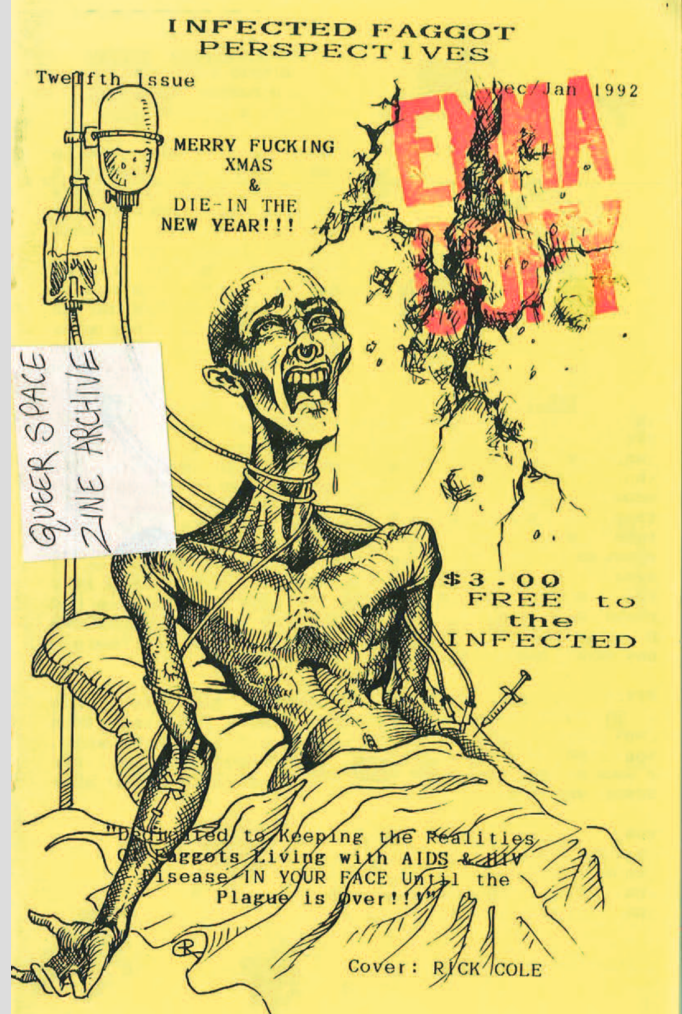




SUCK
(Continued from page)

As the man slid down the wall, the boy sucked the last red drops.

Above the two a bat hung from a fire escape, woefully flapping its leathery wings.

END

... BECAUSE MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGE!!!!



(DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT, GIRL!!!)

W. WAYNE KARR, AKA THE FABULOUS VIEJA SIDOSA, CONCEPTUAL CONTROL QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE, CO-CREATOR & CO-EDITOR INFECTED FAGGOT PERSPECTIVES; MEMBER SINCE AT LEAST 1983 (PROBABLY A LOT LONGER THAN THAT)

QUEEN ANGELS
RETURNS JAN 8
BREATHTAKING
FRI SAT SUN 8-30
SKYLIGHT
213 660 TKTs



MATTHEW EVERRON'S UNTITLED

Tuesday night, Oct. 27, I was watching 20/20 and they had a segment on the subject of gay-bashing in NYC and the reaction of the gay community to this.



There were marches, speeches, demands for more police protection, stiffer hate-crime laws, the usual people speaking into the usual microphones.

I don't live in NYC; I live in WeHo (West Hollywood) Cal, the city with the highest concentration of queers at least that's what I've been told. And gay-bashing is a nightly occurrence.

I was recently at a ceremony in a part of WeHo to unveil a statue; one of the speakers pointed out that during the ceremony 2 carloads of assholes went by with the occupant screaming derogatory epithets. Everyone heard them of course but it seems like one of those family secrets, something like Uncle Jack's two wives. Everyone knows about it but no one wants to discuss it.

We live in a community

under seige to a certain extent, a community where our physical beings are at risk. I know of no other place in the world where the people who live there are in constant danger of their bodies or even their lives are in danger of being used as objects of destruction by intruders for sport or as hate objects. I guess it doesn't matter why it happens.

There are ways of avoiding this, however. We can stay off the streets, we can hide to avoid this, we can act like ignorant children who fear the dark, we can lock our doors like the children of Israel who feared the Angel of Death in Egypt, we can also become "straight-acting", stop kissing in public, return en masse to the closet; act "butch", disappear &

(Continued on page 10);

AROUND THE
WORLD IN
AIDSY DAYS
(La Vieja Sidsa)

Hey girlfriend...wanna take one last trip to a tropical paradise before kicking the bucket but you're afraid 'cause you've heard there's a 50% or better chance you'll get something other than fucked during your visit & then what would you do? Planning to croak in the jungle in hopes of a trace-free crocodile burial is one

thing, but if you're after-the-last-breath-you'll-ever-breathe plans have been pre-arranged or, more importantly, pre-arranged and pre-paid (as well they should be!) then an unexpected and untimely croaking could really get you down even if you are in lush, tropical surroundings! But does this mean you can't take that "one last trip" for old times sake? Absolutely not!!! I've taken "my last trip ever, I swear" 6 years in a row now! It's easy AND it's fun...AIDS, travel & the tropics will give a and glamorous edge to your being...so grab some rubbers & some lube and follow these easy steps (if there's any hope you'll make it back alive!).

