

The Daily Plague

FREE FOR YOU

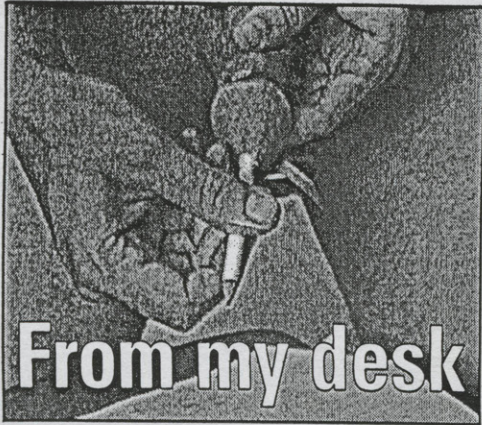


SPECIAL ISSUE NO. 6

DRINK PISS!

EAT SHIT!

TAKE A FIST!



EDITORIAL

Positive Thinking

Is Not Enough

As we swish towards the new Millennium, and sashay out of the old, it is time to consider some of the fuck-wits in the world we could do without.

Meet **John Howard**: Australian Prime Minister, international embarrassment and fascist christian.

But let us not be too unkind! This is the public face of Li'l Johnnie. I'd like you to know the John Howard I know. The man behind the tortured, homophobic, HIV-phobic facade.

He is my bitch. My fuckhole. My dog. My pregnancy whore. My motherfucking cock slave. My sunshine, my only sunshine.

I took John to the Pleasure Chest one afternoon and told him it was time – time to get him a cock and ball cage, a metal cage designed to put his flaccid anglican cock into and have it locked up that way. Permanently.

Why?

Because John Howard is a spineless cunt.

That dick of his wouldn't be used for anything unless he got permission from Bill Clinton first, anyway.

Anytime I feel like pointing a stubby Lipodystrophied digit to what is fucked about Australian society, Johnnie H is the one my dirty ring finger stabs at.

For this Christmas, I'm getting him a special cage with special little spikes on the inside which will only be felt when his cock is at full erection, pressing against the metal confines of the device. (Of course, this means the cage will have to be very, very tiny!)

Johnnie groans every time I mention what a Christmas fuck bunny that'll make him for me.

Bareback – of course.

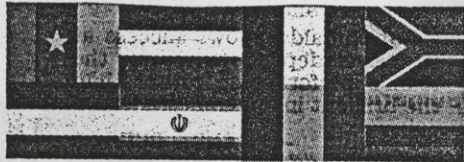
Christmas is the time for Gift Giving, after all.



mission statement: To badly go where no publication has gone before,



WORLD NEWS



CAMERA PLAN FOR SHITHOLE

Brisbane – Pauline Hanson, or Betty Box-Biter to her friends, has been up in arms over Council plans to install public toilet cameras in her Ipswich home.



HANSON: Support

Hanson supporters said, 'Just because it's a cottage doesn't mean it's a beat. Besides, Pauline's 'estranged' son hasn't visited her in years!' Hanson has vowed to fight the proposal to

limit her nocturnal activities, threatening to give all involved the tongue-lashing they deserve.

FROG HOPS OVER TO PYRAMIDS

Cairo – French musician Jean-Michel Jarre has begun rehearsals for his millennium multi-media Opera extravaganza. Set on the Giza plateau, the Opera – 'The 12 Dreams of the Son' – is about a young Albanian boy's fantasies about having sex with his stepfather, his dead father, his brother, all of NATO and a cluster-bomb.

'People will be blown away by the finale,' Jarre exclaimed.

OLD SPICE, NEW TOUR

London – Geri Halliwell, ex-Spice Girl and Kenneth Branagh look a like, begins her solo world tour this week. Starting in Wolverhampton, and ending in Wolverhampton Bus Depot, the tour will take

her multitude of talents, including posing for the camera, posing for photographs, and posing. Posing for the public today at a press conference, Geri said she was looking forward to getting on the road and posing.

STAR WARS 2: A MOVIE WITH BALLS LA - Talk show host Rosie O'Donnell has been signed to take part in the next episode of the Star Wars saga – 'The Attack of the Scrotum People'.

The film is to begin production in Australia sometime in 2000. It will star O'Donnell as a barren wasteland of a planet, invaded by Wookies, Eewoks and other George Lucas clones.

O'Donnell is taking acting tips from good friend Mod Anna, on how to accurately portray an ancient, burnt-out celestial object of no-one's desire.

MOLLY GOES TROPPO!

Melbourne: Molly Meldrum, latex-faced rockspider, appears to have been getting the rough end of the pineapple lately. Not that anything has been happening to him, it's just that he's been getting the rough end of the pineapple lately.

Madonna – Her Makeup = Molly – The Hat.

NOVEL FROM NOBODY

London – 'Notting Hill' actor and occasional wooden chair Hugh Grant is to pen a novel.

The actor denied claims he has been jealous of his girl friend Liz Hurley's success with her book 'Buttressing Your Buttocks -the secrets of my youth' and her recent films, such as 'EdTV'. Grant maintains that Hurley's acting skills are as good as her



Rosie O'Donnell

HIV – The True Story

by I. R. Sickly

I know it sounds like a tired cliché, but I know who I got 'The Vice' from. It was from that bastard next door, number 14, the poof from ACON. He was always on at me to go to the gym with him. Not so subtly hinting about how I was too fat, saying I could do with losing the odd few pounds. Why didn't I just come along and do an aerobics class one day? Just the one, to see how I liked it.

I held off for weeks, stayed slumped at home on the couch, dozing and channel surfing my way through cable. But deep down inside, something was happening. I began waking in the night, drenched in sweat, caught in the grip of an indistinguishable fear and wet flannelette sheets. By day I would maniacally gnaw my way through several family sized blocks of Cadbury's chocolates, fighting to deny the changes I knew I could feel taking place inside me.

One blustery, overcast morning I awoke and reluctantly realised I could no longer hide inside denial. Some sinister force compelled me to leave the security of my snug little bed, and almost before I knew it I was jogging round the block and sweating out my Puiz Buin fake tan.

My over friendly, supposedly caring neighbour had given me the

– even more than that Danni Minogue Greatest Hits CD he'd given me last birthday.

I was infected with the bug.

The Vice.

By its correct name – Homosexual's Improvement Vice. For convenience sake, let's just call it HIV.

HIV is commonly thought to have originated in Africa. Effeminate monkeys – somehow able to remain unaffected by HIV – were the first carriers. It is thought that these loose-wristed simians, kept as pets (and God knows what else) by wicker-closet gay black African-Africans, were the bridge between ape and human.

