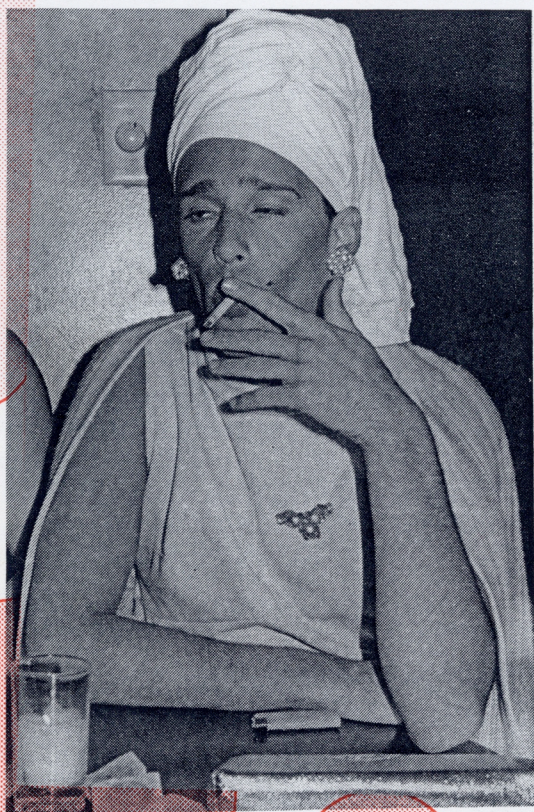


Fall 1993

\$4.00

Girlfriend!



**A Night Out With Your
Girlfriends!**

Girlfriend!

The Video



Join us on one of our next Girlfriend! Night Outs—where we will be photographing for future issues or videotaping for Girlfriend! The Video.

(415) 864-4151

Fluffy Boy's Diary

What Is A Girlfriend?

Let's be honest with one another—because in the larger scheme of things, that's what's important. Love, truth and understanding.

So, let's face facts: all men are pigs.

Why? I'll tell you why? Because they have penises, that's why!!! John Bobbit learned this the hard way. So did the lead singer for King Missile.

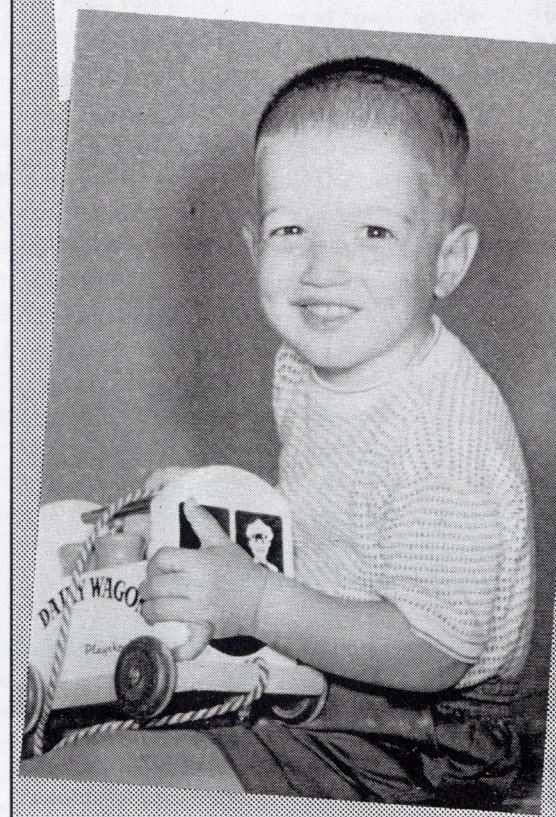
But all men are also stupid (all that testosterone coursing through their veins, ya' know). And do you know why? Listen up and I will tell you the hard truth, missy, so you can spell it out to the moron in your life: *his penis is temporary.*

Yes, girlfriend. You heard me right. That tired ol' limp piece of meat hanging between his legs—it's detachable. Yes, girlfriend. Indeed. Tell him the news. It's disposable. It's fifteen minutes are up. Way Up! Yes, ma'am!

Now, what do penises have to do with Girlfriend! magazine, you may ask? (And, of course, you may ask because this magazine is for you!) Well, it's simple: we have no penises in Girlfriend! We don't allow them!

And would you like to know why (of course you do—enquiring minds want to know!): because people have been asking us, "What is Girlfriend! about?"

The "Queens" From Girlfriend!



"Who is Girlfriend! meant for?"
"Why does Girlfriend! exist."

Well, darling, we thought we made that clear last time. But apparently not. So, maybe we should talk about a few things Girlfriend! is not about and for whom Girlfriend! is not meant, because even though we hate to be defined from without, this might clarify things a bit for all you darling readers out there!

And, yes, that means you! And You! And You too! You have all been so kind to us. Whether you are drag queens with penis intact. Or drag queens with penis cut-off (as *The Chronicle* erroneously confused pre-operative and post-operative transexuals—but what would you expect. After all, they're men. Not to mention stupid. And, even worse, they're *big assholes!*).

We love (and appreciate) your fan letters, your kind words, your generous offers of help and praise. In fact, nearly every single soul we spoke with or heard from said only the nicest thing. That is, everybody but *one* poor soul. It seems someone was displeased because neither their image nor their name appeared in our Summer issue. In this person's opinion, if they were not in the publication, "it couldn't be very good." They also commented, "Who are the queens. Obviously, they don't know what they're talking about if they didn't mention me and I've never heard of any of them." So,

Girlfriend!

Editor in Disguise
Fluffy Boy

Boy Photographer at Large
Mark Huckabay

Senior Editors at Large
Jane and Lola

White Woman Editor at Large
Orland Outland

Staff Boy
Jon Boy

Paparazzi
Edward Berrones
Keith Corollo
Alexander Fazekas-Paul

Tortured Artists Types
Lee Kay
Robert Kirby

Regulars
David Ambrose
Joan Jett Blakk
Jahnna Al Dente
Vendetta Des Moines
Girliisa Delish

Irregulars
Larry-bob
Tania Danay
Kurt Denmark
Orland Outland
Scott Walker

Interns
Sheenequa Dushon
Concepcion Imaculata
Shirlee Sunshine

Address all correspondence to:

Post Office Box 191781
San Francisco, California 94119
(415) 864-4151

Diary (continued)

for those of you who don't know us, here are our pictures. (I'm the cute one, with those long lashes—Mark's the one playing with his dairy wagon; that boy is never happy unless he has something to keep his hands busy!)

Now, when you see us out, especially when we are taking pictures, you'll be able to identify us and make sure we snap one of you! But just make sure your penis—if you are unfortunate enough to still have it—is tucked in *real good*. We wouldn't want an inadvertent burst of testosterone to cloud your otherwise Goddess inspired brilliance and good nature. After all, we know there is no such thing as a bitchy queen. That is just another one of those nasty stereotypes put out by bitter, tired old white males who are just *jealous* because they know they will never look as glamorous or beautiful as *you*.

So, getting back to the point (and yes, girlfriend, *there* is a point) here are few things **Girlfriend!** is not: catty, rude or nasty. We are also not omniscient—that's a big ol' word that means we know everything (or think we do) and know everyone (we don't). So we can't be at every single club opening or every single performance and we have better things to do, missy, besides hang out at the Detour or Cafe Flore. So, this means not everyone who deserves to be in **Girlfriend!** is going to be in **Girlfriend!**

But we do try. So, if you have photographs or news or something is happening—don't just assume we know. Tell us. Send us a flier. Call us up, for *Goddess* sake!

Oh, and here one more thing **Girlfriend!** is also not about. New York City celebutantes who already have too much publicity as it is and thing their city is the center of the universe; ditto LA or Chicago or any other town. First and foremost, **Girlfriend!** is about our town. That means San Francisco, sissies.

Thank you.

Pay Attention

By the way, as some of you might know, the first thing we produced was a 1993 Girlfriend! Monthly Calendar last year. Well, we are going to do one once again. Many of your favorites are going to be in it. Because it's as much work to do a calendar as it is to do this magazine (and yes, missy, we do know it's less words) we are not putting out a Winter issue. So look for the calendar in a few months at your favorite book seller or write to us for details and we will see you in these pages next spring!

Dear Jahnna, I tried out for a play; I really wanted it and thought I was the best. Know what I'm doing? I'm in charge of the wigs. How do you deal with a disappointment like that?—Debra

Dear Debra, So you tried out for a play and didn't make it? I wish I could tell you how many times this has happened to me but I can't—because it hasn't. And do you know why? I always slept with the director. And the leads. And the critics. It doesn't hurt to have your own column, either.

Dear Jahnna, I don't know how to handle embarrassing situations—like not knowing where to buy a condom or discovering that my Doc Martens are actually cheap Macy brand knock-offs or the day I wore deodorant on a date or a million other things. I feel terrible for days after I've done something like that.—Doug

Dear Doug, A sense of humor is your best defense. If you can laugh it off or turn it into a joke, the situation turns from a tragedy into a minor embarrassment. If you're not good with the quick quips, Trailways is offering discounts on one-way tickets out of town.

Dear Jahnna, My memory seems to play tricks on me at the worst times. I'll be introducing two friends I know really well. You can guess what happens. I'll forget one of the names. I can't seem to help myself. What should I do?—Don

Dear Don, This is indeed an awkward situation. I feel sorry for those who seem to "blank out" on introductions, because it used to happen to me now and then.

After I enrolled in the detox clinic, I realized that just cutting down on my drug use was a big help. Learn how to mix your recreational chemicals. This is the only way you can maintain your dwindling supply of brain cells.

Dear Jahnna, I have a reputation for being late. Everybody teases me about it

Dear Jahnna

Jahnna Al Dente Tells You What You Need To Hear

but sometimes they get mad. I can't even get a date anymore! Help!—Edward

Dear Edward, Tell them to get over it. If they don't like it, dump them. New friends are a dime a dozen. And when you work you way through everyone in town, don't forget what I told Doug—Trailways is always open.

By the way, don't worry about dates—next time, try a sex club or a call boy. Make your time work for you, instead of the other way around.

Dear Jahnna, I have a friend with a bad reputation. Everyone keeps telling me he's a bad influence. The last time I brought a friend over to his house, he was shooting up heroin! Now everyone thinks I do it. Should I try to get rid of him?—Frank

Dear Frank, Do you really care so much about what other people think? It would seem wrong to end your friendship and just leave him out in the cold. Try to explain him to your other friends and try talking to him; ask him to be a little more considerate of what you are going through. If this doesn't work, drop him like a hot potato.

Dear Jahnna, What would you do if your best friend also liked your boyfriend? He is always suggesting three ways and my boyfriend has told me he gives better head than I do. I'm afraid he's going to come between me and my boyfriend.—James

Dear James, It's hard for me to understand how a really "good" friend could keep hurting your friendship by sleeping with your boyfriend behind your back. I think it's time to make some changes—either a new friend, a new boyfriend or learn a new blow job technique.

Dear Jahnna, Do you believe in love at first sight? I was giving this guy a blow job while this other guy was fucking me at the last Solstice party when this one guy I had never seen before walked in the room, whipped out his dick and shot the biggest load I have ever seen in my life all over my face. I just fell hard. He works at Cafe Flore and I go in there just to get a look at him. What should I do.—Javier

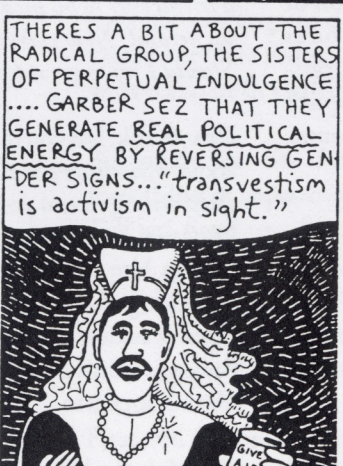
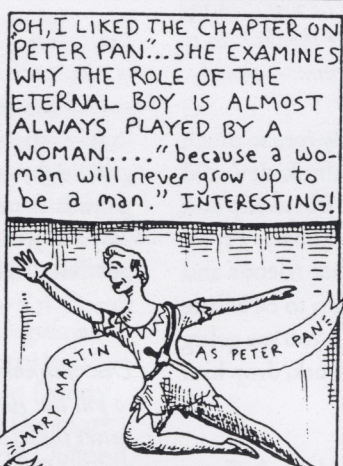
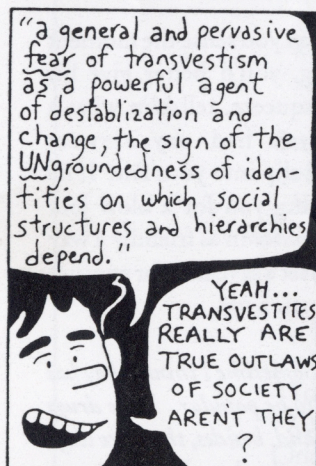
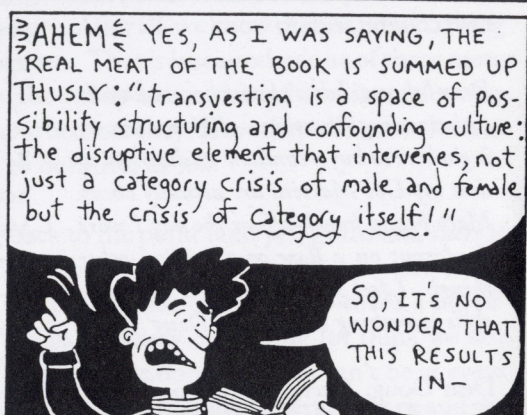
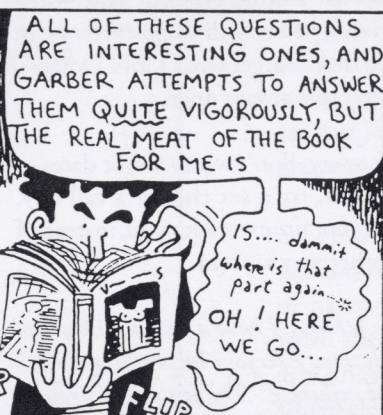
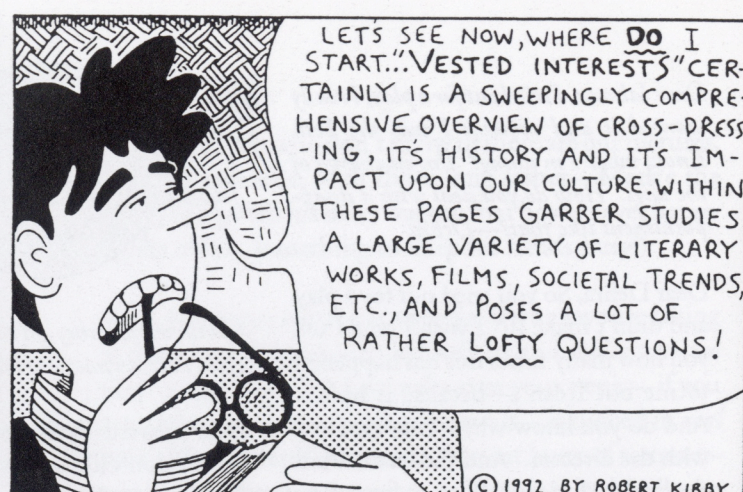
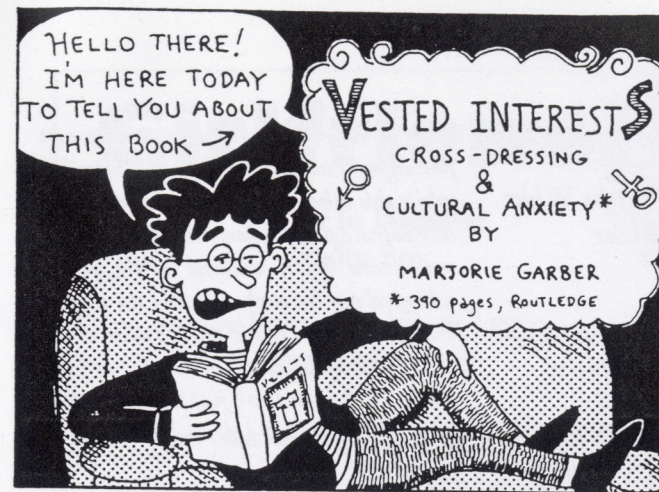
Dear Javier, I suppose I do believe in love at first sight—it happened to you, didn't it? I'm afraid it's not the most lasting kind of love, though. So proceed with caution and remember, use condoms every time.

