

Hello, you glamour girl you. Don't you look wonderful today...

...I want you to know that the next time you find yourself trying to figure out why you cannot get, well, laid, for lack of a better word, think about this. According to a guest on the NPR program 'Science Friday,' there are these leeches in deepest, darkest Africa who can only mate in the rectum of a hippopotamus. (Talk about deep and dark.) For real, though. I'd like to know where else the scientists looked. What if our lives were like that? I'd probably find my leech self in the rectum of a rhinoceros or something, having bought a drink, and no mates in sight as usual...

...I say, fuck the Boy Scouts of America! (dry and repeatedly.) We don't need them anyway. I've just started the Boy Girls of America. Our campouts will be a lot more fun, donchathink?...

...Ah, the people who serve and protect. In New York City, a Bronx family, the Fultons, were sitting around watching television when Grandma Fulton heard a knocking at the door. Even though she told the knockers that they had the wrong apartment for the person they were looking for, they persisted. Then, lo and behold, the door was kicked in, the cops barge in with their guns drawn, and scare the piss out of the entire family. They started going through the Fulton family closets and whatnot, and had pretty much torn the place apart when they regained radio contact with another officer and realized that they, indeed, had the wrong address. Oops! The officers then began apologizing to the Fultons, handing out business

cards and offering to fix the door. Let's hope the Fultons win the \$30 million lawsuit they have filed against the city, and let's hope those asshole cops got fired...

...Did you see the photo of President Clinton chatting with Sen. Charles Robb? How much do you wanna bet that those two were talking about pussy? OK????

...On the first Saturday of each month, the Gay Men's Health Collective Berkeley Free Clinic & HIV Prevention Section has free anonymous HIV testing and confidential STD testing. Free. Coordinated by the Green Faerie Farms Collective, this is the 20th year of outreach to Steamworks, where the testing is done. While you're there, and I know you will be, check out Dr. dj CK. He turns it out, as you kids say, on Friday nights and Sunday nights, and makes taking the vapors even that much more enjoyable. He's a really nice guy, too, unlike another dj they have at the spa...

...How to out christian the christians, lesson #1. Dexter King, the son of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. has announced that it would be "cruel" to not allow James Earl Ray, the man who killed his father, to die of his liver ailment at home. I know I could never be that forgiving. I tip my wig to Mr. King....

...Hey, if 11-year-old kids in Butcrack Falls, Arkansas can get guns, why can't we get some, too? I'm sure all of us who were ever picked on as children had fantasies about wasting our tormenters. I'll bet the NRA is real happy about all this gun publicity as well. What else is there to do in Butcrack Falls, anyway?...

...Back home in SF, our local Sunday paper recently sported the headline, "How About Some Hawaiian Ho?" - to which the only correct answer is, "Who you callin' a ho??"

Got to go, you know?

Loving you from here, darling!

Rev. Dr. Joan Jett-Blakk

P.S....Visit Gypsy Threads at 736 Larkin, say hi to Marie, and find some of the best vintage shopping around...bar of the month, My Place. Clay, Marcelino, Jaimse, and wonderful folks like the fabulous Miss Millie make this spot a pleasant suprise. Great music, great drinks. What more could a dowager ask for? ☺

Ok, the first thing I'd like to address this month is the Lighter Thing. For those non-smokers among us, the Lighter Thing has become a major problem to those of us who inhale. Picture this situation if you will; you've just bought some primo bud and you get home, open the bag (mmmmm) and realize you have no papers. So, you go get papers and while you're there you buy a little yellow lighter. You're back home, the joint is rolled and you reach for the little yellow lighter to make the motion that will fire up prime bud and the lighter does not work. Click. Nothing. Another click. "What's wrong with this thing", you think, "I just got it". Click. Still nothing. Now, I've gotta tell you, the first time this happened to me I tossed a brand new lighter in the trash, figuring it was defective. Au contraire. My supposedly dead lighter was child proof and thereby had some stoopid fucking lever or button that had to be moved before the damn thing would work. I don't know who or what is responsible for this, but I want it stopped. Listen, if a few unsupervised rug rats lost a digit or two because they don't understand how dangerous fire is, too fucking bad! As if!! When I shell out a buck or two for a lighter, I want it to light. Period. No ifs, ands, or hairy butts. Safety is one thing but this has gone too far. Someone passed a law or whatever and I want to see them in my office right away!... Did you see the comet? Wasn't it fantastic? I actually saw it a couple of times, once from Red Rocks and then a few days later while attending a fabulous party on Haight St. It really does wonderful things to your head to see something like that anyway, but at the place I was, with the people I was with, in the city I love, and in the State I was in, it was extra special. Of course, you didn't know

