

G A W K

GAY ARTISTS
AND WRITERS
COLLECTIVE

#5

FREE!

*The cost of
enlightenment
is neverending
gratitude*



The woman
of my dreams
gives lots of
money to
GAWK!



Here we are, beg, beg, begging. So far we have been able to snivel our readership (well, YHE's friends, actually) into giving us all the money we need. So the booth is paid for, we have stamps for about a year, and we're currently solvent. However, printing this issue will cost us \$380, and the others (smaller press runs, it's not Parade Time every day) around \$300, for a grand total of \$1300 a year, of which I expect to cheerfully plop down \$400, leaving us trying to raise \$900, or \$225 a quarter. Shouldn't be too hard, I think. So, send us all your money, and we'll like you forever. And we'll keep publishing.

Happy Anniversary, Faithful Readers! It's one year old!

Look, a new name! I'll bet you didn't even notice that GAWK, the publication, is no longer called a newsletter. Well, it's not. It's now GAWK magazine, or sometimes GAWK, A Fagazine of the Yarts. We're getting so hoity-toity, we just couldn't keep using that "newsletter" word, redolent as it is of church basements and elderly ladies playing Bingo. We are a class act now.

Some new thoughts on Why I Publish: I have decided that there are only two reasons why I do GAWK. Reason one is Celebrity. It makes my heart go pitty-pat to think that there are people who know my name who don't know who I am. I just love being a media figure, even when the media in question is all generated by me. Oh, well. Some people aren't famous at *all*.

The other reason is of course Lust. GAWK has thus far been a dismal failure in its task of luring cute, smart boys into my bedroom, but there is finally a little action on that front. I warn you, starting a magazine is a really inferior way to get laid. Takes forever.

A little more about publishing philosophy: It seems that there are plenty of homo flesh magazines, plenty of whatever the Advocate is, and plenty clubster/music things like Homocore and the other punqueer stuff listed in our Zine Reviews section, but nothing (except GAWK) for intellectual weirdos who like to read. So, in the grand tradition, "Don't just sit there and whine, if what you like isn't available, make it yourself!" And I did.

Other big news: I am now receiving enough material to fill up all my pages without having to whine, nag, wheedle, or harass potential contributors. Hooray. I

thought this darn thing would fly, yes I did, and I was right.

Second big news is that Your Humble Editor's adventure with HIV has progressed to the point that he is too weary to work, which cuts GAWK Publishing, Inc. off from its economical arrangement with After Hours Copying, a very low-priced printing house run by my employers late at night when nobody is around. Now that we have to pay to print, we have to think in fund-raising terms. One of the things we are doing is sell-



ing ads, or at least trying to, and we are also pursuing non-profit status which will make us more attractive to potential donors. We really want GAWK to stay free.

Anyway, back to that HIV Thang. Your Humble Editor is not in any immediate danger of becoming Your Humble Deaditor, so you needn't send flowers to my Humble Mom or anything like that, but you might hang on to those back issues. Maybe they will become valuable collector's items, har.

The other HIV thang is the introduction of our new publication,

the Diseased Pariah News, a journal of HIV humor. We are altogether unsure if there are enough non-teddybear-worshipping infected persons to support a publication, but we'll soon find out. GAWK is not for profit, but DPN is. We hope it will make us a few extra beans. At the very least, it will offend and horrify some people who need horrifying.

And on the subject of cruelly mocking the beliefs of others: since GAWK was reviewed in Factsheet Five, a few rather odd pieces of mail have graced the Humble Mailbox, including a St. Jude chain letter which informs me that I'm in big trouble. Since I did not send the chain on within 96 hours, I am in the same boat as "Dalan Fairchild, who received a letter and not believing, threw it away. Nine days later, he died."

Pretty scary, eh? Maybe you should at least check on prices for those flowers for my Mom.

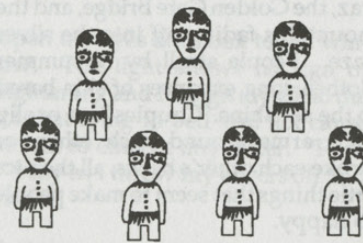
Speaking of Mom, I was talking on the phone to Herself the other day, and she said "What's this I hear about a magazine?" "Well," said YHE, "it's purty queer, I don't know if you'll like it much" but She wanted to see it, ho-mo-sexual content or not. The verdict: Some of the writing is quite good, but the Captain Condom comic was offensive. Humble Mom does not want to think about condoms. At 65 years old, monogamously married, I don't think she's in too much danger from her latexophobic attitudes. Unlike many a foolish gay feller....

Perceptive subscribers will notice the new preprinted GAWK return address labels, a gift from GAWK supporter Edwin M. Peacock III, who also donated a plastic chicken that lays gumball eggs to the Tom Shearer Memorial Museum, gladdening my heart considerably. Bock, bock, bock....

Oh, and the other charming story.

Your Humble Editor collects bones. In order to do this, he occasionally finds a nice juicy bit of road-kill, which he buries in GAWK Benefactor Peter's flowerbed until the meat has returned to its primordial origins. Anyway, small animals decompose more recoverably in a flowerpot. Recently, back cover arteest Tom Earl gave me some failed kittens in a Rubbermaid freezer keeper. I was preparing to plant them, but discovered that they were still a little too frozen, so I trotted them upstairs to the microwave. Much more limber now, they fit right into their impermanent resting place, and looked really cute, too, all curled up there, about as cute as a dead thing *could* look. Anyway, so that was the tale of the Kitty Corpsicles, part one.

Part two is when I returned from my Humble European Vacation, and was resting in the Humble Bed. What did my wandering eye spy, but the Kitty Digester, aswarm with funny-looking insects. With much trepidation, I approached the pot. "Aiye," I cried, "flies with no wings! My room is full of freakish mutants!" And I fled the scene. Later when I came back, the room was full of regular old flying flies. Apparently they hatch with the wings all crumpled up. So I opened the window and they all flew off, looking for new kitties to lay eggs on, and I comforted myself with the idea that all those fly bodies certainly meant a substantial reduction in the flesh clinging to my delightful new kitty bones. Gosh, I love life.



Administrivia

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TOM SHEARER

Layout Editor & Production Slave
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Printing Services
LASERFORM

Official Statement of Porpoise

GAWK magazine is the publication of the Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive, a loosely structured, make that very loosely structured, organization of creative individuals of the homo persuasion. GAWK's primary function is to provide a noncompetitive, noncommercial setting for creative sorts to mingle, make friends, show off their creativity, and get laid, or so I hear. We're a casual bunch. We meet something like once a month, sorta. Some of those months get pretty long, though. You can call Jon at GAWK central for dee-tails of any upcoming Thangs, or call Your Humble Editor to talk about the magazine or if you have a whole bunch of extra money

GAWK magazine is a quarterly, published sometime in the first part of December, March, June, and September. This is a new schedule. Print run for number 5 is 2000.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

There are now a dizzying number of ways to subscribe to GAWK:

Poor People can send \$1 for three issues (new postage rates soon)

Less Poor People can send any amount they like over \$1. We suggest \$5 for four issues. Feel free to send non-standard amounts for non-standard subscriptions, but send a note, like "I am enclosing \$700 for 4 issues, starting with number 32" or "I'll assume you want one year, starting with the current issue. I'd rather you didn't subscribe for more than one year at a time. The future is mysterious. Who knows what might happen."

If you have your own publication, we are happy to trade subscriptions. (and ads)

Send dollar bills, stamps, checks, or money orders to:

Tom Shearer, P.O. Box 31431, San Francisco CA 94131

BENEFACTORS

(Nice people who gave us money to pay for the GAWK booth at the Pride rally): Peter Cheeseman, PhD, PhD, PhD; Sister Leonora Tyewimple (alias), Tom Rielly, Marc Sinykin, Kevin Osinsky, Glenn Peacock, Doctor Fussbudget (alias), Don LaVoie, & Wendy H.

Speaking of Benefactors: Now that Your Humble Editor can't steal copier time from work anymore, we have expenses. So if you have any extra money, please send us some. It looks like it will cost us around \$900 a year to print this thang. Anybody got an extra \$900?

GAWK CENTRAL

For information about the social arm of GAWK, contact Jon Sugar, 901 Stanyan #14, San Francisco CA 94117, (415) 731-2424

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Treading Water, Sucking Face

By Greg Horne

Embroidered Boxers

For Thom, from Vegas
(via SLC)

by Rand'I Griffin

Monday Martini
a pair for
pressurized seduction
(Red Polka Dot)

Happy hour at Jolene's Strip-Pleez, lured by the promise of how liquid fire and voyeuristic overdose can incite the blue-balled (but strictly red-blooded) to stifle their pride in favor of mine. I thread a straightjacket securely round my waist and talk a line of lecherous subtext to an illiterate gas jockey. He isn't curious enough yet; he won't free me though he's welcome. He ties his own straightjacket tight, swallowing monday rounds of martini pleasures, ruminating over the depraved aspects of friction, angles and depth velocity. The more he drinks and drinks, the more he finds his scapegrace restraint immaterial; oh he'll succumb. Tomorrow hangover, he pretends to hide his back alley iniquity from himself, despite stains of spent excitement spattering his straightjacket, speckles as delicate as blood on silk.

I am treading tepid, gray water. I struggle to keep my head above the surface but it is difficult, largely because someone is standing on my shoulders. The hard, black heels of the sensible shoes dig into my flesh, forcing me down, down. The water seeps into my mouth, invades my nostrils, stings my eyes. Just before I go under I catch a glimpse of something green, sparkling like a jewel on the dull horizon. An island. If only I can reach it. But the heels continue to press down upon me mercilessly, and my vision is lost as the murky water closes around my head....

I open my eyes and I am safe in bed. The room is dark. A dull, cold sliver of light glows beneath the window blind, signifying an overcast sky. I decide to wait until the morning clouds have burned off before attempting to assimilate myself into the world of the living. I pull the covers up to my chin and let my thoughts wander.

Big fucking surprise, they wander to Dan. It is a summerlike day in March and Dan has not yet moved back to the east coast. Instead he is sitting all alone on sun-drenched concrete steps looking out over the bay. I sit down beside him, planting my lips on his, then turn to take in the view of Alcatraz, the Golden Gate Bridge, and the mountains fading off into the silver haze. People stroll by in summer clothes, long expanses of skin bared to the sunshine. Couples kiss, or slip their arms around each other, or stroke each other's backs, all the nice little things that seem to make people so happy.

As we talk, Dan stretches out lazily along the concrete step. His shirt rides up as it tends to do, exposing his middle. As he recounts a story about the crazy woman in his Russian class, I am mesmerized by the way the faint trace of hair near the base of his spine is glistening in the sunlight. I bask in the sensual pleasures of the moment: the salty smell of the air, the cries of the gulls, the warmth of the sun, the sight of Dan's body.

One thing is missing. Touch. I reach out and place my hand on the back of Dan's neck, caressing the silky skin and soft hair.

Now a couple of boys around 12 years old stomp past us. They plant themselves on the same step about fifteen feet away and start making obnoxious kissy noises and squealing things like "Oh, honey, oh, baby!" I stop talking and turn to look at them. At my gaze of displeasure, they drop their arms from around each other and fall silent. I figure that is the end of it until the one closest to me says "You're disgusting."

Whoa, Nelly. Have I stumbled into the set of *The Bad Seed, Part II*? Here is a fresh-faced young lad using his still girlish little larynx to ejaculate the verbal equivalent of bile. Guess that Art Linkletter wasn't just whistling Dixie - kids do say the darnedest things.

I am immersed in lukewarm water. I have sunk clear of the heels but they have left their mark on my shoulders, which ache now as I flail my arms. I rise until my face breaks through to the cool air. I breathe deep and scan

the horizon for a glimmer of green. Spying it, I swim in its direction. From behind me I can hear the low rumble of a great wave swelling...

I open my eyes and the light beneath the blind still says "clouds."

My thoughts return to the little boy with the big mouth. Feeling my blood pressure rise, I firmly commit myself to not letting it bother me. No, it doesn't bother me that a 12-year old decides that since I'm only a faggot, it's okay to insult me, even though I'm twice his size and could theoretically stomp his hairless, prepubescent little butt into the ground.

No, it doesn't bother me that I can't experience the pleasure of touching someone I care about in public without eliciting the scorn, derision, and outright hostility of those who are doing the same goddamn thing. I'll just obediently accept that such pleasures are reserved exclusively for people who confine their sexual activity to that nice, clean hetero stuff. Who am I, anyway? How dare I so flagrantly flaunt my disrespect by attempting to enjoy life as if I were an acceptable member of society! Yes, it is true that my tax dollars help pay for the construction and maintenance of public facilities, but does that give me the right to enjoy them to the same degree that heterosexuals do?

You bet your ass it does. And you can bet your ass it bothers me that a bunch of gutless, uptight, small-minded, reactionary, conformist creeps would impose their pathetically limited views on my happiness. It bugs the living hell out of me that they can't or won't stretch their pea-brained, religion-warped imaginations to comprehend that there are valid reasons for people to be together other than the charmless simplicity of "Tab A" and "Slot B."

Somehow I have made it to shore. I crawl up onto the hot sand and sprawl out on my back. Palms are gently

swaying above me and beyond them the sky is a brilliant blue. "Welcome," a voice breaks the silence. I sit up and turn to see a woman with flowers in her hair. "We've been expecting you." She extends her hands and helps me to my feet. "Where am I?" I say. "Someplace safe," she replies. "Be happy, you have successfully traversed the Sea." "What sea is that?" I ask. She laughs. "Silly," she says, "the Sea of Mediocrity, of course."

She leads me into the jungle and soon I detect the unmistakably human sounds of music and laughter. We emerge onto a clearing where countless people are dancing and smiling and embracing one another. "Be at peace," the woman tells me, placing her hands upon my sore shoulders. "Long have you withstood the slings and arrows of a heartless, pea-brained society, and now will you be rewarded for your pluckiness. Here will your eardrums be spared the babbling dogma of rabid Christians and kowtowing politicians. Here may you frolic with abandon in the glorious absence of traditional, gender-specific expectations and restrictions. Here may you seek without shame or hindrance the true meaning of that ancient phrase, *Hey, whatever floats your boat.*" She removes her hands from my shoulders and the heel marks are gone. "Gosh," I say, my heart swelling with happiness, "It's like a wonderful dream."

Someone is waving to me from the crowd. It is Dan. "He has been waiting for you," the woman tells me. "Go to him. Go hold his hand, go rest your chin on his shoulder. Go suck his pretty little face off."

I open my eyes and look to the window. The light shows no sign of brightening and I resign myself to the fact that lying in bed will not cause the sun to emerge any faster. "Fuck it" I say as I throw my covers off and arise.

It's time once again to face the world.

Embroidered Boxers

Routine Tuesday
A pair for
tedious mourning
(Blue Pinstripes)

Rain from a clear sky; severed lovelines and eclectic eulogy. A chilly sun drizzles huge beads of renegade lamentation that rouge my face with dripping shadows shadows of the seminal tears I unveil under each melting moon. I bite at them and swear. I peel them from my blue-veined complexion and throw them out with my dirty laundry. Only to cry over and over the lovely withered boys next melted moon, routine as every other tuesday, wondering why the discolored traces of past weeping won't wash out of the sheets.



TEE.

BAD BOYS by Michael Roeder

*I watch you as you walk on the mall
I hide in my three-piece suit and tie
you won't see me
as I watch you*

*swagger tough as you walk
baskets bulging in youth
you talk about girls
I think about boys*

*high school boys
in tough leather jackets
and short, short hair
blue jeans, torn t-shirts*

*kerchiefs in pockets
saying things you don't know
cock-rings on epaulets
you don't know what they are*

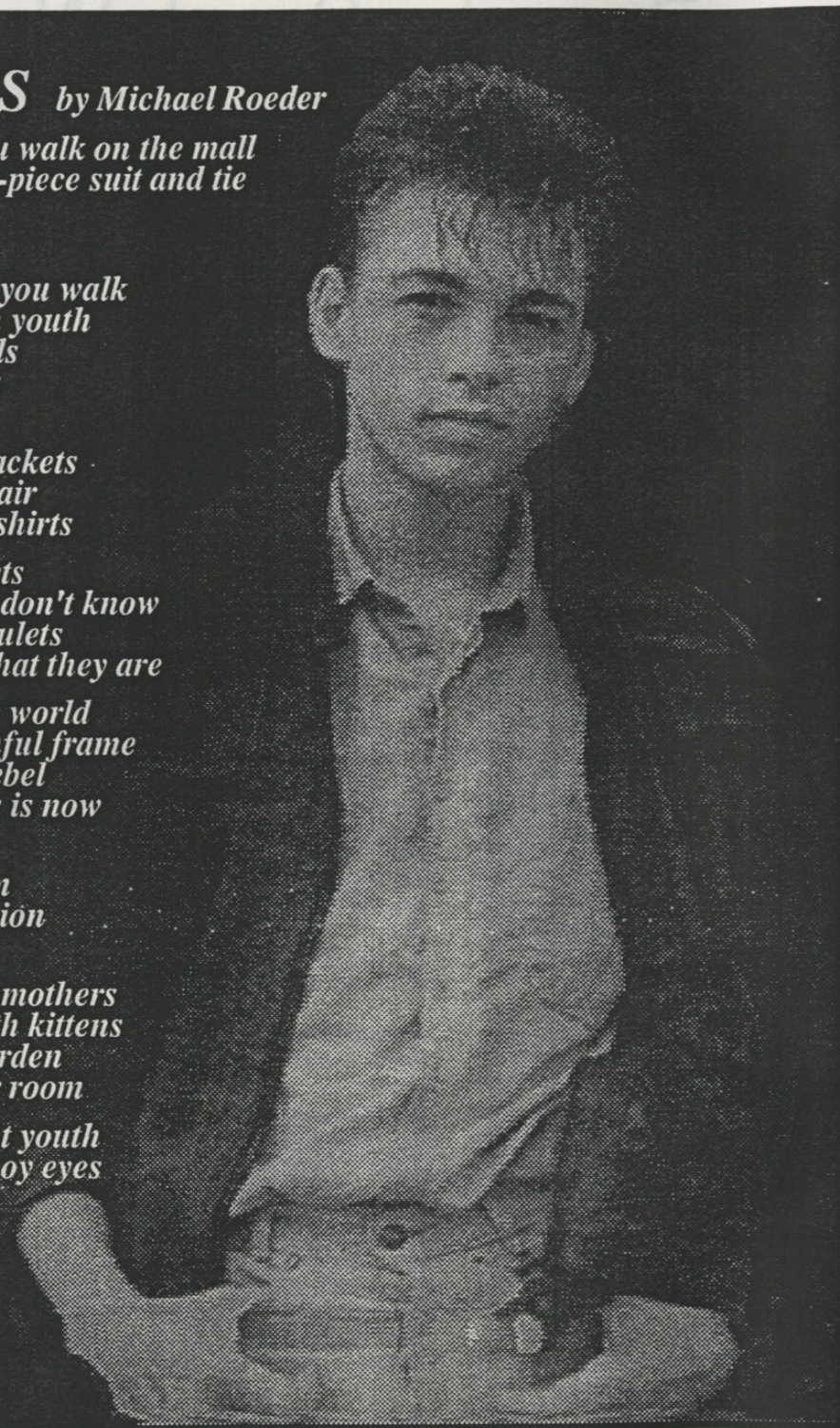
*the burdens of the world
rest on your youthful frame
you escape, you rebel
that was then, this is now*

*shave your head
talk about freedom
talk about expression
why be normal?*

*at home you have mothers
and are tender with kittens
you help in the garden
and clean up your room*

*hide your innocent youth
behind your bad boy eyes*

*fuck me hard
love me sweet*



why it's okay to kill silverfish, a true story by laura, reprinted from sister nobody

in the summer of 1986, i lived in a dumb cooperative house in eugene. i had a big cast on my right leg cause i fell off a roof. it was always too hot to sleep at night, so it became my habit to lie in bed at night and listen to music through headphones until just maybe i got sleepy. one miserable, unfortunate night at about 2:00 a.m., i took my headphones off to open my window wider. i felt something fall from the top of the window onto my left ear — probably just a paint chip. i laid back down and put my headphones on. only moments later, i felt an odd tickling sensation in my ear. then, a sound louder than the music, and i realized that was no paint chip that fell from the window — it was an unnamed living creature boring with all its might as far into my aural cavity as was possible. can i ever describe the feeling? rationally, i knew it was small enough to fit in my ear, but it seemed a creature of monstrous proportions, a mutant earwig, hell bent on pinching its way through my brain and out the other ear. i was now writhing on the floor. you know those nightmares where you can't scream? you try to, but nothing comes out? that happens in real life too, cause i couldn't scream. i tried to think. i needed help. i had a broken leg. i was on the second floor. i hated everyone on the second floor. they would probably look at me and say, "hey, bad trip." i forgot what crutches were and hopped down the hall. i pretty much fell down the stairs to my friend's room, where i rolled about on the floor, holding my head and gasping, "bug...bug...bug in my head!" she was confused at first as she had been asleep, but then responded by laughing hysterically at what she thought must be one goofy prank. i continued, "help me...bug...big fucking bug!" after much of the same, she got dressed and put me on the back of her one speed bike and rode me to the emergency room. it's not easy to balance on the back of a bike with a cast on your leg and a bug in your ear. we could have taken our time though, cause the doctor was in no hurry to see me. it took a hellish 45 minutes of satan-worshipping nurses asking me about my medical coverage and my friend about my drug habits before a doctor came along, smiling a wrong smile. what was more unfortunate, i wonder now, having a bug in my head or having dr. joe sadist on duty that night? i admit i wasn't calm, but was it necessary to strap me down on a table? i know it was unnecessary for the doctor to look into my eyes a few inches away from my face and say, "i bet this is pretty psychologically disturbing for you, isn't it?" he looked into my ear with a little scope and said, "pretty far in there, i can't even see it." he then took a curvey tweezer tool and tried to nab the little frantic creature. "can't seem to get it — probably a big earwig." i lost my patience, "get the fucking thing out of my head!" he laughed and suggested that i calm down. "we'll just flush it out." water blasted into my ear, and out came not an earwig, but a silverfish. The doctor offered the thing to me, floating in a pan of water.

it's been over three years and i still can't help wondering if that thing managed to lay any eggs inside my head. oh yeah, silverfish eat books too. two damn good reasons — if you ever see a silverfish, **KILL IT!**

Have Icky Virus?

Don't find your needs being met by blame-the-victim New Age philosophies, magic rocks, and teddy bears? No need to fear, because the Diseased Pariah News begins publication this September. Now you can stop laughing at yourself and laugh at (and with) some new people instead.

We seek cranky, funny, insightful art and writing from infected people only. Pen names and anonymous works are fine. DPN is 100% HIV+ owned and operated. A one year subscription (4 issues) is \$5. Send those nice tender greenbacks, stamps, or checks made out to Tom Shearer to POBox 31431, SF, CA 94131. SASE for more info.

Katie Dreams of Horses

by Jeffery Kennedy

Katie was born on Christmas day. She was holy. And more than anything, she wanted a horse.

Katie was a precocious child. During Thanksgiving dinner she loved to stuff black olives onto the tips of her fingers and suck them off, one by one. Her favorite book was "Black Beauty."

Katie and her mother lived in a small soggy house in the middle of a swampy field. The kitchen floor sagged in the middle like the couch they sat on while they watched television. There was a horse ranch next door.

Katie could see the ranch from her bedroom window. Every Saturday afternoon she'd sit, holding her head, elbows on windowsill, and watch children with red blazers and riding crops trot horses in circles. After awhile she'd rub her temples and concentrate really hard and try to tell one of the horses, a black one, to jump over the split rail fence and come to her. It didn't work.

Katie's mother was a truck stop waitress. She smelled like cigarettes and french fries and Katie loved her very much.

Katie wanted to live in a stable and sleep on mounds of hay with a small water trough at her feet. One day she asked her mother if she could rearrange her room.

"Go ahead," her mother shrugged. She had curlers in her hair and was ironing her waitress uniform.

So that night, while her mother was at work, Katie snuck over to the horse ranch and began carrying armfuls of hay to her room. Her tiny arms could only hold so much, so she made many trips in many hours. She knew she was finished when the hay on her bedroom floor came up to her waist. She pulled the blanket off her bed and curled up into a ball on the hay. It was soft, and she dreamt she was Annie Oakley.

She woke to her mother's exasperated shouts.

"What the hell is this mess? Katie, I want you to get up right now and sweep this shit out the back door. What am I going to do with you?"

She thought it wasn't fair that even poor children were born with imagination.

One day in early December, Katie and her mother were sitting at the kitchen table eating oatmeal and drinking orange juice. A Marlboro Light 100 cigarette burned in a plastic ashtray. Her mother picked up the cigarette, took a long drag, and asked Katie what she wanted for her birthday. They didn't celebrate Christmas, so she didn't ask about that.

"A horse," Katie said, "I want a horse."

"Sweetie," her mother sighed, "get real. You know I can't get you a horse. Think about something else."

But Katie believed in miracles and kept dreaming about horses.

Finally, her tenth birthday rolled around. It was a cold day and a thin blanket of snow like her mother's white uniform surrounded their house. Katie and her mother wore sweaters inside. After lunch, Katie blew the candle on her cupcake out and asked her mom for her present.

Her mother handed her a small wrapped package. It was a jump rope. She felt ashamed because she couldn't give Katie what she wanted.

"Where's the horse?" Katie asked.

"I told you," her mother growled. "I can't afford a horse. Be a good girl and play with your jump rope."

"But I want a horse!" Katie shrieked.

Katie's mother hit her over the head with a rolled up newspaper she used to train the dog.

"Fuck the goddamn horse!" Katie's mother screamed, sobbing. "I try to do my best for you, I really do, but you can't have everything you want!"

"Why not?" Katie cried.

"Because," her mother heaved. "Because I said so."

Katie ran to her room and threw herself on her bed. She cried, and then she fell asleep.

Katie had a dream. She dreamt that she was sitting at her bedroom window, watching the horses at the

ranch. As usual, she tried to talk to the black one by rubbing her temples and concentrating very hard. Only this time, it worked! The black horse jumped the fence and trotted right up to Katie's window, beckoning her with its head. Katie slid through the frame and straddled the horse's back. It was warm and smooth and big, like her mother when they slept together. Katie caressed the horse and murmured declarations of love into its ears.

Then the horse started to run. Slowly at first, but then faster and faster and faster. Katie was frightened. She clutched the horse's mane and squeezed her eyes shut. But soon she relaxed and threw her head back. She laughed.

And then the horse jumped into the sky. It treaded air as though it were the smoothest racetrack heading straight for the sun. Katie looked down. She'd never been so high up before! She saw the roof of her house and her mother standing on the porch, waving. She saw the little red specks of children at the horse ranch looking up in amazement.

"Goodbye!" Katie yelled. "Goodbye!"

She was the richest girl in the world as she and her horse flew into a grey marshmallow cloud.

Katie never woke up.

Embroidered Boxers

Wetdream Wednesday
A pair for derisive
masturbations
(Monogammed)

I spritz humidity into the air to watch it flood and drown a succulent pornorama. Vigorous cocksman wander the tide-level rooftops in sinewy intensity, aching for penetration, joining in my antediluvian orgy, unable to resist their need to cum and cum crazy. A sleepwalking zealot, buoyant in deluded virtue, glides by on stilts, presuming to walk the decadent waters. I dive after and pull the stilts out from under dunking the arrogant bastard, wrestling the precious bastard into rutting wetdream submission and wednesday harmony.

