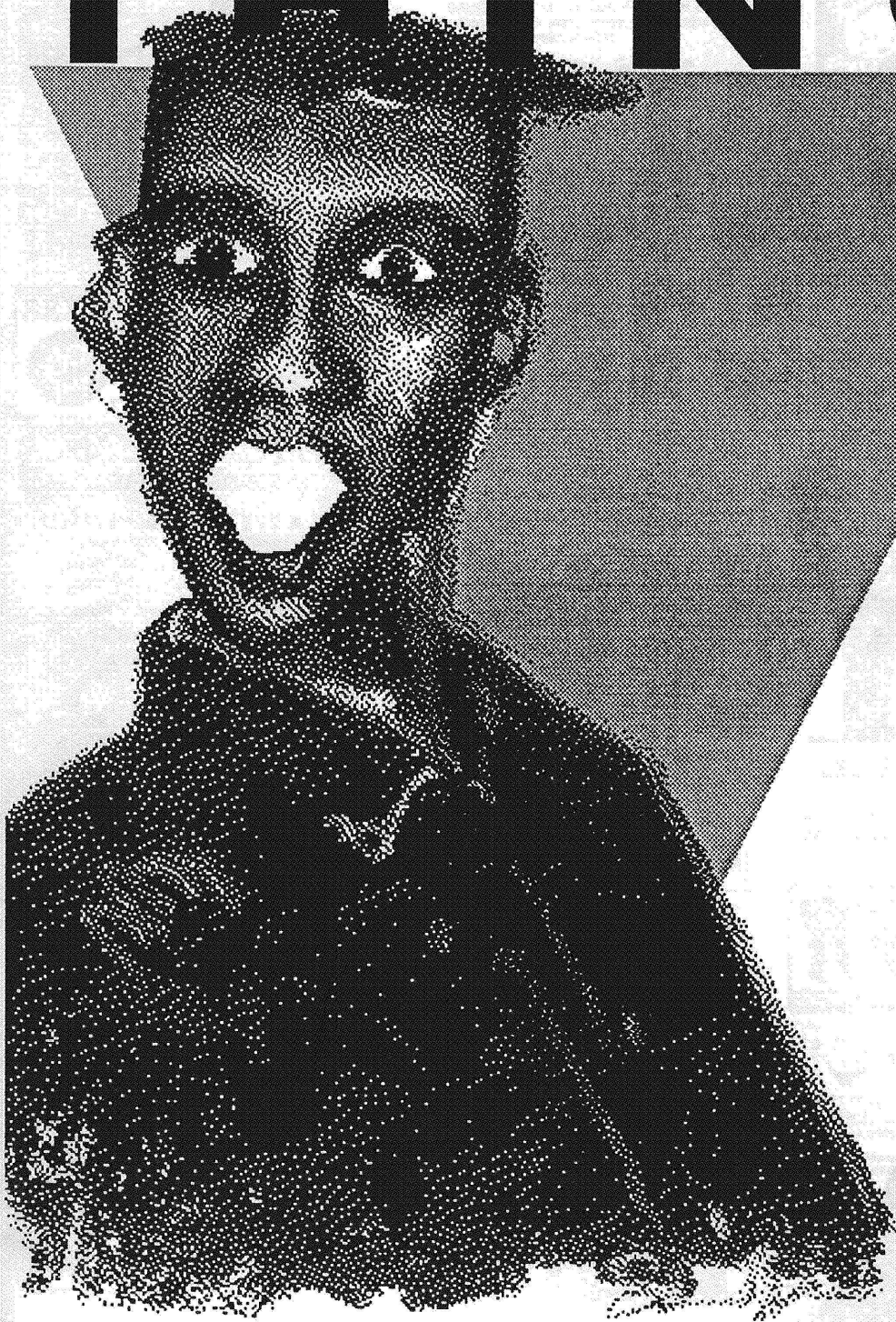


# THING



NUMBER ONE  
NOVEMBER 1989



**ON THE COVER:**

From "My Husband the Thing"  
Oil pastels on paper of Ken Hare by  
Simone Bouyer



# THING

## SHE KNOWS WHO SHE IS

NUMBER ONE  
NOVEMBER 1989

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When is a title like *Obscene Excess* an understatement? When it comes from OE designer, Cecilia Hunt. The daughter of famed sculptor Richard Hunt, she's also a Psychotronic Film Society member, and a die-hard Fredricks of Hollywood follower. Not surprisingly, many art and cultural references populate her line of handcrafted accessories.

From the sublime to the outright kooky, wearable art as earrings, bracelets, belts, scarves, and gloves,— heavily influenced by celluloid, old Hollywood glamour, Sci-Fi, Horror, and Comics, as well as the high and low ends of other cultures: African, Asian, Indian, etc. Beads, beads, and more beads! Ce

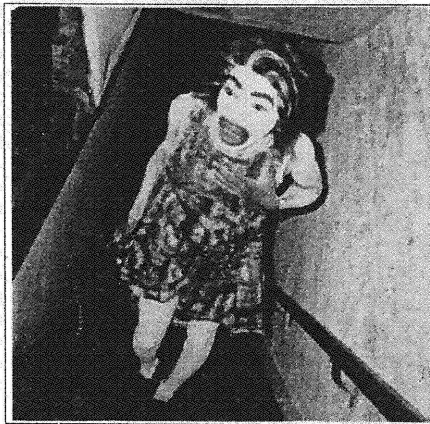


been an avid collector of jewelry, beads, and period clothing since early childhood and has a workroom that more closely resembles a pirate's treasure; the space is brimming with every manner of bauble, bangle, and glitz imaginable. OE extravagantly appoints exotic and unique materials with a serious respect for good craftsmanship. CeCe unexpectedly mixes antique plastic or glass with African, Dutch, and Italian trade beads with semiprecious stones such as amber. The line even includes some separate hand knitted pieces that are based on sportswear shapes: narrow, multi textured and beaded pull-on skirts that all but glow in the dark! Plus a really funky pair of miniature baby dolls set in dayglo high-chairs! Rather like a 'multi-cultist', if she keeps this up, CeCe's likely to develop a cult following all her own.

— T.A

## who THING

## JOKER *shoulda been a drag queen !*



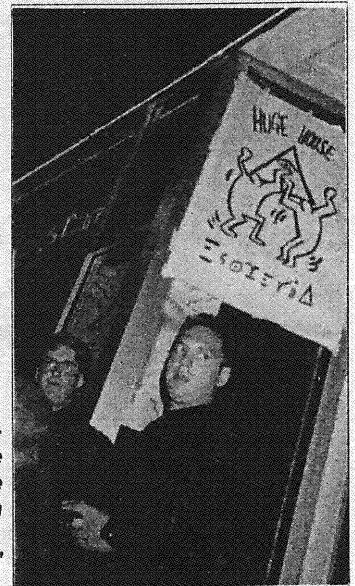
PHOTOS Stephanie Coleman

**Professional bon vivant Ken Hare (NEW YORK/LONDON/CHICAGO) changes his look as often as his name (Ylon, Booswana, King Faruk, etc.). And his looks are often calculated scene stealers; outrageous, but in an "other worldly" spacey sort of way.**

**Well, one night MONTHS before Halloween, "Daddy" decided to let Esoteria have it!**

**Posing as an anatomically correct Queen Helene's Mint Julep Mask doll, (covered head to toe in the stuff) he tipped out of Wholesome Roc (above) to wreak havoc on Esoteria's Huge House party.**

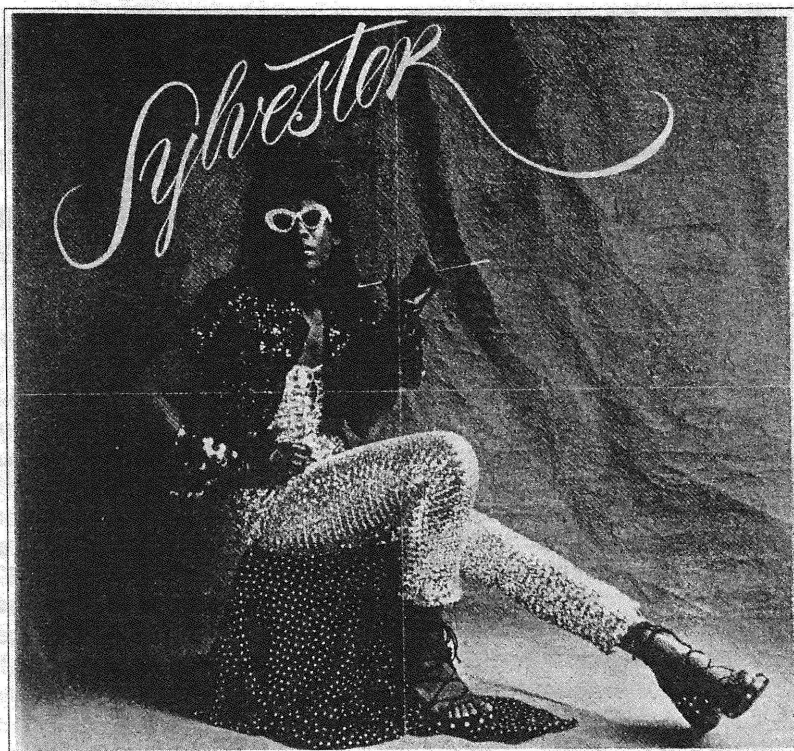
**This is not New York or London., as Ylon soon found out. Instead of Julie Jewels or the like greeting him with open arms, the reception is best summed up by the expression of the door person in the photo on the right. He did not get in the club. Her Greeness made her way home, presumably to stew, crack, and peel. (THIS TOWN NEEDS AN ENEMA !)**



