

Number One

\$3.00

Girlfriend!

Summer 1993



What am I? What are you?

Holly Woodlawn

I always use the women's rest-room, always. **Chi Chi Larue** People naturally treat *a man in a dress* differently than they do when you are not in a dress. I'm also treated differently when someone meets me and they find out who I am. **Lypsinka** Oh sure, those guys are gay, but it's just pushed so far back in their minds that they don't want to *suck a dick* unless it pops out from under a skirt. But then, watch them go to town. **Lady Bunny** To me, it's just a job. I didn't start *because I enjoyed dressing up as a woman*, but it was something that started as an easy way to make money. **Frank Marino** Just getting up and miming the record, well ...that's old school. The old school is about imitating. The new drag is about creating a whole new caricature and being who you are. **Joey Arias**

Drag? I'm offended by the term!

Holly Woodlawn

Honey, I am not a drag queen. I am Sylvester. **Sylvester** I hate it when they call me a transvestite. Those are my work clothes. **Divine** I think that you go crazy after a sex change. I was sure that I was losing my mind and that I'd never be able to *enjoy my pussy*. But I enjoy myself now, I love being who I am. **Sophia Lamar** I don't consider myself a cross-dresser; I look at it as more of an art form. **Rollerena** I go out all the time and get paid to go to industry events where they want color. They're not very creative and *they see these drag queens* and say, "Look, how funny! They're in drag." **Vaginal Creme Davis** I don't really consider myself a drag artist at all. I consider myself a monster. **Dead Marilyn** Nobody puts on a dress just to be political, but once the motivation is there, a lot of people answer the call. I mean, *how political can a piece of clothing be?* **Gender** It doesn't matter what you wear--it's how you wear it. **RuPaul Charles** Let's face it, when you put a dress on and hit the world, *you're declaring what you are*. **Dorian Corey** I never plan to be outrageous—I just am. **Jerome Caja**

Who cares what you are, as long as you're fabulous?

Holly Woodlawn

Fourteen Questions: *Sophia Lamar*

Interview and photograph by Fluffy Boy

What is your favorite color:

Sophia Lamar: Green, because it reminds me of freshness.

And your favorite drink:

Sophia Lamar: Anything that fucks me over.

Favorite clothing accessory:

Sophia Lamar: It's hard to say—probably a wig.

Your favorite outfit:

Sophia Lamar: I don't have a particular one. I like to wear layers of clothes, lots of layers and layers.

A song you've heard on the radio recently that you like:

Sophia Lamar: I don't listen to the radio.

A song you've heard in a club:

Sophia Lamar: That's hard to say...I hate almost everything I've heard in clubs lately.

What do you look for in a boy:

Sophia Lamar: Attitude.

What's the first thing you notice in a boy:

Sophia Lamar: I would say the nose and the hair.

Is there anyone you would like to perform or work with:

Sophia Lamar: Michael Clark.

Do you have any heros, anyone you respect:

Sophia Lamar: I respect anyone who is able to say, "Listen, I'm here, this is who I am—take it or leave it. What you see is what you get"

What is the last book you read:

Sophia Lamar: *The House of the Spirits* by Isabel Allende. It's very surrealistic. I love surrealism because I think I'm a very surrealistic character.

A movie you've seen recently that you liked:

Sophia Lamar: *Edward II* by Derek Jarman.

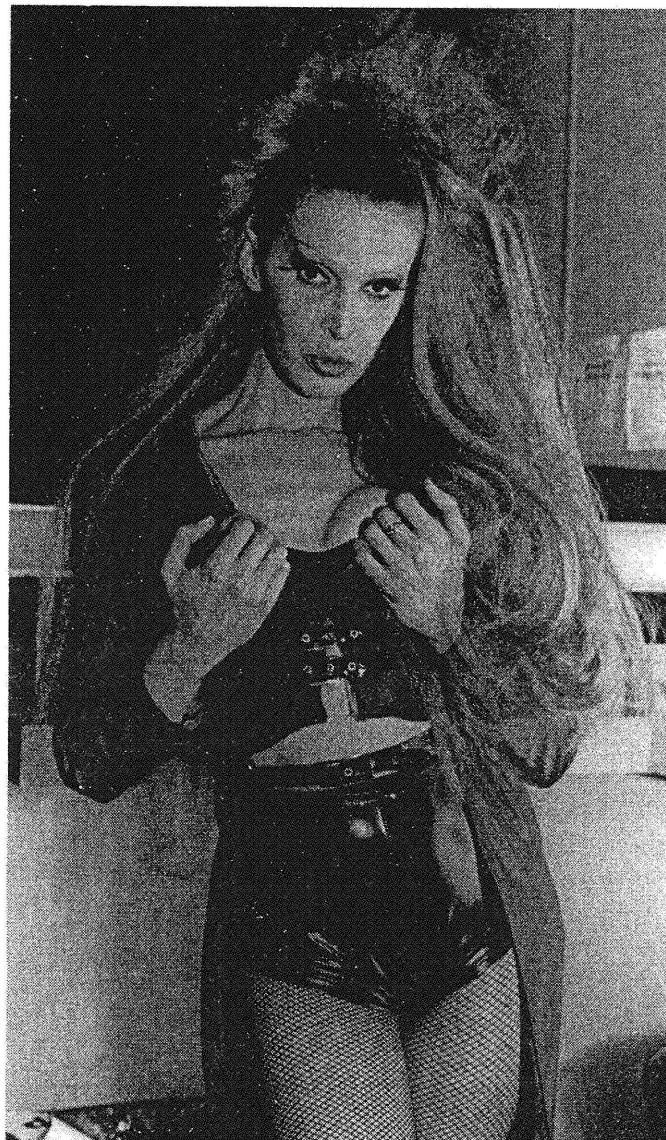
I enjoyed especially the part in the end where the little boy is in drag and he is dancing on top of the cage with the parents inside. It's like the revolution of homosexuals who are being oppressed but fight back. I saw myself in that little boy.

What recent event was postive:

Sophia Lamar: People becoming more politically and socially aware about what's happening.

Personal wish/hope for yourself:

Sophia Lamar: I don't want to sound selfish.



Our Sketchy Selves

Putting out a magazine is not easy unless you're Tina Brown and we're not. Of course, we wouldn't be doing a magazine if it was really such a pain in the ass—this is a labor of *love*. Once we figure out how to get a grant from someone other than EDD however, we intend to start making videos instead. Don't you *just hate* these self-indulgent letters from the editors—as if you really cared what we thought?

What is **Girlfriend?** Who is it meant for? Why, it's meant for *you*. We know (in spite of all those boys complaining about a lack of things to do) that there is plenty going on and we intend to tell *you* about it. Do you really want to have *Details* or *Vanity Fair* regurgitated back at you? Can't wait to hear in *excruciating* detail about Marky Mark, Sharon Stone or Bomb?

Of course not. So here we are, ready to tell you about the important shit. And, if we ever own a country western bar, we promise not to put its tenth anniversary party on the front page, as if it were *real news*.

Enjoy! Tell us what you thought (we love getting mail from people like *you*), what you liked and what you *hated* and, most of all, what kinds of things you want to see in the future. We'll be back at the end of the summer with our Fall '93 issue, the celebuntante version of *Interview* magazine (circa mid '70's)!



Bill had achieved a remarkable rapport
with his inner feminine.

Girlfriend!

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Look/Feel
Fluffy Boy

House Photographer
Mark Huckabay

**A Very Important Queen
in This Town**
Orland Outland

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Eat My Makeup!

Beauty Tips for Fags and Dykes by Vendetta Des Moines

Don't hate me because I'm beautiful 'cuz in reality, I'm not. It's just make up and beauty tips, stuff any girl can learn. You do need to take good care of your skin, so we'll start there.

First of all, if you really want to work what you've got, you've got to give it up! Stop drinking and smoking! (Yes, girl, I mean you with the Mimosa in one hand and a Eve Super Ultra Deluxe Lights 120's between your lips!) Liquor dehydrates you, as if you didn't already know this, and you are mainly water—when you drink, you just piss it all out. Smoking, besides not being lady-like, is just bad for your skin, 'cuz your skin is just a bunch of holes. Once smoke gets in them holes, watch out—it's hard work to repair the mess. If your clothes smells bad after you come back from your favorite watering hole, think about how you must reek? Would you want to kiss your panties after a night out with the gang? Well, then why should he?

Now, start doing stuff for the most important person in your life—you. (Don't I sound just like a Cosmo girl?) Drink lots of the right fluids: juices, nonfat milk and lots and lots of water, preferably unfiltered. No coffee—not even decaf. (No one ever said beauty was pretty, take it from me!) Get plenty of sleep or at least take quick naps all day long. Don't buy clothes just because they are trendy; learn what works for you! There are tricks, besides the one you met last night, that will help you look your best. Use a gentle facial scrub in the shower. After the shower, spend a few minutes each day patting your skin, especially your neck and under the chin. These are gentle pats—no rough stuff. And moisturize, moisturize, moisturize! Another tip is to buy some liquid vitamin E and carefully (use only the pinkie fingers 'cuz it's the weakest) rub under and around your eyes.



All photographs by Mark Huckabay

Forget *Allure* and all those other fashion and beauty magazines. Sure, Clinique and Lancome will do wonders, but why spend all that money? I can think of better uses for my hard earned cash—especially if I must give up booze and cigarettes. Let's face it, these magazines survive on the advertising dollar of multinational cosmetic companies and they don't care if you look like the last hagatha on earth—not if dollar bills are burning holes in your Norma Kamali skirt that could be spent on their shit. These magazines sure ain't gonna tell you that you could get the same effect from stuff inside your fridge.

For example, your hair. If you don't perm it, tease it, roll it, blow dry or color it, you won't need to use that conditioner every day (of course, if you are a coal miner or fireman, that's a different tale). You especially won't need expensive hair care products that don't work any better than what you find at your neighborhood health food store

at half the price. You can use common, ordinary products found in every home, like all that beer you ain't be drinking, and use 'em on your hair for shine and manageability.

Well, I've blabbed on enough for one

issue. Next time, we'll talk about what's below the neck. How shimmer tights are better than shaving your legs and what to use for that really fierce tuck (hide your shame, girl!). I know you must have some fabulous advice to share; I want you all to send me your beauty tips: Vendetta Des Moines at P.O. Box 191781, San Francisco, California 94119.

Imitation of Life

The art scene in San Francisco, especially on the queer front, has been quiet, partly due to the recession and partly due to the lull which seems to be affecting other aspects of queer life in our city. The number of interesting shows in the past twelve months have been low and even the usually prolific Bay Area film and video community has maintained a low profile. Because of the recession, galleries important to our community have been closing. This, of course, also influenced the number and type of exhibitions that occurred. Mainly, it meant that galleries were not willing to chances with art that other's could find offensive or challenging.

Nayland Blake's artwork was among the last shows to be held at **Michner Wilcox** before this gallery closed its doors in 1993. Entitled *December 17, 1992-January 16, 1993*, it included "readymades" within the price range of nearly everybody who might desire one (the most post-modern of the post-modern arts—ironically, while some were almost as disposable as yesterday's Queer Nation stickers they are valued for the artist's reputation). Nayland was present during certain hours, also for purchase, at least in the form of a keepsake video of him bound and gagged for future enjoyment. Nayland had another show (this one deconstructed text—pornography) earlier this year at **Artspace**, which also published *Jerk*, Nayland's collaboration with former **QW** gossip columnist **Dennis Cooper**.

David Seibold was an unfortunate casualty in the government's non-existent war on AIDS. **Art Lick**, the gallery he helped initiate, was

notable for its willingness to take chances with new or transgressive art, unfortunately it closed last year. **Daniel Nicoletta** hosted a gathering in his photography studio which served as a memorial for David. Friends and admirers came to view and bid on his art, numerous pieces in several mediums, including many large paintings. David's art tended to the erotic but also included bold, brightly colored work. One of the largest was an abstract canvas mural the length of a wall which hung at **Club Uranus** a few year backs. The most notable item on display was an "altar piece" created for the occasion by David's friends, **Meredith Clark Steinberg** and **David Harvey** that included photographs and other momentous from his life.

One of the few truly glamorous art openings occurred last October at **Southern Exposure**, outclassing even **Jeff Koons'** tea party. *Remains of the Days* featured new work by long time Art Lick fixture **Jerome Caja** together with paintings and monotypes by **Charles Sexton**. They met at the **San Francisco Art Institute** and become friends; before his death in 1991, Charles asked Jerome to produce art with the ashes from his cremation.

Jerome's created many miniature paintings in the style for which he has become know, except these were mostly portraits of Charles; others featured themes that have appeared in his earlier work—sex, death, Bozo the clown. Charles produced very expressive and emotional paintings for this exhibition. Some were more abstract than others with neo-primitive overtones. Like Jerome, his art

also dealt with sex and death, except that his were more specifically about AIDS and the effect of the pandemic on his life and, of course, his body.

The *SexArt* exhibition at last year **Folsom Street Fair** left us disappointed. This show was supposed to consist of "sensual and erotic ... outrageous and sexually radical art [representing] all sexualities, all genders" but the photographs were mostly white males in the habitual (i.e. tired) soft core S&M poses. This must be the kind of "diversity" **Bill Clinton** had in mind for his cabinet. There were a few women and bisexuals but not enough to justify the grandiose press release. Much of the photography could only qualify as radical or outrageous in **Jesse Helms** neighborhood and very little of it was sensual or erotic.

Exceptions were a collaboration between **J.B. Higen** and **Michael Greta** that had wit and eroticism and the always memorable photographs of **Freddie Niem** and **Rick Castro**. **Burton Clarke's** drawings, which have graced one hand magazines for years, stood out in part because the other work was photography and because his images were among the few that radiated sex with sensuality and danger.

We were so hard pressed for artwork to talk about that we even considered mentioning a certain closeted lesbian portrait photographer whose exhibition of **American Express** advertisements and **Vanity Fair** covers was recently panned by nearly every single critic in this town. We suppose we could have made mention of the fact that **Madonna's** former favorite pho-

former favorite photographer (before she met **Steven Meisel**) who made a bigger splash last year by coming out than he did by any particular photographs he took had an exhibition of *his portraits* in town recently. Though to his benefit, he did produce several books of photographs—*Duo* and *Notorious*—and donated the proceeds from their sale to various AIDS related charities. If truly desperate, we could even write about the recent photographs shown by closet homosexual wannabe (and we mean that in the nicest way) **Larry Clark** but why bother? The term, we think, is “Recession Proof” art.

Pop Life, the tribute to the purple lord of Minneapolis, was a spectacular exhibition of gaudy excess curated by **Glen Helfand**. This recent “celebration” at **New Langton Arts** was comprised of 21 pieces by artists “inspired” by musician and songwriter Prince. It was obvious that some pieces were the creations of true fans of the diminutive one. One such example is **Stephanie Cannizzio**’s three watercolors, beautifully rendered on handmade paper. All were a pleasure to the eye but especially “joy and repetition.” **Rex Ray**, known for his striking graphic designs, contributed “untitled cross, 1-4.” Each bore all the marks of eloquent composition and intelligent wit that we expect in a Rex Ray design. The crucifixions were composed of the cover art work of Prince’s musical output with the covers from other musicians, each combining to make (or raise) particular ideas.

Rodney O’Neal Austin realized a glittering object that can be considered both tribute and critique. Entitled “frog prince”, it included found element which were combined and then painted and also featured a plaque with the quote, “Your prince has come and he’s a small bag of air” that derives from an advertisement for shoes. One of the largest pieces was one of our favorites. **Lance Singletary**

sculpture, “dirty knees” came with the dirt on which the supplicant could kneel, votive candles for the supplicant to light, and the cherub to worship, appropriately purple and presumably a representation of the great man himself.

The recession has greatly impacted queer film and video in a negative way. A lack of money has minimized the output of even the most prolific film and video makers around. **Barbara Hammer** was able to complete her first feature length film, *Nitrate Kisses*, which premiered at the Castro Theater last fall and **Mark Huetis** finished *Sex Is* this year, which also had its first, full length showing at the Castro this spring.

