Sister!

NEW! From the makers of My Comrade!



THE *THRILL* OF BEING A WOMAN!



Patricia Field

ten east eight street
new york city, 10003
(212) 254-1699

Sister!



"... a mystic bond of sisterhood makes all women one ..."

SISTER, MY COMRADE's bosom buddy, has what can only be called "broad appeal." SISTER is for those passionately involved with topical female concerns, and women ranging from lesbian drill sergeants to disco divas to busty bohemian babes will delight in the lively assortment of articles assembled by SISTER's cheery staff. SISTER provides its sophisticated readers with up-to-date coverage on the issues that concern them, like which brand of kerosene works best for burning a bra, the latest trends in menstrual art, and fashion news from around the world, like Budapest and Lima, Peru. It's that seemingly boundless enthusiasm and curiousity that help to make SISTER's readers so uniquely likable. It's an easy friendliness these modern gals share with one another and hopefully this first issue has captured some of that wonderful sisterhood.

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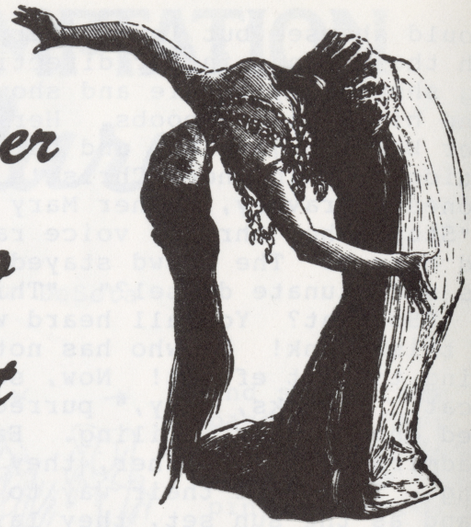
(Cover Photo of Ms. Natasha Shulman by Ms. Mary Ann Daniel)

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF *Mary*

By Evangeline DeSota



And so it came to pass that Mary (Mom of our Lord Jesus Christ) was shopping for sardines at the bazaar one Friday afternoon. Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception was a handsome woman of forty at the time. Her glossy black hair was parted in the middle, framing a pluump round olive-complexioned face with full sultry lips and almond-shaped brown eyes. She wore a muave sarong-ish kind of thing which voluminously draped her petite, delightfully contoured figure. Mary had just popped a couple of tins of sardines in her basket when, lo and behold, who should she see but lovely Mary Magdalene, dashing pellmell through the throngs in her direction. Mary M. was a lucious babe, wearing shockingly little and showing off a good deal of her long legs and high, bouncy boobs. Her jet black hair streamed behind her, her bangles jangled, and her wide hazel eyes blazed with consternation. Behind her, Christ's Mom spotted a churlish mob hurling stones. Bravely, Mother Mary leaped forward, her eyes flashing. "Stay!" her throaty voice rang out as she stepped between the mob and Mary M. The crowd stayed. "Why do you hurl these missels at this unfortunate damsel?" "This woman is a harlot!" came the reply. "So what? You all heard what my son said the last time you pulled this prank! He who has not sinned toss the first stone, or something to that effect! Now, scat, you dastardly hypocrites!" They scat. "Thanks, Mary," purred Mary M. The beauteous women observed one another, smiling. Each set of eyes brimmed with feminine admiration. Together, they strolled through the bazaar, chatting. They made their way to the secluded gardens of Gethsemane, and as the sun set, they lay in the grass, munching sardines and drinking Dr. Pepper. "You are a comely woman, Mary," opined Mother Mary. She caressed the harlot's cheek. Mary M. moaned throatily, lying back on the grass. Mother Mary looked around furtively, and then slowly unfastened the harlot's robe. Mary Mag.'s luscious, bronzed, high-peaked breasts sprang gloriously into view. The harlot cried out softly, joyously, as the buxom matron's hot lips explored her nipples, her tongue urging them into a state of aching erection. "Oh, yes, yes, yes..." Mary Mag. moaned mellifluously as the older woman's fingers and lips explored her writhing body. They frolicked naked among the olive trees, kissing, fondling, licking, fingering one another. They lay together in the classic soixante-neuf position, each Mary briskly tonguing the other's sex-engorged clitoris as they stuffed two fingers in one another's cunts. Orgasms blossomed exquisitely in the dewy grass as overhead, a sickle moon cut a milky swathe across the star-dappled heavens. Their nude, desire-dampened bodies quivered as Mary and Mary lay lovingly snuggled in one another's arms, staring up at the stars. Neither noticed Jesus, who came strolling along a path nearby. But Jesus spotted them, and nearly cried out, "Mother! For shame!" But He bit His tongue and smiled softly. A twinkle gleamed in his eye. He darted off in search of John, his favorite apostle. John was such a hunk! "After all," Christ mused, as He thought of His Mom and Mary M., "What's good for the goose is good for the gander!"



We'll bend over backwards to please you at Cafe Orlin

Sample the exotic wares of

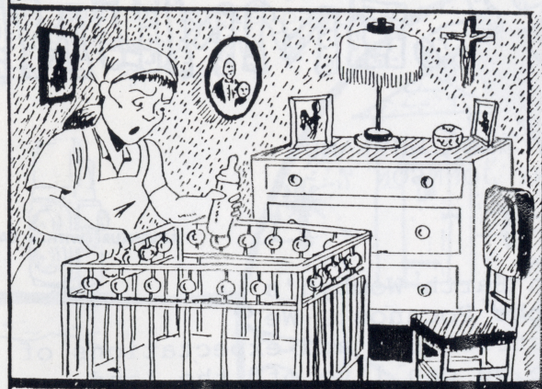


Cafe Mogador

SVETLANA OF THE JUNGLE

G. GUY '85

KIDNAPPED FROM MANHATTAN'S LOWER EASTSIDE AS AN INFANT, SVETLANA PETRONENKO WAS WHISKED OFF TO THE TROPICS WHERE SHE WAS RAISED IN THE WILDS.

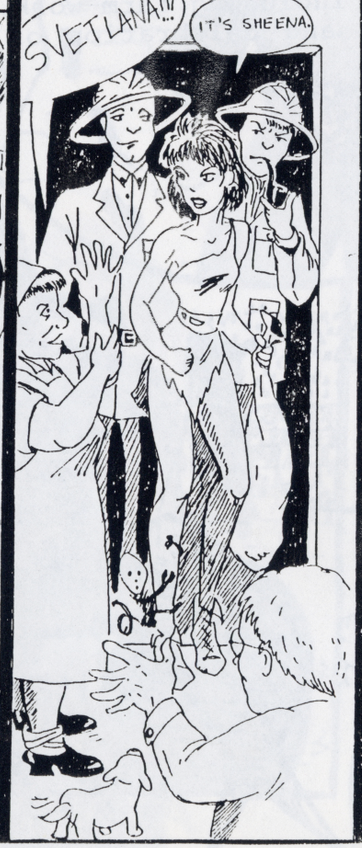




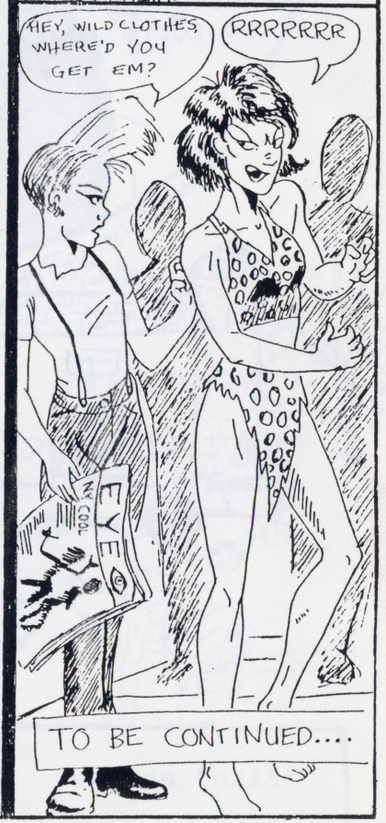
THE YEARS ROLL BY. SVETLANA IS FINALLY DISCOVERED BY WEALTHY ADVENTURERS



AN EMOTIONAL REUNITING OF THE PERONINKO FAMILY TAKES PLACE.



SVETLANA (SHEENA) PERONENKOV NOW HAD TO GO THRU THE TRAUMATIC PROCESS OF ADAPTING TO HER NEW ENVIRONMENT.

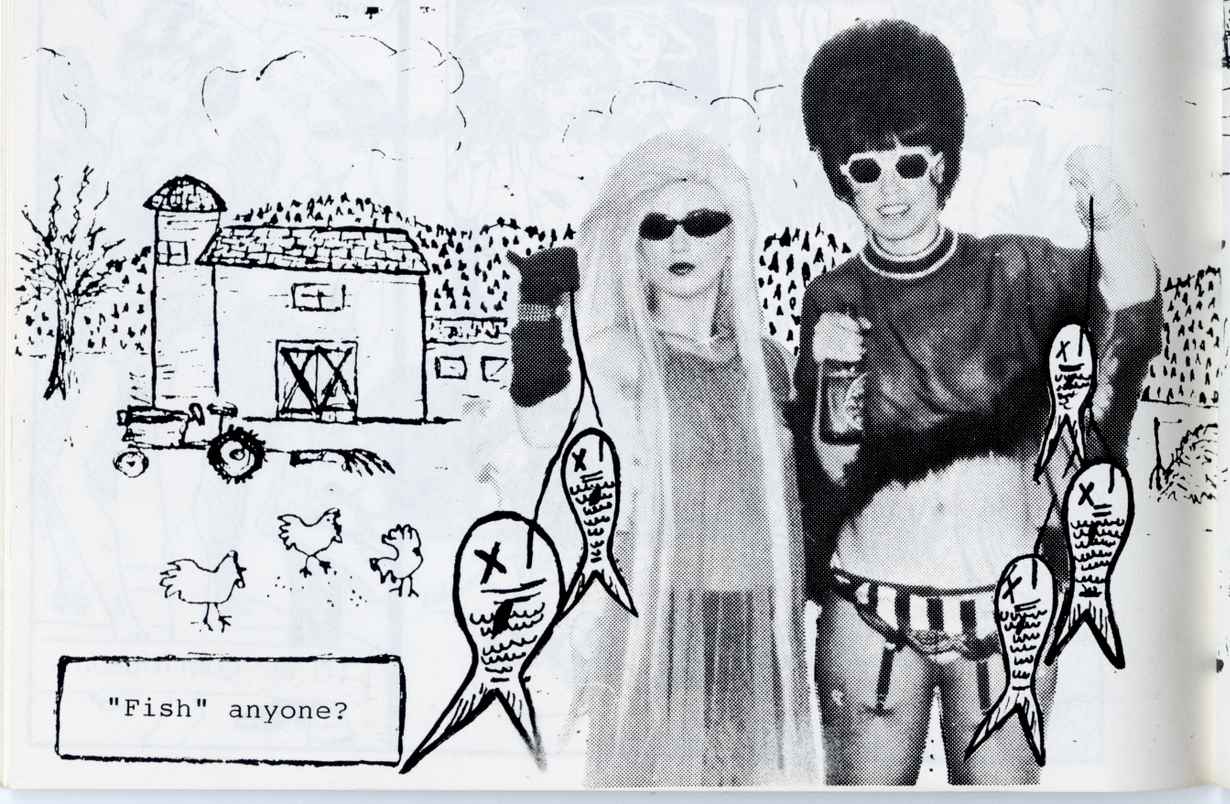


Wombyn's Commune

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDÉ WHYLAND
TEXT BY DANY JOHNSON

ADVENTURE WITH A CAMERA

Welcome to Magick Garden Earth Wombyn's Commune, a retreat for ♀ in the Pocanos. We ♀ need to get away from the restrictions and expectations of male dominated society. Here we can live off the land, let our hair down, and dress comfortably. For ♀ who come to visit with us we offer a wide variety of consiousness raising activities including farm work, reading, crafts, discussion groups, and celebration of the Goddess. Join us now for a tour.

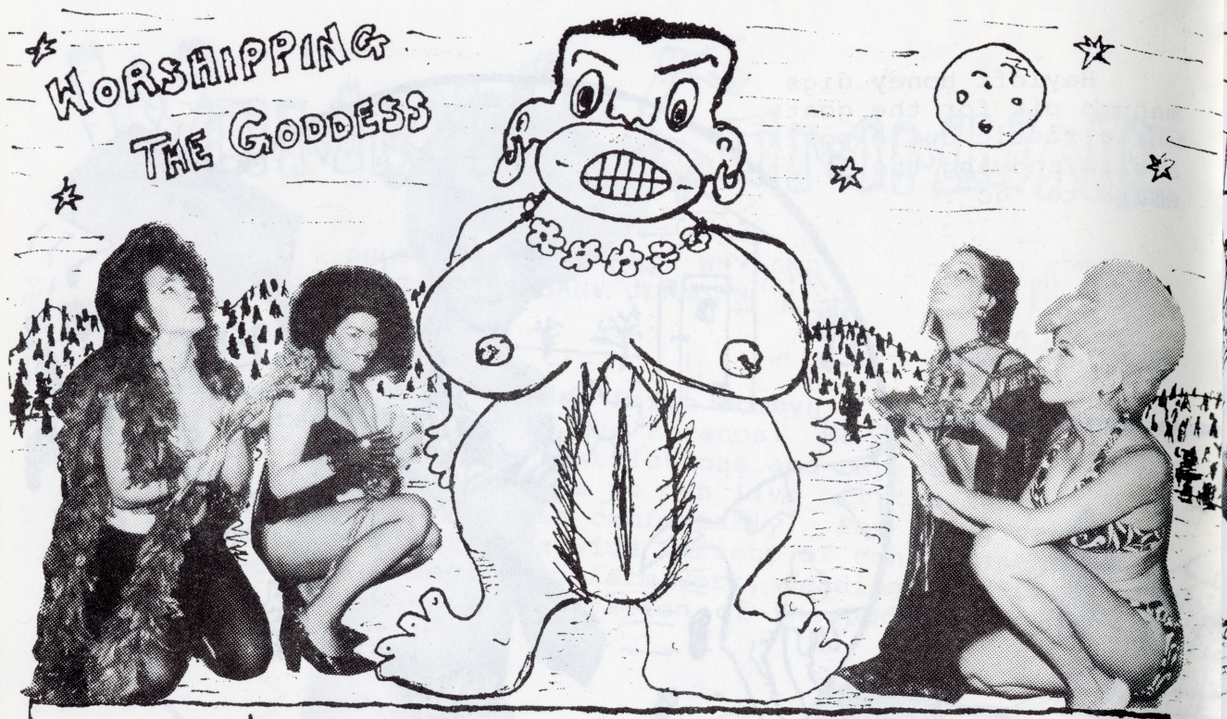


Hayloft honey digs manure pit for the goats while rustic cutie posts a sign showing the ♀ where to "go".



IT'S ALL IN YOUR

POINT OF VIEW!







WOW!