I was Dr. Science, did you?... There is yet another great club to go to which is not good news for a born socialite like me. It's called Lowrider. Derek, Javier and Otter serve up a pulsing cauldron of danceability that is the 1971 Cadillac Eldorado convertible of dance clubs. If you are, as they say, down with the likes of Tricky, Led Zeplin, Marvin Gaye or Kruger and Dorfmeister, to name a few, get your ass there. Cute girls, cute boys. Why, even an old drag-queen like me has gotten some ding-ding there, and they make stellar martinis (Sapphire gin, up, very dry, one olive). On Wednesday. At 510 Larkin @ Turk. By the way, I want to see more women taking their case and be done with it! Look, the shirts off while job of President is not a hard one, not dancing. Not that if you do it right. Mean what you say, I'm a breast man or anything, I like 'em pale and frail myself, but I'm a little bored with the fact that only boys remove their shirts while on the dance floor. If I take my top off - and I do, child, I do - then any girl who wanted to do the same should be able to. Fuck those little sissies who go eeeeewww!!! when ever they see a naked female breast.... On the presidential campaign front, everything is fine. You might be wondering why you haven't heard a lot about



me winning primaries and kicking ass in debates, but believe me, my voters are out there. How do I know? Because my voters are out. Some of my voters are way out. We like it that way too. Hey, I'm the drag-queen candidate and that means I'm going to wait until the last possible minute before I do anything anyway, and then when I do get around to some serious campaigning, everyone will be so sick of those other candidates, so tired of their constant lying and so very over their really ugly faces on every fucking magazine cover, television program and milk carton that my comparatively glamorous butt will be welcomed with glee. Will I saturate the media with power-trips and meaningless corporate bullshit? No. I will simply state my case and be done with it! Look, the job of President is not a hard one, not if you do it right. Mean what you say, say what you mean, get the job done when you say you're gonna and amerikkka runs like clock-work. It's simple. I can wait, however. I can wait until they make a mess -pardon me- more of a mess of everything (just think how absolutely boring their conventions will be this summer) and then, as usual, come in and fix it all up again. Better than before... One more thing. Congrats to Susan Stryker and Jim Van Buskirk on the publication of their book Gay By The Bay which is a queer history of San Francisco. Never have I read anything that made me feel so proud of the community we all share here in this small village. Every page is sheer joy. Thank you Susan and Jim. You can thank them too, at the party for Gay By The Bay at the new public library on Friday, April 26. I'll be there as well. Maybe we can chat ... ciao for now.

Common Sense Nation



*S*o there I was, resplendent in my vintage Adolfo suit, standing where I could see Willie Brown being sworn in as the Mayor of San Francisco and the faces of the crowd watching the ceremony and I must tell you I was moved. Moved by the sheer diversity of the crowd. Here in San Francisco, you can not take anything for granted. You look at someone, and play that little game where you think you can figure them out and, honey you could be wrong. This is the only place on Earth where that's true. That 50ish, new-age, shaman-looking fellow could be the biggest con man ever and that office lady with the 70's flip hair-do might be one hell of a top. Girls will be boys and boys will be girls. Old ladies could maybe kick your ass and gruff leathermen can be the biggest babies. I tell ya, I love it!

Recently, the New York Times ran a series of articles on presidential candidates. All in all, they were OK, but once again, it's the same parade of privileged white males. Does anyone see what's going on? Most people have become so complacent that they don't seem to hear themselves saying that the only choices we have are Clinton or Dole. Hello? Stand the two of them next to each other and you get rich white men either way you look at it. One's from Arkansas and the other is from some other backward state. It hardly matters because the system that feeds one feeds the other.

I'm always amazed when the reports of any candidate's contributions are published. The one with the most money always wins. Now what does that tell you? That political offices are open to everyone? I don't think so! That's why I'm running for President. I want to bring attention to the fact that no matter what the media tries to promote about inclusion and community, the "highest office in the land" is attainable only by a select few. The few who can align themselves with huge corporations that have only the pursuit of more and more money/power at their core. All that does is make the politician beholden to the corporation and, voilà!, laws get passed that benefit the corporation. We're so accustomed to things operating

