

## "CHANGE" FROM SEVENTH PAGE

My sister lost interest in it fast. To tell you the truth, so did I. All the pictures were girls in positions that I assumed were sexy, but they didn't do much for me. Then it happened. I turned the page and there was a couple, a guy and a girl. The girl was pretty, but my eyes were drawn to the male standing in front of her. He was beautiful. The muscles of his chest and arms formed a picture that looked just right. I didn't feel wrong or evil. In fact, it felt like I was doing something correct for once.

Soon the women in the picture disappeared. All my attention was focused on him. I lied to you earlier—something did change. My stomach was going to town. My brain was about to overload. My arms were covered in goose bumps, and my penis, well...it had its role down pretty good. I liked what I felt. My sister told me to put down the magazine, and that we should be getting home.

The walk home was very silent and awkward. I wanted to ask my sister a million questions. Starting with, did you think that guy was sexy? Then I remembered what I have been taught over the years: when you grow up you'll marry a nice girl. Then you'll give your mom the grandkid she wants. Buy a house. Start a family. Continue the bloodline. Gay people are not to be talked about. They all have AIDS. If you have sex with one, you'll get AIDS, too. Then you'll go to hell, because God hates fags.

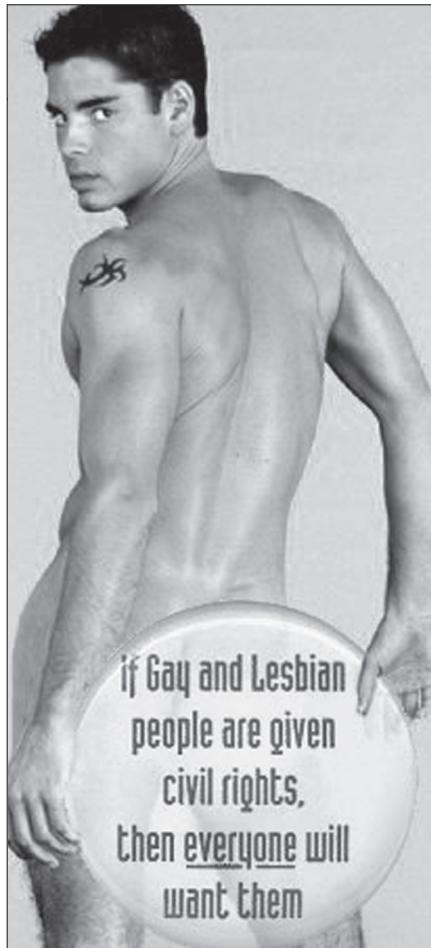
I didn't say anything to my sister. She couldn't understand. I didn't say anything to my father or mother. They would have stopped loving me. I didn't even say anything to my best friend. No one was to find out. I kept my little secret to myself, and wondered why I wasn't normal.

I told you the world didn't stop. That's true. It always seems to continue down the path it's on. What changed that day was my view of the world. Now that I liked men, all of these terrible things were supposed to happen to me. That's a lot for a twelve-year-old. I lost the love from my family, and respect from society. I couldn't even talk to God, because He hated me. That's when I started to cry.

It took some time before I got over that fear. I didn't even like myself until I was out of high school. As the years continued I grew to accept the fact that I like men. My view changed, too. Society likes me if I redecorate rooms, cut hair, or if I'm on a TV show. There's still a role I have to play in society. I really can't be how I am outside of my house. Work still needs to be done on the equality front. There is no reason to add an amendment to the Constitution taking away rights from people, even gay ones.

God and I started talking again. I feel that God has never shown hate to anyone, and I'm still a part of that anyone. I learned that people who use the fear of losing God's love to gain an advantage are not following God's teachings. No response from God, yet. But I can't believe he hates me.

