

KISS ME

DEAD, LEE

THE OFFICIAL

AIDS

JOKE BOOK

EDITED BY

GAY SLAUGHTER

To The Reader

This small collection of humour was inspired by a short excursion on CIX BBS, from which some of the following are lifted. There can't be many people who have managed to get kicked out of the INSENSITIVE CONFERENCE, so I hope these scatologica offend you as much as some of them offended MikeHunt and his cronies.

Love and kisses on the bottom - Gay

All profits from the sale of this joke book will be used to counter homosexual propaganda - the Publisher

What do you call a deer that dies of AIDS?
Goodbye, dear.

When did the deer catch AIDS?
On its stag night.

What do you call a deer with its eyes plucked out?
No idea.

What do you call a deer with its eyes plucked out and its legs
chopped off?
Still no idea.

What do you call a deer with its eyes plucked out, its legs
chopped off and its prick cut off?
Still no fucking idea.

What do you call a deer with its eyes plucked out, its legs
chopped off, its prick cut off and its tongue cut out?
Still no fucking idea, dummy.

Four nuns were waiting to get to Heaven. The first goes up to St. Peter. "Have you ever touched a man's dick?" St. Peter asks her. "Yes", replies the nun, "but only with this finger." "OK", says St. Peter, "Go and wash that finger in that fountain and then you may enter Heaven." The next nun goes up and admits to using her whole hand. "You must go and wash that hand in that fountain over there, then you may enter Heaven." says St. Peter. The fourth nun then turns to him and says, "Pete, is it all right with you if I jump the queue and wash my mouth out before she washes her arse?"

Two Arabs and an Irishman were discussing their sex lives. The first Arab says: "When I've finished making love to my wife, I run my hands over her body and she levitates a foot above the bed." The second Arab says: "When I've finished making love to my wife, I run my hands over her body and she levitates two feet above the bed." The Irishman says: "That's nothing. When I've finished making love to my wife, I wipe my dick on the curtains and she goes through the fucking roof."

Did you hear about the Scotsman with crabs?
He wouldn't get rid of them; he thought they were money spiders.

Two queers are walking along the street when it starts raining. The first one says, "Shall I put the umbrella up?" The second replies, "You can if you like, but for God's sake don't open it."

Acronymically Yours

AIDS - Aaargh! It's Deadly, Simon
AIDS - A Death In Sin
AIDS - Abstinence Is Demonstrably Safer
AIDS - Acting Indecently Deserves Sanction
AIDS - Actually, I Don't Screw
AIDS - Actually, It Decimates Shitstabbers
AIDS - Actually, It's Deadly Serious
AIDS - Acutely Infected Diseased Shitstabber
AIDS - Albert, I Don't Shag
AIDS - All In a Day's Sodomy
AIDS - Am I Definitely Snuffed?
AIDS - Am I Done Shagging?
AIDS - Am I Done Sodomising?
AIDS - Am I Done Sucking?
AIDS - Am I Dying Sir?
AIDS - Americans In Deep Shit
AIDS - Amoral Ignorant Diseased Scum
AIDS - An Ignominious Death Sentence
AIDS - An Immoral Diseased Sodomite
AIDS - An Incubus of Deadly Severity
AIDS - An Indecent Divergence Sanctioned
AIDS - An Inducement to Desist from Sodomy
AIDS - An Infection Destroying Sodomites
AIDS - An Infirm Debauched Sodomite
AIDS - An Innovative Dieting System
AIDS - An Insidious Deadly Serum
AIDS - An Invitation to Die Swiftly
AIDS - Anal Infection Decimating Sodomites
AIDS - Anal Injected Death Solution
AIDS - Anal Intercourse Death Syndrome
AIDS - Anal Intercourse Destroys Sodomites
AIDS - Anal Intercourse Die Swiftly
AIDS - Anal Is Depraved Sex
AIDS - Anal Is Dog Sex
AIDS - Anal Isn't Decent Sex
AIDS - And I'm Dreadfully Sorry
AIDS - And It's Deathly Silent
AIDS - And It's Dreadfully Sore
AIDS - Arse Injected Death Sentence
AIDS - Arse Injected Death Syndrome
AIDS - Arse-bandit Is Done Screwing
AIDS - Arse-bandit Is Dying Swiftly
AIDS - Arse-bandits and Illicit Dickers Syndrome
AIDS - Arse-bandits In Deep Shit
AIDS - Arse-bandits In Desperate Straits
AIDS - Arse-bandits In Dire Straits
AIDS - Arsehole In Dire Circumstances
AIDS - Arsehole Infected with Deadly Sarcoma
AIDS - Arsehole Injected Death Sentence
AIDS - Arseholing Is Dangerous - Severely