by Joan Jett Blakke

that way that we don't even question it anymore. I'd like to keep asking questions. And demanding answers. I mean, come on. Why don't we have 100 percent, free, quality health care in a country that gleefully pays an idiot like Jim Carey twenty million dollars for one stoopidass movie? Why are power companies, like electric and gas, so powerful? Why do you have to have credit before you can get credit? I was never more baffled than when I tried to buy a car a few years ago. I was told I was a bad credit risk because I didn't have a credit card or was in any kind of debt. That does not make any sense whatsoever. Today, I want to call my party the Common Sense Party. Imagine, a nation run on common sense. We would not be letting major corporations get by taking welfare while the entire ignorant nation thinks that poor, black people in the ghetto are the ones causing the economic problems we are beset with. That just doesn't make sense. Burroughs-Wellcome would not be making an enormous profit on a poison called AZT that makes you sicker while promising to slow the spread of what's killing you, that would not make sense. Anyone caught wearing a goatee who does not at least know who Miles Davis is will be taken out back and shot. That makes sense. Making Nicole Brown-Simpson the Patron Saint of Bad Choices in Boyfriends (thanx Scott Silverman) and passing a law that states that only women get to carry guns; now that makes a lot of fucking sense.

I'd like to be a little selfish here and mention my 40th birthday in January. You know how it is. Capricorns rule! And we don't mind talking about our birthday a month before and a month after the day itself. So happy birthday to me and Mr. Zeller and Russell and Warner and my sister Kimberly and Allison and Carrington and all the Caps in SF!

One more thing and then I'll leave you alone for another month. I had a dream that someone had tagged all of the city's bus shelters with "Miss Kitty Lives" and "Jerome is God" and in my dream absolutely no one was upset by this; in fact, everyone was smiling. Mi piace come ti sei messa! Ciao.

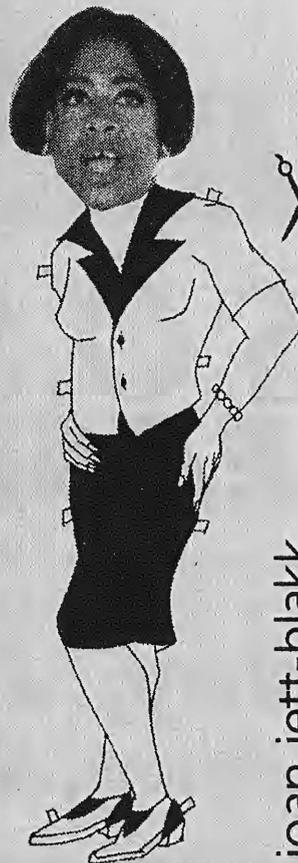


A hearty greeting to all of you out there in Obliviona. You're even more beautiful than the last time I saw you - which, I must say, was before someone was fit to erect those (dare I say it?) kind of ugly Keith Haring sculptures all over town. Don't get me wrong. I've always been an admirer of Mr. Haring and his work. I have fond memories of watching his radiant babies and sexually explicit T-shirts become icons to an entire generation. In fact, my sister, Kimberly, happens to be a longtime Haring collector. However, someone must be asleep at the Keith Haring Foundation wheel because, in my opinion, his work loses a lot without all those little lines around it that gave his art so much sparkle and dimension. To treat Keith Haring like Richard Serra is so not ok. Why, even the bases the art is mounted on are ugly. And, Hello! What's wrong with honoring an artist from San Francisco, like Jerome Caja? Can't you just see a huge scrambled egg on a cross in front of City Hall? I sure as hell can.

...Well, seeing as I do not have a beeper or a cell phone, I was spared any aggravation because some satellite was turned the wrong way a couple of weeks ago. Actually, the thought of fucking up communication for, oh, 30 million people gave me a raging woodie. You could ruin an entire country so easily. Hmmmm.

...Can someone please tell me what is wrong with the white kids these days? It seems that every time one turns around, some white kid is popping his parents and throwing in a few classmates for good measure. I'm afraid to walk near a suburban high-school, you know? Now that crime is going down in urban areas, white children seem to picking up the slack. Is growing up in Pocatella, Idaho and Eugene, Oregon and Buttrick Falls, Arkansas so hopelessly boring as that - oh, well, I suppose it is. Why, then, can't we train these younguns to shoot at the members of the Heritage Foundation instead of each other? And speaking of shooting, I believe it was the (finally) late Sen. Barry Goldwater who said, "You don't have to be straight to fight for your country. You just have to shoot straight." That, friends, is currently my favorite quote.

...Let's all shed a tear for poor Captain Carl, er, Phil Hartman. Another victim of white (hair) on white crime. Once again, however, the LAPD demonstrated their complete ineptitude. This is what I read in the Examiner: "The front door was open when the officers arrived, and the children were in the front part of the house. The children were identified as a nine-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl. Police were still trying to determine the children's relationship. The Hartman's had two children." Just how stupid do you have to be to be a cop in LA? It also seems that the



joan.jett-blakk

Saturday Night Live curse is still in full swing. One of my porn star friends, Jake, notices it is rather strange how SNL stars die, followed by a few dreadful films starring the dead star.

