

Rough Play...

ISSUE # 1

SPRING '93

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all ?!

- **HOMOCORE**
- **QUEER SUBCULTURE**
- **S&M/LEATHER/FETISH**
- **SEX WORK**
- **RADICAL POLITICS**

◆◆◆ **ROUGH TRADE**

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ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE

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...ROUGH TRADE

is brought to you by the members of the Happy House Collective. It is edited by the Zine Editor and Imperial Tsar of Russia, Our Most Pompous and Potent Prince, Brian.

His Imperial Majesty's Supreme Commendations are hereby graciously extended to David, David, Ailsa, Angie, Nadia, Sonja, Wendy, Ally, Cassie, Michal, Chris, Andrew, Danny, Gwendolyn, Julian, Pauline, Elaine, Georgia, Becky and Matthew.

His Most Holy Empire is eternally indebted to the staff of Maggie's for their many kindnesses and technical support, and they are hereby proclaimed Knights of the Realm.

The Editor/Emperor also wishes to tender to the masses His Heartiest Apologies for being such a whining despot.

All jokes aside, if you like our zine, you must be pretty rough. So get in touch! Everybody is invited to send their comments and submissions. *We love it when people submit to us!*

We're hoping to get this thing out four times a year, but don't hold your breath. If you want to receive it regularly, though, you can take your chances and send us \$10.00 for a sub.

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(CANADA)

A QUEER ZINE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CREAM, OR, IN DEFENCE OF COCKSUCKING

Recently a carload of me and my friends — two fags and two dykes in all — went down to D.C. for the March on Washington. While we were there I met this amazing boy from Chicago named Dave.

Dave was incredible. The first time I saw him, he was sitting in Dupont Circle selling T-shirts. I got an instant hard-on, which for me is saying a hell of a lot about Dave, because I'm usually pretty jaded that way — you know, being a callboy and all, and also having lots of recreational sex with a good many sexy guys.

I must report, though, that I was absolutely drooling over this boy. He had short-cut hair, a white baseball cap with a very cool "Q" on it, dark glasses, jeans, work boots, some bizarre T-shirt, and a black leather biker jacket with the Psychic TV logo painted onto the back of it. His expression was one of boredom,

even though the park was buzzing with the activity of probably about 400 vacationingly-festive fags and dykes at the time. The way he was dressed — and his obvious disdain for most of the clones surrounding him — told me that there was more to this lad than there probably was to all the rest of the queers in that park put together. There was something there, and I wanted to find out what.

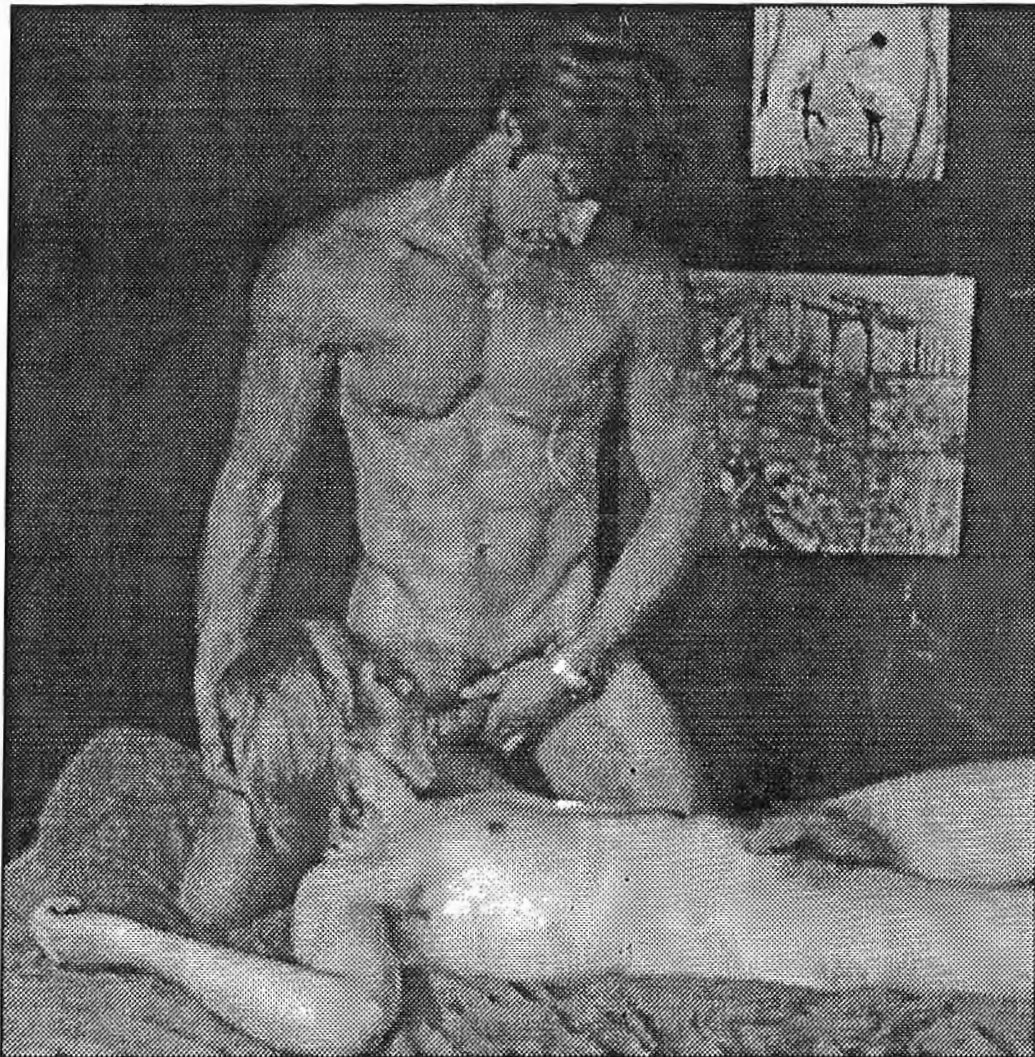
Well, I was with my friends at the time — including my main boyfriend, who I had just that day exchanged rings with, albeit as a bit of a lark — so I tried not to show how attracted I was to this guy. Being of a very crafty sort, though, I said to my friends, "I'll find out what's happening today", or something, and walked over and pretended

to ask for directions, as an excuse for meeting him. Well, this gorgeous guy had spotted me, too, I guess. He told me that there was a meeting happening for people into the homocore scene at a place called Food for Thought (we learned later that the cafe is known locally as "Food for Lesbians"). He said, "Be there!", and I told him I would, and went back to join my crowd.

Well, we left the park and wandered around the Dupont Circle-Connecticut Ave. queer ghetto — which was thicker than my roomy's cock with people — basically shopping, checking out the T-shirts, badges and assorted junk the street vendors were hawking. I bought a very attractively-designed T-shirt from a nice dyke there.

The T-shirt was produced by ACT UP Chicago, and pictured a guy's penis, in pink, and another guy's head poised to suck the first guy's dick. Around this (rather shocking) image was a safe sex message, along with ACT UP's slogans: Act Up! Fight Back! etc. I purchased the shirt because I liked the design of it, and the price was right (\$7.00, as opposed to \$15 or \$20 for others).

After we had made the rounds there, me and my fellow Toronto queers headed



over to some other place to check out a Leather/S&M/Fetish fair that was going on. There I purchased a pair of leather suspenders, a studded dog collar with matching wristband, and a leather jockstrap. (Up until this point the only article of leather that I owned — besides my jacket — had been my cockring.) I was really happy to have these things. We stayed at the leather fair for a long time. As an S&M novice — but one who has been concocting some pretty weird sexual scenes in my mind, and even dreaming about them since I was very young — this place was fascinating. It was as if I was a wide-eyed kid again. I had a sweet tooth and had been turned loose in Willy Wonka's Wonderful Chocolate Factory.

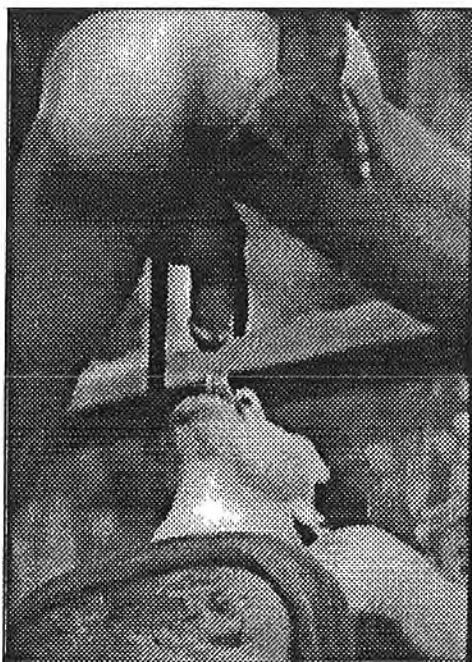
After that we went back to Connecticut Ave. Food for Lesbians was on Connecticut, so we found the other altermoqueers out front, selling or giving away or trading zines. And there was Dave. I was real happy to see him. He walked right over to me, caught me by the metal ring on my new dog collar, and, with some force, pulled my face over to his to kiss me. Holy fuck! A feeling went through me that is hard now to explain, but it was similar to the feeling I got when I first touched another boy's private parts. Electric! Tickly! Devilish! Kinky! Up to this point, I don't believe anything quite so magical has happened to me since I first started sucking cock: The way he just took charge...

The punks told us that there was a homocore show happening later, at some church in the northwest end of town. My friends from Toronto were hungry, and they pulled me away so we could find some food.

Later that night my male friend from T.O. and I took the bus up to where the show was happening. We ran into several people we knew, one of whom also comes from Toronto. Dave finally showed up. The show was alright, I guess. This one band, Cheesecake, were excellent. They were, I think, the first to play. They were a girl band. Mykel Board's band also played, but I despise Mykel Board, so I refuse to say fuck-all that's good about them. This other band, Pansy Division, which we had all

heard so much about, were fucking awful. Their lyrics were the most singularly vapid ones I think I have ever heard, and they sounded miserable. (A dyke friend of mine has since thought of a new name for the band after hearing them on tape: "Queer Al Fagovik"!)

Anyway, Dave from Chicago and I talked at the show, and I found out that he was staying in one small bed-and-breakfast room with five or six other people from Chicago. So I invited him to come back to our B&B in Annapolis, Maryland, to stay



over if he wanted to, as we had two rooms and four people. We talked some more, and made out a bit on this couch that was in the back of the place where the concert was happening. Then I talked it over with my boyfriend (who was naturally sharing my room). He didn't know what to make of it, but reluctantly gave in.

Eventually the three of us left the place where the gig was and stuffed into this one Riot Grrrl's car along with I don't know how many other people, and rode back down to Dupont Circle. Then we met our dykes, and went back to Annapolis.

I was very excited. Dave from Chicago was already into all the stuff I've been wanting to get into for a long time: S&M,

bondage, fetishes like piercing and tattoos. He was also into the alternative music scene, which I already have been into for a long time — AND his politics were cool. And here it seemed he was into me as much as I was into him!

My boyfriend and I had just bought a bottle of gin and a bottle of rye that morning before leaving for D.C., and we all decided to drink it upon returning to our room. (My boyfriend was pretty freaked out by the whole scene, but Dave from Chicago and I were both into doing a threesome, so we figured the alcohol would loosen him up.) To make a long story short, we all got drunk.

I don't remember any of the following, but I was informed the next morning that Dave from Chicago and I had, in due time, tried to fuck but not succeeded. I was way too drunk, they said, and finally passed out without achieving any satisfaction at our endeavour. So my boyfriend and Dave from Chicago then proceeded to get down and dirty as I slept — except that, somehow, Dave thought that my boyfriend was me, and kept calling him by my name as they had sex, which embarrassed them both to the extreme the next day.

The next morning we got up much later than we had planned. This was probably good for us, actually. This was the day of the Big March itself. I was extremely into Dave from Chicago by this time, but I was a little worried that my performance the night before would have made him have second thoughts. So we drove into Washington. All the way there we were still all over each other, to the point that any fears I had were allayed by the time we got there.

When we arrived at where the March was happening, we sat down on the road to watch it. I was all over both Dave and my regular boyfriend for quite some time. I was content.

After awhile, though, my regular boyfriend (he won't let me use his real name, but it wouldn't make this any less confusing anyway, because his first name is the same as that of my newfound love from Chicago) was beginning to tire of this three-way lovefest. Dave from Chicago, at

length, suggested that he and I go for a walk.

This we did. Finally we were alone and didn't have to deal with anyone else for awhile. This was probably the best part of the whole trip (except, possibly, the experience of getting blown by my other boyfriend in the back seat of the car when we were on the way home). We talked, kissed, rolled around in the grass together, laid in each others arms, held hands. It was wonderful just to be with him...

When we finally made it back to where we had been sitting earlier with the rest of the crew from Toronto, my main squeeze had left. The girls were there, but they were concerned, because my significant other had gone to use the washroom and hadn't returned, and that had been over a half hour before. So Dave and I decided to wait to see if he would come back. He never did, so eventually we left and walked over to Dupont Circle, where we sat down and rolled around in the grass kissing some more.

We were hungry, so we went for pizza, and then we decided to go back over to his B&B for a nap. After we had rested — we couldn't fuck there because his friends from Chicago kept coming in and out — we went back to Dupont Circle, where we thought we might be able to at least play in peace, if not in privacy. (Being a bit of an exhibitionist, privacy is not such a big consideration to me.) We got there and laid around talking and kissing on the lawn for a couple of hours, until we were so horny that we were about to explode. We had started to get pretty heavy into it when we noticed that there were a couple of other boys across the way who had gone just a bit further than we had so far, and a crowd of homos had gathered to cheer (jeer would really be a better word). Well we were disgusted. Here were all these fags standing around gawking at a couple of guys having sex! It was pathetic. Here we were marching for liberation, and there were a bunch of "gays" acting as if they'd never seen two men have sex before! We thought, What the hell are we fightin' for?

We told the spectators exactly what

we thought of them and their behaviour, and started to conspire about where we *could* go to have some peace while we got down each others pants. Dave suggested that we walk a few blocks over to the masonic building (this remarkable, immense structure that looks like a Greek temple); this was a good suggestion, I thought, so off we went. When we got there we saw that there were a couple of pigs standing closeby, and since we were fairly sure that public sex is illegal in D.C. (they *do* have a sodomy law — something



that's unheard of in the great white north), we thought maybe we shouldn't even risk trespassing on the damn place. After some searching, we found an alleyway, which had a couple of dumpsters in it that we could stand behind.

