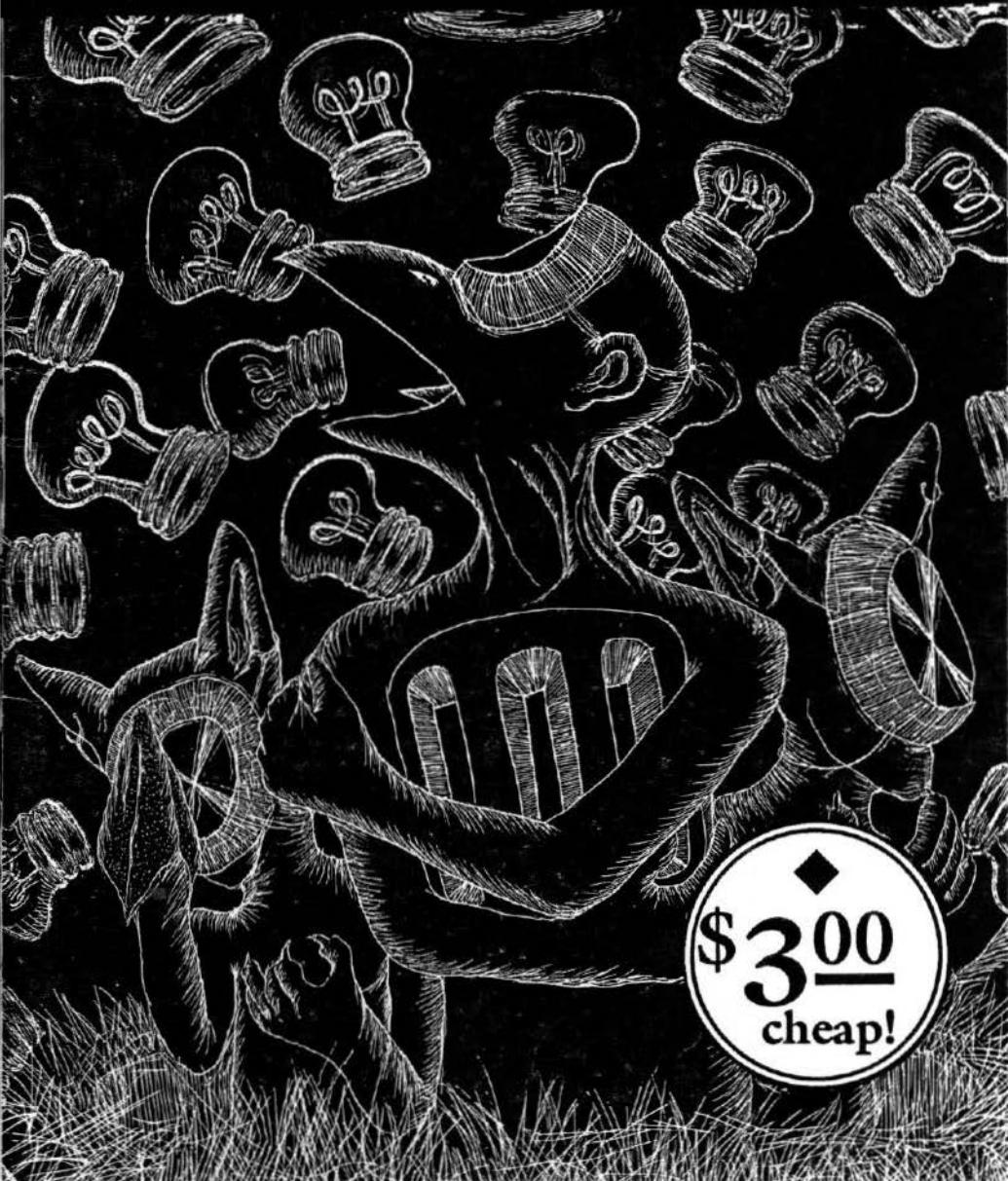


/Gæ·räj/

issue @

a homocore alternative zine thang



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"Unexpected Exchange"

It's Wednesday afternoon and I take my place at the 2nd & Pike, Newmark wind tunnel, where reverberations of street talk in an urban funnel shuck & jive, hustle, and sometimes balk. And I been thinking about why I do this and what good, if any, it does when I am engaged by a client in a hostile altercation:

-Yo, I just got to town, my friend, and, ya see; I need an outfit.

-Gotta have one to get one.

-Oh, so you're saying you want me to use a dirty one and get AIDS..?

-That's not what I said. Public Health's gotta follow the rules like everyone else or we'll be shut down. Get a dirty one from someone and turn it in for a clean one.

-You think I buy that Health Department bullshit, faggot? You just want us to get AIDS like all you motherfuckin' queers got.

