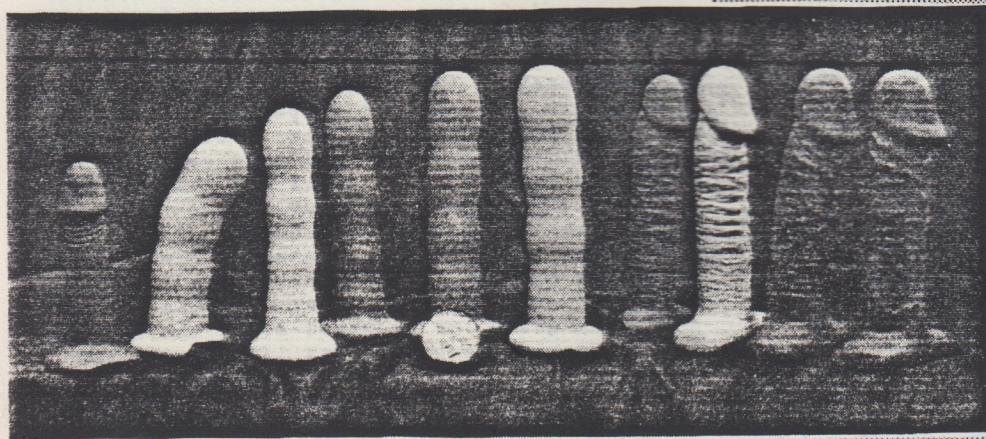
Morgan Lorenzini

## The Meese Report on Lesbian Sex

### *A list and ode to the lesbian sex materials seized by the Meese Commission*

*According to a former Playboy bunny: "I experienced everything from date rape to physical abuse, to group sex and finally to fantasizing homosexuality as I read Playboy magazines."*

Lesbian Affair  
Lesbian Cunt Suckers  
Lesbian Desire  
Lesbian Foot Lovers, The Movie  
Lesbian Girls  
Lesbian Gymnasium  
Lesbian Lifestyles  
Lesbian Love  
Lesbian Lovers  
Lesbian Pussies  
Lesbian Seduction  
Lesbian Trio  
Lesbos Life  
Lezgo Crazy  
Licking Lesbians  
Lesbian Lust  
Lesbian Melting Pot  
Marathon Lezzies  
69 Lesbians Munching  
Abbie's Lesbian Love  
Lesbian Dildo Slave  
Lesbian in Leather  
Lesbian Journal: The Making of a Lesbian Journal  
Lesbian Lieutenant  
Lesbian Mother  
Lesbian Desires  
Lesbian Passion  
Lesbian Revenge



5 June 1987

To help myself, and to help other inmates I put in a lawsuit against a homophobic superintendent of Leesburg prison. Now I was shipped to Trenton State prison to save my life and to keep me safe. Well guess what? My case comes up in July, and they sent me back to the same prison I was tortured at, Leesburg prison. New Jersey's Commissioner of Corrections using terroristic tactics to try to squash a federal indictment. My being a gay activist in a prison run by the Klan puts my health and life in jeopardy. It is the unholy marriage between the neo-nazi new christian right and the government which allows this type of scare tactics to exist in the prison system today.

What happened in the bathhouses in Toronto, not allowing the distribution of condoms to save lives, reminds me of a story out of WWII. These three boys were picked up for stealing coal near the railroad tracks, and the only place to lock them up was a nearby concentration camp, and the only place to put them was with the people wearing pink triangles. When the police found out where the boys were locked up, and even though they were never touched, they killed them with an overdose of a drug. It was to keep them morally straight as their spirits went to Valhalla.

The same type of a mentally deranged mind is against the distribution of condoms. If they die, they won't die in sin, how sick. The same thing was happening in the New Jersey prison system, but now they are changing to education. The only place they were getting any AIDS data, was from gay activists like me.

It is on the tee vee all the time to the horror of these demented christian types. AIDS education, and ads on condoms, how horrible. They have these hemorrhoid, laxative, all womyn problem commercials, and even adult diapers, or nappies as they are called in Ireland, on tee vee during those times people are either eating or preparing meals.

Now to your not having any plans, if you haven't noticed, there are more people to people groups now. I think it started when that world wide plea for feeding the people of Africa, by that Irish Rock star. People in different countries found out they can deal with each other and forget their governments. Now all we have to do is to keep it going and to spread it to all aspects of society. Communications between people all over the world is the only way to tear down borders and let the people decide for themselves who they want to be friends with not some fools who run governments.

Did you hear the best of stupid sayings to come out of Foggy-bottom Washington DC. The Secretary of the Interior said people should wear straw hats and sunglasses to protect them from the eroding ozone layer. It must be the water they have to drink in Washington, it dissolves all the logic brain cells. How else can one explain the idiotic spoutings that come from those witless politicians.

Now to something more personal, about the time you hustled, how old were you, and did you have steady tricks? I was nine, and I sucked off a college student of 20 under the boardwalk of the Jersey Shore. He had a scraped clean five inch and I held up his cumming twice, so his blood was boiling when he did cum.

I kept at least one marriage together, one Spring night when I just turned 15, this man about 40 seduced me. Well I let him seduce me, he wanted to be fucked by two teens. So I got hold of Eric, he was 13, but was hung better than me, he had a fat, uncut seven inch.

He got a room at a cheap hotel, and lay belly down. I only have a five inch uncut cock, so I fucked him first, with just precum as lubricant. If you weren't fucked for years, even my cock would hurt the first time. I could see he was in pain when I started, but was enjoying just before I came. I lubed him for Eric's man sized smooth skinned cock. He licked the head of my cock as Eric fucked him, and he shoved his thick meat deep in this trick's asshole. But now by his eyes I could see he was in lustful rapture. When Eric poured his come into him, he



told me to mount him again. You know there is nothing as sexy as a cum wet asshole. I really opened his asshole, I screwed him in circles, he was pushing back at my thrusting cock. When my cum mixed with mine and Eric's cum already up his asshole, it was leaking out when I pulled out. He just wanted Eric to fuck him again, so I had him drink my piss as Eric jammed his now swollen cock deep in this guy really opening his rectum for cocks.

He told us he found this gay porn magazine and remembered how good it felt to get fucked. So once a week he gave Eric and I a twenty each to fuck him twice each. Oh the bedsheet was wet with his cum, that is how he got off, getting fucked for about forty minutes. So his kids had a happy father and his wife had a happy husband, because of our hot teen cocks. I always like happy endings.

So if you could be a bit graphic in your writings about the times you were a hooker it would help me in my doing time, and my collection of stories I've heard.

Don't write me back til I tell you where I'll be. I don't want any mail coming to me at this place.

In Gay Liberation,

Jude



State policy towards AIDS in prisons is threatening a massive disaster, and is already responsible for the hidden spread of the virus. The state doesn't exactly waste much sleep over the health of prisoners, and the government's authoritarian dreams are not being rudely interrupted - as yet - by the threat that AIDS poses to inmates. Both condoms and needles are banned in prisons, and the so-called AIDS education material given to prisoners is woefully inadequate, if it ever reaches them. Prisoners in Canada and the States, particularly gay prisoners, report alarming reactionary attitudes, up-front abuse and denial of rights to people perceived as having come into contact with the virus, although reality does vary from prison to prison.

Sex is a reality in prison, but is deemed an illegal activity, subject to punishment. If caught, prisoners perceived as submissive (either to rape or to consensual intercourse) are punished far harder than the active partner - unless, of course, both publicly identify as gay and proud, in which case you both end up in the shit! If you are young and publicly gay, whether you are jailed for shoplifting to eat, robbing the rich, protesting the destruction of the earth, loving someone under age, robbing a bank, selling sex, selling drugs, resisting police harassment, or whatever, you are at risk of rape, usually by straight men who consider you fair game in the absence of women. Protection often requires submission to the sexual hierarchy. If you are proud, strong and lucky, you may find mutual sex, or support from fellow gays or friendly straight prisoners. However, most prisons segregate homos, so unless you want to head to the "hole" and be immediately identified, you are at risk in the general population. Many brave prisoners take their chances and become gay activists inside, and it is probably through them that the best safe-sex information will get passed on.

CAPTURED

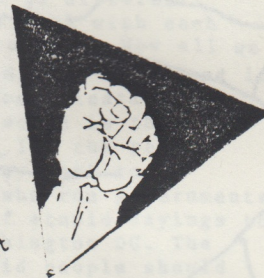
by SLS

I held you and I  
On the prison bottom  
Bunk  
Wrapped bodies heated  
'Under sheet...

I reached  
For your genitals  
Touching your heart  
Boldly.

While you meekly let  
Your hand slip,  
Mistakenly on my  
Heart ticker,  
And suddenly  
The guard's light shined  
And we feared  
Separation more than  
Being captured  
In a 'wrong love.'

Now in our cots apart  
I hear you whisper:  
"I placed my hand  
There purposely."  
And I reply: "I know."



4Q  
52

AIDS IN  
PRISON

The psychological damage of sexual abuse in prison is one thing, but with AIDS, prison sexuality (and IV drug use) takes on a new life or death reality. The official statistics suggest that as yet AIDS has infected only a small percentage of canadian prisoners, with only a handful showing symptoms of ARC/PLS or full-blown AIDS. This is either a lie, naivety, or a temporary respite. AIDS is widespread in the vicious U.S. penal system, with the majority of cases identified as heterosexual IV-drug users. If the Kanadian system is a little cleaner, and slightly less crowded, it doesn't make it any safer. Without safe-sex and IV-drug education and easy access to condoms and needles, the following scenarios may well lead to hundreds and thousands of prison fatalities.

An older straight male prisoner routinely fucks younger, new inmates. He considers himself not at risk because he is not "queer", and never gets fucked. Unknown to him, he is an AIDS carrier, having contracted the virus from a dirty needle shared with another "straight" prisoner.

An ostensibly straight man wants to engage in some homo-sex. With no special reason to come out publicly he tells noone but his lover about being fucked. In general population he still acts and appears straight. His lover, however, is HIV-positive and passes on the virus. The straight man continues to fuck fresher prisoners without realizing his condition.

Two gay prisoners get into fucking. They are unsure of their HIV status, but don't want to be stigmatized by taking a test. One already has the virus, but as condoms aren't available, they take the chance and lose.

A street junkie, previously HIV-negative, contracts the vitus from an older "straight" prisoner who knows nothing about his condition, and who only has access to a couple of well-used needles. And so on.



Homophobia is as rampant in the prison system as in society at large, but because of gender separation, it is far more dangerous inside than outside. Prisoners who test HIV-positive are often shunned or isolated. Homos in segregation are blamed for spreading the virus. Homos are accused of being carriers simply because of their sexuality. Only education, and tearing down the prison walls, can help this situation. Condoms MUST be available in prisons. So must needles. All prisoners' lives are at stake, but remember particularly the double jeopardy of gay prisoners.

The solicitor-general of Canada officially bans condoms in prisons because homosexuality is illegal in the joint, and because rubbers are used to smuggle drugs. Condoms that are brought in Sealed by the authorities cannot transport drugs into the jail. Drug use is a reality- both a source of pleasure and control- in the pen. Allowing condoms in jail may ease the movement of drugs inside, but it won't make a difference to the level of use. Condom use will, however, save lives.

So too with needles. Availability of clean needles, or at least cleansing/sterilizing agents may marginally increase IV usage, but will not increase the drug-flow into the joint, and will save lives. This is, of course, true also for women's prisons.

What does the government stand to lose? Prison control is partially exercised by sex and drug taboos, by divide and rule between gay and straight prisoners. Prisons punish, and kill. Reaganites would have all HIV-positive prisoners permanently incarcerated - even if you are inside for a short stay for shoplifting. Prisons in the U.S. already operate partly as concentration camps, and Canada isn't far behind. For every psychopathic killer in jail, there is a native activist, a boy lover, a black freedom fighter, a hustling queen, a migrant chicano field-worker, an environmentalist, a shoplifter, and so on.

