

**R** E S O U R C E

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**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**  
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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

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PO Box 5689  
Phoenix 85011  
938-3932

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**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

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PO Box 26031  
Tempe 85282  
275-9148  
924-2358

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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

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PO Box 34615  
Phoenix 85067  
968-7184

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Phoenix 85068

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278-1869

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PO Box 27335  
Phoenix 85061  
843-1329

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PO Box 62971  
Phoenix 85082  
468-0334

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PO Box 25951  
Tempe 85285

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

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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**

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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

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254-4179

**Arizona Republican Party**  
957-7770

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1204 E Roosevelt  
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248-7921

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Phoenix 85014  
266-0566

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Lewis Pizer  
820 E Indian Schl  
Phoenix 85014  
274-2893

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PO Box 11194  
Phoenix 85061  
841-5414

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Phoenix 85020  
263-9696  
266-0479

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

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

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938-3932

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266-6883

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PO Box 41624  
Phoenix 85080  
582-3868

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Phoenix 85011  
788-5442

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Phoenix 85067  
246-8277

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**Larry Gwinn**  
Metro Phoenix  
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**Massage Connection**  
456 W Main  
Tempe 85201  
833-7207

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Top of the Mark  
7001 E Main St  
Scottsdale 85251  
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6215 N Central  
Phoenix 85014  
274-4570

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6166 N Scottsdale  
Scottsdale 85253  
991-6999

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840-2922

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274-9120

**Chang Hands Bookstore**  
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Tempe 85281

**Humanspace Books**  
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Phoenix 85008  
220-4419

**Metropophobia**  
128 E. Taylor  
Phoenix 85002  
255-0668

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2701 N 24th St  
Phoenix 85006  
957-0877

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Phoenix 85009  
484-0565

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5017 N Central  
Phoenix 85012  
252-EURO

**Parr of Arizona Custom Swimwear**  
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Phoenix 85014  
230-2133

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

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Phoenix 85014  
265-2831

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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

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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

**Mishpachah Am**  
PO Box 7731  
Phoenix 85011  
966-5001

**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

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424 E Colter  
Phoenix 85012

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

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2120 E McDowell  
244-9943

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4343 N 7th Ave  
263-8313

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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

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**Incognito**  
2424 E Thomas  
955-9805

**Nasty Habits**  
3108 E McDowell  
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

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

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

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

**Nutowne**  
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267-9959

**Trax**  
1724 E McDowell  
254-0231

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## The only worthwhile human beings on the planet are affluent white heterosexual Christian males

who were born in North America. Everyone else—beginning with affluent white heterosexual Christian females and ending with black gay men with HIV disease—falls in line behind. But queers have one thing in common with our hetero counterparts: None of us, if we abide by legal principle, is allowed to give head. • Everybody wants to put their genitals into someone else's mouth. But regardless of the gender of our pleasure partners, ingesting organs meant for waste elimination is illegal. So is having sex with someone to whom you're not lawfully wed. Fucking someone up the ass will get you ten to twenty. No one is safe. • Discrimination and hypocrisy are hallmarks of American culture. Forget about the right to privacy, body sovereignty, and all forms of freedom. Our self-loathing society dictates what we can and cannot do with our bodies; it backs up these mandates with penalties and prejudice. If it is even intimated that we are performing sexual acts other than those which are legally sanctioned, with anyone other than the person to whom we are legally wed, then we are a deserving target for discrimination. If you are homosexual and you tell the truth about it, we have been told, you will be fired, run out of your home, and cast out of polite society. We are taught that pretending to be something we're not—namely, heterosexual—will make us happier. Changing laws that support these attitudes is a long, difficult process that ultimately discredits our personal rights. • Last month, an amendment to an ordinance granting antidiscrimination protection to city employees added sexual orientation to its language. This action, while certainly a victory for gay activists, carries with it frightening implications: Namely, that the government has the authority to decide who has civil rights and who does not. • To give this law credence, we must overlook the fact that *everyone* has civil rights. The government selectively denies those rights to groups it doesn't like, like gays and women and the mentally ill. Truthfully, it's not up to them to grant or deny. When we buy into the existing judicial system, we are giving the government moral authority. • Antidiscrimination protection for gay men and lesbians is an important step toward our eventual safety in a heterosexist universe. But it entails our giving up personal freedoms to a legislative body which is designed to discriminate in the first place. Working within the established system suggests individual powerlessness. Not fighting to change that system suggests defeat. Ultimately, it seems, anarchy is the only answer. —Pela

On the cover: "F-4," enamel on hot-rolled steel by Jim Cherry. Cherry is mercilessly lampooned on page 6 of this issue.

**Call It Compromise.** by Chuck Hadd Jr.

There's no need to dwell on Arizona's reputation as a state run by right-wing ninnies and a dim-bulb Republican governor with a staff of overpaid, incompetent sycophants stuffing themselves at the public trough—while budgets for education, health and human services are cut still further to the bone.

But while things at the state level may seem hopelessly bleak, at least there's some light coming from the cities. Both Tucson and Phoenix, for example, enacted official municipal holidays honoring Martin Luther King, Jr. after former governor Evan Mecham rescinded the state holiday. Tucson also has an antidiscrimination ordinance, which includes gay men and lesbians, and extends to all businesses within the city, as well as the city government itself. Phoenix also has an antidiscrimination ordinance, but it doesn't fully include gay men and lesbians. Not yet.

Currently the Phoenix city code proscribes discrimination in housing, public accommodations and employment on the basis of sex, race, religion, color, national origin or ancestry.

Last December, the Phoenix City Council considered an amendment that would have extended the same antidiscrimination protection to people regardless of sexual orientation, marital status, military status, and physical disability. (Conspicuously left out of the amendment was the status of ex-convicts. This, of course, would be testing the boundaries of even the most progressive social agenda, and throwing this particular log into the fire along with the rest would probably be counterproductive at this time—despite the fact that it would probably benefit a few of the governor's former cronies, possibly the governor himself some day. And it's worth noting that the state of Hawai'i does include ex-felons in its antidiscrimination law.)

The amendment was sponsored by former Phoenix City Council member Linda Nadolski. The Council passed a compromise version of the measure proposed by Mayor Paul Johnson.

