

# QUEER



PHOENIX RESOURCE • VOLUME 7 NUMBER 21 • OCTOBER 11 - 24 1991

# DIRECTORY

## AIDS REFERRAL

**AGAPE Network**  
PO Box 15826  
Phoenix 85060

**AIDS Information Line**  
234-2752

**Arizona AIDS Project**  
919 N 1st St  
Phoenix 85004  
420-9396

**CAMPA/MALTA**  
297 E Monterey  
Phoenix 85012  
230-1881

**Community AIDS Council**  
PO Box 32903  
Phoenix 85064  
265-2437

**Community Care Center**  
333 E Virginia #117  
Phoenix 85004  
340-1111

**Flagstaff AIDS Outreach**  
PO Box 183  
Flagstaff 86002  
525-1199

**Gay Men's Sex Project**  
c/o CAC  
265-AIDS

**The Names Project**  
PO Box 82111  
Phoenix 85071

**Phoenix Shanti Group**  
1314 E McDowell  
Phoenix 85006  
271-0008

**Planned Parenthood**  
5651 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
George: 277-PLAN

**Sedona AIDS Group**  
c/o Flagstaff AIDS Outreach  
525-1199

**Valley of the Sun Coalition for PWAs**  
PO Box 16847  
Phoenix 85011

**Veterans Administration**  
HIV Coordinator & Educator: Lee Hood  
277-5551 ext 7182

**Volunteers in Direct Aid**  
PO Box 5689  
Phoenix 85011  
938-3932

## ORGANIZATIONS

**Adult Children of Alcoholics**  
963-0984

**Alanon**  
6829 N 21st Ave  
Phoenix 85015  
249-1257

**Alcoholics Anonymous**  
Gay Group Listings  
4602 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
264-1341

**American Gay Atheists**  
Phoenix Chapter  
3003 N Central Ave  
Ste 121 Box 211  
Phoenix 85012  
264-7432

**EAGLE (US West)**  
PO Box 36702  
Phoenix 85067  
351-5463

**Feminist and Lesbian Activist Coalition**  
967-2570

**Gay Alliance of Northern Arizona**  
PO Box 183  
Flagstaff 86002  
525-1199

**Gay and Lesbian Discussion Group**  
870-9597

**Gay and Lesbian Seniors**  
241-1604

**Lesbian and Gay Academic Union**  
Arizona State University  
Tempe 85287  
968-3703

**Lesbian and Gay Community Switchboard**  
234-2752

**Lesbian/Gay Public Awareness Project**  
PO Box 60881  
Phoenix 85082  
994-2100

**Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays**  
PO Box 37525  
Phoenix 85064  
949-9152  
AIDS Related:  
939-7807