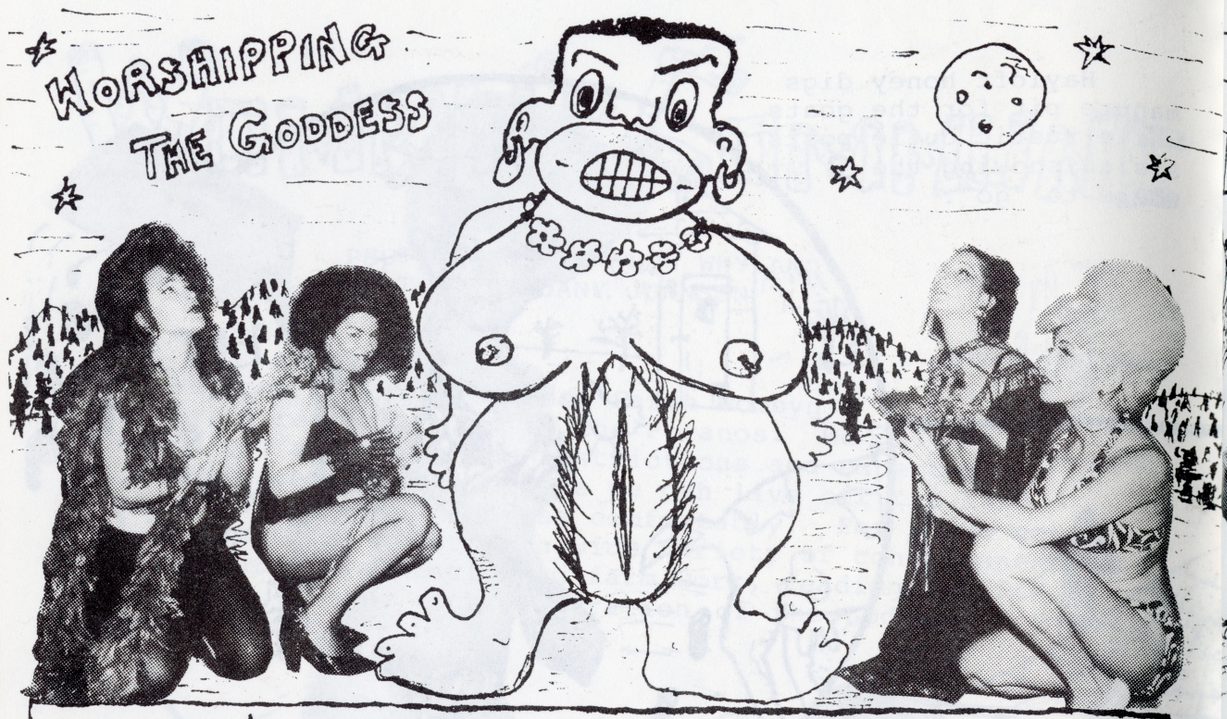


VOLLEYBALL! After an exciting night of Goddess celebration, folk songs, and poetry readings, these barnyard babes engage in a nurturing, non-competitive game, while their less athletically inclined sisters catch up on their Wombyn Studies in the library.

Goodbye for now from Magick Garden Earth Wombyn's Commune. We're inviting all politically correct minded ♀ to visit us soon and participate in our upcoming crafts fair, menstruation workshop, and of course, our weekly Goddess Festivals.

(♀ : Yvonne, Brenda, Nancy, Tobie, Andé, Dany.)









WOW!

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Confessions Of A Female J.O. Clubmember



By Claire Connors

People react rather strangely when I tell them about my sexual preference. I am a woman who LUVS gay men. I'm sexually attracted to them and it turns me on to watch men having sex with each other.

It started out innocently enough (these things usually do). My old boyfriend collected underground comics, most of which were sexually oriented. We used to sit for hours reading them (don't laugh, they were really hot). Then one day, he brought out the gay comix--and I went nuts! I was so excited by them, I used to have to wait until my boyfriend went to work to read them. I think I was ashamed because I LUVed them so much.

However, I got bored with just drawings of gay sex. I decided I wanted to see the real thing. So I moved on to the more advanced pic-n-tell magazines like Blue Boy and Inches. I would go over to my gay friends' houses and casually go through their entire collections of meat-beating mags. They thought I was just curious and never suspected my erotic passion. My other favorite trick was going into bookstores and pretending I was taking a class on homosexuality so I could buy their gay porn literature guilt-free.

My next step was much more bold. One afternoon I found myself walking up the stairs to Show Palace, the jack-off club on 42nd and 8th. I didn't know how the guard would react to me, but he didn't even bat an eye as I walked in. At the cashier's window I got a strange look, but once I paid $10 I was home free. First, I checked out the movie room. A few men stood inside the doors watching the usual in-out flicks on the screen. Old hat. I turned toward the live-sex room. From the outside, all I could see were the backs of what looked like hundreds of men, and every now and then, an occasional naked arm or leg flipping up over their heads. I was ready to make the big jump...in I went. I stood in the back of the darkened theater and watched this young, tattooed man doing an erotic dance on stage with a large snake. I was mesmerized. As he was leaving the stage, he spotted me and shook his snake in my general direction. It was true LUV.

As you can imagine, all of this started to have an effect on my sex life. Besides having to hide all my gay porn (what were underwear drawers invented for anyway?), I was having trouble getting excited by my boyfriend without fantasizing about him in locker rooms, at construction sites, or wearing tight leather outfits at The Spike. If he only knew how I imagined him during our love-making, whew! Eventually we broke up, of course. He was too macho for me, and he could not understand why I kept calling out "Mary" during sex (boy, did he ever have the wrong idea).

All of this was very confusing for me. I couldn't figure out what I was or where I was going. Was I disturbed? Did I need a therapist? Then one day the answer came to me in the form of a bumpersticker on the back of a beat-up Vega: "I'm a lesbian trapped in a man's body." I immediately reversed it and it hit me like a ton of bricks--I'm a homo in a woman's body. Of course! But that still left me wondering what I was supposed to do for sexual stimulation.

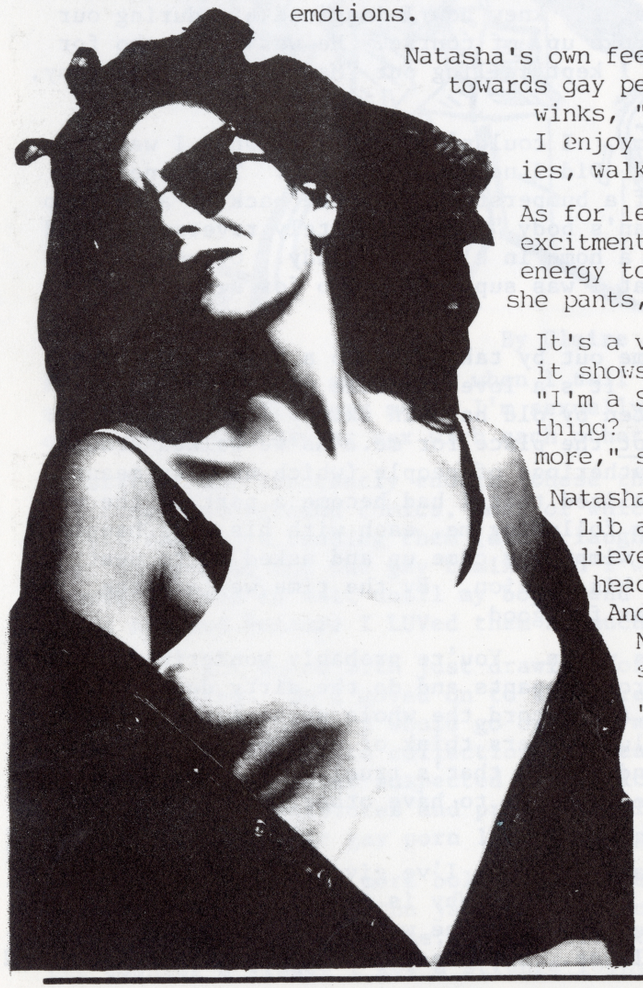
A sympathetic homo decided to help me out by taking me to a hetero sex club called The Vault. Ever been there? It's a lovely little place where dirty old men go to get their bottoms beaten by old hags in skimpy leather outfits. I knew with five minutes this was not the place for me. As we walked around the large room, looking for small gatherings of people (which usually meant something dirty was going on), I realized that I had become a part of the entertainment. I had three little men following me, each with his dick hanging out of his pants. One particularly wimpy guy came up and asked me to beat him. My stern, "No!" only enflamed his passion. By the time we left the place I was off watching straight sex for good.

So it's back to Show Palace for this woman. You're probably wondering what I do in the JO club. Well, I don't drop my pants and do the dirty deed right there. I simply stand back, watch, and record the whole scene for future reference. And what do my fellow JO club members think of me? Maybe some think I'm a boy in very authentic drag (And infact that's true). But actually rarely does anyone notice I'm there...People seem to have other things on their, uh, mind.

Who knows the psychology behind my attraction? I've given up trying to figure it out. (Why is someone gay or straight? Why is the sky blue?) What I've decided is that its best for me to accept the way I am, be true to those feelings, and do damn well what I please. So, see you at the Show Palace, boys!

I Am Natasha - Hear Me Roar!

"I love being a woman, I adore women, I love my mother, I love myself!", shouts ravishing Natasha Shulman, New York artist/actress/band leader (Natasha and Fearless Lieder) and madcap bundle of energy. Her joyous words echo across the countryside site of her summer sabbatical, a back-to-nature getaway with plenty of time for female consciousness raising. Being a woman, Natasha has decided during topless strolls through fields of mating ladybugs, is a magnificent experience. Life is grand for those strong and brave enough to easily express their loving emotions.



Natasha's own feelings of affection certainly apply towards gay people. "I'm a people person," she winks, "Why, some of my best friends are gay. I enjoy them as dinner companions, for movies, walks in the park..."

As for lesbians, Natasha shakes visibly with excitment as she talks about all "that female energy together." "They have things I have," she pants, "They have things I want."

It's a vibrant, lusty life Natasha leads and it shows in her healthy sexual appetite. "I'm a Scorpio, doesn't that explain everything? I'm never satisfied, always wanting more," she says, biting her hand.

Natasha's passionate opinions toward women's lib are truly Scorpion: "Of course I believe in women's rights. I'm not a butthead. Buttheads of the world get lost!" And as an expression of solidarity, Natasha Shulman breaks into triumphant song:

"Women of the World Unite!
Gather Our Might!
Let's Party Tonight!
Hip Hip Hooray!
Women To and Fro -
Here We Go -
We Can All Share Clothes!"

by Les Simpson; Photo: Tim Goetz

RIGHT: It's pancakes in the morning, hot syrup at night, for this happy homemaker. (Photo: Tim Goetz)

BELOW: Natasha belts out the tunes: "La, la, la, In Montana, where men are men the sheep are scared." (Photo: Mary Ann Daniel)





Natasha hits the nail on the head: There ain't nothing a woman can't do! (Photo: Tim Goetz)

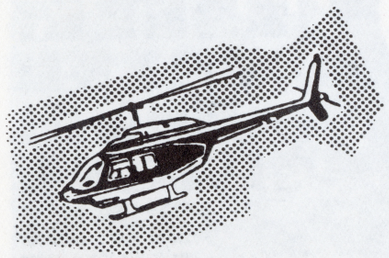
MAMA NEVER TOLD ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS (DREAMS OF AN EVERYDAY HOUSEWIFE)

By Marisa Bowe



It was just another ordinary day. I was wheeling my shopping cart down aisle 57 of the new Hypermart, wondering, did I buy Glad Bags last week? Or was it Saran Wrap? Freezer bags? Or Microwave-safe? Family size? Or sandwich minis? Ziplock? Or classic twistie closure? Did I get them on sale? What was the price -- could I have gotten a better deal here? Should I buy the generic brand? They were cheaper -- but what if they fell apart, costing me more in the long run?! How could I know? They should have a testing service! They should have a computer printout! They should have a consultant! Just look at all these bags! Thousands and thousands of bags! All different, yet somehow the same...How can a person choose...I was feeling woozy...My mind was spinning...the fluorescent lights were so blinding, the Muzak suddenly seemed so loud..."It's Hip to Be Square" (lite instrumental version) blaring in my eardrums, pounding, pounding...I felt dizzy, I grabbed the handle of my shopping cart but it started to roll, pulling me with it -- my stomach lurched -- I was about to plunge helplessly into the sandwich bags section --

"Here, let me help you," I heard a calm, virile voice say, as a strong hand closed around my trembling arm and steadied me, sending a shiver of electricity shooting up my spine right into my brain. Startled, but somehow instantly reassured, I looked at my Samaritan. My eyes met the steadiest pair of steely grey-blues I had ever seen. With a start I realized the face was a very familiar one -- one I had often looked on with warmth, sympathy, longing, loyalty, and fierce admiration. The face belonged to Oliver North.



"There, there," he said in his familiar, earnest tone. "A little overzealous in the line of duty, eh?" The look of complete understanding in his twinkling orbs made me melt. "Oh Ollie," I faltered, still in a daze.

"Ma'am," he began, with a respectful glance at my wedding ring, "you look like the competent type." His quick, penetrating second glance let me know that competence wasn't all he found and approved of. "I wonder if you could help me with a little tiny technical problem."

Ollie North asking me for advice? Whoa, Mama never told me there'd be days like this! "Oh, yes Oll-- Sir-- I mean Lieutanant Colonel North," I stammered, unsure of how to address him.

He flashed his boyish grin. "You can call me Ollie," he said, tossing me another efficient, yet scorching glance that turned my knees to jelly and threatened to send me toppling back into the Glad Wrap.

Suddenly furrowing his brow in that cute, serious way of his, he asked, "Do you really think these Ziplock bags preserve freshness better than classic twistie closure?"

My heart leapt at the chance to contribute my small measure of expertise to National Security. "Yes," I said simply. Ollie looked at me with new appreciation."

"I see you're a woman who knows something about expediency," he said with a searching gaze that sent another bolt of lightning through my spine.

"Yes," I repeated softly.

"I've been looking for a woman like you ever since Fawn ditched me for the talk show circuit, said Ollie, with great intensity.

"Ollie looked at me with new appreciation"



I shuddered at the thought of Fawn, that toothy, leggy blonde, teammate to Ollie as they fearlessly fought for freedom , day and night, two hearts beating together with the same unswerving sense of mission. I ached to have been there in her place. But what matter? Ollie was here, miraculously, asking ME to join him! Could it really be true? I felt faint...

Ollie motioned for me to follow him with my cart. We rolled quickly to the checkout counter, and Ollie, gentlemen that he is, paid for my groceries. It took a while for the manager to approve his Swiss checks, but soon we were marching toward the automatic door, me with my Velveeta, my Vidal Sassoon hair mousse, my Lemon Pledge and my Rice-a-Roni (50 cents off with coupon); Ollie with his 250 boxes of Ziplock bags. "Mine is not to question why..." I mused, with a rush of excitment as I contemplated all of Ollie's precious secrets.

Halfway through the revolving door my ears were hit by a deafening blast of noise; a U.S. Government chopper was waiting for us! Ollie hurried me inside, packed the groceries, and before I knew it, the parking lot, the shopping center, and my whole upstate New York town were just a tiny blur below...I was happily basking in Ollie's presence...exhausted...

I awoke to find that we had alighted onto the roof of Trump Casino in Atlantic City. Glamorous Ivana was striding up with glad greetings; her body a pulsating zigzag collage of reflected neon lights, her golden hairdo unfazed by the strong chopper winds...Was that Imelda back there, smiling gaily? What was in that suitcase she handed to Ollie? Shoes, maybe...And what were Maria Shriver, Robin

Givens, Ruth Roper, and Flo-Jo doing there? I caught sight of a large package labeled "anabolic steroids." Didn't that have something to do with exercise?

Ollie gently helped me out of the chopper and into a waiting plane, marked "Air Force 2." Where had I heard that before...I must have fallen asleep again after that because the next thing I knew we were landing onto a dirt airstrip with palms waving a friendly hello.