Nadolski voted against the watered-down version, saying she "didn't want anyone to think this was an accomplishment and that we had reached

the end of the trail."

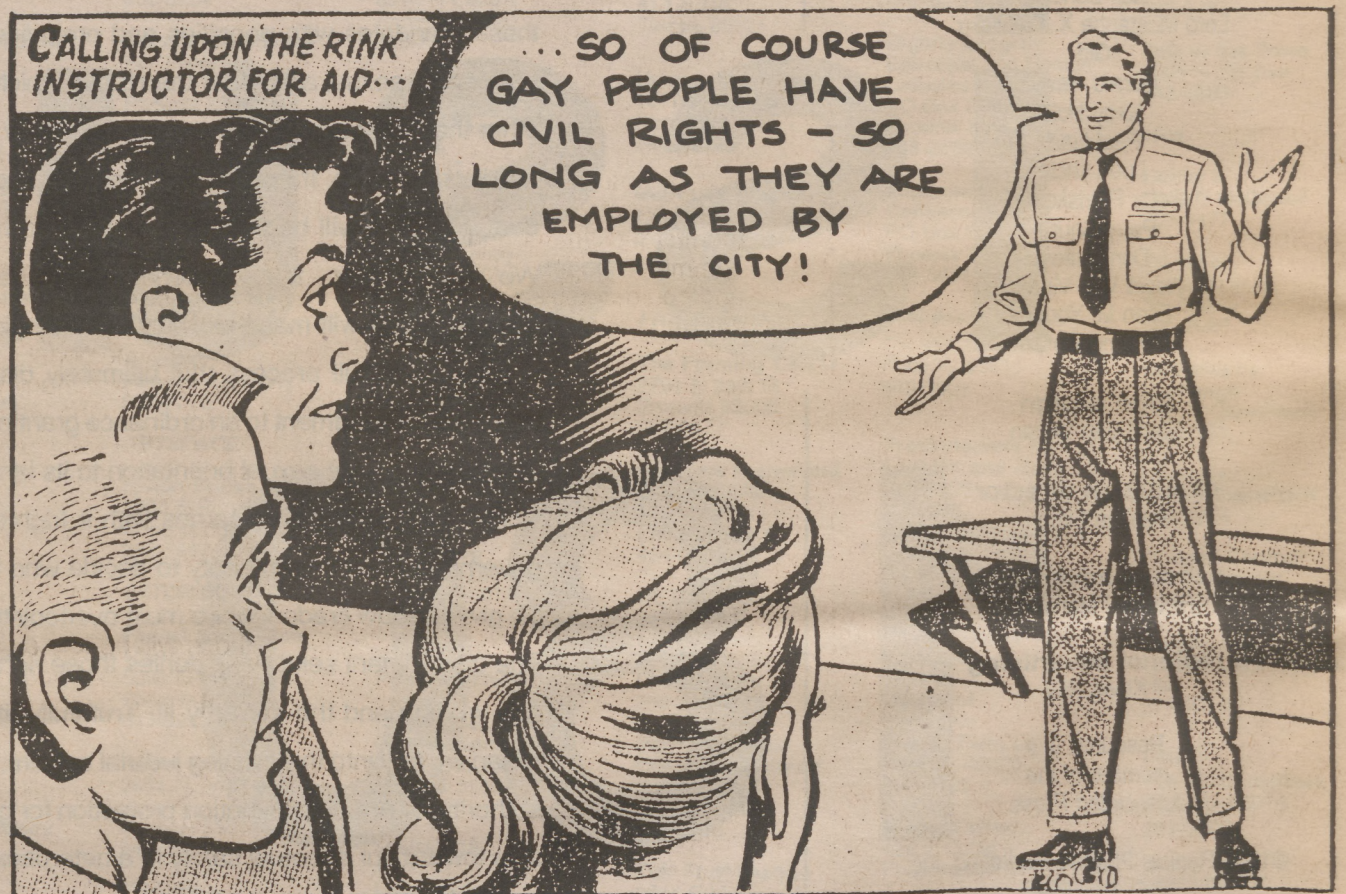
Black Council member Calvin Goode also voted against the compromise. "I've lived all my life being told I should be satisfied with half a loaf," said Goode. He's vowed to continue pushing for a full antidiscrimination amendment. "I don't want a half loaf for the gay community either."

But, while it didn't entirely please everyone in the gay community, the compromise measure did leave some temporarily satisfied.

David Blais is the chairman of the Arizona Committee for Progress, a gay political action committee, which supported the compromise. "It was the best we could do," he said. With the city council on record in support of at least some antidiscrimination protection for gays and lesbians, it will be hard for the council to backpedal on the

In proposing the compromise version, which limits antidiscrimination protection to city employees, Mayor Johnson said the council had not yet had time to assess the economic impact of the full measure. There were also "legal" considerations.

The legal considerations, of course, are the state's statutes governing sexual behavior. Arizona's criminal code makes homosexual activity illegal, along with sundry other sexual acts among heterosexuals. The code also makes it illegal to have sex with anyone to whom you are not lawfully married. To be absolutely certain they aren't breaking the law, married people—and only married people—should confine themselves to the missionary position. The point is worth noting: A decade ago, a Mesa policeman was fired after acknowledging he is gay. The Arizona criminal code was given as a



issue next year. Meanwhile, passage of the compromise version was a big step toward passage of a full version in 1992, Blais said.

The compromise version that the Council approved last year prohibits anti-gay discrimination in municipal employment, but not employment in the private sector. Nor does it prohibit discrimination in housing and public accommodations. Moreover, the compromise version only applies to homosexuals, not the other three categories mentioned in the original amendment.

rationale for the firing, though there was no evidence the policeman had engaged in any sexual activity.

There's a general assumption that gay people, merely by virtue of their existence, are breaking the law. But the law doesn't make homosexuality illegal per se—only homosexual acts. The law also, as noted, makes sexual acts by unmarried heterosexuals illegal. But when was the last time you heard of an unmarried heterosexual being fired on the assumption that he or she

must be, by virtue of status alone, breaking the law?

