

FRGS KILLS

FRGS DEAD!

issue 1

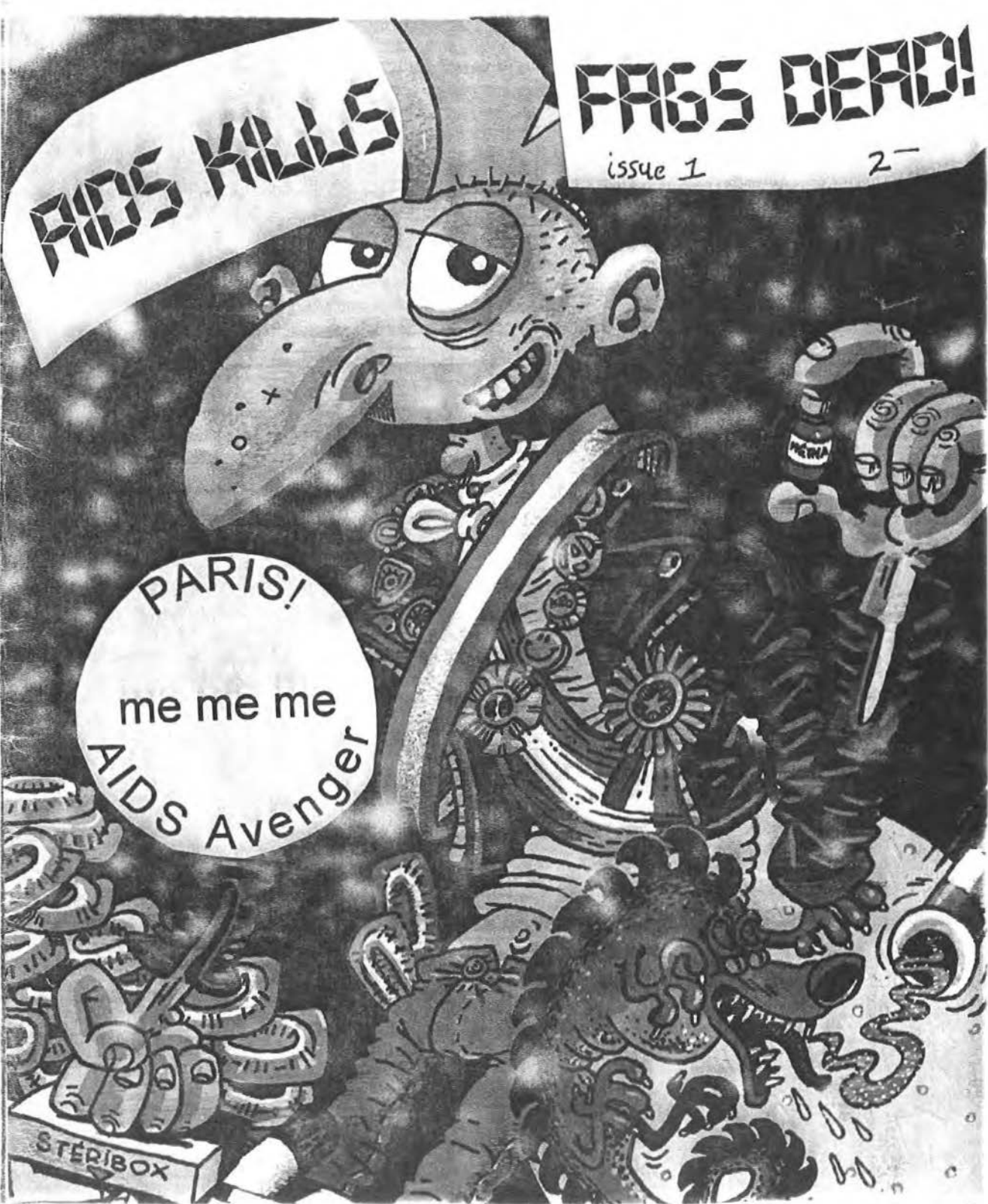
2-

PARIS!

me me me

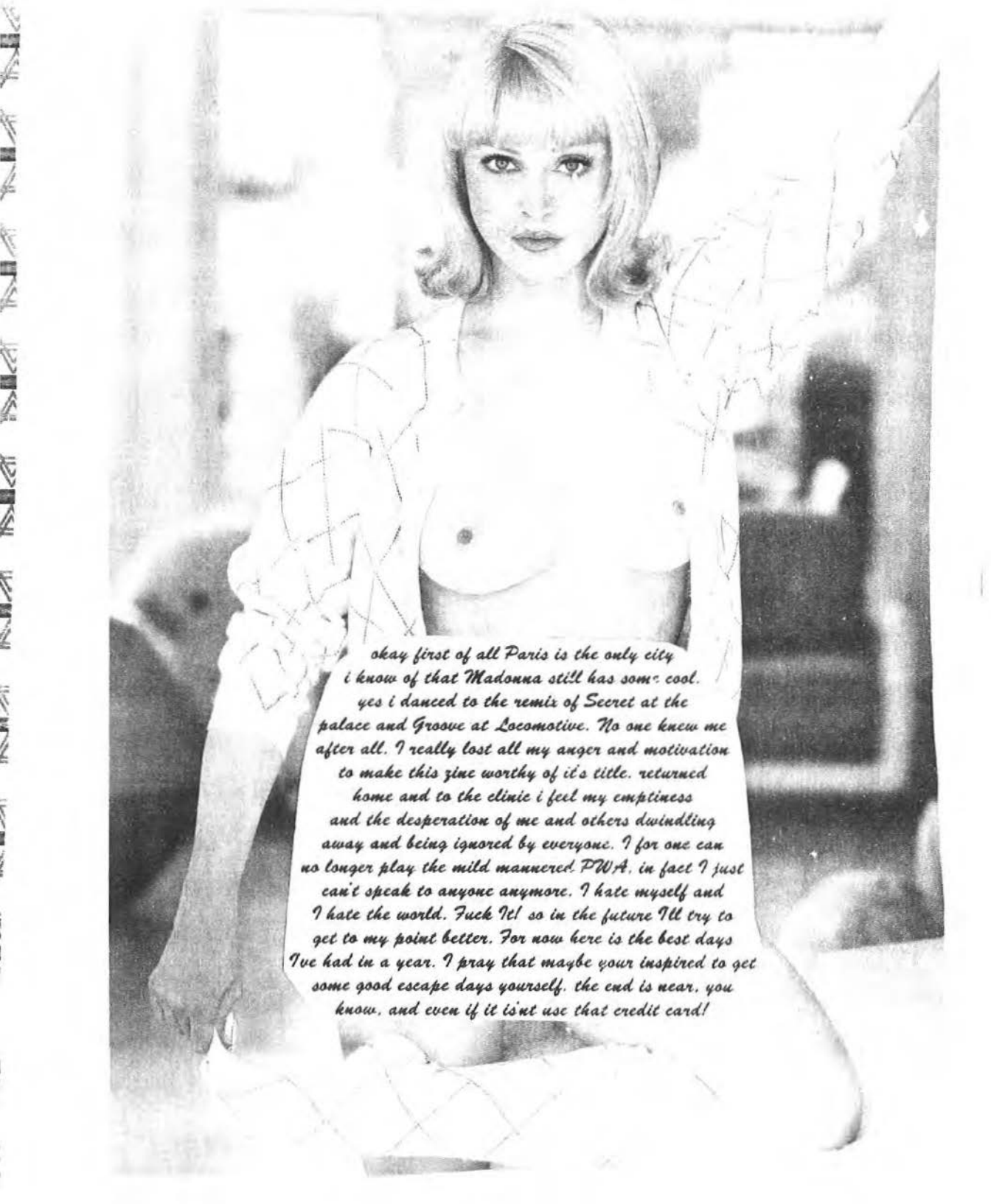
AIDS Avenger

STÉRIBOX



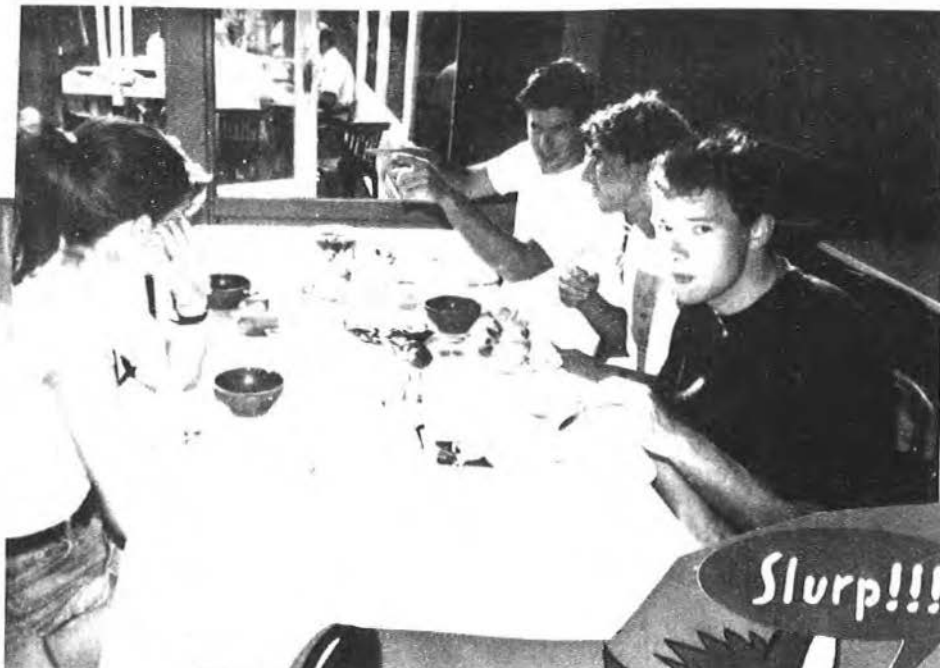
i would like to thank Axl Rose for inspiring the title of my zine.
i would like to thank the doctors and nurses for all the headaches
and the complete loss of my taste buds.
if you have something dealing with "the gay AIDS"
or perhaps a question about something featured
in this issue feel free to write:
eric deutsch, 10415 tenneta,
houston-texas 77099





okay first of all Paris is the only city
i know of that Madonna still has some cool.
yes i danced to the remix of Secret at the
palace and Groove at Locomotive. No one knew me
after all. I really lost all my anger and motivation
to make this zine worthy of it's title. returned
home and to the clinic i feel my emptiness
and the desperation of me and others dwindling
away and being ignored by everyone. I for one can
no longer play the mild mannered PWA, in fact I just
can't speak to anyone anymore. I hate myself and
I hate the world. Fuck It! so in the future I'll try to
get to my point better. For now here is the best days
I've had in a year. I pray that maybe your inspired to get
some good escape days yourself. the end is near, you
know. and even if it isn't use that credit card!

