

# From the Editor

What does The Complete Timmer Issue mean? Well, for one thing every single article was written by me (except the letters to the editor). Instead of outside contributors, I wrote it all. Which of course means it's much more personal. There are a coupla longer pieces about me for your...amusement? Naah, this is all part of my plan. There was a rumor going around Minneapolis recently that I wouldn't be publishing again after the second issue. Well not only do I present this brilliant third issue, but I also announce my plans to take over the world. You've heard of TEG's sphere of influence? Well, this is much bigger than that. This is TIMMER'S WORLD DOMINATION. I want to be Timmer, emporer of planet earth. Has a catchy ring don't you think? This issue is step one. More later...

I need contributions for future issues. I have three simple rules:

1) NO POETRY! I hate it. Never liked it. Never will. So David C. LaTerre and others should send their drippy love poems to Larry-bob or "Swerve". 2) SEND SOMETHING FUNNY! Are there any other funny fags in Minnesota besides me? I know Tim Siragusa in Omaha is hysterical but what about here? 3) SEND SOMETHING ABOUT MINNESOTA! This is a humorous zine about life here... on purpose...because no one else has the balls to admit they like living here. So if you're not just another wimpy trendy fag moving to San Francisco next week, send me some contributions. If they fit the above criteria or you give me a blowjob, I might print it in the next ? issues! So read this subliminal brainwashing issue my minions!

T\*  
Timmer

P.S. Will someone please tell TEG that his new haircut makes him look like a lesbian Elvis impersonator?

SPECIAL THANK TO: me, david howe, myself, tim siragusa, I, harvey hertz, my dick, dallas drake, timmer, john shultz, and of course me!

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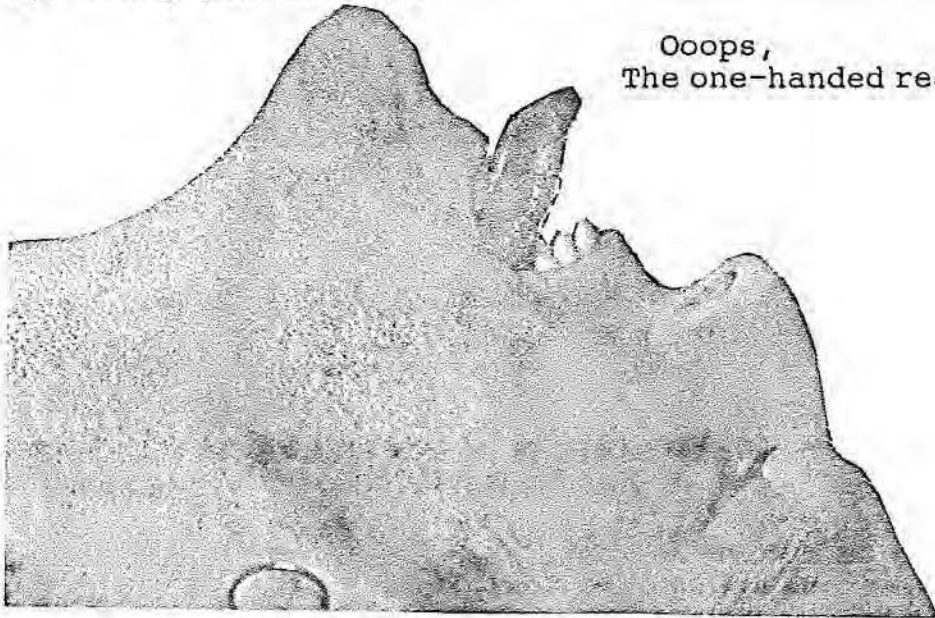
specializing in shameless self-promotion

# Letters to the Editor

Dear Demure Butchness,

Your cover boy, Keith, is so hot! The way he growled at us then showed us his tender side with that kitty proves how versatile a lover he would be. I'd like to rip his clothes off, lick him from head to toe, then grab hold of his throbbing...wait a minute! Is this Advocate Men? Sorry, wrong publication.

Ooops,  
The one-handed reader



Dear One-handed reader,

Mail can be forwarded to Keith or any of our other models/celebrities. Just take your hand out of your pants and pick up a pencil. In the meantime, want some naked photos of me?

Timmer

Dearest Timmer,

I just finished reading your second issue, but it wasn't until halfway through that I figured out it wasn't BUNDLE OF STICKS I was reading but DEMURE BUTCHNESS! Perhaps you should label it more clearly, or better yet, talk about something else besides TEG!

As for being "The Sex Issue", I didn't get very aroused by the issue at all and Keith is too hairy for my taste. Now, I share your total idolation of the great Annie Lennox, so I think you should make Issue #3 the "Annie Issue"! Then maybe we'll see some wetness on my part! I'm sure that the fabulous Club Kids could arrange a photo session with Miss Annie, and she wouldn't have the unsightly hair that Keith does!

Demurely,  
Vicki Jedlicka  
co-editor of "3,000 Eyes Are Watching Me"

P.S. Eating all that PEZ will surely make you dentist's pet. I'm sure there's a 12-step group that could help you.

Dearest Vicki,

Well Excuuuuuuuse Me! I'm so-o-oo-oo-oo-o-oo sorry you weren't aroused by "The Sex Issue" I try and try to please my lesbian readers (both of you), slaving my fingers to the bone, reducing my already limited creativity to a pile of grey matter, but it's just not enough. I put in an interview with ultra-sexy Miss Miss but it's just not enough. I had an article on the way-sexy Sandra Bernhard but it's just not enough. Being a gay MALE, I just will never have the necessary mindset to please a gay FEMALE. Never, ever, ever! If only I had a co-editor of the opposite sex (like some people), I could please absolutely everyone. But Noooooooo! I am slaving away on this unerotic zine all by my little self. Tell you what, from now on I'm going to have a special section in the zine: VICKI'S LESBIAN CORNER. Write in dearest Vicki with whatever arouses you and I'll print it. And if you forget to write in, I'll make something up! But it won't be the same...

Patiently waiting,  
Timmer

Timmer,

Thanks for DEMURE BUTCHNESS #1. Sorry I'm so late writing back. I watch Mary Tyler Moore frequently when I'm feeling homesick for Minneapolis.

Larry-bob  
editor of "Holy Titclamps"

Larry-bob,

You call that a response? GAZE so wisely labeled me as your local successor and all you have is a generic 23 word impersonal response? I've heard you're a very busy man with lots of letters to write but come on! This is Minneapolis. Your hometown! Have you turned your back on us that quickly? Are you spitting in the eye of those who made you what you are? It's a bitch clawing your way to the top, huh Larry-bob? Oh well, we all eventually become disillusioned with our heroes.

Crying softly,  
Timmer

---

Dear Demure Butchness,

I'd love to talk to you about your fabulous zine. My number is ----- . Please call.

Warm regards,  
David Anger  
Equal Time Newspaper

Alright David,

Here's the scoop! I called you for two weeks before you returned my fucking call. Then you cancelled our appointment at the last minute. "Oh, I'm really on a deadline for this other important article." Yeah right. When I called you to reschedule, you said "I'll speak to you at Zine Night at A Brother's Touch". Well you never did speak to me that famous night. You haven't tried to contact me since either. You just strung me along with promises of press coverage. Come on David! What's a matter? You are very cute. I'd do you! You like my zine. Why no feature article? I'm infinitely more talented than TEG and look at the coverage you gave him. I'm waiting, you sexy little newspaper stud!

Lustily,  
Timmer

Timmer, Timmer,

I'm so hurt! Here I am, slaving away in Dinkytown, trying to create a bastion of queerzine accessibility, and here I find that you have a very fine piece of work that you've never offered to me, not even once! On top of that, my copy of #2 is missing a page (it's the one with the 6th page of Miss Miss and the 3rd page of Gilligan). Pained as I am, I think we can put this behind us--if you bring me some copies of DEMURE BUTCHNESS to put on my rack. OK? I work ----.

