DRAGSTRIP



BOB

DEAD MARILYN

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CLUB SCENE EXPOSED

limited edition

vol. 1



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Photo by: Enrique Vargas

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Published by Nick & Enrique

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Cover Pictures by Enrique Vargas



Photo: Enrique Vargas

Riley John-Donnell
age: 22
Art Director/Activist

Club Companions

Friendships can be quite complicated. Much more so if a part of your life is spent in "THE SCENE". It seems that you get the most interesting array of acquaintances which can usually be categorized in different groups.

The hi/bye faboo friend: The type of friends you have that every time you see them they blow up your ego much larger than it already is. They're great for rainy days and times of depression. You can't help but love them.

Example:
Friend: Hi, "Club Personality." I love what you're wearing. You look absolutely faaabulous...
C.P.: Thanks... Don't I always?
Friend: Of course!... Well, I've got to go. I've got to use the powder room and share a little stall with five complete strangers I've never met.
C.P.: O.K. But be careful. I've heard that doing that can cause venereal diseases.

The excitement seeker friend: One of my all time favorites. Much energy is needed to deal with these vixens. So do a lot of disco-napping before meeting with them. These are the type of friends that are perfect for club/party hopping, picking up gorgeous gods, dance partners, substance abusing mates and all around trouble making cohorts. But remember call on them only if you're up for spontaneiety and excitement. If not, mood levels will clash and someone might end up being slapped.

Example:
Friend: I'm getting bored... What do you say we cause some trouble, dance wildly, get drunk and hop over to Felicity's party and do the same thing there.
C.P.: O.K. Just as long as my mascara doesn't run in the process.

The superficial friend: Deep and intellectual discussions are not a strong point of this one. You can also forget about a shoulder to cry on. This person may not want you to dampen their latest featured outfit. This friend is most useful in helping you learn the latest gossips, fashion trends, special events, who's who and what's what. An important note though... It's best to listen and not talk. For this friend can backfire and give unwanted known information on you.

***The substance abuse friend*:** This type can go both ways. The trick is to distinguish the harmful S.A. friend with the harmless ones. The harmless S.A. friend abuses with you only on special events of your choice. This person knows what reality is and lives up to their priorities. As for the harmful S.A. friend, his whole life is revolved around a substance of choice and you will most likely end up second choice. The addiction wins and most of the time you as their friend loses.

Example:
Friend: Tweak! Tweak! I'm tweaking! I think I'm going to change my name to Tweaky Tweakums III.
C.P.: Wait, aren't you suppose to be at your career choice?

Kubo
age: 21
Industrial Designer

Photo: Enrique Vargas

Jillian McFarlane
ageless
Writer

Photo: Nick Bohn

Photo: Enrique Vargas

O'Shay
age: 12
Monster

Photo: Enrique Vargas

Mary Miss Yummy
age: 21
Goddess/Actress/ Edie Reincarnate



C.P.: That must be one big fat fish, if it took you guys all night.
Friend: Yes, it was... By the way, will you help me host a cocktail party. I'll provide the people and you provide the drinks and the hors devours.
C.P.: That sounds fair... We'll talk about it later tonight, when you and my boyfriend come over. I have this thirty pound silver-lame purse I want you both to see up-close.

The fornicating friend: Let's talk about sex, baby. This is one friend I intend to keep. If you haven't got one yet, go out and get one. I highly recommend them for lonely, boring, cold nights or even days... As a matter of fact, you don't even need a reason. Just do it! There are no commitments or strings attached. Your friendship is just purely based between the sheets. Need a date on special events, on major holidays, or just to piss your ex-boyfriend off? Not to mention other uses that my virgin mouth has censored. I give this one the Legs Up award. But be weary my little lovelies, make sure it's a give and take relationship. They give, you take.

The true blue friend: No one should ever take a true blue friend for granted. These little darlings are harder to find than fire engine red lipstick. Jewels cannot compare to the friendship this friend gives, although I'd rather have the jewels too. Everyone has their own interpretation of this friend so I will not even begin to try and describe them. You will know when you come across one of them. I believe that a true blue friend is usually a person that is either identical to your likeness or acquires qualities that you admire and would like to see in yourself.

So there you have it, darlings. A breakdown of the type of friends Club Personalities meet at the club scene, at least a humorous look at them. I do believe that each type of friend that you do have is important in building character. I never would consider forsaking one for the other, for each one of them has made me a little stronger, wiser, and more open-minded to the world.

Written by: Joseppy Golightly

Photo: Enrique Vargas

Joseppy Golightly
age: unknown
Socialite/ Multi Performer

Tish
age: 22
Fairy Godmother

Photo: Enrique Vargas

Photo: Carlos M. Cuadra

Davy
age: 21
Hair & Makeup Artist

Jason El Diablo
age: 21
Bastard Son of Cher & Satan

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★Apollo Starr★

(Aka Prince Albert, Paul Anthony)

"WELCOME TO THE FUTURE OF CINEMA"

Interview by Nick Bohn



Photography by Nick Bohn



When did you first begin working with film?
I started working with film when I was about 8 years old with a pixel camera. This girl I knew got in a fight with someone else and I filmed it, because it was so real and not rehearsed. There was slapping, hitting, biting, and rolling around on the floor. Which to me is true cinema.