"chef"
Josh
Dutch



2



when your in paris the first night and your friend is a bitch

i am walking down the seine listening to 98.2 europe's only 24hr. all gay radio. i'm goofing, stepping with too much pep, returning glances at french fags. this is heaven too, too good to be my life or me living this life. i am my favorite me today: clear skin, running a hand through my greasy bobbed hair. i smile bad, i'm getting heat rash on my balls, i'm wearing 2 day old clothes ((thankfully my nine inch nails t-shirt) name dropper). my legs and back ache already but i'm tearing with joy and exhaustion. i'm so high on herbal essence. i'm still not over my first night in the latin quarter with the 3 guys from our hostile's dorm room. this experience was so text book. i befriended these guys. we sat in the room talking, coming down from travel fatigue, about important things; not gossip or blow-jobs but politics and culture. we bonded to each other to learn as much about the city from each other as possible. hunger struck and off we go; 4 young lads full of life, adventure, and do i dare say youth.

me i have to stay in the closet. no aids tonight. i have a feeling the handsome one from san diego whom we end up calling "chef" knows. chef is our leader, he knows paris because he came here on his senior trip 6 years ago. he's in int'l business but french was a major. he's flawless. he i love talking to him if only to look at his piercing ice blue eyes, pale perfect skin, and rouge red mouth. he knows, it shows in his confidence, in his early arrogance towards the group. in his vocabulary. i think maybe he knows and he's thinking i'm thinking he must have done something somewhere once or will or would like to. i guess we all want that of the too handsome ones. i look at the perfection his hair forms on his stomach when he lifts his shirt to compare belly bags with josh. he lifts it again putting his money away which doesn't take enough time for me. he wears boxers too. god. later in the hostile's bathroom he looks at me in my boxers and gets embarassed that i'm just looking at him with a what the fuck look. i'm looking at his sweet college boy legs. i know he's 25 but he's very fresh and sexy as hell. he could never be dirty or in trouble, perfect with each breathe. i am drunk from these boys. we're joking and being clumsy bumping into each other and stepping on each other. tonight everything is funny. josh is hilarious trying to pick up french girls. i say man show them your hard-on for them. chef cracks up and i feel i'm cool. we get back exactly at cerfew, 1:30. silence is at 11 and we tried to talk in hushes and we complain about the heat. we all stand at the window looking at the pool we've been trying to get to all day. the whole thing is very edmund white. we complain about the heat and get ready for bed, four other guys are in here sleeping. josh and dutch strip down to their shorts. chef and i wear our t-shirts and boxers. this is the last time i'll see normal attractive unmuscle boys grouped together. we just fall into a silence and go to sleep.

in the morning i hope to catch a glimpse of chef in the shower. i love him, i notice he has a toilet kit when we brush our teeth together. now i sit on the bed and watch him shave in the sink. i can only see his back. i wish i could enfold my arms around his waist around the slight love handles. finally he finishes and i see his perfect nubile, firm but not muscled almost adolescent chest with it's perfect straight, short and soft looking light brown hair. i melt at the sight of him. another of god's mistakes. perfection.

when i get to the shower josh is in there and i shout. having breakfast. lisa comes to the room looking sexy. i see the guys looking a little jealous that i'm traveling with her and they're alone. we meet them downstairs and we're drinking hot chocolate when they sit around me. people start to stare because we're laughing and going over who was goofing last night. we exceed our limit on chocolate and coffee. but it has to end everyone is going somewhere else and we need to get to the hotel early. i look at chef and god i hope my pictures of him come out. i don't want to lose them because i'm not sure of the torture lisa will put me through. i guess this happens on summer vacation in europe. i invite them to crash with us whenever if necessary. i can't get them out of my head. i will never see them again i am challenged to meet others with an ease of company and acceptance.

Admission: FREE all week

Sundays: Free buffet
from midnight to 2 am

Mondays: disco
The sound of the 70's

Tuesdays: Royale Mousse
The hot foam bath!

the bitch writes 7.26.95
not calls

Dear Eric,

Here's the cash for the film
developing, made out to your
mom, as you asked. Also,
please tell me when the last
roll, the last roll, and
my funsaver roll get in.

The funsaver roll was the
one w/ all the furniture in
the Musée D'Orsay, and
you in front of your favorite
painting.

Talk to you later

Piss



today 28,6,95 my trip to paris begins. we checked into the hotel rivoli, located right in the middle of the world. funny yesterday when we tried to check in this area didn't seem that special but today after walking 6 minutes to the louvre and the jardin toulleries i see boys boys everywhere. i left the hotel to get some poudre to prevent chaffing and i see cafe one full of queers and cafe two full of fags. funny. i think from this point on i was feeled with like ecstasy; i mean i waited twelve years to have this trip and already i'm in the thick of everything. i'm beyond content because see all and every single wish i had in life came true. i'm finished, i'm happy.

after one solid year of misery, poverty, isolation, loneliness, near death, government bullshit, pills, pain, frustration, failure nothing is going wrong. i mean God damn i'm sitting on the floor of sully in the louvre listening to the smiths' "boy with the thorn in his side" staring mesmerized by the boy on a rock by hippolyte flandrin. i have been in love with him for so long. he has been raped by the use of his image on postcards, t-shirts, and posters. i have him in sizes 3x5-24x28, but now i am meeting him in person life size. i have been in love with art before, no not like this. i snuck out of the hotel room when lisa fell asleep to coe back here, as it's open til 10 and i'm trying to find my way back and i'm listening to ymox (the first with "a day") and sit beneath him. i wait for him to pick up his head from his knees and look to me, extending his hand asking me silently to join him on his rock above the tranquility of the bay below us. i will join him frozen in time in bliss behind him hidden at his side, a secret love to last forever.

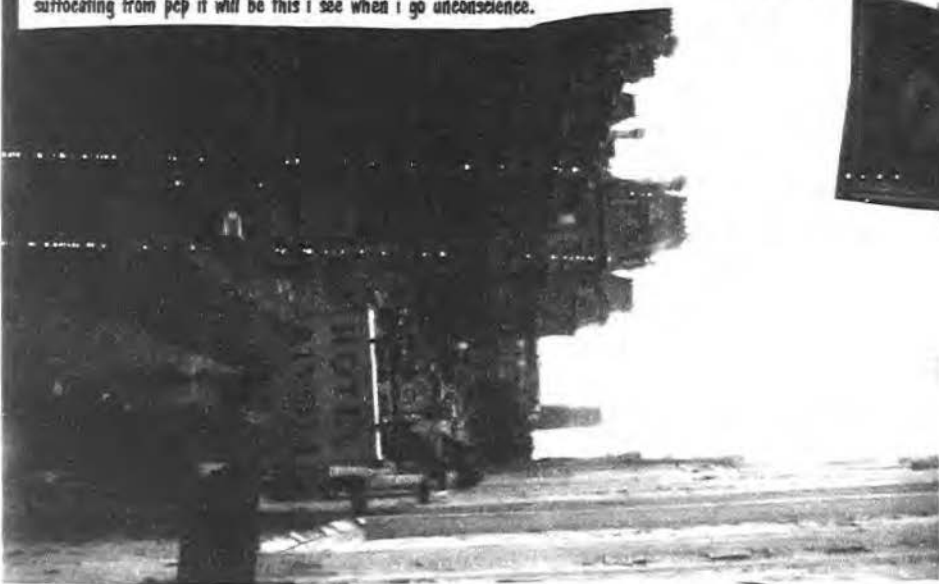
and this for me is everything. beyond now, today nothing has any meaning. i am so beyond waiting to die. i want my heaven, like this, listening to this mortal coil walking among the greatest art in the world; gods, martyrs, angels, saints, beauties, heroes being guided hopelessly lost but guided to my love, the boy on a rock.

now it's been one hour and just a few persons have really looked at the boy. the subltly of his nipple, the mysteriousness of his profile. how is it thus. the guard now is amazed i've sat glued to his appeal. two queers look at me and look at him, they smile because i'm hopelessly lost. but hey, some girls sit at morrison's grave, so why not me this. i admit i could worship this.

two hours later i stand up, they're closing. i switch to techno i realize it's not going to happen. i move closer and i swear in my light headed state i see him raise his head, a second/very quickly. he looks me in the eyes. then it's over, but his image is burned in my head. the next time i'm suffocating from pep it will be this i see when i go unconscious.



Hotel Rivoli
44 rue de Rivoli
Paris 75004
tel. 142720841



**once you gave up, became impotent, did'nt want it, and
thought it was over because you'd never get it again.**

for all of you out there let me bore you with my sex life for the past two years. don't worry it's relative because i'll conclude with Loic in Paris. after february 14, 1993 i froze. a month later i had three adventures with a beautiful blonde kid in the steam room at Bally's but he started it and the more i pushed him away the more he wanted it. then one night i was out drinking as usual[i could'nt give up everything] i was feeling angry at the fucker who did this to me i was thinking about killing myself if i had infected my true love, Jeremy, from july to november. i knew i got it after may 1992 which was my last test and i shoulda. got tested before Jere but i was feeling safe in a relationship. fuck me.

then this really hot guy comes up to me. he was so hot all crammed into his t-shirt and jeans. he's one of these mexican guys who likes to fuck white guys. i gave him a hard time. i told him i lived with someone, that i thought he was repulsive, you know everything. he did'nt listen to anything. so i gave in and he went home with me but after i got gas and before i got on the freeway i told him i had AIDS. he still wanted me. we had the hottest sex without fucking i have ever had. we saw each other once a week, but he would call me every other day to have phone sex and i could hear him coming in the background. he liked to hear me tell him what a piece of shit i thought he was. it was weird, like so many others he told me how turned on i made them feel. but that's besides the point. so then i just started the whole mutual hand-job, blow-job with condom bit. i felt this could be okay. if they wanted more than i would pretend to get sick and leave which i did alot and man i wish i would'nt have had to, believe me. so after mike this guy started writing to me. i didn't tell him i had AIDS because he sounded really judgemental. i thought i would tell him after we met in person and he turned out to be some frat boy asshole. well he turned out to be this really cute inexperienced kid. he spent the weekend and the first night i made up a room for him but he came into my room and wanted to sleep with me. i thought well he just wants to get used to the feeling. he had only had sex once and they only humped and gave head. so it's early morning and before i know it his hands are all over me. and then before i know it my hands are all over me and sweet jesus he was so beautiful God i can still taste every hair on his bod. sorry. so we make out and i jack him and i can't get hard enough to come and i have to tell him i'm just uncomfortable about things. the whole weekend he stays hard but can't come [because he's on so much prozac]. so i play with his hard dick all weekend and we bond. i start to fall in love with this kid and i go to see him two weeks later. we go a little further and i give him a slow but cautious blow-job in the shower, we move to the bed and he wants to go down on me and i brought condoms but he refuses to wear them, i demand he does and when i put it on him he goes soft. so. . . so he wants me to fuck him but i tell him i don't love him and can't do it. so one night i try to tell him and when i think he's ready he gives me this heartbreaking story about what a miserable life he leads and it comes out about the prozac and two other drugs for having a fucked life. well i just could'nt make things worse. i mean i wanted him to tell me he cared about me but he just said we had had a good time, thanks. so two weeks later i told him after writing several love notes to him, he stopped talking to me all together. i kick myself, because imagine being a closet case frat boy and your first real lover turns out to have AIDS and he lied to you about it when you asked him twice. wow i was really selfish, and i was trying so hard not to scar him and to make him accept being gay. sorry J.D. .

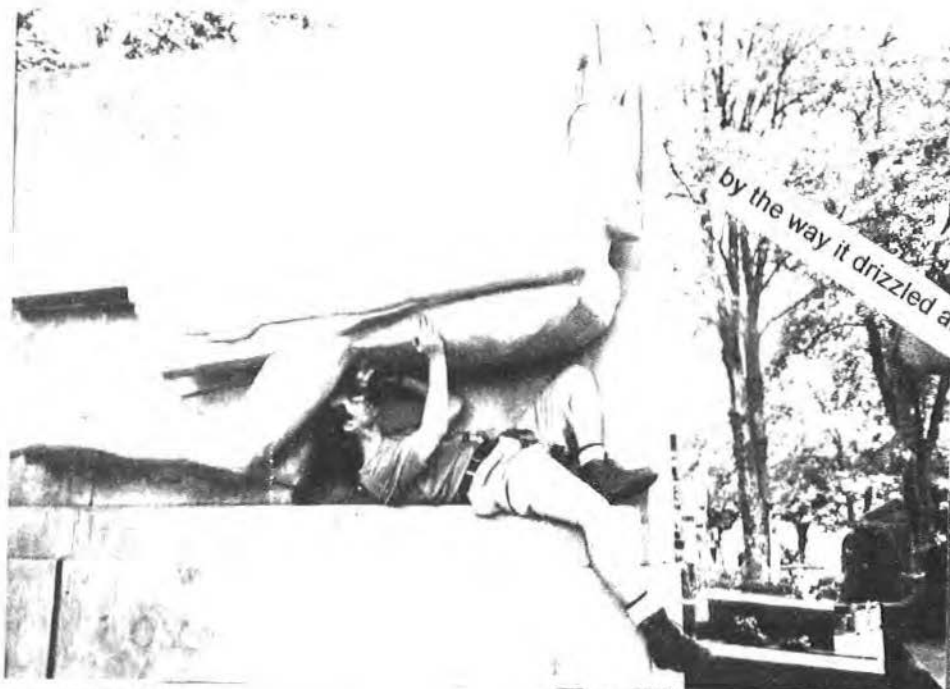
so in december that same perfect blonde comes on to me in the showers again and it had been 6 months since J.D. and it never means anything and it was my birthday. then i started to get really depressed and i had been impotent really for a long time. i just couldn't feel anything in my dick, couldn't get totally hard. some people say that's the medication but i think not. so in january i'm in the hospital again with PCP but i was 10 hours away from dieing and a couple of days later i get a hard on when this really cute intern comes in. he was really flirty but you know how hard it is to be sexy with a mohawk that isn't working and a respirator hanging out of your nose. so okay now in june i meet this guy and it's in a bar and he is really giving me a hard on for the first time in forever and he ask me out and the next night i see him. we watch a video on his bed and he jumps me and he tears the flesh off my dick trying to masterbate me and he pulls down my jeans and he puts his mouth on my cock and pull his hair and say what the fuck. he says do you have aids and i say whatever and i let him finish peeling the skin off my dick and he comes. and when the movies over so is our relationship even



