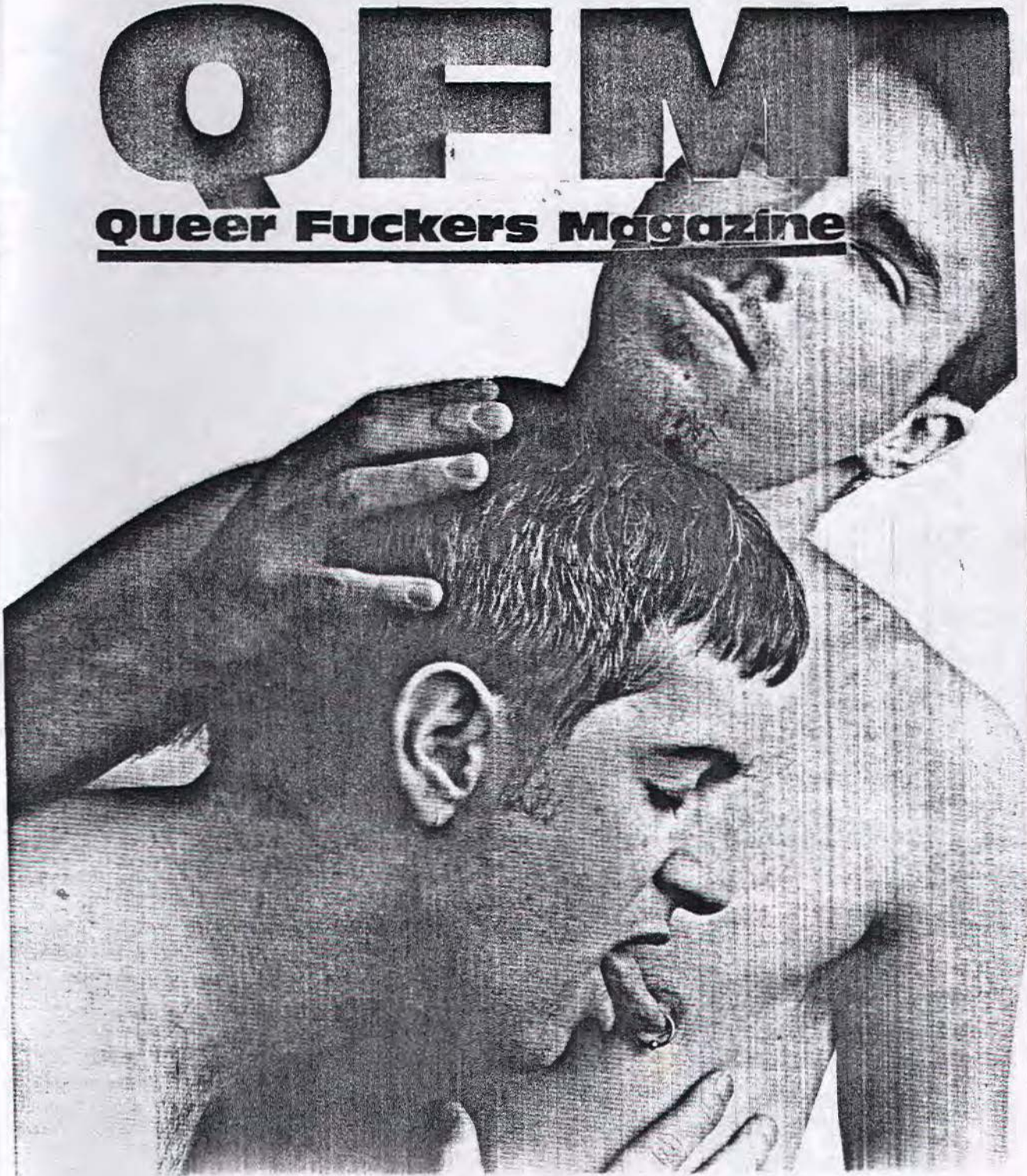


Salt Lake City, Utah

Issue 4

Q F M

Queer Fuckers Magazine





WHO ARE THESE QUEER FUCKERS?

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This friends, neighbors, and fellow queers is the one year anniversary of the birth of Queer Fuckers Magazine. When Devin and I stayed up all night, with only a break to attend a rather interesting hot tub party, slaving over a hot xerox machine at my Dad's office, one year ago I never thought our little zine would become as personal and important to me as it now is. Many of you out there, especially in Utah, hate it. You think we are subversive, radical, disgusting, tasteless, obscene and contrary to your boring assimilationist approach to gay politics, and culture. I hope we never fail to groos you out. On the other hand many of you out there realize that our Queer community has many voices to celebrate, that radicalism is an important facet of the culture and movement (without us the Gay and Lesbian Democrats, or god forbid, the Court might be considered radicals) and that Queer Fuckers Magazine is not intended to represent all Queers or even be read by people outside our "community." I hope we never fail to delight and entertain you.

This issue, #4 in a hopefully continuing series, is being released for public consumption on Utah's Lesbian and Gay Pride Day 1992. This year's theme is Pride=Power. I truly hope that some of you out there will take this theme, and make it part of your life. Too many of you out there think that pride is a thing you reluctantly drag out of the moth balls once a year, take to a park in the relative safety of the thousand or so others there, and immediately shut up in a hiding place for another year after the party is over.

Wake up! Pride is something for every day of the year. Power, Queer Power, Gay Power, Lesbian Power, Dyke Power, Fag Power; whichever you prefer, or want, is ours through pride and constant diligence. So buy that T-shirt and wear it once or twice a month, and mean it. It's really not that hard, in fact it's quite exciting.

So enjoy or be infuriated, as you wish, by the ensuing pages. Hell, write me and tell me what an asshole you think I am if you hate it and send money for a subscription if you like it! But at least read the damn thing.



ACT UP

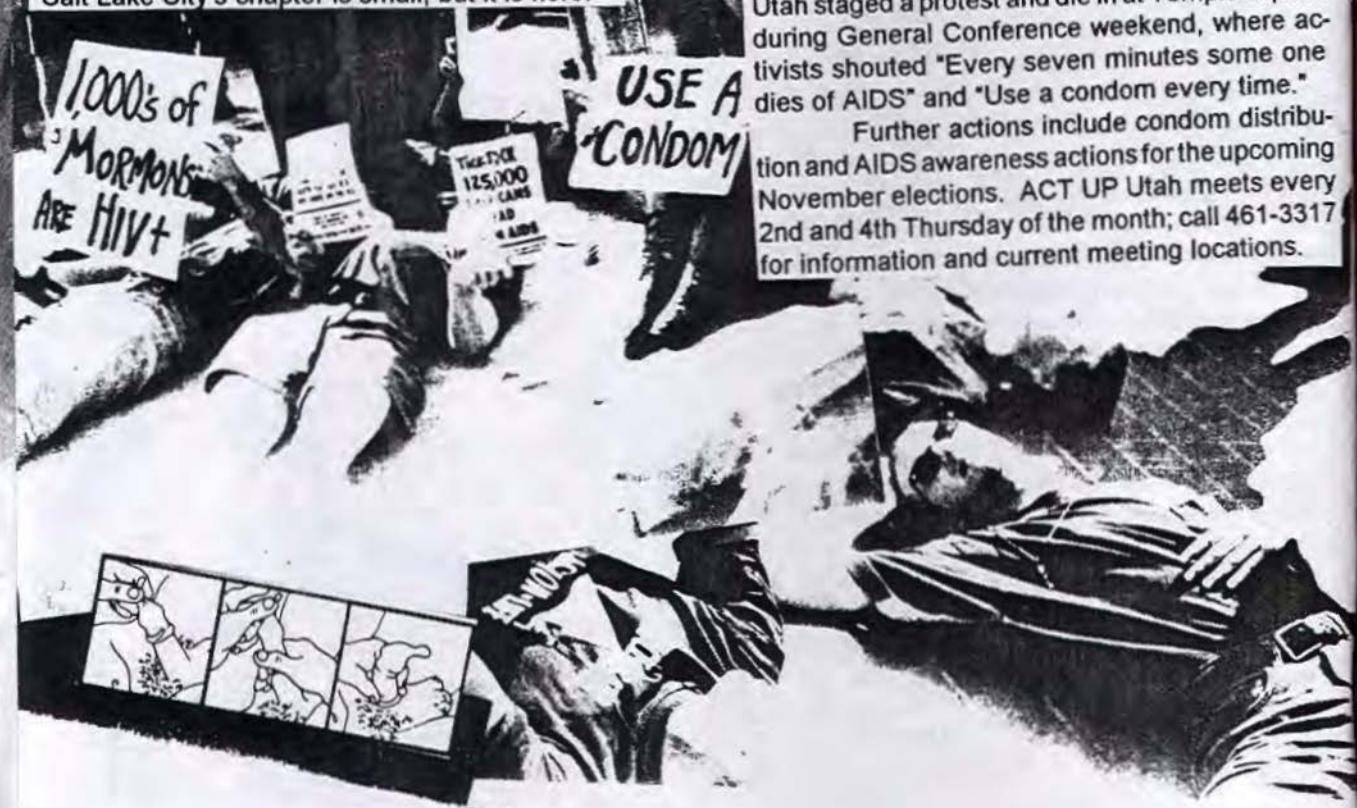
FIGHT BACK FIGHT AIDS

Utah's First AIDS activist Group began meeting in January of this year. ACT UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) is a direct action group that began in New York in 1987 to protest government inaction and reticence in dealing with the AIDS epidemic. ACT UP New York quickly drew the nations interest when it staged radical and massive demonstrations against Wellcome Burroughs (the pharmaceutical company who manufactures AZT for the government and were allowed to charge exorbitant prices for the drug), Wall Street (and those investing in Wellcome Burroughs), New York Times, and the catholic church. Branches of the group are found now in almost every major city in the United States and Salt Lake City's chapter is small, but it is here.



This winter ACT UP Utah attended State Senate Health Committee meetings to combat a discriminatory piece of legislation that required sex workers to be tested for HIV and undergo mandatory treatment. The group has also distributed leaflets through out the city that report accurate information about the extent of the AIDS crisis in the United States. Like Queer Nation, ACT UP Utah staged a protest and die in at Temple Square during General Conference weekend, where activists shouted "Every seven minutes some one dies of AIDS" and "Use a condom every time."

Further actions include condom distribution and AIDS awareness actions for the upcoming November elections. ACT UP Utah meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of the month; call 461-3317 for information and current meeting locations.



FAN MAIL

Dear QFM,
 Just a few comments on the piece about my brother and his "wacky heterosexual hijinks" at the Alta View Hospital. Some things in the piece were accurate, some not. For instance, my brother never uses the name Dick. He does, however, have one.

Rick knew about his wife's tubes being tied beforehand. He didn't give his permission, however.

Karen had not born eight children, she'd had ten. Two died within a few days of birth.

Yes, Rick thought there were "several more spirits" waiting to be born into his "dysfunctional home." Yes, the home could be called "abusive, violent," and even "overcrowded." The home was not impoverished; however. Not then.

Now it is impoverished.