First, if you're one of the luckier AIDS Divas with a private physician, go ahead & book your trip then continue reading; if you ain't got a doctor, well, you might try "visualizing" lush vegetation, hot sun & sweaty men BUT KEEP YOUR LITTLE AIDS INFECTED SELF WHERE YOU ARE!

Next tell your doctor exactly where you plan to travel through as well as your final destination and the length of stay out of

(Continued on page 3)

2

UNTITLED

(Continued from p. 9)

and pretend we ain't.

Not hardly. There is one mode of solution that smacks of the spiritual suicide of conformity and identification with the oppressor. I doubt if many people reading this would choose this as an option.

Another way of dealing with this is to form street patrols or neighborhood watches complete with cars, walkie-talkies and a direct line to the local law enforcement agencies.

The problem with this is that most law enforcement agencies consist of people, who if not supportive of fag-bashers are at best indifferent and disinterested and the first question a victim is asked when the crime is reported is "what did you do to provoke this attack?" I realize that there are exceptions to this but they are rare.

And in any case there are often no witnesses, it's your word against theirs and it's hard (to ember) descriptions and license numbers when you are trying to save your ass. Should the cops bust someone and a case actually come before a judge once again the question of provocation comes into play. There are so many people in the court system and law enforcement groups that are willing to believe that one lone person tries to chase down a car full of assholes in order to make a pass. Once again the victim becomes guilty and in a culture where physical harm to queers isn't all that terrible this should come as no surprise.

(Continued on page 11)



CRYPTA AS SHE WAS
IN HER GLORY!



BEFORE ALL THE OI'S
...AND DEATH...

CRYPTA
FROM THE CRYPT
SCRIBED BY LESIONS

"I never give advice
Though I am hounded for my
wisdom...but I will
always give you my opinion

Dear Readers, (dead and
alive)

What is this shit? A girl can't be dead and nearly croaking in her grave without some co-dependent queen trying to replace her. What was that crap? Was that advice I am reading in my column? If you want advice write to some do-gooder HIV- queen! This Queen does not give advice (can't you read) and I won't wipe your ass either!

To "missy "Life's Not Fair" So. Where the fuck you been. Just wake up from a long meditation? Girl, you must have inhaled some of that Hay! Maybe you ought to sing a few verses of "I Love Myself The Way I Am", and go back into denial. Life's not fair. No Shit. Death isn't either, but you'll find out about that soon enough. If anything was Fair you'd be writing from the grave and I'd be running around New York being Fabulous!

So get over it, and find some mess of a slob you can co-depend and be miserable together.

To the Editors - Well Well girls trying to replace me, are you? If death didn't do me in - what makes you think you two demented, last stop, running out of glamour girls can! How long do you think y'all will keep subscribers with dribble like that?

Well girls back to Master Horny down here. Oh by the way.. see you soon. I've got a Nice surprise for y'all!

Infectiously Yours!

Crypta

END

RON ATHEY

LACE
11-13/14

In a piece that was a "Work of Art" and dedicated to the life and death of Clifford Diller, Ron Athey and close friends of Cliff performed in the most "Powerful" "Direct" "Beautiful" staging of a Living Work. In outright Celebration - Mourning - Reality - Ron and Company took us through segment after Brilliant segment of a body-intensive piece about martyrdom and freedom. Infected Blood flowed as Ron asserted his right to bleed in public.

The work included "A new blood cure", "A Nurses Penance" which was written the day after David

Wojnarowicz died of AIDS. "It was in my grief and sense of loss over his passing-and over the realization that all of my role models are dead of dying-that many of the images in this work were born. This is not just an AIDS piece, or just a piercing demonstration, but a work about a group of people who have been branded black sheep because of the things they do with their bodies. It is my response to society's reaction to my body modification, my sexuality, and my own Judeo-Christian guilt over my HIV-infection. And through my response I gain freedom by denying or redefining a God concept and embracing the term 'perverse' as mine. (Ron Athey) Soundtrack by Robert Woods (who always accompanies Ron). The music was "Phenomenal" as the mood of the house was set by a "Powerfully" example of Genius. Not only was the show "Powerfully" impacting but the Music blew me away as well!

Photographer Elyse Regehr gave us a photo exhibition that exemplified the Experience!



"CROWN OF THORNS"

PHOTO: Elyse Regehr

AROUND THE WORLD IN AIDSY DAYS!

(Continued from page 2)

the US (not!) so that he may provide you with proper immunizations and prophylaxis (we ain't talkin' rubbers, doll!). A little pre-planning can greatly reduce risks.

Third on your agenda should be to check into legal restrictions on travel for the HIV Infected (this means you!) however the chances of there being a problem are slight unless you're trying to get back IN the United States!

If you're one of the braver & ballsier type girls who knows you know your disease ridden self better than anyone else (including your physician) you might consider suggestions regarding a do-it-yourself medical kit & free advice from JP Sanford's "Self-help for the traveller who becomes ill" (INF. Dis. Clin. NA 6: June 1992).