If none of these times will work, call me and I'll work something out. I can hardly wait...

Yours,

Peter Larson

DreamHaven Books and Comics

P.S. When I ran the spellchecker over this letter, I discovered that it didn't like "Butchness". As a replacement, it suggested Bioscience, Bitchiness, Boyishness, and Bushiness, any or all of which seem to apply...

Dear Peter,

Sorry. I forgot to give DreamHaven copies of Demure Butchness. I'll blow you later to make up for the inconvenience.

Timmer

---

Dearest Timmer,

You didn't call for advertising. Creep! Creep! I read in GAZE that you showed up at Brother's Touch in top hat and cape? Do you like Marc Bolan & T. Rex? One of my favorite rave bands of the past - plus Mott & Gary Glitter. Why don't you ring me up - we could meet for a drink & I could blab to you about the past - the Angels of Light in San Francisco & all sorts of colorful trivia. Now that I live in the fabulous Uptown area, where I'm surrounded by my somewhat glamorous pets - you might even see me swishing around the lakes with my poodles - very politically correct! It would be fun to talk & I'm still interested in a "spot" in your very gay (or tres gay) rag.

Love XXO,  
David

P.S. Have you heard the Pantera remake of T. Rex's "Twentieth Century Boy"? I think you and the girls should do an issue on all the cute guys in metal! Fuck all this Madonna! Your rag has the balls to pull it off. How about a critique of Z-Rock? (World's most closeted radio station). Enclosed is \$2.00 for your last rag. Use it to your best advantage.

Dearest readers,

O.k. so this isn't a very interesting letter. I mean, it's alright but nothing to write home about. It is a very important letter though. It is the first genuine piece of fan mail I've gotten. Everything else has been either contributions of bad poetry or letters from other zine editors or newspaper people (can you say ulterior motives kids?). This is the first bona-fide, no strings attached fan! Dearest David, why don't you start the official Demure Butchness fan club? You could be its president (and only member). You could have conventions (with yourself), send out a newsletter (to yourself) and maybe even meet me (Happy Happy Joy Joy). Whatta ya say David? I'm just way too modest to start my own fan club.

SSP,  
Timmer

---

Dear Timmer,

Thanks a lot for the great time you showed me on my last visit to Minneapolis. I liked the "Secrets" game and "Find The Candy" best of all! Mom and Dad say I can stay with you anytime it's o.k. with you. Please Please Please for my birthday Please! I have to do homework now.

Your friend,  
Mac

## Top 10 Girls I'd Consider Going Straight For

- 1) ANNIE LENNOX - in a fuckin' minute!
- 2) SANDRA BERNHARD - after the massage I gave her, I know her body intimately.
- 3) MELISSA RASMUSSEN - she sez guys turn her on. Maybe she'd put on a strap-on for me?
- 4) KAREN PLATT - something tells me that quiet front is a facade once she's in the bedroom.  
Grrrrrrrrrrrr!
- 5) ISABELLA ROSSELLINI - I'd practice my S & M just to hear her say "Heet me! Heet me!"
- 6) JENNIFER JASON LEIGH - this girl can act her way into my pants if she really tries.  
Did you see her play Tra La La in "Last Exit To Brooklyn"?
- 7) THAT ORIENTAL CHICK IN GEORGE MICHEAL'S  
"I WANT YOUR SEX" VIDEO - why are oriental women so hot and oriental men not?
- 8) SUSAN SARANDON - ever since Rocky toucha toucha touched her, I've been wanting to rip her undies
- 9) THE EN VOGUE GIRLS - they may be the new Pointer Sisters but they are much, much prettier.
- 10) MADONNA - but only so I can be in your book. And I would definitely show MY dick!




# Miss Epiphany sez!...

Hey babies! Pif here. I'm horny as ever. No one has yet to invite me to an orgy around here! What's up people? Is this town really that celibate? I think not. Does the Norweigan influence really make us all so vanilla as to only sleep with one person at a time? I hope not. Or is everyone out there having orgies and not inviting this tender blooming flower? I know not!

So what is up? Pif is attuned to the sexual energy on the street. Whether it be shucking off all our clothes at the final underwear party at the Saloon or guys playing with each other in that famous dark corner of the Men's Room Bar at the Gay 90's. What about that wonderful night last summer? That last night of Gay Pride where everyone on the dance floor was shoving their hands in each other's pants. I mean, everyone! I hadn't felt that much dick since...San Francisco. And we all know that the boys here are much hotter than California.

So why no orgies? Are you all thinking, "Boy, I'd sure like to throw an orgy but I just don't know how to have a kick-ass sex soiree. If only someone could give me some pointers on how to give the greatest sex shindig this state has ever seen. Who can I turn to? My priest? No. Dear Abby? No. Dr. Ruth? Eeeeh. Who can help me think of ideas?"

Well fret not my dear children. Pif is here to give you some fabulous ideas for mutual skinflute and/or tuna taco worship.



REMEMBER MY DARLINGS,  
SAFER SEX DOESN'T  
NECESSARILY MEAN  
FEWER PARTNERS,  
IT MEANS BEING  
SAFER IN WHAT  
YOU DO WITH THEM!

Now my lovelies, these casual suggestions are no guarantee for a perfect orgy. All the tips in the world can't replace the one magical ingredient...mutual agreement and sexual rapport. But put these small suggestions to work and you'll probably have an event that everyone will be talking about tomorrow night at the Saloon (or I'll write about it if you invite me!)

**SIZE:** (not that meaning of size you perverts!) A dozen or so guests works best but 25-50 can be fun if very well planned.

**MOOD MUSIC:** Contrary to popular beliefs, the latest house music from the Saloon or Madonna's "Immaculate Collection" does not inspire a good orgy. I recommend African drum music, suggestive blues, or Ravel's "Bolero" on endless repeat. Keep it soft though. You'll want to hear everyone's grunts and heavy breathing.

**LIGHTING:** Of course dim is always best (dim children, not dark!) but for drama queens like me, I'd suggest a few baby spotlights (even well-hung flashlights work). That way, some of us can show off our wares.

**PORNOGRAPHY:** Skip the Jeff Stryker films. In fact, skip all porn made after 1984. The bodies are too good, the sex too uninspiring. Early Falcon, Colt, and Higgins loops work best for actual hot sex and no plot.

**LIQUOR/DRUGS:** Here's an obvious one. Mix everyone's first two drinks strongly and water the rest way down. And no beer. Beer breath can ruin an orgy faster than seeing Brad Theissen naked.



NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE BASICS, HERE ARE A FEW VARIATIONS ON THE CENTRAL THEME. TRY ONE, YOU'LL LIKE IT!!!

1) The Traditional European Orgy: Wear elaborate costumes, wigs, minuets, largnettes, and masks. Make sure there's plenty of grapes, champagne and invite some rosy-plump-cherubic youngsters. Instead of porno, pop a copy of "Amadeus", "Caligulia" or a Fellini in the VCR. Better yet, hire a string quartet. Although these start out very formal, once things get going, everything but the masks come off and ceremony flies right down the drain!

2) The Prop Orgy: Remember all those sex toys you bought, used once, then put away? This is the time to dust them off. All forms of electrical, vibrating, musical, pressurized, three and four-speed hydraulic tensions, conveyor belts (no orgy should be without a conveyor belt), hot and cold racks, fans, rides, rails, shock boxes and other gadgets are welcome. Although these can get a little too techno-nerdy, be sure to invite some innocent victims to avoid this problem.

3) Husband-Swapping Orgy: For suburban-types. Best held in Edina. Be sure to take photos of your mate and put statistics on the back like baseball cards.



