Sister!

SPRING 1990
$3.00



LESBIANS WHO SLEEP WITH WOMEN



Letter From The Editor



CELINDA SANTOSO: *"I put three bullets into him."*

Gay Life Uncovered

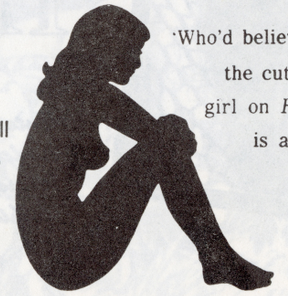
Lesbians who sleep with women: an exciting new facet of lesbian life in the 90's. You've read about "Lesbians Who Sleep With Men" in Outweek; now read about the new breed: gals who have sex with each other! The lesbian revolution is sweeping the nation. It's wow! It's now! It's hip! It's a trip! I mean, what is more now than Chastity Bono and her updated Sonny and Cher act? What could be more today than Dolly Parton hanging out with Reno in the swinging East Villge? Gay girl rockers, rappers, punkers, bikers, actors, artists, truck drivers, etc.....We lesbians who sleep with women are ruling in the 90's!

D.J.

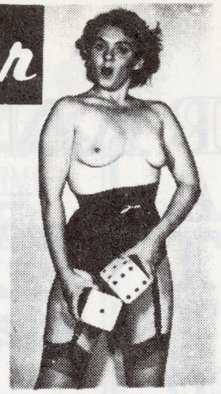
Editor-in-Chief: Les Simpson
Executive Editor: Dany Johnson
Photomaster: Ande Johnson

Contributors

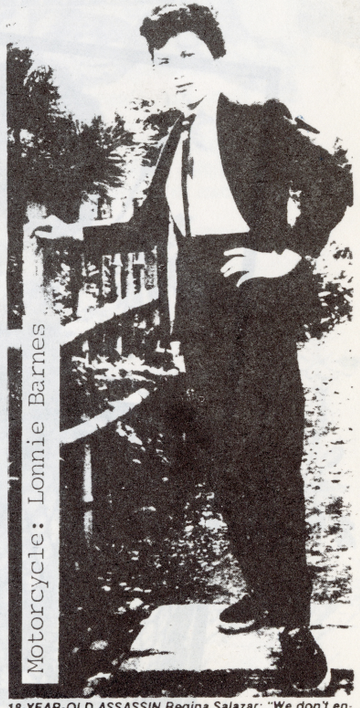
Jennifer Blowdryer, Katie Crocodile, Jill Dearman, Katrina del Mar, Dee Finley, Doreatha Hirsch, Shelly Mars, Susan MacLeod, Brian McCormack, Diane Mele, Tina Muller, Natasha Shulman, Trash, Pixie von Hitler, Michael Wakefield



'Who'd believe that the cute little girl on *Family* is a dyke?'



KILLERS



18-YEAR-OLD ASSASSIN Regina Salazar: *"We don't enjoy killing people, but they are corrupt oppressors of our people and we have no choice."*

RANDY
RATRAY
WIGS
COLOR
PIECES
(212) 536-0771





TOTAL IMAGE

Photos by Tina Paul
Models: David & Maria
Accessories: Maria & Alex
Clothing: Alfredo Viloria

OUR PAGE FIVE
FEMME

*It's not her dream occupation ("to have rich parents") but so far TINA MULLER's new job for a Park Avenue design firm seems pretty good.

*On her off hours this brown-eyed Capricorn enjoys collecting hats and lucite handbags, shooting pool and playing pinball.

*One more Tina fact: she speaks and reads fluent German!



Jean Stauffacher
Paris

Out-OF-IT-Week

Blockade Standoff in Poughkeepsie

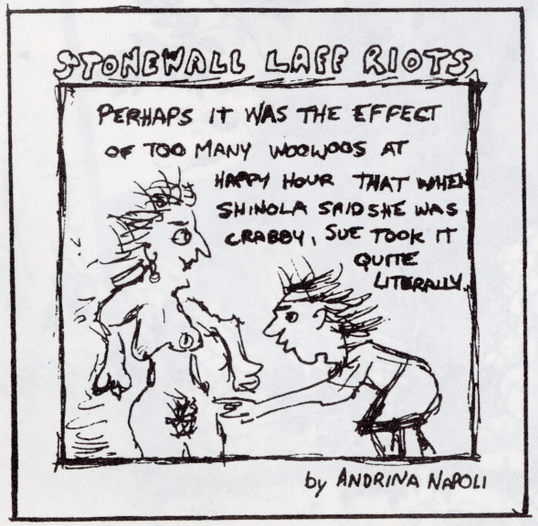
By Chastity Tomlin

The Women Only Craft Fair in Poughkeepsie is the site of a continuing standoff between protesters and Craft Fair officials. The protesters have blockaded all roads leading to the Fair, and those who have tried to pass the roadblocks have had their cars overturned and set afire.
The controversy was sparked by the potholder creations of artisan Phyllis Pickleheimer. The potholders incorporate a traditional Moldavian potholder stitch. Ms. Pickleheimer is Belgravian-American and the protesters contend that she is a racist and is appropriating a cultural heritage which is not hers.
Ms. Pickleheimer issued a statement that said in part, "I feel that I was Moldavian in another life. My parents hired a wonderful Moldavian woman to take care of me, and I dedicate all my fabulous potholder creations to her." The statement further enraged protesters who are not only demanding the removal of her potholders from display, they insist her Kleenex box covers be removed as well.
Tense negotiations are still taking place. The Craft Fair is scheduled to run for two more weeks but....(continued on page 63)

LETTERS

Gay Gets Her Goat

As a Gesbian I was shocked and appalled by your "Gay Goat" article. Since when is it only the prerogative of nanny goats to display Gesbian behavior?! Our brothers and sisters are dying every day as a result of what "straights" perceive as our inability to articulate our demand to empower ourselves, and now Out-of-it-Week adds fuel to their fire and threatens our very existence!! For the first time ever I was ashamed to read Out-of-it-Week on the bus for fear that fellow Gesbians or "straights" would catch sight of your shameful article. Do we really want to tell "straights" that gay billy goats have a "low libido" and "stunted horn and beard growth" and that many of the lesbian nanny goats "dabble in bisexual behavior"?! HAVEN'T THEY GOT ENOUGH BULLSHIT STEREOTYPES TO FEED THEIR RAMPANT HOMOPHOBIA WITHOUT OUR OWN GESBIAN PRESS HELPING THEM TO KILL US?!?! Put THAT in your pipe and smoke it!
An Irate Female Gesbian Reader



Bar Hopping

Last week I left a West Village bar in a huff when they had the nerve to play Donna Summers and serve Coors beer. Instead I went to Mars, did three hits of Ecstasy, got bombed on Budweiser, danced to Madonna and felt very politically correct.
Frieda Lapinski

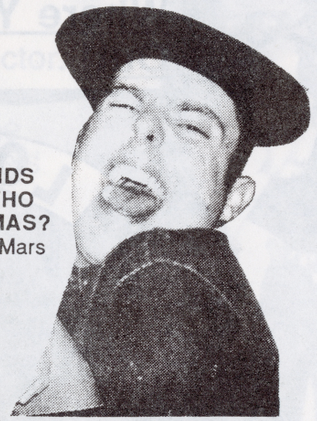
Queer Smear?

I was deeply offended by your last issue's personals, cover story, new coverage, editorial slant, photos, Stonewall Laugh Riots and (Continued on page 70)

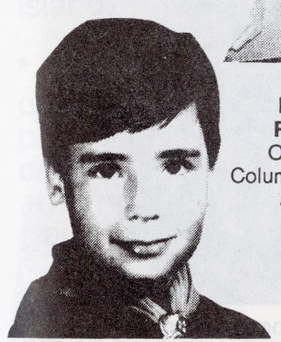
HOW TO MAKE A BELGRAVIAN FAGGOTT OR DYKE SCREAM

1) Stick pins in their eyeballs and rotate slowly.
2) Run them over with a steamroller.
3) Pound their toes into the cement pavement with a sledgehammer.
4) Confine them to a tiny room devoid of anything except for "Stonewall Laff Riots" cartoons.

SOCIAL TERRORS



WITH FRIENDS LIKE HIM WHO NEEDS ENEMAS?
Chip Duckett at Mars



HELP THE RETARDED
Out-of-it-Week Columnist Bradley Ball at Red Zone



SNOUT IT OUT
Stonewall Laff Riots Cartoonist Andrina Napoli at DT 's Fatcat

OUT OF MY MIND

Commentary by Snoozie Gay

Martha Raye, my childhood idol has me totally disillusioned. Martha, "The Big Mouth" whose toothy smile always brightened my day, is selling Polydent denture cleaner. Oh Martha darling, say it ain't so! Don't tell me that your famous smile is artificial. Is "The Big Mouth's" artificial smile a metaphor for the vanishing virgin rain forest, replaced with ecologically unsound cattle ranches? When did Martha's teeth fall out? Did they fall one by one or all at once? I suspect that they went one by one, just as the rain forest is being destroyed acre by acre.
Imagine that the year is 1975. Martha wakes up and goes to brush her teeth. She suffers from bleeding gums and halitosis. Suddenly her top left front tooth drops out of her head. Martha is concerned. Meanwhile in Brazil 100 acres of rain forest is burned to make way for a cattle ranch.
It's 1976 and four more of Martha' teeth fall out. A hole is developing in the ozone layer, causing the greenhouse effect. Martha's gums are getting worse.
Now it's 1977 and 10 more of Martha's teeth fall out. Martha is getting worried. Corn on the cob is a thing of the past. Mercury poison affects most of the fish supply and DDT is affecting the rest of the food chain. What will Martha eat?
In 1978 all the rest of Martha's teeth come out.
"The Big Mouth" is now the empty mouth. A thermo-nuclear cloud covers the Canadian wilderness, spewing acid rain and radiation. Martha decides she has to get dentures. But what kind of dentures? Should she go for the natural not-quite-white, not-quite-perfect variety? Or should she go for the Hollywood smile?
Martha opts for the Hollywood look and gets a job pushing Polydent...(continued on page 72)

PHONE ZAP!!!
CALL LIZ SMITH AT THE DAILY NEWS

212-210-2100

Ask her if her refrigerator is running. When she says "Yes" say "Shouldn't you go and catch it?"

DIANE - O - MITE

Wow!

We Have It!



Photos by Andé Whyland

Are You Sure You Know Everything About Diane Mele? Here's Where You Find Out!

LOOK!

One of Diane's biggest fans is performer **Jennifer Blowdryer**. Says Jennifer, "I believe in dressing up as much as possible when I emcee my Smut Fests. Be on the lookout for my Las Vegas Smut Fest, where I plan to change clothes a record 17 times!"

* Not only is Diane president of the Siren's Motorcycle Club of New York, she's also a producer/director.

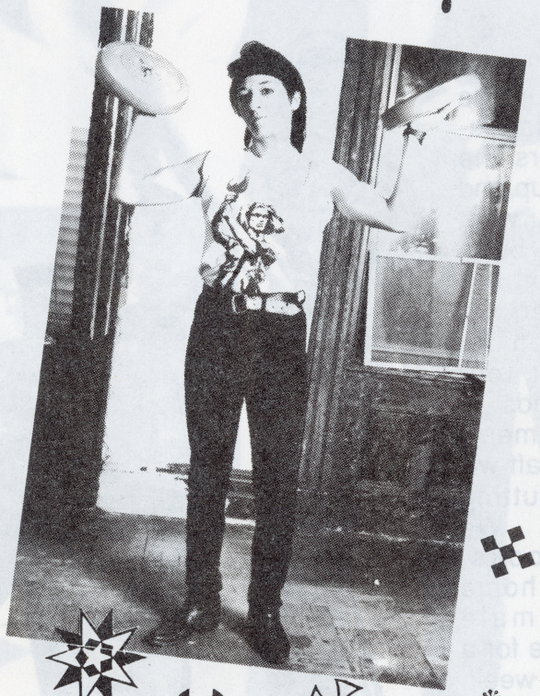
* "Planet of the Apes" is Diane's fave movie.

* What would she do if she won the lottery? "Buy an island."

* Among Diane's duties as Sirens president is collecting dues and "recruiting sluts."

* Before the name Sirens was chosen, "Pussy Patrol" and "Menstrual Cycles" were also considered.

* Diane says her latest accomplishment is paying her phone bill.



* How has Diane's life changed since she got a motorcycle? For one thing, her sex life has improved.

* Diane lives in New York City's Chelsea District - in a loft!

* The Sirens have one groupie who goes after all of the 41 members, reveals Diane.

* Diane admits to a rivalry with the women's motorcycle club of Boston. "They're politically correct; we're not."

* Diane's quote: "Letting go gives you the power to move and be moved."

* Diane is a lesbian who sleeps with women!

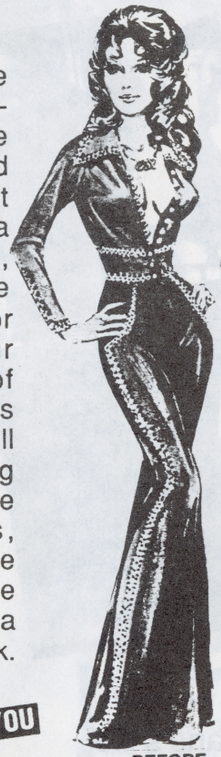
FROM WOMAN TO MAN

AT THE TRANSFORMATION INN

Treat yourself to a unique experience. A change-away weekend offers the opportunity to dress up and become the man you want to be. Whether it be a serviceman, playboy, hardhat, or whatever, we can make it happen for you. Check out our boutique for all kinds of men's wear in women's sizes. Our expert staff will assist you in putting together your look. We also offer books, videotapes, and home courses in male impersonation. Come for a day, a weekend, or a week.

GUARANTEED TO WORK FOR YOU

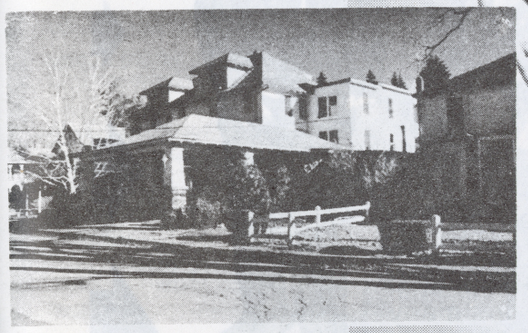
OR YOUR MONEY BACK



BEFORE

AFTER

Ever thought of yourself as a burly construction worker, wielding your large power tools? Here, our founder "Buddy" featues a rugged look.



THE TRANSFORMATION INN

"Buddy" and "Mr. Steve" look over an applicant to our advanced gender reassignment program. Hmmm, looks like this one will need a lot of work.





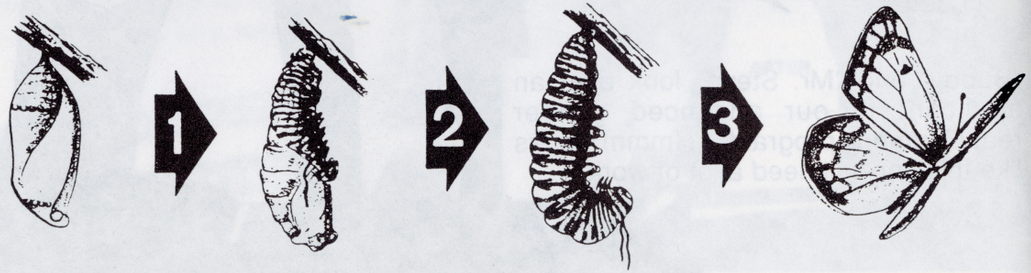
Many of our clients choose our "Basic Training" weekend, which culminates in a "Leave Party" complete with "U.S.O. Show."







A former client, "Professor Lefarge" has been so successful at male impersonation that "he" has appeared on London's West End in many Shakespearean roles. Now he has joined our staff as vocal coach.



Photos by Andé Whyland





After your transformation into an elegant gentleman, you will don your smoking jacket and join the other gentlemen in the drawing room for a martini, shaken, not stirred. "Mr. Steve" is always ready to whip up a pitcher of martinis.

lesbian switchboard



Model: Katie Crocodile
Photo: Ande Whyland

One of the most important services to the lesbian community is the Lesbian Switchboard, where knowledgeable operators dispense vital information to both native New Yorkers and out-of-towners. What follows is a transcript of a typical call to the Switchboard.

Operator: Hello, Lesbian Switchboard, may I help you?

Caller: Yes, I'm in town for a couple of weeks and I was wondering if you could tell me some things to do.

O: Sure, of course there are so many things happening for dykes in New York, I hardly know where to start. Let's see, tonight is Monday. There's a wet t-shirt contest at "Stogies", the Sappho League Tractor Pull Championship at the Center; that should be good. And there's a nude -go-go be-in at "The Crystal Quilt"; they have that every week. It's quite educational.

C: It's so hard to choose, I'll have to make it to at least two of these events. What's happening tomorrow?

O: Well, I have a handbill here from "Tapestry". It says "Tapestry - a women's dance bar presents 'Sweatin' to the Oldies'".

C: Hmm, that sounds too much like where I come from. What else do you have?

O: How about Trance Channeling Happy Hour with 25 cent Schnapps at "Birds of a Feather"?

C: That sounds like a bargain. I can't believe there are so many fun things to do. Where I come from there's nothing.

O: Where are you from?

C: I live in Vermont and I work at a 7-11. All us dykes work at 7-11 or the Shell station next door. We don't have any gay bars near-by but I have parties at my trailer a lot.

O: Oh really? What are your parties like?

C: Oh you know, we play Yahtzee and strip poker...

O: I see, and when you're playing strip poker, do you usually wind up having to take your clothes off? In other words, if you were playing strip poker right now and had to remove a piece of your clothing, what does your underwear look like?

C: Uh, what?

O: Oh. Never mind. OK, on Wednesday there's the Drag King Singles of Westchester Computer Dance at "The Lonely Bull"; oh, and there's the All-Star Celebrity Roast for Dolly Parton at "Boots, Bras and Girdles". That's by invitation only but I have some passes and could be persuaded to give you one.

C: That would be great...

O: Of course for an event like that you would have to be well-dressed, and I mean everything has to be just right. For instance, I'll be wearing a powder blue silk teddy with black French lace trim.

C: Well, I won't because I don't even know what that is.

O: You know on Thursday there's the grand reopening of "Chap and Rusty's Disco," a legendary posh establishment on the Lower East Side. And they have something which you should find particularly interesting, the Non-Stop Strip Lounge which will feature foxy lesbian strippers taking it all off at all times. Speaking of which, when you play strip poker, do you strip down to nothing or do you just go down to your foundation garments? Because I liked it better when the strippers used to go down to a g-string and pasties, much like the silver lame g-string I'm wearing right now...with my black fishnet stockings and my six-inch heels, do you know what I mean?