**Phoenix Gay Youth Group**  
PO Box 1075  
Mesa 85211  
897-8989

**Phoenix Pride Planning Committee**  
631-0350

**Relationship Discussion Group**  
870-9597

**The Women's Center**  
PO Box 26031  
Tempe 85282  
275-9148  
924-2358

## SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

**Arizona Power Exchange**  
5821 N. 67th Ave  
Ste 103-276  
Glendale 85301  
848-8737

**Arizona Rangers**  
PO Box 13074  
Phoenix 85002

**Arizona Wranglers**  
c/o Cash Inn  
244-9943

**Copperstate Leathermen**  
PO Box 44051  
Phoenix 85064

**Couples of Arizona**  
PO Box 7144  
Phoenix 85011  
631-0657

**Desert Adventures**  
PO Box 2008  
Phoenix 85001  
957-3476

**Desert Valley Squares**  
PO Box 34615  
Phoenix 85067  
968-7184

**Hedonistic Hardcore Hikers**  
PO Box 9751  
Phoenix 85068

**Lesbian Breakfast Club**  
278-1869

**Los Amigos Del Sol**  
PO Box 27335  
Phoenix 85061  
843-1329

**Our Gang Bowling League**  
PO Box 62971  
Phoenix 85082  
468-0334

**Southwest Men at Large**  
PO Box 25951  
Tempe 85285

**Town and Country Social Club**  
849-4544

## PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

**Arizona Gay Rodeo Association**  
PO Box 16363  
Phoenix 85011  
938-3932

**Camelback Business and Professional Association**  
PO Box 2097  
Phoenix 85001  
266-7202

**Desert Overture**  
PO Box 16454  
Phoenix 85011  
997-4373

**Professional Women's Network**  
PO Box 2970  
Apache Junction  
85217

**Team Arizona**  
PO Box 5950  
Phoenix 85010  
968-4375

**Valley Career Women**  
PO Box 33393  
Phoenix 85067  
242-8906

## POLITICAL ACTION

**AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power**  
PO Box 13274  
Phoenix 85002  
433-4966

**Arizonans for Gay and Lesbian Civil Rights**  
956-6284

**Arizona Committee For Progress**  
PO Box 40374  
Phoenix 85067

**Coalition For Immediate Action**  
PO Box 33233  
Phoenix 85067  
246-8277

**Arizona Democratic Party**  
254-4179

**Arizona Republican Party**  
957-7770

## ARTSPACE

**Alwun House**  
1204 E Roosevelt  
Phoenix 85004  
253-7887

## ATTORNEYS

**Powell and Russo**  
15648 N 35th Ave  
Suite C-112  
Phoenix 85023  
843-5993

**Roger Rea**  
3601 N 7th Ave  
Suite B  
Phoenix 85014  
248-7921

## TRAVEL

**Firsttravel**  
5150 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
266-0566

**Leonard's Travel**  
Lewis Pizer  
820 E Indian Schl  
Phoenix 85014  
274-2893

## ACCOUNTING

**CamelWest Income Tax Service**  
PO Box 11194  
Phoenix 85061  
841-5414

## REALTY

**Blue Ribbon Realty**  
David Atkins  
7330 N. 16th St. A120  
Phoenix 85020  
263-9696  
266-0479

**Blue Ribbon Realty**  
Mario Romero  
7330 N. 16th St. A120  
Phoenix 85020  
263-9696  
252-4191

**Century 21**  
Richard Larsen  
8910 N Central  
Phoenix 85020  
943-7252

## LIVING SPACE

**Gay Roommate Service**  
938-3932

**Royal Villa Apartments**  
1102 E Turney  
Phoenix 85014  
266-6883

**Westways Bed and Bath**  
PO Box 41624  
Phoenix 85080  
582-3868

## TYPESETTING

**Etienne Type Shop**  
PO Box 17298  
Phoenix 85011  
788-5442

## WORD PROCESSING

**Diversified Data Designs**  
PO Box 33233  
Phoenix 85067  
246-8277

## MASSAGE

**Larry Gwinn**  
Metro Phoenix  
971-5009

**Massage Connection**  
456 W Main  
Tempe 85201  
833-7207

## HAIR STYLING

**Eric Bustamante**  
Top of the Mark  
7001 E Main St  
Scottsdale 85251  
945-7008

**Rare Bears Barber Styling**  
6215 N Central  
Phoenix 85014  
274-4570

**The Tivoli**  
6166 N Scottsdale  
Scottsdale 85253  
991-6999

## FLORISTS

**Arcadia Flowers**  
4835 E Indian Schl  
Phoenix 85008  
840-3750

**Briarwood Floral Design**  
6202 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
264-2922

## BOOKSHOPS

**Humanspace Books**  
1617 N 32nd St  
Phoenix 85008  
220-4419

**Changing Hands Bookstore**  
414 S Mill  
Tempe 85281

## FRAMING

**The Framing Center**  
2701 N 24th St  
Phoenix 85006  
957-0877

**Premiere Frame and Picture Gallery**  
1441 N 27th Ln  
Phoenix 85009  
484-0565

## RETAIL

**EuroMarket**  
5017 N Central  
Phoenix 85012  
252-EURO

**Parr of Arizona Custom Swimwear**  
4532 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
230-2133

**Tuff Stuff Leather**  
1714 E McDowell  
Phoenix 85006  
254-9651

## SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS

### Churches

**Casa de Cristo**  
1029 E Turney  
Phoenix 85014  
265-2831

**First Unitarian Universalist**  
4027 E Lincoln  
Paradise Valley 85253  
840-8400

**Gentle Shepherd**  
3425 E Mountain  
Phoenix 85046  
996-7644

**Healing Waters Ministries**  
5555 E Van Buren  
Ste A-10  
Phoenix 85008  
244-1577

**Oasis MCC**  
2405 E Coronado  
Phoenix 85008  
275-3534

**Restoration Church of Jesus Christ**  
1-800-677-RCJC

## Social Groups

**Affirmation**  
Gay Mormons  
PO Box 26601  
Tempe 85285  
396-6950

**Brethren Mennonites Council**  
PO Box 5613  
Glendale 85312

**Dignity/Integrity**  
Episcopal and Roman Catholics  
PO Box 21091  
Phoenix 85036  
258-2556

**Lutherans Concerned**  
PO Box 7519  
Phoenix 85011  
870-3611

**Mishpachal Am**  
Jewish Congregation  
PO Box 39127  
Phoenix 85069  
584-0127

**Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gays**  
275-0506

## New Age Worship

**Goddess Womyn's Network**  
PO Box 17312  
Phoenix 85011  
258-2388

**House of the Dawn**  
2141 E Palm Ln  
Phoenix 85008  
267-1203

**Mecca Center**  
424 E Colter  
Phoenix 85012

**Moon Goddess Coven**  
PO Box 48918  
Phoenix 85075

## BARS

### Mixed

**Cash Inn**  
2120 E McDowell  
244-9943

**Club 5th Avenue**  
6830 5th Ave  
Scottsdale  
946-4188

**Foster's**  
4343 N 7th Ave  
263-8313

**G.B.'s Rendezvous**  
4132 E McDowell  
275-3509

**JC's Fun One**  
5542 N 43rd Ave  
939-0528

**Little Jim's 307**  
222 E Roosevelt  
252-0001

**Marlys'**  
15615 N Cave Crk  
867-2463

**Preston's**  
4102 E Thomas Rd  
224-5778

**Wink's**  
5707 N 7th St  
265-9002

## Women

**Incognito**  
2424 E Thomas  
955-9805

**Nasty Habits**  
Episcopal and Roman Catholics  
267-8707

**Talk of the Town**  
4301 N 7th Ave  
248-0065

## Men

**Bobby's**  
1810 E McDowell  
258-9477

**BS West**  
7125 5th Ave  
Scottsdale  
945-9028

**Cattleman's Exchange**  
138 W Camelback  
266-0875

**Charlie's**  
727 W Camelback  
265-0224

**Cruisin' Central**  
1011 N Central  
253-3376

**Durango's**  
1517 S Black Canyon Hwy  
271-9011

**Pház**  
155 W. Camelback  
Phoenix 85013  
274-8505

## Levi/Leather

**Apollo's**  
5749 N 7th St  
277-9373

**Bum Steer**  
4620 N 7th Ave  
279-3033

**Nutowne**  
5002 E Van Buren  
267-9959

**Trax**  
1724 E McDowell  
254-0231

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I really dig the opera. I enjoy sitting in the dark listening to fat women sing to me in another language. I like having an excuse to wear a tuxedo. I love all the hot guys hanging out in the lobby before showtime. Most of all, I anticipate the opportunity to say to some stuffy queen, "I can't possibly make your soirèe, dear. I have *the opera* that night."