...Rant of the week: Why didn't someone stop Jimmy Page and Poof Daddy before they totally fucked up a perfectly good Led Zeppelin song? The same goes for that boring ass band The Wallflowers who had the gall to cover David Bowie's "Heroes." I want that bullshit stopped at once!

...Recently, I had the pleasure to participate in an evening called "Pack of Laughs." Held at MCC, it was billed as a night of queers poking fun at the issue of tobacco. Along with the always funny Lisa Geldudig and some stellar singing from Tommi Avicolli Mecca, was one MissCreation. She deserves special mention because she brought the house down. Her stand-up routine was hella funny. The cigarette as fingernail was a fashion coup. This gifted child came to us from Paris, where she was a model and theater major. Keep your eyes peeled for this one. MissCreation. You heard it here first.

...Many years of bliss to Kathy Fenker, one of the most talented mixed-media artists ever. She's married - to Iggy Pop's drummer, no less. Also, happy birthday to Luis of Pansy Division. By the way, celebrate Gay Pride by recruiting a straight kid. ☺

Loving you from here,
Joan Jett-Blakk

OBLIVION

paper doll / christina empedocles

Joan Jett - Blakk



Photo by Christine T. Anderson

Pot and Mars are alright tonight...

It's really hard to shock me. I'm prepared for any news and I rarely am truly surprised. So when I came back from doing a little campaign stop (and television interview) in Santa Cruz over the weekend I could not believe what I was hearing. Apparently the Cannabis Buyers Club had been busted. By the state and federal cops, no less. Well, I was stunned. Then I got mad. Now it seems that I heard recently that one Dan Lundgren was on the list to be considered as a vice-presidential running mate for some fellow named Bob Dole, and suddenly the whole thing stank. It only makes perfect sense that ol' Dan would try to grandstand a week before the Republican Convention (of lies). You can be sure that the CBC has been a thorn in

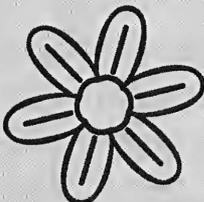
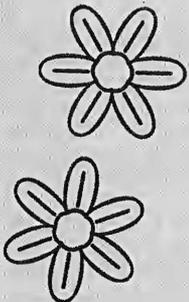
paper and other products and marijuana for us to enjoy and heal. Why is liquor legal and pot not? The answer is too long to go into now but trust me, it is about big business in cahoots with the moral police and I for one am sick of it.

OK. Now, I must mention the wonderful time I had in Santa Cruz at a club called the Blue Lagoon. I went there with my friend Jason, and I gotta tell you - they make a splendid Sapphire Martini. The owner, Fred, was so charming and the boys - well, suffice it to say that there are so many beautiful boys in California that it never ceases to make an impression. I must also mention that I had the good fortune to be with my good friend Marc Geller when we were treated to a panel of scientists having a press conference about discovering life on Mars! That's right, there they were, on the McNeil-Lerher Report talking about physical evidence of life on the Red Planet. That has got to be the most myth-shattering and exciting news I've heard in years. One of these scientists even put forth (to a stunned Jim Lerher) that we could even possibly be borne of biological activity started on Mars. Wow! If you think about that for just a moment, it can boggle your mind. Right after that they went to a report on the Republican debate on abortion. It all seemed so stupid. That, and Rep. Sonny Bono on the Press Club. Sonny, honey, if you love your gay daughter, and you love your younger children, but you cannot tell your younger children that being gay is "ok," what on Mars do you tell them about Chastity?