Just exactly how The Vice passed from these pansified pets to their precocious owners remains a mystery to this day. Perhaps we are better off not knowing!

However it happened though, transfer HIV did.



Suddenly, in the twinkling of a frosted eye, Nancy Negroes throughout the Dark Continent

fattening deserts, and going on one foolish fad diet after another. All in a vain effort to shed a little bit of love-handle.

(The obsessive gym attendance typical of HIV infected American and Euro-fags had yet to present itself as a symptom. Researchers believe this was because African gymnasiums consisted of no more than a few swinging vines and a blind mine worker for vaulting practise. No self respecting Queen of any nationality would attend such a downmarket venue.)

HIV spread like word of a Star Wars merchandise sale throughout the African lands. HIV became the latest 'must-have', and in a few short years many conformist homosexual black males were mere skeletal remnants of their former

selves. Despite their bony countenance one and all they continued to struggle to squeeze into designer jeans several sizes too small for their natural labourer's frames. Many entered Miss Millennium Bug beauty pageants, further exacerbating their already frail physical and emotional state.

All this suffering, because of a mad, crazy compulsion to 'self improve'!

No matter what you said to these living tragedies, no matter what advice you proffered, no matter how you scolded or cajoled, you could not convince one of these men that they were anything other than fat, black and ugly. Even the skinniest of fairies would say 'I need to lose just one more inch', before swallowing a senna laxative



dissolved in Diet Coke.

HIV continues to present as a major problem throughout Homo-Africa. Many a man, to this day, insists on starving or purging himself, wilfully declining to eat a decent meal, continually unfavourably comparing himself to Cindy Crawford. Anecdotal reports suggest the epidemic has even crossed over to the straight population!

Saddest of all, HIV drives almost all plague-stricken men ultimately to die, trapped in the ever-constricting clutches of this insidious vice.

Throughout Africa this has resulted in a form of ethnic cleansing that makes Milosevic seem pale in comparison!

But, this is just the beginning of the HIV saga. Now, Homosexual's Improvement Vice has become of worldwide concern. For, early in the 1980's, a very friendly antique storeowner from San Francisco travelled to Africa, hunting for nick-knacks and cheap native bric-a-brac. Apparently this chap found some real bargains to take home with him. He also managed to collect HIV.

Nearly two decades later we find ourselves smack in the middle of global epidemic. Daily, hundreds-indeed thousands- of gays are stricken with HIV.

For many, the first sign of an HIV sero-conversion is an illogical and

unreasonable desire to go to a healthclub or gym. Not to hang out in the sauna, but to exercise! Not long after follows a change in normal diet. Many fags develop a haunted look and blackened fingertips from frantically flicking through women's magazines in an effort to uncover hints on how the latest supermodel mother regained her figure.

This obsessive compulsion to slim and tone the body, and to keep thinning, eventually ends in developing the saddest affliction of all.

Activated Interior Decorating Syndrome (AIDS) is a sad affliction. Everyone suffers. Those that have AIDS, as well as friends and family.

The AIDS Victim has an uncontrollable desire to peruse DIY stores, and spend any time away from work at his gym, nightclubbing shirtless and prowling his home or lodgings, scraping, painting, wallpapering, tearing down last weeks wallpaper and re-wallpapering, nailing, plastering. Often into all hours of the day and night. Taking in only meagre sustenance, perhaps some plain pasta or a smidgin of protein powder in skim milk. On weekends at breakfast, he may splurge on some Special K.

His job is no longer a priority - and he will begin taking days off work in order to sand the floor. The excuses to stay away from his job

become increasingly unbelievable, more feeble, and more frequent. After some time he will quit work to enable maximum time spent on his deep-rooted renovation fixation.



How to have a better, more Powerful HIV in 10 days – or your money back!

As can easily be imagined, this tragic situation only increases the weight loss associated with having HIV. Constant ingestion through the mouth, nose, ears and skin of toxic hardware chemicals often results in nausea, diarrhoea, hair loss (if not already shaved), confusion.

Even with the best of modern treatments, death is not long in following the acquisition of AIDS. The poor victim's ravaged body gives out under the stress of continual binge dieting, excessive exercising and constant home plumbing.

So now, I too, have HIV! I am terrified that when I develop AIDS – as I surely will – I won't be able to help myself. The indignity of relying on home help to assist with grouting my kitchenette tiling or doing bicep curls with cans of undercoat is almost an unbearable thought. The image of listless, lifeless me, my lungs slowly but inexorably filling with sawdust, grit and burnt-orange carpet fibres fills me with dread! I would have killed myself.....