Dear Jahnna, I don't even like to kiss on the first date but I can't even find a boy who doesn't want me to drop my pants on the first date. What can I do, especially if I want the guy to come around again?—Alex

Dear Alex, when you sense the moment is approaching, you'd better give his cock a warm squeeze, tell him what a lovely time you had, say a sweet goodnight and slip into your flat. If he persists in asking you for a blow job, why not just answer in as friendly a way possible, "Oh, let's save that for another time." It's worth a try.

Dear Jahnna, Sometime I think a boy has to put out just to be popular. I like drugs better than sex and, besides, there are ways to have fun. I used to have boys come over to my place all the time, because I always had drugs and booze but now, no one comes over to visit me. What do you think?—Tom

Dear Tom, You might just be mistaken—maybe it's not the sex or the drugs—maybe something is just lacking in your personality? It could be that you are a jerk and no amount of drugs or sexual expertise will make up for that. Lobotomies are still simple, inexpensive and reasonably painless solutions to this problem.



Tom of Finland - Tom of Finland - Benedikt Tascjen (80 pages)—If any one man was responsible for gay men's reinvention into the "clones" of the 70s, it was **Tom of Finland**. His drawings of exaggerated masculinity were the polar opposites of the images of "sissy boys" whom young homosexuals were taught comprised the urban legions of faggotry. In Tom's drawings, the prisoners of the provinces found men who could kick the shit out of their fathers, their big brothers, the school bully—and these mighty titans were queer (in the original sense of the word). They were role models for men who moved to the city, only to find that the scene Tom portrayed, with bars full of dangerous, beautiful macho men poking each other's guts out, didn't exist. And since it did not exist, it was necessary to invent it, and so they did. Also Sprach Tom.

Tom filled his work with bikers, pump jockeys, construction workers—a world full of nonexistent perfect men which suddenly came into being on Christopher and Castro streets, in an act of will that brought sexual paradise out of the artistic ideal world and into the real world. Most gay men no longer ques-

As to gay culture's artistic debt to Tom... The Navajos believed that each rug they made must have one flaw in it, so as not to displease the gods by imitating them in perfection. Tom's men were, literally and figuratively, uniformly perfect, flawless. Each rounded brow, each sculpted cheek, each dick of death and baby-bottle nipple was identical on each of the countless men Tom cloned in his muscle academy. Tom not only believed in the V-shaped body, he wasted little or no effort delineating men's bodies below their cocks; his

Read This!

Book Reviews For People
Too Intelligent To Watch TV

men look like so many of today's gymbots, who push their swollen torsos along on stick legs. The only concession to femininity was in Tom's inordinate fondness for the tiny, retriouse nose, which was alternated occasionally with a normal nose that had been broken into a smaller, prettier form. (Perhaps the source of photographer and alleged heterosexual **Bruce Weber's** own fascination with well-muscled, tiny-nosed men?)

Tom's work is a celebration of purely hormonal eroticism. It is an eroticism that requires no invention, no imagination and no waiting. Mr. Leather Man sees a boy he likes, so he



walks up and pulls the boy's pants down in the bar and shoves his fingers up there. The boy is startled at first, but in Tom's world everybody knows that raping is fun, and gang rape is best. His men go through the motions of sex with their faces set in either idiot grins or animal grunts. Tom purified the homoerotic world of imperfection, and the world which gay men made flesh from his works remains, essentially, a cartoonish spectacle with little or no connection to the real world.

Are Tom's drawings a turn-on? A matter of taste. Still, it is one thing to find yourself participating in the kind of

scene he draws and feel as much incoherent pleasure as the men in the pictures; another to look at the identical men in the drawings and to try and pretend you are there with them, when they are so patently unreal, to try and become excited by them, when they are all so patently pressed from a mold.

A good artist evolves over time. Dates are given for all the work in this book, giving us a chronology by which to measure his evolution—what little there is. Two drawings from the 40s show us an artist more into Deco lines than chunky muscularity, but by the 50s Tom had locked into a style that would go unchanged for thirty years. The pumped up bodies, the sensuous animal faces, the happy idiocy never varied. But in the early 80s, Tom's style did, finally, begin to change.

The group sex scenes continued, but in a more photorealistic style - no longer did every muscle, every piece of leather, have to be so rounded and glistening.

His individual portraits now included men who not only actually looked at the viewer, but who had a spark of personality, intelligence, something more, anyway, than narrow-eyed lust. In the sex-scene drawings, the crotches attained less superhuman dimensions, becoming, more convincingly, just very large baskets. AIDS and its effect on the scene Tom helped created may have forced reality into his artistic world but this change in his work also comes just after his first United States visit, where he met **Robert Mapplethorpe** and **Andy Warhol** and, presumably, the legions of homosexuals who had used his men as role models. Seeing his drawings made human, may have finally humanized Tom's drawings.

Dave Kinnick - *Sorry I Asked* - Masquerade Books (410 pages)—So, you want to be in male porn...then hop into your car and head west, young stud. But before you do, you may want to pick up a copy of *Sorry I Asked*, intimate interviews with gay porn's rank and, er, ... file.

Read who's met **Madonna** (now that sounds like a fun parlor game), where they dance, where they shop, where they sleep, what kind of dogs they own and just about anything off the top of a homo porn star's head that you could possibly think of!

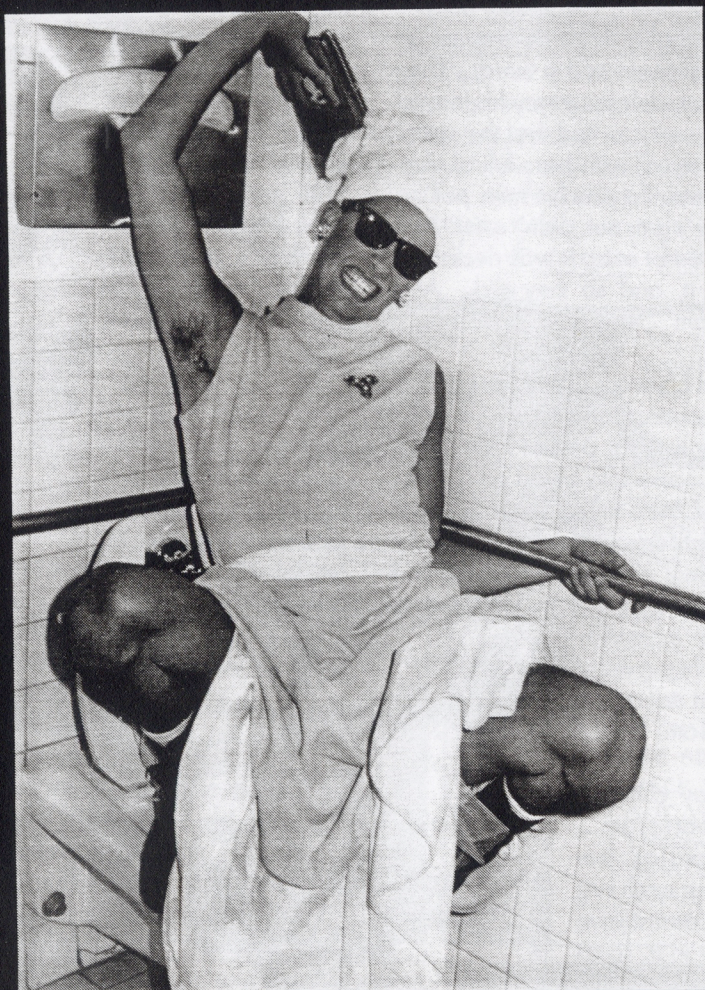
Come on, any person who is a viewer of porn would appreciate a glimpse, however brief, into the lives of these naked icons. Find out who walks where angels fear to tread. How low will some of these whore-slut-love-gods go? Read about how far they've come, where they're going and how hard it is to have staying power in an industry where even its most promising starlets have a relatively short shelf life.

Much of the book consists of interviews conducted by the author in 1991 for *Freshmen* magazine. Most have been published someplace. The interviews are followed by a "complete" videography, at least up to the time of publication. There's lots of talk about the Falcon Studios release, *The Abduction*, and I laughed at the many references to **Kris Lord's** dildo. I didn't see talks with **Chaz Holderman** or **Cole Carpenter**. Maybe they're dead. **Blade Thompson** is not mentioned either. I know he's not dead! People like **Jeff Stryker** and the notorious **Tim Lowe** are remembered in devotion-type diatribes that left me only mildly informed. (These one to two page anecdotes, more about the author than about the porn stars, make up quite a bit of the book.) Hey, and what about "B" movie porn actors like yours truly. Ah well, you'll just have to buy my story someday, I guess.

Overall, this is not bad bathroom material, nor is it shabby reading for the one-handed enthusiast. I would love to see this book at my gay dentist's office! So, go buy it. Or what the hell, just read a chapter per visit at *A Different Light*. You'll at least increase your knowledge of porn star pork trivia.

Kurt Denmark

"It's designed to be comfortable—like plastic, but it's flushable and biodegradable, too."



You and your friends may think the only comfortable tampon applicators are plastic. But now there's a comfortable new choice.

New TAMPAX® Comfort Shaped Applicator Tampons have the first silky-smooth cardboard applicators with the same round-tipped design as plastic. And here's more comforting news: TAMPAX® Comfort Shaped Applicator Tampons are as kind to the earth as they are to your body—because they are biodegradable.

Which means disposal is a comfort, too. Just flush them away—no mess, no embarrassment.

Photograph: Alexander Fazekas-Paul Model: Slezalina Design: Fluffy Boy

Young American Primitive - *Young American Primitive* - ZoeMagik (58 minutes)—This self-titled CD is powerfully diverse—the first full length album to be released out of ZoeMagik. The power of the entire CD is due to its ability to move the listener between its heavy mood swings, while at the same time providing continuity through transitional layers. This makes the CD work smoothly as a whole, listening in shuffle or continuous mode.

"Trance Formation," "Sunrise" and "Daydream" brought me into a delirious trance. Reverbed vocals with a deep bass line and spaced out chime effects echo into a ritualistic melody poised to chill out. These pulled out vocals provide the transitions between the trance songs and the dance ones. The best way to hear the dance songs, however, is mixed in smoothly with Euro tribal imports on a kickin' system. The more spacey elements in "Ritual" create a richly layered underground dance floor smash. The title track and "These Waves" totally pull the dance floor together because everyone looks up and takes notice of these songs. It is interesting that local techno boy, **Young American Primitive**, enjoyed his first popularity in England last summer when the ZoeMagik single appeared on DJ **Sasha's** chart, especially because this is a truly San Francisco sound. It has a European quality, as well, and we are lucky to be able to buy this amazing CD domestically.

It is the only full length album that flows seamlessly between **Spooky** (from Guerrilla Records) or **Moby** (Instinct Records) sounding space beat dance songs to **See Feel** like ambient masterpieces. The song "Over and Out" creates an environmental sound scape—"There is a whole universe out there"—with space communication reverbed vocals layered over rich keyboards—perfect to zone out to or for talking or getting stoned. When the deep dance beat of "These Waves" kicks in, we immediately stood up and grooved hard.

Listen Up!