On Steve LaFreniere's mailing list? Well, you'd want to be. That's the only way to get his occasional guerrilla publications. He does it all from his own personal budget; it's not a business but a personal investment in free speech. The latest mailed a couple of months ago. Artfully Kinko-ed and boasting of REAL typesetting, it's a collection of fiction, reviews, "reprints", and other provocative visuals. Its editorial stance is very (though not exclusively ) gay lit. Gary Indiana and Dennis Cooper are among the contributors. The few copies that have made it to New York are being re-constructed and circulated among the literati who aren't fortunate enough to live in Chicago. Taking full advantage of the "Copy This" disclaimer, we've reprinted David Sedaris' piece in this issue of Thing (see pg. 9) Thanks, guys !

—R.F.





## My Dearest Sylvester—

It's hard to believe that it has already been a decade since I was introduced to you through the powerful medium of television.

How can I forget sprawling in front of the TV—and you, my dear sister, splashing into my family room real as ice water and twice as cold—screamin' and hollerin' and shoutin' and irreversibly disrupting the tedium and boredom of my conservative, God-fearing, middle-class styleless life? Too late, my sainted mother rushed to snap you off-commanding me to go to my room and pray; instead I went to my room and worshipped - you in all your glitzy, glamorous, gaudy Gospel glory. You beckoned me to a promised land that was only a dance (partner) away.

It's hard to believe that it has already been five years since I was introduced to you at the PowerPlant, the dance party of the mid-eighties.

How can I forget being overwhelmed as you, my dear sister, kissed me and thanked me for being your faithful fan, inquiring about all the little details of my comparatively dull life, and encouraging me to be proudful of my rich faggot heritage and unashamed of my flamboyant sissyness ("As long as you mind your manners and always say Miss Thing!)? Awestruck, you rushed me to the dance floor and straightaways to ecstasy via your piercing high notes, imparting blessings of excitement and visions of heaven.

It's hard to believe that just as that long-gone club had to end, even you, a good (Miss) thing, had to end.

How can I forget crying as you, my dear sister, fought the good fight for your life—and lost? Where went the promises that we would never stop dancing?

I shall always remember the verve, the fun and the panache you brought to a world that didn't want you here. It is amazing the way you wrung every drop of respect out of a life determined to give you none. It is nothing short of a miracle that you could find joy in an existence constructed to despise and hate you. It is comforting to know that you had already blazed this trail, demanding acceptance and inspiring me to believe that even Big Legged Coloured Girls could be, like you—a star.

I mean, you made me feel mighty real.

—LDW

life  
THING

ISAIA  
RANKIN

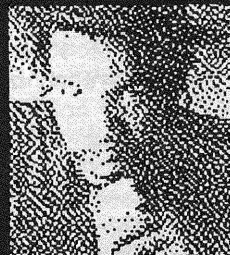


PHOTO Robert Lewis

1954-1989



# how's the hair?

BY TRENT ADKINS

● **TRY NATURAL CRIMPS:** *Braid clean, damp hair, spritzing with water to keep moist while braiding. Air dry. Finger comb. Braided or unbraided, the style can last for weeks without heat from curling irons or blow dryers. With some imagination (pinned-up, pulled-back, or loose), the knotty silhouette can work for day or night.*

● **TO PREVENT MOISTURE LOSS,** Ken Hare of Vidal Sassoon in Chicago recommends, *"Aftersham-pooling, leave in a little conditioner. It helps to keep the hair from dehydrating, and you get better texture and body." To avoid conditioner 'build-up', Hare suggests this only after shampoos. Ones to try:*

- *Esig Hair Food adds luster and body as it locks in moisture.*
- *Australian Formula Hair Salad Re-moisturizer with fruit and vegetable extracts noticeably protects hair from the drying and damaging effects of the sun, water, and air.*
- *African Formula SuperGrow Botanical Moisturizing Creme Rinse prevents hair loss and stimulates hair growth by moisturizing the hair and scalp. The list of ingredients reads good enough to eat: West African Palm Nuts, Camomile, Hops, Nettle, African Shea Butter, Basil, Sage, and Rosemary.*

Black is back. Not that African-Americans had ever really gone anywhere. Hopefully, Black Power was, is, and always will be. But now it's much nearer the forefront of American and world popular conscience. Some may argue that African-Americans really haven't progressed too far from the earlier days of our history in this country when we hadn't the right to vote and segregation was the law. Maybe the idea of 'Black nationalism' hasn't reached the level it did in the sixties or effected real social change, but it's apparent that Black people are increasingly realizing the importance of being true to their cultural roots and ancestry. In the late sixties and seventies, a popular manifestation of Black consciousness was 'Black is Beautiful', and the round, fluffy-picked 'Afro' was the hair of choice. It was perhaps the first time in American history that African-Americans collectively began asserting pride in their African heritage. Now as then, hair makes a statement. Black people are thinking before they *image* their hair with chemicals, curling irons, straightening combs and blow dryers. "Who am I trying to be? Am I trying to be 'white'?" Black folks have always had this thing about hair. Good hair vs. Bad hair. Straight hair vs. nappy hair, the long and short of it: That mess is old hat nowadays. "Good hair" is hair that you take good care of. Good hair isn't necessarily long and silky straight. The post-modern image of Black beauty celebrates the diversity of color, rhythm, broad noses, full lips, round asses, and kinky hair.

**"Dreaded hair is not a hair style, it's a hair culture."**

— Hiddekel Burk  
Braiders' Network founder/director  
and proprietor of Hyde Park's Starchild and Braiders Corner

Ironically, here at the end of the eighties, there are a lot of Caucasian kids in the trendier quarters of several American cities emulating sixties and seventies hip, especially *Black* sixties and seventies hip. Items like 'diamond-in-the-back', Huggy Bear styled bell bottoms and platform shoes, Barry White, Rudy Ray Moore, coconut pimp oil, Isaac Hayes, and "Shaft", are all being rediscovered by the kids of boomers who missed out on the real thing. African-Americans themselves, however, continue to assert their right and freedom to be different and look different; regardless of the white American standard. (Did you notice that as soon as they were IN, colored contact lenses became OUT?)

What used to be known as the 'Afro' has evolved, like a great many things since the late sixties, into something sleeker, more sharply defined. In the sixties and seventies, the term 'natural' meant no perms, no color. Maybe the most chemical you ever got with a natural then was with a 'blowout' relaxer for a bigger 'fro. Now natural is redefined so that even chemically treated or colored hair is processed to complement the hair's natural texture and curl. Gentler and kinder hair for the Nineties with less use of harmful styling tools. Less straining for a bone straight effect.

● **A PROFUSION OF NATTY DREDLOCKS, sculpted "fades", "Gumbies", and other variations on kinky textures can be seen on the street — and on media figures like Guy, Neneh Cherry, Bobby Brown, Living Colour, The Boys, Lenny Kravitz, Soul II Soul, Tracy Chapman, Lisa Bonet, Yannick Noah, De La Soul, Whoopi Goldberg, Alice Walker, Cassandra Wilson, Angela Davis, Jolee Lee, and Milli Vanilli.**

— T.A.

# CALLING MR. TELEPHONE

BY ROBERT FORD

Coming out at the end of the seventies was like being thrust forward into a world where sexuality was limited only by one's own stamina. Outside of the specter of heterosexual disapproval (they thought us either sick or chic anyway) and without the heterosexual sex burden of pregnancy, we could "do it" as often as we wished, and lots of us did. The Village People were on American Bandstand and poppers were everywhere. *Burn baby, burn.*

Here at the close of the Eighties with its new disease and subsequent sex guidelines, I've watched things change a lot. Actual physical contact can seem like an out-of-body experience, and imagination often replaces bodily fluids.

