

Salt Lake City, Utah

Issue 2

Q F M

Queer Fuckers Magazine



A DIFFERENT LIGHT
418-431-0001
300

Welcome to our new and much improved second issue of QUEER FUCKER'S MAGAZINE. Our first issue was rather newsy and (say it isn't so) conservative for the world of Queerzines. This issue we hope will be much closer to the Queer positive, sex positive, politics positive and activism positive zine we had originally envisioned.

There has been a great deal of discussion and debate lately in the community about "tastefulness" in Queer publications in Salt Lake (specifically the broad and ridiculous comparisons of the *Women's Community News Letter* and *The Bridge*) Well friends and neighbors if you're looking for a zine that you can display next to *the Ensign* so that your mommy won't have her delicate heterosexual sensibilities offended, you had better look elsewhere. If you are afraid of reading about sex, you had better put us down . TASTE IS ALL IN YOUR MOUTH !

Being Queer is about not buying into the restrictive and boring value systems that assholes like Jesse Helms and Joy Beech would have the world adhere to. An open attitude about sexuality, politics, and the broad and exciting world of Queers is important to those of us here at Queer Fuckers Magazine.

So fasten your seatbelts, turn the pages, and enjoy.



QUEER FUCKERS MAGAZINE
IS A PRODUCTION OF QUEER
NATION UTAH.

QUEER FUCKERS ARE:

- CURTIS JENSEN
EDITOR, PHOTOGRAPHER,
WRITER AND BITCHER
- DEVIN HANSON
ASSISTANT EDITOR
COMPUTER EXPERT
- ROCKY O'DONNAVON
BITING QUEER
COMMENTATOR AND
MORAL SUPPORT
- RENEE' RINALDI
CHIEF DYKE
CORRESPONDANT
- MATTHEW LANDIS
FLUFF AND CLASS
WHORE
- SCOTT SPIERS
WRITER, INPUT AND
SEX OBJECT
- JARED BROWN
"INVESTIGATIVE" REPORTS
- LAURA AND TONI
THE TOUGHEST DAMN
DYKES AROUND
- GARTH CHAMBERLAIN
BUDDING POET

"HOW CAN
YOU SAY
UTAH'S A
GREAT PLACE
FOR HOMO-
SEXUALS
WHEN IT'S
GOT SOME
OF THE BEST
HUNTIN' AND
FISHIN' AROUND"
- A HOMO-
PHOBE AT
THE NEIGH-
BOR FAIR





EDITORIAL COMMENT

I HEARD IT ON THE RADIO



Melia, Who are YOU!

Wednesday July 3 I had tuned into *Concerning Gays and Lesbians* formy midday midweek does of queer info and music. Imagine my surprise when instead of the usual queer positive energy, Iwas instead exposed to the mindless bantering of a homophobic alleged liberal "friend" of Provo's Queer community.

Now Utah County is never going to go down in history as the center of progressive Queer thought, but generally those fine cute boys down at the Legacy Foundation are radical (in a Utah County kind of way, hell being able to say the word Gay is radical for Provo) cool and pretty damn brave given the repressive atmosphere they live in.

Ah , but then there's Melia (sorry if I don't spell your name right dear, but you didn't spell it on the radio for me) . Melia seems to think that maybe all us silly little Queer boys are just a little bit paranoid, and that we exaggerate the extent to which our lives are impacted by homophobia. Melia thinks that she can provide us stupid little Queer boys with a valuable service, especially to the ones who are just coming

out. Seems Melia can tell us silly Queers that golly gee strait people have problems too you know. Us silly fags need to realize that all this belly aching about how rough our lifes are and how homophobia and homophobes make life difficult is just that : bellyaching.

Well friends and nieghbors, and especially you Provo boys, Melia is a class A homophobic bitch from hell. Her thoughtless bullshit denies the reality of our pain. How dare she come and tell queers that their experiences are simply paranoiac hysteria. She's a chief proponant of what she claims doesn't exist.

For a Heterosexual to come to a Queer support group and tell people who are just gaining the strength to deal with who they are that they are mis directed and confused about homophobia is unforgiveable! How dare she come with her heterosexual privelege and sit in judgement of our Queer realities.

BEWARE OF HOMOPHOBES BEARING ADVICE!



WE WOULD BE THRILLED TO HEAR WHAT YOU THINK OF QUEER FUCKERS. DROP US A NOTE OR GIVE US A CALL.

Q.F.M.

P.O. box 346

Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

(801)461-3313.

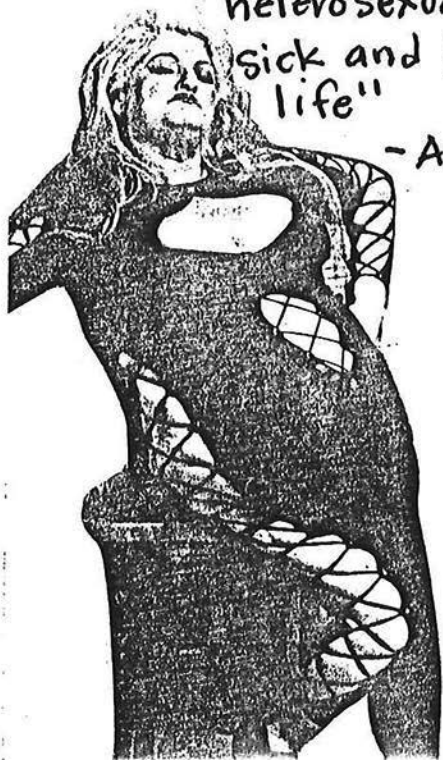
Q.A.M.P.

A horde of hand holding Queers perused the artist's booths, sampled foods from around the block, and grooved to the music of longtime Queer favorites the Saliva Sisters, at the Utah Arts Festival on June 27. The event is always packed to the gills with Queers but this year the strait festival goers knew we were there.

Join the pack of Q.A.M.P.ers this August at a month full of fun, excitement and Queer culture. Sunday August 4 is EMF and Pop Will Eat Itself at the State Fair Grounds, get a ticket and join us for an Unbelievable Queer time. If momo satire is more your style come on a Queer family night out at the *Farley Family Reunion* on Monday August 5 at the "historic"

Wheeler Farm. If the Classics are more your style then come to Tchaikovsky Night at Utah Symphony on August 16. Keep your eyes open for fliers announcing other Q.A.M.P. activities in September.

"The World of a heterosexual is a sick and boring life"
- Aunt Ida



THEY WANTED US TO ASSIMILATE
THEY SAID WE COULD HAVE OUR RIGHTS IF WE WERE GOOD LITTLE FAGS



THRILL AND CHILL AS OUR QUEER HEROES FEND OFF ATTACK FROM THE DREADED TOADSHIT

THEY HAD A...

Fear of a



Queer Planet

Fear of a Queer Planet is specifically dedicated to lobbying Amnesty International to include sexual orientation as a protected category of prisoners of conscience.

Wednesday July 17 six members of Fear of a Queer Planet attended the monthly meeting of the Utah chapter of AI. We spoke of our concerns that sexual orientation had not been added to the AI Charter. The group was generally enthusiastic about our presentation and in it's support of our request, and assured us that they were committed to the idea.

But then there was Toad Shit. From the depths of a chair came the mindless croaking of a homophobe known only to Queer Nationalists as Toad Shit. He told us that the American Psychiatric Association said that we were sick and as far as he was concerned we should all just go see a counselor. He also claimed that because homosexuality is against the law in many areas and because it is such an emotional issue, that he felt that A I would not be able to address this issue at this time. Golly Gee did we feel stupid, we had always thought that AI was about defending human rights in cases were individuals rights are trounced by bad law and by stigmatizing controversial and emotionally charged issues and those who practise them.

Despite TS the group committed itself to writing a letter to both the national and international offices, and also promised that regardless of the out come or it's "official" stature that the Salt Lake members would be willing to write letters and lobby on behalf of Queer prisoners of conscience.

Camp! Out!

What do you do when you wake up on the wrong side of your sleeping bag, breathing the fragrant aromas of pine, sage, and deer shit, and discover that the campsite you set up in the black of night the evening before isn't quite queer enough? Well, go shopping of course!

A dozen queers found themselves in just such a situation July 13th at the Community Campout. So it was off to Price, Utah for a Queer visibility action and a shopping trip for just the right Queer regalia to furnish our campground. Price will never be the same again.

K-Mart, that bastion of white trash fashion and discount party supplies became the unwitting site of the visibility action. Queers hit the jewelry counter and bought mood rings, beads, medallions, and some very popular baroque whistles on black chords. The party supply department provided pink crepe paper, pink balloons, and a rainbow pinata, while plastic pink flamingos and a hot pink wading pool from yard fixtures added the final touches to the Queer shopping spree. The patrons and employees were flabbergasted and had great difficulty picking their jaws back off the

floor. One sales clerk, Jeremy, was very friendly and was invited to come up to the campground after work. As a final outreach to the public of Price, Queer nationalists gave several dollars worth of quarters to a young girl who wanted to use the vending machines but, sadly, had no cash.