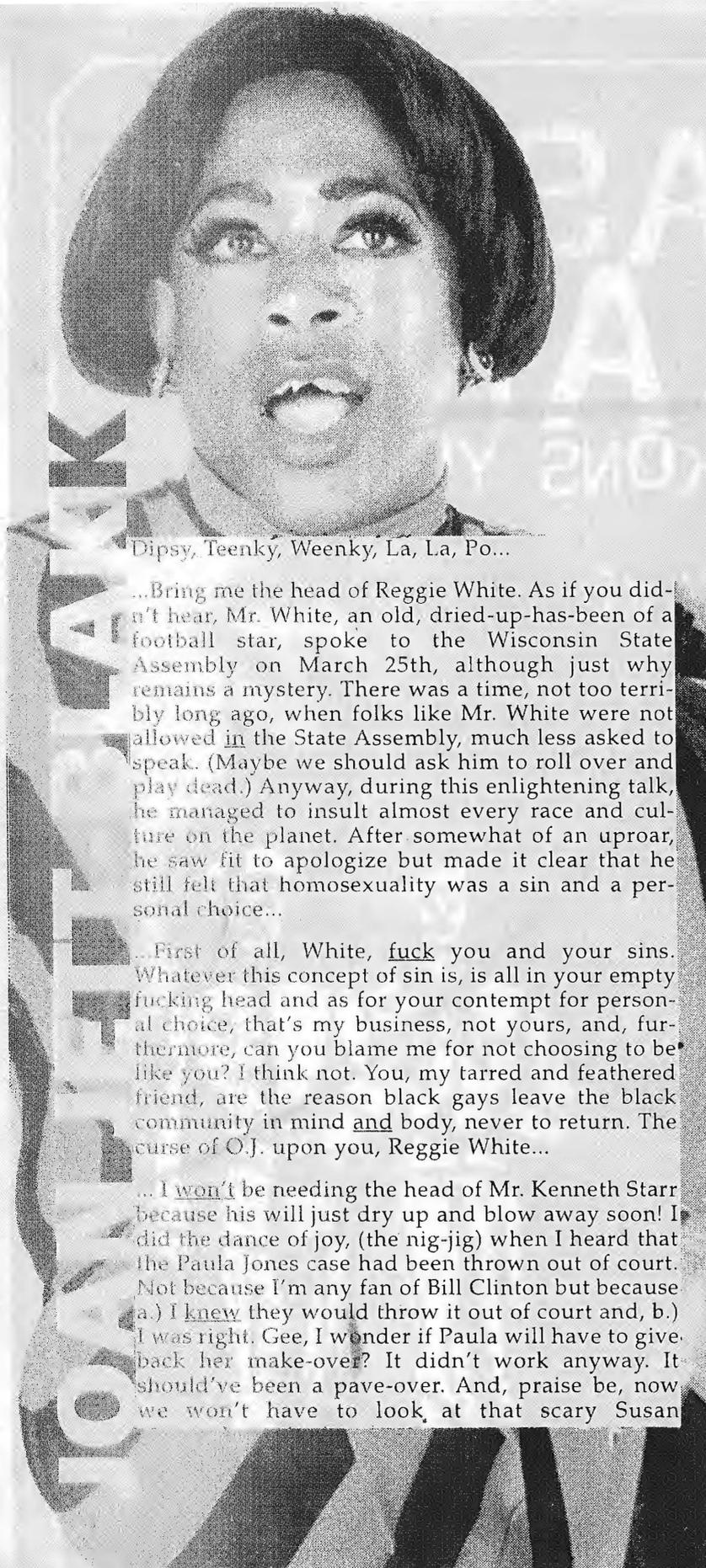
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"We must find a way to let these cretins know that this behavior will not be tolerated. Not in San Francisco."
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Lundgren's side for some time. Did you know that the local police were not aware of any action against the CBC until it has already happened? Pretty sneaky, huh? As if the folks who depend on Dennis Peron's oasis of sanity didn't have enough to worry about. Of course San Francisco responded immediately. I for one, would be interested in seeing something a little more adventurous than candle-light marches, though. I mean, they serve a purpose and I'm sure they get the point across, but can't we cover his office door with silly string and glue or tar and feather his secretary or something? We must find a way to let these cretins know that this behavior will not be tolerated. Not in San Francisco. This is yet another reason that I should be elected President. Can you imagine that kind of thing happening during by administration? Certainly not. As we used to say in Detroit, "It ain't that kind of party, Tina!" Let me state again that as President, I will legalize all drugs. I will re-institute the hemp industry. Think of all the farms across the land that can turn a profit again by growing hemp for



.....
Ciao for now -
President Joan Jett-Blakk

P.S. - A special "hello" to Lola, the charming woman who works the coat-check at Lift on Thursday. She is so sweet and always smiling and it really helps to make an already pleasant evening of dancing even more of a joy. Thank you.



Carpenter McMillan anymore. Whew! Talk about your Species III...

... OK. So, when did Pinocchio discover he was made of wood? When his hand caught on fire... Ouch, Miss Thing. Up there in Toronto, Canada, a man is suing his surgeon for advising him to use tape and half-kilogram weights to stretch his penis after an operation to enlarge the organ went awry. The poor fellow identified only as "S.T." claimed his dick is deformed and scarred after undergoing the procedure, which he saw in an ad in the newspaper by one Dr. Robert Stubbs, (no joke) a licensed plastic surgeon. Mr. uh, "T" charged that Dr. Stubbs claimed his "micro penis" could be found, er, lengthened and told him afterward of heavy weightlifting his dick would have to do après surgery...