Opera is coming to town, in a big way. *Italian opera*. Next week, Arizona Opera Company opens its "Divas in the Desert" series. And no one is more excited about this than our own David Parker, whose delirium spills over onto page 7 of this issue. So

does his resentment of other men—but no matter. He's got a point. Just lately I, too, find myself preferring the company of Donizetti over that of some sweaty, inert thug.

Sort of.

• • •

When we recently monopolized an entire issue of *Phoenix Resource* with a spoof of gossip, the response from readers was excessive. Telephone calls and letters alternately congratulated our impudence or banished us to fag rag hell. Ultimately, our message miscarried—while we endeavored to portray gossip as silly and destructive, some of you were insulted while others clamored for more. Either way, everyone had the same question: would we do this again?

Yes. Beginning with this

issue, we will devote a page of this publication to the most mindless, least constructive mass of filth you will ever consume. This steaming lump of crap will appear on page 12 of each issue, and you will read every syllable of it. We defy you to look away.

We have scoured the queer underbelly of the city and unearthed the most insufferable crackpot Phoenix has ever harbored, and he is going to expose every depraved detail of each of your lives. He will worm his way into your gatherings, disrupt your cocktail hours, plunder your private affairs. Soon, you will live for his column, terrified that he has uncovered your sleaziest dalliances. The worst part of all: he is a grown man, and his name is *Girl*.

You asked for it.

See you at the opera.

—Pela

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Phoenix activists reassess their fortunes  
after losing Linda

# "6" Down, Two to Go

**W**hile the returns came in during the evening of Oct. 1, a few stunned observers began asking questions. Did Linda try hard enough? Did Linda receive enough help from the gay community? How could this happen? By a dishearteningly large margin, Linda Nadolski lost her bid for re-election to the

by Don Slutes

Phoenix City Council. Nadolski, who represents Dist. 6 in east-central Phoenix, had been one of our community's biggest supporters on the council.

The pundits say several factors conspired to reduce the voter turnout in this election, and thus its predictability. These included the fact that Phoenicians had no mayoral race to grab their attention (incumbent Paul Johnson was unopposed), and the fact that this was only the most recent (and possibly least publicized) of a long string of off-year elections. Some Phoenicians, in fact, had just been to the polls one week earlier to choose a U.S. Representative in Congressional District 2.

Linda Nadolski wasn't the only loser. Community activists had high hopes for Nadolski associate Barbara Wyllie, who was running for the council seat in west Phoenix's Dist. 5, against conservative incumbent John Nelson. Wyllie, the victim of a last-minute smear campaign engineered by a Nelson supporter, lost by a sizable margin. Meanwhile, another community favorite, incumbent Craig Tribken in Dist. 4 (midtown Phoenix), failed to avoid a November runoff by barely one percent in a three-way contest. Tribken, at least, is still in the running.

What do these results mean for the Phoenix City Council, which has previously been thought to be fairly hospitable to our community's needs? Despite the loss of their beloved Nadolski, a few activists are sanguine. The council is still far from being a conservative body, they point out. Two other friends on the council, Mary Rose Wilcox and Thelda Williams, won re-election handily, while nominal friends Calvin Goode (whose district encompasses downtown and the Coronado neighborhood) and Skip Rimsza also retained their seats.

Still, interested members of Phoenix's gay community will be watching—and no doubt participating in—the runoff campaign. Not only Tribken's but also the Dist. 2 seat will be contested in November. In the latter district, the community-endorsed candidate, Dan Carroll, finished with a plurality of votes in the five-way primary election, but was far short of the required majority. With the eventual election of both Tribken and Carroll, perhaps the loss of Nadolski would be easier to take.

## COMING IN FROM THE COLD

According to *The Nation* magazine, Amnesty International has finally changed its tune about world-wide victims of lesbian/gay-based intolerance.

A year and a half ago, I passed along some information



gleaned from an earlier *Nation* article concerning Amnesty International's virtual abandonment of lesbian/gay prisoners of conscience. AI had a problem with equating sexual freedom with political freedom because to do so might alienate some otherwise friendly countries (and contributors) who don't believe that imprisoning homosexuals is such a bad idea. The original article, by Darrell Yates Rist, co-founder of the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, quoted Curt Goering, the deputy director of Amnesty International USA, as asking, somewhat rhetorically, "To what extent is this issue grounded in international norms?"

While AI said it would defend the "legitimate" free speech rights of activists imprisoned for pro-gay-rights views, it was the group's policy to look the other way when men and women who merely practice or even aspire to practice homosexuality were rounded up and imprisoned. (It did claim to insist, however, that such incarceration be "humane.")

I made some hay of the issue in a *Phoenix Resource* article in April of 1990, suggesting that lesbians and gay men in Arizona might take this somewhat spineless policy into account before writing checks to Amnesty International. Because it has now been reported that AI is taking the next step to defend the human rights of lesbians and gay men, I feel obligated to report the change.

It will be interesting to follow the activities of AI following this innovation. Will once-supportive countries with religion-based or other traditional anti-gay leanings continue to support AI? Is AI really willing to turn on countries, which, while tolerant of political dissent, continue to punish homosexuals?