If we don't start recognizing that one cannot help who they are attracted to, then the world will continue without change. Few people believe me when I say I didn't choose this lifestyle. I came out to friends and family. I discovered they still love me. I guess being a brother, a son, or a friend is more important than being gay. •

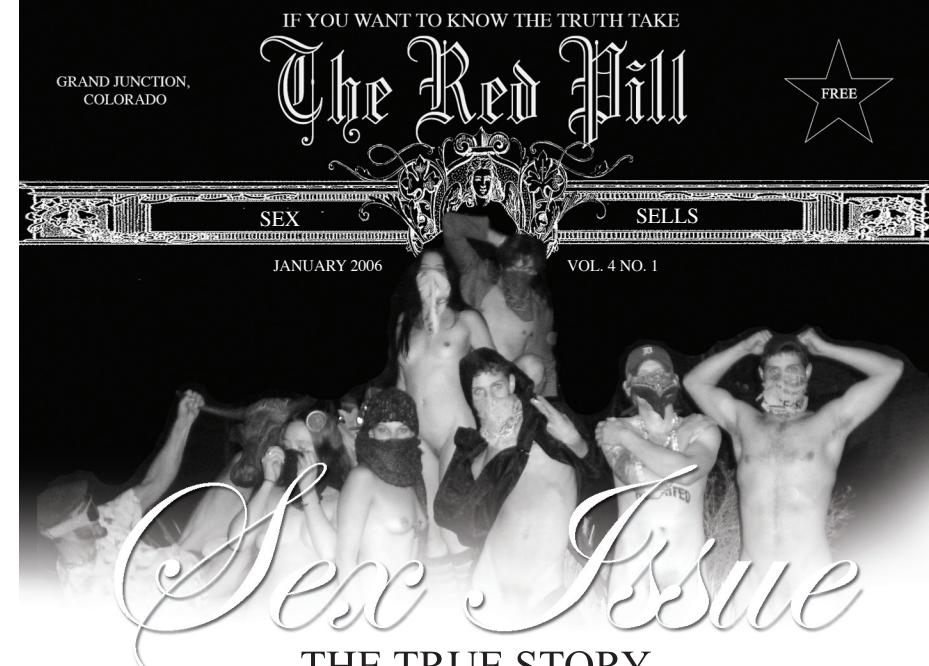


## CALL TO ACTION

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## THE TRUE STORY OF A REAL - LIFE STRIPPER

**J**couldn't tell you what possessed me to drop out of college and start dancing. Maybe it was the money. Maybe it was the provocative lifestyle. Or the sex and drugs. But the more I look back and think about it, the more I realize I don't know what made me start, but I do know what made me stay.

No one would have guessed that little ol' me would go and do something like that. But I did. And I'll tell you what, it was an eye-opening experience. I still remember my first dance. The fact that I was a little overweight, I didn't have the right shoes or thongs, and the girls are just mean to the "newbies" did not help, but then there was the fact that I was taking my clothes off, 'violating myself,' for money. My parents had taught me better than that. I went backstage and cried and cried. But I came back the next day. And it got a little easier every day after that. Eventually, I became numb to the fact that I was pretty much selling myself to anyone who would give me a dollar; I was numb to the fact that girls would disappear mid-shift (big surprise, there was prostitution) and the owners would tell us the girls 'weren't feeling well'; I was numb to the fact that there were sex and drugs in the dressing room; I was numb to the constant cat fights, the backstabbing, the bickering over who got to dance to what songs; I was numb to the fact that the guys I met and partied with were sleazy, dirty old men; I was numb to the fact that I got fingered under the table (and I wasn't the only one this was happening to). I just became numb. But like I said, I kept going back. And I'll tell you

what, I got to be a good dancer. One of the best in the club.

I remember one night I was working and a friend of my father's walked in. We both eventually got over our embarrassment and sat down to have a conversation. And it was in this moment that I realized why I kept coming back. "You just like the power you have over me," he said at one point in the conversation. And he was right. Men were at the mercy of me, mesmerized by my dance, entranced by my movement. They were utterly helpless in the 10 minutes I was on stage. Me. Little ol' me. Only when I was on stage did I have complete control over a man, and I loved it. We all did. We all loved being the focus of attention, even if it was for only 10 minutes. And that's what kept us all going back. It wasn't the money, or the costumes and jewelry, or the fact that we could get completely drunk and high on our shifts, or anything else like that; any dancer who tells you that is lying, or doesn't realize the truth. It's all about the power. And what do people with power want? More power. It drove us all to do the crazy things that we did. And believe me, we all did some crazy things.