Perhaps you were being symbolic when you said he decapitated that poor nurse with a "phallic sword." Just for the record, however, he shot her in the back. "Accidentally," he says. Her fault, of course. "She shouldn't have tried to be a Rambo."

You called him a "patriarchal asshole." Yep.

Kathy Worthington

P.S. #1: After years of refusing to even attend family functions if a certain lesbian relative were there (not me), Rick relented. Sort of. He and Karen even let this woman and her lover baby sit their little ones, sometimes for days on end.

P.S. #2: I wonder if a few years with the "boys" in prison will make Rick "family" in more ways than one.

Editors Note:

This piece was written in response to a letter we recieved concerning an article we printed in Issue #2. The article, originally titled "I Hate Straights" had no byline and was sent to us as an article which any Queer Nation chapter could use as they saw fit. One of the authors, however, took issue with our changing the title to "I Hate Heterosexism."

I was one of those who voted to change the name of this essay from "I Hate Straights" to "I Hate Heterosexism". I felt good about this because of several reasons, one being that the essay is a list of grievances brought on by heterosexism - it is NOT an essay listing the reasons to hate straights. The original title did not fit

the contents of the essay. I also have another reason for not wishing to call the essay "I Hate Straights". Because I don't hate straights. In Queer Nation Utah (and its immediate environs), there are several Press RETURN for more...

straits who thoroughly support us, walk with us, feel pain and cry with us, dance and sing with us, risk with us, revolt with us, AND I WILL NOT PUSH THEM AWAY WITH HATRED.

It is good for me to feel anger. Feel it right down to my bones and marrow and blood. I feel heterosexist oppression every minute of every day of my life. I am conscious of it and I rebel in RAGE against it. But I will not do so with HATRED. When we begin to hate indiscriminately, then they have won. Just entering that hateful race, we lose. As we can all testify (our bodies bear the scars and inscriptions), hatred objectifies and dehumanizes, and when people have become objectified and dehumanized, they have thus become easier targets for physical violence. That's the first tactic of war - declare your foe less than human, or non-human altogether, because that makes it easier to beat, maim, kill. AND THAT I WILL NOT DO. I reject war, violence, hatred.

Jared,
 What have you done lately to honor your family name?
 For several years you did a good job at being the young man that everyone looked up to, and wanted their sons to grow-up and be like. Jared Brown, how many people would be shocked to know how you have changed.
 Many people ask me still about what that neat kid is doing and its sometimes hard for me to say.

Its to bad that you have chosen to use your special talent of English and writing to write the work of the devil. You are so talented and yet you choose to waste it on such filth. You are not one of those people, and I hope someday you will come to that realization and quit running away from the real life.

I guess I should warn you that some of this letter will be up beat and some of it will not be. I only hope that you will know that this trip to California was a big mistake in your life and that you are too great and special for the kind of life you think is so great. It is the work of the devil and you know that within yourself, because you know that you are a Child of God and He has great things planned for you if you would only develop your faith and love for the Lord, and Jesus Christ just trusted me in the matter because you have a great gift that most of those people who are your friends (???) do not have, and that is the Priesthood of God because you know if you stay true, the Lord will bless you. I had to learn this in my early life and once I did I could not turn away from it, that is why I try and stay close to God.

Mom

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It's "Howdy, Duty" Time; or, Casting Those Pearls Before Swine!

When I was in Assimilation - whoops! I mean Affirmation - I once heard a Gay man say that he didn't come out of the closet to people because he didn't like "casting his pearls before swine".

I disagreed with him then (I was even radical as an assimilationist) and I still disagree with him now.

The way I figure it, each pearl is a tiny, magic bead that turns (patriarchal, heterosexist, capitalist) pig into stunning beings of love and enlightenment. So come on Girls - get out those pearls and start casting them before all the swine you see! Societal transformation is just a pearl necklace away. Besides, if Barbara Bush can get away with pearls in public, anybody can!

The Rock of Your Salvation

Bitter.

I am on a moving train. The train is in France. I am a fifteen year old white male from the United States of America. From Syracuse, Utah, to be exact. It is seven thirty in the morning. I am sitting next to the window, watching the trees and towns go by. I have left the small French village of Gargillesse and I am going back to Paris on the train. There is an older man staring at me. He is a homosexual. I know. Because I am too. But I don't use that word. I don't use any such word. I know the word but I don't use it. I am on the train because I just killed my grandmother. I killed her because I am a homosexual. No one must know. So I don't use that word. God hates me because I am that word. That word is become my flesh.


My first two weeks in France are terrible. From Syracuse to Paris is a shock. I dislike Paris. Most of Paris. I like the parks, and the trains. I am fifteen and this is my first time riding on trains. I have run away from Utah. And from my mother. She hates me. I have plenty of money because my father is rich, but he hates me. So he doesn't care what I do with his money. Just keep him away from me, he says. So I am in France. My mother owns me because she has less money than my father. She lost the battle. So I am in France. To get away from the Mormons and the Americans and my family. My mother and my father know I am a homosexual. They do NOT use that word. They do NOT use any word. And I like the Pigale district of Paris. It scares me too. I am in La Pigale at three in the morning with Jean-Pierre and Stephanie. I am staying with them in Paris. They are in their twenties. They are married. To each other. I am fifteen. We are in La Pigale. I place a franc into the slot of the kiosk out on the sidewalk. The television screen lights up. It shows me what is going on inside the sex parlor. We are outside the sex parlor. I am watching what is going on inside the sex parlor through a television screen. Three men and a woman are having sex. I have never seen sex before. I am from Syracuse, Utah. Everyone in Syracuse is related to each other. The gene pool is very, very tiny. My mother marries an outsider. He is Irish-Catholic. He is not a Hansen,

Beazer, Thurgood, or Smedley. He is not a Mormon. I am able to escape from Syracuse because only half my genes come from Syracuse.

The other half comes from a large, rambunctious gene pool in San Luis Obispo, California. I am a Mormon because my first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth cousins in Syracuse, Utah are all Mormons. Watching the three men have sex with the woman is interesting. It is fun. I like to see the three men touch and kiss each other. When they touch and kiss the woman I am bored. Not disgusted. Just bored.

I am outside the castle near Gargillesse. George Sands was born in Gargillesse. Gargillesse is in the center of France. The house where George Sands was born is a museum. I am with Daniel. He is the cousin of Jean-Pierre who lives in Paris. I am with Sylvie. She is Daniel's girlfriend. We are on bicycles. Daniel is beautiful. The castle near Gargillesse is beautiful. The castle near Gargillesse is very old. It is older than any building I can remember ever seeing. I have seen the ruins at Mesa Verde. They are older than the castle near Gargillesse. But I don't REMEMBER the ruins at Mesa Verde. I know I have seen them because I have photos of me there. But I do not remember being there. I am jealous of Sylvie because she kisses Daniel. Daniel is beautiful. I want him to touch and kiss me like the three men at the sex shop in La Pigale. I desire him. But I am ugly and he is beautiful. He is seventeen. I am fifteen. We climb around the castle ruins. We are not on our bicycles. Where/when/who am I? I can almost forget. I want to be the jester in the court of this ancient castle. I am a jester. I am.

I am on the train. I am crying. I am going back to the airport in Paris. I am going back to the tiny, tiny gene pool. I am going back to Syracuse to attend my grandmother's burial, which I will miss by five hours. I will save roses from the funeral that I will be too late to attend. I will dry the roses and keep them forever. My grandmother loves me. She is the only one who loves me and I killed her late last night. NO ONE must love me. I am crowded and hot and I stare out the window. I am scared. I am on a train to Paris and I am alone. I am always alone. The French countryside is beautiful. I am going back to Syracuse. To the



We are cycling back to Gargilesse from the castle. It is a beautiful July morning. Sylvie and Daniel are ahead of me. I am pedalling my bicycle slowly because this day is beautiful and this country is beautiful and I can almost forget that I am an

ugly homosexual from Syracuse. At a crossroads, a girl is bent over her bicycle, trying to put the chain back on, but she can't because her fingernails are too long and she's trying to keep her dress out of the grease. She is very beautiful. I am kind. I stop to help her out. She says nothing to me until I am done. Then the French words leave her mouth and I gasp. Her voice is not a woman's. SHE is not a woman. In the land of Simone de Beauvoir, she is a man dressed up as a woman. I have heard of people like her. I stare at her. I am looking in a mirror and I am frightened by what I see. She is an orange plucked from the same tree as me. As fast as I can, I pedal away from her/him. I do not look back.

It is a cool July night in Gargilesse. I am lying in bed with Daniel. We share a bed. We are in an ancient house. Daniel's family have lived in this house for over 400 years. The mortar of the house is so old that it disintegrates when I rub it with my finger. I am lying in bed with Daniel. Daniel is beautiful. He is asleep in his pajama bottoms. I can hear his breath so light and full. He is dreaming. I am dreaming of him. He is not dreaming of me. He is seventeen. His body is sinewy and slender and strong. I desire him. I am overwhelmed by the idea of sex and I am half asleep. I want to die, I ache for him. Just reach out. Reach across these old French sheets and touch him. I cannot stop this. I am not inside my body. I am outside my body. Watching my hand go across the bed to sleeping beauty. I watch my hand pull back the sheet a bit. I watch my finger hook into his pajama bottoms. He stirs. I freeze. I desire him. He is beautiful. I am a homosexual. We are in bed together. I am outside my body watching my finger hooked into his pajama bottoms. I want to touch him, caress him. I want him me - Qu'est-ce que tu fais? I am half asleep and then I am fully awake as I translate those words into the version of English which I learned in the tiny, tiny gene pool of Syracuse. What are you doing? he calls. I am back inside my body. I am not watching myself. I am myself. I am a homosexual. I yank my hand back to my side of the bed. It is too late. He knows. And he is yelling. And he won't stop. He yells and will not stop. He awakens his grandmother. I am humiliated, as she makes her descent. I am ashamed. I am a homosexual.

The phone rings. Daniel's grandmother quietly answers, as though her house is a funeral parlor. She speaks to the operator then calls my name. It is for me. I have been in France for three months and this phone call is for me. It is my first.

