

THE BOY M O

y



HOMOBoy #1

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Seattle

Original Story
by

Michael Crawford

Homoboy is an attempt
to end the boredom
and this and that
of the Houston queer scene
this is our 1st issue
If u would like to
contribute
call 713



zine

of people, arts,

and culture

for lesbians



END THE POLICIES OF
GENOCIDE
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE



today i stood in protest and chanted

in front of a pharmaceutical building
in Washington DC. we chanted AIDS

CURE NOW! in anger because these people
are making money from inflated drug
prices for drugs that treat infected
people. now that i have the virus i

have a new perspective of the
frustration many in the ranks must
have always felt. now tears come for
the first time. i feel compassion for
those of us here in battle and for
the many here in spirit; too weak
to continue the fight or killed long
ago. i joined this battle a few years

ago for the loved ones i lost, in anger,
now it is my personal battle. healthcare
killers have to go! we march and chant :
ACT UP FIGHT BACK! chanting PEOPLE WITH
AIDS UNDER ATTACK, WHAT DO WE DO? ACT
UP FIGHT BACK! and we repeat...ACT UP
FIGHT BACK! and for how long will

this battle go on? 13 years more?
every 90 seconds the list grows.

today in Washington DC i stand next
to my best friend, Michael Crawford,
a vigilante crusader for this cause;
strong, courageous, intelligent, and
determined. i watch fellow ACT UP
members draw chalk outlines of each
others bodies on the sidewalk in front
of this building. one of the boys quickl
inscribes the names of 3 people who
have died in the war within the chalk
bordered body. i cried today because i
wonder how long it will be before
Michael will be chalking my name in
these ghostly sidewalk tombstones
to remind the healthcare assassins
that once i had hope in my lifetime
there would be a cure but, "THE TIME
THEY KILLED KILLED ME!"

CURE

NOW



**A
I
D
S**

It's morning and I must bite the sleeping man.

I'm about to discover the way he wakes up with a new
laser for the first time, the way he wakes up with me nibbling
on his back. Soon I will know his back: its bumps and freckles
and shadows better than he does. I see a scar just above
his right kidney. Pink and raised, it carries the history of a
permanent injury I know nothing about. I see the line where his jaw
blocked this out on some journey and some dark moles like the
ones they warn about in pamphlets about cancer. Just above his rib
there's a strong and tender bald patch of skin, immune to his blanket of
translucent hairs. Where his waistline sinks he has colorless bumps, an
allergy, an organic reaction to some anonymous substance. Three of his
freckles form a triangle and if I had a pen I'd connect the dots like
a target on that precious spot of skin, just beneath his left shoulder
blade. But because this vulnerable place quivers with my slightest touch
I refrain from sinking my teeth into the delicate moment. For now.

But suppose when I bite, he remains prone, inaccessible, oblivious
through deep sleep, immersed in a dream about walking unsettled do-
lans two of the Southwest from my opening stampeding quail. Into his
blissful stroll through the tall and spotted, he sinks deeper, sighs, lets on
a moan, taking my precious chew for a public kicked up by a
vegetarian quadruped.

Or suppose when I bite, he keeps his lids jammed shut and
tries to ~~remember~~ if there's a street clearing Monday where he
parked his car. Suppose he's sited but frantic, struggling to
remember the identity of the man grazing on his back. Stricken with
spontaneous amnesia, he pops through the possibilities: the Hispanic stuntman
from the party last week; his first crush, naked and dripping with seed
muzzing from the lockers to the shower; or the nameless, flitting boy
at the dance last Saturday. Or me, this new and intolerable lover
who tracked him for weeks, dragged him out for endless cups of coffee,
out smack in his lap, and now contemplates the taste of me.

...so early in the morning.

Suppose when I bite, his eyelids flutter. He thinks he has
dreamed, forgets where he is, doesn't recognize the redwood backbone
next to the bed. He snorts, fidgets, ignores my growing tenderness, settles
into alert irritation. After a while, he mumbles something mean,
because my indiscreet munch has startled him into waking. He panics
wonders what strange promises lurk in my head, fears that a precious
part of him will die, that it's the wrong time for love and that
severing is inevitable, an amputation every time. He retreats, imagines
me working to watch butterflies and buy him little presents, struggle up
for sympathy when I get the flu and say those words that make him
want to crawl into a closet.

Or, suppose this morning I'm considering my new lover, sleeps and
I don't bite or brood or think about love from the past. I'm soothed
by the gentle rhythm of his breathing, content to sample bare behind him
my arm tucked around his long, narrow waist. Suppose I get out of
bed, open him the hotel alarm, then wake him gently with the smell
of morning brew. He's groggy and loquacious, hair sticking out all over, he
pouts at the sad fate of getting out of bed. In the kitchen we smash
and tip, pull our chairs together, kneel bumping.

But we will not have such a morning. I am not a noble, consider
lover. I am not soothed, enchanted, and content upon waking up
next to this barrage of possibilities. I'm a knotted mess, and the
man sleeps while I suffer alone with the terror of biting off
an indictment.

The alarm is about screams.

The bite has become a primal need, surpassing food, water,
sleep and pride. It's monumental, essential to survival, the orbiologic
crisis. Bite the man, I tell myself, take the chance. I run a
practice, chew on my tongue, pull back my lips in preparation for
a tiny, sunflower pinch of his freckled skin. He intakes. His ribs
cage expands and that quivery place on his back moves a little
closer. It will be easy and sweet, that small grasp of his flesh

Original Untitled Story

between just four of my teeth.

But when I open my mouth, he feels my warm breath on
his back. Unable to wait any longer he rolls over, gazes at me.

Enchanted, his eyes open wider. I am even more beautiful than
he remembered. I know it, he says, pulling me close, you were
about to bite.

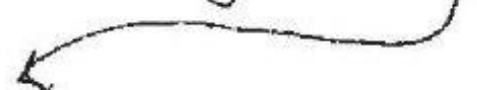
Now I panic. What strange promises lurk in his head?

A precious part of me will die; it's the wrong time for love; the
severing is inevitable, an amputation inevitable; he'll want to
watch butterflies and buy me little presents, struggle up for sympathy
when he gets the flu; he'll say those words that make me want
to crawl into a closet.

It's the one possibility I hadn't considered. It's a hard
swallow but the panic goes down. With bold, unshaken ment
and absolute terror, I sink my teeth right in.

Rent Boy?