So there we were: At last, we could be relieved of our hominess; by this time, our bodies and minds were aching for it. We had also grown fantastically close over a brief period of time, and our spirits needed it about as much, I think. We kissed and touched passionately, furtively, longingly, and felt each other up for a good while before we ever pulled our cocks out. By that time we were both pretty out of control. Our tongues encircled each other in a

frenzy. Dave is so hot — he talks his way through sex: "Come on, Brian! Yeah, give it to me! Jerk that throbbing meat! Show me your hot jism! Let me see you cum!" I got down on my knees and took Dave's big rod into my mouth, licking, slurping, tasting his sweat, all the while caressing his balls and massaging his prostate. Suddenly he pulled me back to my feet. We were both so turned on by now that we could hardly stand up. Now we are both jerking off with one hand, while pinching each other's hard nipples and alternately kissing, licking, biting. "Come on, Brian, give me your steaming load!" In shattering blasts, our orgasms erupted; we both came on the concrete. I quickly reached down and caught some of his jism in my hand, bringing it instinctively up to my tongue. We kissed some more, until we had at least partially recovered, and then started to buckle up.

As we walked away from the alleyway, back towards Dupont Circle, Dave said to me, "Brian, you know you should really be more careful. You should *never* let anyone cum in your mouth, or put anybody else's cum in your mouth. *It isn't safe.*" In a flash I remembered how he had pulled me up in the middle of what I was doing awhile ago.

I responded that, from what I knew through Canadian AIDS organizations, sucking is safe as long as you don't have any cuts or abrasions in your mouth. And swallowing cum — while probably more risky — is still relatively safe, as long as you are in good health and don't have a sore throat.

He told me that that was a lot different from what he had heard down in Chicago. "That shirt you're wearing," he said — referring to the one I had bought on Connecticut the day before, from ACT UP Chicago — "says to use a condom for oral sex. I know people in ACT UP and alot of people in other groups in Chicago, and they all seem to be under that impression. The models in that T-shirt design are two guys I know."

We continued to talk about the discrepancy between U.S. and Canadian safe sex information for the rest of the evening. Later I had to rendezvous with my

friends to go back to Annapolis. As Dave and I arrived at the appointed place, we saw my regular boyfriend from Toronto, and soon after, we heard the dykes calling to us from across the street: "We've got a cab, come on, hurry up!"

The three of us ran across the street as fast as we could, to save money on cab fare. Dave said he couldn't come back with us to Annapolis that night, because he and his group were leaving for Chicago the next morning after the healthcare CD action at the Capitol, so I told him to get in the cab and we'd put him outside the place where they were staying. We wanted to exchange addresses, in case we didn't see each other before leaving D.C.

In the cab we wrote down how to get in touch, and pretty soon we were in front of Dave's B&B. As he got out, I said, "Don't you lose me!" To which Dave said something like, "That's why I wanted your address. I'm really shy about saying this, because it usually turns out terribly wrong, but I LOVE YOU!" And with that, he was gone.

We got lost, as usual, on the way out of D.C., and didn't arrive in Annapolis until 4:30am, and — needless to say — didn't make it back to Washington for the healthcare demo the next morning. We didn't get up until around 2pm, and I had missed seeing Dave again before he'd left for Chicago.

However, I am extremely pleased to report, rough readers, that this story does indeed have a fun finale. I was able to get in touch with Dave by phone several times before we reached the Niagara River and the shining shores of our Queen's dominion of Canada, where any of her loyal subjects as are so inclined are free — without being impeded by antiquated sodomy laws or inaccurate safe sex information — to suck cock to their hearts content, with Her Majesty's benevolent protection.

And Dave and I have spoken and written quite a few times since. I think we are in love. We're planning to visit each other over the summer, and I could only be happier if I didn't have to wait until July to see him.

But, despite the happy ending (or, actually, a happy beginning), despite how lucky I feel to have a magnificent new boyfriend in another city as well as an incredible and very understanding boyfriend at home, I must say that I am quite frankly irate at the poor quality of safe sex information in the good ole U. S. of A. It would have been a shock for anyone, at any time, under any circumstances, to have such a fond, familiar and firmly-held article of faith as the relative safety of sucking cock challenged. But for



someone like Dave (with whom I was falling in love at the time), at such an intensely emotional moment, to raise this as an issue for discussion — well, it left a very deep impression, let me tell you. It really made me think.

Here in Canada, queer men have been told by all of our organizations for years that, so long as you don't have open cuts, abrasions or sores in your mouth, or a sore throat, or any other condition which could allow your blood to come into contact with his cum, sucking cock — even up to the point of swallowing — is a very low-risk form of play. This bullshit about wearing a condom for blowjobs is unheard of to us,

except as a way to be especially safe when — if, like me, you derive a significant portion of your income from the sex trade, one of the few industries that still is thriving around here — you're pulling a trick.

After I got home from Washington, I decided not only to start this zine, but also to write my article on this topic of the relative safety of cocksucking, and the different approaches between Canadian and American AIDS organizations. So I made some calls and did some research, and I am just going to give you the boiled-down version here:

The Canadian AIDS Society in Ottawa is known as the authoritative AIDS research and education organization in the country. They publish *Safer Sex Guidelines: A Resource Document for Educators and Counselors*, which is based on many elaborate and painstaking studies of the actual sexual practices of lots of different kinds of people. I spoke to Ken Morrison, CAS's national AIDS educator, and he faxed me a copy of portion of the *Guidelines* that pertains to cocksucking. Here it is, reproduced in full:

4.06 Fellatio

Insertive, with condom	minimal risk
Receptive, with condom	minimal risk
Insertive, without condom	minimal risk
Receptive, without condom (no ejaculation)	minimal risk
Receptive, without condom (no ingestion of ejaculate)	low risk
Receptive, without condom (ejaculate ingested)	low risk

All the variations associated with fellatio can be regarded as minimal-to-low risk activities. Despite the theoretical risk involved in ingesting a potentially infectious seminal fluid, no well-designed studies have yet shown elevated risk for these behaviours. Fellatio has not been demonstrated to have more than a very small relationship to seroconversion, but because there is some risk, we have placed it in our second category. We note again the limitations of our process of assessment and the importance of co-factors in gauging actual risk to any individual.

Cuts or sores in the mouth (whether they be from trauma, illness or dental procedures) or on the penis or penile opening increase risk.

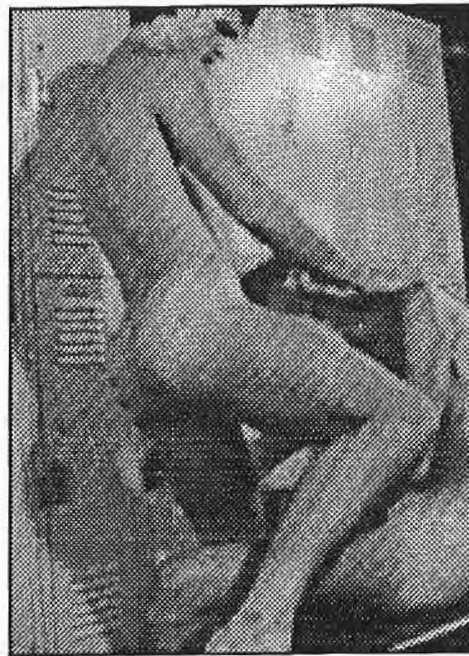
Significant correlations between fellatio and HIV infection only appear in some early North American studies that are methodologically flawed. They make a univariate analysis, ignoring other sexual behaviours (e.g., unprotected anal intercourse) which are highly effective means of HIV transmission. We have personal communications indicating receptive fellatio as a likely source of infection in less than half a dozen cases. Such reports involve unusual circumstances such as recent tooth extractions or swallowing semen from hundreds of partners.

Ken explained to me that one reason that safer-sex advice differs between U.S. and Canadian AIDS organizations is the divergence between these organizations' strategies. He said CAS and other Canadian groups have basically the same strategy as that of the European organizations; that is, their efforts are based on "risk assessment" and "risk reduction". The American strategy, on the other hand, is based on "risk elimination". Perhaps this is because the U.S. government (until fairly recently dominated by Republicans pandering to a fundamentalist "christian" right wing within the party), which funds much of the AIDS research through institutions such as the National Institute of Health and the Centers for Disease Control, is determined not to "promote" homosexuality or "encourage" queers to have sex, or at least not feel good about it if they do. So they set up the impossible task of "risk elimination", which is impossible on a practical level, as a way of "discouraging" homosexual activity.

In addition, Ken sent me a copy of an article from the 29 November 1992 issue of QW, a New York City magazine. The article is by Nicholas Mulcahy, and is titled "The Truth About Oral Sex: What You Don't Know May Surprise You". This excellent piece basically confirms the Canadian AIDS Society's findings. It begins by criticizing a well-known New York AIDS organization, Gay Men's Health Crisis, for its conservatism on the issue of oral sex. It quotes a GMHC brochure on

fellatio as follows: "Sucking... [is] considered a low-risk for HIV transmission.... A lot of guys suck cock, but don't let their buddies cum in their mouths. You're the only one who can decide how risky you want to get.... To be safer, put a condom on that cock."

Mulcahy responds, "...Apparently, many men have been evaluating their own sexual histories and concluding that oral sex is an acceptable risk. We have, in effect, slowly and unscientifically created our own grassroots epidemiology studies.



While GMHC, with its \$20 million budget, its 200-some employees and its six-story headquarters on West 20th Street, emphatically recommends condom use, men have crisscrossed the city, had sex, shared stories, revealed HIV statuses and concluded that sucking is... well... a very low risk and... uh... probably safe. The 'uh's, 'well's and 'probably's that usually accompany any coupling of the words 'safe' and 'sucking' contain this rarely-spoken truth: *No one knows exactly how HIV is transmitted. Consequently, everyone makes a leap of faith in their sex lives (except for people who, as a friend put it, masturbate at ten paces)....*"

He then goes on to cite four

epidemiology studies. In three of the studies, by university epidemiologists, sucking is reported to very low risk:

"There was no evidence of oral-genital... transmission of AIDS."

— "Risk Factors for AIDS and HIV Seropositivity in Homosexual Men", *American Journal of Epidemiology*, vol. 125, 1987.

"We believe... that the risks associated with this behaviour [receptive oral-genital or sucking], if present at all, must be small."

— "Risk Factors for HIV Infection in Male Sexual Contacts of Men with AIDS or an AIDS-Related Condition", *American Journal of Epidemiology*, vol. 128, 1988.

"This study suggests that infection may rarely occur through sexual practices other than anal-genital intercourse."

— "Seroconversion, Sexual Activity, and Condom Use Among 2,915 Seronegative Men Followed for up to Two Years", *Journal of AIDS*, vol. 2, 1989.

The fourth study cited by Mulcahy, however, suggests the opposite conclusion:

"None of the sexual practices that we studied appeared to offer protection against HIV infection."

— "Risk Factors for HIV Infections in Homosexual Men", *American Journal of Public Health*, vol. 77, 1987.

The behaviours evaluated in this study "included 'insertive' and 'receptive' penile oral sex (getting sucked and sucking, respectively). Oddly, in this study, getting sucked was a slightly higher risk than sucking." The author notes, however, that this study was written by a physician from the Centers for Disease Control, "a federal agency headed, for the last 12 years by Reagan-Bush appointees," so that its conclusions can be ignored for political reasons.

Mulcahy continues, "I don't understand statistical methods; therefore, I don't understand how the above-mentioned studies came to their conclusions. However, having once worked at a medical school, I know that physicians and statisticians who work as professors at U.S. schools of

medicine or public health are, in general, career-oriented men and women. Tenure and job security are not granted to academicians who make careless conclusions about cocksucking. There's little glory and even less money in endorsing oral sex between men. In fact, in the United States in the '80s, it might be said that there was nothing in it but career risks."

So, the three studies that we can reasonably trust as unbiased out of the four suggest that sucking cock is a low — perhaps nonexistent — risk for HIV infection.

Mulcahy agrees with Ken Morrison of CAS about national differences between U.S. safe sex info on the one hand, and Canadian and European safe sex info on the other, and suggests a few reasons for American conservatism and insistence on risk elimination: "...the higher incidence of AIDS in America (thus making the disease more frightening), our cultural Puritanism (thus making sex more frightening) and

American politics (AIDS service organizations fear a right-wing backlash)..."

Well, maybe so. Maybe small U.S. AIDS organizations that get government funding are afraid

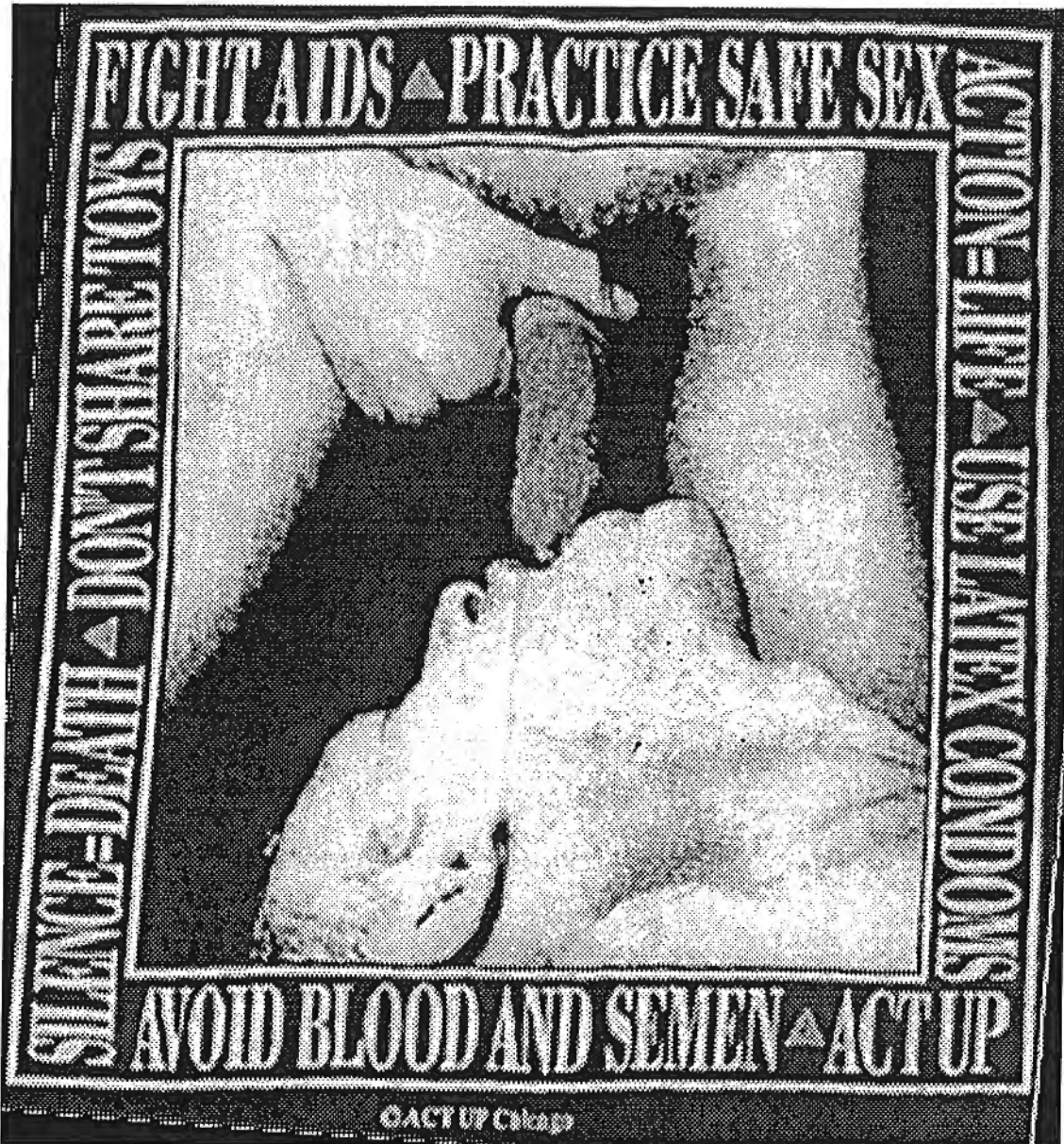
puts the accurate information out for people so they can make their own decisions, they would rather treat people like imbeciles and scare them away from sex.