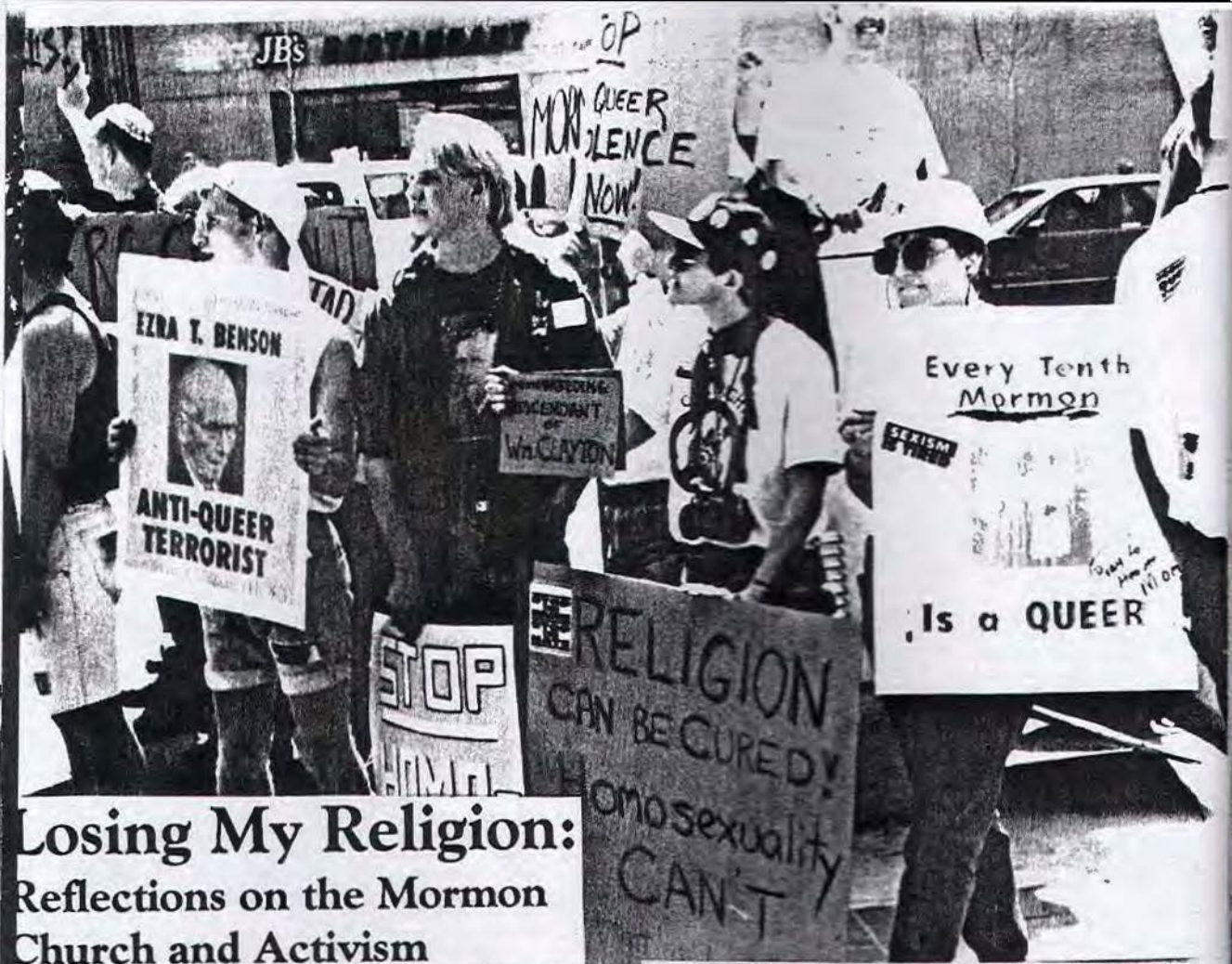
I am almost unable to speak. I have not slept all night. I have been awake crying all night long. I cry because of what I do to Daniel when he wears pajama bottoms in our bed. I answer the phone in French. It is my mother. She does not speak French. She does not respond to me in French. Huh? Rocky? is all I hear her say. It is my mother. She is in Syracuse. I am in Gargilesse. We can speak to each other even though we are hundreds and hundreds of miles away from each other. She speaks to me. It is bad news, she says. The instant I hear that it is bad news, I know. I don't know how I know, but I just do. Sometimes I know like that. And this time, I know. She doesn't even need to tell me, because I already know.

I am in bed. Daniel is upstairs with his grandmother. She is on the phone with Daniel's mother. It is after midnight and his grandmother is on the phone. She is telling Daniel's mother what I have done. I am ashamed and soared. I am a homosexual. Daniel's mother, Denise, arrives an hour later. She is angry. She will not talk to me. No one talks to me. They talk about me. I can hear them. They know that I can hear them. They know that I speak French and that I can hear them. They do not talk to me. Just about me. They call me the ugly names that are written on bathroom stalls in France and which no one will translate for me. I am alone in bed. I do not sleep. I stay awake all night crying. I am a homosexual. I am sick. I am a criminal. Actually, I am not a criminal in France but I don't know that. I am a criminal in the tiny, tiny gene pool of Syracuse, Utah where first cousins marry each other and have simple-minded children. So I think I am a criminal in France. They treat me like I am a criminal, so I believe it.

I am on the phone. I am talking to my mother across the Atlantic Ocean and across two thirds of the United States of America. It is 1977 and I am fifteen years old. I know what the bad news is before my mother tells me. I don't know how I know, but I do. My grandmother loves me. She is the only one who loves me.

I am on the train. I want to cry. I want the elderly man who is staring at me to stop. He is a homosexual. I know, because I am too. I am going back to Paris. I am going back to Syracuse. I am a criminal. I am sick. Daniel is beautiful. Daniel is not sick. Daniel is not a homosexual. Daniel says he is not a homosexual. No, he is not evil like I am.

My mother speaks the words over the telephone. My grandmother is dead. She died last night in Syracuse. Just before midnight, French time. I didn't even know she was ill. She is dead. She died just before midnight. Just when I had my finger hooked inside Daniel's pajama bottoms. She is dead. God hates me. Everyone hates me. Except for my grandmother. My grandmother loves me. But NO ONE must love me. I am a homosexual. She must die because no one must love me. God decrees her death because I am a homosexual. She dies because I hook fingers into Daniel's pajama bottoms. The one person who loves me must die because I desire Daniel. Because I am a homosexual.



Losing My Religion: Reflections on the Mormon Church and Activism

It has been two days since the second Queer Nation action at Temple Square and I am rife with disappointment. Disappointment not with Queer Nation, or the individuals who participated; they are among the bravest and most responsible people I know. My admiration for those who participated is almost endless. My disappointment is with the community. Where were you?

Last years demonstration was attended by about 40-50 locals over the course of the two sessions. That participation came completely from word of mouth since no official advance publicity or major recruitment for the action was done. Without any knowledge of even the focus or reasons for the protesting the action was attended by more people that I would have expected.

This year, however, a concerted if not complete effort was made to let as many people know about the action as possible and to explain to those people why the action was taking place. Over the month prior to the action groups ranging from the Lesbian Task Force of NOW, Utah Activists Network, Youth Group, and LGSU were visited and invited to participate. On the two weekends prior to the action over 700 fliers announcing the action were placed on cars at Gay and Lesbian Bars. Most significantly the night before, a brochure which explained in detail the 8 major reasons for participating (see reprint) in the action and an assurance of non-violence was distributed to over 500 people.

The only group that responded was the Utah Gay and Lesbian Youth. A small but enthu-

siastic group of participants came as a result of the publicity done at Youth Group. For these young people, many still in High School, most still struggling with their gay and lesbian identities, the courage and the commitment they demonstrated was light years from even the hardcore Queer Nationalists who have been in more than one demonstration.

I guess the rest of the community doesn't see the oppression that is daily espoused by the Latter Day Saints Church, as having a significant impact on their lives. Perhaps, they think being gay is only sucking on an occasional cock or shaking their butts on the dance floor of a bar in some secluded industrial neighborhood. Or perhaps, like Kevin Hillman (who commented in a trashy slaughter piece by Travis Rigby in the Utah Daily Chronicle) they think that by pretending that all gay people are just nice doctors, lawyers, and postal workers that the straight world is going to suddenly rise up after centuries of oppression and say "oh golly gee we made a mistake -here we'll let you be who you are." I just don't understand why people didn't come.

WAKE UP LESBIAN AND GAY UTAHNS!!! There has not been one substantive victory won by any civil rights or liberation movement (including the establishment of the US) that wasn't achieved through direct action by the dissatisfied and oppressed rising from victimized complacency and saying **THIS IS A BUNCH OF SHIT AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE!** Do you think that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed because African Americans were nice little black girls and boys, or even more absurdly, showed white America that they were not threatening because they had a few doctors and lawyers in their community. **GET REAL!** Do you think women got the vote by remaining silent and quietly slipping their husbands, fathers, and brothers little notes asking nicely if they could please have their rights. Do you think that slavery ended because the nice white folks felt compassion and love for their poor oppressed slaves. These and every other achievement in civil rights came about

from people marching in the streets, sitting down where they weren't allowed and more dramatically (and sadly) by a bloody and frightening civil and revolutionary war. The few concessions that have been made to Gays and Lesbian have been direct results of a bunch of enraged drag queens (hows that for a stereotypical group of queens, Kevin) actively seizing their own power and telling the police that they would not be victims of their oppressive bullshit anymore. The Gay Liberation movement -complete with it's powerful direct action techniques of the early 70's resulted in many legal and legislative gains for Gays and Lesbians in some states. These gains only happened because the Lesbians and Gays of that early movement took personal responsibility to see that an end to Lesbian and Gay oppression would come; and that they would participate in direct action, not just pat people on the back who did, and say thanks.

Salt Lake needs to wake up and smell the oppression. Get with the program kids. You are only a victim of this shit when you sit back and allow it to exist. **IF YOU ARE NOT PART OF THE SOLUTION —YOU ARE PART OF THE PROBLEM.**





FAGGOTASSQUEERLESBO

THE VISIBILITY ODYSSEY THAT NEVER ENDS

It all began quietly enough. A meeting called by Queers interested in promoting Queer visibility on campus, met and discussed possible actions and names. Working as *The Fist of Madonna* we decided to reprint the Red Hot and Blue Safe Sex Posters we had picked up at pride day and hang them around campus. No big deal.

Three months later and with a new name, *Faggotassqueerlesbo* (re-claimed from homophobe extraordinaire Judd Hillman of the Utah Daily Chronicle) a group of about 15 Queers set out, posters in hand, and plastered choice buildings with the incredible images figured that a couple thousand people would see them, there would be some letters to the editor, and we would move on to our next action. Little did we know that millions of people would see our poster before it was all over.

Seems some self appointed morality police goons went around and pulled down our posters. Peter, lovely and talented Queer about campus, complained the next day in his classes and got the wheels churning in the mind of a classmate. Meanwhile back at Queer Central, Queer Studies Guru Henry Abelow printed a plea to his fellow faculty to proudly post the image on their office doors and plans were made to re-post the poster around campus.

Then surprise, surprise, Peter's classmate wrote a sympathetic letter to the editor and the chronicle decided to write a story on the action. Reprinting the posters in the next days Chronicle, some 18,000 students saw the poster and we achieved visibility beyond our wildest dreams.

While the usual campus editorial page bantering began, including the formation of the absurd S.M.A.R.T.S. (Straight Married Abstinent Responsible Teachers and Students.) The Salt Lake Tribune decided to write an article which in turn spumed KUTV into covering the story on the evening news. Geek without a cause Rod Decker, in his usual sensationalist manner, delicately uncovered the controversial image on the tube and another 300,000 people saw the poster. C.N.N. not to be outdone by some local yokal station did it's own blurb and the poster was beamed into Millions of unsuspecting homes.

We couldn't have asked for more if we had planned it ourselves.