... your ad
could go here,



**QUEERS
BASH BACK**

A QUEER NATION WARNING

**STOP
THE
VIOLENCE**

STOP THE HATE

A QUEER NA

ARNING

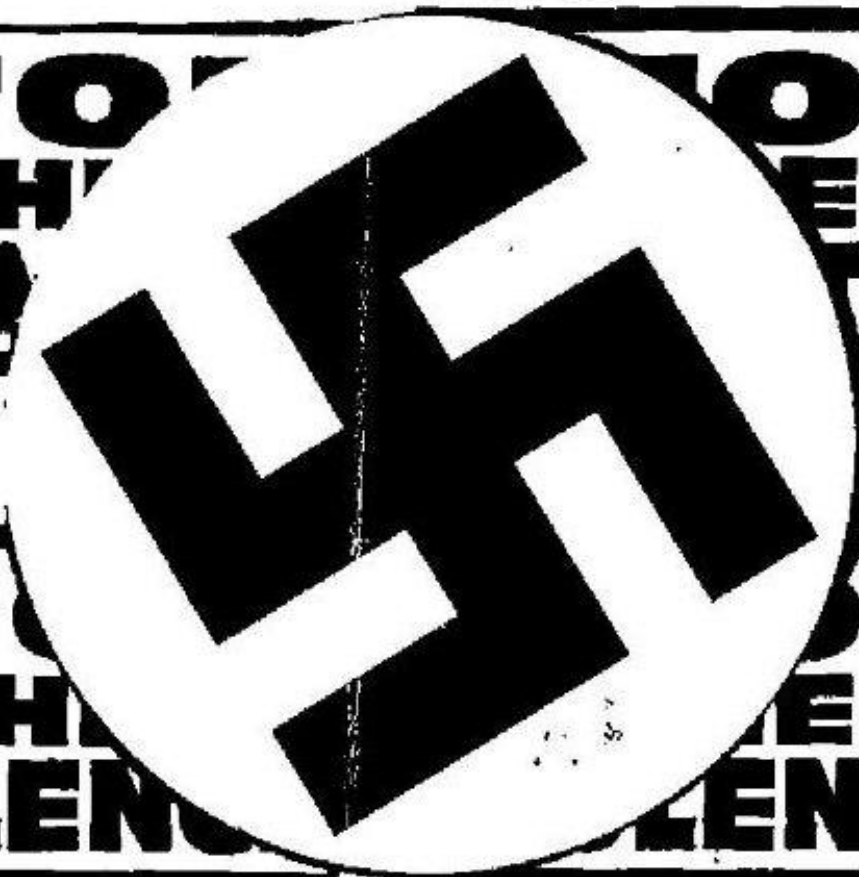
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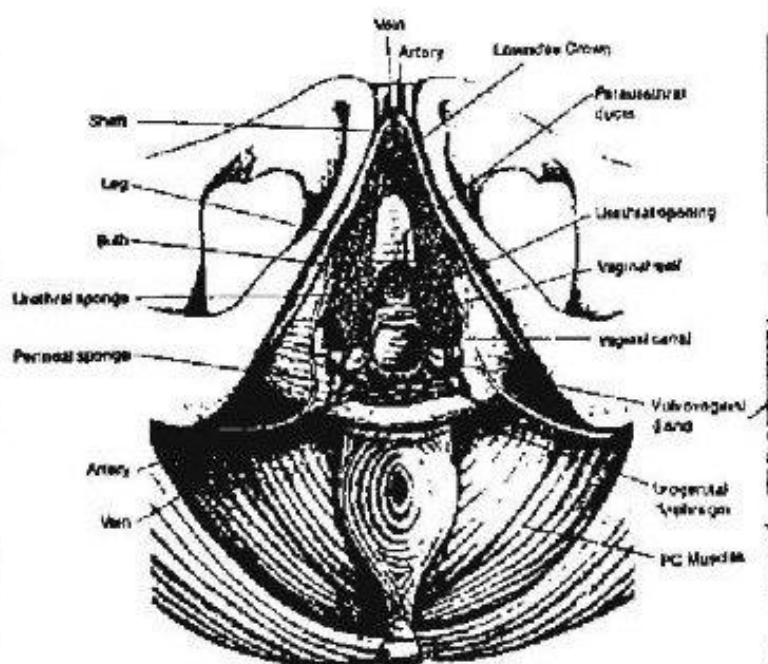
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does anyone really queer
and not a fashion victim
really shop dream merchant?
i only shop the hip hop
hurray why didn't the
anyway place behind it.
tired and bland houston
scene magazine give credit
to our own hom'boy
antonio f. now in london,
figures. this outfit is
more easily assembled by
thrifting at value village,
that's 19th in the heights,
and harrisburg downtown.
other models not featured
or outted are wearing pseudo
l.a. looks better bought
second hand as well. of
course if your lazy or
clueless just go to
step back on montrose,
it all ends up there.
someway or another.
but most importantly
work your look, get
of the jr.s, 80's
thing and stop
"topian soc"

DYKES

DO IT TOO

The Erectile Tissue of the Clitoris



No More Nice Girls

Zine: Homoboy #3

Date: 1994, Date created

Andy Warhol's Homoboy



My Hustler, Paul America.



HOMOBOY THE LITERARY ANTHOLOGY ISSUE

PUBLISHER
Andy Warhol

contents

DIVA STUDY I

BAR STORY



MORRISSEY photo taken from 80's NME.

material taken from WARHOL funk is
used with the exclusive permission
of ANDY WARHOL, GOD rest his soul.

Manuscript: Interview assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All must be accompanied by return postage and self-addressed envelope.



WARNING

stories include adult situations



all stories are real and take place in 1991-92.

Blow-Job.

Diva Study 1

Last night I was who I wanted to be. Coked up, freaking, and dancing with the divas. It was techno, techno, techno. Living life to the fullest. Swirling in the 90's to a techno version of the big 80's thing New Order's "Blue Monday", imagine that! "let's take it over." "You know it." We rush the dance floor in a blur of sequins, PVC, vinyle, and mesh. "Move over boys the talent is here!" Of course they have to get out of the way. I'm fabulous; walking, talking or just standing still! "The music is divine won't you jump in?" "Don't mind if I do." "Don't out diva me dear." "Jealous much?" Our hands are raised and we are trying to catch the beat of the techno, trying to catch the voice that is singing the words that are out there.

"Look at him, he's so very cyber!" The music is techno, techno, techno. Then everyone has to try and be a diva when Messiah's "Temple of Dreams" comes on. "He's so cyber!" "It's the Versace op-art stretch jeans!"

When there's no more room we go over to the juice bar for a "power drink". Nothing to lose. Tonight we can not help but enjoy those boys with their lunch boxes whispering, "ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy." Oh but "you don't need that tonight. Just go over and ask him to dance, he's not too fabulous or fierce." "Well, then why bother?"

Next all hell breaks loose. The techno stops and house takes control. The music is fierce and the dancing gets nasty. "Jump! Mother Fucker, Jump! Mother Fucker, Jump!" "We have to!" Now we're on the dance floor and he's gorgeously close. It's not like he could just wear a Calvin Klein t-shirt to top off those jeans, he has to work an entire Versace toda "thing".

Here we are, "just a bunch of jumpin' mother fuckers". He touches my butt, o.k., he cups my buttocks in the palm of his hand. "Ya'll a bunch of jumpin' mother fuckers", the music slows to a crawl. "See you later love", I'm jumpin'. We grind. I am in the house, about to bring him home. "Suck me off, suck me off, suck me off, suck me off." We exchange smiles, "fabulous". And the mystery follows us, no the mystery proceeds us like a fine sorbet before the main course. The black room looms before me. This is too quick, he is too fierce, I'm too coked up ! It's New York City ! I can just do him and go. "James Brown is 'ead I dum dum dum dum dum dum dum dum ... " , returns to techno. Industrial techno house. The lights are strobing. He's a great kisser. He's on 4. I'm so relieved that it will be much easier. "Yeah, do me, do me do me !" I mean this guy is simply too messy with pre-come. Thank God he's wearing Versace jocks as well. He's only kinda hard. I wipe the thing clean and suck him til he gets twitchy then just nod him off. Christ where did they put the little boy's room anyway. My face is not too messy, just too much shine on the mouth. Here we are all fresh again. Industrial techno house. "Join in the Chant, Join in the Chant. " Hands are raised trying to catch the beats. Some 'girl' steps on my foot. My shoes cost more than her and her outfit. "Who loves you and who do you love ?" "Where have you been darling ?" Thank God I'm a diva, a techno freak ! Here's another notch for your Chanel belt darling.

"He's a real prince Valient, a techno/cyber dream!" "He's into." I'm fab. It will happen, the bartender put some special 7 in his 12oz drink. "I know." Finally it's fabulous again returning to techno, techno, techno.

Does anyone know the name of this song. "Xeroxed" by Zero Zero...
bam bam da da da, bam bam da da da.. The ground is shaking and the
crowd begins to push itself into our aura. It's a wreck becoming one
throbbing mess. Riding on a white horse or no it's just the usual
'fag hag', prince Valient is on his way over. "I know you", he says.
Not yet but you will, you will, you will.

II

"God damn it ! this is bringing me down. I have to be up! Simply
up, you understand. " "Here have one more before it's gone" "I'm
so coked up. Does'nt anyone drink anymore?" "Please in New York who
can afford to drink?"

"Oh God look at that one. He's been terribly wronged by glamour."
"Hello, George Michael burned that biker jacket in the "Freedom"
video." "With a body like yours you only need the sequin hot pants
and the boots work for you." "Faster baby, Sex on Wheels." He does'nt
even know Thrill Kill Cult and what diva does'nt know Thrill Kill Cult?
"I'm so sick of having fun. I just want to have more sex. Is'nt there
anyone" "What happened with prince Valient ?" "Oh dear, I had him.
I forgot. He used to have the nastiest dreads." Luscious to look at,
delightful to taste, but all work. Techno into the 90's with the new
version of "Everything Counts in Large Amounts. "

"Listen I want to leave because I'm coming down. I need to go and bug
on my own." "Break the circle and go home with Bubba," "Forget it,
I'm dazed, I'm crazed in techno. My head is full. Just take me to the
dance floor. I want to be in a coma." " I will if you'll be a good
girl and stop banging your head on the wall darling." "Oh ! I thought
I kept seeing the same spot on the wall." "Here, here comes your friend
take a ride on the soul train with him." "Ab, I think I will !"

Instantly we're grinding and twisting. He is a diva queen in an Armani summer vest and trousers. Our arms are intertwining and we are weaving a fibrous web of cool while swaying to the rythm. He unbuttons his vest and throws it to the ground like he just heard Armani was available at K-mart.