Not only did I witness messed up things inside the club, I was witness to many of the things that happened to us outside of the club. I watched friends OD. I had guns pulled on me. I fucked my girl friends while groups of guys watched. I sold drugs. I danced at private parties. I bailed many a friend out of jail. I lied to, and ran from the cops. I stayed up for days on end. I stabbed friends in

**"STRIPPER" ON SEVENTH PAGE**

# WHEN ONE IS NOT ENOUGH; A LOOK AT RESPONSIBLE NON-MONOGAMY

The idea and practice of monogamy is considered the norm in our culture. In many instances, we are taught that love can only exist within a monogamous relationship and that any action outside of that is breaking social norms, and thus, is a deviant act. Monogamy is our socially constructed norm, it is not necessarily the norm of other cultures around the world or throughout history. The following is brief introduction to a lifestyle of responsible non-monogamy that many find to be more fitting in their lives than traditional monogamy. It is important to note that polyamory is not to be confused with Mormon polygamy (taking more than one wife). Mormon polygamy is based on religious beliefs that do not include openness, egalitarianism, and respect for all involved.

Although this may be a relatively new concept to many people, its roots lie in the first free love movement supported by anarcho-feminist, Emma Goldman in the early 20th century. Since responsible non-monogamy is new to some people, it may be necessary to go through some general definitions regarding responsible non-monogamy (the following definitions are taken from Responsible Non-monogamy: A Brief Introduction to Polyamory by Eric Bloomquist and published by the Bisexual Resource Center. [www.biresource.org](http://www.biresource.org)).

**POLYAMORY** — is a general term for non-monogamy, literally meaning 'many loves.'

**CLOSED RELATIONSHIP** — this type of relationship is one where it is agreed between all involved that there will be no sexual or romantic involvement outside of the relationship. We are most familiar with this type of relationship in our culture.

**OPEN RELATIONSHIP** — where those involved have agreed that it is okay to have sexual or romantic relationships outside of the relationship. Depending on the individuals involved, there is a wide range of rules, or guidelines that will be specific to the relationship at hand.

**PRIMARY RELATIONSHIP** — a close relationship that is important and requires a high degree of commitment.

**SECONDARY RELATIONSHIP** — a close ongoing relationship, but may have a lesser degree of commitment than a primary relationship.

**TERTIARY RELATIONSHIP** — a relationship with little or no involvement emotionally or sexually.

**SEX POSITIVE** — describes one who is comfortable with sexuality.

**SEX NEGATIVE** — used to describe those who see sex as dirty or sinful.

There are many more terms associated with this lifestyle, however, these are sufficient

for a brief introduction. It is important to note that those who participate in responsible non-monogamy do not feel that this is the only way, and they understand that many people can have a very satisfying, equal, and loving monogamous relationship; however, they realize that monogamy is not a satisfying or happy choice for everyone.

Although very important in any relationship, communication and honesty are the keys to non-monogamous relationships. Many in our society practice non-monogamy—irresponsibly. If one is going behind a partner's back in order to have other relationships, that is not responsible non-monogamy. That is being dishonest and hurtful. To be part of several relationships at once requires that everyone communicate openly with each other. The topic of sex is a very emotionally charged subject, regardless of how many people are involved. Feelings are very important to talk about, bad ones and the good. This does not mean one breaks down every detail of another relationship, just that general ground rules be set. For example, if a couple decides to be non-monogamous, they may want to decide whether it is a 'don't ask, don't tell' policy, or if they would want to know when and who the other is involved with. Decisions about safe sex need to be considered, in addition to whatever is important to each person involved.

Not only does responsible non-monogamy requires open communication with all involved parties, it also requires the ability to communicate with others about one's chosen lifestyle. Many will think there is something wrong with someone who chooses a polyamorous lifestyle. Since monogamy is seen as the right way to love someone in our culture, people may feel non-monogamy is immoral.

In our culture, our morals are heavily influenced by the Christian religion. On first glance, one may think that polyamory is incongruent with the Christian lifestyle, however according to a group out of Phoenix, AZ, Liberated Christians, there is no biblical basis for promoting monogamy and shunning polyamory. They feel this tradition is based on lies, and formed a support group for anyone, especially Christians, choosing polyamory as a lifestyle (more info: [www.libchrist.com/index.html](http://www.libchrist.com/index.html)).