Q-Force, **Thom Wineland**’s new video, also premiered last fall at the **Delancey Street Screening Room**. The film is a science fiction short with a queer bent. Three space cadets (unknowns doing an accomplished job) are on a mission in some distant future when, suddenly, they are faced with impending doom unless they can find a boyfriend quickly. Sounds like last call at **Mike’s Night Gallery**. This video is played for laughs, with a computer that, unlike **Hal**, was programmed with old **Wayland and Madam** routines.

Space is not the final frontier—not if you ingest the right stuff, as we learn in another sci-fi video parody, *Aliens Cut My Hair*, a **Michael McIntosh** production starring **Gentry Johnson** and featuring a supporting performance by **Flynn** that is nothing short of fabulous, from outfit to makeup, acting to presentation. **Steven Maxine** also turns in a performance that, if it were any more over the top would be out of camera range. This video is available at **Tower**, and even with the price increase, you can get your daily minimum requirements of cheese and corn.

Another futuristic video adventure was **Jon Bush**’s music video for “*Euphoria*” the techno single

performed by San Francisco groove merchants, **Gravity**. The video was showcased for the first time during their live performance at **Fusion** in December. This video uses all the **MTV** conventions by turning them inside out—it’s a great mix of b&w and color stock, including fifteen year old found footage (16mm), Super 8 and Beta Cam SP video, all expertly blended in with the music.

Adrian Roberts, the paparazzi for *The Sentinel*’s Hot Shots page, is the art director of that publication as well. In his *spare time*, he makes videos and had an installation at **ATA** this winter. This installation was an opportunity for Adrian to exhibit his portraits. Unfortunately, they were not particularly memorable. They were straightforward black and white shots, well printed with good technical execution. But they lacked any sense of involvement or exploration with the subject. For all you know, the subjects could have been people who stuck their heads in front of the camera.

Several interesting things went on before the actual videos, performance art if you must term it something (much of it involved the movement of furniture in the gallery) and, except for Adrian’s reading of the very humorous messages on his answering machine, was by other people. The most noteworthy were slides which featured recent work by **Stan Maletic**.

The videos themselves were from the post modern, MTV influenced new school. Most of the videos were very short, with little or no linear narrative. Our favorite was “3” a tour de force of drama, sexual tension, beauty tips and glamour. “3” featured three women, two of whom competed for the third, each marking her with the particular beauty style she was known for. The striking thing about this video was the dubbing but we’ll let you find out about that for yourself.

Listen Up!

Gagging on the Lovely Extravaganza

Their first studio album in four years is the newest offering from **The Fabulous Pop Tarts**. The title comes from a comment made by Lady Miss Kier (lead vocalist of Deee-lite), who is among the many voices and other sounds that appear on this album.

These voices and sounds are cleverly used by Fenton Bailey and Randy Barbato in their follow-up to *Age of the Thing*. It would be fair to say that some of the songs on this album were constructed as opposed to written, but these boys definitely worked with only the best materials. This **Funtone USA** release features 17 tracks, most synth-based house tracks, with a techno or hi NRG feel on.

The Pop Tarts are definitely pop culture mavens, using vocal clips from the many television productions they create for British TV as well as riffs from familiar songs; the track "Whore" includes the bass line and dialogue from the rock opera, *Jesus Christ Superstar* and their cover of "Ring My Bell", features the signature sound from the Anita Ward disco classic. "Party Line" features (what else) samples from a phone sex line. RuPaul Charles both sings and is sampled as is DeAundra Peek. Other songs we like include the title track, "Come Circle Around" and "International Twinkie Song".

This is a great party record that creates the kind of cocktail lounge ambience that many neighborhood bars strive but never achieve. The songs will engage you but when you are all caught up in that night's prospects or wrapped up in a stimulating political conversation, **Gagging on The Lovely Extravaganza** will serve you equally well as the soundtrack to your nightlife.

Unless you are one of those queers who believes that music that sounds like it should be played in a dance floor cannot be enjoyed in the comfort of your own home, get this record!

Fluffy Boy

Pussy Tourette in Hi-Fi

One feels a certain satisfaction when a hometown girl makes good. A good time is had by all when one slips on **Pussy Tourette in Hi-Fi**. It's the equivalent to slinking around the house in that second-hand silk negligee you bought off the fence at Market and Van Ness. You really don't care where she's been, but you're glad she's been there and she wants to take you back with her.

From the opening engine roar of Mom surprising Jr. playing "dress-up", **Pussy Tourette** straps you on and rides you, certifying she's "desire mother father liar under-cover fire heathen brother like no other lover", wrapped on these eight tracks as she is in the tight spandex of first-rate production courtesy of Bobo and herself. As singer and songwriter, this is a peek into Pussy's soul: shadows, a street girl standing... waiting... working those classic music genres.

Her roots are rock n roll, immediately evident the moment "Bridgette" begins its snarl of guitar. How sweet it is to hear this back to basics sound from a drag queen. It's a natural (and tight) fit, accessorized with inspired piano playing throughout.

Follow her footsteps on the honky tonk walk of "\$70"—she'll tell you what to bargain for. "French Bitch" is a read up, down and to every side, snap!, snap!, snap! with a groove that has hips moving the same way. More importantly, Pussy proves she's got the right to sing the blues. If the lament of "Bracelets" doesn't compel you, the grunge grind of "Free Pussy", accompanied by killer backing vocalists, will spin

your head. You'll shoot your load when she goes for the balls on "Fuck My Pussy". If ever an anthem, this is it. The song swiftly accelerates with a driving beat and motorcycle growl till she's cruising a speed approaching vehicular manslaughter. "I don't know why I like it—I just do!" Oh, if only Whitney could be half as convincing. Add Miss Pussy to our list of Favorite Divas, please.

Steve Mehall

In Your Face/Up Your Butt

Helot Revolt bill themselves as the world's first ever queer heavy metal band. I guess they've never heard of **Pedro, Muriel and Esther**, the thrash speed metal band fronted by Vaginal Creme Davis. Because they are transplants from Los Angeles, we'll even forgive them for not knowing about **Chastity**, the world's first heavy metal band made up entirely by drag queens.

Normally, we hate anything that uses those tired two chord guitar notes but we couldn't help liking this. Maybe it was the fact that it was over produced. Maybe it was the lyrics. Maybe it was because Glen Meadmore (a wizard on guitar—and a true stud) plays back up guitar on one of the tracks. Maybe it was the song titles ("Bigotry is not Rebellion", "Shirts and Skins", "First Day on Earth" and our favorite track of all, "I Fuck Marines"—oops, sorry, we mean, "I Like Marines.") Maybe we were just in one of our rare good moods (and not necessarily chemically induced). But like this we did.

This e.p. is called "In Your Face/Up Your Butt" (we can only dream). We only wish they ran a picture of a cute boy (even a picture of a member of the band would do) on the cover. We only wish they had recorded their cover of **ABBA's** "Thank You For The Music". We only wish we had more drugs but hey, that's life.

Markie Bob

Watch It!

Medusa: Dare To Be Truthful

If Rob Reiner's *This is Spinal Tap* were about the D. A. Pennebaker documentary of Bowie's Ziggy Stardust tour, it would be an easy parallel to draw to Julie ("Homecoming Queen's Got A Gun"/*Earth Girls Are Easy*) Brown's **Medusa—Dare To Be Truthful**. There's even a mini-homage to the Tap film when the dancers and Medusa rally 'round a ten foot phallus (which gets complaints and causes trouble as Tap's Stonehenge mock up).

The little things in **Dare To Be Truthful** are what make it worthwhile. In Medusa's office, we see beautiful posters for *Desperately Seeking Sushi* and *Who's That Pretty Bad Woman* that are dead ringers for the actual movie posters. Even the title, *Tokyo Trauma*, is mentioned later.

The purpose is heavy satire on Madonna's *Truth or Dare*, and Julie Brown pulls out all the stops. Filmed in the same black and white with color-accent-scenes-for-effect, Ms. Brown takes heavy jabs at Ms. Ciccione's tour tempermentality, her poems and her unabashedness.

The scenes in **Dare To Be Truthful** that hit directly at *Truth or Dare* are ones such as the opening show being drenched in Filipino volcanic ash (as opposed to Japanese Monsoon/Tsunami rain), the communal pre-concert prayers drenched with profanity, the (believe it or not) even more elephantine conical brassieres and, of course, the songs. Julie Brown has several albums out, so she had the writing and recording of songs down, but extravaganza's such as "Like A Video", "Expose Yourself" and "Vague" were all fully choreographed and staged

with almost as many props, lights and panache as the **Truth or Dare** versions (no pun intended).

Cameos by show biz luminaries like Wink Martindale and Bobcat Goldthwait (doing the Costner "neat" line) and lookalikes of both Michael Jackson and Cher give the backstage scenes an eerie reality.

One of the best jobs in the video was by Chris (Get A Life/The Man Under the Stairs) Elliot, who plays the head choreographer with alarming sincerity. A highly overlooked master of satire could hardly be in better company than Ms. Brown.

Although bits and pieces get a bit too corny, this Showtime special has only a few scenes that seem low budget. The rest of them are well worth renting **Medusa: Dare To Be Truthful**. Both loathers and lovers of Madonna will get a kick of this drop in the painfully near empty satire bucket.

Scott Walker

Paris Is Burning

Question: What can be said that hasn't about a film that's been seen by most moviegoers (if they're worth the salt on their popcorn, that is) at least once. Answer: First impressions hold true. I can remember the debut of **Paris Is Burning** at the Castro Theater: the audience was captivated; I was slack jawed. Far removed from this white girl's suburban cocoon, there on the big screen was a subculture rubbed raw; tragic, survivalist, inspirational. The praise and awards that followed the film's release are documented and well-deserved. Now through home video, we girls have the opportunity to re-walk the ballroom floor in the comfort of our own living rooms.

The world of vogue, which seemed so tired after Madonna worked her millions out of it, still has a

resonance of desperation and transcendence that linger long.

Oooh, the irony! In these times of vehement "traditional values" rhetoric, we should have a film that tenderly depicts the need for family, for home, for belonging using drag queens and transsexuals! The "Houses" of fashion in **Paris Is Burning** are the addresses of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters building shelters of self-esteem and love for runaway youth spurned homeless because of their sexuality.

As one father put it to his son, "that's three strikes against you" if you're black, male, AND gay. While the first two may or may not be manipulated (let's ask Miss Jackson), what remains is the chance to be "100% right at being gay." This is what the balls are all about. "The ballroom tells you, 'You Are Somebody'" — no longer invisible. Unlike heterosexist culture where homosexuals learn early on that self-preservation depends on the ability to blend, "Realness" is twisted into a show of strength and armor in much the same way the word "queer" has been outed. The Houses proudly flaunt the uniforms of their oppressors one better in an in-your-face celebration of music and dance and trophies to be won. Fame, opulence, and the pursuit of glamour will not be denied them.

Beauty out of adversity - that is the stuff from which legends are made. Pepper LeBeija, Kim Pendarvis, Octavia St. Laurent and Venus Xtravaganza stir up lasting reminders of our own hopes and dreams when they unashamedly reveal theirs. But it's Dorian Corey that sends us off with the best advice: "You know you've left a mark on the world if you can just get through it. You don't have to bend the whole world—just pay your dues and enjoy it. And if you shoot an arrow and it goes real high, hooray for you."

Steve Mehall

Read This!

Dragnett and Homozone 5

Is it just coincidence that there are two drag queen comic books out now, which *both* feature superhuman drag queens, *all* of whom got their powers from a Goddess? Is the Goddess really out there giving girls Mutant Ninja Press-Ons and Machine Gun Breasts? Have drag queens started their own religion?

While you'd think drag queen 'zines would be ultra-glamorous, and that the only suffering would be for beauty, both these comics are pretty gritty. *Homozone 5* takes place in a future San Francisco after homosexuals have been outlawed in America, and all the urban faglocuses have been turned into prison camps (of course, all these were written when it looked like the *Great Satan*, George Bush, would be in office forever). If you ever watch *Liquid Television* on MTV, well, this comic is kind of like "*Aeon Flux*" for queers. The **Homozone 5** resistance is almost entirely drag queens, which might make you believe incarnation would turn even the butchest tattoo-and-piercing boy into a Lipstick Legionnaire. There are also lots of handsome, sexually confused "straight" troops on the other side of the wall, keeping the homos at bay. It's a lot of fun until the preachy, didactic third issue, which packs more text per page than most novels—in fact, more text on some pages than drawings. Hey! It's a comic book! Lighten up, honey.

Dragnett takes place in New York City rather than in a hellish prison...come to think of it, then, it *does* take place in a hellish prison! It's not as well drawn as *Homozone 5*, nor as well spelled, but then again, it is about the

gritty streets of the Lower East Side, where good spelling won't keep you from getting knocked around by a fag-basher. The Goddess is here, too, giving the drag queens still more superhuman power. Strike me with a lightning bolt for saying this, but here it is: What's the matter? Can't anybody conceptualize of fags who are able to take care of themselves without divine intervention? This is very politically incorrect!

Orland Outland

Sex, Art & American Culture

My favorite beach book of the year was **Sex, Art & Decadence** by Camille Paglia, a well-written, juicy moment of shallowness.

Some thirty years ago, it dawned upon certain American academics that in order for their beloved ivory tower to survive, they would have to become part of mass media culture. Susan Sontag took a first bold step by acquiring a trademark hairdo.

Camille Paglia led this movement to its peak (thus far) by declaring sexual fantasies a viable methodology for scholarly work, thereby bridging the gap between coffee table and breakfast TV show. True to her shtick, this hippie wall flower turned neo-con amazon melts public and private persona (and isn't this what sexual personae are all about?), bombarding us with bulletins regarding her lesbianism, bisexuality, etc. We applaud her truly fashionable concession of this age where sexual orientation one way or another become the hallmark of cultural credibility.

Didn't we always know that being able to piss in an arc is what culture is all about? Paglia under the guise of the oracle of Delphi leads us back to Freudian genital mythology, where men are whole and women holes. She nostalgically perpetuates the simple world

of yesteryear where every cigar was a penis. All essential questions can be reduced to phallus or its much lamented absence. History becomes a continuum where Lord Byron and Elvis, Sappho and Madonna are mere flip sides of the same coin. Social changes, technological innovations, revolutions are all an entertaining, nevertheless irrelevant background for the iridescent, yet frighteningly static spectacle of polymorphous sexuality. The atom bomb? Just another glorious example of the phallic principle with possibly interesting aesthetic implications.

Paglia's popularity is certainly due to her abandonment of history ("It's boring and who cares anyway?"). After all, anyone who can quote Theocritus is a scholar, isn't she? According to Paglia, if only we would realize life's inherent simplicity, e.g. the infinite ecstatic possibilities of date rape, then we could in true flower power fashion unite in the big cosmic acid fuck while listening to Mick Jagger wailing away the juicy parts of the *Iliad*. As you might have noticed, she is truly metapolitical. She claims to be the last true liberal, but who ever heard of a dionysian liberal?

Martin Jaeggi

SEX

The reflection of myself with blonde hair in the Mylar wrapping is a reflection in itself of times past. The sheer fact that Madonna put out her **Sex** book last year is already a statement that the idea of posing nude for the sake of posing nude (and hell, why not, especially if you're gonna make 60 mil or whatever on it) is an idea whose time has come.

I suppose that in certain situations, with change comes growth. And I no longer have blonde hair. Ms. Ciccone appears certain to explode (or rather implode) at some point, "consumed in her own fabulousness" as Medusa's cohorts put it, yet we all know she won't.

She'll just keep on trying out fashions and exploring genres which are underrepresented and overlooked in the general public.

Questioning the validity and meaningfulness of her work has persisted throughout her career. Feminists and conservatives alike fall on both sides of the fence with each move Madonna makes. Mainstream America has been challenged morally and even intellectually and that's taxing considering how simplistic she really is, way down deep. Is she really challenging sexuality in America or is she merely riding the wave of an increased liberalism? Our culture hates to be forced to think too hard.