What inspired you to continue working with film?
What most inspired me was my reaction in having to watch television. There were so many shows that I couldn't stand, for they were so canned and commercial. Anything that Hollywood was showing was definitely not to my taste. I wanted to see something that was more true, more real, and more about the side of life that you don't see in the movies.

Why do you want to change cinema in Hollywood?
I'm really fed up with all the crap that comes out of Hollywood, the multi-billion dollar industry. The only thing that comes out of it is violence and sad emotional stories. Hollywood knows how to pull the strings of everyone's emotions. I want to change that and show part of people's lives and personalities which are far more interesting than what you see in the movies. Everything that you see in the movies is make believe. I think the world needs to see the reality of different lifestyles.

What projects have you done to promote your ideas?
I took a couple of classes at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena. It's a rather conservative school. I wanted to make films that would not be the general style that they would be looking for. They couldn't stand me there. So I finished the course and I was blacklisted at the school. In the summer of '93 I began this project called Cinema Nouveau. Cinema Nouveau was basically a movement which promoted alternative and underground films. We showcased filmmakers who did non-narrative and non-linear styles. Cinema Nouveau started as a co-op which had 8 filmmakers that showed their current work at Troy Cafe in downtown LA. Troy Cafe was an incredible nesting ground for a lot of young people who were interested in the arts and needed a second push.

How long did Cinema Nouveau go on until you moved here to SF?
Cinema Nouveau happened in the middle of July in 1993. We planned to have it once a month at Troy Cafe. However my plans to move to San Francisco happened in August of '93 which curtailed Cinema Nouveau from continuing at the cafe.

Do you plan to continue Cinema Nouveau in San Francisco?
Yes I do. It is in transition right now. I'm looking for new filmmakers who are interested in showing their work. Cinema Nouveau will have it's first showing in a couple of months somewhere South of Market. Originally the idea was to show new films each month on different walls of buildings in downtown Los Angeles. I would like to start that up here and maintain it underground so it is never at the same place every month.

What have you currently done in San Francisco?
I just finished a documentary on D'arcy Drollinger, nighttime personality.

How do you choose your actors?
I like to use people who have no inhibitions, have bad attitudes, are out of control, silly, and wild.

What are the main themes of your films?
I like to deal with sexuality, religion, violence, and drugs. Things that are all part of our lives that we cover up with pretty images.

Which of your films are your favorites?
All of my films are my favorites. They are all fabulous and they should all be shown. *Beyond Flesh* for me is very autobiographical. It's basically a film that deals with religion and how religion has been changed in our society to be more a commodity than a belief. *Beyond Flesh* is shot in 16mm and is split screen which shows simultaneously. One screen shows how I view hell and the other screen shows heaven. Hell is shown as sort of a sexual playground where there's no labels on sexuality. Heaven on the other side is shown as a stagnant boring cesspool in which individuals are chained to bibles, forced to read the bible, forced to pray, and waiting to break away from the bonds that they are enslaved into because of the way society has made us view religion.

What do you think of current underground filmmakers?
The underground scene is in dire need of publicity. The ideals that they maintain are very similar to my own. I think that they are doing a great job on the East Coast, but I would really like to see some publicity on the West Coast, mainly in San Francisco. Cinema Nouveau is going to be the vehicle for underground filmmakers in San Francisco.

What underground filmmakers interest you?
In Los Angeles there are not that many, but I like Bruce LaBruce. He did *No Skin Off My Ass*. In New York I like the work of Richard Kern, Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, and my favorite has to be Nick Zedd.

SISTER ROMA'S MAKEUP TIPS

Turn your eyebrow pencil into a WAND!



Photo: Enrique Vargas

I am most flattered that Enrique & Nick suggested I share my wisdom on matters of makeup. I would like to congratulate them on their good sense and thank them for acknowledging one of my expert skills and unmatched talents.

These makeup tips are offered as mere suggestions. Some of my daily makeup maneuvers may be too glamorous, too daring, or too expensive for many of you. I advise you to use great deliberation and caution in all aspects of your beauty regime.

These helpful hints are given freely: the world is simply screaming for beauty. Just look around at some of the tragedy that surrounds us today...green eyeshadow, beard stubble, clogs, dq's pushing basket, tiny braided tails that hang pathetically down the back.... I figure sharing my gifts with you is the least I could do...and I always do the least I can do. In that spirit: Introducing the soon to be released *Roma Mask*. Adhere to your face and drop-dead beauty is yours. Oh Joy! No more clumpy-wumpy lipstick-stained teeth & raccoon eyes! *(Velchro strips not included. Dishwasher & Microwave safe.)*

Beauty is within your grasp! *Even you* can be a Goddess and I'll tell you how. With the help of my good friend and misunderstood vixen, Shanté Bouvier, here are some tips to change you from 'poster child' to 'Pinup Girl' overnight...

- **Rule Number One.** Always remember: the expression "Less is More" IS A BOLD FACED, BLATANT, EVIL LIE. (The soon to be released ***Roma Mask*** is more than more, it's too much!)