The intent of responsible non-monogamy is to not be secretive or deceitful. It is about realizing the complexity of love, the enjoyment of knowing people, and developing intimate relationships. There does not have to be a focus on sex, simply the company of a person is satisfying enough. It takes a lot of work to make sure everyone is happy and no one is feeling hurt. This is not only true for polyamory, it is true of all relationships, sexual or not.

## "NON-MONOGAMY" ON SEVENTH PAGE

## "NON-MONOGAMY" FROM SECOND PAGE

Happiness is a goal, whereas in relationships where cheating takes place, everyone's happiness is not taken into account. It's almost as if cheating and adultery are more socially accepted than one who makes conscious honest decisions about one's love life. Polyamory has the potential to create and forge lasting relationships filled with love and satisfaction. Being receptive and respectful of others and their feelings in all interactions is goal everyone can attempt to attain. For more information on the polyamorous lifestyle, check out *Loving More* at [www.lovemore.com](http://www.lovemore.com).

## OUR FRIEND, THE PENIS

Here is both good news and bad news for the male human concerning penis size among the species. One of our closest DNA cousins, the enormous Rwandan Silverback mountain gorilla has a wee willie winky compared to us, lengths over 4 inches are exceedingly rare.

On the other hand, we are humiliatingly dwarfed by the penis of the rhinoceros. Theirs are commonly a couple of feet or more in length, often long enough to drag on the turf of the savannah.

Reactions to peni within our own species are decidedly mixed. A large penis can draw admiration and respect in the locker room. Women, however, sometimes need to restrain the urge to point and giggle. Regardless of size, many women secretly think that they look, well, sort of funny.

Here are some hard facts. The median penis is about 3.4" in length when flaccid, and about 5.7" erect. As far as circumcision goes, 70% of American men are snipped, about 30% have "turtlenecks." The median testicle is 2.5" long, 1.25" wide. The average man experiences about 9 erections per day, many of them in our sleep.

The average amount of semen ejaculated is somewhere between one and two teaspoons. It spurts out at about 28 m.p.h., and can travel 12-24 inches. For those keeping track of such things, it contains about 7 calories.

It's been said that there are more slang words for penis than any other word. Just a few include rod, schlong, johnson, wanker, weiner, wedding tackle, peter, pecker, prick, joystick, member, and meat truck. There are slang words for the erect penis, too. Boner, stifie, woodie, hardon, and ramrod are just a few that pop out.

Incidentally, almost all artistic renditions of our friend, the penis, show it in a flaccid state. For some bizarre reason, the erect penis is nearly universally banned as being obscene. In fact, a hard dick is often the dividing line between art and porn.

Everyone alive has a penis somewhere to give thanks to for fully one half of their existence. So, with a nod and a wink, and perhaps a chuckle or two, let's give thanks and praise to our friend, the penis. •

## "STRIPPER" FROM FIRST PAGE

the back so I could get at little further ahead in the struggle for power. I watched girls get pregnant and have abortions regularly—abortions were birth control to some of those girls. And one of the worst things is that, in the world of the stripper, in the world of promiscuous sex and drug use, at some point you either get pregnant or you get an STD. That's the harsh reality. And I was not immune to that. Yes, the world of the stripper was even crazier outside of the club. But no matter what happened between us, in or outside the club, we were a family. No one understood us like we did. We were all in it together, and we recognized that. We watched each other's kids, we helped each other out with money; we were always there.

But in the end, after hitting rock bottom in every aspect of my life, I was able to quit. I quit the club and therefore quit the life. No more binge drinking or drugs or sex with three different guys in a night for me. No more; I retired from that life of craziness. But at least I was able to walk away and learn something from the two years of insanity I experienced. All the sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll made me stronger. They made me who I am today. We all do crazy things, some more than others, but there are two kinds of people in this world; those who learn from their experiences and those who don't. We should always learn from whatever life throws at us, or whatever we get ourselves caught up in. I sure learned. And believe me, I will never again be a stripper. But man, what a ride? •

## WITHOUT CHANGE

the first time I knew I liked guys, the world didn't stop. In fact, it didn't even miss a beat. Everything was as normal as it was ten seconds before it happened. Birds continued to sing. Kids didn't stop to make fun, and God didn't appear, condemning me to hell (which I fully expected to happen.) In fact, the world didn't even stop and take notice. It continued to be as it was, without change.