C: I'm starting to get your message...

O: Now on Fridays there's "Club Feelings" at Zum Edelweiss, which features male impersonators interpreting classic Broadway show tunes and has a massage parlor in the back. But this Friday the place to be is the Flygirl Mansion for the Flygirl Magazine Beaver Hunt and Talent Search.

C: Oh, isn't Flygirl Magazine the one that has pictures of sexy dykes in provocative poses? I've heard of that.

O: That's right, and they use these parties to uncover new talent. It's important to wear nice foundation garments for this party.

C: Wow, all the wonderful variety of things for lesbians to do in New York is mind boggling. I don't know what to do first.

O: First you should go shopping! I'm getting off work here in half an hour so why don't you meet me at "The Bizarre Bazaar" on Delancy Street in one hour? I'll be the one in the spiked leather collar...



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Madame Doreatha's Dollhouse



PHOTOS BY ANDÉ WHYLAND

Set by Van Gregory & Norton

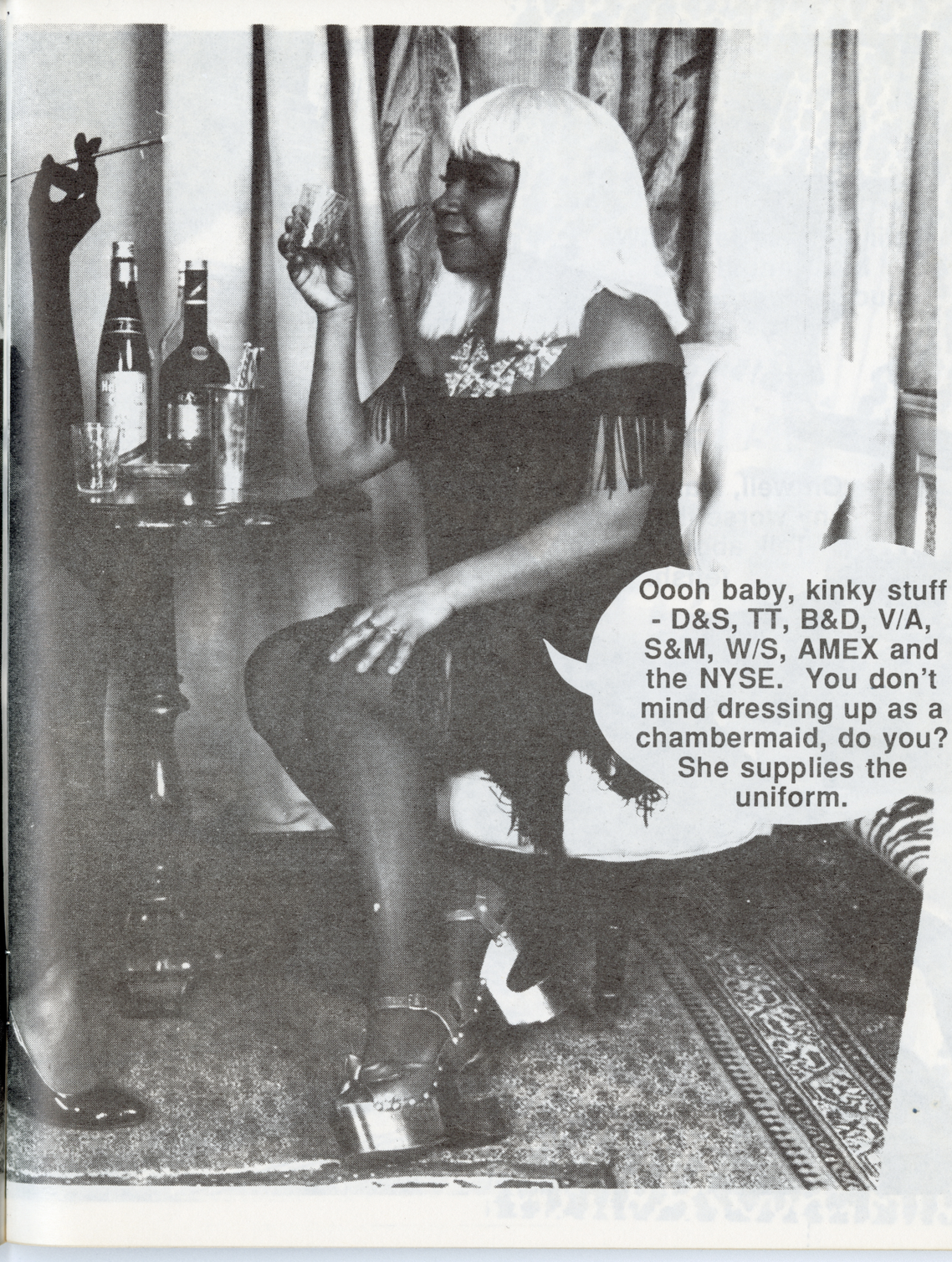
Clothing & Earrings: Alfredo Viloria

Models: Doreatha Hirsch, Susan MacLeod

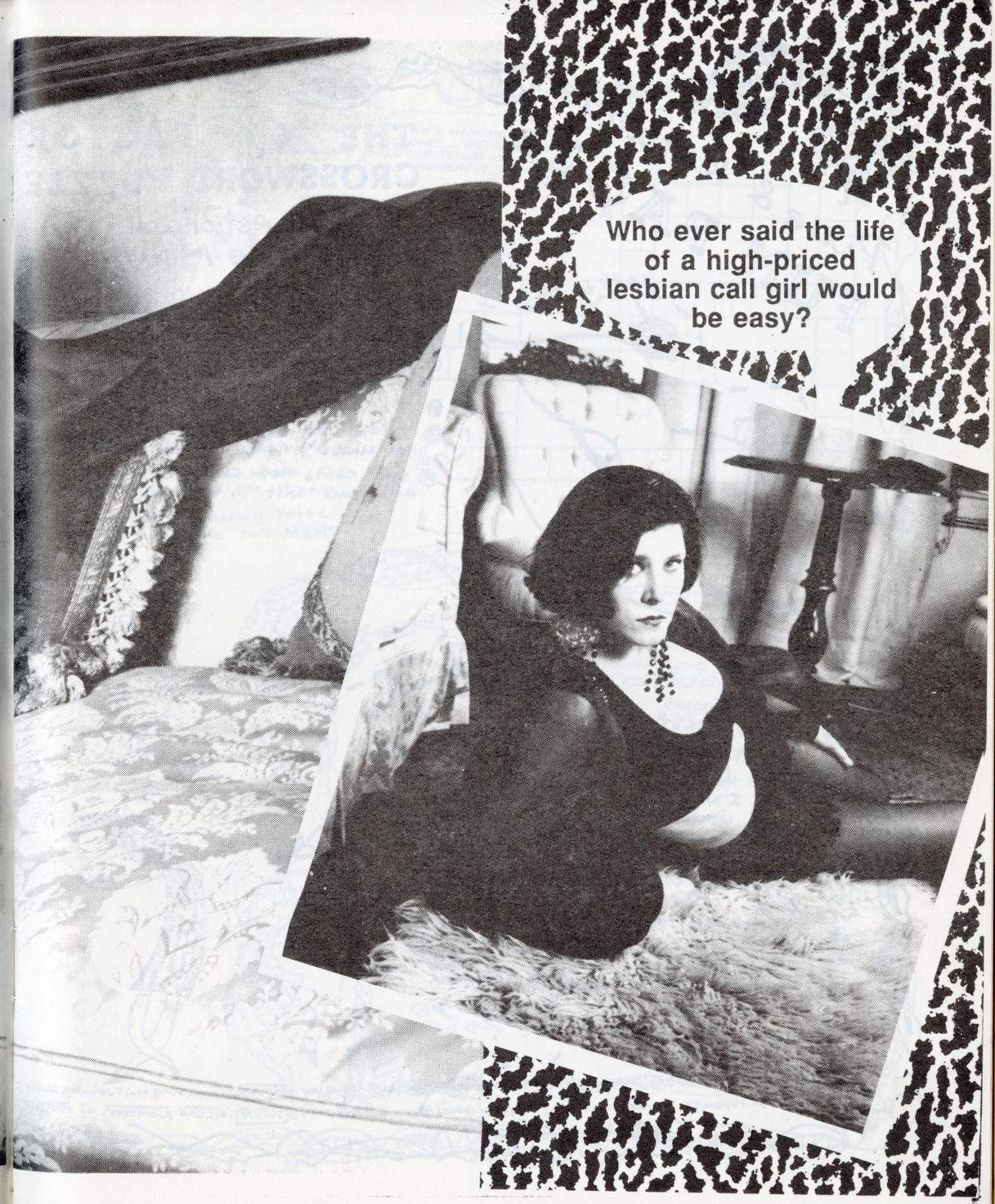
Necklace: Einstein's

Make-Up: Randy Rattray


Hello Ivana, have I got a girl for you!
What's this Mrs. Trump into anyways?


Oooh baby, kinky stuff - D&S, TT, B&D, V/A, S&M, W/S, AMEX and the NYSE. You don't mind dressing up as a chambermaid, do you? She supplies the uniform.


Oh well, Ivana can't be any worse than Imelda. Talk about a shoe fetish.

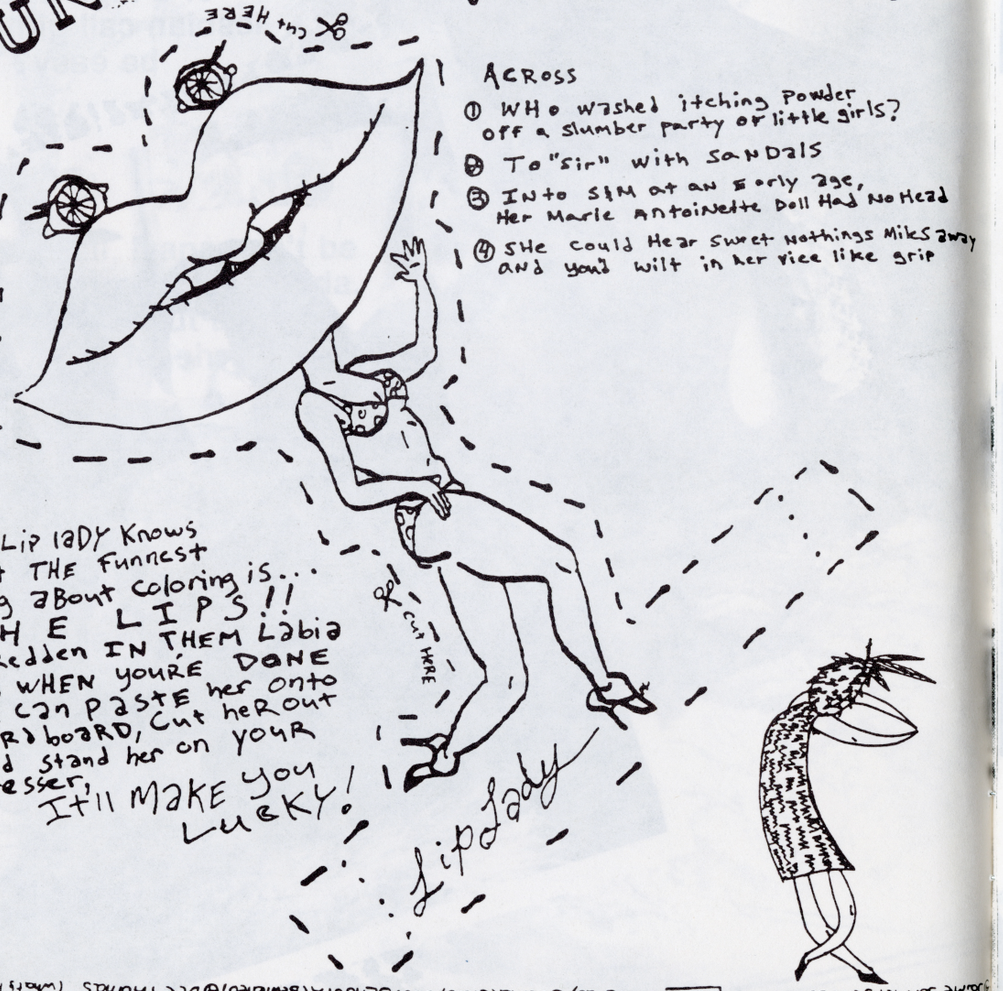

Who ever said the life of a high-priced lesbian call girl would be easy?

Pixie & Katrina's FUN PAGES

THE 'Q' FACTOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

our topic: Questionable TV Role-Models!





THE LIP LADY KNOWS WHAT THE FUNNEST THING ABOUT COLORING IS... T H E L I P S !! SO REDDEN IN THEM LABIA AND WHEN YOURE DONE YOU CAN PASTE HER ONTO CARDBOARD, CUT HER OUT AND STAND HER ON YOUR DRESSER, IT'LL MAKE YOU LUCKY!

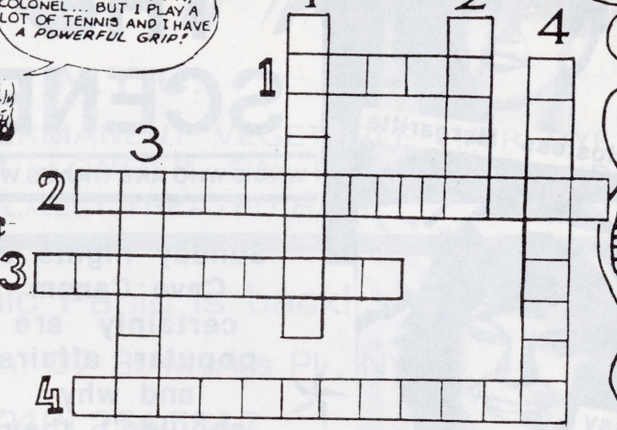
Across

1. WHO WASHED ITCHING POWDER OFF A SLUMBER PARTY OF LITTLE GIRLS?
2. TO "SIR" WITH SANDALS
3. IN TO SIM AT AN EARLY AGE, HER MARIE ANTOINETTE DOLL HAD NO HEAD
4. SHE COULD HEAR SWEET NOTHINGS MILES AWAY AND YOU'D WILT IN HER VICE LIKE GRIP

Down

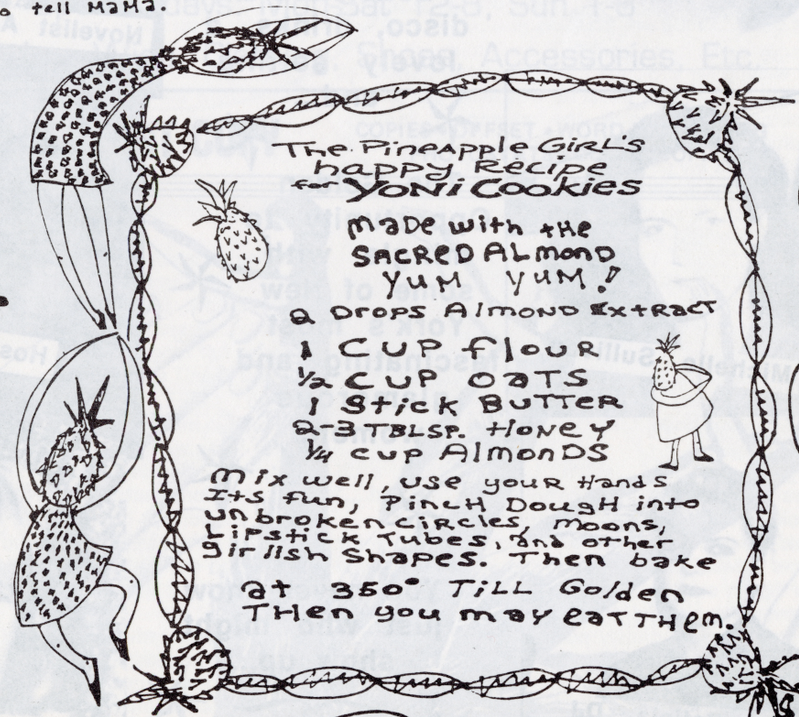
1. THIS BAD GIRL WORE A JET BLACK WIG AND WRECKED THE FAMILY PICTURE WITH HER BIKE
2. SHE WOULDVE EATEN SCOOBY SNAX TO BE DAPHNES DUTCH PLUG.
3. NAMED AFTER A MOON, SHE MADE DERWOOD SEE STARS.
4. SHE HAD A HUSKY VOICE AND LOVED TO TELL MAMA.







COLOR THE FISH!



The Pineapple Girl's happy recipe for YONI Cookies

MADE WITH THE SACRED ALMOND YUM YUM!

2 DROPS ALMOND EXTRACT
1 CUP FLOUR
½ CUP OATS
1 STICK BUTTER
2-3 TBLSP. HONEY
¼ CUP ALMONDS

MIX WELL, USE YOUR HANDS ITS FUN, PINCH DOUGH INTO UNBROKEN CIRCLES, MOONS, LIPSTICK TUBES, AND OTHER GIRLISH SHAPES. THEN BAKE AT 350° TILL GOLDEN THEN YOU MAY EAT THEM.

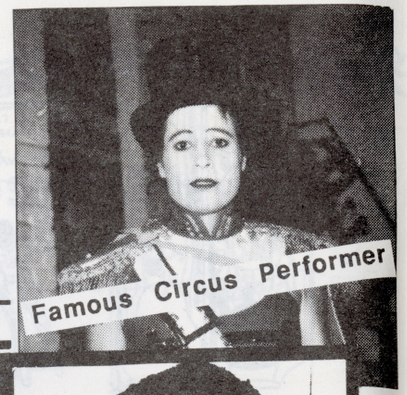
Solutions to CROSSWORD PUZZLE: ACROSS ① Alice (Brady Bunch) ② Peppermint Patty (Charlie Brown Specials) ③ Wednesday (Addams Family) ④ Jaime Sommers (The Bionic Woman) DOWN ① Jan Brady ② Velma (Scooby Doo) ③ Endora (Bewitched) ④ Dee Thomas (What's Happening)

ON THE SCENE

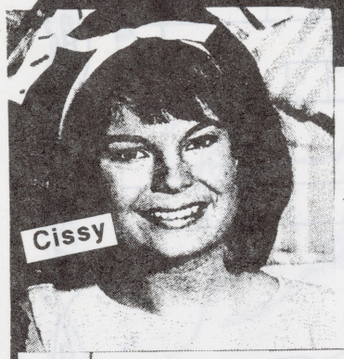
WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT



Hostess Margaritte



Famous Circus Performer



Cissy

Sunday nights at Cave Canem certainly are popular affairs and why shouldn't they be...There's disco, drinks, a lovely setting and...