But Rod Decker reared his news sniffing snout again and decided his Schlock-news-TV talk show, Take Two, would be oh so fun if he could get Faggotassqueerialesbo and SMARTS to face off over the poster on TV. Being the unashamed media whores we are, Scott and Myself found ourselves sitting on the set with possibly the worlds two most hideous, pustulant morons (they looked more suited to do a diarrhea/constipation ad) and the poster was shown on the screen about 12 more times. Even my Momo father said that we "won" the discussion and the SMARTS came off more like dunces.

This all demonstrates how a minor incident, blown out of all proportion by right wing assholes (shades of KTKK here), can become a huge visibility action. So all you morality squad fuck faces from hell out there—thanks!

safe sex

red hot blue

USE A CONDOM EVERYTIME



! CUIDATE, USA EL CONDOM!

is hot sex

safe sex

USE A CONDOM EVERYTIME



! CUIDATE, USA CONDOMES!

is hot sex

Sheest! it could have been worse (or better perhaps..)

QUEER VISIBILITY
Because at ARBY'S
DIFFERENT is
BETTER





Sex on Wheels: or how I learned to go..go..go..UTA

When people hear that I was twelve years old when I came out and started cruising for man sex, most stare at me in utter amazement. When they hear I sucked cock on the good old UTA they frankly don't believe me.

Being under 16 (though not in appearance) meant, that to reach my cruising I had to ask my parents for a ride, hitch hike, or ride the bus. I couldn't very well ask my Dad to take me into town so that his young, perfect, Mormon deacon/teacher man-boy-son could suck some cock. Hitch hiking was also out since, though I'd happily fuck just about any guy around, I could never break a nasty social rule/law like hitch hiking or taking a ride from strangers. So of course I rode the bus.

Route 36 was the line that would pick me up from my sheltered white, momo, suburban West Valley neighborhood and whisk me away to an afternoon of debauchery and sin. My mother, thinking I was simply mowing my grandparents lawns for extra spending money would wave goodbye as I headed for the bus stop two or three times a week. I would jump onto #36, which came every 30 minutes, and be on my way.

Now generally, after spending a couple of hours working on my grandparents yard, I would jump on the #4 Fort Douglas bus and head for the downtown sex playground I had come to love. I would go to the Magazine Shop, hang around either the paperback racks just outside the porno section, or look at the architecture, art, and interior design magazine. Both sections seemed to be quite easy to cruise and I rarely spent more than 15 minutes in the shop. Men, who like myself wanted to spend their afternoons (or lunch breaks) getting off were always to be had. Rarely did I ever go home unsatisfied.

One tragic afternoon the place was a ghost town. Only 3 cruisers were anywhere to be seen. One, a middle aged man with sandy brown hair and glasses was interested, but we had already fucked about 2 months before and he was a lousy lay [not to mention he wore garments...a major turn off.] So he was out. The other two were not-to-be-considered. One named Scott was a mealy, weazly looking Asian guy with a paunch and a bad habit of latching onto unsuspecting young queerboys like myself with offers of free

**buses can be used
in many ways**



Sex on Wheels: or how I learned to go..go..go..go..UTA

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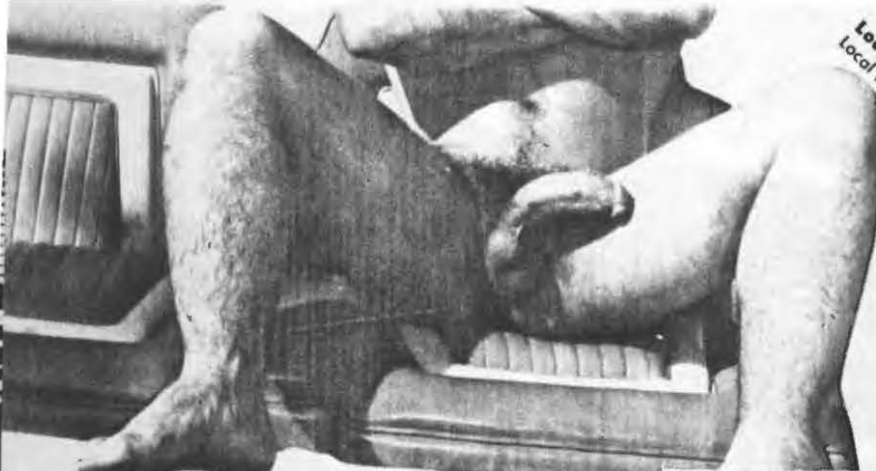
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Route 36 was the line that would pick me up from my sheltered white, momo, suburban West Valley neighborhood and whisk me away to an afternoon of debauchery and sin. My mother, thinking I was simply mowing my grandparents lawns for extra spending money would wave goodbye as I headed for the bus stop two or three times a week. I would jump onto #36, which came every 30 minutes, and be on my way.

Now generally, after spending a couple of hours working on my grandparents yard, I would jump on the #4 Fort Douglas bus and head for the downtown sex playground I had come to love. I would go to the Magazine Shop, hang around either the paperback racks just outside the porno section, or look at the architecture, art, and interior design magazine. Both sections seemed to be quite easy to cruise and I rarely spent more than 15 minutes in the shop. Men, who like myself wanted to spend their afternoons (or lunch breaks) getting off were always to be had. Rarely did I ever go home unsatisfied.

One tragic afternoon the place was a ghost town. Only 3 cruisers were anywhere to be seen. One, a middle aged man with sandy brown hair and glasses was interested, but we had already fucked about 2 months before and he was a lousy lay [not to mention he wore garments...a major turn off.] So he was out. The other two were not-to-be-considered. One named Scott was a mealy, weazly looking Asian guy with a paunch and a bad habit of latching onto unsuspecting young queerboys like myself with offers of free

**buses can be used
in many ways**



Local Buses carry passengers for short distances within a city. Local transit agencies operate such buses in many cities.

theater tickets to 2nd rate MoMo musicals at the Promised Valley Playhouse. The other was a man who I only know looked like a major threat to my well being and safety, he had the strait-asshole-out-to-find-a-cocksucker-to-bash look. I left, better no dick than bad dick.

So disappointedly, I boarded the next out bound #36 for home. The bus was nearly empty with only some enormous house dress bedecked suburbanites crammed into the front seats. I headed for the mercifully deserted seats over the rear wheels, a spot I enjoyed for some reason I still don't understand.

Two blocks later the bus stopped and a reasonably attractive man in his 20's got on. He deposited his coins and came ambling towards the back. So much for my solitude, "Well, at least he would be interesting to look at." I thought to myself.

Well, this was getting very interesting, I looked him straight in the eyes for a moment longer than any homo-panicked-strait-boy would do and then looked at his crotch.

Much to my delight he was wearing very short running shorts and his hand was perched just above his crotch. He moved his legs apart to meet my gaze and pushed his cock down. The shorts were rather loose fitting around the legs and his cock was now peering out at me from the opening, an invitation I was not about to refuse. But what were we going to do about it here on the bus?

We continued to look at each other and when the tension was enough to make me burst he got up and went to the back seat of the bus. He sat

down and looked at me and tilted his head indicating for me to join him.

Now I was pretty carefree and adventurous in these days when it came to sex. I had sucked cock everywhere, from the stairwells of the old J.C. Penny parking terrace to the bushes of Memory Grove, but this was a bus. There were people actually sitting on it with us and I could see them. I was also about as horny as I had ever been in my short 14 years. Propriety...sex...middle class values...a delicious looking cock...Oh God, what was I going to do.

Eventually my desire to sample the mans wares won over and I was next to him on the back seat in a flash. He scooted over next to the window and I slid over so that both of us were behind the seat backs in front of us. He almost immediately reached over and grabbed my cock through my pants and I was in heaven.

Somehow, I'm still not sure exactly how we managed it, we actually gave each other head. Getting caught was not a worry since we had already observed the bus driver, obviously a fellow traveller, watching us with a knowing grin on his face.

When we came, in a moment of tastelessness rarely surpassed in the history of cocksucking, we blew our wads onto the floor. What the next passengers who sat there must have thought...?

The bus reached my stop not too long after the climax of the trip, and as I departed the bus, the driver, fighting back laughter told me to have a nice day. I simply told him, as though he didn't already know that "I already did" and dashed, satisfied and satiated, home.

Aspew about SPEW II

Spewing the Spew on Spew II

From the relative calm of Salt Lake's alternative Queer scene (if you can really call an occasional film, intermittent performance art presentations, and if your really lucky, a tape of some obscure queer band a "scene") a few of us Queer Fuckers descended upon L.A. leap year weekend for SPEW II. SPEW II, organized by Dennis Cooper and several L.A. area 'zine editors, was a convergence of 'zine editors, alternative performers and every Queer with a stray body piercing in the Western United States.

The debauchery began Friday night at the formerly fabulous Park Plaza Hotel (remember that big lobby in Steve Perry's horrid video for "Oh Sherry"?—that's the joint.) In the seedy splendor of the hotel's grand ballroom, Sit and Spin party promoters Jeffrey Hilbert and Richard Glatzer threw together an opening soiree that ranged from the hot and sticky, to the down right dull. The promised headliners, Hole and Glue were both no shows (seems that grungy Nirvana lead Kurt Cobain took a break from buttfucking and got Hole fronter Courtney Love pregnant) leaving the less than spectacular debut of a new Queer band, who's name escapes me, as the main musical entertainment. The night was saved by Elvis Herselvis, San Francisco's Dyke answer to the King, and by the excellent dance grooves of the Club Fuck go-go dancers. We especially enjoyed the dyke who strapped on a big one and socked it to the hole of an unsuspecting go-go boy.



Saturdays event, a zine festival free-for-all at L.A.C.E., featured tables set up for zines ranging from the 'zine mainstays, *J.D.'s*, *Fertile LaToya Jackson*, and *Bimbox*, to new comers like the fab *Su Madre*, and yours truly, *Queer Fuckers Magazine*. The crowd was a parade of Queer Eccentricity, Flesh, and enough head shaving to rival the Days-o-47.

On the patio of LACE a performance stage featured everything from lip synching drag divas, to the wildest performance art and readings heard by the virginal Utah ears of this Queer Boy. The best of the day was the incredible, irreverent Diviana Ingrevalda, who with the help of a small cast of helpers wove the compelling tale of 2 nights at a leather mistress' love pit.

The Irrepressible Joan Jett Blakk, stunning in her signature turban and a fabulous new pair of heels from Fredricks, kicked off the west coast leg of her presidential campaign at Saturdays event with a press conference where she announced such plans as the renaming of the FBI into the Fashion Buearu of Investigation.

The former Utahn contingent was well represented by performance artist god extraordinaire, Curtis York (of *Meet the Mormons*, and *Hot Sizzlin Apple Pie* fame.) Curtis with the help of a few other performers, presented the *Donny and Marie*, and *Donny and Marie Show*. Curtis as the deconstructed teen throb idol turned arsonist Donny Whalberg, alongside a carefully sewn together classist bitch Marie Antoinette; were the guest stars of momo entertainers Donny and Marie. The ensuing performance was hilarious and thoughtful and brought the sterling images of pop purity kicking and screaming into their tarnished realities.