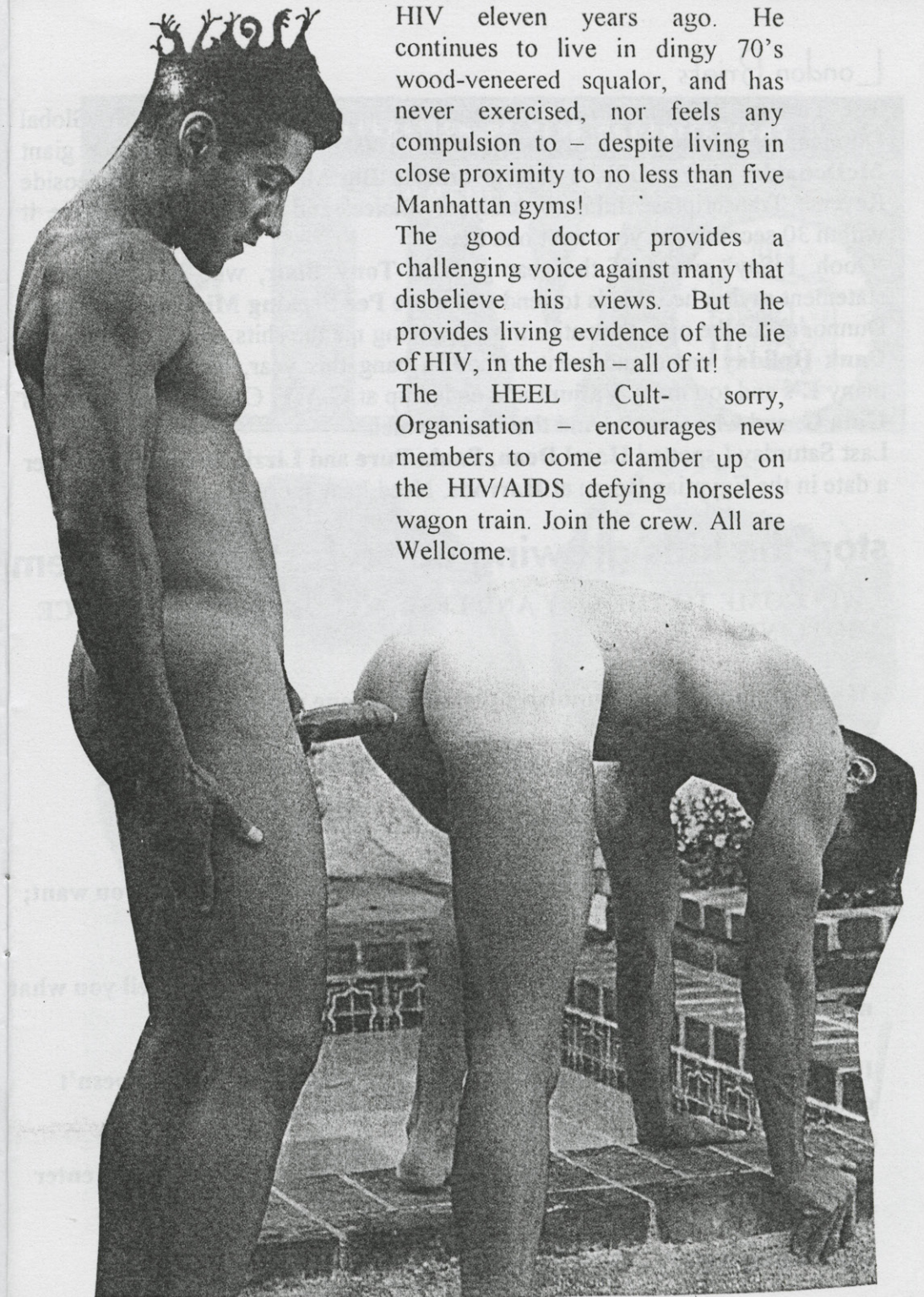
Except, I have been thrown lifeline of hope. I have discovered 'HEEL'. Founded in New York by Dr. Hilary Heel, this organisation has done much to change the thickly pancaked Covergirl face of HIV and AIDS activism. HEEL has proved conclusively (and is supported in its research by eminent scientists Vicky Gallows and Edie Monty- Nerd) that HIV doesn't really exist!

A revolutionary finding!
HIV = AIDS = Death no longer holds true!

The message put forward by HEEL is so simple as to be almost unbelievable.

Here it is. HIV does not exist because Dr. Heel says so!

Dr. Heel is a self-confessed, all skipping, twice-a-day lip-syncing homosexual and wealthy Opera fanatic. He continues to grow fatter and more unattractive by the day, despite having tested positive for



HIV eleven years ago. He continues to live in dingy 70's wood-veneered squalor, and has never exercised, nor feels any compulsion to – despite living in close proximity to no less than five Manhattan gyms!

The good doctor provides a challenging voice against many that disbelieve his views. But he provides living evidence of the lie of HIV, in the flesh – all of it!

The HEEL Cult – sorry, Organisation – encourages new members to come clamber up on the HIV/AIDS defying horseless wagon train. Join the crew. All are Wellcome.

London Briefs

The **Terence Higgins Trust** continues its innocuous campaign for Global Dominance. Today the Trust announced a take over bid of burger giant **McDonalds**. Now you'll be able to order a Big Mac and a Non-Nucleoside Reverse Transcriptase Inhibitor of your choice, and if you don't receive it within 30 seconds get your next one free.

'Oooh, I Say' award of the year goes to **Tony Blair**, who has released a statement saying he intends to send still more **Pee Seeking Missions** to **Serbia**. Dunno, about the piss, the entire thing is giving me the shits.

Bank Holiday came and went without a bang this year, damnit. I took too many **E's** and too many **Valium** and ended up at **G.A.Y.** Couldn't tell who was **Gina G.** and who wasn't. And that was the men.

Last Saturday I spotted **Hazel Dean**, **Paula Pure** and **Lizzie Drip** fighting over a date in the Egyptian Room at **Harrods**. Need I say more?

stop the kids growing up so fast. Freeze them.

WELCOME TO THE GAY AND LESBIAN CONSELLING SERVICE
HOTLINE.

If you are obsessive-compulsive please press one repeatedly.

If you are co-dependent please ask someone else to press two.

If you have multiple personalities please press 3, 4, 5 and 6.

If you are paranoid delusional, we know who you are and what you want; just stay on the line so we can trace this call.

If you are schizophrenic, listen carefully and a little voice will tell you what number to push.

If you are manic-depressive or a member of **Mardi Gras Inc**, it doesn't matter which number you press, no-one will answer.

If you are an ex-president of any 'Community' organisation, please enter your offshore bank account number after the tone.

Have a nice day.

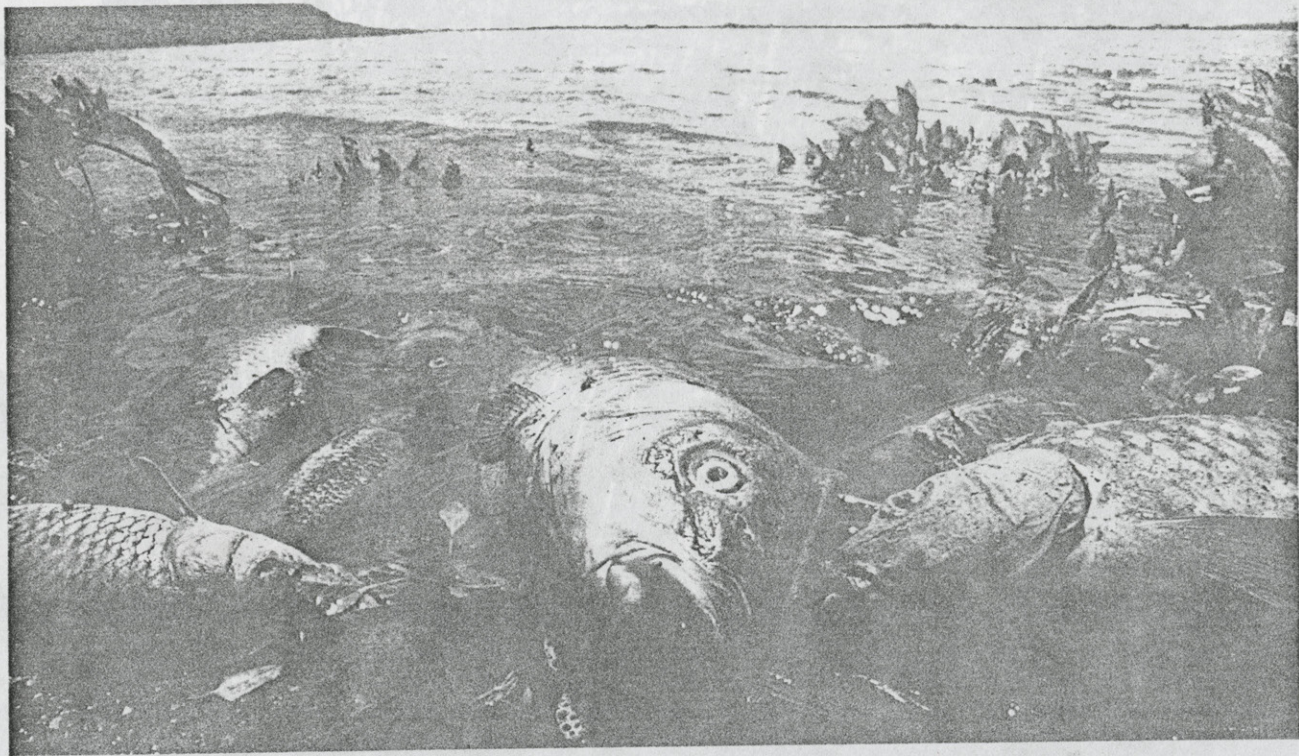
AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION OF AIDS ORGANISATIONS