Remarkably, this all happened during the Eighties, where hi-tech is the advanced opiate of the people. The telephone, once a passive instrument of simple voice communication, is now a mini-computer hooked into a database of your every desire. You can check your bank balance, have your tarot cards read, and buy South African gold from the Home Shopping Network over the phone. You can also tap into a number of "party lines" and order sex (or some facsimile thereof) like a pizza.

There is no precedent that compares to the modern phone sex community. The 1-900 party lines have opened up a network of local and national electronic pen pals. In many ways, it has become a new niche within the gay community. (It's too bad it's all in the hands of the telephone line owners, whose prices are outrageous. Their "free lines" are overworked and usually jammed.)

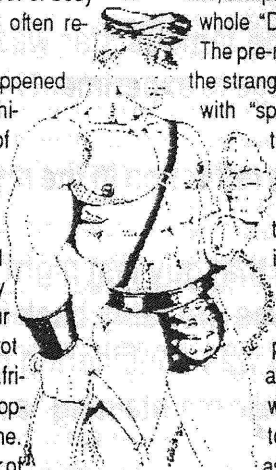
Unlike the bar scene, where there is often no talk, the phone is all talk. And it makes for amazing listening late at night. Guys who can't give out their phone numbers because they're married; who want to "try it." Guys looking for

geographical proximity and real sex. Guys into phone sex. Men into cross-dressing and other kinky scenes. Lonely guys looking to talk. Gabby queens chatting and camping across state lines.

And there's a variety of lines, too. The newest is "The Buddy System," a super techno one-on-one line that gives you sales pitches for itself while it hooks you up with other callers. There are primitive "party lines" where ten voices shout into the darkness, having darting, fragmented conversation and exchanging phone numbers. Of course there's a leather line, complete with the verbal versions of the whole "Drummer" thing, lots of attitude. The pre-recorded "voice mailbox" ads are the strangest; people pitching themselves with "spoken personals" ads. Mr. Right in thirty seconds or less.

And since we don't have Jetson-type picture phones, there's the whole dynamic of the imagination. There's a shorthand for self-description: height, weight, body hair, endowment, preference (top or bottom), and age. Lots of well-built super-hunks; without the threat of meeting face to face it's an easy claim. Race is assumed white, and often questioned if the voice has an ethnic accent. (The wrong answers can leave you talking to a dial tone — disconnecting is as easy and faceless as connecting.) There's certainly a lot of talk about modern day no-nos — fisting, rimming, sex without condoms, etc. Though probably not a complete substitute for sex for many of the men who do it, talk has replaced at least some of its activities.

The phenomenon of this is fascinating, for it illustrates approaches to redefining our own sexualities and ideas of relationships. We've learned to talk to strangers, long a taboo in the aloof state of cruising. It's a campaign for reaching out and touching someone that AT&T would never run.



media  
THING

**UNDER THE WEAR?...** *There's a vaguely homoerotic undercurrent in Hanes' new campaign to sell kiddie underwear. This spot sells "feeling," the only thing left to sell in the mass produced blandness that is kids' underwear. The spot stars the son of some NFL hunk. The little boy's voiceover has him talking about how good his Hanes make him "feel," and how his humpy dad (shown roughhousing with the undie-clad cherub in slow motion) tells him that "After a big game nothing 'feels' as good as Hanes." It's all fairly tame, but seems like the roots of an underwear fetish to me.*

**OH, BROTHER !...** *WPWR-TV is currently running the sitcom "Brothers." The "situation" of this alleged comedy is a group of three brothers: one an ex-football star who owns a bar, one an overdrawn blue-collar bigot, and one is a GAY MAN. What follows is a series of scripts that often tries to be liberal and fair, but usually comes off as mawkish and condescending. Of course, en route to the humanistic moral are scores of "queer jokes," and there is a recurring character, Donald, who is our worst pre-Stonewall stereotype incarnate with his swishing, dishing, and limp wrists. Pull the plug on this one.*

**WHO'S THAT GIRL?...** *Have you noticed how usually invisible lesbians are enjoying a modicum of media chic? First Madonna and Sandra Bernhard encouraged tongues to wag, then there are the unsinkable Whitney Houston rumors. WEA has Phranc and k.d. lang under contract; the former frank and the latter silent. This is the most refreshing trend since the Elton John/David Bowie heyday of the '70's.*

— R.F.



# DESCRIPTION LEADING UP TO AND INCLUDING THE SEXUAL ACT

He sauntered up to the mahogany bar and tossed his head in the direction of the bartendress. She bought him a J&B after first serving a couple of double brandies to some love bugs at the other end of the bar. He glanced around disappointed that the place wasn't packed with people to look at.

"Slow," the bartendress murmured.

He tapped out a cigarette. A dull cross-over hit droned from the box and he considered quartering for some tunes, but remembered the dull selection.

Later.

He opened his magazine to the interview. The famous star was recounting how a particular role had liberated him from a dull marriage to experiment in the lifestyles of the night—homosexuals, transvestites, wildness.

The second drink relaxed him. He looked at his reflection in the mirror behind the bar. He smoothed his hair.

He wasn't really depressed, just tired. Maybe that guy last night wasn't so self-centered after all. Well, it was too late for that. He was probably back in Montreal by now.

The interviewee had had a great success and was considering directing. He had a script that "delled into the oblivion of despair" while maintaining "a resurgent optimism of enlightened experience."

The television flashed images of beautiful bodies with things.

He played some of the last good r&b tunes still on the box, in an effort to console himself. He swayed on his stool to the back beat.

One More.

The love bugs were rubbing limbs, obviously an affair.

Some old guys were downing shots, the regular.

He walked into the men's room, locked the door, and masturbated.

R I T A M A E B L A C K





I was on Oprah a while ago, talking about how I used to love too much. Did you see it? The other guests were men who continued to love too much. Those men were in a place I used to be and I felt sorry for them. I was the guest who went from loving too much to being loved too much. Everybody loves me. I'm the most important person in the lives of almost everyone I know and a good number of people I've never even met. I don't say that casually, I'm just pointing out my qualifications. Because I know the issues from both sides. I am constantly asked for advice. People want to know how I did it. They want to know if I can recommend a therapist, how much will it cost, how long may it take to recover. When asked, I tell them like I'm telling you, that I have never visited a therapist in my life. I worked things out on my own. I don't see it as any great feat, I just looked at the pattern of my life, decided I didn't like it, and changed it. The only reason I agreed to appear on Oprah's panel was because I thought her show could use some sprucing up. Oprah is a fun girl, but you'd never know it from watching that show of hers, that parade of drunks and one-armed welfare cheats. And of course I did it to help people. I try and make an effort whenever I can.

Growing up, my parents were so very into themselves that I got very little love and attention. As a result I would squeeze the life out of everyone I came into contact with. I would scare away my dates on the first night by telling them that this was IT, the love experience I'd been waiting for. I would plan our futures together. Everything we did held meaning for me and would remain bright in my memory. By the second date I would arrive at the boyfriend's apartment carrying a suitcase and a few small pieces of furniture so that when I moved in completely I wouldn't have to hire a crew of movers. When they became frightened and backed away I would hire detectives to follow those boyfriends. I needed to know that they weren't cheating on me. I would love my dates so much that I would become obsessed. I would dress like them, think like them, listen to the records they enjoyed. I would forget about me!

To make a long story short, I finally confronted my parents who told me that they were only into themselves because they were afraid that I would reject them if they loved me as hard as they pretended to love themselves. They were hurting too, and very vulnerable. They always knew how special I was, that I had something extra, that I would eventually become a very big celebrity who would belong to the entire world and not just to them. And they were right. I can't hate them for being right. I turned my life around and got on with it.

Did you see the show? Chuck Connors and Governor Bill Clinton were, in my opinion, just making an appearance in order to bolster their sagging careers, but not Jesse Helms. Man, I used to think that I had it bad! Jesse Helms has chased away every boyfriend he's ever had, he's still doing it. Jesse is a big crier. He somehow latched onto me and he's been calling and crying ever since the show. That's his trademark, crying and threatening suicide if you don't listen. That guy is a mess, but the other panel members didn't seem fit to speak on the subject. E.G. Marshall, for example, would talk about driving past his ex-boyfriend's house or calling him in the middle of the night just to hear his voice. Bill Clinton said he used to shower his boyfriends with gifts; he tried to buy their love. He wouldn't recognize love if it was his own hand, and E.G. Marshall if it was both his hands, one down there and the other careful on his throat.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I am in this week's People magazine, but not on the cover. Bruce Springsteen is on the cover with what's her name, that flat faced new girlfriend of his, Patty Scholastica...Scholiosis — something like that. In the article she refers to Bruce as "The Boss" and discusses what she calls his "private side."