"Oh stop dear, don't just yet get started, please!", "Let's go for a vodka cherry sour cocktail." Yes, at the bar the clouds part. " i see a change in the weather. See you later thanks soo much for the drink. Here's a real man no cyber punks. I can't handle that format anymore. I'm changing my font.

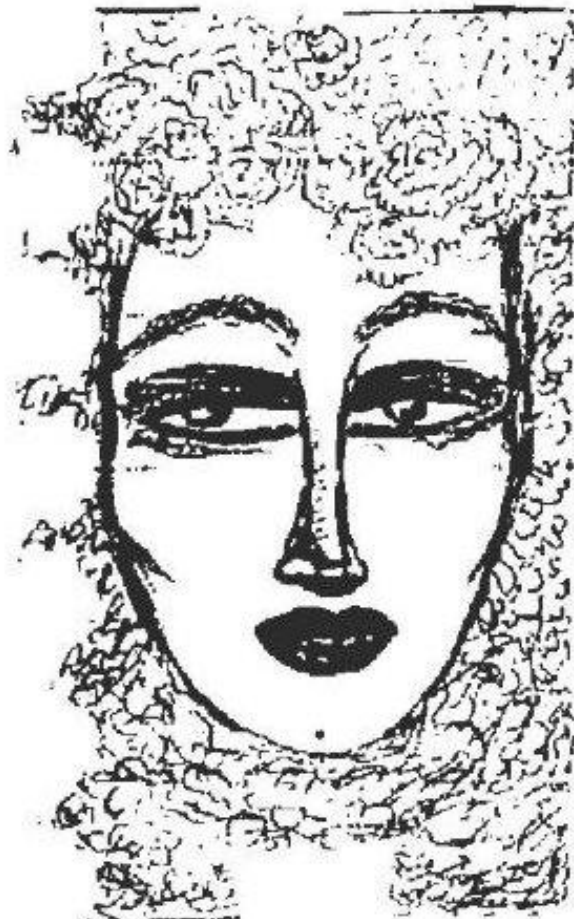
I'm going back to the old program and finally I hear techno, techno, techno. "It's going to be a fine day today" the beautiful sound of Opus calms me. I proceed up to the man of the night. "How is your night ?" "It's getting better."

Away we go and suddenly we're exposed to the sounds of the outside world.WE are rushing to his bed and all lights are flashing.

I'm smiling with expectation because darling what is there to say, I'm sitting in a giant faded blue seventies vehicle.

The Stones God love them are on the radio blasting out "Hell Fire". This one is quiet no silly tit for tat, no do you know so and so. His legs are fly though girl! We get home and the Bee gees ask "How deep is your love". We kiss and touch a little while. I'm ready for what feels like nine inches to be mine. I sit on him and play with his package." His golden head rest on the pillow so cherubic. The music changes into a swirling disco mess. Before I know it the gentle kisses his cock was receiving has me on my back. I look up to see his hairy abdomen is attacking my face.

It's like I can't breathe, I'm gagging. His sweet nine inches is fucking my face to the hilt. His balls are slapping my chin. He switches, "hello I need some air", I'm hard just for him. I have never had my face fucked in such a graphic film sense. This was'nt a blow-job. He reciprocates with a weak few strokes. At last the Bee Gees are singing about "you can tell by the way I use my walk." This whole mess will be over in just about... it's over but messy. I rush to the bathroom to wash off his Polo scent. I tell him he must drive me back I have people to meet later. He ask me to stay because he's "frisky" in the morning. I consider filing a date rape case. Back to the hideousness of the seventies, The car plays my old friend Axl screeching, "nothing last forever not even november rain." Axl is right, "take me down to the paradise city". I love these moments; "here's my number", "oh, great, well I'll see you, I mean o.k. I'll call you." Back inside the club it's the last song of the night... "holiday/celebrate-take some time to get away/do the bus stop" It's the Truth or Dare version.



morrissey doesn't suck, ok

needless placement of photo.



bar story: "Steve My Queen"

I would rather sit here and obsess about the way I feel like Steve McQueen in the seventies, when he looked good and was still with Ali McGraw. Desire and dick are my top traits. I think it's been said many times many ways how intense or evil I am. I'm not being vain, but yes, I know how I'm really hot. Wasn't Steve the first man on the cover of Vogue? Anyway it's taken this long for me to learn how to score anyone anytime.

People judge me a safe outside package, but before they know it they've discovered a Pandora's box. They go too far. They want to go that far. They want to say dirty words to me. They want to be on their knees and suck dick. They pray for a real man to treat them like shit. They want to be taken out of the main-stream and forget that people are supposed to be nice and shake hands first. They crave the most empty experience someone can have sexually. They like to do this and more and just walk away from it. To me this is like Steve's guns going off on the big screen. I might as well have cards printed that tell people I'm the object of their desire, the medium to express their lude fantasies, but I'm not human and don't deserve any kindness. Feel free to explore my chest, pinch my nipples, pull my chest hair, and if you have to tell me how

L -
great they are. Please tell me that my cock is thick and big and you just want to suck it, you want it to fuck your ass. I in return will oblige you with, "yeah, suck that dick". I believe this is the role I am cast in. It gets old. Maybe not too long from now I will no longer feel like Steve. It won't be heroic. My looks will go. Guys won't offer me their hard-ons as initial greetings. I'll be burnt-out. I'll be desperate for the new Steve.

bar story:

CARL
ditional
Services

I feel so hungry. I want the empty feeling in my stomach to stop; yet I can't stop myself. I'm not aware of what it is. I'm not able to get away from it. I see it in so many other people. When we are together we still are not able to piece anything together. Two halves do not make a whole in these instances. I am always meeting these empty loss souls. I am the ring leader. I can control how far I am willing to go. It's fun to say no but with some it's more fun to say yes. I am willing to die for fulfillment. I would seriously let someone take me to my death if I could just feel content. It doesn't matter how good it feels to have my cock sucked, when it's over it's over and the little pains inside return. Physical passion is rare for me. Emotional passion is nonexistent. I know none of these men I meet are going to understand my needs. I don't understand their needs. We satiate our thirsty desires with drink, drugs, and if we're attractive sex.

SEX IN WET PLACES

Director Taylor Hudson opens the faucets full blast on *How to be the splashiest masturbated places in From shower sex and p side poundings to cr model cake 80 Summer a waterfall with an ex pal and a smile. Harco*

SSC

COMI

Here's two titles series where we c scenes of your fav length. Hardcore.

MATT PR
\$3

Greetings featuring C you—along terrific dire listed relat If you bi number, a savings pr First tin years or o the leader

bar story:

My only escape from boredom is sex. It's the sensation of someone to fuck with that gives me some point of being. It's like everything else has ended, life is over. I can only think of myself as flesh now. A body of flesh craving other flesh, feeding off of it. Shit, spit, hard-on dicks, hairy balls, and pre-ejaculate have become the essentials. Men are pigs and the more crass they are the more I need them. Boys are made for rimming and men are made for fucking. I will not mind my own business around the male sex. I must evaluate each's potential. I must look to see if they recognize the need in me. When they do suddenly there is light. I am not phased by casual blow-jobs in the bathrooms of restaurants, clubs, or bars. I cherish the memories when I'm alone in a stall just pissing. I think about the many rock fights! Him or me sitting on the toilet! It doesn't matter if I can't remember its owner, the memory of one thick dick will be replaced by a short uncut cock of another. I'm not sad over these issues. Some people can sit and trace a thought all the way back to its beginning. I use my time to get another beautiful penis. Nothing else matters.

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with emphasis on a
surprises and scents
of warm man-shorts
seats. Features a
model Jeff Blum a
underwear-clad
outdoors Catalina
feature length. His



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bar story:

The beginning of a night out in the gay bar world is scented with good soap and popular colognes. In every little pack of boys someone is saying something funny and they all have to laugh in a real charismatic way. Packs of boys dressed the cutest way they can dress looking to meet other boys dressed as cute as they can be.

All through the night at the money machine in the gay bar world people are withdrawing more and more money to get more and more fucked-up. Sometimes the fat, or ugly one in a group will be the one to get more money so the cute ones can drink more or do more coke. The fat or ugly friend will try to get one of the cute ones fucked-up enough to take advantage of. The cute ones always cost. They never get too fucked up. The old fags in the gay bar world always have enough money, they know the score. The cute ones will tell you their price up front.