This was the first time it happened. Many, many, many times have come since then. I have a feeling many, many, many more will arrive in the future. I have no control over that. I can't turn it off. I don't think I even want to turn it off...but that's not the point. This was the first time, and nothing changed.

I was a tall, funny looking 12-year-old boy living in a very small, very red town in Western Colorado. I was playing with my sister one day in a field next to our house. We did this often, and most of the time we would get tired and return home without too much of an adventure. This day would turn out to be different.

We found a Penthouse magazine in a bush. We both knew what it was, and we knew that mom and dad would not approve. We flipped through that book looking at all the pictures. We both had this feeling that we were doing something bad, but that didn't stop us.

## "CHANGE" ON LAST PAGE

GET INVOLVED! The following are the submission deadlines for upcoming Red Pill issues:

Jan. 30th: Regular issue (submit topic of choice), Feb. 14th: Dissent issue

Feb. 28th: Regular issue, Mar. 14th: Iraq War issue, Apr. 10th: 420 issue

May 24th: May Day issue, May 10th: Regular issue

Every Sunday • 6PM  
Weekly Vegan Dinner. We'll cook the main dish. Please bring a vegan side dish, dessert, or drink. Dinner starts around 6:30PM. *The Confluence Collective* (1450 Elm).



Every Wednesday • 6PM  
Grand Junction Fair Trade Alliance meets at *The Confluence Collective* (1450 Elm), to work for community solutions to Free Trade, both internationally and locally.





## SIX YEAR ITCH

Sexual frustration is painful to deal with physically and emotionally. When most people say they are sexually frustrated, they're just horny and need to get their rocks off. With me, it is far worse than that. I am 26, and I haven't had sex for six years. Part of the problem is that I am Shy, but you may never know this when you meet me. I have a hard enough time asking a girl out for a date, or simply telling her she smells nice, let alone having a clue on how to go about a sexual relationship with someone. This has lead to very prolonged periods of loneliness without much of any kind of affection or intimacy. By talking about it in a real and physical way, I hope it will help me overcome this obstacle. I never have had a real girlfriend in my life. It has been a couple months since my last date when I had my first kiss in six years. As a result of such a long period of abstinence, I may have built up some false starry eyed romantic ideology, or, through the ordeal, I have stumbled across some secreretes about sex.

The obvious conclusion would be to masturbate; However, masturbation just does not do anything anymore. It used to relieve some of the built up pressure at first, but now it just adds to the frustration. It is too flat and two dimensional; the stimulation isn't enough. One thing I have learned is that by going through the motions with someone who you are not attracted to is just as pointless. This was the case my last time in January of 2000. The second woman I was with was an older co-worker of mine who liked to come over with booze and see how liquored up she could get me before I would have sex with her, and it took a lot of booze! There have been a few occasions between then and now when a women will start me up and then leave me to my own devises for relief, which is a cruel form of torture for anyone, man or woman.

Sexual frustration can manifest itself in emotional and physical ways for me. There are days when I do not want to come out of my apartment because everywhere I see people being together, and I see cute, attractive, and charming women. There are days when sex and coupling is so abundant in the public view that I feel like I'm going to rupture and the pain deposits in between my shoulder blades. I have even developed a twitch in my foot and hand when I am feeling particularly frustrated sexually. What I really long for is a soft feminine touch. I'm longing for a real connection of some kind, it could be purely physical, at least it would be a circular connection. However, I prefer, on top of that, at least an emotional connection of some sort. The more connection there is, and the deeper it is, the more sensual and exciting, I think, the sexual encounter would become. I feel as if I am imprisoned by my own inhibition.

It isn't to say I am uncomfortable with the idea of sex; on the contrary, I have a very active fantasy life and a very prominent sex drive. It is

that it has been so long that I feel embarrassed by my lack of experience. Things I find attractive in a woman, are a pair of lightning eyes and a genuine smile, intelligent conversation, and a resonating passion for life. Sadly, I see so many women out there who are intelligent and passionate but because of the superficial images propagated by media they hide these qualities, or are unaware of their own beauty.