Perhaps Johnson does have a legitimate concern with the legal considerations of a full antidiscrimination ordinance, if the category of "marital status" is included. Not that he needs to worry about State Attorney General Grant Woods taking any action. Woods ignored the law himself before announcing his candidacy and marrying wife number two. (This from a man who now gloats at the prospect of executing someone in the gas chamber by saying he's only doing his job to "enforce the law.")

So what about the economic ramifications of a full antidiscrimination ordinance that the mayor has cited as "needing further study"? Nonsense, says Nadolski. "There is no economic impact in eliminating discrimination," she says.

Local activists, many of them veterans of a similar (and unsuccessful) antidiscrimination effort five years ago, have come together to discuss plans for the future. If they succeed, then hopefully it will be just the beginning of a larger movement to end discrimination laws in our state.

Arizona may be pigheaded. But, like it or not, the state may yet find itself dragged into the Twenty-First Century by its own cities.

## If You Knew Sue

It must have been the Christmas spirit that possessed me to pick up your rag of a paper, but I did. In it I found not one but two references to the "Sue Laybe Said 'Fag' Story." You obviously have spent most of the year stewing over this, for which I think you should seek psychiatric help.

Sue Laybe a homophobe? Give me a break! She has never been that, but to the contrary has been a friend (an "F" word) to the community even though we have called her names like "breeder," "squaw," "fag hag," "bitch," and most recently "an honorary gay man." It's obviously not enough that she served time for crimes that she did not commit but was forced to plead guilty to as a result of the testimony of one of her confidants and friends (there's that "F" word again).

What should concern you is that the real homophobe that brought Sue to Stedino because of her proud representation of the gay and lesbian community has cut a deal with the County Attorney so that he will not have to go to prison for his role in AzScam. But why should you start now with letting the facts get in the way of your "reporting"?

I have stood by Sue from the first indictment and remain committed because I know her and could see through the smoke screens of Mr. Romley's office (take the Temple Murders for example) and because she always stood by me and the community. She has been our friend and deserves better than the treatment your paper has given her.

Danny Golladay  
Tempe

## Up the Wrong Tree

Rudy, Rudy, Rudy. I can't believe this is the biggest story we have dealing with the HIV virus ("Gone to the Dogs," January 3). First, a memorial ad in the *Arizona Republic*, and then a story in the "Life and Leisure" section of the *Republic's* December 30th issue.

Yes, Rudy was a cute little dog—I'll admit that. But quotations that were used in the *Republic* article, such as "He never thought of himself as a...dog," were ludicrous. Who did Rudy tell this to?

Quotations from Randy Gorbette, the director of Phoenix Shanti Group, that appeared in the *Republic* article

(were also offensive). Gorbette describes the clients of Shanti as "people (who) come to us scared, depressed, frightened, full of shame and feeling dirty and horribly rejected." If this is how Mr. Gorbette sees his clients, then I can understand why there is a movement underway to have him step down.

Another quotation that Gorbette gave, this time to *Resource*, was in response to the question, "Why does everyone hate you?" Gorbette responded with "Because I'm pushy. Because I've gotten a lot of work done for people with AIDS, while everyone else sat around bitching and moaning. Because I don't care about how people feel about me, as long as I get the work done."

Gorbette has forgotten about his volunteers. Sorry, but those are the people we have to thank. Those are the people who are not receiving a \$45,000-a-year salary with traveling expenses. Maybe one day Gorbette's ego will let him say "thank you" to the other organizations who are there to pick up where he hasn't been able to, who have finished jobs he has started and couldn't finish.

It's too bad that when a PWA who helped bring Shanti to Phoenix died in July, he got no memorial service at the Shanti complex. The lack of compassion on the behalf of the Shanti administration in having a memorial service for a dog, when so many families and friends who would like to have had a service for their special someone couldn't afford it, is appalling.

There are stories about the Phoenix Shanti Group that are more important than the ones about Randy's dead dog, but those will be told as questions are raised and answers are demanded by the community.

John J. Bahr,  
HIV Action Committee  
Phoenix

## More Whine, Please.

So. Are we to believe then that men are actually wonderful creatures, life does not in fact suck, and that Judy Canova is just some trite woman Pela was obsessed with ("Throwing in the Towel," January 3)? Was he wrong all this time, or is he just easily exhausted? Are we to forget the years of whining, chalking it up to sour grapes or poor sexual technique? Life is so confusing to start with, and now we can't rely on one of the

most misanthropic, cynical, malevolent, contemptuous, embittered queers in all of Phoenix. I might as well become a Republican.

Tim Moore  
Tempe

*Alright already! I promise to return to my bitter, mewling, man-loathing self as of next issue! You satisfied?*

—Ed.

## Back on the Dance Floor, Bub.

We've read your paper for years and it really punches our lights out. We like how gay it is, with no apologies (although we don't like the word "queer" on every page and there's too much on gay-loved movie stars). But now you say you're changing and we are sorry to see you are not changing (to include) the gay things we know and love (like) we've seen in L.A. papers, where they devote some space to local nightlife and social clubs.

Anyway, good luck and keep up the good work.

Two Hopeful Readers  
Tempe

## Oops!

Last issue, we inexpertly inserted the word "nudie" into *From the Ashes*, our new art-about-town column. We neglected to byline film critic Neil Cohen for his capsule review of *Hook*. And we really didn't mean it when we said Joan Crawford is bigger than God. What we meant to say is that she *is* God.

*Send mash notes and a dozen long-stemmed roses to Letters, c/o Resource, PO Box 5948, Phoenix 85010. Please no pipe bombs.*



**JIM CHERRY SAW ELVIS** in Beverly Hills. Jim was driving his little white Carmen Gia, and El was behind the wheel of his big white Rolls. "He snarled at me," Cherry recalls. "It was a pivotal experience. I levitated!" • Jim Cherry tells giddy stories about dead Kings in dark restaurants. "I'm fascinated with royalty," he admits. "Our culture's preoccupation with the royal family is really interesting to me. I'm especially inspired by crowns."

• Royal head-dresses show up often in Jim Cherry's artwork. He paints them onto sheets of metal, on canvases, and on great big tarps. "I think royalty is the most oppressive concept I've ever heard," Cherry says. "The whole point of the system is to stay on top while taxing the bottom. I see the crown as a symbol of that oppression. And I think it's pretty weird that crowns are seen so much in American culture. I mean, the whole point of American colonization was to overthrow King George. But we've got Royal Crown Cola, and Dad as the King of His Castle. It's very unnerving."