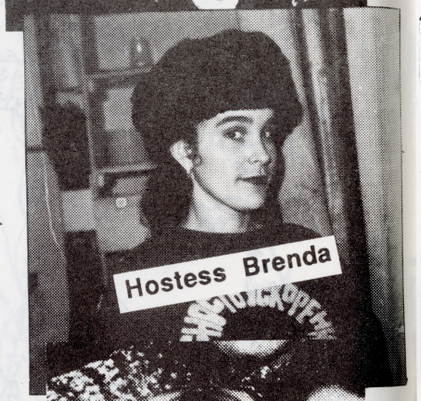


Novelist Agatha Christie



Michelle Sullivan

The Golden Opportunity to mingle with some of New York's most fascinating and glamorous women.

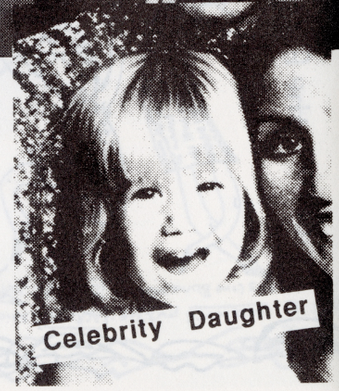


Hostess Brenda



Marlow Palleja, DJ

You never know just who might show up...



Celebrity Daughter

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N.Y.C.

THIS IS A SEMI-PERMANENT VEGETABLE HAIR DYE WHICH CAN LAST LONGER ON BLEACHED AND CHEMICALLY TREATED HAIR.

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SCORPIA

THE TEENAGE DYKE WITCH

Story by Jill Dearman

Artwork by Brian McCormack



Friday Night. 10pm. Cafe Vivaldi.

I was waiting for E.B., my best friend and partner in justifiable evil, and as usual he was late. But on this particular night I had the strangest feeling. Something bad was going to happen. I was sure of it. I tried to focus my psychic energies, and visualize the danger. I was working myself up into a frenzy and was about to do an interpretive dance to release my anxiety, when E.B. walked in.

"Hi,Scorp..."

"WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG? FOR GOD'S SAKE, TELL MEEEE!!!" I screamed, crumbling into a feverish heap, rubbing chocolate cheesecake on my face to cool down.

E.B. grabbed my wrist and felt for my pulse, then asked, "How many espressos have you had?"

"10...12...what does it matter? Just tell me what's wrong!"

"Allright. Allright. It's Liza - your arch nemesis...she's at the Cubbyhole right now and...," he took my hand and said, "It's not pretty."

He told me that Liza had been hitting on the girl of my dreams - Mimi DeRouxs...Derus...actually I could never figure out her last name, so I just called her what everyone else did, "Mimi D."

Liza and I had absolutely nothing in common...other than our taste in women. We both had a weakness for go-go girls with hearts of gold. And I knew how relentless Liza could be. All 220 pounds of her.

"Allright E.B.," I said knowing we had to take action. "Let's go."

10:15 pm. Outside The Cubby.

"Let me go inside first. You wait here," E.B. said.

"Why? I can handle it."

"Goddammit, Scorp...do you really WANT to go in there unprepared? Do you honestly WANT to see Liza sticking her tongue down that pretty little girl's throat? Do you WANT to watch her stroke her perky..."

'OKAY! I GET IT! STOP! You can go first. I'll wait out here in misery."

While I was waiting for E.B. to do his detective work, I realized something. Perhaps it was the urgency of the situation, perhaps the dozen espressos, but I knew for sure at that moment that I was head over heels in love with Mimi D. And I did not care what I needed to do, but I swore to myself I would not allow anyone - least of all Liza - to sully my glorious go-go girl.

"Well?" I asked when E.B. came out.

"Let's go," he said, hailing a cab.

"I guess we've got to cast a spell," I said, as we headed East to my apartment.

"We've got two spells to cast, E. B. - One for you and one for me."

11pm. Scorpia's Lair.

Not only was Liza hitting on Mimi D., E.B. explained. She was also badmouthing both of us.

"She saw ME, Scorpia, and she called me 'Eunuch Boy.' She said I was your flunky...a 'Diesel Weasel.'" Those were harsh words. And everyone who knew E.B. knew his initials stood for "Erotic Boy." Although sometimes when my Jewish roots got the best of me, I would call him E.G. - Erotic Goy.

"AND," he continued. "There was this really cute guy there named Jimmy, who I've liked for awhile...and Liza placed all of her hugeness directly in between us. We couldn't even look at each other."

"Yes, she is HUGE," I agreed. "Now wait...who is this Jimmy character?"

"You know," E.B. said, blushing. "That dancer with the tattoo of Sal Mineo on his back. E.B. had a weakness for tormented bad boys.

"I've got a spell in mind," I said. "Shall we invoke?"

"You're the Concoctress...let's do it. I assume we'll be needing these..."

Always one step ahead, E.B. had already gotten a hair from Liza's horrible head, a piece of fringe from her jacket and a few drops of her sweat on a napkin. So, with Sashimi (my familiar) there to aid us we cast a spell to make Liza disappear. Not permanently. We hadn't perfected that yet. But, through this spell, Liza would suddenly have to leave - perhaps for several days. And that would surely give us enough time to ensnare our delicious scopes.

An Hour Later...

"Thank you Spirits of the North, South , East and West for protecting our Circle and..."

"Oh no! Scorp!" E.B. yelled.

"What is it?"

"We forgot one important detail...the nail clippings."

"Shit. Well...there's nothing we can do now...and honestly, that spell felt very powerful. I think it might've had enough force even without the clippings..." At least I hoped so.

12:30 a.m. Back At The Cubby.

Miracle of miracles. Mimi D. and Jimmy/Sal Mineo were at the bar talking to each other...and there was no trace of Liza. E.B. and I exchanged victorious smiles. As we started to squeeze through the crowd to talk to them, I suddenly felt nervous...allright-terrified.

"Is it my imagination," E.B. asked. "Or is everyone at this bar tonight ABSOLUTELY HORRIFYING?" It wasn't his imagination. Where were the regulars? The friendly faces? On this particular night, Hudson Street seemed cloaked in a blanked of evil. And then we saw her coming out of the bathroom...

"Well. Well. Well. E.B. and Scorpia..how unimpressive!"

"Hello, Liza. I thought I smelled a spent, dirty, sour-breathed piece of..."

"That's it! That's enough! You need to be taught a lesson..." Liza hollered, grabbing my scarf.

"Gulp!"

"SCORP!"

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

A beeper was going off somewhere. Was my time on this Earth truly up?

"Jesus," Liza said, shutting off the beeper in her pocket. "How could she be back from Guam already? She's not supposed to come back for another week!"

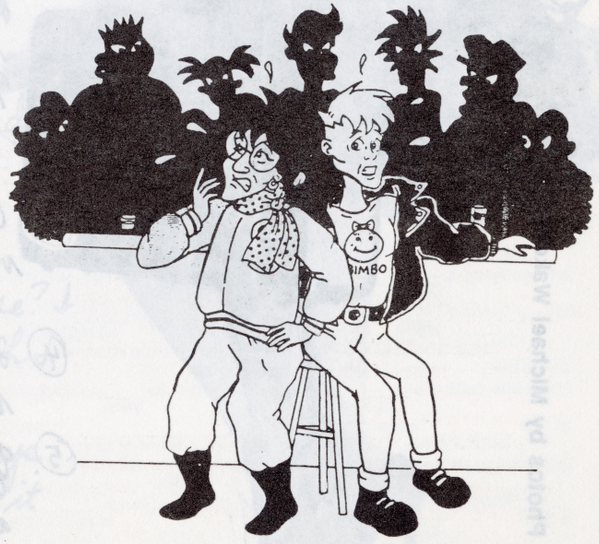
"She" was Liza's longtime lover, a girl named Spider...who was even larger than Liza.

"Okay," Liza said. "You're off the hook...for now. But I'll be back."

But E.B. and I weren't worried. Spider would keep Liza barefoot and in the bedroom for awhile. I knew how Bottom she was on the inside.

And in the meantime, E.B. and I had more important things to take care of...

The End (for now)





Photos by Michael Wakefield

Beauty Tips

by Natasha Shulman

(1) Leave the city any time you can. Call your friends in Montana, pack your bags and leave immediately. Bring one small suitcase or hatbox – of course everyone likes to travel differently.

(2) Take long perfumed baths. Be kind to the self. Every week is be-kind-to-self week. When all else fails: Vodka. (I'm just kidding.)

(3) Always smell the flowers. Go to vegetable stands and smell them there.

(4) If you think well of people it will help your attitude.

(5) Yoga is like being a mermaid again.

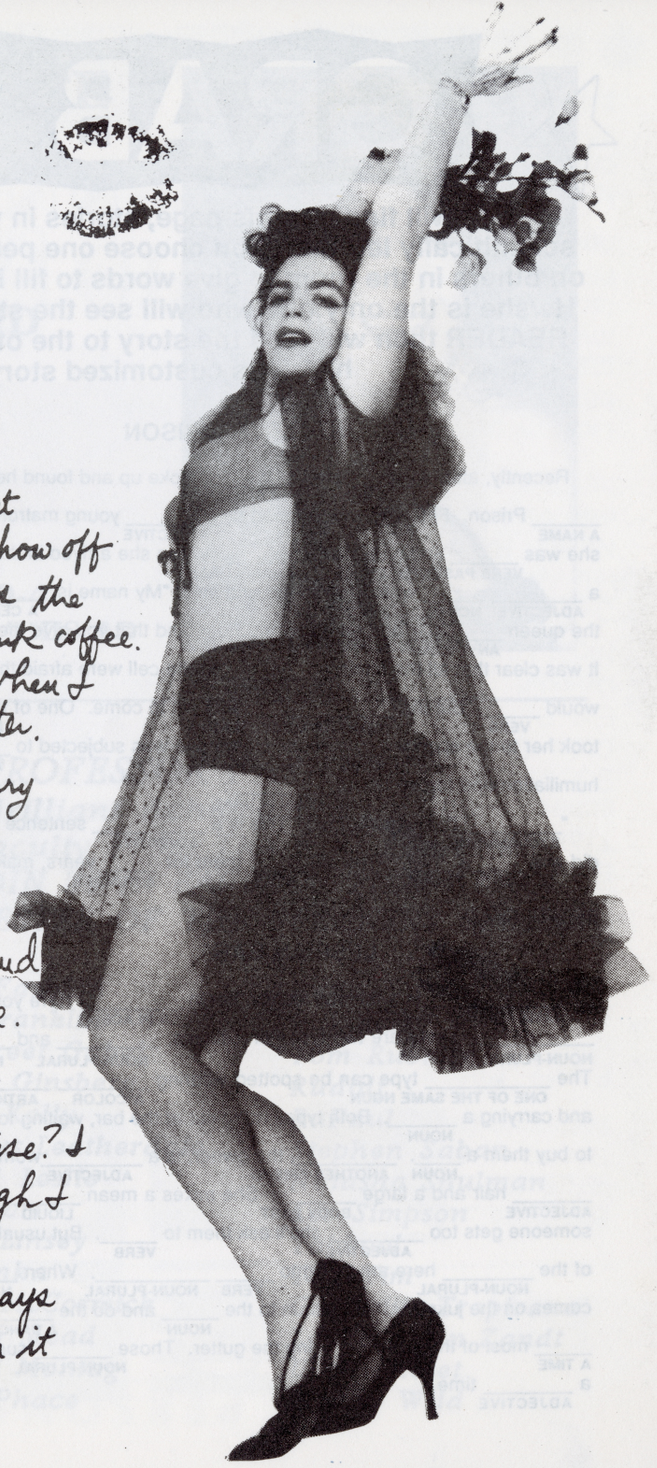
(6) When I'm feeling blue: I get dressed up. I go out. I show off a new outfit. I go across the street to Life Cafe. I drink coffee. I dance on the tabletop. When I get home I feel much better.

(7) True or false? Both raspberry leaf and champagne help induce a period. True.

(8) For clear skin don't use mud from Tompkins Square Park. I get mine from the river.

(9) Who do I admire health-wise? I think the Dali Lama although I don't know him that well.

(10) Being a B+ blood type I always think "be positive." To sum it all up: B+!



GRAB BAG

You will find, on this page, stories in which key words have been scientifically left out. You choose one person, the READER, who will call on others in the room to give words to fill in the blank spaces as indicated. He/she is the only one who will see the story before it is completed. The READER then will read the story to the others in the room, resulting in a hilarious customized story of lesbian life.

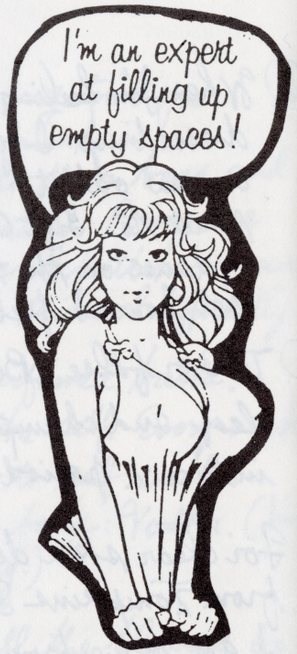
WOMEN'S PRISON

Recently, after a _____ (A VICE) binge, _____ (A FRIEND) woke up and found herself in _____ (A NAME) Prison. First she was stripped by _____ (ADJECTIVE) young matrons, then she was _____ (VERB PAST TENSE) and sprayed for _____ (NOUN-PLURAL). When she arrived in the _____ (NOUN) tank, a _____ (ADJECTIVE) _____ (NOUN) walked up to her and said, "My name is _____ (A CELEBRITY). I'm the queen _____ (AN ANIMAL) around here, and I demand that you give me _____ (NOUN-PLURAL)." It was clear that all the other _____ (NOUN-PLURAL) in the cell were afraid the queen would _____ (VERB). But the _____ (ADJECTIVE-SUPERLATIVE) was yet to come. One of the _____ (NOUN-PLURAL) took her to the special _____ (NOUN) room, where she was subjected to _____ (ADJECTIVE) humiliation and forced to eat _____ (NOUN-PLURAL).

"_____ (EXCLAMATION)!", she screamed, "This is a _____ (ADJECTIVE) sentence when all I did was _____ (VERB) a _____ (NOUN). She will _____ (VERB) there for _____ (A NUMBER) years, making _____ (NOUN-PLURAL).

LESBIAN BAR

_____ (NAME FOR BAR OR CLUB) is a famous lesbian bar in _____ (A PLACE). Here you can meet _____ (NOUN-PLURAL). There are two types of lesbians, _____ (NOUN-PLURAL) and _____ (NOUN-PLURAL). The _____ (ONE OF THE SAME NOUN) type can be spotted wearing _____ (A COLOR) _____ (ARTICLE OF CLOTHING) and carrying a _____ (NOUN). Both types hang out at the bar, waiting for _____ (A FRIEND) to buy them a _____ (NOUN). _____ (ANOTHER FRIEND), the owner, is a _____ (ADJECTIVE) woman with _____ (ADJECTIVE) hair and a large _____ (BODY PART). She mixes a mean _____ (LIQUID). When someone gets too _____ (ADJECTIVE), she'll ask them to _____ (VERB). But usually most of the _____ (NOUN-PLURAL) here are trying to _____ (VERB) _____ (NOUN-PLURAL). When _____ (NAME OF SONG) comes on the jukebox, they all run to the _____ (NOUN) and do the _____ (A DANCE). By _____ (A TIME) most of them are _____ (VERB)ing the gutter. Those _____ (NOUN-PLURAL) sure know a _____ (ADJECTIVE) time.



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Sister Dimension
Ethyl Eichelberger
Mrs. Fashion
Joe Franklin
Sukhreet Gabel
Allen Ginsberg
John Kelly
Marcus Leatherdale
David Leslie
Al Lewis
Arto Linsey
Lypsinka
Carlo McCormick
Taylor Mead
Haoui Montag
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Bill Rice
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PERSONALS

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Pretty Pansy with a flabby figure, a feminine disposition, and a preference for flowery pantsuits, available for pleasingly plump partners to fulfil freaky fantasies. Box 617.

The next meeting of F.E.M. (Fat Effeminate Men) will be held at the Jolly Troll Smorgasbord House. Our schedule: 6:00 - Ice Cream Drinks Social Hour; 7:00 - Meeting, Topic: Cake Decorating; 8:00 - All You Can Eat Buffet; 9:00 - Taffy Pull: 10:00 - Dessert; 11:00 - Lambada Dancing All Night Long.

Open Audition for "Chuckie", a television movie based on the Charles Nelson Reilly story. Roles available for one limp-wristed flamer and six hunky hustlers. Good pay. Box 1117.

Lick my pink pointed cowboy boots, you butch scumbag! Dominant fem seeks macho men to bully. Unless you kiss my pinky ring, let me kick sand in your face, and carry my frilly shoulder bag, I'll tell your mommy you're a fag! Write now or I'll just spit! Box 1609

Mama Cass impersonator wants to eat chicken sandwiches in bed with special someone. No mascs. or skinnies please.

You: 500 lb. tub of lard who ordered triple banana split at Bdwy Dairy Queen. Me: 400 lb. fatty standing in line behind you. We exchanged glances as you waddled into me attempting to get by. Want to get together for some more belly rubbing? Box 900.