Ghislaine Delorme, a spokesperson for Solicitor-General James Kelleher, confirmed that recently Kelleher decreed no condoms would be made available in Canada's penitentiaries. Instead, the authorities would distribute educational pamphlets and make audio-visual presentations to prisoners. Recently, department commissioner R.J. LeBlanc told the House of Commons justice committee that the Correctional Service Canada won't issue condoms to prisoners; will charge any inmate found with one; federal prison system treats condoms as contraband because they can be used to swallow and transport drugs.



Rejean Lafleur of the 450-member union of prison guards said that although regulations forbid sexual contact between inmates, he recommends that condoms be made available to them.

Even if we cannot immediately tear down the prison walls (there were no prisons on this continent before european landowners arrived), we can raise hell about the potential genocide threatened by AIDS.

Solicitor-General James Kelleher needs a little arm-twisting to allow condoms and needles. Explicit homo-positive safe-sex information must also be demanded. But since we can't trust the government to react with any sense of reality to AIDS, consider:

- \* Becoming aware of prison issues, from internal politics to abolition struggles.
- \* Writing with support to gay prisoners.
- \* Sending explicit safe-sex and needle info in to prisoners.
- \* Putting pressure on individual wardens.
- \* Liaising with prison workers associations, encouraging them to pressure for condoms and needles.

Write your MP, or James Kelleher  
Solicitor General of Canada  
House of Commons  
Ottawa, Ont.  
K1A 0A6

Other organizations working in these areas are:

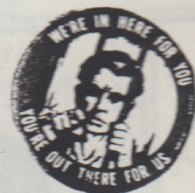
Queer Anarchist Network -  
Prisoner Solidarity  
PO Box 6705  
Stn. A  
Toronto, Ont.  
M5W 1X5

Anarchist Black Cross  
(international network)  
c/o Reality Now  
PO Box 6326  
Stn. A  
Toronto M5W 1P7

Int. Lesbian and Gay Assoc.  
Homosexual Prisoners Project  
Box 17218  
104 62  
Stockholm, SW.

GCN (Gay Community News)  
62 Berkeley St.  
Boston MA.  
02116

Just as in mainstream society we queers and our friends have done the bulk of the work around safe-sex information, so too, maybe we can have an impact within the prison system. Non-gay activists have told me that politico-gay inmates are often respected, at least by other minority activists. Machismo, prison rape, and homophobia aren't about to disappear with one wave of a condom, but in the long run, maybe we queers can put our knowledge about AIDS and safe-sex to good use in helping to break down sexual taboos and hierarchy inside the prison system. That can only help prisoner solidarity; the lives saved will be both gay and straight.



ESCAPE

A whisper, a plan to escape,  
He shivers at the thought of the  
Route.

Where the throat meets the groin  
And the nape feels  
Delicate love (crammed)

- short and secret -  
Hidden behind a half-inch of

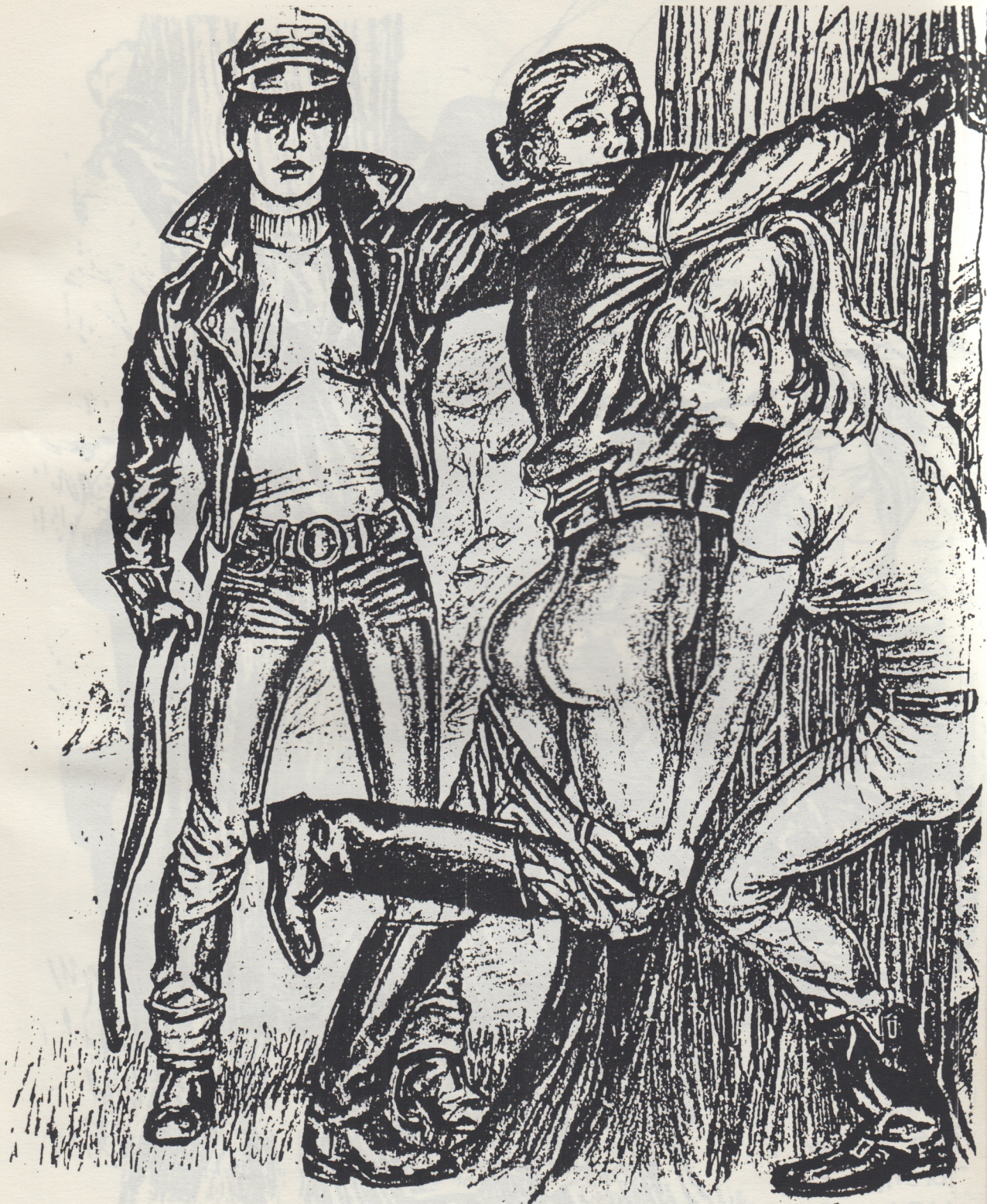
Steel  
Making sex seem like a traffic jam.

Rt. 1 Bakersville, NC 28705













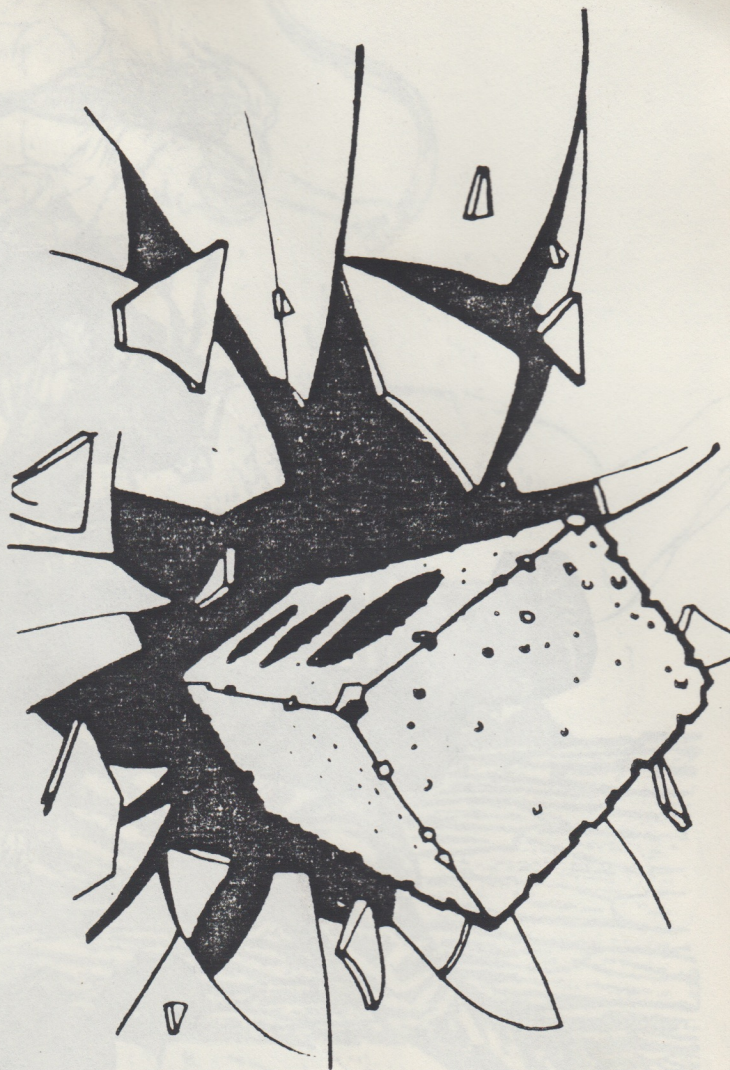
J.D.s  
365 Queen E.  
Toronto, Ont.  
M5A 1T2



What is  
is what needs  
to be destroyed

It is war and Good Gays tell us to "keep a sense of humour." Those offering plans for resistance are denounced as trouble-makers.

Everywhere our enemies prosper. Dan White gets a slap on the wrist for a double-murder. Victims of terminal respectability blame faggots and dykes for "property damage" in the SF uprising. Even good liberal First Amendment types in NYC attack faggots for "excessiveness" and "insensitivity" in the Cruising Rebellion. We are faulted for lack of respect for "the civil rights" of an \$11 million movie company. Anita Green gets a fat new contract and is back on the boob tube pushing Dixie fruit around. An RC Pope, with two albums out, hits the circuit on a whirl-wind multi-city tour, attacks cocksucking and buggery and millions cheer. Beatings and stabbing increase everywhere. For ten years we at Fag Rag have been advocating Total Assault on the twin militarist institutions of Christianity and Capitalism. We are one of the few voices that constantly talks about power - how everything we do, social relations, sexual relations, our ways of organizing, even the products of our imagination - demonstrate and reflect power arrangements.



The agents of oppression are hip. They package and sell their power over us as liberation products. Masters & Johnson's latest tome for example. This Time-Life coffee-table voyeurism is a perfect example of demented strait "sex Science" taking over where the parish priest's counselling left off. And some middle-class feminists, undialectical down to the fine print in their next book contracts, are inflaming passions against "pornography." Their first line: porno causes rape of women (this for the straits). Some claim porn makes faggots rape little children. Another line is that porno exploits women. If so, then the exploited, the workers (models, etc.), should organize; but middle-class values block any thoughts of such organization.

Most pornography displays for all to see, educated or not, what hets must hide: that theirs is a vicious and cruel exercise of power. Anti-porn crusaders want to pretend that



coupling is lovey-dovey and sweet. Good taste and niceness must triumph. Which just shows that true love is pornography. What gives these anti-porners away is the confidence and respect that they have for the legal establishment. Laws, for them, are the solution.

It's not just pornography that divides us, it's children. Fag Rag has been the most consistent voice in the tiny group taking on police, DA's and psychiatrists who are busily rounding up boy-lovers. The Kiddie Porn Panic of 1977 & 1978 has given an unchallenged license for the state to hunt down the pedophiles. Unlike many feminists, we did not endorse the witch-hunters. We at Fag Rag (some boy-lovers, others not) have taken the position that we are all political pedos. For this we are denounced for endorsing 'child exploitation.'

The word "exploitation" constantly surfaces in the histrionics of porno and child-sex (and doubly so on the subject of Kiddie Porn). We wish there were a more genuine interest in exploring what it is that constitutes "exploitation" in any given situation. In this atmosphere of hysteria, there is far too much grandstanding, by reactionaries and self-proclaimed liberationists alike. There's a good bit of disingenuousness too. The mouths that are often the quickest to scream "exploitation" concerning child sex and porno are often strangely quiet on issues like banking practices, advertising, and the medical/drug tyranny (in which we include the food processors). Even leftists, like those in the Socialist Workers' Party, who will at times criticize the workings of American capitalism, fall down on this more complex "exploitation" issue. The SWP has lately abandoned its mild commitment to the struggle for "gay rights," citing the boy-love controversy as the faggot attempting to legitimize "child exploitation." To build their workers' movement, they implicitly endorse the necessity of The Family.