The fifth suggestion is to obtain the most up-to-date health info for the International Traveller (HHS Publication -CDC- No. 91-8280) available from the US Gov't. Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402.

(Continued on page 25)

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SUCK

(Continued from page)

"Yes. Oh, yes." The man moved closer.
"Not here. Come." The boy walked away.
"You suck good?"

The boy laughed softly. "Suckin's in my blood," he said.

"I'll suck you like you've never been sucked before. He stepped into an alley. "In here." Bram led the man into a cul-de-sac, black as a coal mine at midnight. He turned. "Just let me...." He unbuckled the man's belt, unbuttoned the pants and slowly pulled down the zipper, feeling trembling in the man's legs. He slid silk briefs to the man's ankles.

"Just watch the teeth, kid."

The boy's smile flashed eerily in the darkness. Bram rubbed a thumb across the man's glans, already slick.

He pushed back the taut foreskin and teased his tongue along the man's erection. Hands pressed the back of his head. His own hands felt the man's buttocks contract. Pressing his lips firmly around the engorged penis, the boy sucked. His bobbing head made a piston of the man's penis, moving back and forth across Bram's wet tongue. He heard the man groan. Warm, viscous semen splattered the back of his throat. He kept sucking, every drop, while the man shuddered.

The man sighed. "You're good," he said. He started to move away.

Bram pressed the man's hips toward him. His canines extended.

"Damn, kid, watch the teeth," the man said nervously. "You can let go now."

Bram punctured the man's skin just above the now flaccid penis. He sucked blood from the man's internal public artery.

"What the fuck!" the man yelled. "You got fucking needles for teeth." He tried to pull away. Warm trickles ran down his thighs, spilt blood.

The man stumbled a step backward, falling against a cold wall.

Bram held on.

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Mathew Evveron's UNTITLED

(Continued from page 10)

The alternative that comes to mind in light of the current situation is for queers to bash-back. I don't mean as a cornered rat fights but aggressively; violence begins when rational discussion becomes impossible and in the glow of the street-light a queer under attack has no use for rational discussion.

What I'm suggesting is carrying guns - a word that is to many, if not most people in the gay community a buzz-word, a no-no, an action beyond the realm of discussion much less realization.

Does this fear of retaliation to the max stem from the hairy-chested macho myth that so many queers buy into it for all they're worth? Maybe, but if so it doesn't take a lot of muscle to point and aim a pistol. (My own personal pistol instructor is a petite lady. She was raped once. I doubt seriously if this will ever happen again.)

But in any case, the attitude that we are sissies and can't take up for ourselves is part of the same feeling that keeps us from voting for gay candidates or even forming our own political party. Who knows what we could become if so much of our energy was not expended in dealing with attacks from straights ranging from patronizing disapproval to murder, but that is not the purpose of this article; not now anyway.

I realize that there are genuine pacifists who for moral or ethical reasons practice non-violence and I have no quarrel with such people. But if non-violence is used for any reasons other than these, it's only bullshit by another name. You know who you are.

I don't expect to turn the gay community into a group of gun-toting vigilantes - that's beyond my

(Continued on page 12)

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JUST SAY NO

(Pansy Ass Faggot)

To all you queens who thought I'd be gone by now...I'm not! So there!! Didn't you know.. Evil Girls don't die young, we hang around while all the goodies go quick. Yes you to can be pretty, live a long time AND have AIDS. Just look at me..

Two months ago this queen was nearly dead, laying up in the hospital rotting at 130lbs. Yes I was covered in sores, scabs, blotches, shitting on my self, and seeing things! But I lived to tell it and I didn't even have to sacrifice any innocent babies or pets to do it! I Just Said No.

Yes the advice of some old hasbeen or neverwas actress came thru for me in the end. And I am here to HAUNT another year. Yes Girls I ain't going so easily. Not while there is still fun to be had, and havoc to reak!

Now whats wrong with you queens dropping like flies? Don't you know all you have to do is refuse to die - decide not to go! Simple as that (of course a private physician helps) but in the end it's your choice.

Photo
Luz
Calvo

**INFECTED
FAGGOT**

PERSPECTIVES



So the next time that big and bad AIDS monster visits you thinking you are going to be easy prey just let it know girl, "it ain't happening" sister. Put all that cranky, mean, nasty energy we queens are full of into use. Tell that ugly slobbering smelly beast to get out of your room, just to be sure you may want to direct it to the queen down the hall who is worse off then you. For the "living positively" queens, do a meditation - but don't count on waking up, its going to take more than love to get you thru this one.

So even though your shaking in your hospital gown (or if you have any glamour, strike a pose in your silk shift....

4 -(Continued on p. 5)

DEALING

(continued from p. 28)

months - when he couldn't take care of himself did you -cook for him- carry him to the Dr's.. take him in..? -NOT- Yet it was "Traumatic" for you to watch him die. And you had to watch him die...Didn't You? So don't tell me about your suffering, unless you have sat at the bed of friends (and strangers) and held them..when they needed it, and sat quietly for hours because "they" needed it. Let me tell you..it's not about you. People with AIDS are often abandoned, I know I have seen it many times - but the deathbed is well attended - and there is plenty of loud crying at the memorial - Nice new outfit there. So don't make no promises you can't keep and don't act like it's something it ain't. Think about how long you plan on staying before you get me involved in your life. If you'd really like to be Dealing With AIDS .. maybe we can arrange something..? Why don't you go volunteer in a hospice?