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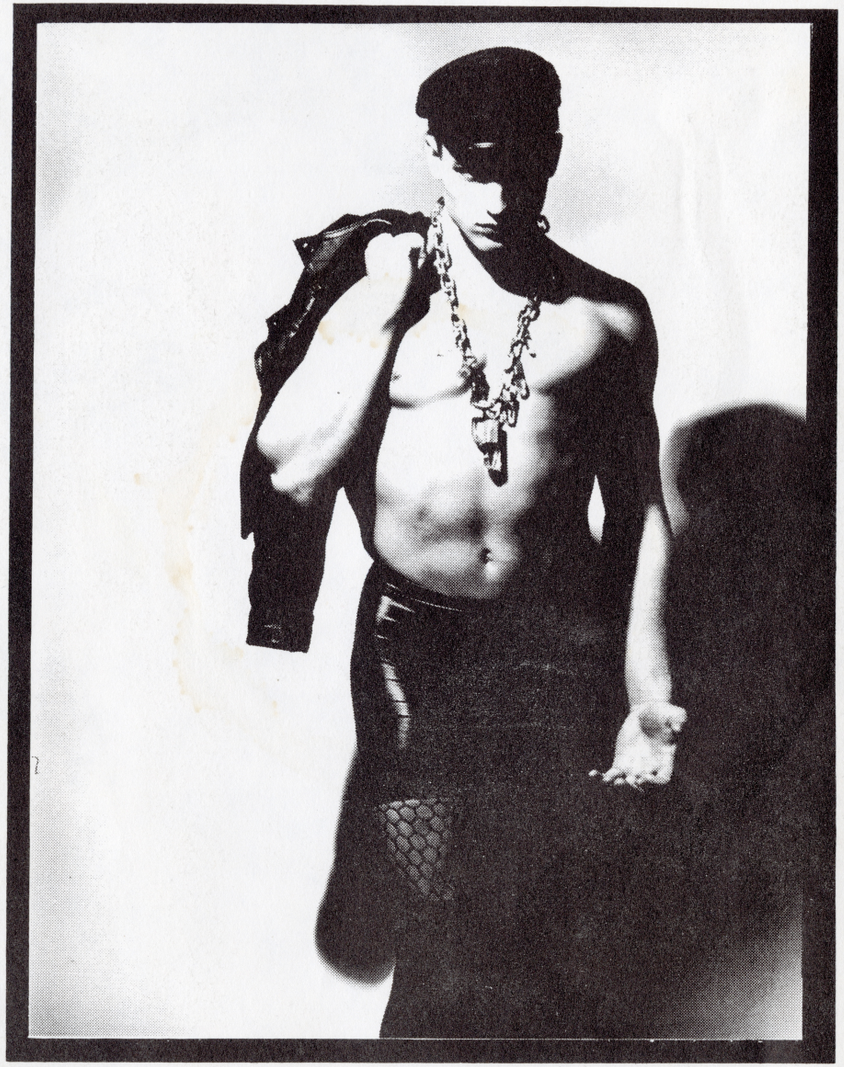
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MY COMRADE

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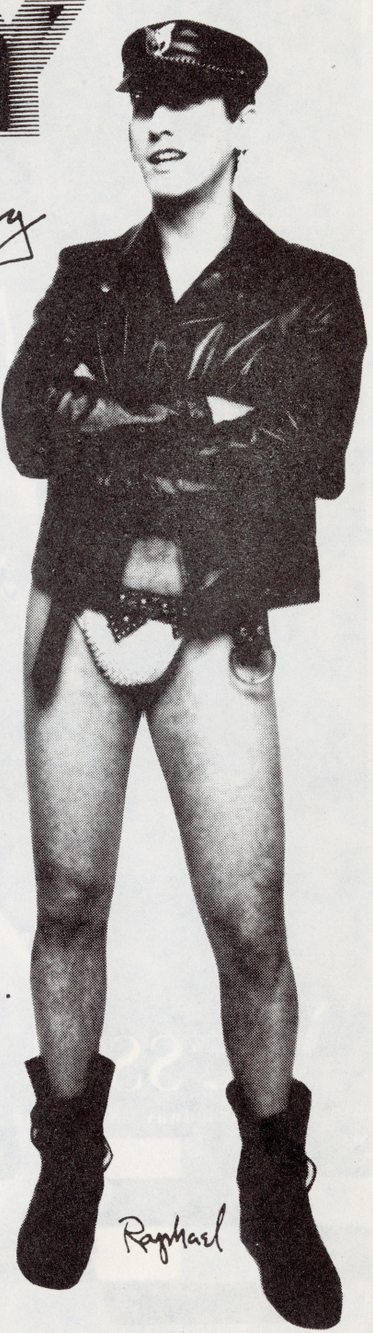
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GAY



It's about loving yourself and other gay people and being brave and silly and smart. It's being one of the chosen few to take a great and glorious path. Who needs drugs when you're Gay?

Linda



Raphael

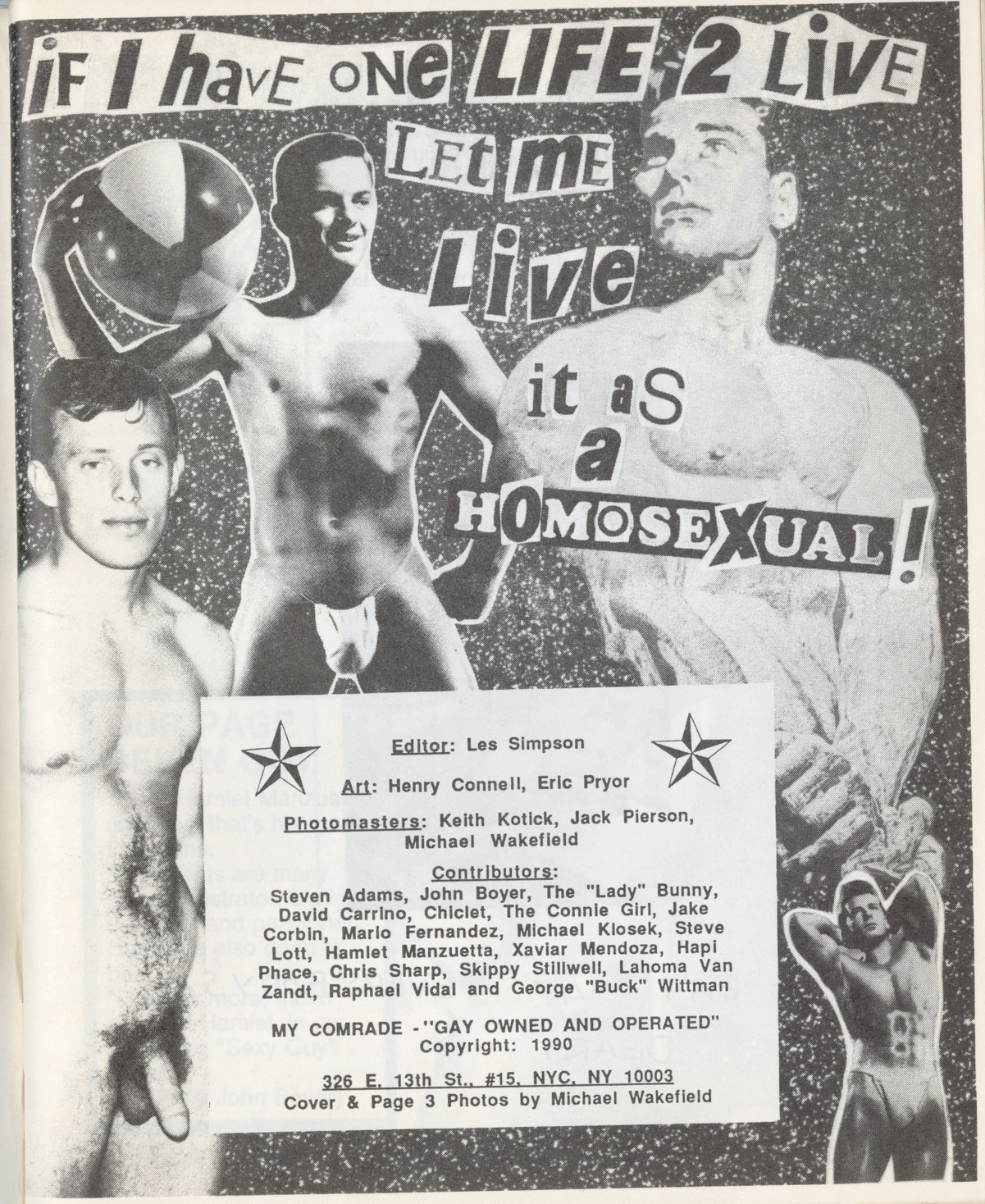


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April 5-28, 1990

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MY COMRADE - "GAY OWNED AND OPERATED"

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Cover & Page 3 Photos by Michael Wakefield

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LETS EAT AT EVERYBODY'S

DEAR:



OUR PAGE SEVEN GUY

*Meet Hamlet Manzuetta, and, yes, that's his real first name.

*His talents are many. A skilled illustrator, clothing designer and performer, Hamlet is also good in bed.

*Look for more, much more, of Hamlet, in our upcoming "Sexy Guy" issue.

(Photo by John Boyer)

THE WORLD OF MY COMRADE

Service with a Smile . . .

A happy 85th birthday goes out to **Miss. Petunia Fink**, supervisor of our Correspondence Department, who so skillfully handles the enormous amount of mail addressed to MY COMRADE. She reminds our readers that letters which include nude photos or large amounts of money receive preferential treatment over poetry contributions. She also urges readers to keep their letters under fifty words as she is often tired and can't read for very long. For a gift we presented **Petunia** with a new assistant - **Thor,** a six-foot muscular Swede whose responsibilities will include stamp licking. "You've made me very happy," smiled **Petunia**.

Jim S. of San Francisco writes: *"How many issues of MY COMRADE have there been? Are there any back issues available?"*
This is the seventh issue of MY COMRADE but the only back copies available are the Summer '89 Gay Sex Issue (Due to a clerical error we were delivered an extra 300,000). If you would like one please send $5.
Actually we receive so many requests for back issues we probably will reprint all of them sometime in the future. Especially in demand is the issue which featured a leather clad **Lady Bunny** and a German Shepard named **Fido**.

S. Erik and **D. Hunter** of NYC write: *"You have created what the magazine was meant to be. What the beautiful people (Gays & Lesbians) of this world should expect to read."*
And we especially enjoyed this gem: *"Your article on NAMBLA (The North American Man Boy Love Association) was quite informative. My little friend, **Billy**, enjoyed it too. - Much love, **Father Ritter**."*

Party Time!

Figures prominent in art, social and fashion circles mingled for drinks and dancing in the beautifully decorated Taller Latinoamericano community center for the recent MY COMRADE and SISTER! Magazine teadance benefit. The evening was capped by an avant-garde Valentine's Day fashion show and a good-natured "Best Butt" contest.
The day before the party was a whirlwind of activity as **Matt Marcus**, **Lisa Lederer**, **Paul Kakushky**, **Steve Stillwell**, **Dany Johnson**, **Ande Whyland**, **Steven Broadway**, **Stephen Tashjian**, **Mario Fernandez** and **Les Simpson** transformed the center into a Valentine's Day wonderland. Illustrations of hunky guys and sexy gals by **George Wittman** and **Steven Broadway** were hung from the rafters with care in hope that hundreds of flaming homosexuals soon would be there.
And sure enough the next day they arrived in droves greeted by doorstuds **Tommie Saeli** and **Bob Gallagher**. In came author **Sarah Schulman**, columnist **Michael Musto**, party promoter **Chip Duckett**, Pan Am flight attendent **Bonnie Lau**, artists **Zoe Leonard** and **Robert Gober**, disc jockey **Sister Dimension**, **Diane Mele** - president of the Sirens Motorcycle Club, **Robert Garcia** of ACT-UP, **Michelangelo Signorile** of Outweek, **Pam Kushner** from the popular TV show, "Behind The Velvet Ropes," and even an entire camera crew from the Gay Cable Network.
The first event was a gala fashion show with the models each supplying their own unique outfits. The superstar line up: **Natasha Shulman**, **Little Whitney**, **Juan Botas**, **Tabboo!**, **Albert Crudo**, **Paul "It Takes Guts To Be Such Trash In Front Of Your Friends" Kakushky**, **Dee Finley**, **V**, **RuPaul**, **Lahoma Van Zandt**, **David Dalrymple**, **Mitzi** and **Chloe**, **YoYo**, **Steven Broadway** and **"Hank."** Then it was back to disco action with DJ **Dany Johnson**, photo fun with **Ande Whyland**, coatcheck mania with **Tabboo!** and **Sebastian**, and cocktail adventures wtih bartenders **Claire Connors**, **Lisa Lederer**, **David Dalrymple** and the always popular **Carlos Jimenez**.
Later the Best Butt contest was judged by performer **Sukhreet Gabel**, MY COMRADE Centerfold **Aner Candelario** (who was presented with a Best Butt Lifetime Achievement Award) and author **Roslyn Dane** ("The Assistance of Vice"). The winners: SISTER! covergirl **YoYo Disco** for the girls and **George Wittman** for the guys who received the most audience applause when the event went into a tie breaker situation. The winners each received brunch at Everybody's Restaurant (31 Second Avenue, Yummy!), a MY COMRADE t-shirt and a year's supply of Dermacare butt softening lotion.
The party's nursery staff deserves a big thank you for all their extra help - It seems a lot more NAMBLA members brought their "dates" than expected.
It was a delightful gay-love-and-unity fiesta at its finest and even as party-goers kissed and hugged each other farewell they eagerly anticipated the next time they could all be together again.



P.S. The SISTER! party held at MY COMRADE headquarters earlier in the year was also a smash success with women from far away as Germany, Finland and Hoboken, New Jersey in attendence. By the way, does anyone know the best way to get rid of motorcycle track stains from shag carpeting?
Gosh, so much fun stuff has been happening lately. Is anyone writing all this down? Oh yeah, we are...

AROUND & ABOUT

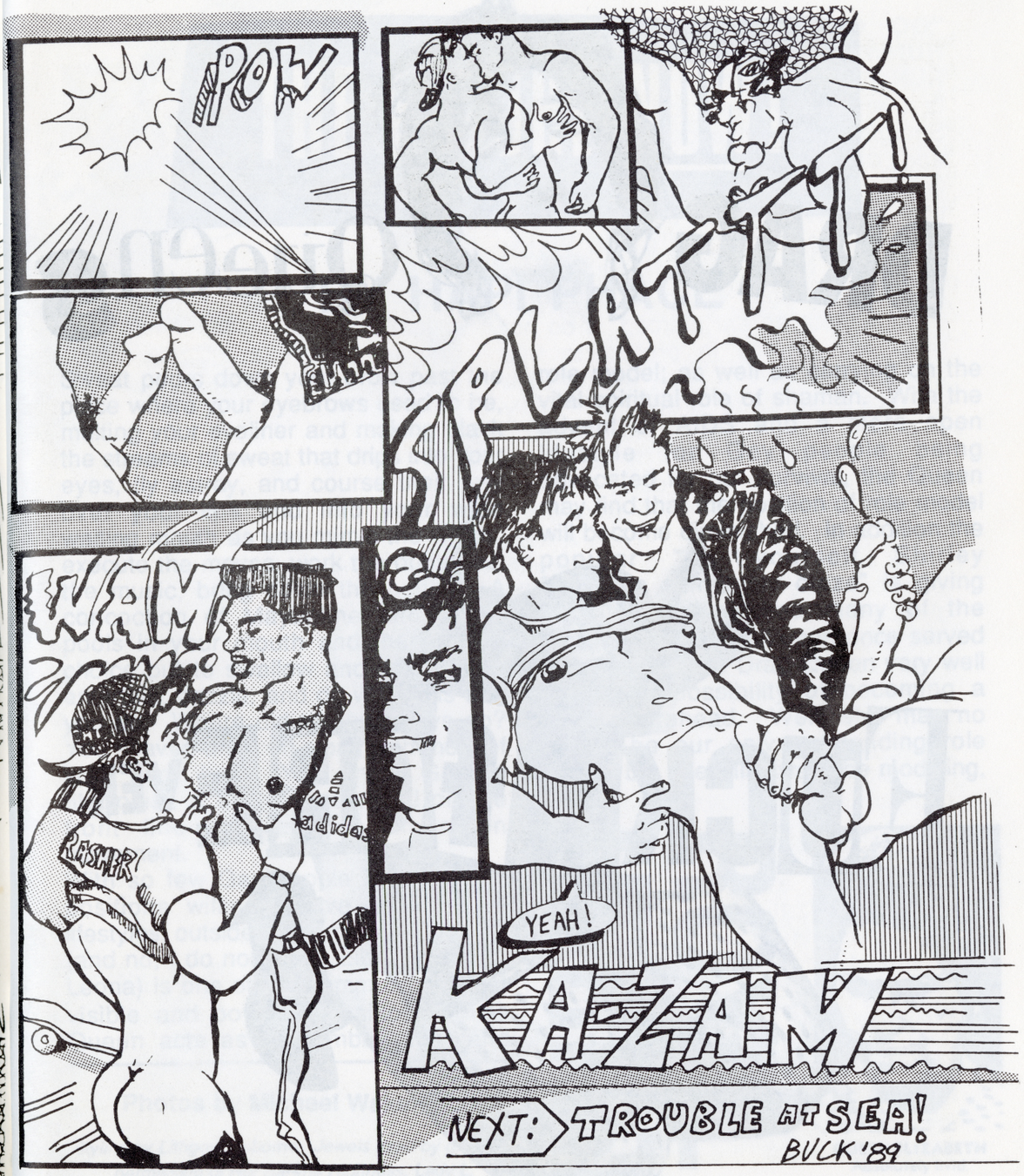
If trashy black drag queen humor tickles your rib than Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine is a must read. Published by the Afro Sisters, the popular L.A. singing group, and named after one of their most stunning members, the magazine is chock full of juicy observations about the "critical times of which we live." Outrageous Hollywood gossip by staffmembers **Beaulah Love**, **Clitoris Turner**, **Fertile** and Editor **Vaginal Davis** is the magazine's specialty, like the latest on the volatile **Rob Lowe-Andrew McCarthy** romance, the lesbian antics of **Debbie Reynolds** and **Jamie Lee Curtis**, and **Robert Downey Jr's** sexual proficiency (He's a premature ejaculator says **Vag**). There's also erotic photo essays like "Famous Strippers," a guide to gay nightlife, and since she's an upfront kind of woman, plenty of highly opinionated comments by **Fertile**. Says **Fertile** about L.A.'s snootier clubs: "All these upscale people, doing their upscale thing. I'd like to get all dressed up in my Comme des Garcon, walk in with my sub-atomic machine gun and kill all the people connected with these places. Sounds mean, but somebody has to do it." Send $5 (Make all checks to **C.D. Sanders**) to 7850 Sunset Blvd., #110, LA, CA 90046 for Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine. You must see it to believe it!

Can you read the message?

The amazing contributions **Keith Haring** made on behalf of AIDS and gay causes puts our own lives in perspective. Years from now will we be able to say, "Yes, I too did much to help gay people during their greatest hour of need," or will the only memories be of fucked up nights at Club Denial?

OUR ADDRESS: MY COMRADE/SISTER!, 326 E. 13TH ST.,#15, NYC, NY 10003.


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ADVENTURES
BAM
BAM
POW
UUUHH


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SPLAT!
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NEXT: TROUBLE AT SEA!
BUCK '89

DRAG Queens



FUCK FOREVER

THE FUTURE NOW!

BY HAPI PHACE

Sweat pours down your brow past the place where your eyebrows used to be, melting your eyeliner and making black the streams of sweat that drips into your eyes, fly astray, and course their way over your lips and into your wide waiting mouth as you mimic the words, execute the moves, work the outfit, feel the music, bring down the house. A concoction of Maybeline and sweat pools in your mouth and there is no choice but to swallow and continue to entertain, dazzle, and do what it is that you do. Where did the eyebrows go? You shaved them off along with most of your body hair. You are a Gender Illusionist, a Drag Queen, and on the front line of the Gay Liberation movement.

With so few Gay people in prominent positions willing to live openly Gay lifestyles, outside of the bars, the Queen (and no, I do not mean Elizabeth II nor Leona) is one of our community's most visible and powerful positions. The Queen acts as our ambassador and role model; as well as carrying on the vital spiritual role of shaman. With the advent of AIDS and a more open lifestyle for Gay people being advocated for our survival, the Queen may find that the position of role model will become diminished. In addition the popular "do-it-yourself Shirley McClaine spirituality craze" is giving back to the masses many of the functions that the shaman once served for society. The Drag Queen very well faces the possibility of becoming a mere figurehead. Well, she may no longer be our only outstanding role model, but she will always be modeling,

Photos by Michael Wakefield

Styling by Lithgow Osborne. Jewels used by gracious permission of Her Serene Highness, Lady L.