RECOMMENDS

HIV



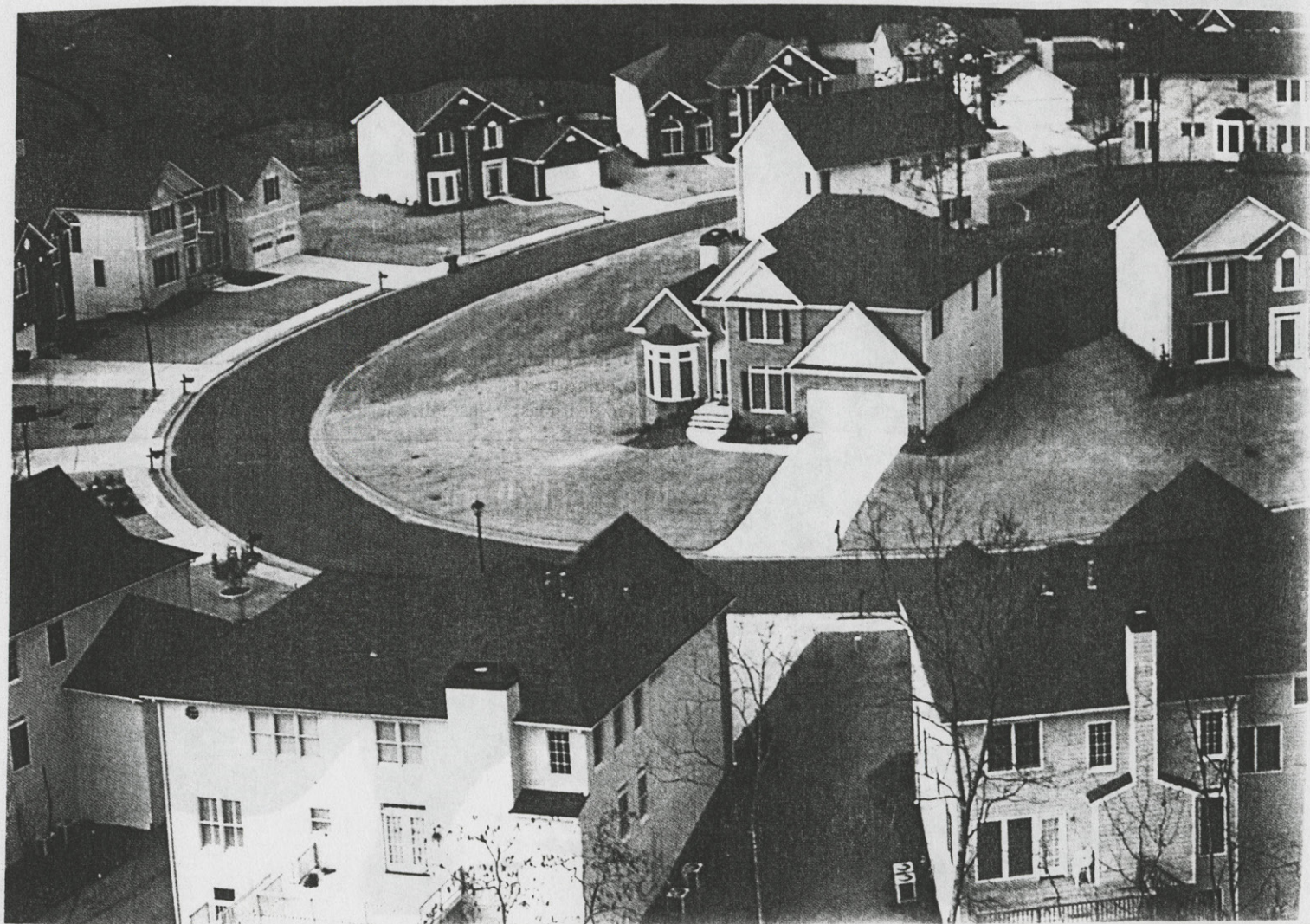
New and Improved!