Embroidered Boxers

Thursday Swan
A pair for antagonized menace
(Plain White Cotton)

Tanktopped, wearing monster Adidas, a tough boy talks about athletic injuries in gamey jargon that flows carnally over his lips. He's playing it bigtime for buddies while his darting glare assumes superiority over any thursday fag like me. I'm going to sail a thursday swan between the muscles of his chest and laugh at its surprise while it navigates the shiny ripples of his stomach, and gauge its terror when it becomes trapped in the ebony whirlpool of his navel. My own terror burgeons out and out as he and his buddies follow me through the streets, looking to make swans sing.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Ad rates for GAWK and DPN are the same:

- Business Card\$5
- 1/4 Page\$10
- 1/2 Page\$20
- Full Page\$40

Distribution

GAWK has plenty of distribution points in San Francisco, but we are after all a national publication of sorts, and so are interested in hearing about places, especially gay bookstores and community centers, where we could send a few copies. Got any ideas? Let us know.

Back Issues

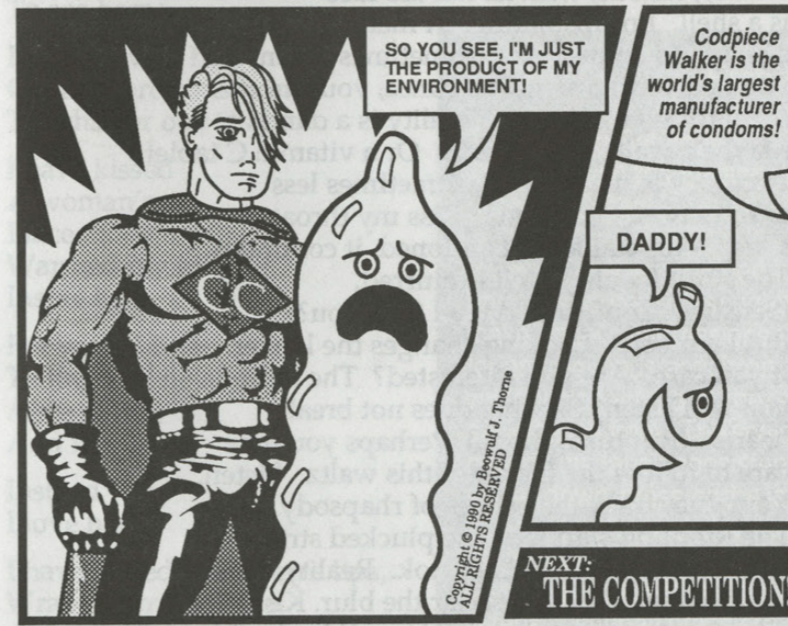
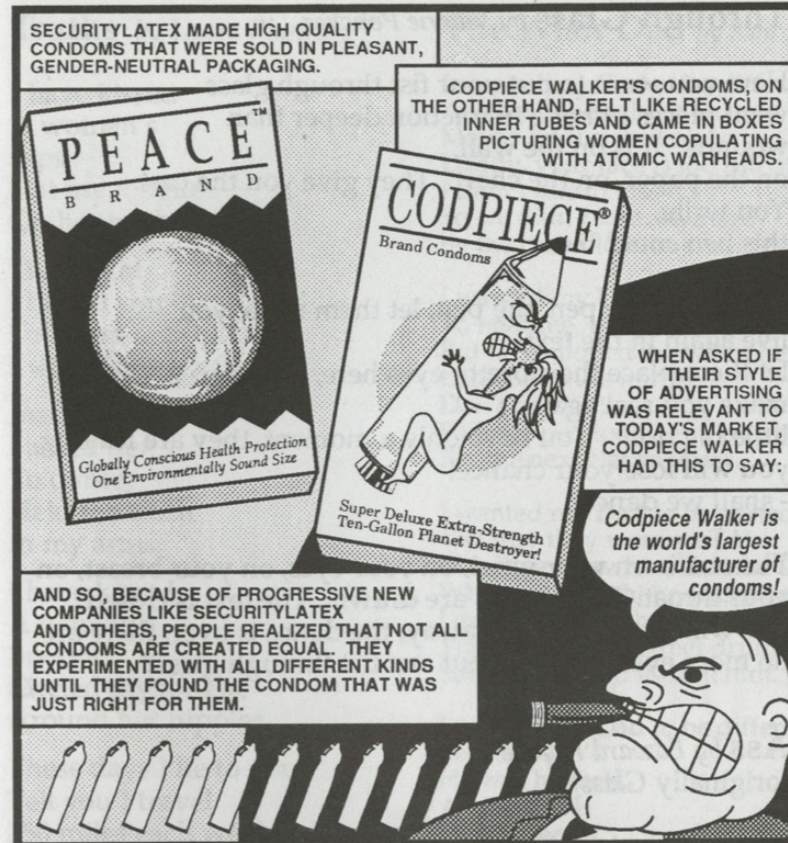
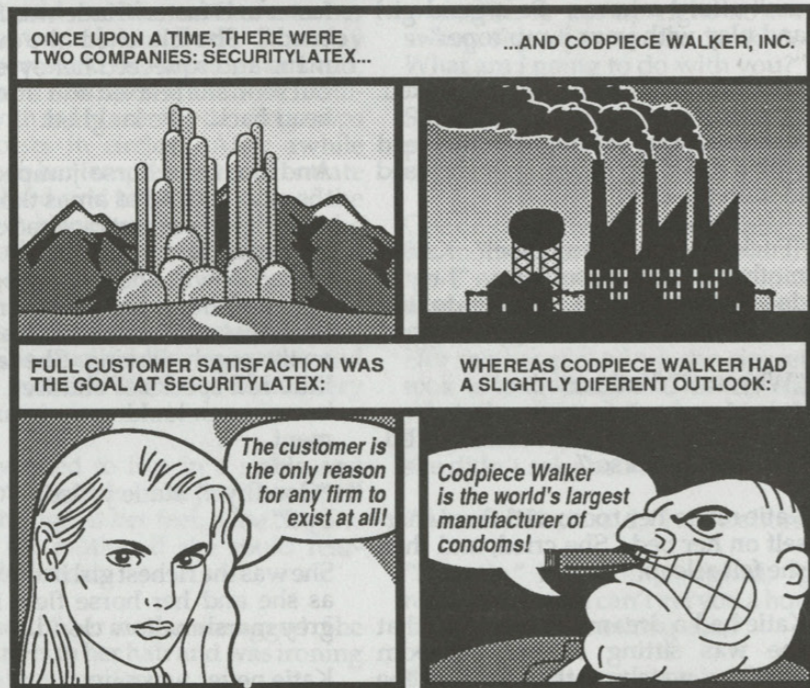
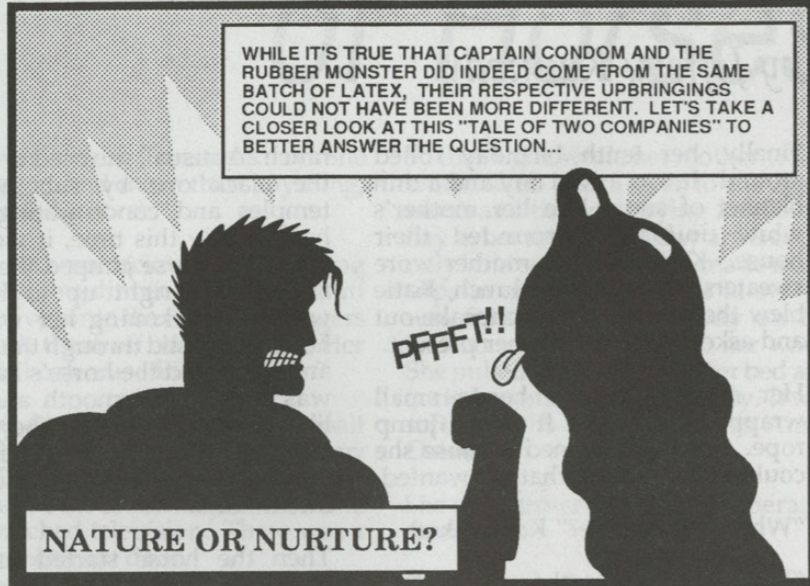
The first year, issues 1 - 4, of the GAWK newsletter is now available in a bound (well, stapled) set. Send us a dollar. I'm sure this will be truly valuable one day, and you can finance your retirement by selling your copy.

Developments:

In the grand GAWK tradition, Force to be Reckoned With KC Frogge has elevated her titular status to Public Relations Liason. This is what we like here at GAWK. Your Humble Editor gets tired of inventing new, inflated titles for everybody, and appreciates this sort of spontaneous, self-motivated Designator Progression. Pretty soon everybody is going to be God, except me. I'm happy to stay YHE.

The Adventures of CAPTAIN CONDOM

By Beowulf Thorne



EarthSeals

I got some stickers in the mail the other day from EarthSeals, PO Box 8000 Berkeley CA 94707. They show the Earth from 23,000 miles up, looking down on the Great Rift Valley, Cradle-o-Humanity. I'm not entirely sure how stickers are supposed to save the planet, but they are very pretty. Order: Apollo 17(E), 6/\$1,200/\$25,1000/\$100. \$2 shipping, CA residents add sales tax.

Electronic Communication

GAWK also has an electronic outreach. The GAWK newsletter appears on the local UNIX newsgroup, ba.motss, and Doug's Den and the Backroom BBS's in the East somewhere, and some other BBS's I don't know about that are part of Doug's BBS network, and as Your Humble (Computer Nerd) Editor gets around to it, it will be available in many, many other on-line type venues.

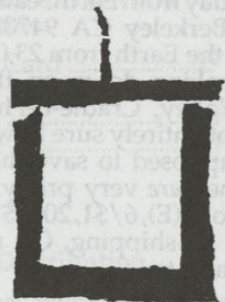
They're free, you know. We here at GAWK are real fond of free. Now if people would stop calling me up via modem and leaving those squealing messages on the Humble Answering Machine.

Jon Sugar on the Air

Jon Sugar is hosting a gay public affairs show on KALX FM in Berkeley. If you are interesting and would like to be on the show, call 731-2424. UC Berkeley students are encouraged to participate.

Captain Goes Bye-Bye

"The Adventures of Captain Condom" is moving to a new (and perhaps more appropriate - once you see the next installment) home in the Diseased Pariah News. See the ad on page 6 for more info concerning DPN.



Courtesy: Love

Embroidered Boxers

Friday Whispers
A pair for
consummating roles
(Foreign Legion Issue)

Cultured savages recite a memorized survivor list of breedstock ideals. I need a woman to testify I am a tribesman for ladies, not a boy for tribesmen. It matters to me as I must prove beyond doubt my inoculation against tropical disease. I stoke nerve and ask Mrs. Redmayne but accidentally snag her stocking. The run creeps up the inside of the thigh, trapping her freckles in spidery web, and she calls me her impudent little dahrling to indulge me, frustrate me. When husband Friday whispers to me from his jungle green, jungle wild closet, I follow primitive instinct and join him to snap and snap my fingers between his legs. POP! and POP!

Through Glass by Valerie Polichar

Here you want to put your fist through glass
want pieces of bone in traction deeper than
wounds. It is on the wall,
on the paper, on the chart. They give you the cast.
You write,
this pen could burn.

Give them the pen, the pen, let them make you
live again in the text,
let them place their pretty eyes here, let them
make you real again,
little rag doll. You have only a moment, they are leaving,
you will lose your chance!
- shall we dance?

The cast is on your wrist, on your eyes, on your breast, on
your throat. The shades are drawn. The text is closed.
The window is five feet away, the dance is over, there are
no more eyes, shall we put our fist through glass?

Ass by Edward Mycue (originally Glass)

Reality, kinetic, with its flat ass face
is a shell. Encapsulating. A memoir. Not
a story of just me. And sometimes when
you take a chance, get a chance, you can
see through it. Inside. Reality is a dance.
Maybe a waltz. Or a penis. Or a vitamin C tablet.
Accuracy is meaningful, sometimes less
in the story. Permit me. Kiss my throat.
When a timetable is abandoned, it continues.
The story I want to tell is blurred.
(Sensual. Confused. May I fuck you?)
But I am here. Looking changes the looker.
If you care. Are you interested? The more
you will listen. Seeking does not break
hearts. (Ruptures them.) Perhaps you may
care to follow the flicker of this waltz. Listen.
Your eyes track the echoes of rhapsody.
The Rippling clarinet. The plucked string.
Benny Goodman. Bela Bartok. Reality, kinetic
is vibrating. You can't hear the blur. Kiss me.
Can is not may. Will you? Hear this viewing ass?

Truths by Laura Planting

I have kissed
A woman's
Lips
Cut my tongue
On her teeth.

That night
I lied to you -
Told you
I was visiting a friend.

Instead,
I asked her
To dance,
Held the truth
In my arms.

I have kissed
A woman's
Breasts,
Circled my tongue
Around her nipples.

These days I lie to you -
Tell you I travel
250 miles each weekend
To see home.

Instead I visit her,
Capture precious hours
To whisper our truth.

I have kissed
A woman's
Place,
Warmed my tongue
Inside her.

For years I lied -
Telling you he and I,
Always him
And me.

Instead
I love her.

I have kissed a woman's lips,
Wrapped my tongue
Around the truth.

The Wish Dad by Sam Ambler

I wanted my Dad to be different.
At least, I thought, if he only liked me
Maybe I'd turn out okay.
Daddy, your face is too full of bristles;
I didn't like to kiss it.
So we didn't kiss anymore
by the time I left for kindergarten.

I wanted my Dad to caress me,
To hold me, to comfort away my fears.
But he walloped me when he saw me
Looking in the mirror:
Don't be vain!
So I stopped looking in mirrors
For the next eleven years.

I wanted my Dad to be perfect,
The way they were on T.V.
One time I saw him kick the Daniels' dog
When he thought he was alone.
I guess, because he drank, I don't know.
Thunderbird. A street drunk's drink.
Sometimes I hid it from him.

I wanted my Dad to be different.
But he wasn't.
He was himself.
And so am I.
I am different.

Embroidered Boxers

Transsexing Saturday
A pair for unorthodox sanction
(Lace Trimmed)

Invisible, she lies trapped in snow, spread-eagled unable to move
her arms to her sides, unable to bring her legs together, unable to
make angelic impressions where none can be accepted. My fever
for androgynous anachronism liberates her from the masculinity of
wintery manacles and she rewards me with a popsicle that I suck and
suck the ice from. The scalding taste of eucalyptus swims beneath,
making me laugh consistently about inconsistencies in nature. He
smiles down, pressing the joke, but won't tell me which of her breasts
squirts lemonade and which suckles root beer. I fondle the bulging
exclamation (!) under his panties as her hairspray sticks to my eye-
lashes, pink-scented as the embroidered flowers on a truckstop
jezebel's sunday brassiere.

Your Humble Editor just got back from a rather grueling three-week visit to Europe. Some highlights:

Berlin: Berlin, the western section anyway, is totally jammed with bodies. Live ones. Each one of them has a color TV under one arm and a case of instant orange drink under the other, and they are all trudging toward the East. It's a real zoo. In fact, the train station at the zoo, which is usually a zoo, is now something else again. A vision of heck, I'd say. An interesting variation on standard begging technique: If you get your face covered with tattoos, you can get people to give you money simply by glaring at them. At least it was working for Mr. Green Face and his pals there in the Zoo. Me, I never give money to bums, no matter what color their face is...

Aside from gazing in wonder at the Multicolored Mendicants, we did very little in Berlin except stand in line. Stand in line for food. Stand in line for the telephone, to call hotels that were full. Stand in line to make reservations on the train out. Stand in line to buy train tickets:

While I was in Ticket Purgatory, the following things happened. The ticket-printing machine jammed as it was printing out the ticket the person ahead of me had laboriously purchased, with much discussion and stamping of papers. Ticket Agent Man poked at the machine for a while with his pen, filled out several forms, and finally was able to issue a ticket. Then he said "one moment" and spent an incredibly long time poking and examining his printer. Then he went away, and returned with a practical-minded lesbian woman, who took the thing apart for him and extracted all the jamming shreds. He then took all the shreds and taped them back together, and then filled out several forms, which he stamped with a variety of stamps. Then he took the floppy disk out of his computer, attached several forms to it, and restarted with a new disk. Then he put two large

REPORT from EASTERN EUROPE



forms through the printer, stamping them with great gusto in many places. Finally, he took all this bundle of paper away into the back somewhere, and was prepared to issue me a ticket. And this was in *West Berlin*.

Berlin homos tell me that Berlin is going to take over from San Francisco as gay capital of the world. Whee! Just like before the war. That's what we need, the return of Weimar Berlin. We can all go visit and pretend to be Christopher Isherwood.

What else: Well, the Wall is coming down. The guards are gone from the guard towers, the barbed wire is down, crews are working to break up the cement. I wonder what they'll put in the empty space, a big shopping mall?

Czechoslovakia: The Land of Stamps. I thought Ticket Agent Man was stamp-happy. Geez. There aren't a lot of computers in Czech-land, which means every transaction is written down in a ledger and stamped. In fact, in one restaurant, there was a woman at a desk whose only job seemed to be to stamp things. That's all she did. Ca-chunk, ca-chunk...

It's a very pretty country, when it isn't hideous. On our trips through the countryside, it was almost perfectly predictable: "There's a pretty little village with red roofs. There's a vast pit mine. There's a pretty little village with red roofs. There's an enormous nuclear reactor. There's a pretty..."

And in the cities, it's definitely the playground of Urban Planners From Hell. Imagine a fairly non-scary U.S. housing project, no boarded up windows, not much graffiti. Imagine it 10 stories tall. Imagine another one next to it, and another, and another, literally as far as the eye can see. Well. That's Bratislava! And Brno, and South Prague, and lots of places.

That part fit the stereotype. Not fitting the stereotype: I was expecting a lot more visible pollution than I saw.



Eyeball streetlamps, Prague.

Prague, for example, is supposed to be one of the most polluted cities in Europe. It looked and smelled a lot better than San Jose, for instance. No brown cloud at all.

Everything is startlingly cheap. My cheapest dinner was 80¢ for soup, chicken, and coffee, in a fairly nice restaurant. Cheap, but not that good. Your Humble SemiVegetableterrier Editor was at something of a loss to be presented constantly with gigantic slabs of flesh. Meat, meat, meat. Vegetables consisted of canned peas. Everywhere. They had vegetables, I saw them in the stores, but they weren't available in restaurants. Except those peas.

So we went to Prague, which is a lot like Paris. I was disappointed. I expected it to be more medieval, and it was very 1700's. Oh, well. So I bought some canned krill and some Amyl brand pudding mix, and off we went.

Hungary looks a lot like Czechoslovakia, except flatter. I wasn't feeling too well, so I didn't have a lot of adventures in Budapest. Sorry.

Budapest is a very good example of the sort of Disneyland feel I get from lots of European cities. Here we are in a place that looks very old and well-preserved. No, wait, this entire city was bombed into rubble in the war. But what about all these old buildings? "Reconstructions." What does



In Hungary, it's not pronounced "hussy for rent."

"reconstruction" mean, when the original structure was destroyed? It's not a repaired version of the old building, it's something entirely new. Gives me the willies.

Oh, well. Everything was very cheap here, too. It was very strange to be in a developed country, with running water and paved streets, and spend so little.

It was in Budapest that the Traveling Companions got a pizza with those canned peas on it. Eek! Good thing I was sick...

Our final experience in Budapest was unique, which was fine with me. We were stuck in a very jammed traffic jam, all the way out of the center, almost to the edge of town. We finally got to the cause of the congestion. Was it a huge, multicolor splat experience? No, it was about ten police cars and a veritable shitload of cops with machine guns, who apparently had blocked off most of the lanes on the freeway just to liven up their lunch break. It was scary. Think about the kind of creature that wants to be a cop in the U.S. Would you want him carrying an automatic weapon? And it has to be worse in a more overtly fascist country like the land of the Magyars....

Anyway, it was an interesting, if not overly pleasant, trip. It's nice to be back. Time for some nice Chinese food, I think.

Art Lick Gallery

Your Humble Editor was going to interview the proprietors of the Art Lick gallery at 19th and Collingwood in San Francisco, but he has flaked on this task. Instead of an interview, then, we present the following babble: YHE has visited Art Lick a number of times. Each time he has been thoroughly delighted with the pieces on display, especially the Jerome show. Each time he has been greeted with great good cheer by the Friendly Man, co-proprietor. Art Lick is a great space run by swell fellers and all GAWK readers are hereby ordered to go take a gander, especially the ones who can afford to buy art, or risk incurring the Editorial Wrath. You wouldn't like that, I promise. It's very bad.

Now I will tell you my Art Story. Once upon a time, there was an artist named Daryl (there still is, actually). Daryl was also the roommate of Peter Cheeseman, GAWK supporter and former landlady of Your Humble. Daryl's art at that time contained many a fractured oval motif, causing certain cruel souls to refer to his work as "Eggs and Lines." One fine Sunday morning, YHE took out his roommate's pastel crayons and produced a combinatory pastiche of Daryl's work and some middle-sixties Methodist stained glass that burned itself into the Humble Brain at cub scout meetings back in Rifle, Colorado. Anyway, it was called, of course, "Eggs and Lines."

So, I showed it to a friend, who grovelled at my feet in such adulation that I was forced to give it to her. She, in turn, gave it to her

squeeze of the moment, because he also loved it so. He, being a Germ, decided to go back to Germany, and wanted a similar picture to give to his sister. So, I got out the ol' pastel crayons and made "Lines and Eggs." I haven't heard what the Germ Sis thought of my efforts, but I did make \$50 on the deal. Life is sure mysterious.



OOPS!

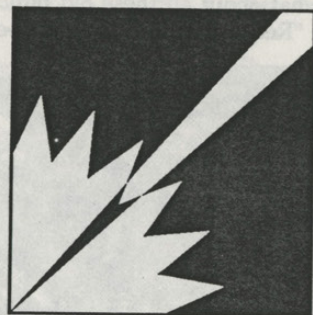
We forgot to put Sister Nobody in the Zine reviews section, and now it's too late! Sister Nobody 2336 Market #128 SF CA 94114 \$1. Way cool words and swell graphics. Humble Bugface says "Yow!"

We also forgot HOMOtore, which is full of interesting graphic ideas and available in SF and by mail from the address we will print for you next time, when we don't leave it at home 50 miles away.

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Beowulf Thome
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Teddy Bear Sam

I used to fuck my teddy bear. His name was Sam. Between the ages of seven and eleven, before I discovered the boy next door, I stuck my peepee into just about everything I could find in my room that was stickable. Teddy Bear Sam was my favorite. Besides the armpits and crotch, he had a big soft mouth which opened wide and I'd stick it in there and clamp the mouth closed with my hand and just go to town on the little whore. It was fine until I started ejaculating. He got to be such a mess that I had to cremate him... in the incinerator. I cried.

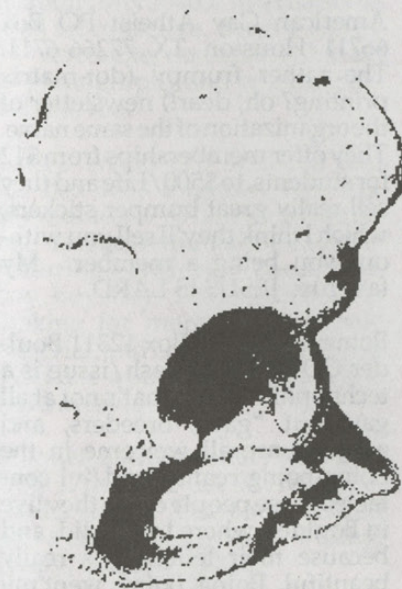
(reprinted from HOMOtore)



SUBMIT!

While it is true that GAWK has more or less left behind its modest beginnings, in which any material sent to us would be used, we aren't *very* far past that point, so our claim remains basically the same: Send us your writing, art, photography, and we'll print it, probably. If we don't use it, we'll be nice about it, I promise. Submission of an item automatically makes you a member of GAWK, and you get a free copy of the issue that your Thang appears in, but you still have to send us some money if you want to keep getting the magazine in the mail. Our address is listed in the Administrivia section at the beginning. We can accept many varieties of floppy disk. If you want to submit something, and you're afeared, and want to be reassured, or if you just want to hear my message, which is sometimes amusing, call the Humble Hotline at (415) 695-1203.

Note: The next issue will be all-cartoons, to the degree that I can shut myself up, and I would like as many single-panels and strips as I can get.



Bone by Scott Weiss

Sugar's Top Ten

Our founder and Fairy GAWKmother Jon Sugar submits the following Homo Hit Parade:

1. *Gay Type Thang* by me, Jon Sugar. The best gay rap song ever. 104 beats per minute. Funny, clever. \$3 from Jon Sugar 901 Stanyan #14 SF CA 94117
2. *Gay Type Thang* (side 2) House mix. Stark, base, everything you'd expect from me. Comes with a free dental dam.
3. *Freight Train* by Sister Double Happiness. Written by Gary Floyd, lead singer in SDH, former lead singer with the Dicks, a great singer and songwriter. This song is 60s/90s blues at its best. And of course Gary is gabba gabba gay. *Freight Train* is about AIDS, rejection, and abandonment sung with power and intensity. Incomparable. Gary lives in SF. SDH is great. See them live.
4. *Homosapien* by Pete Shelley. Queer ex-Buzzcocks singer and brain. Awash with positivity.
5. *HardUp* by Sylvester. Call it Roscoe. Rock/Disco. Sylvester had it all. Black, gay, on MTV, and AIDS. Dick-in-a-lightsocket vocals, as usual.
- 5.5 *Menergy* by Sylvester. Boys, cum, crystal methamphetamine, it's all here.
6. *Small Town Boy* by Bronski Beat. Pathos, desperation, and a beat you can dance to.
7. *Vicious/Walk on the Wild Side* by Lou Reed. From the Transformer album. Lou is married but he's had sex with men. Marriage never stopped me either.
8. *Jungle Jezebel* by Divine from Divine's Greatest Hits. I was in a band called the White Trash Debutantes who opened for her at the Stone. Jungle Jezebel is a bust-out gem. Divine's records were big hits in Europe and club faves here.
9. *Castro Boy* by Danny and the Serious Party Gods. Danny is local gay comic Danny Williams. An absolute scream, dishing with a hi-N-R-G beat. Very high level.
10. *Hurricane Anita*. Lyrics: "Florida orange juice made me feel gay as a goose." Roll over Mozart.

Here's the zine rules, which are of course violated left and right here. Rule One: I'm mostly only interested in special interest publications catering to fags, lesbians, and bicycles. Not that I think breeders are evil or anything, but I am after all a tiny little publication with limited space. Rule Two: If I have to buy my own review copy, it better cost \$3 or less. Cheapskaters rule, dude.

All of these magazines would prefer that you send them money, not checks. Some of them are adamant about it and they will send your check back or throw it away or something. Big green US dollars only. GAWK, on the other hand, takes checks. We'll take anything negotiable. We prefer large checks, though. Or cute Czechs.

American Gay Atheist PO Box 66711 Houston TX 77266-6711. The rather frumpy (dot-matrix printing? oh, dear!) newsletter of the organization of the same name. They offer memberships from \$12 for students, to \$500/Life and they sell really great bumper stickers, which I think they'll sell you without you being a member. My favorite: JESUS IS LARD.

Boing-boing, PO Box 12311 Boulder CO 80303. \$3 cash/issue is a technophilic romp that's not at all gay, but "gays, breeders, and asexuals are all welcome in the boing-boing reality grid." I contacted these people cause they live in Boulder, where I once did, and because their lettering is really beautiful. Boing, boing, went my brain, and I'm glad it did. Excellent thoughts on the subject of com-

puters as tools of personal liberation.

Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine 7850 Sunset Blvd. #110 LA CA 90046. \$4, I think. This is very vulgar and funny and would get a prize if its layout and printing weren't so yoooolgie. I think these people take too many drugs. They also seem to be very concerned with Who's Gay (everybody, it seems) and Who's Got a Big One (everybody, again). And, if this is as it doth claim itself to be, the black teen drag queen magazine, why are all the nekkid boys white? Take that fruit bowl off your head girl, put the top on that little bottle, and pay some attention to quality, and you'll have SomeThang here. Almost wonderful.

GM Artists PO Box 300006 Minneapolis MN 55403. International mail art collective. Send 8 1/2 by 11" xeroxable, non-returnable art or photography and you can participate too.