Remember, Without Music, Life Itself Would Be Impossible

This CD is the perfect item for any techno/trance groover to play on their home system. It is also a treat to hear these songs at a club. YAP's ability to create such a fine, diverse CD is also due to his non-attitude, non-image sensibility. He derives his sound from nature as well as technology which is perfect in the current scene of outdoor dance parties. The blending of digital and analog inspires the best moves.

David Ambrose

Trance Mission - *Trance Mission* - City of Tribes Records (58 minutes)—City of Tribes Records is, in a manner of speaking, the flip side to ZoeMagik's techno/dance sound. The two record labels share some things in common but definitely not a sound. The 1989 release *Somewhere* is the first, full length album by the band **Life In A Fat City**. Previously available only as an import, this CD is now available domestically. The second release on the City of Tribes label is by a band, **Trance Mission**, that includes members of LIAFC, who now reside in the Bay Area, as well as other musicians. Overall, *Trance Mission* is a richer sound which is more accessible to most collectors.

They have performed live recently in support of their self-titled debut record. A unique feature which both of these records have in common is an aboriginal instrument, the Didgeridoo. It is a droning instrument created out of eucalyptus branches after many years of being hollowed out from the inside by termites. When it is in the background of the music, it forms layers and can be interesting and enjoyable. When it is the focal point of the music, the instrument can be really irritating, as it often can be on

"Somewhere." For example, in "TJILP II," it sounds like a mosquito.

Trance Mission has been described as ethnic/ambient music you can dance to. I would agree with its description as ethnic/ambient music but it isn't percussive enough to be truly considered world beat. As far as being ambient, it is the kind of music you could play on a Sunday afternoon or at a chill out, after a weekend of hard dancing, but it isn't music you would want to dance to or mix into trance records on the dance floor.

This CD is more melodic and atmospheric than *Somewhere*, even though it shares a couple of songs similar to the earlier record. We tried to mix it into some Fax 49 ambient pieces and the results were quite chill. The instruments are so diverse in *Trance Mission* that one gets caught up in an Oboe intro, as in "Rig," the didgeridoo kicks in with its deep, rich layer and the mix on this is quite lovely because it does not dominate.

This is a great chill CD; I especially like the first song, "Bo Didgeley," because of the rhythmic vocals. This is the only song with a true dance beat.

David Ambrose

Marc Almond - *Twelve Years of Tears* - Warner Brothers Record (73 minutes)—**Marc Almond** has been a very busy boy since **Soft Cell** broke up and he and **David Ball** went their separate ways. He has bounced around record labels, having his contract canceled by one record company because they weren't happy with the sales of his recordings only to have it snapped up by another that knew any Almond release would be purchased by his loyal fans, the gutter hearts. It is for them that this album exists.

This collection of highlights from a very expensive concert (dancers, costume changes, full orchestra, etc.) given in 1992 at the Royal Albert Hall

in London, is the second release on Warner Brothers records by Marc Almond. It includes four songs from the early days of Soft Cell, including a faithful rendition of that group's biggest hit, "Tainted Love". The rest of the material is a collection of tracks from his solo material, in particular, his Capitol releases, *The Stars We Are* and *Enchanted*. These songs were put out as twelve inch vinyl with remixes for the dance club crowd, except for his last huge hit, "Something's Gotten Hold of My Heart", a best selling single in the European market, particularly Great Britain, but never released as a single in the United States.

This album is described as edited highlights from the concert, so it is difficult to know how the track listing varies from the actual concert. For example, the CD opens with the synthesizer laden "Tears Run Rings," Marc Almond's last dance chart hit, from the *Stars* album, which is the one my friend said sounded like a **Pet Shop Boys'** song. I cannot imagine that Marc Almond would open a concert with this song. There are two songs from *Tenement Symphony*, the British hit, "Jacky" and an album track, "Champagne". They also have a dance feel to them. The remaining songs are from his solo work for Virgin except for the **Jacques Brel** song from the independently released tribute album and his cover of **Charles Aznavour's** "What Makes a Man a Man". As any true fan will tell you, this song, often performed by drag queens during stage transformations from one gender to the other, is perfect Marc Almond material, as he becomes even more over-the-top in his nearly perfect rendition of a drag queen-cum-lounge singer who wants to perform his little heart out for all his fans, be it at a concert hall or for three drunks in some down and out, roach infested fly trap where the drinks are more often water than booze.

Because it is a live recording, this CD is a must for the true fan, who will

already own the more essential import only compilations, *A Virgin's Tale, Volume I* and *II*. The fans who only remember Marc Almond from his Soft Cell days, the ones screaming for "Sex Dwarf" at his last San Francisco concert, will be better served with a purchase of the collection of rerecorded or remixed Soft Cell tracks, *Marc Almond/Soft Cell - Memorabilia*.

Fluffy Boy

Ethyl Meatplow - *Happy Day Sweetheart* - Dali Records (65 minutes)—I remember these people that I knew, who moved up here from L.A. for a while, told me that I should go see their friends, **Ethyl Meatplow** play at some club. I remember trying to decline without sounding unfriendly or antisocial. This tape makes me kind of sorry that I didn't go.

They're nothing if not interesting. All of their songs don't sound the same. I've always found it helpful to describe rock bands by saying they sound like so-and-so meets whom-ever. The one end that I can pin down is **Nine Inch Nails**, maybe because I never got to hear too much of that 'industrial' sound, maybe it's because they actually do. They don't take themselves so seriously, though. They do a cover of that song, *Close To You* that the **Circle Jerks** did on *Golden Shower of Hits*. I think it's a **Carpenters** tune. Maybe the Circle Jerks would be a good other end....

Ethyl Meatplow has a certain post punk-type edge, I don't know....it just sounds so dance-music, but there's not so much computer sounds. Someone told me that the song *Queenie* from this recording is a big hit in clubs, but it would never get any airplay because it's mostly comprised of profane language. They've got these weird **Pink Floyd**-type sound effects going on between some of the songs and one of the singers sounds like the guy in **The Cult**.

Scott Walker

RuPaul - *Supermodel of the World* - Tommy Boys Records (48 minutes)—**RuPaul**, 90's ka-ween, transgender siren and all around Miss Thang, sashays onto the musical world's much trod runway with the release of her first full length album. This twelve song CD, a collection of hopeful affirmations set to a house beat, is a hodgepodge of queer identified musical genres. High N.R.G., pure unadulterated 70's disco and current go-go grinding cha-cha tunes. The biggest surprises on the album are the whimsical **Teddy Pendergrass**-esque ballads like "Supernatural" and "Prisoner of Love". Sultry and seductive vocal slitherings amid rumpled satin sheets. The he/she gender anonymous voice nips sweet kisses along the nape of your neck while naughty whispers fill your inner ear.

Other reviewers have harped endlessly about the album's inconsistencies or attempted to shred the Paris originality of RuPaul herself. I believe those poor tortured souls are suffering from wig envy. It takes a great deal more than one club hit like "Supermodel" and fierce personal style to get a record company to commit to sinking a few hundred thousand ducats into your album and video. It takes talent with a capital T—and I'm not chatting about an innate ability to color match!

RuPaul, a.k.a. RuPaul Andre Charles whose momma Ernestine snatched that name out of the glossy pages of *Ebony* magazine, co-wrote eleven out of the twelve songs on the CD. The only exception being "Everybody Dance". She also managed to get comedian **La Wanda Page** (Sanford & Son's Aunt Esther) and **Fred Schnieder** of the **B-52's** to contribute their distinctive vocalizations on several tracks. Blessed with a wry humor, RuPaul also includes a homily to hairburners everywhere by recording "Back to My Roots". RuPaul rises above personal slurs on her character by remaining unafraid to don a pair of silver lame pumps and prance down life's little highway.

Supermodel of the World is not your average *Billboard* chart-topping album. It's a unique addition to the musical world's dusty and staid make money, not waves formula. It is entirely queer and, like RuPaul herself, offers no apologies or explanations. To many this may be 'bubble gum pop'. It is true there aren't any earth shattering revelations among its lyrics or musical format. It is, however, an historical first. It's a CD whose star is a African-American, six foot something drag queen topped by a cataclysmic platinum blond wig. Lord knows we certainly don't have enough of that in this world. RuPaul may not exactly be **Harvey Milk** but she and her music are certainly providing the revolution a soundtrack to dance too. If the Stonewall Riots are ever adapted into a Broadway musical, I know who I hope would be cast as the queen who had the nerve to throw the first brick.

Waiyde Palmer

Techno

A New Dance Music Column

Along with the traditional album reviews, we are now introducing two new columns which will review singles—**Techno** will generally review twelve-inch vinyl and CD5 singles of techno, trance, tribal and ambient. This issue, we have reviewed the entire ZoeMagik catalogue, including current releases.

Please send review copies in either vinyl or compact disc formats only to the attention of David Ambrose care of **Girlfriend!**

Tasti Box - *White Label EP* (ZM-001)—This was the first release from ZoeMagik records, which comes on white label (without the trademark cat). There are three songs. "San Francisco" is acidic blips swirling

with tribal drum beats and primitive piano with a male vocal ("San Francisco rave on") looped within. It sounds a little like **Bizarre, Inc.** but harder and faster. "Eros" features a female vocal which breaks into hard, heavy drum beats with background blips, then segues into a fast dance piece with acidic elements. The final track, "Energy", is repetitive but danceable. This song is not the best on the EP but it breaks smoothly into a hard, acidic trance mix. A second release from this band is expected soon. This EP is highly recommended and, although hard to find, it is a necessary piece of vinyl.

Young American Primitive - *Young American Primitive EP* (ZM-003)—All three of these songs are featured on the full length, eponymous release cd. This cut of the song, "Young American Primitive," is nearly the same length as the CD version but is not exactly the same. Although very good, I would recommend buying the *Y.A.P. Remix EP* (ZM-006) and the full length CD, instead.

Daisy Glow - *Give It All/Sunday In The Park/Theme From Daisy Glow* (ZM-004)—The first song, "Give It All," features overpowering female vocals which almost obscure the meditative, trancy guitar samples and tribal congas which together would be more than sufficiently danceable. "Sunday In The Park" is a spacy instrumental with a heavy bass line that sounds a lot like Guerrilla Records artist, **Spooky**, with a San Francisco, outdoorsy element. It is a melodic trance groove. "Theme From Daisy Glow" has a repetitive bass line with atmospheric organ; this creates a deep, swirly long track that is difficult to dance to. Overall, I would say this is not a strong enough EP to recommend its purchase.

Single Cell Orchestra - *The Liberated EP* (ZM-005)—Trippy, Middle Eastern vocals combine with synco-pated drums to create a simple, atmospheric, spacy loop in the first track, "This Is A Call." "I Hear The DJ Is

Here" is a more up tempo, trance piece with swirling, acidic layers mixed with tribal percussions. The final on the "cat" side, "Transmit Liberation," is a chill out dance track of nine minutes in length, created by a building, rhythmic groove. The flipside of this record contains two versions of the song "Heaven Knows." This is a deep acid blip which goes deep into an acidic loop—which is, perhaps, why I find it boring. I could recommend this record only for the cat side, which is definitely worth it.

Young American Primitive - *Remix EP* (ZM-006)—This twelve inch is the strongest of the ZoeMagik EPs. "Reality Of Nature," a song which does not appear anywhere else, is a fast paced trance/house song with rhythmic, spacy effects mixed with strings and vocal samples which bring you into the song.

The remix of the song, "Young American Primitive," with its stretched out introduction, breaks into a twelve minute plus masterpiece quite different from the CD version. This is a very San Francisco sound with European qualities; more vocals than the CD version, with silent breaks which allow for more mixing—a must for local DJs and techno/trance groovers to throw down at home.

Daisy Glow - *Remix EP* (ZM-007)—This features remixes of two songs from the first EP. This version of "Theme From Daisy Glow" is less instrumental, more electronic sounding than the original version; shorter but somehow less interesting. Remixed by fellow label mate, **Single Cell Orchestra**, this version of "Sunday In The Park" has blips added which create a more acidic track with added male vocals which are groovy and make it more danceable. There are two versions of "Daisin' The Glow," both featuring heavy vocals and repetitive samples, which were annoying. I didn't really like either of these songs.

David Ambrose

Singles

Imagine that it's 1979. You're in a sweaty disco, wearing tight, designer jeans and a Spandex tank top. Poppers are being snorted in time with the sounds of two "gay" disco divas, **Barbara Streisand** and **Donna Summer**, singing "Enough is Enough." Don't think it's possible to get any more "gay" than that? Think again.

It's 1993 and you're in a sweaty disco, wearing baggy Levi's and a hooded sweatshirt, drinking a smart beverage. You're dancing to the sound of two gay divas, not just "gay" (but straight) icons but real and out queer performers. It's **k.d. lang** and **Erasure's Andy Bell** doing their cover version of "Enough is Enough." Welcome to the Queer '90s.

This new lang/Bell single, currently only available on the abysmal *Coneheads* soundtrack (or on a promotional-only compilation) is a must-own for any queer. k.d. lang's voice is once again shown as the incredible instrument that it is, and even Andy Bell, who at times in the past has been flat, gives his all. Hopefully, Sire Records will see the potential of this release as a commercial single with, possibly, some added remix tracks.

Speaking of icons, **Marc Almond**, another out icon, has a new release set for distribution this fall. Entitled *Absinthe - The French Album*, Almond's new album draws upon writings from French philosopher **Jean Paul Sartre** as well as the songs of French singer **Charles Aznavour**, not to mention other French sources, deviant and historical. The first single is "Incestuous Love." "Incestuous Love" is Marc Almond doing what he does best, singing and sounding over-angst filled, over the top emoting. I love it.

One of the best **Soft Cell** songs was "Torch." Fans of Marc Almond's who know this song will tell you that it was the start of his swing into the Land of the Lounge Singer. If you enjoyed his earlier foray into this arena, especially the **Jacques Brel** tribute album (*Jacques*), then you will definitely appreciate this latest entry.

Tom Maffei

D.I.Y.