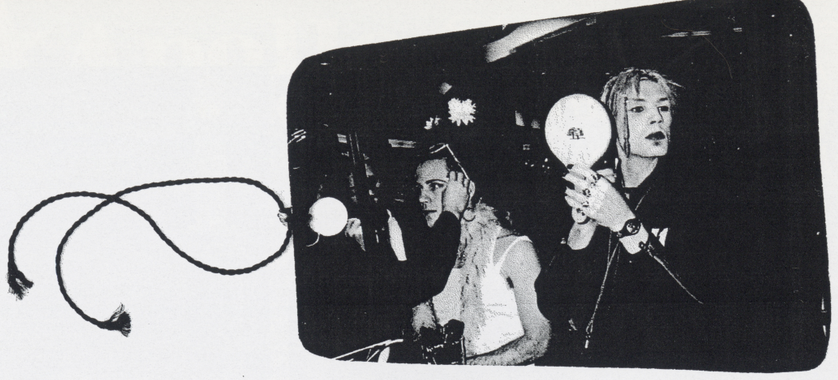
- **20 Lashes, or more!** Eyelashes say "Hi, what's your name, are you looking to spend some money?" or "Oh my God! How big was it??!!!" or "You bitch, I ought to cram your wig down your throat!" Use only extra long, black **plastic** lashes. No limpy-wimpy hair lashes. Eyelash glue dries clear so use plenty and bat your eyes continuously. (The soon to be released ***Roma Mask*** features extra large, lush lashes in three colors: *Bitch Black, Starlet Silver, Pussycat Pink.)*

- **Beauty MARKS the spot.** When it comes right down to it, Marilyn Monroe, Cindy Crawford and Madonna are nothing but average looking girls with KILLER beauty marks! Make yours big, make it black and if possible, cover an existing mole or zit. Put it under the right eye *OR* just above the upper lip to the left. You could wear two b-marks (ala Kenny Wonder) if you think your beauty deserves it. (The soon to be released ***Roma Mask*** has the option of both placements.)

- **Love those Lips!** Apply lipstick generously and cover lips with glitter. Go with daring, bright colors and use lots...remember to bring a straw. Eat? Never! Mussed lips signal the end of your evening. 'Fixing' lips leads to the dreaded "Ronald McDonald Mouth!" (The soon to be released ***Roma Mask*** offers Lips glossed in three different flavors: *Cherry Bomb, Kiss of Mint, Jack & Coke.* All guaranteed to keep your KISS CARD full.)

- **Powder-Puff it!** Don't leave the house without your powder *and* it's puff. Dance if you have to, be as hot as you can be, but do NOT get shiny or drippy-wippy ever again. (You will NEVER have this added concern with The soon to be released ***Roma Mask.*** Dance, run the Bay to Breakers, even SWIM without makeup disaster!)

- **Cheek Chic!** Nothing says glamour and breeding like high cheek bones. Apply blush to the apple of each cheek...if you can find it. Heavier gals, just make them where ever you would like them to be...I really don't know what to tell you. (By the way, The soon to be released ***Roma Mask*** comes in all sizes, including: *Pretty Pin, Double-Chin Divinity, Lovely Large Marge.)*



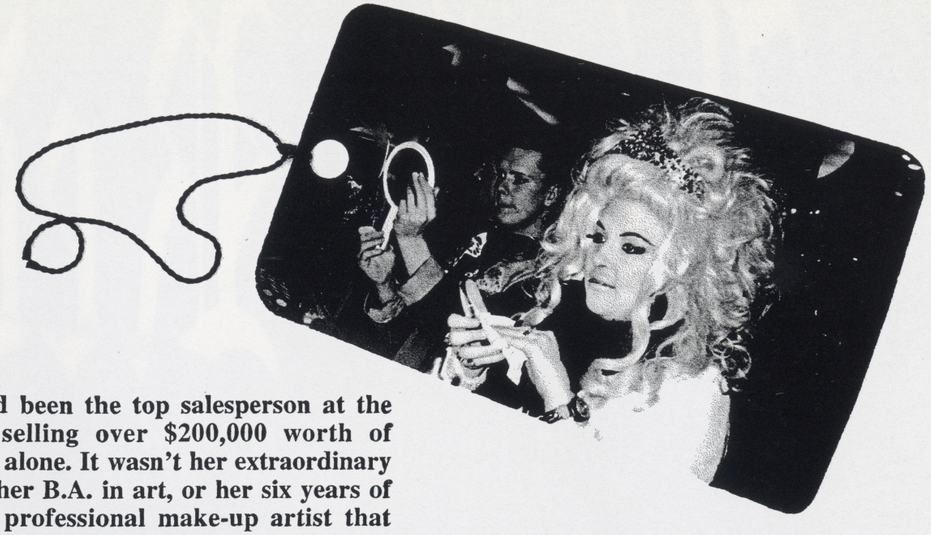
Don't hate me because I'm beautiful



Juliet White's employment at Nordstrom was unjustly terminated on what should have been a joyous New Year's Eve in 1993.
On February 13, 1994, an army of nearly one hundred people which included members from Transgender Nation, ACT-UP, and The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, stormed downtown San Francisco's Nordstrom. They ascended the spiral escalators making their presence known, not only by their spectacular appearance, but by their loud chanting, "We're here, we're queer, and we designed everything you're wearing" — with a small supporting chorus adding "except acid wash, Birkenstocks, Scrunchies, etc."
Once at the MAC counter, they proceeded to claim their rightful space — some demanding make-overs, while others took matters into their own hands and began giving each other make-overs, using the sample testers. A few of the demonstrators who were escorted out joined the rest of the contingency in front of the mall. They displayed large banners and signs protesting Nordstrom's transphobia.