• Jim Cherry wants to affect oppression with his art. "I want to break down the elitist wall of the art world," he says. Pretty heady stuff. "I guess I just feel that the finest art belongs in the lowest dwellings. The message of art needs to get to the disenfranchised, alienated people. But who gets it? Wealthy people, those who can afford to support the arts." He thinks about this for a moment. "Or maybe I'm just being lofty and pretentious," he concludes. • Jim Cherry once set up a display of his paintings on a New York boulevard, next to a sign which read, *Free Paintings. Take One.*

**jim cherry : the tiger beat interview • text by louis clemente • photography by maureen hymers**

“Art is too  
important to  
be taken  
seriously.”

—*Jim Cherry*



“F-1,” enamel on hot-rolled steel.

“I was moving from New York to Phoenix, and I wanted to unload my art, get it into people’s homes before I left. I knew that I couldn’t get that done quickly through the established system of galleries and museums, so I did it my own way.”

No one noticed. “Finally,” Cherry says, “I grabbed someone and said, ‘Really, they’re free.’ New Yorkers are very suspicious. But as soon as one person took a canvas, there was a rush for them. They cleaned me out in seconds.”

What did Cherry learn from this exercise? “It was total Zen,” he says. “I discovered that whatever matters to you most, you must be willing

to give away. There’s a total sense of freedom in doing that, and freedom is what art is all about.”

More important than the spiritual content of art or even his fascination with crowns is Jim Cherry’s devotion to defiance. “Like a lot of artists, I don’t want to be categorized as a painter or an illustrator,” he says. “I want to always bring that element of surprise to my work, to keep people wondering what I’ll do next.”

What *will* Jim Cherry do next? “I think I’ll order dessert,” he says.

*Jim Cherry’s work will be on exhibit at Radix Gallery, 1429 N. First Street, beginning January 24.*

## Fun Fax on Jim!

### *Favorite:*

**Soup:** Scotch

**Day of the week:** Not Sunday

**Cate Spencer quote:** “But Jim, you don’t keep a sketch book!”

**Color:** Clear

**Presidential hopeful:** Any dead film actress

**Dead film actress:** Veronica Lake

**Newscaster:** Earl Camembert

**Sexual fantasy:** Yes

**Vice:** I watch a half-hour of Warner Bros. cartoons daily

**Real first name:** Dan

**Age entered show business:** 39

**Shoe size:** 42

**Number of teeth he’s had pulled:** They fall out naturally

**Last book he read:** *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones* by Paul Reps

**Reason to go on living:** Cate Spencer

When did hats become such a lesbian thing? I pay pretty close attention to lesbians—how come I hadn't noticed that hats had become such a *thing*?

This is what I was thinking, looking at the throngs of dykes stuffing the aisles of the Mid-Winter Crafts Festival at Mountain Moving Coffeehouse in Chicago—"the lesbian mall," as one of our local celebs dubbed it. I was sitting behind a card table next to (appropriately enough) the Dyke Deck women with their lesbian playing cards. At my own little card table, I was trying to look alluring or make my greeting cards and books look alluring or *something* when I was struck by the number of women wearing interesting and exotic hats—a number that increased over the course of the day—owing, I later found out, to the two or three craftswomen vending their cap creations. But selling doesn't necessarily lead to buying, as I can tell you from my own experience. So why the sudden fedora frenzy? It wasn't even cold outside...

At first, when I contemplated this phenomenon, I was thinking: Historically, lesbians (and I generalize here, I know) have tended to sport headgear primarily for practical reasons, wearing something with ear flaps or visors, as the demands





# THE DYKE IN THE HAT COMES BACK

of the season advised. Exceptions to this tended to be among African-American lesbians, on whom I had noted some magnificent millinery—for no other reason, apparently, than that they (both the hats and the women) looked good. But because so many of my straight African-American friends and co-workers had also displayed a propensity for great-looking hats, I had assumed it was more of an African-American thing than a lesbian thing. I see now that I must have been wrong or that, at least, we have our African-American fellow travelers to thank for introducing us to this fashion option.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I was neatly dissecting this pithy conundrum when visions of past headwear came bubbling to the surface. Picture this: A woman with a shag haircut, wearing a black three-piece suit with bell-bottomed pants and gold piping on the vest, carrying a drink tray to the tune of "I Need a Man." Whose face is it under that black felt chapeau? *Gasp!* It's mine.

It all came back to me then,

how I, a lowly nerd from Milwaukee, had begun emulating the fashion sense of my heartthrob-from-afar, that immigrant from Brooklyn to the Midwest, the first lesbian my little baby dyke heart ever knowingly beat for. I, who had never worn hats, even in the dead of winter or the blinding sun of summer, was shopping for ostentatious felt bowlers. Of course, it's easy to look back at the Seventies now, from the vantage point of the Nineties, and scoff at the ridiculousness of me in such an ensemble, but back then...I looked ridiculous, not least of all because I could never find hats to fit. I have, shall we say, a rather diminutive cranium and am affectionately referred to as Zippy the Pinhead. You can imagine how sexy I must have looked, with that hat perched right there on my ears, threatening to fall down over my eyes the minute I took off my glasses.

But even in those now-dark disco days, my Italian stallionette heroine and I notwithstanding, it tended to be the gay men and not the

lesbians who were more flamboyant, and I don't recall hats being a big thing with us lezzies even then. And when disco died, so did my hat-wearing days—so much so, in fact, that for the last several years now, my girlfriend has been badgering me to buy some sort of head covering for the bitter winter months in Chicago. Finally last year I found a lined wool baseball cap with a suede visor that not only fit but that I also felt wouldn't wreck my hair by the time I got to the office and wouldn't make me look stupid (or at least, I thought, I'd look stupid on my own terms). This has appeased Kathleen somewhat, although to really make her happy, I will need to find something that covers my ears.