Photograph and text by Edward Berrones

Local DJ and label President Bryan Hughes at the ZoeMagik offices.



The ZoeMagik record label is another example of the *Do It Yourself* aesthetic the permeates the creative community in San Francisco. Bryan Hughes was a force behind some of the better know raves in San Francisco when he decided, soon after the 1992 New Year's Eve Toontown bash that he was tired of the whole scene. He and Jim Hopkins (of Twitch remix service fame) decided to start their own record label in the early spring on 1992. Like other DJs in the bay area, they realized that much of the vinyl coming into the city wasn't what people wanted to hear, much less dance to. So, Bryan and Jim teamed up to put together a truly underground and very "San Francisco" sounding labels for that dark, late night club zone of ambient-trance-tribal. One of their first decisions, of course, was what to name the label. Bryan and Jim, who were roommates at the time, were sitting in the kitchen tossing ideas around when Jim's cat, Zoe, jumped up and started pawing Bryan. Thus they had their name. The Magik part came from Alister Crawley's ideas (and spelling) of magik as an outside force coming inward, which is how they feel about the kind of music they are putting out. They now have four acts signed the label and are getting ready to release a new one, Central Fire, an act from New York that really impressed Bryan and Jim when they heard the demo tape. This reflects their approach to the label: putting out music they would like to listen to is more important than releasing something that might sell really well. This is what doing it yourself is all about.

Because 1992 was the "year of the queer" in cinema, there's been a colossal deluge of videotapes in stores with same-sex themes. Some of the movies we are reviewing have been out for a while, others came out more recently.

Edward II - New Line Home Video (91 minutes)—This was one of **Derek Jarman**'s most popular films when it was released in theaters, probably because it had cute, naked boys (but wait a minute—almost all Derek Jarman movies have very cute, very naked boys) and because it also had a plot you could follow for a change. Oh, it's not as bad as it sounds. It was still idiosyncratic. After all, how could Derek Jarman film this **Christopher Marlowe** play without throwing in some of his distinct touches, like having Edward's troops played by ACT UP and Queer Nation types—and these were only a few of the out of place images in this period piece.

This is a great movie, one you could (and should) watch, if only for the great hair of the two leading men. And besides, you might learn something useful, unlike these other movies that won't tell you anything you need (or want) to know.

Longtime Companion - Samuel Goldwyn's Home Video (100 minutes)—This video is blurbed on the box as the "first mainstream American film to talk about the subject of AIDS with intelligence and honesty." Well, as I've always said, what lies at the bottom of the mainstream is mediocrity. I remember going to the Marina to see this movie with close friends several years ago. The Marina is a very white, yuppified neighborhood in San Francisco and this movie was perfect for that crowd.

The people with AIDS in this movie are, almost uniformly, white; they have private rooms or in-home care; AIDS does not appear to have devas-

Watch It!

Video Reviews For People Too Busy To Read

tated their bank accounts or altered the comfortable, middle-class lifestyles of themselves, their companions and their friends. It's hard to believe a homosexual (**Craig Lucas**) wrote this movie but now that I've started reading the letter sections in the local bar rags, it's easier to understand.

I remember afterward, my friend started to refer to the movie as *Loathsome Companion*. I guess that says it all.

My Own Private Idaho - New Line Home Video (105 minutes)—This movie was released in 1991 and the video has been out for a while, but as I was preparing to write these reviews, it struck me that all of the movies I was reviewing had two things in common: first, they all depict same sex relationships and secondly, you wouldn't know this, in nearly all cases, from looking at the box. The package for this video shows **River Phoenix** hugging **Keanu Reeves**—big deal, almost any **Tom Cruise** buddy movie will show you that.

There's a sex scene in this movie, if you can call it that, but it's not terribly sexy. There's also some weird dialogue from **Shakespeare's Henry IV**, but I guess **Gus Van Sant** isn't successful enough to get the money to make every movie he wants, so he has to get two films out of the budget for one.

These are only a few of the problems with this movie, but then Gus Van Sant has stated he wasn't out to make a queer movie (only little queer boys, but that's another column). The only reason to rent this movie is for **Udo**

Kier's over-the-top portrayal of Hans. Then take it back to the video store and say it was defective so you don't have to pay for this piece of crap.

The Lost Language of Cranes - Fox Video (85 minutes)—I once placed a really strange personal ad (I was looking for interesting boys, after all) in a local bar rag and one guy, Ken, who misunderstood the ad, blathered on and on about **David Leavitt** and gave me the book to read. Ken was not very good sex but then this was not a very good movie (nor a very good book).

This film was originally made by the BBC. Some scenes, which basically featured boys in their underwear touching, were deemed too risqué for impressionable American sensibilities, and were edited out of the version broadcast by PBS last year. You aren't missing much if you have already seen the broadcast version.

About the only good thing I can say about this video is that the packaging actually mentions the "h" word.

Swoon - New Line Home Video (95 minutes)—I really wanted to like this movie when it came out last year. The case of Leopold and Loeb is one of the great true crime stories of this century; it has already been the basis of one movie, **Alfred Hitchcock's Rope** and the play *Compulsion*.

Yes, this is a very pretty movie, the boys are good looking, it's very stylish but it doesn't seem to have very much to say, which is a pity because the true story is an interesting one.

It is also especially disappointing because the packaging for this video, unlike some of the advertising for the theatrical release, never mentions the word queer. Rent it, if you feel you must, but don't expect much.

Fluffy Boy

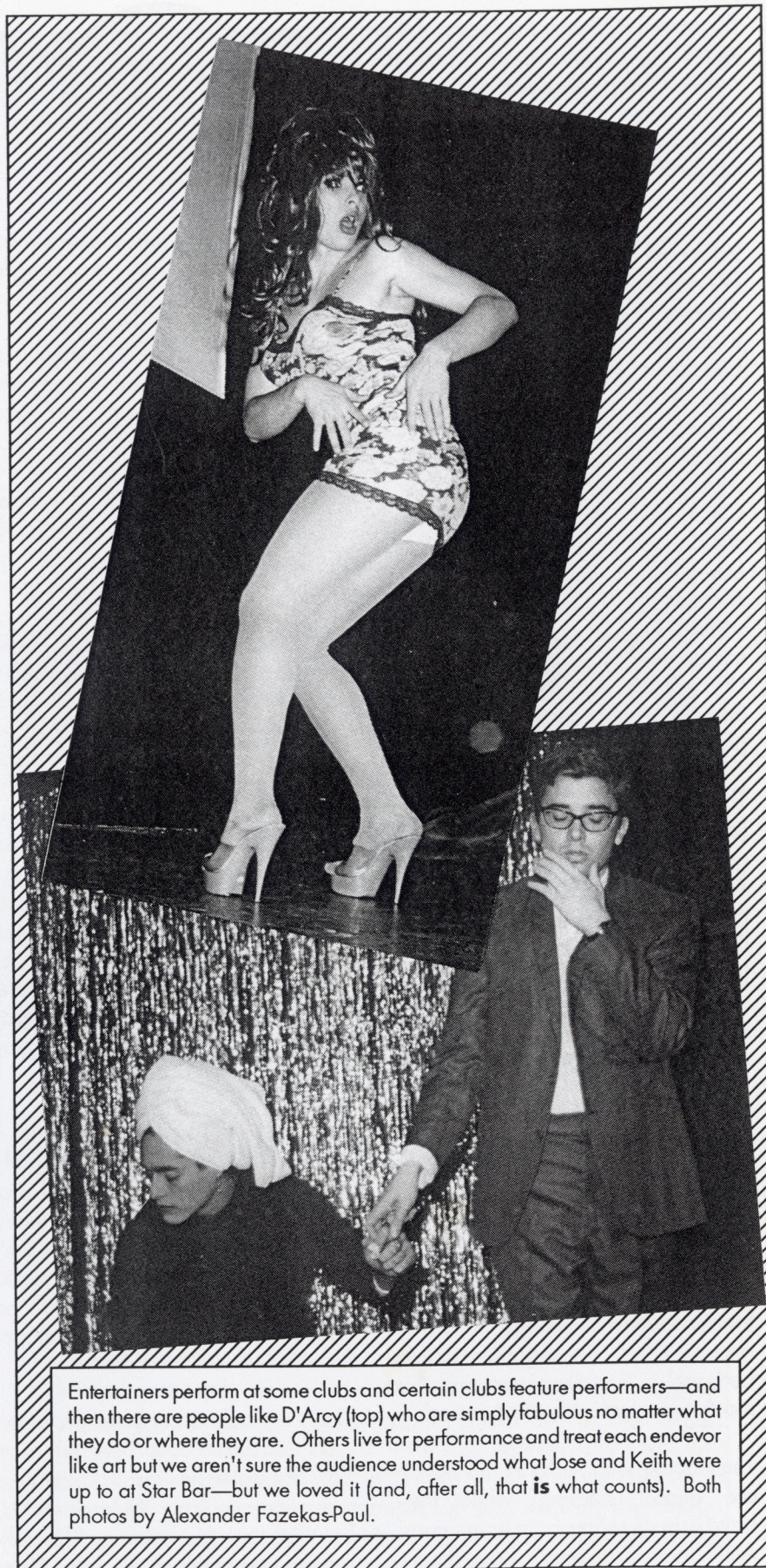
Club Purgatory

The first issue of *Girlfriend!* came out in June, right before everybody decided they would become rich and popular by starting a club. What these dykes and fags didn't realize is that every queen in this town also thought June was a good time to start a queer club. So many of these promoters never think their ideas all the way through—good or bad, though this year seemed to bring out more of the bad. If there is a club graveyard, it is probably filthy with the detritus of bad fliers, lousy records and poor plans, if you can refer to half-baked ideas as plans.

Gone and good riddance—Nature was the second Saturday incarnation at that converted racquet ball club which tries to pass itself off as a place for fun. We have to admit we know somebody who likes this place: five secretaries from Vallejo and Richmond, two copy repair guys from Fremont and three (illegal) Polish construction workers who got a blow job from a drag queen and didn't realize that he was not a biological she. All ten of these breeders have said out loud that they like this facility. Of course, they were all drunk at the time. Hey, can I have whatever the copier guys were drinking? They seemed to be enjoying themselves the most.

It seems like nothing will fly on Saturday nights at Townsend. Why, who quite knows. It's a great space for dancing, much better than *Product* with a far superior sound system. However, *Product* does have the better djs. Peak was the designated victim this summer. Hey, next time try the same concept in LA. They love this shit in the Southland.

Missed—Icon and Temple of the New Edge, both at 1015 Folsom, had quite a bit going for them. Icon had one of the best club names we've heard in ages and unique and attractive fliers. However, large weeknight clubs are difficult to pull off. The amount of space both clubs took up made it seemed like the space was empty when, in truth, there were plenty of



Entertainers perform at some clubs and certain clubs feature performers—and then there are people like D'Arcy (top) who are simply fabulous no matter what they do or where they are. Others live for performance and treat each endeavor like art but we aren't sure the audience understood what Jose and Keith were up to at Star Bar—but we loved it (and, after all, that *is* what counts). Both photos by Alexander Fazekas-Paul.



people present. It's especially a shame Icon didn't pull it off because it was a great space to see divas; much grander than where Star Bar was before it also went the way of so many other clubs.

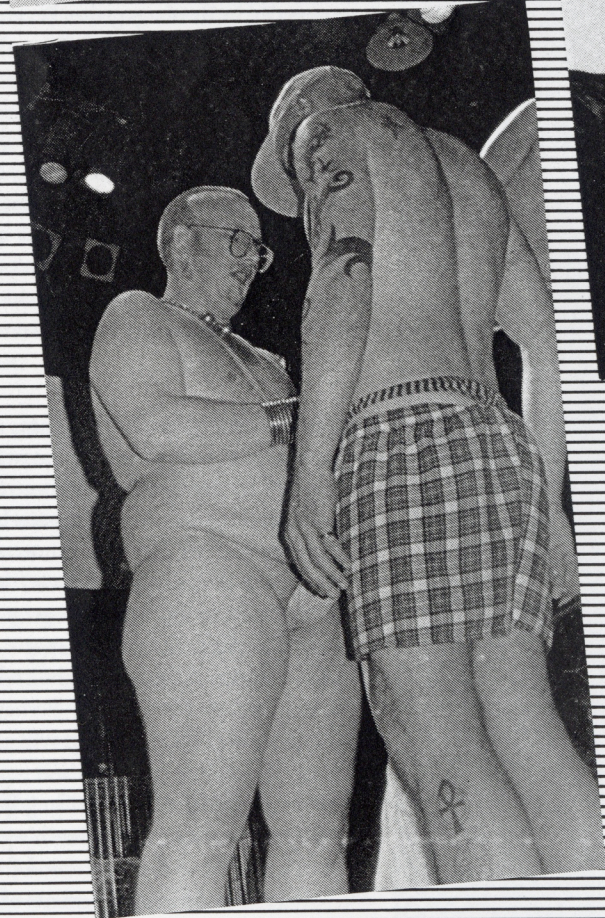
If they were done in slightly smaller spaces, like the King Street garage, they could have succeeded—especially Temple of the New Edge, which kept us dancing longer than we should have—honey, we were both sore for days.

Last Legs—Some clubs are like that trick you picked up in Europe who calls you up a year later saying visiting San Francisco, can he say with you. It seems like he hangs around forever and then they do. Our friends think we go everywhere but we've never been to Club Bahia or Pleasuredome. Enough said.

But what about The Box? Klubstitute? Or even Decadence? Unlike Unleash The Queen, Klubstitute has been fairly successful in its many guises because it is, as Diet has said, a clan of sorts; part of a larger movement which offers people a sense of community and belonging. It does not so much try to fill a niche as it affords a group of like-minded individuals an opportunity to get together communally. In this respect, it is not the typical club and acts more like a community space, as does the 99 Cent Video Festival, Red Dora's, A Different Light and a few others.