Rob Daniels



Yorks former *Meet the Mormons* collaborator, and former Utah clubkid, Rob Daniels performed his soon to be released major hit *of Morning*. Daniels is a riveting and unforgotten performer and I am personally dying for a copy of the brilliant remake.

The best live band performance of the weekend came from Pansy Division. Jon Daniels complete with a full band and two luscious boys (including Vic St. Blaize of *Whorezine*) through an entirely too cool set of Pansy Division "Hits." The back patio of LACE was rocked with gills.



Joan Jett Blakk & Curtis



Devin & Joan



SLAVE GIRL LISA, gives it To SLAVE Boy/GIRL Jessica

Deviana INGREALDO

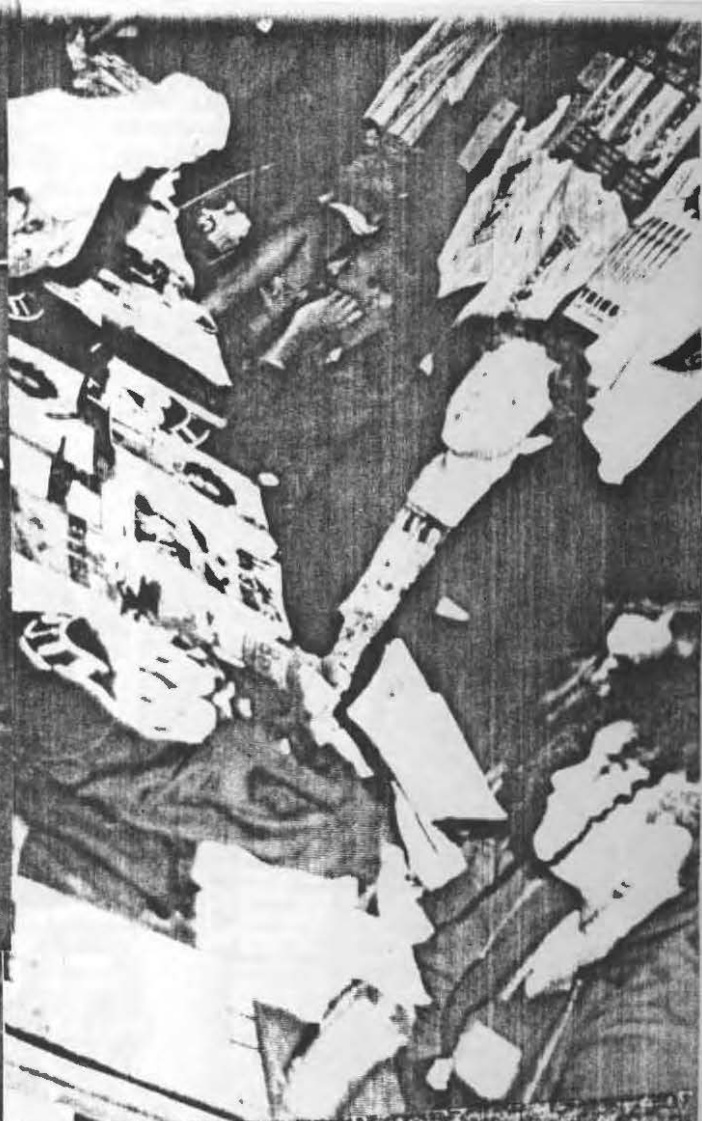
Drag excellence and the lounge act of
d hands down went to the Ball Sisters.
camp-o-matic lyp sinchorama per-
"Sisters" from the cheesy forties
mas soundtrack (which they claim
amous by Danny Kay and Queer lover
re livier "sisters in their own right") was
ending to a perfect day.

Saturday night's Spew events fared only slightly better than Fridays. Chollita, the band known far and wide as the female Menudo, fronted by the gargantuan drag blacktrass Vaginal Creme Davis was the Highlight of what we saw of the evening's entertainment. DeAundra Peek, a white trash drag nightmare hailing from the public access airwaves of Atlanta, M.C.'ed the nights events and it was her "so bad she's good" covers of Temptations hits that sent me scurrying off to a bathroom break. I made it back in time to catch Tribe 8, a hardcore Lesberado band who played well enough, but then again I'm not the world's biggest hardcore fan and the promise of gazing into the eyes of Jock Van Maybelline (of Su Madre) drew me onto the patio until we left.

Sunday's offering was a Queer Film festival of films from the 'zine scene. If you enjoy industrial buildings and burning underwear, then the first half of the program would have been to your liking. After a break, Bruce La Bruce's (*No Skin Off My Ass, J.D.'s*) film *Boy/Girl* was screened. There were actually about four minutes of interesting work here. Mary Tyler Moore's big 60's hair in tact was lifted from some 60's flick, and forced, through creative editing, to interact with a menacing peeper played by J.D.'s cohort G.B. Jones. The rest of the film was, sad to say, quite dull. Even a brief street blow job scene came off about as exciting as a hostess twink. *Hardcore Home Movie* and *Shred of Sex* by Greta Snider wrapped up the show. *Hardcore* was screened at the Sundance Festival this year and was hardly what I'd call Queer Cinema; in fact, aside from an apology for the Homophobia of the participants, the film demonstrated little Queer appeal. (simply presenting punkers and Homphobes is no big surprise to me.)

Shred of Sex was a little more interesting, but really was another exploration of the sexuality of Hetero teens. Other than a brief, 30 second long male/male, female/female kissing scene, the film was not what would have been viewed as particularly Queer to an outside observer. I thought that Queer Cinema was supposed to be about presenting Queer stories, not Queer directors giving more breeders time to fuck on screen (golly gee we just don't have enough of that on film.) The film was interesting as far as it's self effacing approach, and what it said about teen sex and industry porn, but I could have seen film like this anywhere. Yeah I know Dennis Cooper, trying to justify Hole's scheduled appearance, said that Queer had to include everyone. Call me selfish, but I think that Queer is our word, not something that can be colonized by straights!





ZINES YOU MUST READ

Here is a grossly incomplete review of several zines available for your personal edification. Many can be found at the Rhino Nest, or write to the zine.

The Adventures of Baby Dyke Zine dedicated to the comic strip The Adventures of Baby Dyke. Available at the Rhino Nest. Send \$2.00 to Baby Dyke Comics, 4311 Crestheights Road, Baltimore, MD 21215.

Agony edited by B. Boofy of Milwaukee Wisconsin (the city where Laverne and Shirley lived) Agony is entertaining and available to Salt Lake readers at the Rhino Nest. Issue #2, a vast improvement over #1 (most are) offers such treats as lips for making use of obsolete bathroom appliances as sex toys, a piece by David Wojnarowicz (the artist responsible for the Buffalo on U2's one video and single cover) and interview with drag goddess Vaginal Creme Davis and my favorite part is a revisionist history of the Brady Bunch, wherein Marcia gets it on with those stuck up boosters from Westdale High and seduces Molly the subject of her hostess night make over. Send \$3.00 to Agony c/o B. Boofy, 1805 E. Layfayette Place, Milwaukee, WI 53202

Bed Pan Journal This little zine comes complete with piss stains. Stones guaranteed to turn your stomach, like "Remembrance of things Passed" and "I turned Piss Pig." Not for the weak at heart and unfortunately there was no address to send for future issues. Sorry

Brat Attack A Dyke zine dedicated mostly to S/M. Very cool comic strips and wild and exciting fiction. \$4.00 for one or \$10.00 for 3 issues to Brat Attack, PO 40754, SF, CA, 94141-0754



Carrie I somehow ended up with issue one, which came out last summer, but this cool pink zine bedecked with the face of Larry Tate of Bewitched, is one of the funniest things I've ever read. Edited by Kent Fuher, who's alter ego is a tres witty drag diva named Jackie. Carrie includes such queer classics as Yes I am Blind—a straight dude's view of a Morrissey Concert and a complete list of hopeful summer sequels like Poseidon 91' and Party on Planet of the Apes. \$2.00 to Monster Ego Productions, 1981 Whitley Ave, Hollywood, CA 90068

CARRIE

The Magazine That Can Move Things.



"THE TATE MURDERS"

Cultrix Lesbian erotica with a slick glossy cover. Some of the best photography I've yet seen in a zine with interesting fiction and a great interview with the dyke thrasher punk band Tribe 8. Also dyke club Reviews for dykes in SF \$5.00 to Cultrix, 2400 Market St. Suite 28, SF, CA 94114.

CULTRIX

Spring, 1992 Lesbian Erotica Issue #2



Cunt Edited by zine guru Rachel Pepper from Different Light SF. Cunt and it's flip side alter ego Prick have the kind of graphic found/appropriate art feel I look for in a zine. Section on Dyke Photographers and Dyke Clubs in Cunt. Prick features an interview with Sophia Lamar and a homo punk love affair gone wrong. \$6.00 to Queer City Prod, c/o Different Light, 489 Castro, SF, CA, 94114, State you are over 18.

To seduce/get in the pants of other teen queer boys at their junior high or high school. \$3.00 to Fagazine Press, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd, W. Hollywood, CA 90046

GirlJock This fun filled Dyke zine is cram packed with comics and other fun stuff for Dykes. Articles on how to Eat your way to Muscle. Alaskan women's hocky secrets revealed and much more. Available at the Rhino Nest \$2.95 to GirlJock, PO 2533, Berkeley, CA 94702-0533



Holy Titclamps Zine dedicated to some very fine fiction and some music reviews plus a very (almost) complete zine listing. Issue 9 features a very clever rewrite of Maurice called Morris, a parusal of old sexual trysts from a diary, and a review of the Nancy Sinatras. \$2.00 to Larry Bob, PO Box 3054 Mpls, MN 55403

Infected Faggot Perspectives Views and political ruminations from the world of AIDS and HIV. Short on graphics, long on type faced copy. \$2.00 to Infected Faggot Perspective, PO Box 26246, LA, CA 90026

Intent to Kill Striking zine filled with crime tales and literary schizophrenia. Very interesting fiction. Cool graphics. Price unknown. Brian Baltin, 2035 N. Rodney Dr. #4, LA, CA 90027

I.Q. The sex zine for girls that wear glasses. Is exactly that. Zines are there to find voice for small marginalized segments of Queerdom and this is probably the most unique. Damn near everything in it mentions glasses. Not stapled so it kept falling apart. No price Dr. Kate, c/o IQ, PO 626 Gardena, CA 90248

Jane and Frankies Joy 'o Sex I love this zine, though issue #1 was far more interesting. edited by Klaus Von Brucker (the skinhead hunk-o-matic from No skin off my ass) and Jena Von Brucker. Issue #2 has much about how to be the major slut/tease boy about town, and, just what the world didn't need, more glorification of fellow Torontolites and zine editors extraordinaire Bruce La Bruce and G B Jones. \$3.00 to Jane and Frankie's PO 55 Stn E Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6H 4E1

PC Casualties Has possibly the most frightening and disturbed cover photo of the year - I love it! Interview with the Buzzcocks and very cool graphics. Detroit rave techno. \$2.00 to PC Casualties, PO 7505, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