If she's calling Bruce "The Boss" then I can tell you she knows absolutely nothing about his private side.

I was the boss when Bruce and I were together. I should give this Patty person a call and tell her how Bruce needs to have it, give her a few pointers and clear up this Boss issue. Tell her about how Bruce begged me for a commitment, how he behaved when I turned him down. I'd said, "What's the use of being a rock star if you're going to run around like a second shift welder at U.S. Pipe and Boiler?"

Bruce took it hard and picked up the women on the rebound. I remember running into that last wife of his, this model, at a party. It was her, me, Morley Safer, and Waylon Jennings. We were waiting for the elevator and she was saying to Waylon that Bruce had just donated seven figures to charity, and I said, "No matter how much Bruce gives to charity, I still say he's one of the tightest men I've ever known." It went right over her head, but Morley knew what I was talking about, and we shared a smile.

I am in this week's People magazine celebrating my love with Charlton Heston. There are pictures of me tossing a pillow into his face, pretending to be caught up in a playful spat. You know that we can be real with one another because on the next page there I am standing on tip-toe and planting a big kiss on his neck while Burgess Meredith, Malcolm Forbes, and some other old queens are standing in the background applauding. Then I'm in the kitchen

flipping pancakes to show I'm capable. I'm walking down the street with Charlton Heston and then I'm staring into the sea, digging my bare toes deep into the sand in this week's People magazine.

The press is having a field day over the news of my relationship with Mike Tyson. We tried to keep it a secret but between Mike and me there can be no privacy. Number one, we're good copy, and number two—we just look so damned good together, so perfect, that everyone wants pictures.

Charlton Heston and I are finished and he's hurt. I can understand that, but to tell you the truth, I can't feel sorry for him. He had started getting on my nerves a long time ago, before the People story, before our television special, even before that March of Dimes telethon. Charlton can be very manipulative, very possessive. It seems to have taken me a long time to realize that, all along, I was in love with the old Charlton Heston, the Charlton who stood before the Primate Court of Justice in "Planet of the Apes". The Charlton who had his loin cloth stripped off by Dr. Zaus and stood there naked but unafraid. What a terrific ass Charlton Heston used to have, but, like everything else about him, it's nothing like it used to be.

In the papers he is whining about our relationship and how I've supposedly hurt him. I'm afraid that unless Charlton learns to keep his mouth shut he's going to learn the true meaning of the word hurt. Mike is very angry at Charlton right now—very, very angry.

Let me say for the record that Mike Tyson, although he showers me with gifts, is not paying for my company. I resent the rumors to the contrary. Mike and I are each very wealthy, very popular men. The public loves us and we love one another. I don't need Mike Tyson's

money any more than he needs mine. This is a difficult concept for a lot of people to grasp, people who are perhaps envious of what Mike and I share. This is the case with Charlton Heston who has lost most of his money on a series of bad investments. It's sad. The man is a big star who makes a fortune delivering the Ten Commandments one day, and then loses it all as a silent partner in Sambo's restaurants the next.

Mike and I would gladly give everything we've got in exchange for a little privacy. We would be happy living in a tent, cooking franks over an open fire on that plot of land we bought just outside of Reno.

Mike and I are that much in love. It is unfortunate that our celebrity status does not allow us to celebrate that love in public. Since we were spotted holding hands at a Lakers game all hell has broken loose and the "just good friends" line has stopped working. None of this is helping Mike's divorce case or my breakup with Charlton, who I might add, is demanding some kind of a settlement. For the time being, Mike Tyson and I are lying low. It is killing us, but we've had to put our relationship on the back burner.

I accidentally swallowed Mike Tyson's false teeth. I can't believe it! They were gold, but the money isn't the issue. Between the two of us we could buy gold teeth for every man, woman and child with the gums to harbor them. It's not the money that bothers me.

It was late and Mike had taken his teeth out for the evening. He'd set them in a tumbler of water we keep next to our bed. Mike could sleep with his teeth in but, believe me, it's better with them out. We had just finished making very strenuous, very complete love and I reached for that glass of water and drank it down, the teeth too. It was unsettling. The

problem is that Mike had planned on having those teeth set for me in a medallion of commitment. He was very gracious and forgiving and said it was no problem, that he'd just have some others made. But those teeth were special, his first real good teeth. Those were the teeth that had torn into all of the exotic meals I had introduced him to. Those were the teeth I polished with my tongue on our first few dates, the teeth that hypnotized me across a candlelit table, the teeth that reflected the love light shining in my eyes. I swallowed Mike Tyson's teeth and have let him down. I've been waiting for days but still they haven't passed. They have to come out sooner or later, don't they? Even if I do find them I can't expect Mike to put them back into his mouth. That was a big part of our commitment ceremony. I was supposed to reach into my mouth and pull out a rather expensive diamond-studded ID bracelet I had made and Mike was going to reach into his and withdraw the medallion. Mike says what the hell, it's not like his teeth haven't been up my ass before, but it's the principle of the thing and it's got me down.

Mike and I were arguing over what to name the kitten we'd bought. I would have just as soon taken one of the many kittens that have been offered to us. Everyone wants to give Mike and me kittens. I thought we might just take one of those but Mike said no. He wanted the kitten that had captured his heart in a pet shop window last week, a white Persian/Himalayan female. I don't care for puffy cats in the first place and this one, with her flat face, reminded me of what's-her-name, Bruce's new girlfriend, Patty. "All right, Mike," I said, "if you want this Persian/Himalayan mix, then that's what we'll get." I can love just about anything on all fours so I said, "Fine, whatever." Let me say that a long-haired cat is one thing, but a white Persian/Himalayan blend named

Pitty Ting is something else altogether.

I'd wanted to name the kitten Sabrina 2. I'd had another cat, my Sabrina, for years before she died. I was used to the name and the connotations it carried in my mind. Mike, though, was very adamant about the name Pitty Ting which was unfair seeing as I hadn't wanted a puffy cat in the first place, especially a white one. White would be so hard to keep clean. Besides, this is a relationship where compromise is supposed to be the name of the game. I gave a little, so why couldn't he?

Driving home from the pet store we started to argue. Mike said some pretty rough things and I responded tit for tat. Well, you know Mike "mister-jab-and-duck-all-over-the-place" Tyson. I thought he was rolling up the window so that the kitten wouldn't climb out. I saw his hand raised and then again I guess I didn't see it.

After he hit me I got out of the car and walked. I've had some physical fights with boyfriends before, Norman Mailer and Peter Jennings to name just a few, so I'm no stranger to a flaring temper. This time, though, I just walked away. Mike followed me. He drove his car up onto the sidewalk, but I kept on walking, pretending not to notice. Then Mike got out of his car and started begging, begging on his knees and whimpering. I put my hand up to my eye, pretending to wipe away some of the blood, and then, boy, did I clip him!

While he was unconscious, I let the kitten out of the car and sort of kicked her on her way, no problem. A puffy cat like that will have no problem finding someone to love. When he came to, Mike had forgotten the entire incident. That happens all the time, he forgets. He didn't even ask why we were spattered with blood. He said "What happened?" and I said, "Don't you remember? You said you wanted to buy me a pony." So now we have a beautiful Shetland pony named Sabrina 2. Now we have

forgotten about kittens, about naming things, about anything but our relationship. We round the block on our pony who groans beneath the collected weight of our rich and overwhelming capacity for love and understanding.

Mike Tyson is making an ugly face in the Newsmakers section of this week's Newsweek magazine, an ugly face directed toward me. I'm not frightened so much as shamed and concerned. In the picture Mike's skin looks sallow and blotchy. He looks like he's been rolling around in an ashtray. Our breakup was hard on him, but, whining to the press won't help. I left as soon as Pat Buckley moved in. I guess Mike thought I would change my mind and welcome her into our lives. I guess Mike was wrong.

Pat Buckley didn't stay long. She was dating Lauren Bacall and stayed only three weeks before taking off to Cannes or Rio, someplace. Looking back on it, I can't put all the blame on her. Mike and I had problems before she came along, big problems that we would have been forced to deal with sooner or later. I don't want to go into any of the details of our relationship but I would like to set the record straight and say that there is no truth to the rumors about me and Morley Safer. I resent Mike's accusation that Morley and I are anything more than friends.

I resent Mike Tyson's self-pitying ploys for attention. I resent his suggestion that I was in any way false or insincere. Unlike him, I don't care to dwell on the unpleasant aspects of our relationship. I prefer to remember a time when Mike and I, having finished a simple game of cards, were sitting side by side in comfortable reclining chairs. Mike took my hand in his and began, very gently, to pet my fingers, kissing them and addressing them as individuals.