Sure, her ideas are far from new or original. She embodies images which outrage even the most devoted followers. Yet she has always failed to extract an apathetic opinion of herself from anyone. **Sex** is part ambition and part self-absorption. You decide the ratio.

I know every review says this but the metal covers and spiral binding really do suck. Perhaps she did this to limit the number of times we are compelled to open the book. This limitation itself is a teaser which she has manipulated and also an indication of how much control she actually has over the products she markets. I can't see Time Warner thinking that the format of **Sex** is marketable to a cross-section of America. Yet Steven Meisel is remarkable in conveying Madonna's fantasies through his photography and superimpositions of images. The cd's a nice touch, considering the books hefty price tag.

Madonna's done it again—all we're waiting for is her next move. And I have confidence that she'll pull through with even more provocative and dazzling fervor than ever before. After all, it made her a star.

Yvette

Buy It!

Since they are recent releases, **Medusa: Dare to be Truthful** and **Paris Is Burning** are both easily available at most decent video stores for rent or sale. Time Warner is supposed to release **Sex** in paperback, or so the rumors go, if you really are that interested in making the world's richest woman even wealthier. Camille Paglia's last book, **Sex, Art and American Culture**, was released by Vintage (paperback, \$9.95) but why buy a new copy when you can just wait a few months for it to pop up in the remandered section of your favorite bookstore?

The drag queen comic books, **Dragnett** and **Homozone 5**, can be purchased in many bookstores that carry queer 'zines, including A Different Light (all locations). They can also be procured from Hedda Lettuce Productions, 46 East Third Street #7, New York City, New York 10003 (Dragnett, \$3.00); or Homozone 5, \$4.00 from Robyn Scott at 616 Hayes Street #3, San Francisco, California 94102.

The Helot Revolt and Pussy Tourette records can also be purchased at A Different Light and at select Tower locations. **Pussy Tourette In HiFi** can be ordered for \$10 cassette/\$14 cd from Mark Cliser, 584 Castro Street #260, San Francisco, California 94114. **In Your Face/Up Your Butt** is \$7 post paid (cd only) from De Stijl Records, P.O. Box 170206, San Francisco, California 94117-0206.

The new Pop Tarts album will be carried in select record stores (ask your local music dealer to carry it; they can contact Funtone USA Records directly at 404/377-2134). The cd of **Gagging on the Lovely Extravaganza** can also be ordered, in California only, for \$12, from BSW, P.O. Box 190256, San Francisco, California 94119.

Commodify This Stuff

There are so many things available that it's difficult to review everything sent to us, much less the stuff we discover on our own. Here are a few items for your consideration; however, these are not reviews—we simply wish to make you aware of their existence and suggest that you check out whether they are right for you. Some of these items may be reviewed in a future issue.

The speed-thrash metal band, Pedro, Muriel and Esther, has a four track vinyl **PME EP**, which features lead vocals by Vaginal Creme Davis. Available from the same label is a complete collection of Glenn Meadmore's musical output, including his last ten track cd, **Boned**; write to Amoeba Records for prices at 5337 La Cresta Court, Los Angeles, California 90038-4001. Another recording now out is Pansy Division's **Undressed**, on Look Out Records, available from Jon Ginoli at P.O. Box 460885, San Francisco, California 94146 (vinyl/cassette \$7, cd \$10).

Photography buffs might check out **Castro**, a compilation of Rick Castro's work, issued in both paperback and hardback editions from DPR Press, P. O. Box 26716, Los Angeles, California 90026. Our favorite comic 'zine, Robert Kirby's **Strange Looking Exile**, is now being printed by Giant Ass Publishing, the folks behind the fabulous **Hothead Paisan**. These comic books (including all of the back issues of SLE) can be ordered from P.O. Box 214, New Haven, Connecticut 06502. Ask them to send you prices or their free catalogue.

Steve Abbott passed away last year, but not before completing his book, **The Lizzard Club**, which is now out in paperback at your local bookseller or you could order it directly from the publisher, Autonomedia, P.O. Box 568, Williamsburgh Station, Brooklyn, New York 11211-0568.

Razor Blade Kisses



Live hard, die fast, leave a pretty corpse. This is what happened to Club Uranus, except some people don't think it died fast enough. Things change and change is the one thing everyone hates. They don't like it when it happens in a friend, much less a lover and they certainly didn't like it when it happened to their favorite club. Of course, by the time the end came, most of these people hadn't seen the inside of the End Up in months.

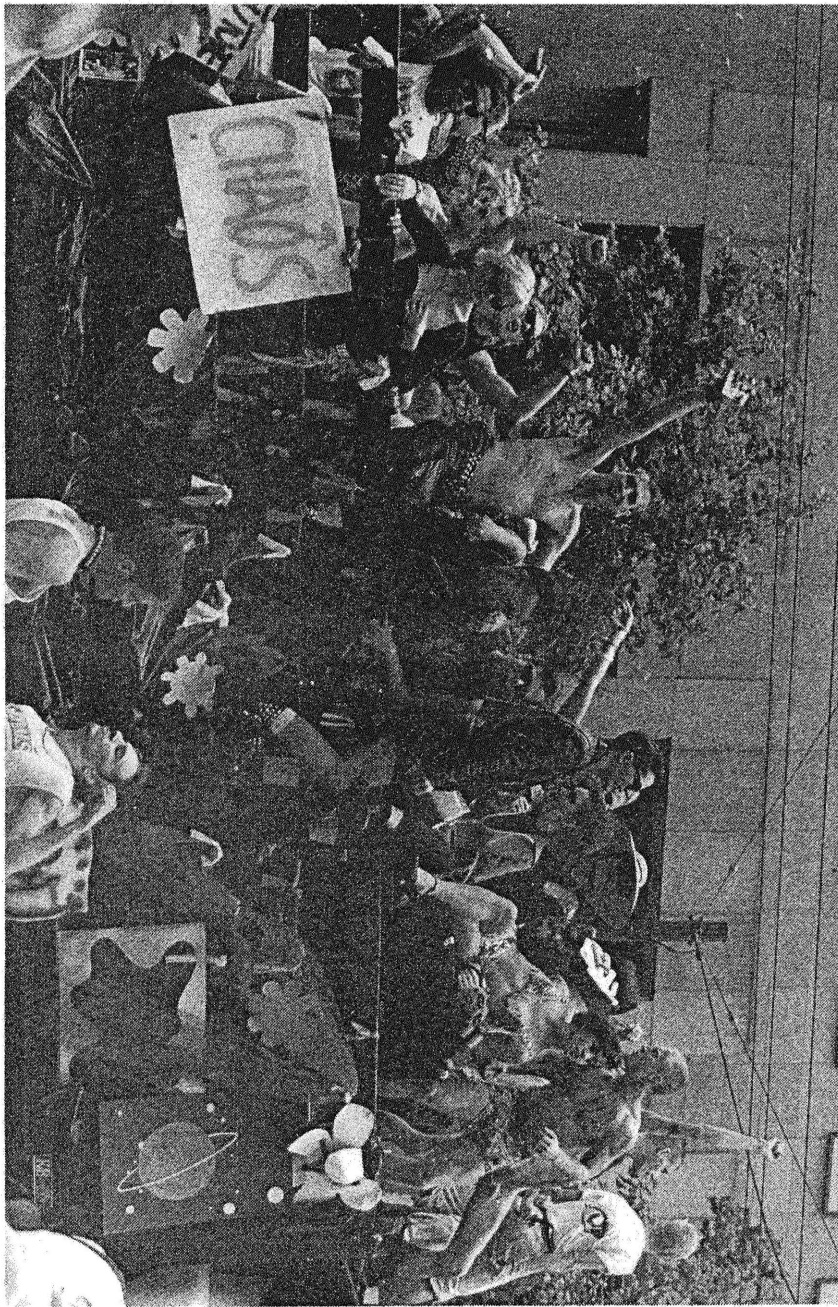
The centurion dance thunder gloss of Club Chaos evolved from industrial into acid and then into what is now called techno. Along the way, promoters/djs Michael Blue and Lewis Walden rode a crest of anarchy, diversity and pent-up desire into a mini empire of clubs, all of them now history.

Club Uranus didn't invent this scene, despite what the Examiner and the Bay Guardian would have you think. The scene already existed, somewhat scattered and in pieces, waiting for some catalyst. Queer activism was one of them and so was the resurgence in clubs. The daily papers wanted to believe that queer rage was just some new fad, something to do with some club, but it was far more prevalent and pervasive than they understood, infused by groups like ACT UP

and only helped along by these clubs. Along with the cafes and all the other hangouts (including ACT UP and Queer Nation meetings) Chaos, Screw and Club Uranus simply became another place to talk politics and dish politicians--real and imagined. Dancing became another, different way for fags and dykes to express anger and release frustration. Certainly, this wasn't the case for every clubgoer. For some, it was just drugs and a good time; their understanding of politics was limited to what they saw on TV.

By that first summer, in 1990, Club Uranus ruled this parallel universe. It had nothing to do with Castro Street or "Gay" San Francisco. The "Juggernaut" float proved that, causing folks with too much time on their hands to write letters to the local bar rags complaining about those nude dudes on "that" flat bed truck. A videotape of that float is still used, trotted out whenever people too afraid of their own imaginations to allow others any personal freedom want to scare "god fearing, clean living Americans" into doing the right thing. It was dragged out for campaigns to repeal civil rights laws in Concord, Oregon, Colorado and it will be used by the right wing for years to come.

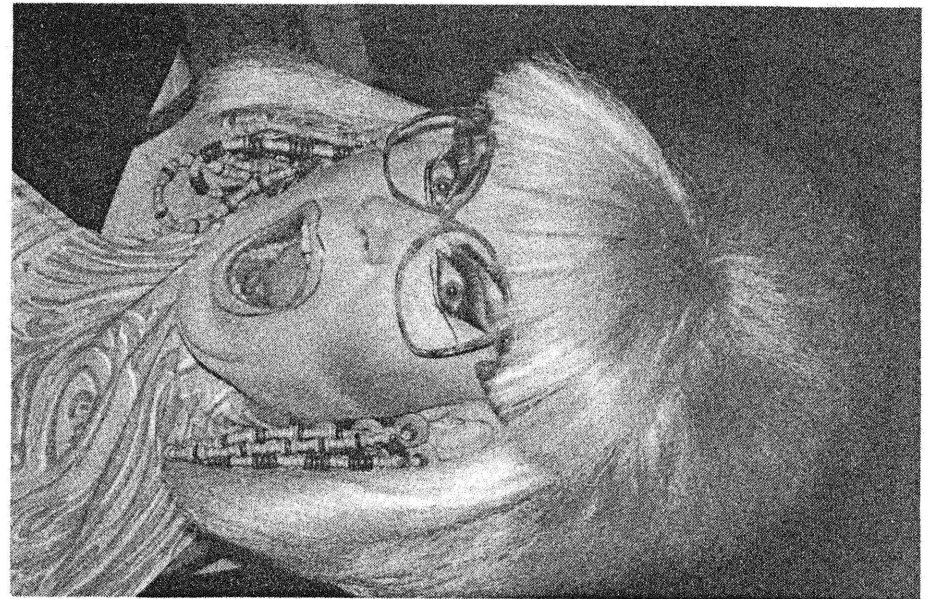
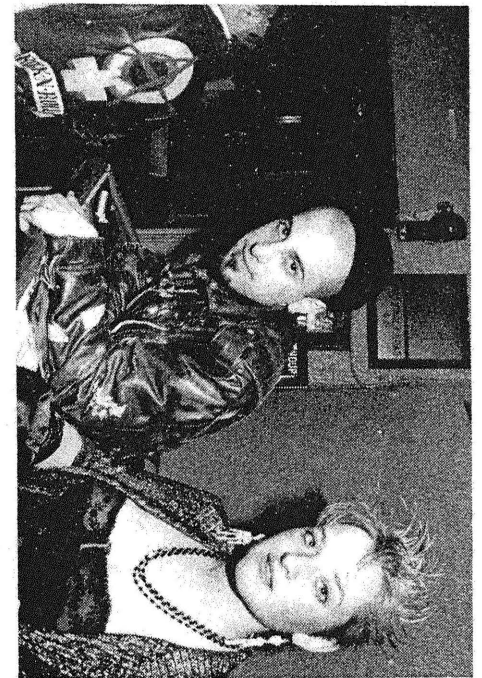
Mark Huckabay

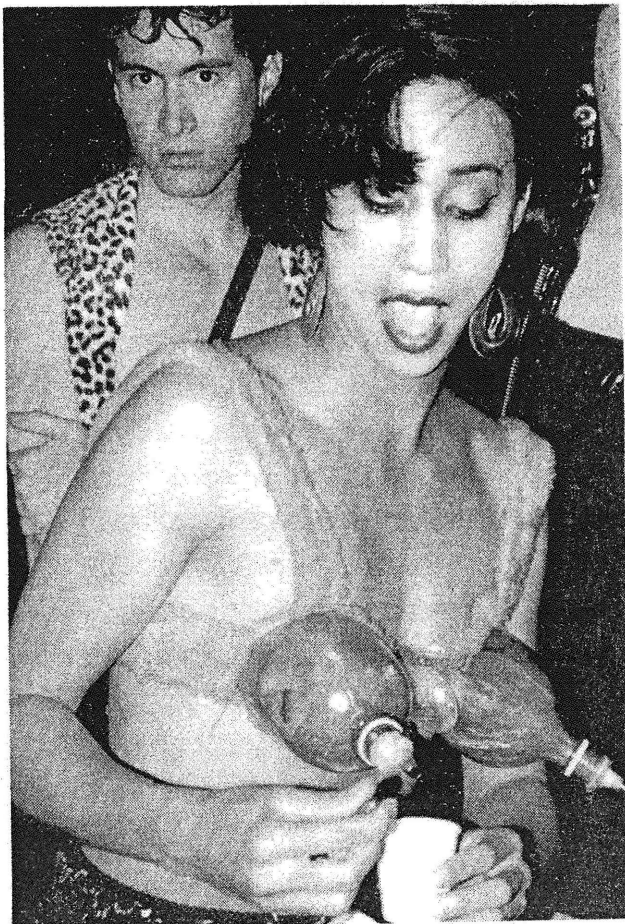


Courtesy Lewis Walden



Patrick Clifton





This wasn't the first group of fags and dykes to think of themselves as outlaws; they certainly weren't the first to smoke pot in a bar or to stare at their reflections in the bathroom mirror while speeding out of their minds. They just reinvented the wheel with a few new spokes. Now, one of the songs (808 State's *Cubic*) that helped define a place and time is being used in a TV commercial to sell video games to mall rats.

They mixed drugs, sex and cheap beer. The bar was so desperate for business in the early days, they offered a beer bust Meisterbrau. The crowd snuck in their own bottles of Jaegermeister, sucking down shots like flies go after shit. Friends of the bar staff and there were many just got free shots. They snuck in their own beer; after all, it was just another drug to bring. Kids who were broke or unemployed even smuggled themselves in by jumping over the back fence; though the door boy, Tom Maffai, would often let you in at a discount, or free. Especially if you were a cute boy or a drag queen.

The crowd was a mix of queer boys and girls, not so much Generation X as the x'ed out generation. They were queers who had grown up on TV, knew their way around a pharmacy and never knew sex without latex. Some of them had politics, some of them didn't read anything in the paper besides their horoscope. Everyone wore the uniform: multiple piercings and tattoos, black denim or torn dirty blue jeans, ripped flannel shirts, leather jackets and doc martens.

Drag queens (making a comeback just like LSD), never actually went away. But these girls were different--they didn't take themselves seriously. So what if the make up smeared or you could see their dicks. Uranus brought out the kinds of girls the Imperial Matrons thought scary. Honey they told Jerome, you just can't be seen without a nice dress. These creatures felt equally at ease with each other as with the biological women, radical faeries and folks who just felt like freaks every place else they went. In the early days, there were plenty of queer-friendly hets and bi boys and girls. The scene enveloped all of this and it was just one big party. Until it grew too big. It wasn't breeders that some minded. It was the gawkers. It was messy and loud, a place to hang out, dance and cruise for fags and dykes, and a hell of a lot of fun while it lasted, which, at least in spirit, wasn't necessarily three years.