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though he promised me he needed to make friends. so then two weeks later this other guy grabs me in the bar he's drunk and also turning me on, he wants me but i tell him and he says do you think your the only one? so we go home it's weird but it's sex and he wanted to fuck me but he was too small not that i'm a sizer(but if your going to do something do it right, especially if it hurts at first)

Loic was one of many guys who came into the American party at Le Bar. we made out like i had been doing since 1 a.m. anyway he ask me home and we had all kinds of safe sex which had been a preliminary agreement. the next day my friend made me feel like a piece of shit every hour on the hour until we met him for dinner and i told him after dinner. i said do you think anything we did put you at risk, and he said no of course not. then i told him and he asked me to come home with him and my friend felt confused because she'd of killed someone for doing that. Loic and i had some sort of ejaculation everyday for 12 days. i let him take control most of the time and what really turned me on was kissing his fingers. i don't know why. to anyone else it would be his huge un-cut penis but that didn't matter. also i have to say that i stayed with him every night because i didn't find those French guys arousing. i met two or three others but i never called, i actually wanted one of the Americans i had met at Quetzal. so now i do not know what will happen. i'm scared to go out, because i don't know what i'll do. i know i want to put an ex-lover in his place because he's been out wearing the same stupid bike shorts and nothing else all summer and i want to wear these latex shorts i got and show him up, like i used to do just for old times sake. but just to see him feel small would be all the sex i need for the night.



by the way it drizzled all this very poetic of days

8

CEMETERY GATES
 A DREADED SUNNY DAY
 SO I MEET YOU AT THE CEMETERY GATES
 KEATS AND YEATS ARE ON YOUR SIDE
 A DREADED SUNNY DAY
 SO I MEET YOU AT THE CEMETERY GATES
 KEATS AND YEATS ARE ON YOUR SIDE
 WHILE WILDE IS ON MINE
 SO WE GO INSIDE AND WE GRAVELY READ THE STONES
 ALL THOSE PEOPLE ALL THOSE LIVES
 WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
 WITH LOVES, AND HATES
 AND PASSIONS JUST LIKE MINE
 THEY WERE BORN
 AND THEN THEY LIVED
 AND THEN THEY DIED
 WHICH SEEMS SO UNFAIR
 AND I WANT TO CRY
 YOU SAY, "ERE THRICE THE SUN HATH DONE
 SALUTATION TO THE DAWN"
 AND YOU CLAIM THESE WORDS AS YOUR OWN
 DONT PLAGARISE OR TAKE ON LOAN
 THERES ALWAYS SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE
 WITH A BIG NOSE, WHO KNOWS
 AND WHO TRIPS YOU UP AND LAUGHS
 WHEN YOU FALL
 YOU SAY, "ERE LONG DONE DO DOES DID"
 WORDS WHICH COULD ONLY BE YOUR OWN
 YOU THEN PRODUCE THE TEXT
 FROM WHENCE WAS RIPPED
 SOME DIZZY WHORE 1804
 A DREADED SUNNY DAY
 SO LET'S GO WHERE WERE HAPPY
 AND I MEET YOU AT THE CEMETERY GATES
 KEATS AND YEATS ARE ON YOUR SIDE
 A DREADED SUNNY DAY SO LET'S GO
 WHERE WE'RE WANTED
 AND I MEET YOU AT THE CEMETERY GATES
 KEATS AND YEATS ARE ON YOUR SIDE
 BUT YOU LOSE
 BECAUSE WILDE IS ON MINE



is it right to steal death notes? will Wilde read my zine? will you? you'll be reading this fine note.

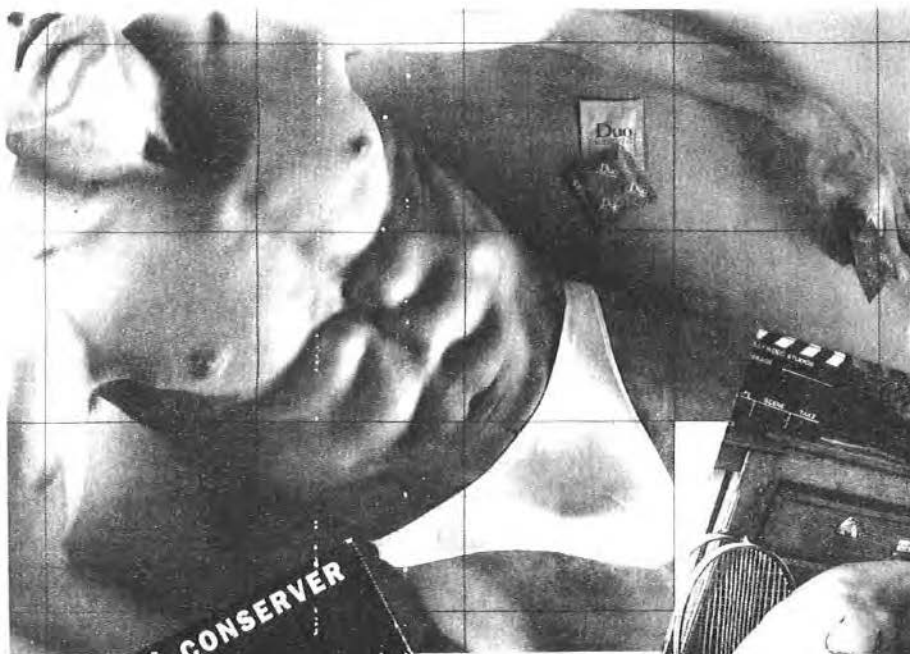
Dear Mr. Wilde,
You were kind without sentimentality,
sarcastic without cruelty and more
courageous than we will ever have to be.
You have been a strength and an
inspiration and have enabled me to laugh
during my life's most difficult moments.
I have endeavoured to make you
proud of me and of all of us
as you have single handedly created
our culture and set the highest
standard of what we can aspire
to be.
Dare I say
I Love you,

Chelsea Selina

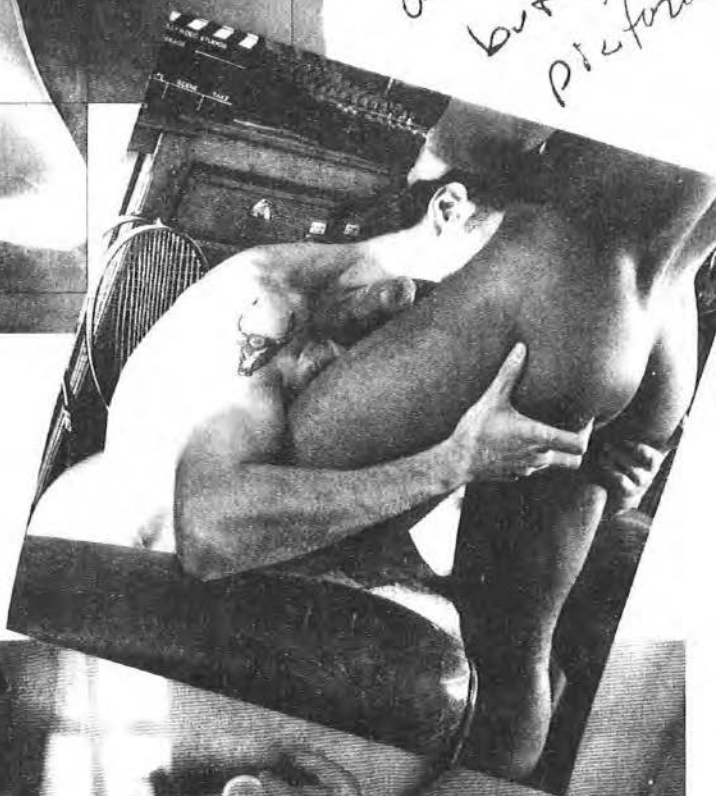
Dear Mr Wilde,

You were kind without sentimentality, sarcastic without cruelty and more courageous than we will ever have to be. You have been a strength and an inspiration and have enabled me to laugh during my life's most difficult moments. I have endeavoured to make you proud of me and of all of us as you have single-handedly created our culture and set the highest standard of what we can aspire to be.