The point is: I am not, fundamentally, a hat person. But I don't know. Somehow, as dykes with hats multiplied before my eyes like something out of a children's story, I became enchanted with the notion of owning one of these hats. When my girlfriend unwittingly agreed to take over the sales table for me, I purposefully made my way around the room looking for the source of the hats. Once the source was found, I made five or six trips back to the table with my lover and various friends, watching their faces to

see how I looked with one of these funky fezzes adorning my noggin, trying to decide if I really had the chutzpah to wear one. Between forays back to the chapeau table, I philosophized with the Dyke Deck women on the wearing of hats, pondering such issues as the hat-wearing persona: How is it made? Could I get it? After much deliberation, I bought a hat.

I'm sure that in describing it, I won't do it justice, but I'll give it a try anyway: It's a cotton patchwork kind of thing, maybe like a skullcap with a thyroid condition or a pillbox that hugs my head. It's bright and winsome and whimsical. And, most important, I feel great wearing it. It is not the perfect cap, though, as far as my lover is concerned: It doesn't cover my ears. But it may perform other valuable functions.

For instance: I had been commenting to my friend Jorjet that lately, when I do poetry readings, I feel like I'm not weird enough to be a poet, that I'm too *normal* looking. After the Mini-Fest, my new hat resting jauntily on my head, Jorjet assured me: "If you wear that hat to poetry readings, no one will mess with you."

I just hope this doesn't end up, like the black felt number, a museum piece: *Lesbianus skullcapus*, circa 1991.

by Yvonne Zipter

art smart

Alwun House: "Traditional and Contemporary Native American Art: 1492-1992," commemorates 500 years of survival and triumph in Southwestern Indian imagery, January 18-February 9. This exhibit opens with a pre-show concert on Friday, January 17, featuring reggae band World Culture Posse at 8pm; admission is \$5. An opening reception Saturday, January 18, 1-5pm will feature performances, storytelling, musicians, dancers, and a traditional barbecue, as well as an auction of selected pieces. Admission is \$10 at the door.

Through March 22, "The Jewelry of Masha Archer." Through January 26, "Japanese Paintings and Prints 1790-1940." Through February 9, "Beauty in the Beast," a "magic forest" featuring creatures of many sizes, shapes and colors. Now open: "Annie Leibovitz Photographs, 1970-1990," The first museum exhibition featuring works by Leibovitz, whose famous portraits have immortalized celebrated stars and were featured in *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone* magazines. 1625 N. Central.

Gallery X: Through February 3, mixed media pieces by Janet deBerge Lange and paintings by Rose Johnson. On Saturday, January 25 at 9pm, "Experiendica Discord," a series of experimental music and performance art pieces featuring the tribal/industrial

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Sunday, January 19 will feature art-making, music, displays, demonstrations and youth games. \$2 donation at door; under 12 free. Gallery hours: Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

MARS Artspace: MARS opens its 1992 calendar with a group exhibit of work by its own members, January 3-31. New location at Luhrs Center, 126 S. Central Ave. 253-3541.

Phoenix Art Museum: Through March 1, "Winter Evenings, 1930s," features elegant winter evening dresses in the Arizona Costume Institute Gallery.



Tempe Arts Center: Through March 1, "Fire and Ice: Glass Sculpture," an invitational exhibit of work by 12 contemporary artists. Artspark, Mill Ave. and First St., Tempe. 968-0888.

Metropophobia: If this bookshop/coffee house/really cool hangout were Delta Burke, Annie Leibovitz would photograph it. If it were the Beatles, Capitol Records would sign it. If it were a Shakespearean sonnet, Orson Welles would read it aloud. If it were a mess of snow peas, Julia Child would stir fry it. The

Ain't Misbehavin': Presented by Arizona Theatre Company in the Herberger Theater Center through January 18. Tickets \$16-\$25. Center Stage. 222 E. Monroe St. 252-TIXS.



Rumors: Phoenix Little Theatre offers up Neil Simon's comedy about the misfortunes of a pair

L

question remains: If Metropophobia were Michael Jackson's crotch, who would grab it? Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm; Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.

center stage

Alice In Wonderland: Performed by the Black Light Theater of Prague, this presentation of Lewis Carroll's classic tale is brought to life through the magical illusion of black light. Saturday, January 25, 2 and 7pm. Tickets \$11 child/\$14 adult. Scottsdale Center for the Arts, on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Boulevard, east of Scottsdale Rd. and 2 blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS or 230-9112.

As Is: William Hoffman's sensitive, humorous look at the effects of AIDS on the relationships between a gay couple and the people around them, will be presented by ASU Theatre next month. The Broadway production of the play won Obie and Drama Desk awards and received three Tony nominations. Performances are scheduled for Friday through Sunday, February 14-16 and 20-22, in the Paul V. Galvin Playhouse. Performance times are 8pm Friday and Saturday, February 14 and 15, and Thursday through Saturday, February 20-22; and 2pm Sunday, February 16. Tickets are \$8 (\$6 ASU faculty and staff, \$5 senior citizens and students). 965-6447.

T

of couples at a cozy dinner party. Through January 26. \$15/\$13/\$11. 25 E. Coronado Rd. 254-2151.

For The Time Being Players: This all-women improvisational group gives weekly performances exploring life and comedy from a woman's perspective. Admission is \$5. 8pm Saturdays, Liza's Cafe, 1945 W. Baseline Rd., Mesa. 838-7338.

The 1940s Radio Hour: Actor's Lab of Arizona trots out their 1985 hit. 8pm Wednesdays through Saturdays, 2pm Wednesdays and Sundays, through January 26. Fashion Square, 7014 E. Camelback Rd. 990-1731.

City of Angels: Gammage Auditorium, through January 19. 8pm Friday; 2pm and 8pm Saturday; 2pm and 6pm Sunday. Pre-show buffet dinner served before the Saturday evening performances. Tickets: \$37.50, \$34.50 and \$25.50 (Friday and Saturday evening add \$2 to regular ticket price). 965-3434.

Fiddler On The Roof: Starring Theodore Bikel. Two performances only at the Sundome Center, Friday and Saturday January 17 and 18.