I receive dunning letters from Amnesty International on an almost monthly basis (despite never having contributed). I may start to read them for these developments. Because, until they have documented some results of this policy change, AI still has a long way to go to earn its reputation as the world's foremost human rights organization.

## CAN'T STAND PAT

Arch-conservative columnist and commentator Pat Buchanan is probably a racist and a Jew-hater. But these animosities pale in comparison to his hatred of homosexuals. He is the Jesse Helms of political pundits. I

would venture to guess that at least 10 percent of his twice- or thrice-weekly newspaper columns attack some aspect of the lesbian/gay political agenda. (Then again, I guess one in ten is only fair.)

In this regard, he has loudly supported every draconian and reactionary AIDS policy proposal that has come down the pike. His recurring theme, which is repeated by plenty of others in and out of government, goes something like this: the "homosexual lobby" screams loudly for more funds for AIDS research, while continually thwarting any realistic effort to combat the disease, like mandatory testing. It's a compelling paradox for those unfamiliar with the subject. And Buchanan, who is either an idiot or a demagogue, leaps upon the seeming contradiction with zeal, pointing it out at every opportunity. In fact, many conservatives now take it as gospel that the gay lobby is huge and powerful and has successfully frightened off Congress from doing anything to deal honestly with this particular health crisis.

Of course, the "gay lobby" isn't quite as monolithic as we've been told; in fact, it's always in danger of splintering. But it's true that these two items are at the core of its AIDS agenda: demanding more money for AIDS research (which will ultimately benefit all types of medical research); and fighting punitive laws that would strip people of their rights—opposing mandatory testing, urging absolute assurances of confidentiality, and fighting discrimination against AIDS patients and HIV-positives.

If AIDS activists are obsessive about their agenda, it's because of their experience with the early phases of the disease. It wasn't so long ago that the government seemed content to let AIDS patients die, because the disease apparently affected only undesirables. (Ronald Reagan, whose accession to power coincided almost exactly with the reported onset of the disease, never even uttered the term "AIDS" until the latter stages of his presidency.) If AIDS activists are still wary of the government's intentions, it's only because they have every reason to be.

Universal, mandatory testing is a real bad idea for other reasons, of course—the test's chief flaw is that it doesn't report a positive until long after initial infection—but it is the potential fallout of such a policy that causes AIDS activists to balk. Their agenda, then, makes perfect sense: it only strives to protect people with AIDS, both their lives and their rights. We shouldn't remain silent when the influential Buchanan, who cares for neither, tries to infect the debate.

## Look Here, Buster

(In the "Hypothalamus Issue," September 13) R. Pela says that "the only difference between straight men and gay men is that straight men want women to do their laundry and suck their cocks and gay men want *guys* to do their laundry and suck their cocks."

I'd like to say that the only difference between Pela and most gays is that he has a really bad attitude about life.

Name Withheld  
Phoenix

*And the only difference between me and you is that I am an asshole who owns a newspaper.*

—Ed.

Your "Hypothalamus Quiz" (September 13) was a blast. My lover and I used it as an entertainment at our last brunch. We decided that having brunch was an indication that we had "teeny tiny" hypothalamuses, and lo and behold, our scores proved us right!

Larry Estrada  
Phoenix

Oh.

—Ed.

## I'm Sorry. Please Forgive Me.

In your "Heterophobia Issue" (September 27), you printed a letter from me that took exception to (R. Pela's) characterization in an earlier issue of gays as "hairdressers and designers." In the same issue, you (printed) another editorial by Pela which...shows us as recruiting children into homosexuality, and again as hairdressers!

Pela seems to think that gays want to constantly read about themselves as (the)

stereotypes we've fought all along to end. I, for one, do not. I refuse to read any more of this dangerous, uncaring trash. How sad that Pela's brain is so small.

Name Withheld  
Phoenix

*Yeah, but I have an enormous...oh, never mind.*

—Ed.

## Huh?

My terrible twin brothers, James and John, phoned me in Vancouver and said you wanted to know why men are "terrible unfeeling sex hogs."

Man was given many things which were meant to enhance his short stay on this planet. One of these God-given gifts has been suppressed by civilization since birth. Of course, this precious gift I'm talking about, that society makes man keep tucked away, is his feeling. The closest thing he is ever encouraged to boast, brag, or keep any sort of track of, is orgasm.

Kisses,

Tish Bingham  
Vancouver, Canada

*Apparently, you and I have been dating the same guys.*

—Ed.

Why are men terrible, unfeeling sex hogs? That's easy. Because society demands it.

Thank God we're not expected to remain virgin queens.

Those Terrible Twins,  
James and John Bingham  
Mesa

*Send religious tracts and lists of men with whom you have performed illegal sex acts to Phoenix Resource Letters, P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix 85010.*

S E D O N A

CASA DE ESTRELLAS  
A Bed & Breakfast Inn

Chuck Bell  
(602) 282-7786

389 Brewer Road  
Sedona, Arizona 86336

# Symbolically Speaking

**m**ost people

who consider

themselves part of

the lesbian and gay

community are

familiar with at least

a couple of prevalent

visual symbols. The

lambda and the pink

triangle are

frequently worn and

displayed as a

simple repre-

sentation of

gayness. In addition,

the pink triangle has

been used to remind

us that oppression

continues on the

by Ellen M. Young

planet, as illustrated by its use in the concentration camps of Nazi Germany. Whether or not one has studied the history of these symbols, there is a general knowledge in the community that there is something vaguely gay about them. Not so with the non-gay community.