4) Disco-Boy Orgy: The emphasis here is not as much on the sex as on dancing, bumping and grinding naked. Yes, you can and should boink, but make sure you always do it to the beat. And be sure to hire John Shultz to D.J.

5) Sunday Brunch Orgy: Mimosas, political discussion, and food are the gimmick. They should actually start as early in the morning as possible (by 8:00) since men are at their sexual peak in the A.M.

6) Pop Orgy: My personal favorite. Cover the walls in tin foil, put up a sign that says "FACTORY" and everyone comes in the wildest clothes possible (Club Wear is boring at these orgies). All spend their time getting ready to have sex, but no one quite gets that far. Sexual tension is always at a fever pitch. Hot!

UNTIL NEXT TIME,  
HAVE GREAT ORGIES!  
AND INVITE ME.

IS THERE EVER  
TOO MUCH SEX?  
NEVER!!!



# Zine EDITORS Review

Every 'zine seems to have reviews (plugs) of other 'zines without really saying much worthwhile. How do the 'zine editors truly feel about the various competition? Well, here's my two cents worth, only it's not about other zines. I'm instead reviewing 'zine EDITORS for your amusement.

TEG-"A Bundle of Sticks"- Hot! Has the cutest bare butt I've seen in awhile (didn't see the genitalia though. Pity.) Exudes a strong sexual energy although he seems a bit nervous around me (two sexual entities together in one room can cause problems I guess). Teg's the most self-conscious dancer I've seen. Has bad taste in men (look at the wonder twinkie he just broke up with!) I loves him tho', even if he does make up most of his letters in his 'zine.

ROBERT KIRBY-"Strange Looking Exile"- I made the mistake of meeting Robbie's boyfriend Tony way before I met Robbie. So by the time I met the gorgeous work of art known as Mr. Kirby, it was too late to fall in lust with him. I had already done that with Tony the summer before. Robbie is an absolute doll, although he and Tony are a bit high strung (birds of a feather?) If only they would invite me over for a menage-a-trois, I could die happy.

KAREN PLATT-"Oubliette"- How does the old stereotype go? Writers are either geeky or bitter. Luckily, Karen is the opposite on both counts. She has an aura that is so calming and friendly. Just having her in the room is a stress-releaser. And she's beeyootiful to boot. I don't see her very often but it's always a treat to be around her. Plus, she and I have some very interesting conversations about Teg.

DAVID HOWE-"Death or Glory/Twist"- Similar to Robbie Kirby, I went for the wrong one first. This time I made the mistake of dating David's roommate. Believe me, David is the much better half. He is slightly Anarchistic but not enough to be off-putting. It's kind of cute. He's very cute. I'm not his type I guess, since he goes for nerdy boys and I am such a glamorous queen. Still, I have an occasional fantasy about sex in public places with David. If you're nerdy but lovable, give David a call. Tell him Timmer sent ya!

VICKI JEDLINKA-"3,000 Eyes are Watching Me"- Nice lesbian. What more can I say?

CRITERION-"Profane Existance"- Punk with a heart of gold. Reminds me of a meek Flea from "Red Hot Chili Peppers". I'd like to give him a bath. A long one. Maybe in a bathtub big enough for two?

DAN COX-"Swerve"- Oh my god. I made the mistake of messing around with him before I knew who he was. He was pretty boring. Just like his zine.

## Exploring Our Gay Past part one





## MY DATE WITH SANDRA BERNHARD

*Here she is, Missing me already!*



So my friend Troy doesn't believe me. My lesbian friends want to kill me. It happened though! I actually saw Sandra up close and personal. I actually spoke to and touched a goddess. How does one do such a feat? Luck, creativity, and sheer balls!

I was in a show at the Guthrie when I found out the goddess was coming in concert. I immediately devised a devious plan. During the day of her appearance, from about 1:00 on, I hung out at the Stage Door, conveniently chatting with my friend Louise. I told her exactly why I was there, to glimpse an ethereal beauty. She chuckled knowingly, having helped me meet John Waters a few months earlier.

Sandra was late. It was almost 6:30 by the time she came in for her 3:00 sound check. As she breezed past me, I was hit with a stroke of genius/madness. I told Louise that I was going to meet the diva if it was the last thing I do. She wished me luck and off I went, deep into the underground of backstage. I took a deep breath and poked my head into her dressing room.

"If there's anything I can get for you Ms. Bernhard, I'm right outside the door", I improvised.

"Thank you." She replied kindly.

There, she spoke to me. The woman I had adored since "King of Comedy", the woman whose record I've memorized every word of, the woman who I want to be. I wasn't satiated yet. I wanted more.

I sat down right outside her door and eavesdropped on her conversation as I plotted my next move. Nothing terribly interesting being said, only general chit-chat about living in L.A. and such. A stroke of pure luck happened next. One of the security guards hired for the event approached me and asked me a question in the perfect way to use to my advantage. Instead of asking "Who are you?", "What are you doing back here?", or "Who are you working for?", he says "Are you one of Julie's people?" "Yes", I replied nonchalantly. Julie is the Guthrie House Manager and I suddenly have the password to be sitting 20 feet away from a living legend. When the second security guard approached me awhile later, I simply told him I was one of Julie's people before he even asked. I was in the clear.

John Boskovich, Sandra's writing partner, came out and asked me if I could score him some pot. (Don't worry drug-free fans, it wasn't for Sandra!) I said I'd try (not having any idea where to get some) and immediately began asking people for help. I suppose I shouldn't say who helped me get brownie points with Sandra's closest friend but let's just say the Guthrie always come through! John was very pleased with what I was able to find him.

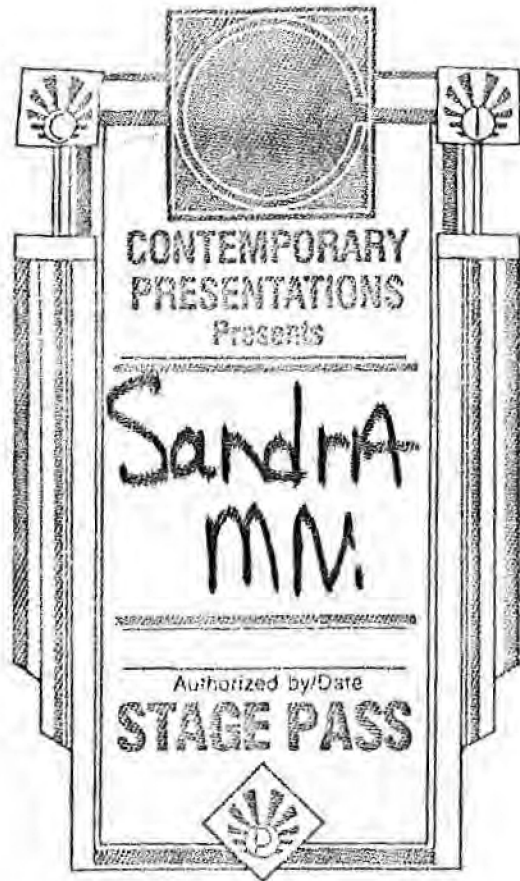
Sandra came out of her dressing room to ask me where the food was. I escorted her through the maze of backstage Guthrie and took my chances with an attempt at conversation. I decided to tell a story from a friend and make it mine.

"I was in the audience with Prince the night he saw your movie with Sinead O'Connor"

OK so I lied. My friend Carter was in the audience but it sounds much more impressive if it's in the first person narrative. I told her how much he laughed at her tribute and she told me how she wants to meet him and wishes he would come to one her concerts. After setting her down to wolf down a lo-calorie pasta salad, I took a big risk. I went back to her empty dressing room and stole a backstage pass from a pile on the table. Never know when it can come in handy.