SUPER ROYAL



QUEEN ELIZABETH
Absolutely livid.

"GO GIRL, GO! WALK THAT RUNWAY MISTER SISTER, THE RUNWAY OF LIFE!"

Is there "no future" for the Queen? Straight T.V.'s have been coming out and demanding their slice of the Gender Illusionist pie for quite some time now, evidenced in the popularity of such movies at Tootsie and Victor Victoria. Nowadays every teenager across the country would not be caught dead without an ear pierced. I do not wear ear jewelry in protest to this popular adoption of what was once a practice assigned to "QUEERS." I only wish you could imagine me as a boy teenager in the 1970's with both ears pierced (One tenth of a carot diamond chips). Ah, those were the days when shock value came easy. Why, a man could shock a whole hemisphere with just some foundation, eyeliner and lip gloss. Remember Boy George? A man in a dress does not turn heads the way it used to. Although it still will get you beat up across most of America, it can also get you a booking on The Donahue Show. Like any social consciousness from a time-period Dragism shocks, effects, and ultimately changes its culture. The process of culturalization then continues with the scrutiny of assimilation including: commercialization to the point of diminishing return, followed by a period of out-of-dateness, and the ultimate resurgence. So like the Hippies of the Sixties and the Punks of the Seventies, the Queens of the Eighties will go on to influence those who come after them. Here at The Gender Illusion Institute in my Laboratory for the Research of Cultural and Anthropological



WE OFFER YOU

THE PHABULOUS



PHASHIONABLE

HAPI PHACE

Significance, on beautiful Avenue A, I have charted the eventual resurgence of Dragism (as compared to the Sixties-to-Eighties-pheonix-like metamorphosis of the Smiley Face) to be at approximately the year 2010 A.D.

Unlike Wells, Orwell, Speilberg, or Romtha, I do not claim to have a vision of the future, nor do I wish to make one. Sure I dream of being the first Drag Queen astronaut to land on the surface of Venus. Doesn't every patriotic Queen? That is only a dream, and I am a scientist, I deal in facts cold, hard, and sober. What my findings and hypothesis purport is that Dragism is a cyclical phenomena of culture. So you see, I will not venture a guess of what the future will bring, yet I will declare with all conviction that a future does exist!

A wiser older Queen put it to me in these words, "It comes, and it goes. It comes, and it goes." The wave of Gender Illusionism that swept this great nation in the past few years comes from the same Ocean of Change that washes through culture after culture, era after era, eon after eon. The Queen is as old as time and as young as the future. The Queen is dead, long love the Queen. Long love the Queen!!!

a Gay guide to Straights

BY JOHN BOYER

heterosexual: 1: of, relating to, or characterized by a tendency to direct sexual desire toward the opposite sex.

Scared of straights? Don't worry, most experts agree that this heterophobia is based on unfamiliarity. If you take a minute to really examine a heterosexual lifestyle, you'll find that they can often lead interesting and productive lives. Here are some facts and tips which may help you to better understand our neighbors with the alternative lifestyle.

Famous heterosexuals
-Eli Whitney (Inventor of the cotton gin)
-Dick Van Patten
-Kitty Dukakis
-Ed McMahon
-Marie Osmond
-Ozzie & Harriet

Things to do with heterosexuals
-See CATS on Broadway
-Watch "Porkys" on video
-Visit South Street Seaport
-Eat at Beefsteak Charlie's
-Listen to reggae music
-Go dancing at The Limelight

Heterosexual contributions to society
-His & Hers towels
-Baby food
-Alimony
-Chippendale's dancers
-Food preservatives
-Mother-in-law jokes
-Wine coolers
-Birth control pills
-Brillo pads
-Lambada!

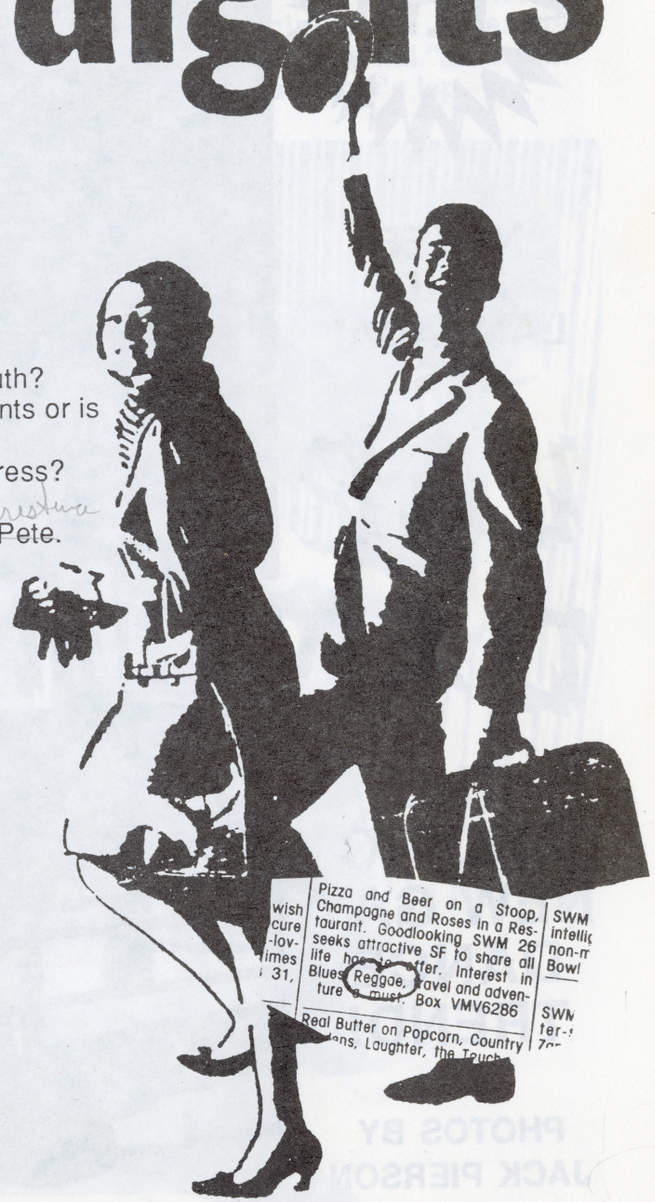
Where to find heterosexuals
-Comedy clubs
-The Miss America Pageant
-S.E. corner of Lexington and 89th Street
-Any Banana Republic
-Niagra Falls
-The Knitting Factory
-Nutley, New Jersey

Heterosexual's favorite gays
-Debbie Reynolds
-Richard Simmons
-Father Ritter
-Jim Jay Bullock
-Charles Nelson Reilly
-Billie Jean King
-Eddie Murphy

Things you should not say to a heterosexual
-That sure is an ugly baby.
-Hi Breeder!
-Can I stick my dick in your baby's mouth?
-Is that a banana in your husband's pants or is he just happy to see me?
-You spent how much on a wedding dress? Are you crazy?!
-June and Harry, meet my fuck-buddy Pete.
-You're interested in a witty magazine about gay people? Here, borrow my Outweek.

Heterosexual's preferred colognes
-Brute
-Old Spice
-Cher's Uninhibited
-Forever Crystal

What to do if your best friend tells you they're heterosexual
-Stay calm
-Ask him if he's absolutely sure
-Convince him that it's not the end of the world
-Drop him off at the collesium for this season's auto show



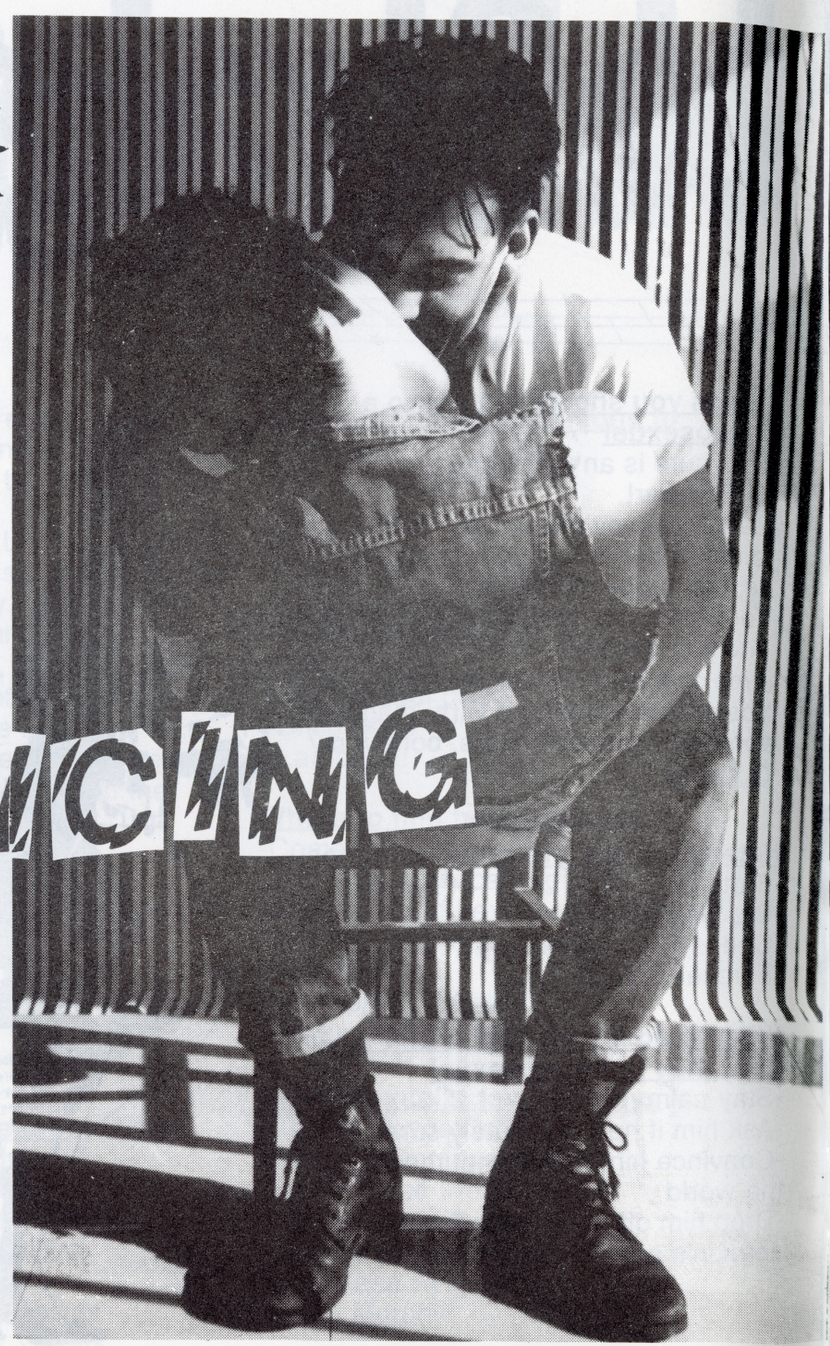
NEW!

NEVER MIND LAMBADA! IT'S

LAP DANCING

THE EROTIC NEW GAY DANCE TREND!

PHOTOS BY JACK PIERSON

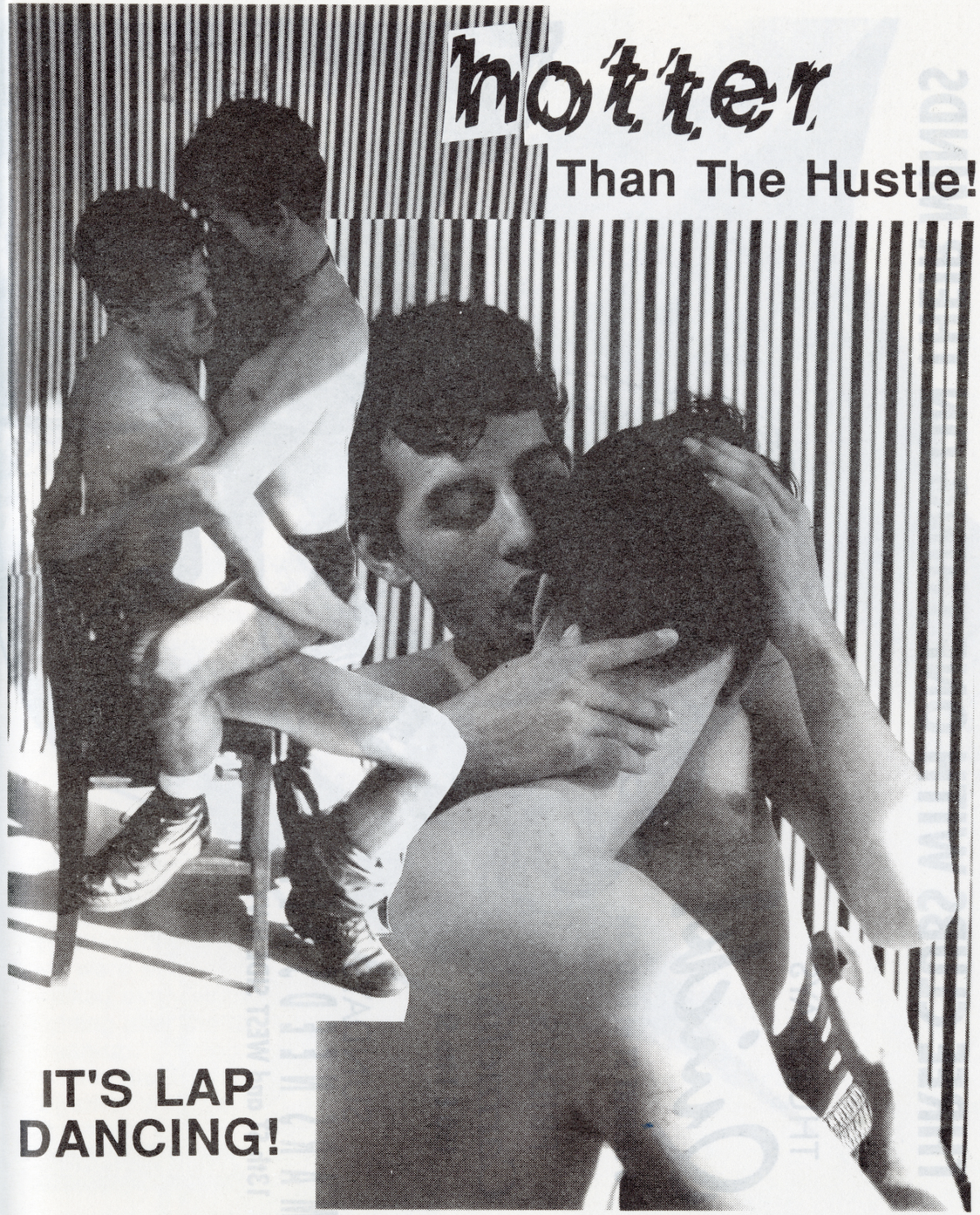


For years Lap Dancing has been a clever method for New York's "adult only" establishments to provide a quick thrill for horny customers. For a fee (often a dollar-per-minute) a scantily young dressed lady will "dance" in the seated customer's lap.



Now comes Lap Dancing gay style as hip, young disco-goers have adapted the dance form for their own. The gay version not only includes the erotic gyrations of a near naked "top", but in a switch from the traditional form, the removal of most of the "bottom's" clothing as well. Here Chris and Xaviar demonstrate the sexiest dance craze to come along in years, the rage of Manhattan's trendiest discos.


A-One-Two-
Thrust
That Lap!
bigger
Than The Bus-Stop!


hotter
Than The Hustle!
IT'S LAP
DANCING!

THREE CLUBS WITH ONE THING ON THEIR MINDS

THURSDAYS

Quick!