Ollie leaned toward me, "We're just going to load up on a few essentials here before we head on over to Ilopango..."

Dear, dear Ollie! What a guy! We'd just met and here he was sweeping me off to some exotic resort! By all rights I should be angry - I am married - but how many housewives get a chance to have a romantic interlude with a national hero!

NEXT SISTER: Our heroine is in for a surprise...Where is Ilopango? What were all those celebrities up to? Why do 3 out of 4 mothers prefer Jif to the leading brand?

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Photography by Andé Whyland LITE-BOX STUDIO 475-2008

SVETLANA OF THE JUNGLE

G.GUY '86

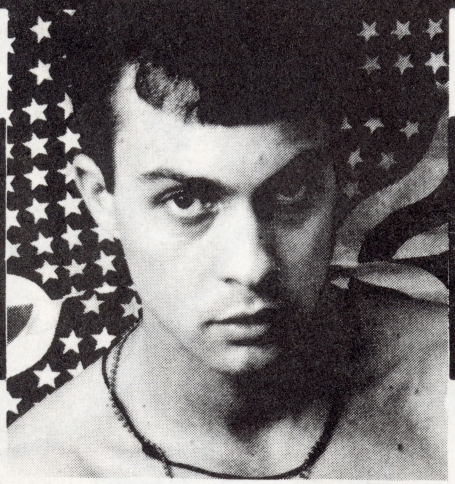
KIDNAPPED AS AN INFANT, SVETLANA PERONENKO WAS RAISED AMONG THE WILDS. NOW, TWENTY YEARS LATER, SHE HAS FINALLY RETURNED TO HER NATIVE LAND, MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE.



MY COMRADE

Fall '88

$2.00

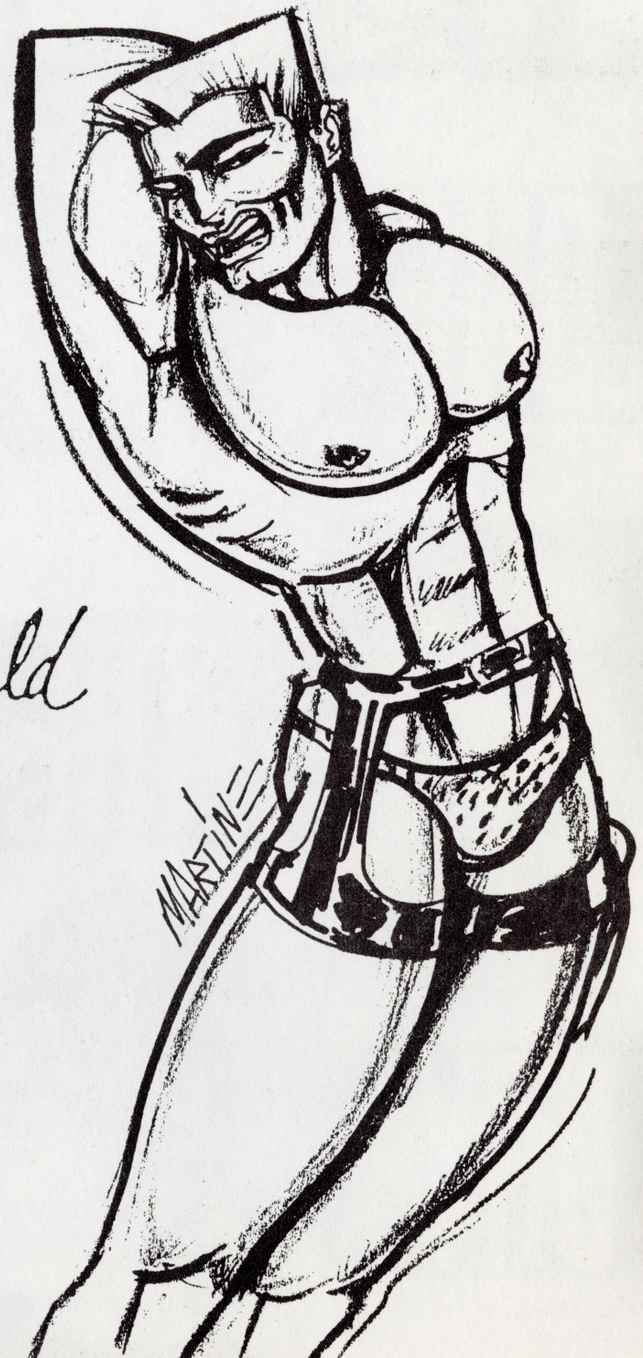


LONG LIVE THE GAY NATION









Patricia Field

ten east eight street
new york city, 10003
(212) 254-1699



Letter From The Editor

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FIRST VISIT TO THE GAY NATION...

The flight there, dammit, was filled with turbulence. All night we tossed and turned through torrential downpours. By morning the rain had stopped, but all around us were gray, billowy, suffocating clouds, and we glided silently through them endlessly.

What a lonely, claustrophobic feeling that was...

Slowly though, it did get lighter, glimpses of the ground even seemed to appear, and then suddenly, with a burst of energy, we broke free from our cloudy confines. And there it was - surrounded by a breathtaking blue sky and a shining sea - the motherland, the fatherland, the promised land - The Gay Nation!

As I stepped off the plane I knew I was at last where I had always wanted to be. Finally, someplace where I could be myself, let down my guard, relax, frolic, shake my own groove thang, and being gay was like a really cool thing to be. I eagerly gulped the clean, fresh air and felt more alive than ever before.

Everyone, from the smiling policepeople to the ice cream vendors on the gorgeous sandy beaches, were so friendly! No one bumped into you on the dancefloor (except for The Gay Nation's sexy punk rock clubs of course), and people respected and applauded each other's differences. I made so many wonderful, wonderful friends. I met all of MY COMRADE's beautiful contributers, and I met you, dear reader, and for that I'll be forever grateful.

I loved The Gay Nation's diversity - all races and ages, male and female, united by a common bond. It's been so exciting lately to witness the pride and patriotic spirit that's gripped the countryside. "In Gay People We Trust" is the nation's new motto.



When it came time to leave I said, "Fuck it, I ain't going nowhere," and as the plane taxied down the runway I felt not one bit of regret. I watched the plane until it became a small speck and when it dissapeared into the sky completely, I got down on my knees and pressed my lips against the lovely Gay Nation.

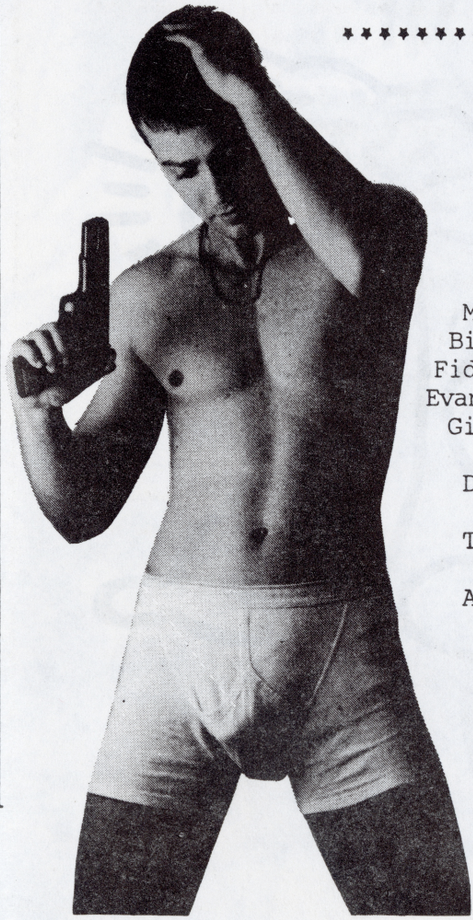
Les Simpson

Pledging their Allegiance to the GAY NATION

SHARING A BOND BEYOND STRAIGHT AMERICA'S COMPREHENSION

MY COMRADE'S STAFF

****



President: LES SIMPSON

VP: JOHN BOYER

Photomaster: KEITH KOTICK

Contribuers:

Steven Adams, Antonia, Juan Botas, Marisa Bowe, Bradley Chamberlin, Brenda, Billy Cole, Henry Connell, Claire Connors, Fidèl Cortez, Lucinda Daly, Mary Ann Daniel, Evangeline DeSota, Nancy Dowling, Matt Ebert, Gil Fedos, Mario Fernandez, Geoff Freitag, Tim Goetz, Gina Guy, Hapi Phace, Dany Johnson, Chassy La Rue, Steve Lott, Lypsinka, Perfidia, Princess Kukicha, Tommy Reid, Natasha Shulman, Adam Smith, Tabboo!, Tobie, Trade, George Wayne, Andè Whyland, George Wittman, and Yvonne

MY COMRADE - "GAY OWNED AND OPERATED"
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Cover Photos, Clockwise From Top:

Adam by Keith Kotick, Fidèl by Keith Kotick, Andè by Dany Johnson, Perfidia by John Boyer

****



(Advertisment)



OUR PAGE SEVEN GUY

❤ Ain't he adorable? Just as cuddly and playful as his stuffed animal pet is— sexy Matt Ebert!

❤ Matt's sense of humor combined with his sensitive manner and high I.Q. has led to a sky-rocketing movie career.

❤ Matt loves fighting for gay rights, and kisses his boyfriend, George, whenever and wherever he wants!

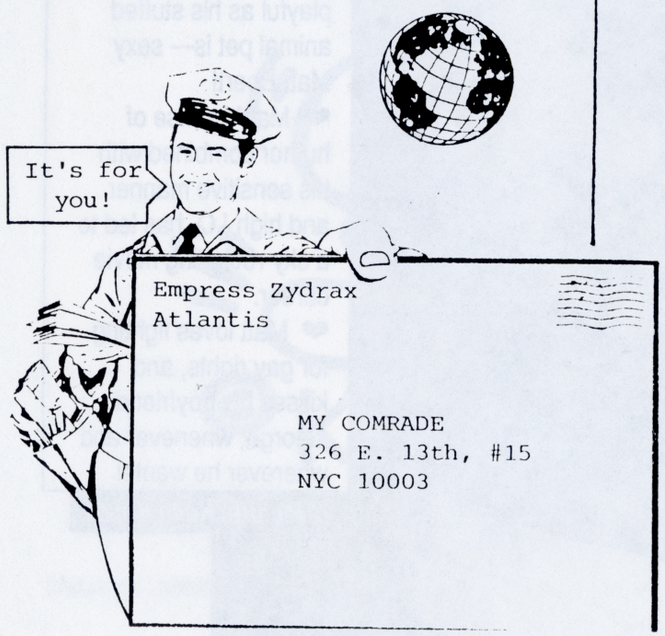
Picture: Keith Kotick

THE WORLD OF MY COMRADE

CORRESPONDENCE UPDATE

Hank, our hunky mailman, kept bitching about back pains from having to deliver so much mail to MY COMRADE. Quite concerned, we stripped off his uniform, threw him on the bed, and administered a soothing body massage to absolutely every single part of his body... Needless to say, Hank's been feeling a lot better. He bounds up our stairs, a smile on his face, with nary a complaint about the heaps of mail addressed to MY COMRADE...

"MY COMRADE brought me back to the late 60's and early 70's when I was a young-adult fag-hag," writes Wilma K. of Manhattan, who obviously picked up one of our pretty limited-edition tie-dyed issues...Goodness, it's been far too long since we've heard that modern expression "fag hag."



John Paul of Montreal, Canada writes that he was "most pleased and stimulated" by our Winter issue, especially by the cover model (Jesus), who he described as "A GOD!" John Paul, a mystical Scorpio, went on to bless Editor Les Simpson with an abundence of money, and guess what, the next da Les found a nickel on the sidewalk. John Paul, merci beaucoup!

A Mr. Edwards of Carter Collection Agency write "If we do not receive payment within 10 days we will be forced to..." Oops, next letter, please.

Our dear friend, Paul S., a student in rural Virgini sent us a charming letter about manure, country boys, etc., but we can't seem to locate it. We did not, however, lose the generous contribution Paul sent us, but misplacing fifty-four cartons of fresh Virginia jumbo size chicken eggs ain't easy.

And of course we got the usual score of letters slobbering over MC's cute guys - Carlos, Aner, Keoki, Gertrude, etc. - and God willing, we'll all be seeing even more of them in the future.

MEDIA MENTIONS

A sweet little mention by Laurie Pike in The Paper certainly got some interesting response. Among those we heard from: "The North American Transvestite-Transexual Telephone Contact Service." We'd certainly have to agree with their slogan that it's "America's Most Unique Dating Service." Rumor has it the company's entire profits go to send poverty stricken children to summer camp.

Torso, the popular "men's magazine" also reported on MY COMRADE in thei April '88 , New York Drag Issue. A rather confusing description made it sound like MY COMRADE's thing is "lesbian drag", but hey, we can dig it. Here at the office even the guys occassionaly kick off their spiked heels in favor of some sturdy hiking boots.

And now on your AM dial -MY COMRADE. Editor Les Simpson, columnist Hapi Phace and reporter P. Ness recently sounded off their "radical viewpoints" on WNBC's Alan Colmes Show. Alan, at first apprehensive, was won over by his guests' wit, charm, intellect and secret recipe for tuna casserole. The whole gang was enthusiastically invited back, but with a note of caution for Hapi not to again chug-a-lug a bottle of Dr. Pepper right before airtime (Burp, burp).

Late news: The Advocate, that thoroughly modern gay institution, just wrote about MY COMRADE. We've sung it before, and we'll sing it again: "There's no business like the publishing busi-



D.J. Alan Colmes, Hapi Phace, P. Ness



ness..."

OUR MAGAZINE PALS

Mmmm, yummy, Punk, as fresh and tasty as the day it arrived And now with the extra added flavor of Gay Sex, it's J.D.s, the Toronto-based fanzine for gay punks. Homoerotic fantasies of mohawks, tattoos and torn t-shirts slamdance through its gritty, scrappy pages, "Faggot in The Family" by Aryan Disgrace tops its homocore hit list, and rebellious, raunchy rockers bare all...It's certainly a sexy reading experience, and quite unique, wouldn't you say? J.D.s' clever staff also makes and stars in super-8 movies! What next? Gay punk T.V.? "I'll take an 'X', Vanna, and suck my tit, you fucking dyke!" We picked up J.D.s at See Hear, the lovely music magaizne store at 59 East 7th St., which incidently carries MY COMRADE. Also available there is Boysville, U.S.A. which describes itself as "the newest and cutest gay zin out now." It's from Olympia, WA and it simply adores pop culture, and for now it's free. Aren't gay people generous?

...And then there's R.O.M.E.Magazine, chic, scandalous, seductive R.O.M.E. Why, if you're not reading journalist George Wayne's magazine of social commentary you're not part of the inner circle. No power lunch is complete without R.O.M.E. Available at Civilization, 78 Second Avenue, NYC.



Queens and Scenes



BY HAPI PHACE

My comrades, was I not in tears as I stood on Fifth Avenue and watched my lesbian sisters and gay brothers proudly strutting their stuff on that special Sunday. I had just flown in from Buffalo (and, boy, was my broomstick tired) after appearing at the Hapi Phace Philm Phestival. I dropped my bags off and headed off to the Pride Parade. The "Grandmas for Gays" float (actually just a couple of white-haired women on a pick-up truck) always gets me blubbering. The Gay Police Officers is another one - maybe it's the uniforms. I always watch the police officers who are stationed on the parade sidelines as they watch the marching gay patrolmen. I simply cannot begin to stop over intellectualizing and analyzing what is going on in the minds of these cops, the stationary cops and the openly gay marching cops. The cops that are hired to be at the parade are wishing that they were brave enough to come out and just start marching with their benevolent brothers while the openly gay officers are wondering who that sexy fox on the sidelines is (me) and wishing that they had my phone number (477-8417 in Manhattan).