Title page: Michael Blue doing that thing he does so well. Previous page, clockwise: Tom Maffei and Laura Thomas guard the door; Michelangelo being Michelangelo; the Juggernaut float; Jerome Caja, Jack Grimmegg and Lewis Walden mug for the cameras. This page: Diane and Annie lounge before dancing; Brie Brickett's lactating titties.

Alexander Fozekas-Paul



Beauty **Is Never Pretty**

Marc Geller



Mark Huckabay



Where are they now?

Miss Uranus 1990 - DiDi S. Astor

I've had so many gorgeous memories, somewhere ... but the one that comes to mind is an act of kindness bestowed by a certain Hollywood celebrity. It was during my tour of West Coast rehabilitation clinics—you'll recall my campaign to promote glamour for ex-junkies—and who should I cross paths with but addiction poster girl, Drew Barrimore. Well, she was clean when I met her, just picking up some old things, but we really hit it off, and as a favor she gave me a number of her old dresses. They weren't exactly my style, she'd been going through a Jane Pratt phase, but I thought it was sweet, so I took the outfits but gave them to Jerome. Drew still calls from time to time, especially when she gets the urge to use. I just tell her to how great she looks on Arsenio and Oprah and remind her of all those spots get's getting lately—that usually calms her.

There are, of course, all the humanitarian things, but everyone knows about that stuff. The thing that surprised me about being Ms. Uranus was how easy it's been to get laid—a bit crass, but true. It doesn't matter if I'm in scruffy boy clothes or all-out fright doll drag, nor does it matter what their sexual preference is, how pretty they are, or how unappealing they thought I looked before discovering my title. Once they find out I'm DiDi (and sometimes I need to show photographs to prove it) they're on their

knees begging for it. It's really taken all the challenge out of boy-hunts, but that's the cross I bear.

Miss Uranus 1991 - Ineeda Bush

I am not now nor have I ever been Miss Uranus. If I thought my place in history was to go down in or with any of those hideous rodent raping parasitic cows, I would first kill them, then myself.

Miss Uranus 1991 - Dreama Bush

The Miss Uranus pageant was the worst experience we ever had. I thought it was going to be so glamorous, but everywhere we went, people laughed, gawked and made fun of

us in the streets.

The only good thing that came of it was that a kind and understanding surgeon saw our picture in the paper, took pity on us, and decided to separate us for free. That separation was the only worthwhile thing that came from this nightmare experience. Now, I'm making plans to move to a trailer park in Hialeah, Florida to end my days in seclusion.

Miss Uranus 1992 - Betty Pearl

A lot of strange folks kissed my butt while I was Miss Uranus, but mainly it meant free drinks. However, my peak experience was finally meeting Carol Carroteye face to face in the women's restroom at Klubstitute moments before I was put on trial.

*What did the
Miss Uranus
title mean to me?*

She's a beauty, I'm a beauty, wouldn't you want to be a beauty, too?

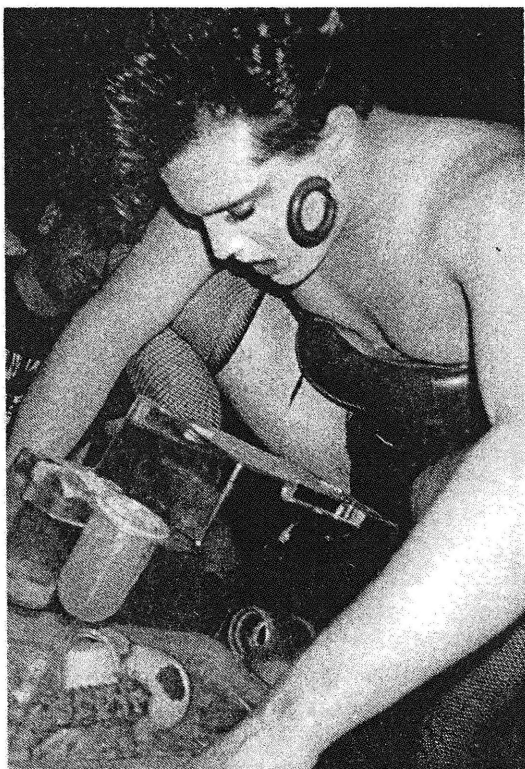
"There is no number two"

MarkHuckabay



Previous page: Pictured are the four lovely (and, at least on this occasion) ultra gamourous queens of our universe on the closing night of the best show in town (from left to right): Betty Pearl, Rodney O'Neil Austin, Justin Bond and DiDi S. Astor (photo by Alexander Fazekas-Paul). The overwhelming crowd favorite at the very first Miss Uranus competition was D-L Alvarez's creation: DiDi S. Astor (bottom left) photo by Marc Geller. Ineeda Bush (Justin Bond) almost lost her lunch at the annoucement, but Dreema Bush (Rodney O'Neil Austin) looked like she had swallowed the cat's canery as her victory was proclaimed (Mark Huckabay took this photo).

Adrian Roberts



MarkHuckabay



This page: Some people competed several times, like Hogan —this was one of the better entries that year (top left, with friends John Woods, She Who Needs No Last Name and a cute but nameless hunk) but this was the time the judges wanted to see a poor hamster get raped (Betty Pearl, center photo, with "friend") but our favorite competitor has been and always will be Rena McDonald (bottom right).

Why do they insist on calling it a blow job? It's more hobby than career and most people (not everyone, we realize) finds it a pleasant experience, not the kind of drudgery you relate to work. Also, why blow? No one's ever blown any air—hot or cold—on our dicks. Of course, suck job isn't any better. And we can't really call it *suck hobby*, can we?

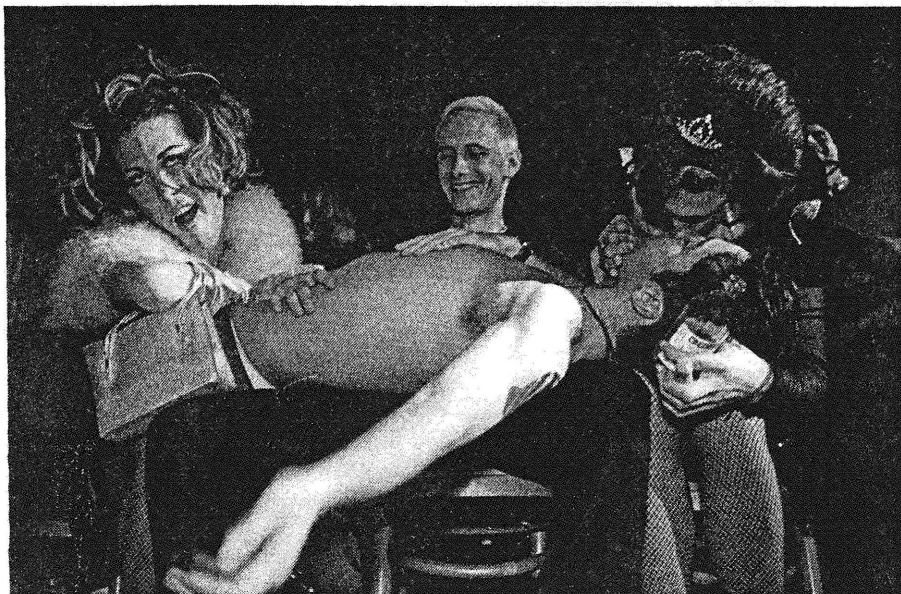


Anatomy of a Blow Job

And what is this thing about sex in public? We suppose these people can claim this was performance art, but we ain't buying. They are entertainers, but still.

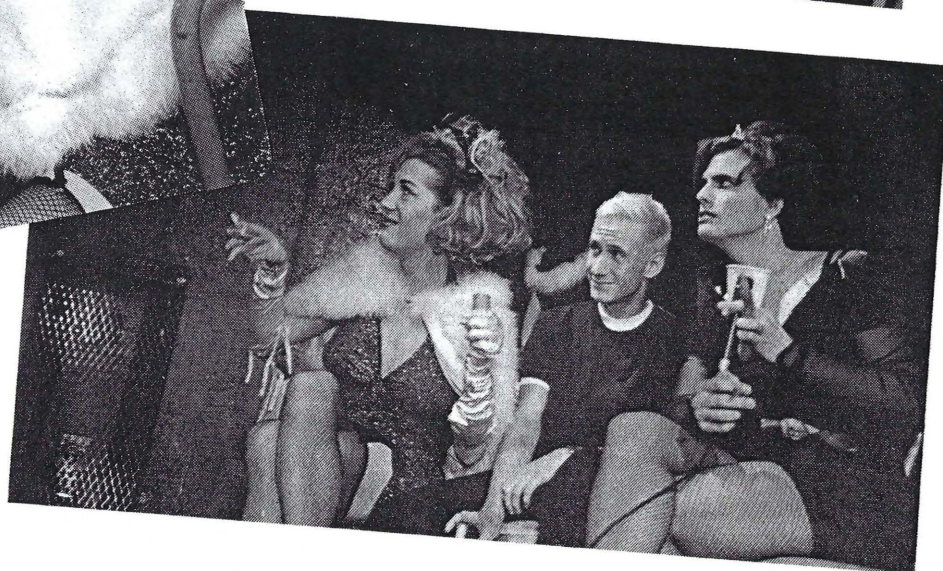
And what about Mark. Ok, so he dropped his pants—does that make him an exhibitionist? Maybe this was the only way to get some action at this joint.

This Page—top right: Lewis Walden grimaces as Kiki Durane pulls it out. Is it big? Too small? What's the prob, Lewis? (Betty Pearl practices mouth to mouth on Mark.) Bottom left: Kiki thinks it's just right and Lewis finally begins to enjoy himself as Mark waits to get it from both ends. Kiki, don't make promises that your lips ain't prepared to keep. (Betty's lips, tho, must've gotten caught, or somethin'.) Both photos by Dan Nicoletta.



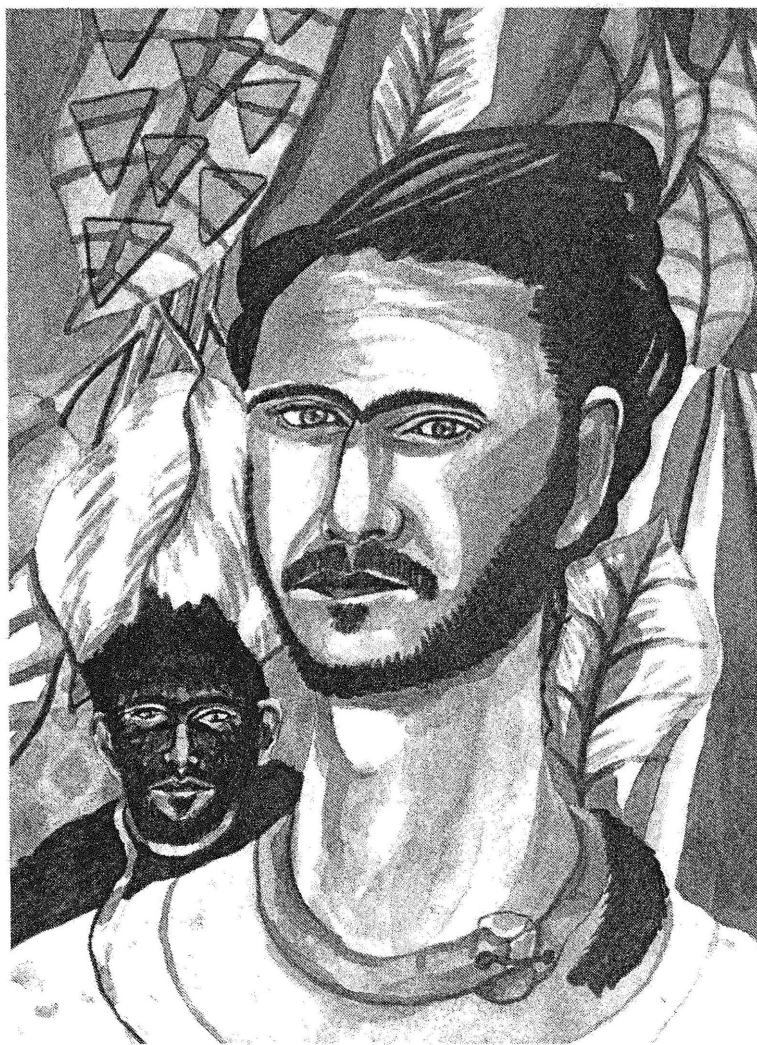
Next Page—top center: Kiki finally puts out and looks in Mark's jeans. We still wanna know, *is it big?* Bottom left: Kiki pulls it out while Lewis gets some tongue sushi. Center right: Kiki studies Lewis' technique (but didn't he have a cold that night?) All three photos by Marc Geller. Bottom right: Sorry, we don't have a good face shot of the star (we still haven't even found out Mark's last name) but here are his fellow culprits (by Dan Nicoletta).

All photographs courtesy Marc Geller and Dan Nicoletta



Rose

A story by Drew Pissara
Artwork by John Copoulos



My friends, Bob and Tom, and I had been doing circle jerks long past what would be considered a normal age. We knew there was something queer about it but we never said so and it never got any further than mere masturbation; never further then lending a helping hand at most.

I forget who it was that first suggested we try picking up some guys. I don't remember whether we decided beforehand or whether, after a few beers, we came to a mutual unstated understanding. But there we were, three to a table, scoping the crowd at a decidedly mixed club.

Bob picked out a short blonde guy. I don't remember who Tom picked but I went with this redheaded drag queen who went by the name of Rose. I remember both Bob and Tom looking at me quizzically. They were more than a bit stunned at my

choice, but it made complete sense to me. I wanted to know what I was in for ahead of time. I'd been fucking girls for the last decade or so and I didn't want to get into anything too unfamiliar.

Once we'd picked up our date for the evening, we split. I brought Rose back to my place and unzipped my pants first thing. There was little I liked better than getting my dick

sucked and I figured she was up to the task.

"Isn't that cute," she said and started licking it like it was ice cream, licking it like it was cold and she shouldn't put it in her mouth. I wanted her to suck it and said so but she bat her eyes and said, "Patience." That's all. "Patience."

She opened her purse and slipped out a condom. I wasn't

ready to fuck her yet but she said that wasn't the point, said she'd put a little jelly on the inside of the rubber for increased sensitivity and then slid it on.

It was weird to feel the cold jelly slide down my dick and her hot mouth at the same time. I was pretty hard by this time and Rose knew how to blow. She took it down whole, no small feat, believe me.

I was just getting into when she asked me, "Have you ever had your pussy eaten, honey." I said, "I don't have a pussy, you fucking cunt."

And she said, all coy, "Oh, yes you do," and then she flipped me over on my belly with a strength that was slightly unnerving. Before I had time to comment she had spread the cheeks of my rear and was rubbing her nose inside the crack.

"This smells like a white wedding," she giggled. Instinctively, I tried to move away but she held me firm. I was beginning to wonder whether she was as strong as me.

But my mind began to cloud as I felt the wet warmth of her tongue dart around at the sensitive skin down there. She spread my cheeks further stopping her licking and kissing only to add, "You've got a nice muscley butt and a tasty snatch."

I didn't argue. I was overcome by a warmth that was like the hum of electricity. I did have a "pussy." She licked, and chewed with a delicacy that had me on the verge of visions. I felt like every part of my body was centered around my asshole, like that was the center of my being; as if that was the center of my consciousness, my sexual brain. Her tongue licked and licked and I said nothing.

Looking back now, I know I saw her hand reach up past my shoulder to grab her purse. I know I heard her purse click open, heard two packages being torn, felt her tickle my hole with her fingernail, felt the cool jelly as well as the warm tongue. But I swear I don't know what was next. I didn't see what was coming. I was clueless. Distracted, I guess. I was enjoying having my "pussy" eaten too much.

Then she stopped. There was a pause. I reveled in the afterglow of the lick session.

"Thanks, that felt good," I said to which she replied, "You ain't felt nothing yet, girlfriend," then she put a firm grip on my shoulder and rammed her dick in.

