

# resource



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**slutes in  
new york**

girl in love

**aids letters**

**jell-o recipes**

# queer directory

## SERVICES

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

**Lesbian Resource Center**  
2121 S. Mill #108  
Tempe 85282  
966-6152

## ORGANIZATIONS

**ASU Coming Out Discussion Group**  
892-5771

**Alternative Young Adult Alliance**  
Box 1075  
Mesa 85211  
255-9001

**American Gay Atheists**  
3003 N. Central Ave. #121  
Box 121  
Phoenix 85012  
548-1155

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

**Camelback Business and Professional Association**  
Box 2097  
Phoenix 85001

**Desert Overture**  
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Phoenix 85011  
840-6911

**Feminist Lesbian Activist Coalition**  
968-1757

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

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392-3198

**Gay and Lesbian Seniors**  
241-1604

**Lesbian and Gay Academic Union**  
ASU  
Tempe 85287  
966-6671

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Phoenix 85082  
351-3080

**Parents and Friends of Lesbians/Gays**  
Box 37525  
Phoenix 85069  
843-0661

**Phoenix Gay Pride Committee**  
Box 26139  
Tempe, 85285  
352-7165

**Team Arizona**  
Box 36431  
Phoenix 85015  
279-2838

**US West EAGLE**  
Box 36702  
Phoenix 85067

**Valley Career Women**  
Box 33393  
Phoenix 85067  
275-3383

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5821 N. 67th Ave.  
Ste 103-276  
Glendale 85301  
491-1009 ex 2739

**Arizona Wranglers**  
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Phoenix 85010  
866-9988

**Copperstate Leathermen**  
Box 44051  
Phoenix 85064

**Couples of Arizona**  
Box 7144  
Phoenix 85011  
831-6432

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

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

**East Side Social Club**  
Box 7681  
Mesa 85216  
984-6592

**Lesbian Breakfast Club**  
833-2293

**Los Amigos Del Sol**  
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Phoenix 85061  
848-8436

**Our Gang Bowling League**  
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Phoenix 85082  
946-4909

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Tempe 85285  
730-8171

**Southwest Frontiers**  
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Phoenix 85068  
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Phoenix 85002  
433-4966

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Box 40374  
Phoenix 85067

**Arizona Democratic Party**  
254-4179

**Arizona Republican Party**  
957-7770

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

## SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS

**Affirmation: Gay Mormons**  
Box 26601  
Tempe 85285  
967-4032

**Brethren Mennonites Council**  
Box 5613  
Glendale 85312

**Christian Science Group**  
Box 893  
Phoenix 85001  
371-1102

**Dignity/Integrity: Gay Catholics**  
Box 21091  
Phoenix 85036  
258-2556

**Lion of Judah Evangelical Ministries**  
997-5372

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

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

**Presbyterians for Lesbians and Gays**  
Box 61162  
Phoenix 85082  
275-0506

## CHURCHES

**Boundless Love Church**  
431 S. Stapley #23  
Mesa 85204  
439-0224

**Casa de Cristo**  
1209 E. Turney  
Phoenix 85014  
265-2831

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

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

**Healing Waters Ministries**  
225 W. University  
Tempe 85281  
894-8681

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

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

## NEW AGE WORSHIP

**Arizona Radical Faeries**  
Box 26673  
Phoenix 85068  
277-5745

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

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

**Mecca Center**  
2602 N. 7th St.  
Phoenix 85006  
285-0006

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Box 48918  
Phoenix 85075

## AIDS SERVICES

**AGAPE Network**  
Box 32778  
Phoenix 85064  
243-7480

**AIDS Information Line**  
234-2752

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

**Community AIDS Council**  
506 E. Camelback  
Phoenix 85012  
265-2437

**Community Care Center**  
333 E. Virginia  
#108  
Phoenix 85004  
340-1111

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

**Gay Men's Sex Project**  
265-AIDS

**HIV Health Group**  
265-2437

**Malta Center**  
2000 N. 7th St.  
Phoenix 85006  
340-1881

**The Names Project**  
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1-800-USA-NAMES

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

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

**Veterans Administration HIV Educator:**  
Lee Hood  
277-5551

**Volunteers in Direct Aid**  
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Phoenix 85010  
938-3932

## ALCOHOL ABUSE ASSISTANCE

**Adult Children of Alcoholics**  
375-8637

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Phoenix 85015  
249-1257

**Alcoholics Anonymous**  
4602 N. 7th St.  
Phoenix 85014

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**Powell and Russo**  
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Ste C-112  
Phoenix 85023  
843-5993

**Roger Rea**  
3601 N. 7th Ave.  
Phoenix 85013  
248-7921

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4222 E. Camelback  
Phoenix 85018  
852-0204

**Realty Executives**  
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Phoenix 85020  
997-7324  
266-0479

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301 E. Bethany  
Phoenix 85012  
264-0605

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Phoenix 85014  
265-0666

**Leonard's Travel**  
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820 E. Indian School  
Phoenix 85014

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Phoenix 85061  
841-5414

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Phoenix 85032  
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**Word Wizard**  
246-8277

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971-5009

**Massage Connection**  
456 W. Main  
Mesa 85201  
833-7207

## HAIR STYLISTS

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Salon de Venus  
1916 E. Camelback  
Phoenix 85016  
266-4047

**Liaison**  
2422 E. Indian School  
Phoenix 85016  
955-4554

**Rare Bears Barber Styling**  
6219 N. 7th St.  
Phoenix 85014  
274-4570

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

## FLORISTS

**Arcadia Flowers**  
4835 E. Indian  
School  
Phoenix 85008  
840-3750

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

## CARDS/GIFTS

**Ken Lee**  
6309 N. 7th St.  
Phoenix 85014  
279-4015

## BOOKSHOPS

**Alternatives**  
4428 N. 19th Ave.  
Phoenix 85015  
274-9120

**Changing Hands**  
414 Mill Ave.  
Tempe 85281  
966-0203

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

## FRAMING

**Framing Center**  
2701 N. 24th St.  
Phoenix 85008  
957-0877

## SWIMWEAR

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

## LEATHER

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

## LODGING

**Gay Roommate Service**  
938-3932

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

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

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Scottsdale  
945-9028

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5544 N. 43rd Ave  
939-0528

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4102 E. Thomas  
224-5778

**Rendezvous**  
4132 E. McDowell  
275-3509

**'Roun' Back**  
2107 W. Camelback  
242-6077

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

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

**The Works**  
7223 E. 2nd St.  
Scottsdale  
945-7050

## WOMEN'S BARS

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2424 E. Thomas  
955-9805

**Marlys'**  
15615 N. Cave Creek  
867-2463

**Nasty Habits**  
3108 E. McDowell  
267-8707

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

## MEN'S BARS

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5749 N. 7th St.  
277-9373

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

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

**NuTowne Saloon**  
5002 E. Van Buren  
267-9959

## WESTERN BARS

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

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

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

## DRAG BARS

**307 Lounge**  
222 E. Roosevelt  
252-0001

**Club 155 West**  
155 W. Camelback  
274-8505

## LEVI/LEATHER

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

**Trax**  
1724 E. McDowell  
254-0231

## BAR AND GRILL

**Country Club**  
4428 N. 7th Ave.  
264-4553

## BATH HOUSE

**Flex Complex**  
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Phoenix 271-9011

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# Dear Fag Hag...

Dear Miss Hag:

*Ever since I turned 30 years old (3 years, 3 months and 19 days ago, not that I've been counting), I've been undergoing a change; the clinical term for this process being, I believe, "growing up." However, I find myself stuck in the same mode I've been in for the last 14 years, namely, relying on the bars for social contact. (I rarely trick, having done so 16 times in 14 years.)*

*The problem is that I find myself growing increasingly impatient with the goings-on and attitudes I encounter at the clubs. I'm ready to settle down, but don't know where to find a man who's fun-loving yet responsible.*

*What do you suggest?*

Sincerely,

Mellowing Tastefully

Mellowing:

I suggest you stop writing letters that sound exactly like the bitchy tirades of my editor. If you don't, no one will believe that this column is for real and then we'll both be laughingstocks.

You sign your letter "Mellowing Tastefully," but there's nothing particularly tasteful about a thirty-three-year-old who is just now announcing his desire to "grow up." It's taken you 14 years to figure out that you're in the wrong place; probably you're a moron.

