

Liz.



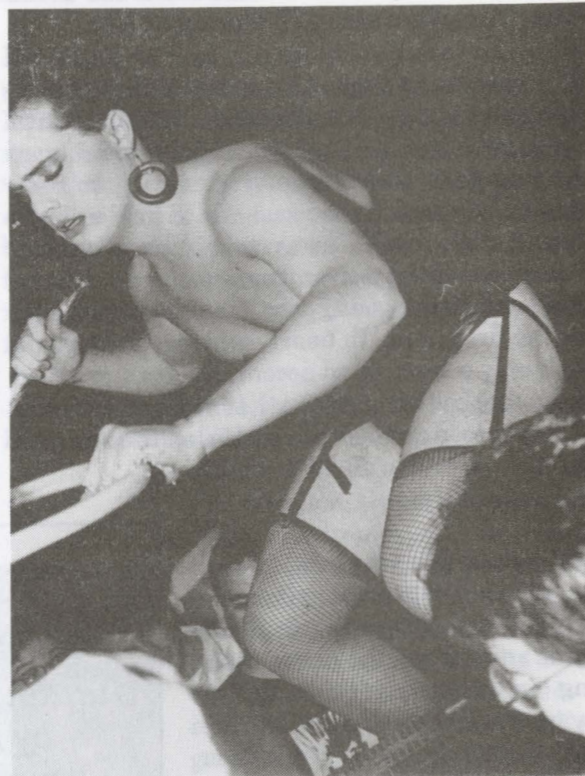
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So many gerbils, so little time:



It's been a long, hot steamy time, this summer in San Francisco, when it sizzled—naught!

If it is true that cultural images shape social attitudes, what can we expect when the media seems more interested in plugging tedious "blockbuster" summer movies or the Olympics; if you depended on the *SF Weekly* for all your news, would you have know that a quarter million homos were in town, desperate for a party, any party, even that tired old ritual on Sunday. The most interesting diversion in ages has been 'who's been composing letters with a thesaurus in their lap' and 'who is the bought and paid for toady of whom'. It is no longer possible to be annoyed with the ordinary in the face of so much non-existent nonsense—what are we left to anticipate?

Of course, there are pockets of sanity, curiosity and interest, but isn't it really time to reclaim our lives and our so-called culture from those who would claim the right to it?

We have nice comfortable lives here in San Francisco and have elevated coasting to high concept art. Everything we think we need falls in our laps, just about and our complaint is limited to the weather, and that alone is insufficient to motivate us to do anything.

What does it all mean? That a drag queen with a gerbil fetish can become the new Ms. Uranus and another drag queen, a

famous international blacktress to be sure, can still shock the oh-so-hip and groovy hets of San Francisco with a little cool whip and toe action.

Betty Pearl was accused of flinging unsanitary and unsafe feces encrusted carrots but, from a few feet away we saw no such incident. What we did see was a frightened little mammal who wasn't starved enough to licked honey and peanut butter out of somebody's crusty old booty hole. Betty has talents but these are talents we did not get to experience that night as that crowd (not to mention those judges) at Club Uranus that night wanted horror, disgust and feces. Raised on too much television and John Waters, everyone under thirty no longer appreciates charm and wit, not to mention intelligence. The cheap, the easy, the feces encrusted—that, my lovelies, is your way to fame in this city, as so many others before Ms. Uranus 1992 have already proved.

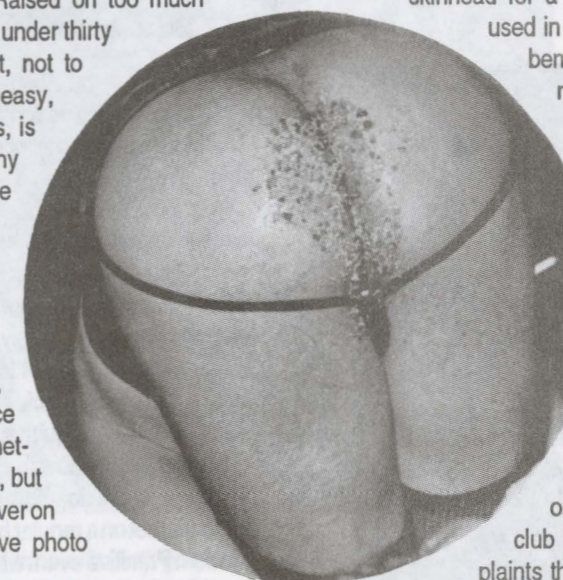
Miss Rome, She Who Would Be Empress, proved once again that she isn't the bought and paid for toady of no club by attacking the hand, and body, that occasionally feeds her. Her fierce pursuit of Lewis Walden's body only netted her a quick peak at his belly button, but this is one part of his body which has never on public display before, as our exclusive photo shows.