On the other hand, UTQ has moved around so much people are merely confused. The people who have been loyal to this space have done so, in part, because they are friends of the promoters—and you can't make a living off your friends—or fans of the djs, which is great except they spin at so many other spaces people have choices. Lately, that choice has not been Unleash The Queen. Perhaps with the move to Fridays, things will pick up.

Unknown Pleasures—Pity Greg Welmin. He got caught up in something bigger than all of us and was rescued from the crowd at The Stud by the events of the last few years, only to find that the only steady gig he has had for the last six months has been back at, yes, Ninth and Harrison.



The one, the only, Arturo doing a special performance that brought down the house at Klubstitute (previous page, top) and your hosts there, Diet Popstitute and David Hockins. **This page:** Girlfriends go other places besides Denny's and Zuni. They go clubbing! (from left to right): Jahnna Al Dente, Girlissa Delish, Elena von Schlossemhammer and Cha Cha in the basement at Product (upper left), Kenny Wonder rules in his domain the VIP lounge (top right) where we can also find an excited Justin Bond (bottom right). Did he just get nominated for an award? A recording deal? Drugs? What? And then there is the spectacle which is Phatima, doing Goddess knows what to Adam on the stage at Exile. Should we be jealous of Adam? All photographs by Edward Berrones.

When I recently threw a huge party, a friend of mine stuck a tape by dj Lewis Walden on the stereo. Everybody started pumping and getting all excited. Of course, that could have been the effects of the keg, but people did come up and ask who made the tape. So that begs the question—why doesn't anyone go to Primal? Bryan Hughes is also an excellent and popular dj and the people who do go all say they have a good time. I guess this will remain a mystery just like the great pyramid at Gaza.

Friends swear by Tilt, claiming the music is great and the crowd mixed but we refuse to support a facility with known and practicing homophobes. Boogie Buffet is another club described as mixed, which based on our experience, would not be our choice of words, but once again, this was a space where the music far outweighed that consideration and the heterosexuals minded their manners.

And Rhythm. Well, there's another we haven't been to. But if Joe Blow can get on the guest list, so should we. Even in this horrendous economy, you would think the half million or so homos in the bay area could support more than one big dance club—and no, we're not talking about the candy bar people.

Of course, this big club mentality is part of the problem. Places like Exile (and all the other one-name oddities) have a higher go-go—not to mention staff—per patron than do clubs which can afford it. *So, of course, they're not making money!*

The lesson today, folks is Junk—low maintenance, small staff; get back to basics. Give the people what they want and they will forgive a lousy sound system, they'll ignore the fact that you the dj is not spending hundreds weekly on new records and they will even forget past homophobic slights by the staff. Of course, the crowd at Junk is pretty young which may explain that last one, but the other new clubs who have recently moved to this space better hope that it's true that people in this town have a short attention span and an even shorter memory. An all-queer space has been sorely needed in this town. Who knows how long—or if—it will last.



Top: DJ Junkyard doing one of the things she loves best—spinning and having others grove on it. **Center:** Miss Kitty doing one of those things she loves to do—make art—and for an appreciative Dore Alley audience, too! Photo by Mark Huckabay. **Bottom:** Mavis Davis loves getting awards, especially for her safe sex video. Did Mavis give the trophy bearers tips on using their condoms? All other photos by Edward Berrones.

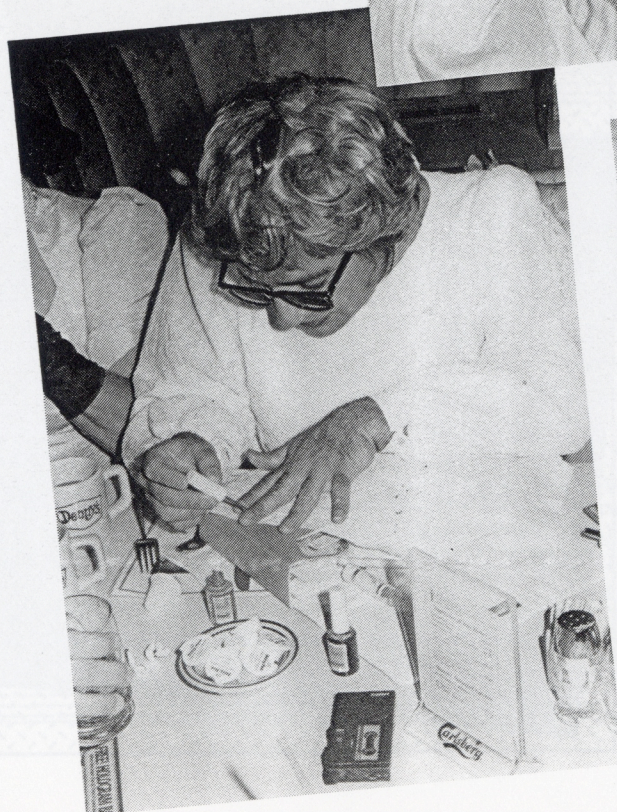


Girlfriend!—The Video. Coming soon to a theater, living room or retail establishment near you. For more details, see the inside front cover and join us next time to see yourself—not only in these pages but in our video!

Top row: Cha Cha believes it's good to the last drop. Jahanna and Concepcion always use the men's room because they damn well feel like it. **Center:** Sleezalina and Jahanna share a martini. Or was that a Gibson. I've had too many cocktails to remember these things! The **Girlfriends!**, from left to right: Geen, Sleezalina, Triperetta (post-chemo), Jahanna, Cha Cha and Concepcion. **Bottom row:** Concepcion knows that any time is a good time to touch up those nails. Jahanna agrees with Cha Cha, it is a delicious cup of coffee but Cha Cha is getting pissed 'cuz Jahanna is hogging her photo op. Pre chemo, Triperetta used to do a lot of drugs, all the time, anywhere she was.

all photographs by Alexander Fazekas-Paul

A Night Out With Your Girlfriends!



Cultural Workers

Queer Theater in the '90s

Up until a few years ago, when we thought of queer theatrical productions, we meant Theater Rhino and a few, occasional independent plays. The Cockettes, *The Bad Seed*, *Neon Woman*, all of which come from a "gay bar theater aesthetic" as Phillip R. Ford put it, helped to bring about the current burst of creativity we are experiencing. Troupes like the Sick and Twisted Players follow in the tradition of the Ridiculous Theater Company of New York City. An entire scene has emerged and spawned other production companies like DCD and Modacrylic Productions.

This renaissance has been criticized as "amateurish" and "unprofessional". The productions have been labeled "incomprehensible". Critics have also attacked some of the performers as "unrehearsed" and "untalented". When we spoke to Diet Popststitute, one of the producers at Playststitute, he stated that yes, "...being bad is not enough. No talent is not enough. Yes, that's right but I also think it's sad that they [the critics] can't see beyond that." He also added that he believed that "no one has cared for a long time about what critics thought—which is why criticism has been relegated to the likes of Bevis and Butthead." As for the production values and the performers, he added, "Some of their observations are true. [In some case] the performers are not as talented or as rehearsed. But these critics need to remember that this community has lost so many people. Over 10,000 people have died here in the last ten years." When the Playststitute Theater Company starts looking for people to be designers, choreographers, etc., the people are not available. There is also the matter

of the type of productions these groups are interested in staging. "We are amateurs here and I think that is actually a plus because what we attempt to do is fresh." As far as how they do what they do, he feels



that "by choosing to make it obvious, [we] are letting the audience know that there is something else going on, it's not just the slickness of the thing."

D'Arcy Drollinger, on the hand, wanted his rock opera, *The Cereal Killers*, to be "flawless. I think it takes it over the top when you are working with a surrealistic idea but you do it really tightly. It is still camp but camp is such a wierd thing. It is real but people get the idea that [the performers] are not serious. Camping it up, which is not what we were doing with the show, is much broader than that." This musical, about obsession with popu-

lar culture and television and the darker sides of this obsession was an extension of D'Arcy's performances in *Enrique*, which is formally more of a bad/performance piece. He is currently at work on a new play which he says will be even darker but more humorous.

The attacks on *The Cereal Killers*, *Carrie*, *Beach Party at the Black Lagoon*, etc. have appeared in each of the gay rags; the criticism have been uniform and similar. It is almost as if the critics sat down and decided they would present a united front on the issues of unprofessionalism, amateurism and what they called a "trashy" or "camp" aesthetic. Tony Vaguely is the genius (as he was referred to in the program notes of *Dolls*—we didn't know if he would want us to refer to him as the artistic director) behind the Sick and Twisted Players, which he said began as a strictly improvisational idea. All of their productions have involved horror movie sendups and plenty of pop cultural references. They are currently in production for their next play, *Texas Chainsaw*

90210, which should be at 21 Bernice later this fall. When we asked him about the criticism, he responded, "...well they just don't get it. We're not trying to be good. We trying to be trashy. We trying to have fun with [it]. At that level [theatrical trash] we want to be good." But he isn't interested in anyone else's ideas of what is and isn't good.

Phil Ford's adaptation—or as he put it—"more a complete plagerism" of the movie *Valley of the Dolls* came about from an idea he had for many years. The production received a lot of press and he's had a lot of interest about staging again, either here or



in New York City or Los Angeles. However, the producers he talks to wish to change the production as it was already staged, claiming it's aesthetics were "too San Francisco". Phil told us he didn't understand the remark. "Do they mean it's so sloppy, so ragged, so creative? I don't know what that means. Some of it was sloppy and ragged. So what. If people liked it and if [we] want to continue to do it, so what."

This was similar to what David Hockin, from Modacrylic Productions, said to us. "It takes a lot of gumption to be self-starting and self-motivating. That's what I think is so brilliant and exciting about the scene here. Everybody didn't wait for the money or the opportunity. They just do it." He found the criticism more amusing than anything else. "If they say we only spent \$25 on the sets, they're wrong. It was actually \$10." Modacrylic Productions is also at work on new material, which they hope to stage in the spring.

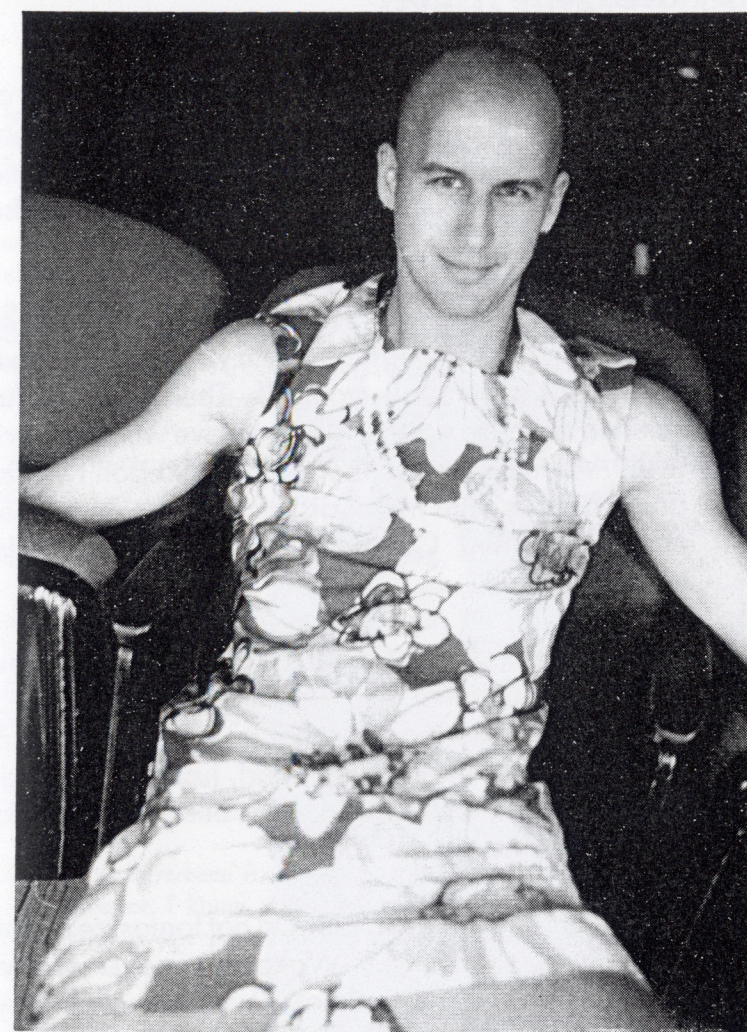
But that is part of what the critics seem to lose sight of (as do some members of the audience—both those attending and those who have no intention of ever going). All of these productions are similar to and part of an ethos which is fostered in this city because of its size, livability and a few other factors. It is easy to do a small film, a play, a performance piece, a nightclub, a band, a cable access show or a zine. It may not be financially successful but people are not creating this work for financial gain or fame, per se. Diet told us that part of the impetus for him and Playstitude was a desire to provide "definitely queer" theater in San Francisco and to do so "...in the company of my friends. To have them participate with me in this effort." He recognizes, as with any other type of artistic endeavor, where you are not only creating the work but producing it and disseminating it yourself, that what they are doing "is actually quite daunting. Especially to present something you are not sure is going to be appreciated of what the reward might be. It is amazing [to me] that people are willing to do this."



PHOTO CREDITS

Title Page: Diet Popstitute and Miss X during the performance of *Dolls*. This photograph was taken by Mark Huckabay. **Previous Page:** (top right) D'Arcy Drollinger and Kathy Fenker sprinkle "cocaine" on Jaina Davis and Jason Mecier in a scene from *The Cereal Killers*. (bottom right) Kelly Kittell and Al Farmer, Jr. discuss the new nuclear family and its drinking habits, from *Women In The Shadows*. (bottom left) One of the many, many musical numbers in *The Cereal Killers*. (center) Micheal G. Page and Ghis Loree as the leads, Chris MacNeil and Regan, during the last Sick and Twisted presentation, *The Exorcist*. **This Page:** Al Farmer, Jr. and Jazizi Capuccino (top) share a quiet moment in *Women in the Shadows*, the most recent Playstitude production. (bottom) Alyssa Wendt with the ensemble from *Cereal Killers*. All photographs this page and previous page by Edward Berrones.