There's nothing wrong with gay bars, so stop blaming your spinsterhood on them. Gay bars are places where people go in order to be gay because they are too chickenshit to be gay all the time no matter where they are. You're not going to meet a man who's "fun-loving yet responsible" because there aren't any; men want only two things: to have their penises sucked on (because it feels good) and to convince the entire world that they are really heterosexual (because it's easier to be spineless than it is to explain to your neighbor or coworker that your life choice is just as valid as his or hers). These activities are not only shit-brained but debilitating, and lead men to believe that there's only one place they can go to be themselves: Gay bars, where everyone is either a fag or a fag hag, and where no one will tell them they're wrong for playing with Barbies.

So stop complaining if you're spending your time in the company of a bunch of men who feel rotten about themselves and who are trying to compensate in a big way. You and I both know that the best cure for being shat upon by the great big nasty heterosexual world is to go home with—or maybe even marry—the hottest guy at the party. Gay bars are

non-stop parties attended by potential tricks and possible husbands, and for a lot of folks they provide a space where it's okay to be themselves.

There are a number of possible reasons why, after spending your adult social life hanging out in nightclubs, you're still single, haven't met anyone who can read, and hardly ever get laid—not the least of which is the fact that you're middle aged. Don't fool yourself—gay men only like twenty-two-year-old boys with thirty-inch waists. You are interacting in a sex-based social environment that requires you to look like an advertisement for cotton briefs and to think like a panther stalking its next meal. You grew up too late, and now you're stuck.

You want me to tell you where to go to meet a man, but there's really no point in my recommending any of the places where eligible, intelligent gay men hang out. You're too cowardly to approach someone who isn't three whisky sours to the wind, and you probably think the theater is a place you go to watch Bette Midler movies. And you and I both know you'll never stop going to gay bars every chance you get, so stop wasting time kvetching about it.

Anyway, nabbing a guy won't make you forget about how lousy you feel about yourself. In between visits to your favorite watering hole, do something for yourself—and for the rest of the nice gay men you and I both know—and come out of your closet. One of the other homosexuals at your office—who has been pretending to be straight, just like you—will admire your bravery and ask you out. But he can't do it if you don't let him—and the rest of the world—know that you're a fag.

*Dear Fag Hag is written by a cranky, overweight heterosexual woman whose best friends all happen to be gay men. Write to her in care of this magazine, or she'll tell Gerrie Mayer-Gibbons where you live.*

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On the cover: Rudolph Valentino weeps for his beau, who is stationed in New York, in a still from *The Sainted Devil*, 1924. Photo courtesy Culver Pictures,

# A View from Inside

The "party of inclusion" honored its commitment during the 1992 Democratic National Convention

by DON SLUTES

**C**onservative political commentator Rowland Evans was so astounded to see a gay-and-lesbian-rights demonstration on the floor of the Democratic National Convention that he thought for a moment that it might have been a Republican plot to discredit the Democrats. No doubt, he thought, the Democrats were mortified at the presence of "Lesbian Rights" and ACT-UP signs among the delegates during the nationally televised convention. Evans originally figured that such politically damaging visual aids could only be the product of anti-Democrat strategists wishing to show America that the Democratic Party, with its indiscriminate policy of "inclusion," was far out of the mainstream.

As one of the delegates who lifted such signs, who waved pink-triangle flags and rainbow gay pride flags, and who held up one end of an enormous ACT-UP banner, my impression was that the Democratic Party welcomed our activism and our signs. Though I'm sure there were some convention planners who cringed at some of the images being transmitted to middle America, I also know that these images were provided by actual Democratic delegates, who were taking full advantage of our inclusion.

At last count, the "openly" gay contingent to the Democratic Convention consisted of 104 lesbians and gay men from across the country (the contingent was larger than 34 state delegations, we were told). While the number is well shy of, say, 10 percent (the entire delegation numbered nearly 4,300), it amounted to the largest gay presence at a national convention in history. For its part, Arizona sent three openly gay delegates as part of its 49-member delegation, or roughly six percent—a higher proportion than any other state's delegation, including such gay meccas as California and New York.

The self-appointed coordinators for the gay and lesbian delegates held caucus meetings each day of the convention. These meetings served several purposes for the delegates: they allowed us to gather and share information about other gay-related events taking place during the convention week; they provided a forum for elected officials to address a grouping of politically active lesbians and gay men; and, it was hoped, they would serve as a launching pad for a nationwide network of gay and lesbian Democratic activists.

Among those who spoke to the delegates during our daily meetings were former U.S. Senator and presidential candidate Paul

Tsongas, U.S. reps. Barney Frank and Gerry Studds (the nation's two openly gay congressmen), U.S. Senate candidate and former San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein, and Sen. Ted Kennedy. (Of these five, all but Feinstein are from Massachusetts!) Delegates also heard from Texas Gov. Ann Richards, New York City Mayor David Dinkins, and soon-to-be presidential nominee Bill Clinton at a convention-eve reception (July 12) hosted by several lesbian/gay political organizations.

Aside from the remarkable level of openly gay and lesbian participation, the convention program itself offered our community much to cheer. On the second night (July 14), convention planners scheduled a speech by Roberta Achtenberg, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and an open lesbian, and a pair of speeches by HIV-infected individuals—Bob Hattoy, a Clinton policy adviser, and Elizabeth Glaser (she's the wife of Paul Michael Glaser, who played Starsky in the vaguely homoerotic '70s cop show *Starsky and Hutch*.) Ms. Glaser told how she contracted HIV through blood products and unwittingly passed it on to her two children, one of which has already died of AIDS. The two AIDS talks captivated the crowd inside Madison Square Garden, bringing many to tears. During much of the two speeches, fellow Arizona delegate Joe Della Rocca

and I held up a huge black banner reading "No More Politics As Usual—AIDS Won't Wait", which we borrowed from ACT-UP New York. Much of the rest of the delegation waved ACT-UP's "What about AIDS?" signs.

As a whole, the Arizona delegation was supportive of our various gay- and AIDS-related projects. The *Phoenix Gazette* reported that 10 members of the delegation attended the AIDS Unity march and rally on July 14. The crowd was so vast (estimates ranged from 10,000 to 35,000) that I didn't see everyone who participated; however, I know that the three gay Arizona delegates took part (Tucson's Mark Kerr is the third). We were joined by two members of the Tucson-based Lambda Democratic Caucus—Kathi Mayer and Debra Broner—who followed the Arizona delegation to New York. (The lesbian/gay-sponsored Lambda Caucus was recently recognized by the Arizona Democratic Party as the state's outstanding Democratic club.) Using guest passes, Mayer and Broner were able to join the Arizona delegation on the convention floor for two of the four nights of the convention.

In addition to attending the march, nongay members of the Arizona delegation helped us distribute red ribbons (meant as reminders of the AIDS crisis) and stickers which read "AIDS Campaign '92—Vote as if your life depended on it!" in either English or

Spanish.

I was initially unsure about the reception we would receive from our fellow delegates, but the response was gratifying. Not just the Arizona delegates who knew us personally, but by and large all the national delegates we encountered were open to our message and gladly accepted the AIDS stickers and ribbons during our several sticker-distribution trips around the convention floor.

## The climax of the convention was Clinton's use of the "G-word" during his acceptance speech.

While Tuesday night's convention program was the high point for our community's issues, various other presentations during the rest of the convention mentioned AIDS or lesbian/gay rights. The climax was Clinton's use of the "g-word" during his acceptance speech on Thursday night (July 16). It was slight, it was backhanded, but it was, in the realm of national politics and in the history of nationally televised big-deal speeches, more acknowledgement than we'd ever previously received. (The mention: At one point Clinton railed against the divisive politics practiced by the Republican Party, which seeks to assign blame to various "undesirables," including, in Clinton's words, "the gays.") Try as I might, I can't be cynical about Clinton's speech or wish he had said more. Under the circumstances, even this brief inclusion of the word "gay" was courageous. If I had any complaints about an exhilarating evening—which also included a rousing address by vice presidential nominee Sen. Al Gore—it was the fact that neither Clinton nor Gore wore the obligatory red ribbons during their speeches; they were unique among the week's speakers in this regard.