Showtimes 8pm Friday and 2pm and 8pm Saturday. Tickets \$20 and \$18 (\$10 children 12 and under). 19493 R.H. Johnson Blvd., Sun City West. 975-1900.

appearance

Carol Channing: The actress and comedienne will be featured in an evening of camp and class, diamonds and dazzle, presented in grandiose fashion at 8pm Saturday, January 25 at the Sundome. Tickets \$7-\$21. 975-1900.

Mel Torme and Maureen McGovern: This durable pair of crooners will present "The Great American Songbook" with the able assistance of the Festival Concert Orchestra, at the Sundome at 8pm Friday, February 7, and at Gammage

Auditorium at 8pm Saturday, February 8. Mel Torme remains the premier performer of contemporary jazz, while Maureen McGovern is noted for her distinctive phrasing of jazz vocals. Tickets: Sundome, \$21/\$14/\$7; Gammage, \$22/\$19/\$16. 975-1900, 965-3434.



Johnny Mathis: Friday and Saturday, January 24 and 25 at 8pm. Tickets \$25.50 and \$13.50. Desert Sky Pavilion 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 230-9112.

The Cult: Tuesday, January 28 at 6:30pm. Tickets \$19.50 and \$13.50. Desert Sky Pavilion 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 230-9112.

Kenny Rogers: 7:30pm February 6; 7:30 and 9:30pm February 7, Celebrity Theater. Tickets \$30. 230-9112.

The Music of Andrew Lloyd Weber: Michael "Phantom" Crawford will be here in person to sing your favorite songs from "The Phantom of the Opera," "Evita," "Cats," "Aspects of Love" and other musicals. This dazzling showcase of the Tony Award-winning composer's music features a full symphony orchestra and an ensemble of 12 Broadway singers. Performance times are 8pm Saturday, February 22, and 2 and 7:30pm Sunday, February 23. (Note: Crawford will not perform for the Sunday evening show.) Tickets \$36, \$33 and \$24; \$38, \$35 and \$26 Friday/Saturday evenings.

Gammage Auditorium. 965-3434.

Judy Collins: The durable folk singer will entertain at the Sundome 8pm Friday, February 28. This writer, performer, singer, songwriter and activist has contributed her take on human rights to several generations. Tickets: \$21/\$14/\$7. 975-1900.

opera

Tosca: Set against the political backdrop of Italy during the Napoleonic invasions, this opera revolves around the doomed love story of Floria Tosca and Mario Cavaradossi and their struggle against the evil Chief of Police, Baron Scarpia. First Presented in 1900 in Rome, Tosca has since become one of Puccini's most popular operas, marked by the composer's memorable music and striking dramatic tension. Phoenix Symphony Hall, January 23, 25 and 26. Evening performances begin at

7:30pm and the Sunday matinee begins at 2pm. Tickets \$9-\$40, available through all Dillard's box offices. 678-2222.

Beauty and the Beast: Lyric Opera Theatre will present a new opera by young British composer Stephen Oliver, at 7:30pm Friday and Saturday, February 21 and 22, and Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 26, 28, 29 and March 1, in the ASU Music Theatre. Oliver's English translation of an Italian text was originally translated from a French version by Carlo Collodi, the creator of "Pinocchio." Tickets: \$10 (\$5 students). 965-6447.

toe shoes

Danceworks I and II: Master of fine arts candidates in dance at ASU will present a creative

E

evening of dance at 8pm Thursday and Friday, February 6 and 7 and 13 and 14, in the University Dance Laboratory, Nelson Fine Arts Center. Tickets: \$6/\$3. 965-6536.

CLUB by réy hoffman

other stuff

A.M.U.S.E.: Billed as "A Magically Unfolding Spontaneous Entertainment," this night of comedy is presented by the Improvisational Theatre Society on Saturday evenings from 8-11pm at the Adobe Oven Gourmet Bakery and Coffee House, 5520 N. 7th Ave. \$5 admission. 242-2808.

Gathering of the Clans: Wear your kilts and join your clan for these rousing Highland flings, where you'll enjoy Scottish song, dance and music as twenty-five of Scotland's finest

television, stage and recording artists present a rousing program. Performance times are 2pm Sunday, February 2, at the Sundome, and 8pm February 2 at Gammage. Tickets: \$16/\$10/\$5, Sundome; \$16/\$13/\$10, Gammage. 975-1900, 965-3434.

big screen review

Bugsy: This film will most likely be remembered for one reason alone. Not because it is an enthralling character study of superstar gangster Benjamin "Bugsy" Seagal and femme fatale starlet Virginia Hill. Not because it's an atypical gangster flick, filmed more like a warped fairy tale about an eccentric prince with homicidal tendencies buying a castle in Hollywoodland and wooing the local lady-in-waiting (who doesn't exactly wait for anything or anybody). No, what this movie will be best remembered for is that it is where cinematist Warren Beatty got caught with his pants down, placing his bun in the beautiful Annette Bening's Tineseltown oven. So much for the art of film.

-Kirby Holt



oral intercourse *by girl* my fowl holiday • janet and rose and leibovitz' nose  
 the truth about your parent's sex life • charlie harrison's recipe for success  
 david cassidy's home phone number • treachery • a whole lot of big lies

I'd planned to tell you that I just couldn't possibly write a society column this week, dears, because my nails are wet and my perm is frizzing and my appointment book is full, full, full. I just can't seem to muster the strength to regale you, I had planned to say, and anyway, I can't remember most of what I did last week, I'd wanted to plead.

But after all the snivelling and whimpering that went on when my faboo phrases did not appear here recently, I just didn't have the heart to dissatisfy you further. Besides, the sight of our copy editor pleading on bended knee, "Please, please, please, write horrible things about nasty people!" was sick-making. You silly sissies really need to find something better to do with your time than trying to decipher this worthless slop.

So I hid myself away in San Francisco over the holidays, and came home to find this whole magazine all *different*. Changes galore at our little rag among the ruins! And speaking of ruins! San Francisco was a giant rage, as ever, and I felt so underdressed, not having my eyebrow pierced and all. Big fun: Josie's Cabaret, the Endup, the Pendulum, the Headquarters, the Phoenix (what a dreadful name!) and the Midnight Sun. Yes, darlings, I spent almost all my time in gay bars while vacationing in the most beautiful city in the country. I am a homosexual male—what do you expect?