Photo by Michael Wakefield

Many of you, my dear comrades, have called, written, and approached me to say that you appreciated my words that night as we gathered at The Pyramid to celebrate through dance our Heritage and Pride. Allow me to present for you again those sentiments in these words:

"When I was growing up I never imagined that I would be able to be openly Gay. Well, we have come a long way that I can host a Gay Event like this on this Gay Pride Day. Is it not wonderous that we walk openly gay, arm in arm, hand in hand? Yet how about tomorrow? Without the police to protect us? What about the other 364 days of the year? We as a homosexual community must learn, and we are learning, to empower ourselves politically. We must learn, and we are learning, to heal ourselves and heal our society from fear and thus empowering our entire civilization. I hope one day to be speaking to you not only on Gay Pride Day but on Gay Liberation Day!! For on that fearless day we can stop labeling ourselves gay or straight and then we shall have a Human Pride Day, a Human Liberation Day. Perhaps that seems impossible now, but I remember when it seemed impossible to have even this one day. If there is anything I can do to help you understand how to get involved in empowering yourself and our community please know I am at your service."



Yes comrades, I am available to you , please write to me in care of MY COMRADE, or call, you know the number. Until next issue -

Love Hapi

An Interview With The First Lover

EXCLUSIVE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE: AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FIRST LOVER

Things have certainly changed at the White House since President Zachary Milford, America's first openly gay president, moved in with his long-time companion, Chester "Chip" McGraw.

On my meeting with America's very first First Lover, Chip was casually but becomingly dressed in cool, off-white slacks and a floral patterned pink silk shirt. He looked tan and vivacious, and bubbled over with enthusiasm.

MY COMRADE: Chip, President Milford's victory over Bush and Dukakis was certainly an unprecedented upset. Do you think that the voting public's acceptance of the President's openly gay lifestyle suggests a national trend towards acceptance of homosexuality?

CHIP MCGRAW: Well, Steve, it's been building and building. Just about everyone really is queer, you know. And the proverbial closets were just getting a mite too crowded. Zack threw open the closet door, and all America's inhibitions came tumbling out!



MC: Chip, have you and Zack received much flak from the country's conservative element?

CM: Yes, Steve, we have. It was very sad, of course, when that plane crash wiped out the four most conservative members of the Supreme Court. And the conservatives put up quite a stink when Zack appointed Abbie Hoffman, Gloria Steinem, Joan Baez and Elizabeth Taylor to fill their slots. But you can't please everyone, can you?

MC: I was told you're planning a Gay Ball on the White House lawn on the Fourth of July.

CM: I am, Steve. It's going to be a fabulous affair. You know, Steve, since Zack was elected, it's become de rigeur to be gay! Why, Ron Reagan Jr. and Steve Ford have announced their engagement, and plan to tie the knot as soon as Ron's divorce comes through. But, getting back to the 4th of July soiree, it will be simply dripping with the creme de la creme of gay society! Henry Kissinger, Sly Stallone, Whitney and Jody, Richard Gere, Liz Smith, Cheryl Crane (Lana's daughter, you know), Pee Wee Herman, Michael Jackson, Rudolf Nureyev, Tom Selleck, Larry "Bud" Melman, the list goes on and on. Prince Andrew is flying in from London for the event. Olivia Newton-John and Prince will sing the National Anthem. And all the money, of course, will be channelled into AIDS research.

MC: The President has listed AIDS as the top priority on his agenda. How much influence have you had on Zack's decision to do this?

CM: Steve, I'll be frank. Zack and I discuss everything. Yes, I have influenced his decisions. Zack is kissing the military budget good-bye, and is putting virtually all of that money into combatting AIDS, our public enemy number one.

MC: Chip, Nothing has been reported in the media about your religious affilliation. How about filling us in?

CM: Although I'm a very spiritual person, I'm not turned on by organized religion. I believe in Love. Love and Peace and Humanity. I think small-minded religious fanatics like Cardinal O'Connor and Jerry Falwell are for the birds! Let's have harmony and tolerance and freedom in the world!

MC: Chip, First Ladies have traditionally been spokespersons for various causes, from Rosalyn Carter's interest in mental health programs to Nancy Reagan's anti-drug campaign. Do you have a pet project in mind as well?

By Steve Lott

CM: I am greatly concerned by the state of education in this country. I intend to lobby for legislation requiring a course in alternative lifestyles in every public high school. I will personally lecture at schools around the country, encouraging gay students to come out of the closets and bring their boyfriends and girlfriends home to Mom and to the prom!

MC: Our readers will be curious to know what the REAL President Zachory Milford is like, in private, at home. Care to clue us in?

CM: Zack is the sweetest man imagineable. In his leisure time, Zack enjoys painting tasteful nudes on black velvet—he studied with Red Skelton, you know. He's into leather, but I can't be too candid about that, now, can I? He likes rollerskating, hiking, collecting baseball cards and reading classic gay literature.

MC: Any plans for children, Chip?

CM: No. Both Zack and I have such busy schedules at present that we simply wouldn't have the time to devote to nurturing and raising children. We do have a pair of rare albino, long-haired gerbils—Jim and Tammy Faye. Tammy Faye's expecting a litter any minute now.

MC: Chip, do you have a message for the gay youth of America?

CM: Be strong, be proud, be united and be safe! We'll beat prejudice, we'll beat the disease, and we'll emerge stronger and prouder than ever before!

MC: Chip, you are a living, breathing inspiration to gays everywhere!

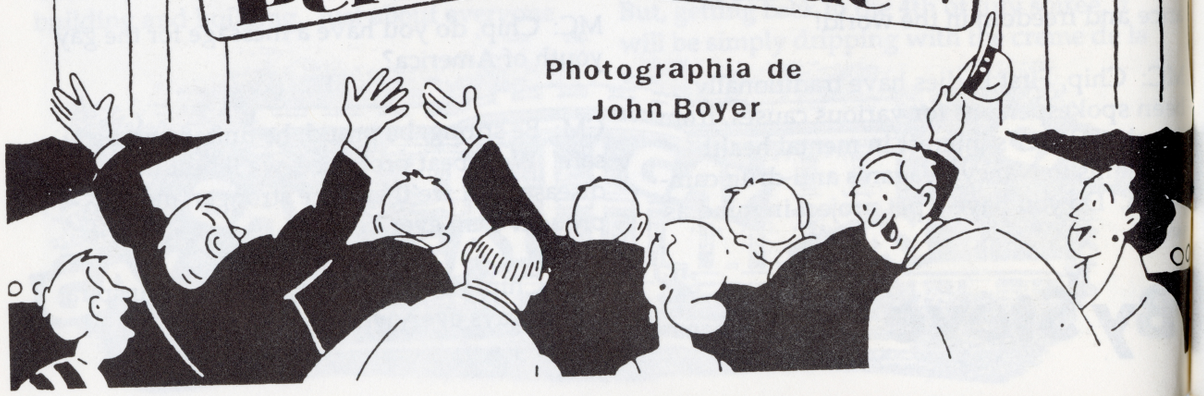
UN MY COMRADE
PHOTO NOVELLA

"El Juego De Cartas"

Presentado



Photographia de
John Boyer







Lo completo y te subo de nuevo.





Apostare mis calcones.



Apostare mis pantalones.



Lo completo y te subo de nuevo.





Déjame ver tus cartas.

¡Oye! Hicistes trampa.

¡Yo soy el ganador!



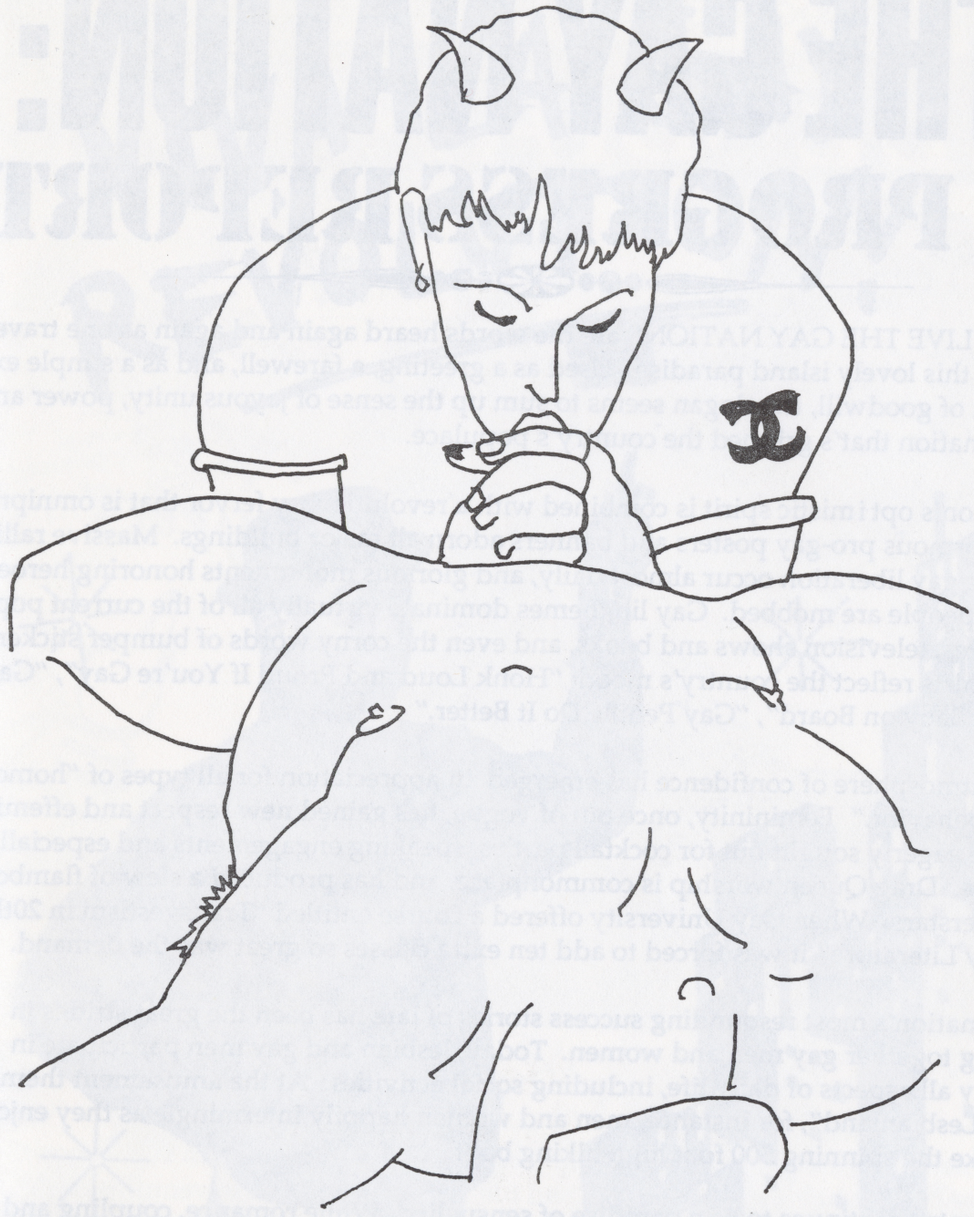
¡Cono! ¡Perdi de nuevo!



Design: Mario Fernandez



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THE GAY NATION:
A PROGRESS REPORT

"LONG LIVE THE GAY NATION" are the words heard again and again as one travels through this lovely island paradise. Used as a greeting, a farewell, and as a simple expression of goodwill, the slogan seems to sum up the sense of joyous unity, power and determination that's gripped the country's populace.

The nation's optimistic spirit is combined with a revolutionary fervor that is omnipresent. Enormous pro-gay posters and banners adorn all major buildings. Massive rallies extolling gay liberation occur almost daily, and glorious monuments honoring heroes of the gay people are mobbed. Gay lib themes dominate virtually all of the current popular movies, television shows and books, and even the corny words of bumper stickers and T-shirts reflect the country's mood: "Honk Loud and Proud If You're Gay", "Gay Activist Baby on Board", "Gay People Do It Better."

In this atmosphere of confidence has emerged an appreciation for all types of "homosexual behavior." Femininity, once out of vogue, has gained new respect and effeminite men are eagerly sought out for cocktail parties, speaking engagements and especially, romance. Drag Queen worship is commonplace, and has produced a slew of flamboyant superstars. When Gay University offered a course entitled "Transvestism in 20th Century Literature" it was forced to add ten extra classes so great was the demand.

One of nation's most resounding success stories of late has been the great strides in bringing together gay men and women. Today, lesbian and gay men participate in virtually all aspects of daily life, including social activities. At the amusement theme park, "Lesbianland", for instance, men and women happily intermingle as they enjoy rides like the spinning 500 foot high hiking boot.

The country continues to be a paradise of sensuality. While romance, coupling and "safe sex" are all the current rage it certainly has not been to the exclusion of the country's strong erotocism. Compared to those of The Gay Nation's, the beaches of Rio seem like a nunnery.



LESBIANISM



The Glamour

The Glory

For the nation's young people the future looks bright. Growing up in such a hopeful, guilt-free era has had a strong impact, and fueled by the successful ventures of their elders they vow to make the Gay Nation even stronger and more successful.

Photos of Fidèl Cortez by Keith Kotick, Perfidia by John Boyer, Nancy Dowling by Andè Whyland; Posters by Steve Lott, Henry Connell and Les Simpson





Recently the country's largest newspaper sponsored a children's poetry contest. The theme was "Life In The Gay Nation", and the moving words of the winning poem speak for a generation:

As years roll on, let's not forget
Each sacrifice we made,
How we took heart and did our part
Together .... unafraid!
And let us strive to make our Land
Still greater than before,
So Peace and Love and Liberty
Will bless us EVERMORE!

LONG LIVE THE GAY NATION!



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Where the customer is KING and the Chefs are Queens



JUAN BOTAS INTRODUCES:

TRUE EVENTS IN HOMOSEXUAL LIVING

SUMMER, 1986

JASMINE ALLSPICE AND GLENN DO LISBON

THIS IS OUR ROYAL AIR MOROCCO FLIGHT NEW YORK-LISBON MAKING A STOP SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA

MISS, THE NON-SMOKING SIGN'S STILL ON

MY TOOTH HURTS

PYRAMID

BEAT IT, BITCH! I Need the FUCKING CIGARET!

Gee, SUCH A PRETTY FACE AND SUCH A FILTHY MOUTH

She's cool... She's LISTENING TO BILLY OCEAN

WE ARRIVE TO LISBON

Oh, CUTE! IT'S JUST LIKE SAN FRANCISCO

TAXI

A HEALTHY DOSE OF PRESCRIPTION DRUGS FINALLY PUT GLENN IN THE MOOD FOR SOME LISBON NIGHTLIFE

THIS PLACE IS ADORABLE! ALL THOSE DARLING ORNAMENTS! LOOK AT THAT VASE! VERY PICASSO!

EEEEEEEE! I'M HAVING A PAIN ATACK! EEEEEEE! EEEE! CALL THE AMERICAN CONSULATE! I'M NOT PUTTING MYSELF IN THE HANDS OF SOME THIRD WORLD DENTIST!

GLENNIE POOH, CAN I PLEASE WEAR YOUR BICYCLE PANTS TONIGHT?