Fag Rag has also been critical of the International Year of The Child. We see it as an open attempt by reactionaries to "strengthen roles within a family context." They are joined by liberal paper-shuffling PhDs who use IYC to fund administrative programs which manipulate and indoctrinate youths to give the impression that sociologists and psychologists contribute something to society. But the most outrageous aspect of the Year of The Child is that it has not only excluded pedophiles (who have an intense and affectionate interest in children) from world-wide programs, discussions and fundings, it has actually targeted them in various countries (USA at the top of the list) for elimination, castration, incarceration, etc. And not a word in protest.

In our world where such wackiness and viciousness are institutionalized, it's easy to understand how some people slip over into choosing terrorist actions to save themselves from the grips of the Normal World. John Wayne Gacy faced this situation and made a rational choice for murder. Murdering 32 tricks was safer than letting them go and risking life is the slammer. Since he had been arrested in Iowa and imprisoned for sodomy, he did not want to come up on that rap again. It was in his self-interest to snuff them. And he did, and he got away with it for years (he ultimately turned himself in). Conventional thick-skulled straits cite the 32 murders as instances of faggot exploitation and brutality (two of their regular rants). Yet how many are equally shocked at Gacy's being imprisoned for an act of sodomy? And how many see the connexion between what the state did to him and what he was forced to choose to do to protect himself?

The deathtrap of respectability is a vice squeezing the come out of faggot life once and for all. Who are "the respectable?" Clue: They always care more about the inanimate and the institutional than they do for actual living beings -human and others. Millionaire David Goodstein raises money to give to the City of San Francisco to buy City Hall doors. This is

money he has skimmed off the gay community through his rip-off Advocate-Experience seminars which in turn are a rip-off of est, which is a rip-off of gay CR groups of days gone by. Now the melody is: Pay-As-You-Raise. Not a penny of Gay Goodstein Money goes to the 21 beaten by the police and indicted by the DA when city officials rioted. These 21 risk getting longer sentences for actions against property than White got for taking two lives! Fag Rag supports direct action by faggots everywhere and we are reluctant to even hear arguments from the apologists of the monied classes, the powerful and the "professionals." Their arguments, no matter how elaborate, no matter how tarted-up, no matter how superficially tempting with promises of change always, ALWAYS seek to keep power in the hands of those who currently have it. When thousands of faggots filled the streets of NYC and attacked a movie company, our only comment was how restrained they were in their actions (as faggots invariably are) when so flagrantly provoked by those advertising their murder. The stone that's in your hand, my dear, has a date with a plate glass window.

Respectability is everywhere. We now have "gentrification." In real estate, the "issue" of gentrification is being used in some quarters to attack faggots. It does raise the issue of class and capital within the faggot world. It also raises the questions of how hard work, imagination and daring by faggots to create gay living and pleasure space is then used to attack us. But the idea of gentrification is a concept larger than real estate. Our language is constantly being gentrified. Just as we manage to claim some space to move in, it is slashed as some new crime or violation. Buggery and sorcery are going out of fashion, as crimes. And from the doctrinaire left, we are accused of "lifestyleism," and prudes denounce us as "physicalists." Euphemisms try to mask hatred. But they only reveal the power of fashions in the realm reigned over by psychologists and other quack authorities.

# NO APOLOGIES!



# EVER!!

The central problem as we see it is one that has always plagued the strait world and increasingly infects the faggot world - Authority. Assimilation has its price. When the strait pols and priests pretend to listen to us and make vague promises of reform (which mediating gays assure us are sincere) our resistance is weakened and our support of them is implied. The grip of institutions and media-hyped personalities is frightening - witness how many queans rushed out and waved their little Vatican flags when La Holiness swept through town. What it makes us recall is the importance of destruction in anarchist theory and action. From the fight-back of SF and NYC to graffiti attacks on churches and banks, it is all needed.

We need more action against the daily terror - actions against psychological terrorists (clinics, computer classification, schools), against puritans (of whatever stripe) and against law-enforcing terrorists (police, courts, prisons). Anywhere in this country and around the world where agents of terror can be exposed, ridiculed, undermined, blown up and destroyed, it is good work. From a pie in the face to burning down a church to, well, use your imagination.

-editorial - FAG RAG #26  
1979

Po Box 331  
Kenmore Stn.  
Boston, MA.  
02215



Cinnabar

sybilant fricative

the wine in your eyes whinces at the  
carnivorous thoughts of libations poured  
over slick bodies F  
from a stemmed glass S

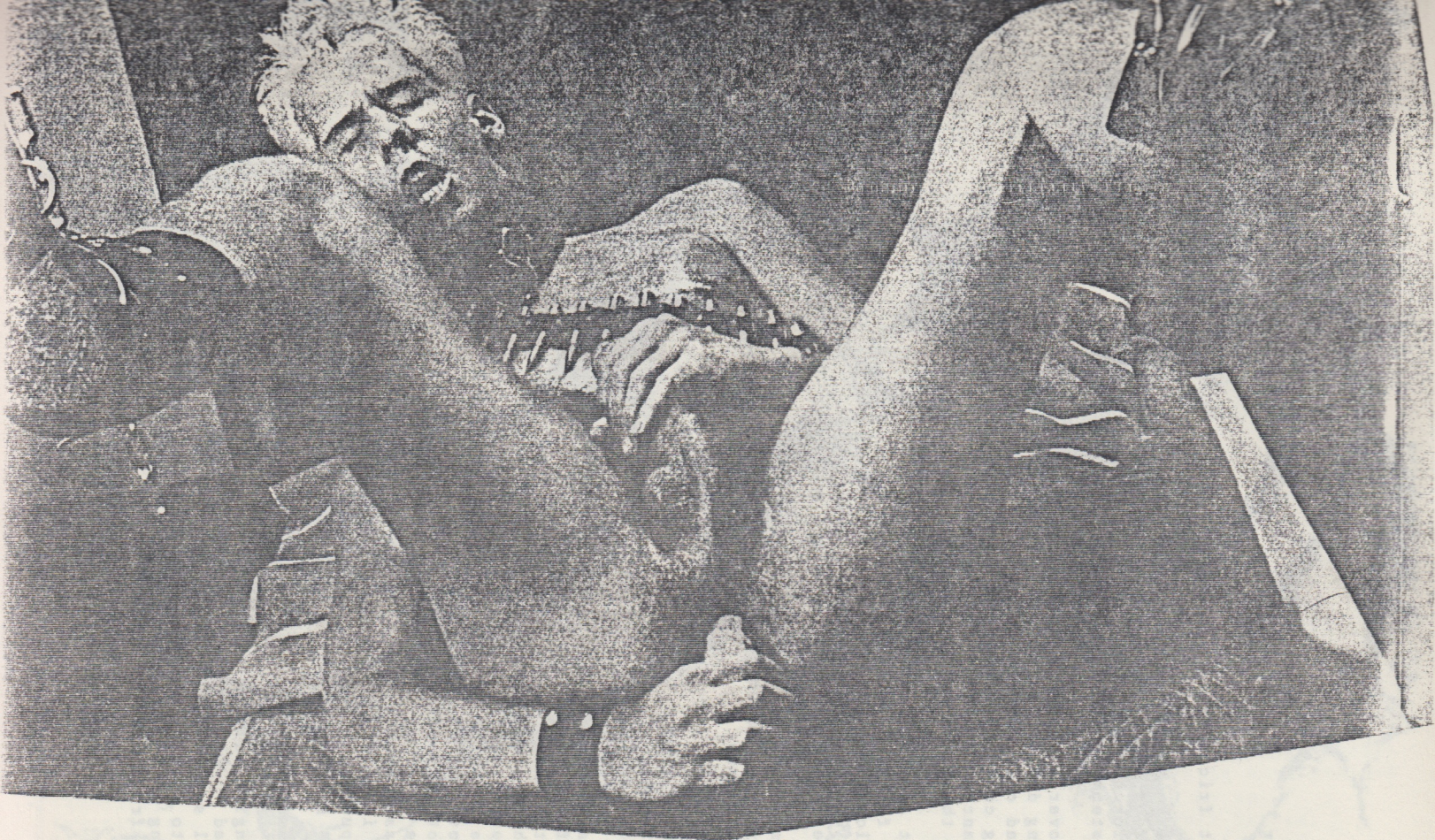
poured over a shore of chest drenched in oil  
streaming down gold and red over  
belly and cock ridge  
dripping coolly from head engorged and ball slapping crevice  
like branches basted with thunder storm  
down to the limbs coiled  
beneath  
to sheet and hardwood undergrowth  
at your feet  
faint sloshing  
down to where skin sheet floor layer  
the same wetness as hand skin oil muscle

it was moments ago  
wiped by your shorts  
wine in my eyes  
shorts, yours  
an empty find  
filmed with your  
frond traces  
cotton dabbed piss  
& horny precum cloth  
heaved and tossed  
just off the edge  
of plastic sheet  
on the hard pine floor  
convenient & subtle  
like the blaze of lobster shell  
picked over  
in the other room  
delicate as  
sweat, astringent  
to toes in sight  
of red puddle  
and nose pink way above  
flares  
with summer kinetics

wine tangled in your eyes  
red baked  
from oil soaked curls of tawny  
welded to your body and snaked in my finger webs  
embracing  
glowing fragrance







The day will come when drag queens burn their bras,  
but by then we'll all be having babies (only when we want  
them, of course...)

And as the grass grows through the cracks in the concrete,  
perhaps we'll learn to unbuild our civilized nations -  
So, from one fucked up faerie finding a future  
to all my flying friends -

FREE MOTHER EARTH FROM THE CHAINS OF CIVILIZATION  
and force feed drugs to pats and government agents!

lets end the political masturbation,

lets ask the spruce, the douglas fir, the elk and the beaver  
for some guidance in this here human problem:

Dykes and fags, feminists and progressive men,  
smoke dope, laugh, Dance, Fuck, Giggle, Smash the State,  
and lets have fun with Mother earth again!

## THE NAZIEST BREWERY IN THE WEST

It was one of those mean Montreal summer days when your feet baked in your boots and the sun rode your back like a merciless bronco-buster. I needed a drink. I walked into a St Lawrence Street bar and ordered a beer. Then I noticed the grizzled old timer in the corner giving me and my drink the eye. There was something about that man. I invited him to join me and he did, a whiskey in one hand and a glint in his eye.

"You're new in these parts, eh stranger?" he growled. I nodded.

"Well before you taste that beer, let me tell you a story about the nastiest brewery in the West, then you can feel the way it sounds ...