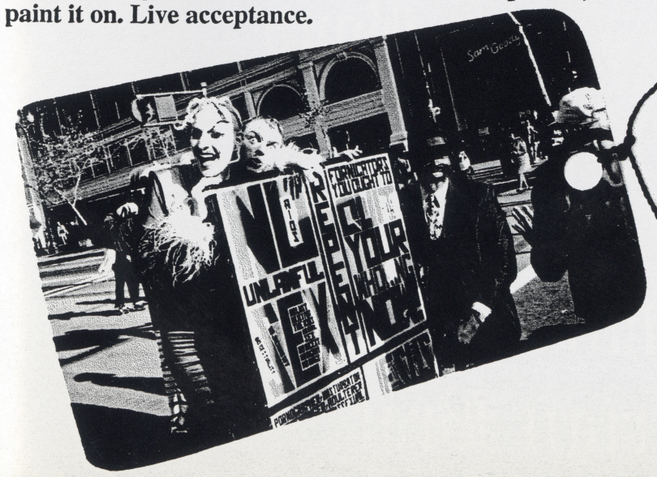


Written by: Mylar & Lara Vanian
Photos by: Mara & Adrian Roberts
Layout Design: BOB



Juliet White had been the top salesperson at the MAC counter, selling over $200,000 worth of products in 1993 alone. It wasn't her extraordinary sales figures, or her B.A. in art, or her six years of experience as a professional make-up artist that Nordstrom objected to. It was the particular brand of clientele to whom she catered. Nordstrom's intolerance of Juliet's transgendered customers reached its peak when she gave a make-over to a man, who ironically, turned out to be a designer for the MAC company. For this, she was fired.
The message was clear: Nordstrom had no problem taking money from us, but they made clear that gender expression and visibility was unwanted within the walls of their big department store where rich, "decent" folks go to shop. Heaven forbid that those old ladies should see a boy in make-up being more glamorous than themselves!
It seems to be acceptable for queers to experiment with new styles, get laughed at by mainstream, and ripped off by high fashion — but it isn't okay to display that same creativity outside of our prescribed ghettos.
Drags, club kids, and transexuals don't need rainbow flags or "nobody knows..." t-shirts, they are a t-shirt. If you want a revolution — they are your fucking revolution. Don't ask for acceptance, paint it on. Live acceptance.





Little Red

A Film By Nick Bohn



Starring Mary Bond
With
Jason Mecier, Enrique Vargas,
Joseppy Golightly, Sonny Suits,
and Brigit Brat



BOB

Photos: Enrique Vargas

Clothing design: Douglass Mathew Stines (Dazzel D)

HELLO, HELLO.

So you're what?

BOB

Where are you from?

Planet X

What do you do?

Everything, but currently I've been spending extra time on my domestic man catching talents. I just found a great new recipe for crotch cheese fondue which will be served at my next dinner party.

Wait but what are you?

[No answer. Stares at the wall and checks lipstick.]

So... who does your hair?

Well I used to get it done at this quaint salon at planet Claire but since my arrival (when my U.F.O. wrecked in the Tenderloin) I've had to rely on my own talents, occasionally saved by Brian Hockaby phrt I keep eating these feathers [Impersonating Annie Lenix in Diva]

"I'm completely nocturnal. Things are a lot more fun in the dark."

Do you work?

I want purple hair [as she holds a purple boa around her head]. I'm always working it. I wish they had a place where you can pick up your unemployment check at the End Up and they should have a waterslide too. Don't you think? What are you writing?

Nothing... Is BOB your real name?

Yes! Unfortunately some people like Mike Everheart "I won't go on" have a hard time grasping the simplistic beauty behind a one word, three letter, palindrome title. P.S. It's printed in all capitals. I want some music. More questions!

OK... What's your favorite food?

Hostess products. I try to eat one every day to maintain my hips. Snowballs are my favorite. I can write the ink out of a pen.

What do you do when you're not working it?

I'm always working it. I'm currently in the process of finalizing a contract in the next John Waters film. I've been really busy with my "Got milk" ad.

If you didn't have to work it anymore what would you be doing?

Traveling the galaxies with my good friend BoBarella.

Oh my god it's 2:39 am. Are you always up this late?

I'm completely nocturnal. Things are a lot more fun in the dark.

Like what?

My 25 drag characters keep me very busy entertaining all over the city in all different ways.

Do you ever sleep?

Is that a question?.. As often as I can. I think beauty sleep is very important, though I have enjoyed the pleasures of sleep depravation.

What are your measurements?

Yaay!.. 43 triple D (literally 3 D), 30 1/2, 40. These chips are hot. I don't know if I have enough water for another one. I'm gonna have to have surgery after this one.

Are you scared someone would put you away?

Oh my god yes. They'll take away my eyeliner.

Do you collect things?

Yaay!.. Oh yes... I collect tutus, men's underwear bands, blow up dolls and animals (sex ones), wigs, My Little Ponies, 80's jewelry, music, and posters, and phone #'s of people who didn't give me a chance.

"The freaks are the backbone to any successfull club and should be catered to in different ways than coldcuts."

So do you go clubbing all the time?

That depends. When I first moved here (you know the crash in the Tenderloin) I was overwhelmed by the thick plush red carpet that the clubs at the time rolled out for the freaks. As time went by, a sense of the freaks energies being taken for granted grew. And now there's rarely a motivation besides a paycheck too small or the slight chance of S.F. becoming more like N. Y.

What would it be like if you had your way?