AIDS - Association of Independent Dick Suckers
AIDS - Auschwitz Is Definitely Safer
AIDS - 'Ave I Done Something?
AIDS - Avoid Intravenous Drugs, Sunshine
GAY - Got Aids Yet?
GAY - Guys Are Yahoo
HIV - Heavens, It's Virulent!
HIV - Henry, It's Vile!
HIV - Hi, I'm Victor
HIV - Homosexuality Isn't Valiant
HIV - Homosexually Ignited Virus
HIV - Homosexually Infectious Virus
SIN - Sex It's Not
SIN - Sodomy Is Nasty

Why did the queer get sacked from the sperm bank?
For drinking on the job.

A Chinese couple are in bed when Fuk Yu says to his wife: "How about a bit of 69?"
His wife, Lik Mi replies, "If you think I'm getting up at 2am to cook you beef chop suey you can think again."

What do you call a Welshman with four sheep?
A pimp.

Did you hear the one about the queer's birthday party?
It wasn't very popular: no cunt went.

This queer indecently assaulted a university lecturer who was also a member of the Monday Club. Asked in court why he did it, he said it was because he felt a right smart arse.

Did you hear the one about the queer Republican?
He joined the IR gay.

What do you call a queer who practices safe sex?
A wanker.

There's a company in America which, for a fee, will name a star after you. (There's no shortage of them after all). Recently I paid my \$30 and bought three which I named Joe Stalin, Tony Benn and Linda Bellos: a red giant, a white dwarf and a black hole.

Mourner at Rock Hudson's funeral approaches the undertaker:
Mourner: Can I have a teaspoon or so of Rock's ashes, please?
Undertaker: Why on Earth do you want that?
Mourner: Well, I'm making a really hot curry in his honour, and I thought that if I added a spoonful of his ashes, next morning I could feel him dribbling out of my arsehole one last time.

Why was Rock Hudson buried face down?
So his friends could recognise him.

Rock Hudson was born in Ohio and reared in California.

What have Rock Hudson and Muhammad Ali got in common?
They've both been battered around the ring.

How did AIDS get into the USA?
It came over the Rockies.

Then there was the rock star who made a record for AIDS. He
infected twelve groupies in one week.

The patients can't wait to leave our local AIDS hospice; they're
dying to get out.

Mrs Smith: How can Catholic women have sex without getting preg-
nant and without practising birth control?
Mrs Kelly: I'm buggered if I know.

Paedophilia is child's play.
Incest is a game for all the family.
But necrophilia is dead boring.

What is white on the outside, cold on the inside and has four
black heads?
Jeffrey Dahmer's fridge.

What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Keith Blakelock?
Four heads are better than none.

The Tories have coined an anti-AIDS slogan for schoolkids - You
never had it? So good!

How's this for a high risk group? A promiscuous, homosexual,
motorcycling, heavy-drinking, chain-smoking, haemophiliac, heroin
addict, Belfast police officer!

Holy smoke, what's that up my ass, Batman?
Cock, Robin!

Somebody once said necrophilia is never having to say you're
sorry.

AIDS is:
Never having to worry about growing old and lonely.
Saying goodbye to life insurance.
Lung cancer? Big deal!
A career in medical research.
British Condom plc.
Lose weight now, ask me how.
Are you sure you want a return ticket, sir?

AIDS is transmitted by pricks: the little prick the junkie sticks in his arm; the big prick the homo sticks up his chum's arse; the stupid prick who thinks a condom will protect him.

In church last Sunday, after giving his sermon, the vicar announced that he'd contracted AIDS.

What happened?

Half the choir boys fainted.

1st queer: I always use a condom.

2nd queer: Me too, I can't stand the taste of spunk.

What's white and tangos across the floor?

Cum dancing.

Why doesn't Harvey Proctor have a mortgage?

He pays rent, boy!

My neighbour is a victim of child abuse; his son beats him up.

My son has twenty-four sheets on his bed. He's a quire boy.

Why did California get AIDS and Texas get Texans?

California had first choice.

I say , I say, I say, did you know that Brighton has the highest population of homosexuals in Britain outside of London?

No I did not, and take your hand off my knee.

Then there was the homosexual who got a grant off the DTI to start a cottage industry. He was charged with importuning for immoral purposes in a public toilet.

Did you hear the one about the DJ who caught syphilis five times?
It's a record.

What do you call an arse-licker who contracts AIDS?

A rimmer slimmer.

What's the definition of success?

Two queers pushing a pram.

Did you hear the one about the queer judges who tried each other?