After a pit stop at Wendy's for Frosties and the use of the facilities the Queers headed back to the campout with their pool precariously balanced on the roof of the car and set up the camp. The new, fabulously queer campsite was admired by all, featuring spacious tents (full of orgiastic possibilities), Club Men and Club Dyke(Labialand,) and complete with our patron goddess, Judy Garland in her brand new Queer Nation T-shirt and shorts.

The campers also provided a breakfast fund raiser of Queer(pan)cakes on Sunday morning. Nothing hits the spot like several lumpy, lukewarm Krusteaz pancakes doused in thin maple syrup (guaranteed to leave a nasty aftertaste in your mouth for hours.) MMM MMM GOOD!



San Francisco!

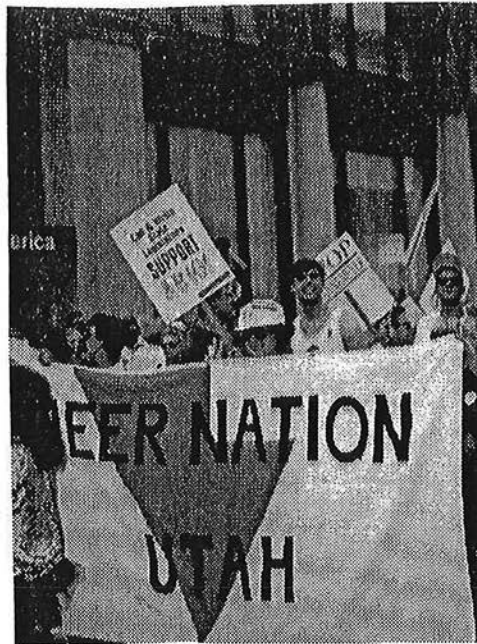
It was a media whore's dream. As part of our excitement packed weekend to San Francisco, QN Utah marched in the Freedom Day/Pride day parade. On a beautiful 69 degree Sunday morning with banner in hand, t-shirts on, and Judy leading the way, we set out to link up with QN San Francisco. Being the radical group they are, QN joined the parade wherever they damn-well pleased, which made things difficult for us, being the out-of-towners. We did run into Glenda the good witch, though, and Judy had a reunion pic..

We finally found them in "slot" 24, their original slot being somewhere in the 200s. As it was, QN Utah made up a larger contingent than QNSF. Some members of QNSF were off dying-in elsewhere in the parade. We on the other hand thought we'd get more attention if we all stayed together. We followed the End-up clubs float, including the Club Uranus kids in their revealing go-go garb and jocks. This diversion helped to get us through the two hours. Even radical queers with a mission need to have a way to release all that sexual tension we build up because we're too busy fighting the system, so the closet queers can come out, so we can find someone to date who doesn't know us already, and who isn't afraid of us. But back to the parade.

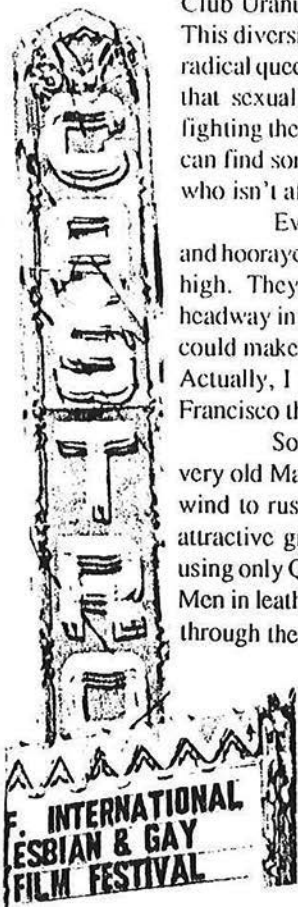
Everyone fell madly in love with us. They cheered and hoorayed as we passed by with our banners and chins held high. They were so proud to see us Utahns trying to make headway in a state fraught with repression by religion. If we could make it there, they knew we could make it anywhere. Actually, I think there are more native gay Utahns in San Francisco then there are in Utah...surprise.

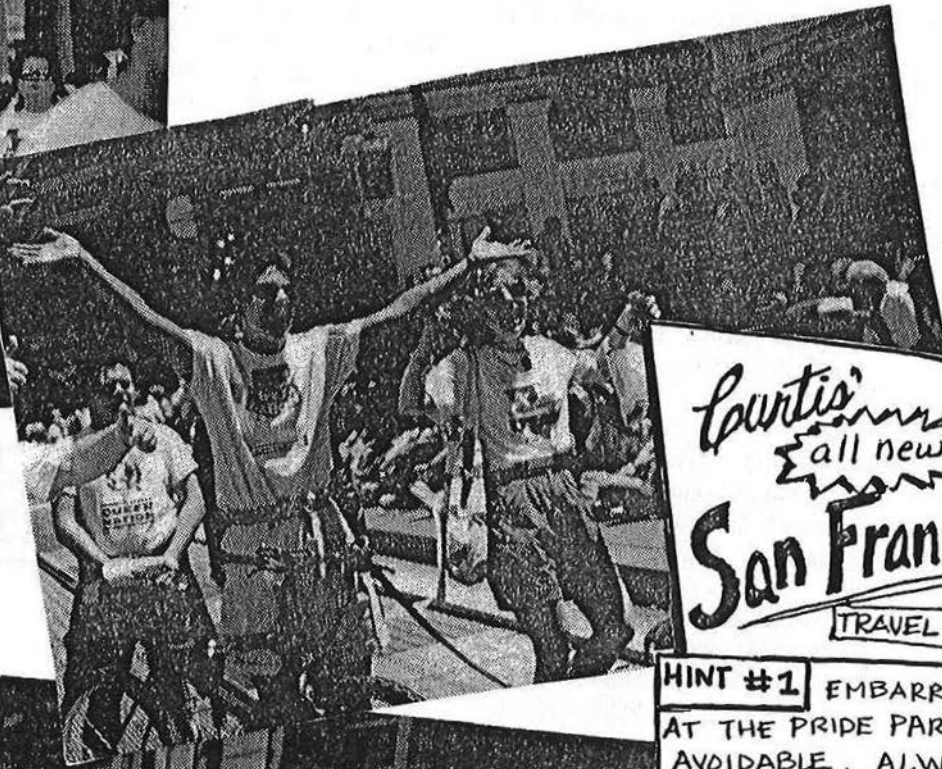
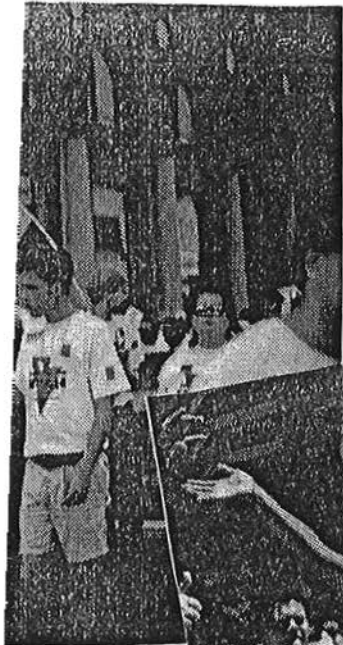
So, exciting things along the parade route: A very, very old Marilyn Monroe standing over a grate awaiting the wind to rush up her skirt; The Dykes from Hell were an attractive group; Drag queens on roller blades; Lesbians using only QN stickers to cover their nipples—how exciting; Men in leather jocks, and one boy in particular who disrobed through the course of the parade.

I'd tell you more of the parade, but whoring takes a lot out of a queer. We were so beat after the route, we just left to find liquid. It did go on for another 4 hours. It was worth the sweat and grind, though. We were shown on San Francisco's channel 4 news. The media saw us—our dream was captured.



FUCKING TOURISTS!

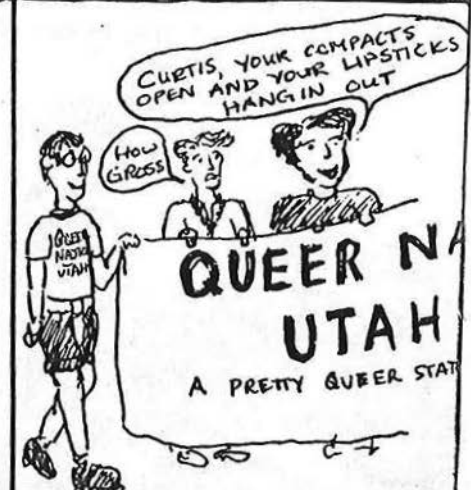




Curtis' all new **San Francisco** TRAVEL HINTS

100% QUEER

HINT #1 EMBARRASSMENT AT THE PRIDE PARADE IS AVOIDABLE, ALWAYS CHECK YOUR FLY BEFOREHAND



Pink Tuesday

As Salt Lakes's Downtown filled with momo families setting up camp and claiming their reviewing areas for the Days of 47 Parade, Queer Nation Utah was taking back the Queer corner of 3rd south and Main Street as Queer safe space for the evening.

A Queer Street Theatre presentation protesting the colonization of Quicer (male and Female) bodies , sexualities and energies was performed to a mostly strait momo audience. The play in three acts portrayed the various colonizations and violent acts that have been perpetrated on the Queer community by the Mormon church since the 1840Act I featured Brigham Young and two of his various wives . The Wives are beaten by danites at Brighams command after they are caught in a moment of queer passion. This after he has performed a same sex union on two men for "spiritual" purposes.