— David Sedaris



# DOIN' LUNCH

## DINING AL FRESCO

**PUSSY:** After spending a whole month on the wagon in New Orleans, imbibing nothing stronger than Peychaud Bitters and soda, it seemed apropos to bid the town adieu with a sleazy barcrawl accompanied by my friend Brad, owner of Clancy's, a fashionable Uptown eatery, and his waitstaff.

After popping in and out of several different boites, my entourage steered me to Benny's—an all-nite joint what makes the Checkerboard look like the Ritz bar—where I drank Southern Comfort from a go-cup and where, on an innocent trip to the loo, I managed to topple a commode and arouse concern among *mes amis*.

Buddy, a chivalrous young bartender, rose to the occasion, offering to chariot me home in his mother's Country Squire. No sooner had I settled into the passenger seat when I felt the irrepressible urge to show my gratitude by performing that most miraculous act. I dove to the occasion and the ride commenced with me happily installed beneath the dashboard.

Sudden sirens and flashing lights caught me in mid-mouthful and Buddy in mid-moan. "Shit, ma' arn," he gasped, "I don't have a driver's license." Peering out the back window, I saw one lone Black cop alight from his Plymouth. "Honeychile," I cooed, hastily wiping the lipstick from my chin, "I'll handle this one." I flagged the officer over to my side and poked my head from the window. "I know what this looks like," said I, my speech slightly slurred from excess drink and strenuous exercise, "but I'm a successful writer with a college degree."

Nonplussed, he demanded my IDs and Buddy's. I pleaded for clemency. "For thirty days my lips have touched nothing stronger than Peychaud Bitters. This being my last night in this lair of lust, I figured on getting drunk and *laid*. The boy to my left is very willing and I swear on my life if you detain us so long that his ardor cools, you'll have hell to pay with every Republican judge in this goddamned parish."

The cop stood resolute—lewd conduct notwithstanding, there had been a serious traffic infraction. Our dear Buddy had been traveling at a high speed in the wrong direction down a one way street.

"I don't doubt that he was," I replied. "After all, he was getting a blowjob—which can wreak havoc on a boy's equilibrium even if he isn't driving. And, if you yourself haven't had the honor of receiving that most cherished of gifts while piloting any craft small or large, you are really in no position to quibble."

The young officer rolled his eyes skyward and exhaled wistfully and I knew that victory was mine. "There, there darlin'," I said, placing my hand on his arm, ever so gently, "You're young. There's time. Someday you'll meet a wonderful girl. In the meantime, please be a honey and hop back into your car'n escort Buddy and me back to the Best Western so we can finish what we started." Which is exactly what he did—but not before I kissed him on the cheek and proclaimed him both an Officer and a Gentleman.

Back at the mo-tel, both of our ardors had waned, but that still didn't stop me from blabbing the tale to half of New Orleans before daybreak. The result: the highest honor of all New Orleans cafe society—a drink named after me at Clancy's restaurant: **THE MOVING VIOLATION**, of course! (Pour a tumbler of Southern Comfort over crushed ice; serve with a sidecar of Peychaud Bitters and soda).

**BUNNY:** *Pre-plague, I took a certain flamboyant female friend (not PUSSY) on a nuit d'amour nature tour of Lincoln Park. She dressed for the bush, donning an Ace bandage for camouflage and hiding her locks under a turban, Sabu style. The friend-ette fit right in, scampering gingerly through rats and refuse, stalking her prey like a real man—until the moment of truth when a frisky fellah reached down her pantaloons, forcing the fabulous fake to flee for her life...or risk exposure in more ways than one!*

▼  
**PUSSY:** *This birthday found me considering suicide, quaffing martinis alone in an artsy bar. Somewhere between drink 4 and 11, I was joined by a handsome stranger in shorts who knew Proust as well as prost. Next thing I knew, we were both on a fire escape, poised to dive—but not to the pavement below. My angel of the evening wasn't named Clarence. I called him Mike Nelson, because he didn't come up 'til he'd touched bottom and found the buried treasure. just like in SEA HUNT. Yes, IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE!*

## EAVESDROPPINGS

At a recent party, we heard a young man waxing rhapsodic about his favorite rolls. "Are you a baker?" we queried conjuring pictures of bialys and brioche. "I am an *actor*!" he spewed, feathers ruffled. We've decided we don't approve of including actors in any social setting (unless they're on the catering staff; even then they should be closely monitored). On the other hand we're all in favor of re-vamping the old rule about not hobnobbing with one's coiffeur. After all, most of us would rather hear about styling than Strindberg any day.



Somewhere we ran into someone—we can't remember who—who suggested a fabulous TV show: each day a different socialite would be the sole guest, appearing on camera with her head hidden from view by a Bloomie's bag. Thus obscured she would tell *all*: Why certain top execs have glass-topped conference tables...whose deb daughters are dykes...talkshow title? **COVERED DISHES** of course!

## POLITE SOCIETY

**BUNNY:** I hate being involved in other peoples' social lives. Once, I was emotionally blackmailed into accompanying a friend (I use that term loosely) to a men's encounter group. I planned on being a sullen spectator; the host had other ideas. After the intros, he asked me to tell the group a little bit about myself. Preferring to talk a little bit about other people, I chose, instead, to recount an amusing tale my companion had just told me *en route* about a bizarre sex act he'd observed in a Water Tower tea room. The room grew strangely still. The host grew redfaced and began squirming in his seat but not because of the risqué subject matter. *Au contraire*—he was the washroom-wonder whose tea party had been witnessed.

## LET THEM EAT CHALK

...the teacher who described a date with a guy who called his weenie a truncheon, and then gleefully admitted she had no idea what the hell a truncheon was.

...the forensics coach who thought "The Killing of Sister George" was comedy. "Aren't the roommates a hoot," she said of Childie and her lover George, "And they're so much funnier than the Odd Couple."

...the high school band director with an M.A. in music ed. who's hard pressed to name five Romantic symphonists.

## DIVAN D'AMOUR

**BUNNY:** A friend of mine was dating a young Mexican. Eager to make it a foursome, the *muchacho* suggested fixing me up with an *amigo* of his—a Catholic priest. I agreed, figuring that, since I found the idea so amusing, my anti-clerical feelings could be kept under control.

Imagine my astonishment when my date showed up in uniform and asked me to give him a lurid description of all my mortal and venial sins—while holding the key to my salvation in the palm of his hand. **HOLY MOLE!:** Perk up the standard

# with bunny and pussy

...or the scores of teachers whose paper-grading leaves them too exhausted to read daily papers, Time, Newsweek, or anything in print except their contracts...

## SPLITTING JEANS

**PUSSY:** (*speculates*) Now that fertilization can be done *in vitro*, the penis—having been rendered unnecessary for procreative purposes—will become a recessive trait. Gay men—connoisseurs of phallic *grandeur*—will be forced to mate with females to ensure survival of the biggest. Leading to a race of no-dicked straight guys who jerk off into Petrie dishes and big-pricked faggots who don't.

mixture with brown sugar instead of white. Reduce to desired consistency and whip with reverence.

## KIDDIE MENU

**PUSSY:** I invited a 25-year-old to dinner and, ahem, dessert. As a prologue to the poke, I served a meal from the Arabian Nights: curried lamb, felaful, cous cous, hot sauce, and fresh figs—he was only mildly enthused and mildly aroused. When I served a repeat repast to a 40-year old, *WE* were *in flagrant delicto* before we finished the felaful. **Moral:** when feeding a child, McDonalds will suffice.

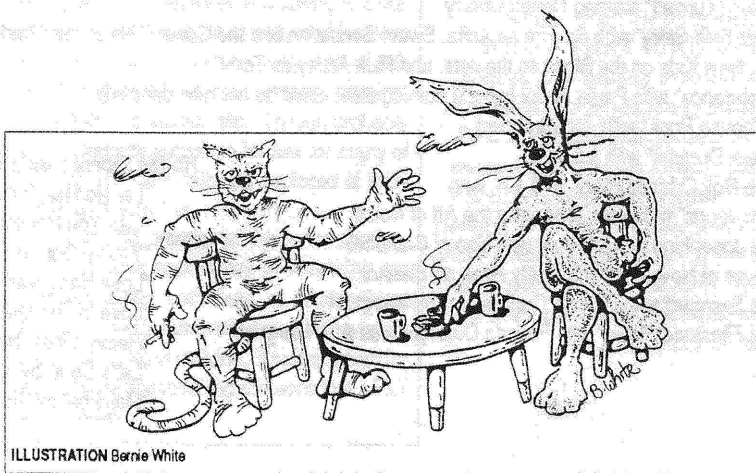


ILLUSTRATION Barrie White

### **Unlikely singer/producers we'd love to hear**

Liza Minnelli and the Pet Shop Boys (whoops, that's happened already)  
Petula Clark and Guns 'N' Roses  
Peggy Lee and Inner City  
Luther Vandross and Ten City (really)  
NOBODY ELSE and Narada Michael Walden  
John Cougar Mellencamp and Teddy Riley

### **Homophobes who make you question the validity of the First Amendment**

Eddie Murphy  
Sam Kinison  
Andrew Dice Clay  
Spike Lee  
Axl Rose  
Zsa Zsa Gabor  
Donna Summer  
Jesse Helms

### **Trent's favorite inside jokes**

how's the hair?  
braid my hair  
call your lawyer  
house hayride  
"that lady"  
"Do I know you?"  
Rachel Cain's hat trick  
"is she hot?"