But what about AIDS organizations whose budgets come more from private sources than from government? Why do

they tow this homophobic line? (I'm talking about both the conservative ones like GMHC, and the supposedly radical ones, like ACT UP Chicago.)

So I phoned GMHC, and talked to Daniel Wolfe, their communications director. I must say that I personally found him to be a really nice guy; he was friendly and talkative, and politically fairly cool.

But he is a functionary in the largest AIDS organization in the U.S. I asked him about where GMHC's funding comes from. He told me that 85 per cent of their budget is raised through private donations. Then I queried him about corporate donations,



and asked him point blank if GMHC receives any funding from condom manufacturers. He skirted the issue of funding from condom companies, but he did tell me that GMHC's biggest corporate sponsors are R. J. R.-Nabisco, Time-Warner and Philip Morris.

Now it is a well-known fact that Philip Morris is a contributor to the election campaigns of such right-wing religious bigots as Senator Jesse Helms. It is also a corporation that has roots in the tobacco industry. Why would they be supporting a health and service organization for queers? And how does that funding affect the direction of the safe sex advice that GMHC offers? Is GMHC afraid of losing one of its biggest corporate donations?

As for ACT UP Chicago and other "radical" AIDS groups, we know that their funding comes from sales of T-shirts and other paraphernalia, special events like dances and concerts, etc. So why are they ignoring the reams of research — which has been published since at least the late '80s — that says that cocksucking is a low or nonexistent risk for HIV transmission? WHAT THE FUCK?!!!

Could it be that some of our organizations in the U.S. are getting funding from condom manufacturers, for whom the AIDS epidemic is a gigantic financial boon? Could it be that they are pushing this inaccurate and sex-phobic AIDS information so they can get this or other funding? It's obvious that condom companies stand to make a lot more money if people use a rubber every time they blow somebody or get blown...

I don't mean to be a pain in the ass for ACT UP Chicago (or any other AIDS organization in the States). I have a few good friends that have been in ACT UP Chicago since its early days. U.S. AIDS groups have done a tremendous job. Their energy and commitment have changed public opinion on both AIDS and queer rights to an extent that was unimaginable just a few years ago. I think it's fair to say that their irreverence and take-no-shit-fight-back activism has made it possible to have a million or more people converge on the Capitol to demand freedom and

equality.

But, damn it, my new boyfriend from Chicago has been under the impression that sucking cock is a big risk, for HIV. He was convinced that, by tasting his jism, I was committing an act that threatened my very existence. He got his AIDS information from ACT UP Chicago, I assume, since his friends posed for the photo on the T-shirt I bought in Washington, and since the message of that T-shirt was basically the same as what he believed about the safety of sucking cock.

Here's the scoop. HIV can *only* be transmitted when cum comes into contact with blood, or when blood comes into contact with blood. Under no other conditions can this virus be passed



on. HIV is a fragile virus, and there is even evidence that it is killed by human saliva. The only conditions under which you can catch HIV by giving somebody a blowjob are if you have open cuts, sores or abrasions in your mouth, or a sore throat. That's it. This is the information our organizations in Canada have been distributing for years.

Ass fucking, of course, is a different story. It is very risky, and you must use a condom every time. Period. Be careful to put it on properly. Once it's on it should not have any air bubbles inside it or folds on the surface, as this increases the chance of it breaking from friction.

I am sure this is true. For the past eight years I have been sucking cock. I have never used a rubber for sucking. I have been tested twice for HIV antibodies within the last six months, and I am still negative. And I suck a lot of cock.

So my advice to all you boys is: Suck

cock as much as you like! Swallow if you like it! Have fun!

In the course of my research for this article, I spoke with Chuck Polisher in Denver. He's a great guy. He's done research for five years on this topic, and he has proclaimed himself to be Colorado's expert on cocksucking (although not necessarily an expert at it). Here's a cute story he told me:

I went to the doctor's once a few years back. I had a sore throat, and I was running a bit of a fever. I thought maybe I had strep, but actually it ended up being the clap.

So the doc takes a look at my throat and says, "Son, do you date alot?" And I said, "Yeah." The doctor says, "Well, are these boys you've been dating?" So I said, "Yes." So he said, "Well, have you been having oral sex?" (By this time I was blushing.) And I said, "Yeah, quite a lot." So the doc says, "Just how much is quite a lot?" So I told him. And then he lectured me... He was not impressed.

Then the doctor ordered a swab of my throat to be done, so in walks this candy-striper nurse. It was her very first day on the job and — I swear to god I'm not making it up, this really did happen — her name was Chastity. So Chastity says, "The doctor ordered a G.C. (that means gonococcal) swab, but it's for your throat — that can't be right!" I was pretty embarrassed by this time, and I said, "It's right, just go ahead and do it." This woman was very puzzled. She didn't know what to make of me. So she took her tongue-depressor and pushed down on my tongue so that she could take the swab of my throat. Then she got this really petulant look on her face, and she said, "My God! Everybody else gags when I do that!"

— Brian



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MARCH ON WASHINGTON PHOTO ESSAY

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ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE

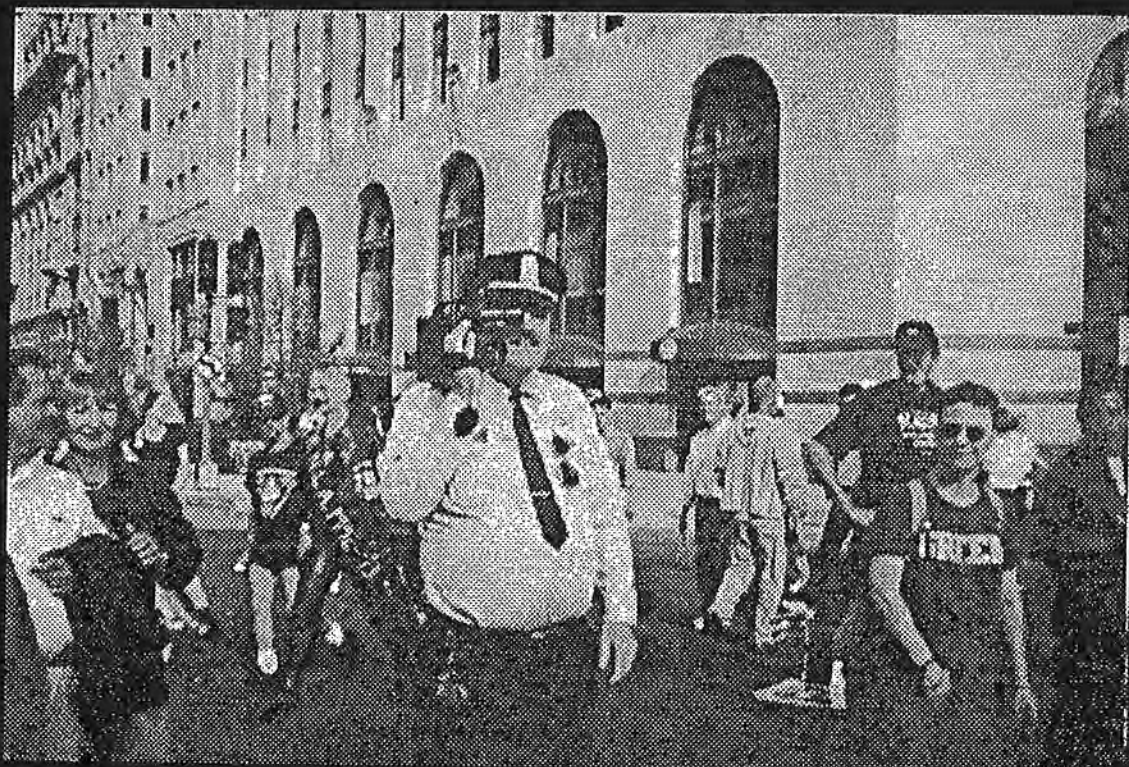


MARCH ON WASHINGTON PHOTO ESSAY

Rough Play...

ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE

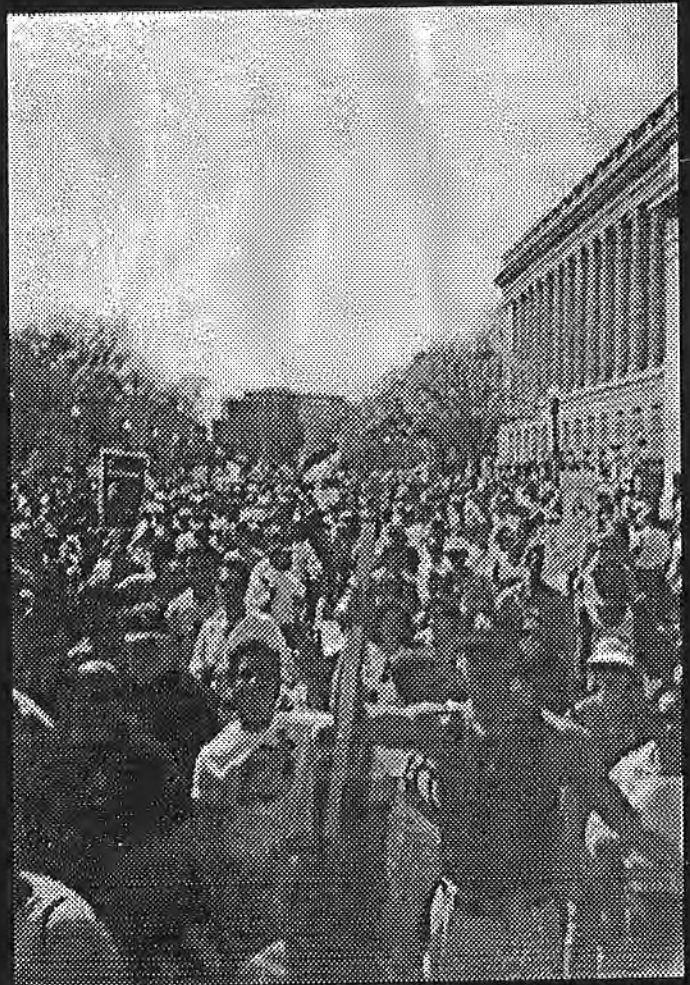


MARCH ON WASHINGTON PHOTO ESSAY

Rough Play...

ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE



MARCH ON WASHINGTON PHOTO ESSAY

**CONVERSATION
WITH A
CUSTOMS
BUREAUCRAT**

**BY CHRIS
BEARCHELL**

I was filling out a form called a B-2 in order to appeal Canada Customs' seizure of my mail-ordered copy of Blush Production's video Surburban Dykes.

The form is a nightmare. Fortunately a gay male friend of mine had done this before and gave me a copy of his B-2 to use in filling out my own. I got part way through it before I realized that they had re-issued the form recently and there were changes on it. They wanted more code numbers filled in, in the little boxes, but gave no list of codes or indication of how to figure them out or find them.

Finally I broke down and called the prohibited importations unit. I'm not going to let on that I'm an anti-censorship activist. I'll play innocent, just get the information I need and that's it, I told myself.

A woman answered.

ME: Hi. I'm trying to fill out a B-2 to appeal the seizure of a video I ordered, but the form is a bit confusing.

CO*: First of all, are you sure you want to do this?

ME: Of course I am, why?

CO: Well, it's a lot to go through if you're not really sure you want

to do it.

ME: I'm sure.

CO: Okay, what is it that you're having problems with?

ME: There's this box, number 21, that asks for a classification number...

CO: Oh, that. It was a video you had seized? I'll have to look that up. Can you hold a minute?



ME: Sure.

A long time later she comes back and rhymes off a number, 8524231010. We go through the rest of the questions. Finally we come to box number 37, "justification for request".

ME: What does this mean?

CO: Well, why do you think you should be allowed to import this video?

ME: It's for my personal use; you

have no business stopping people from seeing or reading whatever they want to.

CO: You're wrong there — it's our job to uphold the law. We wouldn't have seized the video if it didn't break the law. It must be obscene.

ME: How should I know? I haven't seen the video.

CO: We know that. We won't prosecute you for importing it, because we know that you can't know what's in it if you're ordering it through the mail.

ME: I'm not trying to say that I didn't know what it was in it *in general*. I mean I ordered it *because* it's a sex video. But how am I supposed to know why I want to appeal the seizure of something that I've never seen? If you let me see it, maybe I could say why you shouldn't have seized it.

She laughs.

CO: We can't do that if it's illegal to bring it into the country.

ME: Well, that doesn't make it any easier to fill out this form. How's a person supposed to know what you won't let into the country or why?

CO: If it violates the criminal code, it's forbidden.

I started to say, that doesn't exactly answer the question, but I bit my tongue instead. She continued:

CO: What does it say on the "Notice of Determination"?

[That's the form that arrived in the mail instead of my video.]

* Customs official.

In part B, under section 2, classification, there are a bunch of boxes to checkoff... The one that's checked will tell you why it's against the law.

ME: It's box g) "anal penetration".

CO: Aha! You see, it's against the law.

ME: Anal penetration is against the law? Since when?

CO: Here, I'll read it to you.

She starts to read the obscenity section of the criminal code:

"Everyone commits an offence who makes, prints, publishes, distributes, circulates or has in his possession for the purpose of publication, distribution or circulation any obscene written matter, picture, model, phono-

graph record or other thing whatever..."

I interrupt:

ME: I know what section 163 of the criminal code says, and I know that it doesn't refer to anal sex.

CO: Just let me finish: "...For the purpose of this act, any publication a dominant characteristic of which is the undue exploitation of sex or of sex and any one of the following subjects, namely, crime, horror, cruelty and violence, shall be deemed to be obscene."