Lana's World c/o Michelle Rau PO Box 3633 Eugene OR 97403. \$3/2 issues, \$7/5 issues. A charming "lesbian feminist comix zine" featuring lots of cats. This is good, hoy, hoy, hoy. Editor Michelle is looking for more funny female material, and is also single, so you available women better get in line right away...

Milquetoast from Jeffery Kennedy 3491 17th St. Sf CA 94110. Free, send a stamp. One sheet, folded into a cute little package. Funny, crispy, queeny. Whee!

My Comrade/Sister 326 East 13th St. #15 NYC, NY 10003. \$5/issue. My Comrade is a big, gleaming but yet radical (interview with NAMBLA in the one I got) New York City Type Thang with a strong orientation toward boys who wear dresses. Better than baseball hats, I guess, but why do they like to do that? Why, why, why? Anyway, the magazine is expensive but swell. On the back is Sister, a big, gleaming but yet radical New York City Type Thang with a strong orientation toward girls who don't wear dresses. Also much swell. News flash! The new issue I just saw was cheaper (\$3?) and smaller, but still way fun.

Punk Beat 151 First Ave Box A New York NY 10003. Free for SASE. This is a little homocore newsletter. Seminekkid pitchers, stories about music, GLAAD, and wieners. Publisher Joe Britz has another Thang, Punkbeat Zine, which I haven't seen (next time, eh?) which is \$2 cash/stamps and an I-am-a-grownup statement. It's apparently of a sexxxual nature, a-henh!

Thing 1516 N. Sedgewick Chicago IL 60610-1223. \$5/3 issues. Thing, Thing, Thing, we love you dearly. This magazine is the absolute best thing to ever happen to a xerox machine. It looks wonderful, it's well written, way funny, and all the words are spelled right. Except one, and that may have been intentionl. This is really hot and you must have it. Very black, very gay, very very. Boy, (so to speak) do we like this Thing. It's neat. Buy it, right now. Buy two. Buy lots. Give some to Mom. It's consummately groovulescent.

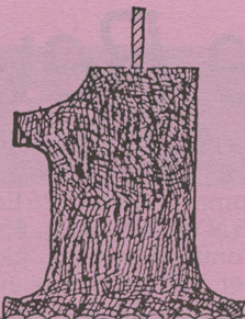
TNT/Pollution Circus 1008 10th St. #729 Sacramento CA 95814. They sent me this little booklet, "Fuck Men" which is a sexual liberation kind-o-thang, and is free. Send them a stamp. The center-fold, "Penis Mightier Than The Sword" certainly wins my humble vote. Oh, look, they've sent me some more swell things! Stickers, Arty Things, yow!

Other things you might like:
Chainsaw 2336 Market #128 SF 94114 \$1 punk rock homo dorks.
darknerve 276 28th St. SF CA 94131 \$10/yr. more than just a literary magazine.
Factsheet Five 6 Arizona Ave Rensselaer NY 12144-4502 \$3/issue, \$16/year. Lists every little publication in the world.
Holy Titclamps from Boxholder P.O. Box 3054 Minneapolis MN 55403 Free, send 35¢ postage. Larry-Bob on the rampage.
Homocore P.O. box 77731 SF 94197 \$1/issue. They hate checks, so only send big green US dollars.
Keychie Kishline 2334 So. 8th St. Philadelphia PA 9148 Nicole's Thang, poems and collage, free, send stamps.
Pavement of Surface 2336 Market #133 SF CA 94114 \$1/issue Various ravings.

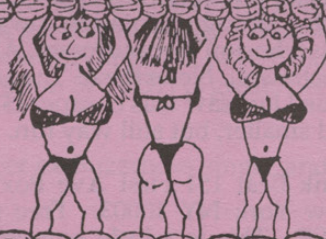
Just in case you were wondering how we make GAWK look so stunningly special:

Text was prepared with Microsoft Word on a Macintosh Plus. Graphics (including Captain Condom) were generated with Adobe Illustrator. Photographs were scanned with a Thunderscanner, and retouched in ImageStudio. Final assembly was done in PageMaker on a Macintosh II and printed on a LaserWriter IINTX.

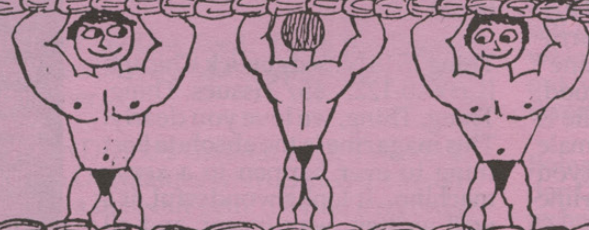
We're not saying that this is the only way to produce a zine, but if you have a hardware fetish, this is a very nipple hardening method. Special thanks to "Lucky Robby" for letting us scandalize his equipment.



Happy



Birthday



GAWK Magazine



The (Almost) All Cartoon Issue!

**G
A
W
K**

**WHAT YOUR
FRIENDS WOULD
RECOMMEND!**

#6



*Gosh, Slimac,
we're syndicated!*

*That's great, Captain!
Now you'll be able to keep
up the payments on this
new plane of yours!*

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Administrivia

Big Editor and Humble Mommy
Tom Shearer

Little Editor and Ungrateful Daughter
Beowulf J. H. Thorne

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Subscription rates have changed again! It keeps getting more expensive to send GAWK out, y'see.

Poor People: Send \$3 (or more) for four issues.

Less Poor People: Send any amount over \$4. We suggest \$5 for four issues. You can't subscribe for more than one year at a time, for the future is mysterious, and who knows what might happen. If you send us \$10 or more for your year, you go in the Benefactors section.

Other publications: We are happy to trade subscriptions (and ads).

Dollar bills, stamps, checks, money orders go to Your Humble Editor:

Tom Shearer
P.O. Box 31431
San Francisco CA 94131

(415) 864-5434



Your Humble Editorial

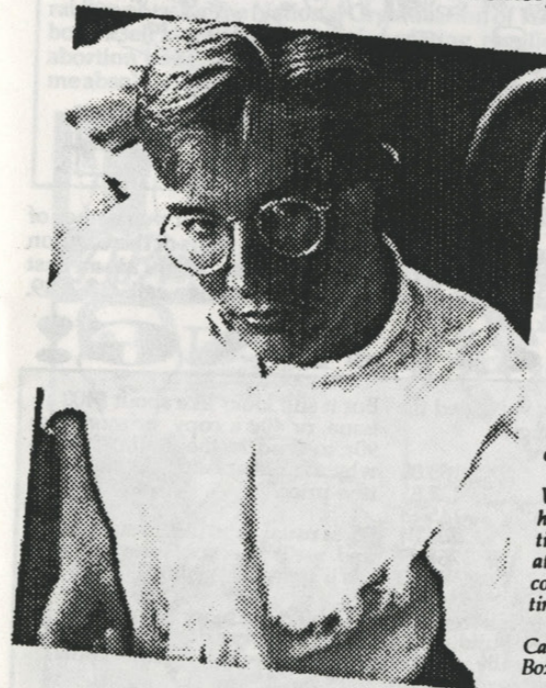
Well, for an issue that is supposedly all-cartoons, there's already quite a bit of text in here, so YHE will attempt to keep himself in succinct mode in this editorial. What do you think? Can I?

You'll notice a couple of new features, the Humble Book Review, the Resource Guide, and the Prison Penpals sections, as well as an old feature, Captain Condom, that was supposed to go away. Public outcry caused me to enquire of Beowulf as to why he wanted to move CC to our other publication, the Diseased Pariah News. He said he thought it was more appropriate to DPN because our primary audience there is the Diseased, but really, when you think about it, condoms are a much more pertinent issue for the Undiseased, but anyway, lots of CC fans squealed and so the Captain is back, in syndication, even, and little Beo's heart is swelled with pride. Not only that, but DPN #1 has an epic-length CC, which you won't be seeing in GAWK, but you will be able to buy in the forthcoming Collected Captain Condom comic book. We also offer the first installment of an ongoing comic feature, *GayWorld 3035*, which will be appearing here as often as Kevin has time to do it. Pretty keen, eh? I hope this doesn't result in any episodes of hair-pulling and slapping between Kevin and Beowulf. We all know that the Captain is the featured, #1 strip, OK? Anyway, *GayWorld* will also be available as a comic book one day. Yow. GAWK publishing company takes on the world! I'm also thinking about doing a collection, or maybe a couple of collections, of my poems. Whaddaya think? Will you buy them?

So. Originally it looked like the Cartoon Issue was going to be a major flop, at least as far as diversity, since we weren't getting doo-doo and it looked like it was going to be all drawn by me and Biffy. But what the heck, everybody loves our work anyway, right? RIGHT? However, due to my spending about six weeks illin' (I'm way fine now, but you can send me "Stay Well" cards if you'd like) and Beowulf going to Mexico for a week, deadlines sort of slipped and now we've got cartoons coming out our ears. And so do you. But slightly less than we do, 'cos we kept some for next issue.

Judging by the mail we get here at GAWK Publishing, many of Your Humble Editor's adoring fans do not realize that the part of GAWK that I am responsible for is the writing, and that's the only part that y'all should be adoring with me in mind. Those of you who adore the Look of GAWK are actually not my fans at all, but Beowulf's. He's the visual genius. I'm pretty strictly only the word genius, and although I come up with a few ideas about layout and as Absolute Mommy I do have final decision powers, usually my decision is "That looks great! You're a genius!"

Anyway, especially now that my adoring fans have begun to send me nekkid polaroids, Biffy wants the world to know that GAWK is in fact the work of two, count 'em two, adorable geniuses, not just one, and he'd like to get his own fan mail, especially if it includes boner shots.



Hey, Boys and Girls!

Want to be (slightly) famous?

GAWK magazine wants to take your picture, to use it for clever things like reminders to send us lots of money, other internal graphics, or maybe the cover! Wow!

You get a copy of the issue we use you in, prints of the pictures we take, and a plastic spider.

You need not be beautiful or fashionable, as long as you are fairly queer-appearing. We like all kinds of fags-n-dykes, yes we do.

We're talking basically G-rated stuff here, although as you may have noticed we do occasionally use moderately unclad images, and you're welcome to be one if you wanna. We're tired of cutting up our magazines.

Call or write, (415) 864-5434, PO Box 31431 SF CA 94131.

So. A little bit about him, just to fix this lesson in your mind. That's a picture of him down there. I took it myself. I'm so multi-talented. Since he has no tattoos, he's by definition not quite as cute as YHE but his tallywhacker is almost as big. And he is taller than me. And of course he wins Gay Points by being a mere slip of a lad at age 25.

Mr. Boofy also recently became the Humble Roommate, so I know lots of embarrassing details about him. They are available for one dollar and a self-addressed stamped envelope.

So. Beowulf is going to Art School here in San Fagcisco, which will probably considerably enhance the Captain, and spending all his free time working on GAWK and DPN, which is why he's beginning to forget what a penis looks like. Perhaps his Adoring Layout Fans would like to refresh his memory.

Benefactors

These nice people either gave us money or bought benefactor subscriptions. (Names descend from Amazingly Philanthropic to Charmingly Generous.)

S. B. Chan, B.J. Gresham, Rick & Vern, D. Bau, T. Trusky, South Bay Times, V. Polichar, M. Ginn, D. Fitch, B. Payne, S. Weiss, G. Custer, R. Kirby.

Helping Hands

Some people don't give us money, they give us direct physical help. Tanks to Fold & Staple Slaves Rick and Efrem, Mr. Photocopy Glenn, Southland Representative Rondo, Jeff for Lino, Santa Tom Rielly for a million presents (GAWK as we know it would probably not exist without the use of Tom's equipment) and we'd like to profusely thank Rick of LaserForm for a mind-boggling abundance of advice and help. His assistance was crucial in getting GAWK #5 out. Who says you shouldn't do business with your friends, eh?

Official Statement of Porpoise

GAWK magazine serves mainly to gratify the egos of the editors. A second purpose is to provide amusement and delight to the homo community. A third goal is to provide a forum for new or under-exposed queer voices. We print art & writing by lesbians & sodomites, er, excuse me, gay men, and we're always a-lookin' for material.

GAWK is a quarterly, published in March, June, September, and December. Print run for #6 is 1000.

Gay Artists and Writers Collective:

Jon Sugar
901 Stanyan #14
San Francisco CA 94117
(415) 731-2424

Advertising Rates

Ad rates for GAWK and DPN:

Business Card:	\$5
1/4 Page:	\$10
1/2 page:	\$20
Full Page:	\$40

Things For Sale

We have bound sets of the first four issues of GAWK. Two Dollars. If you ask, we'll send issue #5, too.

We also have the Collected Captain Condom, hours of delectation for only a dollar.

Errata

OSINSKI! It's spelled OSINSKI!!



GAWK continues to leave behind its modest beginnings, in which any material sent to us would be used. Now we're getting picky. We will no longer publish material that's downright bad (not that we ever did, of course). It has to be at least mediocre now. And we really don't like rhyming poetry. With that in mind, send us your writing, art, photography, etc., that's at least mediocre, and we'll print it, probably. If we don't use it, we'll be nice about it. I promise. You get a free copy of the issue that your Thang appears in, but you still have to send us money if you want to keep getting GAWK in the mail. Questions? Call the Editors' Hotline at (415) 864-5434.

What's Next?

Number Seven (Dec.) is scheduled to be the Women's Outreach, We Hate Xmas But We Like Dykes issue. #7 starts a new regular feature, The Humble Opinion, in which YHE raves on about a subject that has gotten him all huffy and puffy recently. Potential topics include our new favorite bugaboo, Outing; Politically Correct terminology; Bambi Environmentalism; and my torrid sex life with George Bush.

ADULT HOOD

Welcome to Adulthood. Here are some things you will have:

BOSSSES

BILLS

BREAK UP

LITTLE White Lies

Moments of Clarity:

©1990 Roxxie

Rox-atronic, Roxxie, et. al. are the nicknames, aliases, or pen names of our athletic lesbian correspondent. The Rox is the focus of the Cartoon Club, East Bay lesbians who draw, well, cartoons. If you are an East Bay lesbian who draws cartoons, you might want to call 733-2149. See review, Girl Jock.

BEGGING!

All right, here's how we ended the last issue's accounting:

Postage:	163.08
Printing:	422.83
Other Expenses:	115.13
Total:	701.04
Income:	764.97
Surplus:	63.93

Some of that money was non-recurring expenses, namely building the booth for the Pride rally, so this should be our most extravagant quarter ever, and future issues should be more inexpensive.

But it still looks like about \$400 an issue, or 40¢ a copy, or more like 90¢ to send in the mail, which is why we keep raising the subscription price.

So, as usual, send us all your money, and we'll like you forever. And we'll keep publishing.

We could use more Xerographic Pirates. If you can do copying or laser printing for us, just let us know.

Book Reviews



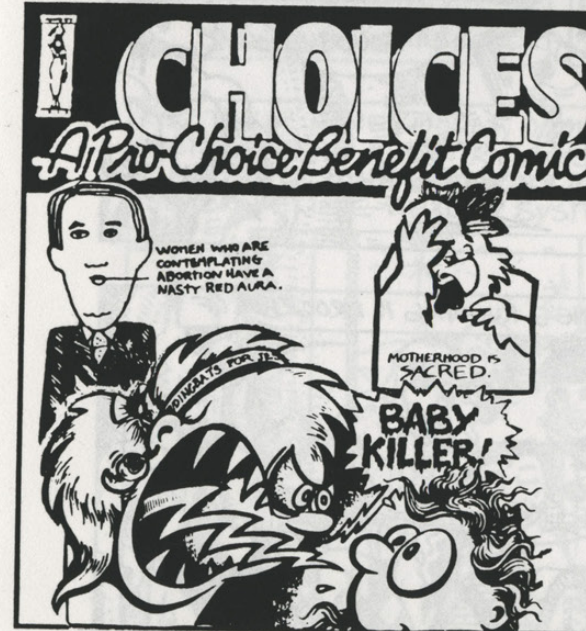
This, in case you aren't a regular GAWK reader (shame!), is a new feature, which will consist of two book reviews, one newish and one older than newish. This time, though, cause it's the comics issue, I have comical books to review.

Stonewall Riots by Andrea Natalie. \$5 from 7100 Boulevard East, Guttenberg NJ 07093. 74 single-panels, mostly lesbian themes, and mostly way funny. Some of them are REEELY funny. And funny upon re-examination, which is the mark of true funnism. Sends the Humble Tee-Hee Meter right into the red zone. Buy it immediately.

It's a good thing that Stonewall Riots is so funny, because the Humble Blood Pressure needs a break after reading Choices (below), a comic anthology to raise money for the National Organization of Women's pro-choice work. The book itself is only moderately infuriating, excellent cartoonists examining the abortion issue from the pro-choice perspective but the whole subject makes me absolutely demented with anger. "Right-to-life!" Hah! Operation Rescue!

What rock did these assholes crawl out from under?

Anyway, buy the book. \$5 from Angry Isis Press, 1982 15th St. San Francisco CA 94114.



HOMOSEXUALS ALSO HAVE AN AURA.



Well. To get that one written I had to stop three times to pace the floor and stew. I had to sweep the stairs just to sit down for this one. I must be in a bad mood. OK. Breathing slowly and evenly, we look at Homo Patrol, \$4 from Tom Roberts, 333 S. East Ave #209 Oak Park IL 60302. Now, some of us have a hard time viewing the majority of humanity as anything but vicious imbeciles. Some of us find ourselves a little bit cranky and depressed from time to time when we think of the sort of things our fellow human beans get up to. Some of us probably shouldn't read Homo Patrol, which features some of our favorite scare stories, like Sex Police, Gestapo tactics, internment camps, Republicans... Not quite real, but not far off. I've reprinted from one of the lightest pages to entice you to buy it, but be advised that it's mostly scary. A Helpless Anger Production. See you at camp.

Gay World

© 1990 by
KEVIN SOBERLUND

THE YEAR IS 3025, AND THE WORLD HAS ENTERED A STATE OF ECONOMIC AND MENTAL EUPHORIA. WORLD HUNGER IS ABOLISHED, THE ENVIRONMENT CONTINUES TO FLOURISH, AND HOMOSEXUALITY IS RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST EFFICIENT (AND ENJOYABLE) FORM OF BIRTH & POPULATION CONTROL. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAS ITS THIRD BLACK PRESIDENT, AND UNCENSORED ART IS ENCOURAGED & FUNDED BY THE N.E.A.

LET'S STEP INTO THE APARTMENT OF THE SMITHEE FAMILY.....



HOW DO I LOOK, KIDS?

WOW! FABU, DAD!

NOW, DON'T HAVE ANY WILD PARTIES WHILE I'M AT MY COCKTAIL PARTY..... I'LL PROBABLY BE BRINGING A MAN HOME LATER I'M DYING TO GET REMARRIED!



SOMEDAY, I'M GOING TO BE AS GLAMOROUS AS DAD!



FUCK THAT SHIT! I WANT TO BE A FEMALE BODY BUILDER!!

LATER THAT NIGHT, WILLARD TRIES A NEW PROGRAM ON HIS PERSONAL HOLO-BODY COMPUTER.....



HELLO, WILLARD.... IN THE MOOD?

MEANWHILE, IN SAMANTHA'S ROOM, SHE'S RUNNING A PROGRAM OF HER OWN.....



AT THE COCKTAIL PARTY.....



...WHY, YES! I DO HAVE TWO PERFECTLY LOVELY CHILDREN— BOTH UNQUESTIONABLY GAY, AS EVERY RESPONSIBLE AND SOCIALLY-CONSCIOUS CHILD SHOULD BE!.....

I AGREE....

SIX MONTHS LATER....



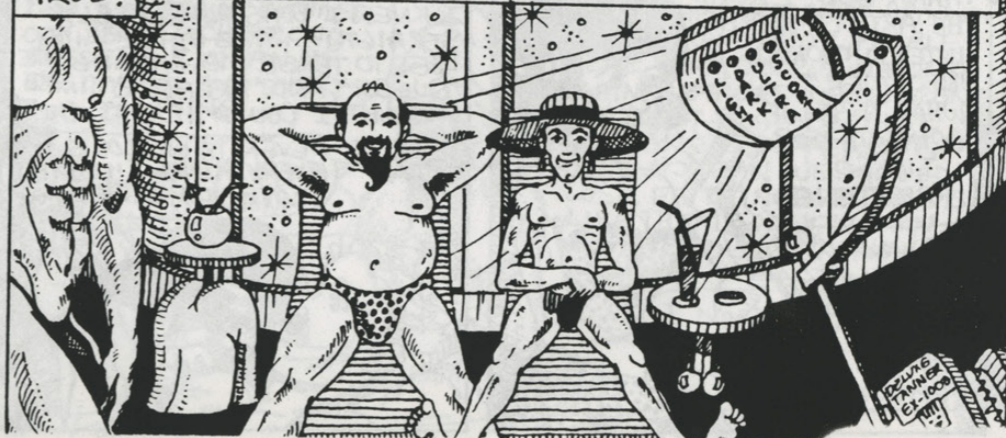
... I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU HUSBAND AND HUSBAND...



.... YOU MAY KISS YOUR MATE.

A NEW HUSBAND.... AT LAST!!

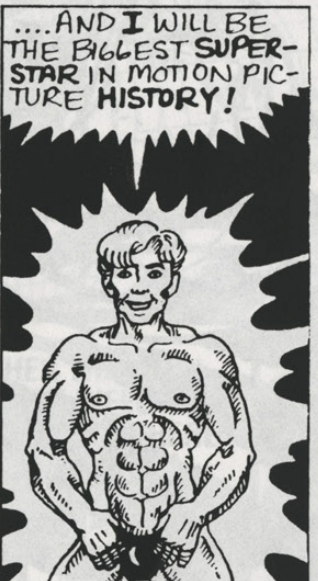
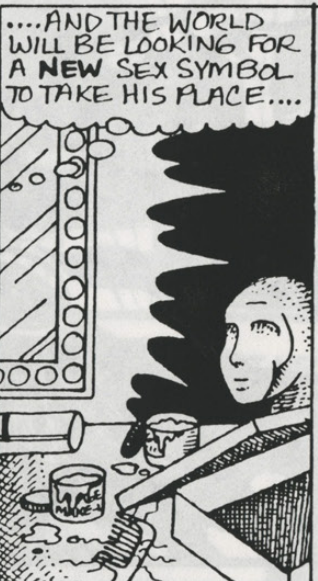
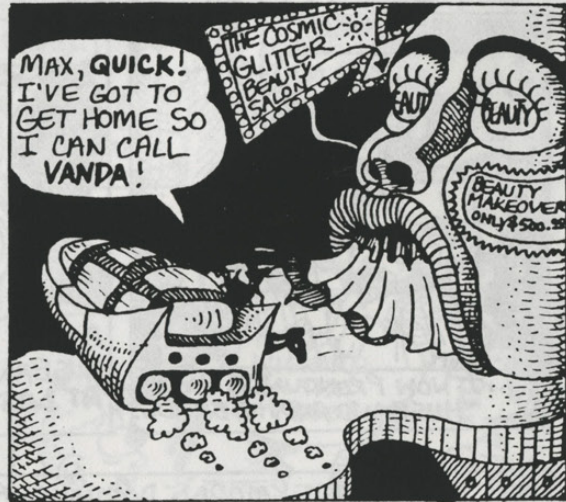
FOR THEIR HONEYMOON, DOMINIC AND HIS NEW HUSBAND, RICHARD, TAKE A SOLAR CRUISE ON THE HOTTEST NEW SHIP LINE SINCE "THE UPWARDLY MOTION" --- "THE LOADED THRUSTERS" SUPER-DELUXE LUXURY SYSTEM CRUISER.... A FANTASY COME TRUE!



ISSUE # 6
FALL 1990
\$1.00



WE HAVE NOW ENTERED THE LIFE OF DICK STRONGMUSSEL, THE ACADEMY AWARD WINNING ACTOR OF SUCH FILMS AS: "THE OFFICER, MY GENTLEMAN", "GAY LIKE THE WIND", "MY BLACK STALLION", AND THE MUSICAL SENSATION: "THE LITTLE SHOP OF HUSTLERS". FOR YEARS, THIS STAR IN THE HOLLYWOOD WALK OF LIFE HAS BEEN A CLOSET CASE.....DRIVEN TO CONFORM FOR FAME AND FORTUNE, HIS TRUE DESIRE? — SOFT, SUPPLE, FEMALE FLESH!....



TO BE CONT'

The Adventures of

CAPTAIN CONDOM

by Beowulf Thorne

#3



AND NOW, IN THE NAME OF FAIR REPRESENTATION, WE'LL HEAR A BRIEF MESSAGE FROM THE COMPETITION.

HI, DO YOU KNOW ME? I'VE BEEN DECLARED THE NATION'S #1 HEALTH EMERGENCY, AND YET PRESIDENTS CAN SCARCELY SAY MY NAME.

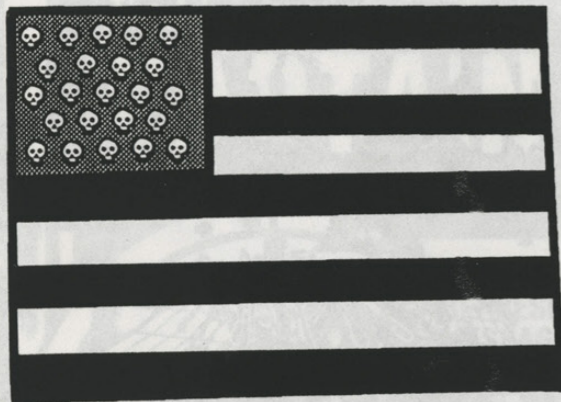
I'M COMMUNICABLE, BUT HARDLY CONTAGIOUS, AND YET PEOPLE CONTINUE TO BECOME INFECTED WITH ME. RATHER THAN LISTEN TO THE GOOD ADVICE OF THEIR HEALTH AUTHORITIES, THEY POINT A LOT OF FINGERS AND BLAME OTHERS.

THE STRAIGHTS BLAME THE GAYS, THE RICH BLAME THE POOR, THE CHASTE BLAME THE PROMISCUOUS, AND EVERYONE BLAMES AFRICA!

AND AFRICA BLAMES THE CIA!

THE TRUTH, AS A SIMPLE VIRUS, I ACT NEITHER THROUGH CHOICE NOR DIVINE INTERVENTION. I SIMPLY INFECT ANY SUITABLE HOST I AM PLACED INSIDE. AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUSPICION KEEPS PEOPLE IGNORANT OF THAT FACT.

AND IGNORANT IS JUST THE WAY I LIKE YOU!