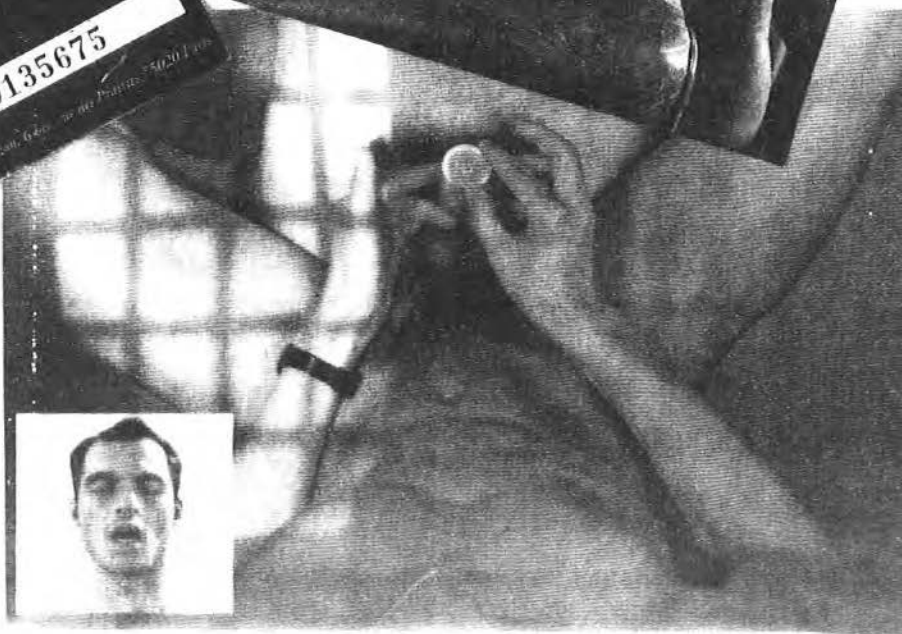
Dare I say I love you,
Chelsea Selina



pamphlets
the read
was poor
but the
pictures



here
is a
collage from
two safe
sex



BON DE CONSOMMATION



Le Palace

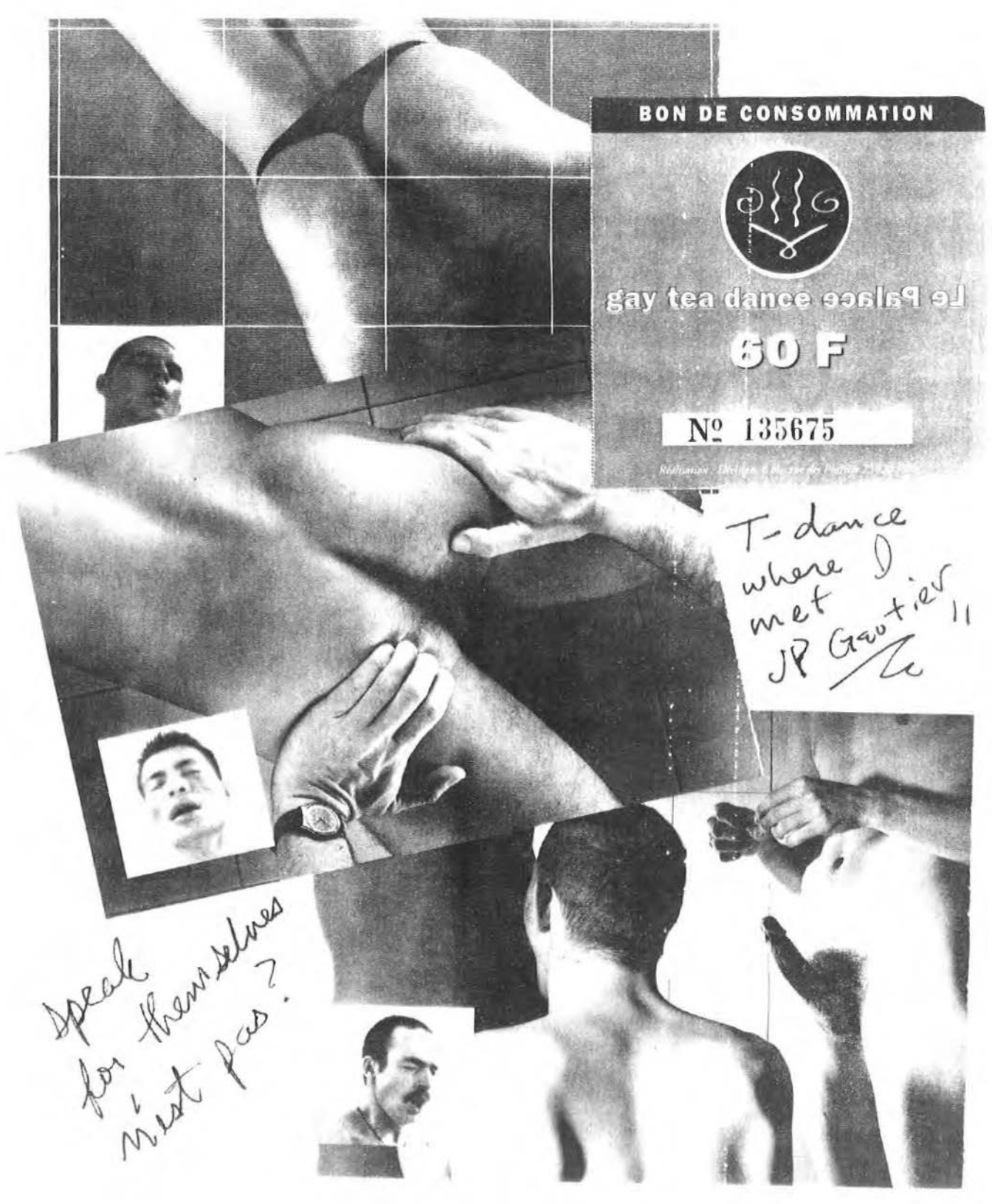
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N° 135675

Rédaction - Direction - 6 Boulevard des Capucines 75002 Paris

T-dance
where I
met
JP Grootier

Speak
for themselves
must pas?

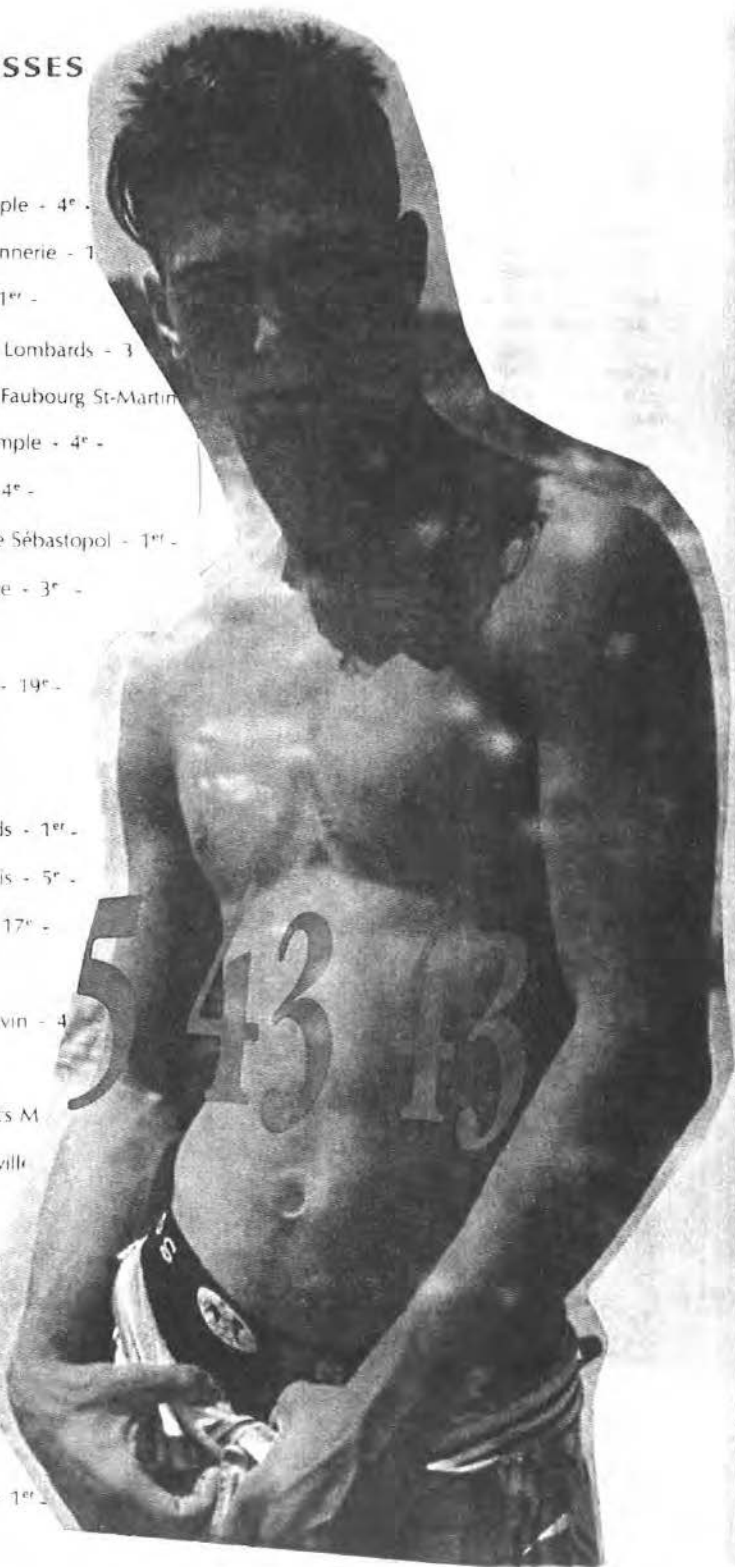




NOS BONNES ADRESSES

BARS

- 1 - L'AMNESIA - 42, Rue Vieille du Temple - 4^e -
42 72 16 94 - M^o Hôtel de Ville
- 2 - BANANA CAFE - 13, Rue de la Ferronnerie - 1^{er} -
42 33 35 31 - M^o Chatelet-Les Halles
- 3 - LE BAR - 5, Rue de la Ferronnerie - 1^{er} -
40 41 00 10 - M^o Chatelet-Les Halles
- 4 - LE BAR DU PALMIER - 16, Rue des Lombards - 3^e -
42 78 53 53 - M^o Chatelet-Les Halles
- 5 - CAFE MOUSTACHE - 138, Rue du Faubourg St-Martin -
10^e - 46 07 72 70 - M^o Gare de l'Est
- 6 - LE CENTRAL - 33, Rue Vieille du Temple - 4^e -
M^o Hôtel de Ville
- 7 - CHAPS' CAFE - 12, Rue du Plâtre - 4^e -
48 87 99 33 - M^o Hôtel de Ville
- 8 - CRISTAL PALACE - 43, Boulevard de Sébastopol - 1^{er} -
M^o Chatelet-Les Halles
- 9 - LE DUPLEX - 25, Rue Michel Leconte - 3^e -
42 72 80 86 - M^o Rambuteau
- 10 - L'ECRIN - 57, Rue Hautpoul - 19^e -
42 45 30 73 - M^o Ourcq
- 11 - GAYN'S BAR - 98, Quai de la Loire - 19^e -
M^o Jaurès
- 12 - LE KELLER - 14, Rue Keller - 11^e -
47 00 05 39 - M^o Bastille - Bar Cuir
- 13 - LA LUNA - 28, Rue Keller - 11^e -
40 21 09 91 - M^o Bastille
- 14 - LE LONDON - 33, Rue des Lombards - 1^{er} -
42 33 41 45 - M^o Chatelet-Les Halles
- 15 - LE MANHATTAN - 8, Rue des Anglais - 5^e -
43 54 98 86 - M^o Maubert-Mutualité
- 16 - LE MARGINAL - 2, Rue Lamandé - 17^e -
45 22 34 84 - M^o Rome
- 17 - MEC ZONE - 27, Rue Turgot - 9^e -
40 82 94 18 - M^o Anvers
- 18 - MIC MAN - 24, Rue Geoffroy l'Angevin - 4^e -
42 74 39 80 - M^o Rambuteau
- 19 - ONE WAY - 28, Rue Charlot - 3^e -
48 87 46 10 - M^o République
- 20 - LE PIANO ZINC - 19, Rue des Blancs M^o -
42 74 32 42 - M^o Rambuteau
- 21 - LES PLANCHES - 36, Rue Doudeauville -
42 54 12 56 - M^o Marx-Dormoy
- 22 - Q.G. - 12, Rue Simon Lefranc - 4^e -
48 87 74 18 - M^o Rambuteau
- 23 - LE QUETZAL - 10, Rue de la Verre -
48 87 99 07 - M^o Hôtel de Ville
- 24 - RECTO-VERSO - 34, Rue Charlot -
M^o République
- 25 - LE SUBWAY - 35, Rue Ste-Croix de -
42 77 41 10 - M^o Hôtel de Ville
- 26 - LE TRANSFERT - 3, Rue de la Sourc -
42 60 48 42 - M^o Palais Royal - Bar Cuir
- 27 - LE TRAP - 10, Rue Jacob - 6^e -
43 54 53 53 - M^o St-Germain - Bar Cuir
- 28 - LE VAGABOND - 14, Rue Thérèse - 1^{er} -
42 96 27 23 - M^o Pyramides
- 29 - LE WAF - 35, Rue Davy - 17^e -





Dois-je faire le test ?



Si un ami est séropositif...

REGLES du SAFER SEX

Règles générales :

Le sperme et le sang ne doivent pas entrer en contact avec les muqueuses du partenaire.

La masturbation est absolument sans risques.

Pour la fellation, nous recommandons l'usage d'un préservatif à chaque changement de partenaire. Des préservatifs non lubrifiés sont à votre disposition.

La sodomie, même avec préservatif, est exclue.

Les jeux uro, scato, ou blessants sont exclus

*La fellation, pratique
à très faible risque,
à certains moments,
pourrait le devenir
davantage à d'autres.*