Nevertheless, attending the 1992 Democratic National Convention made one thing abundantly clear: the lesbian/gay community has a true champion for the first time in the history of major party nominees. We must respond by helping elect Bill Clinton.

More Slutes, page 8



The author gets down to convention business with Tucson delegate Jan Leshner.

# Dead Letters

From *A Promise to Remember: The NAMES Project Book of Letters*, ©1992 Avon Books. Reprinted with permission.

The first time the NAMES Project Quilt was displayed in Washington, DC in 1987, it contained 1,920 panels, most of them sewn with the names of young gay men. This fabric patchwork of 3' by 6' cloth panels, each bearing the name of a person lost to AIDS, now contains more than 14,000 panels.

Each of the panels comes accompanied by a letter, usually written by the quilter, which recalls the person or people the panel represents. A forthcoming book, *A Promise to Remember: The NAMES Project Book of Letters*, collects some of the messages from contributors to the quilt. This patchwork of letters offers an offbeat memorial to thousands of people, both loved and reviled, whose lives and deaths have affected us all.

I had a personal intention in preparing this patch of love. I made it, in part, in remembrance of a lifelong friend who died, according to his obituary, of cancer. Whether or not it was AIDS-related, I don't know. Never could ask his family. All that I do know is that he loved me steadfastly and that I could not find the courage to love him back.

Because my friend did not come out publicly, at least to my knowledge, I do not feel that I can go into detail about our aborted relationship. But if my friend had lived, he would be in his late fifties as I am. I came out at the age of 58, about the time I retired from a civil service job which I held for 25 years. Over these years, I carried the thought in the back of my mind that once we both retired and I had fulfilled my family responsibilities, we could get together, two silver foxes, and build that relationship which I know now we both wanted but which I was afraid to go for. Only my friend had died.

It doesn't matter how. He's gone and I am the lonelier for it. I do know that some time after hearing of my friend's death, these words came to me:

*Love, freely offered, once refused, may never come again.*

And I want to say, don't let this happen to you. Go for it.

Edward Zalewski

I am a biochemist involved in AIDS-related viral research, as well as a mother. Being both a mother and a scientist can be very frustrating. So I have dedicated my quilt square to all the "AIDS babies" and made it from diapers and receiving blankets that were my own infant son's. The bottle, bibs, and toys attached to the square were all his. He is completely healthy—for which I am both thankful and slightly guilt-ridden. So many babies are not.

Science moves slowly. Patience is a necessity. But please, know that we are doing the best that we can. The importance of our jobs does not go without note.

Lisa M. Smith, Ph.D.

Roy Cohn was a horrible human being. During the 1950s Cohn served as right-hand man for Sen. Joseph McCarthy's Communist and anti-gay witchhunts. Cohn's vicious tactics and innuendo ruined hundreds of lives, and drove who knows how many to desperation and suicide. After the country rightfully saw fit to take away McCarthy's ill-used power, Cohn became legendary as probably the shiftest lawyer in the country.

Always in the public eye, Cohn was questioned on many occasions about the allegations of his homosexuality. The allegation was always completely refuted. Even after he was hospitalized, Cohn denied his homosexuality and claimed his illness to be a liver disease. His medication and hospital records indicated AIDS.

Many people would argue that a shallow grave and a handful of lime would be a fitting tribute to the legacy of Roy Cohn. Many would argue that living a closeted life is one thing, but ruining other lives with a zeal that can only be described as sadistic is unforgivable. And they're right.

But Roy Cohn died of AIDS. And whether you liked him or hated him, the fact remains that Roy Cohn died of AIDS. He was ashamed to be gay, and I'm ashamed that he was one of us. He was a bully, yes. A coward, yes. He was also a victim of this horrible disease.

Paul McCarthy

My entire fifth grade class worked on this beautiful panel for several months. I really think that we benefited greatly from the experience. Walter Novas was a very good friend—even though we did not know him personally. Our knowledge of him came secondhand from our teacher, Mr. Clute.

AIDS is a very scary disease. Although I do not know anyone with AIDS now, it seems like I have been involved with a million people because of this quilt and because this is such a horrible virus that has killed or will kill so many. I think that everyone my age should get the education about AIDS and HIV that my class has received. We must learn the facts and work towards prevention and cure.

Beth Olson,  
Room 112

Sammy De Marco was a much nicer person than you will hear from me. Others found him loving, sweet-natured, gentle, etc. I knew him as an aggravation, dependent on his ex-lover, Lewis Love (my own sweetheart, who died a month after Sam, and whose panel should be received in the same batch, I imagine).

As much as I would like to detail my resentments, let me release and heal them with this panel. Lewis loved Sam dearly, and as he is also dead, I have done what he would have done to honor Sam. In keeping honest with my impression and experience of knowing him, I have kept this as simple as I could. Plain brown background, simple black letters. Sam had beautiful bronze skin and black hair. The blue heart and spikes going through it are for his pained existence. It's a shame he lost so much of his life to drug abuse. The small heart within is for Lewis, the one hard and fast love he always had for his own, yet could never recognize through his own floundering. I added the photo, showing Sam and Lewis when they were lovers.

There is proof that he was loved.

I have an old phone book of Lewis's, where he recorded all friends and acquaintances and romantic partners. By many names were short descriptions to remind him who the people were. There would be a name, and address or phone number, and "Great!" or "HOT" or "Gorgeous"...but Sammy's name was followed with no address or number, just simply the word "GOD."

Ross MacLean

Gary Mannor lived in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. He was of noble birth and rested until his next life in a pyramid. His next life was that of a mother in a primitive Pacific culture. In that life he was disfigured in some way and became an outcast.

This life was no kinder to Gary. A lively, boisterous, colorful man, he became an interior designer. Gary drew on those previous lives in his profession, preferring elegant displays juxtaposed with primitive artifacts. Everything he touched became more beautiful. He was so talented. He could do anything with his hands...needlepoint to woodcarving, upholstery to landscaping—his life was devoted to making the world more beautiful. And despite becoming disfigured and outcast again in this life, Gary left this world more beautiful through his very presence.

And Gary, when you tell stories about me wherever you are, make them laugh as much as I did!

David Cullen Powers

Jerry Herbel was born January 1, 1955, in Scotts Bluff, Nebraska. He lived briefly in Tennessee and other places before moving to Phoenix in November 1976, when he became my roommate and best friend. He stood about 5'8" tall, had brown hair and eyes, a beautiful smile, and a kind, loving personality. He also had a striking, muscular body and finely honed, offbeat sense of humor. Jerry loved to salvage neon tubes from old signs and light them up in the garage at night. He loved working in the garden, and was especially fascinated by desert plants. Many times he would sit up late at night to watch the slow-motion opening of a night-blooming cactus and to smell its overpowering, if brief, perfume.

In constructing Jerry's NAMES Quilt, his lover, David Zeigler, and I chose to depict the Arizona desert at night, with authentic embroidered reproductions of native plants in full bloom. The landscape features silhouettes of Pinnacle Peak, the Mogollon Rim, Squaw Peak, Camelback Mountain, Weaver's Needle, and the Superstitions, as well as the states of Arizona and Nebraska. The stars in the sky depict actual constellations, which correctly locate a star named after Jerry, one year after his death from a systemic infection resulting from AIDS, on August 10, 1985.

With the help of our friend Calvin Fjelstul, David and I constructed this Quilt in 1987. I took it to the March on Washington and carried it in the parade past the national Quilt, but chose not to donate it at that time. Now, in September of 1991, David and I have at last agreed to "let it go," so that others may enjoy it and learn a little about our wonderful friend Jerry.

Robert W. Severance

I cried when I heard Billy was diagnosed, and Dallas promised to give me Billy's address so I could write to him.

Two weeks later when I asked Dallas for the address, he started to cry, and I knew that a letter was too late. We clung to each other and cried—more than we had ever laughed.

Billy was my first friend to die of AIDS. Dallas is sick now and I don't know how many more panels I will have to make...

Nancy Blanford





# Wish You Were Here

Selections From the Gay Delegates' New York Scrapbook



Controversial African American activist Rev. Al Sharpton emerges from a favorite eatery—across the street from Madison Square Garden.