While some progressive or well-read heterosexuals are aware of these two symbols, most are not. Try mentioning the word "lambda" to a non-gay person and you'll likely hear in reply, "Isn't that a fraternity?" Others will recognize it as a Greek letter, but that's about it. As for the pink triangle, forget it. Most people don't even realize that gay people were imprisoned in the camps as a consequence of their orientation. Nor is it generally known that a number of different symbols were used to identify the prisoners with their so-called crimes. The yellow star has been the only standout symbol in the history books.

A more recent symbol of the lesbian and gay community is the rainbow flag which, while gaining in popularity, still draws little recognition. This is partly due to its confusion with Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition.

The yin/yang is an ancient Chinese spiritual symbol of balance which, in modern times, has become focused on androgyny, the balance of feminine and masculine energies or characteristics. I have two pieces of jewelry containing the yin/yang, and I wear them to symbolize my own expression of this balance. It is probably my favorite visual symbol, as it speaks so strongly to my sense of identity. However, for some people, particularly the young, the yin/yang is simply in vogue at the moment. A few may understand its meaning, but they don't really think much

about it. For the fashion-conscious, it represents little more than a pretty swirly design to wear at rock concerts. You know, it's like, kind of a Sixties thing.

Some symbols are understood by virtually everyone, but are considered with varying degrees of seriousness. Most married heterosexuals wear wedding rings. Some gay and lesbian couples wear rings, while others do not. The symbolic meaning can also be transferred to other types of jewelry, such as earrings or necklaces. For couples, such jewelry is perceived symbolically on both public and private levels. Publicly, it is an "outward and visible sign" that a willing commitment has been made by one person to another. Privately, it represents the same commitment, but often much more. For many, it carries an implied promise, such as fidelity. For some, it may represent a sense of security that one is not alone.

For some couples, the commitments and feelings are taken seriously, while the symbol is not. They may wear rings during a ceremony, such as a wedding, but take them off to do the dishes. For others, the rings are not to be removed for such trivial reasons; doing so would symbolize a lack of commitment or a feeling of insecurity about the relationship. I have always fallen into the latter category.

Years ago, a friend gave me a ring as a symbol of thanks for helping him out during some difficult times. I wore it for weeks, perhaps months, before I was able to take it off. And when I finally did, I cried.

In non-platonic relationships, when given a ring, I never took it off until I felt sure the union was coming to an end. Until then, if I started to feel insecure, I would slide the ring towards

the tip of my finger without actually taking it off. If the ring had to be cleaned, it was removed by the person from whom I'd received it, then replaced by the same person. This was not a superstition; I did not expect any sort of retribution if I were to remove the ring by myself. It was simply a symbolic way of expressing my feelings. After all, symbolic actions are often easier than conversation.

Recently, I removed a ring that I'd worn for the past three years. I didn't find this particularly difficult, as I'd been thinking about it for some time. I was also angry. But at some point, if it feels right to do so, I may put the ring back on. I rule my own symbols; they do not rule me.

Any given symbol need not have meaning for everyone, nor may everyone attach the same meaning to the same symbol. As an example, I am not offended when someone burns the American flag, but I do find it annoying to see someone wearing a pink triangle with the point facing upwards. I do not have the right, however, to tear that triangle off someone else's shirt and berate the person for wearing it upside down. Nor should political conservatives have the right to dictate what one does with an American flag after purchasing it. It is not the symbol, in and of itself, which deserves respect. It is the meaning or emotion behind the symbol which should be respected, as one would respect free speech. The wearing or displaying of a symbol is, in fact, symbolic speech.

Each of us has something different to say, and we will inevitably choose different methods of saying it. We will not understand every message we hear, any more than we will recognize every symbol we see. But some of us will get some of it. Meanwhile, cultivate your own garden. Peace, man.

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not have a nick-name for its penis. 25. The opera will not "lose" your phone number. 26. Verdi does not want to be "just friends" three months later. 27. There is no need to question opera about why it has porno arcade tokens in its pockets. 28. The opera does not wonder what Mae West is doing these days. 29. Cavalli would never have compared your chili to his mother's. 30. An evening of Rossini will not

land you at the VD clinic the following week. 31. Nothing written by Bellini will ever force any part of itself into your mouth. 32. Opera won't bring you flowers, either.

*Arizona Opera opens its 1991-92 season with Vincenzo Bellini's La Sonnambula at Phoenix Symphony Hall, October 24 and 26 at 7:30pm and October 27 at 2pm. For information about season tickets call 266-SING.*



by David Parker

Frederick C. Corey:  
The Tiger Beat Interview

# Worried Into Performance

Fred Corey's lover, Kim

Bauley, died of liver  
cancer last January.

Months of mourning led to

Corey's *The Death of a*

*Married Man*, a solo

performance piece he

wrote which employs

slides, audio loops, and

pre-recorded music to

explore gay relationships,

stereotypes, and death.

One reason that Corey, an

assistant professor of

communication at Arizona

State University, wrote

about Bauley and their

three years together "was

to break the silence about

issues important

to gay men."

*The Death of a Married Man* could have been schmaltzy. It has all the trappings of a three-hanky tearjerker.

I hope I stayed away from the schmaltz. I'm steeped in literary criticism. All of my academic training is in literary criticism. That provides some safeguards against my work getting too predictable. But like most contemporary literature, *Death* borders on being very personal. There's a trend toward that in modern writing.