A queer propositioned a youth in a night club and offered him fifty quid for a quick fisting. So the youth punched him in the face, took fifty quid out of his wallet and walked off.

AIDS is what turns a FRUIT into a VEGETABLE.

Did you hear about the two queers in a haunted house?

They were trying to put the willies up each other.

How can you tell when your room mate's queer?
When his cock tastes like shit.

What's the best thing about fucking a 13-year-old girl?
You can turn her over and pretend she's a 13-year-old boy.

Here's the good news about AIDS:

The undertaking business is booming.
Condom sales are UP.
The drug companies are making a killing.
And the cemeteries have never been so popular; they're dying to get in.

Mr Smith's wife has been to the doctor for a blood test, as she hasn't been feeling too good recently. A few days later, the doctor phones Mr Smith and says that there has been a bit of a mix-up; her blood sample has got confused with that of another patient, and she's either got heart disease or AIDS. Smith: "Well that's not much help to me, is it? What should I do?"
Doctor: "I think the only thing you can do is send her out on a five mile run, and if she comes back, don't fuck her."

Did you hear the one about the dyslexic Devil worshipper?
He sold his soul to Santa.

Why can't they find a cure for AIDS?
Because they can't get mice to fuck from behind.

How did the gardener catch AIDS?
Shoving peat up his arse.

Then there was the rent boy who refused to accept credit cards.
For him it was strictly C.O.D. (Cash On Debauchery).

If sodomy gives you a pain in the neck, you're doing it wrong.

"The Jew is the maggot of society." Martin Webster.
"Rather a maggot than a faggot." Lord Jakobowits.

"We used to hate faggots on an emotional basis. Now we have a good reason." Attributed to a surgeon in Pennsylvania.

"Homosexuality is a sin, deserving the death penalty." Attributed to an internist from Oklahoma.

From a book on AIDS: Old lady: I think it's having a good effect on homosexual behaviour. Causing them to be...
Interviewer: Less promiscuous?
Old Lady: Dead.

A Gay Limerick

There was a young man from LA
Who said: I'm so glad to be gay,
And burst into song,
But it didn't last long,
For he soon caught AIDS and passed away.

The Young Lady Of Florida

There was a young lady of Florida
Had it off with her boss in the corridor
Now this fairest of maids
Is infected with AIDS,
Which is like the Black Death, only horrid.

The Young Fellow Named Jim

There was a young fellow named Jim
Who said: AIDS is a great way to slim,
So he fucked ninety queers
In the space of two years,
And that was the last heard of him.

The Happy Hooker

There was a young fellow called Mawk,
His rear end decided to hawk,
But the cops felt his collar,
'Fore he'd made a dollar,
The luckiest whore in New York!

ANTIRACISTS
ARE LIKE HOMOPHOBES:
THEY THINK
THEY CAN BAN
NATURE
(EVIL THOUGH
THAT NATURE BE)

[Grafitti from the men's toilet in the British Library]

A bloke goes to the doctor because his prick has gone wrinkly and a funny colour. "My God!" says the doctor, backing away "that's the worst case of GASH I've ever seen!"
"GASH?" says the bloke, "what's that?"
"Horrible", says the doctor, "it stands for Gonorrhoea, AIDS, Syphilis and Herpes all rolled into one."
"Oh no! What'll happen to me?"
"Well, you're going straight to hospital for a start. You'll be put on a diet of Dover sole and pancakes."
"Dover sole and pancakes? What good will they do?"
"No good at all, but that's the only thing they'll be able to slide under the door."

Miss Smith was taking her usual Thursday afternoon English class for seven year olds. "Now then, children, can anyone think of a sentence which has the word 'contagious' in it?"
Little Janie put her hand up straight away.
"Yes Janie, what's your sentence?", said Miss Smith.
"Some diseases are very contagious", said little Janie.
"That's very good. Now, has anyone else got a sentence?"
Just then, Steven put his hand up.
"Go on then, Steven, tell us your sentence."
"AIDS is a very contagious disease.", chirped Steven.
"That's very good too. And one more, children?"
It was then that Johnny put his hand up. Sighing, Miss Smith said, "All right then Johnny. Tell us your sentence."
"Well miss. My dad's a binman, and last Christmas, this man wouldn't give him a tip, so my dad emptied him bin over the man's head, and he said it took the contagious to get it off."

Would you like to make a donation to the Terrence Higgins Trust?
No, let him buy his own.

Then there was the queer long distance lorry driver who became H.G.V. positive.

A queer went to his doctor and asked him if he knew of a cure for AIDS. "Drink fourteen pints of Guinness and eat a double strength vindaloo said the doc'."
"Will it cure me?" asked his patient, hopefully.
"No", he replied, "but it'll show you what your arsehole's really for."