When the West was still wild back in 1873 Adolph Joseph Coors tamed it with his brewery the largest in the world there in Golden Colorado loomed over the town like a giant fortress you know

Some said Coors brewed a great-tasting beer Bottled in a plant with a racially pure atmosphere by an all-American German business pioneer who hated having any non-white folk near Coors, red-blooded, Christian and proud

The Coors started by keeping their brewery color-free and later became America's most notorious dynasty It wasn't enough just to guard their plant's purity They engaged in ultra-right wing philanthropy

Coors, a brewery where the Klu Klux Klan were welcomed to meet and drink with the family congregation

Feel the way it sounds:  
Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly

It wasn't 'til the '60s and the civil rights fight that Coors racist hiring fell under the spotlight Coors would urge workers to oppose the Civil Rights Act warned blacks would replace whites if the Act became fact

Mexican-Americans hot under Coors' collar started a strike protesting Coors color bar they boycotted the brew the supremacists withdrew - a little then pumped millions into buying a Coors image all new

But not before they donated a helicopter to Denver cops to patrol Chicano barrios and terrorize black neighbourhood blocks

Just Feel the way it sounds:  
Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly

The smoldering '70s Coors tried to resist Fighting birth control, the women's movement, it was all Communist They co-founded the Heritage Foundation, financed this blight an anti-abortion, anti-ERA, anti-gay brain of the ultra-right

You see Coors tried to control their workers' morality Forced physicals, and interrogations about their sexuality Step out of line or the closet at the brewery and Coors would use their heavy artillery vowing to dismiss anyone "who violates the common decency of the community" and thus "catch queers if they got past the lie detector test"

Call 'em vicious, call 'em slime  
Coors was America's sophisticated anti-gay front line

"Put AIDS victims in leper colonies under quarantine"  
"Make death penalties for lesbians and gays our national routine"  
Queer bashing, Coors style

Feel the way it sounds:  
Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly

Coors never really stopped their hateful discrimination so they got boycotted, bombed, and boycotted again The AFL-CIO, the New World Liberation Front, community groups by the dozen Dented their sales by 30%, a cool \$30 million

Still Coors kept steering their bucks into repression like the right-wing think tanks cranking out their ammunition



# RHYTHM ACTIVISM

NORMAN  
MAVROCKI  
ranting  
poetry

DEM  
STINK  
rebel  
orchestra

## "live"



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H2X 2H4 Canada

(Make cheques and  
money orders payable  
to LES PAGES NOIRES)

All this before the reign of Coora crony, Ronald Reagan  
advised by the Coors Heritage Foundation  
on how to reduce the deficit and assert American might:

"Scrap workplace health and safety codes; Abolish the minimum wage;  
Cut social services; Send South Africa aid; Funding for the  
handicapped is counter-productive; Develop space laser weaponry;  
"Morally objectionable" music's subversive; Beef up internal  
security."

By May '82 Reagan and his administration  
had implemented 61% of the right recommendations

Feel the way it sounds:  
Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly

While Coors financed fundamentalist terror at home  
Down in Nicaragua bloodthirsty Contras roamed  
Mutilating, torturing, raping and killing  
terrorizing a people resolute and unwilling to support 'em

But Uncle Sam's proxy army was fighting a losing war  
and lost a major battle in 1984  
when Congress derailed Reagan's gun gravy train  
No dice, no money, for the Contra campaign - or so they said

Poor Contras, with 2 years of action and 10,000 victims to date  
here they were, an army without a State  
sitting 'round torched villages with empty dinner plates  
Who could save their holy mission? Well

In steps Coors and the World Anti-Communist League  
willing to help moneyless gunslingers in need  
Coors rang the chow bell in the corporate mess  
and raised an easy million a month to ease the Contras distress

Just Feel the way it sounds:  
Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly

Coors, Contra sugar daddy, patron saint and saviour  
the single largest American private donar  
Suds money from the family that knows what's best  
to silence Godless, subversive peasant unrest

Coors fortune trickled to Soldiers of Fortune  
to train mercenaries and death squads  
not just for Nicaragua, but for El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala

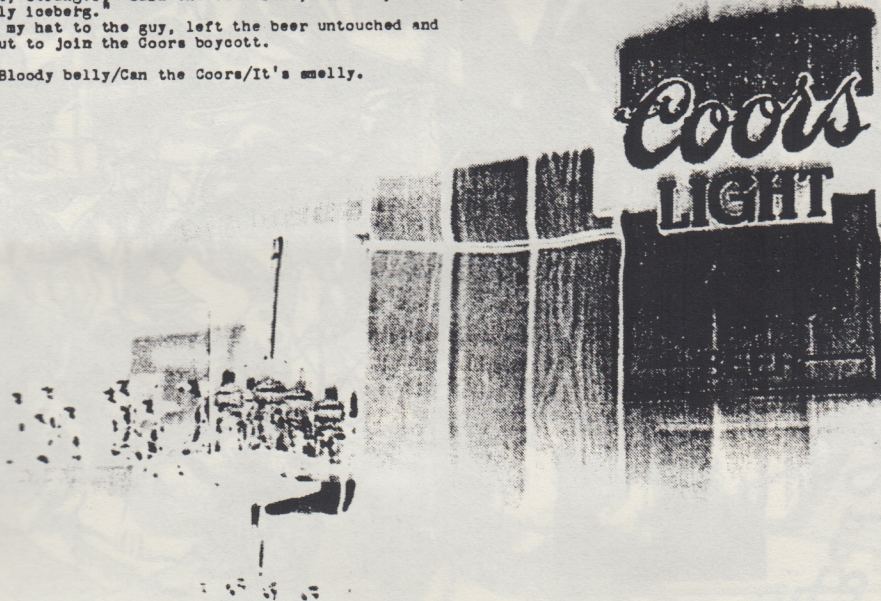
Feel the way it sounds

They brought Contras to America to ride the campaign trail  
to show fellow fascists how their donations didn't fail  
and what they got for their money:  
Red hands, keeping the world as pure as a Coors beer

Feel the way it sounds "

"And that, stranger," said the old timer, "is only the tip  
of an ugly iceberg."  
I tipped my hat to the guy, left the beer untouched and  
walked out to join the Coors boycott.

Beer bullets/Bloody belly/Can the Coors/It's smelly.



TV: AN ORIGINAL PLAYTIME EXTRA-HIGH LEVEL SHOW

# Twilight Lust

by Jane



orgasm.  
stimulate  
orgasm.

Censored

GET INTO THE GROUP

ON OUR BAC.

Bad Attitude  
is an original

"Bad Attitude promotes  
fantasy, but warns distinctly  
—GAY COMMUNITY NE



SCORPIO PRODU

Bad

Twilight lover,  
the world called  
them, shadowy  
shapes that  
drifted together,  
then fused in  
fiery passion.

Color It  
Soggy

FICTION





### Safe Sex is for Everybody

Whether we have sex for fun, for love, or for money, it can be risky. Unless we're careful. Herpes, syphilis, gonorrhoea, venereal warts and hepatitis B are all sexually transmitted. So is HIV, the virus thought to cause AIDS. AIDS is particularly worrisome because it can kill.

Most people who carry HIV - including a growing number of straight men and women - are not aware that they are infected. It's possible to carry HIV for several years without having any symptoms. So, rather than trying to figure out who's infected, it's much safer to avoid risky practices.

### Be A Safe Sex Pro

Being safe doesn't mean avoiding sex - or even having less sex. Despite what you've heard about limiting your number of partners, you can still be as much of a slut (or whore) as you want - as long as you're a safe sex slut.

Some "experts" claim there's no such thing as safe sex. Perhaps they've never heard of jerking off with someone (or several someones); licking their armpits, balls and tits; playing with dildos, vibrators and whips; fingering assholes, nipples and clits; spanking; role-playing; bondage and discipline; wrestling; massaging; cuddling and caressing. Or maybe the "experts" don't recognize these activities as sex. (The censor board certainly does.)

Despite all the panic and paranoia, AIDS is very hard to get. Although HIV has been found in spit, piss, pre-cum and cunt juice, only cum and blood (including menstrual blood) have been shown to have enough of the virus to cause an infection. On your body, HIV is easily killed by sunlight, spermicides like Lubraseptic or non-oxynol 9, and even hand soap. The virus must get into your bloodstream to cause an infection. This can happen if you:

- \* share needles while shooting up (IV-drug use)
- \* get fucked (in the ass or cunt)
- \* get blood or cum into breaks or open sores on your skin

SAFE

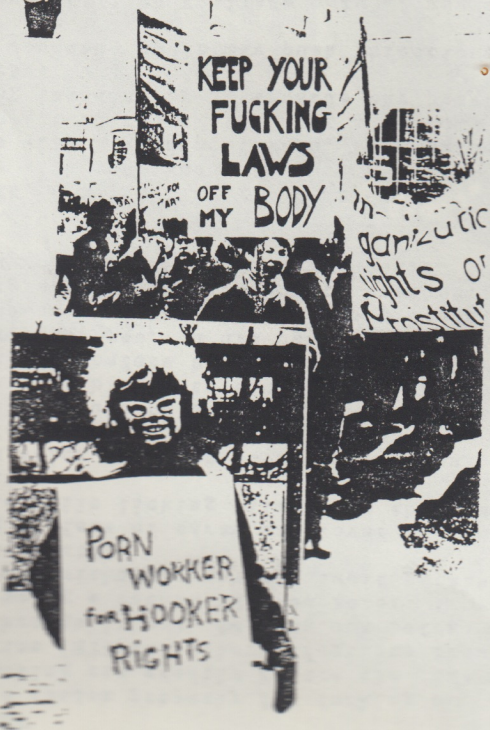
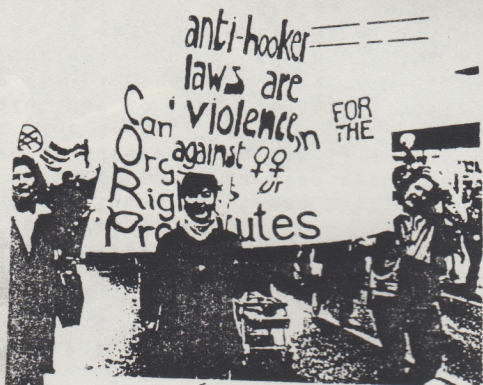
SEX

MAKE

IT

YOUR

BUSINESS



There is no proof that the virus can enter your bloodstream through your mouth. If you swallow the virus, it is likely to be destroyed by acid in your stomach. Still, getting highly infectious fluids like cum or blood in your mouth is probably unsafe - especially if you have breaks or open sores in your mouth. If your mouth is in bad shape, you should probably not get pre-cum, piss or spit in it.

If you have a healthy mouth (no sores or breaks), wet kissing is generally considered safe - though there is still a risk of getting herpes, syphilis, or venereal warts doing this. Both partners can also get these infections from cocksucking, cuntlicking and rimming (licking assholes). Rimming can also expose the ass-licker to parasites, bacteria and viruses like hepatitis. These may play a role in the development of AIDS by weakening the immune system.

The following precautions will minimize the risk of getting any sexually transmitted infections, including HIV:

#### BEFORE SEX

- \* Do not brush or floss your teeth, or shave. These activities can create tiny openings through which infections can enter.
- \* You and your partner should shower with soap and water.
- \* Cover any open cuts or sores on the skin with bandaids.
- \* Trim and file your fingernails well - especially if you plan to stick them into an asshole or cunt.
- \* Douching may wash away protective mucus. But, if you're going to be ass-fucked, and are already protected by a condom, you may wish to douche, as shit may damage condoms.
- \* Women on their period should use a diaphragm and douche.



## DURING SEX

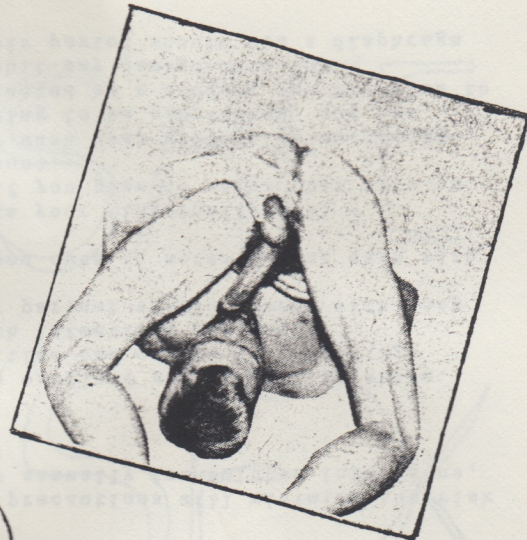
- \* Using a condom properly for fucking or cocksucking can greatly reduce the risk of infection (HIV and other infections cannot pass through latex). Pulling out before coming while using a condom is even safer. If you suck cock without a condom, avoid getting cum in your mouth.
- \* Having a piece of saran wrap over the cunt or asshole while licking eliminates the chance of infection.
- \* If you stick a finger in an ass or cunt, wash it before putting it anywhere else.
- \* Sex toys should be disinfected with a solution of one part bleach to ten parts water, and rinsed well before being re-used or shared. With dildos, you can use condoms, and change condoms as you change holes, to prevent passing infections from one to another. (Even from a woman's cunt to her asshole.)

## AFTER SEX

- \* Shower with soap and water.
- \* Gargle with a good mouthwash, like Betadine.
- \* If you get sucked off without a condom, pissing immediately afterwards may prevent gonorrhea.
- \* Avoid douching as it may push infections further in.
- \* Use products like Kwellada only if you are sure you have crabs. Overuse of these products can be harmful.