At the end of the night in the gay bar world everyone smells like stale cigarettes and rotten alcohol. The cute ones' faces are stupored and tired looking. The fat and ugly ones are fatter and uglier. The old fags older.

HANK & RANDY

OFFER #612

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bar story:

Tonight he is a little boy lost in a toy box. This bar is no sacred place to him. All the games men play are learned here. He takes his first sip of beer and feels dizzy. He walks over to his favorite spot. Leaning on the wall in front of him stands a body very similar to his own. The lighting in the bar shadows his face, his age, his true identity. He chooses not to stand here. He sees the man shift the weight of his body from one foot to another. He could have this man, but the evening has just begun and the game just started. O.K., it's time to walk around the bar. The act of making a pass around the bar lets the room know he's in play. All this becomes instinctual.

Some nights he stands back to watch the others. He counts the rounds of the most desperate players. He connects to their nervous energy. Maybe they are insecure. They're being obvious. Hunger. This night is like so many in the past. On another wall a space opens for him. Across the room a man similar to the first, to him. This game is hard to play on some nights. The stakes are high. There are no winners. Bodies. Tonight no kissing, no eye contact, no words spoken and no memory of having met.

bar story:

Destraught and bored I return to action. It has been weeks and I can no longer fight the hunger inside. It has been too long and masturbation brings little comfort. I bring the torn and faded Sol's out of retirement. I go without supper so I can wear my tightest black t-shirt and roll the sleeves. I dust off my lucky boots. These garments are the armour for the quest.

During my first bourbon and coke a man comes over. I smile, he cups my ass, he breathes heavily on my neck, he says nothing, he is hard. I feel him hump my leg. I go to the bar for another drink, I return, I say nothing. Sometimes I play this game so bad. I think is it him or me? I know he wants me. I feel drunk. I forget how to speak. I try to look hungry. I see something in the many eyes walking past me. Circling like vultures waiting to feast on the carcass. One stops and stands close to me. I'm distracted the man stops humping my leg and stands away. He won't make a move. I don't understand. He takes his hat off. From time to time and runs his hand through his hair. He's waiting. I get another drink. I decide the game is over between us. I stand back in the shadows, I am out of play.

bar story:

Men tell me they could spend hours
biting at my jaw, or sucking my nipples.
"Great tits", "great arms", "just look at
these thighs"! I don't really mind hearing
how great my smile is; "Oh, your not
going to smile now that I've said something";
or how intense my eyes are; "what color
blue is that?". None of these things
matter they are just things that people
say. I feel empty when they don't say
anything. Plenty of men cruise me and
not say anything but show interest
and that is O.K.. Some men lie gone
very far with and nothing has
been said during the whole thing. I
don't understand the mentality, really.
Once I sandwiched between two hot guys.
They were both different but that
they both wanted me make them similar.
They both grabbed my crotch: one went
for my chest the other my arms. I just
leaned back and watched smoke
hover above the crowd frustrated at
being trapped in by the ceiling.
When they both got their fill of
me or each other they took off.
They left without thinking of giving
a smile or thank you. I don't
know I guess it's all the same.

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- 2 -

Talking dirty doesn't bother me either; I've auditioned for enough porno flicks that I can pull it off. However, when I'm with someone and I'm in control I want to be real. Sex is my reality. I want to say, "yeah, that's good". It just isn't easy out here though. I've run the gamut of ending up in precarious situations.

The screams I let out are latent. I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. The male ego is very sensitive. I know it's better to keep things to yourself rather than making someone feel like a freak.

THE ADVOCATE CLASSIFIEDS



bar story:

To begin, with things just don't work out the way they should. I feel the muck. Sex is persistently driving me mad and I just can't get a "hard-on" the way most people do. I don't know what the problem is, I mean, I'm always on the make. I see an interest from other men but I'm just not aroused. It's so rare that someone will actually kiss me and that used to be the only "safe" thing to do.

O.K., I have to admit I'm really sick about reading and hearing about the A.I.D.S. crisis. I still cry when another from-to flashes on the screen. I'm sick of losing people or seeing people fade out. It's not fair but it's not fair that I've come into my own sexuality at such an inopportune time.

For a good time this summer I was way ahead of Madonna putting pages together for my book, SEX. I mean, everything you can think of. I know I've done everything in her book at least. I never stepped over the "safe" boundary. I saw others though. I have lived through the hells of sexual passion. I have gone beyond weakness and still not exchanged any bodily fluids.

Life is muck. I do not know what to do now. I can not accept casual sex is an evil temptation. It seems as a Salvation. I don't know what to do now.



bar story:

Inside I'm constantly battling my sense of dignity. I enter the darker realms of life and am so seduced by their destructive abilities. We know sex and desire exist and floods from the lips of would be johns. Cruise bars that cater to the stand and pose crowd are populated by conservative types that are in denial and it's unsettling. It seems like being in a room full of paranoid schizophrenics. Most of these guys act like they're at a social not a bar. I see these people in denial casting out judgement. Is it evil to be open about what I want. I know they're there for sex. I am not closed to opportunity. I see them turn up their noses. What is it we want?

Must I have such guilt. Have I lowered myself to an unacceptable level. What is unacceptable. How far is how far. If I have gone too far why do I still think I can judge the people around me. I am at a loss.

bar story:

... Sometimes it drives me crazy to think of the things I've done. I see someone I've slept with, I run to my car, get on the highway and scream. Why did I do it!

I see the guy who just wanted to kneel at my cock and kiss and suck it. All night he wouldn't tell me what he was into. I just figured he was a closet case that wanted to get sucked off or to fuck something. He comes up to me and says, "you're the one" and convinces me to leave with him. He was the other kind of closet case that secretly worships cocks and just has to have it.

None of the above bothers me in particular but I'm not usually standing above a real butch guy while he's whimpering at my waist. Me telling him how much I like it, goading him, "yeah, suck that cock...". I do like it. Cocksuckers are so rare. I just can't believe it couldn't be more rational. What turns you on? No one answers this is an adult way. "I like to be the driver," some say. Some wait til things get going and regurgitate bad dialogue from porno flicks.



Vinyl.

preview from the soon to be published...
That and 69/poetry about one nighters

The chill of winter is not here in november
if your going through this rember something
never let your guard down, never!
it's a slow night but the music is good
finally in comes the one you want and sets the room on fire
he's tall and handsome, his shirt is'nt buttoned
he's walking the paces first; once, twice, thrice
he settles down in front of you
you like what you see, smiling helps this time
he buys you a drink, conversation is spotty
you like his face, his smile is perfect, his body
something is wrong but you follow him home anyway
with no time to waste the bedroom is the first stop
tall, tan, and leggy with a big thick dick
you feel the warmth of his skin, the touch
he's got a hairy chest but he's shaved his entire lower body
it's o.k. he's a swimmer, was a swimmer, still
he wants to fuck right a way, he's going to get a condom
the only thing we had talked about was witchcraft
it didn't mean anything, doesn't, won't
for his handsome the pain of anal sex is o.k.
i lay back and raise my legs
he plows right in pinning my legs
he hammers hi smooth seven inch tool right in
i can't hide the pain, my dick is limp
he is fucking me like there's no tomorrow
dressed for business i guess he really needed this
i wonder does he remember my name
he finishes, we sleep, can i stay until morning
in the morning we have an hours oral sex session
he seems to be enjoying himself but he rushes me
i ask him for his number but he declines
i have an irregular schedule he says, the door then closes

next HOMOBOY issue the 'poetry' anthology.

Disclaimer: these stories are real. please don't go getting depressed or angry about them to me the gay bar world sucks. i tried to understand it. i can't. i know there is someone out there for me, i've met him several times. for now we have writers and musicians and artists and mr. hand. God bless you all and goodnight.

yes, feedback is always good.

spunk

18 July 1984

please send all whatevers to;
eric deutsch
10415 tenneta
houston texas 77099

Eric Deutsch
10415 Tenneta
Houston, TX 77099

Eric:

Bought your 'zine *Homo Boy* at A Different Light in Los Angeles. It's great! I'm also from Houston. The boys and girls at *spunk* wanna do a story on you. Please call us at 213 487 8012. You can call collect if necessary.

Enclosed are a few sample issues of our 'zine. After we do a story on you, then we want you to write for us.



PARAPHERNALIA SHOW

OR X-Girl?

~~XXXX~~ Clothes decided to go mod and hired Betsey Johnson to design their line. Their flagship store was Paraphernalia. Betsy hired Andy to make a party. Thus Andy Warhol Pop Artist became Andy Warhol Dress Salesman. He was a hired gun, silver sprayed George Raft.