I went out front to see the show. My good friend Page R. Steel had gotten front row seats and so thoughtfully asked if I wanted to share the experience. That's exactly what it was, an experience. It wasn't a concert; it wasn't a comedy act; it was an experience. Sandra made me want to go straight for her as she sang, danced, and took off her clothes onstage. (Unfortunately, Sandra probably wouldn't turn straight for me!) She brought up our backstage conversation by asking if Prince was in the audience and even winked at me as she handed me the first piece of incense in a 60's tribute medley. The experience was almost better than sex. Almost.



*The Ticket to More  
Backstage Access* ↑

After the concert, I mean experience, I easily made my way backstage with help from my pilfered pass. I patiently waited and plotted as people schmoozed with my new personal savior. John Boskovich thanked me again for scoring him the wacky weed. Apparently he had indulging throughout the performance. Taking a chance on him being gay (who isn't?), I asked him if he wanted to see some Minneapolis nightlife. Yes, he was stoned and wanted to dance. He told me to meet him at the Whitney Hotel; he was registered under his own name.

Oh shit.

I didn't drive that night. What to do? Was I about to ruin all my hard work by taking the bus home? Nope. I showed true desperation by begging a complete stranger for a ride home. I didn't even feel embarrassed. After all, I was on a mission from God.

After picking up my own car at home, I broke every traffic law imaginable in racing to the Whitney Hotel. I asked for John at the front desk and they informed me he hadn't checked in yet. Destiny intervened. One of Sandra's crew walked through the lobby and recognized me from backstage. She exclaimed that she would love to go out with John and I but could we stop at her room for a minute? Sure. Why not? Anything to get closer to the goddess.



*Here she is, still missing the time we spent together!*

Up in the room I met Sandra's keyboard player, who was complaining about a sore back. I told her I was a masseuse-in-training (advantageous lie) and could I practice on her? After thoroughly impressing her with my Ginsu fingers, the phone rang.

"Before we go out dancing we need to stop at Sandra's room."

OH MY GOD!

Not only was I going to see Sandra again this magical evening, I was going to see her away from the paparazzi. She would be in her own element, able to let her hair down. I would be present (even if only for a few moments) in Sandra Bernhard's Hotel Room!

OK TIMMER, PLAY IT COOL.  
ACT CASUAL.

"Sure, let's go."

My heart went into severe palpitations as I crossed the threshold into the land of Sandra. My head was swimming with her intoxicating presence. In the room was the rest of

the band, her makeup artist, some local comedienne named Ava Maria and SANDRA. Yes, there were only two of us Minnesotans in a room with the goddess and her posse. Not a bunch of local leeches but only a mere duo of starfuckers. We spent the rest of the evening eating room service, drinking champagne and being entertained. John never showed up.

Let me say that for being as brash and nasty and shallow as her personae can be on stage, she is very sweet offstage. She was completely accepting and gracious to us strangers in her room. She poured me champagne and even offered me some of her turkey sandwich. She is also just as funny offstage as she is onstage, if not more. She kept all of us laughing with stories and impersonations of her ex-lovers and her current girlfriend, a gorgeous french model. Funny though, all of her lovelife narrative involved women. She may be publicly a bisexual but in the privacy of that room, she was 100% lesbian, which brings up another topic.



Madonna. Yes she talked about her. It was very unnerving to hear Sandra nonchalantly say "Warren called me last night to talk about her latest publicity stunt". Well, here for your amusement is the latest gossip about the relationship break-up, straight from Sandra's mouth herself.

The two legends are not at all on good terms anymore. Apparently while Madonna was making the movie "A League of Their Own", she became good friends with her co-star Rosie O'Donnell. Good enough friends to skip invitations to see the opening of Sandra's show to go see Rosie do stand-up in some small comedy club. Yes, heartless Madonna began snubbing poor Sandra regularly to be with her new best friend, Rosie. Heated words were exchanged and a strong friendship was severed. I made the mistake of stating that I thought Rosie was kind of humourous and Sandra snapped "No she isn't. She's a bitch!" at me. Sore subject I guess.

Here she is, planning to  
Come back to APLS  
to Visit ME! →

Sandra did make a rather funny comment on the situation though. Madonna had recently asked Rosie to go on David Letterman with her in identical outfits, just like she and Sandra had once done. Rosie smartly refused. Sandra told us that Warren Beatty, Sean Penn and herself should go on Arsenio as people that Madonna fucked and/or fucked over.



Speaking of that, I'm sorry to burst a few bubbles. Based on various comments made throughout the evening, I doubt that Sandra and Madonna ever slept together. They were once close friends who certainly loved the rumor that they were loving each other's labias, but I think that they never actually bumped uglies. Only they know for sure but I get the feeling it was all a hoax.

I continued my backrub on the keyboard player as we ate After Eight Dinner Mints. Sandra told us she played banjo as a little girl and would love to put it into her act. She asked Ava Maria and I for critiques of some of the new material they had done in the show that night. (What could I say? Everything she does is perfect!). She even pulled an ornamental violin off the wall and tried playing it (those crazy celebrities! trashing hotel rooms!). I finished the backrub and the goddess turned her eyes to me.

"Do you have the energy for one more?"

ARE YOU KIDDING?

She slid over to me and turned her luscious back my way. I gave her the best massage my Ginsu fingers have ever performed. I worked every knot, explored every bump, caressed every inch of satiny skin. For all who are interested, she is very bony, has not an ounce of fat on her, and has beautiful skin. I massaged as much as I could in public and she purred accordingly. Here I was, giving pleasure to one of my idols. What would my friends think?

All good things must come to an end I guess. The massage made Sandra sleepy, the food was gone, the champagne wearing off. The band members gave their goodnights, Sandra escorted me to the door, thanked me for the finger-treatment. I suddenly realized that as mind-blowing as the night had been, some might never believe that it actually occurred without proof. I did the ultimate no-no.

"Can I have your autograph, Sandra?"

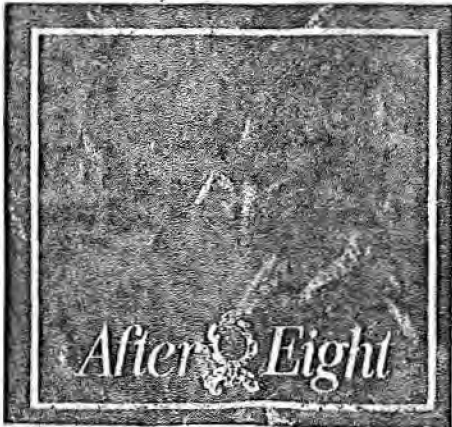
I know. It's tacky to ask a celebrity for their autograph, especially after having spent time with them. But I couldn't resist the temptation. Sandra was surprisingly gracious. She not only signed her name, but gave a saucy little message. Out in the hallway, I jumped for joy. I had just spent time with a legend. I had left a small mark on a goddess, as she left a huge mark on me.