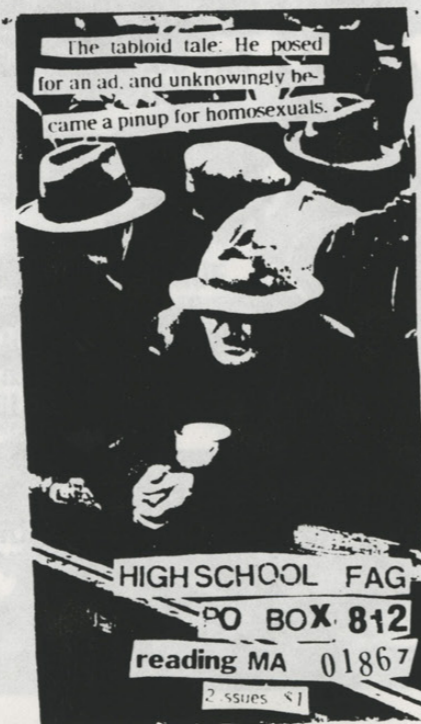
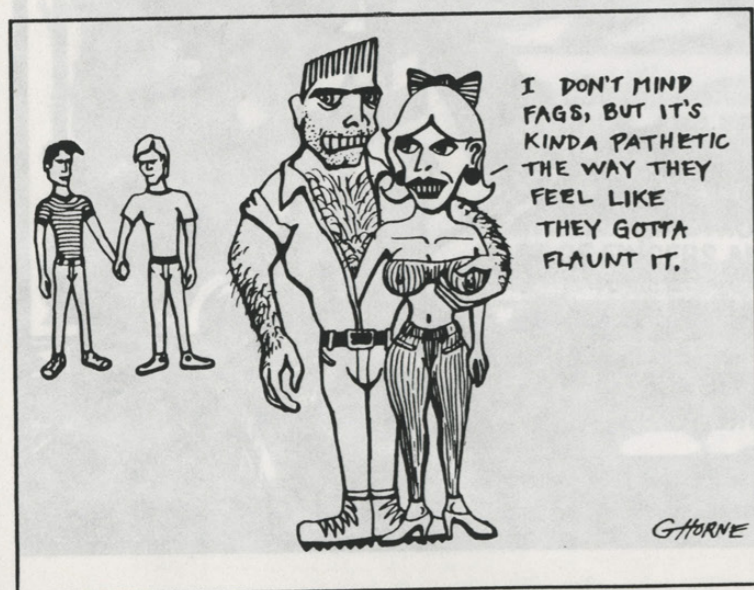


This is not the flag of the USA. This is a comic representation made for satiric effect. You would ordinarily be freely invited to desecrate it until your little desecrator was all sore and raw, but since it appears in the sacred pages of GAWK, you are hereby warned: Naughty little political activists who desecrate GAWK will be taken by the Great Bat-Winged Horror. None of this constitutional jibber-jabber around here, bub.

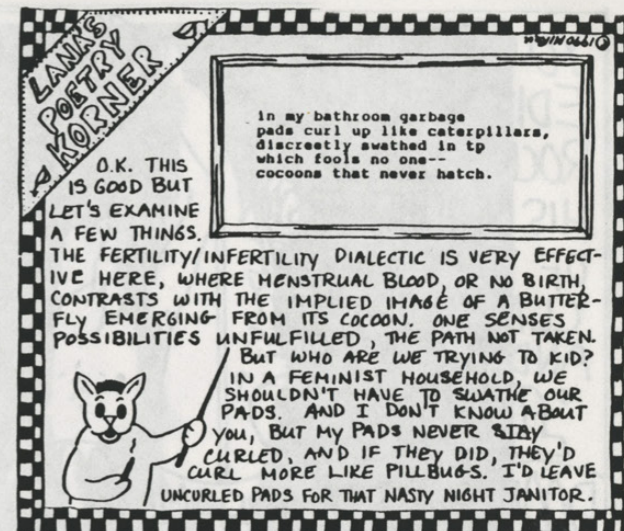
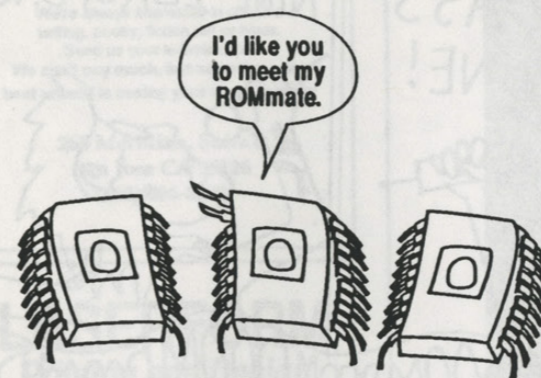


MADONNA AND CHILD

Greg Horne is a SF homo who is still trying to decide what to do when he grows up. Currently he plans to throw a gigantic hissy-fit. In the meantime, he writes and draws, as faithful GAWK readers will have noticed.

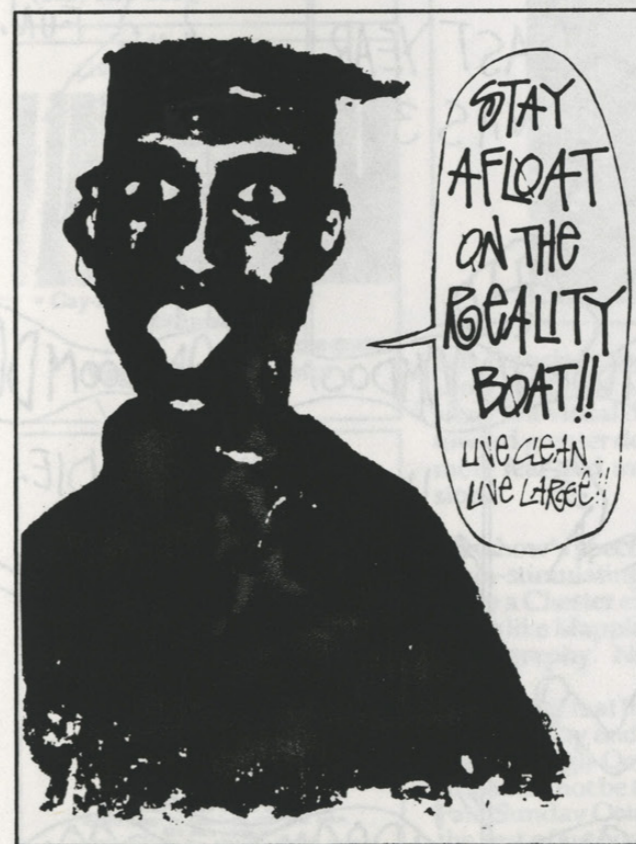


ELECTRONICS HUMOR



Michelle Rau lives in Eugene and edits women's comics journal *Lana's World*. Michelle is under the impression that Lana is a rabbit. Any fool can see that she's a cat, and I want a massive letter-writing campaign to convince her. Michelle, that is, not Lana.

Simone Bouyer is a very busy Chicago woman who edits the *Planet Roc* newsletter (see review), which is the organ of the Wholesome Roc gallery & cafe, of which she is a co-operator, AND she paints and makes fun xerox art things. Busy, busy, busy.



Prisoners

The following persons are incarcerated and don't have an awful lot to do except read the mail.

Gary Towler #081779 Box 444 Martin Correctional Inst. 1150 S. W. Allapattah Rd. Indiantown Fla 34956-4397.

Johnny Rivera TX0005 100 Warrior Ln. 4-35-B Bessemer AL 35023.

Jefferey Lebeda 187278 2500 Sheridan Rd. Muskegon MI 49442. He also sells hand-made cartoon greeting cards, \$8/12, from J. Lebeda Cards 61448 56th St. Lawrence MI 49064.

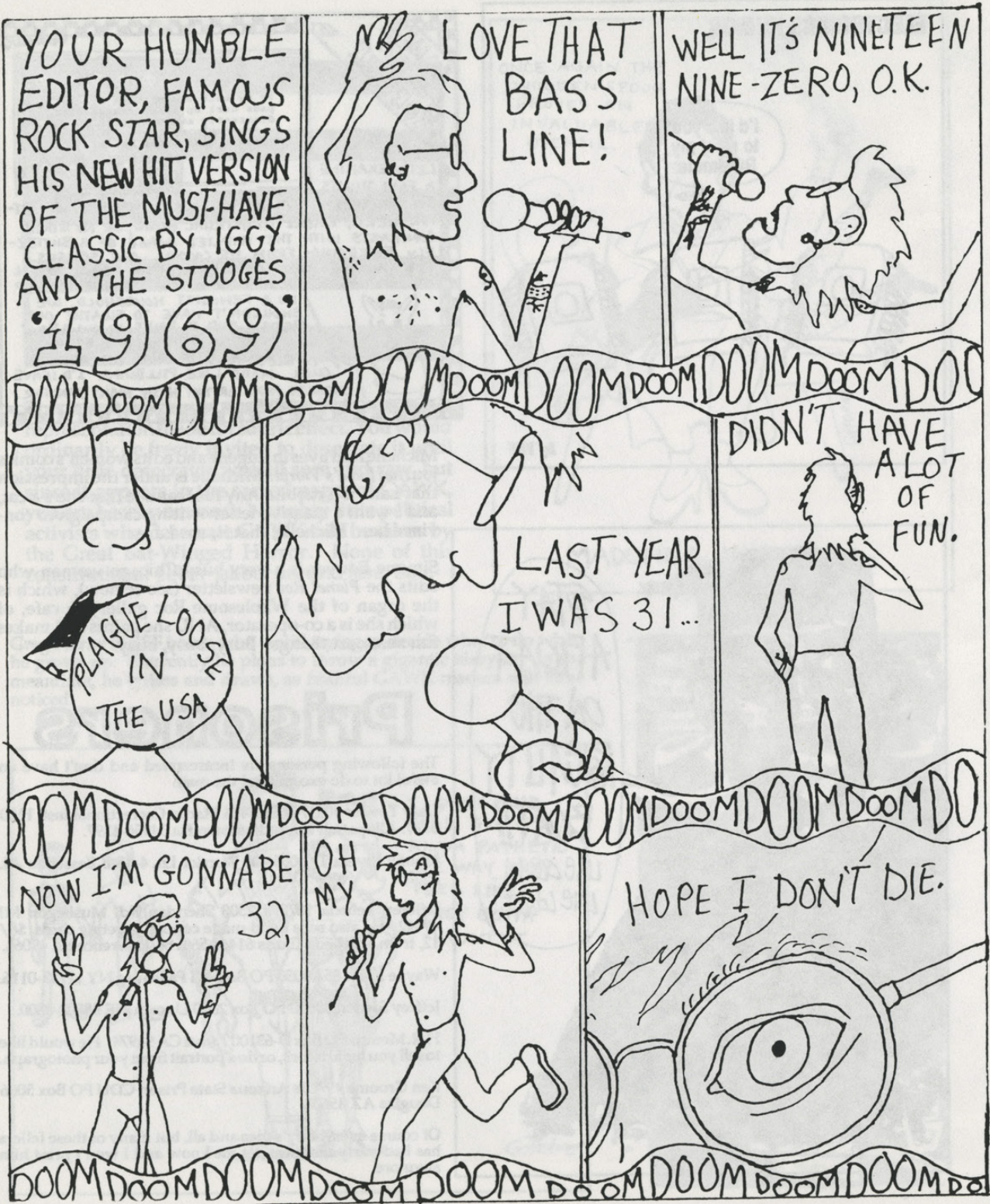
Wayne Hunt 85A8050 PO Box AG Fallsburg NY 12733-0116.

Jeffrey Swann 38650 PO Box 2800 Lincoln NE 68502-0800.

H.R. Memro PO Box D-63100 Tamal CA 94974. He would like to sell you his artwork, or do a portrait from your photograph.

Ken Grooms #59238 Arizona State Prison CDU PO Box 5006 Douglas AZ 85608.

Of course everybody's nice and all, but if any of these fellers has bad party manners, let me know and I won't print him anymore.



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The South Bay's Best

We're always interested in creative writing, poetry, fiction, art or news. Send us your submissions. We can't pay much, but sometimes the best reward is seeing your name in print!

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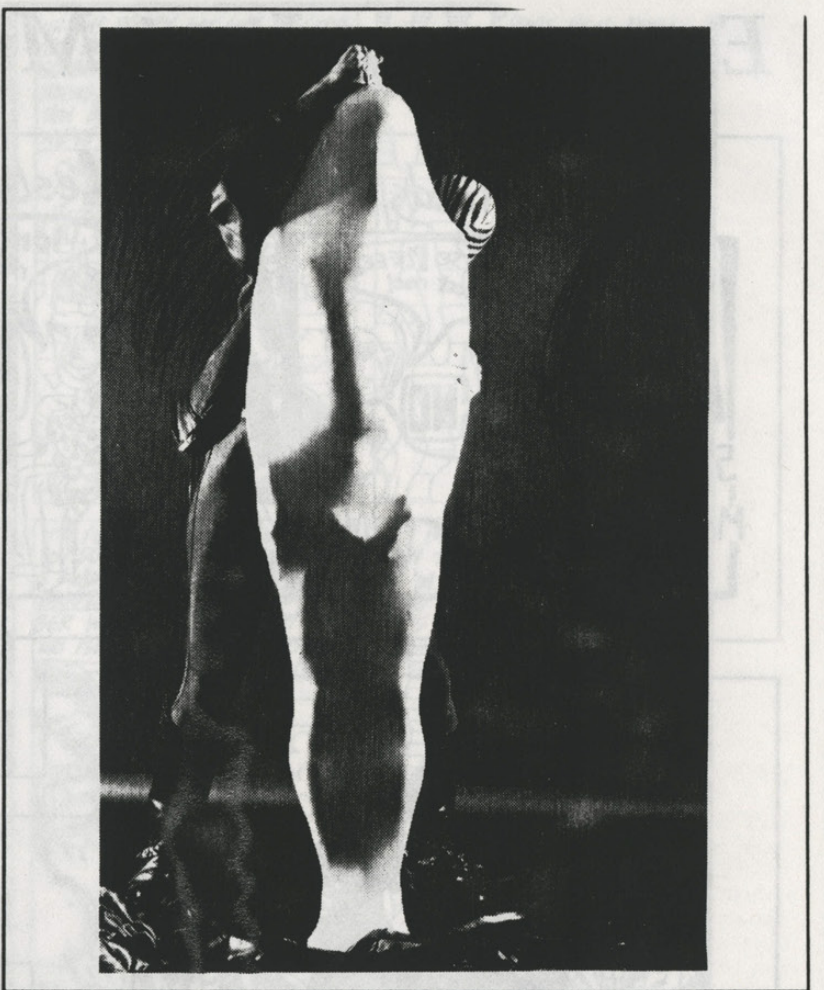
Vegas Presentations
 (415) 922-8228



Boing-Boing T-Shirts

White Henes "Boofy Te" featuring our lovely mascot on the front. Specify Large or Xtra large with your order. \$10 each postpaid.

BOING-BOING PO Box 12311 Boulder CO 80303



San Francisco photographic genius Mark I. Chester is presenting a show of recent work, entitled "Diary of a Thought Criminal." The show is a visual diary of Chester's response to a world that is moving toward greater democracy and freedom while the U.S. moves toward more fear and more restrictions on freedom of thought and expression.

The show's spectrum of images runs from classic nudes to the sort of brain-stimulating sexo-mystico-nightmare-wet dream offerings that make a Chester exhibit such a unique thing. Forget fashion photographers like Mapplethorpe. Go see Chester. The true cutting edge of gay photography. No, he didn't pay me to say that.

The exhibit is at the Mark I. Chester studios, 1229 Folsom St, SF. Hours are Saturday and Sunday, 1 pm to 6 pm. Show runs from September 14th through October 21. \$2 suggested donation, but the impoverished will not be turned away. The show is closed for the Castro Street Fair, Sunday October 7, so that the arteest can cavort in the street with the rest of us homos. Except me. I'll be in Colorado, visiting Mom.

Emergency, Last-Minute Page!

Different Kinds of Modern Lesbians



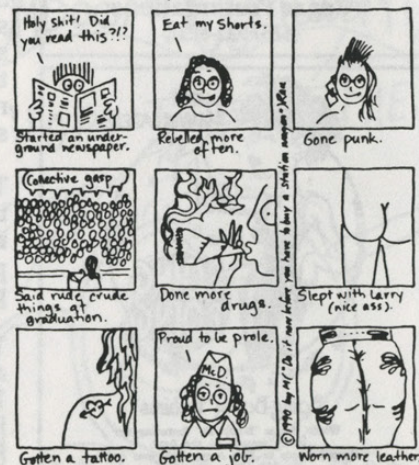
Never Fear!



GAWKman is Here!

Roxx-a-Roni made this.
Simone made this.
Michelle made this.

Things I wish I'd done in high school (but was way too "□")



UH-OH! PETER'S GOT SOME PRESCRIPTION DRUGS FROM HIS DOCTOR TO HELP COMBAT THE HOMOVISIONS HE'S BEEN HAVING, BUT IT STARTS A CONVERSATION BETWEEN SOME CHARACTERS WE'VE ALL SEEN BEFORE...

C'MON PETER DO IT IT FEELS GOOD! DO IT-GOWANN!



DON'T DO IT PETER! IT'S A SIN! YOU'LL BURN IN HELL!!



NAH! HE'S FULL OF IT! EVERYBODY DOES IT! IT'S NATURAL! YOU AREN'T HURTING ANYBODY!!



IT'S FILTHY AND DISGUSTING AND IF YOU DO IT ONCE, YOU'LL DO IT AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN. IT'LL LEAD TO BIGGER SEX OFFENSES! REMEMBER WHAT DICK SAYS: "ANY GUY THAT PLAYS WITH A PENIS MUST BE A FAG!"



HEY BUZZ OFF MR. HOLIER THAN THOU! DON'T LISSEN TO 'IM! HE DON'T WANT YOU TO DO IT CUZ HE CAN'T! HE'S JEALOUS!



YOU EVIL SWINE! AS SOON AS YOU GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION, HE'S GOT YOU HOOKED! THERE WILL BE NO TURNING BACK! HE'LL HAVE YOU "PULLING THE PUPPET" 24 HOURS A DAY!



LOOK PETS! IT'S GETTING BIG! IT WANTS YOU! IT WANTS TO BE YOUR FRIEND. IT JUST WANTS YOU TO PET IT A LITTLE. THAT COULDN'T HURT ANY, COULD IT? JUST PET IT A WHILE THEN STOP BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS GO ON!



NO! NO! NO! BECAUSE I'M A SOLDIER OF CHRIST! SOLDIER OF CHRIST!



NEXT SCHOOL



Zzzzine Reviews

The two basic zine rules, er, guidelines: Rule One: I'm mostly only interested in special interest publications catering to fags, lesbians, and bicycles. Rule Two: If I have to buy my own review copy, it better cost \$3 or less. Cheapskaters rule, dude.

Most of these magazines would prefer that you send them money, not checks. Some of them are adamant about it and they will send your check back or throw it away or something. Big green US dollars only, and we list only the US internal prices. GAWK, on the other hand, takes checks. We'll take anything negotiable. Almost anything. No hot stereotypes please.

A new feature of this feature is the Editors' Choice, the bestest Thang we got this quarter. This time, it's

BIMBOX

This huge, thick, throbbing, cut-n-paste marvel is to scissors and glue what Thing is to desktop publishing software. It's beautiful. It's funny. It has everything. Fine Art. Nekkid boys (and what darlin' creatures they are, too). Nekkid girls (slightly less darlin', that part could use a little work) Not-Fine Art. Violent contempt for elected officials. Violent contempt for Politically Correct Responsible Gay Leaders. Violent contempt for virtually every aspect of our ever-dumbifying McSociety. News. Interviews, with for example the godlike Alison Bechdel. Pop-up centerfolds. Lots-o-humor. No self-important attitude at all. Unfortunately, BIMBOX has attracted the ire of the US Gummint's defenders of virtue and decency, and my last letter from the pulcritudinous monkey-eared Johnny Noxzema included a copy of their subpoena for the dread crime of Pornography.

Not only pornographic, but FREE! Free, that is, "to those who deserve it." So how do you come to deserve it? If you're us, you send them a copy of GAWK and they like it. If you don't happen to have such an example of your charming cleverness (I know you're charming and clever, y'see, because dumbos don't read GAWK), I guess you should send them a letter and explain yourself. Or maybe you could send them a couple of bucks. Money makes almost any dullard seem a little more exciting.

BIMBOX: 282 Parliament St #68 Toronto M5A 3A4 Canada.

More New Stuff:

(I found a bazillion new Thangs this time, so the reviews are short):

Crooked Smile/Cracked Lips 16339 Steubner Airline #205 Spring TX 77379. 75¢/issue. Claire, age 17, is having a bad day. Write her a letter.

Daddy, the magazine, a quarterly for men who like the mature type, "prime beef, aged to perfection" they say on their masthead. I was very impressed with their personals policy: Say anything you want except "straight appearing". Yeah! \$6/issue, \$18/year. Ganymede Press, Dept. G, PO Box 5325, Harrisburg PA 17110-5325.

FagRag Box 331 Kenmore Station Boston MA 02215 A "real" magazine with lots of interviews, travel stories, and prisoners' work. I think they want \$4/issue.

FANg from Laura Partido 2854 Harrison Apt. A SF CA 94110. It's free in SF, She'd probably send you a copy for some stamps or something. Monster stuff, mostly handwritten. Bunch of Your Humble Editor's scare-poems in number 3.

Frighten the Horses from Heat Seeking Publishing 41 Sutter St. #1108 SF CA 94104 \$8/2 issues. "Erotica? Pornography? The distinction is bogus." Sex stories for all orientations, essays, news features, all relating to everyone's favorite topic, S-E-X.

Gary Monster Magazine 311 Palmerston Blvd, basement, Toronto M6G 2N5 Canada. \$1/issue. Funny, political, rude all-collage magazine.

Girl Jock from Rox-a-tronic, 21168 Western Blvd Hayward CA 94541 \$2. The Cartoon Club's very funny sports-themed lesbian cartoon zine that asks the musical question "Doesn't anybody wanna feel my muscle?" I liked it big time, and I hate sports.

GLAASnotes 584 Castro St. #445 SF CA 94114-2588 SF Homo boys-n-girls artists' group newsletter. Comes with membership, \$15/year.

High School Fag from Jeremy PO Box 812 Reading MA 94541 \$1/2 issues. "A magazine of angst for art fags, manic depressives, punks, loners and anyone different" from a real live high school fag. Jeremy is a nice boy, at least in the mail, although I suppose he could be a real butthead in person but how the hell could I tell, I live in fucking California already and why are you always tormenting me?? Oops, sorry. Deadline mania. So HSF is a swell zinelet, friendly and cheap, just the way I like 'em.

HOMOtore PO Box 191781 SF CA 94119-1781. First there was this little Fag Art & Writing magazine called HOMOtore, and it cost \$3. Then there was this magazine-like thing on posters, and it was called PISSELEGANT, and it cost \$1, and they are both quite entertaining but PE is much more slick. Who paid for that nice printing, we ask, and who do we have to blow to have GAWK look that away?

James White Review P.O. Box 3356, Traffic Station Minneapolis MN 55403 \$3/issue, \$12/year. Something about the layout of JWR always bugs me but I can never figure out what it is. Anyway, they aren't afraid to publish harsh or challenging writing, so they get the Humble Yes.

JD's \$2 from PO Box 1110 Adelaide St. Station Toronto, Ontario M5C 2K5 Canada. Everybody loves this and I was kind of startled when I didn't like it much the first time through. Then I decided that I did like most of it, especially the Tab drawings, but the sex stories are just pukey. All about how much fun it is to be kicked around, etc. by skinheads & other thugs. Much like BIMBOX, and probably inspired it.

K Records Box 7154 Olympia WA 98507 Free catalog of alternative myoosic records & tapes and stuff.

Obscure Publications & Video P.O. Box 1334 Milwaukee WI 53201 \$1/issue, \$5/6 months. Monthly, detailed reviews of publication oddities, kind of like Factsheet Five with a magnifying glass. Is good. They also deal in weirdo video, swap/buy.

Planet Roc 1444 N. Greenview Chicago IL 60622 \$5/year. The monthly mag of the Wholesome Roc Gallery in Chicago. Kind of like Thing, only not as firm a grip on their layout software. Friendly, interesting, and economically priced. (Hi, Simone!)

Rock Against Sexism, Basement, 464 Harrison Ave Boston MA 02118 \$1/issue. RAS fights genderism, homophobia, and a lot of other bad isms in rock. Not only that, but the magazine is lively & entertaining. Interviews, information, essays...

SEE HEAR 59 E. 7 St. NY NY 10003. \$1/catalog. Alternative books and records by mail, mostly music. Lots of fun stuff, and besides, they're a GAWK distributor.

Sin Bros. from W. K., PO Box 618, N Hollywood CA 91603. \$1/issue. Quite nice homo boy humor. Everything was funny, and it looks good. Go, my child, and sin some more.

Sister Nobody 2336 Market #128 SF CA 94114 \$1/issue. Editor Laura was wondering where the punkultural lesbian magazines were, when she realized that she could answer at least part of that question by starting her own, and she did, and it is very good.

Socialism and Sexuality from R.J. Hinde 5437 S. Harper #2 Chicago IL 60615 Free for SASE. Serious, thoughtful newsletter from the Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Caucus of the Democratic Socialists of America.

Taste of Latex PO box 460122 SF. CA 94146-0122 \$3/Issue, \$15/year. Another fine, inclusive, sex-type journal for all persuasions. Photography by our hero, Mark I. Chester, in #1.

Whispering Campaign from B. Bouldrey 2212 Baker St. SF CA 94115. I'm not sure he wants mail orders, but I paid \$2 for this at the bookstore, so try sending that... Big chunk of art and writing for fagboys. This is pretty classy for a xeromag, and gives you a lot more for your \$2 than you usually get from the alternative press....

Other things you might like:

American Gay Atheist PO Box 66711 Houston TX 77266-6711 Memberships from \$12 for students, to \$500/Life and really great bumper stickers.

Boing-boing, PO Box 12311 Boulder CO 80303 \$3/issue cash. Not at all gay, but "gays, breeders, and asexuals are all welcome in the boing-boing reality grid".

Chainsaw 2336 Market #128 SF 94114 \$1 punk rock homo dorks. Go Donna.

darknerve 276 28th St. SF CA 94131 \$10/yr. more than just a literary magazine.

Factsheet Five 6 Arizona Ave Rensselaer NY 12144-4502 \$3/issue, \$16/year. Lists every little publication in the world.

Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine 7850 Sunset Blvd. #110 LA CA 90046 \$4/issue. Very vulgar and funny. Oh Girl.

Holy Titclamps from Boxholder P.O. Box 3054 Minneapolis MN 55403. Free, send postage. Larry-Bob on the rampage.

Homocore P.O. box 77731 SF 94197 \$1/issue. Punk Rock Dykes N Fags. No checks.

Keychie Kishline 2334 So. 8th St. Philadelphia PA 9148 Nicole's Thang, poems and collage, free, send stamps and neat things.

Lana's World c/o Michelle Rau PO Box 3633 Eugene OR 97403 \$3/2 issues, \$7/5 issues. Lesbian feminist comix. Keen.

Milquetoast from Jeffery Kennedy 3491 17th St. SF CA 94110 Free, send a stamp. More fun than fun itself. Whee!

My Comrade/Sister 326 East 13th St. #15 NYC, NY 10003 \$3/issue. Homos on the front, Homas on the back.

Pavement of Surface 2336 Market #133 SF CA 94114 \$1/issue. Lots-o-stuff.

Thing 2151 W. Division Chicago IL 60622-3056. \$5/3 issues. Blackish, Hip-hoppish, beautiful. Now bigger, better.

TNT/Pollution Circus 1008 10th St. #729 Sacramento CA 95814 Various projects. Free. Send them a stamp.

Note to Zine Makers

I keep adding, adding to this section, and it's getting too big now. Here's the new way: I'll buy your zine once, or ask you for a review copy. Then I'll send you a copy of GAWK with your review in it. Then, you have to send me a new issue or some correspondence by the next issue of GAWK or I'll drop you like a hot rock, dearie.

Resources

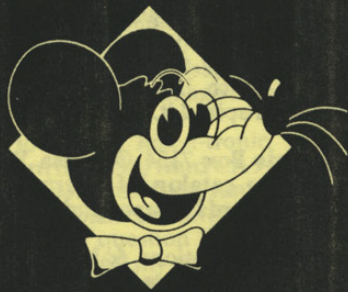
Rising Tide Press, a new company specializing in lesbian books, seeks woman writers of fiction and nonfiction. 5 Kivy St. Huntington Station NY NY 11746 (516) 427-1289.

David Hirsh writes about art and photography for homo papers around the US. He has recently signed a contract to create a hardcover book featuring artwork and interviews with lesbian and gay artists who are actively working in their art. Write or call: 202 W. 84 St. #3W NY NY 10024 (212) 362-2968.

International Artists is a gay/lesbian literary agency primarily representing screenwriters but also handling other forms-o-writing. Attn: Guy Robin Custer, PO Box 29000-175 San Antonio TX 78229 (512) 699-3481.

Beyond Ecstasy, Beyond Outrage...