-Better be careful who you call a queer, asshole. Some of us bash back!

I stare him down the street and by now I'm sweating buckets, and it's pissing down rain. The other volunteers and I are used to the bible-thumpers, with their "AIDS is God's punishment for (fill in the blank)" But they didn't tell us we'd get it from the people we're trying to help.

If this is the thanks I get, why do I do this?
Is it just for my guilty, miserable bourgeois self to feel connected to the rage

and frustration on the streets of this nation?

I flop back in my chair and return to the hard core demographic of my client use-pattern charts.

Right about then up walks a man with a bible in his hand, and I feel my tension surge all over again:

-Needle-x-change.

-Say what?

-I said need a 'lil x-chaynge.

-Yes, this is the needle exchange table.

-No, I said I need a little ex-tra change.

-Look man, I'm sorry. I'd like to help you, but I'm monetarily, and for that matter, spiritually bankrupt. The only thing that leaves me to offer is my time.

-S'allright, man. You people are doing a good service by bein' here. God Bless.

Who do I think I am? I'm just as full of clichés and sloganeering and righteousness as anyone. I sulk through the remainder of my shift, but I'm better for it. This unexpected exchange It put me in my place, and now I know why I act.

-Bram Wessel





DREAMS, DREAMERS
+
NIGHTMARES

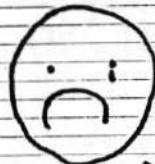
JESSICA GREER BROWN

IT'S NOT
FAIR!

© 1992

PETER OLIVER

BOO HOO!
IT'S NOT FAIR!
YOU HATE ME JUST
BECAUSE I'M



STRAIGHT!

AND CUZ I'M A CARD
CARRYING MEMBER
OF A SELF-PITYING
MAJORITY!

FAG'S SHUT UP!
OR WE KILL YOU



DEVIL WORSHIP!
PENISES AND
RECTUM'S;
BESTIALITY.



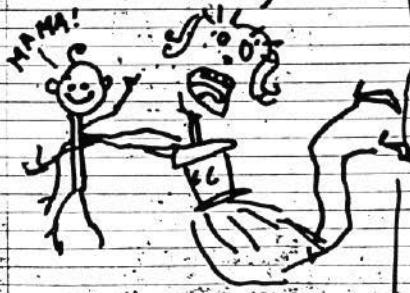
FEMINIST MILITANT
LESBIANS! BABY
KILLERS! WITCHES!
LIBERAL AGENDA
TO KILL CAPITALISM!
GODLESSNESS!



• MEN DANCING TOGETHER!
• ANAL + ORAL RARE!
SEX IN THE
SHOWERS \$
ON SHIPS \$ NAVY
SUBMARINES!



• KILL THE CHILDREN!
• KILL FEE!
CHILD
MOLESTERS!



AIDS PLAGUE-
BEARERS



it's not
FAIR!

CONFUSED?

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of two men in a locker room. One man is in the foreground, facing the camera, wearing a dark t-shirt and shorts. The other man is in the background, partially obscured, also wearing a t-shirt and shorts. They appear to be in a locker room, with lockers visible in the background.

Hey, if you think
male bonding is
all about hair spray
and nail glue,
you're obviously stuck
in the past.

Get Your Ears
Pierced



A JAUNTY
TOPCOAT BY
ANN
PSZYBYLSKI,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



PREVUE FOR SPRING: PIXIE WANTS TO THANK ALL HER JUNIOR FASHION EDITORS FOR THE GRAND ARRAY OF FASHIONS SENT IN FOR HER WARDROBE. THERE WERE MANY FINE DESIGNS THAT SHE WANTED TO USE BUT JUST DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SPACE. SHE HOPES YOU'LL SEND IN YOUR IDEAS FOR SUMMER FASHIONS.



Mr. Peabody's Unexpurgated Histories of Modern Times

Preamble: All names, place names and writing styles have been removed to protect those who are already too guilty.

This episode, Mr. Peabody says, "When used intelligently, Sex, Drugs, and Rock 'n' Roll can be fun..."

Adventure was sure to be had that evening, for our reporter had made a visit to an old haunt he rarely patronizes currently. As chance would have it, an admiring acquaintance also chose that night to frequent the establishment. Cordial advances were made by the admirer in the form of invitations to return a musical contrivance borrowed some months earlier. After a brew, our reporter returned home only to find the mate's invitation more enticing due to an unfortunate bout of insomnia. To the surprise and reserved pleasure of our reporter, the invitation was revealed on arrival to the admirer's domicile, to be an offer to imbibe in the admirer's personal stash of a controlled substance. After expected and unexpected arrivals and departures of further and familiar visiting parties, a more intimate atmosphere appropriate for imbibing was established where the reporter was reassured that such occurrences of late night visitations was not common at the admirer's demesne.