PC Casualties

no.2



BUZZCOCKS

Piss Elegant From the editors of Homoture (which I misplaced before reading so no review.) Beautiful photography and fine writing. \$2.00 or 1 year for \$8.00 to Piss Elegant PO 191781, SF, CA, 94119-1781

Pussy Grazer When I saw the gaping maw of bitch of the airwaves, Sheila Walsh, of the 700 club, staring blankly out from the cover I knew I had a winner in my hands. Very radical Queer stuff with substance here. Coverage of a queer Santa AIDS demonstration. Madonna sex stories. (Matt would be oh so jealous) and interviews with Chris Teen and (say it ain't so) Bruce La Bruce. No listed Price. Pussy Grazer, c/o sexual orgasm pro., PO 20553 Tompkins Sq. Station, NY, NY 10009

PUSSY GRAZER



Reality Check A very well done zine targeting PWA's and HIV+'s. Fine writing and poetry plus much self affirming content. Includes a pull out post card to send to friend and allies. No price listed. Reality Check PO 22783, Santa Fe, NM, 87502

Riot Gear 9-10 pages of letters to editor. Punk scene zine. The shocking truth about government porn censorship and the Tribe 8 article among much much more \$3.00 to Riot Gear, PO 190176, SF, CA, 94119-0176

STH resurrected Straight to Hell child. Stories of true sex ala first hand. With scary 70's nudes. \$3.00 to S.T.H. PO 20424 NY, NY 10023

Shrimp debut issue of foot fetish toe licking zine from drag sensation Vaginal Creme Davis. Sexy protest boys! and true tales of shrimping the famous feet of such luminaries as Kurt Cobain of Nirvana (they must have been mighty grungy!) also Fertile Lay Toyah Jackson (which I managed to miss unfortunately) \$5.00 to 7850 Sunset Blvd #110, LA, CA 90046



SEXY RETARDED WHORE VAGINAL DAVIS SHRIMPES THE ROBUST FEET OF FAMOUS FILM STAR

Sin Bros Big Bold Beautiful. Features on the winner of the win a date with Carny (of Wilson Phillips) contest and some borderline Magazine Quality Graphics. Looks like a step child of Interview at times (this is good) available at Rhino Nest or \$4.00 to W.K. PO 618, Hollywood, CA, 91603

CHILDREN SIN BROS



Su Madre Edited by dream boat Jock Van Maybelline and Kitty Luexemia don't let the Jeffrey Dahmer cover scare you away. Very cool zine with such faves as Kristy McNichol letters, Public Transit adventures. \$3.00 or 3 issues for \$8.00 to Su Madre, 725 South Spring St. Space #4, LA, CA, 90014

Swish (J.D.'s #8) Bruce La Bruce's zine personally over egged but this zine is my absolute favorite! with G.B. Jones J.D.'s is almost institution - god how scary. True zine-ographics with entertaining tales of sex, skin skins in Toronto. A lot of No Skin Off My Ass Peter Berlin interview. \$5.00 to J.D.'s PO Adelaide St Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C 2K5



SWISH

Thing almost more of a magazine than a zine has a Diana Ross full page ad in it...eek! African American zine with Lypsinka and Bill Coleman interviews. Tutu hunk fashion layout. \$3.00 Thing Publishing, 2151 W. Division, Chicago, 60822-3056

THING



New Uranian a literary zine filled with prose and poetry from Queer Sources. \$5.00 for 1 year subscription to New Uranian, PO 42933, Tucson, AZ 85733

Whorezine If you a sex worker, you need a Whorezine. Whether you're Gay, Straight or Polysexual you will find Whorezine tons of Edited by the fabulous Vic St. Blaize. Pick up copy today! Available at the Rhino Nest or \$ to Whorezine, 2300 Market Street Suite 19, Francisco, CA 94114.

STRONGER THAN JESSE HELMS BREATH
FASTER THAN A SPEEDING REPUBLICAN
ABLE TO LEAP JOY BEECH IN A SINGLE BOUND

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IT'S A PLANE,

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AND NOW FOR YOUR
LISTENING PLEASURE;
NEW HITS IN GENUINE
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

ERASURE - ABBA-ESQUE

YES IT HAS FINALLY HAPPENED, ERASURE, THE ELECTRONIC SYNTH-POP DANCE DUO FRONTED BY THE SWISHIEST QUEER IN POPDM, ANDY BELL, HAS FINALLY DELIVERED ON THE PROMISE SET OUT IN THEIR 1986 B-SIDE "GIMME GIMME". ERASURE DELIVERS FOUR COVERS OF THE ABBA CLASSICS "LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME", "S.O.S.", "TAKE A CHANCE ON ME" AND "VOULEZ VOUS" THIS IS THE FRESHEST RELEASE FROM ERASURE IN YEARS. THE TRACKS ARE VERY DANCE-ABLE, AND YOU CAN SING ALONG (YES YOU DO REMEMBER THE WORDS!).

RUBBER LOVER



Deee-Lite ~ RUNAWAY/RUBBER LOVER
O.K., SO IT'S NOT "GROOVE IS IN THE HEART", BUT THEN AGAIN A SONG LIKE THAT ONLY COMES ALONG ONCE IN A CAREER. "RUNAWAY" BACK WITH "RUBBER LOVER" IS THE FIRST CUT FROM THE UPCOMING "INFINITY WITHIN". THE SONGS ARE MORE SOCIALLY AWARE THIS TIME BUT ARE AT BASE TOTALLY DANCE-2-TERIC MIXES OF 70'S DISCO, FUNK HOUSE AND THE EVER PRESENT SAMPLE

THE B52'S ~ GOOD STUFF

ANOTHER TO AN UPCOMING ALBUM GOOD STUFF IS EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED FROM THE BEST DAMN PARTY BAND IN THE WORLD. DELICIOUSLY SEXY AND VERY NASTY (LOVE HONEY INDEED) GOOD IS GET-OFF-YOUR-ASS-AND-SHAKE IT MUSIC. CHECK OUT THE VIDEO, KATES HAIR IS EVEN BIGGER THIS TIME, AND ISN'T THAT DRAG DISCO DIVA RUPAUL GETTING COOZED ON?



Dancing Queens

John Beynon

Techno has finally found its way to Zion. Born in Detroit, techno music and the groovy clubs (raves) it inspired found its way to nearly every corner of the globe before we Salt Lakers got to enjoy the alternative twist on sex, drugs and rock and roll. In February, Queers were delighted to find themselves dancing alongside very cool, or at least very oblivious, hets to techno and industrial sounds under lasers, lights and psychedelic slide shows.

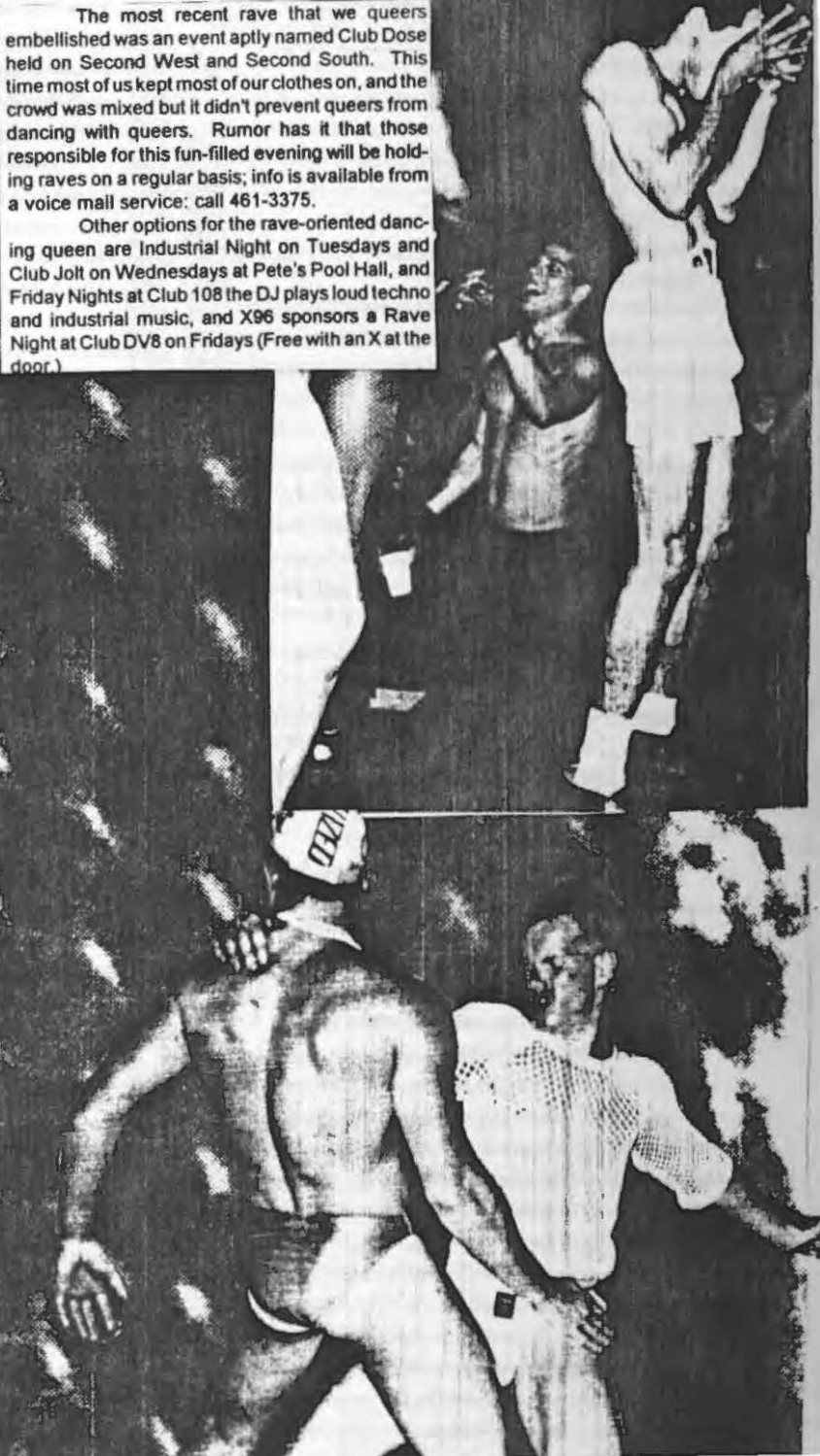
Raves tend to occur in abandoned buildings or in clubs that specialize in alternative, cutting edge dance music. Those dancing often don Harley paraphernalia, neo-punk attire and plenty o' jewelry, but the rave dress code is loose and constantly evolving.

Techno music is similar to house, but is almost utterly voice-free, with a bass that rattles the teeth and a beat that could outrun a train. Industrial is a direct descendent of disco but it creates an aural ambience reminiscent of an assembly line at General Motors. Drugs are also linked quite closely to the rave scene—some consider them absolutely essential—the most popular variants being X (ecstasy, often accompanied by nasal sprays and Vicks vapor rub to enhance the high), and acid (LSD).