A queer went to his doctor who told him, I've got some bad news and some good news for you. The bad news is you've got AIDS. The good news is you've got Alzheimer's disease as well, so by the time you get home you'll have forgotten all about it.

Prostitute, "Ha ha, I've got AIDS".
Leper, "Ha ha, It's still inside you!"

A millionaire was holding a big party at his mansion, and decided part way through the evening to announce his challenge. "Thank you all for coming. I'd like to offer everyone the chance to win some money. I'm willing to give ten thousand pounds to the first person to swim a width of the swimming pool, but I should warn you that three sharks have just been released into it. Are there any takers?"

Above the hush that followed, all that was heard was nervous coughing and the chink of glasses. After waiting for a couple of minutes the host announced: "All right, I'll tell you what: twenty thousand pounds and the keys to my Rolls Royce. All you need do is one width. Surely someone must be willing to try?" Again, the hush. Eventually the host said: "Ok, thirty thousand pounds, the keys to my Rolls, and any bit of cunt you like." Suddenly there was a splash, and everyone turned to see this figure desperately swimming across the pool. At the other side, some people pulled him out. The swimmer lay at the poolside in obvious agony, the cuts, tears and lacerations made all the more painful by the chlorine in the water.

The millionaire walked over to him and said, "Well done! I'm amazed. I never thought anyone would take up my offer. Well, here you go: thirty thousand pounds, and the keys to the Rolls, (it's parked round the side). Now which cunt do you want?" "The one that pushed me in," the man gasped.

A guy calls all his friends together for a party and then stands up to make an announcement: "I've called you all together to tell you I have only 3 months left to live. I have AIDS".

"No, no, John", whispers his doctor in his ear, "You don't have AIDS, you have cancer."

"I know", he whispers back, "but do you think I want this lot fucking my wife when I'm dead?"

Advice that I pass on to everyone that the Terrence Higgins Trust etc seem to have missed. Don't just use a condom. If you suffer from bleeding gums, DON'T do the natural thing and brush your teeth before sex - use a mouthwash instead!

The surgeon has performed extensive reconstruction on an accident victim. He has bad news and (guess what!) good news. The bad news - he was short of spare parts, so had to graft on the legs of a lesbian, the balls of a black man and the penis of a homosexual. The good news - the patient is now at the top of Camden Council's housing list.

What do football managers, RUC officers and rent boys have in common?

Short careers.

The only certainties in life are death and taxes.

I know that because I've just met a VATman with AIDS.

Our most versatile word, by its stress and inflection it can describe any emotion. No other word can be used in such varied grammatical nuances. It can be used as a noun (I don't give a fuck), as an adjective (It's a fucking beauty), or as a verb in its transitive form (He well and truly fucked it up). Everyday occasions show its true versatility :

| | |
|-------------|---------------------------|
| Denial | I'll be fucked if I did. |
| Perplexity | I know fuck all about it. |
| Greeting | How the fuck are you? |
| Frustration | Oh fuck it! |
| Derision | He fucks everything up. |
| Impotence | Fuck off. |
| Virility | Fuck up. |
| Gang bang | Fuck all. |

The word has been used by some famous personages throughout the years, the more notable of them being :

| | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| What the fuck was that? | Mayor of Hiroshima |
| Look at all those fucking Indians. | General Custer |
| Where's all the fucking water coming from? | Captain of the Titanic |
| There's no fucking mountains round here. | Jim Reeves |
| That's not a real fucking gun! | John Lennon |
| The fucking throttle's stuck! | Donald Campbell |
| I'm outside the fucking exclusion zone! | The Captain of the Belgrano |
| Heads are going to fucking roll! | Anne Boleyn |
| Watch him, he'll have some fucker's eye out! | King Harold |
| I thought I could smell fucking petrol. | Nikki Lauder |
| What fucking map? | Mark Thatcher |
| It is my best fucking coat. | Michael Foot |
| She's just my fucking secretary. | Cecil Parkinson |
| He's just my fucking mate. | Jeremy Thorpe |
| Any fucker can understand that. | Albert Einstein |
| What fucking money? | Lester Piggott |

Patient: Doctor, I'm suffering from constipation.
Doctor: No shit?

Vicar: You have nothing to fear from death.
AIDS victim: Give us a kiss then.

I met this queer who said he was into necrophilia.
Was he joking?
No, he was in dead Earnest.

What do British Telecom and the editor of Gay News have in common?

They've both been fucked by Mercury.