Vaginal Creme Davis, on the other hand, showed off a number of her talents, improvising with a crowd of primary heteros at the opening of Show World, a short lived experiment in entertainment produced by Stephen Parr at the Elbo Room. (He is still producing Spoken Word Savages in the same space on Fridays nights



but is not doing the kind of promotion he could to attract more people—may he doesn't want to. These evenings have featured intelligent readings from the likes of D-L Alvarez, Barbara Hammer and Lex Lonehood and merit support.)

Ms. Davis, a Los Angeles visitor to our fair city for only the second time, sang all four songs from the Pedro, Muriel and Esther e.p. Now that Glenn Meadmore has left that band, perhaps it is time for Ms. Davis to record with her new band, Cholital; memo to Keith Holland: take note! She also prescribed to the crowd and even selected one lovely young skinhead for a demonstrate of the techniques used in shrimping. The lad was, at first bemused and then surprised but ultimately enjoy the experience.



He and his biological female girlfriend came up to our boy photographer, Markie Bob, to give him their telephone number for copies of the photographs.

How quickly we forget. Five years ago, The Stud was still a groovy place, at least on Thursday, and Lewis Walden lived with a zillion other people on Page Street. The only rent-a-club in town, The Box, elicited complaints that it was in a bad neighborhood and, besides "too expensive." Gus Bean showed up trying to promote his "underground" parties. Like the brash, young entrepreneur some of us were, he used to put up his own posters and hand out his own invites (and not on the corner of 18th and Castro), which got him constantly booted out of The Stud and The Box as an interloper, an excessively determined (some people claimed pushy) "new kid in town." Now Gus has gotten out of the business he helped develop; but after you buy a house, what more can you aspire to; what is there, after all, beyond property?

Apparently, Empire Ballroom, instead of being "San Francisco's new mega-party" was more swan song. It's a shame because The Warfield can be a fun place to party in after those \$2 million in renovations Bill

Graham got for free. The security was not as horrid as it can be for BGP concerts and the staff that night actually could pass for friendly.

The upstairs mezzanine area (where you had privacy and could actually hear your conversations) was the place to go to for friendly, and more importantly, attentive bartenders. The other special place that evening (besides **Enriques'** you-know-what) was the basement.

Dysfunctional? Co-dependant?

Call Dr. Vaginal Davis. Let her attend to your toes ... em, needs

Unfortunately, this so-called VIP room was over-run by Twinks (and even worse, 30+ Twink Wannabees) in **Stop AIDS Project** T-shirts and out-of-town drag queens. At least **Michael Blue** looked cute as a gangster and played the best music we heard all night (industrial, more than house, gets on your nerves when you are trying to play girl reporter)—a mixture of 20's speakeasy and cds so scratched it was kinda hard to tell what they were, but it was perfect. The only interesting queen there was **Michealangelo**, dishing every single person he'd ever spoken to that evening. Unfortunately, we can't print any of it but we do have it all on tape!

Attempts to make this space fly have failed, starting with Gus' own **Palace**, but we'll see. Perhaps one day, some fag will actually be able to make it fly. Perhaps Gus will get bored. Perhaps someone will get more ambitious (there are still a few houses to be had; even in this recessionary economy—all those burbian boho homo wannabees make good money at their techno nerd or **Macy** retail queen jobs—and they need some place to blow their wads).

Colossus now has schizoid ads since the ownership change; in some cases they attempt to go after the **Carefree**/rave crowd, in others, they pursue the same crowd that has been abandoning them lately for **Carefree** but they do this by



designing with the **Pleasuredome** crowd in mind. We suppose they have to do something with all those photographs of chipped beef commissioned and (paid for?) by Gus some time ago.

Earlier that evening, **Club Fuck** proved that the industrial dance thundergloss popularized at **Club Chaos** and **Mystery City** still had a certain number of fans. In fact, despite all the hue and cry we hear lately about queer rock and rollers, many more people turned out for **Club Fuck** than have ever turned out for **Skin**, **Spit**, **Rock and Roll Queer Bar** or anything else than smacked of guitars. Lewis Walden was there, with boyfriend **Jack** in tow, but he seems to be more into Techno at the moment to regress back into a strictly hard core industrial set on a regular basis. Once again, this was a typical **Modern Primitive** event where sexuality was secondary. Had the **Clubhouse** been bombed that evening, the entire Lower Haight would have been de-populated.



The **Clubhouse** is small enough that a line was maintained during peak bar time, which was enough to scare away a certain number of local dykes and fags; everyone we spoke to who did get in said they were having a good time. By midnight, the crowd started to thin out when the band began to play. Less than an hour later, the band still on stage, a lot of people had fled looking elsewhere for their fun.