On leap-year-day this year those of us who weren't participating in the L.A. zine culture were happy to find ourselves dancing nearly naked with our pals at the soon to open Boy Club in the Exchange Place next to the old Detour. Although the faces weren't necessarily new, some of these boys' baskets were. Boys were found in every kind of undergear ranging from thermals to g-strings. A fairly large dance floor surrounded by mirrors and illuminated with strobes and other assorted lights was the site of some beautiful sweating bodies bumping against one another. One room was equipped with couches, love seats and other seductive furnishings to encourage mutual inspecting and fondling. The highlight of the evening was a shower show at midnight. Dancing in a t-shirt and briefs, a happy exhibitionist began to bounce and flounce for us while allowing his briefs to become oh-so-water-logged. Soon other boys were keeping squeaky clean with him. Our own SCOTT SPIERS jumped into the shower tossing all caution and underwear to the wind and began to service every soul in the shower. Soon everyone in the joint was setting up tents in the groin area and we all had a splendid time. Boy Club will be opening soon and all you boys are invited to bump and grind each other on Sundays at the same location.

The most recent rave that we queers embellished was an event aptly named Club Dose held on Second West and Second South. This time most of us kept most of our clothes on, and the crowd was mixed but it didn't prevent queers from dancing with queers. Rumor has it that those responsible for this fun-filled evening will be holding raves on a regular basis; info is available from a voice mail service: call 461-3375.

Other options for the rave-oriented dancing queen are Industrial Night on Tuesdays and Club Jolt on Wednesdays at Pete's Pool Hall, and Friday Nights at Club 108 the DJ plays loud techno and industrial music, and X96 sponsors a Rave Night at Club DV8 on Fridays (Free with an X at the door.)



Those People

by Jared Brown

The Saga Continues

"Hello?"

"Hi, Buffy, its Mother, how are you dear?"

"Fine, how are you?"

"Oh, I can't complain."

That couldn't be further from the truth Buffy thought. She knew that less than two minutes into the call, her mother would expound on everyone else's problems and how they all traumatically affected her own sanity and well-being.

"How's your new apartment, hon?"

"Its a house, Mother, and its fine."

"I don't know, it still scares me to think of you all by yourself living downtown. You don't know what a young man is going to do nowadays when he takes you home. I hope you don't put yourself in positions you can't talk yourself out of, because that would be just awful for me to wake up to the phone ringing at three o'clock in the morning, and some policeman telling me that my daughter was found stabbed..."

"Mother you really don't have to worry about that happening to me."

Buffy was beginning to regret turning her answering machine off.

"Oh, really, and why's that? Has my little girl found herself a young beau? The line was silent. "Well?"

"No." You don't have to worry about that happening to me either, thought Buffy.

"Why not?" The inquisition was underway.

"Can't we talk about something else? I really don't want to get into this again, Mother." Buffy stood and began to pace, knowing that once her mother started, she wouldn't be stopped.

"Well, dear, honestly, you're not getting any younger. You ought to...you need to get out more."

"My social life is fine, I see people all the time."

"What kind of people? huh?" The conversation kept turning into more of an interrogation with every word. Her mother obviously hadn't just called to chat. This part of the conversation usually didn't occur until about three-fourths of the way through, right after she told Buffy about all the women getting married that Buffy went to school with. She never pried first, never. Margaret Eleanor Van Patten was up to something—up to no good, thought Buffy.

"Nice people," Buffy answered impatiently.

"Is it so wrong for a mother to want her precious daughter to be in love? Is it? If not a nice young man, maybe someone else?"

Buffy froze wondering if her mother was using her non-gender specific pronouns the same way Buffy was. Her mother lacked any sort of subtlety, but still, Buffy knew her mother's curiosity about her social life was becoming more than sufficient to kill a cat, perhaps an entire litter. Buffy knew the hour of truth was coming near.

tomorrow, when your father and I come by to visit your lovely new apart...hou...home."

Finally, her mother continued, "Well, maybe you can't visit your father and I tomorrow, when your father and I come by to visit your lovely new apart...hou...home." Buffy had just barely moved in the previous weekend. She didn't think she could bare to have her parents invade her new abode so soon, and she knew she couldn't deal with an encore to this conversation.

"Mother, I'd really rather you come in a couple of weeks...you know, when I can get the house cleaned up."

"But maybe I can help you with some decorating ideas. You know what a lovely job I've done all these years here." Buffy suddenly had visions of avocado green sculptured carpet. "Besides I've decided that this weekend we are going to finally sit down and talk, that's part of the reason I'm calling. We just can't seem to talk over the phone. You've been avoiding your father and I for quite sometime now, and I think I know why. Its high time we sat down as a family and talked about your...our problem." Margo's voice began to hone an edge.

* * *

Deacon couldn't believe he had finally agreed to dinner with Stuart and Basil. Now that they were lovers, Deacon hadn't been able to go a weekend without seeing them together, being sentimental and entirely, too cute. They'd always make sure to remind him that they needed to get together. Basil had even gone so far as to suggest some potential blind dates for Deacon. Deacon declined them all, thinking he'd be better off alone than with anyone Basil could find. He also assumed that if it was only the three of them, the scene would be too uncomfortable for all of them, and Stuart and Basil would end the experience. Deacon had no idea how understated his assumption would turn out to be.

He went into the shower, starting with the hot water then turning gradually to the cold. It had been a couple of weeks since his last sexually gratifying experience, and he predicted tonight would only add to the frustration. He toweled off and looked at his naked body in the mirror. Not bad—not good, either, but not entirely bad. He wished his chest was a little larger and his hips a little narrower, but other than that he decided he was stunning. Now, if only he could fuck himself, he'd stay home and have a wonderful time.

He turned on the radio to X96. He began to dress to Utah Saints "What Can You Do For Me." He chose his clothes carefully not wanting to be too radical or too conservative. He decided on a plain black T-shirt, Levi's, a wide black belt, white socks, and his Doc Martins. He feared looking a little too much like one of the angst-ridden youths from Bandaloops coffee house, but he knew that a girl couldn't go wrong with basic black.

He sprayed on cologne, Bersacs, and then wondered why. He certainly wasn't trying to impress anyone. He had all but nearly given up on Stuart. He was most certainly contaminated after being with Basil for nearly seven months. Even if Basil were to break everything off tonight, Deacon wouldn't know where to begin with Stuart.

He'd barely kept his composure at the New Year's Eve party. He'd left soon after Stuart revealed the tragic news of his ongoing tryst with Basil. Buffy was already out the door having, for the first time ever, left Anastasia speechless. They'd gone to The Other Place, a Greek diner, to escape, to bitch and to have some souvlaki. Deacon now wondered how her new house was after he had helped her move in last weekend. He'd wait until tomorrow to call her so he could get some sort of therapy after this evening.

After finishing with his hair, he sat on the couch and turned on the TV. He finished watching "The Wheel of Fortune" and wondered what really was the source behind the Pat Sajak movement a couple of years ago. He began to feel his nerves—perhaps Mexican food wasn't the best choice for this evening's dining. He went to the bathroom for the first of many trips he would make there in the next half-hour. He always had to pee incessantly whenever he was nervous, and he knew that gastric distress was soon to follow. He put in the latest Lisa Stansfield CD to finish out the waiting.

The doorbell rang and the sweat in Deacon's palms increased. This was a really, really stupid idea. He hated the thought of spending the evening pretending to be less interested in Stuart and pretending to be more interested in Basil. Basil and Deacon had never gotten along, and he hardly thought that Stuart would be any kind of catalyst this evening.

"Hi, are you ready?" Stuart asked as Deacon opened the door.

"Not yet, come in for a minute while I find my keys."

Stuart came in almost shyly and sat down on a kitchen stool. For a moment Deacon *deja vue'd* their first, last and only date together. It was similar to the present scene, except tonight Deacon knew that Basil would be waiting for them out in the car.

"Let's go," said Deacon after finding his keys under a stack of mail on his bed.

"You look really nice tonight," offered Stuart.

God, I wish you wouldn't do that. You can't lead me on like this when I know your lover is out in the car. I can not deal with any dick-teasing tonight. Deacon once again realized what a really, really, really stupid idea this was.

Deacon locked the door behind them, and they headed for Basil's car.

"Hi Deacon, you're looking very morbid this evening."

Deacon wanted to tell Basil to fuck himself, but he held back and decided to play nice, at least until they got to the restaurant.

"God, I'm only kiddin'. You look fine."

"Gee, thanks Basil, you're looking swell, too." Deacon tried but failed to keep the sarcasm from his voice, although Basil was looking particularly smashing this evening. As much as Deacon had grown to detest Basil, especially over the past six months, he had to admit that he was a beautiful specimen. Unfortunately, Basil realized that too.

Stuart spoke—perhaps sensing danger if Basil and Deacon were left to each other, "La Frontera still sound OK with everybody?"

They agreed. Basil made a U-turn from Deacon's apartment, the Bel-Aire, and headed west.

* * *

The blood drained from Buffy's face and she had to find a chair before she collapsed from panic. She couldn't believe her mother was being this direct. She did want to come out to her parents soon, but she felt a tad uncomfortable having her mother set up a time to do it. She could barely grunt an "uh-huh."

"So which is best for you—morning or afternoon?" No answer. "Are you there, hon?"

"Um, afternoon would be...best." Buffy's mind raced frantically wondering how detailed she'd have to get to fake her own death and wondering if

"Fine, dear, we'll see you around noon, and don't worry we'll take care of what we need to and change what we have to. We'll do what it takes to help you get over this," she said assuredly, "Bye-bye babe."

The phone clicked and the dial tone returned, Buffy only stared at the Monet print she'd just purchased. "Help you get over this," what was her mother planning on doing? And her father, how much was he a part of all this.

Buffy finally hung up the phone and stood up again. This was it. This was what Buffy had dreaded and prayed for and now she had no choice. Buffy tried to calm herself down so she could think about what to say to her parents. She poured a bath to let Calgon take her away, however, with her mind still frantic, she felt more like a passenger from the "Poseidon Adventure."

La Frontera was as crowded as it would have been on any weekend night. After getting a drink from the bar, the three sat down—Deacon facing the lovely couple. After the waiter had taken their order, Deacon stared at the others in the restaurant fearing that if he looked vaguely in the direction of Stuart and Basil that a conversation would ensue. Meanwhile, Basil and Stuart told each other of their day's experience, almost more out of habit than of interest.

Finally, Basil acknowledged Deacon, "You're not saying much tonight. Usually its impossible to get you off of your soapbox."

Deacon felt a hot rush coming to his head and turned up toward Basil ready to bite back. Deacon wasn't going to let tonight turn into a radical politic's bashing. He stopped abruptly, though, when he saw the expression on Basil's face—instead of the mockery or condescension which he usually sported, Basil looked endearing. Maybe Stuart had affected Basil more than Deacon had previously thought.

Dinner came and Deacon soon came to regret ordering the large combination plate. His second margarita was already making him feel slightly nauseous, and he realized there was no way he was going to finish his order. The conversation continued to be light until Basil excused himself to go to restroom.