The best Freddie Mercury joke I've heard so far has to be what was meant to be a serious comment on the local radio this morning. A spokesman for an AIDS charity said "This case should finally convince everyone that it's ordinary people who get AIDS..."

What's the worst thing about AIDS?

Trying to convince your parents you're Haitian.

What did Gazza say when God was handing out dicks?

"On my head son!"

What's a 71?

69 with two fingers up your arse.

AIDS is like top rate income tax. Those who've got it, wish they didn't; those who don't qualify often wish they did.

What do AIDS and lung cancer have in common?

They're both caused by fags.

Jesus had always known that God moved in mysterious ways, but could never figure out the reasoning for one of his moves so decided to question his father and find out.

"Father", he said, "One thing I could never figure out is why you invented homosexuality?"

"Well Son" said God, "I had to have some way of making sure your mother remained a virgin".

If God had wanted man to have sex with man he would have created Adam and Adam. Attributed to a Brixton clergyman.

What's worse than losing fat?

Finding SLIM!

What coffee do AIDS sufferers drink?

Camp, of course.

The Grand Old Duke of York

He had ten thousand men

And caught AIDS.

The Welsh AIDS sufferer: Dai Young. I thought he was the author of a book on euthanasia.

30 REASONS WHY CUCUMBERS ARE BETTER THAN MEN

1. The average cucumber is about eleven inches long.
2. Cucumbers stay hard for a week.
3. Cucumbers are easy to pick up.
4. You can fondle a cucumber in a supermarket and know how firm it is before you take it home.
5. A cucumber will always respect you in the morning.
6. You can go to the cinema with a cucumber and watch the film.
7. A cucumber won't ask, "Am I the first?"
8. Cucumbers won't make you wear kinky clothes or go to bed with your high heels on.
9. You can have as many cucumbers as you can handle.
10. No one ever got pregnant by a cucumber.
11. You never have to fake an orgasm with a cucumber.
12. A cucumber will never scream if you bite it.
13. A cucumber will never ask, "How was it for you?"
14. You can eat cucumbers when you feel like it.
15. Cucumbers taste much nicer.
16. Cucumbers aren't jealous of your gynaecologist, ski instructor or hairdresser.
17. A cucumber will never make a scene because there are other cucumbers in the fridge.
18. No matter how old you are, you can always get a fresh cucumber.
19. You can keep your cucumber going for more than two minutes.
20. A cucumber won't care what time of the month it is.
21. With a cucumber, you never have to say you're sorry.
22. Cucumbers don't leave whisker burns, fall asleep on your chest or drool on the pillow.
23. Cucumbers won't eat all your food or drink all your liquor.
24. With a cucumber, your toilet seat is always the way you left it.
25. A cucumber will never leave nasty stains on the sheets.
26. Cucumbers can stay up all night.
27. With a cucumber, you never have to sleep on a damp spot.
28. A cucumber will never leave you for:
 - (a) another woman
 - (b) another man
 - (c) another cucumber
29. You always know where your cucumber has been.
30. No one ever caught VD or AIDS from a cucumber.

What has Prince Philip got in common with AIDS?
They both fuck queens.

Did you hear about the gay sparrow that flew backwards for a lark?

What do you call a Pakistani AIDS sufferer?
Mo Hammed.

Notice in a VD clinic:

No buggery

The penalty for ignoring this is a pain in the arse
haemorrhoids
sudden weight loss
diarrhoea
nausea
vomiting
bronchitis
pneumonia
and death

How do you get four queers on a bar stool?
Turn it upside down!

What do you call a gay Indian.
A brave fucker!

Practice safe sex Thai-style: fuck a twelve year old!

Paedophile's motto: Waif sex is safe sex.

The wicked tooth fairy took the little boy's tooth and left him
with HIV.

They've already found a cure for AIDS. They gave it an Alfa Romeo
part number. Now no one can get it.

My next door neighbour died of Mercury poisoning.
Did he eat infected fish?
No, infected pussy.

Bangkok is the AIDS capital of Asia. Los Angeles is the AIDS
capital of the United States. According to my neighbour, the AIDS
capital of Britain appears to be a public toilet on Newington
Green. Judging from the number of queers who can be found wanking
each other off inside it on a Saturday night.

A US scientist has finally come up with a cure for AIDS: he's
going to deport every Haitian immigrant, shoot every junkie in
New York and nuke Los Angeles.

Queer sex is dear sex: you can pay for it with your life.

Does public funding for homosexual education come out of the
Overseas AIDS budget?

The biologist's wife gave birth to twins. She didn't mind when he
named the boy Gene, but was horrified when he named the girl
Chromosome.

AIDS MEMORANDUM

The following is a copy of a memo issued by the Chase Manhattan Bank to it's employees and is (possibly) a spoof.