Because there were so many people waiting to get in, the

crowd didn't noticeably thin until nearly last call. It also seemed that many people at this opening were out-of-towners, people from LA and other environs. Supposedly, the **First Family of Fuck** will be doing a monthly party, but we haven't heard any other rumors since.

Like **Fran Liebowitz** and **John Waters** before him, **Marc Huestis** has begun to give the impression of someone who is prepared to dine out on the same story for the next twenty years. We'll allow that the **Sex Is** benefit at **Club Uranus** was fun, more fun than had been had at this locale for some time, but seeing the same old tired faces on video over the last two years is not exciting. The slide show, curated by **Daniel Nicoletta**, was good but where were the photographs from the film? And why did **Justin Bond** sing? Inquiring minds want to know!?!

Uranus remains the place to see a lot of basic black, a middling to decent number of drag queens and a high **Doc Marten** ratio but it is no longer the place to be on Sunday. The reality is that no other place is. Most people are just plain content, staying home, whether they are nesting or just jerking off to porn videos, or shocking to some of our local columnist, reading a books.

But there are still crowds to be found. A few places are still packed on certain nights of the week but the floating club-kid wannabees who have kept so many DJs and others afloat for so long have reached the end of their credit limit. Clubs like, **Carefree**, probably as far from breezy and relaxed as you can get, have reached their nadir and have become the place to go, the hot and trendy club of this moment. But how long will this last, in a shitty economy. \$10.00 to get in maybe a fair price to stay someplace all night long, but it is above the median hourly wage of many of the people present.

Will it last? We'll see—the DJ's have changed, which sparks hope for improvement, but like **Colossus** and **Uranus** before it, if this club can offer something unique and distinctive, it has the chance to last. The crowd, at the beginning, seemed to be



also leave something to be desired, but at least the door people and the security guards learnt something from three years of complaints about the asshole types that worked at **1015 Folsom** or at the old **Troc**. We should mention that the slide show and lights are fabulous, though we know people who abuse Vitamin A regularly who swear by the light show at **Colossus** ("the only reason to go."). Now if they can just get the bartenders to help out more with the water/non-alcoholic beverages after 2:00 a.m., **Carefree** would be a place we would go to more often.

The other clubs aren't evening worth talking about. The **Gender Bender Ball** was fun, with some great acts, in particular **Rodney Austin O'Neill's** **Velma Void** (see photo). Not that is not **Lypstinka**, this girl has real balls. Unfortunately, the crowd turned out to be a "let's go to **DNA** early Friday night and catch the drag queens before we boogie" crowd instead of anyone fun—but it was that currently dreaded thing—a benefit. The best thing about the evening was also our first chance to see **The Pleshettes** perform; clever, clever kids. The color laser posters for their **Tribute to Star Trek** were great—the best we have seen in this town in ages. The show itself, at **Fusion** recently, was fun. **Fusion** is still establishing the identity of its small room but seems to be programming interesting enough things to attract a crowd and begin to at least pay for itself—especially if they can keep from being repetitive (nix the belly dancers for a while) or redundant

mostly homos interested in a communal drug experience and while there is still that, there is also the alcohol factor, but those who want to drink usually get there early and leave by or soon after last call. The breeders, wanting to prove they are hip and trendy, have begun to appear in droves. Fag hags now seem to outnumber the dykes, but if you were a sensible lesbian (and that means most dykes in this town) why would you go to a place like **Carefree** for you fun on a regular basis?) Serious dancers also get there early, as they always have, but now **Carefree** has begun to be overrun by event attenders, who get there late in order to make an entrance. **Nikki Rivera**, the best DJ spinning, spins early, so at least the serious dancers get to enjoy that. Everyone else deals with DJ's spinning ordinary house music. The bartenders

(talent competitions have been done—let's try some newer ideas). The big room has definitely won a loyal set of dancing queens, friendly hets and club kids. Even in this city, where most people who go to Clubs do not have "normal" jobs, they still haven't been able to pack them in like they should be. But the rave crowd has really embraced Lewis' spinning and the hard core ravers really praised his set during that schizoid bourgie/pagan ritual at the end of June in the Civic Center. Nikki, of course, has die hard fans—how many djs can claim that, and her Hawaiian adventure seemed to have been just the rest she needed, because of late her spinning has been outworldly.

Cafe table conversations remain the same even as people complain about a lack of things to do. "Why won't you return my phone calls!?" "Because I feel about you the way I feel about songs I use to request on Live-105. I don't request them anymore." and our most recent favorite, "I have your number." "and I have yours." Human nature is just so heart warming. It makes you want to take a dildo and shove it right up a certain sales clerk at a certain retail outlet on Market between Noe and Castro (or so we've heard).