S.F. has its own unique energy and a great deal of that is due to the eccentric personalities. Everyone should know that the club scene is no place to get rich but it does not hurt to want to pay your rent. The freaks are the backbone to a successful club and should be catered to in different ways than cold cuts (how many of them eat anyways). Eventually the effort becomes more than the benefits, lowering the energy of the club entirely. While in New York I noticed not only the encouragement towards attracting a freak crowd, but the appreciation that followed it through the door.

So what would you suggest to club owners in S.F.?

The whole VIP aspect is a joke. There is no VIP treatment or lounge in S.F. to this day and I'm not talking about getting your ass kissed because you got a big wig and a lot of eyeliner on. I could get that on the streets. Drink tickets, hassle-free entry and a genuine VIP lounge are the foundations to any successful club, and the foundations of all S.F. clubs could be stronger.

So what's up with all the BOB posters?

Oh those!... I'm the queen of self promotion, I've resorted to desperate tactics to get my visions out to the public. The clubs are a stepping stone to where I want to be. 15 minutes of fame is fine for some but I can't even answer this question in less than that. My goal is to entertain selflessly and to become an Inter Galactical Scratch and Sniff Superstar.





HEAD THOUGHTS ON FASHION

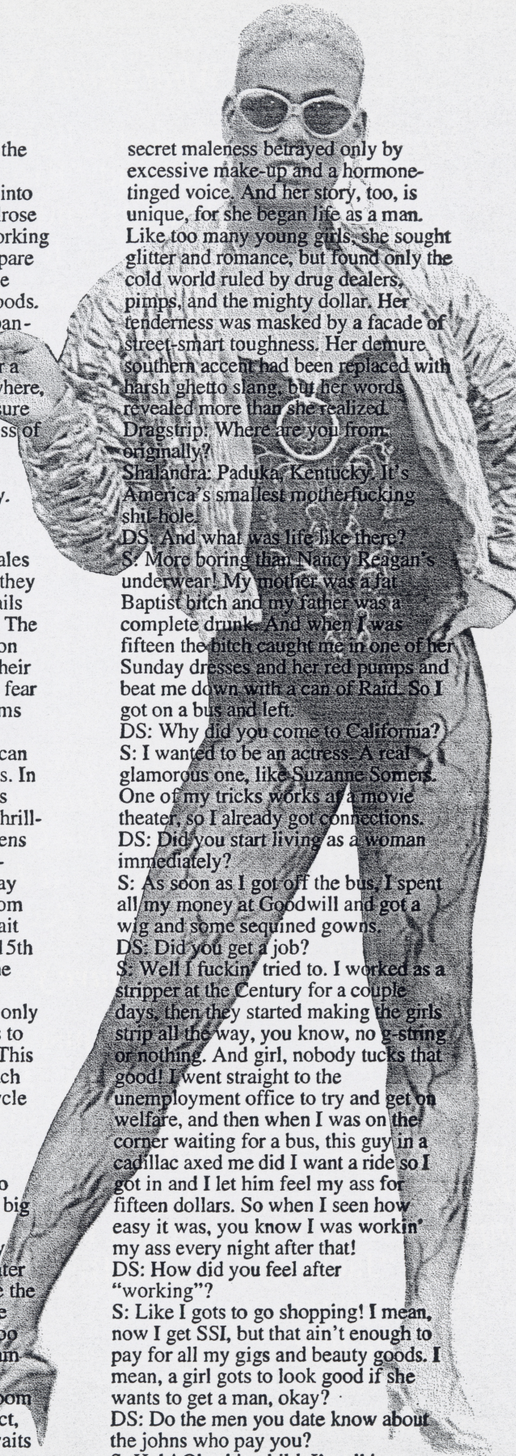
IT'S TIRED, TIRED.

THERE IS NO WAY I'M GOING TO WRITE ABOUT WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT. DEFINITELY A LIST OF WHAT'S WHAT IS NOT WHAT IS HOT! I LEAVE THAT TO BLACKWELL WHO AS WE KNOW DOES A WONDERFUL JOB OF READING THE CELEBRITIES, AND NAMING OFF THE ATROCITIES THAT HAPPEN FROM YEAR TO YEAR. AFTER ALL, A POCKET FULL OF COINS DOES NOT ACCOUNT FOR GOOD TASTE OR A SMART WARDROBE.

DOWN THE RUNWAYS AND OUT TO THE STORES A RANGE OF SPRING SUMMER FASHION ALL REVOLVE AROUND THE SCREECHING FOR PATTERN, COLOR, AND OF COURSE THE UNUSUAL. DEFINITELY THIS SEASON IS THE SEASON TO BE YOURSELF. AFTER ALL I HAVE NEVER MET A RICH QUEEN WHO HAS A FULL ON WARDROBE THAT IS AFTER BUYING THE DESIGNER SCHMUTTES AT FULL PRICE. SAVE YOUR CUTE COINS AND WALK IT DOWN TO AN OUTLET FABRIC STORE AND CREATE, 'CAUSE CHILDREN, IT IS EXPENSIVE FOR SOME OF THOSE DESIGNER GIGS. IF YOU DON'T SEW AND ARE DISILLUSIONED WITH THE IDEA OF BEING YOUR OWN DESIGNER THEN HOP ON OVER TO THE THRIFTS, STREET MERCHANTS, OR YOUR AUNTIE'S. THE DESIGNER MONOPOLY OF ALL THAT IS SEEN ON THE STREETS IS IN FULL FORCE. SO A WORD OF ADVICE FOR YOU GIRLS AND R.G.'S: WHATEVER IT IS YOU FANCY PLAY WITH COLOR, TEXURE, PRINTS AND HAVE FUN, FUN, FUN. WHAT EVER YOUR HEART DESIRES. AFTER ALL, SOME DESIGNER COULD BE CHECKING OUT WHAT YOU'RE DRAPED IN AND ADAPT (COPY) YOUR SIGNATURE COUTURE OUTFIT.