Medical Coverage of AIDS -----

Following recent government guidelines the management feels it prudent to advise their official standing on this matter.

- 1 It will be your responsibility to ensure that all staff do not share needles.
- 2 All internal mail can only be licked by registered blood donors who have not changed partners for the last four years. This is obviously designed to reduce the risk of spreading the virus throughout the company.
- 3 Any persons sharing a cup or telephone will have to wear a condom.
- 4 All toilet seats are to be burnt after use.
- 5 Any person caught sitting in another person's chair, not wearing a condom, will be severely reprimanded.
- 6 Should any member of staff require medical attention, it is imperative that the person administering the treatment be wearing a condom.
- 7 All ignorant persons are to be encouraged to seek employment elsewhere.
- 8 In the unlikely event of any dealer dying on the premises, you should arrange for a forklift truck to remove the corpse to the sales department where it is expected that the incident will not be noticed until pay day.

A ventriloquist is on a trip when his car breaks down in the middle of the country. A farmer in a nearby field sees his plight and offers to let him use the phone back at the farmhouse to call a repair truck. The ventriloquist thanks him, and the two start walking back to the farmhouse.

Along the way, they walk past a cow. The ventriloquist decides to have a little fun with the farmer, so he asks him, "Does your cow talk?" The farmer says, "Of course not!" So the ventriloquist asks the cow, "How do you like it here?" He then throws his voice, and makes the cow respond in a cow like voice, "Not too bad. Every morning, the farmer comes and milks me." The farmer looks surprised, and picks up his pace a little bit.

Next, the two walk past a horse. The ventriloquist asks, "Does your horse talk?" The farmer replies, "Uh, I don't think so," so the ventriloquist asks the horse, "How do you like it here?" He makes the horse respond in a horse like voice, "Not too bad. Every morning, the farmer comes and grooms me." The farmer looks nervously down at the ground and walks faster.

Next, the two walk past some sheep. The ventriloquist asks, "Do your sheep talk?" The farmer yells, "Yes, but they lie!"

The Tale of Robin Hood

You've heard the tale of Robin Hood
And how he did the poor no good...
But there's more to this famous story
Of Sherwood Forest's pride and glory.

At night with all the robbing was done
The merry men would have some fun -
In fact it would be fair to say
The merry men were rather gay.

As Little John starts to unwind
Robin takes him from behind.
As they frolic in the grass
Robin rams him up the arse.

One night while they were all at play
A gorgeous maiden came their way.
She sauntered up to Friar Tuck
And said, "I'm Marion - wanna fuck?"

The friar couldn't believe his ears -
She's off'ring sex to us old queers.
While he recovered from the shock
Robin gave the Maid his cock.

When all was done she gave a whine
"Thank you, boys, for a lovely time -
But for your pleasure you must pay.
I've got the pox - have a nice day!"

"Now listen here", said Friar Tuck,
"We really couldn't give a fuck,
The laugh's on you, you silly cow,
We've all got AIDS, so who's fucked now?"

Paedoverse

Though some may say I have no class,
I like to fuck them up the arse;
And though it may be said in jest,
I'm told that little boys are best.

A sixteen year old virgin girl goes to confession.
"Father, I called a man a son-of-a-bitch yesterday"
"Why did you call him a son-of-a-bitch?" the priest asks.
"Because, father, he touched me on my arm without permission"
"Do you mean like this?" He touches her arm.
"Yes father."
"That's no reason for calling him a son-of-a-bitch."
"But father he also touched my breasts."
"You mean like this?" He touches her breasts.
"Yes father."
"That's no reason to call him a son-of-a-bitch."
"But father, he took off my clothes."
"Like this?" He takes off her clothes.
"Yes father".
"That's no reason to call him a son-of-a-bitch."
"But father he then put his you-know-what in my you-know-where."
"Like this?" He put his you-know-what in her you-know-where.
"Yes father," she says, some time later.
"But that's no reason to call him a son-of-a-bitch."
"But father, he's got AIDS."
"THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I've never fucked a missionary in my life. Actually I prefer it dog fashion but the bloke downstairs wouldn't let me borrow his Alsatian bitch.

What's Dennis Nilsen's favourite food?
Faggots in gravy.

aids/scepticism #220, from bobby, 1621 chars, Feb 19 19:10 93
This is a comment to message 208.

Bye bye. You'll eventually die from stewing in all that poison and venom and hatred. You could have tried to reach out to your fellow human beings and tried to understand them. But you have such self-hatred that the only way you can deal with it is to channel it outwards on others. I think much of what you have said here has been a cry for help. A desperate need to engage with people emotionally, even if the emotional engagement is based on feelings of hatred and fear.