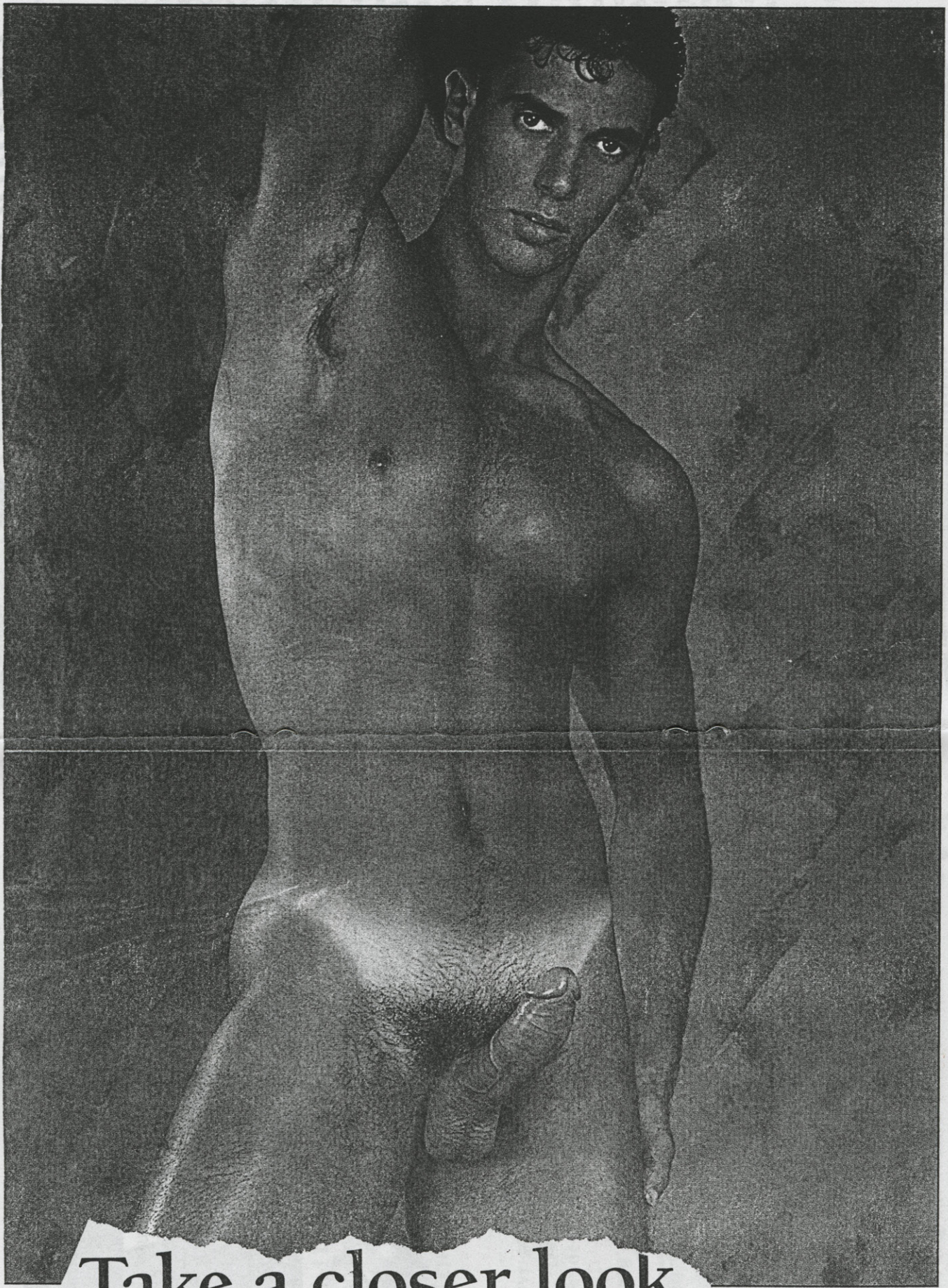
Diana, Princess of Wales has cleverly hidden herself in each of these pictures. Can you find her?



The Daily Plague presents



Where's Diana?



Take a closer look
at Amway and you'll
like what you see.



Plague Girl



- When Being Fucked up the Arse Just isn't Enough!!

Read My Lips by Laura Longtongue

Congratulations to The Daily Plague! Who would have thought it, but this is issue number 21. Four years ago a little photocopied zine began to circulate through inner Sydney fagdom. But then, quicker than you can say CMV (but not quite as quick as you can catch it), The Daily Plague was being distributed worldwide. And it didn't take any airline stewards or African monkey bites to spread this one around!

Yes, you can now find hundreds of thousands of copies of The Plague in New York, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, London, Melbourne, Adelaide and Dismore - sorry, Lismore. No really, I mean that - Sorry Lismore.

Soon our reach will equal that of the nasty ol' bum flu. It will certainly be in that vicinity, anyway.

But it takes a woman's touch to really get that Plague around. I even managed to smuggle a couple of copies into Russia last year. They didn't have a clue what the fuck it was but because it came from another country it was as popular as shit.

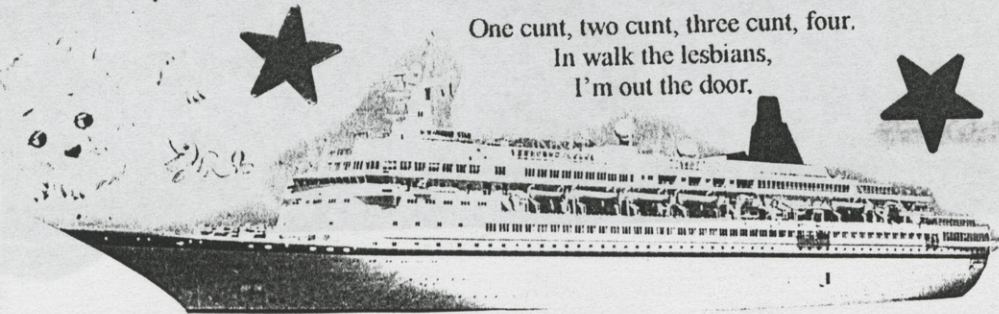
Still, we at The Plague are a bit worried about our image. For some reason we've been getting worse press than the banks so we've been trying to do a deal with John Laws (hell, who hasn't) but he just won't come to the party. Well not for less than a million anyway. I even offered him a good time with an old cunt but he said all he needed was a full-length mirror and a can of Valvaline. We even thought of getting Alan Jones to endorse us as we'd heard he'll bend over backwards to please. But someone told us when you get hold of Alan Jones you always end up with the short end of the stick. Actually, everyone told us that.

But now - due to tragic events earlier this year - we can expose to you the real face behind the behind that is The Daily Plague. The real editor of The Daily Plague is, or should I say was, John Kennedy Jr. Yes, as his career and his plane took a nosedive he had been planning to boost the lousy circulation of his fledging U.S. magazine George by combining it with The Plague and thereby doubling his global readership.

Still, all is not lost, as ACON (the Aids Council of Nowhere in NSW but Sydney) have promised us funding well into the new century, provided we follow their strict financial policy and keep our mag fairly and squarely SYDNEY orientated.

Finally I'd like to end with a long lost poem that Alan Jones wrote so many years ago when he was affectionately known as 'Gina, Gina, the Two Pot Screamer':

One cunt, two cunt, three cunt, four.
In walk the lesbians,
I'm out the door.