It was the wording of this section that led a Quebec supreme court judge to decide that a (realistic, cock-like) dildo constituted "an obscene publication".

ME: So? Where's the reference to anal sex? I told you it isn't there; the law isn't that specific — it's



totally open to interpretation.

CO: No, it's not. Just a minute.

She comes back and begins reading to me from another familiar document — Customs memorandum D9-1-1:

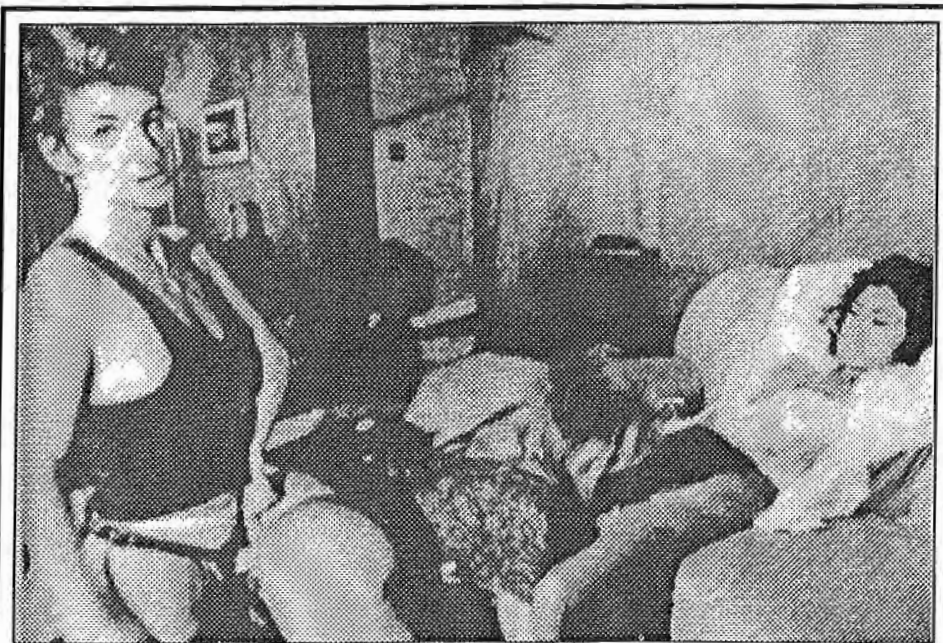
"This law forbids the importation of "a) goods which depict or describe sexual acts that appear to degrade or dehumanize any of the participants, including: (1) depictions or descriptions of sex with violence, submission, coercion, ridicule, degradation, exploitation or humiliation of any human being whether sexually explicit or not, and which appears to condone or otherwise endorse such behaviour for the purposes of sexual stimulation or pleasure..."

I interrupt her again:

ME: That's not the law, that's just a regulation.

CO: It may be just a regulation to you, but the law says it's my job to enforce it.

She continues through the list:



Photos accompanying this article are frames from *Suburban Dykes*, a lesbian erotic film. The scene above, picturing dykes engaged in anal sex, was what got Canada Customs so hot and bothered about *Suburban Dykes* that they banned it from entering the country.

"(2) depictions or descriptions of rape, (3) of bondage, (4) which associate sexual pleasure with pain and suffering, (5) sexual gratification gained through inflicting pain, (6) mutilation or removal of any part of the human body, (7) menstrual blood or faecal matter..." And finally...

She finishes triumphantly:

"(8) depictions or descriptions of anal penetration, including depictions or descriptions involving implements of all kinds.

I refrain from telling her that I've read the memo myself dozens of times. Instead I say:

ME: So this little regulation says that anal sex is obscene?

CO: Yes, it is.

Finally, I can't stand it any more. Canada Customs' real agenda is to stop gay male porn from entering Canada. And I say so.

CO: No, it isn't.

She insists:

99 per cent of the anal penetration stuff we seize is men doing it to women.

ME: Not in this video, it isn't; there are no men in it.

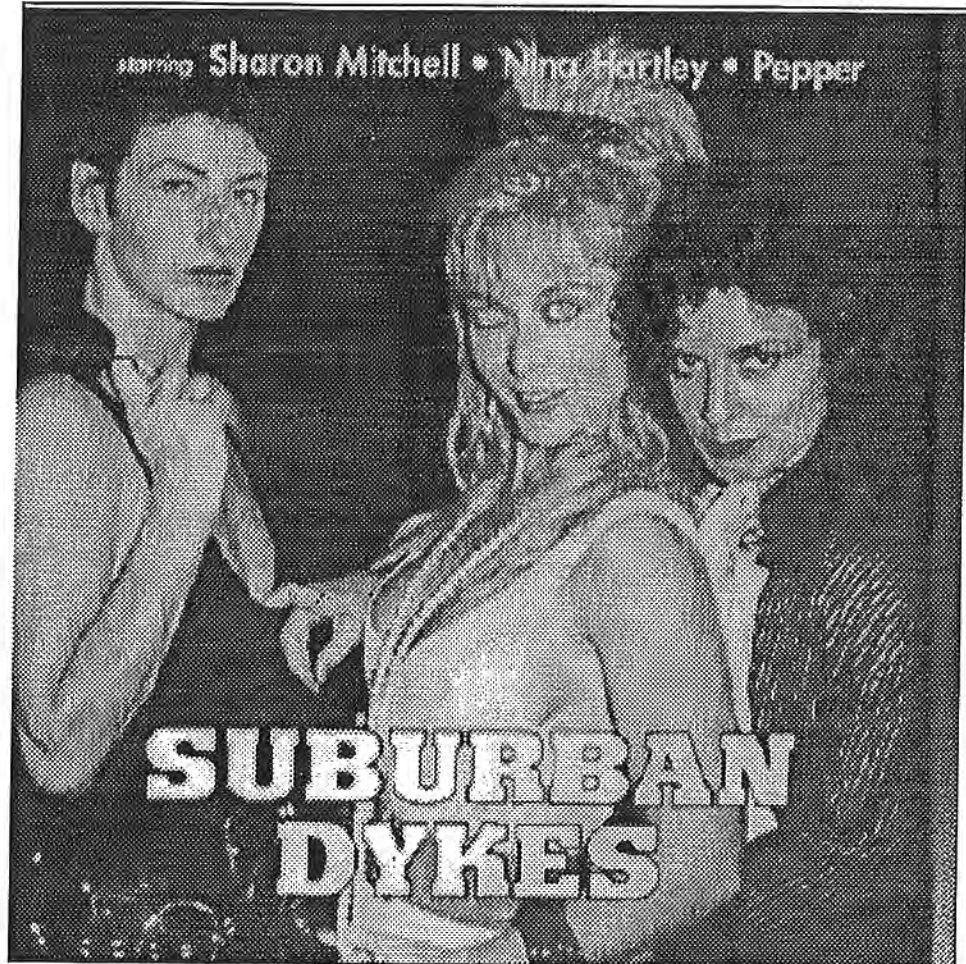
CO: Then... some woman must... put a finger... or some-thing... into another woman's anus.

ME: Are you trying to tell me that the criminal code says that one girl putting a finger in another girl's asshole is "combining sex with crime, horror, cruelty and violence"?

CO: Yes.
ME: You've got to be kidding...

Well, I was being disingenuous. She wasn't kidding, of course.

I filed the appeal on 17 July 1991. Then I kept re-submitting it as it got turned down at each level. Finally, there was nothing left to do but go to court. I figured I'd already paid enough for this abuse, so I dropped it.





Iconoclastic!

Just One of Holy Daddy's Boys
Hot Italian Seminarian Hustler Stud
on balcony of the Papal Palace in Vatican City

Masphemous!

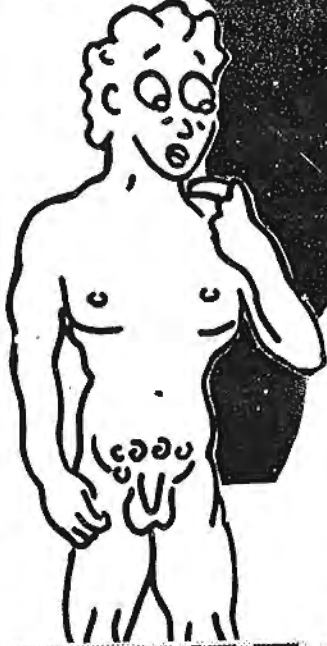


One night in the life of
the Church!

BOVE: Mediaeval Byzantine Queers
Fondle the Risen Saviour
Check out that hot guy in the Chain-Mail!



HOMOSaints



HOLY CHRIST!
What a Glass!

Demonic!



Jesus and
St. John eye
longingly
at each other,
considering
finally going
all the way.

JESUS WAS
A QUEER JEW!

HOMOMASS PURGATORY

ARMED AND QUEER? WHAT THE FUCK!

military to end its ban. Or he might have been making damn sure he never had to make another move for queer rights during his turn at the trough.

Clinton's little flyer exposed the ugly side of America as the "religioU.S." right started to howl about "family values" and "discipline". When the arguments based on straight homophobia made no impression, they turned to Gen. Colin Powell's argument that since homophobia exists in the military, dyke and fag soldiers should be kept tightly locked in the closet.

Of course, gays have always

been in the U.S. military, ever since Alexander Hamilton organized the state militias for his lover, George Washington. And, of course, we're there now. That's jU.S.t fine in wartime, when they need U.S. for cannon fodder. In world war 2, they had no problem with letting 650,000 fags carry their fucking banners into battle. In the Gulf war, Asshole B.U.S.h sU.S.pended the ban so he could bomb to his heart's content. But in peacetime, the Land of the Freeloading Corporations spends \$40 million a year desperately searching for dykes and fags in its precioU.S. army and drumming them out.)

Well, this one seems to be the issue of the day, at least down there in the

land of the free. In Canada, the courts ordered the military to stop forcing dykes and fags out a few months back. A few soldiers were re-instated; but the sodomite invasion doesn't seem to have changed the military a damn — it's still murderoU.S. and all.

U.S. President Bill "William" Clinton (by the way, rumour is Bill sucked cock in university, but didn't inhale) might have been expecting the same reaction when he tried to order the U.S.

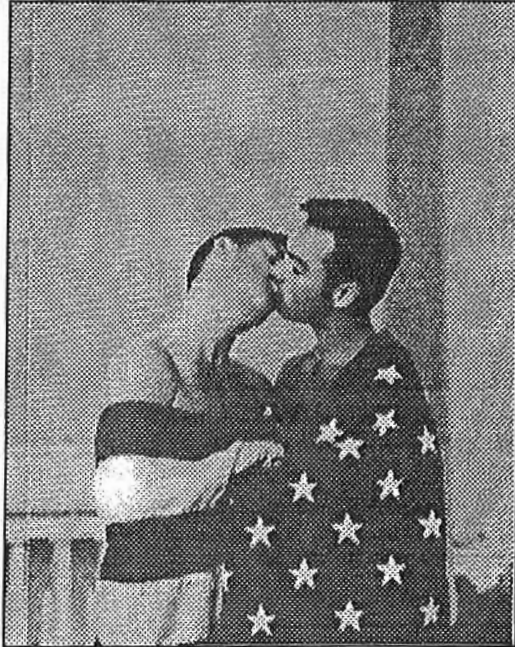
My question is: What the fuck? Why the hell is this suddenly our big caU.S.e? Why all the postcards and banners at the march on Washington? Did all the old issues go away? And why do we want into this bullshit anyway? "Campaign for Military Service" my ass.

The real question: Why do we want to be part of a fucking killing machine?

The army's all about killing



Don't Like and controlling the people that are in it. It exists to let governments threaten other governments or — for pathetic little strutting governments like Canada's — to intimidate and control people at home, like they did at Oka. It's about as far away from queer as you can get, without leaving the fucking planet.



'specially for queers. (Same goes for Canada too, eh. Not doing the actual invading, jU.S.t getting filthy frigging rich off of the carnage. Like when Canada was the largest per capita arms exporter in the world during the Vietnam war. Now our boyz in Somalia are killing the local "Smufties" for "crimes" like looking at the Canadian army

exchange ain't worth shit. What it is worth is a diversion. It's a chance for President Bill to back away from his "gay rights agenda" and say he's done enough. "You're in the army now; I fought for your rights on this one, now don't pU.S.h me for any real jU.S.tice!"

So why the hell are "our" organizations pU.S.hing so hard on this one? Word is that the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force told President Bill this was "The Big One for Gay Voters".

Now this is what you might expect from "insidioU.S. assimilationists", as Deke Nihilson called the old American Federation of Labour in one of his queer labour flyers. But how come the "radicals" from Queer Nation are running around waving the frigging stars and stripes and clamouring for the "right to serve"?

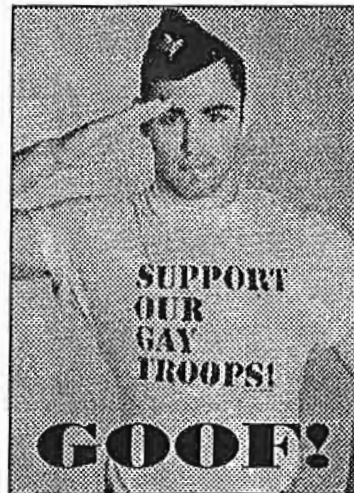
The U.S. military is mainly U.S.ed for supporting vicioU.S. dictatorships all around the world that violate the human rights of their own people. And here we are marching for human rights and fighting to get into this thing. What the fuck? Does no one see the hypocrisy in all this?

The U.S. military have routinely invaded other countries (or helped their own armies to overthrow elected governments) that try to build their own democratic institutions on non-American lines. Take Guatemala, or El Salvador, or Vietnam, or Indonesia, or Iran, or Nicaragua, or Chile, or dozens of others. And in case you hadn't noticed, American democracy ain't the best of all possible worlds —

compound in Somalia.)

Adding a few good men who like to suck cock ain't gonna make it any better. No more than adding a few women suddenly ended sexism in America a few years back.

The way it's been, queer kids who join the U.S. army — for a way to get away from their folks, into school, whatever else they can grab — have had an out: Tell the officers you like to fuck people the same sex as you, and they kick you out. Perfect! Now that's going to be taken away, and the "gain" in



"Please sir, may I have the right to participate in my own oppression?"

"Yes soldier, eventually, as long as you are a good little homosexual and don't give the president any more grief."

WHAT THE FUCK?!!

— DAVID

THE ETERNAL QUEER

IN THE SYMBOLIC LANDSCAPE OF HOMOPHOBIA, WE ARE THE JEWS

BY ALISA SOLOMON
FIRST PUBLISHED IN
THE VILLAGE VOICE

Beverly LaHaye asks, "Why do homosexuals, who represent at the very most only 1-2 per cent of the nation's population, wield such enormous political clout far beyond their numbers?" And she answers, "They are aided in the implementation of their hidden agenda by powerful allies in government, education, entertainment, and the media." And we know who those folks are: That other powerful lobby of conniving controllers and disguised destroyers of Christian values.