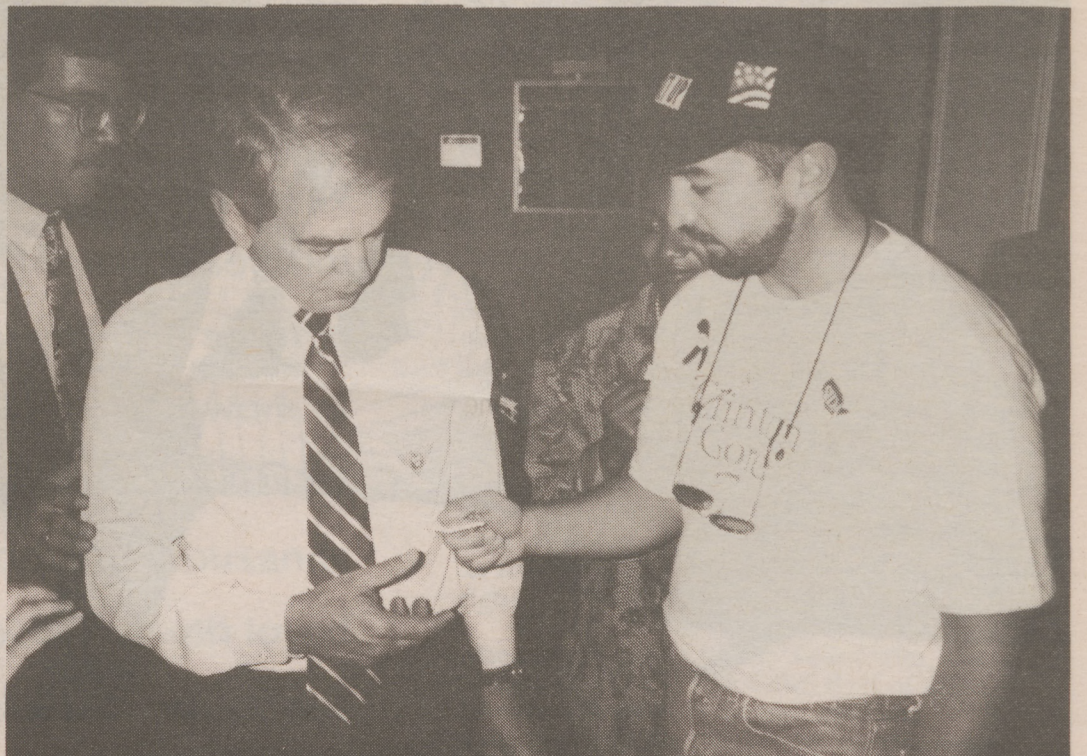


Phoenix Mayor and Tsongas delegate Paul Johnson ponders a reporter's question while gay Tucson delegate Mark Kerr (seated directly behind Johnson) attempts to shatter his honor's concentration with shrill bird calls.

Tucsonan Kathi Mayer demonstrates the lesbian power salute for a reporter during the AIDS Unity March.



State Sen. Chuck Blanchard signals his approval of nominee Bill Clinton's just-completed acceptance speech.



Former presidential candidate Paul Tsongas (left), borrows a condom from his favorite delegate, Don Slutes. (OK, OK...it's not really a condom—it's an "AIDS Campaign '92" button.)



# oral intercourse by girl

neil cohen on broadway • john lipp in ahwatukee • scott harnisch in oklahoma • christopher wynn in hollywood • michael frenelli in name only cindy brady in bondage • cate spencer in berlin • june allyson incontinent

You read it here first: Girl is in love. And not with that half-nude, blonde mystery Adonis she continually spies roaming the streets of this balmy berg. (You think I don't know the difference between genuine emotions and unrequited *lust*? You *suck*.) No. Girl is in love with her very own overwhelming popularity among all you hearsay-craving queens. This Girl can't go *anywhere* without being lavished with adoration or gawked at in quiet, respectful awe. And to prove my point, the recent frenzy at **Scottsdale's BS West** over the last installment of this disreputable column made Girl thankful she was not present: Girl would have certainly suffered a cramp in her delicate, milky-white hands from endless autograph signing. But despite my glory and the countless joys I bring to the world at large, there are a few of you snooty fags who are appalled by your inclusion in these pernicious pages (oh, dear—has Girl *offended* someone?), and a paltry few of you party-pooing pansies have even attempted to influence what naughty or nice things this Girl has to say about you—like you *matter* or something. Well, Girl has this to say to you scandal-fearing, fickle fag-boys: If you don't want to be revered or reviled in this column, *stay at home!*...Speaking of BS West, Girl would like to extend her sincerest apologies to **Johnny**, that club's groovemeister extraordinaire. Due to Girl's professionally manicured six-inch nails, Johnny was the unfortunate casualty of a nasty typographical faux pas and was erroneously identified herein as "Jimmy" last time out. So sorry, dear. Forgive me. Or go fuck...If this were the classified advertising section of a weekly theatrical trade paper instead of a spiteful, queeny gossip column, Girl would tell you that **Joe** "Casting Couch" **Marshall** will be holding auditions for the **Alternative Theatre Company's** premiere production of *Chicken Delight* at 7pm on August 3rd and 4th at the Black Box Theatre, and that Joe needs to cast six macho males for this fun, faggy farce. Joe is really sexy, but he has a boyfriend. So when you call him (at 249-0380) about auditioning, *disguise your*

*voice*...A late-night fit of insomnia found Girl sitting through, of *all* things, *The Howard Stern Show* with special guest Brady kids **Susan** "I Lost My Virginity At 17" **Olson** and **Mike** "I Was Peter J. Hill, But I Shrunk" **Lookinland**. These poor, unknowing ex-child stars were not only subjected to the bleeped barbs of horrible host **Howard**, but were joined by a horde of whores, transvestites, she-males and bimbos, hand-picked off of Hollywood and Vine (Oooh! I hope the pickers wore *gloves!*). As a special added attraction, unsuspecting viewers were subjected to the sight of a leather-bound dominatrix complete with slave, a pair of middle-aged brothel owners and a couple of lesbians thrown in just for giggles. Our two Daughters of Lesbos even performed an on-air, uncensored lip lock, right there in front of everyone on national television (Don't they regulate this stuff?). At show's end, little Cindy Brady won the dubious honor of unlocking the chastity belt of the show's bound and gagged spokesmodel. (Girl thinks *all* spokesmodels should be bound and gagged, most especially that tramp Vanna White.) Is this any way to treat a Brady? And you thought the only quality programs were on public television...Dirt from Oklahoma, which is somewhere east of here, where **Scott** "You Might Could Do That" **Harnisch** is busy as a bee doing the summer stock thing: Although suave songbird Scott is best remembered locally for playing a gay boy (in *Ten Percent Revue*) and a drag queen (in *Minnie's Boys*), in Oklahoma he's actually playing *real* men in shows like *West Side Story* and *Into The Woods*. And get this: Scott hosted a little dinner party with none other than former *Laugh-In* fave and game show mainstay **Joanne** "You Bet Yer Bippy" **Worley**. *Joanne Worley!* La Joanne is playing the lead in *Hello Dolly*, and reportedly loved Scott's lasagne... Fresh from the jungles of Los Angeles to our fare city is actor-slash-drag-wannabe **Ron** "They Shaved My Beaver" **Stevens** (You remember Ron as the statu- esque Southern belle *Marvel Ann* in **Phoenix Little Theatre's** *Psycho Beach Party*). Ron was spied sucking

down cocktails at **BS West** recently with fellow theatre luminaries **Wanda** "Can I Direct The All-Male Version Of *Steel Magnolias*?" **McHatton**, **David** "I Got The Brains In This Household" **Vining** and Ron's *Beach Party* pal **Kirby** "He's Not My Boyfriend Yet, You Fucking Squirrel" **Holt**. Also back in town and on the **BS West** beat is **Wayne** "My One Goal In Life Is To Be A Diet Pepsi *Uh-Huh* Girl" **Garvin**. Wayne's world for this past summer has been a windy one: Chicago...If Girl hears *Mariah Carey* screech *I'll Be There* one more time, she'll *scream*...Girl has finally struck pay dirt: The full name of **Darrin** "Possessing The Secret Of Joy"

**Simmer's** other half (a former *Playgirl* centerfold model!) is **Michael** "Absolute Perfection" **Frenelli**. Now if only Girl could discover darling **Dougie's** last name, she'd have a complete list of the three hottest barkeeps in town... Sources as varied as **Christopher** "How To Marry A Millionaire" **Wynn** and **Jamie** "Melanie Griffith's Evil Spawn" **Holt** say that the keenest place to be on Monday nights is **Zone**, that ginchy discotheque in ultra-trendy **Scottsdale** *haute* emporium **The Galleria**. Girl would not know this personally, though; she stays at home on

*Girl, page 12*



## art spaces

**Scottsdale Center for the Arts:** "Under Cover: The Book Becomes Art" and "Out of Bounds: The Word Becomes Art" features art by Marie Navarre, Bob Adams, and Jim Cherry; through September 6. 7383 Scottsdale Mall.