Act II portrayed a happless BYU student who has been forced into "repairitive" clecuric shock therapy at the hands of the evil Dr. Cannon-Smith-Young.

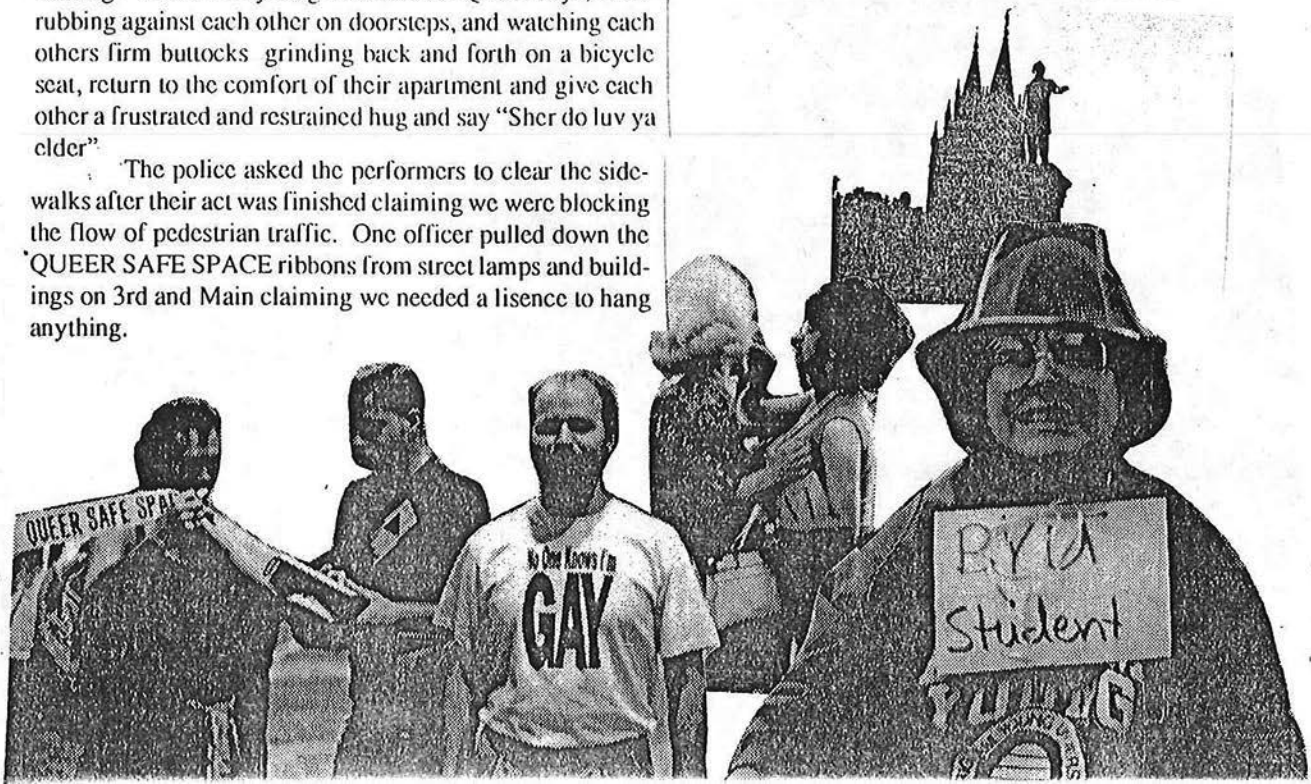
Act III had everyones momo favorites : two post modern, gender fucking elders fresh from a hard day of tracting. These fine young red blooded Queer boys, after rubbing against each other on doorsteps, and watching each others firm buttocks grinding back and forth on a bicycle seat, return to the comfort of their apartment and give each other a frustrated and restrained hug and say "Sher do luv ya elder"

The police asked the performers to clear the sidewalks after their act was finished claiming we were blocking the flow of pedestrian traffic. One officer pulled down the QUEER SAFE SPACE ribbons from street lamps and buildings on 3rd and Main claiming we needed a lisencc to hang anything.

To take back the night for Queers ,the street performers and a dozen or so Queer audience members marched up and down Main street past the camped out families.

Visibility was enforced by coverage from Channel 2 which ran it as their headline story for the evening. The commentator said that some people (those wacky Queers) didn't go downtown to campout. Thats right we went to CAMP OUT.

**UTAH
THIS IS
THE PLACE
FOR QUEERS!**





We Didn't Rain on Their Parade or, Queer Balloons Were Hit at Days-O-'47

Despite initial fears of negative reactions by parents to Queer Nation handing out festive lavender and pink balloons that proudly had written on them "Utah - A Great for Queers", both the morning balloon action at the parade and the evening balloon action at the Neighborhood Fair were a big hit amongst the parents and their kiddies. At both actions, 300 balloons were given out in a matter of minutes. Parents, reading the balloons, scratched their heads and then handed them out to the little kidsters, like Queer balloons were as common as cornbread. Some parents even paid us for them! However, we did get a couple of bizarre reactions. One rather drunk father graciously asked us, "How can Utah be such a great for homosexuality when it's got some of the best huntin' and fishin' around!?" How do you respond to that one? We all just fell and the ground and laughed for a bit.

Michael Cunningham, a free-lance reporter, flew all the way from New York City, to attend our balloon actions and interview all us Queer Girls and Boys for an article that he's doing for the leftist labor mag, Mother Jones, on Queer Nation. Michael, a 6'2", 38 year-old beau-hunkin' Homo, was a decc*lite to have around for a day. In between balloon actions, we bravely took him on a tour of temple squaresville, risking arrest because of our recent other escapades at that holy place. He especially loved "Christ on Ice" and the Book O' MoMo Pan-O-Ramas. We will miss you dearly, you lovely Queer Boy. Don't forget to write about the green jell-O, with strips of carrots and marshmallows being the State Food!

Po/Mo Momo Homos

The Patriarchal Grip and the Mormon Colonization of Queer Bodies/Energies

"Health in the Navel, Marrow in the Bones, Strength in the Loins and in the Sinews. Power in the Priesthood be upon Me and on My Posterity through All Generations of Time and Throughout Eternity"

The first time I heard those words, I was a 19 year old boy standing at the veil in the Salt Lake temple (cross)dressed(!) in (tres femme) slippers, robes, sash (tied in a huge bow!), apron and bonnet, with a man's cock planted firmly in my right hip, his one arm embracing me, his free hand slowly, carefully spoke these words to me, forcing me to pledge (of all cotra-dick-tory-things!) Divine Eternal Heterosexuality ("upon my posterity through all generations of time"). Yes, we were fully clothed (in feminine clothes that still retained feminine names, of course) and yes, there was a thin veil separating us, but we still performed an obvious act of pseudo-Homosexual intimacy as an initiatory rite that is as old as widespread as humanity.

In almost every cutler and every era, older men have taken young boys through similar rites to introduce them into the Community of Men. In new Guinea, boys about to become men ritually suck the Cocks of all the older men in the village for days or weeks. The ancient Greeks paired 30 to 40 year old men with barely post-pubescent boys (14 to 19) for education, training, sparing, and lots of Queer Sex. Our modern American system of education is based up this ancient system of Queer Pederasty.

In mormonism, 14 year old boys are paired up with older men to do "home teaching" (another form of Queer Pederastic education?). 19 year old me approach a veil where they embrace an older man (who plays Elo-Him) in a very sexual embrace, to be initiated into the mormon patriarchy (which is why the handshake they do at that moment is called the Patriarchal Grip). The young man then spends the next two years of his life in intimate, scam-sex relationships with other initiated men his age in the mission field, feeding off of the Queer energy, using it to perform miraculous feats of language comprehension (the Gift of Tongues, it's Queerly called!) and conversion.

Young women (usually at least 21 years old) who must go through a similar though different rite (heterosexuality, not homosexually embracing Elo-Him), are not initiated into the Community of Men, but instead, dressed as brides (slippers, dress, robes, sash, apron, and veil covering the head), are initiated into a life-time of appendancy: serving, obeying, feeding, cleaning up and nurturing the patriarchy from the Outside and never quite a part of it. Only womyn who go on mission get to colonize Queer energies for one and a half years (mormons think that womyn are too weak to do "it" for any longer, like the men).

From the age of 12 until death, mormons constantly colonize Queer bodies and Queer energies to make their system work. They capitalize on and exploit the dynamics of Homo-Social, Homo-Spiritual, Homo-Psychic, Homo-Emotional, and Homo-Physical relationships, but always there is that thin veil separating the person (especially the man) from entering into a Homo-Sexual experience. Such ambiguous messages (distinguished only by that translucent veil); such violent colonization of Queer energies and Queer bodies leads only to the destruction of the colonized Queer.

So stand your ground/body/energy- Don't give it up to the Homo-Phobic, Homo-Hating Mormons! They will die on the vine without your Queer Energy that they have been exploiting, tapping, using, abusing for 150 years!