6 HUBERT ST at HUDSON

FRIDAYS

Carmelita's

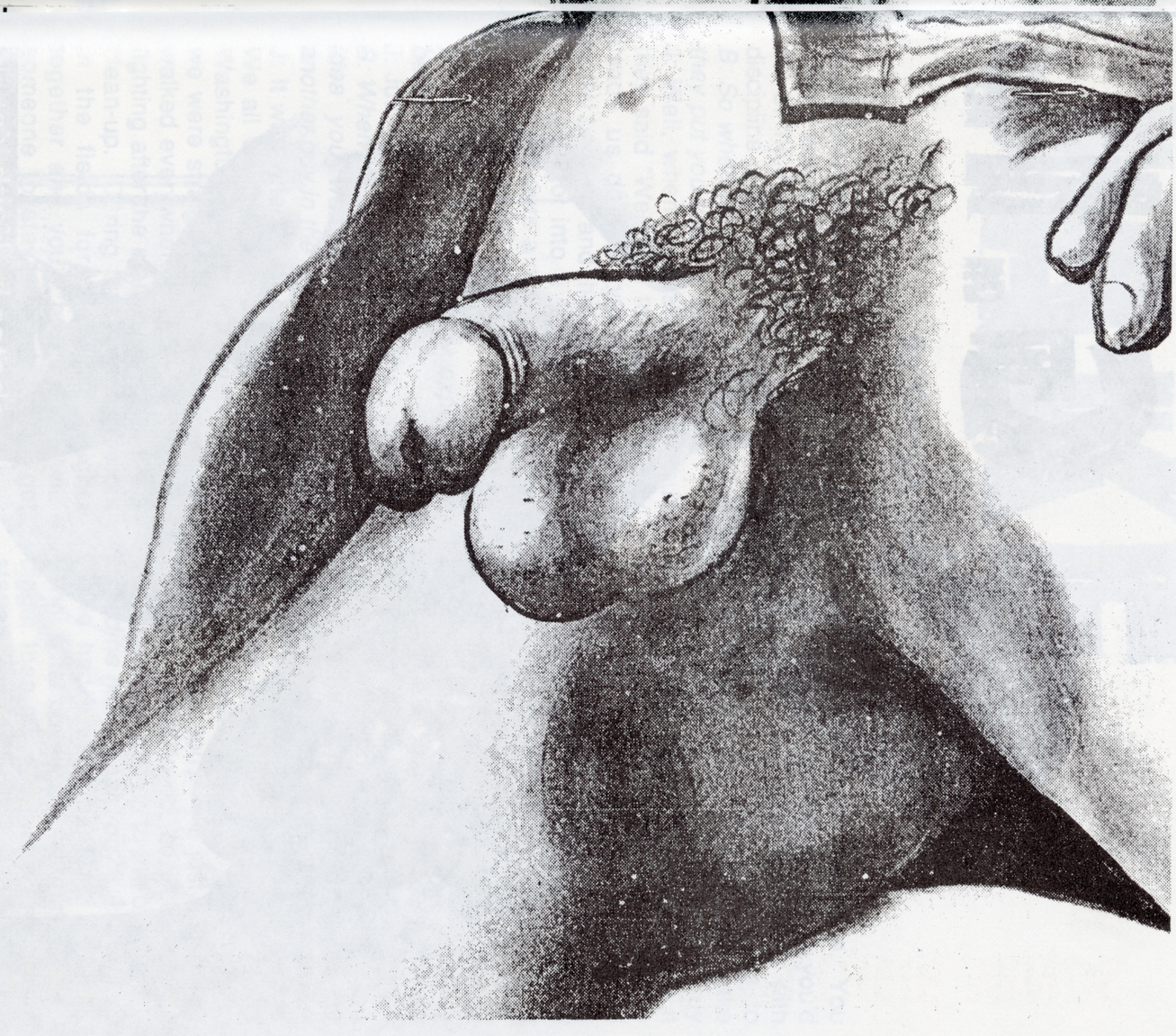
150 E 14th St

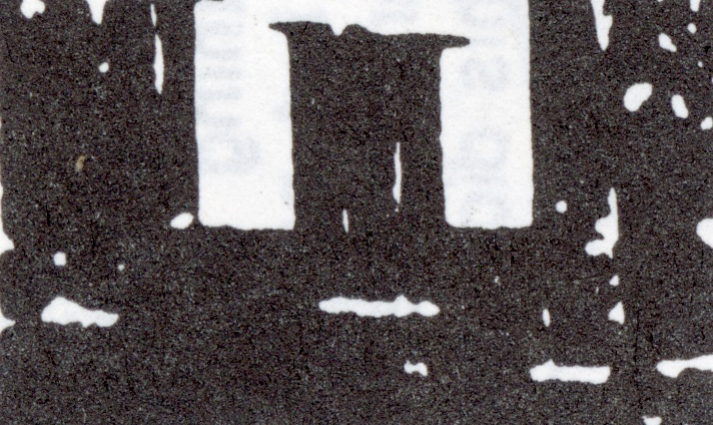
SUNDAYS

MARS NEEDS MEN

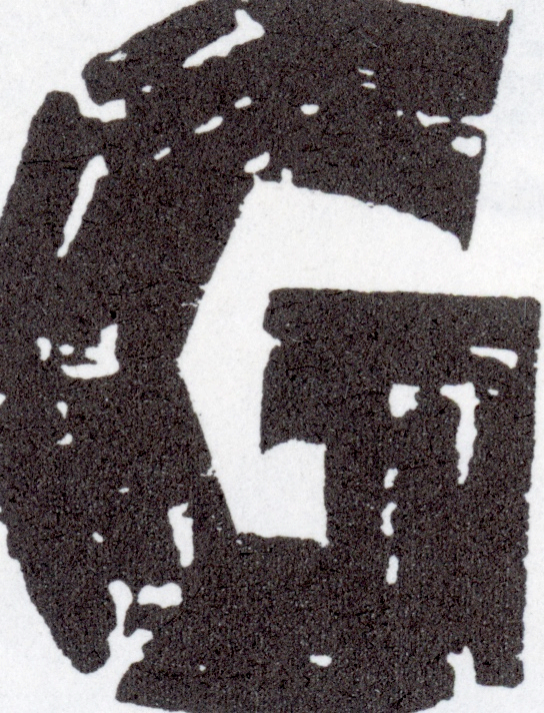
13th ST and WEST SIDE HWY



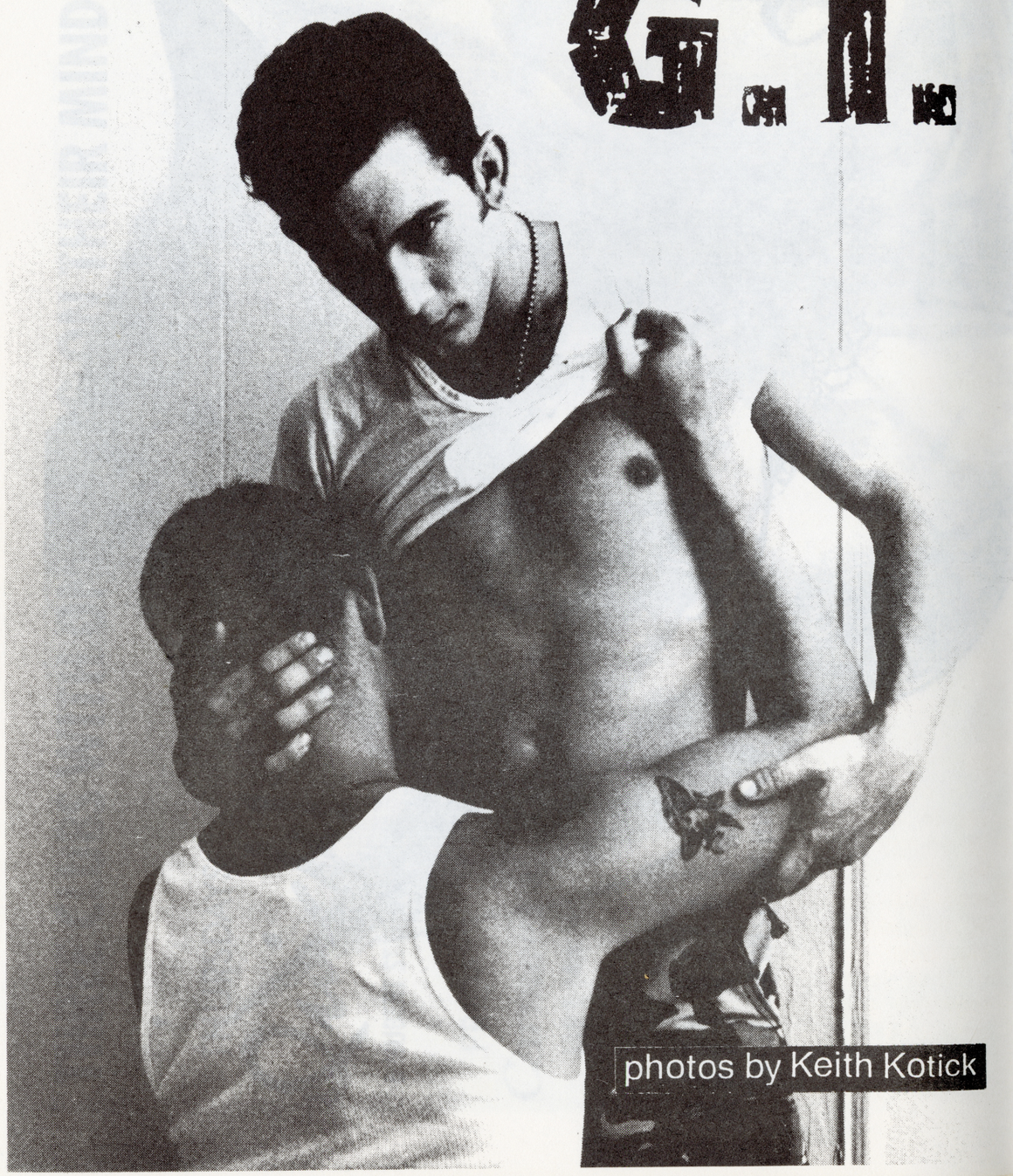








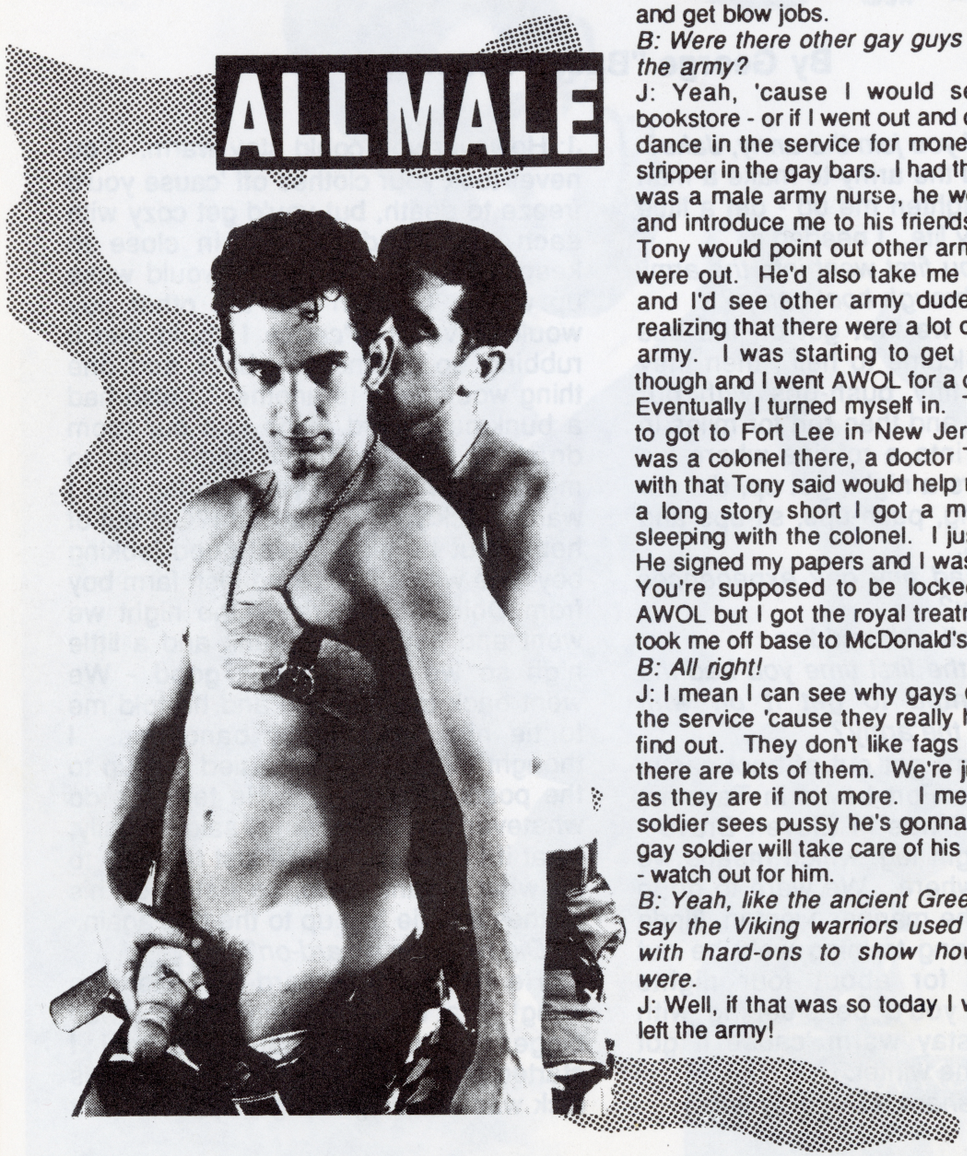
G.I. JAKE



By George "Buck" Wittman

Buck: Why did you join the army, Jake?
Jake: I wanted the army to make a man out of me,straighten me up - get a little discipline in my life. I needed it.
B: So when you first went into the army they put you through boot camp?
J: Well, when we first got off the bus they said "Welcome to hell", then they made us do fifty push-ups with our duffel bags on and then run for miles in line. We got into a routine where we slept four hours a night, got up, did our training, jogging, push-ups, sit-ups and all calisthenics.
B: Had you had any gay experiences before the army?
J: Just jackin' off with buddies.
B: When was the first time you had the idea you wanted to get it on with another guy in the army?
J: It was when I got out of boot camp. We all went to Fort Lewis in Tacoma, Washington. I was in Eleven Bravo - we were straight leg, which means we walked everywhere. We were to go in fighting after the marines went in, kinda clean-up. During training we'd be out in the fields for about four nights together and you'd be sleeping with someone to stay warm 'cause it got pretty cold in the winter.
B: Would you share a sleeping bag?
J: However you could stay warm. You never took your clothes off 'cause you'd freeze to death, but you'd get cozy with each other and snuggle in close to keep warm. Sometimes I would wake up with a hard-on and the other guy would have one 'cause I could feel it rubbing up against my back and one thing would lead to another. I also had a bunkmate, he'd come into our room drunk at night and he'd come over to me and say "I know you're a fag and I wanna fuck you!" I'd tell him "Get out of here," but he was a real good looking boy. He was a 6'2" blond Irish farm boy from Ohio, all natural. One night we went and got a little drunk and a little high so we were feeling good - We went back to our room and he told me to tie him up with my bandanas. I thought this is wierd so I tied him up to the posts on the bed. He tells me do whatever I want to him! I said, "Really, what if I rape you?" He just tells me to do what I want to do, so I strip off his clothes and tie him up to the bed again.
B: Did he have a hard-on?
J: He had a semi hard-on. He was hung! That boy was hung, that boy was bigger than me and that scares me! I started pinching his tits and by then his dick was standing straight up, so I went

down on him and he liked it. So then I shucked off my fatigues and shoved my thing in his mouth. He struggled a little bit, but not too much, then I took out the vaseline and rubbed it on our dicks, then I sat on top of his dick and started riding him. Then I undid his legs and fucked him.



B: Did he like it?

J: Yeah - we both liked it. We did everything - this was like my first time for most of this stuff too!

B: Did you both come?

J: Yeah! Twice!

B: So after that did you have more sexual experiences?

J: Yeah, well I would go to the adult bookstore and get blow jobs.

B: Were there other gay guys that you knew in the army?

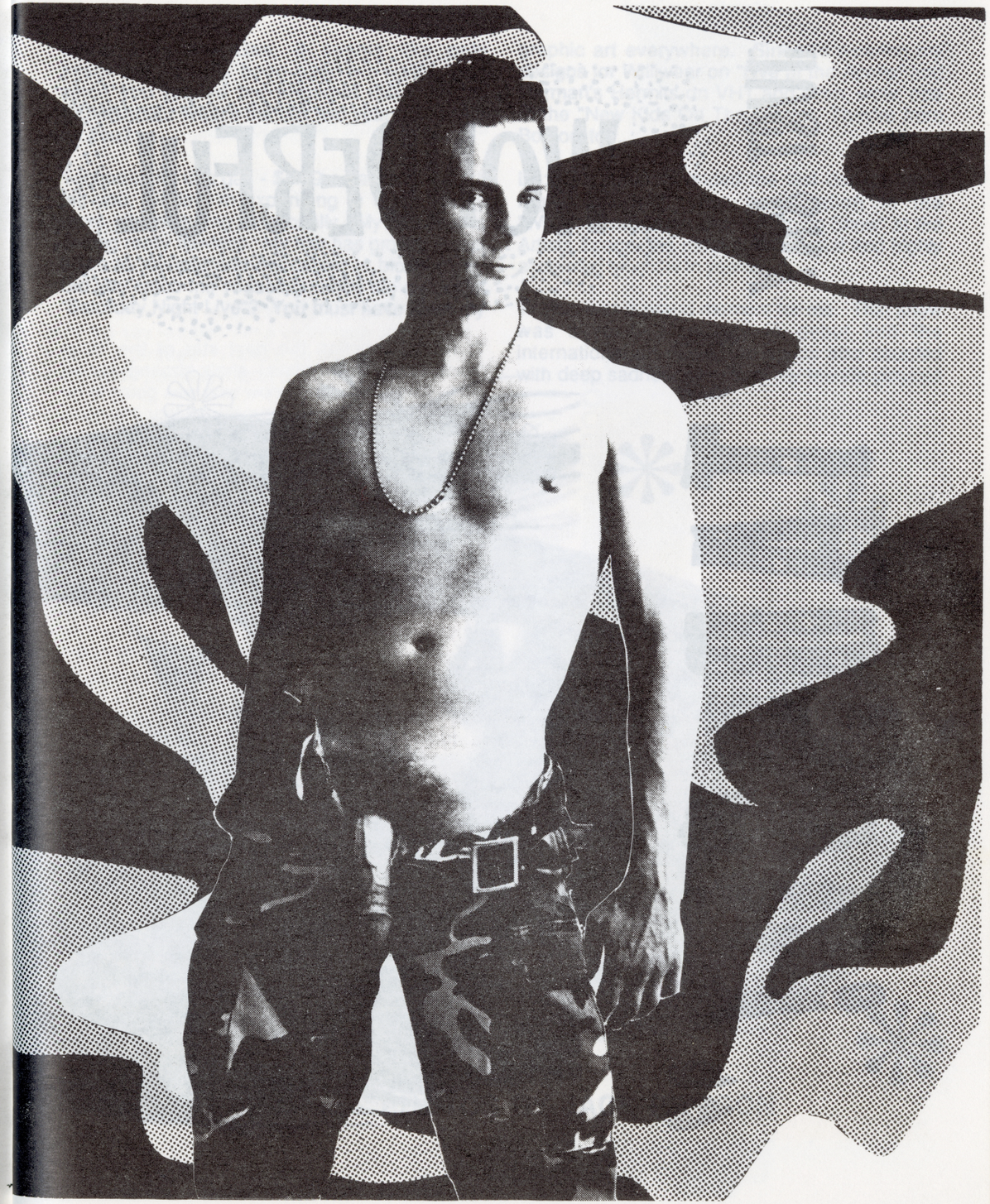
J: Yeah, 'cause I would see them at the bookstore - or if I went out and danced. I used to dance in the service for money, strip - I was a stripper in the gay bars. I had this friend Tony, he was a male army nurse, he would take me out and introduce me to his friends in the gay bars. Tony would point out other army guys when we were out. He'd also take me to cruising areas and I'd see other army dudes. So I started realizing that there were a lot of gay boys in the army. I was starting to get sick of the army though and I went AWOL for a couple of months. Eventually I turned myself in. Tony had told me to got to Fort Lee in New Jersey 'cause there was a colonel there, a doctor Tony had worked with that Tony said would help me out. To make a long story short I got a medical discharge sleeping with the colonel. I just slept with him. He signed my papers and I was out of the army. You're supposed to be locked up after going AWOL but I got the royal treatment. They even took me off base to McDonald's.

B: All right!

J: I mean I can see why gays don't come out in the service 'cause they really hound you if they find out. They don't like fags in the army - but there are lots of them. We're just as much men as they are if not more. I mean if a a straight soldier sees pussy he's gonna run after it but a gay soldier will take care of his buddy even more - watch out for him.

B: Yeah, like the ancient Greek soldiers. They say the Viking warriors used to go into battle with hard-ons to show how fearless they were.

J: Well, if that was so today I would never have left the army!



JUST SAY "TABBOO!"