**Smash Culture Gallery:** One of the latest art spaces to show up in the Valley is currently showing works of an erotic nature in all media. 718 W. McDowell, 258-3537.

**Shemer Art Center:** "The Fine Art of Craft," functional and nonfunctional works in clay, ceramic, wood, glass fiber, stone and metal make up this group showing created by 11 Arizona artists. Also showing: six multicolored sculptures made of fabricated steel by Michael Anderson of Phoenix; through August 14. Hours: 10am to 5pm Wednesday through Friday, 9am to 1pm Saturday, noon to 5pm Sunday and 10am to 9pm Tuesday; closed Monday. 5005 E. Camelback. 262-4727.

**The Heard Museum:** "Eclectica: Recent Acquisitions" features paintings, sculpture, baskets, pottery and textiles that are recent additions to the permanent collection. Through October 18. "Fifth Biennial Native American Fine Arts Invitational," and "Behind the Mask in Mexico" through August 30. 22 E. Monte Vista Rd. 252-8840.

**Arizona State University Downtown Center:** A major exhibit of acrylic paintings, watercolors, drawings and monotypes depicting soon-to-disappear Valley buildings and sights by Kay Emig is on display through August 14. The Mercado, 502 E. Monroe St. 965-3046.

**C.G. Rein Galleries:** Art by Andre Renoux, Paul Waldum, Eyvind Earle, Jean Stauffer, James Rizzi and Erté; through August 21. Scottsdale Galleria, 4343 N. Scottsdale Rd. 949-3444.

**Arizona Hall of Fame Museum:** "Cattle Ranchers: An Arizona Legacy," features exhibits of family photographs, sculpture, ranch art and ranch equipment, depicts those who settled the land in the 1880s and who make a living ranching today. Through September. Carnegie Public Library, 1101 W. Washington St. 542-4581.

**Arizona Military Museum:** A collection of displays that trace the military history of Arizona from the time of the Spanish Conquistadors to Desert Storm. Including a Huey gunship and Chain Guns from an Apache Helicopter and Bradley Fighting vehicle. Hours: 9am to 2pm Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1pm to 4pm Saturdays and Sundays. Admission is free, donations accepted. Papago Park Military Reservation, 5636 E. McDowell Rd. 267-2676.

**Art Walk:** Gallery openings and receptions, cruising, music and schmoozing along Scottsdale's Fifth Avenue, Marshall Way, Main Street, Craftsman Court, Stetson Drive and...you get the idea. Enjoy live performance, dining, browsing and refreshments. The season's final walk is set for August 20; and regular weekly walks begin in the fall. For further information call 990-3939.

**Scorchydome:** The Valley's newest art-and-performance palace has opened with an exhibit of paintings and wood furniture by Mike Miskowski, paintings and mixed-media works by Jeff Falk and paintings by Gerald Hawk. 718 W. Polk. 253-4430.

**Eleven East Ashland:** This exhibit features works on paper and sculpture by Michael G. Dean, paintings by K. K. Kozik, photo processes by Rachele A. Dermer. Through August 8. Hours: 3pm to 9pm Monday through Friday, noon to 5pm Saturday and by appointment. 11 E. Ashland (just off Central, and two blocks south of Virginia). 271-0831.

**Phoenix Art Museum:** "Classical Impressions in Fashion" features rare, classically-inspired examples of

Fields' life, from his unusual childhood to his final Hollywood years. Performances through August 2 are Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm, Sundays at 7pm. Tickets \$15 on Fridays and Saturdays, \$12 on Sundays. 520 S. Mill Ave. Box Office is open noon to 6pm daily. 921-7777.

**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum:** This production of Andrew Lloyd Weber's hilariously illogical comedy musical continues Theater Works' summer

# culture club

"Empire" or high-waisted dresses from the late 1700s to the 1830s from the Arizona Costume Institute; through November 1. "Calligraphy in 19th Century China: Selections from the Jeannette Shambaugh Elliott Collection" illustrating the beauty of Chinese calligraphy; through November 18. Hours: Tuesday-Saturday 10am to 5pm, Wednesday until 9pm; Sunday noon-5pm. 1625 N. Central Ave. 257-1222.

**Metropophobia:** "Video Works," screenings of locally, nationally and internationally produced videos, continues on the last Thursday of every month at 8pm. The 'bobia's new store hours are Tuesday-Friday from 11am to 2pm and 4pm to 9pm; Saturday noon to 8pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.

## theater

**W.C.:** Tyler-Miles Productions presents this premier play based on the life of actor/curmudgeon W.C. Fields. Candice Miles' script presents the key people and events in

season. Performances are Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2:30pm and 7pm. Through August 9. Tickets are \$9.50 to \$11.50. 6615 W. Thunderbird Rd. 486-8636 or 979-9003.

**Side By Side By Sondheim:** This sophisticated Broadway revue features songs from Stephen Sondheim's most beloved musicals: *West Side Story*, *Company*, *Gypsy* and

## by réy hoffman

more. Directed and choreographed by db Bailey. Performances on Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2:30pm, August 7 to 23. Tickets through all Dillard's outlets and at the Center box office. Chandler Center for the Arts, 250 N. Arizona Ave. 786-3954.

**Marat-Sade:** Theater Works closes its Summer stock season with Peter Weir's play. In this fictional play-within-a-play, the Marquis de Sade examines the life and death of Jean Paul Marat, the man credited with most of the barbarous acts committed against Louis XVI during the revolution. The resulting conflict between individualism carried to extreme lengths and the idea of political and social upheaval poses many provocative questions. Performances Thursday, Friday and Saturday

A giant baby cruises a new gay bar in Disney's epic *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*. Gay people do not have children, so you have no excuse for seeing this one.



evenings at 8pm and Sundays at 2:30 and 7pm. August 28 through September 6. Tickets range from \$7.50 to \$9.50. Theater Works is located at 6615 W. Thunderbird Rd. 486-8636 or 979-9003.

*Skimpies:* Playwright's Workshop Theatre's contribution to the summer season is another revival of this long-playing musical comedy, this time featuring Deborah Hall in the role made popular by singer/actress Lucy LaMode. Featuring music by Robert X. Planet. Performance through August 16. Tickets are \$7 and \$9. Seventh Street Theatre, 3302 N. 7th St. 279-5151.

*Murder By Proxy:* This hit comedy-mystery has been taking audiences on a murderous roller-coaster ride for the past 14 months. The story revolves around the scandals and sexual politics of philandering embezzlers, closet environmentalists, double-dealing corporate spies, schizophrenic Satanists, and a black widow Countess. Actors mingle with audience members before the big murder occurs; after that, you're on your own as you attempt to unmask the killer before you become the next victim. (Be forewarned: there are no fewer than nine different endings!) Doors open at 6:45pm Thursdays through Saturdays, with the show following at 7:15pm; doors open at 4:45pm Sundays, with show time at 5:15pm. Performances of this dinner show by Murder Ink Productions are at Oscar Taylor's restaurant at Biltmore Fashion Park, 24th St. and Camelback. For ticket information and reservations, call 423-8737.

*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. Saturdays at 8pm at Liza's Cafe, 1945 W. Baseline Rd. in Mesa. 838-7338.

#### appearance

*Crosby, Stills and Nash:* August 8 at 8pm. Tickets are \$14.25, \$21.75 and \$26.75. Desert Sky Pavilion. 230-9112.

*k.d. lang:* Wednesday, August 12 at 8pm. Symphony Hall. 225 E. Adams. 262-7272.