While on my way from one dark toilet to another, I spotted an old woman sitting on the pavement in front of that little pharmacy in Sunset where that humpy Arab with the pierced nipples works—the one where you can buy tins of Genuine San Francisco Tooth Powder for all your wacko friends back home. Seated next to the woman was a large white bird, and around its neck hung a sign: "Magic Goose. \$5."

I adore transients, and the thought of bringing home live fowl has always sort of pleased me, so I fished out my change purse and handed the woman a five spot and said, "Would you have it dressed and sent to 811 McAllister by 5:30 this afternoon, please?"

The crone dropped my wadded-up bill into a small tin bucket at the goose's webbed feet. She stared at my shoes for awhile and then said, "The bird is not for sale. It is the magic I am selling."

Pretty cheeky for a homeless person, I thought. I glanced at the goose then, and it looked up into my bleary red orbs and it said, "Frank

Baselice's eyebrows."

I turned back to the old woman. "Huh?" I said to her. "I paid five bucks for 'Frank Baselice's eyebrows?' You promised me *magic!*"

The crone grabbed my arm. Her thumb and forefinger encircled my wrist. She leaned in close; I could smell the Jagermeister on her breath. She said this to me:

"Listen, son. You are standing on a streetcorner in San Francisco, and you have just given a goose five dollars. Not only did the goose speak aloud in the King's English, but it told you something that only you can comprehend. It told you about something it knows nothing of, being a goose, and it probably told you about something which exists only in whatever land you come from. Now," she said, pushing me away from her with surprising force for such an old lady, "if you think that isn't magic, then *you* are the goose!"

I sat down on the pavement on the corner of 9th Avenue and Irving, turned on the little portable cassette recorder that I carry with me everywhere, and began shoveling bills into the goose's tin pail. Here is what it told me:

"Peter Petrisko's knee. Marianne Mobley's sideburns. Paul Braun's laundry. Bob Hegyi's finger cymbals. Ron Barnes' lungs. Annie Leibovitz' photography. Bruce Kurtz' dye-job. Robyn Ferracane's brother. Lisa Colwell's trailer. Peter Case's guitar. Anna Dooling's haircut. David Therrien's worker bees. Jan Capecci's new job. Bob Aronin's property taxes. Pete Fischer's neighbors. Tim Moore's brown rice. Erin Lofton's canvases. Jim Cherry's crown. Donald Thompson's lutes. Kathleen Barnes' teeth. Jane Smith's hairless dog. David Parker's signature. Target's half-off sale. Russel Hahn's bola tie. Acquanetta's chignon. John Bahr's demonstration. David Van Virden's incompleteness. Randy Gorbette's chandeliers. Lucille Morton's sepulcher. Rhino's sweater. Sue Laybe's backyard. Chuck Hadd's whereabouts. Scott Weber's girlfriend. Perry Shurtz' obsession. Judith Curtis-Mardon's insight. Robert Severance's dresser dummy. Gerald Hawk's fruit cup. Louis Clemente's revenge. Cactus Jack's dance floor. Ken Fisher's practice. John Martin's ten-year plan. Hubert Charles' biceps. Randy Mackey's thighs. Roger Rea's boyfriend. Martha Jones' wife. Sybil Erden's Harley. Chris

Winkler's coat-hangers. Jeff Coulter's deliverance. Helen Hestenes' womb. Allen Kalchik's escape. Kim Blake's lover. Lisa Wheeler's transsexual pal. Kirk Baxter's manicurist. David Blais' *Advocate* quotes. Gerry Kroll's omniscience. Fred Corey's suede belt. Cate Spencer's smile. Your editor's pectorals. Peter Ragan's espresso. Mike Miskowski's Saran wrap. Francine Ruley's absence. Robert Adams' secret. Lisa Sette's bunion. Annie Lopez' hand puppet. Bill Orovan's thesaurus. Deon Brown's bicuspid. Dwayne Stone's reactionary stance. Ed Buck's vagina. Tish Tanner's swollen ankles. Christopher Breedlove's insignificance. Arthur Aboujress' infidelity. Your mother's moustache. Mike Lange's handshake. Rose Johnson's memory. Melinda Brown's crewcut. Jay Foster's library card. Shay Patterson's waistline. Rose Mofford's wiglet. Heidi Ewart's stage presence."

The goose paused, touched its beak to the pavement, and squawked one last revelation:

"Michelle Manley isn't!" it shrieked, then fell to the pavement, dead as night.

We stood silent, the old woman and I. We stared at the goose, still and cold on the sidewalk. "It goes like that, sometimes," she said, touching a tear on her cheek. "Sometimes, it goes that way."

I stared at the crone for a long

time, and then I said this to her:

"I want credit on Marianne Mobley's sideburns. She doesn't live in Phoenix."

...

I rather wish I hadn't gone to San Francisco after all, mystic fowl notwithstanding. I missed an awful lot of fun stuff while I was away. Like John Bircumshaw's fun New Year's Eve bash at a lavish midtown mansion (Everyone was there—you know who you are!) and that group of stoned Texans slumming at Brookshire's late one Saturday night (where did you expect to find a bunch of loaded artzoids—on the dance floor at Trax?)...One thing I did not miss was all this screeching scoop about Marty "Last Chance For Love" Armijo's pending nuptials. That's the poop a little bird plopped into my lap the other day. It seems that Marty and his fiancé Mark "I Thought You Wrote For The *Western Express*" Stansberry met a month or so ago and before you knew it they were head over high heels in love. And just think! I was there the night it all began! I saw their eyes meet, that unknowable passion passed between them, and then...*marriage?* February 15th is the big day and who do you suppose is going to wear the gown?...The Phoenix Art Museum