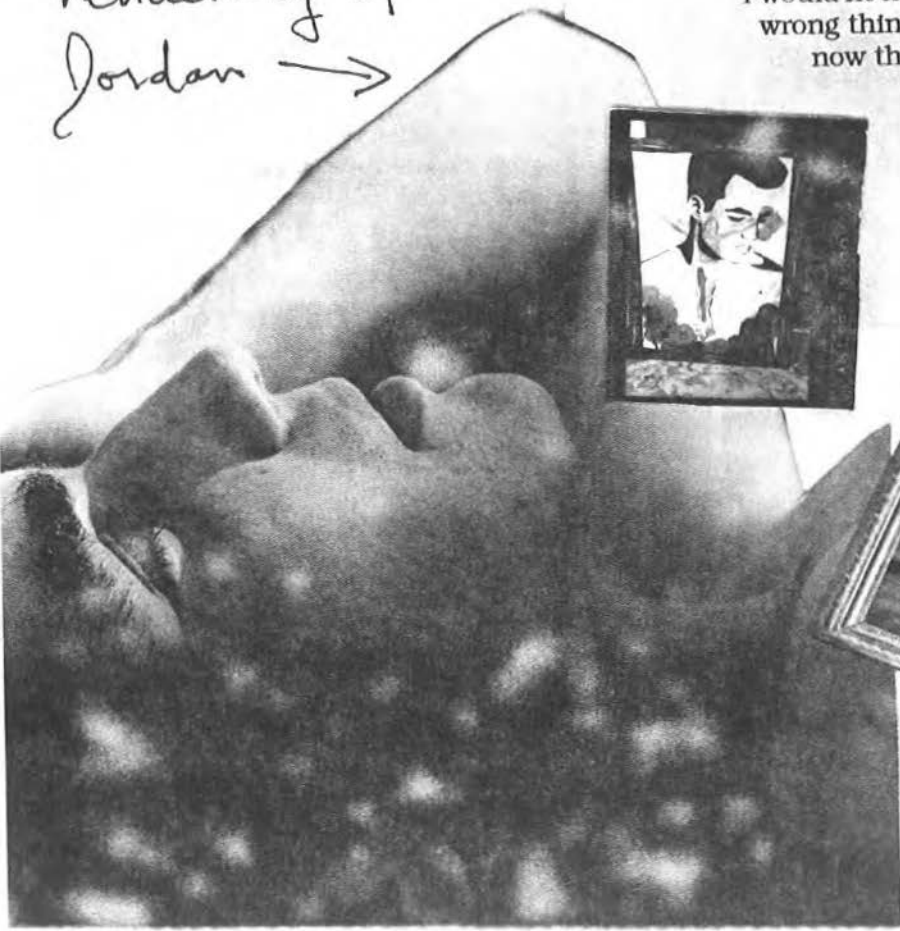
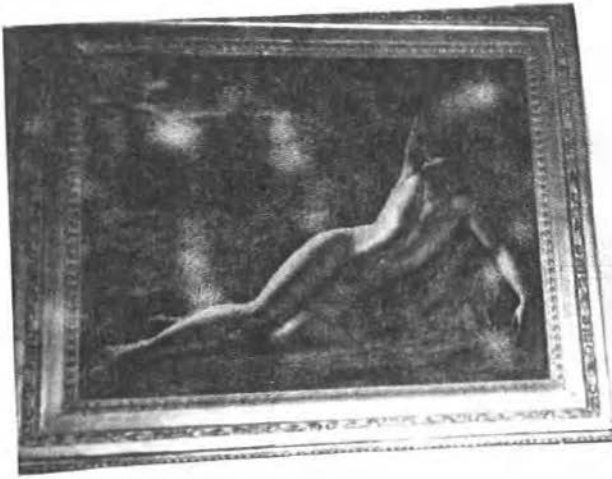
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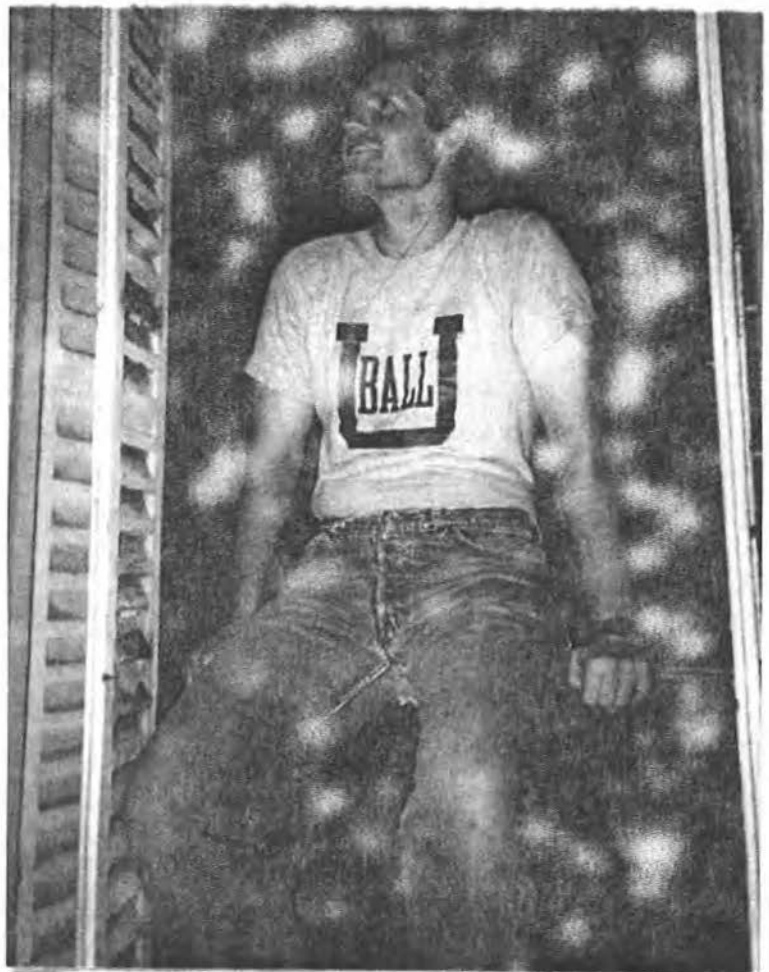
...UPDATE...

recently with a lot of effort I ran into the a fore mentioned Jordan "J.D.Alexander" Roth at his job. At first he didn't even recognize me but soon a slow chill covered his body and he assumed a professional distance. I should of just lost it and been the scorned lover but I told him I was only there to make sure he was okay. I said since you're not going to return my letters. It makes me really sad. I guess I deserve it. But hay I always was looking out for him. I told him not to trust anyone. If he had'nt of been such a jerk maybe I wouldn't have gone and done all the wrong things. However is this okay now that I know he's okay?

artist's
rendering of
Jordan →

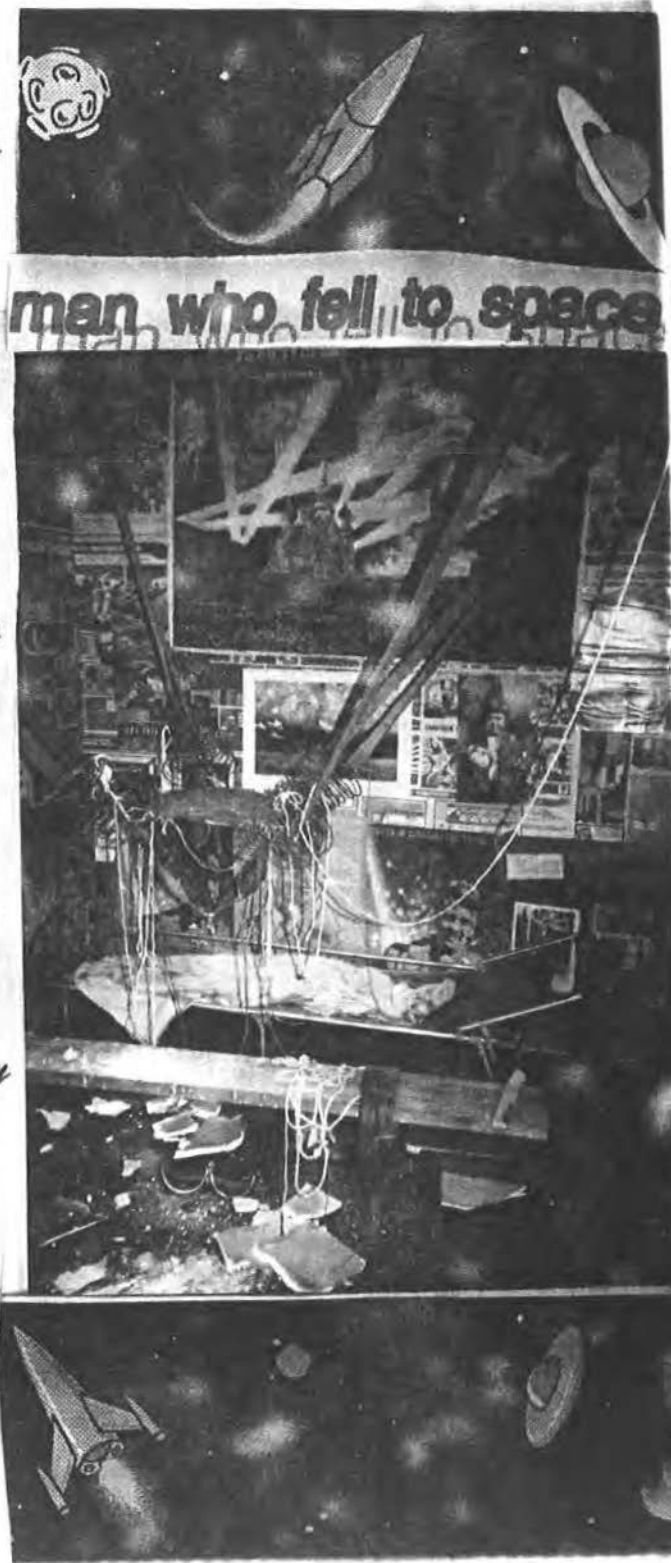


That's
Mr. Loser
to
you!



at this point it was so long ago but if your interested, here are some things i remember about my confession at Notre Dame with Father Patrick of Brooklyn, NY. it all took place seated across from a desk in an office not a confessional. i told him it was my first confession and although i had faith i don't claim a religion. i said i am filled with anger and some guilt. i told him how much i hate my father who has'nt even sent a x-mas card in the last 11 years. i told him i feel guilty for not being celebrate after i found out i was positive, for embezzling over 2,000 dollars to move to LA, for spending 3,000 to come to Paris instead of paying my mom's mortgage, but mostly a couple of months ago i just had so much anger towards God because why was'nt he doing something. things just keep getting worse and worse and i just stopped asking if he was there. the Father smiled and explained God's love. he told me not to feel guilty if everything i had done i did with my heart. he put his hand on my head and blessed me, then he held my hands really tightly and we said the lord's prayer. i could've lived without the hokiness of that but i liked holding his hands. then he wished me luck and gave me a hug. he was really cool and he used words like, shit in his speech. he told me to get all i could from paris. i guess it really relieved me at the time. i lit three candles all told, so i hope someone noticed i made an effort.

okay so this picture sucks and when xeroxed it's even worse. this is an installation at the Georges Pompidou called, **THE MAN WHO FELL INTO SPACE FROM HIS ROOM**. this is my life so far. the story goes this guy stayed in his room his whole mature life. he layed in this cot surrounded by all this communist propaganda stuff. he just kept looking at the sky wishing wanting waiting. finally he fell into space. well i guess some of this is relateable to many of us on dissability still paying of loans from our old world and not able to go anywhere or do anything. for me it means more because i'm so into that Bowie in Berlin; Low, Scary Monsters. yeh, i know Trent based Spiral Staircase on that shit which is why he and Bowie are so tight now. but every day and night on french radio is Nirvana's **MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD** and i just think about Bowie in that movie **THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH**. all these things are so cool and so escapist and beautiful and i just wish the reality was more surreal and it would be possible to escape.



the AIDS AVENGER'S corner

WHERE DOES RESPONSIBILITY BEGIN? I GUESS I'LL START WITH THE ARGUMENT, "WELL SOMEONE HAD IT AND GAVE IT TO ME." WELL THIS IS TRUE IN MOST INSTANCES BUT IS IT RIGHT FOR US TO DO ON TO OUR BROTHERS AS THEY HAVE DONE UNTO US. YES! OBVIOUSLY, BECAUSE I JUST YESTERDAY WATCHED AND THE HAND PLAYED ON AND IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IN 1983 REALISTICALLY PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CAREFUL OR VOCAL IF SO ME AND A FEW SEVERAL DIGIT THOUSAND OTHERS WOULD STILL BE LIVING OUR LIVES.

TODAY IT'S 1995 AND WE STILL HAVE THE SAME GUILT AND SHAME ABOUT BEING SERO-POSITIVE. YES I TOO, HAVE SLEPT WITH AT FIVE PARTNERS WITHOUT DISCLOSING MY STATUS, IN FACT I BOLD-FACED LIED TO ONE OF THEM. THE ISSUE IS, SHOULD I TELL A POTENTIAL ONE NIGHT STAND MY STATUS IF I'VE ALREADY DECLARED BY THE LAW OF MUTUAL SEXUAL RESPECT EVERYTHING MUST BE SAFE. I'VE BEEN FIGHTING WITH THIS ISSUE AND I RECENTLY ATTENDED A SAFE SEX WORKSHOP [I WON'T GET INTO YET] AND I THINK IT DEPENDS. IF YOUR IN A STEAM-ROOM OR LIKE SITUATION AND IT'S MUTUAL MASTURBATION AND YOUR SITTING SIDE BY SIDE AND ONLY THIGHS AND HANDS ARE IN CONTACT THAN NO DISCLOSURE IS NECESSARY. MAKING PASSES AT BARS RUBBING AGAINST SOMEONE, FEELING THEM OFF AND DRY KISSING IS MY MAIN SEXUAL OUTLET AND WHEN THEY WANT MORE, I SAY NO AND LET THEM THINK I'M A BITCH RATHER THAN A PWA. HOWEVER, SOMETIMES THINGS DO GO FARTHER WHAT THEN? IT'S HARD, I KNOW BECAUSE DAMN THIS GUY IS HOT AND HE'LL PROBABLY USE A RUBBER AND YOU CAN JUST LICK THE SIDES OF HIS DICK AND BEAT HIS MEAT AND MAYBE HE WON'T NOTICE AND MAYBE HE'LL BE SELFISH AND NOT PUT YOU IN A 69 POSITION SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO SAY WAIT, STOP! WELL' AS I'M WRITING THIS I STILL FEEL GUILTY BECAUSE WITH THESE SITUATIONS I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO TELL.