**the Whitney Hotel**  
150 Portland • Minneapolis, MN 55401  
(612) 339-9300

To Tim  
Thank for  
the  
RUB-  
Love  
Sandra

The Actual  
Autograph

A Wrapper  
actually touched by  
her dainty fingers



## Ode to John Schultz

Little do you know  
as you spin endless records at the Saloon  
I'm not there to dance  
to drink  
to cruise

No I have but one purpose  
in that den of inequity

I come out only to see you  
from your trendy fag haircut  
to your earring of gold

the ethereal dance music you prefer  
never grows old

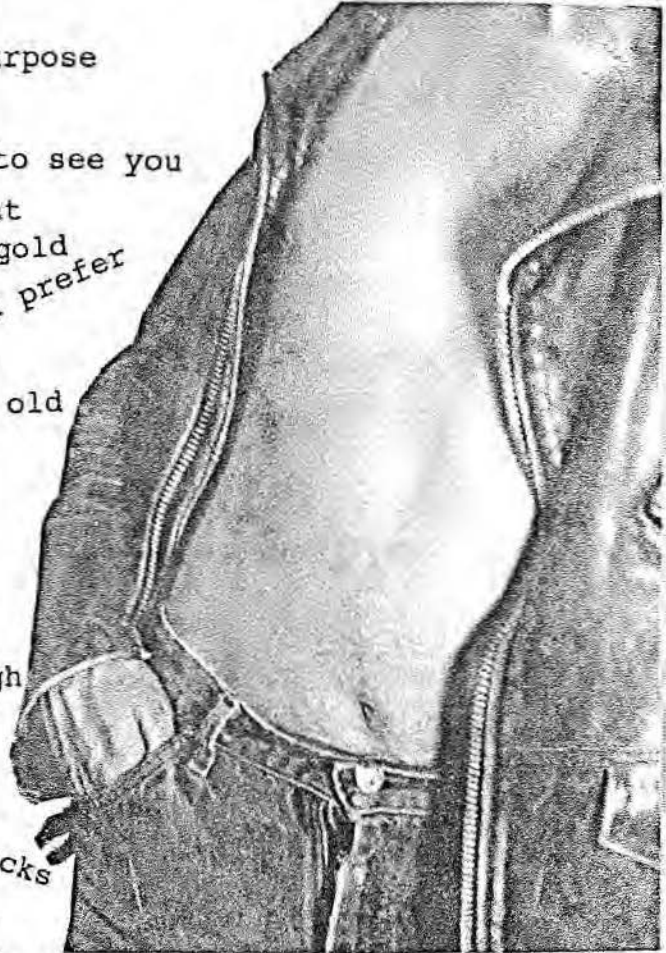
I crane my neck  
for just one look  
as you dance and work  
in your tower so high

or as I browse through the stacks  
at Northern Lights  
just for a glimpse to catch your eye  
John oh John  
I do lust you so  
why oh why must this be

for I know I will never

as low as I am

get close to a STAR as big as thee





## Demure Butchness' Hot Snowmen



- BEAR - Still the best fuck in town
- BRIAN BENNETT - Drop that doctor boyfriend and date me
- ANTAY BILGUTAY - These boots are made for WALKER
- MICHAEL BISPING - Married 2 years and still won't cheat.  
Damn!
- BOB CHESHER - The best sex ed teacher a guy could have
- GREG DAHL - Drop that actor boyfriend and date me
- MICHAEL DAHL - Leather becomes him
- DALLAS DRAKE - Light my fire. Hose me.
- JEFFREY HALTLI - Classic, distinct, refreshing
- RICHARD IGLEWSKI - Catch him out of all that age makeup  
and he is soooo cute
- JOHN KILACKY - The hottest artist fag since Keith Haring
- CHRISTOPHER KRABBEHOFT - Heartbreaker
- J.D. LAUFMAN - Even though his husband is Mr. Leather  
1993, J.D. is the daddy dreamboat
- KEITH LUNAK - wields a mean bullwhip
- CRAIG MORRIS - The cutest Guthrie box office wierdo
- MICHAEL REINBOLD - Kind of a YoYo but he has scope
- DALE RICHNER - Drives the coolest car ever.  
A '68 yellow station wagon.  
I'd love to rumble his seat
- JOHN SCHULTZ - Watch him dance in the booth. Hot
- CHARLES SCHUMINSKI - A personal obsession
- STEVEN TEOREY - This Formalwear expert can check which  
side I dress on anytime
- JERRIK TODD - A must see in "Psycho Beach Party"



# Twin Cities' Bar Guide

## M I N N E A P O L I S

Saloon - The most popular bar in town. Young cute guys, house music, jam packed. Don't go expecting to pick someone up though. Everyone is there to stand and model or watch. Very crowded Thursday-Sunday. Sardines. Great underwear parties in season. Best night is Mondays with D.J. John Schultz. Hands down. Best thing to look for? Bear. Not just a bartender, he's a greek god. Has one of the prettiest dicks I've ever worshipped in Minnesota. Nice length, width, softness, firmness, flexibility, etc. If you get a chance, sleep with him. You won't regret it! Or if you're a troll, go to Boy's Night Out.

Gay 90's - The largest bar in town. Ooodles of bars (check out the vinyl bar!), three dance floors, live entertainment. Dance Annex recently went towards Saloon-style house music. Booville dance floor either plays funk or sometimes very classic early 80s music (how about more Mr. D.J.?) Upstairs dance floor switched from lesbian to country, yet still no one goes up there. Lori Dokkin on piano does a bitchin' Eartha Kitt impression. Request it. Drag Lounge needs serious help. Mr. Ronn should be sent to pasture, others should be limited to one ballad a night and all should have mandatory dance lessons (except Tiffany and Tasha). Men's Room leather bar is a bore but check out the leather shop. Ask salesperson Don for a complimentary spanking. Good place to pick someone up (yes, there are some good looking men there David!). Strippers are all straight so don't bother (unless your wallet is fat). D.J. Miss Miss is underrated. Troy the Waiter. Cute in that late 70's sort of way.

Brass Rail - Where old fags go to die.

Club 19 - When you're in the mood for a prostitute or you don't care who you sleep with.

## S T . P A U L

Rumours - Very dyke bar. Only dance floor around that asks you to tip the D.J. for requests. Green Room bar is good for first dates. Molly the manager is one hot old dyke and that male bartender (you know the one) is porn star material.

Club Metro - It's a gay bowling alley. Volleyball courts can be fun. Dance Floor is ridiculous. Makes great runway for slightly superior drag shows (check out Wendy. She's the best in the state) Good food. Leather bar downstairs is a must see. It's only a converted rec-room but has actual backroom that sometimes has actual group sex (in public? In Minnesota? No way! Way.) Ask John the bartender what the underwear on the walls signifies.

Rockys - Amateur decor, amateur music, amateur clientele. Check out that neon VOGUE sign on the ceiling. How nouveau!

Townhouse - Two-stepping lessons are great. Men in cowboy hats and boots! OooooooooohEeeeeeeeeee! Ride me cowboy! Are there any real western studs in Minnesota?

## **Exploring Our Gay Past      part two**

"Fags have exacting tastes regarding the women they're seen with. Most maintain a staff of a few women to be seen with. This is for reasons of straight prestige if necessary, as a front, and to keep them guessing-"Is he really making it with that girl, or is she a les?"

-New York Unexpurgated 1966

# CLUB KIDS

The CLUB KIDS have had a busy coupla months bussin' and dissin' from party to party. Certainly a highlight had to be the BLACK GUARD's Chili Feed at the Gay '90s (the only function that condom boy PETE GLASER was not present at). Many of the dreamiest leather daddies came out and the CLUB KIDS were happy to be the center of attention, being practically the only leather youngsters in attendance (Where were ARRAY?). We did spot MISS EPIPHANY in the middle of a spontaneous orgy that erupted in the famous jail cell. She looked very, very happy. Also in attendance was that teddy bear, CLARK BUFKIN (Oh Clark! Whip me! Beat me! Sell me a house! Give me a column in GAZE!) All in all, the chili was delish, the men divoon and the jail cell orgasmic. We would have liked to see more leather demonstrations though (for all us novices). Congratulations to BLACK GUARD pledge TIM (his lesser half, MIKE, was spurting, we mean pouring, beer all night long).

CLUB KIDS also went to QUEER SPACE at EMMA CENTER. All those anarchist queers get together once a month to...well they don't do much of anything. Too anarchistic I guess. TEG was there (Zzzzzz) as well as that cute little CRITERION and some of those pierced, Easter-egg-colored-hair boys and girls. Zines were everywhere (but no DEMURE BUTCHNESS?) and the ambience of dancing in the dirty basement was unparalleled by any Saloon Party.