So play your act somewhere else and find some other "catalyst" for your emotions - I am not the impetus for your being able to feel, or get in touch with your pain, don't depersonalize me.. Dealing With AIDS?, So am I.

And will the queen who stole my VCR while I was dying please return it.

END



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UNTITLED

(Continued from p.11)

wildest dreams. I know there are too many of those for whom the status quo is OK and for whom even the word "queer" is anathema and those for whom victim, martyr and sacrificial lamb are appropriate labels.

This thought is for those who are pissed-off. As long as we continue to play the role of sheep the lions will keep on eating.

Consider this: When one of the victims retaliates decisively against the most available target, the most obnoxious symbol of oppression - in this case the fag-basher - two people die. The arrogant, confident bully that lives in the fag-basher and the timid victim who lives in the gay person.

So in closing I say remember the old saying "God made all men; Colt 45 made them equal."

END



ALL MY (INNER) CHILDREN...

I NEVER get to play with my weenus

STOP THAT!

MY DOCTOR TOLD ME I HAVE AIDS. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ABOUT MY INNER CHILD?

OOOH LA LA I LOVE JUNK

ARE SEXUAL THOUGHTS INVOLVING MY INNER CHILD MOLESTUOUS IN NATURE REGARDLESS OF ITS HIV STATUS?

OOOH COME ON... OUTER DADDY

OOOH

(SAFE SPACE- MY ASS!?)

WINKLES © 1992

SUCK

(Russel T. Kinkade)

"You suck." The boy stood by the apartment door, defiant.

"Yes I do," his father replied, "but you..."

"I suck too."

But you're..."

"Perverted. That's strange, coming from you."

"Our blood line..."

"It's mine too. But blood isn't the only..."

"Stop interrupting me. We have a heritage. A history."

"I share that. But I also have another heritage, as old, if not older."

"But why?"

The boy smiled, white teeth glistening. why not "Why not?" he asked, echoing youth's eternal rebellion. From a coat rack, he took a leather jacket which hung next to his father's black cape. "I've got to go," he said. "Please don't follow me tonight." He closed the door quietly behind him.

Only three blocks from his apartment, the boy spotted a trick. As the man approached, the boy stopped. He pulled out a Marlboro. "Got a light?"

The man stopped. He struck a match. In the small glow the boy saw hunger in the man's eyes.

"Thanks," the boy said.

"What's...what's your name?" the man asked.

"Bram."

"Nico." The man reached out tentatively, touching the boy's shoulder. "How old are you?"

"Old enough."

Bram got right to the point. You want to be sucked?" He reached out and fondled the man's crotch.

"Yes. Oh, yes." The man moved closer.

(Continued on page 22)

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DEALING

(continued from p. 27)
researchers who treat me
- a subject they gain
from - but I won't be
that to a "friend".
So if you really want to
do something about AIDS
..Get Honest.. Don't put
yourself out to be
something your not - just
for the sympathy you may
get - poor - thing. Is it
really that hard? Are you
hungry? Does my pain feed
you? Have you ever sat
down with me and asked me
what it is like to have
AIDS.. Afraid to ask..?
Or are you afraid you
might find out something
real? Waiting for me to
die, are you??
I remember my friend
Rocco's room towards the
end. People were in -so
much- pain through his
death (and there people
who Really cared). Yet
many wouldn't spend the
night when asked or
sponge him down or wipe
his ass. But instead went
outside to sit and gossip
while a few of cared for
his needs, as well as
him.
But they hung on like a
funk in the air, to the
harsh bitter end - and it
was all about them.
"Their" need to complete.
Well where the Fuck were
you earlier, when he'd
been sick for many

(Continued page 29)



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JUST SAY NO

(continued from p.)

show a little leg and BAT.
your eyes. While you've
thrown it off guard Open
that Big Scary mouth of
yours and yell FUCK YOU! I
ain't going..yet. Kiss my
herpes ridden crusted
drippy infected asshole.
This queen isn't thru!
What's it going to do. KILL
YOU.. Duh. Wait and see,
you'll surely get well.

Now remember the AIDS
monster can come at any
time so if you get
embarrassed easily or can't
yell and carry on when
other people are in the
room (because they don't
always come when your
alone, though only you can
see them) Well your a
goner. A few more ashes
for the beach, another
memorial no one wants to
attend. Poor Girl to
afraid to open her mouth
when it mattered most,
used to be you couldn't
get her to shut it!

Remember you to can get
well! you can remain - you
might be irreversibly ugly
or maimed, but you'll
still be breathing..
Looking for a Spiritual
Experience? Heres one..
Don't die young!

END



- 5 -



PHOTOS: EYSE REGEHA
"Crown of Thorns"
PROGRAM

UNTITLED

(Anonymous)

The result was matter-of-factly positive.
Too many men,
Flesh filled bodies in promiscuous darkness.
Never too many.