Andy came with a bunch of prepackaged superstars and the Velvet. Frug, frug, frug... Our job was to get America hot to trot. We staged a party in a fishbowl, a store window on Madison Avenue. Crowds gathered... the idea was that everybody who saw the party would buy clothes there. The girls showed the new fashion while they were dancing to the Velvet's music. It was cash in time at ~~XXXX~~. 'We will take you to paradise, just be willing to pay the price.' We were the show, ANDY'S CIRCUS. That was the way Andy worked; he manufactured happenings out of the people around him. They were his raw material - glittering cannon fodder. He sold us as commercial art. He manufactured Candy Kisses, wrapped in silver... pull a piece of cellophane and out pops the star. The superstars were at Paraphernalia as media and the public, not the merchandise, was behind glass. Andy's own attitude toward clothing was pretty weird. He once asked me to go shopping with him. When I suggested that we should go take a look at one of the upperclass second hand clothing-stores which were then getting fashionable, he said: 'Oh no Nat, never buy USED clothing, it's like wearing somebody else's PERSONALITY!' Except for this, what he wore was of no importance to him. His concept of fashion was what he got other people to wear. Andy had a big thing for Hershey's Chocolate Kisses, wrapped up in a silver package. Seeing people dressed up in silver, like at the Paraphernalia show, was like his fantasy come true. Plastic wrapped bodies, non-biodegradable, plastic pussies and made to order sex.

substitute

the 60's

betsey johnson

andy warhol

george raft

velvet underground

the 90's

kim gordon

sophia coppola

mtv

nancy-boy

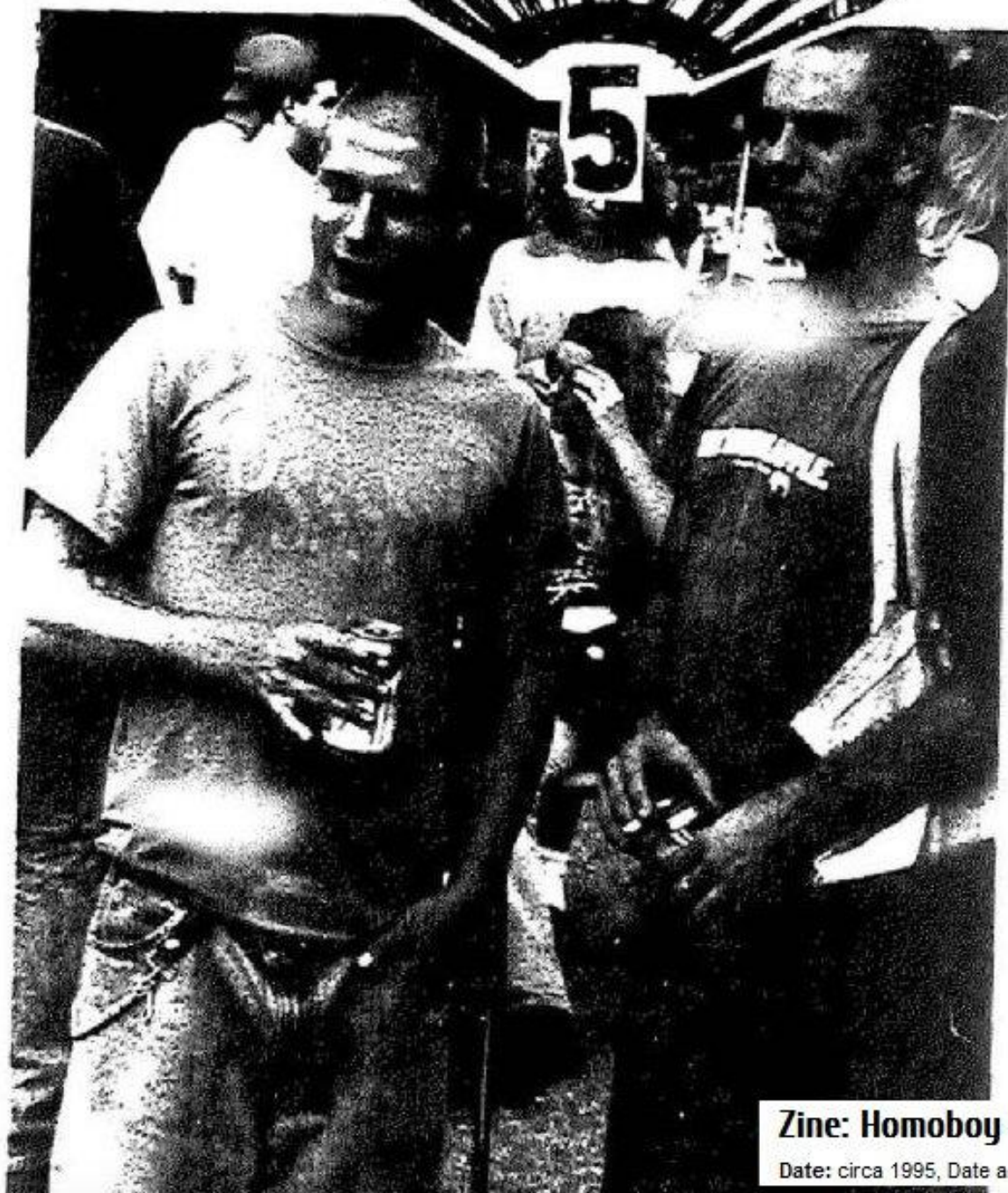
*remember a t-shirt with "ringers"
constitutes an indie rocker.

all 90's info taken from recent
HOUSE OF STYLE.

JOHN WATERS

HOMOBODY

5



Zine: Homoboy #5

Date: circa 1995, Date accepted

Homoboy #5 poetry
(as promised) → prose
→ perform

* A message to you rudy!

well, if you've been on the horn lately with your literary agent you know the market is inundated with young/gay/aids or gay/young/aids (as Puck says). Well here in the punky world of alternatives I say foo! Who cares if people aren't interested in poetry and prose. I am. I would never close an ear to Edna St. Vincent Millay or Diamanda Galas. So for you out there who will indulge me I give you a life's worth of words from my moribundino

Starring **Divine** and **Tah Hunter**



my first photo assignment
fulfilled at the "value village"
It's cheap dirty underwear.
Quella majestic, eh?

Girl I know the ladies think I'm crazy
And girl the men think I'm swell.

Girl I know my mother thinks I mean well
And my doctor never tells.

(Now I don't quite speak Greek
But I do speak in tongues.

It's not that I'm a slut, ba-by
But I do get good love.

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by
I sing where others stand

No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

So if these ways
O-fend you

I don't give a damn.
Life is full

Of innuen-dos.

Why don't you just "kick the can!" Bitch.

So if these ways
O-fend you

I don't give a damn.
My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.

And I sing where others stand.

No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

ENTRE NOUS

OKAY
you're probably
thinking when I
the last time I
supported a performance
artist. For me it was
1987 when I performed
this poetic play with
my very good friend
Orson. He called
it the "Coloured
Opera"

→ when he sees this he'll
hopefully get the grins. He
was on his way to Paris.
To Paris. On his way to Paris!
My favorite poem by Orson is
called "People". He is really great
and probably the only true
Jazz man I'll ever know.
Read his work with rhythm.

MISS CATALINA SPEAKS

Now I don't quite speak Greek
But I do speak in tongues.

It's not that I'm a slut, ba-by,
But I do get good love.

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.
I sing where others stand.

No this ain't La Traviata
And the blues don't make the man.

So if these ways
O-ffend you

I don't give a damn.
Life is full

Of innuen-dos.

Why don't you just take yours and scram!

My life's a coloured opera, ba-by.
And I sing where others stand.

---Excerpt from "The Beat of
a Different Color," by
Orson T. Maquelani.

Chicago 1990



At Jorgensen's top 10 alternative
retro-eighties bands that
they play at #'s on Friday nite.

1. Ministry
2. Skinny Puppy
3. Cabaret Voltaire
4. Killing Joke
5. Front 242
6. the Bolshoi
7. U.K. Vision
8. tack head
9. nitzer ebb
10. the Smiths

* remember
Saturday is new
alte native music
and what has Ministry
been up to since that
video w/ W.S. Burroughs
P.S. Everyday is
not like
Halloween.

a kind of rant #1

This is actually a page to commemorate a place I've had to go to all my life. It's always the same; smell, decor, drinks, bartenders, owner.

If you know Houston it has never done anything to change or move on.