Brought to you by: Po/Mo MoMo Homos (AKA Post/Modern (Ex)Mormon Homosexuals)

"Quod sumus est crimen, si crimen sit quod amamus.

Qui dedit esse deus praestat amare mihi."

"What we are is a crime, if it is a crime to love.

For this god who made me live, made me love."

- Baudri of Bourgueil, Queer Archbishop of Dol, France (1046-1130)

I Hate Heterosexism

I have friends. Some of them are straight.

Year after year, I see my straight friends. I want to see them, to see how they are doing, to add newness to our long and complicated histories, to experience some continuity.

Year after year I continue to realize that the facts of my life are irrelevant to them and that I am only half listened to, that I am an appendage to the doings of a greater world, a world of power and privilege, of the laws of installation, a world of exclusion. "That's not true," argue my straight friends. There is the one certainty in the politics of power: those left out of it beg for inclusion, while the insiders claim that they already are. Men do it to women, whites do it to blacks, and everyone does it to queers.

The main dividing line, both conscious and unconscious, is procreation\dots\ and that magic word — Family. Frequently, the ones we are born into disown us when they find out who we really are, and to make matters worse, we are prevented from having our own. We are punished, insulted, cut off, and treated like seditionaries in terms of child rearing, both damned if we try and damned if we abstain. It's as if the propagation of the species is such a fragile directive that without enforcing it as if it were an agenda, humankind would melt back into the primeval ooze.

I hate having to convince straight people that lesbians and gays live in a war zone, that we're surrounded by bomb blasts only we seem to hear, that our bodies and souls are heaped high, dead from fright or bashed or raped, dying of grief or disease, stripped of our personhood.

I hate straight people who can't listen to queer anger without saying "hey, all straight people aren't like that. I'm straight too, you know," as if their egos don't get enough stroking or protection in this arrogant, heterosexist world. Why must we take care of them, in the midst of our just anger brought on by their fucked up society?! Why add the reassurance of "Of course, I don't mean you. You don't act that way." Let them figure out for themselves whether they deserve to be included in our anger.

But of course that would mean listening to our anger, which they almost never do. They deflect it, by saying "I'm not like that" or "Now look who's generalizing" or "You'll catch more flies with honey\dots" or "If you focus on the negative you just give out more power" or "you're not the only one in the world who's suffering." They say "Don't yell at me, I'm on your side" or "I think you're overreacting" or "BOY, YOU'RE BITTER."

They've taught us that good queers don't get mad. They've taught us so well that we not only hide our anger from them, we hide it from each other. WE EVEN HIDE IT FROM OURSELVES. We hide it with substance abuse and suicide and overachieving in the hope of proving our worth. They bash us and stab us and shoot us and bomb us in ever increasing numbers and still we freak out when angry queers carry banners or signs that say BASH BACK. For the last decade they let us die in droves and still we thank President Bush for planting a fucking tree, applaud him for likening PWAs to car accident victims who refuse to wear seatbelts. LET YOURSELF BE ANGRY. Let yourself be angry that the price of our visibility is the constant threat of violence, anti-queer violence to which practically every segment of this society contributes. Let yourself feel angry that THERE

IS NO PLACE IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE WE ARE SAFE, no place where we are not targeted for hatred and attack, the self-hatred, the suicide of the closet. The next time some straight person comes down on you for being angry, tell them that until things change, you don't need any more evidence that the world turns at your expense. You don't need to see only hetero couple grocery shopping on your TV\dots\ You don't want any more baby pictures shoved in your face until you can have or keep your own. No more weddings, showers, anniversaries, please, unless they are our own brothers and sisters celebrating. And tell them not to dismiss you by saying "You have rights," "You have privileges," "You're overreacting," or "You have a victim's mentality." Tell them "GO AWAY FROM ME, until YOU can change." Go away and try on a world without the brave, strong queers that are its backbone, that are its guts and brains and souls. Go tell them go away until they have spent a month walking hand in hand in public with someone of the same sex. After they survive that, then you'll hear what they have to say about queer anger.

Otherwise, tell them to shut up and listen.

Salt Lake Pride!



The day went without a hitch until the skinheads showed up, and can you believe it, they didn't even buy one popsicle! I don't think that we should invite them next year!





HOW CAN YOU BE AS QUEER AS A THREE DOLLAR BILL?

Join Queer Nation

Utah on one of these *visibility*

ACTIONS

AUGUST: 3 Park City Arts Festival

4 ~~~~ Waterski and Sunbathe at Pineview Reservoir



and then EMF and Pop Will Eat Itself provide Q.A.M.P. with a night of "unbelievable" queer entertainment.



PACKED

SATURDAY THE 1
15 TH
4:30
and the
fee
aro

SUNDAY August 25 m
me
40
car

on the 5th Q.A.M.P. is back again at the Wheeler Farm for a faaamily night production of:



SATURDAY AUGUST

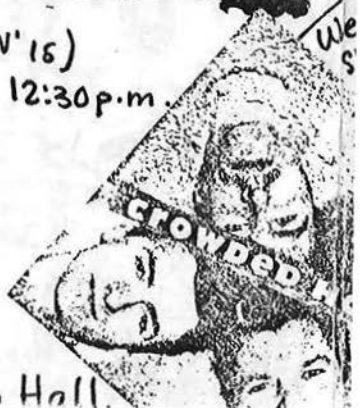
W@S.H.O.P.

at the revolting VALLEY FAIR MALL (IF THIS AINT WHITE TRASH NOTHIN' IS) meet at the Mall entrance to J.C. Penney 12:30 p.m.



For the more *classical* minded Queer:

FRIDAY AUG. 16TH IS Q.A.M.P. night at the Tchaikovsky Salute at Symphonia Hall.



S.H.O.P. strikes
 again: TROLLEY SQUARE
 is weeks unwitting site.
 at the amphitheatre
 in a queer
 list at ~
 and 7:00



THURSDAY AUGUST 29

ANDREW DICE ASSHOLE
 (OH I'M SORRY) CLAY is in
 concert JOIN IN A
 PROTEST against this
 homophobe! call the
 Queer Line for more
 details: (801) 461-3313

WHAT A
 FUCKFACE



is Queer Day
 at Lagoon
 at 11:00 a.m.
 1200 E. to
 pool (\$14.75)

JUST FOR FUN COME TO CURTIS' 25TH
 BIRTHDAY BASH ON FRIDAY
 AUGUST 30TH

SEPTEMBER 6 come to a queer bowl-a-rama
 10:30 p.m. at EL RANCHO LANES



SATURDAY SEPT 7 S.H.O.P.

at the Layton Hills
 Mall. Meet at 40 S. 1200E
 at 3:00 p.m. for carpool
 after S.H.O.P.ing We will stuff
 our faces at the ~

the
Olive Garden



Thurs. the
 12th dance, dance, dance
 as the Queers go to CLUB DV8
 meet at 100 So. West Temple at 10:00 p.m.
 (Sorry, 21 and over only)

WEDNESDAY
 11 IT'S
 A.M.P. AT
 THE
 CROWDED
 HOUSE
 CONCERT

WED THE QUEER SCOUTS ZAPS
 18th THE BOY SCOUTS OF
 AMERICA call for details

SATURDAY SEPT 28
 IT'S OFF TO LA-LA LAND.
 PROVO'S OWN PALACE PLAYS HOST
 TO QUEER NIGHT OUT



FOR FURTHER DETAILS
 GIVE US A JINGLE
 (801) 461-3313

DON'T FORGET OUR
 WEEKLY MEETINGS
 TUESDAYS AT 7:00 p.m.
 call for location

NA NA HEY HEY, KISS HIM GOODBYE



Steam was riding high at the top of the charts when the world was given one of its finest and most enigmatic Queers. Matthew Landis has gone to Zwibrucken Germany to spread his unique Queer energy on the continent, but on his last night in Salt Lake we forced him to submit to this, our first interview.

CURTIS: Well here we are under the stars on Matt's last night in Salt Lake City. How do you feel about leaving?

MATT: It's giving me gas. I don't know. I don't know, it's really weird. I've never... My life is beginning. It's freaking me out.

C: Your life is freaking you out?

M: Well it's not safe, you know, I have no safety net. Well sort of I do, but I don't have a job, I'm not going to school or anything, I'm just going to find my way in the world. That's how I feel... Scared, happy.

C: What are you looking forward to?

M: I'm looking forward to... um...the mystery I guess, the... I don't know, just the adventure of life. I don't know, just an adventure.

JARED: Do you have any plans beyond adventuring.

M: No. I mean, I don't know.

C: What about sex? I mean you are the class whore.

M: Yeah, but I can find sex anywhere. I'm looking forward to the different types of men and the different penises and stuff, I don't know. Sex is wonderful everywhere. I've had a lot of good sex in Salt Lake.

J: What positions haven't you been in that you would like to be in?

M: Positions I haven't been in?

J: Positions or situations.

M: I've never...Hmmm. This is really revealing. I've done all the safe things that everyone else has done, but there are other things I want to try. Umm, I don't know. I've never actually rimmed anyone. I've come close but I've never done that. And it would be fun, in like a shower when you're really clean. Your phone is ringing.