Strange indeed when the reporter, abstinent and sober by choice, extols the virtues of a particular vice. This substance otherwise indistinguishable in form from others of its ilk (i.e. white, powdery and bitter tasting) is a seductively compelling, and thus, addictive high which this reporter might mistake for the brilliance of inspiration had he'd been naive. Fortunately for you, dear reader, he is not, and in his sordid past gathered some experience in the use of controlled substances under qualified supervision and some not-so-qualified. As a result he would like to educate you in the first rule of recreational-drug use: the tripping environment has as much to do with the quality of the ride as the purity of the recreational substance.

Feeling greatly flattered by the admirer our reporter joined him in the previously mentioned recreation. As well, a sexual liaison ensued, which the reporter found increasingly tactile, both oral and anal. This anal embrace resulted with a very ecstatic reporter on top, his

co-conspirator capped by a condom. This all occurred despite our reporter's lack of penile fortitude, most likely a result of the imbibed substance. A satisfactory climax by both parties was achieved through a series of rather acrobatic maneuvers.

In the aftermath, the admirer tentatively requested the presence of this reporter for future encounters, to which, he, the reporter, enthusiastically agreed and politely suggested, in anticipation, the removal of his attractive but wiry facial growth. The admirer concurred and our reporter removed himself to the lavatory, planning to partake of the toiletries therein.

But he was distracted eventually with his own introspection on what had just taken place. His awe and gratitude for the admirer, having provided this provocative experience almost magically out of the blue, was too overwhelming. Our reporter became wracked with an intense desire to somehow express these feelings to the admirer through some poetic act of benevolence.

Luckily this vain obsession was drug-induced; although the emotions were real, honest and heartfelt, they were intensified and inappropriate for the informality of the situation and aspect of the liaison to the admirer. Soon the admirer awoke from a three-hour nap and called our reporter from his self-absorbed reverie. Upon reviewing his pencil musings our reporter realized they did not constitute an adequate tribute to the admirer's person or prowess; appearing at seven o'clock they were thoughtful poetic strains, by eleven o'clock they became the mindless rants of a lunatic and would be a poor epilogue to the evenings preoccupation. This epistle remains the only remnant of that evening and perhaps replaces the intended tribute in only a small way. Praise be the admirer!

Final Disclaimer: All participants in this encounter were consenting adults, of legal age, and participated with full conscience of their individual acts. In relating this episode, the reporter only intends to glorify the egos of the participants; you, dear reader, should not infer that the reporter condones recreational-drug use outside of his own experience. And always wear your condom.

-name withheld by request



Beyond Insectile Magnetism —11/10/92

When it comes to desire,
we are all like
Nature's little robots.

With these mothy wings,
I feed the flames
of desire.

But I was not born
to imitate a bug.
I am free.

Jack Kindred is a close friend I meet working at Beyond the Closet Bookstore in November when I first started thinking about doing this zine. He wrote these poems for me soon after we met.

Gary Baker moved to Seattle from Illinois to study photography at the Art Institute of Seattle. I met him last summer and we have been fast friends ever since. He continues to photograph Seattle despite disappointments with his school curriculum.

- editor

Challenge to a Friendship —11/9/92

What a fix we're in—
I'm going to bed when
you are getting off work and
you are waking about
the time from work I'm going home.

And what about those Wednesday thru
Sunday nights?
Forget it, unless I become a book store
patron,
there's little chance you'll see me.

Now you mentioned friends,
a busy social life, you say.
An image of a tower
looms in my mind's eye.
I think the French had more luck
storming the Bastille than I seeing you.

Alas, it makes me laugh
as I audition for
this one-man Punch-and-Judy show,
With Ethel Merman singing,
"Let Me Entertain You,"
as background music to this play.











Paul Daniels '93



Sexual harassment is not only ILLEGAL...



...it can be DANGEROUS!



PROTECT
THE
UNBORN

Roe v. Wade

RIGHT TO LIFE
IS
ACROSS
AMERICA

Roberta Gregson 10/1/92



Good Mornin' everyone... It's such a BEAUTIFUL day... It should fill all of us with a sense of the joy and wonder at the miracle of life...

...and it's up to each and EVERYONE of us to do our best to stop this slaughter of innocent babies! A Right-To-Life rally has been scheduled for...

: SOB: EVERYONE IN THIS BUILDING BUYS INTO THIS... DON'T THEY KNOW IT'S ALL BULLSHIT? I DON'T BELONG HERE! SHIT... WHAT MADE ME THINK I COULD JUST...



JUST A FEW OF THE OTHER COMIX I'VE DONE!