Fabulous Fashions

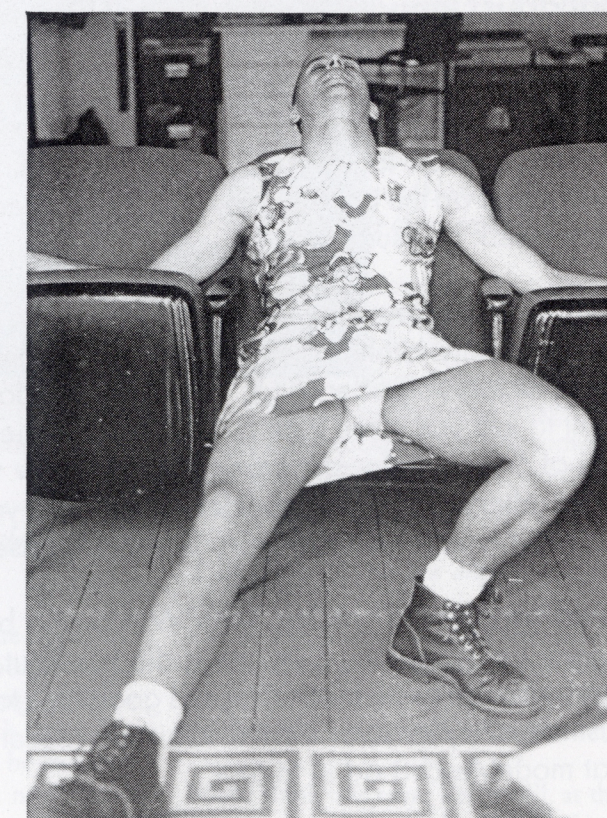


Just what *exactly* is Sheenequa up to?

She knows you're sitting on the edge of a little gilt seat, watching in wonder as human mannequins saunter down the catwalk, parading the designer's latest creations. Sheenequa says, "who gives a fuck!" Sheenequa knows what's important: curve-clinging styles that show off the body! Bold, high contrast patterns that make the most of a "gals" form. Modest dresses which become the basis for Sheenequa's anything but coy style. And everything you see here can be purchased for a song.

Sheenequa's dress was \$3 at Goodwill; the Doc Marten boots were a gift from an old beau; the white, 100% cotton jockeys ended up on Sheenequa's bod after a "fun" date in New York and the pearls, well, everyone knows you get your pearls from your grandmother, who brought them over sewn into her housecoat from the old country. Was anything new? Of course, tube socks, six for \$2 at the Ashby Swap Meet.

Photography by Mark Huckabay



What's Your Sign?

your horoscope by Georgette Itsabet

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21): Shopping for a new boyfriend? Tired of vertical sex? Forgotten what bumping pussy between two sheets feels like? This is a good month for romance. Just don't even *think* about forgetting those condoms!

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21): All may not be what it seems. Avoid secrecy. Do not conceal underground activity (unless you're an ACT UP type planning on blowing up a federal building). Flow with the tide, not against it; it all boils down to a phone call you never got or an invitation your blew off. Remember, the walls have ears.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19): Emotions sizzle in your life today. A clever idea seems red hot. Seize the moment, but be careful—don't get singed. If you can't stand the heat, don't go to a sex club. Dress for warmth, not glamour—unless you see a camera. Halloween will be a good day for a blow job—give and ye shall receive.

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18): A thread of good will is all you need to sew up a winning day. The pattern for success in your life is simplicity itself. Something that happened recently makes a prospective partner seem ideal—but don't fool yourself. Quit your job, drop the boyfriend and tell your roommate what a jerk he usually is.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20): You've been acting strange lately. This confuses loved ones. In turn, you feel misunderstood. Your therapist doesn't want to see you more than twice a week. The bag boy at Safeway doesn't know why you now want plastic after insisting on paper for the last three years. But don't worry—this definitely is only a phase.

Aries (March 21 - April 19): Welcome a break in your daily routine. Old habits die hard but new ways promise excitement. This is a good time to mix business and pleasure. It's time to bite that bullet: put that model/escort ad in today!

Taurus (April 20 - May 20): Put work ahead of pleasure. Postpone making an important decision. Your life is not in sync with your needs. A little patience is called for. No bragging, no impulse buying, no new boyfriends until Winter.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20): A potentially devastating battle looms between you and your most dangerous adversary—yourself. Therapy is not the solution because your doctor is in love with your evil twin. Winning battles is your forte, so don't waste precious time with trivial distractions—fight the enemy from within! October will be a good month to commit suicide.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22): Quit your job. You are being kept down by all the stupid people around you. They are boring you to tears. If you are forced to speak with the truly brain dead, just keep reminding yourself, it's just a phase. October will be a good month to commit homicide.

Leo (July 23 - August 22): Do not fantasize about romantic relationships. Wake up and smell the coffee. Too much day-time television warps your perspective on life. Forget television, focus on reality. Wait until December before you commit to a new boyfriend.

Virgo (August 23 - September 22): Your new mantra should be "I deserve that boy." Romance will happen when you least expect it, so pick your future husband-hunting grounds accordingly. Stay away from assholes and the places they frequent.

Libra (September 23 - October 22): You are irresistible. You just drip attitude. Everybody talks about you, everybody knows who you are, and everybody wants to have you or, at least, be like you. You may be on your knees, looking up at the stars instead of realizing that that's at least six inches of loving in your mouth, but believe me, you've never looked better!

The RuPaul Interview

Conducted by Ms. Betty Pearl

Photograph by Edward Berrones

In December 1992 I had the pleasure of interviewing RuPaul Charles. She is as charming as she seems. She is also bigger than she appears on television or in print and much more stunning. She is scaled up version of a black Barbie doll—proportions that make the fact that she is a man even more unbelievable. She took time out during a recent, hectic San Francisco visit to chat with me.

Betty: *Have you been to San Francisco before?*

RuPaul: Yes, I was first here in 1988. In fact, I came here...I think it was gay pride, it was gay something.... It was actually October First because at the time, we were right up on Castro Street and they had set up some little stage where they were giving performances.

The Castro Street Fair?

That must have been it. It was October and Sylvester, I know, was a few blocks away and, at one point, the announcer had the crowd scream real loud so he could hear everyone. So that was really interesting. He passed away after that. He still lives on. He lives on in my show. Without people like him, the Cockettes, I would not be doing this today.

Your video is so wonderful. I love it. I have a copy and I have to keep playing it over and over for friends.

Thank you. I love that it is getting this response because what I wanted to express in the video was my sense of humor and the fact that I don't want to be a woman and that drag is so out....

It is so out. I love that. Because performers usually come out only after they are established. But you are so out in your video—it is so campy with Ms. Thing and Swish Magazine and everything.

Swish and Queen for a Day tut, tut, tut (laughs).

Everyone talks about you leaving San Diego to move to Atlanta when you were 15. That's really young. Were you in high school? Why did you leave at 15?

I was in high school and I got kicked out of school and I wasn't getting my thing done. My sister Renetta, who's been my savior my whole life, said we're about to move to Atlanta, "want to come". She and her husband. And I said yes. Because at that time, you know, San Diego—all California actually—is very sort of conservative, Republican really.

Especially Southern California.

Is it ever. So, I jumped at the chance. It was the first time I actually got to explore myself and find out what I was all about. My true essence came to the surface when I moved to Atlanta. That's why I say I feel like I was reborn in Atlanta, and actually, the symbol of Atlanta is the phoenix, so it is so apropos. I love Atlanta.

Someone wanted me to ask you about the first time you ever did drag. So many drag queens have great stories about the first time they ever did drag. Do you remember your first time?

Yes I do, actually. Well, there were two first times. As a kid I always dressed up in my mom's clothes and did Revlon commercials in the mirror. But the first real time where I remember this is something big was when I was part of a wedding at a club. All the bridesmaids were drag queens.

We did that here, too! I was the mother of the bride.

At the wedding people came up to me and the reaction I got from people was so empowering. It was amazing. I knew that I was never going back from that moment on—my life would be changed. In fact, what I tell people now about drag is that it is so very empowering and

so much my own creation from my own imagination and that is why it is so powerful because it is this god that I have inside of myself that I bring to the surface. That is why when people see it—the duality of it all: the male, female, the dark, the light, everything is just too much and people are hypnotized by it. I love it. In fact, there are so many different types that you don't have to be a Supermodel. I started out doing grunge drag where we used to just put on a skirt, no shirt and a pair of hot pants.

I've seen a lot of the blackploitation stuff that you were doing and stuff even before that where you were running around and it looked like you were having a lot of fun.

That's the key word, that it is fun, and that it is fun to explore different aspects of your personality. That is what I'm stressing. You don't have to be gay. In fact, we're born naked and the rest is drag. Which is absolutely the truth. If you work on Wall Street and you wear a three-piece suit or you work at McDonald's—it's all drag.

Lately you have been working the blonde wigs so much. I want to ask you, do you feel you were born blonde and you're trapped in the body of brunette?

In our society blondes - they get the attention. It's really noticeable, especially on a negress. A blonde hairdo is like 'who is that?' When I came to Tommy Boy, I wanted to create an image that people can caricaturize and if someone were going to draw me, he would go blonde hair, long legs and big, big teeth.

A lot of my friends are drag queens and they're always bitching about dating and finding a man that'll date a drag queen. I wanted to ask you what you thought about that? Do you think it's easier for a drag queen to find a date in New York?

I don't think it is easy. Sex is still, at this time in our culture, such a touchy thing.

Unfortunately, people attach so much baggage to drag when really it's no big deal. I am a black man underneath all this stuff.

So you pick people up when you're out of drag?

I attract more people to me—men and women—when I'm in drag because the energy is flowing but when I'm out of drag I don't have any problem finding anybody. With what's going on in my life now is that it is so hard to do that [date] and this [career] too. I'm totally self-focused and it's really hard. But actually, there is someone in my life. It's not like we're married or anything. He's great. In fact, I met him years ago when I was working on a play and he's come back into my life. This was four years ago, so he knows me more out of drag than he does in drag so it worked out really well.

It's nice that you knew him before because everything that's happening now....

That's exciting. It's funny. Our lives are so different. He's not in show business or anything like that. That makes it interesting for me because we don't like a lot of the same things but we like each other, which is really amazing. Most of the people I'm around are people like me so for right now it's very exciting to be around someone whose main goal is not to become a huge pop star. It's actually refreshing.

I have an easy question. What's your favorite shade of lipstick?

I think it would have to be Chili Pepper from MAC. You know MAC? They make cruelty-free make-up.

In some of your earlier interviews you talk about drugs. I was wondering now that you're on MTV do you feel you have to be a role model for today's youth or are drugs still part of your life?

(laughs) I'm not a role model—I'm a Supermodel. Actually, I have nothing against drugs. I'll still smoke a joint. But I stopped drinking and doing chemicals about two years ago when I decided I wanted to focus on my music which is so important to me because music reaches

so many people on such a weird level like in a disco when everyone's fallopian tubes are open (laughs). You really get to infiltrate the subconscious of someone's brain. I wanted to get that together.

Now my drug is my music. In fact, I can find that high without physically taking drugs anymore. I can find that place from the excitement. Drugs bring you to the spot, but after that you know the path of how to get there after that anyway. But I have nothing against drugs. I think drugs are wonderful. I don't do them right now. I don't consider pot drugs (laughs).

Of all the celebrities that you have met, who is your favorite one?

I'd say **Todd Oldham**, the designer. I love him. I went to the *Don't Bungle the Jungle* benefit earlier this year and I was seated next to him at the table because he's good friends with **Monica Lynch**, the president of Tommy Boy. We got talking and he said, "You know Ru, I have to confess I've been a big fan of yours for years and years. In fact, I have your first album and I have your videos and I have a t-shirt of yours." And I was like, "What?"

I've admired him for years. First of all he's a Southerner and then I love his great clothes. It was really exciting. He actually donated clothes for the video. He told me, the other day on the phone, if I ever needed anything to just call him up and he'd have it for me and if they had enough time, they'd have some shoes made in my size (laughs).

That's wonderful. We need that!

I know. Honey, in men's shoes I wear a size 12. So these are like a 12 in women's.

Me too. I wear a 12 or 13 women's! It's impossible.

If you order through Frederick's, you can get them. They have a 13 at least but they never have a 14 which is what I'd really wear! But they at least have a 13. These are 12's! I can get away with a 12.

Everyone that I've talked to that has met

you has said you are so sweet. You are a wonderful person to interview. Everyone that is meeting you is adoring you. That "positive energy" works in San Francisco so well. Tell me something people don't know about your nasty side.

I'll tell you things I don't like. First of all, I don't like heavy traffic. It drives me crazy. I start screaming. I don't like it when I'm taking a shower and the upstairs neighbors decide to run the dishwasher and it gets cold. I know what you're going for....

When are you in your worst mood? Do you get nasty and bitchy at times?

I'm a human being like everyone else and I have all the emotions but I choose to use the positive side.

You seem really positive.

You really have to be. You really have to be.

And a lot of drag queens aren't.

Unfortunately. Unfortunately. I think that's probably why I'm actually able to transcend different situations because I've stayed positive. People want to get close to drag queens. People want to find out what it is like and ask questions, but a lot of times people are intimidated by my size or whatever. It's funny. I have the urge to sometimes scream. I'll suppress it, I'll wait, I'll go to aerobics and let it out.

One more question. It's weird, it's hypothetical. If I gave you a million dollars, a gun and an airtight alibi, who would you knock off if you were sure no one would ever find out?

(thinks awhile) If this is hypothetical, I'll go with it then. I would shoot AIDS. I would kill AIDS. That's what I would kill.

Thank you so much. It was a real pleasure meeting you.

Thank you.