I was caught completely off guard. The pain was incredible. My asshole didn't have time to resist. I just opened up and took it in. "That's a good girl," she cooed as she eased her cock in and out. The pain shot from the very bottom of my spine up to the base of my skull. My ass felt like it was on fire. The warm feeling that had consumed my body was now a feeling of fire. My whole body was burning. Soon she began to pick up speed. And as she picked up speed, I could feel her dick slide in a little further with each thrust. She practically had the whole thing in when I started screaming, "Let me suck it. Let me suck it," just so she would stop.

In a flash, she'd flipped me over on my back, climbed up, cradled my head in one hand and shoved her cock in my mouth. I resented all this manhandling and pushed her hands aside.

I didn't like her always having the upper hand so I took control. I sucked her with utmost seriousness. I took that woman-cock down my throat almost to the base. I couldn't take the whole thing, try as I might, much as I might wish. I was new at this and this was pretty long. I sucked as best I could though and I know from her whimpers and moans, I wasn't doing a half-ass job.

I shoved her down on her back and climbed on again. I wanted to feel this penetration thing one last time before I gave her a fucking I'd make sure she'd never forget; but the minute I got on top of her, she flipped me back on my back and pressed my thighs up against my pecs—my "tits" as she called them—and said, "You want, girl, then you're gonna get it."

She pushed it in to the hilt. Over and over again she shoved her dick deep inside me.

She swiveled and rammed until again I was screaming let me suck it. But she wouldn't. She just continued to fuck with a rhythm that would have been monotonous, if it hadn't been so fast and persistent. Again, I found myself begging, only this time it was: "Let me taste it." I wanted to taste it.

But she just kept on fucking me till I came. And then she kept on fucking me, ripped off my condom and shoved it in my mouth. "There's a taste for you honey," she said. She covered my mouth with one hand, didn't let me spit it out, just clamped her hand over my mouth and fucked my ass. When I tried to pull her hand away she gave me a few sharp thrusts to remind me who was boss.

The taste was good. I liked it. I sucked that rubber like it was a lozenge and she fucked me till I came again, I managed to push her hand away long enough to scoop up some of the fresh batch.

It seems as if I slept and woke to Rose fucking me. I'd regain consciousness only to find her still at it: her balls slapping against me, her fake breast bouncing up and down, and that cock thrusting inside me. I'd crossed my threshold of pain so I'd smile up at her, feeling beatific, and then fade back out. When I woke the next morning Rose was gone. All that remained was a few red fingernails. That, and my sore ass.

A few months went by before Bob, Tom and I got together for a circle jerk session. No one mentioned the night in question. We jerked off as usual and it probably would've continued like this until we were old men if I hadn't shot off into my hand and then consumed it. You see I'd developed a taste for this stuff.

All photographs by Marc Geller

Gratuitou Beefcak



Why is this woman smiling? She works all day, getting more accomplished before 5:00 p.m. than some people do all day. After a hard day of laser surgery, Kenny Wonder gets to come home and bathe beautiful buff boys, one by one, using only the best artesian drinking water.

(We don't know who the boys are—but if you want to send us their names, we'll print them later. The "dame" is, of course, Kenny Wonder. These pictures were taken at Product.)



Joan Jett Blakk's

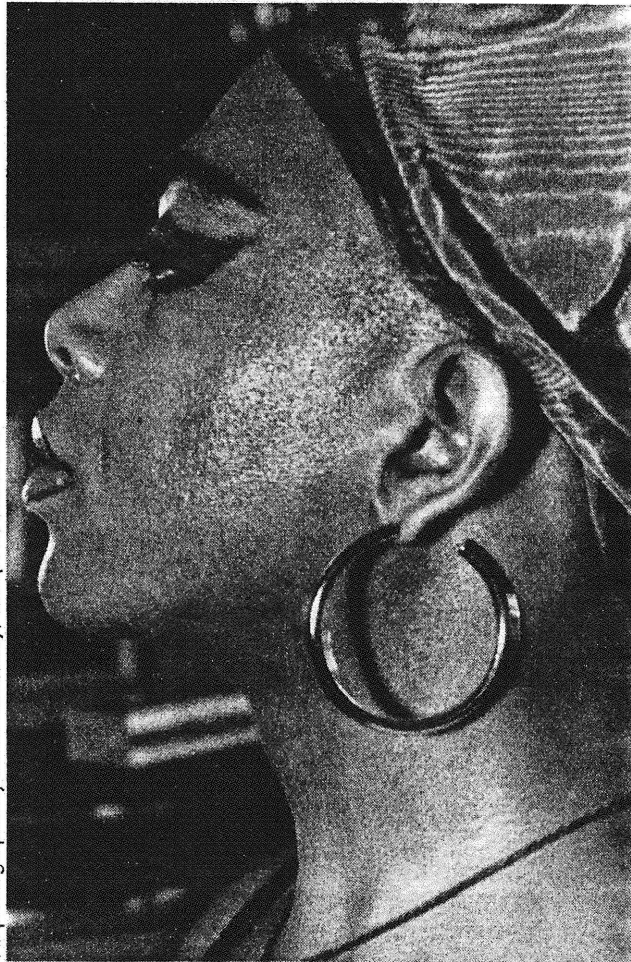
Campaign Diary

Announcer: "Here we are at the beautiful loft—home of **Joan Jett Blakk**, the gender fuck drag-queen presidential candidate. Well, ex-presidential candidate. It's a very lovely fag space. It kinda has the feel of a magic cave that was invaded by an all drag rock band.

Scattered about the place are assorted outfits that look like **Frederick's of Hollywood** collided with **Chanel** couture. There are shoes with impossibly high heels. There are guitars with horribly mangled strings. There is so much incense burning my bespectacled eyes are drying up in their sockets.

Let's see, what's that loud music? Oh, it's *Shot Forth Self Living*, that hot new lp by **Medicine**. Look, here's the diva him/herself. It seems Joan is on the phone with a friend in Milan. Let's listen in."

Joan Jett Blakk: "Oh God, I was a little nervous, here I was about to announce my candidacy for president of the **United States** and I could not even flag down a cab. Un huh. Well, this really was the people's campaign, honey. No limos here. So anyway, here we are, two guys in suits and me in my faux-faux Chanel, you know, the pink one. What hair? Oh, the **Mary Wilson** 1965 period, when her hair was blond—yeah, that wig. What cab would stop for that? I looked like a scary drag queen from



All photographs by Mark Huckabay, except as indicated.

blocks away. So, you know what I did? I got one of the boys who were doing my security for me to get a cab. Why did that work? It worked 'cause he was white. When in doubt (or in drag) always have a white boy flag down the cab. Well, yeah. The whole thing was like that. We were late for everything. Drag queen time, ya know. Except for the radio stuff. Well, right at the beginning after I'd announced, I started getting these radio interviews all over the country and being a major media whore, I did every one, girl. Some of the assholes that are on the air, though.

They would ask me shit like, 'Why are you running for president in a dress?' and I'd say, 'Honey, anyone can do it, that's the point.'

One dork said (mockingly) 'I don't have a dress' and I said, 'That's no excuse, go get one!' Then, this one station called and a lady said, 'This is **Dublin, Ireland**.' I about shit. I'm so sure. Now I know folks going to work in Dublin were shocked to hear that drag queens run for President in **America**. Oh, they loved it. Hey, if a bad actor could do it, a good drag queen can too.

Yeah well, that's what happened at **SPEW II** in **Los Angeles**. The press conference there was so cool. I made one hell of an entrance, down these stairs and everyone was so nice and the speech was workin' and the crowd was really with me, you know what I'm saying? Girl, it was the best. Yes. And it worked in other places, too. Well, I mean, you know, I was the only drag queen presidential candidate anyone could find so I traveled all over.

Some of the best? Well, let me see ...**Oberlin**! That was something. I was treated like a major star there. I got to do an interview on the campus radio station and slam the fuck out of this homophobic guy on campus, I got to dine with the cutest boys in the

whole nation and bond with some of the hippest baby dykes. I know. I kinda felt like a grandmother or something, you know? Yeah. Pale, frail and at risk of jail, that's what I say. What? Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. I'll never tell. Then there was **Matt and Rich** in **St. Louis**. They took me out to this great queer restaurant and I entertained at their gay student union party.

Oh God, then there was that event at the **Chicago Hilton** with all the local politicians. I met **Geraldine Ferraro** at that one and at another shindig at this fab eatery, **Ann Sather's**, I met **Paul Tsongas**, when he was still a presidential candidate himself. Oh, he was sweet, if a little terrified. Yeah, I guess he bought a couple of my buttons for his young daughters. I'd really like to know what little girls in **Massachusetts** tell their friends when they show up for

E. Jeffries. What a host. Style, glamour, controlled substances. I filmed a show with **Glenda Orgasm**. Now, she's a sweet one. Oh, and I ran into **John Calendo** after all these years.

Well, no it wasn't really easy to get on the convention floor, no. I ended up putting my make-up on in the bathroom at **Madison Square Garden** and oh, let me tell you. There I am, ok? I've got it all on, the wig, the red white and blue mini-skirt and I'm waiting for my friends from the gay cable network to show up with the pass that gets you on the floor.

A guard comes in and all he can see are these 7 inch heels peeking out from under one of the stall. So he says, 'Hey, this is the men's room!' and I say, 'Hey, there's a man in here!' and just at that moment, they show up with the pass and hand it over the stall and I open the door, floor pass around

my neck and smile at guard fuckface on the way out. But wait honey, just as we get past the **FBI**, the **CIA**, the **Secret Service** and whoever the hell else and walk onto the floor, they announce **Govenor Mario Cuomo**. Yeah. Child, the place went up. The



lights came on real bright. The crowd rose cheering and screaming to its feet and I worked it like they were screaming for me. Oh, yes I did. It was fabulous. Wait till you see that on film.

What do you mean, what film? The documentary, silly. **Elzbeth Kydd** and **Gabriel Gomez** have only been following me everywhere for the last year. You remember *Dragin' for Votes?* Well, this is the update. It should be

out by gay pride time in 1993. **Sundance Festival**, look out. You think **Madonna** made a big to-do at **Cannes**, wait till Miss Joan Jett Blakk get there! Oops. Hold on a second. I'll be right back. I've got to take that call.

Ok, you there? Yeah I gotta go, too. It hasn't slowed down at all, are you kidding? Honey, the play I was in, *Womandingo*, ran for three months, and now I'm workin' on my new glampowerpunkband call **Boipoosi**. I'm also gonna open a cafe with some of the fairies called the **Get-It Grill** and I'm trying to develop a scent with an idea I got from **Fred Scheinder** of the **B-52**. Yeah, it's call *Eau Mi Gawd*. We're trying to get **Steven Meisel** to direct the commercial. Thanks. Well, it's been fun talking to you. Say hello to **Linda**, **Naomi** and **Christy** for me, ok? Yeah, love you too. Ciao."

Announcer: "Jeez, that girl can talk! Thanks for joining us today. Be with us next week when our guest will be **Mr. RuPaul Charles**. See you then."



private school wearing buttons that say 'Lick Bush in '92', you know? The absolute tops, though, was by far the **Democratic Convention**. That whole three days in **New York City** was wonderful. I stayed at the marvelous flat belonging to one **Joe**

roots, black or otherwise, you have better eyesight than we do, since Ru has had a clean shaven top for nearly that long a time as well.



Local Boy Makes Good

A year ago, Justin Bond was known best for excellent performances in theatrical plays, including *Hidden: A Gender* and *Waiting for Godette* at Theater Rhinoceros as well as appearances in Playstitute productions. But after a highly successful run in his own one woman show, *Dixie McCall's Patterns for Living*, Justin has now extended his reputation to cabaret song stylists.

Glowing reviews in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other publications, as well as strong word of mouth helped sell out a month's worth of shows last fall during the run of *Patterns for Living* at Athens By Night. Justin has since entertained audiences at several recent benefits, the Castro Street Fair, the Cafe DuNord and attracted a packed audience in late December during what turned out to be the last

night of the weekly transgender showcase, *Forbidden Planet*, attracting one of the biggest audience at the Paradise Lounge since the opening night crowd that came to pay homage to former local scene queen, Sophia Lamar.

Fifteen Minutes My Ass

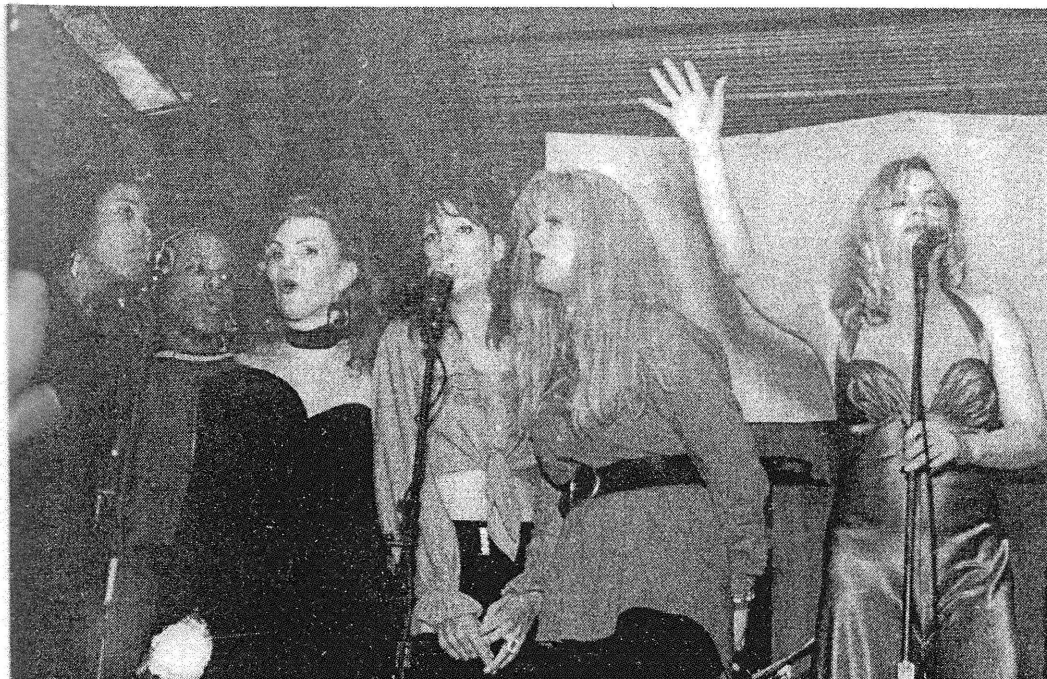
The largest crowd, equally enthusiastic, came to see Holly Woodlawn when she flew into town to do her song and chat routine. In spite of the fact that Holly had been in San Francisco recently, for personal appearances and book signings (*A Low Life in High Heels* is now available in paperback as she did not hesitate to remind us), the crowd really turned out to hear her sing, tell stories, crack jokes and mainly, it seemed, enjoy the life she leads today.

Accompanied only by her pianist, she really gave the appreciative audience that night their money's worth throughout a long set. Her announcement that the film rights to her book had been purchased by a certain well known "blonde" was only one of the pleasant surprises that evening.

The inability of this club to attract a large enough audience to please the management at the Paradise Lounge is even more of a shame in light of the spotty presence of Klubstitute the last six months because both of these night spots provided an opportunity for performers to try out new material and "pay their dues," so to speak, in front of an audience that knew when to be critical and when to be kind.

Forbidden Planet, more than anything else, was a showcase for Bambi Lake. Bambi has been inspiring us for so long that it should be recognized that she has helped form the transgressive/queer performance scene in San Francisco; her credits would be too numerous to mention but include appearances in the last three years at just about every nightclub, benefit and event worth mentioning. Her one women show at Josie's Cabaret and Juice Joint was a big success and her singing at *Forbidden Planet* placed the nexus of this club in its proper context: Rhythm & Blues and, pardon the expression, "balls out" rock and roll. It was a pleasure while it lasted, which unfortunately wasn't long enough.