DPN



*More than just
an HIV humor
magazine!*

Diseased Pariah News

POBox 31431, San Francisco, CA 94131. SASE for more information.

GAWK

Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive

More
Than You
Wanted to
Know

So What IS This Thing?

Well, first of all, it's not a thing, it's a THANG. It's a gay type thang. Not THE Gay Type Thang, though, which is the wildly successful first single by our founding father, glorious leader, and mind-numbingly figurative figurehead, Jon Sugar. Naw, sweetums, this is the first issue of the soon-to-be-infamous, more-or-less-quarterly GAWK newsletter. What does this mean to you, then? Well, well WELL! It may mean all kinds of things, we at GAWK are profoundly disinterested in any attempt to control or manipulate the sociocultural awareness of our members. What it means to you, then, is what ever it *does* mean to you, but what it is, or will be, is an every three months publication featuring GAWK news, tiny snippets of GAWK members' creative outpourings, notices of upcoming GAWK events, cartoons, personal ads maybe, pictures of Your Humble Editor naked, who knows. Basically, whatever I finds time to squeeze in during the day at work. (Yes, it is true, the GAWK newsletter production company, LTD. does not possess its own production facilities. This is probably not too surprising, since the GAWK Newsletter Production Company, LTD. does not actually exist. Ha. Got you there. You want to stay sane in this big world, first thing you gotta have is a sensa humah. Remember that.

So What is GAWK, anyway?

GAWK is a loosely structured, make that *very* loosely structured, organization of vicious perverts, er, excuse me, creative individuals of the homo persuasion. Of either gender. Although we don't spell it out in the name, lesbians are quite welcome. (GALAWK? Nope. Just doesn't flow). GAWK's primary function is to provide a noncompetitive, noncommercial setting for creative sorts to mingle, make friends, show off their creativity, and get laid. Well, some people get laid. I've never gotten any sex at all out of this damn group, and I'm getting cranky. Oops. You'll have to pardon me. I live in San Jose, and I don't get out much. Sorry. Anyway, that's it. No membership fees, no secret handshakes, no FBI agents knocking on your door. We're a casual bunch. We meet something like once a month, sorta. Some of those months get pretty long, though.

And How do I Join?

Well, if you got this newsletter, you're as joined as you're going to get. You got the newsletter, in case you're curious, because you were on the Jon Sugar Fan Club Auxiliary (another fictitious organization) mailing list, or you gave us your name and address at the Pride festivity a few weeks ago.

Box Lunch

This section includes short informational pieces about GAWK members who want to flash. This issue, we have:

Jon Sugar

Jon is the founder and leading light of GAWK. Hailing from Miami, Jon has lived in San Francisco longer than my last boyfriend has been alive. Jon is a veteran of the SF music scene, as well as a veteran of several other scenes too tawdry to mention in a fine publication like this. Jon will admit to having sung with the White Trash Debutantes and managed the Mini Adult theater. He is a very funny man who has sacrificed greatly for his art, and you all should buy his record.

K.C. Frogge

KC hails, strangely enough, from Kansas City, where she was very active in the women's music scene and won awards too numerous to mention, even if I knew what they were. Hey, I put this thing together in a hurry, all right? K.C. is a singer/songwriter, or "singwriter" as she prefers to be known. Her most recent appearance was as a featured performer at the Pride festival in San Francisco. She lives in the city with Barbara and the ducks, and enjoys many cultural type things, such as the shot put and javelin throw.

Tom Shearer

Your Humble editor is a California native who grew up in the wilds of Colorado, and looks like a real farmer when he puts on a baseball hat. He is a poet, cartoonist, and artist, more or less, and will be moving to the City this fall. He is the co-author of the widely read "3Station/2E User's Guide" and author of the soon-to-be-published "3Com Server Options Guide". And yes, I am looking for a husband.

To be included in this section, just send me some biographical details, and there you'll be in the next issue. If you don't have any biographical details, just send your name, and I'll make something up.

GAWKette News

This section contains news about upcoming events featuring GAWK members, and also reports on events that have already happened.

To get your thing in here, Send it to Your Humble Editor.

The big GAWKette news this issue is the next GAWK event, Jon Sugar's 40th birthday party. The event will feature (aside from the immaculate presence of Jon Himself) poetry and music by Randy Stallings, former president of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club and Person With AIDS. Z. Budapest, goddess-priestess, feminist, witch, will read from her new book "Grandmother of Time" (Harper & Rowe). She is also the author of "The Holy Book of Women's Mysteries". The third featured performer is Joy Schulenberg, author of "The Joy of Lesbian and Gay Parenting". Schulenberg is a lesbian mother, former co-chair of the Pride festivity, and has appeared on Donahue, so you know she's sincere. There will be readings, etc. by GAWK members as well.

Jon's Thang is Saturday, August 5, 1 pm, Different Light Bookstore at 485 Castro, SF. A flyer is part of this newsletter. Tell your friends.

Subscription information

Humble editor paid the postage for this first edition. However, that largesse will not be repeated. If you want to get some more of these, send me a dollar. That is postage for four issues, which is one year. My employer is graciously donating the paper, printing costs, and equipment time. At least as long as I do the newsletter on Sunday, when here's nobody here. Send checks, money orders, or dollar bills to:

Tom Shearer
998 Meridian #29
San Jose CA 95126

If there are any special mailings, you get those free.

Truly Awesome Hit Single

Jon Sugar's long-in-the-works single *Gay Type Thang* is out and available for mere mortals to purchase. The record is a decidedly homosexual homage to and send-up of rap music. with lyrics like:

*Bone-headed beauty with a head like a bone
Cadillac-walkin' with his radio on
His titties are pierced and his butt's in the breeze
And a rhino reaches out and he gives it a squeeze
Aahooooo, big daddy, my booty stings
That's a deep revelation for a Gay Type Thang.*

and that crunchy beat we all love to hip-hop to, it's a steal at \$3. You can buy it at Different Light Bookstore, 485 Castro, or order it direct from Jon at GAWK Central, address later on in this here Newsletter *Type Thang*.

And remember,

*Fallin' in love is how I swing
But to society I'm just a Gay Type Thang.*

Other GAWK Data

GAWK Hotline:

415 731-2424

Jon Sugar
901 Stanyan #14
San Francisco CA 94117

Your Humble Editor

(GAWK South, sorta):

(408) 293-5210

Tom Shearer
998 Meridian #29
San Jose CA 95126

Our Founder



Photo by B.O.

He's so talented!

What's Next?

The next issue, which should wing its way into your hearts about the first week of October, or so, if you send me your dollar, will hopefully contain more of what's here now, with such things as: articles by GAWK members besides me, about things besides me and Jon, or should I say Jon and me, in order of preponderance in this issue... Graphics. Ads perhaps? A review of Jon's birthday party. A review of my salary review at work. Well, maybe not that. Anyway:

To get your stuff in here, send it to me, your Humble Editor, at the address given below. I am operating under space constraints here, so it needs to be short. Photographs and graphics need to be xerographically reproducible, and small. I can shrink them if they are big, though. I don't have any plans to make editorial content decisions, at least not at first. If I get swamped with your stuff, I will start to print only what I like, but that won't happen soon, I rather imagine.

Jon Sugar's 40th Birthday Party

SHE LIVES!

**A Different Light Bookstore
485 Castro, SF**

**Saturday August 5
1 PM**

Featuring

Jon Sugar - Birthday Boy on the Loose

Randy Stallings - music and poetry

Z. Budapest - reading from "Grandmother of Time"

Joy Schulenberg - reading from "The Joy of Lesbian and Gay Parenting"

K.C Frogge, songwriter

Tom Shearer, Miss Clairol Addict

and

other GAWK members yet to be roped into this



Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive

SECOND EDITION
Free, and Worth it.

Your Humble Editor Speaks

Greetings, O my droogies, and welcome to the grand and glorious second edition of the Gay Artists and Writers Kollektive newsletter. Are you delighted? I certainly am. I haven't been to work in over a month, and I'm the happiest boy in the whole USA. If not the world. Well, perhaps not boy. Not anymore. Sigh. By the time you get this I'll be 31, and that's quite a stretch for "boy". And not a damn present or card from one of you, you unfeeling stones. Oh, boo, hoo, hoo, hoo.....

No, wait, I'll pull myself together. Unghh! Ernghh! Ahh. That's better. Anyway, we have a really big shoe for you this time (Why did he always say that? Why? What does it mean? Oh, golly, life is sooo confusing)

So what we have here some more of the same, which is Your Humble Editor's ravings, which are always a big hit, and a couple of things by other GAWK members. If people had done what they SAID they would do, there'd be more. You'd think such a batch of slaving egomaniacs would be a little more cooperative in getting their names in the public eye. Jeez. Jist cain't trust nobody no more.

Which reminds me, I wanted to make the **Official Disclaimer**. You know how GAWK is an amorphous, loosely connected, freefloating community of freethinking, individualistic freethinkers? Well, then, it should come as no surprise to you that this newsletter is not as such the Voice-o-GAWK, but rather the voice-o-Tom

(Your Humble Editor), who is a GAWK member and part of the secret, mysterious GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal* and therefore should have some idea what is going on in GAWK, but nonetheless cannot and does not speak for any GAWK members except himself. All opinions expressed in this fine publication are mine, mine, mine, unless clearly marked as belonging to some lesser creature, er, esteemed fellow GAWKster.

GAWK doesn't have any opinions as an organization, and we don't make any demands that our members have a given ideology, as long as they are more or less queer. On a similar note, I as Humble Editor don't make modifications to member submissions, I just fix them up to fit into the page format I have here. However, I AM the Humble Editor, and a leftist pinko type, and do have ultimate control of what goes in here, and so while you can probably read your Sonnet to President Bush at a GAWK event, you ain't gonna get it published here.

Grateful Notice

This issue of the GAWK newsletter was made possible in part by a grant from the publishers of the South Bay Times, 265 Meridian Ave #6, San Jose CA 95126. Writers, artists, cartoonists, poets, and other creative organisms are invited to submit material to them. For what it's worth, one of said publishers has a really tremendous wiener.

*As opposed to John Reuling, who would probably be mortified to find his name here. Har, har.

Copyright Notice

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So What is GAWK, Anyway?

GAWK is a loosely structured, make that very loosely structured, organization of vicious perverts, er, excuse me, creative individuals of the homo persuasion. GAWK's primary function is to provide a noncompetitive, noncommercial setting for creative sorts to mingle, make friends, show off their creativity, and get laid, or so I hear. No membership fees, no secret handshakes, no FBI agents knocking on your door. We're a casual bunch. We meet something like once a month, sorta. Some of those months get pretty long, though. You can call Jon at GAWK central for dee-tails.

Is this filler or what?

Jon always refers to GAWK members as GAWKettes, and he is the figurehead, with all the rights and priveleges associated with figureheadliness, but he ain't the Humble Editor, and this is MY dolly and MY dishes, and I have decided that GAWK members should be referred to (when they aren't referred to as 'GAWK members') as GAWKsters, and then by extension our lovely little artistic Thangs become GAWKsterpieces, and it's all just too darn cute for words. Anyway, now you know.

GAWK Hotline:

(415) 731-2424

GAWK Central:

Jon Sugar
901 Stanyan #14
San Francisco CA 94117

A Short History of GAWK or, Doesn't That Man Ever Shut Up? Your Humble Editor Interviews our Figurehead

YHE: So, Shugs, how did all this joy and wonderment come into the world anyway?

Sugar: Well, I was finding myself meeting a lot of people that I just didn't quite click with, and it seemed like the gay groups I knew about were addressing other needs than mine.

YHE: Other needs?

Sugar: Yeah, I'm not really into cocktail parties and small talk, and I wouldn't play trivial pursuit if you paid me. I like people with a little edge to them. I want to talk about important things, sex, life, art...

YHE: So you got tired of sitting around complaining?

Sugar: Exactly. I decided that if I wanted to meet interesting, creative people, I could just create my own urban arts retreat. GAWK started with some ads in the local gay papers and the Advocate in 1985, as I recall. The first meetings were in my house.

YHE: Aren't most of them at your house *now*?

Sugar: You know, you ask really dumb questions.

YHE: Well, I'm not a journalist. I'm making this up as I go along. Just answer the question or I'll set your hair on fire.

Sugar: Hmm. Well, the regular meetings tend to be at my house, and then we have the larger parties at other members' houses, cause this place is a little small. Besides, I don't like drunks falling on my stereo.

YHE: I haven't seen a lot of drunks at GAWK events.

Sugar: Well, it only takes one. You know, I can hang with almost anything, but my ideal GAWK event would be clean and sober, and nonsmoking. So please don't set my hair on fire.

YHE: Right. The ideal GAWK event. So tell me about the ideal GAWK member.

Sugar: GAWK is not for type A personalities. Let them go to Heald College and get a nice career. We're looking for a more loose kind of person. Flexible. Openminded. A lot like you, you swell guy, you.

YHE: Why, thanks. Now take your hand off my leg.

(the phone rings)

Sugar: The phone rings constantly here at GAWK central.

(Jon has a conversation which is very interesting, but not really pertinent to this interview.)

Sugar: The way I look at it, people need to have something besides their 8 hours. I do GAWK because I don't have any children. I don't pick up the baby and go goo-goo-goo, I do GAWK events. Which is more similar some times than others.

YHE: There's a GAWK event coming up soon, right?

Sugar: Saturday, November 11 at A Different Light bookstore at 3 pm. Watch for flyers.

YHE: Cool. You know, I like this kind of interview.

Sugar: You mean where you make up everything I say, like you're doing now?

YHE: Yeah! Besides, you really said about 80% of what I'm quoting you with anyway.

Sugar: Yeah, all the important parts are true. So put in another real part now.

YHE: OK. Where do you see GAWK going in the future?

Sugar: Looking back on the past, it has been just a couple people, and it's been pretty big. It just sort of changes with the energy that people have to put into it. I'm not trying to force anything. So I can't really tell you about the future. It depends on who's involved, and what they feel like doing.

YHE: I heard that you were trying to get yourself declared GAWK president-for-life.

Sugar: No you didn't, you just made that up cause you want me to mention that GAWK doesn't have any rules or officers. We almost never have to make any group decisions, but when we do we go for a consensus type thang.

YHE: Oooh, baby. Well, I'm getting pretty sleepy and I think I've invented enough lies about what you said, so I guess I'll drink my kefir and go to bed.

Sugar: Don't you feel bad about all the ridiculous things you are quoting me as saying? Aren't you afraid I'll sue you?

YHE: You wouldn't sue me, you're my friend! Besides, you really did say most of this stuff, except the part about me being the ideal GAWK member. Next time I interview you I'll use a tape recorder.

Sugar: Good idea. Say "Goodnight, Jon", boy.

YHE: Goodnight, Jon.

Sugar: Goodnight.

Pertinent Quotes

"You have created an amazing opportunity for yourself to meet many, many potential husbands, in fact to be an object of mass idolization."

-Walnut*

"None of my straight friends have anything interesting to say." -Ibid

"I don't want an uncouth slob in my house!"

-Bobby Smithson's Mother, 1969

"For what you had in mind, come knock on apartment eight upstairs. I'll be around until 3:00."

-Mark Salzwedel (context is a wonderful thing)

* Cleverly encoded fake name designed to conceal the true identity of my very important, rich, and famous source.

Subscription Information

To subscribe to the GAWK newsletter, send me a dollar. That is postage for four issues, which is one year. The newsletter itself is free.

Send checks, money orders, or dollar bills to:

Tom Shearer, Humble Editor
448 Gold Mine Drive
San Francisco CA 94131

If there are any special mailings, you get those free.

Normal newspapers fill up this sort of troublesome extra space with little articles about the annual rainfall in the Upper Volta. I don't know anything at all about the Upper Volta. Aren't you glad?

*That's the honest display of real emotion there, not the conspicuous consumption of Illegal Drugs. You people are so suspicious. God.

FIREWORKS

by Lynmarie

My gay sisters want
to keep me in the
closet.

They don't like the word
lesbian. It sounds
too radical to them.

You bring me out
of that dark
small cramped room.

I want to tell the world
we love each other and
have sex together.

You make me die from the colours.

Why do these sisters think the word
means manhating and why do
we know it means womanloving?

Secret, Mysterious GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal

Jon Sugar
K.C. Frogge
Barbara Hargrave
Mark Salzwedel

Tom Shearer

Jeffrey Terflinger

Jay Gresham

Figurative Figurehead
Force to be Reckoned With
Deputy Force
Minister in Charge of
Genital Mystery
Humble Editor, GAWK
Newsletter

King and Leading Light,
Homo-Acoustic Memorial
Band
Pal-at-Large

Note: There is no such thing as the Secret
Mysterious GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal.
All these titles are made up. There isn't any Santa
Claus either, by the way.

The people are real, though, even the ones who said
they'd send me material and didn't.

Subscription Information

Just in case you missed the other one, or maybe
because I made a paste-up error:

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San Francisco CA 94131

If there are any special mailings, you get those free.

GAWKsters on Tape

As some of you know, we are sort of beginning to
start work on a GAWK compilation audiocassette.
It's still in the planning stages, but there are a
couple things I know about it. One is that it will
have me on it, so guess what all my friends are
getting for xmas? Another is that it will be both
spoken-word and music. Anyway, keep your eyes
peeled and your ears a-yearning, and in the
meantime, if you want to talk about being on the
tape, or if you have some resources such as free
time in a professional-quality recording studio or
tons of money that you would like to contribute,
call Jon at the GAWK Hotline and tell him all about
it.

Well, no. If you have tons of money, call *me*.
Please.

What's Next?

Well, to be honest, I don't have any plans at present
for anything radically different from this issue. I do
intend to start dunning people for material a lot
sooner this time, boy howdy, and maybe there will
be some diverse voices here next time. Anyway
(god, I love that word) the next issue will be out
around the first of the year, in keeping with our
more-or-less-quarterly publication schedule. If
you want to get it in the mail, send me your dollar.

Box Lunch

Mark Salzwedel, a serious Midwesterner (Indiana - Wisconsin - Minnesota) somehow found his way to San Francisco some 3 1/2 years ago. His parents, noted UFO investigators, are still wondering whether he is in fact a space creature left as a changeling. This is what he told me, honest. Mark writes for the Sentinel and the Advocate, as well as writing stories and plays, and makes his living at Harper & Rowe, where he is the New Age editor, which is apparently not as goofy as one might think. He also has a lover named Carl and rather large blue eyes, but he wouldn't tell me how large his willy is. Enquiring minds want to know. Mine, of course, is quite large, especially if you measure starting from the back of my neck.

Jai Jai Noire, a dynamo of furious East Bay activity, is a singer, songwriter, and guitarist. Her performance project, the Lesbian Snake Charmers, has been playing around, including the Folsom Street fair, which was fun for me, although I didn't see Jai Jai. Anyway, she is preparing to return to the studio to work on another project, which could see distribution by November, when she is expecting to do some acoustic performances. Her big Thang at present is a homo video show, "Our Stripe in the Rainbow", which will be getting syndicated as rapidly as possible. She is hoping to get some help in the form of money or blank videocassettes, VHS format. If you wanna help, or probably for more info, write Our Stripe in the Rainbow, c/o 3521 DeSanie Circle, Pittsburg CA 94565. Checks payable to Janelle Powers.

Lynn Marie Theresa Pierce is a radical lesbian and global villager who lives in the country with her son Billy and her partner Judy. She is a Minnesota native who has travelled extensively in Europe. Somewhere in there, she has recovered from Catholicism as well, which is pretty impressive if you ask me. Not only that, but she, of all the people who are involved in GAWK, sent me a poem, which is printed in this issue, without my having to ask her even once. Now THAT is how you participate in an amorphous, free-form collective like GAWK.

To be included in this section, just send me some biographical details, and there you'll be in the next issue. If you don't have any biographical details, just send your name, and I'll make something up. I may do that anyway. Hee.

Pesky Questions

People keep asking me, "just what is it that GAWK does, anyway?" And so I tell them, and then they ask me again. Either they are stupid or I am, and I'm not. Or maybe there's another explanation. Maybe the world isn't ready for the idea of an organization that exists to serve no political cause, doesn't offer any solutions to personal problems, doesn't want any money, and doesn't have any elected officers...

Anyway, what GAWK does, if you're still with me, is largely hang out in Jon's living room and shoot the shit. That means talking, for those of you who are caught up in this crypto-Reagan drug war stuff, not injecting controlled substances. When we get off our rosy and delightfully fulsome heinies and do something else, it's like this:

Jon Sugar's 40th Birthday Gala

There we were, basking in the sun. There Jon was, in his polyester Inflammable Guard costume. Well, no, he was wearing a denim jacket. Oops. Well, it would have been better if he was, so we'll pretend it was true. If people can believe that rocks cure AIDS, they can believe that Jon was wearing a petrochemical jacket, don't you think? Anyway, there we were, singing the immortal Jon Sugar Birthday Song, and clapping our little hands together. It was lovely. Sniff*.

Almost everybody that we had billed to appear made it, and we liked that. Yes we did. Jon (did I tell you that his name was really Clarence? Clarence Zuckerman. Look it up.) did his Thang. Your Humble Editor wore his special Posterior Enhancement Trousers, and read his mega-hit classic be-bop poem "Stranded in Denny's" to great applause and many offers of matrimony. K.C. sang like the birdies of the air. Z. Budapest told us some of the intricacies of Men's Spirituality. Joy Schulenberg, who I had billed to read from *The Joy of Lesbian and Gay Parenting*, surprised the

*That's the honest display of real emotion there, not the conspicuous consumption of Illegal Drugs. You people are so suspicious. Gad.

hell out of everyone and read this really hot tale of her second coming out as a leather-type person. It got Your Humble Editor's "Steamed Spectacles" award for salacious material. Put that woman back on Donahue, sez I. She be way cool. Mark Salzwedel read from some works-in-progress, and then we had some rainbow birthday cake provided by K.C., who although she is a self-actualized, powerful modern woman, can cook like it was 1952 at the Cleavers. So we et it up, and then Jon sang a truly lovely blues song of love gone wrong. (something like that) Sounded kinda like "Takes a lot to laugh, takes a train to cry" by Dylan, but Jon denies the connection. I think he calls it "My Boyfriend is a Ho". Then the Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band began to play, just as I had to go home. I presume that as soon as I and the Posterior Enhancement Trousers left, so did everybody else, but I could be wrong. I could also be wrong about the order of events, and I may be leaving somebody out. It was two months ago, and I didn't take notes. So sue me already. I ain't no darn journalist, I'm a poet.



Just look at those festive human beans.

Jay's Birthday Party

Jay's birthday was actually before Jon's, but Jay's party was small and not advertised in the national media the way Jon's was, so I led off with my hottest story. Isn't that the way real *journalistes* do it? Anyway, Jay's 30 now, and a portion of the GAWK Inner Circle, etc. and friends of the family gave him some birthday cheer and stuff. I had to go home early because I lived so far away and stuff, but now I live in the city so I can stay to the end if

I want to. Isn't this a nice picture? Do we know how to have fun or what?

Your Humble Editor's Birthday

Actually, it wasn't my birthday, and we were having a business meeting to discuss publicity, our next public event, and stuff like that, but Jon baked a cake, cause he knewed I was comin' and because he thought it was my birthday (We are artistes. We never said we knew what was going on around us) and it was a nice cake and I would have enjoyed eating the leftover portion for the next couple days if I didn't somehow get the pan all entangled with the door of the Yotato and drop it into the street. I was devastated. The cake didn't fare too well either. Oh well. The crusts will be featured in my new art work, "Happy Birthday from Jon".

So the next week was really my birthday and that's when I moved to the Big Pink Room With the Orange Carpet, which was a fair birthday present, and I had a coffee milkshake for supper, which was truly a transcendental experience.

Gay Type Thang

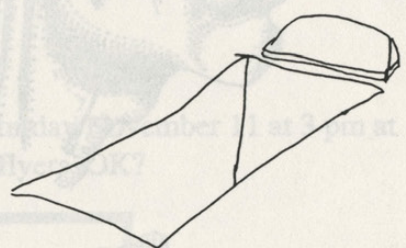
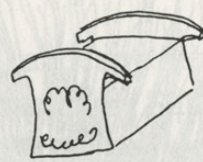
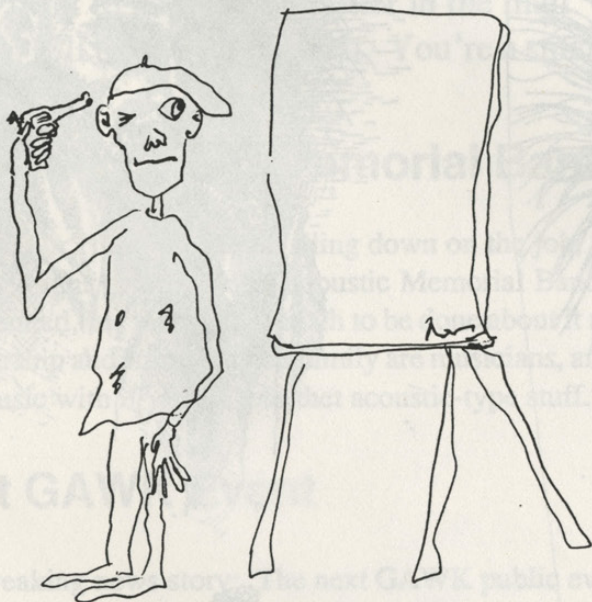
Don't forget you can still buy Jon's record at Different Light Bookstore, 485 Castro, or order it direct from Jon at GAWK Central, address somewhere in this here Newsletter Type Thang. 3 bucks. 4 if you're kind.

And remember,

*Fallin' in love is how I swing
But to society I'm just a Gay Type Thang.*

Your Humble Editor Draws, Too

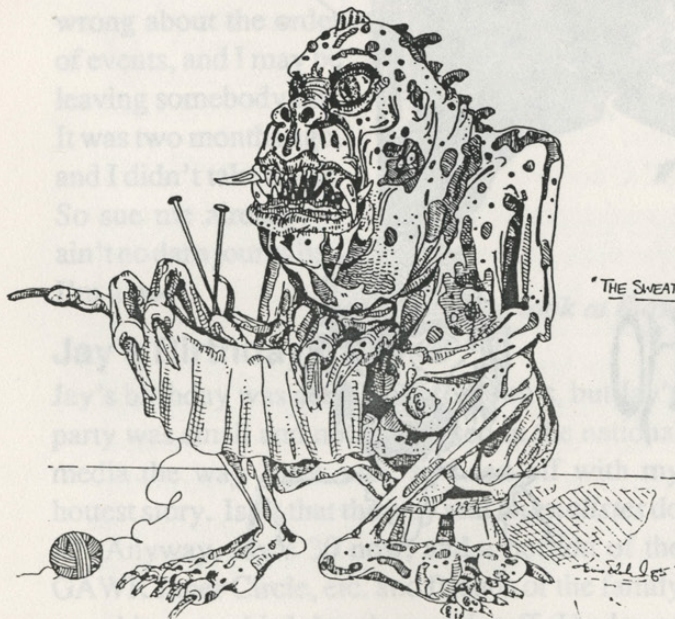
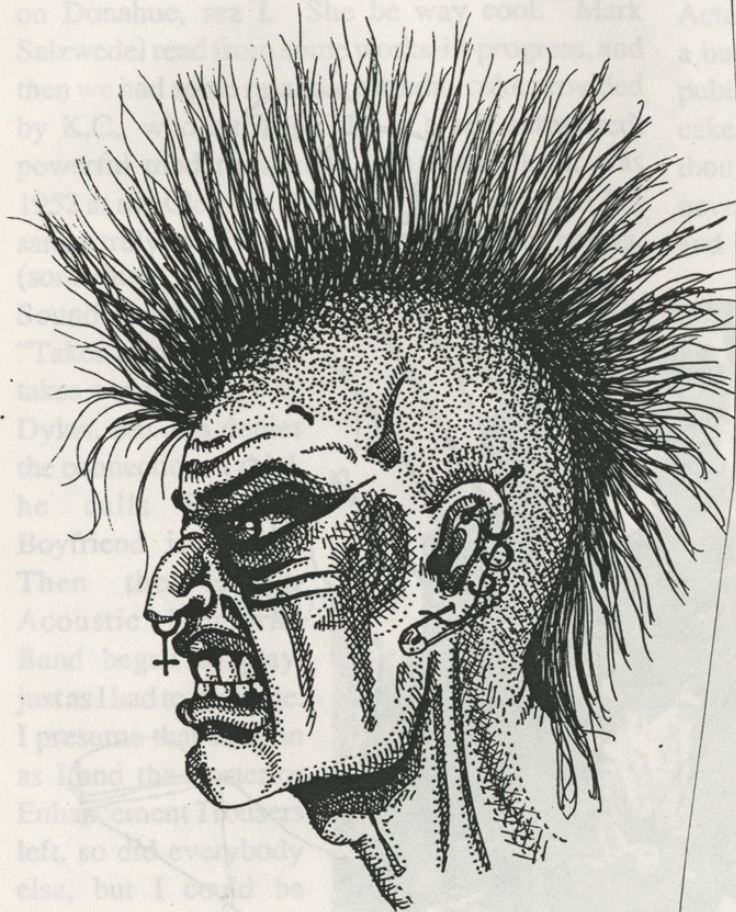
Self-mort bait



JUST SAY YO HO HO



HOWEVER, KEVIN CAN REALLY DRAW.