DYNAMITE DAMSEL
32 pg comic \$2.50 ppd.

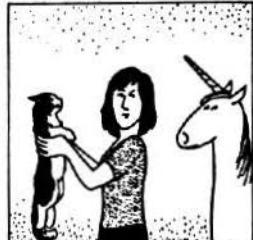
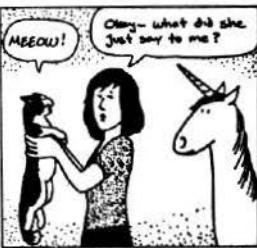
From 1976, this dated-but-still-funny comic is a piece of history! It's the FIRST solo regulation-sized comic book published by a woman... me! It's all about life in the Women's Liberation movement!

even some swell cat stuff for cat lovers! Very good-quality squarebound book!



WINGING IT (part 1)
156 pg graphic novel, b/w
\$10.00 ppd.

This is my magnum opus! The first half of a huge work-in-progress that defies description - it's sort of a metaphysical-science-fiction-Fantasy story. It takes place in Outer Space, Los Angeles, Heaven, Hell, and under the Sea and it stars Human Beings, Angels, Cetaceans, Demons, and Extraterrestrials who blur the boundaries between Good/Evil, Sanity/Insane, Male/Female. People who expect this to be a fluffy New Agey yarn are in for a BIG surprise! Most of the feedback it's gotten has been overwhelmingly positive. For Mature Readers.



SHEILA AND THE UNICORN - \$6.00 ppd.
72 pg squarebound

Comic-strip style story about a cynical bitch named Sheila who's completely unaffected by the magical unicorn that comes into her life! It's a witty little fable about happiness, choices and relationships, and is suitable for all ages, whether you're a smartass type who will cheer Sheila on, or a nice person who likes unicorns! There's



ARTISTIC LICENTIousNESS
34 pg B/W comic
\$3.00 ppd - Adults only

Brand new this year, my sex comic about REAL human beings has been getting some great reviews! It got 4 (out of 5) stars from Amazing Heroes magazine and is about to get a feature-length positive writeup in the hard-to-please Comics Journal! Humorous and human... see what everybody's raving about! (Note - say you're over 18 when you order it!)

AND... DON'T
MISS THOSE
ADORABLE
SHEEP!



SEND SASE
EVERYTHING ON THIS PAGE IS AVAILABLE
DIRECTLY FROM ME!

Write: Roberta Gregory
PO Box 27438
Seattle WA 98125

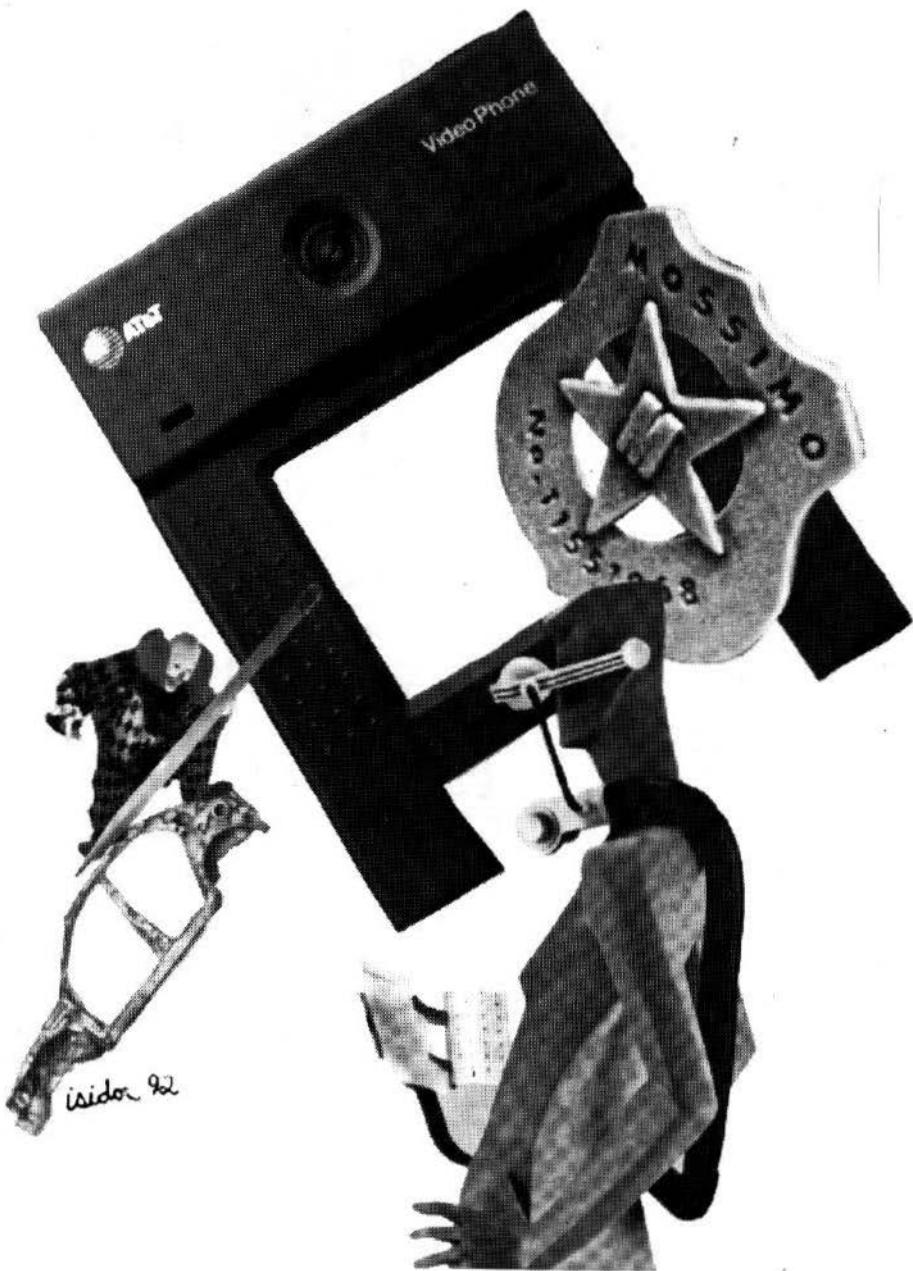
The ORIGINAL BITCH BUTTON!