**Does the self-indulgence of performance art embarrass you?**

Yes. Very much. But I'm in a what-the-fuck mode.

**You make Kim's brother, Craig, the villain in this piece.**

He shows up that way; sort of as a prototype homophobe. But he actually turned out to be a nice guy.

**You say in your script that when Kim discovered he had liver cancer he called you on the phone and the two of you "screeched" at one another. I first heard you use the word "screech" at a reading in Tucson. What is the difference between screeching and screaming?**

Screeching is more primal. It is not based in terror or grief or any other emotion I could mention. If a plane were crashing, the people on board would not be screaming, they would be screeching.

**When Kim's mother asked for Kim's wedding ring, you bought another ring to give her in its place. But you bought the ring at Target.**

They sell perfectly fine jewelry at Target. Besides, his mother never knew.

**You make a rather irreverent reference to why God invented valium.**

I never used to believe. In valium.

**What purpose has writing this performance piece served?**

The writing of it was cathartic. The performance of it is for social change. To not be silent about our sexuality makes for important social change. Before Kim died, I just thought that anybody who had a clue knew that I am gay, but I never said it. Now, the performing of it is the saying of it.

**Are you trespassing on the privacy of the people you mention in your story?**

I worried about that. I refer to people by name. I include my mother's letters. While I was writing, I wondered, "Is this ethical?" But what I decided was that I'm only talking about other people as they relate to me. For me to have to be silent about the way other people treat me, in order to protect them, is an irony I don't need to live with.

**What do you tell people who assume that your lover died from complications of AIDS?**

Nothing.

**The *Death* script mentions that Kim's death "rocked the gay community." How?**

I cut that part out. I was exaggerating, but Kim's death did come as a shock. Kim was popular, he had about a hundred close friends. No one knew we were dealing with his death until just before it happened.

**You say that you've "worried yourself into performance."**

My job at ASU is in performance studies. For me to think about anything other than Kim's death right now would be impossible. I think about him day and night. I have to get on with my life, my job. So I have incorporated my life into my job. I'm lucky—it's a good fit.

**You still think about him all the time?**

Sure. If I forget, I'm going to have to remember all over again.

**If you were a kitchen appliance, which one would you be?**

A toaster. Because you push it down and it comes back up again.

Interview by R. Pela.

*Frederick Corey will perform The Death of a Married Man at Phoenix Shanti on October 11 and 12 and at Kerr Cultural Center on October 19. See the "Culture Club" listing on page 10 for more information.*



# Themes For Crying

by Frederick C. Corey

Frederick C.

## HUMAN SEXUALITY

Corey's *Death of*

*a Married Man*

deals with

diverse issues:

the loss of a

lover, coming

out, gay

marriage,

romance, and

sexual

awareness. In

these excerpts

from Corey's

new

performance

work, he tours

childhood angst,

self-pity, and

death.

I have always done very well in school, getting mostly As and Bs. I got one C. In Human Sexuality class. That was my third clue.

Learning about the facts of life was my second clue. 1968. I was in the kitchen. My mother was cooking over the gas stove, and I was walking past her when she said, without even looking at me, "Honey, I want to talk to you about something."

I stopped, and—in that eleven-year-old too-tall-for-my-coordination sort of way—leaned against the brilloed white Frigidaire.

"What about?" I asked.

"In class tomorrow, you will be learning about something, and I want to talk to you first."

I stood in what had become my mother's kitchen, looking at the floor (which had been recently covered with the latest in suburban ease: kitchen carpeting. Wash it once and the soap never goes away. Rub and suds).

"The penis," she said, "gets hard and enters the vagina." Everything was phrased in terms of husband and wife, women and children, and when my mother finished the technical details, she launched into a celebration of her uterus.

I was dizzy from the details, and I leaned against the refrigerator thinking, "If this is what we do for birth, I wonder what we do for death." Not being too interested in her treatise, I had plenty of time to consider the options.

Could the parents do it again? No, that would prevent a second child, or kill the first. Could this operation be completed in reverse? No. And besides, who would do it?

Could you determine your own death by having this done to you? No, you'd only get pregnant.

I would have to ask my older brother.

I knew my mother was coming to a close of her treatise when her tone of voice changed. "When unmarried people do this in the back seat of a car, it's called 'fucking.' Nice people don't even use the word."

My first clue was falling madly in love with one of the lifeguards at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club. I was six.



## WORRY

I worry about Kim—even now.

I worry about how much he suffered, I worry about how much he hurt. I am worried about: what does happen to a person after death? I am worried about the day he cried because he had to give himself a bath out of a plastic bowl; I am worried about how much he hurt when his bones, filled with cancer, creaked when he tried to stand up; I am worried about the mental anguish he must have known the night he was in intensive care, the night he kept his eyes pitched—wide open—all night long.

I am worried about the inside of his guts as he screeched when the nurse crammed the nasal-gastral tube down his throat (and about his fury when the nurse said, "Hmm. I wish we had a size 10 tube!"); I am worried about people who cannot so easily convince themselves that they did not cause the death of the person they loved.

I am worried, next to death. I have worried myself into an ulcer. I have worried myself into performance.

## THEMES

I never used to cry. I didn't know how. But when Kim was diagnosed with cancer, I learned in a big hurry. At first, I cried in the car, to and from the hospital.

Then I started taking walks through the park next to Scottsdale Memorial Hospital. At a distant corner of the park is a beautiful Louise Nevelson sculpture, and I would walk around and around and around the sculpture, wailing faithfully, and when I was through, I would return to the hospital.