C: Well let's see, where were we? I think you were rimming someone.

M: I was just telling Jared how...

J: you hate the world.

M: I hate slimy people.

C: You hate what?

M: Slimy people. I mean I love humanity, but there are so many pricks out there.

J: Give us some examples of slimy people.

C: Like who?

M: In Utah, People I know personally?

C: How did we go from rimming to slimy people?

M: I'm not going to tell you who I think is slimy.

J: How about people in power.

M: People in power? Anyone who's republican, especially republican Queers. I think they're slime. Umm... who else is slime? That pretty much takes care of quite a few people, that covers the gamut.

C: What was your favorite T.V. show in the 70's. I need to get to the real you, the meat and potatoes.

M: The show that I always wanted to watch, but never got to, because my stepfather didn't like it... I desperately wanted to watch Laverne and Shirley.

C: You weren't allowed to watch Laverne and Shirley?

J: Why weren't you allowed to watch it?

C: WHAT! HE THOUGHT IT WAS ST

M: But then they would watch things like the Dukes of Hazard... well this is moving in Matt Houston was always on, but never Laverne I really liked Laverne, Cindy Williams could I really liked Laverne.

J: Because you knew she was a dyke.

M: She had character and she was kind of was. She wore that L. on her blouse.

C: She never had a successful date.

M: She was great.

J: If Madonna wasn't around....

M: I can't even imagine, don't talk like that could never have been a world without Madonna.

J: You would have gone from Duran Duran

M: I didn't really ever worship... I was no

J: I know but Duran Duran...

M: I've never been that faithful or interested. I mean no one else has ever, you know, do

J: Do you feel a spiritual kinship with her?

C: Gag

M: Of course! We're buds, we're best friends all the time.

C: Oh right. Oh by the way I forgot to message earlier.



JPID?! M: I thought so God Dammit!

e Loveboat and J: She wanted to see you before you left.

o the early 80's, M: Thanks alot. She's going to come live with me.

rne and Shirley, C: Right. In Zwibrucken?

d have died, but M: Well she won't come to Salt Lake.

Queer. Well she C: How come?

M: I wrote it in my article. READ MY ARTICLE!

J: Are you going to continue your articles?

C: Yeah. The continental Queer perhaps?

M: I'll still write from Germany for QFM, and I'll probably write publishable letters.

J: So who in Salt Lake would you like to do that you haven't?

M: Well there's the #1 person that I want to have sex with more than anyone else. His name is Craig and he's totally beautiful.

C: The guy with the jet black hair.

M: He wears earrings and has a tatoo, has dark hair...

J: Oh.. Is it that the...

C: You know the one.

M: and he's totally hot. Totally.

C: And way off limits.

M: Totally beautiful. Hopefully he'll get a copy of this and write me a letter saying he wants to fuck me too.

J: Well it will be very safe. You'll be thousands of miles away from each other.

C: the safest sex you've ever had.

M: Great!

J: What embarrasses you sexually ?

C: Is there anything that embarrasses you sexually?

M: When people say things to me that I would say to them.

J: Sexual things ?

M: Yeah, it really takes me off guard.

C: Like what?

M: I mean I'm a really heavy flirt, and I say really nasty things just to like, embarrass people, and to get their vulnerabilities up or down or whatever.

When people do the same to me it freaks me out. Like they'll just tell me right out that they want to fuck me, or they will play my little sexual mind games back. I'm not used to that. I'm not used to a formidable player of my game.

J: Do you like to be dominated or to dominate/

M: It depends on the person I'm with. I mean I'm really attracted to older men, I think that 28-35 is the prime age. I'm looking forward to being in that age group. But I date alot of people who are really young and fresh and virginal.

C: What a Bore!

M: My sexual partners from... let's see, I was about 11 at the time, have been anywhere from 9-40.

J: What do you think about what the people said tonight on third and Main?

That being Gay was on the inside and you shouldn't show it.

M: I just think they're dinks. No I feel... I don't want to say I feel sorry for them, but I think that their whole life, I see in their eyes a really boring wasted life. Usually I don't see them pulling themselves out of it. I see them going on to other things, but never being really happy with who they are. I think it's sad. I mean with the really bitchy ones it's just pathetic, because they think that...they mask their insecurities, and idiocy with bitchy snappy fingers.

C: As they swish their way down the streets.

M: In total drag.

C: Yea in drag, but oh no, gay's inside and we shouldn't show it.

M: I don't get why anyone in drag who's that far to the extreme, you know who's out there and obviously queer, why they would have a hard time with people who want to be queer and want to be queer in other ways or express their queerness.

J: Do you think that they are ashamed of being queer and that this prevents them from being fabulous ?

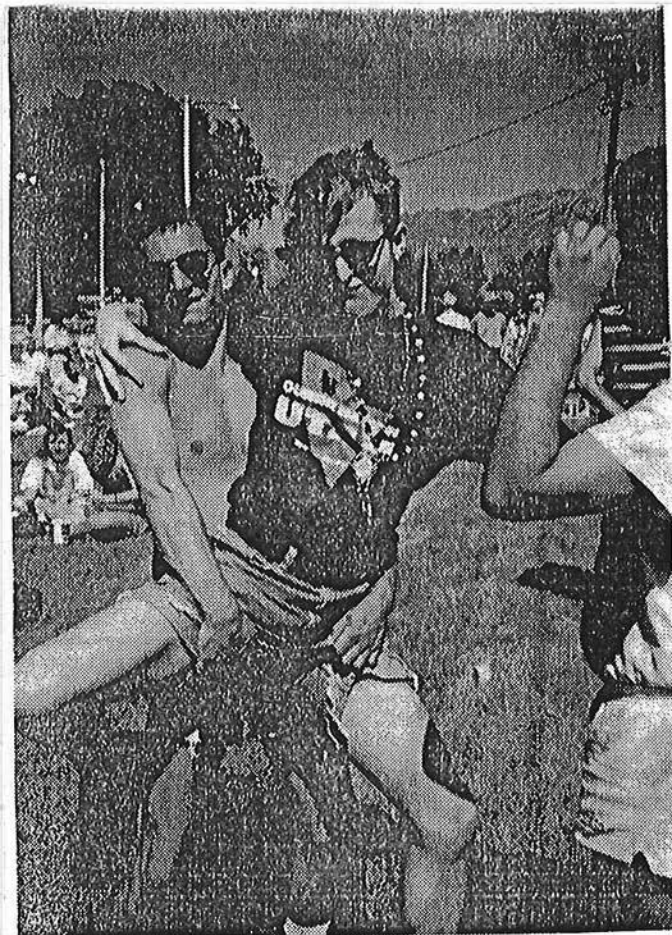
M: I think so. I think that they think they're fabulous but they know that I'm more fab than they are.

J: Do you think they are jealous of you?

M: Of course they are.

J: That was a rhetorical question. What's the difference between being in Grantsville and now?





M: I was really neutered then probably. I mean I was queer outside of school and things, but I was a politician. I was a fun guy, but... I'm happier now, and I'm more relaxed than I was then. I think I was a bundle of sexual energy that was looking for an outlet to... now I'm doing what I really want to do. Although I must say I liked the power and influence I had. That kept me going for awhile.

C: How do you feel about doing drag? About being a former Lovebird?

M: Well full drag, that wasn't really me. I enjoyed it the first time' it was really fun. The second time I really, really hated it. The third time it was Halloween, and everyone was in drag, but I was a white trash trailer park bitch, which was more my personae if I were... probably you know total Miss Scungy Cigarette tailor park whore. Which if I lived in West Valley and was a woman I would probably be like, but I prefer androgyny. Sort of half drag. That's more me, because I can be Matthew and wear lipstick and whatever and still be who I am and just express myself differently without having to change names.

C: Do you ever feel bad about... when people laugh and call you the class whore? Because you're famous for your open sexuality?

M: I worried about it for a long time. I think the main reason I worried about it is I was scared I'd never get a date. Everyone would think I was a whore. I thought it would pretty much cut my chances down, because people have sex with each other. A lot of people have as much sex as I do and just aren't open about it. They are more in the closet as far as their sex lives are concerned, and even if someone is having the same amount of sex as the person being called whore, they won't have sex with this person. Or they won't date them or talk to them. But then...I don't know... the last year... that's who I am and I haven't felt bad about it at all. I think people know who I am, and they like me. Everyone in Salt Lake is pretty much too chicken shit to go up to someone so I think they appreciate... some people can appreciate me.

C: You alleviate the sexual boredom that is Salt lake City.

M: Well I try in my own little way.

J: So do you think you are more sexual than other people, or do you think they are just not open about it?

C: Didn't he just say that?

M: Mmmm... I think... well I think I'm more sexual than some people, but alot of people who seem less sexual are probably more sexual than me, and I think that alot of people have a real fucked-up idea about sex, and people who act all prissy, especially about things like anal sex, especially around here, you think they've been fucked, and you know they want to get fucked, alot of times, maybe not everyone, but it's just... a room full of liars.

J: What would you do if there was no Madonna and no sex?

M: I'd be a nun... No Madonna and no sex... I'd probably be a politician. I'd be a young democrat, poor things.