Gossip as I see it by our own barefoot spansexual correspondent EEOR EEOR

Being a committed Charity Queen, and having tired of the Luncheon Club and Positive Living Centre, I was recently a guest at the annual **Bulimic Models for Anorexia Soiree** in LA. And when it says these models are for anorexia, they mean it! I attended as the token celebrity with **HIV**.

Tiny Tom Cruise was there of course, but he'd rather not discuss his 'Paris Treatments'. So I simply patted him on the head as I passed, and sidled up to **Nicole Kidman** and **Sarah O'Hare**, who were deep in discussion about how they keep their men happy. Apparently, the thing to do is let your husband take a midnight drive around **Santa Monica**, alone, anytime he wants!

So simple - if only **Danni Minogue** had done that for **Julian MacMahon**.... Oh. She did? I stand corrected in my diamante **Ralph Lauren** callipers!

Always one to keep abreast of things,

a Post-Tits **Pamela Anderson** popped in for a quick chew and spew. Pammy told me that **Fergie** told her that **Andrew** is still **bonking** the Navy boys. **Fergie** and **Andy** really should have moved to **Santa Monica**!

The evening had fabulous entertainment, as **Shania** 'So you got a yeast infection - that don't impress me much' **Twain** performed songs from her new album - 'Putting the Cunt Back Into Country'.

Poor Formerly Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras Inc President David McLachlan looked a little lost as he wandered the **Star Studded** hall. With nary a port-a-loo or Construction site to cruise anywhere! But generally he handled himself well - although not as well as you'd expect after all these years!

Another **Sydney** celebrity I came across was **Nigel Hall**, of **Get Funked Salon** fame. **Nigel** had armed himself for the dangers of big bad LA



Wrinkle, Crinkle,
Little
ex-Star...

Mod Anna
puts
on a
brave
make-up
free
face.

by carrying a can of Blue Brand Maxi

Hold Hairspray. I've seen that man take out and lacquer a Queen at 10 Metres!

Mod Anna arrived sans Max Factor face, fuelling rumours the cosmetics



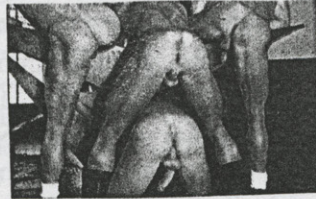
Ricky Martin
relaxes
at home.

campaign.

Closet fag Ricky Martin whispered to me that he suffers from Synesthesia, and everytime Mod Anna walks past he gets the taste of shit in his mouth.

As I was making my way back to my pedicab Ben Affleck cornered me. No longer encumbered by bed-farther Gwennie Paltry, he was all too keen to resume our otk relationship.....And who am I to disappoint?

As Ben was so fond of saying in his Carpet Salesman days, 'We wont be beaten on our rugs'...



giant is about to dump the old, old One from its European Advertising

POSITIVE POLLY DOLL

Stick it once
- it moans!
Stick it twice
- it dies!



Why They Want You To Hate The Pope

By Jesus

The Pope has been torn apart by the tabloid press, broadsheets and women's magazines. Makes a change from being torn apart by his sceptre and assorted crucifixes while singing "nearer my god to thee". His private peccadilloes I mean peccadilloes including french kissing his divine image in the mirror, have been made public by magazines which pretend to be shocked but are profiting with each lip smacking kiss.

When you think about it the Pope has two faults. The first one is that he's Polish. Not that I have anything against the Poles. It's just that I hate the thought of a good foreskin going to waste. The second one is that he's alive. There's no Pope like a dead Pope. And if you don't believe me just ask any Muslim elitist fanatical group or Irish Protestant. But after all is said and done he is after all, human. Really, really ugly but human in his own bigoted, hypercritical way. After all he laughs, he cries, he pisses his holy nickers.

But the Pope has a problem. A sex problem. Who does the Pope, and when does he get done? Is it true that he's getting a Monica Lewenski under those robes while he's out on the balcony waving to the throbbing masses? Is his own throbbing mass getting lip service at the same time? It might explain those funny looks he gives and those sudden arm movements he is so fond of tossing in. And it sure would explain why after a few minutes in the public eye he starts to dose off. I know when I've shot my load all I want is a bit of shut eye and the Pope is just a guy like me and you, right?

+ + + + +

Give the gift that just keeps on giving!

And no, we don't mean Herpes, we don't even mean HIV!

Give your friends a truly lasting

present- their own copy of THE DAILY PLAGUE! No subscriptions, just pull out the staples and find a photocopier!

Show your pals the true spirit of thrift, and be remembered in their will.

Letters to the Editor

As a child I was brought up to call adults Mr or Mrs. Never did we use a first name. This is how I am bringing up my own four daughters, but I often feel my efforts are sabotaged by adults insisting on being called by their first name. "It makes me feel old" or "We're in the '90s, now" are among comments directed at me when I say to adults that I feel that using Mr or Mrs is a sign of respect. I am a modern 87-year-old mum, but I do believe respect is one thing that should never change with the times.

Kirk Douglas

When meeting people either socially or at work, what is the correct way to greet them verbally and/or should you shake hands regardless of their or your gender?

Liam Gallagher

A male colleague at work has appalling body odour. It is so bad, people make gagging jokes and called him Humphrey BO. I would like to tell him, but how can I without causing offence?

Nicki Buckley

I'm obsessed with shit. My house is shit and I collect anything in my favourite colour. If you have any unwanted shit items, I'd love to have them. I'm willing to pay reasonable postage costs. Write to:

Ken Done

sweetsixteens

Are you a size 16 plus woman? I'm conducting a survey about inappropriate attitudes in society, from fashion through to the media and treatment by sales and medical people. The results will be included in a book I'm writing, *Large, But In Charge*. Names will be changed, if requested. Please contact:

Mal Colston

Not pampered

Recently, I found myself too broke to buy a packet of nappies. I went to my local chemist where, over the years, I would have spent hundreds of dollars. I asked for a packet on account, saying I could pay in two days' time. The women quite bluntly said, "Oh no, we couldn't do that." As I walked out the door with my son I felt so small. It makes you think of how mighty the dollar is. I hope I am never in that situation again.

Mal Colston

WHEN are we going to stop apologising for things that supposedly happened a hundred years ago? Now the State Government is getting in on the act and we have a National Sorry Day — how pathetic. No wonder this country is the laughing stock of the world. Phillip Windsor (Phil the Greek)

My friends and I have been noticing for a while now that employers insist that their receptionists do practically everything — from accounts to making tea to faxing, filing and typing! I can remember not so long ago when "receptionist" meant just that. Answering calls and some other light duties while pleasantly greeting clients. It was a very important role within the firm. But take a look in the employment section nowadays — we're expected to do the work of three employees for really bad pay. Phew, I'm exhausted just thinking about it!