*Ringo Starr and his All Starr Band:* Featuring Burton Cummings, Joe Walsh, Todd Rundgren, Dave Edmunds, Nils Lofgren, Timothy B. Schmidt, Tim Cappello and Zak Starkey. Thursday, August 13 at 8pm. Blockbuster Desert Sky Pavilion. Tickets on sale at Ticketmaster 784-4444 or 230-9112.

*Phoenix Symphony:* An Evening South of the Border-Pops. September 11, 8:15pm.

Tickets are two for \$20. The Pointe Hilton.

*Sedona Jazz On The Rocks:* Dizzy Gillespie, Ed Shaughnessy's Super Force Big Band, Andy Narell, Ray Anderson Quartet, Lauren Robert, Mojo Hand, Janet Carroll and the Hollywood Jazz Cats. September 26, 9:30am to 5pm. Tickets are \$35 for general admission, \$175 for patrons (includes parking, food and beverages, President's Party and more). Warren Hamilton Amphitheater, Verde Valley School. 282-1985 or 800-638-4253.

*Santana/B.B. King/Buddy Guy:* With Dr. John, Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bluebirds. August 18, at 5:30pm. Tickets are \$14, \$21.50 and \$26.50 in advance; \$16.50, \$22.50 and \$27.50 day of show. Desert Sky Pavilion, 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 254-7299.

*Scottsdale Center For the Arts Great Composer Series:* Ransom Wilson and Anthony Newman, playing flute and harpsichord, will perform works by Johann Sebastian Bach and his sons on Saturday, August 1 at 7:30pm. Tickets are \$15. The Center is located on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Blvd., east of Scottsdale Rd. and 2 blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS.

*Dionne Warwick and Burt Bacharach:* Saturday, September 19 at 8pm. Tickets are \$22.50 and \$29. Desert Sky Pavilion, 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 230-9112.

#### dance

*West African Dance and Drumming:* Classes in west African percussion, song and dance are taught by "Uncle C.K." Ganyo, master drummer and former director of the National Folkloric Company of the Arts Council of Ghana. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7pm to 9pm. Fee is \$5 per class, or \$25 per month. All ages and skill levels. 838-5273.

#### other stuff

*Arizona State Poetry Society Contest:* For rules and categories, send a self-addressed envelope to: Chela Glenn, 1813 N. 72nd Ln., Phoenix 85035. Deadline: August 31.

*Flagstaff Arts:* The Flagstaff Festival of the Arts features an exciting variety of music, theater, dance, films, art, poetry and more; through August 9. Tickets at all Dillard's box offices and by mail by writing Festival Office, 403 N. Agassiz St., Flagstaff, AZ.

*Festival in the Pines:* The 10th Annual Festival in the Pines features three entertainment stages with everything from pop

to jazz, dance to magic, kids' activities, and more than 200 artists and food booths. 11am to 7pm July 31, 9am to 7pm August 1, 9am to 6pm August 2. \$5 adults; children 12 and under free. Coconino County Fairgrounds. 967-4877 for more information.

*A Stranger Among Us* plays like an old TV Movie-of-the-Week: a pretty young starlet goes undercover in the Hassidic community and "learns about herself." This film should be titled *Witness With A Torah*—while it may seem that director Sydney Lumet wants to foster better understanding of a fascinating culture, all he succeeds in doing is reducing Jews to pompous, cliché-spouting bores. Mouseketeer Melanie Griffith (sporting a silly Marsha Mason 'do) plays a trigger-happy Angie Dickinson who's "seen it all" (we know this because she says it about sixteen times in the course of the film, in between lustful glances toward cute-boy-turned-rabbinical-student Eric Thal). Somewhere in all this mess, there's supposed to be a mystery, although it's about as puzzling as a Dixie Riddle Cup and twice as disposable. If it's insight into Judaism you're after, better you should rent *Fiddler On The Roof* and down a box of Matzos than risk running into this *Stranger*.

—Neil Cohen



*Honey, I Blew Up The Kid:* Rick Moranis, in full Fred MacMurray mode, accidentally turns his baby into an infant behemoth in this follow-up to last year's Disney hit *Honey, I Shrunk The Kids*. The thin script merely reverses the concept of the first film, so you know plenty well what to expect from this kid-friendly PG-er. Marcia Strassman has more to do this time round, and she's endearing as ever as the panicked mom of a towering toddler with a severe case of the "terribly twos." The effects are first-rate fun, and nobody gets hurt by the giant Keds tromping through the Las Vegas casino strip (is this scene a warped homage to *The Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman*, or a commercial for the latest Disney theme-park?). Credit must be given to the cast here, for surviving director Randal Kleiser's guidance (he's the man who gave us *Grease* and *The Blue Lagoon*). *Honey, I Blew Up The Kid* will suffice for a forgettable afternoon at the movies.

—Kirby Holt



◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ 4 PATTY DUKE HEADS: A masterpiece! Better than a date with James Brolin! ◆ ◆ ◆ 3 PATTY DUKE HEADS: Pretty ginchy, but not as neat as being elected Principal for the day. ◆ ◆ TWO PATTY DUKE HEADS: Darn close. About as much fun as Cousin Cathy's Latin recital. 1 ROSS LANE HEAD: Gross! Worse than an endless honeymoon with Ernie Douglas!

#### some people

Billy Jack  
Charlotte Mew  
Tony Curtis  
Elmer Fudd  
Clark Ames  
Dick Nixon  
Barnaby Jones  
The Tidy Bowl Man  
Mary Lou Hapner  
Twisted Sister  
Mark Stanley  
Diahann Carroll  
Earvin Johnson  
Queen Anne  
Betsy Wetsy  
Tim Curry  
Weldon McGill  
Cynthia Sue Cordon  
The Pips  
David D. Burns, M.D.  
Eartha Kitt  
Donna Reed  
St. Sebastian  
Joseph A. Tvedt, Jr.  
Sandra Day O'Connor  
Paul Bowles  
The fool on the hill  
Mrs. Robinson  
David Leavitt  
The Green Hornet  
E.J. Montini  
Christopher Lloyd  
Beal Bean  
Count Chocula  
Reuben Kincaid  
Victoria Wallace  
Rodney Allan Rippey  
Katharine Hepburn  
Miss Piggy  
Dave Ripper  
The Harlem Globetrotters  
Sister Souljah  
Epstein's Mother  
Susan Dey  
The Boy Scouts of America

#### some couples

Sonny and Cher  
Bert and Ernie  
Lucy and Desi  
Thelma and Louise  
Mutt and Jeff  
John and Yoko  
Mary and Joseph  
Lady and the Tramp  
June Carter and Johnny Cash  
Batman and Robin  
Cleopatra and Mark Anthony  
Al and Tipper Gore  
Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas  
Mork and Mindy  
coffee and doughnuts  
Larry Holmes and Jerry Cooney  
Ike and Tina Turner  
The Lone Ranger and Tonto  
Donny and Marie  
Ren and Stimpy  
Ozzie and Harriet  
Barbie and Ken  
Nanny and the Professor  
Rocky and Bullwinkle  
Phyllis Diller and Fang  
Wednesday and Pugsley  
Wallace and Ladmo  
Fred and Wilma  
Andy Taylor and Barney Fife  
Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas  
Jack and Jill  
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson  
Samantha and Darrin  
Oedipus and Elektra  
Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs  
Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker  
Charles and Di  
Bonnie and Clyde  
Heckel and Jeckel  
Adam and Eve

Girl, from page 9

Mondays and takes bitch lessons from *Murphy Brown*... Speaking of snooty downtown Scottsdale malls where lots of fags find their employ and you just can't afford *anything*, the grand opening of the marvy new **Warner Bros. Store** in Scottsdale Fashion Square has once more been rescheduled. This means Girl will have to put off purchasing her groovy new Catwoman ensemble yet again...Girl is *tres* hurt that she was not invited to the surprise birthday bash/coupon fiesta/barbeque for **John** "It's Not Elbows I Want To Rub With Frank Basalice" **Lipp**. Hunk quotient at this *soiree du sensuale* was reportedly high, despite the small number of exclusive invitees. Partygoers included John's hubby **Frank** "My Elbows Are More Than Enough For You, Light Of My Life" **Salerno**, **Dale** "They Call Me Flipper" **Maeshiro**, **Dominic** "When A Man You've Never Met Suddenly Gives You Flowers, It's *Impulse*" **Abatemarco**, **Bill** "I'm Just Showing It Works Just As Well Under The Rim, Too" **Hetu** (sporting his adorable beau and Jay-DeDapper-in-training, Andrew), the ever stylish **Chad** "Your Psychotic Ex's Ex Is My New Steady?" **Weeks**, and non-identical cousins **Neil** "Calling All CLMs" **Cohen** and **Kirby** "Wouldn't You Like To Know Where I Was Last Weekend, You Nosey Wench" **Holt**.