Betty Pearl, formerly Ms. Uranus, is also the author of Betty and Pansy's Severe Queer Review of San Francisco.

Joan Jett Blakk's

March on Washington Diary

Illustration by Lee Kay

Announcer: Here we are once again at the Chicago home of Joan Jett Blakk. This time, however, there are boxes and trunks everywhere as Joan is preparing to relocate to San Francisco. This time, the loud music is **The Orb**. The phone call, however, is Milan again.

Joan Jett Blakk: Hey, baby. How are you? Oh, I'm fine. Getting ready to move. No, it's no problem at all. Everything is running smoothly. Oh my Goddess, I haven't talked to you in that long? Well, let me tell you about the March then.

My secretary, **Ms. Crystal Clear** and I got to the overly marbled city on Saturday, the day before the March. And while the air fairly crackled with anticipation, already there were way too many rainbow flags and red ribbons on white t-shirts around. It looked like everybody had called everybody else to ask what they were wearing!

We went to a Radical Faerie ritual under the shadow of the Washington phallic thing. I want you to know that those poor heteros who for some reason or other did not realize what was going on were less than amused to have to try to explain beautiful men in beautiful dresses singing and dancing in a circle to their wide-eyed little rug rats. I wonder how many travel agents were fired after that?

Later on in the evening, after we had almost gotten used to seeing queers every-fucking-where, I had to go get ready to be in the *Drag on the Mall* show. Once backstage, we saw a very famous person having a small hissy fit. It was the only display of diva & dom I saw all weekend and it was no big deal, just a big surprise, you know? I mean, the March was not about the performers. Then I got to meet the fabulous **Pussy Tourette**. I've always wanted to meet this gal and I was kinda scared and shit but we bonded instantly. Yeah, you're right. Maybe she can give me some ideas about where to perform once I go to San Francisco. Anyway, as I was almost finished with my make-up, I hear a very

loud, "Yaaaaaaaay!" There is only one person in the world who makes that noise and it was she. The most wonderful Miss **Deaundra Peek** had come to see me. Then, **Chi Chi La Rue** and **Gender** walked in. I mean, I really got my glamour fix that night.

After the show, we barely made it to the trains as they all stop running at midnight!! How rude!! Everyone in the world doesn't have a car, thank you very much.

OK. Sunday, March day. They were hoping for a million queers and I want you to know that at least 300,000 were on the train I was on going into D.C. that morning, honey. I want you to also know that over-kill is a bitch for cruising, my dear. Just when you lock eyes with one cute boy, there was another one over there and another one behind him! I'll bet a lot of couples had a lot of fights that weekend!! Ha, ha.

I'll tell ya, I also have completely gotten over any star-fright I might have had. While I was in the trailer, I was chatting with **Phil Donahue** as I was putting on my face. He was a little nervous, poor thing, cause I was in my underwear and putting on lashes. You'd think he'd seen everything before, though.

Why was I there anyway? Oh, I'm sorry. I thought I told you. I was gonna m.c. an hour of the morning stage. Yeah, the one before the March actually started. It was right where everyone was gathering. Oh yeah, it was a huge mind-fuck. Have you ever been on a stage and looked out onto a million people? That is wild, let me tell you.

I came on right after **Jesse Jackson**. He, too, was sweet if a little startled. Well, you know me, I talked to him as if we were old friends. I had seen him on the floor of the Democratic Convention the year before. I asked him if he would consider being my running mate in 1996 and he laughed and said, we'll talk.

At one point, I got to introduce **Barney Frank**. That was fun, because a year before he and I were at the same cocktail party at a restaurant in New York City being thrown for the queer delegates. We were both being interviewed for separate TV stations when **Gabriel Gomez**, the filmmaker doing a documentary on my campaign asks Barney if he would like to meet me.

Poor Barney pissed his pants. No way was he going to have his photo taken with this drag queen, he said. The gay community should be voting for **Bill Clinton** and not wasting time with this kind of thing, he said. We were shocked. I mean, he's had his trouble with the press and all, but that was because of his own poor judgment. Uh-huh. Well, girl, you should've seen the look on his face when he found out I was going to introduce him in Washington. He turned white as a sheet and you could almost hear him thinking to himself, *How come every time I turn around, this drag queen is there?*

Oh no, I behaved myself. Of course, if I had know what he was going to propose with his don't ask, don't tell bullshit, I'd have pushed him off stage.

Oh, and when I was done, I had to go collect Ms. Clear and our shit so we could march with the Faeries so I was trying to get out of there when a lovely woman grabbed my arm and told me what a cool thing I was doing running for president and would I do it again and how we needed more radical shit like that and I was thinking, where do I know her from? Now, I am not wearing my glasses so I couldn't see a fucking thing anyway but I knew

she looked familiar. So did the drag queen next to her in the turban. Like the one I had on, I might add. It wasn't until I was in the trailer again and I heard the introductions that I realized who these girls were. The one who had grabbed me was **Mary Wilson**! Yep, from the Supremes. And the one I thought was another drag queen was **Eartha Kitt**! I swear I didn't know. Boy, did I feel stupid.

The rest of the day was like a huge celebration. A million queers chanting and laughing and sweating and cheering. The only thing missing was some honest to goodness anger. Who would we have directed it at anyway? Nobody was in town on that Sunday but us queers, so we couldn't tar and feather all the fuckwads who work in the Capitol, White House, Pentagon and wherever the fuck else. That would've been fun.

Instead, we bonded. For a little while, anyway. It was kinda nice, for once in my life, to get used to the idea that everyone I saw and passed on the street in this huge city was queer. I really think I want to grow up to be a lesbian separatist. Well, I gotta go honey. I'm hosting a show at Randolph Street Gallery tonight and I don't

know what I'm going to wear yet. I'll call again once I've settled down on the West Coast. Wish me luck! Ciao, bella.

Announcer: Thank you again for joining us. Tune in next week when our guest, will be teenage singing sensation, **Deandra Peek**, live from Odum's Double Wide, Double High Trailer Park in Atlanta, Georgia. See you then.



Letter From Toronto

Larry-bob's
Spew 3 Report

I'm one of a handful of people who were rich enough to attend all three zine conventions (if you don't count the New York City and Baltimore events—to which I wasn't invited). I have to say I liked this one the most. The first, in Chicago, was pleasant enough, but it went by in a too-quick blur and was marred by the (non-fatal) stabbing of the organizer, **Steve Lafrenierre**. The second, in Los Angeles, seemed to lack a sense of community and resembled a zine flea market, but one at which the customers weren't buying. And need I remind you of the fizzled opening night event, featuring the non-appearance of **Courtney Love's Hole**. Of course, it had its good points, such as the concert by **Cholita** (the "female Menudo" featuring **Alice Bag**, **Vaginal Creme Davis** and **Fertile La Toya Jackson**) and **Tribe 8**.

I flew into Toronto, nervous about customs. I breezed through without incident. I was carrying back issues of *Holy Titclamps*, but despite staying up all night, barely making it home in time to throw clothes in a suitcase and catch the plane, the new issue was still not finished. I rode the subway into town, then walked a few blocks to the home of my hosts, **Tom** and **Gregor**. I went out bar-hopping that evening with Tom and we ended up seeing the **Nancy Sinatras** perform—you know, that groovy dyke tribute band.

The next day was my free day in Toronto. I visited the archives of **Art Metropol** and copied old issues of *Sniffin' Glue*, the early punk zine. That night I went to a reading by bi science fiction writer **Samuel Delaney**. He read a really intense story about being raped in Istanbul.

Saturday, I finally visited the copy shop to finish pasting up *Holy Titclamps* #12. **Fluffy Boy** had copied the groovy 2-color covers back in San Francisco but I still needed to

finish the rest. The homo photocopy fella in Toronto was helpful and gave me a good deal. There was this wacky lady with bible verses written on her coat getting tracts copied—she probably thought I was a sweet young boy, not a pervy pornographer.

Finally, I arrived at **Buddies in Bad Time**, the site of Spew 3. Saturday was the day for zine editors to get a chance to talk to each other. This is the part that made this the best Spew. At the others, zine editors shouted to each other over disco thumps at parties and bars, but as the first Spew flyers announced, there were "no boring panels." But at Spew 3, there finally was that chance to communicate, which is why people do zines anyway. This wasn't the sort of thing where an expert panel held court. Everyone got a chance to speak in this roundtable, though some talked more than others (guilty). We talked of those zine-editorly things—copying, distribution, the politics of selling out, of whether to stay small or print thousands of copies.

After the round-table, I hung out with **Chris Wilde** of *Abrupt Lane Edge*, the only Spew 3 participant from my old hometown, Minneapolis. We hadn't met before, but know a lot of the same people. We went record shopping, and I found a copy of **Jayne County's** "Man Enough to be a Woman." That night there was a house party, with **Sonic Youth** videos and the use of recreational chemicals. There was aluminum foil around in some sort of **Warhol** tribute.

Sunday was open-to-the-public. Unlike the other Spews, this one didn't charge an admission. I think sales were better as a result. The other Spews had a separate reading space,

which meant that zinesters trapped behind their tables couldn't hear. This time, people read from a raised platform at one end of the room.

People have been asking me if the old-school (and wannabe-old-school) Toronto zine editors were there. By and large, the answer is no. I visited **G.B. Jones** later, but she didn't attend any events. **Bruce La Bruce** and **Candy** were supposedly at a wedding. **Rex Boy** of *Bimbox* put in an appearance, but **Johnny Noxzema** once again failed to show up to upset the tables of the moneychangers in the zine temple. Hey, but this isn't about who wasn't there—it's about who was.

Here's a list of zines whose editors were there: **Abrupt Lane Edge**, **Anarcho Homocore Nightclub**, **Blot**, **Feedback**, **Gender Trash**, **Homocore Chicago**, **Info Lesbo**, **In Your Face**, **Novoid**, **Liliane Comics**, **PC Casualties**, **Pornorama**, **QT**, **Rough Play/Rough Trade**, **Salmon Hut**, **Siren**, **Sorority**, and some folks from **Hi-Drive Publications**, whose boxes of zines unfortunately didn't arrive in time. I hope I haven't left anyone out. The public milled around and bought zines.

Sunday Night was the band show night. It was also the sole non-free event. The bands were **Match** (whom I, unfortunately, missed), **Ignatz** and **Chicken Milk**. People danced and generally had fun. After the bands finished, people said their tearful farewells and left.

The next day I left Toronto for San Francisco. The customs agent marveled at the amount of photocopied stuff I had, saying, "You're the king of xerox, aren't you?" I smiled shyly, hoping not to be thrown into prison. But really, each of us has the power to be a king or queen of xerox, a legend in our own zyne.

Letter From Provincetown

My darling Fluffy Boy:

Greetings from **Provincetown, Massachusetts**, P-Town to its friends, at the end of Cape Cod, the last point on the scorpion's tail as *goddamn water signs* keep calling it before tearing into a near-rote discourse on their own power and sexual energy, but *I like* the staff at this cafe, the counter help being among the most interesting people in town, *despite* its reputation as a boho artists' commune. I was looking forward to free love and madness and plum wine and screaming about communism, you know the scene, *but in swim trunks*, but that's history or maybe mythology or maybe I'm in the *wrong town*; here it's pewter whales glued to driftwood and icky realist seagulls or clapboard houses hawked to middle-aged women from **Hyannis** who look like drag queens but with *twice* the tackiness and *none* of the irony.

One old-school alcoholic still spews *bile*, all gravelly voiced and morose, bleating on about how he's the only *fabulous* artist in town, another of **Andy's babies**, I love him, even though someone pointed out that the found material he assembled recently into a batch of jewelry was *actually* asbestos (and even tourist won't buy asbestos jewelry unless maybe you claimed it was insulation from **Graceland**). There's a funky theater group in town also, a **Charles Busch** play, very bouncy and *cardboard* and queer, their **Joan Crawford** queen usually seen at the town rave (yow!) giving major ennui bitch, keep *expecting* her to pull out an emery board, her gender fuck quotient of true **San Francisco** magnitude, I wanna *kneel* before her platform clogs, a thing of hideous beauty on the arm of her

Tania Danay
Explains It All To You

tattooed love boy, the hottest skinhead in town, *I want his cock in a major way* but never cross a sex freak, it's bad karma, and besides, when a man loves a drag queen, can't keep *his* mind on nothin' else.

Some say P-Town's *too small* to fuck around in, but trash creates atmosphere, gives them something to *talk* about, what with **Knot's Landing** and **Cheers** getting deep-sixed within a month of each other, what's a *tired-ass* fag to do; after all, this is **Provincetown** (wherever I go, people take shelter in the condition of their *chosen* environment, this is **New York City**, this is **San Francisco**, as if that explains *everything*, but then usually it does).

Besides alcoholism and gossiping, the primary *activity* here seems to be hedge clipping, most interesting to me because *every* town has its drunks, staggering and unable to keep their faces from contorting, and how many bitchy tales *can one* really endure about the cheap toupee worn askew by the proprietor of the **Gifford House**, but *why* anyone who wants rhomboid cubes fronting their property would use a living growing bush as their medium *truly* mystifies me, I'd get pissed off but no one listens and this **East Coast** weed really *ain't* as bad as **Californians** would have you believe, so I'm dealing quite well. I have a lead on an opium score, but we'll see.

Nothing is reliable here, people keep moving, and being the *peripheral*

figure that I am, I usually don't find out about their departures till weeks *after*. The ticket tearer at the movie theater who had a nervous breakdown and returned to his library job in **Ithaca**; the 20 year old hustler who, en route to **Arizona**, got busted for indecent exposure in **DC** while playing guitar in a *g-string* in front of his faerie-friends apartment, but that's just *rumor*, as is everything I hear, but then this is **Provincetown**, always changing, constant turnover at the inns, and when I clean rooms I get to see what people travel with, *those things they can't be without* for even a weekend, like an espresso machine, dumb bells, an electric lint brush or a VCR with tapes.