## CONDOM TIPS or FUN WITH DICK AND SAFE

- \* Use latex rubbers. Lambskin may not be as strong or as safe.
- \* Use condoms, lubes and foams that contain non-oxynol 9. Lubraseptic is also recommended. (If you have an adverse reaction to spermicides, consult your doctor.)
- \* Be careful not to tear the condom while opening the package.
- \* Don't lubricate a cock before putting a condom on it, as it may slip off. Put a little Lubraseptic or lube containing non-oxynol 9 in the tip of the condom before putting it on.



WHORE

I'M ONLY  
IN THIS  
FOR THE  
MONEY

CORPRL & CORPS  
SUPPORT  
YOUR  
LOCAL  
PROSTITUTES'  
RIGHTS

I'm  
a safe sex  
Pro!

it's a  
business  
doing  
pleasure  
with you

WARNING!  
OUR POLICE  
ARE ARMED  
AND  
CONSIDERED  
DANGEROUS



- \* Squeeze the tip of the rubber while rolling it down, to leave space for cum. Make sure no air is trapped inside. Air bubbles can cause breakage.
- \* After the condom is on lubricate it well with a water-soluble lube, like K-Y, or Foreplay. Oil-based lubes like vaseline can break latex condoms.
- \* If you fuck for a long time (especially in the ass), check the condom occasionally to make sure it hasn't broken.
- \* Hold the condom at the base while pulling out, so you don't lose it.
- \* For double protection, you may wish to use two condoms.

#### **KEEP HEALTHY**

Being exposed to HIV doesn't necessarily mean you'll get AIDS. Other factors, such as drug use and general health, may play a role in the development of AIDS. To strengthen your immune system:

- \* If you drink or take drugs, don't overdo it.
- \* Eat nutritious food.
- \* Exercise regularly.
- \* Get plenty of rest and relaxation (many people find that sex is an excellent way of relieving stress).
- \* Don't let right-wing bigots and religious zealots ruin your day (this can be very stressful).

#### **KEEP INFORMED**

If you need more info, or if you need a doctor, contact the AIDS Committee of Toronto at 926-1626, or the Hassle-Free Clinic at 922-0566 (women) or 922-0603 (men). Hassle-Free is a VD clinic that does not require OHIP or money. Hassle-Free and the Safe Sex Corps can provide condoms for those who can't afford them.

These guidelines are presented by the Safe Sex Corps (a project of the Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes 944-9150)



b A ♀ +

free

bando d anorchistes/lemnists  
boq, po box 988, desjardins,  
montreal, pq. h5b 1c1

bando d anorchistes/lemnists

\*Everyone, shamans, mystics, dianics, wiccans, pagans, neo-pagans, elves, diviners

# The Great Magickal Caravan to the October 11, 1987 Nationwide Lesbian and Gay March on Washington, DC

Beginning October 3, 1987, the witches, faeries, and their friends\* will sweep the country starting from four coastal points and gathering with our sisters and brothers along the way.

In the spirit of celebration, we will nurture old bonds and establish new communities. Arriving in Washington, DC, the *caravan* will affirm our power and freedom and make a unified and diverse statement of who we are. We hope to make our journey as important as our arrival.

We envision a *caravan* that reaches out to heal the conflicts between people - "races," genders, ages, incomes, appearances, physical abilities, sexual orientations, and other characteristics.

The map included with this Call shows the preliminary plan for each route. You may obtain further details by inquiring. To join us, please contact the coordinator for the route travelling through your part of the country -

#### North:

The Caravan  
c/o Ginger (Mike McNamara) or  
Dawn Touchant Prince  
704 E Pike  
Seattle, WA 98122  
(206) 323-1229

#### Central:

The Caravan  
c/o Harry Ugol  
1502 Golden Gate Ave  
San Francisco, CA 94115  
(415) 346-5087

#### Southwest:

The Caravan  
c/o Harry Hay and John Burnside  
5343 La Cresta Court  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(213) 469-7949

#### Southeast (temporary coordinator):

The Caravan  
c/o Harry Ugol  
1502 Golden Gate Ave  
San Francisco, CA 94115  
(415) 346-5087

We welcome any suggestions or assistance you may offer, especially in making contact with others who may be interested, and in locating buses, vans, large campsites or foodstuffs along the way. Feel free to join us for all or part of the way, or just to meet with us at one of our campsites.

We will attempt to keep costs to a minimum, but we do need some contributions for initial organizing and for low-income participants in the Caravan. Send initial contribution checks for all areas (made out to "Lions, Tigers, and Bares") to:

The Caravan  
c/o Harry Ugol  
1502 Golden Gate Ave  
San Francisco, CA 94115  
(415) 346-5087

P.S.: Please copy this and share it with your friends and local media!

Please fill out and return the Caravan Interest Form included with this Call as soon as you can (we need to *plan* to make this work) to indicate your areas of interest. We welcome your participation in the *caravan*!

- The Caravan Organizing Group

psychics, queers, shiners, boy lovers, maricones, faggots, dykes, bulldaggers

"If anyone bothers honestly to ask those kids whether or not they really feel molested, isn't it likely that at least some of them will say that their experiences were a dream come true?"

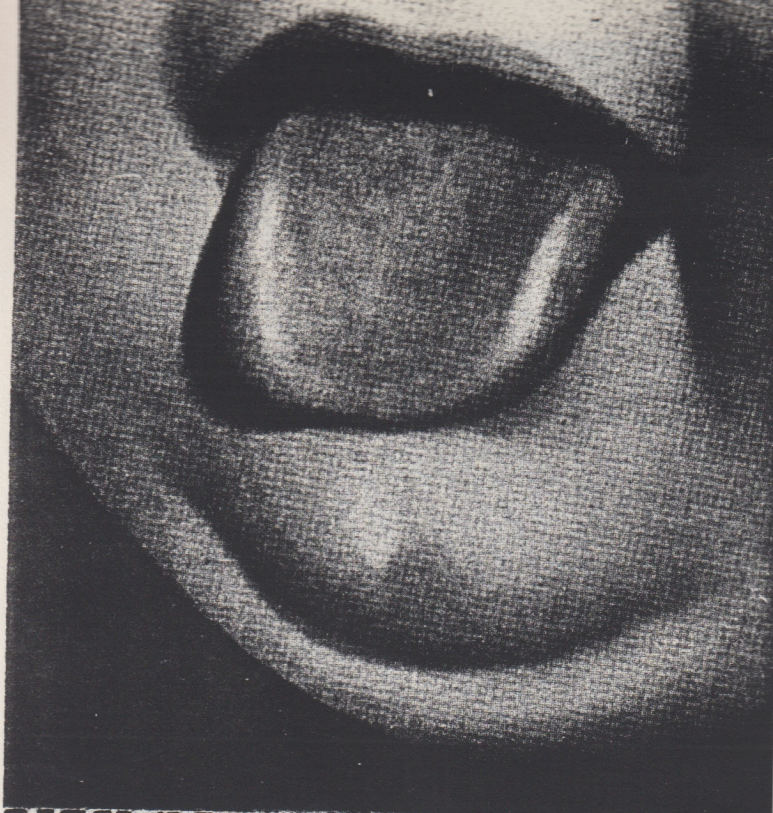
(This is a very thought-provoking statement from the Dec. 1985 issue of Playboy Forum concerning "minors" who have had a sexual experience or experiences with older people.)

### MOLESTING THE MOLESTED Karl Ahlers' Story

Participants of an annual nationwide U.W. District Attorney's Conference in 1979 or 1980 decided that, because the crime rate was going down, they would have to find some type of crime to concentrate on in order to keep their office in the media and to justify their jobs. They decided to push on "child-abuse" cases, a highly prejudicial and emotional type of crime. The result was a nationwide witchhunt that took place during the 1980s.

I was one of the earliest to be caught in that net, and the prosecutors and police issued highly inflamed and sensationalized releases to the press. The subject became so popular that responsible newspapers and magazines brought themselves down to the level of the gutter press, printing amplified versions of these reports in their campaign to outdo each other on the subject and sell more newspapers.

Not only are the police and the prosecutors able to obtain news coverage of these "crimes," but it is so much easier for them to arrest child-lovers, who are generally known to be gentle people, than it is for them to risk going out after murderers, robbers, and rapists, who are usually violent people. Not only that, but hard evidence is needed to convict a murderer, but is not needed in the case of emotionalism fanned by the twisted facts given to the media by the authorities, as in the case of child-lovers. "Guilty as charged in the media" is no longer a far-fetched joke as it once was. It is a fact that is being proved in case after case!



Karl Ahlers

82-A-4134  
Greenhaven Correctional Facility  
Drawer B  
Stormville, NY  
125822

舌

A person has only to be arrested for "molesting" a minor to have his life ruined, emotionally, physically, and financially. And what is gained or lost by society? The

authorities involved became "experts" in the field, and receive advances in position and salary; another prison cell is filled; the accused and his family's life is ruined; and the lives of the "molested" and their family's are upset and in too many cases ruined.

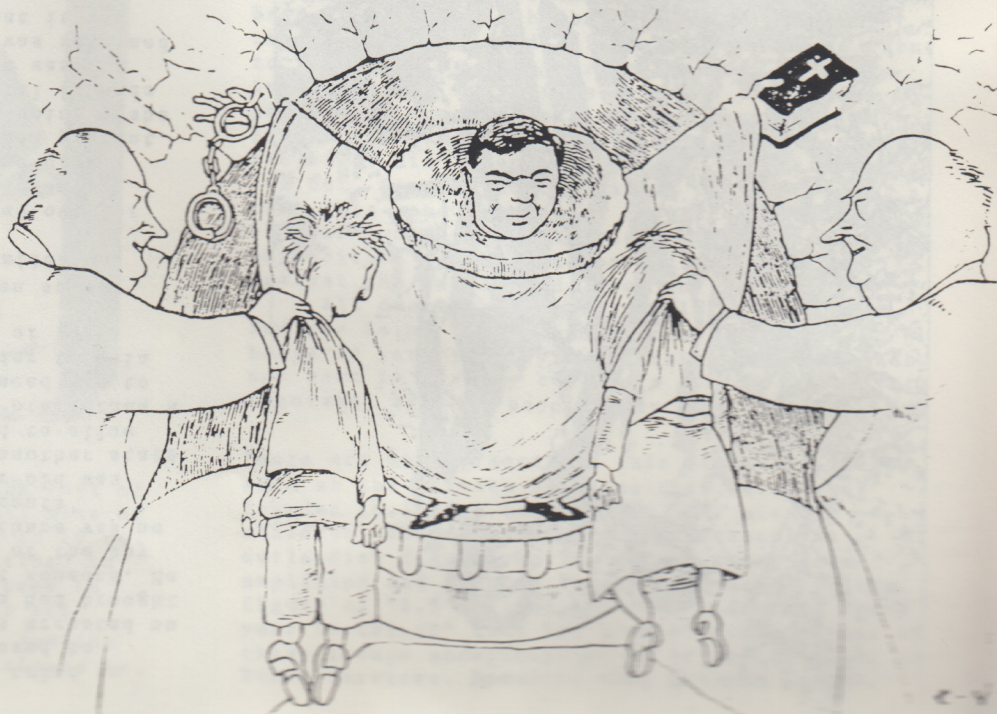
After I was arrested on charges that were never prosecuted because they were false, the headlines screamed "Child Porno Ring Smashed," even though no pornography was found because none had ever existed, and "Sex Ring Broken," even though no evidence to form the basis of any sex related charges existed!

Suddenly, the police and the prosecutors came to the realization that they would have to produce some "victims" and some sex-related charges to save face (and possibly their jobs), so they started a program of harassment against two sisters and their children, which included threats that their children would be taken from them if they did not "cooperate" (lie under oath), and threats of imprisonment of the "victims" and others.

Four people resisted testifying, even though the District Attorney told them that he would see that they were "locked up" if they did not testify the way he wanted them to.

When the first of these went to trial, he was found guilty of only one misdemeanor by the court, where the judge stated on record that everything that the media had reported simply did not exist! Of course, the media did not mention this part of the judge's findings, nor did they ever report the real facts in the case.