The reality in the first symptom
Unexpected, unprepared, despairing, helpless shock
He secretly escaped for the weekend.
I was secretly glad he did.
How would I act around him?
It's just too much.

The last few roses were sent in,
The last visitors
Clumsily walking over the shattered pieces
Of bones-sunken flesh-
And of emotions-drowned in exhaustion.
I prepare the cold, white, sickly sterile odored li
linens
Of his deathbed
-Almost like preparing the patchouli-scented
silk sheets
Of our bed at home,
But desolate, painstaking.
I don't recognize this body anymore, its
inability to function
Still, his eyes know me,
Like a mother looking at an inadequate, awkward
child.
One minute we're strangers, experts of nervous
solitude;
The next, we find the strength to just let go.
A frail breath,
The hours tick by,
I just can't let go.

END

TRIXIE'S TIPS

(Continued from p. 8)

#one Break out your
candles for this one,
girl. Than write her name
in saliva and visit your
favorite Botanica. The
girl won't know what hit
her, and she's not likely
to get up again. So
Envision she gets Toxo and
has a stroke - not only
will she possibly die -
but even if she survives
it - she'll be Brain Dead
and unable to move or
speak. She certainly won't
be active or
glamorous..anymore. If for
some (unheard of) reason
this doesn't work (you
probably Fucked Up) Feed
the poor girl some used
cat litter in a home baked
pastry. She'll love you
for the thought.

#two This one is easy.
Invite the queen(s) over
and slip her some tap
water laced with
cryptosporidiosis (any
city water will do, for
you rural queens use horse
shit) To really get the
queen ready - give her a
chocolate treat filled
with a Lethal Dose of
Etlax. She'll be shitting
her way out for months to
come, and even if she gets
thru it.. She'll be a
sorry sight shitting on
herself all the time - and
will Never get a date OR
anymore of YOUR Glamour!
#three Now this is going
to take a little work. No
matter how distasteful
this sounds girl, know its

for your good to this.
Get to know your victim
(appropriate term here)
First take her into your
confidence..and "Confess"
to her your wildest, most
Terrifying Nightmare.
Once you've done this
(unless the queen is more
vicious and coldhearted
than you, if so I'd move)
she'll tell you her most
terrifying fantasy! What
would scare her shitless
- or in this case - throw
her into an Irreversible
case of Hiccups. (yes it
has been known to happen
to many a girl with t-
cells below 100, and
let's face an AIDS Queen
Just isn't Glamorous
until she is way below a
100. sorry, girls,maybe
next year..keep trying)
Now that you know the
sisters "Worst Fears" set
about making them come
true! HahaHahaHa! This
one, and only this one
you can set out to
accomplish with an
accomplice. (Just make
sure it's someone
Terrified "Of You") This
is an especially good way
to get even (or just have
fun) have you ever seen a
queen with NSHS (Non-Stop
Hiccup Syndrome?) Why the
queen just goes on Day
-and-Night until she has
a heart attack, and even
if she survives (by what
chance in Hell) She'll be
so demented.. she'll be
past Being glamorous
and Getting in Your Way!
(continued on p.14)

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W
GENUINE CONFIRMATION
Photo Luz Calvo - 20 -

**BABBLING BABS - EXCERPTS
FROM STREISAND'S SIZZLING
SPEECH @ AIDS PROJECT-LOS
ANGELES' VI COMMITMENT TO
LIFE BENEFIT**

(W. WAYNE KARR)



Editor's Note: I AM NOT A STREISAND FAN, OK? I have never liked her and musically I thought the first three albums showed some promise, however, with perhaps a few bits from "THE BROADWAY ALBUM" and her work as one of the most powerful directors in Hollywood AND female, I have always felt cheated...like she sold out. Whether this means I lose my rights to be a queen or not I don't know; what I do know is that I was one lucky AIDS-Hag to have been present at Commitment to Life VI and to have heard her words & feel her & our shared anger and indictments. (I could have lived without her soapy, sappy & hoaky "Somewhere"). For you less fortunate slobs here are some of the highlights of her speech that night sans the electricity; I would recommend you get your little paws on the whole speech & if you'd like one write me here at IFP and I'll send you a copy!

"Few of us have responded with enough urgency to meet this crisis of catastrophic proportions, certainly not the last two presidents. I don't mean to be partisan; because health, human rights and tolerance ought not to be partisan issues, but that's what happened these last twelve years. Rules were made by and for white, Christian, heterosexual males and all the rest of us were

(Continued on page 7)

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DEALING WITH

AIDS

(Nasty Queen)



Girl, more and more I come to realize that it is not about AIDS or PWA's - but about "Personal Experience" (aka: gain and drama). I have seen friends endanger real friendships when taken in by the AIDS MARTYRS and in the end it's not about the PWA, but the PWOA, Person With Out AIDS.