I love #'s though.

I guess it will never change. Actually I'm grateful it was there. you see in the #'s world an alternative boy doesn't have to be exposed to straight or gay it doesn't matter. The weird thing is now straight boys actually go there to dance with each other. I get confused by what's happening but then I feel good that they're happy.



Marquee for #'s 10-94/11-94

Poetry-

★ what a groovy thing poetry is. If you would like to offer your criticisms an address will be provided at the very end. I will try to put dates and every thing. Unlike Orson's words my words are just there no rhyme or reason. My whole goal in life was just to walk the streets of the world and see the poetry.

92

one first bar story

beauty. hope. love. money. beauty comes first it is the most important. the key that evokes and provokes. nights stand on end and at dawn beauty eludes us.
beauty comes first. it passes. tears are shed. hope springs eternal sprouts wings and protects the innocent babes.
we stand innocent among these four walls. each beauty passing makes us weak at the knees. a battle of the wits occurs: beauty against beauty. no roof if strong enough to shield the rays of the moon. the moon has beams of light that make the animals react to one another.
one body of light reflects what dark bodies want to absorb. voices sing to sharp beats of rythm. this is my world. this is my secret. i am a beauty. i realize i still have hope. i start to cry. i do not know what this means.
on some nights i stand against four different walls. sometimes i stand in the corner. hope and beauty. these two are a sure thing for me. i have seen their power diminish. they return after a good rest. money and love are elusive. never able to sustain beauty. passing through weaker visages coming to weak terms.

for Dennis Cooper

glorified drunken stupers
and loose lips telling lies
are things of the past.
thinking back on doing the hard stuff;
acid then coke with tequila shots.
boys were so pretty twinkling on crystal
their bodies shimmering on crystal.
their bodies shimmering like diamonds
from the dim light of the bars and back alleys
black and blue circles under their eyes.
eyes with dilated pupils,
arms long and lanky,
ending with shaky hands on fire.
arms with veins slightly swollen.
glory days running here and there
stirring the sauce.
bartenders with bourbon and coke ready.
going back and forth to the bathroom to do more coke
always a new boy to do more coke with.
summer days running down our backs
like beads of sweat,
sweat and spit blending until climax.
days of neverending drunkenness.
boys with smooth tan bodies
who are so willing.
boys with eyes so empty,
who smile so graciously.
eyes sweeping catching gazes.
ice melting making the liquor easier to bear.
hazy discussions with lots of sexual promises,
ending with grinding pelvises.
high on coke still from three to six a.m.,
mouths on speed so hungry to taste the sex.
strands of long hair getting stuck,
in my stubble in my teeth.
long haired boys on pot and poppers,
giving head like a kitten lapping milk,
coming in and out of consciousness.
mouths too numb from too much,
of whatever to stop.
continuous play on fast forward.
boys so driven to have a good time,
saying again and again,
this is so good
this is so good

'92
U all
Know I
really owe
• Dennis
for making
me want
more from
Sex, from
boys. I
used to
always
pretend to
be George
from
Closer
It was
really
fun.

untitled, unfinished

Here I am faced with the worst three things in life,
morning, sobriety, hunger.

reasonable doubt

i don't know, i say how does anything begin? one day blends
into the next, they all seem the same. the lights go dim.
i ache. the sensation becomes numb. so i do something to try
and feel like i'm alive. i do it again and again.

'93

'94

flaccid (a performance poem for two readers)

- floppy and phlacid is a penis
for a disco Jesus.
cum on me and cum on me
your cunt a sacred heart.
daisy chain a crown for me
pearl necklace me a rosary.
hail Mary

- I'm Mary

-forgive me father

- I have sinned

-the Father

- 1st base

-the Son

- 2nd base

-the Holy Ghost

- 3rd base

-sometimes i feel like a motherless child
laying on Mary's lap in Calvin Klein underwear
I ask forgiveness or at least look like it.
hollow me, hollow my bones
blow that hymn through my spinal column
be my child and wash my bare feet
I want your lips
for those lips
my lips meet, on my knees
-Joseph was married once before Mary
she is the devil
he is the savior, so give me him
and I will go down on my knees
and pray...

-cum on me and cum on me
white light floods my mouth
-an annunciation has been made
-bare me child and kiss my feet
-disrobe my body
-so now i'm complete
-so staid is a silent chapel
-and God is my witness
-and God is on top of me
-bare breasted, bear witness
oh dear St. Peter take sword in hand,
and say, "here I will build my church!"

sometimes I feel like a motherless child
so I walk a good cobblestone road
and I stop off in each church
to pray to the Madonna

- she knows

-I light a candle though I'm not catholic
I think "yo, Jesus was Jewish and so am I"
besides God is in everyone
God knows I try that too!
Madonna, I hear her sing:
-"I light this candle and watch it glow
tears on my pillow
and if there is a Christ, he'll come tonight
and help me pray for Spanish eyes"
-and Giovanni's eyes blaze through me
and water sports is a term never coined,
by John the Baptist
oh my dear friend Sebastian
if I could have only pierced your Orpheuses,
would we both be saints now

sometimes I feel like a motherless child.



Flaccid was one performance poem from a show called "Fuckacted" I starred in with Houston's premiere performance artist Alicia X. It was a particularly buff period in my life. I enjoyed corsettes, bras, underwear, anything tight. I lived in Dallas and travelling as a performance artist was very glamorous.

however my best friend thinks

his hair is slightly greasy. it hangs in clumps about his face. his ears, his nape of neck. his brows are full and dark and furrowed. underneath ~~them~~ his eyes still and frozen. they don't move. they don't blink. i can see his nostrils opening and closing so i know he's breathing. still. his mouth ~~is~~ so very tempting but always sealed shut. ~~he wears~~ his skin like a shroud so pale and unblemished. God was here it says, a body of ~~sinewy~~ marbled form. his shoulders are supported by biceps so strong on elbows, slightly bent from wide forearms, joined by strong hands spread, with ~~skin~~ sensuous fingers spread apart supporting all this, so far on a dresser that stands in front of the mirror. his chest is pumped, clean of any hair, two tiny pink nipples rest on two mounds quietly. i trace the center of his body down to where his navel exist amongst a gentle roll of flesh. his buttocks, hairy legs, and other ~~parts~~ are concealed beneath a pair of smoke smelly jeans that are unbuttoned and ready.

it's almost morning now. the rays of sun are straining ~~their way~~ through the slit in the curtain. the light is filtering through the sheer material past the heavy fabric. the most beautiful boy you can imagine stares straight ahead at himself in the mirror. he's perfect in the morning. oh well, he's perfect all the time. he's standing mesmerized with himself. i wonder what is he looking for. the room seems cold. the automatic air conditioner hums then rattles making its presence known. maybe it's time to get up, to shower. nobody bothers to check the time. things are happening now, ~~dark~~.

the bed sheets are in various folds. blankets are spread and separated. someone didn't sleep too well. on one side of the bed i'm leaning on an elbow. i'm trying to prop myself up to look at him. maybe he'll make the first move. my other hand is hidden under the covers with the rest of my body. i'm candidly fondling myself. i'm thinking he knows what i'm doing but probably doesn't mind. ~~this is incredibly awkward for me.~~

the next words spoken fall from my lips. "it's not that big of a deal", i say. first his eyes start to look at me and then with tremendous effort his whole body begins to turn to face me. when the moves are complete i can see all this is taking too much effort. the body with his form climbs on to the bed. his jeans slip down a bit and i can see his thick patch of pubes. his hands, those fingers are beginning to reach out ~~for me~~ for me. before he can complete this maneuver i stop playing with myself and also reach out to him. i pause. i rethink my body language.

i lay back on the pillow letting the arm i was leaning on extend out, my other arm falls across my chest, my eyes close. at these times too much knowledge is needed, too much experience i don't have. the last thing i remember before closing my eyes are the blotchy patterns the ~~space~~ on the ceiling makes. i want to remember what he looks like, where we are in position to each other, what happened last night. i can't remember him at all and i don't know how we've gotten to this point.

suddenly i can feel his head settling in the crux of my armpit. his body is close to mine. i can really smell him now. i guess i smell as bad as he does. i turn my head to look at him, my nose gets all smooshed, i open my eyes. i'm so close to his flesh i can see every pore. i exhale onto his neck. the warm breathe creates goose flesh on his neck. it gives me some sort of relief to think i've done something to effect, change, or disturb him. he lets out a moan or sigh. we are two people together in this situation, but ~~what~~ what events really lead to us ~~being here~~ ~~at this point~~.