Free  
the  
Kids



A 16-yr-old boy who the authorities tried to coerce into becoming a "victim" refused to cooperate with them and he, too, was arrested on a false kidnapping charge because he had brought a 14-yr-old friend with him to visit someone. He was arrested even though the father of the boy and the local police admitted that there was no kidnapping, that the boy had his parents' permission for this visit. The 16-yr-old was kept locked-up in a county jail in another state for several months, and they refused to allow him to have any contact with anyone other than a court-appointed attorney, who convinced him to plead guilty to a misdemeanor in order to gain his freedom. He had to serve a year of probation, and now has a "record."

Three other persons who had been so threatened were also arrested and jailed on trumped-up charges.

A warrant was issued and carried out for the arrest of a deaf, handicapped person. Charged with "endangering the welfare of a minor" (they claimed that she had been present when young adults had gone skinny-dipping), she spent the day in the county jail until friends could raise \$1,500 bail for her. She was released and months later her bail was returned because the charges were so weak that it was impossible to prosecute them.

The last two of the four that had been threatened in this case were arrested, and the arrest was blown way out of proportion by the media, amplifying information supplied to them by the police. One of these men was able to post bail right away, but the other one suffered a very bad beating by other inmates in the county jail after they had been informed by the police and the media about who he was. He finally posted bail, and, in panic, disappeared to avoid further bloodshed, so now he is a fugitive from "justice."

All four of these people were arrested because they stood up for the truth, and they were all arrested on charges signed by persons who were involved in the original case. Michael Kavanaugh, the original District Attorney who was in charge of prosecuting the case in New York state, has now been nominated for the position of U.S. Governor of that state.



Even though there had never been any complaint, nor even any statements signed against me, the prosecutor managed to obtain a 32-count indictment against me! However, he had absolutely no evidence to present at the trial for 23 of those counts, and very nebulous evidence concerning the remaining nine.

During my non-jury trial it was ascertained that no force of any kind was involved, and one of the teenagers spoke to my lawyer after testifying against me, then remounted the witness stand and told the court that he had been forced to lie under oath by the authorities, and that what he had testified to never did happen! Instead of halting the trial



to investigate what was happening, Judge Vogt of Ulster County, NY found me guilty on all nine of the remaining charges and sentenced me to 16 to 48 years in prison! The so-called "victims" in my case, and their families, have all been in contact with me to express their horror and revulsion at this gross miscarriage of justice in which they had been forced to participate in.

I venture the following: The small number of kids who have had a sexual experience forced upon them against their will would rightly agree that they were "molested." However, in the vast majority of the cases, where the experience was lovingly and willingly entered into, or where no sexual act had occurred at all, there would be no question of molestation in the minds of the minors - unless the police and other authorities entered the picture. In that case, the people involved, both the adults and the minors, would agree that they were, indeed molested - by the police, not their sexual partners!

In one case, a 14-yr-old was called "queer" and "faggot" so many times by the police during the prosecution that he had to go out and prove his manhood, getting a 15-yr-old girl pregnant. When the girl's parents decided that she had to have an abortion, the boy became so distraught that he contemplated suicide! Who could he turn to for help? In this particular case, the boy turned to the one person he could trust, the person who the authorities were trying to convict for "molesting" him! His trust was not violated. His friend was able to help straighten him out. Several months later, the boy found that this same friend was sentenced to a 16 to 48 year sentence in the state prison because the authorities coerced the boy into testifying against the one he had loved and trusted!

All over the country, children have been and are being threatened, forced, coerced and badgered into testifying to things that they do not want to testify to, or to things that never occurred, against people they love dearly.

There are other facets to this pitiful sideshow, such as the private agencies that have been founded to locate (capitalize on?) missing children. These agencies have released outlandish figures to the media, which have amplified and printed them. One example is the figure of "1.5 million children kidnapped every year in the US" that has been promoted by one of these groups and picked up on by the US Dept. of Human Services. However, what has not been



widely broadcast is the fact that the FBI had only logged 67 children as being kidnapped in the US during 1984, the same year the 1.5 million figure was so widely spread by the media. (Newsweek Oct. 7, 1985).

All things point to a semi-organized conspiracy by certain authorities, trying to further themselves and their office at the expense of others - be they the accused or the victims - turning them all into victims, and manipulating the mass media into becoming a tool of propaganda with which to further their selfish goals. Where and when will it end?

There have been several organizations formed to help combat the situation, made up of victims of false accusations, and other interested people. However, they are having a rough time trying to educate people to the truth of what is really happening, because the FBI - considering them to be "subversive organizations" - has been subjecting them to harassment, spying on them, photographing them, eavesdropping on them, stopping and checking their mail, and releasing false and inflammatory information to the media. However, despite all this, their influence may be being felt. During the past few months, the sensationalized news items the media had been producing have almost disappeared from view. Let's hope that this is a good omen that this country is finally coming to its senses about this horrendous situation.

If one could have the time and the funds to do an in-depth study of this type of case, it is obvious that a pattern would emerge closely following the cases that are noted above; that facts and statutes mean nothing at all; that emotionalism overrides everything; and that the authorities are taking advantage of and firing this emotionalism to further their own careers, at the expense of other human beings.

The emotional furor that prevails in these cases, especially when they are tried outside the courts by the news media as this case was, stops people from asking questions and investigating what actually happened.

There are other examples of much publicized farces. In 1983, a case broke in Jordan, Minnesota, and was smeared across the country. A total of 24 people were arrested in this small town, including a local policeman, a deputy sheriff, a minister, and their wives. They were arrested on "molestation" charges; their children were taken away from them and put into foster homes and institutions.

Two years passed before they were able to push one man into pleading guilty without a trial. Then one couple was vindicated during a jury trial. A couple of days later, the prosecutrix, Kathleen Morris, an over-zealous crusader against these "horrible" people, dropped all the charges against the other 21 people who had been arrested!

These innocent people (for in the US aren't we guaranteed that we are innocent until proven guilty?) have had their families split apart, have lost their jobs, have been smeared in the national media, and have gone through immeasurable physical and mental stress and financial ruin - for what? People who were never prosecuted for any crime whatsoever have been forced to sell their homes and move, have lost their jobs, and have had to fight for years to be reunited with their children who were snatched from them by the "do-gooders."

Some of these people are still fighting to be reunited with their children after 3 years, but the prosecutrix has been permitted to retain her position of power!

Another case receiving national publicity was in 1983 in California at the McMarten School. The police cried out that pornographic photos (among other things) had been taken of young children at a nursery school. However, months later, \$40,000 was offered for copies of these photos since, even after the saturated national publicity, not one photo was ever found!

After three years of milking this case for all the publicity they could, the majority of the charges were dropped, even though it had not yet gone to trial, and there was serious argument as to the validity of the remaining charges!

A nursery school that had been serving the community for many years has been forced to close and the physical plant was vandalized because of the publicity; the children, their parents, and the accused - including the owner who is in a wheelchair - have been forced to sit in court day after day for over 2 years.

That same year, a judge in the same state sent a 12-year-old girl to jail for a week to force her into testifying against her step-father.

*Do you think of yourself standing before God like this?*



There had been a multitude of front-page cases during the period from 1980 to about 1984. Now you may have noticed that things suddenly calmed down, but not before it was too late for many people who had already been convicted, and the young people and their families who had been preyed upon and made into "victims" by the police, prosecutors, and judges.

I for one, have documents proving all of the illegal and immoral acts done by the authorities in order to get me convicted and sentenced to this horrendous period of time in prison. As taxpayers you might be interested in knowing that if I were to serve only my minimum sentence, it will cost you about \$450,000 just to keep me in prison (by their claim that it costs \$30,000 a year for each man), plus the welfare costs for my family while I am in here. A person has to stop and think that there are now more than 38,000 prisoners in the state of NY alone, and one prison warden recently estimated that approximately 15% of the prison population is now serving time for convictions of "molesting" minors! Most of them had never been convicted on facts, but on emotionalism and sensationalized yellow journalism. During the past four years, sentences being handed down for this type of "crime" have far exceeded many sentences handed down to persons who have been convicted of forcible rape and violent murder! This same type of thing has been happening across the country. What a waste of human lives and taxpayers' money!

I have now been in prison for 5 years, and all this time has been spent in protective custody because of an attack upon me by other prisoners that was instigated by guards who had read the sensationalized reports of my case in the newspapers.

I am making a plea for citizens, not only to investigate my case, but to investigate all these cases to uncover the gross illegalities that are being and have been used by the authorities. Most people do not realize it but judges and prosecutors have given themselves complete immunity against legal retaliation, no matter how illegally they act. They, in turn, cover for the misdeeds of the police. As a result of this, they are getting stronger and bolder. How far are you going to permit this to go?

SODOMY

IS FUN

FOR THE

WHOLE

FAMILY



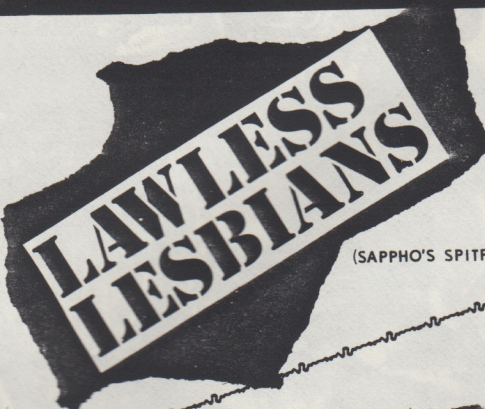
# Dare to be a CUNT like us....

MOURNING SICKNESS INTERVIEW

Mourning Sickness is three womyn, Prudence Clearwater, Konnie Lingus, and Lynna Landstreet, who together comprise Toronto's only (and possibly the world's only) all female post-industrial experimental band. But there's more to them than the sort of Holly-Near-meets-Whitehouse combination one might envision. Their songs deal with topics from working in the sex trade to the destruction of the environment, from PMS to "Penile Vomit". They combine uncompromising politics with a (some say twisted) sense of humour that varies from merely quirky to completely unlistenable. Gail, Linda, and Jacquie interviewed the band:

NO SANE MAN STOOD IN THEIR WAY.

exotic  
books



(SAPPHO'S SPITFIRES)



BY

Gaye Powers



Gail: Where'd you get the name? Konnie: We held large, well-attended conferences for weeks. Prudence: At the end of all the conferences we all threw up ejective-style and gave birth to the name Mourning Sickness. Lynna: Actually, it was just a whim on the subway one day. Gail: Are you playing a lot of gigs? Konnie: Every practise is well-attended by hecklers. Lynna: Yeah, the neighbours are always listening with their baseball bats and pit bull dogs. Prudence: Actually we haven't played live yet but we will be soon. And in August we'll be on the Black Wedge tour to promote anarchy. Konnie: By our example. Lynna: It's a group of anarchist bands and poets touring together. Mecca Normal and Rhythm Activism will be on it. It's going to go from Vancouver to Winnipeg, and then in Sept. there's a tour called the Intense-a-thon with DOA which will go all across Canada. We'll only be on part of that one. Gail: What kind of audiences do you want to play for? Konnie: Attractive Lesbian womyn who are blinded to good taste by the fact that we're feminists. Prudence: Mr. Right, who will be a vegetarian nose-pierced foot-fetishist. If he's not available, holy rollers over the age of 65 will do. Linda: Who writes the songs? Konnie: A subversive group of terrorist street-cleaners. Prudence: We find them in Cracker Jack boxes. Lynna: No, we use an Ouija board. Konnie: Actually we all write lyrics. Jacquie: Why are

you doing this at all? Prudence: Masochism. Konnie: I'm terrified to stop. Prudence: To pick up men. Lynna: No, womyn. Konnie: The oprichniki of Peter the Great forces us. The KGB continues to back us. Bright pinkos we are. Prudence: I wanna be a rock 'n' roll suicide and pick up some cheap cock on the way. Gail: Are you going to make a record? Lynna: Yes, we're doing an EP which will hopefully be available by the end of July. Gail: Where are you getting