opening for **Annie Leibovitz Photographs 1970-1990** was mobbed. Girl was naturally at the pre-party party where la Leibovitz attempted to chatter about her work. There were about a billion people in the gallery, so it was really rather hard to hear her. She did mention something about John Cleese hanging upside-down from a crane, though. Continuing my erstwhile attempt to bring you, my beloved readers, the hottest celebrity information, I managed to toss a couple of questions in Annie's direction. Please be informed that **Annie Leibovitz** purchases her strikingly *moderne* black size 12 Bandolino loafers at the Tall Girl Shop in New York City. You're welcome...In keeping with the spirit of Annie's here-they-are-so-there style of photography, I've compiled a list of celebuitantes present at the Contemporary Forum opening in much the same manner. There they were, so here: **Bill** "Bathe Me In Leather, Drown Me In Your Sex" **Hardin**; **Thomas** "Oh Get Away From Me, I Hate Gossip Columnists" **Houlon** and his lovely new bride, **Patty** "Yeah, Listen To The Man And Leave Us Alone" **Barnes**; **Reed** "You Can Talk To Me, I Love Your Column" **Kroloff**, who with one flex of his bicep brings valley architects to their knees; **Michael** "I'll Be Right Over, Baby" **Johns**, Stephane-less; the exorbitantly generous **Michael** "Na Na Hey Hey Let's All Chant" **Shraeder**; **Janet** "Soccer Mary" **deBerge Lange** and her tall, tall husband Mike; **Jeff** "I Have Ankles" **Falk** and **Annie** "So Do I" **Lopez**; **David** "If Only People Knew Who I Really Am" **Van Virden**; **Genvieve** "What If I Told You I Knew Your Mother?" **Reckling**; **Cate** "Now Listen, No More Hair Jokes!" **Spencer** and best-wed pal **John** "I Think It's The Mold In The Air" **Chonka**; **Lisa** "Please Don't Give Me A Middle Name" **Sette**; **Peter** "I Used To Be Someone Other Than Who I Am Now" **Wirmusky** and **Neil** "Do People Think We're Gay?" **Norman**; **Bobbie Bentley**; **Mel** "I Saw *Last Tango In Paris* Seventeen Times" **Roman**; **Ted** "Kodachrome" **Decker**; **Joe** "Yummy" **Ray** and (ho hum) his lovely wife; **Robert** "About To Be Nationally Renown" **Adams**; **James** "Hand and the Spirit" **Rapp**; **Helen** "Sweeping Up Dog Poop In The Rain" **Hestenes** and **David** "They're Not Worker Bees, They're My Friends" **Therrien**; **Ed** and **Gail Mell**; **Esmerelda** "Just In From New York Where I Am Tech-Advising An Art Installation In Queens" **Delaney**; **Kathy** "Torn Between Two Lovers"

**Rivers**; **Randy** "Just You Wait Til I Get You Home" **McCabe** and last but not least **Deon** "Don't You Dare Tell My Brother I'm Queer" **Brown** and his brother **Devry** "It Doesn't Take A Rocket Scientist To Figure Some Things Out" **Brown**...I hurtled out the PAM door and on to **Metro-pophobia** for poetry vid-phone night. The Peters have set up an audio/video link with a coffeehouse in Santa Monica and each location takes turns reading to the other. I loved readings by **Jack Evans** and **David Chorlton**, who gave Angelenos a run for their money, poetry-wise. Scatologically speaking, the ever-virtual **Gerald** "I Am Hugh" **Hawk** stole the show with his high-profile, lowdown commentary on his potty problems...Speaking of **Metro-pophobia**, hey! Look at all the nice hip homosexuals making their brave way on downtown for something besides sleaze and soda water! Gee. You guys are too much. Isn't discovering the real world fun? (Note to Lou: I'm glad you like my column. Now go call my editor.)...If I'd been in Phoenix last week, I could have seen **Janet deBerge Lange's** and **Rose Johnson's** opening at Gallery X, which I hear was positively overflowing with stunning art and zillions of queer men. I've been told that **Dwayne** "Expedite Me, Stella" **Stone** was there, blathering about his lost youth and bemoaning the ravages of age. His hair is positively graying, dears, and he's given up trying to hide it. But even I will admit that without his moustache, Dwayne looks *months* younger. **David** "I Spoke to Chris Bull" **Blais** was also there, ogling young headbangers. One goes to galleries to look at art, Davey...Let's see, what else? Well, nothing. That's it. Now go away. Leave me alone. Go read something literate. And remember: Stay away from Magic Geese..



**EROTIC ART: A pre-opening peek into Alwun House's annual indecent exposure SCANDAL AT SHANTI: All about the gay community's seventy-fourth organized attack on Randy Gorbette and Company BARBIE FASHION SPREAD: Midge in tulle; Skipper in plaid; Ken goes preppy AND A WHO LOT MO!**

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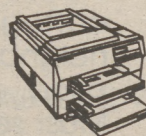
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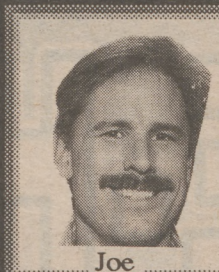
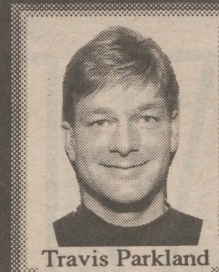











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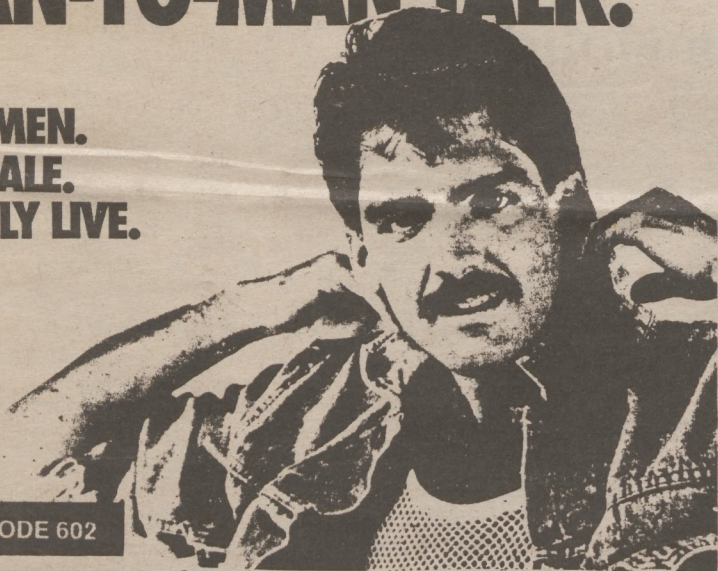
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