David Oldfeild

funfigurines

I'm looking for little plastic figurines, including Strawberry Shortcake and friends, Cabbage Patch Kids, Carebears and Smurfs. I also collect anything to do with Garfield.

Alan Jones

offtheroad

There are people in their 80s still driving cars and, while they may be healthy, their reflexes aren't as good as they used to be. I believe it should be compulsory to surrender your licence when you turn 80, rather than risk being the cause of an accident.

Zsa Zsa Gabor

Sustiva all 'round my brain,

By Erik's Boy
Exclusive to The Plague

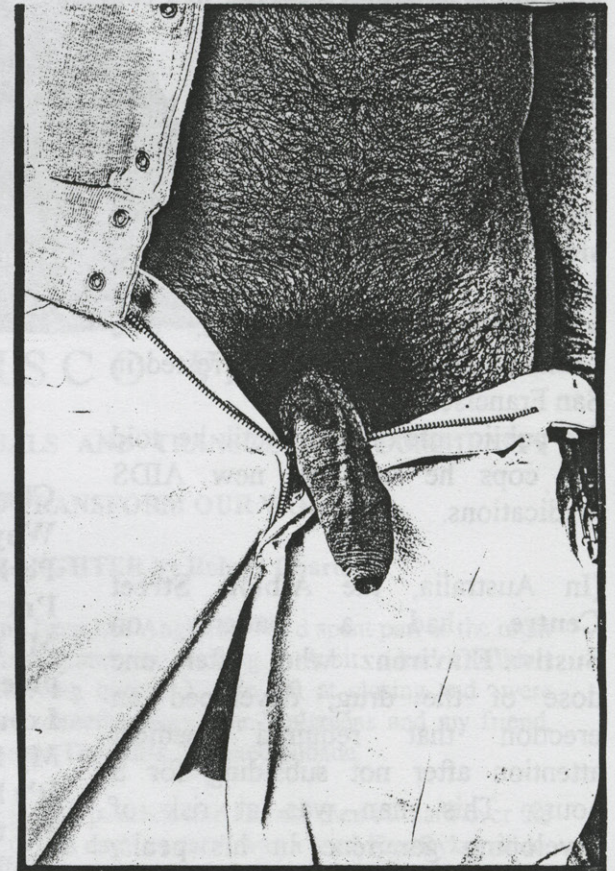
Sustiva (AKA Efavirenz) is a potent anti-AIDS drug, but it might not be your friend on a psychotropic level. There is growing anecdotal evidence that Sustiva's "minor" side effects are really major, and they don't go away "in 2-6 weeks."

The first time I took Sustiva/Efavirenz I was going to a restaurant in San Francisco with my partner, and when the Sustiva hit it was like a disorienting acid-trip. Everything stayed kind of fuzzy for about an hour. I still get that feeling every now and again, though it usually passes in a few seconds. It's a little scary when it happens on the freeway.

I wrote a letter to the assholes at DuPont Pharmaceuticals and they of course failed to respond in any way, even though I included my e-mail and home phone

About this time I get hit with a serious fucking depression. I treated my partner like shit for over a week, and he's a sweetheart who did nothing to deserve it.

I had to double my anti-anxiety meds and



Some people on Sustiva/Efavirenz have strong hallucinatory experiences — such as seeing this picture of an elephant morph into a pornographic image.

increase my anti-depressant by 50mg. A little fucking weasel (also known as a drug company rep) told a doctor

with your head. Of course, DuPont is not saying any of this publicly First they

gouge government drug programs by charging a high premium for their product, then fail to warn people that there are serious psychotropic affects when you take Sustiva.

Everyone I've talked to who has taken DuPont's wonder drug has told me that they have had **serious psychotropic side effects**. My doctor friend has told me some pretty harrowing stories. One of his patients was almost arrested in San Francisco for public intoxication until he told the cops he was on new AIDS medications.

(In Australia, the Albion Street Centre had a patient on Sustiva/Efavirenz who, after one dose of the drug, developed an erection that required medical attention after not subsiding for 8 hours. This man was at risk of developing gangrene in his penis, after several years of impotence! He was discontinued on Sustiva, and the Albion Street Centre suppressed the incident - until now. Editor)

Why don't we all write DuPont a little note and tell them how we FEEL about

DuPont Pharmaceuticals can be contacted by:

Mail:
DuPont Pharmaceuticals Company
Chestnut Run, 974 Centre Road
Wilmington, DE 19805, USA

E-mail:
medicalaffairs@dupontpharma.com

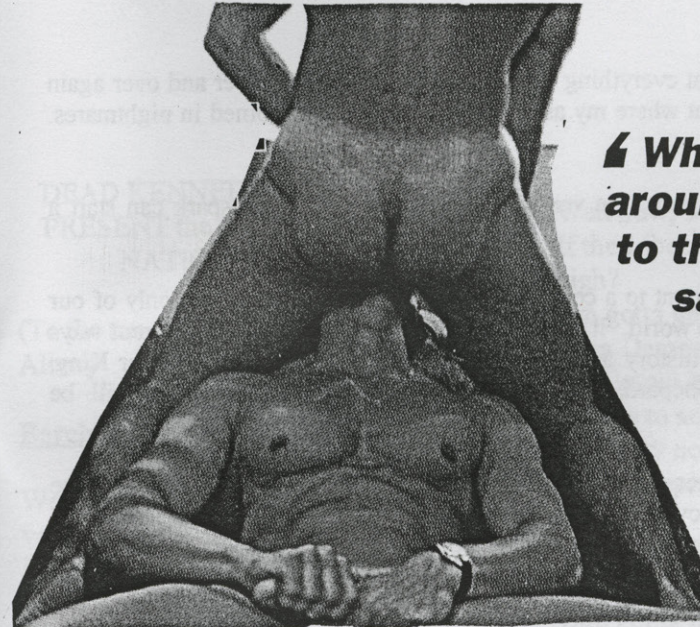
sandra.k.james@dupontpharma.com

dminquiry@dupontpharma.com

Poets Corner

Xmas Poem....

Christmas tree so pretty
Why do I feel so shitty?
Perhaps it's obvious to see
I'm riddled with HIV.
My lungs are full of scabs and phlegm,
I cough it up again and again.
My face is hollow,
It's hard to swallow.
My throat is a mess
- Filled with KS.
It's red and it's sore
Like a well-fucked whore.
My bum is gone; my bowels are weak,
My underpants all have a streak.
My vision's fucked - it's all so glarey.
It's plain to see I'm no Xmas fairy



“ When he turned around, it was hard to think it was the same person ”

SAN FRANCISCO VIEWS.....