..."S.T." (apparently the "S" stands for stupid) complained that on one occasion, the weights came loose and fell through his pants in a public place, causing him much embarrassment. Hell, that happens to guys in the Castro and their cockrings every day, no biggie. (Oops, sorry "T.") If possible, the court would like to see the evidence, please. The court requests a magnifying glass, your honor...

... After all this time, I finally met DRC. At a recent "Groove," (Tuesdays at Ten15) she was whuppin ass down in the basement (just like Sugar Pie De Santo and Etta James sang)...

... Charles Keating. Remember him? Well, Mr. In-and-out-of-jail is out again after being incarcerated for five days during which the former savings and loan boss had his stomach pumped and was placed on suicide watch after drinking shampoo...

...Charlie, originally jailed after the collapse of Lincoln Savings and Loan to the tune of \$3.4 billion inadvertently (?) took a swig of shampoo that had been placed on his food tray several hours after his arrest for applying for a passport at the advice of his attorney, Stephen Neal. Now, I do not believe that a swig of shampoo would cause one to have one's stomach pumped, you know, and furthermore, if Charles Keating wants to kill himself, let him...

... I want your sex. In the bathroom. In the park. Truth? Or fiction? Why don't you ask, oh, I don't know, George Michael??? Today's secret word is busted! You know what to do when anybody says the secret work, right? Right! Scream real loud! ... I'll bet his new song "Freedom" has a new meaning ... Gotta go get bail money. From Mr. Keating, no doubt. ☹

Loving you from here, Daarling, Joan Jett-Blakk

Dipsy, Teenky, Weenky, La, La, Po...

...Bring me the head of Reggie White. As if you didn't hear, Mr. White, an old, dried-up-has-been of a football star, spoke to the Wisconsin State Assembly on March 25th, although just why remains a mystery. There was a time, not too terribly long ago, when folks like Mr. White were not allowed in the State Assembly, much less asked to speak. (Maybe we should ask him to roll over and play dead.) Anyway, during this enlightening talk, he managed to insult almost every race and culture on the planet. After somewhat of an uproar, he saw fit to apologize but made it clear that he still felt that homosexuality was a sin and a personal choice...

...First of all, White, fuck you and your sins. Whatever this concept of sin is, is all in your empty fucking head and as for your contempt for personal choice, that's my business, not yours, and, furthermore, can you blame me for not choosing to be like you? I think not. You, my tarred and feathered friend, are the reason black gays leave the black community in mind and body, never to return. The curse of O.J. upon you, Reggie White...

... I won't be needing the head of Mr. Kenneth Starr because his will just dry up and blow away soon! I did the dance of joy, (the nig-jig) when I heard that the Paula Jones case had been thrown out of court. Not because I'm any fan of Bill Clinton but because a.) I knew they would throw it out of court and, b.) I was right. Gee, I wonder if Paula will have to give back her make-over? It didn't work anyway. It should've been a pave-over. And, praise be, now we won't have to look at that scary Susan

Joan Jett - Blakk

Dickin' Around



Well, there I was, dickin' around, not knowing what I was going to write about this month, and boom, the House of Representatives provided me with hours of inspiration. I simply cannot believe that the vote was 342 to 67 in favor of the ban.

Somebody please tell me what the hell is going on? How could this happen? Don't we have clout? Power? Votes? How can almost everyone in that damn house be so mis-representational? I'll tell you how. That evil called Christianity, that's how. Every time we get near our goal of being treated as citizens of a civil union, some believer in God comes along and trounces our chances. Why, none other than the Rev. Lou Sheldon, head devil of the traditional values coalition had this response, "There is no other issue on the American landscape where there is such a strong political consensus: Americans oppose homosexual marriage." Excuse me, but I remember a day when that scum-bag would've never shot off his mouth like that and gotten away with it. Have we gone soft? I suppose the answer is yes. We have a president who openly states how much he hates

town has clubs for everyone. I love it. Any night of the week, you can get your fill of any style of music or scene you desire. This is all so much fun that I've decided I'm going to open my own club. That's right, it'll have a predatory theme like something on the Discovery channel and it'll be called Club Seal. Can't you just see the flyers now?

... I'd like to invite you all to come to Josie's Cabaret and Juice Joint for another installment of Late Night With Joan Jett-Blakk. I don't have all the guests confirmed yet, so I don't want to give anything away, but it promises to be a evening of fun and smart talk. August 10 is the date. Check the papers for the time and everything and I hope to see you then. I've been working really hard since I moved here three years ago, and I'm going to relax in July because shortly thereafter, I've got a presidential campaign to do, now don't I? Here's hoping your days and nights are as fabulous as you want them to be.

Luv ya all over, Joan Jett-Blakk.