This last message from you (I sincerely hope that you have the will power to remain true to your word) is one of the finest examples of your violent verbal abuse of gay people. Yet you would claim that you are not an abuser of any sort.

But I'll tell you this: all my life I've had to deal with the attempts by people like you to denigrate me as a homosexual, to chip away at my esteem as a human being, to try to wear down the sense of pride that my generation established. That's what gay pride means. To transform self-loathing into self-love. To take pride in oneself, despite what others say about you.

Because eventually, if you learn to love yourself, you become very very strong. You can stand up and take your rightful place in the world. Many gay people have done that. The more who do it, the more people like you (and the Christian Right) will give voice to their inner ugliness. The more we will expose people like you for what you are. Bereft of love, Bereft of compassion. Bereft of understanding.

How appropriate that you surfaced for a while in the AIDS conference. I hope you find relief from your disease.

Your Moderator

Unposted reply in the aids/scepticism conference to message #220, from ABaron.

No dear, my loathing is not self-loathing, it's loathing for your obscene practices. I'm not bereft of love and I'm certainly not bereft of compassion, I just hate filth. If you live like a dung beetle you can't expect people to treat you like a human being. As for bereft of understanding, what is there to understand? You like the taste of cum and the smell of shit. You also like fisting, S&M, having anonymous sex with men in bathhouses...and you say you're proud of this. Gay pride? Gay is bad enough, but pride? Much as I despise the Christian Right myself, at least in your case they're not afraid to call a spade a spade.

As for my finding relief from my disease, I'm not the one who's polluting the human race, corrupting everything I touch, perverting the minds of children. Do the rest of mankind a favour and die of your disease slowly, painfully and out of every half-decent human being's way. Gay pride? WANKER.

An Ode To The AIDS Pandemic

The population explosion is over,
They're dropping dead like flies both near and far.
Environmentalism is in clover,
At last the Greens have got their hearts' desire.

For years they've been doomsaying of pollution:
The filth churned out by kerosene and coal,
Now AIDS has given us a sound solution
To global warming and the ozone hole.

Three cheers for AIDS, Animal Liberation
And eco-terrorists announce with glee:
A plague on mankind is the Earth's salvation,
And will preserve it for posterity.

Pleasure From Pain: A Strange Way To Turn On

Where does one begin when writing about sexual deviance? A good starting point would be to define it, and already we run into problems. Is someone a deviant because he is homosexual? (what is fashionably and quite incorrectly termed gay). Does a fetish for leather, bondage or even an insatiable desire for a bit of the other, constitute deviance? And what is normal anyway? The average man, perhaps? The average man might statistically have 1.9 children, but of course, a real man with 1.9 children is nowhere to be found. Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulty of defining the task at hand, there are some things which all, or at least most of us would agree on.

Most people regard homosexuality as deviant, and probably even most homosexuals regard masochism as being a strange way to turn on.

I met N almost by chance. He had and still has no idea of the real purpose of my agreeing to meet him, but in spite of this, I was able to pump him freely for information, ranging from scandalous gossip to a fascinating if lurid insight into the weird world of macho-oriented S&M.

We met by mutual agreement outside an Underground station a ten minute walk from his West London flat. He was tall, casually dressed, and not bad-looking; certainly I imagined he wouldn't have too much trouble attracting the opposite sex. Although I am a terrible judge, I would have estimated his age at about 28. I could have asked him how old he was, but I clean forgot.

We arrived at his privately rented first floor flat which he admitted was a mess. A mess it certainly was, but it was reasonably clean; Venetian blind in the living room window, a brace of rubber plants and a piano being its most noticeable features.

N told me he was a classical musician, principally a teacher, but he had played with orchestras, as far apart as New York and Italy. An ex-public schoolboy, he was both highly intelligent and cultured, a combination which is by no means anathema to the chains, whips and leather brigade. He first became interested in caning at school. According to him, the public school he attended had a long and honourable tradition of caning and otherwise disciplining its pupils. He told me also of the rampant drug abuse and promiscuity which went on. Everybody was sleeping with everybody else, he said, regardless of gender.

A lot of what N says I take with a large handful of salt. He claims to have moved in, (and still does to some extent move in) very exclusive circles. His comments on certain prominent and mainly right wing politicians are largely unprintable. Some of it is obviously hearsay, idle chatter or scandalous gossip of the most vituperative kind. But some of it may well not be. His links with a disgraced, former, prominent Conservative politician are provable, and the fact that they appear to share the same pastime gives some of his less outrageous claims a certain substance, which is basically that they're all at it, sexually as well as politically.