CLUB KIDS spent their Halloween at a rather tame party. One of us went in full KAREN CARPENTER drag and spent the entire evening binging and purging. The Dexatrim and the SlimFast were raided but unfortunately no one seemed to get the concept. The party was elevated with the arrival of BILL CLINTON and AL GORE, who spent the entire evening campaigning. They even approached poor fat Karen and stated that they supported alternative lifestyles. Bravo to some characters smarmily well done. Why couldn't the other costumed party-mongers assume some inspired identities? Oh well.

CLUB KID Karen with a bloodthirsty friend



Speaking of parties, the best kept secret in town is the opening night galas at the GUTHRIE THEATER. This is one party we definitely recommend crashing. Granted, they only have one gay actor in the company (and he is so cute!) but the strange mix of theater people, rich wierdos, and those very, very odd people who work there as ushers and box office personnel create quite a social

mileau. Free beer, champagne and food are plentiful and the dancing is o.k. Watch out for security though. They sticker everyone there to make sure they are invited guests. Just avoid them (there's only two or three) or snatch a sticker off a drunken GUTHRIE staff's lapel.

Isn't that JOHN SCHULTZ such a studpuppy? Have you ever watched him dance up in his D.J. booth at the SALOON. Maybe CLUB KIDS can arrange an interview for next issue?

CLUB KIDS recently completed a little television concert special with PRINCE. 3 very long work days out at PAISLEY PARK were excused by the fact that his Lovesexyness was actually there! The Sexy M.F. one scurried around the whole time and CLUB KIDS were witnesses to a rare treat. After a number by one of his opening acts, CARMEN ELECTRA, PRINCE went to congratulate the RAQUEL WELCH look-a-like and clumsily tripped over a column at the

back of the stage. He tried to lighten the situation by casually saying "Hi! How you doin'." Well, even though we were the only ones to witness this inspired bit of Jerry Lewisness, CLUB KIDS are happy to pass on this bit of left-footedness from the dancing purple one. We must say that he does actually look much cuter in person, and shorter.

CLUB KIDS recently heard a rumor that STAR TRIBUNE's C.J. is a lesbian. Now we never believe in rumors but...care to respond C.J.?

Also rumored is that UNICORN THEATRE is preparing their own all-gay comedy troupe called HOT DISH. What a great idea! We have straights playing gays (Men on film), one gay in an otherwise straight comedy troupe (KIDS IN THE HALL) but no all-gay comedy troupe (not since BOYS IN THE BATHROOM broke up. Scandalous!) CLUB KIDS will be in the front row on opening night when they open their sketch comedy show. See you there!

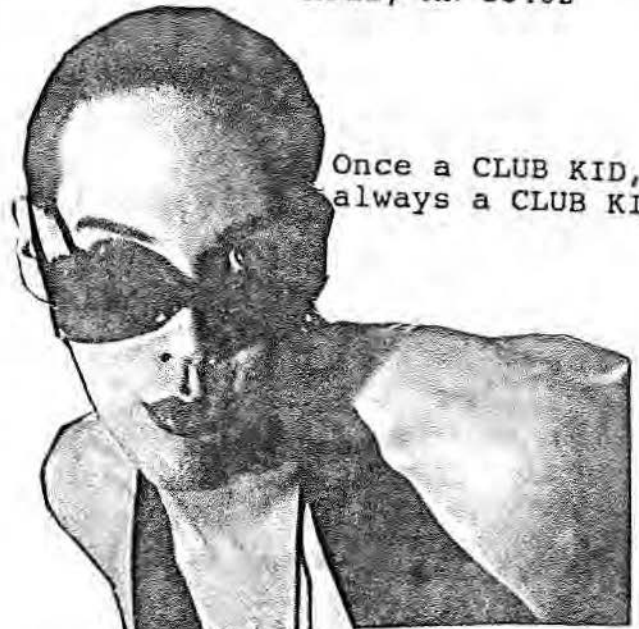
TO INVITE CLUB KIDS TO YOUR EVENT, WRITE:

DEMURE BUTCHNESS  
PO BOX 2049  
LOOP STATION  
MPLS, MN 55402

The famous  
two-headed  
CLUB KID



Once a CLUB KID,  
always a CLUB KID



CONFIDENTIAL TO PETE GLASER - GAZE MAGAZINE

(to be read by his eyes only)

OUT AND ON ASSIGNMENT

ARTS OUT AND ON ASSIGNMENT

I'm sitting here reading your reviews of my first two issues. In the first one you compare Demure Butchness to Holy Titclamps and claim that I have all the trappings of a serious publishing empire. You even gave it more snaps than that famous Diseased Pariah News reviewed in the same column. Then for my second issue, you say it's o.k. but I seem to be resting on my laurels and not breaking any new ground. Well Excuuuuse Me! Publishing a zine all by myself without the help of my two former co-editors is definitely resting on my laurels. Plus doubling the length from the first issue and including lots of original photography is most certainly resting on my laurels. I guess my goal to produce a one-of-a-kind zine about life in this great city of Minneapolis instead of not being specific to gain National recognition is just not good enough. And breaking new ground? Isn't it true that there is nothing new under the sun? Only variations on a few themes? But I guess you are right. I should change the format of Demure Butchness to try to outdo myself every issue by shocking people (Bundle Of Sticks), selling out (Strange Looking Exile), or just start paying you for a good review (No, you get paid much too well at GAZE to ever accept a bribe). Maybe I should just stop publishing at all. Why do you think this issue took so long to get out? If you noticed, my second issue came out very quickly after your glowing review of #1. This issue took many sleepless nights of crying out "Why oh why?". And who planted the rumor that I would never publish again? TEG denies it. Robbie Kirby denies it. But why do you think it started? Oh well. Go ahead and give this issue a bad review too. Tear it to pieces, regardless of how personal it is to me. Feel free to publicly rip my heart out with your bare hands and then throw it on the floor and stomp on it until I die. You have that power within your mighty pen. But remember as you sit down to review this, I know where you live...

ARTS OUT AND ON ASSIGNMENT

# My First Dungeon



I don't know where to begin. Um, o.k. I'll start by changing the names of the participants. After all, this is a true story and the last thing I want to do is get a bunch of fags mad at me. Hell hath no fury like a raging queen huh? So Greg will become George, Bruce will become Bill, Mark will be known as Monty. Naaah! If I'm going to change the names, why don't I really change the names. Giuseppe, Bonzo and Marguerita. Much better. Remember, this really happened.

I met Bonzo in the leather shop at the Gay 90's. I go in there from time to time to get spanked by Don the salestud. I never thought I'd get into spanking but Don does it so incredibly well that it has become one of my favorite activities (nothing can compare to that warm

feeling pouring through my cheeks after Don has flogged me. O.k. so I can think of something that would feel better on my cheeks but Don won't let that go on in the store.) I guess Bonzo must have gotten turned on by the sight of my jeans around my ankles, me bent over the glass counter, and Don cupping his hand to make the optimum sound as he spansks my barely underwared tush. After my cheeks got that High-Pro Glow and I was buttoned up, Bonzo began spouting how much he'd love to spank me and how much I'd love to have him spank me (don't be so quick on the draw Bonzo! I only just met you!)

Let me interrupt this high drama for a moment to explain something about myself (skip this part if you know me already). I am an incredible flirt and love to make people flustered and nervous. This gets some people angry but for the most part, as people get to know me they accept it as one of my friendly quirks and enjoy the affection. HOWEVER, when the shoe is on the other foot I feel... uncomfortable. (Nyah, nyah, nyah! Timmer can dish it out but can't take it. Nyah, nyah, nyah!)