I'd like to see the Day when same-sex couples can hold hands without it being a political statement, ok? Geez.

us by saying he will sign this bill because he opposes same-sex marriages; yet, he wants you to vote him back into office for what? Four more years of hate, I guess. I'll be honest, marriage to me is like Jeanette Winterson describes it in her novel "Written On The Body." Marriage, she says, is like a huge plate glass window waiting for a brick. Great huh? Anyway, regardless, if two people feel so strongly for one another (imagine!) that they want their union to be recognized everywhere by everyone, then so be it. I'd like to see the day when same-sex couples can hold hands without it being a political statement, ok? Geez. Do we have to go back to the days of blowing everything up to get our way? Huh? Do we?

... Well, run out of clubs to go to yet? I thought not. This

P.S. Shouldn't there be a test one passes before one has children?

Just asking.

Photo by Christine T. Anderson

Who-oooo! It's gay pride *moth* again! Yea, right. Rainbow bugs, that's just what we need. Actually, I hope to be marketing a line of rainbow toilet paper. You know, so you will be able to "Wipe Your Ass With Pride!"© OK!!!! How scary is that?...

Nancy Kravitz, Robert Martin, Eric Wallner (thanks again for not wearing socks, Eric) and everyone else who had anything to do with or came to Wigstock West, big kisses on your pink parts. San Francisco sure showed them New Yorkers, boygirl! We were supreme examples of stupendous glamour, unlimited courtesy, more stylish configurations of drag than any fuckin' Paris fuckin' fashion show and, drink tickets! I wanna see all the pictures. Snappy, snappy snappy darling, all night long! It's a good thing I wore my Dependos. However, I'm real glad that it wasn't leporid season, you know what I mean?... Anyway, after it was all over, my girlfriend Justin Bond and myself and about 8 other babes squeezed into a close friend's sleek French automobile and prowled the city looking for hetero boys to beat up, so full of the virus called beauty were we. All we got to do, however, was yell obscenities at one or two of them but, sorry to say, no ass-whoppin ensued. Oh, poooh...

Hey, guess what? Starting June the 25th at twelve noon on KALX, 90.7 on your FM dial, you can hear "hello"© my new talk show on the radio. San Francisco Supervisor Susan Leal hit the nail right on my head when she mentioned recently that I was the perfect blend of NPR's Teri Gross and Oprah Winfrey. (Loving you from here, Miss Leal girl!) Every Wednesday thereafter, or until the FCC makes me stop, there will be a half hour of witty repartee with all manner of queer. Writers, painters, directors, editors, performers, politicians, rock stars, and trans-sexualgendervestites! Maybe even a straight sissyboy or two (they do exist, you know.) From all over the world or whatever thanks to the magic that is the telephone, hence the name of the show; "hello"© Now, how many different ways are there to say "hello"© anyway? Anybody know? I thought not. Right now, with your friends, try and say "hello"© in as many different ways as you possibly can, I dare you. You could have an entire conversation and understand it with just that one word. "hello"© Tune us in. We're as excited as a wet dream but not as messy...

The Cocteau Twins' new release, Milk and Cookies, er, Milk and Kisses is a must have. The first song on the damn CD will kick your ass and it just goes from there. Get it, put it on,



Joan Jett-Blakk and The "Lady" Bunny, Wigstock West 1996. Photo by Marc Geller.

June/July (OBLIVION 22) 1996

turn it up,
stand back
and be
heeled! If
t h a t
d o n ' t
w o r k ,
try, say,
the new
stuff by
the

Congos,
a band
produced
by reggae
wonderkind,
Lee Scratch Perry.

(I'll tell ya, though, it's rough being a fag

who loves reggae. The three or four of us there are quite used to the common refrain: usually said in a high-pitched faggy whine; "What is this?" "It's too slow." "I can't work out to this, it's killing my concentration, Mary!"... Also, get any Maria Callas, if you don't have it already. Particularly the 'La Divina' series. To be played at maximum volume, ok? People down the street from your house should be saying to themselves' "What the hell is going on?" Callas will give you shivers, make your blood boil, and cause you to giggle at the sheer beauty of her singing. Especially on a boom-box, walking down the street...

Can we try to maintain some of the joy and comradeship we share during the Gay Pride March Parade thing this year? Can we, huh?... The Nobel Peace Prize for Humanitarianism goes to the fellow who called me a "dullard" in one of the other free papers recently. His reason for the personal attack, you ask? The introduction of a book I did at my fabulous job. Well, first of all, Missy, one cannot possibly read all the books we present at A Different Light Bookstore. Second, Mr. Cooper was fully aware of what I was going to say about his book and third, excuse me, but would you have used such an imperial tone were I not a negro? What up?? It matters not, though, darling. I'd love it if you'd be a guest on my talk show. It would be educational to hear how calling people names fits in with your idea of a supportive and tolerant community. Otherwise, I've always enjoyed your work...