WELL, YOU KNOW, BICYCLE PANTS LOOK MUCH BETTER ON PETITES

LATER THAT NIGHT

EEEEEE!! I'M CRASHING FROM THE PAIN KILLERS!

HI, GORGEOUS, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MANUEL

ATTENTION HOMOS! One of the many sick episodes of YOUR fabulous life could be the next "TRUE EVENTS IN HOMOSEXUAL LIVING". JUST WRITE IT IN FULL DETAIL AND SEND IT TO c/o "TRUE EVENTS", MY COMRADE, 326 E. 13TH ST. #15, NYC 10003. YES, YOU MAY USE A "NOM DE GUERRE".

I CALLED HIM MANUEL-HUNG. WE DIDN'T LEAVE THAT ROOM FOR FIVE DAYS. AND NEITHER DID GLENN

OH, MANUEL

EEEEEEEEE! I'VE TAKEN TOO MUCH ASPIRIN. I THINK I'M GOING TO THROW UP!

THE 6TH DAY I GAVE MANUEL THE EQUIVALENT OF $3 IN ESCUDOS TO GO GET US SOME HASH. I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

BY THEN GLENN WAS FEELING BETTER

OHMYGOHD! THOSE ARE MY FRIENDS JUAN AND BILLY, FROM NEW YORK

GIIIRLS!

NICE MEETING YOU. NOW WE'RE GOING TO IBIZA

I'M GOING TO PERFORM IN THE BIGGEST, MOST STUNNING DISCOTHEQUE IN EUROPE!

WE'LL DRIVE YOU TO MADRID!

THE NEXT DAY SO MY FRIEND GARY-SUE, FROM SEATTLE, HE'S DEEP-THROATING THIS GUY WHO JUST TREATED HIM TO A FANCY DINNER. HE GAGS AND PUKES THE DUCK A L'ORANGE ALL OVER HIM!

SPAIN

JASMINE THAT'S GROSS!

GUYS, WE'RE IN SPAIN! LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL!

SO THE NEIGHBOR IS TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE HE LOOKS OVER THE FENCE AND THERE IS GARY-SUE SUCKING OFF THIS BOY IN HIS PARENTS' OWN BACKYARD ON TOP OF THE PICNIC TABLE

GET OUT!

SPAIN IS REALLY A FABULOUS LOCATION FOR A FASHION SHOOT

THE ARRIVAL IN MADRID CALLED FOR SOME ABBA

THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE AIR THAT NIGHT, THE STARS SO BRIGHT. ♪ FERNANDOOO ♪

"LEATHER", "CRUISING", DO THESE SOUND LIKE GAY DISCOS?

THAT SONG IS A CLASSIC...

NEXT ISSUE: IBIZA, WHERE GAY FANTASY TURNS INTO NIGHTMARE.

Chassy La Rue's QUEENS' VERNACULAR

or

"Chaba, you remember that sugar and spice couple, Lady Moose Felicia and Susie Wong? Well, those party dogs are back on the gravy train and have I got some deep dish for you!"



Photo by LaHoma

J'teste - I truly hate. As in "J-teste heavy metal."

J'dore - I truly love. As in "J'dore that blonde boy."

Riffed - Dished, because reading is fundamental. As in "That queen just riffed you from start to finish."

Jackie - Any white young homosexual. "She a jackie."

Agnes - Any white old homosexual. "Agnes is sitting on that same barstool."

Brenda - Any young black queen. "Her favorite sport is Brendaball."

Bertha - Any old black queen. "Bertha can throw down on that soul food."

Susie Wong - Any young Asian queen. "Ring a ding ding, Susie Wong reads the I Ching."

Dragon Lady - Any older Asian queen. "That Dragon Lady is a San Francisco treat."

Felicia - Any young Puerto Rican/Hispanic queen. "Felicia digs that acid house."

Rosa - Any older Puerto Rican/Hispanic queen. "Rosa likes her salsa spicy."

Brutus - Butch dyke.

Olive - Fem dyke.

Dykedom - Refers to "Girlworld." "Did you see Brutus and Olive at Dykedom?"

Friend of Dorothy - Refers to drag queen.

Velvet - Dressed really smooth. As in "Girl, Dorothy in velvet tonight."

Chaba - Term of affection.

Breeze - Gossip.

Deep Dish - Really juicy gossip. "Chaba, have you heard the breeze on Bunny? It's really deep dish!"

Crybaby - Someone who can't keep the dish. "Don't share breeze with her, she's a crybaby."

Spilled - Getting drunk or otherwise trashed.

Coffee Break - Sober; on the wagon. "I'm on a coffeee break, I got spilled last week."

Cue Stick - "Rounds" material. "That cuestick wasn't worth 10 cents. Tell me she want 50 bucks."

Lieutenant Betty - Policeman. As in "Betty's hitting the beat."

Betty Ball - The Thompkins Square riot.

Slam dunkit, poppy! Give it to me hard. "Slam dunkit, poppy! We're sluts and sluts deserve to be punished."

Big Spender - Someone really terrific in bed. Jackie was truly a big spender."

Loose Change - Really lousy in bed. "I had to tell that loose change to leave. I told him the exterminator was coming."

Moose - Refers to obese queens. As in "The Lady Moose." "Did you see that mu-mu on Lady Moose? It was so Fire Island."

Flower - Goodlooking fem.

Coverboy - Muscular model material.

Spectacle - Any grand scene. "Last night's Whispers was such the spectacle."

Baby booty - Chicken; young trade.

Star booty - Famous personna. "I slept with some "star booty."

Sugar & Spice - True love; couple.

The Gravy Train - New York City. "How long you been on the gravy train?"

Pit Stop - The East Village. "I live in the Pit Stop, with Felicia."

Globe Momma - Refers to Dean Johnson. As in "Globe Momma & The Weenies."

Wet & Wild - First time in drag. "She thinks she velvet, but she wet & wild."

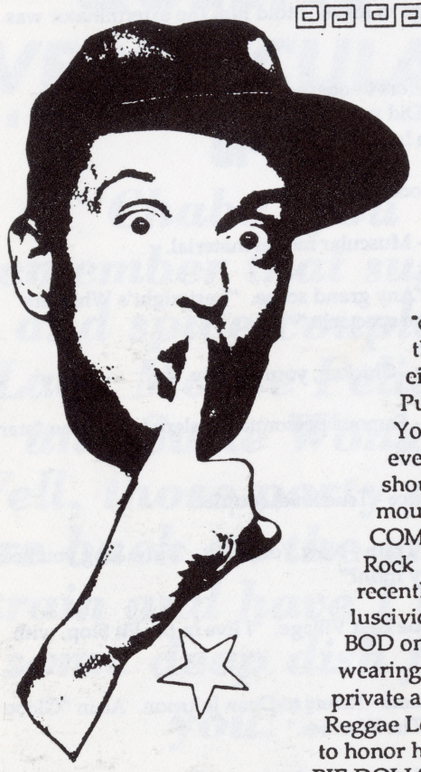
Party dog - Always last one to leave; hardcore partier. "Olympia, that hag, is such a party dog."

Hectic day - Coffee and a diet pill. "It was a hectic day. I was glued to that phone."

Secret Agent - Closet case. "He's such a coverboy, but what a secret agent."

Fag - Cigarette.

I Work This Town

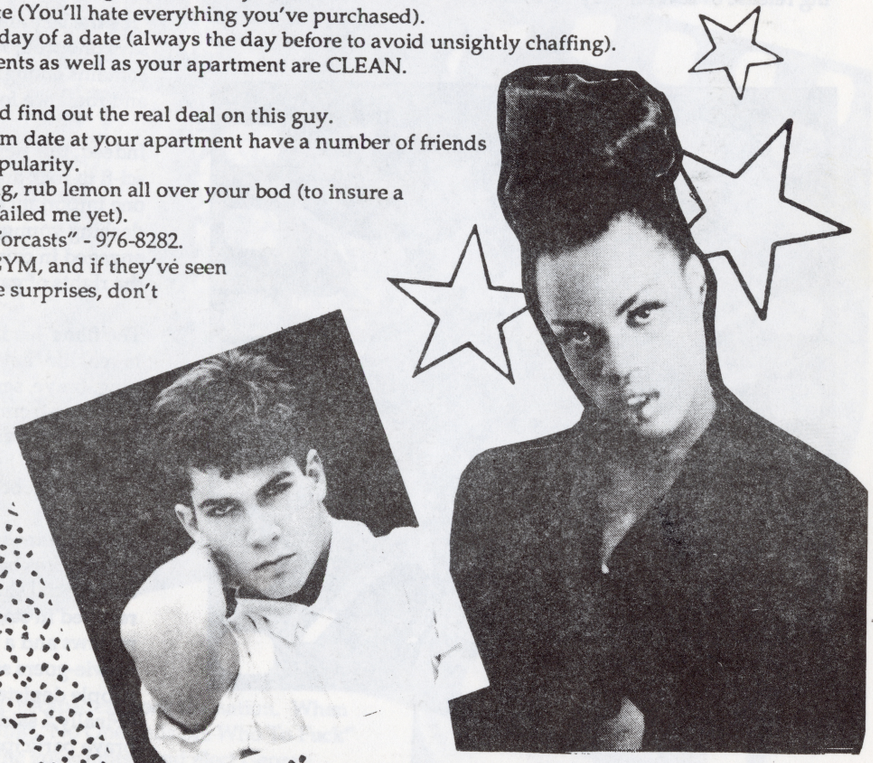


By Steven Adams

After refusing interviews for weeks, I finally cornered HAPI PHACE late one Sunday evening, after another of her standing room only performances at PYRAMID's "WHISPERS". It was at the totally hot, and painfully fashionable East Village shopping spot, SYP. As we sat eating organic blue corn (maze) chips, we debated the meaning of those three bold letters (SYP) that grace the awning facing PYRAMID. I was convinced it was either "Suck Your Penis", "Sell Your Pussy", "Serving Young Puerto Ricans" (my personal fave), "Save Your Pennies", "Stuff Your Pockets", or "Spend Your Paycheck". HAPI PHACE however, spiritual as she is, insisted on "Say Your Prayers". And so she should, for rumor has it, and I heard it straight from the horse's mouth, HAPI PHACE is not fat, SHE IS PREGNANT!...another MY COMRADE exlusive. For all you DERRICK SMIT (most delicious Rock 'n' Roll Fag Bar dancer, and close personal friend) fans, he has recently posed for the picture on the business card of that lusty, luscivious boutique, "Slip Into Something"...so if seeing that MAJOR BOD once a week live is not enough, run down, and pick one up. He's wearing the same uniform. On the party front, THE CONNIE GIRL's private and terribly exclusive birthday party at the Island Club (formerly Reggae Lounge was by far the PARTY OF THE MONTH. The event was to honor her sixteenth birthday (lies!), and the invitation suggested BARBIE DOLLS as the gift to give. No BARBIE DOLL however, came close to that one special DOLL she was seen leaving the party with the following morning: MODEL and SOCIAL SCANDAL, JOE DIETRICH. A couple who's social implications could be compared to none other than BRIGGITE NEILSON and MARK GASTINEAU...This column would not be complete without a plug of the TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK RIOTS...did any romance come of it?...perhaps a fashion tip or two?...allow me to sum up the highlights: At one point, my close and very dear friend ADAM (anything for a riot) SMITH and I were being persued by a very shall we say, masculine POLICE WOMAN (very CHARLIE'S ANGELS), with a very threatening looking billy club. Before I could say a thing, ADAM screamed out "WHY DON'T YOU EASE IT UP MY ASS AND TALK DIRTY TO ME"... Flawless. Moments later I glanced over to MICHAEL ALIG, a young party promoter (and future partner with RUDOLF at the NEW DANCETERIA) and wears skirts trying to figure out how to make a fabulous event of the whole thing. Better yet was a T-shirt that said, "MY MOTHER GOT BEAT UP IN TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, AND ALL I GOT IS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT".

This month's MISS THING AWARD goes to MISS THING LIZ SMITH. While having the good fortune of attending the black tie affair honoring LANCOME at the FRENCH EMBASSY, I had the pleasure of witnessing MISS LIZ, in the absence of a smart CHANEL compact, re-apply her lipstick (MAX FACTOR, no doubt) into a butter knife. BRAVO. Over at Boy Bar, "Times they are a changin', something's a blowin' in the wind" (DIVINE from HAIRSPRAY) ..Gone is GLAMAMORE, THE HOG QUEEN OF LIP SYNCH. She has gone to Hollywood to join the ranks of giants and other past BOY BAR BEAUTIES such as MISS LORIN and MISS GUY (or is MISS GUY back?). Hooray for Hollywood. Back however, after a world-wind tour of EUROPE is MARK ASKEW, and with him, BOY BAR's newest hunky bouncer, SEAN DICKERSON.
On the fashion front, FAB was MICHAEL SCHMIDT's show at MK, where sitting in the front row, surrounded by the two owners of EL MOROCCO, was one of MICHAEL's more prominent patrons, DOWNTOWN DIVA, INTERNATIONAL CHRYSIS. Very right now, very this year.

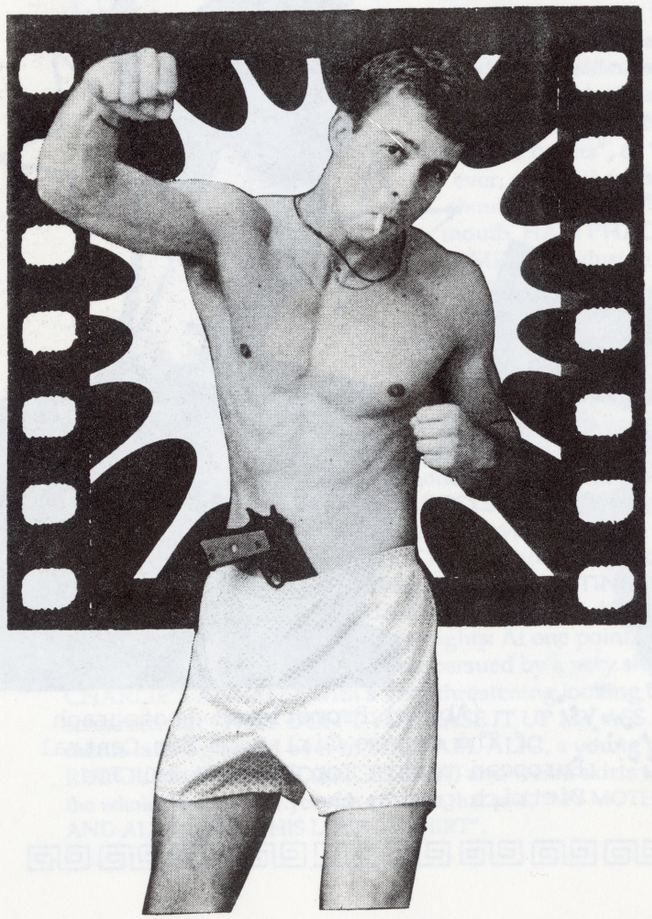
And now PUSSY PARLOR. Guest hosting in this month's addition of PUSSY PARLOR is WORLD FAMOUS JOUNALIST, and close personal GIRLFRIEND, PETER McQUAID.
Our Topic: TIPS OF WHAT TO DO THE DAY OF A DATE
1. Don't eat (to insure a flat tummy).
2. Masturbate before hand (to avoid being the SEX PIG you are).
3. Never shop the day of a date (You'll hate everything you've purchased).
4. Never shave your balls the day of a date (always the day before to avoid unsightly chaffing).
5. BE SURE your under-garments as well as your apartment are CLEAN.
6. Don't wear a dress!
7. Call everyone you know and find out the real deal on this guy.
8. If you are meeting this dream date at your apartment have a number of friends phone to set the illusion of popularity.
9. Immediately after showering, rub lemon all over your bod (to insure a fresh smelling you - It hasn't failed me yet).
10. Call Joyce Jolson's "Love Forcasts" - 976-8282.
11. Find out who goes to his GYM, and if they've seen him in the showers...I just hate surprises, don't you???