So I am feeling very uncomfortable as Bonzo is bluntly exclaiming what he wants to do with me and why I'll love it. But I'm also aroused by the idea and considering going home with him. After all, he is drop dead gorgeous, tall, intense, and saying he has a big dick (not a prerequisite but nice). I wasn't sure though. I'm not really into pain (well that's not fair. I haven't tried much pain. How do you know if you like something or not without trying it?) Plus, I do trust Don completely but how would I know this guy wouldn't spank me too hard and then not stop when I told him to? Not everyone is as experienced and trustworthy as sweet Don. I decided to consult his wisdom on what to do. (In addition to being an expert spanker, Don is my advisor on new sexual experiences. He once sent me home with a strange man who introduced me to the wonderful world of vacuum pumps.) Don assured me that Bonzo was relatively harmless and would stop if I wanted him to (plus Don verified the big dick in question. Not as long as mine but THICK. And as you all know, thickness is the only thing that counts in my book "2 inches, 4 inches, 6 inches, 10, as long as it's thick I'll shout AMEN"). So o.k., I said I was ready and moderately willing.



Bonzo led me out to his car. I pumped him for information. He's a doctor ( NO WAY! YES WAY!) Young doctor with a taste for the kinky. He also told me some story about how we can't go to his house as he is between homes right now and could we go to my house instead? (Yeah right Bonzo. And what is your boyfriend's name?) I told him my house was a mess (which was true) and I didn't want to subject him to that. He said he didn't mind but I insisted that Dante's Inferno didn't look as bad as my place. He said we'd have to think of somewhere else.

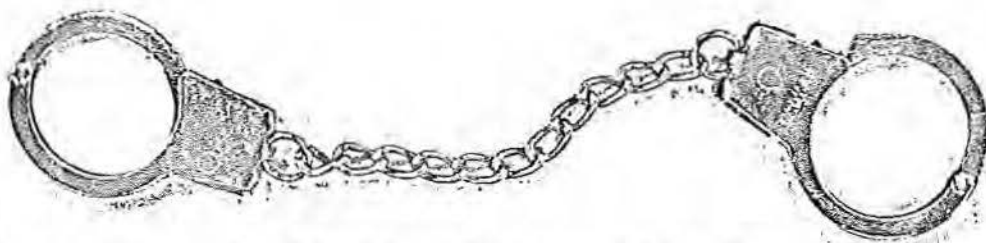
Oh! By the way, I left out an important earlier part of this story. When Bonzo was telling me how much I was going to enjoy getting spanked by him (very presumptuous of you Bonzo) he also somehow intuitively knew how much I love to be an exhibitionist and told me he'd love to see me jack-off in front of a bunch of men (already done it Bonzo! See Demure Butchness #1). He introduced me to his two friends Giuseppe and Marguerita. They agreed that it would be joyful to see me work my meat.

Ok, now back to the walk to Bonzo's car. Since we couldn't go to Bonzo's house (HA!) and I wouldn't allow my disaster site to be seen (no way!), Bonzo was struck with an idea (alright so he wasn't really struck. I mean, he didn't fall down in the street or nothing. I think I did see a lightbulb go off over his head though.) He wanted to go back to the bar and get some guys to watch me flog my log.

I demurely agreed.

Back at Don's dazzling den of leather goods, Giuseppe and Margeurita bravely volunteered for public viewings of my nubile virility. Little did I know what they actually had in mind...

I'm going to paraphrase the next section of the story so as not to reach "War and Peace" length. Bonzo and I nakedly made out on Giuseppe's back porch as we awaited their arrival (ah the wonders of suburbia!) Giuseppe and Margeurita arrived, let us in, served us drinks, got me stoned (pot makes me so horny), made me get my dick soft (with a lot of effort) and strapped my innocent cock in



(with a lot of effort) and strapped my innocent cock in "The Gates of Hell"! (I don't see what the big deal is. It wasn't painful.) Then they asked me if I was ready.

I thought about it for a minute. Do I really want to try this? Will I freak out? Will it hurt? Will I enjoy it? Oh well, you only live many lives. Try it and decide.

"I'm ready."

Bonzo and I were led into the dungeon. Black walls, multiple mirrors, candles, chains hanging from the wall. The music playing was vaguely familiar but in my stoned mind it sounded like gregorian torture chanting. I asked Marguerita what it was.

"New Order. Substance." Giuseppe piped in "The best fuck music in the world. Don't you agree?"

I guess I've never screwed to New Order nor thought about it before. I was too nervous and excited and scared about what was about to happen to respond. Here I was about to have my first S & M dungeon experience.

"First of all," Giuseppe began, "I have three rules. One is that everything is played safe sex. Two is that you can always ask me to stop. Yellow light means you want to take a short breather from what we're doing and then start again. Red light means stop! My third rule is that you be sure to ask me for the above safe words."

"Ok." I said. "I'm not sure I'm really into pain. I'm just a beginner. But I'll let you know. I do like bondage and discipline though."

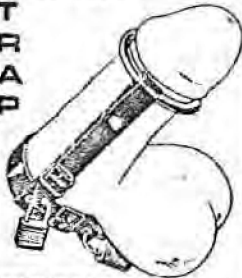
We began.

Bonzo's arms were tied behind his back and connected to a leather belt around his neck. My wrists were tied in a very complicated yet cool knot (Boy Scouts look out!) Bonzo whispered to me that he too was nervous because he had never done this before ( Yeah right! Just trying to scare me there Bonzo. Don't bother. I'm scared enough already.) Bonzo was placed in front of a department store style 3-way mirror. Giuseppe plugged something in and OH MY GOD HE IS SHAVING HIM! Oh. Am I next? Cool. I love being shaved. After this bit of joy, Bonzo was strapped to some chains hanging from the ceiling. I remained where I was, too terrified and exhilarated to move. I made some wiseass comment about what was going on and WHACK. Giuseppe meant business.

Bonzo was alternating lightly spanked with a small paddle or rubbed with Giuseppe's bare hand. By this time, Margeurita had come in and was setting up something in the corner. It was obvious that he and Giuseppe had worked together before. Bonzo said something to his punisher and was untied so he could leave the room. What was going on? What diabolical plan could these three have for a mere novice like me? Without missing a beat, Giuseppe came to me and hooked my wrists to a chain on the ceiling. He then tied Marguerita's hands and hooked him to these same chains. Let me explain that this chain goes through an eyelet of sorts and works so that one of us is uncomfortably stretched at all times. The interesting part is we could switch off who was in pain.

Giuseppe circled the two of us and alternately smacked us with the paddle. It did sting but was not at all the stereotype of pain that S&M gets. It was kind of pleasant light pain (like Don's spankings). Next he pulled out some toys. I had a little trouble with the nipple clamps all night. They were o.k. at first but started to REALLY hurt as the night went on. Giuseppe recognized my sensitivity and newness to this kind of torture and removed them from time to time. However, I had no problems with the dick torture devices. He hung weights from my cockring that was actually rather pleasant feeling. Maybe my nipples are more sensitive than my dick? Giuseppe even commented that I was taking an unusual amount of weight for a first timer. Yet the more weight he put on, the harder my dick got. Strange.

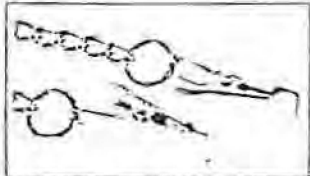
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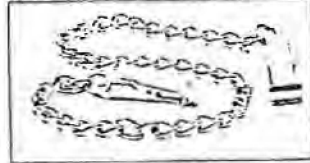
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FLAT 'N' ROUND ENDURANCE



GRADUATE ENDURANCE

The next phase was my absolute favorite of the night. It was much more of a mindfuck than physically painful. Although it did get kind of physically painful too. Yet I really loved it. Giuseppe produced a riding crop and gave each of a few whacks to demonstrate how painful it is. Then he turned to me and asked me how many. Not knowing the game, I said fourteen. Giuseppe turned and gave Marguerita's ass fourteen whacks. Oh Jesus what did I do? Giuseppe asked Marguerita how many. Now I'm in for it. Six. They hurt like hell but still I felt guilty. When it

was my turn again, I said four. Giuseppe raised the stakes by then asking who got the four. I said me of course! On the next turn, Marguerita chose ten but Giuseppe turned to me once again and asked for whom. The second string of pot I was given right before this particular game was making me bold but damn they hurt. I took a deep breath and said...me. I was a hurting unit but I felt the guilt of the original fourteen lifted (with probably a layer of skin off my ass). The rest of this game turned into this bizarre male bonding macho thing. It was intense, both mentally and physically.