### **Most annoying pop songs of the late '80s**

"I'll Always Love You" by Taylor Dayne  
"Pump Up The Volume" by M/A/R/R/S  
"Knocked Out" by Paula Abdul  
"The Way That You Love Me" by Paula Abdul  
"Straight Up" by Paula Abdul  
"Forever Your Girl" by Paula Abdul  
"Cold Hearted Snake" by Paula Abdul (especially the rap)  
"Hanging Tough" by The New Kids On The Block  
"So Emotional" by Whitney Houston  
"She Drives Me Crazy" by Fine Young Cannibals  
"Monkey" by George Michael  
"Keep Feeling (Fascination)" by the Human League  
"I Want To Have Some Fun" by Samantha Fox  
"Electric Youth" by Debbie Gibson  
Anything by Milli Vanilli

### **Perfect casting**

"I, Tina (Turner)" starring Neneh Cherry  
"West Side Story" with Sa-Fire as Anita, Sweet Sensation and the Cover Girls as the Sharks' girls, New Kids on the Block as the Jets, and Rick Astley as Tony  
"Flashdance" with Paula Abdul (who, if nothing else, could do her own dancing)  
"Jailhouse Rock" with James Brown  
"Sweet Dreams" with k.d. lang  
"The Roy Orbison Story" with k.d. lang  
"Tom Jones" with Tom Jones and the Art of Noise  
"The Josephine Baker" Story with Naomi Campbell  
"Slaves of New York" with Patty Ryan as Eleanor  
"The Swinger" with Belinda Carlisle as Ann-Margaret  
"The Flintstone Movie" with Belinda Quarrylisle as Ann-Margrock

### **LDW's THING/ NO THING LIST**

THING	NO THING
James Baldwin	Tom Wolfe
Branford Marsalis	Wynton Marsalis
Ty Jones	Jeff Stryker
Cosmetology	Astrology
Michael Kilian	Bob Greene
Roger Ebert	Rex Reed
Suzy Funtown	Suzy Chapstick
Chaka Khan	Donna Summer
Joseph Beam	Jim Beam
"The Boss" Diana Ross	"The Boss" Bruce Springsteen
Dorothy Tillman	Kathy Osterman
DuSable Museum	Terra Museum
WilliWear	Polo
BLK	EM

### **A decade and still spinning**

"Rappers Delight" by The Sugarhill Gang  
"Life During Wartime" by the Talking Heads  
"There But For The Grace of God Go I" by Machine  
"Dance (Disco Heat)" by Sylvester  
"Ring My Bell" by Anita Ward  
"Le Freak" by Chic

### **Most embarrassing comeback efforts**

"Time Waits for No One" by Mavis Staples  
"Workin' Overtime" by Diana Ross  
"My First Night Without You" by Cyndi Lauper  
"Stronger Than Pride" by Sade  
Pia and Phil  
"Back in the S\_\_\_\_" by Millie Jackson

### **Essential Miles Davis recordings**

Tutu  
Kind of Blue  
Amandla  
Porgy and Bess  
The Man With the Horn

### **House records we'd like to put in a time capsule (for a LONG time)**

"Let No Man Put Asunder" by First Choice  
"Can You Handle It" by Sharon Redd  
"You've Got That Something" by Logg  
"Love Hangover" by Diana Ross  
"Love Is The Message" by M.F.S.B.  
"Heavy Vibes" by Montana Sextet  
"Let's Do It" by Conversion  
"Mainline" by Black Ivory



### ***The club tarts' all time party rippers***

"Don't Go Lose It Baby" by Hugh Masekela  
"On The Floor" by Tony Cook  
"Spank" by Jimmy "Bo" Horne  
"Tee's Happy" by North End featuring Michelle Wallace  
"Just a Touch Of Love" by Slave  
"Billy Who" by Billy Frazier  
"Ye Ye De Smell" by Fela  
"Can't Take It" by Keith Thompson  
"Throw 'em The Chicken" by Crowd Control  
"Standing In Line" by ESG

### ***If Jean-Paul Gaultier can make a disco record, why not...***

an aerobics record by Cheryl Tiegs  
a voguing record by Patrick Kelly  
Bobby Short and Gloria Vanderbilt  
a tango record by Christian La Croix

### ***Kids who sing along***

Effie Mae  
Chas.  
Gentle  
Darryl Pandy  
Karen McCormick  
Henry White aka Henri Blanc  
April Pughsley  
Wardell Ford  
Tony Wilkins  
Toy (I Don't Play) Patton

### ***Club Shirley***

Shirley Bassey  
Shirley Horn  
Sheryl Lee Ralph  
Cheryl "Pepsi" Riley  
Sherri Riley  
Shari James  
Cheryl Lynn  
Saralynn Crittendon  
Terri Lyne Carrington  
Siedah Garrett

### ***Bob Toledo's Top Ten Things To Do This Winter***

1. Feign disinterest in sex and money
2. Eschew major studio movies
3. Write a science fiction book and make a quick \$5,000
4. Listen to *Virgin Beauty* by Ornette Coleman
5. Buy American whenever convenient
6. Discuss Tibet with your friends
7. Take your enemies to White Castle
8. Compare and contrast Telemann with Schöenberg
9. Politely decline to reproduce
10. Re-examine the hype

### ***Some girls that gay men are stereotyped to love and emulate***

#### ***The Black Girls***

Whitney Houston  
Diana Ross  
Dorothy Dandridge  
Patti LaBelle  
Zora Neale Hurston  
Eartha Kitt  
Dionne Warwick  
Josephine Baker  
Pam Grier  
Pearl Bailey  
Butterfly McQueen

Aretha Franklin  
Melba Moore  
Stephanie Mills  
Phyllis Hyman

Nancy Wilson  
Billie Holiday  
Grace Jones  
Lena Horne

#### ***The White Girls***

Judy Garland  
Bette Davis  
Joan Crawford  
Marilyn Monroe  
Divine  
Debbie Harry  
Jean Harlow  
Doris Day  
Cher  
Tallulah Bankhead  
Madonna

Gloria Swanson  
Barbra Streisand  
Marlene Dietrich  
Elizabeth Taylor  
DV  
Joan Collins  
Connie Francis  
Greta Garbo

#### ***Love (Disco Style)***

Love Hangover  
Love Sensation  
Love Braak  
Love to Love You Baby  
I Feel Love  
Love Masterpiece  
Love and Happiness  
Let Love Shine  
Love Has Come Around  
No Frills Love  
I Need Your Lovin'  
Loving is Really My Game  
You Can't Hide (Your Love From Me)  
I Love It  
Don't Take Your Love Away  
Falling In Love  
This Is Not A Love Song  
I Love Music  
Love and Music  
Too Hot for Love  
Love Thang  
Burning Love Breakdown  
I'm in Love  
Down to Love Town  
Love Pains  
Love Train  
My Love is Free  
Your Love  
Your Love (Is a Lifesaver)  
Love Fever

### ***Interviews LDW would like to read in Thing***

Ron Pruitt interviewed by Harold Cherry  
Derrick May interviewed by Leonard Murphy  
Keith Kendall interviewed by Reginald Thomas  
André Walker interviewed by Wardell Ford  
Marshall Jefferson interviewed by Marshall Titus  
Ernest Collins interviewed by Paul Mainor  
Walter Whitman interviewed by Shelby Webb Jr.  
André Hachtelt by André Halmon  
Randson Boykin by Arnold Rice

# TEE:word

## KIND OF BLUE



For those of you who don't know, **Robert Ford** is most decidedly a jazz buff. Having an impressive collection of jazz recordings isn't enough; now he's a Jazz Institute of Chicago member and even writes for their newsletter, *Jazzgram*. So, when photographer/DJ/promoter **Terry Martin** approached him about doing a party at **Medusa's**, he, of course, had the brilliant idea of doing a jazz party. (He also had a year old draft for a Blue themed jazz party and *Think Ink's* not-for-profit status, allowing them to get a one-day beer and wine license.) Something Up but low

keyed. Conversational. Schmoozey. Cool and ambient classic jazz. Miles of **Miles Davis**; **Spike Lee's** "Tutu" video, and some real early footage of Miles in the studio. The "Celebrating Bird" video and other jazz visuals. These images ran all night on the third floor of the club. Downstairs were the kids who normally come to Medusa's. And *some* of them did the right thing to stroll upstairs. Medusa's club manager, **Blue**, and his friends

were parked at the bar, enjoying the novelty of beer there. Meanwhile, people like **LDW**, **Kim Davis**, **Dr. Smith**, **Gerry Fisher**, **Wendy Quinn**, **Michael Alroy** (holy Toledo!), **Simone** and **Stephanie**, **Ken Hare**, **Jason Jacques**, and others were in the outer rooms checking out vocalist **Sherri Riley** or into the photo display of **Eduardo Sclammarella**. A good turnout. By the way, **Riqué Green** is *the* person you'd want to work your party. Where does he get all those one liners? He helped make pumping those kegs like madmen every bit as hilarious as you'd expect. All night, back and forth, between the bar and the DJ booth-- keeping the tapes going, the beer flowing, and an eye on *everything*.