Well, we all know the Tories have been fucking the country for the past decade, and it should perhaps come as no surprise to anyone that the rich are able to indulge their sexual fantasies to the full. However, I prefer to stick with the masochist at hand, who, whatever he claims to know about this or that cabinet minister, is certainly into humiliation in a big way himself.

N has a collection of schoolmaster's type canes, rope, chains, handcuffs, a leather hood and an enormous black leather dildo. I told him I thought only lesbians used such things. No, he says; would I like to use it on him? I decline as politely as I can, saying he'll do himself an injury if he uses that thing. Oh no, he says, an arse can take it. I shake my head in disbelief.

Is N homosexual? He doesn't quite know. Is he bisexual then? He has had girlfriends, but probably prefers men. Nowadays he doesn't get off on sex so much as on sexual fantasy. It's more refreshing and totally safe. Safe as regards AIDS perhaps, but isn't there always the possibility once he's tied up of being throttled or knifed to death by some homophobic psychopath? What does he know about me? He admits this is a possibility, but dismisses it as being too remote to lose any sleep over.

We talk about homosexuality a little. Isn't it all a bit sordid: lurid meetings with strangers in public toilets and that sort of thing? N has some interesting comments to make on cottaging. Most of the men who hang around public toilets are not rank and file homosexuals, but married men. Why do they frequent public toilets? Because it's the only place they can meet. With strangers? N explains that we inhabit different worlds, so it isn't easy for me to understand. He says also the reason there are so many prosecutions for this sort of public indecency is because plain clothes policemen stand around wanking in public toilets. I find it difficult to credit the existence of this sort of offence (it can't really be called crime), the culprit has to be caught in the act with a compliant partner or by making a pass at a detective. How often is that likely to happen without some sort of contrivance on the part of the police? Very often they'll give the poor little sod the big come-on, arrest him and pressurise him into pleading guilty. Why do they do such things? Because they're pigs! He always refers to the police as pigs. Also, because they have weird sexual orientations themselves. They're not necessarily queer, (his word), but they are screwed up sexually.

N has never frequented public toilets, except for legitimate purposes. Presumably he has never needed to; by his own account he knows every well-heeled weirdo this side of Billericay.

What really turns him on? Being humiliated, spanked, and men in uniform. Never women? He prefers men. He likes a man in uniform to stand over him, fingering his own crutch while N abuses himself. And the caning, doesn't it hurt? It's an art, he says. It's best to start gently and build up to a crescendo. But what about the pain? He laughs.

The tragedy is that N is a complete Jekyll and Hyde: intelligent, cultured, charming, and, one supposes, attractive to women. So why does he go in for this sort of thing? Why does anyone? I leave mystified. I thought I would be sickened by all this. After

the initial shock and disgust I can't say I was. Nor do I find it particularly funny. I suppose that N and his kind are properly to be pitied, but ultimately I find myself reflecting on the pointlessness of it all. The scene has no real interest for me, not as a researcher, and certainly not as a practitioner. I may be old-fashioned, but it's my considered opinion that you can't beat a good bunk up.

An artist was commissioned to paint an allegory of Custer's last stand. When he was finished he showed it to his client who was horrified to see a picture of a giant fish in the sky surrounded by a halo, while on the ground were thousands of braves engaged in an orgy of mass buggery. "What the hell is this?" he gasped. The man responded, that the painting was a representation of Custer's last words. "Which were what?" the man asked. The artist replied, "Holy mackerel, look at all those fucking injuns!"

The AIDS Top Ten

Die Young, by Black Sabbath
The Needle and the Damage Done, by Neil Young
Poison, by Alice Cooper
Dirty Little Girl, by Elton John
Come Die With Me, by Frank Zappa
Spreading The Disease, Queensrÿche
Kissing with Confidence, by Freddie Mercury and Liberace
Let There Be Cock, by AC/DC (the real thing!)
Dancing Queen, by Rudolph Nureyev and Freddie Mercury
Never Trust A Needle, by Queensrÿche

The Queer Top Eleven

Fisting The Night Away, by Julian Clary and Norman Lamont
The Little Bummer Boy, by Tom Robinson
Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay (But Only If You're Glad), by Harvey Proctor
Cock and Hole Music, by The Bum Boys
See Me, Feel Me, by Pinball Izzard
Kill A Queen, by Michael Lupo
Pardon Me Miss But I Never Do This With a Real Live Girl, by The Real Men
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme A Man After Midnight, by Grabba
Gay, by Clifford the Bawd
The Attack of the Mad AIDS Man, by The Michael Spanker Group
He's A Woman, She's A Man, by The Scorpy Things