Justin Bond was caught in mid-performance by Alexander Fazekas-Paul; the picture of Holly Woodlawn was contributed by Marc Geller; pictured at left are Marilyn Fowler, Tomas, Veronica Klaus, David Hockin, Johnny Kat and Bambi Lake (picture taken by Mark Huckabay); the solo photo of Veronica Klaus is by Edward Berrones and the close-up, below, of Pussy Tourette is also by Mark Huckabay.

One of a Kind

Her sense of style and unique look has always invited attention but now it is her vocal styling that is seducing a receptive audience of music lovers. **Veronica Klaus** has performed for about three years now and in the past twelve months has become an attraction at the Cafe DuNord on Market Street in-between scattered appearances at The Marsh and De Luxe, among other night spots.

Her repertory of old blues songs—some obscure, some well known has been charming crowds around San Francisco. Veronica performs with a tight back up band and recent performances have featured Marilyn Fowler and Tomas on back-up vocals, as happend at the opening of Forbidden Planet. Veronica's excellent stage presence

and nuanced phrasing combines for a memorable evening of music which have created a genuine following for this special entertainer.

A singular sensation exploded on the scene in 1992 at a spectacular DNA New Year's Eve show. While this was



not Pussy Tourette's first appearance, it was certainly the show that established her as a performer to reckon with. The last eighteen months have seen her legion of fans pack local clubs yelling out for their favorite "pussy." The enthusiasm of these Pussy fanatics helped sell out the initial batch of her first recording, *Pussy Tourette in Hi-Fi*. Her performance on the main stage

at the March on Washington electrified her fans present on the Capitol Mall and probably made her new fans as well. The new video for her song "French Bitch" is fabulous. With the devoted fans she has, it should be released as a video single!

Pussy is a highly theatrical entertainer with a crowd pleasing demeanor whose original songs have helped him carve out a unique niche in San Francisco. An appearance by Pussy at any club is nearly always guaranteed to sell out. Catch him and all these other great performers at a location near you very soon!



Earth Summit!

All photographs by Mark Huckabay

Everyone says they care, they talk about doing something but we believe in action! So we convened a panel of typical **Girlfriend!** readers for three hours of intense environmental chatter.

Why don't people recycle? Why does it have to be a choice between owls and jobs? Just what exactly is post-consumer waste? When will people learn that sidewalks are not urinals?

We all left having learned a little bit about our own "messy habits" and about the environmental threat to the planet we call home.



Our
Distinguished
Panel: We met

Shirlee, 25, during a trip to New York City. We were so taken with her organic approach to fashion and natural outlook on life that we offered her a job on the spot! Even though Shirlee is thrilled about joining the glamorous world of publishing, she isn't about to

give
up her day
job as a research
assistant for CNN.

Jahnna, 27, was a big hit during the photo shoot, which isn't surprising because this **Girlfriend!** reader was a top fashion model in Italy for three years. Now an off-Broadway sensation, Jahnna's one women show, "*I Could Go On Singing In My Own Voice All Night Long*", has been packing them in for months. We met **Vanessa**, 26, at Lavender Lounge and asked

her to participate before we found out she was a well known artist. Her art is in the homes of many local celebutantes. **Chloe**, 22, was valedictorian of her high school before her sweet sixteen party. The youngest graduate at Mills College, she is now working on her Master's Degree in Quantum Physics at Stanford, where she thinks the issue of sexual harassment is still a problem. Our panel of readers were joined by **Girlfriend!** interns **Vendetta**, 22 and **Prunella**, 23, whom you already know. They moderated and chose the topics for discussion.

Grievances Brought to the

Table: **Jahnnna:** The worst thing about working in New York is the bottled water.

Half the time they bring you seltzer, which is just loaded with salt. **Vandetta:** I'm really concerned about Acid Rain; the idea of all that LSD just pouring down the gutter really upsets me!

Vanessa: I know fake fur doesn't seem to have lots to do with the environment but it kinda does. I mean, what do you worry about more, some poor little creature or the fact that most

fake fur is made with petroleum products?

Chloe: Health food stores need to push cruelty free makeup and body care products; buying in bulk and getting their customers to make do with what they already have around the house ... **Prunella:** (interrupting) I used to work at a health food



store and I know all about that. It's all about buying stuff with a lot of post consumer waste in it. **Jahnnna:** Well, what's that, exactly? **Prunella:** You wouldn't want to know, trust me. **Shirlee:** Hey, I haven't gotten a chance to say anything! **Everybody Else:** Who cares, Miss I-Have-My-Own-Column!

Owls vs. Jobs: **Jahnnna:** I like owls, they're kinda cute. **Vendetta:** Don't you think they have beady eyes? I hate how they come up to you and beg for food in the park, just like the homeless. **Chloe:** You're thinking of squirrels, stupid! **Vendetta:** I am not stupid. I can have your subscription canceled, you know. **Prunella:** Now, girls, let's stick to the squirrels. **Vanessa:** You mean owls. **Vendetta:** I say fuck the owls, those lumberjacks are hot. Flannel shirts are so sexy, especially on a man with a hairy chest! **Chloe:** How can you tell with a shirt on?

Shirlee: I think....

Everybody Else: Don't!

Recycling vs. Precycling:

Chloe: The problem isn't industrial waste or automobile emissions but how most people in this country don't even think about how unnecessary packaging and rampant consumerism has wrecked the environment.

Vandetta: I thought it was mean of Bush to call Al Gore "Ozone Man." I'm sure that's why he lost. I know I'm not the only person who thinks that Al is cute. My

pussy gets wet just thinking about him. **Vanessa:** You are so gross! **Jahnna:** I drink two quarts of bottled water a day so I pay a lot of money into that redemption fund; I never try to take those bottles in but I make sure they get recycled so I'm doing my part for the environment and putting money into the hands of people who really need it!.

Chloe: If you bought a two gallon container and refilled it with filtered water you wouldn't have all that glass in the ...

Prunella: (interrupting) It's bad enough having to rinse all those cans of tuna out without having to lug a container back and forth every few days. I broke a perfectly good nail that way.

Vanessa: All of my paints are vegetable based. It's a little more expensive but I'm worth it. **Shirlee:** Hey, can I just get a word ...

Everybody Else: Not now!

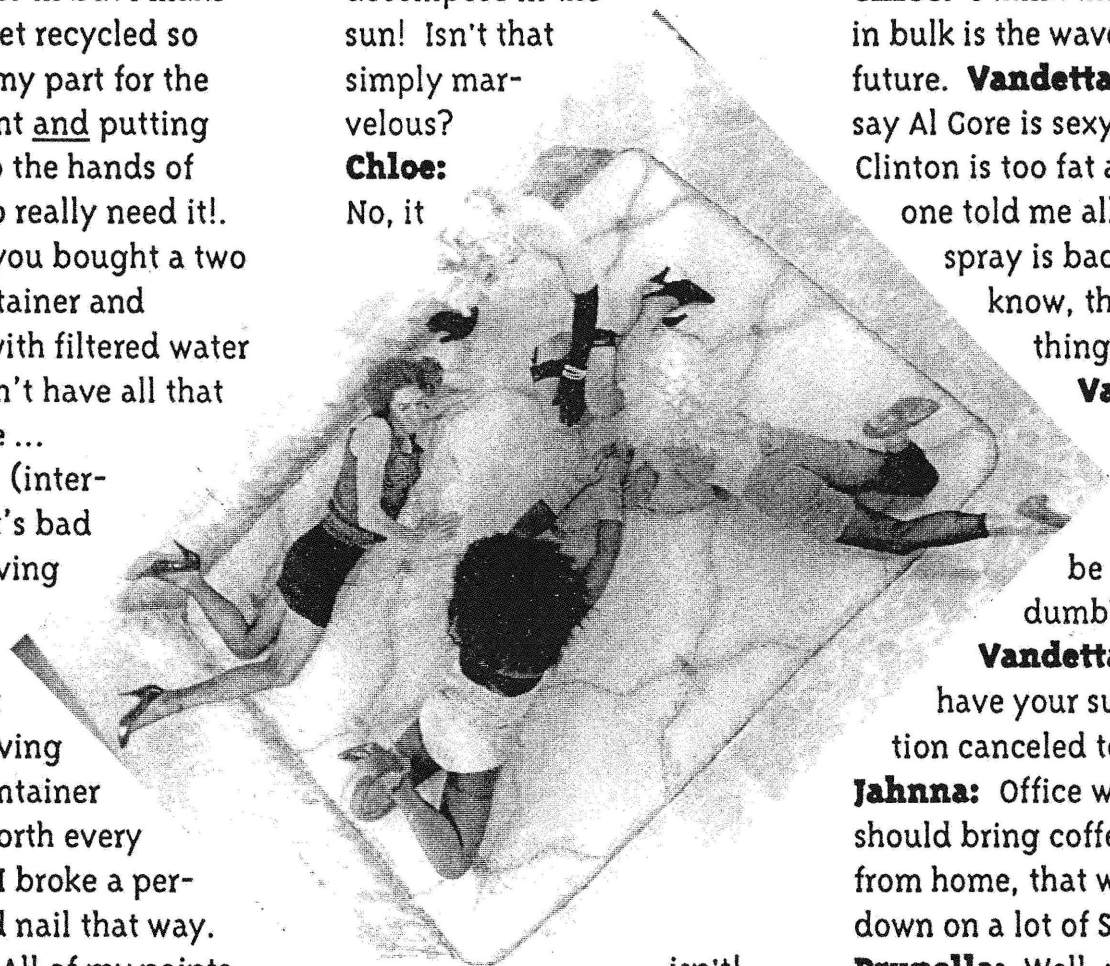
Paper vs. Plastic. **Shirlee:** I have this canvas sack...

Everybody Else: (interrupting) Put a sock in it!

Jahnna: I always ask for paper bags, everywhere I

go, for even the smallest things. **Vanessa:** So do I, most of the time. Some art stores only have plastic bags. **Prunella:** I saw this commercial for plastic garbage bags. They now decompose in the sun! Isn't that simply marvelous?

Chloe:
No, it



isn't!
Think
about it,
when does
your trash get any

sun? They just want you to keep buying plastic bags.

Vendetta: I have this great bag I bought at Rubber USA; it's all I ever use.

Chloe: But it's a petroleum product. **Vendetta:** So are those condoms in your

purse, she dog. **Shirlee:** I have a canvas sack...

Everybody Else: What, you expect maybe a medal or something?

The Panelist's Recommend:

Chloe: I think that buying in bulk is the wave of the future. **Vandetta:** I still say Al Gore is sexy. Bill Clinton is too fat and someone told me all that hair spray is bad for, you know, that ozone thing.

Vanessa:
You
can't
possibly
be that
dumb?

Vandetta: I can have your subscription canceled too!

Jahnna: Office workers should bring coffee cups from home, that would cut down on a lot of Styrofoam.

Prunella: Well, people can just drink all their coffee at cafes, like I do. It's also a good way to meet boys. **Vanessa:** I don't like those glass mugs at Cafe Flore. I singed my hands on a double latte once. **Shirlee:** Hey, I want to say something!

Everybody Else: (Looking at her) This is boring—let's talk about boys now!

The other day, as I channel-hopped through the glut of weekday afternoon talk shows, I landed on a Geraldo clone-host introducing two women whose claim to fame was a dominatrix s-m fetish they had turned into quite the moneymaking career as high-priced sex workers. When the particularly scary Robert Smith look-a-like with teased, ink-black hair, pale face, and layers of leather and chromium spikes opened her lipstick-encrusted mouth with a deep, resonating masculine voice, I was shocked. I had immediately assumed he was a “she”.

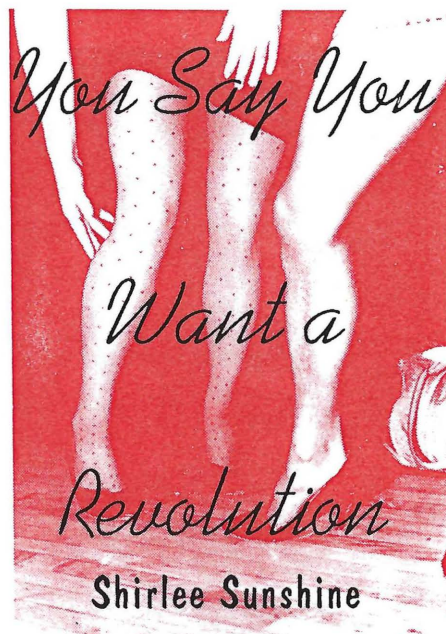
Granted, I’d had only seconds to make my assumption, but I was appalled at how quickly I had jumped to my conclusion. I who reside in San Francisco with years of experience to cultivate my dragoptomology. Why, some of my best friends are drag queens!

So it was with much relief that I had the opportunity to attend the Cross Dressing Workshop. Here was my chance to redeem myself by boning up on the skills of cross dressing and genderfuck. The Workshop was offered by The Lab on Divisadero in conjunction with a month of activities focussing on gender-bending visual and performance art. Our celebutante host was Rodney O’Neal Austin, whose artwork were featured in the first floor gallery.

Rodney told me the event originated when Laura Braun, the Gallery Director and “I wanted to do something on gender in conjunction with my one-person show at the Lab” so he contacted Justin Bond, Deena Davenport, Billy De Herrera, Elvis Herselvis, Jill Kinman,

and Iris Landsberg to put the function together.

Rodney seemed pleased at the turnout—I counted about 20 men and 30 women. Some had arrived in their drag while others were milling about waiting for direction. In one corner, several tables were set up, littered with makeup and hair



products. On the other side of the room were several racks of dresses, shirts, pants, jackets, and ties. A curtain hung from the ceiling, creating a dressing room effect. The group was quickly divided into four classes: costume, makeup, “movement” lessons and hair.

I asked Rodney for some herstory. “You know, this cross dressing thing is no big deal to me—it’s just putting on clothes. My sisters and grandmother used to dress me up when I was little. My mom made dresses for me in college. In fact, I have a lot of them still.”

Her friend Kimo appears by her side, “Just being around Rodney makes you want to put a dress on.” Rodney swats her away. “I’ve al-

ways been inspired by people who don’t stick to one particular look—people who are working on having fun with the way they look—making the most of it. People like Annie Lennox, Madonna, Lily Tomlin. It’s not always to be beautiful either. One of my favorite artists is Cindy Sherman, who takes self-portraits of herself as different women. Not even drag, really.”

“Why? It’s simple, really: you put on a wig and realize you look good with it on so you go out in it. I think lipstick is really sensual. Just rubbing it across my lips—I find that very erotic. Putting on makeup is the same. But sensuality is about what you’re wearing too. If you’re wearing something sensual, you feel sensual.”

She stopped to watch the men applying massive amounts of pancake base to their faces. “I’m lucky I don’t have to wear lots of makeup—it becomes such obvious drag. The quest for “realness,” most of the time it’s not my concern. I’m more interested in just having fun with it. I see each person here—look at them and you can’t tell there is something different each is thinking about what’s going on. I expected lots of men here today trying to be convincing women and it’s not—there’s more women than men.” I echo my surprise, thank my hostess, and depart to survey just what is going on here.

My first stop is Charlayne, a tall black male in a lacy knee-length black skirt, embroidered tight-sleeved blouse and shoulder-length black hair. Her squarish shoulders and heavy-framed eyeglasses scream “Man!” and there can be no mistake: this is a drag queen.

"I've been doing this for about two years now. I'm here to pick up tips and techniques from people who're doin' this stuff for a living. Although the clothes are just a gimmick, I try to look as realistic as possible. But I'm not here to make fun of anybody or any gender."

"A lot of people take this stuff very seriously—I'm more interested in the comedy aspects of it. I love riding the bus, driving my car, grocery shopping in this look. I enjoy watching people's reactions when they realize I am a biological male. That's a thrill." Charlayne is quick to add, "It's not a sexual thrill. It's just an 'I Gotcha!'"

"I try hard to make myself look presentable. I don't look like a hooker...I don't look like a runway model...I obey all the laws—I'm just someone out to have a good time." (Mmm, but you *do* seem a bit defensive.)