All the festive fun was held at the exquisitely refurbished Ahwatukee abode of those attractive hosts with the absolute most, Marcus and Kevin. (They're married with puppy dogs. How *cute*.) Being shunned by cheap queens always devastates Girl, who was left at home to watch a repeat of *America's Funniest People*. I am plotting my revenge. Giving out darling John's *real* age might work, but unfortunately, Girl can't count that high—a direct result of having imbibed one too many of those vile "Smart Drinkies" that pearl maven **David** "U Too Can Be Replaced" **Van**

**Virden** keeps foisting upon yours truly. What does he spike those things with, David Pee?...Tim is soooooo adorable! Who is he? None of your fucking business...Girl went to **Bobby's**, the Taco Bell of queer bars, and—horror of horrors!—she didn't know *anyone* there! (They won't recall my diploma from the elite Hedda Hopper School for Gifted Girls, will they?) As ever, Girl discovered that she and her lovely companion were the most attractive babes in the joint—although, upon fleeing in abject terror from the teeny-tiny dance floor, Girl stumbled into that adorably acerbic **Don** "Wanna Stick A Pin In My Thelda Williams Doll?" **Slutes**, fresh from his jovial jaunt (along with co-politico **Joe** "My Brother's A Big Stud" **Della Rocca**) to that happening New York Democratic Convention. (Girl is *sure* sorry she missed out on *that* little wingding!) Girl's journalistic integrity prevents her from repeating Don's dish in print, but one choice tidbit Girl *can* reveal is that poor Don had the *extreme* misfortune to run across a bundle of that faux fag rag *The Echo*, which is the Big Apple's *only* view of our fair city. *Scary!*...Any of you daring enough to venture into the depths of **The Bum Steer** will be justly rewarded by the sights on their dim outside patio. An absolutely humpable muscle man, strapped oh-so tightly into his leather frock, tends the back bar. This hot babe is almost enough to make this Girl trade in her tea gowns for tit clamps. *Almost!*...Oh my! *Beverly Hills 90210* is in reruns and *L.A. Law* truly sucks now, so what does a Girl do on a lonely Thursday night? Why, go slutting at the strip show at **Rendezvous**, of course! This exotic entertainment is now presented by a batch of *Star Search* wannabes aptly christened **Muscles, Inc.** If you thought Ed McMahon was dumb, these macho muscleheads can't even spell the name of the bar where they're working. But then, we're not going to these extravaganzas of male flesh for displays of intellect, now are we? Headliners **David** "I'm *Really* Straight, That's Why I Was At *The Blue Iguana*" **Silver** and **Dino** (who happily bares no resemblance to the Flinstones' house pet) host a rotating roster of prime powerhouse boy toys, including slut-show standard Brian, whom Girl has seen in every strip joint in town, although she cannot for the luscious life of her see why: He looks to Girl like a trash-compacted Terminator, and his photo spread in some skin mag last year left a *lot* to be desired (Get out yer magnifying glass, Francis!)...Girl hears that a new club dubbed **The Garage** has opened in the old Cactus Jack's locale, and that this dance den features a Worksesque interior and all the latest in techno gadgetry. No word yet on

how well this Garage will rotate your tires, but you can bet that Girl will be there soon to check out their lube rack...Not so fresh from their pristine performance at **Wink's**, a whole gaggle (flock? brood? *herd*?) of drag queens crawled back onto the newly revamped stage at **Club 155** to show us *even more* of their less-than-ample wares. There was **Penelope** "Not Likely A Virgin" **Poupe**, sporting a Corn Bugle brassiere as Madonna in her *Truth Or Dare* stage; **Felicia** "I Am A Broad And I've Got The Cleavage To Prove It!" **Fahr**, flashing her hormone-enhanced titties; **Lady** "This Isn't A Wig" **Cassandra**, doing a *really* bad **Robyn Ferracane** impersonation (Yes, Robyn dear, you have ascended to the heights of being imitated by old men in dresses and heels. *Quelle honour!*), and last but certainly least, diva-to-be **Davee**, who should really do Cathy Lee Crosby, what with those cheekbones of hers, and who couldn't lipsynch her way out of a blow job...All you happy



apartment hunters out there can now take a gander at local stud **Steven** "What Do You Mean, He's Back Again?" **Hetzler's** lovable mug in the latest issue of that required reading rag, *For Rent*. (No, it's not Steven who's "for rent." Isn't it a bit crowded in that gutter, lamb?)...Girl caught up with coast-to-coast vacationer **Neil** "Is That The Ticket Price Or The Show's Budget?" **Cohen** at cow palace **Charlie's** the other night. (Hm...La Cohen has been spending a heck of a lot of time at this li'l ol' pissant country place lately. Could a certain hairy little hunk be Neil's *raison de cowpoke*?) Girl dug out all the dirt possible on Neil's recent voyages to Los Angles and New York City, or at least what poses for dirt in that naive little boy's life. Neil couldn't remember much about the L.A. Pride event, as he fainted (what a *woman!*) at the sight of his super-idol, **Elizabeth** "What's Cookin', Tall Dark And Mortal?" **Montgomery** and her fabulous TV hubby, **Dick** "Could I Borrow Some Publicity Stills

Of Myself?" **Sargent**. The classic couple served as the *marshals grande* of the L.A. Pride do; other celebutantes on hand included the cast of *The Real Live Brady Bunch* in a convoy of groovy Bradesque convertibles, who wowed the crowd with daughter Jan's confession that mom Carol is a *lesbian*. You'll all be just thrilled and surprised to hear that there were acres of half-naked homosexual men at the event, including Rochester transplants **Paul** "I'm Not Going Back To Yonkers 'Till I've Kissed A Boy!" **Baker** and **Sam** "I Got Your Kodak Moment...Right Here!" **Yannello**, who were positively drooling over their selections for the day—get these boys a bib! Also spotted were **Gary** "Sex, Lies And Videotape" **Weiner**; **Tony** "Sweet Embraceable You" **MacKenzie**; a trio of "Life Guards" known only as Mario, Scott and Tim; and party-all-night-long-and-into-the-next-month-girl **Christopher** "I'm Dating The Player" **Wynn**. Sweet, sweet Christopher latched onto a primo catch, a high class exec at a *major* motion picture company. Ms. Wynn was having such a heck of a time, he didn't come back home for *weeks*! Naturally, there were a few locals present, faggots who actually *live* in Los Angeles, including **Eric** "That's Really Fucked Up, Sweetheart" **Magnusson**, **David** "I Dated A Stiff Jockey" **Dailey**, **Greg** "Refried, Please" **Lutz**, **Jim** "El Lay Story" **Crane** and sophisti-hunk **Neill** "Riots, Earthquakes And Pete Wilson—Why Am I Here?" **Jourdrie**, a man so elegant he needs two "I's" in his name. Supposedly, the fest was equal parts crazy and boring, sort of like the Phoenix gay pride bash last month with earthquakes...It seems to Girl that New York City is *the* place to be this summer—so many theater types have headed that way (including the much-too-much



aforementioned **Neil** "Plays 'N Clothes, Plays 'N Clothes" **Cohen**, who simply *had* to have another middle name this issue and who reportedly shackled up with former

Phoenician **Jennifer** "Kevin Bacon Is A Big Weenie" **Jenkins** while in NYC). Breathing smog back east are **Bob** "Isn't Fire Island Near Here?" **Sorenson**, lovely **Maria** "How Glad The Many Millions Of Toms And Dicks And Williams Would Be"