"THE SWEATER"



LADIES NIGHT OUT

SUBMIT!

Your stories, poems, song lyrics, drawings, photography, and anything else that's xerographically reproducible, and I'll put them in the next newsletter. Submission of an item automatically makes you a member of GAWK, but you still have to send me a dollar if you want to get the newsletter in the mail. My address is listed in the subscription section. I'll bet you can find it. You're a smart person.

Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band

Due to Your Humble Editor falling down on the job, the interview with Jeffrey Terflinger, King and Leading Light of the Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band, will be presented next issue. I know you're disappointed, but there's not much to be done about it now. I will mention that about half of GAWK's membership and friends of the family are musicians, and GAWK is a way good place to meet people to play music with if you're into the acoustic-type stuff.

Next GAWK Event

Late-breaking news story: The next GAWK public event will be Saturday November 11 at 3 pm at A Different Light bookstore, 485 Castro, San Francisco. Watch for flyers, OK?



Is this any way to run a newsletter?

Your Humble Editor and His
Flying Fingers, Continued...

Speaking of boys, or gentlemen in
general, it has been suggested to me that
my remarks in the previous two
newsletters have overemphasized the role

18th & Mission
by Jon Ginoli

Saturday night in the Mission.
Their pickup was stopped in front of
The lights of the cars facing our



GAWK

**Sometimes Being
A Fairy Doesn't Cost
You Anything**



Dearest, Queerest Friends!

O, K! Back by popular demand! Or not! The GAWK newsletter, edition three! Who'd a thunk it. It lives and grows. We actually had a circulation of about 400 in the last issue. We're probably not going to hand it out on the street this time, though, so the total will probably be slightly less. And, of course, the number of paid subscribers continues to grow. Your Humble Editor expects to be approached by mass-mailing houses any day, wanting to buy my mailing list, but I won't sell it, never fear. I am thinking of changing my name to Hearst. Or Rosebud, or something. Actually, what I am *really* thinking of doing is changing the name of the newsletter to *The Tom Shearer Fan Club Magazine*. What do you think? Does it flow? It certainly won't make it any easier to garner submissions, no matter how beautiful the title might look there on the masthead. Speaking of submissions, I have actually gotten enough material together here to make this at least look like a community effort of some kind. It is very gratifying to Your Humble Editor to have the opportunity to actually *edit* something: An interview, five poems (besides mine) a bunch of graphickal thangs (besides mine) a piece of a story (and a piece of one by me), and a Big Fun Contest. And there's even an ad. Two ads. No, make that three. Four ads. They keep pouring in. Hoo, mommy, I'm the big time now. Maybe I should change the name to Mother Jones...

Seriously, since a significant number of people have told YHE that they like what I am doing here, and they enjoy my approach, and want to give me a million dollars and a big kiss, (oops, not the part about the money or the smooch, darn it) and *nobody* has complained, my mind has become filled with Big Ideas. I am after all wizard and genius with these here computer-type thangs, and could conceivably continue to expand this little fun-time sheet until it becomes something that people would be willing to pay for. What a thought. I could buy a CD player. I could drive a Miata. I could drop the Humble part from my editorial title. Stay posted. Your Egregious Editor?

The part about nobody complaining is a truly unique experience. Usually, no matter what one does, *some* desperate, bitter person will take it upon themselves to come over and whine. Maybe I'm just too anonymous. Yes, that's it. All over San Francisco there are angry queens, saying to themselves "Someday I'm going to find that horrible Tom Shearer, and I'm going to slap him until he cries!" That's OK, I'm going to change my name anyway. Goofy Thomas Shearer, what do you think? Better than Rosebud? My friends can call me G, Tom. Seems like virtually every other Fast Track Person of Homotude I know has changed his/her name, and I am after all an avant-garde kind of guy, so I must get in on this. Gawrsh.

By the way, despite the absence of women in this issue, GAWK remains a gender-mixed organization. I just couldn't get hold of any women who had the time or resources to offer me anything. We're hoping for a more balanced offering next time around.

One of the things Your Humble has been thinking about lately, as he toils in his ha-tech job, surrounded by zillions of dollars of desktop publishing technology, is the comparatively small number of home-brewed microjournals there are. It is now fairly easy and cheap to produce your very own publication, and you'd think they'd be just spewing them out. It seems to me that every single special-interest group in the whole country would have a publication. I guess it has to do with the decline of literacy, or something. I know, it's that darn rap music. Anyway, less competition for me.

Another question I asked myself is why, when there is all this printing magic available, do I still see people charging *money* for periodicals pasted up with scissors and glue? I don't know. Life is so full of mysteries. Anyway, this moves me along to another area of contemplation, my new haircut. Isn't it swell? It didn't work, though. I keep hoping to find the personal modification that will bring the boys running in droves, begging for my (ahem) company, so I don't have the intimidating and horrifying task of attempting to entice them. I guess a mere haircut isn't enough.

Your Humble Editor and His Flying Fingers, Continued...

Speaking of boys, or gentlemen in general, it has been suggested to me that my remarks in the previous two newsletters have overemphasized the role in the world of the Quest for Weenie. In my defense, let me state that as a gay male writer my two main interests in life are sex and the written word. Well, and music, of course. My three main interests in life are music, sex, and the written word. And the visual arts. Art, music, sex, and the written word. Oh, and movies. I like me a good film, too. Oh, Cardinal Fang, will you please fetch the Comfy Chair...

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18th & Mission

by Jon Ginoli

Saturday night in the Mission.
Their pickup was stopped in front of me at a traffic light.
The lights of the cars facing our direction
Cast their shapes as silhouettes.
He was taller and in the driver's seat (of course).
She was shorter and sat right next to him,
Directly beneath the rear view mirror.
Waiting for the green light, she draped her arm around him.
It was a *small* gesture of affection, casual, common.
But one I have never experienced in a public situation.
Until I was 29 I had never even held hands with another man
In public.
Until then I had never walked hand in hand with another man
Down a public street.
Even now I cannot do in public
Things that the couple in the pickup take for granted -
Without fear of attack of reprisal.
Even in this city of unimaginable possibility
The expression of simple emotions eludes me.

From Obscurity to Oblivion: A Hellish Hell of Hells or Just Say No Thank You

by Jon Sugar

Halloween 1986. It's 3 a.m. at the Underground and I'm doing a late show with a group of art wrecks called the White Trash Debutantes. I'm cacked out on the floor, lying flat on my back. Six hundred milligrams of codeine serenades my veins. A cute boy with green hair kicks me. The chick he's with sez "Leave him alone, he's with the band." The leader of the band is Ginger Coyote, a transsexual who looks like Fred Flinstone with a wig. I'm lonely and I'm going down, a real spiritual nosedive (Get the scuba gear).

Christmas 1986. I'm homeless, drugged, and crashing with my friend Danny, a cripple. Danny likes hustlers. Earlier this month he befriended two of them who robbed him, beat him, put him in the bathtub and took away his crutches so he couldn't get out. I have to crawl to his bathroom to pee. I can't stand up. I'm taking codeine and Motrin because I have a degenerative bone disease and I'm in excruciating pain. I take 3000 milligrams of Motrin, which I'm told is given to women for menstrual cramps. (My period must be a semicolon) I'm in pain and envious of the cockroaches I see cuz at least they can get up and walk out of the crib. I grab the bathroom doorframe and pray to Jesus (Which seems kind of wack, considering I'm a Jew and all): "Please baby Jesus help me stand up to pee and... I'll lose weight for ya."

GAWK figurehead Jon Sugar is now clean and sober (aren't we all) and can also stand up again (slowly) but he is still not very politically correct.



Pertinent Quotes

“So, are you sleeping with him?”

Everybody I know, every time I mention a living male human being. Jeez. Even my friends. I've got to get out more.

“Tom, you are the funniest man on the planet!”

Nobody, darn it.

“Even a blind hawg finds a few acorns”

Jay's Dad, who is not gay that we know of, but who is certainly a fount of ruralistic aphorisms.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...”

A charming lad in an Art Film I saw the other day.

“Prepare for magic carpet ride to a fantasy world with a mystery companion”

My fortune cookie at lunch today. I think it means Satan is coming to get me.

Box Lunch

We're having a light (one course) lunch this time:

Jon Ginoli, who didn't send me any biographical data, happens to be someone I know several useless pieces of information about, so I will not be forced to make anything up. Of course, if I was a less kind, gentle person, I might come up with a few harsh lies. But no, we have people in charge of harshness around here anyway. Anyway, Jon is yet another refugee from the Midwest (how come nobody wants to live out there anyway?) (I was born here, Bubba) and he used to lead a struggling rock band called the Underappreciated, or something like that (Jon, you've got to write these things down!) back in Champaign, Illinois, and they made some records, but Jon got tired of looking at boys from the stage and has now moved to San Francisco to meet boys to touch as well as look at. Jon is a sometimes-aspiring writer, published in the Advocate that I know of (or can remember), and he has the astounding ability to memorize phone numbers instantly. I think it is some kind of homosexual reflex, another piece of evidence that gayness is genetic, and I wish more people had this magical skill, especially me. All that fumbling around with scraps of paper and matchbooks and stuff is so inelegant.

To be included in this section, just send me some biographical details, and there you'll be in the next issue. If you don't have any biographical details, just send your name, and I'll make something up. Is this 'Box Lunch' name too ootsie-cutsie? Should I change it? Got any ideas?

Subscription information

To subscribe to the GAWK newsletter, send me a dollar. That is postage for four issues, which is one year.

Send checks, money orders, or dollar bills to:

Tom Shearer
P.O. Box 31431
San Francisco CA 94131

(415) 695-1203

If there are any special mailings, you get those free.



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Official Endorsement

Because the Different Light Bookstore is our Special Friend, allowing us to use its space for our public events and distributing the lion's share of our newsletter, we encourage any of our readers who don't already shop there, to do so. They have many books relating to the gay and lesbian experience, including numerous special interest communities, and lots of magazines featuring naked people of at least apparent homosexual orientation. They also have fairly friendly and helpful employees, which is kind of rare in the big mean modern world.

Gay & Lesbian Literature

A DIFFERENT LIGHT

489 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114 (415) 431-0891
548 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014 (212) 989-4850
4014 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90029 (213) 668-0629

Burkina Faso

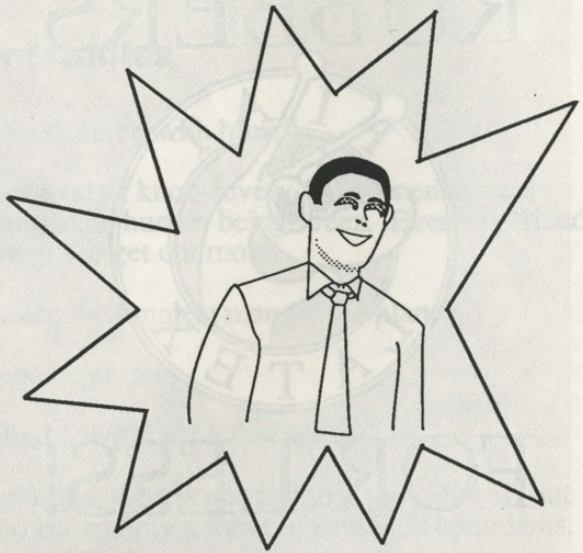
Last issue, if you recall, we offered you a charming little joke about the Upper Volta. As it turns out, the Upper Volta is no longer the name of the country. They changed it. The new name means "the country of honest men." I guess "the country of oppressed, servile women" wouldn't play too well in the 90's, even though it's probably pretty much true... Anyway, we at the GAWK newsletter wish to apologize for our inadequate grasp of current world events. We're real sorry.

GAWK - More Fun Than Being Beaten By The SFPD!

Jeffrey Terflinger, King and Leading Light, Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band

Jeffrey Terflinger (I keep calling him Jeffrey. He may actually go by Jeff. Heck, what do I know.) floundered his way into young adulthood as "the only gay man I knew who liked the mandolin."

Corrupted into mandolin playing at age 14 by his wicked, mandolin-playing uncle, Jeffrey has played acoustic music with a variety of bands for the past ten or so years. His mandolin playing remained a hobby, might one say he remained in the mandolin closet, until one day, as he toiled at the cancer research lab and accumulated retirement pay, he magically got a job playing mandolin in a bar. Actually, I forgot to write down the exact circumstances of this first gig, but Jeffrey says he thought it was a really silly way to make money and nobody was more surprised than he was when he hooked up with the Katie Laur Band, and spent the next eight years making his living playing and singing bluegrass with Laur. Eventually, Laur found herself more and more interested in Dixieland jazz, and played less and less often with the bluegrass band. Jeffrey was still making a living, though, even playing once a month, because they were some big shakes back there in Cincinatti. Jeffrey has played on 9 albums now, and the K. Laur Band was on *Prairie Home Companion* several times, which is neat of you like that sort of stuff. Ahem.



So, then it happened. A husband. What with the Laur band being essentially in retirement, and the snow a-falling in Cincinatti every year, the dear couple decided to move. Jeffrey opted for Atlanta, but was talked into San Francisco. So there they came, and the next thing you know they have accidentally come into a business, and Jeffrey has shaved off his mustache. I find that a little odd. He moves to San Francisco, Land of the Lip Caterpillar, and shaves. This reminds me of when I was first coming out and going to homosexual bars. This was the heyday of the Clone Look, mustaches, disco, horrifying flannel cowboy shirts, and baseball hats. Why on Earth did we have to choose baseball hats as a cultural icon? I owned one myself, but I was young and foolish, and from the country. I didn't have a mustache, though, because I couldn't grow one then. I'm not entirely sure I can grow one *now*, for that matter. But, back to our hero.

We find Jeffrey now playing electric fiddle in a gay country band called Way Out West. Among other things, they played the S.F. gay pride celebration twice, but eventually Jeffrey found that country music was also beginning to pall, so when the bass player quit after three years, Jeffrey did too.

He next worked with a sort of hawny-tawnk band called Red Dust, about which I wrote down nothing, but is currently out of that organization and preparing to start a band playing pop music from the 30's and 40's. Jeffrey has decided that fiddle is more fun to play than mandolin, and what he really wants to do is play jazz violin, with a lot of Gershwin and Cole Porter songs. Your Humble Editor emphatically supports anybody doing what they really want to do. Someday I'll figure out what that is for me. It sure as hell isn't writing manuals for the computer industry. Ooops, sorry. Back to Jeffrey.

The best anecdote he told me was the story of how he became an Oscar Wilde fan. Not, like many of us, because he likes fellers, but because he read an interview with Jazz violin great Stephan Grapelli, wherein the great man mentioned that he really loved Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey*. Our boy, in a near-coma of adulation, ran out and bought a copy, just to be like his idol. Well, he liked it a lot, and the next thing you knew, he was reading everything Oscar wrote, and everything written about him. I found that to be a charming story. Did you?

So currently, Jeffrey is single, hoping to get a date again some day, and hopes the rest of his life won't be like the year he played in a gay country bar in Hayward and didn't get a single date.

To close, a truly perspicacious observation by our interviewee:

"I could probably play a lot more in Cincinatti, but then I'd be in Cincinatti."

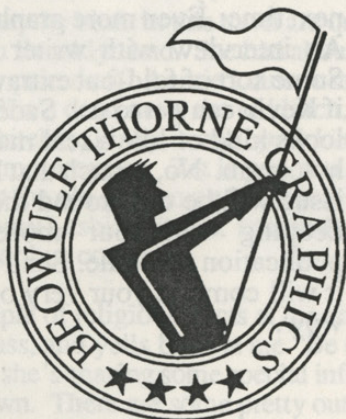
Hair-Cuttin' Fool

Mike Smith, guitarist and member of the GAWK Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band, is also a disgruntled slave of the haircutting industry. So disgruntled, in fact, that he is being rehabilitated into a bureaucrat. While he is going to Bureaucrat School, he is continuing his hair career on a private, non-slave basis. He cut my hair the other day, and was very painstaking and did a good job, and it was economically priced as well. So. By the powers invested in me as a result of divine right, I hereby pronounce him Mikeus Smitheus, Select Haircutter to the Gods and GAWKsters, and if you wanna haircut, you should call him up at 922-6861.

LET ME CUT YOUR HAIRS
MIKE SMITH
922-6861

Our New Look

Boy, would we ever like to thank the staff and management of Beowulf Thorne Graphics for major conceptual and practical help in the layout of this issue. The cover and most of the graphics are the work of B.T. Graphics' multitalented organisms. Don't you just love Socialist Realism, *tovarisch*? Also, of course, there are the many new things Your Humble Editor decided to do after absorbing this huge burst of creative energy. There may well be a new Official GAWK Title assigned in the near future, ooo, ooo!.. Anyway, if you have any free-lance graphics work, go there. He's our hero.



Beowulf Thorne Graphics
444 Matadero Avenue
Palo Alto, California 94306
(415) 858-2942

Secret, Mysterious GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal Rocked by Coup!

In the pre-lunch hours, one day a while ago, the foundations upon which the free world stand were badly shaken, if not permanently damaged, by the resignation of the GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal's Pal-At-Large, Jay Gresham. No shots were fired, although there were a lot of shouts from the bum down on the sidewalk, who was celebrating the presence in Jay's street of a steady supply of fortified wine. Anyway, Jay is now going to be the Sweetness and Light Monitor, a much more tenuous position. The GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal, in a major snit, has abolished the position of Pal-A-Large. With friends like you, who needs enemas, sez we. This is not to imply that we are criticizing the sexuality and expression of same of anybody who would rather have an enema than a friend like Jay. Anyway, Jay will also be working with the Humble Editor on a new project, the GAWK Poetry Moment. Keep your little eyes peeled, if you live in SF, anyway.

GGGGGAWK Hotline

Our Figurehead Jon Sugar is in charge of public events, social gatherings, etc. For such informations, you should call or write him at GAWK Central.

GAWK Central

Jon Sugar
901 Stanyan #14
San Francisco CA 94117

(415) 731-2424

gawk

(gay artists and writers kollektive)

NEWSLETTER

The GAWK newsletter is the unofficial publication of an unofficial organization. The GAWK newsletter contains art and words prepared by GAWK members. Membership is self-defined. The GAWK newsletter is free. Postage is \$1 a year, for four issues. Submissions eagerly solicited. Call or write Your Humble Editor, Tom Shearer, P.O. Box 31431 SF CA 94131. (415) 695-1203.

Yo-ho-homosexual.



Isn't this cute? I made it for Jim Lough's Darknerve but I was so taken with it that I had to put it in here. I'm so *darn* talented.

What's Next?

I was originally thinking that I might not have this section in the next issue. I mean, why announce that the next issue will be more of the same again? However, I have gotten more ideas, and there are things I meant to do, and didn't. So, you can look forward to some things next time: Even more graphics. Some women. An interview with writer Blaine Waterman. Some sort of fold-out extravaganza art project, if Kevin can get to it. Saddle stitching, so this looks kind of like a real magazine. A moving hologram. No, scratch that last thing. The next issue will be out around the first of March, in keeping with our more-or-less-quarterly publication schedule. Send me your dollar, and it will come to your very own doorstep, golly wow.

DANG! I forgot to subscribe to the GAWK newsletter!

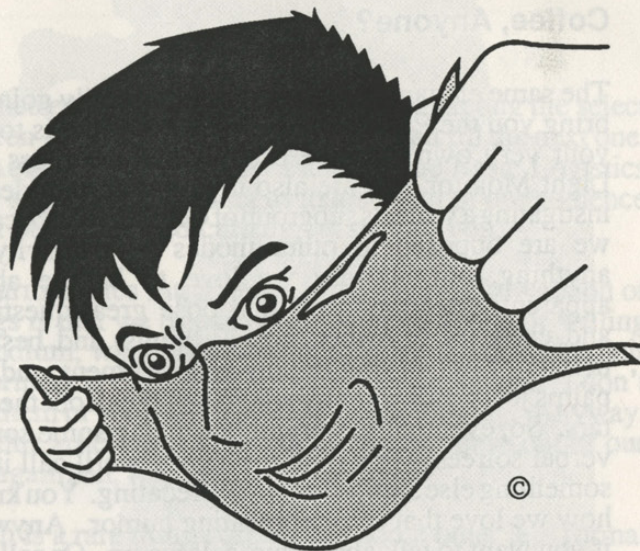


This issue of the GAWK newsletter dedicated to the memory of Webster Frogge.

Humble Story

Your Humble Editor, after a huge infusion of influenza virus and Christopher Isherwood books, has decided that he, too, can produce snarky, rambling stories based on everyone he has ever met. So what we have here is a tidbit from the Prose Type Thang I am working on, featuring the damaged adventures of the world's most offensive homosexual. Either I have here a great comic character, or a creature so obnoxious that nobody would ever want to read about him, or something else. The framing concept here is that he's found a briefcase with a microcassette recorder in it, and he's decided to dictate the story of his life:

I found an office worker's briefcase downtown on my way home from work. It's a mufuckin miracle none of those bums saw it first. I got me a nice sammitch, yellow cheese and Pepperidge Farm bread, and no damn lettuce, and this leather briefcase, and a Muni map, and a banana, and this little cassette recorder. Mister important office job didn't even record anything on it. Those people just like to feel important. Anyway, I think it's time to get my story told.



I saw Jimmy the Squirrel today. He's a young fool who stayed with me for a while and ran my phone bill up so far I couldn't pay it and then they disconnected it and so I had to go through all sorts of crap to get back on the wires, and it was just not good. He's a nice boy for an idiot, though. He's got a new haircut and a new boyfriend and he says he's having the most fun of his life. No job, no plans, no clue, as usual. Take it from an old turd, honey, it's cute now but in twenty years when you're an old hosebag with no teeth and a can of dog food see how you like it. He's a vegetarian. I wonder if they make vegetarian dog food. Probably. It's probably holistic and healing, too.

Market street. A skinny blond puppy is standing there, looking around in a real gee-whiz kind of way, like he just got off the BART train from Concord. It's the Big City. Oh, rad! So this bummuloid street queen with his head shaved, wrapped up in a blanket, black feet, dances up to him with a big loony smile and yells in his giant queen voice, "Ohhhh, and what are *you* doing?" The kid is very confused. Things like this do not happen in Concord. He wishes he was at a shopping mall. The bum wiggles his butt and squeals "I just *love* your hair!" Junior takes off at a fast clip down toward the Civic Center. Probably right back down the hole to BART and home to Mom and a nice ride in the station wagon. That scary old city.

I'm waiting for the bus. Along comes an old bag in a pink dress with huge white patterns on it and a straw hat with a bunch of fake flowers stapled on it. She's got those old-woman wrinkly stockings on, all saggy around her ankles, and she sits down. She doesn't stink, at least. A scroungy hippy with a dangly earring comes over and asks me for a match. I don't smoke. He wanders off before I can tell him that I ate Jerry Garcia's brain for dinner last night. I hate hippies. Anyway, Grandma says "Zat man, he vas a homo. He vanted somesink from you." Yeah, a light. Get a clue, lady. Where do you think you are?

"Zis city iss full of homos."

God Damn! Do you think so? Homos in San *Francisco*?

"Even zere are *gull* homos. Can you believe it, *gull* homos. Who effer hurt of such a sing?"

Gull homos? Even the birds in this town are queer? Well, after 20 years here I believe anything. Queer boids, like my Aunt Louise from Brooklyn had. She had about a hundred canaries, and there were these two males that wouldn't breed. After a while they paired off. Auntie Louise used to say to my mother, "I've got queer boids, and you've got a queer son." What a family. She's dead now, the old bitch, and I'm still queer.

Speaking of old bitches, Pinky is still *spreching* to me.

"Zey always ride motorcycles. Zat is you you can tell zem, ze *gull* homos."

I am thinking that the old gal short a lot of screws for someone with no food stains on her clothes, when I figure out that she is referring to my Lesbian sisters. I am in danger of fatal strangulation trying not to laugh at poor old Heidi the Hostess Sno-Ball when her bus comes.

She shoves a couple of religious tracts at me and heads for the bus. She stops on the stairs, holding the doors open with her leathery old ass, and yells back at me "Be careful, yunk man!" Then she's inside, and I can tell by the look on the driver's face that she's sharing some special information with him, too. I know that bus driver. Old Heidi should see him in an evening gown. There are some pretty outrageous queens driving the Muni buses. That's all they hire, queens and speedfreaks. It's a tough world.

Coffee, Anyone?

The same elegant gents who are supposedly going to bring you the Poetry Paste-Up Project, that is to say your very own Humble Editor and Sweetness and Light Monitor Jay, are also toying with the idea of instigating a writer's subgroup of GAWK. Not because we are opposed to other modes of creativity or anything, but because we love to babble about apparently deep subjects and pose great questions and eat a lot of sweet, greasy things, and besides neither of us can sing or play an instrument, and our palms just go all clammy when they break out the guitars. So, eventually, we will be hosting some sort of verbal soirees. Tea With the Twits, we'll call it, or something else similarly self-deprecating. You know how we love that self-deprecating humor. Anyway, if you want to talk about this, call me up. Or call Jay at (415) 776-7882. He hasn't had a date all year.

We're So GLAAD

Don't quote me on this, but Jon Sugar says he's conspiring with the Gay & Lesbian Anti-Defamation people to put on an *Acronymical Organizations that Begin with G Copresent* public event. It's all up in the air still, so I can't tell you what it is going to end up being. Watch for posters and notices in the Homo press.

Still Available

Jon has a few copies left of the first pressing of his single *Gay Type Thang*. You can order them from him at GAWK Central.

Official Statement of Porpoise

GAWK is a loosely structured, make that *very* loosely structured, organization of vicious perverts, er, excuse me, creative individuals of the homo persuasion. GAWK's primary function is to provide a noncompetitive, noncommercial setting for creative sorts to mingle, make friends, show off their creativity, and get laid, or so I hear. No membership fees, no secret handshakes, no FBI agents knocking on your door. We're a casual bunch. We meet something like once a month, sorta. Some of those months get pretty long, though, especially lately, with the cold weather and all. This newsletter's primary function is to gratify the editor's ego, although it also serves as some sort of information resource about GAWK and publishes member art and writing. You can call Jon at GAWK central for dee-tails of any upcoming performance or social Thangs, or call me to talk about the newsletter or if you have a whole bunch of extra money you don't want any more.