Then I started crying with Kim. After everyone would leave, we would sit and cry. After he was dead and I was alone, I made a minor career out of crying, but I discovered I needed themes.

Here was one theme: I feel so sorry for you. Here was another: I miss you so much. And another: I would rather be dead.

*Excerpted from The Death of a Married Man by Frederick C. Corey, ©1991 Frederick C. Corey. Reprinted with permission.*



# Oral Intercourse

by Girl

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I'm afraid I'm a fag  
And so, dear, are you!

Hello darlinks! Why thank you! I'm so glad to be here!

So I was lying in this gutter by 307 the other night and this newspaper mogul is telling me he thinks I'd be great doing a society...uh...gossip...uh...happenings column for his nelly little rag. So now I can't go to Burger King, I have to go to AZ '88. I can't buy a six pack, I have to go to Winkie's for drinkies. I can't rent a video, I have to watch one in a booth at the Castle...um, never mind.

So here I am: emerged fully formed out of the foamy green cheesy wake of the *Gossip Issue*. I sit in front of my VDT, incinerating from the inside out from all the magneto-electro-microwave emissions burning their way into my skull as I type myself sideways. It kind of puts a twist in my consciousness, and it's cheaper than cocktails.

To celebrate the inauguration of my new scandal-free (so far) report of valley kiester-bandit capers, I attended six (six!) events in one busy evening last weekend. Since I am more or less starting from scratch, and since I was determined to get material out of you, my hitherto unsuspecting public, I had to come up with a gimmick: "What," I inquired, "is the one thing about yourself that you would like to keep out of the papers?"

At Wink's, responses came to me like this: "My makeup secrets"... "The many partners of my past—more than Gerald!"... "Is that thing on? Bitch!"... "That I can hardly wait to leave Phoenix" (from an apparently disgruntled twenty-one-year-old houseguest of yours truly who, in better times, resides in San Francisco—but then again, doesn't everybody?)... "That I'm just another queer out to sexually blackmail every conservative Republican in the state" (you heard it here first, Ev!).

At the *Zone Magazine*/Oblique Gallery blowout, people were less subdued: "I'm reserving my comments for *Entertainment Tonight*"... "I'll have to let you know after I have a few beers" (sounds like an alcohol problem to me—good thing this was an anonymous

survey!)... "It would be anything about you, Girl!" (I hate that one!)... "That Christian has little horses on his tie"... "Everything about me has been in the papers, I have nothing left to hide" (May I make a suggestion?)... "My bra size"... "That I'm from Ohio and that for years I exclusively dated short homosexuals from Cleveland"... "My penis. I hate getting newsprint on my penis"... "That we were at a Spirit of the Senses salon and we shared about ourselves in a public forum" (IMPORTANT NOTE: Thomas Houlon is heterosexual!)... "I just don't want anyone to know that I have a tiny hangnail" (And neither, readers, do we!).

Off, then, to the Silver Dollar, and just as things were getting interesting, my fucking tape recorder broke. I almost wet my panties. It was as if Andy Warhol had descended screaming from the New York nightlife scene in the sky (it's also quite dead), and with one swipe of his pasty, gifted hand, grabbed my Olympus Pearlorder S912 and flung it across the Dollar's dance cavern.

The recorder may have stopped, but I didn't. My companion and I continued on to a private birthday bash (I only crashed because they forgot to invite me); Cactus Jack's (why, why, why do you close at one a.m. now?); and finally, Trax (which has been mercifully accessorized with one ultra-tripindicular dj, who better call me so I can start borrowing tapes)... I wouldn't have known to go to the Silver Dollar if the very attractive and relatively eligible (relative to whether or not you're a girl) Mannix X hadn't pelted me with thirteen promo cardlets while I was dancing far too ambitiously at Foster's the Sunday prior... Bobby's, in its usual attempt to "keep up with the times" (?) has initiated a cover charge. Two dollars gets you in and gets you a drinky. Bring a date... Barbara X. was telling me the other day how she only travels in *Glamourvators*. Apparently, five of the elevators in her office building are acceptable as vertical transportation and one is not. It lacks the necessary marble and glass accessories and she absolutely refuses to enter it under any circumstances. Could it be we have an *unfashionablevator* in downtown Phoenix?... Q: How many people from Brooklyn does it take to screw in a light bulb? A: Fuck you!... And who was seen entering the Castle at one in the