Sometime late into the party, two white girls stagger up to the DJ booth, drunkenly whining for can dance to!" Riqué and I both set out to explain that

a strict format we were adhering to that unfortunately didn't include "something really funky with a beat you can dance to," and that if she really had a complaint to take it up with Robert. Well, *she* told us that she ought to just come back there and play something herself since she knew everybody important and that we were just a couple of "AIDS carriers" anyway! I had the urge to give her a kind of blue eye. In a loud and stern voice and not a moment too soon, Riqué screamed, "Do you know her? *I didn't think so!* She's givin' me the Blues!" WHAM! And the booth was made BLUE VIP ONLY!



parties  
and  
other

**t**ee  
by  
**t.adkins**



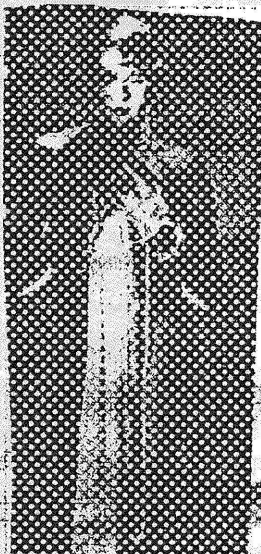
# NAKED AT THE FEAST

You already know this is the title for **Josephine Baker's** biography, right? Well, in honor of *La Baker* and all the glamorous jig-a-boosing she inspired, LDW and Robert Ford co-hosted a cook out of the same name July 1. There really is no describing the party's location, Catalpa Flats. Just west of Old Town (new Old Town?), it's probably safe to say it's one of the last architectural expressions of the glorious beatnik/hippie days when Old Town was the happenin' place. Very rustic. Look for such structural oddities as salt and pepper shakers and butter dishes lodged into brick walls, mismatched tiling, bric-a-brac moldings, and a spiked wrought iron railing so treacherous and menacing we've dubbed it, "The Vincent Price School of Architecture and Design."

Things were in high gear when I arrived sometime around 7pm. Can you believe this bunch started carrying on as early as 3p! And

that the invite specified 1p! Although the temperature outside was way up there, no one went as far as showing up naked. As for the feast: everything from ribs to chops to bratwurst to chicken to shrimp on the barbie. The music was fun. Robert climbed off of his jazz high horse to spin from his awesome collection of 12" dance singles and bumpier CD's. Riqué and **Donald Redrick** even took turns at the box. I didn't buy the portion of stopping the music for the privilege of watching "Mildred Pierce" and "What ever Happened to Baby Jane" IN STEREO! Plus videos by **Grace Jones**, **Jody Watley**, **Madonna**, and **Diana Ross** ( who was the running joke of the party for "Workin' Overtime". I've never seen so many good impersonations of her being so bad!) **Shelby Webb**, **Leroy Grant**, **Ephraim Walls**, **Judd**, **Franda**, **Evil**, **Penny** (playing Polaroid papparazzi), **Tony Wilkins**, **Tim Neufville**, **Larry J.**, and other people.

Oh, and writer **Nick Smith** feasting his eyes on the entire twelve page "Baker Mania" piece in the debut issue of *Mirabella* — text and all!



**FACING UPPER** Chet Baker image from the "Kind of Blue" invite.  
**FACING LOWER** Terry Martin (left) and Robert Ford plastering the town with flyers. Photo by Juan Colón.  
**FACING INSET** A completed wall. Photo by Juan Colón.  
**ABOVE** Josephine Baker image from the "Naked at the Feast" invite.

# BAD KATZ

Remember the **Men Of Katz**? Well, now they're **Bad Boys** (not to be confused with the North Broadway clothiers?). I wondered what else would be new other than the name change. **Johnny Washington** and **Steve Boykin** are still the heads that wear the crowns, but gone is the DJ **Rodney "Quick Mixin'" Slick(?)** who lately had begun to wear the kids thin with too predictable and repetitious a mix of old dance tunes. **Mike Isabuku** has now been installed as the resident DJ, dashing in from around the corner after spinning at the Rialto. After hosting parties at spaces like Wholesome Roc, etc., **Bad Boys** are back in the Wabash loft where the parties first began a couple of years back as **Men Of Katz**. On this night, I was reminded of times in Manhattan and early morning hours at 206. My friend **John Pierre** and I bounced in there sometime after 6a to find a cute bunch of kids still winding up/down from the July 4th fireworks at Grant Park and the last night of **Taste Of Chicago**. **Marsha Burnette** was sitting on the floor behind the desk lounging with friends; standing just at the beginning of the hall was **Mia La Ville** sporting the darkest tan. She said it was a result of working the **Taste** at the V103 booth. Thank goodness for the soft blue lighting and cool climate in the middle room. We did nothing but chill out in there. The only thing missing was wait service.

# EFFIE MAE'S XMAS LIGHT LOUNGE ?

Deciding on one party rather than two parties, I opted to stay on the southside and brazenly strolled down East 51st Street to **Ephraim Walls'** party at "Effie Mae's Christmas Light Lounge," (just south of the Harlem House.) And though the lounge is safely ensconced within the confines of **Walls'** spacious, newly purchased condo, getting there proved a challenge; East 51st Street is no pedestrian paradise. I was indeed fortunate to make a safe and early arrival at 11p. This affair was in honor of the departure of **Walls'** friend **Richard Brown**, who introduced himself to me as "The Party Boy". (It wasn't until I got to the "Goodbye Richard!" banners in the back that the introduction made more sense. I thought he was just being flip.) I wondered about the southside location; too perilous or too out of the way? But a good number of northsiders were there. **Walls** manages a strict guest list and "invite only" policy, and it works because all the right people get there. (I may have been a crasher but LDW and Robert asked me.) But, a good age mix, a few out-of-towners, a handful of gorgeous women. And **Franda**, **Greg Mimms**, **Evil**, **Daryl Hunt**, **Penny**, **Kim Davis**, **Rotie**, **Nick Smith**, and a slew of **Michaels** and **Kevin's** and a rare assemblage of young southside cuties. Robert, ever the promoter, was there with "Kind Of Blue" invites and *Things* submission flyers in tow. Another **Walls** chum, **Roland Jackson**, provided the sounds and although it got too rhythtracky at times and the breaks needed less interruptions, for the most part, the sound and selection were fabulous. Other amenities like a bartender, bus staff, and coat check were a smart addition. The only thing missing was valet parking. That and a couple of copies of "Standing In Line".



...MORE

TEE

## MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...

One hot and sunny Sunday afternoon, following the very first *Thing* editorial meeting, we moseyed over to the Ponderosa Picnic in Wicker Park hosted by **Bob Caskey**, Terry Martin, the **Glasscocks**, **Mike Kular**, **Bob** and **Tina Painter**, **Keith Callen**, and **Jan Sullivan**. Amazingly, these people have apartments and houses that share the same giant lot as a backyard. The whole enchilada is referred to as "The Compound." It was like a big block party. A House Hayride Americana. Properly displayed U.S. flags all over the place. (We were half expecting a ceremonial burning of at least one before the end of the party). There was volley ball, frisbee, and horseshoes; dogs, cats, and kiddies. The true highlight, however, was the food: a cornucopia of fresh salads (especially the three star Grecian salad!) and every manner of grilled meat. After pigging out in the sun, we decided to hole up in the lively climbs of Terry's coachhouse. We had the chance to meet Symbols and Instruments' **Mark Farina**, **Chris Nazuka** and **Derrick** (Importes, Etc.) **Carter**. We even got the chance to hear their tee fresh demo of techno house hip hop jack swing sounds. (Jeeze!) They're supposedly in production with Detroit's fabulous **Kevin** (Inner City) **Saunderson** and **Derrick May**. Later, there was more mixing it up when designer and Compound neighbor, **Patty Ryan**, biked over, serving up juicy, bitchy dish, and hitting it right off with **Juan Colón**.