2 where we R now.

it sucks. I kinda liked it before we said that.

This is a working story on impotence. working.

From: petersen Fri Oct 14 06:47:05 1994
From: petersen (Michael Petersen - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~)
To: petersen
Subject: Impressions
Classification: ~~XXXXXX~~ Proprietary: Internal Use Only

Impressions...like dents in the air.

They take a long time to fade, and eventually the air gets so cluttered up with these...dents - that you can't see anything, and you don't want to, because things that happened a long time ago are so much more interesting, and they're clear, like bubbles in the glass.

But eventually there's so many bubbles in the glass that it just turns white, and then you have to go away, and sit in a dark place for a while, and breathe, and when you're done breathing you come out in the world and the air - well, it's hard to describe, it's like a...like a snow-dome, that's been sitting on the shelf for a long time, and even the tiniest tiniest flakes have fallen to the bottom, and you can see every little notch on the reindeers' antlers. It's like a morning with no wind.

And when you move - or someone else moves, because you're waiting, you're trying to just hold yourself there, hold the moment, and the move stays there, before and after, it stays in the air, it makes a dent, it's all there - then you're just like...well....welcome back.

This is something my pen pal
mike sent me. you'd be jealous if
I told you how great and under-
standing mike has been to me
this year. All his words are
extremely important to me but
these I'll share



Impressions

ACID TRIP 1990

IT TAKES EVERY OUNCE OF PATIENCE
CONCENTRATION CENTRIFUGES TOWARDS THE REBEL
THE REBEL REFUSES TO SEE HE'S OUTCLASSED
OUTCAST AND MISAPPROPRIATED
NOW THERE IS NO LOVE BUT HATE IS JUST AS STRONG
HE SITS STOLEN MOMENTS WAITING FOR AWKWARDNESS
THE PARASITE GLANCES TO AND FRO AND TO AGAIN
CONTROL REELS THE MAINSTAY
THE REBEL FLASHES A PICTURE POSTCARD
THE SAINTS FLY OVERHEAD ON THEIR WAY TO SALVATION
SALVATION IS A HOME BOMBED DURING THE WAR
FOUR WALLS ARE LEFT IN TATTERS
THE DOOR WILL OPEN WITH NO ROOF
SMOKE COMES OUT OF TWO CHIMNEYS
I LIKEN IT TO THE CHURCH OF THE "LAST SUPPER"
BEAUTY BASK IN THE CORNEA OF MISANTHROPE
STOLEN MOMENTS ASK A FAVOR OF HIM
ADVANCING PAST THE ARTERY OF LIFE
THE REBEL WILL SWALLOW MUCOUS FOR YOUR PLEASURE
CATASTROPHE, MYSTERY, WASTE BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN
HOLY SCHOLARS ARE LURKING BEHIND HIS MASK
REMEMBERING THE CRIES OF THE TERRIBLE INFANT
HIS WHIMPERS PARADED ON A CAROUSEL CHARGER
HE GAINED ON THE SUPERIORITY OF AN INFERIORITY
WEAKNESS PREVAILS AND SITS KNITTING
ONCE AND A WHILE SOLITUDE HITS THE STREET
THE SAINTS FLY OVER HEAD SEVERAL TIMES OVER
THE SKYS ARE ON FIRE TOO
THE REBEL KNOWS VERY WELL WHAT IS GOING ON
CRUCIFIED ON CROSSES YET THEY FLY
MAJESTY GIVES THEM STRENGTH TO FLY... TO FLY !
THEY SMILE SO GENEROUSLY ON ME
THE CROSS HANGS SUSPENDED IN THE HOUSE
ON HOPE, BY SPIRIT, WITH LOVE
HE IS ALWAYS TAN AND TATOOED
THE REBEL WILL CONCENTRATE AND ALLOW CONDOLENCE

I wrote this during the x-mas holidays. I actually did acid for the first time watching Jane's Addiction, I started tripping w/ my friends during Siouxi at Hollapalooza. I say you need to trip on acid at least once otherwise SxE or whatever.

93

I feel empowered with the raging anger
of a guy who has recently had his life support cut off
i do not know why this happens
we who have spoken
some who had hidden for so long and found no relief
i do not understand the next breathe that is not there
we struggle to finally realize our reason for living
it takes so long to find the voice from within
it takes a long time to figure out the argument.
the side you will take
finally you stand your ground
you decide this is my calling;
the reason i am here, this is what i am meant to do
but then the ball is rolling
life itself is distinguished,
i mean, totally the end !
it could be you !
you could die in one second
what would it all mean
will there be anyone there to replace you,
or continue what took so long to find
to Randy Fields i am angry for you now
you are now one of the many
will your finger pointed at the guilty be in vain ?
i did not always agree with the direction of your anger
every word every action might make a difference
if someone on this earth could stop this disease
no price would be too high
what matters is you would be alive
you could be here tomorrow and the next
days that are yours would be.
how can someone just be gone ?
death seemed to be so gradual,
like leaves falling in preparation for the winter

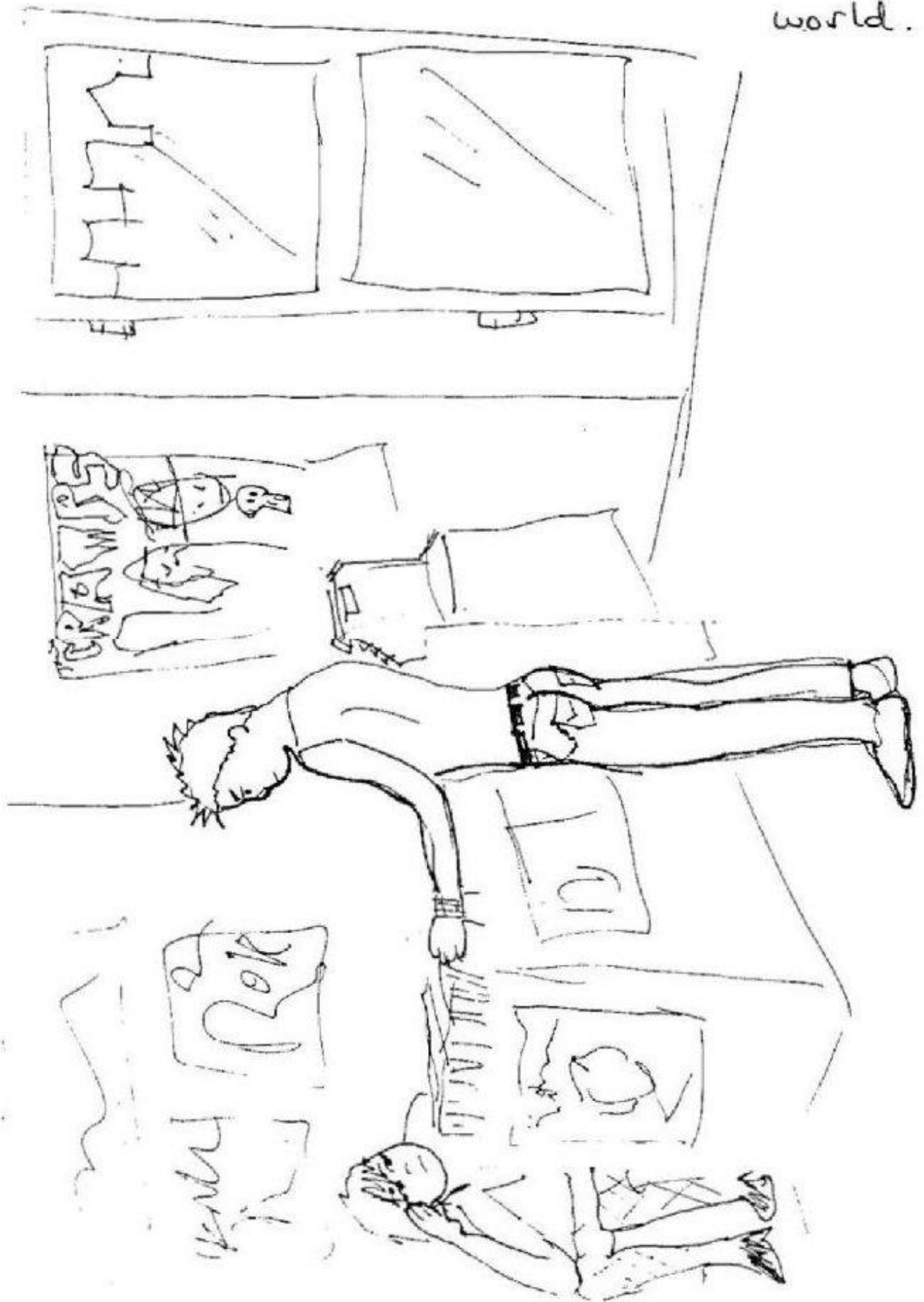
Polyester

93

the clouds gather and the rain falls
i can live with that cycle of nature
but when the sun shines
and the rain falls
i do not understand
i wonder if anyone who is not HIV positive,
knows the fear of another AIDS death
you will suddenly stop breathing
there will be no indication of death
i do not accept this, how could anyone else?