J: Are you an essentialist or a constructionist?

M: You're an asshole. I'm...Matthew... little ole me.

C: How does it make you feel when people say you're a clone?

M: A clone, it's usually' the people who call me clone are clones themselves. They are not, um... I don't see myself as a clone I mean, I like the clothes I wear, I like the things I say, I like who I am. A lot of times people who say that to me are people who are conforming to another lifestyle. Like a gay yuppie, or a radical faerie, they're all cloning themselves. We've talked about this before, everything's been done and done. You have to be original in your own way. The clothes you wear aren't going to do it, you'll just end up looking like an idiot.

J: What frightens you?

M: A group of boys...

C: A group of boys frightens you?

M: Strait boys in a mall, or on the street especially when I'm alone.

C: Heavy metal pookaziod kids.

M: No they don't bother me as much as regular all American boys, or people that travel in gangs, that frightens me and mall bangs frighten me too.

C: The dreaded claw.

J: What's the most frightening act of aggression against homosexuality you've ever been exposed to?

M: Haven't really had that many bad experiences. I've been called names before. I've never really seen outright violence, I've been really lucky. When we're doing Queer Nation actions or when we're walking down Main Street for visibility and someone says, "Oh you fucking queers!" it's like ya duh! That's who we are and that's what we're saying. But that doesn't bother me they're just being idiots.

E: What's something you have never told anyone?

C: Are there any great secrets you should like to reveal to our readers?

M: I just discovered the last great secret about myself and told it to someone a couple of weeks ago. I can't stand to have the space between my toes wet. When I get out of the shower one of the first things I do is dry off the space between my toes, because I hate it!

A QUEER UTAH HISTORY MOMENT...

BRIGHAM MORRIS YOUNG
the son of the big Brig,
was a DRAG QUEEN!

His/her performances
of opera arias as
Madame Pattirini
were all the rage
at ward socials
of the 1880's
aint he
perty



**The Queer Nation Party
(and we do mean PARTY, sister)
Knows This Election Is
Gonna Be A Drag...
So We Decided to Make It
A Real Drag**



**QUEER NATION UTAH Endorses
JOAN JETT BLAKK
FOR PRESIDENT**



Dis-Covering Faggophobia

Is the University a Sepulchre? or, Why I left the Women's Studies Program

by Rocky O'Donovan, Perve from Hell

Once upon a time, in an Other incarnation, I wrote an essay. "in, and, out." I named it. Some womyn at a uni-farsity Program published/publicized it. but then a voice cried out from Davis County: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the University". Print anymore Porn-o-Graphic, antichristian trash and ye shall have no more funds!" And the womyn, because they cherished the farsity academia more than human liberation, did give heed unto the Holy Legislator from the Land of Davis. And I was spoken at/to by the Head-Woman of The Program. And the head graciously informed that i was far too self-interested and warned me that I had no right to hide in her Beloved Program without bearing certain responsibilities - responsibilities to protect The Beloved Program and keep It safe from dis/solution and harm. "the program exists for me!" I cried. "No, you exist for The Beloved Program", said the Head. But it was in the program that I learned of revolution, I learned of moving, twisting outside of the patriarchy. I gained a voice and tongue to speak my experience. and out of the void, out of the silence, I did speak. And the words that I spoke were "in, and, out."

And now I lament that those womyn's words are ought but dust in their hearts: for the uni-farsity has sucked the marrow right out of their bones and left nothing but minute particles of grit and shadow. ass/similation has taken its course and The Program has become a farce/force for the benefit of a few/privileged/clite voices. Those who have told us to speak the unspeakable have stolen OUR birth-rights because they sold theirs for a mess (of academic pottage). And "Queer Boys need not apply" is inscribed above their door. Dont worry, we wont.

I change "in, and, out." whenever I feel like it, as it is in process/progress - and here is a current inscription:

in, and, out.

i am Queer. and Queer i am. thus am i outside the normal. out on the margins. out of the closet and kicked out of the patriarchy - i am out of your site and out of your mind: i am out of my mind but still well within sight of my-self. I am a lavender menace: my color it is since i am in (be-tween) girl/pink and boy/blue.

and if i were a navajo (which i am not) my clan would call me nadle: half-woman/half-man. Sappho of Lesbos wrote poems about lavender headbands in the hair of women she loved - and socrates was crowned with lavender violets by a man who would be his lover. seneca the elder wrote that i am the {lavender} twi-light of the genders- half way into night and half way into day and yet never quite fully either one.

as deviant Queer i am outside. as lavender nadle i am inbetween. out, and, in. both at once.

what is my focus? is it the lavender crocus? i focus on my locus, which is the landscape inscribed upon my body. i speak and out comes a old-tongue/new-tongue -but sometimes i also speak/chant with my knees or sometimes i can drum out a song with the marrow from my tibia -the choreographies and poems though come from my guts and blood.

i share with you a secret:

jesus did not say "i am alpha and omega". of course not. because he did not speak any english or greek -he spoke aramaic mostly and a little sacramental hebrew, so what he really said was [in roman letters]: ani alef veh tav or i am alef and tav -which are the first and last letters of the hebrew alphabet and in aramaic the names of letters mean things so ani alef veh tav literally means (in english) "i am the ox and the spike in the hand". spike in the hand is a clear prophetic image of Cruci-Fiction (or Masturbation). but what of ox? an ox is a castrated bull and bulls are sacred animals to the goddess, but a castrated bull/ox is sacred to one particular goddess:

artemis/diana of ephesus. in ephesus, Her temple contained (but could it really?) a large statue of Her -and Her priestesses worshipped Her by castrating bulls and hanging the bulls' balls on the statue representing Her/self. and then crafts-womyn made tiny souvenir replicas of the statue of artemis/diana so the pilgrims could prove that they had really been to ephesus to worship Her. and all that is left now are the tiny souvenirs, ceramic depictions of artemis/diana with testicles hanging off Her shoulders. but for centuries the secret of the testicles was lost. scientists and andropologists and archaeologists thought that the little nodules hanging from Her were Breasts but the couldn't figure out why the Breasts didn't have any nipples. then just a few years ago a linguist translated an ancient text which spoke (as a voice from the dust) of the castration of bulls and the hanging of the balls on the statue of artemis/diana at ephesus. Thus She is not the many Breasted artemis/diana but the be-testicled in, and, out. artemis/diana. sorry mr. freud but SHE had no penis envy (or may-be this, Her ultimate act of penis envy, expiated/atoned for Woman past-present-future)

and yes artemis/diana was being worshipped in ephesus at the very moment that jesus (the one who said he was alpha and omega: mr. spike in the hand and castrated bull) was dripping his (men)strual blood from the roman cross, a meta/physical eunuch/ox/castrated bull whose balls had been given to and hung upon artemis/diana. and they gashed his side and lots of blood came out but there was no tampon for jesus at the moment to plug him up. he had to wait a few more hours before mary (the Whore mary not the Madonna mary) could bind his wound with a cloth bandage and lay him in the womb/tomb for his (re)birth - in, and, out. also was jesus

it is said that because woman's sex organs are in she is fully absent and because mans sex organ are out he is fully present

but when i was fourteen, i hated (and wanted to hate and liked hating) my nasty private parts and i didnt want them any longer: to me they were superfluous and didnt make me feel present at all but excessive - like i had TOO MUCH and

so i wanted to cut off that little dangly thing down there (god, it was too much). i sat in a bathroom (my mothers bathroom - mr freud would love that!) with a large pair of shears (actually they were only scissors but in the distorted convexity of perseus' polished shield they looked much larger than life) hoping to get up the nerve to cut it all off but i didnt because i was fearful that i would bleed to death - i wanted to bleed and not die, like mommy did once a month

- i didnt want to die i just wanted those damn things - my own portable trinity of testicle, testicle, shaft - to leave me alone. quit bothering me! i cried that so many times staring down at my selves - but it i cant be in, at least i can be off but i knew that i would bleed TOO MUCH (much more than mommy) so i compromise and merely humiliate and shame my selves by cutting off all of my pubic hair with the polished persean scissor/shears. and i was almost killed by other boys in gym whose pubic hairs and trinities were fully present...what was i thinking?

i remove my shoes and tread lightly upon the reddish/sandy soil just barely outside this tomb/womb and i am in mourning - in mourning from morning til morning ad mortem. for my brothers die and i cannot stop them. this virus cums into them and i cannot stop it. this tomb, is it an anal sepulchre? so many beautiful faeries lie wilting, gasping in this site, rotting before our eyes and we dare not look, dare not love upon them. un-touchable and unspeakable they are now. they who are in the anal-womb-tomb. and i dare not enter: once you go in you never come out. the chasm between us is too great - the chasm between the haves and the have nots (GBM, healthy, syro-negative seeks same) or (GWM syro-positive seeks same), between the ins, and outs. between the (in)ragged and the (out)rageous. between the dying who now know life and the living who are blind and silent.

what now?

i straddle him and i am in him and he is in me i am out and he is out that we are in each other. i cry out from all my skin and hear my own voice echoing from his body and the vibrations of the echoes last for hours and days, filling me from my in, to my out. i relish my concavity to his convexity and my convexity to his concavity: i follow the geographies of his body and trace my name upon his skin so that i can remember how to fable the ineffable and i love him for we are both in, and, out. at the same time

Louisa's
all new
San Francisco
TRAVEL HINTS

100% QUEER

HINT #1 TO AVOID UN-NECESSARY CONVERSATION AT THE CHURCH, LEAVE YOUR UTAH T-SHIRT AT THE HOTEL.