BE YOURSELF THIS SUMMER...

WRITTEN BY J. L. G. ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK DUGD



As the shadow of night falls over the city, and the nine-to-five army of secretaries and receptionists settle into an evening of white wine and Melrose Place, there is another breed of working girls who paint their faces and prepare to hit the glittering sidewalks of the most dangerous urban neighborhoods. Under the cover of darkness and pan-stick, exotic ladyboys of every nationality enter into open view for a public action. It is a marketplace where, for a price, businessmen and pleasure seekers can purchase an hour or less of forbidden ecstasy.

For transgender Americans, there seems to be no niche in our society. Unlike the thousands who come forward in support groups or on daytime talk shows to share their tales of sexual abuse or broken homes, they cannot reveal the controversial details of events which shaped their lives. The chance of being accepted depends on keeping secret the very origins of their existence, and they live in constant fear that their secret will slip out. It seems that only the nocturnal clan of prostitutes and cabaret performers can make known their unusual histories. In fact, they must make it just obvious enough to market themselves to a thrill-seeking public. Very few drag-queens make it on talent alone, and gender-switchers who dream of an everyday lifestyle are effectively excluded from the work force, forced instead to wait for the postman on the 1st and the 15th of every month for a check from the government. And with that check arrives the blatant message that the only way they can support themselves is to admit they are mentally abnormal. This is the attitude they must confront each day, and it is one which fuels the cycle of loneliness, depression, and often drug abuse.

Shalandra was, in a way, like any midwestern girl who leaves home to seek glamour and excitement in the big city. And, like so many other small town girls, she learned the hard way that success is not found at the counter of Schwab's drugstore, and that like the daily parade of would-be suitors she would meet in cars or in bars, she too must pay a price for the simple dream she followed too far.

We met with Shalandra in a hotel room in San Francisco's Tenderloin district, not far from the corner where she waits nightly for the strangers who pay for her attention. She looked very much like other ladies of the evening, her secret maleness betrayed only by excessive make-up and a hormone-tinged voice. And her story, too, is unique, for she began life as a man. Like too many young girls, she sought glitter and romance, but found only the cold world ruled by drug dealers, pimps, and the mighty dollar. Her tenderness was masked by a facade of street-smart toughness. Her demure southern accent had been replaced with harsh ghetto slang, but her words revealed more than she realized.

Dragstrip: Where are you from originally?

Shalandra: Paduka, Kentucky. It's America's smallest motherfucking shit-hole.

DS: And what was life like there?

S: More boring than Nancy Reagan's underwear! My mother was a fat Baptist bitch and my father was a complete drunk. And when I was fifteen the bitch caught me in one of her Sunday dresses and her red pumps and beat me down with a can of Raid. So I got on a bus and left.

DS: Why did you come to California?

S: I wanted to be an actress. A real glamorous one, like Suzanne Somers. One of my tricks works at a movie theater, so I already got connections.

DS: Did you start living as a woman immediately?

S: As soon as I got off the bus, I spent all my money at Goodwill and got a wig and some sequined gowns.

DS: Did you get a job?

S: Well I fuckin' tried to. I worked as a stripper at the Century for a couple days, then they started making the girls strip all the way, you know, no g-string or nothing. And girl, nobody tucks that good! I went straight to the unemployment office to try and get on welfare, and then when I was on the corner waiting for a bus, this guy in a cadillac axed me did I want a ride so I got in and I let him feel my ass for fifteen dollars. So when I seen how easy it was, you know I was workin' my ass every night after that!

DS: How did you feel after "working"?

S: Like I gots to go shopping! I mean, now I get SSI, but that ain't enough to pay for all my gigs and beauty goods. I mean, a girl gots to look good if she wants to get a man, okay?

DS: Do the men you date know about the johns who pay you?

S: Huh! Oh, shit, child, I's talking about the johns. Some of them's real sweet to me, and they kick down the coins. This one guy, Juan, he's fine as Johnny Depp and he drives a Camaro.

DS: Have you ever encountered violence on the streets?

S: Well, I used to have this pimp who beat me, but only if I deserved it. I don't work for him no more. He's in L.A. runnin' a real fish-market, if you know what I mean. No TV's allowed.

DS: Do your clients ever mistake you for a real woman?

S: Oh, no, I know you didn't just try and say I ain't real! I'm as real as any bitch on the street. Once, though, this dumb old guy didn't know about my bird. So he kinda freaked out and I had to bust him in the neck with my heel. I guess that's the only time. Most of them are straight but they know what they want.

DS: Do you want to have a sex change operation?

S: Ouch.

DS: What do you dream of more than anything else?

S: The same shit as any other bitch. I'm gonna find me a fucking Prince Charming with a nice place and money who'll fuck me down to the ground!

DS: Do you think you're misunderstood?