The sex clubs are open once again and, occasionally, packed again especially **Blow Buddies**. A

certain stud-muffin for hire was telling us, however, that many of the patrons of this establishment are more familiar with the term "rough trade" as a way of life instead of a record store. Boys just aren't willing to get their knees dirty (like he is). We suppose it helps the sex clubs save on the purchase of condoms; that and all these San Francisco bottoms who let dicks up their butts without...

The biggest problem with a sex club is that it remains a competition. Gratuitous beef cake is still prized over all, even over that other supposed icon of fag culture, the big dick (though this is definitely a generational thing). Boys wander around mazes over and over again looking for the **Falcon** pom video star of their dreams; but boys, let me tell you the news—he rarely shows up. He's too busy getting rimmed by some junior gymbot who aspires to be in the next **Mack** video release; these are boys who think they are bad but then end up throwing up after using bad judgment in their choice of

recreational pharmaceuticals. Unlike the sex clubs in Los Angeles, where boys who could pass for high grade pom star pork suck and fuck with abandon, in San Francisco, fags lack the willingness to be perfectly anonymous, to allow their bodies to be melded with another for pure pleasure. But then, the bliss the derives from oblivion is not a simple thing and what these fags are after is not bliss, but a trophy, another notch on the ol' belt.

Given a lack of imagination, a boy has to do what a boy has to do; without the initiative to escape their rut, the money they stopped spending at night clubs they drop it at sex clubs—in more ways than one.

Unfortunately, these places are also full of a number of assholes who do not realize that the stupid games ("That's my friend John giving you a blow job!!") and attitude they give off like crab lice is neither charming nor amusing. Sour grapes, thank you no, **BAR**. We have never been thrown out of any establishment, alcohol permit or not. We want just the facts, and that's what we report, 'mam.

Ignored and conveniently forgotten in all of this is what passes for culture in our city. A prime example has been the current fad to promote fine art, in this case, photography of, among oth-

ers, **Jessica Tanzer** and **Howard Roffman** (at **Soho**; did anybody actually go to a card shop in look at art? What a mid '70s idea. Like letting your pectorals be witty for you via a snappy saying on the upper right hand corner of your T-shirt. These doings were partially initiated by **Ram Studios** promotion of their benefit for **Open Hand**. This evening was fun and the display of photographs on the stage at **177 Townsend** street, was astonishing, but even for a benefit, \$10.00 was a bit much just to look at photographs. Look for it a new locale with, hopefully, a lower admission fee. It's interesting that many of Jessica Tanzer's friends and peers thought that the photograph she donated for the **Shove Art Auction** was preferable to a few of those exhibited at the **Art Lick** gallery. But it was a well-attended opening, and it was a treat to see Ms. Tanzer's photographs get the appreciation they deserve.

The **Modern** (with the Rauschenberg show) and other art spaces have recently displayed photography and other art,

especially by so-called "queer" artists, who are an interesting counterpoint to today's developments. Once again, we realize that there are no new ideas (even our own)—only, on occasion, an interesting variation or interpretation. The **Shove** benefit was further proof of this.

There were many readings and other events we went to, including the alternative media show at the **Arm Pit** gallery, but it seems only the visual has caught our attention lately. If it wasn't photographs, it was film, including **Edward II**, once again an interesting variation and interpretation of some old ideas. It is remarkable what some narrative sense will do for one's popularity, a lesson we have certainly learned. The other notables are the so-called "New Queer Films". Disappointedly at the top of the list of failures is Tom Kalin's **Swoon**. Beautifully shot and filmed, it made a pretty picture. But unlike that old saying, a pretty boy is never boring, pretty pictures certainly can be. Which is quite a shame as the story of Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb is interesting, many people do not know the details of it there are facts still left to reveal—especially after **Swoon**. The biggest pity of all is that Tom Kalin was willing to take liberties with part of the story but apparently not enough, and not in the right context. Of course, someone who shows up dripping with a heavy, silver bicycle chain (and club kid ensem—perhaps he took a breakfast meeting with a potential new backer?) to a Saturday matinee showing of **Flesh Histories** (of the mostly bad, except for a few pieces like **Skull Fuck**).

Celebutante manners are worse than none at all.

Greg Araki's total feature film output has been shown in three of the last **Frameline** festivals; his latest project, **The Living End** addressed a lot of issues and provided an emotional, if not intellectual, hard on for a lot of people, even though it is a flawed film. The sex scene, simulated, was not as good as the sex scene, simulated as well, in **The Player** (local pom directors, take note!); some of the jokes didn't even begin to approach funny, but the movie, whose comparison to **Thelma and Louise** is not merely superficial, spoke to an entire generation of homos in ways that films like **Over Our Dead Bodies** should have but did not. Definitely a generational thing.

Ah, San Francisco. We knew you well when you were a dangerous place.

SEX WORLD

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November 25, 1992

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