GAY MEN, LESBIANS, BISEXUALS AND TRANSGENDER COMMUNITY AND THEIR FRIENDS!!!
NOW WE HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSFORM OUR WORLD!!!

An open letter to the BAY AREA SLAUGHTER by Robert Charles

In 1991 I was in the Castro with a friend from Los Angeles. We'd spent part of the night at The Stud, hanging out, dancing, drinking and yes, cruising.... A bit. (And if I didn't admit that, you'd all be calling me a lying queen...) We left at closing and were walking home. There was an open convenience store near Walgreens and my friend, Doug, went in to buy a pack of his precious Dunhill's. I waited outside.

The next instant I was grabbed by my jacket, punched and kicked, then hit hard over the head with some kind of blunt object - to this day I swear it was a used Ken Ryker dildo. I must've been out just a matter of seconds, because Doug said he came out of the store and there I was, bleeding on the sidewalk and on my clothes with some bastard spastic shaking me and asking if I could 'spare a quarter'.

Doug checked me out and discovered that my wallet, Rolex and money clip were all gone. I assumed that the perpetrators were from Oakland.

The next day we went to the police. We specifically asked to speak with a gay officer, but were told that wasn't possible. The answer was no, as if something was being kept from me! I was getting no response. In San Francisco!! I mean - this is exactly why I left the

Matthew Shepard. It brought everything back. I relived my assault over and over again in dreams. It got to the point where my assault and Matthew's combined in nightmares. Sometimes with Cher

I've written this hoping to prove the very old saying true, 'A single spark can start a prairie fire.'

I'm proposing what will amount to a complete and total transformation, not only of our lives, but for everyone in the world. It's been done in different forms and different ways since the dawn of recorded history and time. Spartacus, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Mandela, and now Matt Shepard, but unfortunately his legacy and glory will be posthumous.

The only way anything's ever going to get done is if we freely *allow* ourselves to be beaten up. Just like in the movie Gandhi when he allowed the British soldiers to beat the hell out of him and his followers. That's what we need to do. As soon as you're out there after the clubs, the best thing we can do is to provoke people. Then the transformation starts.

The more we get beaten up, the more they'll listen to our collective voice. Look at it like a Purple Heart - you're giving something of yourself so that future generations of gay men will be able to live safely. The more we're fagbashed, attacked and injured, the more people will listen to us.

This is the way. OUR way.

The more of us that get hurt, the better. Show your wounds out in the open. We need a great many martyrs. Names need to be added to the list! There's room right after poor Matt's name. We need this. It's the only way to go. You need to be out there in the street. Let's fight the good fight this time. No more excuses. When you're hurt and/or assaulted, stand up and be counted.

You know, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful relationship.



DEAD KENNEDY PRODUCTIONS
PRESENT the NEW AUSTRALIAN
NATIONAL ANTHEM

(To the tune of the Bee Gees' 'Stayin' Alive')

Barely Alive

Well you can tell by the way I cast my vote,
I'm a Democrat: no time to talk.
Environment and tax bills all, rubber stamp them
At Johnny's call.
And now it's all right. It's ok.
I simply look the other way.
I don't try to understand
Lib'ral party's masterplan.

Chorus

There's no need to mention you're struggling on a pension.
You're barely alive, barely alive.
GST is takin' what little cash you're makin'
And you're barely alive, barely alive.
Ah, ha, ha, ha, barely alive, barely alive.
Ah, ha, ha, ha, barely alive.

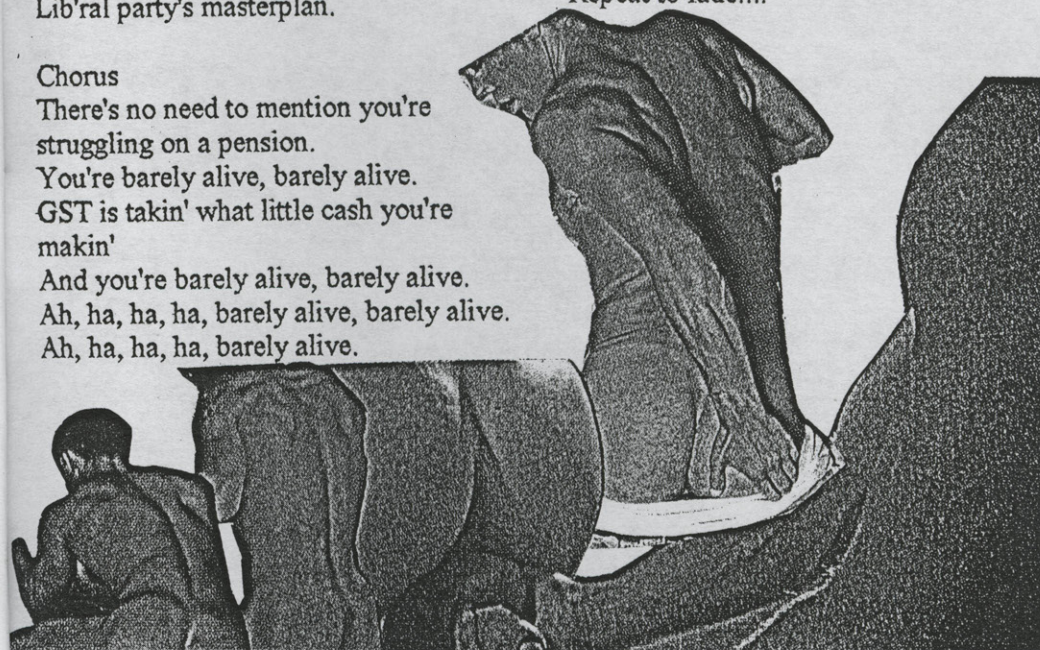
Well now, I don't need to question why,
If the Liberals say jump, I ask - how high?


I've gotta get it through the Senate -
I'm a Democrat, and I just can't lose.
You know it's all right. It's ok.
I'll live to see another day.
You may not - but understand
We're keeping our heads in the sand.

Repeat Chorus

Life going nowhere? Wait till GST.
Wait till GST, yeah.
Life going nowhere? Wait till GST.
Wait till GST, yeah. Barely alive.

Repeat to fade....





A doctor's magic touch
helped this sterile couple
have the baby they'd
only dreamed of