S: I ain't no different from any other cross-dressing ho on the street. I like to have a good time, and nasty as much as any bitch. And I smoke a little rock now and then.

DS: Describe an average day for you.

S: Okay, I get up outta bed. Around six, probably. Then I eat some chicken or some ramen or something. Then I call my girlfriend Cassandra down the hall and we get high or go shopping or watch Love Connection or something. Then I get gigged up and work until I have enough money for the next day, then drink a couple forty-ouncers and go back to bed.

DS: What's the hardest part of working the streets?

S: Keeping my weave straight after the first trick so I can get another one. No, the cops suck! They're always bustin' me so they can get me in the car for a blow job. Then they take me to jail anyway. But I meet some fine mother fuckers in jail. Trust! So I guess it's not so bad.

Story by: Chad Serrano
Photo by: Enrique Vargas

When did you first come up with the concept of Dead Marilyn?

1982 or something like that at a movie star/Halloween party, Stakula as morbid as he is decided that people liked no one better than Marilyn. So I brought her back from the grave. The dreams came later.

Where are you from?

Montana. My parents and I moved to South Carolina in about 1809. After I finished high school I moved to San Francisco, then New York and Berlin where I first met Nina on the streets and again in London and kept running into her in New York now and then.

What plans do you have for Marilyn?

Marilyn is more of a personal thing. I would never want her to be commercialized. I love her.

What are some of her songs?

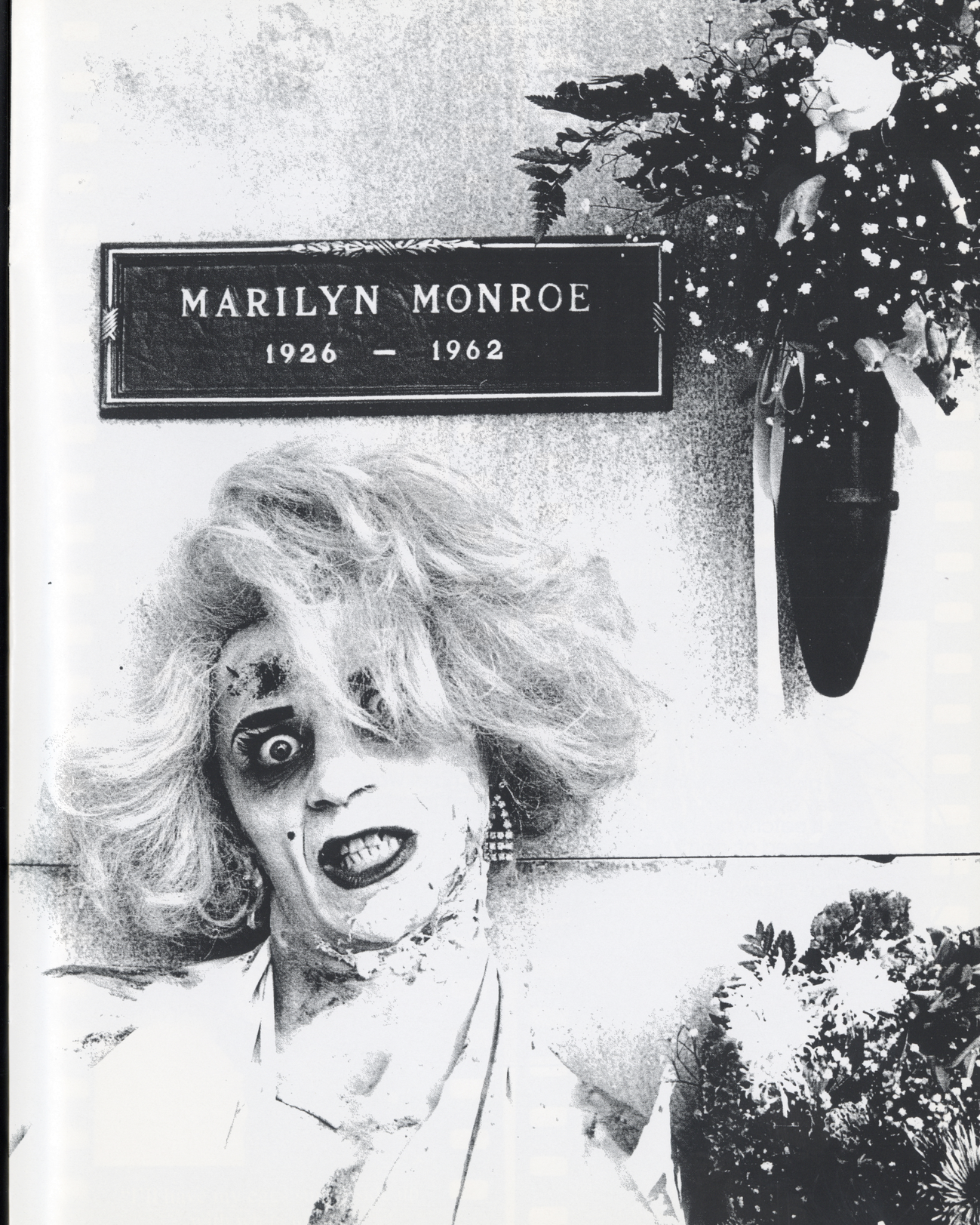
"No one home," "Empty stomach": *did you fear there could be no doubt because I had an empty stomach when they pumped me out.* "Jacky has a secret": *Jacky knows what happened but she won't tell, she and Jack weren't doing well, Jacky has a photo in her vault, these mistakes were not her fault, Jacky has a photo hidden, maybe she'll use it some day.*

What about Stakula?