It really sucks when people die of
AIDS. I know why but it still
dissapoints me when people die.

this sketch of a record store
is by Anonymous Boy. I only
wish I could be a kid in his
world.





This Crayon, marker, glitter "Flower" on construction paper is by Zachary T. Deutsch. I know he's $4\frac{3}{4}$ yrs old and my nephew but he's a pretty artistic kid. I'm sure he'll be somewhat like me. He likes Barbie, Princess Jasmine, Pink, Power Rangers. He is currently enrolled at the JCC Hebrew Academy where he studies computer and swimming. One day for no reason he said, "hey Mr. Uncle Eric I love you". It made me cry. He always says the right

Untitled

'87

oh to be seventeen and know of the good thing
"it's instant gratification" she says
she'll settle for dry humping, mostly
i knew her as a girl, she hung a jock on her rearview
i only hated her because i was jealous
i still thought a person had to blow
it's the opposite now i know
now he says he misses me
so thin so tight so sinewy
i wish he would be my lover
it's different for him, and he seeks the opposite
show me that belly, oh if you'd by som jelly
anyway sucking him would be like leading him on a leash
sometimes i would peek
i admire the brilliance and the gleam of his teeth
oh my i think i dropped something
oh yes here it is right by your...
foot
dear i can't seem to breathe and don't say it
i must ask you not to stroke my neck
of course i would feel better not knowing you
to be seventeen and know of the good thing

Untitled

'87

inquisitively, imperatively
i pray in tears to thee
visions of saint peter bring me sight of death of blight
i believe in christ
i have cried every night
instinctively, desperately
i pray in chants of j.d. salinger
visions of clouds pass quickly not linger
one day i saw st. matthew
he was black, the bible never mentions black or white
every day i wait for the next
i pray every night for tomorrow
i believe in christ
lord jesus christ have mercy on my soul
i cry myself to sleep most nights
i pray for the next day to be over
one night in a dream st. peter visited me,
a night in the last year of my life
i have lived hard and full and given love for strife
i had many prayers answered
i believe in jesus christ
when i was 17 he spoke to me
i am not a prophet
i know not what god is or if heaven exist
there is a god because i have answers
i cry almost every night determineably
there are answers made clear by someone who hears me cry
someone spoke to me before i died, almost died
i cry when i'm alone but i'm not alone
drudgery and dreams have come the same
when i am alone i cry, i am happy sometimes
when there is a voice i know
i know something different
i know a lot of things are different
i go to bed each night before dawn
the clouds never linger



'94

Hate

I will not feel anything more
rapture of you a befallen ill
a coffin arrives with your name on't
words like honey dribble down
I never loved you, I never cared
songs like, I only used you,
not for pleasure but despair

'94

untitled

being young is never easy
dancing yourself into a frenzy
wake, work, shower, rush
drink, dance, seek, rush
dance, love, wake, rush
spending the days dreaming of nights
restraining your sanity with all might

'94

As Yet Untitled *

softly, faintly in the distance
swaying gently on a breeze
words from a song i heard long ago
what have I done for love
can I not regret such actions now
what would it be; love or life
the smell rising off your flesh
things I ask of you when we're alone
your sexy smile, the look in your eyes
too much is beauty not for one man to own
oh, but I know I can't own you
in this world nothing can bind us together
your secrets are your own
and oh my boy I have secrets
I want you in my life but how do I make it so
here in my heart, my mind I do not know.

* this is for us blackheads!

love. I owe him a better poem. But I wrote this when I was "with" him.
If you see him tell him I still love him.

'92

for Jeremy Collette (still)

When at first i see you
try, I try again
the sweetest thing for me is you
you fulfill my sweet tooth
Oh, how I love you
to see you again and again
how now i long to drink of thee
i wish you to be with me
inside me
inside my heart pounds thinking of love for you
I cry when I'm with you, I cry away from you
I love you I do
when at last I see you
a tear will flow
I can only think to be near you
I can not say I love you because you do not know
Oh, how i love you
despite the love we have made so many times in a row
it kills me because you can not know
I love you and have not told you though,
if you love me too let it be so
this painful ignorance we share
makes me giggle and cry in your presence
in your arms so gently, laying still
I know love is there.

'93

for Jonathon Coette

Youth virility and arrogance
hanging before my face
like a door with a heavy knocker
i can not lift the swinger
"you put me in an awkward situation"
"sort of like my heart is with you not my body"
"silvaden is a cream that will leave no scar"
"but baby, you're a star"
"remember how it used to be between us?"
before or after Joan left that is
what i keep telling you, if it can be us
than we can be happy
don't you remember in the beginning
in the beginning i was hurt from another
we found a new bond as men we share
i forgot about the boy and accepted the man
our fight is your own, you can not mature
the boy lives on inside you, resides, besides
you are still so young, so luscious, so fair



here r 3 good examples of my broken heart. A swan song ↓ from another show. It was cool because Devin was there with his friends but only he and I knew the piece was a reference to our time together it was titled "Vacat."

87

ode to Devin Borden

Words dispelled what actions motivated. Going down on you riding up elevators. Shafts and shifts and you couldnt embrace me. Incongruent reactions motivated me to a higher class insanity, but you could not accept me or what I wanted too give you. Desperate in midnights loneliness whether I love you or not I wanted to love you. Indecisively ignorant you wanted to love somebody.

On a brilliantly sunny afternoon I stood above you. The sun splintered. Two fish swam in a bowl that was to be surreal. Two fish were indifferent to eggbeaters. Incurragible, fallable, passively you gave in for one afternoon. A short passionate breathe filled my lungs. Struggling at each vocal attempt. I juggled backwards swallowing hooks and balancing books, tensely bating an embiciles circus. I cry for the loss my heart feels.

On pine floors I pinned you knowing the pain would bring you pleasure. At last you felt you loved me. I ask only for that feeling. I ask only for feeling. Beauty banishes what common looks cling to. Like knives each complement received brings blood in tears from arteries to eyes.

If confidence would have persisted my offering would have answered your prayers, but for you there is no God you are your only God.

Hungry for intellectual stimulous you haggard your handsome and ugly your vanity. Though your Dorian Gray is a woman's murky ovum you are none the less a dandy. Fortune sensuously emerges for your forever youth. Truth if truth be known; social is a mountain you climb with an elk's grace.

And social is a mountain I have climbed to the last grip of the rope, which is the last grip to my ill fate. My glass head has shattered, my eyes are bluer than yours because I am blue. Manifested in appropriation none of this makes sense and I love someone who doesn't exist but never did.

when I broke up with him I vowed
never speak to him again that was
86-87 and It took 3 years to get
over. I didnt sleep with anyone again
or 5 years. Just FYI.



VOTRE COLLABORATION.

LA BOUCHE
DRAMATIQUE



ODORANT™

WAIT!

WAIT!

Do not scratch until you receive instructions from the film.

here it is time to say goodbye.
I hope you enjoyed this time together.
I encourage you to write me. Recently
I asked people to write about The
Smith's "That Joke isn't funny anymore"
The responses included "that queer song?"
or "that is a really old song". It
meant something special to me and
as time goes on the Smiths are still
very prolific(?). However it's a new era,
a new time, and most importantly
time for a new voice.

EARRING MAGIC AND
SECRET HEARTS KEN, 1992

homoboy readers respond! :)

Copy to press
11, Prospect St.
Jamaica, NY 11435

← this is a confused
homophone

June 20, 1992

Eric
10415 Tennetex
Houston, TX 77099

← this is me

he wrote
✓ me twice.

I have gotten your address from letter 51 of Ziesenheim and am

I don't know where you got my name
for your Queer list, but it had better
be dropped from it.

I filed a formal complaint with the Post
Master General about the first shit you
sent me and if I receive anything else
from you I'm going to file another one. I
think at that point it will be taken much
more seriously.

Eric, 10415 Tennetex, Houston, TX 77099

1

2.



3

9

10