"I only do this two or three hours a day. Some people do this 24 hours a day. I don't have the time...or the patience. And besides, my wife won't let me." (A-HA!)

Stella is a 42 year old white male proud to sport his own waist-length hair. "This is my first 'official' public appearance although I've been dressing up in women's clothes since I was about twelve. Now that I am married, I have more access to stuff 'cuz my wife is very open to letting me borrow her things. That's opened up so much...."

"Exene" is a slender woman in her early 20's, sporting a pageboy hair-style. "I like to play like I was a man, but this is my first conscious effort to learn the mechanics of it. I used to do the 'new clone' look: you know, combat boots, leather jacket, leather cap, and I shaved part of my head so I looked bald from under the cap. Then I'd go out to the

may start out as performance, but it's ultimately successful because it becomes powerful—not falling into the trap of feminine stereotypes, being put into a definite place, a submissive place, like our society does to women."

"When I have my male trappings on, it puts out somehow that I'm much less likely or willing to be put into a submissive role by anyone. There is nothing more butch than a plaid shirt."

Jordice is a short blond woman with a rough-skinned face. She wears no makeup and has a boyish body with little feminine curve down played further by a sports jacket and blue jeans. "I've never really fit into my assigned sex

role. I'll even do 'girl drag' occasionally. Nowadays, I have a lot of fun playing with 'symbolism'. In this culture, we deal more with emblems and symbols than with real actualities: the way things look, the way they appear—the signifiers...."

"Cross dressing is all about communication. The way you feel in T-shirt and jeans versus a business suit—it's unbelievable what that does. It's like a drug—the way it changes your attitude," offers Phil, a fortyish man who is experimenting with hormone therapy.

"I think issues of dressing across gender should be taught in the elementary schools. Think of how it would erase the immense problems of sexual insensitivity. Men making



Photographs by Mark Huckabay

leather bars and have a drink. Once, I was hit on by a man and his lover. The two of them were checking me out and one approached me, while the other had this look on his face like "I don't know, I don't know.... When I eventually started talking, they were like, 'You are a woman!'"

"It was good. It was fun. And important to me to become wholly developed as a person, that I can have this balance between the male and female sides of my self."

"Attitude is everything," instructs Elvis Herselvis, as she addresses the costume class. "Don't mistake me, cross dressing is drag, but more important, it's a projection. It's not about sexuality, or wanting 'to be a man'. It's an authority. It

decisions for women never made much sense to me.”

He believes it's very important to learn about the polarization of gender. Maintaining the polarization “is sort of the motivation for the whole patriarchal thrust of Western culture. We use it to create an undefined area that coerces people to identify with the poles—they have no options but to buy into that which keeps the momentum of the system going. But in that in-between space also comes the dance of possibility: the opportunity for exploration, for inspiration, for art.”

“When I started this therapy, it wasn't like it added something that didn't exist before, but allowed what was there to relax and breathe. The testosterone was reinforcing the male socialization and making the female suffer for it. Estrogen allowed the female to gain some identity by forcing the male to recede somewhat. My ex-wife couldn't believe the change. She said, ‘All of this horrible stuff you'd been fighting— it's like you've been released somehow!’”

This “release” was echoed by a lot of the people I spoke with during the workshop. John claimed this was his first time in drag. “Seeing all of these beautiful guys become gorgeous women is definitely a turn-on. My face is looking so... I've never seen it look this way, it's a turn-on too. It's thrilling, and I want to let it out, to let people see.”

Scott attended because he was curious. “I've noticed the transformation in other men and I wondered how it would affect me. So far it's been a lesson in confidence-

building. I'm feeling more and more comfortable, the more I get put together. But it's not as easy as I thought it would be. It's easier to be a nudist than a drag queen.”

Shelley hoped for an “edgeless” look. “When I dress male, I'm so ordinary. When I put on women's clothing and makeup, I express my intention to look better. From a distance, I am very passable. I'm kind of petite, short and well-figured, and that works to my advantage. It's usually my mannerisms or voice that give me away. I don't like it when someone catches on too fast.”

Paula and Bunny Jean are friends who came together to the workshop; both sported a matronly look. “Originally,” said Bunny Jean, “I started this more for the holidays: Halloween or Valentine's Day.” But their transsexual friend could see they were really getting into it and began to encourage them further.

Bunny Jean continued: “So first of all, you just go out on weekends. Then you call each other and say, ‘Oh, it's Tuesday night, let's go out.’ Then the next thing you know, you're slipping a simple little blouse into work in your briefcase.” The two break into laughter. Paula adds, “This dressing up is like I'm coming out all over again.”

Halloween is often the vehicle to discover cross dressing for the first time. Especially for men. Kimo went out as Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz and was genuinely surprised by the attention.

“I wouldn't walk two feet without people stopping me, ‘Oh my God, I want a picture with you!’ Then I had sex in Dorothy drag. I never thought

I'd pick up someone while dressed like that, but I did. When I got back to his apartment, he had the movie poster framed on the wall. He showed me his checkbook—the checks had the ruby slippers imprinted upon them!”

“I used to be very self-conscious at my effeminacy and tried to hold it back, be very masculine. But when I got to San Francisco, well it took me a year but I let my hair grow... now I let my hips swing!”

“I'll be walking down the street and a truck will go by with all these big butch guys, and I'll hear their whistle, and I'll turn around, and they'll go ‘Uuuhh!’ You know, they think from behind with the long hair that I'm a woman. And then they die! Freak out! Especially when I had a goatee. I'd go ‘wheel’ I got a kick out of it. I think it's funny that here's these straight guys totally appalled cuz they just whistled at a man.”

Trick or treat? What appeals about cross-dressing depends on the player: fun, power and respect, perfecting theatre, exhibitionism, realness or a spiritual release. Cross dressing and genderfuck are not aberrations. Nor are they some extracurricular activity reserved only for the “cultural elite”. Instead, they are the natural first steps towards marching past the trenches of sexual identity and its evolution. Obviously those queens in New York City some 25 years ago knew that when they pushed down the stone wall separating us from ourselves.

Maybe Phil and Oprah are on to something.... You say you want a revolution? I say, work that skirt!!!

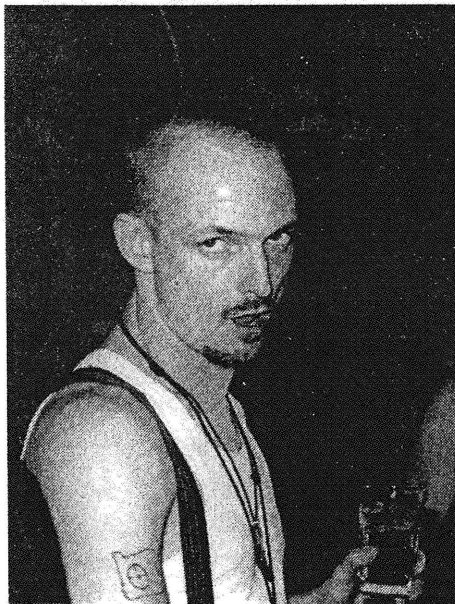
Don Baird's Celebutante Watch

as told to the staff of Girlfriend!

Rent-A-Clubs come and go and it's been especially hard to keep track of them all now that **Don Baird** is just a social commentator and no longer writes criticism. These one night stands are still the first word in San Francisco night life, but a lousy economy and wet winter took some sheen from even those clubs with the shiniest pedigrees. Before, we could depend on **Bobo** (aka the lovely and talented Mr. Baird) to tell us where to go, where to be seen and where to score drugs, but now we have to drag our sorry asses out to these places and make up our own minds without the expert guidance of the Bay Times former "rock music critic."

That boy is indefatigable! We didn't make it to every club opening (some closed so quickly we never got a chance) but at every opening worth the paper the invitations were printed on, there he was—a cocktail in one hand, a cigarette in the other, holding court to a bevy of fellow groovy creatures of the night. We did make it to a few joints that have since closed, but is that news? We spent enough time in these clubs to realize that Bobo was nowhere in sight. He must have some special insight that tells him not to bother with certain places. Though he might have just realized he wouldn't know any of the bar staff and would have to pay for his drinks. **Boing, Carefree, Evole, Fusion, Itch, Junk, Klinik, Maneuvers, Primal, Product, Raw Meat, Resurrection, Sinnsation, Trouble, and Uforia**, all came but only a few stayed.

By the way, is it just us, or have all the good club names been taken? (Checking out the new Eurotrash magazines might give you promoters some new ideas or ask Bobo for suggestions. He comes up with great titles for his columns every two weeks, we're sure he could manage a good club name or two.)



Alexander Fazekas Paul

We made it to **Trouble** one Saturday and it was packed with cute boys. This cool warehouse space was full of nooks and crannies, just perfect for naughty encounters—and the locale met Bobo's main criteria for a successful club—it was near a freeway. But now it's gone (liquor license problems—in particular, a lack thereof) and only the name has transferred to Thursday nights at the **Pit**.

The Pit is also home to **Boing**, which started out as a Wednesday night partnership between **Michael Blue**

and **Bugie** in the basement at **Cocktails** but now Bugie spins house by his lonesome self to a small (but loyal) crowd. The best thing about this bar is that you can get food after 2:00 a.m. (this is the best time to get to Cocktail's 'cuz that's when the rush comes) but people like Bobo never think about such details. They just stay up and party till all hours without concern for the more mundane things, like food and sleep, that we mere mortals must worry about.

The **DNA** hasn't been a queer space since it was a leather bar. Bobo remembers those days—not only is he everywhere, he's been around so long that we cannot even conceive of those long forgotten days **B.B.** (Before Bobo). A few people have tried to get a fag n' dyke night going at this bar, most recently **Itch** on Sundays, which did not get the Don Baird seal of approval in his column early enough to insure its survival. That's a shame because we like the space and it's a good location but opening early during this wet and miserable winter couldn't have helped.

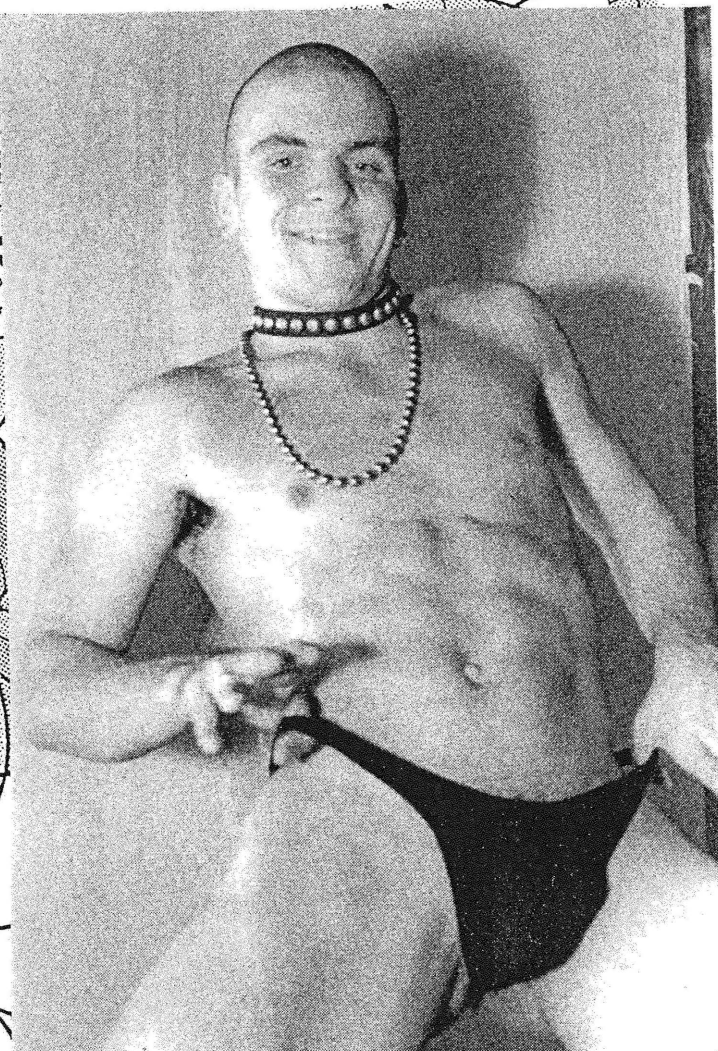
One other club managed to get raves from many, Bobo among them, but **Torpedo** was an early casualty of the recent club wars. **Sam Labelle's** Saturday night effort was the first to open after the **Castro Business Association** managed to push through their anti-postering rules (we all understand that property owners are more privileged than all the rest of us). The biggest beneficiaries of these rules were the boys that get

Mark Huckabay



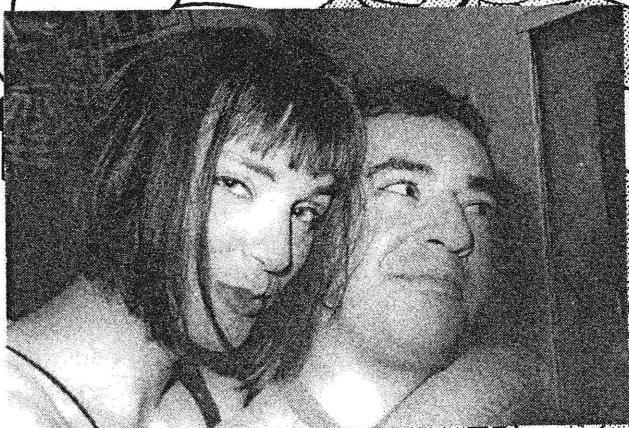
Aim higher Sheenequa, if you want to pierce Helyx's heart.

Mark Huckabay



Why do go-go boys insist on lowering their underwear? As if we'd want to see what kind of penis David has.

Alexander Fazekas Paul



Rodney, should we let him take our picture? Sure, Fluffy Boy, but it better turn out nice.

Edward Berrones

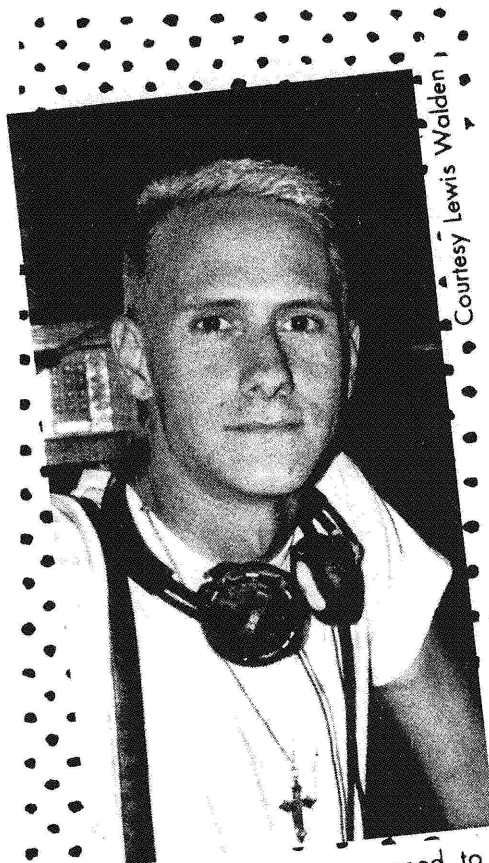


That's **Miss** Veronica to you.

paid to hand out cards on street corners and outside bars (and, of course, the rags that now get more club advertising). Torpedo relied mainly on paid advertisements and fliering, something no other club had tried. The space was excellent, the location decent; everyone we know loved it. They had a handsome and capable bar staff, fierce dee jays and a lovely space to frolic in (including plenty of dark areas). Unfortunately, these boys in the East Bay with money burning holes in their pockets just don't share Bobo's good taste.

We liked this space so much we almost creamed when we heard about **Klinik** but, just like a premature ejaculator, we need to learn to pace ourselves. Most of the cast of *A Partridge Family Friday the 13th* (good for a club) made the opening but they were the only people there (not so good—especially since these **Sick and Twisted Players** got in for free). Bobo even managed to convince **Andy Bell** to show up after his sold out **Erase** concert but Andy didn't bring his audience with him. This is the ninth rock'n'roll queer night to bomb in less than three years. What does that say about musical taste? Rock music doesn't mix with drugs like ecstasy? That people who do speed prefer to listen to vinyl at home (or are too busy dumpster diving to pay attention to the sound track of their lives)? Poor Bobo, forever a socialite, not quite a dee jay.

