

the village

VOICE

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three women in the cast, the show entirely represents male experience. The women do feminist shtick, but they sing about gay male sexuality, not their own, which, unlike the men's, is left in the dark. A guy in tights isn't necessarily a sister.

But Camicia pulls the night off anyway. There he is, Mr. Phineas T. Chutz-

tore down the house whenever Amy Coleman sang. She is a revelation, from her glamorous red hair and elegant aquiline nose, to her wry comic timing, to her astounding voice, which touches like Janis Joplin's but has far more range and control. Many of the lyrics she sings are unworthily blunt or coy, but she's so musical and ingeniously improvisational, the words soon register like abstract sounds. *The Heat* has been extended, so there's time to catch her next weekend. Follow this woman to any venue you can. ■



DONNA GRAY

Hot Peaches: ridiculously talented

Peach Corps

BY LAURIE STONE

THE HEAT, A HOT PEACHES' CABARET REVUE.
Written and directed by Jimmy Camicia, presented at Theater for the New City, 155 First Avenue, 254-1109.

Call a cabaret evening *The Heat*, and you're asking for it unless you sizzle. This show, an anthology of Hot Peaches' greatest hits, is part frat party, part survival sermon, part primer on self-mythologizing. Between numbers, we're given a year-by-year chronology of where Peaches-founder Jimmy Camicia lived, what he did for a living, and how, against all odds, he kept wacky, tacky, gay street theater breathing—for the cause, for the hell of it. The skits—boho trash in the Hamptons, the woes of addiction to antiaddiction meetings—are strictly amateur night at the baths. And although there are

pah, with his cheesy mustache and show-girl eye makeup, his tux jacket and flower kimono, conjuring the days following Stonewall when pride first wrestled shame to the mat. Sweetly, beguilingly he boosts his cast, whether, as in the case of living "gay archive" Marsha P. Johnson, they're talented at ridiculousness, or, as in the case of blues singer Amy Coleman, they're ridiculously talented. The song lyrics aren't much sharper than the sketches, but some are winningly silly—"Until I found androgyny I was lonesome," sung to the tune of *Bei Mir Bis Du Shane*. A set by International Chrysis is spellbinding gender-fuck. The voice is male, unless you're Mercedes McCambridge, but the creamy shoulders and fluffy hips are female (or I don't know my elbow from my ass). The headset is *all* drag queen. "You don't rip a drag queen's dress, and you never touch the face," Chrysis says, explaining why the Stonewall queens fought the cops.

The crowd whooped for every number, sinking into Camicia's nostalgia, sparked by his hopeful sense of history. But they

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