WHEN I WAS NEGATIVE I SLEPT WITH A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO WERE HONEST ABOUT HAVING HIV AND I WAS MOSTLY ALWAYS SAFE ANYWAY SO IF THEY HADN'T TOLD ME WE'D HAVE DONE THE SAME THINGS. I AM TRYING TO TELL EVERYONE WHO IS INTERESTED THE TRUTH BUT I SHIP UP STILL I GUESS RESPONSIBILITY BEGINS WHEN YOUR BRUSHING YOUR TEETH, BECAUSE IF YOUR GOING TO GET LUCKY YOU SHOULD BE USING MOUTHWASH AND YOUR FINGER NOT A TOOTHBRUSH. RESPONSIBILITY BEGINS WITH THE FIRST KISS, NOT AT THE MOMENT HE'S SPITTING ON YOUR ASS AND HIS COCK AND YOU KNOW. IT'S JUST HARD I MEAN IN MY CASE I WORKED VERY HARD TO GET AIDS IT SURE WASN'T EASY AND I SHOULD BE PROUD. BUT AS I WAS GOING DOWN ON THOSE TWO GUYS AT THE PALLADIUM GAY PRIDE NIGHT 1992 IF DAVID WOULD OF SAID I HAVE AIDS I'D STILL GONE DOWN ON THEM BOTH BUT WITH CONDOMS [THEY SURE WERE TO BE FOUND EVERYWHERE THAT DAY] AND HEY I'D BE WRITING THIS FROM MY BOYFRIEND'S PC IN SUNNY WEGO.

IT'S NOT OKAY THAT WE ARE DING. STILL YESTERDAY MY ONLY FRIEND I KNOW WITH HIV CALLED AND TOLD ME HIS FIRST LOVER DIED AND HE COULDN'T FIND A WAY TO THE FUNERAL AND HIS FAMILY DISPOSED OF ALL THE THINGS HE HAD LEFT HIM; A CAR, AN AIDS LIBRARY, MOMENTOS. I SAID WELL GOD WHEN DID YOU TALK LAST, AND HE SAID THE WEEK BEFORE. I STILL THINK IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICK IN THE END IT COMES. LIKE THERE'S JUST ENOUGH TIME TO DO NOTHING.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE FOR DON KONCH. THANKS FOR TELLING ME 2 1/2 YEARS AGO YOU WERE POSITIVE. I'M JUST FINDING THIS SHIT OUT AND IT SURE HELPS TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THE THREE DAYS YOU RETURNED TO HOUSTON. SEE THIS SHIT HAPPENS LIKE I SAID UP THERE.

HAVE YOU TAKEN A SAFE-SEX WORKSHOP LATELY. APPARENTLY THIS IS SOMETHING PEOPLE DO. I, MYSELF THINK IF YOU DON'T KNOW THEN YOU STILL HAVE TO BE SOMEWHAT JADED BY HYPOCRITES LIKE MR. BOTTOM, MAGIC JOHNSON TALKING ABOUT CONDOMS AND SAFE-SEX. THE GUY NEXT TO ME STARTED TO GET MAD AND I HAD TO AGREE. I WAS THINKING WHAT IS THIS SHIT. FIRST OF ALL ALL THE MEN IN THE ROOM WERE FREQUENT BOOKSTORE ENTHUSIAST. THEY MOSTLY VOTED PEOPLE ARE HAVING UNPROTECTED SEX. WELL, I WOULD'NT KNOW ABOUT THAT. HOWEVER SINCE 1984 I HAD BEEN TOLD THAT BLOW-JOBS WERE SAFE IF NOT THE SAFEST BECAUSE YOU CAN STOP BEFORE HE COMES. SOME SAID THE ACIDS IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD EAT AWAY THE VIRUS. OH BROTHER. SO THE DISCUSSION MOSTLY FOCUSED ON R [THE SPEAKER] PLACING CARDS ON A SCALE OF SAFEST TO RISKIEST. I HAD TO SAY EVERYTHING BEYOND DRY KISSING AND FROTAGE WERE NOT SAFE. BUT I WAS ALONE BECAUSE MOST OF

QUEER HERO?

THE SELF-HATING SHAME OF A COWARD

NOT MINE!



THE CARDS LIKE ANAL SEX AND RECEPTIVE ORAL WERE BEING CONSIDERED SAFE. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO GET INTO HOW LONG THEY TOOK ON FISTING. DOES ANYONE REALLY DO THAT ANYMORE? IT'S LIKE AL PACINO IN CRUISING WAS 70'S. I THINK RIMMING IS PREFERABLE. ANYWAY I THINK WE ALL KNOW THESE LIMITS AND IT WAS STUPID TO WASTE 1 1/2 HOURS TALKING ABOUT THINGS A ROOM OF GAY BOOKSTORE CRUISERS ALREADY KNOW. I AM ASKING FOR THESE SESSIONS TO BE MORE MENTAL; LET'S TALK ABOUT WHAT WE'RE DOING/HAVE DONE. WE ALL CAN THEORIZE ON THE SAFETY OF SEXUAL PRACTICES BUT WE'RE NOT RELATING TO INDIVIDUALS. THIS GROUP WAS SMALL ENOUGH THAT IN TWO HOURS EVERYONE COULD HAVE VOICED THERE CONCERNS ON PAST OR CURRENT ACTIVITY. THIS WOULD BE A REAL SAFE-SEX WORK SHOP BUT ARE THESE GUYS WHO FACILITATE THESE RUBBER ON DILDO MEETINGS QUALIFIED. I SAY NOT IF ONLY BECAUSE THE GROUP WAS SO VAINLY BEGUN AS, "RECENTLY A GROUP OF GUYS IN NEW YORK WERE SURPRISED THAT SOMEONE AS BUILT AND HEALTHY AS ME COULD HAVE AIDS, MY LOVER HAS BEEN NEGATIVE FOR OVER A YEAR AND I'VE LET HIM GO DOWN ON ME THREE TIMES, I'M HEALTHIER THAN ANYONE I KNOW AND I NEVER GET COLDS AND STUFF. HE ALSO COMPLETELY FAILED TO MENTION THAT AIDS NUMBERS ARE RISING IN TEENS AND TWENTY-SOMETHINGS WHO ARE COMING IN CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER AND THEIR NAIVETIVITY ABOUT SEXUAL PARTNERS WHO MAY BE IN THE THIRTY-SOMETHING AGES, WHERE HE CLAIMS THE NUMBERS ARE STILL HIGHEST. I LEFT MAD AND I NOW UNDERSTAND WHY HIS COUSIN KNOWS SO LITTLE ABOUT AIDS AND SAFE SEX.

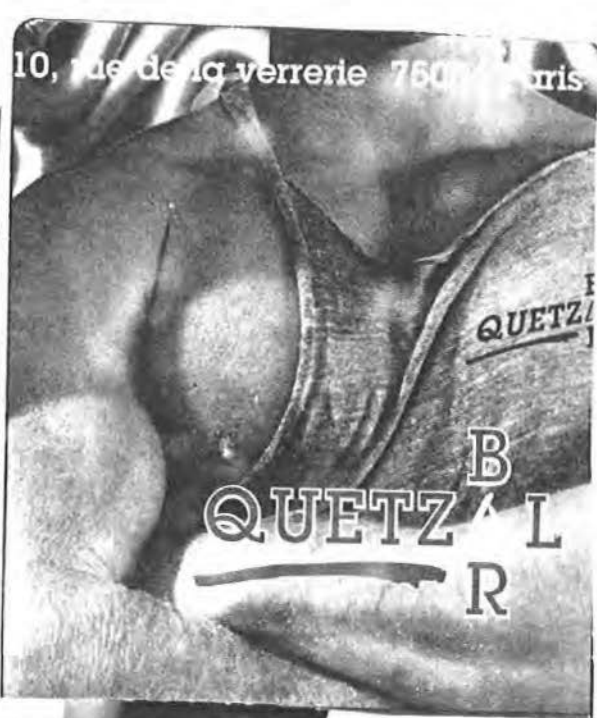
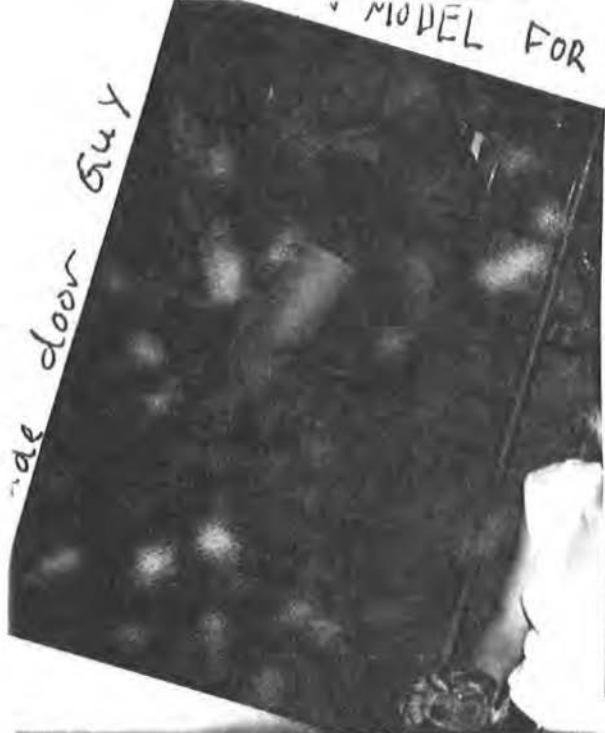


here's something from
the Cluny, one of the
five senses depicted
with unicorns, it's
sight. it's the ever
constant fear of
CMV. the evil virus
attacks the eyes,
esophagus and
kidneys. i'll be the
first to tell you when
it comes call the
creamater because
i'm not sitting
around with a needle
sticking in my neck.
let's have a moment
for CMV.



la vue





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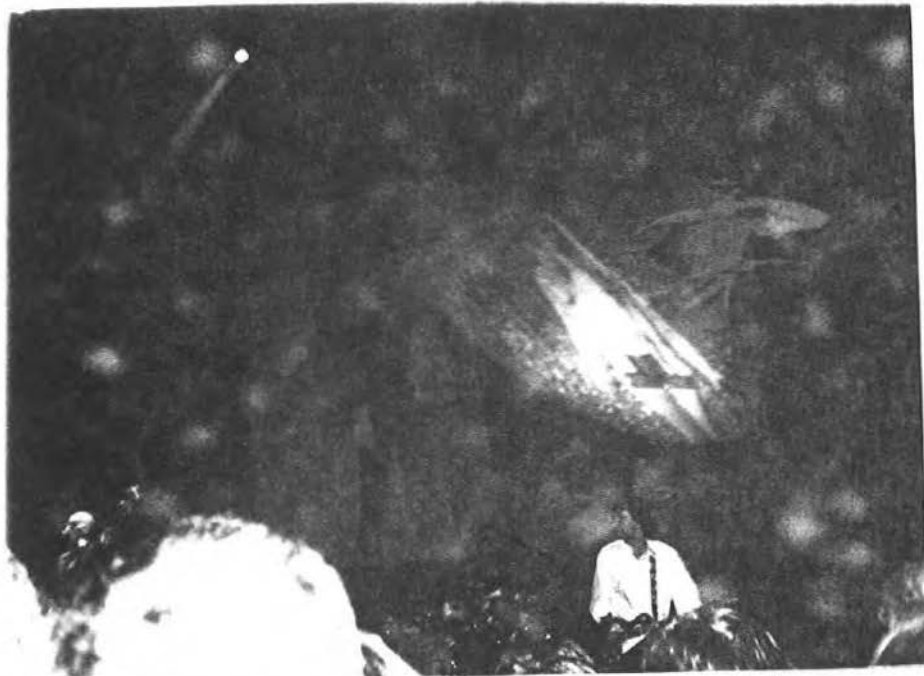


It was very
disappointing
to learn
no one
knows about
the years
Hemingway
spent at

Cafe de Flore. There are no plaques or
copies of Movable Feast. The waiter
don't know him and they

only make
mention
of him
on the
back of the
menu w/
many other
people like
Bridget
Audot