Though, as we know, he did have a lovely time guest dee jaying with **Michael Blue** at **Fusion**. They relived their alienated adolescence by inflicting bands like **Boston** and **Heart** on people too tweaked out of their own minds to appreciate it. But why tell you this when you read a blow by blow account in Don's column that provided so much detail that even the most clueless 'burbanite would have known what it felt like to



Courtesy Lewis Walden

Lewis, aren't you supposed to be spinning instead of posing?



The only VIP lounge fit for a queen; Kenny Wonder keeps the trash out.

be in the dee jay booth with our boys. Fusion also hosted the loveliest Christmas Eve party (of course Don was there!), when **Ruby Toosday** brought forth a bevy of Tenderloin beauties to entertain the homeless souls—fags and dykes who didn't want to darken the front porch at Mom and Dad's for fear they wouldn't answer the door (or just maybe because they wouldn't want to deal with the old fuckers). Everyone present received a lovely gift and we spent the rest of the evening trading them amongst ourselves, including Bobo, who like the pushy, controlling bottom we all know he is, lusted after the 18 inch black double dildo but had to settle for the TV/TS Bondage magazine.

All that remains of Fusion now is a few lonely fliers stapled on Don's wall, barely visible behind the other detritus of a hard drinking, hard living (but glamorous) life. **Nikki Rivera** now spins Thursday at **Throb** (we ain't been yet but neither has Bobo) and **Lewis Walden** has opened up a new club (**Primal**) Thursday nights at the Stud.

Klubstitute's been playing musical chairs, moving to the 11th Hour (those of you with long memories, like Bobo, may remember **Intermission**). Tuesday nights went over well but the move to Saturday nights came with problems. Several one night events happened after they left Market Street, but the promoters now have a permanent (?) space. We think they should do monthly Klubstitute parties, instead of a weekly club, but no one listen to us. A good argument for this was **Ballstitute**, an entertaining evening put together by **Diet Popstitute** and **Ruby Toosday** (which starred Don Baird as Tanya). A star studded extravaganza, as usual, the best performances were turned in by **Ivana** as Dianne Feinstein, **Flynn's** turn as the King, **Madeline's** Barbara Streisand and **Arturo Galster's**

usual standout performance as Patsy Cline. The most popular person on stage was Chelsea Clinton (**Cupid**) which probably means we can figure out what the most popular costume is going to be in the Castro this Halloween. Don Baird never wears costumes, but he did make a lovely pig (especially the noises, which he had down pat) in last year's run of *Carrie*.

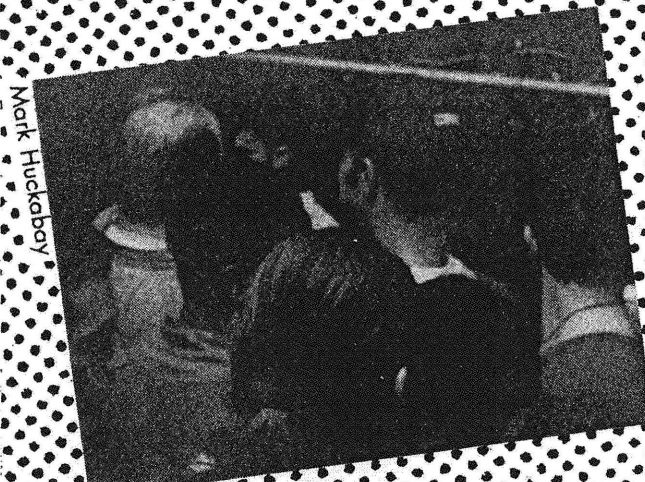
The opening night party for **Unleash the Queen** was the best opening night we've attended since Klubstitute opened at **Brave New World**. The promoters did just about everything right: the evening was free, the dee jays were hot and so was the crowd, who were provided with a new space with plenty of dark and dimly lit rooms to play in. Door diva **Betty Pearl** entertained the line but kept 'em moving as well (except when he stopped Don to frisk him for carrots).

Once inside, our entourage snuck into the largest of the dark rooms (we were only looking for Bobo, honest), and convinced our paparazzi, **Mark Huckabay**, to take surreptitious photos of boys fondling one another. We crowded in, waited for our eyes to adjust to the light and immediately got groped. Mark snapped three before the boys started nervously laughing and asking "what's up?" [One unpublishable phow shows a local porn starlette on his knees licking the denim encased crotch of a former bar back from the **Detour**]. As we quickly made our way out, one queen loudly proclaimed, "I love it—it's what this town has needed for a long time. Someplace to dance and get a blow job for \$5.00." Bobo would have approved but he was busy, a butt in his mouth, one arm around some local stud and the other tightly clutching a free cocktail. Unleash the Queen had its problems, most not the fault of the promoters, but they doomed the club from opening night. The owners of the



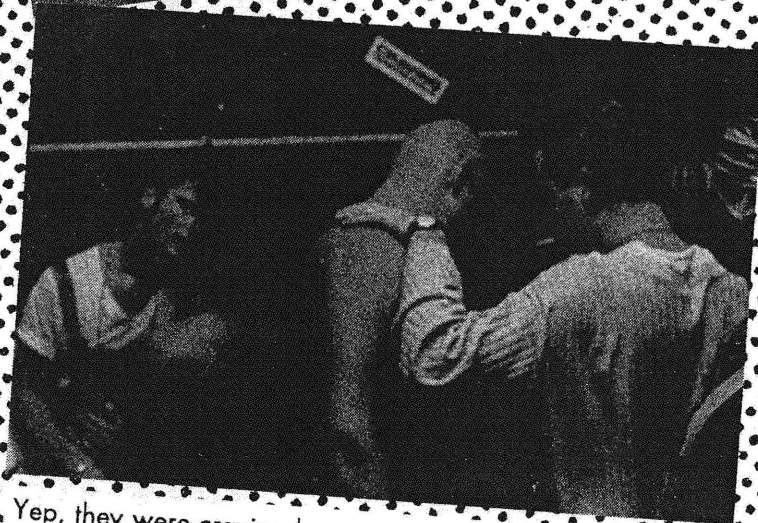
Edward Berones

Ru, this is Bambi, Bambi this is Ru.



Mark Huckabay

None of these boys is necessarily a homo.



Yep, they were craving homosexuals all right.

locale, **DV8**, weren't prepared for the crowd and did not provide enough bar staff or liquor. The crowd wanted to spend money but couldn't—not the fault of the bar staff, whom we have dealt with at other clubs and did the best they could. By 1:00 a.m. all the stations but one had run out of beer and once after hours rolled around, it was all but impossible to get water (or even buy a soda) from any of the bars.

Other clubgoers we've talked to thought that the lack of drugs dealers thinned out the crowd but that has been a problem everywhere. Smart queens, like Bobo, prepare for every contingency, and stockpile in advance, but these East/South Bay boys don't have such good connections (at least, those who haven't met Bobo don't have 'em). The promotion for subsequent Fridays wasn't as good as opening night. Two previous incarnations had patrons thinking it was an irregular event and they didn't know it was now weekly. A large guest list didn't help matters and by the fourth week, the crowd was down to one tenth of the first night. **Tom Icabone** had good ideas, which might fly better as special events or even a monthly club.

Big game hunters had a field day with the opening of two new clubs, **Product** and **Forbidden Planet**, both packing in more than their fair share of minor deities and wannabe celebutantes. Product suffers because the physical space is not significantly different than the previous offering in this location, **Colossus**. In spite of "weekly remodelings" Product's "new and improved Saturday nights" feels not much different than Saturday nights at Ten 15 a year ago. The basement space, where **Lewis Walden** now spins techno and trance, is attracting a loyal and distinct crowd. This is where we always run into Bobo. Before they took the curtain down, it was his favorite place to indulge,

and as he has already pointed out, we don't mean sex, certainly not unsafe sex. This room isn't new, structurally, but has established its own identity, something that is missing in the main room or Gold Lounge.

Nikki Rivera, one of our favorite dee jays, has now been installed in the main room, playing "tribal house," whatever that means. As usual, Nikki has the serious dancers going at it, and this is one part of the complex that boasts some structural change, including an enlargement of the dance floor, a new dee jay booth and a new sound system. (How about a new paint job—we know black has been cool since before we were born and *it is* easy to clean, but if it was any more tired it would need to snort twice the crank to get going again.)

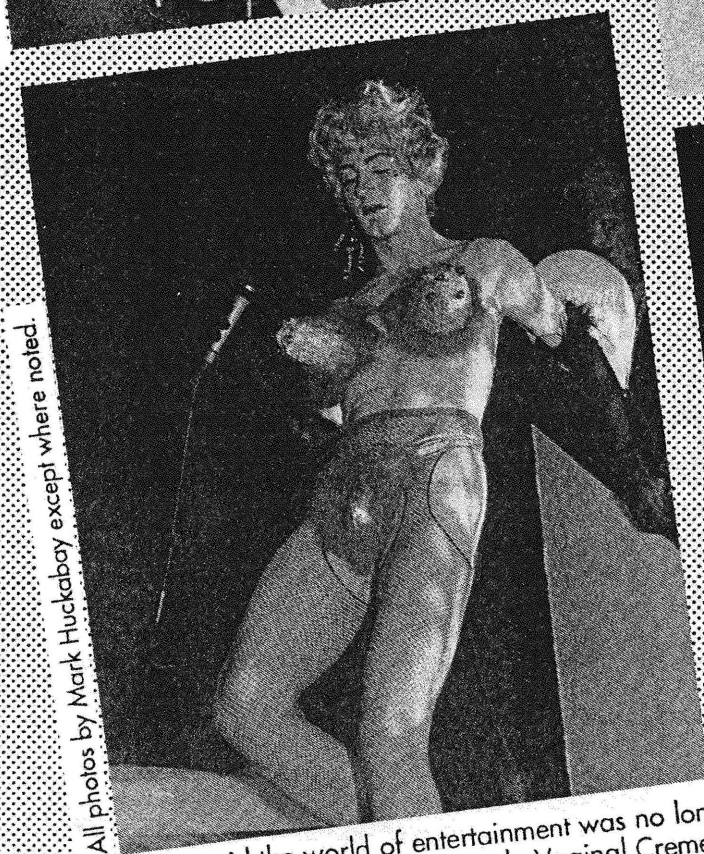
The V.I.P. room is a mixed proposition some nights. Don's been in here, but generally can be found elsewhere. What you do see is a mix of cute boys, some **Falcon** porn stars, spacers lounging in the back (essentially this has become the ambient/crash lounge), and, last but not least, whatever drag queens happen to be in the bar. But sometimes, the only person worth looking at can be **Kenny Wonder** and you don't have to go into the VIP lounge for that. The club is replete with many nice touches: new bartenders who are pleasant to deal with, a friendlier security staff and—an important detail for those of us who are casual users like Don, readily available pitchers of water after the liquor is locked up. The club makes an effort to go after a mixed crowd but too often it ends up being just buffed boys and their 'burbian camp followers with a few straight couples thrown into the mix.

Carefree successful attracted a multigendered crowd because the space did not overwhelm you with male sexual energy (though Bobo,

for one, disagreed with us on this). Even when the shirtless boys came and you felt that massive pectoral overload, it still seemed like most people were there to have a good time and dance. Big clubs never have enough bathrooms (except for **177 Townsend**, where you never waited too long). The management team at **Pleasuredome** are now running this space for the entire weekend and some of the changes (like a revamped dee jay booth) are good but we couldn't spend more than a few minutes there when we wandered into **Uforia**. They have also tried the retro route on Saturday's with Disco, but we've been over the '70's for at least thirteen years.

The opening of **Forbidden Planet** on was graced by the presence of one of the original scene queens of San Francisco, **Sophia Lamarr**, who brought out a mixed crowd of friends and admirers. This new club has a gaggle of celebutante guests and performers, including **Holly Woodlawn**, **Chesty Baker** (Arturo Galster) and **Veronica Klaus**. The crowd could be seen here every Monday, performing or just lending their fabulous presence. The poster for the opening were fabulous, one of the best we've seen in ages (we even stole several to send to friends) but the promotion afterwards was nonexistent (Justin—who knows about these things—arranged for separate promotion for her appearance, which was the biggest crowd they managed since the opening). Even two write-ups in *Beat This* failed to do the trick. The **Paradise Lounge** included the club in their regular advertisements and handed out fliers at the club, but more outreach to the kind of crowd who would support this type of entertainment was needed to keep this evening afloat. The staff has always been mixed, so our evenings here were always enjoyable, and this kind of club could make a comeback elsewhere.

Alexander Fazekas-Paul



All photos by Mark Huckabee except where noted.



Who said the world of entertainment was no longer glamorous? Here proof positive that that is not true: Lypsinka at Wigstock, Vaginal Creme Davis at Show World, Arturo Galster At Big Drag City and Miss X in Dolls.

My friend prefer to smoke his heroin. "You need less shit that way," he explained. That's the *one* thing I have in common with almost all my friends. We all use. Drugs, I mean. Sure, we want America to be *drug free*—more drugs for pigs like us then. **Sheenequa** and I were at this packed flat party ("*Just like being in a bar*") and we were jonesing really bad for some weed. Self-proclaimed pot whore **Don Baird** was in the building and we figured, if anyone could sniff out drugs in this crowd, it was she but not that night.

New York City was like this, but *worse*. The only drugs we could find were expensive. My Philadelphia friend was on methedone *recreationally* and had just flushed down all this acid. It was the bicycle trip from hell.

We drank lots of Southern Comfort. Booze was cheap in New York; probably why we saw so many drunks at Wigstock. There were *so many* of us queens from San Francisco, it seemed we started out with a crowd every time we went out. Fortunately, not all of us wanted to hit the back rooms. At least, not at the same time. **Sheenequa** was the *luckiest*. Every day I would wake up to

the sight of **Sheenequa** dragging last night's trick out of her boy cave. It's a miracle that he managed to take so many pictures.

It was just like when **Tom Starr** and I stayed in the worst hotel in Santa Cruz. We were staring out filthy windows at a deserted highway trying to get comfortable, which wasn't easy on this furniture, let me tell you. That's when his friend walked in (who'd you expect, the

the night. I forget about the bottle of Absolut (*it is a drug*, after all) but then I don't want to be reminded of what we had to do to find ice in that hovel. It was as bad as the time John got kicked out of the sex club for fucking some guy without a condom. "*I couldn't find any.*" Sure, tell me about it. If it's not one thing, it's another.

"I thought I told you to **shut up!** *Years ago!*" Yeah, that would look good on a t-shirt. I wonder if it would sell. Probably not in Houston. But then, *who really cares?*

Thank you!

Special thanks to Aaron and Scott—this wouldn't have been possible without you guys!

Thanks as well to Laura Haynes/Tommy Boy; Randy Barbato/World of Wonder; Dick Richards/Funtone USA; Mark Cleiser/Leather Boa; Jack Spittle/De Stijl as well as Sean Strub, Andrew Wood/Life on the Water; Bambi Lake/Forbidden Planet and everyone who sent us stuff to review (keep it coming!), door divas everywhere who let us in even when we didn't have a camera on us and anyone who gave us drugs. Thanks as well to Mathew Levine, Austin Newsom, Tom Starr, Lois Commondenominator, *Dragazine*; Deaundra Peek, *Thing*; Betty Jack, *Popcorn*; and *Out There*.

My Groovy Life

lead singer of **Bomb?**) and pulled up a chair. We had all our drugs on the table in front of us—percocets, tylenol with codine, obetrols, zanax, mushrooms, acid, ecstasy, hash and enough pot for a roomful of people—in *other words*, enough pot to last us

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Be A Drag Queen or Just Look Like One!

Alexander Fazekas-Paul



Girlfriend! staffers Fluffy Boy, Prunella Rabinowitz, Blixila Cosmotic and Shirlee Sunshine at our New York City headquarters. The guy on the right kept hitting on us.

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