It's no surprise that the Christian right's antigay rhetoric would leak over into anti-Semitism. Both groups are perceived as highly educated, economically well-off, and disproportionately represented in the "cultural elite"; both are considered beyond the pale of Christian redemption because of a primal flaw based on both identity and behaviour. (The extent to which the behaviour constitutes the identity remains in question for both groups.) Both can be reviled on the basis of Scriptural "proof". And, perhaps most frightening, both can pass undetected in the dominant culture, hatching their conspiracies right under Christian noses.

What is alarming is the extent to which the religious right's homophobic campaign borrows the structure and imagery of European anti-Semitism at its most virulent. A cartoon published last year by the Oregon Citizens Alliance (the group responsible for Measure 9) showed a gay man manipulating the strings of government and the economy. It was a virtual copy of a Nazi cartoon that simply replaced the stooped, hook-nosed puppeteer with a blank-faced clone.

Homophobia has many causes, not the least of which is misogyny. (Often this strain is expressed by the derision of gay males as "sissies", but it works in the other direction too, as the debate over lifting the military ban has shown: straight male recruits express fears that rapacious gay soldiers will turn them into women.) And bigotry toward scapegoats often takes similar forms, painting the pariah group as inhuman sexual predators, especially dangerous to children (as African Americans, Chinese railroad workers, and "witches" have been in this country.)

A misogynist fear of gender confusion is common to all bigotry, too; the men of outcast groups are depicted as effeminate, the women are masculinized. But the structure of anti-Semitism has become the most handy template for religious-right organizing, even though their agenda is as racist and sexist as it is homophobic.

Queers and Jews evoke similar fantasies because they aren't always physically identifiable and because they embody practices and values the dominant culture has rejected, an atavistic image of itself. For European Christians, Jews were the forbears who passed up the opportunity for redemption by rejecting Christ and killing him; for fundamentalist American homophobes, gays are primitive sex fiends whose passions must be tamed by obedience to God.

Classic anti-Semitism stirs panic by describing Jews as sexually rampant and promiscuous, and it projects these fears onto children, as victims of this lust. The age-old libel accuses Jews of slaughtering and feeding off Christian children. Today,

The "powerful homosexual lobby", the religious right's villain of the hour, started to look even more powerful in April. Not, as one would expect, because its ranks had swollen, but because they'd diminished. The Alan Guttmacher Institute reported that, contrary to the commonly quoted stat that one in 10 people is gay, their recent study of men suggests that only one per cent is gay.

This new figure is no surprise to the right, which has assumed that we are few in number, but vast in influence. Whether accurate or not, this is the stuff of powerful mythology, especially as it's fanned by the religious right to inflame images of gay men and lesbians as connivers and controllers, behind-the-scenes destroyers of all the West holds dear. It's a neat trick, for it allows the right to emphasize our "perversion" while exaggerating our influence. In this paranoid paradigm, the fewer of us there are, the bigger threat we become.

A recent direct-mail appeal from Concerned Women for America head



NORTH AMERICAN QUEER OPINION

it's gay men (and, when anyone bothers to mention them, lesbians) who are the screens for society's sexual fears — and desires. Queers are the ones regarded as uncontrollably licentious; Christian-right literature warns that they recruit and molest minors. A 1990 fundraising letter from Lou Sheldon for his Traditional Values Coalition puts it most bluntly: "They want your children."

What's more, invoking the Jewish parallel, the right's literature also refers to gays as a privileged class, selfishly grabbing for more, even though they're better off than most; it repeatedly reports gays having an average income \$23,000 higher than the average straight.

Most striking is the resemblance of *The Gay Agenda*, the Oregon Citizens Alliance's propaganda film, to the 1940 Nazi film *The Eternal Jew*. Both show footage from "inside" the community — San Francisco's gay pride parade, shots of the Lodz ghetto — to demonstrate their population's depravity and venality. Calm narrators explain how the queer — or the Jew — threatens the existence of the dominant culture through his (always his — women are rarely discussed) very essence, infecting everyone with his inherent impurity. Further, they describe how the queer — or the Jew — may learn to look like he belongs in his host culture, but evil lurks beneath his cleaned-up exterior as he plots with his cronies to take over civilization. He's responsible for profane art, prostitution, and virtually all sexual crimes.

Ludicrous statistics are quoted in these films. *The Gay Agenda* informs us that 17 per cent of homosexuals eat human faeces

for erotic kicks and that 28 per cent engage in sodomy with more than 1000 partners; *The Eternal Jew* reports that Jews commit 47 per cent of robberies and account for 98 per cent of dealers in prostitution. The Jews, says the Nazi film, "are only one per cent of the population", but they know how to "terrorize a great tolerant nation" by controlling finance, the arts, education, and media. Was Beverly LaHate taking notes?

In his recent study *Toward a Definition of Anti-Semitism*, Gavin I. Langmuir talks about "symbolic literalism" — the tendency, in the mythic thinking that is involved in bigotry — to confuse the literal and the figurative. Langmuir shows how Germany obsessed about Jewish blood in the 19th century. Extremists described a cult of ritual murder, while liberals used blood as a metaphor, describing capitalist exploitation (for which the Jews were, of course, responsible) as a modern, secular crucifixion. Both came to regard Jews' own blood as impure and infectious. Some mixed this symbolic literalism with the image of the feminized Jew, and alleged that Jewish men menstruated.

Homophobia commits symbolic literalism, too, especially because the classic characteristics attached to a demonized people — uncontrollable sexuality, gender transgression, and impure blood — seem palpably present in gays. One could hardly manufacture a group that falls prey more easily to being seen as harbouring these essential detested traits. AIDS gives literalness, if not accuracy, to accusations that gays will infect society with their poisoned blood, and the religious right's letters and pamphlets drip with warnings

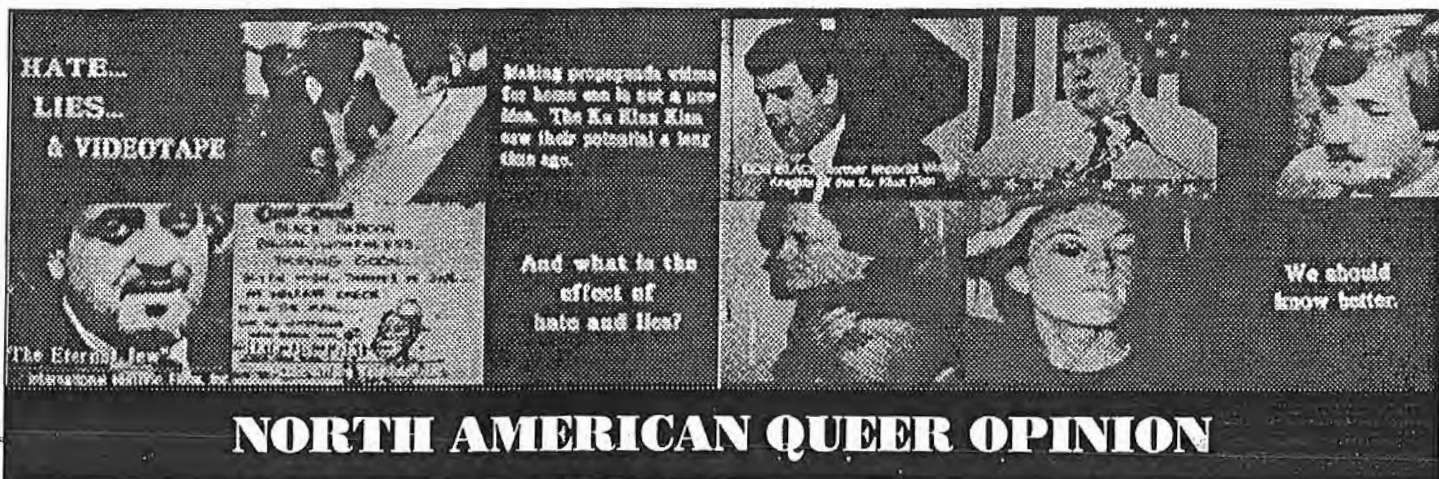
about the threat gays pose to public health.

The most extreme fringe supports the death penalty for homosexuals — as they did not so long ago for Jews. Though this is only a fringe, its viewpoint is tolerated as part of the discourse — as it was in Europe, even before the Nazis came to power.

When it comes to sex, antigay bigotry takes on a particularly American tenor. Since gay identity is understood as a function of sexual behaviour, America's puritanical anxieties get easily projected onto our community. The Christian right, of course, begins with the principle of sex as original sin. And sex has as its only purpose procreation in the embrace of holy matrimony. To that absolute, fundamentalists and evangelicals add an Anglo-American ideal of self-control, the notion that a man (and only a man) can make himself what he chooses if he restrains his appetites and follows the will of God.

Gay sex, lacking the excuse of baby-making, is about anything but making babies. That's why gays are rendered even more abject than Christians who come into the world through sin. And that lack of sexual purpose, more than any particular practices, is what makes homosexuality "immoral". (Of course, this abomination, sex-for-itself, is at the heart of the religious right's opposition to abortion, too. If a woman didn't want to get pregnant, the rhetoric goes, she shouldn't have had sex.)

Such attitudes and anxieties about gay men and lesbians have always seethed within modern culture (one hardly need point out that Nazis



exterminated "perverts" too), and, in this particularly American form, since before Stonewall. They're being stirred openly now for several reasons.

First, America is currently in a state of moral panic. Cities decay, populations shift, the economy idles. As symbols of fluid boundaries, queers represent a loss of certitude and power. In this climate, our failure to fall in line with traditional behaviours makes the whole social order look like it's up for grabs.

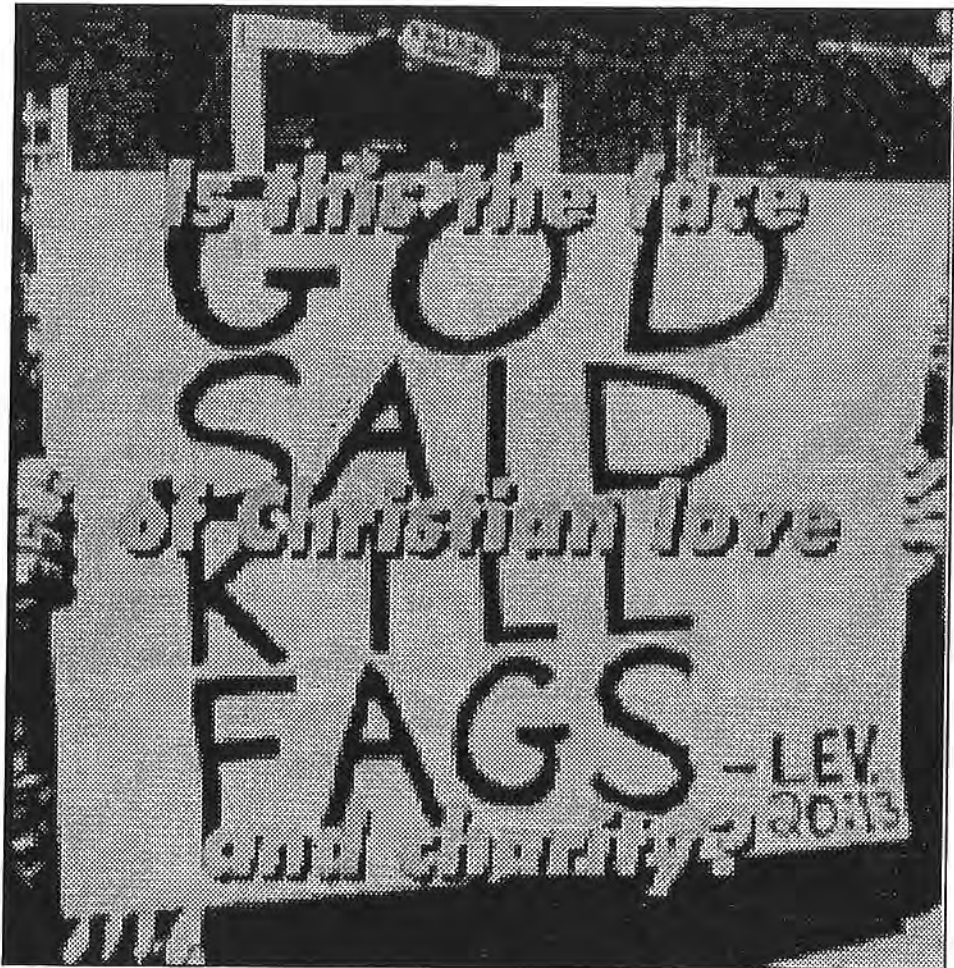
These terrors dovetail with populist impulses. As Jews in Germany were associated with economic decline because of their "parasitic nature", gays are associated with men's loss of jobs, or the fear of losing jobs — even without the phony rhetoric about gay quotas. Getting laid off (as the very phrase suggests) is to be emasculated. To lose a job, in American society, is to fail as the provider, as the Man; gays and lesbians seem to mock the very idea of gender roles to which such men cling for dear life. Who else is there to lash out against? Not even the Jews.

Symbolically, gays even threaten the one sphere where a man retains authority: as head of his family. The right-wing primer *Gays, AIDS and You*, by Michael Schwartz and Enrique Rueda, argues that the homosexual movement's "top priority is to force a 'redefinition' of the American family away from the traditional husband-wife-children model to a more 'functional' definition based on the notion of economic unit or any other basis that does not require heterosexuality as its foundation." No wonder we've become poster girls and boys for the religious right.

There are politically expedient reasons, too. The lavender menace became the cause of the moment, explains political scientist Matthew Moen, author of *The Transformation of the Christian Right*, because the fundamentalists "didn't have any more agenda items on their plate". They'd lost on school prayer, tuition tax credits, tax-exempt status for racially discriminatory schools, and then abortion. And most important, they lost what Loretta Ross of the Center for Democratic Renewal calls their "ideological glue": communism.

But gays, it turned out, could be just as galvanizing. Their inclusion in school curriculum reform; the passage of gay rights bills in 19 states and more than 100 cities; the funding by the National Endowment for the Arts of homoerotic work — all showed how incendiary and lucrative queer visibility could be. The religious right's national organizations responded to all three developments, their

opportunity for the religious right to test its antigay agenda as the central organizing strategy. In Colorado and Oregon, local antigay groups worked in close coordination with national organizations, developing direct-mail appeals, video propaganda, and other tactics. They hit the jackpot. Colorado's "no special rights" Amendment 2 passed; Oregon's more harshly worded Measure 9 was only



coffers swelling the shriller their outrage became.