"See the light," "I know who you are" and "Rise up," a song about a dear friend of mine who is a mortician. It's a song about how she makes them look better: *long black hair tied back in a bow, creating an illusion of Edgar Allan Poe, she creates an illusion because she is so real, she makes them look better but black is how she feels.* And our new single which is out now called "Peeping Tom": *I know where you live, I know what you have on, don't you miss your pants? I have them on, I know who your friends are, I follow you to work, I know what you're reading when you jerk, I watch you strip behind a glass, with my hands in my pocket I'm ready to blast, cause I'm a Peeping Tom.* We also have The Peeping Tom Acid Mix.

What have you done currently?

Well, I just finished doing a show with Nina Hagen at Bimbo's, The Seven Addictions and Five Professions of Anita Berber, from March 23rd to the 26th. And Stakula opened for her Revolution Ballroom tour at Bimbo's on July 12th.

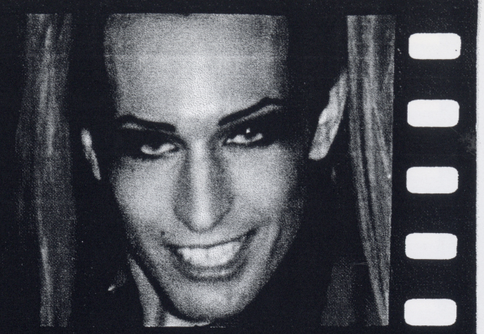






My pick of the month would have to be **Crystal Water's** *100% Pure Love* for it's housey appeal, but turn up the bass because they forgot to. **Ce Ce's** *I'm not over you* is catchy but be sure to get the Dance 12in and speed it up! Some things to be warned of: don't buy **M peoples** *Moving on Up* or **Big Fun's** *Stomp*, they both suck the lemon dry! What to look for in the future would be that Jazzy House style that's from the U.K. like **Shara Nelson** and **The Brand New Heavies** but don't forget the original **Mac+ Guru.**

by **dj DBS** (aka **Angela Dobbins**)



Faaabuuulous!



Enrique & Ramona Quimby, *Age 8*



"Welcome to my pagoda."



"I'll have my eggs sunny side up with white toast."



Are you experienced?



coffins, bats, ghouls, tombstones, and cobwebs



"Da jewl! Da jewl!"



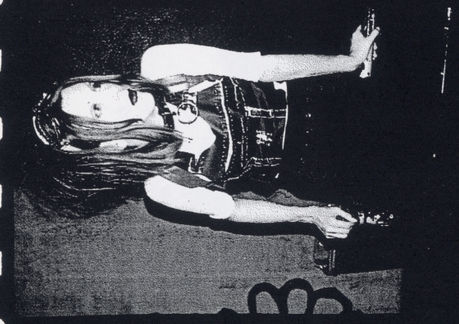
hair club for men



Mrs. Dash & Clint



looks are deceiving, keep an eye on your drinks



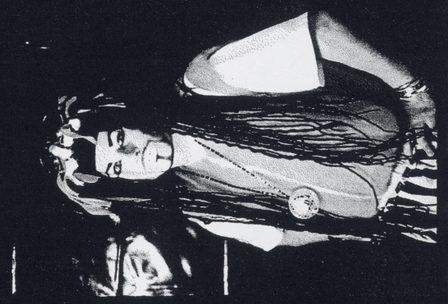
a monster feeling pretty



One bump or two?



Sex Workers R Us!



Dazzle



"Mel, kiss my grits!"



"I'm going home and you're all coming with me!"



Tish my favorite dish with a side of D'arcy



Pearl Drops ad



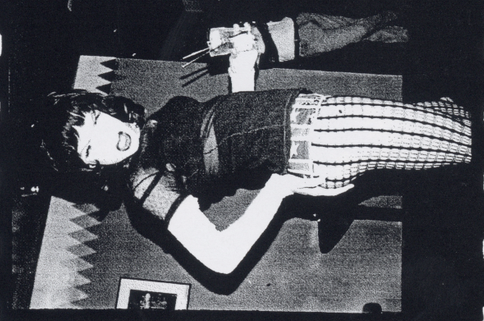
a monster feeling punk rock



"I can't be bothered!"



snatchless



Kenny "One Hip" Wonder



Princess Kubo & Jillian's hair



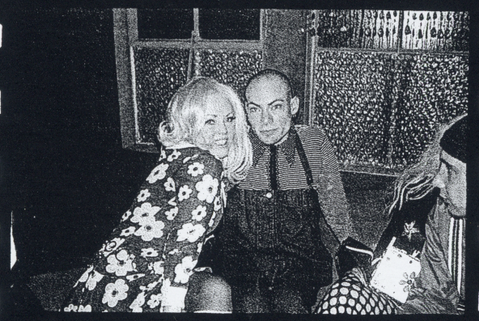
Leslie saying "Cheese"



"Thank you, Easter Bunny."



single white females



Cindy Brady, Fag Hag



night of the living dead



Geeettt Itttt!!!



oral & anal



white trash party at Spread



"Last call already!"

Klubstitute

Every Tuesday at The Stud

9th & Harrison

$3 cover free before 10 p.m.

cheap drinks

Cheap fun!