Not Again

by Jon Ginoli

How many times have I taken pains
To ensure that this time won't be like the last time?
This time I had already known him for a while
(If not very well).
This time I ran into him 5 times in 8 days in the places
I already go
So I won't have to kid myself that he'll want to do the
Same things as me
Once we start going out and doing things together.
This time, knowing our differences in advance,
I won't get carried away about our chances.
This time I won't whine about him not calling
Because this time he'll call.
And he does!
And we make plans and go through with them, two
Nights in a row.
But neither night does he want to sleep with me
Although he was the one who initially proposed we
Get together.
And I wonder why anyone interested in me would
Pass up
Such easy and convenient opportunities.
And *then* he doesn't call.
And the next day I get a busy signal for 7 1/2 hours.
And all of a sudden this time looks very much
Like last time.
And last time I resolved, that should next time
Become, what this time has become,
That I wouldn't waste a long period of time
In pursuit of a promising but strangely reluctant suitor.
This time I won't spend 6 weeks or 3 months
Worrying over a guy I slept with once and wanted to
Sleep with again
When the writing on the wall was there after a week or
Two
If I cared to read it.
For this is my pattern, time & time again.
This time I'll recognize
the inevitability of the situation and move on.
Of course I will.

November Performance Event

On November 11, the most recent GAWK public performance event did transpire. Were you among the select crowd of attendees? Well, did you like our nice posters? Aren't we clever and witty? Just wait till the next one, har, har. Anyway, despite the excellent job done by the Autonomous Publicity Phalanx, the Basic Logistics Subcommittee fell all over itself, and didn't get any kind of setup done, causing us to lose a lot of our audience before anything happened at all, and causing a fair amount of disgruntled cursing, let me tell you.

Anyway, once we got some chairs distributed and some warm bodies sat, it was a fairly successful version of the archetypal GAWK event. What happens at these things is that we (mostly Jon) gather a group of willing creators, and thrust them into the vicinity of the official podium, where they dance, sing, or speak forth their particular Art Form. For some reason, this throng of performers is composed generally of new faces. I don't know why we don't get more repeats. I think Jon is hitting them or something while I'm not looking. Anyway, here's what I remember (I wasn't even supposed to write this article, but I couldn't get a response out of our resident journalist, so here I am, doing everything myself again, oh, boo hoo hoo.)

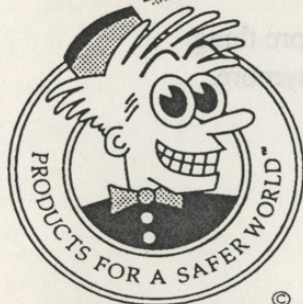
I remember Lou Cici read some sonnets that worked, which is a rare thing indeed, and some other less formal poems. A man named Nello, presenting two monologues that went over well. Randy Stallings read a rather impassioned poetic conspiracy theory about the CIA and AIDS. Well. Your Humble Editor is not a real fan of conspiracy theories, rhyming or otherwise. Blaine Waterman read from his work-in-process about the tribulations of being a disabled person. The audience was a little fidgety after that one. Good. Too damn many people in this world want to ignore everything they don't like.

Jon Ginoli read the two poems that are printed in this issue. Your Humble Editor attempted to be profound about the Berlin Wall and armistice day and riding around in a borrowed convertible, but it just wasn't my day. I wrote a poem about the experience, eventually, that is printed here and works fairly well. At least I like it. Anyway, so then I read some poems, and they were adequately received. If I'm forgetting anybody, I'm sorry. I'll buy you a cookie some day. Our featured performer Pat Bond was not able to make it.

Anyway, then Jon Sugar fired up his original blues band and they played Sugar's Hits, but it was getting dark and cold and most people fled for warmer climes. As usual, I asked myself why a man who can sing like that isn't rich and famous. Then Jon began shouting abuse at the audience, and I remembered that the Sugar stage presence is not for everybody....

So, it was an OK experience. Two of the people who wrote to me to subscribe to the newsletter said it was loads-o-fun, so I imagine most people were pleased, eh? So we'll see all of you at the next event, right? I promise to come early and set up some chairs, really.

Rubber Boy!



I met Jim Lough of darknerve the other day while we were helping a mutual friend move. He said, "Let's do an ad swap!" So we did. He also accepts subscriptions. \$10. You can also buy it at bookstores.

darknerve



More than just
a literary magazine.

276 28th Street
S.F., CA 94131

single issue: \$2.50

Two Poems by Your Humble Editor

It's Armistice Day
we are riding in a sports car
top down sun shining
touring the ruins,
the ruins of gun emplacements
from the second world war.
The guns are all gone now,
the soldiers are gone, too.
In Berlin they're tearing down the Wall,
there's a poem in here somewhere.

A cold dark day in
fog and wind and after
a year a new poem.
A new poem written written
to be read as my poems
are not written to be read aloud
and loud.

A wet dark day in
fog and rain and no one
I know is dying
this week and no one
I know is dying.

A dark day wet cold and
warm in my house with no shoes
no shoes and my blue shirt.
I'm writing in Peter's chair
I'm wrapping my self
in the net of my friends
my friends my loves my darlings my babies
I wind myself in my net
in my warm room.

A wet day in fog and rain
and a new life another
new start
another new way
another wet day
cold windy rain day
warm in my room
no shoes and my blue shirt.

Three Poems by Michael Phillips

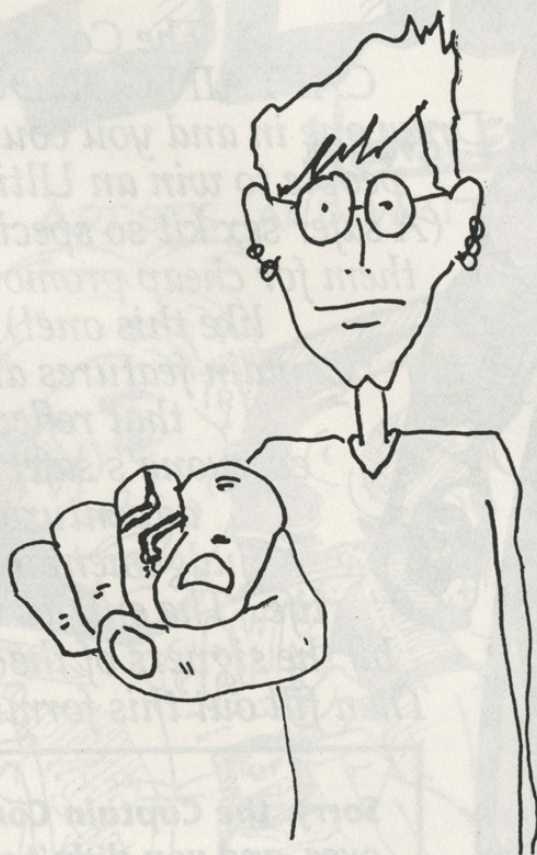
There's only one lie

there's only one truth
there's only one sex
there's only one religion
there's only one god
there's only one right way
there's only one wrong way
there's only one good way
there's only one bad way
there's only one mom
there's only one dad
there's only one time
there's only one lie
there's only one lie
there's only one lie
one lie.

I'm waiting for something to happen
but it never does
I just sit and wait all day and night
but it never does
One time I thought something would happen but
it was just an old memory
pretending to be new
I'm waiting for something to happen
and here it comes.

There's just one thing
I can't remember where I put it
There's just one thing
I can't see you anywhere
There's just one thing
Where have I put it
There's just one thing
You left me again
There's just one more thing
And it isn't here anymore.

SUBMIT TO ME!

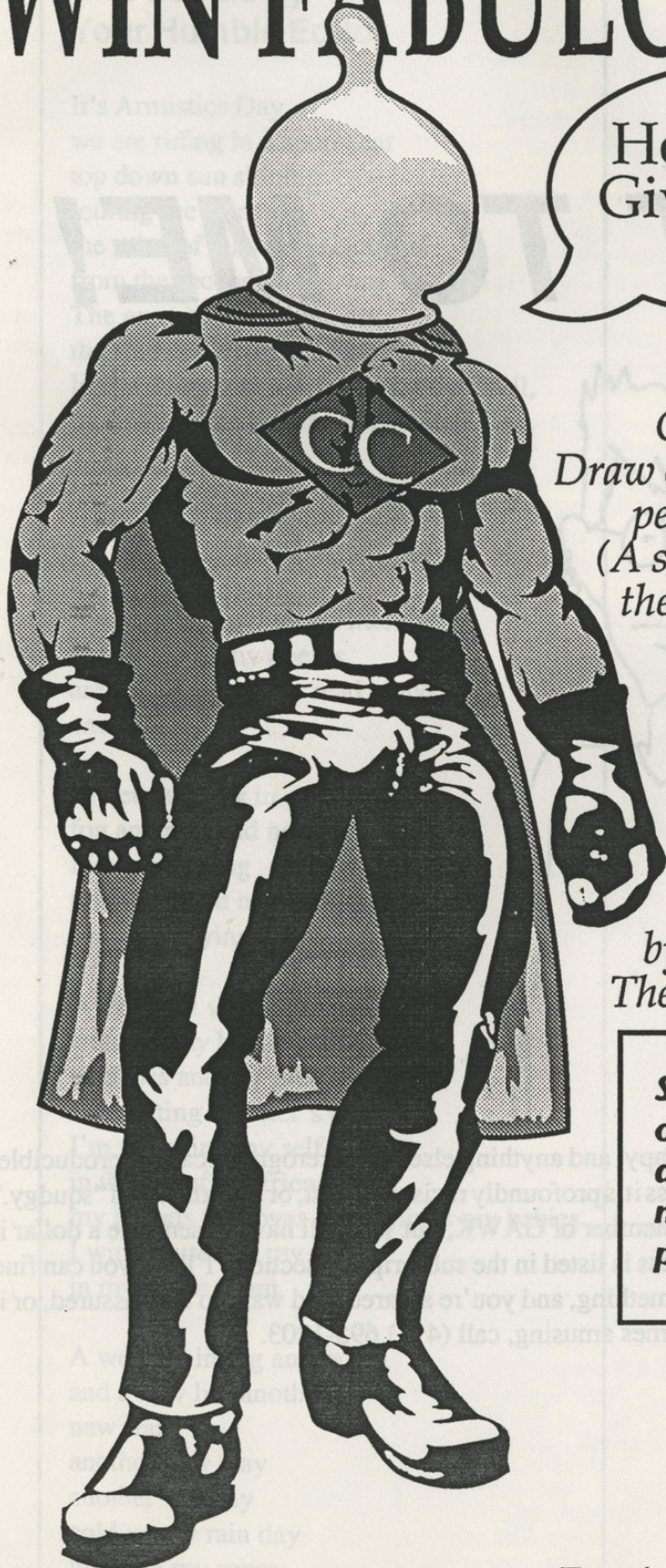


Your stories, poems, song lyrics, drawings, photography, and anything else that's xerographically reproducible, and I'll put them in the next newsletter. Really. Unless it's profoundly racist or sexist, or uses the word "squadgy." Submission of an item automatically makes you a member of GAWK, but you still have to send me a dollar if you want to get the newsletter in the mail. My address is listed in the subscription section. I'll bet you can find it. You're a smart person. If you want to submit something, and you're afeared, and want to be reassured, or if you just want to hear my message, which is sometimes amusing, call (415) 695-1203.

Winners will be notified Friday, March 9, 1990.
Entries are due by Friday, March 2, 1990.
CA 95064
Center Box 20
Co-Op Project
And this whole page to:

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WIN FABULOUS PRIZES!



Hey kids!
Give me a
face!

The Condom Co-Op's hero, CAPTAIN CONDOM, has no face! Draw one in and you could be one of three people to win an Ultimate Party Pack (A safer sex kit so special, we only make them for cheap promotional giveaways like this one!) Simply give the Captain features and an expression that reflect his concern for everyone's safety, yet embody an adventurous, playful, non-judgemental attitude towards life. The entries will be evaluated by the signers of the Condom Co-Op. Then fill out this form:

Sorry, the Captain Condom contest is over, and you didn't win. It is a nice ad though, doncha think, and there needs to be something on the back page of this darn Reprint Type Thang.

*And mail this whole page to:
Condom Co-Op Project,
Student Center Box 20
University of California,
Santa Cruz, CA 95064*

*Entries are due by Friday, March 2, 1990.
Winners will be notified Friday, March 9, 1990.*

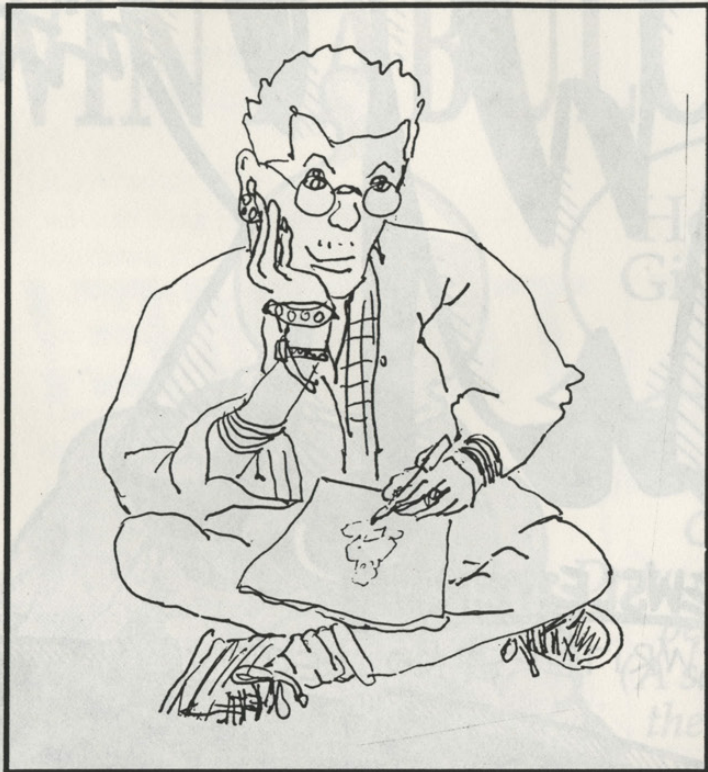
GAWK

FREE

NEWSLETTER #4

"GAY ARTISTS AND WRITERS KOLLECTIVE"





Your Humble Editor, babbling on again

The drawing above, obviously done by me, turned up in some of my papers recently. I have no recollection of drawing it, but judging by the bracelets, it is fairly recent, which means I wasn't intoxicated when I drew it, so why don't I remember? Life is full of mystery.

The other day, I was down there in Homoland, looking for interesting publications. Confronted by this huge rack of flashy big-money magazines, I had a moment of personal and editorial crisis. Then I looked at the little xeroxed zines, of which there seemed to be a lot, of unusually high quality. Why am I doing this, I said to myself. With all these millions of magazines already catering to every form of homo, with all these nekkid people on the covers, with all this artistic talent and verbal verbosity already out there, why kill trees for GAWK? Does the world need another lesbian/gay lit rag? Then of course, because I am myself, I got off into an enormous fit of depression and decided that nobody reads GAWK anyway, and nobody likes me, and I'm a talentless boob, and all that sort of thing, and I went home to bed.

It passed, as usual (It's heck being an arteest), and now, back to my normal peak of energy and enthusiasm, I realize that people do in fact read GAWK, or probably do, I can't imagine 500 copies being picked up for coasters. Besides, they tell me occasionally that they do read it. So I'm providing some sort of something with all my efforts. I hope. This is a lot of work, you know, and I have a real job, too.

It has been somewhat easier this time, since former Part-Time Consultant in Charge of Ultimate Beauty Beowulf has joined the staff as Art Director and Production Slave. It's nice to have someone to order around. So do you like the way it looks, eh? Can you believe we do all this for free?

And speaking of beauty, do you love Kevin's cover more even than you love unagi, or what? He'd love to paint your jacket for you (see ad). If you got this GAWK in the mail, and it's a little wrinkled, I'd love to send you a flat, unwrinkly copy for a dollar.

Remember last time, when I said that I hadn't gotten any criticism at all? I did finally get some. And no, it wasn't angry queens slapping me in public, darn. It was, matter-o-fact, friends who ought to know better asking some fairly ingenuous questions. "Why don't you have some professional writers in there?" "Why don't you have some OTHER writers in there besides just you?" Geez. And why don't I have glossy paper and big color photographs? Remember how much you *paid* for this newsletter? That's why I don't have those things. It would be nice to suddenly turn into a professional publication, but let's remember that I do this for no money, in my spare time, for fun. It's not the New Yorker, OK? We do have one professional this time, the world-famous Daniel Curzon, but just between you and me, I think that's because he's having a hard time finding a publisher for *Delightful Dish*, the book our extract comes from.

"All this
for free?"



Other Things: I managed to rummage up some woman contributors and stories this time, so I feel less defensive about claiming to serve the whole community. I am fairly hopeful, actually, that as GAWK circulation increases I can get submissions that reflect the full sociocultural spectrum of the homo (homa) experience. Speaking of circulation, I expect to make 600 copies of this issue for the first press run, and last issue I had to make a second batch cause we ran out, and then there's all that electronic distribution. Grow, grow, grow. It looks like we will be using a printer soon. There's no way I'm



Entries are...
Winners will be notified Friday, May 19, 1990.

going to sneak in to work to copy a thousand of these puppies. I guess this means I have to trot out there and sell some ads or something to raise money.

Note our new address. I got a P.O. box the other day. Now I will feel less concern that random weirdos will come to my house and trash my roommate's car or something, causing domestic disharmony.

The following Tiny Urban Tale is *not* approved by the GAWK Sweetness and Light Monitor, who found it to be cruel and elitist. Heh.

Cafe Flore. The boy at the next table is writing his novel on the portable computer his parents bought him. He is running a spelling checker. It beeps. He crows delightedly "Look! Es-tettik is spelled a-e-s-t-h-e-t-i-c!" Happy laughter all around. A new best seller I am sure.



Box Lunch

This time it's more like sushi, which is box-lunch material anyway. Bento biography:

Fred Sears is a friend of YHE who lives in a trailer park in Sunnyvale with his partner of around ten million years, Jim, and a big silly cat named Boon. Fred is a microwave circuit designer and DOS aficionado, which makes him a perfect audience for my brand of Computer Geek humor. Heh. And yes, Fred always has a pocket full of pens and a little screwdriver.

Valerie Polichar is a computer-mail friend of YHE who I have known for about eight years and never seen. Sometimes I wonder if she's an artificial intelligence project.

Randy Stallings is a San Francisco writer who agrees with YHE that teddy bears and hugs are a pretty goddamn inadequate response to a world-wide health crisis.

To be included in this section, send me some biographical details, and there you'll be in the next issue. If you don't have any biographical details, just send your name, and I'll make something up.

• Administrivia •

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Subscription Information

To subscribe to the GAWK newsletter, send me a dollar. That is postage for four issues, which is one year. I haven't yet decided what to do when the postal rates go up.

Send dollar bills, checks, or money orders to YHE:-

Your Humble Editor:	GAWK Central:
Tom Shearer	Jon Sugar
P.O. Box 31431	901 Stanyan #14
San Francisco CA 94131	San Francisco CA 94117
(415) 695-1203	(415) 731-2424

We also have a special rate for the generous: \$4 per year.

Official Statement of Porpoise

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Benefactors

(Nice people who gave us money to pay for the GAWK booth at the Pride rally)

- Peter Cheeseman, PhD, PhD, PhD
- Sister Leonora Tytewimple (alias)
- Tom Rielly
- Marc Sinykin
- Kevin Osinski

The GAWK newsletter is a quarterly, published sometime in the first part of January, April, July, and October.

Worm in Empty Light

b I see the earth
 y I see it all
 J the sun rises just to fall
 D it lights the day to rest at night
 K traveling in the empty light
 o never knowing where I will go
 b I walk aimlessly in empty light
 e the paths I follow are streams and ponds
 z they flow into the great vast sea
 a empty world of wiggling worms
 k wiggling worm I am
 within an ocean of wisdom
 floating in the sea
 a wiggling worm
 the winds of confusion boil the waters
 my little worm goes under
 the winds suffice
 the waters calm
 wiggling worm sitting
 in his mind
 emphatically.

Gay & Lesbian Historical Society

A while back, Your Humble Editor got a message on the Humble Answering Machine from the archivist of the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society.

He won my heart by asking me to send them my back issues (YHE is usually more susceptible to flattery than the average person, hint, hint) and now I am returning the attention, if nothing else:

The GLHS was started in 1985 with the intent of making an archival collection of important Northern California homo bits and pieces for posterity. At the time there was no such project, and it seemed that valuable artifacts of our cultural history were being lost.

Research and communication with other archives throughout the country indicated that the main problem facing the eager archivist is Mo-Ney. The Gay and Lesbian Historical Society was founded to provide funds and publicity for the archives. The Society produces a newsletter and sponsors special events and workshops both to raise money for the maintenance of

b Awake again.....
 y I whisper your name into the darkness
 S As if to conjure your presence,
 But silence answers to stifle my breath.
 P I grasp for the hand of sleep
 o To pull me from the pit of loneliness,
 w And set me gently dreaming
 e Where intertwining lives dance to the music of hearts.
 l Aching beyond pain, crying beyond hearing,
 l There is no rest until we are together.

the archives and to increase public awareness. In order to avoid the big funding bugaboo, the GLHS archives have been stored inexpensively under members' beds, in closets, etc. in anticipation of the day when there would be some money to acquire a more traditional space.

The archives are nonetheless currently available to the community on a limited basis in archivist Bill's living room. Archive hours are Wednesday 6:30 to 9 pm and Saturday 2:00 to 5 pm. Call for directions, 648-6814. The archives are also available by appointment after much begging and arm-twisting, but the archivists would really prefer to have their own lives outside of archive hours.

The society has determined that this is the year for a more formal and community-accessible home for the archives, and expect to move into a storefront, office or similar space later this year. This will be a big step forward in the society's plan to make the archives a useful and usable community resource.

The archives' main focus is on the acquisition and preservation of important manuscripts and unique items. Currently the archives contain 25 manuscript collections. They also have a periodical library of some 1300 titles, including the only complete sets of several major Northern California gay publications. This includes, incidentally, a full set of the GAWK newsletter.

The periodical collection is being microfilmed in a joint project with the University of California, and will be available in the microfilm library at U.C., at the SF public library, and for sale from the Society.

For more information, call 648-6814 or write Box 42126 SF CA 94142.

I Fall In

I fall in with you again
 It's been two months this time
 and we're both hungry
 Nothing has changed and
 yet everything has changed
 we've done our time these
 two months up and down
 better and worse thin sad
 Mouths rushing out to claim
 the brittle bits of what is left
 and always wondering why
 we can be so good in bed
 and so damn bad in life.

b
 y
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b F Houses (1970)

y r A house cannot speak
 e And so it cannot condemn
 d A house can't love or hate
 A house is just a place to live.
 S And yet in some strange way
 e Houses speak to men
 a And men listen to houses
 r And men talk to men in houses.
 s

Excerpts from

Monster from Hell

by Randy Stallings

Dedicated to Joel Redon.

That was the Summer of our
Powerful, Lyrical, Sexual Dance
With cadence of Tactile Joy.
The bronze men of musk and music
Swayed the sensual rhythms of
Bonds of pleasure and pain.

Then came the Autumn of our
(Just Discovered) mortal fragility,
As the Prophet Milk choked on
The bullets of a Breeder Cop named
White (which named his color and the
Images on his Savage Little Brain).

And so the Gentle New Power stilled for the
One-In-Ten who were destined to be FAERIES
And who (you call)

Sissy Queen (homo)
Pansy Lust Machine
(Faggot) who fuels your
Envy and Fear...

And (yea) you did point your
Putrid, bony filthy finger of
Ignorant, Violent Judgement
At the budding, fertile festival
That we dared celebrate (outside of closets)
In the lavender light of day.

Oh shame, shame on we, the
Children of Aquarius for the offense of
Touching the Source of Meaning to be Alive
With Beauty and Passion and
Taste...

And daring to be free as
God's creatures we were meant to be!

As your beautiful and proud prey
Were beaten to remind them that
They (the victims) were to blame
For your ... Neatly Named,

Safely Sexual

MONSTER FROM HELL.

And came next the Horror Time...
The years of Screams in the Night.
The shrieking minds not yet

Note: Because my excerpts have changed the message of *Monster from Hell* slightly I will send a copy of the full text to interested persons who send me a business-size SASE.

Willing to perform for Dan Rather's
cameras

The stylish, demanding,

Death With Dignity

as choreographed by the more
"sensible"
(straight acting) Leader Queers.

Oh teach us how to die with purpose,
Show us how to cry with tact.
Train us, oh Great Leader Queers,
In the ancient art of selling out,
As all of us are "Coming Home"
To our very own designer graves!

Oh thanks to all you Leader Queers,
You self-hating, anxious Judas-Goats!
You little fags of guilt and shame!
You haunted homos so so careful,
Lest offend the Straight White Father!

Open your eyes and feel the rage,
Oh, my terrified, exhausted noble
brothers!

Weep as secret lovers do for our
Thousands of sweet souls gone
Gasping into eternity... Consumed by a
Putrid Howling Beast

(seen as a challenging puzzle)
By Doctors and Lawyers and
Politicos

Eager for Nobel fame...

Rage! Rage and Learn of
Unity Real and Pride Earned
As surely as Despair is spurned.

About My Hand

by Valerie Polichar

Forgive me; I have too many
fingers. It's hard
to separate the difficult from the
divine;
but this is not a gift.

They chicken-feed off my skull,
pour their wines down my throat.
Twine their nice gilt threads around
my neck,
which is waiting.

Oh, she's a pretty one, lying with
her hair
twisted over her innocence.
I'd like to take my fingers to her,
but you know what they'd say.

It's a fucked-up world
where love is permission to demand
and my fingers get caught in the
telephone dial to freedom.

SUBMIT



People keep asking me if I really mean that I want you to send me stuff when I say I want you to send me stuff. Yes. It's true. Send me your art and your writing. I'll print it, or excerpts of it depending on its size. Unless it's just painfully bad, in which case I won't tell anybody or laugh at you, or unless it offends my scruples, of which I ain't got a whole lot. Hurry fast, before the postal rates go up. Submission of an item automatically makes you a member of GAWK, and you get a free copy of the issue that your Thang appears in, but you still have to send me a dollar if you want to keep getting the newsletter in the mail. My address is listed in the subscription section at the beginning. I'll bet you can find it. You're a smart person. If you want to submit something, and you're afeared, and want to be reassured, or if you just want to hear my message, which is sometimes amusing, call (415) 695-1203.

Note: The next two issues have Themes: Issue Five is the 1 year Anniversary issue and at the same time the special Gay Pride Week, Parade Folderol commemorative edition. I'm hoping for birthday-cake themed art and writing on the themes of Anniversaries and Being a Proud Queer.

Issue Six will be all-cartoons, to the degree that I can shut myself up, and I would like as many single-panels and strips as I can get.

Electronic Communication

GAWK also has an electronic outreach. The GAWK newsletter appears on the local UNIX newsgroup, ba.motss, and Doug's Den and the Backroom BBS's in the East somewhere, and some other BBS's I don't know about that are part of Doug's BBS network, and as Your Humble (Computer Nerd) Editor gets around to it, it will be available in many, many other on-line type venues.

They're free, you know. We here at GAWK are real fond of free. Now if people would stop calling me up via modem and leaving those squealing messages on the Humble Answering Machine. Somebody even tried to modemize me at work the other day, and I can't figure out *where* they got that number.

I Love Politics

Homo Supervisor Tom Nolan of San Mateo county and some other political fags-n-dykes have formed an organization, California Association of Lesbian and Gay Elected Government Officials, an offshoot of the National Organization of same. Address 824 Winslow street #214 Redwood City CA 94063 (415) 368-7112. Their goal is to provide a national forum for gay issues and helping homo people get into and stay in office, which seems laudable enough to me, and besides, they sent me a press release and thereby got my ego involved. They also sent me a newsletter "Speaking For Ourselves" which may be the voice of the national organization, but it is unclear. \$10/yr from Patrick Publishing Co. 1742 Massachusetts Avenue, SE Washington DC 20003. (202) 547-3104. These serious organizations sure do charge a lot, eh? As usual, GAWK is much prettier and lots cheaper.

Homo Radio

Jon wants y'all to know that Bay Areans can listen to homosexual radio shows:

Ken McPherson on KITS (Live 105) (105.3)
Sunday morning at 7 am.