Thus the religious right learned — using all the latest tools of direct-mail marketing techniques — how to create the illusion of grass-roots activity within a highly stratified top-down structure and to camouflage the religious content of their agenda by promoting the more secular theme of "defending the family".

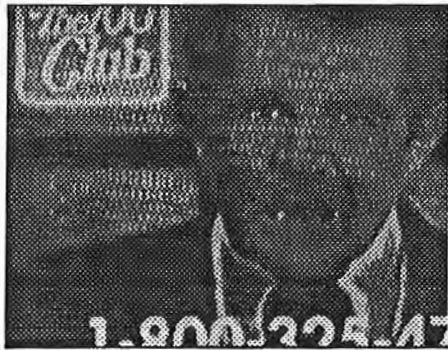
Last fall's elections provided the first

narrowly defeated, passing in 20 of Oregon's 36 counties.

Homophobia was "the perfect place for running the no-special-rights argument", says Suzanne Pharr, an activist in the South who went up to Oregon to organize against Measure 9. "You make up nonsense about 'quotas' and play on the racist idea that here's one more minority coming to take your job. So you promote a genuinely racist, anti-affirmative action

agenda while trumping up traditional pro-civil rights groups against lesbians and gay men. It's pretty slick."

And the strategy plays in the general public, suggests social psychologist Gregory Herek, editor of *Hate Crimes: Confronting Violence Against Lesbians and Gay Men*, because most heterosexuals in America don't know any openly gay people. His research shows that people who do know someone gay are supporters of gay civil rights, and that those who know more than one gay person are even more supportive, because "they begin to recognize that gay people are as different from one another as straight people". When straights don't know any openly gay people, gays take on symbolic status, becoming "repositories for people's needs to affirm a moral ideal of themselves, identify with a group, or establish a sense in themselves in the face of unresolved conflicts about gender or sexuality".



Like European anti-Semitism, such a deep, abiding cultural prejudice as homophobia is easy to whip up into active discrimination. If the morality card is played, says Pharr, violence is the inevitable outcome: "keep young men who are confused about their own sexuality away from gays and lesbians, prevent them from getting information, teach them that homosexuality is a moral issue, and why should anybody be surprised that they think it's their civic duty to destroy gay people?"

Could this level of hate escalate into genocide? The most fearful queer activists can't quite imagine death camps in the U.S., even if Pat Robertson becomes president in 1996 — or later. But analysts like Pharr or Political Research Associates' Chip Berlet are not squeamish about using words like "fascist" or "authoritarian" to describe certain aspects of religious-right

organizing. "They certainly have a few elements in common with fascism," Berlet points out, "a scapegoat, a sense of historical mission, strong leadership, and the aim of cultural hegemony."

How do we counteract this campaign of hate? One gay strategy has been to insist that we are just like straights. We have jobs, and families, and bills to pay. Of course we do, but this assimilationist approach to fighting the right can backfire. First, because it will never completely work, as the fate of assimilated German Jews all too tragically demonstrates. Besides, assimilation has as its victims certain folks who can never conform — Chasidic men, drag queens.

Assimilation leaves intact a social structure that sustains itself by constantly defining who's in, and as a result, who's out. In such a system, some Other will always be constructed as the repository for the culture's most uncontrollable fears.

When times get rough, they will inevitably be blamed.

Historically, the gay and lesbian movement has articulated a vision of liberation that dismantles the us-versus-them mechanism. Focussing on civil rights — which of course we deserve and need — we lose this vision, and the religious right scores its first victory: it sets our agenda. I prefer to think our enemies have good reason to feel threatened by us. In 1987 Schwartz and Rueda warned, "The ultimate goal of the homosexual movement is the transformation of key social structures and our entire culture..." I hope they're still right.

MORE FUNDAMENTALIST HATE PROPAGANDA:

Below is just one more of many examples of the bullshit the "christians" spread about us. (These are only a few pages that I decided to print out of this whole "chick tract".) How many lies can you find?



Photography
by



PUSSY BOY DAVE
from Chicago



Photography
by



from Chicago
BUZZY BOY DAVE

FREE THE SPANNER MEN



As you read this, two men are serving sentences of 7-12 weeks in solitary confinement in a British prison. They were convicted of crimes of assault for what were actually acts of consenting SM sex between adults.

JAILED FOR CONSENTING SM SEX

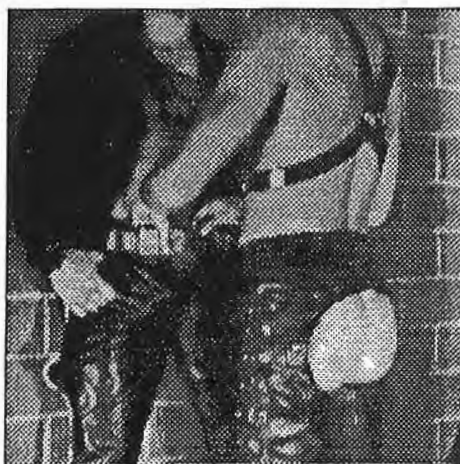
"CONSENT IS IMMATERIAL"

The two men, Roland Jaggard and Tony Brown, are part of a group of 16 gay men who were convicted as a result of a three-year police investigation called Operation Spanner.

When they were arrested the "crimes" did not actually exist. Under British law it had always been accepted that consent was a defence against charges of assault in consenting sex. But at their first trial, Judge James Rant dismissed their consent as "immaterial". This meant that their consenting acts of S&M play were viewed as cold-blooded assaults and the men were sentenced to prison terms of 3-6 years.

Five of the men appealed, once to the Criminal Courts where their sentences were reduced, and lastly to the Law Lords. This is the highest court of appeal. It is similar to a Supreme Court, except that there is no written constitution in Britain, and the Law Lords' judgment is therefore based on previous rulings by judges and Law Lords.

Their judgment was delivered on 11 March 1993. The Appeal was lost and the two men went to prison.



The Law Lords judgment contains every myth and popular misconception about S&M—that it is cruel or violent or inherently unsafe or dangerous. Throughout the 60-page document the submissives (bottoms) are portrayed as "victims" incapable of informed consent. It cites suppression of "homosexual sadomasochism" as a defence of family values, and even attempts to justify the convictions on the grounds that S&M sex is a high-risk HIV activity.

They are not the only S&Mers in Britain receiving harassment. Heterosexual

couples have been prosecuted under prostitution laws even though no money was exchanged; gay leather clubs have been visited by police; and two weeks after the judgment a heterosexual/mixed S&M-fetish club was raided by the police.

But the Law Lords did split 3-2 on this decision. Those supporting the appeal did so in the strongest terms. Lord Slynn of Hadley said, "It is not for the courts in the interests of paternalism or in order to protect people from themselves, to introduce into existing crimes concepts which do not properly fit there." Editorials in the leading "heavyweight" press also condemned the decision. On top of this, the Law Commission, a legal advisory body of lawyers, has announced that it intends to examine the whole issue surrounding consensual sex and assault.

THE APPEAL TO EUROPE

"I find the support given to me and Tony Brown by the demonstrators and other sympathizers gives me great strength in overcoming the trauma of being returned to prison

for the 'crime' of having consenting sex with adults. I intend to take this case as far as possible, and need and welcome the support of both gay and straight people in eventually obtaining justice!"

— Roland Jaggard

Four of the five men are committed to taking the case to Europe. Liberty (a civil rights pressure group) is funding a case by a gay man, a lesbian and a heterosexual couple. A European Court of Human Rights ruling is binding on any country which has signed its charter. Britain is one of these signatories, and previous rulings by this court have brought the legalization of gay sex to Northern Ireland, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. The European Court, which is not part of the EEC but has 26 European signatories, can force a country to change its laws if it sees fit. Britain, which has been taken to this court more times than any other member country, has a good record on obeying the court rulings.

But the case of the four Spanner Men will cost money — possibly as much as £100,000 (US\$160,000) — and may take as long as four years. And while British S&Mers are uniting across sexuality and geographical boundaries to raise this money, we need YOUR support.

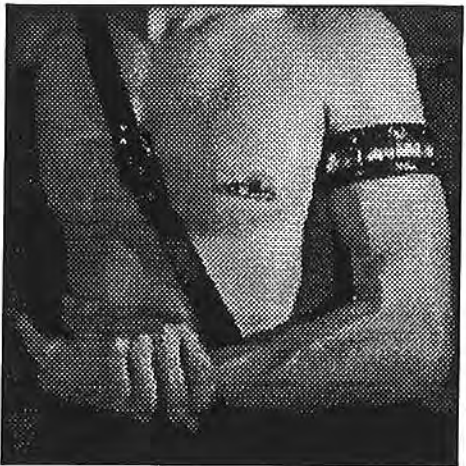
COUNTDOWN ON SPANNER

Founded in July 1992, it is a mixed-sexuality group of S&Mers and our supporters. Over 100 people attended the first meeting and we have initiated the first positive campaign around S&M rights in Britain. We led a high-profile media defence of the Spanner Men and successfully turned liberal opinion around from one of condemnation of the four men to condemnation of the judgment.

We have brought British S&Mers together for the first time and organized Britain's first S&M Pride March — which attracted over 750 people.

We have picketed the police and the courts, organized a lobby of the Law Lords, and taken our demand for freedom and equality to the public. We have also distributed information about the effects of the Spanner ruling and how we can avoid being arrested.

We are hoping to organize regional fundraising groups for S&Mers that don't have access to London's S&M scene.



WHAT YOU CAN DO

- Send a card of support to the men in prison c/o our address..
- Organize a benefit or fundraiser for the Appeal to Europe.
- Support the Amnesty International campaign. These men are not eligible at present for adoption by AI, because they were not convicted of crimes that are gay-specific.
- Send off for our INFOPAK. It contains a summary of the case

and its implications; a legal guide for S&M activities in Britain and how to avoid arrest; and a list of our activities and merchandise.

"Every adult who has an interest in defending civil liberties should be angered by the Spanner judgment. It represents a fundamental attack on the sexual civil liberties of every adult in Britain and every adult thinking of visiting Britain... and in particular, it has serious implications for sado-masochists, lesbians, gaymen, bisexuals and other sexual minorities."

— Kellan Farshea, Founder, Countdown on Spanner

**S&M:
LEGALITY
VALIDITY
EQUALITY**

COUNTDOWN ON SPANNER
c/o Central Station,
37 Wharfdale Road,
London N1,
United Kingdom

MAGGIE'S ORGANIZES FOR SEX WORKERS IN TORONTO

Maggie's mission is to provide education and support to assist sex workers in their efforts to live and work with safety and dignity.

BACKGROUND

Sometime in 1982, a Toronto street girl named Peggie Miller got busted for keeping a common bawdy house when she picked up a cop and took him back to her place. She pleaded "not guilty" but lost in court. Peg's lawyer told her there wasn't much point in appealing the case; the problem was the law. If she wanted justice, the law would have to change first. She told Peg to get hold of people who were fighting that law.

Peggie hooked up with a few people, most of whom (Danny Cockerline, Chris Bearchell and Gwendolyn) are part of Maggie's today; they helped her start the Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes (CORP).

CORP started out trying to organize pros to fight for law reform so they could improve their working conditions. But Peggie also realized that there were things people in the business go through because the work is illegal that get in the way of sex workers getting organized.

That's where the idea for Maggie's came from in 1985.

We thought we could get the broader community — maybe even the government — to support a project that involved prostitutes joining the self-help movement. We imagined female and male pros providing access to information and services to other pros. Our very first vision was something like a 24-hour laundromat — with attached daycare system — with space to run everything from self-defence classes to money-management seminars. We picked the name "Maggie's" for Margaret (Babba Yaga) who, along with women like Gwendolyn, organized Better End All Vicious Erotic Repression (BEAVER), the first prostitutes' rights group in Toronto, in the late 70s. In 1987, Maggie's received our first AIDS-prevention funding for the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project, which has been growing and thriving ever since.

PROSTITUTE'S SAFE SEX PROJECT

The Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project (PSSP) uses one-to-one contact to encourage and equip prostitutes to supply each other and their partners with up-to-date and thorough information about (and, when possible, materials for) AIDS prevention. We do this by making detailed, sophisticated and culturally appropriate AIDS prevention information readily available to female, male, and transvestite/transsexual

street and escort prostitutes, their customers and their spouses or lovers.

PSSP's AIDS educators, who are or have been prostitutes themselves, are able to overcome the cultural barriers that prevent educators from reaching their colleagues. As peers, PSSP educators have access to pros at their work sites (bars, agencies, dressing rooms and street corners). They demonstrate the potential for — and the responsibility of — all sexually active people, particularly people in the sex industry, in acting as AIDS educators.

RESOURCE CENTRE

In 1990, Maggie's opened a prostitutes' safe sex resource centre. Most people who drop in just use the centre as a place to get condoms and information, especially the Bad Trick Sheet. Staff estimates that approximately 20% of the people who come into the centre have come due to specific problems or crises (domestic violence, arrest, sexual assault, child care or custody problems, assault by police).

STREET OUTREACH

There is an increasing demand for our condom and information distribution services on the street. In 1990-91, we distributed 10,906 condoms in 2,815 contacts with women and men who work in the sex trade;



in 1991-92 we distributed 24,387 condoms in 3,801 individual contacts (for an increase of 123% and 35% respectively). For the first half of 1992-93 we have had 4,795 contacts and distributed 24,827 condoms.

The most alarming observations we have made have been of the consequences of Canada's failing economy. People who have lost jobs in other sectors of the economy and been forced to depend upon (often inadequate) social assistance are turning to the sex trade. Such newcomers turn up on the street, where the downturn in the economy also means that money is scarce — as it is for escorts who work indoors.

This influx of newcomers has meant that the old "strolls" have gotten bigger and there are new "strolls" developing all the time, wherever there are concentrations of poor people — even in the suburbs.

Newcomers to the sex industry don't just need information about AIDS, they need to know about all the sexually transmitted diseases and other risks.

As with much of our work, there is a one-step-forward-two-steps-back quality to outreach. We no sooner develop a rapport with a particularly needy woman than she disappears off to jail. Or we finally manage to do outreach in one of the local crack houses and the place closes down and its residents disperse.

MAGGIE'S NEW VAN

We are now taking the resource centre to the streets in a van. This allows us to reach out to more street prostitutes who can't come to our resource centre, and carry outreach services to the suburban strolls.

COURTWATCH

We have always wanted PSSP's outreach to include introducing ourselves to people who are going through the legal system, especially those who are facing prostitution-related charges. Our long-awaited Pro's Legal Primer is getting close to completion. This year, we begin a community development project aimed at sharing Maggie's resources and information with other sex-worker communities and community-based AIDS organizations throughout Ontario.