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- 5 Gats of Hell: 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-3/4" \* HT 22 - \$13.50
- 7 Gats of Hell: 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-1/2", 1-3/4", 2" \* HT 23 - \$16.50

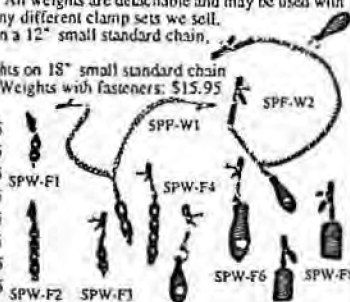


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- SPW-F3.....\$ 5.95
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- SPW-F8.....\$11.95



Giuseppe said to me "Trust Marguerita. He's been through the routine before. He knows what to do." He left the dungeon. I'll never really know how long he was gone, in my state, it felt like three days. Marguerita lifted his knee without changing the pressure on the chains and began rubbing my crotch. This was getting too weird. I was afraid that when Giuseppe came back, we'd be punished. Plus, where was Bonzo? I was for the first time starting to feel uncomfortable.

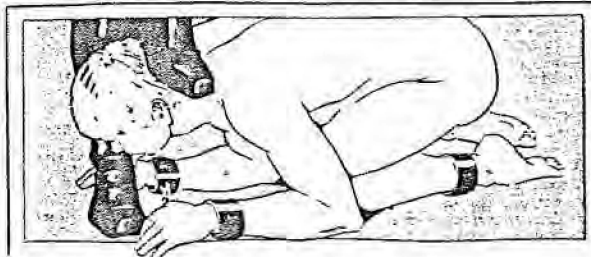
My right wrist went dead. I looked up and saw my hand was turning purple. I told Marguerita and he put more pressure on his arms to give me some resting time. As soon as Giuseppe came back (three days later?), I shouted yellow light and my wrists were untied. He also untied Marguerita and gave the two of us instructions on how to get him off. We were also allowed to have orgasms of our own, but only at his command. Afterwards, I asked where Bonzo was.

"He had too much to drink and got sick. He's passed out upstairs"

Well. The one who had gotten me into this experience in the first place had missed the entire thing. The one who had wanted to spank me never even got near my still tingling ass. On the ride back to my car downtown, Giuseppe told me to think about what I had just experienced. he said to think about if I liked it or not and what parts I did or didn't like for future play with someone. Communication is very important in S&M. He also told me I took an awful lot for a beginner.

Thanks, I think.

Did I like the whole experience. I think so. It was definitely something new and different from the same old vanilla sex I usually have. And the pain was not that bad. It was kinda refreshing actually. It reaffirmed what it feels like to be alive. I think I might try it again. Any volunteers?



## TOP 10 GUYS I HATE TO ADMIT BEING MOIST FOR

I'm almost embarrassed to print this list of guys I want to boink. They are all people I would never admit to liking in public so instead I'll admit to it in print. Please don't think any worse of me.

- 1) Anthony Michael Hall - I lost many an adolescent squirt over him in "16 Candles" and "Breakfast Club". Did you see how beefed up and butch he was in "Edward Scissorhands"?
- 2) Prince - So what if he is only four feet tall! He has the most beautiful skin in person.
- 3) Steve Martin - Yes, he is in way too many bland commercial movies. But I'd love to see him play more sleazy characters like in "Grand Canyon". Plus, he changes his hair color more than I do.
- 4) Tom Cruise - but only in "The Color Of Money". His slightly stupid character turned me on. Unfortunately, no other role of his does.
- 5) Bill Paxton - You know. He plays the nerdy roles in "Aliens", "Weird Science", and "Near Dark". He seems like such an asshole, but I'd like to play with his.
- 6) Da Blonde Boy from Beverly Hills 90120 - Jason and Luke give my crotch not even a twinge
- 7) Chris Farley - This large Saturday Night Live guy brings out the chub chaser in me!
- 8) The "House Of Pain" boys - For some unexplainable reason, the sight of these skanky Irish rough trade in the video "Jump Around" get me hard.
- 9) Cigar dude from "Third Bass" - Sort of a fat Emilio Estevez (who I don't like). I'd let him chew on my cigar anytime.
- 10) Donnie Wahlberg - Yes, he's a New Kid On The Block. Still, I'm strangely more attracted to him than his muscular bro, Marky.

# A Public Service Announcement

Dick...I love it. You love it. We all gotta have it! (Lesbian readers just bear with me or skip to the next article.) And unless you're boring, unimaginative straight trade (hiss, boo), you like a nice firm one in your mouth. Nothing compares to the feeling of that heat seeking moisture missile filling your oral cavity. How many of us really know how to suck dick though? How many of us have been on the receiving end of a ho-hum blowjob? (OK, so sex is like pizza. When it's good it's great and when it's bad it's still pretty good...but you know what I mean.) How many times have you wanted to tell someone to change their...technique but haven't had the nerve? Well fret no more! Here is a simple guide to giving mind-blowing head for all you darling dick lickers! Take this easy to follow how-to and in no time they'll be climbing over each other to take you home from the Saloon.

You may ask what my qualifications are to be an expert human vacuum. Well...none! I've just had...lots of practice and am constantly trying to...improve my technique. Not to brag or anything (but I will anyway) but "My god, where did you learn to do that?" is often the only audible thing I hear besides moans and groans. I just smile and...work harder. Now if you think that you are already good at giving head or offended that I would even bring up the subject, fine, skip to the vampire story. But if you've ever wondered how well you worship the skinflute, take these few simple ideas into consideration. They are but a mere starting point to send on the way towards being the world's greatest lover.

1) SUCK - Sounds too obvious to be mentioned but I can't tell you how many people I've slept with who think that by just placing my dick in their mouth they are going to get me off. Give the mighty tool in your mouth some actual suction. If you really want to drive your guy crazy, give 10 seconds of sucking as hard as you can then 5 seconds of no pressure. Repeat until ecstasy.

2) VARY YOUR TEMPO - Find as many different rhythms as possible to suck the mighty penis. Compose a Mozart symphony on his flute and play all the different parts. This will take your man a little longer to come than the usual monotonous back and forth but the orgasm will be much stronger.

3) USE YOUR HANDS - Play with his balls, knead his buttocks, rub under his scrotum. Your mouth should not be the only part touching his body.

4) LICK HIS INNER THIGHS - This is a foreplay activity that gets them everytime. Playful nibbles will drive them into new heights if you stop mid-blowjob from time to time.

5) DON'T WORRY IF YOU CAN'T DEEP THROAT - If you aren't blessed with a non-gagging reflex like me, just take it as far as is comfortable. What is more important is that you apply suction with your tongue.

6) EXPLORE THE HEAD - The most sensitive part of the penis is directly underneath the head. Use your tongue to feel every bit of his head. Swirl around it with your tongue, flick it with your tongue, check out his slit. Just use your tongue at his flaming red tip!

7) WHEN HE GROANS FROM INTENSE PLEASURE, CONTINUE DOING WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING FOR 3 SECONDS AND THEN STOP - The delayed orgasm effect again. Bring him to an unbearable edge and then stop cold-turkey. Wait 15 seconds and then try a different tactic.

8) MAKE SURE HE PULLS OUT BEFORE HE COMES - This is the 90's boys!

Take these lessons and find someone to practice on...at least twice a day. If you can't find anyone, I'd be happy to be your test subject. In no time you'll see the results and your partner will be yelping for joy!





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