



"... I will not agree to be tolerated.
This damages my love and of liberty."
Cocteau 1928... a clear bright cold-warm light floods
the room. November breakfast times spent dredging
up hopes fears stupid dreams to throw together some
kinda letter to THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD... then this ten
year old, half-forgotten memory comes up behind me, says
"We have come to reclaim the social outcasts... everyone in
England seems to be.... homosexual!"... who can argue?

nice boys prefer vanilla