What part of Utah are you from? I'm from Ogden.

RENEE'S LIST OF LOVABLE LESBOS
 JOAN OF ARC
 QUEEN CHRISTINA
 EMILY DICKENSEN
 AMELIA EARHART
 NATALIE BARNEY
 RENEE VIVIAN
 BESSIE SMITH
 RADCLIFFE HALL
 BERONICE ABBOTT
 ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
 MOMS MABLEY
 PAT PARKER
 ADRIENNE RICH
 JUDY GRAHN
 ZORA NIEL HURSTON
 MARTINA NAVRATILOVA
 GRETTA GARBO
 URVASHI VAID
 k d LANG
 CAROL K. (A LOVELY LOVABLE FROM SANTA BARBARA)

QUEER GIRLS MAKE ME WET



QUEER NAT

TONI'S LIST OF BEST LOOKING DYKES

1. k d LANG
2. k d LANG
3. JOAN JETT
4. NANCY MCKEON
5. JODIE FOSTER
6. KRISTY MCNICHOL
7. OFFICER DAVE WARD (JUST A JOKE DAVE)
8. GABRIELLA SABATINI
9. HRISTINA APPLGATE (OK FEMMES TOO)
10. LILSON BECHDEL
11. MELIA EARHART

BLUE JAZZ

Poetry

by

Garth Chamberlain

INSOMNIA

With all the nights,
no sleep for shepherds.

In all the world,
no place to roam.

For all the seas,
a desert lies dying.

With all the houses,
no thoughts of home.

Blue

Lazy music, floats me dreaming,
Through my body, like water, flows music.

Jazz

Upbeat, bounce me, swing me side to side,
Up down and around, the beat put me to sleep,
Take away my sorrow.

Blue

Cool, and fresh, it sinks into my limbs,
Sways the body to and fro,
Seeping, soothe, soul pleasing harmony,
Cleanses the spirit.

Jazz

Jump, jam, bop, bam, throw my limbs to the wind,
Jazz it up, sing in a loud voice, sing for joy,
Listen to the message of the drums, rap, tap, tap,
The trumpet sings to heaven, happiness surrounds,
Filling the dark, light in its stead, jump me 'round,
Control leaves my legs as music sets them thumpin',
Sing, move, live, groove,
Jump, jam, bop, bam, sing, slam, flop, stop,
Finally, scream, plop.

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it's Pink
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ISSUE # 1
QFM
Queer Fuckers Magazine



CHECKS PAYABLE TO Q.N.U.



Mildred, Pierce!

the piercing story

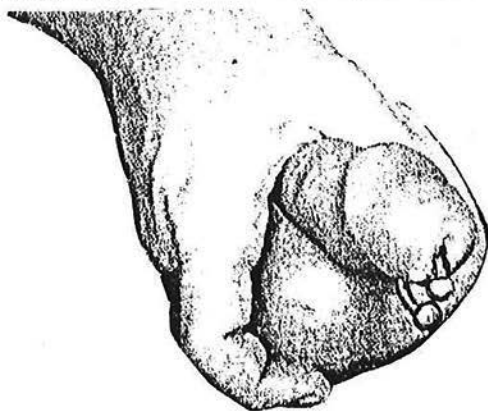
Finding a souvenir can be a bitch. T-shirts weren't enough to bring back from San Francisco. We wanted something a tad more permanent, a tad more painful, after all, sadomasochism does seem to be some sort of recurring theme in our gay culture. The Gauntlet, pioneers in piercing, on the corner of Market and Castro, served our purpose. Devin already had his ear pierced, but was looking for something a bit more dramatic—a nipple ring! Curtis and I, however, were still piercing virgins, having yet to be penetrated. The three of us decided to venture into the Gauntlet to have a closer look. We felt a little out of place—our clothes were made entirely of natural fibers, as opposed to animal hide. If the patrons hadn't been queens, we might have been scared. Devin, who has always aspired to being a slave boy, sort of enjoyed this environment. We decided to be bold, and make an appointment and consent to our own mutilation.

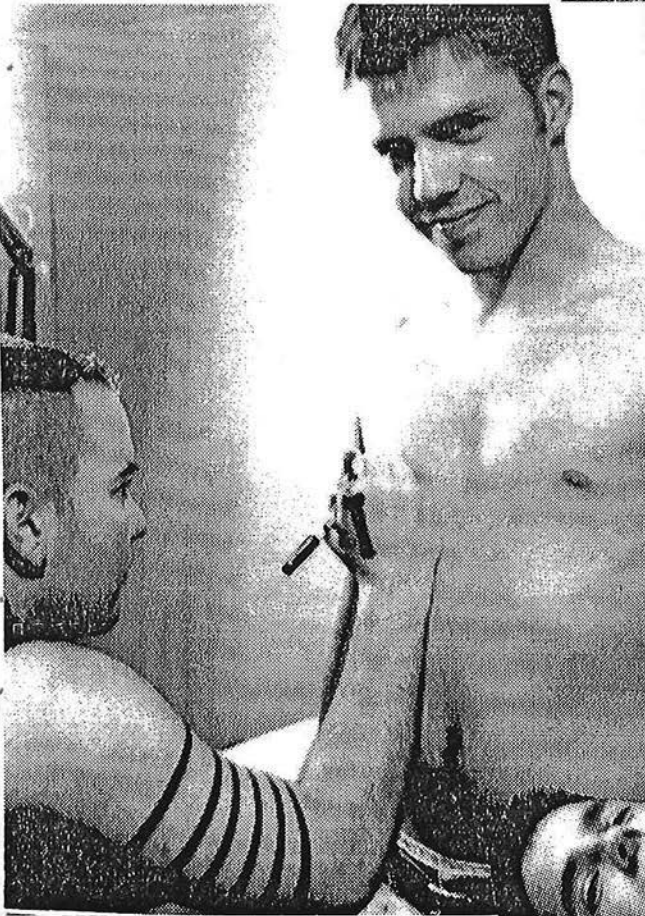
I'd always wanted to be pierced, long before I became a card carrying queer. Perhaps it comes from some primordial instinct. In ancient tribes ear-piercing has long been a marking for homosexuals. Strait womyn had symmetrical piercing done on their ears, while both gays and lesbians in the tribe had mismatched number, e.g. on in the left ear and three in the right. Piercing as an art form became popular in the 1970's as a way of expression. If a man had his ear

pierced, you knew he was a faggot. In the early eighties it was said that if you had your left ear pierced you were "cool", and if you had the right pierced you were queer. Lynn Lavener claims the right means you're a bottom, and the left means you're a liar. Today, with piercing going far beyond and below the ears, the meaning attached to a specific point have disintegrated, and as we enter the gay nineties, piercing has become more of an extra-curricular activity, especially for those who frequent the Gauntlet.

Scott was handling the 'Curtis group piercing.' He and his lovely assistant, Igor, had several body parts pierced including ears, nose, lips, eyebrows, and their tongues—which they highly recommended as the best place to be pierced. Scott said that turned giving head into quite a different experience. No little mall piercing gun was used in this establishment. African hunting harpoon spears served for the puncturing process. Scott would impale this through your specific body part into a cork, then leave it dangling from your ear as he went to get your ring. I nearly withdrew after I saw what happened to Curtis. Actually the ear part was not that painful. Devin, however, went into convulsions during his piercing, suddenly becoming all religious and calling out to Christ. He even got to watch a video on how to care for your new nipple ring. If you did want to settle for a T-shirt and not piercing, the Gauntlet had illustrated shirts depicting several piercing styles, such as the 'Prince Albert'—one of the many ways to have your penis pierced (there are more ways than you would think) and the simply named 'Clitoris.'

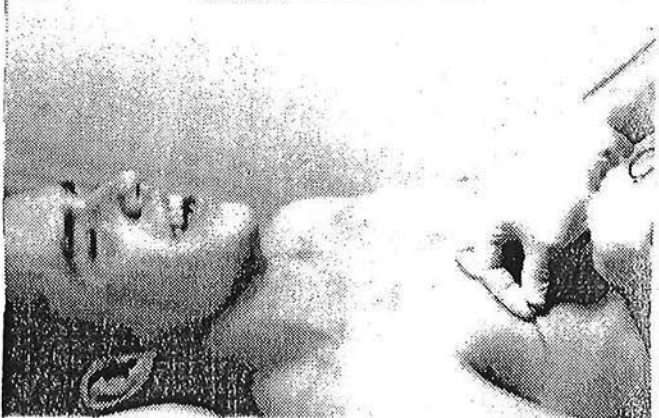
The next day at the Freedom Festival, we realized that we now had to accessorize ourselves with one more piece of jewelry. At a ring booth we were helped by a most attractive





man. Engaging in conversation we came to find he had several body parts punctured. He did say, for those of you who wonder, that having his nipple pierced hurt worse than having his dick pierced. Unfortunately I don't think I'll ever be able to verify that comment, though I certainly won't negate the possibility, either. If having a pierced tongue makes blow jobs much more exciting, I wonder what it would be like with a pierced penis.... or both!