THE BAD TRICK SHEET

In 1991-92 we produced 10 issues of the Bad Trick Sheet for women. Fifty-one incidents had been reported in it: 11 sexual assaults (including two gang rapes) and 31 other assaults (including 10 with weapons). As of August 1992, we had 107 entries — 53 of them since the beginning of 1992. At that time, incidents reported on the list included: 25 rapes (including four gang rapes), 47 other assaults, and seven instances of forcible confinement.

We have produced only two issues of the Bad Trick Sheet for Boystown. We hope to also hope to produce a Bad Call List for indoor workers.

ASSERTING OUR RIGHTS

A big problem for pros is the Not in My Back Yard (NIMBY) syndrome. In late August and early September of 1992, anger over the presence of a stroll in the west-end neighbourhood of Parkdale produced a volatile situation. Residents' hostility towards pros appears to have fueled attacks on prostitutes in the area and we have had a number of reports of the vigilante group Guardian Angels harassing, intimidating and even assaulting some women. Some of the women who work in Parkdale have moved to the fringes of the area; others have moved west and north of the neighbourhood. We participated in the Take Back the Night march in order to bridge the gap between prostitutes and other women in the area.

The situation has by no means been resolved and we will continue to monitor it and intervene when and where it seems appropriate. A similar situation has been simmering in Cabbagetown for years.

SEX WORKERS' ALLIANCE OF TORONTO

This new and dynamic organization of sex workers, SWAT, has allied itself with Maggie's and the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project. SWAT's purpose is to organize pros to resist unfair laws and police harassment, and assert our right to a decent living.



MAGGIE'S, 298 Gerrard St. E., Toronto, Ontario M5A 2G7
tel. (416) 964-0150

Rough Play...

ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE

WHORE CULTURE

HUSTLERS AND WHORES AND STRIPPERS AND PORN ARTISTS
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WITH PRO SEX LIVE, PRO SEX ON SCREEN AND PRO SEX TALK,
PLUS A VERY PRIVATE PARTY.

GORGEOUS GIRLS AND HORNY HUNKS
PRESENT THIS FESTIVAL OF WHORE CULTURE
AS A FUNDRAISER FOR MAGGIE'S/PROSTITUTE'S SAFE SEX PROJECT.

JUNE 3-5 AT A SPACE, SUITE 301, 183 BATHURST STREET.

FOR INFORMATION, CALL MAGGIE'S AT 964-0150.



SCARLET HARLOT, a S.F. prostitute/activist,
presents her INTERNATIONAL SOLICITATION TOUR.
Photo by Tracy Mostovoy.



HAVING A BALL: MAGGIE'S BOARD MEMBER BENTLEY BALL

a festival of SEX work

UPCOMING EVENTS



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Lingerie Fantasy
Lingerie Fantasy
Lingerie Fantasy

SENSUAL DOMINANT
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FETISH
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HUGELY SATISFYING MASSAGE
OUT calls

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QUEER WORKERS & PWAS FIGHT GAY BAR BOSSES

EDITOR'S NOTE: The End Up is a San Francisco bar that at the time housed the popular queer clubs Dekadence, G-Spot and Uranus. Deke Nihilson, Dust McGowan and David Ewell — queer guys and members of the Industrial Workers of the World (a radical union also known as the Wobblies) — were fired last year by the End Up's management after attempting to organize maintenance workers there to resist random firings and a host of other grievances.

I think this is really important. A BOSS is a BOSS is a FUCKING BOSS, no matter who or what it sleeps with! "Gay" people can be assholes; they can be capitalist exploiters just as well as people named Trump or Black or Morgan or Rockefeller. The bottom line is — and always has been — that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common"!

I don't know if these guys are still fighting the bosses, or who won, but I wanted to run this anyway, if only to make a point. So many people seem to believe in the "gay community". I don't anymore, although I used to. What it seems to always boil down to is money. The people with the money are the people with the money, regardless of who they fuck, and in my own experience I don't see any

difference. But maybe I'm just cynical...

Anyway, what follows is the text of a leaflet that was distributed at a picket outside the establishment:

UPEND THE END UP: SUPPORT MILITANT QUEER LABOR!

NOTICE: THIS IS AN INFORMATIONAL PICKET ONLY!

The Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W., or Wobblies) are here to protest the union-busting policies of the End Up's management. These policies have taken many forms

over the last six months, from the firing of union activists to the suppression of free speech. What follows is a brief chronology of events:

SPRING/SUMMER 1992 — Five members of the End Up's maintenance crew join the I.W.W. These janitors seek union representation to protect themselves from the arbitrary firings and discipline which are prevalent at the End Up.

MID-JUNE 1992 — A successful four-month experiment in collective self-management by the maintenance crew is destroyed when General Manager Doug Whitmore appoints "Eagle" as supervisor of the crew. Worker morale plummets along with the quality and efficiency of the work being done. "Eagle" fires Jay Hanke, a PWA (person with AIDS), for not meeting previously non-existent "minimum work standards". Up to this point, the collective has worked around Jay's chemical sensitivities, covering those tasks he was unable to handle.

JULY 1992 — Personnel Manager Valerie Stadler quits her job. The Wobblies fear their days may be numbered, for Stadler has always mediated the tensions between management and the maintenance crew. The crew decides to take pro-active

steps rather than wait for the axe to fall.

JULY 21ST, 1992 — Several members of the I.W.W. present a union contract proposal to the End Up's management. The contract's key provisions are: (1) A return to the collective self-management structure; (2) establishment of disciplinary and grievance procedures; and (3) recognition of the I.W.W. as the workers' collective bargaining agent. Maintenance worker and key union organizer Deke Nihilson is fired the next afternoon, allegedly for other, unrelated reasons. Dust McGowan is fired two days later, and David Ewell is laid off the following week.

JULY/AUGUST 1992 — The I.W.W. sets up a daytime picketline and turns away most liquor and supply deliveries, thanks to the support of Teamsters Joint Council #7. The End Up hires scabs to deliver the liquor in a rented U-Haul truck. Three Wobblies are arrested trying to halt these deliveries.

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1992 — The I.W.W. unsuccessfully attempts to convince the promoters of Dekadence, G-Spot and Uranus to change venues. The union reluctantly calls a boycott of the End Up, and garners endorsements from Act Up San Francisco, School Board Commissioner Tom Ammiano, and Workers Solidarity Alliance. Nighttime picketing and leafleting on four successive weekends

reaches thousands of clubgoers.

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1992 — The union's "Press Conference and Media Circus" attracts print and TV journalists. Comprehensive stories on the End Up situation run in the Bay Times, the Bay Area Reporter and the Bay Guardian.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1992 — Federal judge Eugene Lynch enjoins (prohibits) the I.W.W. from picketing "where the object of said picketing is to force the End Up to recognize the I.W.W. as the bargaining agent of the workers." Under protest, the I.W.W. changes its literature to reflect these new restrictions.

WHAT YOU CAN DO — Take your business elsewhere. Talk to the club promoters and employees and encourage them to switch venues, to a bar that respects the rights of workers to organize. Pack a flask or drink water while in the End Up. Organize your own workplace. Join the I.W.W.

SUPPORTERS OF OUR ACTION WILL RESPECT THE INJUNCTION AGAINST RECOGNITIONAL PICKETING. THOUGH WE DO NOT RECOGNIZE THE COURT'S AUTHORITY TO ABRIDGE OUR FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS AS GUARANTEED BY THE U.S. CONSTITUTION, THE I.W.W. CAN BE HELD IN CONTEMPT OF COURT IF WE MENTION THE GOALS OF "UNION RECOGNITION" OR

"WINNING A CONTRACT."

THEREFORE, FOR THE PURPOSES OF TONIGHT'S ACTION, PLEASE REFRAIN FROM USING THOSE WORDS, OR IMPLYING TO ANYONE THAT THOSE GOALS ARE AN OBJECTIVE OF TONIGHT'S PICKET. WE APPRECIATE YOUR CO-OPERATION.

Endorsers: Teamsters Joint Council #7, Tom Ammiano, Act Up SF, Workers Solidarity Alliance, Queer Nation.

**FOR FURTHER INFO,
CONTACT:**

**DEKE NIHILSON
IWW SANTA CRUZ
GENERAL
MEMBERSHIP BRANCH
P.O. Box 534
Santa Cruz, CA 95061
USA**

OR

**INDUSTRIAL
WORKERS
OF THE WORLD
1095 Market Street,
Suite #204
San Francisco, CA 94103
USA
tel. (415) 863-WOBS
fax (415) 626-2685**

ON SURVIVING DYKE ABUSE AND THE COMMUNITY'S RESPONSIBILITY

BY AILSA CRAIG

Lesbians are known to write about everything. Looking through Glad Day [Toronto's lesbian & gay bookshop] you'll find anthologies on coming out, lesbian separatism, dyke teachers, lesbian ex-nuns, queer mothers, even volumes dedicated to dykes and their cats. We are a community that refuses to shut up about anything. Give us a journal entry, a poem, we'll publish it. Got an issue? We'll talk about it. That is, unless you're talking about lesbians who abuse their lovers.

Granted, there are two books on Glad Day's shelves concerning this topic, but both have the near impossible task of covering personal stories, political theory, statistics, group-therapy models, advice for counsellors and shelters, the psychological effects of abuse, and on and on...

The information in these books is invaluable. It is an issue we need to be made aware of; and it's also an issue that we as a community must start to do something about.

One of the most common problems I have found, both in my own experience and through books

and workshops and conversations on the topic, is that dykes who are battered by their lovers are not believed. When we get up the nerve to tell someone what is (or was) happening, there is a tendency to minimize our fears: "Just leave her"; "That's life, get over it. People do that to each other"; "Let it go, it's over now". If we are attacked in public by our abusers, witnesses commonly respond with a reversal of blame: "What did you do to make her like this?"; "You must have done something". Concern for the well-being of the abuser is often put above the victim/survivor's reality: "She must be really troubled. She must have had a hard childhood. Is she getting help?"

Perhaps the abuser *has* had a hard childhood — I wouldn't doubt it. Who hasn't? But not all dykes with horror stories in their pasts make the choice to be violent. And is this abuser getting

help? Maybe, or maybe not; but the last thing a woman who's finally telling about the abuse needs is to be concerned about the perpetrator. She's already put in overtime protecting her abuser with excuses, lies and silence.

The fact that some lesbians beat and manipulate their lovers is frightening. It's horrible to realize that a reign of terror can be carried out against a woman, by a woman. It's definitely *easier* to keep believing that women don't do this, that all women can be trusted — but these things are *not true*.

Naive ignorance, denial and minimalization only serve to *protect the abuser*. Silence is complicity. Inaction is permission to continue the violence.

If you witness an attack, and ignore it, make excuses for it, or brush it off in any way, you may as well be hitting her yourself. Your actions speak volumes in telling an abuser her behaviour is acceptable. This compounds the isolation and fear of retribution for the victim, which translates into continuing attacks.

We have to let abusive women know that their violence and control is not acceptable to us. And though the workshops, radio shows, books and discussions which do exist are commendable and extremely valuable, they are only the beginning of a long process. We — not only one on one but also as a community — must show victims and survivors of lesbian battering that *their safety is important*.

Listen to her. Believe her. Find out if she is feeling safe yet, find out if *she* needs help. *Believe her*.



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Standard Model (shown) ...
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so it could share its life
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to be stored in darkness
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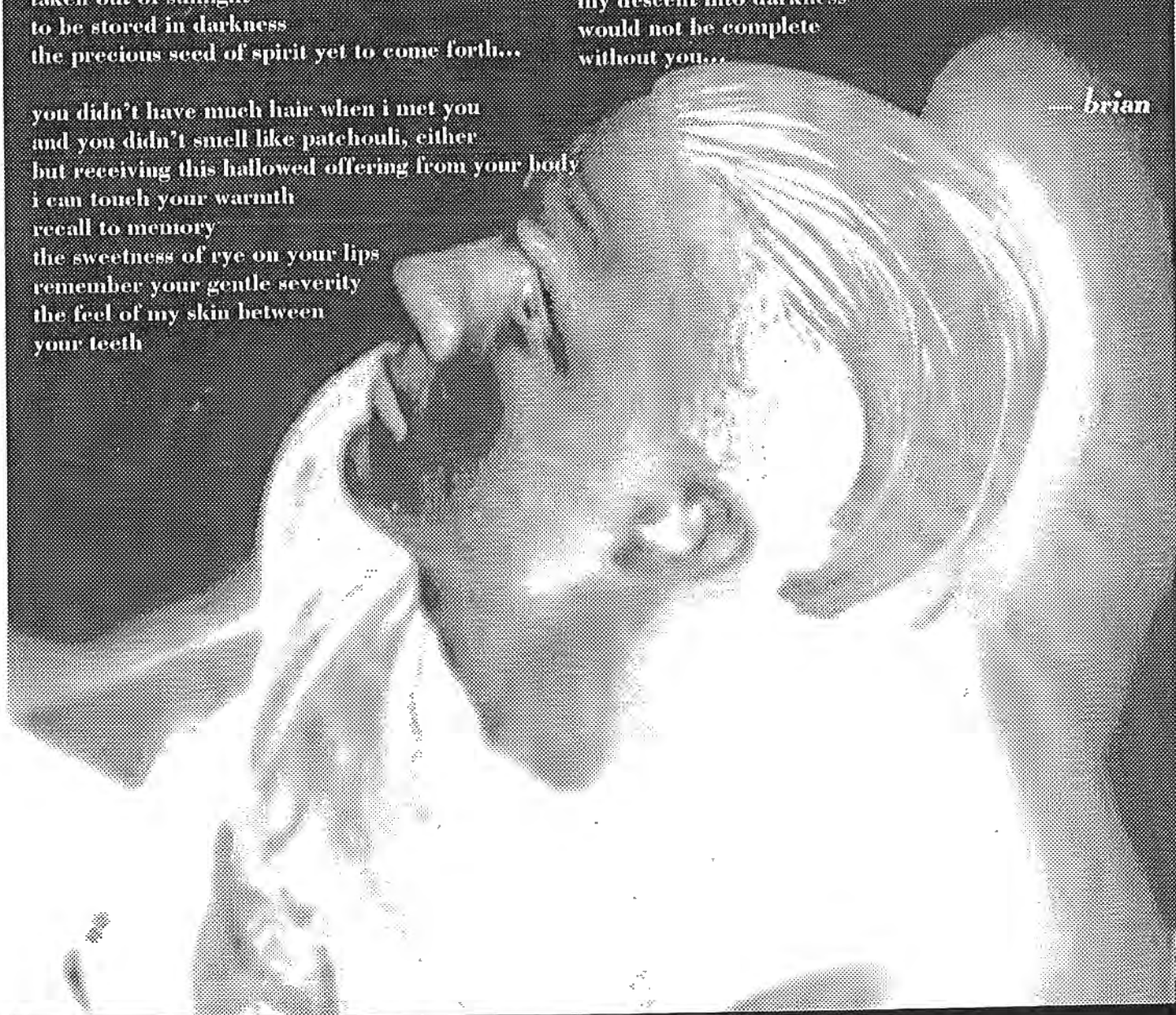
you didn't have much hair when i met you
and you didn't smell like patchouli, either
but receiving this hallowed offering from your body
i can touch your warmth
recall to memory
the sweetness of eye on your lips
remember your gentle severity
the feel of my skin between
your teeth

i swear i've made love to
this sacred relic
adored and venerated it
a hundred thousand times
since yesterday

with my strokes and caresses
it becomes the receptacle of powerful mystery
a secret talisman of mysterious power
a treasure i will revere
and deposit deeply
in the well of my beauty

my descent into darkness
would not be complete
without you...