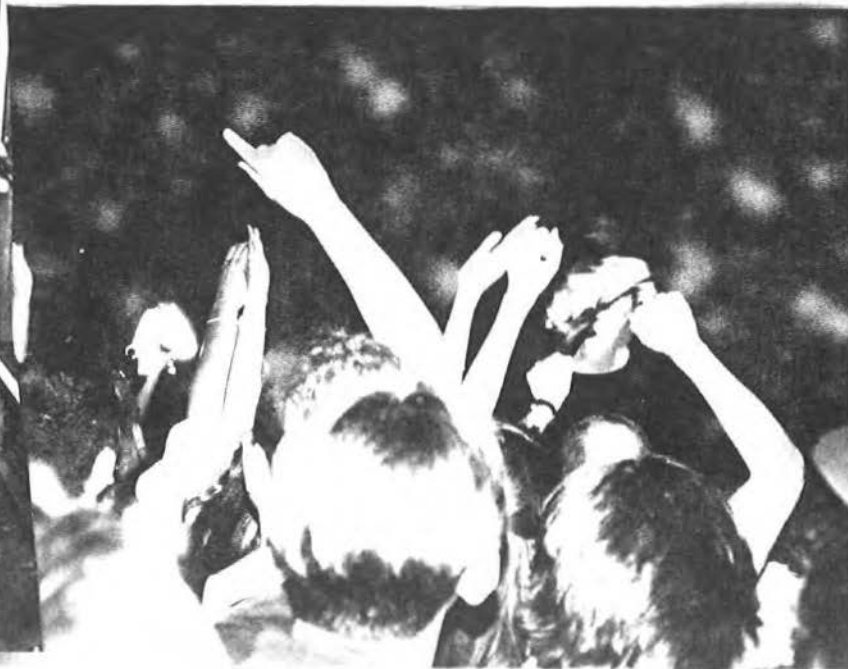




R
E
M
in
Paris



I told Michael Stipe I'd give him a blow-job
when he asked a girl why he should come
into the audience. She didn't know, so I yelled.
He thought I told him to throw
Fuck off and threatened to throw
me out.





13

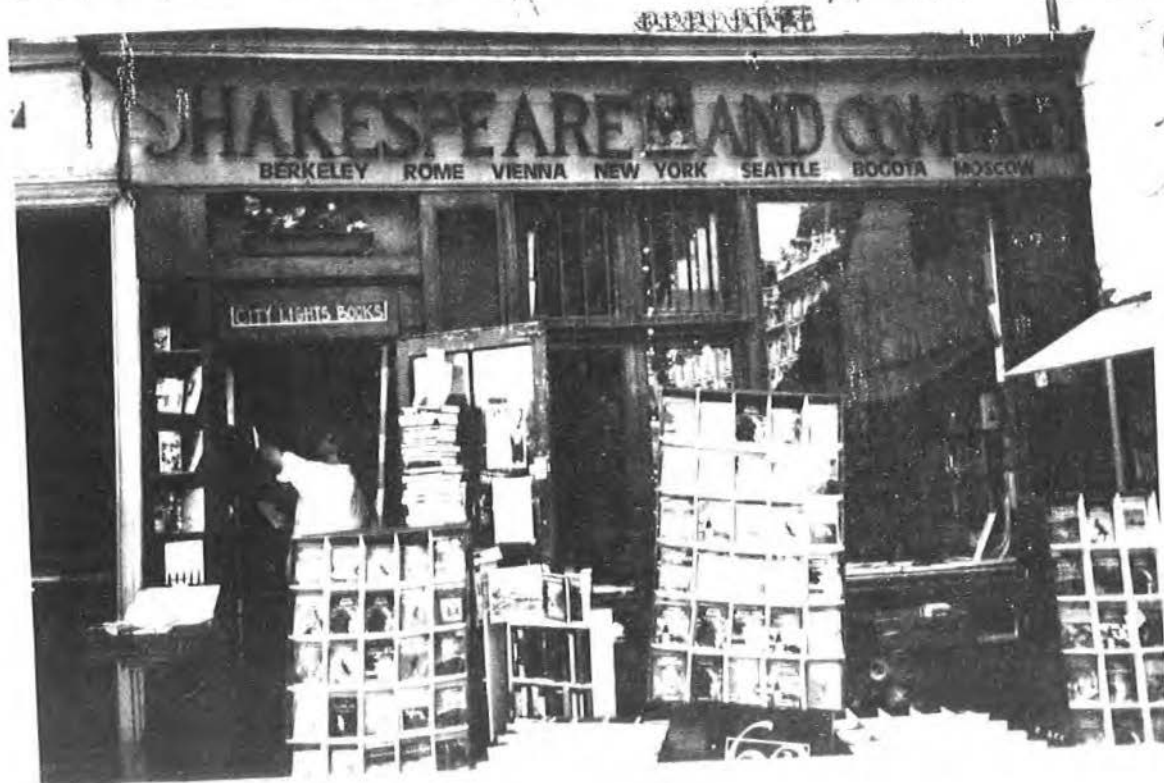
have t-shirt will travel



okay now it's taken me four times to write
this piece of shit page!

14 ITS BEEN SO HARD TO FIND THE STEP'S HENINGWAY TOOK. I'VE TRIED TO HAVE THEM'S PARIS, AND EVEN TRIED SOME OF WILDE'S DANDIES LIKE THE TOULLERIES. PARIS IS YOUR PARIS. IN ANY CASE AT THIS WRITING I'M SITTING AT THE CAFE NEXT TO SHAKESPEARE BOOKS (HEM'S LIBRARY) ACROSS THE SEINNE IS NOTRE DAME. I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BECAUSE WHAT CAN I SAY. IN MY HEART I'M A LITTLE BOY FROM ALIEF WHO JUST WANTED TO LIVE IN THE BIG CITIES WHERE ALL MY DREAMS COULD COME TRUE. IN REALITY I'M A BIG MAN WITH A SERIOUS HEALTH CONDITION AND NO MONEY TO HAVE A LIFE WITH ANY MEANING OR ACTIVITY. GARDENING, HOUSE PAINTING AND REPAIRS, AND KITCHEN DETAIL DO NOT COUNT. HERE IN PARIS I FEEL INSPIRED TO DO SOMETHING, MOSTLY SO I CAN STAY. IT'S LIKE I FOUND MY WAY BACK TO THE LIVING. MY HOUSE IS SO FULL OF OBSESSION GOD IT WOULD BE SO GOOD FOR ALL OF US IF I GOT OUT. YOU KNOW FOR OVER A YEAR I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO GET GOING; WORK, FRIENDS, DRINKING, VOLUNTEERING. NO ONE WILL HAVE ME. I'M A FREAK, A FREAK I TELL YOU. MY FAMILY SAYS I COULD STAY A WHILE IN SENS, FRANCE WITH THEM FOR SOME TIME. WELL THAT'S THE FUTURE. HERE, IT'S SCARY BECAUSE AT SECONDS AT A TIME I START TO CRY BECAUSE I THINK I COULD REALLY LIVE, NOT JUST LAY IN BED AND WATCH ALL MY CHILDREN (JESUS, KENDALL HART IS'NT EVEN ON ANY MORE SO WHY BOTHER DOING THAT EITHER).

Notre Dame
From
Café' La Bucherie





Le Penseur

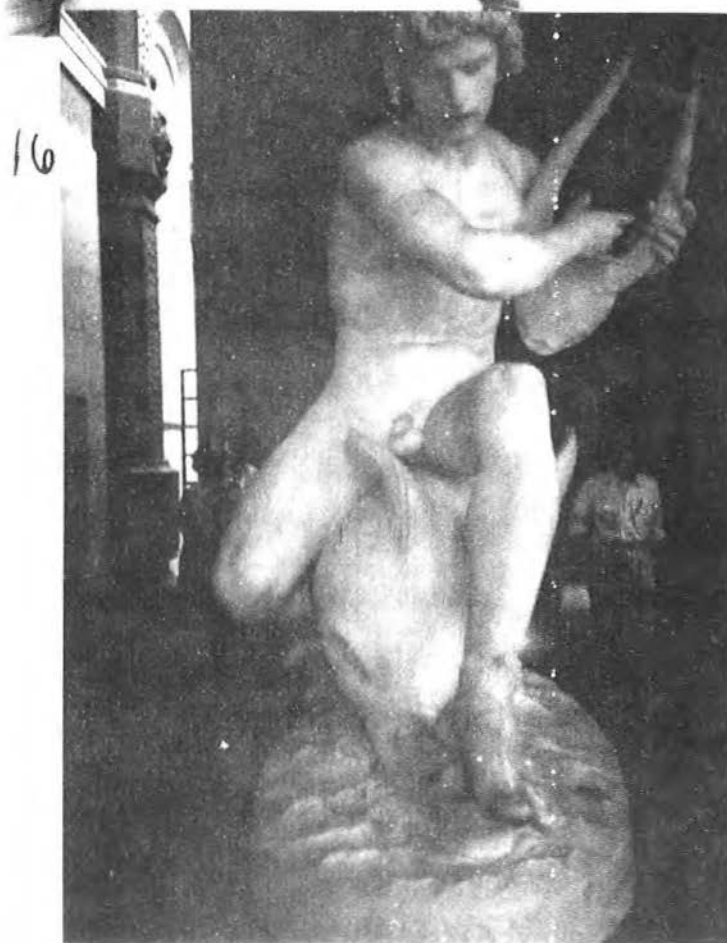


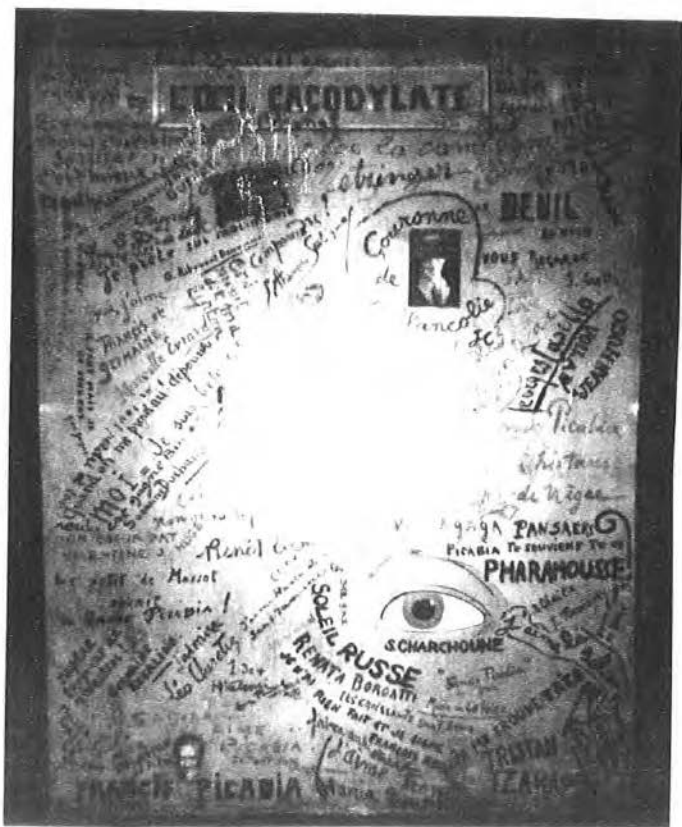
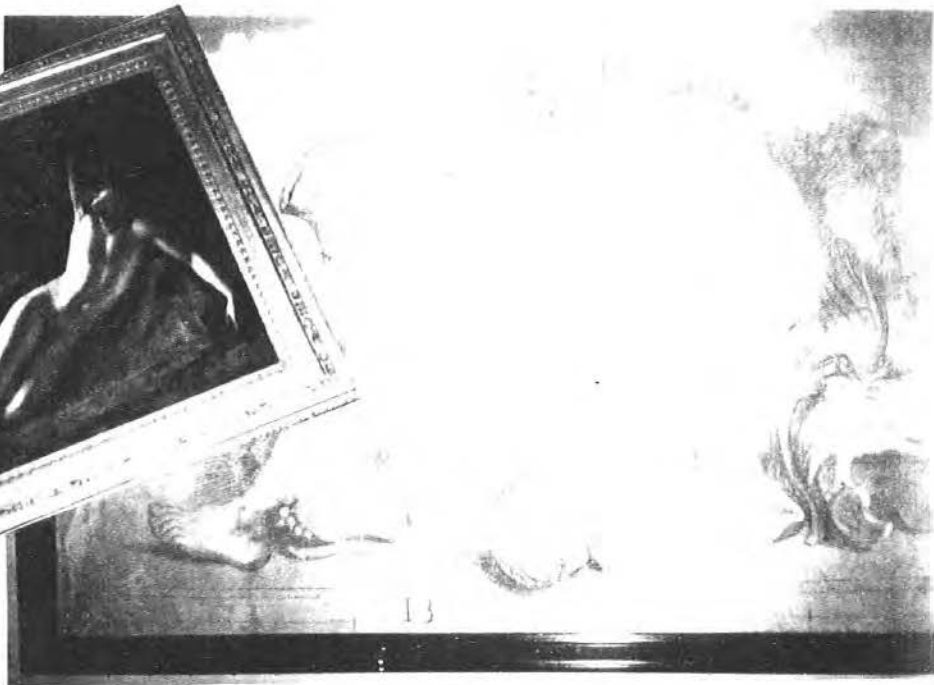
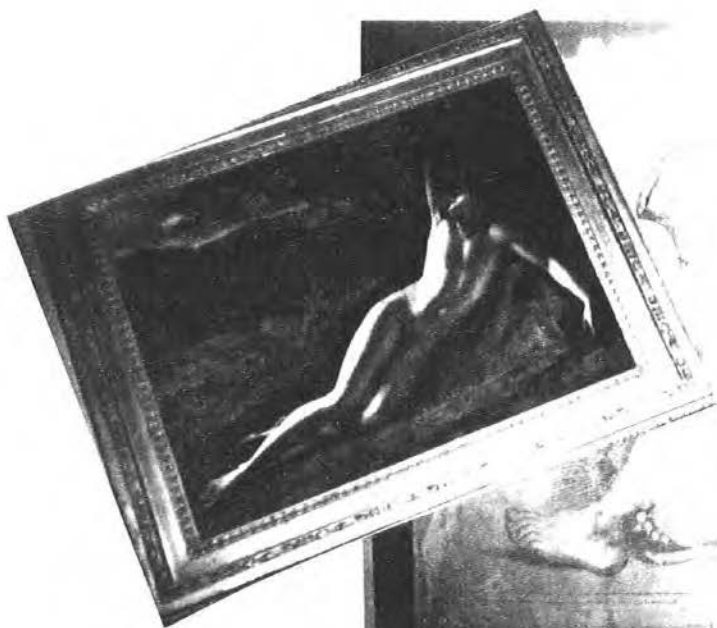
Le Baiser en cours de restauration