the money? Prudence: Selling Girl Guide cookies. Konnie: Selling estrogenated lollipops in cunt shapes to men on Yonge St. at night. Lynna: Scrimp and Save. Stop eating. Work. Borrow from parents. That kind of thing. Plus special fundraising projects, like on Gay Pride Day we'll be selling T-shirts and coupons for cunt portraits, taking advance orders for the record, and pleading for donations. Linda: Why don't you rob a 7-11? Prudence: Because you've got to make it past all those macho dudes to get to the door. Lynna: I'm afraid of the "Freedom Machines." Gail: Are you all dykes? Lynna: Not all, Prudence is our token straight. Konnie and I are, even though some people think we look way too femma. Konnie: I'm the only dyke in the world whose own girlfriend doesn't even believe she's a dyke. Lynna: there's been some conflict over this issue. Gail: Like what? Lynna: Prudence thinks we're kind of anti-male. Gail: Are you? Prudence: Konnie and Lynna are a couple of redneck elitist castrating cunt-sucking motherfucking bitches who want to see all men wiped out. Konnie: I don't want to see all men wiped out, I need some spermatozoa for my baby. I just think they should know their rightful place. Lynna: I have nothing against men except the fact that they're not womyn, which isn't really their fault, I guess. Gail: What equipment do you use? Prudence: I play electric violin, Lynna plays synthesizer, and Konnie plays a big washing machine plate, some bicycle parts, and a 1950's Kotex display stand. We use taped sounds too, and we're going to start making some of our own instruments. I'm making an electric gizmo-guitar thing out of scrap wood. Lynna: I want to make an electric dulcimer. Gail: Do you take your clothes off on stage, to give all this cunt imagery some reality? Konnie: You Kidding? We ENTER the stage naked, but we use mollusks to do the rest. Lynna: If we ever get to play at the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival we'll take our clothes off. Gail: Can I get that in writing?! Prudence: I won't! Jacquie: Can audience members jump up on stage with you and... Linda: ...take their clothes off?... Jacquie: Interact with the band? Prudence: They can do any damn fucking thing they want to as long as they pay to get in. Lynna: Female audience members can

# Dare to be a CUNT like us . . . .

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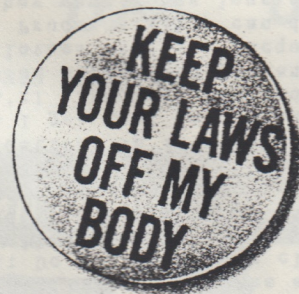
**LAWLESS  
LESBIANS**

(SAPPHO'S SPITFIRES)

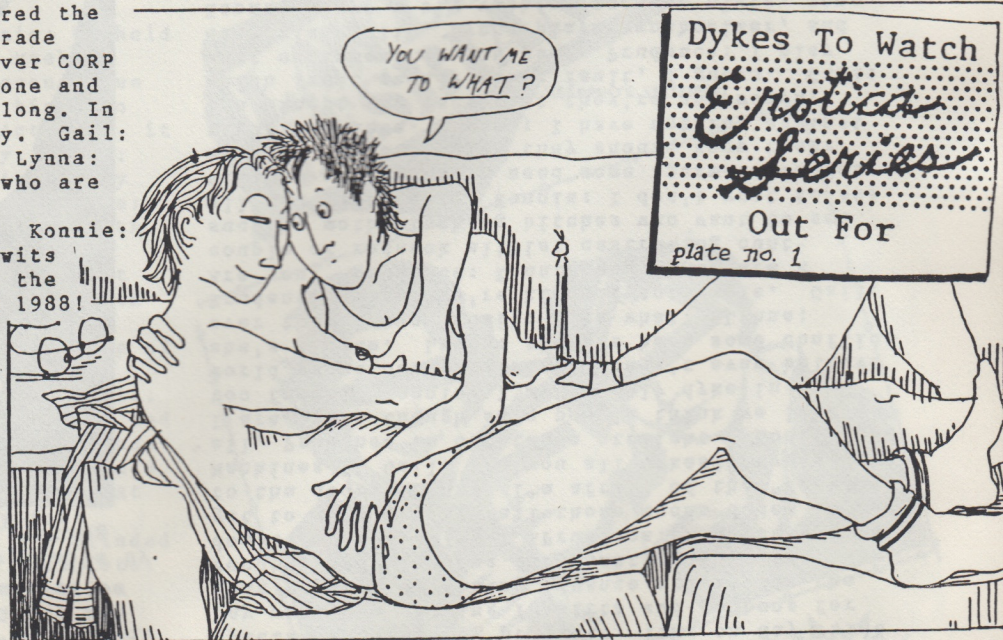


feel free to take their clothes off and interact with us any way they like! Prudence: They can't touch me though. Konnie: They paid for it, they can demonstrate their undying lust for me, as long, hard, and creatively as they want. Prudence: And thoroughly, no half-assed jobs. Jacquie: Will you team up with the Red Berets for International Womyn's day? Gail: Will they let you? Lynna: Will they take their clothes off? Prudence: I cannot possibly tolerate a boring feminist folk band in the same room with me as I viciously beat my violin to the rhythm of my anger. Konnie: We could petition by menstruating on their instruments before the show, We're not untalented. Lynna: I don't think they use instruments, do they? Aren't they just vocal? Konnie: Well, the larynx is an instrument, isn't it? Gail: What inspired the song "Sex Trade Worker?" Konnie: Sex trade work! I was flattened with joy to discover CORP and their solidarity when I had felt alone and invalidated by "better society" for so long. In a way it's a song of thanks and epiphany. Gail: Are you looking for more band members? Lynna: We're open to working with other womyn who are into weird music and twisted politics. Experience and talent are not required. Konnie: Only passion counts. Prudence: No dimtwits please. Linda: What are your plans for the future? All: Total world domination by 1988!

Mourning Sickness can be contacted at  
PO Box 1031, Adelaide St. Stn.,  
Toronto, Ont. M5C 2K4



revolting  
**HAG**

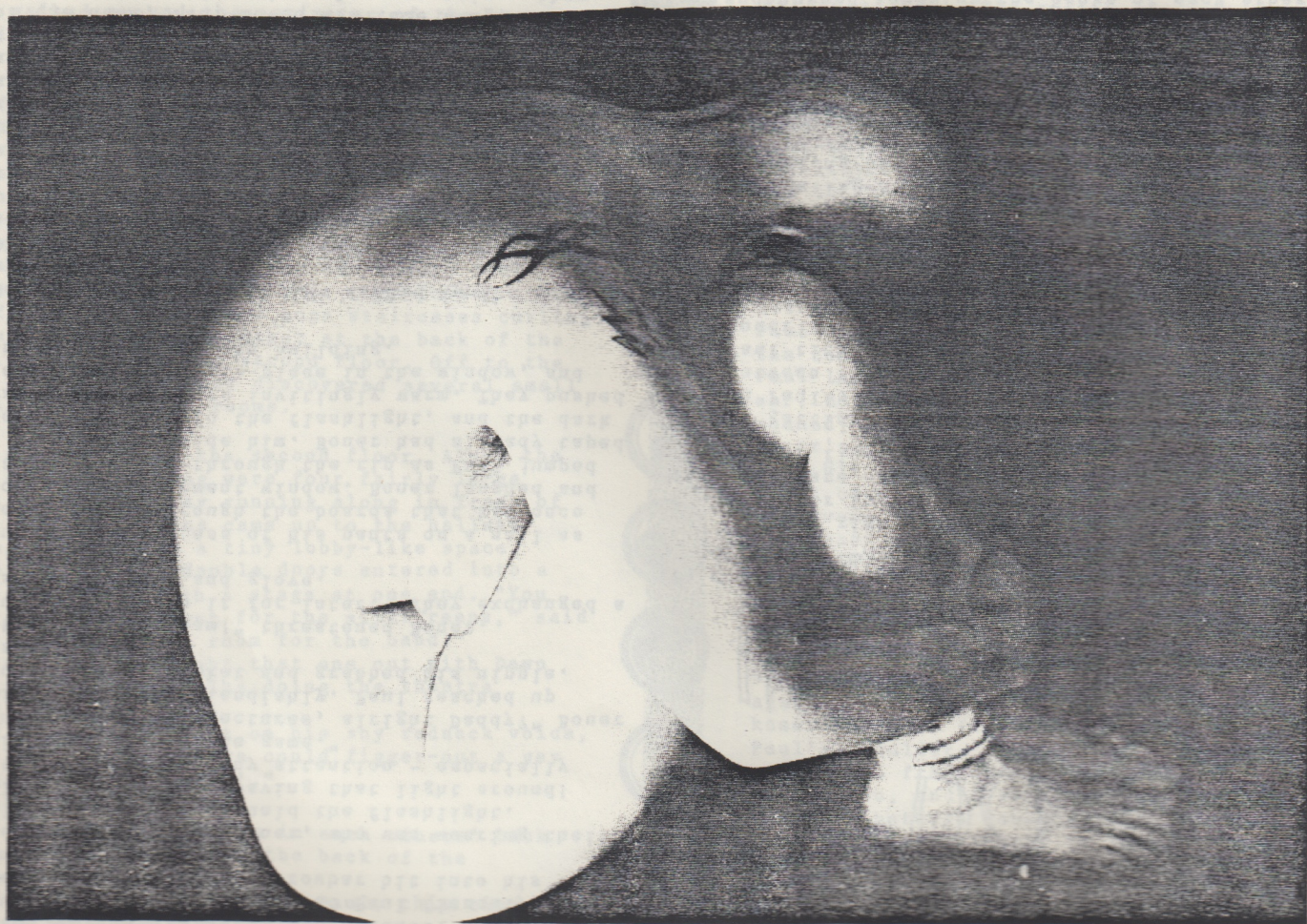


ROSE BALKS AT THEODORA'S HIGHLY UNORTHODOX SUGGESTION.



● bad attitude ● Spring, 1986

Box 110, Cambridge, Ma 02739.



*Photo by Suzanne C. Shepard*

The six inch spike squeaked annoyingly loud as it groaned its way out of the water-soaked two-by-four that was pounded into the window and frame of the old nurse's residence.

"Fucking winter," whispered Paul fiercely, as the cold metal of the crowbar bit into his hands.

"Let me try," said Boner, who was wearing their only glove while he held the flashlight.

"Alright. But stop waving that light around! Let's not attract any attention - especially this early on in the game."

"Enough with the lectures, alright Daddy?" Boner grinned at Paul fiendishly. Paul reached up under Boner's jacket and grabbed his nipple. Hard. Harder.

"Stop! I'll scream!" threatened Boner, squirming. "Save it for later." They exchanged a kiss, and tools and glove.

Paul ripped the ass of his pants on a nail as they climbed through the boards that had once secured the basement window. Boner laughed and put his fingers through the rip as Paul jumped to the floor beside him. Boner had already taped the blue filter to the flashlight, and the dark purple shadows were invitingly warm. They pushed the boards back into place in the window, and turned to explore the building.

"Hey, Boner," Paul's voice echoed in the dark, empty cement room.

"Shhhhhh," echoed Boner back. They were silent, and there were only the sounds of Boner's near-silent footsteps, and slow-dripping water on the far side of the room. Paul had found the bathroom, and as Boner approached with the light, they found the taps beneath the sink. As they turned them, dirty grey water came gushing into the basin. "Water works," said Boner, and they turned it off again. Paul stood up and they kissed. Boner licked Paul's chin and as he went for the nose, Paul moved his face away, and between grins and a tiny pleasure noise, they banged their teeth together. "Ouch," mumbled Boner, his mouth already full of Paul's tongue. Their mouths made sucking noises as Paul pulled away. "Sissy wimp," he said.

# BONER + PAUL DO IT IN THE SQUAT

"That's right, babe," said Boner, as he made a grab for the rip in Paul's pants. Within seconds they were on the ground, rolling on the dirty cement floor. By this time, Boner had succeeded

in getting one hand in the rip with a firm grip on Paul's ass, and was working his other hand between the top of Paul's jeans and his belly. Paul tickled. With both his hands full of Boner's ribs, they rolled again and banged into the side of the bathtub. Thrashing about in Paul's vice-grip, Boner crashed his elbow into the side of the tub, and a loud BONNNNGGGGGG accompanied his moans. Paul stopped tickling and they lay on top of each other, panting, Boner whimpering half-heartedly, slowing bending and unbending his arm.