morning (then again, who wasn't)?...**Paul Markow's** studio was the setting for a glamorous birthday thing for **John X**. A black and white affair. **David X**. looked fagulous, dripping as he was with black fun fur. **Richard X**., who NEVER GOES OUT ANYMORE, showed up for this one. As a special, added retro-treat, **Cowboy X** and **Construction Worker X** from the **Village People** made a surprise appearance. (See? Fun things *do* happen in Phoenix!) But the low point of *my* evening was when **Eileen X**., a printer princess from way back, deserted me and my microphone to dance with a *woman!*...After **Trax**, I like to drop in at the **Gopher Club**: real men, real rodents...If it weren't for **Neil Cohen**, **Molly Kellogg** would be the most beautiful woman in town...What is the world coming to when a club creature like **Joel X**. shows up at the **Silver Dollar** with braces? Don't worry, baby, there are still dozens who would be perfectly willing to suck the food particles out from your mouth of metal...**Todd Bemis Rosin** is working at the ribbon counter of Neiman Marcus in San Francisco...Why is **Charlie Harrison** selling his house?...It would appear to be extremely bad form to argue one's way back into **307** after practically causing a barroom brawl (God knows why!)—especially when one's cheek implants have slid so noticeably down one's face. No cheeky, no drinky...A tall matron had poor (sixty chandeliers and still poor?) **Randy Gorbette** by the ear when she dragged him around her happy home ("Look at those light bulbs...have you ever seen light bulbs like that?") during a recent mega-bash in her interestingly renovated Paradise Valley residence...**Calvin Martin?** Cactus Jack's?...How does **ACT UP** pull a Bush out of the Grand Canyon?...**Kirby Holt** and **Scott Harnisch** have gone to Boyfriendland. We assume they met in the chorus of *42nd Street*, which closed October 6. Will their romance have an extended run?...Which local hangout has great—well, *good* food, reasonable prices, comely decor, late hours and *no patrons*? I'm not saying, but I think it's a shame! Darlings, are you all grunge-aholics? Go somewhere nice for a change! But change your shoes first...**Mr. Bircumshaw!**...Every time you ask **Ron Barnes** how his husband is, all he says is "Bitchy." Romance is hell...And finally: **Bruce Kurtz!** Do they still itch?...Well, darlinks, I would have more to offer you in this, my world premiere column, but I was entertaining an out-of-town guest this weekend and I'm spending all my free time pulling curly hairs out from between my teeth. Just remember: it's a *Girl* world out there now, and if I have anything to say about it, you're going to be FAMOUS!

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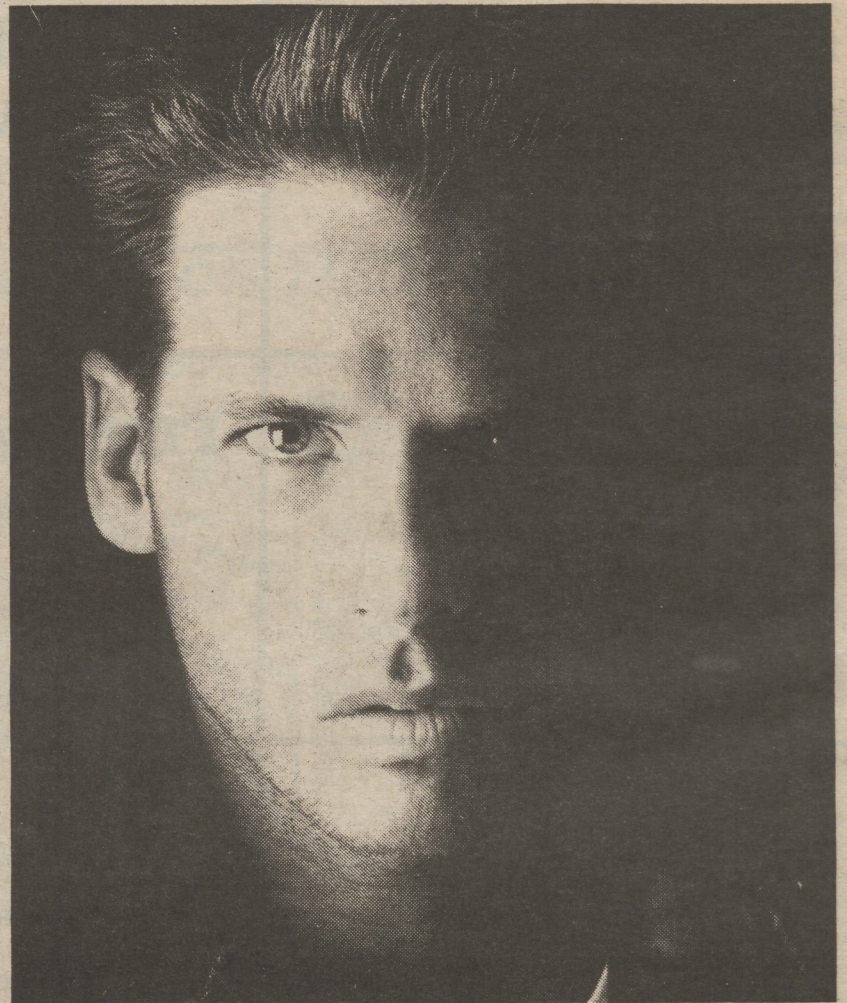
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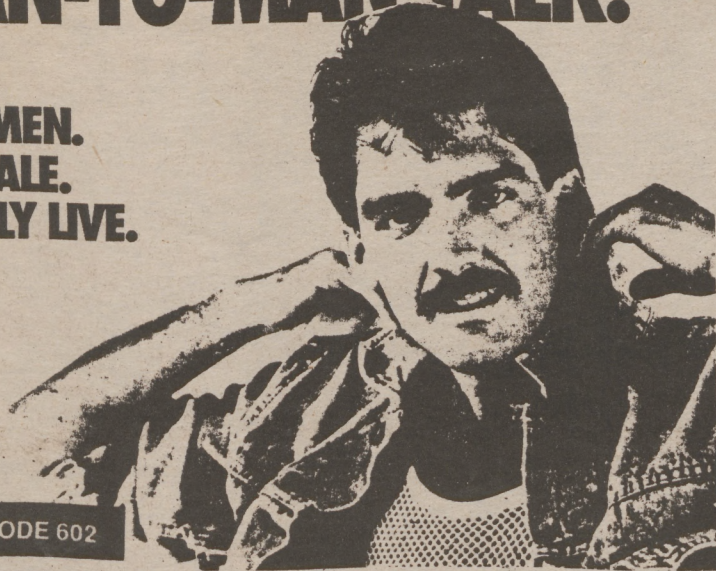
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