AIDS is a part of my life..see.. look how I suffer. Personally I have stayed away from the clutches of "I Deal With AIDS Too" types. That is until recently when I was too

sick to figure things out. Yes I got taken, too. That isn't to say that we don't all "Deal With AIDS" we must, and there are many people who do "Incredible" work.. Because they care! Not because their getting something! Actually some people don't do a damn thing, but whine. So if AIDS is such a BIG part of your life and you love me - how come I have to take buses to and from the Dr's., the store, the pharmacy, etc., when I am sick? Yet if I were dying you'd be there for the glory - and don't tell me you didn't know!

I expect the pharmaceutical company's, hospitals, and Dr's. to profit off of my back - but I refuse to let "friends" get something out of an illness that is killing me - and you wonder why I don't let you in. I have in the past and it became not about me, but about you, not about ME, but about "My AIDS" or was it "Our AIDS" (it seemed only when there was some mileage to gain). Do you have any idea what it is like for me? or is it all about you? Are you willing to take the risk to tell me how you feel? Do you want to know who I am? I am not here as an "experience" for you. I expect to be an "experiment" to the Dr's. and

(Continued on page 28)

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TRIXIE'S TIPS

(Continued from p.13)

#four Is a girl getting a little too cocky for you? Trying to do you up in public? Are you feeling (and looking) the worse for having to keep up with her. Well Girl, Slow her down! This one's easy.. A girl must find the least demanding route sometimes, to get your work done. If the girls gullible your half way home. Make her believe your Longevity is due to "Inside" information (you may want to catch up on some AIDS reading here) Than drop the hint that you have become part of a small group of PWA's who are in a CCBDTG (Closed Community Based Drug Trial Group, be sure to use those words, she'll have read of them..somewhere) Tell her how great and promising the results are. You may want to come up with a foreign name and exotic locale, oh also say it was banned by the FDA, she'll pay you for part of your share! But don't charge her too much, you'll drive her over the edge too soon and miss the fun of watching her go - as well as the added income a 1/3 of her SSI check will give you. All you need to do is make one small purchase of lpecac (vomit pills) from your local pharmacist to get her started on her New Drug" Just convince

it's what has kept you alive, and that Vomitting is actually "Good" for her! If she gets Real skeptical, throw up for her once - and when she calls you and whines that she has been throwing up all day - say oh I know girl - me too. Before you know it she'll die of Malnutrition or Choke on her own puke. She'll not only be "Unglamorous" but she'll smell too.

#five Of course if none of these appeal to you or just to much work or they didn't work, just strangle the hag(s). Who's to know if you slip a noose around her neck. Even the pigs will think it was "AIDS DEPRESSION" Just ham it up to anyone who will listen about how terribly unhappy she was. Tragic thing. Oh by the way, it's best to wait until after the 1st of the month when she'll have cashed her SSI check and have some cash laying around. Also you may want to grab that dress you liked (you know the one that looked Hideous on her) if you do get caught or are too close to too many "AIDS Suicides" plead dementia. You'll be out in 18months. Think of all the fun you could have on the inside. Second thoughts? You

(Continued on p.15)

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**A DAY WITHOUT
ART**

(Robert Woods)

Dec. 1st, A Tribute to Artists Who had Performed at Highways and Died of AIDS.

It was a moving presentation with an outstanding film by David Wojnarowicz (Activist/ Artist). The heart to soul unveiling by (songwriter) Phranc, to her longtime friend Craig Lee was very honest and unpretentious. My only disappointment was that (Performance Artist, Founder of Fuck) Cliff Diller was advertised for the Salute and never Acknowledged! (What happened boys?) A Good Show Overall.

INFECTED FAGGOT PERSPECTIVES

INFECTED FAGGOT PERSPECTIVES is a sort of bi monthly 'zine thang by, for and about Fags with AIDS and HIV disease (both living and dead - it's hard to keep an old queen down!) WE DO NOT SUPPORT IN ANY WAY THE USE OF THE WORD NIGGER which appeared in a piece in our last issue; also if your looking for part two of FOR (WHITE) COLORED GIRLS, sorry, but you ain't gonna find it here either (so make up your own ending!).

We do accept labour, estate settlements, ads and anything else truly fabulous from most - but not all - non-infected folk. We still need typists (no shit!), errand runners & blow jobs & of course gobs & gobs of money! Write or call:

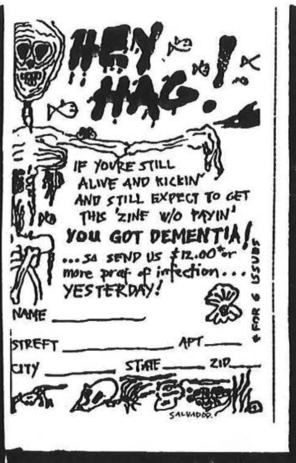
INFECTED FAGGOT
PERSPECTIVES
P.O. BOX 26246
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Cory Roberts Auli
W. Wayne Karr

Co-Creators/Co-Editors
INFECTED FAGGOT
PERSPECTIVES
(HAPPY SOLSTICE!)

- 26



STREISAND
(Continued from p. 6)

left out."

"I will never forgive my fellow actor Ronald Reagan for the genocidal denial of the illness' existence, for his refusal to even utter the word AIDS for seven years, and for blocking adequate funding for research and education which could have saved hundreds of thousands of lives."

"(The disease) was dismissed as gay with that official homophobic wink, implying that those deaths really didn't matter."