"Sorry. Are you OK?" asked Paul, his lips buzzing softly against Boner's ear.

"Yeah, I'm OK. Just gotta catch my breath."

Boner grunted and pushed Paul up and off him as he rolled over and tried to get up. Paul got off, and pulled Boner up after him. They stood and hugged, arms up the backs of each other's shirts. "You smell good," said Paul.

"So do you. You always smell good when you've been rolling around in the dirt, sweating," Boner replied.

They smiled at each other, kissed, and Paul said, "Let's go. There's still the whole rest of the building to explore, and we still haven't found out if there's any hydro hooked up."

They walked around the perimeter of the basement fairly quickly as they saw that it was almost entirely one huge empty room, except for the bathroom. "Perfect for the band," said Boner. "Or for a silkscreen workshop," said Paul, both of them thinking of their own favorite activities, other than playing with each others' bodies and fucking. They held hands as they climbed up the stairs to the first floor. Light from the street lamps came in through the windows toward the ceiling. They weren't boarded up, being fifteen feet from the floor. Paul turned off the flashlight, as they looked around the front hall, with two huge staircases curling up and away from each other at the back of the hall, going up to the second floor. Off to the side of the foyer they discovered several small little office-sized rooms.

They climbed up to the second floor. Along the back of the building were four fairly large rooms with a hallway running along in front of them. The staircases came up to the hallway facing together in a tiny lobby-like space, where two sets of double doors entered into a huge auditorium with a stage at one end. "You can keep the basement for the silkscreens," said Boner, "this is the room for the band."

"You may have to fight that one out with Dawn and Labia and the folks doing the theatre stuff," reminded Paul.

Boner laughed, and put on his shy redneck voice, and said, "uh, maybe we could figger-out a way to share it or sunthin'."

"Shhhhh," warned Paul.

"Ope," said Boner. Hands in each others' back pockets, they walked to the back of the auditorium.

"Wow! Check it out!," said Paul, this time leaving Boner to say, "shhhhh."

"There's a kitchen! - gas stoves - no fridge though - tons of cupboards - do the sinks work?"



"Hang on while I find the faucets," said Boner, and the sound of water hitting stainless steel told Paul the answer.

"I'm going to try to turn on the lights - see if they work or not, so don't freak out if they come on - I'll turn 'em right off again," whispered Paul. The switch snapped into place, and the room stayed dark. Boner shone the flashlight up to confirm that there were lights in the sockets.

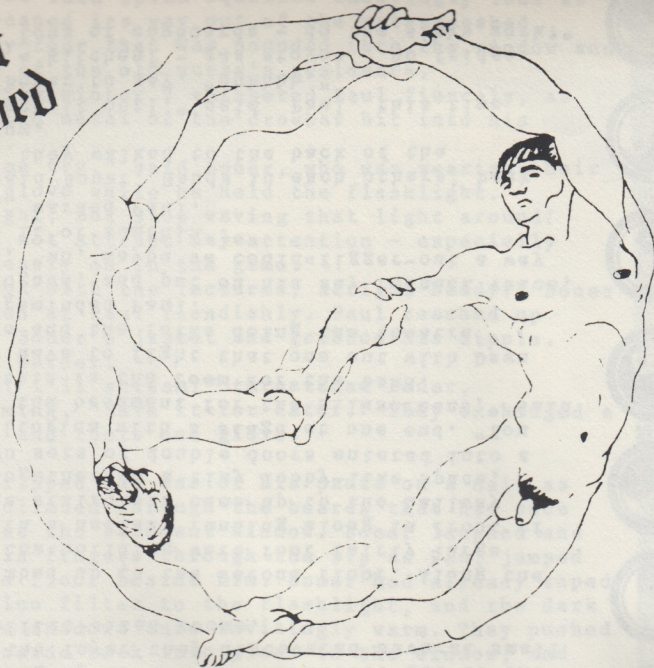
"Ick! Fluorescent lights! That'll have to all come down for sure."

"Let's find the fuse box for this place before you start tearing any wires down," said Paul.

"Ya think I'm stoopid or sumthin'?" asked Boner.

"No, I just worry that you might be careless in your excitement." Paul grabbed Boner by the ears and pulled his face towards his own. Their lips met and then their tongues. Boner licked between Paul's teeth and his lips, all the way around the top, and then all the way around the bottom. Paul laughed, and stuck his tongue in Boner's ear. Boner grabbed Paul by the crotch, and Paul moaned, his knees bending as his face sunk into Boner's chest. He began to caress Boner's thighs with his hands, as Boner put his hand down the front of Paul's jeans. Neither of them wore underwear anymore. It helped to get dressed and undressed quickly. Paul's knees began to shake as Boner's hand enclosed his balls. As Paul's hands moved from Boner's thighs to his crotch, he discovered an already hardening cock sticking out in front of Boner's pants. Paul slid his face down Boner's chest, until he was rubbing his nose, his chin, his cheeks, his whole face against Boner's cock. Boner moaned, and his knees began to tremble, as he was bent over Paul's shoulder, with his hand around his waste and in the front of his pants. Paul had a hard-on now too, and Boner squeezed it. Paul moved his head between Boner's legs, and stood up, holding Boner's thighs on either side of his face, Boner's feet in the air as he draped over Paul's back. Boner bit Paul's ass, and Paul bent over again to put Boner back on his feet. He pulled his head out from between his legs, grabbed Boner's hard cock through his pants, and lead him back out the kitchen door and into the auditorium.

Not  
Saved



Paul pulled Boner by his cock across the room and over to the stage, which was about four feet high. When they got to the edge of the stage, Paul turned around and grabbed Boner by the waist and picked him up and put him on the stage, sitting, knees bent, and feet dangling over. Paul shoved against Boner's chest, forcing him to lay back, and Paul undid the button at the top of Boner's jeans. As he started to undo the zipper, Boner started to sit up, and Paul pushed him back down, saying, "Lay still!" in as gruff a voice as he could manage. Boner laid back down, and Paul unzipped his pants. Boner's cock unfolded itself from the front of his pants, and sprang/flopped into Paul's waiting hand. Paul smiled, and kissed the tip, then licked all around the head, then kissed again.

He grabbed Boner's pants on either side and pulled them down to his knees, to his ankles. Boner kicked one foot out, and Paul bit the inside of his thigh, growling, "Lay still." Paul spit into his hand, and spread the thick saliva over the head of Boner's cock. Boner moaned out loud, and his cock jumped in Paul's hand, which moved all the way down the shaft, stretching the skin out, making Boner's cock jump some more. He leaned forward, and opened his mouth wide, barely touching Boner's cock at all until it hit the back of his throat. Then Paul closed his mouth, firmly wrapping his tongue around Boner's cock. Boner's mind did flip-flops at the intensity of the pleasure and the heat. As Paul began to move his mouth up and down on Boner's cock he also closed one hand around Boner's balls, and pulling on the whole sac, stretched them away from his cock, down toward the surface of the stage. Boner moaned aloud again, and Paul didn't stop him as he put his middle finger in his mouth, and then began to play with his asshole. With Paul's hot mouth on his cock, and his balls being played with, and his own finger up his ass, it wasn't very long before Boner was gasping, "oh, stop - stop - I'm going to come..." Paul laughed a sinister laugh, and sucked harder, taking Boner's cock far into his mouth and pulling more tightly on his balls. Boner moved his finger in more deeply and pushed his hips in the air. He moaned, and then cried out as he came in Paul's mouth. Paul moved both his arms around Boner's bare ass and held him lifted off the stage, his cock still held firmly and deeply in his mouth. Boner panted as he lay back. He turned his head, his sweaty cheek pressed against the cold wooden stage. Paul slowly lowered Boner's ass back down to the slightly damp, and already warmed wood, pulled his hands away, and gently dropped Boner's cock out of his mouth. Boner's eyes closed, and Paul grinned as he drooled silently into his hand and then grabbed Boner's cock and gave it a couple of quick strokes. Boner yelled and grabbed Paul's wrist. Paul wiggled his fingers, and Boner, seemingly near tears, pleaded with him to stop.

"OK," promised Paul, as he let go. "What are you gonna lie there all day with your cock sticking into the air? C'mon, get yourself dressed. Let's go." Boner sat up, smiling dreamily, and jumped down to the floor. As he bent over to put his pant leg back over his shoe, Paul slid his hand into the crack of Boner's ass, lightly fingering the still wet and slightly widened hole. Boner pushed against Paul's hand, staying bent over. Paul smacked him on the ass, saying, "come on, ya silly queen, get dressed."

"How can I if you won't leave your hands off my body?" asked Boner, smiling.

"Okay, I won't touch you any more," said Paul as he backed away from Boner, falling back and going into a roll, bouncing to his feet ten feet away. Boner pulled his pants up, and walked over to Paul. They kissed, and walked back to the hallway, arms around each other, hands in back pockets again. Boner took his hand out of Paul's pocket, and slipped it back into the rip. Paul twirled away, and opened the door to the hall, sweeping his hand along the floor as he bowed Boner through the door.

The staircase to the third floor was at one end of the hallway, and after looking around for a good while, they found that the third and fourth floor consisted of over thirty rooms, including two more operational bathrooms. They went back to the basement, eventually finding the fuse box, and saw that there were no fuses in it.

"We'll have to bring some when we bring the other's here tomorrow night," said Boner. "Even if we can only spend a few hours here before morning, if everyone shows up, we should be able to get the place pretty clean. As long as we're ready to open the doors in the morning..."

Paul let out a soft "Yahoo!" and Boner pulled him close. They pushed their hardening crotches together as they were necking, until Boner pulled away, and taking Paul by the hand, pulled him toward the window where they'd come in.

"C'mon, let's go home to bed."





Outrageous Women, PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143

1986

The Bad Daughter: Queer and Proud

I go out for lunch with the mum  
My nose still full of your smell  
Remembering as I toy with my salad  
Your fingers playing my bum like a xylophone

The mum looks solemn  
Says I'm not eating enough  
Asks if I'm happy  
Says without waiting for an answer  
- You know, I can't condone your lifestyle  
But you're still my daughter and I try to accept you

I stand up to tell her  
That yes, I'm happy  
That there isn't anything for her to condone  
What does condone mean anyway  
What does she mean by lifestyle  
- I love a woman, I'm a gay woman  
Be happy about it or don't  
I'm not your anything, I'm my own

- Don't talk so loud  
Do you want the whole restaurant to hear you

- Yes, I want the whole world to know about me and my love  
And I'll talk as loud as I want  
And I'm not going to get married  
And I'm not going to have babies  
You can be ashamed of me if you want  
That won't make me any less proud

- Sit down, eat your salad

I shake my head, grab my coat  
Come home to tell you the story  
We laugh and have sex again

# America's True Perverts





*Straight To Hell* does not advocate the overthrow of the American Government; Johnson and Nixon and Reagan have already taken care of that.

"Straight" males can be used for fun in bed but they are not worth talking to, their writing is not worth reading, their films not worth seeing, their attempts to give leadership in religion or psychiatry or any field are not to be followed, and they should not be allowed power in business or government because they have proved they cannot handle it. In their craving to express virility — in war, greed, violence, hate, corruption — they have ruined the most promising nation and made America a nation you can't trust. Inadequate use of their pricks has turned America into a nation of pricks.

Some are fun in bed, but only because their membership in the powerful sexual majority gives them a certain ease which is called "masculinity." But under their surface show of virility they are ipso facto, by being "straight," too timid to be of any real interest or value. Only men with balls dare to be different — to be homosexual, for example, or refuse to kill innocent Asians. The frightened ones do what Nixon or the church or somebody tells them to do. Historically, this has been, "Make war and money but don't make love."

Thus they are America's true perverts. Killing is the ultimate perversion and America has become history's greatest killer.

To value people by the value of their bank accounts is another perversion.

To use sex to express hate rather than love is another.

"Fag-baiting" is a sex substitute and sex additive, like sports, war, and displaying money. These are public displays of virility and conformity by men who need all the support from society they can get.

*Straight To Hell* will not take time to reason with fag-baiters. As an economy measure it will simply retaliate in kind.

— Boyd McDonald