ORIGINAL, signed Bitchy Scrawl, Something like you see here, (they're ALL gonna be one-of-a-kind, Watch!) IN RED! BLACK on white, 2 1/4" PIN OR magnet (Please specify.) Also: with slogan "BITCHY BITCH" or "HAVE A BITCHIN' DAY" (also specify) ONLY \$5 ppd.

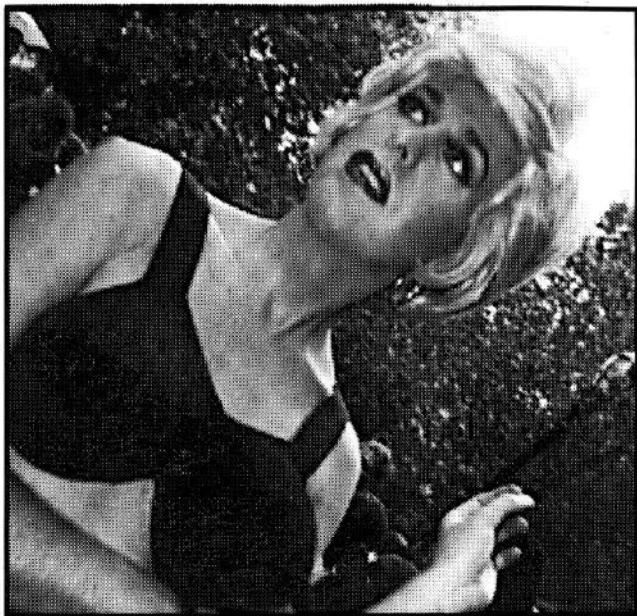




Love,
Katerina
'03



The one & only
PILL MUNROE



Our vote for
the White
house...