"Then came George Bush. Once the moderate, who, in a Faustian bargain allied himself with the same primitive gay-bashing, immoral minority. (but) we said 'no' to George Bush. The far right finally went to far. Enough! Enough racism, enough sexism, enough gay-bashing, name-calling, discrimination, enough extremism."

"(and) we elected new

leaders-we did it, you did it, I did it, women, gays, Jews, people of color, working people, old people, young people - all of us who valued ourselves enough to demand that our voices be heard. All of us who cherished common decency and common sense revolted and out-organized, out-financed and out-thought those who despise what is best about our country: our cultural, racial and religious diversity."

"But lest we be lulled into a false sense of security, the struggle goes on. Just look at the vote for hate in Colorado, where voters rescinded any protection for gays in employment & housing. And plenty of us love the mountains and rivers of that truly beautiful state, but we must now say clearly that the moral climate there is no longer acceptable. And if we are asked to, we must refuse to play where they discriminate."

"We're filled with hope right now that someday, somehow, we will see an end to this human tragedy. But let us vow, if need be, to picket the White House all by ourselves until somebody comes."

"Thank you."

- 7 - END

MINIS FOR FAGS by Miss Far From Dead Thing

Some of our readers (hell, for that matter the whole goddamn IFP staff) are fighting amongst themselves about what it means to be a glamour-puss with AIDS. Now, while they busy themselves with clawing each others eyes out, causing themselves undue stress with all their name calling, finger pointing, (all the while losing what few T-Cells they have left,) I sit here in my beautiful High Rise Apartment (above the beyond-glamorous intersection of 6th and Rampart) and scheme, as I wait for the dust to settle. Literally.

Now, why I must confess I don't have full blown AIDS, (my CD-4 count is SO HIGH that most of my friends are just pea green with envy) this does not mean that I too can't aspire to be an old hag like my friends. I mean a girl has got to do what a girl has got to do to get ahead in the brutally fierce competitive atmosphere that plagues the world of HIV.

For instance, while your friends hack, cough and moan, (all the while burning up with uncontrollable fevers OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN and suffering from what appears to be TERMINAL DIARRHEA and WASTING), look them straight in the eye and tell them how FABULOUS they are doing in their brave fight against AIDS and how FABULOUS they look (considering) as you secretly fumble through their address book looking for the number of that particularly hot Puerto Rican number who you've had your eye on and have been dying to fuck. (Now that Miss Thing is so sick and demented what will she care? I mean what she doesn't know won't hurt her, right?)

Another thing you can start to do is eyeball all the stuff you plan on lifting from the place. Why wait for them to die or change their wills when you can steal it from them while their still breathing (barely). You see, the possibilities are endless. You don't have to be totally diseased and bed ridden to be a HAG. You can earn that dubious title by your evil, wicked, vicious behavior alone. So, think about it. Why wait to be near death to work a good thing?

Kiss Kiss (of Death)
Yours truly,

Miss F.F.D.T.

END

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TRIXIE'S TIPS

(Continued from p. 14)

didn't last this long by being nice - or stay as Glamorous appearing through all your OI's by letting those "younger" AIDS queens steal your spotlight. Lets face it you've only got so much time left - why waste it - use it for what counts. So stand up and fight - like a real "AIDS GLAMOUR GIRL" and go out and get them. And if these Tips don't help - maybe you ought to only venture out at night!

HAPPY HOLEDAYS!

END



THIS RUTHY NURSE WILL STEAL YOUR HEART... LITERALLY - IN "BENEATH THE FLANK OF THE NURSE"

"NURSE TRIXIE"



HEY SANTA FUCKING CLAUS!!

(W. Wayne Karr & Cory Roberts Auli)

Last year we were really good little faggots - didn't infect anyone at all (least of all you) and what did we get for it? Absolutely nothing except a lot closer to death with a few new OI's & Fungl. So listen up: if we don't get this shit WE'LL GET YOU!! GET IT? GOT IT? GOOD!

A portable lap-top typewriter/computer deal (under \$150.00)

Office/gallery space.

Money. Money! \$\$\$

IBM compatible printer (or one that works with the computer you give us!) OK?

Roundtrip tickets to NYC & spending money!! (The more the better!)

A boyfriend for Cory!

END

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"TRIXIE'S HOLIDAY TIPS"

FOR GIRLS IN NEED OF GLAMOUR!

(Trixie Trash)

Are you slipping..girl? Is it getting harder to work that "AIDS Glamour" in this day of AIDS Awareness? Has the change in the Old AIDS Definition created too much competition for you..girl? Has some queen stole your Glamour Spot? Well..I am here to tell you how to get it back!

Let's face it girl, the days of Unlimited Glamour are over. The good Old Days when a flash of a lesion would bring you looks of admiration or a particularly Hideous herpes sore "worn proudly" would bring you instant fame are gone. So remember girls..Glamour is the only commodity left to us Infected Girls, since sympathy went out in the '80s.