**Amorocho**, **Michael** "Room 1024, Please" **Barnard**, **Kathy** "Center-stage" **Fitzgerald**, and sexy **Robyn** "It's So Nice To Have Me Back Where I Belong" **Ferracane**. Even PLT's **Peter J.** "Write In A Sheep Just For Gags" **Hill** and wifey **Noel** "Tap, Tap, Tapioca" **Irick** did the New York thang, and have returned with future productions on their minds (hopefully some of them a little less horrible than the crash and burn perpetrated at the Playhouse on the Park this past summer. You all know by now



what **Girl** is talking about, so we won't mention any names, will we?). **Girl** even dropped in on lovely New York herself for a quick weekend, and dished dirt with her old pal **Anita** "I Detest All These Frickin' Pelts!" **Ellis**, whose faboo flat overlooks the spot where socialite supreme **Gloria** "I Am A Mummy" **Vanderbilt** chucked her gay son to his untimely death from a high-rise penthouse. By all reports, the latest rage in lovely New York

appears to be anonymous casual sex clubs—didn't this kind of thing go out with Plato's Retreat a few decades back?...Mark-off another "straight-acting" homosexual who's packed up and left town: *maestro costumier* **Alan** "Who Was That Fag At My Birthday Party?" **Berkowski** has been shipped back East to work for daddy's ice company. I guess **Alan's** got a chilly willy now...Retired Valley stage actress **Lynn** "Spoofy Gay Gossip Doesn't Count" **Mabus** has joined the current, ever-expanding list of local starlets who want to birth their very own little bundle of publicity. Some of the members of this very exclusive sorority are Aurora Mime mistress **Susan** "Toucha-Toucha-Toucha-Me" **St. John** and that big faker, **Jennifer** "Because Dennis Liked My Hairstyle Better, That's Why" **Parlette**. Unlike these other trollops, however, **Lynne** is *married*. How *traditional*...Finally, **Girl** would like to address the recent volume of fan mail that's been winging her way, almost all of which complains that she is unfairly damaging the lives of



perfectly respectable people who don't deserve to be hurt just because they are stupid or ugly or pretend to be pregnant. Well, okay. You're right—all of you. I'm sorry. I shouldn't make miserable the lives of poor, faultless fags and theater queens who've never done me any harm. I'll stop it at once. From now on, I'll use this space to report on how really nice and kind everyone is, and how if we all work together we can make the world a better place. In the meantime, why don't you all go fuck yourselves out the ass?

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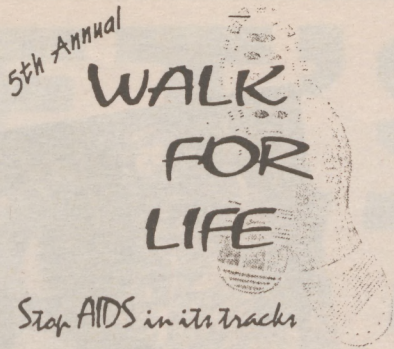
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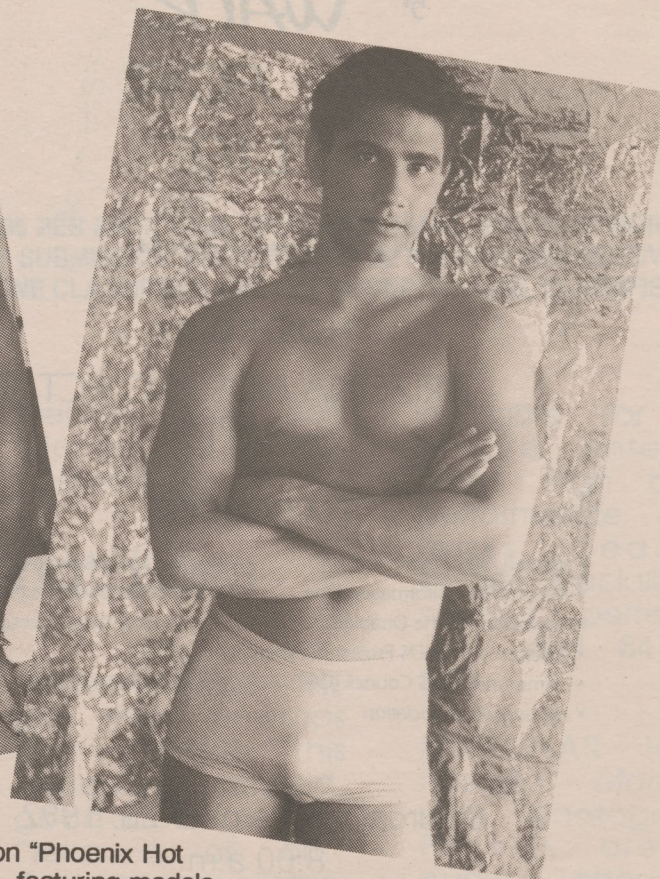
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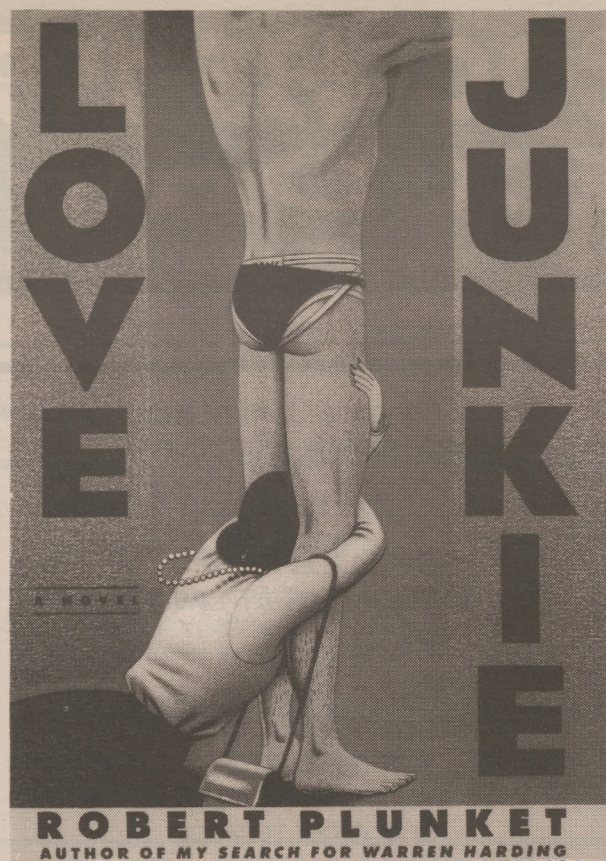
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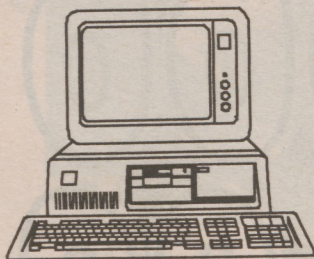
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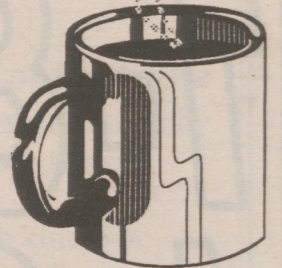
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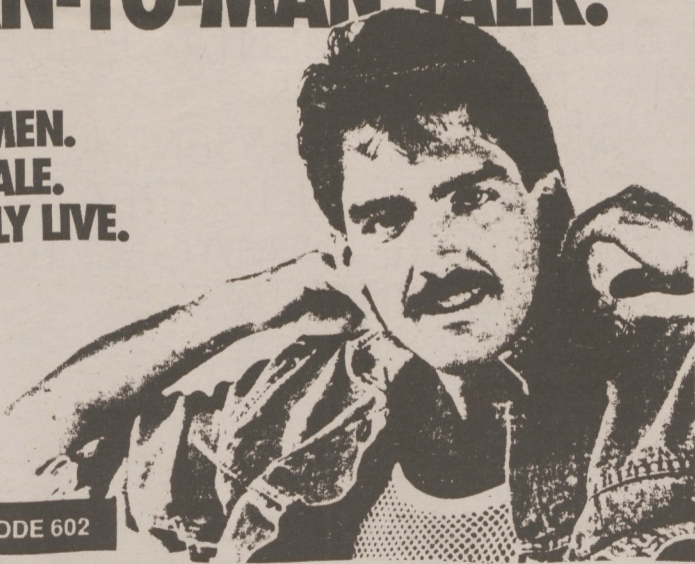
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