I get nerves around the subject of sex, with the women I am interested in, and tend to maneuver round the subject. When they learn about my true interest in them, it is too late, and they can only look at me as just their friend, leaving me even more frustrated. I am not the kind of guy who will go to a bar to pick up some random woman to have sex with. For one thing, I am still way to shy to do that, and secondly, I want some level of trust and familiarity with my sexual partners.

Cuddling would be nice, just sitting together on the couch or, even better, in bed. A make out session would also be nice, also. I would like to explore my partners nude body from head to toe. To discover the subtle beauty of her curves, her neck, her legs, her arms, her hips, her thighs, where her toes connect to her foot, how her arms extend from her chest, the way her breasts hang next to each other, the shape of her nipples. I would be kissing these angles and curves all the way down. I would like to be completely naked with a women with whom the attraction is kinetic, active, and receptive. I would like my partner to teach me how to please her. If it did come to sex, I would make love to her slow and passionately. With any of this the emotional connection would be ideal. Beyond the physical I would like to know her emotionally. As we just lie there in peace, we could drop the masks we wear when around other people and totally be ourselves.

Perhaps I want the whole damn pie. Am I being too idealist and too Romantic? Am I just plain crazy? Does this kind of thing really exist, or do I just need to get laid? •



**Saturday, March 25, 2006**

A Voice of Reason will be organizing a large anti-war protest and rally to commemorate the third anniversary of the war in Iraq. For more info call Karen 243-0209.

**April 25-May 1, 2006**

International TV Turn-off Week.  
Tune out, and tune into the world around you.



## HOOKED AND CROOKED

**H**long ago (the 1970's) and far away (a major metropolitan area), I found myself, a drunken boisterous sailor on shore leave, alone, in the back of a cab, in the seedy part of town. It was late, the bars were closing and I still felt strong, unaddressed sexual urges. Having never done it myself, I took a risk and asked the cabbie if he knew where I could find a hooker.

Apparently, deep in the ghetto, a friendly neighborhood hooker would be easy to find. I called one prospect over, and quickly negotiated a fellatio arrangement for what I thought was a bargain price of \$25. She quickly jumped into the back with me, and I was off on an adventure. I was unzipped and whipped out most deftly. Most impressive was the way that the hooker applied a condom to me, USING NO HANDS WHATSOEVER!

The cabbie, nonplussed, kept the meter running, and we drove around the blighted neighborhood, in a sort of portable Sodom and Gomorrah. One of the few ground rules laid out by my new business partner was that I was not to touch her anywhere while she was at work. As we passed by blighted houses, teen runaways, gangbangers and winos, I actually started to relax. The ban on touching did not extend to my partner in crime(literally). She was running her hands all over me.

Well, the situation reached it's "climax", and since my fellatory friend was prepaid, she just jumped out at the next traffic light. In my drunken post-orgasmic state, I confess that I didn't muster up a proper goodbye. I ordered the

cabbie to drop me off at the notorious flophouse I was staying at.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered my wallet, with over \$500 in it, was missing. Seems my mobile concubine had more intent in rubbing me all over than merely erotic stimulation. I had been pick-pocketed. What an educational evening this was shaping up to be! Strangely enough, my cabbie was not very compassionate to my new state of moneylessness. In a pique of anger, he shouted at me to "never trust a whore." Well, I knew that now.

Being completely broke, I took the next logical step: I bolted out of the cab at the next stoplight, and ran like hell. This brought about a kind of "cat and mouse" game with the taxi, which I quickly lost as he rounded his cab down a street, blocking me in an alleyway. Instinctively, I threw up my fists and told him "let's get this over with." Calling his bluff helped avert fistcuffs, but he certainly expressed his dissatisfaction with my masculinity and financial status before climbing back into his cab and screeching off. Hell, at that time, even I thought I was a dickhead loser! I had enough and called it a night.

The whole thing turned me completely off illegal prostitution. In fact, I'm not even interested in going to Nevada, where it's legal. We are all young and foolish at a point in our lives, I just turned out to be more foolish than many. But boy, did my shipmates get some mileage out of this story! I can also honestly say that sometimes, fame is not all it is cracked up to be. •

**Every Other Monday • 7:30PM**

Mesa County Green Party meets at *The Confluence Collective* (1450 Elm). The next meeting is February 6th.