So A GIRLS GOT TO GRAB WHAT A GIRL CAN GET! And some girls got too much! Not because they can handle it - but because they have made it their Business to Eliminate the Competition.. Yes many a queen goes sooner because she was just "too glamorous" for her own good OR anybody else's! So girl.. heres how you can go out and grab you some.. Just follow "Trixie's Tips" and your bound to "Get Some Glamour" or die trying. (for you 1st time girls don't get too excited, glamour isn't yours..yet) "Getting Glamorous" can be a hard and thankless task, so if you get bored along the way or just...drawn. Grab yourself a treat (a sweet boy) who's never heard of HIV and Syphon off some t-cells. Wrap your tired lips around him and inhale, he'll never know that he lost them and they'll do you much more good! For you girls who need a little -reassurance- here. Give it up before Glamour gets you...

Hey Sis, is a girl getting in your way - acting to pretty - doing the man you want? Well..Girl "DO HER IN" Here's 5 Sure Fire Ways. My present to all you AIDS ridden plain Janes (who you can just never figure out how they got Infected, in the first place) or you Glamour Queens who are

slipping or too toxic to hold up much longer!

(Continued on p. 13)

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INFECTIOUS COMMENTS

(GUARANTEED TO BE
-ALMOST- VERBATIM!)

"Sometimes I think I'm healing myself to death!
(NYPMHEA)

"Oh, man, you've got to be kidding! Hemorrhoids too??? I mean AIDS isn't curse enough?? Hemorrhoids too??"
(W.WAYNE KARR)

"You know it's not so strange...all pop stars are drag queens; from Michael Jackson to Madonna. And not just pop stars - everyone's a drag queen, even Barbara Bush. It's a look, from the ghetto to the White house, everything's a look."
(RuPAUL)

"Your mag (IFP) blows my mind. I hated it at first and now its the only thing that makes sense! It arrived as I shake off 6 years of New-Age Hay-style denial!"
(TOBY, BOULDER, COLO.)

"Thank you for publishing your great and obnoxious publication. I love it!"
(LENNY, DENVER, COLO.)

END

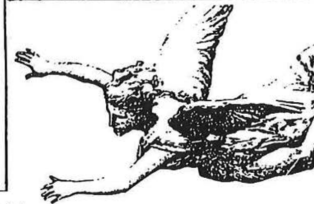
AROUND THE WORLD IN AIDSY DAYS

(Continued from page 3)

Finally it might help if you knew you could find a doctor you could speak to (maybe then you could even communicate but don't get your hopes up!) What a concept, eh? If you were too ignorant and/or culturally insensitive enough to have learned the language of the people at your final destination then write The International Association for Medical Assistance to Travellers (IAMAT) @ 417 Center Street, Lewiston, New York, 14092 for a list of English speaking doctors globally (or so they claim).

There you have it! Why let a little thing like HIV Disease fuck with your travel plans? Go, girl...& have a ball...or two...or several - it may very well be your last chance!!!!

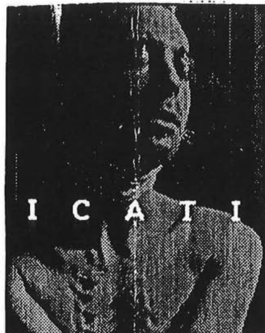
END



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OBITUARIES

We didn't want to see



I C A T I

Cliff Diller
(3/12/64-10/20/92)

Cliff Diller was born in Houston, Texas; attended school in Odessa and Corpus Christi, TX; Singapore; and Duncan, OK. She also attended SMU and Brookhaven Colleges in Dallas, TX and took makeup courses from Joe Blasco. He died of AIDS Midway Hospital in Los Angeles. The last hospital trip consisted of PCP, a recurrence of fungal meningitis, among other things. A couple of days after his kidneys stopped functioning, he decided to stop dialysis and go on a morphine drip. His parents, John and Rita Diller of Round Rock, TX came out for his last few days. Oh, and his sister Ellen Crawford came out from New Jersey. Cliff

moved to L.A. in the summer of 85, lived in Saugus and attended beauty school in Canyon Country (by Magic Mountain), divorced her Mormon husband and moved to Hollywood, then co-founded club Fuck! Cliff became ill, lost his share of the club, but always on to the next thing, was cast as the green-haired boy in Reza Abdoh's play, "Bogleman" at the Los Angeles Theatre Center.

A celebration of Cliff's life took place in L.A. on Sunday Oct. 25, the highlight of which was a performance and ritual by Aztec fire dancers. Over 100 friends gathered, most wore green, ate lasagna, ceasar salad, and pulled together. Instead of feeling, I am over this, I left feeling that, yes, I can do this one more time. There was room for everyone to grieve in their own way. Cliff had a morphine-induced time travel exper. that Bobby Wildflower was building him a pyramid out of 2x4s. Bobby built it. Cliff was a major drag queen, whether in heels and a wig, or in leatherman, he was in drag and worked it. He played every occasion

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OBITUARY

(Continued from p. 15)

like it was bigtime. Shamelessly. I miss his enthusiasm. About fashion: tattoos, glitter, outfits, piercings, a new wig; about the misery of AIDS: symptoms, dating, medications, dishing our doctor.

--Ron Athey

END

CHRISTIANS BEWARE



YOUR GOD WILL JUDGE YOU MORE HARSHLY THAN WE HAVE



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