(Above) Promotional Photograph of The Connie Girl from Her Central European tour; Top Elite Model Joe Dietrich giving the Elbow.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTIVISM!

HOLLYWOOD, CA.-The Vietnam War. Switching identities. Fatal attractions. What next for Hollywood in its quest for the hot new cinematic trend? Gay Activism, say film industry analysts, who base their conclusion on the upcoming release of several "gay lib flicks."



"It's the beginning of a whole new genre," says one studio executive, "Gay activism contains enough heroism, adventure, love and romance for a million screenplays."

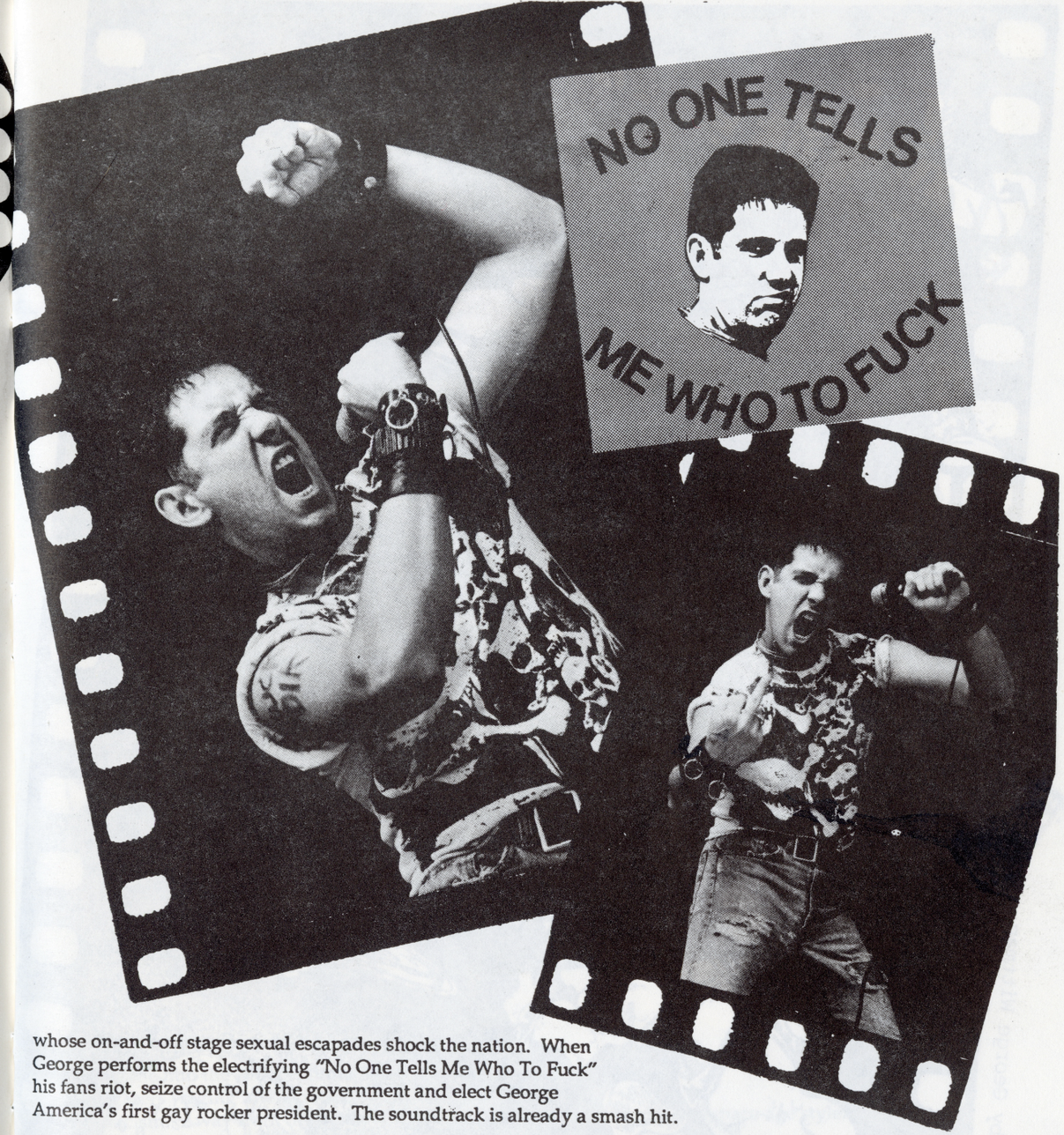
Indeed, this new crop of films ranges from sci-fi to rock and roll. All however posess one important common denominator: a dashing young hero, proud to be gay, engaged in courageous contention to defend the rights of gay people everywhere.

The films' leading men are a fascinating lot; in real life they closely resemble their winning, brave, sexy silverscreen personas, and their involvement in gay activism isn't just for the cameras. It's a tightknit group, this "Act Pack" - fighting for such an important cause has produced strong bonds.

At the Cannes Film Festival, these new screen idols became the toast of the town, and special showings of their movies resulted in standing ovations, estatic reviews and a host of important awards. Movie-goers seemed delighted to see gay people depicted in a bold, valiant manner. "Finally," said one viewer, "Gay activism's brave participants are being recognized as the stars they truly are."

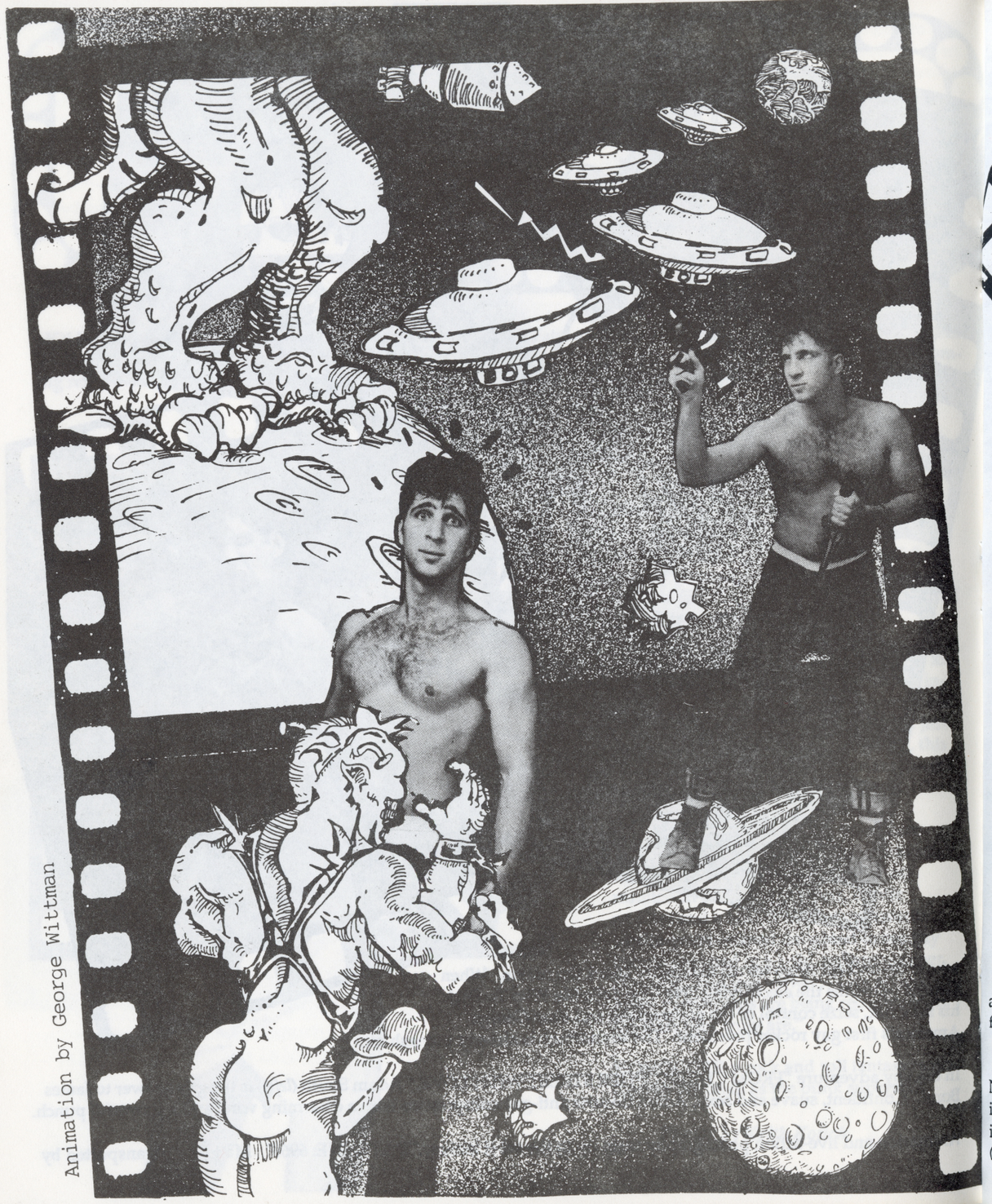
HOMOCORE, a rock and roll fantasy, stars George Wittman as the punk superstar whose on-and-off stage sexual escapades shock the nation. When George performs the electrifying "No One Tells Me Who To Fuck" his fans riot, seize control of the government and elect George America's first gay rocker president. The soundtrack is already a smash hit.

Photos by Keith Kotick



In the spy adventure "FROM CHRISTOPHER STREET WITH LOVE," Adam Smith *(left)* is the gay answer to James Bond. Confident, suave and sexy, Adam thwarts anti-gay conspiracies with a disarming wink and a powerful punch.

Animation and live-action photography team up in the sci-fi fantasy,"DATELINE: 6969". Matt Ebert, transported by