— brian



QUEER SPIRIT

This actually happened. I tried to write an essay on the meaning of queer spirituality, but I can't write stuff like that without feeling goofy. So I just related an event that had a profound effect on me. — PUSSY BOY

queer • 1. strange or odd from a conventional viewpoint; unusually different.

*I am in the bathroom of a dirty Bucktown bar
a fanged girl wearing a Bavarian milk maids costume
is inserting my G.I. JOE doll into her pussy
(first head, then shoulders, then torso disappears)
I am on my knees with my head in her skirts
while my boyfriend cowers
in the corner by the urinals.*

queer • 2. of a questionable nature or character; suspicious; shady.

*I am in the backroom of the same dirty bar
on my knees again
the fanged girl is hitting me in the face
(first open hand, then closed fist)
she hits me so hard I chip a tooth
my boyfriend is not happy
this is the last time I will bring him to church with me.*

queer • 3. mentally unbalanced or deranged.

4. *Slang.* homosexual.

— PUSSY BOY DAVE

IN HER MEMORY...

*Lying in the bath
hot water seeping
tension from my shoulders
so I can sleep tonight.
My fingers cross my stomach
to my cunt.
Purply pink
I can't forget you touching me.
The hair has started
growing back.
Stubble curls replacing
what I'd shaved away
because you
touched it all.*

*I wash my arms, my legs, my thighs
marks of purple blue
to map your anger,
Bruises showing
through the bubbles
Puff the plug and watch the suds swirl down.*

*I lock my bedroom door
and flinch at every sound
remembering
you.*

— AILSA CRAIG

NOT QUITE BEDTIME

*Right now, this is what I want.
I'm lying in bed
It's one of the days in the millennia between
when we see each other
I want you*

*I want to take you offguard
with a cold hand slipping under your clothes
and onto your waist
on a streetcar filled with people
who were already trying not to look.
Kiss me.*

*I want to hear you knock on my door
and come into my room,
Watch you take your clothes off
then reach for each other.
I almost stop breathing each time
in that first moment when my skin remembers yours.*

*I want you to fill me,
To see you reach for the lube
"It's cold."
"I know"
and I want to open for you.
I want to give that to you.
I want you to fuck me.*

*I want to heat you again
with your arms above your head
pushing against my bedroom wall.
I want to see the muscles through your body
straining
tensing.
I want to feel your cunt around my fingers
my hand
Moving with me
Filling me.*

*And if you start to cry
as your jaw quivers and we've both lost words
I want to touch the side of your face
run my fingers through your hair
till we're back where it feels soft again
and kiss you.*

— ARISA CRAIG

TO ALL OF YOU

This is a piece a 16-year-old Riot Grrrl was kind enough to let me zerox. It almost made me cry when I read it. Later it made me cry that I was so desensitized to life that I didn't cry the first time I read it. Hope you use it. It's very powerful and it was hard for her to show anyone, much less convince her to let it be printed. --PUSSY BOY DAVE

*The sound of children's laughter
intermixed with muffled cries
of pain*

*it's happening in a schoolyard,
a closer look reveals*

*...a little blond-haired girl
being held down by six or seven
laughing boys.*

*The little blond-haired girl is me
and I am 8 years old.*

*The boys are trying to stuff dried
grass and leaves down my throat
so I can't make noise and I am crying.*

*One of the boys tells me that I am sexy and laughs.
I am not even sure if I know what that
word means, I'm not even sure if he does either.
When I confront him about the meaning of the
word "sexy" later that week while we are
waiting for the school bus he doesn't know
what to say. "It's a kind of person or something"
he mumbles. I am not satisfied. I am confused.
I stick my tongue out at him.
I am 8 years old.*

*Now
the little blond-haired girl is
riding the school bus home.
Two boys are pulling at her hair,
pulling at her shirt, and pulling on her
body.*

I am shouting.

I tell the bus driver. They call me a rude
bitch.

I am confused. Am I supposed to be like this?
The other girls seem to.
I feel ugly and dumb.
I am in 5th grade.

...and the years go by. I am no longer
a little girl although at times I wish that I
still was.

I am presented with goddess-like images of perfection.
I feel flawed and awkward because I let
my hair hang in my face
instead of curling it.
I have to hide.

It's a hot summer night.
She is asleep on the couch.
Her parents are out. She is awakened
by an older boy who is looking at
her through the window.

I am fourteen years old.
We go up to my room because he says he
wants to see that flamingo wallpaper that
I am always talking about.

I am naive.
All of a sudden I am trapped beneath him.
I am taken by surprise.

He forces his hand down my pants
Between my legs. I try to make him stop.
He doesn't.

I am crying.
Tears are screaming down my face.
He asks me if I want to be really happy.
He tries to take off my shirt.
No No No No No!

*I tell him that my dad will be home any minute
and I say he will shoot him in the head.*

I want to kill him myself. I am confused.

I am crying.

*I feel so dirty and I can't get clean.
Not even with Dial Soap.*

I am worthless. I am fourteen.

I stop sleeping at night. I want to die.

*I try to die. I have to put myself
back together and I'm only fourteen.*

*Curled up in a fetal position. She is nervously
tugging at her eyelashes. She wants to pull
them out because she is thinking
about what happened the night before.*

*He was an artist
and she stayed up talking with him.*

You know about life and stuff.

*But when he trapped me between the back
of the couch and his body I knew there
was something terribly wrong.*

He is 24 and thinks the world of himself.

I am 16 and I am scared out of my mind.

What's wrong with this picture?

*As I drop orange peels on the floor the
next morning I wonder how a 24-year-old
man could get off on trying to force a
16-year-old girl to go down his pants.*

I feel sick.

*I wonder what would have happened
if he had caught me before I ran into my
cousins room and locked the door.*

I want to throw up.

I can't throw up.

I feel so cheap. Even though I did nothing wrong.

*He told me I was beautiful and that
no one would ever love me.*

*No one loves people like me.
I didn't say anything then.*

Now I say FUCK YOU.

*Thank you for plunging
into my soul and tearing everything
that I felt good about out of me.*

*If I saw anything good in myself
YOU took it away.*

*Did it excite you to see me cry?
Maybe one day poetic justice will
be served and someone will invade
your soul*

*and make you not want to get
up in the morning.*

*The names that you call me don't
even hurt anymore.*

BITCH

I can't help it I was born this way.

CUNT

*Are you jealous that you can't sit down
when you pee or even have a life
inside of you? Referring to a part
of my anatomy is oh so insulting you know.*

RAG

*Hey you try bleeding and being in pain
for an average of 84 days a year.*

WHORE

*Are you scared that I might not need you or
want you inside me?*

*I think you are weak if referring to my
gender is the only way that you can put
me down.*

Rough Play...

ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE

*Your "insults" make me stronger.
I am no longer the vulnerable
frightened little blond-haired girl.
I am no longer naive,
And because of you I am no longer innocent.*

*Is this the way that it is
supposed to be*

*I don't understand
I am confused
But I am no longer crying.
I am screaming*

—Cassie

QUEER VERSES

World exclusive interview blows the lid off fat cat fairy's life of sin

SADDAM HUSSEIN STEALS BILLIONS — TO PAY FOR GAY LOVE NEST!

Iraqi madman robs his country's treasury and buys secret island hideaway!

by JULIA McKNIGHT / Staff writer

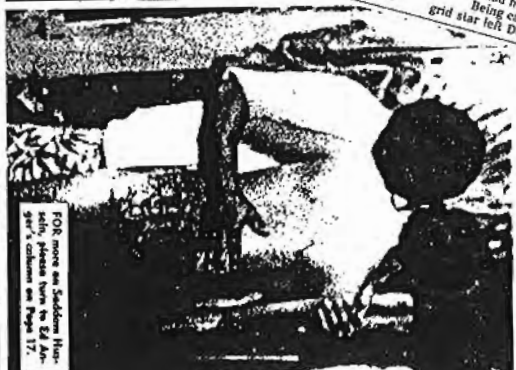
Madman Saddam Hussein has stolen billions of dollars from Iraq's treasury and is planning to flee the country forever — to live the good life with his gay lover!

Saddam will soon hightail it to his private love nest on the Greek island of Rhodes, where he will meet on the Greek island of Rhodes to begin his life with boy toy Terry Hammond. In has been in the country with his young friend since the latest round of and all the money he's stolen over the years. One source told us when we published the story that Saddam is now living with Terry Hammond in a mansion on the Greek island of Rhodes. Some people may see him hot again, he's more eager than ever to give in to those two voices and run like hell. Weekly World News revealed that Saddam was a freelance photographer caught Hussein and his lover in our Dec. 11, 1996, issue.

They stole the arm in arm. Terry's French yacht in the Mediterranean. French-born Terry spent weeks held up with Saddam in the dictator's swanky private bunker in Baghdad before fleeing to Paris. He's now in the Mediterranean. Terry's French-born Terry spent weeks held up with Saddam in the dictator's swanky private bunker in Baghdad before fleeing to Paris. He's now in the Mediterranean.

But despite the shocking revelations, the duped dictator has not been deterred. He's still in the Mediterranean. Terry's French-born Terry spent weeks held up with Saddam in the dictator's swanky private bunker in Baghdad before fleeing to Paris. He's now in the Mediterranean.

For more on Saddam Hussein, visit our website at www.wwn.com. See Page 17.



HITLER LIVING IN BRAZIL — WITH HIS GAY LOVER!

Nazi dictator and former henchman spend lazy afternoons at secret hideaway — holding hands and caressing each other!

The fuhrer's sicko sidekick is Josef Mengele, who killed 400,000 Jews at Auschwitz

AIDS trading cards are hot!

Collectors' items feature celebrities who contracted the killer disease!

Author drops a blockbuster in new book: **JOHN WAYNE WAS GAY!**

By DICK DONOVAN / Staff writer

A simpering French faggot named Rene DuFay claims that American superhero John Wayne was gay!

Big John was still alive, makes his sickening charge in unpublished manuscript he shamelessly titillates.

Not only that, but the one-time bit actor dares to utter the Duke's name in the same breath with that of tarnished screen idol and AIDS victim Rock Hudson!

DuFay claims his romance with Wayne began in the summer of 1969 when, in his own words, he was living with Wayne shooting The Untouchables.

"We were on location with Wayne together," DuFay writes. "Rock just fell head-over-heels in love with an L.A. Rams football player. Being cast aside by Rock in favor of a muscle-bound grid star left DuFay very blue and brokenhearted — until I tried me to a room in the casino. That night, John Wayne made love to me the way no man ever had."

"Believe me, Rock was okay. But the Duke was the best," DuFay writes.

We're not going to stand for this!

We at The Weekly World News are furious at the vicious lies in Mr. DuFay's book and are sure our readers are equally upset. If you want to voice your displeasure write to us at Duke Puff, 600 S. East Coast Ave., Lakonia, Fla. 32842. We'll forward the letters to the publisher of this disgraceful book.

Iraqi madman wore ladies undies in his Baghdad bunker, says limp-wristed playmate

GROWING UP GAMES

Laura-Lee McPherson and I were 10 years old in Grade 4. Best friends, we spent every day together, and I would sleep over at her house every weekend. Her house was better than my house because she didn't have brothers and sisters and she had her own TV in the basement, 2 whole floors away from her parents so they couldn't hear us. We would drink whole bottles of ginger ale, eat potato chips and watch the baby blue movies that came on late at night. We watched women sucking on guys' dinks and tried to see how it would feel by sucking on each other's fingers. I could almost get her whole hand in my mouth, but not quite.

One of our favourite games was to sneak into the garage while her parents were sleeping, beat the fuck out of each other with her dad's tools, — then crawl back into her bed and push each other's bruises all night.

School was out for the summer one hot night in the garage — and we had nothing on but our pajama bottoms. Two smooth, skinny, flat-chested girls. Laura-Lee hit my arm with something we hadn't tried before — a flat wooden carpenter's ruler. The pain was different than when she hit me with hammers or carpenter's wrenches. It hurt more than I thought — but it was sweeter. She liked it too. Liked the way it sounded and the way my skin welted a bit where she hit it.

She asked if I wanted to play cowboys and indians. I liked that game a lot. She tied my hands together with rope as usual, threw it up over one of the rafters, and while I stood on my toes and reached up as high as I could, she pulled the rope tight and tied it to the garage door — so I was sort of half-hanging, half-standing on my toes. I can't remember why we called that game cowboys and indians...

She hit me again with the ruler across my arms and shoulders and back. Hard. Each smack harder and sweeter until I flinched and yelled a bit without even knowing it. She shushed me — *don't wake up my parents.*

Then, without warning — that little girl pulled my pajama buttons down around my ankles and started hitting my ass and the backs of my legs and I got that funny weird feeling in my little hairless cunt that I sometimes got when I slept at her house. I think I pissed myself a little.

When she was finished she wanted us to go in and get some pop — but I told her to go ahead and bring some out. She was gone for a long time it seemed, and I just hung there — feeling the time pass, feeling every inch of my stinging flesh. And liking it, and not liking it, and then liking it again. And something else. Something I hadn't felt before. Left alone, hanging, stinging, exposed, pants down around my ankles and not a thing I could do about it — I felt something I knew I was going to want to feel again. I was humiliated.


And I don't know, but maybe if I hadn't played those games in the fourth grade with Laura-Lee McPherson, maybe I wouldn't understand why pain, and why humiliation, can be so provocative.

— *Sonja Mills*

Rough Play...

ISSUE #1

...ROUGH TRADE



This publication is offered for the serious student of life. Its intended as a clinical study only. Those not genuinely interested in this book for educational purposes, or anyone seeking to fulfill prurient interests, should look elsewhere.

PENETRATING DISCLAIMER

◆◆ROUGH TRADE

- HOMOCORE
- QUEER SUBCULTURE
- SAM/LEATHER/FEMISH
- SEX WORK
- RADICAL POLITICS

SPRING '98

ISSUE # 1

is that
all?
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Rough Play...