WONDERFUL

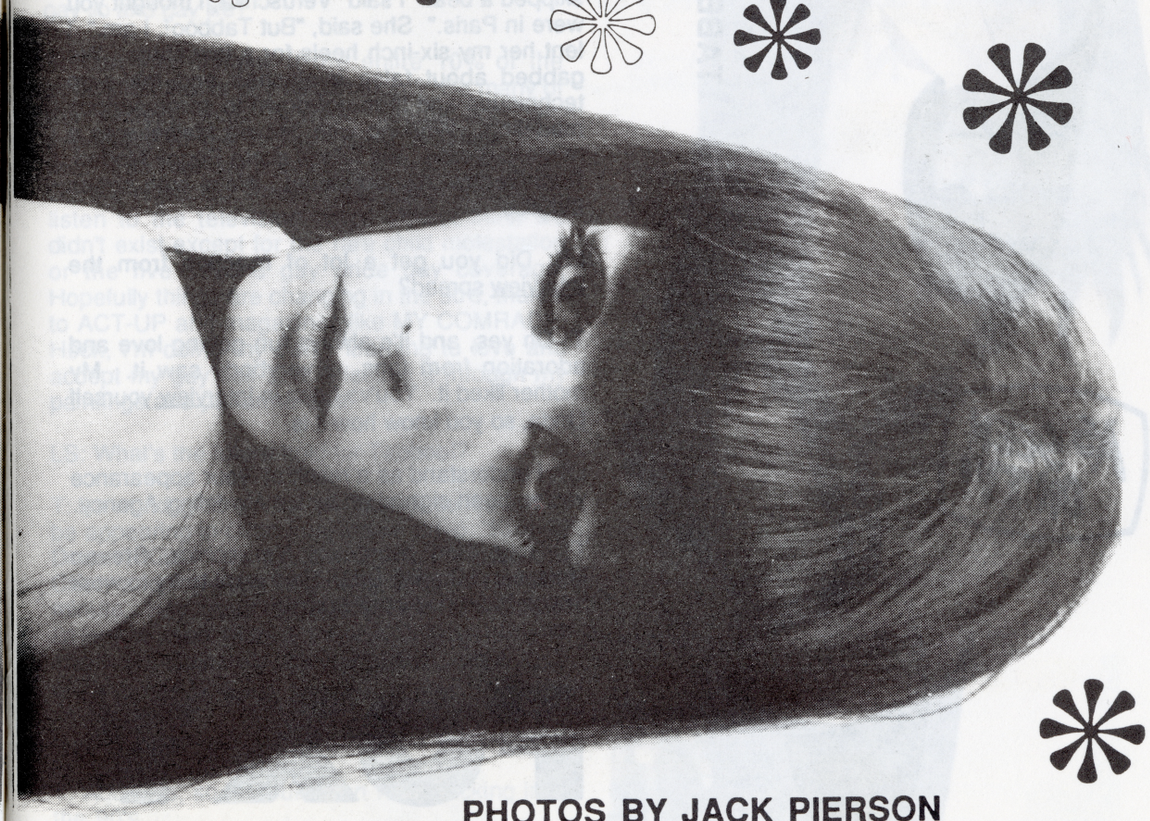


Linda Simpson: Gee, it seems like only yesterday, but it's been over two years now since you graced the premiere issue of MY COMRADE. What's the last two years been like for you?

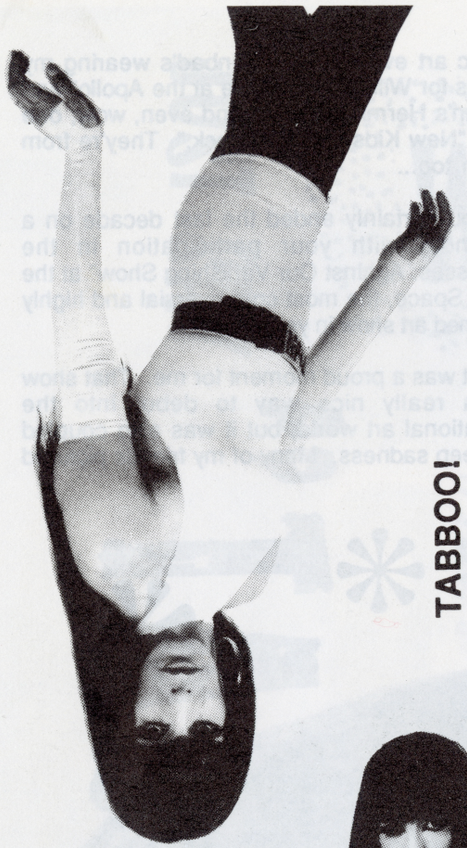
Tabboo!: Life is a gas - $1.09 a gallon. Well, I'll tell you, Linda, I'm expanding in many, many ways. I'm maturing emotionally. My make-up is getting really flawless. My hair has grown almost down to my ass and my career is blossoming. Did you catch me vogueing during the credits of "Saturday Night Live"? You must have seen my graphic art everywhere. Sinbad's wearing my designs for Williwear on "Live at the Apollo" and Herman's Hermits on VH1 and even, wow, one of the "New Kids On The Block." They're from Boston too...

LS: You certainly ended the last decade on a high note with your participation in the "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing Show" at the Artists Space, the most controversial and highly acclaimed art show in years.

T: That was a proud moment for me. That show was a really nice way to debut into the international art world, but it was also coupled with deep sadness. Many of my friends pictured



PHOTOS BY JACK PIERSON



TABBOO!





in the show have died of AIDS. My New York Times review was exciting but the continual loss of friends is devastating. I have a personal list of thirty friends that I've lost to AIDS.

LS: Earlier this year was your high-fashion photo spread by Steven Meisel in the February issue of a newly revamped Interview, posing with "downtown" stars The Connie Girl, Derrick Smit and Trade along with modeling legend Veruschka, designer Stephen Sprouse and top model 1990 Christy Turlington.

T: Not to mention the next star of the '90's, model Linda Evangelista - she's sizzling, but so am I. (Giggle) I didn't know who was going to be there and when I saw Veruschka, Mary, my heart skipped a beat. I said "Veruschka, I thought you were in Paris." She said, "But Tabboo!, I am." I lent her my six-inch heels for a few shots. We gabbed about false eyelashes and make-up techniques and then got down to some serious modeling. Working with Steven Meisel was a model's dream. We talked about Peggy Moffett, Rudi Gernreich's top model. We're both sixties fanatics.

LS: Did you get a lot of reaction from the Interview spread?

T: Oh yes, and it's always fun getting love and adoration from fans. Everybody saw it. My mother liked it. You've been in Interview yourself Linda, so you know how it is.

LS: I understand as a result of your appearance you've been signed up by Ice Modeling Agency.

T: They also represent Veruschka, Steven Meisel and Dianne Brill. They want to try to work me on the runways of Europe.

FOXY

LS: Then of course there's your continuing involvement with the nightclub scene.

T: I love the nightlife. I like to boogie - on the disco round. I've been disco, punk, new wave, no wave, new romantic, death rock, glam rock, sixties revival, acid house, hip hop, vogueing, lambada, you name it. Hot boys, hot queens, what can I say - I love to dance.

LS: What's your secret to longevity?

T: Cool it on the drugs and alcohol and make sure the sex is safe. I'm a vegetarian and I don't smoke cigarettes. There's so much energy out there and I just plug into it.

LS: What's some of your current thoughts on gay lib and gay life?

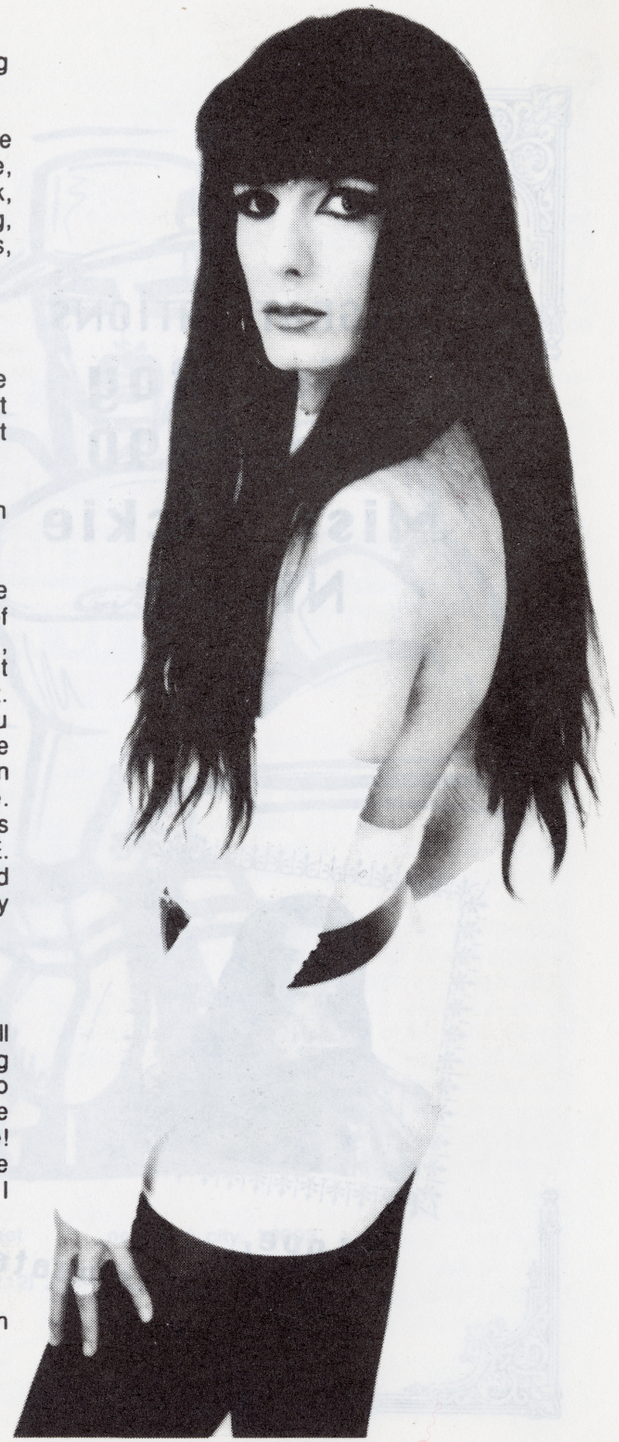
T: Can you imagine if the entire 10% of the population that is gay all came out? So many of the sexiest, most talented people are gay, especially in the highly visible entertainment field. Too bad fear is keeping them in the closet. On the nightclub scene it's so open but if you listen to the television you'd almost think we didn't exist except for the rare child molestation or the five second gay pride day coverage. Hopefully things are changing in the 90's, thanks to ACT-UP and magazines like MY COMRADE. Heck, I'm doing my part - learning to love and accept my gay self and reflecting it through my paintings and performances.

LS: What's the future hold for Tabboo!?

T: I'm working on a sexy new portrait series and I'll be appearing in Gran Fury's new video, "Kissing Doesn't Kill." I joined Jack La Lanne thanks to Cher, and my body is getting shapelier by the minute. Hey, you hot guys out there: I'm single! I'd love to travel more to tropical climates. Maybe check out California, maybe Mexico, although I do love New York.

LS: What sign are you?

T: Aquarius, so I should start really kicking in in the 90's.



CONGRATULATIONS

Miss Boy Bar 1990

Miss Nickie Nicole



Andé Whyland



Love,

Lady APassionata



ten east eighth street new york city, 10003

(212) 254-1699

Latoya's SECRET



THE FIRST COMPREHENSIVE TREATMENT OF THIS SUBJECT TO APPEAR IN ENGLISH!

By Steve Lott

He had a fedora pulled low over his forehead, and dark shades hid those sexy blue-green eyes. He stood uncertainly, gazing at the display in the store window. His heart beat thickly. His hands were clammy. A little voice kept warning him that he was playing with fire...

But he was drawn like a magnet. Abruptly, he entered the store and made the transaction. He emerged with his new acquisitions in tow - a video camera and tripod.

As he waited for a cab, Rob Lowe glanced at his watch. He had to hurry. They would be arriving at the Waldorf in less than an hour. He spotted a taxi and flagged it down.

Back in his hotel room, Rob worked quickly. He positioned the camera behind a potted palm in a corner of the room, with the lens trained on the bed.

There was a knock at the door. Rob jumped nervously. Licking his lips, he left the camera.

"Hey there, buddy!" Mike Tyson grinned toothily, swaggering into the room, his arm draped around none other than Latoya Jackson herself.

"Uh, hi, Mike! Wow! Latoya! I'm a huge fan of yours!" Rob stammered, ushering them into the suite.

She looked great. That bewitching, other-worldly face, those sultry curves, the way she moved, that quivering voice.

Mike looked great too. Big, brawny and black, with that deceptively gentle voice...

"Well, boys!" Latoya purred as they sipped champagne. "Why don't you take off your clothes and show me what you've got?"

Rob and Mike exchanged delighted glances and began to peel. In a few moments, they faced Latoya, buck naked.

Rob's lean, smooth body contrasted deliciously with Mike's rugged mahogany brawn. Rob had a nice sized whanger, jutting lustily in the air, swollen with boyish desire. Mike's cock was a monster - eleven wrist-thick inches of purple-black bull-meat, heavy and hard, ready for action.

"MMMM! Yummy!" mewled Latoya, sinking gracefully to her knees on the carpet.

She wrapped her slender fingers around their erect slabs of prick-meat, rubbing the sticky knobs together. Her tongue shot out and she laved each throbbing dong, taking them in her mouth and sucking like a leech.

Mike and Rob groaned in pleasure, their bodies rubbing together, electric heat scorching their nerve endings.

Rob felt a shock of delight as Mike's big hand slapped his ass and gave it a lewd squeeze...

Latoya sat up and smiled angelically.

"Come on, boys! Put on a show for me! Rob, get down and suck on Mike's big dick!"

Rob gulped, but hardly hesitated. With a moan, he stuffed Mike's bull-cock in his mouth and started sucking it ravenously, fingering the boxer's heavy gonads as he gulped down all eleven inches of his cock...

"Awww, man, yeah! Suck it, boy!" groaned Mike, hunching with his hips, gripping Rob's head in both hands.

"Oh, boys!" Latoya's musical voice rang out after a while. "Look what Latoya's got!"

Rob let Mike's dong flop out of his mouth. Mike and Rob looked over at Latoya who lay naked on the bed.

She looked scrumptuous. Big, thrusting knockers, an hour glass figure. And a nine inch cock!

Rob and Mike gave hoarse gasps. LATOYA HAD A PENIS!! It was just incredible!

The boys went nuts. They clambered on the bed and attacked LaToya with their fingers and tongues.

The menage-a-trois sizzled non-stop for the next few hours, with every imaginable position attempted by one and all...

Rob lay dazed on the sheets, feeling utterly exhausted and completely fulfilled. Mike and Latoya had gone.

Remembering his hidden camera, the video-freak dashed to the potted palm and eagerly fumbled with the catch on the tape door. It snapped open. Rob gave a choked cry of dismay. He had forgotten to turn on the machine!

Ah well, he thought philosophically. Perhaps it was all for the best. Besides, he grinned, he had another date with the dusky twosome next week. And this time, he'd be prepared...



Illustration by Steve Lott



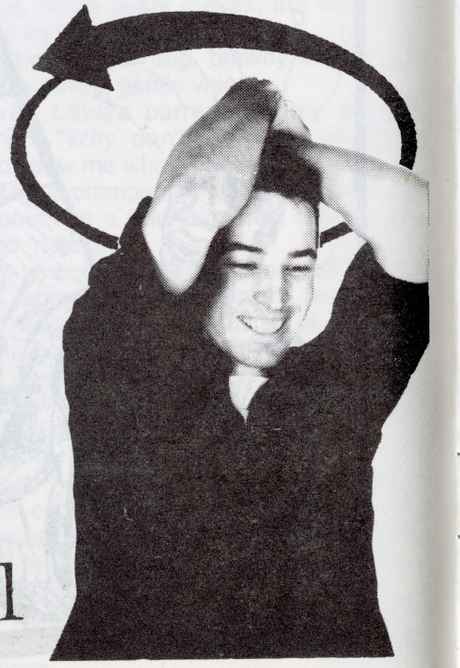
"LETS MAKE A MOVIE"

Said Chiclet

"OK"

Said Connie and Michael



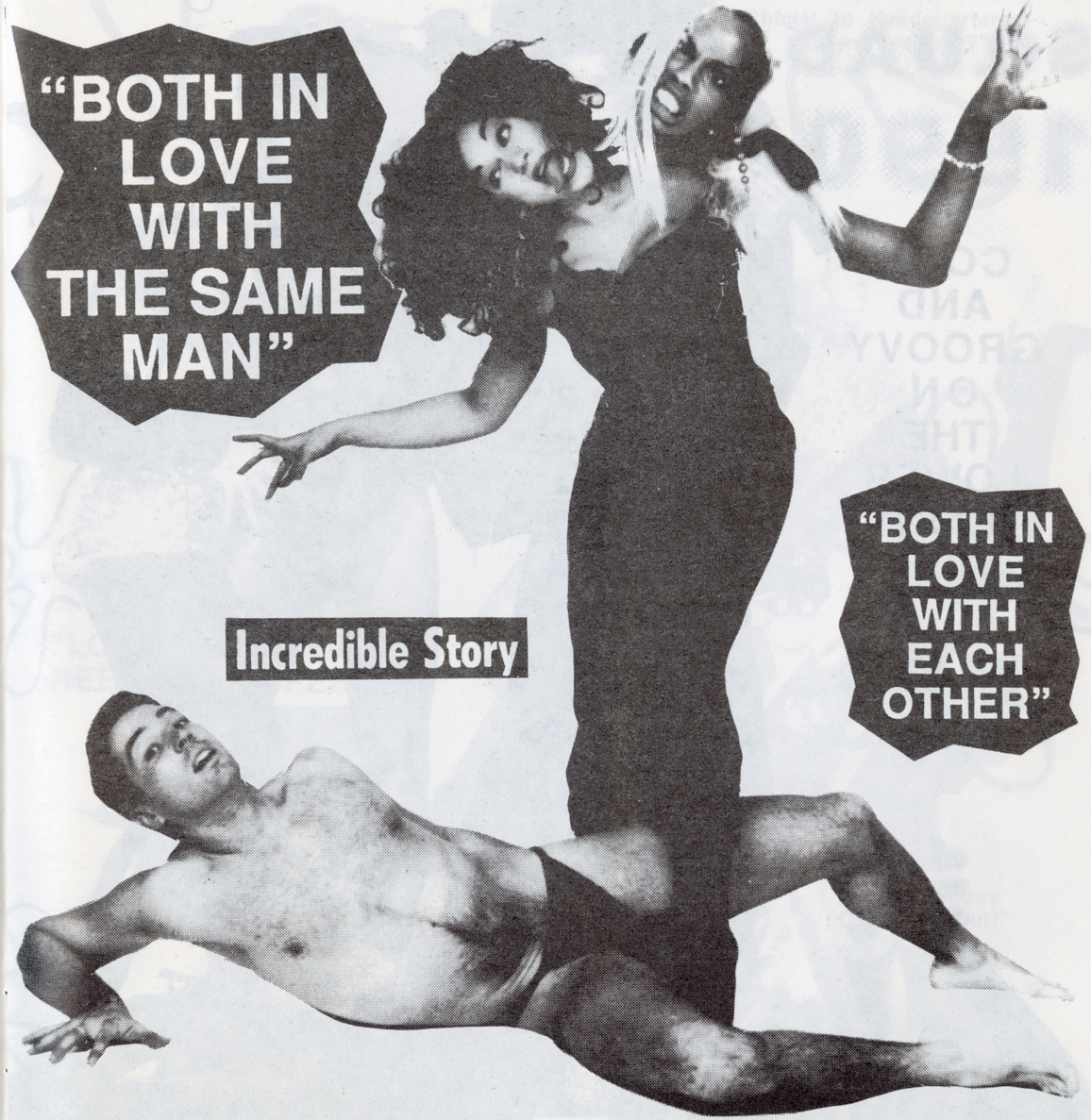


THE TWO-HEADED QUEEN

"BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME MAN"