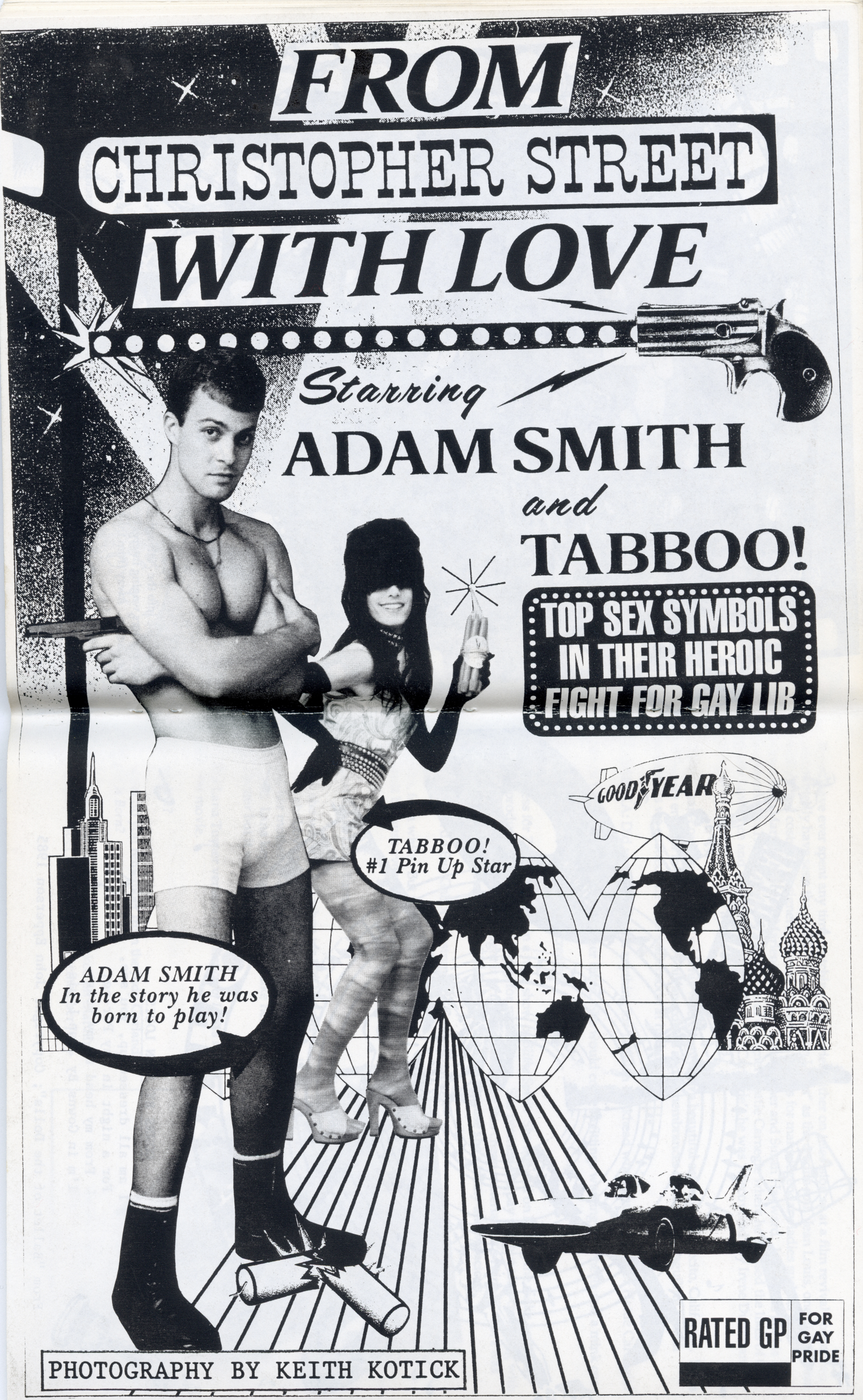


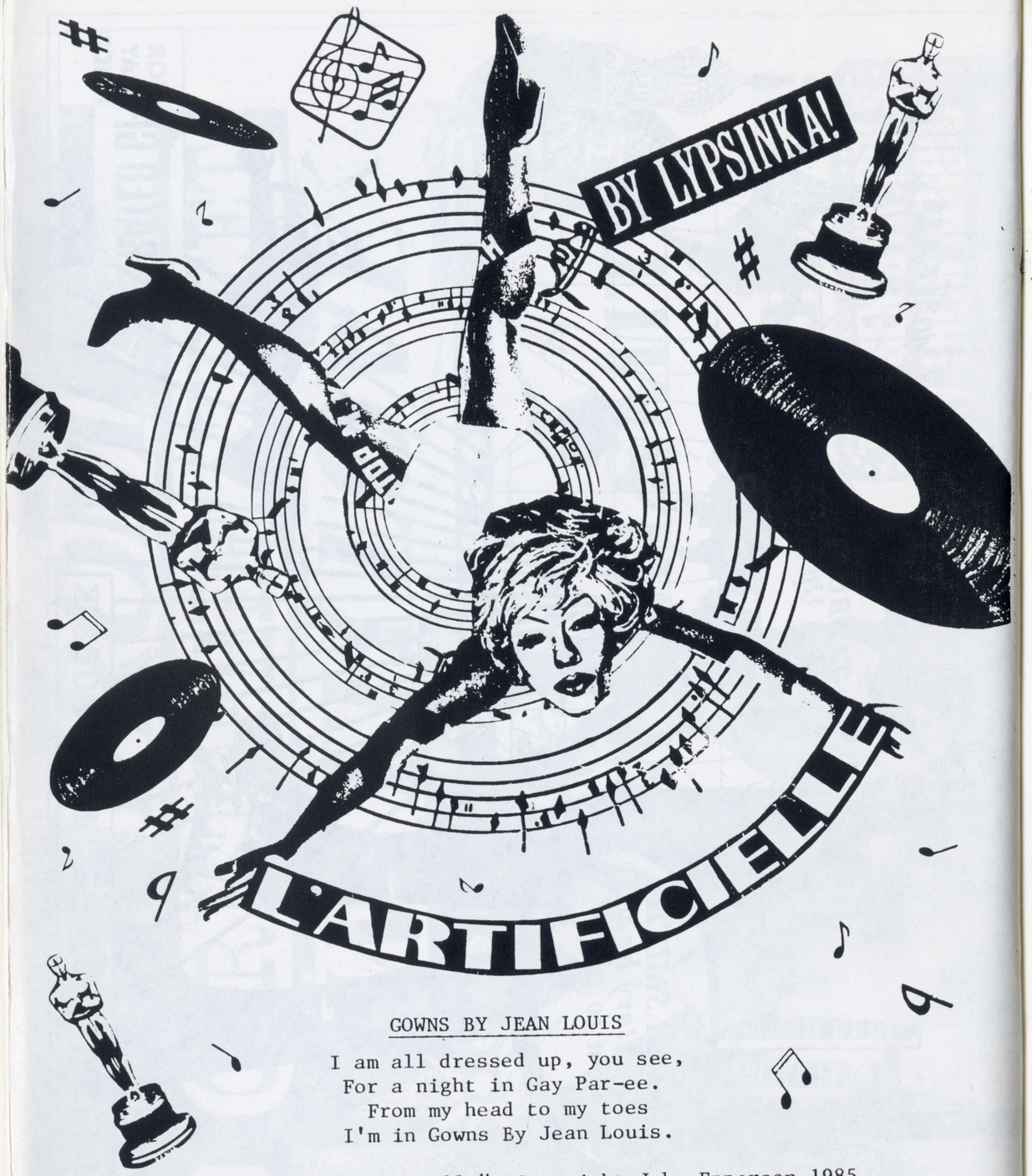
Animation by George Wittman



a time machine into the 70th century, joins gay freedomfighters waging intergalactic war against the evil forces of heterofacism. Away from the battlefield, our hero is introduced to gay sex, space-age style.

NORMAN RAY recounts the crusade of an idealistic young social worker to raise the consciousness of a tough inner-city gay ghetto. His homosexual history lessons inspire the neighborhood to turn an abandoned storefront into a gay museum, and to pay for its operating costs, they start a strip-o-gram service. Jeff Freitag is Norman Ray (pictured with Lucinda Daly and Gil Fedos).


FROM
CHRISTOPHER STREET
WITH LOVE
Starring
ADAM SMITH
and
TABBOO!
TOP SEX SYMBOLS IN THEIR HEROIC FIGHT FOR GAY LIB
TABBOO! #1 Pin Up Star
ADAM SMITH In the story he was born to play!
GOODYEAR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEITH KOTICK
RATED GP
FOR GAY PRIDE



GOWNS BY JEAN LOUIS

I am all dressed up, you see,
For a night in Gay Par-ee.
From my head to my toes
I'm in Gowns By Jean Louis.

From "Ballet of the Dolls"; Copyright John Epperson 1985

If you have ever spent any time watching old movies, either on television or at a film revival house, you undoubtedly have seen the words "Gowns By Jean Louis" as the credits roll. Jean Louis, one of the great Hollywood costume designers, created glamorous gowns for many legendary ladies such as Joan Crawford, Marilyn Monroe, Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner and Susan Hayward. Jean Louis got his start in America in 1935 at the New York Salon of designer Hattie Carnegie where he dressed the likes of Gertrude Lawrence and the Duchess of Windsor. At Carnegie's he was "discovered" by Irene Dunne and she paved the way for him into Hollywood in 1943.

Today, Jean Louis lives quietly with his wife, Maggy, on a beautiful estate in Montecito, California. I was fortunate enough to be charmed by his anecdotes and remembrances (told with a beguiling French accent) as we chatted one recent afternoon at his home.

LYPSINKA: Did you ever design anything for Tallulah Bankhead when you worked for Hattie Carnegie?

JEAN LOUIS: No, but I did see her there. She would come to fittings wearing only heels and a mink coat.

L: What was the last dress you created?

JL: A dress for Zsa Zsa Gabor in a road show of *Blithe Spirit*. She insisted on having me make her dress but the producers never agreed to pay for my services. She promised to pay me, but after travelling with the dress for two years she brought it to me and said, "See this cheap material? It's ruined!" So, I was never paid. It's very hard to not like Zsa Zsa, though, because she's funny and vivacious.

L: Didn't you do Eva Gabor's costume for *Green Acres*, too?

JL: Yes, for a while. But the Gabors are very difficult because everything is "dahling, dahling, dahling."

L: What about Lana Turner?

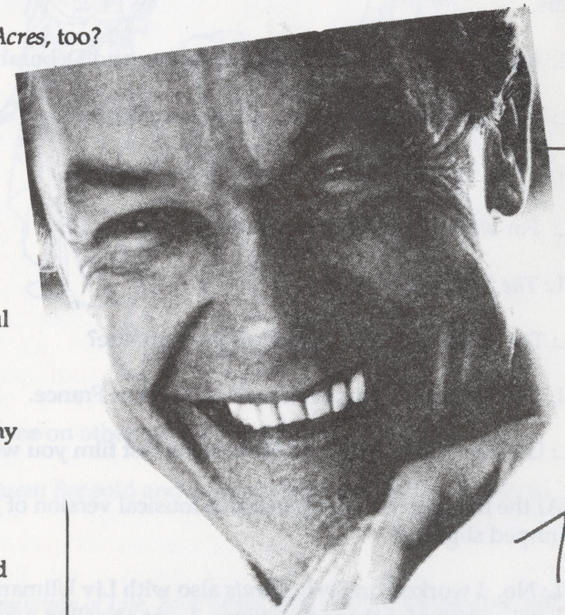
JL: Yes, she was difficult when we did *Madame X*. She was chubby and Constance Bennett who played her mother-in-law looked young, beautiful and chic. Lana kept trying ploys to make herself look better but it was no use.

L: The Lana Turner version of *Imitation of Life* is my favorite movie.

JL: Really!?

L: What do you remember from the Judy Garland *A Star Is Born*?

JL: Nothing! So many people worked on that film, I don't remember what I did! I do remember Judy



Jean Louis in the 60's.
Photo by Roddy McDowall.

and Marlyn Monroe always kept me waiting for hours but it was always worth the wait.

L: Did you design the dress Monroe wore when she sang "Happy Birthday" to President Kennedy.

JL: Yes, that's true. And we did *The Misfits* and the film she was making when she died, *Something's Got To Give.*

L: Oh! With Cyd Charisse!

JL: Yes, that's right.

L: What other actresses did you like?

JL: Susan Hayward, Kim Novak. Ann Margaret. She was very good in *Streetcar*, don't you think? Rita Hayworth, of course. And Judy Holliday. Now there was an actress.

L: What about Joan Crawford?

JL: She was wonderful. I don't believe any of her daughter's horror stories, but she was a disciplinarian.

L: I've heard Crawford didn't do *From Here To Eternity* because the character's wardrobe wasn't glamorous.

JL: Maybe. But I did the designs anyway and Deborah Kerr wore them!



L: And you got an Academy Award nomination.

JL: Yes, I was nominated for the Oscar 14 times.

L: For which film did you win the Oscar?

JL: *The Solid Gold Cadillac.*

L: That's appropriate! Can I see the statuette?

JL: It's not here. It's part of an exhibition in France.

L: Ummm. Pity. Was *Lost Horizon* the last film you worked on?

(At the mention of the horrendous musical version of James Hilton's modern classic novel Jean Louis jumped slightly).

JL: No. I worked on *Forty Carats* also with Liv Ullmann. She's a wonderful actress but she was completely wrong for those two films. I was appalled when I saw how she wore a certain coat in *Forty Carats*, but I suppose it was my fault. They filmed it in New York and if you're not there to show them they won't get it right.

L: What about working with Doris Day?

JL: It was nothing special. She had a thing about her derriere and was always pulling at this spot (he demonstrated) and saying, "So you think you could do something here?" She's very strange. She lives near here in Carmel and her neighbors say she cleans her house all day. Won't here a housekeeper. But it is hard to get good help thise days.

L: Yes, I know. You also worked on *Thouroughly Modern Millie?*

JL: Carol Channing was in that film and she was always concerned about her height. She had been wearing things with small lines and details thinking they would make her look smaller. I made her realize that by wearing big things she could create the illusion of looking smaller. She's been doing it ever since.

L: Were there other designers in Hollywood whose work you admired?

JL: Travis Banton and Adrian. And Dorothy Jeakins (*The Music Man* and *The Dead*).

L: What about Walter Plunkett?

JL: Yes, for period clothes.

L: And Orry-Kelly and Travilla?

JL: Yes. Isn't Travilla still working?

L: I think he does *Falcon Crest* with Jane Wyman.

JL: She's a tough lady!

L: What about the designs of Helen Rose?

JL: Well...

L: Edith Head?



JL: She's the only one I didn't like. She put her name on other people's work.

L: I saw some of your sketches for Crawford in *Queen Bee* sold and auctioned for hundreds of dollars.

JL: Really? I had no idea!

At the end of our chat I played the title tunes of *Imitation of Life, Back Street* and *Thoroughly Modern Millie* for Jean and Maggy on their piano. As I was leaving, Jean, ever the gentleman, walked me to my car and invited me to come again to see his garden. I certainly will because I forgot to ask about his work with Vivien Leigh, Elizabeth Taylor and Shirley MacLaine!

Notes From The Black Book - Fire Island Labour Day Weekend 1988

By George Wayne



Sept 3, 1988

-As usual it's a fucking rush to get where I'm going on time...

-Catch the Babylon Metro-North train with minutes to spare...

-Thank God for you J.B. Morgan, if it wasn't for you this weekend would not be, J.B.

-"Jaunt With My Sick Sister Twiggy", her current love, Koby, and Twiggy's sickest sister, Hayden Coleman, without you J.B. this trip would not be possible, I love you J.B.

-Read Otis Williams' book, "Temptations", on the way, he believes in "duppy" i.e. ghosts.

-The trip is quick, the book is tired, Nelson George will appreciate this book by founder of the Temptations, not too many others.

-Tired book from this Temptation.

-In Twiggy's Cherry Grove villa dressing to "Annie" at 1:03. We wrapped our Ecstacy in toilet paper as Annie said, "I was dreaming like a Texan girl, a girl who thinks she has a right to everything." Hot tune. We took our X, took the water taxi and went to dance at The Pavillion. It started to rain.

-After 10 minutes I was X-ing.

-We took the taxi, my Billy Boy scarf blowing, I felt fab.

-We'd squandered every dime on fun.

-Cute boy in taxi.

-A rush.



-It was a matter of who was there and who wasn't.

-Still Patti comes out in October. Ed Callanghan told me.

-The American flag all over the place here.

-Ed Callaghan is here.

-Peter McQuaid!!!!

-Ed, 408 Ocean.

-I can't believe it when they played the most fabulous song I heard in England. Mory Kante, very African pop. I almost die. "Ye Ke Ye Ke" Hot!

-"What works for me can work for you...", Miss Ciccone-Penn says, but don't believe her.

-Jerry Jones is the hottest DJ on Cherry Grove.

-We dressed to "Shame" by Annie Lennox. That's it.

-Celia Lipton left, nixed AIDS support because of Michael Musto.

-Two million dollars withdrawn.

-Michael Katz, designer, Sally Kirkland's dresser also present.

-"She washed her hands clean of it", Ed said about Celia. Michael read her in his column.

-"Islands In The Stream", Kenny Rogers-Dolly Parton for R.O.M.E. Top Ten.

-The Terry Sherman DJ was hot.

-"We're Shopping", The Pet Shop Boys on Twiggy's Sony, hot tune for American Express Commercial.

Sept 4, 1988

-Couldn't meet Ed Callaghan for cocktails.

-Hayden's roommates moving out. We can move into his fabulous home on Ozone.

-Did Ecstacy again! Sick!! The music was even hotter tonight. Best DJ yet.

-Party early today, Miss Steve Cohn was there.

-Queens from Florida threw it. Rich queens from Florida.

-Absolut flowed all evening.

-Rained all day.

-I danced all night.

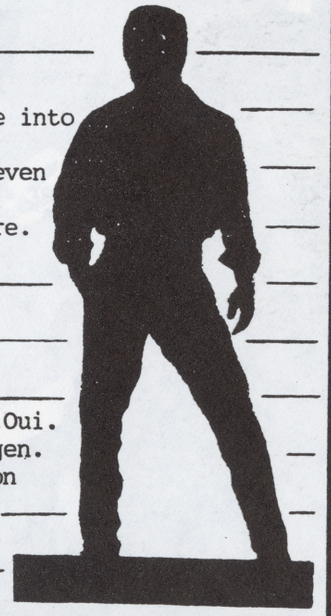
-Fab music at The Pavillion.

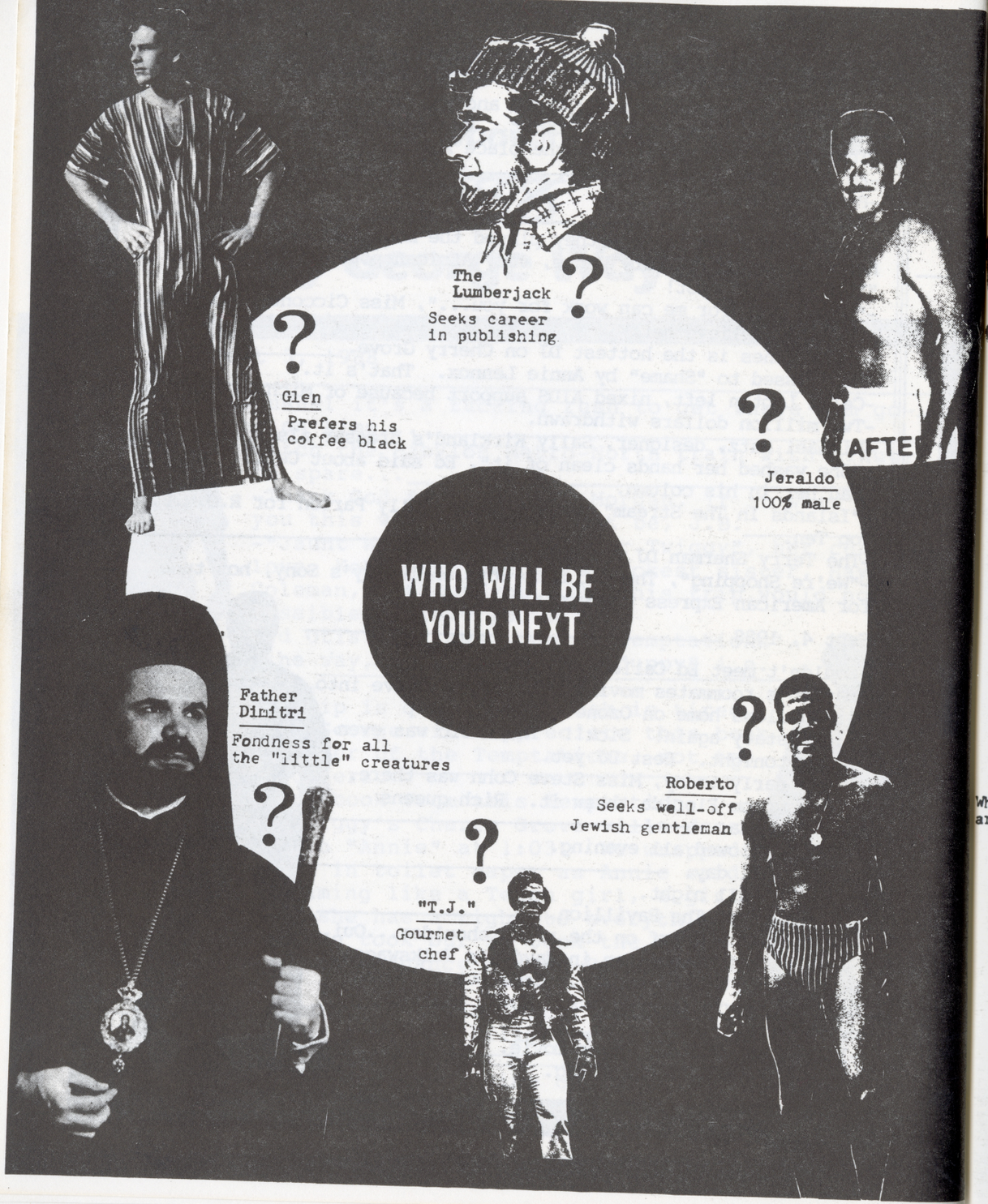
-Vogue-view. Scarf on the right shoulder...Oui.