Fruit Punch on KPFA 94.1 10 pm Wednesday.

He probably wants you to know that because he is going to be doing some shows on KALX in Berkeley, and he's looking for people to write for him:

Can you write news stories? Human interest features? Do you have an interesting story to share? GAWK founder Jon Sugar is putting together a radio show to be broadcast on KALX 90.7 FM and needs writers. Call him at GAWK Central, 731-2424.

ADVENTURES

of Captain Condom! #1 by Beowulf J. Thorne

The city sleeps fitfully, as a frightening new apparition appears.....the Rubber Monster!

It makes you go limp!

It destroys the spontaneity!

It dulls the sensation!

HOW?

But only YOU can destroy the Rubber Monster!

By learning to eroticise latex! Make friends with condoms before using them in sex. Get comfortable with how they look, taste, and smell. Stretch a few to see how much abuse they will take before breaking. Blow one up and tie a knot in the end. How does the condom balloon feel against your skin? With the help of a banana or some other visual aid, create a sexy style of putting the condom on yourself or your partner. Men might try masturbating a few times with a condom, in order to get used to —

Now wait just one minute!

Mighty Publishing Empire, or Something ...

GAWK Force to Be Reckoned With K.C. Frogge is also a partner (with the elusive Barbara) in a publishing company, KCIInfo (can you guess where the name comes from?)

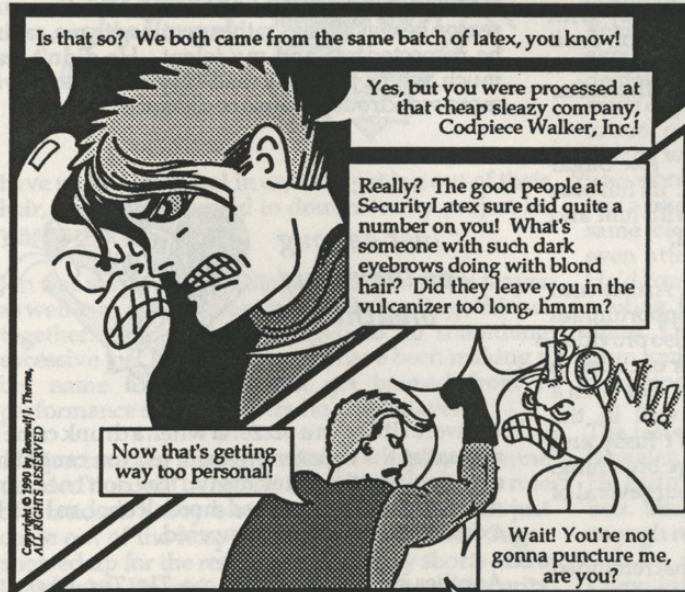
KCIInfo publishes two Thangs: *Personally*, a personals newsletter serving Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas, and the *Triangle Times Directory*, a listing of gay-owned and gay-friendly businesses and organizations in the same Midwestern area, and also lists a bunch of national resources. YHE will be using his copy to search for new GAWK distributors in his ongoing quest to go coast-to-coast.

K.C. started *Personally* in February of 1985, making several of the standard first-timer's mistakes and spending a fair chunk of her own money, but then Barbara came onto the picture and cooler heads prevailed.

Personally was originally distributed in bars, but it soon became clear that publications in bars spend a lot of time doing coaster duty, and now it is subscription-only.

In the fall of 1985, KCIInfo began to print the *Triangle Times Directory*. One of the interesting problems they have faced is that in the rather conservative climate of the area they serve, it is hard to find newspapers that will run an ad that uses the L-word or the G-word, which has interfered somewhat with their media blitz.

5
Anyway, the tale:



next: NATURE vs. NURTURE

Of course not! My nails are trimmed!

Burkina Faso

The saga continues. As it turns out (thanks to the Lambda Philatelic Journal, see the Zine Reviews section) I was not only misspelling the name of the country but also slandering its social structure. It seems at least based on the report of a former resident that Burkina Faso is fairly non-woman-oppressing as African countries go. I do so hope this is the last correction/retraction I have to print on this subject.

GAWK Booth

GAWK will have a booth at the Gay Pride Thang in SF at the end of June. Come see us. We will have free money and lots of nekkid people dancing.

Oops. I lied again. No free money, in fact we'll be begging for you to give us some, and no dancers that I know of, although we won't dissuade any charming volunteers, but much of the GAWK Inner Circle and Ruling Cabal will be in attendance as well as the entire GAWK newsletter staff and maybe a few of the benefactors and some other high-profile homosexuals who happen to drop by.

GAWKsters A-Singin and a-Playin...

K.C. Frogge, GAWK Force to be Reckoned With, will be appearing at Artemis Cafe Friday May 25. She will be presenting a retrospective of songs she has performed at various points in her career, both serious and frivolous, entitled "Ballads to Bloopers, Different Songs for Different Throngs." The Artemis is at 1199 Valencia St. (at 23rd St), in SF, the show is at 8pm, and there's a sliding scale of \$4-\$6.

Jeffrey Terflinger, King and Leading Light, Homo-Acoustic Memorial Band, is playing classic swing of the 30's and 40's with the Maninger/Terflinger Tune Swingers. They are at The Blue Lamp, 561 Geary, SF, on these Mondays: April 16, 23, and May 14, 21, and 28. 9 pm - 1 am. Jeff says that they got an ovation and four encores the first time they played there, so I guess they must be hot, and if that sort of music is your special Thang, you'll be in hog heaven.

GAWK is looking for spaces to hold public events. Call Jon Sugar at 731-2424.

Something, continued.

When K.C. and Barbara moved out here to foggy CA, they gave up the publications, but the new publishers lost interest, and KCInfo resumed publication. It's a little odd, Midwestern resources coming from Daly City, but it's sure less odd than Danny Quayle in the white house, eh?

Anyway, Personally is a monthly, featuring about 60 ads per issue and a circulation of around 1200. The price is \$15/yr, which includes a free ad.

The Triangle Times Directory is published twice a year, and costs \$3.

The address is KCInfo, P.O. Box 218, Daly City CA 94016-0218

They also offer a pamphlet which YHE did not see but K.C. is quite excited about called "You can do something about AIDS" which is free, send 85¢ for postage.

Foot in Mouth of the week:

"We're sometimes able as a small press to sign up a very talented great new writer at a very small price, with very little risk because that's all they, they ex ... they realize that's all we can offer them as an advance (giggle). I should have written some of this out more carefully in advance (giggle)."

- Sasha Alyson, Alyson Publications, speaking at the OutWrite conference

excerpts from DELIGHTFUL DISH

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I had been aware of Jon Sugar's considerable presence in the SF entertainment scene long before I met him. It was Halloween when our paths finally crossed, an appropriate occasion since Sugar was truly one of the most bizarre characters I've ever run across.

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He was a large, ever-expanding man in his mid-thirties, his hair going grey, at least until he noticed and dyed it a pronounced black.

I made the mistake of laughing uproariously at his antics on a BART ride back from Berkeley with Sister Boom Boom. Both had appeared on *Fruit Punch* on KPFA. When I included Sugar in a column on Underrated Things in SF, thereafter there was no avoiding him.

At first I welcomed his friendship. Jon Sugar certainly made every occasion special. If I felt blue or bored, all I had to do was go out with him and we'd have an adventure of some kind.

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He had just founded GAWK, (Gay Artists and Writers Collective) in order to provide opportunities for like-minded people to socialize. It also provided Sugar a chance to pick up any number of cuties in his official capacity as GAWK greeter. For such a chubby man, Sugar certainly did well in the bedroom. But then he said he wasn't fussy and liked them all, just as long as they were breathing. (There were doubts along this line about several of his tricks.)

He lived in an apartment in the Haight that reminded me of certain parts of Calcutta. In two small rooms were crowded four roommates, one of whom was a certified schizophrenic on medication, another a "masseur" whose clients paid to worship his body. Mattresses were spread on the floor, the toilet leaked, and mold-covered casseroles dwelt in the refrigerator. One time the schizophrenic relieved his bowels in the bathtub, leaving smears on the shower curtain. When Sugar queried him, he said "I didn't think you'd notice."

I would have died in such an environment, but Jon seemed to thrive. He was adamant about being an "artist" and not being an "office worker," the lowest of the low to him, even if it meant that he never had any money and was always facing eviction. Needless to say, one of his closest friends was an office worker, who took Jon in when he really was evicted.

Among the younger men Jon attracted was Jerry, or Little Jerry, to distinguish him from Big Jerry,

another (non-stop-talking) friend of Jon's. Little Jerry was twenty years old and possessed of a squeaky voice and a large penis, the latter displayed to advantage in a porn magazine at least once. In between bouts of loving Jon, he went off to be the kept companion of a gentleman in NY state, returned, only to go off again to perform similar chores in Seattle. He and Jon always said they loved each other very much; there was some evidence for this; they fought a lot too. They were like an openly gay Laurel and Hardy.

I attended a party at Jon Sugar's apartment in 1985 to celebrate Dan White's suicide. Dan White was the man who killed Harvey Milk and shook off this mortal coil by gassing himself in his garage. Although it was in bad taste — no, *because* it was in bad taste, Sugar decided we would serve Twinkies with candles on them. It was my addition to the frivolities to suggest that we all tell stories of where we'd been during the White Night Riot. We toasted Dan White's death. He would have done the same for us.

Jon Sugar had a positive genius for making trouble, delighting in offending people with his remarks. He wouldn't draw the line at anybody. For some reason he was always rather gentle with me, saying he respected me and my talent. He didn't read much, which probably made my talent seem even more wondrous because of distance.

"Just as long
as they were
breathing."



We were sitting in a pizzeria when a drunk came in and sat at the counter opposite us. Jon caught his eye, inspiring the drunk to say, "You don't need any more pizza." "Yeah, I need more alcohol, so I can be a drunk like you," Jon answered.

Another time we went to see *The Two-Character Play*, one of Tennessee Williams' later plays, not one of his better ones, in a very weak production. Not content with disliking the play intensely himself, Sugar had to walk around and solicit comments from other audience members as we were leaving. I'd never dream of asking strangers what they thought of anything, but Jon spotted this thin foreign gentleman in a stiff sports jacket in the elevator. "What did you think of the play?" Jon said. The man had enjoyed it. "So you enjoyed that, huh?" Jon went on. "Do you work here? Are you the janitor?" He kept up a steady barrage of put-downs, some more oblique than others. I cringed, but couldn't escape because we were in an elevator.

Out on the sidewalk, Jon couldn't resist going back to ask this same man what time it was. By now, the man had figured out, even with his limited English, that he was being twitted and said "I don't give the time to assholes!" Jon came back with more smart mouth, and the man got more and more irate, and finally said, dukes up, "You want to fight? You

want to fight?" "Is this a multiple choice test?" Sugar said. But the man pressed him, and Sugar backed down, infuriating me since I wasn't about to let a friend of mine look bad. "I'll take you on!" I said, and the foreign gentlemen and I proceeded to engage in fisticuffs. Or at least I shoved him. When he stumbled, I realized that not only was he small and thin but he was physically handicapped too. His wife escorted him away. I felt like such a fool. How could Jon Sugar have gotten me into such a low-life, embarrassing situation! Then on top of it all we couldn't find my car and wandered up and down many streets, with me yelling at Jon for being such a troublemaker. Naturally, the next time I heard Jon telling the story, it was about how he outwitted this cluck at a play.

Sugar got into a power struggle with members of the *Fruit Punch* collective, of which he was a member. David Lambie, as executive producer, had to act as mediator, deciding for the other side, even though he liked Jon, because the other side knew how to run the control board and Jon didn't. I think the others may

"An openly gay Laurel and Hardy."



have picked a quarrel in order to get Jon out of their hair, because he tended to dominate any project he was part of.

Jon was very gifted as a singer and harmonica player as well as a comedian, but he couldn't quite get his act together. He always managed to do something excessive just before he should have been making a big name for himself and get banned from a performance space or the radio or whatever.

A director of a staged reading of a play of mine decided it would be a good idea to cast Jon in the role of a tattooed heavy-breathing bisexual who has just come out of the hospital to keep a sex date. Sugar showed up for the reading in his jockey shorts and a dinky robe. He said all his lines with utter insincerity and got spooked by a telephone sound cue and forgot to throw open his robe and flash the other cast members — his idea in the first place. I knew we shouldn't have cast him, he needed to say his own lines to be funny.

He had done a rap record before I knew him and had tried to market it any way he could. Jon was counting on that one song to lift him out of poverty and into the national spotlight. At last he succeeded in selling it to a record company and the contract was to come special delivery in a few days. It was six months if it was a day, and then a lawyer told Jon the contract was so lopsided in the record company's favor that he shouldn't sign it. A year went by and the revised record contract didn't arrive.

I thought Jon had immense talent and shouldn't squander it, appearing with deafening groups in dives, or burying himself in White Trash Debutantes, making pennies. If he could have marshalled his abilities, he could have knocked the socks off most comedians, but he didn't want to compromise his outrageousness,

his gayness, or his spontaneity, so Sugar never got a commercial act together, and I doubt he ever will.

He said some people came up to him on the street and told him he was a disgrace to the gay community. He'd ask them if they wanted to go home with him.

Jon had grown up in Miami, a white, fat, Jewish kid who learned to survive by being funny. "How original," I teased him. He said his schoolmates accused him of sucking off his dog, but he won their hearts by saying, "I only jacked him off." Jon wanted to be liked so much, at times it was painful to watch him. And yet he'd dig at people until he got their goat.

Jon had back trouble, and finally had to have an operation. Before that he had been forced to crawl around his apartment on all fours, naked and immense with a piece of toilet paper hanging behind because he couldn't reach it. "You look marvelous" his friend Bill Bent told him, looking through the door.

Jon finally got on my nerves when we spent a New Year's Day together at David Lambie's. He spoiled every word game we played and absolutely demanded that he be the center of attention for the entire day. My enthusiasm for his presence began to cool considerably. You got the feeling, often, that he wasn't talking to you personally. Rather, you were an audience which existed to react to Jon's jokes and antics. He would call and tell the same joke three times in one day, as if he didn't even attempt to remember who he told what. He'd complain of loneliness, only to have his call waiting interrupt every phone call five to ten times. I began to seek ways of extricating myself from quite so many Sugar attacks. I stopped returning his calls, but he didn't seem to notice.

The last straw came when he asked for a ride to Berkeley and then showed up with another rider. He hadn't bothered to ask how crowded my car was. Since I had some other people, I didn't have enough room.

I flew into a rage, asking him why he thought people didn't return his phone calls, why so many people despised him, why he couldn't keep his friends, or his lovers, pointing out to him how he had no consideration for other people, how his egotism exceeded that permissible to human beings, even to Jewish comedians!

"Are you kidding?" he said.

I wouldn't see him after that. Once in a while I'd run into him on the street. He was always hilarious, but I just couldn't take more than a small dose. But he wouldn't take no for an answer. He started calling me again and we'd talk. He didn't offer me his new phone number, and I didn't ask for it. He was living with a friend in Pacific Heights, ("Specific Whites" he called it), the poshest part of SF, after being evicted from the Haight. He said he would call me again, to regale me with more jokes and dish, and he has.



Daniel Curzon is a homo writer of some renown who was quite puzzled when Jon asked him if I could run this Thang. He said, "I don't know why you'd want to, but sure." I think Jon has lost sight of the fact that not all press is good press, but what the heck, it's funny, and there's nothing embarrassing about me in it. Curzon's many books include: Curzon in Love, The Revolt of the Perverts, and Tom Shearer, My Favorite Human Being, and he is a member of the Fruit Punch radio collective.



Pertinent Quotes

"Tom Shearer is the funniest man on the planet!"

— Frankensdesalvo
(Isn't he nice!)

"I just loved GAWK. It's the only truly creative and entertaining thing out there."

— A very perceptive and intelligent, if anonymous, voice on my answering machine

"The United States is highly conformist, deeply puritan and a very violent society. This is not fantasy"

— Harold Pinter (Not Gay) (that I know of)

"Just keep in mind that Larry-Bob (that's me) is a faggot, and my goal is revolution"

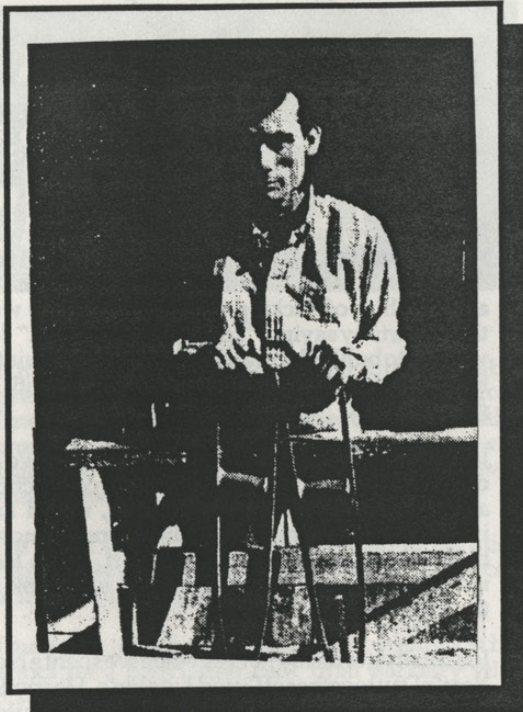
— Larry-Bob
(Gay as heck)

"A government does not have to put chains on people who will put them on themselves"

— From Pavement of Surface, from "Smile" by Karen Eliot, from who knows where before that.

"Straight males can be used for fun in bed but they are not worth talking to"

— Boyd McDonald, *Straight To Hell, the Manhattan Review of Cocksucking*, reprinted in Homocore's Bad Poetry.



Our featured human bean this time is Blaine Waterman, world-famous disabled writer and talk show host. Well, maybe not quite world-famous, but he'll never get there, either, without a little hyperbole...

Anyway, Blaine is from the faraway cold lands in the East of Paradise, where he used to be a chillblaine. Heh. He moved out to SF about a year and a half ago, and was amazed to find that he had more sex in 18 months than in his entire previous life. He's such a hussy.

Speaking of sex, Blaine, unlike YHE, who has always been a pervert, didn't realize he had a hankering for boners until he was 14. Many people were surprised, he says, to discover he had an interest in sex at all. Disabled people, like grandmothers and nuns, are expected to lead lives of chaste contemplation, I guess.

Anyway, when Blaine came to his senses and burst shrieking from the closet at age 20, Mom was not happy. She came to his abode bearing an inflammatory Ann Landers article about the horrors of T-room sex. Blaine was quite intrigued, having never heard of such a thing before. He got over his toilet fetish, and she got over her shock, as time went by. "After all," said Mom, "He was always very theatrical."

Being so theatrical, Blaine feels "a physical attraction akin to magnetic force in the presence of TV cameras" which has propelled him into two documentaries this year alone. He appeared, blabbering his damn fool head off, in a piece about zen and AIDS (former boyfriend was a zenster) and another AIDS piece, which he weaseled his way into talking about the fact that his mother knew someone with AIDS, which is a rather tenuous connection, if you ask me.

This brings us to Blaine's show, (Dis)abled in the Bay Area, a cable show dealing with the various tribulations of physically challenged people (don't you just love that phrase? It's so utterly P.C.) Anyway, 5 pm Fridays on

Viacom channel 5 in San Francisco. He's trying to get a grant to go national as Barrier Free Television, but we'll see.

This TV fetish of Blaine's is traceable to his first broadcast appearance at age six, in Portland, Maine, when he was supposed to be cute and loquacious but instead was terrified and said nothing but "Uh... uh..." Since then he has been attempting to repair the damage done to his public image by being articulate on television.

Since we're back to Little Boy Blaine, it looks like time for a few anecdotes from the formative years.

Anecdote One is that Mom would never let Blaine wear baseball hats because she was afraid people would think he was retarded. Personally, I think people who wear baseball hats *are* retarded, but anyway: poor little Blaine, cut off from baseball, male bonding, and all that stuff, had his masculinity become perverted and he became a homosexual. Thus Mom, ever meddling, in her effort to save Blaine from being a fashion failure and object of public scorn, caused him to become queer and the object of far more vitriolic despicement. You just can't win, huh, Mom?

So. The next anecdote: Blaine was at Shriner's Hospital, getting all chopped up by self-righteous doctors eager for another guinea pig. They had Occupational Therapy there, wherein the inmates could make various doodads. Blaine made himself some leather bracelets with his name on them, and was admonished by one of the nurses "You stop wearing those bracelets, or you'll turn into a homosexual!"

Alas, it was already too late.

Anyway, since I introduced Blaine as a writer, here's some credits: Aside from writing for his show, he used to write movie reviews for a paper in Michigan, he has a story in the current (very lovely) issue of darknerve, and had an idea of his used by Siskel and Ebert.

Another anecdote concerns Blaine's trip to Berkeley with his boyfriend, J.D. Kobezak, whose "Wiggling Worm..." appears in this issue somewhere. J.D. was curing himself of AIDS by magic rocks and healing thoughts, with the usual results. At the time of this anecdote, however, he was still alive and convinced Blaine that he was strong enough to run his own wheelchair, which turned out to be not the case, and so Blaine, who needs both his hands to operate his crutches, found himself trying to push the chair and at the same time look sad and pathetic so that nice guilty people would come and push the chair... It worked out OK, and they made it home.

Blaine says that J.D. claimed to be able to get Blaine, desperate videophile that he is, on Oprah and Geraldo. "It was a major source of stability in the relationship," says the Widow Kobezak.

But not to end on that rather brutal note, Blaine would like you to know that he has met the following famous people: Tom Shearer, Humble Editor of the GAWK newsletter, Lucille Ball, famous dead actress, Roy Rogers, almost as famous a dead actress, Allen Ginsberg, famous live homo poet, Steven Frears, famous live film director, Harlan Ellison, famous live writer and cranky-man, and David Leavitt, another fairly famous live homo writer. I don't know why Blaine wants you to know this, but he assures me that he has not had sex with any of these people.



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Flowering Judas



Starting a zine for gay/lesbian/
bi punk-under-ground sorts
who feel alienated or left out by
things like J.D.'s and the
mainstream "gay community."
Emphasis will be on emotion
(i.e. loneliness, belonging, fear,
etc.) rather than happy-go-
lucky, materialistic, bigger-is-
better eroticism. Most of the
zine will be poetry, fiction, art
and photography, with some
music. Looking for con-
tributions for first issue.
BOX 1841
EAST LANSING, MI 48826

These are a few alternative-type magazines that have caught the Humble Eye recently. This is by no means (ha!) an exhaustive list. For that you should see Factsheet Five, details below. If you live in an urban center, you can probably get most of these at your local immaculately hip bookstore. The prices I list are all US internal. I don't think I have any furrin readers anyway.

BLK \$2/issue or \$18/yr from box 83912 Los Angeles 90083-0912 This is a national monthly that addresses the black gay community. The layout is professional, if a bit bland, and the articles have some fire. And they ran a great article about homosexual sheep.

Chainsaw 2336 Market #128 SF 94114 A fun little Thang about the frustrations of being a "punk rock homo dork." Very lively. GAWK still wins the pretty contest, though. A dollar well spent, especially for the picture of Amy Carter. Go Donna.

darknerve (see ad) Number 4 is much better than number 3, with a lot of truly excellent neolithic/space bug petroglyph looking things scattered around, an interview with Paul Krassner, my heartrendingly beautiful GAWK ad, and just a generally improved layout/look/feel. Not that the last one looked like an old shoe, either.

Factsheet Five 6 Arizona Ave Rensselaer NY 12144-4502 \$3/issue, \$16/year. Mike Gunderloy is an amazing ball-of-energy, reviewing jillions of little magazines for this, the Zine of zines. What a lot of stuff. What a lot of wonderful stuff. You need to buy this magazine. If you can't find a couple of things you want in here, you just must not like anything.

Flowering Judas is Ken Carps' zine-to-be (see ad). He is looking for material. Judging by the xerography and manifesto he sent me, this will have a fine grafeek sense. Ken is very earnest and I look forward to a carefully assembled publication.

Holy Titclamps from Boxholder P.O. Box 3054 Minneapolis MN 55403
Free, 35¢ (or more. send more) postage. Larry-Bob wins points for having a free zine, and for lots-o-energy. It's the best, although some of his contributors are (eek!) Avowed and Practising Heterosexuals, which you won't find in MY pure, un sullied pages.

Homocore P.O. box 77731 SF 94197 \$1/issue. Lively, rude, well worth a dollar even if it's nowhere near as pretty as GAWK. Cranky, naughty punk rock dykes-n-fags-n-friends. They hate checks, so only send big green US dollars.

I also got this Bad Poetry thing from them, and it's OK fun, some of the stuff is fun/good, there's a big poster of a giant ant holding a giant memory chip. The one thing I didn't like at all was a newspaper clipping about some thug kids who beat up this goober who was carrying a bible. Is this funny? How is this different from some thug kids beating up a gay person? Anyway, aside from that, it's OK. Is it worth \$2? Is anything? I've certainly paid more and got less. Yeah, buy it.

Keychle Kishline from Nicole DeKovacs 2334 South 8th St. Philadelphia PA 19148. Free, but YHE says be nice and send stamps. Nicole is 16 years old and cannot spell at all and her KK has the best energy of anything I've seen in months. It's neat to keeno and so is she, judging from the letter she sent. I'm a little worried about that boyfriend, though.

Lambda Philatelic Journal P.O. box 3940 Hartford CT 06103. \$1.50/issue \$6/yr. The newsletter of a gay stamp club. Some social issues addressed, within the context of philately. I was surprised. I thought all stamp collectors were republicans.

LINC Lesbian Involvement in Northern California P.O. Box 494682 Redding CA 96049 Small newsletter of a women's group in Way Northern Cal. Apparently free. Parties, softball, birthdays. If you live there, or are interested in that area, you probably want to write them.

Pavement of Surface from Queer Riot Press 2336 Market #133 \$1/issue Deke Nihilson is part of the Homocore coterie, if you care. The zine itself is prettier than Homocore, but you guessed it, not as pretty as GAWK (or YHE, for that matter). Lots of stuff, addresses, nice poem: How to Behave in Restaurants. A good test of creeping intellectual fascism: If this magazine pisses you off, you should probably be careful. You're in great danger of self-righteousness or even (gasp) Republicanism.

Others I glanced at:

RFD: If you are a feller and you want to be a hippie and live on a farm or something, this should help you do so with style and class. Looks good.

Pansy Beat: I think that was its name. A very silly, fun, pink little Thang from New York.

Just in Case you Thought you were Dealing with a Totally Ghettoized Publication department:

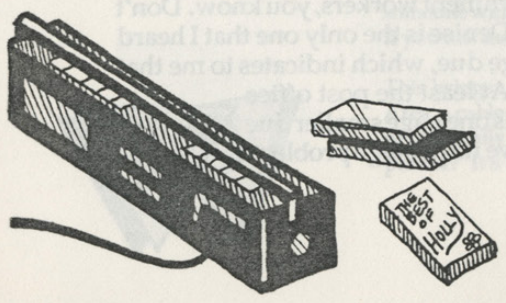
We have several heterosexual subscribers, only one of whom is related to the editor (but all of whom love him dearly, for he is just the nicest guy y'ever did see). Heterosexual Subscriber Denise tells me that she got the last issue postage due. After she ransomed it from the post office, she opened the envelope to read "Sometimes Being A Fairy Doesn't Cost You Anything" She called and asked if I sent it insufficient postage intentionally. No, I said, or rather yes, I knew that they weighed more than an ounce, but I didn't figure the post office would catch on. Government workers, you know. Don't give a shit, generally. Anyway, Denise is the only one that I heard of who got the newsletter postage due, which indicates to me that god does like us deviants best. At least the post office likes us best. Anyway, this issue is one page smaller due to the new format and should have no postage problems at all.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CANDLELIGHT DINNER, AND.....

PROVOCATIVE.....

KINDA STRANGE.....



KEVIN SADERLUND '90