Congratulations to everyone who did the AIDS Ride to Los Angeles. A hearty welcome home to all and an extra-special welcome home to Mattheus Dahlberg...

Remember, my presidential campaign is just chugging along quite well, thank you, and if I can reach enough of the amerikaan people with my message of hope, my plans for the future of our country, and the complete pardon of all post and present student loans, I can win this thing. Exit polls? Nah! The people who vote for me don't answer polls! Whatever! Just be prepared for the Bliss President,ok??? Kisses, sweetiedarling.

luv, Joan Jett-Blakk

Over the Rainbow



Photo: Christine T. Anderson

By Joan Jett-Blakk

drag

JOAN JETT-BLAKK

First off, I must admit that I have no pity for the idiots who moved into a loft building across the street from Vsf only to complain about the noise that a club like Vsf can produce. It's just plain stupid to complain now when the club was there long before they were and I'd like to know who their real estate agent was, the crafty bastard. From the looks of the woman who let her name and picture be printed in the paper, she was an easy target for some unscrupulous housing shark. I refuse to believe that one would consider buying a condo in a known club corridor and not ask about the noise level ahead of time. She most likely thought her white yuppie bucks would just make all the bad people go away. Needless to say I wish the Vsf club luck in fighting this battle...

...Down in the Bahamas more than 100 natives were restless about the arrival of a cruise ship carrying lesbian passengers. Wearing t-shirts reading, "Save the Bahamas," and waving signs saying, "No Gay Ships," the protesters picketed the entrance to Nassau's port as 800 passengers alighted the Seabreeze I. One protester who had a loudspeaker said, "We got enough sissies in the Bahamas, we don't need no more." That organizer must have been blind, honey, because apparently there weren't any sissies on that ship anyway. Besides, with that attitude, I'll bet the sissies they have on the island are trying like hell to get off (the island, silly). I wonder how many of the protesters run a business that is dependent on the tourist trade? Isn't that called biting the (butch) hand that feeds you?...

...A survey for the Partnership for a Drug Free America finds that so-called "baby-boomer" parents

are (gasp!) in denial over the drug use of their children. The survey claims that, among other things, only 21% of parents think their kids have been offered drugs, when in fact 59% of the kids say, "No, I've been asked if I want to get high." Also, the number one risk 9-to-12 year olds associate with using drugs is that Mom and Dad, "... would feel really bad if they found out." Yeah, kid, because you are not sharing your drugs with them. Well, my group, The Partnership for a Free Drug America, did their own little survey, and this is what they found: 82% of teenagers felt that smoking marijuana was not harmful in the least. In fact, many teens, unlike their parents, knew of the therapeutic and enhancing qualities of pot. Fewer than 1-in-4 of the same teens went on to say they did not think marijuana was a "drug" at all. 66% of teenagers also felt that if someone would explain "drug use, not drug abuse" to them early on, the problems that stem from the abuse of any drug could be diminished. Asked if they thought that coffee was a drug, only 19% of parents said yes, while 89% of teenagers did. So, once again, the longest running war in America, The War On Drugs, is proven to be a huge waste of time and money. Our prisons are (conveniently) filled with people convicted of victimless crimes; urban blacks who get harsher sentences for possessing an ounce of crack, while their suburban white counterparts are receiving hand slaps for tons of cocaine. And, the liquor industry continues to promote and encourage a substance more deadly than any other. In fact, did you know that two thirds of domestic violence and 40% of all violent crimes involve alcohol? That shit is legal and pot's not. What's wrong with this picture?...

... The editorial staff of the San Francisco Examiner needs to pull the stick out of their ass or push it in further, whatever, after their nasty little bit about our domestic partner law. Hey, Guittar, Bronstein, (not so) Finefrock, and whoever else, fuck you! Lets see the Hearst Corporation take away the health insurance for your wife or the rug rats you support with your overpaid wages. And, as for Judge Claudia Wilken, who ruled that our City's domestic partner ordinance is "...unconstitutional," off with her head. We will not be treated as less-thans. Fair treatment for same-sex couples is not something we should "feel satisfied" about. We've worked long and hard (!) for just this little piece of the pie, and we won't stop until all our rights are guaranteed. Even though I've no partner, domestic or otherwise, this cuts me to the quick. Whose streets? Our streets. Especially the streets of San Francisco. ☹

Loving you from here,
Joan Jett-Blakk