So if by chance you should come across one of the many fine Gauntlet shops, don't be afraid. go on in and have something, anything pierced. I've made it a personal goal to be pierced every time I visit. Soon I'll be pierced with the best of them!



Celebrity Watch!



MATTHEW JAMES LANDIS: JUST SOME CELEBRITY STUFF AND ME

Well, kids, this is my last column done stateside and I must say I'm going to miss the glamorous life. And it may or may not please you to know that I'll be submitting columns from time to time in this trashy mag via the United States Postal Service. It sucks saying goodbye, but I'm running out of new Salt Lake celebrities to meet and I'll be damned if I'm going to sit and sweat it out waiting for the next one to appear. I was recently shopping at one of our beloved Salt Lake malls with my dear old friend Madonna. This was her first trip to Salt Lake and I was ecstatic to have her. She was looking very Nike and her hair was brown, so she didn't really look like she usually does which confused a lot of people at the mall, especially this twit at Hot Dog on a Stick who fucked up our order and pissed off Madonna. Obviously, the little white trash bimette didn't know who she was dealing with, and now thanks to her Madonna will never set foot in this town again. So, next time you are at Hot Dog on a Stick, make sure you say thanks.

The Queer Madonna Fan Club/Salt Lake Chapter will be moved to the remote wilderness of Germany by the time this article comes out, so for more information on how you can start one near you, contact that fuckers at QFM at they can give you the address of it's founding president. Well, here it is kids, the list I know you've all been waiting for, mine!

MATTHEW'S LIST OF THE MOST FUCKABLE MEN

(1991)

John F. Kennedy, Jr. — He has nipples of steel and somewhat of a brain. Okay, so it took three times to pass the bar, but that crap bores me to death anyway. In the immortal words of his father (sort of) Ask not what he can do for you, but what you can do with him.

Rudolph Valentino — Dead, yes, but I like to think we'll be reunited eventually. He was queen of the silver screen. He was both masculine and effeminate. It could have been so beautiful for us.

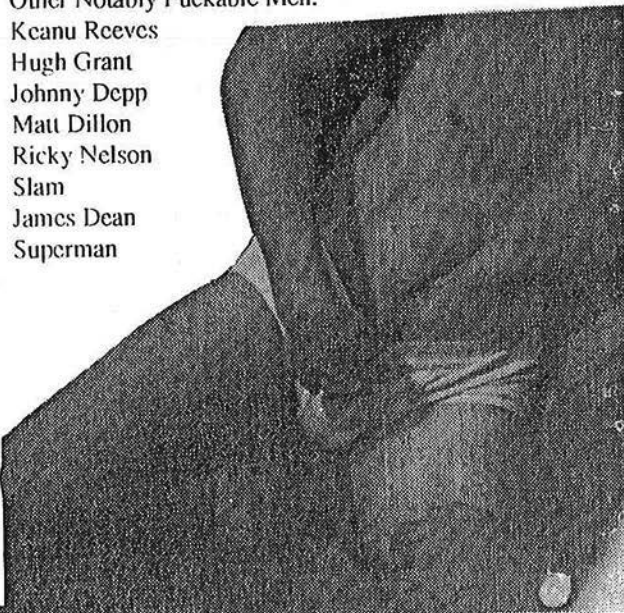
Joc Deltasandro — Andy Warhol's boy toy. The epitome of external beauty. Who cares what's inside?

Cary Grant — I wish I could have been a drop of spit on Sophia's tongue for just one kiss.

David — He's cold and made he's made of stone, but perfection is not always of flesh and bone.

Other Notably Fuckable Men:

Keanu Reeves
Hugh Grant
Johnny Depp
Matt Dillon
Ricky Nelson
Slam
James Dean
Superman



More interesting news about me: I recently made quite a revelation about myself. I was feeling quite disillusioned by life in the Wasatch Mountains one Saturday night, so I called up my good friend, Miss Shirley MacLaine, and said, "Shirley, goddamnit, I'm bored. Let's play Ouija Board." She laughed and came right over. Well, Shirley never plays Ouija. There's no need when you have a direct line to the divine light. So, rather she brought along her dear friends and now mine, Keanu Reeves, Matt Dillon, and Joyce Dewitt (Janet from Three's Company).

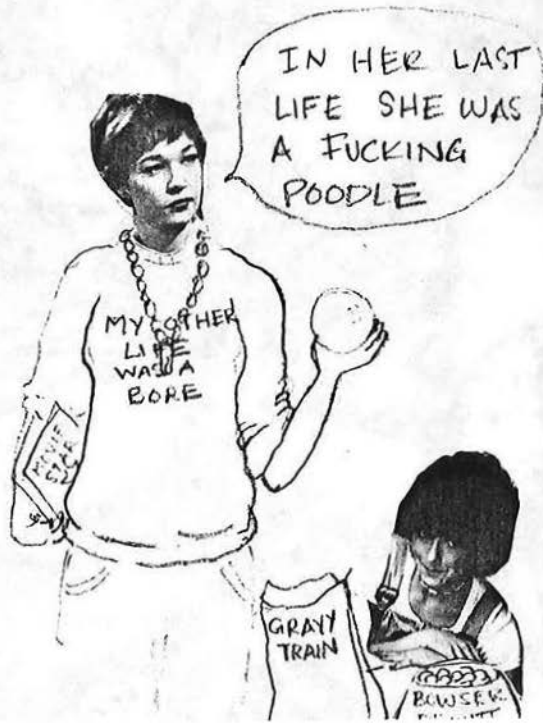
Well, at first I must say I was surprised to see Joyce still alive. She looked so good too. After that ugly divorce with that bitch Karen Valentine, I frankly didn't think she'd every be back. But, there she was alive and well drinking out of the dog's dish on the porch. Well, actually that's a lie. She had asked me for a drink of water and I accidentally served it in the dog's dish. I'm sure anyone could have made the same mistake really. It was hardly my faux pas. Later on that night, during the seance I was actually quite surprised at her acting talent. She was pretending to be herself and it was really quite remarkable. Oh, I'm really so sorry I've been giving her a hard time. I truly do miss the show and seeing her puss on the screen. It looked better there than in my house. Believe me.

I had never actually met Keanu or Matt. Fascinating men really. Our conversation began with Chaucer and ended with Josie and the Pussycats. Over pizza, Keanu sang "Vogue" acapella and Matt delighted us with a story about his secret childhood box filled with Barbie doll clothes and a worn out copy of Just For Girls by Susan Dey. Needless to say, I wanted to fuck them both. I didn't want to hurt anyone's feeling, so rather than trying to coerce them into my boudoir for the night, I waited until I was alone with them individually to give them my phone number. Matt had already lifted it from that little plastic strip on the phone dial in the bathroom. Keanu knows Shakespeare, but can't count, so I got his instead. They were both quite delightful. Matt has the cutest whitest ass I've ever seen. And Keanu does the other side of his body equally as well.

I'm off track again. Well, anyway, aside from the two hunks and the Heinz 57, Shirley also brought her Crystal Ball, a stack of old movie magazines and an early Halston scarf in which she carried her crystals. Her outfit was very Oregonian. Very khaki pants with splashes of olive and sapphire blue stars in her otherwise suburban sweatshirt. She looked

Anyway, we put Joyce outside before starting the game. The other four of us sat down on one of Shirley's blankets she probably picked up at a Flea Market in San Jose. Shirley started humming some Sinatra tune while preparing the ritual. Keanu was leaning against the wall, stoned and breathing slowly. Matt, well, Matt was making me hard just staring at me with that low-brow smile and that cigarette dangling from his moist lips. Goddamnit. So, Shirley was humming Sinatra, so I began humming Madonna. Keanu hummed an old Abba tune, and Matt was just breathing really heavy and making me hard. All of a sudden Shirley grabs my dick and lets out this high pitched Tarzan call, so I'm thinking, 'Oh, great, this is where Carol Burnett's chin comes back from the dead.' But, instead, she opens her eyes reaches for one of the old movie magazines laying on the bottom of the stack, frantically flips through it and rips off a corner of Rudolph Valentino's foot.

"This was your first existence," she said to me. "A toe?" "Yes, a goddamn toe." A pause, "I'm not kidding." Then she started to laugh just like fucking Erma LaDouce. I have to say I was somewhat turned on. "Well, it's not his dick. Fuck, it's not even crotch sweat, but at least it's Rudolph Valentino." That's why. Rudolph, if the rest of you is out there, I'm moving to Zweibrucken. Look me up. It's been awhile, peanut. I sure do miss you. And I'm sure you miss me too.





She was emotionally unavailable

I imagined long chatty dates ending in soft, sweet kisses.

I wandered through wonderful days and nights of laughter and discovery



She rejected me

I mused over the exchange of gentle touches.

She held my hand, briefly.

she said was a punning.