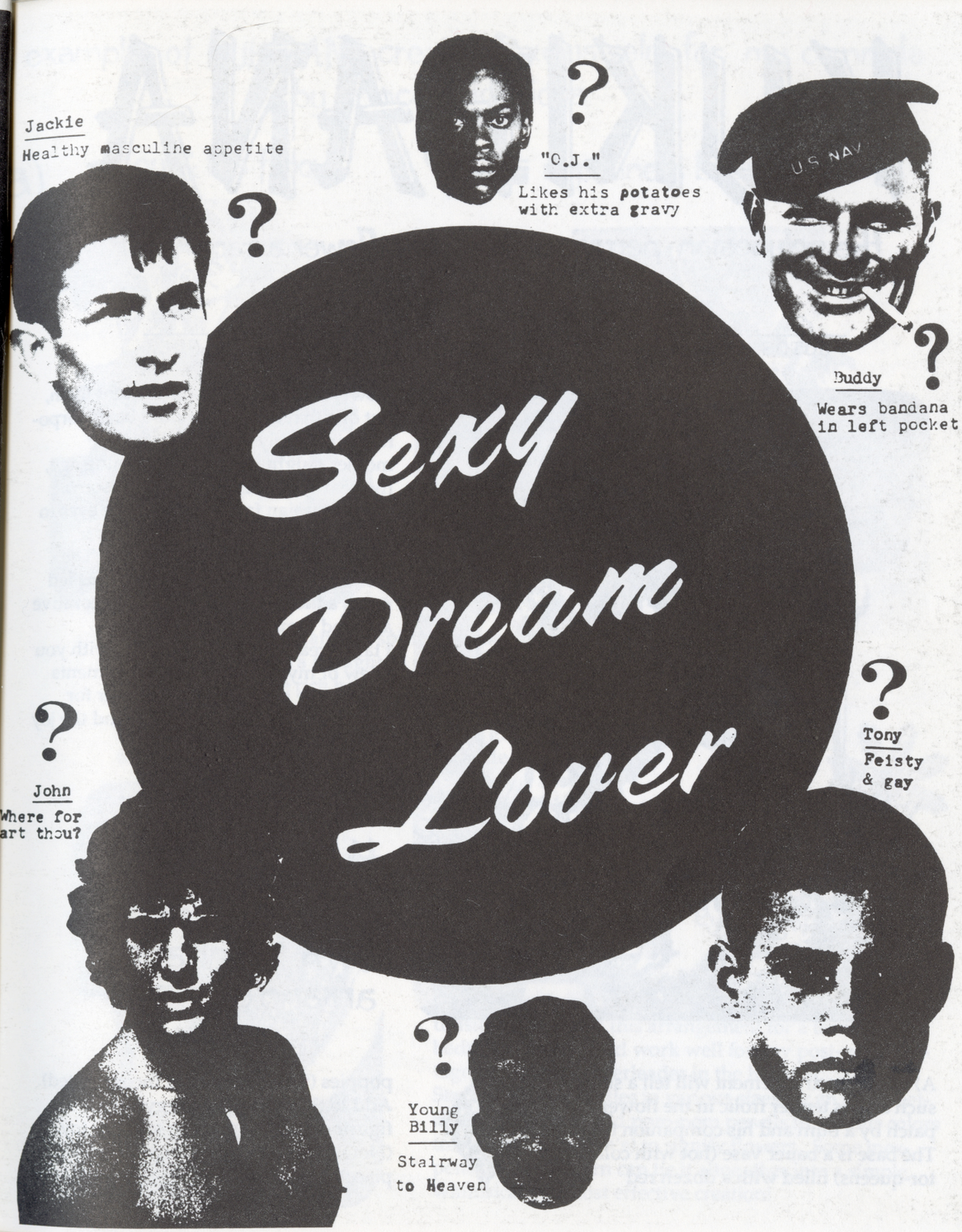
-Came back to Manhattan in Hayden's Volkswagen. Dropped off at the subway. Came out at Union Square. Movie in progress. Movie trailers everywhere.

-It was the Richard Pryor movie.

-Twiggy says he's now a hag.




WHO WILL BE YOUR NEXT
The Lumberjack
Seeks career in publishing
Glen
Prefers his coffee black
Jeraldo
100% male
Father Dimitri
Fondness for all the "little" creatures
Roberto
Seeks well-off Jewish gentleman
"T.J."
Gourmet chef


Sexy Dream Lover
Jackie
Healthy masculine appetite
"O.J."
Likes his potatoes with extra gravy
Buddy
Wears bandana in left pocket
John
Where for art thou?
Tony
Feisty & gay
Young Billy
Stairway to Heaven

KUKIBANA

the polynesian-peruvian art of the flower arragement
by princess KuKicha

PHOTOS BY KEITH KOTICK, DESIGN BY MARIO FERNANDEZ



Flower arrangement is an ancient form, but one that can, and should be, incorporated into daily life. My Peruvian mother taught me, at a very young age, the beauty of the mountain blossoms. My Poynesian father opened my eyes to the line, shape, scale, color, form, & texture of volcanoes and lizards. The confluence of these experiences has led me to a lifelong interest in the decorative arts and female vocalists.
I take great pleasure in sharing with you a few of my most recent arrangements and I hope that you will discover for yourself the art, the pleasure, and the joy that is Kukibana...

HOW TO
to create your own kukibana arrangement

A) Often, an arangement will tell a story, such as this tender frolic in the flower patch by a bum and his companion frog. The base is a bauer vase (hot with collector-queens) filled with a dozen red poppies ($9.00 Cinderella Incorporated). Add to this a Big-Boy piggy bank figurine and a dog's frog squeaky toy. (Note: chopsticks hold the flourines in place).

examples of **KUKIBANA** created exclusively for my comrade
by princess kukicha

a) a boy & his frog



b) neptune's bounty



B) Flower arranging can be a spiritual exercise: making offerings to the gods on a regular basis is a thoughtful way to express thanks. This arrangement pays homage to the rich bounty of the oceans and to our heritage as sea creatures. Here, Mexican paper blossoms fill a mermaid's bowl. The minature flags ($1.50 each - United Nation's gift shop) represent the nations of the world who benefit from sea-faring trade.



c) fall fizzel

C) This is a simple arrangement for novice Kukibana enthusiasts. I created this arrangement for a teenager's bedroom, but it could work well for any post-game get-together or for a cheerleader in the hospital.
Start with Coke bottles in various sizes for an asymmetrical effect. Then add pom-pom pencils in various colors (69 cents at Lamston's) to signify flowers. Some inexpensive fat gift yarn can tie it altogether into a simple, whimsical, and cost effective creation!

GAY RECRUITING CARDS!

by Geoff Freitag

We all know that doing our monthly "gay duty" can be a real chore. That's why you'll want to clip these convenient palm cards.

You've probably already spied friends slipping them discreetly into the hands of "straights" on the street. They're a snap to use -- and they really work!! (Have you noticed how crowded Gay Meetings are getting these days??) You'll be filling your monthly quota *and then some!*

Appeal to their lust for conformity!

HEY DUMMY
Don't you realize that guys aren't doing it with women anymore?

We all went gay in the spring.
It's totally hip!

Try slipping this one onto the table between a couple of "straight" guys!

Buddy --

This is kind of embarrassing but--
I'm real hot for your butt!!

HI! SAW YOU FROM ACROSS THE STREET AND FIGURED YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN JOINING OUR SECRET DEMI-MONDE... *THE WORLD OF THE HOMOSEXUAL!* WE HAVE OUR OWN CULTURE, OUR OWN SENSE OF HUMOR, OUR OWN DRESS CODE AND OUR OWN SYSTEM OF CURRENCY EXCHANGE. WE ALSO HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO HANGUPS ABOUT SEX.

YOU CAN ATTEND AN EXCITING INITIATION MEETING
AT MY HOUSE ON: _____
AT THIS ADDRESS: _____, 19__

... some cases are obvious.

Face it. You're queer.
Your wrists are totally limp.
Might as well give in to it.

Call me at: _____

Playing on their worst fears is always effective...

FUN FACT

SCIENCE HAS PROVEN THAT IF YOU'VE EVER HAD A GAY THOUGHT IN YOUR LIFE YOU'LL EVENTUALLY TURN COMPLETELY HOMO.

A concerned Mom is always ready to help...

NO KID SHOULD HAVE TO MISS OUT ON SUMMER CAMP!

We run the best camp imaginable.
Send your little boy!
Because no one knows more about camp than we do.

Call: _____ for details!

MY COMRADE

A strong voice in how Gay people think about themselves and their lives!



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A DIFFERENT LIGHT
548 Hudson St.

PATRICIA FIELD
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ST. MARK'S BOOKSTORE
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112 Ave. A at E. 7th St.



WIGSTOCK MEMORIES

If we read one more hair-raising pun about Wigstock we will just curl up and dye. So instead of an article we offer this lovely photo montage of the festive day.
Photos by Billy Cole & Tim Goetz



PERSONALS

FOR FATS AND FEMS ONLY!

PRETTY PANSY with a flabby figure, a feminine disposition, and a preference for flowery pantsuits, available for pleasingly plump partners to fufill freaky fantasies. Box 617

****

FLAMER! I'm a lisping, limp-wristed, high-pitched sissy, into plucking eyebrows, shreiking, filing fingernails, tanning booths, smoking Virginia Slims, blow combing hair. Fave drink: Pink Squirrel. Forever seeking gorgeous hunks. Box 1113

****

I is a BIG, BLACK fat transvestite. I be your Nell Carter, Mahlia Jackson or Gone With The Wind fantasy woman. Come to mammy, honey-child, I'se gonna make everything all right. Box 2213

****

JOLLY 350 POUND FATSO seeks kinky cook to dip me, bound and gagged, into yummy mix of chocolate syrup, banana slices and mini-marshmellows, over a low flame rotesserie until lighly browned. Serve immediately and together lets lick away this special recipe. Serves up to 12. Box 6004

****

NELLY NUDIST seeks uninhibited nature lover to shed fig leaf and come skip through the meadows. Let's wear pretty flowers in our sunstreaked hair and absolutely nothing else as we frolic with our bunny rabbit friends. Box 1345

CALL ME FIFI. Fem seeks master to fufill French Poodle fantasies. Fasten pink rhinestone studed collar around my neck, clip and shape my curly hair. Take me on a walk in my adorable handknit bodysuit and booties. Make me beg, go poo-poo, eat scraps of meat - Treat me like the bitch I am! Box 407



****

ALL HAIL BIG BUTT! Come, worship my gigantic rear end. Kneel and pray at my Temple of Derriere and revel in the delights of two enormous mounds of flesh. A cry goes out for a virgin to take the sacrificial plunge and appease its pulsating desires. Hurry or Big Butt threatens to destroy nearby village. Box 402

****

Me very fat SUMO WRESTLER of Japan. Look for American fem to be pen-pal and maybe you come to Tokyo and be my geisha girl. I make good sushi. Box 1818

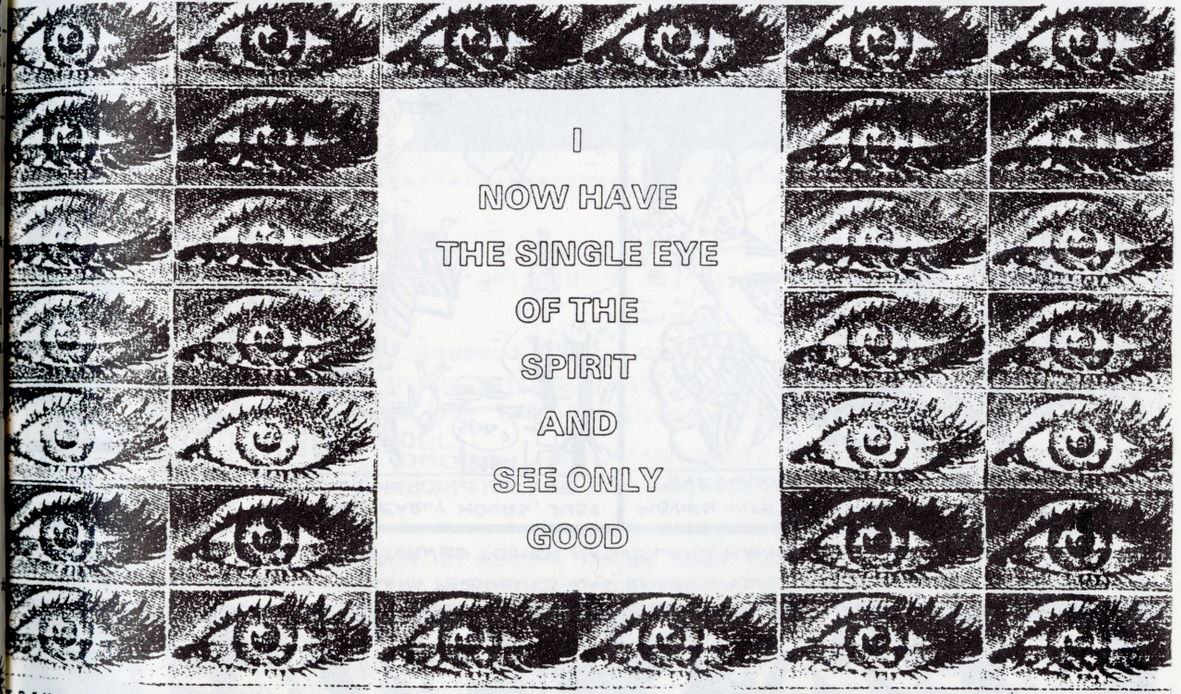
****

Cute PIGGLY WIGGLY type seeks fat hog farmboy for mud-wrestling, rolls in the hay and corn feeds. No mascs. or skinnies please. Box 314

****

Fat and/or Femmy? Try our personals!





TREY SPEEGLE DESIGNS 212-614-9801