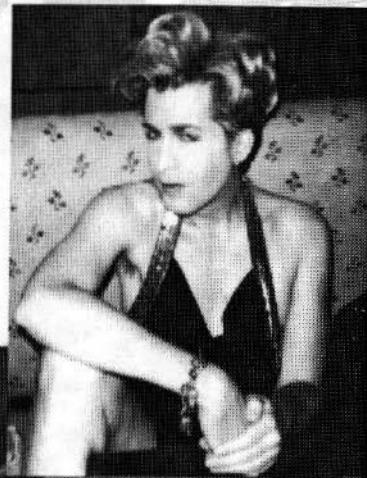
The Tigress Pill

**FAST
FORWARD**



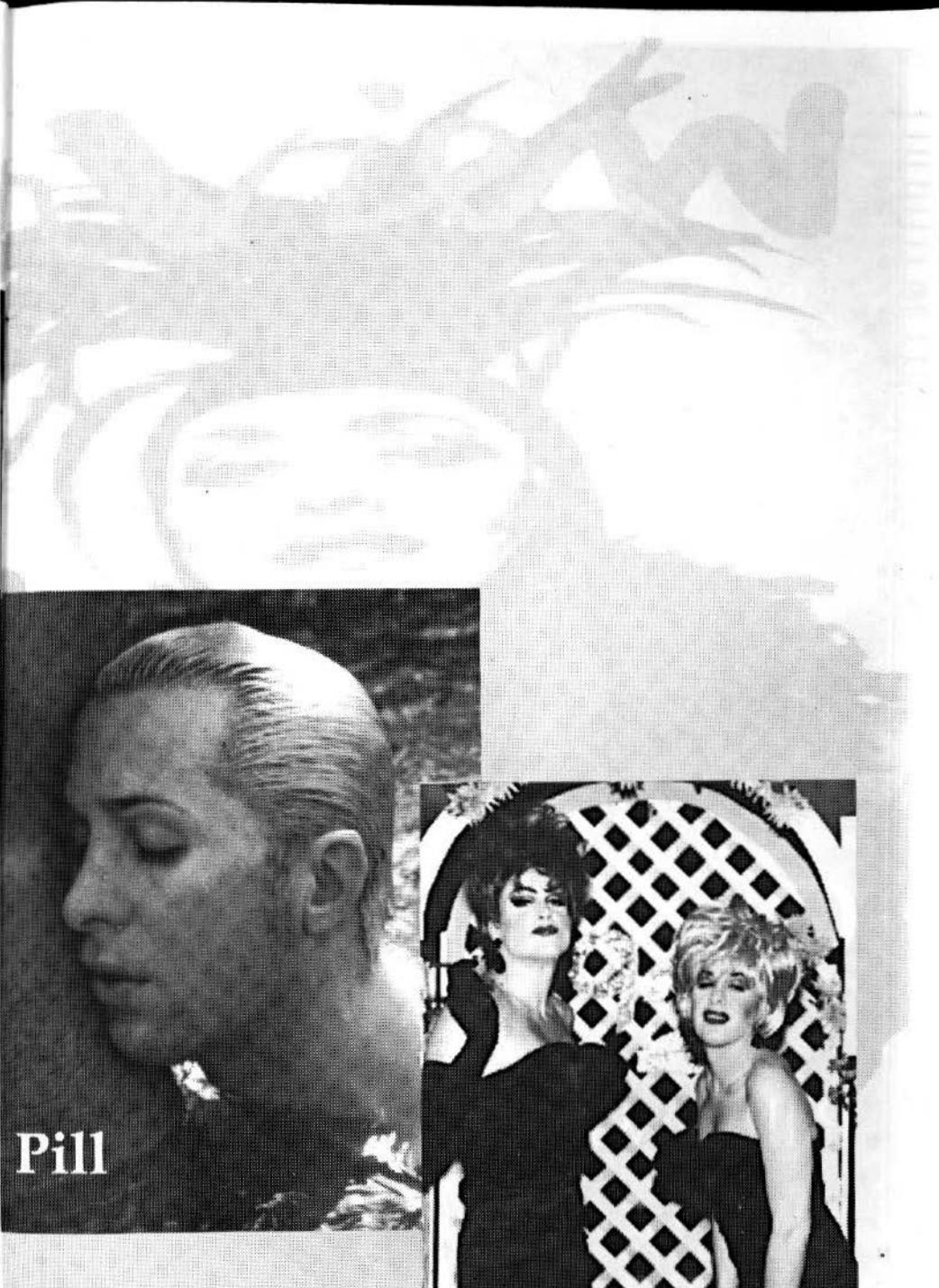
The Saucy Pill

THIRD ANNUAL
INDEPENDENT
DESIGNER SHOW



The Sensual

The Many Moods of Pi

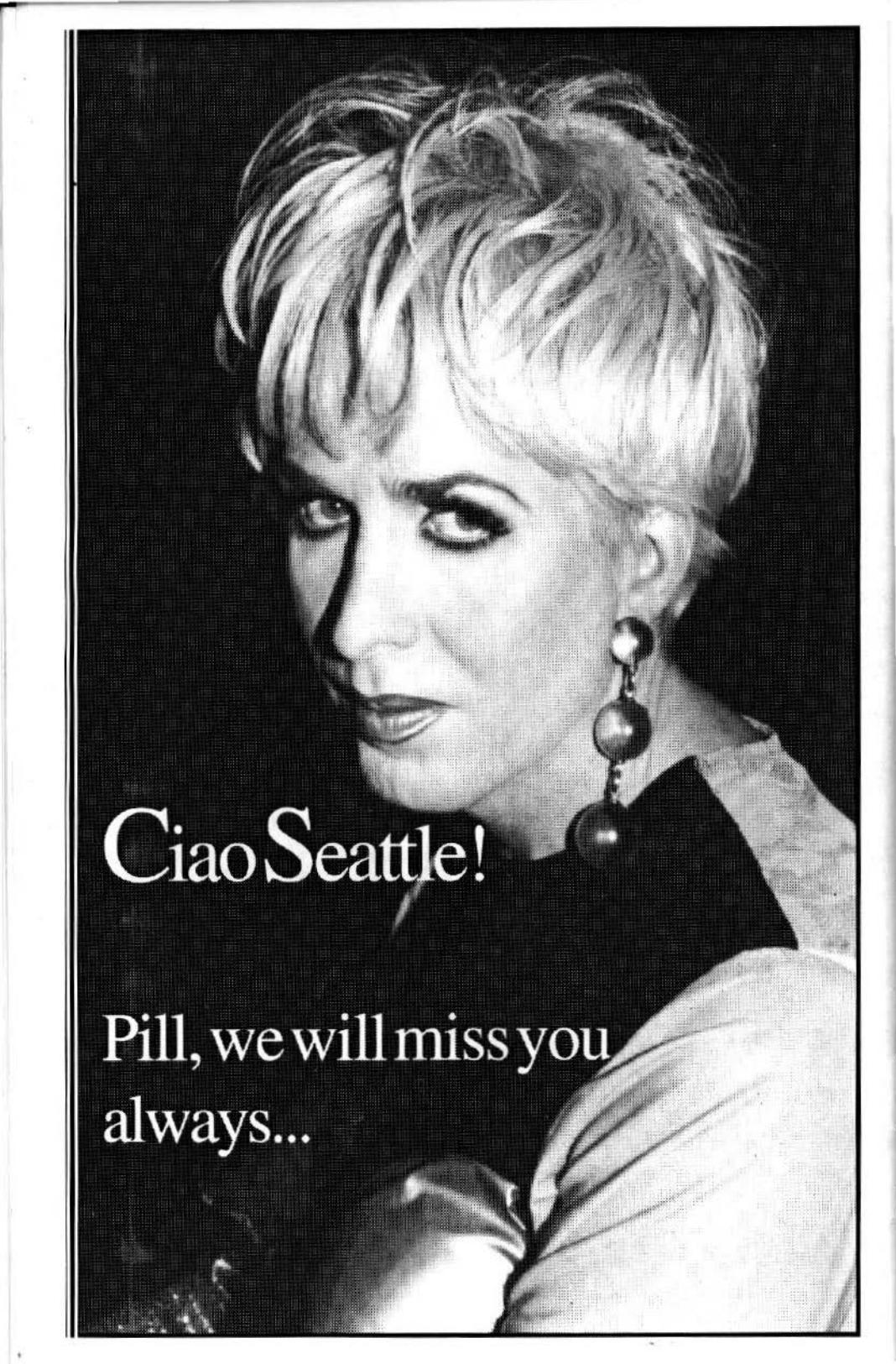


Pill

Will Munroe



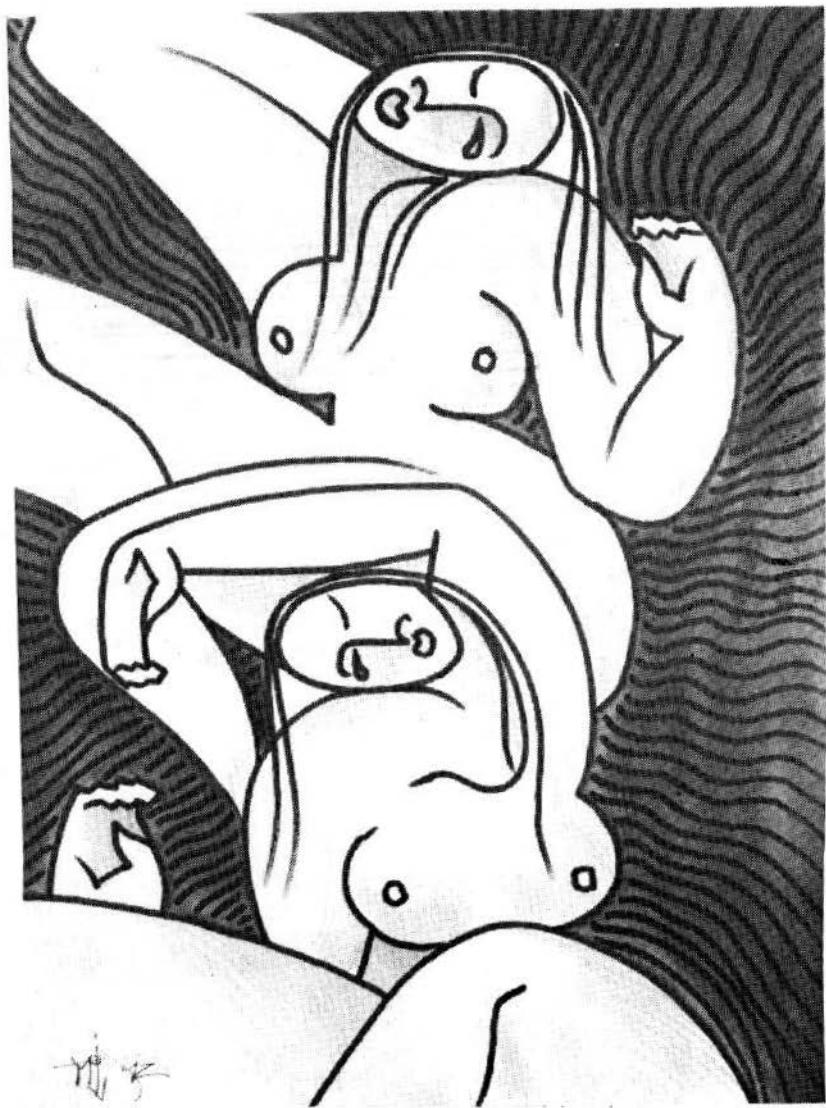
The Bitter Pill



Ciao Seattle!

Pill, we will miss you
always...

MAKE ME AN
OFFER BIG BOY.







San Francisco's fave celebs Ruby & Lotti have modeled for such prestigious magazines as **Fad**, **Details** and **Gentleman's Quarterly**. - *photo courtesy of Paul Doran*

I'd write...
if I could just
lift
my
hand!



C O N T R I B U T O R S

Peter Toliver is really responsible for starting this whole thang off. I was just a lowly bookstore clerk when one day last November he waltzed into my shop and started telling me his idea for a zine entitled "A Shroud for Yukio" after Yukio Mishima. Although he essentially abandoned the idea, I took it with his permission and you hold in your hands the results. Besides his cartoon contribution he turned me onto two other artists, **Matt Lemcio** and **Bram Wessel**. Matt is an artist whom I only previously knew through his art at Art Not Terminal and the paintings he'd done in the Re-bar bathrooms. Bram says that he is "a Seattle area computer consultant, espresso puller and (how'd you guess?) needle exchange volunteer." In what little spare time he has he enjoys food, sleep, sex...and sometimes writing.