## THE GOODBYE GIRL

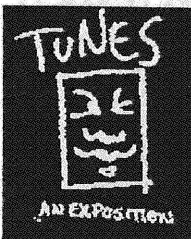
On a Thursday evening, just as the air had begun to gain its fall crispness, Robert, **Cecilia Hunt**, and myself decided on O'Rourke's for a cocktail in honor of CeCe's birthday (nearly a week before) mainly be-

cause of its low key old bohemian flavor and its close proximity to Robert's apartment. Well, it takes Robert to inform us that, as we're drinking, we are enjoying one of the last nights in the place. It turns out that O'Rourke's is going the way of all flesh and shutting its doors once and for all sometime very soon. Some developers have gotten a hold of the joint and a total makeover (read gentrification) is being planned. As we drank and chatted and looked over the aged posters and the colorful gathering of poets, writers, painters, and such, we could only sigh and shake our heads in dismay. And order another round. Funny, too, that I was with CeCe at the closing of Chicago's historic hill-billy heaven, The Ranch.

## VAGUELY REMINISCENT

The night of Simone's group opening at the Gallery Off The Alley, (which really isn't off any alley), Simone, Stephanie and I dropped off Robert and headed for Damen Avenue to Rick Tuttle's opening at the Buckin'A Cafe, in Bucktown, of course. It's really a nice place, however. Clean and comfort-

able without being too sterile or showy. Good coffee. Simple menu. And friendly service. On display were about a dozen of Rick's pieces from his collection of jazz paintings entitled "Tunes". The subject matter and style of the paintings, (real and imagined scenes of figures in jazz and literature rendered in an expressionist mode), went well with the retro-Forties **Rickie Lee Jones** feel of the place. It's good to see Rick continuing to find showcases for these very impressive works. The conversation turned from a discussion of **Spike Lee's** "Do The Right Thing" to Rick's sixteen-year-old son being a huge **Public Enemy** fan; from Buckin'A's cups and saucers being the same pattern as Rick's grandmother's to other remembrances of things past. *Holsum Roc Revisited.*



## TEE: keepin' up with the keepin' up

**EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET PAID** Fast becoming the anthem for the Nineties. As soon House music became the thing record companies would sign and pay *lovely* chips to produce, came the question of "where's mine?" These days, it's not good enough to just be fabulous. You have to get *paid* for it. See **Call Your Lawyer**.

**DO I KNOW YOU?** The late shit poo poeey queens try on you once they get a little rich and famous. If you're *sure* that's the same bitch you went to school with, don't worry; look for her on the way down. And, when asked, just say no.

**CALL YOUR LAWYER** *The Handbook for Struggling Entrepreneurs* says don't leave home without this code of business. Rhymes with Contract, Copyright, Patent Pending, and Registered Trademark, and Read The Fine Print. See **Everybody Wants To Get Paid** or **Candy J.**, "Sure, I'll do it ... but, call my manager in New York."

**BRAID MY HAIR** **Drakir Notshurt** aka **Tony Davis** first coined this phrase meaning just like any plain black girl on the south or westside (Nieces) who wanted the hottest look in hair. You know, *blond* extensions and *beads*. It's a black thing... See *How's The Hair* page 6.

**BIRD** As far as I can tell, this is an age old reference to the male genitalia. So, you get jokes like Big Bird, Bird of Paradise, Bird Watching, Sweet Bird of Youth, Bird (on the) Brain, etc. (Though you do wonder if one of Elaine Loniard's club Birdland "jazz queens" didn't come up with the nickname "Yard Bird" to describe the appendage of Charlie Parker).

**PEARL TONGUE** One of my good girlfriends, **Marla Glenn**, has too many lesbian love jokes but the best ones make reference to the clitoris as the Pearl Tongue. See **Bunny And Pussy** page 12. Pussy: "... he'd touched bottom and found buried treasure. Just like SEA HUNT!"

**SISTER GIRL** (Suhstah Gur) This is as much of a girl as you can be. Good girlfriend. A little like 'Miss Lady,' a lot like Miss Thing. See **Girl With A Bag**

"It's A BLACK THING: YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND." Eventually this translates to something like an Afro-centric "You had to be there." It's perfect for throwing a curve at perpetrators who haven't a clue. See *BlacTress Magazine*, **The Chittin Circuit**, *How's The Hair?* and **Braid My Hair**.



**"SORROWFUL BLUES"**  
*Heard*  
**Bessie Smith**  
*sob it on*  
 RECORD 14020-D  
*then listen to the other side*  
**"ROCKING CHAIR BLUES"**

**Columbia**  
*New Process Records*

**SEX PHOTOS BY MAIL**  
 Washington D.C. gallery must  
 hide these **XXX-PLICIT** photos  
 of **HOMOSEXUAL MEN** (many of  
 them Negroes) engaged in  
**SEXUAL INTERCOURSE!!!**  
**MUST BE 21**

**HOMOSEXUAL MEN**  
**ARM YOURSELVES**  
 PREPARE TO DEFEND YOUR LIBERTY!  
**UNITE AND DEFEAT**  
 ALL WHO DARED TO STAND AGAINST US!

- THE FASCIST LEGISLATOR
- THE UNHOLY ROMAN PRELATE
- THE FUNDAMENTALIST BIGOT
- THE HOMOPHOBIC EMPLOYER
- THE NEO-NAZI FAGBASTER

Those who have denied the Research Funding  
 Health Insurance, Safety On the Streets, Civil Rights  
**MUST FINALLY PAY!**  
 WE WILL NOT ALLOW QUARANTINE  
 OR MILLERS SHALL NOT GO FREE!  
**SEIZE OUR RIGHTS**  
**JOIN THE GDG TODAY!**  
 The Gay Defensive Garrison USA

**DRAW ANY PERSON**  
**in one minute!**  
**NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!**



Artist's Conception

New Amazing Invention  
 —"Magic Art Reproducer."  
 You can draw Your  
 Family, Friends, ani-  
 mals, landscapes, build-  
 ings, vases, bowls of  
 fruit, copy photos, com-  
 ics, designs, maps, any-  
 thing — Like An Artist  
 Even if You CAN'T  
 DRAW A Straight Line!  
 Anything you want to  
 draw is automatically  
 seen on any sheet of pa-  
 per thru the "Magic Art  
 Reproducer." Then easi-  
 ly follow the lines of  
 the "Picture Image"  
 with a pencil for an original  
 "professional looking"  
 drawing. Also reduces  
 or enlarges.

**STOP AIDS**  
 and  
**SAVE LIVES**

DON'T SHARE NEEDLES. TRY TO GET OFF  
 DRUGS! Until you can quit, if you must use  
 someone else's works, these simple steps will  
 prevent the spread of AIDS.

- Fill with  
 Bleach ① and  
 flush  
 out twice
- Then... ②
- Fill with  
 water  
 and  
 flush  
 out twice

**EARN MONEY AT HOME**

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**THING**

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☐ Here's FIVE DOLLARS. Send me the next 3 issues!

☐ Here's MORE! I really like what you're doing!

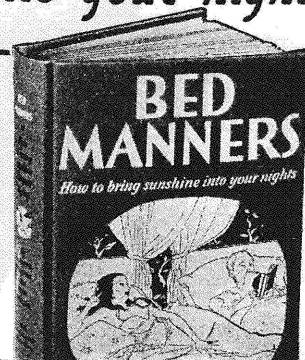
☐ Here's a SASE, because I'm broke. Send me the next one!

The next THING will be out before you know it — look for it!

**RIALTO**  
 For MEN ONLY!  
 NO WOMEN ADMITTED!  
 THE MOST STARTLING, AMAZING  
 HUMAN STORY OF THE YEAR!  
**THE MIRACLE**  
**OF LIFE**  
 COMPLETELY REVEALED!  
 4 in Week!

**2 GREAT BANDS**  
**FRIDAY SEPT. 2<sup>ND</sup>**  
**SAVOY**  
**BARN DANCE**  
 Come IN YOUR  
 OVERALLS • SLACKS  
 PAJAMAS • GINGHAMS  
 DUNGAREES  
 SHIRT SLEEVES OR  
*What Have You*  
**PRIZES**  
 THE MOST  
 UNIQUE  
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**SAVOY**  
 WORLD'S  
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**Bring Sunshine**  
**into your nights!**



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