Toucher, c'est salir
Please do not touch

Nº 068458

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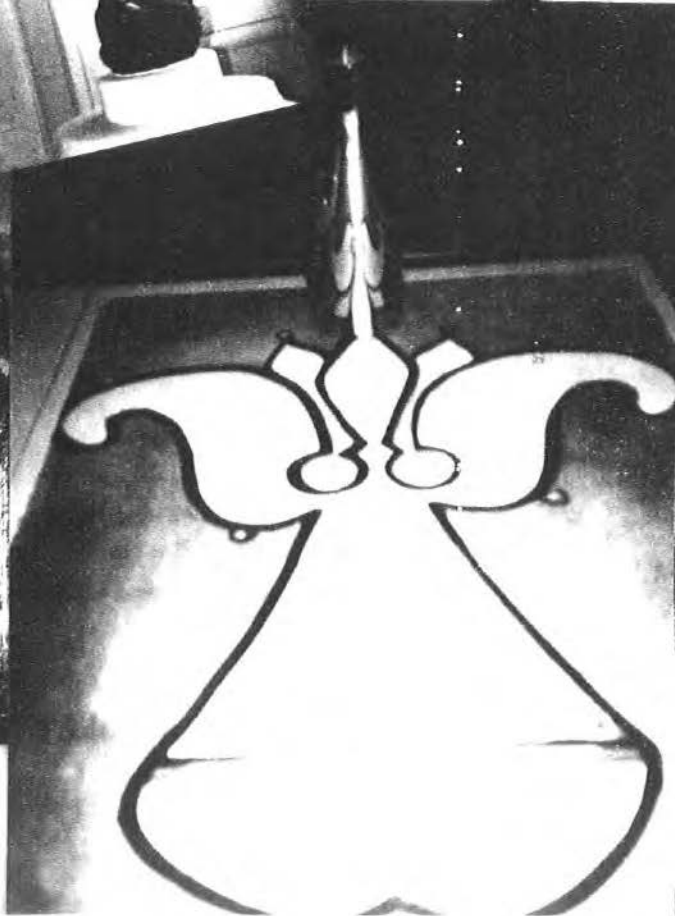
orsay
picasso



Louvre

Dali

its a guys
dick/balls
in the
position!



Cafe Majestic



the
hottest
guy
in
Paris
↓

20



really!

before the fall

voila, here i am spending over 96 dollars doing this guy's laundry. i think it would be cheaper to do it at my house and send it back. well, he deserves something nice. he obviously, from the sources, never does laundry. so i guess i feel good that i'm here watching his stinky clothes go round and round in a friendly little laundry mat off the sex strip, rue st. denis. today for me was not nice. loic made me an appointment with this guy at the aids center, i got lost i lost some time i wanted to just fuck around and it's hot with not an aid conditioner anywhere. i think i feel very confused as to whether it would be possible for me to live here. the whole thing could be loic. yesterday i forgot to call him. actually i thought i shouldn't because he was working on a paper and it had to be finished before monday. this paper is such a big deal he neglects things like laundry and dishes and garbage. so at the end of the day yesterday he shows up at the hotel with kisses and fruit and info on aids organizations and two ways to stay in paris, marriage or school. i was really touched, i mean that is something my one and only jeremy would have done. i ask him loic, why did you do all this? he just smiled and kissed me. sometimes when i think, alot, i wonder why i don't deserve someone who could care. these 90 days with loic have been so full. now i'll lay all alone in my bed in alicia longing for his soft sinewy body.

if i lived here, if i could find a way, would it be with loic. would it be selfish. if i was ever sick or disabled then i would ask him to help me. i can't ask that of anyone, especially a 23 year old french guy from lyon. i watched jeremy at 28 take care of his dying aunt, and i watch how stressed my mom gets.

so as i write this loic walks in. he's got chocolate yop (milk) all over his face and he offers me some. he ask how the appointment went and i tell him it didn't help in terms of solving my problem. he says, you stay, we change your ticket? i told him i couldn't put him out by staying in that closet of his. i start to see it could be possible he'd be at work and come home, i'd have dinner for him. i be the giovanni or james baldwin character or something like that. okay i'd be betty blue. i don't know he says stay and move in but i don't believe the words mean anything. i don't love him yet and i'm sure he feels the same. talking; his english is fair but mine is poor and i just can't communicate everything with him. he tells me once to find a job and we can find a bigger apartment without 6 flights of stairs. all this and i simply can't speak french.

21



Le Whopper,[®] **hamburger préf** **des Américains**





Locomotive
disco (alt.)
Quetzal !



23



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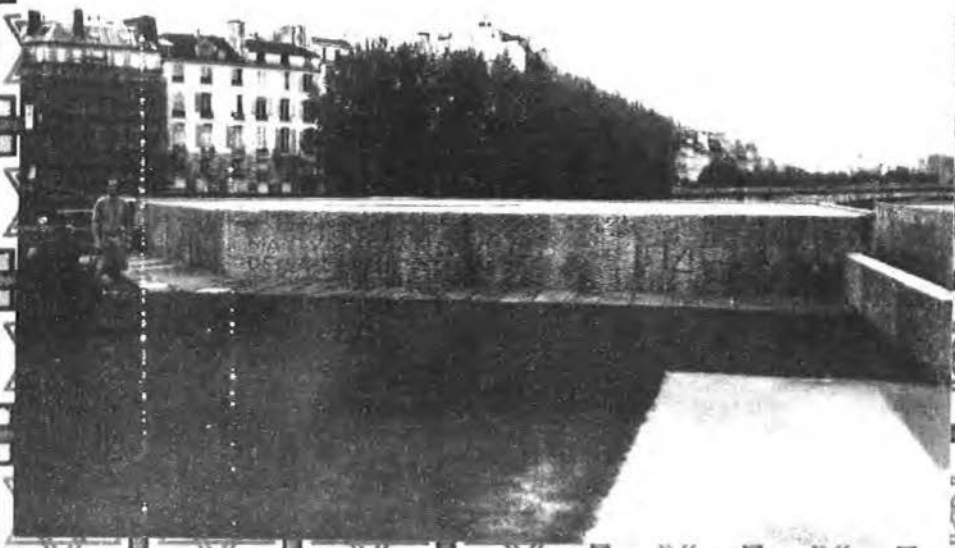


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CLINIQUE DE TIERS PAYANT

SO LET'S TALK ABOUT ME AND ME ONLY FOR A CHANGE. AS WE ALL KNOW WHEN YOUR T-CELLS GO LOWER AND LOWER, LITTLE PISSEY THINGS START POPPING UP. WHY HAVEN'T ABC DONE A SATURDAY MORNING TOON ON THESE WITH ME IT'S MY SKIN, YEH I'M LUCKY. NO REALLY.

OH SURE I HAVE THRUSSH AND MY THROAT ALWAYS HURTS AND SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW BUT THAT'S NOT LIKE LOOKING AT YOUR SKIN SO BAD. NOBODY REALLY NOTICES A COATED TONGUE. WHAT'S BAD IS HERPES RELATED SKIN RASHES WHICH CAN'T BE DEFINED, "JUST TAKE THIS DEFUCAN AND ZOVIRAX". PSORIASIS AND THE CRUEL MOLLUSCUM CONTAGIOSA WHICH I'M TOLD WILL NEVER GO AWAY. THESE THINGS HAVE BEEN POPPING UP SINCE JANUARY WHEN THE COUNT WAS 14. WELL IN DECEMBER I HAD THESE PURPLE BLOTCHES BETWEEN MY LEGS, PURELY A DISCOLORATION BUT IT WOULD NOT GO AWAY. A JANUARY HOSPITALIZATION FOR PCP PUMPED ME SO FULL OF DRUGS IT WENT AWAY AND THEN THE MOLLUSCUM APPEARED ON THE SCENE. YEAH, FOR 4 MONTHS NO-ONE COULD TELL ME WAS IT ACNE AND THEN THE MOLLUSCUM APPEARED ON I LOOKED IT UP AND IT MOLLUSCUM! SMALL PIMPLE LIKE BUMPS WHICH LOOK LIKE ACNE BUT IF YOU PICK THEM THEY SPREAD AND THEY CAN BE SEXUALLY TRANSMITTABLE. ONE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS ACNE, THE ONE BEFORE I READ THE DESCRIPTION! ONE DOCTOR SAID MOLLUSCUM IS CHEESIER.

SO IT'S HERE AND THERE ON MY FACE, BUT ONLY I CAN TELL (SMALL FLESH BUMPS) AND IN BETWEEN MY THIGHS. SOME SUNS DR. GARCIA AT THE PASTEUR TRIED TO BURN THEM OFF, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE NICE ENOUGH TO ACT ON MY DISCOMFORT. THE OTHER ISSUE IS THE EXZEMA OR PSORIASIS I GET ON MY CHEST AND IN BETWEEN MY LEGS JUST UNDER THE TESTES (OUCH EMBARRASSING). NOW THE DOCTORS SAY THIS TOO IS MOLLUSCUM BUT I THINK NOT. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU YOU SHOULD GET YOUR ASS DOWN TO THE BOOKSTORE WHEN SOMETHING IS HAPPENING BECAUSE THESE DOCTORS... THE OTHER HAPPY SKIN BOO, I WAS KB FREAKED, BUT I ALWAYS AM AND I DON'T THINK I'M CRYING WOLF. SO READING UP ON THE THING, SINCE THE SAID DOCTORS DIDN'T KNOW, IT SAYS SIDE EFFECT TO ZERT (MY LEGGER AZT). BUT GARCIA SAID IT WAS AN INSROWN HAIR AND HE PULLED ONE OUT SO I WEAR THE BROWNE WITH EASE.

THE THING THAT MIPPED ME ABOUT ANSWERING QUESTIONS WAS THAT MOST OF THESE NEW DRUGS LIKE ZERT AND LSK ARE JUST OLD DRUGS THE DRUG COMPANIES HAVE RENAMED.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT LSK AND NOW I FIND OUT IT'S NOTHING NEW. UMPH



Câlin ?

Coquin !

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