Gary Baker, Jack Kindred, Tim Schooler, Kody Johnson, and Jesse Greer Brown are friends whom I've met here in the past year. Gary and Jack I've already mentioned next to their pieces. Tim insists that he is only interested in patronizing the arts but has a pretty sharp pen hand besides. I first met Kody at a wild party in Olympia that a friend was having. He is a serious young fashion designer whose whimsical designs for the stage has proven to me that he will likely go far in the fashion world. Jesse paints when she isn't working for a local television station and is planning a painting tour of Europe this summer.

I also met "**Tiffany Spandex**" at a wild party in Olympia, but she already has a successful career with a Seattle architecture firm. I'm not at all surprised that Tiffany also has interests in bicycling spandex and rubber wear. I met **Roberta Gregory** while working for **Fantagraphic Books** (who also

publishes Roberta's very popular "Naughty Bits") and have been a long-time admirer of her work in **Gay Comix**. We have become good friends and I am very please that she allowed me to reprint some of her work.

I am very grateful to have known **Paul Doran, Isidor Martinez, and Michael "Tomaj" Johnson** ever since I moved to Seattle four years ago and very nearly consider them all to be family. Paul and Isidor's "naughty girl" alter-egos, "Pill Monroe" and "Bustamova" have been terrorizing Seattle for nearly as long. I am very sad to see Paul moving away to the big Gay mecca of San Francisco, although I'm sure this will be a big boost in his career in fashion design. Isidor is also very multitalented, having his exquisite collages printed as program covers by the Oz nightclub. I've admired Michael as well as his creations for a long time and am very pleased to present his work in *Gae'raj*. As for myself, I am just a country boy who moved to Seattle to become a cartoonist, although I haven't printed my magnum opus "*Loren & Sylvia*" (created with my dear friend and fellow lesbian, Kathy Sprague) outside of photocopies I've circulated among friends I hope to interest some publisher in the future. And while we're on the subject of self-promotion, all the contributors do their own but I can get you in contact with them if you are interested in their work or want to write fan letters. This issue is dedicated to all my friends who supported me while I put this zine together and helped me through all my moves this winter.

Special thanks to Ron Whitaker and Beyond the Closet Bookstore for free computer time; Dale Yaeger and Fantagraphic Books for free photostats; and Kelly Hawk and Aldus Corp. for more free computer time and advice.

- editor

SPEND SOME TIME
TOMORROW READING

CROP



MAKE ME AN OFFER
BIG BOY