"BOTH IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER"

Incredible Story



Photos by Michael Wakefield, Styling by Eric Pryor



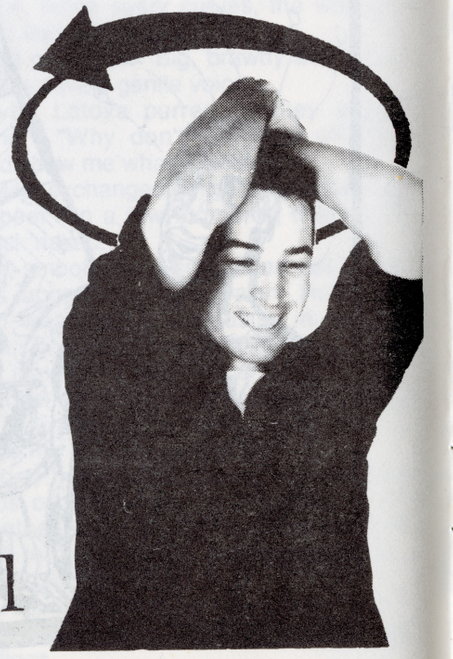
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THE TWO-HEADED QUEEN

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MOD SQUAD 1990

COOL AND GROOVY ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

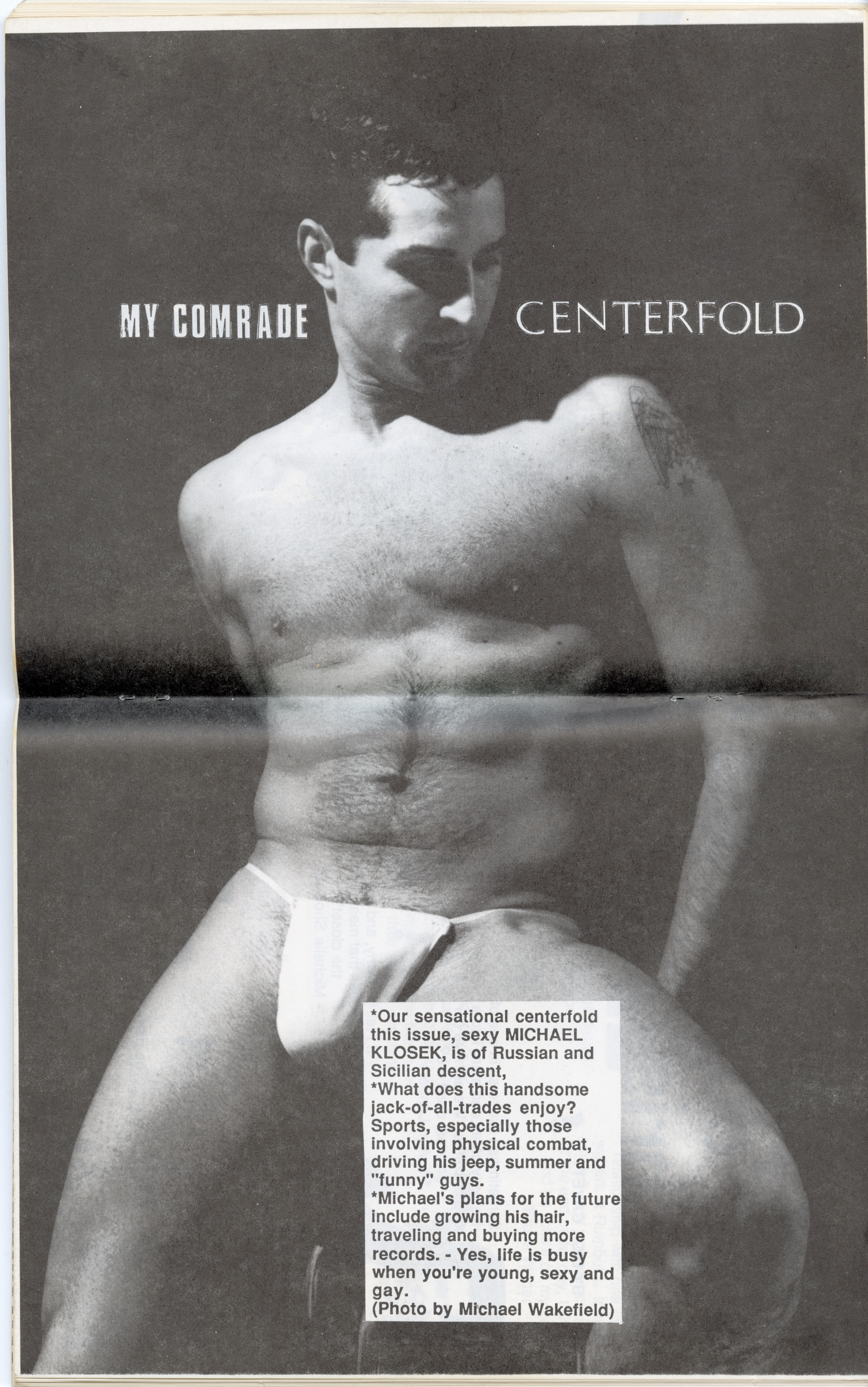
MOD






FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS,
NOW ARRIVING ON --------
-sexy-
SEXOTIC!
-verrrrrrry sexy-


SEX FANTASY ISLAND
WHERE EACH AND EVERY DAY IS A SEX-CRAZED BATTLE FOR HUMAN FLESH!
SENSATIONAL
UNCENSORED & UNRETOUCHED
SEXATIONAL!



*Our sensational centerfold this issue, sexy MICHAEL KLOSEK, is of Russian and Sicilian descent,
*What does this handsome jack-of-all-trades enjoy? Sports, especially those involving physical combat, driving his jeep, summer and "funny" guys.
*Michael's plans for the future include growing his hair, traveling and buying more records. - Yes, life is busy when you're young, sexy and gay.
(Photo by Michael Wakefield)

MY COMRADE ASKS OUR FAVORITE CELEBRITIES TO DESCRIBE WHAT MAKES THIS STREET ENDURE AS THE SYMBOL OF GAY HAPPINESS

why do you love christopher st.?

BY DICK CAVETT



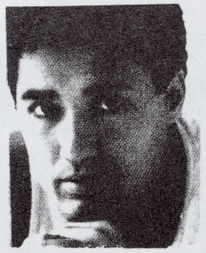
Sometimes I like to sit in one of it's cozy cafes and stare into a cup of coffee. We all have our dreams, don't we?
- Ann Landers



If I tell you why, and you put it in print, does that mean I'm out of the closet?
- Michelle Shocked

The shop that has the absolute best selection of buttplugs in zee whole city.
- Carmen Miranda





The bartender at Boots.
- Ron Darling



I always find the cutest littltle nick-nacks!
- Dolly Parton



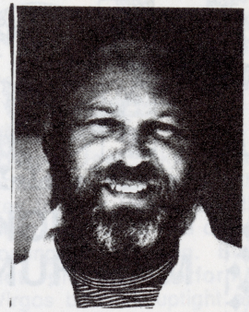
I like watching homosexuals.
- Bryant Gumbel



Let's see...McNulty's for their tea, Oscar Wilde for the latest in books, and Trippin' On The Moon for their dayglo wrestling suits.
- Tom Cruise

I come here to get away from it all, to find myself - and to find somebody else who'll do it for $50.
- Allen Ginsberg





I have formed a special relationship with one of the waiters at Rumbul's. If there is any left-over coconut cream pie at the end of the day, I sit on it and he licks it off my butt.
- Bruce Weber



It has a certain je ne sais quois - a certain quelque-choses.
- Charlene Tilton

I have such fond memories of Christopher Street - it's where I found my boyfriend Rick...and Billy...and Joey and David and Peter and ...
-Doug



HOROSCOPE

TICKLE BLISS'S ASTROLOGICAL MAN-HUNTING GUIDE FOR HOMOSEXUALS

NO MATTER WHAT SIGN YOU ARE THERE'S A STARMATE FOR YOU!



T. Bliss's Star Guide:

* = "Last Call"
** = In-a-pinch
*** = Make-a-date
**** = Keep-date
***** = MOVE IN



ARIES

AIRES *

If you like rough sex and a man to put you in your place (on your knees) find an Aries. They have huge egos and are always looking for a cat-fight or someone to impress. Alcohol goes straight to their heads so after a few drinks you can have your very own sacrificial lamb. Ramrods: Diana Ross, Chip Duckett



GEMINIS

GEMINI *****

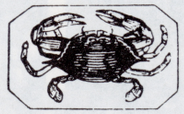
Gemini is the sign of the Twins. One twin is sexy and seductive, the other is a sneak and a gossip. If you go out with one twin be prepared to deal with the other. They're great kissers and great in bed, "But don't let the smooth taste fool ya!" Double Your Pleasure: Boy George, Prince, Sandra Bernhard



TAURO

TAURUS *****

These boys are S-E-X-Y, earthbound and gorgeous. Taureans possess a bovine love-making technique that will leave you feeling like a heifer in season. They enjoy rubdowns, rolls in the hay, and they're not too bright. When you touch a Taurus you'll tingle (tinkle). Lazy Cows: Cher, Grace Jones, Sigmond Freud



CANCER

CANCER ***

Sweet, sensitive and romantic (yeah, sure, right!) they're all S&M queens who you'll end up tying to the wall. If you're looking for someone to slap around find a Cancer, crack the whip and enjoy it. They certainly will. Crab control: Meryl Streep, Tom Cruise



LEO

LEO *

Lions are born show-offs. Even the shy ones will show-it-off. They believe they're queens and love having you wait on them hand and foot. They enjoy tit-clamps and nipple rubs and prefer to reign in hell than to serve in heaven. Jungle Love: Lady Bunny, Adam Smith



VIRGO

VIRGO ****

Virgos feel like horny princesses searching for the key to their locked chastity belts. Bondage and object-forcing turn them on. But if not properly performed Virgos become uptight and bitchy. Proceed with caution! Virgin Marys: Sister Dimension, Lily Tomlin



LIBRA

LIBRA **

If you're looking for perfection in dress and manners look no further. Libra men put themselves on display and you too if you're lucky enough to go out with one. Libras are always, always the best-dressed and most attractive on the Scene. Out of Balance: Keoki, Princess Diandra, Truman Capote



ESCORPION

SCORPIO ***

Reputed to be the sexiest men of the Zodiac, Scorpios rarely live to their reputation. Sure they're intense and seductive, but actions speak louder than words. WE WANT ACTION! Note: they're secretive and if they find a hole they'll stick *something* into it. Sting Me: Hapi Phace, Kate Hepburn, Charles Manson



SAGITARIO

SAGITTARIUS ****

These flirtatious boys are a barrel-of-fun and a bundle of energy. Always on the make, they run in packs and enjoy group sex. Invite a few ponys to your next party, saddle them up, and by the end of the night you'll all be ridin' bare back. Hung like a Horse: Don Johnson, Jane Fonda, George Wayne, Michael Klosek



CAPRICORNIO

CAPRICORN ****

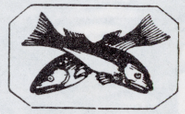
A good Capricorn is dark and sexy, has money in the bank, is a little bitchy and can be very mean. A bad Capricorn is dark and sexy, has money in the bank, is a little bitchy and can be very mean. It's best to keep your affair with this ol' goat a secret until he's famous. Wear Kid Gloves: Elvis, David Bowie, Dolly Parton



ACUARIO

AQUARIUS ***

Aquarians are the aliens of the zodiac. They run on batteries and are rumored to have three testicles. Their performance in bed is machine-like so make sure you're in shape or you could get hurt. Warning: they'll zap you with lightning if you try to unplug them. Save the Robots: James Dean, Tabboo!, Ffloydd, Aner

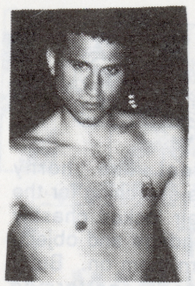


PISCIS

PISCIS *****

Sexy, seductive, pouty, moody, sexy, perverse, psychedelic, bitchy, tragic, dominate, sexy, passive, touch, sexy, sweet, innocent, sexy, slut, whore... Queer Bait: Bruce Willis, Liz Taylor, Rob Lowe

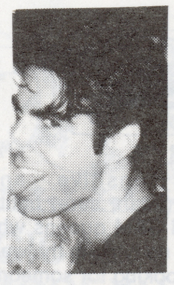



DAVID


FRANKIE


KEITH


JAVIER


RAYMOND


DEREK

Lahoma & Bunny's

TOP 10 MEN HOT HOT Hot !!

"★★★★" CHART



1	DAVID DALRYMPLE	oh Bitch!
2	FRANKIE	WAY MORE THAN A 'LADY' CAN HANDLE
3	RUSTY URAM	mmmmm!
4	JAVIER	TASTY LATIN MORSEL
5	KEOKI ▲	THE REFRESHEST
6	LARRY TEE	AS SEXY OFFSTAGE AS HE IS ON
7	RAYMOND	ITALY- HERE WE COME!
8	KEITH	SHEER EXTASY!
9	DEREK	NOW FOR THE MAIN COURSE!
10	STEPHEN SABAN	SHY HUNK- HAS A COLUMN

▲ OVER 50 WEEKS ON CHART





Tom Holdorf



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"GIRL WEAR it Out!"

I Work This Town



BY DICK THE SAILOR

With the hunt for a HUSBAND on the minds of many here in our fair city, it gives me great pleasure to report a few short blurbs to help you realize that in fact you are not alone. Yes, misery does enjoy company...While making a cameo at Boy Bar's "MR. BOY BAR" contest (call me when you hold "MR. MAN BAR") I ran into an adorable young critter of the "New Clone ACT-UP School of Fashion" (Doc Martins, buzz cut, rolled Levis, sleeveless flannel shirt, and much silver indeed - I still believe that nothing makes you feel as good as gold). He was a little melancholy and rather tipsy. I said "Hello to which he replied "I'm over this...where is he?" to which I replied "He moved to SANTA FE" to which he replied "No really..." to which I replied "How old are you?" When he told me 21 instead of strangling him I merely said "sit back and relax honey" I mean really! ...While visiting a certain All-Male dance hall (shall we say) in Times Square, MISS PERFIDIA, loved Mars DJ - famed Boy Bar beauty - and efficient PAT FIELD's salesgirl, enjoyed the company of a young boy of ethnic persuasion after the show. After completing whatever it is that people complete these days, MISS PERFIDIA (always in control of her social graces) invited the YOUNG MAN to spend the night...he agreed so long as he could call his mother first (how adorable!). When the phone bill arrived weeks later, and CLARK, the unsuspecting room-mate inquired of a long distance call to PERU, PERFIDIA simply answered "Well...I....um...I had to call the YMA SUMAC FOUNDATION"...The MR. SPIKE awards were certainly a sight to behold. I did however feel that through the entire evening I was not at the Spike but rather a WEIGHT WATCHERS convention in Pittsburg...Recently while shopping with PAUL LIKENS (Hunky Boy Bar Bartender) on St. Mark's Place we ran into none other than LAUREN HUTTON - right there at the BOARD AND BOWL. This certainly qualifies her as winner of this month's MISS THING award tied only by MY COMRADE's own MISS LES for dressing ever-so-smartly on any given occassion...What Fab BUSTY DRAG QUEEN having just returned from a triumphant European tour smuggled back with her oodles



Promo shot of Chiclet for FDR DRIVE



"I wouldn't settle for less than five strands of pearls, why should you?" - The Lovely Lady L.

and oodles of hormones and is the envy of every queen below 23rd Street (Oh, how I hate to gossip)...Congrats to THE CONNIE GIRL who was recently in Paris modeling for THIERRY MUGLER...For anyone who missed the recent MY COMRADE benefit be sure to look for coverage on Channel J (23), usually somewhere between 970-PEEE (the x-tra E is for the x-tra PEEE) and 550-KATHY (CHICKS WITH DICKS)...BOYBAR hosted a benefit for the Community Research Initiative, wads of $$$ was made and performances included JAY WILLIAMS, DEEE-LITE, and EILEEN FLOREZ along with the bar's ever so lovely beauties...The benefit however which undoubtedly was the "EVENT OF THE SEASON" was that for THE INTERNATIONAL CHRYSIS. Hosted by JIMMY CAMICHI, HOT PEACHES, MATHEW KASTEN, and CHRIS COREY, the evening was a sold-out, standing room only success where the celebs turned out in droves to see the star-studed line-up including none other than CHRYSIS herself (Gown by MR. DAVID, simple french twist, and sensible shoes I'm sure)...Goodbye Honey, Dick the Sailor will <u>always love you</u>.

<u>And Now Pussy Parlor</u>

Joining me this month for another edition of Pussy Parlor is my less fortunate sister Babs. Our topic: How to keep your first date your last OR Keeping a trick a trick.

1. Tell him you're married.
2. Tell him you don't want to be married.
3. Tell him you're not ready to be married.
4. Tell him you just came out of a long marriage.
5. Tell him he's not ready to be married.
6. Give him crabs.
7. Never let him spend the night.
8. Reminisce aloud of your fond memories of Rikers and rehab, and how you really DID love your mother, and how it was just an act of temporary insanity.
9. Tell him how much he doesn't remind you of Jeff Stryker OR Not to worry, the size of a penis doesn't really matter to you.
10. Be sure to let him know you sleep with a face mask and a chin-strap.

This column is dedicated in loving memory of ANGEL ESTRADA, KEITH HARING, KWONG CHI, INTERNATIONAL CHRYSIS and COOKIE MUELLER, a woman who gave us high-glam, high-tack and high-hon. And to CALVIN KLEIN who unknowingly has named his new men's cologne "ETERNITY" as homage to my life as a single man in New York.



Actualization of DICK THE SAILOR by Mr. Leonard