"Well, you two seem to be getting along better than usual," Stuart started.

"I'm surprised myself. I just have never gotten along with Basil, I can't see how people can tolerate his pettiness sometimes." Deacon paused realizing he had said.

"I don't think that's and option. I want us to remain friends, but I just don't see us being lovers anymore. Whatever happens, I know I just want to take a long break from the relationship scene." Stuart finished just as Basil arrived at the table.

So maybe sex wasn't close; although, Stuart had said relationship, and Deacon had been doing tricks for long enough to know that sheer sex was a far cry from a real relationship. Basil's personality seemed to be somewhat attractive now that

"Sometimes, I wish I could feel more than just that friendship though."

At that Deacon's attention to the other patrons ceased, and he started to listen more intently to what Stuart was saying.

"I just don't think we can go on much longer being as passionless as we've become."

let alone another seven months." Stuart realized he was saying too much and skipped back to the prior conversation. "I really do think, though, that Basil's beginning to like you. He actually has said that he admires your courage as far as being out and politically active."

"You're kidding. This from Mr. Assimilationist 1991. What have you done with him, Stuart?"

"Well he didn't say those exact words, but he really is more accepting than you give him credit for being."

"Possibly, but I'm really not concerned about his acceptance or approval." Deacon saw Basil returning over Stuart's shoulder. "Well, I hope you two can work things out." He lied.

"I don't think that's an option. I want us to remain friends, but I just don't see us being lovers anymore. Whatever happens, I know I just want to take a long break from the relationship scene." Stuart finished just as Basil arrived at the table.

So maybe sex wasn't close, although, Stuart had said relationship, and Deacon had been doing tricks for long enough to know that sheer sex was a far cry from a real relationship. Basil's personality seemed to be somewhat attractive now that Deacon was aware of his potential loss as a competitor for Stuart. Deacon found less to resent him for and the conversation became more lively as they finished their meals.

They left the restaurant and decided to make it an early evening since Stuart had worked all day. Deacon and Basil kept up the conversation back to the Bel-Aire. He never imagined that he'd have Basil laughing with him and not condescending with every word. Stuart sat relatively silent, brooding over how to dismantle his relationship with Basil, thought Deacon.

They said their goodbyes as Basil dropped Deacon at the side of the road in front of the Bel-Aire. Deacon walked back through the courtyard to his entrance-way wondering what to think of the night. He decided he'd process it all in the morning.

He had just finished brushing his teeth and was heading for bed when he heard a knock at his door. He turned on the light in the hallway and opened the door, not being surprised by his guest.

"I hope you don't mind me coming back here. You already know that we're breaking up, and I did want to spend a little more time with you tonight."

"I'm glad you came back. Although, I have to admit, I didn't think we'd end up here when the evening started."

They stopped talking, knowing that neither wanted to stay up all night engaging in meaningless chit-chat. Deacon finally leaned in and kissed him—softly at first and then with more aggression.

Basil reached behind his back and pushed the apartment door shut.

Sunday morning came too quickly for Buffy. She still had to clean the house and make sure that she left no trace of her secret life around. Although she fully intended on telling her parents, she didn't think it was necessary to confront them with her lifestyle. She hid her copy of the Dyke Review and an old issue of GFM. She removed the Wornyn's Community News Letter from her coffee table—her parents were certainly not so naive as to not know the origins and audience of that publication. She even debated as to whether she should leave this month's edition

of Ms. Magazine out. She decided she would, after all, remember those puns.

Buffy had no sort of contact with the outside world. At half past seven Buffy called Deacon, being unable to stand her own thoughts of dread. She needed to talk to him desperately, but he was hung over. They made plans to meet later, although, she really needed to see him now. She realized she was going to have to do this on her own. She became a little inspired from that thought alone.

A half an hour later in the midst of doing the dishes, Buffy began to feel guilty about hiding her lifestyle. That term had always grated on her and she wondered why she had allowed herself to get away with such narrow thinking—after all, this was her life not her lifestyle. She finished the dishes and began to place the magazines and newsletters back out on the coffee table hoping her parents wouldn't become too curious and start flipping through them. This was a time for Buffy to show her parents that she was proud of who she was and not to be worried about their approval.

Buffy still had no idea what her mother was planning on doing about her being a Lesbian, but she was not about to let her continue to treat her like a little girl—a year ago maybe, but not now. Her confrontation with Anastasia had shown that she could be an assertive individual. Yet, she wondered if she would be disinherited if she didn't comply with her parents wishes to change. Not that there was much to inherit, but her parents liked to imagine that they were an influential family in the Salt Lake community. After all they did have a very high credit limit on their ZCMI card.

She was growing tired of keeping up the appearance around her family. She looked forward to tomorrow after everything was out, but not to the coming afternoon. She had decided that she would be the first one to say it, before her mother could start the games that had taken place over the phone the other day. She certainly didn't want to give her mother the satisfaction of thinking she knew more than she was supposed to, or thought to. Buffy had always hated that kind of smugness growing up when her mother discovered some secret incident that Buffy was trying to hide and that would get her in a lot of trouble. She wished Deacon were around to help her through this, maybe she'd drop by before her parents came. It would certainly be worth it even if he wasn't in the best of spirits.

Deacon started up at the ceiling still trying to make sense of the evening. He had started by being indignant and rude to Basil, and now he had just finished getting fucked by the same man—and enjoying it, immensely. Basil is next to him—sleep on his arm. Deacon found it impossible to fall into slumber right after sex. He could smell Basil next to him and he breathed in deeply.

He decided he couldn't tell anyone about this. Not Buffy, and certainly not Stuart. He wondered if it would happen again and then found himself when it would. The sex was fantastic, and he could now understand at least one reason why Stuart had stayed with Basil for more than half a year. Sex took place in silence though, and Deacon wondered what would happen if Basil and he actually had have a real conversation. Tonight had been fine, but Deacon knew better than trust Basil, he'd known him far too long for that. And what about Stuart. Maybe he just pretend that this hadn't happened, but he didn't know if Basil would allow the

Basil turned over in bed and placed his arm over Deacon's chest fighting gently. Despite his erection, Deacon closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

The phone rang at 7:30 the next morning. Deacon sat up quickly. Basil's arm fell to the bed. No one called him this early—no one with any sort

respect or compassion. He answered the phone on his night table. It was Buffy.
"Why in the hell are you calling me this early?" He said slowly, still not awake.

"Deacon, my parents are coming over in a couple of hours and they know. They know all about me," said Buffy.

"Thank God, now they have someone to will their grand estate to. What are you talking about?"

"About being a Lesbian. They know and they're coming over to talk to me about it at noon."

"Shit!"

"No Shit."

Basil began to stir. Not wanting to wake him and not wanting Buffy to know who he was in bed with, Deacon decided he should end the phone conversation as soon as possible. "Buffy, can I call you back -when I wake up?" he asked.

"Well, maybe I can come over, I just need to talk to someone to figure out what I'm going to say."

"I don't think that would be a good idea."

"Why?" Deacon didn't answer. "Is there somebody there with you?"

"No," he lied, "I have a hangover...and I don't think I would be that great to talk to. Why don't you call me afterwards and we'll go to lunch or something."

"Well, OK, hope you feel better."

"I'll be fine, good-bye." Deacon hung up, hating himself for lying to Buffy. This was a major event for her and he wished he could be there for her, but he had problems of his own -Basil would be waking up soon, and Deacon was going to have to converse with him.

A half an hour later the doorbell buzzed. Buffy thought Deacon. Damn, what would he say to her when she saw Basil? Oh well, I suppose I really should be here for Buffy to talk to before she meets with her parents, Deacon thought.

At quarter to twelve, She finished tidying the living room as she saw her parents pull up in her mother's yellow Lincoln Continental. She had begun to feel much better despite all the stress of the morning—she had been proud that she had handled this on her own, but now Buffy felt a surge of anxiety rush over her, and she tossed an issue of *Life* over the other magazine's on the coffee table before she opened the door to greet Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ross Van Patten.

"Well hi, hon. This looks very quaint, doesn't it, Ed?" Margo said as she walked down the sidewalk to the door. Ed grunted in agreement. Buffy could tell that he was going to be as talkative as ever.

Buffy held the door as they walked into the house. Her mother stopped half way in to look at the living room causing Buffy and her father to wait outside.

"I hope your not paying too much rent for this place." Margo said with concern but not enough to mask her obvious disapproval of the state of the house. Buffy ignored the comment.

"Well, why don't we sit down and talk?" Buffy asked rhetorically.

"I don't know if its that simple, hon." Margo said as she sat down on the sofa, looking first to see if there was any evidence of staining. "Did you buy this new?"

"Oh, how enterprising of you." Margo was still paying more attention to the furniture than to the conversation.

"How are you Daddy?"

"Fine, but I'd be a lot better if your mother would sit down so we could get this over and done with. I'm uncomfortable as it is."

If he was uncomfortable, how did he think she was feeling? She was about to throw the closet door wide open and defend herself no matter what the consequences. Her security was here waiting to withdraw.

Margo started to pick up the copy of *Life* on the table. "Mother! Please! Can we just start talking. I can give you a grand tour of the place afterwards." Buffy could feel the pace of her breathing increase.

"I'm sorry, this isn't easy for me, you know."

"Me either." Buffy tried to calm herself down.

"Well, I don't know how to say this to you. You've always been our little girl, and we don't want to see you hurt. Your Father and I can't apologize enough for doing this to you."

"Mother, look, you didn't do this to me. This just happens—it's nothing you or anyone can change."

"But, we want what's best for you and seeing you go through this is almost unbearable. Don't you think your father and I can see how miserable this is making you?" Margo questioned.

"I'm not miserable," responded Buffy.

"You are, honey, even if you can't see it, we can, and its all because you..."

"No, Mom," Buffy stopped her, "let me say it. I want to say it, and I want you to know that I'm happy and proud. I want you to know that this is what I want and I'm sorry if you don't, but—well, you're just going to have to get over it."

Margo's face took on a look of puzzlement. Buffy took a deep breath, having already overcome her urge for tears.

"Mom...Dad, I'm a Lesbian." Buffy felt briefly empowered.

"What...Oh, yes, well, we've known that for a long time, hon. It's about time you realized it, though," Margo paused. "But, that isn't what we came to talk about. We came to see if we could help you deal with us."

"What do you mean?" Now its was Buffy's turn to be puzzled.

"Oh honey, isn't it obvious?"

Obviously not to Buffy.

"Were going to get a divorce."

...

Basil was awake now from the buzzing and had sat up putting his arms around Deacon, and kissing his neck. "Who's at the door?"

"It's Buffy, here parents are coming over today and she really needs to talk to me. I hope you don't mind."

Deacon grabbed the comforter from atop the bed and went to the door. Basil put on Deacon's robe and stood in the doorway to the bedroom. The doorbell buzzed again. Deacon opened the door to greet Buffy, but gasped in horror as he saw, instead, Stuart holding half a dozen red roses.

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