A few guys drove up from Jersey and one sunny day watched "**Night Mother**." Only *gay men* would schedule time into their vacation to watch **Sissy Spacek** commit suicide, nothing more beautiful to a fag than a *woman crumbling*, and anyone so bound to their possessions couldn't possibly be good in bed, though I met a boy here who *kissed so well*, I made him take off his watch, but anyway, house rules strictly forbid staff from having sex with the guests, and *except* for this accountant with a Prince Albert named **Rusty** who fisted me in room seven, I've adhered *pretty well* to this rule. Besides, there are enough other men in town, like this waiter at one of the fouffier restaurants, a leather boy *junior grade*, imagine **Brad Davis** in **Queerelle** channeling **Jordan Knight** of **New Kids on the Block**. Life is lurid: I keep fantasizing about him eating pillow and whimpering, "*But I'm a top, I'm a top....*" I all but begged this erstwhile piece of San Francisco trash to *fuck me*, but he's 28 and I'm 26 and he thinks

I'm too *old* for him and anyway he keeps having acid flashbacks.

My favorite fuck buddy, in a younger *bisexual* phase, dated one of the daughters **Von Bulow**, or maybe there's only one daughter **Von Bulow**, I'm not sure, but anyway this is the *closest I've come* to a brush with greatness unless you count passing **John Waters** in the parking lot of some bar, but what do you expect, this is **Provincetown** and the parking lots are often more *fun* than the bars themselves.

The most popular bar is the **Boatslip**, famed for its daily afternoon tea dance, faux pearls for days and a staff that looks like *rejects from a Bruce Weber shoot*, you know the scene, but with a pool. *I never go there*, only been once to the **A-house**, that building a few hundred years old easily, the low ceilings not designed for the *mi-graine-inducing* strobes that hiccup directly into your

eyes, yeee-ouch! **The Love Shack** is jumping on Mondays, "**Towne Night**", the blond go-go boy, six foot and *too too precious*, hunches forward on his platform to keep from slamming his head on a water pipe. I think the only reason I still go is in hopes that *he'll bludgeon himself while grabbing his dick through his Calvins in mock ecstasy*, sort of like slowing down to watch a car wreck or tuning into **Oprah** to see the fucked up 40somethings dredge up memories of their tortured childhoods in **Lumberton** or some shit.

I went to this 70s party at the **Crown & Anchor**, "*Have a nice day*," here and there velour bell bottoms and the winner of the Miss 70s contest looked like a glam rock **Pam Grier** (but white, *of course*) and still the DJ played only 90s techno. But this is **Provincetown**, everything is sort

of here-and-somewhere-else, the rain stops and starts, little fits that leave me cafe-bound, keep me from venturing to **Herring Cove** for the weekly sunset pagan dyke drumfest. I'm sure they're there, the sound of water on water *just one more rhythm* in the wild wimmin groove; the sky so many spoonable blues, the day's heat not yet faded, it's a dancing barefoot kind of rain, but I'm usually more reserved than that, and the woman working the counter dances to **Vickie Sue Robinson**, she's very alive and drives a convertible something-or-other and *like most people I meet*, discusses astrology with frequency and intelligence, though the asbestos jeweler seems to believe that the fault lies *not in ourselves* but in our stars, but I suppose we all need shelter.

I went to the beach this afternoon with the leather scout, who seems well on the way to his *cocktease merit badge*, but he can be a sweetie, earnest in a likable

way. Its been a shitty week, everyone keeps reminding me that Mercury's in retrograde, but it's mid season, the traditional time for townies to do *too many drugs*, so fuck retrograde, we're all crashing. **The Cafe's** getting crowded, lots of exposed flesh, and even if most people here dress like a Gap ad, **Sylvester's** feelin' **Mighty Real** over the speakers: flesh is always an inspiration. And waiting for coffee, a guy in a sleeveless biker jacket with a *Wanna Fuck?* crack'n'peel on back, he's doing his best **Tony Marino**. I'm gonna follow him out, just watching his tight-assed jeans shake and he's got me floatin'. I tell myself, *Forget it Jake*; it's **Provincetown**.

Keep the faith,

Tania

We're looking for a few good men—or women.

Actually, we're really looking for a few good girlfriends to sell advertising space in this magazine.

Interested in becoming a member of the Girlfriend! team? Experience the excitement, the glamour, the fabulosity of it all.

Call us.

(415) 864-4151.



An exclusively gay & lesbian bookstore for Chicago

3321 N. Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois 60657
312/248-6363

10 am — 9 pm daily

Publicly Accessorizing

Girlissa Delish Reports on the Queer Cable Revelotion

Welcome to the queer cultural revolution, girlfriend! Seize the media and let us be heard, because we have had it with this Rush Limbaugh-Pat Buchanan HORSESHIT! That's right. In the eighties, queers took to the streets. In the nineties, queers are taking over the airwaves, and honey, we mean BUSINESS! Get back!

One of the best things to happen in the late eighties was cable deregulation. That means some kind of breakup of the cable monopolies or some sorta shit (Girlissa don't pay attention to details, sweetness!). But as I understand it, for local cable companies to exist, they had to offer a channel to the people for free. Welcome to "public access." Grab a camcorder and a girlfriend and join the revolution, sissy, because WE'RE HERE, WE'RE QUEER, AND WE FUCKIN' BROADCAST!!! Get back.

That's right, girlfriend, public access; an anything goes (so long as no advertising is involved) channel where YOU can broadcast anything you want (now, honey, certain things can't be shown in public, but you need to save that puss for someone special, girl!). Zines of the airwaves, public access shows are super-low-tech pieces of pure shit straight from the collective queer asshole, sissy. Some of it's pretty, most of it ain't and most simply couldn't give a FUCK what you think of them. And honey, Girlissa says it's about time. Get back.

Here's just a small sampling of video insanity spewing from your TV. If you don't have cable, honey, you're stale piss without a piss queen to love you. Get cable and check some of this out. But a word of advice: smoke a big fat joint and snuggle down in your couch with a girlfriend and a forty-ouncer for super enjoyment!

Lavender Lounge - *Weekly/Tuesdays at 10:00 p.m.* - Channel 47 (30 minutes)—Producer Mark Kliem gets an A+ for putting fresh shit where it counts. A self-proclaimed "Queer American Bandstand", Lavender Lounge is a queer dance party that has featured every up-and-coming superstar that's got some pussy to juice. From ultra talent like Pussy Tourette to super personalities Enrique and even club trash like Richie Rich (someone PLEASE tell her to quit singing and just sit there and look pretty!), Lavender Lounge is a romper room for boys and girls who feel just a bit bent.

This show remains fresh and alive by broadcasting from all kinds of different places: Folsom Street Fair, Halloween in the Castro, Pleasuredome. Lots and lots of themes

also keep the boys and girls pumping with pleasure. And pump they do. Ms. Delish does approve of the sweaty chests and much, much booty. Now the only thing Girlissa would recommend is to PLEASE broadcast in stereo. Hello.

Grayson Hall - *Unscheduled* - Channel 53 (30 minutes)—I gave the curvaceous Ms. Flynn a Super-8 camera for her birthday a few years back, so I can claim to have helped spawn a beautiful, brand new baby queer filmmaker! And sissy, let me just inform you that Flynda can do with a camera what she does with a Cinderella dress, girl. Grayson Hall, Flynn's very first public foray into the wild jungles of videoesque, is nothing short of sheer brilliance. Based on the horror classics *Eerie* and *Creepy*, Grayson Hall is gothic queer horror spoof madness, to the hilt, sissy. Ms. Flynn means business with this piece, honey, and she delivers with the help of her highly talented group of friends like Johnny Kat and Elvis Herselvis. Work girls and boys. Miss X is the hostess of this wicked short collection of scarily hilarious flicks, and she introduces them with an opium-induced trance style that hypnotizes you with stunned laughter. It also helps that the audio synch is off, so that we hear Miss X's words a split second after seeing her mouth move. The result is a fabulous effect which should have been done on purpose, if it wasn't. As a director, Flynn matches shot for shot the suspense techniques in pop horror flicks and to see that visual language used in super-queen parody is just too fucking funny. Get back, sissy, because if Flynn continues with such inspired creativity in video, we are in for some shit. Keep it up, girl!

Electric City - *Weekly/Saturdays at 9:30 p.m.* - Channel 53 (30 minutes)—I have seen Ms. Sande Mack lurking around with his camera for years, and now, finally seeing the product of all his work, I can see why. This program is some straight-from-the-streets powerful truth, girls. Bound to make you want to get off your well-shaped ass and go shake it in the streets in the struggle against oppression, Electric City is inspiring, frightening, and really, seriously sad. It's also uplifting, amazing, and funny as shit. Documenting demonstrations and civil disobedience, they manage to create the visual archive of queer death and continual rebirth at the turn of the last decade. Electric City is monumental, epic without even trying. Self-proclaimed "Cheap TV," it's proud of its gritty roots in low-tech. It uses that vantage to tell the story of the queer streets of San Francisco, and does so visually, powerfully, from the inside out, without intellectual commentary useless and meaningless in the face of

such queer defiance. Go, sissies, and go like the wildfire that burns in the hearts of the defiant queers on the frontlines, in life and death.

Museo Contempo - *Monthly/First Monday of the month at 10:00 p.m.* - Channel 53 (30 minutes)—This is a hypnotizing compilation of high video art, girl, slick as a wet pussy. Museo Contempo combines a revealing interview with a neurotic girl, stylish montages of men in suits inter-cut with indigenous peoples, shocking tales about sexual harassment on the streets, some amazing black and white stop motion film, poems, short clips, and my favorite piece, a truly superior cut called Go-Go Politix, a super-quick-cut homo-boy international model dance-fest. Cute boys, hot girls, creative shooting, brilliant editing, sweet house music to move your puss, Go Go Politix gets the Girlissa Super Tits-Up.

Museo Contempo is more of a collaboration than the other shows reviewed, because different artists contribute their shorts, giving the show a video festival feel, and keeping it from being boring. And, you know, Girlissa hates to yawn because it creates wrinkles around the mouth and eyes, sissy. Hello.

Voyeur Foyer - *Premieres in January/Unscheduled* - Channel 53 (30 minutes)—Similarly, Voyeur Foyer is made of a compilation of local filmmakers' works. It starts off with a super sexy b&w straight white biker boy fantasy trip, with some very distorted guitar music and lots of close-ups of shiny chrome and tits: starring dykes! It's a beautiful devotion to big shiny metallic things roaring between your legs, and you do know that Ms. Girlissa does approve of things roaring between one's legs.

Unfortunately, I did not have time to review the entire piece, because I have just been too busy lately playing with my juicy little pussy to deal with deadlines, and that's my one complaint about Voyeur Foyer: show shorter pieces! No one has an attention span to last much longer than the length of a commercial anyway, so why torture them? Don't you know that I enjoyed it, however, but that is simply because I am of a superior intellect. It shows in the brand of mascara I purchase. Hello, and do, please, get back.

Well, that's it for this time of tantalizing treats to be foraged among the stinking muck of modern day TV. I am constantly hearing reports about queer public access all over the country and am, by no means, limited to reporting only on the wickedness coming out of the Bay Area. I want clips from Idaho, Iowa, Wisconsin, and the war zones—Oregon and Colorado. Send in your show to the attention of Girlissa Delish at Girlfriend! Thank you, and I love you all, all of you, every single one!

*We would never miss a
single issue of*

Dragazine

and neither should you!

The beautiful new issue of *The Magazine for Halloweeners and Inbetweener* will soon be at a store near you.

Subscribe (and do it today!) by sending \$8.95 to:

Dragazine
P.O. Box 691664
Department G
West Hollywood, CA 90069

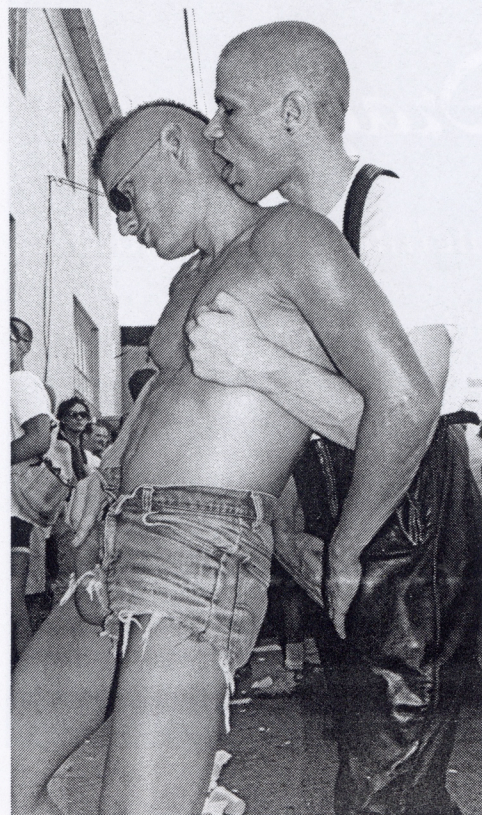
Gratuitous Beefcake



Just what *exactly* are these boys doing? Well, the small pictures are from the Dore Alley Street Fair and we have absolutely no idea who any of these "gentlemen" are, except for **Helyx**, in the leather pants molesting that nearly naked man. The nicely shaped bicep, with the dragon tattoo (and the rest of the body—except for the hair) belongs to **Woody Woody Go Go**, who is now back in town. (No one stays away for too long, you know.)



All Photographs by Mark Huckabay



respect yourself

respect your partner

respect life

Use a condom
everytime



GIRL YOU BELONG AT

RICHELBERGER'S

CABARET, BAR & RESTAURANT

2742 17TH STREET
AT FLORIDA
(415) 863-4177

OPEN NIGHTLY
UNTIL 2:00 A.M.

FOR DINNER
FOR DRINKS
FOR THE DURATION